

C R A C C U M



Mamma Mia!

did! you! know! the! movie! *mother!* is! an!
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Miss Clinton if You're Nasty

Milly Sheed hones in on the hardships still
facing women in politics

Politicising Punts

Mark Fullerton takes a look at the times sports
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ISSUE TWENTY-TWO

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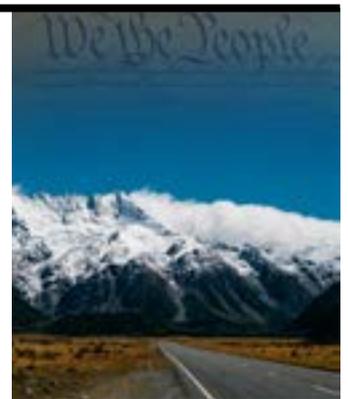
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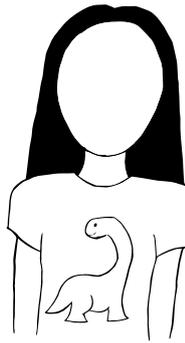
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti



We the People

Last week, media coverage around the world was ruptured by news of another mass shooting in America, this time in Las Vegas, as a single gunman barricaded himself in a 32nd floor hotel room and fired into a crowd of festival-goers, killing 58 people and wounding over 500 more. These harrowing statistics make this the deadliest mass shooting in the United States' history, among the 273 mass shootings that have occurred in America in the year 2017 alone.

America's history (and present reality) of gun violence is horrific; once more, the outpourings of "thoughts" and "prayers" have been espoused by many of the country's politicians who have remained stagnant and immovable in the face of gun control initiatives, or—perhaps worse still—have seen their pockets lined with donations from the NRA, an organisation that actively (and outspokenly) advocates for the protection of gun ownership rights as they presently stand.

Voices have called once more for change to finally fucking come, pointing to the painful consequences and the unending cycle wrought by poor gun control laws, based upon the second amendment of a constitution that was put into writing more than two hundred years ago. It is this amendment that gun rights advocates point to breathlessly, furiously, clinging to the words of America's Founding Fathers who could have had no way of envisioning the weapons that would be readily available centuries down the track; who surely could not have wished to sanction the senseless violence carried out, if not in their name, at the behest of their words.

Within the white noise stand a few voices, outside of the United States, more often than not buried within sundry comments sections, who question the sense of condemning gun violence outside of America, to an audience not directly affected by the events of last week (or the last five years, in the 1518 mass shootings since that which took place at Sandy Hook Elementary School in Connecticut).

While criticism of the Eurocentric, American-centric reporting of tragic events that belies effective coverage of the all-too-common violence in other areas of the world is without

a doubt crucial, to suggest that our outrage should be stifled based on the fact that we are geographically removed is nonsensical at best, and detestable at worst. If ever there was a time to encourage people to care less, this is not it.

At an emotional level, it is impossible not to feel *something* at the news of the loss of human life, especially when it comes as a result of something that should be so incredibly preventable, that makes up a pattern of senseless violence which has left a gaping hole in the lives of so many. As Jimmy Kimmel said (because late-night talk show hosts not Presidents have become the bastions of sentiment and empathy in these shitty, shitty times), there are now more "children without parents and fathers without sons, mothers without daughters... It's the kind of thing that makes you want to throw up or give up."

While we may not be able to directly effect change, adding our voices to the fray should not be undercut. When it comes to political or social issues as pressing as the routine slaying of innocent people at the hands of their own countrymen, there is no value in staying silent on a platform of "out of sight, out of mind". It is only by ripples of discord becoming tides of change that we can hope to see a real and effective response to the blights on our collective conscience. It is only by acknowledging the rot destabilising the American political system, where those who are meant to stand for the interests of the people can be bought and sold, that we can look to our own politicians' alliances and motives and continually demand better.

Once again, our news and our thoughts are filled with the stories of loss and cruelty that just make you want to give up. But now more than ever, that simply isn't an option. It is difficult, in the relentless cycle of relentless *bullshit* not to fall into headfirst into apathy. But we cannot support those who sanction apathy or inaction, or encourage those around us to stay removed, or simply leave well enough alone. For all its faults, the United States Constitution began its terms with "We the People"; we must shroud ourselves in this cloak, draw others into the warmth, and stick our noses where they may not be wanted, but are certainly needed. ♦



AUCKLAND COUNCIL AGREES TO MĀORI SEATS “IN PRINCIPLE”

BY MICHAEL CALDERWOOD

On the Thursday before last, Auckland Council agreed *in principle* to add a Māori seat to the Council—but only if the Government changes the law to allow for more than 20 councillors.

This agreement came after the Council voted down a proposal to introduce a compulsory Māori councillor role, similar to the Māori seats in Parliament.

The Council needs central government approval to have more than twenty councillors—meaning the Council could not add an additional Māori-only council ward without Government backing.

According to *Stuff*, Auckland Mayor Phil Goff opted not to push for a Māori ward councillor immediately. While he formerly supported the addition of a Māori ward to the Council, he has expressed fears that it could incite a divisive public backlash.

Echoing Goff’s concerns, councillors feared that if they voted to mandate a Māori ward councillor, the public could demand a coun-

cil-funded, million-dollar referendum on the issue—which they think would be controversial.

When Auckland Council was formed in 2010, the Government opted not to include Māori seats—leaving Māori without guaranteed electoral representation in Auckland’s governance. Instead, it created an Independent Māori Statutory Board to act as an advisory committee that could sit on committees, but not directly engage in decision-making at the highest level of Council governance.

Some councillors, community leaders, and Māori have been calling for the addition of Māori wards to the Council to ensure not just consultation with Māori, but representation of Māori in council governance.

Ann Sullivan, a Māori academic at the University of Auckland, told *Radio New Zealand* that she thinks there needs to be a Māori voice on the Council.

“It would be nice to see them make a decision in principle on ensuring they have a Māori

voice there. Look at the amount of investment Māori have in the Auckland region,” she stated.

However, the roadblock of central government approval for the addition of Māori seats remains.

“Now is the time for representation, but we need to go down the legislative route that gives us the ability to say ‘yes’, but there’s one more seat to be added,” Manukau ward councillor Alf Filipaina told *Radio New Zealand*.

However, Sullivan stated that the issue of central government approval was just an excuse.

“I’m sure at some point they will increase the seats, so is that just a smokescreen to say, ‘It’s a bit difficult, so we’re not going to have Māori representation?’”

As the next Government will almost certainly involve a coalition deal with Winston Peters, the issue of a Māori seat looks to remain on the backburner—as Peters has voiced his disapproval for Māori seats in Parliament previously. ♦

PHILANTHROPIST DONATES OVER \$1 MILLION TO THE UNI

BY ELOISE SIMS

A Canadian philanthropist and rich-lister, John McCall MacBain, has made headlines by recently donating over \$1 million to the University of Auckland for a postgraduate scholarship programme.

The donation, the latest in a long string by the McCall MacBain Foundation since their first in 2007, will be used to create the “Kia Tuhara Scholarship Programme”.

This will be offered to exceptional postgraduate students in order to create “the next generation of Kiwi leaders”, according to the *NZ Herald*.

Twenty of these scholarships are set to be available from 2019, which will initially focus on the sciences, and offer a leadership programme alongside the financial assistance.

Students will be paired with high-calibre mentors, who will be drawn from a variety of fields, as well as having their tuition fees and accommodation paid for in full.

McCall MacBain visited Auckland two weeks ago to announce the generous donation

at the University, having previously financially supported initiatives such as the Rhodes Scholarships to Oxford University with a \$150 million dollar donation. McCall MacBain himself is a Rhodes scholar.

He told the *NZ Herald* that he hoped the donations would go on to change both the recipients lives, and the lives of those throughout the world.

“At worst case you’ve changed somebody’s life for the better and in a few cases they may change the world for the better,” he said.

McCall MacBain studied at Harvard and the University of Oxford before founding the company Trader Classified Media in 1987—currently, the world’s leading classified advertising company.

In 2006, however, he sold over Trader Classified Media to set up the McCall MacBain Foundation. The Foundation has subsequently made significant donations to fund initiatives relating to the environment, health, and education in Canada, Europe, and Africa.

Last year, McCall MacBain was named an Officer of the Order of Canada by Governor-General David Johnston, for his “achievements as a business leader” and “contributions to academic institutions as a philanthropist”. In the same year, he was named as the 75th richest person in Canada, with an estimated net worth of \$1.37 billion according to *Canadian Business*.

“These scholarships are an incredible opportunity for New Zealand’s top students to prepare for challenging careers and to speak out and lead in their communities,” said University of Auckland Vice-Chancellor Professor Stuart McCutcheon.

“The programme will also help New Zealand to retain home-grown talent by fostering a cohesive community of exceptional scholars.”

The University is hoping to expand the scholarship to other faculties once it has gained “momentum”, but is still in the process of raising philanthropic funding for the additional scholarships. ♦

CRACCUM SUCKS

YOUR NO. 1 INDEPENDENT CAMPUS NEWS SOURCE

WHO IS “CRACCUM SUCKS”?

BY ELOISE SIMS

Craccum has recently come under fire (read: been thoroughly roasted) from an interesting and detailed one-page source disseminated around campus this semester—entitled *Craccum Sucks*.

The printed newsletter first appeared on August 8th, as a form of incredibly detailed pseudo-hate mail directed at *Craccum*'s activities this semester.

“Has *Craccum* always been this absolute shit?” the anonymous author asked, claiming the newsletter was “Your No. 1 Alternative Campus News Source”.

“Why the FUCK are the editors getting paid for doing nothing except making our entire student population illiterate??”

The first edition, claiming a “What’s New On Campus” section that featured “absolutely nothing”, also featured a series of lurid claims about recent activities of AUSA President Will Matthews.

“[He] once fed someone by throwing up into their mouth like a bird,” the newsletter asserted.

When asked whether this was true, Matthews simply replied, “Fuckssake”—refusing to comment further.

When *Craccum* contacted the anonymous author of *Craccum Sucks* for an explanation as

to how they obtained this exclusive scoop, they explained, “He threw up in my mouth.”

Further claims were also printed in the second edition of *Craccum Sucks*, which was published on September 26th, about Mark Fullerton, former Co-Editor-in-Chief of *Craccum* in 2016.

“[He] once made a clown wig out of pubic hair,” the newsletter said. “Richie McCaw slept with him because he thought he was Frodo Baggins.”

“Literally old as fuck.”

Fullerton was initially evasive when questioned, but eventually delivered a tearful statement to waiting press.

“It hurts,” he admitted. “It feels like someone has run a pole through my body and held me above an open fire while slowly turning me. I haven’t been this thoroughly roasted since I brought a filled roll, pre-sliced apple and cheese and crackers with a flask of Milo to *Guardians of the Galaxy: Vol 2*. And the worst part is, people think it’s me.”

The newsletter also offered a free “Shadows jug” to anyone who emailed a selfie with Fullerton to craccumsucks2@gmail.com, although it’s not known whether this was actually true.

The author also claimed Matthews was re-

cently spotted “overcooking sausages in the quad #dadgoals.”

The identity of the author still remains unknown, although messages to *Craccum* have featured hints such as “I only go to The Cellar [the bar under the Quad next to AUSA House]” and “I own a David Seymour mask”.

“Where is Shadows?” they asked the News Editor in a recent message.

When asked what had inspired the author to create such abstract and detailed hate mail, they replied, “My satisfying and rigorous University of Auckland education.”

Over 100 copies of the first edition were printed—being spotted in *Craccum* boxes throughout the City Campus, as well as throughout the General Library.

It is not yet known if a third edition of the newsletter will be published before the end of this semester. The current Co-Editors-in-Chief of *Craccum* say they remain hopeful that they will personally be the subject of the next newsletter’s listicle form of mockery. ♦

IF YOU KNOW WHO CRACCUM SUCKS IS, OR YOU’RE INTERESTED IN SENDING US MORE INTERESTING HATE MAIL, HIT UP NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ.

SUBMISSIONS ON EQUAL PAY BILL NOW OPEN

BY BAILLEY VERRY

The Select Committee of Transport and Industrial Relations are currently taking submissions from the public on the Employment (Pay Equity and Equal Pay) Bill until Wednesday 1 November.

Introduced by Workplace Relations and Safety Minister Michael Woodhouse, the bill aims to stop pay discrimination based on sex.

While Woodhouse claims the bill would “make it easier for employees to file pay equity claims directly with their employers rather than having to go through the courts,” the bill has received criticism from both the Public Service Association (PSA) and the Human Rights Commission (HRC).

“This legislation is not about pay equity—it is about trying to shut it down,” PSA National Secretary Erin Polaczuk has argued.

Her sentiments are echoed by the HRC, which has said that it is “concerned” over

“requirements for women to provide onerous levels of evidence their pay equity claim has merit, shutting out some individuals or small groups with no access to support, resources, legal advice or the ability to do in-depth labour market research and analysis.”

The new bill contains a provision that pay equity claims can only be pursued “if the employer decides the claim has merit” or “if the Authority or the court determines the claim has merit.”

The key assumption outlined in the bill is good faith from the employer, which both the HRC and the PSA have claimed is often not the case in these situations. If some employers don’t show good faith, it will be financially harder for already underpaid employees to convince the employer that the claim has merit—or take the case to court.

Critics also take issue with the fact that the bill was introduced soon after the landmark

court case of *Terranova v Bartlett*, which found that aged care workers were underpaid because the workforce was predominantly female.

The \$2 million settlement from the case could be expensive for many industries that could be proved to be underpaying their female staff under current legislation.

It is speculated that this has resulted in pressure from businesses calling for the Government to protect their interests with new legislation.

However, Woodhouse has rebuffed such claims, insisting that “the Government is committed to achieving pay equity in New Zealand, and the introduction of this bill is a significant step toward ensuring female-dominated jobs are paid fairly and closing the gender pay gap.” ♦

THE GOVERNMENT IS TAKING ALL COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT TO THE CURRENT BILL AS IT STANDS. IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A SUBMISSION, HEAD TO PARLIAMENT.NZ AND GO TO “GET INVOLVED” TO MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD.

AUSA REFERENDUM QUESTION DEEMED UNCONSTITUTIONAL

BY ELOISE SIMS, SAMANTHA GIANOTTI, MARK FULLERTON AND CATRIONA BRITTON

On Thursday 5th October, AUSA announced on its Facebook page the outcome of legal advice sought on the recent AUSA referendum question concerning ProLife Auckland's disaffiliation from AUSA.

The original referendum question was: "Should AUSA disaffiliate the ProLife Club and ban any clubs with similar ideology from affiliating in the future?"

AUSA sought advice on three questions. The first was: Is AUSA a public entity, for the purposes of the New Zealand Bill of Rights Act 1990? It was advised AUSA was not considered a public entity.

The second question was: Could the passing of the question be considered illegal, or open AUSA to action by bodies such as the Human Rights Commission? The advice given was that there is a strong argument the ProLife Club "are not restricted, encumbered, prejudiced or prevented from exercising their rights under NZBORA in any way due to their disaffiliation." This is because: ProLife is entitled to associate and express their views on the Auckland University Campus; they are free to hold meetings, host events, and raise funds for their cause; and members of the club are free to seek office on the AUSA Executive and to attempt to implement policies that they prefer.

The final question put forward for advice was: Could the question be considered to breach section 23C(iv) of the AUSA Constitution, which states that a question cannot be biased or leading? It was advised that the question could be considered biased or leading due to it asking two questions that students may have differing views on under the umbrella of one question.

The AUSA Executive decided that with particular regard to the advice received on the third question, the referendum question concerning ProLife's disaffiliation was "unconstitutional and void."

When *Craccum* asked for comment on

this outcome from AUSA President Will Matthews, he said, "We always thought that the question was safe under the human rights argument, so that wasn't surprising. We knew that there were concerns about the grammatical structure of the question, and in the end it was found that it breached the Constitution."

"I'm glad that the situation has been resolved, and that AUSA has acted in accordance with its Constitution," he added.

ProLife Auckland have welcomed the outcome of the legal advice, stating on their Facebook page that they are "celebrating" their continued right to be an affiliated club with AUSA.

"We are relieved by the outcome," ProLife said in speaking with *Craccum*.

When asked what their thoughts were on the fact that even though the question was deemed unconstitutional, the majority of the student population had voted for the club's disaffiliation, ProLife responded, "There was huge popular voice for the club to remain affiliated. Over 1000 members of the AUSA voted to continue the affiliation. The outcome was consistent with that."

However, when pressed by *Craccum* to acknowledge that the final outcome on the referendum question was *not* consistent with the fact that the majority of the student population voted for disaffiliation, ProLife avoided the question, claiming they were "disheartened" that the majority of people supported something "illegal".

At the time when the referendum question was first made public, ProLife believed it would threaten their rights to freedom of speech and expression. This belief was the underlying reasoning why AUSA sought advice on the second question.

When asked whether they still maintained their original beliefs despite the outcome of the legal advice on this particular issue, ProLife responded, "As far as we know, the legal advice did not say our freedom of expression was not

limited. It only said that the AUSA could not be held liable for threatening that right as they are not a public body under section 3 of the New Zealand Bill of Rights Act 1990."

"However, even if the AUSA cannot be held legally responsible, we still believe that the disaffiliation attempt limited our right from an ethical perspective."

Disaffiliation was always a largely symbolic action, and now that the referendum result has been rendered symbolic because of a poorly worded question, it will be very hard for ProLife to claim the moral high ground in any ongoing disputes with AUSA.

The referendum result, void or not, cannot give ProLife confidence that they'll be able to survive another disaffiliation attempt, despite their comment to *Craccum* that they were not worried about the possibility of this, especially now that their longstanding tactic of hiding behind the NZBORA has been refuted by the same legal evidence they're now claiming as a win. "It's a Pyrrhic victory," said one former AUSA member, who wished to remain anonymous.

It came to *Craccum's* attention that another issue which arose on AUSA's Facebook post announcing the outcome of the legal advice was the fact that this question was not the only one to offer students the chance to vote on two issues under the umbrella of a single question.

The referendum also included the question: "Should AUSA establish a weekly honoraria for its portfolio holders of a sum equivalent to 10 hours at net adult minimum wage after tax, and that this payment be backdated to apply from the beginning of Semester Two 2017?"

It is noted that, while students may have agreed to the idea of paying portfolio holders in theory, in order to vote yes to this, they would be required to also agree to backdate this payment. AUSA stated on their Facebook page that this issue will be raised as a motion at the next SGM, where it will be posed as two separate questions.♦



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SYNTHETIC POT IS “OVERWHELMING” NEW ZEALAND CUSTOMS

BY JARROD FREELAND

Synthetic cannabis products are flooding into New Zealand from overseas, despite renewed efforts by the New Zealand Police to end their usage—following over 140 hospitalisations this year to date.

Customs New Zealand has reported finding almost six kilograms of the raw chemicals used to make synthetic cannabinoids in 38 border incidents throughout the past six months. They are usually well hidden inside toys, envelopes and other innocuous looking packages—and often ordered online via the Deep Web.

Customs Officers have reported seeing three different types of substances used to make cannabinoids—all with different chemical properties. The chemicals come mainly from China, Spain, and the Netherlands, and have been linked to multiple deaths across Europe, Japan, and the United States.

The sheer volume and multiplicity of these substances are proving an absolute nightmare for Police and Drug Enforcement authorities, said senior Customs Officer Aaron [last name not provided] in speaking with *Newshub*.

"Five years ago, you would look for Contac NT. That was the main thing we'd look for, but now there's just a whole range of chemicals you've probably never heard of until you examine it."

The Institute of Environmental Science and Research has made it clear these synthetic products have little in common with the effects of smoking cannabis, with some having up to 85 times the potency of THC.

Leading drug researcher and Massey University Associate Professor Chris Wilkins believes authorities are not working together closely enough to stop the influx of synthetics.

Along with the Drug Foundation, he was

a strong critic of the Government's decision to make all cannabinoids illegal in 2014—fearing that the development of a black market would lead to problems with highly poisonous substances.

"We're getting rogue batches that have been badly manufactured. We're getting dangerous compounds where we don't know what's in it."

"No one wants to smoke a drug that might see them end up in hospital or dead. If you're able to communicate the risk to them, they might not smoke it."

A spokesman for the Ministry of Health said that the Ministry are in the early stages of developing an "early warning" system for issues with artificial drugs, which would help publicise any spikes in the number of deaths or hospitalisations in an attempt to deter users.

Their final report is due in March 2018. ♦

WHO POLICES THE POLICEMEN?

GINNY WOO DISCUSSES THE NEW ZEALAND POLICE'S RECENT DECISION TO PHONETAP HUMAN RIGHTS ACTIVISTS

In November last year, a group of protestors from People Against Prisons Aotearoa (formerly known as No Pride in Prisons) chained themselves to a Department of Corrections office to protest the treatment of a transgender woman serving time at the all-male Springhill Correctional Facility.

The prisoner had been in solitary confinement for a month, and PAPA's protest drew some much-needed attention to a method of imprisonment that has been deemed torturous by the United Nations.

At the time, the Waikato police charged the protesters with trespassing, and defended their actions by saying that their response to the protest was "low-key".

However, it has recently been discovered

that on the day of this protest, the Police were authorised to wiretap the phones of three PAPA organisers.

I don't know about you, but covert surveillance isn't exactly what most people would associate with a "low-key" response. It is uncertain if the wiretapping has ceased in the wake of the protestors' latest court date—which resulted in zero convictions across the board, it's worth adding.

However, the fact remains that for a period of almost a year, the right to privacy of those PAPA organisers was horrifically and deliberately bypassed.

When the trespassing charges were dealt with in open court, the Judge in question decided to discharge the protesters without conviction because their actions were motivated

by the plight of the transgender prisoner. It was accepted in court that solitary confinement was an unacceptable means of incarceration for said prisoner.

The United Nations have already slammed New Zealand many times before for their use of solitary confinement. We can only imagine what they'll say now about the covert wiretapping of civilians, who have committed absolutely no crimes in the eyes of the law.

If we know one thing about the Police and their much-heralded commitment to diversity and the protection of prisoners' rights, it's this: how can we expect them to protect anyone in this country, if they're spending their resources on trampling all over the basic rights afforded to us by the Bill of Rights? ♦

NATIONALISM, EUROPE AND ITS FUTURE

ULYSSE BELLIER DISCUSSES WHAT THE RECENT RISE OF RIGHT-WING NATIONALISM AROUND THE WORLD MEANS FOR EUROPE'S FUTURE

On Monday 25 September, Europe woke up with a hangover.

In Germany, the far-right party Alternative for Germany (Alternative für Deutschland, AfD) got into Parliament for the first time in its history—with 94 MPs.

Its candidate for chancellor, Alexander Gauland, once told a crowd of supporters that Germans “have the right to be proud of the achievements of the German soldiers in two world wars.”

Angela Merkel may have won the election, but the first entrance of a far-right party in the lower House since the 1960s significantly cooled down her victory.

This nationalist success, a frightening prospect for Germany, can certainly be seen as a result of the previous “Grand Coalition” in the German Parliament. The third Merkel Cabinet (2013–2017) was made of an alliance of Merkel’s parties (CDU-CSU, Christian Democrat) and the SPD, the Social-Democrat party. The remaining opposition consisted mainly of small left weaker parties—unable to put up much of a fight against any of Merkel’s policies.

Because nature abhors a vacuum, another political opposition, the AfD, arrived.

But Germany is not the only one facing this problem. Many countries in Europe have witnessed a similar process of simmering nationalism and radicalism throughout this decade.

Democracy works best when most citizens feel that their voice is heard, and what they think is represented within parliament. Accordingly, parties and governments are meant to change over time with elections held on a regular basis—as what the people think inevitably changes.

However, the feeling that no real change has existed for some time in Europe—as governing parties have created blatantly similar centrist policies to appeal to a mythical “middle voter”—runs deep.

In France, Marine le Pen’s National Front (far-right) pointed this out with an acronym that links both main parties: from UMP (right) and PS (left) to a single “UMPS”.

The problem is that, in many ways, her statement is true.

Tony Blair’s New Labour (1997–2010) was

the first to realise Margaret Thatcher’s assertion—“There is *no alternative*”—by adopting free-market policies and moving Labour to the “Third Way” by advocating neoliberalism and centrism.

At the same time, Gerhard Schröder (the Social Democrat Chancellor of Germany from 1998–2005), was busy liberalising Germany’s labour market and stripping its struggling welfare system. In 2005, when Merkel first gained power, the Social Democrats were merely integrated into her Cabinet as part of the “Grand Coalition” instead of losing power entirely.

In 2012, François Hollande was elected President of France on a socialist agenda that promised high taxes on the very wealthy. However, two years later, he chose to drop these ideas in order to launch a plan to cut taxes for companies, and liberalise the labour market.

The latest installment of this centrist attitude has been Emmanuel Macron’s election as French President, last May. From scratch, he created a successful political movement—seemingly to unite the left and right on pro-European liberal economic and social policies. Macron caught the media’s attention with his ability to rally both sides. Yet, once elected, he nominated a Prime Minister from the right.

The young President, described by some as a “radical centrist”, is the embodiment of Marine le Pen’s “UMPS”, or even Thatcher’s “There is no alternative”. As a result, the only other alternative to disenfranchised voters—if there is one—has appeared as nationalism.

During the campaign, Macron once claimed that if voters failed to turn out to vote for him, the National Front would come into power. On the second run of the Presidential election in May, Le Pen received 34% of the vote—nearly 11 million ballots. This was more than the Party had ever received in its lifetime.

Just four months later, the AfD became Germany’s third largest party. In other words, both the SPD and the CDU-CSU face significantly large nationalist opposition—now embodied within Germany’s own parliament.

Two days after the German election, Macron spoke in Paris on the future of Europe.

“I will leave nothing—*nothing*—to those

who create hate, division or national retreat,” he said. “The time when France proposes [new ideas] is back”.

Accordingly, he floated about 20 concrete policy proposals for the EU from the old French University of La Sorbonne in his speech, flanked by flags of the European Union.

However, it seems very few are listening.

Merkel is busy trying to find a feasible coalition. Theresa May is trying to leave the European Union as quickly as possible through Brexit, and Mariano Rajoy (the Spanish Prime Minister) is busy dealing with Catalan separatists.

A move at the multi-European level to fight the growing right-wing nationalist tendency is not expected in the following months, if not years. The malfunctioning bureaucracy of the European Union will probably stay as it is for some time—and encourage even further anti-European sentiment throughout countries across the continent.

This is, of course, unless the governing parties of the European Union actually manage to communicate to nationalist right-wing voters.

This isn’t about promising reforms after reforms. This is about listening to people’s problems, and being present on the streets—in order to tackle citizens’ concerns of being “forgotten” in a democracy.

And this is possible. On the left, Bernie Sanders tried in the US with a bit of success, if only to be defeated by Hillary Clinton in the Democrat National Convention. Jeremy Corbyn has also used similar tactics in the UK, and is currently Britain’s most popular politician.

On the right, despite the AfD’s success, Merkel did win her election for the fourth time—a victory to the envy of many leaders around the world. However, to do so, she had to scale back her pro-refugee rhetoric.

In any case, these leaders show us that the best way to confront the rise in right-wing nationalism is to offer a political scene with a true diversity of opinions, real opposition, and, above all—fresh ideas.

After all, we know the ideas of the 1930s do not work around the world. Let us show those who might be swayed by right-wing ideas why. ♦



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The 1.5 Generation and Asian Political Representation

An opinion by Janna Tay

Whenever we are in a crowd or watching a show, someone in our group inevitably asks, “Where are the Asians?”, and so it was with the Labour campaign launch at the Auckland Town Hall in late August. It’s one thing to ask this question for mainstream TV shows or in Asian fusion eateries in Ponsonby, but it’s quite another to play “spot the Asians” across the stage behind Jacinda Ardern and struggle to see more than a handful.

My friends and I are East, Southeast, and South Asian. We are the 1.5 generation: we were born in our parents’ home countries before moving away as children. Western accents colour our speech. Our cultural recollections are hand-me-downs. When we are told in an election year to pick the party that most captures who we are, it is difficult to find anything close to a reflection. Though studies have suggested that the low rate of Asian political participation is linked to language barriers and a lack of understanding of local politics and culture, this arguably fails to explain why generations 1.5 and 2 still lack in representation.

Sapna Samant, for *The Spinoff*, criticised how ineffectual Asian representation is in New Zealand. Asians are roughly 12 per cent of the population. This should translate to 14 or 15 Members of Parliament (MPs). In the last Parliament, there were six Asian MPs. Not only is this disproportionate, but Samant also argues that these MPs have done nothing significant to advance the position of Asian New Zealanders. All six are list MPs and can represent a constituency that is not geographically bound.

But perhaps this is too harsh. Perhaps Asians only get to be MPs when they don’t pursue anything too unacceptable. Māori representation initially faced similar challenges. In the early 1900s, Māori parliamentarians had to assimilate to Pākehā views to gain political credibility in Parliament. But even if Asian MPs have credibility, they do so arguably by reinforcing the harmful model minority myth. Samant claims that Pākehā see us in only two ways. There is the model minority comprised of Asians who are educated, hardworking, and can integrate themselves into Western culture while still bringing a palatable level of diversity. Then there are the job-stealing immigrants who barely speak English. One perpetuates the other—

the model minority myth creates ideas of “good” and “bad” immigrants.

That is part of the problem: Asians seem to be automatically classed as immigrants. Political parties give us little more than tokens angled at winning non-English speakers. *Metronews* collected views from the public on whether Asians should be better represented politically. “If you’re not from this country,” said one, “then they shouldn’t be able to make judgements on what happens.”

But what if someone of Asian descent was born, raised, and educated in New Zealand? What does it take to be “from this country”?

The homogeneity imposed on Asians means we are burdened with representing all who resemble us. Earlier this year I was on Waterloo Quadrant with my mother when a white woman ran towards us, yelling, “Where are the drugs?”. My mother asked me whether any Asians had made the news lately. They had. Taiwanese and Chinese nationals had been apprehended in a multi-million-dollar drug bust.

My family is from neither Taiwan nor China.

When a white person commits a crime, we condemn the individual. When a person of colour commits a crime, we condemn the entire race. Which is why Asian MPs end up representing not only their countries of origin, but also anyone else who looks like them. For a generation who spent their childhoods dealing with internalised racism and the desire to distance themselves from their race, it’s difficult to take up this burden in public office willingly.

But does Asian representation matter? As another *Metronews* respondent said, “I don’t think that it should be based on race at all. I think it should just be based on views and the amount of support you can get.” Some think that the solution is to be “colour blind”. But the inability to see that there is a problem is itself part of the problem. I grew up in Howick where nearly 40 per cent of residents are of Asian descent. Yet Sharon Stewart and Dick Quax, long-standing Howick ward councillors, see no racial divide and no need for Asian representation. By contrast, Julie Zhu sees “a huge underbelly of covert racism” in East Auckland. Zhu ran for the Greens in 2016 as a Howick ward councillor and is now the Green candidate

for Botany. Like Zhu, I moved to the area when I was four-years-old. Though Quax also immigrated to New Zealand, I identify with Zhu because we had similar experiences because of our Asian descent.

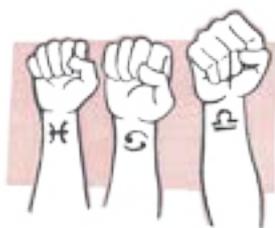
As author Emma Ng relates, strangers greet her with “konnichiwa” or “ni hao” whilst journalists compliment her English. Ally McCrow-Young, a second generation Kiwi Chinese, feels the need to prove her “Kiwi-ness” constantly. My mother has had white people ask her in slow, broken language if she speaks English. She does—she teaches it.

Because it is well-meaning, Pākehā representatives don’t consider this racism. These microaggressions are alienating because they tell us that we are seen as Asians before we are seen as individual people.

Asian representation matters, and not just to have someone recognise and understand shared issues like casual racism. Seeing Asian MPs in positions of influence shows young Asian New Zealanders that their voices matter. Representation is also linked to the media—we need more Asian faces on TV and more recognition that being Asian is “not one, singular thing”. We need to move from stereotypes and inferiority to representations that reflect our realities. Where a population lacks cohesion due to a gap between people and their representatives, democracy suffers. To be constantly labelled as an outsider in the only home some of us have ever known is to leave us unsure of our identities and where we belong.

If we feel no connection, we will not be inclined to get involved politically, to make this house our home. So, it’s heartening for me to see Zhu and Rebekah Jaung for Green, and Jin An and Naisi Chen for Labour, bridging that gap. Yet the poverty of the situation as it stands is that we ask for any Asian representation at all, not even for different Asian cultures. But one day I want to see my parents on that town hall stage, my friends, their families. We have to start this change now, and increase the number of representatives who are proudly and unashamedly Asian. ♦

THIS ARTICLE WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY THE EQUAL JUSTICE PROJECT. CHECK OUT EQUALJUSTICEPROJECT.CO.NZ TO SEE MORE PIECES LIKE THIS.



Horoscopes: Social Justice Warrior Edition

By Josie Adams

Aries: Takes the protest megaphone home with them. Tinder anthem is “Kill all the White Men” by NOFX. High-key emotional, cries with rage. Devoted to the cause but will become a career politician, less effective and more bitter with each passing term. Most likely to punch a Nazi.

Taurus: Joined the Occupy movement by occupying a beach. Predicted the election outcome using Tarot cards. Went to Thailand for a Full Moon Party so they understand “slumming it”. An environmentalist, but would never take public transport.

Gemini: Thinks they’re Trotsky. Wants a war. Should probably keep that to themselves. Skim reads thinkpieces. Punches Nazis because it’s a socially acceptable outlet for their bloodlust. Most likely to idolise Slavoj Zizek.

Cancer: Cried when Metiria Turei resigned. Has quotes from *The Communist Manifesto* memorised. Will have a career in union work, and one day a small plaque in a park bench will commemorate this. Most likely to use buzzwords without understanding them.

Leo: Made a Facebook status about buying hot chocolates for the homeless, but paraded their new Louis Vuitton bag in front of them yesterday. Will openly weep about how National “doesn’t care about the poor”, but has never empathised with any real human friend of theirs. Protests student loans, but doesn’t have one. Most likely to become wealthy and throw fundraising galas.

Virgo: “I support you in principle!” Thinks you’re going a bit too far. Just wants to get “something sensible” out of this. Makes sure everyone gets a turn to speak, probably has a “talking stick”. Most likely to be holding the talking stick.

Libra: Calls for change in a very quiet voice because they’re afraid of it. “I prefer ‘humanitarian’ because I care about ev-

eryone.” Watches a lot of rallies, but never marches in them. As good at lying as Paula Bennett (i.e. not very good, but does it anyway). Most likely to become Big Brother.

Scorpio: Understands the theory behind your praxis better than you. Only thing they’ve ever organised was a very hedonistic post-rally piss-up. Has a stick and poke “woman power” tattoo. Refers to Winston Peters as “Ol’ Winnie”. Most likely to be “ironically” conservative.

Sagittarius: Has a riot playlist. Doesn’t go to all the protests but fights the good fight every day by yelling at bigots in the street. Is woke to every social justice issue under the intersectional sun. Can be found in Family Bar at 4am arguing with the bouncer about the power dynamics of groping. Most likely to be arrested for the cause.

Capricorn: Likes to play Devil’s Advocate but actually just has bad opinions. Gamer—probably plays *Nation States* and acts out their dream of being an American Civil War General. Believes the last thing they were told by anyone over the age of 35. “That’s not what my Mummy said!” Most likely to think David Seymour’s “actually kinda funny”.

Aquarius: Probably a nihilist. Thinks all lives might matter. Started three socialist meme pages and abandoned them all. Most likely to join a cult.

Pisces: Can be found at the back of the protest, trying not to look too involved. Hates the patriarchy but doesn’t want it to hate them. “Did you know Audrey Hepburn was in the Resistance during World War 2?” Is a member of 60 different tag groups on Facebook. Never posts in them. Most likely to be a slam poet. ♦

YOU CAN CHECK OUT MORE OF JOSIE'S MYSTICAL INSIGHTS ON TWITTER AT @JOSIEADAMS69

UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS

Confused about encryption? Don’t understand why people use webcam security stickers? Learn more about **Cyber Security** at AUT!

When: Thursday 19th October, 9am—4pm

Where: Auckland University of Technology, WO building, room 1107

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: It’s cyber security month so have a chat to the tech experts at AUT about cyber security. Don’t miss this opportunity to get cyber security tips and advice for free! Find out more info at: ithelp.aut.ac.nz/cyber

Are you a migrant wanting to learn about settling down in New Zealand? Head along to the **Citizens Advice Bureau’s Tea & Talk**

in Takapuna!

When: Thursday 19th October, 11am—1pm

Where: Mary Thomas Centre, 3 Gibbons Road, Takapuna

Price: Free, but you need to register!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: The North Shore Citizens Advice Bureau is hosting a Tea & Talk for migrants in New Zealand. You can share your stories, experiences, talk about renting in New Zealand (especially Auckland) and ask any other questions you may have. This event is funded by Immigration New Zealand, and if you need more info feel free to email: settlement.northshore@cab.org.nz. ♦



CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

1 in 4 Kiwi kids are living without the basic necessities, and that’s just not good enough. This week, support KidsCan, a charity aimed at providing food, clothing, and basic healthcare to Kiwi kids. Provision of shoes and raincoats are key concerns, and they also have a nit

busters programme aimed at preventing and treating head lice in low decile schools.

You can learn more about how to support KidsCan, or support a Kiwi kid for just \$15 a month, at kidscan.org.nz. ♦



What's On

Late Night Art AUCKLAND CBD

It's Auckland Artweek! On Tuesday 10th from 5–9pm, there will be incredible art installations popping up all over the city, from Ice Encased Flowers at Roma Blooms to Tim Gruchy + SCOUT Live at Takutai Square. Hop from gallery to gallery, or take a guided walking/biking tour, and it's all free! Check out Heart of the City for more info.

GLOW DEVONPORT

If you have the chance, get to Devonport to see Unitec students' GLOW installation for Artweek. It will feature beautiful light installations and other fun interactive art. It runs from Friday 13th to Sunday 15th, and will be part of a big and bright street party. Plus it's all free!

LATE 2017 AUCKLAND MUSEUM

Book your \$20 student ticket for "LATE 2017: Invisible Privilege – Confronting Entitlement" at Auckland Museum. This panel will be discussing power and privilege, and issues of identity in NZ society. It runs from 6–9pm, and will have a special curated menu available.

New Telepathics Single Release Party GOLDEN DAWN

Head along to Golden Dawn on Friday 13th October from 10pm for the New Telepathics Single Release Party. The New Telepathics are an Auckland band who will be playing live all night along with 13-piece band RESONANCE.

Diwali Festival 2017 AOTEA SQUARE, CBD

What a great opportunity to celebrate Auckland's vibrant Indian culture at the annual Auckland Diwali Festival 2017! Running Saturday 14th and Sunday 15th from 12–9pm, Aotea Square will be home to Indian food stalls, dance and musical performances, art and crafts. •



Guide to City Travellin'

Travelling isn't just about those Instagram-worthy landscape shots, but about a mixture of city and scenery. Exploring a foreign city can be overwhelming, so here are a few starting points.

Historic buildings: You gotta get dat history. Every city has unique buildings with rich historical backgrounds (e.g. all churches in Europe) that provide insight into the area. Have a quick Google before you go and make a list of the top five that interest you the most.

Get cultured: For a real educational experience, visit a museum and/or art gallery. You'll discover a lot about both the city and country, and probably see some seriously cool sheit as well. Plus, what better place to buy postcards and tacky travel gifts than a museum souvenir shop?

Parks and recreation: There are a tonne of beautiful parks around the world, many of which are home to wildlife, activities and more. Take Central Park as an

example—you can feed the ducks, sail a mini boat, go ice skating in winter and ride in a horse-drawn carriage. Plus, prettiness.

Shops: Don't be a rookie and rock up to a city without knowing the best shops. Whatever you're into—op shopping or otherwise—there's bound to be a store for you. Know before you go so you can scope it out, buy the goods then explore the rest of the shops.

Ask a local: If there is just one bit of advice we could give, it would be to ask a local. Locals know best, because they know the places that aren't riddled by tourists and likely more authentic, too. This goes for everything: shops, restaurants, parks. Just make sure you size said local up so you know they're legit first. •

DIY Bath Bombs

Bath bombs are an amazing treat to add to your toilette, but are often rather special and expensive. This recipe is designed to bring luxury to your home, without worrying about price. If you sometimes feel like a typical bath bomb is too big for one simple bath, you're not alone. This recipe can make bath bombs that are big or small, just depends on how many you want!

The following ingredients will serve for 1 big bath bomb, or 2 small ones.

What you need:

- 1 tbsp cornstarch/corn flour
 - 1 tbsp citric acid (or ½ tbsp cream of tartar)
 - 2 tbsps baking soda
 - 1 tbsp Epsom salts
 - ¼ tsp oil (light fragrance-free oils, e.g. Canola)
 - 1–2 drops food colouring
 - ¾ tsp liquid for fragrance (e.g. essential oils, green tea, cinnamon, vanilla essence, coconut essence)
- A mould (experiment with what works best/what shape you want for your bath bombs. They need to be able to set for a few hours so anything that works)

What you do:

1. Place the dry ingredients in a bowl.
2. Whisk together to make sure everything is fine and smooth. No lumps!
3. Shake wet ingredients together in a small jar/

container.

4. Pour wet ingredients into dry ingredients whilst whisking. You will see a small reaction if using citric acid, but keep whisking until you see the mixture clump together and the colour combine fully with the mixture.
5. Be careful not to add any more liquid to the mixture after this process. The citric acid will keep foaming and not stay in container. The mixture should be slightly crumbly.
6. Spoon mixture into mould and pack in mould as tightly as possible.
7. Leave to dry for at least 5 hours, before removing from mould.
8. Give time to dry for another 4 hours before using in bath on the same day. If wrapping up to store/gift, leave to dry for 1–2 days. This will ensure greater longevity of product.
9. If you're making multiple, with different colours, a great idea is to stack them in a jar to store. It also looks great as a gift or bathroom decoration! •

Gifts on a Budget

Whether you've got 21sts galore or are just getting super prepared for Christmas, it's always a good idea to have some easy gift ideas in your back pocket. Simple, but effective—these gifts are great to put a smile on someone's face. Just because you're poor, doesn't mean you can't put out a great present.

Flowers: Leading off from last week, where we had a great segment on the meanings of flowers, a bunch of flowers—or even a potted plant or succulent—is a really sweet gift to give someone on any occasion. They brighten up rooms, and lives, and are guaranteed to get a smile out of someone.

A nice mug: If you drink any liquid, you'll usually appreciate a cool mug. Whether it be a monogrammed teacup or a novelty mug, there's so much to choose from. There's nothing better than something personalised, so it's a good idea to try and find something that you think will appeal to the recipient. If you let them know the meaning behind it, they'll value it more. They're available everywhere, but Typo has a good, affordable range.

Bath bombs in a jar: Forget Lush! As lovely as they are, you can make your own for a fraction of the cost. Make a bunch of different flavours and stack them in a jar for you to use at a later time. Check out the recipe in this section for your own DIY bath-bomb experience.

Purse of goodies: Little bath/make up bags

with cute decorations are the perfect size to stuff with a bunch of small little knick-knacks and surprises. Whether it be chocolate treats, nail-polish or jewellery—you can really go nuts and play with a little goodie-bag for your friend. Plus, when it's done they get to keep a useful bag. K-Mart sells great ones, right next to all their little items perfect for stuffing with little gifts.

Scrapbook: An old staple, but if you have the time nothing could be treasured more. A whole book full of photographs and writings designed to celebrate your friendship? What could be better? Scrapbooks always make the sweetest mementos and, with a bit of effort, time and creativity, can be extremely beautiful.

A joy jar: Similar to a scrapbook, but much less effort! I've considered keeping one of these, and have even found the perfect jar! Everyone needs a pick me up every now and then, so why not create one? Write down little messages, compliments, jokes and heartfelt words to your friend on scraps of paper. Fill the (clean) jar to the top with them, and they'll have something that will bring joy in the darkest of times. ♦

REVIEW:

Britomart Country Club

A haven in the bustle of downtown Auckland, Britomart Country Club is a must-visit. Known for its fruity, overflowing cocktail jars, BCC also offers a range of tasty food to be enjoyed in the company of good music.

If it's food you're after, the woodfired pizzas are to die for, with thin crispy bases and quality ingredients. I ordered the Gamberetti, which consists of mozzarella, cherry tomato, chilli, prawns, zucchini and lemon. It's fresh, juicy and, at \$16, a definite win. I can also vouch for the Pepperoni—delish.

The burgers are also impressive, especially the Crispy Chicken Burger with rainbow slaw. A range of snacks, from hand cut fries and fried pizza knots to smoked kahawai and crispy squid, will tame the eager diner.

As for the aforementioned cocktail jars—they're vibrant, refreshing and dangerously

non-alcoholic tasting (a.k.a. a dream). Currently, the jars are named after sports stars. I tried the Tiger Woods, a gin, dill, cucumber and ginger beer concoction which goes down a treat. If you're in a group, the cocktail jugs are not to be missed. I recommend the Thai Punch (lychee, lemon, lime, raspberry, basil, chi and vermouth), but they all look scrumptious.

BCC's setting is also a winner, with its indoor-outdoor vibe and relaxed, yet classy, atmosphere. It's a non-tacky bar with better-than-bar-standard food and interesting drinks. This is a great place to come for an after work beer and pizza, or for dinner and jugs during the weekend. ♦



TOP 5 Cycle Tracks in AKL

Te Ara Tehuna Estuary Cycleway

A 7.5km circular route will take you around Orewa's estuary. Cycle over bridges, alongside mangroves and around the water, and learn about the areas' Māori history through informative plaques and cultural statues. This is an easy cycle if you just want to get outdoors and have some light exercise.

Te Ara Whiti

Otherwise known as the pink lightpath, or Auckland's extremely-expensive-and-not-that-important development. One should ride the lightpath purely because our council spent so much money on it, but also because it's actually pretty cool. Cruise over the motorway and enjoy the cityscape whilst simultaneously admiring the lights.

Tamaki Drive Cycle Route

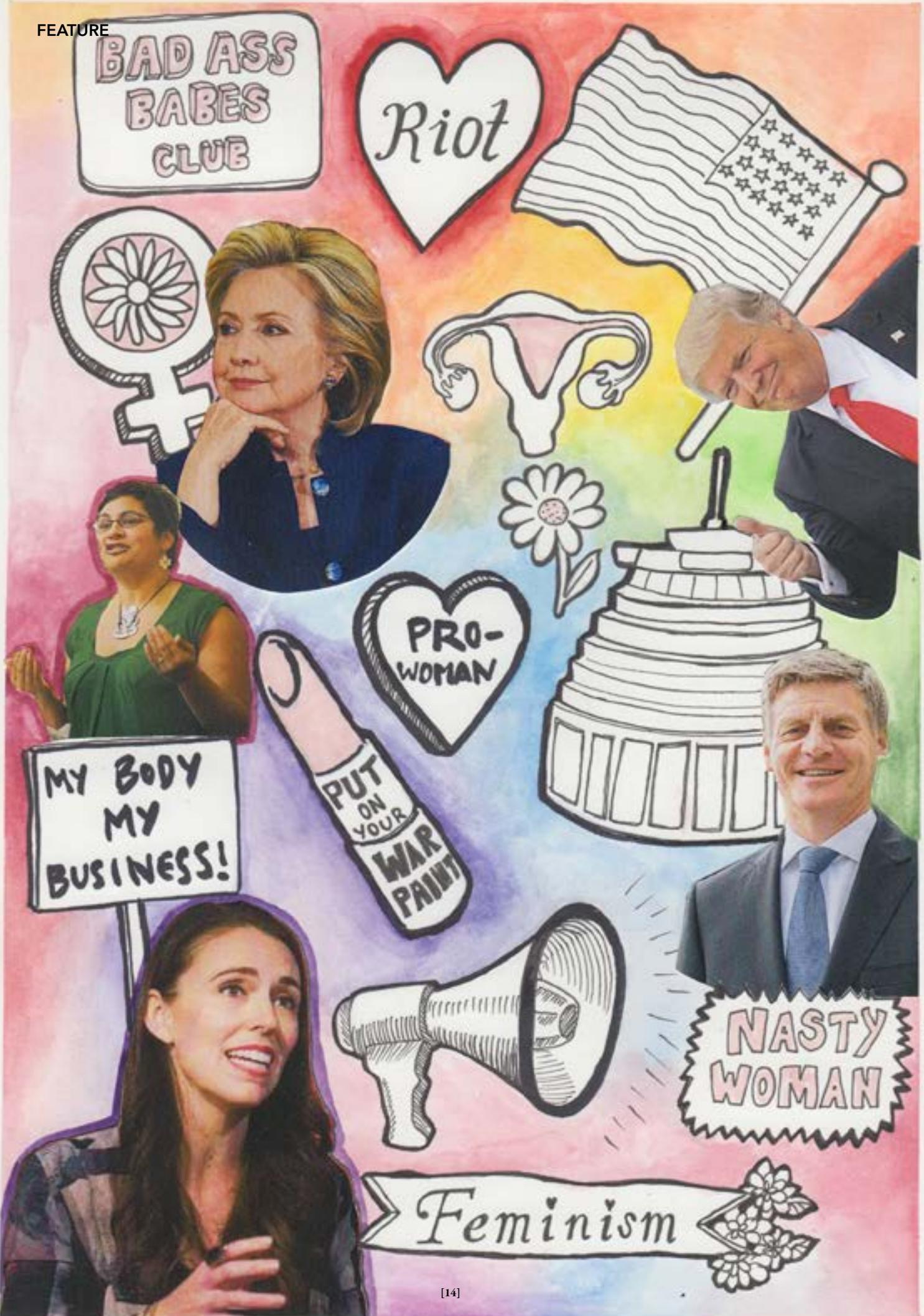
Probably the most scenic cycleway in the CBD, the Tamaki Drive path winds along Auckland's waterfront towards Mission Bay. Flat and well maintained, this is cycling for city slickers at its best. Finish the ride with a cone from Movenpick and a pleasant stroll around the Mission Bay gardens.

Wattle Downs Cycle Ride

This 10km fully-paved track offers stunning views of Manukau Harbour as it follows the coastline. Mostly away from the road, the Wattle Downs Cycle Ride is peaceful and a good way to get the heart rate up, with small hills throughout.

Pakuranga Rotary Shared Path

You'll have to battle the pedestrians for this one, but it's worth it. The track makes for a breezy 9km flat ride, which hugs the banks of Tāmaki River and ends up at Tāmaki Estuary. Information panels explain the area's history and environmental elements. ♦



ART BY SAMANTHA HOYLE (@SAAAM_J_ART)

NASTY WOMEN AND LIPSTICK ON PIGS

Milly Sheed on how women in politics are still fighting an uphill battle against male backlash

They say behind every successful man, is a woman. However, what we have learnt from the bleak position of the current political climate is that *behind* is exactly where the successful man intends her to stay. Look, I get it, political rhetoric and propaganda are all part of the cut-and-thrust of the political “lions-den”. But I can’t help but notice that male responses towards women who are fighting to be heard just seem to be getting worse—more vicious and more arbitrary. More than this, the vile epithets and gender-based character assassinations by these powerful men are being *positively sanctioned* and encouraged by the general public. What is this, 1950?

It is the really “in thing” right now to be a feminist, isn’t it? Progressive political leaders across the world are openly claiming their feminism, and actively encourage their citizens to become more aware of female issues. We’ve all heard entreats of Barack Obama and Justin Trudeau. It has almost become the new “cool” extension of the millennial personality. Vegan? Yes. Gym? Yes. Feminist? *OF COURSE*. Because you kind of seem like an idiot if you don’t call yourself a feminist these days, or, at least, if you aren’t aware of the gross inequalities evident in our society against women. God forbid someone might take you to be a member of the Young Nats. But

honestly, the battle of being a practical feminist is not merely recognising that the pay gap exists, or that catcalling a woman as she walks down the street is a bad thing. It is understanding that the entire structure of our society functions to disadvantage women, restricting them from reaching those high-level jobs, and that fundamentally, patriarchal norms govern the very way our society operates. An American journalist from CNN, during the Clinton campaign, claimed on a live TV news broadcast that if there were “so many great female candidates”, then 50% of Congress would consist of women. The ignorance in this comment almost makes me laugh... almost.

Let’s take a look at Parliament, for example. I will just remind you of the basics: Parliament is the governing and law-making body that sanctions, controls and restricts every move that we make, with the aim to mould societal attitudes along the way. These are the representatives of the common people, who give us rights, and have the power to take rights away from us. Now, consider this: of the 190 heads of state across the world, only 9 are women. Further, if we count how many women have a seat in Parliaments across the world, women fill only 22% of those seats. So a law that might, perhaps, alleviate the financial burden of particular birth controls, or

provide free sanitary products as a human right, is only going to effect 22% of Parliament. How can it shock you, then, that you are taxed 15% GST on your tampons? How can it shock you that the gender pay gap has *still* not been outlawed in the majority of Western societies, when the people making these decisions haven’t the ability or empathy to even contemplate what it is like to live the life of a woman? The question must follow—how can a society function on fair grounds, when issues pertaining to over 50% of the population are undermined, underfunded, or ignored? Helen Clark said back in 2016 that no country would ever reach its full potential if its female citizens do not reach equality, and equal representation in Parliament is key to this.

Why does society restrict women from reaching these high-level political positions? I think this is because women, in all male-dominated professions, systematically underestimate their own capabilities. It’s as if they have stumbled into the boardroom by mistake and are henceforth personally attacked and criticised for doing so. This could be to do with the fact that men generally wield more confidence than women and reach for opportunities they feel they are entitled to, more than so than a woman ever would. But it could be more to do with the fact that women

are informed from childhood that their place is in *aiding* the man, not *surpassing* the man. And this is overwhelmingly supported by public male attitudes towards powerful women. The mere fact that our laws and constitutions enshrine men and women as equal, and bar discrimination based on gender, in no way means that the day-to-day reality of being a woman is easy. Where assertiveness is deemed to be a positive quality in a male, it is deemed pushy and nagging in a woman. Girls grow up being told bossiness is a negative quality, “Darling, no one will like you if you are telling them what to do!” In fact, it has been said that success and likability are positively correlated for men, but negatively for women. Incredibly, there are a few dynamite women in our current political environment who are trying to break this patriarchal mould. But just as surely as they gain some ground, the male backlash strikes them back into their place.

Maybe I should say that we do not live in the world our mothers and grandmothers grew up in, and we should be incredibly grateful that we don’t. Our capabilities to achieve are greater, and our opportunities wider. I heard Chief Justice Sian Elias speak a few weeks ago at the University of Auckland Law Review Symposium. To a startled group of undergraduate law students, she told us that when she finished Auckland Law School in the 1970s, there were only four women in her entire graduate year. That is only four women in Auckland, with even the slightest chance of entering the political world. Even more shockingly, this gender inequality was so entrenched that female barristers at the High Court had to use public toilets, because the “lawyer” toilets were exclusively “male only”. So looking at today, were 61% of the Law School intake is female, it is clear as a society we have travelled a long way down that beaten track to reach “luke-warm equality”. There are still milestones to cover, which speak to the very nature of practical attitudes towards women in our society.

In research for this article I went to YouTube, typing a simple “*women in politics*” into the search bar. The third video to appear was titled, “Ten of the Sexiest Women in Politics.” Reluctantly I clicked on the link, thinking surely this won’t be as bad as I think it will be. In sheer naivety, I watched the video, the narrator explaining to me that he “bet the men had a hard time concentrating on their work with her around” and wowed that “she even obtained a *law degree*”. Another female politician was congratulated that she, “doesn’t just have brawn and beauty, but a brain too!” Disgusted, this video just made me realise that this is the source of the problem. As long as our society gives allowances for this type of regressive female imagery, then it only makes sense that the public don’t feel a woman is capable of being in Parliament, or ever running the country. It is just a fact that women have to do twice as much to prove that they are as up-to-the-job as their male compatriots, and are held to an entirely different set of standards. Appearance, age, family and even our history are brutally observed, and established as “pre-conditions” for our ability to hold any sort of powerful position. Take Metiria Turei, who was fiercely pressured into resigning from the Green Party, just because of something she did in her 20s to put food on the table for her children. And yet, any misdemeanor in Bill English or John Key’s pasts are merrily passed over. Women start the race a couple of miles behind. It still

shocks the globe when a female politician has a real chance of taking a position in high public office because the societal box we place her in simply cannot be reconciled with genuine female empowerment.

In the US elections earlier this year, America had a chance of truly transforming the way we perceive women, for the whole world to take assessment. The country stood high on the precipice of a progressive and forward-thinking democracy—a glimmer of hope for the rest of the world that women are finally on the way to equal representation. It was a chance to validate a woman’s place in society, and an encouragement to all young women who simply want their voices heard. Standing at the bottom of this precipice? Donald Trump. Never could there be a truer icon of male privilege. This was the truest political juxtaposition I think the modern world has ever been witness to. As I sat in front of my television watching the live-feed as the votes were counted, I was thinking, “YES! This is the year! This is the year a woman finally reaches equality, the year a woman takes her rightful place in the most powerful position in the world!” Needless to say, the result was like a punch in the face, to me and to feminists all over the world. It’s shocking that Americans were quicker to condemn Clinton for a few misguided emails, than a man who was accused numerous times for sexual assault. The public took more stock in unproved claims about classified emails being leaked, than black and white sexual misconduct. The stability of their country now rests in the hands of a pussy-grabbing man, simply because the alternative was a woman.

If you have partaken in, or have been brave enough to engage with, the comments section on any news article on Facebook, you will understand that gender inequality, and male backlash, are alive and thriving in New Zealand. Jacinda Ardern just has “too many opinions”, and “the old hag should go back to the feeding trough”. It amazes me, the brazenness of these men who are making these comments to such a wide public audience. This simply points to the horrid fact that they don’t care what people think, likely because many will agree with them. Some of these comments had over 100 likes. By the appropriation of these disgusting personal attacks on women, merely due to the fact that they have a public image, our society remains stagnant. The only way a society can truly progress and reach equality is not by the laws that govern our country; it’s in the day-to-day attitudes of human interactions—and yes, what we publicly advertise as our opinion.

How can women possibly reach the height of their potential and accept the same opportunities as men, when appearance is a factor in voting potential, women’s rights are considered communist, and pregnancy is still considered an inconvenience to business?

Male backlash has triumphed often, as much as we try to resist it. It is a response reflective of the society that we live in—one that condones personal attacks based on gender and sanctions malicious epithets as a response to female political competition. The many styles of sexism that we have seen invade political campaigns and poison honest policies will continue to impact the future success of our democracy. Worst of all, male backlash fundamentally impacts the ability for women to achieve in positions in which they are more than capable, and help in the fight for equal representation. •

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**your student
experience**

absolutely
rarely arising

incredible! Such
made of whole experience so much
better. Also, I was w.
him-enough said.

NOTES

We went for coffee at
cathedral cafe, talked

I had
far too
much
caffeine so
tried
desperately
to be calm

then walked around.

He hadn't done to museum yet so we
went there & spent a few hours looking at it.

chibits. I learned he's 6 foot 3. has claustrophobia &
fear of heights - all v. ironic. He took me to a pub called

Doctors & had lunch (raggio). It was over a coal
stove! V. old world - all big leather arm chairs, wood
floors & scarred tables. V. cool indeed.

I had to go & meet James to collect



REFLECTIONS ON THE PURSUIT OF ACADEMIA

J. A. Thomas with tips and tricks to forge an academic career

Academia takes guts. There are more naysayers out there who try to persuade you to hang up your cap in favour of a name badge and retirement fund than there are affirming voices who encourage you to pursue that extra degree. It takes fortitude and a good pair of headphones to block out the noise and just focus on what you've decided to achieve. It also takes money—money that the bank kindly gives us and then holds over us for the remainder of our lives like a gleaming guillotine. For some people, the threat of death before repayment is removed relatively quickly and for others, it's not. If you are one of the latter (*raises hand*) then you must come to terms with the idea that you will be in debt for the foreseeable future, but will continue to study because you enjoy it, you're good at it, or for some other equally legitimate purpose.

I recently went to Edinburgh to speak at the British Society for the History of Medicine's 2017 Congress and in my time there, I discovered that whatever your motivation, whatever your degree, your decision to devote yourself to that for however many years is akin to a declaration of confidence. It says that "I know what I like and I'm doing it because xyz". This applies to all fields, all interests, and I hope this article will provide some affirmation that your xyz's—whatever they are—are reason enough to pur-

sue academia to whatever extent you desire. We have the privilege of access to good education here in New Zealand and no naysayers have the right to diminish our ability to take advantage of it.

As a young academic who feels uncomfortable even applying the term "academic" to myself, the idea of travelling to a conference in Edinburgh as a speaker is ridiculous. Even now that I'm back, I struggle to believe I was there. I have been told for years by members of my family that my BA, my Honours degree, and now my (soon to be completed) MA are "useless to society" as they don't "earn me money". Now I was going to have to tell them I was forking out for flights to Scotland in order to attend a conference that, yes, I had been invited to speak at but, no, wasn't going to be paid for. Endowed with a naturally anxious disposition, a stiff drink was a necessary accompaniment to my efforts. But on the evening of the reveal, I thought screw it, little me was going to Edinburgh to meet people who played bagpipes, wore tweed on a daily basis, speak at the British Society for the History of Medicine's annual congress—and nothing was going to stop me. Not even my bank account balance. And make it I did, and along the way I learned a few things. All of them were eye-opening, most of them probably obvious to the more

confident and self-assured percentage of the population, and some of them I hope might be useful to you. (*cue bagpipe accompaniment music*)

Youth does not discredit you

I am a “babyface”. I repeatedly have people ask me my age and endure the awkward silence as their eyes boggle upon discovering that I am 5 years older than they thought I was. As an MA student, I am often taken for a first year and have had people offer to guide me to my lecture theatre when standing on a corner and looking at my phone with a slightly confused expression. Attending a conference where the youngest speaker (besides me) was at least 20 years older and had infinitely more experience, was unnerving to say the least. The feeling was exacerbated by my “imposter syndrome”, which seems to flare up like a case of hives whenever I am presented with an opportunity to prove myself. Or if I eat pineapple. Walking into the room on the first day of the conference and meeting the other attendees, surrounded suddenly by talc, tweed, and accredited aplomb, I felt waaay out of my depth, both academically and geographically. But there was no turning back, which was probably a good thing. The initial small talk around the morning tea table was not very “talkie”, as I fielded slightly confused glances in my direction, as though I were a museum exhibit without a talking card. In my head I was, to them, perhaps the daughter of some other delegate. Or a lost tourist. Like a coward, I gave in to this sense of inadequacy and avoided eye contact, sipping my tea.

In hindsight, though, I have come to the conclusion that I was largely to blame for such aloof reactions to my presence. Pretending to be very absorbed in your notes as others peruse the array of shortbreads and comment on the quality of the tea is not an effective conversation technique. If I had stood up and spoken to people, or at least looked capable of speech, I might not have felt so alien. I ought to have realised, as I do now, that the only one who affects your confidence is you. Not your age, your appearance, or your gender—in this situation, it was my brain they were interested in, and not because half of the attendees were retired physicians. What I had to say was the whole reason I was there, and yet I held myself back by second-guessing my own voice. My “babyface” might have made

me a curiosity, but it did not necessarily make me an outsider; I did that all on my own. However, after my talk on the agency of women in an eleventh century herbal, I found myself at ease with the other attendees, more relaxed, and able to converse. Really nothing had changed other than my awareness of my right to be there. If I had managed to work that out sooner, the first few hours might not have been quite so painful.

People actually want to hear what you have to say if you are brave enough to say it

To my horror, and then to my slowly increasing confidence, the room I was speaking to was completely full. I was not the only speaker in that slot (there were four slots in a day with four speakers in each), but as one woman had pointed out minutes before I got up, people had chosen to be here, to listen, and were interested in what I had to say. Also, they were now stuck in the room and couldn't leave so whether they liked it or not, I had a captive audience.

Speaking to a full room might normally have made me more nervous, but in this case, I felt better; I was surrounded by people interested in the history of medicine, who were curious about how we treated people in the past, the possible implications of these methods on the present, and the roles of women in the development of medicine from an art to a science. This is my passion and I had a chance to share it. This was not a time for insecurity. As an experienced audience member, I knew that it was very obvious if you're praying that verbs, not vomit, are what's projected when you open your mouth. Again, my youth did not discount me; one of the most common comments I received from people who approached me afterwards was that “it's so encouraging to see young people interested in this kind of history.” It turns out they had anxieties of their own, were nervous about whether the next generation of historians were interested in the area to which they had dedicated their lives and were willing to take up the baton.

By speaking at the conference with all the passion and enthusiasm I could muster, and conquering my fear of being shown up a fraud, it turns out I allayed some of their fears, too. Whatever academic environment you find yourself in, know that your perspective, your interests, are unique, and people are interested. Sure, there will always be assholes but don't cen-

sor yourself for them—speak out in spite of them.

Prepare to be questioned

So, yes they were interested in what I had to say, but curiosity leads to questions. And boy, did they let loose. But this, so I learned, was a good thing. It was not, as I first thought, them trying to pick holes in my argument, but rather them expressing their interest and their desire to know more. As the only medievalist at the conference, I should not have been surprised that modern and pre-modern historians were inquisitive about a period which preceded theirs by a good five centuries. Sure, their tones might have felt accusatory or confrontational, but on reflection it was my approach, not theirs, that affected my confidence the most. By standing up to their questions, I realised that these historians did not think I had no foundation to my argument, but rather felt I was capable of answering them because I had command of my topic. Once again, it was my perspective which filtered their comments through a negative sieve and altered my awareness of how they were perceiving me. *Sigh*. Is there an “Annual Hindsight Experts Conference”? I’ll be the keynote.

Regardless of age we’re bound together by a passion for what we do

You don’t fight against the derogatory looks as a BA student, or stay studying until you’re an old person without some amount of passion for what you’re doing. At that conference I was the youngest, sure, but I was also just one of many people driven to achieve in their field, who was passionate about what I had found through my research, and was interested in hearing other people talk passionately (or in some cases, like they were chewing pieces of dry cardboard) about their topic. There were retired physicians, experts in First World War photography, in medical illustration, women’s gynaecology leagues of the 1900s, dentistry, and Edinburgh’s medical school, to name a few. We were all different, but all held great esteem for those who were able to stand up and speak about their topic of interest with clarity and confidence. Variety is one of the things that makes academia interesting, and it depends on people being willing to expose themselves and their interests. I loved hearing the vast array of topics on which people spoke and was

sad to have to miss some of the talks because, well, I was in Edinburgh and could not leave without seeing the castle. I’m a historian, what can I say?

Apply, apply, apply

I applied thinking “it would be amazing if”, but almost completely positive that I wouldn’t get in. After all, “The British Society for the History of Medicine’s 2017 Congress, to be held at the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh”—how much more official and posh can you possibly sound? But, apply I did and—shit, they let me in! My chances of going were utterly nil had I listened to that little voice who was deterred by the sheer word count of the conference title. Plus, no one knows how young you are in an academic abstract. I spoke to the secretary of the society who helped review the abstracts and he clearly had no idea that one of the many 200 word extracts he had read had been written by a self-conscious 23-year-old. All he knew was that I was doing my MA, was from Auckland, and wanted to talk about female agency in a medieval manuscript.

Applying in itself seems to exude some sort of confidence that you stand a chance of success—a chance that is reduced significantly if you never send in an abstract at all. On the topic of writing abstracts, if you see a conference you want to speak at, but feel you don’t know what to say, then writing an abstract for a paper (even if said paper is not, er, exactly written yet) will definitely make you figure it out. To find conferences to apply for, ask Google like I did and you might find yourself in Scotland—or perhaps somewhere much warmer if you’re lucky. I suggest researching the beaches of Hawaii.

Overall, the main take away I have for you is this: don’t reduce your dreams to match others’ expectations, or what you think those expectations might be. Realise this now and save yourself an expensive trip—or realise it now and then go on the expensive trip and enjoy it a lot more. If it’s what you love, then your degree is enough, even if it doesn’t “earn you money”. The NZ Dollar is not the currency of personal fulfillment—only you can set that value. While not everyone will always “get you” or what you’re doing, there are people who do. They might be in Scotland, but they do exist, and when you meet those people, it’s awesome. So say hi. ♦

*We the People of
insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common Defense
and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution
Article I*



HISTORY HAS ITS EYES ON YOU

Kimmie Francisca on the possibility of having our own single constitution

Kiwis from all over are caught up in how this election will affect us in the short term. However, there is something else that hasn't hit *Seven Sharp* levels of dissemination yet that will have a very long-term effect on New Zealand's future generations: The Constitution of Aotearoa New Zealand. Yes, there is such a thing—a proposed document which our country's future will be built on. Yet the window of opportunity to have our say is drawing to a close.

Do you remember earlier this year, the world collectively lost its stuffing because Buckingham Palace said that they had an announcement? The announcement provoked headlines like “Queen calls Buckingham Palace emergency meeting” and “The Queen calls ‘all staff’ meeting at Buckingham Palace, sparking worldwide frenzy of speculation about herself and Prince Philip”, which caused panic in its own right because when the media is offered up the ultimate clickbait, there's no way they aren't going to take advantage of it. We waited with baited breath to hear the news of the Queen and her husband, fearing at least one of them to be dead. With the Queen and Philip being 91 and 96 years old respectively, we're all quietly aware that reality is imminent, but we're weirdly mum about discussing it here in New Zealand. Well, I say that, but us Kiwis are fairly well known for not being so outspoken when it comes to the tougher issues to discuss. We all have opinions on them, but whether or not we voice those opinions is an entire-

ly different issue.

So while we were collectively attached to the news that day, a rather morbid thought came to mind—did New Zealand's obsession with the news stem from worry about the welfare of the royals, or excitement and anticipation? Everyone knows that the Queen's death will be the end of an era and the possibility of the Queen's passing, even in the abstract sense of clickbait news titles, forces us to confront uncomfortable questions that come with that shift of power and loyalty. Australia is much more confident about their independent position in this than we are, perched to cut their dependencies and remove themselves as a colony. So do we follow their lead, or do we stay loyal to a Crown that is physically so far away it's been argued that any authority they have over New Zealand is merely decorative at this point? If that's the case, why stay a colony?

If we do decide to leave, becoming the Republic of Aotearoa New Zealand forces us to answer some tough questions we've never had to face before: without our identity as a colony and our inherent ties to the Crown, who are we as a nation? What are our values as a people? Where do our loyalties lie? What, exactly, does it mean to be a Kiwi? These questions require a level of introspection that as a nation we all avoid like the plague, particularly because we don't have a precedent for them. We don't really have a plan either, perpetually em-

bodying the national philosophy of “she’ll be right”, which never really helps—just enables us to be lazy and passive with widespread cultural acceptance. However, with something as important as the future of our country, we can’t afford to be passive about this. Our future is quite literally being written right now. It is time to pay attention and speak up about what we feel is important.

If we do decide to become finally independent from the Crown, the first thing we would need as a Republic is a constitution. “Uh oh,” I hear you thinking, “like America, who scream at each other over a 200-year-old dusty document that seems to serve no purpose outside of being a buzzword for starting arguments?” Well, it’s the same basic idea, the United States had a 200+ year head start on us and hence we have two centuries of learnings to take advantage of. You would hope, given the circumstances, that we have the upper hand here. “But wait,” you say “don’t we already have a Constitution?” Kind of, but to be honest it was written in bits and pieces as we needed it and never fully compiled into a single, cohesive document that could be considered to be the letter of the law. “Wow.” Right?

Enter: A Constitution for Aotearoa New Zealand

In typical fashion, the most important document of our future is currently in the form of a long novel with the most boring cover you can imagine. Not exactly the kind of book that entices you to buy and read it, but hey, we’re getting our Constitution!

One that’s actually developed as a single cohesive document that will effectively be used as law, too! What more could we ask for? As it turns out, quite a lot: because even though this is a fantastic start and takes out the unknown of “what the hell are we going to do if we’re not a colony?”, it still needs to be discussed and debated nationally, with public input and experts’ concerns addressed. Because if we’re being blunt about it, this document was written by two old white guys, shut away in a room somewhere. Not that I’m not grateful for their work, but even they agree that public input is needed.

We need to face this head on and consider all the possibilities with the same passion and thoroughness with which we speculated over the Queen’s announcement. It’s not good enough for us to be passive about this, it won’t be alright for our people, our descendants, or our environment if we don’t pay attention and make sure this speaks for all of us, as New Zealanders. For most people, the United States is the first thing that comes to mind when the word “constitution” is even mentioned. It seems like a missed opportunity if we don’t learn from the inherent issues that the Americans have had to grapple with because their founders did not have the foresight to consider the ramifications for future generations while they were squabbling, which has caused so much pain for their

descendants that live today. I’m not saying we won’t have the same problem, but we have something they don’t: 200 years of hindsight.

America’s past is our present

230 years, to be more specific. The United States Constitution seems to be at the root of all current issues in America—so much so that if you only pay the slightest bit of attention to American media you would hear the squawking about issues being “unconstitutional”, which has been a buzzword ever since the damn thing was created. When it comes to discussing America’s Constitution, “calm”, “reasonable” and “compromise” are not words that come to mind. This is not a new issue—they had the same problem in the eighteenth century, when they were writing it.

One of the main issues with America’s Constitution is its dusty, stale outlook on life. It’s almost impressive in its ability to be so significantly out-of-touch and immovable while still retaining its status as the United States’ most important governing document. The thing is, it wasn’t designed that way: America’s Founding Fathers specifically designed the document to be fluid and changing, writing in the ability for the future generations to make the amendments that they knew would be so crucial. But now, it seems like the US Constitution is forever a mind-numbing paradox—hurting the people it’s designed to protect with its lack of relevancy and disconnect from modern society’s values. The document has become a time capsule, which unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your perspective) affects all the citizens that call the United States home. It’s not that updates haven’t been tried—they have—but the conditions and political climate needed to do so are almost impossible.

There have been nearly 11,000 proposed amendments to the US Constitution since its creation in 1787 (that’s over two sold-out matches at Eden Park’s worth), out of which only 27 have succeeded (the last one being passed in 1992), ten of which were the Bill of Rights. Statistically, at least a few more of those amendments were worth putting in the Constitution—updates to clauses as they learned more about the world, as the needs and values of their people changed with the passage of time. Not to mention technology’s progress, especially since 1992, that has yet to be accounted for in the document that gives people their rights. Think of all the consequences of not being able to update the Constitution effectively as it was needed—think how different not only America, but the world would be, given the US’s stance as a world leader.

For me, this culminates in all the lives lost because of gun violence, especially mass shootings, that happen far too often and result in too many avoidable deaths, because the second amendment—the right to bear arms for protection in a time that you needed arms to protect yourself, what with the American Revolution having ended only a couple of years ago and

tensions still high—is still in effect. There is a mass shooting almost every day in America; we only hear about the ones that are considered “newsworthy”. The US Gun Violence Archive reported 384 mass shootings in 2016 alone (that’s more than one per day) with over 15,000 gun-related deaths. I don’t mean to sound preachy, I only wish to point out the severity of the problem—though because the amendments are so hard to pass, there is very little to be done about it, bar an Executive Order from the President.

So when considering the Constitution of Aotearoa New Zealand, my biggest fear is that we’ll end up with our own version of America’s second amendment. It might not be quite as violent, but it does have the potential to be just as destructive. However, it’s not like we can safeguard everything—special interests, lobbying and corruption are always going to be a thing, but we can learn from others’ mistakes—for instance, the book *A Constitution for Aotearoa New Zealand* proposes revisions to be made to the New Zealand Constitution every ten years, which seems like far too long. How much irreversible damage can happen to a nation, its inhabitants and its environment in two years? For example, how many gun-related deaths are going to happen in America in the next ten years? How many lives could have been saved if it had been revised and amended every two years instead?

Already, we have some things to boast on America, though. That we’re not doing this 200 years ago. That our country isn’t founded on a fundamentally divisive political structure. That we’re a much smaller nation, which is surprisingly important. When the newly-founded United States of America formed, boasting all of its nine states, to make sure that important changes were decided upon by the majority, they decided that each amendment to the Constitution had to be agreed upon

by three-quarters of all states. This is easy when you only have nine states and only a relatively small number of people to be concerned with, but once that grew to 50 states and over 321 million people, the ability to hit that goal of a three-quarter agreement becomes a lot harder. Luckily, New Zealand doesn’t have this problem—both owing to our isolation and physical limitations as well as the fact that we’re not looking to expand our territory any time soon. Nevertheless, it would be short-sighted of us not to protect ourselves against such ambiguities and potentially look to other examples of how these issues have been solved by constitutions in smaller democracies like France and Germany, which pass amendments almost every couple of years at least. Germany has passed 50 amendments to their Basic Law since 2003 and France has made 28 amendments since 1958, which means they have been able to change their laws to keep up with progress, instead of the other way around.

Now, I have never studied law, nor can I claim anything that qualifies me to criticise constructively our future constitution effectively. But I am a writer—I can share ideas and start conversations and maybe I can inspire someone who is more eligible than I am to pick up this book, *A Constitution for Aotearoa New Zealand*, and propose changes that will change the course of our nation’s history. Up until November this year, one year after this book was first published, members of the public can submit critiques and suggestions about New Zealand’s future constitution. I write this knowing that there are a lot of young Kiwis out there like me who are just as passionate about the future of our country. If you have something to say about the document that will define our country for generations to come, now is the time to speak up.

History has its eyes on you. ♦

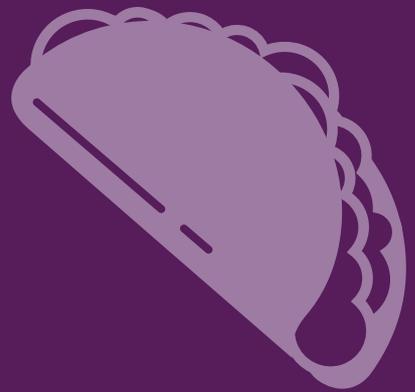
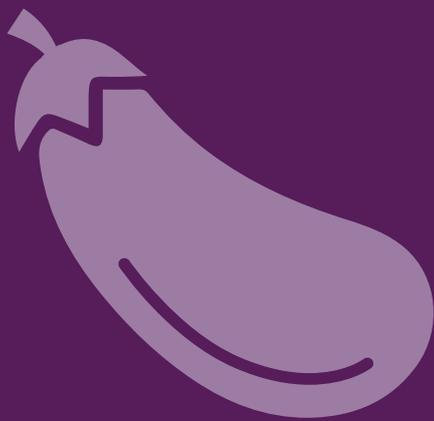


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I'm like the Joan Cusack character in the romantic comedy of your life

With Anoushka Maharaj

The first female character I ever related to on-screen was Fiona from *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. She was pensive and fearless, and her elegance and impeccable fashion sense were enough to make her the obvious heroine of the film for me. Fiona didn't give a hoot about anything (and yet, secretly, she gave many hoots about many things).

I grew up watching *Third Rock From the Sun* and *That 70's Show* and *Scrubs* and all of them were dominated by funny dudes who got away with doing pretty much anything they wanted. They got to be crass and rude and were applauded for their sexual conquests—and none of it ever took away from their inherent chances at success. Even Mila Kunis's iconic portrayal of Jackie was defined by her relationship with Kelso and how bratty she was (once referred to as “Loud Girl” which admittedly made her another character I significantly related to). There was only the occasional outlier, like Lindsay Weir from *Freaks and Geeks*, who delivered the excellent line “*Just because a girl speaks her mind, doesn't mean she's a psycho*” or Dana Scully from *The X-Files* who would whoop Mulder's ass on the regular.

But in the last few years alone, some of the most influential women have come from comedy backgrounds and have helped to create spaces for other funny, clever women—Amy Poehler, for instance, founded the Upright Citizens Brigade Theatre, which is where many well-known comedians started their careers (i.e. Kate McKinnon, Ellie Kemper, Keegan Michael-Key, Jason Mantzoukas, etc.). One of Amy Poehler's best investments has been in Abbi Jacobson and Ilana Glazer of *Broad City*, which evolved from a web series to a Comedy Central scripted series and has signified a shift in how women are portrayed on-screen.

First and foremost, *Broad City* is a show centred around two broke-ass best girlfriends who love and encourage each other non-stop (and have contributed to the culture of describing every woman

as a queen). Through their tendency to prioritise shenanigans over literally everything else, the duo sustain a narrative that they are each other's soul mate, often depicting scenarios that show us that, when you find the right person, literally anything can be enjoyable.

Second, *Broad City* unabashedly portrays the gross truth about being a woman (did you know that we also experience bodily functions?) and an incredibly sex-positive narrative aided by their woke male counterparts, Lincoln (Hannibal Buress), Trey (Paul W. Downs) and Jaime (Arturo Castro).

Third, despite their obvious social consciousness being a huge part of the show, they don't draw attention to it—because, like respecting another human being, it should just be the norm. One episode opens with the duo accompanying a young woman to Planned Parenthood as she is heckled by pro-life protestors, while much of the show has various anti-Trump paraphernalia around their respective apartments (they've also decided to bleep out his name this season).

Fourth, the show is based on Abbi and Ilana's real-life friendship—so all the activism, shared laughs and sweet moments have an extra dose of authenticity. And together the pair have created a refreshing show that is equal parts hilarious, moving and empowering, as well as a reminder that you shouldn't have to be ashamed of the very natural and normal parts of being a woman (and person).

Another show that has truly affected the course of television (and my life) is *The Mindy Project*. Alongside Aziz Ansari's *Master of None*, it was the first U.S. television show to feature a South Asian American as the lead—but this isn't, by any means, the focus of the show. Instead of concentrating on the characteristics that are utilised when a POC is the token ethnic character in a show, Kaling has chosen to create a female protagonist that is ultimately defined by how she sees herself, and not

how others might see her. The result of this is a character who is flawed yet courageous, outspoken yet incredibly emotional, confident in her sexuality, and someone who refuses to be limited by her outrageous fashion sense and boy obsession—because possessing “traditionally feminine” qualities doesn't mean that you're not smart, or capable, or strong. Additionally, she faced a bit of scrutiny over the trajectory of her relationship with Danny (Chris Messina), which became less about their passionate, love affair beginnings and more about the ugly parts of a relationship, and the kinds of sacrifices you might have to make for the other person. At one point, we see a heartbroken Mindy choose her career and independence over a relationship that wasn't healthy anymore (and in doing so, faced the stigma of single motherhood head on). It was a necessary reminder that real love is hard work, and that the people we fall in love with aren't going to be perfect—they might be grumpy, old-fashioned and stubborn, and they might not always say and do the right things, and the reality is that neither do we. And so what Mindy does for her character is give her a choice.

Overall, Kaling has played a huge role in re-defining what it means to be a modern Indian woman, and created the opportunity for young women of colour to realise their complexity—especially because expressing your sexuality and confidence is not a concept advocated for in traditional households. And it wasn't until *Broad City* and *The Mindy Project* came along that I realised what I was missing. We shouldn't have to wait 16 years to see ourselves represented. While film and television is important for entertainment, it's also a creative outlet for people who want others to know that they aren't alone—and it is women like Amy Poehler and Mindy Kaling who remind us that when we are given the space to tell our stories, we must do what we can to give the same opportunity to others. ♦

The mother! of all metaphors

Caitlin Abley and Samantha Gianotti give you a rundown on what is probably bleedingly obvious to anyone watching mother! because they want to feel like their Catholic high school education wasn't a total waste

Darren Aronofsky's latest, *mother!*, has been the subject of rampant debate since its release, with some critics and cinemagoers licking Dazza's asshole, while others have been resoundingly tearing him a new one. We found ourselves somewhere in the middle.

Some have called it the "worst film of the century". We called it "the most rewarding use of our religious education since a 6 credit R.E. internal about Jesus kicking it in Jerusalem back in the day". We mused about how we wished someone would make a glossary of the various allegories, images and metaphors D A A Ron coughed up into our laps across the film's two hour runtime. We realised that we have a weekly magazine at our disposal in which we can publish *pretty* much anything we want. We took this task upon ourselves.

Grotesque, glaring spoilers for *mother!* follow, obviously.

baby: This list is alphabetical which conveniently allows us to address the elephant in the room—or should we say THE DEAD CANNIBALISED BABY IN THE ROOM. Remember the hilarious part of the film where the heartbreakingly adorable newborn baby gets ripped from Jennifer Lawrence's arms and forced to crowd-surf over the top of the fanatical hordes downstairs? Oh yeah, then the baby's neck fucking snaps and oh yeah then! the! people! eat! the! baby! And we don't mean in a charming Fat Bastard I-want-my-baby-back-baby-back-baby-back-ribs/I'm-bigger-than-you-so-I-can-eat-you way—they eat the shit out of that little baby. The people raise the chunks of infant offal reverently before chowing down, making it pretty fucking obvious that it's a metaphor for Jesus Christ and his alleged body/blood.

berocca: Every time Jen gets a bit fretful she lugs herself up to her bathroom and dissolves a wee bit of yellow powder into a glass of water. We sympathise. When Caitlin gets so much as a sniffle she immediately hoons half a dozen Berocca tabs in 24 hours. However, Aronofsky's yellow concoction is a more mysterious brew. Is it meant to be anti-anxiety medication? Lawrence's character visibly calms down after downing the drink. But then why does she throw it out as soon as she gets pregnant—could it be related to her fertility in some way? Darrenofsky has been obnoxiously open about most of the allegories in the film, but has refused to answer this one... Which makes us think that maybe it means nothing at all.

brothers: If you've seen the trailer for *mother!*, you'll know that Ed Harris and Michelle Pfeiffer set up shop in Jennifer Lawrence's house and make themselves right at home. At one point, their two sons also show up unannounced: one visibly emotional after learning the contents of his ailing father's will. A hurly burly ensues and the older brother (Domhnall Gleeson), envious of his younger brother (Brian Gleeson) whom he believes his parents favour, fair dinkum bashes his brother's head right in. The younger brother dies, the older disappears, left out in the "wilderness" as Bardem so poetically puts it—pretty much identical to the story of brothers Cain and Abel, the latter murdering the former out of jealousy and left to wander the wilderness with his son. (NB: *The Bible* would be so much better if Domhnall Gleeson was in it.)

crowds: The shit-for-brains masses that keep entering mother's sanctuary represent mankind, and boy are they buttholes. They fuck everything up—they develop organised religion (dead! baby!) and turn into fanatical zealots, worshipping Bardem. They

overcrowd the house, abusing the environment, setting up hellish prisons, running sex slavery rings, executing one another (Kristen Wiig shoots a bunch of people in the head, but we don't have the word count to even *begin* to go into her cameo) until savage police storm the whole place and shoot everyone. People suck.

c*nt: At the film's fretful, violent climax, Jennifer Lawrence is thrown on the floor and viciously beaten by the hordes of people who have descended on her home, fucked up her sink and *eaten her newborn baby*. They shout "kill the cunt" in a jarring moment that has made many cry "misogyny" over the film's third act. Earlier in the film, a stranger and major dickwad who has taken up residence in Jen's home relentlessly hits on her; when she clearly states her disinterest, he refers to her as an "arrogant cunt". While this sentiment directed towards a female character is upsetting and fairly uncomfortable, it seems this was entirely Darren Tchaikovsky's point. In an interview, Jennifer Lawrence spoke about the film's climate change message and noted that they didn't want to draw back from shocking or scaring the audience, as it was by doing this that they would make their film's message undeniably clear. The film uses violence against its central woman as a conduit to demonstrate the damage we are doing to our planet; an unsettling parallel that certainly inspires the level of shock the team behind *mother!* seem to have set out to inspire.

glass heart: At the film's opening, we see Javier place an avocado-sized wad of glass into a stand on a shelf, which restores his house from an ashy hellpit to a sixth-day-of-*Extreme-Makeover-Home-Edition* type situation. This glass, we later learn, comes from the heart of the "mother" figures that Bardem's character creates and exploits for his own creative gains. This





glass heart also effectively acts as an extension of the Garden of Eden allegory set up by mother's terming of their home as a "paradise", as this heart is of great interest to Ed and Michelle during their stay. The glass is the forbidden fruit, kept in the home office, a place with books where JLaw reads and Javier impotently frets over his poetry—surely meant to draw a parallel to the forbidden fruit deriving from the tree of knowledge. Arren Daronofsky wasn't prioritising subtlety with this one.

Him: We get it, you're God.

house: The house is clearly an extension of Lawrence's character (credited as "mother", lowercase and all). The house, like mother, represents earth; it is situated on a pristine piece of land with no roads or other infrastructure in sight. mother nurtures the house, lovingly restoring it after a devastating fire. As the film progresses, hordes of people turn up and abuse both the house and mother; blatantly an ecological metaphor for man destroying the planet. mother gets increasingly more upset and the house begins to react to the unsustainable actions of its unwanted guests—pipes burst, flooding the rooms; earthquakes shock the crowds whenever mother gets particularly angry, and ultimately J-Law sets fire to the whole damn thing. We didn't need Aronofsky standing up at a hundred press conferences and spelling it out to understand that these represent natural disasters, but he did it anyway.

mother: As discussed above, Lawrence's character is mother earth. However, it's pretty clear that the whole film is also a metaphor for the creative process—Bardem ("Him", uppercase) as the poet, the creator, who draws inspiration from his muse, mother, and exploits her love for him until he has enough material to write his next magnificent piece, by which point she is left completely broken by his abusive tactics. He literally *removes her heart*, takes her love, leaves her for dead, and then uses the heart to build a whole new house, and starts all over again with an almost-but-not-quite-identical muse. Men, amirite. Aronofsky has denied this allegory, per-

haps because he and Lawrence starting dating after the film and it sounds like her experience on set was pretty harrowing—during the dead! baby! scene she became so upset that she tore her diaphragm while screaming. Sounds like... A man... Physically and emotionally exploiting... A woman that he is sexually involved with... For his art?

rib: Javier Bardem holds a schweaty, clammy Ed Harris by the torso as Ed relentlessly coughs into the toilet bowl; when J Law comes down to investigate a) the noise and b) why Javier is down here and not up in their marital bed schtipping her real good, Javier moves his hand to conceal a wound on Ed's side. In ye olde *Bible*, Eve was created from Adam's rib, which is likely why Michelle Pfeiffer shows up in all her vixenly glory the following morning. Ed Harris' character, simply named "Man", clearly fills the Adam role—welcomed into God's paradise (Eden), eventually joined by Michelle Pfeiffer's "Woman", the film's Eve who saunters about being generally sensual and rude, encouraging her husband to enter Bardem's writing room where he keeps his glass heart (the proverbial forbidden fruit) because women are nothing if not wiley and duplicitous, amirite gents?

toad: After Jen discovers a concealed tunnel within her home's basement, a slimy lil toad hops on out, disappears, and has zero further impact on the plot. We're not sure what this one was meant to mean, other than to reveal that Darren googled "wat r some biblical symbols", saw a list of the plagues of Egypt and didn't really give a fuck that frogs and toads aren't the same thing.

toilet heart: After the scene discussed above where an ailing Ed Harris hangs over a toilet and hacks up a lung while being comforted by Bardem, Jen finds the toilet blocked and plunges for dear life before discovering the root of the blockage—what appears to be a heart, given the furious stream of blood spurting out of what looks a lot like an artery as it careens out of the toilet bowl and into the pipes. On the basis that it is a heart (it also kind of looks like a tree root or a lobster, so Choose Your Own Adventure I guess), we figure this might be a visual representation of Adam leaving behind God's love once Eve arrives and makes him commit the Original Sin with her womanly wiles.

woman: *mother!* has copped a lot of flak for being a sexist, anti-feminist film—this concern might be justified, but not for the reasons critics have proposed. Not all films that depict the abuse of women are inherently sexist; some are making feminist statements about the treatment of women. Where this film strays into ~misogynist~ territory is in the essentialising of the two main characters: Bardem as MAN, as "Him", capable of creative mastery, social engagement, and intellectual genius; Lawrence as WOMAN, as "mother", essentialised as maternal, nurturing, pure, fertile, fragile, and fundamentally connected to the earth. In short, the film employs all the reasons why women were confined to the home and men sent out into the world for, well, fucking centuries. ♦



Mimicry 3

JOURNAL REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

Let me be a true poetry cliché
And write a review like this if I may
Where rhyme overrules reason
And isn't held back by the season
And has a final line ending in this way

So this is what I know about *Mimicry*
A journal displaying art, short prose and poetry
This is the third instalment of the book
You may want to give it a cheeky look
Whilst sipping wine and eating some bric

Aotearoa's emerging and talented writers
Come out punching like heavyweight fighters
With words briefly punctuated by startling red
And artwork that replaces those words left unsaid
This will ease each one of your all-nighters

A poem that particularly jumped off the page
Is one that manages to grip and engage
Courtney Sina Meredith gives us "eye"
And it may ring so true that you cry
But I'm sure you'd rather that than rage

The Editors have done a stellar job
Curating a journal to read while you blob
So if you want to get yourself a copy
No need to borrow your mate's to photocopy
Or find a poet, an artist or writer to rob

We have it here at our new store "Ubiq"
A rebranding initiative that's just so weak
You can also find it at Time Out and Unity Books
Or it's cheaper online if your priority's textbooks
Just pick one up to see what makes NZ artists unique •



Pleasuredome

THEATRE REVIEW BY ADORATE MIZERO

Pleasuredome is a musical that brands itself as "The Ultimate 80's Experience". Taking inspiration from *Paris is Burning* and the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, it makes a solid effort to live up to this claim. Although *Pleasuredome* is set in a world before my time, and maybe before yours too, you sure won't get lost in the story. The musical acts are delightfully daring and entertaining, and also comfortably woven into it.

Named after the song "Welcome to the Pleasuredome" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, this musical sees Sappho (Lucy Lawless), the top diva of an underground Manhattan nightclub, along with a drag queen posse, fight for the right to keep their livelihood and their home out of the grips of ruthless businessman and rabid homophobe Victor (Stephen Lovatt). Enter Victor's daughter Lilith (Ashleigh Taylor) and her fiancé and the story gets a whole lot more interesting.

Directed by Michael Hurst, *Pleasuredome* is more than just a musical, with the added layer of an immersive New York street atmosphere set indoors for the audience to revel in before the show unfolds on stage. While this recognisable setting put me in the mood, the super clean streets were a little too good to be true in comparison to the real Big Apple. But then again, anything more realistic may possibly have been a concern for health and safety, which is reasonable.

The cast of *Pleasuredome* are without a doubt talented, and all the costumes really well crafted. Think dramatic, sexy and sassy performances with the all the glitter, gold and confetti to match. There's even standing areas on either side of the stage, so you can get your groove on alongside the performances. If you're thinking of heading out to *Pleasuredome*, you're encouraged to make a night of it and dress the part. You'll be in great company to go all out! •



American Assassin

FILM REVIEW BY NOOT NOOT MAHARAJ

Rapp (Dylan O'Brien, main hottie), has just proposed to his girlfriend when alleged terrorists storm the beach and she is murdered before his eyes. This is, of course, his motivation to infiltrate and wipe out an ISIS-type cell group, and he unknowingly leads snipers right to their camp who kill them all within seconds. Luckily, Rapp hasn't lost his chance at retribution, as he joins the CIA who interrogate him and realise, "*Woah, this is the exact kind of old-school cognitive dissonance that we've been looking for.*"

Despite being everyone's superior officer, Irene (Sanaa Lathan, second-tier hottie) spends the entirety of the film agonising over these dudes constantly whipping out their dicks and disobeying her orders—because, just in case you were wondering, the only role that women play in this film are as props to further the male protagonist's story arc. (Yes, there is even a scene with a bare-breasted woman who is gunned down almost instantly.)

Enter Stan Hurley (Michael Keaton, third-tier hottie), a hardass ex-Marine who trains Rapp and a bunch of other boys with daddy issues in the forest for a bit, which is where we learn the second theme for the film—men must be tough and should never be governed by emotion. During a training sesh later on, Hurley decides to psychologically torture Rapp just enough to be conditioned to equate all brown dudes with terrorism—the third theme of the film—becoming Rapp's central philosophy when he enters the field.

But then, plot twist—the main terrorist is actually a white guy appropriately named Ghost (Taylor Kitsch, fourth-tier hottie), an ex-Navy boy trained by Hurley back in the day who suddenly decides that he hates America, a swampy devil's lair which has apparently brought this violent mayhem upon itself.

Anyway. Despite Dylan O'Brien's adorable face and bod, it simply wasn't enough to justify *American Assassin's* grotesque display of machoism and gratuitous violence. And in a year overshadowed by the dangers of fragile masculinity, gun violence and xenophobia, this film was neither constructive nor entertaining. •



“Homemade Dynamite (Remix)”

Lorde, Khalid, SZA and Post Malone

SONG REVIEW BY HETAL RANCHHOD

While you would think that the original “Homemade Dynamite” already sounds impeccable, Lorde, being the mega superstar she is, has spread her musical talent and created a remix with Khalid, SZA and Post Malone, and it’s nothing short of fire. The addition of the R&B trio adds a unique mood to the track as the beat and instrumental of the song mixes an alternative sound with a little bit of a dance vibe. The kind of beat you would want at house party.

Lyrically, Khalid, SZA and Post Malone all contribute a new verse to the song talking about their experiences at a party when you meet someone, making you wish you were there with them. Their fresh verses fit perfectly with the chorus as Lorde describes that feeling of adrenaline you get when you’re infused in that party environment, surrounded by liquor, friends, with everything colliding to make epic waves. To hype the mood of the track even further, SZA teams up alongside Lorde’s vocals with a few lines about setting the perfect mood at a party; “*I sent your friend to the store / it’s only me and you, finally us two,*” she sings, “*And I don’t regret drinkin’ this liquor, makin’ you listen.*”

Towards the middle of the song, this “couple of rebel top gun pilots” share the chorus with Lorde, each sharing their own perspective of a party scene. When I think of Lorde’s music, I don’t usually pair together “Lorde” and “party song” in one sentence, but the energy of this track is so perfect and chill.

This remix goes to show that despite the new alternative-dance sound Lorde has embraced, she still manages to stay authentic to her usual musicality. The fusion of the new verses and the production of the track not only makes you feel like you’re at a messy house party, but it’s also a perfect feel-good song for the summer. ♦



Scream

Michael Jackson

ALBUM REVIEW BY AIMÉE MATTHEWS

It is pretty well-known that musicians earn more dead than while they are alive. Firstly, I love Michael Jackson, and his importance and influence in music and popular culture are still relevant to this day. However, I sometimes view re-released music as a way for publishing companies to make more money. Though I’m not entirely against this, either. Sometimes popular music today can make you want to bang your head on the wall a thousand times, as you wonder why it is a number one hit—therefore listening to Jackson’s music can help you regain your consciousness and realise there is still good music out there. Plus, do millennials even know who MJ is? Do we need to re-release music to teach young kids about the important people who have shaped our music culture?

Though this album was different to MJ’s *HISTORY* album, which was released in the 90s as his relevance was slowly waning, but revived through classics from his pre-“Thriller” days. However, the songs chosen on this album are rather strange. It feels as though someone put every single song Michael has released into a fishbowl, rummaged their hands through the hundreds of songs, and randomly picked out a handful of them, deciding that those would compile his new album. This is clearly shown when the album begins with an underrated song, Jackson 5’s “This Place Hotel”, then “Thriller” and later on, Rockwell’s “Somebody’s Watching Me”, where Jackson’s only contribution is his vocals on the chorus.

Was the album necessary? No. Even though it has a mixture of Jackson 5, classic 80s songs, and unreleased music from albums created in the twenty-first century after his death, it may be easier—and more enjoyable—to just listen to the original albums. ♦



“Rockstar”

Post Malone feat. 21 Savage

SONG REVIEW BY HETAL RANCHHOD

Rapper Post Malone has recently teamed up with fellow American rapper 21 Savage for their pop-rap single “Rockstar” and it’s mediocre at best.

The title and sound of the track definitely live up to the aesthetic that permeates the current hip-hop culture, from fashion, landscapes and sounds. Although “Rockstar” is expressed in the same Post Malone laidback vibe, the track still fails to hit you in the manner you might expect based off its title. While the production, drum beat and Malone’s signature rap style might check off the boxes to become Malone’s next hit, there is nothing especially notable about it.

21 Savage, featured alongside Malone’s limber rhymes, does provide a pleasant contrast to Malone’s emotional pop-rap style, but he isn’t exactly the most exciting rapper in the game right now. The synth-heavy beat, which leads into Savage’s verse, is what adds substance to his ordinary feature.

Malone’s verses do have flow and style to them, but lyrically the track offers nothing. “*I’ve been fuckin’ ho’s and poppin’ pillies / Man, I feel just like a rockstar.*” It’s basically just another take on the sex, drugs, and rock-and-roll culture—nothing new here.

The anthem feel this track possesses and its production is what we’ve become accustomed to, so there’s no wonder as to why this track will probably be another smash for Malone. Undoubtedly this dude has definitely left a quick impact on his fans since debuting smash hits like “White Invasion” and “Congratulations”, but artistically, since those singles, he hasn’t really evolved as much.

Nevertheless, “Rockstar” is a relatively enjoyable track, but it’s not transcendent. It fails to cover anything new and it lacks in substance, so listening to this didn’t draw me in like his tracks on *Stoney* did. You’ll have to make up your mind, but there’s not much thrill about this one. ♦

Student Notices

Attention all international students!

For the first time ever, AUSA is running a survey about your experience as an international student. We are particularly keen to hear about the challenges you have faced. Share your response and stand a chance to get 1 out of 4 Prezzy cards! Online at bit.ly/TheAUSAInternationalSurvey2017

AUSA October Online Referenda

We are gearing up for another online referenda! Be sure to keep an eye out on the AUSA Facebook event page for the release of the final referenda questions.

KEY DATES:

TBC: Student Forum in the Quad to discuss referendum questions at 1pm, with a free barbecue included!
 Tuesday 24 October: Voting commences at 9am
 Friday 27 October: Voting closes at 4pm

Voting will run between 9am on Tuesday 24 October and 4pm on Friday 27 October on the AUSA website at www.ausa.org.nz/referenda

We will be giving away \$20 petrol vouchers to five lucky voters!

AUPISA Turns 20 This Month!

In celebration of 20 years with AUPISA, the AUPISA executive are holding events every week throughout our birthday month October! •



AUSA Presents: Sex Week

My oh my, do we have a treat for you.

If you raised your eyebrows or screwed up your face when you read 'Sex Week', then you are exactly the type of person we want to engage with! Sex Week is about promoting positive attitudes towards sex and raising awareness of all aspects of sexual health.

Do you know the difference between an implant and an IUD? Could you say how and where to get an STI test? Would you know the difference between the symptoms of chlamydia and gonorrhoea? Do you know how many New Zealanders experience sexual violence every year?

We are encouraging a cultural shift in removing the taboo surrounding sex, and normalizing the conversation. No one should be judged when getting an STD check and no one should feel embarrassed or weird about anal or period sex, or BDSM or fetishes. A healthy attitude to sex can contribute to an overall sense of well-being. But sex and sexual health can be confusing and scary! That's where SEX WEEK comes in. Fuck yeah!

Don't forget to bring along all your friends who don't dare talk about sex! Everyone is welcome, and all of the events are free of charge #winning

AUSA and D.VICE Sex Toy

Party

MONDAY 9 OCTOBER, 6PM - 7PM
 SHADOWS BAR, CITY CAMPUS

Hear from "Sexperts" about safe and fun ways

to incorporate toys into your sex life. Sip on a sex themed cocktail while checking out different types of sex toys. A guaranteed night of giggles awaits!

SEXPO

WEDNESDAY 11 OCTOBER, 10AM - 3PM
 QUAD, CITY CAMPUS

Play some sex themed games, munch on free food and grab a sex goody bag! Talk to the professionals about your sexual health.

EROTIC FAN FICTION

READING

FRIDAY 13 OCTOBER, 4PM - 5:30PM
 GARDEN ROOM, SHADOWS BAR, CITY CAMPUS

Ever wondered about what Ron and Hermione's favorite position is, or whether Frodo and Sam did the dirty? Wonder no more! Come to Shadows and hear about your favorite fictional characters exploits! There will be an open mic so bring along your fave erotic fan fiction or write your own!

If you legit think you can read erotic fan fiction out loud in a sexy voice, do your best when we open it up to the floor at the end! Great Snapchat opportunity. •



**MONDAY 9 OCTOBER:
HEAR FROM
THE SEXPERTS**

6PM - 7PM SHADOWS BAR

**WEDNESDAY 11 OCTOBER:
SEXPO**

10AM - 3PM, THE QUAD

**FRIDAY 13 OCTOBER:
EROTIC FAN FICTION**

4PM - 5.30PM, SHADOWS GARDEN BAR

Find out more at



**AUSA presents:
Sex Week 2017!**



**By Popular
Demand**



*With
Michael Clark*

Ode to *Game of Thrones*: Experiencing the No Spoiler Zone

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

We lead busy, sporadic lives, man. In order for us to seep up entertainment like the “content whores you are”, we demand our entertainment to be ready for us and not vice versa. Thanks to time-shifting technology and the gradual amalgamation of broadcast television and the Internet, we are the masters of when and where we experience our television. Missing an episode is now a foreign concept.

And this is not without setbacks. From the time an episode is released to the time you watch it becomes this period of weird numbness where everyone around you (including everyone online) has the power to affect your viewing experience. Not only do time-shifting technologies displace the show from a time lock, but they also displace the pre-show experience as well. Once, everyone was in the same boat waiting for a show to air, but now some people wilfully remain behind and it’s up to the rest of us to create a space in which everybody experiences the show in the same way.

Some people like spoilers; they think the show is enhanced under a retrospective viewing and argue that spoilers don’t detract from the first viewing. However, it is a personal preference and an overwhelming number of people prefer an un-sullied first viewing. One of the most troubling and fascinating shows to be affected by the spoiler bumper is *Game of Thrones* for a unique reason.

Game of Thrones is structured more like a soap opera than a “prestige” drama. Soap operas live episode by episode, in the moment, or as VanDerWerff writes, “each week, the story moves just enough to hopefully keep you invested in whatever the characters are up to at that moment, and each episode will typically contain one *big moment* that people will talk about the next morning.” These big moments that will be talked about the next morning are cultural events. It’s why *GoT* director David Petarca doesn’t mind his show being pirated, since it “thrives on cultural buzz”. It’s why Neon are so frantic to get the show so soon after it is released in the States. *Game of Thrones* thrives

on the plot-twisting moments that happen episode by episode, forcing the viewer to keep up to date if they want to remain on this cultural buzz—episodes are just packages for a small portion of content to be unwrapped and consumed. This is not a bad thing. It’s just the standard hook of the soap opera.

So when everyone wilfully unsynchronises their watching habits due to personal preferences or commitments, a strange social situation occurs. Mike Rugnetta calls it a “weaponisation” of a person’s existence, where the informant can at any time destroy any other individual’s viewing experience—as if first-viewing experiences are pure, sanctimonious things, a thing that can never be taken back, like the social construction around virginity. Maureen O’Connor, in her *Cut* article, continues with the sex metaphor to describe what she calls “Netflix adultery”, where one person in a relationship watches a show ahead of the other. In these scenarios, only fourteen per cent would admit the truth to their partner in fear of them feeling cheated on. The stigma of knowing more than the other creates a power imbalance—the relationship feels disconnected, as if one person doesn’t want to experience the same ride as the other does.

The *Game of Thrones* soap experience falls right in the middle of a most unfortunate time. Soap opera-style dramas are not a common thing anymore. We are experiencing a shift in our viewing habits. Today, our pastime is to binge-watch a ten-plus hour show, which isn’t that far off from the shift in eighteenth-century England from the periodical to the novel, a medium that can be consumed on demand any time, any place. The binge-able epics also strategically manoeuvre around spoilers, forcing the viewer to consider the series as a whole than the sum of its parts.

However, I would make the case that *Game of Thrones* isn’t a binge-able series—that a certain element of experiencing it is taking in the cultural buzz as it goes along. This can be done live during

airing via social media, or the very next day and throughout the rest of the week within social/work/whatever circles. The producers and show-runners of *GoT* have sort of caught onto this, recently opting for their season lengths to be shorter and their episode times to be longer in anticipation for their grand finale. They want each episode to be considered a fantastic experience, something to be talked about during the week, and to be replaced by another the week following.

Most of my experience with *Game of Thrones* has not been intimate. Even when I binge-watched it to catch up to season five, I was constantly talking to my friends about each episode in which they will always say “wait until you see what happens next episode”. Now I watch every episode with my Dad who considers it a betrayal if I watch it ahead of him, have two group chats that discuss each episode when they come out, the members of which always end up watching it before me because of above issue, have drunken discussions about it at house parties, and use it as an icebreaker at work or social events.

We all generally navigate spoilers quite well. We certainly don’t need a rulebook because it’s a situational thing that we have a pretty good feel for. Most people have thought through their personal preference regarding spoilers which they make clear from the outset. Though in the collective creation of this respectful space, traveling through it is a numbing experience. There are so many dynamics that need to be considered; so many people that you need to empathise with; so much trust you have to put in everyone else; and then your own wilful blocking out of certain material.

Game of Thrones is an interesting one because it swings in two courts. It’s a soap opera that survives on social buzz episode by episode, but it lives in a time where “episode by episode” can be different for everyone. So you may be travelling with the buzz, just trailing behind it or even experiencing it with no buzz. It can feel like being displaced from time and space. ♦

How to Talk About Sport



With
Mark Fullerton

S-PO-RT-LITICAL

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to get out of his awful habit of writing listicles in lieu of real formulated arguments and critical analysis of the sporting world.

For twenty-two weeks I have written sports columns and quizzes for *Craccum* and, despite the endless domination of the news cycle by the man, never once have I mentioned the President of the USA by name. I don't plan on doing that today. But you have to give the man credit for finally achieving what he has, despite his pussy-grabbing-race-baiting-Puerto-Rico-hating antics. Last week, the POTUS managed to get an entire group of billionaire white men to condemn him.

What POTUS did was make the mistake of telling them how to do their jobs, and fire anyone who refuses to stand for the anthem. Cue virtually every owner in the NFL joining the protests in one way or another, despite many of them having donated millions of dollars to his election campaign even after his rapist-Mexican-period-shaming-general-fuckwitty comments propelled him to the Oval Office. The owners don't seem to be particularly worried about the issue at the core of the protest—after all, Kaepernick is still out of a job—but they'll sooner shit on the flag than endorse any attempt from anyone to encourage a boycott of their product.

POTUS did have at least one supporter, in the widow of Chris “American Sniper” Kyle. “Did it ever occur to you that you and we were already a mix of backgrounds, races and religions?” Tara Kyle wrote on Facebook, in a delightfully tone-deaf statement. “We were already living the dream you want, right in front of you. Your desire to focus on division and anger has shattered what many people loved most about the sport.”

New Zealand has its own history of racial politics entering the sporting arena, and while we

can all shuffle in our seats with pride when we remember the grassroots uprising against the 1981 Springbok Tour, as a nation we tend to glaze over the fact that only five years later the New Zealand Cavaliers (a fancy name for “Unauthorised All Blacks”) took themselves over to the Republic to do a tour of their own. *No way*, you cry, *who would engage in such a tour?* Well, Colin Meads for one, his role as coach losing him his position as a national selector. Also present as players were current selector Grant Fox, current assistant coach Wayne Smith, former Crusaders coach Robbie Deans, and scrotum-less legend Buck Shelford.

The tour had been planned for 1985, but a judge put a halt to that by ruling that touring apartheid South Africa went against the constitution of the NZRFU—to promote “the fostering and encouragement of the game of rugby”. But fuck it, some said, and did it anyway—only David Kirk and John Kirwan turned down the offer.¹

The retribution was swift and brutal—far more so than any of the players expected. As mentioned, Meads lost his job, and the players were banned from playing the next two tests for the ABs. A new bunch were selected—now known as the Baby Blacks—and ended up being so successful that many of the Cavaliers struggled to win back their places.² The Baby Blacks would go on to

1 A big offer, as it turns out—up to \$30,000, which went against every rule in the book in the amateur era of rugby.

2 Including one young man on debut by the name of Sean Fitzpatrick, who would go on to be one of the greatest ABs of all time, but in 1986 was about sixth-in-line for a test start, only afforded the opportunity through a combination of tour punishments and freak injuries.

win the 1987 World Cup, with Kirwan and Kirk both playing major roles.

In an even more recent example, Lionel Messi's Barcelona played to an empty stadium in protest of the Spanish Government's crackdown on the Catalan independence referendum. The referendum could spell the end for the club—you can't play in the Spanish league if you're not part of Spain—but the club ownership decided to take the risk, not allow anyone into the stadium, and use the high profile players to make a political point.

The Kaepernick/NFL, Catalan and Cavalier situations aren't quite comparable. For starters, Kaepernick was protesting the death of unarmed black civilians, Barcelona was protesting a brutal and oppressive regime, while the New Zealand Cavaliers were protesting the right to play a team representing a brutal and oppressive racist regime responsible for countless deaths of unarmed black civilians. But sport and politics are long time bosom-buddies, and will continue to be so when players decide to take advantage of the phenomenal platform they are afforded.³

And through all this, a lesson for the President—hell hath no fury like a business owner scorned. ♦

3 Well, hopefully. The All Blacks have been pretty tame on political statements. Richie and Dan got behind the flag change referendum, albeit seemingly at gunpoint, and Kane Hames used hand-strappings and a Vivid to support Standing Rock when playing for the NZ Māori in Chicago, before being told NO that's NOT HOW WE DO THINGS.

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Quarter-Life Crisis



With
Caitlin Abley

Winner Winner Chicken Dinner!

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 year I edited *Craccum* with current sports columnist Mark Fullerton, famed author of “Beau-Den, or: An All Blacks Fan-Fic” which forever carved the phrases “meat popsicle”, “cum gun”, “purple-helmeted warrior of love”, “groin ferret” and—my personal favourite—“one-eyed yoghurt slinger” into the English lexicon. We had a fun time. Mostly, Mark did online logic puzzles and played “The Hall of the Mountain King” loudly through speakers bought on AU-SA’s dime, and I spent most of my time eating Kit Kat Chunkies and complaining about having to wash the office mugs, but we enjoyed ourselves. Previous Editors have managed to let go of the old ‘cum rag; they’ve moved on to bigger better other things. Mark and I, on the other hand, have lingered around like the smell after you spill a milky beverage in your car. One way we cling to the Cracc bosom is by writing our bullshit columns every week. The other is by entering every competition the magazine posts on its Facebook page.

This year’s luscious editorial duo (essentially Tina Fey and Amy Poehler) are far better at social media than Mark and I (essentially R2-D2 and C-3PO, or the two cantankerous old men in the Muppets who heckle from the balcony) ever were. We once got a notification saying we hadn’t been active on Facebook for 137 days. Cat and Sam post very cool competitions, but it needs to be said... *They’re rigged*. Mark has tagged me in each and every one and we haven’t seen a *bean*.

We decided we had to expand our scope, as we were clearly never going to win with the very-competent-but-clearly-corrupt Gianotti and Britton at the helm of UoA’s premier weekly 40-page student magazine. This was the perfect opportunity to try out this item on my list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties:

Enter every competition you come across. No exceptions.

The only thing I’ve ever won was a Bop It! from *Sticky TV* after I correctly solved a word puzzle (can you believe no one ever asked me to dance at socials)—that was eleven years ago, and up until 2016, the winner announcement was the first result that came up when you Googled my name. My track record for competitions isn’t great (I

refer you to the Aotearoa Student Press Awards last year when *Craccum* won exactly zero prizes), but nothing ventured, nothing gained, amirite!

Over six hours, I scoured the net and entered every competition I could find. I entered my details to go in the draw for a Hallensteins “high performance suit” courtesy of The Edge, a *Captain Underpants* prize pack from Reading Cinema, and a seaweed fertiliser from the old mates at Organic Edible Garden (I’m still in the dark as to whether this was fertiliser for seaweed or fertiliser made of seaweed? Guess we’ll never know). I put myself forward for tickets to see *The Mountain Between Us*, even though those fuckers put Kate Winslet and Idris Elba in the same movie and it looks like they don’t even fuck, which is about the rudest thing that’s ever happened in the history of cinéma.

I watched a six-minute video of the hosts from 105.4FM Coast as they gallivanted about Rotorua so I could answer the question, “Which announcer is in the OGO ball?” (OGO is like Zorb but there’s some sort of conflict that I can’t figure out and there’s a whole section on the OGO website about it but the colour scheme is black and lime green and it’s *very* hard to follow and basically both OGO and Zorb have officially agreed to refer to the activity not as “OGOing” or “Zorbing” but as “Ball Rolling” which seems a bit rough on Zorb because honestly who in their right minds would think “OGOing” rolls off the tongue and Ball Rolling could be anything it could be lawn bowls or marbles couldn’t it really guess this is the society in which we live!!!) The answer was Jason, Jason was Ball Rolling in the OGO ball—a question I could only answer after going through Coast’s website to find their list of presenters, all to win a potential trip for two to Rotovegas.

I entered an odd ZM competition which asked participants, “Have you got a lame dream that you’ve always wanted to come true? Maybe since you were little, you wanted to pull a soft serve ice cream at Maccas, or drive a double decker bus around a carpark—now’s your chance!” I wrote in my submission that my childhood dream was to own a people-mover—preferably a Honda Odyssey—with curtains on the windows

(so you could *sleep in your car!*) and I guess if I win I get... A people-mover with curtains on the windows? I put myself in the draw for a \$50 Pita Pit voucher, even though I had Pita Pit last week while watching *mother!* and quite honestly the association of the food with that movie is enough to put anyone off (no spoilers but let’s just say I wasn’t in the mood for anything *fleshy* after leaving the cinema because I’m a real... *Baby*). Plus they put hummus in a squeeze bottle and for some reason that makes me uncomfortable.

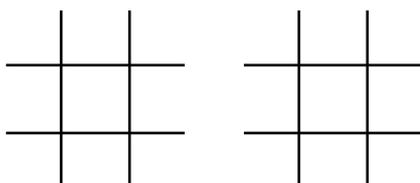
ZM and MYOB were offering a competition to take your workplace out for a treat day, so I entered *Craccum*, which barely qualifies as a workplace because no one really gets paid and we don’t have a toilet but if anyone deserves a treat it’s that ragtag bunch of poor, full-bladdered larrikins! I suppressed the urge to tell ZM that they had misspelled MYOB as “MOYB” because I was worried that pointing out Mind Own Your Business would impair my chances of winning. I went through a very arduous process for a 93.8FM The Sound (bless up THE BEST radio station in the nation, playing the same fifty songs on loop but *god* they are a good fifty) to win a Fit-Bit that I didn’t even want—I had to go on Music Lab and react to 100 audio files; sixty songs in and the website crashed, leaving me and my apathetic attachment to the FitBit in the dust.

George FM offered a competition for budding young DJs to be their wildcard act at Spring Break Fiji. I am neither a DJ nor an island-hopping instagramboi but my challenge said “no exceptions”. The trouble was, I had to submit a 30-minute original mix in order to be eligible for selection... I only have one go-to in this situation, and that is the timeless 2009 remix of Christian Bale screaming at the lighting guy on set (search “Bale Out - RevoLucian’s Christian Bale Remix!” if you want some insight into my precise sense of humour at the tender age of fifteen) on loop.

I’ll say it before, and I’ll say it again, I’m a sack o’ shit—and as such, I’m entering these competitions the night before print, so I’m yet to see any results. But at the very least I have the vague stirrings of RSI after entering my postcode for six hours straight to show for my efforts. •

BABY'S BOTTOM SUDOKU

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



KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

1. What is the second largest country by land area?
2. AA SmartFuel entered into partnership with which supermarket, making it the largest loyalty programme in the country?
3. Who wrote the *Twilight* series?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. What is the name of Taylor Swift's upcoming album?
5. True or false: The Rolling Stones played at Woodstock in 1969.
6. Jason Taumalolo last week turned down the chance to play for the Kiwis at the upcoming Rugby League World Cup, instead opting to play for which nation?
7. What element is represented by the symbol Kr?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. The Aotearoa Student Press Awards are being held this weekend—how many awards did *Craccum* win in 2016?
9. Colin Kaepernick, who started the NFL kneeling protests, played for which team before being dumped?
10. The town of Patea, famous for “Poi E”, is located between which two towns on the West Coast of the North Island?

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.



Jono is the sole reason for this weekly gag existing. He was the original Herald's Hero, back in February when I was tasked with filling up a page every week and was trying to figure out how. This example is fairly tame, and doesn't let on the aggressive sexism, racist fuckwittery and general non-adherence to facts that he so frequently displays IN A PUBLIC FORUM. But venture into his page and you realise Jono is a fairly despicable human, and frequently shares photos and videos from pages such as Fap Nation, Erotic Images To Live By, The Fuzzy Peach (figure that one out for yourself), as well as tagging nzherald.co.nz and One News in right-wing conspiracy posts demanding that they cover REAL news. So hats off to you, Jono, the original HH. Prick.

ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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

Answers: 1. Canada 2. Countdown 3. Stephanie Meyer 4. Reputation 5. False 6. Tonga 7. Krypton 8. None 9. San Francisco 10. New Plymouth and Whangarei

the people to blame.

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Rebecca Hallas

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