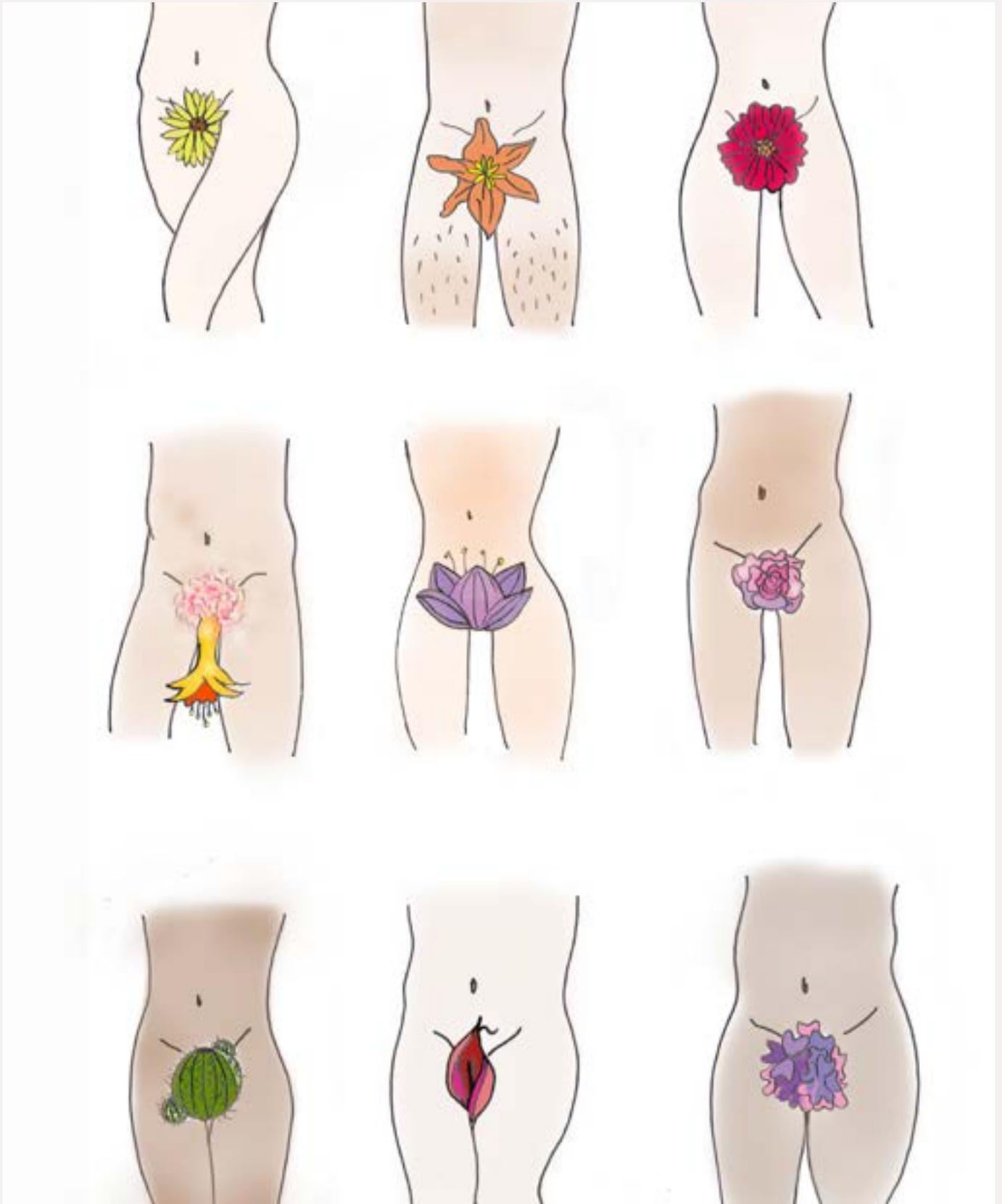


# C R A C C U M



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Lana McCarthy on female genital cosmetic surgery and its implications

## Immigration and Tikanga

Racial Equity Aotearoa offer a missing piece to the immigration-debate puzzle

## Back to Broadway

Michael Clark shares some thoughts on the rules and rule-breaking of *Hamilton*

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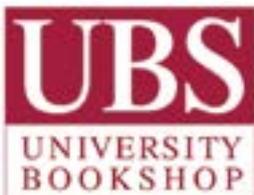
By giving women equal rights and opportunities already, for goodness sake



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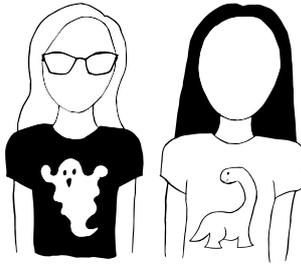
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

## Build It Up, ButterCutch(eon) Baby

We know that parts of our university aren't exactly architecturally stunning. The HSB Building (among others) is no doubt riddled with asbestos, its corridors pokey, dingy, dark and reminiscent of a hellish labyrinthine asylum. Commerce A, Elam B and the Biology building are like a smattering of pustulating boils on the university's ass. And there is certainly nothing to ooh and aah about the Conference Centre and School of Architecture and Planning—the absolute peak of architectural irony.

However, these grounds are steeped in history. There are buildings with great stories behind them and some relatively new ones are named after wonderful people. It would be a real shame for us students to forget these histories, and instead meander across campus eternally lost in the sauce, heads down and playing bumper bodies crossing the Symonds Street intersection going from one class to another. Here's a little taste of history.

**Alfred Nathan House:** This is the building next to the General Library currently undergoing significant renovations. Alfred Nathan was a son of David Nathan, one of the first Jewish colonists in New Zealand who settled for a while in Kororāreka just after the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840. The Nathans were a prominent business family in Auckland in the nineteenth century, having established L.D. Nathan & Co. Formerly known as Wickford, this was Alfred's family's house until his death in 1931. It then became a nursing home before being bought by the University.

**Barracks Wall:** The stone wall that runs from the back of Alfred Nathan House to Old Choral Hall was built in 1846 as part of the Albert Barracks that enclosed nine hectares, including Albert Park. In a classic New Zealand twist of irony, the colonial forces enlisted the help of Māori to build the barracks in anticipation of attack by anti-government Māori after the burning of Kororāreka. The wall is considered the oldest intact stretch of British military architecture in New Zealand.

**ClockTower:** Without a doubt the most iconic building on campus, the ClockTower was the first permanent building designed for the University after it put out an international design competition, which was won by R.A. Lippincott from Chicago. Constructed in 1926, it was originally the Old Arts Building, housing Architecture, Law, Music, the Library and University Hall. This art nouveau building incorporates numerous New Zealand flora and fauna ornamentation, including ponga fronds, flax seed pods, kea, and kaka.

**Kate Edger Information & Student Commons:** This building is more interesting because of its namesake. Kate Edger was the first woman in New Zealand to gain a university degree, and, even more impressively, the first woman in the British Empire to earn a BA, majoring in Mathematics and Latin. When applying to University for permission to sit for a scholarship, she did not state her gender and her application was successful.

**Tāne-nui-a-Rangi Whare Whakairo:** The whare whakairo on Waipapa Marae was completed in 1988 and serves as a focal point for all Māori students on campus. Formulated by Pākariki Harrison, the house is unique as it is lined with the primary ancestor-gods with whom students of all tribes can identify. The captains and priest-navigators of the waka that brought ancestors to New Zealand in the fourteenth century stand opposite each other, including Tangi'ia, the ancestor who connects the major islands of the Pacific with New Zealand.

**Newman Hall:** Situated on Waterloo Quadrant next to the Law School hill, this house, formerly known as Bella Vista, was built in 1863 for the aforementioned David Nathan. It was built from imported bricks and apparently to the plans of a house they admired in London. The house was sold in 1894 and became the Glenalvon boarding house, before falling into the hands of a Catholic student organisation, which renamed it Newman Hall.

**Old Choral Hall:** Built in 1872 by the Auckland Choral Society, the building witnessed the

first performances of works by Beethoven, Handel and Mozart in New Zealand. Not only was it used as a concert chamber and public hall before the construction of the Auckland Town Hall in 1911, it was also the location for Kate Edger's graduation in 1877. In 1882 it held a ceremonial banquet for King Tawhiao, the second Māori King, to mark the improving relationship between Pākehā and the Kingitanga.

**Old Government House:** The original Old Government House, built for Governor William Hobson, caught fire in 1848. The one that stands today was completed in 1856, although was used sporadically after the seat of government moved to Wellington in 1865. Queen Elizabeth II broadcast her Christmas speech from an upstairs room in the House in 1953. Over the years, the University altered the interior dramatically and the House lost its palatial ambience. In the next few years, the Law School will move in and turn it into teaching and reception spaces.

**University House:** Built between 1884–1885, University House on the corner of Princes Street and Bowen Avenue was the old synagogue used by the growing Auckland Jewish community in the nineteenth century. It is highly unusual in aspects of its construction, incorporating mass concrete and local hydraulic lime. It continued to be used for worship into the twentieth century until the late 60s and is considered the best-preserved nineteenth-century synagogue in New Zealand.

New Zealanders have a great penchant for demolishing heritage buildings rather than coughing up the money to preserve them. With the University's plans to upgrade the campus significantly over the next ten to fifteen years, starting from the Rec Centre and through the Quad towards Alfred Street, among other places, we can only hope they use their common sense when deciding to get rid of buildings and not make fucking awful mistakes such as when they pulled down the old History Department building behind the School of Music a couple of years ago. Wankers. ♦



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# STUDENTS OCCUPY CLOCKTOWER TO PROTEST FOSSIL FUELS INVESTMENT

BY ELOISE SIMS

Fourteen members of Fossil Free University of Auckland occupied the Vice-Chancellor's office for twelve hours last Monday to demand urgent divestment from fossil fuels.

The group demanded that Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon actively condemn the University of Auckland Foundation's investment in coal, oil, and gas extraction, due to global threats such as climate change.

One occupying student, Áine Kelly-Costello, said she felt she had a moral duty to join the protest.

"Given the extreme weather events and loss of habitats being fuelled by climate change, we must do everything we can to stigmatise the industry, which is putting its own profit before the health of people and the planet.

"The University of Auckland must show leadership and take a public stance to do this by divesting from fossil fuels."

In response, the University released a

statement claiming that the University itself was not invested in fossil fuels—but instead, that the University of Auckland Foundation was entirely self-managed.

"The University has no jurisdiction over the Foundation. However, we are aware that the Foundation's investment managers are signatories to the UN Principles for Responsible Investment."

The statement further indicated it felt the protests were a significant disruption to campus life.

"Protesting should remain peaceful and not pose a threat to the health and safety of members of the public or the University, and should not disrupt the normal activities of staff and students."

The ClockTower was initially put on lockdown with the presence of protestors, so to prevent further students joining the sit-in demonstration.

It is understood that several 9am lec-

tures were initially cancelled as the ClockTower wing was secured, with one test for a third-year politics class postponed to the following day.

Police removed the protestors at 8:00pm on Monday night, after twelve hours of occupation. While the removal was mainly peaceful, Fossil Free University of Auckland spokesperson, Alex Johnston, said police officers had needed to physically move some protestors.

"We had some pressure points used, which wasn't too pleasant."

However, Johnston stated, no arrests were made, and police let students go once they had left the ClockTower.

The occupation is understood to have occurred to promote Fossil Free University of Auckland's "March For Divestment" last Wednesday, with Green politician Chlöe Swarbrick and AUSA President Will Matthews speaking to rallying students. ♦

# TENANTS SHOULD FOOT UP FOR LANDLORD'S INSURANCE: NEW BILL

BY MICHAEL CALDERWOOD

The Government has proposed new legislation to make tenants liable for their landlord's insurance excess, in the event of tenant-caused damage.

Tenants' liabilities would be capped at a total of four weeks' rent for each incident of damage.

The Bill has allegedly been introduced in response to a Court of Appeal ruling that made landlords liable for accidental damage caused by tenants, regardless of whether they had insurance or not.

"Under the Bill, tenants will be liable for the cost of their landlord's insurance excess up to a maximum of four weeks' rent for each incident of damage caused by carelessness," stated Housing Minister Nick Smith when questioned as to the effects of the Bill.

"A tenant remains fully liable where the damage is deliberate or a criminal act, and the landlord liable for fair wear and tear and damage beyond the control of the tenant—

like a natural disaster."

Smith insisted the Government had introduced the Bill to encourage better behaviour among tenants.

"The changes are needed to ensure tenants have an incentive to take good care of a property, and for the landlord to have appropriate insurance."

The New Zealand Property Investors Federation has openly praised the proposed change, calling it a "reaction to the consequences and unjustness of the Court ruling for rental property owners."

The Bill also would give landlords easier access to test for levels of methamphetamine in properties, and allow tenants to terminate their lease if unsafe levels of methamphetamine were discovered in the property.

However, with rents in Auckland at record highs, the Bill could spell even further worries for students. The New Zealand Union of Students' Associations recently

found in their 2017 Income and Expenditure Survey that in Auckland, students are now paying \$250 per week on average to rent a room.

The law change could add to students' anxieties over the rising costs of flatting.

According to a report by Radio New Zealand's *The Wireless*, tenants' organisation Renters United is opposing the Bill—with spokeswoman Kate Day saying that "tenants were already paying rent that factored in costs for the landlord such as rates and insurance."

"We see insurance costs as part of the cost to the landlord of running the business of a rental property," she said.

"They pass those costs onto the renters, so the renters already pay the costs of the insurance. It's not fair that the renter pay twice—through their rent, then through the excess as well." ♦

## NEW ZEALAND (FINALLY) JOINS THE SPACE RACE

BY DANIELLE MAYNARD

Rocket Lab, an American-Kiwi aerospace company, has made history with their successful rocket launch on May 25<sup>th</sup>.

Following two days of postponements due to worsening weather conditions, at 16:20 NZST their aptly named Electron vehicle, “It’s a Test”, achieved lift-off from the Rocket Lab Launch Complex 1 on the Mahia Peninsula.

The vehicle reached space at 16:23 NZST, and reportedly completed a good first-stage burn, stage separation, second stage ignition, and fairing separation. However, it did not reach orbit.

“It’s a Test” is the world’s first privately launched, orbital-class rocket.

Stringent measures were taken to ensure that its first launch was both safe and a success. Despite the rocket being fuelled and prepared for flight on both May 23<sup>rd</sup> and

24<sup>th</sup>, the risk of triboelectrification (electric charging) of the rocket due to high altitude cloud prevented the team from continuing the launch.

Satellite data, weather balloons, and on-site weather scientists helped in determining a safe launch window on May 25<sup>th</sup>.

Rocket Lab have planned two more test launches this year, with the second aiming to reach orbit and maximise the amount of cargo the rockets are able to carry.

Rocket Lab engineers will analyse more than 25,000 data channels collected from the most recent flight to explain why “It’s a Test” failed to reach orbit. However, while “It’s a Test” didn’t achieve its ultimate goal, the implications of Rocket Lab—a relatively tiny private aerospace company—reaching space on their very first launch are huge.

Having completely designed and fabricated a rocket in under four years, Rocket Lab rests in a comfortable position commercially, bearing big-name customers such as NASA, Planet, Spaceflight, Spire, and Moon Express. When Rocket Lab is running at full operation, they are expected to launch over 50 times a year, with licensing allowing up to 120 annual launches.

These launches aim to make space much more accessible to Rocket Lab’s engineers, astronauts, and scientists—who aim to double the mere 22 launches the USA undertook in 2016.

With their new Electron rockets able to take many small satellites into orbit at once, the opportunities for improved natural disaster prediction, search-and-rescue services, and weather reporting are greatly increased. ♦

## INTERNET PARTY TO STAND IN 2017 ELECTION

BY MATTHEW NICKLESS

With four months to go until the September election, Kim Dotcom’s infamous Internet Party has announced it intends to return to New Zealand politics—and will be contending for votes alongside National, Labour, and the Greens in 2017.

The Party was founded in 2014 by the mysterious Dotcom, who had been the subject of media scrutiny after his multi-million dollar mansion was raided by heavily armed police in the summer of 2012.

Under the leadership of Dotcom and politician and unionist Laila Harre, the Party promoted itself as a voice for young people in 2014, promising to tackle issues surrounding technology, education, and the environment. Prominent policies included opposition to mass surveillance and the TPPA, both issues that created close ties between New Zealand and America, and directly affected Dotcom’s legal affairs.

The Party formed an alliance with the Mana Party, led by renowned Māori activist Hone Harawira, yet was unable to get into Parliament, after Harawira lost his MP

seat in Te Tai Tokerau, and the coalition received only 1.42% of the national vote. In the face of the 2014 results, Dotcom admitted his brand had “poisoned” the coalition, and Harawira commented earlier this year that the deal had been a “mistake”.

Now, apparently, the Internet Party is back from the dead, although they are wreathed in an air of uncertainty. Dotcom has resigned from the party executive, and will supposedly play no role; Laila Harre rejoined the Labour Party in 2016; and Harawira and his Mana Movement have courted the Māori Party in strategic deals.

So who is the Internet Party of 2017?

At the end of May, no one really knows. Miriam Pierard, a list candidate for the party in 2014, said in speaking with *Craccum* that she was “surprised that it’s continued” and mentions that “many of [the members] left with Laila’s departure.”

The loss of the alliance with Mana is also a problem, as Harawira’s seat in Te Tai Tokerau was the key to seats in Parliament due to New Zealand’s MPP voting system.

The website for the party features a candidates page, but there are no candidates—simply futuristic animated placeholders with generic text. Its policies page features only 2014 policies and a promise of updated policies to come.

The website also features a simple media release that announces the party’s return, and Dotcom’s exit—while also, somewhat bizarrely, commenting on the death of Seth Rich in the United States. Rich was a staffer with the Democratic Party, murdered in Washington D.C. last year in an incident that has prompted many conspiracy theories amongst prominent alt-right Trump supporters.

Notably, Dotcom has also been a proponent of these theories, last week claiming to have evidence that Seth Rich was the source of leaked emails belonging to the Democratic Party.

However, when requested to produce said evidence, Dotcom declined.

At time of writing, the Party possessed neither a Party Leader nor President. ♦

# MORE EVIDENCE FOR URGENT MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES REVIEW

BY LAUREN WATSON

A recent investigation into the New Zealand Police's role in mental health, conducted by the Labour Party, discovered that police officers now spend 600 hours per week on average on mental health callouts.

The information, obtained through an Official Information Act as part of Labour's investigation, also highlighted that there was a 10% increase in attempted and threatened suicides from 2015–2016. Due to incidents such as these, New Zealand Police spent \$36.7 million in the 2015–2016 year dealing with mental health callouts alone.

New Zealand currently has the highest youth suicide rates in the OECD, with a 60% increase in demand for mental health services since 2008, according to Maternal Action Care Group.

However, in this time there has only been a 28% increase in funding—fuelling calls from groups such as Life Matters, a

suicide prevention trust, for an urgent independent review of mental health services in New Zealand. Life Matters have also called for a Royal Commission inquiry into mental health services, and recently presented a petition with over 1,740 hand-collected signatures to Parliament requesting further funding and care facilities for mental health.

Mental health is expected to become a serious electoral issue in September, with National's current strategy coming under heavy criticism from both Labour and Green parties. Currently, funding for mental health comes from District Health Board Budgets in a five-year proposal directed by Minister of Health, Dr Jonathan Coleman—who has indicated the recent Budget will include an extra \$224 million for mental health funding over the next four years.

However, the recent budget increase has

also come under fire from the Public Service Association, a mental health union, with National Secretary Erin Polaczuk claiming the funds do not go far enough.

"There are a few band-aids in Dr Coleman's first aid kit, but nothing to address the growing demand and the massive unmet need in the system," Polaczuk said.

Labour have also been quick to criticise the increase, championing their own policies put forward by Leader Andrew Little at the recent Health Care Summit.

If elected, Labour promises to implement a pilot \$43 million two-year programme to fund specialist mental health teams to offer free treatment to those suffering from mental health issues, especially in areas such as Christchurch.

The pilot estimates nearly 40,000 people a year would be assisted by the programme, at a cost of around \$357 per person. ♦



# WHAT DOES THE BUDGET MEAN FOR STUDENTS?

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD

The Government's 2017 Budget has come under heavy criticism by student associations and interest groups for not doing enough for students struggling to meet their needs.

The 2017 Budget Speech announced that the accommodation benefit would increase by up to \$20 per week for student allowance recipients. The additional \$20 a week will affect students living in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch—but not students living in areas such as Palmerston North, due to the lower accommodation costs on average in such areas.

However, fewer students are eligible than ever before for the student allowance, due to the Government's cut of postgraduate and middle-income eligibility for the allowance in 2010.

The New Zealand Union of Students' Association President Jonathan Gee said he was disappointed by the Budget's con-

clusions.

"It denies the Auckland rent crisis, when the cap of \$60 will be mirrored in Christchurch and Wellington."

"In Auckland, students are paying \$70 more on rent than in Christchurch—yet they will get the same level of support through the Accommodation Benefit."

Indeed, NZUSA's *Income and Expenditure Report* found that average rents in Auckland have increased by almost \$75 per week in the last five years—from \$175 to \$250 for a room in a three-bedroom house.

Such an issue is of serious concern for tertiary students living away from home, with 70,800 tertiary students attending university in a different region to their high schools in 2016 according to the Tertiary Education Commission.

Prior to the Budget, NZUSA had released their own "wish-list" for tertiary student sup-

port—with items such as housing grants for students, First in Family scholarships, and postgraduate student allowances included.

However, none of their proposed solutions to student hardship made it into the Budget itself, with students who are not receiving a Student Allowance set to see no change in terms of financial support.

The Auckland Director for climate action group Generation Zero, Leroy Beckett, has also raised his concerns with the Budget, claiming "the Government continues to ignore the infrastructure problems facing Auckland." "There is no new money in the Budget to fix Auckland's gridlock, which will only get worse under this budget. One of the biggest issues facing our biggest city has been completely ignored by Steven Joyce."

The Budget will go into effect from April 1<sup>st</sup> 2018, pending the results of the upcoming elections in September. ♦

# LOCAL MAN YELLS AT MOON, ADAMANT THAT “BEING WHITE IN LABOUR PARTY TOUGH”

GINNY WOO TAKES US THROUGH THE LATEST BIZARRE CLAIM IN NEW ZEALAND POLITICS

Rohan Lord (likely of no relation to the Rohans of Middle Earth) has announced as of two weeks ago he is dropping out of the Labour Party—in a brawl over being “a middle-class white man”.

Lord, 72 on the Labour Party list, and a previous potential candidate for the East Coast Bays area, has claimed that being a white middle-class man had stymied his hopes at a political career with Labour.

It appears Lord’s gesture is attempting to assert whiteness is linked with an inability to succeed in politics in New Zealand.

The Labour Party, while arguably promoting diversity more than National and New Zealand First, is indubitably one that

has white middle-class unionist workers at its heart.

Without even reaching into Andrew Little’s variety pack of policies for the everyday Kiwi, a quick scroll of the 2017 Candidates list on Labour’s website reveals that their political pick ‘n’ mix is more milk bottles than licorice allsorts.

Lord, a former Olympic sailing coach, was also adamant in a recent interview that Labour’s own rules on requiring a 50% gender balance after 2017 was a decisive factor in his choice to withdraw.

“If you’re a woman, you’re ethnic or Māori, you’re higher on the list than anyone who’s male or middle class,” he told *Radio*

*New Zealand*.

However, Party Leader Andrew Little has been quick to rebut the stance, pointing out the fact that Phil Twyford, Grant Robertson, and himself maintained senior leadership positions within Labour (in spite of being as white as a McDonald’s soft-serve).

Certainly, the evidence is almost undeniable; being white and mediocre in New Zealand politics has long been the only way to really make a splash at the highest echelons of government.

Perhaps if Lord had done himself a favour and waited out another election cycle, he might have even made it to Prime Minister. ♦

## SPORTS—YAY!

PATRICK NEWLAND SHOWCASES THE SPORTING EVENTS UPCOMING OVER THIS STUDY BREAK

**When Boats Fly:** Larry Ellison and Russell Coutts’ dream for the 2013 America’s Cup did not involve hydrofoils.

In fact, they did not even consider the possibility that their 26-meter, 6-tonne behemoth would glide above the water line.

Yet when Team NZ did their first tests out on the Hauraki in 2012, they changed the game entirely—and the rest, it’s said, is New Zealand sailing history.

Four years on, New Zealand is fighting for the America’s Cup title once more.

Their boats this year may be smaller, but they are still just as highly-strung and temperamental as ever. With twice the number of competitors and much closer racing, Team NZ’s job is certainly much harder, but will make for some fascinating viewing.

The “design team” has traditionally won the Cup, and the Kiwis will no doubt be hoping that this holds true this year, proposing a

unique “pedal-power” sailing solution.

With the semis and finals of the Challenger Cup taking place this week, we’re soon to find out.

**We Haven’t Had A Cricket World Cup In A While...** The ICC like to host tournaments. Between the World T20 and the Cricket World Cup (the one-day version), there are normally three tournaments out of every four years.

However, this is not enough for the ICC—who recently unveiled the 2017 Champions Trophy, held in England this year.

As with most ICC gatherings, there is no real way to foresee a winner for this trophy (whatever Columnist Mark tells you)—and momentum and self-belief is just as important as having a team of world-class players (I hope).

The Black Caps should make the playoffs,

but I can’t handicap beyond that. Regardless, the ICC convenors in England really have something against letting Kiwi sports fans sleep.

**A Sport That Will Let You Sleep:** Of course, the Lions are here—for a tour that happens once every twelve years! People are already falling over themselves to get tickets, with Sky’s share price actually going up for once.

With an All Blacks side depleted by injury, it will certainly be interesting to see how the strength of the combined British Isles stacks up.

Could there be a repeat in store of Waikato’s magnificent victory over the Lions in 2005—or even a stunning defeat for the All Blacks?

Whatever the case, it’s an exciting time to be a sports fan in New Zealand. ♦



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## Tikanga Māori: Missing from immigration debate

**“He tangata takahi manuhiri, he marae puehu”**  
*A person who mistreats their guest has a dusty Marae*

Discussions on immigration (like anything to do with Māori or colonisation) can be divisive, as well as revelatory, around what lies beneath the façade of New Zealand’s perfect “race-relations” myth.

In the age of Trumpism and the resurgence of the political alt-right in America, immigration has become a hot issue, associated with xenophobia and sweeping racial overtones. New Zealand has not been immune to the trend of closing borders, similar to other Western nations, through policy changes as well as the media jousting of derogatory immigrant stereotypes. Sadly, although not surprisingly, a pivotal perspective on immigration in Aotearoa New Zealand has been sidelined from public dialogue: tikanga Māori.

It is first important to clarify that informed public discussion on immigration is important, though it does not, and should not, occupy the realms of racist othering of Peoples of Colour (PoC). Secondly, many student body groups (and affiliated unions) have already spoken out against the prevailing racist narratives that continue to scapegoat PoC migrants for infrastructural issues like housing and traffic congestion. Thirdly, this presented whakaaro (perspective) on immigration is particular (though not unique) to Racial Equity Aotearoa (REA) and should not be taken as THE tikanga stance on immigration.

So what does tikanga Māori have to do with immigration in Aotearoa New Zealand? Unless your name is John Ansell, Don Brash or Winston Peters, the answer should be pretty straightforward. The kawa, whakapapa and mātauranga associated with marae and the pōwhiri process provides a scaffolding for a tika way of framing migration that is indigenous to this land that we call home.

Imagery, metaphors, and narrative are key tools in Te Ao Māori either to get a point across or to preserve repositories of cultural knowledge. The marae relationship between hau kāinga (those belonging to the marae through whakapapa) and manuhiri (those welcomed onto the marae as guests) is a pivotal point in understanding a tikanga perspective around immigration.

From this grounding, both parties are given the mana and respect afforded. This is because the protocols of the marae (which are more

about deep-seated values than stringent do’s and don’ts) safeguard from any dehumanising of either party. This tikanga does not subscribe to the fashion of commodifying migrants into unskilled, skilled, and skilled up enough to meet a salary threshold out of reach for most. It does not, like the National Party, silhouette the migrant identity to value added (or not added) to GDP and the economy either. If we were to perceive Aotearoa as a marae, then we no longer view immigrants from an economic worldview that is at the heart of border imperialism and the exploitative machinations of late-capitalism. This does not mean we should neglect economics from the discourse of immigration, but rather, it asks us to shift the discussion away from one centred on objectifying people based on what they can offer to our GDP.

The flipside of course is that mana is afforded to the hosts of the marae, the hau kāinga. This is a key point—if we are perceiving Aotearoa as a marae, then we must acknowledge that hau kāinga refers first and foremost to the tangata whenua of these islands. For the past two centuries, Māori have not been in a constitutional position to offer proper manaakitanga to those wanting to make Aotearoa home (anyone from students to seasonal workers, residents and new citizens). The Crown by way of colonisation, both through military force and legislation, have assumed the right to be the hau kāinga of New Zealand. As history has shown, like the racist (anti-Asian) Poll Tax that wasn’t repealed till 1944, the Crown’s hospitality has only been extended to those who fit the White norm of Kiwiana. Nevertheless the fight against xenophobic border imperialism that often demonises migrants of colour, is a cause that must take into account the fight for Māori reclamation of their ancestral responsibility for being the kaitiaki and hau kāinga of Aotearoa.

It should also be noted, the duty of hau kāinga to be hospitable to manuhiri does not equate to the liberal notion of “open-borders” (borders are an imperial construct but that does not mean that Māori do not have concepts around management of infrastructure). The responsibility of manaakitanga is inextricably linked with the responsibility of kaitiakitanga (to care and nurture

lands/waters). One does not invite three hundred manuhiri if the marae only has one hundred beds. From a tikanga perspective, the capacity to care for the wellbeing of Papatūānuku is intimately connected to the hau kāinga’s capacity to care for manuhiri as well as themselves.

This does not mean that this “tikanga Māori” perspective of immigration subscribes to the fashion of scapegoating migrants (especially those with Asian ancestry) as the cause of Auckland’s housing crisis or consigning them as stealing jobs from “hard-working Kiwis”. Unlike New Zealand First and the Labour Party, this tikanga does not blame migrants for the consequences of failed infrastructure policies of local and central politics (and then promise to cut thousands from net migration). Rather, this presented whakaaro stresses the consequences of 1) the Crown’s colonial usurpation of Māori rangatiratanga and kaitiakitanga; 2) a history of racist and xenophobic legislation, policies and media stereotypes; 3) border imperialism that forces global migration and exploitative labour from/to Third world countries; and 4) economic conservatism within Western policies, which enables the degradation of proper infrastructure investment.

The whakatauki (proverb) at the beginning of this article alludes to the dynamics between manaakitanga-kaitiakitanga as well as the relationship between hau kāinga and manuhiri. The responsibility of manaakitanga (being hospitable and welcoming) intersects with the responsibility of kaitiakitanga (caring for Papatūānuku and investing in infrastructure).

As a country, our discussions around immigration can often reinforce/adopt the conspicuous discourses that dehumanise migrants (especially migrants of colour). At the heart of this debate we must contextualise it to these shores and include indigenous narratives. ♦

IF YOU’RE KEEN TO LEARN MORE ABOUT RACIAL EQUITY AOTEAROA, HEAD TO THE FOLLOWING LINKS:

FACEBOOK: [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/RACIALEQUITYAOTEAROA/](https://www.facebook.com/racialequityaotearoa/)  
TWITTER: @RACIALEQUITYAO  
EMAIL: [RACIALEQUITYAOTEAROA@GMAIL.COM](mailto:RACIALEQUITYAOTEAROA@GMAIL.COM)

# Pay Equity: More Than Just Equal Pay

*Avril McIntyre looks at the Employment (Pay Equity and Equal Pay) Bill*

**Equal pay** requires people to be paid the same wage for doing the same job. For example, male and female nurses are paid the same. But what if nursing is a career predominantly performed by women, and because women's work has been traditionally undervalued, all nurses receive a low wage?

**Pay equity** requires people to be paid the same for work of **equal value**. For example, a nurse's work is of equal value to a police officer's, therefore they should be paid the same.

Equal pay does not ensure that women get paid the same as men in general; it only prevents individual employers from discriminating on the basis of gender. It does not prevent institutional discrimination or the existence of a gender pay gap.

In 2012, Kristine Bartlett, a residential aged care facility worker, brought an action in the Employment Court under the Equal Pay Act 1972. Kristine had over twenty years experience in the industry but was paid just \$14.46 per hour. 92% of those employed in the undervalued caregiving industry are women.

Bartlett's employer argued her wage should be compared to her fellow male caregivers (who were paid the same). However, the Employment Court held that pay equity could not be achieved if a woman's wage in a female-dominated industry is compared with the wage of a small number of men in that industry. Bartlett's employer appealed the decision. The Court of Appeal agreed with the Employment Court and asked the Employment Court to introduce principles to govern this area.

The Government, however, had other plans and quickly stepped in with a working group on pay equity who produced some reasonable suggestions. These suggestions were swiftly ignored in the draft of the Bill we have today.

The Government settled and increased the hourly wage of aged care workers. However, this still doesn't

achieve pay equity. To me, the draft bill appears to be one designed to reduce the likelihood of the Government having to pay out again.

The Government claims the bill will make it easier for women to file pay equity claims when it will, in fact, do the opposite.

The main issue is the hierarchy of comparators in clause 23(2). A female nurse can use a comparator of a male nurse also employed by the hospital, doing a similar job. But this only addresses equal pay, not pay equity. The only useful comparator to a female claimant working in a predominately female occupation is to males in another industry doing different work of an equal value.

This hierarchy is also inconsistent with the Court of Appeal's decision in *Terranova*. There is an exception in 23(3) for work predominantly performed by women that has been historically undervalued, however, the onus to prove this is on the applicant. I would argue this burden should be shifted to the defendant.

In my view, this draft bill appears to make it more difficult to bring a successful pay equity claim than under the 1972 Act, putting women back more than 45 years.

Legislation like the draft bill and the current 1972 Act are not the best way to achieve pay equity. Even if the draft bill were changed so that comparators can include those outside the industry, this is still a huge onus on individual employees. Furthermore, employees often can only afford to bring an action with union support. Waiting for each individual employee to bring an action against each employer would take years to achieve pay equity across all job sectors, and it is doubtful this method would ever be successful. ♦

**FORMAL SUBMISSIONS ON THE DRAFT BILL HAVE CLOSED, BUT YOU CAN STILL CONTACT YOUR LOCAL MP TO EXPRESS YOUR CONCERNS SURROUNDING THE DRAFT BILL!**



## CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

Women's Health Action is a charitable trust that aims to promote women's human rights in health, and provide women with high quality information and education services to enable them to maintain their health and make informed choices about their health care. WHA has a health promotion and disease pre-

vention focus, with special interests in breastfeeding, body image, sexual and reproductive justice, and screening.

You can learn more about what they do, and ways to support them, at their website: <https://www.womens-health.org.nz> ♦

## UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS

Ending HIV NZ presents the

### Auckland PrEP Community Forum!

**When:** Thursday 8<sup>th</sup> June, 7pm–9pm

**Where:** The Dog's Bollix, 2 Newton Road

**Price:** Free entry

**Age restrictions:** R18

**Event info:** "Ending HIV presents the Auckland PrEP Community Forum, to provide an upfront and honest space to find out more about PrEP (Pre-exposure Prophylaxis), a daily pill that provides protection from HIV. Entry is free—the bar will be open and nibbles provided. Come along to hear from: a doctor prescribing PrEP, a current PrEP user, a local guy living with HIV, and NZAF's Executive Director. There will be a panel discussion, followed by a Q&A session. The Q&A aims to provide an open space for community members to ask anything they want about PrEP."

**For more info,** check out Ending HIV NZ's Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/Ending-HIVNZ/>

Show your support for combating  
mental illness at the

### Mind Games

fundraiser!

**When:** Friday 9<sup>th</sup> June, 9pm–4am

**Where:** Whammy Bar, St Kevin's Arcade, 183 K Road

**Price:** \$15 presale, \$20 at the door

**Age restrictions:** R18

**Event info:** "Mind Games' is a festival that will bring together many of Auckland's finest local, independent bands and artists to raise funds for The Mental Health Foundation and increase awareness about mental health in New Zealand, with a particular focus on the mental wellbeing of the artistic and musical communities."

**Buy tickets at:** [undertheradar.co.nz](http://undertheradar.co.nz) ♦

## What's On

### Wolfmother THE POWERSTATION

This Friday Aussie rock band Wolfmother are playing at The Powerstation. There are still a few tickets left, so head over to Ticketmaster to grab one. Doors open 7pm.

### Mind Games Festival WHAMMY BAR

Also on this Friday is the Mind Games Festival at Whammy Bar. The festival brings together a bunch of local artists to fundraise for the New Zealand Mental Health Foundation. Tickets are just \$20 on the door.

### Matariki Dawn STARDOME OBSERVATORY

Beginning this Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> June at the Stardome Planetarium and Observatory is the Matariki Dawn show. Learn all about the cultural and astronomical aspects of this star group and hear Māori myths to do with the moon. You'll get to see the Matariki stars up close, too—all for just \$12.

### Beers Without Borders CITY WORKS DEPOT

Coming up, from June 10<sup>th</sup>–18<sup>th</sup>, we have Auckland Beer Week. The team at Brothers Beer is joining up with Beers Without Borders to bring you some of the best beer the world's got to offer. They're hosting a tasting at City Works Depot from 7–10pm, with tickets available online. Get ready to crack open a cold one, with or without the boys.

### Auckland Festival of Photography CITYWIDE

The Auckland Festival of Photography is back for its fourteenth year from Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> June to Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> June. The theme for this year is identity and there will be many exhibits, installations and opportunities for first-time photographers, old-hat photographers and photography enthusiasts. Most events are free, so check online to see what's going on. ♦



## GUIDE TO... Eco Living

*As we become more and more aware of the toxic footprint humans have left on Earth, it's important to make any changes we can to protect our planet and live healthy, sustainable lives.*

*We've got a few basic tips to get you started.*

**Food:** We all love food, right? If you love your body and the planet too, there are a couple of things you can do to help. Choose foods with paper packaging instead of plastic wherever possible. Bite the bullet and buy organic produce to eliminate exposure to pesticides. Lastly, go free range. It might be more expensive, but it's going to help stop horrible caged farming—and it'll prevent you from ingesting the artificial drugs given to caged animals.

**Recycle:** We should all know this one by now. Recycle, people. It's not hard. Look at what you put into the bin before you do so. The days of crumpling up paper and tossing it in the waste are over! Hang onto it until you find a recycling bin. Little acts like these go a long way.

**Products:** One of the best ways you can live clean is to look at what goes into your household and skincare products. Do you really want to be put-

ting chemicals on your face and kitchen utensils? There are lots of great brands out there dedicated to stocking plant-based products without nasty chemicals, so do the right thing and choose one of those. Only Good is a cheap, supermarket skincare brand and ecostore are champions when it comes to household products.

**Fashion:** Don't be fooled—what you wear can definitely have a negative impact on the environment. Most clothing with synthetic fibres contain a number of chemicals which create huge amounts of chemical waste. Oh, and the chems can absorb into your skin. Fun! Choose clothing that uses organic fabrics and plant-based dyes. On top of that, check where your clothes are made. That Lululemon everyone loves? No longer made in Canada—try sweatshops in Bangladesh and Cambodia. Still costs just as much, though. Check before you buy, please. ♦

## 15-Minute Bean and Chorizo Mingle

*This is a super easy, healthy meal to make and only takes a jiff. It's also pretty cheap, aside from the old chorizo. If you're really skint, swap the sausage for chicken breast or tofu. Simple and delicious for a weekday dinner.*

#### What you need:

- 1 Spanish chorizo
- 1 tin butter beans, drained
- 1 tomato
- 2 cups baby spinach
- 4 garlic cloves
- 1 red onion
- Cracked pepper

#### What you do:

1. Chop the onion into fairly large flat pieces, crush the garlic and add to a hot pan with a

little oil.

2. Slice the chorizo then, when the onion and garlic are browning and smelling delish, throw it in the mix.
3. Add the drained butter beans and stir gently.
4. Crack some pepper over the top.
5. Chop the tomato roughly into chunks and add to the pan with the baby spinach.
6. Stir gently until everything is heated through (about 5 minutes), then serve! Told you it was easy. ♦

# 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*

As we're all painfully aware, exams are coming way too quickly; things are getting real. Ya girl Alcoholly is here to let you learn from my mistakes once again. Back in my youthful fundergrad days in the darkest depths of 2010 Wellington, exam drinking meant the occasional desktop bottle of Kristov and declining party invites only the nights before exams. How far I've come. Mature student-dom has taught me the joys of exam-wine. Choose the right juice and the essays will flow out of you—knowledge will stick with every savoured sip.

**2014 Schubert Selection Pinot Noir (\$30):** For the well-conditioned amongst us, with your colour co-ordinated study plan and flashcards at the ready, those of you who took notes all semester and kept ahead of readings; you need a classy bottle. You deserve it. Make it last the week if you must. My pick for you is a classy Martinborough Pinot Noir. Look deep into its layered aromas for all your answers.

**2016 Kindeli El Jabali Syrah (\$28):** Now to the enlightened and minimal-effort approach. Alcoholly circa 2011 involved countless stoned hours spent watching documentaries attempting to absorb information. It's actually quite an effective method if context-less and quote-less case studies are all you require (geography, am I right?). I've got just the drop for you. It's made with no additives, totally natural man. It's crazy juicy and has a great label to boot.

**Veuve Laperriere Blanc de Blancs Brut (\$17):** The rest of you, the last-minute crammers. I'm not judging you, but we both know you're reading this to procrastinate reading something relevant. Don't worry, you're okay. All-nighters work when you pair them with bubbles. This one's el cheapo, but tastes a little bit fancy. No need to wait for the fridge to chill it; wrap it in a wet tea towel, whack in the freezer for twenty minutes et voilà! ♦

## Avoiding exam anxiety

Congratulations guys! We got through our first semester. Whether this be your first semester at uni, or the first half of your last year, it's something to be proud of. It's not over for a lot of us though. To those with assignment-based courses, we wish you luck in your insane final week of the semester. Take a breath, it's just one more week, it'll be okay.

For everyone else with exams, the rollercoaster is not over yet—now's the time to buckle in. Everyone also gets frantic and stressed and nervous around exams, and we've put together a few tips that might help if you're looking for some source of wisdom.

**Listen and talk:** Learn to listen to yourself and understand when you're getting stressed out. Everyone exhibits signs differently, but don't ignore them. When you do feel this way, find someone to talk to about it who will listen and understand what you're going through. Distract yourself, and chat with someone about how you're feeling.

**What you eat and drink matters:** Whilst it might help you with a short burst of energy to get through a long pre-exam night, caffeine contributes to physical stress. It might be a good idea to cut down on coffee. Try to eat a bit healthier in the exam period. Fruit, vegetables, water—they will all help. What's more, new research believes that having some dark chocolate everyday will relax you as it combats the

stress hormone cortisol. In regards to being healthy, the extra sleep is necessary. Don't work on your bed. Find a desk, or go into the lounge. Your bed is for sleeping, and your brain needs to know that.

**Comparison is the thief of joy:** Teddy Roosevelt definitely had it right. Whether it be your appearance, or your ability—comparing yourself to others will never make you happier. Choose your own pace and your own way. Forget about the kid in your class who has everything in a colour-coded binder. If that works for them, then great. But don't feel inadequate because you work differently.

**Breathe:** The best advice in a meltdown situation is to put your pen down and sit back. Panic is often triggered by hyperventilation. Breathe deeply in and out for five seconds. If you have a mantra or a focus you use, think about it or find something in the room to focus on. And keep breathing. When you're feeling better, you can continue.

**What's done is done:** When the exam is over, you can't change anything. Comparing answers and dissecting every little thing you did isn't going to help. It's in the past and you're not Marty McFly. Find something fun to do after your exam—even if you still have some more to go. Give yourself a reward (Treat Yourself 2K17) for what you've just done. ♦

## Top 5... Local Waterfalls

### Kitekite Falls

PIHA

This impressive 3-tiered waterfall is surrounded by bush and drops to a gorgeous blue pool big enough to swim in. The falls are a 30–40 minute return hike to Piha and has some great views along the way. You can also bush-bash up to the top of the falls and swim in one of the two higher pools.

### Karekare Falls

KAREKARE

Just down a long, windy road from Piha is beautiful Karekare, home to one of New Zealand's most rugged beaches and another great waterfall. For those that dislike walking, the Karekare Falls are a good option as they're about a five-minute stroll from the road.

### Oakley Creek Falls

MT ALBERT

A waterfall in the city? How daft, you say! Yes, there is a waterfall amidst our fine city, and a rather pleasant one at that. Oakley Creek Falls is a six-metre curtain waterfall that flows into a stream you can walk alongside and turn into a loop track.

### Vivian Falls

ONEWHERO

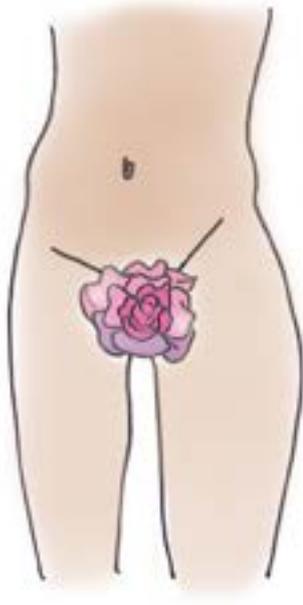
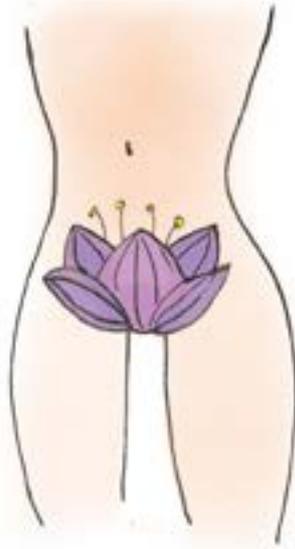
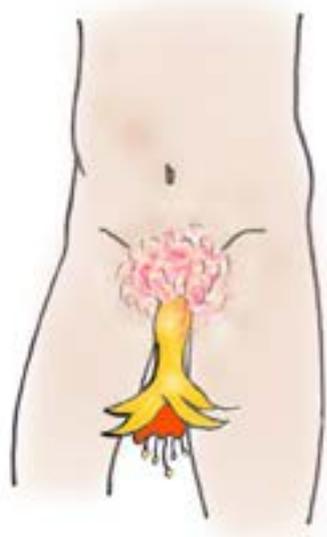
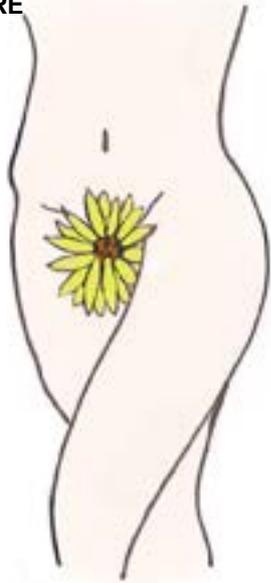
If you don't mind a bit of a journey, definitely check out the Vivian Falls in South Auckland. There aren't too many horse-tail falls around Auckland, and this one is particularly gorgeous, surrounded by moss-covered boulders and velvety bush.

### Hunua Falls

HUNUA RANGES

At a whopping 60 metres, all Aucklanders should make the trip out to Hunua while living in the city. Unfortunately the falls aren't safe for swimming due to a number of conditions. Bring your sneakers and explore one of the many bush tracks leading off from the falls! ♦

FEATURE



## CAUSING A FLAP

*Lana McCarthy on female genital cosmetic surgery and the gender binary*

Have you checked your labia lately? What about the size of them? Are they too small? They're probably too small, and if they're too big, well that's a problem too. I bet you didn't even know it was a problem. But yes! Doctors have decided it is! And now here's another way women can feel ashamed of their bodies!

But not to worry, Female Genital Cosmetic Surgery (FGCS) is here to fix you! BBC's "My Unusual Vagina" shows us Antonia, who's having vaginal reconstruction to fix (yes, I said fix because there's absolutely no way there are a variety of vagina anatomies, but indeed only one proper one—if you're unfamiliar visit [www.pornhub.com](http://www.pornhub.com)) her labia minora (the inner lips) because they hang outside of her labia majora (the outer lips). So if your sexual partners tell you your vagina looks like a "Big Mac", instead of changing your partner, you can change your vagina!

The pressure to conform to the ultimate feminine ideal is all too real and it's reaching new extremes. Let's start with the gender binary.

Bigenderism is the belief that there are two genders, and they are distinctly, and naturally different. We have men and women; the masculine and feminine. These are seen as opposites—to be masculine is to be distinctly not feminine and we as a society value masculinity over femininity. Any exceptions to this binary are not serious or constitute an illness in the individual.

Bigenderism is then fundamental to heteronormativity because the implication is that these two genders pair together to function sexually and socially in partnership. Heterosexuality is not only a sexual relationship, but a fundamentally gendered relationship that orders the norms of social life. Heteronormativity gives us the normal way of being sexual and the normal way of life and doing gender. It works to regulate those within it and sanction and marginalise those outside it. Therefore, the ideal woman in society is a heterosexual feminine woman. And FGCS serves to regulate her to keep her neatly in the hetero box and as close as possible to a "real" feminine woman.

Virginia Braun's study in 2005 showed that though some women opted for FGCS for functional reasons, most women wanted FGCS because they were ashamed of their genitals. That they did not look normal and apparently didn't fit a male-oriented aesthetic. FGCS is advertised as being sexually liberating for women—you've probably seen the ads on magazines: "A whole new world! I can finally relax during sex and reach multiple orgasms!" or "I can relax now and don't have to worry about my boyfriend seeing me naked!"

The surgery pretends to be sexually liberating, but come on, it's clear from these quotes alone the surgery actually works to reinforce op-

pressive social norms about how a "real" woman is heterosexual and exists to serve male sexual pleasure. These women are enjoying sex post surgery because they are pleasing their male partners and conforming to this ideal perfect vagina. FGCS becomes a practice of heteronormativity regulating the diversity of women's bodies and the way they might respond to pleasure uniquely, to fit a male-oriented (and therefore heterosexual) aesthetic. When FGCS surgeons were interviewed, Braun even stated it was very clear that FGCS is actually about male sexual pleasure.

New Zealand surgeon Murray Beagley's website actually states "we restore the anatomy of your vagina"... Restore? To what? Some sort of ideal type of vagina I assume? And surprise surprise... the gold standard most often brought to surgeons in Braun's study were pictures of vaginas from male-oriented pornography like *Playboy*. And heaven forbid you prefer a type of sex that doesn't involve penis in vagina penetration (even though only 25% of women orgasm through this type). It's way more cunning to operate on women's bodies to get them enjoying heterosexual sex than to have that discussion. We desperately need to think about how we constantly judge women's bodies and pressure them to conform to this binary femininity that serves men's pleasure. FGCS is just the newest way in which we do this.

**“FGCS becomes a practice of heteronormativity regulating the diversity of women’s bodies and the way they might respond to pleasure uniquely, to fit a male-oriented (and therefore heterosexual) aesthetic.”**

FEATURE

Now at this point you're probably ripping your hair out, or maybe you're feeling insecure about your labia (to be honest with you, I'd never worried about it UNTIL now). If you can bare it, stick around because it gets worse... It's shocking just how easy it is to gain this surgery. In Braun's study some of the twenty-four surgeons interviewed were experienced in over a thousand surgeries and there are multiple clinics in Auckland where you can waltz straight in and get it done for \$5500. The reason this is important is because of the different experience trans people can have.

People who express a gender different to their biological sex assigned at birth or something in between have their existence medicalised. Medicalisation is the foot soldier of heteronormativity. Disguised as a way of "treating" or "helping" trans people on their journey to gender expression, it's actually just dedicated to legitimising individuals who are non-binary as the problem and then sanctioning and marginalising them. If they want back into society, they need to play by the rules and get back in their (gender) lane!

The "illness" is Gender Identity Disorder

\*eye roll\* and it can be treated \*eye roll\* with sex reassignment surgery, but only if you want to transition into the ideal feminine woman, or the ideal masculine man. Again, regulating people back to the binary! The trans narrative of gender dysphoria must be your reality. And it is for some trans people! But it also isn't for a vast number. You must be "trapped in your body" and "always known" you've identified as the opposite gender. You have to live for two years as, for example, a woman in society and prove you can do gender properly before being considered for surgery—no shit, my friends, this is honestly straight from the Ministry of Health website. You must have permission from various psychologists who reward desires to be the ideal feminine woman with access to surgery and deny it to those who want to get sex reassignment surgery, but identify as genderfluid or non-binary. If this is you—you're a fake trans. You don't really want to be a *real* woman. Accepting that there might be ways outside the dichotomy of expressing your gender would pose far too much of a threat to the binary and the heteronormativity that rests upon it.

So 1) we've labelled non binary conformers as ill; 2) they have to admit this, then swear oath

to the REAL way of doing gender to get surgery and last but not least; 3) even then if you recite this gender dysphoria narrative, it's almost impossible to get surgery in New Zealand. All of this is a desperate attempt to try to reassert the gender binary and heterosexuality while sanctioning those outside it.

The last sex reassignment surgeon resigned in 2014 and Sally Langley, from the New Zealand Association of Plastic Surgeons, said it was hard to get surgeons to fill the position as most of the field was dominated by breast reconstructive work. Surprised? Another surgery you can get, minus the interrogation, in New Zealand for around \$10,000. Trans people either have to wait fifty years in the public system, or pay around \$20,000 to get it done overseas.

This is the fundamental difference between the two surgery situations we have here. In one instance access is easy, in the other it's near impossible. In one instance there is a threat posed to the gender binary and heteronormativity, and in the other there isn't. We need serious discussion around the oppressive nature of the gender binary and the damage it does to those who conform and to those who don't. ♦

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**WE WANT YOU!**

Have you done some thing super creative/cultural/artistic in the last semester and are wanting some exposure? AUSA is putting together a zine for your reading pleasure about the wonderful cultural and artistic goings on at the University, but we need your help.

**SUBMISSIONS MUST BE ABLE TO FIT ON AN A6 PIECE OF PAPER AND CAN RANGE FROM ARTWORK TO POEMS TO REVIEWS OF SHOWS.**

**IF YOU HAVE ANY THING YOU WOULD LIKE TO INCLUDE PLEASE SEND IT TO [CAO@AUSA.ORG.NZ](mailto:CAO@AUSA.ORG.NZ) BEFORE WEEK 2 OF SECOND SEMESTER.**

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ART BY ISOBEL GLEDHILL (@ISOBEL\_G)

## MONEY TALKS

*Mark Fullerton and Isobel Gledhill examine the implications of a hasty financial decision made by the AUSA Executive*

*One brisk autumn morning, a member of the AUSA Executive and a member of the Craccum editorial team sat down for coffee. Naturally, Craccum came up. Craccum always comes up. Craccum is life.*

*The member of the Craccum team bemoaned the fact that Craccum is, despite a boost in funding over the summer, stuck in the unfortunate position of having lots of expenses with not nearly enough money. The Exec member agreed, noting that it would now be especially difficult for the magazine now that the \$5000 resource budget had been reduced.*

*This particular piece of information was news to the Craccum section editor. The budget was stretched thinly as it was, and now they had even less to play with? Questions were asked, and a clearer picture began to emerge. If it weren't for this coffee date, the 2017 Craccum Editors may have never found out that their budget had been slashed by almost a third.*

*And, if it weren't for this coffee date, the fact that the AUSA Executive had voted to increase their own pay by nearly \$30,000 would have gone unnoticed, too.*

Rewind to November 2016. The AUSA draft budget for 2017, which included significant changes to the *Craccum* budget, was passed by

the Executive.<sup>1</sup> These changes meant that *Craccum* would be allocated a total of \$25,000 with which they could pay the section editors, who otherwise would have been working voluntarily. The *Craccum* resource budget, which had been \$10,000 in 2016, was dropped to \$5000, but as \$5000 of the previous budget had gone towards gift vouchers as a thank-you for the 2016 section editors, this was uncontroversial. The 2017 editors set about assembling their team. In early February, the *Craccum* section editors were confirmed and contracts were signed.

While it seems odd for an organisation to decide on a budget then not lock it in for almost four months, the nature of student unions and the academic year leave little choice. There are things that must be paid for before the students return, such as Orientation Week and AUSA staff salaries. However, owing to unforeseen changes in income and necessary expenditure, the budget is normally adjusted to some extent by the new Executive. Furthermore, the incoming Exec may have different priorities to the one before.

So, by the time March rolled around, attitudes had changed. Returning 2016 Executive members, who had been unhappy with some

aspects of the draft budget, took the opportunity to convince the fresher faces to reconsider them—including the increased spend on *Craccum*. Penelope Jones, 2015 Womens' Rights Officer, 2016 Welfare Vice-President and current Student Engagement Officer, pointed out the hypocrisy of paying *Craccum* section editors weekly, while leaving AUSA's 10-hour a week Exec members paid with gift vouchers totalling around \$300 a semester.<sup>2</sup>

Jones brought up the fact that two members of the 2016 Executive who had advocated for the *Craccum* line were now themselves members of the *Craccum* editorial team, suggesting that they had voted in self-interest, and that this undermined the rationale for section editor pay altogether. This claim was in itself inaccurate, as the pair weren't offered their *Craccum* roles until after the draft budget meeting, and one was a position that didn't exist until early January. Whatever the case, this particular budget line was off-limits—contracts had already been signed, and to renege on the agreements would

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<sup>2</sup> These Exec members are known as "Portfolios", and include positions such as Political Engagement Officer, Culture and Arts Officer and the various campus reps. Confusingly, the positions paid for 20 hours a week are known as "the Officers", despite none of their titles ending in "Officer" and all of their titles ending in "Vice-President". On top of them is President Will "Big Boi" Matthews, who is paid for 40 hours a week.

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<sup>1</sup> *Craccum* is funded by, but remains editorially independent from, AUSA

leave AUSA open to legal action.

Speaking to *Craccum*, Jones justified her advocacy for paying Portfolios. “There are many students out there who are not able to put themselves forwards for positions on the AUSA Executive purely because of the need to also work part-time, in order to pay the costs of study,” she said. “I hope that these proposed changes will remove this barrier, and that the AUSA elections will be more hotly contested in the future.” Jones also cited a vote by the Victoria University Wellington Students’ Association (VUWSA) to raise the Executive pay to minimum wage. However, this vote took place in April, while the AUSA budget meetings took place in March.

It was suggested that the Portfolio positions be paid at the same rate as the Officers and the President—roughly \$17.40 an hour, or the equivalent of minimum wage after tax, and an approximate total of \$54,000 a year for the entire Exec. This would result in take-home pay of around \$157 per week for the 12 weeks of each semester and one week on either side, a total of 28 weeks. Due to the hasty nature with which this proposal was cobbled together, it was only viable to pay the 2017 Executive at this rate for the second half of the semester. Even so, this left the Exec with the task of finding an extra \$30,000 with which to pay themselves.

More modest options were proposed by the Officers, and were promptly rejected by the newly self-aware Portfolios. One such proposal would have put Portfolio pay at around \$50 a week, an amount comparable to the *Craccum* section editors, but *Craccum*-level sweatshop wages were not satisfactory. Another proposal was to leave the decision until the 2017 draft budget to avoid the inevitable conflict of interest—this was rejected on the basis that this would simply “delay the conversation”, that the issue would keep getting put off and Portfolio pay would never happen. So, honourably and selflessly, to relieve future executives of the inconvenience of this discussion, the 2017 Executive held strong. The \$17.40 rate stood.

Clearly this matter was also too pressing to wait for anything like consultation with students. However, any changes to the Executive pay structure will require changes to the AUSA Constitution, so the Exec were aware that they would eventually have to justify to students why they deserved the money they would set aside for themselves. Constitutional changes must take place via a Special General Meeting or, as AUSA has finally given up on luring 200 people to the quad in winter and “democracy sausages” just don’t have the pull they used to, through an online referendum. Even if the changes were to be passed in the Budget, there would be no guarantee that the necessary mechanics would be approved by the student body, other than a history of absent-minded students putting their hand up because someone yelled at them through a microphone, before returning to their butter chicken chips.

Paying the Portfolio positions at a rate which means

they can focus on their AUSA work isn’t a bad idea. At the current rate, they’re rocking about \$2.50 an hour. But the way some Exec members were prepared to scrap the *Craccum* subeditors’ pay calls into question whether their motives were a) fairly paying people that do work for AUSA or b) fairly paying themselves. *Craccum* pay ranges between \$20 and \$75 a week—less than a third of the proposed Portfolio pay, and certainly not enough to allow them to give up part-time jobs, a problem further compounded by the outrageous form of socialist ass-blasting known as “secondary income tax.” #voteforACT

While it is fair that Portfolios want to be able to justify taking an AUSA position financially, an Executive where all the Portfolios consistently do AUSA work for 10 hours would represent a major improvement in work ethic—so major, it seems unlikely and possibly impossible. Although 10 hours each can easily be accounted in some weeks, such as Orientation Week, in weeks without many events, not all Portfolios put in the effort to create work for themselves. Even when there are events on, it is typically counted as hours when Executive simply turn up as an audience member. Showing support is important, but should AUSA really be paying \$17.40 an hour for a twelve-strong rent-a-crowd?

History doesn’t show that Portfolio members consistently make up the 10 hours a week that they are elected to do. Last year, an expectation that the Portfolios would keep a timesheet of their hours in exchange for a substantial increase in their bonuses wasn’t especially successful—while some Portfolios were diligent about keeping track of their hours, many didn’t bother and others simply didn’t do enough. When *Craccum* asked about how the Exec members would be held accountable, we were told that the most likely option for distributing the pay is the same model as VUWSA, which has a committee consisting of the President and three other Exec who meet fortnightly to assess their colleagues’ timesheets and reports and decide whether they have earned their \$174ish a week.<sup>3</sup>

It’s hard to see how the pay could be distributed in a way that is both efficient and encourages accountability. Following the recent departure of the General Manager, AUSA has no dedicated HR staff member. With two new employees and such a major chunk of the Budget going to Executive pay, AUSA probably can’t afford someone to pick up the GM’s duties, meaning the Administrative Vice-President and President will be further stretched in staff matters. VUWSA’s committee system works in theory, but the AUSA committee would have to discuss eleven people, rather than seven. This would ultimately eat into the hours of the President and whichever Exec members were on the committee, who would presumably have to

<sup>3</sup> If this structure goes ahead *Craccum* will supply popcorn for the Exec meeting where the Exec members fight it out to be on the “Do You Deserve To Be Paid” Committee.

“...any changes to the Executive pay structure will require changes to the AUSA Constitution, so the Exec were aware that they would eventually have to justify to students why they deserved the money they had set aside for themselves.”

spend a fair portion of their ten hours assessing work reports and timesheets rather than focusing on initiatives for their portfolio.

Then there's the question of whether this money could be better spent elsewhere. There are the obvious arguments—that it could be diverted to the welfare fund to aid struggling students, or saved for future investments. Former AUSA Treasurer Dean Cutfield told *Craccum* that while he supported Portfolio pay in theory, it was a catch-22. Such a substantial amount being locked in for paying the Executive every year would limit what AUSA could do in the future, he said; "It's easy to give pay, but hard to stop giving it."

Much of the money now earmarked to pay Exec members was appropriated from the line that had been set aside by the 2016 Executive for a new AUSA Board, which would have brought people with professional experience to advise on some of the more difficult business decisions that AUSA makes. The benefits of experienced decision makers are obvious, but establishment of the Board would have also removed legal liability that second-year university students currently unknowingly take on when they join the Exec. With the Exec wanting to redirect almost \$40,000 in order to pay themselves, it would be unlikely that this plan would go ahead. In allocating the Budget as they have, the Exec have gambled these potential structures on the fact the student body will consent to Portfolios being paid \$170 a week.

In the final budget meeting, the majority of the Executive had been won over by the argument for Executive pay to begin during their term at \$17.40 an hour. This meant

that they now had to find almost \$30,000 from elsewhere in the AUSA Budget, many of them having made one of the biggest financial decisions of their lives mere weeks into their AUSA tenure. During the "horrid, horrid" meeting, the Exec cut thousands of dollars from other lines to make it up. To start, \$1500 was provisionally taken away from the *Craccum* resources line. However, three hours and one mutilated budget later, the money had been found elsewhere. The *Craccum* cuts were unnecessary. But, over the course of the marathon discussion, they were forgotten. The cuts remained, the budget was passed, and the *Craccum* editors remained in the dark. This was, according to President Will Matthews, "human error."

It was this human error that resulted in *Craccum* editors past and present converging on an Exec meeting in early April to kindly request that AUSA give them their fucking money back.

Despite Matthews acknowledging that the cut was a mistake, the Executive were still oddly reluctant to concede the cash. Eventually, the motion to restore the \$1500 to *Craccum* was passed with twelve votes of the thirteen present. The Grafton rep, after an aggressive yet futile attempt at grilling the *Craccum* team over their alcohol spend,<sup>4</sup> abstained.

Their budget restored and their job done, the *Craccum* cohort left.

"Well," someone said. "That was embarrassing." ♦

<sup>4</sup> Which, as of May 28, totals \$22.99 for a box of Flame from Victoria Street Liquor, a purchase made in early February for an editorial team meet-and-greet.

"This meant that they now had to find almost \$30,000 from elsewhere in the AUSA Budget, many of them having made one of the biggest financial decisions of their lives mere weeks into their AUSA tenure."



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FEATURE



ART BY JOSH HART (@VRUKOTTE)

# THE FUTURE IS FEMINIST

*Robert Westall takes a look at the role equality has to play in the sustainability of our planet*

The United Nations believes that by 2050, the world's population will have increased by 2.4 billion people—the result being a greater demand for natural resources that much of the world rely on, such as fresh water, oil and coal. The population growth is expected to occur mainly in developing countries where coal is often used as a cheap energy source. The increase in population will therefore result in an increase in demand for coal.

Coal power creates high levels of greenhouse gas emissions, as does burning oil, which is essential for producing and transporting goods in growing economies. This means population growth in developing countries will lead to greater emissions. The localised environmental effect of this will be a reduction in air quality and the increase of emissions will affect climate change. Climate change is already responsible for damaging our environment and ecosystems, such as the bleaching of the Great Coral Reef. However, scientists predict that this century will see large-scale human devastation and economic disruption due to rising sea levels caused by climate change.

To keep up with the population growth, food production will need to increase. This is concerning because agriculture also has a damaging effect on our environment. For example, according to the Ministry for the Environment, agriculture is responsible for 48% of New Zealand's greenhouse gas emissions. The challenge of feeding the world will become increasingly difficult. The World Food Programme predicts that by 2050, food supply will not meet demand and the number of malnourished children will have increased by the tens of millions—the sad irony being that unpredictable events directly caused by climate change, such as droughts, will disrupt food production.

Wider business and trade will be disrupted too. A University of Southampton study predicts that rising sea levels, caused by climate change, will be responsible for the major destruction of key infrastructure around the world. For example, the study states that \$2 trillion (USD) of assets in Kolkata alone could be at risk by 2070. Furthermore, a predicted increase in the frequency of weather events could make freight unpredictable and insurance premiums skyrocket,

hurting every industry reliant on importing and exporting. Droughts and flooding could hurt the agricultural industry, crippling the New Zealand economy.

Therefore, we must act decisively and we must act now. We need to be innovative and find cleaner ways to farm, produce energy, make goods and then transport those goods. We also need to consider ways to reduce population growth, because trying to reduce the human impact on the planet is hard enough without factoring in large-scale population growth in countries that are highly reliant on dirty energy.

Population growth is primarily due to improvements in life expectancy and child mortality rates, a result of modern medicine becoming widely available. The most viable way to reduce this growth is by reducing the fertility rate, and one positive method of doing this is through the promotion of feminism. Feminism and achieving equality for women are essential if we want to become a better and fairer society, but its promotion in developing countries could also help prevent environmental devastation.

Imagine you have been told from birth that

**“Feminism and achieving equality for women are essential if we want to become a better and fairer society, but its promotion in developing countries could also help prevent environmental devastation.”**

**FEATURE**

your job in life is to marry and have children, and society enforced this by denying you equal access to education and employment opportunity. This is the kind of oppressive society that most women still live in around the world, and it is especially visible in many developing countries with above average fertility rates such as Chad, Yemen and Pakistan. Simply put, the result of confining women to the role of a wife and child-bearer is a high fertility rate. Therefore, to reduce population growth and our impact on the planet we must embrace feminist principles of equality and choice.

One key way of achieving this is through equal access to good quality education. Statistics show educated women have fewer children. The UN states that Niger has the lowest female literacy rate in the world at 11%, but the highest fertility rate at 7.6. Latvia on the other hand, has the highest female literacy rate at 99.9%, but a fertility rate of just 1.7. In fact, the bottom ten countries for female literacy, which are all developing countries, have an average fertility rate of 5.49. The top ten average just 1.94. It should also be noted that the literacy rate for women was on average 19.16% less than men in the bottom ten, compared to 0.01% in the top ten.

It is also important that women have equal opportunities in business through fair pay, equal access to employment, career advancement and entrepreneurship. It has been shown that when

women have greater equality in business they have less children. Scandinavia has the smallest wage gap in the world and has an average birth rate of just 1.85. This is because women who have equal opportunities to advance in business, will often choose to have fewer children or start a family later in life so they can continue pursuing their career goals.

It is irrational that profit-driven businesses should even consider gender when employing or advancing somebody; the only relevant factor should be a person's ability to advance the business. Despite this, women still face adversity in business. Women who lead are often depicted as controlling and cold, whereas their male counterparts are depicted as strong. This is just one example of the unfair and sexist stereotypes women face in business and wider society. Businesses should lead from the front and dismiss the stereotypes that hold women back and instead empower women by guaranteeing equal opportunities.

In doing so, businesses will be rewarded by having access to a larger pool of talent who want to work for a fair employer, and gain a competitive advantage over those who still believe boardrooms and management should be the domain of men. Furthermore, by paying women fairly and defeating sexist culture, businesses will have a stronger united workforce. This will increase productivity and ensure that those advancing are

the best people regardless of gender.

Finally, women through diversity can bring a valuable and unique perspective to the boardroom and management, increasing a business's ability to see and capture a wider market, and find new opportunities that other less diverse businesses cannot see, which is a major competitive advantage.

It should also be pointed out that feminism is beneficial for the economy. The McKinsey Global Institute believes that 2025 projections for US GDP would be 10% higher if women participated equally in the workplace and the wage gap was eliminated. Therefore, developing countries should embrace feminism as not only a means to make their countries fairer and to reduce their need for natural resources, but also because it is advantageous for their growing economies.

If we can achieve real equality in our businesses, then in time business leaders in developing countries will also embrace the benefits of equality and adopt the same principles. This combined with equal access to education and employment opportunities should lead to a reduction in the fertility rate in those countries. This will slow population growth and lead to lower greenhouse gas emissions, meaning future environmental damage will be reduced. Feminism is good for the environment, good for business, good for the economy, and good for society. ♦

“It is irrational that profit-driven businesses should even consider gender when employing or advancing somebody; the only relevant factor should be a person's ability to advance the business.”

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## Nine-Nine!

With Anoushka Maharaj

Like the less-than-humble evolution of the sandwich, media content has expanded and diversified, and risen to new levels of genius and absurdity (I just read about a sandwich that costs £85, and another one called “Candwich,” a PB&J sandwich in a can). I’ve been trying to find this Japanese film, *Cold Fish*, for like seven years now and when you google it, its synopsis comes up as “*The passive owner of a fish store becomes entangled with a murderous couple and implicated in their gruesome crimes.*” Is this not one of the most inviting film descriptions you’ve ever heard?

We’re in “The Golden Age of Television” (and the golden age of sandwiches), where we are treated to obviously clever content like *House of Cards*, *Veep* or *The Handmaid’s Tale* and content that maybe flies under the radar of “golden,” but is wonderful nonetheless: *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, *Fargo* or *How to Get Away With Murder*. There is literally good shit to watch everywhere you look. There are shows that embody the complicated issues currently afflicting our world, relying on clever dialogue that perhaps doesn’t translate to everyone’s consciousness. But then there are shows like *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, which manage to be bright, delightful and happy while delving into important issues. It’s simple, but it’s still effective (title of your sex tape).

After *The Office* and *Parks and Recreation* ended, there were few shows that could elicit the same kind of affection and comfort that they had. In my last two years of high school, I was in and out of hospital and took so much time off school that I had resorted to staying in bed, re-watching a bunch of (way too easily accessible) content on Netflix. My sister would leave for work at 8am, return at 5pm, and I’d still be in the exact same place, crying over Jim and Pam and their realistically terrible relationship choices (shhh, I was sick. No judgment). What I’m saying is—film and television hold a unique place in our lives, and often end up being more than just

“entertainment,” because of the personal experience that goes into producing them, and because sometimes when you are at your very worst, they can give you the comedic relief or the inspiration that you need.

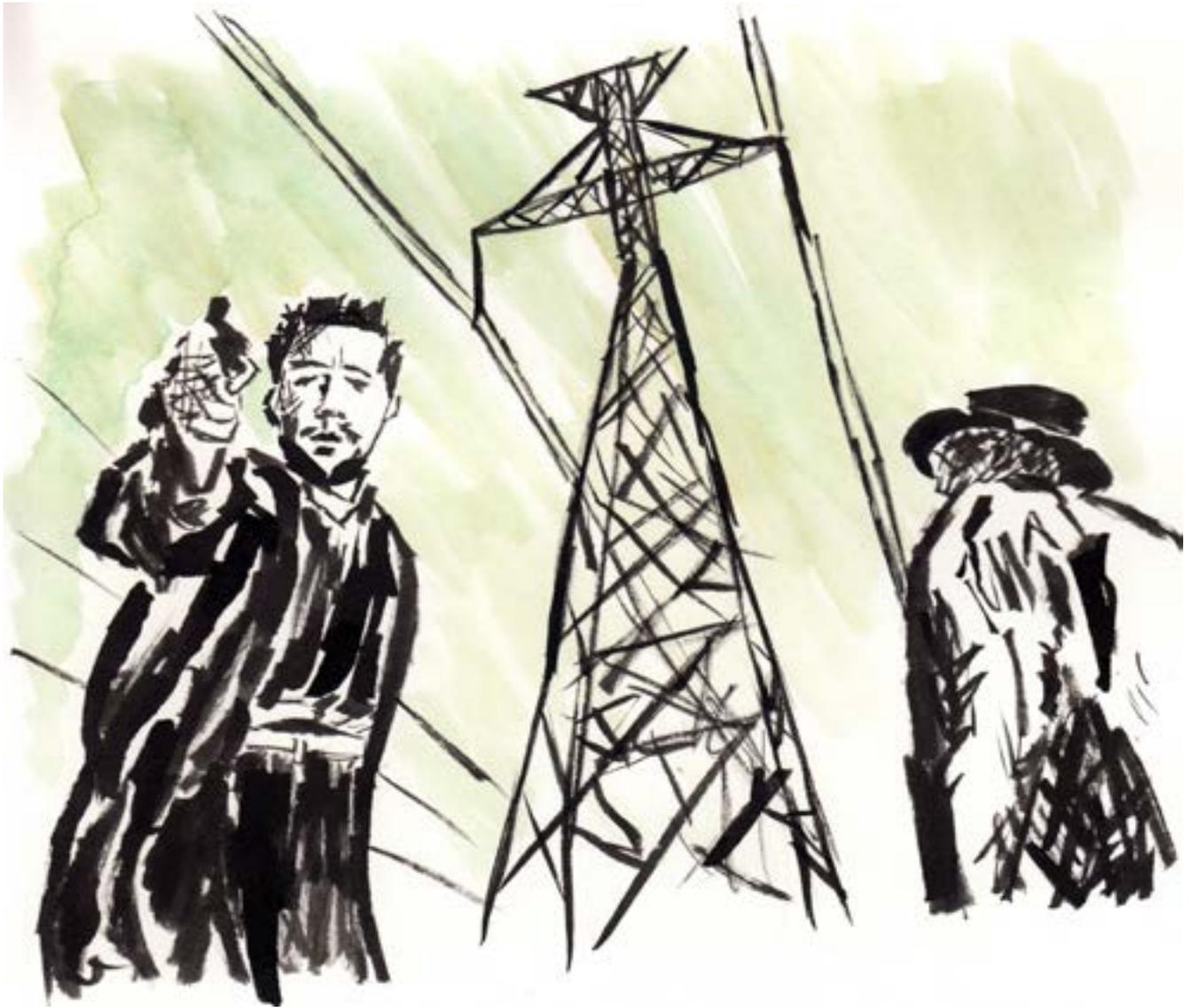
Like anything in life, the best part of *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* is its relationships—whether it’s the loveable ribbing that takes place between Jake and Holt; Amy and Rosa realising that they needed to have each other’s backs in a predominantly male environment; or Charles’ adamant encouragement of Jake and Amy’s relationship (which can border on the excessive at times, but is ultimately uplifting and lovely); or Terry’s role as the self-described “Mother Hen”, who takes care of the squad with a genuine love and protectiveness. It also redefines male friendships, wherein it’s a common theme of the show to see the male characters lift each other up and take an active interest in each other’s lives (with a large focus being given to Charles’ wedding); hugging each other more than anyone else on the show; providing advice or support, with one adorable moment featuring Jake saying, “*Sarge... I love you*” and having Terry reply, “*I love you too, Jake.*” Even Hitchcock and Scully, who are the resident gross characters, are endearing in their love for each other.

The show also reinforces the concept of “family”, and the complex idea that as you get older, you often get to pick who they become. Jake, with his dysfunctional concept of familial ties, realises during a Thanksgiving episode that you get the amazing opportunity as an adult to make new traditions, and when given the chance, you can embrace the fact that people can be good, and loving, and not as shitty or selfish as your upbringing might have taught you. Andre Braugher’s portrayal of Holt has secured him as one of the most memorable and brilliant characters on television, often sharing words of wisdom in his deadpan way, or delivering a surprising

amount of warmth in moments where his peers need it most. A particularly cherished moment was when Rosa tearfully expresses how afraid she is that she’s missed her chance at love forever, to which Holt responds by bursting into tears.

Another unusual tack that the show takes is with its main romantic relationship—Jake and Amy are a rare example of a healthy and enduring couple, who don’t rely on stupid, exaggerated plot points to propel their relationship forward. When they realised they wanted to be together, they made it work, encountering few real issues outside of funny, personal hang-ups to do with who lives in what apartment, or whether Jake should throw out his lumpy, disgusting mattress. It also points out the fact that healthy relationships aren’t necessarily boring, and that there is a special kind of enjoyment in seeing a TV couple progress, and that despite Jake being a huge goof-ball and Amy being incredibly pedantic, these traits aren’t reductive and can exist in harmony.

*Brooklyn Nine-Nine* is an important show for numerous reasons, with the provision of personal comfort only being one of them. It fights hard for its characters to be perceived as complicated and advocates for mutual respect and support. It is a show that doesn’t shy away from real-world issues without compromising on its ability to entertain. It depicts characters who are multifaceted, capable of warmth and sadness despite how rigid they might seem on the outside (i.e. Rosa’s infrequent but meaningful expressions of love). Comedy TV can often be dismissed due to its perceived lack of complexity, but *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, officially renewed for another season, is the exact kind of relief we need right now. It is a reminder that people are inherently good, friendships are life-changing, and that regardless of whatever new media we have access to, we’re still just big sooks who are always going to be drawn toward simple triumphs found in human connection. ♦



## Ladies and gentlemen, we have ourselves a homicide

By Samantha Gianotti

Famously precise and pedantic, David Fincher makes great fucking movies. Better yet, he's only directed ten which means you can offhandedly drop in the fact that you've seen *all of his films* and you have *lots of thoughts to share* at parties, family gatherings, or in an article for your weekly student rag. Here's a cheeky list ranking them from worst to best so you can prioritise your viewing. (But it would only take 23 hours and 48 minutes to watch all ten, so why not hoon them all in a weekend ya know?)

### **10. The one he famously disowned: *Alien 3* (1992)**

Fresh out of directing a whole bunch of music

videos, Fincher's first feature film was the third installment in the much-loved *Alien* franchise. This foray into the world of filmmaking proper was, in his own words, a "baptism by fire", and ultimately his creative choices were overshadowed by a schloppy script and studio demands; he was fired from the film three times, he worked on it for two years, and was left with a product that little resembled the vision he had for Ellen Ripley's third outing. Even the later recut of the film released on the DVD special edition was not a director's cut, but another version that Fincher had no part in creating and has never seen. *Alien 3* goes at the bottom of the list, just as it sits at the bottom of David Finch-

er's heart, and just like fighting those aliens a third time was at the bottom of Ripley's vision board for the year 2184.

(Side note: the previous installment, *Aliens*, was helmed by James Cameron, a job which he reportedly secured by walking into the boardroom, writing "Aliens" on the chalkboard, then striking two lines through the "S" so it turned into a dollar sign. Which is fucking incredible.)

### **9. The one where Cate Blanchett's character was slowly dying the whole time and honestly so was I: *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* (2008)**

As the age-old saying goes, "If David Fincher is

ever going to tell a love story, it's going to involve a woman giving birth to a baby-old man who slowly turns into Brad Pitt and bones ballerina Cate Blanchett for a time before slowly turning into an old man-baby". And so it was. While a sweeping love story winding across decades, sharing the tale of two people whose bond quite literally stood the test of time should be winner winner chicken dinner, sadly it's more malaise malaise spaghetti bolognese. Old Cate Blanchett grasping at her hospital sheets, growing breathier and more distressed as the film progressed strongly resembled my clawing at my duvet, sighing deeply and becoming increasingly upset as I realised this film was *nearly three hours long*. And Brad Pitt's New Orleans accent is approximately three shakes away from his *Inglourious Basterds* southern drawl, which kind of just makes you wish you were watching that instead. (It was visually beautiful and the CGI that made Brad look old as balls then hot as heck was cool. Sorry David I love you.)

**8 & 7. The ones that are like, good, but kind of get forgotten about: *Panic Room* (2002) & *The Game* (1997)**

If there's one thing David Fincher can do well (which there isn't, there's a thousand), it's put together a solid thriller. *Panic Room* and *The Game* are good examples of this. The former follows Jodie Foster and Kristen Stewart in a single space as they elude the violent burglars in their house. The latter features Michael Douglas as a wealthy investment wanker banker who is gifted entry to a "game" that envelops his life, intended to wake him up to the value of living that he has forgotten.

Both films are totally decent, but lack the tangible tension/emotional impact wrought by the central figures in Fincher's other thrillers. They're certainly a showcase of his technical skill, featuring impressive set pieces and painstakingly plotted cinematography—nothing in the frame ever feels accidental. These probs won't be your favourite, but that doesn't mean they're not worth a cheeky watch.

**6. How did Daniel Craig get away with not doing a Swedish accent: *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo* (2011)**

Fincher is known for his pursuit of perfection (particularly in always filming an exorbitant amount of takes), so it sort of makes zero sense that Daniel Craig, playing a Swedish journalist living in Sweden named Mikael Blomkvist, got away with sounding like he'd just sailed up the Thames, guvnah. Apparently Dan thought doing a Swedish accent would be stupid so just didn't do it, but Rooney Mara actually pierced her nipple for this bloody film, so could you maybe make a bit of an effort, mate?

It's always *cool* to talk about how the *original foreign film was better* and lambast Hollywood for becoming *bloated by reboots and remakes* (admittedly, not entirely untrue), but Fincher's

subsequent adaptation of Stieg Larsson's novel *bangs*. Fincher takes two characters, two seemingly disparate stories, and some pretty scarring subject matter, and turns it into a film bathed in intrigue, bloodshed, yellow-filtered flashbacks and falsehoods, with the struggles and subsequent revenge of a young woman solidly in the foreground.

**5. The one where Boston Red Sox supporter Ben Affleck agreed to show his dick but wouldn't wear a New York Yankees cap: *Gone Girl* (2014)**

In the hands of a different director, *Gone Girl* could have been just another mystery/crime thriller with a big ol' twist, but under Dave's tutelage (does he like to be called Dave? Let's just go for it), the novel's meditation on the modern news cycle, trigger-happy journalism and the prickly condition of modern relationships is translated flawlessly to the big screen. And it goes *off*. Rosamund Pike is the MVP of this one, as she bleeds and diarises and box-cutters her way to her picture of domestic bliss, her performance couched in tightly-controlled camerawork and a Trent Reznor/Atticus Ross score that sets your teeth on edge.

Ben Affleck's key contribution is the fact that he shut production down for four days after refusing to wear a New York Yankees cap, the rival team of his beloved Boston Red Sox. Fincher solidly roasts him for this on the DVD commentary (just like Ben roasted Michael Bay on the DVD commentary for *Armageddon* for basing his film on the idea of training oil-drillers to become astronauts instead of astronauts to become oil-drillers. A conversation for another time).

**4. The one where before you watch it you're like "this is a movie about Facebook" but after you're like "this is a movie about love and friendship and unspoken pain and I am a broken woman": *The Social Network* (2010)**

When you fancy watching one of Fincher's films that doesn't involve serious amounts of violence/maiming/death by throat slitting, *The Social Network* has all the hallmarks of his slick style and only manages to maim your heart (EDUARDO'S SHARES WERE DILUTED TO .03%). Tracking the creation of Facebook and the subsequent breakdown of the friendship between Mark Zuckerberg and Eduardo Saverin, this was the first collaboration between Fincher and Trent Reznor and Atticus Ross, whose score provides the brooding backdrop for this tale of hubris and betrayal.

This movie has both big sweeping sequences (the Henley Royal Regatta rowing race set to "In The Hall of the Mountain King", holy shit) and subtle nuances (the contrasting boardroom settings for Mark's two concurrent lawsuits), but at its heart it's simply a tale of two friends who were never quite sure of just how much they meant to the other. (FUCK.)

**3. The one that gives you the most pop culture capital: *Fight Club* (1999)**

At its debut at the Venice Film Festival, *Fight Club* was pretty much universally hated, but Fincher's adaptation of Chuck Palahniuk's cult classic amassed a cult following in its own right. It was critically and financially a bit of a dud, and has since taken on the status of "Favourite Film Of Every Dude Who Will Tell You This Even If You Don't Ask", but that doesn't mean it isn't still a zinger. There is a great deal of craft in getting an audience to not only watch an insomniac narrator having a break with reality, but to also have them *feel* that exhaustion and growing detachment, to have them so engrossed in the characters that (all going well) they're totally blindsided by the final reveal, then totally fuckin' jazzed when they watch it again and sew together all the threads they breezed right past the first time round.

**2. The one that's god-awfully long but pretty great whichever way you slice it: *Zodiac* (2007)**

This is probably Fincher's most ambitious addition, tying together the many loose ends of the investigation from the late 1960s/early 1970s into the murders of the infamous, undiscovered Zodiac killer. It's arse-ingly long, and you know how it's going to end when you enter into it (sadb0i Jake Gyllenhaal ain't ever gonna find that killer); the dead-ends and lengthy dialogue weigh on you as you progress. But to a point and purpose—you are drawn into the slog, the laborious task of piecing together piecemeal clues, the frustrations of the reporters and law enforcement become yours as well. And amongst the moments of frustration, there are sequences of phenomenal tension that leave you pinching back a panic poo (Jake slinking down into that scary dude's basement HELLO). The cast is stacked and the film is beautiful to watch, Fincher's omniscient camera lens tracing across the state of California, to recreate the movements of a killer who did the same.

**1. The best one: *Se7en* (1995)**

*Se7en* was Fincher's second film and there was certainly some skepticism as to whether the guy who shit the bed on *Alien 3* (largely to no fault of his own) could manage a serious thriller. But oi oi saveloy, manage it he did! This is Fincher's gnarliest number, from the opening montage to the end credits that roll backwards (because when you've just watched a movie that features death by canned spaghetti, the credits roll backwards because nothing makes sense and the world is awful). As Morgan Freeman and Brad Pitt track down a killer basing his murders on the Seven Deadly Sins, you are steadily pulled into the deluge of depression that shrouds the world in which they live, the gore and suspense ramping up with each additional discovery until the film's tense final act when the score and character flaws and desolate setting meld into a *fuckin' epic show-down*. This movie bangs. Brad Pitt cries. David Fincher owns my ass. ♦



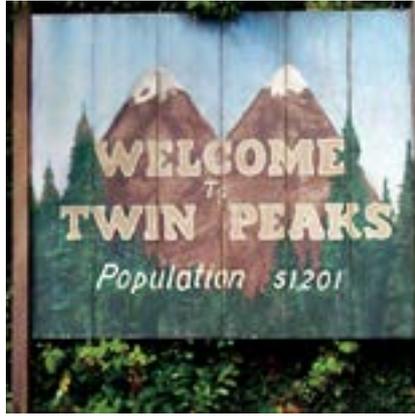
## House of Cards Season 5

TV SHOW REVIEW BY GINNY W

*House of Cards* has had a rather spectacular return to form in terms of viewership and popularity. Already a frontrunner because of its unique status as Netflix's political drama darling, and steeped in a history of refreshingly ruthless and raw portrayals of the Washington rat race, it goes beyond saying that everyone had high hopes for its latest season. Lucky for us, it returned last week, which was plenty of time to binge-watch the entire thing.

It would be accurate to say that *House of Cards* returned with more of a soft sigh than with a bang. Perhaps it's a bit like the *Game of Thrones* effect: the earlier seasons had such a huge impact in terms of being controversial and/or graphic that if those limits aren't exceeded with new material, audiences get bored. Another theory, however, is that despite the skillful acting by Robin Wright and Kevin Spacey, the story of the Underwoods has become incredibly one-note. This season is all about how to deal with reaching the pinnacle of power, and while there is a clear attempt at capitalising on the trainwreck rhetoric that belongs to Trump in order to have art imitate life, the truth is that the Underwoods become much more boring when they aren't trying frantically to claw their way to the top.

*House of Cards*' entertainment value came from the ruthlessness of its leads, and how the narrative of earlier seasons was about political manoeuvring and its alluring uncertainty. When there's no competition in the way that can't be conquered at the drop of a hat with outrageously murderous strategies, it stops becoming exciting and starts becoming overdone. ♦



## Twin Peaks Episodes 1-4

TV SHOW REVIEW BY CHRIS WONG

David Lynch revisits the town of Twin Peaks after 25 long-awaited years, as per Laura Palmer's now iconic line.

He dials the surrealism up to 11 right from the start and expands upon its original setting with a huge host of new locations and faces—including the likes of Laura Dern, Naomi Watts, and Michael Cera. Familiar characters making a return include Lynch himself as Gordon Cole, as well as the late Catherine Coulson's Log Lady and Miguel Ferrer's FBI agent Albert Rosenfield.

The return is almost a complete 180 from the original 90s cult series we all know and love, and may take a while longer to digest, but is just as satisfying, if not even more so. Right from the very start, we see that things have gotten stranger this time around with a mysterious box set up in a millionaire's basement requiring constant surveillance, Cooper becoming stuck in a body that doesn't seem to be his, as well as the Man From Another Place being replaced by an electrified tree with a blob of flesh for its head.

Viewing of the original series, as well as its prequel, *Fire Walk With Me*, is essential in understanding the complex ideas laid out in the return, as it dives headfirst into the overall mythos of *Twin Peaks* with a much larger focus on subjects such as Cooper's Doppelgänger and the supernatural powers of the Black Lodge. The distinct humour of the original *Twin Peaks*, although less visible, is still there, with Cera's quirky Marlon Brando-esque monologue and Dale Cooper's bizarre hello-fest as Mr Jackpots.

*Twin Peaks: The Return* makes us feel as if it could be Lynch's magnum opus, incorporating many familiar aspects from his previous films *Eras-erhead*, *Mulholland Drive* and *Lost Highway*. It is most certainly the "pure heroin vision" of David Lynch so prepare your senses to be enthralled, but don't expect to go into it understanding anything. ♦



## Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales

FILM REVIEW BY BRENNAH CROFSKEY

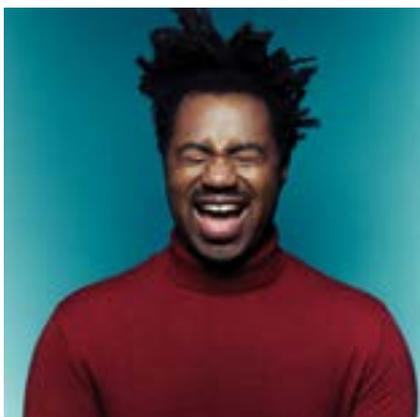
So, *Pirates of the Caribbean* number 5! Who knew that they were actually going to try to match the success of the first three—oh wait, hang on, remember number 4 (thanks Penelope Cruz for that weak acting attempt)? Anyway.

*Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales*—you should definitely watch it. The movie centres around Captain Jack Sparrow searching for the ever-mysterious and elusive Trident of Poseidon, in order to pretty much settle every single curse on the Seven Seas (I know, taking on so much, what a legend). Along the way he meets a couple of new characters, one played by Effy from *Skins* and some random but very cute Australian actor, Brenton Thwaites, who plays Will Turner's son in a fairly effective manner.

However, the new movie ends in a kind of stupid way, and doesn't really offer too much with regards to audience impression, as it's just the same old Jack Sparrow getting into shit and then having him be saved by everyone else. BUT then again that's what kind of makes these movies, doesn't it? Some of the film was definitely far-fetched, even for the *Pirates of the Caribbean* franchise, but hey, don't try to analyse it too much. Otherwise, what's the point? Just enjoy the experience and lose yourself in the movie, as it's only a Disney masterpiece.

There were a couple of sad bits going on, but also a lot of good stuff, especially when they overthrow the bad guys (as per usual) and casually go about sailing the Seven Seas again without any difficulty (yep, as per usual). I'm sure we practically grew up with that series and to see the original actors come back for a final time—what a relief, right?

So, all in all, well worth a watch! Take a trip on the high seas today to understand and appreciate some truly wicked acting and good times with the *Pirates of the Caribbean* fam (man that was lame). ♦



## Sampha

GIG REVIEW BY FRANGIPANI FOULKES

Sampha, originally from South London, is currently touring his new album *Process*, and after listening to it once I was hooked. I felt very lucky to see him perform his sold-out show at the Powerstation.

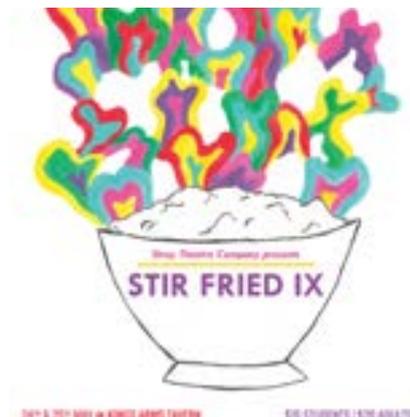
The place was packed when I got there and the stage was simple. This concert was more about the aural experience than the show (and I'm not just saying that because the tallest man I've ever seen chose to stand directly in front of me for most of the night). *Process* was only released three months ago, but most of the crowd knew all the words, creating a harmonic backtrack to that smooth Sampha voice.

The band stood in their respective, low-key corners of the stage, Sampha settled into his keyboard and launched straight into "Plastic 100". He didn't talk much between songs, but with that voice he didn't need to. He let his music speak for him.

One minute you're dancing in red lights to "Blood on Me", lost in the rhythmic, electronic beat. Next, he plays the tender "(No One Knows Me) Like the Piano" and you're trying to contain your tears of joy as a beautiful melody drifts from his keyboard. The whole crowd was absolutely lost in it.

I love that Sampha's music suits most occasions or moods. His sound is soulful yet modern. He has combined his retro soul voice and piano playing with fresh electronic beats. His lyrics are full of deep emotion and passion, he makes you fall in love, breaks your heart then picks you up and makes you dance.

He had a humble quality about him, and seemed shocked by the crowd's roaring applause to his encore performance. You could hardly hear his thanks over the crowd. It was a show of emotional peaks and troughs, we actually skipped the Uber home and walked instead so we could process all those *feels*. Sampha was beautiful and I'm grateful I got to witness his awesome talent. ♦



## Stir Fried IX

THEATRE REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ

This year's series of home-grown plays were set within a parody game show "Colour Me Stupid", made brilliant by the effervescence of its host and the sheer likeability of the two main "contestants". After each play, the contestants would revisit the stage, which eventually descended into tragicomedy territory.

Each play touched on various themes, ranging from the absurd to straight-up carnage. Standouts included Grainwave-stealing, love-sick zombies; an awkward-turned-violent board game night; a terrifying pregnancy; and a self-indulgent musical that appropriately disparaged (or was it celebrated?) millennials.

Attending the closing show had its expected perks—everyone was determined to make their performances as big as possible; the audience was incredibly cheerful, there were few moments that didn't result in loud bursts of laughter, and there was a fair amount of ad-libbing and rewrites that could only be allowed on the last night. Hosting it at Shadows initially seemed like a risk, but paid off as it allowed for more audience interaction ("*Are you on drugs?*") and generally created an environment for fun.

While the content occasionally missed the mark—perhaps relying a little too heavily on expected comedy tropes—the show was ultimately saved by the fact that every character threw themselves into their role with exorbitant gusto.

The crowd was wildly supportive and undoubtedly enjoyed each act—but regardless of how it turned out, there is something incredibly admirable about people who are brave enough to get up on stage in front of a bunch of strangers, who are willing to be as loud and forthright as they can be—not to forget the talent that goes into writing and directing these plays, of course.

Theatre is meant to be bold and fearless, so at the very least, this is what *Stir Fried IX* accomplished—and there's a lot to be said for all of this being put on by a university group, with limited resources, who ended up creating something delightful and interesting and so very, very strange. ♦



## Teenage Emotions Lil Yachty

ALBUM REVIEW BY AIMÉE MATTHEWS

*Teenage Emotions* by Lil Yachty starts with "Like A Star", first by speaking "...where do I start...I've been working so hard over the last year". This is no surprise, having landed sponsorship deals including those with Urban Outfitters and Sprite, and on top of that, dropping an album with twenty-one tracks. (The Target-sold album has two extra exclusive tracks.) Going back and forth between being Lil Yachty and his alter ego, Lil Boast, the album shows that even at 19, he has a lot to offer.

His alter ego, Lil Boast, is known to show a more aggressive side, but this may be due to the anger from his haters. In "Say My Name", Lil Boast argues that people are "*tryna make sure they do anything to make sure I fail*". The most well-known Lil Boast song to date "Peek A Boo" is the main track off the album, and the title itself is repeated so many times throughout the song that it can quickly turn into a game of drinking shots. Fortunately, the repetition was not as annoying as I thought it could be. But that's not to say his alter-ego cannot show another dimension as well. "Running With A Ghost" is a smooth, yet subtle track to show there's more to this rough and ruthless character.

On the other side, Lil Yachty mainly sings, with the standout song "Better" and my favourite line, "*Don't settle for less 'cause then you miss out on more*". "Made Of Glass" is as close as it can come to the album's title, showing emotions of defeat and nostalgia in a relationship.

Though some songs were lacklustre and could have been left out, the lengthy album finishes off sweetly with a song for his mum called "Momma", who, of course, "*...likes to let the world know her son is great*". ♦

# The sound of silence

*Yasmin Brown confronts the less-than-victorious aspect of the music industry*

WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSIONS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

I am someone that uses music as an escape from the sometimes shitty reality that is life. I immerse myself in every aspect of my favourite music, forging a connection with band members through their lyrics and their social media accounts. They are there for me on days where I'm feeling that crushing weight in my chest, inspiring me with their ability to push through their own issues so that they can keep helping others. I use music to lift myself up. If I were to one day find out that any one of my favourite bands had decided to use their platform to take advantage of their fans in any way, I would be devastated. I would go through my iTunes library and let the tears fall, uninhibited, onto my laptop as I removed their music from my hard drive and from my life. It might feel like losing a best friend, but I wouldn't regret a thing.

Music should be safe. We're faced with enough assholes in our day-to-day lives that we deserve to be able to go to a gig and let the thumping in our hearts take away all the pain that lies outside those four walls. All too often, though, there are accusations of sexual assault, or sexual harassment appearing on our news feeds, accompanied by screenshots of snapchats and text messages that make your skin crawl. These accusations are made against musicians that have taken it upon themselves to breach the unconditional trust their fans have placed in them, and more often than not, they are musicians that will never own up, never apologise, and—worst of all—never face the consequences for what they have done.

Front Porch Step, Neck Deep, Falling In Reverse... They have all been involved in scandals that have had people questioning their integrity as human beings and yet they all continue to make music. It reaches a point where you wonder where the line is. What awful things do these people have to do to incite a lasting response? Does it really take a band member to engage fully in child pornography (I'm talking Ian Watkins of Lostprophets) for them to receive any form of backlash whatsoever?

Earlier this year, I was introduced to PWR BTM—a queer<sup>1</sup> duo that has actively advocated for safe spaces for LGBTQI+ fans since their formation in 2014. I, in turn, introduced them to friends of mine in the community who often feel under-represented in the music industry. I felt it was safe to do this. After all, there is no way anyone who had ever experienced the oppression that comes from being queer would abuse the power invested in them as role models, right?

Sadly, this was one of those occasions where my intuition failed me—last month, allegations of sexual assault and anti-Semitism were brought forward against band member Ben Hopkins shortly before the release of PWR BTM's latest album. The accusations that arose on Twitter were sickening: Ben is said to have violated dozens of people, many of who belonged to the LGBTQI+ community, as well as posing for a photo next to what is unmistakably a sw\*stika on a beach back in 2011.

I'll give you a second to remove the bile from your throat.

The latter is something the band had already addressed in 2016, but somehow joking about the Holocaust isn't something that people forgive all that easily—go figure. While I was absolutely shocked and disgusted to read these allegations, what really stood out to me was the response to it all. The band's social media released their first of two statements in which they, too, claimed to be shocked by these accusations (yeah, right) and opened an email account through which victims could share their stories and have a conversation with PWR BTM's team about their accusation. Ben would not be involved in these conversations, and I—as well as many others—was not bowled over by this ~grand gesture~ and its lacklustre sincerity. It placed the onus on the victims and

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<sup>1</sup> Please note that I acknowledge those who identify as LGBTQI+ will use different words to identify themselves and have attempted to use a word that is inclusive of all members of the community.

was, quite frankly, pathetic. The second statement came a week later in which Ben expressed how he would never put the blame on the victim, and yet continued to do that throughout as he attempted to absolve himself, persistently claiming that he was all about that sexual consent. Again, the statement was met with disdain.

Following these (failed) attempts at reaching out to victims, seemingly everyone who had anything to do with PWR BTM fought back, and this duo faced repercussions like no other band I have ever witnessed. Two of their touring members quit the band, two supporting acts for their upcoming tour dropped out, they were promptly removed from a number of festivals they had lined up for the rest of the year, and their label Polyvinyl dropped them immediately and offered refunds to anyone that had pre-ordered their new album—due for release just days after the accusations arose. For PWR BTM, the timing sucked, but from where the rest of us were sitting, the timing was impeccable.

As incredible as this response was, and it was incredible and totally commendable, I couldn't help but wonder why it felt so awesome and novel. It didn't take long for the answer to smack me square in the face: this kind of allegation had basically never received a response like this before.

Why is it that currently, if you Google “bands involved in sexual assault accusations”, the entire first page is full of results pertaining to PWR BTM? Where are the high-profile articles on Jake McElfresh of Front Porch Step who continues to promote his album despite sending unsolicited “sexts” to girls as young as 14? Where are the articles about the straight dudes that suck?

PWR BTM were queer icons: openly and proudly standing up for the LGBTQI+ community, representing a proportion of music fans that rarely hear same sex pronouns in their favourite songs. The band's pride, in turn, made others feel proud to be themselves. So was it this total betrayal of queer camaraderie that led to the community responding so rapidly and so mercilessly? Or is it just that we expect cis white males to behave like animals following the abhorrent “boys will be boys” mentality? I don't have the answer, and really all we can do is speculate.

In an essay penned by Hoodie Allen shortly after it all blew up in PWR BTM's faces, he called the community “brave and responsible”, and I am inclined to agree. It can take a lot to stop yourself from desperately trying to separate the art from the artist in an attempt to justify tapping “play” on their band name on your iPhone, let alone call out one of the few acts that actively advocated for your rights. It is brave, and it is responsible. It's the community turning around and saying, “*Hey, look, don't you think we go through enough shit as it is without one of our own doing this to us too?*”, regardless of what that may mean for queer representation in the music industry. It's sending out the message that the LGBTQI+ community won't stand for such abhorrent behaviour or be associated with it in any way. It's self-preservation.

I still can't help but think, though, about all the kids that have been abused by acts such as Front Porch Step that never get that retribution. Regardless of gender identity or sexual orientation, not a single person deserves to go through this bullshit. Not a single person deserves to have their body objectified or violated in the way that these bands continue to insist on using their platform to do. No one deserves to have to see their abuser's names in the Billboard 100, or on the front page of the iTunes store. I am so glad that PWR BTM have landed on their arses with no sign of anyone coming to help them up, I just wish every instance of sexual abuse that arises in the music industry—in whatever capacity—would be treated in the same way. No excuses.

I don't know about you, but I want to live in a world where any attempt at a comeback that is made by these low-lives is met with total rejection. I'm sick of seeing comments on social media absolving and making excuses for these people because there wasn't a criminal conviction, or accusing the victims of lying. We are doing a disservice to the victims and to the music industry by sending out a message that is entirely the opposite of what the queer community has been saying with their reaction this past month. Instead of saying that we won't stand for it, we're pretty much telling these guys that they can do what they want and they'll be just fine. I want my music to feel safe again. It's time for change. ♦

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## Quarter-Life Crisis



With  
Caitlin Abley

# Unplugged

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

Last week, the so-called “sequel” to *Love Actually* was released. Needless to say, I was really fucking amped. I fucking love *Love Actually*. I love *Love Actually* more than I love *The Holiday* and I fucking LOVE *The Holiday*. I continued to be excited even when I found out the “sequel” was only going to be a short clip to raise money as part of Red Nose Day. I was cool with that. Red Nose Day raises money as part of a campaign to end child poverty, and I fucking hate child poverty almost as much as I love *Love Actually*—and you may not have noticed but I. Fucking. Love. *Love Actually*.

I was positively foaming at the mouth when the video was uploaded. I even turned my phone’s blue light filter off so I could see it in all its glory, and I *never* leave my blue light unfiltered past 6pm. Now, I know no one wants to say it, but *Red Nose Day Actually*... Sucked ass. Sure it was cute, and said nice things about how we should all love each other, and featured Liam Neeson in an alarmingly attractive winter get-up, but it was pretty fucking bland apart from that last part. As I write this, the video has been up for five days and has amassed a mere 1.6 million views. As a point of comparison, “Chewbacca Mom” got 50 million views on Facebook in just 24 hours, and the trailer for *The Fate of the Furious* clocked up 139 million views in a day (no surprises there, it fucking bangs—I love *The Fate of the Furious* perhaps even more than I love *Love Actually* and... You know the drill).

To ease my disappointment over *Let Down Actually*, I decided to take some inspiration from the original film when selecting this week’s challenge from my list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties:

*Go off the grid.*

I decided to approach this task exactly like Colin Firth’s character when he escapes to a French lakeside cottage to write his book. I couldn’t exactly afford a French lakeside cottage, but there was a place near Rotorua on BookABach quite literally called “The Shack” that was in my price range, and it was right next to a lake. I dragged my Significant Other down with me to fill the role of the enigmatic-but-very-sexy Portuguese housekeeper, Aurélia, and tried to engage him in hilarious bilingual banter but, as he’s from Avondale, he didn’t know what the fuck I was on about when I ate an entire box of Iced Animals and said, “Luckily I’ve got one of those constitutions where I never put on weight.” He also refused to dive in after me when I threw a stack of papers into the lake and jumped in after them, which I thought was pretty bloody rude.

As soon as we arrived, I turned my phone off. I’m aware that “going off the grid” traditionally means going somewhere entirely removed from the outside world, without electricity or any modern comforts, but surely in this day and age switching off the smartphone is just about equally dramatic. Honestly, most of the challenges I have done for this column have been utter trash, but I really cannot recommend this

one enough. I had two solid days without Facebook and Instagram (my one concession was turning my phone on in the morning and night to maintain my Snapchat streaks because I am a worthless millennial sack of shit. I am Reek) and it was truly glorious. Each morning I woke up and put my best Colin Firth turtleneck on and sat at the breakfast table, mainlining tea and MallowPuffs, reading and pondering and listening to music. I finished two books in two days. We watched six movies and I actually *watched* them, rather than put them on in the background while scrolling endlessly through the Explore feed on Instagram. I learned new things about movies I have seen multiple times that I had never noticed before, like how in *The Empire Strikes Back*, Darth Vader says “I am your father”—not “Luke, I am your father” as everyone seems to quote. And *Indiana Jones* is super racist! Who knew! (Everyone. Everyone knew.) I’ve never had much of a problem with detaching from my phone (apart from the embarrassing Snap-streak-mania), but just the act of shutting off the constant barrage of digital shit that comes through all my apps every hour of every day was enough to make me relax completely for the first time in months.

I started this column almost three months ago, and for the first time I might actually recommend this as a must-do in your twenties. Gather your best turtleneck and the closest thing you can get to a Portuguese hottie and go off the grid. You’ll love it. Actually. ♦

“He also refused to dive in after me when I threw a stack of papers into the lake and jumped in after them, which I thought was pretty bloody rude.”

Amateur  
Hour

With  
Jordan Margetts

## Farcebook Part II: Me, Myself, And You

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

A disproportionate number of my articles this year have opened with, or included, scenes of me, sitting in my cubicle, despondent. A picture of millennial ennui. There's something kind of artistically honest about the repetitiveness of that particular leitmotif. It's good practice to open a column with a story, spend some words inventing a narrative, the personal touch that makes up for a total lack of expertise. But it's also honest. I spend forty hours a week in a fluorescently lit room, staring into the cold blue light of the monitor. Thirty-two and a half of those hours are overnight. No one I know is awake by about 1am. So I'm in the city, on a computer, completely alone. This should be productive time, really. I'm doing an English paper and I'm two books behind. I've never written a column early, and usually don't know what I want to write about until I start typing. These problems have easy solutions.

But I don't solve them. The average night shift for me breaks down thus: about two hours reading, about forty minutes musing on my column, about seven and a half hours scrolling through Facebook. It's almost unavoidable, a blue-and-white-framed box that lets me see into the world. What my friends are doing. The expensive baches rented by people I knew from Law School. The dinners at Ortolana. The before-and-after weight loss and gym-body photographs. I get to see my girlfriend's high school friends' statuses about their degrees, or *how hard* this year has been, or *how exciting* London is going to be. But I also see news. Virtually all the news I don't get from podcasts I get via the white-and-blue-framed box.

And so I quit Facebook. Or more accurately, I pseudo-quit. I don't have a profile anymore, but I kept Messenger. I'm not totally convinced I'd have any friends left if they had to go to the extra effort of texting me. And this is why I'm devoting two columns to a debate we as a culture had and subsequently ignored nearly half a decade ago. And I want to avoid hysteria, honestly, I don't think Facebook is making us stupider, I don't think Facebook is ruining discourse or relationships or community. I don't even think that Facebook is really ruining journalism (not entirely).

But I think Facebook is making us just a little bit emptier and a little bit worse at interacting with the world.

Firstly there's just a basic sort of media problem. When I quit FB, I spent a few days in complete blackout with no clue whatsoever about the outside world. I get emails from the magazines I subscribe to. But you have to read the actual email, select the article, *read* the article. This feels difficult in a way I didn't really expect. Then it dawned on me that the reason this whole process of selection and curation felt so hard was because the blue-and-white-framed box had been doing it all for me. Some magical algorithm I don't understand balancing my consumption needs, and even after I carefully went about telling FB to let me "see first" all the actually good publications, still they decided I needed more memes than news. And then the news I got—through I think some sort of conspiracy between algorithm and what the social media managers at the various mags decide will get clicks—was still total garbage (see last week's column).

But I think there's something worse going on. Something to do with how we package ourselves, the kind of psychic effects of constant display and curation and self-selection. On the one hand, while getting a social comfort hit from seeing pictures of your friends (or distant acquaintances) or being able to message back-and-forth on-and-off all day every day, you pretty much only see a curated version of the person. A kind of idealist model of what they'd like to be: none of my photos show my hanging gut or my sweat-stained t-shirt or the ten and a half hours a day I spend alone in front of the computer. An honest Facebooker would probably have tens of thousands of photos of herself on FB, hitting refresh.

And even if you're generally sort of aloof from FB culture, you aren't actually. You're still participating—the sort of person with an intentionally "ugly" profile picture, or ironic statuses, or even no statuses. None of these are quite managing to escape the act of image crafting, right—they're just different sorts of reactive images. And I think this is where the biggest

problem with FB, at least for me, lies: it's fucking exhausting. The sheer will power involved in a constant act of self-crafting and reimagining and consuming other people's self-crafting and reimagining as they're doing the same to you is a kind of vast project that doesn't seem to have a goal. And when you're someone like me, who likes lots of social contact but thanks to the vicissitudes of life and rent in the big city spends endless hours alone, your access to other people stops being people and starts being their avatars.

I was reading a column by the author Charlotte Grimshaw: Finlay McDonald had sassed her on Twitter for making a column about the Christchurch earthquake all about her. His comment was "I, I, I". Grimshaw's response was an exploration of the difference between a journalist qua journalist, and fiction writers who "insert themselves into experience. Fiction can't work without that ability to infiltrate consciousness into empty spaces." While thinking about writing this piece, Grimshaw's column came to mind: art, or at least fiction, is in some part about looking at the world through the lens of self. And that can be beautiful and enriching to read when it's done by a skilled artist. But I wonder, with FB, aren't we all just engaging in sort of substandard art, crafting the world through *us*. Creating fake lives out of our real ones. But a bad artist is basically just a liar, right, a kind of pretentious fraud. And I think, as I select the photo I look the least fat in, or the one where my cigarette makes me look maximally cool, that's what I am. A fraud.

Then again, not everyone has a column with which to propagandise themselves ruthlessly. ♦

### Recommendations:

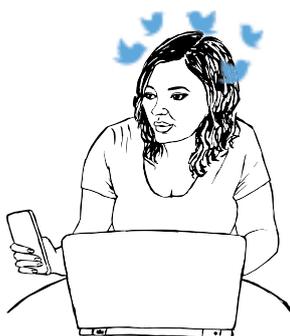
"Small Change"—Malcolm Gladwell, *The New Yorker*

"Generation Why?"—Zadie Smith, *The New York Review of Books*

"Liking Is for Cowards. Go for What Hurts."—Jonathan Franzen, *The New York Times*

"The Naked I—On Elena Ferrante"—Charlotte Grimshaw (on her website)

## Wired In



*With  
Rachel Berryman*

## (Don't Want) No Scrubs

*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.*

It may be 2017, but women's struggle to carve a space for their own artistic and creative expression continues. Though this inequity is felt in a range of disciplines, it is especially prevalent in Hollywood cinema, where women are under-represented across the board, continually omitted from speaking, leading, directorial, production and executive roles.<sup>1</sup>

As we wait for Hollywood to (finally) recognise the enormous potential of films which foreground the talent, complexity and perspectives of half the world's population, we are (at least for the moment) forced to celebrate the little victories: films like Kelly Fremon Craig's excellent YA drama *The Edge of Seventeen* (2016) or Leslye Headland's charming rom-com *Sleeping with Other People* (2015), which both take seriously the desires, flaws and agency of female protagonists in domains where they are typically belittled or overlooked.

But however masterfully they are executed, or successful they prove at the box office, female-led and directed films such as *Edge of Seventeen* or *Sleeping with Other People* are regularly overshadowed by the fact that they operate within the confines of genres associated with femininity. Barred entry from the mythic, self-aggrandising halls of High Cinema, the success of these "low-brow" films is regularly downplayed, characterised as the exception, rather than the rule, making it all the harder for nuanced female characters and talented female filmmakers to maintain a presence in the industry.

Alternatively, if such female-led films *should*

fail, then that failure immediately becomes the rule, rather the exception, making it all the harder for nuanced female characters and talented female filmmakers to maintain a presence in the industry.

Which is why, as the latest addition to the Hollywood's list of big-budget exceptions, there's so much resting on the reception of Patty Jenkins' new film, *Wonder Woman*.

As practically all of the online buzz around this film has stressed, not only does *Wonder Woman* (finally) feature a female superhero in a starring role, it's also the first in the current expanse of comic adaptations to be directed by a woman. While this kind of high-profile representation *should* be cause to celebrate, in actuality, these qualities only make it harder for the film to prove its own worth. Burdened by the ghosts of flops like *Catwoman* (2004) and *Elektra* (2005), *Wonder Woman* must navigate the murky, hegemonic-masculinity-infested waters of Hollywood's action genre while also "proving" that women can successfully make, star in and enjoy action films—all without polarising its delicate male audience.

Thankfully, *Wonder Women* currently boasts a 96% fresh rating on Rotten Tomatoes, boding well for the quality, acclaim and impact of the film. Even better, this rapturous critical response renders inconsequential the online drama that threatened to engulf the film's publicity on Twitter last week, following the announcement of women-only screenings of *Wonder Woman* at the American cinema chain Alamo Drafthouse.

In the event description originally published on their website, Alamo wrote, "Apologies, gentlemen, but we're embracing our girl power and saying 'No Guys Allowed' for one special night

at the Alamo Ritz [in Austin, Texas]. And when we say 'Women (and People Who Identify As Women) Only,' we mean it. Everyone working at this screening—venue staff, projectionist, and culinary team—will be female." As the description also noted, this special screening would be a charity event, with proceeds donated to Planned Parenthood.

But, as with anything published to the internet in good faith, the gesture was quickly and violently misconstrued, provoking outrage across social media from mostly male commentators who demanded their exclusion from these sessions be remedied by the immediate organisation of *male-only* film screenings—if not to *Wonder Woman*, they accommodatingly suggested, then perhaps to *Thor: Ragnarok* or the next *Star Wars* film.

What these enthusiastic critics overlooked, however, in their haste to digitally lambaste an event whose existence had *no bearing on their own ability to watch the film whatsoever*, was the exceptionality of seeing a female superhero command a screen all her own, and the significance of this level of representation for women all over the world. In such circumstances, cultivating spaces that allow women to both revel in and share the experience of seeing an on-screen likeness is critical, creating a sense of physical safety and community which enhances the pleasure to be found in cinematic identification.

As the abysmal statistics for the cinematic representations and production positions of women who aren't white, cis-gendered or able-bodied attest, even in 2017, parity in Hollywood remains a pipe dream. I still find myself daring to hope, however, that the response to *Wonder Woman* over the coming weeks might incite a bit of forward traction. ♦

<sup>1</sup> For further research on this topic, I'd recommend Media, Diversity & Social Change's 2017 report "Inclusion in the Director's Chair?", the 2016 study by Geena Davis Institute on Gender in Media entitled, "The Reel Truth: Women Aren't Seen or Heard", and Jennifer Siebel Newson's 2011 documentary *Miss Representation*.

**By Popular  
Demand**



*With Michael Clark  
and Kimberley Francisca*

## Ode to *Hamilton* Part III: How *Hamilton* Breaks Its Own Rules

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

The Incongruity Theory is taught on the first day of Introduction to Comedy:

Step 1: Establish a pattern

Step 2: Break it

Step 3: Wait for laughter

It's funny because it's not a cheap joke. It rewards commitment. Establishing a pattern takes a while. Then, when the pattern is broken, the audience laugh because they were all expecting something else and are all mutually in on the joke. It's the classic subversion of expectations and it doesn't just work with comedy, but also in drama as a way to keep us on our toes and make us curious about what happens next.

A common example is subverting genre conventions because the institution of genre has already completed step one for ya. The pattern just has to be broken. Like if you were watching a crime thriller and you get halfway through the film without there being a murder, you would be suspicious. Similarly, in a romantic comedy like *When Harry Met Sally* or *The Break-Up*, the film teases the audience who expect wittingly or unwittingly a formulaic structure when it breaks away from the boy-meets-girl plot. It's that something-is-not-quite-right feel that makes us weary of what we're watching and keeps us on guard.

One of my favourite examples is in *Portal*, when after going through twelve or so identically blue-lit rooms, you come across a warm, orange-lit room that sparks your curiosity. It's moments like these that keep you wanting to move forward to find out what happens next.

You thought you understood the world, but you're thrown a curveball and have to educate yourself about the next world that you've been thrust into.

This is something that happens in *Hamilton* quite a lot and it is doing our heads in. Lyrics that get attributed to one character end up switching to another one and reveal new dimensions between characters and story. Kim calls it "duplicious motifs": when an idea in a reprised piece of music is flipped back on itself as an antonym for what it originally meant. Lyrical motifs are echoed back to the character either mockingly or ironically and are given new meaning for the characters or story. The reprise in music then becomes a reminder of what has happened. The new meaning then becomes a story progress marker.

For example, the song "Helpless" sets up the word "helpless" as a trigger for Eliza's cutesy love for Alexander which is inserted at points in songs to remind us of this, but the context flips during "Non-Stop", when Alexander betrays her for Maria. "But my God, she looks so helpless," Alexander says to Maria as he takes Eliza's words in a violent act of appropriation. The twisted "helpless" becomes a mock, as if Alexander cares so little for Eliza that he is willing to rob her of the one word that she uses to describe her love for him.

In a similar vein, the lyrical motifs of *Hamilton* ("just you wait") and Burr ("wait for it") are mirrored back to them by the chorus and become their downfall. The phrase "just you wait"

is used to mark his growing self-importance, but is echoed mockingly in "Non-Stop" by the chorus to cut down his egotism. In the closing of the song, *Hamilton* repeats his second favourite phrase "I'm not throwing away my shows"—another one that displays his ambitious and resolution—while the chorus repeats "just you wait", ripping the lyrics away from *Hamilton* and using it as a weapon against him.

Same with Burr's motif, "wait for it", which is a constant reminder of his steadfast disposition. In the climax of the show, during the pistol fight that ends *Hamilton's* life, Burr shouts "Wait!" in an ironic twist of his previous lines. During the one time he doesn't adhere to his own advice and wait, he tragically murders someone and destroys his career. A dark reprise of "Wait for It" occurs afterwards as if mocking Burr, condemning him to his legacy of shame. The two utterances used by Burr and *Hamilton* to signify their character build are snatched away from them and used as weapons to bring their tragic stories to an end.

*Hamilton* is full of it. Almost every arc word has an ironic reprise somewhere in there to create a sense of tragedy within the story. When *Hamilton* breaks its own rules there is a shift in the story. When the pattern is broken it feels like a betrayal, but not in a bad way. *Hamilton* sets up motifs to be broken because it keeps us on our toes. It defies expectations and this is comedy and drama gold. It's tragic. It's brilliant. And the irony is low-key funny. Breaking rules is exactly what *Hamilton* does best. ♦



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# BABY'S BOTTOM SUDOKU

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

# KISSES AND QUIZZES

### EASY (ONE POINT)

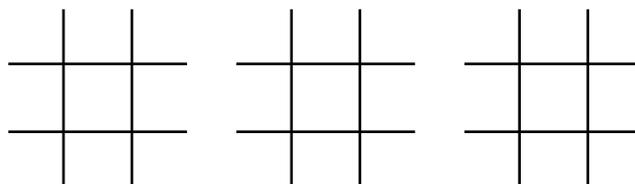
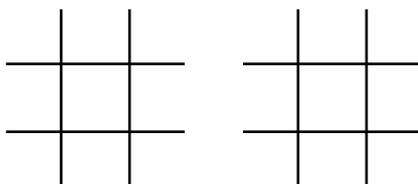
1. Chlorine gas was first used as a weapon in which conflict?
2. Ugandan war criminal Joseph Kony received a burst of media attention in which year?
3. No Doubt was led by which singer, who went on to have a successful solo career of her own?

### MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. The Italian city of Naples sits at the base of which infamous volcano?
5. Who did Jenny Shipley replace as Prime Minister?
6. In which city did the Bain murders occur?
7. *Pirates of the Caribbean 5* was released a few weeks ago—what is the subtitle?

### HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. Ettrick is a small inland town situated on which Otago river?
9. Eid, the festival of sweets, signals the end of which religious event?
10. Neverland is the home of which fictional character?



# ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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

# 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.*



We don't know the exact trajectory of Vincent's relationship with his wife, but we can probably hazard a fairly confident guess.

- Day 1 [shouted]: "SHOW US YA AXEWOUND!"
- Day 5 [shouted]: "SHOW US YA PINK BITS!"
- Day 12 [texted]: "roses r red so r ur lips u shud sit on my face and wiggle ur hips"
- Day 17 [texted]: "nudez?"
- Day 24 [whispered]: "aight luvvie fancy lettin' me 'ave a go at that gash?" •

Answers: 1. World War I 2. 2012 3. Gwen Stefani 4. Mt Vesuvius 5. Jim Bolger 6. Duneidin 7. "Dead Men Tell No Tales" 8. Clutha 9. Ramadan 10. Peter Pan

# the people to blame.

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## SHADOWS "CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK"

Isobel Gledhill

# SHADOWS

*Head to Shadows to redeem your \$50 bar tab!*

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*The articles and opinions contained within this  
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AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION AND THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND PRESENT...

# STRESS LESS STUDY WEEK

6-10 JUNE

Stress Less Study Week is an opportunity for students to start the study season on a chilled out note. It's very easy to get over-worked and over-stressed in the exam period, so we want to kick it off with wellbeing in mind!

## CHILL OUT ZONE

9-5pm - Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday  
Student Common Room & Old SJS Room

## FREE YOGA

12:05pm - Wednesday  
UoA Rec Centre

9:30am - Friday  
Tamaki Campus - Room 730-220

## JUMP JAM

10am - Tuesday  
Food Court, City Campus

## MINDFULNESS WORKSHOP

10am - Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday  
Facilitated by UoA Health & Counselling  
Chill out zone

## PUPPIES ON CAMPUS

11:30-2:30pm - Tuesday  
Epsom Campus

11:30-2:30pm - Thursday  
City Campus - University Quad

11:30-2:30pm - Friday  
Auckland Domain Grandstand (for Grafton students)

## PYJAMA MOVIE NIGHT

6:00pm - Thursday  
University Quad

## GAMING IN THE QUAD & FREE BRUNCH

Xbox and VR  
11-4:00pm - Friday  
University Quad



# Get exam ready at UBS!



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