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ISSUE 14

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UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND  
15 FEB 2015  
GENERAL LIBRARY



A photograph of a wooden desk with a brown leather notebook, a black ruler, and a white pen. The notebook has a small embossed logo. The ruler is black with white markings. The pen is white with a black tip.

# AUSA LOST PROPERTY SALE

Come and grab a bargain from AUSA's annual Lost Property Sale and help students in need! Items on sale have not been claimed for over six months. All proceeds go towards the AUSA Welfare Fund which helps students in need.

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## GIGGLING AT THE HOLOCAUST

BY JORDAN

**I**'VE BEEN GOING TO THE FILM FESTIVAL. It cost me a fucking fortune. Only after committing to paying for the tickets (I didn't pay for them outright, a friend got them for me, of course) did I realize *Graccum* could have gotten them free.

We saw a movie about the Holocaust, or at least, just after. A woman. Some issues. Spoiler alert. She had a new face. People didn't know. People found out. It was sad. The ending was full of meaning. Meaning and symbols. Symbols and emotions. Emotions and cinematography. Cinematography and class. The theatre was filled with my betters. I like to imagine Wellington hipsters go to festivals. Smoking cigarettes, wearing silly jackets, perhaps shaving the sides of their heads. But this is Auckland, and the only people who can afford to go out are the middle-aged lawyers and

their terrifying surgically perfected wives. These people are looked up to. They earn money. They're impressive. But they're also boring, obnoxious, and stupid. They ponce around a film festival because it sounds good. Then again, so do I.

Anyway, film filled with feelings, theatre filled with moneyed troglodytes, we watched the Holocaust movie end. The theatre was filled with all the usual emotions of an emotion movie about emotions. Except it wasn't. People were cracking up. They thought it was fucking hilarious. The Holocaust, great banter.

I was and am outraged. Maybe mostly be-

cause the overwhelming stench of menopause and prostate problems left me cranky, but significantly because these idiots were misunderstanding the movie, but even more significantly because I'm jealous of their nice houses.

Later I saw a studio Ghibli film about a young girl who seemed to fall in love with an imaginary friend-slash-grandmother, at least as far as I could make out, it was a raucous lesbian love-story. I was later told it was serious, dramatic, all about growing up. But I still had a giggle. Two girls on a dingy riding each other while learning to row. Looked like the beginning of a terrible porn. It was a giggle...

**"BUT THIS IS AUCKLAND, AND THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN AFFORD TO GO OUT ARE THE MIDDLE-AGED LAWYERS AND THEIR TERRIFYING SURGICALLY PERFECTED WIVES."**

## I DREAMED A DREAM

BY DENTON

**I** REMEMBER THE DAY I GOT ACCEPTED INTO University of Auckland. I was on holiday in Mount Maunganui, basking in the beauty of the indoors. While I already knew I had met the requirements to get in, the notice of acceptance was exhilarating. My high school chapter had finally closed and I was moving into the next phase of my life. I did all the next steps. I told my parents, I planned my timetable and I made a Facebook status at the 'right' time of day. As I hid inside, avoiding the heat, I imagined my future life at university. I dreamed of a world of enlightenment, where I sat around with other 'intellectuals' discussing the 'big questions'. I dreamed of a welcoming and exciting world where everyone was friends and your walk around campus was filled with smiles, hugs and high-fives. I dreamed of being a part of a collective that, all united, would fight for societal change.

As I started university I realised that all this was indeed just a dream.

Instead what connected us all weren't smiles and high-fives (in hindsight: thank god) but a culture of apathy. The student culture was to (maybe) go to class with hundreds of others who sit on Facebook instead of take notes, hang out with the old friends and avoid the po-

tential for new, and leave campus the moment classes were done. I can't pass judgment, because I did the same thing. In fact, I still do. I'm a fourth year creature of apathy.

Here at Auckland Uni, protests are sidelined to the 'radical' arts students. Social events are plagued by shockingly low turnouts. Enlightened discussions? More like awkward silences. Student debt is only challenged on the odd Facebook post. AUSA needs to bribe students with pizza to attend a SGM to change its constitution. The most activity in the quad is during AUSA elections, yet only 1% of students vote.

Other universities seem to have a distinct culture. Otago has drinking and surviving the cold. Wellington has coffee and out hipster-ing your friends. I don't even want to know what the culture in Hamilton is but I'm sure it's hazardous to health. But what does Auckland have? Apathy.

There is a small group of people fighting for change. I have had the privilege of working with some of them and they are inspiring. But

they are well and truly the minority. Then the CV fillers or those who let the power of a position run to their head dilute them down.

But is this wrong? Is university supposed to do more than provide us with an education? Ultimately the point of university is gaining a qualification, so everything else at university, like a student culture, is secondary. Or perhaps this culture is more reflective of 'real life', where we celebrate the individual over the collective. Maybe expecting a culture is a bit unrealistic or even greedy.

Now I look back at my dream as a pessimistic and apathetic fourth year and wonder about how it could have been different. Who's to blame? Maybe I should have joined more, gone out more, did more. Or perhaps UoA should have put on more events, more engaging and interactive classes, more social spaces. Is it too late for a change?

But soon this chapter will end and a new dream awaits. A dream of a career, of travelling, of living. A dream that lacks apathy. But once again, I might be dreaming a dream.

**"INSTEAD WHAT CONNECTED US ALL WEREN'T SMILES AND HIGH-FIVES (IN HINDSIGHT: THANK GOD) BUT A CULTURE OF APATHY."**



# What a load of Crac-News

(Written While Hungover)

NEW CONTRIBUTORS FOR SEMESTER 2 WELCOME. EMAIL NEWS@CRACUM.CO.NZ

## NEWS IN BRIEF

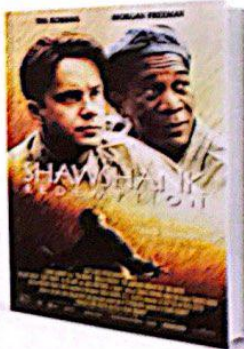
**One Direction:** Scandal erupts after news that Louis Tomlinson will soon be a dad. Stunned media held a press conference to discuss how best to deal with the news that at least one of the band members is not gay.

**New York:** Comedians and joke-writers made redundant as 50 Cent files for bankruptcy. Jokes are too easy.

**Britain:** Shock as video of Queen doing the Nazi salute aged seven concludes the Queen must secretly be a Nazi and had an affair with Hitler.

**New Zealand:** John Key reveals KiwiSaver enrolment drop due to scrapping of \$1000 kick-start was planned all along, telling reporters he thought KiwiSaver was "shit" but he couldn't say it in public.

**The University:** Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. Stuart McCutcheon has taken out a libel claim against reports that his salary was "excessive". "A prominent magazine claimed my salary was \$8bn," the Vice Chancellor said. "It is in fact \$7.9bn".



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"A must read for all drug-lords" - El Chapo

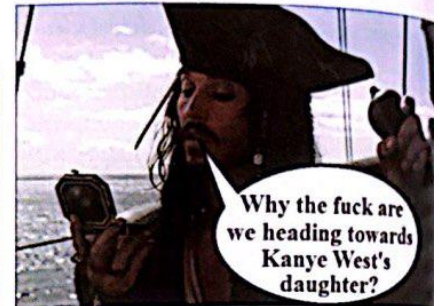
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## KANYE SUES COMPASS COMPANIES FOR TRADEMARK BREACH

**A**FTER A RECENT LEAK OF SECRET LEGAL ISSUES, Kanye West has publicly announced he is suing all compass-making companies for using the term Northwest.

Kanye and wife Kim Kardashian stated that upon naming their daughter North West, the birth certificate acts as a "trademark to her name". They further claimed that as their legal guardians, any use of the term means that they should claim royalties and dictate when or how "Northwest" should be used.

Kanye's interest in retaining control over Northwest has also turned to Hollywood. Kanye has also expressed interest in remaking North by Northwest to more accurately reflect the life of his daughter and her struggles growing up. Furthermore, any movie



which mentions the term Northwest must not feature the subtitles "North West, daughter of Rock Legend Kanye West" and a ten minute interlude about Kanye's beliefs.

When asked if this was an excessive reaction to a well established name, Kanye stared angrily at the reporter and after announcing he is "a God", was seen smiting the man, before flying away.

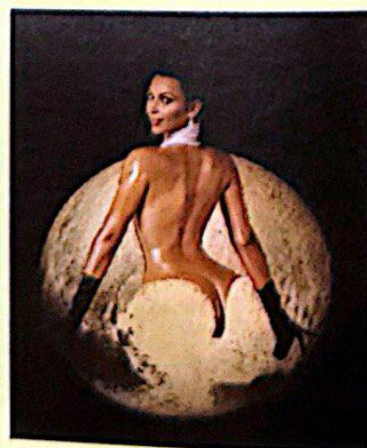
## PLUTO SHOCKS MEDIA

**L**AST WEEK AN EMERGENCY MEETING WAS called in the *Woman's Shitty* offices to discuss the surprising news that for once science was more interesting than shit celebrity gossip.

Gossip magazines around the world were astonished and disgusted when the photos of Pluto became a bigger hit on the internet than anything they could write about.

Caitlyn Jenner summed up the reaction when she tweeted "fucking Pluto, next time I'm gonna have to marry a different species or something".

Writers went into overdrive searching for a way that Pluto could be connected to celebri-

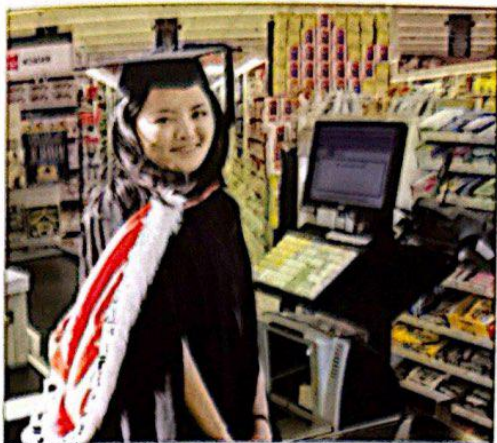


## NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

ties, and were relieved to find that the heart shape of the surface could be compared to Kim Kardashian's arse.

But the shock forced the *Woman's Shitty* editor into setting up precautionary measures so they wouldn't be so unprepared if another such emergency occurred. "We've always had sections where we have photos of stars and what they've been up to in their daily lives", said the *Woman's Shitty* editor, "but now we've got to add sections where we show photos of planets and their daily lives".





## BA STUDENT GETS JOB

**W**ITH OVER 8,000 STUDENTS A YEAR TAKING BAs at the University of Auckland, officials privately expect a total employment rate of less than 0% for graduates. Speaking anonymously, a BA co-ordinator told *Craccum*, "The sheer number of students taking this degree has rendered it worthless, and we don't really expect any of them to get a job when they graduate".

But in defiance of expectations, Laura Jones, a

BA graduate of 2005, has found herself a job. "It's just a supermarket checkout job", she said in a statement to the press, "but it's still a job".

Jones has been asked by the University of Auckland to become a representative of the Faculty of Arts. In an email seen by *Craccum*, she was told "as the most prestigious alumni of the Faculty of Arts, we would be honoured if you could represent us both within New Zealand and internationally".

## SCOTT DISICK IN NEW SHOW *THE LONELY LORD*

**A**FTER HIS RECENT SPLIT FROM PARTNER Kourtney Kardashian, E! has announced a new spinoff from *Keeping Up With The Kardashians* for Scott Disick. Aptly titled *The Lonely Lord*, the show explores Scott as he deals with his single status. Producer Ryan Seacrest thought it would worthwhile exploring the show, considering nine years is "uniquely long" for a relationship in the Kardashian clan, let alone Hollywood.

Scott expressed that he hopes the show will show a new side to him. He wanted his fans to know "how hard" sleeping in until 10am and collecting expensive cars were, and to show how he is "building and learning from this deep struggle".

When asked to comment about her ex-partner's new show, Kourtney Kardashian appeared too distracted taking selfies to reply.



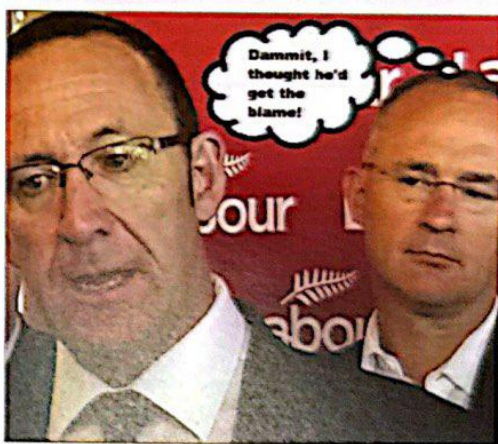
## KIM JONG-UN DOES EVERYTHING

**O**FFICIALS FROM NORTH KOREA HAVE announced that their glorious leader, Kim Jong-un, has done everything. A statement which was translated into every language by the leader himself said that Kim had had his generals draw up a list of all the things it was possible to do, and set himself the task of doing them.

It appears that the leader started with computer games, completing *Pac-Man*, *Tetris*, and *Space Invaders*, before moving on to more difficult games such as *Grand Theft Auto* and *World of Warcraft*. After he had finished every computer game, he won gold, silver and bronze in every Olympic and Paralympic sport for men and women, and went on to get every possible degree. He has also climbed Mount Everest, scuba dived to the Titanic and visited Pluto.

Given that Kim is only 32, it has been suggested that he may have taken short cuts for some of the things, but officials have refuted this, saying he just does everything very fast. To back up these claims, the North Korean government has released a schedule of one morning which included curing every disease, proving all science and maths, and swimming across every ocean.

It has been rumoured that after lunch that day, Kim read every book, won every lottery, drew every picture and became the first black president of America, although the reports have not been confirmed.



Asked if Labour MP Iain Lees-Galloway will be allowed to purchase a new home under this current scheme, Twyford was unable to give a verdict. "We need to conduct a background check on his ancestry. He appears to be a white man but his policies are awfully similar to Mao Zedong's communist principles", he explained to *Craccum*.

Mr. Twyford also hinted at police inspections of houses to ensure that no golden Buddha statues are kept within properties and a total ban of Chinese Lunar New Year celebrations in the future.

Despite all these, Twyford strongly denied any accusation of racism with these new policies. "This is a mature debate on the future of Auckland housing and anyone who cannot agree with them should bugger off to Beijing".

## LABOUR UNVEILS NEW HOUSING PLANS

**I**N THE MIDST OF SKYROCKETING PROPERTY PRICES in Auckland, Labour spokesperson for Housing, Phil Twyford, has unveiled his party's new policy for tackling affordability problems.

"We've noticed that there is a significant over-representation of Chinese buyers in the housing market, and if the John Key government fails to identify this problem then Labour needs to step up", he told *Craccum*.

One measure planned is to have a "list of surnames eligible to purchase properties". "We have prepared a list of surnames who are eligible to register themselves as owners of properties in New Zealand", says Mr. Twyford. "Names like Smith, Williams, Johnson are included but surnames such as Lee, Wang, Zhang or Cheng are restricted".

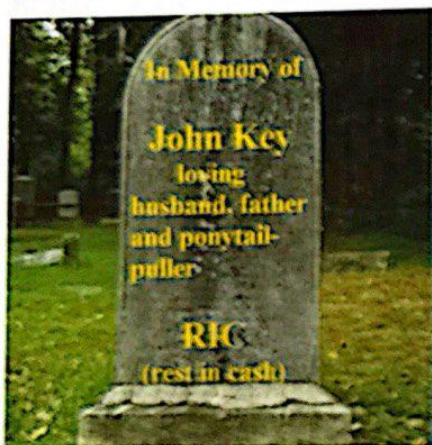


# NEW ZEALAND NEWS HEADLINES IN 2030

By the girl who's saying goodbye

## NATIONAL NEWS

**F**ORMER PM JOHN KEY HAS DIED. HE PASSED away peacefully in his sleep. "My father was the most popular Prime Minister New Zealand has ever had. At the end of the day, he left New Zealand a whole heap better than



when he found it back in 2008", said current prime minister, Max Key. The government has officially declared it a bank holiday, and a public funeral is planned for the following week.

## WORLD NEWS

**E**UROPE IS BATTLING WITH THE INVASION OF THE super terrorist group. The super terrorist group is a combination of Al-Qaeda, Boko Haram and ISIS who have joined forces and declared World War III. More updates to follow.

## SPORT NEWS

Australia wins Cricket world cup

Australia wins Netball world cup

Australia wins Rugby world cup

## ENTERTAINMENT NEWS

**K**ENSINGTON PALACE HAS OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED that the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge have separated. The duo once dubbed "the world's most perfect couple" have been living separate lives for months now, however their split still comes as a



shock. It was expected that the couple would resurrect their marriage much like they resurrected the monarchy when they got married. Catherine is expected to move out and take over her family firm, Party Pieces. William will continue to reside at Kensington palace with the couple's children Charlotte and George. The Cambridges have asked for privacy.

\*All the above are fictitious news stories and have no truth to them. On a different note this is my last news story for Craccum. Thanks to the people who read my stories (if these readers exist). If you're reading this, why are you staring at the magazine? Take the plunge and contribute!

# Summer Camp USA

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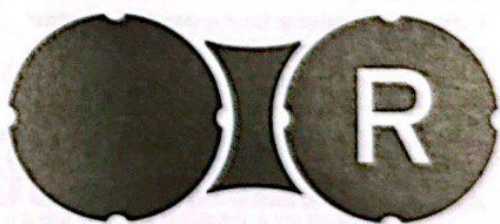
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## CLOWN TOWN. WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

**T**HIS IS HAPPENING IN THE LOBBY OF A Korean hotel, where I find myself battling a hangover of farcical, cartoonish ferocity – one of those ones with all the archetypal hangover tropes. Nothing original about this one: clichéd symptoms, familiar plot arc, unreliable first-person narrator. You've seen it all before: the airport fiction of the hangover, the banality of evil. Ranko, on the other hand, seems to have come through all right, which is manifestly unjust, given the prodigious vomit and insult that he heaped on a hat trick of incensed Korean taxi drivers. Broadly speaking: enter taxi and set off. Nek minnit, ankle deep in vomit, chunklets sliding down the window, driver frantically wiping it out his eyes and careering into the kerb – screeching of tyres and calling down of divine vengeance. Process repeated three times before we made it to the hotel, past the Incredulous Receptionist, and into the lift, with its quizzical mirrors, their muted amusement, their quiet reproach. "Really?" they asked. "Really?"

This morning to the 7/11, and the man in his poignant (because small, because fading, because generally heart-breaking) 7/11 vest. A sushi triangle: categorically rejected by stomach ("Really?" it asked. "Really?"), and an iced coffee: no time for stomach to even consider ("Whoosh", it said. "Whoosh!"). The Korean climate has taken a turn for the Amazonian. A few minutes ago I breast-stroked to Starbucks for Americano Hot. Now I'm squalidly sprawled on a velvet couch and trying to recuperate in the air-conditioned lobby, sobbing and panting under the cool gaze of the Incredulous Receptionist. I can't work under these conditions. No more. Please. Help.

Update: a mysterious contagion is ripping through the hotel in ascending floor order. By yesterday evening all the inhabitants of floor five were to be found groaning in the hallways, clawing desperately at the toilet bowl, reeking and wailing on the slippery tiles, writhing and thrashing between sweat-soaked sheets.

This morning the Australians on the sixth floor started to show signs of succumbing. By lunchtime they were dropping like flies. We heard the shouts. We saw the ambulances pull up outside. Rumours flew. The tournament organising committee (rather sinisterly referred to as the OrgCom) issued a carefully worded announcement about a "simple" stomach flu. No one believed them. They were probably all being coopted off the roof or hustled into bunkers, the rank-and-file left to die excruciating gastro-enteric deaths at the hands of one of Noro's particularly sadistic relatives. A slightly delirious, Fall-of-Berlin-like atmosphere took hold of the seventh floor. There was much desperate fatalism and hysterical partying. There was loud jazz.

Then we sat in the hallway in the middle of the night and ate noodles, expecting at any moment to see a tsunami of disease roaring down the hallway, a sinister green cloud billowing from the vents, a pack of living-dead and cravenly moaning Australians charging towards us with preternatural speed and insatiable flesh-craving. (So really just some Australians. Ha. M8. Good-natured trans-Tasman banter. Love it, mate. Friendly rivalry ae. Anzac spirit. Yeah na gotta love it.) We waited for the moment of spontaneous jack-knife and projectile vomit: that which we knew came without warning, without warm-up, without lead-in. Shock and awe. We resignedly, philosophically, stoically brewed our noodle pots and waited to go viral.

Update: computer down. On bus typing on phone. Mercifully, stupendously, symptom-free. People in the hospital reported to be vomiting blood. Word from the medical teams is that it's caused by bad food, not flu. Something to do with food = good. Means that you can't catch it off other people. Does it? Surely it does. The remaining debaters con-

gregated around the lifts this morning – the grim talk of things like incubation period and white blood cell counts. One very vocal Indonesian claims to be a chemistry student and amateur virologist. He tells everyone to drink Coke because it kills bacteria. There's a mad rush to the 7/11 to buy Coke (my poignant vest looks crumpled and bemused). If it was the chicken, or a contaminated cuzzi, we'd probably be sick by now.

Update: symptom free? Could be psychosomatic. Woke up at 3am and felt the vibration could sense it tip-toeing into the room, sniffing, poking around. It can sense movement. It can smell your blood. I coated myself in hand sanitiser and lay very still. I felt its hot breath. It did that T-rex thing. Face-to-face, nose twitching, thinking, big roar, withdraw. Or it? Am I sick? Have I got it? Maybe it swallowed me whole. Perhaps I'm in the belly of the beast. Better put the kettle on. Update: drinking tea, looking out the window. No matter. Mind over matter.

The cartoon lights of Daejon's K-Pop 1 tumbling, cascading, emphasising, telling same inane neon stories all night. Watch the top of that palm tree go there, there, there, back there again. See how quick that Cow is on the draw. See how quick. See how quick. See how quick. The truth of the rooftop air-conditioning units; rust. The sky is everywhere. Shadows of mountains all around. We are in a valley. A concave amphitheatre of great circus. These are topographical terms. Wikipedia – Daejon: "The city lies in a great circus". I lie in a great circus; dazzled by flashing lights of Clown Town. K-pop in Big Top. I walk through the concave amphitheatre of death: I see that my toothbrush has fallen onto the floor. I stare into the concave amphitheatre of the toilet bowl: theatre of nightmares.

**"I WALK THROUGH THE CONCAVE AMPHITHEATRE OF DEATH: I SEE THAT MY TOOTHBRUSH HAS FALLEN ONTO THE FLOOR. I STARE INTO THE CONCAVE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE TOILET BOWL: THEATRE OF NIGHTMARES."**





## THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, OR, 'PLEASE SOMEBODY GET THIS GUY OUT OF MY HOUSE', OR ENGAGEMENTS OF THE THIRD KIND.

WITH AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

The Addict rises, heavily lidded eyes barely able to pry themselves open through the unenviable wall of conjunctivital glue which had become a fixture ever since he started wearing contact lenses he didn't need, for banter. The Immigrant awoke, ish, with a start, or rather, a rapidly beating heart, a high temperature, and rapidly closing lungs. The Immigrant had tried his first cigarette the night before, at the behest of the Addict who said it would "help his bronchitis". The Immigrant, too sick to go out and flood his liver with booze calls his friend, and tells him he can't make it, that he's sick, that he should go to a doctor, that his dad is a doctor, that he's staying at home...

**T**HE ADDICT, FURIOUS THAT ON THAT PARTICULAR day, of all days (a Monday), he was banned from going to a bar. He sat in his bare apartment, surrounded by old beer cans, cigarette butts, used tissues, and 24/7 pornography, and had a profound realisation: he was the greatest friend that ever lived. The Addict called the Immigrant, announced he would come over to nurse his infirm companion. "Please god no" said the Immigrant. The Addict said "banter". And said he'd be there in a jiffy. Five minutes later he calls again "dude, come pick me up, I remembered I can't drive". The Immigrant obeys, knowing that if he did not the Addict would once again call the police, and claim he'd spotted the Immigrant "selling crack-acid brownies to twelve year old grandmothers". Last time the police interview was long, and awkward, as the Immigrant found a female police officer rather sexy, and promptly lost the ability to speak.

They arrive home, Epsom, they leave the car, Audi, they walk up the driveway, paved, they opened the door, hinged. The home is nice, floors of wood, ceilings of height, furniture of expense. The Addict politely introduces himself to the Immigrant's parents. "Lovely to meet you Mr and Mrs Patel. Your home is lovely. I'm off to have a piss". To which the Immigrant responds, "my last name is not Patel", for indeed, his last name is not Patel. The Addict apologetically turns to Immigrant-mother and says, sweetly, and without a hint of hesitation, "bring me a beer". He farts. Walks to the lavatory, and proceeds to have the aforementioned piss.

As the Addict loudly pisses, the Immigrant beset with a coughing fit begins to cry, and passes out. His parents go to aid him, the Addict screams that they are to leave immediately. "This is what I'm here for", he says, walking from the bathroom, member still hanging drippingly from his trousers. He drags the unconscious sub-continental from his crumpled heap on the floor and places him on the front porch. "Good to get fresh air", he says to the confused and angry Immigrant parents. He zips up. He lights up, and begins to smoke in the corridor. "Please don't smoke inside", say the homeowners. "How else will I be able to see my friend on the porch?", thunders the Addict, becoming increasingly tired of the lack of beer.

After an elongated argument with the parents as to whether it was more appropriate to move the passed out Immigrant from the porch to the bed (an argument which our hero sadly lost), the Addict gets himself a beer from the fridge. He sits on the Immigrant's bed, feeling matronly, pats his friend's head, and calls his friend Christopher the columnist to come over to watch a movie.

The Immigrant awakes, the room is dark, the only light is the cold-blue of the monitor, the only noise is the lyrical sounds of pornography, and the less lyrical sound of panting. The Addict, spotting his groggily waking friend, lets him know that he and Christopher are having a movie marathon, watching YouJizz.com, Christopher's favorite literary website. Christopher notes that he is a film buff, he has seen every "gonzo" film. Legend.

Four days pass, the Immigrant in-and-out of consciousness, a state of passing-out which the Addict insists is due to his cold, but which his parents insist is due to the smoke clouds filling the bedroom, and perhaps, the fact that the Immigrant hasn't eaten a thing, as the Addict insists that beer is the only cure for illness. But by the end of that fateful Friday, the Immigrant was feeling miraculously better, his parents were convinced it was due to the Addict's being out for the day (a court

appearance).

The Addict arrives home (to the Immigrant's), tired, and wanting a beer. The Immigrant greets him at the door, without the beer. After the Addict delivers a swift slap for this oversight, the Immigrant produces a small, slightly yellowed piece of paper.

Addict: "Is this a shopping list?"

Immigrant: "No, this is a list of requests".

Addict: "Huh?"

Immigrant: "Ten requests:

1. Please stop blowing smoke into my respirator
2. Please stop stealing my asthma inhalers they won't get you high
3. Please stop taking my father's scotch without asking
4. Please stop masturbating on the toilet with the door open
5. Please stop using the front garden as a toilet
6. Please stop trying to strangle my cat for "looking at you funny" while you use my garden as a toilet
7. Please stop telling all the neighborhood parents that I'm a paedophile
8. Please stop asking my mother for a "quick handie"
9. Please stop calling my mother a "frigid bitch"
10. Please stop bringing columnists around to watch porn".

The Addict, incensed, attempts to stub a cigarette out on the Immigrant's cat. The first brawl of the week ensues. Bottling. Hitting. Scratching. Hair pulling. Crotch pulling. The lads fall down in a bloody heap. The Immigrant breaks out in a coughing fit. The Addict, feeling, if not ashamed, at least out of breath, suggests a truce over a bottle of the Immigrant-father's scotch "and a quick down of half of your pain-killers". They agree. And before the inevitable slip into unconsciousness, the Addict looks on his bloodied chum, reaches out, tenderly and without the slightest hint of homoeroticism proposes they marry. "For banter" he said, and it was. The Addict steals the Immigrant-mother's engagement ring, places it on the hand of the Immigrant. They pass out. Christopher loads the next video. The days go on.





## WRONGSPPLAINING

WITH LAVINIA

**T**HE PARTY WAS FOR A 21<sup>st</sup>, THE THEME WAS 80's and 90's and the crowd was very, very mixed. As I struck up a conversation with one of the better friends of the birthday girl, I found myself getting interrupted repeatedly, spoken over and had my own ideas and opinions wrongly re-explained to me very condescendingly. The topic the fellow guest and I were discussing was psychology (specifically evolutionary psychology) a topic I have always been quite keenly interested in. As he was explaining to me the basic theories and his opinions of them, I had no other choice but to get increasingly frustrated over how wrong this guy was. Even though he knew that this was my area of study, he still discredited what I was saying, and telling me that I was wrong. When the point where you have to say "Thank you for wrongly explaining my own degree to me!" comes, you know you are not going to get anywhere. He would not budge in his opinions, ones that he formed from reading a "really great book once". He never studied psychology, or biology, or anything actually, but his opinions reigned over my qualification.

This hasn't been an isolated instance in my life. I, and many, many other women have to endure condescending remarks born out of gender based assumptions that women are intellectually inferior on a regular basis.

Mansplaining. If there was ever such a word which I felt put a whole lot of blame onto men for (what I thought was) sharing their ideas, this is it. My initial reaction was to reject it, but the more I thought about it the more I realised just how frighteningly accurate it explains something so common. The definition of mansplaining is as follows: a man explaining something to a woman he knows little about, and assuming that she knows even less.

By that definition, one can easily debate that

this can happen with just about anyone: a man explaining to another man something he knows little about, assuming the other knows even less. Or, the man could instead be swapped with a woman. But the thing is that these situations are nowhere near as common as the other; and its implications are almost never as grave – unless of course other power structures are at play. I'll touch on this later.

I don't doubt that men too have experienced condescending behaviour; have been talked down to by people who wrongly assume they know little. But I do doubt that they have experienced the effects of this as much as women have. Mansplaining as a phenomenon reveals how a woman's opinion isn't taken as seriously as a man's. Women's words, beliefs and experiences are consistently undermined by men, in all sorts of situations. This ranges from something as miniscule (note: only in the grand scheme of things) as a casual discussion in a social setting or catcalling; to bigger things like the lack of leadership roles granted to deserving women in the work place, to even bigger things like the abortion laws and victim blaming or disbelieving rape victims.

Because all of this stems from the same attitudes towards the opinions of women. They are not as worthy to listen to, are not as important to hear and aren't as "intellectually sound" as a man's. Because let's face it – when women object to prejudices against their own gender, they are repeatedly talked down to by men who explain to them why they shouldn't take the offence they do, or why their opinion is not important, or why their opinion is wrong. Mansplaining. When men think they know more about a topic than women do, including the experience of being a woman. When men explain to women that what they go through on a daily basis isn't actually what they go through, why the things they feel aren't actual things they should feel.

If women's experiences weren't being mansplained, things would be dramatically different. For one, abortion wouldn't be criminalised in New Zealand, because the opinions of

those who are first and foremost affected by it would be regarded as the most important and most valid. Secondly, the treatment of rape victims would be vastly different – the incident would never be doubted, and the blame would be put on the perpetrator. Rebecca Solnit, author of "Men Explain Things To Me" makes a good point of pointing out how in Middle Eastern countries rape victims aren't believed unless they have a male witness. Because the woman's opinion, experience and word is not believed to be as valid as a man's.

I've had my experience as a woman being explained to me by men many times. I often get into arguments and am told that what I take offence to is not actually offensive, or what I believe is sexist is not actually sexist. But the thing is that men don't really have much to say in terms of what we, women, should take offence to and shouldn't – because they don't experience the small little occurrences on a daily basis that, as Solnit put, reminds us that this world isn't ours, but a man's world. Like the fact that almost every person that holds a leadership role in anything is a man. The fact that the people that make decisions regarding our body are mostly men. The fact that women are told they should be careful, dress modestly and behave in a certain way in order to not be harassed by men, as opposed to teaching men that they are not entitled to a woman's body.

Mansplaining reveals that men hold the power – they are the ones that know and understand everything better than women. They're the ones that make the decisions and have the correct opinions.

And this happens with different groups that are oppressed too – those in power feel more entitled to comment on the experiences than those that actually go through the experiences. Whitesplaining, cisplaining and heterosplaining have negative impacts on those that are marginalized. They take away the voices from those that need it most. It would be ironic if I carried on, but this is why those that are marginalized are always the ones who have the most valid opinions of their own experiences. Always.

**"I OFTEN GET INTO ARGUMENTS AND AM TOLD THAT WHAT I TAKE OFFENCE TO IS NOT ACTUALLY OFFENSIVE, OR WHAT I BELIEVE IS, SEXIST IS NOT ACTUALLY SEXIST."**





## PRETENSION BY PERRY THE DEATH OF JUNG

**T**HE ICONOCLAST IS RUNNING AND SCREAMING. I have noticed a growing trend of not calling out B.S. when we see it. This trend has been disguised as "cultural sensitivity". Now this is not an attack on cultural sensitivity, so before you pull out your smug pens and write me a letter on paper emblazoned with the signature from daddy's law firm, wait and read. It used to be that we would celebrate the destruction of false ideals and ideas that have no foundation in reason or fact. Cultural icons that were formally pursued with vehement vitriol are now held up as sacred icons even by those who do not believe anything that he/she espouses. It may have been that it was always that most people kept their noses out of other people's business and that a fair portion of society simply sculked away from a fight. Obvious the largest segment of society has always belonged to the "fan" category when it came to icons but the iconoclast was a hero, an icon in his/her own right, not for their personal achievements but for the ideology that they stood for. Now they are on the back foot.

Bad ideas are, as tautology will soon tell you, bad ideas. The idea of saluting the sun in the morning in the hopes that the harvest will yield a better crop is a bad idea. The idea that sacrificing a virgin will give you the upper hand at the next battle is a bad one. The idea that the homosexual population is a plague is a bad one. And the idea that women are lesser people than men is a bad one. We all, for the most part know this. Yet when any of these ideas are wrapped up in cultural history or ideology they aren't bad ideas their sacred. A headscarf is no longer an article of clothing and therefore fair game but instead is holy and beyond reproach. A feathery headdress instead of being an impractical garment that fulfills no purpose becomes taboo to talk about and ridicule is simply out of the question. I

understand, honestly I do, that these things represent more than what they are physically. I understand too that what they represent is a culture that has been smashed and brutalised for centuries by an overbearing, over reaching plague of imperialism. I get that. But sometimes those cultures that were smashed had in them some bad ideas. The culture wasn't bad, stop writing the damn picket sign and go back home to Remuera until I'm finished, but the ideas can be. The idea that anything is scared seems silly to me. I may be wrong but that is what I think. The problem isn't that I'm told I'm wrong about these ideas, the problem is that I'm no longer aloud to have the discourse.

I can't say anymore that Aztecs sacrificing young girls was disgraceful, I can't say anymore that Islam has problems when it comes to women and I can't say that I don't think the tribes of the Amazon are particularly advanced. All things that I may be wrong about but that I'm not allowed to be wrong about anymore. These ideas can not be said without fear of being labeled a racist and that the rest of the world wants me silent. I get that the idea of a descendant of the imperialists and a member of the dominant culture telling people from other cultures that they are wrong or bad when I come from a background of raping and pillaging those same people is grating to say the least. But that ad hominem response doesn't stop a bad idea from being a bad one. Whatsmore this cultural sensitivity thing is spilling over into mainstream western cultures too. I can't say that Christians are flawed now without an atheist getting up in arms about it. Christianity not being a target is hardly new but the defendants were usually the christian militias or the multibillion dollar industry itself telling its critics to be quiet or else burn in hell. Now when I say things like "Christians defending gay rights is a bit much after all they've done" I'm told that I'm mean spirited and on other occasions that I needed to know where they were coming from and

needed to be respectful. I will admit to you that on one occasion I was able to talk to my accuser about the issue and have a civil conversation but on other occasions I've been told I needed to be quiet and had no idea what I was talking about.

It's fair to say that this is a university issue. Comedians like Chris Rock have said that they are never playing another college venue and Jerry Seinfeld said of us student types hey just want to use these words: "That's racist," "That's sexist," "That's prejudice," ... they don't know what the hell they're talking about." It's so true we become so PC we refuse to listen to jokes. That's one thing. Becoming so PC we don't listen to anyone that disagrees is another. Ideas, all ideas, need to be torn down, scrutinized, inspected before they can be put back together. I understand that my claim that iconoclasts are an important and heroic is simply another idea constructed by society and you can tell I'm wrong. But you can only tell me I'm wrong if we keep free speech free. We're moving closer and closer to defining criticism as "hate speech". Some things are disgusting and some things should never be said unless you're an idiot. But in a free society you should still get to be an idiot. And the best thing to do with stupid people isn't to silence them. It is to educate them. That is something that radical socialists forget. If you think something and someone disagrees, and is stupid, the decent thing to do is talk to them. There is no moral high ground in belittling a moron for their beliefs.

I don't like being wrong or misguided about social justice issues and I'm fairly convinced that I'm not. But if I am, tell me. Just don't make it so that I never want to talk to you again. That serves no purpose. And please for the love of God don't make me feel like I'm not allowed to have an opinion about something because it's cultural. Freedom of thought comes even before freedom of speech in my book.

**"I UNDERSTAND THAT MY CLAIM THAT  
ICONOCLASTS ARE AN IMPORTANT  
AND HEROIC IS SIMPLY ANOTHER IDEA  
CONSTRUCTED BY SOCIETY AND YOU  
CAN TELL I'M WRONG. BUT YOU CAN  
ONLY TELL ME I'M WRONG IF WE KEEP  
FREE SPEECH FREE."**





## KANT OR WON'T? STEP INTO THE LIGHT

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

**U**PON THE INVENTION OF TELEPORTATION, it's likely that society would be quickly divided into two groups: those prepared to use the new technology, and those afraid that to do so would mean their deaths. While it's unlikely that this is a conundrum any of us will have to face in our lifetimes, it's always interesting to examine some of the arguments for whether or not we should be worried about the use of such gadgets.

If a teleporter destroys your body in its en-

tirety, but creates an identical version of you using different matter in a different location, it would seem intuitive that you must have died. The matter that your consciousness was attached to is gone and there appears to be no continuity between the old you and the new you. But if you stop and think about it, there is no reason to believe that a teleporter kills you at all.

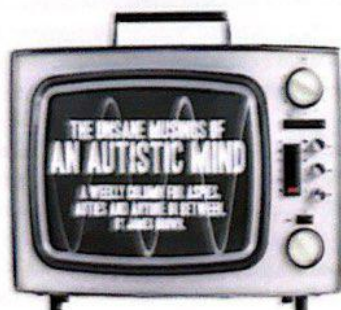
Believing that a different person, identical to yourself, is not "you" relies on a very intuitive conception of identity. It's the idea that there is some consciousness intrinsic to you that is more than just the sum of the atoms and particles of energy that make you up. However, this sort of notion seems to become merely a construct when put under scrutiny. If you replace the handle of a broom, and then its head, it has surely become a different broom. But at what point does this happen? Likewise, human beings have all the cells in their bodies replaced cyclically over a certain period of years. Does this mean we gradually die in the process?

But then, you might say, there's continuity in those situations, so consciousness remains. But your body can change even when there

is a break in consciousness; if you fall into a coma or when you sleep at night. The inevitable conclusion of this paradox is that identity cannot possibly exist in the simple way which we would like. It seems logical, then, that any being that is identical to us and has our memories and thought patterns, cannot possibly be a different being in any meaningful sense.

But say there was a machine that duplicated you in another location, but allowed your original body to survive. Would you feel comfortable committing suicide, just based on the knowledge that there is another "you" to take up the mantle? Of course not. People's strong intuition of identity always repels the idea of ceasing to exist. But this is the same intuition that would insist that a broom has a certain identity, then fail to explain what happens to that identity when the makeup of the broom changes.

Identity cannot possibly be a real thing. When a person steps into a teleporter and is replaced with an identical person, nothing has changed. They have simply been transported to a different location, in every possible sense. Ignore your intuition on this one.



## THE UNSANE MUSINGS OF AN AUTISTIC MIND

A WEEKLY COLUMN ON THE WORLD AROUND US  
FROM A DIFFERENT POINT-OF-VIEW.  
WITH JAMES BROWN

**P**EOPLE AROUND ME HAVE BEEN GETTING sick of how much I shill over *Mad-Max: Fury Road*. It is without a doubt my favourite movie of the year. And one of the big reasons for that is the character of Imperator Furiosa, the best strong female character in years and part of the holy trinity along with Ripley and Sarah Connor (Not counting the most recent movie portrayal of Connor in *Genesys*, which had some flaws). Now my common internet haunts are always complaining about the lack of interesting female characters. Most depressed university aged men who frequent the seedier spots of

the internet only judge women actresses on their physical appearance and the amount of flesh they reveal. Why? Well, aside from the preponderance of horny virgins on the internet, it's also because we generally face boring female characters.

Too often, female characters are reduced to romance subplots and postering. I've already talked about Bechdel in the past, and how it is not a good test (seriously, *Debbie Does Dallas* passes Bechdel, and give me one feminist who can argue that's a good movie to aspire to for women), but if we go beyond that, how do you get better female characters?

The strong female character trope only managed so far to produce insufferable Mary-Sues. There's clearly a lot of work on this before we get really enjoyable female characters. Think about it, who was the last female character you liked NOT just because she's hot/cute/sexy?

So here's some guidelines I've ripped from the dank depths that we could debate to figure out how to create a good female character:

**1) Being plot-driven.** Too often, females are stuck in subplots. We just don't care about them because the main stories don't NEED them. That's mostly because women are often seen as "not heroic enough" to be the main character and "not mysterious enough" to be

secondary characters who unveil the plot.

**2) Stop the obligatory romance.** Even when a female character get huge screentime, it's often used for a romance, even when the plot really doesn't need it. You apparently CANNOT have a female character without a sub-romance. This clearly reduce the stakes of any other motivation the character could have and often make them "boring" since we saw gazillions of similar romances in movies/shows. This is another reason I loved *Fury Road*, there was no sub-romance between Furiosa and Max. They were comrades-in-arms, and nothing more.

**3) Avoid overblown "feminism".** Trying to please some feminists, some female characters try too much and become ridiculously overconfident and arrogant, making them completely impossible to relate to and cheapening all other emotions they could have. In the same fashion, they can have super-abilities (in a non-fictional movie) or they don't have any "flaws" (or really fake ones) to appear strong, but this only make them unrealistic and annoying. A good female character is as well rounded as a good male character. They fuck up, they make mistakes, but they still fight on.

I hope with the success of *Fury Road*, we'll see the trend of good strong female characters continue and become the mainstream, and it should be.





DEBATE

## THIS HOUSE REGRETS THE USE OF DRONE STRIKES

WITH ZACHARY GRENFELL AND BRANDON HAYES

### AFFIRMATIVE

**I**T SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO STOP DRONE STRIKES BECAUSE a majority of those killed by drone strikes every year are either civilians or "alleged combatants". That the US continues to apply a crude utility calculus to justify these deaths is not only logically inconsistent, but morally reprehensible. If we are ever to move towards a world where the West can attain the status of "global guardian" that it so arrogantly strives for, we need to abandon a flawed outcomes narrative and start applying principles of justice that we apply to our own civilians.

The essential justification for drone strikes is that it is a case of cost benefit analysis. If high profile threats can be neutralised before they commit acts of terror than, more lives will be saved in the west. There are a number of problems with such a justification though. Firstly, if the 9/11 terror attacks have done anything, they have absurdly enhanced border protection measures to the point that Western vulnerability is no longer a legitimate vulnerability for successful terror attacks. Secondly, and most importantly, this justification is deceptive. The only trade off that actually occurs is one of political opportunism. When the US engages in drone strikes, the trade-off isn't about losing fewer lives, it's about being seen to take a hard stance on terrorism to

fulfil a decade of othering and media fuelled terror in the hopes of electoral advantage. If it were about saving lives, then surely US border security would have to be atrocious and they would be getting daily domestic security threats (They don't?). Lastly and most importantly though, it is simply wrong to trade faceless lives as a quasi-currency. We don't slaughter homeless people to harvest their organs for waiting donors, and we don't chemically castrate everyone to manage population. Humans are not utilitarian by nature. When it comes to actually valuing people's lives we don't apply utilitarianism uniformly, why do we have to apply it in the case of drone strikes? Surely consistency is important.

The second issue is simply one of hypocrisy. The West has worked for years, particularly the US, to shape this narrative of a benevolent global guardian. Aside from all the practical implications of such a distorted view of oneself, surely it would be necessary to value each individual in the world as having the same fundamental worth? The US doesn't do that though. When drone strikes are committed, with a lack of real certainty, we lose any claim to such a universal mantle. When the US won't use drone strikes or condone extra-judicial killings on its own civilians it doesn't hold that they're preserving people internationally when they apply to foreign civilians.

There is no future in hypocrisy and such a crude disregard for human life.

### NEGATIVE

**O**KAY, SO RIGHT OFF THE BAT I'LL ADMIT IT — we have mistakenly killed innocent civilians through drone strikes, and we totally regret that. But does that mean we regret ever using drone strikes? No way!

Let me make it abundantly clear: the benefits we get from drone strikes far outweigh the cons. "How so?", you might ask. Well, intrepid reader, all you need to do is flick the TV (does anyone own those anymore?) to 3 News (or One News, if you're a pleb a.k.a. Young Nat) — and *voilà*. There

it is, the four letter fucking monstrosity: ISIS.

See, we don't like to kill. Nor do we like war. But when shit like ISIS hits the fan, we can't just stand around idly, scratching our asses as if everything is A-OK with our Middle Eastern homeboys and homegirls. Innocents are getting their property forcibly removed; children are indoctrinated to kill. Hundreds of people are raped; tortured; murdered — all on a daily basis. It's beyond fucked up. Not only *should* we put an end to this terror — it's our *basic duty* as fucking human beings to stand up and act.

And this is where the drones come in. Because we hate death so much, we've built machines that can efficiently kill terrorists without putting our own people in danger. We're making a tangible, super-effective contribution to the Middle Eastern front by systematically fighting the shit against these ISIS douchebags — and we're seeing results. We've somewhat weakened their strongholds and pushed back their advance through Iraq. All this with minimal casualties, thanks to our drone strike program.

And yes, sometimes innocents slip through the cracks. That's something we're not and never will be proud of. But this isn't an issue with the drones themselves, but rather the procedures not being stringent enough. If we can tighten the plans and increase the measures that go behind the program, we can absolutely decimate ISIS and avoid civilian casualties at the same time.

Sure, this is no black and white issue — but it isn't completely grey, either. If you're still not convinced, just ask yourself: Allies or Nazis? Because while it's true that the Allies did fuck up — e.g. occasionally killing innocents (Bombing of Dresden, I'm looking at you) — there is no way in hell that they were worse than the Nazis. Hitler wins 154,000 times out of ten as the worst thing to happen to human civilisation. *Always*. Jump to now — we're the Allies with drones and ISIS are the Nazis with a quasi-religious agenda. Drone strikes are making ISIS into WASWAS, and that's something we don't regret in the slightest.

"LITTLE SISTER"





DANIEL  
VERNON



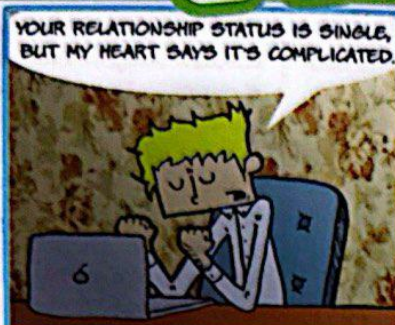
DRINKING BUDDIES OF JUSTICE WILL  
BE DELAYED UNTIL NEXT WEEK,  
MAINLY DUE TO MY OWN INABILITY TO  
PREDICT HOW MUCH WORK IS  
NEEDED TO MAKE IT (HOURS).  
TO HOLD YOU DOWN UNTIL NEXT WEEK,  
I PRESENT TO YOU GHOSTS  
OF MY ARTISTIC PAST, SO ENJOY THESE...

# RANDOMLY ASSORTED COMICS!

## A GUIDE TO HOW MEN DEAL WITH BREAK-UPS PART ONE OF TWO



CRY IN THE RAIN, THROUGH A  
FENCE, SINGING TATU'S HIT,  
'ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID'



YOUR RELATIONSHIP STATUS IS SINGLE,  
BUT MY HEART SAYS IT'S COMPLICATED.

CURSE LIFE WHEN YOU FIND  
SHE HAS CHANGED HER  
RELATIONSHIP STATUS.



DECIDE THAT YOU'RE FINE WITH  
BEING SINGLE AND IT'S TIME  
TO GO OUT AND GET LAD.



HAND YOUR PHONE OVER  
TO THE BROS. IT'S  
SAFER WITH THEM.



HAVE A DRINK AND A  
SNEAKY FLIRT WITH A  
CUTE GIRL AT THE BAR.



END UP CRYING ABOUT  
YOUR EX RUINING ANY  
CHANCE WITH SAID GIRL.



DRINK YOUR SORROWS  
AND DRUNKENLY FIGHT  
THE BROS FOR YOUR PHONE.



DECLARE YOUR  
LOVE TO YOUR  
EX AT 3AM.



MAKE HER A TERRIBLE  
ACOUSTIC LOVE SONG.



DECIDE THAT IT'S TIME TO STOP  
BEING LAZY AND PATHETIC AND  
TO REINVENT YOURSELF!



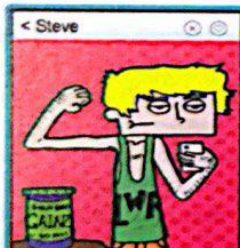
...AS SOON AS YOU FINISH  
BINGE-VIEWING HOUSE OF  
CARDS SEASON TWO.



## A GUIDE TO HOW MEN DEAL WITH BREAK-UPS PART TWO OF TWO



STAY UP ALL NIGHT CONVINCING  
YOURSELF IT'S TIME TO CHANGE  
YOUR IMAGE, AND JOIN TINDER  
TO GET AN EGO BOOST.



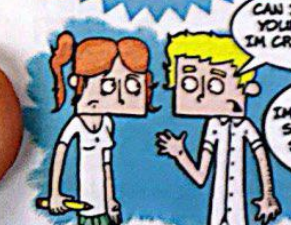
Steve, 20  
About Steve  
I like to hit the gym, pree tall,  
I lick all girls, just looken 4  
sumfin casual atm ae.



TRY TO GROW SOME SEXY GOSLING  
STYLE STUBBLE, END UP LOOKING  
AS IF YOUR MATES SUPER-GLUED  
PATCHES OF GINGER PUBES TO YOUR FACE.



GET A TRENDY  
PERCAGA



SUBTLY LET EVERY CUTE  
GIRL YOU MEET KNOW  
THAT YOU ARE SINGLE.



TRY YOUR LUCK HITTING  
ON A YOUNGER GIRL.



TRY YOUR LUCK GETTING WITH  
A CROCODILE-SKINNED COUGAR.



MAKE A DECENT ATTEMPT TO HIT THE GYM.



TRY GETTING WITH A GIRL YOU  
NORMALLY WOULDN'T LIKE A GOTH.



FINALLY START GAINING CONFIDENCE,  
AND THINK, HEY, MAYBE YOU  
CAN FINALLY MOVE ON!



UNTIL YOU FIND OUT SHE  
IS DATING A SECOND YEAR LAW  
STUDENT WHO SPEAKS IN SMILES.

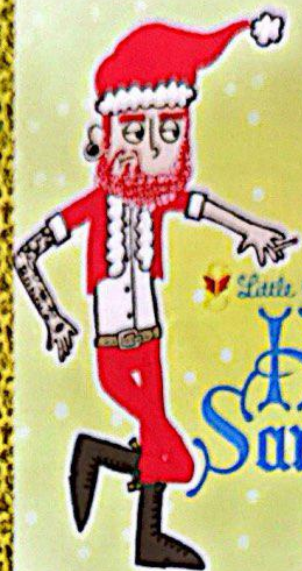


THEN END UP RIGHT  
WHERE YOU  
STARTED FROM.



THE  
END  
OF  
DANIEL  
VERNON





Little Golden Books

# Hipster Santa

Hipster Santa doesn't rely on reindeer to push his sleigh, rather on nine influential artists who have passed away.



On Warhol! Kahlo! Morrison! Cobain and Lou Reed! Go Winhouse! Hendrix! Curtis! Ramone! Full speed!



THIS SPACE IS BEING UTILIZED INCORRECTLY. WHAT IS THIS? AMATEUR HOUR?

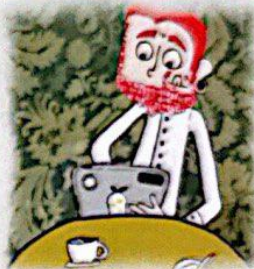
After whispering a crude comment about the room's feng shui, Santa shoots up the chimney and is once again on his way!



Over troubled water, in a land that is neither near nor far, sits Hipster Santa sipping green tea in an underground bar.



He's making a list. I bet that he's checking it twice, on his iPad he swindled at an unreasonable price.



It doesn't matter if you are naughty, nice or even mean, as long as you do not like things that are in the mainstream.



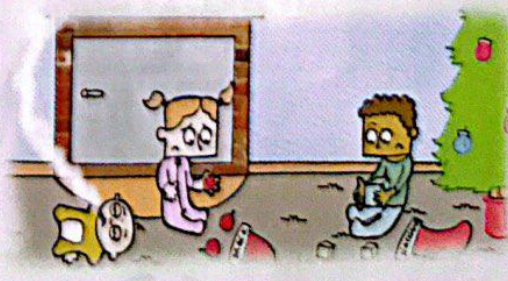
He falls onto the roof as loud as thunder, And scrolls down the chimney like an emo on tumblr.



In the morn cigarettes and sarcasm fills the air, so the little kids know that Santa visited here.



They run for the chimney! Their stockings they go through, to find them packed with organic food and homemade tofu.



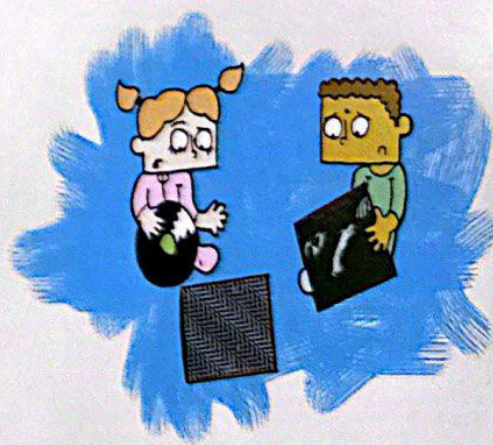
They ask: "does this Santa wear festive fashions or not?" Yes, I reply, he's pumped about some shit from the thrift shop.

He laces his Docs and zips his jeans that are tight, now he's ready to make his deliveries for the night.



The kids made cookies for the man in the festive red sweater, and he leaves them a note telling them that "he's tasted better".

After laying the gifts, just before he will disappear, Santa Instagrams a selfie, filtered with Mayfair.



The kids try their luck at the gifts nestled under the tree, To find they got Animal Collective and The Smiths second hand on LP.







# PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST: MEATLOAF AND I.

BY CONRAD GRIMSHAW

*"I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE,  
 BUT I WON'T DO THAT"*

— MEATLOAF.

**H**E WAS BORN AT MIDNIGHT IN AN ALPINE convent. The clocks struck 12. Lightning struck the clocks. The thunder arrived, as you might expect, shortly and reliably after the lightning. A bell tolled. Some say he burst from the womb on a silver-black phantom bike (the metal was hot), or careered out of it in a rumbling hot rod (the engine was cold), or even that he rode from the sky on a pyrotechnic dragon and raced low across the world, casting his shadow over the moon, befuddling air traffic control, inciting general merriment and hedonism, causing pervasive singe and cindering, heralding a strangeness and a changing, and — or so they say — foretelling the fulfilling of a Prophecy and the execution of a Plan. It was the beginning and it was the end. Things would never be the same again.

Rumours abound about the genesis of Meatloaf. But here is what we know for sure. Meatloaf was unusually late: he arrived after a gestation of 19 months and several thousand increasingly radical attempts by the harrowed nuns to coax him out. The labour was long: 40 days and 40 nights of sweat-soaked hallucination, spectral visions, strange visitations and bizarre omens in the convent's cramped and woefully under-equipped Maternity turret (the castle now historically listed, abandoned, and of course haunted). Meatloaf was a fantastically obese infant: at just seconds old he weighed more than most

fully-grown adults, and he was, even then, majestically hirsute. His lush mane coursed epically on its own personal breeze, alive with the sound of a yet-unheard music — music that would change the world.

Unsurprisingly, his mother never recovered, and Loaf was raised by the Sisters of Mercy. Theirs was a fairly typical Catholic nunnery, staffed mainly by hedonistic lesbians. They were fond of casting off their coarse habits (coarsely and habitually [of course]), and retiring to the Convent's state-of-the-art sex dungeon, where they wiled away the time in ecstatic contemplation of whips, chains, handcuffs, and, on Feast days, the Order's

**"WE HIT THE  
 HIGHWAY LIKE A  
 BATTERING RAM.  
 WE UBERED INTO THE  
 MIST. WE HEADED  
 NORTH. TO TRUTH.  
 TO DESTINY. TO  
 MEATLOAF."**

holiest, most sacred relic: a fully Vatican-verified, certified-genuine, 16<sup>th</sup> century wooden strap-on that had belonged to Pope Pius XXV. Loaf, of course, had his part in all this. As soon as he was deemed to have reached sexual maturity (a quiveringly corpulent 4) he was solemnly ushered into the Confession Booth, where, as is customary, he was briskly raped, anointed and given a cracker (an incident that inspired his hit single "Objects In the Rear View Mirror May Appear Closer Than They Are").

The sisters lived fast: Meat would find himself elaborately harnessed and swinging from the roof in gymnastic copulation with the Mother Superior one minute, then nakedly can-can-ning through the crypts, out of his mind on crack the next. During one particularly special Christmas party, Meat was nailed to a wooden cross and crowned with thorns as a conga-line of war-painted Sisters beat tribal drums and danced around him ululating and waving spears. Despite the sexual trauma and drug-induced brain damage, Meatloaf was later to remember some of these times fondly, immortalising the best memories in some of history's greatest songs.

And those songs are the soundtrack of my life. When I was but a baby, my parents would lean over the crib in tender duet and lull me to sleep with "Paradise by The Dashboard Light". When my grandfather died, he was









# THE RE-O'WEEK COMEDY HANGOVER CURE

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**GUY WILLIAMS**  
(2012 BILLY T AWARD WINNER)

**MC NICK RADO**  
(2014 NZCG BEST MC WINNER)

**PAX ASSADI**  
(2013 BILLY T NOMINEE)

**LOUISE BEUVINK**  
"WITTY, BITING, SARCASTIC... THE FUTURE  
OF NEW ZEALAND COMEDY" - BEN HURLEY (7 DAYS)

**DAVID CORREOS**  
(2015 NZICF BEST NEWCOMER NOMINEE)

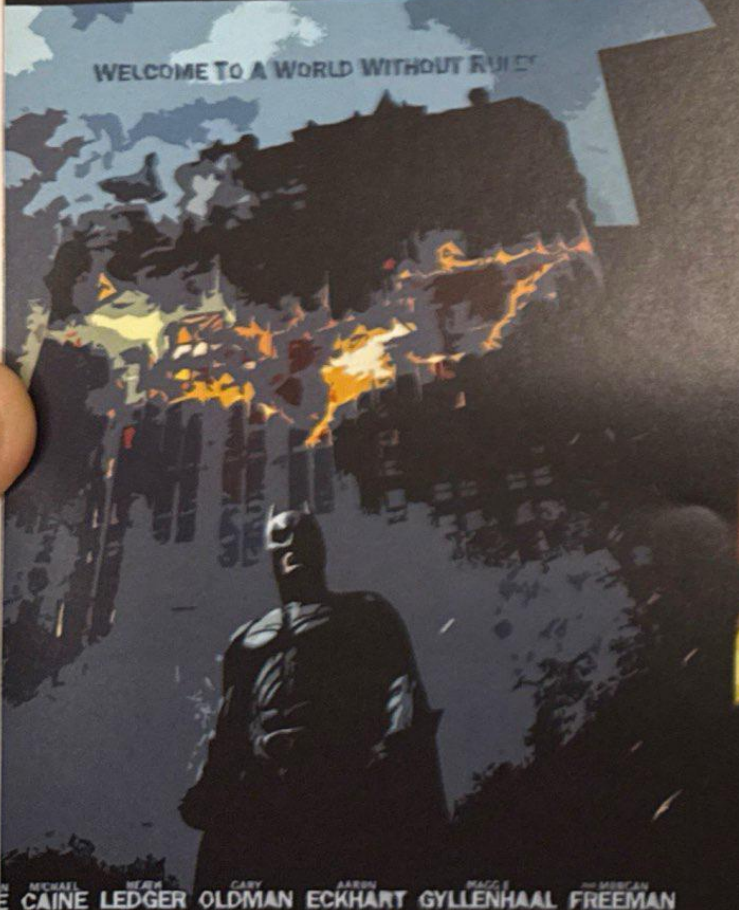
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THE DARK KNIGHT



BACK TO BATMAN



# NOSTALGIC NEOCONSERVATIVE BULLSHIT

## ON REALISING YOUR FAVOURITE MOVIES ARE PROPAGANDA

BY BEVAN MORGAN

**T**ODAY THERE SEEMS TO BE A NOTABLE nostalgia industry, but on the whole, this obsession with the good old days can come across rather cheap. Clickbait sites like BuzzFeed tap into shallow feelings of commercial nostalgia by flashing a bunch of images, videos, and sounds from your past, creating only the most minimal of engagement from viewers and target audiences. With this mass proliferation of easy Internet-based nostalgia, it's easy to assume that we've become lazy, and that we have opened up our childhoods for exploitation. For example, you can now buy a Georgie Pie on your way to watch a needlessly serious remake of *Pollergeist* all while wearing your Space Man candy sticks t-shirt, and listening to "Africa" by Toto on your iPhone that has a rubber case that makes it look like a cassette tape.

**"CLICKBAIT SITES LIKE BUZZFEED TAP INTO SHALLOW FEELINGS OF COMMERCIAL NOSTALGIA BY FLASHING A BUNCH OF IMAGES, VIDEOS, AND SOUNDS FROM YOUR PAST, CREATING ONLY THE MOST MINIMAL OF ENGAGEMENT FROM VIEWERS AND TARGET AUDIENCES."**

But the nostalgia industry we see today is nothing new, and it certainly isn't unique. Because of the rise of globalised communications, it perhaps seems more pervasive and encroaching, but commercial exploitation of nostalgia has been around as long as people have had memories of the past. And the lack of depth in our engagement with nostalgia today means that the exploitation of it is probably fairly harmless in the big scheme of things, particularly when you compare how nostalgia has been manipulated, exploited, and politicised before. If you look at the 1980s in America for example, nostalgia was far more influentially played upon than today's clickbait entrepreneurs could even come close to matching, and one particular film encapsulated this cynical exploitation of nostalgia for political and economic means. And that film



was a personal favourite of mine, and one that I still watch at least once a year — *Back to the Future*.

Like all art, films are simply products of the time in which they were made. They reflect the prevailing norms, political climate, current affairs, and social trends of the period in which they were conceived. You only need to look at the tonal shift between 1998's production of *Godzilla* (an inexplicable mess of a film that has characters crackling wise as Manhattan falls to the ground in images coincidentally prescient of events that would take place three years later), and that of 2014's insufferably sombre interpretation of the same source material to see the difference that a few years can make in how content is shaped. For a more extreme example, just look at *Batman Forever*, which was released in 1995 to herculean business, and compare it to *The Dark Knight*, released 13 years later. They both deal with the same main character (Batman/Bruce Wayne), and the same villain (Two Face/Harvey Dent) but one is a camp and over the top family friendly affair that inexplicably features Jim Carrey (who was sitting at about fourteen minutes of his allotted fifteen minutes of fame at the time), and the other is...*THE DARK FUCKING KNIGHT*.

In the 1980s, the USA swung very hard both politically and socially to the far right, and what helped in creating this shift was a calculated exploitation of American nostalgia, particularly nostalgia for the glory days of 1950s America. The 1960s and 1970s had been tough, and the traditional power brokers and beneficiaries of the growing role of the US economy in the world after the Second World War (white men), didn't particularly like the changes they had witnessed. There was a widespread belief that changes that had occurred during these two decades were responsible for taking their perfect America from the forefront of the world to the brink of collapse.

This nostalgia and call for conservative American values was the foundation for building the eight year presidency of Ronald Reagan — a legacy that is either the greatest thing to happen to America, or the worst, depending on the nostalgic bent of who you are asking. All you have to do is find some Reagan campaign commercials and listen to some of his speeches to know what I mean by this. If you YouTube some of his 'Morning in America' campaign commercials you will see a very falsely constructed and whitewashed version of America in the 1980s. You will see barely anyone of colour whatsoever, and on the whole you'll simply see images of well to do middle class white Americans who are good

Christians, with flashes of affluent clean lifestyles that look like colourised snippets from a sitcom like *Leave it to Beaver*.

Smack bang in the middle of this love affair with a 'simpler time' came one of the decade's most iconic and influential films — *Back to the Future*. *Back to the Future* was quite simply a phenomenon. From a meagre budget of \$19 million, the film went on to have a worldwide gross of nearly \$400 million, which is a cost-benefit analysis that would make any studio head in the world salivate. But *Back to the Future* is more than just a colossally successful film. It is a time capsule that is rich with relics and minutia from this era that was steeped in cynically manipulated false memories. The success and legacy of *Back to the Future* demonstrates how effective nostalgia can be in whitewashing the past and assisting people into embracing the idea of a beautiful history that didn't exist in the way people remember it, or possibly didn't even exist at all.

The fact that Reagan utterly adored the film should stand as an indicator in and of itself of how relevant this film was to the time, and how much it reflected the evolving national obsession with looking to America's glorious and affluent past. The 1950s

presented in *Back to the Future* completely toed the predominant Republican (and by extension, national) line in regards to how America viewed their past during this difficult period of transition. The 50s portrayed in the film is untroubled by the radical and antagonistic influences of all those groups that were indicative of everything that Reagan and conservative Americans believed had brought the country to its knees — liberals, blacks, gays, hippies, atheists, and socialists.

The 1980s in the film on the other hand presents a society that has seen better days. The town of Hill Valley itself is simply a broken down, grotty wreck that is a shell of its former shining 1950s version. This in itself is ironic, because if Hill Valley were a real town, it's likely the collapse of the town centre would have a lot to do with neoliberal economic policies instituted by Reagan, and the big ugly shrine to American capitalist consumerism on the outskirts of town called the Twin Pines Mall. But all this aside, it is clear that 1980s Hill Valley has been devastated in the thirty years between eras in the film.

All the promise and optimism shown amongst the youth of the 1950s has been whittled away too — the McFly family are

**"THE SUCCESS AND LEGACY OF BACK TO THE FUTURE DEMONSTRATES HOW EFFECTIVE NOSTALGIA CAN BE IN WHITEWASHING THE PAST AND ASSISTING PEOPLE INTO EMBRACING THE IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL HISTORY THAT DIDN'T EXIST IN THE WAY PEOPLE REMEMBER IT, OR POSSIBLY DIDN'T EVEN EXIST AT ALL."**



# "IF HILL VALLEY WERE A REAL TOWN, IT'S LIKELY THE COLLAPSE OF THE TOWN CENTRE WOULD HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH NEOLIBERAL ECONOMIC POLICIES INSTITUTED BY REAGAN, AND THE BIG UGLY SHRINE TO AMERICAN CAPITALIST CONSUMERISM ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN CALLED THE TWIN PINES MALL."

not financially successful, and thus they are characterised as complete and utter losers. The only margin of success is that of commercial and consumer success, much like it was in the 1950s. Marty McFly does not believe that his happiness can be achieved with what he currently has, despite the fact that what he has is by all accounts pretty good (a loving and relatively stable family; a nice house; a beautiful girlfriend; and an incredible ability to shred the electric guitar). What he thinks will make him happy is a gas guzzling monstrosity of a 4x4 that is as garish as it is dangerous. He pines for this truck, and he pines for financial success because, in the 1950s, the explosion of middle class affluence and consumerism (for white middle class people mind you) was widespread. And this was obviously the best time in American history because this consumerism gave Americans a sense of optimism and comfort that was completely unimaginable thirty years before this, and reflected America's new sense of power and self-worth on the international stage.

But the film doesn't stop there in its deification of a false 1950s aimed at making the audience warm and fuzzy. Race in the 1950s of *Back to the Future* can be summarised in two words — 'Goldie Wilson'. In the decrepit 1980s Hill Valley, Goldie Wilson is the town's African American mayor. In the gleaming 1950s he is simply a custodian in a malt shop. Not only is he simply a custodian, but his white boss, while charmingly

and suitably grouchy for his age and occupation, is really not that hard on him. It appears that despite the casual racism of the time ('a coloured Mayor — that'll be the day'), Goldie is a happy go lucky young chap, satisfied with his second class citizenship, and full of potential and promise in looking to achieve the American Dream. Nobody gives him any racial taunts, and his life seems completely unencumbered by the crushing second class citizenship that African Americans faced through de jure segregation in the south, and de facto segregation in places like Hill Valley. It should also be noted that Goldie Wilson is actually the only black character in 1950s Hill Valley which has reaching implications that are both alarming and offensive — this is California after all.

Gender is also given a constructed 1950s filter. Marty's mother scolds Marty about his choice in girlfriend as she believes that Jennifer has loose morals, and cannot believe she has the gall to call up Marty of her own accord (the thought of a girl using a telephone, apparently a sign of militant feminism in this universe). What we learn though, is that Marty's mother in the 1950s was actually a bit more rebellious and free spirited than she may have let on. She pursues Marty (Lord only knows what Freud would make of this), drinks, smokes, and generally does what most teenagers have always done, and will always do. The lesson here isn't so much that girls have to be

good — it's that they need to appear to be good and they need to play a very specific role to benefit the whole of society. Having fun is one thing for the women in Hill Valley, but openly enjoying life and freedom is simply a bridge too far.

Women in this universe are apparently much better off when they are the targets of obsessive predators that nobody in the wider public seems all that concerned about (Biff Tannen), and keep their enjoyable pursuits under cover. To succeed in the future they need to be rescued in the past and have a man do all the work for them, as we see evidenced by the future success of the McFly family after 1950s George takes Lorraine from another guy at their school dance. Lorraine really has no agency in this film, and it is implied that by breaking traditional gender roles and marrying for love in the original 1950s, rather than to rigid predefined roles, she has suffered the consequences of a rather bleak existence (again, bleak for the time — her life really is not that terrible in the 1980s).

*Back to the Future* holds a special place in the pantheon of texts in American pop culture that eulogise a fictional 1950s. The film obviously didn't start the 1980s obsession with a false image of the 1950s — it only reflected the prevailing norms of the time and particularly reflected the popular messages being spread by the Reagan government. However, it is an effective and influential example of nostalgic national identity myth making that can be far more divisive and disingenuous than the nostalgia we most commonly see today from places like BuzzFeed. The messages of 1980s pop culture like *Back to the Future* still resonate in corners of America today. You only have to turn on Fox News or listen to Sarah Palin (though I don't recommend you do), to hear clueless cynics wax lyrical about a past that didn't really exist anywhere but their imaginations, and you can guarantee that popular culture, and popular myths of the time have helped cement this legacy.

As annoying as the concept of Michael Bay taking a chainsaw to our favourite childhood cartoons may be, at least when he does it, it is just a cheap money grab, rather than something that reflects a wider societal ignorance and eulogising of a false past that didn't exist. I'm sure Bay's next attempt to murder my childhood will absolutely have its problems and major textual issues — however, unless it presents South African apartheid as a time of peace and prosperity because the Ninja Turtles have become Boers, it's probably going to be pretty innocent and painless for our society as a whole, and we can at least be grateful for that.







# NUANCE AND SHADES OF GREY

WITH NATHAN PERRY, MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY AND AXIOMS  
OR, HAVE YOU NOTICED I'VE READ HITCHENS?

**I**HAVE KNOWN MANY A FINE CHRISTIAN IN MY time. Well, I have known many a Christian in my time. I contend that one cannot be both a good Christian and a good human being. A point that I receive a lot of flack for, even from the most militant of my atheistic friends. The religion puts a great deal of emphasis on consistency, and consistently obeying the word of God. In order to be a good Christian therefore, one must follow, or at least attempt to follow, the word of God to the letter. In order to be a good person on the other hand, one needs to be aware of nuance and shades of grey. The Bible, on the other hand, overtly condones the killing of gay people, the destruction of cities, and the taking of slaves. Thus the two are incompatible. We are making the move toward the good and away from the God it seems, and yet Christianity is still around. Whilst it is having a harder time than usual, I believe that it isn't having as hard a time as it deserves. There are small pockets of ritual and pomp that go completely unnoticed by many right minded people. The practice of saying grace is usually laughed off as a bizarre cultural practice that one need not pay much attention to. However, it is a wonderfully hideous microcosm that encapsulates both cruelty and humiliation.

I have had to sit through more than one recital of grace, and on each occasion I was unnerved. At weddings, on school camps (separation of church and state not being mandated here), and at small family get togethers. On one such occasion I found myself clutching my sister's hand on one side (her assurance that it would be ok still ringing in my ears) and my other hand tightly wrapped around that of a distant relative. We sat heads bowed. That is, everyone sat heads bowed except for me and the rotund patriarch who gave the sermon. As he spoke our eyes met, all others were closed. Graciously, he didn't bring up the subject as we ate; ungraciously,

he remained obese. As he spoke I realised just how much I hated the little ritual. As far as I can see, saying grace is an atrocious act. There are three main reasons for why I hold this contention so strongly. Firstly, it is sadistic. Secondly, it is masochistic and, thirdly, it is a poor way to host a dinner party. These points shall be tackled in reverse order. To the third point then or, as it shall now be known, the first.

## HOSTING

I understand the point of "when in Rome". I understand the idea that when you go into a home you ought to abide by the rules of that household. Fine. But the rules ought to be different when hosting a dinner party. Any

party for that matter. When you are a guest you are obliged to be gracious to your host. You should keep in mind what is expected of you. When you are hosting, however, there is a great deal more duty on your shoulders. You invited the guests, hopefully because you enjoy their company. The guest accepts because they enjoy your company. You then have a room full of people in your house. You have to try and care about the needs of so many more people and try to satisfy their needs. When you have a group of people from different backgrounds and with different ideas, yours need to come at the bottom of the list. If you want to be a gracious host, you can only hope that your guests will try and be pleasant and honour your background. Trying to force your background on others, getting uptight about custom and ritual, or being

**"THE PRACTICE OF SAYING GRACE IS USUALLY LAUGHED OFF AS A BIZARRE CULTURAL PRACTICE THAT ONE NEED NOT PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO. HOWEVER, IT IS A WONDERFULLY HIDEOUS MICROCOSM THAT ENCAPSULATES BOTH CRUELTY AND HUMILIATION."**



finicky and stickler-esque, are not pleasant qualities when it comes to hosting. Trying to force things on anyone is unpleasant and that goes both ways. Guests should be respected when they're invited, and hosts should be respected when the invitation is accepted.

That being said, religion is placed in an altogether different category. Religion still has a reputation for being a taboo subject. Its disciples still plead for respect, and tension remains bountiful between the practise of assuming something on faith and those who choose to base their beliefs on fewer than 1000 axioms (I raise Ockham's razor to my fellow inflated and egotistical Philosophy majors). So bringing up the subject at a party is silly. Drama is almost certain to occur. Forcing part of a religious ceremony on a guest is just down right rude.

All in all, the safest way to conduct a dinner party is to keep religion out of it.

## MASOCHISM

"Thank you God for the food", or "thank you God for providing the food", "making the food", "allowing me to eat the food". What ever iteration you choose, the idea is the same. Thank you oh heavenly father for letting me eat. What part of that doesn't strike you as odd? Sorry, not odd, creepy. The theory is that you are a creation made without your ask and without your leave. A creation forced into a position that you had no choice in. You then need to dedicate your life to your creator and if you refuse you burn in hell. Then when it comes to the point of feeding yourself so that you have the energy to go on serving and begging and honoring a master that holds you against your will, you have to say thank you for the privilege. Thank you for

being allowed to continue to live. I refuse to see any decency in it.

I know the argument that God created everything and that being allowed to be in the ever beautiful majesty of his creation is the greatest gift that one can receive. It's bullshit. Accepting the God hypothesis, we must assume He created us in all our biological failings and created eons of evolutionary desires to consume meat and vegetables. There is no reason why we should be saying thank you for that. He could have made it so that we never needed an energy boost, never felt hunger and never wanted to be servile. Instead, He made hunger pervasive to our species, He made sure we could be brought down by an empty belly, and the idea of saying thank you for giving us the chance to remove that feeling of our own volition makes me sick to my semi-filled stomach.

I will accept that when you watch your parents make food for you, or when they take you out for a meal, you are compelled to say thank you. But the two things are not comparable. Why bring it up then? Why strawman? Because that is the argument I hear most often. But with your folks, they have to work to give you what you need. Admittedly, they are duty bound to provide. Still, they are more deserving of thanks than God. God need put no effort into feeding us. He is a being of infinite power. He could provide endless meals at no expense, no cost of time (He is timeless), no cost of resources (He is supernatural), no cost at all (He is probably fictitious). What's more, it is entirely His fault that we are hungry in the first place, and whilst it's Mum and Dad's fault too, they knew hunger was part of the deal. God needn't have made us that way. Which brings me to the last and therefore first point.

## SADISM

It is cruel to say grace. Why do we need to thank you if there is no effort on the part of the provider to provide the food? What compels us? It is because we know what it is to be hungry. By extension, we can empathise with the starving and we can understand they are not us. We know that when we say "Thank you for the food oh cruel and demanding master", what we mean is "Thank you for picking me to be one of the starving, who suffering shall briefly pass through my life before I consume this three course meal". Then, once you've said the words you can feel good about yourself because you said thank you. You get to feel rewarded for not being a starving child. You get to feel good about acknowledging that you aren't close to death and that someone else is. You can rest easy knowing that you aren't slowly wasting away from a condition that is near insufferable for a few days, let alone a lifetime.

What is even worse, if you buy the God hypothesis thing, is that it never needed to be said this way. God could have created us in many different forms. Instead he said yes to starvation and to suffering. That makes God cruel. Not us, not yet. Not until the point where we thank him for this act do we become villains. Not until we say, "I see them, the rest of the starving and suffering and not being able to keep themselves going, I see them and know that I am not them and I thank you for that," do we become despicable, and that is what saying grace does to us.

I said when I started this feature that I thought that grace is a microcosm of Christianity and captures the outlook of a Christian. It is, in the mildest form, rude. It is abrasive and it thrusts itself into the faces of those who would rather not look at it. Then it blames everyone else for having the problem. It is so like the modern Christians who ask why they are being 'victims' whilst their lobbyists push to put Christianity into the schools and into the law. It is masochistic. It is filled with servility and does a disservice to the nobility of the human condition, and it relishes that. It is the same as being filled to the brim with original sin and waiting in nervous anticipation for a small frisson you'll feel when master chooses whether to punish you or keep you by his side like a lap dog. It is cruel in its devising and its practise. The reason we say thank you for anything is because we know what it is to not have that thing. In its conception, it is a thank you for making starvation a real and terrifying possibility. In practise it is a thank you for being spared the fate that so many have to live with. It is the same as Christianity in its simplest form. A thank you for blood sacrifice and for scapegoating and for not making us suffer the evil that our God forced upon us.

**"TRYING TO FORCE YOUR  
BACKGROUND ON OTHERS,  
GETTING UPTIGHT ABOUT CUSTOM  
AND RITUAL, OR BEING FINICKY  
AND STICKLER-ESQUE, ARE NOT  
PLEASANT QUALITIES WHEN IT  
COMES TO HOSTING."**



## FITNESS REVIEW

# XTEND BARRE

BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

**I** LEAPT UNGRACEFULLY UP THE STAIRS, TWO AT a time, five minutes late and panting an apology to the receptionist. Don't worry about the special grip socks, she tells my friend and me, so we tear off our Nikes, exposing my months-old chipped lilac polish, and hop to one side of the studio. Not the most elegant way to start a 45 minute ballet-Pilates fusion class.

We've travelled from the Shore to join the tanned and toned in a light, airy Grey Lynn studio for three quarters of an hour of plies and throbbing small muscle groups. A while ago I read an *NZ Herald* article about Xtend Barre being a workout of choice for Shortland Street stars and Auckland's glitterati, but we're not sweating next to Jaime and Sally Ridge on this particular Friday lunchtime.

In a small, intimate setting with no more than about 10 women of varying ages and shapes (including, of course, an ever-recognisable Ponsonby mother), our lissom blonde instructor sashayed around the studio correcting our form to help us feel more comfortable and get the most out of the session.

Xtend Barre promises to fulfil your pinkest and prettiest childhood dreams of becoming a ballerina (even if at first you feel more ugly duckling than stunning swan), and also stokes the grown-up vanity that longs for lean, muscular legs and sculpted abs. Squeezing a small orb between my quivering thighs, perhaps a svelte dancer's physique is within reach. I feel like I'm being initiated into an exclusive club. Push-ups off the barre, squats, kicks and various styles of crunches.

Pirouettes and pointed toes immediately sprung to mind when I first signed up and they do feature in the routines, but fortunately actual dance ability does not seem to

be a major requirement. It's an all ages and fitness levels low impact workout that borrows more from Pilates than it does ballet. Pilates with a Black Swan twist. Sometimes you know that yoga's good for you, yet you can't help but instinctively twitch and fidget when you're lying on your mat in a static corpse pose, wishing you could just get off your asana. A barre class offers a fairly low impact workout but keeps you moving. It's a fun and fast-paced workout with a focus on core strength, balance and flexibility with added elements of ballet and dance.

Although no sweat dampened my brow during the class, a few twinging muscles on the morning after confirmed a Friday afternoon well spent. Those quick repetitions of dainty movements definitely do add up.

Placed just a couple of minutes drive from Ponsonby Road, the possibilities for a post-workout refuel are virtually endless. Despite the fact that our previously agreed lunch plans virtuously centred on sampling The Raw Kitchen's spiralised nourishment, after seeing the size of the portions we opted for the healthy but heartier Bird on a Wire.

10/10 would Xtend again – although maybe at Newmarket, or if they open a North Shore branch, to avoid spending more time in the car than actually squatting at the barre.

**"IT'S AN ALL AGES AND FITNESS LEVELS LOW IMPACT WORKOUT THAT BORROWS MORE FROM PILATES THAN IT DOES BALLET. PILATES WITH A BLACK SWAN TWIST."**

## FOOD REVIEW

# TAPAS

BY ANA HARRIS

**B**E WARY OF TAPAS RESTAURANTS IN Auckland. It's not so much that they're inauthentic, although that's often the case, it's that they're consistently overpriced and disappointing. Tapas originated in Spain centuries ago as a means of encouraging patrons to purchase drinks through serving salty snacks. Even today, many bars throughout Spain serve tapas as complimentary accompaniments to evenings of moderate to vigorous alcohol consumption. Now, I understand that food customs evolve and develop, and I don't expect Spanish and Mexican restaurants in Auckland to serve their tasty morsels for free (making money out of hospitality businesses is hard enough), but I do blanch whenever I see tiny dishes on menus advertised as the main event for exorbitant prices. This phenomenon isn't limited to tapas either; the practice of serving teeny tiny portions in bite-sized bowls has spread

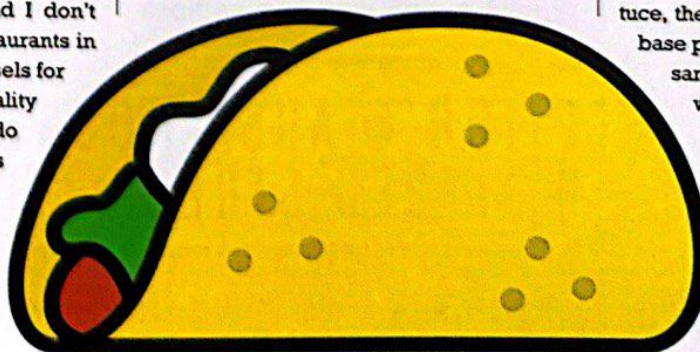
to various other cuisines as well (head on down to Orleans if you're feeling rich but not too hungry).

Don't get me wrong, I have no problem with the notion of tapas – they're great when you're after a light meal, and they help counteract the menu anxiety associated with selecting a single main. But for God's sake, the price needs to reflect the value and quantity. Perhaps I'm preaching to the choir, though I suspect not, given that restaurants like Mexico are still around.

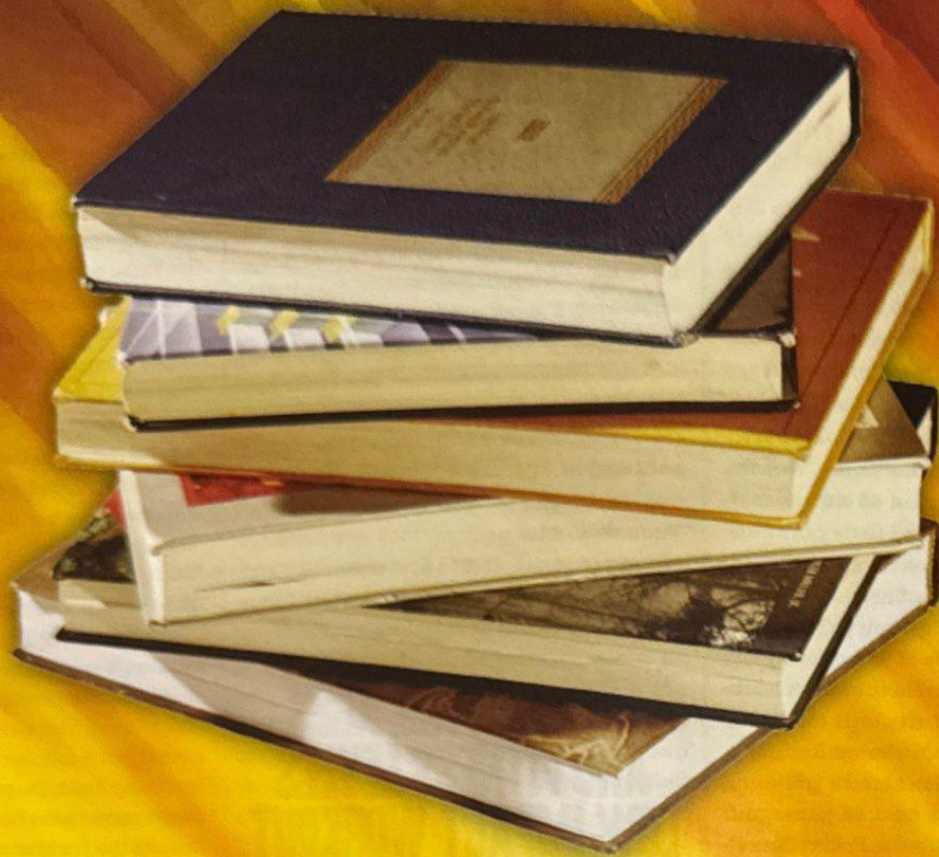
Mexico. I hate that place, despite its delicious fried chicken. My most recent and final

visit was for a friend's birthday. He booked at Britomart for roughly thirty people. If you make a booking, you're served a set menu and charged \$35 per person, not including drinks. This would all be fine, except the food they brought out would have left only ten people feeling satisfied. So hungry were some of the attendees that it became a sort of awkward *Lord of the Flies* scenario, with certain guests hovering over the plates of others they'd just been introduced to with a curt, "I'm going to take this from your plate if you don't mind because there isn't enough down my end of the table". Another highlight of the evening was being presented with the ugliest caesar salad I have ever seen. Complete with uncooked egg that wilted the lettuce, the taste was no better. On top of the base price of \$35, I paid \$26 for a carafe of sangria, which I swear was at least 48% water.

If middling restaurants like Mexico can't make money out of serving tiny dishes at reasonable prices, perhaps they ought to stick to proper sized mains. After all, dinner is a meal, not a snack.







# LOCKERS

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AUSA, your students' association, has lockers available to hire under the main quad. Pop into AUSA Reception and get yours today.

**Top Locker-\$40.00.**  
**Bottom Locker-\$30.00.**

EFTPOS ONLY. Prices are for Semester 2 2015.  
Please supply your own padlock.

**RECEPTION @ AUSA HOUSE,  
4 ALFRED STREET**

(OPPOSITE THE GENERAL LIBRARY. OPEN MONDAY-THURSDAY  
8:30AM-4:30PM, FRIDAY 8:30AM-4PM)

**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS





## STUDENTS CHANGED THE AUSA CONSTITUTION – NOW RUN FOR ELECTION!

**L**AST WEEK, MORE THAN 200 STUDENTS crowded into the Quad for the AUSA Special General Meeting. Arguably they were there for a free sausage; potentially they were tempted by the chance of winning a double pass to Rhythm and Bass. It's possible some of them were hopeful the crowd meant Kegs in the Quad had returned to Re-O Week. But whatever their motives, they were all served up a good helping of student democracy (and a sausage or vegetarian option).

AUSA is built on the principle that students should have a say in their day-to-day life at university. This means not only that they should be "consulted", but also that they should have the power to make a difference. That's one of the many reasons that AUSA is so important; through AUSA students have control over a range of student affairs – whether it be the student bar or two votes (soon to be one) on the university council.

AUSA gives students the power to control decisions about these activities. This doesn't mean you can submit a complaint to a FAQ page and hope someone reads it. It means you can elect the representatives that vote on AUSA matters, you can access those student representatives in person on campus to lobby them, and if you and other students don't like their decisions you can call a meeting in the Quad and directly override them.

The Special General Meeting held last Monday had that power – the power to dictate to your elected AUSA representatives what they should do. It also had the power to change the Constitution, and thus AUSA going forward.

That is precisely what it did. The meeting changed the AUSA Constitution and altered the positions on the AUSA Executive. Basically, among other things it got rid of student representative positions that students didn't think were relevant any more, created a new role, and altered eligibility for some others. The meeting:

- Abolished the National Affairs Officer, International Affairs Officer and Sports Officer
- Created the Political Engagement Officer
- Renamed the Cultural Affairs Officer the Culture and Arts Officer
- Changed the definitions of queer and female members to be more inclusive
- Required candidates for the International Students Officer to be either international students, or students born outside New Zealand who lived outside New Zealand immediately prior to enrolment

## SO NOW WHAT?

Now we need you to run for election! Each year AUSA runs elections for all the positions on the Executive. A new group of students is elected by their fellow students to serve as the governance board of AUSA.

Sitting on the AUSA Executive is a considerable responsibility, but also a considerable opportunity. Executive officers have a say in an institution with a turnover around \$1.5 million. They are responsible to students to serve their interests, and they govern and safeguard a unique organisation that exists to support, help, entertain and represent people like them. Sitting on the Executive offers experiences like almost nothing else on offer for students or young people.

So why run? You will be challenged, you will work hard, you will learn as much as you learn in class, and you will have fun! (Seriously. We mean it. Really.)

*Nominations for 2016 AUSA Executive Portfolio Positions are now open. Forms are available from AUSA Reception at 4 Alfred Street. Nominations Close at 3.00pm on Friday 7 August 2015.*

## WHAT CAN YOU RUN FOR?

*Clubs and Societies Officer* - represent and safeguard the interests of clubs

*Culture and Arts Officer* - run and oversee cultural and artistic activities

*Environmental Affairs Officer* - run AUSA's environmental projects and lobbying

*Grafton Representative* - represent and serve Grafton students

*International Students' Officer* - represent and serve international students

*Media Officer* - help manage and distribute Craccum

*Political Engagement Officer* - organise and promote student political engagement

*Queer Rights Officer* - represent and serve queer students

*Student Forum Chair* - run weekly student consultation fora

*Tamaki Representative* - represent and serve Tamaki students

*Women's Rights Officer* - represent and serve female students

*Craccum Editor* - edit Craccum!



**We offer  
free support,  
advice and  
information  
to all students**

## Student Advice Hub

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Old Choral Hall  
(Alfred St Entrance)  
cityhub@ausa.org.nz  
09 923 7299

**AUSA**  
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# Student Advocacy Network

**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS

www.ausa.org.nz

## Joanne Lee

Hi there! I am in my last year of a BCom/LLB conjoint. Having been at uni for several years, I know that while this time can be exciting and fun, it can also be an incredibly stressful one - particularly when assignments, exams, work, or family/friend/flatmate issues pop up - all seemingly at the worst possible time. If you're ever feeling overwhelmed or just in need of a chat, come down to the Student Advice Hub, we're here to listen and help.



## Min Kyu Jung

Kia Ora! I'm, and I'm a 3rd year Law and Arts student. I'm passionate about equality, justice and, fairness, and I consider myself an empathetic person who likes to help other people.



## Tarah Mohaghegh

Hi my name is Taraneh (Tarah) and I am a fourth year law and psychology student! I have a passion for education, family and employment law...and eating anything chocolate! Come along to the student advice hub and I'll be happy to help you out!



## Max Smith

Hi, I'm a fifth year BA/LLB (Hons) student majoring in Psychology. I grew up in Christchurch and I love to ski and travel.



## Jade Magrath

Kia ora, I am a 3rd Year BA/LLB student. My BA major is Politics and International Relations. I am passionate about human rights and equitable outcomes. In my spare time I enjoy trying new food, dancing, and binge watching TV shows. I have experienced firsthand just how stressful and overwhelming student life can be, and I am here to listen and provide support in any way that I can!



## Carla Boniolo

This is my second year of being a Student Advocate and, after changing degrees last year, I know firsthand what it is like to deal with university bureaucracy! I am passionate about helping others and plan on commencing postgraduate study to become a teacher later this year. In my free time I enjoy catching up on my never-ending list of books to read, popping down to the gym for a workout and experimenting in the kitchen.



## Annie Ren

Hi everyone! My name is Annie and I'm a second year BCom and BProp conjoint student. I'm passionate about people and I'd love to talk to you about anything. I've been a ClassRep last year and I'm very approachable. This is my first year being a student advocate and can't wait to start!



## Elizabeth Bickerton

Hi, I am a fourth year law student. Currently flattening, working part time and loving uni life!



## Amelia Lamb

Hi! I am in my fourth year of Law and Arts, majoring in History. I'm really passionate about helping people, and am super excited to be a Student Advocate this year. When I'm not hiding out in the Davis Law Library studying, you can find me baking up a storm in the kitchen or binge-watching TV shows on Netflix!



## Elijah Pear

Kia Ora! I am entering my final year as a Law and Arts student, majoring in politics and economics. Both my studies and social life at university has exposed me to a wide range of experiences which I look forward to sharing with you.



## Priya Sharma

Hey there everyone! My name is Priya and I am in my 4th year of study towards completing a BA/LLB conjoint, majoring in Philosophy! Outside of campus life I love to gym and try out new recipes, and I have a love for travelling to unfamiliar places. I'm excited about advocating for students and helping them out throughout the year!



## Benjamin Kirkpatrick

Kia ora, I am currently studying towards a LLB/BA conjoint degree and privileged to be the President of the Auckland University Law Student Society. I am passionate about people, physical challenges and new experiences, especially if food is involved. Myself and the incredible team would love to advocate on your behalf so come see us the minute an issue arises."



## Lotta De Smet

I am in my fifth year of university, studying Law and Health. In my spare time I love surfing, being on the Coastguard boat and traveling. Through this role, I hope to meet heaps of people and learn more about university processes.



## Sione Maka

Malo E Lelei. My name's Sione and I'm a final year Master of Social Work (Professional) student. I'm passionate about all things Pasifika (Pacific), culture, family, Human Rights and Social Justice. I offer my 12 years of work experience and skills in the Mental Health sector, and my life experiences to assist.



## Emma Rennie

Hi! I am a fourth year Law and Arts student majoring in Politics and French. I'm incredibly passionate about Human Rights and so want to make sure that all those at our university know what their rights are, and can protect them. Apart from being an advocate I am also a volunteer for UN Youth NZ, and enjoy cooking and playing guitar.



## Shontelle Grimberg

Greetings!! I am studying towards a BA/LLB (Hons) conjoint and a Diploma Language. This year I look forward to being involved with the student advocacy team and providing support to UOA students.



## Kyle Simonsen

I'm in my fourth year of studying Law, Politics and Economics, play football and golf in my spare time and I work as an RA at Parnell Student Village. I am really excited about the possibility of making student's lives easier through the student advocacy network.



## Jason Armishaw

I am a fourth year Law and commerce student with a single major in economics. I strongly believe that everyone faces certain challenges in life and I look forward to being able to help students overcome these obstacles.



## Bhenjamin Goodsir

Bhen is a 4th year Law/Arts student studying French and Economics. Outside of University his interests involve insurance and civics education for young New Zealanders.



## Mark Lin

Hi, I am a rising 4th year student under the BA/LLB conjoint degree programme. I am passionate about mediation and see advocacy as the best way to balance competing interests. Outside of my University commitments, I enjoy playing volleyball and heading to the beach.



## Kathleen McConchie

My name is Kathleen and I am a fourth year Law and Arts student, majoring in German. I am passionate about making students feel happy, at ease and most importantly supported at the University. I have worked as a Resident Advisor for two years, which gave me lots of experience helping out my peers. The Student Advice Hub is a comforting, welcoming place, so don't hesitate to come down and see us



## Yasmin Dela Cruz

Hi I am Yasmin Dela Cruz and I'm currently studying towards my LLB/BA conjoint degree. I am very lucky and incredibly excited to be one of your AUSA student advocates for 2015. I am passionate about people and have been previously involved in AULSS, EJP and facilitating youth at Mount Eden correctional. Being a University student can be very challenging at times - but no problem is too big or too small and we are here to help you out!



## Have any concerns? We can help.

Email [cityhub@ausa.org.nz](mailto:cityhub@ausa.org.nz)

Phone 09 923 7299.





## RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE: HOW SMARTPHONES SMOTHERED THE WORLD

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

**L**AST WEEK I WENT TO SEE *TERMINATOR GENISYS*. This wasn't exactly my idea — my dad offered to pay for my ticket, and you know when you're at a restaurant and they have those shitty mints at the counter, and sometimes you don't even want a mint but you take seven of them anyway because they're free and what have you got to lose? Well that was my rationale for going to the latest *Terminator* film, the 49<sup>th</sup> one in the franchise (approximately). I won't go into detail about the plot, but essentially there are a couple of alternative timelines and a guy tries to kill his own father, who was actually sent back from the year 2029 to bone down on a 19 year old Khaleesi who should then go on to give birth to the man who eventually goes on to attempt to orphan himself by retrospectively killing his parents who technically have an age difference of a few decades... Honestly, don't bother trying to make sense of it; I didn't, and the film's producers most certainly didn't. But, basically, the aim of the protagonists is to destroy Skynet. Skynet is a self-aware artificial intelligence system. Skynet, the story goes, turns against humans and uses its computer superpowers to launch a nuclear attack to wipe out humankind. In the latest movie, Skynet is masquerading as Genisys, which is an operating system that is being marketed to the public as the ultimate technological advancement, allowing everyone's devices to be connected to one another seamlessly, and allowing access to the wonders of the internet at all times.

Oh sci-fi, you're so crazy! Or are you? I spent the whole film buzzing out, and not because of its intricate exploration of time travel — I

swear to god they got the plot from playing that game where you write one sentence and pass the paper along to someone who writes another one without seeing all the sentences before yours — but because Genisys is pretty much just Google Inc. I bought Google's smartphone, the Nexus, last year because I attempted to go on a gap yaaah without an electronic device and it turns out paper maps a) get wet and unreadable really easily and b) point out to everyone in a 1km radius that YOU ARE A TOURIST AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ROBBED. Sick of being perpetually lost, I betrayed ten years of Nokia brickdom and succumbed to the allure of smartphone ownership. Things quickly turned weird.

Google monitored where my location was at all times and, no matter what city I was in, figured out where I was returning to at night and would adjust accordingly. I got notifications every evening telling me exactly how

far away "home" was and how exactly I could get there via bus, train, camel, slave. It sort of ed through my one-off searches of random actors or musicians, then would alert me if their TV show was on that night, or if they had just released a new song. In these instances Google also sought to pass judgement on my poor taste, giving me constant updates on *The Vampire Diaries* and Blink-182. Most bizarrely, Google analysed my emails, figured out that months earlier my friend had sent me his itinerary for a trip, then alerted me the day he was leaving on the current status of all three of his upcoming flights and when he should be leaving for the airport.

My first instinct when thinking about how constantly connected we are, and the growing ability of systems such as Google to perform analytical functions, is to be totally against it. I am pretty much your bog-standard, anti-technology, progress-resisting

**"LAST WEEK I WENT TO SEE TERMINATOR GENISYS. THIS WASN'T EXACTLY MY IDEA — MY DAD OFFERED TO PAY FOR MY TICKET, AND YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE AT A RESTAURANT AND THEY HAVE THOSE SHITTY MINTS AT THE COUNTER, AND SOMETIMES YOU DON'T EVEN WANT A MINT BUT YOU TAKE SEVEN OF THEM ANYWAY BECAUSE THEY'RE FREE AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?"**



Luddite. As soon as I returned back to New Zealand, I consigned my creepy stalker Nexus to my desk drawer and rebooted my hot-pink, \$16 Nokia. I frequently resist the urge to slap the iPhones right out of my friends' hands when we are hanging out and they are snap-fucking-chatting when I am standing right in front of them attempting to have a conversation. I resent that entire dinner table debates are now cut off at the kneecaps when, instead of having a lively dispute over a fact, someone just searches the answer. I refuse to use Google Docs instead of Microsoft Word, and I never send sensitive content (read: clit pics) or anything too offensive via phone, email or Facebook because I am convinced everything I do online will be stored and possibly used against me in the future — if Google can read and analyse an itinerary, surely it is on the cusp of understanding the things I send to my friends or my colleagues. I have become this weird, unlikeable conspiracy theorist, doing nothing but studying medieval history at university and losing friends by spitting in their coffee as they attempt to take a picture of it.

Those of us in our early twenties have had a unique perspective on the rise of technology, I think. We're not quite digital immigrants, like our parents. Most of us have been taking IT since primary school and home computers became relatively common during our

childhoods, as did cellphones when we were teenagers. But we're not really digital natives either. We didn't always have Internet in the home, and our early teen years were set to the soundtrack of the dial-up tone. I clearly remember being a pre-teen and getting emails (to my address randomblondie\_soap@hotmail.com) asking me to sign up to a new site, Facebook. In my final year of secondary school just one of my friends had an iPhone, and we hadn't even heard of the newly-invented Instagram and Snapchat. We were born at such a time that we saw the storm approaching, but were too young to avoid getting caught up in it. I really do think that the current level of connectedness is completely new, and it happened extremely fast.

There are benefits, of course. We're in the midst of the most incredible information revolution. I tutor high school students, and their knowledge of politics, social movements and global news is certainly far broader than mine was at a similar age. The increasing level of social awareness is heartening. But our access to information is so vast that it's overwhelming, and our concern for one issue is quickly overshadowed by the next Latest Thing To Care About. When was the last time you thought about KONY 2012? How long lapsed between you getting indignant about Rachel Dolezal's race fraud

and you not actually giving a shit anymore because, look, a guy punched a fucking shark and it was all caught on camera! All this information actually almost makes it harder to be properly informed, as it's hard to know what to focus on and learn about in depth — there are just too many things to choose from.

Maybe it's a case of every generation thinking the next has gone too far. Socrates objected to the written word because he thought it would erode memory and mislead students to think they had knowledge and understanding, when really they merely had unprocessed information. In *Phaedrus*, the god and king Ammon says to the Egyptian god Theuth, inventor of letters, that "you give your disciples not truth, but only the semblance of truth; they will be hearers of many things and will have learned nothing; they will appear to be omniscient and will generally know nothing". This exact extract applies directly to what I am claiming is true now. So maybe I'm just part of an inevitable resistance to progress. Regardless, my resentment of the technological takeover is most likely totally futile. Whingeing about my friends insta-fucking-graming instead of insta-fucking-talking-to-me isn't going to pry the phones from their numb, perpetually-swiping fingers. But I can't promise not to say "I told you so" when *Terminator Google* becomes a reality.

## NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN FOR NOMINATIONS OF 2016 AUSA EXECUTIVE PORTFOLIO POSITIONS

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES OFFICER  
CULTURE AND ARTS OFFICER  
ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS OFFICER  
GRAFTON REPRESENTATIVE (MUST BE A GRAFTON STUDENT)  
INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' OFFICER  
MEDIA OFFICER  
POLITICAL ENGAGEMENT OFFICER  
QUEER RIGHTS OFFICER  
STUDENT FORUM CHAIR  
TAMAKI REPRESENTATIVE (MUST BE A TAMAKI STUDENT)  
WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER  
CRACCUM EDITOR

Nominations will open on Monday, 20 July 2015 at 4pm

Nomination forms will be available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

Nominations close at 3.00pm on Friday, 7 August 2015. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

In accordance with the Auckland University Students' Association Constitution, nomination is open to currently enrolled students of the University of Auckland only and 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.

- AUSA Returning Officer

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## EX MACHINA

FILM REVIEW

**T**HE WRITER OF *DREDD* AND *28 DAYS LATER*, Alex Garland, makes his debut as director in one of this year's best sci-fi flicks, *Ex Machina*. Usually with your typical sci-fi film involving an artificial intelligence, you get the same predictable recycled story of a robot, unexpectedly strong and somehow self-aware, along with some half-assed philosophical explanations of what makes a human (looking at you *Chappie*). *Ex Machina* tackled all these clichés head on, but the difference is that it actually delivers.

At the centre of *Ex Machina* is Ava (Alicia Vikander), our piercing blue eyed heroine with the ability to converse, freely move and express emotions just like any human except for one thing — she's a robot. If it weren't

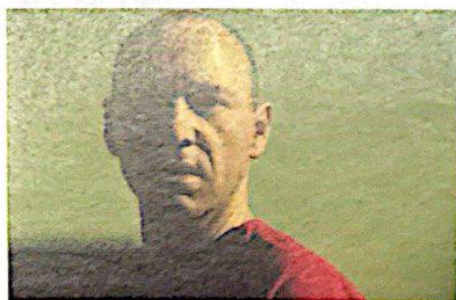
for her exposed spinal circuit peeking out of the artificial smoky flesh, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference between Ava and some other inquisitive young bald lady. Caleb (Domhnall Gleeson) is a programmer who won a staff lottery to go to Nathan Bateman's (Oscar Isaac) AI research facility to administer the Turing Test to Ava — that is, a test to determine whether a robot has consciousness. As the week passes, Caleb is morally questioned and is forced to do what he thinks is right as he quickly discovers that Nathan or Ava, or both, are not telling the truth.

As stated before, this film explores the themes of artificial intelligence, what humans see of them and what is expected of them. Therefore you shouldn't expect a JJ Abrams style visual flamboyance and extravagance like your typical sci-fi films. The minimalist settings work in favour of the movie to

create many uncomfortable, claustrophobic and hauntingly bone chilling moments that will stick with me for a long time. As the story flicks from day to night to day to night, we and Caleb are trying to figure out if Ava can pass off as human from benign questions like "tell me something about you", and discussions of dating and friendship. This routine becomes one of the most gripping parts of the story as we observe Ava and Caleb's developing relationship.

The twists and turns presented are expected for sci-fi fans, but what makes this movie stand out is the way it is told, how Ava makes you feel, and the journey that the director/writer takes you on. If you don't mind an intelligent, comfortably paced, and cinematographically beautiful film, then *Ex Machina* will definitely be an experience.

REVIEW BY TONY SRIAMPORN-ROBERTS



## SE7EN (1995)

FILM RE-REVIEW

**G**ONE GIRL'S RELEASE LATE LAST YEAR CONFIRMED that David Fincher is still a class act when it comes to the dark and disquieting corners of cinema, thanks in no small part to Rosamund Pike and her nifty box cutter. This mantle is one he earned himself all the way back in 1995, with the release of the (flat out disturbing) thriller, *Se7en*. Twenty years down the road, *Se7en* has proven to be something of an underdog of Fincher's ear-

lier work, often outshone by the valour film fans impart upon *Fight Club*, a certified classic, and a hallmark of pop culture (as we all continue to disregard Tyler Durden's cardinal rule).

Comparing the two is an unnecessary and pointless act, but *Se7en* deserves some respect, damn it. Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman are your classic mismatched detectives, one fresh and beguiled by the gig, the other lamenting the state of the world and on the cusp of retirement — no prizes for guessing who is who. The two investigate a series of murders at the hands of a killer fashioning his victims' deaths around the seven deadly sins. Cue scenes of forced overindulgence, and involuntary bed rest. This review comes with the disclaimer that eating while watching is strongly discouraged.

*Se7en* is visceral and unsettling, but this only enhances its appeal, because you almost feel like something of a gritty hardass

for enjoying it. It can be praised for a great many things, but the film's penultimate scene earns its place as one of the most climactic anxiety-inducing scenes in any thriller, that generates clammy hands abound. Freeman, Pitt and their killer, in a desolate wasteland with a score that builds to a crescendo as you begin to figure out who really has the upper hand, is eight minutes of cinema that makes me want to stress-vomit no matter how many times I see it.

Even with the passing of two decades and countless viewings, *Se7en* has lost none of its power to unnerve or disturb. This movie is downright fantastic, and it deserves to be required viewing for any fan of Fincher or thrillers. It succeeds in keeping even those who know precisely what's in the box thoroughly moved by Brad Pitt's frantic plea. And if you don't know what's in the box, trust me — you're going to want to find out.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI



## TAME IMPALA - CURRENTS

ALBUM REVIEW

**K**EVIN PARKER, LEAD SINGER OF TAME IMPALA, admitted that the recording process of his third album *Currents* was enough to cause multiple nervous breakdowns (via *Pitchfork*). He recorded, produced, mixed and mastered the entire album on his own, obsessing over every little aspect, from drumming time to the melodies. He still maintains it's unlistenable, which I guess is a common mindset of any creative individual who is never satisfied with his or her own work. But he couldn't be further from the truth.

*Currents* marks a transition from Tame Impala's previous two records. Yes, there are still underlying psychedelic undertones and

those disco swirls that captivated listeners into a whirlpool of sound. Noticeably different, however, is that the songs aren't as guitar-driven. Instead, Parker relies on thick, pulsing bass lines, sweeter melodies and cleaner and more directed sound. This is evident from the opening track "Let It Happen", which includes a short, hypnotic looped section of synths that filters in and out into a basic 4/4 drum beat until the synth riff returns. There is no denying that he still retains the knack for a fucking groovy guitar riff, seen in "The Less I Know The Better". But this album will probably not please those who worship the guitar-heavy distortion of their previous records. What's more, for the most part it sees Parker delve deeper personally. It is more intimate, almost alarmingly so for someone who you think is a quintessential rocker, as if you're reading the scrawls in his diary. In

"Disciples" he sings "I used to take the long way / Just so I could walk past your door/ I used to wait outside / But I guess I won't anymore" after noticing a change in the protagonist's behaviour whom he could once tell everything to.

Parker dodges the idea that this is a breakup record (from relationship with French chanteuse Melody Prochet), insisting instead "there are these currents within you [that pull you] into another place that's not better or worse ... just different". The title *Currents* is also apt in that it deals with the idea that change is inevitable and that, sorry for the overused pun, going with the flow is one of the best things that you can do for yourself.

REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

## NZSO POWER & PASSION



*Symphony No. 5 in C sharp minor.*

Macedonian pianist Simon Trpčeski displayed expert subtlety and fluidity on the keyboard, bringing Liszt to life. The sheer virtuosic capability was seemingly washed away, indeed overridden by the emotional character that filled the Hall for his performance. A true talent conveys this with ease, making mastery appear second nature.

However, there is no denying that the triumph of the night was the jaw-dropping brilliance of

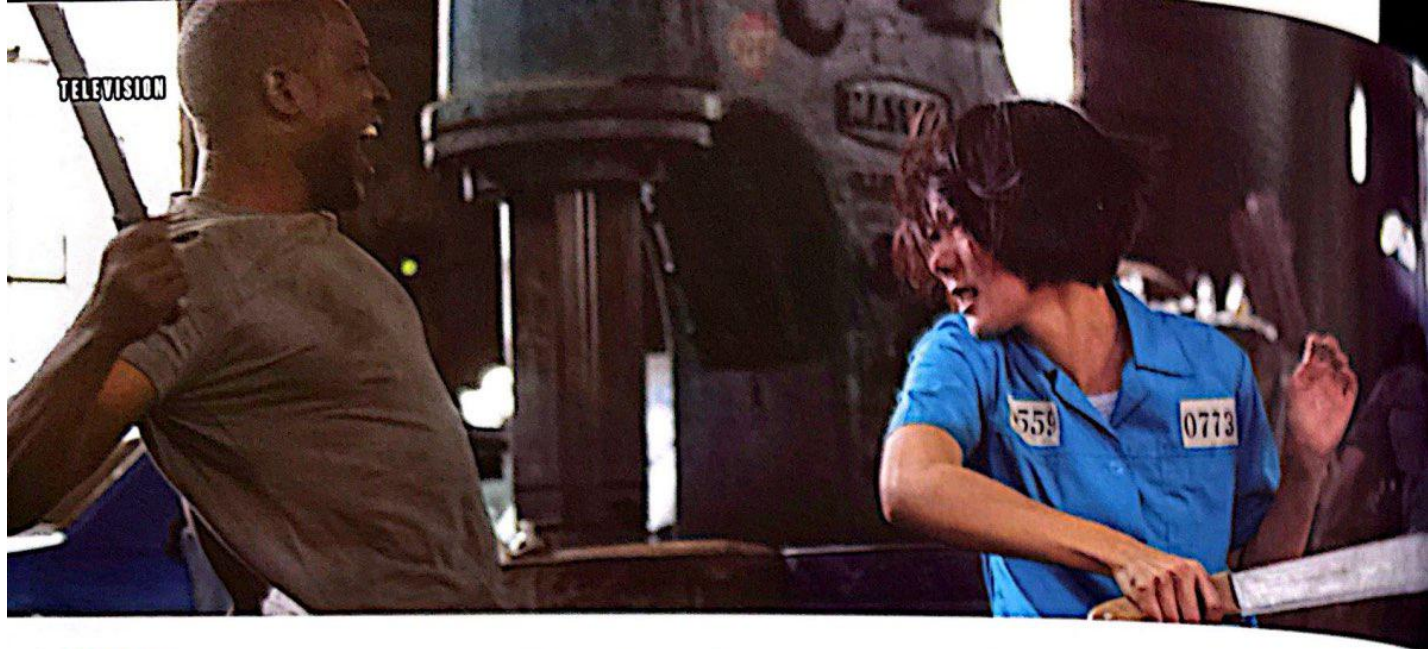
Mahler, led at the helm by the extraordinary Russian conductor Vasily Petrenko. He was a wonder to watch. Always anticipating the next beat, it was easy to get confused by his convulsions near the end of a smooth melodic line. The orchestra were worthy of their standing ovations and the shouts of "bravo!" by a few men frothing at the mouth sitting to my right. I don't blame them. The orchestra tackled the extremities of dynamics and full-on emotional intensity afforded by the demanding melodic and accompanying lines with commendable musicianship. So convincing was its performance, a brief eruption of applause filled the Hall after the third movement with many somewhat uncontrollably mistaking the *Scherzo* for the *Finale*. A particular highlight was the *Adagietto* that provided a reprieve from the emotional intensity, offering instead soaring melodic strings, a poignant harp and a delicate contrast to the *Finale* that was to follow. It was a programme that encapsulated human nature to its very core and one that undoubtedly left inspiration pulsing through everyone's minds.

REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

## NZSO PRESENTS POWER AND PASSION

**T**HERE IS SOMETHING INNATE, INEXPLICABLY part of our DNA that revels in the pairing of power and passion. It consumes us on the most biological and spiritual level, fills our veins with an overwhelming rush. This is exactly what I felt when I left the Auckland Town Hall in the wake of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra's programme of Liszt's *Piano Concerto No. 2 in A major* and Mahler's





## SENSE8

TELEVISION REVIEW

**S**EMESTER TWO HAS JUST KICKED OFF, WHICH means you're probably still in break-mode and continuing to binge watch TV shows. You've probably seen a show entitled *Sense8* plastered on your Netflix home page. *Sense8* is indeed a Netflix original series, but don't let that fool you into thinking that this is a tedious low-budget masterpiece made by a capitalist Internet sensation. Forgive me for using this phrase, but Netflix is truly the MVP of TV providers, and they can actually make some pretty good content of their own.

*Sense8* involves eight characters with completely different back-stories and burdens who have the same vision of a woman's death. This links them together as 'sensates', who

fall in and out of consciousness of each others lives across the globe (which makes for some seamless scene transitions). Sounds a tad odd, but the fact that for once a sci-fi show refused to treat me like a child and lay out the plot line in the first 10 minutes really stood out. Rather, I ended up a tad sceptical, yet still captivated.

Alongside said plot confusion, the variety of characters proves to be exceedingly appealing. By the end of the first episode, you know which character you can relate to best, and are intrigued to watch them evolve throughout the season. Nonetheless, you're actually intrigued to watch them all. *Sense8*'s finest selling point is how the show explores and normalises topics such as sexuality and religion that are consigned to oblivion by most forms of visual content these days. Even if you can't relate to the issues, you can definitely learn from them, and learning something from a sci-fi show oth-

er than some random scientific terminology is pretty damn unique.

Now don't just add this show to your to-watch list, where you'll lose motivation to actually watch it and end up reading the Wikipedia synopsis. *Sense8* is dynamic, but not the kind of dynamic where you'll need a time and a date to devote your whole attention to the screen. It's the kind of dynamic where you can still catch up on lecture notes in a separate window (because, let's be honest, you're probably already behind), but you're still captivated enough to know what's happening. Although, the second half of the season has some serious *Avengers*-esque plot drive in it for you, and that's the time to give up hope on your multi-tasking efforts and agree that it's a pretty cool show indeed.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

## BOOKS

### I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS BY MAYA ANGELOU

BOOK REVIEW

**I**N MY MENTALLY LONG LIST OF "BOOKS TO READ", I finally ticked one off that I had neglected time and time again. Foolishly, may I add. Maya's Angelou *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* seemed like the sort of book you had to read just for the sake of reading it. Kind of like *To Kill a Mockingbird*. And don't get me wrong, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *The Colour Purple* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are all brilliant, engaging novels. But there is a certain blatant quality to them, that these are books to show a 'distant' time of horrific struggles and inequality the African Americans face. These books are seen to provoke, to expose and to reveal. It seemed that to shock a society (especially one newly emerged from Jim Crow Laws and African American slavery) you had to show the sheer inequality of it — lynchings, injustice, violence. This was the kind of racism people were familiar with. Racism that spoke volumes, that people could pinpoint and say 'Ah. I don't do that'.

And so, I went into Maya's Angelou book with the same kind of sobriety, expecting tragedy and an onslaught of disasters. What I didn't expect to do was laugh. Even in the most inappropriate times, Marguerite is the most entertaining, heartfelt and insightful narrator, from the first time she touches a "man's thing", "mushy and squirmy like the inside of a freshly killed chicken"; to when her brother Bailey, discovers what 'Making Families' means. Angelou integrates her childhood, those minute details abundant in all our childhoods, with the prejudice and racism she faced. In our emotional attachments to her, urging her on as she graduates, we are heartbroken when two men gatecrash the graduation, exposing the African Americans as "maids and farmers...anything higher that we aspired to was farcical and presumptuous". Marguerite is not just a mouthpiece of the African American struggle, she is our friend and our ally, making it all the more painful when she understands the "humorless puzzle of inequality and hate". When the insidious and sleazy dentist denies checking her teeth, saying "I'd rather put my hand in a dog's than a n\*\*\*\*\*'s teeth", she makes up a scene of vengeance, a childlike belief that

justice will prevail, that Momma will crush the dentist, and turn the nurse into a "crocus sack of chicken feed".

Angelou masterfully portrays a child's navigation of race and identity at the same time, of the hilarity of puberty, coupled with the tragedy of injustice. In this way, Marguerite's identity is not limited to her race. Her struggles are wide and identifiable, something that I don't see often. Take films that show racism: *12 Years a Slave*, *Django Unchained*. As blatantly brutal as *The Colour Purple* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This isn't a bad thing, but it shows that people of colour, and African Americans in particular, are confined to stories of one type of genre while remaining virtually invisible in romantic comedies and other genres. *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* doesn't isolate race — we see romance, comedy, family drama and the ubiquitous struggle of growing up. By portraying racism that is ever present and real, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* is relevant and powerful to this day.

REVIEW BY WEN-JUEN LEE





## TO KILL AN ICON: THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL OF ATTICUS FINCH

ARTS COMMENT

**O**N NOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN. ATTICUS Finch. Noble, upstanding Atticus Finch. Namesake of children the world over, the American Film Institute's greatest film character, general civil rights icon. Where art thou?

In April, fans of *To Kill a Mockingbird* were pleased to hear that Harper Lee's previously unpublished sequel/prequel, *Go Set a Watchman*, was finally to see the light of day. The anticipation and excitement built and built. No one could wait to get their hot little hands on the follow up to one of the most important stories ever. Three days before the release date, early reviews and leaks hinted at what the now frothing audience could expect. Scout returns to her hometown after a stint in New York, Jem is dead (chill out, it's on the first page) and Atticus Finch is a card-carrying member of the KKK.

Wait, what?

Too right. Atticus hangs with the KKK, supports segregation and thinks that "black folk are still in their childhood as a people" This new characterisation was not well received.

This is not, however, a recent development. For years critics have analysed the supposedly flawless character of Atticus, coming to the conclusion that he was fairly racist to begin with. For example, Atticus doesn't volunteer to defend Tom Robinson — he is assigned the case. In his defence, he relies mainly on his reputation as an upstanding (white) member of the community in order to convince the jury, rather than establish Tom as a reputable member of the black community. Possibly the most famous quote to come out of *Mockingbird*, "You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view... until you climb into his

skin and walk around in it" isn't about race at all — it's about Scout failing to understand the naïve attitudes of her new schoolteacher, and comes full circle when Scout is rescued by Boo Radley. Tom Robinson doesn't feature at all.

## Harper Lee

### Go Set a Watchman

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
*To Kill a Mockingbird*

**"ATTICUS HANGS WITH THE  
KKK, SUPPORTS SEGREGATION  
AND THINKS THAT 'BLACK  
FOLK ARE STILL IN THEIR  
CHILDHOOD AS A PEOPLE'"**

We view Atticus through rose-tinted glasses because that's how he is presented by our narrator, ten-year-old Scout. In the black and white world of a child (pun fully intended) her father is her hero. When he does good, she is proud. When he doesn't, she glosses over it (such as his calling their racist neighbour a "noble woman") or perhaps doesn't fully understand it. The Scout of *Watchman* is older, wiser and has lived a life outside the Deep South. Atticus hasn't changed — Scout has.

Scout's subjective narration, coupled with half a century of relentless schoolroom analysis, has people to believe that Atticus is flawless. When you're fifteen the complexities of subjective narration and nuanced character development aren't best suited to the cookie-cutter essays that most education systems prefer, so they aren't taught. By the time you reach university everyone is over the novel and the thought of any further analysis is met with a resounding 'fuck off'.

Then there is the question many have been asking since the April announcement — should *Watchman* have been published in the first place? Was this a case of best letting sleeping, racist, KKK dogs lie? Furthermore, *Watchman* was published in 2015 as it was written in 1957 and as it was rejected in 1957, having been described at the time as "more a series of anecdotes than a fully conceived novel" and "by no means ready for publication."

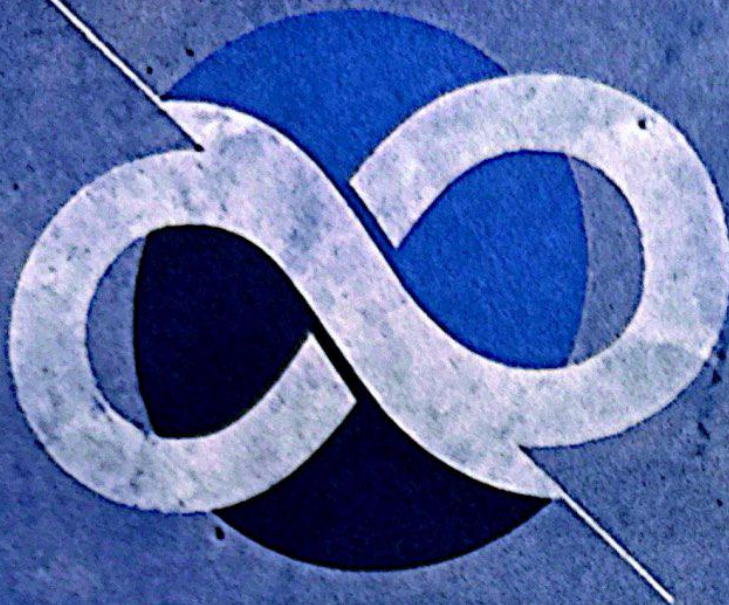
Soon after the publication announcement questions were raised about Harper Lee's mental state. The State of Alabama opened an investigation after an anonymous complaint from someone claiming to have worked in the rest home in which Lee was staying. It came to nothing, but suspicions remain. Why would an author sit on a book for 60 years then give the all clear to release an unrevised edition of their first attempt at a novel?

And then we must take into account the sophomore slump. Many artists have released a cracker of a debut and sustained themselves on that reputation despite a string of shit releases since: Neil Blomkamp, M. Night Shyamalan, Carly Rae Jepsen. Some people just have one good shot in them. Time will tell.

**UPDATE:** Following from the sales success of *Go Set a Watchman*, Harper Lee has announced another sequel. The as yet untitled novel will follow Atticus Finch as he attempts to enter into the Auckland property market, before denouncing Chinese immigrants and joining the Labour Party.

COMMENT BY MARK FULLERTON





## CYMBOL 303 AND THIS PALE FIRE

INTERVIEW

*Cymbol 303 and This Pale Fire, known to friends as Shivnesh Sumer and Corban Koschak, are up-and-coming New Zealand artists who have been steadily working together over the past couple of years on mixes that have an enticing contemporary sound. Cymbol 303 is an EDM producer, and This Pale Fire is an indie folk singer-songwriter. While the genre contrast seems incompatible, together they have created an audacious debut collaborative EP *The Cycle*, which boasts three unique and emotive tracks.*

**How about we start off with introductions. Where did your stage names come from?**

C303: I like cymbals, I guess, and I use a lot of cymbals on my tracks. 303 is actually a vintage Roland synthesizer. I grew up with a Roland, it was the first instrument I ever bought and had.

TPF: I wanted something that was a bit deep but still a bit cheeky, kinda like I am, so This Pale Fire is like a joke for being a pasty red-head.

**Was a music career always your plan A?**

C303: I always wanted to be in the sound and entertainment industry. As of now I want to keep doing music on the side, but if it becomes something else I don't mind it being a passion for the rest of my life.

TPF: I work as a designer and in video and stuff like that, in the advertising industry. But I've always been writing music as a personal thing. Even if nothing happened from all this music stuff I'd always be writing, it's just how I spend my free time.

**You've created something really unique out of the indie x electronic juxtaposition. What's it like working with someone who's involved in a different genre than you?**

TPF: I really like electronic music but I'm not much of a producer so it's good to be able to work with him to get that sound. But I think even though we're in different genres, we have a similar process. We'll go off, play around with songs, do our own thing, then come together and jam it out and see what works.

C303: Corban showed a few songs to me, and I would just put a beat on it and evolve it from there. Then back to the studio to record and share ideas, taking it back home, bringing it back in. A lot of back and forth.

**You've got 3 slick tracks on the EP, all with pretty unique tones and tempos going on. Each track seems to be grasping something different. What's the story of the EP overall?**

TPF: It's about relationships, like everything is. It's not about anything in particular — it's a general kind of overview. The EP is called *The Cycle*, and each song is kind of a different stage in a relationship. The first song "Burst Of Colour" is the initial attraction to someone, the second song "Don't Rob Me" is where it's getting a bit more serious, and "Better Than Me" is like the break up song. The artwork for the EP that I did is a fragmented loop, like we're trying to break the repetitive cycle.

**The use of percussion by Cymbol 303 is really innovative; it kind of sounds like pots and pans. What inspires you to use these sounds?**

C303: It does sound like pots and pans, fuck (laughs). Nah, I love drums, tribal instruments, melodies, and thematic soundscapes. I al-

ways wanted to drum but my mum would let me have a drum kit, so I started drumming on keys.

**As well as the song itself, I really liked the video for "Burst of Colour". There's so much gorgeous cinematography in that it's a masterpiece. You've got this traditional Geisha who's also a kick ass rebel teenager. What is she up to?**

TPF: I think we wanted the video to be its own beast so that it makes sense out of context. We thought it would be cool to show a person constrained by whatever she's grown up with. She just wants to break free and enjoy life. And destroy cars, which we all enjoy doing (laughs).

**What are the next steps for you guys? Do you got any new content set?**

C303: We've both been working on our own EPs on the side. I'll be featuring him on a couple of tracks on mine.

TPF: That'll be me stepping in for a bit of something, but it'll be all Shiv. With my own EP, I'll focus on the vocals and the acoustic guitar sound of it. Shiv's gonna go into the producing role for that.

C303: We're definitely going to follow up from this EP though, we've already thought about another single. Now that we're a bit more experienced, we're dying to do some new stuff.

**Check out the debut collaborative EP *The Cycle* now on iTunes and Spotify. You can also find more tracks and updates at [book.com/cymbol303](http://book.com/cymbol303) and [facebook.com/thispalefire](http://facebook.com/thispalefire).**

INTERVIEW WITH DANA TETENBURG





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# LETTERS TO THE

**SIR/MADAM**

I would have placed this in a comments section in the mag on-line if you had this facility. I hope you are prepared to publish this as a comment to the article. Because until debate is allowed to occur we on the left are just 'playing around' while business continues as usual.

Re: Rise and rise of inequality in NZ- Part 2  
Bevan Morgan.

Until the left is prepared to openly discuss and take ownership of past mistakes the left will remain ineffective and this marketplace will remain entrenched and ruling our lives here in NZ and the west. This is a basically good article until it fails to have the left wing and feminism (ie MacLennan) take some responsibility for where we, in NZ and the west, are now. That is the consequence, intended or otherwise, in social changes pushed thus far.

Firstly National did not dismantle the unions. This was well underway with neo-liberal changes brought in by the Lange/Douglas Labour government of 1984-1987. Feminist ideology and promoted social changes absolutely contributed to flooding the limited job market (already being shrunk by exporting our manufacturing to the 3rd world) with women being told they needed to define themselves in paid work. The marketplace wanted more tax payers and consumers and feminist ideology made sure that happened. Feminism, wittingly or otherwise acted as agency for the marketplace changes. It is also well evident that American government agencies (actual and defacto like IMF, 'world' bank and WTO) ensured the neo-liberal changes occurred across the globe including on the home front. Feminists such as Gloria Steinum were paid by the CIA from 1958 onwards (outed in 1970's by red stocking feds) and the CIA and Ford foundation financed Ms mag and made sure via such as Washington Post that radical feminism received maximum exposure. The first victory of Steinum was driving a gendered wedge into the Black Panthers civil rights movement. Divide and rule is common to all empires and all class based struggle in the west has been subverted ever since by the 'gender war'.

Spokespeople like MacLennan ensures this divide and rule mechanism continues by

continuously feeding into 'fear' between woman and men. In the last election we had the farce of the Labour leader apologising for being a man and the Greens trumpeting how they had 6 women in the top 10 of candidates. The left routinely and regularly 'feeds' the gender divide which helps maintain the status quo marketplace.

The transient state of marriage/relationships and the dysfunction routinely created in this arena including for the children growing up in such environments is down to market consumerism amping up and exploiting personal dissatisfaction for individuals and state provided no fault divorce and the dpb. For the market, more stuff is consumed and more services used in dysfunctional situations than where stability is the norm. Radical feminism has absolutely been front and centre in its attack on marriage and the nuclear family which has been portrayed as the centre of the mythical patriarchy. It has ensured via a version of the 'cult of the individual' that men and women are in competition with each other and thus community has been weakened. Splintered communities and male/female divide ensures no effective opposition occurs as the job market and political forces dismantle the middle class which historically is where social opposition arises (due to people being able to see slightly beyond putting food on the table).

The poor via such as the 'war on drugs', war on dole bludgers etc feed a money train being created around justice, incarceration and other 'services'. The shrinking middle class feels okay about life because it has some work on the backs of this surplus to requirement section of our society. People like MacLennan are given column inches in the mainstream media because it stoke gendered dysfunction along which feeds all manner of created jobs for the 'professional' classes 'fixing' and/or containing the dysfunction created by the current system. 'Left' wing bloggers play their part by censoring any debate on how we on the left played a hand in helping the current sociopolitical climate come about. We the people need to wake up and start to see the enemy in all its guises.

*Quick point about creating "debate", if you want people to engage with what you write you need to actually make it interesting to read.*

*This was so boring and lengthy I wanted to stab myself. But instead I just stopped reading and masturbated to pornography.*

## TAKING SEX SERIOUSLY

In my view, the modern cultural phenomenon of sex outside of marriage arises at least in part from our culture's failure to appreciate that sex has any significance. In this article, I shall argue that in fact sex is significant and has real value, and hence that premarital sex is wrong. I shall illustrate this from within a modern's own frame of reference, with reference to the consequences which rape has on women. In essence, I do not think that the enormous psychological and emotional trauma which results from rape is explicable if premarital sex is morally acceptable as some kind of casual recreational activity.

Contemporary feminists and I agree on very little, but on one thing we are united: rape is one of the most immoral and despicable acts it is possible to commit. (As an aside, this means of course that feminists who deny the existence of objective morality are rather inconsistent.) However, while I view rape as an abhorrent and evil act from within my own frame of reference, I think a feminist approach to premarital sex and rape is inconsistent. On a feminist view, sex is a kind of casual plaything. It is perfectly acceptable to engage in hedonistic sexual encounters apart from any kind of romantic relationship let alone marriage as sex has no real emotional or spiritual significance. The question, then, is why rape causes such enormous psychological and emotional trauma.

As a woman, I fear rape above every other act of violation. No other act even comes close. That is not purely as it is non-consensual. I went to a West Auckland school when I was younger where I was frequently physically beaten up. I obviously did not consent to that. Yet physical pain did not come close to the awful distress which rape causes women. So how is rape different from a punch in the face? I think the answer lies in an inherent value, meaning and significance to sex. I do not agree with casual sexual encounters outside of marriage. Sex, in my view, is a profoundly intimate act with important conse-



# EDITOR

quences. There is, whether we acknowledge it or not, an emotional side to it. To put it more simply, sex is a big thing to do. That is why rape exacts such an awful emotional toll on women.

In other words, I think our culture's approach to sex and rape is deeply inconsistent. For example, many people in our society see no issue with the commodification of sex and women in the prostitution industry. This reduces sex to a crude and loveless affair and renders it entirely meaningless. Yet, as I have said, I do not think that such a view of sex can explain the sheer hurt, shame and brokenness which results from rape. That leads me to the conclusion that sex is a more significant act than people who support prostitution are ready to admit.

Here I wish to pre-empt some responses which I am sure my detractors will inevitably raise. I am not, of course, arguing that liberalism does not give us grounds to think that rape is wrong. Even on the low view of sex I have described, it does of course provide us with reasons to think it is wrong, namely, that rape is non-consensual. However, what I am saying is that liberalism does not have the conceptual resources to explain why it is so deeply wrong. In other words, liberalism does not do justice to our intuitions that rape is a far worse act than non-sexual assault.

Furthermore, I wish to expressly state that I do not see premarital sex and rape as in any way morally equivalent. Although I see premarital sex as morally wrong, in my view rape is a far more serious wrongdoing. After all, premarital sex is at least consensual. I also wish to state that my argument is not that support for premarital sex in our culture is leading to rape. My intention in highlighting the inconsistency in liberal views on rape and

premarital sex is simply to persuade people that sex is a more significant act than many people seem to think.

That is why, although I am a student living in a university subculture where so many others are engaging in premarital sex, I am prepared to wait for a partner who will love and cherish me and commit to me for the rest of his life. It is, in fact, possible to exercise self-control. I can't pretend it's easy, but I think waiting will make sex on my wedding night so much more meaningful. I also think that sex, which I view as the supreme expression of love in this world, will join us in a deep and mysterious way and that as a result our relationship will have more significance. There is nothing more profound than giving someone else your own body as a gift.

SOPHIE WEBB.

*I take sex very seriously. I never smile during it. I'm silent, focused. Prehensile. And I don't kiss on the mouth unless I'm in love. But it's not morally wrong to become physically intimate without doing so emotionally. Also — didn't you write the bigoted one? You're a little obsessed, maybe have a masturbate.*

**A** WHILE AGO I WROTE A LETTER. IT RECEIVED A response. Someone else rightly criticised that response. But "business student" and also have disagreements.

In replying to that S2 Week 1 letter, the editors wrote, "strawmanning... is more fun than engaging with you" with reference to that letter. I am left to include only one thing: the editors are trolls and I was troll-baited. I'm sure the angry (unpublished) letter I sent back as a result prompted hearty chuckling. Yet, I must also point out that such actions are about as conducive to the decent sort of discussion that this year's Craccum seems to want as a reverse crate debate is to intelligent debating. Entertaining but stupid.

That Week 1 letter tried to defend my previously expressed views. It was well written and calm (very important in the context of feminism discussions in informal contexts) but it also fundamentally failed to understand my point. "Now it is simply because women

are psychologically and physically different to men" is basically the complete opposite of the view held by me. So, how did it end up being an interpretation of my letter?

In my letter I tried to argue that what we actually see in society today is less of a glass ceiling and more a bottleneck. After all, there have been fewer barriers around for women in the workforce for the last two decades or so, so women can rise higher. Yet, there are still fewer women than men in top roles. Why? Because there's a bottleneck happening when a lot of women who could go for these options don't get hired earlier on (they can go up, if they're allowed in on the ground floor, which often doesn't happen). In large part this is because women, and women alone, are trapped in a view of being parents. A default assumption we make, as society, is that any woman we happen to see will, at some point, be a mum. You look at a man, and you don't think that: even subconsciously.

I didn't propose that this arose from a biological state of affairs but I did mention that women do perform the necessary early bit by growing any babies to term and then having to give birth. That, I think, is what Week 1 latched on to. Yet, it's evident that this makes no sense with my big point. What I really wrote was a piece decrying the non-existence of the view that being a father is a normal state of affairs too. If I've grasped the basis for Week 1's interpretation correctly, that's completely illogical if my point is all about psychological and physical differences.

So, thanks for trying, but you and I disagree. In fact, we disagree with each other more than I disagree with the author of the original article about the glass ceiling. And while I also disagree with the way the editors made their point in their response, they do (this time) have a point.

HARRY EAST

*This time? We make good points every time. This is after all a magazine comprised of members with high intellect who constantly have profound moments. Oh here comes another profound moment: this bottleneck you speak of looks remarkably like a penis. Using penises to explain female society, classic patriarchy.*

**WANT TO WRITE CRACCUM A LETTER? SEND THEM TO  
EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ SO WE CAN WRITE SOME SEMI-  
WITTY AND SLIGHTLY PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE RESPONSES  
AND FILL SOME PAGES.**



# TOP TEN

# SIGNS YOU'RE A DICK.

**10. YOU'RE A YOUNG NAT:** After riding the right-wing bandwagon for a few years now, you find solace in becoming the ever more obnoxious parrot of daddy's benefit bashing voice and golf shoes shined regularly with the hatred of anything vaguely foreign. Suddenly, much like your reputation and personality, you need to dig deeper to find your true political prowess. Your Instagram profile turns to the sight of putrid high-class wine, that BMW you got for passing Level One, and various filtered images of you felling the semen-ridden promises of fellow fuck-boys in Parliament. Oh shit, you're proud of donating the blue regurgitate and fuelling your own hatred towards anything earning lower than your shitty tuition job? No, you're just a dick.

**9. YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT YOUR EXAM GRADES:** So, your GPA could apply for kindergarten, and your motivation reflects that of a junkie before pay-day. Nothing says consoling yourself like complaining to everyone how shit the exam was. Even better, try it over a warm beverage of your forgotten tears, and mix it up with the essence of your perverted pornographic tastes to help ease the pain. Jesus Christ, it's university. We paid for the exam, not your critique, Dick.

**8. YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT MONEY. LIKE, ALL THE TIME:** Every conversation now involves either how cheaply you live or how much debt you're in. Every fucking conversation. Somehow, every time it's repeated, I step back and admire your originality as if Donatello carved that line out for himself. Merely seconds beforehand, you spent your last \$17.60 on the gourmet menu at some upper-class joint. Somehow, I can't take you as seriously having just mentioned you wore Zara instead of Stussy (I don't even know what those are). Honestly, you're a dick and you somehow enjoy it.

**7. YOU END A CONVERSATION WITH 'CSB':** If you've ever had a group chat (Yes, the one named "James sucked a Dick" or "Cheeky Clunge m9"), you're a dick. Using the phrase "csb" will bring you lower than the age limit for Altar Boys. Sometimes, the occasional "haha" is acceptable, but if you ever delve into the atrocity that is "lol", you deserve the secret hatred your friends hold upon you. It's not even ironic anymore; buy a bloody keyboard or something. Make shit interesting. Dick.

**6. YOU END A CONVERSATION BY BITCHING:** Alright, we've evolved from the bovine excrement of group chats into legitimate conversation. As mutual interests run thinner than the spine of a law intern, it may seem appropriate to speak of a more engaging topic. No, somehow you choose the art of touching and bitching. The arm reaches to the shoulder, perhaps enriched with a slight lean. Your lips juice up as they feel your erection sway to the rhythm of whoever you're complaining about. Everyone ends up regretting that obligatory hello if they have to listen to another god-damned complaint. Fuck off. A conversation is something to be enjoyed, not an assembly of people you vaguely know who politely pretend to listen to your privileged filth. Dick.

**"SOMETIMES, THE OCCASIONAL 'HAHA' IS ACCEPTABLE, BUT IF YOU EVER DELVE INTO THE ATROCITY THAT IS 'LOL', YOU DESERVE THE SECRET HATRED YOUR FRIENDS HOLD UPON YOU."**

**5. YOU BRAG ABOUT STUDY:** Nothing makes your average Craccum author more livid than the proclamation by that bastard who studied "for, like, six hours". More attention has gone into their affectations remarks to the lecturer and framing of facts as questions (To exhibit their knowledge? Fuck knows). After all this effort, your caffeinated stench and suspicious stains on their favourite TV show merchandise can't hide the fact that you're a dick.

**4. YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT WORK:** Suddenly, your five-hour weekly shift tutoring some wealthy Apple hoarding nine year-olds in Remuera seems like a Siberian truck stop on a Tuesday. Somehow, the luck of having an actual, paying position isn't enough to arouse even the slightest prick within your

gifted bank account. What a hard fucking day it was teaching an infant to count. I guess you have enough of a reason to call anyone a dole-bludgeoning cum-rag. Get the fuck out of your family's cesspool of privilege and be fucking grateful, dick.

**3. THE PHRASE "YOU HAVE TO WATCH THIS" COMES OUT OF YOUR MOUTH EVERY DAY:**

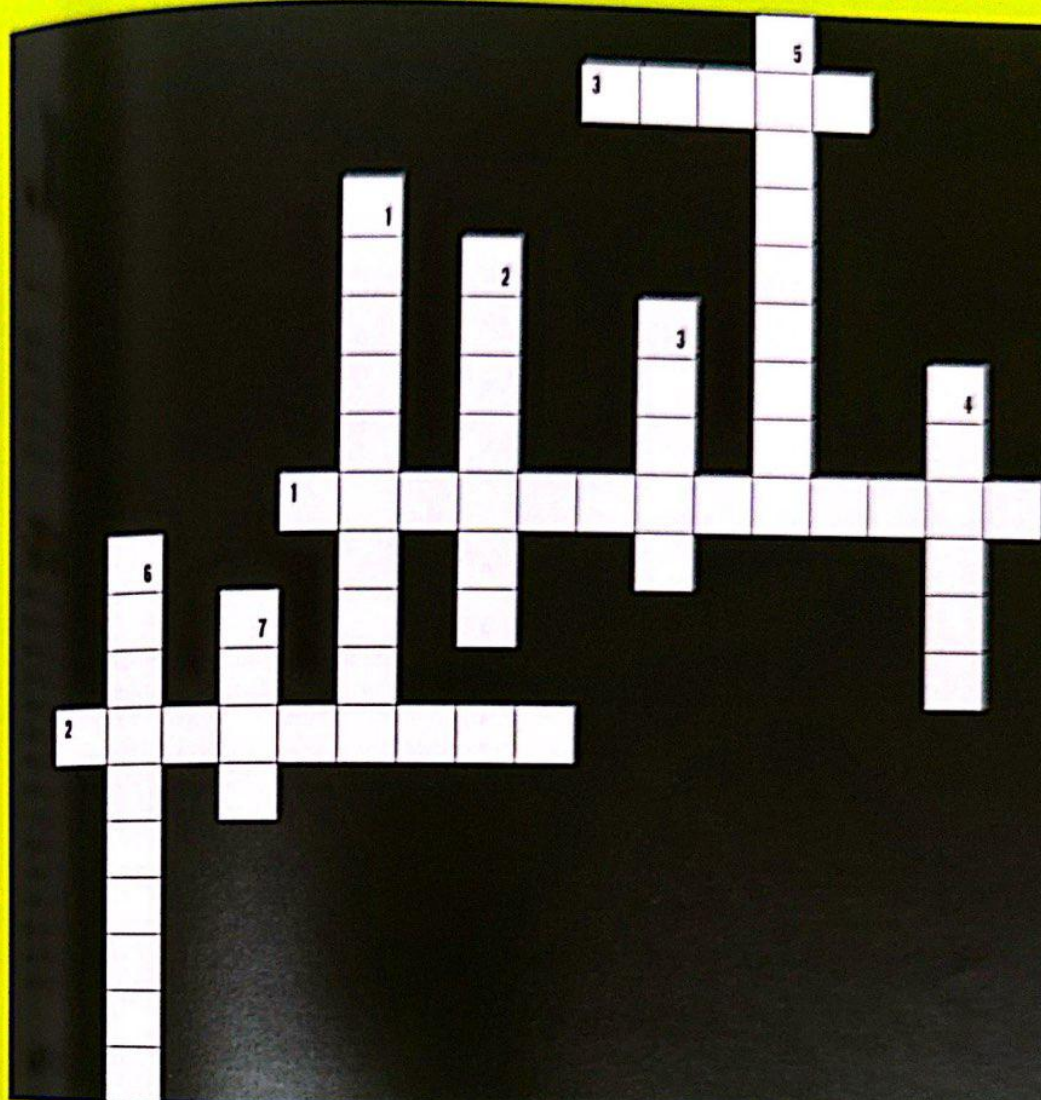
Television fanaticism used to be a grand and wonderful occurrence. A family all intimately laughing at some benign joke of yesteryear. Remember those days? Nope, me neither. "You have to watch this!" has become a rampant phrase that rips me more than a teen hymen on Christian camp. The fake interest isn't enjoyable, nor is the unoriginal sprawl of crime shows. I don't want to watch them. I never will watch them. I never cared for those shows. I don't care how your evening "relaxing" became wasted in the void of poor acting and the condimental chip crumbing as you roast behind your secondary screen as you film the whole episode for your snapchat story. Don't be a dick.

**2. YOU'RE A PERVERTED FUCK AT THE GYM:** There's only so much testosterone-saturated filth one can tolerate in a day. Pair that up with the faint whiff of misogyny, and you have a dick. From the singlet that is sappier than your throat after sucking your "gym buddy" off, to the gaping at women trying to get fit, you almost look like you're experiencing that post-masturbation state of stupidity. You're in a fucking gym, not a home bathroom. Cover those four chest hairs up. It's worrying when your penis is thicker than your legs.

**1. YOU JUST ACT LIKE A DICK:** If the Bible was re-written, "Thou shalt not be a dick" would be added to the ten commandments. But somehow, there's nothing particular about some people, they just are a dick. The one guy that turns up at a house-party already more drugged than a Scientologist at a convention, and gets angry at everyone. The one guy boasting his collection of Air-Max with pants hugging their calves tighter than a Young Nats' circle jerk. The guy that wakes up at your house, and talks about how "stressed" he was and how he doesn't remember a thing. The same guy that got a D+, and laughed at the letter D. There's just that presence, and you probably have it. Dick.

BY JACK ADAMS





## ACROSS

1. Which *Game of Thrones* actress is the star of the music video for Hozier's "Someone New"?
2. The number of actors who have played Sherlock Holmes in a film
3. Steve Jobs was the founder of which successful film studio?

## DOWN

1. Which former *One News* anchorwoman was known as 'Mother of the Nation'?
2. Which country is hosting this year's Rugby World Cup?
3. How many countries have won the Rugby World Cup twice?
4. Which European country is in large financial distress?
5. Which actor is playing the new Joker in *Suicide Squad*?
6. Caitlyn Jenner won which courage award at the ESPYs?
7. Who says you have no friends when asked what is zero divided by zero?

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# The People to Blame

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Catriona Britton, Wen-Juenn Lee, Dana Tetenburg, Mark Fullerton

News: Clare Cambridge, Louie Encabo, Winona D'Costa,  
John Middleton, Matthew Denton

Lifestyle: Isabelle Russell, Ana Harris

Top Ten: Jack Adams

Special thanks to Winona D'Costa for her all the consistent work  
she has done in the News Section.

## The Shadows Contributor of the Week

Conrad Grimshaw

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YOUR STUDENT'S VOICE

## Call For Contributions!

START CONTRIBUTING IN 2015.

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