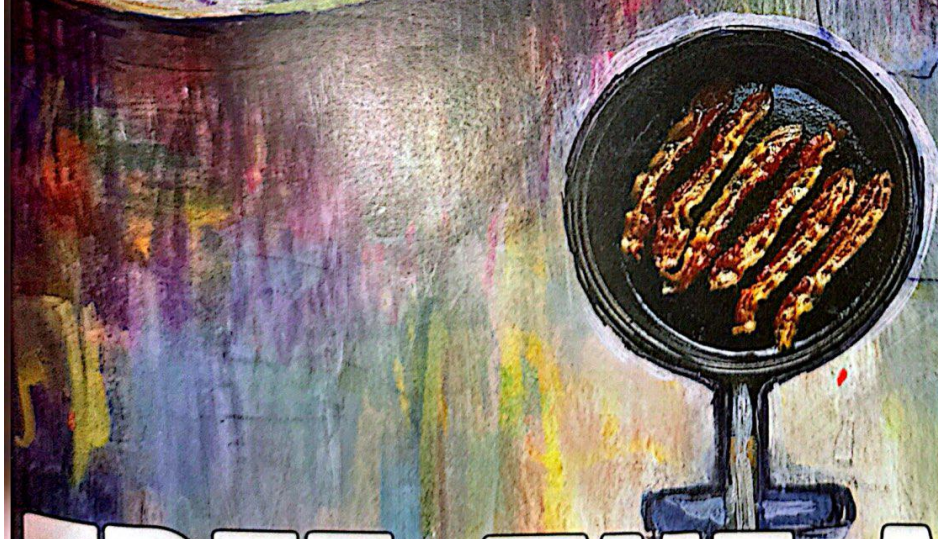


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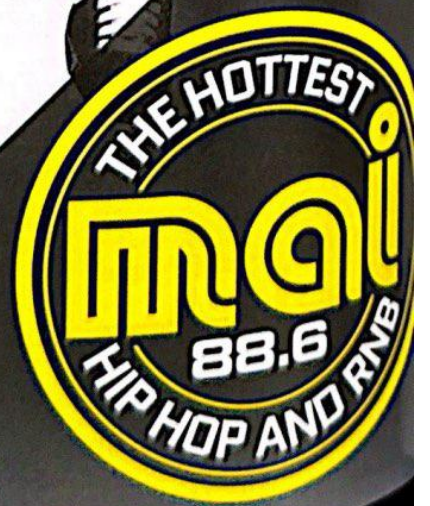
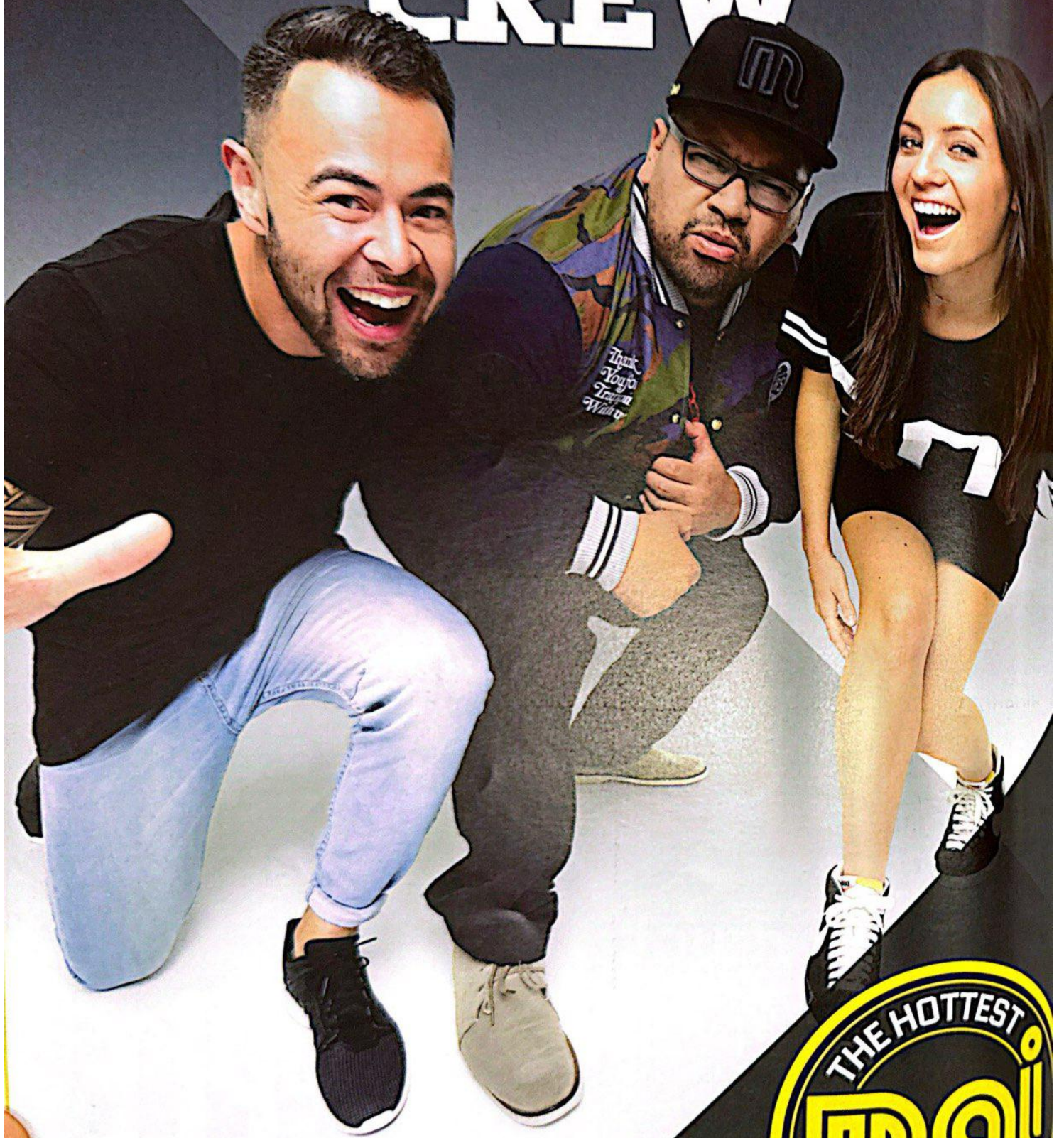
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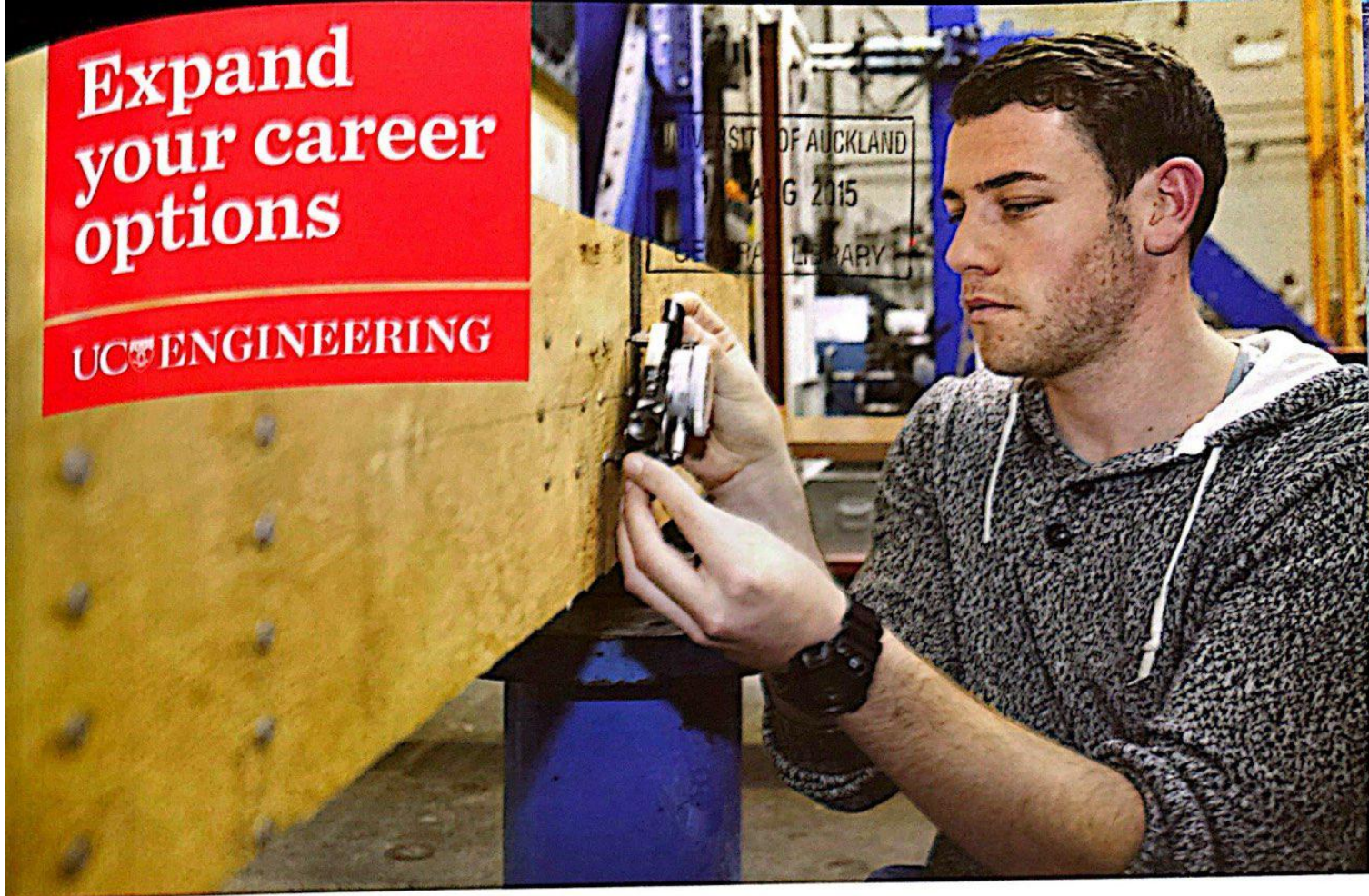
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JORDAN'S EDITORIAL

SOMETHING NOISY THIS WAY FUCKS

BY JORDAN

AN AVERAGE EVENING IN OUR KINGSLAND flat (yup, hipster and middle class...tautology?): one flatmate sitting alone in his room handing his goddam column in late again; one girlfriend disgruntled and being 'successful' as I sit at my laptop watching *Louie* and wishing it was porn. There is a fourth flatmate. He was once a chronic masturbator and gamer. He now has a girlfriend. I'm not sure what they do to each other, I didn't know sex

could sound that way. I hear things, it sounds very much like two pigs are trying to eat other. I'm scared. I'm a bit jealous, not of the sex (sex is tiring and I jiggle), but jealous of the brutal confidence that allows a person to fuck that loudly, that disturbingly, that gruntily, that squealingly, that dirtily, with that much smell pouring from under their door and flooding into our hallway.

We're moving house soon. I've been relegated to the basement bedroom. The lads are upstairs. I'm glad, I'm hoping the sex noises will be kept to a minimum. I'm hoping that I'll never have to hear that terrifying male whinnying ever again. I'm hoping that the walk won't be too difficult to cope with for my weakest flat-

mate (he's rich, and spends much time sitting, but life is hard because of that). I'm hoping that I'll have something better to write about. It isn't that editorials are difficult, it's that I NEVER GET TO FUCKING SLEEP BECAUSE OF MY FLATMATE'S FUCKING TERRIFYING PORKING.

To be fair he may not be having sex, he may just be mutilating small animals. Either way, something has to change.

P.S. Ignore Denton's editorial, it's long, problematic, and not nearly liberal enough, naughty.

P.P.S I think this editorial may be my greatest work.

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

ATTACK THE STRAIGHT WHITE MALE

BY DENTON

EARLY THIS YEAR ON OUR STATESMUN TRIP, MY fellow delegates and I had the privilege to talk to a significant leader at Global Fund for Women. The organisation does amazing work promoting and securing rights for women across the world. In our talk with this accomplished female, she told us the astonishingly high levels of violence and abuse suffered by women in the third world and how they are making initiatives to stop this. After considerable discussion on this topic, a straight white male on our trip asked her: "What does this organisation do for women in the developed world?" To me (and the rest of the delegation), it seemed like a fairly innocent question, yet it caused a hostile reaction from our host. The question was slammed as sexist and this lady (incorrectly) assumed he did not support issues facing women, including the wage gap. He managed to recover by declaring total support for the organisation, something that seemed to placate her, but the attack left a noticeable impression on many of us. To us, this represented hostility towards straight white men for engaging in social issues that do not directly affect them, something that occurs more commonly than we'd like to admit, particularly at University.

This being said, I think (hope) most people at University know the privilege this demographic has. As a straight white male, you are more likely to get paid better, you won't be scared of rape, you're less likely to get incarcerated, you're unlikely to be assumed to be a terrorist, you never have to "come out" or explain your sexuality, or be hated for loving someone of the same gender and any advancements (whether career related, awards won etc) won't be because you're "ticking a box". This demographic is the 'default'. They have most of the power in society because

society is catered towards their interests. This is not to say that there aren't pressures associated with this demographic, such as childcare or parenting rights. But compared to the issues females, people of colour, and the LGBTQIA community face on a regular basis, it is substantially less.

The concern I have is the quickness people have to blame straight white males — to label them as misogynists, racists or homophobic. I'm not denying that sometimes this is deserved — there are definitely some misogynist, racist and homophobic straight white males out there who undermine progress. However these labels, which carry serious levels of condemnation, can get thrown out at the most innocent and unnecessary situations. For example, not fully understanding what patriarchy or institutionalised racism or heteronormativity is and asking questions about these doesn't qualify you as a misogynist, racist or homophobic. Nor should asking questions about wage gap, disproportionately high crime rates for Maori and what LGBTQIA stands for or even means. This is a sign of engagement and an opportunity to educate rather than to label them with such a negative term for not understanding or being as aware as someone who lives the struggle.

This seems to be a nasty and unnecessary consequence of these groups getting a stronger voice and raising these issues. Just because straight white males are privileged doesn't make them inherently our enemy who we have to take down. We need to remember the privilege associated with being a straight white male is inherited and outside of their

control. Blaming these individuals for the privilege they have is more likely to cause alienation with this group rather than engaging positively to create change.

Let's not forget the homosexual community (my community) could not have overcome the decriminalisation of homosexual relations or marriage equality without straight allies. The resurgence of Maori issues regarding the Treaty of Waitangi and land claims or creation of targeted admission programmes for medicine and law could not have occurred without support from other ethnic groups. Women could not have been given the right to vote, the right to work in any industry and the right to choose without male support.

This isn't to say issues are resolved, in fact far from it! There are still many barriers to address and overcome and the way forward is through open dialogue with all groups, including straight white males. Privilege can be addressed without associating blame and instead harnessed to lift and support groups. Straight white males don't need to lead the cause, but they shouldn't be silenced or cut down because they 'don't understand'. We should be educating straight white males about how other groups face stronger hurdles and encourage them to help take those hurdles down with us. It's everyone's fight, not just one group's struggle. This, in my view, allows for greater change and to improve rights for everyone, whether male or female, black or white, and gay or straight. Isn't this ultimately the point?

WHAT DO YOU THINK? HAVE I MISSED THE POINT OR DO YOU AGREE? EMAIL US ON EDITOR@CRACCUUM.CO.NZ WITH YOUR THOUGHTS.

"STRAIGHT WHITE MALES DON'T NEED TO LEAD THE CAUSE, BUT THEY SHOULDN'T BE SILENCED OR CUT DOWN BECAUSE THEY 'DON'T UNDERSTAND'."

(LIONS AND INTERNATIONAL TRADE AGREEMENTS)

NEWS IN BRIEF

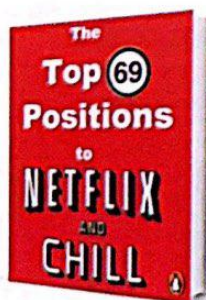
THE UNIVERSITY: Stuart McCuntcheon Gets Salary Increase. John Key has agreed to sell off New Zealand's remaining assets to pay for the latest increase in Stuart McCuntcheon's salary, which is now \$25bn per annum.

LION KILLER TO SUE NATIONAL PARK RANGERS

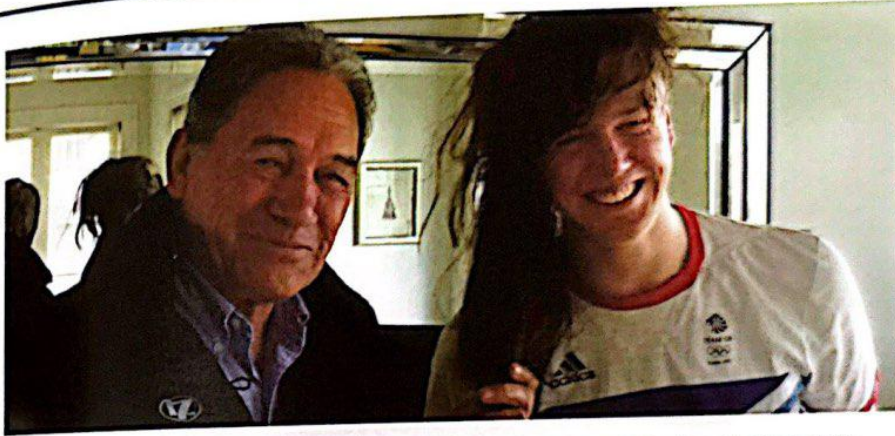
American lawyers have predicted Palmer will win his case, saying that Americans love "a good old suing" and "saying stuff about the economy always get an American jury to side with you".

MINIONISM ESTABLISHED AS LEGITIMATE RELIGION

A representative of the religion was contacted for comment, but in response to questions, answered in a series of unintelligible grunts and squeaks, and notably repetitive usage of the words "banana" and "Lucifer".



6. ISSUE IN Cracum.



INTERVIEW WITH WINSTON PETERS

IT'S WINSTON PETERS. YOU SHOULD KNOW WHO he is! He's so big I tried to get him on the front cover of this issue but the editors wouldn't let me. He's the current NZ First leader, was a minister in both National and Labour governments, and has totalled 40 years in politics. And as you will see, he's a lad.

OPINION OF THE KARDASHIANS: "Only in America, could such trash gain such popularity and make so much money", he said, and then added, "the Kardashians are a commentary of why we need other cultures".

DO YOU KNOW WHO WROTE THESE SONGS?

Shake It Off - "no".

What Makes You Beautiful - "I think I do but

I'm not gonna guess" and then when I said it was a boy-band he said he had got it wrong anyway.

Dark Horse - "Taylor Swift?"

We'll give him a break - he is 70!

CAMPUS DRINKING PARTIES: "They never had campus drinking parties, but they would have in capping week the yard-arm contest [a competition to see who could finish a yardie the fastest]. I didn't engage in it - I thought it was a damned waste of money! Often the most unusual physically built characters could drink it fastest - someone would defy all appearances of what they could drink".

FLATMATES DURING UNI: He had one flatmate who was

a great guy but was an awful cook, so "the other three of us would be sitting there with trepidation" when it was his turn to cook. But otherwise, no other problems with flatmates. Lucky bastard.

HAVE YOU EVER SMOKED WEED? "I've never smoked weed. Well I saw too many guys with dilated eyes walking around the campus". Apparently weed was fairly common back then (mid 1960s), but not as common as now.

ARE YOU MEMBER OF THE MILE HIGH CLUB? "I know what that club is and the answer's no...I don't belong to any aviation societies".

LAST TIME YOU GOT TIPSY DRUNK? He claimed it was the election night in 2011. Are you sure....that long ago...?

BEST THING YOU'VE SEEN GRAFFITIED ONTO A CAMPAIGN SIGN? There was a guy standing for an election and his name could easily be changed "to anal" and people changed all of his billboards to that.

FUNNIEST THING HAPPENED WHEN DOOR KNOCKING? Once when he was much younger, he was door knocking and a woman opened the door and immediately said "I'm Labour!" to which Winston just replied "well nobody's perfect", and "at that point she called me a young so-and-so".

OPINION OF POLITICAL POLLS

"I read polls, and they're not popularity polls, it's least-disliked polls".

JOHN KEY REASSURES RICH PEOPLE HE IS ON THEIR SIDE

FOLLOWING THE RECENT FALL-OUT IN THE negotiations for the Trans-Pacific Partnership Agreement, which, among other things, would increase the costs of medicines in New Zealand, John Key has had to work extra hard to assure rich people he is completely in their pocket.

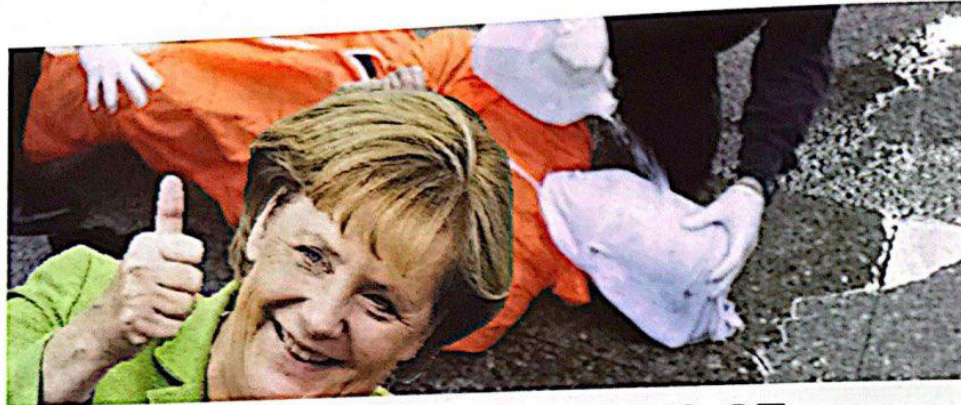
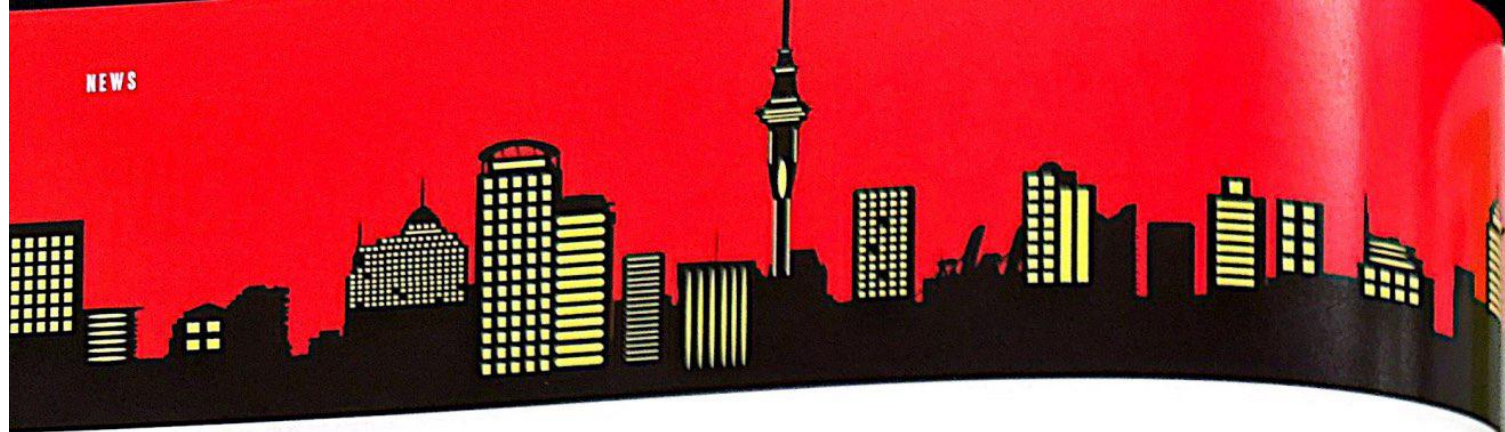
Key invited a number of incredibly wealthy people to a dinner during which he gave a speech saying he was "committed to a New Zealand for all rich New Zealand, American

and Chinese businesspeople" and promised his guests that the growing protests against the trade agreement would be "routinely ignored, just as normal".

Key also accepted an invitation to a party hosted by a rich businesswoman, who has requested that her name be suppressed. He spent the evening reassuring the gathering that he would do exactly what they told him, and pointed to his personal ties with big business as proof of his loyalties. It was reported

that by the end of the dinner, the Prime Minister was so far up his host's arse he could lick her tongue.





ANGELA MERKEL APPROVES OF WATERBOARDING

ANGELA MERKEL HAS LAST WEEK APPROVED the use of waterboarding in European Union negotiations, saying it's "not torture, but simply a negotiating tactic".

The move came after another Greek bailout was negotiated by EU leaders and adopted by the Greek government, despite the fact it flies in the face of the Greek Syr-

iza party's core beliefs. "Waterboarding is amazing", Merkel proudly exclaims. "We managed to convince a hardcore communist party to agree to the sale of state assets and a stripping of social benefits for their people. It only took a few sessions too!" When asked where she got the idea for the use of waterboarding she simply replied "Barack...."

TURKEY FINALLY SAYS "FUCK IT", DECLARES WAR ON EVERYONE

IN A STUNNING MOVE, THE NATION STATE OF Turkey has declared war on every other country in the world. In response to the increasing attacks along the border from the terrorist organisation known as Islamic State, and the growing discontent of Turkey's own Kurdish minority population, Turkey has finally snapped and blindly declared war on everyone.

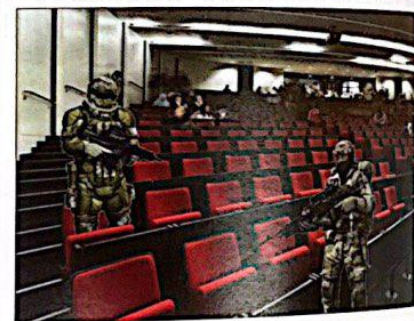
When asked for justification as to why they have declared war on both their European and Middle Eastern neighbours, a spokesman for the government simply said, "historically we used to own that land, so we decided to save time and just go to war with Islamic State at

the same time".

Asked if the government was particularly concerned about fighting any country the spokesman replied; "We are keeping a wary eye on the Americans, we have disturbing reports that they commit annual cannibalism in late November".



AMERICAN EXCHANGE STUDENTS SHOCKED BY LACK OF SCHOOL SHOOTINGS



RECENT STUDIES HAVE SHOWN THAT AMERICAN exchange students are disgusted and appalled by the lack of gun violence in New Zealand's universities. Throughout all schools in the United States, from elementary to university, students have become accustomed to the luxury of multiple school shootings per year.

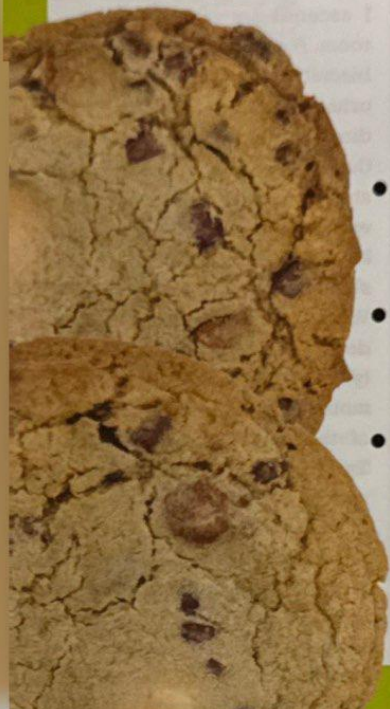
"It's something you don't realize how much you miss until it's gone", said Hank Miller, an exchange student from the University of Central Florida. "I used to look forward to getting to class each day and wondering which white guy would snap next, you know? My friends and I would make bets about it".

Joanne Anderson from Harvard University had similar thoughts on the subject. "Coming to New Zealand to study abroad has definitely been a huge culture shock for me. I went to Columbine High School so I grew up around school shootings. It's a part of who I am", Anderson told reporters. "I heard a loud bang the other day and my heart leapt in excitement — I felt like I was back home in the States. But it turned out to only be a car back-firing".



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THE GARDEN PARTY

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

W E REPAIR TO THE SMOKO room for instant coffee and manly discussion of the morning's events. The room is above the show. We see everything. The waddling Fat in their comfortable three quarter pants, grimly and single-mindedly towing suitcases stuffed with free samples, bowling obesely down the aisles and elbowing aside the bearded Trendy, who are discussing hip topics like the Paleo diet and Reality TV at a stand manned by the Bachelor, whose Clean Paleo operation is treated with diligent contempt by the bedizened Fucking Pretentious (or "foodies") as — leathery and loafered, stillettoed and grizzled — they hold their wine glasses like live grenades and conduct frowning conferences with fraudulent sommeliers behind the faux-oak fences of the tasting nook. Wayne, the gnarled forklift operator, surveys the scene. "Mate", he says, "you better come here right now". It sounds urgent. I come here. He points straight down. Straight into the cleavage of the girl manning the Green Tea stand. "Takes your breath away mate", he murmurs ruefully, "takes your bloody breath away". Wayne shakes his head at the injustice, the humanity of it all.

I roam. I do the bins. I roam. I do the bins. I walkie-talkie for a forkie. "Copy that mate", says the Voice of Wayne. Over at Nespresso, the Voice of George Clooney and its team of crisply-groomed and Orwellian-smocked technicians host

"Discovery Sessions". The Voice of George Clooney narrates a film: grinning Africans pick coffee beans, the sun rises over lush forests (birdsong, lowing water buffalo, prancing tigers), and in slow motion, serenaded by a complicit orchestra, the Nespresso Corporation brings peace and happiness to the Third World and extremely sexy coffee to the First. The spectators tearfully purchase three coffee machines each. The Voice of George Clooney tells them they're doing the right thing.

I find myself returning again and again to the Nespresso stand. I am drawn closer. I hear the Voice of George Clooney on the Walkie-Talkie. It says "don't be afraid, child". I float. Everything's going to be just fine. The Universe. The Universe. I am the Universe. I am all and nothing. I am George Clooney. Then the crackling Voice of Wayne shouts "Crew to Chiller 403!" "Thank God for Voice of Wayne: because suddenly I realise that I've got my wallet in my hand and one leg over the velvet rope. A Technician is beamingly exhibiting his magnificent teeth in my direction. I turn back to the world and my back on Nespresso. The Technician's face grows dark and stormy and he writes something down on a pad. Then he goes back to being a toothy lighthouse. "Roger Wayne. 10 4 M8".

And yes, you *might* well ask how I saw the darkening of his face after I had turned my back. You might very well ask that. I also wondered about that briefly: even gave it a couple of sentences before turning to the important business of Smoko #2. Smoko #2: no afghans this time. The biscuits had little black things in them. "Ho, ho", I thought, "chocolate chip". It was going to be a good smoko. Then, in a shocking twist (the betrayal, the treachery) it turned out that the chocolate chips were actually raisins. Those bastards. "B" (his only name) the enormous forklift operator, was particularly incensed. He seemed to regard it as an underhanded attempt by the Man to make him eat fruit. So he righteously hooned to KFC for a horrendous fami-

ly-sized super-bucket, which he gaffer-taped to the back of his forklift and spent the rest of the afternoon polishing off between forking assignments.

Meanwhile out the back, the (irrefutably retarded) monolith in charge of recycling was crouched behind the skip, looking through the scope of a big gun. I looked at him. "Hey bro", he managed. He didn't look like he was about to commit a massacre. Minding my own business, I stared pensively at the darkening sky, which, it occurred to me, as I turned over in my mind subjects like Love and Death, seemed foreboding, as if foreshadowing some catastrophe. A far-away look came over my face. My eyes were deep and soulful. Then there was but a pop, and a pigeon fell from the sky and smashed into the ground. It was twisted and broken. It twitched and bled. It was severely crippled. Ah but yes, I reflected profoundly, that pigeon is indeed a complete wreck. Oh pigeon, I whispered, as I gazed poetically into the dusk, are we not all, in our own way, severely crippled pigeons, wending our lonely way across the damp tarmac towards nothing? Moved by my brilliance, my power, I wept unabashedly. Ecstatic, I turned to the Recycling Monolith. "Oh Bro", I cried,

"isn't life... isn't life!" He did not reply, for he too understood, and was weeping.

Wow. Phew. Intense. I needed another break. Smoko #3: emotionally exhausted, but nonetheless radiant, epiphanic, glowing I ascended zenly to the break room. A scene of desolation. The biscuit tray was empty. The teapots were cold. The room was dim. Wayne was slumped against the windowsill: still. He stared straight down. I knew what he was looking at. "Tea, Wayne?" I tried. No answer. Wayne's shoulders were hunched. "Oh Wayne", I murmured, and sat down at one of the many empty tables. A heavy silence and mounting gloom. Below, the last of the customers, the Fat, the Trendy, the Fucking Pretentious wandered towards the exit, gazed ceilingwards. "April", softly opined, "is the cruellest month". The Recycling Monolith, still gently sobbing, drifted in and sat down at another table. How long did we sit there. Hours? Days? Years? At long last, Wayne turned his tear-stained face away from the window.

"Isn't life... Isn't life..." He could say no more. No matter. We understood.

"Isn't it, darling", said the Recycling Monolith.

"OH PIGEON, I WHISPERED, AS I GAZED POETICALLY INTO THE DUSK, ARE WE NOT ALL, IN OUR OWN WAY, SEVERELY CRIPPLED PIGEONS, WENDING OUR LONELY WAY ACROSS THE DAMP TARMAC TOWARDS NOTHING?"



FILM MESSTIVAL

WITH CHRIS

THE CROWD AT THE CIVIC FELL silent. It was eight o'clock, and *The Lobster* was set to begin. Ten minutes passed. Jordan (Craccum editor, slightly drunk) on my left voiced displeasure. Another fifteen. The crowd tentatively resumed its conversations. Jordan resumed his with gusto. Eventually someone stepped up to a podium. They acknowledged Matariki and introduced the festival director.

I'd heard and liked him before. Impassive but articulate and trivia-heavy. For the next seven hours he read from a sheet of paper, acknowledging sponsors, venues, the Academy. Eventually he came to the film at hand and visibly livened, declaring it an attack on conventional beliefs regarding romance and relationships. Then, to prove his point, he introduced Len Brown, Mayor of Auckland.

Mayor Brown didn't speak directly to his own prominent adultery. He vaguely addressed his respect for the film festival. Somebody in the rafters screamed "WHATEVER!" He swerved into a confusing tangent about how popular *The Dark Horse* had been. The heckler reminded him about his sex scandal. Brown rebutted criticisms nobody had voiced regarding the Council's indifference to film, with vague details of land being put aside, possibly for studios. The heckler was bested. He'd briefly been a hero, voicing popular frustration at the film starting 40 minutes late, but now it was starting and his time was over.

The movie was pretty good. It took place around a hotel for the unacceptably single, who

were given a brief opportunity to find a suitable life partner or be transformed into an animal of their choosing. Standard stuff. Critically lauded. For an hour it moved quickly, bleakly, wryly. The second half moved out of the hotel, and I flagged a little. It was the first of many hints of dilettante inadequacy, philistine embarrassment at loving something less than one ought to.

It was complicated and metaphorical. Seeing films with people is rough because you're expected to talk afterwards, despite it taking a couple of hours for thoughts to surface. Jordan disappeared into the night – strong exit strategy – leaving two of us scrambling for superficial observations. We agreed we needed time to reflect, to get back to each other. Shifted topics, silently relieved that with two more movies tomorrow we'd never return to sifting through our *Lobster* feelings.

She mentioned how female-centric the programme felt, and I subconsciously congratulated myself. 19 hours later I walked out of *The Diary of a Teenage Girl* terrified I was a misogynist. There aren't enough films made about female experiences, or by female writers or directors. This had been, and was pretty good, I think, and I didn't relate. I'd been an adult (well, 20) since midnight, and male since like 11 weeks into gestation, and struggled to find empathy for the lady-child's adolescent myopia. I just counted through my ticket stubs. Fewer than 50% of the films featured female protagonists. Three were directed by women. I silently retracted the congratulations.

I made plans to see *The Assassin* again. I'd been too tired to follow much, and my friend (who'd fallen asleep and was wracked with guilt) had a spare ticket. Someone in front nodded off. Their breath synchronised with the drums on the score, it was amusing. I understood about 11% more than I had first time around.

A friend phoned in with a story. She'd been to see Peggy Guggenheim: *Art Addict*. Or rather, she'd gone to the screening,

"MAYOR BROWN DIDN'T SPEAK DIRECTLY TO HIS OWN PROMINENT ADULTERY. HE VAGUELY ADDRESSED HIS RESPECT FOR THE FILM FESTIVAL. SOMEBODY IN THE RAFTERS SCREAMED 'WHATEVER!'"

been shown to her seats by an usher, and watched the opening of a feature about the Pet Shop Boys. After a few minutes someone came in to apologise for playing the wrong film, and switched it over to one about nuclear testing. Which also wasn't art. She waited for the next apology, pleased it'd make a good anecdote. She glanced conspiratorially at the people next to her, excited to share in the common bemusement. They weren't bemused. Eventually she realised that she was a week early, and had accidentally sneaked into a documentary about Green-

peace. Partially curious, partially embarrassed (and too deep in the front to escape surreptitiously) she stayed until the end; bored, and guilty about her boredom.

I worried I'd spent hours and stacks on movies without seeing anything I really loved. Three days from the end I caught *The End of the Tour*, a film featuring Jason Segel. It was accessible, affectless, and entirely about the relationship of two insecure dudes. They ate candy and struggled to embody their ideals. I loved it, and hated myself.



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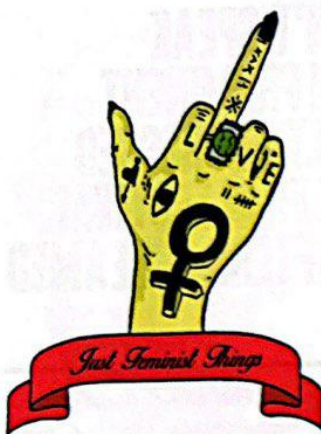
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SEVEN WEIRD AND EASY WAYS TO GET RID OF THE WAGE GAP

WITH LAYNIA

“DON’T TELL ME YOU ACTUALLY believe in the wage gap”, he says, staring me straight in the eyes. He looked puzzled, he was challenging me. I assured him I did.

“You’re telling me that men and women are paid differently for the same job?”

“Well, it’s more complicated than that, but yeah”, I reply.

“But that’s illegal!” he protests, as if it’s the most irrational thing in the world. As if there is no world in which this would *actually* happen. As if its illegal status would surely result in the lack of the wage gap. As if.

It was a Friday night. My friends and I, drunk on gin and Raro, were arguing over whether or not sexism and racism exist in New Zealand. My friend, who believed that the wage gap held the same amount of truthfulness as did a letter from Hogwarts, was adamant that it didn’t.

Of course, the cases where men and women working the exact same job but are getting paid different amounts are not all that common. But the wage gap isn’t a narrow term that only covers the discrepancy between a man and a woman working in the same job. The wage gap is a term that covers the whole phenomenon wherein qualified, educated and

hardworking women work within a system that tends to pay, promote and grant opportunities to equally qualified, educated and hardworking men MORE.

A quick search on Google about the wage gap brings up heaps of infographics, articles and videos where I am told that the wage gap doesn’t actually exist to the extent that I think it does, and if it does it’s all my fault. Of course, this is all explained to me by rich white men who are experts in the area of female oppression. Let me summarise for you what I have learned from these men.

Wage gap is a myth. A lie. Men and women get paid the same in the same job. Men and women have different careers. Women take maternity leave. Men work more hours. It’s not actually a 22 cent gap, but more like 18. Actually, it’s 12. Actually, it is 22. Actually, it’s 5-7. Actually, it doesn’t even *really* exist, ‘cause there’s only a 4 cent gap. Women, stop complaining. This is all your own fault. **CHECK MATE FEMINISTS**. Wow, dudes. You showed me.

So, it seems like my gender is wrongly pissed off about being underpaid. Seriously, ladies? Let’s take some responsibility for this and own up to our own wrongdoings. It is obviously our fault that we’re getting underpaid. But you know what they say... If you don’t like something, change it. So I decided to put together a guide for you on how to get paid the same as a man. I present to you:

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR WAGE GAP

1. DON’T BE A WOMAN. Because you will be underpaid, and die (eventually.) Don’t be a woman of colour, don’t be a trans woman. Just don’t do it, promise?

2. BE A MAN. More importantly, be a white man. Even if you have the same job, education level, work experience and hours as a woman, you’re more likely to be better paid if you are a man. Even if the difference is 4 cents more. But that’s not all! Become a man today, and you might even find yourself more promotable, or more likely to be granted roles

higher up in the corporate ladders.

3. IF YOU CAN’T BE A MAN, PUT A MAN’S NAME ON YOUR RESUME. You’ll be viewed as more competent, more likely to get a call back, and even be offered a higher salary by about \$4,000 annually! Choice!

4. DON’T HAVE CHILDREN, GET MARRIED AND TURN 44. Ugh – if you choose to do any of these things, I am sorry ladies, but you **CHOOSE** to get underpaid. Single, childless women between the ages of 35 to 43 make on average the same as men in the same field. So stop having children! Stop getting married and for goodness’ sake **STOP TURNING 44**. If you do have children, don’t take maternity leave, even if people call you a bad mother. Because what’s really important here?

5. GET SOME ‘MAN-LIKE’ NEGOTIATION SKILLS. I know, you’ve probably been called a bitch or bossy your whole life every time you’ve asserted yourself, while your male counterparts were deemed as authoritative when they did the same, but forgo that conditioning! It’s the only thing holding you back.

6. STOP GOING FOR LOWER PAYING JOBS. Enter STEM fields or something. Even if your whole life you’ve been socialised and encouraged to do other kinds of work. Even if there

is a shortage of women role models in these areas. Even if these areas can be really inhospitable for cis and trans women. Just do it. And when you still find yourself dealing with rampant sexism and discrimination, refer to point 1 and 2. Easy.

7. STOP DOING FEMININE WORK. I can’t think of a more surefire way of getting paid less than a man, than by doing work that is deemed inferior. Doesn’t it make sense? Working in care, social sciences, education and arts is SO feminine. Women tend to make up most of these areas, so no wonder they are lower paid than male dominated fields. Let’s face it, the only reason you’re getting underpaid is because of your culturally acceptable career choices that you’ve been socialised to do since before you were born. Ignore the fact that men working in ‘feminine’ fields tend to be better paid and hold more leadership positions.

There, doesn’t that sound easy? Getting rid of the wage gap is all within your power. There is no point in addressing the serious cultural and social forces working against women in the workforce. You’re not getting underpaid because of sexual discrimination; you’re getting underpaid because you choose to be. So what are you waiting for?

“MY FRIENDS AND I, DRUNK ON GIN AND RARO, WERE ARGUING OVER WHETHER OR NOT SEXISM AND RACISM EXIST IN NEW ZEALAND. MY FRIEND, WHO BELIEVED THAT THE WAGE GAP HELD THE SAME AMOUNT OF TRUTHFULNESS AS DID A LETTER FROM HOGWARTS, WAS ADAMANT THAT IT DIDN’T.”



PRETENSION BY PERRY LIKE YOU JUST DON'T CARE

UNIVERSITY IS AN INSTITUTION of learning. I understand that. Questioning is a part of learning. This too I understand. But why, may I ask, must you ask a question in every lecture? I'm going to format this column a little differently. There are six broad categories that lecture-question-askers can be placed into. Let's examine those now:

1. CAPTAIN ADMIN: Captain Admin I love you. I am not the model student and so don't always check Cecil. I need people like you to fill me and the rest of the class in. But when the class gets derailed and becomes a twenty minute lecture about what the course aims to do I get slightly impatient. Still, keep up the good work.

2. THE OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T READ: There are people in almost every class who ask a question, the answer to which is in the reading. Not just in some cryptic hieroglyphic form either. Usually just stated very plainly. The asker of the question, usually with the look of a man or woman who thinks they're doing the class a favour, invariably asks something that he/she would have spotted if that had simply picked up the one sodding book the class had been asked to read that week.

3. THE OBVIOUSLY HAVE READ: The Obviously Have Read is an interesting character (and I use the word interesting quite wrongly). He/she has at some point picked up a book, or an article, or, more likely, heard of something. Emboldened by having mastered this feat they feel the need to let every other person on the planet know. Oft times you may find yourself enjoying a lecture for once, on the subject of 20th century history say, and be interrupted by the crow-baring of Plato's name by some T.O.H.R.

4. THE THEORIST: The theorist is, by definition (which I am making up so I know to be true), an ass. He/she is someone who, at the tender age of twenty something, has spotted something that the academics who have studied the subject longer than the theorist has been alive, have missed. They've managed to find minute

details that were obviously overlooked and curiously important and so need to interrupt my lecture to present their thesis.

5. THE EXPERIENCE HAVEN: These ones are less common but no less irritating. They've lived you see. They've seen the actual application of Kant's theories whilst policing the humble state of Uzbekistan. They're having seen this clearly makes them an expert on par with our professors of fifteen years.

6. THE MORON: That is all that I can say about this person without fear of defamation.

The thing that all of these six character types have in common is that they're terrible. I mean really awful. Now I can't stress this point enough, they're the worst of us. The simple fact of the matter is that we, collectively, pay a metric fuck ton to go to a lecture and listen to not them talk. The fact that all of the chairs are pointing toward the man or woman at the front is indicative of the fact that we want to hear them speak.

Now Nathan, you're saying, people that ask questions also pay their share to be in that room and just want to get their money's worth. I hear you, but I'm paying the exact same amount and I'm not interrupting in order to ask a painfully stupid question and derail the lecture for everyone

else. What's more, there are so many times to ask your question. You have 10 minutes either side of the lecture where you can ask your question. You have ten minutes in the lecture break to ask your question. You have an office hour to go to. You have an entire tutorial so that you can do nothing but ask questions. And if you still don't get a chance to ask your sodding question you have the lecturer's email address! You can literally ask him/her any time you want!

But Nathan, you continue in your stupid imaginary voice, what if the rest of the class is going to gain something by a jackass asking a question? Poor question, I reply, but I also thank you for not asking me during a lecture. If there is something to be gained in asking the question then the lecturer will likely realise it once you've asked him/her privately and then bring it up themselves. Luckily lecturers tend to be quite smart. Odd right? And can likely tell when something is relevant.

So you see, you waste my time. You waste my money. You waste my patience. But hey it's only education right? Basically just a party for us young kids. So throw your arms up. Raise them to the sky. Block out the sun with your hideous hands. Yes throw your hands in the air like you just don't care. Because clearly you don't.

YOU ARE
INVITED TO...

Play CRICKET!

© AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB

WHO:

Anyone

WHERE:

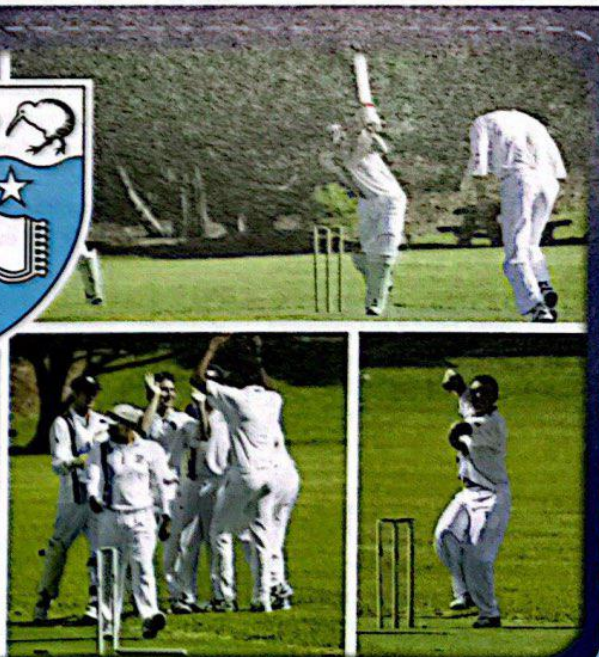
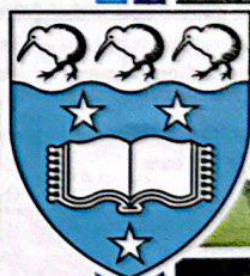
Colin Maiden Park, Merton Rd, Auckland

WHAT:

2-Day and One Day Cricket – Saturday Afternoons
Twenty20 Cricket – Sunday afternoons
Twilight Cricket – Mondays & Tuesdays after work
Children's Cricket – Saturday Mornings

HOW:

Go to WWW.AUCC.CO.NZ
for registration details and more info





KANT OR WON'T? CELESTIAL NORTH KOREA

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, famed author of *God Is Not Great*, was notable for holding antitheist beliefs. These he distinguished from atheist beliefs on the basis that an antitheist believes that the existence of God would be regrettable. While atheism is simply a matter of evidence, antitheism is a matter of adherence to liberal political principles.

Interestingly, his reasons for keeping his fingers crossed that we are the highest power in the

universe are inextricably dependent on observations from human society. His general conclusion is: were an all-powerful being to exist, it would be akin to a "celestial North Korea", a dictatorship on a much larger scale.

Upon reflection, it seems difficult to see why anyone should be concerned by this. Dictatorships, after all, are only problematic because of the human flaws that cause such suffering under them. In the absence of those limitations, what's not to love about being slave-puppets of an omnipotent Kim Jong-un? The reason it sucks to be North Korean is because the leaders are subject to the greed and ideology that leads them to abuse human rights and keep everyone poor. If God has everything and holds no stupid beliefs, it follows that he'll be a more benevolent and wise despot. We can all enjoy a functioning economy and torture-free government in heaven.

The second idea is more loftily principled. Hitchens says that, regardless of the above advantages, the mere existence of an omnipotent being compromises

free will. The most intuitive reaction to this is indifference. If a deity set the Universe's particles all in motion like dominos, and every eventuality is inevitable, it surely doesn't matter provided I can still enjoy the luxuries of life. As long as I labour under the illusion of control and don't suffer for it, what's there to complain about? It also seems pretty difficult to exercise free will when dead, and the existence of a deity offers eternal life to solve that whole problem.

But the main thing that strikes me is the obvious fact that Hitchens is wrong about free will. Not only is it possible while a God exists, it seems like that is the only way in which it is possible. After all, it doesn't matter if the Universe

came to its present state through creation or natural physical processes. The end result is that my body and mind is made up of lots of particles, all with predetermined velocities and directions. If the universe is merely a huge petri dish, there can surely be no free will in the philosophical sense.

The existence of God, however, presents a unique opportunity. A being that can do what the laws of physics would dictate is impossible, and grant free will to conscious beings. To an omnipotent being, it surely doesn't matter that science would tell us that our fates are all predetermined. Such a deity would be the only way in which free will could ever truly belong to us. Perhaps God is great after all.

"BUT THE MAIN THING THAT STRIKES ME IS THE OBVIOUS FACT THAT HITCHENS IS WRONG ABOUT FREE WILL. NOT ONLY IS IT POSSIBLE WHILE A GOD EXISTS, IT SEEMS LIKE THAT IS THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE."



MISTER MISOGYNY

WITH JAMES BROWN

OF RECENT WEEKS THE limitations of writing this column have made themselves felt. I write this column in a vacuum, largely for my own self-amusement though with a hope at least a few people might be entertained by my ramblings. So when I inevitably cross the line or say something others may not agree with, I have no idea I have done so, so when I finally find out it comes as a major shock.

Recently I was informed that my writings are misogynist, which came as a massive shock, one that has festered ever since and which I need to let out, try and examine through the medium of this column. For someone who considers himself to be open, tolerant and a believer in many leftist viewpoints including woman's rights, to be called misogynist is a major blow, that somehow I cannot live up to my own

The dictionary definition of Misogyny is 'dislike of, contempt for, or ingrained prejudice against women.' I feel that on that scale I am considered to be in the third category, and that somewhere along the line I must have picked up prejudice against women that has leaked into my writings. I can't put my finger on where this has leaked through, but it must have somewhere and for what it's worth I

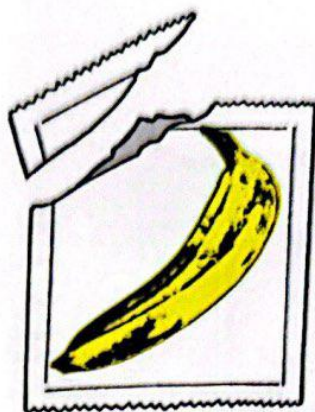
apologise.

I have said frequently that Feminism scares me, and I feel it is now time to come clean about that. Yes, it does scare me. Why? Because it makes me feel inadequate, or bad, that because I was born with a penis it means that I am automatically a bad person. That to be a man is to automatically be an oppressor who looks down upon woman and belittles their achievements. I don't want to feel that way, that I am a bad person because of my gender. Maybe the fact that I feel this way is a good thing, that I am acutely aware of my 'male privilege' and uncomfortable that I have it.

I am a firm believer in 'integrative complexity', in taking alternate points of view, perspectives and possibilities into account when thinking. To be trapped in

your own worldview, to be narrow-minded and unable to accept new points of view and to feel righteous that you are objectively and right and everyone else is morally wrong is dangerous. The world is shades of grey (Insert lame joke here), always has been and always will be. Becoming opinionated and antagonistic over certain points of view is narrowing the field and reducing options for discourse. I welcome dialogue on where I have gone wrong and why I am misogynistic so I can answer for myself and hopefully learn a thing or two. Because maybe as a man I am automatically a woman-hating jackarse, but any man can change if they have the will to do so. Isn't that one of the many messages of Feminism?

I really should just shut up before the hole I'm digging for myself reaches the earth's core.



TAKING THE PUSS JUST EWAN ME: AN ENCOUNTER WITH AUCKLAND'S KIM — SORRY, KING — OF COFFEE.

WITH MONA DAHL

READER, I AM BEATEN. I AM RESIGNED. Sophie Webb, in yet another astute and watertight argument, has filled me up with such shame and remorse at my wild and devilish ways that I have decided to give up this ungodly column and turn my creative energy to a purer, more family-friendly routine. How about food criticism? There's no way that could endanger any moral values. In seeking the redemption of my sooty soul, I review the star of Auckland's recent Food Show; the work of the charming and talented

De'Longhi-repping barista- according to the categories used to judge coffee he explained to me.

LOOK: Certainly, no faults to pick here. This neat serving of hot stimulation has a shimmering caramel-coloured surface, taut and smooth, enveloped in chic black and grey. Just gazing at this voluptuous yet lean creation makes me shiver with anticipation. **9/10.**

FEEL: What the master-judges search for, I am told, is silkiness. From the first touch to the lips, this is certainly in evidence. Solutions intermingle with sensuous ease, and my heart is racing almost immediately. The sensation derived from this delicious experience is intense, the satiny texture a delight. In this sector the gentleman's effort merits a 10/10: I had to restrain myself from uttering a vocal expression of appreciation.

TASTE: This, some would say, is the true test of value. The creamy part of the product flows into one's mouth after the initial strong and slightly bitter onslaught; this itself not unpleasant due to the aforementioned intensely exciting and attractive appearance of the thing. Swallowing this perfectly primed white substance is reflexive — I have no hesitation, as I have had before with similar liquids. **10/10.**

BALANCE: The artisan, increasingly revered as the best in his game, unfortunately lacks something in this department. While the 'giving' provides your correspondent with around four and half minutes of pleasure, the 'receiving' part demands much from the consumer — over half an hour of concentrated effort. Though I have markedly less experience than the barista, I would recommend he remedy this unevenness, for the greater satisfaction of his customers. **4/10.**

FLAIR: What makes a barista memorable? The question this expert seems on the brink of answering. When the basics are perfected, through years of practice, it's the quirks that linger in the memory of those who have partaken. This practitioner certainly per-

formed, hitting your writer with his best shot — in the eye. This invigorating — some may even say fertilising — fluid certainly kept me up all night, in part because I could not close the affected peeper for the stinging. I was glad it was not the even more insomniac-making double shot. **7/10.**

So, the subject of my first review tallies a respectable 38/50. If this were *Come Dine With Me*, this skilled roaster, grinder, and infuser of warm liquids would probably walk away with the prize — though this would require him to eat out four nights a week...

Highly recommended hospitality, summarily: I will certainly visit again.

"I HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE UP THIS UNGODLY COLUMN AND TURN MY CREATIVE ENERGY TO A PURER, MORE FAMILY-FRIENDLY ROUTINE. HOW ABOUT FOOD CRITICISM? THERE'S NO WAY THAT COULD ENDANGER ANY MORAL VALUES."

"LITTLE SISTER"

Well, it's just you and me, while your sis is off gallivanting with the bae.



You'll learn all about this, when you're older. The sacred art of the third wheel.

And you won't be able to double date either, because straight people get awkward when they have to acknowledge you're a lesbian.



Oh, I know about lesbians. My friend Stacey has two mums.

Hah! So they've got it going on, twice.



Sorry, that was rude of me to spring onto you like you'd have any idea what to say to it.

AFTER GAINING SUPER-POWERS FROM A MAGICAL NIGHT OF DRINKING, FIVE UNIVERSITY FRIENDS (DANIEL, RABIA, GARY, BECCA AND JACK) HAVE GONE TO MADI GRAS TO TRY AND HONE THEIR NEW ABILITIES IN THEIR QUEST TO BECOME SUPERHEROES.

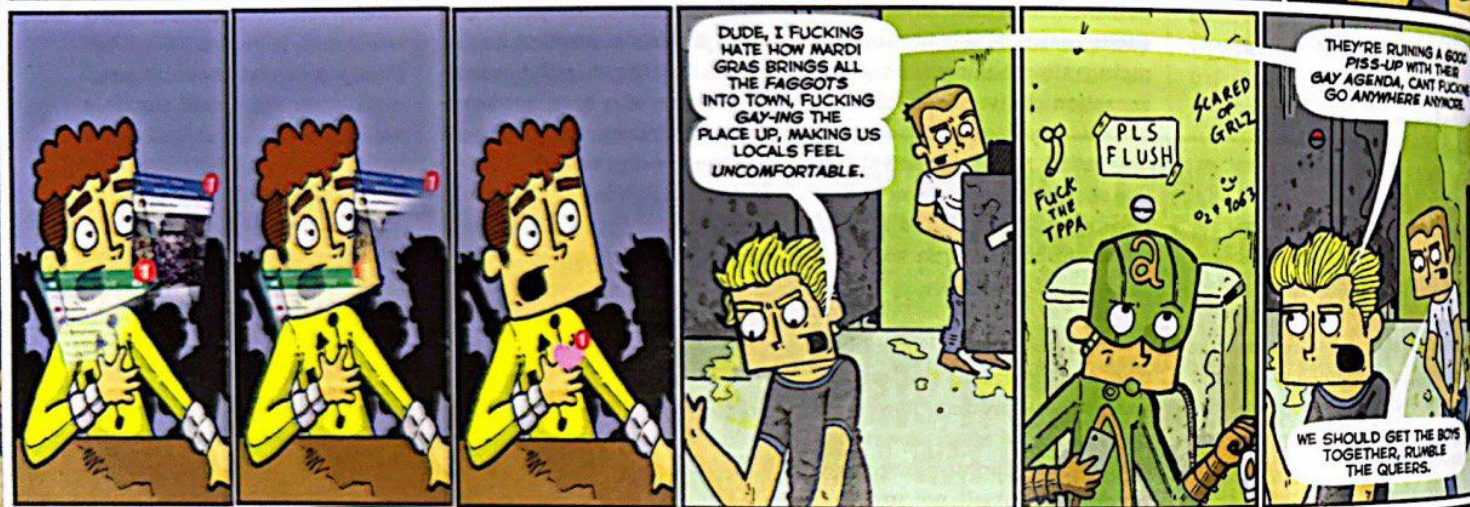
THIS IS THAT PARTY.

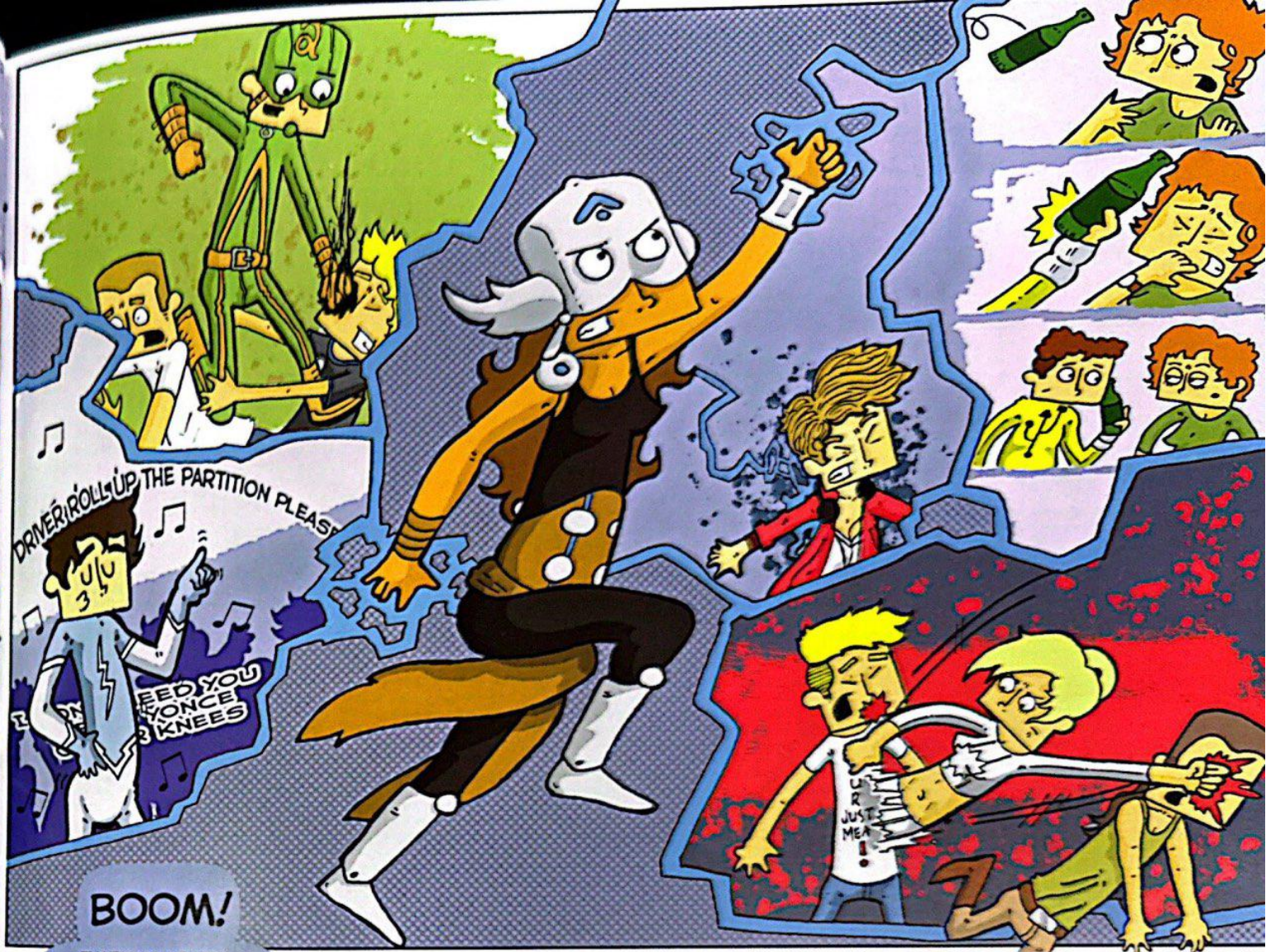
BASED ON TRUE, SLIGHTLY ALTERED, EVENTS.

DRINKING BODDIES OF JUSTICE

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON

LIGHTSPEED: SUPERSPEED.
ARCHILLISHEEL! GAINS THE POWER OF A SH... WHENEVER OVERLY EATING.
CONNECTWORK: POWERS OF AN I-PAD.
WHITEPOWERS: CAN TELEPORT THROUGH THE COLOR WHITE.
CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM: SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH WHEN DRUNK.





BOOM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
GET FOR EXPRESSING YOUR
OWN INSECURITIES ABOUT
SEXUALITY THROUGH
VIOLENCE ONTO A
MINORITY! SON!



I THINK WE SHOULD
MOVE THE PARTY
BACK TO THE HOUSE...



SURE. I'LL
CATCH UP WITH
YOU GUYS LATER.
I HAVE TO
GO TAKE CARE
OF SOMETHING...



THE FOLLOWING
MORNING...



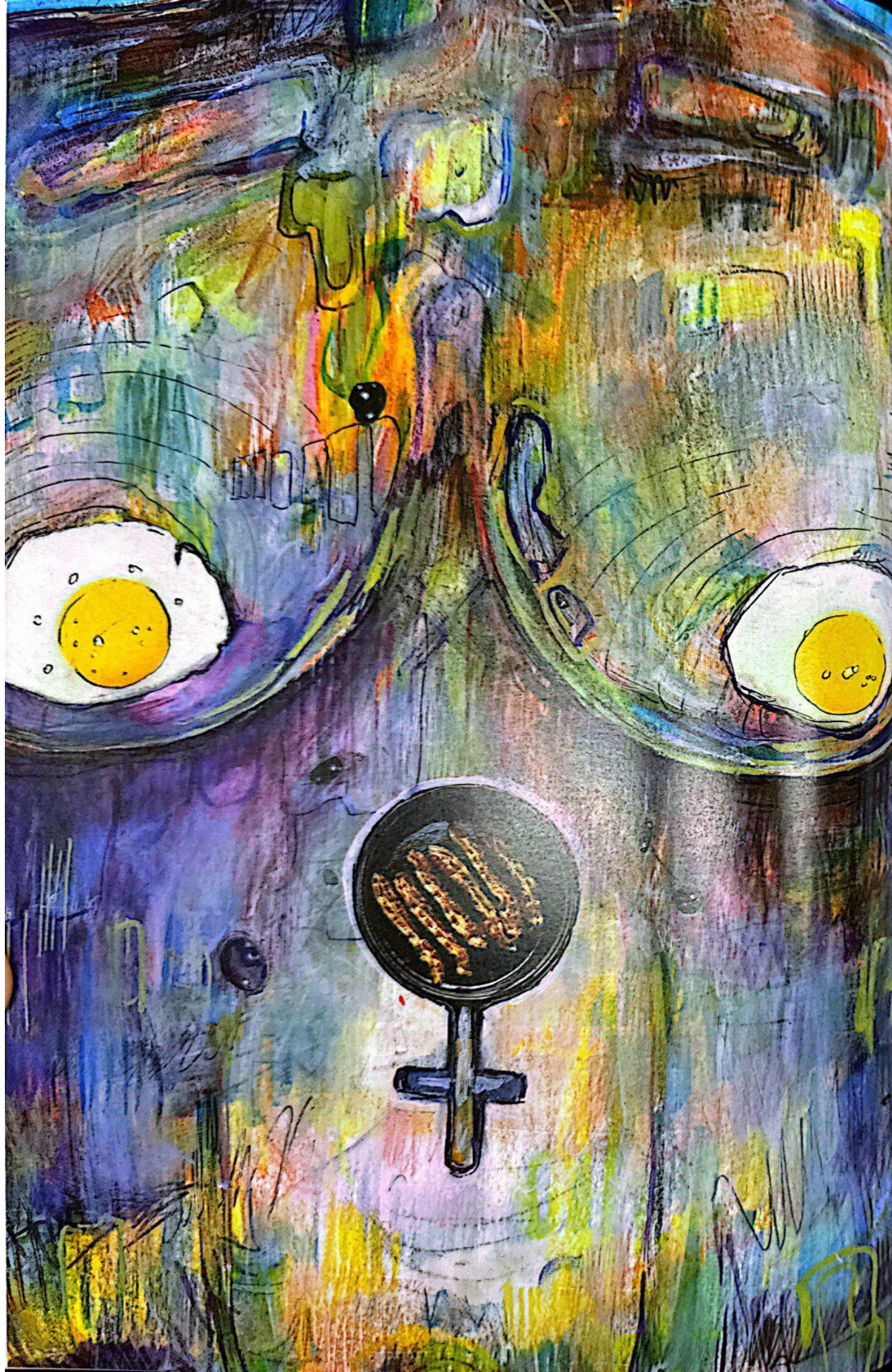
DON'T
EVEN
SAY IT.

I FUCKING
TOLD YOU SO!

THEY SAY
IT'S GOOD
FOR THE HAIR.

NO THEY
DON'T.





FREE THE NIPPLE

FEATURE BY ASHLEIGH HARRIS

FREE THE NIPPLE IS A WORLDWIDE MOVEMENT that aims to de-sexualise the female anatomy – specifically female breasts. In the 21st Century, the idea that a woman cannot show her breasts, while males are free to, is absolutely archaic.

Women are continually embarrassed by things that they physically can't help. Periods, sexuality, breasts: these are all natural parts of womanhood that have shame attached to them. Being female is literally used as an insult in daily conversation. Phrases such as 'don't be a bitch', 'you're acting like a girl', 'you're a pussy' are all used to shame men. Like having a vagina is something to be ashamed of.

I am sick of seeing females' subconscious tell them they should be embarrassed by their bodies. Social constructs tell women that because straight men like our bodies, we should cover them, be as secretive as possible about them.

Despite significant social and economic advances in recent centuries for women, we are still far from being treated as equals. There is a great amount of pressure to dress a certain way to avoid the objectifying male gaze and unwanted attention. Victim blaming situations often focus on the dress of the victim as a contributing factor to the crime occurring.

The relentless sexualisation of the female anatomy is to blame for this nonsensical bullshit. Even casual discussion of the female body and sexuality in conversation is seen as a taboo topic. During intermediate and early high-school, I vividly remember gangly teenage boys openly boasting about watching porn and jacking off, loud and proud. Masturbation was *not* something girls admitted to, nor was pubic hair, or any aspect of being a female. This shows the extreme gender divide, during the ages where teens are coming to terms with themselves and their bodies. None of us were told, **HEY, THIS IS NORMAL! IT'S OKAY!! HORMONES HAPPEN TO EVERYONE!** Myself and the girls I knew kind of just went into denial of our biological makeup and sexualities.

The best way to de-stigmatise a topic is to talk about it, come to terms with it, and accept it. In this way, young girls can accept their bodies much more easily because it's not constantly avoided in conversation.

Lack of conversation and thereby normalisa-

tion of female sexuality and anatomy weirdly translates later in life to the female anatomy becoming sort of deified, put on a pedestal. It's not hard to see why some men try to earn sex with money. The female body is treated like some sacred, special prize, because God forbid girls actually want to have sex.

Can we also please discuss the fact that men's bodies are great as well? I don't understand all this glorifying of one gender. As a straight female, I love men! I could write a list! A very long list! There is no explanation as to why we need to elevate one gender as sexier – bodies are subjective regardless.

Side note: men once weren't allowed to show their nipples either, until around 1936. But, in light of how ridiculous this was, men began rejecting the stigma and started showing their nips anyway. If only it were that easy, huh?

The thing is — women still aren't being treated like three dimensional people. Because of lack of respect for females, and our constant sexualisation, our culture glorifies the female body above all her other aspects. Above talent, aspiration, emotion, depth. This gives some men an extremely warped view of women when they see them in day to day life. If you only see someone for their body and their ability to bring you pleasure, it's easy to forget they're a person just like you.

In saying that, I need to clarify that of course there is nothing wrong with being attracted to females. But it's rude to stare, and it's rude to harass and it's a crime to assault, which is happening in part due to society's excessive sexualisation of female bodies (as well as many oth-

"SOME PEOPLE ARE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT BECAUSE BOOBS MAKE THEM HORNY, THEY ARE INHERENTLY RELATED TO SEX AND SHOULD BE COVERED, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY."

er contributing factors, but I would like to keep this an essay, not a novel).

Female breasts are the same as men's, but with more fat tissue. The reason females have more breast tissue is because women are biologically prepared to produce milk for their children. Nipples develop in the womb for both males and females. Women have two 'X' chromosomes, while men have 'XY', meaning they have many undeveloped biological traits that women have – such as nipples.

This takes me to my next point.

BOOBS ARE NOT REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS, YOU IDIOT.

Some people are under the impression that because boobs make them horny, they are inherently related to sex and should be covered, effective immediately. Boobs have been sexualised because of lack of exposure in society since forever. Once you become exposed to something often, it becomes normalised. Social norms in Western culture shouldn't be the bottom line. In many, many African tribes, women freely show their breasts because there is no cultural stigma around doing so.

Unfortunately, everything applies to culture and the resulting social constructs in place. This includes what part of their bodies women can show. Facebook and Instagram are just two of many social media sites that enforce a ban on pictures depicting the female areola and nipple. With all these social influences telling us showing our nipples and breasts is wrong – no one does it.

For another example, take shaving. The only reason women and girls shave is because razors became commercially available. Soon after, everyone had as much hair as a 2 year old because *do-you-really-want-to-be-that-weird-person?*

Basically, the fact that females can't show their boobs just as a male would is extremely outdated and makes no sense, particularly in situations where it's deemed socially acceptable for a man to show his chest. I can't wait to see this topic getting more and more attention and normalisation – it's going to take a while – but hopefully soon women will be able to finally rid themselves of that horrible bikini tan line, for goodness sake, without any shame associated.



AUCKLAND'S RAILWAYS: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

FEATURE BY MICHAEL ADAMS

DELAYS, CANCELLATIONS, CROWDED trains, missed connections. That's Auckland's rail network for you. Though it's been a great source of excuses for late assignments, it's a pain when you're getting home from Shadz and the last train at 8:58pm is cancelled. Yet has anyone realised that most of today's problems stem from the decisions of those before us who, as usual, didn't give a crap about the future bar a few notable individuals? But I'm ahead of myself. Let's start with 1873 and Auckland's first railway which, like so much else, took forever to actually happen.

AUCKLAND-ONEHUNGA: THE START

Until the 1870s, each city in New Zealand had a provincial government, which meant railway construction was unorganised. Plans for a railway from Auckland to Drury to assist in the Maori Land Wars led to construction starting in 1864, but work stopped a year later. In fact, nothing happened until 1870 when Julius Vogel, the first Good Bastard of railways stepped in. His plan was to set up a national railway network of the same track gauge or width between rails (so you don't have to get up at 1am to change trains as occurred on Melbourne-Sydney trains because the tracks were different in size until the 1960s,

but that's another story).

AUCKLAND RAIL: CHOKING AND STRANDED

The railways had it reasonably well until motor transport started competing in the 1930s. But there were still issues. When the ANZACs were fighting in Europe, the railways had trouble keeping up with traffic. You could train to Wellington overnight in around 20

hours behind 4 cylinder steam locomotives (the A class) using steam twice to save on coal and water (now it's 10 and a half hours). You could reach Rotorua by a special train, the most premier express after the Wellington trains, and freight was travelling to all corners of New Zealand. Suburban trains ran from Waitakere to Papakura. Yet, there was only one set of tracks to carry all of the extra trains.

Worst of all was that the trains had to climb a steep hill from Auckland to Remuera which limited how fast they could go. The track alongside the Southern motorway disappears underneath the Remuera Viaduct at a grade of 1 metre down for every 50 metres towards Newmarket. For trains, that's pretty steep. To gain capacity, a second track was laid alongside from Auckland to Westfield during the war.

Auckland's first station had only three platforms and they were shortened as a result of the Post Office being built right at the end of them. Even after the war ended, there was still an issue with capacity until the 1920s. In the era of Great Gatsby, a Government Department (yes, the railways were not expected to make a profit until the 1980s) could now afford to splurge and Auckland was to

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REALISED THAT
MOST OF TODAY'S
PROBLEMS STEM
FROM THE DECISIONS
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ABOUT THE FUTURE"**

"SO WHEN YOU ACCUSE LEN BROWN OF GOING LOOPY, JUST REMEMBER THERE WAS A PROVEN EXAMPLE THAT DID WORK. PITY HE PLAYED IN THE BUSH WITH BEVAN CHUANG."

be one of the recipients. A new station of a similar vein to Wellington, and just as impressive as Grand Central, was to be built on the Strand and a new track via Glen Innes to Westfield would mean trains heading south could do so with more goods and passengers and at faster speeds, since the track was flatter. How much? Remuera was 81 metres above the sea. The new track was only 24. Both projects were finished as the Depression got underway in 1930. Two things were apparent in the new Auckland Station. This station was formerly used as accommodation for university until renovations exceeded expectations. I imagine someone will say the renovation money went to the Vice Chancellor's bank account...

First, it was a kilometre out of the city centre, useless nowadays but it gave the railways more space to build more platforms. There were trams running all over Auckland at the time and the idea was that, since most people had to get onto a tram to get to work anyway, it wasn't really an issue. Second, the station was a through station as opposed to a terminal. It meant that, with the new track through Glen Innes carrying on from the old line to Newmarket, a loop was made, which kept delays to a minimum since trains from the south could head south without any marshalling. So when you accuse Len Brown of going loopy, just remember there was a proven example that did work.

Pity he played in the bush with Bevan Chuang.

ROBBIE'S RAPID RAIL AND WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

By 1969, steam had been replaced by diesel but nothing else changed. Trains still ran out to Waitakere and Papakura as well as Onehunga with carriages from the early 20th century. Something needed to change and Dove Myer Robinson, Auckland's mayor at the time agreed. A Rapid rail transit system was drawn up which would see the network electrified, new lines built to the airport via Mt Roskill (a proposal had been around since the 1930s, this would've followed State Highway 20 from Avondale), Whangaparora (which would give the North Shore a rail link, gone since the trams stopped in the 1930s), Howick and finally a City Rail Loop, similar to the proposal from Len Brown today. History has a horrible habit of repeating itself (should see a therapist for that) and back then, the National Gov-

ernment under Robert Muldoon decided in 1976 not to provide any Government funds to the project similar to the delay in funds from the National Government today.

Without the investment sorely needed, the suburban network languished. The railways had given up to the point where in 1989, the lowest patronage was at around 1 million a year. It got worse when the railways became a corporation in 1984, which meant they now had to make a profit.

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

We hate the Aussies from time to time. They sledged their way to winning the Cricket World Cup, they treat everyone that isn't white like crap, and as far as planning their railways go, it couldn't have been any worse. But without them, Auckland wouldn't have a suburban rail network. In 1993, Perth was electrifying its suburban rail network, leaving several diesel trains obsolete. Since Western Australia has the same track gauge as New Zealand, Trans Rail snapped up the trains and set them to work thanks to Raymond Siddals (another Good Bastard) who was supposed to shut down the Auckland trains but found they could make a profit. Known as the ADL and ADK, they have only just been withdrawn. The upgrade along with congestion on Auckland's motorways slowly brought people back to the rails. At the time, only 1.123 million trips were being made. But by the turn of the Millennium, the network was at a point where bringing the station back to Queen Street was on the cards.

BRITOMART, DOUBLE TRACK AND NEW-ISH TRAINS

Britomart Transport Centre was supposed to

be the real sign that rail was the future and it is, sort of. Opened in 2003 after 2 years of construction, the underground station was a smaller version of what was originally planned. That proposal by Les Mills (yes the gym owner was originally Mayor of Auckland City) planned a massive development with a 5 storey carpark and the demolition of several heritage buildings when he was in office from 1990 to 1998. Christine Fletcher, (a female Good Bastard of the railways) the mayor of Auckland City from 1998, pushed ahead with the proposal but on a smaller scale which saved the heritage buildings and despite losing to John Banks in 2001, managed to get the station built. However, the dead end station with 5 platforms and two tracks leaving the station has caused problems, with major delays every time a train breaks down near the entrance. Even now, trains back up waiting to get into the station. Nevertheless, with trains closer to the city, there was now more reason to catch the train, which meant increasing capacity.

While the lines southward were doubled tracked from the 1920s onwards, the Western line did not receive such investment. This changed with Project DART (Developing Auckland's Rail Transport) in 2004 which cost \$420 million to put double track from Newmarket to Swanson. At the same time, Newmarket's junction was altered so trains could run directly from Britomart westward without reversing at Newmarket. This part of the project was completed in 2010 while down south, the first new track since the line via Glen Innes was opened in April 2012 with a trench used to bring the line close to the centre of Manukau and only 5 minutes from Rainbows End. So that's the track, where are the trains?

Something quick had to be done and in 2004, a new train was developed within 18 months. Over in Britain, carriages were being made redundant and though the track there is wider, the actual carriages could fit through our tunnels so several were purchased with the aim of rebuilding for suburban service. Wellington also benefited with these carriages with their trains to Masterton and Palmerston

"EVEN SO, MOST COMMUTERS WOULDN'T HAVE CARED, SINCE THEY WERE PROBABLY USING THEIR CARS. IN AN AGE WHERE PRIVATE TRANSPORTATION WAS MORE AFFORDABLE BY THE 1960S, THE RAILWAYS HAD A HARD TIME KEEPING PASSENGERS ON THEIR TRAINS."

North using them. In Auckland however, some of the carriages had driving cabs placed at one end so that the locomotive did not have to change ends and the driver could drive backwards and still have a view of the track, in what is known as a push pull train. It wasn't just the carriages that were rebuilds. The locomotives were Dcs, the rebuilds of the Das from the 1950s. Unfortunately, like the De locomotives of the 1950s, the Dc diesels couldn't accelerate fast enough. In 2010, DFT diesels with more horsepower were drafted onto six car trains and were able to keep to the timetables. They had only just become available after new DL locomotives from China had arrived in 2010, the rail network now receiving some investment following purchase of the rail network by the Government in 2008 and the formation of KiwiRail. But they were still needed on the nationwide rail network so it could only be a stop gap measure. Electrification was the answer, but it didn't come in time to minimise what was the biggest failure of the system; the Rugby World Cup of 2011.

RWC: WHERE THE CAR MAY HAVE BEEN BETTER

September 2011, New Zealand hosts the Rugby World Cup. It's such a big deal that school holidays are reorganised to minimise traffic. Here was a chance to prove to the world that Auckland had a world class public transport system. And they blew it. Drunken passengers pressed emergency stop buttons and the bottlenecks at Newmarket and Britomart caused chaos. Despite the opening game being a sellout, there were empty seats. What went wrong? The truth was that the network was never designed to carry the numbers needed on that day so, like a student who didn't study, they failed the test. While closing night went off much better, trains were still packed and the cause for electrification strengthened. From personal experience, my dad and I were the only two people in our carriage at Papakura. By Manurewa, people were standing. By Ellerslie, people were left behind. Doesn't that scream that the railway wasn't quite ready yet?

IT'S GETTING BETTER, RIGHT?

That same year, work began on electrifying the Auckland rail network, starting with the line that started it all, the Onehunga branch. It had actually only been reopened in 2010 after final closure two years earlier. Electrification now goes from Papakura to Swanson, while Pukekohe now relies on a diesel shuttle to Papakura and Waitakere's trains are replaced by buses. However, Pukekohe is a prime example of what a good rail service can do. In 2003, 40 people were boarding on weekdays. In 2012, this became 462. Out of all the stations in the Auckland rail network, only Pukekohe has had a percentage increase of four digits. (1055%) On long distance trains however, only the train to Wellington survives, running 3 days a week after almost being cancelled in 2006.

The electric trains are three car trains from Spain, and like any new technology have their teething troubles, much like the new DL locomotives on the national railway. But many of the problems currently facing Auckland stem more from a railway system having to share suburban passenger and national freight trains over two tracks and the remaining diesels giving up rather than the new trains themselves. It is interesting to note however, that the older steam and diesel locomotives can still be seen, operating in some cases at places like MOTAT and the Glenbrook Vintage Railway. Occasionally, some of these steam engines and others from a national group, Mainline Steam, run special trains on the main line through Auckland and provide interesting context against the modern rail network.

In conclusion, Auckland's railways have been through a lot, not all of it good. The role of rail in the region has changed and it is now being seen as a transport solution for Auckland's traffic crisis. In 2013, rail trips reached 13 million, a commendable result. Yet, with the City Rail Link work only just beginning and slow progress on adding a third track between Otahuhu and Wiri, it may still be a while yet before we're out of the tunnel.

But at least the train's moving.

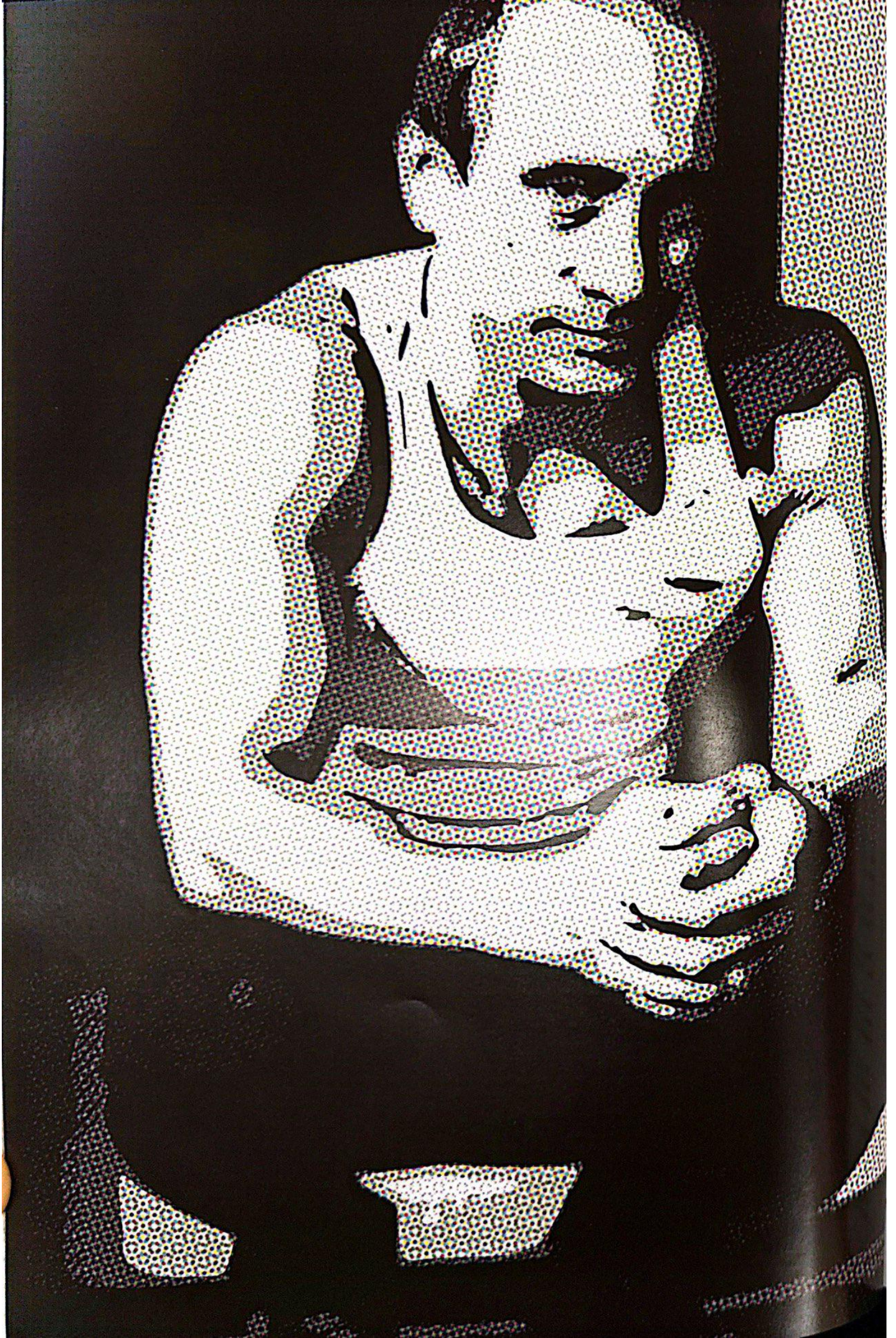


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"FROM PUTIN, WITH LOVE"

A STORY OF VODKA, TERRIFYING TOILET INCIDENTS, AND THE KGB

FEATURE BY ELOISE SIMS

"NEW ZEALAND", SAYS TANYA, OUR GUIDE, gesturing at me appraisingly. Her eyes glint as she puts her head on one side, and thinks. "... All Blacks".

"Good!" I encourage her. "Yes, yes, All Blacks, fantastic. Rugby. Brilliant".

We've been doing this mad charade for about five minutes now — the compulsory "Where-Are-You-From-And-Does-That-Place-Have-Anything-Interesting" game that every New Zealander faces when they travel overseas. Thankfully, this is quite a positive return from Tanya.

Other Kiwis before me have faced comments such as "New Zealand... isn't that communist?" or the classic "Ah, yes, beautiful country, beautiful". "Have you been?" "No, but I've heard it's beautiful".

"Russia has a team for rugby, don't they?" I ask. "They're quite good".

"Rugby is not so popular in Russia. It's a game for... for smaller people. You know?"

Despite being a 5 foot 4 female who detests nearly every aspect of rugby culture, I'm affronted by this description. "Smaller people?"

"You know, like the Slavs". Tanya shrugs, staring out the window. She waves her hand. "Lazy people," she tuts.

"Oh". I say weakly. The conversation falters.

It's my first day in Saint Petersburg, the former capital of Russia. I'm sitting in a van with my family, Tanya, and our driver Yuri (whose principal occupation seems to be a) drive b) open

doors occasionally and c) smoke cigarettes. We're being driven around the city to see the sights.

One of the first stops is the Museum of Political History, a state-run museum that boasts such artifacts as pieces of the Berlin Wall, or Lenin's typewriter. As a history nerd, I mill about delightedly for hours, practically jogging from one incredible sight to the next. Tanya translates the Cold War-era postcards for me with great gusto.

"What does this one say?"

"The American perpetrators must answer for their crimes".

"Brilliant".

The trouble starts when we approach the edifice commemorating Leonid Brezhnev, the USSR's leader from 1964-1982. Tanya begins to translate a piece saluting Brezhnev for his ac-

"HE RAISES HIS EYEBROWS IN A POLITE SIGNAL, WHICH CAN BE TRANSLATED LOOSELY AS, SHUT THE FUCK UP."

complishments in Russia. "He achieved a great era of peace and productivity for the nation..."

I frown at this, and, being a history smart-arse, decide to mumble a comment to my father behind me. "Didn't he invade Czechoslovakia?"

He raises his eyebrows in a polite signal, which can be translated loosely as, Shut The Fuck Up. Behind him, the security guard scowls at me.

What follows is a solid 30 minutes of our small tour group being followed by the same sour-faced security guard, who stands in the corner, adjusting the holster belt on his hips every few minutes. Every now and then, he clears his throat, and Tanya ushers us out of the room.

Later, he follows my father to the bathroom. The bathroom is empty. My father chooses the urinal closest to the door, and the security guard selects the one right beside him. He pees with the holster still jiggling on his hips.

Tanya shrugs off my comment, later. "Every nation has chapters in their history which they aren't proud of. Russia is just the same. But we have many to be proud of".

Indeed, the Peterhof Palace, which we go to next, is certainly something to be proud of. This was the imperial palace of Peter the Great, who founded Petersburg, and is lavishly decorated: enormous grounds, gold-leafed rooms, and cascading fountains. Running water is never a good thing to look at when you need to pee, and I excuse myself after a while for the ladies' room.

What follows is tragic. I lock myself in the toilet and sit down. I take a photo of the English graffiti written beside the toilet paper ("Sausage Rolls Not Gender Roles"). I get up and flush. I

"PERHAPS I CAN COMMUNICATE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD USING THE FREE WI-FI. I OPEN UP SNAPCHAT -- 'I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M TRAPPED IN A RUSSIAN TOILET *SAD FACE EMOJI*'"

go to open the door.

The lock isn't working. What the fuck? Why isn't the lock working? I jiggle it. Nothing. I jiggle it a bit more, swearing under my breath. Nothing. I kick it, and drag at the bolt. Still nothing.

Shit. I am in a serious situation here. I decide to alert someone to my predicament. Gingerly, I close the toilet seat, stand on it, and poke my head over the stall. "Uh, hello", I begin. "Can someone please help me?"

The woman in the stall next to me is pissing. Oh my god, she is pissing. I blink at her, and she looks straight up at me. I jump off the toilet to an angry stream of Russian. She slams her fist on the partition dividing us. "Sorry!" I yell.

I recognise only one word in her tirade — "AMERIKANSKIY"

"I'm a New Zealander. Uh, *Novo-zelandets?*" I say apologetically. This seems to make her even more irate. She storms out of the stall.

I sit on the toilet, resigned to my fate. I will stay in this toilet forever. I have decided. I will eat the toilet paper every hour to keep my strength up. Perhaps I can communicate to the outside world by using the free Wi-Fi. I open up Snapchat — "I can't believe I'm trapped in a Russian toilet *sad face emoji*"

A face appears over the partition, wearing a security guard's hat. He peers at me, bemused. "Hello!" I say optimistically. "I'm trapped!"

It turns out, he speaks no English,

but his nametag says Boris. He points at the lock and mimes tugging. "Tried that, Boris." I say, and do it again. He looks dismayed.

He ends up having to climb over the side, onto the toilet, and manages to pull it back using a pair of pliers. It takes him ten minutes to break it. We step out to find Tanya waiting for me, as well as a crowd of curious women. One even takes a photo of me.

Boris says something in Russian to Tanya, and she turns to me. "He says you are idiot".

We break for lunch afterwards, and sit in a small basement café, eating black bread and chatting. The waitress speaks very little English, and ceremoniously dumps small glasses (containing a clear liquid) onto our table. I thank her for what I assume is water — "spasiba" — and take a sip.

"It's vodka. Complimentary with many meals here", Tanya says amusedly, watching me choke into a napkin.

After this incident, I decide I like Russian culture. Later on, while going past a souvenir stall, I notice busts of Putin hanging on the flimsy tent.

Tanya notices me staring. "You want?" The vendor, delighted, produces mugs with Putin's face adorning them. There's Putin wrestling a shark, Putin as an astronaut, and Putin directing the army.

The vendor mumbles to Tanya, and laughs. "He says he is sorry, because he has just run out of his favorite mug. It is of Putin wrestling a bear. It says 'The Bear Won' in English on the back. It has sold out!"

I buy a T-shirt from him, simply because I like his attitude. We see him again, later, as we get onto a tour boat to explore the famous St

Petersburg canals. He's busy haggling with some Americans about the price of a fake fur hat with the hammer and sickle of the USSR on the front.

Later, the Americans get onto our boat, produce a few bottles of vodka, and get right down to "warming themselves up". As Russian pop blasts from the boat's speakers, we tour down the canal, with Tanya pointing out interesting things along the way. "Over there is the red-light district!" She says cheerfully.

With such a relaxed atmosphere, and merry company (the Americans are now not entirely sober and bawling the "Star Spangled Banner"), I decide to chat with Tanya some more. "Are you born and bred in St Petersburg?"

"No. My family travelled around a lot as a child. So I don't really have a hometown. Military, you know?"

"Oh, right. What did your father do in the military?"

She gives me a pointed look, and then gestures at the solemn, grey-lipped building across the street from us. I remember her telling me earlier that it was the KGB (Russian Secret Service) Headquarters — "Where Putin went to school, as young, talented law student".

I decide not to ask anything more about her father.

Instead, I stare out at the river, and watch the sun set behind the onion domes of the terrifyingly named Church of the Spilled Blood.

Russia was an incredible experience. It was strangely mesmerising to be immersed in an entirely different way of life, and culture, in a country that we usually hear about through spy movies. St Petersburg is a beautiful, if slightly frightening city, and I'd love to go back.

If you're planning to go: take plenty of rubles for cheap vodka, warm clothing, and alternative food if you're not used to the Russian diet (which involves meat, potatoes and very little else).

Also, if you can help it: try not to be American. They're not big fans.



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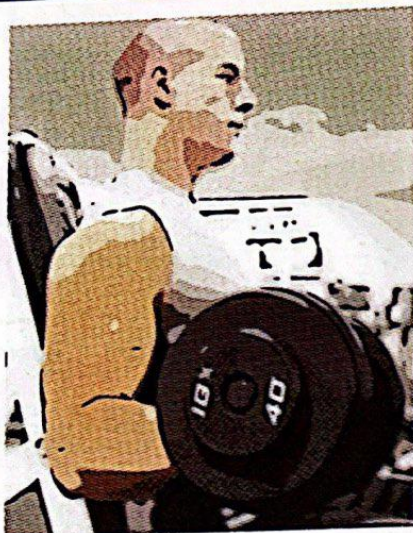
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GYM BUDDIES WORTH AVOIDING

BY ANA HARRIS

THE ADDICT

His favourite word is 'gains'. His favourite pastime is leg day. His drug of choice is protein, though every other day he dreams of steroids. He's probably compensating for something. At first glance, he's the ultimate gym companion: knowledgeable, committed, focused. He'll teach you how to lift and will keep you accountable, calling you out for missing a day, correcting your form. Day one and things are swell. His rippling biceps make you feel insecure, but he's patient to a fault, clearly pleased that he's able to hoist three times your body weight above his head while you struggle to spot his barbells. He is fitness personified. It

gives you something to aim for.

Two days in, and cracks start to show. Three days in and you find yourself crossing the road to avoid his hulking form approaching in the distance, gym bag swinging at his side. Like most addicts, he's emotionally unhinged. By 9am he's guzzled a litre of milk straight from the bottle. By noon his left eye starts twitching because he hasn't had his fix. By 3pm he's ingested three chicken carcasses with no regrets. At 3.02pm he's still hungry. When asked to ditch the gym on a Friday evening to go and get a few drinks his response is nervous, almost giddy, "there's no halting the gains train!"

He is fit.

He is terrifying.

THE SLACKER

The natural enemy of the Addict. He gyms on and off, though almost always off. On the rare occasion he does accompany you for a workout, he's to be found hiding in the bathroom cubicle taking selfies. You wonder why he bothers pretending he was "around the corner in the cardio area the whole time", given that he usually uploads his toilet pics to Facebook. He prefers the finer things in life, namely fried chicken and binge drinking.

The upside is he's a great motivator, never hesitating to enhance the speed on your treadmill without permission until you're sprinting, barely able to stay upright. All the while he's shouting, "run faster you lit-

tle shit!" Meanwhile, he's on the bike taking it easy, sausage roll crumbs falling from his mouth onto the gossip mag placed oppositely over the handlebars. Ten minutes later and you're exhausted; nearby gym members sidle away to escape your underarm stench. The Slacker's had enough, he's ready to go home. "Would you look at that!", he says, pleased. "I didn't even break a sweat!"

THE BOASTER

"Omg I'm such a gym bunny", she giggles, fatly. "I have no idea why anyone would ever want to eat carbs!" She signed up to the gym half an hour ago. She hasn't exercised since Year 10 netball, yet mysteriously is the authority on all things athletic. For every ten minutes spent working out, she spends roughly three hours talking about it. To her flatmates. Her mum. Her pets. The bagels in her fridge. "Hey, have you ever tried Pump?" she asks. You respond yes, that you go every Monday at 7am. "Omg I can give you sooooo many tips!" she trills.

She posts daily updates on her weight loss to various social media sites "Omg guys totes lost 100 grams today #gymlife #believeinyourself #idontneednoman". You refrain from pointing out that talking about the gym doesn't equate to fitness. She owns a lot of Lululemon, though mainly wears it out for coffee and cake eating sessions in Ponsonby.

Six months down the track and you're no longer gym buddies. She scowls at the redness of your face as you walk in the door after a workout. "Ugh. I have no idea why anyone would ever exercise", she says, fatly.

FITNESS FEATURE STEP AEROBICS

BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

NINETIES NOSTALGIA IS STILL THRIVING. CROP tops, Cher Horowitz, double denim, chokers, Nintendo. For a fitness throwback, why not give step aerobics a whirl? From the late eighties to the noughties, step was a regular on the group fitness scene. There ain't no party like an S(tep) Club party.

Any exercise craze comes with jargon and Step is no different, with its own very specific set of linguistic descriptions for the lifting of the foot. By the second class, you're really getting to know your indecisions from your repeaters.

Our instructor, Andrew, is deeply passionate about his craft. He vaults over traditional gender norms. IT teacher from 9-5, moonlighting as an aerobics expert. He takes us through an upbeat warm-up of marching and heel taps on the elevated platforms.

This Wednesday evening at 5:30pm, we're mixing things up with not one, but two steps each. Share one with a partner if you like, he says, as my friend and I whip our heads around to face each other with a grin. For the next 45 minutes, we will be straddling, leg curling and being decidedly indecisive.

If, like me, natural rhythm was not one of your giftings at birth, you'll be equally pleased to discover that after an awkward first experience, the confusion wears off and you mostly work out what to do with your limbs (where do I put my hands?). No longer will I suffer through twitchy, anxious jogging on the spot as I wait for the regular steppers to finish their hammer, tap, two counts basic and two knee repeaters before I rejoin the action.

The soundtrack deserves a mention. Anytime is the right time for Taylor Swift and a remixed 'Blank Space' (the appropriately titled album 1989 is in keeping with the retro inspiration) kept the energy high and moti-

vation strong.

Step aerobics is an enjoyable change from conventional cardio or HIIT. So enjoyable, that we went the following Wednesday. We may even show up this week. Step requires mental focus, rather than the head-clearing zone-out of a run, to keep up with the choreographed routines. Your coordination is tested. Three repeater leg curl, curl, curl, is tested. Three repeater leg curl, curl, curl, is tested. Plus, the intensity can be kicked and basic. Plus, the intensity can be ramped up with added squats, lunges, light weights and an increased platform height. Continuously climbing hundreds and hundreds of stairs can generate a bit of a burn by the end of the session. 6:15pm. We all dismount. Five to ten minutes of quick ab work on the mats, then we peel ourselves off for five minutes of stretching. The 6:30pm yogis peer eagerly through the glass.

Retro as it may be, there's no denying that it's a heart-pumping workout. Might sound crazy but it ain't no lie: I'm holding out for Step's comeback.

SHAKE YOUR (TAYLOR) FEATHER

BY AMY MARTIN

ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS THINKS THAT Taylor Swift can't dance. Usually, I try to respect her opinions – but this is one thing I just can't take sitting down. So I'm standing while I write this. Taylor Swift is an awesome dancer. Her moves and grooves send super positive messages about self-confidence. These days, there are way too many things telling you to change bits about yourself so you can be beautiful. What is this "thigh gap"? Why is Kim Kardashian smearing her blood on her face? Google it. It happened. But most importantly, why are people saying Taylor Swift can't dance!?!?

Tay Tay embraces being herself – with all the geekiness, goofiness and imperfections that come with it. Now that's beautiful.

You know when people say "dance like nobody's watching"? This is the way I'm going to live my life forever. Join me. Me – some stranger in Craccum – the best person from whom to take advice. I've compiled four key steps – but remember that these are only suggestions. If they're not how you like to dance, then don't follow them! Make sure you dance for you. The

best way is to ensure you have the ohmygod-canyoubelievehowgoodIam at dancing because I can express on your face at all times.

STEP ONE

Take that ribbon dancing stick (you know the one) and swat away the haters. If someone ain't cool with the way you groove, that's their issue. You've got a giant ribbon. What have they got? Nothing. Just a bad 'tude.

STEP TWO

Now, listen closely. Do not – I repeat – do not wait for a party to start before you bust out your killer moves. If your friends aren't joining in – no biggy, just listen to the beat. Tay-Tip #1: start small, a few hand movements. You don't climb a mountain by starting at the peak.

STEP THREE

When the beat builds, launch into dance orbit! Jump, jump, jump! Whip your clothes around if possible, as if you're gearing up for the dance of a lifetime. Leap your little heart out! Jump,

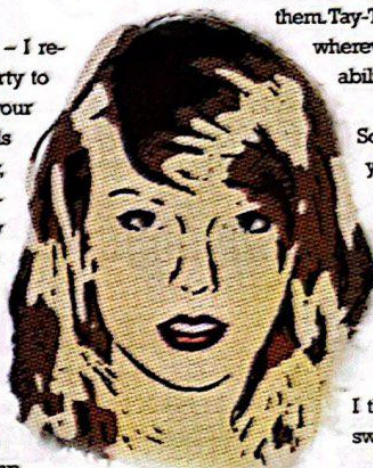
jump, jump. Flail those arms! Be joy personified. Take up as much space as possible. Prove to the world that you are a beautiful, talented, powerful, brilliant musk ox (doesn't have to be a musk ox. Could be a penguin. You do you).

STEP FOUR

When your dance has concluded (important note: this doesn't necessarily mean that the music has stopped), be sure to strike a pose. Find any person (bonus points if they pose back at you) and make sure you fix a fierce stare on them. Tay-Tip #2: Carry a wind machine wherever you go for optimal availability of the windswept effect.

Sometimes people will tell you that it's inappropriate to dance. These people are wrong. Dance your way across the whole world! What's more fun? Walking to your next lecture or shakin' your thang all the way up to your professor? I think we both know the answer.

Thank you for reading this mission statement, team. You are now prepared for life. Go forth and dance.



THE DRESS STANDARDS AT UOÄ ARE TOO HIGH

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

IT'S THE SECOND SEMESTER OF UNI AND YOU HAVE run out of clothes. Like, you don't even understand, you have nothing to wear. NOTHING. You wake every morning and stare at your closet waiting for a cute outfit to leap from the shelves and onto you. You can't wear that shirt because it was your favourite last week, you got coffee all over that skirt, and you definitely wore that sweater the last time you saw that cute guy in your Gen Ed lecture. Plus, the dress standards at UoÄ are way too high. You actually have to put on clothes, and makeup, and brush your hair. No more slobbing in sweatpants watching *OITNB*. You are considering a transfer to Otago or Waikato just so it's socially acceptable to go to lectures in your pyjamas... Wait, just kidding, you like having electricity, TV and degrees that actually mean something. Never fear, the struggle is not only real, but we are all going through it with you. You have options. Let's break it down.

THE SWAP HALF OUT RULE: This one is simple enough. Basically as long as you swap out at least half of your outfit from one day to the next, you are safe. Although an issue is that the half you swap is not specified so you could still

technically wear the same pants for a week. Or more.

THE ONCE-A-FORTNIGHT METHOD: Each item of clothing may only be worn once a fortnight. Issues arise when you reach day 13 and are left with sweatpants and a matching grey hoodie. Sorry, but rules are rules.

CLOSET SWAP: Find a friend the same size as you and literally swap closets. Props if you can find one who is way more stylish than you and is a fan of designer clothes.

CLOSET RAID: Pop home for the weekend with an empty suitcase, secure the house for yourself for a while, return with your suitcase a little fuller and your mum's/sister's/brother's/dad's/grandma's closet a little emptier.

GABBANA ON THE GOVERNMENT: Student Loan = Dolce, lol thanx John (and sorry future me).

DRESSING ON CLASS BASIS: Ensuring you wear a different outfit to every class. This one requires extensive planning and foresight, but does allow you to wear the same thing multiple times, even days in a row, as long as you don't have the same class the next day.

ACCESSORY ACTION: Wear whatever you want. Heck, wear a black morph suit, just change up your outfit with scarves, belts, necklaces, chokers,

gloves, piercings, masks, balaclavas...

PICK A 'THING': Pick one thing and focus on that. My 'thing' is sweaters. I have a million sweaters and could probably go at least a month without wearing one twice. Wear the same jeans for a month, the same shoes, the same hairstyle, just change your sweater (and your underwear pls).

SPORTY SPICE: Wear gym clothes. You are a fit babe just popping in to the gym after lectures. You have an active lifestyle and no time for messing round with clothes.

THE DISTRACTOR: Get a green mohawk. No one will even notice what you are wearing after that.

YOLO MOTHERTRUCKERS: My personal fave. Don't give a shit about what you wear. If you don't like it don't put a ring on it. Close your eyes. And if you ever have to defend your fashion choices (or lack thereof) just say you're a hipster.

Seriously though, UoÄ does have a reputation for having high dress standards and you can almost feel the judging eyes if you turn up to lectures rocking leggings-as-pants or spandex and a hoodie. It can make dressing a little stressful but there are positives. I mean, have you been to the law school? MEN IN SUITS OM NOM. Thanks for being so snobby Auckland.

AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

WHO'S WHO ON CAMPUS FOR POLITICS WEEK?



ANDREW LITTLE

WHO IS HE? Andrew Little is the current leader of the Labour Party, notable for not being named "David" (although we're told he will respond to it).

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? The Labour Party, the colour red, and bringing the word "comrade" back into common use.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? Andrew will be representing Labour at the Great AUSA Politics Debate in Large Chem at 5pm on Friday.



CHRIS BISHOP

WHO IS HE? Chris Bishop squeezed into Parliament at number 51 on the National list in 2014, after having given Trevor Mallard a real run for his money from his underdog position in Hutt South. His debating skill served him well at university, so we're looking forward to him giving the leaders a run for their money in the Great AUSA Politics Debate.

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? The National Party, obscure Hutt Valley businesses, and anything Roger Douglas ever touched.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? Chris has done us a solid and

signed up to represent National at the Great AUSA Politics Debate in Large Chem at 5pm on Friday.



MARAMA FOX

WHO IS SHE? The first ever Maori Party list MP, Marama Fox has big shoes to fill, having been named co-leader of the Maori Party.

WHAT DOES SHE SUPPORT? The Maori Party, nine children and Mormonism.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HER ON CAMPUS? Representing the Maori Party at the Great AUSA Politics Debate in Large Chem at 5pm on Friday.



METIRIA TUREI

WHO IS SHE? Metiria Turei is the co-leader of the Green Party alongside newcomer James Shaw. She has run for election for three separate parties since 1993.

WHAT DOES SHE SUPPORT? The Green Party, the McGillicuddy Serious Party, and the Aotearoa Legalise Cannabis Party.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HER ON CAMPUS? Representing the Green Party at the Great AUSA Political Debate on Friday at 5pm.



PHIL GOFF

WHO IS HE? Labour Party MP and the least secretive secret candidate for Auckland Mayor.

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? Long hair, motorbikes, and Labour Party leaders not named David.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? In the Quad at 12pm on Monday, discussing the Future of Auckland.



ALFRED NGARO

WHO IS HE? Who knows? Just kidding. Alfred was the first Cook Islander elected to the New Zealand Parliament in 2011.

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? Political anonymity, Sam Lotu-Liga, and the National Party.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? Representing the National Party at the mini-Backbenches with Wallace Chapman on Monday in Shadows at 6pm.



PENNY HULSE

WHO IS SHE? Penny Hulse is the Deputy Mayor of Auckland, and currently represents the Waitakere Ward. She's been Deputy Mayor of Auckland since 2010.

WHAT DOES SHE SUPPORT?

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HER ON CAMPUS? Find Penny discussing "The Future of Auckland" on Monday 10 at 12pm in the Quad.



DAVID SEYMOUR

WHO IS HE? Leader (and sole MP) of the ACT Party. Coz two's a crowd.

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? Hi. Hi. Hi. Oh, and microwave dinners for one at the ACT Party caucus get-together.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? Occasionally he turns up to our SGMs, or just for a chat in Shadows, but he will also be representing the ACT Party at the Great AUSA Debate on Friday.



LEN BROWN

WHO IS HE? Len Brown is the first Mayor of the Auckland Super City.

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? Public swimming pools, private rooms, and the City Rail Link.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? He's the Mayor in the Chair, obviously. Find him in Shadows at midday on Friday, ready to answer all your questions!



DAVID CUNLIFFE

WHO IS HE? Former leader of the Labour Party, now Tertiary Education spokesperson-cum-cat-impersonator.

WHAT DOES HE SUPPORT? Laws against online trolling, and students.

WHERE YOU CAN YOU FIND HIM ON CAMPUS? Represent Labour at the mini-Backbenches with Wallace Chapman on Monday in Shadows at 6pm.

AUSA PRESENTS....

POLITICS WEEK

10TH - 14TH AUGUST

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS



THE FUTURE OF AUCKLAND

MONDAY 10TH, 12PM, QUAD

BUILD A FLAG

MONDAY 10TH, 2-3PM, QUAD

MINI-BACKBENCHES

FEAT. WALLACE CHAPMAN

MONDAY 10TH, 6PM, SHADOWS BAR

STUDENT FORUM
THE FLAG DEBATE &
US PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS
WEDNESDAY 12TH, 12PM, QUAD

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICERS PRESENT...

THE WAR ON RAPE

WEDNESDAY 12TH, 6PM,
WOMENSPACE

STUDENT WELFARE BREAKFAST

THURSDAY 13TH, 9-11AM,
AUSA HOUSE

SHADOWS

THE NZ EXPORT STORY

TUESDAY 11TH, 4PM, MLT2

MOVIE SCREENING

TUESDAY 11TH, 6PM, SHADOWS BACK ROOM

PUBLIC SECTOR CAREERS

THURSDAY 13TH, 3PM, H5B2

THE GREAT AUSA POLITICS DEBATE

FRIDAY 14TH, 5PM, LARGE CHEM

MAYOR

IN THE CHAIR

- AUSA STYLE!

FRIDAY 14TH AUGUST,
12PM, SHADOWS BAR

AUSA AND THE CAMPUS
FEMINIST COLLECTIVE PRESENT...

THE FUTURE OF PRISONS IN NZ

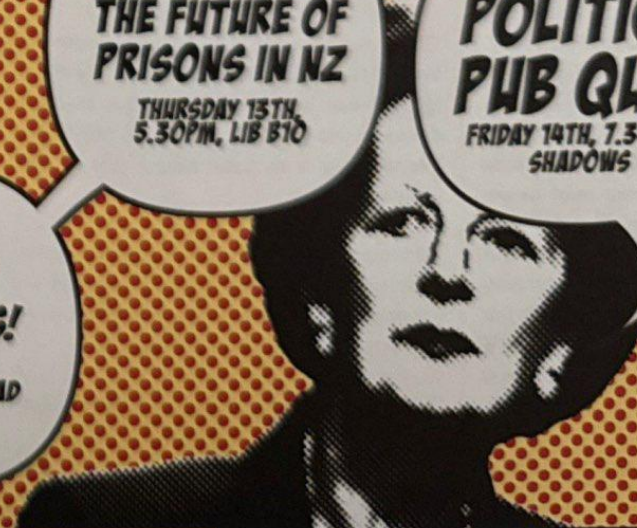
THURSDAY 13TH,
5.30PM, LIB B70

POLITICS PUB QUIZ

FRIDAY 14TH, 7.30PM,
SHADOWS

MEET YOUR YOUTH WINGS!

FRIDAY 14TH,
ALL AFTERNOON, QUAD





IK LA ORA,

We hope you had a great Re-O'Week and have all settled into your classes for the second semester! It's certainly been an eventful week for AUSA - by the time you read this, the AUSA Officers team for 2016 will have been elected, and the nominations for Portfolio positions will have closed. The election for Portfolios is on next week, so make sure you get out and vote. If you want to get involved and you're worried that you've missed out then not to fear - you can still volunteer to help run events, represent students, or get involved in a number of other ways by emailing DELEGATES@AUSA.ORG.NZ

COMPULSORY STUDENT SERVICES LEVY CONSULTATION

We're currently surveying students on the Compulsory Student Services Levy for 2016. You pay \$738 to the University in addition to your course fees, and this money funds a range of student services. In October, the University Council will be deciding how much the levy should be, and how it will be spent. The University must consult with students on this, and your feedback is important - in the past, student consultation has led to an increase in funding for clubs and societies, and to increased provision of counselling and health services, amongst other things. Fill out the survey by visiting WWW.ORG.NZ/MQSQEF to have your say!

COURSE RELATED COSTS CONTROVERSY

You also might have read an article published on STUFF.CO.NZ last week about the student loan for course related costs. We don't think that a couple of anecdotal stories from anonymous students proves that students are abusing the system - as you'll know, the vast majority of students struggle to afford the cost of studying as it is. Textbook costs, transport, and technology all mount up, and the current loan of \$1000 per year - which hasn't been raised from that level since 1993 despite inflation! - is simply not enough to cover these course related costs for most of us. Students from across the country agree, and, in response, student leaders stood together in a release issued by NZUSA that you can read below. We'd love to hear from you on what your views are about the course related costs loan, and whether or not you think that it's currently enough. You can get in touch with us on our website at WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ, via facebook at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/AUSASTUDENTS, or even just email me at PRESIDENT@AUSA.ORG.NZ

STUFF ARTICLE STRIPS DEBATE OF FACTS - STUDENT PRESIDENTS

NZUSA PRESIDENT RORY MCCOURT SAYS STUDENTS and their representatives are furious with a STUFF.CO.NZ article today proclaiming "Studylink money blown on strippers, alcohol and Taylor Swift tickets". He says the article lacks perspective and creates an inaccurate view of how a government loan scheme is used by students.

The article quotes four anonymous students - including one who studied four years ago-, each of whom used their course-related costs loan to purchase non-course materials and services.

McCourt says the students' cases are not the norm and reporting them in the way the article did was irresponsible, undermining the prospect of an informed debate on student support and student debt - which reaches \$15 billion next year.

Students were taking to social media to vent their frustration at the article, laughing at the idea that there would be enough money in their budgets for a life of luxury.

Mr McCourt says the article "generalises from anecdote the experiences of all students, which is lazy journalism and in this instance just wrong."

Quoting from the Victoria University Student Financial Services survey from 2011, McCourt says "What the research shows us that the course related costs loan is essential income for students to pay for basics like bus fares, car repairs, bond and rent in advance - especially at the start of the year."

"42 per cent of students spend their course-related costs loan towards accommodation costs such as bond, rent in advance and set-up costs."

McCourt says New Zealanders can feel confident in the scheme.

"What the Ministry of Social Development's audit of the scheme shows us is that New Zealanders can have confidence that students are using this yearly \$1000 loan to pay for the basics, there is no fraud here - just shoddy journalism."

"Good journalism shouldn't be based on anecdote. The evidence, the auditing and the experience shows that course-related costs loans go on essentials - not luxuries."

McCourt says the real story is that the Gov-

ernment, which has not indicated any concern with how the scheme is being used needs to lift the course-related costs loan limit from \$1000.

"The loan limit hasn't increased since 1993 while the cost of transport, fixing your car software and textbooks has."

"The reality is that more and more students are struggling and this miserly loan is being used to cover costs student allowances once paid for. In fact, it's so bad that 28 per cent of students now have credit card debt before they graduate - that's up from 18 per cent just four years ago."

McCourt says STUFF.CO.NZ has covered student issues accurately in the past and he looks forward to working with the company again.

"We've sent Fairfax some of the facts and we hope that future debates on student support will be based on data, not anecdote. Students and their families deserve better."

MATALENA O'MARA
UNITEC STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT

RORY MCCOURT
NZUSA NATIONAL PRESIDENT

PAUL SMITH
AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

LINSEY HIGGINS
MASSEY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

RICK ZWAAN
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

IZZY O'NEILL
NZUSA NATIONAL WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

BYRON BROOKS
ALBANY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION (MASSEY) PRESIDENT

APRIL POLKING
AUT STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

PAUL HUNT
OTAGO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

TOM PRINGLE
MASSEY AT WELLINGTON STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

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free support,
advice and
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to all students.**

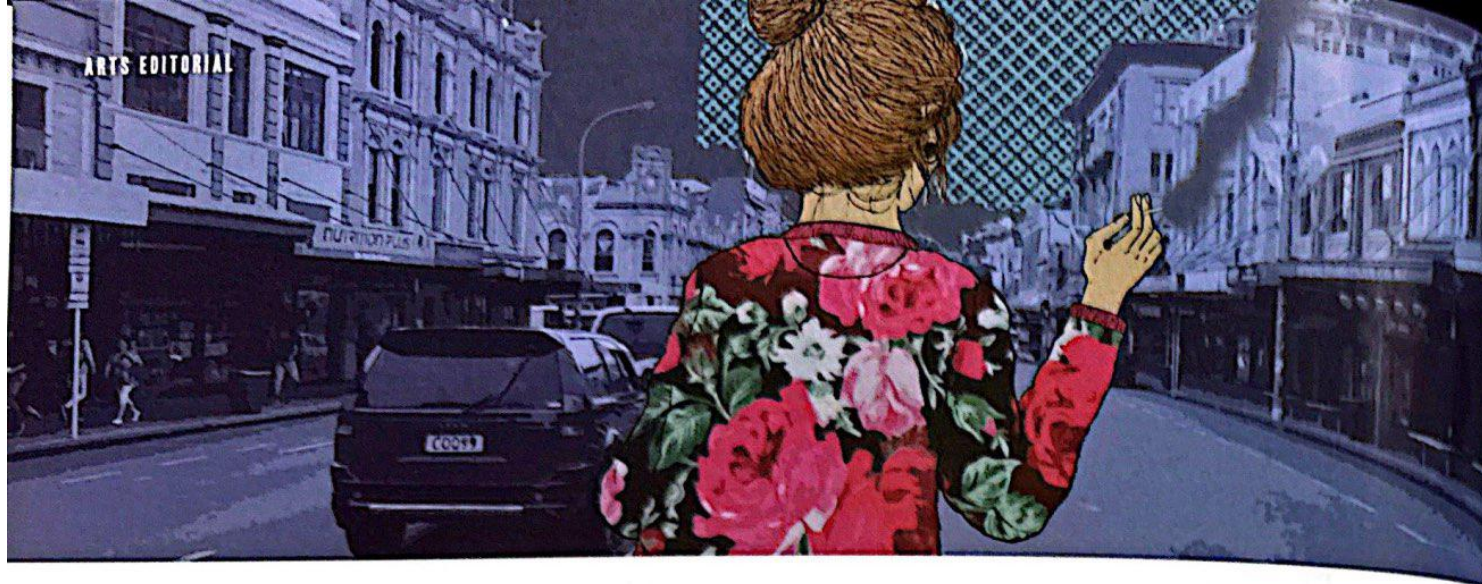
Student Advice Hub

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

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

www.ausa.org.nz



I HAVE A (MANIC PIXIE) DREAM

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR, WE STRUGGLED to get enough letters to the editor to fill a page. In one full semester we managed to scrounge enough emails to put together two issue's worth. Now, it seems we have enough to have at least a page in almost every issue. I'd love to think that this is due to the thousands of readers we have won over with our wit and raw, pulsating animal magnetism but alas, I think there's another reason – the late addition of a feminist columnist to the magazine's line-up of writers. Lavinia's columns have brought the misogynists out of the woodwork, blinking in the sudden sunlight and marinating in their pungently outdated ideas.

These charming cretins are the first to claim that they're not misogynists – a word which, one of them cried, is "thrown around at every man, woman and child that doesn't agree to the views of the neo-feminists of our generation" – but they say *actual* things like "we should stop thinking of men and women as equals" and "catcalling is not a problem... you're not allowed to vilify kindness towards strangers". One of their main complaints seems to be that we "special snowflake" feminists in New Zealand have nothing to worry about; that women in other countries are facing far greater struggles. I absolutely acknowledge the wretched things that are happening globally, but how on earth will it help the advancement of women worldwide if we sit back and say "oh okay, I guess this is good enough"?

Sometimes I do stop and wonder if I am justified in being as strident as I am in my beliefs. Maybe these flaccid, greasy men have a point, and inequality is nowhere near as pervasive as third wave feminism would have us believe. Whenever this happens, I remind myself that every time I walk home from the bus stop after dark, I'm fucking terrified. I jog the whole way, with Mad Eye Moody's "CONSTANT VIGILANCE" mantra pulsing through

my brain. Being a woman comes loaded with a real sense of fear that is borne out in a devastatingly high incidence of sexual violence in this country. Get a group of women talking to one another and every one of them will be able to tell you of a time where they were the victim of unwanted sexual attention or contact. These men writing in – I wonder if they would think differently if they actually knew this fear that hangs over so many women; the moment of panic every time we drop our keys in a dark carpark; the feeling of powerlessness we feel after being groped in town and the frustration at being called a bitch if we complain.

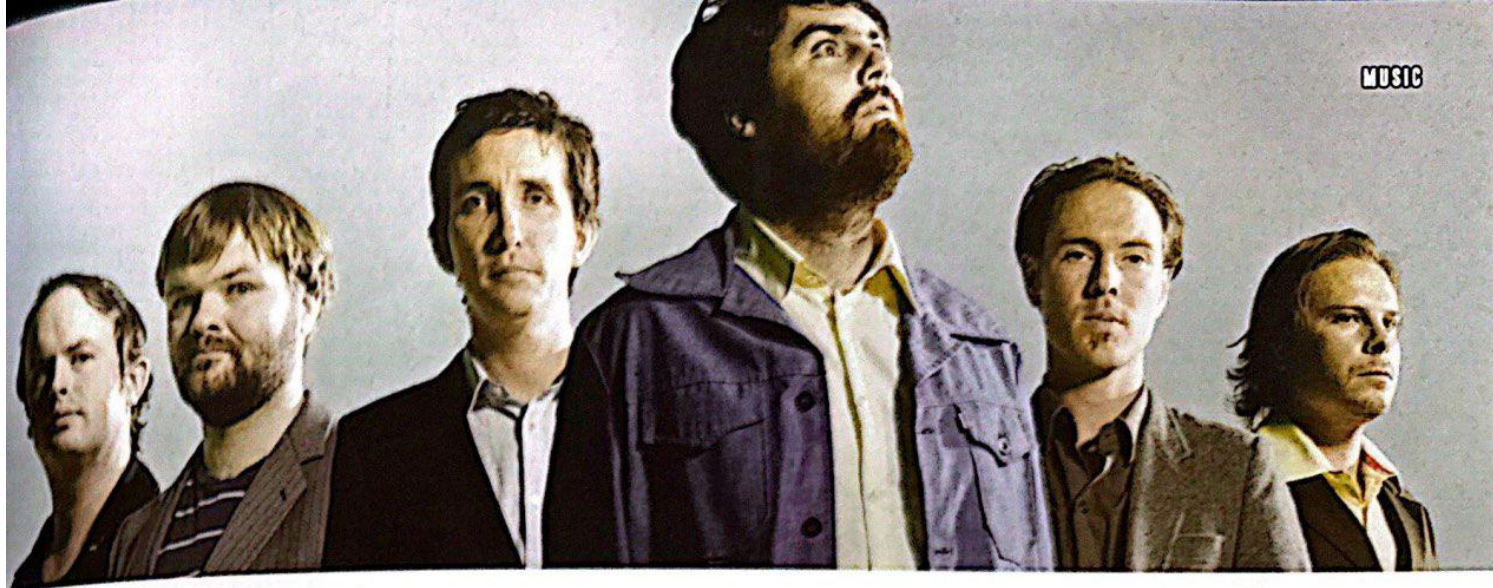
I don't think it's useful in any way to rank the struggles that women face, and belittle those deemed to be less important or difficult. They all feed into one another; they are all faces on the many-headed beast of oppression. One matter that anti-feminists seem to think is particularly trivial is feminists' preoccupation with representation in pop culture. I'm usually met with eye rolls when I loudly mutter in cinemas, "there's a WOMAN! What's she doing there?!" after sitting through 45 minutes of male-only screen time, to be rewarded with a token female character.

Lately one such token, the Manic Pixie Dream Girl, has twirled back into online feminist debates with the release of the film adaptation of John Green's *Paper Towns*. MPDG was a term coined in 2007 by The A.V. Club's Nathan Rubin, to describe a fantasy figure who "exists solely in the fevered imaginations of sensitive writer-directors to teach broodingly soulful young men to embrace life and its infinite mysteries and adventures". Think Kirsten Dunst in *Elizabethtown*. Or, if you haven't seen that – count your lucky stars if you haven't – look at Zooey Deschanel's character in *500 Days of Summer*. In *Paper Towns*, the main character Quentin is besotted with his very own MPDG, Margo Roth Spiegelman. Margo disappears, and Quentin goes on a life-changing roadtrip to find her. Why does he like her so much? Erm. Margo is mysterious; she's a badass; she makes mysterious and badass expressions with her astronom-

ically big eyebrows. And that's about it. Her character has no purpose but to show straight-laced Quentin what living really feels like.

John Green has claimed that in presenting such a one-dimensional female character, he is in fact subverting the MPDG trope. Last year he wrote, "*Paper Towns* is devoted IN ITS ENTIRETY to destroying the lie of the manic pixie dream girl; the novel ends (this is not really a spoiler) with a young woman essentially saying, 'Do you really still live in this fantasy land where boys can save girls by being romantically interested in them?' I do not know how I could have been less ambiguous about this without calling the novel *The Patriarchal Lie of the Manic Pixie Dream Girl Must Be Stabbed in the Heart and Killed*". I understand the intent of the novel and, by extension, the film, but I just don't think it executed it well enough to make it clear. The main character doesn't face any repercussions for obsessively treating a girl he barely even knows as a fantasy object, and the message that "women are fully developed people with real emotions" is totally superseded by his personal revelation that he needs to live a little – so Margo ultimately fulfils the Manic Pixie requirement of teaching a young man to embrace life, without exhibiting any distinctive character traits herself.

Why is this important? Why am I putting this at the end of a column about sexism? Because, as I said, all these things feed into one another. If women are constantly being objectified in films, video games, and songs, if they are constantly being reduced as something to be used by male characters for their own personal gain, then of course this is going to gradually have an effect on male viewers' attitude towards women in real life. If the female characters we do see on screen are lacking in real depth and complexity, then of course this threatens to diminish girls' view of their own sex. It isn't realistic to expect that we can separate art from reality so decisively. Feminists aren't creating imaginary problems to have something to rage about; there's more than enough real ones for us to deal with first.



GIVE UP YOUR DREAMS, AND OTHER LIFE LESSONS FROM THE PHOENIX FOUNDATION

INTERVIEW WITH THE PHOENIX FOUNDATION

LUKE BUDA WANTS ME TO GIVE UP MY DREAMS.

"I'm never going to play naked at Wembley", he tells me down the phone from Wellington, "and now I'm ok with that".

Luke Buda is also very cold, as he frequently reminds me throughout our allotted twenty minutes. In hindsight, maybe I shouldn't have mentioned I was still in bed. That might have been rubbing it in.

It also probably wasn't the best idea to call The Phoenix Foundation the "cool uncles" of the New Zealand music industry. He called me a 'cheeky bastard' in response. In fairness, my call was accurate when comparing The Phoenix Foundation to Dave Dobbyn, the grandfather of the New Zealand music industry. And Luke Buda was cold because was pacing the room at a Wellington studio, taking a break from producing Dave Dobbyn's new album. It was all relevant.

THE ALBUM: While the title *Give Up Your Dreams*, the sixth album from the Wellington indie-heroes, may seem at first a very deadbeat name, this was never the intention. After the mammoth effort of 2013's *Fandango* – "a real slow burner" – the band were looking to "create something immediately accessible", he explains. *Give Up Your Dreams* is filled with deadpan lyrics and catchy hooks as well as Radiohead/Goat-esque twitching drums and vocal samples and comes in at a tidy 40 minutes, half the length of its predecessor. The conception of the album, however, was not nearly as cheery.

"Sam [Flynn Scott] was quite tired and I was being quite vocally bunned out about not being

more successful", says Luke. "It wasn't great".

Help came in the form of a lanky blonde guardian angel Lawrence Arabia, who fans will remember once told me I was wearing a cool shirt.

"He told us to give up on trying to be famous and get on with making good music and art, and to not get caught up in the distractions. That's what we mean. Pompous enough?"

SPIT: I broach the topic of online music streaming. In the age of Spotify, Apple Music and the like, the way in which music is consumed has changed dramatically, and the reaction from the big names has been drastic, to say the least. Global superstar Taylor Swift reacted by throwing a tanty and swift-ly (yes) removing all her music from everywhere. Global superstar Jay-Z reacted by throwing a tanty and creating his own streaming service that has priced itself out of the market. How did our favourite cool uncles respond?

"It hasn't really changed our creative process that much but it has opened our eyes to the sorts of people out there. They're almost like free music fundamentalists. They see free music as a right, and it's not. Music isn't made for free, so it isn't sustainable to just give it away".

Case in point: Critically acclaimed Kiwi band She's So Rad has sold only 20 physical copies of their latest album, and only 90 digital downloads. They have, however, managed to accumulate around 90,000 streams of their songs, earning them a mere \$130. With these earnings, She's So Rad could afford approximately an hour and a half of studio time at Roundhead.

The Phoenix Foundation have always lived on the fringes, Luke explains, so there has never been huge amounts of cash floating around.

"It's a vicious cycle, and it's going to result in a lot of empty studios and unhappy listeners".

Bad question, and now things are awkward.

CRICKET: In an attempt to bring up the tone of the interview, I ask about The Phoenix Foundation's impromptu Bob Dylan-cum-Beastie Boys Cricket World Cup anthem "Big Mac (Keep The Run Rate Up)". The song was recorded after a flight from Wellington to Auckland was delayed by a substandard budget airline (Buda diplomatically refuses to specify which airline but considering there are only, like, two in New Zealand, it's not hard to guess). It was sent out to various stations before the band left for the airport, and was on air within the hour.

"It was pretty surreal. We got on the plane and by the time we landed it was on Hauraki, 'the new cricket song from The Phoenix Foundation'. It was a very special, exciting time, especially for New Zealand cricket".

Did they ever hear anything from the Black Caps?

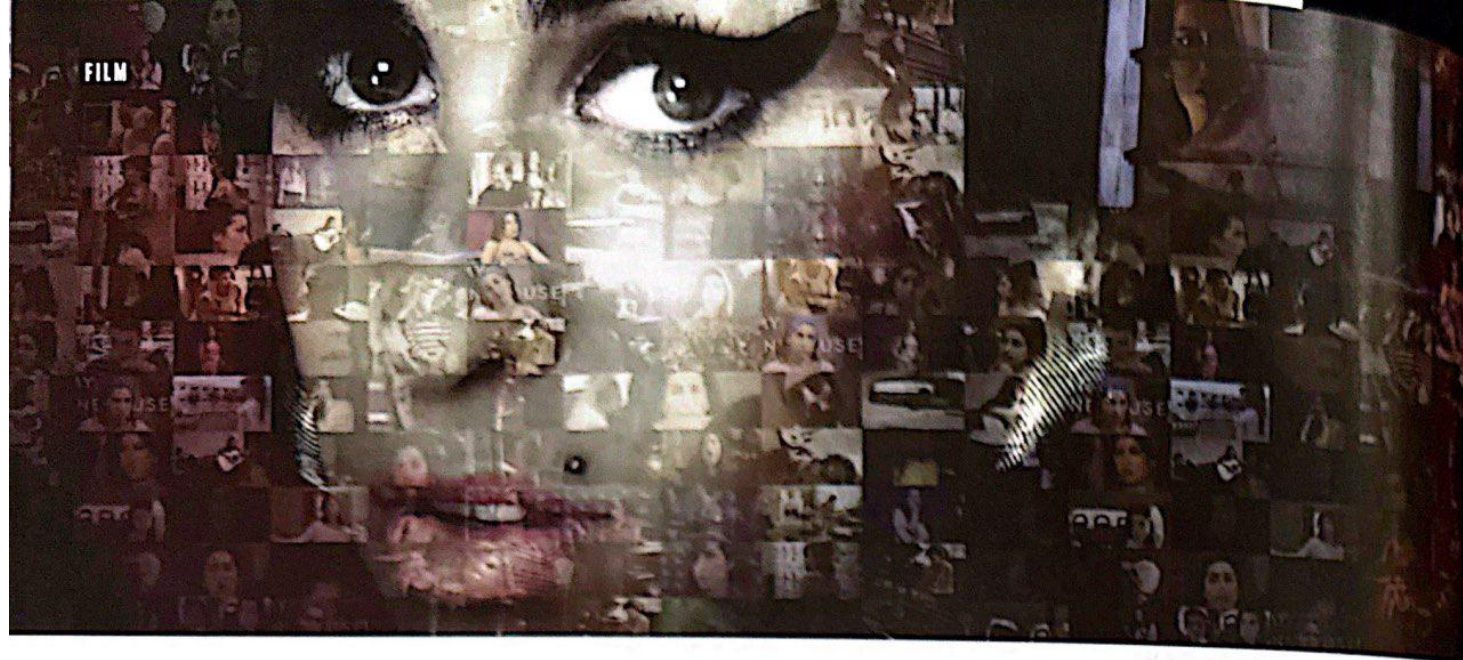
Buda laughs. "No, nothing. Sometimes I feel like maybe we were the reason we lost the final, like Brendon went out there with the intention of digging in, playing the bowlers for a few overs, but then heard us singing 'keep the run rate up' in his head and decided to smash the first ball, and we know how that ended".

Awkward.

TOURING: In attempt number two to bring up the tone of the interview, I ask about their touring plans. The impending birth of a band member's child has meant that The Phoenix Foundation have had to put off the supporting tour until September, but that only increases anticipation.

"This is the first time we've had the chance to record and tour a whole album with our new drummer [following an amiable split with the previous drummer midway through the recording of *Fandango*] so it's pretty exciting. And, without sounding wanky, we're always getting better".

INTERVIEW WITH MARK FULLERTON



AMY FILM REVIEW

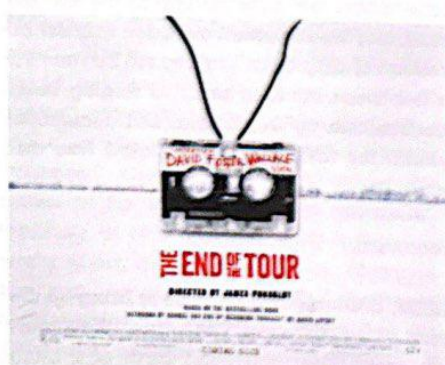
WHEN AMY WINEHOUSE DIED I WAS DRUNK and in town with some friends. There were three of us, each happy with our own company and merry with that small sense of delight one gets when they reach the final smoke and final drink of the night. The time in your night when you really can't be bothered talking to anyone new (or anyone at all) and you just want to have a durry in peace. Sitting in our precious little bubble, some random middle-aged pest decided it necessary to exclaim to us that Amy had died. He said it with a smirk on his face and a laugh in his puff. The news made its way down the line finally reaching me, the Amy Winehouse stan – the fanatic.

The introduction to this review might seem gratuitous, and I agree, half of it probably is just me trying to stake my place in the fandom, but the reaction of that aged drunken jock is central to my review of Asif Kapadia's latest documentary, *Amy*. If you've heard about it or read any press, you will know it's a good documentary. But why is it a good documentary? Why such praise? What dawned on me during the screening was that the majority of people that watched and will watch that documentary probably did sneer or derive pleasure from seeing Amy be so tragic and destructive during her life. A sort of black humour or schadenfreude. So I came to the conclusion that the praise is in many ways just an outpouring of shallow pity, and worse, guilt.

One of the most brilliant parts of the film was

the inclusion of the many jokes comedians made out of Amy for a quick laugh on their shows. She was merely a punchline to them and their audience. Taken out of its TV context and placed within its actual context of her life, the jokes became horrific, sickening. And for me this was perhaps the true merit of the film. It was made clear that the ubiquitous 'audience' – in which we all constitute – was just as culpable as anyone who was directly involved in her life. It was sad to watch, so very sad and confronting, but it also had great moments that showed the utter wit and humour of Amy as a person. I hope that when you go to watch it you leave the theatre not only with a sense of anger, but also with an acknowledgement of her genius and her humanity.

REVIEW BY CAMERON AN LOO-MATAMUA



THE END OF THE TOUR FILM REVIEW

JESSE EISENBERG IS WHAT BROUGHT ME TO THIS film, and I will be forever grateful to him because of it. Knowing basically nothing about the story, I went in with an open mind and left in awe. A film that is both uplifting and sad, *The End of the Tour* is based upon Rolling Stones reporter David Lipsky's (Eisenberg) book about the five days he spent interviewing author David Foster Wallace (Jason Segel). Wallace has just found fame with the huge suc-

cess of his novel, *Infinite Jest*, and Lipsky, who is trying to find his own footing in the world of fiction writing, begs to be given the story.

Eisenberg is excellent as the nervous, envious and intelligent Lipsky, convincingly portraying a young writer eager to make his own mark on the literary scene. He is a likeable character, and yet the skill that Eisenberg lends to the role is to never quite let viewers know where Lipsky stands. He has the power to shape his story on Wallace in a negative or positive light, and until the film's end the direction he will choose remains ambiguous. While it is clear that he admires Wallace and enjoys his company, this does not stop him from snooping around Wallace's house or insisting that his tape recorder remain on the majority of the time.

While Eisenberg upholds his impressive acting ability, it is Segel who really blows you away. There was a fair amount of controversy when Segel was cast as Wallace, largely based around the fact that the *How I Met Your Mother* star is not considered a 'serious

actor', and Wallace himself was a deeply sad person. If he wasn't a 'serious actor' before, he most certainly is now. He is awkward and shy and self-deprecating as Wallace, bewildered at suddenly being labelled 'famous' and sceptical of how this will affect his work. Segel gives us a raw performance that reveals the complexities of a man who was extraordinarily brilliant and perceptive, and yet also very lonely.

What makes this film so effective is that it's not really about David Foster Wallace, as such. It is about Lipsky, examining Wallace, examining Lipsky; two writers at very different stages of their careers who learn a lot from – and about – each other during their five days together. Wallace committed suicide in 2008 but is still considered one of the greatest and most insightful writers today. "Fiction's about what it is to be a fucking human being", the real Wallace said, and the film leaves viewers to dwell on this sentiment; on the nature of the novel and on the human condition.

REVIEW BY NIKKI ADDISON

MY LOVE IS COOL WOLF ALICE

ALBUM REVIEW

I'VE BEEN A FAN OF WOLF ALICE FOR A FEW years now. Their 90s grunge revival tunes appealed to me as a wannabe nostalgic individual who was far too young to look past anything but the Spice Girls in that era. They've faithfully toured the UK circuit and dished out four EPs in the last couple of years, pleasing their relatively small but dedicated fanbase. But it's guaranteed that that fanbase is going to become quite sizeable within the next year. They just played a set at Glastonbury which *The Guardian* gave four stars, heralding it as "melodic and savage" – an unusual combination, though one that fittingly describes this young band which is truly coming into its own.

On their debut album, *My Love Is Cool*, you'd think upon listening to opening track "Turn To Dust" that you're in for a folksy ride. However, the anticipation and pulse builds, track by track, as lead singer Ellie Rowsell switches between sweet melodies, crackly whispers and powerful, occasionally screeching notes. Pulsating guitars are matched with that quintessential grunge monotone, which can finally be heard on "You're A Germ" and an accusing Roswell laughs at the end of it, calling the protagonist "a creep" and a "guilty fucker as well". The lyrics of these tracks show Roswell capturing the kind of teenage abandon an audience can easily relate to, as well as her own development out of these years – still restless and still wanting to explore new territories. It's the Roswell that fans have known and loved these past few years, but

now fronting a tighter band that has truly placed itself at the forefront of the UK's new music scene.

So even though it isn't what fans may expect, the brilliance of this album is in its deceptive variation of sound. It keeps you guessing, makes you perch on the edge of your seat, and when the sweet spot hits, you may even find yourself head-banging in front of the mirror to raucous track "Fluffy" and you'll be all the better for it. This record is polished and remains sophisticated whilst still retaining its grunge roots. Wolf Alice is about to hit the big time. They're a far cry from the self-righteous one-hit wonder indie rockers that the UK so often spews out.

REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

HERMITUDE

CONCERT REVIEW

THE VENUE WAS THE STUDIO ON K ROAD. THE band was Hermitude, who were on the last leg of their Auckland tour. We were a couple of chicas, tipsy on white wine with free reviewer tickets – a good night was imminent. First, though, the obligatory roadblocks everyone faces on any successful night out. The ticket said the concert started at 9:00pm, but when we arrived at 9:30ish, we were two of about twenty others in the venue, all of whom looked very self-conscious about the excess of space around them. A security guard informed us that the show would be delayed until more people arrived. The supporting act consisted of two rappers, whose music was decidedly amateur and targeted at the wrong audience.

Our wine buzz was wearing off and drinks were too expensive to top it up. It would take a miracle to get us dancing again. Luckily, things improved when Hermitude took the stage at nearly midnight. To say that people responded well is an understatement. Bod-

ies moved in every way you can imagine; swaying, jumping and boogieing in a possessed-esque manner. And how could you not with a band like Hermitude performing in front of you. The energy that Dubber and Stuart exuded from their live, (yes live) DJ set was electric. Songs like 'Speak of the Devil' (my favourite of theirs), 'Through the Roof' ft Young Tapz and 'The Buzz' kept everyone bouncing throughout the set. Up on our reviewer's vantage point above the pulsating masses, we had ample space to dance – and

dance we did.

The music itself was loud, bass-y and fucking awesome. It's designed to be performed live, in a venue exactly like this one. Hermitude are stunning performers, and it's not often you can say that about DJs. They played their keys and decks live, at one point stepping in front of the set to jam on a key-tar and minisynth. The lighting and big screen behind the DJ desk showed Luke and Angus' skill on the synthesisers and drum machines, as well as animated scenes of rainbows and kaleidoscopic effects.

They were clearly on the same wavelength with their audience, and as they exited the stage, called out "who's gonna stay up until the sun rises?" The already amped up the crowd couldn't bear to see Hermitude go, and began an enthused encore chant. After one last song, Luke and Angus said goodbye to a very happy crowd. Cheers for a great night, guys.

REVIEW BY GEORGIA HARRIS

"THE MUSIC ITSELF WAS LOUD, BASS-Y AND FUCKING AWESOME. IT'S DESIGNED TO BE PERFORMED LIVE, IN A VENUE EXACTLY LIKE THIS ONE"



VIKINGS, GINGERS, AND THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY

AN INTERVIEW WITH I AM GIANT

HAILING FROM WEST AUCKLAND, SHELTON AND Paul are the founders of alternative rock band I Am Giant. With two new members having joined the band recently, I Am Giant has created new songs including "Kiss From A Ghost" and "Russian Doll" that they are currently touring off the back of. Here is our interview...

AS A BAND BASED IN LONDON, WHAT'S YOUR VIEW ON THE NZ MUSIC INDUSTRY?

PAUL: NZ is a really small place, there's no escaping that. I think we have seen some really good artists come straight through NZ though. Lorde's incredibly young and she didn't move anywhere to do anything. She just came straight through here.

I GUESS SHE WAS QUITE LUCKY THOUGH. SHE WAS PICKED UP AT 12 AND HAD A LOT OF HELP CRAFTING HER IMAGE. IT'S PROBABLY HARDER TO MAKE IT BY YOURSELF?

SHELTON: It's not as sinister as that sounds - record labels are there to help you. At the end of the day, it comes down to the music, the genre, and the talent. For us, being an alternative rock band, you can't craft us and our images, it just doesn't work.

P: You know what? Every band and every artist has to do it on their own at some point. I think there's a kind of fantasy where you

get a big break, and everybody looks after you. But you've always got to do your own work.

S: People have this kind of this perception that someone's telling Lorde exactly what to do. You'd be quite surprised, Lorde's probably telling 90% of the people if not 100% of the people what to do. Of course, people have suggested ideas and working with people at the high end of the industry, you're always going to do something pretty good.

P: It's funny with image too, because at the end of the day, everybody's got to have a look and image. But you have to be some kind of spectacular singer to turn up in your work clothes and inspire people. I haven't seen a guy with his tool belt on, captivating audiences yet.

S: Yes, you have! What are they called?

P: With their tool belt on?

S: Yeah YMCA.

P: (Laughs) I think that's a novelty one.

S: Still, it's a pretty big song.

P: I've got a pretty good tool belt - I could wear it on stage.

S: That's the thing though, if you walked out there with a tool belt, people would be like "oh yeah good old plumber or working man" but that would be his brand and his image. The record label would be like "be that kind of working class guy".

P: That's awesome man.

(They both start singing YMCA. Such bantz).

SO SHELTON, AFTER NATALIA KILLS AND WILLY MOON LEFT X FACTOR, YOU WERE A JUDGE ON THE SHOW. WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?

S: I loved every second of it. I got to meet Brendan Thomas and the Vibes, who are really cool, we're currently producing their first single and we'll be taking them on tour so I've stuck true to my word on the show, and I'm still supporting them to this day.

AND IS X FACTOR PRE-RECORDED?

S: The international acts and the main (guest) acts are pre-recorded only because of the amount of time that's on the show, to set up the sets. And you've got to realise you're not going to be able to tell Ricky Martin where to stand and where to be at an exact time. But all of the bands that are on the show, 100% not pre-recorded.

OK, INTERESTING. I'VE HEARD SOME VERY CONVINCING ARGUMENTS AGAINST THAT. CONSPIRACY THEORISTS I GUESS.

P: Yeah, yeah exactly. JFK and everything. I still believe in the Norse gods mate. Odin and Thor and all that. So I'm allowed to.

WHY NOT?

P: After I watched Vikings I converted. Yeah. We pray to Odin.

SO YOUR TOUR'S COMING UP TO AUCKLAND SOON. WHAT CAN CRACCU READERS EXPECT?

S: A crackin good time.

P: Touché.

S: Obviously I write all of the lyrics.



P: We're going to play all our best songs from our albums, plus our new ones, and we've got Dead Letter Circus, our main support. They are amazing. And of course we're taking Brendan Thomas and the Vibes on the road to open the show. It's gonna be an awesome show with really great bands, so we're pretty stoked.

WHAT IS YOUR MUSIC WRITING PROCESS LIKE?

S: Ryan (the new guy) does everything.

P: I write lyrics and the singers we've had put a melody over the top of that. Shelton and I produce the music along with our producer and engineer from Australia. We have a bit of a team, people pitch in. But we started the band and we are very important. Especially Shelton.

S: (Rolls a mag into a cone, says "I am the most important" into my ear).

AND WHO ARE YOUR MUSICAL INFLUENCES?

P: I admire and look up to Brad Wilk, the drummer in Rage Against the Machine, John Bonham, from Led Zeppelin. Fuck I dunno.

P: Mine were Mick Hucknall and Dave Dobbyn just cos they were both fellow gingers and no one held it against them. I'm not a big fan of Ed Sheeran's music, but he's really great. It's not often you get to see another ginger just really getting out there and dominating all the non-gingers.

WHEN YOU'RE NOT MAKING MUSIC, WHAT DO YOU GUYS DO?

P: This takes up all of our time, unfortunately. Well not unfortunately, but at the end of the

day it is actually really demanding. I produce and record other bands, but that's still the music business.

SO NO LIKE COOKING OR SPORT OR ANYTHING? JUST MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC.

S: I'm also an artist, so I had an exhibition in Paris at the end of the year. I also had one in Auckland recently. I love cooking. I cooked for the band when we were recording our last album.

P: He's a very elegant cook. Whereas I will cook chicken just so I don't get salmonella.

S: Paul actually made steak the other weekend — it was nice.

P: Thank you mate. There you go, we do like cooking.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THE MUSIC INDUSTRY?

P: I think times are changing in the industry now — it's more instant. Cycles are winding down and people just want content regularly. We've been around even before digital was

around, so you can only imagine how old we are.

IS IT RUDE TO ASK?

S: Yes.

P: I'm 36, he's my young protégé.

S: I'm 31.

P: I'm slowly teaching him about life. Anyway, the future of the music industry is tied in with the future of humanity. Which at the minute is looking a little bit challenged just with all the carry on.

S: In this day and age people are happier if you release a song every couple of months, instead of waiting to release a really well crafted, cohesive album. It's really hard at the moment to survive as an artist with the likes of streaming and Spotify, which is criminal really. We could sit here and whinge and moan and half the readers would be like "ohh you're whinging and moaning", so we just choose to get on with it and keep on crafting our music.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGIA HARRIS

"WE COULD SIT HERE AND WHINGE AND MOAN AND HALF THE READERS WOULD BE LIKE 'OH H YOU'RE WHINGING AND MOANING', SO WE JUST CHOOSE TO GET ON WITH IT AND KEEP ON CRAFTING OUR MUSIC."



ONE YEAR ON: ROBIN WILLIAMS (JULY 21 1951 - AUGUST 11 2014)

ARTS COMMENT

M*RS. DOUBTFIRE* DIDN'T WIN ROBIN WILLIAMS a best actor Academy Award, nor was it his most widely acclaimed movie in the eyes of critics, and it lost out on first place at the box office in 1993 to a little movie called *Jurassic Park*. Despite all of the above, Robin Williams donning a dressing gown and wig with a face full of cream, or lobbing a lime at Pierce Brosnan's well-oiled head, are prized movie memories of my childhood, and the film's messages of love and family remain all too significant as the door opens wide to adulthood.

You'd be hard pressed to meet someone who didn't have their own *Mrs. Doubtfire*. Your childhood may have been coloured by a blue genie fiercely wanting to escape his bottle, or a man freed after years trapped in a board game, or a grown Peter Pan who had

to rediscover what it meant to have an adventure. No matter what form he arrived in, Robin Williams always felt like that one eccentric uncle who you only saw every other year at family gatherings, who would pull coins out from behind your ear, or rattle off impeccable accents until you laughed so hard that you cried.

Exactly one year on, it seems ever so slightly ludicrous to still be saddened by the loss of a famous person, someone who you didn't really know, and likely never had the chance to meet. Yet Robin Williams had an immutable spark, and whether he was turning his hand to a dramatic role, or hurdling onto screens with the comedic ability for which he was so well known, and so well loved, his ability to make us feel something is one that cannot be undersold. Robin Williams, who offered so much of his humour and his heart to audiences anytime he appeared onscreen – well, it seems almost impossible to not feel some form of connectedness, and consequently, some form of loss, when someone like that

is gone from our midst all too soon. The actors and films you meet in childhood become so much more to you than simply a favourite movie you cart out on a rainy day; they have a real formative influence on who you grow to be as a person, whether or not you realized at the time that Robin Williams table-top dancing to "Jump Around" by House of Pain would warm your heart a whole twenty years later.

The beauty of films is that they allow us to preserve memories, to be revisited whenever we so choose. Just like a genie's lamp or a beloved board game, a film captures something, so we can be reminded of wee pockets of childhood that may have been forgotten, and most importantly, be reminded of the man who created these most wonderful memories to begin with. Like *Mrs. Doubtfire* said of Stuart Little's honesty, Robin Williams' generosity of heart is a noble quality, and one that should never be taken for granted, or ever be forgotten.

COMMENT BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

BOOK

INVISIBLE MONSTERS CHUCK PALAHNIUK

BOOK REVIEW

THE YEARS OF BEING A BOOKWORM HAVE passed for the majority of university students, which is a true shame. However, since the first few weeks of semester are pretty slow (for arts students anyway), I decided to get back into some free reading. Chuck Palahniuk, author of the uber popular *Fight Club*, is without a doubt one of the most graphic yet enticing writers I have ever come across. Each of his novels are satirical and witty, exploring topics of the human experience that are commonly refused attention. *Invisible Monsters*, Palahniuk's third published novel from 1999, is no exception.

Invisible Monsters is not your typical story – it is pretty screwed up, dealing with drugs,

violence, blood and fire. And yet, you're left wanting to continue rather than to put the book down. It's narrated by a fashion model who lives a grand life as a beautiful and rich human being until she gets shot through her car window, leaving her lower jaw (as well as her self esteem) extremely deformed. In hospital, she befriends a transgender character by the name of Brandy Alexander who helps her get through life by robbing homes of their prescription drugs. Sounds pretty outrageous, but the book takes even more perfectly laced twists and turns.

This storyline is very dense and occasionally difficult to follow, and there's no formal structure to the book, allowing Palahniuk to focus on character detail. Our narrator is not necessarily likeable, but she holds a conversational tone that makes you laugh yet full of distrust. In the meantime, Palahniuk's vivid and original imagery keeps you on your toes. Occasionally it

all sounds a bit too glamorous and unreal, yet this vibe perfectly aligns with the Cosmopolitan-esque vibe of our main character. Alongside the superficiality of the female perspective, Palahniuk expresses a lot about the human condition, identity, and the value of beauty, creating a powerful criticism on modern culture.

Even though Palahniuk was a revolution in the literary world of the late 90s/early 2000s, his novels still remain relevant and popular amongst older teenagers (that's us!). Palahniuk takes the reader very seriously in terms of their abilities to idolize and critique. The edginess of the storyline and of the imagery can seem far-fetched one moment, and then feel intertwined with your own life experiences the next. *Invisible Monsters* wholly grasps your attention, proving to be a fun and dysfunctional source of both learning and leisure.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG



THE FUTURE TRAJECTORY OF "ART"

ART'S COMMENT

"ART NEVER RESPONDS TO THE WISH TO MAKE IT democratic; it is not for everybody; it is only for those willing to undergo the effort to understand it", says Flannery O'Connor in a recently read book titled *Mystery and Manners*. Infuriated at her claim, I've chosen this week to meditate on what is "art". Why is it strange for some and inspiring for others? What are we meant to do at an art gallery? And is "art" approaching a watershed moment?

I often hear students talk of the university like it's a realm separate from the rest of society, as though what we do here is completely disconnected from "the real world". Needless to say I find that idea false, but similar feelings are shared vis-à-vis today's art gallery. You may have noticed there's one down the hill from campus, with a beautiful entrance which many pass without stopping to admire (it really is an astounding piece of architecture). Art galleries are synonymous with high culture, containing a rich history which we can study academically or find in books. Juxtaposed against this is British philosopher Alain de Botton's *Art as Therapy*, in which it is convincingly argued that we ought to arrange our art institutions according to themes such as how to deal with breakups, what makes a good parent and even how to have better sex. And in response to changing times, art galleries and museums are taking heed and adopting more interactive, accessible and meaningful ways of communicating ideas to the public. But the uptake has not been absolute.

I did a little ethnographic experiment (as subtly as is humanly possible) and followed a few people around a gallery to check out

their habits and attitudes. The rough trajectory is: glimpse at some paintings, maybe read the caption and take the odd picture, before they're over it and wander to the gift shop to nosy around. So we get through the door, sure, but what we do inside serves no real purpose and might as well be a waste of time. Part of the problem is we are plagued by socially constructed ideas of what art can and should be. We forget that graffiti behind the St James Theatre is as much "art" as Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*. Art comes in myriad forms; yes, even a heap of plastic bags burning in a cauldron could be considered an artistic statement about how our desire to consume is wreaking havoc on our natural environment (I did make that up on the spot, though I get the feeling someone has done this already).

In effect, we don't need to "know things" about art – not that that was ever true – but it certainly is not the case anymore. We've got the internet at our fingertips for that! So the question is not what we know about art but asking what art can do; to find what purpose it serves and the problems it can seek to resolve beyond simply hanging on a wall or quite literally sitting on a soapbox. Art can be a counterbalance to our failings and insecurities, reminding us of our constant failures but also our successes which we all too often forget. The iconic Marcel Proust proposed in *À la recherche du temps per-*

du that art allows us to witness old things in original ways, and to renew our broken images of how we perceive reality. Art can bring our attention to "the little things" we miss all too often in the course of everyday life, like an old lady hanging the washing on the line or the crisp dew on a tuft of grass. These are moments that artists like Johannes Vermeer capture with incredible clarity and talent.

O'Connor's point is that art is not for everyone, but my challenge is why the hell not? There is no effort needed to understand beyond a capacity to recognise one's own thoughts and emotion, and take the time to sit with those feelings. We've gone away with "high ideas" in music and film but art still limps behind, much like philosophy and, to some extent, the institution of the university. If you think most of the people walking into galleries are filled to the brim with knowledge about the baroque period or the tenets of postmodernism, you couldn't be more wrong. It's time to rid ourselves of that disastrous notion of "Art" with a capital A that pervades our social consciousness. Art can and should be for anyone, and it won't be any more or less valuable than it is now if we make it so. As for how we do that, well, that's an entirely different question altogether.

COMMENT BY CLARK TIPENE

"I OFTEN HEAR STUDENTS TALK OF THE UNIVERSITY LIKE IT'S A REALM SEPARATE FROM THE REST OF SOCIETY, AS THOUGH WHAT WE DO HERE IS COMPLETELY DISCONNECTED FROM 'THE REAL WORLD'."



SIGNS YOU'RE SECRETLY AN OLD MAN/WOMAN

WANT TO WRITE A TOP 10 FOR CRACCUM? EMAIL MATT@CRACCUM.CO.NZ FOR ANY IDEAS. PLEASE DO IT, HE'S GETTING DESPERATE AND ANNOYING EVERYONE.

UNIVERSITY IS FULL OF YOUNG PEOPLE, bursting with youthful energy, new ideas and a future waiting to be developed and explored. It's a time to push the boundaries and enjoy being 'young'. Yet this young person persona isn't for everyone, in fact there is a growing percentage of these young people turning into an old person. Remember age is just a number and for some of us, our physical age might be from 18-22 but inside we're secretly in retirement. Here are some signs to figure out if you're secretly an old man/woman.

1 **YOU ONLY WEAR KNITWEAR.** You could pass this off as being 'cool' and 'hipster' but that's just a delightful excuse for you to dress old and don that woolen jumper or scarf. Bonus points for those of you who dabble in the elderly art of cardigans. Double Bonus points for those of you who knitted it yourself.

2 **FASHION IS SECONDARY TO PRACTICAL WEAR.** Nike Roshes? They don't give proper arch support. Barkers shirts? Cotton does *nothing* to keep you warm. Ripped jeans? Why am I paying more for my knees to be exposed?! Throw any sense of fashion out the window and embrace the windbreakers, polar fleeces and hi-tech fluorescent walking shoes.

3 **YOUR FIRST CHOICE FOR FOOTWEAR IS A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.** Ah slippers, the fluffy cuddly shoes created by the heavens. They're effectively clouds on your feet and you wear them any chance you get. For you these aren't just inside shoes but for all situations: when you walk your dog, go shopping or go to your fortnightly bridge tournament.

4 **YOU HAVE NO CONCEPT OF NEW MUSIC.** Jessie J? Ed Sheeran? Meghan Trainor? Who are they? Is Taylor Swift a new brand of Suzuki? The Edge isn't a radio show for new music but a group of people saying rude things loudly. You hark back to the good ole' days of Robbie Williams, ABBA and Cat Stevens (what a mix) and listen to their albums (not singles) on repeat. You're also probably asking about that girl Miley from a popular TV show and wondering what has happened to her now. The answer: so much has happened, but mainly you've got old.

5 **THE IDEA OF STAYING OVER AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE MAKES YOU SQUIRM.** There is barely anything more comfortable, understanding or loving than your own bed. It's probably the most stable relationship you'll ever have in your life. It knows where to hold you and how soft or hard it should be. To be away from your bed not only sounds horrible, but even a borderline betrayal. Staying over at a friend's house represents this. This promises a night of discomfort, broken sleeps and potential aches. Stick with your own bed instead.



6 **BEING SOMEWHERE WHERE THE MUSIC IS TOO LOUD IS THE WORST TYPE OF PARTY.** We've all been there: a nice little get together amongst friends turns into a pseudo-heavy metal concert where any form of conversation gets violently smothered out by some nonsensical lyrics and abrasive bass. Once upon a time this was fun, you could dance and sing your lungs out incorrectly to the well-crafted lyrics of Jason Derulo. But now the dancing just makes your body ache, the music makes your ears heart, and the night makes your soul sore as you crave for your biscuits, tea and TV at home.

7 **YOU NEED A COFFEE TO STAY UP FOR ANY LATE NIGHT ACTIVITIES.** Any event starting after 8pm (or lets be realistic, once it gets dark) now becomes

difficult. Your mind's telling you that you want to watch that movie, attend that show or catch up with your friends, but your body's telling you no. Your eyelids get heavy and in slow periods, you find yourself napping after a long day of sitting around doing nothing.

8 **IF YOU'RE OUT WITH FRIENDS, MIDNIGHT IS THE LATEST YOU WILL BE OUT.** Once upon a time, clubbing until 3 or even 4am seemed like the ultimate challenge. It was the greatest statement that you were young and being up late opened you up to a whole new youth culture. Now any activities in the am are only restricted to breakfasts and coffees, not drinking or drunken feasts at McDonalds.

9 **SEEING PEOPLE GOING OUT DRINKING MORE THAN ONCE A WEEKLY TERRIFIES YOU.** Back in the day, there was Wednesday night student night. Plus Friday drinks for the end of the week and Saturday night because what else is there to do? For the strong willed amongst us, there are even Thursday nights over at Takapuna so you can really get on a four-day bender. Now all this represents is hell in human form, especially since one night of drinking can take you out for almost 3 days.

10 **STAYING AT HOME IS FAR MORE APPEALING THAN GOING OUT.** Going outside is cold, sometimes wet. You have to see people – a lot of whom you actually hate. The clothes you wear are uncomfortable but look 'good'. It's exhausting just thinking about it. Instead you could just stay at home and relax, put on some good TV shows, eat some nice food and wear your give up on life clothes. I don't know if there is anything more blissful than this.

Hold on, this doesn't sound that bad. In fact this sounds quite nice. Excuse me while I put on my knitwear, slippers and hide away at home and embrace the Grandpa life early.

"IS TAYLOR SWIFT A NEW BRAND OF SUZUKI? THE EDGE ISN'T A RADIO SHOW FOR NEW MUSIC BUT A GROUP OF PEOPLE SAYING RUDE THINGS LOUDLY."



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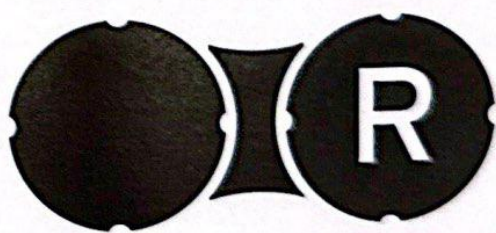
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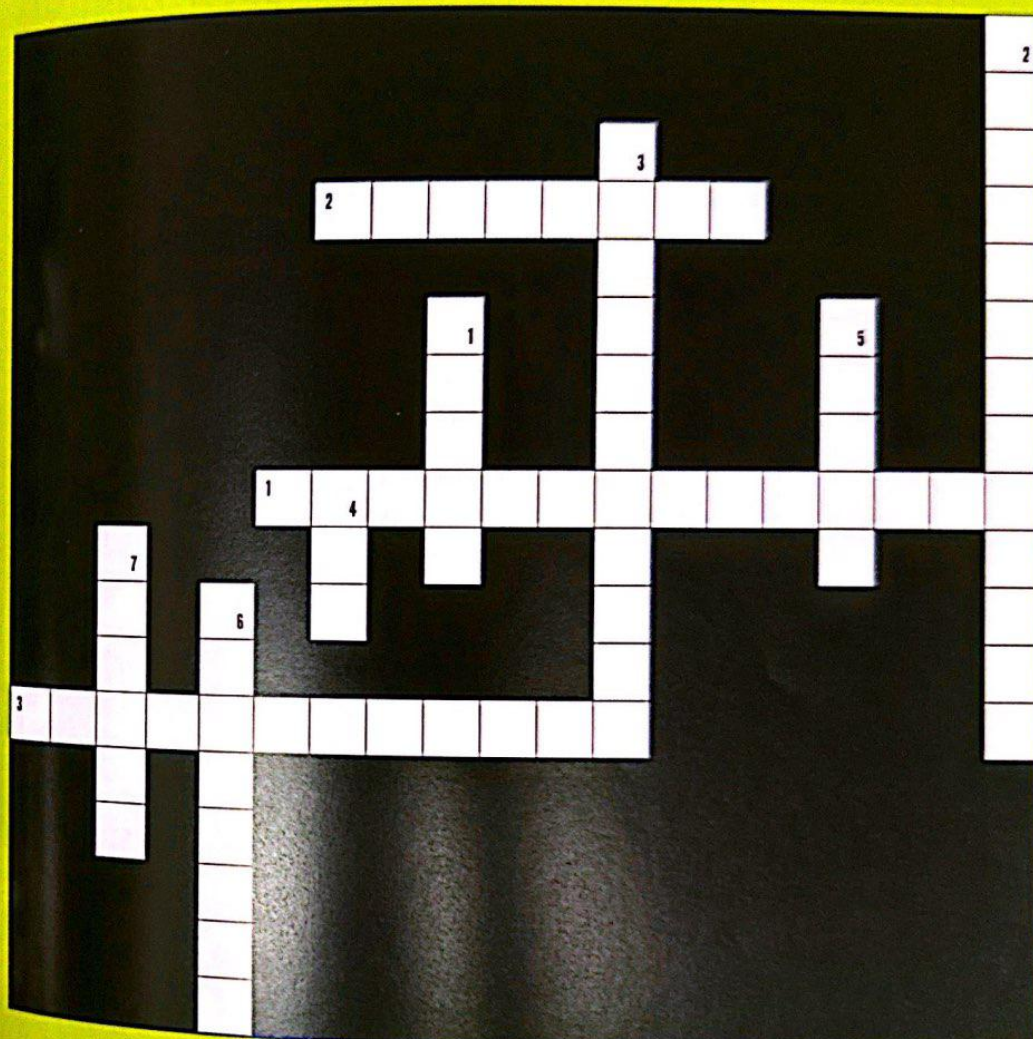


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CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- Contributor of the Week
- The name of former AC/DC drummer who is having legal issues in Tauranga
- The new AUSA President

DOWN

- Which Auckland City park was the location of a police shooting last week?
- Which politician did News Editor John Middleton interview this week?
- Capital of Argentina
- Which faculty is staging their revue this week?
- The name of the lion who was recently shot in Zimbabwe
- Which band did Georgia Harris interview this week?
- How many countries are involved in TPPA talks?

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The People to Blame

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Contributor of the Week

Clare Cambridge

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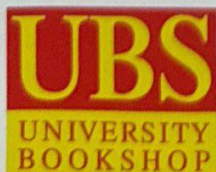
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