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ISSUE 10



MENTAL HELL

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AND MEL BLATT

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CAMPUSPECS

how you see the world



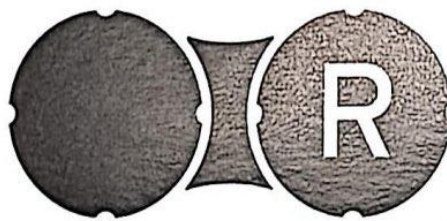
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UNI DAY!

WEDNESDAY 20

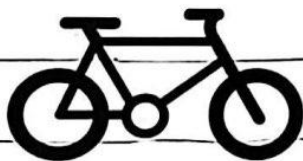
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MONDAY 18 & TUESDAY 19

7:45-9:45 AM

OUTSIDE REC CENTRE

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CLOTHES SWAP + DINNER

WEDNESDAY 20

5-7PM WOMENSPACE

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and dinner too! Funds go to the Women's
Refuge.



WASTE WATCHERS DISHWASHING

WEDNESDAY 20
12PM-2PM, THE QUAD

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day! Bring in your keepcups for coffee and
get a 20c discount or take a plate washed
by us to enjoy a 50c discount off your food
in the Quad



AUCKLAND PERMACULTURE WORKSHOP

WEDNESDAY 20

3-4PM, BIOLOGY LECTURE THEATRE,
BUILDING 106, ROOM 204

Want to learn how to become more sustain-
able? Keen to think creatively and outside
the box? Listen to a captivating speaker
from Auckland Permaculture Workshop and
gain new skills in a presentation format

THURSDAY 21
12PM-2PM

GREENSPACE NEAR GENERAL LIBRARY

Come along to the vegan lunches and take
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to the landfill!

LOVE NOTES & BAKESALE

FRIDAY 22

11AM-4PM, THE QUAD

Buy beautiful handcrafted recycled note-
books and gourmet treats to raise funds
for Oxfam



ECO QUIZ NIGHT

FRIDAY 22

6PM, SHADOWS

Get yourself a team and win a \$100 bar tab
with the right answers and share some drinks
with other people interested in social justice and
sustainability



HELP GREEN OUR UNI WASTE AUDIT

TUESDAY 19 & THURSDAY 21

11AM-1PM

GREENSPACE IN QUAD

Track how much Auckland University students are
recycling and receive a keepcup for helping out

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SERVING STUDENTS

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PISSED OFTEN

BY JORDAN

WE HAVE A PROBLEMATIC DRINKING CULTURE in this country. Or rather, we lack any culture when we drink in this country. We get pissed often. But it tends to be grimy. It tends to be at home, with a box of some horrible shit (Ice, DB, Any RTD). People drive drunk all of the time. A friend of mine recently drove home drunk, blind drunk, screaming the word "banter" while leaning on the horn at 3am. To be fair, it was good banter.

But anyway. Things aren't good, drink driving has improved, or at least we're getting better at not crashing and/or getting caught. People fight. People go to hospital. People get out of hospital. Stop and repeat.

Our councils and government, in all of their wisdom, are fixing the problem. Restricting purchasing hours. Restricting advertising. Restricting drinking outside. And now our dear Auckland Council is scaling back alcohol sales at the supermarket till 9pm. Fuckmonkeys.

The problem with these puritanical policies is that far from fixing the problem, they'll make it worse. Bars are already expensive as fuck. So we end up drinking at home. Drinking at bars is better, because it's cool, because it's inevitably more conversational, because social etiquette discourages bad behavior, and particularly because there are actual professionals present to tell you that you're too bloody drunk for more.

"A FRIEND OF MINE RECENTLY DROVE HOME DRUNK, BLIND DRUNK, SCREAMING THE WORD 'BANTER' WHILE LEANING ON THE HORN AT 3AM. TO BE FAIR, IT WAS GOOD BANTER."

Drinking at home on the other hand results in, well, the kind of behavior the Craccum team exhibits on a weekly basis. Alcohol consumed en-masse, terrible behavior en-masse. After one night of drinks we wandered by campus

and two friends peed in a certain concrete common area. After another, some got special drunk and snorted pain-killers. After another the drink driving incident happened. Now, of course this may well happen post-bar. But when I have to buy in advance, and make sure everyone has enough, I have to buy a lot. And I'm a fucking terrible bartender, I don't say no to giving away booze.

Aside from having fun slandering the Craccum team this does make for a nice microcosm of a wider problem. That when you make something that's fun, conversational, cool, but plausibly dangerous, and excessively restrict people's access means that they never learn how to consume it properly. If we want a nice sophisticated European drinking culture, then there needs to be a public culture which treats alcohol like an enjoyable social lubricant, not a vice. As is, if you don't have enough money to drink at a bar the only sources of available grog are the supermarket, or the Prime Minister as an apology for pulling your hair.

If the powers that be treat us like grownups, then maybe we'll start behaving as such (I'm looking at you Auckland Uni, not letting me drink in my office).

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

I KNOW WHY THE CAGED DOG WHINES

BY DENTON

MY FAMILY HAS A PET LABRADOR CALLED Lexi. Aren't we so middle class? Lexi enjoys the simple things. She likes food, exploring and long walks on the beach. She doesn't like fleas, our cat Lucky or being in a cage for six weeks. But after undergoing surgery for tearing her cruciate ligament in her back leg, a cage is now her home for the next month and a half. And she's not impressed.

Lexi now spends her days wallowing in her cage, whining out of self-pity (sounds like Jordan and I on print day). She stares longingly at the front door, wanting to bound through the uncut lawn. Her brown eyes follow us around the room yearning for sympathy and begging to be released. It has worked for her. She has managed to be released on occasion and pools of sympathy are sent her way practically every 5 minutes. Lexi always received a lot of attention, but now our lives almost revolve around her. We arrange our days to make sure she isn't home alone long. We each sit with her to reassure that, while we have essentially

robbed her of her freedom, we still love her. And we diarise times to make sure someone can share toilet time with her. It's great family bonding.

It's interesting just how strongly people form emotional ties to pets and other animals. On it's face, surely it's a little weird to love another creature? One that you can't properly communicate, share hobbies or go out with? Let's not forget they look completely different to us as well. They're often furry or scaly, walk on four legs and smell. They're so different to us, yet we develop such strong feelings towards them. Is it just because they're fluffy and cuddle sized? Or that you can hang out with someone and don't feel obliged to talk to them?

"DON'T BE A BITCH TO THE BITCH DENTON. WHAT AN AVG EDITORIAL. 4/10"

Perhaps the greatest aspect of having a pet, or a dog at least, is that they love you unconditionally. They don't misread the tone of

your apparently 'bitchy' texts, they wouldn't love you more if you were a few kilos lighter and they don't scrutinise your life choices (unless of course you lock them in a cage). They have this purity of love towards you, which no human can give you. There are always faults people find in others and it's these faults that make us human. But at least pets don't care about these faults and accept you wholeheartedly for who you are. They don't judge, they just want to be with you, their master(s) and family, because they love you so much.

In Lexi's current case, it's the fact she is removed from the family, the people she has the strongest love for, which causes her sorrow, not the cage itself. She can't sit around us watching *Game Of Thrones*, yelling at the rugby or laze outside on the waning sunny days. Instead she's alone and forced to hear from afar what the rest of us are doing. She whines for our attention and for us to remember we love her because when we keep her away she feels like we don't care.

Or it could be that she whines because she's in a cage, ya dumbass. Who wants to be caged?! Don't be a bitch to the bitch Denton. What an avg editorial. 4/10 - could do better.

What a load of Crac-News

(Babies and Boxing)

NO ONE SENDS ME ANYTHING :(WOULD APPRECIATE SOME NUDES. NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

NEWS IN BRIEF

USA: Americans following the recent UK elections are confused that it has already ended. Many are still waiting for the 2010 campaign to finish.

NZ: Prince Harry admits to John Key that he also has a hair fetish. Key shunned him however as the prime minister was reportedly "horrified" at being talked to by a ginger.

Internet: Craccum in competition with new internet game Agar.io for most distractingly thing to do in lecture. Craccum News Editor confirmed he prefers the game to reading "this shit".

UK: After the complete takeover of Scottish politics by the Scottish National Party, the UK is now to be renamed the K.

NZ: New Flag design suggested by John Key.



The University: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon's salary is to be increased to \$20m per annum. This comes at a time of budget cuts as \$10m has had to be allocated to the demolition of the Human Sciences Building to make way for a runway for the Vice Chancellor's private jet.

Send in your News In Brief suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of *You Have A Dirty Mind* RRP NZ\$69.



FLOYD MAYWEATHER ACCUSED OF MATCH FIXING

AFTER THE WELL PUBLICISED "FIGHT OF the Century" between Manny Pacquiao and Floyd Mayweather, the World Boxing Organisation has admitted it was actually bought a year ago by Floyd Mayweather.

It was also revealed that just before the fight Mayweather instated a rules review, and the independent review committee was carefully selected by Mayweather himself. "I don't think any of them were biased towards me at all, even if they were all blood related and knew their 7 figure salaries were being paid by me", Mayweather told a press conference.

Points were also gained for how much running around the boxers did, and "good sportsmanship" points were given for hugging your opponent at any point during the match.

When accused of writing those rules to benefit himself, Mayweather told reporters it was "impossible", because he "doesn't know how to write".



BABY NAMED CHARDONNAY EMERALD DORIS

SENIOR ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF AT Kensington Palace have apologised to the public, explaining that the new baby's name is not, as they had mistakenly reported, Charlotte Elizabeth Diana, but Chardonnay Emerald Doris. Kensington Palace Secretary, Jason Knauf, explained to the media that while he had understood that the parents of the child had wished to choose a name that both reflected the family's modern role in society and also honoured its ances-



NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

try, he had misheard the names over the telephone.

The names nod to many different people in the couple's network. Chardonnay is the type of wine that William once drank in a vineyard on a trip to New Zealand. "We are most honoured to have our country represented in the new princess's name", Prime Minister John Key said, while fondling a random girl's ponytail.

Meanwhile, Emerald was inspired by Kate's uncle's dog, who has green eyes, and Doris was William's classmate's grandmother's name, and also the name of a woman he once shook hands with on an official engagement.



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INTERVIEW WITH MEL BLATT

MEL BLATT, *X-FACTOR* JUDGE, WAS A member of the hit girl-band All Saints from 1997. Here's her responses to our questions.

Best night out story: "There's been many, many, many great nights out. To pick one would be unfair to the other great nights out. I pretty much always have great nights out; if they're rubbish, I go home".

Favourite drinking game: "I'm not a heavy drinker, and when I do drink, there's no games involved. I take it very seriously". Solid gold.

Most famous person you've got drunk with? "Stan Walker". Lol. Apparently he's "pretty much the same" when he's drunk, but he does do slut-drops. Lad.

The Bachelor out of 10: A solid 7.5.

Mile high club: "Er, no comment".

Hottest male celebrity: Stan Walker

Sent or received a nude photo? Never sent one, but she has received. :)

Candy Crush: She says she has a problem. She's on level "800 and something" on original Candy Crush, and 300 on Candy Crush Soda. "I have a lot of down time, and actually even when enjoying time with my friends I'm still on Candy Crush".

Weirdest contestant on X-Factor: Two women who met three weeks prior to the show at a library to form a group.

You seem to make a connection with your mentees, are there any of the first season people you keep in touch with? "I don't even keep up much with my friends a lot of the time", she said laughing, but "when I came back I saw the girls from Gap 5, who were in the show last time, it was nice to see them again. But everyone kinda gets on with their lives after this really".

With all this new talent passing through the show, do you ever get worried about keeping up with it all, doing new things? Yes, she says she does. "This show is pretty much a reflection of [how] the music business works, you know, so you just, everything happens so

quickly and you move from the next big thing to the next big thing".

At what point in your life did you go "I've made it. Yuss" "At no point have I ever thought that".



MILLIBAND TO RETURN TO PREVIOUS JOB FOLLOWING LABOUR LOSS

FOLLOWING HIS PARTY'S DISASTROUS SHOWING in the 2015 United Kingdom General Elections, Labour leader Ed Milliband has said he is returning to his previous job as an actor. Unbeknownst to many, Milliband portrayed the role of Wallace on the hit UK children's series *Wallace & Grommit*. Contrary to popular belief, the series is not animated and is actually a real shot of Milliband portraying the role of toy inventor Wallace.

"You kind of miss the role after a while". he told *Craccum*. "I miss the production crew, the staff and especially my co-star Katie Hopkins who portrays Grommit".

The series is on a season hiatus at the moment, and directors plan to have the next season with Ed Milliband back in the main role.

Producers have expressed their confidence that viewership will rise dramatically if they bring back Ed, since

"Labour voters are the type who would watch children's series".

There are also plans to produce a full-length film to mark Milliband's return to the role as well. Producers are thinking of different titles which include, *Wallace and Grommit Leave Scotland*, or *Wallace and Grommit: The Fight for the NHS* amongst many others.

However, the fate of the movie remains unclear with Katie Hopkins yet to sign a contract. "If she does not commit, we are looking at Nigel Farage to fill her role".



ROYAL BABY REMINDS US THAT NZ IS STILL A COLONY

THE BIRTH OF A BABY GIRL TO FORMER commoner Kate Middleton has resulted in a surge of support for an independent New Zealand. As photographs of the princess appeared online, one hard-line republican said "New Zealand is eighteen thousand kilometres away from Britain. The royal family is irrelevant. Even if they came from New Zealand, the monarchy is an oppressive, outdated system that makes a mockery of modern democra — awwwww- www isn't she cuuuuuuuuute!"

The sex of the baby has delighted feminists, given the recent changes in the royal succession rules. A feminist group called 'Equality For All' has announced that the princess' birth has cemented its support of the monarchy. "We believe the monarchy represents true equality, because the baby girl will not be overtaken as fourth in line to the throne by a younger brother". When questioned about the exact definition of equality that the group was using, a spokeswoman said "stop harassing me".

INTERVIEW WITH STAN WALKER

STAN WALKER, *X-FACTOR* JUDGE, *AUSTRALIAN Idol* winner (2009), and he's only 24. And we got a fucking interview!

Game of Thrones: He doesn't watch it but he'd "love to". He hates watching things from half way through, so he's waiting until he has time to "get all the seasons" so he can "watch it in two days".

Pacquiao vs Mayweather: Team Pacman. "Coz of his story, and where he comes from and everything, and what he's done, and you know, he's got a lot of humility, but at the same time man, Mayweather, like, he was a beast. I just wished Pacman knocked him out!" Lad.

If John Key came up to you and pulled your hair, what would you do? "I'd pull his hair back".

Fast and Furious 7: He loved the movie. "Ain't gonna lie, I wanted to cry", but he didn't cry "because all my boys were around, and I was like 'awww, I'll just keep talking'". He reckoned they should stop doing *Fast and Furious* movies though because "you can't do it without Paul Walker".

If you were The Bachelor, who would you have chosen and why? He hadn't watched it, but said laughing "whoever the brown girl was".

Best night out story: One night, after

eight months straight without a day off, he nearly had a fight with a group who said he was a dick because he hadn't said hello to him (when they had called for him across the restaurant and he hadn't heard them). The tiredness and stress made him crack, so he just blew off at them, and the boyfriend of one of the girls' said "don't you talk to my girl like that", so Stan "went to go and chuck him and his girlfriend off the deck". Luckily Stan's mates jumped in, and took him to McDonalds. And then another guy was like "hey Stan Walker, you and me" and Stan was about to fight him, but then he clarified he just wanted a rap battle. Stan won. Lad.

Favourite drinking game? King's cup.

Most famous person you've met and fangirled over? Beyoncé, who he met when he toured with her.

Mile high club: Nope.

Hottest female celebrity: Beyoncé. "She is curvalicious, she has 'the gap', the thighs, the bum, the body, the face, and she knows how to move her body".

Sent or received a nude photo? He thought about it, then went "Ohmygosh actually, I have received nude photos". Apparently through his Facebook fan-page page both guys and girls have sent him nudies. Admin pls?

Kill, Shag, Marry. 1. Kate Middleton, 2. Natalia Kills, 3. Mel Blatt: Marry Mel Blatt, shag Kate Middleton, "and have to kill the Kills".

Weirdest X-Factor audition: An older woman singing one of his songs, which sounded like "a mixture between a dying cat, a dying dog, and the sound when someone scratches the chalk board".



MORE GIFTS PLANNED FOR OFFENDED SAUDI BUSINESSMAN

DESPITE ALREADY SPENDING SIX MILLION OF taxpayer funds to air freight livestock and other farming equipment to an offended Saudi Arabian businessman, Primary Industries Minister Nathan Guy says more offerings will be made. "If we want to get this free trade agreement signed, we need to step up our ass-kissing game", he told *Craccum*.

Aside from more sheep, the government will also ship New Zealand's other main exports such as milk, meat and international pop singing sensation Lorde. "We realise that Saudi does not really have any prominent pop stars, hence we will offer them our very own

Lorde", said Guy.

Asked if New Zealand can cope without Lorde, the minister said that New Zealanders can be proud of whoever wins *X-Factor*. "I don't exactly know anyone from that show but I reckon they can be famous one day".

He also revealed that the government is planning to ship half of our All Blacks rugby team as well, since the Saudi Arabia rugby team is in need of good players. The government will also change history books and declare that *The Hobbit* and *Lord of the Rings* films were all shot in Saudi Arabia.

LORDE

نقبة
البطلة



INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND HOW THE RICH RUINED MY DEGREE

BY NATHAN PERRY

WHEN I CAME TO UNIVERSITY I TRIED to make a proper go of the whole student thing. It took me a year, but by my second year I felt I had done it. Was this because my grades were good? Of course not. Was it because I studied more hours than I rested? Obviously not. Is it because I was having lots of sex and attending lots of parties? Please, what do you think I am, one of the cool kids? No, it was because I lived out of home and I had a job and I handed assignments in late. I felt like an adult. I still do. Which is good I suppose because I'm allowed to drink and smoke and raise children so feeling like an adult may kind of help. But more than being an adult, I felt like a student. I went to bed hungry. I struggled to make rent. I'm ashamed to say that some weeks I didn't quite make it. I still paid it by the way, I was just late on occasion. Now I pay rent on time but that's the only change between second and third year. Except perhaps that I drink a little less and eat a little more. That's what I think of as a true student experience. There is one problem to it. I mean aside from the crippling hunger. The rich are intent on ruining it.

Some people over the age of 18 still live at home. Some of them also go to university. Some of them complain about how stressed they are. How much they struggle or how hard their lives are. This is so terribly irritating. And that's coming from me. A man who spends his time looking for ways to offend and irritate people. What's more, they often comment on the work ethic of others. I am going to state it as plainly as I can. If you are having rent paid for you, if you are having meals made for you, if you don't have a job to go to, then you have no business being stressed.

Before proceeding, I would like to point out to those of you who don't have a job and have never had one that they take up a lot of time. Now I'm not joking here. I mean hours. Indeed you're actually paid by the hour. And that's multiple days. Every week. Imagine, if you could, having less time to do all the things you think you're stressed about. Imagine also, if you can push yourself that far, that jobs are also stressful, more so in fact than university, what with people actually relying upon you. I should also explain that ensuring you have a place to live each week comes with a micron or two of stress all by its lonesome. Oh and having no money to buy food with can also be a little troublesome. Just wanted to point that out because I know some of you haven't been to that place yet.

You mustn't think I'm some kind of a richo-phobic bigot. I have wealthy friends. I have some friends so wealthy that their parents pay rent for them whilst they live away from home. These people do not have to work. And with friends like these I can't be a richo-phobe. They have at least eight hours more a week to dedicate to whatever they like. Poor things. They also have the crushing stress of making rent taken cleanly off their shoulders. No stress to take up space in your mind, and no work to take up so much of your time. I understand why they get so down. These people usually end up getting good grades. I wonder how they might manage that. Not only are they getting good grades but they're also bolstering their CVs by joining every group on campus. With this comes a rather hearty holier than thou attitude. Bless them. A great deal of fully grown adults who live at home seem to think that they have their lives together. They also seem to be unable to stop themselves from doling out advice to everyone and anyone who doesn't ask for it. They see me with my less than perfect grades and my inability to go to lunch and tell me what it is I need to do. Fair play and well done rich people. Except I have a slight feeling of

total insuperable blind hatred when they do this. My own fault I'm sure. I genuinely believe that I've experienced a little more as a person for living away from home and taking care of myself. I kind of think that if they have zero life experience themselves they should shut the complete fuck up. Just a thought mind. Still, I understand their outbursts, they are so terribly stressed after all.

I have been involved during my time at university in certain student lead initiatives and personal projects. I've been involved with them alongside some rich people. I assumed, quite wrongly, that the rich were basically human beings with more money than most. It turns out they lack one of the five senses. The poor creatures are disabled and I've been so unkind to them in the past. They seem not to be able to see as human people can. They are unable, it appears, to detect that they have so much more time on their hands and can do so much more work than people with jobs and rents to pay. They seem to be unable to see that not everything has to be done for them and that delegating work isn't actually doing work. I was unaware of their plight and I hope that my bringing it up in an article doesn't trigger any regressions or negative memories in any of our poor rich readership.

Before I leave the subject alone though, I would like to make one thing perfectly clear. "I'm saving" is not a justifiable reason to be living at home. If you are actually saving for a trip overseas or a house then sure. If you are merely accumulating wealth for a rainy day then you're a dick. You aren't likely to feel many rainy days from the comfort of daddy's house. Also, if you're "saving" by spending all your money on partying and drinking you aren't doing a responsible and grown up thing, you're shirking responsibility and acting like a child. We not-at-home livers pay the rent and save the party money and we budget (often poorly) and we pretend to act like real people.

"SOME PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 18 STILL LIVE AT HOME. SOME OF THEM ALSO GO TO UNIVERSITY. SOME OF THEM COMPLAIN ABOUT HOW STRESSED THEY ARE. HOW MUCH THEY STRUGGLE OR HOW HARD THEIR LIVES ARE. THIS IS SO TERRIBLY IRRITATING."



ACHTUNG, BABIES.

WITH CHRIS

THEY'VE DONE A NEW ROYAL BABY AND IT'S A woman. Have you ever been more excited. Charlotte Elisabeth Diana Everdeen Windsor. A lady. The first female royal baby ever. A landmark icon of how far we've come as a society. The royal female. Fourth in line to the throne, after just 3 chubby dudes. A baby of progress. The baby of tomorrow. Example to us all.

An example to have babies. A worthy goal. Prince William and Kate Middleton put their heads together (or something), nine months passed, and out burst the future. Of everyone, not just England. Pope Francis approves. Having a kid is selfless. God did it. Kanye too.

Except it's not, right? The actual motivations which push people into (deliberate) procreation tend to be pretty self-gratifying. When it comes to deciding it's time to have a child, reasons fall into two broad camps. The first is that having a kid is something to do. Once you reach a certain plateau of marital and financial stability, attempting an offspring becomes an ostensibly-meaningful outlet for all of your excess money, time, and capacity for love. It's our biological purpose. But so is pissing wherever, and I won't ruin my sheets for that. There's something a bit conceited in deciding three years of marriage and an assistant-managerial position at PricewaterhouseCoopers is sufficient grounds from which to dictate the physical, moral, and intellectual development of an actual other human. And deciding to initiate and oversee the existence of a tiny person essentially as a recreational activity seems pretty solipsistic (says the douche writing in Craccum).

The second arm of apparent reasons regards what children actually represent. People talk about them as the secular version of an after-life, little Noah's Arks carrying our memory and genetic code further into the future than they'd get on their own (though ruinously diluted by 50% someone-else's DNA). As well as our shoddy genetics, we burden our kids with a complex mess of frustrated aspirations; as opportunities to vicariously re-live and re-make our own decisions, and implicit scapegoats for the fact that our lives didn't turn out differently.

And the decision to have children does have a real-world cost. Our planet is riddled with humans, and global social infrastructure isn't equipped to deal with the overcrowding and lopsided distribution of resources – not to mention the mounting environmental damage they cause. There are arguments in favour of birth as a contribution to global economy – we have an aging population (thanks medicine), and births create young people, who typically drive the activities (practical and economic) that subsidise their care. But I'm not sure I buy this broken-window-Keynesian-economics approach to childbirth, where society copes with its overpopulation problem by throwing reams of fresh babies at it. It's true that some combination of population redistribution, technological innovation, and autocratic international socialism could just about cater to everyone on Earth at the moment, but unless your child specifically is the one that'll oversee this glorious revolution it's kind of a tenuous justification.

Which is not to say that having a child isn't also self-sacrificing, because it totally is. Apologies in advance for being a man talking about women's reproductive systems, but having another life form swell up inside you, pressing ever-more-intently against the walls of your uterus, sliding wetly around for

nine months until it's ready to burst forth like the xenomorph from *Alien* amidst chunks of blood and placenta and disposable income sounds like a *unilaterally horrible experience*. But it's not sacrifice in service of any public good.

Opting to have your own birth seems like needless self-flagellation, particularly given the wide array of rescue babies available at various homes and orphanages. No amount of shed flesh or spinal discomfort transforms the decision to procreate rather than adopt into a moral high ground.

I'm worried this is all coming across a bit right-wing. Usually when people publically insist we should be doing less babies it's because they're angry about the creation of another potentially-poor-person beneficiary of their tax dollars. That's stupid. Like swine flu, drug addiction, and other preventable diseases, once someone has a child the state should help them manage it. The other big anti-baby push comes from retrograde creeps, disturbed by being forced to stare at every public breastfeeding they encounter. Also stupid. It's fine to be pathological and neurotic about the female body (healthy, even), but misogyny should be a private affair.

The decision to parent is a selfless one. Raising a person to the age of 18 costs an average of \$250,000. That's 1250 weeks of rent. 200 iPhones. Half of an Arts degree. And it requires an immense commitment of time, effort, patience, and generosity. Once the initial decision has been made to have a child, or you've slipped up and had one accidentally, I've got nothing but respect for the incredible effort of keeping it alive. And nothing but sympathy for the resentment people seem to feel for babies in public. But still, if they're not going to be royal, don't bother. Sorry I was a disappointment Mum and Dad.

“PRINCE WILLIAM AND KATE MIDDLETON PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER (OR SOMETHING), NINE MONTHS PASSED, AND OUT BURST THE FUTURE.”



CATCALLING

BY LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

ALRIGHT, YOU GOT ME. I SECRETLY LOVE being verbally harassed when I walk down the street. Gosh, look at that, the cat's out of the bag now. Yes, it's true. I love it. When strangers tell me what I need to do with my mouth, I love it. When strangers call me a slut after I don't respond, I loooove it. When strangers make comments on my appearance that I don't want to hear, love it. When strangers call me a "feisty kitty" when I tell them where to go? Oh man, I LOVE IT. I love it because I find it hard to go through life without constant reassurance from assholes on the street. I understand that really what they're trying to do is pay me a compliment, and as a woman, I thrive on persistent reminders of my perceived sexual worth.

Hah! I'm kidding. Catcalling is not a compliment. Why not? I mean that's basically what these strange men on the street are trying to do, right? Hmmm, let me rethink about that. No. Am I really sure? Yes, the answer is still no. Wait, let me ask my crystal ball too! I'll be right back.

...

Yes, the crystal ball confirms that when random men yell at women on the street they're not trying to pay them a compliment. And look, my tea leaves at the bottom of my cup are telling me the same thing. No. Catcalling is not complimenting, and the universe seems to agree. I feel like this message needs to be said, discussed and thought about over and over until people understand.

Recently I was reminded about the persistent lack of respect and autonomy granted to women when a friend of mine linked me to a post on the Overheard @ Uni of Otago Facebook page. The post, written by a girl named Maddy, read as follows: "To the guy named

Harry at a Red card on Dundas: Thanks for manning up and apologising for yelling "YOU LOOK HOT" while I was running earlier. It takes a lot more guts to actually talk to a woman than it does to objectify her, I appreciate it".

The comments that followed were absolutely appalling. To any kind of post on an overheard at university page you will get mixed comments, trolls and plenty of criticism, but this was beyond the usual taking the piss. The comments of a specific person were, what I considered, an attack on women, and over five hundred people agreed with this guy's comment: "Quietly you must be pretty stoked about him calling you hot though to tell everyone on Facebook. Also would've taken a lot more guts to thank him then and there for apologizing than to tell everyone through social media". But in other words, what this ass means is: "How dare you make a public message about the rudeness of unnecessary comments on the way you look when you were out trying to go about your day? You're just fishing for compliments!" For the record, she did actually confront him straight after her run, and thanked him for apologising.

This guy also insinuated other things such as the fact that only attractive women would get catcalled and the men that do it aren't douchebags. Other comments included: "You must not get a lot of attention if you feel the need to humble brag some drunken interaction on facebook". Hahahah. Oh dear. The misogyny, the victim blaming, the criticising of a woman that's outspoken in a public space. The only way I could deal with this without losing my head was laugh (but then cry) and then laugh some more. When I talked to Maddy about it, she told me that the comments were actually a lot more horrible and a lot of them got deleted because of hate speech. *Sigh*

So where to start when explaining this horrible thing that is catcalling? It (almost literally) screams male privilege. Do not tell me that you're trying to compliment me. There

are other things at play here. Men rarely, if ever, get catcalled, so please do not tell me what the implications of it are or how I am supposed to feel about it if you are coming from a position of power. Catcalling isn't just you yelling at someone on the street — it's a show of authority and aggression. When you catcall you're basically asserting your sexual dominance in a way that doesn't require prolonged or physical contact, meaning it is quick and often anonymous. A lot of the time when men catcall, women are not given a chance to respond, meaning that the aggression and dominance are projected on women without a need to respond or being faced with the consequences. It's a sign that women are treated like objects — their existence and appearance are approved of by total strangers that have no other role or input in the everyday lives of these women. It is not a compliment. You shouldn't have to yell or repeat something if it's a genuine compliment. You shouldn't have to interrupt someone in order for them to hear what you have to say if it's a genuine compliment. And your comment does not require a pleasant response if it's a genuine compliment.

Women also shouldn't be forced to hear your opinion on how they look. It doesn't matter if it's positive or negative, it is not a compliment. Catcalling is a constant reminder that women, solely for being women, are subjected to constant scrutiny of their appearance. It reminds us that even when we're invested in our own daily life, we are still under the watchful eye of the male gaze. Not only that, but it can also be quite threatening, and a woman will immediately question her safety. Also, the mere fact that women catcalling men is often found to be humorous is a sign of gender imbalance and sexism. Is that because women don't compliment men, or is it because men aren't subjected to the same bullshit that we are? Catcalling is rude and disrespectful. You are commanding attention and assuming that you have the authority to make comments on someone's appearance. That's not okay. It is not a compliment. Understand?

**"WHEN STRANGERS CALL ME A
"FEISTY KITTY" WHEN I TELL
THEM WHERE TO GO? OH MAN, I
LOVE IT."**



KANT OR WON'T?

THE GOD ARGUMENT

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

ARGUE WITH ANY THEIST FOR LONG ENOUGH and there's a good chance they'll dive into the philosophical deep end. They'll resort to the final stand; the argument to end all arguments. After having tried to use reason, evidence and fact to assert their stand, and after having seen all three approaches fail, theists will likely begin to critique the use of reason itself. They will say things like, "God transcends logical limits" or "Outside of the Universe, the laws of causality and rationality do not apply". But is there any basis to these arguments?

Actually, yes.

Obviously, this approach is impossible to critique. That's what makes it so boggling. Any statement you make to argue against it no longer works. You can't say that this can be applied to any deity and that their God has been chosen arbitrarily; they simply say that reason led you to that conclusion, which is no longer valid. You can't say that their logic is circular, because God can break the rules of circular logic now. Suddenly it's your logic that's circular if you claim these rules apply to him because these rules apply to him. You can't say that it breaks any fallacy or logical rule to put forth an argument which removes itself from those restrictions.

But also, no.

These circles spin both ways. Just as you can't use logic to critique this insanity, nor can they use logic to propose it. And after all, that's precisely what they're doing. They're attempting to win you over by freeing you from the shackles of rational thought, but in doing so are

themselves remaining chained. Even going from "God exists outside logic" to "Therefore, we can say that he exists" requires a logical link. It requires using deduction from one set of premises in order to reach a conclusion. What's more, you can Russell's Teapot your way out of it to some extent. You can say, "I propose that an alternative being exists, one who also doesn't exist within the Universe's logical laws (because apparently that's okay now). And my alternative being, let's call him Jimmy, is so powerful that he stops God from existing and I know that to be a fact". All of a sudden, you can disprove the existence of God with the same ease that someone else might attempt to prove the existence of God. Jimmy takes care of that for you.

But then, that's the problem.

This debate inevitably ends in stalemate, because the premise of any debate is "Whose logic is best in proving what they claim to be true?" At the point where logic is no longer competed on, there can be no winner and no outcome.

"THESE CIRCLES SPIN BOTH WAYS. JUST AS YOU CAN'T USE LOGIC TO CRITIQUE THIS INSANITY, NOR CAN THEY USE LOGIC TO PROPOSE IT."



GLITTER AND CLUDGE

THE GREAT PINEAPPLE DEBATE

BY TESSA NADEN

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT WILL ETERNALLY frustrate me is other people's distaste for pineapple. In my honest opinion, pineapple belongs everywhere — in the home, the workplace, and in the great bastions of the nation. I even think we should probably change the NZ Flag to just a picture of a pineapple. Yes, it's not our national fruit, but it's goddamn delicious and that's worth valuing enough.

Instead, people say I am weird for my love for pineapple. Particularly when this pineapple is on pizza. AUSA makes fun of me for constantly asking for pineapple pizza at executive dinner, my friends greeted the news that I put pineapple in my pasta carbonara by calling me a freak with terrible taste, and I'm pretty sure my Spotify playlist could mock me if it could (instead, it silently mocks me as I click 'private session' before I play "You Spin Me Right Round" 100 times). People in general mock my eating habits — I'm apparently a chocolate fiend, have an Up And Go sponsorship, could eat 4 X Factor Family Packs, and swill Woodstock during every Warriors game that's ever aired. I've also apparently done all those things at once, in an orgy of cocoa and sodium, while the sweet taste of cheap alcohol washes down the stodge that is my terrible diet!

Well, no more! Today is the day I quit eating like a whale! Today is the day I begin my life calorie counting. And you know what? It works. I've already been shamed out of my regular chocolate bar, not only because I am broke, but because that chocolate bar is 900 kilojoules. I only have a 5000 kilojoule allowance according to this fitness app I downloaded. I updated my Pebble smartwatch with a watch face that shames me if I sit on my ass too long pontificating about life. Now my watch incessantly vibrates until I walk around for a bit. It's fantastic. I feel like this time I'm really going to quit my unhealthy lifestyle and live according to the wishes of the BMI chart, as bunkum as it is. And the best thing about all of this? Pineapple is a fruit, and two slices of pineapple are only 300 kilojoules. I'm going to switch my food addiction polarity further towards pineapple and cans of baby beetroot, because that's healthy, right? And an Up and Go for nutrients!

"I'M PRETTY SURE MY SPOTIFY PLAYLIST COULD MOCK ME IF IT COULD (INSTEAD, IT SILENTLY MOCKS ME AS I CLICK 'PRIVATE SESSION' BEFORE I PLAY 'YOU SPIN ME RIGHT ROUND' 100 TIMES)."

THIS HOUSE REGRETS DEATH

AFFIRMATIVE

BRANDON HAYES

THERE'S AT LEAST ONE THING WE CAN SAY for certain about our meagre, plodding existence: someday, we will all cease to exist. Death is like that assignment you've been putting off for the past two weeks; slowly eating away at your conscience, worth 25% of your final grade and due next Wednesday (NB: fuck you English 219). No matter how hard you try, you won't be able to Freudian-repress this bastard-of-an-essay. Here's to summer school, eh?

However, unlike your pathetic GPA, there's no Phil 105 equivalent to boost your life points: once you die, well, you're dead *for fucking ever*. So as a biological inevitability destined for literally every human being, we don't really regret death as it is. What this house does regret though, is the hype that surrounds death. There, we said it: *death is overrated*.

Think about every major religion in existence — Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism. What do all of these religions have in com-

mon? (Hint: it's not the letters 'i' and 'h'.) You guessed it — death is a concept of central importance to all organised spiritual doctrines. Why so? It's because whether we like to admit it or not, we all fear death. Natural selection explains this fear: as hunter-gatherers, those who had a greater fear towards death had a greater survival advantage, as they were more likely to avoid life-threatening risks. Religion taps into this primordial fear by making grand claims of a heaven or nirvana; the notion of an afterlife is the selling point of religion.

Of course in making such claims, religions have unnecessarily conflated the normal expectation of mortality into something far more extravagant and mystical than it actually is. Death is not an amazing moment of reckoning with the divine, nor should it be — the hype is not only unwarranted, but actually inhibits our ability to live our lives in the present. Constantly fantasising about heavenly prospects diverts our attention from reality (a.k.a. the

shit that really matters), where our actions certainly do have tangible consequences.

This doesn't go to say that secular culture is exempt from hyping death, either. An utterly self-degrading peek at a Paul Walker For-taty-post is enough to inform us that the cult of death is alive and well; wasting time for the lay Facebooker.

“HOWEVER, UNLIKE YOUR PATHETIC GPA, THERE'S NO PHIL 105 EQUIVALENT TO BOOST YOUR LIFE POINTS: ONCE YOU DIE, WELL, YOU'RE DEAD FOR FUCKING EVER.”

The fact that we all experience death should itself be an indicator as to how fucking mundane it is; after all, nothing is as lame as something *everyone* has. Buying into the hype of death ultimately undercuts our ability to enjoy what little time we have living, and for this reason, we completely regret.



This house holds *death* aloft — as Rafiki held Simba — as the prince of purpose; as our only saviour; as He whom ends life before it turns itself into a meditation retreat — before it becomes a bore.

Firstly, why is this important? Well, being bored is the hardest state of mind to deal with. It's much worse than pain: pain keeps you busy, gives you purpose, has a narrative to it; pain is entertainment. Your ancestors evolved pain so you'd know when you're in trouble — to help you survive. Just like pleasure, pain is a healthy and successful biological process. I love pain. I digress. Boredom is what happens when you step outside the pain/pleasure story; boredom is the suffocation of these virtues. Boredom is the vague sensation of the lack of any sensation at all; the anti-sensation. As such, Oscar Wilde's quote makes sense “The only horrible thing

in the world is ennui, Dorian”.

Secondly, how is all this relevant to death? Listen — isn't it true that when you understand a magician's trick, you can no longer enjoy it? Once you've really figured out how it works, you lose interest, and move on. Hashtag such is life. We find ourselves amidst the ultimate magic trick. We fumble through our tumescent lives with an understanding that barely scrapes the surface of what there is to be understood. And this is good. This keeps us engaged and entertained and motivated. The thing is though, it's still ultimately a trick. Give us enough time and we'd inevitably see behind the curtain, and when that happens, we'd get bored. The most exquisite and complex emotions would leave us empty; we would see with glaring clarity the trivial mechanisms behind love and the making of it. The most intense pleasures and pains wouldn't arouse us. We'd live in a limbo of boredom.

On day three I realised how lucky I am that I'll die. Then I came home and checked my facebook.

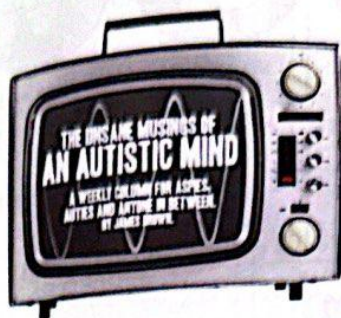
NEGATIVE

JULIUS HATTINGH

I ONCE WENT ON A TEN-DAY MEDITATION retreat. We were completely deprived of any sensory stimulation; we had to hand in our phones on the way in. We took a vow of silence upon entering and mere eye contact with one another was forbidden. We sat in a hall contemplating our own breath for 10 hours each day. We ate small tasteless meals. Voluntary solitary confinement.

On day three I died of boredom. Then I escaped.

“ON DAY THREE I REALISED HOW LUCKY I AM THAT I'LL DIE. THEN I CAME HOME AND CHECKED MY FACEBOOK.”



COLUMNING THE COLUMNISTS

UNSANE MUSINGS

I LIKE THE THREE PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY read this column, like reading what my fellow columnists and general scribes also write, and read the Arts Editorial, in which myself and my fellow columnists were described as writing about ourselves and whatever errant thoughts take our interest each week. The criticism in that is obvious, and I need to answer it. So this week I'm going to write about my fellow columnists and what I like about them, as the elder statesman among them (My first *Craccum* was in 2008, back when the notion of a Black US President was still a pious hope, John Key was yet to enter power and Moot still ran 4chan). Maybe that will be a better topic than whatever delirious thoughts I would otherwise twitter about.

'Conrad Grimshaw' (His column doesn't have a set name that I know of) seems the most crazy, hedonistic person out there. I approve. We haven't had someone like that in *Craccum* since 2010. Also, if *Craccum* writers get free booze, then no-one has ever told me. Not that it matters, last time I got drunk I almost set myself on fire.

'Just Feminist Things' is a column that only reinforces my mortal fear of all things feminist. Those people scare the living shit out of me, for reasons I plan to elaborate on sometime next semester. Aside from that, it offers some very interesting thoughts that I would like more were I not terrified out of my wits every time I read it.

'Kant or Won't' is a column that keeps me awake at night. Philosophy and the great questions that have no true answer drive me insane at the wee hours of the morning. Also now there's some sort of Basilisk/Chimaera thing out there I have to worry about. Thanks guys!

'Glitter and Clunge' is a positive sign, and a negative one. Ideally, the QRO

would have a space of their own within the AUSA section, where the WROs and many other offices had in times past, when the AUSA pages of *Craccum* mattered. But certainly I'm glad we're getting what is essentially the QRO's weekly report, both on the work they do, and on events relating to Queer Rights.

Much the same is true with 'Karakama'. Once there was a space in *Craccum* set aside specifically for the Ma'ori and Pacifica peoples to say their thing. I'm glad to see it back in a way, but it does make me sad about how much has changed in the seven years I've been doing this.

I think 'Chris' (Another column with no name) is a first year. He certainly reads like someone wet behind the ears, struggling in the new world that is university. Of course I could be reading the whole thing wrong. Nevertheless, I'm thankful my first year, or any of my years for that matter, have been far more settled than the adventures Chris has gone through.

'Addict and the Immigrant' seems to confirm the turn to hedonism this year has given us. I almost wonder what those on the street must make of these two strange people and their wacky adventures. I wish there was a cartoon series about them like Rick and Morty.

'Invidious' is certainly one of the most fascinating columnists out there. He says things I sometimes wish I could say, though in my case I offend because I don't understand or care to understand how 'normal' society works. I speak the truth, no matter what. Like the time I referred to the head of AUSA last year as 'fat' because that's what she was. It wasn't me trying to be rude, it was just an observation. I still have to apologise for that one.

Finally we get 'Debsoc'. They've been around a very, very long time, and are almost the old boys of the magazine. Though I note the content of their debates has become less existential about life, the university and the big questions more about popular trends like celebrities and topical events.

So those are the columns far more popular, interesting and relatable than mine. Give them a read, you'll learn something.

FRIDAYS

POPI!

May

Featuring Guest DJ's

DAVID JAMES

ERIKA AMOORE

ALEX RICHARDS

PAUL HANNON

BLISS

MAY

FEATURING DJ'S

02 ENZED

09 LATHAM

16 DAVID JAMES

23 JARROD PHILLIPS

30 LUCAS

SATURDAYS

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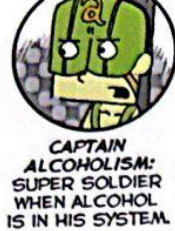
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degree

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WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFGUSTICE



CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM:
SUPER SOLDIER
WHEN ALCOHOL
IS IN HIS SYSTEM.



BLACK POWERS:
CAN TELEPORT
THROUGH THE
COLOR BLACK.



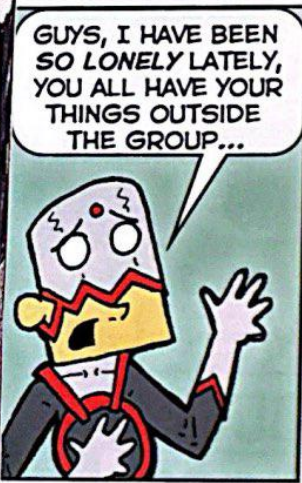
ACHILLESHEEL:
GREEK GOD
OF MENOPAUSE.



HOMERUN:
BEATS PEOPLE
WITH A BAT.



THE HUMAN METAL STICK:
TO HIM



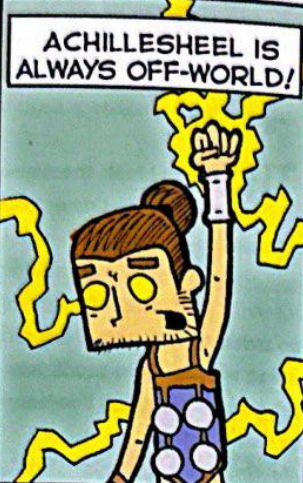
GUYS, I HAVE BEEN SO LONELY LATELY, YOU ALL HAVE YOUR THINGS OUTSIDE THE GROUP...



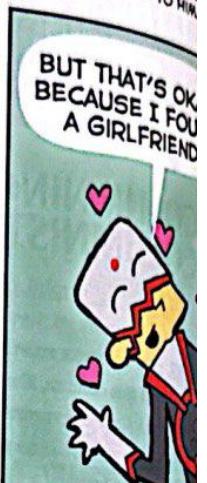
HOMERUN, YOU HAVE YOUR T.V SHOW.



YOU TWO ARE OBVIOUSLY BANGING.



ACHILLESHEEL IS ALWAYS OFF-WORLD!



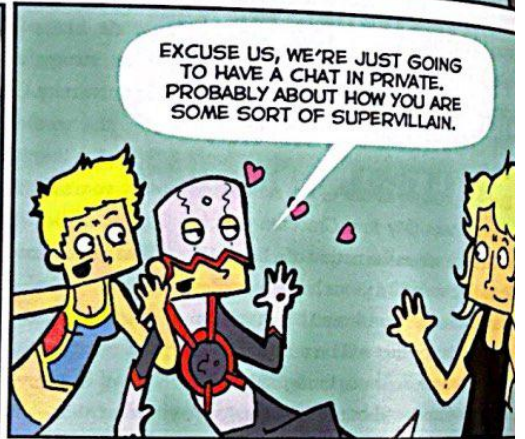
BUT THAT'S OK BECAUSE I FOUND A GIRLFRIEND



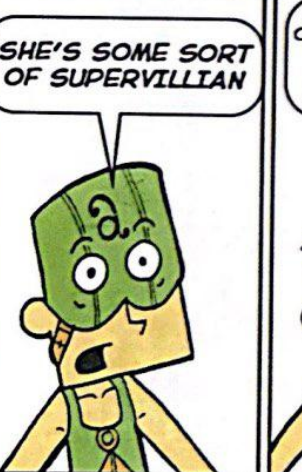
GWYNETH PALTROW!



CAN YOU GRAB HUMAN MAGNET, I REALLY NEED TO TELL YOU ALL SOMETHING IN PRIVATE.



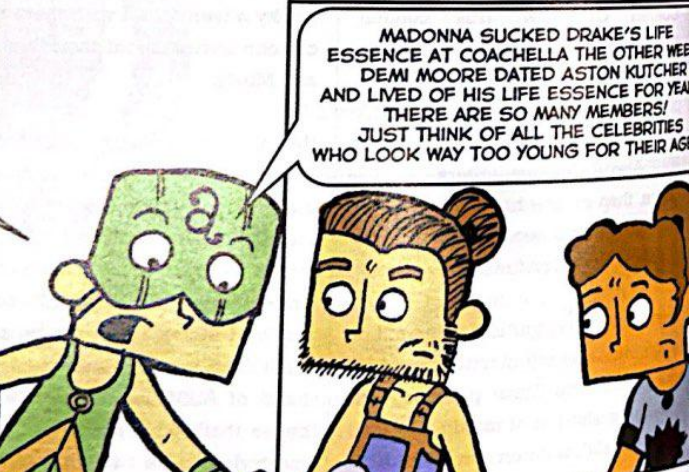
EXCUSE US, WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE A CHAT IN PRIVATE. PROBABLY ABOUT HOW YOU ARE SOME SORT OF SUPERVILLAIN.



SHE'S SOME SORT OF SUPERVILLIAN



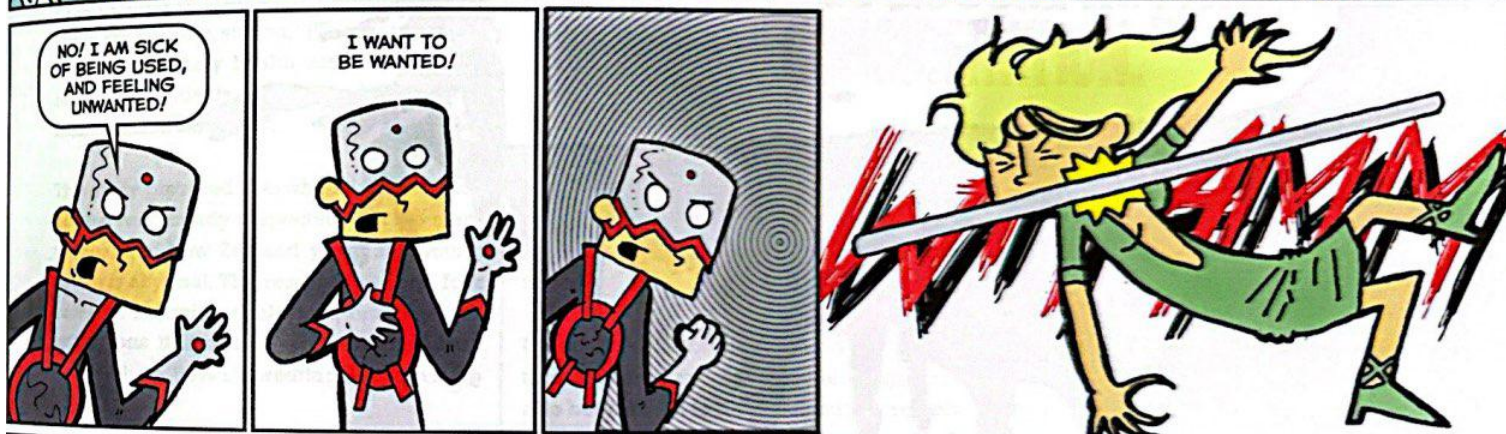
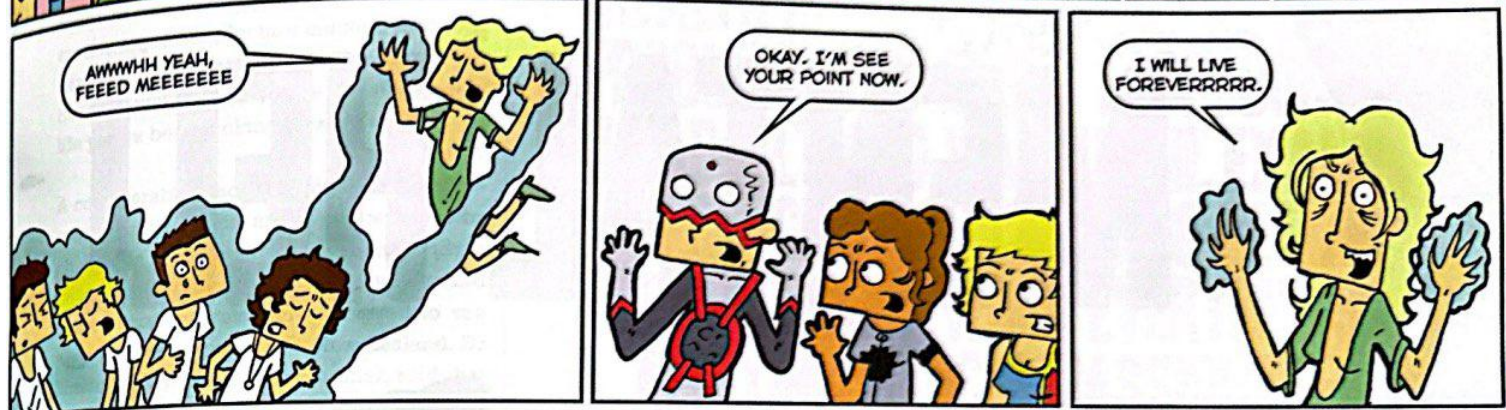
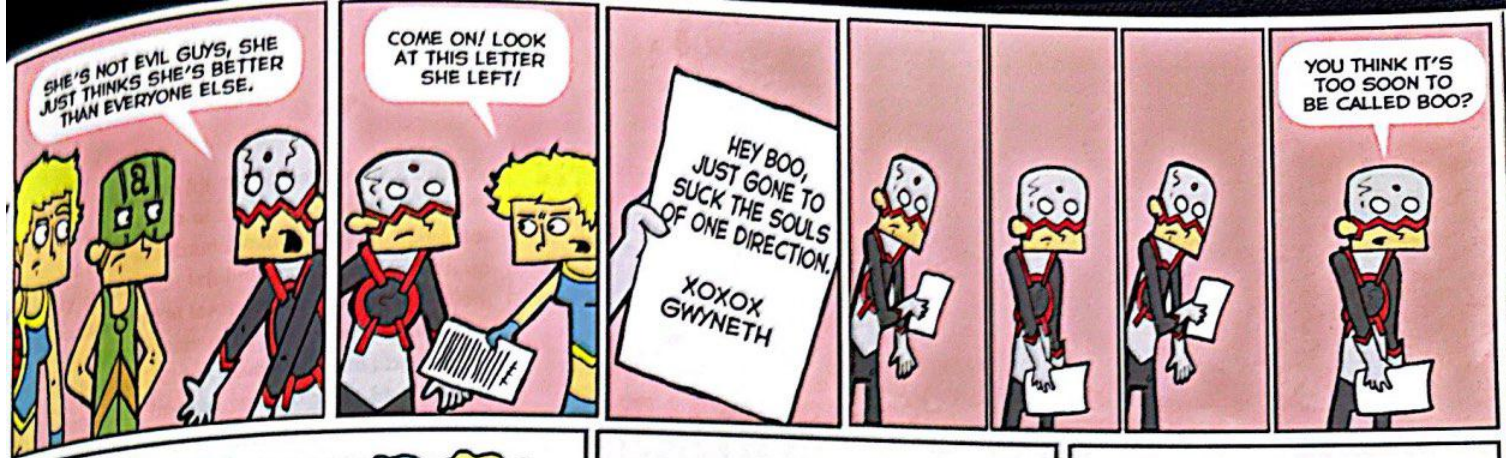
DRAKE TOLD ME ABOUT THIS GROUP OF CELEBRITIES WHO SUCK THE SOULS FROM YOUNGER CELEBRITIES IN ORDER TO AGE SLOWER, AND LOOK MUCH YOUNGER THAN THEY REALLY ARE!



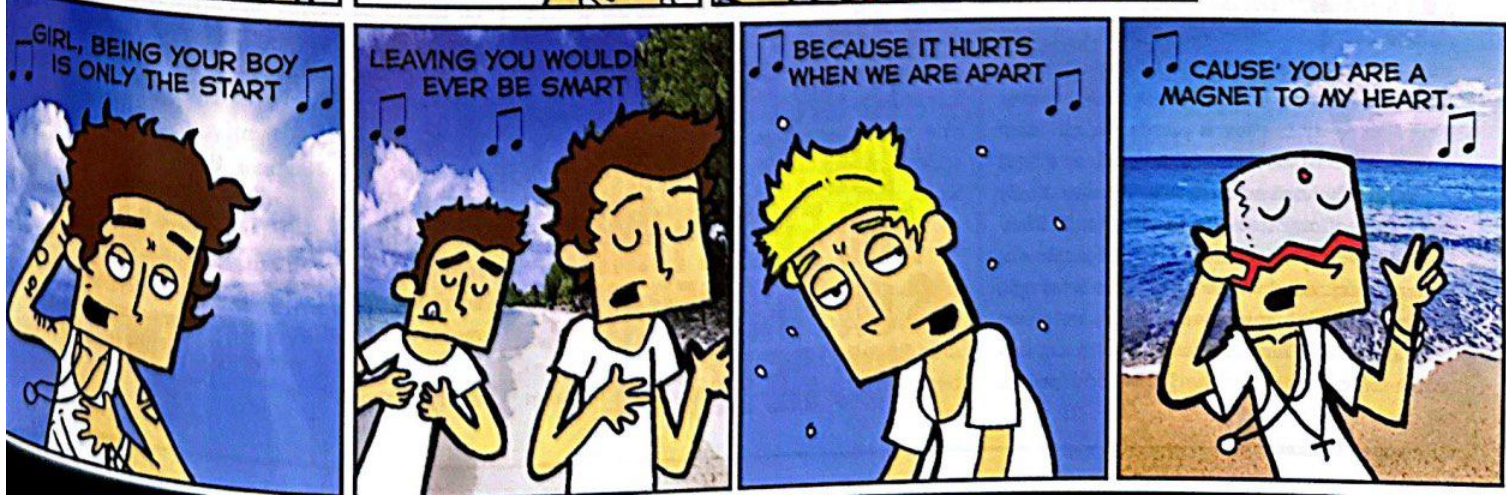
MADONNA SUCKED DRAKE'S LIFE ESSENCE AT COACHELLA THE OTHER WEEK DEMI MOORE DATED ASTON KUTCHER AND LIVED OF HIS LIFE ESSENCE FOR YEARS THERE ARE SO MANY MEMBERS! JUST THINK OF ALL THE CELEBRITIES WHO LOOK WAY TOO YOUNG FOR THEIR AGE!

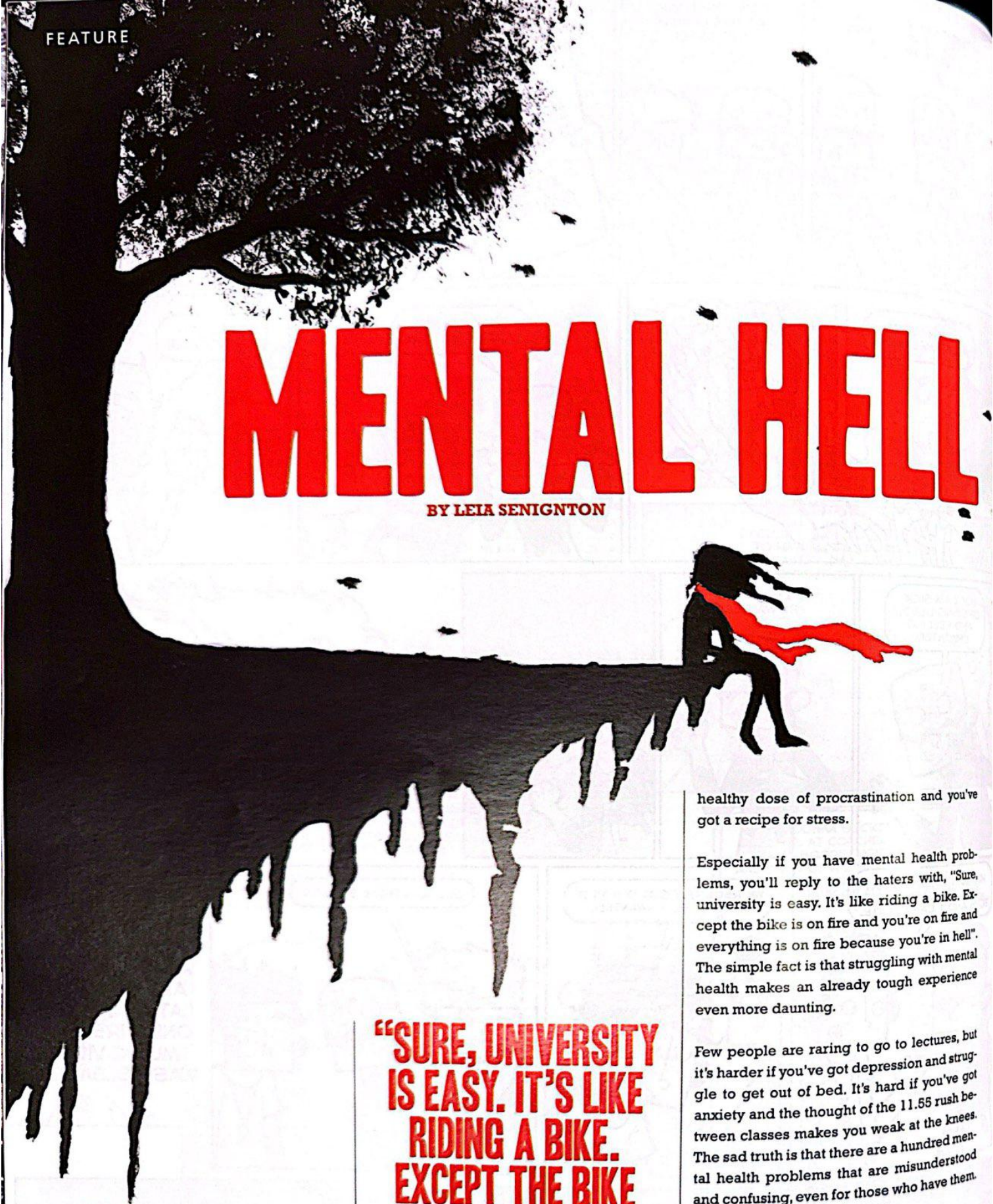


PAUL RUDD
PHARRELL
MADONNA
GWEN STEFANI
THAT ONE GUY FROM GREEN DAY
WILL SMITH
HALLE BERRY
JARED LETO
AND GWYNETH PALTROW IS THEIR LEADER!



AND SO HE DID. AND ONE WEEK LATER, THE NEW ONE DIRECTION MUSIC VIDEO WAS RELEASED...





MENTAL HELL

BY LEIA SENIGNTON

WHEN PEOPLE TELL ME THAT UNIVERSITY is easy, it pisses me off. Most of us know the kind, a friend from high school or work. They have a forty hour job. Completely free weekend. They never have to write another essay or do another exam. As students we juggle so much; study, part time jobs, social lives, watching four *Game of Thrones* episodes at once, because who can resist the leak? Add an un-

"SURE, UNIVERSITY IS EASY. IT'S LIKE RIDING A BIKE. EXCEPT THE BIKE IS ON FIRE AND YOU'RE ON FIRE AND EVERYTHING IS ON FIRE BECAUSE YOU'RE IN HELL"

healthy dose of procrastination and you've got a recipe for stress.

Especially if you have mental health problems, you'll reply to the haters with, "Sure, university is easy. It's like riding a bike. Except the bike is on fire and you're on fire and everything is on fire because you're in hell". The simple fact is that struggling with mental health makes an already tough experience even more daunting.

Few people are raring to go to lectures, but it's harder if you've got depression and struggle to get out of bed. It's hard if you've got anxiety and the thought of the 11.55 rush between classes makes you weak at the knees. The sad truth is that there are a hundred mental health problems that are misunderstood and confusing, even for those who have them. So many fail to be diagnosed.

It's more common than you'd think too. In 2013, the UK National Union of Students (NUS) conducted a study and discerned that one out of five students believe they have a mental health problem. The main cause was surmised to be the sheer number of commitments a student faces at university, especially compared to the relatively easy life they had at high school.

The transition for school leavers is a difficult one. Lifestyles at high school and university are dramatically different. Mandatory attendance left little option but to turn up to class and at least pretend to pay attention, whereas at university you're under no such obligation. Miss a class? You won't be getting detention. Instead you have the bleak realisation of how woefully inadequate the slides are for explaining lecture content. Add rent, hangovers, and that Cecil test due at four you haven't touched, and you've got the student life you've been looking forward to.

A considerable amount of mental illness begins in adolescence, and is exacerbated by change. In a University of Auckland study, a group of 9107 secondary school students and 315 tertiary students were surveyed to see what it's like to grow up in New Zealand. Dr Simon Denny, the lead researcher, said that 21% of surveyed students were in need of some kind of help, stating, "[The figure] is too big for secondary health services, such as hospital outpatients or child and adolescent mental health services".

This study provided overwhelming evidence of what was already suspected, that the mental health of New Zealand youth and young adults is abysmal. The research showed four common behavioural clusters, one of which is distress. Within the smaller group who needed help, 86% showed high levels of de-

"IN 2013, THE UK NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS (NUS) CONDUCTED A STUDY AND DISCERNED THAT ONE OUT OF FIVE STUDENTS BELIEVE THEY HAVE A MENTAL HEALTH PROBLEM."

"THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND OFFERS SOME VERY GOOD SERVICES TO HELP WITH AN ALL MANNER OF MENTAL HEALTH ISSUES AND GENERAL LIFE PROBLEMS YOU MIGHT FACE. DON'T DILLY DALLY AND WAIT UNTIL EXAMS, IT'S RIDICULOUSLY HARD TO GET AN APPOINTMENT WHEN EVERYONE'S APPLYING FOR COMPASSIONATE CONSIDERATION."

pressive symptoms and 48% had attempted to commit suicide in the past twelve months. An inability to access the necessary help in school is partially responsible for these statistics.

Other social factors including drinking culture, smoking, and recreational drugs have also been linked to New Zealand's incredibly high youth suicide and death statistics. Medical journal *Lancet* ranked New Zealand second out of twenty-seven developed countries for adolescent mortality, with 'adolescent' defined as being between the ages of ten and twenty-four. Professor Annette Beautrais, Faculty of Medical and Health Sciences at the University of Auckland, comments, "The *Lancet* data shows New Zealand has the highest rate of female youth suicide among 27 high income countries, and the second highest rate, after Korea, for male youth suicide".

Here at Auckland Uni, there have been two very public suicides over the past few years. Both of these occurred in the OGGB and highlight how close to home this issue is. Consider when you next sit in your lecture, and contemplate that approximately one out of five people within the room struggle with their mental health. The sheer magnitude is enormous. If you do have problems, know that you're not alone in them.

Professor Beautrais blames the high rates of adolescent suicide on New Zealand drinking culture and the stigma around talking about mental illness: "insufficient and fragmented

adolescent and youth mental health services; a national stoicism, difficulty expressing emotion, and failure to seek help for emotional problems and stresses; as well as a fatalism among professionals and the public that accepts high alcohol use, binge drinking, and high rates of youth suicide and traffic deaths as part of the national culture". If you head to Lenin on a Saturday night, the extent of student alcohol abuse becomes painfully obvious. I grudgingly put my hand up; been there, done that, have no desire to go back.

Beautrais also touches on the point of, "national stoicism", which is prevalent in many of the cultures that reside in New Zealand. As Kiwis we have a common disdain for sharing our feelings. We believe that we can work through anything, and this spirit is often considered one of our finest attributes as a nation. But, when it comes to mental well being, such an attitude is completely detrimental to the health of the nation, especially for youth. When it comes to issues like these, a problem shared is a problem halved. Whether it be a friend, partner, family member, or counsellor, seeking support from another is the first step to improving your situation.

Youth mental health was the focus of John Key's speech at the University of Auckland Youth Health and Wellbeing Symposium. First introduced in 2012, the Prime Minister's Youth Mental Health Project will be implementing twenty-six new initiatives by July 2016, to aid the transition to adulthood. While this will mainly be based in schools, the goal is to of-

fer skills to students before they transfer to university, in order to prepare them for the change.

No need to cry into your copy of *Craccum* because the government is doing too little too late to help students. UoA offers some very good services to help with all manner of mental health issues and general life problems you might face. Don't dilly dally and wait until exams, it's ridiculously hard to get an appointment when everyone's applying for compassionate consideration.

Instead, book online now on the 'Counselling Services' page of the UoA website. Fill out a quick and painless questionnaire, and they'll contact you promptly to set up an appointment. It's free, confidential, professional, and the counsellors are very kind. There are also optional well being groups, to connect you with other students who suffer similarly.

For any medical mental health issues, you can book an appointment at the University Health Clinic to see a GP. The staff at both the Counselling Services and the Health Clinic are solely for students, and therefore are very understanding to problems specific to us. Located on the third floor of Kate Edgar, it's accessible, and prices at the Health Clinic are reasonable.

A duty counsellor is available for serious situations. This includes concerns about suicide, self-harm, recent rape, assault, or harassment. It also provides for those who witness a traumatic incident, or suffer acute deterioration of a current mental health condition. A contact number will be listed at the end of this article.

The Mental Health Foundation of New Zealand is a charity that exists to help anyone who is struggling with mental health or has concerns about another. The website is

packed with contact details, articles, and strategies to help both yourself and others. The Foundation does immeasurable work in communities to break down the stigma of mental health. On the 22nd of May, 'Pink Shirt Day' hosted by the Mental Health Foundation, will seek to raise awareness of bullying and the effects it can have.

University can be tough. It's a juggling act as you ride your flaming bike through the pits of hell. However, the ride can be made a little easier, so use the following contact details if you're struggling and need some training wheels for your bike.

DUTY COUNSELLOR: 09 923 7681
ACADEMIC COUNSELLING: 09 923 7681
UNIVERSITY HEALTH CLINIC: 09 923 7681
MENTAL HEALTH CRISIS NUMBER: 0800 800 717
LIFELINE: 09) 5222 999
SUICIDE CRISIS HELPLINE: 0508 828 865 (0808 TAUTOKO)

THE FIRST YEAR EXPERIENCE: STUDENT VERSUS DEPRESSION

MATT* IS A SECOND YEAR, EX HALLS, commerce student. Last year he struggled with depression, but has been effectively coping with it this semester with the help of the University Health Clinic and Counselling Services.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEEK HELP FOR YOUR DEPRESSION?

Actually, I let it go on for quite a while. It began first semester of 2014, when I lived in the Halls of Residence. I didn't seek support until early this semester though, when I realised it was more than a phase. Now I think about it, there was plenty of support available at the halls. The RA's are great, so are the other staff, and of course there's the regular university system. I just didn't acknowledge it was a problem until recently.

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON WHY YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A PHASE?

I just assumed it was some angsty teenage BS. The result of partying too much, moving away from home, the stress of adapting to a

new life. Even after everything calmed down and I went home for summer, I still felt off. When I came back to Uni again, it was then I knew it wouldn't just go away so easily.

HOW DID DEPRESSION AFFECT YOUR LIFE?

I didn't go to class. Don't get me wrong, my attendance isn't stellar now, but at least I catch up now with recorded lectures *laughs*. I drank because I was depressed and I wanted to forget about it, not just to have a good time with mates. It was a generally unhealthy and unhappy lifestyle.

DID YOU TALK TO ANYONE ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE EXPERIENCING?

Nah, I felt like it was something I should be able to deal with myself. When you see everyone else having such a good time, you don't really want to bring it up. Depression by nature makes you shrink into yourself, which is completely detrimental to seeking help. When I went home, it was even harder. I know how pleased my family were that I

got into Uni, I'm the first you see. At the time I felt like I would have been disappointing them if I wasn't enjoying it.

WHAT KIND OF HELP WERE YOU ABLE TO GET?

I booked an appointment online with a University Counsellor, which was pretty simple. I was referred to a GP, but I'll continue to see the counsellor. They give you some really good coping strategies, for stress, anxiety, anything you have an issue with.

AND NOW, HOW DO YOU FEEL? WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO OTHERS WHO CAN RELATE TO HOW YOU FEEL?

I feel good. There are darker days, which is normal, but it's definitely improved. I'd probably just say to seek help as soon as you can. It's hardly a revelation, but you'd be surprised at how normal it is, and how understanding people can be. It's not something you have to suffer through.

*Name has been changed for privacy.

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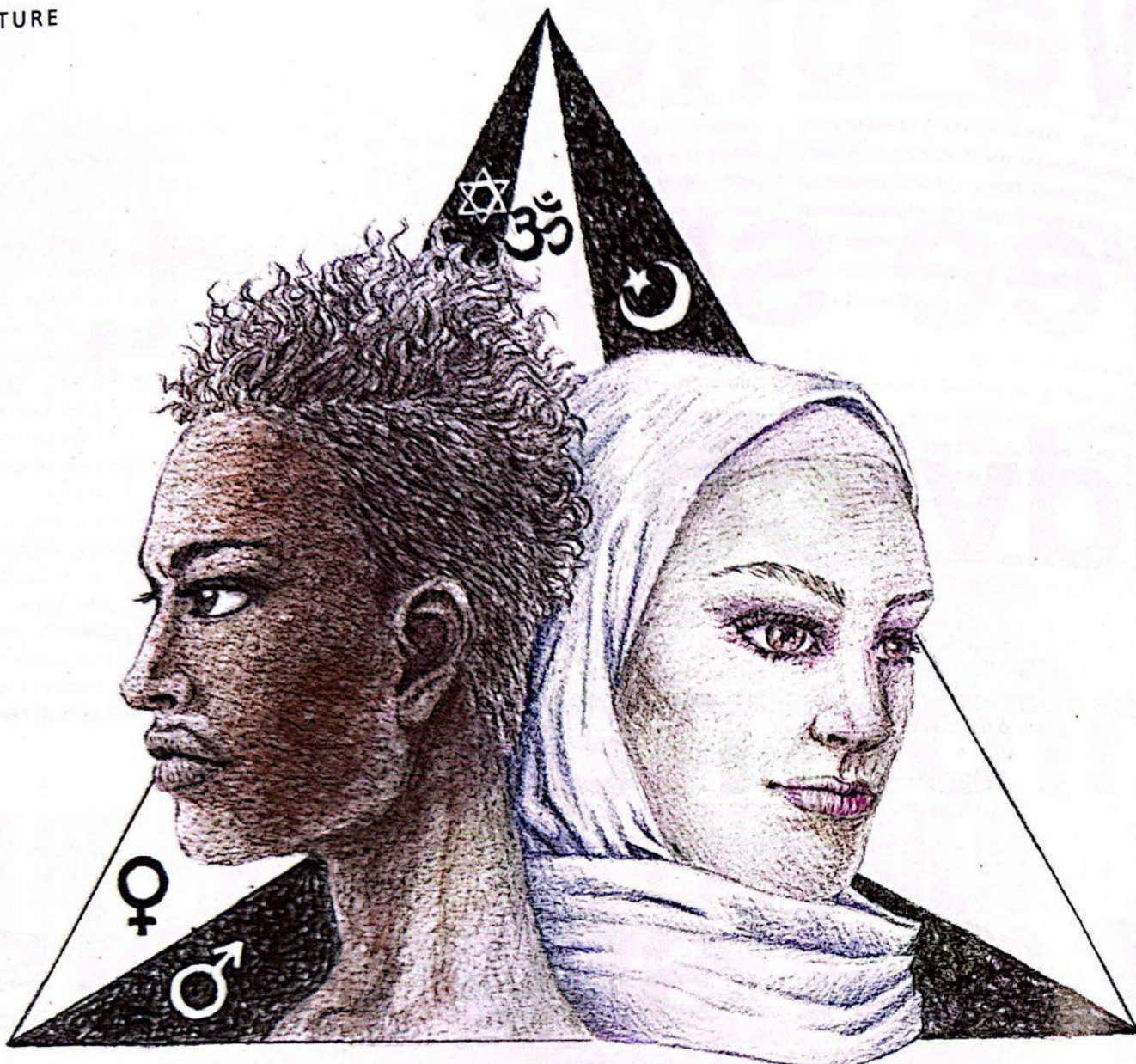
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THE IMAGINARY R WORD IN FEMINISM (RACE, IT'S RACE.)

BY WEN JUENN LEE

NOW, I AM BUZZFEED'S NUMBER ONE FAN. I love the 21 Photos of Cats that You Can't Even, or finding out Which One Direction Band Member Is Your Soulmate. (It wasn't Harry, so I forgot who it was.) But when I clicked on a post of Badass Feminist Women, it was all shades of wrong. There was Emma Watson for the campaign #HeforShe, Lena Dunham for her HBO show *Girls*, and Taylor Swift, for just being a general mvp in 'Blank Space'. These are all wonderful women, but they are all, coincidentally, the same Optic white that my Colgate toothpaste promises me. The occasional sprinkle of co-

lour, Queen Bey and Laverne Cox from *Orange Is the New Black*, was clearly an attempt to balance out the odds. This got me thinking.

In good old Sociology 100, amidst Marxism (go, proletariat, go!) and Foucault, we learnt about intersectionality. Kimberlé Crenshaw came up with the idea that different systems of oppression are interconnected and cannot be examined separately. This means that those who face different forms of discrimination, whether it's race, sexuality or class, will experience racism, sexism and discrimination simultaneously. Thus, intersectional fem-

inism acknowledges that a woman's experience of gender discrimination is not a 'one size fits all', that a black woman's experience in gender and race will differ from a white woman's.

This is where mainstream feminism or, dare I say it, white feminism, becomes increasingly problematic. In 2011, the protest movement SlutWalk called for an end of rape culture and victim blaming by walking through the streets with protesters wearing the clothing of their choice, in response to the offending Canadian officer who had said that to prevent

sexual assault, "women should avoid dressing like sluts". Cue massive eye roll. I just don't have time for these people.

In theory, SlutWalk was a great thing. It said a massive 'fuck you' to rape culture, and I love massive 'fuck you's' to anyone in general. But, (there's always a but in my life) there are some issues to be addressed. Women of colour couldn't get behind SlutWalk because 'slut' has a different connotation for a black woman than it does for a white woman. A black woman's sexuality has always been demonised and exaggerated so that the word 'slut' cannot simply be reclaimed.

In 'An Open Letter from Black Women to SlutWalk Organisers' *Black Women's Blueprint* wrote, "As black women, we do not have the privilege or the space to call ourselves 'slut' without validating the already historically entrenched ideology and recurring messages about what and who the black woman is". Black women's bodies literally were property for slave owners during the Jim Crow Laws, so the word 'slut' cannot simply override generations of deep rooted ideology. Amidst the struggle of challenging stereotypes such as the 'Mammy' and the 'Ho', proudly calling oneself a 'slut' becomes a privilege that black women do not have; they do not wish to reinforce the 'black woman identities' that they are fighting so hard to throw off. And the plot thickens: in SlutWalk NYC, a woman held up an infamous sign reading "Women are the n****s of the world". Not cool man. This highlights the binary spheres of mainstream feminism and racism in SlutWalk, where a woman didn't consider n****s, a racially charged word embedded in generations of oppression for African Americans, as something you might not want to use as a white female. If women are the n****s of the world, what does that make a black woman?

Femen, a similar movement, protests against the sexual exploitation of women by demonstrating topless on the streets. Femen seek to liberate women repressed by the shackles of

Islam, calling for the immediate "deposition of all dictatorial regimes creating unbearable living conditions for women, first of all, theocratic Islamic states practicing Shari'ah". In basic terms, Femen see themselves as 'saviours' for Muslim women, oppressed by their hijabs, stripping naked to show what a fun paradise being naked can be.

In a hugely insensitive display of this 'liberation', Femen entered Muslim holy sites and stripped naked. Tunisian feminist Amina Tyler posted topless images with Arabic writing on her chest reading: "My body belongs to me and is not the source of anyone's honour". Another posting read "Fuck Your Morals". An 'International Topless Jihad Day' organised by Femen involved demonstrations outside of mosques chanting "Topless Jihad", and burning Salafist flags. Not to mention the huge-ass racism I see up here — burning of the Salafist flag, calling yourself a 'Topless Jihad', stripping naked in holy sites, I don't know man, it seems fishy — Femen's acts imposed their own white feminist beliefs by fragrantly disregarding a woman's race and religion, or more aptly said by Hager Naili: "Femen's Islam-bashing disregards Muslim feminism". In the Facebook group, 'Muslim Women Against Femen', Muslim feminists posted pictures of themselves in protest of what they called an 'Islamophobe' group. Signboards included "Femen, I am a strong woman, do I look like I need imperialists to free me from oppression", and "Shame on you, Femen. Hijab is my right", which I think has a certain ring to it.

Now back to Emma Watson and Lena Dunham. What SlutWalk and Femen show is the lack of intersectionality in mainstream feminism. SlutWalk overlooked black women's experiences with its use of the term 'slut', and Femen pretty much attacked Muslim women because of their religion. In this way, mainstream feminism has become a feminism that women of colour cannot participate in. So when Buzzfeed acknowledges mainly white feminists, it misrepresents the movement.

"IN THEORY, SLUTWALK WAS A GREAT THING. IT SAID A MASSIVE 'FUCK YOU' TO RAPE CULTURE, AND I LOVE MASSIVE 'FUCK YOU'S' TO ANYONE IN GENERAL."

The importance of representation in the media cannot be stressed. Why was #BlackOut on tumblr such a big deal? Because for the first time, we were saturated with images of black men and women. It was like saying "hey! I'm not white, either!" which I definitely do not say, like ever. Similarly, television is a utopian ideal, where we have dragons and Queens (all hail Kahleesi), hot doctors who save lives, singing jocks and nerds (does anyone watch *Glee* anymore? Hit me up) and Jon Snow. Everyone's kinda hetero, white and male. So for a cis-hetero white man, he believes he can do anything, because he is literally represented in every aspect of our society. Those underrepresented in the media — women, people of colour, LGBTIQ — don't have the privilege to envision themselves in those positions. Which brings us back to the full circle of Buzzfeed's whity whity list (which is a dark period in their reign, because they're normally pretty good). Underrepresenting other badass women of colour, (CHIAMANDA NGOZI ADICHE PEOPLE, SHE INSPIRED BEYONCE'S "FLAWLESS" COME ON) bell hooks, Margaret Cho, make it feel as if feminism is one long line of white females. Which it's not.

Lastly, I don't want to feel like this is the 'Oppression Olympics', to make out as if those facing more systems of oppression have it 'harder' than those with less. Intersectional feminism is all about accommodating a voice for the different systems of discrimination we face, whether it be class, sexuality, appearance, age, or race. But when mainstream feminism forgets (read: disregards) race, then Houston, we have a problem. In a wider feminist community, intersectional feminism should no longer have to be called that; it should simply be, in practice, feminism.

"AS BLACK WOMEN, WE DO NOT HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OR THE SPACE TO CALL OURSELVES 'SLUT' WITHOUT VALIDATING THE ALREADY HISTORICALLY ENTRENCHED IDEOLOGY AND RECURRING MESSAGES ABOUT WHAT AND WHO THE BLACK WOMAN IS"



THE QUEEN SHOULD BE GIVEN MORE POWERS.

ALSO, WE SHOULD KILL THE QUEEN.



BY SIR WINIFRED WORTHINGTON BOTTOMLEY-PORRIDGE III

IF THERE'S ONE THING A LIFETIME OF OBSERVING politics has taught me, it's that democracy doesn't work. Preening, squabbling politicians, mediocre to a man. A Prime Minister with a predilection for pre-teen girls' hairstyles. Elections that amount to nothing more than chasing the lowest common denominator, each side trying to win the affections of the masses. And really, why should we let the masses choose our rulers? If the people who make up the masses were worth a damn, they bloody well wouldn't be part of the masses, would they?

No, I've come to the conclusion that what we ought to do is return all executive power back where it rightly belongs: with God's

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representative on earth, Elizabeth, Second of her Name, Queen of the Realm, Head of the Commonwealth and Defender of the Faith. Think about it. She has decades of experience. She's as qualified to rule as a dozen Hillary Clintons, with nowhere near the baggage. Her Majesty has never, to my knowledge, taken money from a Chinese bank or ordered anyone killed.

Her pedigree, too, is impeccable. Her Majesty is a 32nd generation descendant of William the Conqueror, who was a 12th generation descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne, whose grandfather was Charles Martel, without whom we'd all be speaking bloody Muslim right now. By contrast, our current Prime

Minister is a direct descendant of the chaps who killed Christ. I know who I'd rather have my back, any day.

But there's a problem. Her Majesty is old. Really old. She turned 89 last month and shows no sign of retiring yet. She appears to be tackling her duties just fine so far, but what will happen when she's 100? My mother is 100, and she can't even make a proper cup of tea these days, let alone rule the greatest empire in the history of mankind. And unlike Her Majesty, Mummy doesn't have access to the best doctors and most advanced medical technology money can buy. She'll probably die soon. Her Majesty might be kept alive for decades.

And when she does finally shuffle off the royal coil, she'll only be replaced by that damn fool son of hers, by then probably well into

his 90s. Charles' loony pinko pipedreams were bad enough when he was only hopped up on organic hemp and patchouli oil. Imagine what he'll be like when he's senile to boot. Hardly bears thinking about, does it?

Prince William looked like a pretty attractive proposition for a while, but his genes are finally starting to make their presence felt. His hair is rapidly thinning and he's already begun to bear an unfortunate resemblance to the other males in the family. By the time he ascends the throne, he'll probably look like that Darth Vader fellow when Luke pulls his mask off at the end of *Return of the Jedi*.

If we don't do something radical, and soon, the future of the monarchy will be a series of forlorn, decrepit figures, all life and vigour drained from them by decades of waiting, each ascending the throne aged 90, already

deep in the throes of senility, there to rule until age 120 or so, various cybernetic enhancements keeping them alive year after year after year, growing madder by the day, a dynasty of dribbling cyber-idiots, rattling around the dark corridors of their palaces, laughing to themselves in the deep, issuing bizarre pronouncements making Thursdays illegal or the moon Prime Minister, a parody of death, a travesty of life, an eternal undead empire, a perpetual mocking twilight.

And we wouldn't want that, would we?

Luckily, I have a solution. Ladies and Gentlemen, I put it to you that we must kill the Queen. More specifically, we ought to kill every monarch once they reach a predetermined age. Think of it as imposing a natural term limit. My plan would involve euthanising the sovereign as soon as he or she reaches age 60, possibly via a *Logan's Run* style system of wrist implants, or alternatively just the traditional executioner's axe.

We couldn't implement the plan straight away, of course. Her Majesty is already well over 60, so is Charles, and William is knocking on the door of 50, by the look of him. We shall have to phase it in over several reigns. Her Majesty can go on to 100. She's earned it. Then we'll let Charles have a crack for a while, until he gets to 90. William can see out his 80th, then it'll be au revoir to him too. George can be allowed to reach 70. From then on, it's 60 and out.

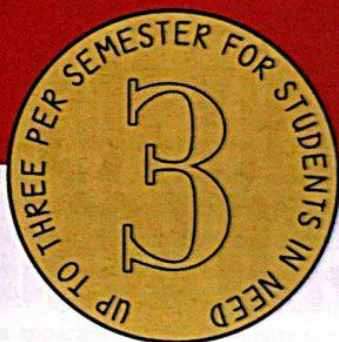
It's really the only sensible solution. The only other option would be to do away with the whole thing entirely and establish some sort of republic. And that would just be plain silly.

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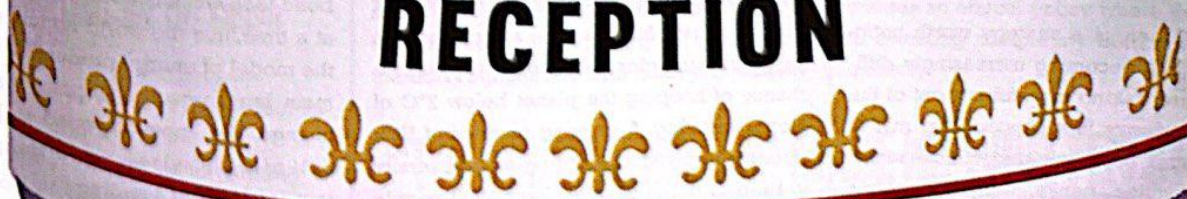
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FOSSIL FUEL DIVESTMENT WHAT IT IS, WHY IT MATTERS, AND HOW UOA CAN COME ON BOARD

BY FOSSIL FREE UOA

THE TWO-MINUTE VERSION

Two weeks ago, global atmospheric CO₂ levels hit 400 PPM (parts per million). That's an awful lot of polluting gas, considering humans are responsible for a 120 PPM rise since pre-industrial levels, half of which has occurred in the last 35 years alone. A safe level of carbon dioxide is deemed to be 350 PPM. This figure gave the organisation 350.org their name, and the impetus to start what is now by far the fastest growing divestment campaign in history.

Divestment, then, is a strategy worth noticing. In fact, it's becoming increasingly difficult to ignore. Taking investments out of the fossil fuel industry is a concept that makes environmental, economic and ethical sense. That's why cities, banks, religious groups and universities are following suit worldwide, with more than \$50 billion divested from fossil fuels so far. You know that we're not talking about a fringe movement when even the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, heirs to

the Rockefellers' legendary oil fortune, are convinced that, now, divestment is the right choice for them.

As *The Guardian* noted of their own divestment campaign, "[t]he usual rule of newspaper campaigns is that you don't start one unless you know you're going to win it. This one will almost certainly be won in time". The movement demonstrates that every participating institution, individual, and city deems it socially unacceptable for the fossil fuel industry to continue its polluting reign, when research has already shown that 80% of all known fossil fuel reserves must remain in the ground, in order to hold on to any remote chance of keeping the planet below 2°C of global warming. A growing number of UoA students and staff are urging our University to be part of the change. Over 1500 people have already signed the petition asking UoA to create an ethical investment policy which will exclude fossil fuel investments from the University's endowment fund. Add your voice now by visiting the following link:

<http://campaigns.gofossilfree.org/p/fossilfreeuoa>

Alternatively, search 'Fossil Free UoA' on Facebook and click the 'sign up' link.

Read on to come to grips with the fundamentals of divestment, and how it can become a reality at UoA.

WHAT DOES DIVESTMENT ASK?

The divestment movement is a powerful symbolic tool which is demonstrating, one entity at a time, that the world no longer endorses the model of energy production which is the main human-caused accelerator of climate change. We know we need to leave about 80% of fossil fuel reserves in the ground to retain any hope of avoiding catastrophic global warming and, despite this, the industry continues to invest millions in exploring for new reserves. It's an energy economy that puts profit before the planet. The environmental argument for divestment, then, is clear.

HOW CAN YOU JUSTIFY DIVESTMENT ECONOMICALLY? ISN'T IT PRETTY RISKY?

Fossil fuel shares are currently valued on the assumption that they will all be burned, and when energy policies finally catch up with reality, their value is set to plummet, as a report by global bank HSBC has demonstrated. Evidently, when that starts to happen, the industry is not somewhere you'll want to be invested. Meanwhile, analysis from leading stock-market index MSCI has demonstrated that returns from fossil free portfolios outperformed their fossil fuel-invested counterparts by 1.2% over the past five years. Investment analysts Aperio found that the theoretical risk after removing fossil fuels from an investment portfolio is minuscule — around 0.0044% — and recent oil prices are further demonstrating that the market simply isn't sustainable. The upshot is that it is untenable to justify a position of continued fossil fuel investment on the grounds that returns are likely to be higher this way, when empirical data is in fact demonstrating the opposite.

DIVESTMENT LOOKS GOOD BUT DOES IT REALLY MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

Divestment is primarily a way of taking a moral stand on climate change. Just as universities around the world in the '80s divested from South African companies to take a stance against apartheid, institutions are now taking a stand against environmental exploitation. Divestment is an ask for systemic change, and for that change to happen, a social consciousness saying so has to stimulate it. That is why the divestment movement exists. Divesting is a way of taking a step away from the world we do not want to live in, of making a clear, principled stand against an industry which is essentially wrecking the environment. Through monopolising, the movement seeks to hamper large-scale implementation of renewable energy initiatives. Last year alone \$260 billion USD was invested in renewable energy.

CAN WE JUSTIFY DIVESTMENT WHEN WE'RE STILL RELIANT ON THE FOSSIL FUEL INDUSTRY?

The short answer is yes. The fossil fuel industry has such control over our energy consumption that the thought of attempting to avoid all reliance on it in the current climate, in a collected and organised way so that they would actually notice, is just about beyond comprehension. On the other hand, it's rather difficult not to take notice when over 800 different investors have already taken over \$50

billion out of the industry.

WHY DOES DIVESTMENT MATTER FOR UNIVERSITIES?

Universities have a noteworthy role to play in the divestment movement. They have a responsibility to uphold their own policies, to be held accountable to their stakeholder interests, to stimulate discussion on contemporary issues, to bring practice in line with research findings as far as possible and ultimately to take action on the most impactful and global issue of our time. It is morally unacceptable to support a mercenary industry which is the main contributor to human-caused climate change. Victoria University understands this and have already made a divestment commitment, as have the Australian National University and Glasgow University, just to name a few. Divestment as a prudent means of smart and ethical sustainable practice represents a conscientious message universities can and should take pride in instilling in their students.

HOW IS UOA STRUCTURED IN TERMS OF INVESTMENT POLICIES?

The University's endowment pool is the fund that gets invested, and a legally separate entity, the University of Auckland Foundation, controls the policies that say where it can be invested. The existing policies are publicly available. Upon reading them, it quickly becomes apparent that the University not only leaves its position on fossil fuel investment undisclosed, but it in fact has no binding ethical investment policy whatsoever. That is to say, the Foundation has made no written stance against any investments on the grounds of moral responsibility — not even against industries like tobacco or gambling (we would like to assume these are beyond the pale, obviously, but the entire lack of policy here is rather disturbing). It is high time, then, that the Foundation is made aware that creating such a policy is something any prudent institution which serves as the critic and conscience of society would naturally do.

Moving from policy creation, in which we seek to incorporate fossil fuel divestment, to the action of divesting, the good news is that the UoA Foundation's fund managers already

offer their clients the option of a Fossil Free portfolio, making the divestment process far more straightforward. To begin that process, dialogue with the Foundation is of course essential. UoA staff have given the Foundation ample opportunity to engage on the issue, but those opportunities, thus far, have been declined without explanation.

AS STUDENTS, WHAT CAN WE DO TO MAKE DIVESTMENT A REALITY AT UOA?

The best chance the student body has of inciting some useful negotiation higher up the chain is by showing that we care about the ethical grounds on which the University invests its money. We need to demonstrate this for a sustained period of time, loud and clear and, to that end, the more organised, informed and visible we are, the better. That's where our student-led group Fossil Free UoA kicks in. The petition we've initiated asking UoA to invest ethically and divest from fossil fuels is already gaining traction, with more than 1500 signatures.

This article was written by the Fossil Free UoA research working group. When not publicising divestment in student magazines, we focus on bringing together information that will be useful to the campaign strategy, such as how other universities that UoA benchmarks against are responding to divestment, and what their ethical investment policies look like. Meanwhile, the events crew are working with the promotion and media team to make us more visible on campus, and outreach group members are making links with other clubs and student associations. We would love to hear from you if you'd like to be a part of the action in any capacity. Email the team at fossilfreeaucklanduni@350.org.nz and we'll take it from there.

BEFORE YOU GO

Do you know one other person who could sign the petition? Maybe you could even share it on Facebook? The student masses represent a stakeholder interest that the University cannot ignore. We are keeping divestment firmly on the table until the University creates an ethical policy where they commit to divesting completely from the fossil fuel industry.

"THE FOUNDATION HAS MADE NO WRITTEN STANCE AGAINST ANY INVESTMENTS ON THE GROUNDS OF MORAL RESPONSIBILITY — NOT EVEN AGAINST INDUSTRIES LIKE TOBACCO OR GAMBLING"



LUNCHES WITH LEN

MONDAYS 12PM-1PM



11TH MAY

CARMEL SEPULONI
MP FOR KELSTON

18TH MAY

PHIL GOFF
MP FOR MT ROSKILL

25TH MAY

PEENI HENARE
MP FOR TAMAKI MAKAUURAU

20TH JULY

DAVID SEYMOUR
MP FOR EPSOM

27TH JULY

LEN BROWN
MAYOR OF AUCKLAND

3RD AUGUST

ROSS CLOW
COUNCILLOR FOR WHAU

17TH AUGUST

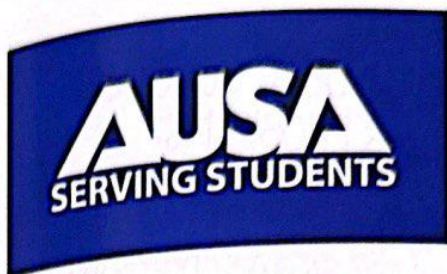
LINDA COOPER
COUNCILLOR OF WAITAKERE

24TH AUGUST

SIMON O'CONNOR
MP FOR TAMAKI

1ST SEPTEMBER

LOUISA WALL
MP FOR MANUREWA



HOW TO BE GREEN ON CAMPUS

It's ENVIRONMENT WEEK ON CAMPUS, what we call 'Eco-Fest' - a week to celebrate and take extra special care of the environment.

Every week should really be environment week. While there are some skeptics out there, the 'climate change debate' is hardly even a 'debate'. 99% of scientists say it's real and empirical data literally shows increasing temperatures and the melting of ice caps year on year.

While it's all very well to 'say' that we should all care about the environment more, actually doing something about it is a bit harder. We all know what to do at home- recycling, shorter showers, compost your food scraps, but what about at uni? Sometimes it feels like we just live at Uni. How can we be more eco-friendly here too?

COMPOSTING

Last year, our Environmental Affairs Officer

put compost bins in Womenspace, Clubspace and just out the back of AUSA house (where parentspace used to be). Anyone's free to use them- just be careful to log what you're putting in and read the instructions on the bin. It's pretty self-explanatory.

Not good if you're squeamish as we've got a growing worm population but well worth doing if you have food scraps that otherwise, you'd chuck in the bin. Good news too: our EAO this year is trying to get more around uni, so keep your eyes peeled.

VEGAN LUNCHES

Veganism is cool. \$5, all-you-can-eat Vegan lunches on campus are even cooler. But what's supremely awesome is AUSA's 'dish-counts' - on Thursday's outside the International Students Office we provide plates for the vegan lunches, so you can eat sustainably on sustainably washed plates!

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESENTS ECOFEST MONDAY 18 MAY - FRIDAY 22 MAY

WHAT'S ON FOR ECO-FEST THIS WEEK?

First up on Monday is 'Bike for Breakfast'. Cycle to uni and receive breakfast on us! This is both to encourage you new bikers but also to give a little something to everyone who bikes in at the moment. We're collaborating with the Uni Cycling Group and Animal Rights group to bring you delicious animal-friendly breakfasts. A selection of delicious cereals, pancakes and sausages will be available- free blueberry pancakes for breakfast anyone? Dietary intolerances will be catered for so no one misses out! Be there 7.45am-9.45am, the quad outside the rec centre. If you miss that, don't worry because we're doing the same thing on Tuesday, same place.

Also on Tuesday is our Waste Audit. At uni, we spend half our time tapping away on our keyboards theorizing how to 'save the world'. Come along to the quad at 11am on Tuesday and actually help do something.

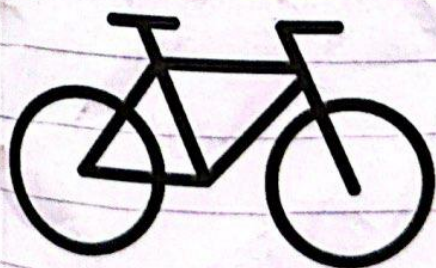
AUSA PRESENTS

BIKE FOR BREAKFAST

WITH UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND CYCLING CLUB, AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY ANIMAL RIGHTS AND WASTEWATCHERS

Cycle to uni and get a free gourmet breakfast including pancakes! Available on Monday 18th May and Tuesday 19th May between 7.45 and 9.45am outside the Rec Centre in the Quad

SPONSORED BY



FOR MORE INFORMATION EMAIL EAO@AUSA.ORG.NZ

ECOFEST **AUSA**
SERVING STUDENTS

We're doing a waste audit- sorting through rubbish and seeing just how good students are at recycling. This event is also being put on with Help Green Our Uni, and what's more, come along and get a free keepcup! The other thing happening on Tuesday is a workshop on how to speak persuasively- particularly geared towards how you can convince people to help you help the planet out. It's put on by Plastic Diet and Waste-watchers.

If waste-audits just aren't your thing, Wednesday should be a little less 'messy'. Go to Womenspace and be part of a Clotheswap! From 5-7pm, bring some old clothes and sway them for someone else's unwanted threads. Dinner is included and all you need is a gold coin. Earlier in the day is a talk between 3-4pm in the Biology Lecture Theatre, Building 106, room 204 from Gary Marshal, part of the Auckland Permaculture Workshop series. He's creative and also a landscape architect. There'll be time for questions at the end so if you need any gardening tips, alongside sustainable solutions, come along to the Biology building.

Wednesday is also Bring a Cup to Uni Day. Go along to the Quad cafe, Jewel of India, Unisushi or Hellofood with your own container and get a 50c discount. If you forget, come along to our dishwashing station in the Quad, 12-2pm, and if you're feeling the vibe, help us out too.



AUCKLAND
PERMACULTURE
WORKSHOP

INTERESTED IN SUSTAINABLE SOLUTIONS TO THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS?

3-4PM, WEDNESDAY 20TH MAY
BIOLOGY LECTURE THEATRE, BUILDING 106, ROOM 204

Want to learn how to become more sustainable? Keen to think creatively and outside the box? Listen to a captivating speaker from Auckland Permaculture Workshop and gain new skills in a presentation format.

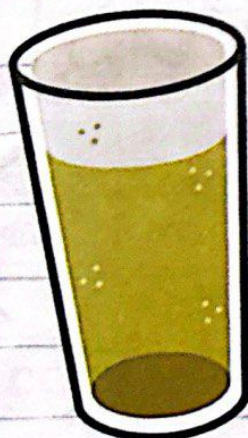
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On Thursday, there's another Waste Audit with Help Green our Uni, just because we love sustainability and recycling enough to do a second one, 11am-1pm in the Quad. But also, there's an exciting talk on in OGGB, Case Room 1 at 5.30pm. It's a special event- a discussion on how we can tackle climate change at Auckland Uni. Rod Oram (Legendary Sunday Star Times Business columnist), Quentin Atkinson (Associate Professor in Psychology) and Niamh O'Flynn (National Director of 350 Aotearoa- an organization working towards the most important number in our world) are coming to talk about how we can best communicate the issue to our peers, to the media and how we can make meaningful change happen on campus.

To show how sweet you thought EcoFest was, on Friday, come along and buy some sweet stuff from the Quad between 11am and 4pm. We're selling gourmet treats and hand-made, recycled notebooks to raise funds for Oxfam. Also on Friday evening is a quiz to wrap up the week at Shadows. Get together a team, head on over and be in to win a \$100 bar tab!

The schedule is packed. It doesn't matter if you've never felt that passionate about the environment before, or whether you're passionate but not that involved. Just come along to whatever you can and get inspired. While every week should be 'environment week', let this be the one where you must make a difference, learn, participate and be green.



ECO QUIZ NIGHT

FRIDAY 22, 6PM, SHADOWS

Get a team together and share some drinks with others interested in social justice and sustainability, or just enjoy a night off uni!

Have the right answers and you could win a \$100 bar tab!

FOR MORE INFORMATION EMAIL EAO@AUSA.ORG.NZ

ECOFEST **AUSA**
SERVING STUDENTS



CAMPUS FEMINIST COLLECTIVE AND AUSA PRESENT
CLOTHES SWAP!

CLOTHES FOR A GOLD COIN AND DINNER PROVIDED!
WEDNESDAY 20TH MAY 5-7PM, WOMENSPACE

All proceeds go to Women's Refuge

Bring clothes that don't serve you and get some that do!

Donate clothes to AUSA at reception or contact eao@ausa.org.nz

FOR MORE INFORMATION EMAIL EAO@AUSA.ORG.NZ

ECOFEST

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

**WANT TO GET INVOLVED
WITH STUDENT CULTURE
ON CAMPUS?**

BECOME AN AUSA DELEGATE

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AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

AN HOMAGE TO FROMAGE

BY AMY MARTIN

BREAKING NEWS: CHEESE IS GOOD FOR us...if it's not incredibly processed with a bunch of additives...

This is great — I needed to be reminded why I was doing a BSc, thank you Science. #LetsBeHonest: cheese is one of the best things in this crazy upside down universe. It's the gooey, melty, yummy goodness that lights up the harsh world of kale and quinoa.

For a long time, I've wondered why French people are so chic and lithe and healthy, with beautiful ombre'd hair — given that they just eat cheese and bread. This idea doesn't exactly keep me up at night, but I think it's a very important piece of information that the avid readers of *Craccum* will want to know. I guess I'm just that kind of person.

Seriously, the average French person eats 71 kilograms of cheese a year (I looked it up, you can trust me). It's the *French Paradox*: baguettes and cheese and jam and coffee and some of the lowest rates of heart disease.

So what's the deal? A study recently came



out in the *Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry* which investigated this French Paradox (It's called "Metabolomics Investigation to shed light on cheese as a possible piece in the French paradox puzzle" — GoogleScholar it.) Turns out these French folk are healthy partially because of all the yummy yummy cheese. I won't go into the details too much, you can read the paper yourself if you're feeling super smart. Essentially, there's this metabolite called TMAO which transports cholesterol to your arteries, and cheese (the angel of the dairy world) helps decrease it in some convoluted way.

Of course, more research needs to be done — because science! — the scholars were a bit surprised, but I'm not: they say if you love something enough it has to love you back eventually. It seems to have worked with cheese — now I've just got to get it to work with Taylor Swift. But I digress, the real moral of this story is:

Put down that raw shit and get brie in your belly!

(Side note, *Ticklemore* and *Drunken Hooligan* are both names of cheeses. What a magical world we live in.)

CAFÉ REVIEW: ROSIE

HY THERE! SO GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US. We would like to introduce café and food reviews, brought to you by Captain Bacon, Sergeant Spinach, and hopefully some special guests. We are putting our taste buds (and wallets) on the line to help you find decent noms in and around Auckland. First up on our agenda was an Auckland hotspot recently in the news for all the wrong reasons. Yes, we returned to the scene of the crime and ventured forth into the depths of swanky Parnell to visit the site of PonytailGate.

Rosie Café is a known favourite of our lovely, lecherous PM. At 82 Gladstone Road, it is part of the "Hip Group" network of restaurants — and hip it most certainly is. Painfully so. Let us just say that this is not the kind of place we usually hang out. But it was topical, so we decided to skip our weekly helicopter rides, pinch our pennies, and wander in on a busy Saturday morning.

The place was light, airy, spacious and very

Parnell. John would indeed be at home. We encountered two different types of equally uncomfortable, "conceptual" seating. The ponytail count stood at 9 (ponytails being pulled: 0) and, an awksies Parnell bonus, two ladies in the same Karen Walker top.

After Norrince Furlington (our special guest) arrived, we ordered two coffees and a cucumber creaming soda. Both were good. With herculean strength we decided to pass on a juice entitled "Unearthed Roots", only because we were slightly afraid that our mainstream taste for carrot and beetroot juice would be disappointed and we would find ourselves sipping on turnips or radishes instead. No thanks.

Upon perusing the menu, Captain Bacon was unenthused. The menu was adventurous in parts (watermelon with liquorice powder?), but seemed to remain standard while missing some classic brunch elements. As less seasoned money-eaters than John Key, we did have to consult Google on some menu items, like the "mozzarella fior di latte". Props to Rosie for using a fancy name to disguise a less-fancy-than-usual food — it was mozzarella made from

cow's milk rather than shmancy buffalo milk. In the end, CB opted for potato hash, a poached egg, green beans and "butcher's sausage" with a side of bacon. SS chose a smoked fish omelette, declining the offer of toast at extra cost (what is this treachery?). Norrince had granola with plums, and chia seeds yoghurt.

CB declared the meal to be delicious (despite the lukewarm bacon), but the food arrived minus the sausage. When the plate was redelivered from the kitchen, it came with our second special guest: a fly that cavorted over the eggs, unfazed by our hand-waving. Norrince had to battle Judith out with a fork. SS's omelette was delicious, so rich with eggs and butter that it tasted like money. Just as well, given that it was a \$19 pile of eggs. Norrince reported favourably on the granola, although the artful swirls of yoghurt drew comparisons to a toddler's finger painting.

We left Rosie feeling fairly satisfied, if very poor, from our morning of Keeping up with the Keys. Would we go back? Naaaah. Norrince values his ponytail too highly to venture back into this particular stable. 3/5.

WARM SLICE OF WINTER ACTIVITIES

BY SALENE SCHLOFFEL-ARMSTRONG

AFTER SUCH A LONG STICKY SUMMER, I'M excited to wrap up in coats and scarves and explore the city during these lovely autumnal days. I wrote a short list of the mainstays, the never fail activities (focused mainly on food consumption as per usual), that for me mark the change of the seasons in our central city.

1 When you are looking for a cosy corner in the city on a chilly day to enjoy coffee, mint tea and a selection of delightful cakes and tarts (including almond, lemon, buttermilk chocolate, custard and berry) then I recommend Mezza Bar at 9 Durham Street East. A fixture of Auckland cafe culture for over twenty years, Mezza offers Mediterranean delights in mid town. Just off High Street, it's warm and welcoming from the early hours until the late evening.

2 Feeling down and needing a piping hot bowl of health-giving soup deliciousness, in the form of a huge Ma-

laysian laksa? You need to check out Selera at 487 Khyber Pass. Just a minute on the bus down into the heart of Newmarket brings you to the corner of Osbourne and Khyber. Selera is a small restaurant famed for their amazing range of laksas, the best thing for a crisp evening or a sleep deprived student.

"WANTING A REASONABLY CHEAP OR FREE RAINY DAY ACTIVITY FOR A LAZY AFTERNOON AFTER LECTURES? THEN YOU SHOULD GO TO THE AUCKLAND MUSEUM"

3 Wanting a reasonably cheap or free rainy day activity for a lazy afternoon after lectures? Then you should go to the Auckland Museum (bring proof of your Auckland residency for a free MyMuseum entry pass). Also don't miss a visit to the beautiful (and toasty warm) winter gardens, a secret treasure of Auckland since 1913.

4 Imagining a tasty spot for an informal dinner, with spicy shawarmas, dreamy falafel and a kitschy backdrop of camel collectibles? Then why not stroll to The Middle East Cafe at 23 Wellesley Street? Another mainstay of the central city, and conveniently located opposite the back of the Civic Theatre, perfect for a pre show meal.

5 Needing a solution for a boring Wednesday, a weather 'bomb', long break between lectures or easy date idea? Check out The Academy Cinema's \$5 Wednesday. Any film showing on Wednesday will cost you only \$3, whether you are a student or not. Their film selection is also unbeatable. They can be found in the basement of the Central Library.

6 Just craving spicy, carbohydrate rich, Chinese comfort food, either hand-pulled noodles, or dumpling soup? Look no further than Xi'an Food Bar at 11 Anzac Avenue (and other locations all over our city). A teeny hole in the wall serving super cheap treats from the Xian region of China, you will leave warmed, comforted and full for under \$10.

CLEANING OUT MY CRANIUM

BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

I WAS LONG DUE FOR A DETOX. I GET PLENTY of sleep, attempt to munch my way through the whole produce section and feel fitter than ever, but a certain sluggishness and congestion persisted. The time had come for intervention: my brain needed a clean-out, and so did my room.

Organisation is basically a word I use in a cover letter to prove I'm a functioning person. Four years into uni and somewhere between the I'll-get-to-it-laters and a couple of crushingly mediocre law grades, a muddling brain fog set in. A feeling of disillusionment with study (read: lazy) encouraged my disorganised personality, feeding the lingering cranial haze. But I've renounced my tardy, messy ways — and feel much cleaner and cleared out on the inside because of it! With a freshly-made bed, a vacuumed carpet, plus an assignment ready to hand in, binge-watching *Gossip Girl*, or settling in with *The Bachelor* and some non-paleo chocolate, is a reward rather than a guilty procrastinatorscape from readings.

Procrastitidying started out as a way to avoid Land Law while still being produc-



tive, but it's reforming me too. The pervasive brain fog has lifted, the haze has cleared and I feel sharper and more alert — basically just back to normal. External messiness was a manifestation of an internal blockage. My desk is usually a burial ground for odd receipts, pristine textbooks and old assignments, and the cemetery under my bed holds the decaying corpses of Year 7 maths books. My newly tidy surroundings have made for a decluttered, focused mind. It's only taken me 21 years to realise that cleanliness is next to studiousness. Sitting down at an orderly desk in an organised bedroom creates a zen environment to help me get into studying. So now my bed gets made each morning, clothes put away, and the items on my to-do lists ticked off instead of being shunted over to the next morn-

ing for who knows how many consecutive days.

These new organisational habits have led to a landmark event in my student history: in the last couple of weeks, I've finished several assignments at least 12 hours before the deadline. Usually I skip classes on D-Day, frantically reference until 3pm, catch the bus at 3:15, sprint to uni, red-faced and panicked, then pat myself on the back for a 3:50pm hand-in. I've never done an all-nighter, missed a deadline or had lateness penalties slapped mercilessly on my cover sheet, but leaving things until the last minute has caused way too much anxiety.

I'm cleaning up my act. I've even submitted this article before the deadline!

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I AM UP TO NO GOOD

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

Readers beware: this article contains a shitload of coarse language – but there is a point, for once.

I WAS READING CANVAS MAGAZINE'S INTERVIEW with Dai Henwood recently, when I stumbled across a rather confronting paragraph. He was joking about men in "high visibility clothing" from rural New Zealand giving him a hard time on the street, saying things like, "Hey, it's that f***ing faggot from TV! You're not funny, c***!" The writer and deputy editor, Greg Dixon, had made the conscious decision to asterisk out "fuck" and "cunt" (understandably, for a family-friendly *New Zealand Herald* lift-out) but had deemed it suitable to leave the repulsive F-word uninterrupted, emblazoned across the page. This was completely alarming to me. What I would deem one of the most offensive words in the English language was left uncensored. I'm censoring it myself because it is one of two words (the other being the N-word) that I am deeply uncomfortable with — and I have as high a threshold for swearing as any self-respecting pseudo-intellectual bohemian wannabe.

As far as I can tell, there aren't any hard-and-fast restrictions placed on New Zealand media when it comes to naughty swears. The NZ Press Council vaguely exists to "uphold standards" in print media, but I can't find any specific guidelines from them around what we can and can't print. I've been told that apparently I can't write g*lden sh*w*er, which is one of my favourite new rules — I've asterisked it out just in case. I am so bemused by the fact that a word as derogatory, with as much historical baggage as the repulsive F-word is acceptable, but the term for someone weeing on you for a bit of sex fun isn't. Who are you to judge whether or not wee sex is acceptable? Who is deciding this? Anyway, I digress.

I looked at the Broadcasting Standards Authority to see what they had to say about swearing on TV and Radio, but all I could find was a wishy-washy standard requiring that broadcasters uphold "good taste and decency", which I'm sure I don't need to tell you can vary wildly from person to person. The BSA also conducts surveys every few years, asking New Zealanders which words they would deem totally unacceptable on television after 8.30pm. Every year "cunt" comes out on top (a few relationships could learn from this, am I right, ladies?) In 2013 70% of people called it completely unac-



ceptable, closely followed by the N-word. Surprisingly, the aforementioned F-word didn't factor in until number 9 on the list, below even the humble "fuck", with only 48% of people saying it was totally objectionable.

Side note: The *Herald* ran a hilarious article on this which stated, and I quote, "The latest results found the eight most unacceptable words were c***, n****r, Jesus f***** Christ, mother f*****, c***sucker, get f*****, f*** off and f***." Isn't it bizarre how putting an asterisk or a symbol in the word somehow makes it okay to print? We all know exactly what the word is, but it completely softens the blow. I personally like it when they use zany symbols; it's so much more exciting. You motherf%\$#ing c*&@sucker, you can go f%#@ yourself and then take your j@#%&^* and shove it up your h*&%\$#@! [I hope to hell someone just tried to figure out what those last two meant — I'll genuinely buy you a drink if you do. Email arts@craccum.co.nz with your answers. Shameless plea for someone to come for a drink with me. (Oh god I am so lonely)].

So if there are no actual rules in place, what dictates what we can and can't say? I've spoken to plenty of adults — and some students, for that matter — who are put off reading *Craccum* because the language is too foul. Swear words are seen as unnecessary, and obviously create a jarring reading experience for them. These people see swear words as detracting from the actual content of the writing, and seem to think that it is a sign of laziness; that writers can't think of suitable emphatic words so they employ expletives instead. Unsurprisingly, I disagree with this. Swear words are just words, and I don't think that they should be allocated such a powerful capacity to offend. It's all about how they are used that matters. A bad writer is a bad writer, whether they swear or not. But a delicately placed fuck, a careful twat, a deliberate bollocks can be just what a piece of journalism needs. Swear words can be endlessly hilarious; they can shock and titillate; they can sum up a paragraph's worth of sentiment in four delectable letters.

However, there are three words that require more thought than this. The N-word, the F-word, and the Cunt-word. The N-word and the F-word (no, not "fuck" — this is 2015, are you really still offended by that? I mean the horrible homosexual slur, not the hilarious word you can substitute in for literally everything) are easily dealt with. By this I mean just don't use them. They have a heavy history of being hugely derogatory that just can't be set aside because you think things have changed. In terms of the N-word, there is a process of reclamation taking place, but unless you have a direct connection with a history of black oppression then you really shouldn't be saying it. I don't care if you think you're post-racism; it's not your struggle and you haven't historically earned a right to reclaim the word. The N- and F-words are unique in that they target a particular group of people and describe them in unavoidably offensive terms.

"Cunt", on the other hand is a more complex one. I am admittedly somewhat of a conspiracy theorist, but I can't help but think that maybe the offensiveness of the C-bomb is linked to a long history regarding female genitalia and sexuality as vulgar and distasteful, and of repressing discussion of such matters much more so than discussion of male private parts. There is no word for a penis that even comes close to being as offensive as "cunt"; conversely, there aren't really any terms for a vagina that are inoffensive — they're all a bit icky, and people largely cringe when you say them aloud. For whatever reason, "cunt" perhaps remains the one word in the English language that truly has the capacity to stop a room. And perhaps there's a great deal of power in that. The other swear words have drastically diminished in offensiveness over the years; even the once almighty "fuck" is now regarded as tame, particularly amongst Generation Y. Maybe there always has to be one word out there that can express unbridled anger, that can elicit shocked laughs from people when dropped into a joke, that can make your mum raise her eyes to the heavens and pray for your mortal soul. And if you don't agree with me then you can shove it up your @#%\$.

ALAN MCELROY AND DARREN JARDINE: CRAIC UP 2 - CRAIC UPPER

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

IRISH PEOPLE ALWAYS SEEM OH-SO JOLLY. I think it's something about the accents or the friendly ginger hair. Needless to say, these Irishmen certainly delivered a lot of laughs in Danny Doolan's on Thursday night. Admittedly, I'm kind of an ideal audience member for comedians. I have pretty low standards when it comes to humour. Everything gets a laugh out of me (even if it's just a pity laugh) so there's never any need to worry about awkward silences. But regardless, these two were hilarious. The audience was in fits the entire time so I know it wasn't just me that found them funny.

The two started off on stage together and then each had an individual section. Thankfully they were both just as funny as the oth-

er. They started with a News section where they gave a general commentary about recent events. Obviously there were a few digs at out ponytail-pulling Prime Minister and anything about John is bound to get a laugh out of me.

Quite possibly the crowd involvement was my favourite part. They pulled some unlucky guy up on stage to press the buttons of their slide-show. He suddenly found himself in charge of flicking through the slides and adding sound effects where they were needed. The poor man had no idea what was going on. Sitting on the stage with an enormous board of buttons, pushing them at random as confused directions were bellowed at him.

"No the button to the left! No your other left! Oh fuck I don't know where it is". "Well I don't have a fucking idea, you were in charge of the sound effects!"

The chaos was hilarious. They also called

some poor sod up to beatbox for them while they rapped. This man was honestly like a metronome. I don't know if he really grasped the concept of beat boxing but he seriously didn't miss a beat. While Alan and Darren were mucking around, stumbling over all their words, the man pounded relentlessly on.

Alan and Darren were relaxed and easy-going. You could honestly just believe they were a couple of guys mucking around, cracking a few jokes and exchanging a bit of banter. Halfway through the show I had to leave to go to the bathroom (I was a few drinks in by this stage) and I saw Darren sitting outside the room, listening in on Alan's segment. He was in fits of laughter. It's good to know they genuinely find each other hilarious, which I think added to the charm of their performance. Fingers crossed they'll be back next year. I know I'll definitely be there.

REVIEW BY HANNAH BERGIN



5 STAR COMEDY PREVIEW

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

WHEN REVIEWING ANYTHING LIVE I guess a couple of things have to be taken into account. One, doing anything in front of an audience is equal to or greater than death for some people, so they're doing pretty well for getting up there. Second, the mood of the reviewer. If I decide

to be a cynical cock that day, then it will rub off on the review. Luckily, this is pretty much never the case, as I am a delightfully pleasant yet sexily coy reviewer. Right, so the 5 Star Comedy Preview! The night claimed to showcase the best international talent at the Comedy Festival. It was actually pretty half and half, enjoyable in few aspects and sort of a bit like a feijoa with bruises on it for the other half. You'll eat it, but it's a bit icky.

The host for starters, Joel Dommett, was like a maniacal Jack Russell thing. Which in a sense was actually pretty funny, but you could never hear who was "next up" out of the comedians, due to his shit diction. Still, I promised I wouldn't be cynical, and the host did have an amazing heckle-off with this construction worker which was golden, and made me snortle. The guys (there were no females) were pretty funny overall, often using current affairs and slightly more mature themes for humour, which I appreciated. One English comedian in particular was the master of self-deprecation and satire, but due to Jack Russell man, I never heard his

name. (Arts Editor's note: It was Nish Kumar — but I can attest to the fact that Joel Dommett pronounced his name as "bleugggh bleudeu-bleugh").

Some of the comedians however, dipped a toe into some themes that did not go down well with the audience, and they had to quickly back the fuck up away from them. E.g. breastfeeding in public, feminism, overall shit jokes. The last guy in particular (Arts Editor's note: It was Eddy Brimson. Have you ever heard of Google, Lewis?!) was like some guy from the Dick Van Dyke show; old school British humour designed to make a Sheffield Steel worker giggle over a glass of bitters at the RSA. Far out man, humour has moved on! Going to have to do better than, "when I wake up next to my wife, boy crikey I wanna divorce AM I RIGHT?!?" type stuff. But, at least they tried. Overall a good evening with some slightly disappointing acts. If it makes me laugh, it is most certainly a pass.

REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

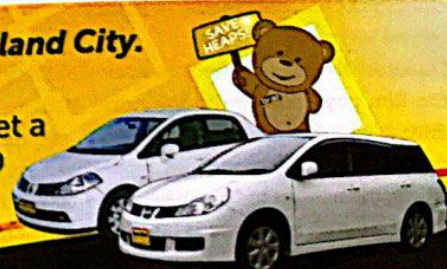
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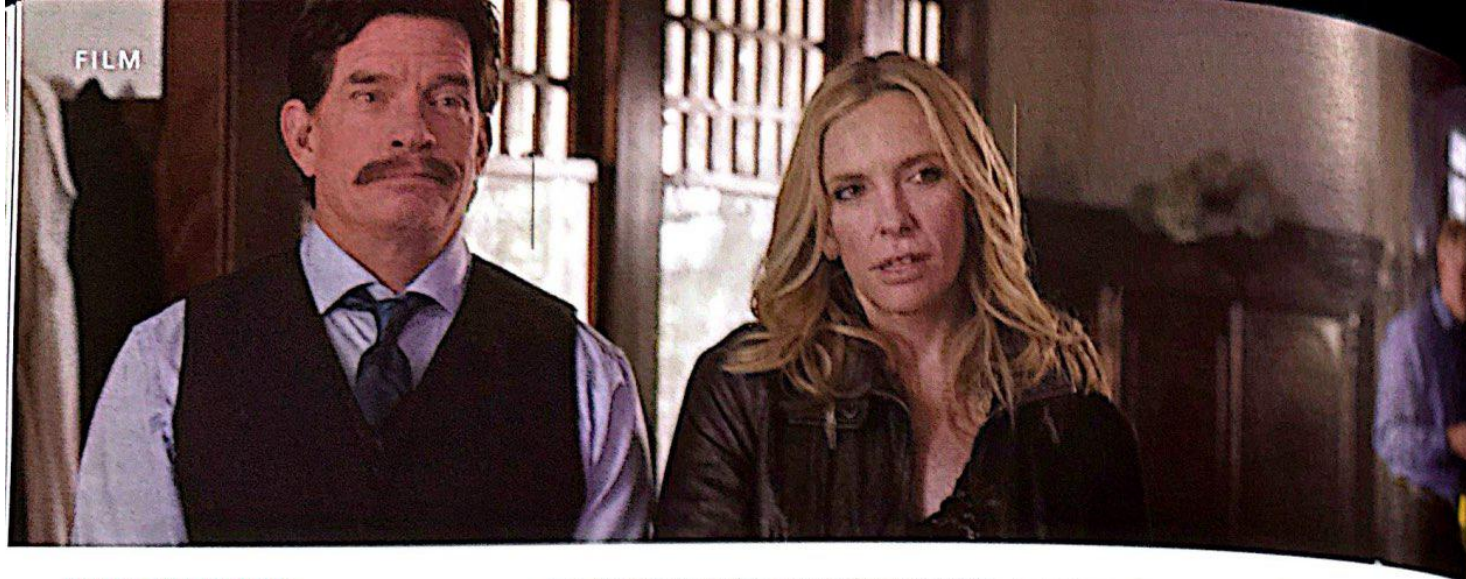
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Phone 09 309 0066



LUCKY THEM

FILM REVIEW

IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND TONI COLLETTE'S Ellie expertly crawls out of a younger man's bed. As she goes to leave, the guy wakes up. He wants something more, but she isn't interested in any sort of commitment. So the tone is set for the rest of the film, the rather cliché story of a woman who doesn't believe she can find love again, but through a series of events finds it, and herself. Sounds exactly like a movie for a 21 year old man to enjoy by himself on a Friday morning.

Ellie dresses like a soon-to-be-emo teenager, wearing heavy black eyeliner and clothed predominantly in black. However, her angst isn't directed towards her oppressive parents or the world at large, it's to men in general, after what seems to be a colossal heartbreak from musician Matthew Smith. Matthew has a great name, but isn't a great guy. Once a musical legend,

one day he simply flees music, fame and Ellie, his long-term girlfriend and first love, never to be seen again. Ten years later, in what could arguably be the douchiest move from any boss, she is tasked to find him or she loses her job. To make it even more exciting, she goes on the road-trip with another ex, because 'plot'.

Toni Collette carries this film completely. She's ace in the role, showing a great range from apathy and frustration to believable vulnerability. From the outset, it seemed ridiculous that after ten years apart, she is still relationship-phobic. But as we see more of her, it's clear that this relationship had strong roots for most of her life. Seeing her finally resolve this was rewarding, and not gag-inducing like most romcom conclusions.

Her performance is let down by the rest of the cast and the story. Thomas Haden Church is totally miscast as Road-trip Ex Charlie. I think Charlie was supposed to be a quirky

and spontaneous wealthy man who always speaks his mind. Instead Church is completely wooden. Oliver Platt seems like a walking contradiction as her boss, one minute smoking pot and handing her \$1000 for a source, the next giving her a ridiculous ultimatum. However, a surprise cameo in the movie proved incredibly exciting. The story itself jumped randomly, with the sub-plot of her and Roadie Ex being ridiculously predictable and boring compared to the more interesting plot arc of finding a long-lost love. There were some great one-liners along the way, which helped make this sub-plot more enjoyable but not enough to justify the amount of focus it received.

Overall, if you're a Toni Collette fan, it's worthwhile. Other than that it's a good, yet ultimately forgettable movie. 3/5 (aka the stale biscuit of the review world).

REVIEW BY MATTHEW DENTON

GEMMA BOVERY

FILM REVIEW

LIFE BECOMES STRANGER THAN FICTION WHEN young English newlyweds, Gemma Boverly and her husband, stumble across the Channel and into the life of Martin Joubert, a mild mannered, middle aged French baker with an itinerant imagination and a fetish for classic literature. Gemma soon becomes the unwitting subject of Martin's literary projections, as everything from her background to her love life start to become eerily reminiscent of the French Baker's most cherished character, Madame Bovary.

Directed by Luxembourgian Anne Fontaine, the film pays homage to the novel *Madame Bovary* in a very literal sense, the plot revolving around the uncanny similarities between the actions of Gemma and her fictional counterpart. The film is stunning on a visual level, Fontaine working hard to ensure that each scene is every bit as picturesque as one

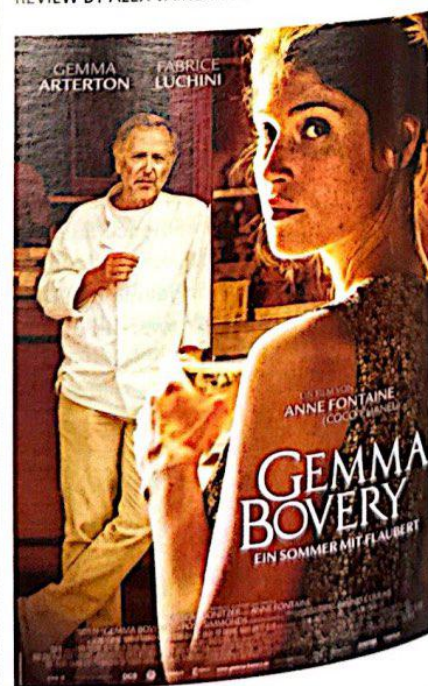
imagines the sleepy French countryside to be. The lighting and location create a tangible sense of old world charm.

The gorgeous actress Gemma Arterton convincingly plays her beautiful but restless namesake, but it is Fabrice Luchini who steals the show as the film's meta-lit narrator, his performance of the bumbling but endearing French baker both entertaining and endearing to the audience. The supporting cast also generally perform well, with the ditsy but well meaning Anglophile Wizzy personifying the friendly nature of English-French rivalry.

Where the film performs weakly however is in its rather awkward balancing of humour and drama. Jarring tonal shifts and misplaced slapstick comedy sequences detract from the flow of the film, and some of the motivations and actions of characters (especially Martin) appear to rely on familiarity with the film's literary source material. Despite this, *Gemma Boverly* maintains a simplistic and saucy qual-

ity that is easy for audiences to enjoy.

REVIEW BY ALEX VAINERITUA





FAREWELL PARKS AND RECREATION

TELEVISION REVIEW

IAM IN THE FINAL STAGES OF MOURNING. I didn't think it would be possible to have an emotional attachment to a sitcom post *The Office*. But it has happened, and I need to embrace the inconsolable truth that *Parks and Recreation* has come to an end. Nearly seven seasons later, with 125 waffle-filled episodes under its belt, it is time for me to move on. But first let me try and convince you (spoiler-free) why you need to immerse yourself in the world that is Pawnee.

The show centers on the Parks and Rec Department of Pawnee, a fictional American town known for its obesity rates, and being host to the world's largest rubber nipple factory. But don't let that fool you; the town does have some substance. We follow Leslie Knope, a dedicated public servant played by Amy Poehler in her day-to-day running of the department, whose contagious enthusiasm is never faulted as she attempts to climb the po-

litical stepladder from Pawnee to D.C.

To be honest, I initially thought the show sucked. I couldn't have been more wrong. Season one is a bad reflection of the show — the gag-reel is weak, and the show in general is uncertain of itself. This changes in the second season, with the show grounding itself as a workplace comedy with snippets of political satire. This allows the show to lurch in all sort of directions; and through doing so, it allows us to connect with the characters as they develop their own personalities over the remaining six seasons. Furthermore, the show is well-written, smart and actually funny. It will legit make you lol.

I never thought that I would become so invested in a show's characters post-*Friends*, but that's how *Parks and Recreation* has succeeded; it has a heart and actual substance to its characters. It is so easy in our modern study coffee-fueled lives to pit characters against each other, or merely to contextualize them as a 20-minute period of our lives. This is not the case in *Parks and Rec*. From Nick Offerman's gruff libertarian Ron, Rob

Lowe's 4% body fat Chris, Chris Pratt's Johnny-Karate Andy, Rashida Jones 'you beautiful talented brilliant powerful musk ox' Ann, to Retta's treat-yo-self Donna (to name a few) we have become invested in the characters, and through doing so have become genuinely interested in their development throughout the show. *Parks and Recreation's* final season is a fitting send-off to this cast who you'll eventually come to think of as friends, and it's not until the final episode that you'll have to accept the harsh reality that there is no Leslie Knope (or thankfully Ron Swanson) in your life. The final season comforts you in the fact that you are given some insight into the future of these characters, whose personalities you may have subconsciously internalized.

I've tried to keep spoilers to a minimum, in the hope that you'll heed my advice to fill in the void that is procrastination by keeping up to date with Pawnee's antics. So thank you *Parks and Recreation* for bringing life back to mainstream sitcoms, and creating characters that viewers actually care about.

REVIEW BY JACK STEPHENS

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

THEATRE REVIEW

IWENT ALONG TO *SINGIN' IN THE RAIN* KNOWING only two things about the show — a) the chorus of the titular song b) the fact that 12,000 litres of water were involved in the production. Despite having no idea what I was in for, I genuinely enjoyed every minute of the performance.

The story is set in the late 1920s at the time of the invention of "talking pictures" and revolves around a star's attempt to save his movie and studio from his tone-deaf leading lady. Aside from making me want all of the flapper-style costumes, the setting creates an appealing sense of nostalgia. It's a mix of slapstick comedy and earnest romance that

is entirely predictable but charming. At its heart, *Singin' in the Rain* is an old-fashioned love story, with a refreshingly uncynical view of the early film industry.

The show is light on substantive story but beautifully produced and great fun to watch. The songs are silly and whimsical in an endearing way — despite being moderately hungover, I left the Civic with a smile. The characters are inherently likeable because no one is taking themselves too seriously, turning tongue twisters and cheesy romantic moments into flawlessly executed song and dance routines. Even the 'villain' Lina is overdone to the point that you couldn't genuinely find a way to dislike her (I also liked the idea that once upon a time my dreams of screen stardom might not have been destroyed by

my inability to sing in tune).

The promise of many thousands of litres of water was intriguing, especially once we noticed the first few rows of the audience had been given plastic raincoats. If you'd known more about musicals than we did, you probably could have predicted where that was going, but the indoor rainstorm that concluded each half was honestly incredible. The recreation of the classic umbrella scene was beautifully done and the real highlight of the show.

Singin' in the Rain won't ask you to think too hard, but is a light, fluffy and thoroughly enjoyable night out.

REVIEW BY LUCY HARRISON

THEATRE

WHY JON STEWART'S "RETIREMENT" FROM THE DAILY SHOW IS A GOOD THING

TELEVISION COMMENT

IN RECENT WEEKS, MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about John Campbell's future as the host of a news/entertainment show that is often credited with holding politicians to account — a mandate that has been questioned by many, including Prime Minister John Key. Many Kiwis, however, will have been just as interested to learn that, further afield, a different Jon (this one 'h'-less) has called time on his stint as the host of a political news/entertainment show with much stronger credentials.

Jon Stewart, host of *The Daily Show* since 1999, recently announced that his last episode would air on 6 August this year. The host has, in his time, helped to transform the show into one of the most popular sources of political commentary in the United States. It has been tireless in exposing the deficiencies of the US legislative and electoral processes. It has been especially critical of the ability of party politics to get in the way of meaningful law reform. It has also been critical of the role of news media in distorting facts to sensationalise or downplay a story.

As well as having been insightful, the show has been unfailingly hilarious due to sharp writing by Stewart and his team, and thanks to his animated presenting style. His on-demand looks of outrage and disbelief are laugh-out-loud funny. So are his splutters as he attempts to explain something ridiculous that a politician or jour-

nalist has said.

One recent guest on the show, an author and presenter named Tavis Smiley, gave Stewart a fitting tribute.

"It is difficult", he said, "to be a truth teller and a crowd pleaser at the same time. You have made us laugh, and, in doing so, you got us to listen. And I want to say, 'thank you'".

Some of the highlights of Stewart's tenure (all worth watching on YouTube) include his four-yearly "Indecision" series in the run up to each presidential election, his criticism of Fox's coverage of the so-called "War on Christmas", his fifteen-minute parody of Glenn Beck, his coverage of the ObamaCare programme and his monologue after the Charlie Hebdo killings.

But working in a job that uses the faults of others as its bread and butter — especially when those faults are systemic — would be demoralising. Soon after announcing his exit, Stewart said that watching news channels every day was "incredibly depressing". He revealed that he had been somewhat unhappy with the show for a while and that he wanted to do other things, like writing a book or directing a movie.



The reaction to Stewart's departure was intense, leading the host to wonder on the next day's show, "Did I die?" However, the programme's viewers should not be disappointed by the news. Stewart has been instrumental in creating the current incarnation of *The Daily Show*, but it will be refreshing if a new host can bring a different personality to it and take it down a slightly different path. Stewart's replacement, comedian Trevor Noah, has already made an impact in his guest appearances and looks set to make the host role his own.

The programme is also not a one-man show. Its writing team is likely to keep coming up with great material as long as politicians and journalists continue to embarrass themselves. With a US presidential election coming up in 2016, incompetency, gaffes and scandals will be plentiful.

Meanwhile, Stewart's new projects will be something to look forward to. He will continue to be someone to whom people will listen. We will just need to get used to seeing him less often on our screens.

BY CONALL BRENNAN-MCMAHON

BOOK

CHAPTER AND VERSE: NEW ORDER, JOY DIVISION AND ME BY BERNARD SUMNER

BOOK REVIEW

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE MAN IS A great musician, having been in one of the best bands of the 70s and then one of the best bands of the 80s. He helped to reshape both post-punk and synthpop. He has written lyrics to many classic songs. But can he write a book?

Disappointingly, for a work titled *Chapter and Verse*, Bernard Sumner's autobiography is hardly gospel truth. It's not even canonical reading for Joy Division and New Order fans, who in recent years have been treated to at

least three feature films, a documentary and several books about the bands.

The book's biggest fault is that it is light on detail. The 80s were clearly a period of excess for Sumner, and the book has so many anecdotes that time from when he had too much to drink or took many drugs that it is hardly an interesting read. There are not enough stories about the music. There is almost no mention of anything that happened to New Order between the release of 1983 album *Power, Corruption & Lies* and 1989's *Technique* — a period during which the band released some of its most interesting material.

Another issue is that Sumner is rather sanctimonious when it comes to his long-running feud with former band member Peter Hook. He returns to this topic several times, pre-

tending that he is unconcerned by all that has happened between the two men, when in fact he seems preoccupied with "setting the record straight". Even the book's title is a reference to this dispute.

Also, the two appendices — a transcript of a "hypnosis" session with Ian Curtis that is mostly nonsense and an interview with promoter Alan Wise — seem to be included for little reason other than to increase the book's page count.

One redeeming feature of *Chapter and Verse* is Sumner's candid account of his childhood in Salford, but, on the whole, this book is probably one to miss.

REVIEW BY CONALL BRENNAN-MCMAHON

SPEAK UP

Stand together

STOP

BULLYING

BAKE SALE IN THE QUAD
Friday, 22 May 2015
pinkshirtday.org.nz



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

TO THE MOST ESTEEMED AND RESPECTABLE NATHAN PERRY.

People hate on smokers because when you arrive in a lecture and sit down, people 3 seats in any direction can smell the disgusting rank stench of your poor life choices. It's just as bad as the weirdo compsci majors that don't wash, or the women's studies majors that believe soap is an invention of the patriarchy.

Smoking is bad for you, it's been proven time and time again. A simple search through the UoA library databases find reams of information about the negative effects of secondhand smoke. It's not just cancer, it's any number of other side effects, including memory issues, which, considering we're at a bloody university, is pretty sodding important.

Smoking is hardly a 'subversive' behavior, you're funnelling money to huge tobacco corporations and throwing lots of tax money at the government. If you don't like your parents, just hide from them and wait for them to die.

It won't be long now.

No.

Not long at all.

Can confirm, Jordan is Compsci/Women's Studies major. Does not wash. Plz come and give symposium on smoking, the Craccum team wasn't aware it's bad for you. - Eds

FIRSTLY, GLAD TO SEE THE LETTERS SECTION IS back. You really should have included a bit in issue 1 about its continuing existence rather than absolutely ignoring it.

Secondly, I am not entirely sure what the point of Craccum is any more. It seems to be having an identity crisis with the silly section at the front (liked the Sloth bit), an almost North & South tone in the middle and then a very well supplied arts section at the back (not complaining too much, there's some interesting stuff in the last few issues).

Thirdly, "What a drag" was, well, a drag. Admittedly, after last week I was expecting something more along the lines of "Enter with Drag-on" (i.e. one of the parody films from the Goodies' Ecky Thump) so that was

clever. The rest? Er, let's just say it was not. The thing with smoking, and the difference between smoking and drinking, is that it's an act that necessarily affects others. In this sense, if you could shut yourself up in a room that'd filter everything out smoking would be fine, ignoring the delayed suicide issue inherent with death sticks. This is the issue at heart... one should have freedom's to the extent that one's freedoms don't restrict the rights of others. Smoking fails that. As a consequence, the govt. tries to do everything it can to a) convince smokers to stop b) help them to stop and c) try to prevent uptake with the aim of no demand for the habit by 2020. So, to compare smoking to, say, the struggles of any of the groups Perry mentioned is ludicrous.

Fourthly, the top 10 was interesting to read. I'd just like to say that there is a big difference between Auckland's trains and their buses. One is a pretty much functional network requiring improvements. The other consists of listening to bus drivers listen to "Come on Barbie" song.

Finally, you cut off part of the bad bar crawl section. Not a fan of the section, but very keen to know what followed "We'd recommend bringing a..."

HARRY EAST

Thanks for the comments on the magazine. We've all read them, and changed our views accordingly. Nathan will stop smoking. (P.s. The missing sentence was "We'd recommend bringing a crowd, 'cause it's dead. But cool. Out." - Great writing, and a tragic omission. There were tears. Someone will be fired). - Eds

DEAR LEWIS WHEATLEY,

While it was nice of you to write about plini, you really should've done some research first....there are quite a few inaccuracies in your review. from a fan

He's fired too. Worse banter. - Eds

DEAR CRACUM,

Resident redditor Reginald "Archwing-er" Jones here. After taking time out of my busy

schedule (pointing out faux arguments on the internet and moderating several major subreddits such as /r/theredpill, /r/pcmasterrace and /r/mensrights) by happenstance I picked up this magazine on the way to my microprocessor multithreading lecture (don't feel offended if your IQ is too low to understand what that means ;)). Reading through I can see why this magazine is so unpopular with the average student at Auckland Uni; it is an aberration. You people are so out of touch with what is popular. I feel some responsibility to point out your flaws and provide suggestions (free ones at that) to overcome your misgivings.

Firstly it seems all your columnists are Art's students. I can understand why this is as only Art's students have the time to write articles as all the STEM students are busy studying for their vastly superior degrees. Art's students tend to whine about superficial issues such as feminism (I'll get to SJW's later), overrepresentation of brown people in prison (it's because they commit more crime duh) and coffee. You need to give underrepresented demographics such as white, male Engineering students a place to be heard.

Students don't want to hear about the above topics, they want dank memes. Dankness is at an all-time high (420 lol). There is no better time to invest in dank memes. The magazine should be a place to share rare Pepes, Twitch-chat cypypastas and montage parodies. Here is a cypypastino I wrote earlier (please no repostarino):

"I sexually Identify as a meme. Ever since I was a boy I dreamed of being uploaded onto the imgur website and linked into the reddit threads. People say to me that a person being a meme is Impossible and I'm fucking retarded but I don't care, I'm beautiful. I'm having a computer scientist put my brain into my computer like johnny depp in transcendence, equipping me with the dankest of pictures from the internet. From now on I want you guys to call me "Sir Danks-a-lot" and respect my right to meme from above and meme needlessly. If you can't accept me you're a memephobe and need to check your internet privilege. Thank you for being so understanding."

Also Get rid of the walls of text. Page 10-16 is nothing but the pseudo-intellectual ravings of pretentious hipsters (cough cough Arts students). Get interesting articles about

science and shit from real intellectuals like Christopher Hitchens and Neil De Grasse Tyson.

Some of your article content severely offends me (or should I say triggers me). Angry feminist bitch epitomizes the SJW Tumblerinas that are waging a war on white males like myself. Women got equal rights decades ago. Sexism today only exists against men. I have experienced this discrimination first hand. An inferior woman once got hired for a job over a superior intellectual like me. Caitlan Abbey thinks that the talentless swine Kanye West is being petitioned to be removed from Glastonbury because white males are racist. No it's because Kanye West doesn't deserve to be mentioned among the likes of legends like Radiohead and Tool.

This article aint b8 m8, treat it as legit aight.

Kind regards,

RESIDENT REDDITOR REGINALD "ARCHWINGER" JONES

We assume this is your attempt to get some attention as clearly you're not making the front page of reddit anytime soon. We'd advise you in future to pick a magazine that people actually read to satisfy your attention whoring. - Eds

H¹, This is in response to the "Last call for culture" article in issue 1 2015 by Jordan Margetts.

We are the Auckland University Beer Society and we completely agree with the points made in the article. We were formed by a couple of postgrad Brits in an attempt to get people from all walks of the university to interact. To be honest, drinking was probably quite low on our list of goals (although it remains an important and noble goal). We just realised that very few people at this university talk to anyone who isn't part of their degree course or ethnicity. This bugs us! The society has been successful in getting (a small number) of people out of their usual social group but we have met resistance from the university at every hurdle, in fact, I don't think we are actually affiliated anymore. A word on Shadows; the new manager, Matt, is working very hard to improve the space. He is very keen for students to give him suggestions but his work is basically impossible due to the fact that the university neglected shadows for so many years. The real tragedy is that a lot of students don't even realize a student bar exists.

Anyway, this email was just to let you know

that there are a few in the university that think like you guys and if you'd ever like to get together and have a whinge drop us an email.

Cheers,

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY BEER SOCIETY

You bring the beer, we'll be there. We approve of any society that glorifies drinking culture — we tried to start one ourselves but got too drunk and couldn't make it out of the Craccum offices without vomiting. - Eds.

I WAS DISMAYED AT THE DEGREE OF VITRIOL IN THE various responses to my recent article on the issue of same-sex relationships. In my view, marriage is exclusively between one man and one woman and sex outside of marriage (whether heterosexual or homosexual) is wrong. My article was not homophobic: it contained nothing derogatory or demeaning about gay people per se. I do however strongly oppose same-sex relationships and I was sharply critical of Sebastian Hartley's absurd claim that the establishment of our society persecutes homosexuals, which is not the same thing.

Now, conservatives are highly unusual amongst people our age these days. I frequently encounter people who have never come across a conservative before. This is not helped by the erosion of traditional hubs of social cohesion in Western society over the past 50 years, meaning that opportunities to actually meet people (especially people of different views) are limited. (Incidentally, this has also led to a pandemic of loneliness.) Thus, when the lives of people who are worlds apart occasionally intersect, as has happened in Craccum recently, the reaction is offence and incomprehension. The solution is dialogue: real, authentic conversation amongst people from all ends of the political spectrum. You might find that conservatives are more thoughtful and decent people than you suppose, and I might find that even someone like Simon Moore, much as I dislike his views, has redeeming features. And perhaps we could live out the famous principle articulated by Jesus Christ and familiar once upon a time to most people in Western culture, "Love your enemies."

SOPHIE WEBB

Alright Sophie, I love you. And I'm a woman. You've made a lesbian of me. Look what you've done.

JORDAN'S EDITORIAL, 'MOURNING THE NON-EXISTENT' in issue #6, was one of the most incoherent, clumsily written and all-round incompetent pieces of writing I have ever encountered. A deeply irritating article from its petulant first line ('The Campbell Live kerfuffle annoys me') to its confusing closing line about "listicles", I would have expected more informed, interesting and capable writing from the editor of *Crème*. The writer seems to have only a tenuous grasp of common English phrases ('doesn't matter a tad' is a new one to me) and, a far greater sin, clearly has no idea what he's taking about. Have you ever actually sat down and watched an episode of *Campbell Live*, Jordan? Because your editorial has more than a whiff of shit-what-can-I-write-about-this-week desperation. There is no passion and no knowledge behind your weakly-structured sentences. Your point of view is muddled and unclear. You seem to have a vague dislike of most forms of New Zealand media but with no real understanding of why. You hate Mike Hosking (very understandably), but have no time for John Campbell who is committed to making sure New Zealand still has access to one source of good journalism in a sea of, to use your words, 'evil nonsense'. You've picked up somehow that the right wing has a 'stranglehold' — a word you seem to be keen on in this piece — on the media, but would you actually be able to explain what this means to someone if they asked? 'My point is this', you confidently assert in your final paragraph, and then go on to give some baffling advice about how in order to 'play the game' we have to be 'discerning in our choices'. Well okay then Jordan, what form of media is it acceptable to pay attention to? What is your alternative solution if Hosking, Campbell, 'inane' TV stations and the *Guardian* aren't good enough? Should we be getting all our news from Craccum, currently suffering under an editor who can't string two sentences together? Your ineptitude in writing was bad enough (might want to have edited down that incomprehensible run-on sentence in the first paragraph) but I think it's that whole 'the media's evil, maaaaaan, you're all sheep if you believe those phonies' vibe that gives this piece its own particular brand of obnoxiousness. Issue #6 was the first edition of Craccum I've picked up this year and, thanks to this dog turd of an editorial, it will most likely be the last.

UNIMPRESSED ENGLISH STUDENT

Jordan's fired himself. Worst banter. - Eds

WANT TO SEND CRACCUM A LETTER? EMAIL THEM TO EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ WE WILL PRINT THE LETTERS ONCE WE GET ENOUGH IN, SO SEND THEM OUR WAY SO WE CAN FILL A PAGE. PLZ.

TOP TEN

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS TO MAKE YOU LOOK COOL.

10. VODKA: Classic, straight to the hard stuff. Apart from your self-deprecating humour and burgeoning student debt, you need something to brag about for the rest of the semester. A little conversational fodder to really make your friends say "wow, I wish I was you". In reality, you're still a cock and no one cares that you had split half a bottle of Smirnoff between thirteen equally sad individuals. Just because you associate Vodka with Russians doesn't make you cultured, it makes you a dick. Keep to the Sprite.

9. CHEAP BEER: You've rocked up to a party in your rolling scrap-heap of a Toyota ute. The interior brags the obviously malfunctioning dials, work tools, and box of Westie fuel — only the finest fermentation of hops (yeah right); the exterior, more flaky than a Mormon in marriage counselling. Linger is the scent of failure infused with the aroma of ingrained cigarette ash. Never has the idea of complaining about the expense of town and growing a shitty pretentious beard become so appealing. Is he from Henderson? Did he pass Level 1? Don't judge, you fucker. You've bought the odd pack of Speights in your student desperation.

8. TEQUILA: That one guy that hangs around you at lunches, you know, the one that everyone isn't too fond of and can't tell a story to save his grades? Well, finally they have their use. You hit the town in the haze of coolness and your weekly allowance; the guy has half a beer and is already off his mind. Typical... but wait, there's more! He's shelling out shots faster than your parents' growing disappointment. After the seventh, you could've sworn that you were truly a fully-blooded Hispanic. Really, you're being kicked in the stomach for impersonating the bar manager. Guess we'll be calling mummy from hospital tonight... is that blood or my drink?

7. SCOTCH: You're up to your fifth law lecture this semester and decide to treat yourself. After a hard morning of blaming minorities for their incompetence and telling that disinterested chick how fucking great the Debating Society is, you feel your unused penis grow to the arousing beat of your six-figure trust fund. You find a bottle of ostentatiously expensive Scotch Whiskey.

Fuck, you're one cultured bastard. Time to take off your casual blazer... Why did they ever abolish slavery?

6. CHAMPAGNE: The effervescent nectar caresses the lips of your erect ego. It's been a long day complaining about your maid's ethnicity and how your lecturer doesn't know how the free market works (Fuck off, it doesn't work). You glance at your iPhone 19, or whatever the fuck is out these days, and decide to message all of your friends about how much law study you've done. Surely the only explanation for this is your exhaustion from sucking your own dick? Or was it that sick lap you did on the way home from picking up your sister in daddy's Mercedes blasting EDM?

"AFTER A HARD MORNING OF BLAMING MINORITIES FOR THEIR INCOMPETENCE AND TELLING THAT DISINTERESTED CHICK HOW FUCKING GREAT THE DEBATING SOCIETY IS, YOU FEEL YOUR UNUSED PENIS GROW TO THE AROUSING BEAT OF YOUR SIX-FIGURE TRUST FUND."

5. THE SLIGHTLY-MORE-EXPENSIVE BEER: Face it; you're a self-made beer connoisseur. You turn up to a party with a 24 pack of Shitty Artois, the only true way a man can prove he works a five hour week at his dad's accounting firm. Time to stand in the corner of the room and complain about the gender ratio and yet, still rank them by their appearance.

4. RTDS: Ahhh yes, the mixers. Finally it's time to hit town, the most diverse and enlightening place known to man. You've planned it out; first, pre-drinks at Rebecca's. Or was it pre-pre drinks at Taylor's? You decide to get fucked at your own place and get dropped off at a friend's house. Even in the exorbitantly priced taxi ride there, you can feel your branded body-socks sweat harder than a PoW in a Thai labour camp. It

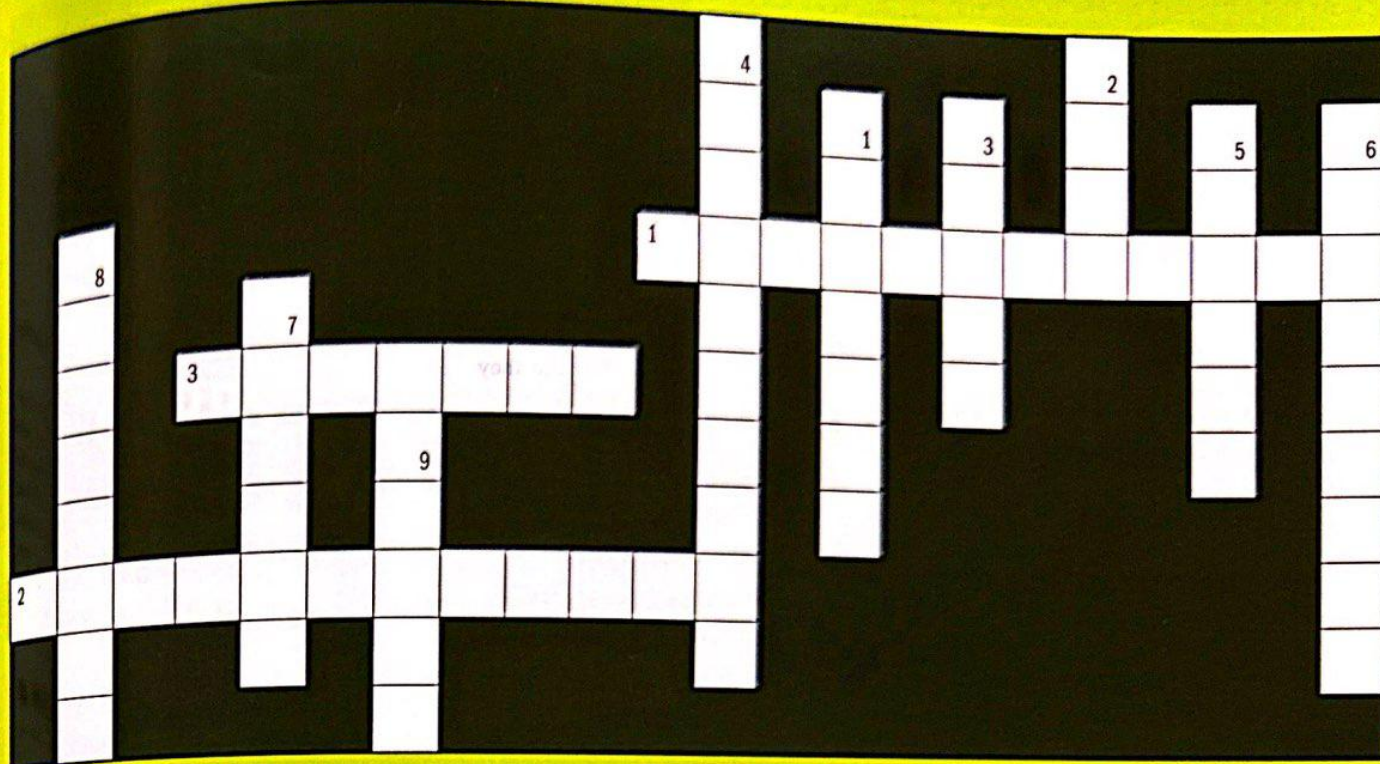
doesn't matter, you've already had two cruisers and you're ready to hit the dense mass of corpses flailing around to the hypnotic garbage of house and dubstep. We all know you'll end up crying, or in hospital, or both. Oh, a dude is drinking these? Better start making excuses because apparently drinks are gender exclusive now. Go back to your acidic baby's urine you call "Carlsberg".

3. WHATEVER THE MALE EQUIVALENT OF CRUISERS ARE: We all joke about it, but the Bourbon and Cola RTDs are a plague on society. From scooting ten year olds to the heart of the inbred capital of New Zealand, this drink has become the staple of drop-outs, minimum GPA business students, and junkies everywhere. Who needs taste buds or brain cells when you can have the psychotic rampage we've all come to know and love.

2. ANY COLOUR WINE: Alright, nothing says a veneer of elegance quite like the superficial pretensions of drinking wine. Sure, one glass is cool, but you know what really says classy alcoholism? A bottle! In fact, why stop there! We could pose in front of our other intoxicated friends! Isn't it great, the best nights of your lives only remembered through the vat of vomit in your bathroom and wallowing in self-hatred through the unsubstantial claims "I'll never drink again". Did I mention the venereal disease? You may not be able to remember your wallet-draining soiree, but you'll sure as hell remember the pain you get when you try to urinate.

1. CRAFT BEER: Okay, I lied. The only true connoisseurs of the finest barley and hops mixture are those that drink craft beer. Really, it's much like the fads of Cross-fit and those that rowed during school; 1) It's all you talk about and you insist that everyone else is doing it wrong; 2) You try to hide how truly bollocks drinking fermented sewer piss combined with an orphan's decomposed ejaculate is. Just because it was made in some hipster's garage doesn't make you any different from the other schmucks that dissolve their personalities in the sweet forget-me drink of liquor.

BY JACK ADAMS

**Across**

- Contributor of the Week
- The Fear of teeth
- "You know nothing ..."

Down

- Which girl did the Bachelor choose?
- Dancing With The Stars judge is Candy ...
- The first name of the royal who has been in NZ recently
- Which famous actress is Lucky Fiori in Taylor Swift's upcoming music video 'Bad Blood'?
- Capital of Germany
- English Cricketer Kevin ... who will not play against NZ due to trust issues with ECB
- Vladimir Nabakov's most famous book
- What breed of dog is Lexi in Denton's editorial?
- The country hit by a major earthquake recently

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The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Carter Pearce

SHADOWS
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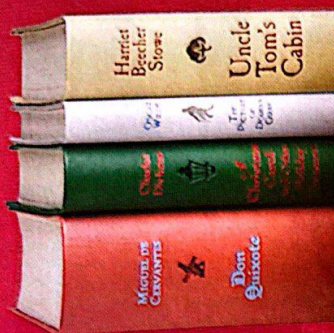
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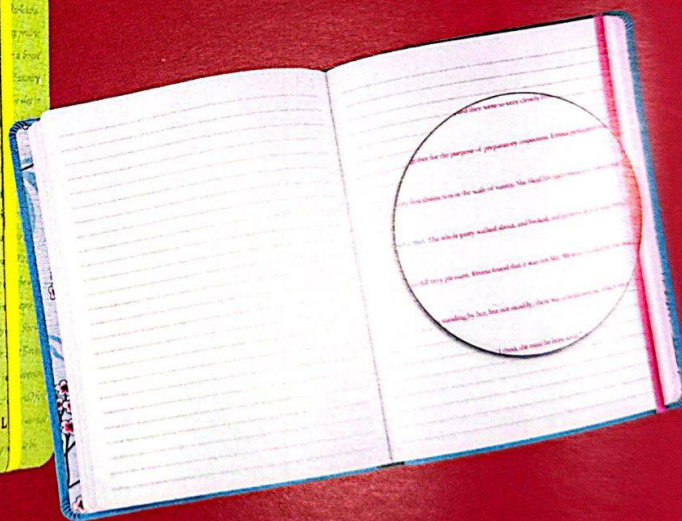
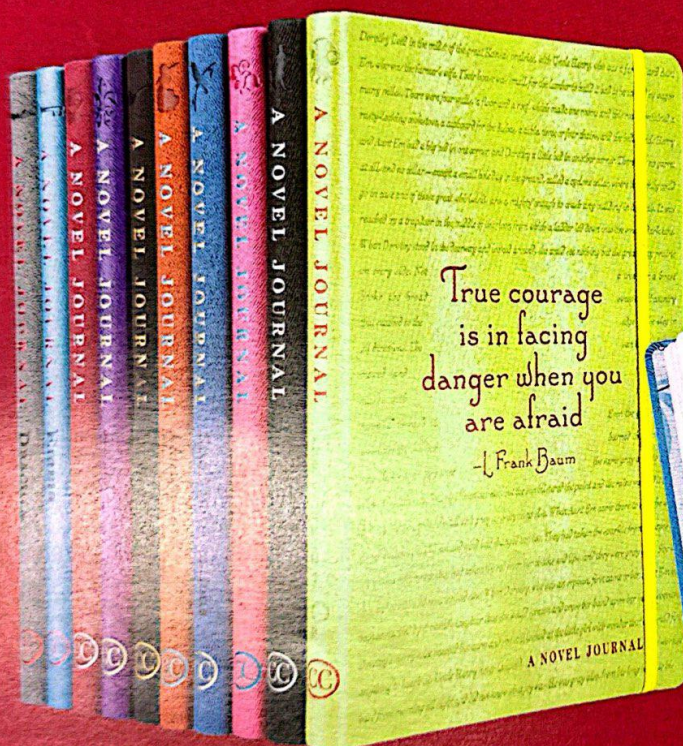
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