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# WELLINGTON IS... WEIRD.

I spent a week of the break down in the capital, mostly trying to avoid academic and administrative responsibilities I have up here. It wasn't very successful in that regard, I will say - I ended up spending the better part of a day in the Wellington Central Library writing one of my essays (if only to get my mind off of it for the rest of the trip).

I've lived in Auckland my whole life. Hell, I've barely even lived outside of the central city and surrounding suburbs - I've been to the North Shore exactly twice, and out west maybe once.

As a consequence, there are a few different things I expect a city to be. I am very used to badly designed sprawl, for example. I'm used to the Big-ness of the Auckland CBD. I'm used to terrible public transport, awful walkability, and everything being aggressively developed and re-developed.

Wellington is barely any of those things, at all.

Big chunks of the Wellington CBD were clearly frozen in time at some point in 1990s, for example. Where we have a 3 story H&M store - complete with a giant fucking chandelier - opening up in the heart of town, there are buildings all through the main retail sections of wellington city that are screaming out in vain, unheard, for a basic water-blast (or a new coat of paint) .

And like: this isn't me ragging on Wellington. The dinginess is a nice relief

from the weird artifice of places like Ponsonby Central, which (imo) often just feel like carefully constructed hiding spots in which rich people can hide from how shithouse other parts of the county can get (lmao).

The thing I really like about Wellington, though, is how small the place is.

And I'm not a fan of smallness, generally. I like that I've been in Auckland all my life and am still constantly meeting new people who have also been in Auckland all their lives, all of whom I have never heard of or seen around before.

But I also like that Wellington is basically constructed to be a machine where you will bump into every single person you've ever met just randomly on the street all the time, because, like, there's only five places for them to be at any given time and you're currently in one of them and in spitting difference of two of the others.

And I like that when your friends ask you to their flat and you decide to walk there (I like walking places, sue me) its not actually a dumbass thing to do, and you can get there in like 20 minutes. Like, the walk from my old Symonds Street flat to Uni was somehow shorter than my walk from the CBD to the "way out in the suburbs" place I was staying in.

NB: wellington doesn't have ONZO? ONZO would fucking kill it in welling-

ton, imo. Even with all the hills.

Anyway, half the conversations I had down in wellington were with wellington people complaining about how they hated how small wellington is and they couldn't be more excited to move out and to somewhere bigger.

And I mean I don't disagree with them: I'm sure living there would devolve into an intense psychic hell after a while. But the grass is always greener and all that.

All that being said: welcome back! I hope you all had a good couple of weeks off!

- andrew



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## AUCKLAND CITY SPEED LIMIT CHANGES

Auckland Transport are now investigating a change in road speed limits following increases to the death toll on Auckland's roads.

Last year, 749 people were seriously injured and 64 people died on Auckland roads. Statistically, road deaths and injuries on Auckland roads increased at a rate that was three times higher than the rest of the country.

As a way of combating this, Auckland Transport is now looking at the possibility of lowering speed limits at 'accident black spots'. Lester Levy, chairman of Auckland Transport, indicates that when someone is hit by a vehicle at 30km/h there is a 10% chance of death compared to an 80% chance when hit by a vehicle travelling at 50km/h. As such one potential change being considered is to change the speed limit of specific Auckland roads from 50 km/h to 30 km/h whilst decreasing the speed limit of rural Auckland roads from 100 km/h to 80 km/h

The issue of road safety has become even more prominent after Auckland Transport came under fire at a planning committee meeting where Auckland Councillors criticised the work of Auckland Transport. In particular, councillor Linda Cooper was disappointed about the lack of improvement after the implementation of the regional fuel tax, which helps to fund road safety. The councillors were also disappointed at the lack of information being provided in a report by Auckland Transport regarding the impact of trucks with trailers on the road among other hazards. This led to councillors questioning the motives of Auckland Transport and whether they are truly acting to serve the best interest of Auckland citizens, commenting that many people that have had to go to the media or protest to get Auckland Trans-

port to fix issues in their area.

Overall both the council and Auckland Transport are very disappointed at the high road death toll and there is further disappointment by the Council at the lack of progress made by Auckland Transport specifically.

-Thomas Carr

## STI FYI

Health Professionals are urging New Zealanders to wear condoms and get tested regularly following a rise in the number of Syphilis cases in New Zealand. The Infection, caused by the bacterium *Treponema Pallidum*, is highly contagious and spread primarily through unprotected sexual activity. 470 New Zealanders contracted Syphilis last year – an increase that is double the number of cases from 2015. Since 2017 there have also been four cases of still-born babies who have died as a result of untreated Syphilis.

The Royal Australasian College of Physicians have released an open letter in which President, Dr. Jeff Brown indicated that the Ministry of Health response to the growing number of Syphilis cases was "totally inadequate". Dr. Brown also noted that there are only eight full time Sexual Health specialists across New Zealand. Data from the Ministry of Health noted that the highest number of cases occurred in Males aged 20-39 in the Auckland and Wellington regions. In particular, 70% of these cases were reported from Gay/Bisexual men. The Royal Australasian College of Physicians noted in their letter that the Ministry had, at some level, implied that the growing Syphilis epidemic could be linked to a possible decrease in condom use amongst Gay and Bisexual Men as a result of the funding of new HIV Prevention medicine, Truvada. However the College pointed out that

the funding of this medicine only came into effect in March and the number of Syphilis Cases has been rising since 2013. Furthermore, Truvada requires STD Testing on a regular three-month basis, increasing the likelihood of a Syphilis infection being detected.

The rise in Syphilis cases follows an international trend that has been observed in Australia, the United Kingdom and United States. The Ministry of Health have released a media statement noting the growing number of cases however there has been no significant change in testing protocol or marketing for increased testing.

## FOX RESIGNS

Marama Fox has formally resigned as the Co-Leader of the Māori Party. Fox's resignation follows the announcement that her consultancy business, founded after her ousting from Parliament during the 2017 election, has entered liquidation and that she now owes over seventy thousand dollars, including forty thousand dollars to an independent Rotorua Travel Broker.

Māori Party President Che Wilson indicated that Fox's decision to step down was as a result of the need for Fox to focus on "issues related to her private business" – specifically the financial situation that Fox is in.

Many MPs, including Dancing with the Stars competitor and ACT Leader David Seymour, National Party Co-leader Paula Bennett and current Justice Minister, Andrew Little, paid tribute to Fox and her time in parliament.

Marama Fox's resignation now leaves a vacancy for both a male and female co-leader of the Māori party.

- Cameron Leakey



# THE BIG AUSA ELECTION FUCK UP

In our last edition of this magazine, we ran a short piece story about the at-time-of-writing still-being-conducted AUSA elections.

Immediately after that issue was sent to print, a number of new stories broke, and with that came a number of new pieces of information.

## The Election: By the Numbers

Around 40,000 students attend the University of Auckland. In theory, all of them are eligible to be members in AUSA. In practise, only about half that number are actually signed up.

Of those 20,000 students, only 882 voted in this year's election - for a fairly miserable 4% turnout.

AUSA elections have struggled with low engagement over recent years, and single-percentage turnouts are not unprecedented. However, that number is massively down from last year, which saw a turnout of one and a half times that - around 1400 students.

By comparison, the Canterbury University Students Association - who held their election campaign just a week after AUSA held theirs - had a whopping 5,889 ballots cast, even with their much smaller student base.

No-confidence numbers saw a slight uptick, but remained roughly in roughly the same window as previous years.

Anand Rama, who was elected AUSA President in an unopposed race, had

111 no-confidence votes cast against him - equivalent to almost 18% of his vote total. Anna Cusack, this year's President, had a no-confidence vote equivalent to 12% of her total vote-share. Will Matthews had a no confidence vote of around 14% in his inaugural race.

AUSA receives around \$2 million per year in funding - derived from student fees, established property holdings, and funds granted to them by the University.

## Delayed Results

The election results were withheld for almost a full day so that the Returning Officer - who manages the logistics of the election - could investigate the validity of the outcome.

Emily MacDonald, who is currently serving as AUSA's Student Engagement Officer, was given administrative access to "OrgSync", which is the portal that the University and AUSA use to manage on-campus events. It is also the platform AUSA uses to run their online voting.

In theory, that shouldn't have been a problem - it is possible to set up different types of access within OrgSync for different kinds of events. Having that OrgSync access is an important part of Emily's current role, as well.

However, for whatever reason, that differentiated access wasn't set up, and Emily was able to access the AUSA election back-end.

It was the discovery of this fact that triggered the investigation, because the fact that she had that access could have hypothetically manipulated the election outcomes - admins with the right level of responsibility are able to delete logged responses to OrgSync polls.

The Returning Officer decided that there wasn't any evidence of any wrongdoing.

Emily was ultimately docked 20% of her vote share for "improper use of AUSA resources" - the default punishment for that particular infraction, as given in the election handbook.

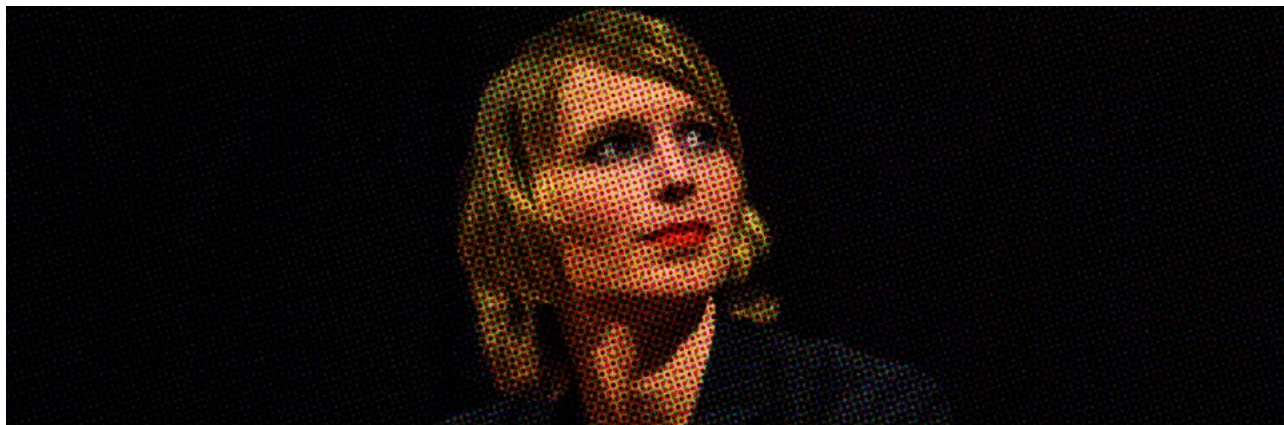
That was not enough to change the balance of her election, with Emily ultimately winning her election race 382 votes to 245.

## Posters torn down

Candidate for Student Engagement Vice President, Felix Poole, has told Craccum that his campaign posters were pulled down by University janitorial staff on no less than three separate occasions during the voting period.

Poole was one of very few candidates to poster as part of his campaign for the position - a product, in part, of the relative lack of competition in this election. Normally, during election time, the AUSA quad is fully postered.

Poole ultimately lost in his election bid by a relatively tight margin - only 137 votes.



# THE CHELSEA MANNING VISIT

Life has been pretty good for Chelsea Manning ever since her sentence was commuted by Barack Obama - one of the few surprising left-of-centre moves he made during his last year in office.

When she's not making jokes about the FBI agents the following her every move, she's been an active Twitter presence, protestor, and now makes a living as an in-demand public speaker, even though she's allowed to discuss the leaks she was imprisoned for. She's even been a Senate candidate, finishing second place in the nomination race in her state of Maryland.

That being said, she still faces numerous issues when it comes to earning a living - having a conviction for treason permanently tied to your name will do that to you.

A key point to remember is that her sentence was *shortened* by President Obama, she was not *pardoned*. That means that obtaining Visas for international speaking engagements is a continual problem for her. Foreign nations get nervous when political prisoners, even "free" ones, try to enter their borders. She was denied entry to Canada last year for this very reason: having treason attached to your name, regardless of what war

crimes were revealed by her honourable actions, makes foreign nations unlikely to greet you with open arms.

This presents the problem of travelling to New Zealand for 'An Evening with Chelsea Manning' - the National party have very loudly demanded that she be denied entry, and for a couple of days, it did look like the Government would cave in to pressure and reject Manning.

However, on the day of writing, this issue has been resolved and Ms Manning has the unequivocal right to do her talks here. Immigration New Zealand declared that she presented no risk and, much to the consternation of National, gladly let her into the country. But the background to this decision has caused both smirks and frowns.

She was supposed to do an in-person talk in Australia, something which even she had doubts about whether she'd actually make it inside the borders. This is Australia, after all: they are angling to be the America of the South Pacific on every angle. And she was right to harbour those doubts - no doubt trying to please American interests, Australia's Immigration department denied her ability to enter the country. There have also been rumblings that her mere pres-

ence would shine unfavourable eyes on the political instability once again ravaging the incumbent government. But again, this was expected. So, she instead conferenced via video link with Peter Greste, an Australian journalist, with a sizable audience at Greste's location.

What is most interesting about the build-up to Manning's visit to our shores is that the notorious Free Speech Coalition, a group of supposedly egalitarian free speech absolutists that have made a name for themselves as being Don Brash's cheerleaders, gave an enthusiastic nod of approval to Manning's right to speak here - something which caused various eyebrows to raise, given that the membership of the coalition are not known for having favourable views on remotely leftist ideals or figures. It's a smart strategic move to keep up a veneer of consistency.


I wholeheartedly welcome Manning into New Zealand - she's a wonderful person with moral convictions that betray the immorality she's had to abide by for close to a decade now, and I am glad that our Government saw fit to lend credence to that idea.


- Lachlan Mitchell







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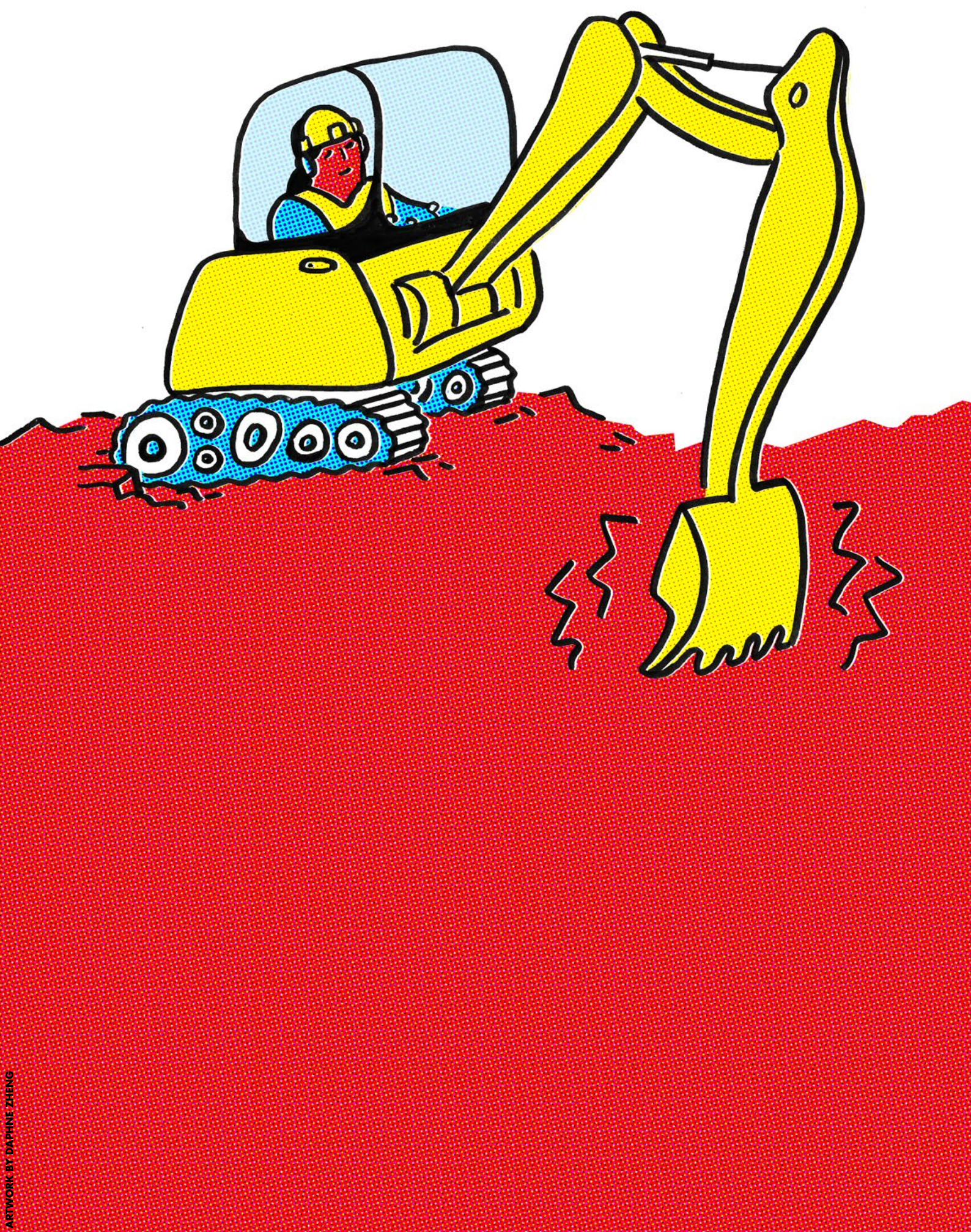
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# REFLECTING AS A FEMALE ENGINEERING INTERN

By Olivia Maxwell

A few weeks ago, on the last day of my internship, a female colleague approached me and asked for my thoughts on the gender balance in our workplace. I considered it for a moment, and replied that, although I was aware an imbalance existed, it was not drastic enough that I had ever consciously *felt* it. And besides, I said, all of the women who worked with us had strong presences in the office - they were smart, well-spoken, passionate, and they made themselves heard. Exactly, my colleague replied softly - they wouldn't be here otherwise.

She makes a good point. Every single woman in the office was exceptional. All were well-known faces within the company, all made memorable contributions to meetings - or at least, that was my impression. On the surface, that sounds fantastic. The problem is, the same didn't appear to be true of the men.

Yes, many of them were exceptional too, but many were also perfectly ordinary - pleasant and competent but unremarkable, with names and faces I cannot recall. I don't mean that as a criticism: by definition, not everyone

can have been an A+ student, not everyone is able to juggle three extracurricular pursuits. In any given context, a smattering of ordinaryness is very, very normal. This begs the question: where were the ordinary women?

Possibly, the answer lies simply in my own biases. As a woman in engineering, perhaps I am subconsciously inclined to be on the lookout for other women in my workplace, so they make more of an impression in my memory than an entirely equivalent man would. Alternatively, it may be a question of self-selection: perhaps female engineers feel obliged, consciously or not, to hold themselves to high standards - to prove in case any doubters should come knocking that yes, they are just as capable of doing the job as a man. Or maybe the answer is much more vanilla than that - maybe prospective female candidates, still, are subject to more interviewer scrutiny than their male counterparts, resulting in none but the most charismatic actually getting hired in the first place.

This not a new problem, and in all honesty I don't know exactly which

version of it the engineering profession is suffering from. I only have my own observations to go on, and those are neither broad ranging nor particularly objective. Rather than delving into that further, then, let's take a step back from the engineering workplace and look at its precursor: university.

Within the university context, my experience as a woman in engineering has been overwhelmingly positive. From my peers, I have attracted far more judgement for my decision to study a BA conjoint than for my decision to become an engineer. In fact, the latter choice has never been called into question, not once. I have never felt like I was being treated differently to my male colleagues, or that I was at a disadvantage to them. In fact, in a strange sort of way, the opposite has occasionally been true: come internship-hunting season, as a result of social outcome targets that most large firms have started to set, it can sometimes be *easier* to find employment as a female engineering student.

Of course, my experience has not been an accident: organisations such as WEN (the Women in Engineering Network)

pour constant (and commendable) effort into making female engineering students feel supported, and helping them to succeed. WEN's continued existence is a reminder that gender equality in engineering still needs a helping hand to flourish. Moreover, even though my experience has been a positive one, it may not be especially representative. Outside of my gender, I am privileged in just about every other way that a person can be. I suspect that shields me - both from experiencing, and from being aware of - many of the difficulties that other women in engineering face.

One glimpse of this comes from examining the ethnic diversity within the women of my specialisation - approximately half are Asian, approximately half are Pakeha, and that's pretty much it. It would be easy enough to chalk this up to a small sample size, or to being a reflection of the wider lack of diversity in higher education. I don't doubt that both of these are factors. However, a small glance at the men in my class, and their (comparatively) greater diversity, suggests those are not the only factors at play.

Even taking that into account, though, I

suspect that the biggest problem doesn't lie at university; not really, not anymore. One quarter of my cohort, now in their fourth and final year, are women. When we started, in 2015, this was the highest percentage of women the faculty had ever had - I believe that figure has been eclipsed since, a trend the faculty can and should be proud of. Once here, we are, largely, treated as equals, as totally ordinary students; by our peers and lecturers alike.

Why doesn't the workplace reflect this? I think (perhaps naively) that the answer here is relatively straightforward: time. An undergraduate degree spans an age gap of four years, give or take. The workforce spans something closer to fifty. A cultural shift takes a lot longer to propagate through that many generations of engineers. But, as my cohort rise up the ranks of the workforce, the open attitude which now welcomes female engineers at university will eventually, I hope, become entrenched in the workplace psyche too.

The persisting risk to female engineers, then, as far as I can see, lies not in the workplace, or at university, but in the attitudes of everyday people. It's the risk

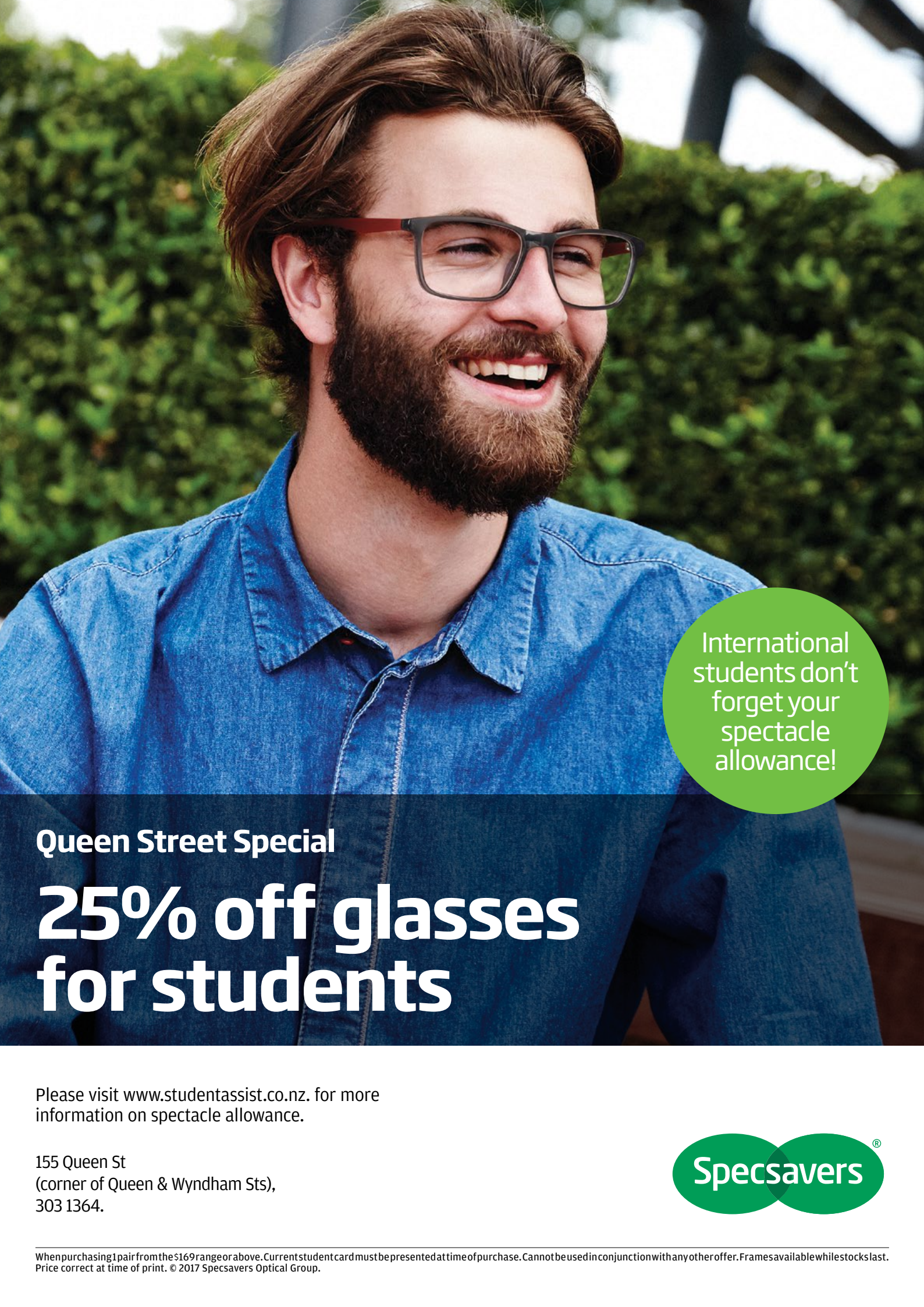
that one too many people will look just a little too surprised when a girl suggests she'd like to be an engineer. It's the risk that one too many family friends will presume to ask 'What's it like being in such a male dominated degree?' rather than simply, 'Cool, how's that going?'. It's the risk that young women don't actually make it to the degree in the first place.

So, what can we do? The short answer is, we make a conscious effort to counteract these unconscious dissuasions. Groups such as robogals, people like Nanogirl, do a fantastic job of this already, by promoting Engineering as an accessible and exciting career option for girls. The more we pitch engineering as a normal choice for women - not just in our fliers, but in our actions, our small-talk - the more it will become so.

To return to the colleague I mentioned at the beginning: yes, female engineers still face barriers. Through no doing of my own, I have been fortunate enough to sidestep many of them - others have not been so lucky. We're not over the hill yet. But, at least from my corner of the world, it feels like we're headed in the right direction.







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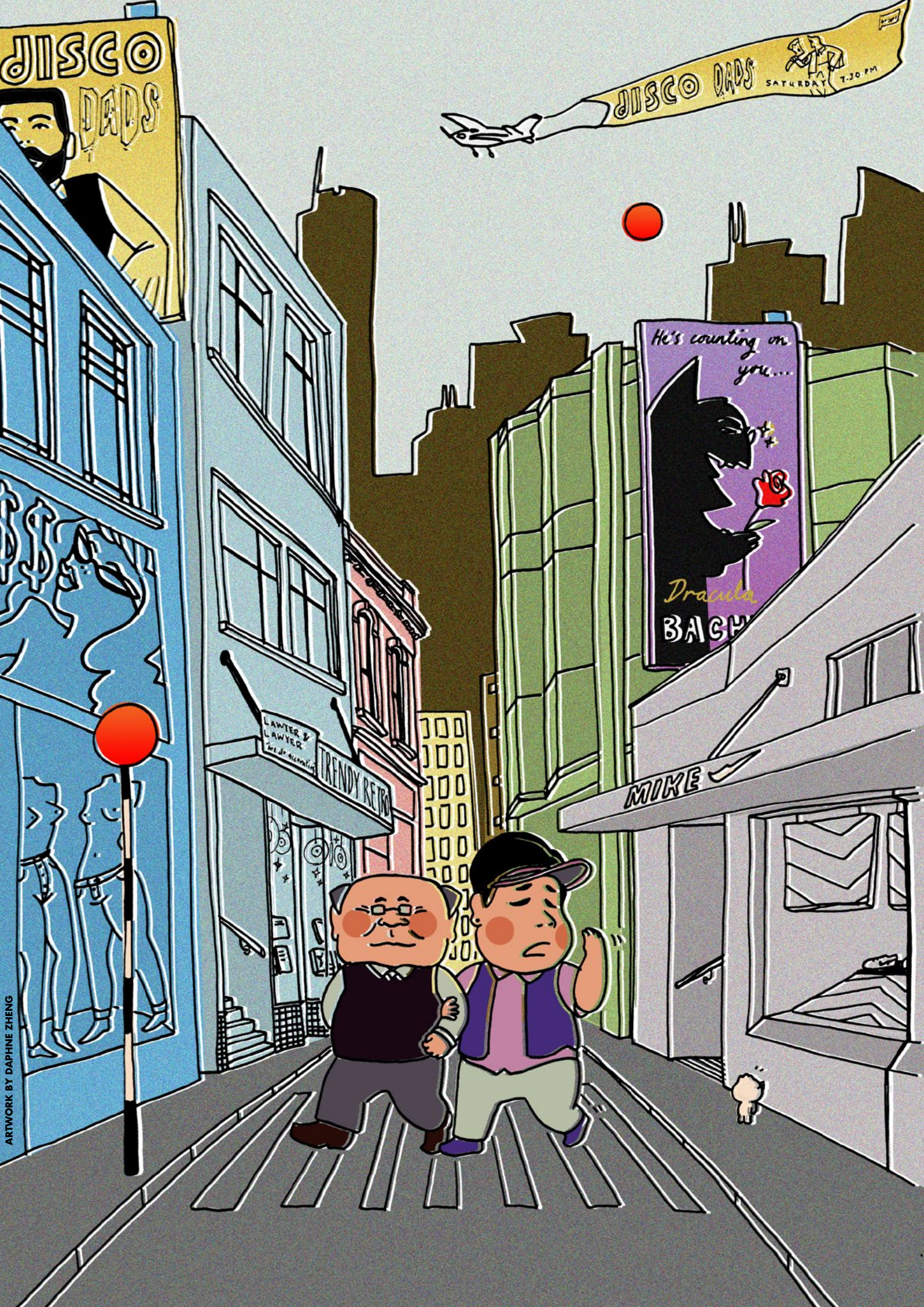
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# EATING YOUR DUMPLING CHILD: IT SOUNDS ATTRACTIVE, BUT DON'T DO IT

{ Brian Gu cogitates upon the recent and infamous Dumpling short film }

It's unfortunate that I begin this article with a negative tone, but I've recently been informed of something that's kind of a bummer. For those of you who regularly read *Craccum* (no, the jokes come later in the article), you would have read the hot dog review I did around the city last semester. Well, it turns out the place I gave the highest rating had to shut down recently, proving my stamp of approval is about as good as a death sentence. In the drastic hopes of redeeming myself, I have decided to tackle another review, and this week it's a ground-breaking Pixar short! Because while my favourite hot dog place fell victim to my frightful recommendation, I rest assured I won't manage to get Pixar shut down with this review.

Anyways, now that I've managed to settle back into my hectic uni schedule, I've been rewarded with the time to reflect on the four-week mid-year break. Having gotten as little done over this time as Elon Musk in the recent Thailand cave rescue, it leaves me pondering the question of where all my time has disappeared to. Now, if you were to ask about the six seasons of *Suits* I've unapologetically binge-watched it'd be a different story! Not to mention the countless hours I've accumulated on *FIFA* as well, that's where my time went! Forget *Romeo and Juliet*, that's a real tragedy right there.

As I was saying, my break did include some exciting events. And now that the dreary task of the long semester ahead has finished daunting me, I think it's come time to finally shed some light on one of the biggest events of these past weeks; that dumpling movie at the start of *Incredibles 2*. That's right, I'm not even going to give you the pleasure of a segue.

If you've got no idea what I'm talking about, then I'd have to tell you that compulsive lying is a terrible habit. If you're still without a clue, then it looks like I'll be playing along. Fans of Pixar would know that the studio typically precedes their feature films with an animated short, and for this year's grand return of everyone's favourite superhero family *The Incredibles*, Chinese-Canadian director Domee Shi serves up her short film *Bao*. A tale of family and abandonment, high praise has been sung to the film's creator for producing a work so culturally significant to the Asian immigrant community.

Where the film particularly manages to strike a chord is

how it examines the rift between two distant generations. An elderly immigrant lady, who we later find is missing the company of her adult son, adopts a dumpling she makes as her own child. Of course, only the adorable and downright loveable animation of Pixar would be capable of transforming such a dubious story into an entertaining tale. However, the underlying tone that director Shi manages to strike is parental neglect in Asian immigrant culture. It is a cultural recurrence she harbours strong feelings of indignation towards, and she succeeds in projecting her profound emotions onto the screen.

As the film focused its attention on abandonment within the Asian immigrant community, the consequence is that it shines a light on this minority group in particular. However, I do believe that neglect is cause for suffering in many cultures other than my own. This poses the question of whether the issue of parental neglect is pertinent only to Asian immigrant culture. Well, I would have asked my parents for their stance, but it's hard when you're actively trying to avoid them (ask Andrew why this writer's appalling and distasteful jokes keep getting published by emailing [editor@craccum.co.nz](mailto:editor@craccum.co.nz)).

A downside I found to Shi's short film is that it makes *Incredibles 2* a flick to avoid before dinnertime, otherwise it quickly transforms *Bao* into a feature-length advertisement for that Chinese place down the road. I mean, how could a film about steamed buns possibly not make you hungry?

Yet the greatest problem I had sitting through *Bao* was it being loaded with subtle racism. While the sensitive premise of *Bao* warranted sympathy for its characters, Pixar's animation was guilty of exploiting stereotype for comic effect. But with the cultural impact of this short, it seems almost as if I were picking at straws to raise such a concern. Rarely in mainstream media do we see a work presented that is so culturally significant to a minority community. And I'm not talking in terms of *Kung Fu Panda* or *Pocahontas*. I'm talking about a film which reflects the suppressed hardship and challenges of a generation so distant from home. *Bao* is a relic for the immigrant Chinese community. And if that isn't reason enough to rejoice for you, I hear Elon Musk is also joining the fight for diversity. He's requested a special order of submarines to prevent people drowning in cultural insensitivity.

A U S A & 9 5 b F M P R E S E N T



THE SHADS

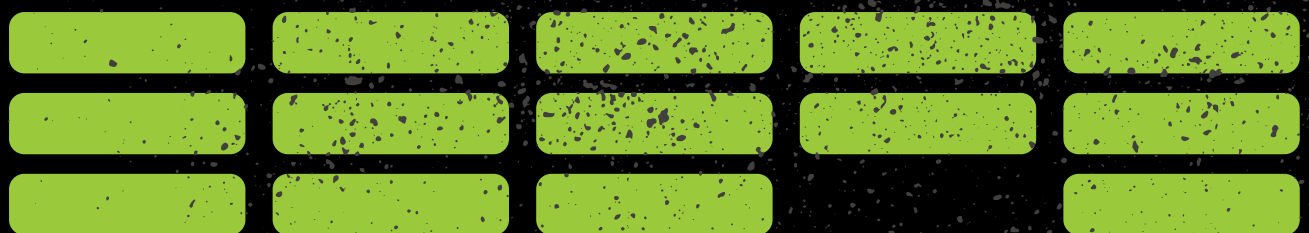
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# BLOOMING CHAOS

ART & WORDS BY JESSICA THOMAS

I've retreated outside today. Retreated from the storm of papers, pencil shavings and cold, half empty cups of tea that have taken over bedroom/ office/ panic cave. The walls are a frantic mass of post-its, my bed is a foreign country from which I am separated by a sea of semi-petrified washing that is about to walk itself to the machine. But with all the willpower I possess I've pried my fingers from the keys and come outside.



I need some air.

Deep breath in. Out.

It's nice out here.

What's not so nice is the snarling, neglected, overgrown cesspit that is my garden.

This tangled mess of weeds is the result of too much 'yes' manure. (See fig. 7)

Some people use horse poo, others use sheep. I prefer 'yes'; it gets the garden growing nicely – just in all the wrong directions.

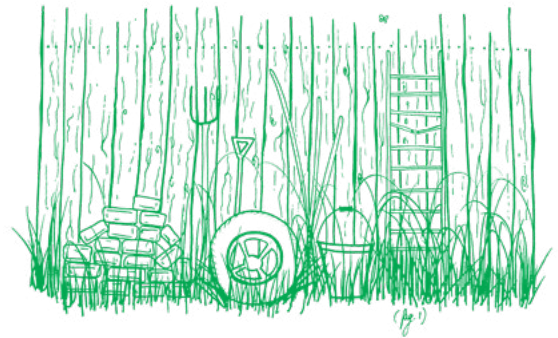
All this 'yes' means that I've been holed up in my office writing and marking essays and researching and footnoting and working on all the things that I should not have said 'yes' to but did because I have a crippling sense of inadequacy that only gets worse if I actually try and take care of myself by saying 'no' to people.

This is not my garden.

This is not the garden pinterest told me I would have when I planted those seeds a year ago. I was promised topiary hedges and cute bushels of basil and parsley encircling vines bursting with plump tomatoes.

I was promised an Italian oasis that would make me feel I like I was living in some boho organic retreat and not on a main road in the Auckland suburbs.

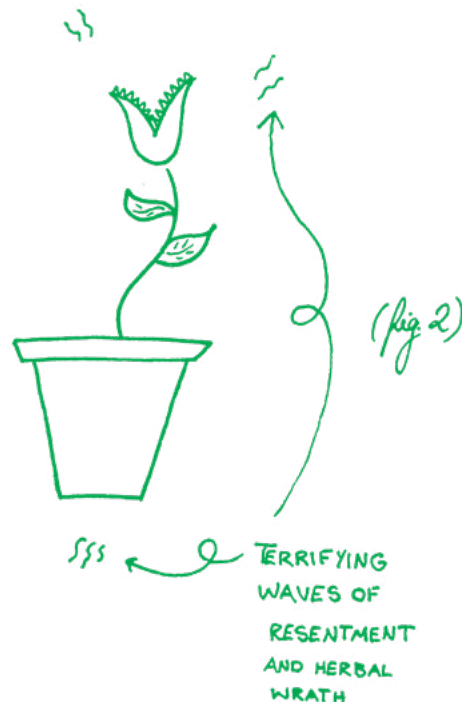
But no. Thanks to 'yes', my mess has followed me.



My brain, my beds (both varieties) are a tangle of weeds, to do lists, overgrown hedges, deadlines, and basil that's gone to seed, bitter with neglect. (See fig. 1)

How did it get this way?

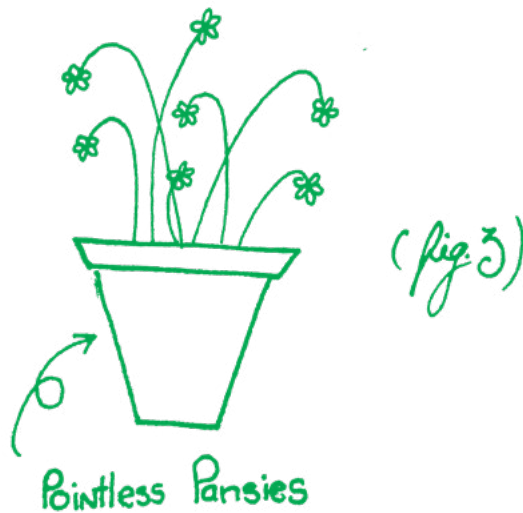
Come walk with me and let's review, shall we?



On our left we have the pot of *YesICan*, planted when I took on a new research project (see fig 2.). This plant is a curious variety, not often found in one's average King's Plant Barn. This seedy weed was much more needy than I was lead to believe by the packet instructions. It requires constant attention, must be nourished with midnight oil, caffeine, and bites if left alone for more than two minutes.

It was meant to look pretty with decorative flowers and be a nice addition to the *I'veGotThis* bush. Instead it looks

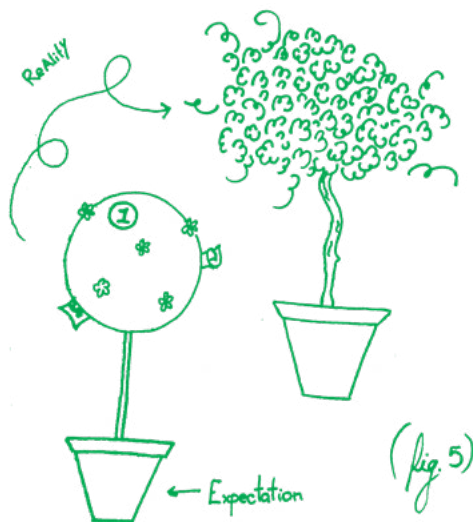
like the kind of wig in the costume box that no one wants to wear.



Let's take another step down 'look what you've done lane' and see here, on our right, the bed of *Pointless Pansies*. (See fig. 3) These were yet another addition to an already busy garden that add nothing to its aesthetic appeal and yet they were going for free and if I didn't take them, who would? I felt obligated to take on the challenge and now, instead of pretty pink and lavender blooms, I have some dead twigs drooping over dry soil. Well done me.

Don't dawdle, much more incompetence to see.

Oh, look! Here we have the *Fruitless Fig Tree*. Another interesting project that could have been left for someone else. Must be planted exactly 2 cm deep in well ventilated soil and sung to every evening at exactly 7:01 or will spontaneously combust.



And here, at the end of the garden, we have the *piece de resistance*, the *NoI'mNotTooBusy Tree*. (See fig. 5)

To its left is the overgrown *Iforgotto* hedge. But we won't look at that.

Back to the tree. This tree was meant to produce stunning certificates of congratulations that bloom in summer into

gold medals and research grants to exotic countries.

It didn't.

Why? Because I didn't have the 27+ daily hours it takes to prune this monster, or the time to water it with a spray bottle while playing Mozart on the cello. This is the tree whose every need must be seen to immediately but whose requirements are so plentiful that it is inevitable that at least ten will fall through the cracks.

Therefore, it is not blooming with congratulations.

I see no medals on its scrawny branches.

Instead I see a wasted stump that looks as vibrant as the contents of my fridge, which has not been stocked in exactly 8435 1/4 days.

There, that's our tour.

Now. Review questions.

Did your overtired tour guide get herself into this ludicrous position where she lives at risk of being consumed by flesh-eating flora by:

- a) thinking too much
- b) not thinking enough
- c) thinking she can do it all
- d) thinking too much about what everyone will think of her
- e) thinking up consequences to situations that don't even exist
- f) all of the above.

You're right! The answer is F! Stands for fuck yes, I am an idiot who gave up her sanity for the approval and applause of strangers for whom I do favours that inevitably cost me more (in lives and grey hairs) than any sum they could ever pay.

But I'm not blaming them. No, I'm blaming my lack of spine and self-respect, the combination of which meant I said 'yes' to everything and have since drowned myself in immortal post-its and endless To Do lists.

So here's what I'm learning.

Our thoughts and deeds are seeds- plant good ones. Ones that are easy to take care of because they only grow good things, like lavender and countdown vouchers and home deposits.

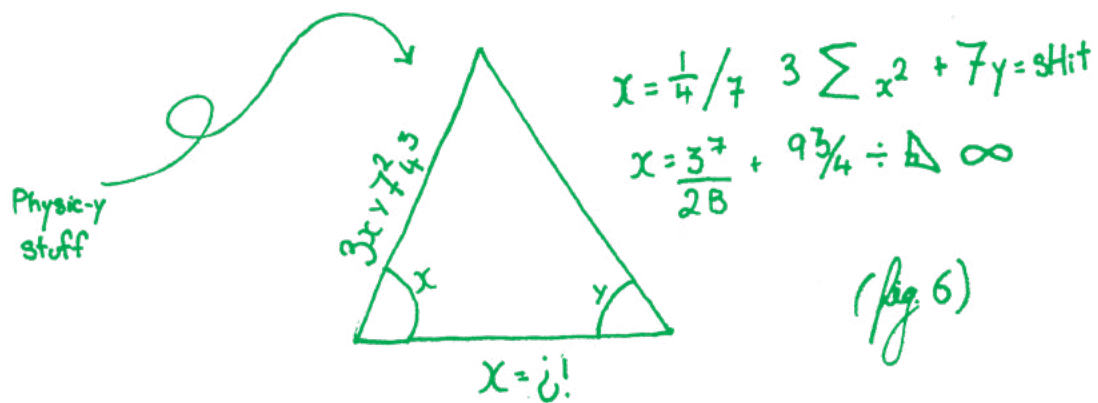
Plant too many things and you'll wind up taking care of nothing.

While I am by no means an expert on how to plant a perfect mind, I do seem to be an expert on how NOT to do it.

So, by some complicated physics that I don't understand (see fig. 6), I am proof of a negative outcome, and am therefore an expert in achieving the opposite.

Translation: Perhaps turning my garden into a place of hellfire and damnation is what qualifies me to stand at the gate of the nearest plant emporium screaming 'STOP!' at people as they drive away with their boots full of 'yes' manure and satanic shrubs.

I don't care, I'm standing on my soap box anyway. Because I wish someone had screamed at me when I came



home with all these plant projects and said that I could get it all done. (Though, realistically, would I have listened? Or would I have smiled and said 'of course I can manage' while sipping my third triple shot espresso.)

I wish I had stopped to look at all of it and measure what I had given myself against what I could actually achieve.



But now I'm here.

And while crying is therapeutic and necessary for a bit, is not going to help me.

So I get stuck in.

I pull out weeds. I make new lists to replace the ones I chewed (either out of stress or because in my sleep-deprived state I thought they were noodles). I clear out that garden to make calm come out of the chaos. There's a lot of tears, a lot of screaming, and a lot of naughty words, but I do it.

And I resolve that next time, I will plant one thing.

Just one. (See fig. 8)

I will give all my time and attention to that one special plant and make it my baby. I will not crowd it out with decorative topiary and mosaic tiles and fountains and gnomes fishing.

Instead I will focus on making that one thing that one plant, beautiful. And because I chose just one, I will actually have the time and the headspace to do that. (See fig. 9)

I will sit with that one thing, let the thoughts that tell me I am not doing enough, I am not impressive enough, and I have spare time that ought to be filled with things because having spare time means I'm lazy and there are people working harder than me getting head of me, and I am falling behind and going to wind up living in my grandmother's basement among all the copies of 'The Listener' that she's been hoarding

since 1976, eating cold baked beans out of the can with a plastic spork.

No.

That will not be me.

Because I rest now, enjoy what I am doing, learn to be content with doing one thing well, I will succeed at that one thing and enjoy the process of completing it.

I will look at my garden and think, I made this.

Not, 'how the hell did I get here?????' And run away screaming to my pile of semi-petrified laundry.

So, learn from me dear reader.

Plant good seeds. Beware the weeds. Beware plant packet instructions. They lie.

Know what you can do. And do just that. Don't expect more, embrace and love what you're capable of. Extend yourself, sure, but not to the detriment of your sanity or self respect.

You are enough.

Rest.

Breathe in. Out.

Now go hack those weeds.





## Negro Swan by Blood Orange

Dev Hynes' fourth album as Blood Orange, *Negro Swan*, is a complex meditation through black depression, black existence and the ongoing anxieties of queer people of colour, combined with his own autobiographical experiences. However it is also his most hopeful album to date, with hope being an underlying theme connecting all the tracks together. The transitions from one track to the next are extremely effective, transporting the listener from one place to another, and immersing them within Hynes' world. The background sounds of a busy New York City, as well as writer/transgender activist Janet Mock's narratives leading into each track also serve to only emphasise the listener's experience, and the degree in which we can relate to Hynes' crafted world.

On first listen, the album appears sparser this time, lacking the funk grooves of *Freetown Sound* and *Cupid Deluxe*, however there is more depth in the arrangements of his typically dreamy and reverbed instrumentation, which shows off his growth since his last record. "Jewelry" is an experimental highlight which encapsulates black joy and acts as somewhat as the centrepiece of the album. The album reaches all the way back into his childhood memories with opener "Orlando" and the murky, ethereal "Dagenham Dream" which detail him being

bullied and beat up as a child, with the former's visceral hook of "First kiss was the floor", then into his teens with the experimental yet catchy "Nappy Wonder" which touches on skateboarding as a form of escapism, and finally into his adult years with tracks like "Saint" and "Runnin".

The highlight "Chewing Gum" which features contributions from A\$AP Rocky and Three 6 Mafia's Project Pat is the album's most hip-hop influenced track, touching on the exhaustion felt from Hynes' ongoing anxieties and trauma, and while still insanely vibey, Hynes also manages to combine it with a tribute to the original Memphis rap sound.

*Negro Swan* is an impressive record, drifting free from the boundaries of musical structure while also empowering the marginalised.

-Chris Wong

## Queen by Nicki Minaj

It would be an understatement to say that 2018 has been a tough year for Nicki Minaj. The threatening rise of Cardi B in her previously single handed rap scene domination, the childish clapbacks that led to firing of Toronto culture writer Wanna Thompson over criticism, the slut shaming comments made in Elle, the multiple album

pushbacks from June 15th to August 10, the lackluster response to "Chun-Li" and "Barbie Tingz", her singles failing to gain traction, the collaboration with an alleged pedophile 6ix9ine in a desperate attempt to reach number 1 on Billboard, altogether created a haze of uncertainty about the sonic landscape that *Queen* would sit in and what the album itself would look like. Would *Queen* be the album that solidified Nicki place as the self proclaimed queen of rap? Yeah, nah.

*Queen* is a bloated album of 19 songs that fail to inspire and bluster. Even with assistance from stars like the Weeknd on "Thought I Knew You", Lil Wayne on "Rich Sex", Eminem on "Majesty", Ariana Grande on "Bed" and Swae Lee on "Chun Swae", the album lacks cohesion and feels bloated - like 19 tracks put together to increase streaming numbers. There are some highlights - Nicki Minaj's flow on "Chun Li" is undeniably powerful and club ready, and "Barbie Dreams" where Nicki delivers punchy disses to her contemporaries like Safaree, Young Thug, and Drake over a Lil Kim and Biggie influenced tracks. However, the lows are not just substandard, they are forgettable - with Nicki insisting on the same tired pop-rap singing on "Come See About Me", and songs like "Nip Tuck" sound like Minaj herself was bored making it. Nicki still has her punchy flow, her ear for beats, and braggadocious self-confidence, but on *Queen* these qualities cannot account for the shallowness of the tracks. There is no definitive voice - merely self aggrandising statements that sound hollow, with no strong moments that solidify her as the queen of rap.

No one can take Nicki's previous achievements away from her, for example her status as the highest selling female rapper, but *Queen* leaves the impression that Nicki Minaj is the queen of the past but maybe not the future.

- Olisa Unakalamba



## Daydreamer by Maxwell Young

*Daydreamer* is the debut project of 18 year old Wellington based teenager Maxwell Young. Rising to internet prominence within the digital hip hop beat making community, he had his beats featured in Casey Neistat's videos and made the switch from hip hop to pop a few years ago. Maxwell describes this as a "debut diary" and *Daydreamer* is dreamy bedroom pop at its core with songs like "Goldeneye" showing the beauty of this

personal, intimate, and stripped back sound. Maxwell's voice with its effortless simplicity shines through alongside the production which shows a ton of diversity both for a musician so young and for an album that consists of 9 songs.

The DIY pop self-produced album is sonically diverse with elements of auto-tune, vocal layering, heavy drums and brooding guitar all melding together in a way that creates a captivating experience for the listener. The vocals on this album with assistance from fellow indie artists like Clairo and Lontalius are

delivered well, but the subject matter veers into grating territory on some records like "1999". The lyrics on some songs also lean heavily into teenage stereotypes and cliches such as "manic pixie dream girl", however Young's production saves them by making the tracks interesting and captivating.

If the strength of an entirely self produced album like *Daydreamer* is anything to go by, Maxwell has a unique voice that'll take him very far.

- Olisa Unakalamba

## THEATRE

## Mrs. Krishnan's Party

*Mrs. Krishnan's Party* picks up 20 years on from Indian Ink's very first (and perhaps most well recognised) production *Krishnan's Dairy*, continuing a masterful legacy of exuberant, original and veritably touching Indian-inspired Kiwi theatre.

The play unfolds in the home of the no-nonsense but good-hearted Mrs. Krishnan as she prepares for the arrival of her son in time for the auspicious Indian festival of Onam – only to have her plans upended by her excitable

student boarder James (Justin Rogers) when he extends us, the audience, an invitation to join what was intended to be a family soiree. In between all this cause for celebration Mrs. Krishnan is grappling with the hard decision of selling up the cherished family dairy. Still, we're treated to Mrs. Krishnan's very generous Indian hospitality (and banter) – given floral garlands, bindis, and scarves – to join in on the joyous occasion celebrating the mythical King Mahabali, whose spirit is said to return to Kerala during Onam. Dressed the part, loudmouthed 'DJ Jimmy' James is determined to put on the best

Onam party for the guests, complete with remixed Indian dance beats, and we're fully immersed in the drama that ensues.

As a diaspora kid with her roots in Kerala, I was pretty intrigued to see how the production would centre such an important occasion within the narrative, and *Mrs. Krishnan's Party* did not disappoint, capturing the magic of community celebration quite unlike any other production I've attended, with many audience members staying behind after the show to enjoy some warm dahl and rice with the cast (cooked on set!). Kalyani Nagarajan is absolutely magical in her role, I was lost in her performance of the wisecracking Zina Krishnan clamouring about, rattling off instructions to startled audience members, and her rapport with the audience allowed the suspension of disbelief necessary to take us outside of the set onstage.

*Mrs. Krishnan's Party* is a charming, innovative production, and well-worth the ticket to the party.

- Naomi Simon-Kumar



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## BOOKS

### The Hate U Give

If you haven't already read *The Hate U Give* by Angie Thomas, and want to be one of those people who reads the book before seeing the film, you have until October!

*The Hate U Give* by Angie Thomas is young adult fiction at its finest – it is real, it is raw, emotional, hilarious at times, and so poignant that when I finished it, I couldn't pick up another book for the rest of the day (a big deal for me). The book was born from the #blacklivesmatter movement and in this, her debut novel, Angie Thomas

expertly expresses every emotion, every heartache, every heinous injustice felt by the people who inspired her, through her main character Starr Carter.

Reading Starr and her family as characters is like having a conversation with a real person – Thomas has written them so perfectly that I feel like I know them personally. Starr's parents are some of the most wonderfully written parents I have ever come across. I'm sick of parents in YA novels being portrayed as clueless, hurtful, and uninvolved. Starr's parents are everything you'd expect the parents of a 16-year-old girl to be;

concerned, confused, flawed, and full of love. It is beyond refreshing.

Thomas' closing remark from her acknowledgements is a good note to leave on, and an indication of how you should expect to feel after putting this book down;

"And to every kid in Georgetown and in all 'the Gardens' (Starr's neighbourhood) of the world: your voices matter, your dreams matter, your lives matter. Be roses in the concrete."

- Gemma Henderson

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## TELEVISION

### Bite Me, Insatiable

Rating: 1/5

Writing a review about Netflix's 'Insatiable' is actually a lot harder than it seems.. As pointed out by many other reviewers not only is the show incredible fatphobic it also boasts a POC count of three across an entire season, and treats disturbing content like statutory rape as a punchlines to poor jokes.

Let's start from the beginning. 'Insatiable' follows high school junior Patty Bladell's (Debby Ryan) transformation from fat and bullied to skinny and beautiful. Over summer, she drastically loses 70 lbs after having her jaw wired shut after being punched in the face by a homeless man, who had attempted to steal her *chocolate bar*. We then watch Patty - thin Patty - revel in her new body and get boyfriends, partake in beauty pageants, and extract revenge on all her bullies from her past. Not only is the plotline subpar, filled with cliches and predictability, it also struggles to deliver a clear message.

'Insatiable' is a wreck. Every attempt at humour is blatant and bad - there are no subtleties, which is pretty surprising for a TV show attempting satire. The characterisation of every person is inconsistent with their motives, these same motives changing each episode (why is Bob Armstrong *really* helping Patty?), and nothing about the show seems sincere (what exactly is the relationship dynamic between Patty and her mother?). What the supposed satire 'Insatiable' is really trying to comment on I'm not sure, and nor are the show's creators either it seems.

'Insatiable' handles every social justice issue it attempts to talk about poorly. The show tries to address bullying and ends up being fatphobic, LGBTQ issues and ends up presenting a half baked, misinformed view on the community, and genuinely makes a joke out of the adult-child sexual relationships that take place. Only once does a character even mention that what happened between 16 year old Brick Armstrong (Michael Provost) and early 40s Regina Sinclair (Arden Myrin) was statutory rape, and even still the comment is brushed off in favour of another

weak joke. The show begins with Bob Armstrong (Dallas Roberts) being falsely accused of molesting his student, another topic dealt with bad humour as he and his wife Coralee (Alyssa Milano) jump through hurdles for the next few episodes to regain their social status.

Patty's best friend Nonnie Thompson (Kimmy Shields) is a lesbian, so of course the show makes a great deal of jokes at her expense, particularly throughout the first half of the show. She only comes to terms with her sexuality via a stereotype, falling in love with her straight best friend, and ultimately presents herself as another two dimensional character on a show trying so very hard to be complex.

The show is unsatisfying, filled with plot holes, poor writing, and a confused script. It supports controversial views, has no redeemable or interesting characters, and leaves its audience on an unnecessary cliffhanger that leaves nobody wanting more.

- Nandita Bhatnagar



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# NAPPIES AND BAYCORP

{ Moss Bioletti interviews Tom Scott of Avandale Bowling Club }

**Hi Tom, how are you?**

Peace Moss, I'm good thanks bruv. How are you?

**Good man! The title has me thinking, are you into playing bowls at the bowling club? Is there a story behind the name of the record? Or is the title just a geographic spot that got seared into your brain and memory banks as a youth?**

My old man was at the Avondale Bowling Club one day and he texted me a random photo of the sign. I was living in Melbourne at the time and I was low key homesick. It just made me feel that way you know! So I was gonna name my album that but then it turned into a band instead.

But yeah, I fuck with bowls clubs hard. Good beer, good excuse for overly competitive fights with friends, unpretentious people (apart from pretentious people like me gentrifying it), I probably ruined bowls clubs naming my album that actually, might get on croquet next.

**What are some of your favourite songs on the record? Or ones you feel anxious about people listening to?**

I've got no favourites to be honest and I'm not anxious about it anymore. I'm just happy to get it out, like a good essay or something you know. I won't listen to it for another 4 years or something and maybe then I'll like it. I only just started liking the @peace record 'pieces' we did 4 years back. But I don't wanna hear any of this new album now for a while. I worked too hard on it. Thrashed it to death. If I had to pick a track though, maybe the last track, there are no words so I can keep reinterpreting it how I want.

**Is it all live instrumentation on the record or are their classic sampled hip-hop beats as well?**

It's all live.

**How is your Dad? Does his bass playing feature on the new record?**

Yeah, he played on two joints. He's good thanks bruv.

**What are some of the dominant themes on the record? And the overall mood? Is it all auto-biographical like the new single you released "Years Gone By"?**

Yeah, it's an autobiography pretty much. I don't know how to rap kind of fantasy fiction or crime drama or stuff like that. I mean some of favourite rap music is that though. Maybe my next shit will be about dragons and dead bogan skeleton knights and shit. This record's just mainly about nappies and Baycorp though.

**What were some of the high and low points of making the record? Was it a hard project to put together like lyrics and rap wise or did it just flow?**

Definitely, the hardest thing I've ever made. Don't misquote that cause that statement will lead to severe disappointment. It was more so hard to get to a point where I was happy with it. It was hard to go through the shit I went through to write it. Growing up. Moving out of the country. Coming back home. Feeling like a failure. Feeling like an outcast, etc, etc. And it was hard to

## ARTS INTERVIEW

have to be responsible for the sound of it. I couldn't just put the producer in charge of everything and focus on the rhymes. End of the day it was my monster I created and people are gonna judge me for what happens with it so yeah, it was hard carrying that pressure. Next album I'm getting a ghostwriter.

**I saw that the new album is being released on vinyl which is awesome! Are you excited about that? How do you generally listen to music? Online, CD, tape, vinyl, Spotify, pirated?**

Vinyl, Spotify, CD, Blu-ray, MiniDisc, LimeWire, bird sanctuary, the bass amp of that old guy busking at the Superval-ue, the car driving past playing UB40 on siren, etc, etc.

**Has being a Father now affected your creative output levels? You seem to be putting out a lot of re-**

**cords that are high quality which is awesome for listeners?**

Being a father affects a lot of shit. It prioritises your life for you. You start to focus more on what's important and cut the bullshit out of your day so that you can have more time to do what you need to, or... it doesn't. If you want you could just be Drake.

**Any words of advice for your beat makers and rappers? Aka any words of wisdom, you would've loved to have known when you were younger but may not have been given? Do you think it's important to take a long-term approach to a career in music?**

I think if you're not prepared to be broke doing this, don't do it. I know dudes who started out doing this when I did and acted like they were all about it but now they're in London in the stock market. Or in the Birkenstock in

Newmarket and their music is trash. They had some warped idea that they'd be overnight rich doing this but that's far from the truth. Even the people at the top of the industry here are broke. Unless you're like Six60 or some shit. But I'd rather be homeless than be that. But yeah if I had some advice I'd just say... don't do this. Find a better career like, you could be a human lab rat for pharmaceutical trials or a career criminal.

**Has being educated in philosophy affected your music and your life? Do you have a favourite philosopher?**

Definitely. I always liked that dude Diogenes. He never wrote anything down cause he said his lifestyle spoke louder than his philosophy. There's a story that Alexander the Great went looking for him out once because he wanted him to be his tutor. Diogenes was digging through some rubbish bin, Alexander asked 'what are you doing?' and Diogenes replied 'I'm trying to distinguish the bones of your slaves from the bones of your father'... so yeah, he's tight. But I think there are modern day philosophers that we should acknowledge also, taxi drivers for instance. If anyone's done statistically significant research on the human condition, it's them.

**Where is the best place to get our hands on a copy of your new release?**

Hit me up.

@tomscottgyb on Instagram

@avantdalebowlingclub on Facebook

**Thanks for the awesome interview Tom!**


Ay peace Moss. Thanks for having me bruv.









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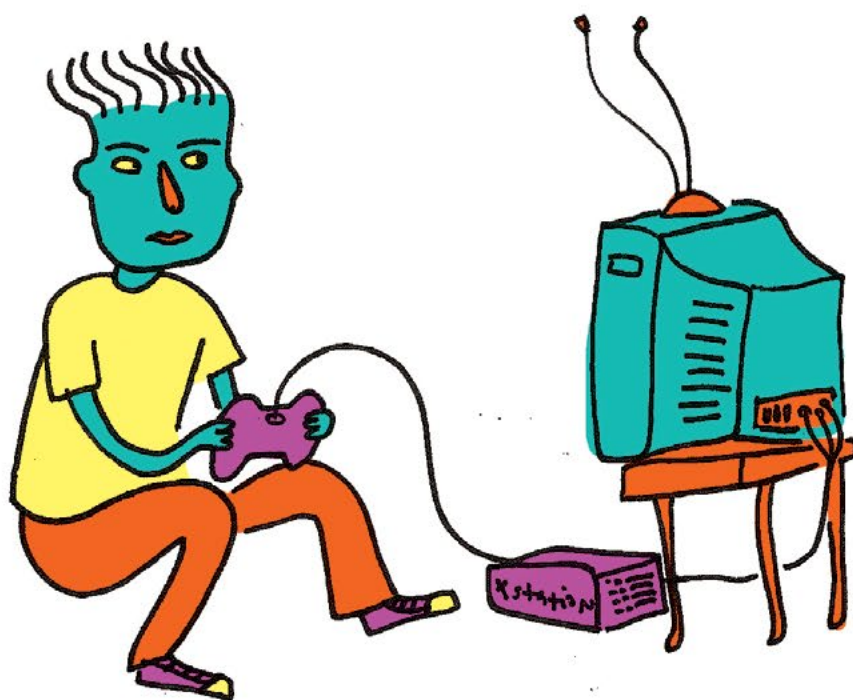
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# UPCOMING CONSOLE GAMES TO GET HYPED FOR

{ Brian Gu details some console games he's extremely hyped for }

## Final Fantasy VII Remake

For years, die-hard fans of Final Fantasy have been calling for the resurrection of the original Playstation's crowning jewel. So, Square Enix provided a HD remaster of the game. But while time didn't kill the timeless story of Final Fantasy 7, it also deemed it unworthy of the next generation console. So, the angels at Square Enix relented, and rewarded us our long-desired remake.

For those who have not played Final Fantasy 7, it is the pinnacle of JPRGs. And no, it is not an 'anime game' (which, I still insist, is a ridiculous accusation). Final Fantasy weaves emotional storytelling, tragedy, romance... everything. Just everything. And they've got a killer composer who nails the score every time.

In recent years, the franchise has failed in delivering games which restore the namehood to its former glory. So, as a result, it has been going back on its former games. And there's no problem

in that at all. They deserve to be relived a million times over.

*Release Date: TBC (2018 aim, but potentially 2019)*

*Hype Factor: 9/10*

## Death Stranding

*An open-world, stealth action-adventure game from Kojima Productions.*

For the most part, I would assume that this game would need little introduction, other than me telling you the project is being directed by Hideo Kojima. The man behind the iconic Metal Gear Solid series, his production company has since disbanded from Konami and have been developing this game since 2015.

It is a game that, save teasers here and there, we know very little about. But with Kojima behind the scenes, a name synonymous with high-quality video game content, the general consensus amongst the community is to expect

that a game of epic proportions is in the works.

*Release Date: TBC (2018 aim, but potentially 2019)*

*Hype Factor: 7/10*

## FIFA 19

*A football simulation game from EA Sports.*

Admittedly, I've thrown in a bit of a cheat here, since the next instalment of a series providing us with yearly games isn't really a surprise to anyone. But there's a lot to dissect, and get excited for, in this next edition, so here are some of the features FIFA fans should come to expect.

There are plenty new aspects of the game introduced into this version. Europe's major tournaments are coming to the game: the UEFA Champions League and Europa League. There'll also be new way to play kick off; the one I most look forward to being survival,

## ARTS SPOTLIGHT

where a player gets taken off each time you score.

And the other notable aspect of FIFA 19 is that the Chinese Super League will be coming to the game! With stars like Oscar, Hulk, Ramires and Paulinho (who, funnily are all Brazilian), it is a league that is rapidly growing in excitement and quality, proving that football is out to conquest the world.

Of course, there'll always be people who'll argue that EA Sports get away with releasing the exact same game every year. And I guess if you take the tweaks away, it more or less really is.

*Release Date: September 28<sup>th</sup> 2018*

*Hype Factor: 5/10*

### Shadow of the Tomb Raider

*The curtain closer to Square Enix's Lara Croft reboot trilogy,*

Another game to anticipate from Square Enix, the three game Lara Croft trilogy draws to a close with this final instalment. From what we know of the game, the protagonist is no longer the young, terrified Lara Croft we see in

2013's Tomb Raider, who was thrust into a quest more for survival rather than conquest. She has matured, and so too her combat and survival instinct has sharpened, and the reworked combat and character control aspects of the game reflect that.

Square Enix has drawn a lot of praise for their rebooted Lara Croft trilogy. The games have introduced the iconic female character to a newer generation of gamers and served as a satisfying return for the older generation as well.

I'd tell you I wasn't excited for this game, but that would be a lie.

*Release Date: 14<sup>th</sup> September 2018*

*Hype Factor: 8/10*

### The Last of Us Part II

*The long-awaited sequel to Naughty Dog's 2013 action-adventure, stealth, survival-horror game.*

Now this is the game to get hyped for.

From the people who, believe it or not, brought you Crash Bandicoot, Naughty Dog surpassed all expectation in delivering their original homage to the

survival-horror genre – The Last of Us (TLOU). Now, five years later, the sequel is on the verge of being released, and rightfully so, the game is the subject of immense anticipation amongst the gaming community.

A genre that seemed long past its glory days of when the original Silent Hill graced the PS1, the original TLOU was a masterpiece that brought stealth-action back to life. Typical of most survival-horror games, it is set in a post-apocalypse world and follows a young girl Ellie and parental figure Joel as they struggle for survival and safety. Sentimental value; check.

If any more doubts about this game linger in your mind, I'd feel compelled to tell you that on the cover of its case, TLOU boasts the honour of having 'over two hundred Game of The Year awards'. Which must have been a tremendous honour for the development team, but such a hassle for the poor guy from Naughty Dog who had to go around collecting all of these.

*Release Date: TBC (2018 aim, but potentially 2019)*

*Hype Factor: 10/10*





# STAR SIGNS AS HIT SONGS FROM THE EARLY 2000S

## Aries (March 21-April 19)

### **Umbrella - Rihanna (2007)**

- The protective friend
- Can't handle their drinks
- Wildest date stories
- Will end up having 4+ children

## Taurus (April 20-May 20)

### **Bye Bye Bye - NSYNC (2000)**

- Low key sentimental
- Has little to no self control
- Sucks at keeping secrets
- Cleans to procrastinate

## Gemini (May 21-June 20)

### **Bleeding Love - Leona Lewis (2007)**

- Still getting over their first love
- Most prone to mood swings
- Clubbing in Kong every Saturday
- Irrationally angry about petty things

## Cancer (June 21-July 22)

### **Where is the Love? - Black Eyed Peas (2003)**

- Tends to be overdramatic
- A bit of a hoarder
- Loves to give advice but can't take it
- Easily convinced to go out

## Leo (July 23-August 22)

### **Oops I did it again - Britney Spears (2000)**

- Goes the extra mile for themed parties
- Can be a bit flakey
- Probably did the "questions" feature on Instagram
- Volunteers as Class Rep

## Virgo (August 23-September 22)

### **In Da Club - 50 Cent (2003)**

- A bit of a Food snob
- Always in shadows
- Has a playlist for everything
- Has the longest rants

## Libra (September 23-October 22)

### **A Thousand Miles - Vanessa Carlton (2001)**

- Takes the longest time to get ready
- Has a quote for everything
- Tends to repeat the same mistakes
- Has a photo album that could destroy you

## Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

### **Complicated - Avril Lavigne (2002)**

- Defensive about their relationships
- Constantly trying to fight somebody
- Disappears for months at a time
- Is terrible with technology

## Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

### **The Real Slim Shady - Eminem (2000)**

- Can dish it but can't take it
- Obsessed with plants
- First to leave a party
- Loves to complain

## Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

### **Get ur Freak On - Missy Elliott (2001)**

- Sits at the front in lecture theaters
- Tendency to run away from problems
- Will be blunt with their advice
- Picks up a new hobby every 6 months

## Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

### **Bootylicious - Destiny's Child (2001)**

- Terrible at driving
- Always gets caught eating in Gen Lib
- Will uber everywhere
- Never checks their notifications

## Pisces (February 19 to March 20)

### **Irreplaceable - Beyonce (2006)**

- Loves to start petitions
- Edits all their friends essays
- Can never hand in things on time
- Changes hairstyles every week

# KALE SALAD

I know that when I proclaim my love for kale it can really divide the room, but this kale salad recipe is a bit different from the others. And anyway, eating kale makes me feel healthy and good about myself, so I suggest (particularly on a day you've been giving your liver a middle finger!), treat yourself to this lovely kale salad.

The key to this salad is the light blanching, which in my opinion makes the texture more edible. And it is seasoned with garlic and soy sauce so please try at home it really is a #snaq.

## Ingredients

### For the salad

500g of kale  
1 carrot  
2 tomatoes  
1 cucumber (optional)  
¼ cup of cranberries (optional)  
¼ cup of roasted seeds and nuts of your choice

### For the dressing

4 tablespoons of extra virgin olive oil  
1 tablespoon of soy sauce  
1 tablespoon of apple cider vinegar  
1 clove of garlic

## Preparation

### The Dressing

1. In your salad bowl, measure out the olive oil, soy sauce and vinegar and grate your clove of garlic and mix these together. Season to taste and if you want more of any of the condiments to heighten the flavour do so.

### Prepping The Kale

1. Wash your kale carefully and place in a large bowl.

2. Fill up your kettle to the maximum and let that boil.
3. When the water comes to the boil pour the hot water all over the kale. Leave it in for 20 second, making sure that the kale is fully submerged. The kale should go darker in colour and should lose its stiffness.
4. Repeat the process if the kale still looks pale and is stiff, but this time let it sit for 10 second rather than 20.
5. Drain the kale of hot water and now let the kale rest in cold water, the colder the better. This will improve the colour and the texture. Leave it in there while you make the dressing and prep the other vegetables.
6. Grate your carrot and put that in your salad bowl. Cut the tomatoes into bite size wedges and put those

into the bowl as well, if you are adding a cucumber this is the time to do that as well.

7. Now drain your kale of all water and take all water off the leaves as much as you can.
8. When this is done start chopping the kale into bite size pieces. You can place the pieces straight into the salad bowl with the rest of the vegetables.
9. Once you have all your vegetables in the same bowl start mixing them together.
10. Now add the half the cranberries and half of the nuts and seeds and mix again. Garnish with the rest of the nuts and seeds. Enjoy!

- Hazel Oh





## 19: HOW TO LOCATE YOUR INSTINCT

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

In advanced studies of the self, you may occasionally notice an unusual sensation within yourself, usually when you are thinking very deeply. It may manifest as a tingling feeling, or a twang deep inside yourself, or a brightness spreading across your mind. That feeling is your instinct. Instincts can, of course, be wrong. They are fallible and flighty and sometimes cannot be roused when you could use them most. I think it would be reductive to tell you to trust your instinct, so I shan't. Instead, I will tell you that your instinct cannot be ignored, least it overcome you entirely one full moon's eve.

Nevertheless, there will come a time when you feel an immeasurable pull towards a particular decision - that is your instinct. While you have that feeling, take note of your surroundings. Instinct is beyond bodily, it is the feeling of knowing, of knowing what is right for you. If you maintain a holistic approach to the world, an omen may present itself to you, further narrowing your instinctive response. Everybody has different omens, so I will not elaborate much further here, save to detail that things which make you smile are good omens.

If you have continued trouble locating your instinct, you may find divination a useful tool. Depending on your personality, you may find card, tile, or weather patterns amplify the resonance of your instinct. I use a set of tarot I bought years ago although I have also had success staring deeply into the ocean. Practicing refocusing your mind will make it easier to both identify when



your instinct is at large as well as to determine some of the subtler aspects between fight, flight, and freeze. With

regular practice, you ought to have continued success finding your instinct and putting it to better use.

## MY TRIP TO RIVERDALE

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

I started watching *Riverdale* over the break upon it being recommended to me by the wonderful *Craccum* staff, as my excitement over the undoubtedly Too Edgy For Life *Sabrina* reboot caused them to tell me where it all began.

And boy, *Riverdale* is a pile of horse shit.

But I have anosmia – a condition that means I cannot smell and I can barely taste at all. So naturally, I could ignore the pungent odour of *Riverdale* and continue into the hot mess, like a canary taking its final squawks in a Victorian child labour coal mine.

Like, I can see the appeal. It has very high production values and it hits all the right notes for its target audience. It's taken a rather static intellectual property like Archie Comics and adapted it with raunchy sexuality, murder mysteries and even acknowledging the realities of gay cruising in 2018! If Aaron Spelling hadn't already died, he would drop dead. But much like the lone surviving scientist in their apocalyptic message to the player character in any survival horror, they didn't stop to think about whether they *should*, not whether they *could*.

Archie Comics is famous for being the ur-example of '50s innocent Americana, where the biggest problems facing isolated white suburbia were the hijinks of a red-headed quarterback and whether he would choose the staid and devoted Betty or the seductive raven-haired rich girl, Veronica. The characters here have literally become bywords for the idea of a love triangle, and to this day, Betty and Veronica are used as archetypes for opposing love interests. The small-town adventures of Archie and Friends came to simultaneously define and be defined by the repressive and unchanging nature of this time period, which allowed it to

remain popular as nostalgia content for baby boomers wishing to pass on fond memories of better, easier days to their offspring, with said offspring doing the same with their own. The power of distraction propelled the publishers through the decades. No matter what was on the news, whether it was Vietnam, the Gulf War or 9/11, Archie Comics was there to provide a storyline about the trials of Archie deciding whose coochie he wanted a cup of.

So naturally, the appeal of updating the famously unchanging formula is something I understand. The original run of Archie actually came to an end when he took a fatal bullet for Sole Homosexual Kevin Keller, never actually deciding which girl he wanted. But *Riverdale* took this concept of modernisation and shot it with a cannon.

I'm about halfway through Season 2, but I've read enough of the fanmade Wikia page for the show that I know what's coming. But just getting to the point where I am already has been a Herculean labour. Teen drama is not supposed to be the high peak of storytelling, I have no problem with that. But at some point, you just have to step back and look at the mess you've made. In order to bring Archie into the modern era, the showrunners decided that this means, in no particular order (spoilers ahead): Gangland murders; hard addictions to fictitious drugs; implied incest; actual light incest; Jughead Jones cutting off a drug kingpin's tattoo with a knife; statutory rape and Lolita sunglasses; Archie starting an ANTIFA-adjacent group (that part I actually liked) and releasing a public protection manifesto; filicide; Jigsaw-style murder of moral magnitude and, above it all, a sexy cover of Gary Jules' version of *Mad World*. You know, the song from *Donnie Darko*.

I think that was the point where I was like 'Yeah, okay, I know where we're at now. No problem.' Once Betty started sliding up and down on that stripper pole with her cover of *Mad World* playing in the ground, that was when I simultaneously checked out and yet developed full acceptance of what *Riverdale* is, like Patti Hearst deciding that she identified with her terrorist kidnappers and their beliefs.

*Riverdale* is not meant to be good television. Not really. If it once aspired to be primetime teen HBO drama, it abandoned that conviction over a season ago. And that's okay. What *Riverdale* has become is accepting of itself. And learning to accept oneself is the ultimate plot point of any teen drama – so on that point alone, *Riverdale* itself has achieved what its characters may not. It has fully accepted where it is going and has unapologetically embraced how cringeworthy that direction may be. *Riverdale* doesn't mind that it is completely ludicrous, it doesn't mind that it is beyond the point of parody. And occasionally there's actually something masterful going on. The plot point of there being a puritanical serial killer dedicated to purging elements of *Riverdale* that wouldn't exist in its nostalgia years is pretty genius. That's a level of self-reference that I thoroughly enjoyed.

Look, I watch *Family Guy*. I'm not an arbiter of taste by any means – I'm all about that Family Guy Glamour. So, when I say something is shit, I can generally be assured that I'm right. But it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter that *Riverdale* is terrible, because it doesn't care. It's not mean or harmful, it's not some deeply problematic clusterfuck like Netflix's other teen darling *13 Reasons Why*, it's just bad television with high production values. And that's okay. Sometimes that's just perfectly okay.



Sleepless Mind.

1017

She slinks into my satin sheets  
The floorboards,  
The old wooden doors,  
She is what makes them creak.

She whispers in the night,  
Offering her fresh platter of fruit  
and fears  
sharp enough to strike through sunken eyes,  
morphed, disguised and wrapped in purple hues.  
Never hesitating to withdraw the hand that offers all that is  
sparkling new  
falling into old habits, paired with  
something blue.  
A proposal to bind us two.

She begins to lie to the unkind, to the wise,  
twisting her words to sparkle in the light.  
Lure me into your saving insight!  
Remind me who to trust,  
who is right?  
who is the comfort I should seek before I deplete  
become complete.  
Becoming obsolete,  
To be wound in chains  
with barbed wire  
laced in desire and the explicit need to feel pure.  
To be scrubbed raw from my rough heels through to every  
thought  
I refuse to feel.  
Or perhaps  
feel and fail to conceal,  
for transparency is hanging on a shoulder of mine,  
Unable to remove the cloak that displays all i want to hide.

Please, allow me to soak up dull sunshine and become blind  
To her screaming whites of eyes.  
She preys on flesh and blood  
A beating heart soon to be dull, soon to be unwound and  
Undone,  
ripped from all belief as to what should have been said.  
again she spins her golden thread  
to strangle the next with a noose  
that does not ever loosen nor  
Unwind,  
It is now a place where you must confide.  
This is what she sings to me  
as she slinks into my satin sheets,  
A lullaby to begin a sleepless night,  
tossing and turning to find  
She hides inside my sleepless mind.

j.k.k

Wuu2  
0518

To insinuate my flesh has scars  
Would be to assume  
the sinews of my skin and bone have glued themselves into  
a clotted patch of brown  
which scratches my shin and bruises my knees.  
Would be to assume  
it does not indeed feel with each limb  
a constant urge to bleed  
The sting of antiseptic and the  
screaming attempt  
to burn away the stain of hardship.

Would be to assume  
that with each prodding question of "how are *you*"  
I do not feel my gut being scooped out like the bitter black  
marbles of a fleshy papaya  
plump with the heat of brazil  
Yet I do  
believe that *scar* is used incorrectly  
for my past never left a wound  
it moulded mountains and depressions in the soil of my skin.  
teaching the salt behind my eyes  
when to seek and when to hide,  
where to look and where to  
Find a body with a sense of self who can answer you in truth.  
-you keep asking "how *are* you".

Poems by Jami Kerrigan

## SCIENCE: FROM NEANDERTHALS TO THE NEW AGE.



*Beatrice Everall discusses where the Neanderthals disappeared to and the impact they've had on modern humans.*

Neanderthals are commonly thought of as mysterious cave men that were around at the time of our ancestors, but much more has been discovered about these pale, hairy people in the last few years. Let's start with the basics of what we know. Modern Humans first migrated out of Africa 50,000 years ago, whereas Neanderthals first emerged into Europe 400,000 years ago, as the first evidence of *Homo neanderthalensis* appeared around that time. The appearance of modern humans was what led to the extinction of Neanderthals, as shortly after we arrived, all traces of them disappeared. Many belongings and remnants were found of our evolutionary cousins in Asia and Europe, but these disappeared around 40,000 years ago - approximately 10,000 years after modern humans migrated out of Africa. It is a common theory that modern humans competed with Neanderthals for resources such as food and shelter, and due to our superior intellect we outcompeted them; however recent findings have actually favoured the theory that instead of beating them in competition, in reality we just outlasted them.

Researchers found that cold/dry periods coincided with an apparent disappearance of *Homo neanderthalensis* in different parts of the continent, followed by the appearance of our species, *Homo sapiens*. Scientists have long debated what led to the disappearance of Neanderthals, and some have blamed the change in climate, while others theorised epidemics or competition for resources was to blame. Their study highlighted two cold and dry periods, one 44,000 years ago and the other roughly 40,000 years ago, and they noted that 'the timing of those events matches the periods when artefacts from

*Neanderthals disappear and signs of Homo sapiens appear*'. As *Homo sapiens* were likely better adapted for such dry climates after living in Africa, it is likely they were able to survive in this environment and after the death of Neanderthals, would have had more resources available to thrive.

Neanderthals were not extinct when modern humans first moved out of Africa and into Europe, as there has been evidence of interbreeding between the two species. Two recent studies have shown that collectively, the Neanderthal DNA percentage in modern humans today is about 20%; meaning 20% of the Neanderthal genome can be found throughout modern humans today. Many Europeans' DNA is 2-4% Neanderthal DNA. Those genes have an influence on a range of areas: hair, skin, and disease susceptibility. Neanderthal DNA is more present in certain races than others; completely absent from some parts of non-African genomes but rampant in others. Advantageous genes were passed on and kept in the human genome. Skin colour and keratin genes are mostly from Neanderthal DNA- it is likely that pale skin was a trait they developed and passed onto modern humans. Both studies found some regions of our DNA lack any Neanderthal DNA, such as ones involved in motor coordination, the testes, and the X chromosome. The fact the modern humans and Neanderthals mated is interesting due to its implications - it means that not only were we able to peacefully coexist with each other, but it gives concrete evidence that Neanderthals were still alive when humans moved out of Africa.

Recent findings show that human traits did not stay in the Neanderthal gene pool. This was shown by the sequencing of the last group of Neanderthal remains found, from around 40,000 years ago. These Neanderthals were descended from

Neanderthals from the Altai mountains, who were some of the individuals that mated with *Homo sapiens* when they moved out of Africa. Therefore, no modern human DNA in their genome indicated that they did not inherit any of the *Homo sapiens* DNA, for reasons that can only be speculated. However, this example of one-way gene flow could also lead to another theory for the disappearance of Neanderthals. The Neanderthals could have possibly mated with modern humans extensively and became incorporated into modern human populations, with mainly modern human genes being passed on as they were more advantageous, and Neanderthal DNA being lost.

A widely common conception of *Homo neanderthalensis* is that they were not intelligent and lacked many skills that modern humans had at that time. However, new research shows that Neanderthals were able to start fires using stone tools. There are also findings indicating that Neanderthals could make audible sounds and possibly communicate with each other. These cultural traits of fire and speech show that Neanderthals were possibly smarter than previously thought, as speech requires a large fore-brain with specialisation in certain areas of the brain to allow for comprehension and smooth facial muscle movements. Scientists are growing mini Neanderthal brains to compare to human brains and to hopefully find out more about our distant cousins and the way they saw the world. The Neanderoid neurons make fewer synaptic connections, creating what resembles an abnormal neuronal network. Several of these differences mirror what a scientist, Alysson Muotri, has found studying neuronal development in the brains of children with autism. Research in this area is trying to find what makes modern humans so cognitively special, or possibly even prove that we aren't so special after all.



# PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Kia ora,

Welcome back, I hope you have had a lovely "break"!

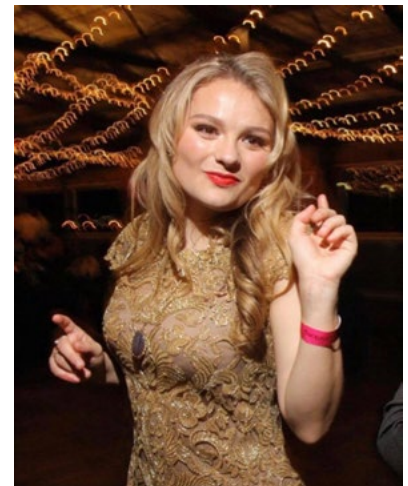
On Saturday 25 August, AUSA had it's Fire and Ice Ball. A huge thank you to Ros, Emily, Amy, Aaron, Anand and everyone who was a part of making it happen! It was such a fun night! Photo credit to Tom Zhao for the beautiful roaming photos.

At the Ball, we launched AUSA Brews, because good friends drink good brews.

We have been serving students since 1891, but now we are doing it in a can. Yes, AUSA now has its own line of craft beer and cider. Check out the AUSA Facebook page to see where they will be available next! Shout out to Aaron and Nick for being the geniuses behind this creation.

This week is Te Wiki Hauora Wellness Week with Suzy Cato, blender bikes, te reo classes and painting. Check out the Facebook page to find out more!

We are also celebrating Māori Lan-



guage Week this week - so definitely be learning/speaking some te reo!

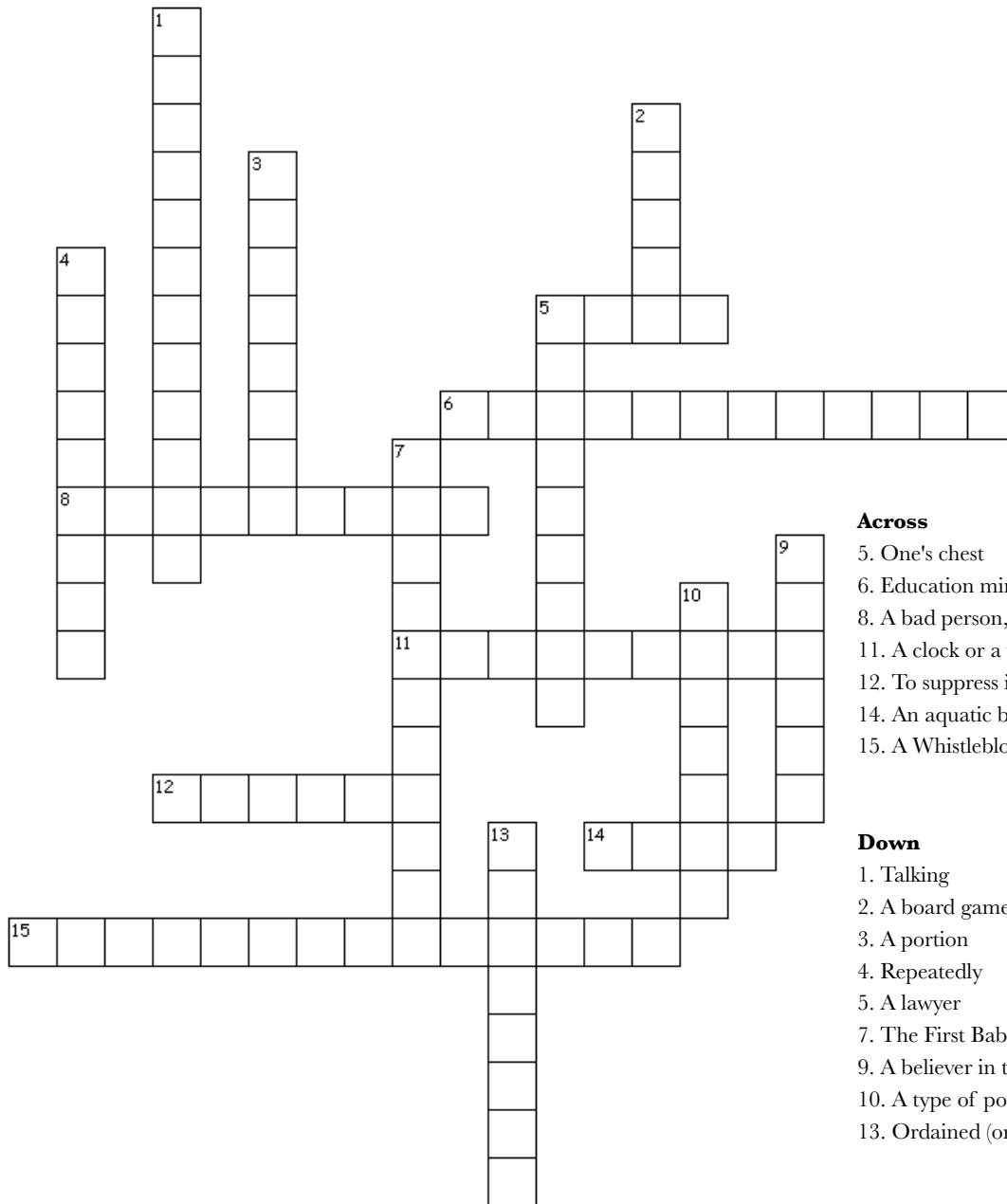
Ngā mihi,

Anna



## PUZZLES

### CROSS WORD



#### Across

- 5. One's chest
- 6. Education minister
- 8. A bad person, a villain
- 11. A clock or a watch
- 12. To suppress information
- 14. An aquatic bird
- 15. A Whistleblower/Activist

#### Down

- 1. Talking
- 2. A board game
- 3. A portion
- 4. Repeatedly
- 5. A lawyer
- 7. The First Baby
- 9. A believer in the existence of God
- 10. A type of poison
- 13. Ordained (or a politician)

### SUDOKU EASY

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

### SUDOKU MEDIUM

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

### SUDOKU HARD

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



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