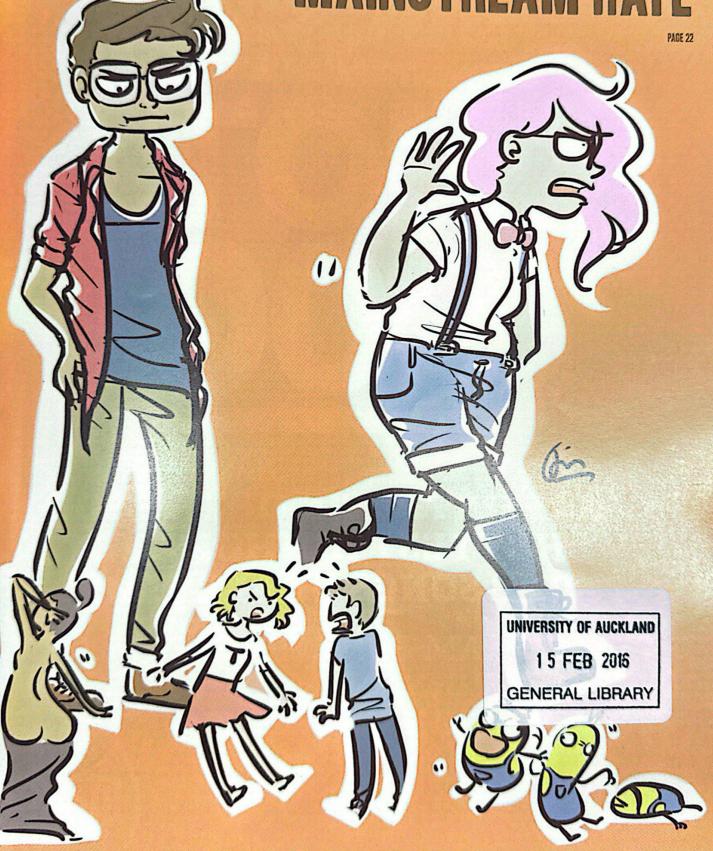


MAINSTREAM HATE



CONRAD GRIMSHAW CRIES IN THE SHOWER. ALSO Reviews the Law Revue. PAGE 11

INTERVIEW WITH CONTROVERSIAL JOURNALIST PAUL HENRY

CAN WE HAVE ETHICAL CONSUMERISM?
AN INVESTIGATION INTO SOCIAL ENTERPRISES PAGE 24



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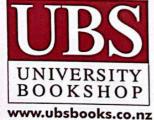
10AM-3PM WEEKDAYS



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JORDAN'S EDITORIAL

UP THE CRACC, OR STUDENT POLITICS AT UOA

LECTION PERIOD IS OVER NOW. NEEDLESS TO say, it was a great time. Many people were elected. I'm sure the engaged student populace has made all the right choices. Elections seem like such sombre business, terrible (largely black and white) posters wall paper the soviet-grim quad, and boring student politicians say words like "policy" and "engagement".

I always assumed these people were serious, important, sombre, members of debsoc. But not this year. This year we had a gaggle of spastics running for *Craccum*, elite and important as ever. The British lad who surely is a predatory masturbator. The "liberal" serious duo whose only real policies seemed to be the possession of one vagina between the two of them, and that they really really like minorities. Not to mention the third candidate, flagpole wedged firmly between his buttocks. I'm pretty sure at one point during

the speeches, to which a grand total of six people showed up, one of them did actually start masturbating.

But Craccum wasn't the only fun to be had. The current Queer Rights Officer wondered campus, wooly jersey and chips in hand, arse crack profoundly exposed for all to see. Some sort of political statement I'm sure.

At one point some incensed AUSA type got up-in-arms about the lack of campaigning from non-contested parties. At this stage I yelled into the thronging crowd of four until someone clapped to shut me up. We debated much about "mandates" (our president got less than three hundred votes), we talked about culture (I did anyway, also running un-

"opposed).

A decaying near-senile corpse showed up to conduct the affairs, run speeches, count votes, and tell people off for not showing up to pointless meetings. The current Overlord, ever lazy and stealing durries, was unable, unwilling, or uninterested to come and see any of the next generation of drongos who are desperate enough to actually want to run the student union.

Things were super great. I find student politicians profoundly arousing. And congratulations to whomever has won. At time of writing elections are not yet over, so I may be the second ever person to have lost to no confidence. If so, good bantz.

"1"M PRETTY SURE AT ONE POINT DURING THE SPEECHES, TO WHICH A GRAND TOTAL OF SIX PEOPLE SHOWED UP, ONE OF THEM DID ACTUALLY START MASTURBATING."

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

TO LAD OR NOT TO LAD

nor will I ever be. When I was younger, I didn't enjoy sports. I played rugby for 3 years, but I spent more time finding the right spot on the field to watch the TV in the neighbouring house than chasing the ball. Instead I preferred playing with Bratz dolls, dancing to Britney Spears and listening to the Mt Eden mothers gossip.

Nowadays not much has changed. Watching sport is boring, but if gossiping or bitching was a sport, I'd be an Olympic champion. I watch Keeping Up With The Kardashians. I don't like girls.

But should I be considered less of a man because of this? Fuck no.

But to others, I might.

To be a man you are expected to exhibit certain masculine traits. You should be Strong. Assertive. Aggressive. Dominant. Straight. (Always) Right. You shouldn't express your emotions, or appear weak. Society praises the individuals that display these traits. They are the 'cool' kids at school, the sought after individuals for jobs and the powerful CEOs who bankroll the world.

We are ingrained with these ideals from the moment we are born. Boys are pushed into sports, given muscular action figures and the colour blue. Things like pink, dancing and dolls are 'off-limits' because they're 'for girls'. We are told how to properly act from family, friends,

coaches, teachers and the mass media. Be a bro. Be a lad. Be a man. Slowly but surely, many of us learn or become what society expects from us. We conform, or at least try to.

But this one-dimensional view of what it means to be a man assumes everyone fits this mould, yet there is enough history, science and knowledge to prove that we are all different. We all have different experiences, upbringings and opportunities that shape who we are. Growing research shows gender is a spectrum, and characteristics that are seen as definitively masculine or feminine aren't limited to one gender or sex, but can be accessed by everyone. Yet people still assume if you show signs from the other you are 'deviant', 'weird' or 'wrong'.

Knowing that we're all different, why do we conform? To avoid judgment. It's easier to publicly act a certain, more appropriate way, than be constantly scrutinised by others. Plus it gives you a sense of comradery. You have a group or community of people who are like you, yet it's all based on pretense than personal interests.

But this conformity affects not just me, or a small class of people, but everyone. It affects all men because they think that they have to act a certain way in society, and if they don't, they have failed. They try to become someone else and live a life that's not theirs because of this expec-

tation. This masculine expectation is a leading theory for why men are increasingly more likely to commit suicide than women, because they have to be someone else and also can't show the emotional struggle it has on them.

It also affects the men who don't conform. They are degraded for being effeminate and socially ostracised. This in part explains the stigmas against gay, bisexual or trans men. It also affects women because these men who don't conform are seen as feminine, and degraded for this, which inherently means that in their view, to be feminine is to be lesser than a masculine man. All this does is feed into a patriarchal framework built on oppressing individual identity and glorifying a certain male lifestyle.

I am a man because I identify as one. I, or any male, shouldn't be seen as 'not a man' because I don't conform to some archaic ideal. We should be able to create our own lives based on what we expect from ourselves rather than what society expects from us. Any judgments made against men should be on how they treat others, rather than not fulfilling an expectation or mould that doesn't fit them. Let's be a progressive society rather than a restrained one. So don't be compelled to be a lad or actively go against it. It shouldn't be a black and white question because the human experience is not black and white. Just be you, whether than is 30% lad or 70%.

"I PLAYED RUGBY FOR 3 YEARS, BUT I SPENT MORE TIME FINDING THE RIGHT SPOT ON THE FIELD TO WATCH THE TY IN THE NEIGHBOURING HOUSE THAN CHASING THE BALL."

WHAT A LOAD OF CTAC-MENOUGH ABOUT RUCKEY!

WHY DON'T YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT THIS SECTION, JUST EMAIL NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

NEWS IN BRIEF

USA: Kanye West is reportedly naming his son "Jesus West", justifying the choice of name with "'cause he's the son of a God, bitch". The name is understood to be a publicity statement for the rap star's new brand of Bibles, called "Easy Breezy Yeezy Jeezy's".

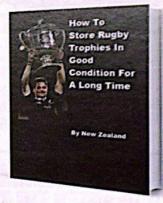
AUCKLAND: A man has been reported to have defecated on the floor of a Jetstar flight. One commentator reported that it "actually improved the atmosphere on board".

CREC: Desperate Greek Prime Minister re-applies for bailout promising that "we'll be really really good about lowering the deficit".

WELINGTON: In perfect metaphor, John Key is caught wrapping copies of the TPPA in a prototype new flag.

AUSTRALIA: Tony Abbott desperately tries to keep the country in the 19th century by delaying vote on same-sex marriage.

UNVESTY: Prime Minister John Key has agreed to take out another \$100bn in debt from China to fund an increase in Vice Chancellor Stuart McCuntcheon's salary. Professor McCuntcheon has defended the debt saying "the next generation is going to have to get used to debt, especially if they were educated at Auckland University".



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6 - ISSUE SE Craccum.

DAVID CUNLIFFE CONVINCED HE'S STILL LEADER

Sources close to former leader of the Labour Party have said he still believes he is going to lead the party into the next election. Cunliffe, who vowed to continue as leader following a devastating defeat by John Key's National Party in 2014, is living in a secure location in Wellington. "We have a room with large television screens. He stands at the front and we put videos of crowds cheering while he speaks. It keeps him happy".

Carers said they were worried Cunliffe would discover the trick after they accidentally put on a video with more than twenty people in the audience but the former leader didn't seem to notice. "We're not sure if he simply couldn't count, or if he really thought all those people were interested in what he



had to say", one of the staff at the facility said "But he seemed to be fine with it".

Following his defeat in the 2014 election, Cunliffe announced he was resigning as leader but that he would win back the rôle. His later announcement that he wouldn't stand is suspected to have been made by a lookalike, with the sound coming from a professional voice artist.

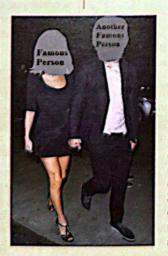
CELEBRITY DOES ORDINARY THING WEARING CLOTHES WOTTAN'S Shitty

spotted showing off her chic dress and gorgeous figure while doing something mundane with a beaming man, who is probably

going out with her. The speculation that they might be 'an item' comes from the revealing photos that show them as a perfect match, in that they are both wearing clothes. Since she is covering her abdomen, there's a possibility that she might be pregnant.

This comes after earlier breaking news that she was seen with her son, who was looking cute in what appeared to be a small jacket and small shoes. She also tied up the laces when they became undone as he played on a playground with other, similar-aged children, who aren't the offspring of celebrities.

She recently announced that she will contin-



ue to make films as part of her job, ending speculation that she might be taking time off to visit her parents, who may or may not be getting older. It was also noticed that she was wearing gloves, possibly because it is the middle of winter, but more likely in an attempt to hide an engagement ring. Furthermore, in at astonishing twist, it turns out she isn't the same person as her most recently-portrayed character, and doesn't have the same make-up as whea she is on set.



NTERVIEW WITH PAUL HENRY

caster, the guy who has created controversies such as the legendary Sheila Dikshit scandal, and now the star of his own show (appropriate-y called Paul Henry). He gave up a few minutes o answer our questions.

FIN WHAT ON IY WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING? "I would be on my boat and I'd be travelling the world, which is what I will do when I'm not on TV".

been so many, [after all] I'm 55 years old. I have interviewed so many famous people, famous sometimes just for being themselves, sometimes for the position they hold, and there have just been so many that I have to file them away in a place where I cannot recall them.

Sometimes ordinary people are so much more interesting than famous people, constantly people surprise you. Some surprise you by being dull and a complete waste of your time, and others surprise you pleasantly by being stunning personalities for whatever reason".

time, right place, right personalities. You can have no opinion on the Kardashians really, they are what they are. The opinion has to be on those who make them what they are, and obviously they are supplying a fantastic need for people to have lives to vicariously live through".

FAVOURITE DRINKING SAME: "Drinking is a very serious business, I would never turn it into a game, I would never encourage anyone to turn it into a game".

probably something that I don't recall. People get embarrassed by things that I do, but I can't recall ever been embarrassed by anything I've done. Because what people think is of little importance to me and so it's hard to be embarrassed. You just have to be self-assured. Self-assured people are not embarrassed because they realise one very precious thing, time is very very short and none of it should be wasted by worrying what other people think".

"DRINKING IS A VERY
SERIOUS BUSINESS
I WOULD NEVER
TURN IT INTO A
GAME, I WOULD NEVER
ENCOURAGE ANYONE TO
TURN IT INTO A GAME"

BEST MIGHT OUT STORT: "My best night out story involves me on my own, drinking on my boat, and it's just lovely. You just sit in a lovely bay, and you light the bay up like a Christmas tree with the boat. You sit there with a lovely Pinot, and out of every window there is an amazing view of paradise".

FUNNEST THING THAT HAS HAPPENED ON SET THAT NEVER GOT SHOWN ON TV? "Everything is shown on TV, if there was something funny that wasn't shown on TV it would be a waste".



KIM JONG UN AND HONE HARAWIRA ANNOUNCE NEW COALITION PARTY

FITER A DISAPPOINTING RESULT IN THE 2014 Relection for Hone Harawira, he announced today the formation of a new coalition party with North Korean despot and general lunatic, Kim Jong Un. "Kim and I have a lot in common", Mr. Harawira said at the press conference. "For one thing, I'm really good at having stupid ideas with people named Kim".

 T_{he} party, called the Authoritarian Regime

of Supreme Enlightenment Party (A.R.S.E for short), is due to run in the 2017 election.

The move comes as a political shock for both North Korean and New Zealand residents. "I mean, we're fairly used to being ruled by an authoritarian regime, which gives us no voice in government", an urnamed University of Auckland student complained, "But I mean, you have to admit that Kim Jong Un is really a step up from National".



Kim Jong Un attempted to dissuade these ideas with a recent press statement. "It is true that Hone and I have a lot in common. We both hate white people in our country", the Supreme Leader wrote.



WORLD LEADERS IN ILL-CONSIDERED BID TO SAVE PLANET

IN CONTRAST TO REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANdidates' cautious platform on the issue, President Obama has announced a reckless Clean Power Plan to combat climate change. Despite not knowing every single fact on the subject, Obama has claimed that climate change is the most pressing issue of our time.

His alarmist agenda was reinforced by a group of Muslim leaders ahead of a climate-themed symposium in Turkey, and Pope Francis, who has issued an encyclical calling for Catholics to respect the environment. The scaremongering is not limited to world leaders, with major corporations such as Shell, Google and BP joining in the call for impulsive action on the issue.

While climate activists continue with their dangerous attempts to save the planet, a spokesperson from People Against Rash Decisions stated "What if it turns out they are wrong, and climate change is not real? We will have clean air, sustainable energy, public transport, lots of forests and a sea which is not toxic to our



skin. That's a risk we're simply not prepared take".

ANTI-TPPA GROUPS WARN OF TRADE DEAL'S CONSEQUENCES

A NATIONWIDE PROTEST ACTION AGAINST THE ATTRANS-Pacific Partnership Agreement (TPPA) was launched recently aiming to derail negotiations of the controversial trade deal.

Scores of students, adults and hipsters filled Aotea Square in Auckland in a bid to capture the government's attention of their resentment for the agreement. Protest leaders also want to spread awareness of the horrifying consequences the deal could bring.

A 21-year old student who only wanted to be named as Andrew, in fear that the GCSB could track down his whereabouts, told *Craccum* recently that the TPPA "will threaten New Zealand's sovereignty".

"This deal will mean that New Zealand becomes the property of the Obama Empire", he told Craccum.

Meanwhile, an elderly man whose identity was concealed by a tin-foil mask he was wearing said that intellectual property will be threatened. "Look, I don't want any bureaucrats put-



ting any regulations on the websites I own", he told us, which apparently include 'www.John-KeyistheAntiChrist.net' and 'www.NoAsians-BuyingAucklandHouses.com'.

A protest leader whose identity was undisclosed due to the fact that her head was inside her ass, also pinpointed that drug company Pharmac would jeopardise New Zealand's healthcare system. "Those sleazy Wall Street-types will make tariffs lower and factory drugs cheaper and no one will want to buy alternative healing homeopathic therapy anymore!" she exclaimed.

Another protest event is planned later this month, with hundreds of anti-TPPA demonstrators burying their heads in the sand to show the world their uniting feature.



tween Iran and the United States, Iranans have taken to sending letters to random American addresses begging for no freedom. With citizens banned from many internet sites, many Iranians have felt that the only way to get their voices heard is to send physical mail.

The letters, which Iranians have translated into English, make it clear that any oil rumoured to be under Iranian sand is "a misunderstanding" and that they are quite happy not being freed.

The news follows a recent Wikileaks cable showing that Norway has repeatedly asked America for no freedom, and after huge oil reserves were discovered in Scotland, the Scottish National Party sent a personal email to US president Barack Obama, saying they were as free as they wanted to be and anyway, the oil was just a joke intended to annoy the English.

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'THAT AUSA endorses the call for the University of Auckland and its associated Foundations to divest from fossil fuel extraction, and establish an ethical investment policy'

SERVING STUDENTS



REVUE REVIEW WITH CONTACT GRIMSHAW

E HAD A GOOD VIEW OF THE REvue: so a review with a view. Middle block. Aisle sit in the aisle thanks. Legroom. Escape path lighting. Take note of your nearest and dearest. On stage: hot lights and made-up faces, character-building. Some familiar faces too. A band banned from the pit and bricked high in the sidewall; slotted in, afterthoughtof, mercifully intermittent. White wine in right hand, white whiner to my right, white wined and wound up, yes, but whining rightly: we're right out of white wine. Yes it's the Editor again, a bespectacled spectacle, resplendent in stripes. strident and heckling, a bit embittered. Sorry. Excuse me. Sorry mate. I only kneed you to get out. Sorry. Then upward receding rapidly to the exit. No man in the aisle.

For a while. But soon returned, renewed-cheerful: starts cheering, this good cheer a mystery until he passes the bottle of high spirits. No man is an island. Cheers. Revue improves. Punny that. The time whiles itself away.

Halftime. Audience sluicing through the vomitoria and churning politely in the lobby. Small talk. Warm talk. Old, hushed and purple-velveted ushers seem old, hushed, purple, velvet. They hold small tortures: boredom, and dying to go to the loo probably. But ready to shed some tiny light on the situation. Explain counting and the alphabet. No sir, T is right in front of you. You're 34, aren't you? Yes? You'll be quite close to the end then - I'd take note of your nearest and dearest while you can, sir. M8 did you say? Glenninys, dear, help this gentlemen to M8. Come with me. Watch your head on the way in, sir. Bell. Usher. Ushim. Ushemall. Bell. Herd. It's seat or be seated now. Bell. Shelved and celled, the band strikes up. Few notice. Shelved and celled, the band pipes down. Phew: notice the tepid hush. Diluted applause. Then the cunt Hosking cops it: that one won me over. Then he copped it again the cunt: good. Laudable. Mid-auditorium, we applauded superaudi-

Curtain. Office. Pre-town Double Browns. Smokers on the deck, peering over the rail, durries alight in the night, durry butts alighting in the quad: settling, littered. Litter to the Editor. It crowds the office. Bottles mainly. And where there's smoke there's Flame: best of beers: a peerless beer. Pre-town Flame. Cool. Crisp, so goes well with- who saw this coming - crisps! And with intimations of immortal dumplings: from the Office smell of dumplings past and the thought of dumplings to come. No one has mentioned this yet. The dumpling in the room. Famously long memories. Dumplings in captivity have been known to... the Director enters in post-show glow... linger in the nostrils long after they've been eaten. Director and Editor confer. Category 5 brainstorm. Good old New Flavour. Fried or steamed? It's a Frieday night. What a joke! But I'm steamed mate. Time for town? Yes, there's time. Forgo dumplings for to go to town. Townbound now with Flames: two to-go. Go. Dancer. Wake me up before you. Hostile stairs. Stormy night.

Street. A Bar called Racket. One: cacophony (probably intended). Two: tennis, squash, shuttlecock (there was an unnecessary queue). But I like three: scam, fraudulent enterprise. Admire the audacity. No

bones about it. Their next venture: The Money Laundry. Within, Bax and sullen long-coated libertarian associate. Cocktail of choice = Vodkalimeandsoda: recipe: vodka (essential), lime (essential), soda (essential): mix and mingle. Sometimes ice features too. And somehow ice-featured bar woman hasn't seen me, will never be able to hear me above the godawful racket. This place used to have a quieter name, and was quieter. And smelt better. Certainly living up to its. What's in a. Let's try a bar by any other name. Jostling taxis on the streets. Arcing drunkpeople on the pavements. To the bar by two names by Lenin and Provedor: Andrew Andrew. And you and you. Andrew Andrew until he could draw no more. Andrew Andrew breath until it drew its last and died (around 4am). And can confirm - smelt just as bad as the other one: halitosic. He was right about that. They do all smell the same. Theatre ae.

Fireside in Andrew Andrew. It's getting early. Almost time to get up. Follow the escape path lighting. Walk home on rainslick streets.

"THEN THE CUNT HOSKING COPS IT: THAT ONE WON ME OVER. THEN HE COPPED IT AGAIN THE CUNT: GOOD. LAUDABLE. MID-AUDITORIUM, WE APPLAUDED SUPERAUDIBLY."









A COLUMN WITH CHRIS

THE NCEA LEVEL ONE PERFORmance internal loomed over the academic year. Our teacher had gone on sabbatical after a term, leaving in her stead an elderly and idiosyncratic part-timer, who knew Bill Nighy and that her contract finished when the sabbatical ended next term. She spent two thirds of each forty-five minute music class calling the roll, but periodically reminded us that

If you played a solo instrument you should hire an accompanist. Ridiculous. Expensive. Excessive. But I did, so I did. I'd demanded piano lessons age five because my older brother got candy at the end of his. I switched to the trombone in year seven, because mediocrity was frustrating and trombones were funny, but my arms

performance internals were com-

ing, and we all of us must prepare.

weren't long enough to hit the low notes. I settled on the trumpet. A compromise of an instrument. I enrolled for music in Year Ten, because I wasn't gonna be cool enough to be a prefect, but might make the cut for music prefect. A compromise of an enrolment.

I chose my two pieces – one generically easy, the other a Beatles cover. Solid stuff. Guaranteed low merit. I met with my accompanist and struggled through a rehearsal, promising to learn my parts better. She'd staked her career on a 14 year-old and I couldn't betray that. I selected an outfit: black shirt and trousers my brother wore once to a wedding. Formal but stylish. Four sizes too large. Somewhat jazzy.

The performances were held across year groups at a church, in collaboration with our sister school. I was scheduled for 8:15PM. I arrived two hours early to support my fellow musos. I sweated magazines (of bullets [of fear, and pre-emptive shame]). Around 7:45 I moved to get ready.

Brass instruments are like romantic partners; you gotta warm them up, or else they're hard to play and sound flat. Also, their body is a complicated series of metal tubes, with a valve midway to drain spit from. They can be muted with a hollow cone-shaped device made of metal and cork. Half an hour was ample time. I headed to the soundproofed warmup room. The Church had reclaimed it for an important meeting. It was a sign from heaven. I panicked. There was nowhere I could go to play without causing disruption. And I only had 30 minutes to find a solution. Basically zero time.

One of the older kids came to my rescue. There was a heater in another room. I could warm my brass against it. I doubted the science. Some of the older kids had done it, maybe. I remembered that I got Cs in science, and rescinded my doubts. Stood horn next to heater and went for some water. Sat on the toilet, hoping the pressure would drain out through my bladder. Neither emptied. I was too tense.

Go time. I returned to the heater. Suavely scooped up my trumpet en route to the green room. It was pleasantly hot. I stepped onstage. Introduced myself, my selections, my pianist. Unleashed a canned joke about my relative lack of ability. It f*cking killed. Uncom-

fortable laughs from at least the

I put trumpet to lip, to check it was in tune. It was unpleasantly by I played a C. It came out a Day lowered it a second. Blew age. Still D#. Close enough. As good as I was gonna get. The first piece played through once, then repeat ed with a different ending M mouth was burning so I skipped the repeat. The Year Twelve leach er put his head in his hands. The second piece repeated too. I go about halfway through, realised it had been three minutes and nothing had sounded correct | blurted an apology and stumbled offstage. My face burnt red - from shame, and also from prolonged contact with hot metal.

My mother found me at the ent. Said nothing. God bless her. Took my trumpet (so my hands were free to hide my face) and drove me home. Silently apologised for encouraging her children to be musical.

Two weeks later I left the trumpet on the bus coming home from concert band rehearsal. It never turned back up. Another sign. Permission, from on high, to give up on my dreams.

"BRASS INSTRUMENTS ARE LIKE ROMANTIC PARTNERS; YOU GOTTA WARM THEM UP, OR ELSE THEY'RE HARD TO PLAY AND SOUND FLAT."



PROBLEMS SCHROBLEMS WITH TESSA NADEN

QUEERSPACE HAS A PROBLEM. WELL, it's not a BIG problem yet. But it's a big problem over a small thing, and the small thing is the space

itself. Or to the non whimsical logicians in the audience, Queerspace, the space, is too small.

A source of continued frustration for me (though not one introduced by this year's exec), is the layout and size of Queerspace itself. If you've not been in there, it used to be the AUSA Portfolio Offices, and is still partitioned like offices. This results in two things: poor use of space, as what could be decently sized is chopped into small rooms, and it also helps reinforce the cliques that naturally form in such spaces. Obviously this is not helpful! The size was not particularly an issue in the previous two years due to neglect of the community by my predecessor, but the space reaches capacity at around 35 people - a number that is becoming more and more common. A recent event where I hosted Kelly Ellis filled out an entire space – and the partitioning of the space did not help at all with overflow! The number of students using the space and feeling comfortable in the space is only increasing, and with proper stewardship of the nascent community, will continue to increase! Should I, or my successors, be forced to turn away queers when the number of people inside becomes a fire hazard?

It is important to note that this is not an issue other AUSA spaces face – indeed, all other community spaces provided for minority communities in the Student Union buildings are larger, sometimes twice as large, while serving a similar proportion of the standard body. Other issues crop up in comparison to other spaces? Queerspace has extremely limited kitchen facilities, no access to running water, and poor tollet access. The toilet issue is even more heightened given the communities that Queerspace serves.

Now, I am not complaining that a exists – that was quite a fight, and maybe, and perhaps not even the long term, I would recommend moving the space to an area that can more comfortably die it's growing community. The Old Student Job Services officed or rarely used and are currently functioning as a second character of the complete o



PRETENSION BY PERRY WHY CHARITIES ARE SHIT

WAS STOPPED THE OTHER DAY. Rage. I was walking, headphones in. Eye contact was made. I was stopped walking down the street. I was asked what I thought about the way that the mentally ill were neglected and their education was underfunded. I responded that I thought it was awful, obviously, and that I really was running late and that I really couldn't talk. It was at this point that I was told in no uncertain terms to "just wait!". I had always known how much I didn't like the simpering, money hungry corporations that called themselves "charities" but it was at that moment that I realised that I truly despised them.

It is easy enough to say that charities are gross and unseemly. The fuckers set themselves up as a caring, loving organisation that is so much holier than thou. They tell you about the all the suffering that you ignore, and all the wealth that you have left at your disposal and remind you how repugnant a person you are. Meanwhile their C.E.O.s are getting paid six figures. Usually not small six figures either. We also have to remember that the workers who are standing on the streets telling you that you almost certainly can afford to pay more than a measly \$20 a month are on at least minimum wage. Your \$20 a month is just about covering 1 hour and 15 minutes of their time. Around an hour of their 8 hour shift of presumably 5 days a week. Maybe less. That's one employee. Your money isn't going anywhere near those who are actually suffering. Now I know that some of them are volunteers and well done to them.

But even those charities are still ruled by the CEO with hundreds of thousands of dollars floating into his/her bank account every year. The moral blackmail is almost too much to bear as it is. Not because it's wrong, but because we're all forced to buy into the money system and then are told to feel guilty for doing so. It is entirely too much to bear when you realise that the people doing the blackmail are the people right at the top of the damn money game as it is. Unseemly if not disgusting.

On the blackmailing point there is a little more to be said. If we say it's okay to emotionally coerce people into giving up their money to serve the greater good, then why do we need to add all the barriers for it to get there? Every single charity is a huge mountain for your money to get over before it can trickle down to the poor and needy on the other side. We have a system where we take money away from the people that make it. We have a system where we take lots of funds away and use it to serve the greater good. We call these taxes. So I recommend using the exact same system we use for everything else we see as a beneficial use of our money for this issue, you know the one where we distribute our income because it's beneficial. Yes we already give a great deal in overseas aid. Yes that isn't doing a lot. If we give more maybe it does more. Ok so

taxes usually serve those who live in the nation that the taxes are being paid to. Ok so this time we just care about other people too. If we think that being charitable is a good idea and we think that coercion isn't so bad, then there isn't really an argument against it.

All of which is to say that I have found charities to be gross. The recent revelation is how bad they are at public relations. With all the money gravitating toward the top, our money really isn't alleviating all that much suffering. Which is likely the reason that it never seems to be enough for them. The reason that you get dogged every other month after you agree to give up part of your income is almost certainly because no matter how much you ever give it wont be enough. But they always make you feel so bad. Months after you sign up and give them all the cash you can spare they call you up and ask for more. You can't avoid the phone calls and you can't avoid being made to feel like crap. You try and cut them off and they make you feel bad. You try and argue the ethics with them and they make you feel bad. The damn phone calls just will not end until you explain that you're too poor to give them anything else. That's right. You have to explain the things you keep from your friends and family to a perfect stranger on the other end of the phone. You mention your income. The fact that you don't eat every

week because you can't. The fact that rent is going up and you don't always know how you're going to make it. You explain that you're much poorer than they are. And then these beacons of morality and charity. Bid you farewell and thank you for your ongoing contribution and carry on with their fucking desk job, supping, most likely, on a \$22 pina colada. The fuckers leave you to your squalor and piss off again. So you're left having admitted that you're failing as a person and still feeling bad that you can't help the less fortunate and they're badgering some other poor bastard.

Then there are the wankers on the streets. Fuck those guys the most. Am I right? You can't answer, you're just reading this, I'll never hear you. Money pouring into their accounts, commission, wage, irrelevant. Telling him I'm abhorrent whilst they profit off misery. And every single time you talk to them you realise just how rude they are. You can be doing anything. You can be in the middle of a conversation. You can be listening to your music. You can be crossing the street to avoid them. They'll still interrupt. Fuckers.

No friends, the entire charity business is nothing more than a gentle scam. The poor get poorer. The rich get richer and the morally corrupt (charity people) get even more fucked.

"IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT I WAS TOLD IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS TO "JUST WAIT!". I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN HOW MUCH I DIDN'T LIKE THE SIMPERING, MONEY HUNGRY CORPORATIONS THAT CALLED THEMSELVES "CHARITIES" BUT IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT I REALISED THAT I TRULY DESPISED THEM."



KANT OR WON'T? HAPPY NOW WITH ADITYA YASUDEYAN AND CALLUM LO

walked the Earth, the wealthiest man alive had less in terms of material well being than almost everyone alive today. The rich, realising they had plenty, opted to retire and drink wine rather than continue to work. It seems odd, then, that in a time where the luxuries of centuries past are seen as basic essentials, we don't stop.

Most of us could work two days a week and live better than a wealthy person from the past. Yet we plough ahead, working longer and longer hours and making ourselves largely more miserable. Why have we not yet realised that spending our entire lives enjoying leisure time is a better way to experience fulfillment?

People report being happier now than they ever have in the past. People can survive in historically comparable comfort on low wages and in poor countries. And yet, despite the opportunity to rest and take it easy, people work more than ever. This is true just as much in wealthy countries with wealthy people. Despite their professional jobs and high earning salaries, people are choosing to spend their days stressed and exhausted, rather than sitting back and enjoying the luxuries of life.

Of course, it might be because people either measure or experience their happiness in relative terms, not absolute terms. The wealthiest man alive two thousand years ago might be happier than someone who is better off in material terms today. Why? Because the wealthy man gets to be the most well off of all the people around him, while a random member of the middle class is merely part of the crowd today. They can see billionaires and celebrities

all with more success and money than them, which detracts from their ability to enjoy the products that only the 21st Century has.

Or it might be that people are being completely rational. That work has gotten easier and pay has gotten higher and so people naturally get more value from it than they do from leisure. They no longer have to make the trade off between doing back breaking work in the sun and resting at home. Instead, they have jobs that they might actually get satisfaction from. This might explain why so many retired people year for some sort of purpose that the lack without their job to occupy them.

It was predicted in the early 20% Century that society would work fewer days of the week and fewer hours of the day by the turn of the Millennium. Instead, the opposite has occurred. Despite the need for high levels of income dropping across the board, nobody is taking it easy. Why this might be remains a mystery.

"MOST OF US COULD WORK TWO DAYS A WEEK AND LIVE BETTER THAN A WEALTHY PERSON FROM THE PAST. YET WE PLOUGH AHEAD, WORKING LONGER AND LONGER HOURS AND MAKING OURSELVES LARGELY MORE MISERABLE."



APATHY AND QUALITY: THE STATE OF CRACCUM TODAY WITH JAMES BROWN

A THE TIME OF WRITING, THE AUSA Elections are about to begin, including the one for Craccum Editor. While I wish all the prospective Editorial candidates well, I feel that they may only be postponing the inevitable. Craccum's descent is painfully evident every time you see one of the Craccum boxes, piled high with unread is-

sues. The content is threadbare and often highly slanted towards one ideology or another. The letters section is a crime. People just don't care about Craccum anymore. And as someone who remembers a time when Craccum was amazing, this breaks what little of a heart I have left. So I'm going to take you back and try to see what has changed, and what could be done to save Craccum from further decline. Whoever wins the Election can use my words as advice hopefully for next year.

I have a vast archive of Craccum issues dating back all the way to 2009, my first year at the university, and comparing one of the 2009 issues to one of today's issues is like comparing chalk and cheese. I'll take issue 14 from 2009, which was a highly controversial one (uncensored genitalia, the last time I can remember Craccum editors getting in trouble for crossing the censorship line). and compare it to issue 14

this year. The first thing I notice is that the cover of the older issue is a lot more gaudy compared to the more somber and restrained covers of today. This contrast continues within. The older articles are short and snappy and highly illustrated with dozens of pictures breaking up each article. The new one has pages of text broken up by quotes in larger text. The pages are black and white, devoid of colour.

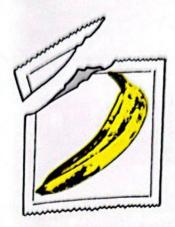
AUSA has a greater presence in the older issues, with 'Eye on Exec' a section where Craccum reported on the activities of AUSA. Now with the strain between the two organisations in recent years it is understandable where that went, but Craccum served as a watchman keeping AUSA honest, for if no-one outside AUSA house cares what they do, then what is condoned as a result?

95BFM also had a regular section in Craccum as well, reporting on

the top 10 and upcoming gigs. I have no idea where that went.

In general, old Craccum simply had more crammed into it, as there were more people willing to contribute, and all were given space. This leads to dozens of smaller articles in the older issues, as opposed to the fewer bigger articles in this years one.

The old issue is brimming with life, the new one (and this is no offence to the editors) feels some what lifeless, shouting into a void This is an almost perfect reflection of how student apathy has takes its toll. Old Craccum had no shortage of contributors, letter writers. picture takers and people willing to chip in and take part. These days Craccum needs to beg to get them, and so the quality declines as a result. I don't know who will be editor when this is published but I hope they can work miracles or I fear Craccum will continue to fall.



TAKING THE PUSS SHAKE THAT WITH MORA DARL

WHETHER IT'S TO INSPIRE A SEXY time mood, or just to hide the objectively freaking horrible noise of copulation from your flatmates; one finds that music and sex fit together better than any combination of organs ever will. In the movie of your life, what will play during the hot scenes? Here's what your dungeon playlist says about you.

MCM, ETONCE, RRI: Cotton On, Jägerbombs, restricted license. You're the average-est Joe on the block but have probably done anal so, props, I guess.

LAM DEL RET: Devonport Art History major. Usually found on the ferry making bedroom eyes at middle-aged businessmen. You pose like a dying swan when you're on the bottom, sneak a look in the mirror and think how beautiful and tragic your life is, incessantly murmuring "Daddy, Daddy, Daddyyyy". Maybe someone is doing lines off your ass. Just be careful, AshleyMadison.com got hacked recently.

The Perks of Being a Wallflower came out a couple of years ago now, choker necklaces are the purview of primary schoolers

again and there is no excuse for this gloomy shit anymore. You study JUST English and leave Camus and Schopenhauer on the bed for effect. You drink a lot more than you think you do but that does not excuse 'How I dearly wish I was not here / In the seaside town that they forgot to bomb' being part of a frick-frack. Crack a smile for fuck's sake, it's not Canterbury.

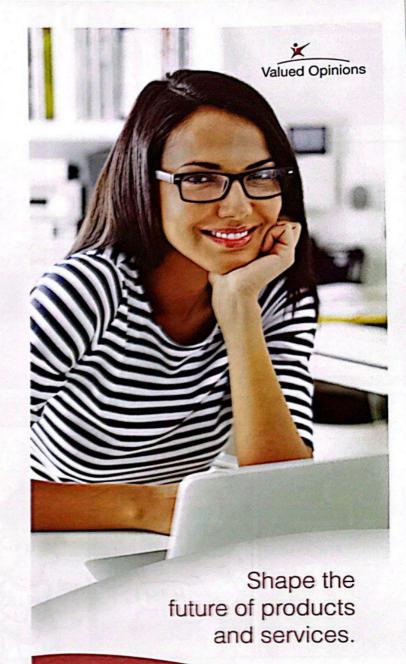
stuck back in your parents' house with only a Now 13 CD from the Mid-2000s, or just a sick fuck.

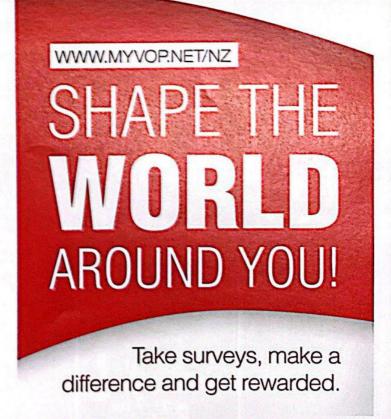
BADRADNOTION, MASSIVE ATTACK, AMY WINE-HOUSE: You know your shit. You turn your partner on by just their earlobes and keep one sultry item of clothing on for the whole thing. You take a language Gen Ed so you can talk dirty with another tongue and probably go by just one name, like 'Voltaire' or 'Pink'. You've never read Cosmo but know Anaïs Nin backwards. Call me.

SHUFFLE: Are you married? That's the only way I can think of that anyone could be this confident. Even if your library is rich with a perfect, swaggeringly uncontrived medley of The Velvet Underground and Kids of 88, LimeWire was just a few years ago and you can never know when a rogue Thomas the Tank Engine/ Fresh Prince of Bel Air mashup will suddenly start blasting from your speakers. Otherwise, you are one of those babes who work at Real Groovy, and can lure lovers from as far as Kangnam Station with your effortlessly good vibrations.

What's your taste (oi oi)? Has anyone ever made you fornicate to Taylor Swift? There will be a support group for that running on Wednesdays at 6. What's your fail-safe playlist? Send in your thoughts to editor@craccum.co.nz and don't forget to like, subscribe and follow me on social media @ MonaAndTheDahlmonds.

"YOU'RE THE AVERAGE-EST
JOE ON THE BLOCK BUT HAVE
PROBABLY DONE ANAL SO, PROPS,
I GUESS."





AFTER GAINING POWERS FROM A BOTTLE
OF ABSINTHE, FIVE UNIVERSITY FRIENDS
NOW FIGHT CRIME OUT OF THEIR LOCAL
WATERING HOLE. RECENTLY THE TEAM HAVE
SEN TO FAME AFTER DEFEATING A BUNCH OF
MALL MINDED PARTY GOES AT MARDI GRAS. MASED ON TRUE, SLIGHTLY ALTERED EVENTS.

LIGHTSPEED: SUPERSPEED.

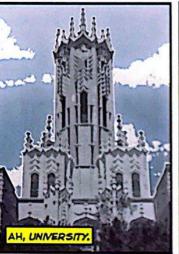
ARCHILLIESHEEL! GAINS THE POWER OF A 600 WHENEVER OVERTLY ENOUGH

CONNECTWORK: POWERS OF AN I-PAD

WHITEPOWERS: CAN TELEPORT THROUGHT THE COLOR WHITE.

CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM: SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH WHEN DRUNK.

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON









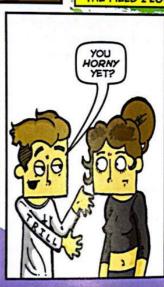




... NY FRIENDS



SIMONE!!!

















































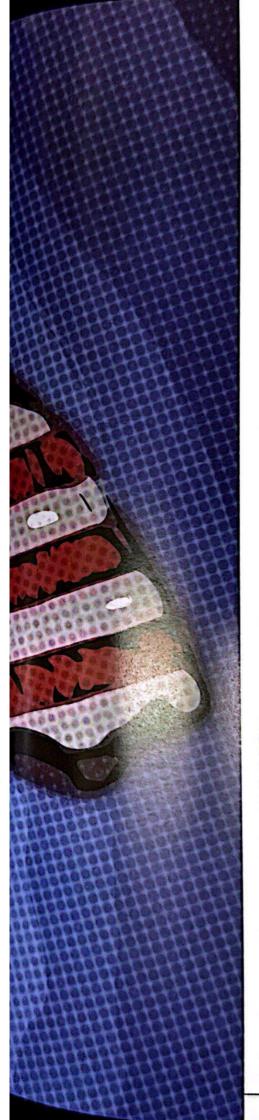




The spoilt-rich group of party flends are sick of the superheroes stealing the c-list limelight, and warn they will take action if they don't retire. Why are we reporting this? This isn't news. What has the fine institution of news journalism come to?







AMERICA VOTES 2016



WHERE ASPIRATION NEVER EXISTED TO BEGIN WITH

FEATURE BY ZACHARY CHAMBERS

tics, and a vaguely social democratic observer, I was met with disappointment and anguish when the last New Zealand election result was delivered. As the ever contemptible Mike Hosking, hair glistening, proudly announced that the John Key led National Party had been elected for a third term, my mind began to depart from New Zealand towards the United States; where no election result could really disappoint me, as I would be disappointed by default.

Why you ask? (Is anyone really asking?) If it isn't because the government requires appointed academics to set social policy because its elected officials can't be trusted, it's the blatant corruption in Congress, the disgusting farm subsidies that harm domestic consumers and suppliers in developing nations, the utter lack of principle in any US party, the celebrity status required to elect anyone to office, or just the fact that an archaic constitution and a reprehensible electoral system prevent many of the worst aspects of US politics from being

changed. I could stop this article here, but instead I'll explain it in detail, as any good friend would.

The first real issue with the United States is the parties and the elections that surround them. Candidates always come from one of two parties that stand for nothing. Now, I know what the inevitable response is: "But the Democrats are left-wing and the Republicans are right-wing". and to be fair, half of that statement is true, the Republicans are right wing. But far from having any principled belief in conservatism as an ethos for communal protection, or in the expansion of individual liberties in social interactions and the market, the US Republicans are just a party of business interests. True, this applies to any vaguely centre right party in the world. Unlike the rest though, the Republicans are almost right wing by chance. Not born of a specific class or ideology, rather emerging due to strategic choices that at many times shifted their orientation between extremes solely for political advantage (such as Nixon using subtle racism to win the South).

"AS NO PARTY WAS BORN OUT OF ANY IDEOLOGICAL MOVEMENTS THEY THEREFORE HAVE NO ENTRENCHED LOYALTIES."

The US Democrats paint a similar picture. Once the party of slavery, they are now simply the party that opposes the Republicans under a vague banner of 'liberalism'. As none of the parties were born out of any ideological movements, they therefore have no entrenched loyalties. When the interests of capital are the only force in US politics, the inevitable conclusion is that they drag the Republicans further right and the democrats, with no real spirit, generally follow.

What about Bernie Sanders? The firebrand socialist could inject some livelihood into US politics but, more importantly, give the Democrats a coherent ideology. The issue is that the Republicans often try this with their own standard bearers of ideology, moving from the Christian majority to Libertarianism; each time failing in the primaries. Why does this happen? Because, like their parties, winning candidates often campaign to the desires of their activists for a coherent moral framework, before swinging back to default for national elections. The end point is that all Presidents are going to be disappointing, though never as disappointing as Congress.

There is not a single legislative body in the Western world today that could be shamed by the Congress of the United States. It could lose out to some of the people's assemblies of dictatorships come and gone. At least when we look at North Korea we recognise that no one seriously thinks it's democratic, even though it's called "The Democratic People's Republic of Korea". We see that this is akin to calling Craccum a respectable magazine, or Sean Penn a good person. In contrast, Congress has a sickening veneer of legitimacy, where it holds the title of democracy against its many, many defects.

The first of which is its electoral system, namely the House of Representatives. First past the post is generally shit and doesn't adequately represent an electorate's desires. Many other countries could also be rightly criticised for that; however the US is unique. Averaging 700,000 electors, the average US district is like-

ly to contain a member of Congress who you will probably never meet and who will have fundraised millions for their election. This raises two issues. The first is that the system fails to live up to the usual justification used by first past the post's main defenders: individual representation. You can criticise PR all you want for not keeping people accountable to an electorate, but when you have 700,000 constituents it is nigh on impossible to interact with all of them, let alone have an understanding of the diverse beliefs and aspirations they hold. The second issue is that the size of these districts requires significant capital to engage any given electorate, capital that third parties can't acquire, locking them out of the political process entirely. Yes it is true that FPTP normally does this, but not to the point where not only is there no minor party representation, there is no one voting for these minor parties because there is no belief they can succeed.

If I haven't convinced you that Congress is shit yet, let's discuss its members. Never has an electoral system had a greater collection of political chameleons. Their aim: to respond to demographic and polling shifts preemptively, crafting their entire campaigns on that basis. If

you're in a safe seat you swing whatever way necessary to tackle your opponent in the primary, if you're not in a safe seat you maybe kill gun control legislation because you're scared the NRA will throw money at your competitor Either way, they're individuals who have a regrettable amount of control over their own ability to vote. Not allowing legislators to have independence sounds bad, but it's important to note that a belief structure is far more coherent and consistent than a policy platform. In the US, your average member of Congress got elect. ed on a well-funded personality campaign as opposed to a coherent policy platform. The second thing to note is that generally giving individual members of Congress a great deal of power over their ability to vote, by not having a powerful whip and party hierarchy, and allowing other mechanisms such as committees and appropriations, there is a huge incentive to bribe. This is because breaking the party line doesn't have nearly enough pressure, or risk, associated with it.

So expect nothing good from American politics. While its Western partners struggle with Americanisation of their political discourse, a hope still lingers that in the UK, Australia, Canada, and our very own New Zealand, the principles of the past will re-assert themselves in new elections to come. In the US, these principles never existed to begin with. As an election junkie, I know too well the harm of investing heavily in an election and losing. I have a feeling that, should my parties of choice ever win their respective elections, I will be initially elated before returning to my state of mild discontent as the realities of governance dissolve even the most noble of ideas. I may not like the American electoral system; if this article proved anything, I loathe it. Knowing that I will never be pleased by it provides some consistency to my political engagement. I dare say that when faced with the absurdities of the US electorate, I may eventually laugh. What else can you do?

"IN THE US YOUR AVERAGE MEMBER OF CONGRESS GOT ELECTED ON A WELL-FUNDED PERSONALITY CAMPAIGN AS OPPOSED TO A COHERENT POLICY PLATFORM"





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one eye exam every two years - current Student ID required



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MAINSTREAM HATE: FUNNY OR DESTRUCTIVE?

FEATURE BY LAYLA DARWAZEH

S FAR AS SOCIETY GOES, I'M PRETTY MUCH ONE of the most 'mainstream' people out there. I'm a girl doing an Arts Degree. I've loved Justin Bieber since "One Time" came out, and I still love him to this day. When Twilight was first popular I went to the midnight premiere of every new movie, had Twilight posters all over my room and read the book series twice (I was Team Edward in case you were wondering). I was obsessed with The Bachelor NZ and watched every single episode. I genuinely enjoy every song on Taylor Swift's album 1989. I was heartbroken when Zayn left One Direction. I watch Keeping up with the Kardashians religiously. The radio and my iTunes are one and the same. I wear Nike shoes. My favourite movies are romantic comedies.

Yes, this is the stuff of pubescent twelve year old girls and, yes, I'm 20, and I'm in tertiary education. But just because I like mainstream stuff doesn't necessarily mean that my opinions are invalid. In our modern, mass produced society, some people like anything popular, simply because it's popular. It's easy to buy into these things when big companies are producing exactly what we want – which, by the way, we have been taught to want by those same companies. On the other side of the coin, there are people who not only despise something because it's popular, but rather because it's popular to despise that certain thing. So it's mainstream to love Taylor Swift, but it's equally mainstream to hate her.

Admittedly, what I'm about to discuss is based largely on those voices I hear at university. As someone who would vouch for Justin Bieber, I believe the hate towards him is extremely unfair and plainly mean. We hold him to standards we wouldn't hold ourselves to. I know plenty of North Shore boys who are just as cocky as Bieber, but without the hordes of screaming fans to somewhat legitimise the bizarre extent of their self-assuredness. Let's start with some history: Justin Bieber wasn't very wealthy during his childhood. At 13, barely hitting puberty, his popularity skyrocketed, and he quickly became one of the world's most

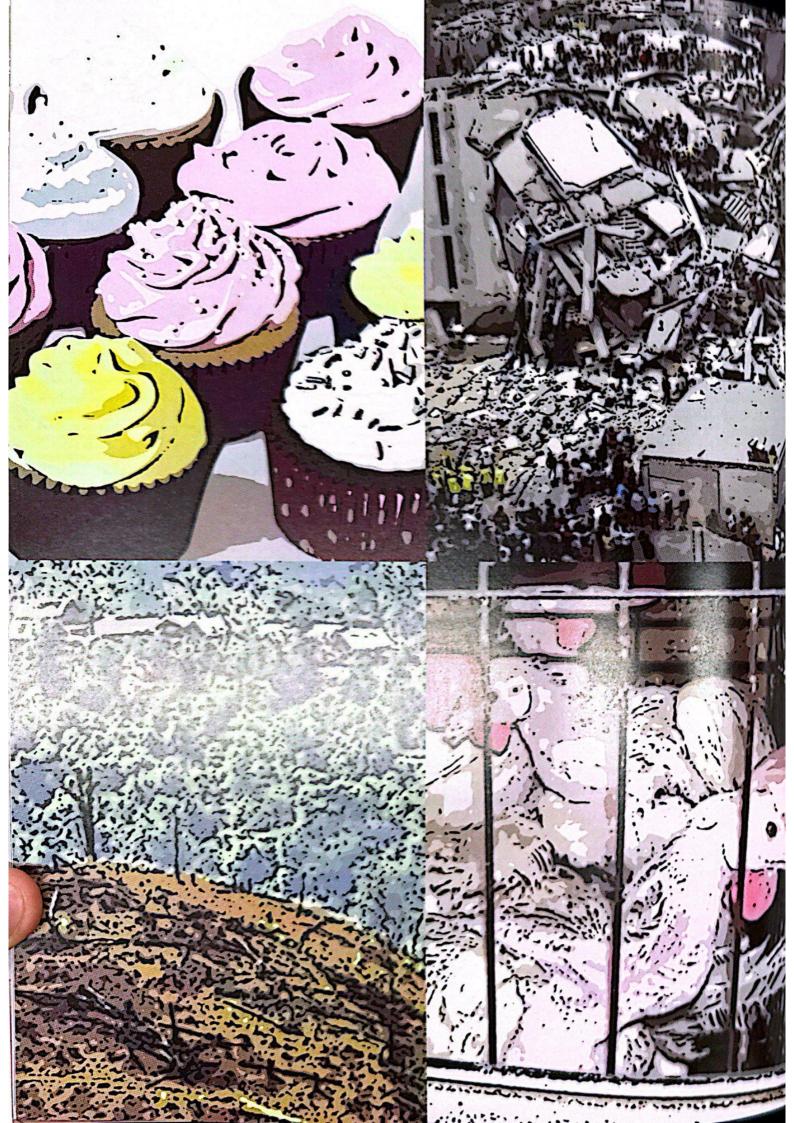
recognised faces. As his wealth grew, so did
the media attention, with every aspect of his
life under a microscope. Alongside the money and the fans, he was also privy to a truck
load of hate and criticism from the moment he
became a star. Growing up in that environment
with only a small number of friends the same
age as you and the entire world at your feet
would bring with it a great deal of pressure.
While it's true he has done bad things (or so
the media says), does that mean he deserves to
be systematically hated? As a musician, surely
at least some of the discussion should centre
on the quality of his 'art' as opposed to his personal characteristics?

The issue doesn't apply only to Taylor Swift and Justin Bieber. Here in New Zealand, a less trivial example is the Prime Minister we love to hate, our own John Key. Yes, he has character flaws. However, he too lives his life under constant scrutiny. Any mistake, word misspoken or sentence taken out of context will be blasted all over the news and the Internet with a negative spin put on the reporting, whereas any good deed goes by seemingly unnoticed. This is only fair. Our Prime Minister's choices and actions, as well as the party he represents, should be under greater scrutiny than those of the general public. The media should offer us coverage and spread information in order to keep the powerful in check.

Particularly in young liberal university circles, it's fairly mainstream to hate on John Key. What's frustrating however, is when those who are completely unengaged politically make bold claims about how Key has "fucked up New Zealand", yet the only comments they are able or willing to make are levelled against him personally, rather than against his policies or decisions. New Zealanders are all too ready to buy into a culture of criticising individuals for superficial reasons (an opinion writer in The Herald last year was convinced that David Cunliffe would lose the election solely because he wasn't sexy enough). This is why mainstream hatred can be destructive - we buy into a mob mentality that negates any tendency towards making objective criticisms. If marketing and the media have predetermined what we should think about a certain individual and their personality, then there's less space to scrutinise their work (whether we're talking about music, leadership style, or political policies). Note how in the last two elections the Labour Party leaders got a whole heap of media attention for their apparent lack of charisma, without a corresponding emphasis on the impact their goals might have on the country.

We laugh at John Key over the ponytail incident, rather than focusing on the power imbalance inherent in that situation. Disliking people in power is fine, in fact it's probably healthy, but it can facilitate an unintelligent attitude. So don't just casually hate on Bieber as a guy, or John Key for that matter, because it's mainstream (or not) to do so; actually engage with what they're producing, if only because it makes your opinion more interesting.

"BUT JUST BECAUSE I LIKE MAINSTREAM STUFF DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN THAT MY OPINIONS ARE INVALID."



CUPCAKES AND COMMUNITY WHY THE WORLD NEEDS SOCIAL ENTERPRISES

FEATURE BY GEORGIA HARRIS

fects of consumerism are pretty awful. The consumerist mentality has us producing more, buying more, and throwing away more. Essentially, it encourages a non-stop downwards spiral of exploiting both people and the environment. Resources are running out, and while there is no easy solution to this complex mess, it's time to take a look at how we can fix the problems of unethical businesses.

On any corporation's way to becoming large and successful, it seems that some people inevitably get screwed over. Take the chain-store clothing companies who let their employees work in the illegally built Rana Plaza building in Bangladesh. When the Rana Plaza collapsed, 1,134 people were killed, with many more injured. On the day of the actual collapse, many workers had refused to enter the evidently unsafe Rana Plaza. In response to this rebellion, management hired local gangs to force them inside. Only with significant public pressure did Benetton, one of the companies being manufactured for, give \$1.1 million in reparations one year after the tragedy. Benetton had knowingly outsourced their manufacturing to places rife with worker exploitation, yet were unwilling to face the consequences of this shortcut.

This case study is on the extreme end of the spectrum, but in the vast majority of traditional businesses, someone loses. Whether it's restructuring to increase efficiency, or failing to neutralise a negative environmental impact, somebody's body gets climbed over, in order for someone else to reach the top. The truth is that businesses simply wouldn't survive if they didn't keep their costs low and their prices competitive. For big corporations that outsource work to developing countries, it's not enough to say that workers should be paid a fair wage. Despite the best intentions of Fair Trade initiatives, the money often doesn't make it to those who need it most. Even in the unlikely event of a cultural shift towards responsible purchasing, the drop in demand for consumer products could lead to economic recessions and unemployment. Arguably, the end of consumerism would spell out an even worse situation for those who are most vulnerable.

WELCOME ANOMALIES

So, if neither Fair Trade nor a scaling back of consumerism will work, could social enterprises be our saving grace? Within the 'grow or die' mentality that is business today, social enterprises are an anomaly, and a welcome one at that. Their primary aim is to improve the common good; whether environmental, economic, or cultural. Occupying the no man's land between traditional businesses and charities, they utilise products, services, or employment policies to further their core values, whatever they may be. Although definitions of social enterprises (SE) vary, basic criteria include: a perception of themselves as an SE, not paying more than half of their profits to shareholders, and generating more than 15% of income from traded goods or services. Our reliance on capitalism and trade is unlikely to change any time soon, and it doesn't necessarily need to. We can have our cake, and eat it too.

VALUES + BUSINESS = SUCCESS

There are more of these ethics focused enterprises around than you may think. Some are not registered as SEs, but having the good of others at heart makes them a refreshing change from traditional profit-centric models. One such example is Tart Bakery in Grey Lynn, a small, family-owned business. Alongside baking and selling food, Tart assists a lot with charitable events and organisations where they can, with donations ranging from leftovers to full on catering spreads. Food is an invaluable incentive for low budget events like these, and cupcakes often grow attendance more than a good cause. Tart Bakery recently added vegan items to their menu. As well as the baker going vegan, the Grey Lynn community is full of them, so the business was able to take advantage of this both fiscally viable, ethical, and environmentally friendly trend. Simply giving away food didn't really allow them to make ends meet, but combining their business goals with social values has proved far more practical in the long term.

Whether a marriage of consumerism and compassion happens organically, or is necessitated by legislation change, an ideal future would see all businesses becoming SEs, with ethical consumption as the norm. It may seem that generosity and profit are unlikely bedfellows, and it is true that the start up years for Tart Bakery have been tough (like most small food businesses). But, now, three years since the outset, and in the midst of many failed cafes and businesses along the neighbouring strip of shops, Tart Bakery has not only remained, but is successfully growing its customer base in an ethical way.

WHAT MAKES A SOCIAL ENTERPRISE?

It's my firm belief that when given the opportunity, people are inherently generous. The rising number of social enterprises in the US and UK shows that this inherent generosity is finally making its way into the structures of big business. In Britain alone, there are around 62,000 SEs, which collectively contribute over £24bn to the economy and employ about one million people. In the United States, 60% of Social Enterprises were created in 2006 or later, with 29% created since 2011. These businesses op-

"WHETHER IT'S RESTRUCTURING TO INCREASE EFFICIENCY, OR FAILING TO NEUTRALISE A NEGATIVE ENVIRONMENT AL IMPACT, SOMEBODY'S BODY GETS CLIMBED OVER, IN ORDER FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO REACH THE TOP."

"EVEN IN THE UNLIKELY EVENT OF A CULTURAL SHIFT OF THINKING TOWARDS RESPONSIBLE PURCHASING, THE DROP IN DEMAND FOR CONSUMER PRODUCTS WOULD LEAD TO ECONOMIC RECESSIONS AND UNEMPLOYMENT."

erate in a wide range of sectors including economic development, workforce development, energy and the environment, education and the international arena. A bit closer to home, social enterprises in New Zealand include the SkyPath project which successfully lobbied the Auckland Council to build a walking and cycling pathway across the Auckland Harbour bridge, tree planting initiatives, and Live the Dream, which is a programme aimed at growing NZ's next generation of social entrepreneurs.

An important point to be made is that simply donating money or goods doesn't make a social enterprise. McDonald's is an example of a large corporate attempting to position itself as a do-gooder. Yes, they do support various sports initiatives in schools, but they also exploit the environment (see deforestation), animals (caged hens and pigs), and people (see current petition to give McDonald's workers a living wage). So no, neither your plastic packaged, chemically treated sliced apples, nor your little pedometer distribution program will convince me that you have my best interests at heart, Micky Dees.

'People before Profit', is what the social enterprise movement comes down to, and this is the slogan of one such enterprise, Hum Cafe and Falling Apple Trust. Run by a young couple, this SE is situated in the heart of Auckland city, beside Grafton Bridge. It's a beautiful old 1800s villa, which you may be more likely to know as 'the Grafton hippie cafe', due to its arty vibe, and the colourful characters it tends to attract. Slowly but steadily, local volunteers and business-sourced donations have been helping to restore the house and save it from demolition. Over the three years it's been operating as a social enterprise, it's been host to many koha-funded community events, including photography festival exhibits, folk music festivals and fortnightly swing dance classes. The small coffee hut out front draws in students, professionals, and locals who can use the whole downstairs area to relax and do their thing. Coffee buying is non-essential. The other day, someone left behind a note that sums up what this place is for a lot of people: "Thank you for providing a haven in this hectic, crazy city, where I can zen out and just relax".

VAPID, OR VIABLE?

Some of you may be thinking that, like BAs, this 26 - HISWE BB Craccum.

all sounds rather superfluous to the needs of society. It's often difficult to prove any tangible effect on individuals, or a country's economy, when the goals are things like 'community' or 'corporate responsibility'. Concepts of hauora are all well and good in high school health classes, but rarely make it past the chopping block in the real world. It's hard enough to keep a company afloat in today's ruthless corporate environment. However, despite some scepticism that they will ever reach a scale large enough to make an impact, social enterprises are showing serious promise in many areas.

Research from Social Enterprise UK shows that over half of these organisations are increasing their revenue, developing new products, and expanding into other countries. These studies suggest the success of SEs is only going to grow, as most have proven themselves to be sustainable models, lasting over six years. A recent Forbes article also pointed out that social enterprises may be helpful for promoting diversity within management. In stark contrast to the 18% rate of female leadership within small and medium-sized enterprises, 40% of leaders in the SE sector are women. SEs also tend to have higher ethnic diversity, which correlates with stronger performance. In addition, corporate responsibility improves business reputation and product quality, giving a strong incentive for more businesses to head this way.

WHAT OUR GOVERNMENT HAS TO SAY...

The Department of Internal Affairs is supportive of the growing social enterprise sector in New Zealand. The government benefits, as SEs support many government goals including "the development of a productive, compe itive economy, better public service goals, and strong communities". They are even making their way into government itself, such as the social bonds initiative that encourages best nesses to invest in socially beneficial programmes like mental health treatment. Say what you will about asset sales, but the 147 billion raised from some of them is being used by the Government to establish the 'Puture la vestment Fund', which will help to encourage entrepreneurship in the SE sector, as well as funding institutions like schools and hospitals Also, the recently released budget boasts a whopping \$80 million dedicated towards research and development over the next four years. It's safe to say that SEs are being taken seriously.

THE FUTURE

This new breed of enterprise faces many challenges, including a lack of business advice and funding tailored to the social-commercial hybrid. Basically, SEs are such a new concept that they have to learn things as they go, rather than being supported by experts in the sector, as there are none. In the coming months and years, it will be up to consumers to support social enterprises. Studies have shown that although people generally have the intent to buy from socially responsible enterprises, they are often unaware of where to find them and what the options are.

These complex issues have no simple answers, and the issue of exploitation within businesses has been long discussed by governmental and NGO leaders. However, SEs are proving themselves to be a light at the end of the consumerist tunnel. Many business leaders have said that the Rana Plaza disaster did change attitudes towards supply chain issues, and that this will have flow on effects in the business world. Growing trends of veganism, fair trade. and socially and environmentally responsible brands show that we are finally starting to look at the consequences. As students and future graduates, social enterprises provide us with potential career paths to make the world a beter place in a tangible way.

"WHETHER THIS MARRIAGE OF CONSUMERISM AND COMPASSION IS DONE ORGANICALLY, OR NECESSITATED BY LEGISLATION CHANGE, AN IDEAL FUTURE WOULD SEE ALL BUSINESSES BECOMING SES, WITH ETHICAL CONSUMPTION AS THE NORM "

GIVE

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New Zealand Blood Service

WHAT SOCIAL SMOKING IS REALLY DOING TO YOU

BY JAULI CHAITANYA

T'S A SATURDAY NIGHT. YOU AND YOUR MATES ARE downing a few drinks before heading out for a night full of adventure and mischief around Auckland city. Usually, if this is me, I know without a doubt my pre-drinking game would include of a glass of Countdown's finest \$10 Sav in one hand and a cigarette in the other. \$10 wine because it's cheap and does the job, and a cigarette because, well, if everyone else is smoking around me, it would be rude if I didn't join in and do the same right? I, like many other young adults in their early 20s, socially smoke. Why, you ask? It has almost become the norm, a ritual everyone follows, making it seem socially acceptable to be puffing away whilst sipping on an alcoholic beverage.

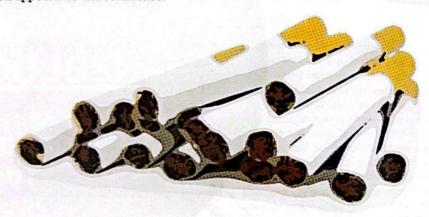
Being a social smoker isn't that bad, or is it? I know that prior to writing this article I thought socially smoking a few cigarettes every week or two wasn't too bad and did at most a miniscule amount of damage to my body internally and externally. Boy, was I wrong. After some thorough research I have concluded that it does in fact harm our bodies to a great extent

and simultaneously puts us at a higher risk of becoming full-time smokers within the next ten to twelve years. Here is a brief overview of what social smoking is doing to your body:

- Nine times out of ten, social smokers will be drinking whilst smoking and the concoction of both tobacco and alcohol could increase the chances of getting mouth, throat or larynx cancer.
- Whether smoking one or ten cigarettes a week, automatically you are at a higher risk of developing heart disease and cancer.
- Sagging skin, age spots and loss of hair are some of the many damaging effects that social smokers are likely to develop over time, having a detrimental impact on physical appearance and confidence.

• Researchers at the University of Otago have recently demonstrated in various findings that young people who have a cigarette occasionally are four times more likely in becoming a daily smoker by their late 30s in comparison to a non-smoker.

I know for a fact that I will try my very hardest next time to not touch another cigarette while drinking and I urge all you other social smokers out there to do the same. Next time when you're out with your peers, try cutting back down on the grog to help cut down or even eliminate altogether the amount of cigarettes you're smoking. Not only will you look better, but you won't wake up the next day with a wheezy cough and your clothes reeking of tobacco.



HOW TO GET A MRS DEGREE BY LOREN MCCARTHY

that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife", and where better to find such a man then at university, right? Because that's what all the girls are here for, to get ourselves a MRS degree? Why bother with "Cs get degrees" when a pretty dress can make you a MRS? But how to win the heart of that potential earner? Read on gold-digging gals, let me break it down:

IHE SPORT AND REC STUDENT: Take up residence in the gym. When your target is doing squats, lean casually against the squat rack, protein shake in hand, and drawl "have you gained weight?" or "Mmm that technique is flawless, I wonder what other techniques you've got?" Said target will then probably proceed to miss the point entirely, offer you a ticket to the gun show and show you his bicep curls, but eventually you should be able to break through that thick layer of muscle to some level of understanding. Offer to take progress pics for his Instagram and ask him out for a protein shake. He'll be smitten before you can wipe the sweat from your brow.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT: Head on over to Grafton campus, fall into a swoon in the lobby and watch the suitors swarm to your aid. As your husband-to-be leans over, you lock eyes and drop a slick line like "I wish I was your coronary artery so I could be wrapped around your heart". If you manage to hold your breath long enough, you may even get some CPR action in there.

THE ARTS STUDENT: Easy one. Just tell them you study literally any other degree and thus will be the sole breadwinner and they're in. Nothing like the promise of financial security when the only thing secure about your degree is the glue you use to stick your group projects together.

THE ENGINEERING STUDENT: Here's a hot tip to win an engineering boys heart: be a girl. Girls are so rarely spotted in the engineering building I'm surprised they even have female bathrooms (which coincidentally are probably the cleanest on campus due to their lack of use). 10/10 would recommend.

THE SCIENCE STUDENT: Haha, sorry, you're out of luck. Unless you dress up as a giant DNA molecule and start spontaneously self-replicating there is little chance the science major will even notice you exist. For someone who knows so much about anatomy that they can tell when

you are ovulating by the subtle change in your pheromones, they are remarkably clueless about the opposite gender. Their mommas told them that girls were dangerous and books would never break their hearts.

THE LAW STUDENT: Just be too hipster to handle. I don't know, maybe commit a minor traffic violation and ask for legal advice? Shouldn't be too hard to get yourself a parking ticket around uni and run crying injustice into the arms of the nearest law student. A word of warning though: beware the pre-nup. Those law students ain't no punks.

THE COMMERCE STUDENT: Camp out in OGGB with a copy of Rich Dad, Poor Dad and ask the nearest hottie for advice on how to invest your inheritance in the stock market. Let them rehash also subtly letting them know that you expensive tastes and require someone who can keep you in the manner to which you are accustomed. Mr Donald Trump-wannabe will accustomed to the challenge, hopefully sans touped and misplaced political adventures.

How do you like those stereotypes boys? Yeah, didn't think so. Maybe think twice before you assume every girl at university is just here to find a rich husband. Most of us are just here to get a kick ass degree – not for you.

WHICH CHOCOLATE 90S DISNEY RAPPER SHOULD YOU DATE?

Tay. A tomato, pesto and mozzarella toasted cheese sandwich is my soulmate. Japan is my spiritual home, and my brain has a drawer stuffed with Disney Channel Original Series theme tunes (call me, beep me, if you wanna reach me).

Like many of you, I'm a sucker for personality tests. Whether a light-hearted diversion or an act of procrastination, I delight in discovering which dessert I most closely resemble – personality-wise, I think, rather than jelly thighs or a Victoria sponge stomach. Or, nostalgically, which Mary Kate and Ashley movie I would have starred in based on my choice of condiment (mustard), top bucket-list destination (Spain) and early 00s childhood accessory (butterfly clips).

I crave classification by a series of arbitrary and meaningless Buzzfeed questions. Last answer. Click. Scroll down. Ugh. Despite the shallow enjoyment I get from taking these tests, I'm often dissatisfied with the inevitable pigeon-holing and being lumped into a single category. Last week I was erroneously declared an ESFP on the Myers-Briggs scale after being sent the link by a friend. It bestowed

upon one pal the title of The Protagonist, another The Architect. As for me, The Entertainer. I'm sure I answered honestly but the unexpected finding, although quite flattering, is very incompatible with the way I see myself and how others probably see me.

Unless your world is strained through a monochromatic sieve, our opinions, values, and interests exist on a shifting spectrum. The Myers-Briggs test can be criticised for its clear-cut categorisation - extrovert or introvert, head or heart person - without considering the expansive middle ground dependent on circumstance. With psychometric testing a commonplace modern recruiting tool, not only will your cover letter, CV and grades be scrutinised, if your application even makes it that far, but you will be reduced to spreadsheet-able data, your unique personality formulised to figure out whether you'll fit within the company culture. Is the test competent in assessing my competence? But little personality quizzes, indulged in in moderation out of curiosity, pleasure or boredom, are clearly not meant to be taken so seriously.

YOU WILL BE REDUCED TO SPREADSHEET-ABLE DATA, YOUR UNIQUE PERSONALITY FORMULISED TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER YOU'LL FIT WITHIN THE COMPANY CILITHIRF

WHAT MAKES PERSONALITY QUIZZES IRRE-SISTIBLE?

- A. DEFINING OUR IDENTITY
- B. AFFIRMING OUR SELF-IMAGE
- C. SHARING EXPERIENCES WITH OTHERS

A-We are our own favourite subject and these quizzes are ego-strokers. Maybe, on a deeper level, even the most trivial and throwaway of quizzes (looking at you, Buzzfeed) can be avenues for self-awareness and self-discovery. Choosing between a few different options makes me wonder why I find this more appealing over that.

B - Make it official. That end result can be a stamp of approval. Undesirable verdicts can be scornfully snubbed while we embrace those that fit snugly with our own self-perception. Each test I take possibly has a flow-on effect on some small, subconscious level to the way I see myself. Like horoscopes, even if they're just hollow superstition, I can't help but try to make the diagnosis fit.

C - A litmus test for normalcy, personality quizzes compare your ideas, values, loves and hates with the rest of the world's, or you can see what your friends get. Your Harry Potter knowledge or taste in cheese places you in a category with other like-minded quizzers.

Now to find out which Kim K cry face I am.

DON'T MACA-ROUND BY HIDHA KHAN

RETHIGH GAP, SIX PACK, AND PROTRUDING COllarbones have become so valued within our society that we shame individuals who do not meet this definition of a 'good body'. Earlier this year, Australian rapper Iggy Azalea was bullied off Twitter by individuals who taunted her about her cellulite. This incessant culture of body shaming has led to many resorting to alternative solutions, the latest one being 'superfoods' like maca which are promoted by celebrities, such as model Miranda Kerr and featured on countless health blogs.

WHAT'S THE HYPE WITH MACA?

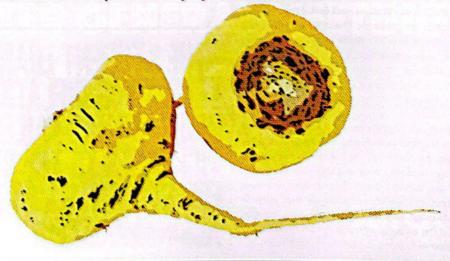
Maca is a plant that is native to the high plateaus of the Andes Mountains in South America. Currently, it is marketed as a superfood which encourages weight loss, enhances energy, stamina and fertility, and improves menstrual problems and chronic fatigue syndrome, but its medicinal and nutritional uses date back to the Ancient Incan Empire. Regarded as the 'the food of the Gods', maca could only be consumed by royalty or warriors before enter-

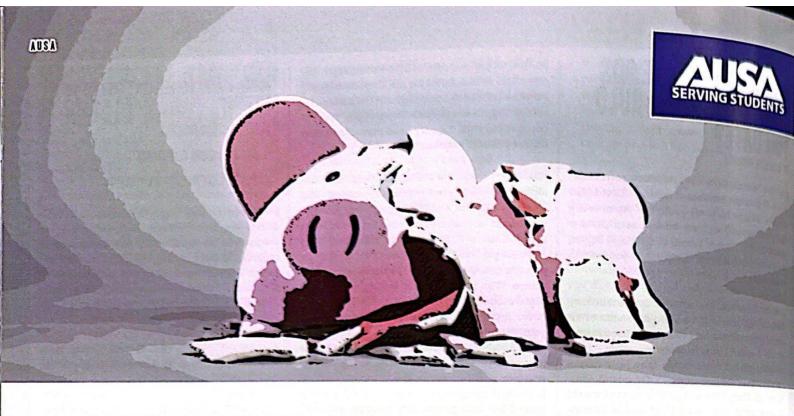
ing battle. Maca is now a staple in Peru and is incorporated into various stews and soups. In New Zealand it can be purchased in powder, chewable tablet or capsule forms and can be added to baking, smoothies, salads, and juices.

A HEALTHY DOSE OF REALITY

It's easy to get swept away with this romantic idea of eating an exotic food that was treasured by the Incan civilisation for its healing powers. So, it's time for a reality check. The majority of

the evidence on maca is anecdotal and only a handful of scientific studies have investigated maca's health benefits. The results so far indicate that maca does not live up to its superfood status. For those health fanatics whose worlds I may have just darkened, don't worry, I just saved you from spending \$44 on a measly 300 grams of maca powder. That money would be better spent on keeping up with the 5+ a day challenge.





STUDENT FINANCES TODAY A SNAPSHOT

ZUSA - THE NATIONAL STUDENT REPRESENTAtive body - has been conducting an Income and Expenditure Survey since 1988 to track student finances across time. The survey directly contributed to the introduction of student allowances in the late 1980's, and the reintroduction of the course related costs loan in the early 2000's, and is generally regarded as the only significant independent research in this area. The results of the 2014 survey were released barely a week ago, and the findings make for tough reading. For many of you, the survey will confirm what you already know: that it's getting ever-harder to be a student. Many of us are under increasing financial pressure during our studies, and face a mountain of debt once we graduate. The main trends reveal rising expenses for students, falling support, an increased workload, and often crippling financial stress.

RISING EXPENSES

We might not have needed a survey to tell us that rents have been rising in Auckland, but the full story is alarming - in the last five years, the average student's rent in a three-bedroom flat has risen from \$175 to \$218 per week. Students in Auckland face the highest average rents in the country, and rent increases have far outpaced the national average. It's more and more expensive to keep a roof over our heads, and

it's not likely to get any better.

It's not just bad news about accommodation though - other living costs for students across the country rose significantly between 2010 and 2014, after falling between 2007 and 2010. Students across the country and now spending 50% more on food than they did in 2010, 30% more on transport, and up to 60% more on other living expenses.

FALLING STUDENT SUPPORT

A number of small policy changes in the past five-years have had a large combined effect.

allowances has been frozen, and allowance entitiements for postgraduate students were removed. A 7-EFTs limit on the borrowing entitlement was introduced, and increasing restrictions have been placed on lending to older students. This all adds up, and the effect is that the number of student allowance recipients has fallen by almost a quarter since 2010. The student loan has adjusted yearly for inflation, but that increase has failed to keep pace with increases to the real cost of living for students particularly that of accommodation - that have made the gap between the amount of money that a student receives as a loan or allowance

"THE STUDENT LOAN HAS ADJUSTED YEARLY FOR INFLATION, BUT THAT INCREASE HAS FAILED TO KEEP PACE WITH INCREASES TO THE REAL COST OF LIVING FOR STUDENTS - PARTICULARLY THAT OF ACCOMMODATION"

per week, and the amount that it costs to study.

THE STRUGGLE TO MAKE ENDS MEET

For many students, the combination of ongoing increases in expenses and continual reductions in student support mean that there's a constant struggle to make up the difference. According to the survey, students are now working longer hours - an average of 14 hours per week, up from 12 in 2010. Though some part-time work is often beneficial for students, numerous studies have established that working beyond 15 to 20 hours per week will typically impact on a student's academic performance. Many students are now exceeding that threshold, and their studies are suffering for it.

In the past, many students would work over summer and save to help make ends meet during the year. One dramatic recent shift is that this is no longer possible for many. Twothirds of students worked over the summer, but fewer than half of of full-time students began the year with savings, and, for those who did, the average was less than \$2000. To even survive over summer, 19% of students relied on financial support of some kind from their parents.

The other commonly reported strategy to make up the gap is to simply cut spending, and in many cases that's on the essentials. Students report increasingly having to decide which essentials - like food and transport - to spend their limited money on, and which to forgo.

DEBT, AND STRESS

The increasing financial stress that students are under has left 90% of all students with some form of debt. For many, that's the student loan, but 65% of students have at least two forms of debt. Credit card debt - and the ensuing high-interest rates - are a reality for 28% of stu-

dents, which is an increase from 18% in 2010. A reasonable proportion of this debt is used to cover the weekly costs of accommodation, food and transport, and the average level of credit card debt has leapt from \$500 in 2010, to \$1771 in 2014.

With many students under increasing financial pressure, it's no surprise that this has taken a toll on student mental health. Counselling sessions attended have risen by almost a quarter in the six years between 2009 and 2014, and students reported higher levels of stress and anxiety associated with the demands of debt, and of juggling study with paid-work

INEQUALITY

We know that students today are under stress, but one of the worst effects of the increasing unaffordability of study for most students is that it prevents many from studying in the first place. Only 10.2% of decile 1-3 school leavers go on to degree-level study, but 42.2% of decile 8-10 students do, and this trend will only intensify as University-study becomes increasingly expensive. As the Government successively withdraws support for students. they are forced to rely on others for financial support, and this leaves those who are not able to simply locked out of study.

A BRIGHT FUTURE?

For many students, the University years are no longer the great experience they once were, and are increasingly riddled with financial pressure and stress. As student loan debt bites - and it hit \$14.2 billion in 2014 - 70% of students report that it will have an impact on their ability to buy a home, and 36% reported that it would even affect their decision to have children. The amount of expected debt at the point of graduation has risen, with more students expecting to owe in excess of \$50,000 than there were in 2010, and a 57% increase across the past five years in the average student loan debt, which now sits at \$24,405.

The survey results are certainly startling, and illustrate a clear trend towards increasing financial pressure that affects students both while they are studying, and long after they graduate. Should life for students be this way? It doesn't have to be - much of it is due to a set of conscious policy choices. We could have better student support available, more equal access to University, and much less financial stress. But we have to fight for it. Otherwise, the findings from the next survey might make even tougher reading. If you're interested in reading the full report, you can check it out here: GOLGL/RRYCH

"THE SURVEY RESULTS ARE CERTAINLY STARTLING, AND ILLUSTRATE A CLEAR TREND **TOWARDS INCREASING FINANCIAL PRESS** THAT AFFECTS STUDENTS BOTH WH STUDYING, AND LONG AFTER THEY GRADUATE."

Notice is hereby given of an

AUSA WINTER GENERAL MEETING

to be held WEDNESDAY, 26 AUGUST 2015 or (if the meeting was inquorate) THURSDAY, 27 AUGUST 2015 at 1.00 pm **Student Union Quad**

Deadline for constitutional changes: Noon, Tuesday, 11 August 2015. Deadline for other agenda items: Noon, Tuesday, 18 August 2015.

- Association Secretary



CAMPUSPECS OPTOMETRY

If you have vision problems and are struggling to afford an assessment, we can help you out! Thanks to our sponsors at Campuspecs, we are able to offer the Campuspecs Optometry Grant. Successful applicants will receive a free eye examination and glasses, if required.

Apply at AUSA Reception

Questions or Issues? welfare@ausa.org.nz







FULTURAL WEEK 24-28 AUGUST

CULTURAL WEEK IS BACK!

but it's back. From Monday 24 August to Friday 28 August, we'll be showcasing everything to do with culture in our Cultural Week. We have music, dance, poetry, yoga, lipsync and even a The Lion King screening and dress up competition. Come join us as we prove that Auckland does have culture!!

MONDAY 24TH AUGUST

NAM-SUSSPACE (OLD CLUBS OFFICES, ABOVE THE QUAD); Kicking it off on Monday, we're hosting a yoga session in the morning to start off the week on a well-balanced note.

ing up with the UoA English Society to put on a poetry evening where you can hear some talented poets speak and share a poem you like with everyone (or even a poem you wrote!). Snacks and a cosy atmosphere provided.

TUESDAY 25TH AUGUST

6PM - SHADOWS BACKROOM; Tuesday is the day to let your wild-side out. In the evening we will be screening The Lion King in the Shadows backroom. If that's not appealing enough already, there will even be a dress up competition so you finally have the chance to shamelessly show off your favourite animal onesie!

WEDNESDAY 26TH AUGUST

11AM - IPM - IPM (UAD): Wednesday is all about the performances, so come and chill in the quad and listen to some live music and watch performances from across the globe. Thanks to our wonderful individuals and clubs who are getting on stage!

THURSDAY 27TH AUGUST

7PM - SHADDWS: If your X-Factor dreams are crushed

by your inability to back up an epic performance with actual singing, here's your time to shine. Shadows is hosting a LipSync competition which is all about the dancing, costumes and enthusiasm. Also, we promise the judges won't irrationally destroy you for copying their outfits or looking like a murderer.

FRIDAY 28TH AUGUST

FM - SHADOWS BACKROOM: On Friday, to top it all off we are going Around the World, without even leaving Auckland. As usual the quiz questions will be fresh and fun so don't be put off just because you thought Paris was a country until Year 12. Of course, there are Shadows vouchers for the winning teams.

Please note, if you want to put your name down for the LipSync, poetry reading or quiz night, make a post on the Facebook event page or email cao@ausa.org.nz

Can't wait to see you there!

END THE SILENCE STOP THE VIOLENCE

AKE BACK THE NIGHT IS AN INTERNATIONAL eyent with the mission of ending sexual violence in all forms. Hundreds of events are held in over 30 countries annually. It started out as an action to enable large numbers of women to publicly express our anger at the sexual violence that goes on and the victim blaming that accompanies it. Not every woman has been satisfy assaulted, but every woman has been all young not to walk alone, not to go out after dark, to svoid strangers and to avoid dangerous areas of town. This advice is useless in the face of the reality that the largest number of women experience violence in their own

home, at the hand of someone they know. Take Back the Night is a public protest, serving as a means for us to unite and voice our desire to end the fear and perceived responsibility women experience when it comes to sexual assault, harassment, and other forms of violence.

Male violence in New Zealand remains rife. Yet an increasing number of women, men and the LGBTI community are speaking out against male violence and inequality. Take Back the Night aims at putting violence experienced by women, men and queers in the spotlight.

On Friday 28 August, Auckland Feminist Ac-

tion will lead the Take Back the Night march at Tpm from the corner of Symonds Street and Alfred Street. We will then rally in Aotea Square at 8pm to listen to expert speakers talk about equality and the right to safety from violence.

The AUSA Women's Rights Officers are holding a pre-party for the march. We will be providing all materials for you to make a sign for the march from Spm in Womenspace, which will be followed by a free dinner. All genders are welcome.

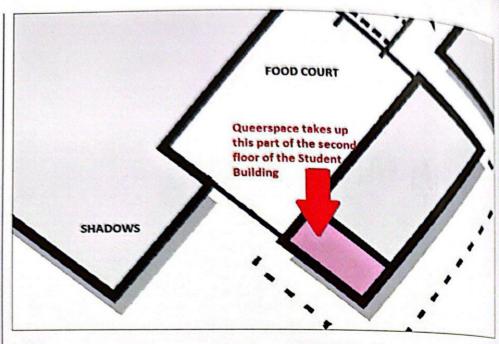
If you think everyone should feel safe in our community, come and Take Back the Night with us

FROM YOUR QRO

Write the Glitter and Cludge column for Craccum. Unfortunately for those in the hobby of 'reading bad jokes', I cannot make any here - instead I'm telling you what I actually do, what I've achieved this year, and what I hope to achieve later.

August is a funny time for University student politics - there's a lot of dancing and weaving around for positions, but for a lot of people, it's also a month that begins a time of transition. I've got to face the fact that not only will I not have an office/nap-room, nor a set of keys to university buildings, but I also won't be Queer Rights Officer - someone else will be! That's a little scary, but Kate is also going to be absolutely amazing and do a fantastic job as my successor! So, I suppose this time of transition also begs the question - what did I actually do?

While I started being Queer Rights Officer on January 1st, 12:00AM, I didn't really get started on the big stuff until AUSA resumed business -January 4th. Here I began my work in earnest after attending my Summer School lecture, and what is probably my proudest achievement: making Queerspace not only habitable, but a welcoming and friendly place for queers of all varieties to come study or hang out with our queers in a safe environment. In essence, I spent around two months (with some fantastic help) cleaning out the space, including throwing out broken furniture and seven giant black bags worth of trash. I also refurnished the space with the help of AUSA and University



Equity.

Now, you can't do anything with a nice space if no one knows it exists. And so, I began promoting it during O-Week and have continued to promote it. It's great that the space exists, but you also need people to use it. If the combined efforts of my student politician ancestors brought us both my position and my space, then I would like to hopefully not presumptuously, say that my greatest achievement in my role has been helping a nascent and growing community centred around Queerspace - a community that is growing, a community that is engaged, and a community that is safe and welcoming. In my remaining time as QRO, I want to make sure that community keeps growing and stays positive.

Of course, I've done other things - and community building goes beyond Queerspace! I also committed to improving and restoring relationships both within Queerspace and the position of Queer Rights Officer, something I think I've achieved through mediation, open meetings, and simply reaching out to all those that I could.

I hope this has helped illuminate what I actually do! If you have any questions, want to get in touch, or want to know just where the hell Queerspace actually is (we're getting a sign soon!), then let me know at [RO@AUSA_MSAN_I reply to emails quickly!

19 August 2015

Notice is hereby given of the following motion received for the upcoming Winter General Meeting to be held on 26 August 2015:

Divestment From Fossil Fuel Extraction

JOHNSTON/

THAT AUSA endorses the call for the University of Auckland and its associated Foundations to divest from fossil fuel extraction, and establish an ethical investment policy.

The University of Auckland currently has no policy on where it invests its money, which is out of step with the major universities in Australasia including the Group of Eight. Fossil fuel investments are increasingly recognised as unsustainable with the reality of climate change and the need to shift to a low carbon global economy. The Carbon Tracker initiative has shown that we can only afford to emit 565 more gigatonnes of CO2 if we want to remain under the 2 degrees celsius warming threshold. We would emit 2795 gigatonnes of CO2 if we burned all the reserves already discovered, though, and under the industry still invests millions in finding new reserves.

Every institution that divests from fossil fuels helps to erode the industry's social license to operate. We urge the University of Auckland and associated Foundations to demonstrate that they do not wish to align themselves with an industry which is not only unethical but also economically insecure in the long-term.

Over 2000 students, staff and alumni have signed a petition asking for divestment. Add your name here

- There were no motions for Constitutional Changes received.
- The Winter General Meeting agenda will be available for viewing from 21 August 2015 after the close of the Portfolio Elections.





AUSA FOOD DRIVE

26-28TH AUGUST

AUSA supports over 250 students each year through the distribution of food parcels. The food bank relies entirely off donations. If you have any food to spare, we would love to put it to good use!

Collection points:

OGGB Foyer
Law School Cafe
Student Advice Hub in Old Choral Hall
AUSA Reception on Alfred st

Any non-perishable food items accepted



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

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

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





A-PATHETIC UNIVERSITY

THIS WEEK, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY'S SALIENT MAGAzine broke the story that the University has been contracting its laundry services to a woman's prison, whose inmates are paid between 20 and 60 cents per hour. Last week, the University of Canterbury Students' Association's elections were declared totally invalid, because a number of the candidates weren't members of the Association. The week before that, the Education Officer of the Otago University Student's Association was almost arrested for slapping the faces of a restaurant owner and manager. All of these things interested me, to a degree. What shocked me is that the respective student bodies at each of these universities seemed to give a fuck.

By now your brain may have read "student politics" and equated it with "turning to the back to attempt another Sudoku before realising that we have fucked up yet again and put the number 3 twice in the same line" – but please bear with me, just for a moment.

At Craccum it may seem like we harp on about student apathy and disenfranchisement too much Maybe our approach is a tad negative in bemoaning the total lack of student culture at the university. But the University of Canterbury has a voter turnout of 33 per cent at the student elections, and the University of Auckland's turnout is less than 1 per cent. Our AUSA Executive for next year was just elected and there were 260 voters in the election. Out of 40,000 students. Four out of the five positions were uncontested, so it is perhaps predictable that there would be little interest - but the very fact that only one person was running for each of these paid positions is yet another glaring sign that any sense of student engagement has completely abandoned the biggest university in the country.

I would usually think of myself as a fairly politi-

cally interested person. When I was eight years old, my mum sat me down and said "sweetheart, apple of my eye, fruit of my womb - if you ever vote National, you'll be kicked out of the house" and that set me on a totally un-indoctrinated path to political engagement. But I have never voted in a student election until this year. I've been at uni four years and must've sat through hours of lecture bashes, smiled vaguely at dozens of candidates as they desperately plastered sweaty fliers into my hands, walked past the poor, desolate souls at the voting tables a hundred times, and not once did I bother going to tick a goddamn box. It never seemed to affect me personally, who was running in these elections to get these positions to do these ambiguous things that I never participated in. And judging by the voter turnout this year, most other students feel the same.

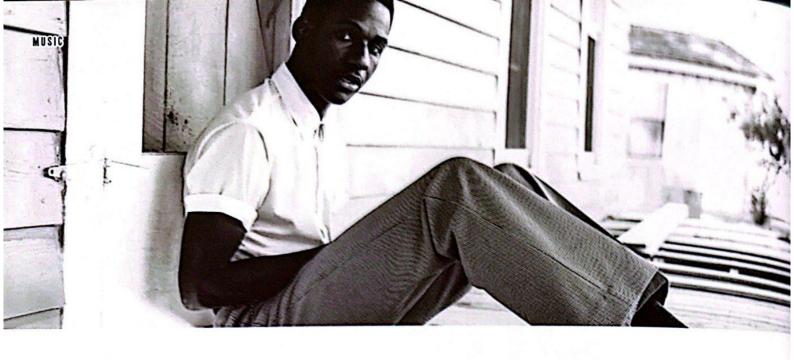
I was on the edge of despair - okay, that is a total lie, I was mildly rankled - over all of this when I went to see the Law Revue last week. I'm a proud Law school dropout and have spent my fair share of time denouncing the clique culture of the "Law Fam". Law camp consisted of two of the worst days of my life. We were marooned on an island. Men strangely got naked for no apparent reason while talking to me about seemingly normal topics. They made us play games like "Duck Duck Hookup" where you got chased around in a circle while people chanted at you to pash the person who was hunting you down. Both nights I put empty cans of Cody's by my bed and pretended I had passed out because it was less uncool than admitting I just wanted to go the fuck to sleep. Anyway, I digress.

I went to the revue with my Sceptical Spectacles well and truly on. I've watched the show in previous years, and apart from the obvious glory of 2013's Defined Lines Robin Thicke parody, I've found that the revues rely on a mixture of shock value and jokes that seem to revolve around the idea of "haha we're so rich and privileged at Law School, isn't that funny?" Have a look at the 2014 revue's video Trickle to see what I mean.

This year's show, on the other hand, warmed me right to the overinflated cockles of my bleeding liberal heart. It perhaps didn't have the same hit rates of laughs as previous revues, but it was proper social commentary. John Key was dragged out and spat on a bunch of times, Mike Hosking got hauled over the coals, the treatment of Maori and Pacific Law students got more than one token skit and the whole bloody thing was drenched in acidic feminism. Who would have thought that it would be Law School that gave me hope? I was genuinely chuffed to know that at least somewhere on campus there is a group of students who actually manage to organise successful, sold-out events and seem to be using them to promote important discus-

I don't think student culture is completely dead at the University. I think it's confined to a whole bunch of different pockets. The Elam kids, the Dance students, the Engineering crowd – they all appear to have some semblance of a collective identity and regular interaction outside of class. We just don't have a cohesive identity as a university, and that's where the apathy comes in. I'd offer to solve this deep-rooted, institutionally ingrained problem but it appears my word count is all used up. I suppose I just wanted to assure you – or more realistically, assure my disillusioned self – that there is hope for us yet.

"BY NOW YOUR BRAIN MAY HAVE READ "STUDENT POLITICS" AND EQUATED IT WITH "TURNING TO THE BACK TO ATTEMPT ANOTHER SUDOKU BEFORE REALISING THAT WE HAVE FUCKED UP YET AGAIN AND PUT THE NUMBER 3 TWICE IN THE SAME LINE""



COMING HOME LEON BRIDGES

blues then there is a 99% chance that you are going to become as addicted to Leon Bridges' debut album Coming Home as I am. Hailed by critics as a modern-day Sam Cooke, Bridges' tunes are smooth and catchy, his voice rich and soulful. But there is something very earnest about his music which reminds his listeners of Cooke and other soul greats such as Otis Redding. That he plays with a full band (complete with horn instruments and backup singers) adds to the authentic sound of his songs. This is real music which takes you back to the '50s and '60s, not some young pop artist trying to make a quick buck by ripping off the

style of classic jazz and soul figures.

The title track and lead single of the album was the first song I heard, and its old-school, genuine sound instantly caught my attention. Bridges' expressive voice, combined with the simple, feel-good music and soft lyrics makes this a very hard song to dislike. The rest of the album did not disappoint. I cannot name a song on it that I don't like, though certainly some are better than others. The jazzy track "Smooth Sailing", with its tidy, 'cool' feel is a definite highlight, but it's the doo-wop numbers which stand out. "Better Man" is catchy and brilliant in its simplicity, lyrics such as "what can I do to get back to your heart? / I'd swim the Mississippi River, girl" giving Bridges' Southern roots a nod. "Lisa Sawyer" is another doo-wop gem, which

Bridges wrote about his mother's life growin up. Slow and sweet, it tells a story in a mello kind of way which is actually really effective. The third track on the album, "Brown Skin Girl is an amazing piece with a very catchy bass liminant lazy rhythm, while "River", "Pull Away" are "Shine" are all great, slower gospel tunes.

Ultimately, Bridges is a very cool guy. Hold-school style isn't just his music; he weat suit pants and leather shoes and felt hats, and keeps his Instagram alive with black and white photos, as well as filming several of his musivideos in monochrome. It's this all-round dedication to his style and sound that sets him apart and makes him one to watch for the future.

REVIEW BY NIKKI ADDISON

CULTURE

CONCEPTUAL CONFUSION

guitarist, was recently in town for a gig, and my guitar teacher – who opened for him – tried to get me into him. To be honest, I thought the stuff he showed me was a bit shit. But Ribot is pretty sick in other settings – playing with Mary Halvorson, the Black Keys and Tom Waits, all banger artists – and I just haven't known it, so I'll concede there.

Anyway, the point being, the conceptual aspect to Ribot's playing was what I found "shit". Another way of saying I didn't understand it, and I wanted to. And so I kind of delved head first into the world of conceptual art, mainly conceptual music, to see if I could give/get a little bit of an insight. Essentially, in my mind, conceptual music is putting the idea before any sort of technique. The idea takes precedence. Right, sussed.

So, we'll use Marc Ribot and Mary Halvorson here as our vessels for understanding this crazy

shit. Both are well-accomplished guitarists, and both traverse the genre of free jazz. Marc, as described in his movie *The Lost String*, is a conceptualist before being a player. One can see this from his extensive career in countless bands and styles, as he was growing up as sort of Garage-cum-Shoe-Gaze Teenage Angst Tone Poet (hard to pin him down to be honest). His artistic technique, albeit pretty good, is not as polished as other guitar players. He is however, considered to be fan-diddly-tastic at the stuff he does.

Then we have Halvorson, who is employed by Ribot to play in his band/arrangements. Here's why I admire her: She was a student of Anthony Braxton, a massive creative mind who dedicated his whole life to conceptual music and the study of it (he played ten instruments or some shit, and released tonnes of albums, pretty cool). After her tutelage, she then studied free jazz/free improvisation to understand its structure, its synthesis,

and where to apply it at Wesleyan University. So she did all her standard jazz playing, all that bo bop da dee bap. Then she formulated her unique "free" style as a result of that. So she learnt all the standard shit, then dropped it like it was hot, kind of... In that sense I echo the saying of "you gottle know the rules before ya break em".

I bet you I'll learn to love Marc Ribot, if I love Waits and Halvorson. But right now, I see conceptual art as a sort of golden gate at the end of a tumultuous path that must be treaded upon with merit and technique. Once one has reached the golden gate, a whole other path starts, but you know you've completed the path that led to it. I know it got deep as fuck at the end, and it's just an opinion. But I think conceptual art was only ever conceived after master ing an art form before it, and so on...

COMMENT BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

THE CONCEPTUAL ASPECT TO RIBOT'S PLAYING WAS WHAT I FOUND "SHIT". ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AND I WANTED TO.



I AM CAIT

plague, both out of principle, and from fear that I'll become addicted to the trashy drama. Despite this, a toxic combination of my feminist values, the media hype surrounding the show, and the absence of anything else on TV, I was glued to the first episode of I Am Cait. I fucking loved that episode. Following such intimate moments as the first time her mother, Esther, sees Caitlyn as a woman, and coming to terms with her new identity, it was heart-warming and nail-biting all at once.

In this episode, Caitlyn uses her show to bring attention to the trans community as a whole, including issues of stigma, expectations, and

the disturbingly high rate of transgender suicides. She sums up what her goal with I Am Cait is, saying "I just want to be able to create some understanding, so that the next person who comes along doesn't have to be like me". I found Cait to be genuinely passionate when she spoke on transgender issues, and the vulnerability she showed was very touching.

Unfortunately, the show's later episodes fall short of its pilot's blaze of glory. Despite best intentions, I Am Cait fails in its representation of everyday transgender people. While the first episode was quite documentary-esque, later episodes are an awkward hybrid of reality TV and serious issues. There are some sweet moments of understanding and friendship between Caitlyn and her new friends from the transgender community. This is nice, and it's great to see LGBT issues entering into the main-

stream dialogue. But, when it's combined with extravagant activities and the token talking-behind-each-others-backs, the charm is ruined. With not quite trashy enough to be a guilty-pleasure-watch, and overlooking the deep difficulties and complexity that transgender people face, the later episodes don't hook you in.

Perhaps if it had been made by someone slightly more reputable than E!, the show could've made a real impact. In my opinion, a one-off documentary or exposé would've been more effective than just another mundane reality show. I Am Cait is not something I'd watch on the regular, but it's definitely worth watching at least the first episode to get an insight into the struggles that transgender people face daily.

REVIEW BY GEORGIA HARRIS

FILM

THE LOBSTER

VORGOS LANTHIMOS' THE LOBSTER IS SATIRE, SURrealism and downright morbidity at its best. In a world as obsessed with relationships and longevity as we are, those that are single are persecuted, while those in relationships receive praise and smug, superior treatment. Colin Farrell, in a similar artistry to In Bruges, plays David the deadpan architect, left by his wife, and now facing a difficult future ahead. the other singles in this dystopian world, he las to check into a hotel in search for a com-Pathle partner within 45 days, or else he'll be treed into an animal of his choosing. Upon arwith a poker faced passion, he tells the hanageress that he'd like to be a lobster. That's ecause they live to a hundred years and he

daking unlikely friends with The Limping Man played by the wonderful Ben Whishaw) and

The Lisping Man (John C. Reilly), the motley trio represent the different attitudes one has in life. The Limping Man approaches his survival with a vigour and an earnestness that results in success, with no heed of the cost. Where genuine compatibility is attained for, The Limping Man must continuously whack his nose in order to be compatible with Nosebleed Girl. On the other hand, Lisping Man approaches compatibility-searching with a weary obedience, almost indifferent to his fate, yet trying all the same. David, after finding his 'partner' in the form of Heartless Woman, seeks solace in a guerrilla type movement of Loners residing in the forest, where they are continuously hunted by singles who live in the hotel.

In a way, the mystic and magic of the film is found at the heart of the oppression; when David and his friends face struggles in the hotel, or when the singles are in the city, escaping from policemen who catch suspicious singles. We relax when we are in the forest, and the plot begins to slow and settle. There are

moments of happiness; David and Short Sighted Woman creating sign language with each
other, the Loners' wild rave parties when they
listen to their own music; but the tension and
fantastical element of the film is very much
found in the wild and the weird, in the No Masturbation policy at the hotel, the genuinely
terrifying Olivia Colman as manageress, and
the hotels' educational talks that remind us of
self-help books.

Long shots and dark hues create a "sense of the deep loneliness that permeates [modern life]", that Colin Farrell talked about, but it's the film's dialogue that I admire; its repartee, its deadpan humour and its deliberately staged, inorganic one liners. In *The Lobster's* absurdity, we discover parallels to reality – in the way we seek compatibility with an almost mechanic vigour, in the way we identify ourselves and each other, and even in the way we accept absurd and arbitrary rules.

REVIEW BY WEN-JUENN LEE



FOR TECHNOLOGY (AND MINDING YOUR OWN GODDAMN BUSINESS)

DEBATE

AVE YOU EVER HAD THE FEELING THAT YOUR EYES
were literally going to roll into the back of
your skull?

I use that literally literally, because the way people write about the mental capabilities of millennials makes me want to roll my eyes hard enough that they threaten to dislodge and roll around in the cavernous mass that is my apparently empty skull. I also use it ironically, because, hey, irony.

In an unsuccessful attempt to distract myself from last semester's impending exams, I read Mohsin Hamid's collection of essays, pretentiously and Freudianly (Is that a word? It is now) titled Discontent and its Civilisations. I was enjoying one of my favourite novelist's musings on the Pakistan-India conflict and the merits of various metropoles until the tired tirade on the evils of technology made its inevitable appearance. Of course.

"How Do Ebooks Change the Reading Experience?" was a dry, predictable collection of paragraphs by a forty-something year old man, a disappointment placed in the middle of an otherwise stimulating book. In itself, it was unextraordinarily predictable. The preachings of the middle aged are by no means unknown to anyone who bothers to open a book every so often, and yet this entirely uninspiring amalgam of holier-than-thou complaints got me thinking.

Why do we criticise modern technology so frequently, and with so much vitriol? Levels of

ironic detachment and an inability to genuinely enjoy anything without deriding it have given rise to a cynical examination of what must surely be the cause of our generational apathy: smartphones!

From technology, surely, comes the lack of eye-contact on buses, comes the culture of instant gratification which underpins all our dalliances with mass entertainment, come the self-imposed distractions which have the distinct flavour of procrastination.

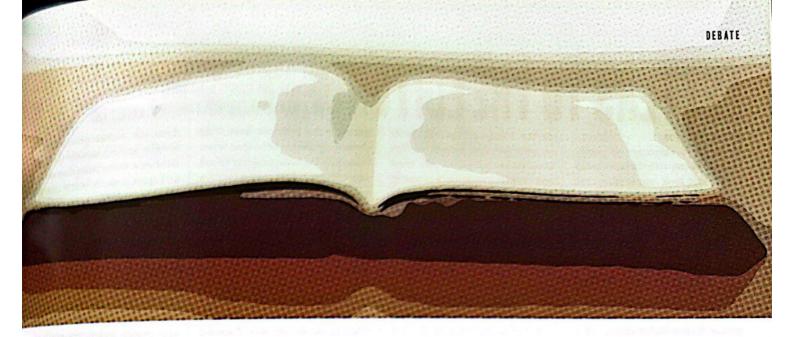
Personally, I am inclined to disagree. The scapegoating of the digital doesn't do much for me when it comes to explaining away our collective cultural inadequacies. Instead, I see the smartphone and its accompanying barrage of apps as simply an heir to the legacy of superfluous crap with which we love to entertain ourselves. We now snapchat in class instead of doodling on the seat in front of us, but we are no less attentive than our equally bored predecessors. This is nothing new.

I have had it up to here (now imagine me holding up my hand comedically high. Are yo imagining it? Good) with being preached a lectured and admonished about how technology is ruining our ability to think, how snap chatting a memory makes it less memorable or how e-books foreshadow the death of the novel. Every time the word 'selfie' is printed in a publication aimed at baby boomers, I die a little on the inside.

Let this generation marvel in our frivolous bull shit, just as you did in yours. You had your ham mer pants and walkmen (having grown up after the era of both of these, I have no idea if they are cultural contemporaries. I'm giving myself the benefit of the doubt in assuming that they are). Let us have our ebooks, our vines, our snapchat, and – God forbid – our selfies. There are far worse things in the world than people having fun with technology and minding their own goddamn business.

BY JULIA WIENER

"THE WAY PEOPLE WRITE ABOUT THE MENTAL CAPABILITIES OF MILLENNIALS MAKES ME WANT TO ROLL MY EYES HARD ENOUGH THAT THEY THREATEN TO DISLODGE AND ROLL AROUND IN THE CAVERNOUS MASS THAT IS MY APPARENTLY EMPTY SKULL."



AGAINST TECHNOLOGY (AND THE SCENTLESSNESS OF EBOOKS)

ELITE

by the utter uselessness that is often thematic of your iPhone's ability to function, that you want nothing more than to hear the merry splinter of metal and glass when preceded by a cathartic moment of technological defenestration?

Ido, all too often. This is my internalised train of thought whenever I decide to log into an online account of mine. Because, of course, in the three months that elapsed since I crealed the account, the particular password I had chosen decided to withdraw itself from my memory, leaving me pondering what permutation of "pentan3ol" I had used, because of course THIS website had me include even more superfluous symbols in addition to the usual salvo of capital letters, simple letters, numbers, signs, emojis, stickers, smoke sighals, morse code... And after my millionth unsuccessful attempt I resort to the dreaded "forgot password" option, which offers solace whatsoever as I am immediately asked for my mother's middle name, which, of course, leaves me pondering what name 1 had coined in the heat of the moment because, of course, my mother doesn't have a goddamn middle name.

The reason, for all you geeky dullards, why we crincise modern technology so frequently and with so much vitriol, is that it just sucks. Which is interesting, because the actual concept of modern technology, to most extents and purposes, is a fantastic one: a virtual platform the pose, is a fantastic one: a virtual platform the seemingly impossible can be brought into reality; a so-called "fourth dimension," in which perfection cannot only be toggled on and off like a switch, but is also readily

available to and displayed by even the biggest of imbeciles. So far, however, is the reality from this glorified model that often these days even the smart people of our world are brought down by technology to a level of anti-intellectualism, as we increasingly divert our attention from the important matters in life to seemingly facile trivia: How do I send a snapchat in a manner such that only my favourite friends and that random girl I met last week can see it? Where's the emoji that conveys excitement, anguish, hunger and sarcasm? Why is it that I need a degree in computer science to move a photo on Microsoft Word? What the fuck is Instagram?

Modern technology, with its over-hyped connotations of utopianism, has fostered a naively
idealistic culture in which we seem to impose a
perfectionist attitude upon everything, particularly to the common trifles of the modern age.
And, as we apply our newfound perfectionism
to the seemingly inane, social gaudiness can
now bask in its ubiquity in society. We veil ourselves behind technological masks with our
perfectly engineered text messages, creating
impressive false façades of ourselves, which,
when combined with the disappointments of
who we really are, result in the typical self-destructive behaviours that are characteristic of
people of the technological era.

It is no phenomenon that technology acts to negate social interaction. At my previous high school, the integration of iPads into the classrooms and TVs into the common rooms saw the gradual but notable demise of humankind. Gone were the days of lunchtime pillow fights, dodgeball-while-the-teacher's-back-is-turned and the chaotic banter which once reigned; in came the days of shitty movies, loathsome pornos and heads-down-no-talk gaming. And, of course, the act of banning these devices had little effect, as the miserable fools took to sharing their heartbeats with one another on the monstrosity that is the new and alarmingly popular Apple Watch, whose homescreen, I should say, resembles trypophobia (and when you type that into google images and are never able to sleep again, you can blame technology for that, too).

How have we allowed the purity of our world to be debauched to this extent? God did not create our world with inoperable touch-screens and foolish emoticons – we put those there, at society's own detriment. The elegant, beautiful simplicity of life has become long-forgotten in the embigglement that is technology – which now is, and forever will be, the centrepiece of our world. Why cannot we simply talk to one another? Pretend it's 1983. Listen to real music. LIVE. Frankly, no ebook can replicate the olfactory pleasure that is provided by the sweet fragrance of a brand new book.

BY VINU ASEYWICK

"OFTEN THESE DAYS EVEN THE SMART
PEOPLE OF OUR WORLD ARE BROUGHT DOWN
BY TECHNOLOGY TO A LEVEL OF ANTIINTELLECTUALISM, AS WE INCREASINGLY
DIVERT OUR ATTENTION FROM THE IMPORTANT
MATTERS IN LIFE TO SEEMINGLY FACILE TRIVIA"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR WANT TO SEND CRACCUM A LETTER WITH YOUR THOUGHTS ON BASICALLY ANYTHING? SEND THEM TO EDITOR @CRACCUM.CO.NZ FOR A BANTERTASTIC REPLY (NO GUARANTEES THOUGHTS THOUGHTS ON FOR A BANTERTASTIC REPLY (NO GUARANTEES THOUGHTS ON FOR A BANTERTASTIC REPLY (NO GUARANT

FOR A BANTERTASTIC REPLY (NO GUARANTEES THOUGH).

DEAR CRACCUM, I write in reference to prolife posters being torn down in indignation not four hours after their attachment to university noticeboards. I attach the poster itself below so that readers can judge for themselves:

[Eds note: We have chosen not to print the poster for personal reasons. However the poster has a photo of a foetus saying "When should Human Rights begin?" from Pro-life1

Were these posters outrageous? Was their imagery appalling? I dare say, this was not so! Free speech and philosophical questioning, once thriving on campuses throughout the world, has supposedly no place in the general library basement. Why would this repressor feel the need to exclude from sight posters meant for all to see if the poster contents were no more than nonsensical controversy? One can only assume that perhaps the poster's message struck a chord within this individual. If there is falsehood or nonsense to be exposed let it be done through more speech, and not through the imposition of silence.

Happy will be the day when people are mature enough to recognise that entertaining an opposing point of view, for the sake of good discussion, is greater than the hypocrisy of advocating freedom of speech while censoring any view that isn't their own.

Much love. S.R. XX

Oh S.R, we completely agree with everything you're saying! Apart from that whole bit about the prolife posters, but everything else, spot on.

YO CRAC-PEEPS!

Back in 2011 my mate Flash and I made a bet that we had to pick up Craccum every week while we studied, and whoever skipped a week first would suffer a punishment devised by the winner.

in what became known as The Crac-Stack', but as the pile grew and 'death by craccum avalanche' became and increasing reality, I retired the hoarding habit. Suffice to say I've seen every cover of Craccum for the last (almost) 10 semesters, and never have I been more stoked to pick up a copy than I was this week (issue 15).

The Living With Disabilities feature was, to my memory, the first time I've seen anything on the subject in Craccum, let alone on the cover. It brought a tear to my elevator-using, pill-popping, special-conditions-exam-room-sitting, glasses wearing eye. Bravo Leia for making that feature happen, because this shit matters.

All the staff at disability services I've met have always gone above and beyond, which says a lot, because they are working with a microscopic pile of funding and resources, and an apathetic university. Last year one of my wheelchair-using guest lecturers had to be carried down the stairs by students in order to teach her class, because the uni still doesn't meet the most basic levels of accessi-

This is just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to UoA totally tanking at 'equity', but the struggle is very real for students with disabilities who were lucky enough, and persistent enough, to make it to tertiary study. So thanks Leia for your feature, and to the eds for cracking (hah) into this issue for the first time in at least half a decade

Chur. DANNI

Sorry, we barely made it past the first paragraph, we were too busy weeping with joy at the fact that somebody other than us reads the magazine. Glad you enjoyed the feature!

DEARSIRS, I noticed a distinct absence of

letters in the previous issue. This caused amusement of a kind when I reached the unfortunately timed arts editorial. Anyway, here's an apathy cure.

Firstly, I would suggest that the editors sack Ms Dahl for her virulent anti-rabbit policies. (Ewan -> Ewan McGregor -> Mr Mc-Gregor.) Alternatively, give her a medal for her strong stance on biosecurity. I guess it depends whether or not you're a National voter (ah, the sad decline of standards).

Secondly, misogyny and misandry are extremely overused terms to the extent that their actual meanings and, therefore, power are being diluted (see: Julia Gillard). I have, elsewhere, suggested that this is a consequence of the nature of discussions where the primary objective is convincing other people that there is, in fact, something wrong (clue: there usually is). To this end, it is useful to use more emotively powerful words and framing issues of sexism in terms of hate or contempt or similar is a fairly easy way of doing this. However, in terms of what is actually useful (i.e. solving things) framing things in such ways is unhelpful as one will often misunderstand the problem. To this end, one must be constantly aware that often it's "merely" sexism.

Thirdly, the railways thing was interesting but the figures mostly seemed to be a little old . Also, it remains to be seen how Pukekohe's shuttle is going to work out... they're proving quite unreliable. On the bright side, the electric trains seem to actually be speeding up a bit after having, initially, been slower than services last year (pre-Southern/Eastern line separation).

Fourthly, I think the "dress standards" piece was a bit paranoid. The only people who will probably notice that you're wearing similar/the same clothes within a week are your friends (advantages of having several dozen to a hundred people in a lecture, eh?) and surely your relationships with

them are secure enough to not revolve around clothes. Or, may. be, that column wasn't as serious as I read it as, in which case I'm getting a bit paranoid. As a last thought, dress for the weather. You'll always be wearing something different. Although, perhaps, having to carry a suitcase full of clothes around all day is a bit much...

Fifthly, the arts editor made several points which are probably important to think about.. For one, "constant vigilance" is probably the wrong way to think about things. To my mind this suggests a particular way of moving around that is, perhaps, overly cautious. I suggest reading this: HTP://WWL BBC.COM/FUTURE/STORY/20131104-HOW-MUGGERS-SIZE-UP-YOUR-WALK, I have no idea if the "constant vigilance" walk is a sort of walk that criminal strangers associate with "easier to attack" but intuitively I think it probably is. As an extension on that point, it is my understanding that criminal strangers are relatively rarer anyway. But, as that article says, you can probably just change how you walk to avoid this problem anyway. On the other hand, if what you mean is stumping along looking like you've been half murdered on several separate occasions, nothing to see here, move along.

Also, Abley's completely right in that "but the third world woment" is nothing more than a distraction. That there are substantive issues which are very difficult to construe as "not issues" in the socalled third world doesn't mean that there aren't issues, say, here Furthermore, it doesn't mean that people aren't able to criticise, condemn and work to solve issues in both areas. Part of the problem, though, is that (and this ties in with Denton's editorial) the local issues being confronted by Western (well, Anglosphere) third wave feminists are generally not so intuitively problematic as for instance, denial of education When we see discussion on these issues, something that I've noticed is that a lot of people work with dichotomy: there are people who

igree (and then there are people who don't agree, which means hey disagree and also undertand. That is obviously wrong but it's a genuine problem with how people generally get introduced to these ideas. Sometimes all it lakes to make a difference is to slow down, empathise and make an explanation. Which brings me to representation.

Il be honest, I'm not really that fussed. I'll happily watch Snatch where there are basically (read as far as I remember) three female characters (a bookie, a mother and the twins) or Layer Cake (two: both girlfriends, although one is fairly plot relevant) and not care too much. Indeed, I'll also happily defend the right of authors to populate their worlds like this. But, I guess the point is, these are a little too common, to the extent, it'd be pretty weird to have a film about the London underworld with a predominately female cast. The absence of female characters has, in some sense, become utterly normalised... across a variety of genres and media. And from a point of artistic freedom that's problematic because there's really a resultant social convention restricting one as a consequence.

So, finally, we reach Art. It wasn't so long ago that I was last at the art gallery (exams?) and I decided to go on a tour. One of the first things the tour guide asked us (it was a small group) was whether or not anyone had any particular interest in contemporary art which, to me, generally seems much more interested in making some sort of Point than, well, anything else. To me, this is what "understanding art" means: figuring out whatever nonsense the artist or the critic in their Ponzi scheme of a world meant. I could very easily be wrong, I haven't read the book, after all and the author has. As you can tell, I have some fairly strong news on art (I also know it is prety hard to construct decent definitions of art that unart certain kinds of art) but I do have a closing sentiment that I sort of like. Art, I suppose, just has to feel human. And I think contemporary "art" has lost BARY EAST

Ok look mate, you've clearly a bit

of a moron. And that's ok. We had no letters last week because we had no room after all the real content. Also on your point as to women needing to be cautious - yup you're right, most rapes are not the 'stranger danger' kind that everyone thinks of, which is a problem in public perception. But that totally misses the fucking point women are afraid for a whole lot of reasons, not least amongst them is the fear (taught from childhood) that someone may hurt them if they aren't with a big ol' man (or a massive gaggle...but even this is frowned on by the conservitards) to look after them. As nice as your victim-blaming musings on people walking funny are, I suggest you look up rape culture on the internet before wondering if being scared is the root cause of being attacked. Are you seriously suggesting that women should walk like drongos (a walk to mirror your mental faculties no doubt) to avoid being hurt? Mate, you are a fuckwit. You did a wee bit better by your last two paragraphs, but by then I knew you were a fuck, so ad-hominemed my way out of giving a shit. Why don't you just shut up, I'm about two letters away from banning you ever being published. - Jordan

P.S. I read the bit about women not being funny, and you claiming you're a "woman." Nice that you removed it. Still think you're a fucko.

THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE KIND OF harassment disabled students receive in student accommodation.

In my student accommodation we are supposed to have a quiet environment during exams for obvious reasons.

This is a quick rundown on what happened:

A disabled student asked her tutor if he would like to go out with her after the exam, as that was the only paper from that area she was taking. They had never fraternised or been out on a date beforehand, as he was her tutor. This was the second last week of semester before exams.

During the first week of the study

period I am studying around 12am and I hear the tutor and his friend arguing with this woman who was is hitting on him and asked him back to her place. As soon as he mentioned he had a disabled girl-friend that lived in my building, she was all over him like a rash. He basically resorted to telling her to fuck off, and she responded by calling him a loser for going out with a disabled student.

During the second week of the study period before exams there was this woman sitting outside slandering and slagging off the disabled female student in our building around 12am to a group of other students in a really loud voice so everyone could hear, including this student. The other student was bringing up an incident of harassment that happened at uni where during a study group the disabled student was accused of being a prostitute while a lecturer sat there sniggering instead of intervening, and laughing about it like it was a joke.

During the second week of exams there was this guy doing a poll about whether the disabled student should be able to date her tutor. He was also asking people on her floor if any of them had seen the tutor in the building. His reason for doing this is that he didn't think it was fair that the disabled student might pass her paper because she "was sucking (the tutor's) dick".

After a complaint was made, there was this woman screaming about how she had suggested the pole to her boyfriend as she thought the tutor could do better.

During the last week of exams, there was this massive argument between the female students who had previously put down the disabled student. These women had previously been accusing the disabled student of being a slut and a prostitute. The argument went like this.

"I heard you slept with my boyfriend behind my back."

"I heard you slept with someone else's boyfriend behind his back after you had been going out with him for 3 months"... "Everyone knows your boyfriend is a drug dealer"...

"I am getting sick of you stealing my stuff".

Also, after having to deal with this harassment from the other students, the disabled student checks the tutor's facebook page and finds out that he had decided to get engaged to another woman in the States.

This thing is, the students who were harassing the disabled student were able to get away with it because no one else informed the RA's in the building because it was during exams. Also, they may not have wanted to get involved. Or, the RA who was informed may not have informed the building manager, as it may have been seen as infighting or not an issue of harassment. However, if the RA's/building manager had been informed, then they would have been informed about the whereabouts of a thief and drug dealer in the building.

However, as the disabled student was the only one who informed the building manager, he accused her of crying wolf. Therefore, either these people have been able to just get away with selling drugs in the building, stealing stuff and harassing a disabled student, or they are still in our building. This is why it is important for other students to inform an RA in their building if they notice this occurring.

Dude. WTF. This sounds like a case for the equity office, please see below for contact details:

Room 036, Basement Level
ClockTower
22 Princes St
Auckland
Phone: +64 9 373 7599 ext 82936
Email: disability@auckland.ac.nz

first sudoku puzzle is your 16th issue where there are two 1s in the right 7th vertical column.

Please be more careful next time!

Denton, you're fired. One more sudoku fuck up and that's it, I swear to God.



TOP TEN TIPS TO NAVIGATE LIFE AND LOVE

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

We called Life! A free for all entry, where everyone who is anyone is there, every moment of every day. We all have different masks and come in different shapes and sizes. While these differences can make you feel uncomfortable now, soon you will realise the importance of simply being yourself, especially when it comes to love. Here is some advice to navigate life and love and to allow you to be 'you' everyday, instead of someone else.

WHAT ONCE WAS, STILL IS. You know how the black box of every plane crash is always found? In this game called life, that's your heart and mind, with flashbacks and feelings! If you ever feel lost or overwhelmed, remember you can always find yourself again. Who you are will always resurface. There's no point in trying to hide it!

adaptive, but not always emotionally adaptive. We hold on to past wrongs, words and deeds without properly addressing them, which can cloud our perspectives in new situations. Emotions are a hard game to play, let alone trying to conceal them! So instead try and always express them.

IN SAITLE ETWEN FIRMS AND LIVES. It's the classic game of tug-of-war and you are the rope being stretched between the poles of friendship and love! There comes a time when you feel torn between the two. Remember to always value your friendships as well as your relationships. It shouldn't be a war if you manage to strike the right balance.

THE BAND-AID EFFECT. Life can be like a band aid. A band aid will provide comfort and safety, but after a while you need to take it off. In life, you need to feel safe and comfortable, but you also need to get out of your comfort zone and put yourself out there. You can't protect yourself from everything, and having a band aid lifestyle your whole life can hold you back from new experiences.

DROP THE COMPARATIVE ATTITUDE. You may look at lives and stories of those who have made it and try emulate their life, but remember that's their story and their life and it won't necessarily work for you. Your emotions and

experiences are unique and what makes you, you! Harness the message you get from those who have been and incorporate that into your world alongside the unique characteristics you have to offer. Always personalise your life, not just your facebook settings!

high! It's about how too many of us try to blend in with the crowd rather than letting their true self shine. Conforming to other expectations won't achieve anything and will leave you wilting, like a weed. So don't blend in, stand out! It doesn't make you a lonesome island, it makes you a lighthouse!

MORDOY'S PERFECT! No one ever! Always remember this when it comes to your inse-

curities but also with someone you love. There will always be something you or your significant other will struggle with. Don't let that cloud how you feel about yourself or them, but embrace it as what makes them human.

open up That INTERNAL MONOLOGUE. You can endless ly debate it all you want in your head, but it won't ever achieve what you want or fix anything. All that will happen is put off the inevitable – the emotional explosion and when that internal dam explodes, the consequences are far worse than talking about things early on If you love someone, then tell him/her! If you're angry at someone, then talk to them

about it. Honesty is still the best policy!

go ahead and try all you want to go ahead and try all you want to stay friends with the one you love. But if you're both not on the same page it's a recipe for disaster. Instead of wondering what could have been, take a chance. If it doesn't work out, it doesn't mean what you do was wrong. But you are a step closer to you better half and/or a lifelong friend!

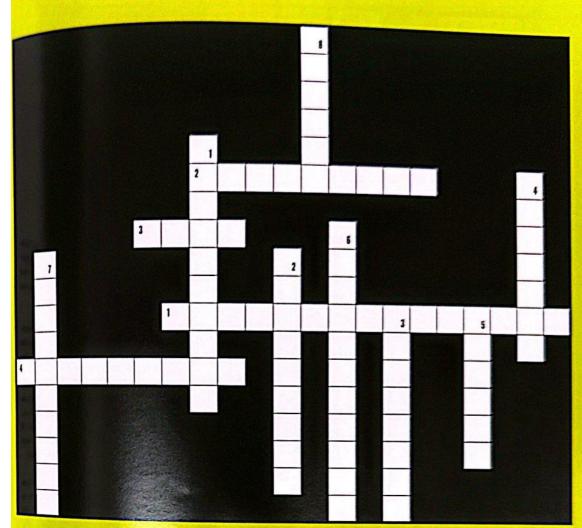
it can be. Being genuine in love is scarce nowadays, so just be you! Whether it be grand gesture, or something less complicated your partner will know you love them, by show ing them being you! It doesnt take much to fai in love, but its takes a lot to stay in love. Don mess it up with a mask that betrays the beaut of being you!

For your happily ever after, don't be the Cinderella that changes when the clock strikes II.

Be the Cinderella who the shoe fits best. It your life, live it best, by being you!

BY JOHANNA BENSOM

"WHILE THESE DIFFERENCES CAN MAKE YOU FEE UNCOMFORTABLE NOW, SOON YOU WILL REALIST THE IMPORTANCE OF SIMPLY BEING YOURSELF, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE.



DOWN

- 1. Contributor of the week
- 2. Which famous supermodel is no longer a '10' according to Donald Trump?
- 3. Capital of United Arab Emirates
- 4. Which South-East Asian city recently was victim to bombing?
- 5. Jared Fogle, who has recently has been charged with child pornography related crimes, was the front man for which famous Fast Food chain?
- 6. Winston Peters has accused which TV host of being a National Party Stooge?
- 7. Which NZ city has been ranked the third friendliest city in the world?
- 8. Lonely Planet has announced the Temples of _____ as the top tourist sight in the world.

ACROSS

- l. A fake photo of which famous celebrity went viral, which claimed to be her wedding dress.
- 2. Which country won the 2015
 Netball World Cup?
- 3. Which green fruit do you have with Tequila shots?
- 4. Which member of the Craccum Editorial team was also a director of the Auckland Law Revue for 2015?

PUZZLES

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The People to Blame

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Columns Editor: Christopher 'why won't you pinch my nipples?'

Features Editor: Ana Harris

Lifestyle Editor: Isabelle Russell

Arts and Culture Editor: Caitlin Abley

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Julia Wiener, Vinu Abeywick

Top 10: Johanna Bensom

Shadows Contributor of the Week

Jasmine Lim



Call For Contributions!

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disclaimer

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SHADOWS IS BACK



MID SEMESTER TRAFFIC LIGHT PARTY THIS FRIDAY

MURPHY'S IRISH STOUT BACK ON TAP \$7 PINTS. \$5 JÄGER SHOTS.



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The Man Booker

The Man Booker Prize - Longlist 2015



New Zealander Anna Smaill









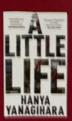




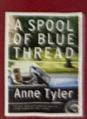


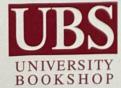












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