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NEWS
6-9



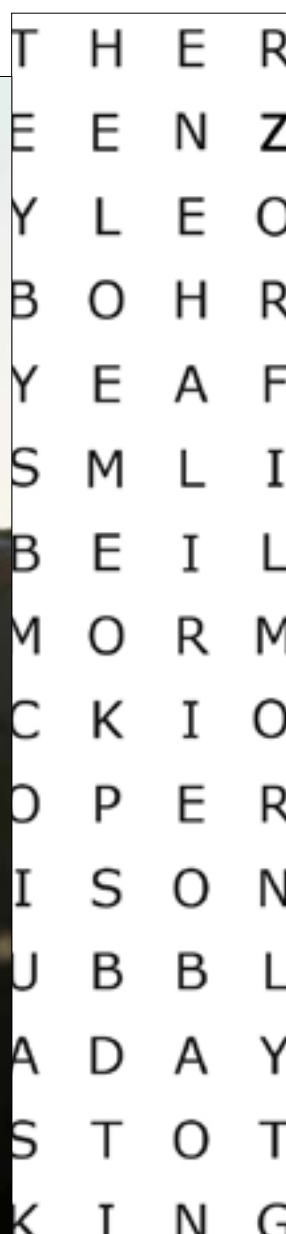
COMMUNITY
14-15



FEATURES
14-21



ARTS
22-28



PUZZLES
38



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The articles and opinions contained within this
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Editorial Sixteen

AULSS elections were held last week. This editorial has to be locked in before results are formally announced – so we have no idea who won, or by how much. We will run pieces about that as they come in – as well as about other major executive elections being held across campus.

However, what I'd like to talk about here is why these elections are *important*, and why you should vote in them.

It seems like something of an inherently silly thing to care about your faculty organisation. They have such a narrow scope – and usually such limited re-sources – that it's hard to think of them as doing anything actually worthwhile with the position.

But they *do* serve an important role. As absolutely insufferable as it sounds for me to say it – having meaningful advocates

The slow erosion of student democracy at Universities around the country isn't really news at this point – it's an unravelling that's been taking place over years, if not decades.

But we're seeing the effects of it in a bunch of different places. We're seeing it in the streamlining of courses across the University. We're seeing it in staff layoffs, and the removal of tutors in all but the most major courses. All of which have been pushed through over objections from staff and students.

The most egregious example from the last six months has been the shutdown of the Elam library – the "Save Our Libraries" campaign has probably been the most effective piece of student politics on campus for over a decade, and the University still happily ignored it.

And the law school is no exception to any of this – despite being traditionally one of the stronger faculty organisations. From the University's slow response to the Russell McVeagh scandal, to the decision to implement incremental increases to the Law School intake, to staff cuts and course streamlining – Law students have real reasons to object to the University's decision making.

Tied to all this, then – the last few years have seen an actual downturn in both votes cast and candidates running for AULSS positions. It's hard to say exactly why that is; maybe the Law faculty feel that University democracy is a lost cause and are collectively abandoning it – maybe we've just had a useless cohort for the last couple of years, and things will turn back around. We just don't know.

Like we say; this piece is being written before the results are in, so we don't know whether or not that trend will continue this year – but we do hope the incoming executive the best of luck, because they have legitimately important work to do. ■



To Stick with or Kick Vic?

Victoria University of Wellington has caused controversy with its proposal to change its name to the University of Wellington. **By Bailey Verry.**

The University Council has made the draft decision to recommend the 'simplification' of the University's name, as well as adopt the new Maori name Te Herenga Waka.

The University Council made the decision to adopt the name in order to distinguish it from other schools in hopes it will improve the international standing of the University. The Wellington Victoria is one of 10 schools internationally to bear the name 'Victoria', and one of six 'Victoria' Universities, including most notably the Universities in the Australian state of Victoria and the Canadian city of Victoria. Vice-Chancellor Grant Guilford says that confusion with other Universities that have poorer

academic performances have "sullied" VUW's reputation. However, critics have called the name change "superficial" and "an expensive exercise in branding".

The decision to move forward with the renaming proposal has received a public backlash from alumni, students, and the general community. Two Victoria University alumni penned their opposition, with Hugh Rennie's two-part piece published on *Scoop.co.nz* and Dave Armstrong's opinion piece published in the *Dominion Post* and *Stuff* website. A petition was started on the website *Change.org* by Gwynn Compton urging the University to keep the name, amassing almost 2000

signatures at time of writing. However, the most prominent online campaign has been the "Stick with Vic" Facebook page. With over 1000 likes at time of writing, posts made to the page express concerns from the time frame allowed for the public consultation process (two weeks compared to VUW's 18 months of preparation) to the proposed budget for the name change (a cool \$964k). National Party's representative for Wellington Central electorate Nicola Willis has been tagged in posts and comments on the page in hopes to draw her attention to their issues with the process. The page has also encouraged making submissions to Chancellor Neil Paviour-Smith and sending copies to Wellington

Central MP Grant Robertson and Education Minister Chris Hipkins, who must ultimately approve the change.

Although there is now an outpour of support for VUW's name, a report from *Stuff* in early July noted that when Victoria University first began to take submissions before the draft proposal, only six people attended a public meeting held in Wellington, while only two of 220 stakeholders invited attended a meeting. A further 400 submissions were made via email at the time. The final decision on the name change is expected to be announced on August 27th. ■



Notice is hereby given of an

AUSA WINTER GENERAL MEETING

to be held on

WEDNESDAY, 22 AUGUST 2018
at 1.00 pm in Shadows

(Space for those unable to attend Shadows: AUSA Space)

Deadline for constitutional changes: 12 noon, Tuesday, 7 August 2018.

Deadline for other agenda items: 12 noon, Tuesday, 14 August 2018.

Association Secretary



United Nations Urgently Seeking Money

The United Nations is running out of money according to a letter sent out by the UN Secretary General António Guterres, to UN employees. **By Bailey Verry.**

The letter was shared with multiple news organizations including *The Guardian* and *The New York Times*, showing the concern of the Secretary General's concern about the financial affairs of the international body.

The letter stated that the UN was facing a deficit in its budget earlier in the calendar year than usual, prompting a plea to member states that had yet to contribute. As of June 30th funding was at a deficit of (NZ)\$204 million, with Guterres writing "we are running out of cash sooner and staying in the red longer." The main cause of deficit has been delayed payment from some member states, with 112

out of 193 states having paid their required contribution. However, 2018 is not the worst year so far as in 2016 only 96 members had paid at the the same stage in the year.

In response to the lack of funding the UN would be forced to cut back with Guterres pointing to "non-staff costs". Although this will not effect peacekeeping efforts made by the organization as they are funded separately, fiscal constraints could result in UN agencies such as the World Health Organization (WHO) and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) seeing budget cuts. The secretary general is concerned that the reputation of the UN would

suffer if its agencies could not maintain the standard of work that it has held until now.

In Guterres's letter he feared for the vulnerable states in which the UN helps stating "An organisation such as ours should not have to suffer repeated brushes with bankruptcy. But surely, the greater pain is felt by those we serve when we cannot, for want of modest funds, answer their call for help."

Although the deficit is earlier in the year than it has been previously, the UN Secretary General says this is largely due to some member states paying later in the financial year. Historically the United

States has paid later in the year thus contributing to the deficit as it is responsible for 22% of the budget, however as the Trump Administration has made a point of contributing less money to the bureaucracy, some commentators theorize that the choice has influenced other member states to re-evaluate their budget commitments as well. Should any member state owe more than two years' worth of budget payments, they are subject to losing their voting rights in the general assembly. ■



How About We Focus on Something Else?

The *New Zealand Herald* has once again delivered some quality, hard-hitting journalism with its new article getting to the bottom of “where are the hot, available girls in your area?” **By Bailey Devon.**

The article appeared in the ‘Lifestyle’ section of the Herald website, written by “Lady Avondale” pseudonym, which focuses on her content on sex and dating. The piece was written as a follow-up to an article published the week prior, similarly scouting out the most dateable men in Auckland based on stereotypes of where they lived.

To accompany brutal stereotypes of women based on their geographical location, a *Herald Focus* video was made asking some (we’re assuming?) eligible bachelors where the most dateable women are in Auckland. New Zealand Herald was kind enough to bestow that honour on lads hanging around the University of Auckland campus. Because asking random guys on street what they find sexually attractive about women from a general area isn’t creepy,

right? There are also so many questions about what journalists might have said or done to influence soundbites. Did the reporters give a model of what made a girl “dateable” to respondents, or were they lucky enough to being able to pick their own definitions? This process would have gone through several layers of people that though this was a good idea.

Of course both the article and video were made with the intention of kicking up a fuss, as we know *NZ Herald* loves making click-bait far more than actual news. The problem is the ethics of a news organization (and I use that term very loosely) using overt sexism to generate revenue. Though an article before this one had focused on the men of Auckland, the difference between the two articles is the the female equivalent focuses not only on

their appearance (significantly more than the male counterpart), but focuses entirely on female sexuality and their ability (and likelihood) of becoming mothers. It’s fucking 2018 and to boil women down to this is bullshit. There is a distinct difference between:

“These guys smoke a metric fuck-tonne of weed, and they’re so deeply obsessed with motorbikes and fishing that I have no idea how they ever get lucky with a lady”

and

“The Central West girl will leave her run for having babies way too late and end up either forking out a bazillion dollars on several rounds of IVF or will be childless for life. It’s best not to bring it up though because you’ll never hear the end of it.”

The article states that it is purely satire, but how satirical is it when New Zealand Herald Focus goes and asks people questions based on your premise? (Also, that if you have to preface your article with a big neon sign saying “this is satire” maybe you should reconsider how well you have actually executed it.) It would be completely understandable if any women felt uncomfortable by reporters asking these questions on University grounds, however since it is linked with “satire”, legitimate concerns can be characterised as being overly sensitive, and unable to take a joke. So before we start thing that way, perhaps we should consider if it is appropriate for a national newspaper to being putting forward this kind of content in the first place. ■

Explainer: The “Don’t Be Silenced” Launch

Last Wednesday saw the launch of the “Don’t be Silenced” campaign by the Tertiary Education Union.

This article will talk about two things in respect to that launch; firstly, the campaign itself, and the ongoing strife surrounding the University’s approach to “Change Management” processes, and then secondly, the actual campaign launch itself – which was marred by

What is the campaign about?

Earlier this year, the University moved to introduce language in “Change Management” documents that effectively bars staff members from publicly criticizing University. “Change Management” is a broad term for the process of review and consultation that any large organisation goes through when making decisions about corporate strategy and labour deployment. Staff members who engage in that process are typically asked to sign a set of legal documents, relating to the rights and responsibilities that they have as a part of that process.

Last Wednesday’s protest was in response to changes to the language contained in those documents, implemented by the University earlier this year. The updated documents specifically prohibit staff members from talking publicly about the review process – a change

which protestors contend unfairly restricts their broader rights as academics to publicly comment on University operations.

According to the updated language, staff members have an obligation to report all feedback “directly to the Review Committee, in accordance with the process set out in the Proposal”.

They are told that this obligation “is not overridden by academic freedom, which must be exercised within the law”, and is a component of their “contractual obligations of loyalty and fidelity owed to the Vice-Chancellor”.

The University insists that this is normal behaviour for such a large organisation.

In a public letter issued in response to criticism from the Tertiary Education Union, Auckland University Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon has said that he considers public criticism of the University during restructuring to be “contrary to accepted legal consultation practices”, and that engaging in “widespread public consultation” not only isn’t current University policy – and would need to be implemented through proper procedure – but would also need to be

weighed against increased uncertainty for staff, and longer timeframes for consultation.

What happened during the event?

The launch itself was a “teach-in”, with a number of academics from the University of Auckland and representatives from the Tertiary Education Union speaking about why they felt that removing

the offending language from the relevant documents was important.

The controversy, ultimately, was the fact that there was a police presence at the event. Four uniformed police officers – called by Campus Security – were present for the duration of the launch, despite the fact that the Tertiary Education Union booked out the space legitimately. ■



TŪ KOTAHĪ | TŪ KAHĀ
TEU@TEU.AC.NZ





My Journey as an International Student at UOA

Siyuan Qin's self-reflection on being part of the international student community in the University of Auckland.

I am stepping into my fourth year in New Zealand, and my third year of study at the University of Auckland. Every time I think about the things I have experienced, I just cannot believe that I have come such a long way. I still remember how unsure I was when I first entered University; I thought I would feel the same when I graduated. However, I have enjoyed every minute of the uni life.

Surviving in one of the world's top ranking universities as an international student can be very challenging. Even though I had already finished one year of foundation study in Auckland before starting my degree, I was still shocked at my very first lecture. I never had such a big class in my life! Well, later when I took POPHLTH 111 that was even more shocking – we had to use two lecture rooms in OGGB at the same time to fit all students! These situations made me feel really nervous and lonely. It seemed to be impossible to get to know anyone well in such a big class. Furthermore, though I did try to approach other people, I was always worried about my ability to come up with interesting topics in conversations, or how I could be considered as a 'cool' person by other people – especially local students.

So rather than trying to approach those who looked like local students, I initiated conversations with those who looked Chinese, like me, whom I was more confident to talk with. In my opinion, this may explain why Chinese or people from minority groups are more likely to stay in their community, rather than join different groups. International students often tend to be more conservative when they trying to build up their social networks.

I am not saying that we do not want any new friends, but we often have more concerns, or lack of adequate social skills, such as cultural understanding, when meeting people from different cultural backgrounds. For example, I sometimes find myself completely lost in a conversation with slangs and the only thing I could do is to smile or say “yeah yeah yeah” during my first semester.

In addition, even though some international students might have grown up with similar cultural norms as Kiwis, they can still come across difficulties, especially in their studies. Different terminologies and habits can be very confusing for newcomers. This means we have to spend more time trying to understand the context of the conversation. It gets so much more confusing when the conversation is based within New Zealand contexts, such as topics on politics. This can be even more difficult for international students who come during their postgrad/PhD years and have already formed certain kinds of thinking styles. Having to suddenly change and adapt to a new thinking style to survive University is very hard.

The other potential struggle is that some international students have trouble dealing with their financial situations. It is not uncommon that some caregivers send a whole year’s worth of living fees to the student at the start of the year, and the student ends up using it all before the year has finished. According to the Asian Family Health Service, quite a few Asian international students lose all the money they have or the money they borrowed from their friends in gambling. They further explained that the lack of sufficient social support was one of the main reasons they fell into gambling. Individuals with a lack of social networks are more likely to fall into bad habits. This also reinforces their loneliness, and they tend to continue staying away from people, creating a vicious cycle of isolation.

Aside from the difficulties that an individual has to overcome, I recognise that there are also environmental barriers that could potentially prevent international students from integrating to new communities. One thing that particularly annoys me is that people are likely to assume people only belong to one or two groups, rather than multiple groups. Some classic example will be, “Chinese are rich,” or “Chinese raise up the housing price in New Zealand”. This type of discourse is widespread around the country, especially through social media. Besides feelings of injustice, it has become my main worry that people are judging or hating on me because of my identity. Not every Chinese student belongs to high socioeconomic groups. My friend who is also a Chinese has to share a single bed with his younger brother just to survive with the little resources they have. But this issue is not a single direction issue.

Lack of the concept of intersectionality, which refers to the interconnection of social groups for an individual, can create potential barriers among different ethnic groups. I notice that a few of the Chinese international students do not give enough credit to Maori or Pacific Islanders. These negative ideas of Maori and Pacific Islanders are formed when watching and listening to the stereotypes presented by mainstream media. Furthermore, some people in social media tend to use statements like “Maori/Pacific Islanders robbed again!”. It is not surprising that Chinese who migrate to New Zealand may read these articles and will naturally receive the negative stereotypes as truth,

and avoid being around Maori and Pacific peoples. Eventually, out of the sense of safety, Chinese international students are more likely to stay in their comfort zone as I observed.

In my opinion, the most effective way to solve this issue is communication. For new-coming international students, I know exactly how you feel. But just give yourself some positive vibes and thoughts! However, I am not saying that people have to integrate with the mainstream communities as soon as they start their lives at Auckland University. As long as you feel supported and comfortable, you will be fine.

Once you get to know the campus and your faculty, you can try to expand your comfort zone by embracing differences. In order to practice adequate social skills for that, joining clubs at university will be a good starting point. With the encouragement from Jennie, the president of HKSS, I signed up to be part of the club’s executive team. It was the first club I joined at university, and it was such an amazing experience. I was able to learn new skills such as time management, organising events and communicating with others. Most importantly, I received so much support from people of different backgrounds.

Another piece of advice I have, is to not hesitate to seek help from professionals. I know that for many people, especially people who grew up with an Asian culture, it is pretty hard to share personal feelings, and mental health is quite stigmatised. But it is important to let your feelings out to help yourself get back on track. More importantly, if you notice someone who seems to be struggling or depressed, please be caring and ask if they are doing ok. Because maybe they just need someone to talk to, or feeling that somebody cares. Also, do not judge or make fun of people who go to professionals, respect is all they need, and we do not know what they are going through.

I hope every international student can develop a good life in New Zealand. ■

If you do need some professional help regard on mental issues, please try contact the following organisations.

Mental Health-

Lifeline Aotearoa: 0800-543-354

Youthline: 0800 37 66 33

Gambling-

Asian Family health services: 0800-862-342

Domestic violence-

Vagus Centre: 0800-56-76-666

Shakti: 0800 SHAKTI (0800 742 584)

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Domestic Violence: How NZ's laws shape up

Isabel Ko surveys the state of our domestic violence laws and the sad history behind them

Around one incident of domestic abuse occurs every five minutes in New Zealand. Even worse, approximately half of all reported homicides are family-violence related. Clearly, domestic violence is a catastrophic issue in New Zealand.

History Of Domestic Violence

Traditionally, domestic violence was perceived as a very private issue. The severity of domestic violence was only brought into public attention in the 1970s. The Domestic Protection Act 1982 was a policy response to this widespread public concern. Although the Act provided non-molestation and non-violence orders, these legislative solutions were negated by the strong societal perspectives that it was no-one's business to interfere with someone else's family matters. The ineffectuality of the Act became apparent in *Newlands v Police* where the victim was blamed for being "provocative" rather than the Court focusing on condemning the violent behaviour of the perpetrator.

Parliament's Stricter Approach To Domestic Violence

Although the 1982 Act tried to provide a legislative solution to the public policy issues regarding violence at home, it was inherently too restrictive for the needs of the modern society. The 1982 Act was therefore repealed by the Domestic Violence Act 1995 (DVA95) to provide a more thorough policy response to address the major societal concerns of family violence in NZ.

The primary objective of the Act is to recognise that any form of domestic violence is unacceptable and to provide effective legal protection for domestic violence victims. Domestic violence is defined as abuse against any person by someone with whom they have a domestic relationship with. What was improved in the "new" Act is the extended definition of 'domestic violence' to include psychological abuse, as well as physical and sexual violence. This broader definition attempts to provide an

effective statutory protocol to actively prevent domestic violence before it escalates to serious levels. Thus, the current legal framework now accepts that domestic violence is a societal issue that requires governing from the state.

Protection orders

Central to the DVA95 is the protection order. It allows anyone who endures violence in a domestic relationship to apply to the Family Court for a protection order. It further safeguards the victim by allowing the police to arrest any suspect without a warrant if the conditions of the order have been breached. Hence, a protection order is arguably the backbone of the Act as it ultimately protects the victim from any further abuse. However, for a protection order to be granted, the Court must be satisfied that (a) there is or has been violence in the domestic relationship; and (b) the order is necessary for the protection of the applicant or the applicant's child.

For several years after the enactment of the DVA95, the effectiveness of a protection order was unclear, especially due to the second 'necessity' limb. In *Doyle v McEwen*, Hammond J set out a very high threshold, ruling that 'necessity' meant that it "cannot be without." It was not until the landmark decision of *Surrey v Surrey* that the Court of Appeal took substantive steps to enhance the domestic violence laws in New Zealand. The Court ruled that there is now a presumption that a protection order will be *necessary* once the applicant shows that (1) past violence has occurred; and (2) there are reasonable grounds for the applicant's subjective fear of future violence. Effectively, the Court has refined the legal position to provide victims with a forward-looking preventative tool, thereby departing from the traditional responsive ap-

proach. Although the test for necessity remains an objective one, the fact that the evidential burden of proof shifts from the victim to the perpetrator is an optimistic step as it allows the victim to obtain a protection order before any serious harm is inflicted upon them.

Police safety orders

Police safety orders highlight that the current legal structure focuses on a pro-intervention approach to domestic violence. Police safety orders can be issued by a qualified constable at the scene of the incident, where there is reasonable belief that removing the perpetrator is necessary for the victim's safety, even without the victim's consent. It prevents the perpetrator from having any further contact with the alleged victim for a maximum period of five days. Thus, Parliament provides an efficient legal tool for victims, giving them "a period of safety in which the victim can consider their future options, including the possibility of a court protection order."

However, although a Police safety order provides a temporary shield for the vulnerable party from harm, there is no right of appeal against this type of order. Consequently, some have argued that this lacks any form of natural justice offered to the respondent concerned. By focusing too much on the safety of the victim, Parliament has unfortunately caused an imbalance in the justice system where the respondent's right to be heard has been taken away. Nevertheless, in light of the high public policy objective that personal safety is fundamental, Police safety orders can arguably be justified as giving state authorities a temporary statutory power to deal with perpetrators before the victim encounters any serious harm.

"For a protection order to be granted, the Court must be satisfied that (a) there is or has been violence in the domestic relationship; and (b) the order is necessary for the protection of the applicant or the applicant's child."

“Recent statistics suggest that there must be a stronger focus on active prevention of violence, rather than responding to the incidents which have already occurred.”

The Consequences Of Domestic Violence On Children

In New Zealand, it was not until the tragic *Bristol* case which led to a public uproar to change the legal position where the safety of children was concerned. Prior to this tragedy, the general view was that allegations of violence between partners were unlikely to impose a risk to the children. This resulted in the father obtaining an interim custody of his three daughters despite the allegations of prior abuse against his ex-wife. Consequently, when the father killed himself and his three daughters, Parliament responded by creating a new presumption under the Care of Children Act 2004 (CoCA) that if a parent is found to be violent, then they are deemed unsafe to have unsupervised contact with their children. Likewise, prior to the *Kahui* case there was nothing in New Zealand law which dealt with omitting to protect a child. Thus, when no one was held responsible for the deaths of the *Kahui* twins, another wave of public outrage urged Parliament to criminalise child neglect.

Through these changes in law, Parliament sent a strong message to the public that the safety and protection of children are paramount in our society. Therefore, the current legal position emphasises that the safety of children is of utmost importance. This is reflected in the Oranga Tamariki Act 1989 which explicitly aims to protect children who are suffering from harm, ill-treatment, abuse or serious deprivation. Current legislative policies stress that the welfare and interest of the child is the first and paramount consideration in any decision.

In light of these specific statutory mechanisms aimed at protecting children, the DVA95 clarifies that the most vulnerable victims in a domestic setting are the children. Accordingly, causing or allowing a child to witness abuse is considered as psychological abuse. Therefore, the law extends its protective function to maximise the safety of children by allowing children to obtain protection orders as direct recipients and/or as witnesses of violence. Furthermore, when a protection order is granted, a parenting order is also available for both the applicant and the respondent under the CoCA. The assessment of a parenting order is a balancing exercise where the Court must ensure that the child will remain safe with the issuance of the parenting order. Conversely, a Police safety order immediately suspends any parenting or contact order. Therefore, it is obvious that the current framework attempts to maximise the interests and safety of children and to minimise any potential risks that might be imposed on them.

For the past two decades, Parliament and the Courts have continuously refined the legal position to put in place effective legislative and judicial policies to support victims of abuse. Although the current framework attempts to combat the intolerable levels of domestic violence in New Zealand through preventive instruments, recent statistics suggest that there must be a stronger focus on active prevention of violence, rather than responding to the incidents which have already occurred. Thus, to prevent domestic violence in the long-run, it arguably becomes a sociological issue. It ultimately requires a great level of social and cultural change from the wider population of New Zealand. ■



A Booklover's Guide to Auckland's Emporiums

Bring your Green Dolphin Bookmark and Pop in Dear Reader, to where an Open Book's not Hard to Find: **Jessica Thomas'** gruelling pilgrimage to Auckland's bookshops

What better joy is there than curling up with a book? I would argue: buying them. Ask me to go clothes shopping or worse, shoe shopping, and you'll find me in the foetal position huddled between Austen and Dickens, threatening suicide by papercut. Suggest a trip to The Green Dolphin, The Hard to Find, or Pop-pies, and I'll happily trade house slippers for loafers and occupy as many hours as you'll give me perusing, perambulating and picking up my weight in paperbacks.

There are almost as many books about books as there are books themselves; there are books on writing, book on authors, books on what you *Should Have Read* and *Why*, books critiquing other books, books about another reader's experience of reading a book, and how to guides for reading one hundred books in a year. We of the bibliomaniac race appear to have a fixation not only with reading but reading about reading and learning what we ought to have read. These formidable lists of classics give me anxiety; what time I've wasted reading *Anne of Green Gables* when I should have been reading the *Aeneid* or the *Complete Works of Trollope*. Nothing does a better job of alleviating these fears than to go and buy the books I feel obligated to read (and a few that I actually want to), and then ignore them on my shelves while I re-read *The Secret Garden* for the millionth time.

For such guilt-assuaging, and later -inducing, activities, I head to one of the many splendid second hand or independent bookshops scattered over Auckland. Come with me for a frolic along literary lane to my favourite stores - then go buy some yourself. Amazon is the devil and it's killing bookshops. Fight back with pre-loved paperbacks.

Dear Reader

Lucky (or perhaps unlucky) me, the Richmond Rd resident Dear Reader is literally a two-minute walk from my house and ten or so seconds from the café where I spend most of my mornings writing. The moment you walk inside, you're ensconced in warm lamp lighting and surrounded by that intoxicating smell of new books. The staff are helpful but not the kind to hawk-eye you while you browse. But ask for a recommendation and you'll be piled high with titillating titles sure to satisfy that second cousin four times removed who's coming for Christmas lunch and for whom you feel obligated to buy a gift, though you've never met them in your life. I have actually heard a woman asking for such a book before and she left with all anxiety allayed, beautifully wrapped and beribboned book in tow. I do the same minutes later, my step and wallet both considerably lighter than

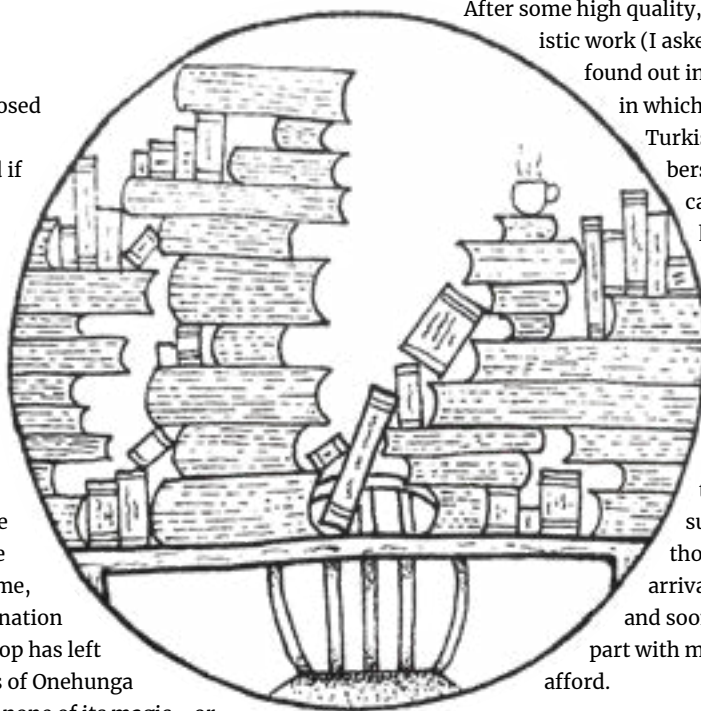
when I went in.

The Open Book

If I can stomach the walk up Richmond Road to Ponsonby, I dodge the almond milk cappuccino-wielding yummy mummies in their Lulu Lemon paraphernalia and find refuge in *The Open Book*. The seven rooms of books, free tea, resident typewriter, and plentiful seating make sojourning here for a few hours utterly blissful. Rather than suffering through the perpetually unhelpful eney-meeme-miney-mo, I arrive at the counter laden with five pre-loved paperbacks, a Folio Society edition of *Don Quixote*, and an anniversary edition of Dickens, and my eyes only water slightly at the overall price, rather than the tag attached to each volume. They have such treasures here, though, that I toss responsibility (i.e. rent, food, power bill) into the wind and swipe my card with all the abandon of Maria running over the singing hills of Salzburg. I need that second hand first edition of obscure fiction that only I have heard of. Hayden - who is zen enough to not be bothered by the battle of bookshops vs Amazon - sits behind the desk either hunched over his laptop or reading in such a relaxed manner that it makes me want to work there (even though I've worked in enough bookshops to know that the reality is not so sweet as the concept. Read *Diary of a Bookseller* if you need to have any such romantic illusions shattered swiftly with a side of black Scottish humour). I leave him to crunch the numbers and leave with my wallet lighter and the promise of escapism in my pocket - preferable to a pay check any day.

Hard To Find

Located for so long in the repurposed Chinese laundromat, the Hard to Find Bookshop is not hard to find if you're a reader. Once I'd discovered its existence, many a subsequent Sunday found me dragging my mum into the car (and then my own sorry ass onto a train) over to Onehunga to visit this historic, watershed bookshop. (Please do not go here looking for watersheds. Or books about them. I don't think they actually exist.) From the rare to the recent, any book you desire is easy to find if you've got the time, anti-histamines and the determination of an early settler. Though the shop has left behind the Escher-like staircases of Onehunga and relocated to St Benedict's St, none of its magic - or magical stock - has been lost. You will find books on books, books on reading, books on historic voyages to find books, books that were written and you're glad, books that were written and you wonder why, books about how to read, why to read, and what to do when you're reading too much, conveniently placed beside the book on irony. What you will not find is your afternoon, your pocket money, your dignity, or the way to lug ten boxes of books home. Embrace your fate, booklover. 'Tis the cross we have to bear.



The Green Dolphin

Every Wednesday morning, I meet a friend of mine in St Kevin's Forte Green where we sit high up and survey the indies and suits in their beanies and ties, umming and ahing over the spectacular range of donuts and freshly baked bread. Having hashed out all our problems over coffee, she refuels with cinnamon and sugar and I traipse down to The Green Dolphin and solve all my woes with a few treasures from the sales table. I'm generally feeling pretty vulnerable after having spent an hour listed all that's wrong with politics, society, and the rising price of breathing, and I'm in the need of a hug. At the Dolphin, comfort comes in the form of a few Famous Five adventures and something about gardening. The latter reminds me of simpler times while the other lets me dream half-seriously about ditching Auckland and escaping to the country to raise chickens and make jam. Coincidentally, they have books on the subject of pickles, preserves and soap making. However, jam no matter how delicious and preservative-free is not sufficient to lure me away to a place where the ratio of livestock to bookshops leans considerably in favour of the former. I totter away, Enid Blyton weighing down my bag with all her talk of scones and lashings of ginger beer, content to dream (for now) of nights spent on the heather and spotting smugglers.

Jason Books

What student hasn't trudged down the stairs to this little wonder to see if they can find their textbooks worn and less fiendishly expensive (No? Just me? Okay then...) Who's Jason?

After some high quality, intensive investigative journalistic work (I asked at the counter and googled) I found out instead that the underground room in which the shop is situated once held a Turkish bath, when Chancery Chambers was first built in 1924. Jason's came in 2011 but is already a fairly historic site to those of us who love a good bookish bargain. If you don't want harassment or pushy sales people, this is your Shangri-La. Silence and that smell of old paper, Church-like reverence, and the echo of that magical something that all good bookshops have, surrounds you as soon as you enter those double doors and hit the new arrivals shelves, the gardening books, and soon, the counter where yet again I part with more money than I thought I could afford.

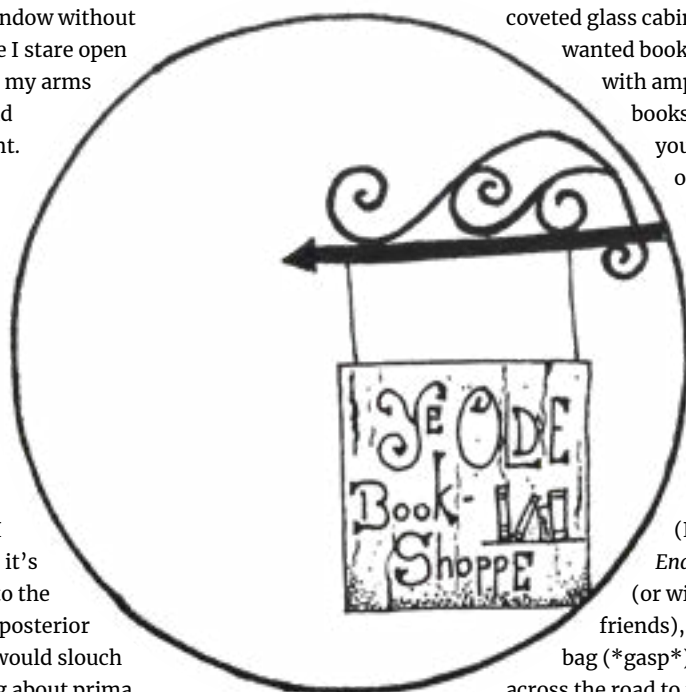
Unity

Chaos, crowds, tables, teetering towers, turnstiles, and - perhaps most intimidating - the challenging collection entitled 'brainy stuff' which is conveniently (or perhaps purposefully) placed next to the children's section, which is all I feel I ought to be reading when I find nothing to interest me among the titles intended for clever people. Wall to wall, floor to ceiling, this shop is the definition of my pinterest-home and will forever be the standard to which my future library will be held. The staff

chat cheerily among one another behind the counter and are quick to hop out and help me to the well-stocked history shelf where, after fossicking for a few minutes, they pull out the exact book I wanted but couldn't find. Apparently superpowers are a prerequisite for working here. Which I, sadly, do not possess though I have the weakness that's meant to go along with it: inability to walk past the Unity window without stopping, blocking everyone while I stare open mouthed at the covers on display, my arms already filled with, yep, books. And still, I go in. I'll eat noodles tonight. Whatever.

Poppies

My fondest memories of childhood ballet are the post-class forays into this historic store. Previously located in Remuera in the old horse stables, it has recently moved to Howick where its shelves continue to serve voracious readers young and old. If I sound particularly nostalgic here, it's because this bookshop was balm to the relentless posture correction and posterior clenching of the previous hour. I would slouch on beanbags and cushions reading about prima ballerinas, wipe away the tears of failure, sit up straight and perform my plies, tondeaus, and rom de jambe, one hand on the junior fiction section. The shop also holds a fabulous collection of my other kryptonite - notebooks. What better place to sell journals than a shop filled with the shiny achievements of those people who got their random scribbles out of the bottom drawer and into the hands of publishers. Tony, the grandfatherly figure of every book you read as a child set in a bookshop, is a delight and will natter away about books, book events, and the Writer's festival which he helps to organise. There's no book he can't find for you, no title he can't guess no matter how obscure or frankly incorrect your approximation. ("It had a blue cover - or maybe it was green - and there was a woman on the front holding a spear, or maybe it was a man on a horse. Anyway, it was set in Sweden, or Switzerland, or was it Swaziland? Something starting with S, and it was about this person who did something to do with the Berlin Wall. Or Nazi Germany." True Story.) Tony, bless him will inevitably bring you up the copy of *All the Light We Cannot See* and send you away with a smile and complimentary bookmark.



Bookmark

This is the quintessential get-lost-in-a-bookshop bookshop. On multiple occasions, I have entered this labyrinth with friends after lunch for a 'quick look' and emerged to find myself twelve kilos heavier, in the dark, alone, and with no money left to get home. But an excellent copy of *Alice in Wonderland* from the coveted glass cabinet. They will kindly take unwanted books off your hands, providing you with ample currency to spend on new books - and on re-purchasing the books you suddenly realise you can't let go of because X title got you through some very hard times and the damp stain on the cover a relic of the tears you cried over your favourite boyband breaking up. Specialising in, well, everything, this shop is a testament to the power of literature to transport us to all the places we ever wanted to go - with a few sidesteps into places we didn't. (I'm looking at you, *Voyages That Ended Badly*.) For those of iron will (or with particularly strong-fisted friends), visit Bookmark, leave with your bag (*gasp*) empty and hop (or be carried) across the road to the library where you can gorge yourself guilt free on as many titles as you want. (And then spend about the same amount in overdue fees as you would have on books in the first place. Seriously. Just buy the books).

Happy reading.

Honourable Mentions:

The Booklover, Milford
 The Woman's Bookstore, Ponsonby
 Time Out, Mt Eden (particularly recommended due to resident cat)
 Chapter, Mt Eden
 Novel, Jervois Road
 Dominion Books, Jervois Road
 The Village Bookshop (technically Matakana but they have books so... Road trip?)
 The Dorothy Butler Children's Bookshop, Ponsonby
 Paradox Books, Devonport
 Arcadia Books, Newmarket
 The Book Exchange, Glen Eden



Notice is hereby given of an

AUSA WINTER GENERAL MEETING

to be held on

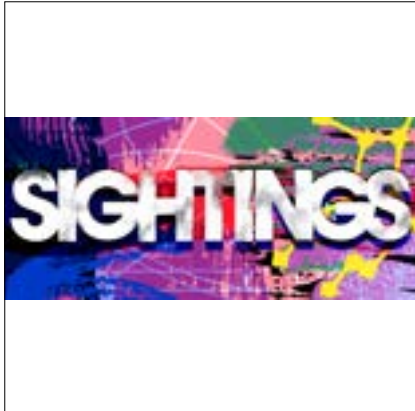
WEDNESDAY, 22 AUGUST 2018
at 1.00 pm in Shadows

(Space for those unable to attend Shadows:
AUSA Space)

Deadline for constitutional changes: 12 noon,
Tuesday, 7 August 2018.

Deadline for other agenda items: 12 noon,
Tuesday, 14 August 2018.

Association Secretary



Sightings

THEATRE REVIEW BY ESME O'RAFFERTY

Nora, Riki and Chili have been friends since childhood, and they stick together through thick and thin.

Taken from the actors' real-life experiences, *Sightings* draws you in as Nora, Riki and Chili work through the events of one night, teaching the audience and each other exactly what it means to be a modern-day woman. They evaluate their relationships not just with each other, but with their pasts – Chili's mother and Nora's kuia, both long dead, are on stage throughout the play, looking over their girls and offering up insight into their characters.

It doesn't follow a linear pattern, jumping from moment to moment, back and forth between the "time before" and the "time after". The relationships are developed, as each scene builds on the previous, relating each woman to her friends and to her family – Nora has run away from home, Riki is terrified of leaving the safety of her mother and the family home, and Chili's mother passed away years ago. The relationships between these women are the core of the play, but it wouldn't be accurate to describe this as "feminist" in any way. It's probably more accurate to refer to this as "real-life", because what happens to Nora could happen to anybody.

Despite only being an hour long, *Sightings* is packed full of emotion – it's a real rollercoaster ride, starting with pain, working through joy, the wild abandon of youth, back to the pain as it all hits home, before catharsis sets in as Nora accepts what has happened and how she can claim her life back as her own. Don't watch this if you're out for a good time – it's deep, it's gritty, it's raw, and it will stay with you after you leave the theatre. ■



Ordinary Corrupt Human Love

Deafheaven

ALBUM REVIEW BY CHRIS WONG

Blackgaze titans Deafheaven return with their fourth record *Ordinary Corrupt Human Love* which sees them incorporating more of their post-rock and dream pop influences, tapping into their softer side, which can be heard through the record radiating a much more positive energy. The record opens with "You Without End", which is complete with a spoken word performance from actress Nadia Kury, accompanied by soft guitars and piano as well as field recordings of the breeze on the beach. Kury reads a story about Oakland as the track crescendos into one of George Clarke's raw signature growls, with the end result almost being a perfect depiction of the album cover itself.

Lead single "Honeycomb" is a cathartic release of furious energy and a typical example of their trademark brand of atmospheric black metal which leads off into pure indie rock blissfulness with its chiming guitars. The album's core "Canary Yellow" carries on this mood with its soothing Explosions in the Sky-influenced leads before launching into another burst of passionate growls and ending with a clean vocal chant. The dreamy "Near" serves as a kind of interlude from Clarke's harsh growls, coming off almost as a Slowdive b-side, which wouldn't have been out of place on *Souvlaki*. Singer-songwriter Chelsea Wolfe provides guest vocals for the epic and haunting "Night People", which again contrasts again Clarke's harsh vocals bringing another dimension to the band's sound. The dynamic final track "Worthless Animal" is a glorious way to finish off the album, possibly being one of their greatest closers to date.

However while *Ordinary Corrupt Human Love* continues to break new ground for the band, the record will only enrage metal purists and won't help to shake Deafheaven's reputation as the go-to metal band for hipsters. The record shows that Deafheaven are in no need of their approval as they continue to excel in their own lane with one of the best heavy records of the year. ■



The Cleaners

FILM REVIEW BY NAM WOON KIM

Social media's capacity for enabling harm becomes alarmingly crystallized in Moritz Rieseewieck and Hans Block's documentary on the labour of outsourced content moderation in the Philippines. The film's thesis is that social media has failed in its self-espoused mission to be a progressive instrument of connectivity for society and this is presented in frightening detail. The portrait of modernity depicted by *The Cleaners* is a bleak and uncomfortable one, but it is one that demands to be seen.

The film sets out to unravel the consequences of how social media policy is enforced. It begins with the impact it has on the titular cleaners in Manila doing the work to fulfil the vision for platforms like Facebook as decided by the corporate elite of Silicon Valley. Their job as content moderators is to evaluate tens of thousands of images and videos a day, either removing it or leaving it as is. Like many simple, service jobs outsourced to the developing world, content moderation is a low quality and alienating one with little regard for the well-being of the people doing it. The exploitation of these workers is the film's primary source of injustice, but the impact of their job extends beyond their lives to the rest of the world.

However well-intentioned their decisions may be, the film highlights the political, artistic, and social consequences of these decisions. We move back and forth between the moderators doing the cleaning and the different socio-political environments affected as a result. This notably includes the erasure of political speech in Turkey done in co-operation with the state. But just as harmful as certain applications of moderation can be, the absence of it can also be devastating.

The proliferation of hate speech as part of the Rohingya genocide in Myanmar is exacerbated by the lack of moderation. *The Cleaners* may not bring anything game changing to the form, but what it lacks in innovation it more than makes up for in the importance of its content. ■



Burning

FILM REVIEW BY NAM WOON KIM

A fire needs three things to burn: fuel, oxygen, and heat. All three are ever present, and *Burning* is interested more in the lead-up to the perfect conditions for ignition than it is the spectacle of the fire and flame itself. That is not to say it is a story without satisfactory pay-offs, but the power of this film lies very much in the journey where every faint glow and spark among the tinder teases what is to come next until it escalates to a point of no return.

Coming under just shy of two and a half hours, Lee Chang Dong's adaptation of Haruki Murakami's short story "Barn Burning" is a rich piece of work that is in no rush to reach the next narrative beat. The story opens with a chance encounter where our protagonist Jongsu meets childhood-friend Haemi. A relationship quickly blooms only for Haemi to depart for Africa whereupon returning introduces to the story her new partner, an elusive "Gatsby" as Jongsu describes who goes by Ben. This sets up their dynamic for the film, and it is one which is not solely defined by romantic competition. Much of the setting is defined by a sense of class consciousness which serves as the subtext of the film and this is inseparable from the surface plot. Jongsu's loneliness and desire for intimacy is juxtaposed against the content, bourgeois lifestyle of Ben for whom empathy is a curiosity. Jongsu himself representing the working class and his search for meaning in life is shared by Haemi, their collective precarity coalescing in a stunning scene at the film's midpoint.

The film offers plenty to chew on as far as these themes and its character goes. Combined with a plot imbued with just the right amount of ambiguity to leave us questioning our perception but also providing answers by its conclusion, *Burning* is an excellent portrayal of youth navigating an uncertain life. ■



Mandy

FILM REVIEW BY ANDREW WINSTANLEY

Mandy has a bit of a reputation. The original promotional image for this film – heavily used in promotional material put out by the NZIEFF – was an extreme close-up of an extremely pissed off, covered in head to toe in blood, Nicolas Cage.

Certainly, the basic pitch – Cage starring in a warped arthouse horror-revenge-thriller – seems rock solid.

However, director Panos Cosmatos' previous film, "Beyond The Black Rainbow", while admittedly visually stunning, dragged on a bit. Cage, also, obviously, has a poor track record.

And *Mandy*, initially, feels a little bit like it might disappoint.

As a director, Cosmatos' is clearly not preoccupied with character work; he deals mostly with visuals and with sound. This is a totally acceptable list of priorities to have as a director – most of the people who will go see this movie aren't expecting a character driven experience – but *Mandy* takes the better part of an hour to kick off properly.

It's easy to become distracted – even bored – in that time, particularly if you came specifically to watch Cage murder the hell out of a bunch of people.

That being said: once the murdering

does start happening, the movie immediately earns a reprieve.

The back half plays out like a best-of compilation of gory lo-fi kills from shlocky mid-eighties horror movies. Cage does, as advertised, spend most of the movie drenched from head to toe in blood. At one point he crushes a man's head with his bare hands. At another, he shoves an axe through a different man's mouth. There is (as rumoured) a chainsaw fight.

More than that, it is also, in many ways, a powerhouse performance for Cage. Cage's method, in his own words, is to evoke the expressiveness of silent movie actors – he deliberately rejects realism, aspiring for something more visceral instead.

In most contexts, this doesn't work – either because he's working with a poor script or because it's tonally wrong for the movie. Here it plays like gang-busters. He has complete command of every scene he's in.

We Mandy on the big screen at The Civic – way down in the stalls, near the front. At the end of the film, my neck hurt from having spent so long craning up in awe. The film – especially in that context – is easy to recommend. ■



Mamma Mia! Here We Go Again

FILM REVIEW BY MARY GWENDOLON

Just so you know what you're in for, my sister called this "the best movie" she's "ever seen".

Mamma Mia! Here We Go Again is the sequel to 2008's smash hit phenomenon of good vibes *Mamma Mia!*, which was the only thing that got everyone through the global recession. No one was expecting a sequel, but clearly once 2016 happened, the studio realised the world was going to be in need of an international pick-me-up once again and began production.

Boy howdy, do they deliver. Boy howdy, did this movie pick me up. Something that I really love is when a movie sequel just has more of the bits of the first movie that were particularly delightful. In *Pitch Perfect 2* there's a lot more Rebel Wilson, in *Sherlock Holmes 2* there's more rapid-fire banter, and in *Mamma Mia 2* there are way more very elaborate dance sequences. The dance sequences are off the chain, I'm telling you. Waterloo in particular is exquisite. They also amped up the raw sexual magnetism of the incomparable Christine Baranski, and made Julie Walters' character just fall down a lot more.

It's difficult to say what the movie was about exactly. Just like the first one, it opens with Amanda Seyfried's character Sophie considering whom to invite to an upcoming event while singing "I Have a Dream". We then follow Sophie in the present day dealing with the death of her mother Meryl Streep; and young Meryl Streep in the past (played stupendously by Lily James) dealing with the events leading up to the birth of her daughter.

This movie is a damn good time and the only thing really wrong with it is that it's a movie about Meryl Streep but without Meryl Streep in it. Also Andy Garcia's character just disappears for large chunks of it. I guess he, like the rest of us, just wanted to escape all of the drama and go sing on the dock. ■



Daily Exposure at Window Gallery

Kimmi Rindel & Vanessa Crofskey

FILM REVIEW BY ANDREW WINSTANLEY

Daily Exposure is a fully functional Light Therapy station, set up within the confines of the Window Gallery itself. Light Therapy is practised clinically to help treat Seasonal Affective Disorder, utilising specialised lamps that are designed to mimic natural sunlight.

The work is part of a wider project by Rindel and Crofskey, “Wellbeing Analysis Techniques Limited™”, that “examines the industry of wellness through arts practice, satire and genuine belief in alternative therapies”, and has a stated goal of “boosting the University of Auckland’s melatonin level – in lieu of budget increases for the arts and for healthcare”. The first thing that stands out about the project is that the environment is genuinely soothing. Local artist Jms Rsby has provided a ten-minute looping ambient soundtrack for the project, which immediately secludes the space, distancing the space.

Participants are invited to spend as much or as little time in the presence of the lights as they would like – it is almost easy to recommend students unironically take advantage of the space to unwind between classes.

At the same time, the open-ness of the space means that staying for too long will always feel indulgent – participants can’t escape the fact that, by opting to become a part of the work itself, they are offering themselves up to be looked at by the thousands of students walking by.

And once one does leave, the sheer chaos of the University seems to quickly undo any benefit generated by the lights and the soothing music – which, obviously, is the whole point. ■

STILL OPEN - MONDAY - WEDNESDAY, 12:30PM - 3PM



Unbecoming at George Fraser Gallery

Liv Stewart, Albertine Lello, Indigo Poppelwell and Caitlin Watters.

ART REVIEW BY ANDREW WINSTANLEY

The four works at the heart of *Unbecoming* are all occupied with the artificial separation of what we’d traditionally call “craft work” – a term which covers a wide swath of art practise, and includes things like knitting, sewing, embroidery, and dye work – with “high art”.

Albertine Lello does this by using craft practises to create “high art” works. Her canvases are each dyed with hand-made ink, giving them a soothing quality that contrasts with the formality of the canvas.

In many ways, Caitlin Watter’s pieces then form a nice response to Lello’s work. Watters’ actually provided a number of different items for the exhibition, each with a deeply personal history.

Her loom, for example, sits on a bench in the middle of the gallery. The scarf of the grandmother’s who introduced her to craftwork sits next to it. A quilt, made with that loom, is draped across a chair, underneath photographs from the NZ Archives of Women’s Work. The nature of the pieces mean that their inclusion has the effect of making the gallery seem more domestic and welcoming – Lello’s work, by contrast, attempts to generate a more delineated, “traditional” gallery atmosphere. The co-presentation of the two pieces creates interesting tensions within the space.

The final two pieces explore themes personal to their respective artists. Olivia Stewart, (*Ngati Manu, Nga Puhī*) uses her work to explore her

dual European and Māori heritage, by combining traditional Māori materials with European form. Her piece for this exhibition – Muka, dyed red and woven into bedsheets, and then separated into nine strips and hung from the Gallery walls – is striking, dominating much of the gallery space, while remaining intimate.

Finally, we have Indigo Poppelwell’s embroidery – which is impressive even just when engaged with in terms of the sheer detail she’s managed to achieve. Pulling from the work of french feminist philosopher Hélène Cixous, Poppelwell’s work trades on the image of Medusa-as-feminist-symbol, as presented in Cixous’s work.

Poppelwell’s piece is the most overtly political work of the group – Cixous’s Medusa is meant to symbolise sheer rage at patriarchal cruelty. It’s inclusion challenges visitors to think about the context in which we think of the other three – and all four works challenge us to re-engage with the way we think about “craft” and “high art” as a whole. ■





Lachlan Mitchell takes us through some tear-jerkers for moments where you can't help but cry

Sometimes, you just have to cry. Maybe your dog said 'buh-bye!' and checked out into the void of nonexistence. Maybe you just ended a relationship. Maybe you just realised how happy you are in your relationship – we can cry without it ruining our day. And you just need the right song to get it out, to elicit the sweet nectar of sorrow that has been building up in your crushed soul. Let the melodrama find you!

And in my due diligence and care for your well-being, I have chosen a few songs and created situations in which they could apply, so you know just when to plug in your headphones and surrender to whatever you are feeling.

Notes: There'll be no Sarah McLachlan, no Wind Beneath My Wings and no Sia. Too fucking easy.

White Flag – Dido

Situation: You've woken up. Something in you just doesn't feel right, but you have things to do today. You take a shower, knowing that the hot water won't be able to melt away the lingering feeling of incompleteness from your mind this cool morning. You leave your bed completely unmade, which isn't like you. You go out. It's not your worst day, but just when you've reached lunch, a lone bird aims their burning shit right into the delicious folds of the wrap you lovingly made the night before. You sigh. All your friends, however many of them you have, are preoccupied and you're just not feeling the day. You decide to skip a lecture and do some work at home instead. You open the door and you realise that you accidentally left one of the windows open, not only leaving your vicinity freezing, but the small level of rain has just so happened to blow into the curtains and drench them. You can't remedy this right now and you're starting to get a little upset. It just hasn't been a good day. You sit down to do some work, when you realise that you left your charger at uni and the rain is starting to come down heavily. You really feel it now. Left without other options, you wrap yourself in an ill-fitting blanket

and go sit on your bed, fumbling through the music on your phone. After a few minutes, Dido presents herself. And 30 seconds into the delicately layered string section, a single tear runs down your face. You don't know why. You make a grilled cheese sandwich for dinner and call it a day.

By Your Side – Sade

Situation: You've had a bad day at work – a bad week, really – management took out their frustrations at corporate out on you, and you had to stay and miss what was supposed to be a lovely movie night with the partner, who recently got back from a month-long reassignment for their job, whatever it is. They had bought a shitload of awful snacks from New World and they weren't going to wear pants that whole night. Neither were you. You're both tired, but they waited up for you, reluctantly snacking on the Cheese Balls that they got for \$1.80 – a steal, mind you! You walk in, stressed out from replaying the raised voices in your head and not in the mood for anything, no matter how lovingly prepared. Your partner tries to bridge the mental gap and offers you a hug, but you just can't be bothered. They see the furrowed brow and frizzed hair. They understand. You sit down on the couch and eat a couple of cheeseballs, trying to find the remote without actually looking for it. Your partner turns on the TV. Some kids have died. You wonder why you still watch broadcast TV at all and change the channel. It is 11:30pm and you see a Suzanne Paul infomercial for, I don't know, sparkly vaginal glitter foundation. I don't really know what the fuck she gets up to these days. You turn off the tv and return to an uncomfortable silence. You get a text. CARLY DROPPED SHIFT. COME IN TOMORROW 6AM. You start yelling and some cheeseballs are accidentally mashed into the couch by your errant hand. Your partner sits down and tells you not to worry about it, they don't go in tomorrow and they'll clean it up. But before that, they put on a little music. You laugh. "What the fuck is this?" But they just hold you tight and let you know that it's okay. Sade begins to sing. You cry. It is okay.

Tiny Tears – Tindersticks

Situation: It's late. You're waiting at the bus stop, having just left your partner's house after a massive (verbal) fight. It's over between you both. You're drunk – not excessively, but you want the open space of a bus compared to an Uber. The bus you need just drives on by, oblivious to your needs. They didn't see your hop card for shit. Infuriated, but more at the fight than at the bus driver, you sit down and just cry. It's bitter. These really sting. It's been months of this and it's all coming out. You cry like this for ten minutes, hating yourself for doing so, but lacking the willpower to stop it. The last bus of the night finally stops, although at this point, you were barely considering the thought of getting on one. But you do. You sit right at the back and put in some headphones, having cried out all the bitterness already. Well, for this particular night, at least. *Tiny Tears* comes on. You're still upset, but it's somewhat uplifting as well. You still feel pathetic and bitter. But not as pathetic as you could have felt.

And finally,

Baby Love Child – Pizzicato Five

Situation: If you have any lingering issues with family, boy, have I got the song for you! There's no better scene I could create than the final scene of *Leela's Homeworld*, the episode of *Futurama* in which it is used. I sob like a baby every fucking time. Have fun! ■



ECCENTRIC LIFE ADVICE

16. How to Fathom

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

After a shock or sudden change, the mind is prone to creating thoughts in flurries, each one unique, each one a shard of ice. It is normal to have such thoughts and it is normal to feel like each of these thoughts builds upon the next, until you are enveloped in your own blizzard of fears. When I find myself in the middle of one of these storms, I suggest the following.

Begin with a deep breath. Keep taking deep breaths. Then ask yourself, is there anything I can do to help this situation right now? If there is, go ahead and do it. Recently, on the full moon (and as someone graciously enlightened me, a blood moon) I was betrayed when my cat bit me. I was shocked, wanted to cry, and felt the impending blizzard. Asking myself what I could do right away, I ran my bleeding arm under cool water before applying pressure.

While waiting for the bleeding to stop thoughts crept through my guard. I suggest dealing with each thought individually, rating it on a scale of likelihood so you can focus only on those that require a plan. In my case, infection (a seven – more likely than not) was the most immediate threat, so I daubed myself with some warm salty water, put the cat out of my room, and dealt with the other incoming thoughts. If the bite looked or felt worse in the morning (a five, equally likely and unlikely) I would go to urgent care (a ten compared to the zero of seeing a GP on a Sunday).

However, after the initial surge of action, I was beginning to feel exhausted and weepy. If you are inclined to the same, I suggest you divert the negative thought flakes by asking yourself, what is the best possible outcome from this? I began to imagine that this was the moment I was going to begin my transformation into the werecat I have always wished to be, which made me feel much better almost immediately. I promise to update you next moon cycle. ■



HOLLYWOOD



If Anyone Wants Me, I'll Be in My Room

Each week **Lachlan Mitchell**, glorified tabloid writer, tries to cover up that he is blatantly copying Vanity Fair.

Next year, *The Simpsons* turns 30 years old – I won't get into the literally decades-old point about how we just want it to be euthanised already, there is absolutely no new ground that can be gained from that tiresome and ultimately pointless discussion. I'm more interested in the legacies of the family's two most prominent members, Marge and Lisa. And it's kinda heartbreaking, really.

Within the last couple of years, there's been two fantastic explorations of these particular characters which opened my eyes as to how little they got in comparison to their male counterparts over the years. The creator of *Bojack Horseman*, Raphael Bob-Waksberg, made a 15 tweet poem about Marge's lack of a life outside of her family. Which yes, does sound rather melodramatic and ignoring of how much she loves her family and all that. A pretty depressing concept. But he had a point – while most of Springfield are allowed to form at least superficial connections that form a white noise background of interconnection, she is never offered such a lifeboat. She has no single confidant outside of, to some extent, Lisa. Homer doesn't count because if you need a life-changing epiphany every week to remember how to respect your wife, your presence doesn't matter for shit.

She's not allowed to have a talent that isn't trashed by the end of the episode, despite Marge being well and away the most varied and skillful of the group. She's not allowed to have a life outside of her children, and each attempt at doing so is dutifully punished by the time the credits roll. Even her relationship with her sisters is fraught at the best of times because they know what life she has fallen into. While this doesn't diminish the seemingly infinite love she has for her family, it does give pause as to what kind of life the writers have deemed for her, and by extent, us, over the years. However, this kind of loneliness pales in comparison to the sheer cruelty heaped onto Lisa over the last three decades.

Nearly six months ago, there was a blog post titled 'I Watched All 629 Episodes of *The Simpsons* in a Month. Here's What I Learned.' I recommend searching it up, because it has far more room for discussion than I do. The mental prowess needed stomach such an activity aside, what the writer gleaned from the show is that not only does the show's universe hate Lisa, but so do the writers. We all kinda wanted to be Lisa Simpson, I think. The voice of empathy and reason combined, and still girly and adorable. The one to remind us of how we can always be better and care for those not

cared for. But this was not the intended lesson the writers wanted us to take home.

The real lesson is something much nastier – anti-intellectualism is something to praise, an ideal which is as synonymous with America as it is with New Zealand. In that respect, we are not that dissimilar from the country we get such joy out of mocking. But on top of that, it details the virulent anti-progressivism that has lingered under the surface for many years, particularly since the decline of quality allowed the show to become mired in its own inadequacies. What this blog post methodically laid out was a crushing look at how the girl is just not allowed a break: that her perpetual loneliness is her fault, that her basic emotional and intellectual needs are not worthy of respect and, by extension, the same goes for those that identify with Lisa. It details how Lisa, a champion of truly liberal values and self-respect/self-empowerment for those forgotten by society, needs to be snapped in half. Her intellect is nothing but a punchline for her own social misery. Her empathy is treated as a character flaw in the same way Homer's callousness and Bart's selfishness are needed to be broken down and repaired on a weekly basis. And that's the thing – the latter two characters get given a resolution to their arc that ultimately allows them to become better people. Lisa? She becomes a better person by betraying and giving up on what she believes in, or subduing her intellect, or being forced to become a subversion of everything she cares about. There is no respect or joy in being Lisa Simpson, and that is the lesson we are really meant to take into our lives.

We're about 15 years too late from shifting the way these two characters have been cemented in the cultural consciousness, as the show has gone on for too long and the women, like everyone else on the show, have been watered down to only the vaguest resemblance of who was there before. And, once again, Lisa has gotten the worst of it. She became the writer's mouthpiece for their response to the Apu controversy of the last year – one to silence the reasonable criticism of Apu's impact in the real world, something completely antithetical to every stated moral and social belief of hers. Not only was it a slap in the face to the concerns about Apu's enduring legacy, but it was the culmination of how even today, Lisa just doesn't get any respect.

For what it's worth, I still want to be like Lisa Simpson. ■

IT'S **BREWING**

25TH AUGUST 2018



The Stigma Behind Mental Health

Rushika Bhatnagar discusses the stigmatisation of mental illnesses and the way in which it negatively impacts our society.

Defining the concept of stigma has often been a task many scholars have addressed in a vague manner. In the most basic sense, stigma can be understood as a 'mark' that separates individuals from each other due to the simple practice of judging some individuals or groups as 'less than' others or themselves. Within some educational fields like psychology, the concept of 'self-stigma' is also explored, which works gradually and internally to diminish self-esteem, feeding into the insecurities we experience. Stigma is a social and cultural process that has negatively impacted the structures around individuals and groups, especially in the field of mental health, resulting in them being exposed to a range of unacceptable circumstances. Research shows that we as a society hold negative attitudes and stereotypes towards people with mental illnesses. As children we adopt the habit of calling each other "crazy" or "weird", and as such, often the negative stereotypes involve perceptions that people with mental illness are dangerous.

A series of reports from the Institute of Medicine found that understanding health differences that are the result of stigmatisation is a crucial and central focus within research. According to the United States Department of Health and Human Ser-

vices report (HHS), claims were made that stigma is the "*most formidable obstacle to future progress in the arena of mental illness and health*". Where the researchers expected that the increased knowledge about mental health would lead to a decrease in mental illnesses, they found the opposite to be true in that stigma in many ways had intensified in the last forty years despite an increase in education on the topic.

Stigma against those with mental illness is multi-faceted. The general population is known to have many misconceptions on the topic ranging from:

- **Responsibility:** those with mental illnesses are often blamed for their illness as a result receiving less sympathy; they are seen as irresponsible and 'finding excuses,' or blamed for choosing a certain lifestyle and making bad choices.
- **Dangerous:** people with mental illnesses are feared and thought of as violent resulting in people avoiding them; along with this people tend to be fearful of those not partaking in social activities as easily.

- **Unpredictable:** they are believed to be erratic resulting in unfair social distance.
- **Incompetent:** those with mental illnesses are viewed as unable to make rational choices leading to stigmatising practices and in some cases opportunities and rights prohibiting these individuals.

In her research, Professor Kanwar retells a story in which a fire tragedy in Tamil Nadu, India saw a mental asylum burn entirely to ashes charring to death with it twenty eight mentally ill patients. There was a huge outcry in some social spheres, but stigma against those mentally ill saw others reported feeling relieved at the incident. According to many, these people in the asylum were simply draining public resources, were no good to anyone, were not contributing productively to the society, and would never be tax-paying responsible citizens, thus proving the numerous misconceptions and highlighting the stigma against those with mental illnesses.

Social stigma is reinforced in media on a daily basis. Mentally ill people are often seen as homicidally inclined, mass-murderers; being punished by alien forces; or being too weak. This is the widely endorsed perception of those mentally ill and is reinforced in numerous media we see and as a result numerous scholarly fields unanimously accept stigma as a central negative element to the topic of mental health.

The causes for a lot of these misconceptions roots in a lack of awareness on the topic; illogical generalisations; lacking acknowledging of the diversity of humans and fear of illnesses that have not been entirely understood. Religion has been another factory with Christian and Islamic faiths claiming mental illnesses are sin; whilst others claim it is plain ignorance that leads to these stigmatising attributes. In the health field there is no limit to how many fields have stigma attached to them, with those suffering from mental illnesses, obesity, and HIV-AIDS dealing with the brunt of this. The basic and accepted process outlines that stigma leads to negative beliefs (stereotypes), which when adopted as real, lead to prejudice, the application of these to shun or avoid those in these stigmatised groups leads to discrimination.

But stigma has a huge range of diverse ramifications. Concerns have been raised recently in the field with research indicating that individuals that are members of multiple stigmatised groups, such as race minorities, homosexuals or women, tend to have a higher negative health effect due to stigma. Not only do many fields have stigma attached to them, in the mental health field the multi-faceted nature of the illnesses can mean that those with mental illnesses not only deal with negatives such as housing and employment dips but also are exposed to range of health risks. These include drug abuse, violence and malnutrition. All of which, with the complicated nature of the issue, lead to further stigma against them. But stigma can also form a cycle. Despite the unanimity in accepting the impact of stigma, the presence of stigma leads to inadequate funding in the field in mental health sources, low use of services and therefore a hindered progress on the path of recovery.

Stigma in the mental health field is a deeply rooted and complex obstacle, perhaps even the greatest barrier to care. However, it is preventable, and doing so would radically reduce suffering, disability and global economic burden. Mental illnesses are not something to be ashamed of, but indeed something to discuss, something to spread awareness and education about, in order to one day live in a world without its stigmatisation. ■

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President's Letter

Kia ora,

For us, the last two weeks have been packed full of events. We hope you have been enjoying them!

Two weeks ago, for our second week of Re-Orientation, we had an ice skating rink and a toboggan run with real snow in the Quad. A huge shout-out to Snow Sports Club and our amazing staff Ros, Aaron and Amy for making it happen. As you can tell from the photo above, it was a lot of fun!!

Last week was EcoFest, run by our wonderful Environmental Affairs Officer, Alex, in collaboration with environmental clubs and our Executive. There was an awesome team behind making it happen. On Tuesday there was a Ecofest market in the Quad with free smoothies being created using the energy from cycling, an Op Shop sale and giveaways, as well as a stall where you could make your own beeswax wraps, deodorant, toothpaste and body scrub from scratch with organic ingredients. On Tues-

day night we screened the movie Princess Mononoke in Shadows. On Wednesday we worked with the University to run a Sustainable Market Day at the Epsom campus, with free smoothies of course! On Thursday we ran a vegetarian free breakfast for students at the city campus, with hash browns, hot chocolates, crumpets, baked beans, spaghetti and more. On the same day, we also brought the blender bike to the Grafton Campus with a range of games for students to take part in. Finally, on Friday night our AUPISA representative, Juliet, ran a Captain Planet themed quiz in Shadows. A huge thank you to everyone who made this week happen.

Last Wednesday, Ngā Tauira Māori did a fantastic job of running Māori Day - Te Rā Māori in the Quad, which celebrated Maori arts, culture and kai. In the evening, they had incredible artists like Aaradhna, Troy Kingi & Tribal Conexions performing in Shadows. Stay tuned to hear more about it next week!

A shout-out also to our Welfare Vice President, Luke, for running our food drive last week and thank you so much to everyone who donated. Everything donated will go into the food parcels available to students. If you ever need a food parcel, just drop into AUSA Reception. Students can get up to three food parcels a semester. There is also free bread available for all students at AUSA Reception every Thursday and Friday. If you are in need of a Hardship Grant or a Dental Grant, applications are available on our website.

Finally, last week we were working with the University's new Wellbeing Coordinators on how to better support students. You will be hearing more about wellbeing initiatives on campus soon and we would love your thoughts!

I hope you have a lovely week.

Ngā mihi,
Anna ■

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Encoded Phrase

esp hzco dplcns sld l ctoowp ty te. slgp
qfy afkkwtyr!

Sudoku Easy

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

Sudoku Medium

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

Sudoku Hard

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

Scientist Word Search

F R U T H E R F O R D N I N E
R N T E E N Z E G E C K G R B
A B O Y L E O Y O F U E A E L
N I V B O H R N O E R P L I I
K S M Y E A F M D N I L I N N
L N U S M L I A A P E E L E N
I R A B E I L N L L I R E W A
N S F M O R M O L A H T O T E
C R I C K I O N C N A A N O U
C N C O P E R N I C U S H N S
G E D I S O N O M K E I N N C
O L H U B B L E M A X W E L L
F A R A D A Y O P A S T E U R
A R I S T O T L E U T E S L A
H A W K I N G D A R W I N R S

ARISTOTLE
BELL
BOHR
BOYLE
COPERNICUS

CRICK
CURIE
DARWIN
EDISON
FARADAY

FEYNMAN
FLEMING
FRANKLIN
GALILEO
GOODALL

HAHN
HAWKING
HUBBLE
KEPLER
LINNAEUS

MAXWELL
NEWTON
NOBEL
PASTEUR
PLANCK

RUTHERFORD
TESLA

Hashiwokakeru Puzzle

You need to connect the circles together to solve it. The number in the circle indicates how many connections there are for that circle. The connections are only vertical or horizontal: there are no diagonal connections. Lines cannot cross each other. Two circles can only be connected by a maximum of two lines between those specific circles. There are no loops. Find what is spelled and use the length of the solution-route to solve the encoded phrase.



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