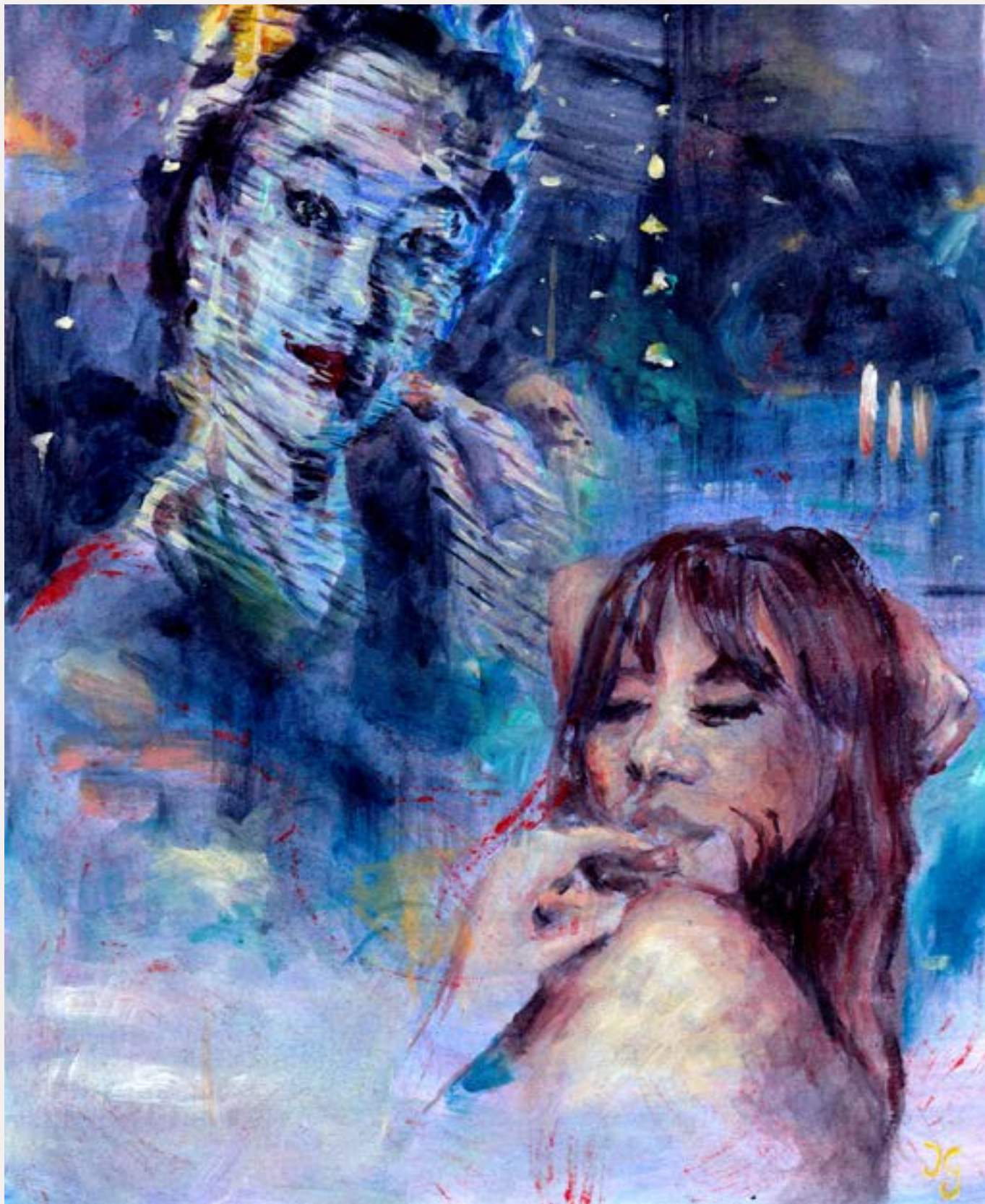


C R A C C U M



Blade Keeps Runnin' Runnin'

And runnin' runnin' and runnin' runnin' and
runnin' runnin' and runnin' runnin'

Spicey Meatballs

Malinna Liang peeks inside a former Press
Secretary's demoralised diary

Everybody Eats

The lesser well-known R.E.M
smash hit

Over 100
contemporary
art projects

FREE ADMISSION

Over 100
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GALLERY

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Auckland



Over 100
contemporary
art projects

FREE ADMISSION

Above: Rea Burton, Golden Necklase.
Little Miss Buttercup. Oil, acrylic and mixed media
on found frame, 2016.

ISSUE TWENTY-THREE

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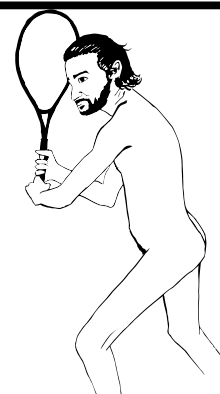
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

Hitting for six

It takes *very* little to surprise us. We were surprised when we got to the online checkout for *Buzzfeed Unsolved* merch to find, to our absolute horror, that BuzzFeed does not ship to Aotearoa. We were surprised by the fact that Vin Diesel's real name is Mark Sinclair (only one of us realised this in the last week). Now whenever we see him with his glaringly shiny bald head deck the shit outta Rick Yune in *The Fast and Furious*, we can't help but think he's just an angry accountant trying to smack a stapler down into an excessively thick wad of paper. We were also surprised that the Indian scientist in *Short Circuit* was not actually Indian—he was white. Ahhh yep. Hollywood: neglecting minority talent since aaaages ago.

Though what's really shocked us in the last few days is the realisation that our time at *Craccum* is coming to an end, as well as our time at university. Six years have gone by quicker than your dad scoffing all the sausies at the Christmas family barbeque. We're a little bit in denial about this. Like most of you, the end of semester is so crammed with assignments and the stench of exams being written last minute wafting out from under the crack of our lecturers' office doors, we don't really have time to think about these things creeping up on us.

So, true to *Craccum* form, as we get progressively more lazy in our output and resort to our favourite writing form, we present to you a top-five listicle of things we have learnt in our six years of tertiary education. Consider these your very own "*Craccum* cracking pearls of wisdom for making it out the other end of the University of Auckland's anus only to be wiped with a freshly misspelt degree parchment".

5) When there are dogs on campus, go pet them

At least once a semester, there will be dogs on campus. They will either be in the Quad or at

Law School. These doggos are brought in as part of AUSA and AULSS's mental health and wellbeing weeks and boy, oh boy, do these puppers bring some joy if you're feeling a bit overwhelmed with university life. Keep an eye out on Facebook when these mental health weeks pop up. Please don't overwhelm the little pooches though! Peach, the long-haired Chihuahua which frequents the Law School puppy parade, gets the shakes when she's passed around too much and it's not a nice feeling knowing that you're making this little princess scared!!!

4) If you don't get an email reply, keep on keepin' on

The University's administration departments can be super slack and not reply for yonks. Or, they just keep passing you around to their other administrative m8s like some sort of hot potato. We know we're too hot to handle, but our patience can be stretched pretty thin (and crispy). So if this starts happening to you, honestly just keep sending emails to them and sign them off with "Regards" instead of "King regards" and then with "[your name]." to let them know you are well and truly fucked right off.

3) Recalled & short loan books are the devil

As powerful as you may feel from recalling a book off another person, you will not feel powerful if you don't check your emails to find that the book has been recalled off you. Also, you will not be a happy chappy to find out that the book you thought was a 5-day loan was actually a 3-day loan. Cue library fines galore, which you have to pay off if you want to graduate. So, great. StudyLink and the University of Auckland library both chain us to their bacteria-infested desks and flog us until we are bleeding and raw and vomiting our minimum wages up into their

hands. Check your emails, kiddos.

2) Join a club & meet some pals

Uni is going to pass you by so quickly and before you know it, you'll no longer be piggybacking your existential crisis around campus. No, it will now be in your arms, clutching its hands around your neck and staring lovingly in your eyes as you cross the threshold into the adult workplace. As much as your school friends are great people, you should step outside your comfort zone and find other like-minded individuals by joining a club! Don't leave it too late in the piece, because having a couple of years to form close bonds with new friends is really valuable! *Craccum* has been our home at university for the last three years and we are sad to be moving out and moving on, but we can't imagine how dull our time at uni would have been without it!

1) Turn up to your last lectures for the semester

We know you'd probably rather be out cramming a few brews down your gullet or heading home for some extra nap time before some long days of study, but hear us out. Lecturers often drop some hints about what will be in exams in the last lecture, they may give you sneaky tips or simplify things you have been struggling to understand. It's your opportunity to ask questions and clarify anything before heading into exam mode, because often lecturers get inundated with emails from students asking questions leading up to the exam and sometimes, they just can't be fucked replying to you and then you're screwed. Also, turning up is a sign of respect for your lecturer and let's them know you've appreciated the knowledge that they've given you over the semester. Be kind and show your thanks to them as you are lucky to be taught by some of the best academics in the country. •

UOA RESEARCH SAYS BISEXUAL WOMEN “INVISIBLE” IN HIGH SCHOOLS

BY ELOISE SIMS

A new study in the *Journal of Sex Education* has suggested that some young bisexual women are being both marginalised and actively discriminated against by their teachers in high schools across New Zealand.

The study, from University of Auckland researcher Mary-Anne McAllum, was based on interviews conducted with 36 bisexual women aged between 16–24 who had attended or were currently attending high schools throughout New Zealand.

It found that many of these students experienced “a range of discriminative behaviours from their health teachers,” including a withdrawal of attention and support, and derogatory comments about bisexual people.

Such comments were usually made in the wake of a student “coming out” as bisexual.

One student in the study, Bree, was publicly outed by her teacher at her co-educational state school after she chose to study gay rights as a Year 10 research topic.

Her teacher enquired as to whether Bree was gay in front of the class, with an apparent tone of voice that “emphasised the term ‘gay’ as though it was a poor alternative to being straight.”

Subsequently, after Bree declared her sexual identity to the class, she was subject to the “vindictive amusement” of her classmates due to her teacher’s abuse of authority.

Within the study, McAllum claimed that such poor treatment of vulnerable female bisexual students was due to a lack of understanding about bisexuality among both teachers and students.

Female bisexual students within the study reported harassment by their fellow students that would later turn into active exclusion policies by staff members.

One student within the study, Amethyst, was made by her all-girls school to change in a separate changing room designed for Muslim

students, after other students complained to her HPE teacher. She would later be excluded from the Muslim changing rooms for being both bisexual and a non-Muslim, and was eventually forced to change on the playfield itself.

“The physical energy I felt within the room made me feel so bad... I got quite skilled in the fact of changing without showing any important parts of my body,” Amethyst said.

Further stories included reports of heteronormative behaviour by health teachers, and issues arising from bisexual misrecognition—which McAllum has attributed to a lack of understanding that for some people, attraction is not limited to just one gender.

“There is no societally defined bisexual ‘look’, [so] people’s perception of bisexuality defaults to ‘bisexual behavior’ e.g. threesomes, promiscuity, and bisexual people are believed to be unreliable and untrustworthy—unable to decide if they are straight or gay,” McAllum said to Craccum.

“Some bisexual people have experienced persecution from within the gay and lesbian community—often being accused of exercising straight privilege to deflect the homophobia which still exists in New Zealand society.”

McAllum said she was inspired to conduct her study after having worked as a secondary school health teacher, where she informally supported many young people aged 13–18 who were questioning their sexual identity.

After becoming a health curriculum specialist, she said she became increasingly aware that some health teachers’ own personal beliefs and attitudes impacted on their practices—particularly when teaching sexuality education.

“While values of inclusiveness may be evident in school mission statements and policies, they may not be actively supported by discriminatory attitudes and practices of some

non-bisexual staff and students,” McAllum concluded within the study itself.

She added: “The voices of the participants in this study combined in a loud cry for recognition of bisexuality, not misrecognition, to come through acceptance of their identities as bisexual.”

“They want their schools, teachers and peers to have opportunities to learn

about and understand their identity as credible and visible, and not as merely a passing phase or a social trend.”

“This learning could occur through professional development in health and sexuality education for health and PE teachers, and for all school staff.”

Earlier research from the University of Auckland this year found that more than a third of gay or bisexual secondary school pupils had seriously considered suicide in the past year.

McAllum said her experiences with the young bisexual female students she interviewed highlighted these students’ inspiring resilience.

“While some of them had some sad and disturbing experiences at school, not one of these young women considered themselves a victim.”

“Far from it; they used their experiences to inform their efforts to raise awareness in their schools and communities about being bisexual.” ♦

THE FULL STUDY IS AVAILABLE FOR STUDENTS TO READ IN THE JOURNAL OF SEX EDUCATION. IF YOU’RE INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT MORE ABOUT BISEXUAL WOMEN IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS, MCALLUM’S FORTHCOMING BOOK, “YOUNG BISEXUAL WOMEN’S EXPERIENCES IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS” IS BEING PUBLISHED BY ROUTLEDGE THIS YEAR.

FURTHER INFORMATION ON LGBTQ+ COUNSELLING AND SUPPORT CAN BE FOUND AT [HTTPS://WWW.AUCKLAND.AC.NZ/EN/ON-CAMPUS/STUDENT-SUPPORT/PERSONAL-SUPPORT/LGBTI-STUDENTS.HTML](https://www.auckland.ac.nz/en/on-campus/student-support/personal-support/lgbti-students.html)

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AUCKLAND UNI BOTCHES GRADUATION CEREMONY

BY ELOISE SIMS

Errors in this September's graduation ceremony have left many students and their families furious, after degrees were misspelled and guests were forced into an overflow room.

Around 250 certificates had their dates of graduation misspelled as the 26th of "Septmeber".

Additionally, around 100 ticket-holding guests of students were forced to watch the graduation ceremony separately—after other guests without tickets apparently took their seats.

Students took to the Facebook group "Overheard" to vent their frustration with the University, with Commerce graduate Coco Li claiming that it showed her fees were "well spent" with her misspelt degree.

However, she added that she thought the entire mistake was "really funny", as she understood that "these things happen".

"And also, I'm sure that if anyone else's certificates have this, UoA would easily solve the problem and issue you with a new certificate. Happy graduation guys!"

However, others were less than impressed—with one student commenting, "I see why the University's ranking is dropping now" on Li's post.

"Five years to get a degree, and not even the University can spell," another commented.

Zizi Jasmin, whose degree was also spelt incorrectly, simply called the University "honestly idiots".

However, parents and partners of students were more annoyed at the fact that many missed out on watching the graduation ceremony, after an administrative error meant tickets were not scanned at some entry points.

Emma Lucas, the partner of a graduate, wrote on the University of Auckland's Facebook page that her partner's family had travelled from Southland to attend his ceremony.

According to Lucas, although they arrived 45 minutes early for the ceremony at 4:30pm and possessed three seated tickets, they were turned away as "all the seats had been allocated."

They were then seated in an overflow room, which, according to parent Kyle Scott, consisted of little more than a TV screen and very few chairs.

"Numerous disappointed people simply sat by on the floor, as there were insufficient chairs for everyone who wanted to crowd around the single TV screen," Scott wrote.

"The look of bewilderment on the faces of some parents and grandparents was heartbreaking."

Lucas agreed—pointing out that her partner's family had spent more than \$1000 on travel costs to watch their son graduate.

"It is appalling and incredibly disrespectful that proud families who have spent considerable time and money supporting their child / partner / parent / friend during their time at university, (and ticket holders at that) missed out on seeing their loved one graduate in person—an occasion that many will only celebrate just once in their lifetime," she wrote.

The University has publicly apologised for the error on its Facebook page, saying it is "looking at all feedback to ensure we provide a better service."

Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon also apologised in an email to graduates, saying, "We will be looking at more detail about what happened to ensure we do not have a repeat of this situation." ♦

STUDENTS WITH MISSPELT DEGREES ARE ADVISED TO EMAIL GRADUATION@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ.

"LACK OF FINANCIAL SUPPORT" TO BLAME FOR ENROLMENT DECLINE

BY ELOISE SIMS

Tertiary enrolments are the lowest they have been in more than a decade due to rising costs and an utter lack of financial support for many students, says the New Zealand Union of Students' Association (NZUSA).

According to figures from the Ministry of Education, 353,000 domestic students were enrolled in tertiary education in 2016—9.4 per cent of the population aged 15 years and over.

However, this is a steady decline from the 423,030 domestic students enrolled in tertiary educations across the country in 2009—12.5 per cent of all those over the age of 15.

The biggest fall in tertiary participation has been in the over-40 age group, with numbers declining dramatically from 6.7% in 2008 to 3.6% in 2016.

NZUSA President Jonathan Gee has said that this is attributable to the Government's recent decision to restrict student allowances for those over 40.

"By restricting student allowances for those over 40, the Government has sent a clear signal to

these prospective students that they don't want to support their living costs while they seek to adapt to the ever-changing future of work," Gee said.

While declines were across the board in terms of demographic enrolment, Gee said that the decline in enrolment for those aged 20–24 suggested that the cost of studying was a significant factor blocking school-leavers from immediate enrolment in tertiary education.

"A number of students have opted to take 'gap years' halfway through their studies, as they choose to earn rather than learn to keep up with the rising cost of living," Gee said.

"They're also opting for gap years to reassess the suitability of their course, suggesting that we need better careers education to give students a clearer picture of their tertiary journey."

The drop in enrolment follows a 2016 report issued by the Ministry of Education, which predicted drops in both undergraduate and postgraduate enrolment—it predicted enrolments

could decline by up to 7% by 2018.

This predicted decline was estimated at the time to wipe more than \$120 million of government funding from universities and polytechs across New Zealand, as well as fees from universities' balance sheets.

The decline, according to Claire Douglas, the Ministry of Education's Deputy Secretary in Graduate Achievement, Vocations and Careers, has been mainly due to less enrolment in non-degree qualifications.

Enrolment in non-degree and certificate study by school-leavers dropped to 1.4 per cent in 2016 from 2.9 per cent in 2015.

The Executive Director of Universities New Zealand, Chris Whelan, said that universities have not yet been affected by either the drop in participation or by the decline in school leavers affecting tertiary study.

However, he said that increases in the number of students taking a gap year, or studying at overseas universities, could affect university enrolments in the future. ♦

AUCKLAND CAFÉ FOUND TO BE RIPPING OFF MIGRANT WORKERS

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD

An Auckland-based café has been prosecuted for exploiting migrant workers. Kingsland café, The Page Corner, exploited two of its migrant employees—resulting in the corporation that owns 100% of the shares of the café, Sherri and Henri Limited, having to pay \$30,405.

The Employment Relations Authority conducted an investigation into the exploitation and found that the workers were exploited by The Page Corner, failing to provide them with an employment agreement, refusing to pay minimum wage, and keeping no record of employees' holiday and leave hours.

When employment ended for the two employees, the café withheld holiday pay.

\$20,000 of the total fine is a resulting fine for the exploitation, while \$10,405 will be paid out to the two employees who were exploited. One employee is owed \$9,377, while the other is owed \$1,027.

Immigration New Zealand updated their webpage on migrant exploitation a week after the reports on The Page Corner were released. The webpage states that holidays, leave, work breaks, wages and written employment agreements are required to be given to New Zealand employees. These requirements are translated into several different languages: Chinese, Fijian, Gujarati, Hindi, Korean, Malay, Punjabi, Samoan, Tagalog, Tongan and Vietnamese.

Inspectorate regional manager, David Milne,

explained the situation to *NewsHub*.

“One employee was left stressed after continually asking to be paid, and the other recognised their employer assumed the exploitation would not be reported to the Inspectorate in order to protect their worker's visa.”

The Page Corner's exploitation of these two migrant workers has followed a recent reformation to skilled migrant visas.

The change to these visas was the introduction of a remuneration threshold, which means a migrant worker would need to earn \$23.49 an hour in a 40-hour work week, or a \$48,000 salary, to qualify for the visa.

An individual who is granted a skilled migrant visa with a \$48,000 salary would be allowed to stay in the country for a maximum of 3 years, with a stand-down period of 1 year before being able to apply for another visa.

Furthermore, any family of the individual who held a skilled migrant visa would have to be granted a visa through their own means.

Immigration lawyer, Alastair McClymont, said he believed the changes to the skilled migrant visa qualification would “simply open up exploitation where you're going to have a lot of employers who are going to demand that desperate migrant employees contribute towards their salaries.”

“[This] is something that has already been happening as a general wider fraud situation, but I think this is really going to widen it up.”

McClymont explained that an employer may pay the worker \$48,000 in order for them to receive their visa, but still demand an 80-hour work week from the employee.

In December 2016, the report “Worker Exploitation in New Zealand: A Troubling Landscape” showed migrant exploitation was on the rise in New Zealand.

Over 100 individuals, many of whom were migrant workers, were interviewed—and dozens were found to be victim to exploitation, which included cases of migrants being forced to work, held in debt bondage, and being paid as little as \$4 an hour.

The hospitality industry was noted as a significant employer of those with temporary work visas.

The report suggested that the National Government needed to implement training for officials to find victims of exploitation—as well as monitoring vulnerable industries, requiring migrants to undergo an induction upon their arrival in New Zealand, and establishing a human trafficking office.

When asked how the changes to skilled-migrant visas would have an impact on exploitation, Minister of Immigration Michael Woodhouse said that incidents of exploitation were “low”.

“We're aware of some anecdotes that that's occurring now... we have acknowledged that the risk of that behaviour goes up with these changes.” ♦

“THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS” DO NOTHING FOR VEGAS KILLINGS

ACTUAL AMERICAN MICHAEL CALDERWOOD IS SICK TO DEATH OF AVOIDABLE TRAGEDIES

“My warmest condolences and sympathies to the victims and families of the terrible Las Vegas shooting. God bless you!”

This is what the President of the United States tweeted after 58 people were murdered and more than 500 were injured in the deadliest mass shooting in American history.

Condolences and sympathies and prayers won't bring those people back, nor will it provide much consolation to the people who lost siblings, parents, children or spouses.

This sort of neutral “sympathy” is the last thing America needs right now—what it needs is action on the terrible scourge of gun violence that grips the country's throat.

Instead, let's politicise the hell out of this issue and demand real action.

And the problem is not just with mass shootings which, while horrific, make up only

a small percentage of the more than 33,000 gun deaths in a given year.

Firearm suicides make up almost two-thirds of this number, with the rest being made up of mostly murders and a few accidental deaths.

Some might argue that suicide and crime are social problems—of course they are. And the horrific rate of suicides and murders have root causes like poverty, inequality and a failing mental health care system. But making guns easily accessible makes these problems even worse, particularly in the case of suicide.

Gun violence is a public health epidemic. Whether it be the horrific mass shootings which seem all too common, or the tens of thousands of people who commit suicide or are murdered by a gun, we know from the

evidence that many of these deaths are **preventable**.

There is no valid argument against gun control. The idea that gun control will hurt the “good” gun owners like hunters and recreational gun owners is ridiculous—you'd have to be a sociopath to believe that someone's hobby is more important than preventing children being murdered in their classroom like we saw at Sandy Hook.

And the idea that the 2nd Amendment is sacrosanct is absurd. Not many other areas of society and government work the same way as they did in the eighteenth century, and for good reason.

In no other similarly developed country are so many people killed by guns. It's time for America to end its addiction to gun violence. ♦

CATALONIAN INDEPENDENCE: IS SPAIN ONLY ONE COUNTRY?

ULYSSE BELLIER WRAPS UP THE POLITICAL CRISIS THAT'S SHAKEN EUROPE—BUT IT'S NOT OVER YET

The outcome of the recent Catalan referendum—held on October 1st to decide if Catalonia, a region of Spain, should be autonomous—is still unclear. However, its consequences are deeply obvious throughout Spain. The referendum is the most important political crisis Spain has experienced in decades, which has fractured not only Catalonia, but also the whole country.

At time of print, leaders from the North-Eastern Spanish autonomous region had not decided whether to declare independence unilaterally or to enter into dialogue with federal authorities.

On Sunday 8 October, hundreds of thousands gathered in Catalonia's capital, Barcelona, to march against Catalonia's independence. Holding Spanish and Catalan flags, the so-called "Silent Catalonia" group wanted to show that the weak turnout in the election (43%) meant that the strong overall vote for independence could be considered null and void.

This massive demonstration followed an intense week in Spain's politics.

The Sunday beforehand, the Catalan Government had organised a referendum on the following question: "Do you want Catalonia to become an independent state in the form of a republic?" The election was maintained, despite an

interdiction from both the central government in Madrid and from the constitutional court.

On Election Day, with 5.3 million registered voters called up to vote, a police crackdown resulted in 844 injuries, while Catalans were either voting or protesting peacefully. Violent images of police attacks shocked many in Europe.

While it's estimated that 770,000 ballot papers were taken by the police overall, officials from the Catalan regional government declared that out of the papers they had remaining, the "Yes" vote to independence had won by about 90%.

Carles Puigdemont, Catalonia's regional leader, declared, "Catalonia's citizens have earned the right to have an independent state in the form of a republic".

Less than 48 hours after the chaos, he told the BBC that his Government would "act at the end of this week or the beginning of next."

On the same evening, the King of Spain, Felipe VI, addressed the nation on television, a very rare step for the non-governing leader of the country. "These authorities have scorned the attachments and feelings of solidarity that have united and will unite all Spaniards," he said.

"[The Catalan Government and its leaders]

have tried to break the unity of Spain and its national sovereignty", he said. Their actions had "eroded the harmony and coexistence within Catalan society itself, managing, unfortunately, to divide it."

Indeed, tensions are certainly rising within both the autonomous region and Spain itself.

In the days following the election, "white demonstrations" in many cities across the kingdom have demanded for talks between both parties. At the same time, Catalanian leaders have called for international mediation to attempt to find a way out of the crisis.

This uncertainty has driven some companies (like the third-largest bank of Spain, CaixaBank) to move their headquarters away from Catalonia.

Prime Minister Mariano Rajoy has declared the central government will do what is necessary to secure control over the Catalanian region should the situation devolve, claiming, "We're going [to] stop independence from happening" in a recent interview with *El País*, the Spanish newspaper. ♦

ON OCTOBER 7TH, SAFETRAVEL ADVISED NEW ZEALANDERS IN SPAIN AND CATALONIA TO "AVOID ALL PROTESTS AND DEMONSTRATIONS AS EVEN THOSE INTENDED TO BE PEACEFUL HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO RESULT IN VIOLENCE." SPAIN IS CURRENTLY CHARACTERISED AS A "SOME RISK" AREA.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO HEAR WHITE NERD BOYS SHAME ME FOR LIKING FRAPPUCCINOS EVER AGAIN, YOU WEIRD MAN-BABIES

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD (HEADLINE BY ELOISE SIMS, WHO IS EQUALLY HORRIFIED AND AMAZED AT THIS ENTIRE STORY)

Riots have erupted outside McDonald's stores in the United States, after the company offered a limited-time supply of "szechuan sauce".

The sauce, which was originally offered as a promotional item for Disney's *Mulan* movie in 1998, regained notoriety through social media after it featured on an episode of Adult Swim cartoon, *Rick and Morty*.

The feature was due to the co-creator of *Rick and Morty*, Justin Roiland, discussing his obsession with the sauce from back when it was released.

Roiland explains, "My memory of it is that it was the most delicious thing I've ever had in my life, and I probably ate more McNuggets that year than I probably have in my entire life combined."

McDonald's has since sent Roiland a bottle of szechuan sauce.

McDonald's supplied szechuan dipping sauce and szechuan sauce posters to nearly 1000 McDonald's stores around the country.

However, only a limited number of packets of sauce were sent to each store—with one store receiving only 20 packets of sauce and 10 posters for hordes of people queuing outside. Other stores, which expected to receive the sauce, did not receive any delivery at all.

The announcement of low stocks resulted in some customers camping outside of stores, while others even drove across the Canadian border in order to purchase the sauce. Due to the limited supply, many customers were turned away.

In Wellington, Florida, cops were called to subdue an angry crowd—and other stores were forced to resort to similar measures after fans became violent.

In Newark, New Jersey, customers protested with signs saying "#GiveUsTheSauce".

After the furious response, McDonald's have apologised, saying, "The best fans in the multiverse showed us what they got today."

"We hear you & we're sorry not everyone could get some super-limited Szechuan."

Packets of the sauce have since appeared on Ebay with a buy now set as high as US \$1,200.

Customers have been reassured by McDonald's that "Szechuan sauce is coming back once again this winter." ♦

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

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In Conversation With: Fossil Free UoA

Rebecca Hallas interviewed Fossil Free UoA about climate change and the role of fossil fuel divestment

Early on in the documentary *Before the Flood*, starring Leonardo DiCaprio, there's a poignant scene where archival footage shows a young Leo promoting eco-friendly light bulbs on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. Cut to Leo's message in the present. "It's pretty clear that we are way beyond that now. Things have taken a massive turn for the worse." The fates of climate change and fossil fuels are intertwined. The University of Auckland has investments in fossil fuel companies. It is an unethical, and increasingly outdated, practice that many in the University community, particularly staff and students, are actively campaigning to put an end to. But why exactly is fossil fuel divestment a strategic tactic in campaigning for climate action at our University? And how is it galvanising the University community? Read on to see what both a staff member and a student have to say. Dr Julie MacArthur is a Senior Lecturer in the School of Social Sciences, and Apurva Kasture is in her fifth year of Medicine.

WHAT IS THE CONCEPT OF DIVESTMENT FROM FOSSIL FUELS?

AK: Divestment is the opposite of investment so it basically means taking money *out* of something. Many institutions around the world are currently invested in fossil fuel (coal, oil and gas) companies, including the University of Auckland Foundation, which manages the charitable funds from University alumni and the general public.

Divestment is currently a major action area of the climate change movement, as organisations such as 350.org have highlighted the need for collective action, systemic change, and for holding the key contributors towards climate change, such as the fossil fuel industry, to account.

WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DIVESTMENT IN THE CONTEXT OF A TERTIARY INSTITUTION, SUCH AS THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND, IN THE WIDER FIGHT AGAINST CLIMATE CHANGE?

JM: There's a wide literature on the role of universities in society as generators of new ideas and places for critical thinking, which is part of the reason why they're publically funded. Universities have educational and financial resources to lead new ways of doing things through, for example, investment and procurement choices. We also influence thousands of students each year through academic pro-

grammes and courses. When we talk about climate change and climate policy, often it's about what happened in Paris, in the international agreements. But we also need to think locally, and that includes at the level of educational institutions. The university divestment movement fits within this much bigger multi-level picture of climate action.

AK: I think it is important for all institutions to invest according to their values. The University of Auckland supports considerable research around climate change, and even states in their Strategic Plan 2013–2020: "The University recognises that we cannot plunder the future in order to pay for the present and is committed to ensuring that we have a sustainable organisation that will endure." It is therefore hypocritical for the University of Auckland Foundation to invest money in companies that are directly contributing towards climate change.

Furthermore, if the University wants to be recognised as a world-leading institution, it needs to demonstrate strong leadership in the face of global issues, and to take direct action in addressing these issues.

STUDENT-LED CAMPAIGNS FOR CHANGE HAVE TYPICALLY NEVER BEEN AN EASY-FIX. WHAT DO YOU SEE AS THE ROLE OF STAFF IN CONTRIBUTING TOWARDS A CAMPAIGN SUCH AS THE DIVESTMENT CAMPAIGN HERE AT UOA?

JM: People who choose academic careers often care deeply about academia as a profession and as a social institution, so many are also active [in tackling social issues]. I think there are many roles for us. Academics are generally trained to look at the world from an evidence-informed and systemic perspective. In social sciences that means looking beyond the present moment to how and why human choices led us here. Staff can integrate lessons on the climate crisis in their classes, regardless of the discipline. Staff can also look personally at where they are putting their money and their investments, and the policies they support with their votes. We can also contribute to student-led initiatives. I was supportive of the occupation of the Clocktower because that is an expression of critical engagement with the world that you're living in, it's something we don't see a tonne of these days, but people historically had associated with

university campuses. People say a lot that youth are apathetic these days. That's not my experience on campus, especially with the FFUoA group.

BILL MCKIBBEN FAMOUSLY SAID, "THE MOST IMPORTANT THING AN INDIVIDUAL CAN DO IS NOT BE AN INDIVIDUAL." WHAT ARE A FEW OF YOUR EXPERIENCES THAT UNDERPIN THE RELEVANCE OF THIS?

JM: I come from Western Canada. The area of Vancouver, BC, I come from is unceded First Nation's land and one of the major developments in the last ten to fifteen years is that it's the First Nation's communities and their allies—not individuals themselves but whole communities rooted in particular places—leading opposition to the development of new pipelines and fossil fuel projects. The connections that people have to the land and to each other are essential, because there are very strong social and economic forces underpinning the current system that have led us here.

There is power to shape the world when it's not just one person. In protest movements—not just student protest movements but ones like the global Occupy movement and movements for indigenous sovereignty—that feeling of community and solidarity that "I'm not alone", really empowers people to keep at it over the long term, which is what big changes require. It is easy to get dispirited, ground down and to lose momentum in a movement for system change. At university also it can be very siloed and isolating, sitting behind a computer or in a lecture theatre. The internet and social media are good for connection but for those of you who have participated in collective actions, that feeling of being surrounded by people who are on your side or who also care and are engaged in singing, marching, chanting and making posters, is absolutely essential in drawing people in and keeping momentum. And that is what divestment is. It is a worldwide protest movement that is gaining traction as the effects of climate change ramp up every year. •

JOINING FOSSIL FREE UOA IS A GREAT WAY TO LEARN MORE ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE, TO GAIN NEW SKILLS (WE ARE NOW RUNNING FORTNIGHTLY TRAINING SESSIONS ON VARIOUS ASPECTS OF CAMPAIGNING AND ADVOCACY), AND TO MEET NEW PEOPLE. FOSSIL FREE UOA ALSO JUST WON GENERAL CLUB OF THE YEAR IN THE 2017 CLUBS AWARDS! MOST IMPORTANTLY, IT IS A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO PLAY YOUR PART IN ADDRESSING THE GLOBAL CLIMATE CHANGE EMERGENCY. AS TEMPERATURES AND SEA LEVELS RISE, WE HAVE A MORAL IMPERATIVE TO CALL ON OUR INSTITUTIONS TO TAKE ACTION AND DIVEST FROM ONE OF THE BIGGEST CAUSES OF CLIMATE CHANGE.



Everybody Eats

Samantha Gianotti looks at the pop-up restaurant working to make change with your change

During an election cycle where substantial promises were made on the issues of homelessness and poverty, many of us likely found ourselves looking to what we can do with our own means to invoke some sense of change. Such was the experience of restaurant owner Nick Loosley—born from this was the pop-up restaurant Everybody Eats, a weekly endeavour that uses food donations from restaurants around Auckland to create three-course meals for hungry patrons, where those who have the ability to pay can pay what they feel, and those who cannot are welcomed in.

Each Monday evening, Gemmazy St in St Kevins Arcade lends their space and their utensils to the Everybody Eats team, who spend their Sunday collecting food donations from restaurants around Auckland.

Charlie Lin, a former University of Auckland student, began volunteering at Everybody Eats after experiencing the atmosphere and ethos as a patron.

"Restaurants have such particular standards for freshness," Charlie notes, food items that are still entirely edible going to waste. To combat this wastage, the Everybody Eats team gives these items a second lease on life, bringing in teams of chefs, who volunteer their time each Monday, to turn these items into a three-course meal. Restaurant teams donate their time collectively to create the menu and the meals based on what ingredients have been gathered, working to feed around 500 people (both seated and takeaway patrons) with those they are familiar and comfortable working alongside.

The restaurant is a pay-as-you-feel establishment, a small jar tucked at the back, barely visible, removing

any pressure for visitors to do anything other than enjoy a meal in the company of strangers. "It's not our place to try and verify whether people requesting takeaway meals really need them, and the worst thing that can happen is that food gets eaten," Charlie says; the team are often asked for numerous takeaway meals in order to feed friends or family members waiting in line at the City Mission, and they are always more than willing to oblige. For those who are able to make a contribution, with an average cost of \$1.50 per person, \$5 can pay for three people's meals, \$20 can cover dinners for thirteen.

The team's goals centre around reducing food waste and countering the very pressing issue of hunger that looms over many living in our biggest city. However, a third goal is clear through the restaurant's weekly operation; the three-course meal is plated properly and professionally, with those who come to dine in St Kevins Arcade met with wait staff who treat them as any paying customer at any restaurant would be treated. It is about, in Charlie's experience, treating those who are often dehumanised in the wider media, and in the language we use to discuss those living in hunger and poverty, with dignity and respect. Individuals gather around tables and find that, in this small space in the heart of Auckland, there is a place to have a meal in the company of others, created by those wholeheartedly dedicated to taking steps towards ending hunger and food wastage, one Monday at a time. ♦

EVERYBODY EATS RUNS EVERY MONDAY NIGHT FROM 6-8PM. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN VOLUNTEERING, GET IN TOUCH AT EVERYBODYEATSNZ@GMAIL.COM.



CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

Buzz buzz! This week you should look into the New Zealand Bumblebee Conservation Trust! Bumblebees pollinate greenhouse and orchard crops, as well as our summer gardens, wildflowers, and our

crops. They are crucial to our agriculture, and their increasing decline is a huge cause for concern! Go on, bee informed and check out www.nzbc.org.nz for more information on our buzzy friends! ♦

UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS

Get
TAKA-TALKING
at the Takapuna Library!

When: Thursday 19 October, 6pm–8pm

Where: Takapuna Library

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: Takapuna Library is excited to announce the first ever TAKA TALKS: a series of intellectual talks which are free to all! The first topic is conservation! There will be five guest speakers talking about different environmental issues:

1. Sentinels of the Sea: What Marine Turtles Can Tell Us About the State of Our Oceans (Dr Dan Godoy—Lecturer, Coastal-Marine Research Group, Institute of Natural & Mathematical Sciences, Massey University)
2. Sharing the Responsibility for Waste (Sandra Murray—Campaign Manager, The Kiwi Bottle Drive)
3. Persistent Plastics: Creating a Plastics Consciousness (Claudia Cairns—Activist, Plastic Diet)
4. Pollination in a Changing World (Jamie Stavert—Pollination ecologist at the University of Auckland)
5. What's Boomerang Bags All About? (Tracy Jeffery—Activist, Boomerang Bags)

Flood the Campus

with Fossil Free UOA!

When: Friday 20 October, 10am–3pm

Where: UoA City Campus

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: "Join us as we flood the campus with a wave of fun, creative, and subversive action on campus, showing the strength of our movement and highlighting UoA's failure to divest from fossil fuels as a necessary step to promote bold, urgent action on climate change! As our campaign continues, UoA Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon has been blocking progress by refusing to support our cause for nearly three years. When our leaders fail to act, it's up to us to show that change is possible. Climate change is happening now, and there is no planet B."

Don't forget to register at: <https://actionnetwork.org/events/flood-the-campus>. ♦

What's On

The Vultures

Q THEATRE

Theatre fans, add *The Vultures* to your list. Showing at Q Theatre from 18th–21st October only, it's a new play by Miria George that explores wealth, family and Māori culture. Tickets are \$30–50.

Pleasuredome The Musical

PATIKI ROAD, AVONDALE

Heralded as the “Ultimate 80s musical experience”, *Pleasuredome The Musical* is a must-see. Avondale transforms into the Big Apple for a sultry show that tackles issues of greed, love and addiction in a bygone era. There'll be big hair, fab music and that magical 80s fashion!

Armageddon Expo

ASB SHOWGROUNDS

Armageddon Expo will be at the ASB Showgrounds this Labour weekend. If you haven't got a ticket yet, they're still available at the Armageddon website. Running from 20th–23rd October, there's a bunch of special guests coming, including Nathan Fillion, John Barrowman and Tom Felton. Get out there, and let your nerd flag fly!

The Little Mermaid

EVENT CINEMAS

Check out Event Cinema's Disney Sing-along Festival running till Sunday 29th October. On 21st–22nd October, they'll be running *The Little Mermaid* on Event screens everywhere. For only \$8 you can belt out “Part of Your World” along with a whole cinema of magic mermaid-loving theatregoers.

Punky Reggae Party

THE KINGS ARMS

The Kings Arms is closing down, and this is your last chance to make it to a famous Punky Reggae Party on Sunday 22nd October. Get down and grooving with live local bands. The event will be going from 3pm till the party stops. \$10 before 6pm, \$20 after. •

Spicy Vegetarian Stir-fry

A brown rice stir-fry chock-full of veg is a sure-fire way to feel guilt-free about dins. This tasty and simple meal has a bit of a kick to it, so tone down the paprika if you can't handle the heat. And remember: brown rice takes patience, but it's worth it for the added flavour and healthiness.

What you need:

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup brown organic rice | 1 small broccoli |
| 1 capsicum | 1 courgette |
| 1 onion | 4 garlic cloves |
| Half chilli | 2 tsps paprika |
| Dash of cumin | 2 tbsps Tamari soy sauce |
| Salt and pepper | |

What you do:

1. Place rice in a pot with 3 cups of hot water and cover. Turn on high and leave until it starts bubbling, then remove lid and stir occasionally. Brown rice usually takes 30–40 minutes in a pot, so make sure you put it on first.
2. Crush the garlic with the side of a knife and dice onion. Add to a saucepan with a little oil and fry

until golden.

3. Finely chop the chilli and add to the pan. Wash your hands well afterwards and don't touch your god-dang eyes!!
4. Slice capsicum into strips, chop broccoli heads off and slice courgette into lengthways pieces. Add to dat pan.
5. Once veges are softening, turn the pan to a low heat to keep them nice and warm.
6. When the rice is soft, drain it and return to the pot.
7. Add paprika, cumin, salt, pepper and Tamari. Stir until mixed completely through. No naked rice here, people.
8. Add to the pan and mix errythang up.
9. Taste. Add more Tamari if needed.
10. Serve, eat, enjoy, feel healthy. •

Get on the hobby-horse!

By Grace Hood-Edwards

That's a really awful misappropriation and malapropism of a few different sayings, but the fact still remains—hobbies are fun! If you're looking forward to some summer down-time, but don't know what you'll be doing, here's a list of hobbies and little interests you might be able to pick up.

Cross-stitch/embroidering: This is a hobby I took up a few years ago, after realising I needed something to do whilst bingeing hours and hours of my favourite shows. It struck me when I was watching *Pride & Prejudice* and saw all the lovely Bennett sisters distracting themselves with stitching that it was something I could do as well. There are a few base materials you will need. An embroidery hoop, sewing scissors, embroidery floss, material (usually Aida cloth) and embroidery needles. There are simple tutorials online, with many YouTube videos to get you started and dozens of pattern ideas on Pinterest (the ultimate hobby resource). Cross-stitching is the easier of the two, but you can be a bit more creative with embroidery. Take up cross-stitching and you'll never have to worry about buying a gift again—just make them something.

Painting: The image of an artist standing at an easel is an idyllic one; can you already picture the smock and the beret? Painting is a great way to unwind and get your creative juices flowing without any external pressure. It's a hobby you don't need to be good at it! Paint anything—whether it be paper, canvas or even a china plate! Do a bit of research online, or at an art store before you purchase supplies. Acrylic paints are a great place to start, and there are many art tutorials online if you're looking for a guide.

Colouring books: They're all the rage amongst our

mums, but maybe they're actually onto something. For those of us who are less artistically inclined, buy an adult colouring book and let yourself be transported back to a time when life was easier and crayons abounded. These little books are available at every bookstore, and are extremely relaxing ways to pass the time whilst you mindlessly binge some TV. At the end, you'll even have a picture you can tear out and gift/display.

Gardening: We've talked a lot about gardening and little things you can do with plants to spruce up your messy yard or dull room. The fact still remains, if you love the sun and seeing the fruits of your labours literally blossom, then why not take up a trowel and spade? The bonus is that, if you want to help profit from your labour with something other than nature's beauty, why not try plotting a small veggie patch or growing a few herb pots. Cheap and delicious. What are you waiting for? Go get your hoe!

Pick up a skill! This may be the last thing you want to do when uni's out, but sometimes learning for learning's sake seems to put the joy back in what can become a pretty soul-sucking process. Sign language is an official language of New Zealand and there are so many resources and tools online for you to give it a shot at becoming multilingual! If you're looking for languages, Duolingo is a cool app that definitely helps you learn or practice the basics of another language. An awesome website, if you're looking for greater edification, is Coursera. It is a website which you can join for free that offers courses from top universities all over the world—you can learn about coding, game theory and take courses which you may never take at uni. For fun, I promise! •



GUIDE TO: Doing Summer the Kiwi Way

With less than two months to summer, we thought we should remind you how to do it the Kiwi way (also known as, the best way). There are a handful of quintessential Kiwi experiences/things that every good-spirited human should embrace. Might we also suggest getting outside and going for a splendid bush walk? Beautiful, mate.

Strawberries: Praise the Lord, summer in New Zealand means strawberries—and a shite-tonne of them. Come November and you'll be able to get your hands on these red gems basically anywhere you go. Supermarkets, stalls on the sides of the road, fruit shops—the mighty strawberry is all up in our grill in the best kind of way. Eat them alone, with a bowl of ice cream or in an array of wondrous baking opportunities. Fun fact: strawberries are good for you! So go hard.

Barbeques, baby: What says “Kiwi Summer” more than a barbeque in the sun? Not a damn thing, friends. Clean up the barbie, whack out the sausages and steak, crank some tunes, crack an ice-cold beer, get the crew

around and you're away. Saturday sorted with food, brews, music, bants and sunshine. Living the dream.

Beach Life: We're oh-so-lucky to have a myriad of beautiful beaches at our doorstep, and summer is just the ultimate time to use them. Swim, surf, wakeboard, walk, fish, soccer, horse ride—whatever it is you like doing outdoors, do it at the beach and embrace the smell of the salt and the feel of the sand. Pure magic, we say.

Cricket: Backyard cricket could just be the single best way to spend a Sunday summer afternoon. Mild exercise with friends—could it get better? Practise your pitch and sloop on the sunscreen for fun in the sun (yes, we just said that).

Pohutukawas: Ah, the classic. Could there be a Kiwi summer list without the beloved Pohutukawa? Vibrant red, these needly beauties add an essential splash of colour to the New Zealand beach, park and roadside. Get the classic summer photo at the beach with a bloomin' Pohutukawa, and you know your summer's sorted. •

Be Mindful

You may have been receiving the University of Auckland's wellbeing emails lately—which offer great advice on how to stay healthy, in body and mind, throughout uni. A big part of that is mindfulness. Mindfulness is a method of meditation that allows you to be present and aware, and is used to lower stress and other symptoms of psychological distress. Here are 6 quick exercises you can do to try and bring mindfulness into your everyday life.

Mindful breathing: Begin to breathe slowly. In and out, each breath should last for six seconds. Breathe in through the nose and out through the mouth. Let go of what you're thinking. Let thoughts rise and disappear as they will, just like your breath. Try for one minute, and if it's easy why not keep going? Try for two more, and then maybe another.

Mindful observation: Choose a natural object in the area immediately around you. This could be clouds, plants, or an insect. Focus on it, watch it for a minute or two. Notice only it. Explore every aspect of it, considering it in a new light. Imagine you're seeing it for the first time.

Mindful awareness: This helps to avoid going through day-to-day motions on autopilot. Find something you do every day, more than once. This could be a simple physical action, such as eating a meal, messaging a friend or opening a door. The moment you have an action, whether it be mental or physical, stop for a moment and take it all in. What is its significance? Be thankful that you have this food to eat, revel in the use of your hands and the strength they hold. This ritual doesn't simply have to be physical. If you have a negative thought, try to stop and actively work to discredit it and throw it away. Acknowledge it, before admitting it is unhelpful and letting it go.

Mindful listening: Find some music you've never heard before. Do not pay attention to the details of the music, such as genre/title/artist, before you listen to it. Close your eyes and put on headphones. Listen closely to every element of the music. Even if you don't like it, let that position go and involve yourself fully within the music. Try to isolate individual instruments and follow them throughout the song. You can do the same with voices. Don't think, just listen.

Mindful immersion: Try to find a new experience within a regular routine. Be aware of your body as you do a menial task/chore such as cleaning the kitchen, or washing the car. Try to pick out which muscles you're using when you do the task, and pay attention to the details of what you are doing. Do not try to rush through it. Don't aim for the end. Don't think about finishing it. Just let it happen.

Mindful appreciation: This final exercise is simple and uplifting. Get a small notepad, or just use your phone. Note down five things that you usually don't appreciate in your day. This could be objects or people, sights or sounds. When you have the five instances, truly consider them, where they come from and how they support you in your daily life. •

Top 5 Breweries

Hallertau RIVFERHEAD

Local brewers Hallertau have been around for a while, but it's only in the last few years that they've really come to dominate the craft beer scene. Their beer is brewed simply with water, yeast and hops, keeping it clean with various spices added for flavour.

Brothers Beer CITY WORKS DEPOT

The story behind Brothers Beer is straightforward: two mates decided to try their hand at brewing liquid gold—and succeeded. Offering seven fine brews to the table, the Tropical is perfect for a summer's day and the Amber is the ideal treat for a lazy Sunday wind-down.

Liberty Brewing Co VARIOUS

These guys profess to brew “shit hot beer” and they ain't wrong. Created out of a desire to see more flavoursome beers in West Auckland, Liberty Brewing Co began brewing in little old Helensville. They now sell nine different beers, of which we would 100% recommend the Knife Party IPA and the Oh Brother Pale Ale.

Sweat Shop Brew Kitchen FREEMAN'S BAY

A brewery, a gig venue, kitchen and barbershop, Sweat Shop is def worth a visit. These guys use their own cultured yeast strains, combined with premium hops and malts to make six sweet variations.

Beer Spot TAKAPUNA

For those that live over the bridge, try Beer Spot. Toted “your tappy place” these guys have a whopping 40 beers on tap. They might not technically be a brewery, but we've added them because—FORTY beers on tap. •



ART BY JESSICA THOMAS

IN DEFENCE OF LETTERS

Jessica Thomas on the forgotten skill of letter writing

Dear Reader,

One of the best gifts I ever got was a pen. This wasn't any ordinary pen—it was a rose gold Monteverde Invincia Fountain Pen and it truly is a thing of beauty. It's heavy and sits contented in my hand, promising words of genius will flow from its reservoir as soon as I put its nib to paper. It's an invitation to write—and then a deterrent as after about five lines I am exhausted from holding the bloody thing. But writing with it is nonetheless magical. Even if I am only writing a birthday card, with my Monteverde, I feel sure it will be the most heartfelt, heart-wrenching and beautiful birthday wish anyone ever received, worthy of being preserved in a glass case as testament to the art of inspired correspondence. Because it seems that's the direction that handwriting is going; in a steady downward trajectory leading to glass cases and carefully typed talking cards describing relics of the distant past.

This concerns me because how can some-

thing so simple, so fundamental as handwriting be heading in the same direction as penny-farthing bicycles and Nokia cell phones? It used to be a part of every day! We had whole classes in primary dedicated to it where we slaved with meticulously sharpened 2Bs for the mystical unicorn that was the Pen Licence. (I never got mine and it still haunts me.)

But it seems that I'm almost alone, here on this ink-loving island that glorifies the scratch of a nib over the merciless clacking of keys. There are a few dear friends here with me who reply to the letters that I send them, but not many—and the number dwindles by the year as letters leave my desk unanswered.

I think there is one main culprit—handwriting. It's just too hard. For most of us, typing is more accessible and these days it seems that typing is considered faster and easier than handwriting. But sending a typed letter just feels fraudulent when you could just as easily send the

same message more efficiently and economically via email. To write a handwritten letter on the other hand, one must first procure paper (and not printer paper—it's too flimsy and lets the ink bleed), a pen that is comfortable to hold, and of the right colour ink (don't deny it, blue or black, one has your allegiance), a place to write (on the lap can be tricky, whereas one can type comfortably on a bus, train, even while walking if you're really dedicated), and then the ability/determination to overcome the writer's block that almost always comes as soon as you meet the formidable blank page and the prospect of coming to face with the awfulness of your handwriting which—after years of typing—resembles that of a semi-dexterous Chihuahua. The pressure to produce something aesthetically pleasing in itself is often enough to drive us screaming to our keyboards. Instagram accounts are dedicated to examples of beautiful flowing script; there are calligraphy classes devoted to the art of hand-

writing; Pinterest provides ample examples—all serving to provide picture-perfect samples of penmanship to which the scrawled print of the tech-reliant 90% of the student population fails to measure up.

So, in light of all this, why write? There are so many other ways to stay connected now that a letter seems superfluous. In the time it takes to write and send a letter, for that letter to be received, read, and replied to, you could have had at least six Facebook conversations, two coffee dates, and liked the ten new photos they posted of their lunch/dog/latte. And yet the idea of receiving mail is still very attractive.

Why? I think it's the mentality behind a letter and the fact that it takes time to write one. Time, in our busy society, which places efficiency and multitasking on golden pedestals, is at a premium. The idea that someone sat down, with all the previously mentioned paraphernalia, thought about what to write, actually wrote it, paid for postage (recently increased to \$1, not the previous 80 cents), and found a real postbox, is half the joy of receiving a letter. Add that to the thrill of seeing something in the letter box that doesn't demand money, cause anxiety, or threaten you, it's little wonder that letters are considered to be of high value.

Now we come to another aspect of letters that contributes hugely to their value: the cathartic process of writing. I get to take out my pens, feel paper beneath my hand, sit at a desk and think about what words I want my recipient to read. It is slow; I want my handwriting to be legible, but with adequate number of curls, something pleasant around the borders, and, of course, the content has to be relatively interesting and not just a rundown of my latest stressors, complaints and pet peeves. In a letter I find myself interpreting my own life to make it presentable to someone else, and cutting through all the crap to the essential things that I can fit on a page (or two, more often three). If I have a particular problem I'm wrestling with, often I feel clearer about what it is, I've re-focused on what really matters, and I even have some ideas about how to move forward. If none of this happens, then I have hope that the person I'm writing to might have some ideas. Or even (if I'm feeling particularly optimistic) that by the time they reply, any help they have to offer will be unnecessary as the issue will have been resolved and I can tell just how and when this happened in my next missive.

Yes, it takes time and yes, I have to sometimes cajole myself with treats to sit down and write, but the dread of doing so—of the ache in my hand, the fear of mistakes, of being boring, of not knowing what to say, of (worse) saying the wrong thing—is outweighed entirely by the sensation of writing that final sign-off, folding, licking (the

envelope), stamping and sliding a little packet of words into the mouth of the postbox, feeling both victorious and vaguely Victorian. No matter what else happens, I know I have achieved something that day—something that benefits not only me, but also the person who is getting something in the mail that I hope, as Marie Kondo would say, will spark joy.

When I talk to people about letter writing, it seems to ignite a small flame that quickly peters out. Here are some important things to realise that I think might help a few more people pick up a biro for more than just an exam:

Your handwriting doesn't have to be perfect. If it's legible (even vaguely so) that's enough.

There are psychological benefits to writing things by hand. A 2010 study showed that handwriting helps focus your mind and limits distractions.

There are educational benefits, too. Studies have shown that when we write as opposed to type, neural pathways are developed because we are more likely to reframe for ourselves what we learn. In typing we tend to copy verbatim. This incidental paraphrasing gives us faster and easier recall.

It can be used as a productive break from work. If you're a compulsive overachiever like me, the idea of taking down-time is counter intuitive. After all, if I have lots to do, why would I waste time by taking a rest? However, I've learned from multiple burnouts that this is unsustainable, but then I'm also one of those people who just simply cannot SWITCH OFF. I've found that letter writing is a way I can rest while tricking my brain into thinking that it's still being productive. Thus avoiding spending intended "relaxation time" thinking about all the work I could be getting done. If you're not the manic overachiever heretofore described and take a more chilled approach to life, then letter writing can still be a way of keeping your zen and achieving something you can feel good about. So the assignment didn't get written today? Psh. No prob. You wrote a letter to your friend and spread the love. Win!

Don't feel pressured to have a "perfect" letter. My advice: stop looking at letter porn on Pinterest and studyblr for examples and just write. If your friend is a true and decent one, then they will embrace all imperfections—both in your personality and in your penmanship. Smears of cronut, a drop of cappuccino, a slightly torn corner, they all create the character of a letter that's been loved before it even got to its recipient.

Yet another excuse to be kicked to the curb is not knowing what to say. Here are a few things you could consider writing about:

Start off with the reason you decided to write. I always find this a nice lead in and it helps me get in the flow.

Write about pet peeves. Then end with things that you love if you don't want to seem entirely pissed off with the world.

Create a dream scenario where you're living your ideal life. What would you be doing job-wise? What kind of house would you have? Do you have pets? What hobbies would you take up? I find this one a lot of fun. Pose the same questions to your recipient.

Meditate on something you care about—something in the news, why "X" is gorgeous and should marry you, travelling, what to do with life once uni is done with, food—whatever strikes your fancy.

If you're struggling with a problem, write a letter asking for help with it. You might find that in writing the letter you get more clarity on the issue, but if not, then you might find that the reply brings a solution—or at least a stepping stone to one.

Reach out to a family member you haven't seen or spoken to in a long time. Letters are a very diplomatic way of saying, "Sorry I've neglected you for X years. Can we be friends?" without seeming like you're doing it because you want something. I did this with my own grandmother and it worked a treat. We hardly ever used to speak, but one day I sent her a letter asking if we could be penpals. We've now been writing to one another for three years and can even have a conversation when we get together because we've finally found things we have in common through our correspondence.

Your letter doesn't have to be long, it just has to be written. If you don't have a fancy pen and feel this is a necessary accoutrement, buy one! Fitzgerald Taylor in Devonport has beautiful stationery if you want to splurge, but Paper Plus has \$5 techni-colour fountain pens that will get you writing in style without having to sacrifice a coffee to drink whilst penning your ode. For nice writing paper, you could get creative and decorate your own or buy (reasonably priced) writing packs from Whitcoulls, UBS, or (less reasonably priced) Passion for Paper. Don't feel pressured to go to such lengths, though. I've received letters on the backs of receipts, napkins, and/or refill. The letter meant more to me than the form of tree-mulch on which it was written—and if I'm honest, it meant even more knowing that the person wanted to write to me regardless of their deficit in writing resources.

The point is to keep handwriting alive, to nurture friendships, to carve out a bit in the day where it's okay to be slow, messy, and thoughtful about what you're doing. So, pick up a pen and use Neil Gaiman's first rule of writing success: Write.

Love,

Jess •

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WILL THE REAL SLIM SHADY PLEASE STAND UP?

Isaac Chen on the Eminem vs National Party court case and the wider implications of music copyright

With election mania not too distant in everyone's minds, many will recall the media flurry over the high profile legal battle that came before the High Court in May this year over Eminem's song "Lose Yourself". The judgment is yet to be made, as this case highlighted how complex the assessment of copyright infringement in relation to a musical work can be. Not only is the decision high profile, but also very important for New Zealand as there is limited local law in this area.

For the last general election in 2014, the New Zealand National Party released a television advertisement that depicted a rowing theme. The backing track of the advertisement was called "Eminem-esque" which, as the name suggests, bore a resemblance to the well known hit "Lose Yourself". The National Party asserted that a right to use the track was purchased from an established music library by the name of Beatbox.

At the centre of the dispute, Eight Mile Style, publishers of Eminem's copyrights and therefore owners of the musical work "Lose Yourself", alleged copyright infringement. It argued that there was a great similarity between "Lose Yourself" and the musical work "Eminem-esque", so much so that the National Party's use of the latter

work was infringement.

As the National Party had purchased "Eminem-esque" from an Australian licensed music library, it was under the impression that the work was going to be free from any copyright issues if it used the work. It asserts this in its arguments that any copyright infringement, if there was any, was accidental due to the purchase of the track format of the work being made in good faith. This meant that other parties further up the chain could actually be responsible, should infringement be established. As such, Beatbox and other third parties were joined to the case.

New Zealand law sets out that copyright protection will automatically arise when an original musical work is created. Infringement of the copyright in the musical work occurs when there is a copying of a substantial part of said work. To ascertain a substantial part is a question of fact, instead of the amount or percentage copied being the determining factor. Rather, what is sought is whether the allegedly copied part is qualitatively substantial—if the most defining or well known part of the copyright work has been copied.

Looking to the United Kingdom, in 1934 the Court of Appeal had the issue of copyright

infringement brought to them on the matter of Frederick Rickett's composition of the "Colonel Bogey March". What occurred was that 20 seconds of the 4-minute song was played in the background of a news segment. The court ruled that anyone watching that news segment and hearing the song would be able to recognise where it had originated from, and therefore the use was infringing.

Another well known case was from Australia in 2011, where the Federal Court had a similar approach. They found that two phrases of a flute riff reproduced in Men at Work's song "Down Under" constituted a substantial part because the part reproduced was an essential element of the famous musical work, "Kookaburra Sits in the Old Gum Tree".

In contrast, the United States Court of Appeal recently found that Led Zeppelin's song "Stairway to Heaven" did not infringe the opening passage of Randy Wolfe's song "Taurus". This was partly because the jurors weren't legally allowed to listen to recordings of "Taurus" to compare and instead could only rely on the sheet music. As a result, there was not enough evidence to suggest copyright infringement. The case is now

under appeal with the plaintiff claiming that the court erred in refusing to let the jury hear the full and complete composition of "Taurus".

One of the most highly publicised legal battles in the United States was that of the estate of Marvin Gaye in 2014 alleging copyright infringement by Robin Thicke and Pharrell Williams of Gaye's song "Got to Give It Up" in their 2013 hit song "Blurred Lines". The jury found the pair guilty of unlawful copying and ordered them to pay the Gaye family US \$7.3 million. The judge later decreased the figure to US \$5.3 million, while awarding the Gayes 50 per cent of the song's future royalties, making it one of the largest pay-outs in music-copyright history.

If just the sheet music comparison was judged on, "Got to Give It Up" and "Blurred Lines" are not greatly similar to the previous examples. But what was factored in this case were the studio arrangements: the strident walking bass, background chatter, and the use of cowbell were taken into account. These considerations formed the basis on which the court ruled that it was the "vibe" of Gaye's song that had been copied, something that wasn't in the scope of protections of copyright. This case set a dangerous precedent that can have severe implications in the future creation and production of music. Reflecting on the case, Pharrell said: "The verdict handicaps any creator out there who is making something that might be inspired by something else."

These examples are about alleged infringement of copyright in musical works, some with seemingly inconsistent results. What has stood out is that each case has been fact dependent. To determine if one musical work infringes another is a complex matter that requires the analysis of the building blocks of each of the musical works, including the musical structure, features, treatment, accentuation and orchestration. It is not uncommon to seek the evidentiary analysis from musicologists in these cases to aid the investigation, and both the National Party and Eight Mile Style brought in expert musicologists to analyse "Eminem-esque" and "Lose Yourself".

Speaking with one of the musicologists involved in the case, they expressed that this case will be a turning point of music creation in New

Zealand. Regardless of the amount of damages that may be awarded, should the judge rule in favour of Eight Mile Style, there will be precedent in New Zealand to allege copyright infringement of a "style" or "vibe", similar to the "Blurred Lines" decision.

They also noted that there was a legal disconnect with typical musical practices and there should be more consultation over regulations or guidelines to guide musicians in this currently unclear area. Reiterating parts of the arguments made for the National Party, they looked at elements of the songs that could not be considered as "original", but rather as "musical building blocks" that nobody could claim ownership of. As the backing music on a song was not considered the core part of the composition, it could not be considered owned.

They also went through a breakdown of "Lose Yourself" and highlighted differences with "Eminem-esque", including:

- Differences in melody;
- Differences in timbre;
- Simplification of structure in "Eminem-esque"; and

The distortion of accented strums in notes in "Lose Yourself", but not in "Eminem-esque".

They suggested "Eminem-esque" was no more than a "vague approximation", and the track's intention was to create an "intentional" resemblance that people would recognise, but not copy the "essence" of "Lose Yourself" that was found in the lyrics and melody. The advertisers classified the resemblance as a certain "feel" or "energy" of a particular song as what they wanted to emulate. They also highlighted that: "There is no musical meaning for the term 'essence' ... if there was something that could be called essence, it would be instead referring to the flow, lyrics, life, history, imagery, videos, engagements with the hip-hop community, and the fierceness, anger, vulnerability or timbre of Eminem."

It is important to note that it is common for artists to use aspects of other songs to build their own piece. The elements used in "Eminem-Esque" were also taken from "hundreds" of other songs as repetitive beats and guitar patterns, these elements not being original themselves. To assign ownership of these music elements would disrupt the music

industry and really mess up notions of genre.

The concept of genre is about particular musical elements or methods that are used by music creators for people to recognise their creations as conforming to certain bodies of musical works. As such, the "copying" of certain elements has always been standard industry practice. If the copying of a collection of instruments with a cowbell and the people in the background shouting in the case of "Blurred Lines", or the simplification of a repetition of three musical notes along with beat patterns in the case of "Eminem-esque" is legally considered copyright infringement, the way music creation occurs will change, with some genres of dance music potentially becoming the realm of a single artist only.

Going forward, as many musicians and musical creators may not have an understanding of the complexity of legal processes and the fine line between copyright infringement and originality, there is definitely a need for clear guidelines (produced by legal experts, musical creators and the musicologists that observe ongoing musical practises) that highlight the dos and don'ts in musical creation if certain subjective musical practices are going to be assigned copyrights. On the flipside, the legal process may also need to upskill on how music is created and recreated in order to better pass judgements on complex musical cases that are fact dependent.

The two-week trial concluded on 12 May 2017, with Justice Helen Cull reserving her decision in order to go over the evidence and said it might be a few months' wait for the decision. Over three months have passed, and the question of whether or not the National Party has infringed copyright in the musical work "Lose Yourself" could be answered any day now. The case may end up turning largely on its facts—who really had permission and who knew what.

The lesson of this case is a reminder of checking for consent from the owner of a copyright work, even when the musical work is with third-party suppliers. This means getting satisfactory evidence that the supplier has the right to grant the license, together with contractual assurances from the supplier before using the work. •



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SEAN SPICER GOES TO THE OSCARS, 2018

A satire by Malinna Liang

10:59 PM, 2 DAYS BEFORE

Big Name Movie Star's agent called to say Big Name Movie Star will take Day Of to give me tour of Hollywood Town after Big Name Movie Star's appointments with Dietician, Tanning Bed, Armani Atelier Tailor Flown In From Milan, Spiritual Consultant, Astrologist, Climate Control Scientist, and video conference with entire board of The Weinstein Company. Very confused. Wouldn't that take, like, entire morning, noon, and afternoon? How much time left in day for tour? Reminded agent that even after Emmy stunt I have little friends in liberal Sodom and Gomorrah, especially not this deep in Clinton Country where nobody owns gun and everyone a raw vegan.

Agent: No, no, Sean, don't worry about that. He'll definitely be done around one and take you to lunch after. We're so glad you can take the time to attend!

I tell agent that Parents never paid much attention in childhood, resulting in deep desire for acceptance from peers to the detriment of own moral character.

Agent: It's that type of self-deprecating humour that's made you so different from any former White House Press Secretary slash Director of Communications we've ever hosted! You're going to go down very well with the Wolf Pack. Well, I'll see you on the night!

About to ask, Big Name Movie Star (hereby shortened to BNMS) calls his entourage Wolf Pack? What's next, Pussy Posse? Then about to ask if I can maybe be member of Wolf Pack on night of? Never been member of any team except high school Chess Club; would like to see how other half lives, if only for a day?

Agent already hung up.

7:13 AM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Sitting in dark hotel room, have consumed two packets salted peanuts for breakfast. Sarah Huckabee Sanders who now has my job calls to say I am traitor. VP Mike Pence calls again (third time this week) to ask that I do not take Rob Mueller's calls or tell him about that time Mike disappeared with Russian oligarch for 45 minutes in Moscow champagne room and made me guard door with ears plugged. Fox and Friends break for commercial. President Trump calls to tell me I am cunt.

8:47 AM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Is Mother right? Am I fundamentally unlovable?

11:32 AM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Fell into bourbon induced nap, woke in cold sweat having seen colonial woman aggressively churning butter at foot of bed. Sleep paralysis faded and was reminded of time Father took me to Little League game where I was benched by Coach. Father so distracted and proud of Terence who swung two home runs that he left for dinner with Terence's family and forgot me at pitch. Walked home in dark, hid for 3 hours in trash can from white van cruising street. Anthony Scaramucci gave me wet willie on first day. Once called President "Dad".

1:19 PM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Did I agree to Emmy stunt and now Oscar appearance not for rehabilitation of reputation but because of deep-seated fear of abandonment and dearth of affection earlier in life, driving me to seek public appeal from whichever avenue available to me? Is that why I court approval from media even as I denounce Hollywood elite?

2:23 PM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Received first personalised text from BNMS! Too excited to open!

2:24 PM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Opening now! Here goes!

2:25 PM, 1 DAY BEFORE

BNMS: [Attachment: ME + DA BOYZ] Missed you at lunch! Wished you were here! Tomorrow I'm going to bring you a stewed adzuki bean taco with a vegan pea and coconut soup for a side!

Are peas and coconuts not already vegan? Anyway. Was not invited.

4:49 PM, 1 DAY BEFORE

Too late to pull out?

Sometimes I wish Father pulled out.

11:39 AM, DAY OF

Last night's insecurities unfounded! Am newly unfettered, freed from chaotic White House, offered HARVARD PROFESSORSHIP (!), am successful, wealthy, about to manifest destiny (haha) by carving into western frontier and sowing seeds of civilisation among savages! Am carefree, not monitoring phone, did 100 reps for third trimester glow. BNMS will see I am not alcoholic and adaptable to L.A. lifestyle!

12:40 PM, DAY OF

No call yet. Waiting in hotel room. Hear chatter down hall. It is Marchesa assistant bringing gown for B-list starlet.

Agent put me on floor with second-lead of teen show on CW? Not ABC? Not even NBC?

FEATURE

12:55 PM, DAY OF

No call.

1:30 PM, DAY OF

No call.

2:13 PM, DAY OF

President Trump calls from negotiation with North Korea to tell me I am cunt.

3:59 PM, DAY OF

Finally picked up by BNMS! Writing in backseat sandwiched between two up+coming models BNMS just flew in from Milan with suit. I, worried, asked him how old they are. BNMS looks up from pinto vegan bowl, confused. He says he is reading email from agent about anti-female circumcision/pro-education for girls foundation he is promoting in Ethiopia, very important work, very good for future world and gender relations, and 25 is cut off point for women.

I ask if he knows ex-boss. BNMS laughs and tells me I am funny man. No one ever said I was funny before. It is nice feeling.

6:45 PM, NIGHT OF

Lights! Camera! Action! Made it onto red carpet — no tripping! Held BNMS's publicist's handbag as BNMS worked reporters left and right! Very charming, like pedigree poodle bred from generations of pageant winning sires, semen of which valued at hundreds of thousands! BNMS gave me big floppy hat to hide identity, worked until two BBC reporters I kicked out of Daily Briefings caught glimpse and began yelling. Soon all reporters yelling.

SEAN, HAS THE PRESIDENT ASKED FOR YOUR ADVICE IN DISMANTLING THE IRAN NUCLEAR DEAL?

SEAN, HAS THE PRESIDENT EXPRESSED CONCERN AT THE MELTING OF THE LAST ANTARCTIC ICE CAP?

SEAN, WHY DID THE PRESIDENT GIVE KIM JONG-UN SOUTH KOREA AND SOLE JURISDICTION OVER THE SEA OF JAPAN IN THE PEACE SETTLEMENT?

I throw floppy hat at Anderson Cooper. "Ask Sarah!" I holler. Anderson says all media networks barring Fox are banned from White House and himself shadowed by secret police. Frankly not my problem. Is this not Spicey's Big Night?

Uh oh. BNMS mad.

8:39 PM, NIGHT OF

BNMS mad because reporters paid more attention to me instead of his new movie. BNMS hoping to scoop second Oscar because second is easier than first. Is it? I ask. Made him annoyed again. Not intending any offence I asked because that isn't saying anything much since didn't crew member freeze to

death on your last film and you had to copulate with CGI bear? Surely anything is easier?

"Woody doesn't work that way," BNMS says. "Besides, my leading lady was almost 40. That was pretty goddamned hard." BNMS is 43. He waves across room. Wolf Pack not present but BNMS trots off to large French contingent dominating centre of room—it is Roman Polanski! Surprised as any other when extradition request dropped by President. Now he is back in town with new movie (I hear very good things!): slice-of-life drama about 13-year-old ingenue model doing first Vogue shoot with acclaimed auteur European director who, sensing her mature beyond years, gives her champagne and quaalude, resulting in most successful fashion campaign of 1978! Many hopes riding on film, which stars Casey Affleck, written by Nate Parker, produced by Harvey Weinstein. Have added to my to-watch list!

8:58 PM, NIGHT OF

BNMS WINS!

11:29 PM, NIGHT OF

Tinseltown gone sugar and Spice! At Vanity Fair afterparty with BNMS who currently is holding my hands, his huge eyes so blue and limpid, an angel of chastity draped in drunk models. All I want, BNMS is saying, is to save those beautiful creatures from the terrible, deplorable men who exploit them for their own sick purposes.

Eyes so deep I may drown in them. "Oh, Big Name Movie Star with own charitable foundation," I say. "Your heart is so damn big. What altruistic cause have you taken up now?"

BNMS, the sweetheart, is bashful. "Sean," he says seriously. "Have you heard of the casting couch?"

I tell him I am not a Hollywood elite and he says that is precisely why he chose me. "It's when powerful producers and directors extort sex from actresses they audition in return for roles," he says. "A deplorable practice which should have died with the celluloid film, but is still unfortunately alive and well today."

I am sympathetic. "Like cancer."

BNMS waves across room to Woody with his Oscar, plaintive and nobly bereft. "And HIV, and the use of nuclear warheads, which the Big Name Movie Star Charitable Foundation strongly condemns."

Carefully, I say, "Not racism, though, right? My non-disclosure form forbids me to talk about it in a public or private context."

"Any racism? Or just the NFL and Charlottesville, that sort of thing?"

"No, just. Racism in general. There is an exception clause, in case I need to condemn anyone using the C-word."

"Oh, you mean—"

"Cracker."

"Well, lucky for mankind," BNMS says, sage. "Racism is definitely dead. No, Sean. What I'm talking is about is an evil so pervasive, so absolute, that it is unthinkable we even have a name for it. A modern casting couch, if you will. A rotating door of abuse. A Sodom and Gomorrah upon which we must turn back and look, nevermind if it turns us to salt."

Maybe too much to drink; I have teared up. How is it that beautiful BNMS touch on same metaphor used by myself? "Oh, Big Name Movie Star," I say. "Do you mean the fact that Roman Polanski was convicted for the rape of a 13-year-old girl and fled trial for thirty years in Europe, yet received three Oscars in 2003, and in 2009 was the subject of an industry-wide petition signed by over 100 power players including Martin Scorsese, Tilda Swinton, Natalie Portman, and Harrison Ford, urging his release?"

BNMS says, What?

"Or do you mean the fact that Woody Allen has been repeatedly accused of sexually assaulting his step-daughter, and remains a cinematic icon who still attracts established talent?"

BNMS says, Now you've really lost me.

"Or how Sony paid \$17 million for Nate Parker's debut film which features an invented rape scene, the story credit of which is shared with his college friend, with whom he raped an unconscious girl in 1999 and then harassed until she committed suicide?"

BNMS says, Sean! What are you on about?

"And then," I say. "There's Harvey."

"What I'm talking about," BNMS says slowly. "Is the abysmal abuse of female dolphins in films with aquatic elements. I was hoping you could talk to the President about that, pass a law or something, but honestly, what the fuck?"

"Ah," I say. BNMS frowns at me. Disappointed? Naturally—of course! What am I doing—what am I saying, to BNMS about to induct me into Wolf Pack? Does not every man deserve lifeline, second chance; boys will be boys, it was a different time, therapy to be sought, learning curves, locker room talk, etc.? We are nation of forgiveness, are we not?

If Harvey back, surely he learned? Would Jesus not prefer forgive/forget? Would that not make us bigger (forgive aphorism) man? So lucky to live in nation where women are heard and men allowed to improve!

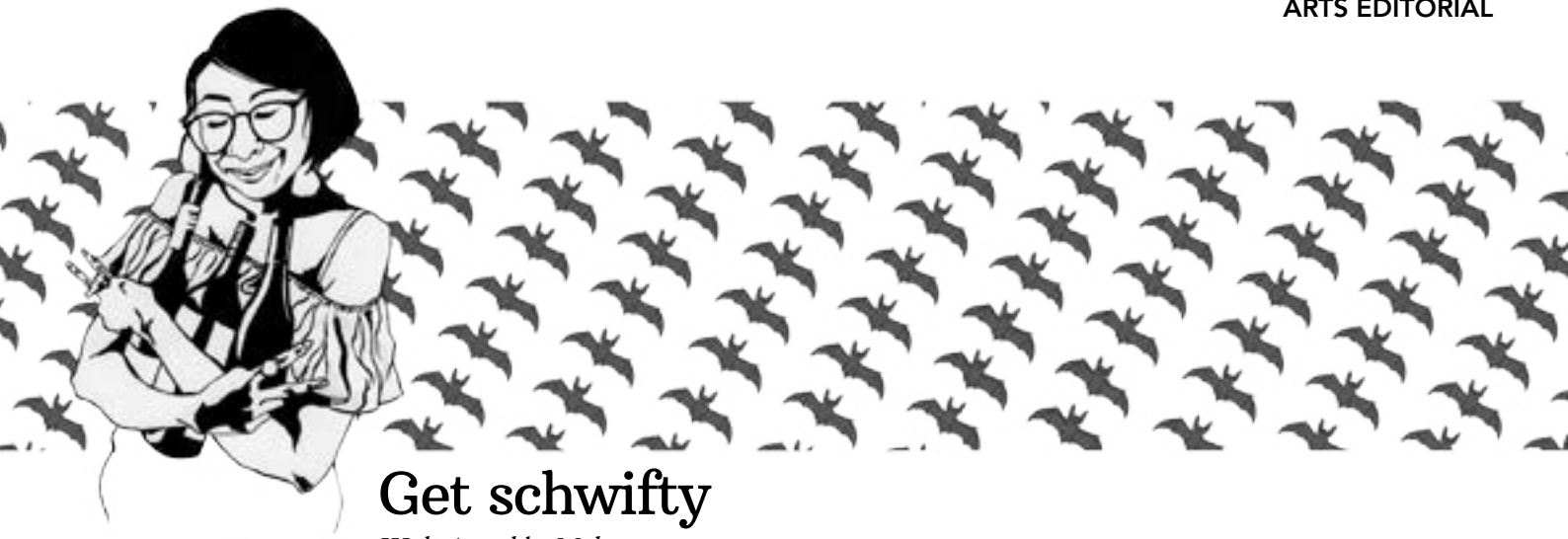
Reporter with camera. Flash! Lights! Camera! I give best smile. Action!

4:21 AM, MORNING AFTER

DAD CALLING!

"Saw you in the fake news, Seane," says President Trump. "Lots of beautiful women there." I answer: Lots!

"So," he says. "Did you grab one by the pussy?" ♦



Get schwifty

With Anoushka Maharaj

Since the wholesome days of *The Flintstones* and *The Simpsons*, animated comedy has become a revolutionary part of television. Once dismissed as children's entertainment, comedians have capitalised on this medium to create realistic and immersive narratives (and because grown-ups ruin everything, they've had to take nonsensical cartoons from us, too). Amongst the champions of these are alleged to be *BoJack Horseman* and *Rick and Morty*, which, while adopting different art and film styles, both revolve around nihilism and portray genuinely interesting protagonists.

While shows like *Extras* might not have made it out of the lawless wasteland that was the early 2000s, animation has found a curious loophole in the system—it can be utterly crude, raunchy and offensive and, for the most part, get away with it.

Starting in 1989, *The Simpsons* brought with it the gift of satire and Lisa Simpson, one of our earliest animated heroines who once said she would rather be alone forever than have to give up sarcasm for a man. Though *The Simpsons* live on to this day, comedy has since evolved to reflect (and envisage) the debauchery of the modern age—and though it probably seems like a stretch to label *South Park* and *Family Guy* “comedies”, but it's fair to note that they have paved the way for edgy animated comedy that has emerged in the last few years, due to their respective running times of around 20 years. *South Park* has encountered its share of controversy around the usual stuff, like being a show that features children who often kill each other/die in horrific ways, as well as resort to truly despicable language and behaviour, but have also faced scrutiny for their unbridled commentary on political events. Where *The Simpsons* had subtly shaped mild-mannered kids into, at worst, gentle brats, *South Park* was overseeing the rise of already demonic children who would become bullies and/or frat boys. However, it was also considered one of the more “inclusive” shows, in that it catered to the sensitivities of right-wing conservatives

through its frequent mockery of left-wing liberals, and ruthlessly ripped into cultural figures in a way that human shows like *Saturday Night Live* didn't manage to do. Netflix's *Big Mouth* attempts an updated comedic take on puberty and young-old people with the involvement of Nick Kroll, John Mulaney and Maya Rudolph, but is considerably lighter (and a little dorkier) than the likes of *South Park*.

Though *Family Guy* has exceeded its stay on television, its legacy is in the pure talent of Seth MacFarlane, who spent a significant amount of time animating for other shows (amongst these being *Dexter's Laboratory* and *Johnny Bravo*) before he could create a show that built entirely on his own sketches and ideas. Bearing in mind that *Family Guy* was created shortly after *South Park* and *King of the Hill*, its slow rise to success was its eventual blessing, because it forced MacFarlane to go all in with the jokes. It brought its own type of comedic calamity into the mix, but incorporated MacFarlane's affinity for musicals and Vaudeville mannerisms, and resulted in creating an iconic pairing that will surely be remembered as the highlight of the show—Stewie and Brian, an evil baby genius and a delusional, alcoholic dog, respectively.

Of all these early animated beginnings, it is *King of the Hill* that I would tentatively compare to the comedy that we have now. Laced with deadpan humour, it managed to incorporate a great deal of humanity and bring a warmth to its mundanity. It also signified the surprising amount of depth that animated television was capable of—something that has been further exemplified by *BoJack Horseman* with its raw and honest exploration of the protagonist's depression.

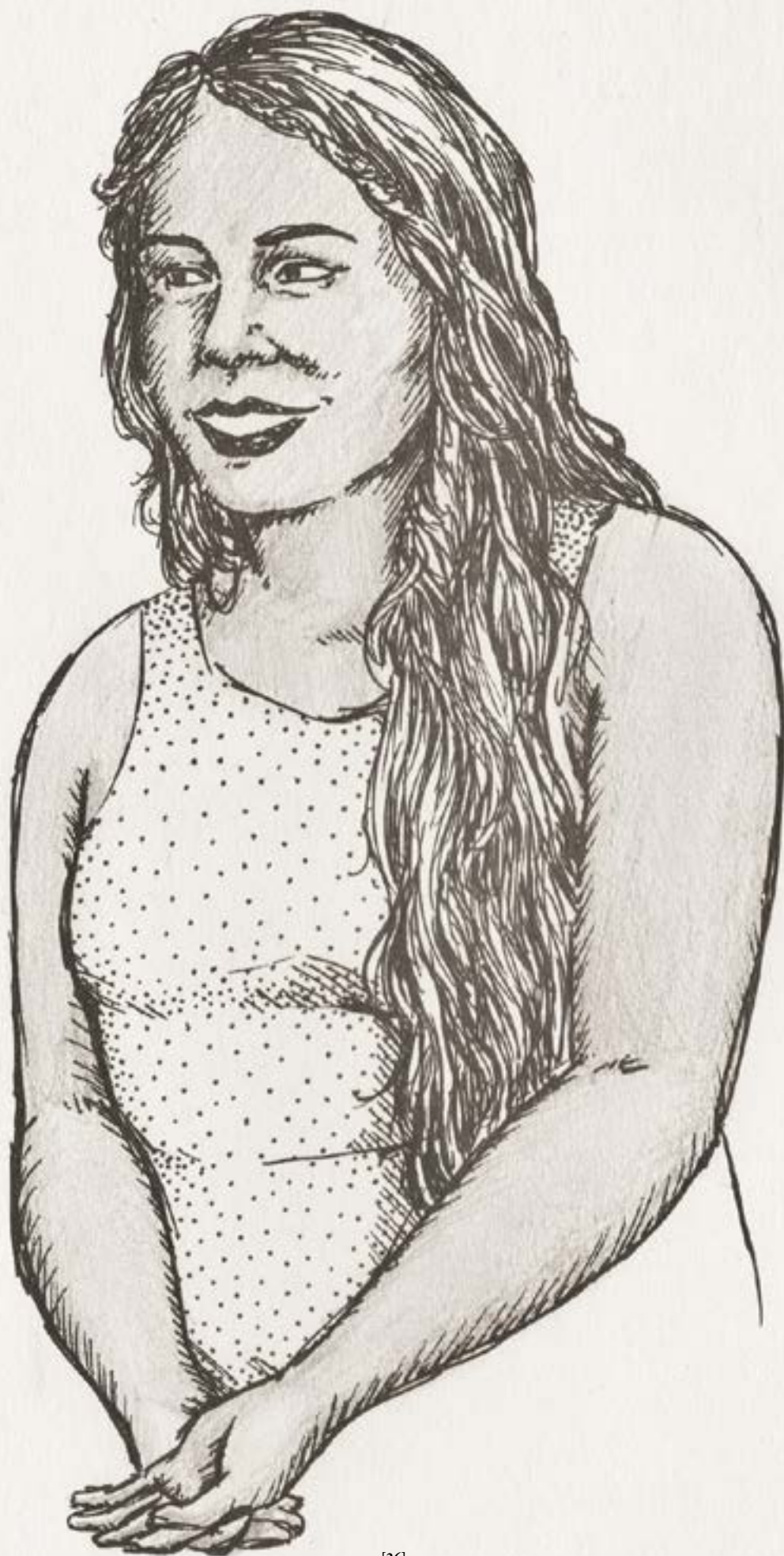
So, where does *Rick and Morty* stand, in amongst these reliable shows that shaped our childhood? Well, if these last few years have taught us anything (and this year, especially), it's that people are mostly idiots. We vote for our country's future leaders based on who's funnier or better looking, and we pad our personalities

and dating bios with pop culture references because we are afraid to risk the potentiality of people ripping us to absolute *shit* for being ourselves. While there is an intricate amount of detail that goes into every aspect of *Rick and Morty* to make the jokes quick and clever, it is a culmination of the edgy parts of comedy that have come before it; a comedic summary—which, naturally, includes the sharp dismissal of religion, and the indifferent conclusion that life is ultimately meaningless.

But the thing is—are we past this? Haven't we moved on from the idea that we all should be brooding, nihilistic buzzkills? Aren't we living in an era where the parts of humanity that were considered weaknesses are now celebrated as the things that will save us? Maybe I'm not cut out for these shows. I don't know if this goes for other viewers, but I personally am always waiting for Rick to express something other than contempt or apathy. Tell your grandson you love him, for God's sake!

In recent events, the very worst part about *Rick and Morty*—its fans—came together to collectively ruin the lives of food service workers around the US by screaming, “*we want the sauce*” which was just a really neat way for capitalistic greed and sexual frustration to unfold in one place. But you cannot blame *Rick and Morty* for the brutishness of its fans in the same way that you cannot blame video games for violent children.

In the end, though, the best part of *Rick and Morty* is how much we obsess over whether it means more than we think it does. Even if you believe that sentimentality is pointless and vacuous, it's far worse to idolise an animated grandpa—pickle or otherwise. There's only one point that I seem to derive from *Rick and Morty*, and it's this: that it doesn't matter how smart we are. If we behave like grumpy assholes, we're going to end up alone (or with a tonne of enemies)—and the difference between us and Rick is that he has an infinite number of universes to escape to, but we're stuck in this one. ♦



TEDx meets UoA: An Interview with Sharndré Kushor

Helen Yeung has a chat with Sharndré Kushor, Co-founder and Chief Operations Officer of Crimson Education

TELL ME A BIT ABOUT YOURSELF SINCE WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER IN HIGH SCHOOL. DID YOU CONTINUE STUDYING?

I did indeed. I grew up in a family that's passionate about education, and that's still at the heart of everything I do. I completed my undergraduate degree in Health Sciences at UoA, and now I'm hoping to do an MBA in either the UK or US.

WHAT DOES CRIMSON EDUCATION DO AND WHAT WAS THE GREATEST INSPIRATION BEHIND THE COMPANY?

Crimson Education helps students secure offers to the world's best education and careers. We connect students to the brightest minds around the world—tutors and mentors who have achieved at the top of their field—to guide students to achieve their greatest potential.

Starting Crimson was a very personal decision for me. If I'd had access to this type of information and mentorship when I was still at school, I would have found it highly beneficial to be able to validate my choice of what to study, where to study and why this was the right next step for me during the next phase of my education.

DID YOUR UPBRINGING PLAY A BIG ROLE IN YOUR CHOICE TO ENTER THE EDUCATION SECTOR?

Definitely! I grew up in a family that really valued education. My family was very much involved with education and basic human rights in South Africa before I was born. My dad was a teacher and did a lot of advocacy work to allow students of all ethnic backgrounds to have better

access to a high quality education. He worked closely with some of the greatest change makers in South Africa's history, like Nelson Mandela, and I think his commitment and experience really shaped my passion for helping students realise their full potential.

HOW DOES IT FEEL BEING UNDER 30 AND ALREADY LEADING A GLOBAL COMPANY? ARE THERE CHALLENGES YOU FACE FROM THE AGE GAP?

People are often skeptical about age because they associate age with experience and experience with outcomes and success. Once you're able to show results and prove the value in what you're doing, it becomes easy to gain people's trust and respect. At Crimson, I focused on providing students with an outstanding experience and ensuring that they have fantastic results from the very start.

AS A WOMAN OF COLOUR DID THIS MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO YOUR EXPERIENCES WITHIN THE INDUSTRY? WHO ARE SOME PEOPLE YOU LOOK UP TO?

Working women in general continue to face challenges across many industries. I've recently finished reading Sue Lloyd-Roberts' book *The War on Women*, and it's a timely reminder of how far we've come, but also how far we still need to go. It's important to acknowledge them—but I'm also inspired by women doing great things and providing diversity in thought and change. Pepsi Co's Chairperson & CEO Indra Nooyi is a good example of someone I admire. I also find Spanx founder Sara Blakely and Facebook's CEO Sheryl Sandberg extremely inspirational.

WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO YOUNG WOMEN OUT THERE?

Make sure you push yourself to be the best you you can be. When I'm stuck on a decision, I always ask myself "*What would I do if I wasn't afraid of failing?*" This helps me to make sure that my decisions are not confined to what is always safe or what I've done before. Being bold with your actions and really believing in your potential is important. Remember that your actions and your goals are being watched by females that are younger than you—aspire to act like the role model you wished that you had.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR FUTURE PLANS.

In the last three months alone our team has launched operations in a number of new cities, including Cape Town and São Paulo, but we're continuing in our goal to make Crimson a household name for all education needs. Our current focus is on developing our technology and expanding geographically while we continue to provide students with a fantastic experience that facilitates them achieving their personal goals. We're pushing growth into regions in different parts of the globe—I am very passionate about making sure that students all around the world can have access to our team and technology to be able to learn more about global opportunities and how they can set, and work towards achieving, their education goals. I'm also excited for Crimson to be waving the New Zealand flag on a global stage as an industry leader in the education space. ♦

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American Vandal

TV SHOW REVIEW BY AHOOSHKA MAHAHAHA

If there's one thing that's never going to stop being funny, it's dicks.

This is the central philosophy of Netflix's *American Vandal*, as aspiring sophomore documentarians follow Dylan Maxwell, who has been accused, and subsequently found guilty, of spray-painting twenty-seven dicks on his teachers' cars. And in an era where everyone has an opinion and access to film equipment, the show appropriately takes the piss out of millennials and their obsession with making it big—all the while constructing a genuinely captivating narrative.

On a deeper level, it's evident that having information so readily available to us has undermined the objectivity of law in some cases—and we see *American Vandal*'s satirical take on the “true crime” genre execute this perfectly. Conspiracy theories are this generation's Nigerian princes—but the difference is that falling for the “scheme” of inconsistent testimonies and evidence tampering has the potential to disrupt the long-standing social custom that dictates we do not question authority.

While *American Vandal* is obviously humorous, it also has its emotionally climactic moments owed to the surprising nuance of the protagonist, Dylan. The poster boy for recidivism and regret, we find relatability in a flawed, often misguided, young person who is forced to reckon with his existence as the story around his accusation unfolds.

If the only purpose of shows like these are to get someone off for a crime they may not have committed, and not, at the very least, to plant a small seed of doubt within our minds that maybe the system we know is flawed, then shows like *Making a Murderer* would be seen as failures. But they're not. Because securing absolute justice isn't always the aim; sometimes it's simply about changing the way that we perceive each other.

Regardless of whether it was a commentary on the inequity of the justice system or it really was just about dicks, *American Vandal*, at the very least, tells us that all this information we have at our fingertips and the type of equipment we have matters not—rather, it's what we do with it that counts. ♦



Tell Me You Love Me Demi Lovato

ALBUM REVIEW BY YASMIN BROWN

Since 2011, following a year in a rehabilitation centre, fans of Demi Lovato—or the “Lovatics”—have been awaiting an album filled with the authenticity that drew them towards her in the first place.

Over the past 7 years, fans were continuously left feeling deflated, as she once again released an album that, for the most part, felt lacklustre and disingenuous. Finally, though, it seems as though the time may have come for Lovato to reach her full potential, and to reward those most loyal and patient listeners with an insight into her true self. *Tell Me You Love Me* highlights exactly why Lovato was nominated for a Grammy for Best Female Pop Vocal last year, as she pushes her already mind-blowing vocals to new heights.

It's the kind of range we only see in the likes of Adele, Christina Aguilera, and even—dare I say it—Aretha Franklin, and as she explores various genres over the 12 tracks, Lovato proves herself more than capable of adapting to any style. Thematically, the record feels more mature, with the exception, perhaps, of opening track and leading single “Sorry Not Sorry.”

At 25, it only makes sense that Lovato should be exploring her sexuality, as she does in tracks such as “Sexy Dirty Love” and “Ruin the Friendship”. Her apparent acceptance of her troubled upbringing is expressed in the tongue-in-cheek, yet understatedly harrowing “Daddy Issues”, as she finally addresses some of the long-lasting effects of being deserted by her biological father at such a young age.

This album is Lovato at her best. She is finally confident enough to really put herself out there—a self that her fans have continuously admired—and this record will no doubt be the catalyst for more nominations, as she garners the respect within the music industry that, deep down, she has always deserved. ♦



Being So Normal Peach Pit

ALBUM REVIEW BY NOODLE NOODLEMAN

Opening with the refurbished version of “Drop The Guillotine”, my favourite Vancouver babes launch straight into their signature brand of bubblegum pop and feel-good, mellow tunes now compiled into their debut LP, *Being So Normal*. With Neil's soft vocals soaring over the guitar and percussion in each track, Peach Pit display the full extent of their musicianship and immediately bring a solid sound to their most extensive exhibition of music yet.

An ode to the album's title, “Being So Normal” is fairly subdued yet persistent, with the breezy guitar at the center of the track. Following this is “Techno Show”, a summery, vibrant track that—much like the rest of the album—evokes memories of sharing adventures with friends, often on those perfect, sunny days.

“Alrighty Aphrodite” is a comparably more melancholic track which becomes fuller and more intense as it closes. Following this is “Chagu's Sieturn”, one of the (many) overt highlights on the album, a melodic track soaked in quick, successive guitar rolls and percussive riffs.

“Not Me” is a moody, heavier track, and “Hot Knifer” a sombre and earnest one (reminding me a little of their old and wistful ballad, “Sweet FA”). The guitars are dominant and temperate in this track and bring a much-needed warmth with them. “Private Presley”, the penultimate track on the LP, is a dynamic and fuller track, adding in a violin towards its close that accompanies the rising and falling intensity of the guitars and rolling percussion.

The closing track, “Tommy's Party”, is a nostalgic dewdrop of a tune and one of my favourites on the album. It is sentimental, pensive, and perfectly summarises the lazy, lamenting aftermath of a house party. It's also an appropriate way to bring a close to the riotous excitement of a triumphant first album, and the post-show blues that come with farewelling something that has been significant to you. ♦

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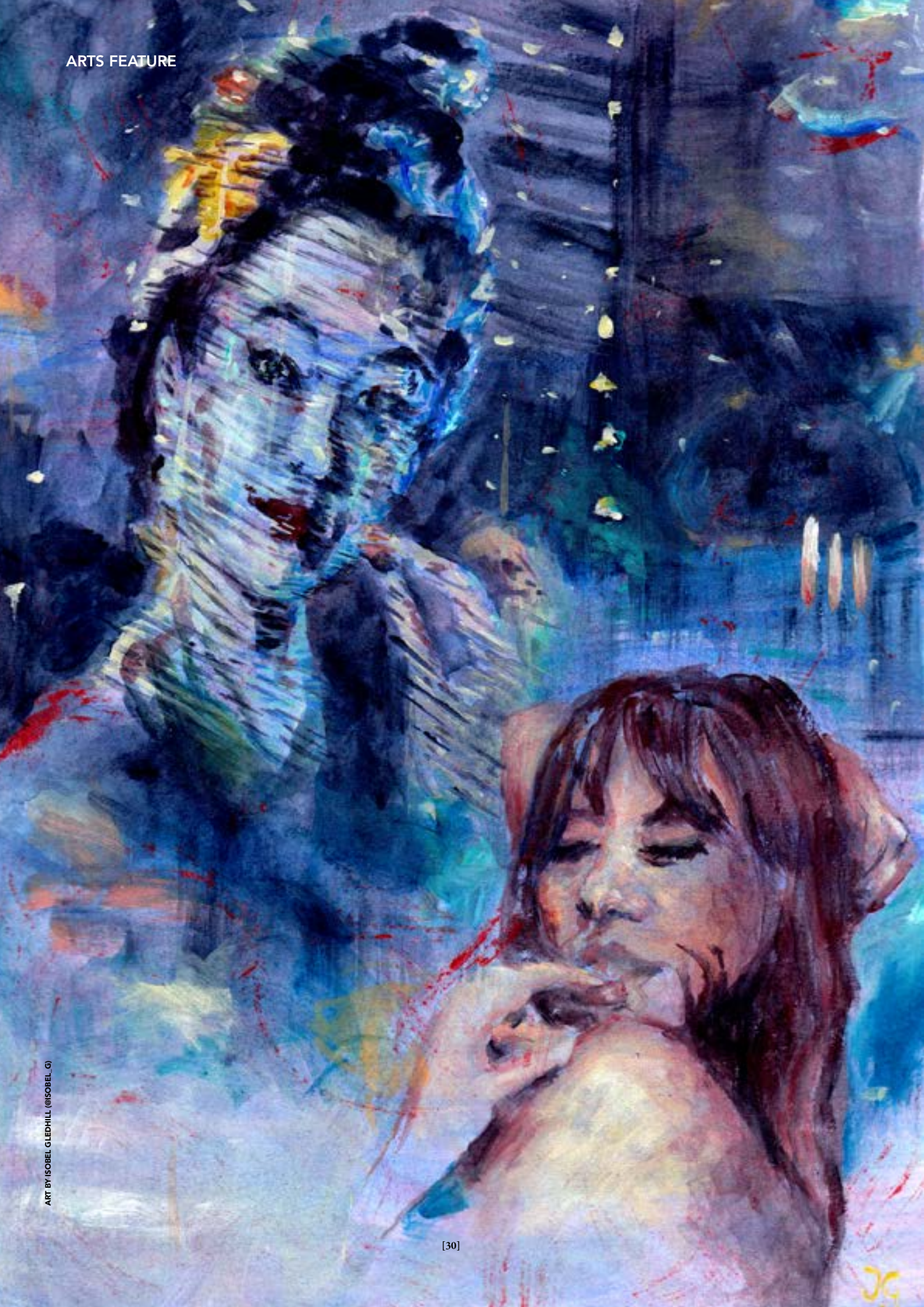


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Blade Runner 2049 and the Next Generation Sequel

Samantha Gianotti talks about Denis Villeneuve's latest and uses a term that she may have made up herself or may have read somewhere else and forgot, she's not quite sure

SPOILERS FOR BOTH BLADE RUNNER AND BLADE RUNNER 2049 AHEAD (MAJOR SPOILER ALERT: BLADE RUNNER IS NOT ABOUT HARRISON FORD FIGHTING CRIME ON ROLLERBLADES, WHAT THE FUCK)

In 1982, Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* was released, not yet a known staple of any good sci-fi fan's repertoire. Buoyed by a chilling Vangelis score and rooted in a bleak vision of the year 2019, the film exists in seven different cuts, the original theatrical release moulded by meddling studio hands that worked (perhaps unintentionally, but to the same effect) to rid the film of subtlety and nuance. The film's "Final Cut", released in 2007, entirely bereft of the voiceover narration and neat, unambiguous ending that glutted the initial theatrical release, was a more fitting reflection of Ridley Scott's original vision—a disquieting examination of humanity, innovation and the desire to cling to life that runs deep.

Ten years later, and thirty-five years after the first iteration of its predecessor, *Blade Runner 2049* has been released, and oy oy saveloy, is it a *banger*. Produced by Ridley Scott, under the directorial control of Denis Villeneuve, it is cut from the same cloth as the '82 cult classic; a slow-burner that gives us pause on the price that must be paid for change, for survival, and for genuine human connection. The directorial hand that Villeneuve has played in his previous films is laid out once more—the languid camera work of *Arrival*, the small moments of tension that creep up silently and clutch at your throat unexpectedly like those in *Prisoners*; the subtle emotional connections not heavy-handedly thrust upon you, but constructed brick by brick until, by the film's conclusion, you are sobbing into your \$9 frozen coke, using your cardigan sleeve as a makeshift hanky. This is where *2049* distinguishes itself from its predecessor. It is unbelievably beautiful (cinematographer Roger Deakins *surely* has that Academy Award on lock), slow and deliberate in its revelations—but it is the resonance of the people who inhabit this world that elevates this sequel. The rallying of the replicants who wish to revolt against a regime that has seen them as lesser than, the final moment where Ryan Gosling's K delivers Harrison Ford's Deckard to visit his daughter and the wordless gratitude that passes between them—these are moments that will go down in the "Scenes in Movies that Made Me Wail Like Someone Just Stood on My Pinky Toe

Which Made the Person Sitting in Front of Me Turn Around" Hall of Fame.

Clocking in three decades after its original, *2049* imparted an opportunity for the film runners to introduce an entirely new generation to this universe's lore; such was the case when JJ Abrams delivered us the pure magnificence of *The Force Awakens*, 33 years after *The Return of the Jedi*. These films were moving, engrossing sequels that also succeeded in standing on their own merits. While it would be easy to simply assume that their acclaim derives from the love of fans of the pre-existing product, there are numerous examples that show this is not foolproof: *Jurassic World*, harking back consistently to the 1993 original, was found not to be endearing, but grating; the fourth instalment of the *Indiana Jones* franchise, *Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*, has been hauled over the coals by critics and fans alike. *2049* and *The Force Awakens* succeed because they have not stagnated, but updated their properties, resting not on any prior films' success, but working to earn the hearts of new viewers, and solidify the affection of long-standing fans.

It is worth noting that both these films have been helmed by directors with incredible vision and commitment to the source material. Yet it is the willingness to appeal to a new generation's ideals, whether intentionally or not, that has helped *2049* and *The Force Awakens* on their way. *Blade Runner* was centred largely on the haunted Rick Deckard, whereas *2049* features a rich raft of women whose actions and decisions are integral to the film's progression; Robin Wright's tough, hardened Lieutenant Joshi, the holographic Joi grappling with her relationship with K and her own existence, the replicant Luv whose single-minded focus on uncovering the child born of a replicant leading her on a brutal, violent path. Similarly, *The Force Awakens* shook up the formula of the original *Star Wars* trilogy. While critiqued for hitting many of the same notes as *A New Hope*, it featured a female jedi in its central narrative, a hugely competent woman lacking self-assurance, flanked by two men of colour who undergo journeys of their own, hopefully to be fleshed out further in *The Last Jedi*.

It seems that these films find a happy marriage in introducing new characters while also having beloved characters return in supporting roles (despite the fact that Harrison Ford maybe really hates acting and just wants to fly his plane and for you to just *fuck off*). We see *The Force Awakens* and *2049* as successful examples of this, as figures close to fans' hearts return to ground the film, a reminder of the figures that audiences came to know and love, while not forcing these characters into central roles once more, which may result in them becoming stretched too thin, hanging about uncomfortably like the *Ghosts of Girlfriends Past*.¹ They maintain the emotional connection we had to the original films, provide a foundation for new stories and connections to be built, and allow for characters to have a second lease on life (Princess Leia becomes a commanding military general, Deckard becomes an emotionally vulnerable father figure who makes you feel like your heart is going to fall out of your butt).

It's no secret that the film industry is enjoying the financial wave that their already existing properties can create, cinemas awash with sequels, remakes and reboots, cashing in on creations that have come before instead of taking risks on new material. If this is the way it is to be, then we can look to *Blade Runner 2049* (and *The Force Awakens*, fingers crossed re: *The Last Jedi*) to see just how well this can be done. *Blade Runner 2049* has not yet proved itself a runaway box office success, and we have to hope that studios and content creators do not learn the wrong lessons from this. A grim, slow-moving, dystopian noir may not prove to be for everyone, but the craftsmanship and the care that so clearly went into this film's creation, and the ultimate quality of the final product can show us this: sequels can be excellent. They can succeed in drawing back old fans and reeling in new ones, bringing folks across age brackets into a cinema together to marvel at the (increasingly) rare times that a work of cinema can also feel like a piece of art. •

¹ I've made too many *Ghosts of Christmas Past*/Jacob Marley jokes this year so you can take one about a Matthew McConaughey rom-com loosely based on *A Christmas Carol* instead.

**By Popular
Demand**



*With
Michael Clark*

Ode to *Doctor Who*: What is a Female Doctor?

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

This is my second to last column, and it's a very special one for me. Next week I'm going to wrap things up somehow—I don't know how I'm going to do that because I hate when things end, but in the meantime, here is something I've been saving up for a while. It's about a silly little piece of pop culture that helped me grow up and I think, if the new showrunner plays his cards right, it will help a lot more people grow up too.

For a show that has been on and off the air sporadically, kept alive through spin-offs, novels, and audio books, and has had many, many hands form its extended universe, *Doctor Who* has an unsurprisingly poor feminist rating. This is generally because the structure of the show and characters stay true to the ideals of 1960s mainstream Britain, when the show was born. The Doctor was understood as this slightly-mad grandfather figure who would go on wacky time adventures and teach his granddaughter stand-in about science and history. The dynamic of the time-travelling adventurers was similar to that of a patriarchal household. The Doctor was always male, white, and older than his companion/s, who will always be female if there is only one, and then start diversifying in gender if more are added. And so our gender dynamic has been established from the status quo.

But the Doctor is not a human. The Doctor is from Gallifrey, belonging to a species that call themselves "Time Lords" if they are male and "Time Ladies" if they are female. Although in recent years, like *Harry Potter*'s gender-neutral term "wizard", Time Lord has become a genderless name for the species. Not only is this them trying to be woke af, but a time-saver, considering that, only in the last several years of writing, it has become lore that Time Lords can jump gender during the process of regeneration.

Regeneration is a very important part of the show as it allows for a unique relationship between character and actor. This is not like *James Bond* where different actors play different versions of the character. Or like the *Thor* comics in which different characters possess the singular title of Thor. The Doctor is an individual made up of many incarnations of themselves. Regeneration is a bodily process that happens as a Time Lord survival mechanism in which the cells in the body refresh themselves resulting in physical and emotional transformations.

Regeneration was an accidental plot device. William Hartnell had to resign as The Doctor, but since the show was getting

good ratings, they didn't want to end it abruptly so they replaced him with Patrick Troughton and used an emotional near-death scene as a good send off for Hartnell. Everyone bought it and regeneration is now one of *Doctor Who*'s biggest plot elements—to the point where The Doctor faces existential crises on an episode-by-episode basis. The premise of *Doctor Who* is literally that: Doctor who?

This is a good question to ask now since the unveiling of the actor set to play the thirteenth Doctor has caused a saddening division in fans. Jodie Whittaker had been met with a lot of push-back, mostly from people convinced that SJWs are determined to destroy every ounce of their sacred childhood. Comments and tweets have been coming in like "No more dr who for me and my son what have you done" and "political correctness should not exist in space" with no real argument for not having a female actor play the Doctor. The only thing that has possibly got close to a counter-argument is from Laura Kennedy and Ross Ruediger who exclaim that casting women in roles written for men is not progress. As Kennedy poses, we place women "into a male mould so that we can continue to tell old stories with old tropes while celebrating how modern and progressive we are." This is very true, and the Doctor has up until this point been written unconsciously as the embodiment of the British patriarch because it is easy and that is what we are most familiar with him being; however, *Doctor Who* has slowly become self-aware and regeneration is no longer just a plot device but a clever tool for character development.

When Peter Capaldi entered as the twelfth Doctor, it was not his first time on the show. His first appearance was as an extra in the 2008 episode "The Fires of Pompeii", who was saved by the tenth Doctor at the episode's climax. In Capaldi's inaugural episode, the twelfth Doctor comments "you know, I never know where the faces come from. They just pop up. Look! It's covered in lines. But I didn't do the frowning. Who frowned me this face?" He realises in a later episode that it is a reminder to himself of the decision he made that day to save that man and the standards that he should live by. It was a smart writing decision both explaining away the double actor conundrum and a meaty bit of characterisation. Two birds with one stone.

The twelfth Doctor's entire inaugural episode was generally a deconstruction of the regeneration process. The show retro-

actively explained the reason why the eleventh Doctor, played by Matt Smith, looked so young, subconsciously donning the youthful guise as a coping mechanism for everyone he failed to save. He used the handsomely young face to fit in and be liked, but it was always a thin veil; the eleventh Doctor had the shortest temper of them all. Further back still, we have the tenth Doctor who was dubbed “the man who regrets” due to his proximity to the Time War, and was also afflicted with a more youthful-than-average complexion, coupled with a slender build and boundless energy as a physical embodiment of him running away from his guilt.

I’m saying this because regeneration is not random, at least not in the new series. It is very much like reincarnation in which the incarnate form is decided based on your previous life, but in *Doctor Who*’s case it is the unconscious mind that shapes the physical and emotional changes. So what about now? Where are we at now in the Doctor’s psychological life that he will change into number thirteen? Doctor who?

As of writing, we are between the series 10 finale and the 2017 Christmas Special where we will see the Doctor regenerate into number thirteen. The finale ends on a cliffhanger, where we see a reluctant Doctor holding back the regeneration process proclaiming “I don’t want to change again. Never again! I can’t keep on being somebody else.” Regeneration feels like dying and then being reborn with the memories of your past selves. This is a Doctor who has undergone a severe emotional journey of self-realisation—even more so than his previous incarnations. This Doctor has been stripped bare and forced to become accountable to his ideals. To change everything about him again after just solidifying his philosophy is a taxing thought and I’m willing to bet that the 2017 Christmas Special will be about the Doctor coming to terms with the changes that are about to happen.

I am also willing to bet that the upcoming Christmas episode and probably the thirteenth Doctor’s inaugural series is going to be blatant (because *Doctor Who* never does things low-key,

which is what I love about it) in its messages about adapting to change. The Christmas episode will be a case for moving forwards and not letting tradition alone inform your choices—to shift your perspective an inch to the left and gaze at an unimaginable universe in the corner of your eye. This is the Doctor’s next little step and it is Britain’s next big leap.

The next Doctor will be good. I know that there need to be more stories for women that show them that the universe is their oyster. I also know that there are stories emerging that show women in empowered roles—Rey from *Star Wars*, Wonder Woman, Katniss from *The Hunger Games* saga, and countless others. But the Doctor is new territory. The Doctor is an established individual. She is not a blank canvas. She has already been someone else time and time again and this someone else has always been the representation of the British patriarch—a wise old man teaching his followers about science and history.

I don’t know how the writers will choose to write the Doctor. Will they acknowledge that the Doctor is a different gender or will they go about writing the character as the traditional masculine figure oblivious to the knowledge that she has been the patriarch for fifty-four of our years and two thousand of hers? They better have a tonne of female writers helping to write the part because there are so many stereotypes and instances of sexism that they could accidentally write themselves into a hole with. But I have trust in our new showrunner’s ability to both write the Doctor and empower young women unsure of their place in the world. I’m confident that they will build a narrative that will allow for an educated discussion on topics of gender and feminism. Being forced to talk about it seems like a backwards thing to do in 2017, but they are battling an archaic ideology that goes back to 1963 and the people who have grown up believing it.

This regeneration is where it hinges. Every regeneration is where the show hinges, but this one is particularly important because of the angle of the hinge. So long as the universe is mysterious and the Doctor continues to run through it, I will be happy. ♦

CONGRATS ON FINISHING ARTS, ROSE! WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE SUMMER?

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Quarter-Life Crisis



With
Caitlin Abley

Wanderlost: A Visual Saga

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

On the LifeHack list of “30 Things You Need to Try at Least Once While You’re in Your 20s” (very smooth title), number 23 is:

Point your finger at a map and go there.

I’m going to give them the benefit of the doubt and assume they meant a world map—as I now know all too well, doing this on a humble city street guide is quite honestly the pits. I didn’t quite have the luxury of jetting overseas purely for a bit of a lark, so I was limited to the wider Auckland region. I couldn’t find a paper map, and apparently you can’t throw darts at a smartphone screen, but the folks at Geomidpoint have a handy tool that generates a random set of coordinates within a certain parameter. My first attempt was fairly unsuccessful, the website directing me to the handy location marked by the red icon:



I try to be gung-ho about these challenges, but even I wasn’t prepared to rent a dinghy, paddle out to the Waitemata Harbour, only to paddle me way back home again. I reset the coordinates, and headed off for the mysterious, exotic, alluring Tidey Road, Mt Wellington.

My faithful mutt tagged along in the back seat—setting off together, we were like Tintin and Snowy, only a bit more fat and a lot more flatulent. Rex was ecstatic at the prospect of a drive (cars being his third favourite thing in the whole world).

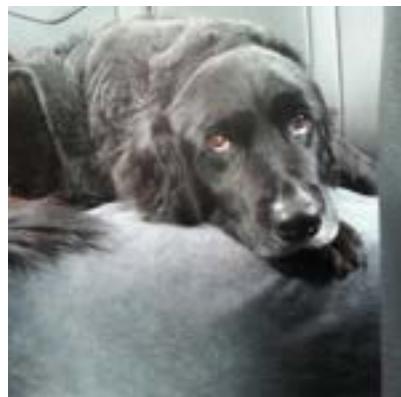


We had everything we needed; Rex had his chew-bone (second favourite thing in the whole world), I had a filled roll, and we had the podcast *Black Hands: A Family Mass Murder* pumping out of the subwoofers of my dad’s Toyota Vitz. The sun was shining, the roll was filled, the subs were woofing.

I wish I could tell you that I stumbled across a hidden gem on my journey to Tidey Road, Mt Wellington—perhaps a secluded park with an old-timey pergola, or a smoky underground gin joint, or a community garden watched over by a cantankerous retiree with a heart of gold. Needless to say, I found none of these things as I travelled to Tidey Road, Mt Wellington.

A mere ten minutes on the Southern Motorway, and the skies darkened, rain lashing on the Toyota Vitz, Martin van Beynen’s sonorous voice scaring the shit out of me as he described the squiffy details of the Bain case. To make matters worse, as I came off the motorway, my phone spat the dummy. Probably my fault; I shouldn’t have thrown all those darts. As I tootled down the Ellerslie/Panmure Highway—Jack Kerouac eat your heart out—I eventually came to the horrifying realisation that I was utterly, irredeemably lost. Was I in Ellerslie? Penrose? Panmure? What the fuck was the difference?

Rex started to huff in the back seat.



The problem with being in Bumfuck Nowhere, Central-East Auckland is that all the streets look the same... Bumfucky and Easty. I finished my roll, leaving nought but a couple of loose strands of green capsicum that I dropped on the floor. What if I starved in this suburban maze?



After 45 minutes of performing aggressive three-point turns and infuriating everyone in a 10km radius by slowing down for every single street sign, I fucking *found it*. And this may come as a surprise to you but... It was disappointing. Tidey Road, Mt Wellington is a cul-de-sac with quite literally nothing to distinguish it from any other street. The most exciting thing that happened to me occurred while I was taking this photo as proof:



I lifted my phone up for a more P!ATD angle—it immediately slipped and I captured *this truly candid monstrosity* in my anguish:



Fuck my life, fuck Mt Wellington, fuck small street signs that are impossible to read till you’re right under them, fuck my big slug head. Next time you think about travelling in your twenties—don’t. ♦

How to Talk About Sport



With
Mark Fullerton

Boys Will Be Boys Behaving Badly

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to tackle the very complex issues of sexual assault and violence against women by sportsmen and feels hopelessly out of his depth finally confronting a topic he can't joke his way out of.

For almost a whole year I've been sitting on this topic, constantly putting it off for fear of mishandling it and offending heaps of people,¹ to the point at which I'm one week out from the end of semester, and still haven't tackled it. I'm determined to end the year on a positive note next week, so here we go:

"It was a pretty big shock to me and not very pleasant."

So said Central Districts cricketer Scott Kugeleijn, upon finding out that the girl he just had sex with didn't want to have sex with him. Probably so said the girl upon finding that someone was having sex with her that she didn't want to have sex with, but hey. It's not in the nature of our justice system to side with the victim, so Scotty K got away and got his Black Cap. We're probably not allowed to print what I really want to say, unfortunately. Defamation, etc.

We've had a patchy twelve months. Losi Filipo. Scott K.² Ali Williams. Dan Carter. Aaron Smith's trip to the loo.³ The entire Chiefs Super Rugby franchise of 2016. Various indiscretions of varying seriousness and resulting in a range of punishments, from firings to slaps on the wrist to nothing to FULL BLOWN PUBLIC OUTRAGE.

Losi Filipo's bar brawl/street fight is the most prominent case of the bunch. When *Newshub* reported that he was discharged without conviction because of his promising rugby career, in a shoddy

piece of journalism which isolated one line from an extensive court document and read more like a victim impact statement than a news article, all hell broke loose. There was no mention in the article of the restorative justice Filipo had undertaken, nor that he had taken on an extra job in order to pay reparation to the victims. No mention that discharges are quite common in cases such as these, with no prior offences.

Wellington Rugby, despite initially promising to help him in his rehabilitation—one of the key factors in his discharge without conviction—eventually bowed to public pressure and tore up Filipo's contract, only to offer him a new one for 2017, perhaps a quiet admission that "trial by media" isn't quite as effective as "trial by judge". Still, the public got what it wanted—the police ordered another look, and Filipo is now another shameful statistic.

Scott K managed to fly under the radar for a long time, not so much due to his overwhelming innocence, but mainly because of the reluctance of the New Zealand public to believe that a girl DIDN'T want to have sex with the guy. February saw his retrial⁴ and the full-blown public outrage of *Herald* commenters with gems ranging from "why would a girl invite a guy into her bed if she didn't want to have sex" to "well then she should have tried harder to say no" to "I thought she was enjoying it", which was not a *Herald* commenter, but rather the accused himself, in court, showing a staggering lack of self-awareness. A few months later he was named in the Black Caps squad, then made his debut against Ireland. Understandably, a lot of people were very pissed off.

Being on the complete opposite end of the seriousness scale, the Aaron Smith/sneaky toilet actions saga provides an interesting counterpoint to Scott K's non-rape. Aaron Smith and Unnamed Woman broke no laws, were never under any police investigation, and despite being generally frowned upon, cheating is not a crime. But Aaron

"good luck suck and fuck" Smith has now twice been placed under investigation by the NZRU—the same number of trials Scott K sat through before eventually being found not guilty and selected for the Black Caps squad.

That's not to say that this is the general rule for the ABs. Julian Savea avoided an assault conviction through diversion with no apparent consequences, possibly because he had only been an All Black for six months beforehand and therefore maybe wasn't considered to be on the same role model level as the best halfback in the world, and also because the Chiefs stripper scandal hadn't happened yet so the NZRU weren't as determined to Make A Point—hell, they even stood by the dude. Maybe Filipo's problem was that he wasn't a big enough star? If he had scored three block-busting tries against France, maybe we would have been more forgiving.

So what's the solution here? It's hard. Should sporting bodies terminate contracts on the basis of bad behaviour, illegal or not, convicted or not? While justice arguably hasn't been dealt for Scott K's victim, for NZ Cricket to take the law into its own hands and essentially fire a man—no matter how heinous a character he may be—for being found not guilty would open up a whole new can of worms. Would this open NZ Cricket up to further legal action?⁵

WHY DO SPORTSMEN HAVE TO BE SUCH CUNTS. Clearly there is a massive cultural issue at hand, in sports and New Zealand as a whole. *Craccum newsflash—women have it hard*. Kudos to NZRU for trying to tackle it, but still. The Chiefs largely got away free, as did Scott K, while the Samoan boy from the wrong side of Wellington finally has a conviction to his name and Aaron Smith is being dragged back and forth by an organisation desperate to prove that they are Fixing The Culture. ♦

1 Which I'm normally okay with, but Sam and Cat are gentle souls and would not take kindly to being forced through the Media Complaints Tribunal process, especially if it is people who are genuinely upset and not a litigious anti-abortionist who didn't appreciate being called evil and being told to get fucked.

2 Henceforth referred to as Scott K because fuck spelling that name over and over again and because spoilers, Scotty will feature pretty prominently in this one.

3 Although Christchurch airport toilet sex is less serious and far funnier, considering both parties consented TO HAVING SEX IN AN AIRPORT TOILET, and the revelations earlier this year that it was part of an ongoing affair, which means that they had many chances for sex before and after the now-infamous sneaky toilet actions, make their "damn the torpedoes" attitude far more amusing because JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU GET HOME.

4 I mean, if he was THAT innocent it probably wouldn't have taken two trials, right? I don't know. I'm not a lawyer. Would it? Email your answers to craccumucks2@gmail.com.

5 No, genuinely, I'm asking. I don't know. I'm not a lawyer. Would it? Email your answers to craccumucks2@gmail.com.

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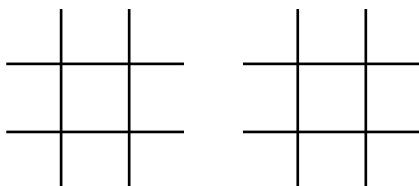
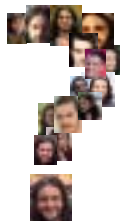


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ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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| | 8 | | | | | 7 | 1 | |
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| | | | 1 | 4 | | | | 6 |
| 4 | 1 | | | | | | 5 | |

Answers: 1. Valerie Adams 2. Michael Joseph Savage 3. Green 4. Twitter 5. Two: *The Avengers* and *The Avengers: Age of Ultron* 6. Charles Dickens 7. Peru 8. Kidney 9. Lake Wanaka 10. Will "Big Daddy" Mathews

KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

1. Which New Zealand Olympic medallist recently gave birth to a baby girl?
2. Who led the first Labour Government from 1935 to 1940?
3. What colour is kakariki?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. What platform did Duncan Garner recently quit in the backlash to his racist column?
5. How many films featuring the Avengers have been released under that name?
6. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" are words penned by which Victorian-era author?
7. Which South American nation will the All Whites play over two legs as part of FIFA World Cup qualification?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. What part of the body would a nephrologist attend to?
9. Which lake runs alongside Lake Hawea, after which the town is also named?
10. Who is the president of AUSA?

HERALD'S HEROES

Every week we'll trawl the comments section of the NZ Herald Facebook page to find the hilarious, the repulsive, and the outright absurd.

This week we detour slightly from the Herald to the *Stuff* Facebook page to bring you a special edition of "Stuff's Shitcunts". We promised to deliver you the hilarious, the repulsive, and the outright absurd—these clowns seem to fall squarely into the latter two camps. ♦



the people to blame.

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SHADOWS "CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK"

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TOMMY NEE & THE POCKETZ



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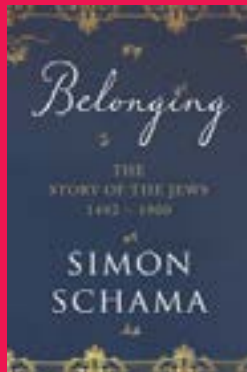
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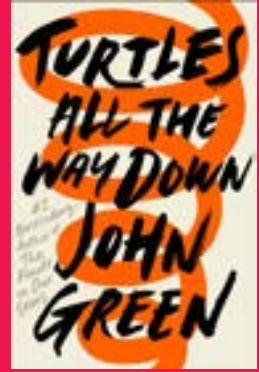
October New Releases



The Sparsholt Affair
ubiq price: \$34.19



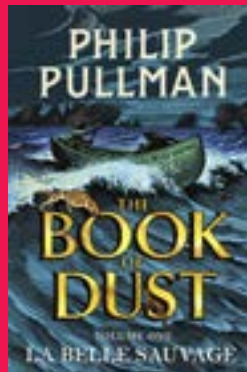
**Belonging: The Story of
the Jews 1492-1900**
ubiq price: \$36.00



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ubiq price: \$27.00



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ubiq price: \$26.99



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of Dust, Volume One**
ubiq price: \$31.50



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