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ISSUE 11

# LISTENING TO SAINT PETER AND HIS VIOLIN: A TALE OF A MESCALINE TRIP

PAGE

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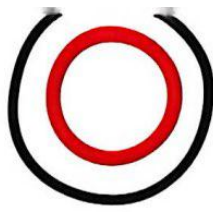
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SEYMOUR AND MORE

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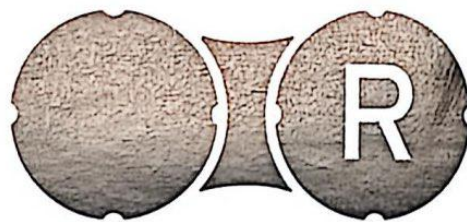
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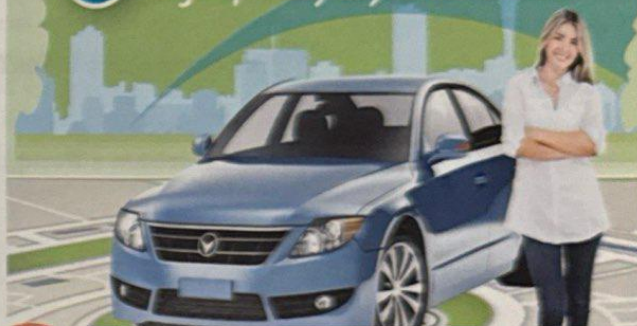
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# JORDAN'S EDITORIAL

## THE STONER SAT AMUSED.

BY JORDAN

**T**HE STONER SAT AMUSED. THE VAGUE SMELL of pot wafted from his shaggy hair. The metrosexual chattered away about careers and shoe purchases. The blonde was angry about something, that's typical of her. I just wanted a beer. No one else really did, the stoner had imbibed his toxins for the day, the metrosexual got all his from the hair gel, the blonde was smoking angrily. She doesn't like to drink angrily, it makes her misbehave.

We went to High Street to have the beer that only I wanted. I wanted a craft beer. Not because I really taste the difference, but because I like to feel pretentious, I edit a magazine after all. The craft beer place was shut, so we went next door. The Queen's Ferry Hotel. Green of door and bad of service. As a semi-frequent-er of the Lane I know a cheeky secret, that

the two pubs are owned by the same person. Cheeky indeed. Signposting.

We sat outside, the blonde smoked, unhappily, the stoner sat, distractedly, the metrosexual tried unsuccessfully to dodge the ash headed straight for his neatly cuffed trousers. The manager came out. He asked us to move to the next table. The next table was full. We said we noticed it was full. He said "they'll be gone". We said "ok".

The manager, bald of head and short of temper, spent the following forty or so years putting the customers at the table next door in their place. Despite the mutual ownership, the relative emptiness of the bar, and the general decline in patronage of the Lane, this man was angry. He managed a bar. An important bar. A powerful bar. This power had gone to his balding head. He threatened, he sweated, he oozed importance and condescension, he was changing the seating system, dammit, and everyone was in his way. The system was bringing him down,

syndrome.

The patrons eventually moved, they were angry, the metrosexual apologized to them, said it wasn't his fault, and it wasn't. His pants were tight and his blazer tailored. We had done nothing while the manager managed to manage these men away from the table. We had done nothing to stop the manager managing to make us move. We did nothing still when the manager took our table, and began to flirt (poorly). But now we were angry. We loudly said we'd never return. The stoner, confused, did not like the conundrum. But we wanted to shout, we wanted to protest, to yell, to find justice goddammit. But alas we could not.

So instead, I get to wield the power of the pen, or the Macbook, and disparage the bar. Vengeance is sweet. Go somewhere else. Or drink at home. The Queen's Ferry Hotel manager was a tool.

The stoner sat annoyed. I just wanted a beer.

# DENTON'S EDITORIAL

## THE DEATH OF THE READING PUBLIC PART 1: RIP WHITCOULLS

BY DENTON

**O**NCE UPON TIME, LITTLE MATTHEW WAD-dled into an exotic castle: St Luke's Mall, little Matthew's 'hood'. Little Matthew's favourite place in this castle was a store called Whitcoulls. Whitcoulls offered Little Matthew seemingly endless rows of his two favourite things: books and movies. Ah reading and watching, the greatest sedentary activities for a chubby child. Harry Potter, Christopher Boone, Artemis Fowl: characters who provided friendship to the woefully lonely little Matthew, begging to be understood (and thinner). Narnia, Middle Earth, The Chocolate Factory: all mystical settings offering an escape from the 'struggles' of growing up middle class. These ventures into new realms all came from little Matthew's hours searching through Whitcoulls, inspecting all the new books and enquiring about the latest movies. Back then Whitcoulls was thriving. Books were aplenty and desired, DVDs were new and exciting and kids (little Matthew included) lined up for the latest Harry Potter book.

In present day, I now work for Whitcoulls. But not just any Whitcoulls, the Whitcoulls. The Queen St Whitcoulls. The three storey one in the centre of town that features an old man

on it every now and then. Or rather it was the Whitcoulls, because as announced at the start of this month, the biggest and most famous Whitcoulls is closing down. Instead it will become a Farmers, due to the "changing nature of the fashion market in Queen St" (despite the Farmers in town closing down just over a year ago #logic).

Kevin Turner, the finance manager for Whitcoulls, said that a 2000sqm store is "not ideal" for a bookstore. From its outset, surely that assumption is ridiculous, considering the sheer number of books that have been written since the dawn of print. As of 2010, over 129 million books had been published. That was five years ago, so that number would have only increased. Surely it isn't difficult then to fill 2000sqm? In fact it would be difficult to decide what to put in.

But if you've been to a Whitcoulls lately, you'll understand where Turner is coming from. Books are lucky to fill up a third of the store. Now it is full of toys, stationary, selfie sticks and useless crap. It is no longer a bookstore but an 'everything' store. It is store that has lost its focus, trying to reshape itself in a digital world but only alienating its base of solid followers (like little Matthew).

The reason for this shift is that "people aren't reading anymore". We're the "dumb generation" who only read tweets and facebook statuses. But this isn't true, the shop has just moved online. Amazon makes over \$5 bil-

lion a year from books alone. Then there's Book Depository, which offers thousands of books to us with free shipping. What these stores offer are an endless supply of books at a fraction of the cost at Whitcoulls. The 'stupid' Generation Y and Z aren't killing the bookstore, it's online shopping. Whitcoulls (and the fallen Borders, Bennetts and many others) can't compete when these sites offer goods that aren't taxed and don't have the cost of paying for retailers (like me and other students).

However this reactionary move is killing the reading public. There is no longer the allure of exploring a bookstore, finding the next exciting tale to fill your weekend. Younger generations miss out the most. They won't be able to develop the same passion for reading, when finding a book is so removed from everyday life. Now the next book is whatever is trending on Amazon's website (see *Fifty Shades of Grey*). If we want to preserve a reading public, we need to preserve physical bookstores and encourage people to buy books there than online. This could be ensuring there is GST on the books or simply matching the prices and supply, or something more economical sound from someone who understands the market better than a Law/Arts student.

Either way, when I'm older, I want Little Matthew Jr. to have the same experience of exploring a bookstore finding the next adventure, rather than choosing a book from the homepage of some impersonal website.



# What a load of Crac-News (Hazzer and Flag(zzer?))

I'M SORRY FOR THIS WEEK, I GOT REALLY DESPERATE LOL. NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**Australia:** In exchange for Bali Nine duo, Australia gives Indonesia two dogs once owned by Johnny Depp.

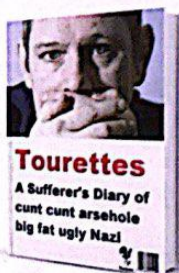
**Auckland:** Ginger person seen with John Key, fuelling speculation of next hair-fetish victim.

**New Zealand:** Privileged Christian posts #thoughtful #love #jesusdied-foroursins facebook post supporting #nepalearthquakevictims, mentions his dead mother #loveyoumum, feels he has done his duty for humanity.

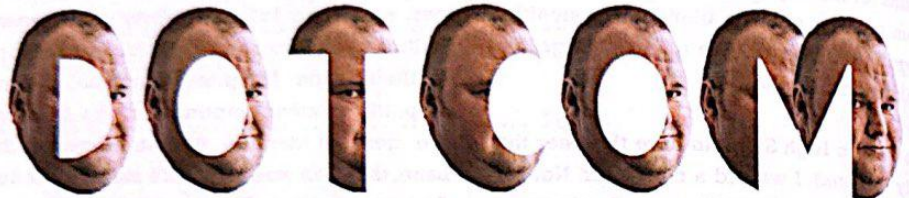
**New Zealand:** Massive boost in vacuum cleaner sales after men around the world have latched onto the "Kylie Jenner dick challenge".

**Wellington:** Russell Norman regrets quitting to spend time with his family after being kept awake all night by new baby.

**The University:** Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon's salary is now the highest in the world, beating that of second place contender Safra Catz by nearly \$10m. Catz earned nearly US\$52m in 2011.



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## KIM DOTCOM DESPERATELY TRYING TO REMAIN RELEVANT

**W**ORRIED THAT THE DEFEAT OF HIS political party, Kimdotcom-Mana, in the 2014 election has lessened his overall importance in world affairs, Kim Dotcom has launched a new initiative called The Moment of Revelation. Dotcom has hired out St. Patrick's Cathedral in Auckland to announce the absolutely shocking and unexpected news that Hillary Clinton wants to be president. He has billed his Moment as "one of the greatest events in history", saying it will feature a handful of big names. However, both Lorde and Lydia Ko have stated they

have not been asked to appear.

Dotcom was this year's winner of the annual Megaupload Award For Greatest Challenge To A Presidential Candidate, beating out nominees Edward Snowden, Julian Assange, and Fox News. He has also been subject to a controversial extradition order from the United States for copyright infringement and other grievous crimes. In an attempt to remain in New Zealand, the internet celebrity has formally changed his name to Kim Dotcodotnz.

## AUSTRALIA FLAG REFERENDUM

NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

**T**HE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT HAS announced that it is to hold a referendum on changing the country's national flag. The referendum will be held just days after New Zealand's second flag referendum, with the simple question "Should we change our flag to one slightly different from New Zealand's new flag?"

The current flag, featuring the Union Jack and the Southern Cross, symbolises Australia's relationship with the United Kingdom and its geographical position. How-

ever, some Australians feel this does not properly represent them. "We're a long way from Great Britain, and although their Queen's husband is an Australian knight, we have much more in common with our neighbour New Zealand than with the UK", a spokesperson for the Flag Referendum Committee said.



"Having New Zealand mistaken for us during international events is part of our heritage", said a member of Keep Our Flags Similar, a group campaigning for Australia to change its flag to something close to the New Zealand one. "We believe it is an important part of our identity that every time the New Zealand Prime Minister visits another country, civil servants have to google the difference between our flags and check they have the right one".



# INTERVIEW WITH JONATHAN COLEMAN

**I** GOT TO INTERVIEW JONATHAN COLEMAN A doctor/ BlackCaps' best bud/ Minister of Health. Oh did I mention Minister for Sports? Mr Coleman, unlike us mere mortals, was privileged enough to attend the Black Caps' semi-final match against South Africa. Cue sigh of envy.

(news ed. Thanks Jono Coleman for making sure you gave us very sensible answers so as not to incriminate you in any way. It certainly didn't help to make you sound like a GC. Even Colin Craig did better than that!)

**Favourite moment of the Cricket World Cup?** Grant Elliot's six to win the semi-final against South Africa. "Quite possibly my favourite sporting moment. Ever." We agree with you 100% Coleman.

**Favourite Black Caps' player?** He went for the obvious: Brendon McCullum "because he leads from the front with an absolutely clear, uncompromising direction, prepared to take risks, and the most enter-

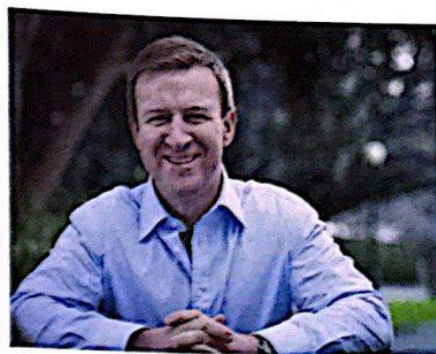
taining batsman to watch in world cricket."

**Here's something that took me by surprise:** Coleman is also a doctor who graduated from our very own University of Auckland. He started off as a trained doctor, then worked for PWC and ended up in politics. Truly goes to show that Auckland University graduates can bullshit their way into any career. Reminiscing about his time at Auckland University he says...

**His best night at out while studying at Auckland uni?** There were a lot of great nights. "But the party after 5th year finals was pretty special."

**His choice of drink when studying for those med school exams?** "Lion Red."

**If I wasn't a politician I would be...** "Aspirationally – a professional sportsman. Realistically – working in business." I was expecting him to say doctor since he put



in all that time and effort into med school. But whatever.

**Which Labour MP would you choose to party with?** Shane Jones "because he's always up for a laugh."

After interviewing him I can honestly say that Coleman has had the most enviable career for a politician. Doctor, consultant at PWC, student at London Business School and finally politician. What's next, a career in cricket perhaps?

## RIGHT WING PARTIES RULE THE WORLD

**T**HE WORLD IS BEING TAKEN OVER BY RIGHT wing political parties. UK's election was won by the Conservatives. Republicans massacred the Democrats at the US midterm elections. Australia is being governed by a right-wing Abbott government. Last but by no means least, New Zealand's own right wing party, National, is poised to win a record 4<sup>th</sup> term in government. The left-wing parties are dying a slow, painful death. So who is killing the left-wing parties? They're killing themselves.

### IN-FIGHTING

Each party member filled with self-righteous smugness doesn't think twice about stabbing their party colleagues in the back. Left-wing parties worldwide have been sucked down by in-fighting. Think Australian Labour's Julia Gillard vs Kevin Rudd. Everyone wants to be the leader, everyone wants to be a hero. Except not everyone can be the leader or a hero. Rather than showing true heroism and supporting their party leader, left-wing members resort to schoolyard subterfuge. This results in gladiator spectacle that is pounced on by the media and shown to thousands of voters. Suck it up, stick together and get behind your leader, left-wing party members.

### IDENTITY CRISIS

Who are you left-wingers? Who do you represent? There seems to be a massive identity crisis among left-wing parties. This is particularly a problem for New Zealand's left-wing Labour. Labour aims to represent the LGBTI community, the feminists, the environmentalists, liberals and countless more minority groups. Labour is so focused on being the party that represents everyone that they've become a party that represents no-one. In contrast, National's identity and whom they represent is easy. They are a party that represents economic responsibility. That is a common goal that everyone wants. Even if you're part of a minority group you still want a good economy. Thus their identity is unifying rather than divisive.



### ECONOMIC RESPONSIBILITY VS IDEALISM

Okay so this is pretty much a summary of *Pragmatism or Idealism*, a news story that was published in Craccum last year. Read it, it's one of Craccum's best news stories ever. The global financial crisis has left voters scared. For this reason, most voters support a government that has social policies that are economically responsible. Historically, left-wing parties are idealistic. They want to eradicate child poverty, climate change, housing unaffordability. But idealism requires spending. Lots of it. This scares voters shitless. It's not that we're heartless cows. We just don't want to see huge government spending, (translation — voter's money) being spent on social policies. Right-wing parties have capitalised on this, and found a way to bridge the gap between economic responsibility and idealism. They've created social policies that are also economically responsible. Left-wing parties must marry idealism with economic responsibility if they want their own happy ever after in politics.

**In order for left-wing parties to resurrect themselves from the dead, they need to bury the in-fighting, identity crisis and big spending idealism.**



# INTERVIEW WITH GRANT ROBERTSON

**P**REVIOUS DEPUTY-LEADER AND LEADERSHIP candidate of the Labour Party, Grant Robertson is currently Labour's Finance spokesperson. The kind of guy you'd go for a cheeky Nandos with, he came and chatted to *Craccum* about Jeremy Clarkson, sexuality and a dead seagull.

**If you were to go on X-Factor, what would you sing?** He'd sing "American Pie" by Don McLean, "because I know all the words to it and I think people would be impressed that I knew all the words, even though I can't sing".

**John Key ponytail scandal:** "On one level it's so weird and farcical that it's just bizarre...the other side of it is actually that this is one of the most powerful people in New Zealand harassing a person going about their everyday job, repeatedly, and that's just wrong. It shows a lack of respect".

**Would you rather John Campbell stays or we get New Zealand Top Gear with Jeremy Clarkson?** "I'd rather John Campbell sticking around". But, he said, *Top Gear* "can be very very funny, and can be a really good show", but "I just think Jeremy Clarkson's a bit of a douche-bag".

**The UN (he worked there for a bit)** "Someone once said to me it was a little bit like student politics except the egos are bigger in student politics". Lol.

**Pranks with Flatmates:** He had one, now a law professor, who used to prank him lots. "I remember coming home one night to find a dead seagull had popped up on the pillow of my bed". Lads.

**What was your best night out story?** He had quite a lot to drink at a post exam celebration "and somehow found myself at the [unrelated] band gig with a stuffed parrot on the end of my hand, sort of slumped over the speakers at the front of the stage. It was a memorable night for everyone else but perhaps not for me". What an absolute legend.

**Favourite drinking game?** Never have I ever. "You would find out some interesting things about the people you were with".

**Have you ever smoked weed?** Yes, "not that often, and I didn't actually enjoy it that much, which is one of the reasons I didn't carry on with it".

**Were you ever afraid of your sexuality?** "I was certainly scared of what the reaction might be when I told people, [particularly] towards the end of high school. It's a time at which everybody is exploring who they are as a person, and when you think 'gosh I might be a bit different from everybody else' that's a scary time, so yeah sure I felt those emotions definitely".

**When did you come to terms with it?** "Kind of progressively over my teenage

years, and certainly at university was when I was meeting a lot of new people, and generally speaking that was when I was, you know, telling them I was gay. It's a lot easier than you think it will be. There will always be people who will react negatively, but in reality, my experience was that most people were pretty good, pretty supportive. Coming out is a continuous process, you never stop doing it".



## HARRY-MANIA TOOK OVER COUNTRY

**N**EW ZEALANDERS WERE ECSTATIC OVER the visit of Prince Harry to the country. The British royal, who thought he was just visiting a rural Australian town, admits he was "deeply flattered" over the attention given to him during his eight-day visit.

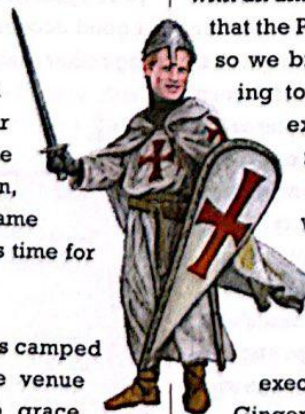
Josie, a housewife from Whangaparua, travelled to Wellington to catch a glimpse of the prince. "It's such a joy seeing a real royal. I mean, how many people can command such authority and relevance without having any legitimate mandate in this day and age?", she said.

Karl, a middle-aged man from Gisborne who considers himself a distant relative of the British royal, also travelled to see Prince Harry. "We hear of ISIS taking over parts of the Holy Land in cities like London, Paris and Melbourne, so I came here to ask the Prince if it was time for another Crusade".

Meanwhile, a group of parents camped out all week in front of the venue Prince Harry was going to grace

with an ambitious goal in mind. "We realise that the Prince has not chosen his wife yet so we brought our daughters here hoping to have them betrothed to him", explained Gloria, a royalist mum from Auckland who brought her 10-year old daughter Mandy with her.

Prince Harry concluded his week-long visit with a trip to Auckland, where he oversaw the execution of the founder of the "Kick a Ginger" Day.





# INTERVIEW WITH DAVID SEYMOUR

**T**HIS IS MY INTERVIEW WITH DAVID SEYMOUR, the MP for Epsom and leader of the ACT party. What I got out of the interview was that he had a dry sense of humour and reminded me of a tortoise (hence the picture).

**If John Key came up to you and pulled your hair, what would you do?** "Well I'd congratulate him coz I've got pretty short hair".

**Have you seen Fast and Furious 7?** "I don't even know what that is". He's only 31 and already completely out of touch. Lol.

**Mayweather or Pacman:** He didn't watch it. He doesn't like boxing because it is a "zero-sum game" where one person wins so someone has to lose, and then proceeded to make a political point about how a free market economy was therefore better as everyone wins. Knob.

**The Bachelor:** He didn't watch it, "basi-



cally because it makes me sad, that I was not included as a bachelor".

**If you could get rid of any person on earth, who would it be?** He said he wouldn't get rid of anyone ("not even the Green party!"), but if he did, the way he would do it would be to "offer them a free trip to Bali, on the proviso that I could pack their suitcases".

**Favourite drinking**

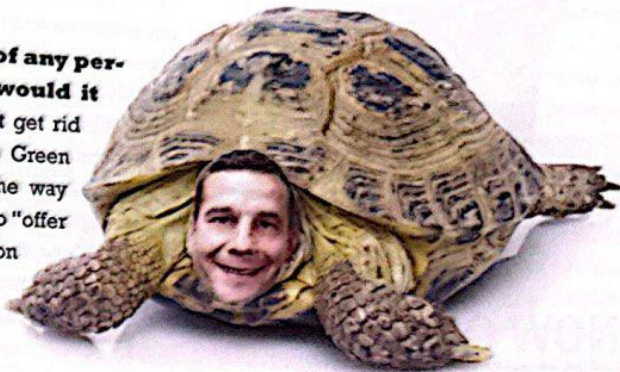
**game:** "Well when I was your age, drinking wasn't a game, it was very serious". Apparently they didn't have beer-pong back then, and they "just drunk without the inconvenience of having to throw balls in cups". Haha.

**Have you ever smoked weed?** Yep, "I just got really hungry so I never did it again".

**Worst flat mate:** "Yeahhh, but I can't tell that story, um... no all my flatmates were good". Smooth lad.

**Weirdest sex position you've heard of?** "In the Craccum office".

**Kill, shag, marry:** John Key's daughter, Lorde, Scarlett Johansson: "Marry Steffi Key....wait ten years and then shag Lorde, and then I'd have to very very regretfully kill Scarlett Johansson".



**Funniest parliament moment:**

"Any time a New Zealand First MP tries to make a speech.. they're the only people who think it's totally legit to get some gossip from your mates and use it for the basis of a parliamentary question". I love it, he just abused NZ First - "they're a bunch of racists!". He said if it wasn't for immigrants the hospitals wouldn't function, "so I pointed out to some of these racists that they should actually be really careful what they say about immigrants, because it might not be long before they're giving one of you a sponge bath".

**Have you ever been drunk with any of the other leaders?** The previous ACT leader Jamie Whyte. "That's why we didn't do very well in the campaign" he said laughing. He said Jamie was "hilarious" when drunk and "if he'd been drunker, we might've won".

## LEN BROWN RATIONALISES RATE HIKE

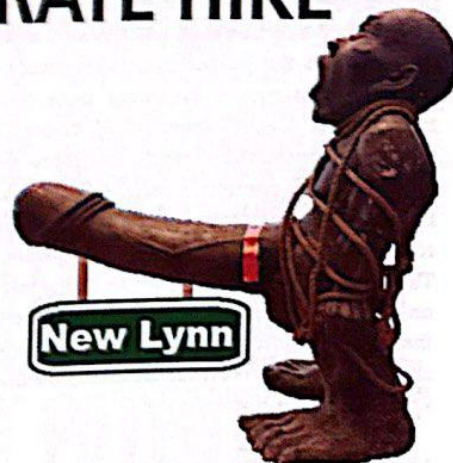
**E**MBATTLED AUCKLAND SUPER CITY MAYOR Len Brown defended his proposed rate hike today by outlining what he plans to spend our hard-earned tax-money on. Recently, Brown faced criticism for breaking his promise not to increase council rates by more than 2.5%, which he then revised to 4.5%, then 6%, then 8%, and finally this month that figure was brought up all the way to 9.9%.

Yet the mayor has defended this by announcing big-money projects he says will benefit the Super City as a whole. Brown declared that aside from the \$200,000 penis artwork the council acquired for New Lynn, the council is planning to spend \$500,000 for a sculp-

ture of Phil Goff to be made in Mt. Roskill, which the mayor says will promote equality. "Since we have artwork of the male organ, we should also have one that represents the female genitals as well".

Secondly, investments will also be made for transport. He plans to spend heavily on bus services, by changing travel routes and bus signs from English to Chinese, "to benefit those who make use of them the most".

Finally, the mayor plans to send hundreds of advisers overseas to observe cities to provide feedback on how to improve Auckland. "We are looking to send them to places like Waco, Texas and Ferguson, Missouri as these



places always get publicity and we would like to know how to boost Auckland's profile to the rest of the world".





## SNOW ON THE DESERT ROAD.

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

**I** WOKE UP IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF A HORROR film hangover, with its skeletons, its ghosts, its tortured screams from beyond the grave (its low budget, its crap special effects, its bad reviews). I woke up in a hostel bunk bed: seventies curtains, communal ablution block, library of old videos and tattered Readers' Digests. I remembered bubbling vats of post-nuclear chicken in the town's most disreputable curry-den, and I remembered the shouted confessions, the passionate sincerity, the exuberant property damage of a walk home through the cold, flat, lonely streets of pre-winter Palmerston North. I felt like shit. I felt like crying. I cried. I marinated broodingly in the stinking crockpot of my sleeping bag. My stomach was making some very avant-garde noises. It seemed that I'd accidentally swallowed Skrillex. Poor old Skrillex. No one deserves that.

A pile of duvets reeked and steamed in the corner. This was the Editor, who had come along for the ride—something about research for a column. Last night he had vomited copiously before bed. The thin walls of the ablution block had trembled as he roared and groaned into the porcelain echo chamber. Stacked to the roof in their bunk beds, the backpackers had all dreamed of thunderstorms and waterfalls. Now he lay there in a big pile, shuddering, farting, erupting—a hive of volcanic activity. A column of smoke rose from the mound. The smoke got thicker. There were flames. I noted that the Editor was on fire. Pleased that someone was worse off than me, I peeled myself out of bed and zig-zagged down the corridor, bouncing off the walls like an Air Hockey puck.

I wrestled open the door of the communal fridge. A Fort Knox of padlocked loaves, armoured salami, taped down jars, booty-trapped bottles. Sirens, flashing lights,

sentries. It looked like fucking Area 51. "This looks like fucking Area 51," I said. A fluoro-forest of angry notes and labels. "Do not touch"; "Steve's milk- Classified"; "Cereal: Top Secret. Eyes Only"; "EAT THIS MARMITE AND YOU DIE, FUCKER!!!" That sort of thing. Feeling malicious and slightly hysterical (drunk), I spent 5 minutes sawing my way into a heavily fortified bottle of Diet Coke with an electric carving knife. I wondered whether the Editor was still on fire. I bounced back into the room to find the Editor rolling around on the floor, screaming in agony. Perceptively, I noted that he was still on fire. Sensitively, I decided to give him some privacy. Tactfully, I withdrew to the ablution block.

As I walked through Palmerston North in the crisp country air, I began to feel more serious (sober). I am, after all, a serious guy. Enough of this horseplay and drunkenness. No more banter. The last few paragraphs of this trip had to be serious. I had to drive for Christ's sake. People's lives were in my hands. I ordered a four-shot long black from a coffee caravan. I purchased a quiche and 10 eco-friendly disposable forks. I drank the coffee quickly, and for a few minutes became convinced that I was being followed. I walked towards the river. I walked past Pak n Save. Half an hour later I walked past Pak n Save. A few sentences after that I was buying another coffee from the same coffee caravan and trying it all again. I was lost—physically, existentially, literarily. I was trying to make it to the important paragraphs but all I could do was circle the Square. The themes were out there by the river. In the car, parked on the gravel in the campground. Themes ae. I sighed. That's what it's all about.

I found the car. We powered up and got out of there. The weather changed as we headed North. The atmosphere changed. The tone changed. And the seasons are changing too. When Winter comes there will be reports of Snow On The Desert Road, over which we drove slowly behind a ponderous cattle truck while I thought about foolish phone calls, awkward meetings and Thursday night's corners disclosing themselves to headlights at the last minute. Then the Desert Road landscape like a huge welcome mat or a cheap suit, brown and furry, coarse and prickly, monitored by the society of pylons, alone and together, each one reporting our presence to the next, each one as indifferent to us as the last, a great chain of being connected by wires. "No pylon is an island," I remarked sagely. There were groans from the back. "Bad banter!" shouted the charred and clearly disgruntled Editor. He knows nothing of themes.

We cruised through the desolate towns of the central North Island. The failed or failing Plant or Mill or Works. The outsourcing. The empty shop-fronts staring each other down with dead eyes across the main street. We passed by pavements patrolled by the barefooted, swollen-ankled, track-panted Obese; we stopped at gas stations manned by friendly nicotine-stained attendants; we bought potato-topped pies and farcical coffees from lino-floored and tragic bakeries; somewhere quite close to Tokoroa we stopped the car by the side of the highway in the middle of the night, and far from home in the heart of the darkness, I imagined we were floating in space.

**"I BOUNCED BACK INTO THE ROOM TO FIND THE EDITOR ROLLING AROUND ON THE FLOOR, SCREAMING IN AGONY. PERCEPTIVELY, I NOTED THAT HE WAS STILL ON FIRE. SENSITIVELY, I DECIDED TO GIVE HIM SOME PRIVACY. TACTFULLY, I WITHDREW TO THE ABLUTION BLOCK."**





## HARANGUING AROUND

WITH CHRIS

**I** THINK I USED TO BE ONE OF THE GREAT MORAL philosophers of our generation. From an early age I was pretty certain that generosity was good; selfishness was bad; the state was obliged to balance freedom and quality of life for its citizens. Beneath a shell of fragility and awkwardness lay the heart of a crusader. I was a child, but one day I would be given power (all sons of privilege are) to bind society to my principles.

Throughout high school it went pretty well. I mourned the outcome of the 2011 election. Told my parents about gay marriage. Reprimanded friends for homophobia. Opposed the death penalty. Opposed Islam. Befriended a Muslim. Was fine with Islam. Loved affirmative action. Hated *Inception*. My ability to effect change was limited, but pointed at progress.

And then my next-door neighbour had a party. The cool kids were going. I wasn't one of them, but was somehow still invited. I hovered around group conversations. Clutched an empty cup (to show I was cool with drinking). Just about got by. At the end of the night everyone hit the pavement to wait for taxis. Two cool kids, both drunk, wheeled out a scooter.

This was my chance to put years of imagined superiority into action – sacrificing a little social credibility but potentially saving a life. I would offer my brother's empty bedroom for the night. If they rebuffed I would insist. Not for myself, but for the innocents on the road.

I watched as they mounted the moped. A

spectator asked whether we should let them drive pissed. "It's fine," the host's dad opined. "[Jack] is a pretty good drunk driver." He was. And he was cool. He'd bullied me in year nine. I held my tongue.

Even if I spoke up there was no guarantee of stopping them. These people were Gods. They were the rare case for whom alcohol doesn't impair driving ability. If anything they were better drunk. And who was I to impose my will. Just a bitter beta-male, with fascistic delusions from years spent indoors and uncool.

I'd dropped the ball on my first at-bat. But it was alright. I was determined not to become another neoliberal automaton, quietly divorcing ideals from reality to cope with eating meat, watching the Bachelor, and buying sweatshirts from sweatshops. I slunk home. Turned on the TV. Ate bacon.

I stopped eating pork products. The industry's super cruel. But I've still never stopped a friend from driving drunk. There's always some excuse. I don't know them well enough. They don't live that far away. Being a smug douche is less admired than I'd thought. Harder to pull off, too.

I moved to Auckland, for independence. A couple of people in first year were religious. And not the chill, liberal kind. Proper conservatives. What I'd thought was a cool exchange student in my American History tutorial liked the Republicans. I revelled in my righteousness. Our debates were comprehensive and antagonistic. I was definitely right. Objectively. I campaigned in defence of the poor minorities these people were persecuting. Of course they never actually did any oppressing – regardless of the opinions you hold, it's pretty difficult to look someone in the face

and tell them something they cannot change about themselves is unshakeably wrong.

But difficult is just a barrier to overcome. One of my friends wasn't an organ donor. They were uncomfortable with being subdivided after death. They didn't want their pristine liver posthumously clogged with trans-fats, eyes to end up in a serial killer, or secular kidneys dragged along to church every Sunday for eternity. I insisted it was morally unconscionable. I declared that they could save as many as ten lives by donating, at no cost to themselves. That most people on the organ waitlist die there. That it was hypocritical to accept a corpse's organ (which everyone totally would) without proffering one in return.

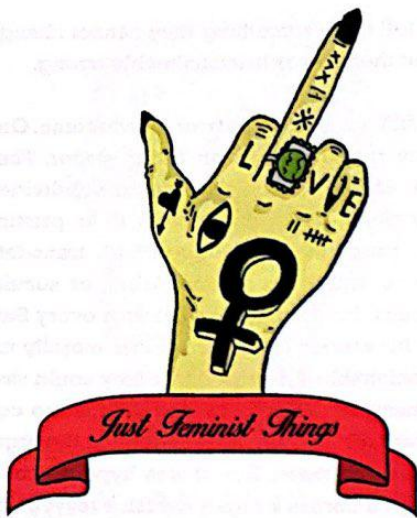
I insisted this for ten minutes. Maybe forty. My friend was upset. They understood what I was saying. Felt guilty about it. But even the thought of being cut open caused anxiety attacks. Serious ones. I pressed on, confident in my convictions, and eager to distract myself from a poor test performance that morning.

The warmth of righteousness faded pretty quickly. I'd hurt someone's feelings. Their actions wouldn't change. I felt guilty. Attacking someone's behaviour felt a lot realer than criticising ideas held in the abstract. It was hypocritical too. I'd never donated an organ. I can think of at least a couple of bodily autonomy issues in which my lack of personal experience immediately devalues whatever my opinions might be (for the record, they're the right ones), but having recently watched *Dirty Pretty Things* I was apparently qualified to lecture on organ ethics.

I'm still pretty sure about generosity. And still pretty awkward. But I'm trying to ease off on the antagonism. With great power comes great responsibility. But I'm just a douche.

**“THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO PUT YEARS OF IMAGINED SUPERIORITY INTO ACTION — SACRIFICING A LITTLE SOCIAL CREDIBILITY BUT POTENTIALLY SAVING A LIFE.”**





## A STRAIGHT WHITE FEMALE ON STRAIGHT WHITE MALES

BY LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

**Y**OU'RE AT A PARTY. YOU JUST HEARD SOMEONE say something you really disagree with. So you say something "I disagree!". You're faced with scrunched eyebrows and annoyed faces. Your argument is questioned and you're called "just another straight white male". Your nostrils are flaring. Your fist is tightened and your eye is twitching. So what? You think to yourself. That doesn't mean I'm not right. But you feel guilty, annoyed and really fed up all at once. You take a deep sigh and you want to defend yourself. How can you, without sounding privileged?

Many times I've seen people scoff after accusations of being privileged. I get it, your life is not the best, and you never signed up to the privileged club. You feel blamed and ashamed for things you never intentionally did. Why are people 'discriminating' against you and dismissing your opinions because of things you just didn't get a say on? Your opinion is just as valid as anyone else's. (Doesn't this sound familiar? Is anyone else getting déjà vu right now?) It's really easy to shut off when you hear the term privilege, especially when it is used to describe you.

If you identify as straight, white, cis-gendered, middle or upper-class, male and are able-bodied (of which I am five) you're privileged. Most people benefit from one form of privilege or another. "But why?" I hear you ask. "I've worked pretty hard in my life, and not everything's been handed to me", you say. And yes, I know. You've had some up and downs in your life too. You don't wake up in a bed full of roses while small delicate angels and sparrows dress you in silk and lace held together by gold threading. You're probably not a beautifully sculpted sex god that would

put Michelangelo's work to shame. Your three course dinners probably consist of chips, Mi Goreng and Oreos as opposed to scallops, filet mignon and truffles (is that even what rich people eat?) Life isn't that easy.

I understand that no one chose their privilege in the same way no one chose their disadvantages. So why does there seem to be so much blame shifted onto the 'straight white male'?

When you are born into privilege that does not mean that you are ultimately granted an easy life, but that is not to say that life won't be easier than if you were a minority. The straight, white, middle class, cis-gendered, able-bodied male is the default in our society. It is what we see everywhere. In video games, television, magazines, movies and news. Everything is basically designed for you. Not only are you always represented, but majority of the time you're depicted positively. This means that the voice of the straight white male is one that is heard the most. Marginalised groups do not have such an accessible outlet for their voices and their frustrations.

Your life experiences are seen as the common experience. An example of this is how movies containing main female characters are automatically categorised as "chick-flicks". You don't get "dick flicks". The odds in life, as a straight white male, all work with you and not against you. There is no basis on which to discriminate you apart from your personality. There is no genre specifically made for you. There are no quotas put in place to make sure they represent you. You are already everywhere.

It is the fact that the straight, white, middle-class, cis able-bodied male doesn't have to go through all the institutionalised racism, sexism and homophobia amongst other things that makes them privileged. By being white you are less likely to be arrested, less likely to be prosecuted for minor criminal offences, less likely to be considered a thug, more likely to get a job and less likely to go to prison than someone who is of colour. You do not constantly have to disprove to others the assumptions that come along with your ethnicity.

By being male you are more likely to get a job,

get paid more for the same job, less likely to be sexually threatened or abused, less likely to be harassed on the street, shamed for your sexual behaviour or have decisions regarding your body made for you. You do not have to constantly protect yourself when you go out just in case someone spikes your drink, or make sure you're never alone walking home at night.

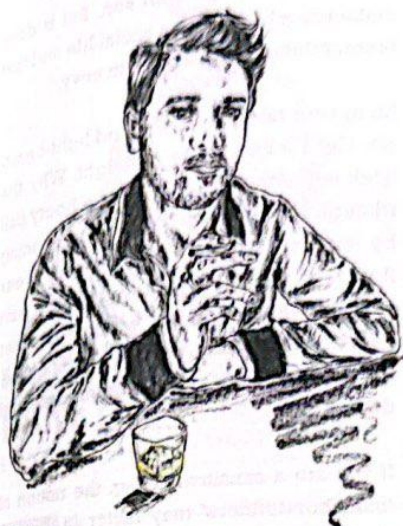
By being straight you can be sure that you will not be abused or sexualised when you are being affectionate with your partner, you can get married pretty much everywhere in the world, and you do not have to fear outrage or abuse from religious organisations. By being middle-class you do not have to endure the perils of poverty and its toll on relationships and mental health. By being middle-class you've been granted a life in which getting an education has been easy, and you never had to drop out of school in order to work just so you could eat. By being able bodied, you can be sure that getting through everyday life is a breeze, and you never have to plan ahead to ensure you can manage. You also don't have to put up with patronising attitudes, pity or misconceptions from people.

By being cis-gendered, you've never had to question your whole identity, suffer abuse and violence on a daily basis, and your life expectancy will most likely be around 80 years, as opposed to the life expectancy of 30-32 for trans persons. By being cis-gendered, you can rest assured that 49% percent of your demographic will not commit suicide or be murdered (aren't these statistics absolutely depressing?) and you can be sure that no one will question or not understand the fact that you were born cis-gendered.

It might be ironic that I'm writing on privilege, while being so privileged myself. I do not understand many of the experiences other marginalised groups have experienced, and I certainly am not doing them the justice they deserve. But understanding your privileges is absolutely essential in sympathising with the experiences of others and changing our shitty society. Your opinion as a straight white male may not be wrong, it's just that it's one that's heard all too often.

**"BY BEING MALE YOU ARE MORE LIKELY TO GET A JOB, GET PAID MORE FOR THE SAME JOB, LESS LIKELY TO BE SEXUALLY THREATENED OR ABUSED, LESS LIKELY TO BE HARASSED ON THE STREET, SHAMED FOR YOUR SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR OR HAVE DECISIONS REGARDING YOUR BODY ALREADY MADE FOR YOU."**





## INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND DON'T READ THIS

BY NATHAN PERRY

**Y**OU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE READING THIS. ARE you? You aren't surely. You have so many better things to do with your time. There are so many nicer things to read. Seriously, you're still here? This is terrible. That, by the way, is your fault. I have nothing to write and I'm still getting published. And that's because of you. I accept no blame on this front. You bastard. *Craccum* could be really bloody good. But you allow me to get published. Silly. Why the hell aren't you all scrambling at the office door wanting to write something? Surely you have something more to say than I do. Oh I see you don't. Really? Oh. That's sad.

If we were at a real university we would have not only people writing for the student magazine but we'd also have people on a waiting list to write for us. The idea of being involved

in student life would be less a foreign one and more... native? Unforeign? But we don't. We don't go to a real university and that's mostly our fault. You all seem to have a resounding lack of interest in the place, which rather makes the university ethos a bit shit. People seem to have no regard for student led societies, like at all. Poetry readings are ignored, special general meetings are basically just collections of random letters of the alphabet to most, and even steins, the studentiest thing of all, are largely neglected. We have abandoned our student culture and failed in our duties as undergraduates. "Why?", you ask. "Let me tell you", I reply. Is it because we're all bad people? No. I mean, you are, but I don't think that's the reason. I feel like the world is to blame for our problems.

It's harder for us to be proper students now. I mean, it may be easier for minorities, you know because they're allowed to be here and everything. A hell of a lot of students still live with their parents. People have a habit of turning up to uni, eating, chatting, occasionally attending a lecture and then going home. It seems to me a lot easier to not give a literal fuck about something when it's just a tiny thing for you to focus on. When you can look out of your window and not see the university it's a lot easier not to care about it. Let alone when you go home and have a meal cooked for you and be with your family who care about you and not even have to think about uni or its people. So what we get is no one caring. As a result, we have about twelve people on all the executives for every student group and in every association and union on campus. We have next to no involvement in politics or protests or important movements of any kind. Let's face it guys, we aren't really at university are we? We're more sort of

around it from time to time.

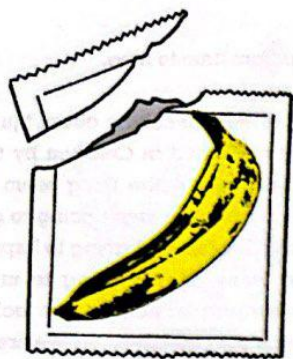
The lack of student culture doesn't just mean that I get published in *Craccum* by the way. It also makes the entire thing seem kind of pointless. I mean we aren't going to get jobs out of this. That just isn't going to happen. We have too many people going to university and too few jobs and employers looking for experience over qualification. We are spending our time here acting like school kids that are allowed to turn up to class drunk (we are all acting like that right?). We come here go to class, see some almost friends, and go home again, and it isn't even a nice place to be. We write incredibly derivative essays because undergrads aren't allowed to create anything, and we eat terrible food because undergrads aren't allowed to enjoy anything. And if we don't at least buy into the stupid fantasy that being a student is intrinsically good, whether you get a job through it or not, then the entire thing is pointless. If we don't start thinking of university as the big vehicle for shaping and moving then it becomes nothing but a little tricycle that we ride through our pointless lives toward the end destination of a bleak unending abyss.

All that I'm asking you to do is try. Just fucking try to pretend you care about something outside of what you pay for. Education is great and everything, but being a real person is better. Also I've run out of things to write about each week so if you could do that for me that would be great. Also, someone start up a campaign to get better food in the quad, also let's get smoking back to the uni bar if not all over the university itself. Someone other than me or those twelve fuckers who pretend to do everything else help me fill my lungs with poison. Peace out.

### "LITTLE SISTER"







## TAKING THE PUSS

## DON'T FORGET TO ROOT, MY FRIEND

BY MONA DAHL

**A**LL GOOD THINGS COME TO AN END. And when it's love, you need a pick-me-up. In keeping with the character of your correspondent, for me this consisted of a 'pick me up at midnight'. This week, let's talk about the etiquette and maintenance of the intimate acquaintance; the friend-with-benefits; to be vulgar, reader, the fuck-buddy.

The first line of appeal of the newly-single person's fuck-buddy is that they don't count as a rebound — nor a restraint from rebounds. Indeed, after a breakup, the FWB is the ideal source of comfort, offering both a shoulder to cry on and a lap to grind on, with none of the desperation and expense of dating or drinking. However, it would be foolish to declare

that the ecosystem of the uncommitted is easily manoeuvred. Carefully monitored experimentation, and the infallible advice of Marina and the Diamonds, allow me to present to you the following guidelines for making sure that no disastrous Rena-style faux pas leaves you stranded, leaking and surrounded by angry environmentalists upon your traversal of the excitement-rich, yet opaque, waters of friendly fornication.

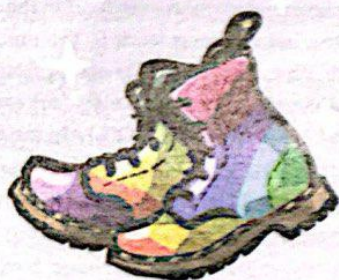
## THE NO-STRINGS THEORY

1. Rule number one is that you gotta have fun. This is what Marina says, and it should be the pillar of your philandering. Sexual resentment or boredom is the stuff of the dying de-facto and loveless marriage. You are young. Set the world on fire.
2. Don't sext. This is flirting, and also when you part ways you will have another person whose revenge-porn potential will keep you up at night. Grim but true, don't send the nude.
3. Don't listen to the nonsense advice of aggressive bro-blogs that say prevention of emotional entanglement means an uncompromising tap-and-gap routine. This is all the fuck and none of the buddy, and science says that this is as sickly and base as icing without cake. Does having sushi and watching *Archer* with your pal cause you to develop sudden, swooning, Keat-

sian love for them? Nah son. But it does make you a bitch with a social life and that is something for everyone to envy.

4. Keep your hook-ups fresh and light-hearted. Get picked up at midnight. Why the h\*ck not? Americans call this a booty call (though they also advocate eating icing by itself so...) and if you are a first-year Auckland resident and have to creep past your parents' bedroom window to meet your copulate-mate, the thrill of unfamiliar dick/anonymipples is compounded and dizzying.
5. If you are a sensitive being, the notion of 'fluid bondedness' may factor in. Even if disease and zygotes are not issues for you, the unshielded mingling of bodily secretions may engender unwanted closeness. Same with cologne — like a Pavlovian dog, if even now I catch a hint of Calvin Klein One in a crowd, it causes involuntary drooling. Consider your personal liquids policy with the extreme attentiveness of an airline.

All this *Cosmo*-style absurd specificity of sexual theory is very well, but like a taking a campervan trip for the first time, you realise on the road that you have to sort out your own shit. Travel this highway of sexual experience with the oft-demanded open mind and write in with your tips. Pretence aside, there are only, as ever, two real guidelines. 1) be kind and 2) stay safe.



## GLITTER AND CLUDGE

## STUDENT SERVICES MY ASS

BY TESSA NADEN

**I**F YOU READ LAST WEEK'S COLUMN (UNLIKELY), you would remember my new commitment to the pineapple diet. To follow up this diet, of course, requires exercise — and what better place to do that than in our university's gym? I mean, I'm on campus fifty-zillion hours a day, I practically live here (emphasis on the practically, can't violate the deed! Also Queerspace doesn't have a toilet, that's a major issue). Why not join the gym?

So me and my good friend Timbo The Bimbo made an adventure down to the Uni Gym. What followed was an exercise in aggravation. As a member of the AUSA executive, I get a discount. I was told that 'just being a member of the union doesn't get you a discount', one of them didn't even know what an 'AUSA' was. I had to pull out my keys to some disbelief, to prove I was actually a member of the executive. I was then given a form to fill out. Filling it out, apparently the 10% discount doesn't apply to those paying on direct debit (the full amount is \$306 — I don't know how many students can afford that straight up, but I doubt it's many). I would also have to pay a \$60 administration for the glory of having my card charged — now compare this to any other gym in New Zealand. I don't think they are going around charging \$60 admin fees. Then comes the direct debit form and the demand for bank statement shortly followed. Now, I used to do interest-free loans for a job I worked at — we charged half the admin fee, and we also didn't insist on bank statements. I can understand for checking the bank account number — but isn't my phone enough? And why on earth is this not advertised?? More

roadblocks than necessary.

The worst, however, wasn't the customer service — been there done that, though it's easier to be angrier at poor service post-retail. What really got me was the pricing! 'Student service' my ass — like most things relating to university, it costs out the ass for an inferior service. If it is cheap, expect it to be difficult to get anywhere — see the counselling and Uni Health Services. I expect out-the-ass prices from Les Mills (actually cheaper after all of that 'administration fee'), not university. Oh, wait, I do, given they have a new \$25 fine if you forget your ID card at an exam! Oh no! If we're meant to commit to study as a full time job, and only get \$176 a week if you don't qualify for an allowance (a 1% increase of \$210!), then \$306 is two weeks pay, the \$80 to sign up to the gym is 'bye bye food', and \$25 due on a Tuesday ON THREAT OF NOT GRADUATING is an upsetting pain in the ass.

So, university, why are your student services so expensive? I mean, Campus Life get \$30 million a year — surely that's being used to fund student services, not as a giant slushy pool of money?





## KANT OR WON'T? I AM YOU

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

**T**HIS IS A BIT SCARY. THE LEFT AND RIGHT hemispheres of peoples' brains each control different parts of our bodies. They're constantly communicating, however, and as conscious beings we get feedback from both. But cut our brains in half and weird things start to happen.

There have been a handful of cases throughout history where the hemispheres in peoples' brains have become dislocated. The most famous case was Kim Peek, the inspiration behind Dustin Hoffman's character in *Rain Man*. Peek was unable to button his own shirt and had an IQ of just 87; but he could also memorise over 12,000 books and read by using his left eye to look at the left page whilst his right

eye looked at the right page.

Peek was like this because of damage in his brain that caused it to function in odd ways. Research was done on similar people who had suffered severe brain damage, attempting to figure out what happens when a person is split in two.

Since consciousness is one of the least understood natural phenomena in the universe, it's inevitable that such situations lead to odd questions. Once your brain is split and each hemisphere operates independently of the other, where does the consciousness lie? The findings of the research suggest something impossible: consciousness can be divisible.

Images from our left field of view are sent (by both eyes) to the right hemisphere of our brain and vice versa. So naturally, scientists flashed images on screens so that only one hemisphere could see them. Patients were told to speak and to tap a button with their hand if they saw the image flash up. What was odd was that when the experiment was tried on split-brain patients, they would insist verbally that they couldn't see anything, even while their hand pushed the button saying they could.

A similar experiment yielded the same result: A picture of a spoon was shown to the right hemisphere (left field of view) of a split-brain

patient, who was unable to say what object he had just been shown. Simultaneously, however, his left hand was able to pick out a spoon from a pile of objects to indicate recognition.

Even more disturbing was the case where a man in this condition experienced actual physical conflict between the two "consciousnesses" attempting to control his body. While his left hand attempted to hit his wife, his right hand attempted to stop it.

Try to imagine your own consciousness being split in two. Which one is you? Has a new person been born? The concept seems nonsensical.

The interesting implication of all this is that, perhaps, our agency is not a singular thing. Movies like *Fight Club*, and almost every other manifestation of the Gothic 'double', explore this very problem. Different causal pathways flow through us and inhere in our singular physical bodies, but is that a reason to think that our identities are singular? Are we not fractious beings at heart?

If your brain can be split into two different identities, what's the difference between your consciousness and another person's consciousness? There opens a possibility that we are all just divisions of one universal consciousness, one cosmic will pitted against itself. Chew on that for a moment.



## POMPEII GRAFFITI

AUSTRALASIAN WOMEN IN ANCIENT WORLD STUDIES

**W**HEN VESUVIUS ERUPTED IN 79AD, IT buried Pompeii's houses, its streets and many of its inhabitants under a mass of ash and volcanic debris. The Roman writer Pliny the Younger, staying with his uncle at nearby Misenum, describes how an ash-cloud, flames, ash and pumice covered the city within hours.

When Pompeii was rediscovered in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, the walls of many houses, businesses and temples were discovered intact. And walls, as they do now, tended to attract graffiti. Lots and lots of graffiti, much of which can be found in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* [*Corpus of Latin Inscriptions*], or *CIL*.

Lacking billboards, Pompeian political hopefuls and their supporters scribbled electoral

slogans on convenient walls. Over 3000 instances of electoral graffiti have been found, praising candidates' virtues and recommending them for particular offices.

Owners or managers of businesses could write advertisements on their buildings. In *CIL* IV.1679, a certain Hedone advertises a bar's offerings, from cheap plonk to higher-quality Falernian wine: Hedone says, "You can get a drink here for only one coin. You can drink better wine for two coins. You can drink Falernian for four coins".

Pompeians left messages for friends: "Gaius Sabinus says a fond hello to Statius", *CIL* IV.8903; They left messages for lovers, or those they wished were their lovers: "Secundus says hello to his Prima, wherever she is. I ask, my mistress, that you love me", *CIL* IV.8634.

And then there's the commemorations of the timeless joys of brotherhood, romance and going to the loo. "Publius Comicius Restitutus stood right here with his brother", *CIL* IV.1321. "Methe, slave of Cominia, from Atella, loves Chrestus", *CIL* IV.2457. "Secundus defecated here" (*CIL* IV.5243) appears three times on one wall. There's no way of knowing whether this was the same Secundus who said hello to

Prima, but if it was, he must have had a lot of time on his hands.

But it wasn't all politics, ads and "Aufidius was here" (*CIL* IV.6702). There was even an almost complete poem (*CIL* IV.5296). It appears to have been written by a woman, making it one of the very few examples of writing by women that survives from the Roman world. Its references to the poets Ovid and Catullus also provide evidence that Latin poetry was not only for the Roman elite; while literacy was uncommon, it is proof that people in the provinces knew the great poets, and could respond with their own verses:

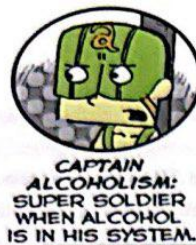
*Oh, if only I were allowed to hold your little arms, embracing my neck,  
and to bring kisses to your tender lips.  
Go, now, little one, and trust your joys to the winds.*

*Believe me, the nature of men is inconstant.  
Often when I was lying awake, lost, in the middle of the night,  
thinking to myself: Many whom Fortune has raised on high,  
she then suddenly casts down and oppresses.  
Thus when Venus has suddenly joined the bodies of lovers,  
the light divides them.*



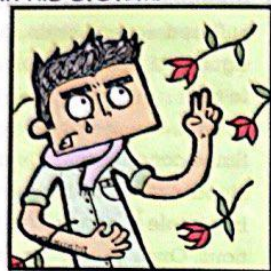
# Friends of JUSTICE

WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON  
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFJUSTICE

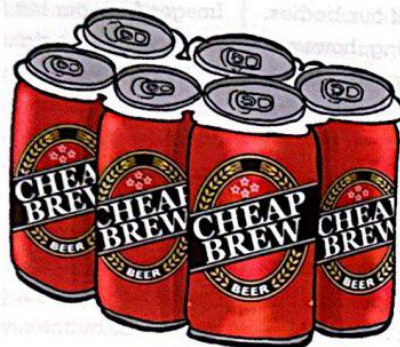


THE TRAGIC AND IRONIC ANGSTFILLED  
SUPER-HEROIC ORIGIN OF THE ONE  
AND ONLY STUMBLIN' SUPERHERO,

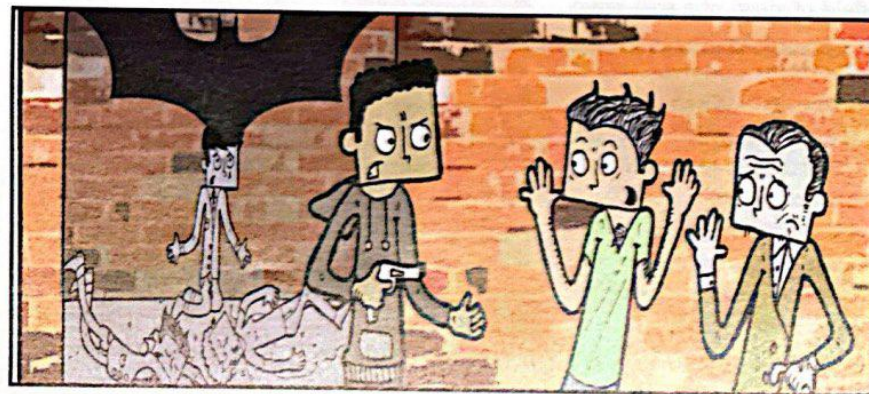
## CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM!



JACK FAIRLEY WAS AN ASPIRING VEGAN ACTOR, WHO  
NEVER LET IMPURE SUBSTANCES INTO HIS BODY.  
HE WAS MAKING ENOUGH MONEY OFF OF  
B-GRADE MOVIES TO FUND HIS ACTING DREAMS.

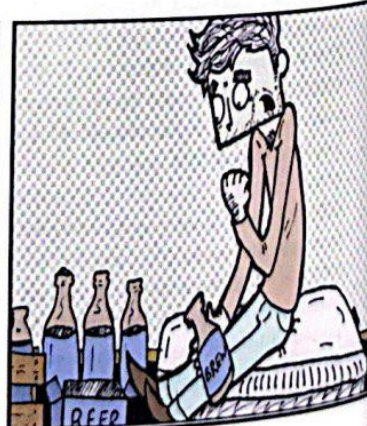


JACK WAS ALSO LOOKING AFTER HIS ALCOHOLIC FATHER. THIS FILLED JACK WITH MUCH ANGST,  
AS HE FELT HIS FATHER WAS HOLDING HIM BACK FROM HITTING 'THE BIG TIME'.



AFTER ONE OF HIS PREMIERES, JACK AND HIS FATHER  
WERE HELD UP IN A TRADITIONAL ORIGIN-MAKING ALLY WAY.

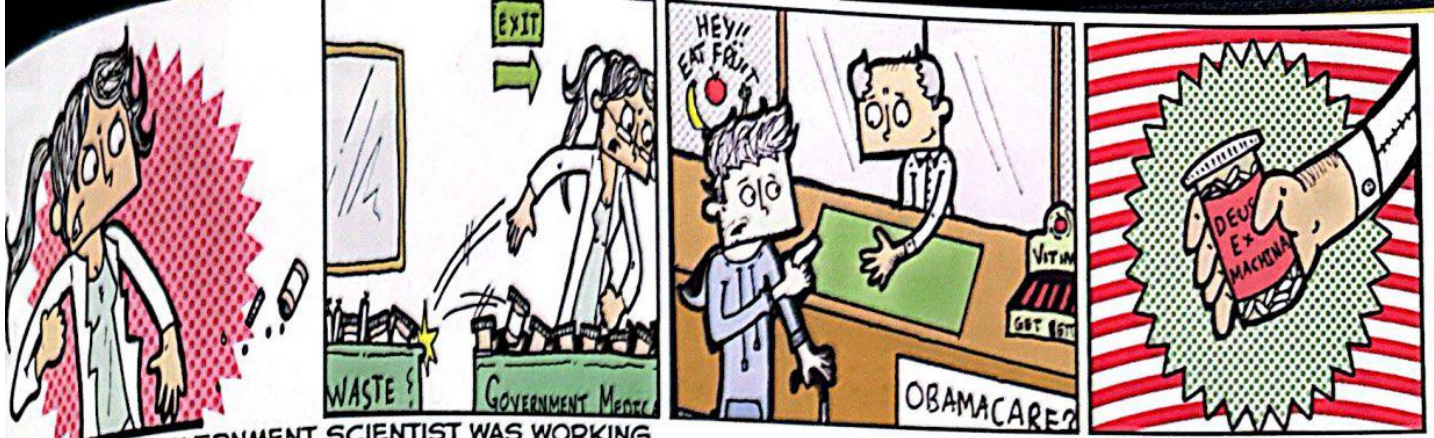
JACK'S FATHER WAS TRAGICALLY SHOT,  
AND JACK HIMSELF WAS SHOT IN THE KNEE-CAP.



LITTLE DID JACK KNOW AS HE HELD HIS FATHER'S  
LIFELESS BODY, THAT HIS LIFE WAS ABOUT TO  
CHANGE FOREVER. WELL, MAYBE HE DID, SINCE  
HIS FATHER WAS JUST BRUTALLY MURDERED  
IN FRONT OF HIM. BUT THAT'S BESIDES THE POINT.

JACK'S LIFE WENT DOWNHILL FAST, HE COULD NO  
LONGER DO STUNT WORK DUE TO THE INJURY,  
AND QUICKLY TOOK UP DRINKING...



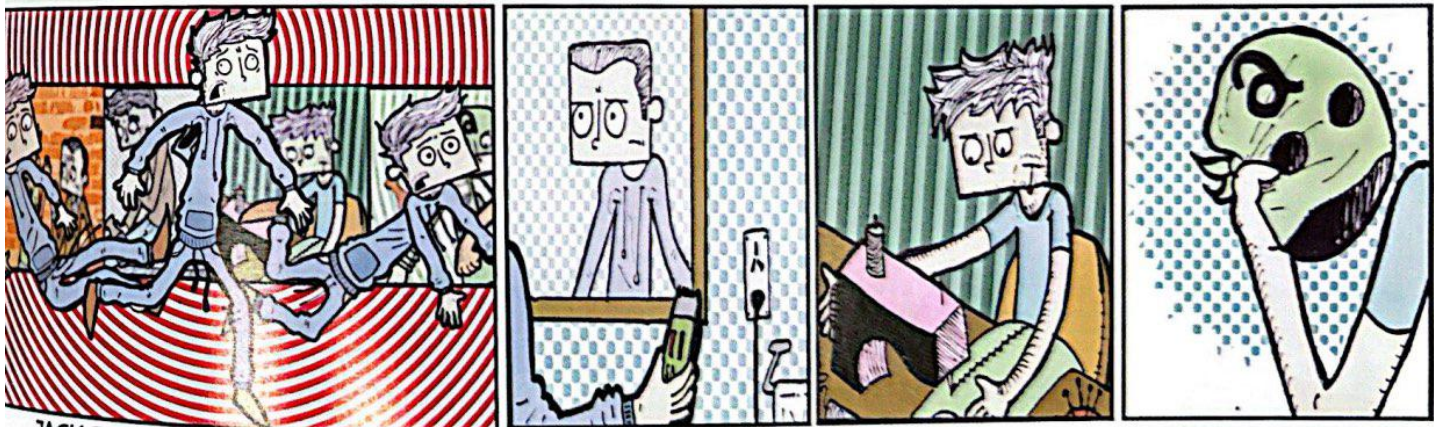


ELSEWHERE, A GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST WAS WORKING ON A SUPER-SOLDIER PILL, BUT COULDN'T FIND A WAY TO ACTIVATE IT. IN A FIT OF RAGE SHE THREW HER WORK AWAY, WHERE IT ACCIDENTALLY ENDED UP IN SOME OUTGOING GOVERNMENT MEDICATION.

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THOSE EXACT PILLS WERE (ACCIDENTALLY) GIVEN TO JACK INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL KNEE PAIN MEDICATION.



THAT NIGHT, JACK, SO OVERCOME WITH GUILT AND A SENSE OF FAILURE, INGESTED THE WHOLE BOTTLE OF PILLS AND WASHED IT DOWN WITH A MIXTURE OF ALCOHOL. SUDDENLY EVERYTHING TOOK AN IMPROBABLE TWIST...



JACK REALIZED HE NOW GAINED SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES WHENEVER THERE IS ALCOHOL IN HIS SYSTEM.

JACK DID WHAT ANY ANGST FILLED YOUNG MAN WOULD DO AT SUCH A DISCOVERY. HE SHAVED HIS GOLDEN LOCKS, AND SEWED HIMSELF AN ELABORATE LYCRA COSTUME.



AND SO CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM WAS BORN!

SARCASTICALLY FIGHTING SUCH VILLAINS AS THE YOUNG NATS! PEOPLES EX-BOYFRIENDS! KANYE WEST AND OTHER COMMON CROOKS!

ALL IN THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER.







# LISTENING TO SAINT PETER AND HIS VIOLIN

BY CHAIR COMRADE

**A**S A NAIVE STUDENT FROM OUT OF AUCKLAND, I've naturally jumped right into the so-called 'first year uni experience'. To me, this means getting involved with *everything*. Working hard on the academic side of things to maximise my grades is part of it, but so is experimenting with various 'sins'. This is where mescaline comes in.

I'm sure many people reading this article will know what mescaline is: a psychedelic substance found in Peyote and San Pedro cacti. After reading various reviews about psychedelic experiences, I'd slowly developed a curiosity towards it. It seems like many people learn about themselves and achieve a form of enlightenment through the consumption of mescaline. Michael Cera tripped on real psychedelics to produce footage for the movie *Crystal Fairy*. One day I thought, "you know what? When better to try than the first year of university?"

**"I WAS LAUGHING  
SO VIOLENTLY  
I COULDN'T  
BREATHE, YET  
TOGETHER WITH  
THE EUPHORIC  
SENSATION IT WAS  
IMPOSSIBLE TO  
FEEL PAIN."**

Now that I've tried it, here's my review.

It was 10pm, the night before the day of tripping. I started to become worried about possible consequences. "What if I become psychotic or nihilistic? What if the trip continues forever?" I knew a typical trip lasted eight to twelve hours, so I was worried about the hell I'd go through if I had a bad one. Luckily, a couple of hours on Wikipedia slowly converted my fear into cautious excitement.

At 11am the next day I reached my friends who had the goods, which I referred to as 'cactus soup'. My two friends preferred calling it cactus tea or cactus juice. They were both experienced, so I put my trust in them for the day.

It was blissfully sunny as we made our way to the Domain ready to consume the soup by 12pm. By this stage, I was feeling rather sceptical. One of my friends made the soup



by chopping up a San Pedro cactus he had found by coincidence.

"Is this really going to have psychedelic effects? He probably just brewed up an ordinary cactus!"

I drank down my share all at once — I'd never swallowed anything more disgusting. The best way to describe the flavour was a musty, spicy, grey, and colours aren't even flavours. My other friend dipped jelly babies into the soup to make it a little more appetising.

By 1pm I was getting really sceptical. I felt *nothing*. I was moments away from speaking up when I burst out laughing — it was an uncontrollable laughter. Something about the jelly babies was hilarious and yet my laughing seemed completely unjustified. It felt like my mind was still stable, I was sure I had full control of my body, yet I couldn't stop the laughing fit. Perhaps the mescaline was slowly having an effect? We progressed to an enclosed bush to smoke a joint. Apparently cannabis helps to trigger the mescaline trip. I'm a rather reserved nerdy dude, so the whole situation was very strange to me.

As we walked out of the Domain, one of my friends pointed at the entry sign and said, "hey look, the only people allowed in here are men, women, a big letter 'P', men, and men with dogs". The three of us turned to face the sign, and continually tried to say "Man, Woman, Big Letter, Man, Dog, Man". We had no idea what we were doing, we just stood there trying to perfect the tongue twister for what felt like hours. As soon as I realised what we were doing, I started to laugh again, with even less control than before. I was laughing so violently I couldn't breathe, yet together with the euphoric sensation it was impossible to feel pain.

**"I NO LONGER HAD ANY PERCEPTION OF THE PASSING OF TIME, THERE WAS JUST A CONTINUOUS PRESENT. I REALISED I WAS NOW FULL ON TRIPPING, MY CONSCIOUSNESS HAD BECOME INDEPENDENT OF MY BODY."**

Come to think of it, were we even in front of the sign for hours? Perhaps it was only thirty seconds or so. I no longer had any perception of the passing of time, there was just a continuous present. I realised I was now full on tripping, my consciousness had become independent of my body. At this point I suddenly understood that I 'was'. I felt a sensation of simply being. Everything was happening so quickly, I tried to shout out to my friends that I was tripping — but then I forgot. Half a second later, I felt every sensation flow through me again, and was shocked by how I could have forgotten it all so suddenly. I went to shout out to my friends again, to let them know that I was tripping hard — but once again I forgot. The cycle repeated itself a hundred times before I finally managed to convey my situation. By now I'd acclimatised enough to realise that I had become the Night Bus in *Harry Potter*. I had no control over my physical body, and yet I was managing to subconsciously dodge every obstacle. My body was warping around other people on the street as if it had a mind of its own. I was laughing harder than ever about the absurdity of the entire situation as the three of us wandered down the crowded street.

In many situations people often say "you have to try it to know what it's like". When it comes to psychedelics, I completely agree. I had always thought that time dilation was the slowing down of time, but I couldn't have been more wrong. In reality, I lost all perception of time. In fact, time simply didn't exist. As I recalled various memories during the afternoon, they felt neither recent nor old, as though they had no time assigned to them. Perhaps the most significant sensation was that time itself was irrelevant to the world. Instead, reasons and colours had more importance. I felt there was a reason behind every-

**"THIS BLEW MY MIND — WAS MY CONSCIOUS SELF LYING TO MY TRUE SELF?"**

thing and they were all elegantly simple. As for colour, this was perhaps the greatest revelation of the day. For the previous 18 years of my existence, forest-green was my favourite colour. However, while I was listening to music and seeing vivid fractal visuals, I had a sudden realisation: my favourite colour was in fact the imperfect blend of white and blue acrylic paint, similar to a clear blue sky with wispy clouds. This blew my mind — was my conscious self lying to my true self?

By midnight I was back in my room and exhausted. The entire day my mind had been working overtime, processing huge masses of information. Alone in my room I looked back on the day in a more analytical manner.

It was definitely fun. I'd never felt such a sense of inner peace. I also laughed more on this one day than in the rest of my life combined. The enhanced colours and visuals felt surreal thinking back on them, but the altered sense of self and non-existence of time were certainly the most memorable effects. The euphoria was unlike anything I'd ever experienced, best described as 'Saint Peter playing a violin'.

Okay, it was fun, but was it truly enlightenment? Was it a connection to my inner-self or was I just wandering in a degraded artificial state of drug-induced insanity? The honest answer is that I don't know. Twelve hours of my life had been used up, this was an undoubtable truth, but was it worth it? Did my enjoyment of the experience come from my own mind, or were my emotions artificially induced as a result of the illegal drugs? Perhaps there is no definite answer. Personally I'm still undecided, I think it'll take a few more years of life experience before I can start making my own conclusions.



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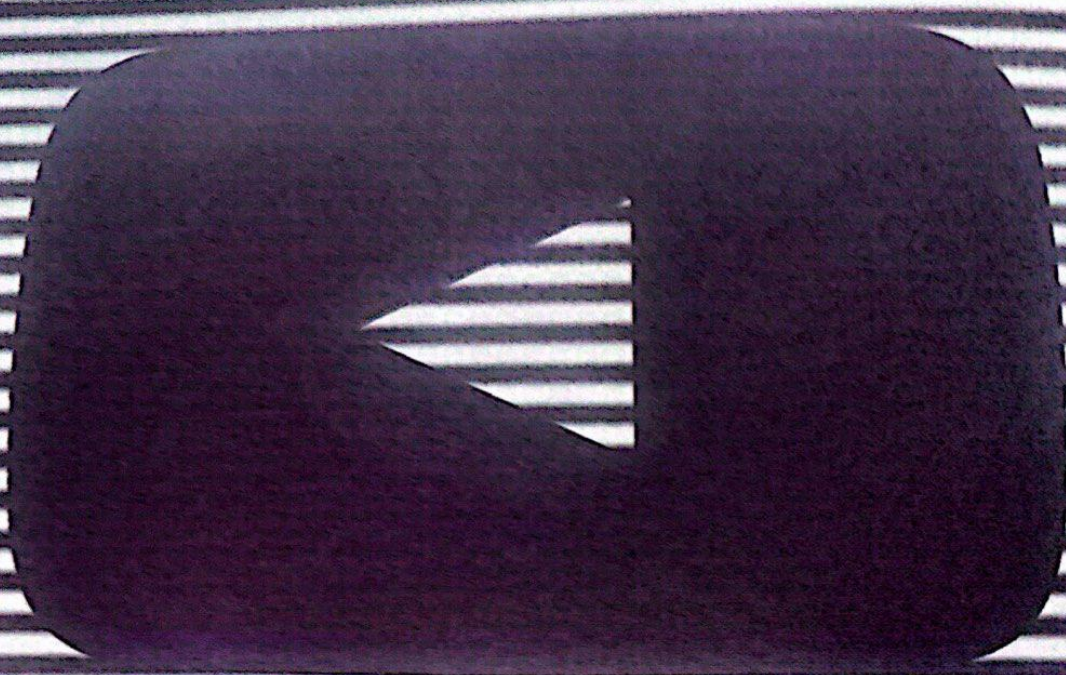
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# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF YOUTUBE

BY KIMBERLEY LOEFFEN

**Y**OU MAY KNOW YouTube as the Internet's largest source of cat videos, or a procrastination tool that presents you with a never-ending myriad of the amazing and horrifying. If you dare to dig a little deeper, you'll find a YouTube community of creators and consumers spanning the globe. The relationships between YouTubers and their fans has revolutionised online videos, and the attention market of the Internet, over the last ten years. Like any innovative media, it's unclear how it became so successful. From Ze Frank, to the Vlogbrothers, to Grace Helbig, businesses are perplexed whilst also trying to capitalise on this wave of creators on YouTube. With the application of a few theories to the microcosmic culture of YouTube, it all starts to make a lot more sense. So here's to you, dedicated fans — here's something that might help you understand some of the misconceptions surrounding YouTube.

## BEYOND THE PHYSICAL REALM

Can you have a relationship with a stranger? Chances are you have never heard the term 'parasocial interactions' in your life, because it is a very uncommon term for a very common phenomenon. Derived from the root 'para' meaning *beyond or distinct from*, the idea of parasocial interactions is that they extend beyond the physical realm, with the help of technology. Go on, think of your favourite TV character or host, or maybe that one radio slot you always tune in to (Hamish and Andy, anyone?). That is parasocial interaction at work — you are building a relationship that is inherently one-sided, evidenced by the fact that your positive affliction towards *X Factor* host Dominic Bowden is not equally felt by him, unless you're very lucky.

The term originally emerged to explain the phenomenon of audiences' intense infatuation with popular personalities on television or radio. Because it does not require actual two-sided interaction, it is discussed rather unfavorably as an illusory experience, but that does not mean that the emotions associated with these interactions are any less real for the person who is feeling them. Once you understand that this is not purely a psychological phenomenon for people that spend too much time on the Internet, you can start to

appreciate how YouTubers are the newest targets of parasocial interactions. As the largest medium for mass consumption of online videos, YouTube is global, so the audiences that experience these parasocial relationships are on a much greater and more influential scale than ever before.

**"QUITE LITERALLY, THE MORE LOYAL VIEWERS THEY GATHER, THE HIGHER CREATORS ARE PAID."**

The main difference between parasocial relationships on YouTube and legacy media, like television shows and films, is how much the creators rely on their audiences to buy into it. Quite literally, the more loyal viewers they gather, the higher creators are paid. Although creators' main sources of income are primarily sponsors from brands, followed by the purchasing of merchandise, this would not even be possible without the potential market of a large loyal audience. YouTube is perfect for this, because it allows creators to directly address, and engage with, an audience from thousands to millions, essentially having a one-on-one conversation with their entire audience, which sometimes equates to more people than the population of New Zealand (here's looking at you, Zoella). It simulates a face-to-face authentic meeting with the creator that essentially takes place in a private setting — most creators film at home, and their videos are watched from the homes of viewers. Co-creator of the wildly popular Vlogbrothers and New York Times best-selling author, John Green, expressed his perspective on the public versus private self as a YouTube creator:

*"[In my videos] that's my private self because that's not a social moment for me, like I'm conscious of the fact that you guys [the audience] are watching and listening to me obviously, but*

*at the same time, I'm alone when I make this stuff. That makes a huge difference [...] it's just a different kind of interaction."*

Unlike traditional forms of media, viewers on YouTube and social media sites can talk back. Radio, television, and films have very few forums for interactivity with their audiences compared to the Internet. Whether it be the YouTube comment section, Twitter replies, Facebook comments, addressing comments via YouTube videos, or attending YouTube conventions such as Playlist Live and Vidcon, interactivity is the cornerstone of successful creators. The question is, is this merely stretching the scope of parasocial interactions, or do we need to consider the interactivity of social networking as stepping outside of the definition entirely? *Para-parasocial*, if you will.

## FLOW

We've all experienced the black hole of the Internet: you just want to relax after a long day by checking what's new online, then hours later you look up and realise it's 2am. What happened? Well, you can thank your easily distracted brain for all that time lost. 'Flow' is the psychological state of full immersion that, once achieved, is very hard to break, and is often compared to the unstoppable and constant flow of water. When you are 'in the zone', Flow makes a person completely absorbed in the activity at hand, so much so that time and the outside world are lost. To fully appreciate just how fundamental Flow is to the operation of YouTube, we need to conceptualise YouTube as a business.

Sometimes understanding YouTube as a business is difficult given the lack of stores, products on shelves, or offline advertisements. Make no mistake though: YouTube is making money off your procrastination. Understandably, the YouTube community does not tend to discuss to the business side of things: it's like acknowledging the fact that the plagiaristic plot of *Singin' In The Rain* actually happened, or that the actors inside the suits of R2D2 and C3PO hated each other. To some cinephiles, this knowledge makes the experience richer and more enhanced, but to many audience-goers it just ruins the magic.



YouTube is actually a very smart business; no products need to be put on shelves, no store spaces need to be leased, they don't even need to produce their own content, the creators do that for them. The company just has to make an online space where videos can be accessed and shared so that full-time popular creators can afford to keep using their service. The most recent development in such a virtual space is the introduction of YouTube's Autoplay.

In a move that might be considered a long time coming, YouTube introduced its Autoplay function in 2014, mimicking the extremely popular service Netflix. Autoplay allows users to enjoy their favourite content without touching anything, which is fantastic because it means we do not have to stop pretending to type at work to start the next video every five minutes, amongst other things. YouTube Autoplay is automatically turned on, so if you do not want to be sucked into the YouTube vortex of *Charlie Bit My Finger* remixes and the like, you have to make a conscious effort to find and switch off the Autoplay function.

With YouTube videos primarily designed to entertain, it is very difficult to stop watching if Autoplay is taking away that opportunity to stop at the end of every video, effectively allowing you to keep watching through absolutely no effort whatsoever on your part. God forbid you leave the room and come back hours later to find YouTube playing an obscure cover of the song you were listening to when you left. This is where the understanding of YouTube as a business comes in — Autoplay is a transparent move by YouTube to drive up ad revenue and view counts, especially with the recent inclusion of unskippable pre-roll ads. It would be incredibly interesting to know just how much of an effect Autoplay has had on revenue for YouTube and YouTubers, but sadly we aren't privy to that information. What we do know is that the revenue made by YouTube Ads is now rivaling major US television Networks.

So why does Autoplay work so well? YouTube is directly cashing in on the effects of Flow, making it as easy as possible for both casual and invested viewers to continue using their service. Viewers become completely en-

grossed in what is happening on screen. If you think you have a say in this, I have bad news for you: Flow is not at all a conscious decision — studies say the loss of awareness of self and surroundings only occurs when you are completely focused on the task at hand, and have no spare mental space for anything else.

YouTube has incorporated features into their site to make this happen: the YouTube homepage has morphed into What To Watch, with videos recommended from your viewing history, the subscription box has a side of recommended channels enticing you to try out channels they think you would be interested in, on every video page there's a sidebar of recommended videos with Up Next at the top and finally, Autoplay is based on individual users' suggested videos. That's not even including YouTube's own efforts to get you to watch: collaborations, challenge videos, clickbait titles and eye-catching thumbnails all work together to help you maintain your state of flow.

## IMAGINED COMMUNITIES

Do you love *Doctor Who*? Have you ever argued or 'debated' with a friend over which Doctor is best? Or which companion? Have you ever been told that you don't get it because you disagree with someone else's

opinion? Lastly, have you ever been told you don't belong in a fandom because you have a difference of opinion? Welcome to imagined communities: exactly what it sounds like, it is a group of people that form a community and can be labeled as such, but only because they believe they are one. They may not be a physical community, for instance not all of them will meet, but they are still considered as such because "in the minds of each lives the image of their communion". This works for all kinds of things, from politics to defining entire nations (here's looking at you, USA and UK), to sexualities, to social labels and job status, imagined communities are everywhere.

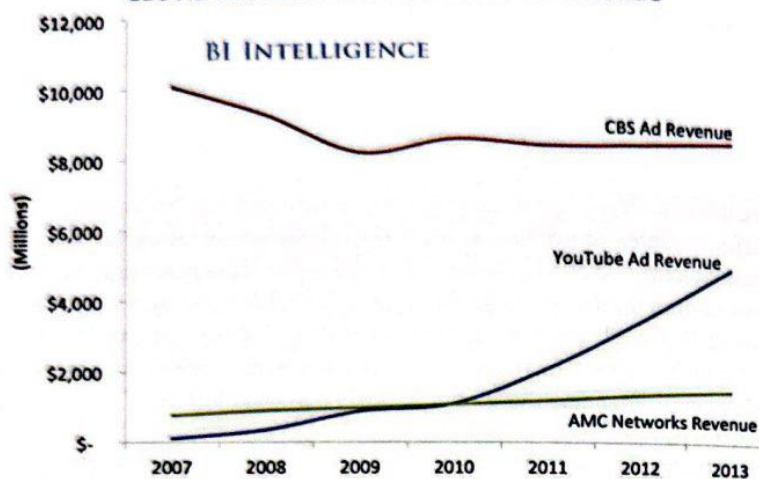
Media and imagined communities have a special relationship, because it's only when you ponder them that you realise there's no such thing as an audience, no definable or tangible line you can draw where one audience exists and another does not. What makes an audience is the audience itself, it creates its own existence through the combination of personal identifications. As you can imagine, imagined communities thrive on the Internet because it's a forum for people to come together in their interests without having to do so physically.

## SO WHAT?

There are a lot of theories out there covering traditional media like television, radio and books, that explain how they affect us. The Internet, and specifically Youtube, have been largely left out of such discussions. This year is YouTube's tenth anniversary, and it's time to start treating it with the same amount of importance, influence and consequence as traditional media, starting with understanding how it works.

## Tech Chart of the Day

### YouTube Ad Revenue vs. CBS Ad Revenue And AMC Networks Revenue



Source: News Reports, Company Filings, BI Intelligence Estimates

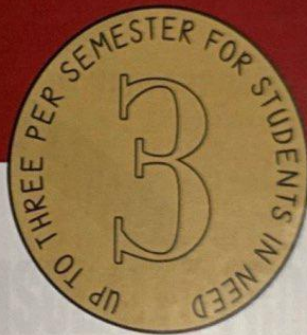
BUSINESS INSIDER

**"FLOW MAKES A PERSON COMPLETELY ABSORBED IN THE ACTIVITY AT HAND, SO MUCH SO THAT TIME AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD ARE LOST."**



# *Foodbank*

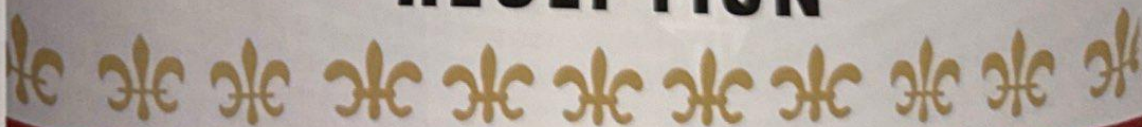
PARCELS



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# INDIA: WORLDS WITHIN A WORLD

BY TEJA APPILLA

**R**OLLING SAND DUNES TO SNOW-CAPPED mountains, monumental mosques to colossal temples, bus-raiding bandits to altruistic local travellers, India is a nation that has everything to offer. Divided into 29 states, with varying landscapes, languages and culture, two months are insufficient to explore this land of mystic beauty. Without a certain itinerary, time has to be used resourcefully to dwell in the splendour that lies ahead.

Travel is one of the few things that inspires every being. Wildebeests migrate across vast lands of the Serengeti; Arctic terns drift through the skies journeying from pole to pole; even a worker goes on holiday when the long weekend arrives. Regardless of the motivation, travel is an integral part of our existence. It is not necessarily about going overseas; rather about placing oneself into an unknown surrounding to experience a different culture and the lifestyles of the people. Isolated from the rest of the world, we may take what we have for granted and it is hard to comprehend the situations that developing nations strive in. With insufficient funds for a luxurious trip, my costs are minimised by staying at budget accommodation and using public transport. Nonetheless, backpacking is far more enjoyable whilst we are still young and capable of taking risks.

**"ISOLATED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, WE MAY TAKE WHAT WE HAVE FOR GRANTED AND IT IS HARD TO COMPREHEND THE SITUATIONS THAT DEVELOPING NATIONS STRIVE IN."**

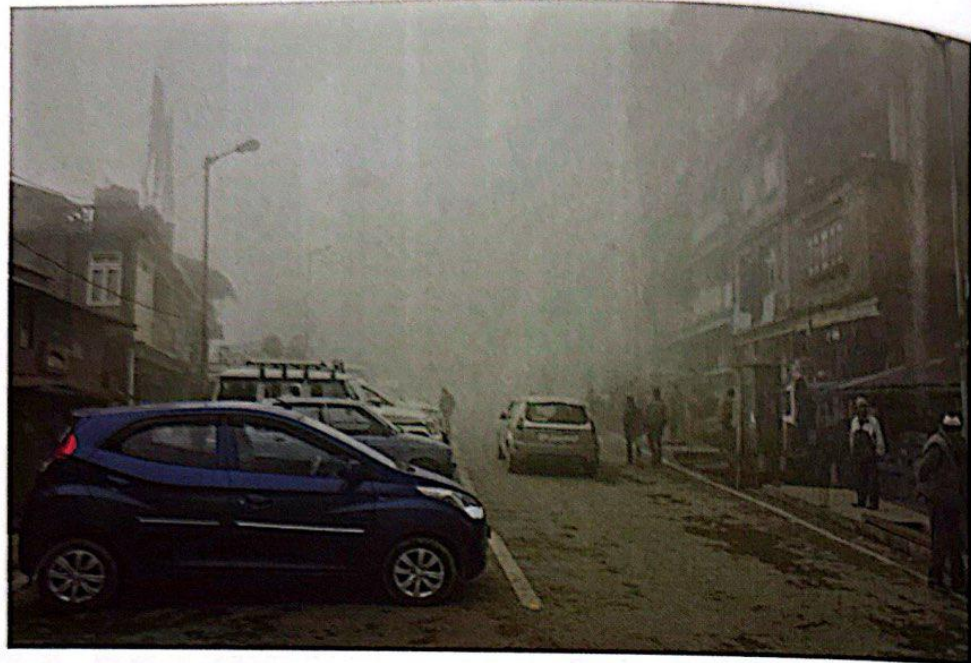
**T**AXIS PUSH FORWARD AND GAIN A FEW METRES, only to come back to a standstill, until there is a glimpse of the fractured road and everyone pushes forward again. This is Mumbai traffic. Yet, in the midst of this, thousands of locals and tourists gather around Mumbai's architectural structures, amongst parading touts and photographers to gain an understanding of the British colonial era. These monuments conspicuously stand out as a reminder of India's recent history, such as Mumbai's iconic Gateway of India, which was built in 1924 to commemorate the arrival of King George V and Queen Mary in India. With a population of 20 million, a busy and bustling schedule preoccupies one and all: commuters sprinting to leap on-board a running train; hard-bargain negotiations in downtown bazaars; horse-carts and cattle triggering a riot of honking and beeping cars. Despite being the second largest country by population, India's population density is high only in the metropolis sectors. Small settlements are ubiquitous across the subcontinent and embrace the land's cultural facet.

**T**RAINS THUNDER THROUGH VARIOUS STATES TO reach their destinations. In the span of a conversation, the horizon can change dramatically, from rice fields to arid deserts or from concrete jungles to improvised shrines. On what seemed to be a very long thirty-six



hour journey from Mumbai to Bangalore, along with six local commuters in the same cabin. Silence dawned over half the journey, until enough trust was built. As we shared dinner, conversations about destiny, religion and politics kept me occupied as time flew past, until I arrived at my destination. The moment I got off the train, I realised that I may never meet those people again, this was only the first of many such journeys. Every location has an atmosphere that is shaped by certain factors, notably the people, the culture and, in a subconscious manner, the smell. Smell triggers a sense of nostalgia and adds a personal weight to our experience. As rain pours onto the colourful designs on the concrete floor of a township of Khuri, a chalky scent rises resembling the pages of an old book. The smell of stone-baked chapattis (Indian flat-bread) on a cold night; drifting in the damp, dusky air, the smell of fresh soil is pacifying.

Lamaseries perched on high Himalayan valleys; villages and caravans scattered across the vast expanse of the Thar Desert; faded footprints laying on the stone-steps of Hindu temples. Despite being widely noted for its dense population, away from the concrete jungles, quietude can be found without difficulty. In Sikkim, a landlocked state of India with Himalayan topography and an influence of Tibetan Buddhism, towns are sparsely populated and remote. At an outpost occupied by a few cottages, deep valleys hide beneath the clouds as the mountain ranges flow into eternity, a sacred lake is concealed by thick vegetation as the calming chants of a lama resonate nearby. This outpost is known as Khecheopalri Lake. Shared jeeps depart ev-



ery day at dawn, as the early rays illuminate the peaks of Kangchenjunga, and missing one means you are forced to stay overnight. Although rooms can be negotiated and electricity is seldom available, this place can be an ordeal for those unprepared, and a haven for the contrary.

**C**HURCH BELLS CHIME IN THE URBAN SPRAWL, while Islamic adhan (prayer calls) reverberates from the distance. Religion has a major impact on the lifestyles of the Indian people. Colonies are established in large cities uniting those with similar beliefs and a parallel standard of living. Segregation by religion still exists in India, nevertheless in areas of poor education. Certain temples in South India limit entry into their shrine solely

to followers with signboards conspicuously declaring "ONLY HINDUS ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT". Despite its controversial nature, a majority of the populace acquaint themselves to the conflicting religion and go by its ways for the rest of the day. To quote what a befriended driver said to me, "Always sleep with a full belly and an empty brain". This sums up the lifestyles of many people; live every day without letting worries take over.

Trapped in a cramped jeep hauling thirteen people for four hours (the drawback of frugal travel), I arrive at my destination of Ravangla, somewhat nauseous from the narrow, winding roads of the Eastern Himalaya. At an altitude of over 2,100 metres, the temperature is significantly lower and clouds linger over the valley, creating a false perception of its gradient. Buddhist prayer flags bloom as the wind sends its aura in all directions. Bending its way through the canopy of ever-green trees, the road transforms into a wide, spotless course that leads to an immense effigy of a meditating Buddha. An ambience of peacefulness radiates around this statue, portraying the Buddha's path to enlightenment; lush green mountains present the backdrop to the golden monument, turbulent clouds blanket the snow-capped peaks that lay in the horizon, strong gusts forcefully wave the encircled prayer flags.

Meanwhile, the bustling nature of pilgrims expresses the atmosphere in the most revered temples. One of particular significance is the Jagannath Temple in the city of Puri. Climbing the steps to the entrance of this towering monolith, a pundit suddenly appears before me, bellowing that it is a sin to walk in without a donation. Nervous due to an unknown surrounding, I drop a ₹ 100 note (equivalent

**"TO QUOTE WHAT A BEFRIENDED DRIVER SAID TO ME, "ALWAYS SLEEP WITH A FULL BELLY AND AN EMPTY BRAIN". THIS SUMS UP THE LIFESTYLES OF MANY PEOPLE; LIVE EVERY DAY WITHOUT LETTING WORRIES TAKE OVER."**



to \$2) in a basket nearby. As I look up, I notice locals walking past, ignoring the 'pundit', realising that it was just a sham. Later, I find out that this temple is specifically known for the thousands of false pundits who linger around the temple. During the peak hours, pilgrims wait patiently in an extensive line for several hours just to get a quick glance of the deity. Men and women shave their heads as an act of purification; they offer hard-earned money to the gods; they call out their prayers together as a group, the people's devotion can truly be witnessed here.

On a contrasting note, globalisation has set its mark on most of India. Of significance are the party scenes in Goa and the corporate culture in major cities like Mumbai and Bangalore. Throughout the year, the beaches of Goa are occupied by tourists and local students during the day, however, at night the place transforms into an underground rave jungle. Dairy owners disguised as family-oriented by day, moonlighted as drug traffickers by night. The lifestyle in Goa exhibits a pretence of the laidback Caribbean. Music serves as time for those hanging around the beaches. As the sun rises, downtempo-electro blends with the waves to create a peaceful aura; by mid-afternoon the music transforms to deep-house. The switch to electro-house sets the tone at dusk, and trance 'til midnight. Past midnight, psychedelic trance echoes across the beaches as night-crawlers are allured to distant underground rave parties.

**W**HEN SPEAKING OF TRAVELLING, INDIA IS not a destination that comes to mind. Claims of risk and danger have tarnished its reputation as a travel hub. Although it is a general rule of travelling to respect the culture of the host, this is mandatory in India. The key is to be as inconspicuous as possible, although you need a bit of luck on your side too. Wearing jeans inside a temple; using a laptop in a railway station; taking pictures in deprived areas, these are all actions that are

## "ON A CONTRASTING NOTE, GLOBALISATION HAS SET ITS MARK ON MOST OF INDIA. OF SIGNIFICANCE ARE THE PARTY SCENES IN GOA AND THE CORPORATE CULTURE IN MAJOR CITIES LIKE MUMBAI AND BANGALORE."

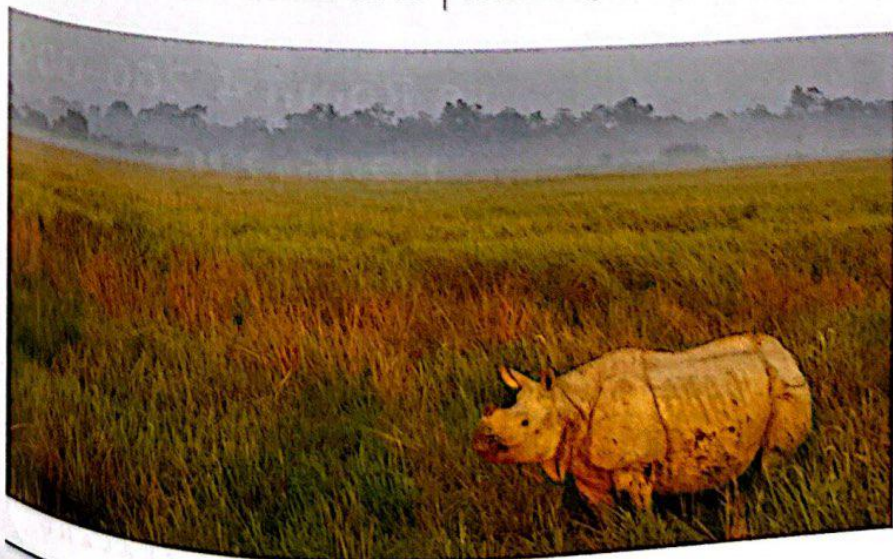
best avoided. An experience of particular significance took place on a sixteen-hour bus ride from the North-Eastern State of Assam to West Bengal. Half past midnight, unable to force myself to sleep, I glance quickly around the dark bus, illuminated by the moonlight, to notice everyone had fallen asleep. Quietude was surrounded only by the sound of a running engine as my eyelids felt heavy.

Abruptly, the cold wind screamed with full-blown force as shattered glass fragments flung their way into the bus. Following immediately, a fist-sized rock smashes through the window next to me as it hurls its way only inches away from the person seated in front. Instantly, the man seated nearby, across the aisle, groaned in pain as I witness a brutal gash on his ankle. Another rock had broken its way through the windshield, marginally missing the driver. Accelerating his way to safety, the driver

stops the bus (to clean out the glass) after, what seemed to me, the longest twenty minutes of my life. Surprisingly, the passengers were calm as they were helping in the clean-up process, while a few tended to the injured. With bottled curiosity, I ask the driver what the whole racket was about. His reply? "This is the bandit area." For the remaining eight hours of the journey, we were preoccupied by the bone-chilling air and screaming wind. In hindsight, getting on a cargo bus for a cheaper fare was not the best of decisions. In areas of ample tourism, such as Agra, Delhi or Mumbai, there is a doorway to crime almost anywhere.

We wake up every morning to attend a lecture or even work on an assignment. Day after day. Year after year. Immediately after we graduate, we get settled into a job and begin handing in reports to our managers, waiting for the day to end to go back home. Soon, we will have responsibilities to support our families and, before too long, we contemplate all the opportunities missed to travel around the world. As students, we are not in the best situation financially. Saving while working part-time may be your only ticket to travelling. Perhaps time, rather than cost, is actually the biggest barrier to travel. There is only one solution to this. Travel is the greatest form of education. Now is the best chance to educate ourselves.

"Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did do." — Mark Twain





fingers on buzzers

The Ultimate Quiz Challenge Is Back!

# UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE

Have you got what it takes to be on the University of Auckland team and take on other NZ Universities on national TV?  
Trials are being held. If you think you have the smarts then come along and put your knowledge to the test.

Trials:

Thursday 28 May 4-5pm, OGGB Case Room 4 260-009

Friday 29 May 12-1pm, Arts 1 206-220

[www.auckland.ac.nz/universitychallenge](http://www.auckland.ac.nz/universitychallenge)



# AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

## UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE

**ARE YOU SOMETHING OF A TRIVIA BUFF?**  
Are you always the champion of trivial pursuit? Are you the type of person to flourish under pressure on a TV stage? University Challenge is back for 2015, and we are looking for the team to represent the University of Auckland on national TV.

You might have seen University Challenge screened on Prime this year, its first appearance on New Zealand screens for 25 years. The quick format show is TVNZ's longest running quiz show, and follows the traditional BBC format from "starter" questions asked "on the buzzer", to bonus questions and the infamous gong. The pace of questioning increases over the show, with questioning becoming frantic towards the end of the slot as teams attempt to score as many points as possible before time is up.

The show is a great watch for audiences at home, who are able to both marvel at the esoteric knowledge of the contestants on screen, and attempt to play along at home. The most recent iteration of University Challenge saw some of the more niche science questions replaced with popular knowledge to allow the audience to be more involved.

Each of New Zealand's eight universities sends a team to compete, facing off against each of the other university teams. Last year the University of Auckland team started slow, but quickly amped it up to win five in a row and compete in the final. They put out a fantastic performance but narrowly lost to the University of Canterbury in the final - could you do even better?

All students are eligible, and all types of knowledge are needed. A squad of five students will be selected to travel to Wellington for filming (with costs covered).

### TRIALS

Thursday 28 May, 4-5pm at OGGC  
Case Room 4 260-009

**"YOU DON'T NEED TO BE AN EXPERT ON EVERYTHING TO DO WELL - YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN YOU CAN COMBINE YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH YOUR TEAMMATES TO GET ANSWERS YOU DIDN'T THINK POSSIBLE."**

Friday 29 May, 12-1pm at Arts 1  
206-220

Trials will be administered under exam style conditions. No cellphones, notes or talking will be permitted. You do not need to pre-register to take part in the trials.

Students who are successful in the first round must be available for the second and third trial rounds, which will be held on Wednesday 3 June. These rounds will see the top eight students from the first round in a simulated quiz, followed by a final interview.

### THE UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE EXPERIENCE

**Alistair Kendrick:** Being in University Challenge last year was extremely enjoyable and rewarding. I didn't expect that I would enjoy spending a week in Invercargill in July, but I was wrong.

Filming the show was an amazing experience, and the nights spent in Invercargill's bars, getting to know the other 39 competitors, made the trip really fun. The one downside was that we didn't win the damn thing. Trial for the team so that UoA can take home the trophy this time around.

**Adam Clearwater:** I'm a quiz nerd.

Not the guy who knows every movie ever made or every song ever written, but a quiz

nerd, who likes nothing better than the science round of a pub quiz.

When University Challenge was brought back last year, after a 25 year hiatus filled with inferior TV quiz shows, and then when I made it onto the team, I couldn't believe my luck! My teammates were nothing short of brilliant. We got to spend a whole week together, along with 35 others, spending every day competitively quizzing. And we came this close to winning!

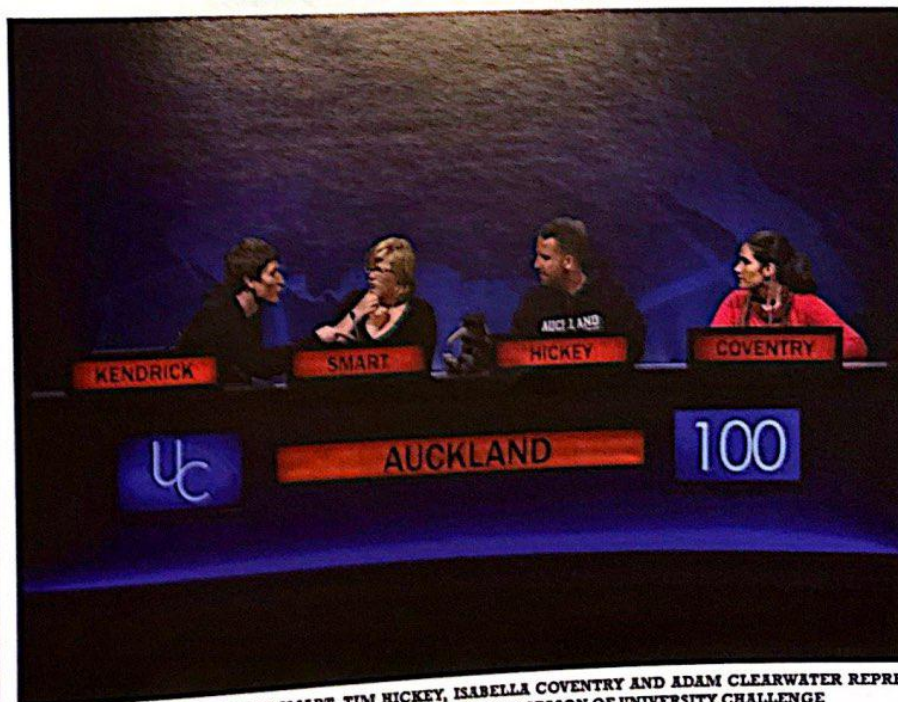
So if you've got a good general knowledge, maybe a specialist area or two, have a go at trialling. This year could be Auckland's year to win it.

**Tim Hickey:** University Challenge 2014 was an incredible experience!

You don't need to be an expert on everything to do well - you would be surprised how often you can combine your knowledge with your teammates to get answers you didn't think possible. In fact teamwork and strategy plays a big part - it even matters where you sit at the podium.

It was great to go from one win and two losses early on to win five in a row and come so close to winning overall.

Plus all the other competitors and the production crew were really fun too.



ALISTAIR KENDRICK, CAITLIN SMART, TIM HICKEY, ISABELLA COVENTRY AND ADAM CLEARWATER REPRESENTED THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND IN THE MOST RECENT SEASON OF UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE





**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS

## AN OPEN LETTER

20 May 2015

To All Concerned,

This week, a proposal for the introduction of a progressive policy in favour of increased funding for gender-reassignment surgery was covered in the New Zealand media.

AUSA would like to register our severe disappointment with the general reaction to the policy from politicians across the spectrum. The leader of the Labour Party, a party that has always stated it values fairness and equality, has responded that he is "happy with [his] gender". Members of the Government have called this aspect of essential health care "nutty". Our own Minister of Health, Jonathan Coleman, believes that this essential health care is not something the Government should be funding.

When it comes to trans people, access to gender reassignment surgery can be absolutely vital to their mental wellbeing. Denying adequate public funding for them is not fair, nor equal. Trans people have a suicide rate of one in five, a rate that declines as steps towards

transition, including gender reassignment surgery, are carried out. A move to support these members of our community is a move that ought to be incredibly important to all New Zealanders. It is also incredibly important to students, and to the trans students who make up part of our university community.

AUSA notes that according to official government statistics there are only 61 people on the male-to-female waiting list. Even if the quoted cost of "up to \$70,000" is accurate, this amounts to \$4.2 million dollars, a small amount given the extent of the impact on these individuals' lives, and a small amount relative to other Government spending.

For \$4.2 million dollars, the Government can end the 40-year waiting period for male-to-female surgery and make sure that sixty-one members of the community can take steps to complete their transition. Many trans people, if they want surgery, are forced to travel to places such as Thailand or the United States, often alone, in order to get the surgery they need. This comes at a substantial cost. This is unacceptable and increases post-operative complications.

Gender reassignment surgery is particularly relevant as trans people are currently required to prove that they have physically transitioned their bodies to match their gender identities in order to change their legal status. This means that due to the access limitations to gender reassignment surgery in New Zealand, those unable to access surgery will face discrimination as their legal documentation

does not match the gender that they are.

AUSA supports the public funding of gender reassignment surgery. We do so not only because it is clear that such basic healthcare should be provided, but also because it is our duty as a students' association. We have an obligation to support trans students and to work to ensure they have the same quality of life as any other student. Many trans students start to realise themselves at university, and we are committed to making universities a welcoming place for them.

Our Queer Rights Officer is available for support or questions at [qro@ausa.org.nz](mailto:qro@ausa.org.nz), and can be visited in Queerspace, a safe space for all queer students. We also encourage trans students to get in contact with Trans on Campus at [transoncampus@auckland.ac.nz](mailto:transoncampus@auckland.ac.nz), a group of trans people studying or working at the University of Auckland that aims to provide both a way for trans members of the community to network, and to actively work to improve conditions for trans people at the University of Auckland.

AUSA in its capacity as a students' association currently provides a safe space for queer people with Queerspace, but this means nothing if even our socially liberal parties are opposed to fairness and equality for all trans people. We call on the Government and the Labour Party to commit to adequately funding this life-saving surgery.

Yours sincerely  
AUSA Executive

## NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN FOR NOMINATIONS OF 2016 AUSA EXECUTIVE OFFICER POSITIONS PRESIDENT, ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT, WELFARE VICE-PRESIDENT, TREASURER

Nominations open on Friday, 22 May 2015

Nomination forms are available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

Nominations close at 3.00 pm on Friday, 24 July 2015. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

In accordance with the Auckland University Students' Association's Constitution, nominations are open to currently

enrolled students of the University of Auckland, who must be members of AUSA. Accordingly, all nominees must present proof of current enrolment, and any other required information, to the Returning Officer no later than the close of nominations, or their nomination will be ruled invalid.

Please Note: To run for the Treasurer's position you must have passed at least two Accounting papers at the University of Auckland and show proof of this.

- AUSA Returning Officer



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## GENERATION ZERO ARE TRYING TO FIX OUR FUTURE (.NZ)

BY LEROY BECKETT

**G**ET THIS. FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS THE government are consulting with the public on New Zealand's climate change targets ahead of the Paris Climate Conference in December. That's right, for the first time in six years, they've decided that the future of our planet might be something that New Zealanders want to have a say about.

The UN Climate Summit in Paris is a big deal. Countries all around the world are expected to sign a global agreement to get us all on track towards a low carbon future. As a country that has always been at the forefront of social change, who prides itself on our

clean green image, we are a role model for other countries and we really need to step up our game.

What our leaders do to tackle climate change will determine what kind of world we grow up in, so it's crucial for us as young people to speak up for our future. Our Government is really good at making a whole lot of excuses for their inaction, based on short-term cost. What they're NOT looking at is the cost to our generation if they DON'T act, or the huge opportunities we have to make NZ a safer, healthier and more prosperous country, while also cutting carbon pollution.

**"WHAT THEY'RE NOT  
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MAKE NZ A SAFER, HEALTHIER  
AND MORE PROSPEROUS  
COUNTRY, WHILE ALSO  
CUTTING CARBON POLLUTION."**

It's frustrating, but the good news is there's a super easy way you can have your voice heard. The team at Generation Zero have created an online submission tool at [www.fixourfuture.nz](http://www.fixourfuture.nz), which allows anyone to make an official submission on our climate change targets, and it literally takes a minute.

Just choose which of our six main points you agree with (we have a feeling it'll be all of them as they're all pretty great...just sayin') and add in your own comment at the end.

In case you're dubious, our quick submit tools have been pretty successful in the past. Just recently we got over 3000 Aucklanders submitting on the city's transport budget, as part of our Fix Our City campaign, and more than 10,000 people using Generation Zero's tool to submit in favour of a resource consent for Auckland's Sky-path.

Climate change is so much bigger than all of this. It's the biggest challenge of our time! We need thousands of young people speaking up, demanding from our Government that they quit mucking around and fix our future. We need you.

**WANT TO GET INVOLVED  
WITH STUDENT CULTURE  
ON CAMPUS?**  
BECOME AN AUSA DELEGATE

**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE [WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ/DELEGATES](http://WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ/DELEGATES) OR EMAIL [DELEGATES@AUSA.ORG.NZ](mailto:DELEGATES@AUSA.ORG.NZ)

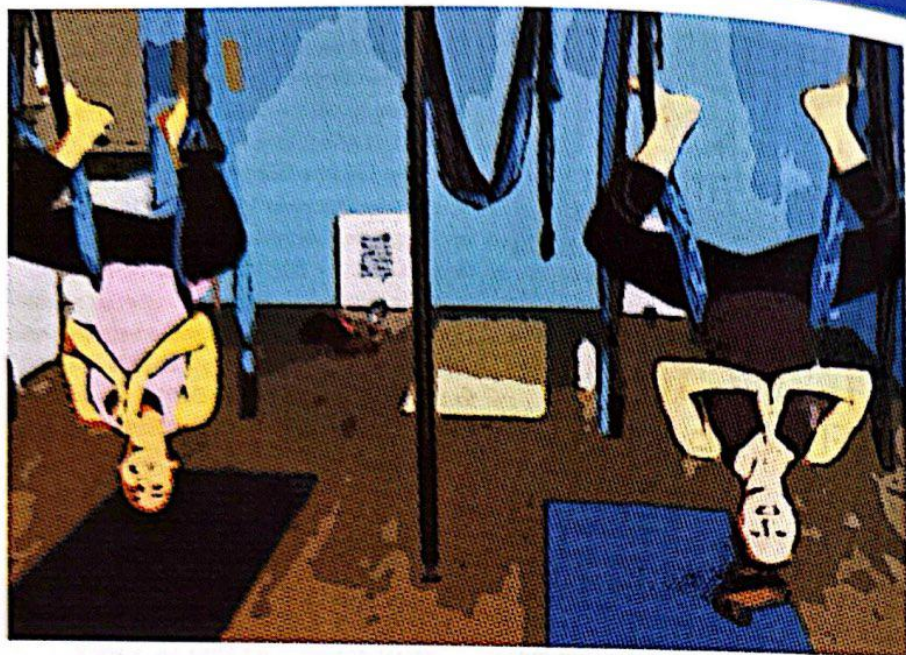


## AERIAL YOGA

BY CARLA BONIOLO

**I** REALLY WISH I LIKED YOGA. I'VE TRIED MULTIPLE times to disengage from the bubbling cynicism and stress of everyday life and centre myself in a peaceful room full of lavender-scented people twisting their bodies into inexplicable forms. Unfortunately, I've never had that lightbulb moment with yoga. Sure, the stretching feels nice (and I'm a big fan of the lie-on-the-floor-and-go-to-sleep bit at the end) but all I can think about during a yoga class is how much I'd like to be spending those 60 minutes doing something productive like watching *The Real Housewives of New Jersey* or colour coding my to-do list. Hence, when a friend of mine recently suggested we try an aerial yoga class, I approached the idea with much trepidation. Yoga — let alone yoga in a hammock — was not exactly how I'd pictured my Saturday morning. However, she promised me a coffee afterwards and at that moment my fate was sealed.

We arrived at Raw Yoga in Milford (on Kitchener Road, near the Shakespeare Road intersection and a few shops down from the New World) in a spritely fashion, anxious for our 9.45am class to begin. Clad in head to toe lululemon, we were greeted by the studio's owner Nicole. Quite possibly the most soothing person I have ever met in my life, Nicole immediately put us at ease with her smooth buttery voice and radiant skin that screamed of kale smoothies and oil pulling. She was like an angel. Not just heavenly in appearance, Nicole could also fly. Imbued with the prowess of aerial yoga, she was superhuman.



We began the class with some gentle stretches on our individual yoga mat. Pleasingly, the room smelled authentically of incense and there was a melodic playlist wafting in the background. Nicole then instructed us to approach our slings — the main accessory that turns plebeian yoga into aerial yoga. Suspended from the ceiling (on thick metallic rods, I checked) hung several hammock-like contraptions. They were the fabric of sleeping bags and also had stretchy handles attached. Nicole invited us to climb onto the slings by leaning forward and raising our feet off the floor, so that we were literally parallel to the ground and pretty much flying in the air. Despite feeling like I was about to vomit up the entire contents of my large intestine, this move was strangely liberating.

We were taken through a series of moves that

all included us being suspended above the ground. We stood on the sling, we swung on and off the sling, we lunged over the sling... It appeared that anything was possible in aerial yoga and I was loving it. The static yoga that frustrated me was flung out the window and, instead, we were enjoying dynamic and difficult movements. I even broke a sweat. Pose of the day definitely had to go to 'hanging butterfly' which involved us mounting the sling on our knees and then flipping forwards, so that we were hanging upside down before proceeding to wrap our legs around the suspension strips of the sling. Tadaaa — cue epic Instagram photo.

I walked out of the studio an absolute convert. 10/10 would whole heartedly dabble in aerial yoga again. If you'd like to know more, then check out <http://www.rawyoganz.com/>

## ARTS & CRAFTS (BEER, THAT IS)

BY SIMON JAMES MOORE

**C**RAFT BEER HAS SEEN AN INCREDIBLE explosion in popularity in the last couple of years. Hell, if wasn't living in a tiny, central Auckland apartment, I'd be brewing and selling my own too. The issue for students is generally price. I think this is unfortunate, particularly in a culture such as ours which apparently has a massive binge drinking issue. But when all you want to do on a Friday is unwind/get stupid, then you also want to part with as little as possible when confronting the cashier. So, for the yeast-minded, drinks will typically consist of Lion Red, Tui, Speights... perhaps Monteiths if your course related costs just came through. Now, don't get me wrong, there is

nothing wrong with this grog. Cold from a tap, you'd be hard-pressed to say that one tastes bad. However, these town pre-drinks are normally from the bottle and that bottle is normally piss-warm by 11. But that's kind of the point, isn't it? At our age, nobody really seems to drink to enjoy it. You've just got to battle down the sickly stuff, and get a buzz on quick enough to forget the internal anguish, that voice in your head that tells you not to talk to her, and that assignment due on Tuesday you have yet to start. In New Zealand, this is compounded by the fact that there is no real 'culture' to drinking. Add a frugal student to the mix, and you've got a recipe for far too many cheap brews over far too few evenings.

Anyway, enough social commentary, back to craft beer. I truly implore you to try some. Head to Glengarry and have the staff run

you through some of their picks. Head to Vulcan Lane or Wynyard Quarter and request a selection of beers. You can pick about 6 small glasses for the price of one, and get a real range in front of you. There truly is something for everyone; citrusy wheat beers through rich oyster stouts. Believe it or not, beer can taste like more than regret. Buy your favourites and keep them in the fridge at home for when you want to reward yourself.

For those who know cars, craft beer is the BMW 3 Series of alcohol. It's leagues better than anything in lower price brackets, and offers all the benefits of a luxury drink without the diminishing returns (look at the price that wine can sail to; it's absurd). It's a solid price-performance ratio, and you're too busy enjoying it that you don't even realise how plastered you are.



## FACULTY OF FLEXIBILITY

BY ANONYMOUS

**R**ECENTLY I HAD THE FORTUNE OF ORGANISING an event to the scale of a couple hundred people in a foreign place. This task was a labour of love; sometimes more labour than love, let me tell you. Naturally, there were road bumps, pot holes, and burnouts along the way. To the delight of every Business 101 student ever, get out your SWOT charts and let us take these threats and turn them into opportunities (to learn).

### LESSONS:

- Bureaucracy is a real thing. It sucks.
- You can't keep everyone happy so don't even try.
- Deadlines appear to be optional to the general public.
- Writing good Facebook posts is draining.
- Get it in writing.
- Did I mention how much sleep I lost over good Facebook posts?

These insights that I managed to glean

cement an increasingly prevalent feeling I hold towards my tertiary education. The tools and skills which I intend on relying upon most heavily for the rest of my life have come from everything but my textbook.

So. What does this mean?

**"CALL ME NEW-AGE,  
CALL ME A REBEL,  
AND DO CALL ME IF  
I END UP EATING MY  
WORDS LACKING A  
JOB AND NEEDING  
TO BORROW \$50  
AND SLEEP ON YOUR  
COUCH."**

I choose to believe I am enrolled in the Faculty of Flexibility. Call it what you may, as the underachievers and want-to-be drop-outs begin to congregate there, but I've read enough Quora posts to reassure myself that the world we face as young graduates values creativity, adaptability, and fluidity over anything. Indeed, working in an office in the city has opened my eyes to the fact that my pretty BCom hanging on the wall does not at all mean I am prepared for the career ahead of me. Rather, the more I stifle my brain with definitions and processes I may never use again, I fear for the opportunity costs that inherently plague my life.

Let the 1% rejoice at the notion that you don't have to care about university. Alas, you do. There is always value in education, and it opens doors that we are very privileged to even approach. However, don't fall into the trap that your classes are an end-all, be-all. The most benefit I have found in my years here have been in everything else I have done outside of my studies. Call me new-age, call me a rebel, and do call me if I end up eating my words lacking a job and needing to borrow \$50 and sleep on your couch.

## RECIPE: DAL CHAWAL

BY NIDHA KHAN

**I**T'S ASSIGNMENT TIME AND MY STRESS HAS reached level 9000. All I want to do is eat chocolate, eat chocolate, and bury my face in chocolate. I've mentioned chocolate three times already. I really want chocolate (make that four times). But I know that if I eat too much, I'll be a) passed out in sugar coma b) gain all the weight I lost during the summer and c) probably end up developing diabetes. So I need to resort to other foods, mainly, my mum's cooking. If you're friends with a Pakistani person then you'll know that 'dal chawal' (lentils and rice) is pretty good comfort food, which is why I'm sharing my mother's recipe today!

Dal Chawal is suitable for vegans and vegetarians.

Serves 2-3

### INGREDIENTS:

- 1 cup lentils
- 1/2 a can of diced tomatoes
- 1 medium onion
- 1/2 tsp crushed garlic
- 1/2 tsp crushed ginger
- 1/2 tsp salt (or to taste)

1/2 tsp red chilli powder (or to taste)

1/2 tsp turmeric

2 tsp oil

Handful of fresh coriander and green chillies to garnish

### METHOD:

1. Wash the lentils in a large bowl and let it soak for an hour.
2. On medium heat, boil the lentils in 1 1/2 cups of water with turmeric and a tsp of oil.
3. Once the lentils are tender, take it off the stove.

4. In a different pan, thinly slice the onions and fry in 1 tsp of oil until slightly golden.

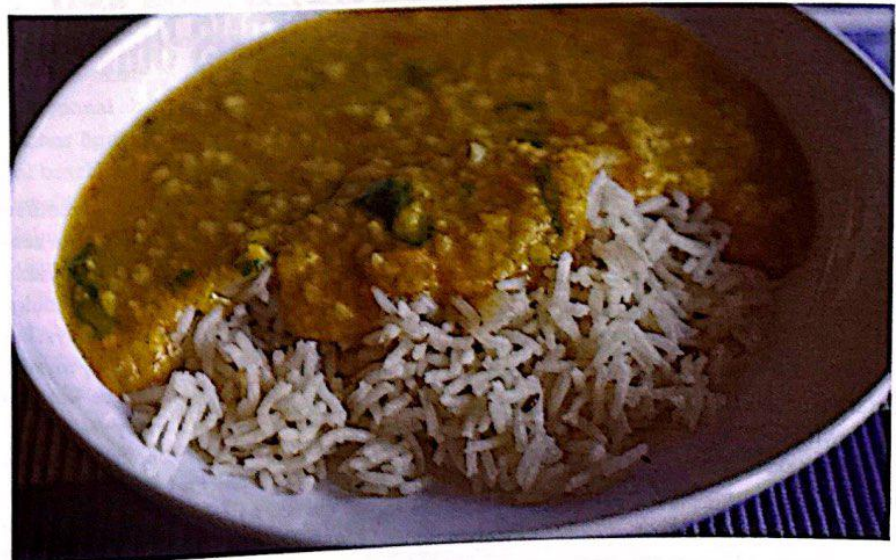
5. Add the ginger, garlic, red chilli, and salt to the onions and cook for 1 minute.

6. Then stir this mixture into the lentils.

7. Garnish the lentils with chopped green chillies and coriander.

8. Service with rice.

**Note:** These ingredients will be cheapest at Pakistani, Middle Eastern, or Indian stores compared to supermarkets.







## GUILTY PLEASURES

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

**“OH, BUT YOU’RE QUITE WELL-READ, AREN’T YOU?”** A new friend said this to me recently, in an offhand manner, as if he had already decided that I was, indeed, a master of literature. I gulped. How to tell him that the most recent book I read was *The Other Boleyn Girl*? Or that I love teen fantasy, and *Harry Potter* will forever be, in my opinion, the loveliest series Of All Time? I read a heck of a lot; it’s the first thing I do when I wake up and the last thing I do before I hit the hay. I can’t think of anything I find more enjoyable than sitting in bed with a mug of Twinings English Breakfast and a couple of gingernuts, and immersing myself in a wonderful book. But I am not, by any means, what one would define as “well-read”.

I realised this a little while ago, when I picked up a copy of *1001 Books You Must Read Before You Die*. This huge paving-slab of a book winked at me from one of the bookshelves in my house. “Ahh!” I thought. “Let’s see what I’ve already ticked off, eh?” (You see, my inner monologue sounds precisely like Michael Caine. This is important to your visualisation of the story). I opened the contents page, eager to have my self-conceptualisation as a literary aficionado confirmed. I scanned all the titles, and came up virtually empty-handed. Ten. Of all the hundreds — perhaps thousands — of books I have read in my life, a mere ten had made it onto this list of life-changing, must-read texts. I had waded my way through a negligible 1% — actually slightly less; it was a list of 1001 after all. Maths. To make matters worse, eight out of ten of these books I had only read through school and university courses — in other words, because someone had forced me to.

And force really is what it takes to make me read anything ‘literary’. I even had to email someone asking who some ‘fancy authors’ were for the purpose of this editorial, because I haven’t read any. He responded with

a plethora of names: Kafka, Atwood, de Beauvoir, Huxley, Hitchens, Amis (Kingsley and Martin, apparently), Rushdie, Sartre. The kind of authors who are known exclusively by their last names. I study English. My entire degree begs me to give a damn about these literary greats and their groundbreaking works, but I just can’t bring myself to devote my leisure time to reading them.

**“FRIVOLOUS,  
FANTASTICAL BOOKS  
TAKE US AWAY FROM  
THE MUNDANITIES  
OF OUR EVERYDAY  
LIVES AND ALLOW  
US TO DELVE INTO  
ANOTHER REALM FOR  
A BLISSFUL HOUR OR  
TWO, WHERE OUR  
CONCERNS DON’T  
EXIST.”**

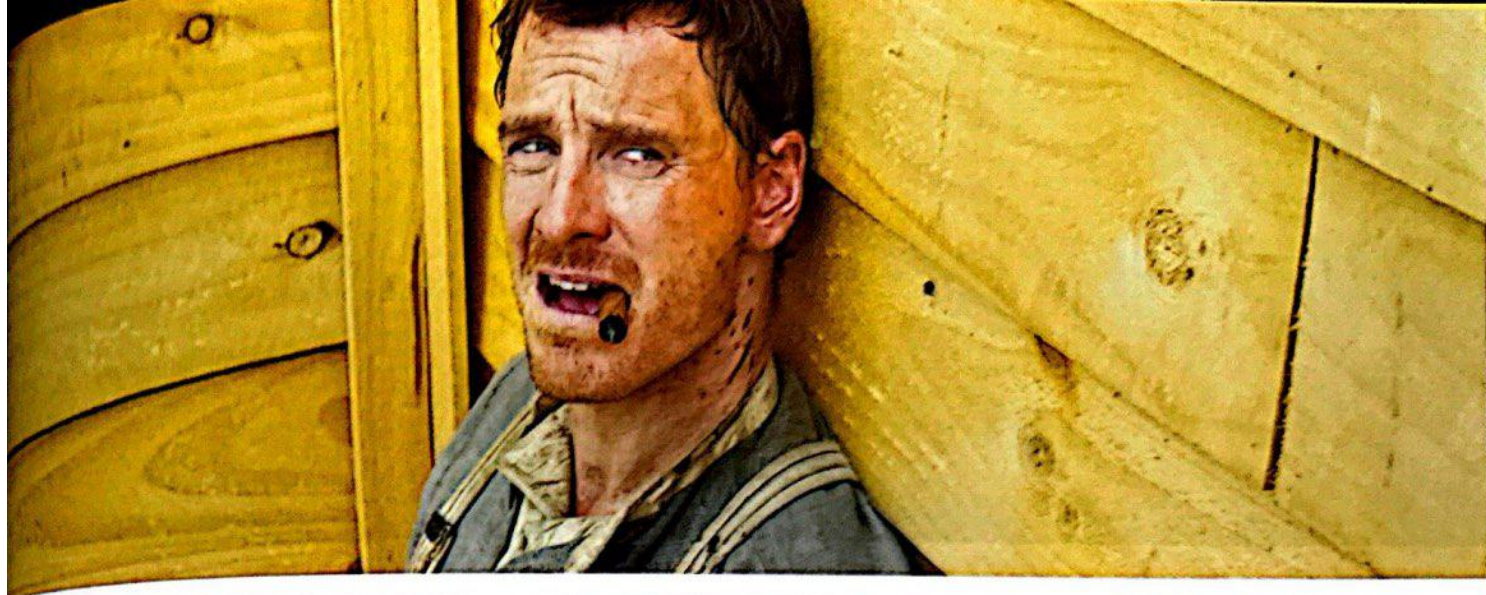
Leisure is the key word here. I will of course read what these authors have to say in an academic setting, because they are indisputably very smart, and very useful when I am indulging in some light plagiarism in my essays. But in my free time, when I want to enjoy myself, I am an escapist in every sense. The world is tragic enough as it is; do I really need gritty, realistic, heavy-hearted books to remind myself of the fact? Surely my mental health is far better served by reading Carl Hiaassen’s books about eco-warrior kids sabotaging

big businesses in Florida (*Hoot*, *Scat*, *Flush* and *Chomp* — tell your pretentious friends that you’re reading them for that Year 8 you tutor, you won’t regret it)? Or perhaps Jasper Fforde’s ridiculous *Nursery Crime* series in which hardened detective Jack Spratt investigates Humpty Dumpty’s death, cracks down on illegal porridge trade in the bear community, and battles the Gingerbreadman, the notorious murderous biscuit? Frivolous, fantastical books take us away from the mundanities of our everyday lives and allow us to delve into another realm for a blissful hour or two, where our concerns don’t exist.

It’s the same with film and television. I am deeply supportive of science-fantasy, the rom-com, anything set in a high school and absolutely *anything* to do with witches. I started a new job this year and soon discovered that one of my colleagues — I say colleague; I am a cleaner, she is a colleague inasmuch that I clean where she works — shared my passion for binge watching TV shows. We skirted around the issue, discussing *Game of Thrones*, *How to Get Away With Murder* and *The Walking Dead* in detail, until she sheepishly said, “and then there are the shows I’ve been watching since high school and can’t stop now...” and I coyly said, “you don’t mean...” and we both whispered, “*Pretty Little Liars*?!”. It was a beautiful moment. It was a moment that almost didn’t happen because we are made to be ashamed of so-called ‘guilty pleasures’. Yes, admittedly, this show is utter tripe, and so are many of the shows and films I watch and the books I read, but they are *fun*.

Let’s celebrate the silly books, the cheesy TV shows, and the auto-tuned pop songs. I challenge anyone with a soul, with any sense of *joie de vivre*, to listen to Robbie Williams’ “Candy”, Savage’s “Freaks” or Swedish House Mafia’s “Don’t You Worry Child” without cracking a smile. Be proud of whatever floats your boat. Proclaim it in all its trashy glory. Get rid of the ‘guilty’ in ‘guilty pleasures’, I say. Michael Caine out.





## SLOW WEST

FILM REVIEW

**F**ULL DISCLOSURE — I FUCKING LOVE WEST-erns. No surprise, then, that I fucking loved *Slow West*, a film which (once again) proves that the best Westerns, those that really capture the essence of the one true American art form, are those made with as little input from America as possible. *Slow West* is a British and New Zealand co-production directed by a Scot and starring mainly Australians, and does more for the Western genre than Hollywood has done since *Unforgiven*.

The audience is thrown right in from the start, accompanying 16ish year old Jay Cavendish (Kodi Smit-McPhee) on his woefully misguided attempt at finding his lost love. She was forced to flee Scotland with her father after the accidental death of an English nobleman, who also happens to be Jay's uncle and

guardian. As is soon revealed, Jay is incompetent and wholly incapable of surviving in the lawless West. Enter Silas (Michael Fassbender), who gives Clint Eastwood a run for his money in the 'tall brooding outlaw' stakes and is, unbeknownst to Jay, trying to kill the same girl Jay is trying to find. Cue uneasy partnership.

From here the story follows the classic Western trajectory. They sit around campfires drinking hard liquor, encounter them damn Injuns and finish the journey with a spectacular gunfight.

Admittedly, this sounds dull as shit. Boring and predictable, the same plot as every John Wayne film ever produced (it's the fucking Western monomyth). Oddly enough though, the main appeal of this film comes from the freshness it brings to the genre. In basing the film in the future Wyoming, MacLean creates

an American West devoid of the desert, the Mexicans and Monument Valley but still as terrifying as it is beautiful. The film make the most of the South Island's rugged attractiveness with the humble Twizel taking centre stage.

There's a definite charm in the casting of virtually unknown actors (Fassbender being the exception, of course), lending to the film an originality lacking in recent Hollywood attempts to reinvent the genre. Watch out for a cheeky Madeleine Sami cameo and yes, Jay's prospective father-in-law is the Hound from *Game of Thrones*. The film refuses to take itself too seriously, and visual puns abound.

*Slow West* finds the perfect balance between wanky surrealist revisionism and a good ol' boy Western tale of love, loss and horses.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

## JURASSIC PARK (1993)

FILM RE-REVIEW

**T**HE RELEASE OF *JURASSIC WORLD* IS UPON US, and with the prospect that it could be either an absolute delight or utter shambles, there is no better time to appreciate Steven Spielberg's 1993 sci-fi classic *Jurassic Park*. Not that anyone should need a huge amount of convincing on this one. It has dinosaurs and Jeff Goldblum with his shirt half unbuttoned for the full 127 minute running time. What more do you ingrates want?

This masterpiece of a movie tells the tale of a wildlife preserve of sorts, where dinosaurs have been brought back into existence by scientific endeavor. All hell breaks loose when our three heroes, doctors Alan Grant, Ellie Sattler and Ian Malcolm, visit the park to endorse its antiquated attractions, as the island's security is thwarted by a disgruntled employee, and dinosaurs of every persuasion suddenly roam free.

This wee plot summary sounds as though it could be the making of an unmitigated disaster. Yet it is clear that the creative minds behind *Jurassic Park* were set on making a good movie, and didn't simply rely on the fact that dinosaurs are totally awesome. The film proves that ethical questions about scientific experimentation and T-Rex chase scenes can co-exist, and that you can get equally emotional about a man learning to become a father figure as you can about seeing a herd of brachiosauruses for the first time (set to a swelling score that is most definitely some of John Williams' finest work to date. I'm kind of tearing up just thinking about it).

My biggest fear is that *Jurassic World* will forget the lessons that its predecessor laid down, let alone the fact that everyone in the movie's universe seems to have forgotten what a total bloody disaster the idea of a dinosaur theme park was the first time round. While it will surely be amazing to see the park's attractions come to life in a way they couldn't

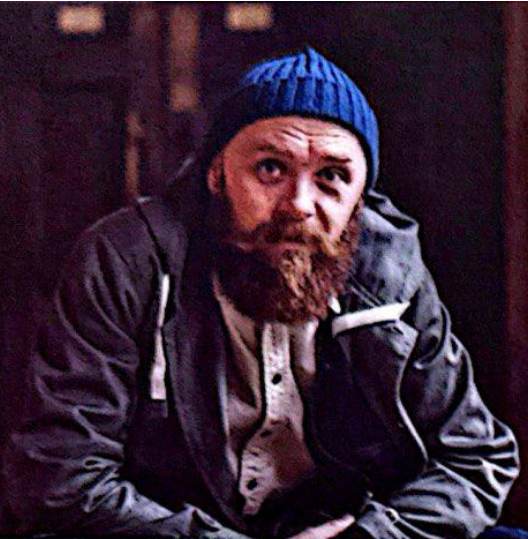
in the first film of the franchise, trying to emulate the allure and appeal of something that worked in the 90s risks feeling strained. Even in the TV spots and trailers that have been released, the vaguely hammy dialogue and forced flirtation between the two leads is a cause for mild concern.

The true testament of a classic film is how well it ages over time, and just like a classy merlot, *Jurassic Park*'s script, special effects and philosophical thought have lost none of their charm over the twenty-two years since its release. Whether or not *Jurassic World* succeeds with Chris Pratt at the helm, at the very least we will always have Spielberg's original Triassic triumph to remind us just how good a dinosaur adventure can be.

And just how well Jeff Goldblum sports a leather jacket.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI





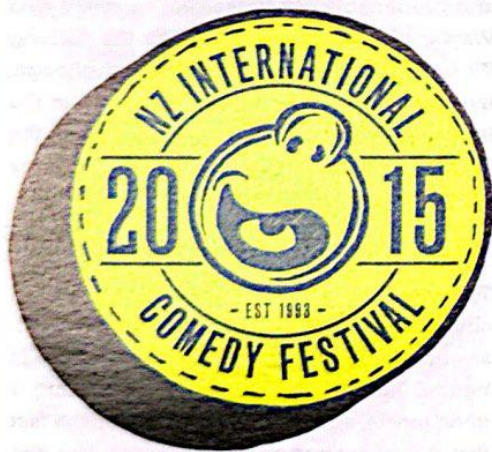
## HEAD GOES BANG — JAMIE BOWEN

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

**S**o, JAMIE BOWEN AT THE COMEDY FESTIVAL. Seriously, it felt like we were on the Starship Enterprise, soaring the comedic galaxy, and Scotty (Jamie) was gesticulating: "I'M GIVIN' IT ALL SHE'S FUCKIN' GOT CAPTAIN!!", but everyone really didn't care about the effort, which was sad, and not funny; and fun is why I went there. First off, I have never ever been to a comedy gig where the comedian, after fifteen minutes of his/her gags, legitimately said due to the lack of laughter, "tough crowd, huh?" He bloody said it. I'm no comedian, but he literally just cemented the fact he wasn't funny in the first fifteen minutes. As a performer, you have to either ignore the elephant in the room and continue, or shoot it to death Robocop style and then continue. Not address it with a nod

and wave, and have it cuddle there with you. Not only was he struggling, he also forgot his lines, and had to resort to the paper in his back pocket. Rough as an old man's biffin if you ask me.

**"HE REALLY GOT INTO THE SWING OF IT AT THE END, GENUINELY A VERY FUNNY GUY ONCE HE GOT MORE COMFORTABLE."**



somehow succeeded in making quoting the Communist manifesto very funny.

**"SPECIFIC PERSONAL STORIES AND ANECDOTES WERE A LITTLE LOST ON MYSELF, BUT APPEARED TO BE A HIT WITH THE OLDER MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE."**

The first fifteen minutes I really felt for him, but he started picking up some momentum towards the end of the set. Even laying into me at one point. He asked, "who doesn't like me?" and I said, "sure, I don't like you!" Swear words ensued, and laughter aplenty. I have to admit the later part of the show almost made me forget the start of it, with gags referring to his nutsack as an aubergine after an operation and philosophy conundrums about getting lost inside yourself. He really got into the swing of it at the end, genuinely a very funny guy once he got more comfortable. But his job as a performer is to look comfortable all the time, and not leave the audience in a state of what-the-hell-have-I-paid-for anxiety. Worth seeing if you are comfortable with an aspiring professional with a few hiccups towards the beginning. Much like an old ginger nut; wholesome, with a few dry patches here and there.

REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

## THE LATE SHOW

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

**T**HE GREAT THING ABOUT COMEDY SHOWS IS that you never know when you are going to find someone that is able to hone in on everything you find funny. A piece of alcohol-fueled advice that I picked up on as I was being ushered to my table was "Generally bro, there are going to be some acts that you will laugh your ass off at, and some others that will be pretty swing and miss, but there's always someone you'll like and you'll have a good time".

The show was hosted by British comedian Nish Kumar, who enthusiastically warmed up the crowd, drawing some laughs from the "splash zone" seats near the front and fending off the banter of a particularly drunk party of English tourists. With the ball set rolling, the first act was comedian Ivan Brackenbury, whose radio show host set was clever, if a little repetitive, followed by Eddy Brimson who

Following the intermission, the fast speaking Andrew Watts and Rich Wilson were up next, and as the Late Show demanded, the politically incorrect jokes started flowing. Specific personal stories and anecdotes were a little lost on me, but appeared to be a hit with the older members of the audience. The sarcastic rantings of Chinese comedian Ronnie Chieng were easily the highlight of the show; his cynical observations of modern day, first world grievances and insights into personal insecurities and minority family life struck a chord and left me in stitches.

Overall the best analogy I could put on the evening is buying a party mix bag of lollies; you know that you are going to generally enjoy the experience, but there are always those certain treats that you look out for and ultimately enjoy the most. Regardless, to once again reiterate the drunken wisdom picked up earlier in the evening "you'll have a good time".

REVIEW BY ALEX VAINERITUA





## THE MAGIC WHIP - BLUR

ALBUM REVIEW

**F**OR THOSE OF US STILL ANGRY/CRYING OVER Blur's withdrawal from last year's Big Day Out (fuck you, Blur), and still insulted that the promoters thought we'd be happy with a second-rate Oasis as replacement (fuck you, Maddah), the news of a new Blur album should be an occasion of joy and celebration (and fuck you again, Maddah). It has been over ten years since the release of any new material, and longer still since the whole band was together, Graham Coxon notably absent from 2003's odd effort *Think Tank*.

The first few tracks promise so much. The jovial guitar slides on opener "Lonesome Street" conjure up memories of classics like "Parklife" or "Country House", before bringing down the mood to classic gloomy Blur

with "New World Towers" and album highlight "Go Out", which deserves many listens. It'll grow on you.

But that's about it. Rather than sounding like a fresh sound from the pioneers of Britpop, tracks like "There Are Too Many Of Us" and "Ghost Ship" sound like they could easily have been left over from Damon Albarn's more successful millennial project Gorillaz. And not even first rate Gorillaz. More like the Gorillaz of *D-Sides*, *G-Sides* or - dare I say it - *The Fall*, a free album of iPad offcuts released to less than critical acclaim.

The confusingly named "Ong Ong" brings the mood up once again before the end, but the damage is done. *The Magic Whip* is a surprisingly depressing listen. In departing from the bouncy pop of younger Blur, the album lacks the boyish charm that made

Blur so endearing to audiences of the 90s. Of course, twenty years on one would expect a change in direction but *The Magic Whip* seems like a step the wrong way. The album gives hints at what Blur once was, and what they could be again, but they seem to be lost among half-assed Gorillaz tracks.

*The Magic Whip* is said to have been recorded in five days of free time made available after a festival cancellation (not actually Big Day Out but still, fuck you, Blur) and maybe it could have done with a little longer. While Blur have been announced as Splendour in the Grass headliners, as well as several other Australian dates, we still have no word on whether or not we'll be hearing the new material live any time soon. But apparently their bassist likes our cheese, so there's that.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON



## BILLY APPLE: THE ARTIST HAS TO LIVE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE

ART EXHIBITION REVIEW

**T**HERE'S A NEW POSTER PLASTERED AROUND town - black background, image of a white apple with "Billy" written in the middle. Even though it looks familiarly minimalist, it's nothing to do with any new iPhones coming out soon. *Billy Apple: The Artist Has To Live Like Everybody Else* is the recent exhibition at the Auckland Art Gallery. I didn't really know what to expect from this other than

something quite contemporary, so I put on my pretentious BA-student attitude and went for a look around.

Apple showcases an exploration of the artist as a normal human being, making him seem very self-regulated and self-aware. The opening room of the exhibition involves recurring apple motifs as an introduction of identity, moving into an enchanting use of grainy neons and looped films. It all feels a bit disintegrated, especially as the next room features situations documented in visual fragments. A clicking noise draws my attention to an installation of a Kodak slide projector, rotating images like stop motion. This and various other prints and models uphold a slightly bland sense of domesticity, but it's all perked right back up by the pop art focus. Bright canvases of different colours, sizes and materials, and Apple's name minimalistically printed on supermarket products. How innovative.

A pile of posters in the middle of a room read "BILLY APPLE ART FREE FOR THE TAKING".

Another gallery goer said they are being legit, that someone took one before, but she didn't want one because the green colour wouldn't match her home décor. I eventually took one. I felt weird walking around the rest of the exhibition dragging a poster behind me. I felt like I'd stolen something. I felt like I needed to take it back. I felt like I was supposed to learn something from this.

All artists are supposed to be self-aware because that's how they develop these alternative perspectives, but Apple has grasped something very contemporary, and that resonates with me as a 2k15 media studies major. Even if you think I'm just being pretentious, I still think you should get off your high horse and go check it out if you have an hour to spare. It's only a couple of minutes walk from the library, it goes on until June 21, and it's refreshing. Maybe I'm taking it all too seriously, but I have never explored the work of someone so self-aware, and I am in awe.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

ART





## GUIDE TO PUNK

MUSIC COMMENT

**A**NXIOUS TEEN OPPRESSED BY THE IRON hand of your parents? Sick of complaining about people with money? Are you keen to absolutely wreck windows, break shit, and fuck up the fabrics of society? Well perhaps you need a little bit of fucking punk in your life today!

Quite frankly, the popular tunes of today are bollocks. From the regurgitated chords of Taylor Swift's pseudo-emotional lyrics to the misogynistic saturated bass lines of some wife-beating fucker, we've accepted the dreary limits to human creativity and the political motives of every generation before us. Why degrade ourselves and accept shit? Where are the riots of yesteryear? Where's

the agitated population that strived for our liberal rights? Well, Christ, aren't we disappointing. There's only one remedy for this societal sickness: Punk.

Let's get this straight: Punk is not the pink-haired, kempt leather boot shit I've seen around the quad. Mac products aren't punk, and your fondness for Paramore is not making you a cultured listener of music. With iPhone in one hand, and dick in the other, close your goddamned jaw and listen up; here's your guide to actual punk.

### WHERE IT ALL BEGAN:

The Punk movement is said to have begun in the late 60s in the United States. The disenfranchised youth slowly pulled apart the barely tightened noose on individualism of the era (mainly seen through the "Do It Yourself" ethic adopted by garage rock bands). Malcolm McLaren, legend goes, brought the views, style and androgyny of The New York Dolls and The Velvet Underground to Britain, eventually starting The Sex Pistols. The Pistols went on to influence some of the most notorious bands of the movement in the 1970s and 80s such as the The Clash and The Buzzcocks. Hell, it even made it back to the States again, bringing on bands such as The Dead Kennedys, The Dickies, and Misfits.

### CLOTHING:

What the fuck is that puffer jacket shit people don these days? It's twenty degrees

and you're sweating more than the kids that made your goddamn jeans. Punks had it right. Torn clothing, dyed hair, bloody mohawks... The style reflected the music; it was ravaged and practical. Just as the music was simple, deafening, and raucous, their clothes truly captured their angst. Fuck fashion, fuck tradition, fuck society. The patched leather and barely definable t-shirts screamed the passions of youth. What're you doing? Who are you being? Another brick in Stuart McCuntcheon's salary?

### THE COOL SHIT:

No doubt you're rearing to hear the screeching enthusiasm of Jello Biafra's vocals (check out "Too Drunk to Fuck" by Dead Kennedys; or don't, you're not going to let anyone tell you what to listen to, are you?) or the insane electricity of The Damned's bass lines; but first, perhaps you need to know what you're getting into. Playing in the States, the Sex Pistols performed with Sid Vicious allowing his Heroin-infused blood to stream down his face, guitar still in hand and insane disposition intact. They even played their anti-monarchic "God Save The Queen" on a fucking boat on the Thames River before getting escorted away by police. Riots and drug indulgences swept this enraged cohort with the message of anti-conformity and general anger.

BY JACK ADAMS

## GAME

### ORI AND THE BLIND FOREST

VIDEO GAME REVIEW

**D**ESPITE BEING A VIRTUAL FOUNDING FATHER of modern gaming, platformers are a genre that I've avoided for fear of triggering Vietnamese flashbacks to trying in vain as a youngster to get anywhere in *Alex the Kid in High Tech World* on the Sega Master system. *Ori and the Blind Forest*, it turns out, did nothing but agitate these memories, but Moon Studio's maiden product is definitely worthy of the acclaim it is currently being showered with.

The game takes place in the paradise-esque Forest of the Spirit Tree, where the young creature Ori is cast from a storm and adopted by the kindly animal mother Naru. Naru raises Ori as her own, but the Forest undergoes a great cataclysm that upsets spiritual balance and sees all the food wither away. Ori is left orphaned once again as Naru passes away from starvation, in a sequence that really jerks at the heartstrings. Lost, frightened and alone



once again, Ori is joined by the guardian spirit Sein, with the task of restoring the lost balance and bringing life back to the land.

To put it bluntly, *Ori and the Blind Forest* is visually stunning. The game is reminiscent of a Studio Ghibli work, with gorgeous, hand-drawn artwork and beautiful animation, coupled with appropriate use of lighting and colour which create a veritable feast for the eyes; all tempered with a haunting and emotional music score that Hans Zimmer would love.

As mentioned earlier, I was not much a veteran of platformers inasmuch a victim, so for

me the game had a steep learning curve, with puzzles testing both my reflexes and, at many times, patience. The story, while emotionally engaging, lacks a fulfilling character arc for Ori \*SPOILER ALERT\*, the resurrection of Naru at the ending somewhat defeating the coming of age journey that Ori had just experienced \*END OF SPOILERS\*. Despite these criticisms, *Ori and the Blind Forest* is definitely worth picking up, as it is evident that a lot of heart and time has gone into its production. Moon Studios has set the bar high for their first release.

REVIEW BY ALEX VAINERITUA





# 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 MAKARAUA

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



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**L**ET'S BEGIN BY RENAMING THE GLASS CEILING the bottle-cap. I imagine that appeals to the current staff of Craccum considerably. Okay, but why?

In general, the glass ceiling is the assumption is that there is a set of social rules, expectations and roles that basically functions like a ceiling that isn't visible but still stops the rise of women upwards. I don't agree with that in the sense that I don't think it is a particularly good way of thinking about today's world where everyone knows that women and men are pretty much the same. Instead, there's something of a bottleneck where due to social rules, expectations and roles (and these sorts of things) groups seem to learn that they shouldn't traverse particular paths in life. Maths is for men. Nursing is for women. Manual/unskilled labour is for [insert underprivileged group here]. Blah, blah, blah. Because you get fewer people in these paths it is no surprise that when you look at the end (i.e. CEOs, professors, vice-chancellors etc.) you see what looks like under-representation.

This isn't to say that there aren't discriminatory things happening later on (i.e. the bottle-cap). It isn't to say that we should throw people trying to develop their careers to the dogs. It is to say the actual problem is not some artificial barrier in the way of such people but rather that there aren't enough of such people to start with.

We could work with a lot of industries. Education is a good one. After all, this is a response to a piece that was about university professors. In fact, education is really good because pretty much wherever you are you find inequity in the demographics of employees. But I have a broader point than just illustrating this concept of a bottle-neck so we'll look at early childhood education: the very foundation of a journey that should only stop when you stop. Why? Well, because something like 92% of early childhood educators are women. That's a) insane and b) mentioned every few years without actually being a talking point. I guess that goes back to Craccum's earlier point that NZ doesn't do good journalism. Anyway.

But 92% isn't a point: isolating that simple fact is worthless. To Infosys students it's a fact, not information or knowledge (let alone wisdom, which we were assured was beyond the remit of Infosys 110). To history students, it is another example of the trivial nature of facts.

What makes a fact like that important is its interpretation, or linking it with some other facts (ideally for analysis). In the case of this rambling response, the interpretation is that you can't even up the split from 92/8 by looking solely at men (the negatively impacted group). That's obvious. After all, the problem that most people will identify (even if they contrive to not see it as a problem) is that men don't want to work with young children. The reasons are numerous. Paedophile panic is an interesting one. But, what we're really talking about is the idea of women as mother. At its heart, society today still scoffs at the idea of the house-husband (see: the reaction of eco students when this comes up in their lectures, yay anecdotes!).

This perception is addressable simply by normalising the idea of the man as father. Fathers should be involved in their children's lives, somehow (let's ignore sperm donors here). But it's more complex than "fatherhood is normal". That is, if the idea of fatherhood was more ingrained in society as something other than the sitcom's "oaf" or "font of all wisdom" or the action film's "aggressive protector" and orientated more towards the child-father relationship, I think that would normalise the association of children and (adult) men. Hell, I am sure all of us have heard male comedians talk about being reported/understood as paedophiles because they were involved in normal activities with their kids that we wouldn't think about at all were they female. These jokes can only work due to social expectation.

To my mind, it is obvious that solving the "won't hire you because, lol, preggers" problem is actually a corollary of this. Employers are concerned about women because they are worried that they'll bugger off and become mums. Well, you can't get rid of the fact that a human baby takes a while to exist and that even though modern medicine has made labour much, much safer it's still (apparently, can't experience this myself), shall we say, not fun (which isn't the same as unrewarding). That's always going to involve some leave. But the employer's reasoning is still dependent on the default mother thing: the risk is relative. That is, hiring a woman doesn't happen because that bloke with the same qualifications isn't going to bugger off and become a dad. Address that (as above) and you get what is, to my mind, the most convincing solution to the problem.

The moral that I am trying to convince you of is that this example is broadly applicable... taking the singular perspective that we've used successfully for the last century and a bit isn't good enough when dealing with the more complex issues we face today.

HARRY EAST

*We at Craccum also love to delegitimise the struggle of women. Come up to the office for a beer and we can have a banter about women asking for it and trying to get paid the same.*

**D**EAR CRACCUM,  
The edition you so proudly hash tagged LGBTQIA, is really only LGB. If that. The other individuals that make up our queer community were nothing but letters rambled over by confused heterosexual guys who're not even sure they know what they mean. But seeing as their voices mean more than our own, I'll let one of them explain this for me:

"Before beginning for the week I'd like to congratulate Craccum for the stellar achievement of devoting a whole issue out of a 24-issue year to the queer community and still managing to find space within it for all of Craccum's cis-gendered, heterosexual regular writers to make an appearance."

Yes, congratulations Craccum for taking one out of 24 issues to focus on a community, and then not actually giving members of that community a voice at all.

Your pages were only graced the most privileged of our community, and even as one of those privileged members I still didn't feel represented. There wasn't a single article with trans\* voices and only half a page on being queer and POC. Perhaps you thought it was enough to feature a drawing of trans rapper Randa on your cover, though he didn't appear anywhere in your pages. I am still left genuinely confused as to why someone didn't even try and contact this easily accessible figure for an interview - like hey here's a really cool person from the community! We won't talk to them though, instead let's just tell you the top ten reasons to experiment with the same sex.

I am left staring at these pages with a mixture of disbelief and disappointment. I'm not even entirely sure why. You are not the only



publication to be failing the wider scope of the queer community. The reality is this issue wasn't made for the queer community at all. These articles were written without the slightest consideration that a reader might be anything other than a white able-bodied cisgendered heterosexual. Thanks for another year of Craccum's traditional Queer Edition. For Straight People.

JONI NELSON

Dear Joni,

We completely agree, historically there is total lack of trans focus in Queer Issues of Craccum. Our bad. Partly because the sort of people who are qualified to write on it don't tend to say anything until after the issue is out, at which point they complain. Maybe offer to write something next year? Or get a friend to? We promise to publish.

P.S. Chris wants you to know that the opening paragraph of his column was intended to be ironic. He's very upset that anyone might not like him. He wants you to like him. Please Joni, like Chris. Plz.

DEAR CRACCUM;

I am writing in response to the letter you printed by Sophie Webb in issue #10. I am the AUSA Queer Rights Officer; I have a column in here but do not believe it is a suitable venue for this discussion.

Sophie Webb alleges that she had vitriol thrown at her after the letter to you that was published in issue #6. Webb's letter was considered extremely offensive to many in the queer community, as the letter was effectively tell us that our relationships were inferior. This is not the view of the 'few conservatives' left remaining, it is the normal background noise of the heteronormative society we live in. I deal with students every day who have been told they are inferior, subtly or otherwise, for being queer. It is something I dealt with personally during the coming-out process, and fostered years of denial on my part. Her 'strong disagreement' is telling the students I represent on the Students Association is that their love is inferior love, worth disagreeing with; their love is an objective political debate, and she is on the other side, telling them they are not right. This is an extremely damaging mentality.

Sophie Webb asks for dialogue; I would ask her the same. I am inviting her to Queer space, below Shadows Bar and bFM, to come and meet the people she 'disagrees with'. To hear their stories. To hear why we treat conservatives with such disdain. We have not had

dialogue from her, or any attempt to understand. There has only been yet more vitriol thrown at us by her, with her 'disagreement'. If she was truly a thoughtful and decent person, she would understand that love is not something to be disagreed with, but to be celebrated.

For 'conservatives' have been, and continue, to kill us, to hurt us, to make us sick, from throwing trans women in the wrong prisons, to the conservatives who beat the shit out of us on Howe Street, to man from the Conservative Party who chased me down the street in Otaki, screaming about the devil, when he realized I was not a boy, but a lesbian.

So I invite Sophie Webb in the spirit of 'Love your enemies', to come and visit Queerspace, and learn. Maybe she would learn that God has created every queer person the way they are, and celebrate that beauty and diversity.

TESSA NADEN, AUSA QUEER RIGHTS OFFICER.

Another response to the response of our response to the first response. Such confusion. Much debate. Maybe it should be in person now? I'll be there, with popcorn. Yum.

TO THE FOLLOWING COLUMNISTS,  
Nathan,

A column where the whole point is to offend. You could write on all kinds of taboo and polarizing issues, take the side less argued and make insightful points for it. Your column could be so cool. But right now the only offensive thing about it is how fucking banal it is. It's a little bit shit.

Hope you're not offended.

JustFeministThings,

Please return to the blog from whence you came. I deplore your breed of feminism. How did we go from suffragettes and Joan Jett to this?

Your MRM article shows the true colors of 3rd wave feminism, I think. In one paragraph you're presenting feminism as the idealist movement it once was, promoting an end to gender inequality and discrimination for both men and women. Then in the next one you drop the façade, condemning and dismissing anyone who cares about men or the problems they face as 'misogynistic', 'motivated by pure hatred and anger towards women' and even 'racist'. Wat.

'It doesn't even seem like a movement that includes ALL men, because they have little input on the prejudice and discrimination of black or non-white males.' You know why? Because the movement, the discussion, hell, YOUR ARTICLE is about discrimination and

inequality regarding gender. Not race. FUCK.

And catcalling. Here's a contrarian opinion (Nathan take note): catcalling is not a problem. Yes, it sucks, yes, it's condemnable, no, it's not a big enough issue to warrant the recent media hype surrounding it. No, you're not allowed to vilify kindness towards strangers because 1 man out of 100 will misjudge the situation or just decide to be an asshole.

I don't want to live in a world where I can't greet or compliment a girl in a public space for fear of the angry Tumblr post she's planning for when she gets home: 'omg cishet white oppressor just verbally raped me at the bus stop I cant even rn guys'.

Which isn't such a radical vision, seeing as some of the 'catcalling' in that video of that one woman walking around NYC was literally guys quietly saying 'Good morning, beautiful' and 'you have a blessed day'.

But catcalling is serious business, huh. Never mind child brides in arranged marriages in India, never mind the mass, systematic rape of captives (male and female) by Boko Haram in Nigeria, never mind the extremists who threw acid at girl's faces in Afghanistan because they were attending school. You're a special snowflake Auckland feminist and a guy called you hot the other day. Better let everyone know.

Dear fellow, let me begin by saying how happy I am to find that someone reads my column, I had quite given up hope. Allow me to continue by saying that I agree with all of your criticism. I failed. On a happier note I'm very pleased that you liked the concept of the column, it is a cool idea right? Allow me to finish by offering you a chance to write with me on the column, you seem a relatively humorous man.

Yours,  
Nathan Perry.

We at Craccum also love a bit of catcalling. We often shout objectifying things at women out the window. Stuff like "I hope one day you get paid the same as me!" and "You don't deserve to be disadvantaged because of your gender!" Equality banter.

Eds

DEAR CONRAD GRIMSHAW,  
Where were you this week? You're 87% of the reason I pick this magazine up. I missed you.

FROM A FAN

Conrad wrote something rude about the editors, they got pissy, so we censored him. Shame.



# TOP TEN

## THINGS YOU THOUGHT WOULD'VE STOPPED AFTER HIGH-SCHOOL.

**S**ITTING IN YOUR THIRD YEAR PHILOSOPHY lectures allows you to think more now that you're a fully bona fide intellectual. Is my degree worth it? Is uni really worth it? Will I catch up on nine of my twenty-seven lectures I've missed this semester? Then it hits you. Nothing has changed. High school was the best five years of your life (six if you thought you could make the All Blacks). What the fuck has changed though? Nothing...

**10. LECTURERS:** You had it the hard way back in high school. Failing a test was always the teacher's fault, now it's your shitty lecturer. Everything is reminiscent of your Year 12 painting teacher: the hair, the passion, their willingness to ignore your every bloody complaint...

**9. SUCCESS:** Admit it; high school was a time of academic purity. What does that even mean? Who cares that you came, like, fourth in class in Year 11 English. You count your credits closer than you're currently counting your change to see if you have enough to buy another five-pack of those noodles that the vegans say are carcinogenic. Now you're on the same track, you're getting the same number of Es and those all-nighters are in the desperate hope that you'll get the credit you clearly deserve. The only difference is that you're face down in government debt and you haven't washed in four days to save on your water bill, calling in on your parents out of the vague hope they'll give you a fiver to fix your shitty, poorly crafted mullet you've developed in your impoverished distress.

**8. TEST-SNEECHES:** I don't even know if there's a term for them without getting yelled at by my egalitarian editors. We all know the type: White chucks, rolled up denim trousers, and Kathmandu puffer jacket on a fairly sunny morning. They pull out their Mac (You know, the key to law success?), and the dreaded words flow like the cheap porridge you just forced down your throat: "I thought I failed that assignment". Hold the fuck up, you sycophant shit. You got an A+ and you thought you failed? Jesus Christ, I almost can't hear you over the bullshit that's gargling out of your mouth. Cut this shit, learn on your own terms, no one cares that you spent twenty hours on a ten percent history assignment.

**7. GOD'S GIFT TO MAN:** The tall lanky bastard that opts for class rep. You can smell him a mile off, the indisputable stench of new "I love Ugly" chinos and mirrored sunglasses. They clench onto their single strapped bag like they do their disillusioned school popularity (people only hung out with him because he would occasionally host parties). This kind feed off of the wretched souls of poor self-esteemers and their girlfriend's decomposing foetal matter. They prey on the attention of others and can't help but share their knowledge about American sports they've never played or some awful RnB singer that either beats his wife or talks about the "streets" in a wealthy state. How is this shit still a thing?

**"YOU GOT AN A+ AND YOU THOUGHT YOU FAILED? JESUS CHRIST, I ALMOST CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER THE BULLSHIT THAT'S GARGLING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH."**

**6. LUNCHES:** The uni life seemed grandiose; you imagined the scarf-wearing days on campus and the autumnal breeze upon your concentrated gaze, whilst with your glorious servant friend, Felix. You imagined the learned education and political activism often idealised in American films. The food would've been bought for, fit for the king you are. But no, you're dead broke and skimping together change to purchase a week's worth of rice and pasta to get you and your flatmates through. It's survival of the underqualified, the modern Paleo-diet for some (You're hunting for coins, right?) Fuck it, I guess Mac-cas will be sweet. Wait, shit has changed, you have no disposable income and your mum doesn't pack your lunch...

**5. "HANG-OUTS":** It used to be back in the days when you'd meet up with your

peers, the ones that haven't a care in the world for you, yet you'll ritualistically meet up every Friday in Newmarket for the fleeting hope of meeting girls. Now it's the quad or the lecture theatre. You try to meet someone of the opposite-sex in the awkward space under the library or meet your friends at heroin central, Albert Park. The hang-outs are never more frequent or fruitful than those of the days you'd share half a litre of Bacardi with nine other people at some tragic party in Greenlane. You sad, anti-social bastard, at least dad still paid for petrol back then.

**4. WAKING UP:** It used to be the 7am rush to get your clothes on before the bus came; through the barricade of motherly "encouragement", you'd make it on time, only to find out that it was some year nine maths test you had to sit over two periods. Now, it's the 11am rush to get your morning wank in before you decide that it's too late for you to make your 3pm education lecture. You end up staying at home anyway. Face it, you would've done the same at school if it weren't your naïve conscience.

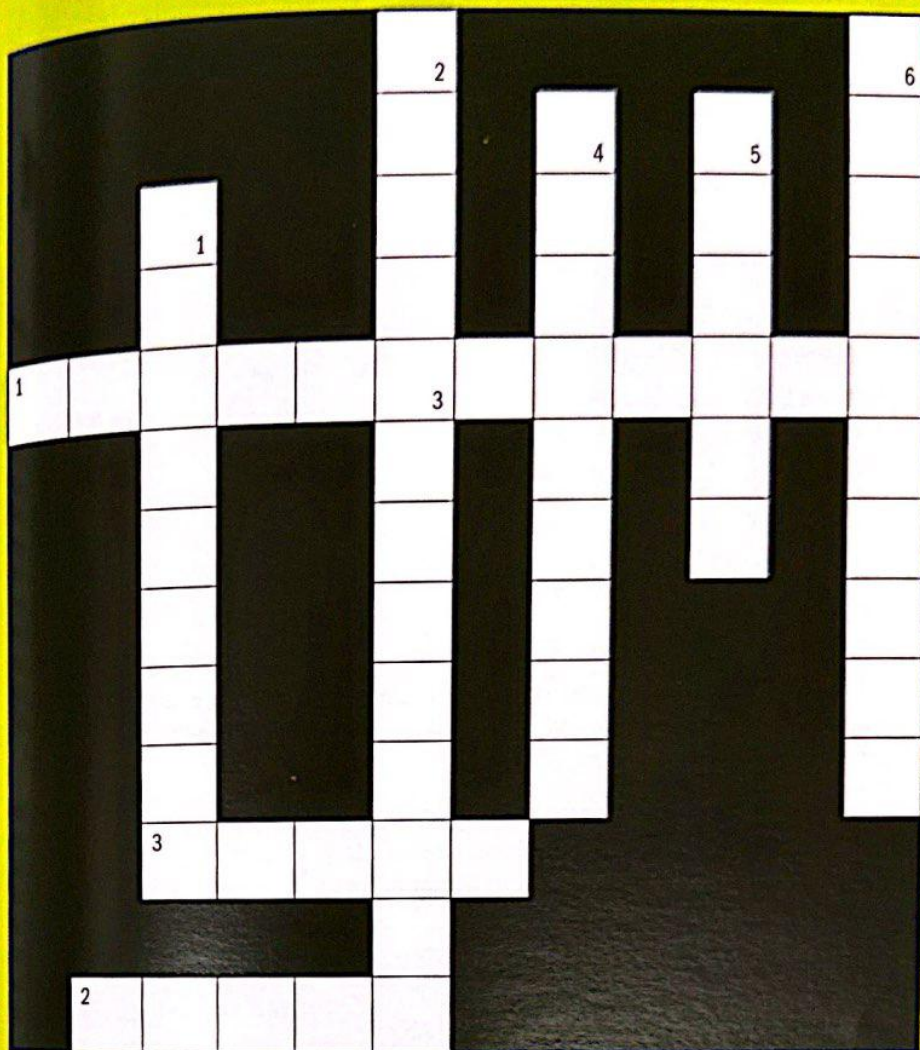
**3. SEX:** Still not getting any.

**2. ALCOHOL:** You drank as a raucous teen then, now you try to recapture that long lost zeal. Poor soul, I guess now you don't have to share your 24-pack of Flame that was on sale because students don't have taste buds.

**1. HIGH HOPES:** Now, more than ever, you have high aspirations. The dreams of the yesteryears reflected that of lawyers, doctors, and engineers. You expressed the knowledge of every UCAS or Rank Score requirement for every degree for every university. You applied for Auckland this one time, and suddenly you were able to adopt the elitist beliefs that we've all come to know and love (Apparently writing this gives me a degree in English at AUT, local legend says). Now, you're still holding high ambitions. You actually hope to get a job after university with your fine arts major. Even business students are becoming a common breed.

JACK ADAMS



**Across**

1. Arts Editor Caitlin Abley's inner monologue is voiced by which famous actor?
2. The Boston Bomber was sentenced to ...
3. Sean Bean was part of which house in Game of Thrones?

**Down**

1. Contributor of the Week
2. Which famous singer has recently split with the manager that made her famous?
3. Capital of Scotland
4. What was the drug used for the cover feature this week?
5. What type of yoga did Lifestyle Editor Carla Boniolo do for her piece this week?
6. NZ female cricket team.

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# The People to Blame

## Editorial

**Editors:** Jordan Margetts and Matthew Denton

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**News Editor:** John Middleton

**Lifestyle Editor:** Carla Boniolo

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**News:** Clare Cambridge, Louie Encabo, Winona D'Costa, Misha Parkinson, John Middleton

**Lifestyle:** Carla Boniolo, Simon James Moore, Nidha Khan, Anonymous

**Top Ten:** Jack Adams

## The Shadows Contributor of the Week

Jack Adams

**SHADOWS**  
YOUR STUDENT BAR

## Call For Contributions!

START CONTRIBUTING IN 2015. OUR  
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