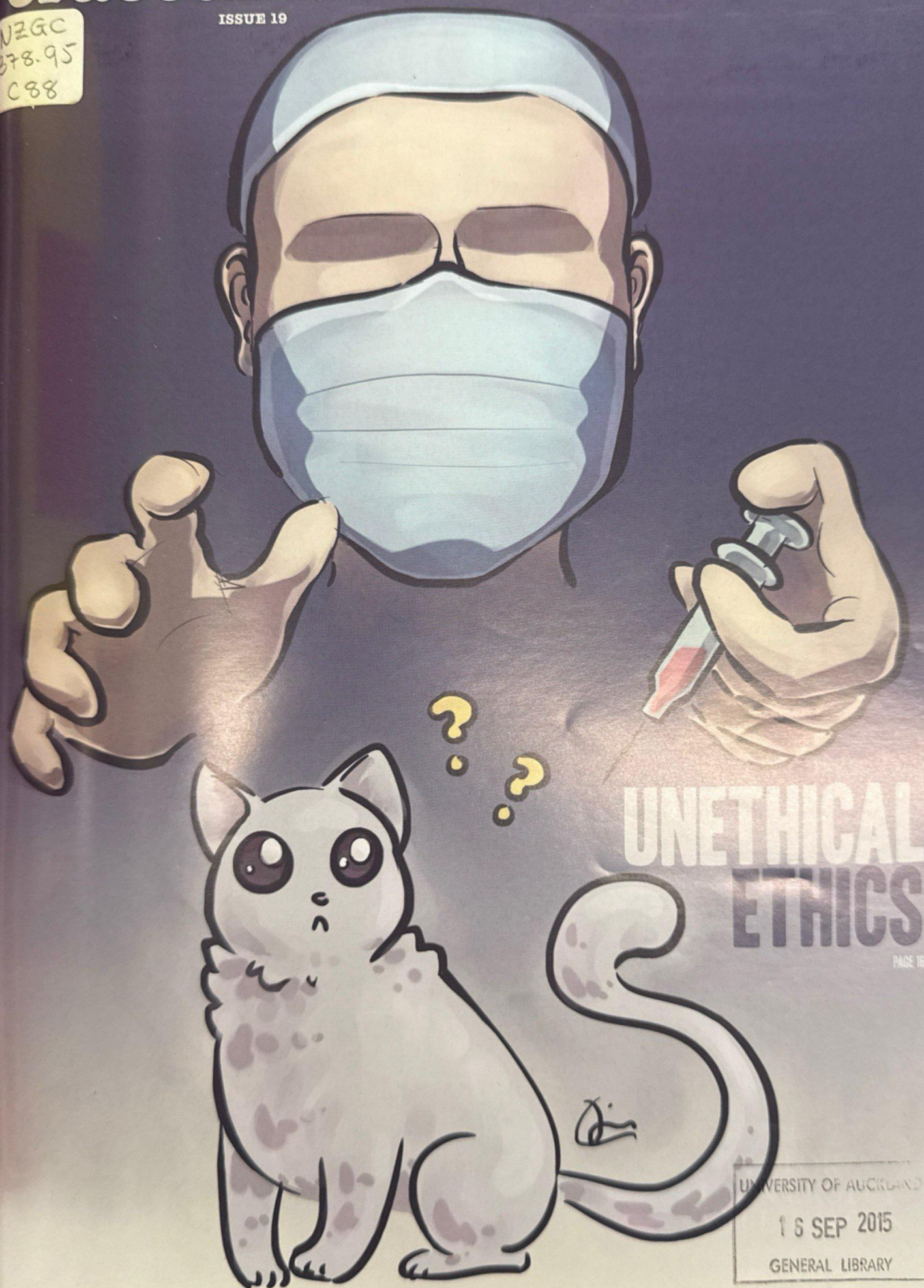


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UNETHICAL ETHICS

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UNSAFETY – CRYING RIVERS

YESTERDAY SOMEONE DISAGREED WITH MY POLITICAL opinions. This was not acceptable. It was not fun, because disagreement is wrong. And it was not safe, because to be disagreed with is to be unsafe. Lots of things are unsafe actually, to be uncomfortable is unsafe. To be annoyed is unsafe. To be debated with is unsafe.

Unsafe is probably my least favourite word at the moment. It used to mean physically, or perhaps mentally, at risk of damage. The problem is now, certain groups which I'm not allowed to pinpoint for fear of being called a bigot (or worse having my baking protested), are apparently at risk of being damaged if you simply disagree with them. I've been reading articles about people playing "Devil's Advocate" with minority positions, one such article claimed that anyone playing devil's advocate was "shutting down the conversation". This is moronic, by continuing the debate people are by definition continuing the conversation.

Don't get me wrong, I'm very very left. I'm really into calling people out, telling people off, being condescending to young nats, being vaguely socialist while spending all of money on material possessions, ruthlessly using the magazine as a platform for my social views. And I'd hate to be thought a bigot. But I'd hate to sit quietly by, while people make terrible points (on behalf of the entire non-bigot community) and get away with spurious arguments - that, for example, it is oppressive for a future AUSA executive member to suggest a face to face meeting to discuss claims that the organisation is "LITERALLY KILLING" people, or for that matter the systematic overuse of the word "literally". This being said, I do sit quietly by, this happened recently, an event involving baked goods, a tantrum, abuse hurled from the "victims" towards anyone and anything that wasn't "listening", the closure

of an event, and then the claim form the event runners that this same group were made to feel "unsafe". Apparently literally unsafe.

Unsafe has become a scary word, we stop talking once it comes up, we're told it's subjective, we can't possibly respond with "how is me saying that baked goods not explicitly about you are ok is possibly abusing you?", because that in itself is *unsafe*. Literally unsafe, and literally killing, and literally killing baked goods, which are themselves unsafe, literally.

The left is getting boring.

QUICK SIDE NOTE, PLEASE MAKE A COMPLAINT ABOUT THIS EDITORIAL, YOU'LL JUST PROVE MY POINT, EMAIL MEDIAOFFICER@AUSA.ORG.NZ, ALTERNATIVELY HIT TWITTER, BURN A COPY OF THE MAGAZINE, OR SEND ME AN ANGRY FACEBOOK MESSAGE, OR EVEN SEND ME SOME ANGRY BAKING. IT WOULD LITERALLY MAKE MY DAY.

THE PROBLEM IS NOW, CERTAIN GROUPS WHICH I'M NOT ALLOWED TO PINPOINT FOR FEAR OF BEING CALLED A BIGOT (OR WORSE HAVING MY BAKING PROTESTED), ARE APPARENTLY AT RISK OF BEING DAMAGED IF YOU SIMPLY DISAGREE WITH THEM

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

VAGINA CUPCAKE-GATE

THIS WOMENSFEST CONTROVERSY REALLY bothered me during the break, far more than it should have. I'm unsure exactly why, but a major factor was the (unnecessarily) cruel things said about my friend, who stood up to defend the AUSA Women's Rights Officers. Regardless, it stewed inside me. So here comes a cis-male perspective on the issue.

Firstly - this has to be *the most ridiculous thing* I have seen happen with AUSA this year, and perhaps during my whole time at university. How is it ridiculous you ask? Because of the vitriolic reaction over cupcakes. Yes let's remember this is about *decorating cupcakes*.

But Denton, you're missing the point, you say. It's not about cupcakes, it's about what it represents: the rampant transmisogyny and cis-sexist world we live in.

Now I do not deny that society privileges cis-gendered individuals, and the transgender community face incredibly difficult obstacles to simply be themselves. Transgender people have less legal rights, they are more likely to be subject to vicious attacks, and most of society doesn't even understand what being transgender is or means. I personally think it's great trans issues are getting more publicity, but there is still a lot more that needs to be addressed to make their transition easier.

But does painting vaginas really make it that much worse for this community? Surely not. I understand that you do not need a vagina to

identify as a woman. But this should not mean in Womensfest, where a variety of issues related to women are discussed, vaginas should be excluded as a topic. All this does is stigmatise vaginas, which is what the event was trying to reduce in the first place. Plus it censors a group of women who struggle with something important to them. This effectively tells them that their issues are not worth discussing, which is supremely condescending.

I also understand that this would be upsetting to transwomen, who unfortunately do not have a vagina. However this shouldn't mean that an event should be cancelled because an issue doesn't directly address your issues. This is censorship. We live in a world that is underpinned by Freedom of Expression and saying an awareness campaign should not go ahead because its message isn't wholly universal, is the antithesis of this. Events should not be cancelled because you are unhappy. If you are unhappy, make your statement by not attending.

Following this point, trans issues are not universal, yet are protected (rightfully so) because they are educational. But how is the vagina cupcake event not educational? It's about promoting self-worth and understanding every body is different. This sounds educational to me.

This highlights the danger of throwing around labels like 'transmisogyny'. It is such a load-

ed term and no one in their right mind would want to be labeled that. So no surprise then the condemnation that has followed. No one wants to be seen endorsing something labeled transmisogynist, rather than thinking, is this *actually* transmisogynist? In my view, a transwoman being forced into a male prison is transmisogynist, but painting vaginas on cupcakes is not. We as a society need to learn to look at issues more critically, rather than jumping to labels.

I also heard through various members of AUSA that these complaints and outcries were confined to social media (Facebook and Reddit), rather than taking it directly to AUSA or the WROs themselves. This is disappointing. If this was such a significant issue, then it should be addressed formally, rather than tagging friends on posts to like your angry comments.

I'm sure this has upset a group of you who think what a typical cisgendered male, mansplaining his way into a debate that does not directly concern him. And it's true, Womensfest is not specifically for me, but it is for many people in my life, and I don't think it should be undermined (or risk being cancelled) because some people on facebook decided to throw out a hateful word.

DID YOU HAVE ANY THOUGHTS ON WHAT HAPPENED WITH THIS VAGINA CUPCAKE CONTROVERSY? SEND THEM TO US AT EDITOR@CRACUM.CO.NZ

NO ONE WANTS TO BE SEEN ENDORSING SOMETHING LABELED TRANSMISOGYNIST, RATHER THAN THINKING, IS THIS ACTUALLY TRANSMISOGYNIST?

WHAT A LOAD OF Crac-News

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NEWS IN BRIEF

NEW ZEALAND: A man is finally able to use money in Kiwisaver account – can buy himself a new kettle.

INVERCARGILL: Literally fuck all. The town's been dead since the Mystery Pooper disappeared.

UK: David Cameron has been revealed to be a robot covered in cheap ham. This comes as little surprise to people who actually know that he's the Prime Minister of the UK.

THE UNIVERSITY: The transgender community up-in-arms over the "vagina cupcake" event. Apparently the offence was caused because it's a well-known fact "transgender people stereotypically don't like cupcakes".

LOS ANGELES: Kanye West stuns world at VMAs, as he announces he will be running as New Zealand's 5th flag choice in the upcoming referendum.

THE UNIVERSITY: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. The Reserve Bank Of New Zealand has announced that it is printing the equivalent of \$200bn to help the government fund Stuart McCutcheon's latest salary increase. The move has been widely criticised with economists fearing it may lead to uncontrolled inflation.

Flag Ideas

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JOHN KEY TO BESTOW PRIME MINISTERSHIP ON MCCAW

IN A SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT THIS MORNING, Prime Minister John Key informed journalists that he will be stepping down as the country's leader and bestowing the title upon All Black captain Richie McCaw. Key confirmed that following the comprehensive Bledisloe Cup victory over the Wallabies, he visited McCaw in the changing sheds and urged him to take over the reins.

In his announcement, Key admitted that he had attempted once before to convince McCaw to accept the title. "Yeah well it was after the big World Cup win back in 2011 and me and the boys were getting a bit rowdy down in the changing rooms and funnelling out of the old Webb Ellis and I looked over and I kinda said, 'look mate, if you want it, it's yours'". McCaw proceeded to graciously but firmly decline the offer.



Key appeared somewhat put out when reporters questioned the apparent lack of democratic process in his offer. "Yeah look, ordinary New Zealanders and Mike Hosking aren't too concerned, and you shouldn't be either. New Zealanders don't get to choose the PM any more. What do you think the TPPA is supposed to be for – trade or something?"

TOP NZ POLITICIANS' E-MAILS SURFACE IN ASHLEY MADISON LEAK

THE HACKERS BEHIND THE ASHLEY MADISON leak have published the entire database of the infamous adulterers' website recently, exposing several email addresses of well-known names in New Zealand politics.

Prime Minister John Key's private e-mail address, pimpminister@gmail.co.nz, was found among the millions of profiles made public. The account spent several hours under the genre "Ponytail" and included "Selling off state houses" as part of his hobbies.

Former Labour leader and current MP David Cunliffe's e-mail, karlmarx69@gmail.co.nz, was also found in the list leaked by the hackers.



NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

In his bio he describes himself as, "not given time to prove himself" and also "best PM New Zealand never had".

Another PM was New Zealand First leader Winston Peters, whose account filtered to show only "Asian" and "Interracial" genres. Peters' office declined to comment on the question as to whether his choice of genres contradicted his political stances.

Meanwhile, a fourth politician who has won a name suppression order was also outed by the leakers. Investigative journalists hint that the said politico is not from Parliament but rather a mayor of an important city.

The last search on said politician's account was, "horny Asian secretary get steamy with boss".

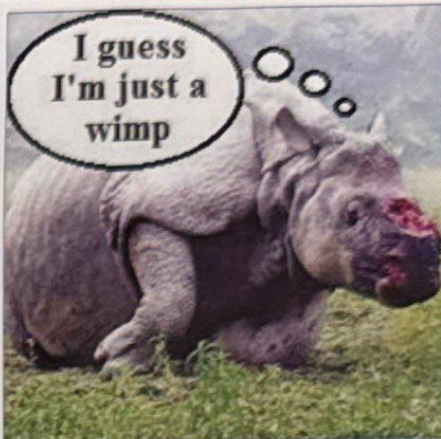
VOTE YEEZUS: KANYE WEST FOR PRESIDENT

RAPPER KANYE WEST ANNOUNCED HIS CANDIDACY for President of the United States in 2020.

"My first order of business would be to make changes to our currency", 38-year-old West told reporters. "The dudes we have on our money now are so outdated. We need a fresh face - my face - on the hundred dollar bill because I always keep it one hundred".

West confirmed that he also planned to make himself America's religion. "I want to make America a theocracy. Get back to the one true God, you know? Me. I want kids praying to Yeezus in schools. One nation under Kanye".

All other questions were cut off by West grabbing the microphone out of our reporter's hands and saying, "Yo, I'ma let you finish, but this is the best presidential campaign of all time!"



ENDANGERED SPECIES REALLY JUST WIMPS

ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENTISTS RECENTLY DISCOVERED that endangered species are taking the piss. Ecologist Joseph Branson devoted his career to saving endangered species only to discover that they simply needed to toughen up. "I mean, if these so-called endangered trees don't want us to use them for timber, why is their wood so perfect for it, huh?" Branson queried. "They don't change their physical composition to make themselves less appealing. They're so lazy that they don't even try to run away!"

"And the animals! 'Ooh, I'm being hunted and brutally killed for my tusks. Oh no, someone loves my fur enough to slaughter me'", Branson mimicked. "It's a compliment! Humans love your fur so much they would risk being mauled to death by you just to have it for their own! Do you know how many species would love to be in your situation? Endangered species these days are so ungrateful. So attached to their fur and their lives. Canadian beavers during the twentieth century fur trades were happy to give their lives for the sake of a stylish hat".

Branson ended the interview by not recycling the bottle he was drinking from and telling the environment to go fuck itself.



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USAIN BOLT INCIDENT TRIGGERS PROTESTS ANEW

A VIRAL VIDEO SHOWING SUPERSTAR OLYMPIAN, Usain Bolt, being knocked over by a cameraman on a Segway has triggered a fresh round of protests from the #BlackLivesMatter movement.

After competing in China, Jamaican sprint runner Bolt was strolling along the sidelines when a cameraman following him on a segway, tripped over a barricade and was flung to-

wards the multi-medalled runner.

Fortunately, the "world's fastest man" escaped the incident unharmed but protesters were still not happy about it. "Upon viewing the footage, we can clearly tell that the ethnicity of the man who rammed his Segway onto Usain was of a privileged background", a #BlackLivesMatter protester told *Craccum*.

Another protester complained that the comedic response given to the incident was evidence that racism was alive in America. "It is disgusting that a cis, white cameraman would do such a thing and get away with it unpunished", she tells us. When asked if she knew the cameraman was actually Chinese, she said it "did not matter".

Meanwhile, the Emperor of all African-Americans – the Reverend Al Sharpton – quickly went on air on MSNBC to denounce the incident and called out his government. "This is all George Bush's fault", he said, and called on President Obama to increase the tax rates on the richest 2% as a consequence of the cameraman's actions.

INTERVIEW WITH PHIL TWYFORD

PHIL TWYFORD, SENIOR LABOUR MP (LABOUR'S Spokesperson for Housing and Auckland Issues) was decent enough to sit down and have a chilled interview with me. I can confirm – he's a Lad.

HOW DEVASTATED ARE YOU THAT TD ARE BREAKING UP?

"Not devastated at all", but he has a 14 year old niece who is "grieving" and so he "feels her pain". What a legend.



WILL YOU BE WATCHING ANY OF THE RUGBY WORLD CUP GAMES IN A BAR?

"It's highly likely I will". He said apart from the All Blacks he'll be supporting Ireland or "any-one but Australia".

WHICH WAS YOUR FAVOURITE FLAG DESIGN OUT OF THE FINAL 4?

He said he's not a fan of the referendums, thinking it's basically "a John Key vanity project". He's "not widely keen on any of the options that have come up, but I'm happy to let them grow on me".

MOST MEMORABLE NIGHT OUT

"I went out with a flatmate of mine, and we went out graffiti-ing, and we were graffiti-ing a billboard of an oil company [protesting a 'polluting a coastal marine' scandal that the oil company was in] and my mate was standing on my shoulders graffiti-ing the billboard when a police car pulled up and shone its lights on us, and basically arrested us and put us in the cells for a night". They had to pay a hefty fine later on, but what lads.

BEST FLAT PARTY

He lived in a massive flat called "The Big House" in Parnell, with

25 other people (in which he met his wife as well), "it was the kind of place where you'd come back from lectures in the middle of the day and there was always a party going on in some part of the house". The best ones were one during the Springbok tour and the riot squad had to come and break it up, and another where the back verandah fell down full of people in the middle of the party.

HOW OFTEN WERE YOU TEASED ABOUT YOUR MIDDLE NAME BEING "STONER"?

Stoner was his mother's maiden name. Every time the parliament opens they have to swear and oath and they read out their full name "and every year, without exception, when my full name is read out, there's kind of a wave of sniggering around the debating chamber of the parliament".

And yes, he has done weed before.

KILL, SHAG, MARRY – ANGELINA JOLIE, KIM KARDASHIAN, MICHELLE OBAMA

"Aww, um, er starting from Michelle Obama, um... actually shag, shag, shag". What a Lad.

KANYE WEST FOR PRESIDENT?

"Politics is something that you want the best most interesting mixture of candidates in any political system, and if Donald Trump can get up and dominate the Republican primaries in the way that he has (which I think is completely bizarre), you know why the hell not can Kanye West have a go".

MAJOR NZ NEWSPAPERS REPLACE JOURNALISTS WITH NARCISSISTIC TEENAGERS

HAVING FINALLY GIVEN UP TRYING TO ACTUALLY find out about important events happening in the world, New Zealand media has simply resorted to employing self obsessed teenagers to patrol social media sites looking for things they consider cool and then copying them to make them look like news articles.

Such highlights have recently included the Max Key holiday video, the 'What colour is this dress?' picture, and other topics only teenagers would be interested in.

One editor, who did not wish to be named,

stated the move was necessary because "actual journalism was hard. Like you have to send people places and get them to ask questions about complicated things, and then get them to communicate those answers in a way that is both interesting and informative. It's much easier to find something on Instagram or Reddit these days and simply copy-paste it".

When asked whether this new approach threatened the existence of an informed electorate he replied, "oh no we had that story about Max Key, he's related to politics".



Leaked Transcript Of Meeting Between Leaders Of Five Eyes Countries

United States (Barack Obama): Uhhh, good evening everyone. I've called this meeting to discuss a growing terrorist threat.

Canada (Stephen Harper): What has happened?

United Kingdom (David Cameron): Our intelligence has discovered something that 100% of terrorists use.

New Zealand (John Key): Bombs? Text messages? The internet?

Australia (Tony Abbott): Climate change is nonsense.

UK: No, it's something that most people use legally but it appears to be essential to terrorist activities.

US: Unfortunately, New Zealand produces a lot of it.

UK: It's called "food". It goes hand-in-hand with a substance known as "water". We believe that without them, most terrorists

would die within about three or four days. But it's completely unregulated. People are allowed to use it without a permit and the government has no records of who has it or how much they have.

US: We can't allow things that terrorists use to go under the radar. David and I propose a joint agreement between the Five Eyes countries that we will track "food" and "water" and pass laws that allow the detention of anyone using them if we suspect they might have terrorist intent.

AU: Women shouldn't be allowed opinions.

NZ: So New Zealand must stop producing this "food"?

US: No, but you must ensure you know who is using it.

UK: We also discovered that terrorists are extremely reliant on a mixture of nitrogen, oxygen and some other chemicals commonly called "air". We believe it may be keeping several terrorists alive.

US: And there's a class of items known as "clothes" which terrorists use as often as every day. Currently, none of our governments monitor "air" or "clothes".

AU: Gay people should be stoned to death.

CA: We cannot allow items and substances that terrorists use to be ignored. There are civil liberties concerns but the bottom line is, we must keep people safe.

NZ: I agree. If terrorists are using these things, there's no question that we must track them, even if we have to spy on innocent people.

US: So we're all agreed? We must regulate "food", "water", "air" and "clothes" and record exactly how much these items are used and by whom?

UK, NZ, CA: [Agreement.]

AU: Immigrants are vile pests who deserve to burn in hell for eternity.



JOYNT VENTURE

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

SUB-ZERO DUNEDIN. MONDAY. FIRST thing: the sun's judgment was clouded. The sun was under the weather. Marinating in a compound trifecta of rollicking hangovers, I understood. I sympathised. I experienced a deep and powerful empathy for my suffering. I cried for me. Wincing, I winched myself down from the third level of the triple-decker bunk and heroically swallowed a bitter bucket of Instant. In the hostel's crumbling ablution hutch I sobbingly re-lived last night's curry and stoically edited my hair. Still silently weeping, I ventured forth. Forth: I encountered fullblown blizzard conditions- an ill-wind fullblowing snow. An ill wind rudely fullblew forth curry. Life imitates weather. Fifth: manfully stiffening my upper lip, I proceeded earnestly and Shackletonianly into the knifesharp cold, arriving at the University for one more day, shivering, chattering, frostbitten, twice-shy.

The previous evening, after a day of high trauma and injustice, in a state

of high dudgeon, we repaired to the velvet-lined and dingily-lit curry dungeon. I opted for the Chicken Morass: a swampish monotony interrupted by the odd chewy sinew or snagged tendon. Dunedin has a draconian bylaw: one bottle of wine between two in restaurants. So I was forced to withdraw to the stark and honest eco-light of the bathroom, where I watched my haggard, hollow-eyed reflection lace, or completely subsume, a glass of diet coke with Stolichnaya: a very left-wing and egalitarian drink. Bottles of this kind are found in the fingerless-gloved clutches of woolly bearded hobos as they rave madly at the moon. Yes, I looked pleasingly gaunt and hard-living in the cheap light. Feeling literary and flinty-eyed, I stowed the bottle in my jacket and went to make more louche, world-weary conversation. The clever waitress- who was studying genetics and said yes you're right it *didn't* usually snow at this time of year and no she didn't happen to know my friend Byron who also studied genetics (and who also, naturally, didn't exist)- probably knew what I was up to. She was cool with it.

Processing now. I was looking at the waitress' forehead. The waitress was looking at the machine. I decided to impress her by appearing tortured and artistic: far too intelligent to make conversation (you know, like the rest of them do- but we're, like, not like the rest of them, you and me, I said silently, through a series of laser-guided gazes and calculated posture adjustments- with my brooding presence I made

the point). She missed it. She was still looking down. I smouldered in her general direction. Processing now: come on. Surely not. Didn't she realise that I was looking *fucking* interesting? I foreboded darkly at the waving paw of the golden kitten, which was clearly causing me to experience a full-blown existential crisis. I made it glaringly obvious that I was contemplating the universe (brilliantly)- and yet- look at her, still boringly eye-drilling the machine. I seared her forehead with my most complex gaze. Force out a mysterious tear perhaps? Processing now: I sighed richly, redolent- of underdone romance and thwarted chicken. Accepted: after a fashion. She looked up. I instructed her to bin the receipt. With much wounded pomp, I processed grandly out, all 22 of me, into the fresh breath of the air, and walked meaningfully to the bar.

How it had come to pass: via the faded institutional grunge of the domestic terminal, the kiosk-operated departure processing, the grim orange of Jetstar. Extravagantly, I'd forked out for a seat. Most people were on bag-only tickets. Having stowed the regulation thimbleful of carryon in the overheads, they were escorted back to the terminal to be fined and beaten. Their baggage was then unloaded and blown up. The crippled and insane, of whom there were a few dozen more than usual (a conference: they sported lanyards, handheld backpacks, t-shirts), had purchased Jetstar's generous and exciting Retardicap Flexi-bundle. They were all strapped to special racks on the outside of the fuselage and given a voucher for 10% off cashews (sav-

ings well into the hundreds). For a long time we didn't move. The plane (an ancient wreck of a thing, a cut-price death machine that Jetstar had plucked from some aviation bargain bin) rested up, slumped and wheezing asthmatically on the tarmac. A roundshouldered, roughfaced tradesman in high-vis dungarees veered out along the wing and gave it a few hopeful kicks. Nothing. Then silence. Processing now. Afternoon turned to evening; the shadows grew long. The captain wept softly into the intercom.

Some hours later, the plane shook itself awake. Soon we were creaking and groping our way through the clouds and enjoying the famous Jetstar service. Gnarled, flatulent hags passed periodically through the cabin, hurling racial slurs and hoiking phlegmily in our faces. The safety briefing was in Elvish. The food was satirically expensive. The food was 100% poisonous. The dishevelled and obviously drunk pilot swerved down the aisle frantically asking if there was a pilot on board. The sprinkler system was operational throughout. There was a strong smell of faeces. When we finally (miraculously) landed, I was mugged and sexually assaulted by the chain-smoking, brass-knuckled chief stewardess. "Thank you for flying Jetstar," she said. "Now fuck off." So, turning up the collar of my overcoat (which wasn't an overcoat and didn't have a collar), I saw myself go out, under the weather, across the wind-raked tarmac of sub-zero Dunedin, and in the friendly surfaces of shop windows, all 22 of me, processing now.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE A SLIP OF THE ARSE

WITH TESSA NADEN

YOU KNOW, I GET A LOT OF COMPLAINTS about my ass. Not that

my ass is a frightful sight, or that my ass is so enormous it takes up two seats, nor does my ass jiggle far too much in the breeze. Rather, there is too much visible ass. I suffer from Builders Crack Syndrome. Now, in my own self assessment, this is because of a few things - I slouch, dragging my pants down, I've recently lost a chunk of weight, and that pants simply slide down my rather slender hips down to the widest point = my enormous ass. Butcrack ensues.

I'm going to use this to complain about the fit of pants. Because they don't fit. They seem to be designed

for some kind of ideal. I am not some kind of ideal, I am a chubby lesbian. This is nobodies ideal, as far as I know, though my amount of Tinder matches despite a profile that literally reads 'I'm gay' seems to tell me otherwise. My efforts at the gym, to increase my amount of Tinder matches that I am too scared to reply to, have only exacerbated the problem. These jeans, that previously had no issues wrapping around my enormous fat ass, now sink off my ass completely and reveal that I do not, in fact wear lacy underwear, spoiling that question for everyone who thought I was hiding a femme under the plaid (rather,

er, I am hiding a shagged old pair of black boyshorts). I know that's a question you've asked yourself, and I hope you're disappointed with the answer.

So I ask to all those reading: do you have a solution for the sloughing of the jeans off the ass? Because this is a major problem for me. While a belt mostly fixes the issue, I am extremely lazy and often forget to wear a belt. Those seeking to simply take me shopping, Gok-style, are perfectly welcome to write to the editors of this Prestigious Magazine about sorting out a solution.



I'M THE BRATWURST

WITH CHRIS

I USED THE WORD "MINDFULNESS" twice in a job interview this week. Jesus Christ, Chris. An average of once every fifteen minutes. Vast increase on my previous record of "zero times, ever". I declared that "simply pausing to think about your feelings and ideas in an objective way, along with sincere communication, is a sure-fire way to solve most problems." I paused to think about what I had said (in an objective way). I checked in with my feelings (sincerely). They confirmed that "mindfulness" was a term used by douches; and by using it I had become a douche. I wanted to apologise, explain that I didn't really have a philosophy of life. Kept my emotions under wraps and unexplored, like everyone else. I was quietly discontent and happy to be.

This attitude of mental wellbeing is supplemented with a strong emphasis on physical health. Sometimes I go running. *Very occasionally*. I'll jog for fifteen paces, pause, walk a few, wipe my sweat-sheened forehead, swig a little water, tie my shoes, check my texts, gulp down air, and then begin another fifteen. My throat aches from cold and exertion. I listen to podcasts without following them. Mind and body lazily wander away from the task at foot. It's important to give your body the fuel it needs for this process, so I make sure to stock up and snack down on ice cream and corn chips both pre and post-workout.

Sometimes I get caught in the act. Usually by people I know – well enough to acknowledge, but not well enough to stop and talk to. It's humiliating. The first impulse is to stop, pant in their faces for a week, and then vomit up an explanation; that I don't usually run; I know I'm not fooling anybody; how ridiculous this looks; these are my only pair of running socks; I had a free afternoon and felt gross and guilty enough to self-flagellate on the streets; then I remembered how awful running feels; and I promise it won't happen

again. But I don't. I just grin, sheepishly, and then run, sheepishly, past them.

Being garbage is kind of the core of my persona.¹ As an indoors-ey, awkward, and relatively boring child I once stressed about dead air in conversations. But I moved out of home without learning to fend for myself, and now basically always have a fresh anecdote about expired food to bring to the table. In between supermarket cupcakes I consume angsty white-male music about maladroitness and feel mildly less miserable about myself. There's something cathartic about vomiting out the ghastly mundane details of your life, but there's also an eminent relatability to hearing it from others. If you're not actually going to be happy with your existence it's kind of reassuring to know other people aren't with you. But it goes both directions. Maybe it's a New Zealand thing, or Millennials, or middle-class middle-brow-ness,

1 A friend I asked to proof-read reckons this comes across as attention-seeking. Maybe he's right. Maybe that's the core of my persona. Who knows! Sorry.

but I'm quicker to like self-deprecation and forgive failings in others than I am to embrace anyone people with positive body images, over 500 friends on Facebook, or who self-identify as type A.

Periodically I fear it's just the 40-Hour Famine – an insincere pastiche of appropriated hardship, documented on Apple products and social media, above a safety net of privileged background and parental support – except all the time, without even raising money for charity. My flatmate deems it social strategy, public incompetence as means of inducing others to do my labour for me. There's a malevolence too, encouraging others to overindulge under the banner of combatting unrealistic body-image norms, secretly motivated by the fear of friends outgrowing me, or a need to enable my own quasi-compulsive behaviour. But then twice a week I'll buy and eat 500g of chocolate at the Supermarket on the walk home, and then lie on my bed watching cartoons – feeling awful, but reassured of my authenticity. Sincerely a schlub. A nothing of substance. But I wouldn't tell an interviewer that.



KANT OR WON'T A METAPHYSICAL HUG

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS, WHO YOU are in your own head, is always imperfectly communicated to other people. This is a worldview that leaves the each one of us deeply alienated. I think some otherworldly spirit may have died last week, and my theory is that it was one of the muses of yore. I read *Craccum*. I read *Slate*. I read my Facebook newsfeed, now an actual replacement for news. Everywhere I went there was dejection and pain. I can't really explain it. The writers I happened upon all felt down or mediocre in prose – perhaps

just leveraging self-deprecation for sympathy. It is for this reason I choose now to turn things around, to give you a little metaphysical comfort if you're feeling the way I am.

I like to think of metaphysics as a fold behind real life, or a parallel plane of concepts. Philosophers have argued for centuries about 'the truth' and arrived at little more than the same old spiritual speculation that religion provided for us the centuries before that. Perhaps it's time to admit the failure of the project and settle it as a matter of taste. Why not look up, or within, or wherever we're meant to look, and find the most attractive, welcoming metaphysics we possibly can.

Academics be warned: what follows is not strictly or even loosely academic thought in any way. Unless you're an existentialist. Fair game in that case.

Descartes began his philosophy with what he saw as the most basic truth: "I think therefore I am". Indi-

vidual consciousness is something we can take for granted; we have immediate certainty of it. Some spin this premise off into being skeptical of the external world, doubting everything except one's own consciousness. This need not be the case. Descartes' "I" doesn't have to be an individual person as we think of it. It could be. But it could also be all people, all things, everything – a cosmic "I". Descartes' bare premise says nothing about where this "I" starts and finishes. It is from here we must proceed.

If we take Descartes' "I" as the basis for modern individualism, like much of analytical philosophy, and base our metaphysics on that, we get a bleak picture. Everything and everyone that is not you is foreign to you. Take some examples: you can never be sure that anyone else thinks the same way you do, or process what you're telling them in the way you intended. Your consciousness, who you are in your own head, is always imperfectly communicated to other people. This is a worldview that leaves the

each one of us deeply alienated.

Mystical though it may sound, there might be some value in seeing the world according to the "circle of life" mentality. We are all connected. My thoughts, your thoughts, all our thoughts, just form a swirling mass of thoughts. Examples can be the way friends or social circles groupthink on certain issues. This can sometimes happen in bigger and bigger groups. Why not humanity? Our true substance, or essence, is just one homogeneous thing sitting in the folds behind reality. Descartes' "I" includes all of us and all of reality. Welcome in, and have a cup of tea.

Take these vignettes and do with them what you will. Airy fairy though they may be, how we see the world, in big picture terms, can have an effect. We can cling to the idea that we are special, unique, and unknowable to anyone else; or, we can try to break down the alienation that comes with egoism of that sort. Think of it as a metaphysical hug.



PRETENSION BY PERRY TRANS SHITLORD

IT WAS THE CUPCAKE NOT EATEN around the campus. Over the holidays a legion of intrepid warriors, upon witnessing a true act of villainy, charged forward into battle. The rights of women weren't right. The wrong women were being right. The right women weren't women. And so they attacked. Their weapon, bullying. Their medium, facebook. Their aim, indeterminate. Their gender, unperceivable. The noble soldiers fought and won and cupcakes were banished.

It had started out innocently enough. Some representatives of women on campus had noticed that male genitalia was being proudly talked about, joked about, depicted and turned into Craccum nominee banners. They noticed too that female genitalia was taboo and secretive and was no fit subject for levity and that the idea of it made men uncomfortable and so made women uncomfortable with their own bodies. Thus the muff was to become muffin. The vagina was to become frosting. The taboo was to become fun. Cupcakes were going to be decorated as vaginas. Obviously this innocence was far from inculpable. The idea that women ought to be happy talking about their vaginas was, of course, saddening. Women weren't being represented here. It was only the owners of vaginas that were being cared for. That group that makes up fifty per cent of the global population, that group that have been oppressed for millennia, that group that have struggled for equality for centuries was the only one being represented. Our great heroes could not abide this. You see the wom-

en that wielded penises were outraged. They said, and it was genuinely true, that this was not representative of them and that they were women and that this simply reinforced the idea that in order to be a woman you needed to have a vagina. All of that was fair and fine. But it ignored the point that women aren't able to talk freely about vaginas.

Upon hearing this rebuke the mighty social justice warriors reared up and smashed the walls of pro-vagina's defence. They met on the field of Facebook. Sent forward messages and let slip the dogs of war. The citizens of pro-vagina were unprepared. They set out their defence. They sent forth messages of "we didn't realise that this would hurt you but try to understand...". Our heroes were prepared for this however. An offense of "how dare you talk over us" was asserted. So confused by this were the pro-vaginas that they forgot to point out that when comments are left on facebook you are able to read them in any order and at your own leisure and physically can't talk over anyone else. Stunned they began a series of apologies thus giving the legion the upper hand. "You are literally killing trans people", "wanting to meet us to talk about the issue is triggering and ignorant". The jabs were effective and the beast of

pro feminist activity seemed in its death rolls.

It was at this point that other well meaning groups such as the Women of Colour realized that they could not be part nor party to an event that so outrageously defended women. They retreated leaving the pro-vaginas open to a brutal, yet heroic, attack. The decision was made the defeat was definitive. Cupcakes would be no more. The muffins would recede to muffs. The frosting would be relegated to vaginas. The fun would be refined down to taboo. Then white men would write about how poorly women could handle their own affairs and about how vicious and precious the entire trans community was. It was on this basis that the victory was declared. The legend would be told throughout the ages and certainly throughout the Craccum pages. Stories of how minority groups would pressure other minority groups into folding because they weren't as minor a minority as the most minor minor minority. Stories of how discussion could no longer be had because offense might be taken and that was far worse than change happening. Stories of how infighting and bullying amongst the less privileged would feed the narrative that the left are whiney wankers for years and years. Stories of how white middle class men were right. This was the leg-

end of the legion.

As the sun rose the next morning the bloodied remains of vaginas lay flaccid on the floor. The damage was horrific and the genitalia would never be the same again, no matter how good the surgery. It was a new dawn, it was a new day, it was a new world. Activism would no longer be the same. Progress would no longer be decent. Solidarity, it seemed, was not forever. The new order was that minority groups would be locked in terrifying races to the very bottom. To see who could get to absolutely zero privilege the fastest. Any that did not make it to the bottom would be cast aside. Cast out. Cast as too privileged. They would no longer have ability to have problems. They would be just another white man. No matter how black or how female or how poor or how gay they would not be disenfranchised any longer.

Yet it needn't have been this way. You see it was not the transgendered that rose up. It was a select few who spoke for themselves. A new collective that wanted more than anything else to not be accepted. To be alternative. To be different. They wanted to stifle conversation. They wanted to hurt others. They wanted to harm causes. They want to be shitlords. Not born shitlords at birth they became the great legion of Trans-Shitlords. And thus ends the tale.

THE IDEA THAT WOMEN OUGHT TO BE HAPPY TALKING ABOUT THEIR VAGINAS WAS, OF COURSE, SADDENING. WOMEN WEREN'T BEING REPRESENTED HERE. IT WAS ONLY THE OWNERS OF VAGINAS THAT WERE BEING CARED FOR.

WELCOME BACK! FORGOT ABOUT THE CLIFFHANGER FROM TWO WEEKS AGO? DON'T EVEN READ THE COMIC? WELL HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE IN...

DRINKING BIDDIES OF JUSTICE

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON

THIS IS SIMONE, SHE HAS RETURNED TO UNIVERSITY TO VISIT HER FRIENDS WHICH SHE HASN'T SEEN MONTHS! AWH, HOW KIND!

THESE ARE HER FRIENDS:

- JACK/CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM: SUPERHUMAN WHEN DRUNK.
- GARY/CONNECTWORK: HUMAN I-PAD.
- DANIEL/LIGHTSPEED: SUPERSPEED.
- BECCA/WHITE POWERS: TELEPORTATION.
- RABIA/ACHILLESHEEL: BUTT KICKING GODDESS.

BUT THE FRIENDS GOT INVITED TO A FULLTIMERS CLUB PARTY AND DITCHED POOR SIMONE!

AWH SIMONE!

THE FRIENDS PARTIED WITH THE SPOILT WHITE KIDS, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ALL THE FREE DRINKS! NO WAY IS THAT GOING TO HAVE ANY CONSEQUENCES!

SIMONE DROWNED HER SORROWS ON THE EXACT SAME DRINK THAT GAVE HER FRIENDS SUPERPOWERS.

CONVOLUTED PLOT TWIST! SIMONE CHECKED HER PHONE...

THE HERALD
"FULLTIMERS CLUB: SUPERHEROS BACK OFF!"

OH NO! THE WHITE KIDS ARE GOING TO HURT YOUR FRIENDS SIMONE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?!

OH THE FORESHADOWING!

The spoilt-rich group of party fiends 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?

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES...

10:30 PM

11:00 PM

GUYS...I DONT FEEL THAT GREAT.

THAT IS BECAUSE ALL THOSE FREE DRINKS YOU HAVE BEEN GUZZLING ARE ROOFIED.

BUT WHY YOU BEAUTIFUL MAN! WE COULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT...

BECAUSE YOU LOT ARE STEALING THE TABLOID BUZZ AWAY FROM US WITH YOUR DAMN DO GOODING! WE THRIVE OFF OF THE HATE AND REMEDIAL COVERAGE WE GET! IT FEEDS OUR EGOS.

SOON YOU WILL HAVE NO CONTROL OVER YOUR ACTIONS AND WE WILL EXPLOIT YOU AND RUIN YOU! THE FRONT PAGE OF TOMORROW'S GOSSIP COLUMNS WILL BE LITTERED WITH YOUR EMBARRASMENTS!

OH NO THEY WILL NOT. YOU DIDN'T SPIKE OUR DRINKS PRETTYBOY.

US LADIES NEVER TAKE FREE UNOPENED DRINKS. SAFETY FIRST. ASSHOLE.





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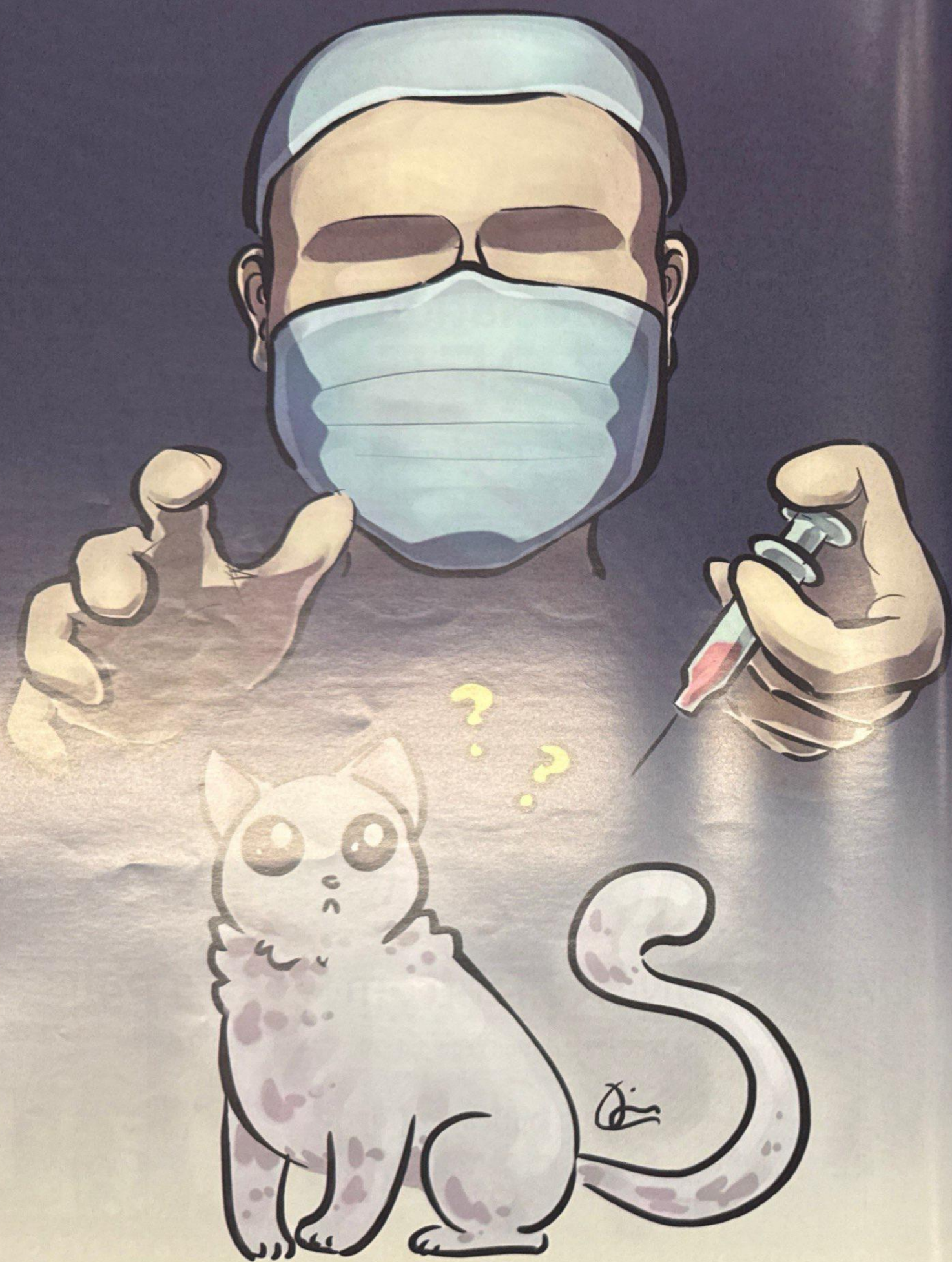


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UNETHICAL ETHICS

FEATURE BY WEN JUENN LEE

AS A MILD ACTIVIST ENTHUSIAST (MEANING I get emails from Avaaz and sign petitions for Amnesty without really knowing why), the appeal of ethical activism has no bounds. It is the feeling of effecting change that gets to you; in the Greenpeace meeting, you *feel* the carbon levels lower; at the Animal Welfare Club, puppies are simultaneously being saved from starvation and abuse. Apart from my problematic (lack of) involvement, another interesting issue arises. In the determined drive of achieving an 'ethical' goal or cause, sometimes unethical means are used.

This has never been more evident than in the cream on the top, the unethical 'ethical animal rights group' of the century; inciting hate, love, and support from celebrities, it's the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, PETA. And let me tell you, it's a whole melting pot of ableism, anti-semitism, fat-shaming, misogyny, transphobia, racism, and most ironically, animal cruelty.

In 2005, bodies of dead dogs and cats were discovered in a supermarket dumpster in North Carolina. Police Detective Sergeant Jeremy Roberts was first dispatched to an area where a "strong odour [was] coming from the dumpster". He discovered a total of 21 dead dogs inside garbage bags. Roberts then launched an investigation to find out how they ended up there. Later, the bodies of 33 dogs and 3 cats showed up in new garbage bags over two weeks.

Two PETA employers became subject to police surveillance, and Roberts tailed their van one night after visiting an animal shelter. He followed them to the exact location where the bodies of the animals had been discovered for the past few weeks, identifying the same animals in bags that he had seen earlier at the shelter. The two PETA employers were charged and arrested. At trial, PETA officials confirmed that the euthanization of the cats and dogs oc-

curred after they picked them up at the shelter and before they deposited of them in the dumpster.

In their defence, PETA claimed that the 100 dogs and cats they had killed single-handedly were "unadoptable", a view they have stood by, and acted on, for many years. In 2011, PETA killed 96 percent of all dogs and cats that they 'took in'. They have long targeted 'feral' cats and dogs, including pit bulls that they believe should be put down. But Dr. Patrick Proctor, the veterinarian who gave PETA animals that he thought were going to good homes, stated that the animals he gave them were "in good health and were very adoptable".

The website and movement PETA Kills Animals have calculated the percentage of cats and dogs euthanized by PETA in a given year. The Virginia Department of Agriculture and Consumer Services requires all animal shelters to report the number of dogs and cats they take in each year, and how many were transferred, adopted or euthanized. In 2014, 2631 dogs and cats were received. 252 were transferred, 39 were adopted and 2324 were killed; meaning 88.3% of the animals taken in by PETA were euthanized. Just let that sink in; 88.3%. These are dogs and cats that many people turn into PETA, thinking they're providing a future for them.

There are limitless examples of how problematic PETA is: the 'Water for Vegans' campaign

PETA CLAIMED THAT THE 100 DOGS AND CATS THEY HAD KILLED SINGLE-HANDEDLY WERE "UNADOPTABLE", A VIEW THEY HAVE STOOD BY, AND ACTED ON, FOR MANY YEARS.

last year offered aid in response to the Detroit water crisis, as long as those receiving it went on vegan diets. A 2009 campaign compared fat people to whales, "lose the blubber, go vegetarian", while in 2008 the 'Holocaust on Your Plate' campaign compared the Holocaust to animal killing. That same year, PETA claimed "studies have shown a link between cow's milk and autism" in their 'Got Autism?' campaign. These are a few of the great standouts in PETA's fuckup history, but it is by no means exhaustive.

There are other ways to contribute, without being caught up in sleazy, unethical 'charity.' A little bit closer to home, the kakapo is a critically endangered species of fluffy, adorable goodness. The Kakapo Recovery Programme works to maintain and expand the 126 living Kakapo in New Zealand; you can volunteer, 'adopt', or donate (<http://kakaporecovery.org.nz>). WWF New Zealand works specifically to protect native endangered species, like the Bryde's whale, the Kereru, the Maui and Hector's Dolphins, with specific conservation programmes that allow volunteers. There's also the SPCA, The Animal Sanctuary and Gutter Kitties (right in Auckland) which are No-Kill shelters. You can volunteer or provide a foster home for these organisations.

'Unethical' means aren't just limited to far-flung organisations either. The 'smart' and healthy consumer has become quite the rage these days. Along with this notion comes the ethical vegan, morally virtuous in every bite of that unbaked, chia seed, taro sliced goodness. Some people are vegan for health and religious reasons, but the incline of ethical veganism has more to do with its commodification than healthy eating, causing some serious

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problems that aren't sustainable.

The vegan movement is inherently marketed to privileged, upper class consumers (have you SEEN the price of quinoa), those who exploit vegan 'staples' that are usually harvested elsewhere. This is pretty much what happened, and is still happening, in the Bolivian Quinoa Food Shortage. As veganism becomes ever more popular, demand for quinoa and kale grows, resulting in increasing export prices for these goods. For Bolivians, quinoa has always been a staple food in their diet (doing it before it was even cool, man.) But as more Western consumers purchase quinoa, the domestic price of the crop increases, making it harder for normal families to access their staple food. Reports in Peru claim that quinoa is now more expensive than chicken. All this is compounded with the difficulty of actually farming the stuff.

In an interview with *The Independent*, Santos Quispe Cayo, a Bolivian farmer, said, "Sometimes you plant and get nothing back...when

I was younger there was quinoa everywhere. It must be something to do with the climate". So farmers are choosing to sell their limited harvest to the market, rather than consuming it themselves. Low-income households, in turn, can't afford these prices. Families are turning to cheaper and more accessible junk-food alternatives, causing obesity rates to rise. That's the irony: quinoa is harvested by Bolivian farmers, and served by affluent restaurants overseas to 'smart' health conscious consumers, hence becomes increasingly more expensive to consume back home.

Another 'staple' piece for every vegan warrior is soy, one of the two main causes of deforestation in the South American Amazon. Who would've thought; cattle raising in alliance with GMO soybean production. Firstly, cattle ranchers deforest parts of the Amazon. Then GMO soybean producers take over that land once cattle ranchers are finished with it, using it as part of a crop-rotation system to meet demands for soy from overseas. This spurs cattle ranchers to move on to newer grazing spots, indirectly encouraged by the soybean producers. As people increasingly turn to soy based foods, more of the Amazon forest is used for soy production. But don't despair; this is only GMO soy production. It pays to opt for organic soy instead, as usually these soy manufacturers don't use regions of the rainforest as part of a crop-rotation system. Thankfully, you can have your hypothetical soy chai latte cake and eat it too.

To be clear, I have mad respect for ethical vegans (or anyone with self-control to be honest). But knowing you can be a 'smart' consumer, without using foods that disadvantage other parts of society, is pretty important. On the other hand, certain unethical practices simply can't be tolerated. PETA's methods and campaigns, often in the name of 'animal welfare,' are seriously questionable (love dragging PETA through the mud. Sue me). So when you're out changing the world, being the vegan/animal-rights/human-rights/sustainable warrior that you are, make sure the causes you're fighting for are actually making the world a better place.

THE VEGAN MOVEMENT IS INHERENTLY MARKETING TO PRIVILEGED, UPPER CLASS CONSUMERS, THOSE WHO EXPLOIT VEGAN 'STAPLES' THAT ARE USUALLY HARVESTED ELSEWHERE. THIS IS PRETTY MUCH WHAT HAPPENED, AND IS STILL HAPPENING, IN THE BOLIVIAN QUINOA FOOD SHORTAGE.

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policy across the board. In a competitive environment goaded by the private sector, public prisons compete with the private prisons to do better. As private prisons cut costs and increase the efficiency of their operations, public prisons are driven to do the same in order to secure contracts and funding.

Another argument is that privately run prisons, which are not directly accountable to the public, have room to 'innovate' on initiatives focussed on prisoner rehabilitation, reintegration, and reduced offending. Serco states that: "contracts give us the opportunity to inject new ideas and new innovations to enhance public safety, improve rehabilitation and lower costs." Because private companies are not answerable to the public in the same way as an elected government, they often claim to have more room to experiment with ideas and practices which are controversial. Prisoners getting tablets for studies, or being allowed phones and computers in cells are a couple of examples.

But have private prisons necessarily engaged in more innovative practices than state-run prisons overall? Studies in the USA and Australia suggest that, compared with similar prisons in the public sector, privately managed prisons appear to operate at lower cost, without any significant reduction in the quality of services. However, to say there has been no reduction in the quality of service does not mean that privately managed prisons have a monopoly on innovation or good practice. When it comes to the quality of services, neither private nor public prisons excel. Unfortunately, the swathe of issues which surfaced in the media during recent months – violence, drug smuggling, and prisoner deaths – are not new, nor are they limited to privately run prisons. They occur across the board.

The debate around the management of prisons under Serco raises deeper concerns, that are at the core of what makes a democracy effective and meaningful: transparency and accountability.

UNDER CONTRACTS FOR BOTH MECF AND ASCF, SERCO IS OBLIGED TO OUT-PERFORM PUBLIC PRISONS BY 10%, MEANING IT NEEDS SHOW A 27.5% REDUCTION IN REOFFENDING UPON RELEASE.

ity. Removing governments from public inquiry and scrutiny is a perilous path to take. Whilst private prisons might have the freedom to 'innovate' towards practices that encourage rehabilitation and lower rates of reoffending, they are equally open (depending on the terms of their contract) to implement practices that might lead to human rights abuses and poor conditions within prisons. The government has a social responsibility to promote the well-being and rehabilitation of prisoners and is not (or at least should not be) chiefly driven by profit. The duties of a private company on the other hand are dictated by contractual terms, rather than any inherent moral obligation, and companies by their very nature seek to profit from their activities. So any claimed 'improvements' in corrections are surely not worth the reduced accountability, or the tensions that arise from trying to align the public good with the interests of shareholders who just want to make money.

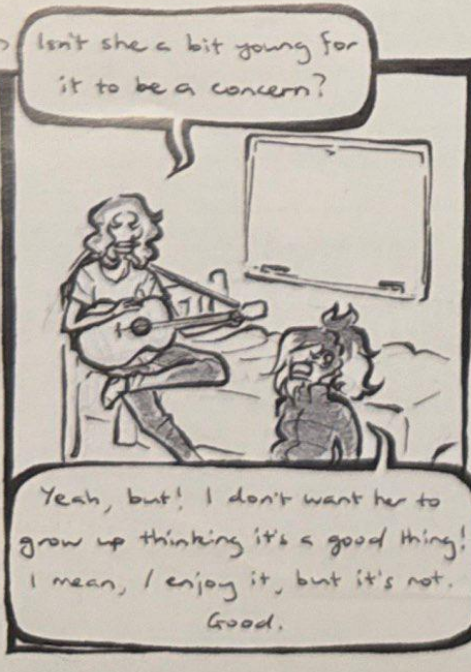
Comparing the success of public versus private prisons is tenuous, given that private companies like Serco conduct their own performance reviews. When a profit-driven company is financially penalised for not meeting their contractual obligations, then being responsible for their own reporting clearly creates a conflict of interest. But public prisons also conduct their own performance reviews, and governments do not want to risk damaging their image through media exposure or negative public opinion.

What if, instead, monitoring in private (and perhaps even state-run prisons), was conducted by

independent monitoring services? An independent service operating outside of normal bureaucratic channels, funded by an independent statutory authority, would increase transparency. A high quality and unbiased monitoring service would allow civil society to engage with real issues and ensure that both private and public prisons are held to account. Citizens would be able to rely on substantiated evidence, leading to informed discussion and meaningful engagement with the issues at hand.

The privatisation of prisons is a pressing issue because it leaves profit-driven companies, rather than elected governments, in charge of some of our nation's most powerless citizens. The New Zealand people need to question the profit-driven motives of privately run prisons. We need to critically monitor how contracts are designed and arranged, how monitoring is conducted, and who is ultimately accountable for the management of prisons.

At the same time, we should be careful not to become limited by a fixation on privately run prisons and debates around 'who does it better'. This is primarily because both public and private prisons fall short when it comes to quality service provision. If we want to embrace Nelson Mandela's vision we have to – in part – 'think ourselves away' from binary arguments and reactionary media headlines. To engage with reliable evidence, and to embark on thoughtful and reasoned discussion. To think beyond profit and beyond privatisation, to a vision that puts people first and creates a better society for all.



I'M NOT GAY BUT...

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

AND YOU JUST KNOW THE NEXT WORDS OUT OF their mouth are going to be some stereotype about flamboyant caricatured homosexuals who by no means represent the entire gay population. It's like the "no offence but...", and you just know it's offensive, probably racist or sexist and probably time to shut your mouth before you write cheques your poor student wallet can't carry. And yet it's a surprisingly common sentence that comes out of the straight boy's mouth. I would go so far as to say the vast majority of guys I know have at least once started an ill-fated sentence with these words. I have genuinely heard "I'm not gay but I got my eyebrows threaded and I cried", "I'm not gay but I like this One Direction song", "I'm not gay but I washed my sheets" and "I'm not gay but caramel lattes are my favourite". You get the point.

What I don't understand is the need some guys have to prove they aren't gay. Not once have I heard someone say "I'm not straight, but I haven't done laundry for a month". Because being straight isn't the first thing you associate with not having done the laundry. A lack of personal hygiene is. There is no need to classify every action as falling within a narrow stereotype – your sexual preferences really aren't that closely aligned with your choice of coffee. Unless they are, in which case good for you.

So bring your love of musicals, of freshly laundered sheets, of pumpkin spice lattes out of

the closet and own them like the proud individual you are. We need to stop being so afraid that what people think of us defines who we are. It doesn't. Buying a caramel latte won't make you gay any more than wearing Nikes will make you fit. Just tell me you like caramel lattes, the whole "I'm not gay but..." is a waste of your breath. You don't need to justify your actions or class them or explain them away, embrace that inner gay and know that as a straight male it is okay to sing along to Ariana Grande and wear a pink shirt. It's more than okay. The point is, there is no action that makes you gay. It's a being, not a doing. Calm the hell down straight boys.

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS THE NEED SOME GUYS HAVE TO PROVE THEY AREN'T GAY. NOT ONCE HAVE I HEARD SOMEONE SAY "I'M NOT STRAIGHT, BUT I HAVEN'T DONE LAUNDRY FOR A MONTH"

RALPH'S

BY CAPTAIN BACON AND SERGEANT SPINACH

TO FUEL UP FOR WHAT WOULD SURELY BE A LONG night of 21st speeches, we ventured to Ralph's Bar and Eatery on Dominion Road. The entrance being on a side street, our esteemed guest Major Sass arrived out of breath and a little harassed.

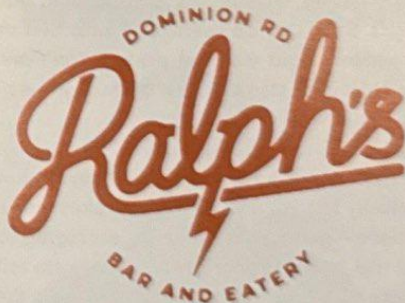
The place was warmly lit (a little on the dark side) and fitted out with a kind of retro/industrial/Mexican/Americana vibe. The staff were immediately friendly, and remained both casual and attentive through the evening.

Upon perusal of the menu, which isn't available online, MS was a little put-off at the lack of non-fried food. This is not a fault of Ralph's necessarily, but those on a clean-eating buzz be warned.

Although we asked that all dishes arrived at once, our starters did precede the mains. The fried chicken was crispy and crunchy on the outside (take note KFC) but the meat juicy and deliciously moist. What won the chicken for Captain Bacon was actually the sauce it came with, which had just the right amount of lemon to match the chicken's coating. The jalapeño poppers were less spectacular but also good – fried jalapeños containing some form of cheese (neither tasty nor copious

enough to be noticed, aside from spurting out when the poppers were cut).

Captain Bacon's main of a cheeseburger (with bacon of course) and curly fries was set down first, smelling distinctly like meat. A good sign. The generous spread of mustard and the whole sliced pickle peeking out the sides were also good signs. Unfortunately, the actual noms weren't quite so exciting. The burger patty itself was pretty standard, and the bun was decidedly McDonald's-esque, even if it was a fancy-pants



brioche. This comparison is not an insult – Macs are known for their good buns. However, the bacon was also McDonald's-esque, and that is definitely an insult. The burger contained one piece of (streaky) bacon, which managed to evade CB's fork until almost half the burger was consumed – its taste was relatively imperceptible. On the upside, the curly fries got a big tick. And, nit-picking aside, the burger was pretty good. If it came at the same price as one from a fast-food chain (or if someone else was paying), CB would've probably been happy.

Major Sass and Sergeant Spinach both went for the chicken thigh, which was surprisingly big on arrival, evoking images of The Flintstones. SS's chicken came with tender, chicken-fat roasted potatoes and an asian slaw. Crispy on the outside with a herby, lemony chermoula rub, the meat was just as juicy and finger-lickin' good as the fried chicken. Ralph's must be onto something good with chicken. Don't miss it.

As we worked our way through the meals, we tested the various condiments resting on the table. Sriracha (the ultimate hipster hot sauce) was a winner with CB, and a sweeter Salsa Picante was warmly received by SS. There was also a bottle of mustard on the table, gloriously yellow and invoking all your best American Dreams, it looked so much like a bottle of fabric softener that we were almost scared to taste it. You shouldn't be.

We left Ralph's full and somewhat satisfied, but also with room for more food. In a world where we had the time or funds for dessert, this would've been perfect. Luckily for us, we found a perch at the party for the duration of the speeches next to a platter of cocktail spring rolls. Sometimes it's the simple things.

Would we go back? CB (who is admittedly a bit stingy anyway) wouldn't volunteer it, but it'd be a good place for raucous group hangs. There's a great drinks list, and a Nacho Nights on Sundays. Give it a go. 3/5.

BATTLE

Of the Bands

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT BAR

7.30PM - 16TH & 17TH SEPTEMBER (HEATS), 30TH SEPTEMBER (FINAL)

THIS WEEK, AUSA AND 95bFM PRESENT A LINE-UP of Auckland's best student bands at the first inaugural Battle of the Bands, hosted at - where else? - Shadows Bar. Watch as the best up-and-coming bands face off against one another across two sweaty heats for a place in the grand final and a shot at the giant prize package. There can be only one.

So put on your skinny jeans, and come along for an awesome couple of heats followed by the grand final on Wednesday 30th September. It's important that you're there, because the winner of the audience vote will get a pretty sweet bar tab prize - so be there and get voting!

Here's a sneak peek of what Auckland's got to offer...

WEDNESDAY 16TH SEPTEMBER

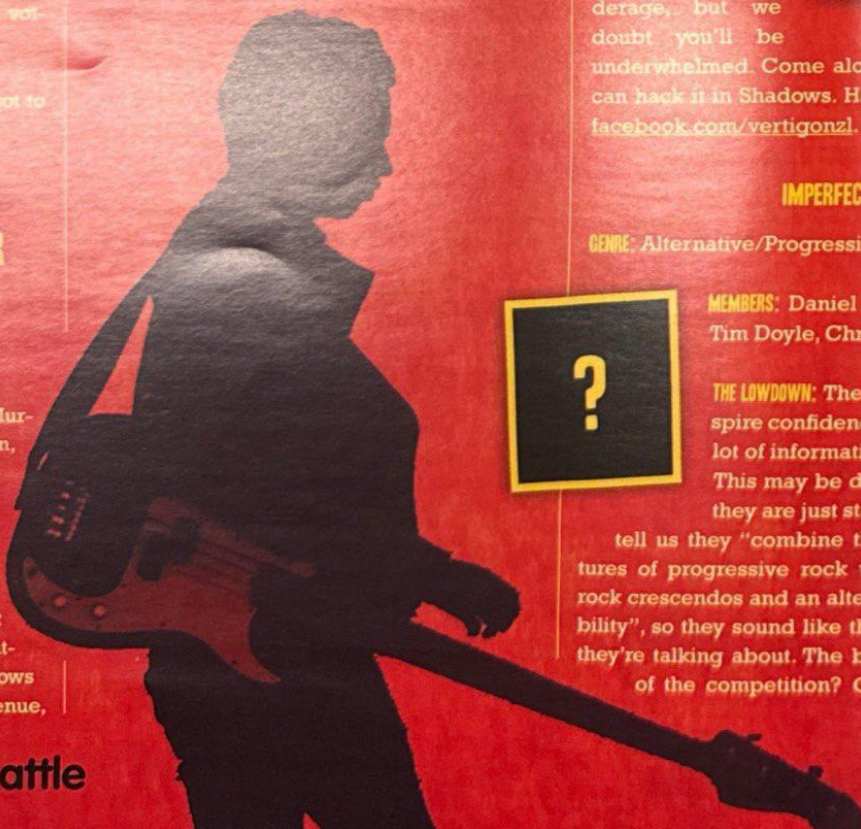
CHASING SOUTH

GENRE: Hardcore/Metal

MEMBERS: Andrew Murray-Brown, Chris Lawson, Micah Fleming, Seth Balerston, Jacob Owen

THE LOWDOWN: They emerged out of the sleepy suburbs of East Auckland in 2011, cutting their teeth on shows at every all-ages venue,

community hall and genre-inappropriate battle of the bands competition they could. After a full-length album, 2 EP releases, destroying numerous instruments onstage, scamming their way into being promoted by Dominic Bowden (see photo), and reviewing higher than Taylor Swift in a Filipino music mag, expect a wild hardcore/metal performance that is both chaotic and melodic. Have a listen at www.facebook.com/chasingsouth.



VERTIGO

GENRE: Rock

MEMBERS: Praveen Krishna, James Coldham, Tim Coldham, Ben Deverell, Mark Bingham

THE LOWDOWN: Founded in the depths of Mt Roskill, Vertigo are in their third year of playing band music far too loud. They may be underage, but we doubt you'll be underwhelmed. Come along to see if they can hack it in Shadows. Have a listen at www.facebook.com/vertigonzi.



IMPERFECT

GENRE: Alternative/Progressive Rock

MEMBERS: Daniel Hay, Tommy Leigh, Tim Doyle, Christian Pianta

THE LOWDOWN: Their name doesn't inspire confidence, and there's not a lot of information online to go off. This may be defensible though - they are just starting up. Plus they tell us they "combine the complex structures of progressive rock with intense post-rock crescendos and an alternative pop sensibility", so they sound like they know what they're talking about. The biggest gamble of the competition? Or 21st Century



Auckland's answer to King Crimson and Porcupine Tree? No way of predicting their odds.

KIVA HAN

GENRE: Garage

MEMBERS: James Dalton, Michael Redwood

THE LOWDOWN: Let's hope less-is-more holds true for Kiva Han. The smallest act in the competition, they've nonetheless been hamming it up round the local

Battle of the Bands circuit, featuring in the Auckland Battle of the Bands semi final and the final of the AUSM@AUT Battle of the Bands. They are a two piece band formed in 2014 with James on bass and Michael on drums. Drawing influences from a wide range of genres, Kiva Han prides themselves on their signature bouncing rhythms and heavy hooks. Tune in at www.facebook.com/kivahanband.

KINDRED VICE

GENRE: Alternative Rock

MEMBERS: Christian Carstensen, Keane Gillies, Ben Shivas

THE LOWDOWN: As a self-described bunch of mongrels growing up on different sides of the planet and listening to different tunes, Kindred Vice say they're a crew looking to do something different. They base themselves within the parameters of the loosely defined Alternative Rock genre, but reckon that they show that subversive lyrics can still be catchy, and a toe tapping beat can be layered with double bass kicks. Check them out at www.facebook.com/BACK14BANDOFFICIAL (we query the use of all those capitals).



THURSDAY 17TH SEPTEMBER

SCARED OF GIRLS

GENRE: Alternative Rock

MEMBERS: Daniel Vernon, Angus Blyth, Christian Pianta, Zac Milne

THE LOWDOWN: A self described Alt/Indie band "that writes songs about angst and stuff", Scared of Girls has a cool name and even cooler cartoonified alter-egos. Check

out their sound and their look at www.facebook.com/scaredofgirlsband.



DUKEBOX

GENRE: Funk

MEMBERS: Luan Meaker, Joseph Diamond, Jack Diamond, Poppy Pritchard, Mike Booth, Christopher Chatwin-Ward

THE LOWDOWN: Clearly in it to win it, Dukebox has entered three times as many members as some of the other bands. Will quantity equal quality? Will they fit on the Shadows stage? Their success at the Auckland Battle of the Bands, where they progressed to the final, suggests the answer to both questions may be yes. They call themselves a hard hitting funk band with influences from the Red Hot Chili Peppers and James Brown, able to deliver the funk and get your tail feathers moving! Have a listen at www.facebook.com/dukeboxmusic to see for yourself.

PAPRIKA JONES

GENRE: ?

MEMBERS: Simeon Kavanagh-Vincent, Josh Worthington-Church, Josh Naley, Jamie Martel

THE LOWDOWN: Paprika Jones is the soundtrack to every daydream you've ever had. With a warm, carefree, ambivalence, Paprika Jones tells you to forget about all the worries and stresses of the world, and dip into their comforting, laid back embrace. These guys give slightly more away on Facebook than in perfect, but only barely. They clearly don't buy into the whole "labels" thing, with no commitment to genre, and it is entirely possible they are afraid of photos given they choose to represent themselves with only a scarily toothed, dented chin, but otherwise dashing MS Paint rendition of who-knows-whom. On the plus side, their tracks on www.soundcloud.com/paprika-jones

sound pretty cool.

Paprika Jones



THE UNKNOWN

GENRE: Jazz Indie Folk

MEMBERS: Lily Jackson, Joshua Worthington-Church, Holly Afoa, Michael Gianan, Daniel Waterson

THE LOWDOWN: Lily Jackson has graced the Shadows

stage before, featuring rad lipstick and a rad rendition of Amy Winehouse. We predict The Unknown's act will be just as rad. They are an indie/folk/jazz inspired five piece, all studying music at the University of Auckland. Tune in at on.fb.me/1O00KQe.



THE GOOD HUSTLE

GENRE: Indie Folk Pop

MEMBERS: Isla Norman, Isaac Griffiths, Jodie Hayes

THE LOWDOWN: Coming at you like a shark with knees, The Good Hustle are united by a love of puns, fine tea and white girl rapping. These

three are some of the funkiest performers to ever hit the Shadows stage. We're pretty prepared to vouch for how fun their sound is after they took away second place in the AUSA Open Mic Night in Re-O Week. Can they capitalise on their success with another prize? Time will tell. Check them out on Facebook at on.fb.me/1KCYy09.



BLACK JACKET RABBIT

GENRE: Indie Folk

MEMBERS: Richard Giles, Thema Bennet, Miro Gibson

THE LOWDOWN: Who knew Auckland was this indie? Eat your heart out, Wellington. Black Jacket Rabbit round out the indie contribution, featuring a banjo and a guitar. They dabble in indie-folk with a bluesy/jazzy twist - we're looking forward to their ambient and soulful sound. Check them out at www.facebook.com/blackjacketrabbit.



TERRACOTTA CAT

GENRE: Cosmic Punk Jazz

MEMBERS:

THE LOWDOWN: Terracotta Cat stand as the sole channeler of cosmic energy in the competition, proudly channeling cosmic energy since 2014. We're a little unclear on what this means, but on the plus side they seem to have been channeling it in some pretty cool venues, from Silo Park to the Wine Cellar. We're looking forward to seeing whether Shadows looks any brighter when filled with composed soundscapes, cosmic energy and a triumverate of noise. Tune in at www.facebook.com/terraccottacat.

?

THE COMPULSORY STUDENT SERVICES FEE: WHAT DO STUDENTS THINK?

YOU MIGHT NOT REALISE IT, BUT EACH YEAR YOU spend over \$700 on top of your course fees on what is called the "Compulsory Student Services Fee" ("the CSSF"). This fee is set, charged and allocated by the University, not AUSA. Unlike course fees, this fee is uncapped and – here's the real kicker – it is accordingly supposed to be spent in accordance with student consultation.

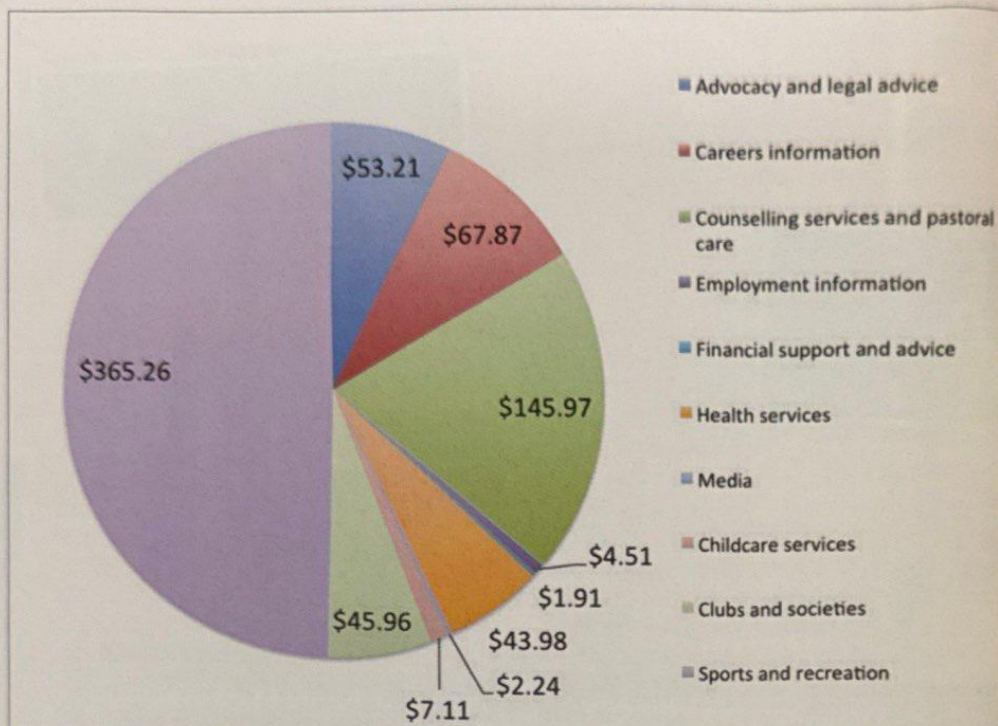
The fee is compulsory even if you do not use the services. In 2015, the University collected \$738 from each student, amounting to a total of \$20,130,000.

Each year, AUSA consults students on what YOU want your fee to be spent on and we pass the message on to the University. For the past three years, we've been surveying students and passing on the results and a list of recommendations. This year, our survey clocked in just over 600 responses. We thought you might like to know a wee bit about what your thoughts were.

The pie chart above right shows where your money went in 2014. We think there have been clear indications from students as to what they would prefer their money be spent – and not spent – on. These have been similar over the years. Here's a brief rundown on what students said this year.

1. DECREASE THE LEVY

Students think the levy is too high for the services provided (72% of respondents said it was too high). Students felt that the decrease in the fee size should come from the capital expenditure levy. This is what makes up most of the pretty purple section of the pie graph above.



The University is using the student services fee to pay for a new gym, which you will almost definitely not use (unless you are by chance doing one paper a semester and/or intend to do your Masters AND a PhD).

2. MAKE SOME SERVICES USER-PAYS

Generally, students felt that while funding is valuable for most of the existing services, some particular services are better suited to being opt-in services. These are generally services that students opt into, rather than services aimed at those in need of support. In particular, sports and recreation was highlighted as something that could be more user-pays. Residential Advisers, again, were considered to be more suited to a user-pays service.

3. REALLOCATE SPENDING

Students are strongly supportive of funding welfare and health-based services. In particular students are keen for more money to be spent on health and counselling. Welfare services were also suggested as a priority in spending. In terms of career services, many students responded something along the lines of "what career services?", which suggests these need to be advertised better and strengthened as a result.

SO WHAT DID WE TELL THEM?

We passed on a list of 16 recommendations, including:

- The CSSF should not increase from \$738 next year
- The capital charge should be decreased
- Students should be consulted about future capital projects, bearing in mind the current demand for common and study areas
- The proportion of the levy spent on sports and recreation should be decreased
- More funding should be allocated to health services, to decrease the doctor's fee and improve the quality
- More funding should be allocated to mental health services and counselling
- Religious pastoral care and Residential Assistants and Advisors should not be funded
- Spending on existing student media (like Craccum!) should be increased

The next thing to do is wait and see if the feedback is listened to....

THE UNIVERSITY IS USING THE STUDENT SERVICES FEE TO PAY FOR A NEW GYM, WHICH YOU WILL ALMOST DEFINITELY NOT USE (UNLESS YOU ARE BY CHANCE DOING ONE PAPER A SEMESTER AND/OR INTEND TO DO YOUR MASTERS AND A PHD).

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GUIDE TO CENSORSHIP IN 2015

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

IN THE GLORY DAYS OF OLD, CENSORSHIP WAS BLATANT AND UNAPOLOGETIC. FASCIST REGIMES BURNED BOOKS, CHINA BANNED FACEBOOK, BIG BROTHER PERSECUTED THOUGHTCRIME. NOW, CENSORSHIP HAS BECOME AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT BEAST. IT IS SNEAKY, COVERT, AND NEVER ACKNOWLEDGES ITSELF FOR WHAT IT TRULY IS: THE STIFLING OF DEBATE AND THE SUPPRESSION OF OPINION. HERE'S HOW YOU ARE CENSORED EVERYDAY, WITHOUT EVEN REALISING IT:



1. THE BOY WHO CRIED BIGOT

This is one of the scariest forms of censorship that members of the left engage in way too often – one that I have certainly been guilty of in the past. Anyone who disagrees with a seemingly liberal point is branded with any one of a wide variety of -phobe and -ist labels. Please, please don't misread me here. Misogyny, transphobia, racism – they are all rampant, and should absolutely be called out. But there is a huge, and hugely important, difference between bigotry and ignorance. For example, when someone says “really? But you don't look queer”, I don't spit in their eye and call them a homophobe. Yes, they are projecting notions of what it means to be queer – notions that, I think, are very harmful to LGBTQIA kids who don't identify with this set of preconceived ideas and feel even more isolated as a result – but they are born out of ignorance, not hatred. What's more, it is entirely unproductive to wield bigotry as a catch-all term to use against dissenters. It delegitimises the term, rendering it ineffectual when it is actually deserved. It is a barrier to education, and it actually makes people too scared to engage, too scared to ask questions, because they are terrified of being eviscerated as a racist-homophobic-ableist-transmisogynist. These are powerful, deeply loaded terms that are suppressing legitimate, healthy debates regularly because of their overuse.

2. TONE POLICING (AND TONE POLICING POLICING)

Tone policing is when a marginalised person speaks up about their struggle, and is criticised for *how* they made their point, as opposed to *what* their point actually was. This usually manifests itself in calls to “calm down” or being told that there is “no need to be mean about it”. Miley Cyrus' statement, directed at Nicki Minaj after she made complaints about the VMA nominations, that “if you do things with an open heart and you come at things with love, you would be heard and I would respect your statement. But I don't respect your statement because of the anger that came with it” is

almost perfect Exhibit-A tone policing.

There are a number of objections to tone policing. One of them is that it undermines genuine grievances by suggesting that the people who are speaking out are over-reacting. This tactic is horseshit. People have a right to be angry if they have been wronged; there is no reason why they should have to moderate their tone – and in fact, they often are not in a position where they are able to distance themselves enough from the suffering they face to be able to be calm and collected. The second major objection to tone policing is that it is a diversionary tactic. It allows people to gloss over valid arguments by focusing on tone rather than content, thus shutting down the debate.

However, I would also argue that tone policing occurs, and also acts to shut down debates. For example, if Person A says “here are all the reasons I disagree with you” and concludes their argument with “by the way, I don't think it's necessary for you to call me a fuckwit” and Person B counters them with “stop tone policing me” – they themselves are ignoring Person A's point, aren't they? I suppose the only way forward is to a) make a point and b) respond to the other person's point. We could develop a term for this. We could call it... A conversation.

3. “YOU HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS DEBATE”

Oh, this one really rustles my jimmies. I can see why this tactic is so popular: because it's so damn easy. It takes no effort whatsoever to completely discard a person's point because they couldn't possibly understand, not being a [insert marginalised group here]. And fuck yeah, of course people should acknowledge that they are limited in their capacity to fully understand and empathise if they are not part of the group in discussion. But this doesn't mean that they can't even take part in the discussion in the first place. How would anyone ever learn anything? And when does it end – do you have to be a member of every marginalised group that has ever existed in order to

have an opinion on anything? With this line of reasoning, you would have to be – if you believe in the importance of intersectionality, that is. Perhaps it is important to point out when someone is clearly speaking from a place of privilege if they don't appear to be aware of it, but this shouldn't exclude them from the conversation. Once again, this precludes education and, consequently, progress.

4. YE OLD-FASHIONED CENSORSHIP

For those of you yearning for the golden days of yesteryear, fear not. Explicit censorship still abounds. Right here in New Zealand, Ted Dawes' young-adult novel *Into the River* has recently been placed under an “interim restriction” after lobbyists Family First objected to its sexually explicit content. If any company distributes or exhibits the book they'll be slapped with a \$10,000 fine. The book may not be the most eloquent of texts – the phrase “ribbon of sperm” being fairly indicative of the quality of the sex scenes as a whole – but for it to warrant even temporary censorship is an absolute outrage.

In the cyber world, it becomes a little murkier. It has become reasonably standard procedure for artists to disable comments on YouTube, or for Facebook pages to ban certain users from commenting on their posts. Acclaimed activist group Mike Hosking Why Don't You Just Shut Up has recently been a victim of such exclusionary tactics, with its key members being barred from the Mike Hosking Breakfast page. Such actions appear to be censorship – but do they do more good than harm? People can get seriously vitriolic online, and comments sections can very rapidly get out of hand. Is it vital to protect freedom of speech at all costs, or are there circumstances in which people should be denied a platform to espouse their views? I suppose it's all very well and good to say that in an ideal world, we would counter unsavoury views with solid arguments, and be bolstered by the rationality of the masses. Only, the masses aren't always rational, are they?



HUMANS

TV REVIEW

HERE ARE SOME FUN BUZZWORDS: SINGULARITY, Turing test, artificial intelligence. Now that human technology is advancing at an incredibly rapid pace we feel the need to revisit the existential questions posed back in *Blade Runner*, namely; what does it mean to be human? What does it mean to be robot? Can a machine be murdered? Can a machine murder?

I'm seeing this trope crop up all over the place, but *Humans* is a refreshing take on the 'robots-are-people-too' premise. Based off the Swedish series *Real Humans*, the similarly titled *Humans* is set in a world where human-like robots called Synths are produced on a mass scale. They are used around the house for cooking, cleaning, and taking care of the kids, in health-care as caretakers to the elderly or disabled,

as part of the labour force and as (surprise surprise) sex slaves. The story dwells on one family in particular who have just recently bought a Synth, much to the objection of Laura, who acts as mother figure. Laura begins to grow suspicious of their new robot when it starts displaying bouts of sentience. Little does the family know, their household android is a special kind of Synth – completely sentient and almost entirely human – and hiding out in Laura's house.

What makes the series so intriguing is the human side of the equation and how they react to the machines. As the inverted 'A' in the title card suggests, humans are fundamentally flawed and having these perfect robots around can be intimidating especially for people such as Laura or Detective Drummond who have fragile egos. As Mattie, Laura's cynical teenage daughter states, what's the point of doing anything if you're only going to be outdone by the machines? Being a part of *Humans'* flawless world is dealing with the

fact that humans are fast becoming obsolete.

Under all of the drama, there are flashes of humour and a comical tension between the human and the machine. My favourite parts are the exchanges between George, a grumpy old scientist who hates being cooped up inside his house, and his government-assigned robot nurse who imposes a strict regimen of healthy living and imposes a no-outside rule. George frequently makes snide comments towards his jailer but she doesn't give him the justice of being offended and continues to undermine him. The interplay between the two is extremely fun to watch.

Humans is very well done and offers more than just its 'robots-are-people-too' premise. A great insight into humanity and the technological rut we've got ourselves into which is something good sci-fi should always aim to achieve.

REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK



STREET FOOD CINEMA AT AUCKLAND UNI

EVENT REVIEW

THAT WEATHER, THOUGH. THAT SHITTY AUCKLAND weather. I sincerely feel sorry for The University of Auckland Snow Club, who supported the Street Food Cinema, because if the weather had behaved, it would have been a really awesome night. The set-up had great potential – heaps of beanbags were spread throughout

the quad and they'd put up a huge projector to screen the film. Before the movie there was music pumping and students could grab a bite to eat from the selection of street food, which consisted of Burrito Magic, Langos Hungarian Fried Bread and Goodnight Cocoa. All three stands had a range of food available and weren't too pricey. The s'mores from Goodnight Cocoa were a definite highlight. So, so good. Another option or two would have been nice, however – maybe a hotdog or churro stand to get a bit more variety and provide a slightly cheaper option.

Students who brought their ID could get free popcorn, which was a definite plus. If you brought a blanket and settled on a beanbag it was actually quite cosy, the rain unable to reach past the roof cover. The film was John Turteltaub's 1993 *Cool Runnings*, a great choice for an outdoor movie. Having been to Silo Park Cinema before and struggling to hear half the

dialogue because of the crowd, it makes sense to play a film which doesn't have a complex or greatly important script. Based loosely on the true story of four Jamaican bobsledders who competed in the 1988 Winter Olympics despite never having seen snow, it was a light, uplifting watch with a solid amount of chuckles. The plot was straightforward and easy to follow, the cast convincing and likeable and the soundtrack solid. Basically, an ideal film for casual outdoor viewing.

In sum, Street Food Cinema is an awesome idea for a fun, cheap night out with friends. With a little more advertising – some posters or flyers scattered around uni might have helped – and a bit of luck from the weather Gods, this event could be a winner. Here's hoping there's another one soon. Without that shitty Auckland weather, though.

REVIEW BY NIKKI ADDISON

EVENT

COSENTINO

THEATRE INTERVIEW

ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST ENTERTAINERS RE-
cently performed in New Zealand on his *Twisted Reality* tour. Paul Cosentino is an illusionist and escapologist, delighting audiences with a mix of traditional hand magic and risky demonstrations. He has participated in various TV specials and won many awards and praise, including the title of Merlin's International Magician of the Year for 2014, and International Escape Artist for 2015. Not only is he a creative and unique entertainer, he's also an excellent talker and a super nice guy.

LET'S START OFF WITH YOUR BACKSTORY. HOW DID YOU GET INTO YOUR PROFESSION?

I started out as a 12-year-old kid by stumbling across a magic book. I'd never seen a magician on TV or live. I was a very shy kid, very introverted; I actually had a lot of learning difficulties growing up. I was in the library with my mum and I just came across a magic book in the puzzle section. It had all these pictures of very famous magicians from the 1900s. I took this book home and my mum started to read it to me, and I started to learn some magic tricks. At the time there was no YouTube or Google, so I'm completely self-taught. Later in life I saw magicians live and on TV, but my first encounter was basically just a book.

AND NOW YOU HAVE A TV SHOW AND A LIVE SHOW! WHAT KIND OF TRICKS DO YOU DO?

I do street magic, so like walking around the street doing lots of card tricks and things with coins, just crazy stuff with everyday objects that you can do out and about in the public. The second is stage illusions – very elaborate, very theatrical, kind of like stuff you see in Vegas but a lot cooler, a lot more fresh. That involves a lot of dance and movement. The third is crazy

escapes or stunts or death-defying challenges. They happen live on stage or in public domain. All those aspects are weaved in between the show, the twisted reality.

SO YOU'RE MORE OF AN 'ILLUSIONIST' RATHER THAN A 'MAGICIAN'. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE TWO TERMS?

The reason I choose the word illusionist over magician – there's usually a stigma attached to the word magician, you automatically think, "oh, top hat, bunnies out of a hat". We want to get away from that stigma. Also, in my particular show, I perform illusions on the street, I perform illusions on stage, I create the illusion of reading people's minds, I dance on stage which is creating different illusions with your body. For me, it's much more descriptive.

IS THERE A SECRET SOCIETY OF MAGICIANS WHERE YOU'VE ALL SWORN A BLOOD OATH IF YOU REVEAL YOUR TRICKS?

laughs We don't cut our fingers and put our blood together, but there are a number of magic societies all around the world. Different magicians belong to different groups. At these particular groups, they get together, they exchange ideas, they help each other out. So yes, but not to the extent of a blood oath.

WHAT'S YOUR WORST TRICK-GONE-WRONG?

Well, I've had some embarrassing moments on stage where I've split my pants **laughs**. But I've had some pretty dangerous moments.

When I was doing a rehearsal, I was in a perspex box with 18 knives and I mis-timed the trick – one of the knives touched my chin and I got 12 stitches across my jawline. One time I did an underwater escape where I smashed my head and I got 7 stitches in my forehead. There was another underwater escape where I was inside a round ball and they sunk me 10 metres under the ground and I ruptured one of my eardrums. That pain was excruciating.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE STUNT OR TRICK THAT YOU'VE PERFORMED? ONE THAT ALWAYS BLOWS PEOPLE'S MINDS, OR THAT YOU JUST ENJOY DOING?

Yeah, there's a piece in my show called the Time Machine. I explain about wanting to travel through time when I was a kid, and I created this illusion to live out that fantasy. We make a time machine contraction, and I go through this door but I don't come out the other side. I love performing that effect, it took so long to come up with.

IT DOES SEEM PRETTY FUN TO BLOW PEOPLE'S MINDS LIKE THAT.

What I'm really proud of is that what you see on my TV show I actually do live, which is a really big call. A lot of magicians struggle with that. There's no trickery, there's no actors – it's in real time. The magic live is very potent. As an audience member it's very hard for you to justify the effects. You kind of have to see it to believe it, to be perfectly honest. That's a bit of a cliché, but it's really true.

INTERVIEW WITH DANA TETENBURG

THE REASON I CHOOSE THE WORD ILLUSIONIST OVER MAGICIAN – THERE'S USUALLY A STIGMA ATTACHED TO THE WORD MAGICIAN, YOU AUTOMATICALLY THINK, "OH, TOP HAT, BUNNIES OUT OF A HAT". WE WANT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT STIGMA.



ODESZA

MUSIC INTERVIEW

HOW DID ODESZA COME TO BE?

Harrison and I met in college while attending Western Washington University. We were the only people making similar electronic music up there.

IF YOU LOOK AT THE WEATHER AND GEOGRAPHY OF SEATTLE, AND THE SORT OF MUSIC THAT THE CITY HAS PRODUCED IN THE PAST, ODESZA DOESN'T QUITE SEEM TO FIT. WERE YOU INFLUENCED BY THE CITY AT ALL?

Like any artist we are definitely influenced by our surroundings. Seattle has a really strong indie and folk music scene. These sounds played a large part in our production. We really like to incorporate more organic type instrumentation into our music and we think a large part of that is due to what we hear around us.

YOUR FIRST VISIT THIS YEAR WAS TO THE KINGS ARMS, WHICH HAS A CAPACITY OF 600. YOUR NEXT VISIT WAS ORIGINALLY MEANT TO BE AT THE STUDIO, WITH A CAPACITY OF 1200 BUT WAS LATER MOVED TO THE ST JAMES, WITH A CAPACITY OF 2400. EARLIER IN THE YEAR YOU PLAYED TO AROUND 3000 AT COACHELLA. DID YOU EVER EXPECT ODESZA TO TAKE OFF LIKE THIS?

When we first started we had no idea that the project would get to this level. Music had always been just a hobby to us, a way to hang out after class. When we first started performing we thought it would last maybe a year and then we

would go back to what we were doing before.

THIS WILL BE YOUR SECOND VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND IN 2015 – HOW ARE YOU ENJOYING THE TOURING PROCESS?

Touring is hard. But you really can't complain when you get to tour the world playing music for people who love what you do. We definitely miss home when we are gone for too long though.

ANY STRANGE TOURING STORIES?

There have been a couple incidents where couples have basically started going at it right in front of us while we were performing.

THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A REMIX AND REWORK CULTURE IN ELECTRONIC MUSIC -- HOW HAS THE RISE OF ONLINE PLATFORMS LIKE SOUNDCLOUD AFFECTED THIS?

Today's remixes and reworks have become an essential part of releasing music today.

It's a great way to share new sounds with a different fan base that may not be familiar with your sound. We personally have found many of our favorite artists through hearing other producers remix their music. Soundcloud and other online platforms that allow streaming have given people access to many of these remixes, since a lot of the time they are not released via iTunes or a hard copy.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD REMIX/REWORK?

By taking a new direction and really adding something that the original is missing.

WHAT ARTISTS ARE YOU LISTENING TO AT THE MOMENT?

Tame Impala, The Temples, Point Point, just to name a few.

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WHAT MAKES A SONG SEXY?

MUSIC COMMENT

SEDUCTION TAKES MANY FORMS. YOU LIKE OLD-fashioned, Mr Darcy romance? Woo him with a slight show of the ankle, a quick wit and "treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen" attitude. Oh, what's that? You're a regular to the hook-up culture? You have a streak of finger grease across your iPhone from swiping right too many times? No problem. I know you're an expert at playing

up the charm just long enough until you can't keep your horny hands to yourself any longer. Just as seduction varies, so do those songs that accompany moments of passion. I'm going to take you through a completely subjective timeline of a handful of the most sexy songs from the last 50 or so years, and by the end of it, you're going to want to thank me for making your sex playlist on Spotify that much better (sorry, I can't do much about the ads).

Let me take you back to the 50s. Marilyn Monroe was hot. Rock-n-roll was storming the charts. Elvis' pelvis had all the girls fainting with every thrust. But I want to tell you about Peggy Lee's "Fever". It's the kind of song you want to listen to in a soft, candle-lit lounge having just drunk several glasses of wine. You purposely want to remove your clothes in time with the slow tempo because it helps build the tantalising suspense that comes with prolonging a moment. It's simple and sultry with just a plucked double bass, snapping fingers, bongos and a quiet drum-kit where fills mimic jumps of the heart.

Sergei Gainsbourg and Jane Birkin breathily sang about sex in the absolute classic "Je T'aime... Moi Non Plus" in 1969. Accompanied by Birkin's heavy breathing, there was speculation that they had recorded themselves having sex live, only for Birkin to have supposedly quipped, "Thank goodness it wasn't, otherwise I hope it would have been a long-playing record". Originally written for and recorded

with his previous lover, Brigitte Bardot, Birkin wanted it recorded again because she couldn't stand the thought of someone else in a recording studio with him. The simple organ riff is instantly recognisable. You can just imagine the two of them going at it in some minimalist apartment in the bohemian quarter of Paris. *Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?*

You probably expected me to turn to Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On". Even though it is pretty much the sex anthem of the Western world, I have to give it a miss. It's overused and has been ruined for me through its use in stupid movies for some pointless comedic effect, which is a shame because it's a great song. Instead I need to praise the genius that is Donna Summer's "Love to Love You Baby". Close to a whopping seventeen minutes, this minimalist, ecstasy-driven song may seem repetitive. However, it contains twists and additions to phrases that can, in fact, come across as decidedly complex. Everything gets stripped back at one point to just the bass guitar – it's vulnerable and exposed, until the instruments build up again one by one. It's one of the 70s greatest disco tracks, embracing sexualised excitement in every aspect.

Prince may be small in stature, but he's big on falsetto, and when that falsetto breaks through the speakers, it does something to you. You can't deny it. "Kiss" is a work of art. It is all funk and makes you want to do something that

YOU PURPOSELY WANT TO REMOVE YOUR CLOTHES IN TIME WITH THE SLOW TEMPO BECAUSE IT HELPS BUILD THE TANTALISING SUSPENSE THAT COMES WITH PROLONGING A MOMENT.



sounds very close to that. His screechy bit in the song when he loses it makes you drop to your knees and that's just sheer power. The little guy has got pipes and exudes sex. Also, I can't go past the 80s without mentioning Michael Hutchence's completely compelling pleading in INXS' "Need You Tonight". Three words: you got it.

"Are You That Somebody?" is full of sick 90s Timbaland beats and Aaliyah playing the saucy minx. If you don't catch yourself grinding to this song, I'm sorry, but do you even *feel*? Her voice is silky smooth. She is both assertive and vulnerable. And who doesn't love a little Timbaland rap in the middle, wishing you were the one he was addressing as "baby girl"? Boo, I'm your baby girl. Weird that it was written for the Dr. Dolittle soundtrack – a tad inappropriate?

The Strokes capture the kind of "fuck it" mind set that we all experience, and when it comes to sex, this is especially true for the noughties' smash song, "12:51". Lead singer Julian Casablancas (I mean, what's in a name? Sex, amirite?) chats to his female protagonist with blunt pick up lines, which absolutely get to the point with no mucking around. As casual as it is, it's the forwardness that makes it confident, which in turn makes it sexy. Because it's a short song, it also creates that sensation where you just

EVERYTHING GETS STRIPPED BACK AT ONE POINT TO JUST THE BASS GUITAR – IT'S VULNERABLE AND EXPOSED, UNTIL THE INSTRUMENTS BUILD UP AGAIN ONE BY ONE. IT'S ONE OF THE 70S GREATEST DISCO TRACKS, EMBRACING SEXUALISED EXCITEMENT IN EVERY ASPECT.

want to strip off all your clothes and get on with it. Yep. Forward.

In the last five years, there have been numerous strong, sexy tunes. But number one in my books is Arctic Monkeys' "Do I Wanna Know?" That guitar riff, the lyrics, the simple drumbeat and falsetto back-up vocal, which all lead into the big chorus that packs so much punch, you are almost knocked over with the amount of sexy that Alex Turner and his lads diffuse. He's on the cusp of wanting to kiss you and you want to say that the feeling is mutual. The promise of whis-

pering sweet nothings to each other like Turner suggests is enough to make you crumble.

What makes a song sexy? It's difficult to pinpoint one thing. Whether it's the instrumentation, the lyrics, the voice, the song structure, or a combination of these factors, one thing seems certain: when we identify a song that speaks to our innermost desires, it's impossible to ignore what's innate. So pucker up and dive straight in.

BY CATRIONA BRITTON

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THE WAR ON RAPE: PUSH FOR REFORM

PANEL EVENT REVIEW

EVER SINCE THE ROASTBUSTERS CASE A FEW YEARS ago, rape culture in New Zealand has come under a lot of debate in politics and the media. Just before the break, during AUSA Politics Week, this year's Women's Rights Officers Dana and Penelope organised a Rape Law Reform Panel. The Panel discussed the hard questions, such as what rape culture in NZ looks like, and how this can be addressed by the law.

The panelists were:

Associate Professor of Politics at UoA, **KATHERINE SMITS**, who provided insight into why governments act the way they do in regards to these extremely sensitive issues.

JOHN MUNRO, a criminal lawyer who has both acted as defendant and prosecutor in sexual assault cases, who acted as devil's advocate for the accused.

KATHRYN (KATHY) MCPHILLIPS, a clinical psychologist gave heart-wrenching testimonies from her clients and their personal experiences of rape culture.

KELVIN DAVIS, a Labour Party MP, and a regular guy who decided that there needed to be a male voice speaking out against sexual violence in Parliament.

ANITA LACEY, another Politics Lecturer at UoA moderated the panel, and asked the questions.

What was immediately evident, and should come as no surprise, is that the current legal system is failing victims of rape. Only 7-9% of rapes (including sexual assault - the terms will be used interchangeably in this article), are reported, with a dismal 1% resulting in actual convictions. In between misogynistic police handling of the situation (read: well what were you wearing? etc.), a cultural mentality of placing blame on the victim, and having to relive the sexual assault in court, it's unsurprising such a small number of assaults are reported. One lady amongst the attendees told her heart-breaking story of spending 3 1/2 years in the court system, with the defendant eventually being found not guilty of the sexual assault he committed. Kathy, Kelvin and Katherine were in agreement that reform was definitely needed.

John, the lawyer, correctly pointed out that due process is essential for a fair outcome, especially in the case where a defendant may be innocent, or simply not wealthy enough to afford a good lawyer. However, with so many factors skewing outcomes, and reasons for the pros-

ecutor to drop their case, the amount of false claims is negligible.

Another issue presenting itself is the possibility for inconsistency in the final judgement. Surprisingly, the defence can be found not-guilty of rape, yet it can conclusively be found that the prosecutor was raped. This anomaly arises because of the need to prove 'reasonable belief' that consent was given. In New Zealand's problematic culture, the absence of a "no" is often interpreted as consent - something that needs to change.

WHAT WAS IMMEDIATELY EVIDENT, AND SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE, IS THAT THE CURRENT LEGAL SYSTEM IS FAILING VICTIMS OF RAPE.

Even if evidence is obtained that a person was raped, (and this can be difficult to find, especially if it took the victim a while to come forward), even DNA proof that sexual activity occurred is not proof that it was unwanted. So even if all the massive backlog of rape kits is tested, and claims are verified, the rapist can just say "Oh no it's ok. She, or he (male rape is a lot more prevalent than you think), wanted it."

The issue of consent is indeed a blurry one. What if they're two drunk teenagers and she never said no? What if she said yes and then changed her mind? What if they had history? Something very important that the panellists emphasised was that it is never the victim's fault. As Kelvin Davies put it, "Rape is rape. They (the rapist) made that choice, and it was wrong".

ANOTHER ISSUE PRESENTING ITSELF IS THE POSSIBILITY FOR INCONSISTENCY IN THE CASE CONCLUSIONS, AS THE DEFENCE CAN BE FOUND NOT-GUILTY OF RAPE, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME IT CAN CONCLUSIVELY BE FOUND THAT THE PROSECUTOR WAS RAPED.

Clearly, the current evidence based and adversarial legal system is inadequate in cases of sexual violence. Some suggested alternatives from the panel were:

EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION. At the moment, rape prevention programmes and in-depth sex education in schools are only optional. Make them compulsory. Rape is rarely a 'stranger jumping out of the bushes' type scenario. Most of the time, it's someone you know and trust, and our youth must know how to deal with this.

Stop teaching girls to not get raped: TEACH EVERYONE NOT TO RAPE. It is always a choice.

THE LAW MUST LEAD ON RAPE LAW REFORM. It's a moral issue, and we can't wait around for society to change, or a shift in mentality.

RESTORATIVE JUSTICE. Often, however, things can be worked out by means other than a prison sentence. Work things out on a case-by-case basis, e.g. don't force a victim to talk to their attacker if they don't want to.

ACKNOWLEDGE THE BROAD SPECTRUM OF SEXUAL ASSAULT: incest, the elderly, the young, men, women, and queer people. All can be victims AND perpetrators.

Over one hour, many complex aspects of rape culture in New Zealand were discussed, and I felt that the panel could've gone on for far longer. Also, respect to the WROs for including an unpopular opinion on the panel (John Munro and the 'crying wolf' defence). What can go wrong with these events (and I have been to a fair few), is that they don't acknowledge other, potentially valid arguments. This is the kind of thing that will come up if and when rape law reform is discussed in Parliament, and it's important to come up with the best possible response to these (ill-informed) counter points. This was a great example of how University life can be fostered through intellectually stimulating and thought provoking events.

BY GEORGIA HARRIS

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 THOUGH).

DEAR PRO-LIFE,

I would feel somewhat more sympathetic to the destruction of your posters if I thought that you actually cared about human rights or freedom of speech. However, given the typical attitude that anti-abortion groups have to these same issues, I am less than convinced that you are interested in the protection of our liberal society.

On the subject of human rights, all of your advertising glosses over the fact that in banning abortion you are forcing a woman to carry a pregnancy to term against her will. It would thus seem that you feel at liberty to violate another person's bodily autonomy and that you have a right to dictate to a person what they should do with their body. Given that we as a society phased out corporal punishment during the 19th century in part because it violates the aforesaid right, this statement is profoundly illiberal. It also begs the question of when human rights end; when a woman becomes pregnant, do you believe that her human rights suddenly lapse? You might argue that the right of a fetus to life does outweigh the pregnant woman's right to bodily autonomy; I disagree with that position but it is at least a reasonable position to hold. However, nowhere in your literature do you even mention that there is such a conflict, which leads

me to some rather unfortunate conclusions about what rights you think women have (very few).

On the subject of freedom of speech, your affiliates in the USA seem to have a penchant for suppressing adequate sex education in schools. As you seem to be rather similar in general outlook to these groups, please explain why discussion of the ethics of abortion is a reasonable subject to discuss whereas contraception is something that should not be talked about. It is of course quite possible that you don't hold these views, in which case I apologise, but also suggest that you make that much clearer, as otherwise people will continue to make these (eminently reasonable) assumptions.

In short, you claim to care about human rights and freedom of speech, whereas your actions indicate the exact opposite. And as an aside, the sheer amount of pain and suffering that we know would occur in your ideal state of affairs suggest that you really don't give a shit about the welfare of anyone at all.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth

evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." - Matthew ::16-20

Yours Sincerely,
EXPERIENCING A SIGNIFICANT GRAVITAS SHORTFALL

Denton doesn't remember saying that quote between the ages of 16-20, are you sure you have the right person? But he is a bit fruity, so I suppose it could have been him.

DEAR EDITOR,

I thank you for your support of the recent comments made by S. R. Regarding the matter of the pro-life posters being torn down our fellow classmates... it is one thing to disagree, quite another to attempt to eliminate or silence an idea by not giving its due opportunity to express itself. I am unable to perceive what the under pinning force is that motivates students to tear down a simple poster whose only aim it is to create awareness that all life should have the right to live. Could it be a case of misunderstanding our intentions?

J. FULTON

We at Craccum totally support Freedom of Expression and believing everyone should voice their

opinion. Which is why we can unashamedly say your opinions are wrong. Kthx xo

GOOD MORNING TO WHOEVER the editor-in-chief (you guy don't use that term do you) at Craccum,

Let's cut to the chase. I'm writing to discuss with whoever's in charge about the sad decline of Craccum's popularity.

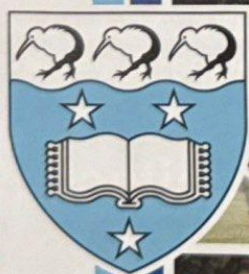
You will think, "Who needs this random chick's advice? Not us. Who the hell does she know about student magazines anyway? Probably not a lot." Well, at this point, to be honest, you're going to need all the advice you can get. Although you're probably reluctant to hear it, but the thing is, I do know. I mean, know a good amount about the matter. I was in a student pub myself in the Philippines, and people come knocking on our office complaining how they didn't get their copy of the recent mag, and we usually run out - fast.

Enough about me. It is safe to assume you don't know me. Or a lot of the students at Auckland Uni, for that matter. And that's the problem. I'm not saying you SHOULD know most of the students at this snobby university. I'm aware there are thousands. But I

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I leaf through the pages of the recent magazine (the cover art is really cute, btw), I don't get to know anyone else either.

The problem with the magazine is this: You guys barely talk about what the students are doing. You talk about issues that the students BARELY care about. But this magazine is targeted towards a student audience, a very specific one at that, and nobody gives a flying fuck about political issues or general news. You're not a newspaper.

Students want to know what's going on around them, and what affects them personally. What is UN-Youth doing to help awareness? What is AUSA doing to help serve students? What are the other orgs and clubs running to help do something good in this god-forsaken world?! Tell us about how the new science building is getting built, the university's plans for the future (New Market campus? What do they do there besides the whole engineering thing?), important shit that goes on around us that we SHOULD know.

I understand the appeal of sitting in your office typing away about something smart and sophisticated, to make it look like you have a valid opinion. But let's face it, no one cares. People care about themselves. Capitalise on our generation's vanity. If you featured PEOPLE, like, real students, interview them, ask them about what's going on, what they're doing (important things, btw), then MAYBE more of us would be interested to read it. I mean, who wouldn't want to say, "DUDE I'M ON CRACCUM!" or "DUDE OUR ORG IS ON CRACCUM!"

Yes, our university students are quite apathetic. As am I, to be honest. Not once have I gone to vote. Because, frankly, I don't really care. No one is letting me know why I ought to. And that's what a student publication should be doing: **INFORM**. Tell us why this or that thing should matter in our lives even though we're already so busy trying to finish lab reports and essays.

There was this guy that was running for Craccum's editor or something in my class, and he said something about changing the the magazine's design. Honestly, the design is great. (Maybe

move the comics to the last page, though). We all know it's the content that really matters.

As you can see I'm actually quite passionate about student journalism. I have been since I was 12. And it's really saddening to see that no one gives a fuck, cause I was considering contributing for Craccum ever since I knew about it. Anyway, I hope you don't think this e-mail for granted, and actually start getting more students involved in your wonderful magazine.

I really do care. And other people would, if you cared about them, too.

Have a good two-week break,
RACHEL MATELA

Dear Rachel,
It sounds like you you know exactly what it's like to run a magazine and what to put in it. Do you want to do our job for the last remaining five issues? We would love a break, especially since we had to work on this magazine you find so passionateless during the break you got. Come to the office and take charge.

TO THE PRO-LIFE PRICKS,

I must apologise for my 'repressive' behaviour in tearing down a poster 'promoting discussion' on the rights of women to choose when they are to bear children. After all, I am only one man, who am I to decide what another man does with his opinion?

What I find 'appalling' is the opinion held by these people in the pro-life movement that they should be able to dictate how a grown adult in sound mind can make choices about their own future. If you don't want an abortion - don't get one.

Indeed, free speech and lively discussion is vital to a healthy society. However, when the aim of someone exercising their freedom of speech is to stop someone exercising their individual freedom and self determination, you have to ask, which is more about freedom and which is more about repression?

Yours
ANGUS JONES

From all the editors at Craccum Angus, we thank you for your service.


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HABITS OF A FUCKBOY

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

1 CULTURE CASEY: Culture Casey is known to all of us that actually turn up to tutorials. That one bastard that sits in the dead centre of the tutorial, obsessively sweeping back his windswept fucking paintbrush hair as he vomits the essence of pretension, as if his dad's art gallery depended on it. Adorned with the horrifically overpriced curtains of a shirt and pants tighter than the University's arts funding (parsimonious fucks), every fucking question posed by the tutor is thus eloquently presented back to the tutor. Every word is spun round like the fine wine he uses to masturbate every night as he pretends he isn't a first year. Once, I thought I agreed, then I remembered the words were actually "shut the fuck up" followed by the ever-passionate "you pretentious twat".

5 THE NODDER: Participation at tutorials is bare at best, without the acquiescent snobbery of those pretending they actually read

the text, making you nauseous at the sight of a tutorial. Occasionally fiddling with their glasses, one may find the nodding maniac viciously agree to every point and word that vaguely agrees with their statement. The ideas? Utter filth. Their manner? Putrid. Fuck off back to the motorway where rubber necking and whiplash are appropriate.

6 THE SEXIST: "Get me a fucking sandwich" - Some failed abortion.

7 THE CLOSET RACIST Bellowing with the scent of cigar smoke from a Waiheke mansion, often the hallowed words of some wanker hover in the air like that 'off-smell' that lingers in the quad. "I'm not racist but..." Instantly, the sickly bile indicates a slight tugging notion in my eyelid as I try to hide any sense of disgust... Too fucking late. The stench of your Young Nazi membership suddenly grasps the living soul that had been my Facebook friend. No longer has any living being become a prick so quickly (except maybe that time you were born). Fuck you and your subtle neo-conservative shit. Fuck.

6 NOT VOTING Whether it was in the AUSA elections or the National Elections, if you didn't vote, bad luck - Fuckboy. Welcome to democracy. If you're complaining about anything and you didn't vote, you're more of a dick than that the mature learners that restate facts as questions. No, worse, you're that layer of bacteria in your shower that you can't seem to get off. No vote? Fuck you.

5 NOT READING CRACCUM "What's Craccum?" I hear you ask, followed by "Is it free?" Jesus, how have you existed the three years of your Engineering degree without noticing the greatest piece of literature since the bible? From day one, you claim that you're part of the Society of Cultured fucks or tag yourself in those awkward group photos from Tyler Street Garage, proclaiming to fellow peeps that you're "so into uni life" because you walked to uni every day this semester so you could afford a shot, which cost you your first born child and any remnants of personality you once had. It's free. It's alright. And I heard the Arts and Culture section is good. Fucking use your eyes for more than preying on your pornographic tastes and remembering the days of your mother's breasts.

4 QUEUING FOR SHIT Oh look, a line outside Footlocker for some shoes by some radge wife-beating cum-rug. Queuing for days because you're a gullible prick that can afford shoes that look like a carpet but cost three weeks of your dad's prostitution cash. What's the point? The price is up-marketed and you're going to look like the same toothpick, Ralph Lauren-wearing, Law student... Fuck boy.

3 PENIS JOKES "Haha, penis, haha, gay" - Nothing is funnier than referring to the phallic property of mankind. Two circles and an oval? Fucking hilarious. I can almost see your pubescent insecurities bubbling out as you hate on the LGBTI community, more inappropriate than a porno in a funeral. Get some new jokes beyond that of your own joke of a dick and respect people, fuckboy.

2 NOT APPRECIATING THE ARTS Call me a communist, but there's something sick about the sycophantic fucks that crowd around Business 101 like 13 year olds around a picture of breasts on the school bus. Every phrase; from "the free market is right" to "I'm voting National because I'm right" and even "Who needs arts? They should get a job", seem to radiate from the enthralling individual that is the BMW-Driving, scotch-drinking maniac that pesters those attractive females at bars with such killer lines as "I'm going to be rich" and "My trust fund size is inversely proportionate to my penis girth". Everyone has a right to learn what the fuck they want, at least some aren't bound by the Stockholm syndrome of their degree.

1 WEARING AN "I'M BACKING NATIONAL" T-SHIRT: Remember that god-forbidden period of popular culture, the one entirely void of humanity or mind... What was it called... Oh shit, *Twilight*! Just like it was last week at the Tuesday Satan Ritual, the murmuring chants of "Team Edward"... "Team Jacob"... "Team Key"... What in the name of a self-immolated corpses? Team Key? Fucking hell, just like the fanatic crazes of pre-teens and infant females alike, we've now got the slave cohort of a major political authority running for the grand title of "Most orally consumed penises" (The answer was 134, but the Prime Minister was only willing to say "it was a cold day"). Apparently, on the back, it says "I'm backing National". More like rear-ending and getting rawed by the same paedophilic ranks of Pony-Tail jerks and Property students alike. I guess we may have to take "fuck boy" literally on this one.

JACK ADAMS



ACROSS

- Contributor of the Week
- Which cyclone hit Japan last week?
- Matt Damon is returning to play character Jason ...
- Queen Elizabeth II has beaten which previous monarch to hold the reign for the longest?

DOWN

- What biological feature was banned from being on a cupcake this week?
- Which country was the photo of a refugee boy washed up on a beach taken in?
- Which Monty Python actor was incorrectly announced as dead by various news sources?
- Government has announced it will take in 750 refugees over the next three years from which country?
- Which major film franchise has announced plans to have an openly gay lead?
- Who announced they would run for President in 2020?
- Capital of Greece

PUZZLES

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The People to Blame

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Shadows Contributor of the Week

Georgia Harris

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YOUR STUDENT BAR

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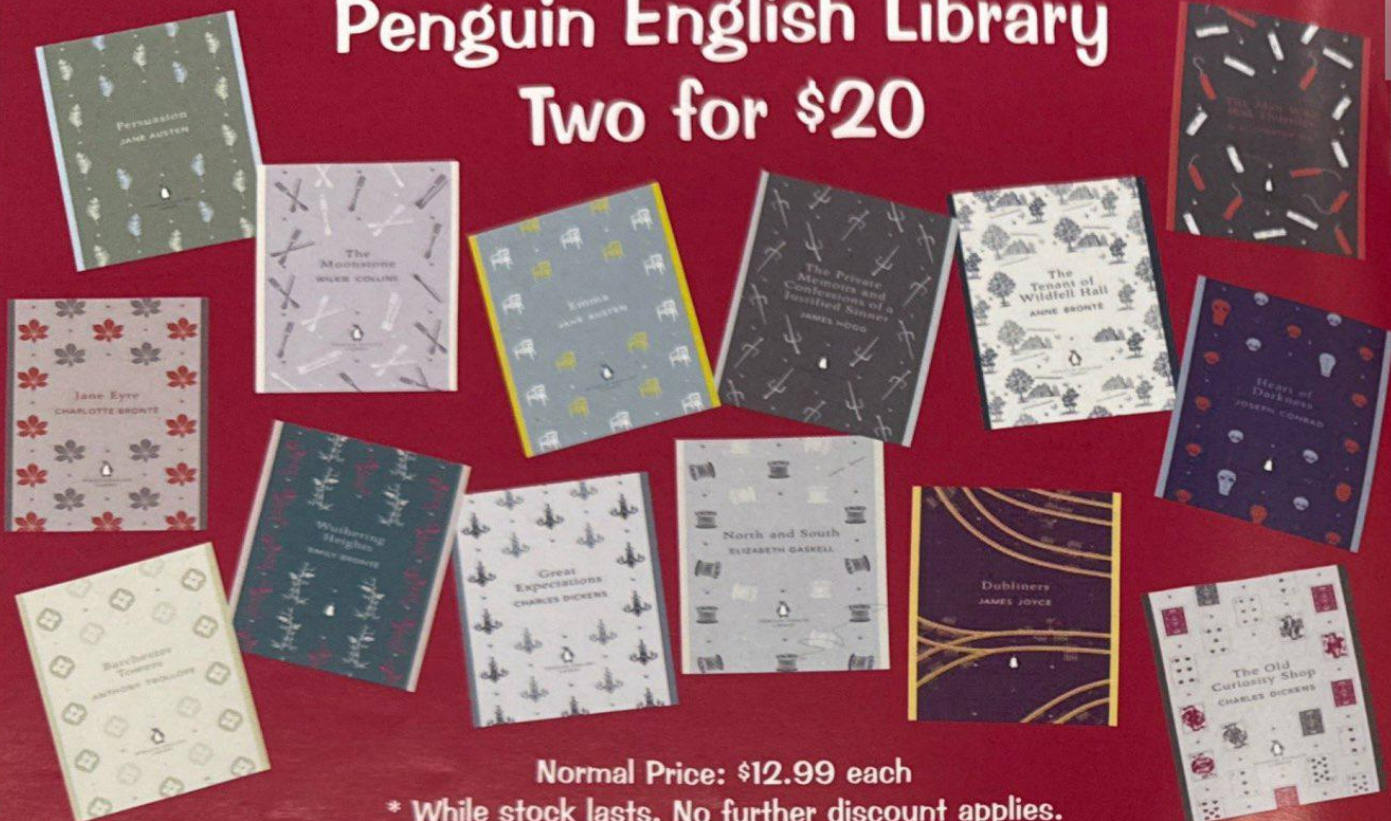
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BOTTOMLESS COKE & FREE FILTERED COFFEE

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DRIVERS LICENCE, PASSPORT
OR HANZ 18+ CARD ONLY.



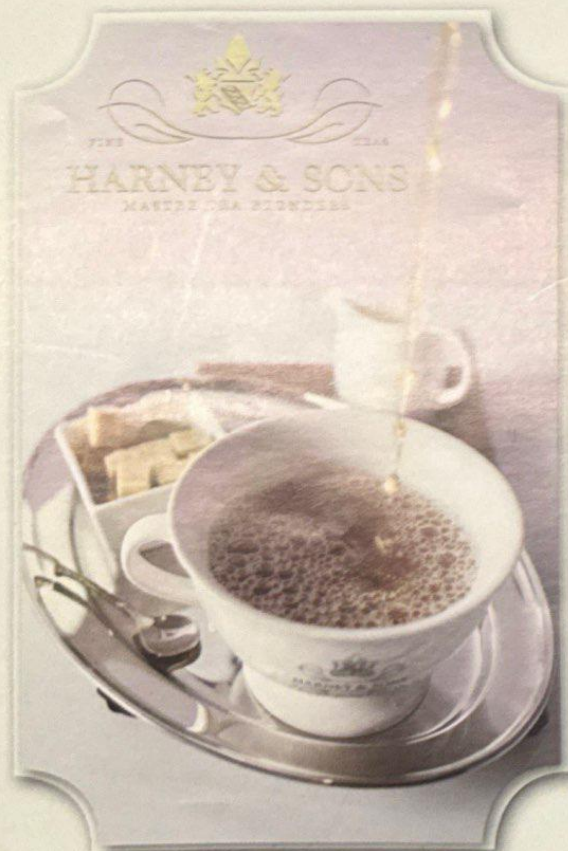
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Penguin English Library Two for \$20



Normal Price: \$12.99 each

* While stock lasts. No further discount applies.



Free Tea Tasting!

Wednesday, 16th September
from 12 - 2pm

Get a free Harney Tagalong
with every 2 Harney Classic,
HT or Loose Leaf Tins*

*While Stocks Last

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