

C R A C C U M



Where Our Voices Sound

Helen Yeung chats with Mermaidens (not the *Harry Potter* kind)

Risky Business

Jordan Margetts takes on Facebook, the *Herald* and *that* office sex scandal

See More Seymour

Meg Williams delves deep on a dinner date with the ACT Party Leader

Miss FQ



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BY MILLENNIALS

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SECOND COMING

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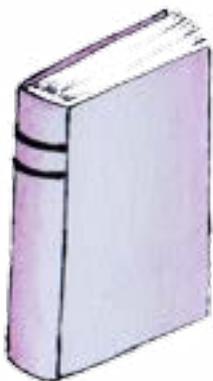
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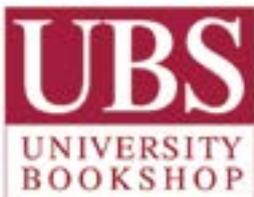
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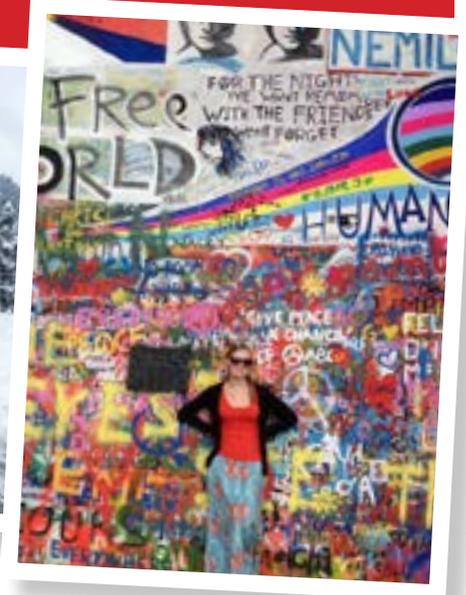
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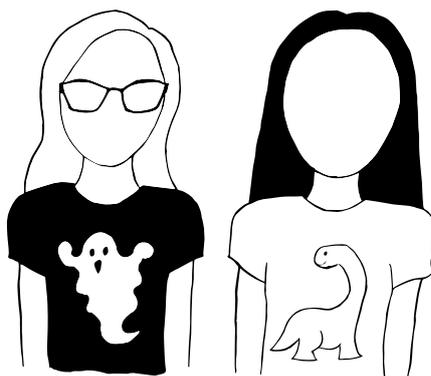
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

The F-Word

Margaret Atwood's 1985 dystopian novel *The Handmaid's Tale* has been adapted and updated for TV, the story of a world where women are forced to act as concubines (and incubators) for the wealthy and powerful cast across screens (television, computer or otherwise) in glorious technicolour. The show's relevance is all too hard to ignore—the fervent stripping of women's rights, the terrifying treatment of members of the LGBTQ+ community, the frustrating and senseless legal and political changes that plume the privilege of some while stepping on the necks of others are all too familiar.

During promotion for *Hulu's* latest property at the Tribeca Film Festival at the end of April, the cast of *The Handmaid's Tale* elected not to concede that the show was a feminist one. Elisabeth Moss, who occupies the show's central role as handmaid Offred, took a firm stance that the show was not about women's rights, but about human rights—that it was a “human story” rather than a feminist one.

Saying something *isn't* something doesn't mean that thing *isn't* that thing. Simply saying “Kit Kat Chunkies aren't delicious”, or “Dwayne ‘The Rock’ Johnson is a tiny and unattractive man”, or “Adam Sandler's cover of ‘Werewolves of London’ is not a banger and is in fact deeply unenjoyable” does not make these things true. While Moss, who is (perhaps relevantly) a lifelong scientologist, did concede

in a later interview that the show is “obviously feminist” (after a media maelstrom over the cast's initial comments), calling a show that is ostensibly feminist not so only serves to do a disservice to the issues *The Handmaid's Tale* seeks to address. When the show you are involved in creating navigates the physical and psychological terrain of women living under the tyranny of a religious oligarchy, documenting their nebulous interactions with each other and with the men who stand sovereign—tarring that creation with a “humanist” brush appears extremely short-sighted (and, in all honesty, makes you look like a bit of a dingus).

It's not entirely clear whether this ill-informed desire to distance the show from a feminist lens was to avoid alienating viewers (as if people who balked at the idea of women's rights or gender equality were ever going to watch a televised version of *The Handmaid's Tale* anyway for cripes sake), but it is clear that this ducking and darting around labels is not limited to this adaptation of Atwood's award-winner.

Jordan Peele's directorial debut *Get Out* has been critically acclaimed for its biting critique of the state of race relations in America, but there have been some who have pushed back at this praise, with claims that a film based around an African American man's fears about meeting his white girlfriend's family and their ensuing bizarre and unsettling behaviour just, ya know,

ain't about race, man. There is a bizarre impulse for some to hold the media we consume at arms length, to act as though what we watch or read or listen to is not embroiled in the political and social issues we see unfolding around us, when they are in fact an irrefutable product of these.

It's important to call things as they are. At this year's Auckland Writers Festival, author and professor Roxane Gay was pressed for comment on the relevance of *The Handmaid's Tale*, on the almost eerie prescience of Atwood's text, particularly in its current televised form. Gay noted the importance of not relying on *The Handmaid's Tale* as a handbook for our own current political turmoil—that it was much more instructive to keep a close eye on the way those in power step on rights and stand on the wrong side of history in reality than in fiction. As it is important to call a feminist text a feminist text, or to avoid cutting a film's racial commentary at the knees, it is important to call out corruption, conflicts of interest, the dismantling of environmental protections, attacks on reproductive rights and trigger-happy international acts of aggression. If we fail to keep track, to call things as they are, we succeed only in letting these acts fester unfettered. If we don't call a spade a spade, we find ourselves calling a volatile businessman-cum-reality star-cum-thirteen Gremlins standing on top of each other in a roomy blue suit “President”. ♦

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AUCKLAND BUSINESS SCHOOL SHUT DOWN FOR PLAGIARISM

BY ELOISE SIMS

A Queen Street business school has been shut down after failing to address issues with “overcrowding” and plagiarism rates from 20–50 per cent, according to NZQA.

Linguis International Institute lost its registration for both its Queen Street and Christchurch campuses last week due to “serious concerns” identified by NZQA in a November report.

According to the report recently obtained by *Craccum*, over 1000 mainly Indian and Chinese students were enrolled at the Institute in 2016—dropping to just 81 enrolments at the time of the school’s closure.

In the report, NZQA stated that they were “not confident” in Linguis’ educational performance, claiming there was “widespread evidence of systematic plagiarism,” issues with overcrowding, and poor English language levels among students.

While Auckland Linguis students had a 97% pass rate in September 2014 Business Diploma examinations, the NZQA evaluation team found these results “questionable” after conducting a random sam-

ple of assessments for investigation.

Indeed, according to the report, some of the Linguis staff even “seemed unclear about what constituted plagiarism.”

Despite NZQA issuing clear recommendations in plagiarism prevention strategies to Linguis, NZQA Deputy Chief Executive Grant Klinkum claims their concerns remained serious enough this year to drive them to deregister Linguis last week.

“NZQA will not tolerate poor quality education,” Klinkum said in conversation with *Stuff*—insisting New Zealand qualifications should be “robust, credible, and internationally recognised.”

However, in speaking with *The New Zealand Herald*, Linguis director Mike Dawson said the school had only received 24 hours notice of the decision—and that NZQA had not taken into account Linguis’ “dramatic improvement” of its facilities and staff.

“In spite of evidence of dramatic improvement and confirmed excellence by

our assessment partner, Linguis was deregistered essentially because of a cobbling together of past performance issues rather than on how Linguis had been performing at the time the decision to deregister was made,” Dawson said.

“This was confirmed in NZQA’s deregistration notice letter to us. This is grossly unfair to Linguis and its students.”

However, Dawson confirmed in a December interview that Linguis was among a group of eighteen education providers called into a meeting with Immigration New Zealand to discuss “serious concerns” regarding Indian student visa problems.

Upon research, Linguis’ website appears to have been stripped of its design—although it still features stock photos of students and teachers, and an apparent accreditation from Immigration New Zealand.

NZQA has confirmed the 81 students from Linguis will be transferred to “high-performing alternative providers” and urge students to contact them on [linguis.students@nzqa.govt.nz](mailto:students@nzqa.govt.nz) or 0800 697 296. ♦



“THE FINAL BACK-UP” GLOBAL SEED VAULT UNDER THREAT FROM CLIMATE CHANGE

BY DANIELLE MAYNARD

In the event of a natural or man-made disaster, there is always the potential for total devastation of food crops. Most countries have their own stores of seeds in case the need arises. However, most of these seeds are also at risk in the case of a disaster, or suffer from a lack of funding and management. Much like the extinction of an animal species, once a crop is entirely gone, there is no resurrecting it. So, as a safeguard, countries and institutions around the world have been placing seed samples in one of the most remote places on Earth.

Buried deep within a mountain on the Norwegian island of Spitsbergen in the Svalbard archipelago is the Global Seed Vault. Already housing close to one million plant varieties with an average of 500 seeds each,

and with the capacity to hold 4.5 million varieties (a maximum of 2.5 billion individual seeds), the Vault has the largest crop diversity in the world. These seeds are dried and kept frozen, preserving them for potentially hundreds of years to be used to regenerate decimated crops. The natural permafrost and thick layer of rock that surrounds the Vault is supposed to keep the samples frozen at -18°C , even without power.

However the climate’s sudden rise in temperature, due to man-made global warming, has threatened the safety of the seeds. With atmospheric temperatures reaching around 0°C instead of their normal -10°C , some permafrost surrounding the Vault has melted and partially flooded the access tunnel to the Vault. While there was no damage

noted to the seeds, continually rising temperatures in the Polar region have sparked fears for the world’s final back-up.

Drainage ditches moving away from the Vault are planned to ensure all water is directed away from the access tunnels, along with thorough waterproofing of the tunnel walls. Heat producing electrical equipment has been moved out of the tunnel, and the Vault has also been installed with pumps to remove water in case a larger flood threatens the seeds.

A new climate research project is also being carried out to monitor the changes in the permafrost, and to determine if the unnaturally high temperatures are set to continue and therefore if further protection for the seeds is needed. ♦



MORE THAN HALF OF ALL STUDENTS BROKE—SURVEY

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD

Results from a recent survey conducted by Unitec show that students are forgoing food and hygiene products more than ever in order to meet their living expenses. Unitec released the results of their 2016 survey of 1964 Auckland-based students last Tuesday.

The findings included that 55 per cent of students did not have enough income to meet their living costs at some stage in the past 12 months. More than two-thirds of Māori students surveyed (68 per cent) expressed the same struggle. Two-thirds of participants said they had “seriously considered” dropping out of study due to financial or work-study-life pressures.

The New Zealand Union of Students’ Association’s (NZUSA) President, Jonathan Gee, said he was deeply concerned by the survey.

“A couple of years ago we were talking about students only living on two-minute noodles—what you see in this survey is that one in seven students can’t even afford those

two-minute noodles.”

University of Auckland undergraduate Anna Condon balanced five papers and six jobs last semester—and says the survey’s findings seem all too familiar for her.

“Being a student living out of home and earning an income that you need to survive on means sometimes making decisions that hinder academic progress to survive.”

The survey also found that over half of all full-time students at Unitec were working more than 15 hours per week. This is generally deemed the tipping point in studying circles when time in paid work affects academic performance. In the Unitec report, an anonymous student studying full time in Auckland said that students “living away from home with no student allowance cannot support themselves on the Studylink loan alone. I personally work 15–20 hours a week on top of full-time study.”

According to another recent report published by the NZUSA, 74% of students use

loan living costs in order to pay for rent and other weekly expenses. The living costs loan, in addition to other student expenses, often results in an average student loan of \$50,000 with course fees included.

In 2010, eligibility rules for the student allowance were changed by the National Government—with only 33% of students actually receiving access to student allowances today, according to NZUSA.

In response, former Prime Minister Dame Jenny Shipley took shots at the middle class in Radio New Zealand programme *The Ninth Floor*, stating that “Student allowances were another example of the middle class taking more than their fair share.”

However, Green MP Gareth Hughes believes such claims detract from the reality of student hardship.

“New Zealand wants a world-class education system, but if students can’t afford heating, housing or sufficient food, how are they supposed to focus on learning?” ♦

UNPAID WORK TRIALS: SCREWING WORKERS OVER?

BY MARK CASSON

Some hospitality workplaces are being labelled as unjust for using unpaid worker trials in order to save money.

According to a recent investigation by *The Spinoff*, numerous cafes, restaurants, and fast-food diners are using new workers to work long hours for free (or very little) through the unpaid work trial process. Regularly this takes the form of workers, often underage or with poor levels of English, working shifts in a “trial period”. After a certain individual has completed the shift in the “trial period”, they are then off-loaded and told they didn’t get the job.

The Spinoff interviewed Mike Egan, National President of the Restaurants’ Association, who insisted, “There’s no such thing as an unpaid work trial.”

“You can’t just have people on trial and not pay them. Other businesses don’t do it. You wouldn’t go there to work at a bank as a bank teller and they’d trial you counting

money for a few hours.”

The Spinoff also interviewed Shannon McKenzie, an 18 year old who spoke of her experiences working as part of an unpaid trial for a Porirua restaurant.

“We got there and they assigned me and this other girl to clean all the wooden walls, sweep and mop the floor and set up all the tables.”

“It was unusual, having to clean their walls.”

However, McKenzie claims the question of pay for the “trial” did not come up once.

In 2014, the University of Auckland had 41,953 students enrolled—many of them having to work in order to live comfortably in Auckland. But with unpaid work trials taking place, the issue is becoming prominent for Auckland students—many of whom face heavy rents and growing student loans.

Craccum reached out to Ryan Williams who fell victim to unpaid work trials.

“Students won’t be able to support themselves to live if they keep working for free through unpaid work trials,” Williams said.

“It’s still work—and yes, if you don’t get the job, you have still done some work for the company and therefore they should pay you.”

Craccum also reached out to another who agreed with Williams’ stance. The worker was successful in getting the job she trialled for—but requested to remain anonymous in order to retain her job.

She said, “I consider myself lucky that I got the job. But the person I was competing with... I am not sure where she is working now, but I do know she was a student.”

However, she believes the nature of unpaid work trials depends upon the circumstances.

“It really depends on how long the trial is for. If it’s for an hour, I personally don’t think they should get paid—but if it’s anything more, I think they should.” ♦

“HACKERMAN!”—THE FUTURE OF CYBERWARFARE?

JACK GRADWELL EXPLAINS THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL MALWARE ATTACK, “WANNACRY”

Two weeks ago, the University of Auckland sent emails warning students to stay extra vigilant while browsing online. While our UoA IT teams prevented the “Wannacry” malware from breaching university systems, and thus deflected damage from one of the largest cyber attacks in history, not all institutions were so lucky.

Within Britain, the attack crippled the National Health System’s computers, preventing doctors and hospitals from accessing crucial patient data. Described by the European Union’s Police agency as “unprecedented in scale”, the attack offered nothing if but a glimpse into the terrifying capabilities for future cyberwarfare. Infecting some 230,000 computers, the source of the Wannacry malware is yet unknown.

Whereas in the past, crippling a nation’s health system required all the firepower of the state, this attack could just as much have been committed by North Korea as it could a guy sitting on his bed. Terrifying in and of itself, if a single individual could cripple the British healthcare system, imagine the damage the Chinese, American or Russian cyberwarfare com-

mands could do.

Recently, media attention has focused on accusations of Russian hackers breaching into and disseminating Hillary Clinton’s emails. However, these are but the tip of the iceberg of the capabilities modern states possess in the realm of cyberwarfare.

In 2012, an Israeli-made virus infected the Iranian nuclear programme’s computers. Proceeding to send Tehran’s nuclear centrifuges into overload, the virus ensured that monitoring systems continued to display normal, safe production levels. In the resulting carnage, up to 20% of Iranian centrifuges were destroyed, setting her nuclear programme back several years. While few would mourn the Ayatollah’s loss, the case illustrated that the damage inflicted by cyberattacks is no longer just limited to the internet.

Rather, cyberattacks can now be used to deadly effect—causing real, physical damage. In the world of 2017, banking and telecommunications systems, power grids, railways, aircraft satellites and even pacemakers are now all utterly reliant upon computers for their functioning.

Where these developments have in

the past ensured their efficiency, they now leave them vulnerable to cyberattack. Thanks to airhopping technologies, even where there is no internet connection, malware can enter systems through wireless microphones, printers, mouses and speakers.

Ultimately, so great is the perception of the threat of cyberattacks, multiple Russian intelligence agencies have abandoned combating it altogether, preferring instead to revert to the use of typewriters for secure messages.

Bringing with it the capacity to create mass-scale damage, with little immediate risk and a level of plausible deniability on the aggressing side, cyberattacks represent the looming future of modern warfare. With the ability to be mobilised so much faster than their conventional counterparts in the realms of land, sea, air and space, the first visible sign of any future great power conflict will be in cyberforces launching attacks upon critical infrastructure.

With all of modern society so utterly reliant upon computer technology, no one but a hermit would be spared should foreign powers decide to launch a cyberwar. ♦

THE WEEK IN TRUMP

SO MUCH TRUMP NEWS, SO LITTLE TIME: PATRICK NEWLAND TRIES TO UNRAVEL “STUPID WATERGATE”

Michael T. Flynn: Pleading the 5th amendment of the United States Constitution is not something that is done by someone innocent—at least, that’s according to yet another tweet by Donald Trump.

And yet last week, that is what former National Security advisor Michael Flynn chose to do. He offered to testify to a public session of Congress—but only on the condition of immunity from prosecution. You may remember Flynn as the man who only three months ago had the ear of the President, and has since been described by an internal Russian memo as a “close ally and friend” of President Vladimir Putin.

Perhaps from a practical standpoint this isn’t the end of the world—after all, a de-escalation of tensions between the US and Russia would arguably be a benefit to the rest of the world (human rights atrocities aside). But from a political standpoint, the betrayal is simply just another file of

evidence that shows the depth to which Trump is in over his head.

Is it a leak when you brag about it? Recent news hasn’t helped the case for an entirely incompetent President, with the *Washington Post* publishing a report last week that suggested Trump accidentally passed on codeword-level intelligence directly to the Russian Ambassador to the US. Reports have suggested that this information directly compromised the safety of an Israeli agent, and ended what was described as a successful long-term joint operation between the United States and the Israeli.

Perhaps under a normal presidency this would normally have dominated the news for weeks, if not months—being described by constitutional scholars and Democrats as an impeachable offence—yet it was overshadowed within days by even more news.

Quick—make them look somewhere else. Wait, no! James Comey is the gift that keeps on giving—if that gift is a Trojan horse for the Trump administration.

After being fired just over two weeks ago, much has come out about the circumstances surrounding his departure. It seems to track back to Trump allegedly “jokingly” asking him to end his investigation into Flynn, and the possible ties between Russia and his campaign. Comey has since agreed to a public hearing on the matter, and it is expected that he will come forward with any information he has—both on Trump, and the case that he was building against his staff.

While an early end to a Trump presidency is still a long way off, it is worth remembering that in the event of an impeachment, Mike Pence would become President. Better the devil you know? ♦

¹ Please note that this title has blatantly been stolen from John Oliver, but it is a good description.

AMATEUR HISTORIAN POTENTIALLY STOLE MĀORI REMAINS TO MAKE FALSE CLAIMS

BY GINNY WOO AND CATRIONA BRITTON

In a beautiful double whammy of Aotearoa New Zealand's colonial past rearing its ugly head like a racist spectre, a Northland "Historian" has taken it upon himself to attempt to disprove that Māori were the original inhabitants of Aotearoa.

Noel Hilliam, based in Kaipara, is convinced that European seafarers settled New Zealand centuries before people from Polynesia.

It's not the first time Hilliam has made such claims—originally insisting in 2012 that in fact, ancient Greek navigators "were the first to sail down under" to *Stuff*.

Hilliam has also claimed, according to a *New Zealand Herald* article, that he found the remains of an Old Spanish ship near Dargaville in 1982, but it tragically "vanished" before he could show anyone.

Last week, Hilliam attempted to argue that his findings proved that it was actually the Welsh who had discovered New Zealand—and that Europeans had generally lived here way before Māori came into the picture.

Kerry Bolton's highly slated book, *Lords of the Soil*, seems to have inspired Hilliam's view in arguing that Europeans have lived on our fair shores since ancient times.

However, Hilliam has now gone one step further into the world of conspiracy theories, sincerely believing that the Government has an "official policy to hide information which could dispute the accepted line that Māori were the first to settle in this country."

His non-academic historical assertions were primarily based off the reconstruction of incredibly old skulls from burial sites—one, Hilliam claims, from the Turehu tribe, and one from Waitaha.

Due to apparent fears as to the legality of his actions, Hilliam was quick to note that the notably Aryan facial reconstructions that he posited as the truth were created by a credible source—an anonymous forensic pathologist from the University of Edinburgh.

Unfortunately for him, a spokesperson from the University told *VICE* it was very clear that their Forensic Pathology department had no knowledge at all of being involved in any of Hilliam's work.

What is further confounding about these claims are the obvious breaches of New Zealand law and tikanga (Māori customary system of values and practices).

It is an offence under section 55 of the Burial and Cremation Act 1964 if a person disinters or removes a body or the remains of a body from its place of burial without a proper licence. If an offence is committed, a person may be liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding \$400 or up to three months imprisonment.

Further, under s 150(b) of the Crimes Act 1961, a person is liable to a maximum sentence of two years' imprisonment if he or she improperly or indecently interferes with or offers any indignity to any dead human body or human remains.

When contacted by *VICE*, Hilliam said he took skulls and bones from various historic burial sites in Northland, but admitted that he did not consult local iwi about disturbing the sites. He said he did not have to as "[t]hey're nothing to do with the iwi."

However, with any disinterment of human remains that predate 1900, an archaeological authority is required and there must be evidence of consultation with

tangata whenua if it is a Māori urupā, or descendants of the deceased (where they can be identified).

Dr Ngarino Ellis, Senior Lecturer at the University of Auckland, is concerned with the lack of specificity surrounding the location of the burial sites. She told *VICE* that removing skulls from historic burial sites like urupā was "reprehensible".

"Taking from urupā, just like from anyone's [grave], is a violation of our funeral practices. These are our ancestors. They were not intended to be removed and distributed," she said to *VICE*.

Urupā are places of wāhi tapu, sacred sites that are subjected to ritual restrictions. Removing ancestral remains from urupā is a direct breach of these restrictions governed by tikanga.

Aotearoa New Zealand has also enacted into domestic law the UNESCO Convention on the Means of Prohibiting and Preventing the Illicit Import, Export and Transfer of Cultural Property (1970), as well as the UNIDROIT Convention on Stolen or Illegally Exported Cultural Objects (1995).

Under the Protected Objects Act 1975, human remains may fall under the definition of "protected New Zealand object". Under section 5, a person who exports a protected New Zealand object without going through the application process commits an offence and is liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding \$100,000 and/or up to five years imprisonment.

According to *VICE*, Hilliam was fully aware it was illegal to send ancient human remains overseas, but went through with it regardless as he believed the law was unjust. •



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Introducing: Shakti Youth

Helen Yeung interviewed Shakti Youth members on what they do, where they stand in Aotearoa New Zealand and what their future plans are on improving the community

“Step by step, we will work towards empowering all migrant and refugee youth in Aotearoa/New Zealand to live lives with dignity, free from violence and fear, and to help create safer homes and communities together.”

Since 1995, the national non-profit community organisation, Shakti, has been advocating for a safer world for Asian, African and Middle Eastern communities across New Zealand through their culturally appropriate support and advocacy. The organisation specialises in areas of women’s development, empowerment, domestic and family violence intervention, prevention and awareness. After six years of advocacy, petitions and hard work, Shakti New Zealand and many women’s organisations and NGOs have recently announced victory over a new law where forced and underage marriage is now a crime. Shakti Youth are a group of young people from Asian, African and Middle Eastern backgrounds passionate about social justice and building towards a violence-free future.

WHO ARE SHAKTI YOUTH? CAN YOU TELL US WHAT KIND OF ISSUES SHAKTI YOUTH FOCUSES ON?

We are a group of Asian, African, Middle Eastern feminists wanting to promote change in the community. The word Shakti means “strength”, “power” or “empowerment” in Sanskrit. And this is what we aim for; empowering youth to end violence and discrimination in their communities and lives. As a feminist organisation, we focus on issues including ending family violence, intergenerational change, ending sexism, racism and supporting youth projects.

HOW DID THE YOUTH UNIT START?

The Youth Unit started with a group of young people from migrant backgrounds who were invited to address violence in our communities. In the early 2000s, Shakti was receiving cases of teenage girls being threatened with forced marriage or living with a marriage that was coerced. The women’s refuge model that focuses on adult women and children wasn’t working for a lot of young women, especially where the perpetrators of abuse were their parents and they had grown up in Aotearoa/New Zealand. We came together to develop a model of family violence intervention designed by youth for youth. One of the first meetings was held with a group of youth volunteers and survivors ranging from 20–30 years old who had gone through Shakti’s services. We formed a steering group and organised a conference called Migrant Youth New Zealand (MYNZ) across schools to provide a space for Asian, Middle Eastern and African youth to come together and discuss issues specific to our communities.

WHY ONLY CERTAIN ETHNIC GROUPS? ARE WHITE PEOPLE ALLOWED TO JOIN?

The original founders of Shakti found a need to set up a refuge for Asian, Middle Eastern and African communities because the mainstream services lacked cultural competency. There are many overlaps and similarities in terms of culture and religion, however, these groups tend to be labeled under an “ethnic” umbrella, which in a New Zealand context translates to non-Pākehā, non-Pasifika and non-Māori. There are existing self-determining organisations for Māori and Pasifika communities, so Shakti understands and respects the need to have culturally

specific and focused organisations. While white people have been involved in Shakti as supporters and in our training centre, all our frontline staff are Asian, African, Middle Eastern, and speak at least one non-English language from those regions.

WHAT IS SHAKTI YOUTH’S STANCE ON TINO RANGATIRANGA?

We support tino rangatiratanga and believe that we need to stand in solidarity with Māori and Pasifika peoples. Māori and Pasifika peoples have their own self-determined organisations and they know best how to address issues of violence in their own communities and it’s because of their leadership in creating culturally appropriate spaces for their communities that Shakti has been able to create a similar space for Asian, Middle Eastern and African communities. We believe that as migrants it is our duty to be educated on the colonisation of Aotearoa. As migrants, we need to recognise our complicity in the colonisation of Aotearoa and stand together with Māori and Pasifika people. This is especially important as our communities are often placed in opposition to each other; we are encouraged to fight among ourselves as opposed to working together and dismantling the white supremacist structures that impact on the lives of members of all our minority communities.

YOU MENTIONED BEFORE THAT SHAKTI YOUTH WILL BE HAVING A MARCH. WHAT IS THIS ABOUT? AND WHY IS IT HAPPENING?

Shakti Youth is holding a peaceful youth march against all forms of violence and discrimination on June 4th at 1pm to mark Youth Week 2017. The march will begin at Britomart and

end at Aotea Square, where we will see and hear inspirational speakers and performances! We want to raise awareness that violence and discrimination is present in our society, so that we can actually make a change.

Aotearoa New Zealand has the highest rates of reported family violence as well as youth suicide in the OECD and gender equality is still not achieved here. Young people are stereotyped as problematic; migrants have to deal with racism daily, and Muslims with Islamophobia. We want to make a change to end violence and discrimination based on age, gender, ethnicity, religion, class, ability and sexual orientation. Youth voices in Aotearoa will be celebrated in an effort to end violence and discrimination. It would be great if everyone reading this could come along and invite your friends and family!

I SAW THAT SHAKTI'S WELLINGTON REFUGE WAS RECENTLY FEATURED IN THE NEWS. CAN YOU TELL US A BIT MORE ABOUT THAT?

In 2014, Shakti in Wellington opened a refuge after the murders of two migrant women there due to domestic violence. This happened because Shakti believed those women should have had access to refuge services that understood their cultural contexts. This year, funding for Shakti Wellington Refuge was categorically declined by the Ministry of Social Development despite the need for further analysis. This as an ongoing issue of structural racism against migrant women preventing us from self-determining our own services and supporting our people. It denies the right for Asian, Middle Eastern and African women to access culturally appropriate services in the Wellington region and is putting more migrant women's lives at risk.

WHY DO WE NEED ORGANISATIONS LIKE SHAKTI YOUTH IN THE COMMUNITY? DURING THE INTERVIEW, SHAKTI YOUTH MEMBERS DISCUSSED PERSONAL EXPERIENCES TO ANSWER THIS QUESTION.

"I worked at an Auckland-based internationally recognised human rights and social justice NGO for a couple of years under a really rude manager. I did some recruitment work for her, hiring telefundraisers and for an admin and customer service role. She had a strong prejudice against even opening up and looking at CVs sent in by people with East and South Asian looking names. She said that people over the phone wouldn't want to speak with someone with an accent. I asked her what she thought when she had my CV come in when I applied for a job at the organisation as my name is unmistakably South Asian. She responded saying 'Your cover letter was really good, so that's why I gave you a phone interview, to see how thick your accent was. You barely have an accent!'"

"I was in Year 10, and at a shopping mall with friends. We were walking around and a woman comes up to us out of the blue, and asks my friend who was wearing a hijab, 'Do you have a bomb under there?'. This confrontation was so unnecessary—we were wearing our school uniforms at the time. It was horrible how assumptions were made based on Islamophobic stereotypes."

"I was once on the bus on my way home and a lady came and sat behind me and she started to say things

like 'Go back to your own country' and 'You are a disgrace to your school. I was so shocked at how hateful this lady was that I was completely speechless and I just let her continue to say these things. That day I cried all the way home."

"I was on a flight to New Zealand and a Pākehā woman asked me, 'Why are you going to New Zealand?', like she automatically assumed I did not belong there. I answered I'm on a student visa and in Year 12 at a high school there. She then moved on to question why I wore a nose stud, asking if it was 'cultural'. She also saw the rings on my finger and automatically assumed I was married off at a young age. I felt so uncomfortable as my family is extremely aware of consent for marriage. I felt discriminated against solely because of my appearance and skin colour."

"One of my daily experiences of racism is the 'Where are you from?' question we all love that I encounter through my work at a call center. My accent is a weird mix of random things that I have picked up living in Malaysia, but going to a British private school and consuming a tonne of American TV, it never really bothers me until people question me about it. Questions like: 'Are you in New Zealand?', 'Where in New Zealand are you?', 'Is this call center in the Philippines, or India, or something?', 'You're in New Zealand but you're not a Kiwi'. There is a constant assertion that YOU ARE NOT ONE OF US."

"Even though I have been living in a European society for most of my life, it feels weird when people tell me I am 'one of them' or 'pretty much a white girl' because I have never felt that way. I felt like an outcast. Words were one thing, because I couldn't fit in. Society had taught me to hate my non-eurocentric looks. However, I didn't feel like I could fit in with clubs of my ethnicity either. They viewed me as 'too westernised' and 'not-culturally-in-touch'. So, I was 'too white' to be 'Asian', and 'too Asian' to be a New Zealander. Where do I belong?"

"When I was in high school, I had internalised racism. I tried so hard to differentiate myself from acting 'FOB'. That was very harmful to me and others. Realising that being Asian was not something that I could change, or that I should be ashamed of, took so many years of anger towards myself. When I realised how toxic society's social discourse and media's messages were, I realised that if I loved myself, society could no longer profit off my self-hate. Not speaking out about these challenges oppresses other people that may be unable or too scared to speak out. When we sit on the fence and watch others get discriminated against, we side with the oppressor."♦

VISIT [HTTP://YOUTH.SHAKTI.ORG.NZ/](http://youth.shakti.org.nz/) AND JOIN THEM IN THE YOUTH MARCH ON JUNE 4TH.

IF YOU HAVE ANY ENQUIRIES OR AN INTEREST IN JOINING SHAKTI YOUTH, SEND THEM A MESSAGE ON FACEBOOK [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/SHAKTI-YOUTH/](https://www.facebook.com/shakti-youth/) OR CONTACT THEM VIA EMAIL AT [YOUTH@SHAKTI.ORG.NZ](mailto:youth@shakti.org.nz).

TO DONATE AND HELP SHAKTI'S WELLINGTON REFUGE, VISIT THE GIVEALITTLE PAGE ON [HTTPS://GIVEALITTLE.CO.NZ/CAUSE/SAVESHAKTIWELLINGTONREFUGE](https://givealittle.co.nz/cause/saveshaktiwellingtonrefuge).

UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS

Show your passion for keeping NZ clean and green at the **March for Divestment!**

When: Wednesday 31st May, 12pm

Where: The Quad

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: "As a leading academic institution, the University of Auckland must walk the talk on climate change. After all, if it's wrong to wreck the planet, then it's wrong for the University to profit from that wreckage by investing in fossil fuels. When our public institutions pull their money out of this dirty industry, they make a powerful statement that extracting and burning fossil fuels is no longer acceptable to society. March with us to demand climate action now #ForAllOurFutures."

For more Fossil Free UoA events, check out their Facebook page at: <https://www.facebook.com/fossil-freeuoa/>

WORK OFF YOUR STRESS

WITH A Charity BootCamp Session

HOSTED

BY MISS

AUCKLAND 2017

FINALIST FIONA

WU

When: Sunday June 4th, 10:30am—11:15am

Where: UoA Rec Centre Studio 1

Price: \$15

Age Restrictions: All ages

Event info: "Come and work off some stress and winter lethargy with a 45 minute bootcamp session with an accredited personal trainer! You will be challenged, have fun and be among friends. All proceeds go to Ronald McDonald House so start your Sunday with a bang and support a great cause."

What's On

Exhibitions on Screen: I, Claude Monet

HAWKINS THEATRE

If you're into art, check out *Exhibitions on Screen: I, Claude Monet* at Hawkins Theatre in Papakura. Based on information from thousands of letters, the film examines the fascinating and complicated life of one of the world's greatest painters. Tickets are \$11 at the door.

\$5 Mystery Box Milkshakes

GRILL & SHAKES

Get out to Grill & Shakes in Kingsland NOW. Monday 29th May is their \$5 mystery shake day and you're bound to get a delightful surprise. All you have to do is select a flavour from the box and indulge in some sweet, organic goodness.

Sal & the Babyshakes EP Release

REC

Get your jazz fix this Friday 2nd June at Sal Valentine and the Babyshakes' *Church* EP Release gig. Head on down to REC at 8pm and bring twenty bucks for the door.

The Faustus Project

BASEMENT THEATRE

A retelling of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, except with a new guest performer in the leading role every night, *The Faustus Project* promises to be hilarious and a little dangerous. Running from 30th May–3rd June at the Basement Theatre, tickets are available at iTicket. Check out an interview with the director in this issue for a great ticket deal for *Craccum* readers.

Doc Edge Film Festival

Q THEATRE

Head along to the Doc Edge Film Festival for 2017 at the Q Theatre. Running from 24th May–5th June, this is an Oscar-qualifying international documentary film festival. There will be Q+A's, screenings and talks. Student tickets online only \$14! ♦

INTERVIEW WITH WE-AR FOUNDER

Jyoti Morningstar

Founded in 2005, WE-AR is a New Zealand ethical fashion and yoga brand that embraces sustainability, health and wellbeing. Nikki Addison interviewed founder Jyoti about ethical fashion and WE-AR's new range

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO CREATE WE-AR?

I felt bored by the rhetoric that business required a choice between profit and the wellbeing of people and planet. I see WE-AR as a design challenge and am continually inspired to create innovative solutions that honour the human spirit, our ecosystem and a healthy balance sheet.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT AN "ETHICAL" CLOTHING BRAND IS?

Ethical can be a bit of a catchphrase for anyone wanting to create a sense of purpose around what they're making, so rather than answer for an industry with a bad track record, I'll share my personal stance and link in the WE-AR Code of Ethics. For me, creating ethically demands an eyes-wide-open, holistic consideration of each person and earth system that is potentially enriched or compromised by my design concept. A responsive and adaptive approach is required and sometimes this can mean re-designing an aspect or process in order to achieve the best possible outcome holistically.

YOU PRODUCE THE CLOTHING IN BALI. HOW DOES THIS LOCATION CONNECT TO WE-AR'S VALUES?

I founded WE-AR as a development project, so I wanted to work in a developing community that still hadn't been barraged into monotheistic capitalism. Bali is a complex society that still holds ancient spiritual and family ritual at the heart of everything it does, whilst also facing a very concentrated version of every serious social and environmental issue threatening the developed world due to its intensive tourism. This makes it a very dynamic community to work in. One of our core values is to develop processes that support individuals, family and community with independent and sustainable endeavour. This suits the psyche of Balinese and many other Indonesian cultures, so it's both rewarding and meaningful to be part of a healthy wave of increasing mindfulness in design, production and business practice on this unique island.

YOU DESCRIBE WE-AR AS BEING "BORN FROM A YOGIC PHILOSOPHY". CAN YOU DESCRIBE THIS PHILOSOPHY? WHY IS YOGA SO IMPORTANT TO YOU AND YOUR BRAND?

The word yoga comes from the ancient root "yug" which means to "yoke" or create union. I'm of the opinion that the majority of our human drama and woes come from forgetting we are all of the same essence. Yoga brings people into a more intimate relationship with themselves and this is the most au-

thentic basis for all other relating.

WE-AR IS ONE OF THE PIONEERING BRANDS OF NEW ZEALAND'S GROWING SUSTAINABLE FASHION INDUSTRY. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT OUR SUSTAINABLE FASHION INDUSTRY TODAY?

We are a small and well educated nation and this means ideas can seed and develop quickly. People are opening their eyes and realising how responsive the industry is and therefore how much power each of us wields with our voting dollars and social sharing. WE-AR has been telling this story for a decade and it's beautiful to feel lifted up on this wave of awareness as it surges towards a more mindful and sustainable future.

DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR PEOPLE PASSIONATE ABOUT ETHICAL SHOPPING AND SUSTAINABILITY IN GENERAL, AS OPPOSED TO FASHION SPECIFICALLY?

Ask questions to find out the provenance of what you put in your basket and take into your homes and bodies. Where was it made, how was it made and who made it?

How did they feel about making it? Was

anything harmed in the process? Was a waterway impacted? Were other peoples livelihoods impacted? How do you feel about what you find out? It's really interesting to know the story behind the everyday bits and pieces that help us live well. So I guess my advice is to get really curious and trust your heart when it responds to what you find out. No industry can continue to produce things we don't want.

YOU'VE JUST LAUNCHED A NEW AUTUMN/WINTER COLLECTION, "RHYME". WHAT WAS THE GOAL BEHIND THIS LINE?

To create a series of belyingly simple, lightweight, warm and supple cocoons for people that awaken an individual's playfulness and curiosity. Our prints this season are quite dramatic to create texture in layers worn under, over and around the clean, somewhat boyish lines of "Rhyme".

DO YOU HAVE A FAVOURITE PIECE FROM THE COLLECTION?

Now you're asking the difficult questions..! I have to go with two; the SubPop dress and the Boyfriend shirt in Kale polka-splotch. ♦

THE WE-AR AUTUMN/WINTER 2017 COLLECTION IS AVAILABLE AT STORES AND STOCKISTS THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND AND BALI, AND ONLINE AT WWW.WE-AR.COM.

WE-AR HAVE ORGANISED A 15% DISCOUNT FOR CRACCUUM READERS! APPLY THE CODE "UOAREN-EGADES" AT THE CHECKOUT DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE TO GRAB THIS SWEET DEAL.



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

I used to work in a restaurant that was a little bit shit, so mostly people just bought beer or wine by the glass. One time, a customer ordered a bottle of fancy Spanish wine and my manager told me I had to open it in front of them. At the table I tried hacking into the seal with the corkscrew while the alarmed-looking customer offered to do it for me. Alas, I persisted until I sliced my thumb open and bled all over the bottle. To save you from an embarrassing and bloody mishap, here's how it's done:

1. Use the lil knife on the corkscrew to circumnavigate the top of the opening—decapitate that seal and reveal the cork.
2. Twist the screw into cork.
3. Rest lever on side of bottle and pull out cork. Be

very gentle with the final pull of cork or you'll splash wine everywhere.

4. Consume.

Mission Estate Reserve Hawke's Bay Cabernet Merlot (\$20): To be honest, I think it's pretty rude for NZ producers to use corks—as 3% of all bottles will be ruined by a bad cork. It's not like they're in remote Italy where there's no access to a bottling line with screw-caps. But hey, I'm no romantic and maybe you love poppin' bottles. Get it at www.glengarrywines.co.nz.

Chapoutier Cotes du Rhone Belleruche (\$25): That proper French stuff. Chapoutier have been making this wine since 1808, they know what they're up to. Buy it at Liquorland. ♦

GUIDE TO... Staying Warm in Winter (On a Budget)

By Grace Hood-Edwards

The rest of the country may be looking at us in Auckland and thinking we're pathetic for moaning about the temperature. I would argue, however, that this is the coldest winter I've ever experienced in Auckland. I woke up this morning to go to work; it was 3°C and I had to chip ice off my car. Now, I'm from England and like to keep my tolerance up in case I ever go back to visit, so I've been going out wearing singlets and sundresses as an exercise in willpower. However, most people don't have a freakishly high body temperature. Here are some other tips and tricks students can do to beat the chill this winter.

Thermals: Sounds obvious, but it's probably a good idea to invest in some old thermal long johns. Wearing thermal underthings is, apparently, the equivalent of turning up the heat by about 4 degrees. It's a lot cheaper, and moves with you—unlike heating.

Open all curtains and windows: It might be colder initially, but it will let the sunlight in to naturally heat your house. Just don't let your neighbour catch you in your woollen underwear.

Brew a cup: Buy a thermos and live by it. Drink as much coffee or tea as possible and, before you go

out, brew a cup to bring with you and warm your little hands.

Get moving: It's not my favourite recommendation, and seems counter-productive, but—if you don't have a gym—head outside and take a walk around the neighbourhood. The exercise *will* warm you up—even though you might hate it.

Bundle up: Sweaters, gloves, scarves and fluffy socks. Get them on your body. Layering is cool, anyway.

Rice packs/hot water bottles: Buy some rice packs you can heat up to carry with you, but remember to always put a cup of water in the microwave with them. At night, you can substitute a partner for a hot water bottle. Or have both at once.

Space heater: If you're worried about heating costs in winter, a space heater may be just what you need. It will warm up your room, and is probably worth it.

Emergency tip—hand dryers: From personal experience, I know that when you're stuck on a mountain in winter the best place to give you a shot of heat quickly is the hand dryer in the bathroom. Don't hog it though. It's simply a quick solution. ♦

Top 5... Shakes in Town

Moustache

QUAD

These guys do the best cookies and shakes around! Using quality ice cream, they have a range of delicious flavours including Salted Caramel, Cookie Dough and Peanut Butter. They also have five kinds of vegan shakes in some equally tasty flavours.

Al's Deli

CBD

If you like Snickers bars, Al's Deli will take you to heaven. Their Snickers milkshake is hands-down the best milkshake in Auckland. Creamy, nutty, caramelly... What more could you want? Make sure you order in, because these babies come out 1950s style, with a shit-tonne of nut-coated cream and a cherry on top.

Little Bird Unbakery

PONSONBY

Who doesn't love a semi-healthy shake, right? Little Bird have perfected the healthiness-taste scale so that you get all the flavour without ingesting too much bad stuff. All their shakes are vegan, using cashew ice cream and nut milks. You can't go wrong with the Caramel Maca Banana.

Cereal Killa

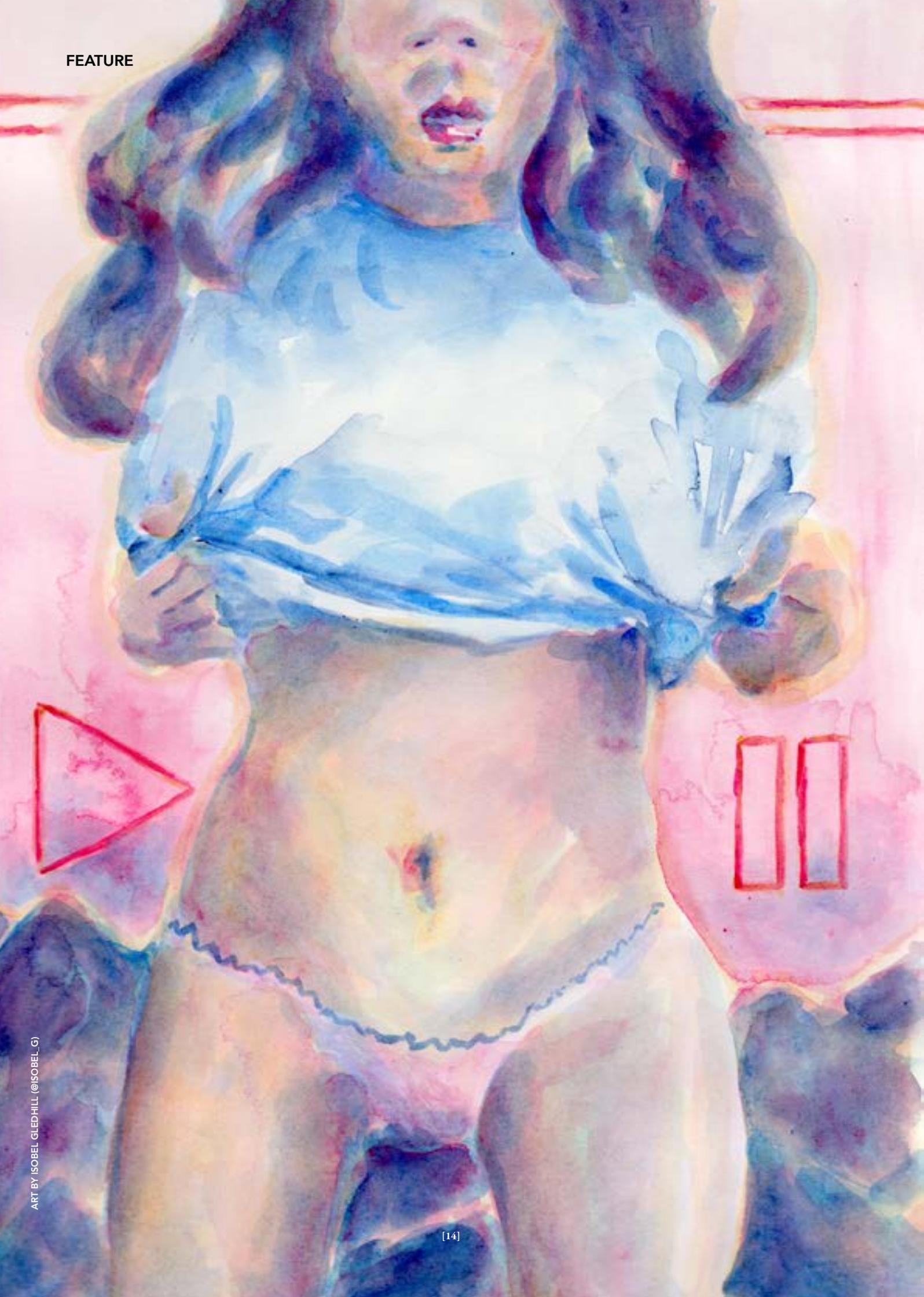
MT EDEN

The Dom Road joint's Killa Shakes look like no shake you've ever seen. There are so many toppings you won't be needing to eat for a while after consuming one of these bad boys. Top flavour recommendations include mint choc, caramel waffle and chocolate nutella.

Grill & Shakes

KINGSLAND

Gourmet milkshakes is an understatement. Not only do these guys offer 69 DIFFERENT FLAVOURS, they use organic milk, real ice cream and real chocolate. Some flavours include Toblerone, Shrewsberry, Kumara, Skittles and Ferrero Rocher. Also, the toppings are to die for. ♦



PUSSY GRABS BACK

Anoushka Maharaj looks at the future of feminist porn

WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSIONS ON SEXUAL ASSAULT, RAPE, PHYSICAL ABUSE, AND PROFANITY

“In many ways, women need pornography; they need a society that is frank and free in words and images and in which they can talk about their bodies and experiences without becoming social outcasts. It is telling that societies in which pornography is not at all acceptable also fail to accept free movement or rational dress for women... So pornography and equality may go hand in hand in more tolerant, open societies... Even when society is more equal, pornography will not just wither away.” – Natasha Walter, *The New Feminism* (1998)

Of the many repugnant and unnecessary terms for women, “prude” doesn’t seem as hindering or as terrible in comparison to, say, “cunt” or “crooked war criminal nasty woman”. Women are referred to as prudes in many contexts; whether it’s because they refuse to engage in sex/perform certain sexual acts, or because they aren’t comfortable divulging sexually explicit details about their lives (i.e. in the instance of “Never Have I Ever”, which is the worst drinking game in existence). By this extension, staying away from pornography can label someone a “prude”; as someone who is not sexually liberated, or a straight-up nerd. Weirdly, women who are open with their sexuality are similarly condemned, which basically means that the only way you can escape retribution in this life is if you were the actual Zodiac killer.

Pornhub’s 2016 “Year in Review” collected data detailing 23 billion total visits, with the number of videos watched clocking in at around 91,980,225,000. New Zealand scored 5th in the ranking of per capita visits, which I think is testament to the eighth year spent under the National Government.

But as is the case with politics, to engage in necessary and interesting discourse, you cannot condemn someone for their choices, you can only seek to understand them—and such is

the point of articles like these. Gloria Steinem summarised this best when she said, *“The answer to pornography lies not only in exposing it as an institution, but making sure that individuals who are drawn to it, but who are not hurting others, don’t feel condemned.”* So, rather than to criticise, it hopes to unpack a general perception of pornography—the good and the bad alike—and, taking into consideration certain criticisms and debates, whether there is a place for feminism (oversimplified as “gender equality” for our purposes) in pornography.

Rashida Jones reignited genuine conversation around the implications of porn with her release of documentary, *Hot Girls Wanted*. The doco interviewed several young women, aged between 19 and 24, who worked in the industry, including a few who were new to the porn world after being recruited by an agent. Jones and Jill Bauer, one of the directors, highlighted that pornography is no longer a “dark, taboo thing” and this is conducive to promoting conversations around how to make pornography safe for those involved. A cautionary tale, of sorts, *Hot Girls Wanted* observed these women, but did not attempt to offer solutions to the more problematic aspects of their work, as they emphasise, *“If a woman signed up to do porn and she wants to do porn then back off, don’t judge her, which is not what we’re doing.”*

Pornography is a medium through which people are free to explore their sexual fantasies—but there is an argument that there is a correlation between sexual assault and the consumption of pornography. And while there isn’t enough time in the world to list all the pornographic searches ever made, there *are* an alarming number of them which fall under the category of abuse; whether it’s depictions of rape, “coercive” sex or violence.

According to a recent *VICE* article (which also mentions the burgeoning feminist porn

movement), searches for violent pornography were more common amongst women than men. A team of researchers from the University of North Texas and University of Notre Dame played 355 women the enactment of a “rape fantasy”, and found that 52 per cent of the women had fantasies about forced sex with a man, 32 per cent about being raped and 28 per cent about forced oral sex with a man. Overall, 62 per cent of the women reported having had at least one fantasy around a forced sex act. It found that women who had not experienced any form of abuse were the ones who were “curious” and therefore more prone to searching for these videos—which is harmful for many reasons, with just one of them being the unfortunate commonality of people learning about or trying to understand sexual encounters through porn.

One of the most prevalent arguments against pornography (apart from poor regulation, which will be addressed later) is the belief that it demeans or exploits women—largely owed to who runs the porn industry. Media we are exposed to on a daily basis is permeated with women who are oversexualised objects and exist to fulfil an agenda that satisfies the male protagonist—porn follows a similar directive, and is so often seen as exploitative because its concepts are depicted from the male perspective. Erika Lust, Swedish erotic film director, has been a staple in contributing to the feminist porn movement. To combat harmful porn, she creates erotic film which prioritises the “feminine gaze”, as “mainstream porn” is often dominated by middle-aged men, who get to script and direct narratives that can place women in compromising positions. Lust rejects false perpetuation of gender roles, and has created projects like *XConfessions*, a series that brings to life people’s fantasies that they have written about and sent in. Because it’s based on person-

“Feminist porn gives women the opportunity to shape their own sexual narratives in porn, and hopefully allows them to feel more empowered by their sexuality as these images are based in consent and genuine enjoyment.”

FEATURE

al stories and ideas, what is depicted is often funny and genuine—and they depict consensual relationships that offer mutual pleasure for the parties involved.

While feminist porn largely seems paradoxical, there is a quiet collection of honest-to-goodness lady-friendly erotica that is slowly becoming more popular. There are even “Feminist Porn Awards”—rebranded as the Toronto International Porn Awards—that take place annually to foster discussion around sexuality as well as promote porn that is safe, diverse and creative. (I wonder if Trudeau will make an appearance...).

Feminist porn gives women the opportunity to shape their own sexual narratives in porn, and hopefully allows them to feel more empowered by their sexuality as these images are based in consent and genuine enjoyment. Lust deconstructs the potentiality for feminist porn in several ways. She emphasises that porn is often poorly made, and include seedy locations and settings which just make it seem shady. Good quality porn, as its foundation, depends on good filmmaking and therefore, good equipment (pun intended). Porn is supposed to be an enactment of sexual fantasy, which is, ideally, passionate and awesome. Therefore, the narrative aspect is important too, necessitating well-rounded characters (and character arcs, goddamn it). Casting-wise, all performers should be comfortable and happy with what they are being asked to act out. Lust stresses that ethical responsibility is the biggest part of feminist porn, which includes making sure that the actors are well paid and treated fairly.

The predominant counter-argument to porn being exploitative is the perception that porn is purely performative; not real; simply a visualisation of a fantasy—which then puts it in danger of being free of “real world” criticism, or negates the reality that the actors aren’t being exploited or demeaned. Of course, this is not true. The actors are still real people who are engaging in very real activities, and like with any job or workplace, they are deserving of respect, fair treatment and the entitlement to work in a safe environment.

A significant discussion around the condi-

tions of the porn industry came after porn star Stoya exposed fellow porn star James Deen for sexual assault, and thus began a crusade of open and honest dialogue about the reality of these workplaces. Her insight also brought attention to the detrimental idea that sex workers cannot be assaulted due to the nature of their work. As is so often the case in rape cases, it is the sexual history of the victim that becomes a focal point of the discussion, rather than the actions of the perpetrator.

In an article she wrote for *VICE*, Stoya talks about how neither the crew nor the performers have any kind of union that is going to protect them from unethical or unsafe working conditions, and that workers like her are often the key to inciting change. She also condemns painting pornography with a broad brush. Not all poorly-treated workers are representative of the entire profession in the same way that well-treated workers are, and to fix structural issues within the industry, their rights need to be treated first and foremost as workers’ rights. This means a consideration of fair pay, good working conditions and regular access to sexual health services.

To reinforce Stoya’s assessment, it is neither constructive nor is it safe to generalise the porn industry—and it is to the detriment of the workers *and* consumers of this content to dehumanise these workers by dismissing porn as purely visual and “not real”. Moreover, the concept of feminism is complex, and personal—so there will always be anti-porn enthusiasts who claim “exploitation” just as there will always be porn enthusiasts who claim “sexual liberation”. The middle ground here is to assume the objectives of *real* feminism—by not judging people for their personal choices, and finding a way to establish a safe society that values equality for all. Education reminds us that every issue is far more complex than we can learn from one video, or one person (or one article in a student magazine), and will play an important role in how perceptions of porn unfold in future.

As is the case with consumerism, the product says more about the audience than it does about the manufacturers. If there wasn’t a market for depictions of specific acts, then

it wouldn’t exist. It is dismissive to question simply whether pornography is harmful; what we know for sure is that it *does* exist, and those that work in it are deserving of the same rights that any worker in any workplace would have. There’s no singular approach to pornography, and its consideration should not be limited to just one aspect of it—and sex itself is a complicated, awkward, exciting, confusing, hilarious and wonderful facet of the human experience that shouldn’t be addressed with shame or dishonesty.

The future of porn is vast—and feminist porn is an opportunity to create diverse, innovative, female-friendly, female-focused porn that contributes to women’s sexual agency. Additionally, it has become increasingly evident that our willingness to engage in broad conversation about its existence is helping to regulate it and protect workers in the industry. The destructive side effects of porn can also surely be combatted by candid discussions about sexuality—such as better sexual education, especially in schools, which teaches consent and emphasises healthy, communicative relationships.

While no one should base their real-life sexual expectations on porn, there is a chance for porn to be influenced by real life (which is often a lot better than make-believe, anyway). Hopefully we will see an end to slut-shaming, or discriminating against women based on their age, ethnicity, or sexual preference.

As a woman (and a woman of colour, no less) I will capitalise on this constant propagation of free speech to say this: what a woman decides to do with her body is her choice, and her choice alone. Once this truth factors into every aspect of society, the existence of the female body won’t become so readily up for debate—and finally, my friends—the future will be beautifully, frighteningly and inexorably female. ♦

SEXUALITY IS A VAST AND COMPLEX ELEMENT OF HUMAN EXISTENCE AND IS DESERVING OF A LONGER CONVERSATION; THIS ARTICLE ONLY COVERS A SMALL SECTION OF IT. IT DOES NOT INTEND TO GENERALISE, EXCLUDE OR INVALIDATE THE EXPERIENCES OF ANY INDIVIDUAL AND/OR GROUP. IT ALSO DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE ANY CONCLUSIVE STATEMENTS ABOUT THE SUBJECT MATTER.

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RESTAURANT



MY DATE WITH DAVID SEYMOUR

Meg Williams wines and dines the ACT Party Leader to see if love was on the cards

In 2015, the *New York Times* published a piece by Mandy Len Catron for their “Modern Love” column about 36 questions that can supposedly make any two strangers fall in love. The 36 questions are divided into three sections, each section getting more personal, and then to finish it off, the pair are supposed to stare into each other’s eyes for four whole minutes. Catron discovered these questions in a study by Arthur Aron called “The Experimental Generation of Interpersonal Closeness: A Procedure

and Some Preliminary Findings,” a study which resulted in the research subjects falling in love and getting married.

The idea behind the questions is that being in a vulnerable position with another person fosters closeness, and so naturally the questions really force you to dig deep and to feel awkward and embarrassed (refer to box below).

Catron’s article makes its way back onto my Facebook newsfeed every now and then, and when I saw it pop up on my feed recently,

I had a wild idea: what if I, Co-convenor of the Young Greens, did the 36 questions with David Seymour, Leader of the ACT Party? Well, I’m a girl with some gumption, eager for a good story, so I went ahead and sent him a Facebook message with my pitch. Now, David is well-known for being a good sport, so of course he said he was keen. He did have his initial concerns, however.

“What if it worked?” he said. “Then we would end up as star-crossed Romeo and Juliet

1. Given the choice of anyone in the world, whom would you want as a dinner guest?
2. Would you like to be famous? In what way?
3. Before making a phone call, do you ever rehearse what you’re going to say? Why?
4. What would constitute a perfect day for you?
5. When did you last sing to yourself? To someone else?
6. If you were able to live to the age of 90 and retain either the mind or body of a 30-year old for the last 60 years of your life, which would you choose?
7. Do you have a secret hunch about how you will die?
8. Name three things you and your partner appear to have in common.
9. For what in your life do you feel most grateful?
10. If you could change anything about the way you were raised, what would it be?
11. Take four minutes and tell your partner your life story in as much detail as possible.
12. If you could wake up tomorrow having gained one quality or ability, what would it be?
13. If a crystal ball could tell you the truth about yourself, your life, the future or anything else, what would you want to know?
14. Is there something that you’ve dreamt of doing for a long time? Why haven’t you done it?
15. What is the greatest accomplishment of your life?
16. What do you value most in a friendship?
17. What is your most treasured memory?
18. What is your most terrible memory?
19. If you knew that in one year you would die suddenly, would you change anything about the way you are now living? Why?
20. What does friendship mean to you?
21. What roles do love and affection play in your life?
22. Alternate sharing something you consider a positive characteristic of your partner. Share a total of five items.
23. How close and warm is your family? Do you feel your childhood was happier than most other people’s?
24. How do you feel about your relationship with your mother?
25. Make three true “we” statements each. For instance, “we are both in this room feeling...”
26. Complete this sentence “I wish I had someone with whom I could share...”
27. If you were going to become a close friend with your partner, please share what would be important for him or her to know.
28. Tell your partner what you like about them: be honest this time, saying things that you might not say to someone you’ve just met.
29. Share with your partner an embarrassing moment in your life.
30. When did you last cry in front of another person? By yourself?
31. Tell your partner something that you like about them already.
32. What, if anything, is too serious to be joked about?
33. If you were to die this evening with no opportunity to communicate with anyone, what would you most regret not having told someone? Why haven’t you told them yet?
34. Your house, containing everything you own, catches fire. After saving your loved ones and pets, you have time to safely make a final dash to save any one item. What would it be? Why?
35. Of all the people in your family, whose death would you find most disturbing? Why?
36. Share a personal problem and ask your partner’s advice on how he or she might handle it. Also, ask your partner to reflect back to you how you seem to be feeling about the problem you have chosen.

with Jeanette Fitzsimons and Richard Prebble as Montague and Capulet.” He agreed to go ahead with it, but only do the first third of the questions, and definitely not do the staring into each other’s eyes for four minutes thing. I wasn’t too keen on staring into his eyes for a whole four minutes either, to be clear.

My friends were not without their concerns too. “Meg,” they’d say. “What if it *does* work?!”

“Well,” I’d reply, “I guess I’d just have to carry out a secret love affair with David Seymour.” There are probably worse things, right?

We arranged to have dinner at Spacca, a little Italian place on Remuera Road David recommended because of the chef’s comical enthusiasm (as well as the delicious food).

I arrived late because I was stuck on a bus in horrendous traffic. When I did finally arrive, I had to stop myself from channeling my inner Julie Anne Genter and begin giving a seminar on the state of public transport in Auckland.

I sat down and got stuck into the pinot noir David had ordered for me. Gaetano, the enthusiastic chef who David reckons is straight out of the mafia (“Just look at his tattoos,” David said), came over and spoke at a million miles an hour. “Yes,” I said, not really knowing what I was agreeing to. Moments later the table disappeared underneath an abundance of beautiful Italian food. I was instantly impressed—I’m terribly fussy about Italian restaurants because their food can never quite match the Italian food I make at home (I make a damn good seafood marinara), and I don’t mean to turn this into a restaurant review, but shit this food was good.

To avoid small talk and to get the conversation flowing, I suggested we jump straight into the questions. It wasn’t long before one of the questions led David to say something about him not believing that the worst teacher in New Zealand should be paid the same as the best teacher in New Zealand. Of course, what he was referring to were collective agreements won by teachers’ unions which guarantee fair pay for all teachers. The socialist in me found these comments to be a bit of a boner-killer, so I set a rule: no talking about policy. “We can save that for the 36 questions to make two people fall *out* of love,” I said.

We pushed on. The whole process is only supposed to take about 45 minutes, but after two hours we had only reached question fourteen. Each question would spark a new conversation; one got me talking about my mother’s breast cancer diagnosis a few years ago, and the genetics of breast cancer, Nikki Kaye’s recent recovery, and got David talking about his sports car he built himself in high school. Another got us talking about religion and my religious background. We found common ground on our respect for the Anglicans. One question got me explaining Rawls to David, trying to get him to admit that under the Veil of Ignorance he would believe that all resources should be distributed equally like a communist paradise. We slipped back into talking about policy,

David mentioned charter schools, so I snapped us back into the questions.

After we’d gotten through a decent chunk of them (yes, we had reached beyond the point David was initially willing to go with the questions, probably because I’m so darn charming after a few wines), we thought we should probably leave Spacca, having been in there for two hours. We went over the road to a pub to finish the questions, and to continue getting sufficiently sozzled. When we got there, a fan of David’s came over to get a photo with him, which was a little bizarre. We had a couple more beers, meaning we were up to about drink number four or five.

We didn’t do all of the questions, some of them were just a little too personal—I don’t think either of us were prepared to share our most terrible memories with each other, and the question about the roles of love and affection in our lives seemed a little inappropriate. There had to be, after all, at least some level of politician-journalist professionalism. Though, I definitely wouldn’t say the relationship that developed between us was as dry as most politician-journalist relationships.

There was one point in the night where I really was taken aback by David’s genuineness. One of the last few questions was, “Your house, containing everything you own, catches fire. After saving your loved ones and pets, you have time to safely make a final dash to save any one item. What would it be?” I set a rule that we weren’t allowed to choose our iPhones, since iPhones are just an extension of our limbs. I said that I would save my teddy bear, which my dad bought for me the day I was born, and has slept in my bed with me every night since. David’s answer was, to be quite honest, pretty gorgeous. He said that before his mother passed away a few years ago, she recorded a video, put it onto a DVD, and addressed it to David’s future partner. David said that this is what he would save.

“And you’ve never watched it?” I asked.

“No,” he said. “Not yet.” You have to admit that that is pretty adorable.

The end of the night came around and we realised we had taken approximately three and a half hours to not even finish the questions, and we decided to call it a night. Tipsy David decided it’d be unwise to drive home, so we got into an Uber and shook hands goodnight as he was dropped off at his Remuera flat.

I really didn’t know what I was expecting to get out of this bizarre experience. What I did end up getting out of it was actually a nice night, with someone who was easy enough to get along with. Did the Co-convenor of the Young Greens and the Leader of the ACT Party fall in love? I don’t think so, but (I don’t know about David) it definitely made me realise how possible it is to make a connection with someone, even if that someone is anti-unions, pro-charter schools, and once compared Marama Davidson (the Beyoncé of politics and my dear friend) to Trump... eek.

He *did* pay for my food, drinks, and Uber home though. ♦

“‘What if it worked?’ he said. ‘Then we would end up as star-crossed Romeo and Juliet with Jeanette Fitzsimons and Richard Prebble as Montague and Capulet.’”



AN ACTOR'S WORST NIGHTMARE

Grace Hood-Edwards interviewed Caleb Wells, director of the The Faustus Project, showing at the Basement Theatre this week

Fresh from starring in TV3's *Westside*, director Caleb Wells brings an experimental, new take on Shakespeare's contemporary Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*.

"I wondered if there was an opportunity to raise the stakes—could a show entirely rest on a talented, but unrehearsed actor giving their all with no safety net. That tension is infectious and invigorating. Faustus doesn't quite know what he's got himself into, and neither does the lead actor. This show challenges a group of brave, but unlucky guest actors: to tackle this nightmare head-on and come out on top with a killer performance."

With a different person playing the lead role every night, *The Faustus Project* features some of Auckland's best young talent with Courtney Bassett, Iana Grace, Jaime McDermott and Kelaan Schlöffel-Armstrong, and guest performances from Jessie Lawrence, Arlo Gibson and more.

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO ATTEMPT THIS PLAY, OR THIS EXPERIMENT?

I was doing some work with the Auckland Shakespeare Company using something called "cue-scripts", which is what they used to use back in the old days. Printing wasn't around that much, so rather than getting a full script, they only got their lines and the word that cued them. Apparently they didn't rehearse that much, all these plays we think of—like *Hamlet*—were all just thrown together. I thought that sounded like a nightmare, but in a good

way. When you see *Doctor Faustus* nowadays, it's got all these magic effects and it's just an actor reacting to fire, the devil. I never see the freshness of what it really would be like journeying into hell and having things spiral out of control. I thought *what would it be like if the actor had to feel all that stuff, and had to play off it live?* It just developed from there. It actually works, so that's comforting.

WHO ARE SOME OF THE PEOPLE YOU'RE GETTING TO PLAY FAUSTUS? WHY THEM? HOW MANY DIFFERENT FAUSTUS'?

Five nights, five different actors. We've got Jessie Lawrence, who's been doing some work in TV and in the past two AUSA Summer Shakespeare's, Natasha Kay Senior, who just played Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors* Matthew Kereama who was just in *Boys*, and some others. They're people I've worked with before and I knew that they knew how to play—how to keep things fresh, how to keep things live—and wouldn't get too freaked out by the prospect of diving into this. Everyone we've got is really excited by this kind of challenge, and the audience will appreciate that as well. Everyone loves an underdog. The actor and the audience will experience the play for the first time, at the same time, which will be quite exciting.

ARE YOU NERVOUS ABOUT THE RUN?

Yes, and no. It's my first show at the Basement Theatre, but there's only so much I can direct. If something doesn't quite go right for whatever reason, that's probably the nature of this. I

think it'll be enjoyable, so no—I'm not really that nervous. What happens will happen. Even if it went terribly wrong, it would still be very interesting to watch and *very* enjoyable. The cast and the guest would find something really good out of that—and they'd get back on track with whatever happens. There's a lot to be done this week—there's a lot in my head, and a lot riding on it—but I don't think I'm nervous. Excited, but in a nervous way.

EXCITED IN A NERVOUS WAY. BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN THOUGH?

We know what we're doing. We know the shape of the play—obviously all the cast know their lines. We know what's going to be offered to Faustus, Faustus doesn't know this. We don't know how they're going to handle the things that are offered to them, but we have had some dry runs with people coming in helping us out. It's never quite gone the way we've predicted, but it has always been really enjoyable. I think that any performer in that role just wants to keep the play alive, and save the show, and keep the play going. So they're just willing to throw themselves at it—something I think an audience can really get behind.

YOU'RE RUNNING IT AT THE BASEMENT. WHAT IS THAT LIKE AS A THEATRE SPACE?

It's great. I've performed there a few times. It's really nice, they're a really wonderful team. The space is really flexible. There's a whole lot of options in the actual theatre space that we're

INTERVIEW

excited about using. It's one of the coolest theatres around.

DO YOU HAVE AN AESTHETIC FOR THE PLAY?

We're not really looking for realism. We're stripping it back. The opening image is of Faustus in his study. Just that lone image of this one man, one person at his desk, with his books—that really, really basic configuration. It's been really flexible. We've been using basic stuff in interesting ways, to concoct all these different scenes.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MARLOWE? DOES HE MEASURE UP TO SHAKESPEARE?

I think he's undervalued, but he's very different to Shakespeare. Shakespeare's work is brilliant, but very back-and-forth. It's this whole kind of banter, and dialogue. Marlowe—and certainly Marlowe's characters—are more prone to being ambitious and having really good, powerful, inspiring speeches, but there's less back and forth than in Shakespeare. I think that's the reason it works. I don't know if this experiment would work with a Shakespeare play, because Shakespeare relies on the cast working together really, really well and knowing those lines, and knowing that back and forth. But Marlowe is kind of: I'm speaking to *you* and you're being affected by it. I'm really excited to see our cast talking to the guest and vice versa, and just having to listen to each other and work hard. Marlowe is more about ambition and power, while Shakespeare is more about other things.

YOU'VE BEEN KNOWN FOR YOUR WORK WITH SHAKESPEARE—AS A MEMBER OF YOUNG AUCKLAND SHAKESPEARE COMPANY AND HAVE DIRECTED A FEW ELIZABETHAN/JACOBEAN PLAYS. WHAT DRAWS YOU TO THIS ERA, THESE PEOPLE AND THESE PLAYS?

It's just one of those things that, as I start directing, I kind of fall on what I know. It's just kind of a niche I've fallen into? I'm more interested in Shakespeare's lesser works, and the works of other playwrights. I love Shakespeare, but I also like novelty and new things. If I read a play I've never heard of, like *The Atheist's Tragedy*—it was like reading a Shakespeare play. A really weird Shakespeare play, but a good one. I love more and *new* excite-

ment. That's why I'm doing *Faustus*—a play I did know—in a new way. These old texts make me feel like I'm in my element, but I'm trying to apply new techniques or new approaches to them to keep it fresh. That's what brought me to them—they're comfortable, but flexible. They were written so long ago that you don't have anyone saying "You don't have the rights to do that!" and you can just do what you want without being disrespectful, because there's a reason we still want to use them. They're not just 400-year-old crap; they're good plays. I'm at the point where I want to test them and push them. To see what they are and see how they hold up to scrutiny.

HOW ARE YOU TRANSLATING MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS INTO A MORE MODERN VERSION, FOR A MORE MODERN WORLD?

The core premise of the actor having not rehearsed with the ensemble brings that in-your-head aspect of the original play to our production. The tension between the actor performing Faustus on the night and the character of Faustus will be the interesting thing. They may break character, and that's okay. That's exciting. It means you're getting a really organic reaction from that performer. It's easy with plays like this to fall into more mannered, more traditional acting styles that aren't maybe as urgent and as sudden. It's about the essence of Doctor Faustus—man makes a devilish bargain that gets him in over his head—being paralleled to the situation of these five actors. The ensemble has done the work, and are thinking ahead: Faustus has to feel *this*, so how can we make him feel that, in this particular moment?

THE ORIGINAL FAUSTUS MAKES A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL FOR UNLIMITED MONEY, POWER, WOMEN AND GLORY. CAN YOU EXPLAIN A BIT OF THAT?

It's based on the legend—and there are other retellings of the story—but the gist of it is that Faustus is a man who is incredibly successful and intelligent. He is a doctor at university, and he's got to the point where he knows everything there is to know. His head is just crammed full of everything, and he just wants more. He wants to be the very best. He discovers how to become better and even more powerful through magic. He uses connections and

summons the devil so he can gain that power and knowledge for himself. But, of course, the moral of the story is 'don't make a deal with the devil because it won't work out well'. For a man with all the knowledge he had, he probably should have known not to do that. But he doesn't, so we see him once he has the power and what he chooses to do with the power, and we follow him all the way up until his time's up and his bargain is over. It's about *how* and *why*, rather than *what*. It's about power and success, and about the things people will do to them.

DO YOU RELATE IN ANY WAY?

I relate in the sense that you can prepare all you want for things that life's going to throw you, school, saving, study, but at the end of the day, you've got no control. It's just about how you ride the waves, and how you deal with it. How you accept the offers life throws at you. My undergraduate degree is finished and I'm stepping into the real world, and I don't know what's going to be in there. Faustus doesn't know what form his devilish powers are going to take. It's that uncertainty. We live in uncertain times. No one knows what's going to happen in five years, ten years—politically, socially or economically. It's an uncertain play for an uncertain time. What our production is trying to say is, just persevere in it and you will endure. I hope that's not too cheesy.

WHY SHOULD AUDIENCES COME SEE THE FAUSTUS PROJECT?

Because it's going to be great! The magic of theatre is that no two performances are ever the same. It's going to be unpredictable for both the audience and those on stage. The only way you can know what's going to happen is by coming along and seeing it. It will be ... very *live*. Wild, a little scary, a little funny and very enjoyable. I really hope we get people who think it was exciting and come back on another night to see what someone else would do.♦

THE FAUSTUS PROJECT RUNS FROM 30TH MAY-3RD JUNE AT THE BASEMENT THEATRE. BOOK \$18 & \$20, OR \$15 CHEAP WEDNESDAY TICKETS ONLINE.

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We still have a lot to look forward to—like *The Bachelorette NZ*

With Anoushka Maharaj

Despite the fact that our interim PM is pretty much a dildo and democratic engagement is in steady decline, we are *very, very lucky* to live in New Zealand. It's so small that you could fit it in your pocket, and everyone is familiar with each other's therapists, but in the midst of our tiny country there is a genuine innocence that is increasingly hard to find elsewhere—all you have to do is turn on the news.

At the Writer's Festival, Roxane Gay, author of *Bad Feminist*, shared wisdoms encompassing how to cope with the state of the world, and that the smallest acts can sometimes be the most powerful—but when she admitted that she watched *The Bachelor*, she was met with resounding cheers and affirmations from the (predominantly female) audience. *Finally*, we thought. Now we don't have to feel guilty for watching a show that perpetuates misogyny because even cool, academic women like to watch it. She even wrote an article about it, where she provided an eloquent justification for our disgusting viewing habits: *"It seems frivolous at best to care about a reality dating show. And yet, we deserve to be entertained even as the world burns."*

Granted, I think *The Bachelorette* is arguably less oppressive and regressive than *The Bachelor*, because the celebration of women's sexuality is something that rarely makes an appearance through such a socially acceptable medium. And this season is already an anomaly, because America's sweetheart, Rachel Lindsay, is the first-ever person of colour to be the protagonist. What truly great strides we are making. Think of the possibilities that we might have for president in a mere 30 to 40 years!

Anyway. In the spirit of instinctually suppressing pain with cheap comedy, I thought back to many of the diverse and memorable encounters that my friends and I have had in town—which felt a little like fracking for fuckboys, I'll admit. So basically, *The Bachelorette NZ*—25 Kiwi dudes fighting over one Kiwi babe—would just be a free, weekly glimpse into Carpark, Bar

101, or the cesspool otherwise known as Roxy.

So, what kind of men could we expect on *The Bachelorette*, vying for the affections of 23-year-old, psych-student-slash-make-up-artist Sophie from Devonport, you ask? (Shit. If only I had time to figure out their star signs.)

Casey: The guy who is obviously just there to promote his band

One night Casey was just having a jam, and his friend Jono was like, *"Why don't you go on there for a laugh, talk about the band and maybe you'll even get a gobby out of it"*, so he turned up in his thrifted Radiohead tee shirt and Topman jacket (it was "a gift") and he'll say something along the lines of, *"Yeab, so, I majored in ub, graphic design at AUT, and now I'm just like, seeing what happens."* Casey really doesn't believe in labels, and he thinks you should check out his SoundCloud, *"ChilliNelson"*, because it's *"pretty sick."*

Rob: the slightly racist one who only ever makes backhanded compliments

You know the one. He'll overuse the term *"ethnic"*. He's so deep inside himself that he'll say something obnoxious like *"my LinkedIn profile"* and equates make-up with deception. He'll probably try to justify his anti-immigration comments by mentioning that he went to Bali one time with his *"boy"* Nathan. He has probably just "left" his job at Deloitte (he was fired for calling the HR woman a *"sloppy cunt"* in an email chain) and now he does capoeira on the weekends.

Jesse (aka "Big Jezza"): the dudebro who is probably only there for the free food and alcohol

His job title will be something ambiguous, like *"ex-rugby player"*. Big Jezza will never stop creepily asking *"Can I kiss you?"* and every time he's on the piss he'll assume everyone is trying to fight him, so his drunken refrain will be, *"Yo man, get the fuck outta my face, bro, I'll fuck you up, bro"*, and then he'll probably shove the cam-

eraman into the swimming pool and accidentally punch Sophie in the face.

Xander: The burgeoning serial killer (because there's always one)

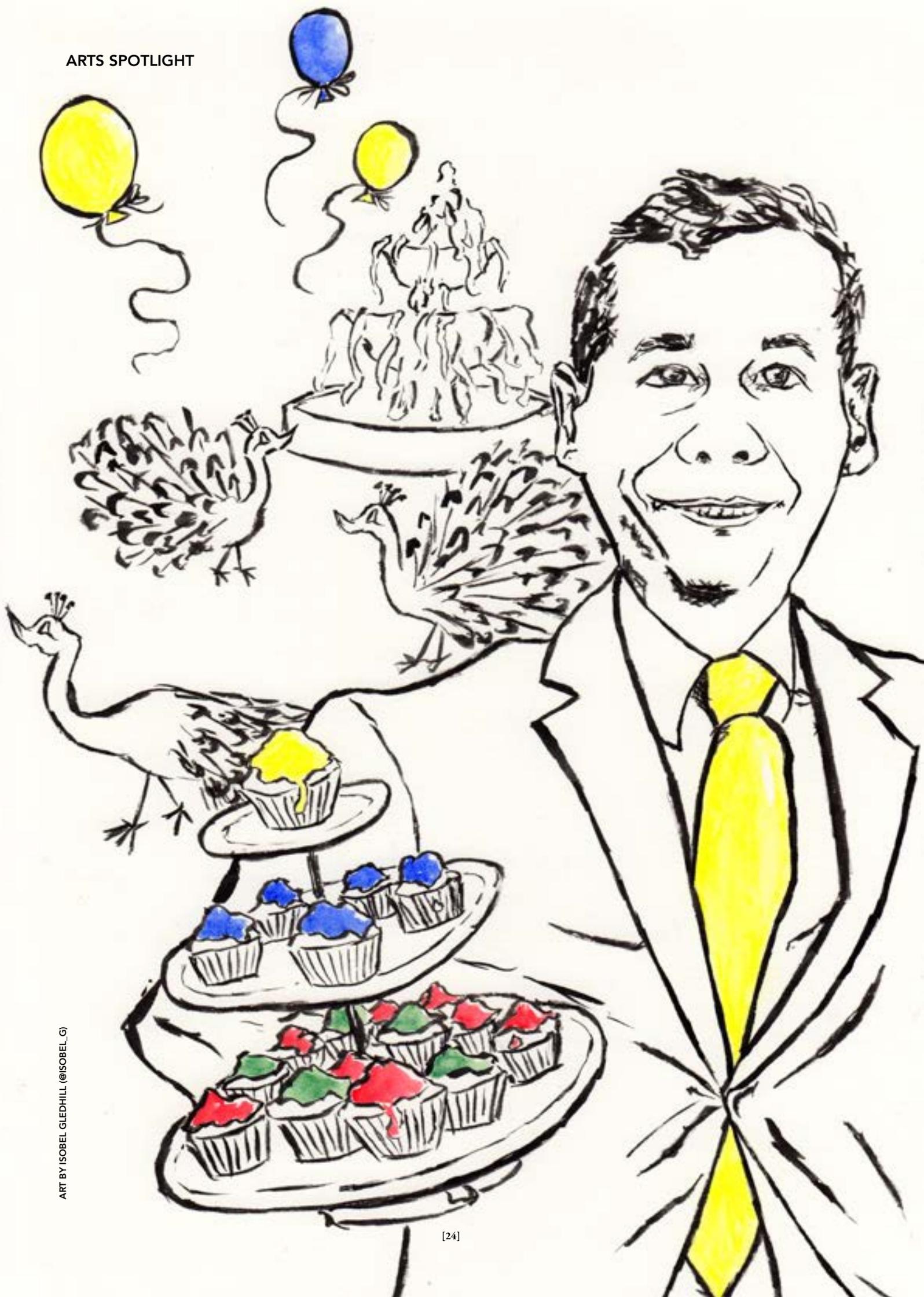
Xander will almost definitely do a magic trick within the first hour. He is permanently banned from Pak N' Save after trying to sell them a dead sheep. Xander's 87-year-old neighbour, Sheryl, speaks very highly of him. Sometimes they watch *Survivor* together and she makes him kumara soup. He will also misread everyone's discomfort as them being threatened by his *"intellectual superiority"* and when Sophie inevitably rejects him, he will say, through tears, that she's a *"dumb bitch."*

Jeff Jr.: The farmer's son who is incredibly dull but at least he's not a murderer

He's not here for any shit, so you can guarantee that Big Jezza will be trying to fuck with him the entire time. His talking heads will be deeply tragic, but incredibly candid, such as, *"When I was about 4, m'mum got eaten by a cow, so now I help m'dad with our family farm."* He hopes to move to Auckland some day so that he can study sport science. Sophie will describe him as, *"really sensitive"*, but she will end up with Logan after insisting that there *"just wasn't a spark."*

Logan: The fuckboy who thinks poor people brought poverty upon themselves

Like, if you can afford to buy a latte then you can probably afford to pay your rent, whatever that is. He'll say his favourite book is *Infinite Jest* (he's lying; his favourite book is actually the entire *Chronicles of Riddick* film series). He will mention how his uncle's ex-wife was the mistress of Robert Muldoon and that his dad is John Key *"self-made"* and during talking heads he'll say things like *"I'm not here to make friends, I'm here to win"* or, more accurately, *"I'm really looking forward to disappointing her sexually."* ♦



ART BY ISOBEL GLEDHILL (@ISOBEL_G)

David Seymour's Top Five Essential House Party Bangers

By Mark Fullerton

"Hi."

"Hi," I reply.

"Hi. Come on in!"

I'm the first to arrive, clearly by quite some margin. I step into David Seymour's Remuera flat. It's nice, but sterile. I'm here to find out David Seymour's Top Five Essential House Party Bangers, but the house party he promised me is yet to begin. A blue balloon dangles idly next to a yellow plastic bowl filled with Twisties.

"Don't worry, the others will be here soon," he says and bundles off to busy himself in the kitchen. "You want a drink? Corona? Smirnoff? Water?"

I opt for the beer, and he returns with one for himself also. He smiles at me.

"Hi. Should we begin?"

Track One: "My House"—Kids of 88

I'm clutching my Corona and David is jumping around furiously. "*I LOVE THE FEELING WHEN YOU TOUCH ME BABY!*" He notices me and keeps jumping, but drops the karaoke.

"I just love the message of personal ownership! Hi! It does things to me! To my body! BOOMFA!"

Track Two: "Taxman"—The Beatles

It doesn't surprise me that David likes "Taxman". It's a disgruntled screed against the British tax system, and it's written by George Harrison, and David knows enough about The Beatles to know that George Harrison is the COOL Beatle and COOL people say that George Harrison is their favourite Beatle. David stands there and slowly nods his head along with the music, stealing the occasional sideways glance to make sure that I'm watching him be COOL and UNDERSTATED, just like GEORGE.

Track Three: "The Trees"—Rush

Now David gets serious. He sits me down and places a sweaty palm on my thigh.

"You see, this song is a perfect metaphor for this liberal, politically correct society we live in. The oaks are tall by nature right? But the maples aren't happy because they don't get any sun. But what can the oaks do? NOTHING! *'But the oaks can't help their feelings / If they like the way they're made.'* It's the natural order."

I nod in agreement. My beer is empty, but David is very worked up and I don't want to disturb him. He stands up and belts out the final verse.

"So the maples formed a union / And demanded equal rights / The oaks are just too greedy / We will make them give us light / Now there's no more oak oppression / For they passed a noble law / And the trees are all kept equal / By hatchet, axe, and saw." He pauses to take a breath, then brushes himself down. "So yeah, that song is why I don't think Māori should be taught in schools. Drink?"

Track Four: "Vote For ACT"—The Eversons

The drink never arrives, because now The Eversons come on.

"It's nice to actually have some support from the local creative community. Have you heard this one? Here, I'll read out the website."

So he does. He reads out the whole YouTube hyperlink, stopping only once to make sure that I was writing it down. I wasn't.

Then the doorbell rings and David trots off to answer. Finally, more guests.

Wrong.

David returns with a Domino's pizza box. "I thought we'd need a bit of sustenance!" he chirped. I look at him, then at the lone pizza, then back at him. He looks back, smiling, eyes vacant, head on a slight angle, his tie tied marginally too tight.

"You take this through to the dining room," he says, handing me the ever-cooling pizza. "I'll bring the beats!"

I do, and he does. We sit down at a made table with knives and forks and tuck in.

Track Five: "She Will Be Loved"—Maroon 5, *Songs About Jane* (2002)

I was under the impression I was here to hear David Seymour's Top Five Essential House Party Bangers, and now I'm eating a \$5 Domino's pizza and listening to a heartbreaking ballad of a beauty queen of only eighteen.

"I haven't been a fan since *Songs Without Jane*," he tells me. "That's when they peaked."

I know that he means the 2002 album *Songs About Jane*, but I let him continue.

"Maroon 5 just hasn't been the same since then. It's all about Adam Devine."

I know that he means Maroon 5 frontman Adam Levine, but I let him continue.

"Like, is there even a band anymore? *Songs Without Jane* is timeless. They had grit and a sexy strut, the lot of them. And now it's Devine and a synthesiser. Noise with no substance. It's an insult to call them a band. It's just one person, really."

The time is late and the day is Thursday and I am still the only person at David Seymour's party. My plain cheese pizza, once slick and greasy, is now solid and no longer glistening. I excuse myself and as David clutches my hand, his smile drops.

"Hi! Please don't leave."

I wrest myself away and head out into the chilly winter night, Adam Levine's mournful tones drifting out from behind the dark figure in the doorway. ♦

I'm sure David Seymour has more than one friend, and despite rejecting an offer from the Commerce Students' Association, he does seem like he isn't averse to an (actual) good night out. David Seymour's actual Top Five Essential House Party Bangers read more like the track listing for a Warehouse-bargain-bin "Top 100 Beer Drinking Songs" CD, but each to his own:

*"Under the Bridge"—Red Hot Chili Peppers
"What I Got"—Sublime
"April Sun In Cuba"—Dragon
"Even Flow"—Pearl Jam
"Burn One Down"—Ben Harper*



You're Welcome Wavves

ALBUM REVIEW BY DANIEL VERNON

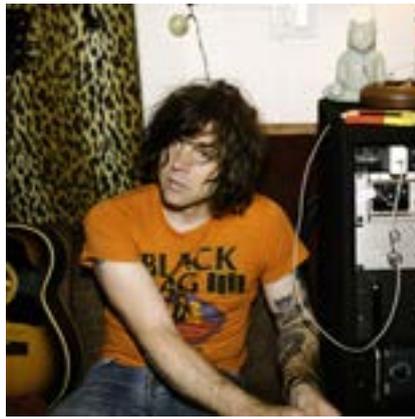
Another year, another Wavves album! *You're Welcome* is the sixth album from the Californian indie rock four-piece, fronted by the infamous Nathan Williams.

This surprise release follows the the dark, grunge-inspired, tarot-covered *V*, which was marred with controversy when Williams released singles off the album without permission from his label, Warner Brothers. So it's understandable that *You're Welcome*, a self-released album from Williams' own label, Ghost Ramp, has a bit more of a cheery outlook and a return to the Lo-Fi sound that Wavves built their fame on.

I was initially skeptical of this direction following the first batch of singles, "Daisy" and title track "You're Welcome", which sounded like off-cuts from *V* and had little to offer sonically. In addition to these lukewarm tracks, the groan-inducing, more-than-expected, Trump referencing "Exercise" make up the weakest parts of the album. Fortunately, though, the rest is quite fantastic. The rest of the tracks on *You're Welcome* are the polar opposite to the radio-friendly singles, which divert into an acid trip tour of early sixties pop-rock.

Tracks like "Come To The Valley", "No Shade", "I Love You" and "Hollowed Out" sound like twisted versions of early Beach Boys and Beatles releases. I had no idea how much I wanted a mix of call-and-response, doo wop, and childish rhymes mixed into my alternate rock. It's an unholy union and it's the attitude of Nathan "this is my band, and my label, so I'm going to throw whatever at the wall and see what sticks" Williams that saves what could have just been another lackluster alternative rock release.

If you are willing to overlook some by-the-books radio rock tracks, *You're Welcome* is worth the admission price for a magical mystery tour of what could be a refreshing new direction for this genre and band. ♦



Ryan Adams

GIG REVIEW BY SARAH BUTTERFIELD

My love affair with Ryan started when he released his cover of Taylor Swift's album, *1989* (no haters). His unique, no fuss approach to T Swizzle's bangers softened me to such an extent that I found myself regularly listening to his other (less popular) albums.

When Ryan took the stage with his greasy-haired, 90s aesthetic entourage, he rocked the middle-aged hipster audience (so many golf hats omg) with some classics. But soon, all of his songs eventually started to sound the same. The girl sitting next to us obviously felt the same, seeing as she fell asleep twenty minutes in. After a while you start to feel like you're in some sort of Ryan Adams paradox where you're trapped in your seat, in an endless loop of the same guitar solos and angsty wailing. Perhaps I sound too harsh but here's the truth of it—I'm bloody bitter.

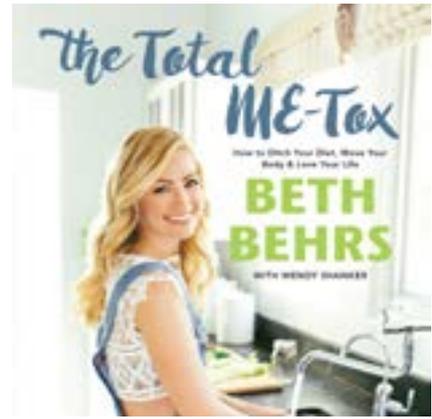
As someone who first experienced Adams through the joy of Taylor Swift, it astounded me that he didn't even play ONE of her songs. What's with that, Ryan?! But that's not even the worst of it! There was zero audience interaction; we may as well have not existed.

Finally, the guitar solos were over and Adams left the stage with a simple "See you later!" The audience roared its approval and then did the polite thing—began to scream for an encore. At this point the girl next to me was woken from her slumber to call for Adams enthusiastically.

For a good ten minutes the lights remained down, the audience chanting, and no Ryan. But I didn't give up hope. "It's okay," I soothed my distraught, Swift-loving companion, "the lights haven't gone up so we may get 'Shake it Off' yet."

But then it happened. The lights went up—Ryan had fucked off to Australia. The audience booed awkwardly and half-heartedly. We cared, but not really.

And to top it all off, my fucking car broke down in a Wendy's parking lot. ♦



The Total ME-tox: How to Ditch Your Diet, Move Your Body, & Love Beth Behrs

BOOK REVIEW BY JACK ADAMS

It's a relief to find something so easy to read, yet deep enough to develop the soulful nature needed to kick my stress and reboot my life. Behrs splits her book into three simple steps. Diet, the centre of all the mind and soul, is said to be the key to unleashing my stress and recovering from my addiction to fast-food and couches.

Behrs brings an unprecedented view into the value of movement as a method of detoxing the soul. Fun living-room activities really liven up Behrs' message, with step-by-step two-minute workouts and apt inspirational propaganda to kick start your metabolism and ward off the unnecessary stresses that we all hold in our mind and bowels.

The final stage is love. Once revitalised, Behrs pours empathy across the lacquered masses. With agreeable bodies and licking fruit every day, we can achieve the level of inner-beauty we all deserve. It really is an "achievable program for looking great and feeling good about yourself".

Behrs' wisdom and sage stoicism, along with her stunning denim-crop combo on the front cover, is something to be experienced. It's really like she's written this for me! Small quips and a transparent diction lend to Behrs' succinct conveyance of a modern-day health bible. Even writing this, Behrs has helped me overcome the unrelenting anguish and abhorrent self-loathing that comes with Studylink's incessant emails and five-figure debt.

If you haven't read this yet, you are missing out. Don't take my word for it, take Danielle Lowes' words: "I haven't read it all, but I've read a few pages here and there and I love it. The writing is funny and I think I'm going to find it really useful. I like how honest she is about who she was before she started being healthier. Sounds just like me (the before), now I gotta be more like how she is now!" ♦



Roadkill

TV SHOW REVIEW BY PATRICK NEWLAND

I loved *Top Gear*. It had its ups and down, but generally it was a very entertaining show with high production. I do not, on the other hand, enjoy *The Grand Tour* to the same degree. While it has all the key ingredients, it just felt a bit off, a little too forced, and a little too scripted. The new *Top Gear* is worse and at best can be described as a convincing-looking copy.

Roadkill is not scripted. It's not forced. It's two good friends playing around in cars. American cars. With V8s. Hosted by two editors of *Hot Rod* magazine, a typical episode of *Roadkill* will involve Finnegan and Freiburger finding a clapped-out car, preferably one that hasn't run in twenty years, and then doing something stupid with it. This can be as simple as doing a full engine swap in a carpark, in the snow, or as over the top as getting an old Nascar, taking off its panels, and replacing them with some from a road car, which in America makes it street legal(ish), and then going for a road trip.

The key to its appeal is its honesty. You have no doubt that these two know what they are doing, and that what they are doing is real. If they fail they will show you. If (when) they break down, they will show you. The show is not for environmentalists, but it's also not for rednecks. It's ostensibly a show for car nerds. While they may do burnouts, and one of their crowning achievements is making a two-tonne truck do wheelies, they also go through engine buildups and show how this should and shouldn't be done.

And when the two biggest car shows in the world seem to be in a rut, it is good to know that there are some people doing things a little differently, with a lot of passion, and a fair amount of duct tape and cable ties. ♦



“Strip That Down”

Liam Payne

MUSIC REVIEW BY AIMÉE MATTHEWS

Liam Payne is the last one from One Direction to release a single.

And sadly, it's the weakest one of the bunch. It's the type of song that gets played in an empty club on a Sunday night. Imagine you're the DJ, and you see the empty floor, so you play “Strip That Down” hoping it will get some folks to get up and dance a little. Instead, people can't wait for the song to finish, or like me, just want to skip to the next song.

Liam plays it safe, taking many elements of a generic hip-hop song. Throw in some alcohol, a girl, some references like “*Bacardi*” and “*Ferrari*”, sing “*yeah yeah yeah*” repeatedly, throw in a rapper like Quavos just to mix it up a little, let him do the overused name-dropping in the introduction of the song, and you've got a simple hip-hop song! Brought to you by a former One Direction member.

On another note, according to Genius, this song credited fifteen songwriters, including Ed Sheeran, for these kind of lyrics: “*strip that down, girl*”. Therefore, I am not entirely convinced when he sings “*I used to be in 1D, and now I'm free*”, since previous 1D songs have had about five to eight songwriters per song. It's not an undesirable thing to have a team of people work and write for you, but to have that many writers on a song suggests he was most likely expected to produce something because everyone from his former group except him have released singles (and albums) of their own, so he got a team of people to help him.

The song's lack of direction suggests he's struggling to move away from his former endeavour, which at least had a direction of its own, and is still trapped in the boy band bubble. With “Strip That Down”, it looks like that bubble won't be popping anytime soon. ♦



Amadeus

THEATRE REVIEW BY MARK MOCKRIDGE

Amadeus was the latest production by Auckland Theatre Company, telling the story of the poisonous rivalry between Antonio Salieri (Michael Hurst) and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Ross McCormack). It truly shines when the talking stops and the music starts, sweeping the audience up in the most primal form of storytelling.

The best scene in the play is early in Act I, when Mozart takes Salieri's own composition, overhauls it, and brazenly plays it back to him, bigger and better and more beautiful than Salieri ever could have managed. In those few incredible wordless minutes, we understand the source of his impotence and hate and hopelessness.

Sadly, for the rest of its two-and-a-half hour runtime, *Amadeus* suffers from a heavy overdose of “tell don't show” through Salieri's narration. In one particularly egregious scene, Salieri talks at length about seducing Mozart's wife... then a short scene follows where he attempts, and fails, to seduce Mozart's wife... then he talks about failing to seduce Mozart's wife. This style of storytelling pervades the play, right up to the final speech, where Salieri repeats his motivations explicitly for the audience before bidding us farewell.

As for Salieri's character, he is stagnant and vindictive the entire runtime. There is very little height from which to fall, no sympathy or arc for an already difficult-to-like man we know is going to lose. Mozart's journey is so much more interesting, but we only see snippets.

Finally, Michael Hurst's truly epic performance would have benefitted from a little more restraint, further solidifying his place as the only “sane” man in the room among a sea of stupid eccentrics.

The set is gorgeous, the music is beautiful, the production is outstanding, but the play itself suffers from serious character and storytelling problems. ♦

Auckland Writers Festival 2017

In which a few of our contributors hit up this year's AWF to review some of the incredible speakers

Teju Cole – *Known and Strange Things*

By Nikki Addison

Teju Cole is my new idol. Having read *Open City* I was already a fan, but seeing him speak in person was a game changer. The man's a blimmin' genius. With a PhD in Art History, Cole is a novelist, photographer, essayist and columnist for *The New York Times*. Not to mention he's humble, intelligent, funny and effortlessly cool. Oh, and distinguished (he even had a silk kerchief).

Cole's works are powerfully real. He writes about everything from his experience as a Nigerian American to mob mentality and race. "Fundamentally, I'm an enthusiast," he said, claiming that he only writes about things that interest or excite him. Furthermore, he writes without expectation, not believing his work will be sold, but rather doing it because of an inner drive and passion. I could say a lot more, but in sum... What a bloody inspiration.

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Roxane Gay – *Difficult Women*

By Rebecca Hallas

In the hour she had on stage, Roxane Gay discussed her love for chubby babies (*"I'm obsessed with their rolls!"*); her thoughts on writing about violence against women in a way which is truthful to the story but not gratuitous; and her Marvel comic-book, *World of Wakanda*, which features Ayo and Aneka, two black women who become lovers while working as part of the Black Panther's security force. In person, Gay is exactly the way you might imagine her from her writing—funny, insightful, and incredibly well-spoken.

Her event ended with a standing ovation from the 1000+ attendees—an audible reminder that in spite of the Donald Trumps of the world, women are still fighting for equality

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The Great Divide – Susan Faludi, Stan Grant, John Lanchester, and Paula Morris

By Rachel Buckman

"Tonight we're going to solve the world's problems."

Unfortunately, no answers came. Turns out that intellectuals are just as confused as your average Arts undergrad about all the shit that's going on in world.

According to Grant, "There is something the liberal elites are missing." The panel chucked around ideas for why people are so dissatisfied with politics, but it was clear how little we understand the situation. For if we could understand their frustration, they wouldn't be turning to the likes of Trump.

The panel was brilliant, but left me with an intense fear that the democratic political system as we know it is failing. How else do you explain actual political experience no longer being a requirement to run a country?

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An Evening with Armando Iannucci

By Malinna Liang

Iannucci is a grey Scotsman in his 50s who speaks as quickly as his characters, but only half as acerbic—though you get the sense that he's just itching for opportunity. A part of me is surprised that I'm surprised that the ex-show-runner of the quickest political comedy on TV keeps up to date with the *Washington Post*, but within 45 minutes Iannucci name-checks no less than three headlines from the day and makes a joke about Donald and watersports that I wish was in *Veep*, if only for posterity.

He's bemused by Trump, unsurprised by Brexit, and almost gleeful about living in a time where reality forces you to take jokes out for fear of plagiarism. For the near future he's looking back: his next project is a comedy about the death of Stalin. This guy made Washington look like a sideshow; imagine what he'll do to a dictator choking on his own vomit.

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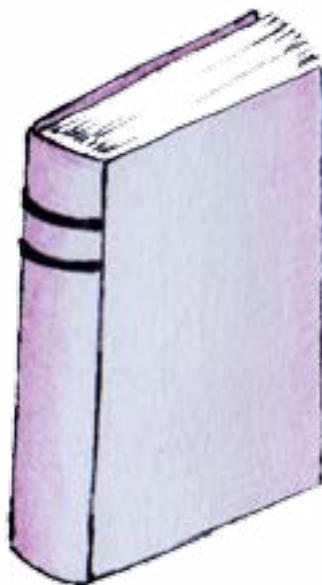
Chris Kraus – *I Love Dick*

By Catriona Britton

Dear Chris,

I love your book *I Love Dick*. I loved tricking people into thinking I was some sort of nymphomaniac and reading a book about dicks. I loved watching you sign my copy and how I froze on the spot and didn't say anything remotely interesting to you—just "Hi" and "Thank you" (I'm an idiot).

I loved how Dick was the perfect listener for you. I love how you think *I Love Dick* being described as a fictional memoir is "icky". I love how you are seduced by the task of finding the author somewhere in every work of fiction. I love how you lived in New Zealand for seven years and that



you “*miss how things work*”, whatever that means. Lots of love (whatever that means),
Catriona

Ockham New Zealand Book Awards 2017
By Ginny W

The Ockham Book Awards was a veritable celebration of New Zealand’s literary scene a.k.a a handful of authors pledging allegiance to Victoria University Press. VUP had its own Noah’s Ark of nominees in just as many categories, and since they were so critically lauded, it was almost inevitable that they’d scoop up the wins in their respective categories.

The stodgy, well-received fare of Catherine Chidgey aside, the average age of attendees appeared to be somewhere in the 50s. It’s probably just as well that there weren’t any unexpected winners; the omnipresent threat of a heart attack lurked amongst the seats every time Michele A’Court delivered one of her barking punchlines and made an old man respond with a wheezing chuckle.

The ceremony was reasonably dull, the crowd favourites took home trophies, and everyone old enough to have got a smartphone before the age of thirty had coerced each other into drunkenness out of desperation for some entertainment. Business as usual, then.



The Sellout: Paul Beatty
By Hannah Bergin

“Writing didn’t save my life; it gave me a life.”

When Paula Morris asked Paul Beatty what he meant by this statement, which he’d made upon receiving the Man Booker Prize for his novel *The Sellout*, there was a long pause. An awkward laugh. A nervous scratch of the head. And then a sheepish, “Well, you have to say something don’t you?” Beatty was funny and

humble, very down to earth and happy to chat about all kinds of things. And despite every reviewer under the sun labelling *The Sellout* a satire, Beatty insists that it’s not. Definitely have a read of his fantastic book and decide for yourself.



The Great War for New Zealand
By Catriona Britton

You are in a room full of mainly Pākehā baby boomers (and easily the youngest person there by thirty years) listening to two highly respected academics, Vincent O’Malley and Marama Muru-Lanning, talk about the significance of the Waikato War and some of the bitterness and uncomfortable silence surrounding it. Only then do you realise (among other things) just how much the current New Zealand school curriculum has failed to ignite a passion in young Kiwis for our own history.

Many don’t realise the importance of acknowledging that this bloody and gory war happened in our own backyard. The Waikato War is overlooked due to a strong and recurring focus on commemorating the Gallipoli campaign as a foundational event of nationhood.

At the end of the Waikato War, the Crown confiscated 1.2 million acres of land, leaving Kingitanga iwi and hapū poverty-stricken. But how can we move forward from such a deep feeling of loss in the Waikato if we continue to sweep the past under the rug?



Women and Power
By Samantha Gianotti

In a time when discord or disagreement seem to result in nothing but unrest or upset or Senate hearings at Capitol Hill, it was a beauti-

ful thing to see a panel of women take centre stage and ardently but patiently disagree with one another. While Michele A’Court, Roxane Gay and Mpho Tutu van Furth (under the guidance of Susie Ferguson’s questions) were resounding in their agreement that recent developments in world politics were a clusterfuck for women everywhere, they were bold in their differing worldviews, and brave in voicing their dissent; they didn’t simply *tell* us how to move forward in this difficult new terrain—they showed us.



Old Guard New Guard: Bird and Manhire
By Mark Fullerton

Old Guard, New Guard—they decided in the end that there really wasn’t *any* guard, but if there was a guard it certainly wasn’t Hera Lindsay Bird because she barely got to talk. Despite saying right from the start that “the Keats poem” (referred to as such because Andrew Johnston apparently didn’t want to say the words “*fuck me from behind*” in front of a sea of grey hair and me) and “the Monica poem” were her least favourite poems, that’s all they asked her about.

Then her turn was over, and the most interesting new voice in New Zealand poetry was passed over in favour of Bill Manhire and his latest contribution to the interminable genre of war poetry. We came back to her every so often, but mainly as a means to discuss the International Institute of Modern Letters where she studied, an institution founded by whom? Bill Manhire.

Like, props to the dude for forging a career in poetry (POETRY) in New Zealand (IN NEW ZEALAND), but the future is now, and she’s sitting right next to you in a very bold, purple dress, so maybe let her speak for a bit? ♦





An Interview with Mermaidens

Helen Yeung chats to Gussie Larkin, frontwoman of Mermaidens, at Bestie Cafe about their upcoming New Zealand tour, current music recommendations and their upcoming album, Perfect Body

FIRST THINGS FIRST—FOR THE READERS OUT THERE WHO DON'T KNOW MERMAIDENS, GIVE US A RUNDOWN ON WHO YOU ARE.

Mermaidens are a three-piece rock band from Wellington. We've been playing together for about four years now. There's myself, Gussie—I play guitar and sing; we've got Lilly who plays bass and sings as well; then there's our drummer, Abraham. I'd describe our sound as quite dissonant and our singing is really melodic and dynamic. There's lots of lush vocal harmonies, which contrasts with the quite aggressive instrumental passages of fuzzy, reverb-y guitars.

SO WHERE DOES THE BAND DRAW ITS INFLUENCES FROM?

Lily and I have always been big fans of really powerful women like PJ Harvey, Patti Smith and Warpaint. For our latest record we were really drawn to this band called Exploded View and we also really like Fugazi. Lily and I are mostly self-taught guitarists, so I think that really influences my playing because it means I can ignore musical theory! I think you can come up with some pretty weird stuff when you just position your hands however you want on the fretboard.

AT THE END OF MARCH THIS YEAR YOU RELEASED THE NEW SINGLE "LIZARD". WHAT'S THE MEANING BEHIND THIS SONG?

I don't really like to talk too much about the meaning of songs—I like people to make their own interpretation. But I guess for me "Lizard" connotes the feeling of craving sunshine or the feeling of melting in the sun, which is an idea that comes up throughout the new album.

Those two feelings are quite vivid to me, but yeah—people can make their own interpretation.

IS THERE AN UPCOMING ALBUM? CAN YOU TELL US A BIT MORE ABOUT IT?

We've just signed to Flying Nun Records and we're releasing an album on August 4th called *Perfect Body*. In terms of lyrical ideas it's about our own minds, art and bodies becoming more mature—And it's sometimes about how we overthink everything! I think a lot of it is about the process of growing up.

I SEE THAT THE BAND HAS BEEN PLAYING QUITE FREQUENTLY IN AUCKLAND OVER THE YEARS. HOW DOES THE WELLINGTON MUSIC SCENE DIFFER TO HERE?

I think in Wellington it's such a small scene, you're often playing to the same people. But I get the feeling that in Auckland—especially in places like here at St. Kevin's Arcade—if you play a show there's often people at the shows who might never have been to the venue before, let alone listened to some band from Wellington. It just feels more buzzing, I mean there's half a million more people here as well so that's part of it. Neither has more or less going on though.

FOR THE GIGS YOU'RE DOING IN AUCKLAND IN THE FIRST WEEK OF JUNE, WHEREABOUTS WILL THEY BE? ARE THERE SUPPORTING ACTS?

So the first one is on 3rd June, we're playing at Borderline Festival which is at Whammy and Wine Cellar. It's a festival over three nights—Friday, Saturday, Sunday—we're playing on Saturday night. We're also playing our own show on Sunday 4th June at Lowtide,

which is also in St. Kevin's Arcade. That's an all ages show as well and we're playing with this GREAT under-18 band, Altered Blondes, as well as Eyes No Eyes. I'm looking forward to playing to some 16 year olds!

SO I UNDERSTAND ALL OF THIS IS PART OF MERMAIDEN'S SATSUMA TOUR. "SATSUMA" IS THE JAPANESE WORD FOR A TYPE OF CITRUS FRUIT, SO HOW DID ALL OF YOU COME TO THIS NAME?

We've got a song called "Satsuma", which is coming out on Friday 26th May. We've got a self-directed music video coming out as well—it's the funnest, most colourful, sixties, tongue-in-cheek video and we're really proud of it. We thought we'd theme a whole tour around the colour orange—we've even got some pretty great orange pants.

FINISHING OFF, WHAT ARE SOME SONGS MERMAIDENS HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO LATELY AND WOULD RECOMMEND TO ALL OF US?

Oh my gosh that's so hard, us three have all got different tastes. But Marika Hackman's "Open Wide", love that song. I buy a lot of records so I've been listening to some old stuff, this band called Captain Beyond—an awesome song is "Dancing Madly Backwards". Then there's "Orlando" by Exploded View. I'm a big fan of this band from Wellington called Draghound—I love their song "Fuzzy in the Brain". Another one is a band from Melbourne called ORB—have a listen to their track "O.R.B. (Childhood's End)". ♦

YOU CAN BUY TICKETS TO SEE MERMAIDENS LIVE AT THE BORDERLINE FESTIVAL OR AT THEIR OWN SHOW THROUGH UNDERTHE RADAR ONLINE.

POLITICS WEEK



OUR VOICE COUNTS



SICK OF ELECTIONS? WHY YOU STILL NEED TO VOTE

Tired of Trump's trainwreck, pondering a post-Brexit EU, wanting to go on a run-walk with our own Bill, or just missing the Obama-Biden memes? Elections are getting seriously weird and very soon we have one of our own. Sure, there was Gone-Key, and a few too many rounds of *Labour's Got Talent*, but through a mad couple of years internationally, our politics have largely avoided turmoil. And after the 23rd of September, our moment to vote will have passed yet again.

So what are we going to make of it?

Last election, only 60% of young people under 24 voted. But our votes are important. Just look at Brexit - the decision to Brexit was won by a 4% majority. But while 36% of registered voters under 25 did not vote, 90% of the registered voters over 65 had their say. Elections are decided by those who show up. And whatever your political leanings, certain election outcomes are not a given. Which is why we vote.

This year, we're going to hear a lot of three-to-five word slogans, we're going to see a lot of ROYGBIV t-shirts (we haven't forgotten you, Peter Dunne!), and we may well see some more dildos. But we shouldn't let that drown out the big-picture issues facing us as New Zealanders. And this election looks like it might be a close one.

Politicians get a bad rap. Not that many are familiar with rap. And in fairness, politics doesn't always deserve its reputation, and nor do its participants. Of course there are mistakes; there's carelessness, cold-heartedness and pig-headedness. But there are

also good intentions, and even good deeds, and these are often overlooked. It's a hard job, and a thankless one. But thankfully, people do it, and the least we can do is engage. I respect Andrew Little and Bill English as people but that doesn't necessarily mean I will always agree with their policies. Many MPs actually get on well outside the debating chamber and work long and hard to try and improve our nation. This year there are also awesome candidates running who have recently been at Auckland Uni, such as Chlöe Swarbrick and Ricardo Menéndez March, as well as many more who have been through our uni over the years. Politicians are not perfect and you may not always like their policies, but that is why we need to vote and support those who we believe will best lead our country.

One thing that I really like about our MMP system, compared to the American system, is that small parties matter politically. If you're feeling blue, or seeing red this election - that's awesome! If you align with a smaller party, voting for them also brings a valuable contribution to our democracy. In the 2000 US presidential election, Ralph Nader ran as an independent candidate, which under their first-past-the-post system only served to take votes away from Al Gore. However in New Zealand smaller parties bring greater representation to our system, particularly if a coalition government needs to be formed. We have genuine choice between all of the parties when we vote for people to represent us in Parliament. We are all affected by what the government does or doesn't do. When we vote, we don't just vote for ourselves.

See you at AUSA Politics events this week!
Anna Cusack (AUSA Political Engagement Officer)
and Andrew Bester BA (Hons) student.

The four events you can't afford to miss this week:

BACKBENCHES

Monday at Shadows

Baby Backbenches starting at 5.30pm

Big Backbenches starting at 7.00pm

This event starts off with Baby Backbenches. Youth-wings of political parties on campus have each nominated a spokesperson, and they'll battle it out over a jug or two from 5.30pm at Shadows with our MC, poetry and Law Revue's Eketahuna resident Jessie Fenton.

Starting at 7pm, the Big Backbenches are coming: with new Mount Roskill Labour MP Michael Wood, Chloe Swarbrick, Brooke van Velden, Tracey Martin, Geoff Symonds and Leighton Baker. Wallace Chapman will be hosting the event.

AUSA POLITICS WEEK CARNIVAL

This is the biggest event AUSA has ever put on for Politics Week. We will also have a political cartoonist, a ride-on bull, politically coloured candy floss and so much more! The purpose of the Carnival is to encourage students to enrol to vote so they can have a say in this year's election. Entrance is free, all you need to do is enrol!

BROKE STUDENTS' BRUNCH

We get that it's hard to be a student, especially when the Government doesn't support all students, who need it, enough. That's why we're putting on a free brunch outside AUSA house for students between 9-11am on Wednesday with the New Zealand Students Association, NZUSA. Come get some bacon and hashbrowns, and help us start our political campaign this year by letting our politicians know what you want to see changed.

THE GREAT ANNUAL DEBATE: THE MILLENNIALS EDITION

Friday at 7pm

Interested in immigration, climate change, tertiary support and mental health awareness? This is our first big political debate ahead of the general election. MPs from our major political parties will be talking student issues, and all the stuff that matters to us millennials. See them debate, and ask questions direct to the MPs. ♦

POLITICS WEEK



OUR VOICE COUNTS



your student experience

AUSA ENDORSEMENT OF FOSSIL FREE UOA

FOSSIL FREE UOA AND ALANA MISSELBROOK

AUSA is proud to announce our support for Fossil Free UoA, one of the movements/ clubs on campus. Fossil Free UoA is taking action on climate change at the University of Auckland by marching to demand Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon actively support divestment from oil, coal, and gas companies. For over two and a half years, the Vice Chancellor has held back progress on divestment by refusing to support the call for the University Foundations to stop financing fossil fuel companies.

Fossil Free UoA are marching to demand action now – as the leader of the University, McCutcheon has to choose which side he is on: our future, or the fossil fuel industry's?

WHAT?

Protest march through the University, gathering in the Quad. There will be placards, chants, songs and speakers from the broad support base of this campaign.

WHEN?

Gathering from 12pm with the march leaving the quad at 12:30pm. Things will wrap up by

1:30pm.

WHY?

Around the world, institutions are stepping up and cutting their ties to an industry that is fueling runaway climate change. Here in New Zealand, both Victoria University and Otago University have made divestment commitments, but despite petition of over three thousand students, staff and alumni, the endorsement by AUSA and twenty-two other student associations and clubs University of Auckland has refused to act on divestment. Instead, it is pouring millions of dollars into fossil fuel extraction through the investments of the University of Auckland Foundation.

Climate change is an ever-present emergency, but the University of Auckland is profiting from it, and acting like divestment belongs at the bottom of their priority list. It is time to act #ForAllOurFutures.

March with AUSA, Fossil Free UoA and your fellow students and staff to demand action from our Vice-Chancellor. ♦

POLITICAL PARTIES AS SEASON 3 BACHELOR CONTESTANTS

National as **Viarni**. Enjoys branding herself as strong and stable. Loyal support base in the Bay of Plenty; does not care about Auckland's housing crisis.

Labour as **Claudia**. Never fitted into the cool group, but willing to do almost anything to finally win. Has grown increasingly wary of foreign intruders.

Greens as **Lily**. Can turn on the charm for the TV cameras, but absolutely still smokes the odd blunt when nobody is watching. Surprisingly popular at family gatherings.

NZ First as **Karina**. Inexplicably attracted to older people. Doesn't appear to want to be there, but happy to indulge in the free travel.

Maori Party as **Ally**. Loyal support partner to other contestants. Manages to hang in there without doing really anything.

ACT as **Taylor**. Young, fun, wants to be the life of the party. Nobody else wants them to attend the party.

The Opportunities Party as **Bel**. Obsession with cats bordering on unhealthy, but the plucky upstart many are secretly rooting for.

Conservatives as **Katy**. Doesn't mind defaming other contestants to get on top.

United Future as **Monique**. Who?



Quarter-Life Crisis



With
Caitlin Abley

Sock It To Me

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.

How about this weather, aye Auckland? So cold you have to open the fridge to heat the house up! Zing! So cold lawyers have their hands in their OWN pockets! Amirite! Colder than a witch's fanny on a brass broomstick! C'mon!

It's been bloody freezing. And, as an Aucklander, by "freezing" I mean "9 degrees Celsius." So last week seemed like the right time to try out a slightly odd challenge on my list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties:

Invest in some socks.

This came from the website *GenTwenty* and seemed a little weird. Sure, socks are great—some might even say they're a necessity, unless you really really like boat shoes or you're a rank as little bastard who doesn't mind stinking out your communal living area when you take your wretched, befouled, naked feet out of your synthetic shoes after a long day at work—but, before this challenge, I wasn't sure if I'd really rate sock investment as an absolutely key rite of passage in one's twenties. But the other options *GenTwenty* offered on their bucket list included "attend the Olympic Games" and "run a marathon", and I'd have to wait another three years to do the former and train for three years to do the latter, so buying socks was clearly the best option.

I started by doing some research—*GenTwenty* told me I had to *invest* in some socks; this wasn't just some throwaway decision. I searched through online shopping catalogues, fingers at the ready, prepared to smash that mf Add To Cart button as soon as I saw any particularly outstanding foot tubes. I checked all major retailers, overwhelmed by the huge market for cuddly toe sacks. I spent days making my decision; terrified that I would select an under-

performing pair of feet snugglers and it would ruin my entire experience of being a twenty-something. There had to be some significance to this particular challenge—after all, it was on a generic lifestyle blog's list of must-do's. I started dreaming about socks, waking in the dark of the night, feet quivering in anticipation of the special lower-leg-cocoons awaiting them.

At last, in a moment of breath-taking serendipity, I checked the "Promotions" folder of my email inbox. I sifted through emails from the University of Auckland telling me that "All Degrees Could Find a Career in the Transport Industry!" (honestly get fucked) and Student-Card trying to entice me in with the subject line "We all love a big package..." (get double fucked, you weirdos) and then, I struck gold. I opened an email from Farmers titled "Caitlin, Lingerie deals just for you" (because they'd gone through all that trouble to make deals *just for me*, plus it probably wouldn't hurt to get a new bra for these wizened old acorns) tucked away at the bottom of the email were nine words that are guaranteed to make any girl instantaneously orgasm. No, it wasn't "VIDEO: Tom Hardy Brings Dog As Date To Awards". You guessed it, it was "30% off women's sleepwear, thermals, socks and hosiery."

I breathlessly clicked on the link, my heart racing and nether regions dripping as I waited for the page to load. My toenails just about turned black and fell off like that time I dropped a printer on my right foot, so excited were they to be encased in welcoming woolly warmth. I nervously navigated from "Women" to "Pant-yhose & Tights" to the moneyshot—"Socks". A staggering 833 items met my eager eyes. I scrolled through, my chest heaving, bolts of

electricity coursing down my entire body, right to the bottom of my sole. For the first time in my life, I sorted the results using the category "Price: high to low", for this was not a moment to be frugal. It was a moment to invest: to invest in feet, to invest in happiness, to invest in *life*.

Then I saw them. My destiny. A luxurious blend of merino/possum, in fetching stripes of dusky-rose and dove-grey, down from \$39.99 to \$27.99. I heard the siren's call of these hot little feety blankets, and clicked the "Buy Now" button so hard my index finger cracked. I ignored the \$7 shipping; these socks were worth it. This was the investment that would turn my life around.

I waited the rest of the week in all-consuming torment, checking the front porch dozens of times a day for the package that would change my life for better. I stopped using headphones in case I missed the knock of the door; I kept one eye out the window at all times, waiting for the sensual flash of yellow and red that would hail the arrival of the courier.

Finally, the package came (and so did I). Sliding the soft, fluffy foot fondlers on for the first time was a religious experience. I had found Nirvana. I went to uni feeling like I was finally master of my own destiny; with my feet toasty and snug, protected against the elements, I could walk anywhere, do anything. Nothing could hold me back.

With my toes happily experiencing podiatric bliss, I sat down to write my column. I went back to *GenTwenty* to check that I had all the details correct before I started drafting. That's when I noticed that they were, in fact, suggesting to readers that they should:

Invest in some stocks. ♦

Amateur Hour



With
Jordan Margetts

Farcebook Part One, Or: Columnist Found Vomiting Out Bullshit Instead of Analysis, Immediately Employed By NZ Herald

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

What shows up in the pages of this illustrious magazine is dictated by a kind of Reaganesque trickle-down theory of ideas. Basically what happens is X idea hits the zeitgeist (usually by way of academics or good, i.e. overseas, journalists) and starts to move down. First to the upper echelon magazines (*London Review of Books*, *The New Yorker*, etc). Then to the middle tier (*Slate*, *The Guardian*). Then to the real shit-houses (*NZ Herald*, *The Daily Mail*). Then to the man in the pub. And the descent continues: the blokes at QF Tavern, the degenerate gamblers, the illiterate drug addicts, the homeless. And finally, years later, *Craccum*.

Around the time *The Social Network* hit cinemas (2010) the top-tier magazines were all clamouring to write the next big denunciation of Facebook. We saw impressive names get involved: Zadie Smith, Malcolm Gladwell, Jonathan Franzen. By the time I was editing *Craccum* (2015) the trickle down was complete, and we published a deluge of anti-Facebook techno-terror: we declared, boldly and originally, that social media was bad for you, that nobody reads anymore, that the art of conversation was dead. Brave.

When one of our more truculent columnists declared all his readers mindless Facebook-addled drones incapable of proper syntax (you're invited to scoff ironically as you read) I made up my mind. This was just snooty ludditerly completely undermined by the fact that the full *Craccum* team were having a fairly heated and sort of smart (not to mention syntactically apt) argument *right freakin there*, smartphones in hand no less. The issue was put to rest. The trickle had gone about as deep as it could.

But the following cautionary tale made me reconsider:¹

Thirty-something and melancholy and unnoticeable, a miscellaneous Junior HR Executive named Susan was at the end of a shitter of a week. She'd almost finished typing her interview notes and filing invoices and stapling documents and making copious Nespressos—when the clock ticked over to 8pm and smugly declared another day of her life

had been sold in full to Big-HR-And-Productivity-Relations-Com©. She didn't do an MA in Creative Writing and Gender Awareness for this. She'd received thirty-six consecutive emails from her boss that day: paper usage was unacceptably high; her lunch break had stretched five full minutes beyond the allotted thirty; did she have capacity to do more interviews tomorrow; the petty cash is not for cronuts; please someone find the cronut culprit. She'd spilt a Nespresso on her blouse, she'd been charged her yearly overdraft fee, and she was still living in fucking Christchurch. Susan had powered off the computer and was beginning to contemplate the prospect of a solo binge drink when she spotted Mark from The Business Innovation and Entrepreneurship Department sneaking out with a box of Steinlager Pure (her favourite beverage). Mark was something like six foot, relatively handsome (strong jaw, blue eyes, callipygean) in spite of a rapidly receding hairline and scaly hypertrophic knees that she'd had to endure while he strutted around in cargo shorts at the Corporate Meditation And Very Hard Work And Bonding And Finance Retreat.

"Oi, Mark, chuck us one," she said coquettishly.

"Ok," Mark replied with his usual loquacious prolixity.

I'm sure you can imagine where this is going. But in case you can't:

Four Steinlager Pures down and Susan is getting some saucy ideas. Mark's iridescent upper-forehead (the bit where the brow lines stop no matter how old you are, and the skin looks like expensive and abundantly polished leather shoes) was looking increasingly sexy, she had a sudden impulse to lick it. Anyway, soon flirtatious banter (a mutual distaste for JAEAs was the ostensible topic for their sensuous symposium) turned to the subtle touch of fingertip on forearm. To heavy-breathing-and-no-speaking-during-what-would-others-otherwise-be-considered-awkwardly-close-staring-contest. To that first pure Steinlager kiss. It was on. Blouses cast asunder, buttons ripped, mutual organs-of-pleasure mutually stimulated, caressed, licked, sucked, and viewed approvingly. Genital to genital contact (completely consensual, completely protected). Alternating turns on top. Too-loud screaming of each other's names. Alternating turns at having bare-buttocks slammed against cold office window. And finally almost porn-like (that is, if porn were convincing) simultaneous orgasms, and floor lying down, and cuddling under a pile of sullied clothes with the used-but-unbroken

condom—safely and competently housing Mark's nacreous seed—only centimeters from the pair's heaving, profusely sweating bodies.

Whilst Susan was engaged in her well-deserved Bacchanalian release, Jimmy one of the local n'er do wells was at the Village Douche (famed Christchurch pub). Jimmy, taken as he was to staring whimsically into the night sky, was looking up from the front door of the Village Douche having his seventeenth dart of the night around 9pm. After a concerted stare and several more cigarettes he made out the well shaped if slightly hirsute buttocks of what was apparently a young-end-of-middle-aged-and-slightly-balding office manager. Well of course Jimmy took a few photos. And Jimmy being Jimmy uploaded these to Facebook.

As it turns out Mark was actually married (I don't believe Susan knew this, but I had a bad feeling about that guy). Aside from it just being generally kind of shitty that Jimmy would upload these pictures, or look long enough to figure out what was happening, I don't know about you but upper-story office sex doesn't sound immediately recognisable to me. What really bothered me was that I had to read about it (and in turn, I inflict it on you). Kurt Bayer penned a horrifically written *NZ Herald* article about the event, he included quotes from unnamed sources, described Mark's wife's current inability to "even speak" to him, and even got a few "privacy law experts" opinions, just to really prove the kind of hardline investigative journalism that goes on at the *NZ Herald*.

And the thing is, good magazines aren't much better. Cheap headlines, and top-five-weirdest-TV-sex-scenes galore (*Guardian*). But still, for the last five years Facebook is where I've got my news. I read more headlines than I do articles. And if the vast conspiracy between algorithms and social media managers had their way, I'd read more crap gossip dressed up as news than I would longform.

Epilogue

Notice the profound lack of analysis or discussion? Yup. That's because I used up my word count on gossipy bullshit that, while vapid and spurious, might get me a few more clicks. •

Recommendations:

"Wife sees Christchurch office sex-romp images on Facebook"—Kurt Bayer, NZ Herald.

¹ All details, regarding narrative, nomenclature, and carnal relations are the invention of yours truly. The actual story is available in the recommendations section. Please take the following passage as a non-defamatory attempt to make a point. Also the story is actually from 2015—but is now back on my Facebook feed.



With
Rachel Berryman

Sign of the Times

Each week Rachel, social media enthusiast and online lurker extraordinaire, keeps you in-the-know about what is topical and trending across the world wide web.

WARNINGWARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSIONS OF SUICIDE, VIOLENCE AND SELF-HARM

If there was one thing I learnt from frequenting the Neopets forums in 2006, it was the importance of good moderators. Now, more than a decade later, it would appear Facebook has come to the same realisation—but unlike the Neoboards, where second-gen emojis and ~*~LyRiCaL sIgGyS~*~ reigned supreme, for Zuck & Co., the stakes are much, much higher.

Last week, Nick Hopkins at *The Guardian* published an exposé revealing the internal guidelines followed by Facebook's community moderators, comprehensively extracted from more than one hundred training manuals leaked to the publication.¹ Throughout, Hopkins sheds light on the protocols Facebook endorses around moderating content which depicts, enacts or is related to “violence, hate speech, terrorism, pornography, racism and self-harm”, noting, for example, that the company's training manuals include instructions about how staff should approach incidents ranging from “match-fixing [to] cannibalism”.

However bewildering it is to admit, these horrifying topics are firmly within the realms of possibility of what Facebook's moderators are likely to encounter on a daily basis—plainly evidenced by the devastating number of Facebook Live videos that recently gained notoriety for broadcasting homicidal and suicidal acts. In a number of cases, these videos remained on the platform for hours after the live broadcasts ended; reports about the graphic nature of the content were directed into already overflowing inboxes while the videos spread across the site, appearing without warning on the News Feeds of thousands of unsuspecting users.

With an average 1.28 billion daily users as of March 2017, it's entirely unsurprising that Facebook is struggling to moderate each piece of content uploaded to the site. Acknowledging as much, however, does nothing to negate the very real impact of these tragedies—both for those personally involved and those who happen upon their digital documentation.

In response to the recent surge in such horrific events, Mark Zuckerberg announced in early May that Facebook would be hiring 3,000 new staff members to assist their community operations team to “review reports of objectionable content, including live video” more efficiently and comprehensively.²

“These [extra] reviewers will help us get better at removing things we don't allow on Facebook like hate speech and child exploitation,” Mark detailed in a public status posted to his Facebook page. “We're [also] going to make it simpler to report problems to us, faster for our reviewers to determine which posts violate our standards and easier for them to contact law enforcement if someone needs help. As these become available they should help make our community safer.”

These promises were thrown into sharp relief, however, by *The Guardian's* public interrogation of the so-called “Facebook Files” last week, which revealed the ambiguity and complexity of the standards Facebook trains its staff to uphold. According to the leaked guidelines, for instance, excessively violent remarks may be permissible so long as they are not viewed as “credible threats”; Facebook moderators responding to reports of violent language must discern whether it is indicative of heightened (momentary) emotional expression or a precursor to an actionable violent offence.

If you're confused about how an individual detached from the situation, with no knowledge of the backgrounds or dispositions of those involved, could possibly make that sort of call, you're not alone.

In contrast to the algorithms which mistakenly censored LGBTQ-related video content for viewers using YouTube's family-friendly Restricted Mode, Facebook's moderation efforts rely almost exclusively on human perception, judgement and reasoning—and are, therefore, entirely vulnerable to human error.

This precarity is further exacerbated by the

wealth of questionable content moderators are required to wade through every day; according to *The Guardian*, it is not uncommon for moderators to have just ten seconds to make a decision about whether a given piece of content is in breach of the guidelines before moving to the next case. What's more, as Rebecca Ruiz from *Mashable* cautions, such relentless overexposure to distressing and disturbing content is also likely to have serious implications for the mental health and personal well-being of the individuals doing the moderating.

But to what end? As Hopkins' article reveals, Facebook's pledge to hire 3,000 new moderators is no guarantee that graphic depictions of violence and death will no longer be circulated upon the site, precisely because the company's protocol for moderating this type of content does not prohibit, but rather may plausibly allow it to remain live. According to the training manuals viewed by Hopkins, “[v]ideos of violent deaths, while marked as disturbing, do not always have to be deleted because they can help create awareness of issues such as mental illness.” He later adds that “Facebook will allow people to livestream attempts to self-harm because it ‘doesn't want to censor or punish people in distress.’”

At a time when the visibility and virality of violence is greater than ever before, such rulings raise urgent questions about the obligations of social media platforms to control the deluge of information uploaded to them, as well as the ethics around employing others to do so, and the balance their actions must achieve between respecting and protecting the interests and safety of their users. ♦

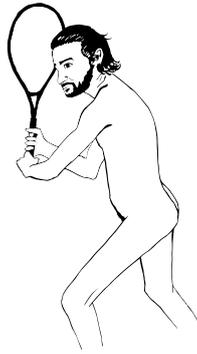
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¹ Hopkins, Nick. “Revealed: Facebook's internal rulebook on sex, terrorism and violence.” *The Guardian*. 21 May, 2017.

² Ruiz, Rebecca. “How Facebook hires and trains its 3,000 new moderators matters, a lot.” *Mashable*. 4 May, 2017.

How to Talk About Sport



With
Mark Fullerton

The Lions are coming! The Lions are coming!

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to justify to himself that he knows enough about sport to warrant a weekly column, and have you noticed how his columns are always way shorter than the others?

The Lions are touching down very soon. Not that you'll be hearing much more about it from me. In a remarkable coincidence, the Lions squad will play their first game at the end of this week which, even were it not my break next week, I would still be unable to cover due to the vagaries of student deadlines and the magazine being sent to print on the Thursday. Their last game is the last weekend of the holidays. Foiled again.

So, in good news for not-being-distracted-by-getting-rekd-watching-the-rugby-when-you-should-be-studying, the Lions tour will take place almost entirely in the inter-semester break. Where that leaves a sports columnist, though, is in a not very good missing-out-on-covering-a-once-in-twelve-year-event place and means that I can make my columns re-debut just in time for—oh wait, what? MORE SUPER RUGBY!

Luckily though, we have a fairly good idea of how it's going to play out because the All Blacks are COOL and the Lions SUCK. Here's how we think it's going to go down.

3rd June 2017: Lions v New Zealand Provincial Barbarians, 382–5

LIONS ROAR IN OPENER: The British and Irish Lions have opened their 2017 tour of New Zealand with a resounding win over the Provincial Barbarians side, but the New Zealand public, being generally unaware of the existence of such a side or a city called Whangarei, supposedly north of Auckland, don't really care. Try again, sweeties. – *Gregor Paul*

7th June 2017: Lions v Blues, 45–34

PIERS OFF—FIRST-FIVE FALLS AS BLUES BLOW IT: Piers Francis suffered a horror scrotal

tear and Tana Umaga's men were unable to contain a rampant second-half Lions assault, but the New Zealand public, being generally aware that the Blues were never going to win, don't really care. Enjoy your victory at Eden Park, fuckers, coz it's the only one you're gonna get. – *Dylan Cleaver*

10th June 2017: Lions v Crusaders 8–47

NO MO' MO'UNGA: The men in red and black pummelled the men in just red, giving the tourists a dash of southern hospitality in the form of an absolute pantsing. First-five Richie Mo'unga, after a mercurial first half, was stretchered off the field after a suspected act of digital sodomy. – *Gregor Paul*

13th June 2017: Lions v Highlanders 13–39

LIONS CHEESE-ROLLED, BANKS CHEESE-ROLLS ANKLE: Clearly struggling after their spanking at the hands of the Crusaders, the Lions were rolled like a cheese roll in the Edinburgh of the South and the Highlanders juggernaut rolled them like a cheese roll. The only low point was an injury to first-five Marty Banks, who rolled his ankle on a stray cheese roll thrown by a passionate cheese roll fan. – *Nigel Yalden*

17th June 2017: Lions v Māori All Blacks 0–0

ULTIMATE EAGLES SHOW DAZZLES: Don Henley may not have been present, but it sure didn't feel like it as both the Māori All Blacks and the Lions enjoyed a fantastic night of Eagles-esque entertainment at the Auckland Town Hall, before bumping into each other on the stairs and realising that shit, they were meant to play a game that night. – *Gregor Paul*

20th June 2017: Lions v Chiefs 22–55

HORROR IN HAMILTON: MCKENZIE OUT: That the Chiefs won was no real surprise, coming off the back of their 2016 mid-week win against Wales, and the fact that the Lions are essentially Wales feat. special guests. What was shocking was the ever-growing injury toll, with Damien McKenzie taking a brutal spear tackle in the opening seconds. While no Lions players have been cited over the incident, Ireland centre Robbie Hen-

shaw was heard screaming "PAYBACK, BITCH!" as the golden-haired youngster lay prone on the field. – *Dylan Cleaver*

24th June 2017: Lions v All Blacks 3–12

BYE BYE BARRETT: In a typically stodgy mid-year All Blacks performance consisting only of penalties, Beauden Barrett missed seven from the tee before breaking down in tears and totally fuckin' decking Dylan Hartley and being handed a three-week ban. THAT was an anticlimax. – *Gregor Paul*

27th June 2017: Lions v Hurricanes 5–19

LIONS BLOWN AWAY IN CAPITAL: A game happened, and the right team won. Write your own fucking stories, cunt. – *Nigel Yalden*

1st July 2017: Lions v All Blacks 11–51

ADIOS AARON; SO LONG SOPOAGA: When, Lord, O when will this tour end? Gregor Paul is crying in the corner. Aaron Cruden got drunk and stormed off to Auckland Airport, determined to make the Buenos Aires flight, not realising he was three years late. RUGBY EDITOR FOR RADIO SPORT & NEWSTALK ZB NIGEL YALDEN has taken to wearing giant prosthetic hands "to keep up with these massive fucking word counts that no one will ever read." Lima Sopoaga abruptly left the game to become a cloistered nun. Wynne Gray hides in doorways and throws himself at passers-by, screaming wildly about volleyball. And I? Who am I? I am Dylan. I am Death. – *Dylan Cleaver*

8th July 2017: Lions v All Blacks 0–29

COMETH THE MAN, COMETH THE HOUR: Six years after his Eden Park heroics, and again facing a first-five crisis of biblical proportions, Stephen Donald returned to the fold to lead the All Blacks to a historic series victory. In scenes reminiscent of Dan Carter's 2005 effort, Donald scored two tries and landed 100% of his kicks, converted fuckin' everything that came his way and was doused in Gatorade at the end. See you in twelve years. – *Stephen Donald* ♦

1 Last week I bemoaned the never-ending run of "This Is How The Finals Would Look If The Competition Ended Today" articles appearing online. Well, now we've got far enough through the competition where RUGBY EDITOR FOR RADIO SPORT & NEWSTALK ZB NIGEL YALDEN (NZ Herald's capitals, not mine) can now be confident in predicting the final rounds. And ya know what? The Finals Look The Fucking Same As If The Competition Ended Today.

BABY'S BOTTOM SUDOKU

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KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

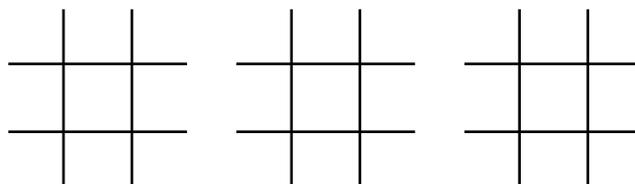
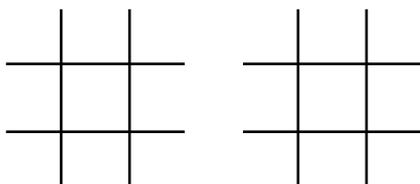
1. F is the chemical symbol for which highly volatile element?
2. Rumpelstiltskin is the primary antagonist in which of the *Shrek* films?
3. "Enter Sandman" was the breakthrough single for which heavy metal band?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. Etihad Stadium is the home ground of which English Premier League team?
5. Davey Jones is the captain of which legendary ship?
6. Laolongtou, or "The Old Dragon's Head", marks the end of which historical structure?
7. Idi Amin, dictator of Uganda between 1971 and 1979, was the subject of which 2006 film starring James McAvoy?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. North Dakota is home to Mount Rushmore—true or false?
9. Katy Perry is reportedly being paid \$35 million to appear on what reality TV show?
10. Simon Zebo missed the cut for the British and Irish Lions squad. What country does he call home?

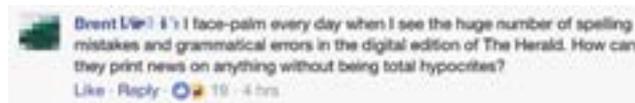


ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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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.



Just as old mate in Israel didn't hide his feelings when the POTUS thought that he wasn't in the Middle East, neither did Brent. To be honest though, Brent would probably Rather Be Listening to Grammy-Award Winning 1999 Hit "Smooth" By Santana Feat. Rob Thomas of Matchbox Twenty while working on his Mt-Everest-cum-Empire-Strikes-Back themed terrarium. ♦

Answers: 1. Fluorine 2. *Shrek Forever After* 3. Metallica 4. Manchester City 5. The Flying Dutchman 6. The Great Wall of China 7. *The Last King of Scotland* 8. False 9. *American Idol*, as lead judge 10. Ireland

the people to blame.

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Mark Casson

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