

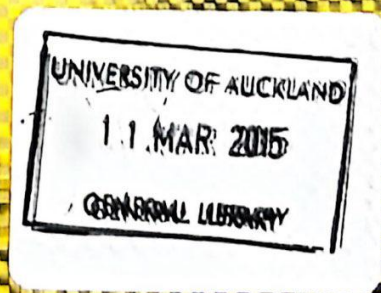
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## FACTORIES OF DESIRE

ISIL and Fundamentalism

PAGE 23







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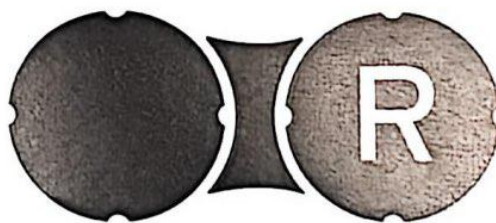
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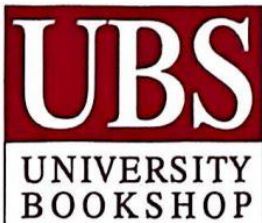
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# Contents.

Editorials .....	p.5
News .....	p.6
Columns .....	p.11
Friends of Justice .....	p. 20
Factories of Desire.....	p. 23
The Wrong Decision for the Wrong Reasons .....	p.25
The Good, The Bad and The Art.....	p. 26
On Dissection .....	p. 31
AUSA .....	p.33
Lifestyle .....	p. 36
Arts and Culture.....	p. 38
Top 10.....	p.45
Collaborators .....	p. 46



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# HOW THE MEDIOCRE DIE YOUNG.

BY JORDAN

**I**'M 22 AND I THINK I'M DYING OF OLD AGE. My teeth are yellow and sore. My back is increasingly stooped from long hours hunched over the laptop doing you-know-what. My feet always hurt, fucking brogues. And my eyesight is going to shit, I see halos around street lights and reading is becoming increasingly difficult.

My once glorious whiteman afro is turning into a greasy, knotted, dandruffy mess. Head and shoulders isn't helping, and combing makes me look like Sydney Pollack on a bad day.

Food holds no pleasure anymore. It either leaves me hungry (see salad), or leaves me obese (see not-salad). And drinking, despite once being a great joy, is now just a carb-heavy drag. I don't think it's an addiction thing. I do it for the image. But it doesn't look

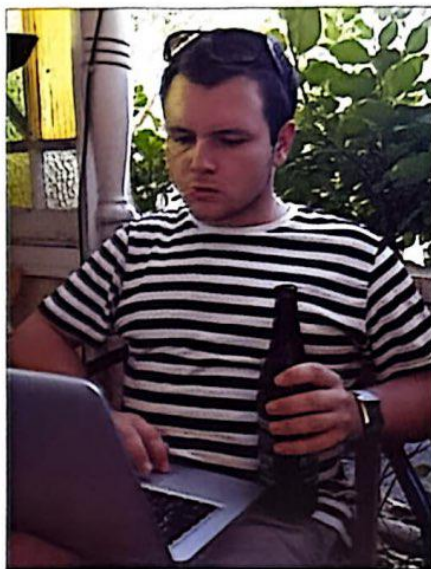
cool when you throw up four nights of the week. Especially when you throw up out of your second story window and get your entire flat kicked out because the middle aged neighbours weren't happy at the chunder melody.

My banter is also getting worse. I don't do anything. And like all people who go to the gym, diet, or do yoga I only talk about one thing. To clarify I do none of the above. In fact, all I do is sit around, complain, and talk about myself. I've become increasingly dull. This editorial is becoming increasingly dull. I'm repeating myself. Fuck, add early-onset dementia to the list.

Being funny is important to me. So is being interesting. I was never very good at either, and things are getting worse. My jokes lack all subtlety and finesse, I now resort to either just repeating an obnoxious statement hundreds of times until the people around me laugh out of sheer annoyance (and because hitting me would be socially inappropriate). Or, I just add a word I find funny. I like the word "naughty" said with a pedophilic grin, at dinner at a friend's house his sister stated

she was off to bed, her father said he'd be up soon, without stopping myself I looked him in the eye, winked, and said "naughty". I also like the adverb profoundly. 'I was in the shower, profoundly naked'. I sat at home with no shirt on, profoundly flabby. These are not good quality jokes, these are sad, and repetitive.

There's no point coming. One of the characteristics of old age is rambling.



**"I'M 22 AND I THINK I'M DYING OF OLD AGE."**

# A NASAL AWAKENING.

BY DENTON

**A**MERICA STINKS. AND I DON'T MEAN stinks as in the primary school euphemism for 'shit'. It *literally* stinks. San Francisco was the worst, but the other cities were all pungent in their own unique ways. I thought my sense of smell was average at best (it helps in summer when sweat pours off people), but my nose constantly picked up the smell. I kept pondering: is this why all the Asians wear those facemasks? Because I was close to buying one, but my cheapskate instincts held me back. I am still unsure whether I should have given in. At least I was able to eat dinner that day.

In my quest to resolve the reason for the smell, I decided to follow my nose (apologies for the terrible investigative dog analogy, I'm still getting used to writing editorials). What I first found were poos in the middle of footpaths (I have photographic evidence for all the sceptics out there). I

followed the smell further and found something more disturbing. Large groups of homeless people. And by large groups, I don't mean the amount of people waiting in Queen Street McDonald's in the early hours of Saturday morning. There were thousands. In fact it was reported last year that just under 600,000 people are homeless in America, concentrated predominantly in the main cities. In San Francisco you almost couldn't go a block without seeing one. In New York, they hid in the corners of the Subway waiting areas as their tattered rubbish clothes couldn't protect them from the freezing temperatures.

However, we were encouraged to avoid them. Ignore them. Pretend they didn't exist. Their tragic stories were mere fallacies to "get more drugs". The common theme: it's their fault. People were more willing to give a dollar to the dancing Mexican than to the starving man next to him. I remember one lady wailing (yes wailing) on the Subway because no one would sit by her or talk to her. Society just left her behind. Instead of anyone offering some assistance (myself included), the conductor told her off. So we listened to

everyone. We avoided them. But the smell was a constant reminder of what America was trying to hide, the people whose American Dream had failed; who no one would give a helping hand.

So America *literally* stinks. But given its serious homelessness problem, maybe the primary school definition also applies.



**"LARGE GROUPS OF HOMELESS PEOPLE. AND BY LARGE GROUPS, I DON'T JUST MEAN THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE WAITING IN QUEEN ST MCDONALDS IN THE EARLY HOURS OF SATURDAY MORNING."**



# What a load of Crac-New

## (Recent Shit)



EMAIL NEWS@CRACCU.CO.NZ IF YOU WANNA CONTRIBUTE. LUCKILY I GOT MY SISTER TO WRITE THIS ISSUE, SO WE'LL BE OKAY FOR ONE MORE WEEK.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**Auckland:** Following controversy over its 'Catch a Million' promotion, the beer manufacturer is saying a tui bird is more likely to catch a cricket ball at the world cup than you are to catch Tui company giving away a million.

**Hamilton:** Shocking high school students around the world, a high school kid actually had sex with his mate's mum after saying he would.

**Auckland:** TVNZ's *Breakfast* programme suffered serious difficulties last week which resulted in the show airing without sound. Viewers used this time to focus on Alison Pugh's journalism qualifications.

**Iraq:** World leaders are currently anxious about the potential team-up of Boko Haram with ISIL. It has been described by media as the most destructive combination since Red Bull and vodka.

**Washington, DC:** Recreational marijuana has been legalised in an attempt to get Congress to at least mellow out before getting absolutely fuck all done.

**The University:** Stuart McCutcheon gets salary increase. "Since I became Vice Chancellor, the University's ranking has dropped from 52nd in the QS World Rankings in 2005, to 92nd in 2014. That's because my salary hasn't been large enough," Professor McCutcheon said, defending the increase.



## SATIRISTS RUN OUT OF PLANE JOKES

**W**ITH A FOURTH MAJOR PLANE INCIDENT recently hitting the headlines, satirists are complaining that they have run out of jokes. "Normally we love news in which hundreds of people die," one writer said, "but now we've used up all of our plane related ideas."

Others have spoken of their disappointment that the crash killing at least 31 people onboard

TransAsia flight GE235 did not involve Malaysian Airlines. "I used all my best plane jokes on MH370", a young writer said. "We're scraping the barrel for MH17, but luckily the same airline so that gave us a whole raft of tasteless jokes".

Writers are considering asking the government for more funding so they can invest in research into new plane crash jokes. A spokesperson for our reporter, "other countries spend millions on comedy. We don't want to be left behind there's another plane crash, New Zealand lead the world in inappropriate comments

## PRE-MED STUDENT NOT SUICIDAL FOLLOWING FAILURE

**S**IMON BROWN HAS STUNNED PSYCHIATRISTS around the world by stating that, despite not getting into medical school after a year of Biosci, he is feeling "quite cheerful". Sitting in the large pool of his classmates' tears, the UoA student said, "medicine was always my goal, but I'm quite happy to carry on with a Bachelor of Science and see where it takes me".

Brown says he feels "quite lucky" despite only

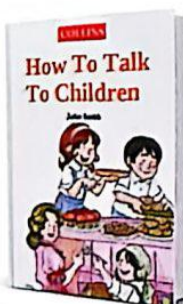
getting an A for chemistry in the first semester. "I knew my chances were slim. I had plenty of time to get used to the idea that I wasn't on the 10%". Brown has agreed to undergo psychiatric tests to prove that he isn't suicidal but says he is confident he will pass.

This is the second shocking piece of news to come out of the 2014 pre-med class, with the School of Population Health reporting that a record four students have opted to continue with the Bachelor of Health Sciences degree despite failing to obtain a place at medical school. "We thrashed our previous record", a spokesperson said. "We never thought we'd have such a large second-year class, we're even thinking we might have to hire a second tutor".

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"Helped me through life"  
- JIMMY SAVILE

"Without it I wouldn't be where I am today"  
- PRINCE ANDREW





## TAYLOR-MADE FOR HARRY STYLES

**A** SOURCE CLOSE TO TAYLOR SWIFT HAS revealed that when eight-year-old Taylor sang "Happy Birthday" at a friend's party, it was actually targeted at One Direction hit-maker Harry Styles. Harry Styles, at the time an unheard-of bakery worker in northern England, was the clear inspiration for the song, our source spilled. "Taylor was already dying to get back with Harry, despite not having met him yet".



Tumblr fans were already suspicious when one noticed that the title of the song "Happy Birthday" had exactly the same number of words as 'Harry Styles', and the word "happy" is only two letters different to 'Harry'. They quickly dug deeper, finding that the phrase "happy birthday" was repeated four times in the song (Four also being the name of 1D's fourth album). Yes, it's not only us here at *Women's Shitly* that doesn't believe that's a coincidence, Taylor!

NEW ZEALAND  
**Women's Shitly**

## LINK BETWEEN MURDER AND SINGING VOICE

**X** FACTOR OFFICIALS ARE UNDER FIRE after a convicted murderer made it through to the second round of *The X Factor NZ*. Many viewers are outraged because the man was a murderer, which clearly makes him a bad singer.

Singing experts who work with criminals say any illegal activity makes your singing voice disintegrate. For example, shoplifting makes you slightly out of tune, while rape and murder totally destroy your singing voice. "This link between illegal activity and singing ability is as strong as the link between whether you like broccoli and your piano playing ability," experts clarified.

When asked about why they were angry, view-

ers stated explicitly, "it's not because he has killed someone but because he clearly can't sing". Twitter erupted after the voting, with two new top trends in New Zealand, the first #hes-badbecausehecantsing and the second #itsokaytobeamurderer.

John Key also made a statement about the controversial judging. "It's a no from me. Personally I'd rather send him to Iraq to help train troops", later clarifying, "it's a scientific fact that because he's a murderer he can't sing, just like it's a scientific fact that a forgetful liar makes a great prime minister".



## JOHN KEY TO LEAD LABOUR PARTY

**I**N A MOVE BOUND TO RAISE EYEBROWS, president Nigel Haworth today announced that Labour would become New Zealand's first "co-led" party, with Prime Minister John

Key chosen to lead them into the next election. Defending the decision Haworth said, "with so many traditional Labour supporters voting for John Key in the last election, it just makes sense".

The New Zealand public is already familiar with the idea of political party co-leaders, as the Green Party has had a male and female co-leader since its inception. The co-leadership model has paved the way for Labour to implement an even more revolutionary approach to party leadership.

Since Andrew Little's co-sovereignty comments at Waitangi (which he later clarified as mean-

## Quotes of O-Week

I WANTED FREE JANDALS AND NOW THEM CHRISTIANS HAVE MY NUMBER. FUCK.

HAHA LOOK AT THOSE FIRST YEARS BUYING ALL THE RECOMMENDED TEXTBOOKS. HA WANKERS.

FUCKKKK LOOK AT THAT BLOND GIRL WALKING IN FRONT ON ME. THIS YEAR I'M GONNA GET SO MANY CHICKS.

FUCKKKK LOOK AT THAT BLOND GIRL WALKING IN FRONT OF ME. I WISH I WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO COULD JUST WALK UP TO RANDOMS. FUCK I'M NEVER GONNA GET ANY CHICKS THIS YEAR.

WHY THE FUCK ARE THERE SO MANY ARTICLES ABOUT DEFENDING BAS. COME ON, THEY DO WANK-ALL AND THEY KNOW IT.

THAT DRESS IS FUCKING GOLD AND WHITE!

THAT DRESS IS FUCKING BLUE AND BLACK!

CECIL WHAT THE FUCK IS CECIL?! SOUNDS LIKE A CREEPY OLD DUDE.

WHERE'S EC MAIL GONE? I THOUGHT IT WAS CALLED EC MAIL. WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK.

WHERE THE FUCK IS HSB 201N-208?

OMG HOT GIRL SITTING ALONE OVER THERE IN MY LECTURE, SHALL I GO UP, FUCK I'M WAY TOO SCARED TO GO UP. NAA I'LL JUST SIT HERE ON MY OWN. SO MUCH EASIER THAN MEETING PEOPLE. CUNTS.

I'M GONNA JOIN LOADS OF CLUBS THIS YEAR.

FUCK ALL THESE CLUBS SOUND SHIT.

THAT CLUB'S GOT THE CANDYFLOSS MACHINE! I'M JOINING THAT SHIT, WHATEVER IT IS!

CODE, CARPARK, LENIN, THEY'RE SOOOO COOL! OMG. I LOVE GOING TO TOWN!

I WENT OUT MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, I THINK I MIGHT JUST STAY AT HOME TODAY. FUCK BAR 101'S SATURDAY S3 DRINKS THING.

FUCKING BAR 101! STAMP, CAN'T GET IT OFF!

I JUST WANNA BE ALONE. I'M SICK OF BEING WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE.

I'M IN MY ROOM ON FACEBOOK, FUCK I'M SO LONELY RIGHT NOW. FUCKKKKKKKKK.

ing he thought that the North Island should be given back to Māori, while everyone else could move to the South Island), the Labour Party has been frantically searching for yet another new leader.

When it was pointed out that there may be a conflict of interest with Key leading both parties, Haworth responded that there would be a time-sharing arrangement. The most likely scenario is that Key will lead Labour during his hours of sleep as even with his eyes closed "he could probably do a better job than previous leaders".





## INTERVIEW WITH DARROCH BALL

**D**ARROCH BALL, THE SUITED UP NEW ZEALAND First MP (and former party Vice President), sat down with me to chat about his life story in a nice little pub just off Queen Street. We ordered lunch and coffee (he paid for mine, thanks Darroch) and started the interview straight away.

After agreeing that students really give zero fucks about reading deep political interviews,

we decided to chat about more fun stuff. I asked him about his uni life. Just missing out on getting into med school (fucking biosci), he learned to successfully cram for exams (fuck yeah – this guy is one of us). He left all his work for each semester to the last few days, screwed tutorials, then boosted through 12 hours study each day while living off 2 minutes noodles and coffee. What a true Lad. As we have all found out, “the problem [with cramming], is that it worked”.

I then asked him about being an MP. Darroch had a classic story from Parliament. After a mint night, he had left his laptop and music on (spe-

cifically an uncensored Snoop Dog, which was still playing when he closed the laptop at the end of the night). In the morning he rushed to his Select Committee, felt like a “champ” because I’d made it”, opened his laptop and music from the previous night started playing full blast while the screen lock was on. The Select Committee had to endure uncensored Snoop Dog for several awkward minutes while Darroch unlocked his computer, got back to Youtube and finally paused the song. When the meeting ended the Chair said “I hope everyone’s had a good break. I can see Darroch has”.

I then asked him the truly important question for society (‘cause I take this journalist pretty seriously. I mean, I’m writing this interview out at 2:02am, 3 wines down, the end of the deadline). Firstly, “the 11<sup>th</sup> photo of on Google Images is a random guy balancing a road sign on his head. How does that make you feel?” Then, “did you feel like a boss when you found out you had a Wikipedia page?” (a bit, adding that his brother gives him a hard time about it all the time).

Finally, I asked him about the trends of today and his replies were classic. He confessed to being a bit of a Justin Bieber fan, he thinks celebrities are “a mistake”, and he does have Snapchat.

Darroch Ball may have a weakness for being sung by a guy whose best asset in life is his ability to be an organ donor, but I can confirm Ball is a true Lad.

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down. If we don’t help out, SkyCity will have to cut back on costs and build an “eyesore” of a Convention Centre, according to Prime Minister John Key. Have a heart because, without a taxpayer bailout, SkyCity may find itself next in line for a food grant from WINZ. Phone 0800 SAVE THE POKIES to donate.







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## KANT OR WON'T? IF YOU COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND KILL ANY HISTORICAL FIGURE, WHO WOULD IT BE?

BY CALLUM LO AND ADITYA VASUDEVAN

**A**DITYA: Let me state straight away, I'm not going to kill a political figurehead. Not Hitler, not Stalin, not Chairman Mao. Furthermore, unlike Callum, I'm not going to work for any moral objective. Today is not that day. Today is the day I play devil's advocate and watch the world burn. "Like flies to wanton boys," someone once said...

The question I have is, what would rile things up the most? Which people are so enigmatic, so reclusive, that they wouldn't just be replaced by someone else from the same time and place? The reason I ask this is because, in my opinion, determinism is rife. Social forces shape us all. We are not that unique, or special; we are not our own individuals. The same kind of pop groups emerge from the same eras: see The Monkeys, The Turtles, and a swathe of other Beatles look alikes. Similar sorts of people emerge from similar social circles, which is why we get the phenomenon of friends all sounding alike, and being interested in similar things. We come to share a common cultural language of in-jokes and inflections. But I digress.

The best target would be a cultural icon who came from left field, completely out of the

loop, and took the mainstream with them in a colossal sea change. Immediately, religious figures like Jesus, Mohammed, and Gautama Buddha come to mind. They were cultural movements, institutions that wove themselves into the fabric of society. Not having them would detract from the richness of our world.

Authors, artists, and philosophers would also take their toll if removed. The development of ideas is a dialectic between these people; if we remove one the conversation goes a different way. If we knocked off Andy Warhol would modern art have taken the same turn? His series on the electric chair showed us how repetition and mass production make us numb to meaning.

Screw it all, I'm going to kill Eve. Take that human race.

**"THE QUESTION I HAVE IS, WHAT WOULD RILE THINGS UP THE MOST? WHICH PEOPLE ARE SO ENIGMATIC, SO RECLUSIVE, THAT THEY WOULDN'T JUST BE REPLACED BY SOMEONE ELSE FROM THE SAME TIME AND PLACE?"**

**C**ALLUM: Let's simply assume the moral imperative to improve the lives of those in the past. Whether or not we should even care about atrocities if they happened in the past is an issue I'll leave aside today. I'm also avoiding the tricky issue about how going back in time and causing events that will prevent my own existence may be impossible.

The person I'd kill if I had a time machine would be Karl Marx.

Chaos theory tells us that the death of someone as influential as Karl Marx would set history onto a new, unpredictable course. The reason I'm prepared to take this risk is because the 20th Century was probably be-

low the centre of the Gaussian distribution of possible histories in terms of human suffering. On average, shaking it up will likely lead to a better result.

I'm assuming that there's no individual whose death would prevent both World War One and World War Two, because the causes of those wars were too widespread and deeply entrenched. The Treaty of Versailles and sentiment felt in the Weimar Republic made war difficult to avoid at that stage, regardless of who was leading Germany. That being said, Marx's annihilation would save more lives than the wars took.

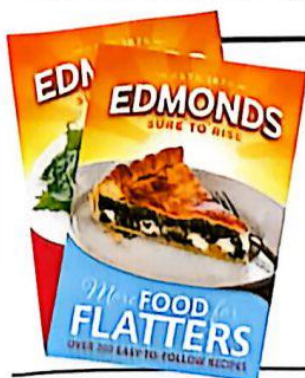
Marx had the best of intentions when he formulated his ideas. However, his publication of the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848 and *Das Kapital* in 1867 were crucial precursors to the October Revolution in Russia and the Chinese Communist Revolution decades later. Communist regimes in totality are estimated to have killed at minimum 85 million people, which is the highest estimate for how many people were killed in World War Two. While some of these deaths are attributable to the purges of leaders like Stalin and Mao, events like the Great Leap Forward in China, which killed 20 - 30 million on its own, are directly attributable to Communist ideology.

The rise of Communism also led to the wars in Vietnam and Korea, as the United States attempted to control the movement's spread, ultimately resulting in the Cold War and a massive buildup of nuclear armaments. Perhaps there are more deaths that are yet to come.

Marx's thinking was revolutionary and his ideas challenged conventional wisdom on every economic and political front. But of all the people who have ever lived, we should regret his existence the most.

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COLUMNS

## THE JOB MARKET

WITH CONNIE G



**W**HE CUT A PATH THROUGH THE DARK TO GET home from the beach, and when I got back there was nothing to do. I stayed up late and woke up late because being idle at night is not as bad as being idle during the day. I stared into the fridge. I paced. I tried to see how slowly I could read the paper. I tried to see how slowly I could plunge the coffee.

I browsed the Internet for jobs. Most jobs require you to be "enthusiastic" "well-presented" or "outgoing" or "willing to learn", or "bubbly". There were lots of employers looking for Team Players, Customer Service Superstars, Management Legends and High Achievers With a Passion for Sales. Who has a "passion for sales"? You'd have to be a complete dickhead to claim with a straight face that you have a "passion for sales". I don't want to be friends with anyone who has a "passion for sales". The situation was grim. The job market is a wasteland, full of dead words and empty phrases. But you have to play the game, so I wrote a cover letter.

*"Dear Sir: I am a well-presented and conscientious team player with a passion for customer service. I have, in fact, been called a 'customer service superstar' thrive on new challenges, especially those that arise in fast-paced environments where pushing the boat out beyond (or even above) the call of duty to achieve results is the rule, not the exception. My willingness to learn and grow and to acquire new skills is surpassed only by my bubblyness. I am really bubbly. You want bubbles, I'll show you bubbles. Christ I'm bubbly. I'm bubbly as fuck. And I do just bubble - I shudder and boil. I'm geothermic. I'm hot. I'm a coiled spring, intense presence, the darkly glinting surface of my charisma hinting at untold depths of passion. Oh I bubble all right. I fucking bubble. Still waters run deep motherfucker. Call me. Kind Regards, Conrad Grimshaw."*

A real tour de force that. A masterful cover letter from a job-seeker at the peak of his powers, and yet, not a single reply. I wondered why. Then I realised: the Poppy Syndrome. Eleanor Catton was right after all. The letter was just too good. The bosses were jealous of my ability; they sensed that they could be usurped. They hated me for being talented. They hated me for being a woman I'd always suspected it, but here was concrete proof that the economy is being run by morons. The nation's employers are all philistines, was the sad conclusion I came to as I stared into my empty inbox. I stayed up late. I tried to see how slowly I could read the paper. I tried to see how slowly I could plunge the coffee. Then I had another go. I went to a job interview.

It was in town in an office many levels up. There probably would have been a nice view if the office had windows. I waited in a lobby. I made extensive use of the water cooler and read about Angelina Jolie's drug addiction. There was a skinny and wishful man in a bad suit came and got me. He said he'd been working there for a few months but that it felt like a lot longer. He introduced me to his colleague. She was flushed and obese. She panted and loomed. She made the very small room we were in seem even smaller. I could hear her breathing. She looked like she might drop dead at any moment. I found myself wishing that she would. There was a whiteboard in the office, a few pens, and some tinsel on the wall left over from Christmas. The man opened a sad folder.

He asked me stupid questions. He asked the speechless fatso if she had a question of her own but she just ignored him. Maybe she even fell asleep. His face was so fat that it was hard to tell if her eyes were open or not. She didn't say anything. She just sat there with her hands resting on her stomach and her stomach resting on the table: the elephant in the room. I felt sorry for the man, who kept looking at her nervously, as if she might explode any second. This did actually seem like a possibility. He pressed on with the questions. I finished with "why do you want to work here?" I didn't. No way. It would have been an absolute nightmare.

Fresh air was a relief. I went home. I realised that trying to get a job was a mistake. A terrible mistake. I stared into the fridge. It felt good. I tried to see how slowly I could read the paper. I tried to see how slowly I could plunge the coffee.





## PILLOW TALK

WITH CHRIS

**S**O THIS IS IT: ISSUE 2, CRACCCUM'S VICTORY LAP.

I think that at this point it's safe to declare the year an unqualified success, and to celebrate the occasion I'm going to let you in on a little behind-the-scenes info: as part of their wider campaign to be "even slightly less sht\*t" than last year's magazine, our esteemed editors have set unjustifiably early deadlines for submissions. Consequently, I'm writing this two weeks before classes start, from my parents' home in Wellington. Which makes it a bit hard to be up-to-date on either Auckland or its University.

Given I can't really speculate as to the quality of my courses (at least, not in more detail than "probably underwhelming") I'll write about the other looming change in all of our lives: me getting my first double bed. Like all of the major developments in a teenage boy's life it didn't happen deliberately, so much as through a perfect storm of circumstance, existential indecisiveness, and pressure from my Mum.

I spent 2014 in a pre-furnished apartment, on a bed that was neither soft, nor stable, nor long enough to lie down on. The consequences of this were two-fold: (1) I didn't have a bed to take with me to my new flat, and (2) I was willing to do absolutely anything (within the boundaries of the law and a pre-determined price range) to make sure the bed I did get was comfortable.

Which seemed to lead naturally to getting a king single, the longest and most spacious of singles. It'd more than accommodate my narrow, elongated skeleton, whilst leaving me with enough floor-space for, um, jazzercise, or whatever. There was an iconoclasm to it too, a smug sense of distinction in not being one of those perpetually single guys who buys a double bed on spec, because they're pretty sure extra mattress space is the only barrier between them and romance. I began to lose hours to idle, impossible fantasies, of working long hours, buying nice clothes, magically developing self-confidence, dance moves, and a sense of humour, as well as finding a skilled barber to do the best they could with my hair, in preparation for going to town, meeting, talking to, and eventually winning over attractive women, inviting them home, flirting in the taxi, and then apologetically offering them the couch because my bed only sleeps one.

The bed's idiosyncrasies grew with each retelling. "You've got the couch" became "You're bottom bunk, because top is my favourite," eventually (in a pleasing shift towards agency for these hypothetical women) morphing into me being rejected at the last possible opportunity when they enter my room and realise they've accidentally almost slept over with the owner of a Kirk Van Houten-style race car bed.

Unfortunately, like all maybe-kinda-sexist and weirdly puritanical adolescent phases, the jokes quickly soured into introspective doubt. I'd not

been prepared for how enormous a statement I was making. Every salesman enthused about how it really was worth going the extra mile for comfort, because a good bed lasts you ten years, fifteen years, to the grave and beyond. Suddenly crowning myself King Single looked less like light-hearted fun, and more like a commitment to a lifetime spent both lonely and thin. I was basically Hamlet, trapped between past and future, torn asunder by my inability to visualise a future in which I was entirely happy with a mattress of any shape or size.

**"LIKE ALL OF THE MAJOR DEVELOPMENTS IN A TEENAGE BOY'S LIFE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN DELIBERATELY, SO MUCH AS THROUGH A PERFECT STORM OF CIRCUMSTANCE, EXISTENTIAL INDECISIVENESS, AND PRESSURE FROM MY MUM"**

And then, due to overstocking, the queen double model of a pretty comfortable bed was on sale for almost \$500 cheaper than king singles in the same line. I ummed, ahed, and rationalised for hours on end, until eventually I had convinced myself. Then an enterprising and overbearing salesman, eager to extract as much value as possible from my newfound willingness to double down, upsold me on a different model entirely.

Post-script: It's now the last Friday of the holidays. I've moved in, the bed has been delivered. I never got around to arranging any other furniture. Christ. At least I'll sleep well.

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## THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT TAKE ON PONSONBY

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

*The Addict stumbles, drunk, somewhat dis-  
orderly, stinking of smoke and that slightly  
pungent smell of leftover booze mixed with a  
lack of bodily hygiene. He walks into the bar to  
meet the Immigrant, who arrived an hour earli-  
er as per the agreed time. Almost unable to see  
him, the Immigrant blends into the darkened  
wall behind, only his bizarrely bright teeth and  
wafting curry odour giving him away...*

**T**HIS WEEK WE DECIDED TO TAKE ON AUCKLAND'S most notoriously overpriced and pretentious suburb, filled with middle aged over-paid presters all dressed in Ralph Lauren and wearing Gucci sunglasses. Little did we expect this night to be our cheapest so far; out of a grand total of two, but doesn't it feel like longer since you welcomed the Addict and the brown dude into your lives? You're so welcome.

Hungry and still hungover from the night before, we trudged our way into Freeman and Grey at the promise of \$4 Happy Hour pizzas. We ordered six. The waitress asked if we were there with a party. We looked her in the eye, our confidence belying our shame (and the emergency McDonald's stashed in our bags). After a suspiciously long wait for our pizzas, we finished a small jug of beer between us (\$30 for some pale-ale bollocks — expected, but that hardly mitigates the injury). We sat outside in the smoker's garden, surrounded by obnoxious yummy mummies glaring at the smoke clouds wafting carcinogenically into the lungs of their little Zachs, Xaviers, and Jennifers. With Happy Hour over, stomachs full of dough and cheese, we stumbled — more from digestive issues than from intoxication — to our next bar...

The Longroom's façade was imposing but sterile, like Gerry Brownlee. We decided to go in, unable to pass up the free ciders you get for joining online (seriously get in on this,

text LONGROOM to 4664). We didn't like the look of the place. We didn't like the unfriendly staff, or the dead-eyed patrons, or the miserly attitude to lime wedges. Nonetheless, solace was found in laughing at a miserable looking couple on a speechless date. This couple's date matched the bar. Lifeless and boring with a little too much money. Overall, we hated the place. After downing our excessively sweet cider, we stole five packets of matches and left. Clothes already reeking of tobacco, the Addict stopped outside for another smoke, the locals glaring at the implied poverty. A cough. A spit. A mild vomit. And we were off.

Grand Central. A shit name, but we actually liked this one. Its welcomingly unpretentious insides provided respite from the horrors of Longroom. We arrived in time for Happy Hour and two-for-one beers. Still \$11. Classic alcohol prices. Ample supply of craft beers on tap and bar staff who were actually friendly. No bitching about lime wedges this time. Fuck you Longroom. The vinyl seating outside resembled something that might actually be fun, no starch and polish here. But good times never last when you're doing a survey for a prestigious literary magazine. So we had to leave our favourite bar of the evening and head back into the world of botox and third husbands.

**"IT LOOKS COOL, THE  
SHOPS SPILL OUT ONTO  
THE STREET, AND EVEN  
ON A SUNDAY IT'S  
FAIRLY BUSY. HAVING  
SAID THIS, IT'S ALSO  
PRETENTIOUS, FULL OF  
UNFRIENDLY, OVERPAID,  
OVER-DRESSED, TURGID  
WANKERS."**

With our heads held high despite the accumulating debt, we headed to Bedford, a swanky bar in Ponsonby Central. At this point we both regretted the huge volume of carbs we'd ingested hours prior. It prevented the welcome intoxication that would have numbed the hit of another seventeen dollar cocktail. As usual, it was all style and no

substance. The drinks, while pretty and delicious, didn't provide us with the alcohol value we desired (nay, deserved). Nonetheless, the Immigrant's cocktail being seen in a snow globe was cute. Despite the art of the whole affair, Bedford still manages to pull off a tolerably quaint, rustic vibe. Dim lit hanging lightbulbs, wrought iron furniture and old fashioned gas lamps. Our bank accounts did not allow for a second drink...

Realising that getting drunk just wasn't going to happen, we made our way to the bar. Ponsonby Workingmen's Club. This one of the only places which had a bar outside and, between chatting up the patrons and struggling to determine whether or not the Immigrants' full name was made up, eventually entered. Immediately the smell of old beer and even older tobacco came sensuously if creepily, like a politician kissing a baby, into our innocent nasal passages. No craft beers on tap here so we ended up paying seven dollars for a three dollar bottle of Wild Buck. The patrons here were surprisingly given the general uniformity of the suburb: a mix of locals, sports fans, middle-aged drunks, and blokes with increasingly worn-for-wear tattoos. The Immigrant's attempt at requisitioning an outdoor stool was met with a proposition that he and the respective patron's mother enter a duel. Luckily, the conflict was soon quelled with a drunken kiss and a slightly lengthy wet kiss to the cheek (classic barely hidden homoeroticism). Our departure was hardly voluntary. Auckland laws kick in at eleven hence we were ushered inside. The Addict, not familiar with the concept of drinking without smoking, attempted to take cheeky puffs out the windows, in the loo, behind the bar, and under a table. Some puritans didn't appreciate this, and we were promptly asked to leave. So we downed what was left of our overpriced mediocre beer and, swearing all the way, proceeded to head home. No money for the bus tonight.

All in all, Ponsonby was fine. It looks cool, shops spill out onto the street, and even on a Sunday it's fairly busy. Having said this, it's also pretentious, full of unfriendly overpaid, over-dressed, turgid wankers. The bars are fine, there are a few good deals to be found (amidst an otherwise morally and financially malevolent price range). But all in all, it's so that this place constitutes one of Auckland's coolest drinking spots. Next week we might just stay home to drink.

Fuck you Longroom.

1 Warnakulasuriya Senal Amindha Fernando





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## NTM PRESENTS TE ARAWA IWI FORGE THE WAY FORWARD

**T**HIS GENERATION OF MĀORI IS FACED WITH THE imminent risk of losing the traditional knowledge base that is held by our current kaumatua and kuia who in turn had inherited this knowledge from the generations before. Many youth and whanau have moved away from their marae and ancestral homes to urban centers in search of employment. Te Ao Māori has been forced to adapt to a changing world that is underpinned by a dominant Pākehā Society. This has impacted on the way cultural inheritance is

passed inter-generationally and limits the pool of people who are able to pick up the mantle of cultural leadership for the future.

Te Arawa iwi have heeded this warning and are set to preserve traditional knowledge as well as developing their youth with cultural, political and social development skills, through the implementation of a leadership programme spearheaded by Te Pumautanga the charitable arm of Te Arawa. A recent article quotes Te Uru-roa Flavell as stating "There are some within Te Ao Māori [Māoridom] who on any Marae would be able to hold their own. But flicking into Te Ao Pākehā [modern world] some would struggle. Similarly those who are in Te Ao Pākehā, who are business leaders may not necessarily have the skills to cope in Te Ao Māori. The object of the exercise is to bridge that gap." Each have a valuable role to play, and a Māori response to Pākehā-oriented systems is needed.

The leadership programme Rangatakapū o Te Arawa aims to enable a new breed of Māori leaders to speak up instead of shying away from the opportunity due to a lack of confidence on a Pākehā political platform. Cultivating a range of skills will enable Māori to take positions on local

council, or in parliament, and have the support of other leaders to back them. In the age of rapidly growing Māori economy and increasing political concerns, it is important that iwi have leaders who can facilitate growth that will benefit the social development of their people. The skill sets required of our coming leaders are those that enable Māori to function within Te Ao Pākehā, as well as remaining stalwarts of Te Ao Māori.

Another important element of the programme is that it produces an opportunity to reconnect Māori youth with traditional styles of learning within their tribal lands from their own kaumatua. Traditionally knowledge was inherited from grandparents, parents and extended families through whare wananga. Now, traditional tribal knowledge is often lost because Māori are learning about Te Ao Māori elsewhere. This initiative presents an important shift in reinforcing traditional knowledge, and is an initiative that many other iwi can also adopt to empower coming generations.

Article referenced: <http://www.radionz.co.nz/news/te-manu-korihi/267107/te-arawa-entire-wants-to-develop-new-leaders>

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Have your say on the 10-year budget by 4pm on Monday 16 March 2015

For more information or to provide feedback visit [shapeauckland.co.nz](http://shapeauckland.co.nz), phone 09 301 0101 or visit your local board office, service centre or library.







## GLITTER AND CLUDGE RADICAL DRAMA?

BY TESSA NADEN

**T**HERE'S SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TO BE DISCUSSED. It's not a fun discussion, it's not one I want to have, but it's one that needs to happen. There exists a group on campus that calls itself 'radical'. Maybe to them, I'm not a radical (though by any standard, understanding the concept of gender performativity makes you a radical, but I digress), though that could be a result of personal rubbish than anything else. 'Radicalism' to some of these folks means bringing in marriage equality conspiracy theorists, for revolution instead of inclusion, which was never

the intent of the original queer liberationists.

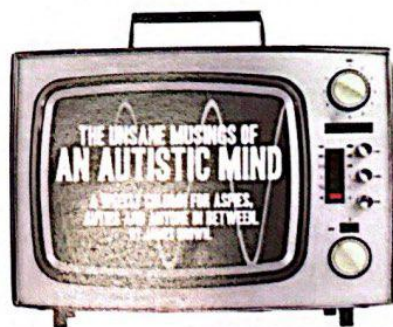
I don't particularly care for that variety of ideology. It's not my cup of tea. But even if my politics are completely vanilla-left, that's not what is causing me to write this column. No, the discussion we need to be having isn't political, rather it's deeply personal.

These radicals have been reading through all my social media in an attempt to find a reason, any reason, to make me resign. Why? Personal association with the previous Queer Rights Officer. But I'm not a major case. If you read Express, you may have read through the article which described their harassment of a trans woman because she disagreed with them. This is actually the *modus operandi* of these radicals, where disagreement, or even personal dislike leading to disagreement leads to extreme abuse. Social media is the most commonly used tool, but vandalism is another. Most of their targets they have either met not at all or, if they have, extremely infrequently. Their behaviour is appalling, disgraceful and poisonous. One member threatened to kill a Rainbow Youth staff member. Another was removed for calling the group toxic. Two members, when informed by their organisation that they were making other members feel incredibly unsafe, laughed. Their intimidat-

tory behaviour has to stop. We cannot continue as a community if behaviour like this becomes part of the day-to-day life of the queer community. We have enough fucking drama as it is.

I will likely be pilloried repeatedly on social media for this, by these 'radicals'. But I've watched this group attempt to emotionally and socially destroy a close friend. I've watched them try to do it to others, and they will try to do it to me throughout the year. We are a community, with thousands upon thousands of voices, and disagreement should not bring insane retribution. We need to have a conversation, not a war.

**"THIS IS ACTUALLY  
THE *MODUS OPERANDI*  
OF THESE RADICALS,  
WHERE DISAGREEMENT,  
OR EVEN PERSONAL  
DISLIKE LEADING TO  
DISAGREEMENT LEADS TO  
EXTREME ABUSE."**



## THE UNSANE MUSINGS OF AN AUTISTIC MIND

BY JAMES BROWN

**T**HE WORLD IS AN INCREDIBLY CONFUSING place these days. Turn on international news, and you get an endless litany of war, murder, hatred, political divisions and natural disasters (local news is just shit, I've lost all faith in it these days. Do we really need to hear about what some people in an arse-end corner of the country are doing that isn't affecting the national interest?). So it's fertile ground for me to find stuff to sully my reputation with, and to act like I know what I'm talking about.

The biggest piece of news at the time of writing is that New Zealand is now at war with Iraq, or

rather with the Islamic State of Iraq (and Syria). It's the first time in my life that I've seen us declare war, and I'll be honest I have my misgivings.

Iraq is a quagmire, one which sucks up money, machinery and manpower with seemingly no end in sight. It's pretty obvious now that the Invasion of Iraq in 2003 was a disaster that destabilised the whole region, and will remain a festering wound for many years to come. The rise of ISIS was in large part caused by the sectarian violence that has consumed Iraq ever since the fall of Saddam Hussein. Sunni and Shia have been at each other's throats and, after the US pulled out, the majority Shias in the Iraqi government began a series of actions against the Sunni minority, which fuelled the creation of ISIS and their success. It's far easier to invade a country when large sections of the population feel oppressed and are all too willing to join you. ISIS are extreme in their methods, but that is a common theme in the modern era. Extremism of all kinds is on the rise. It's a sad world we live in these days.

Helen Clark kept us out last time, now John Key has all but thrown us into the bog that is the Middle East. The principle may well be sound, but I get the feeling this wasn't motivated because of what ISIS has been doing. John Key wants the Americans to be happy with us, and so off we go to join them in their fight. It's a tricky balancing

act we have played, trying to do our own thing while at the same time trying to remain on good terms with the major superpower of our era (though it seems likely China will soon displace America as the most powerful nation on earth). Sometimes it works, and other times it doesn't; like our Nuclear Free policy, the rift this caused has been something successive governments have tried to repair.

I doubt we'll be the target of terrorist acts (and I dearly hope I never have to eat my words in that regard), but we're still willingly throwing ourselves into the quagmire. We don't need another ten years of deployments like we had with Afghanistan. And we don't need to so obviously follow the lead of the US in all things. We have China coming up, why can't we try and get in with them and play the US and China against each other to our maximum benefit?

**"LOCAL NEWS IS JUST SHIT,  
I'VE LOST ALL FAITH IN IT THESE  
DAYS. DO WE REALLY NEED TO  
HEAR ABOUT WHAT SOME PEOPLE  
IN AN ARSE-END CORNER OF  
THE COUNTRY ARE DOING THAT  
ISN'T AFFECTING THE NATIONAL  
INTEREST?"**



# THIS HOUSE REGRETS THE ARTS DEGREE

## AFFIRMATIVE

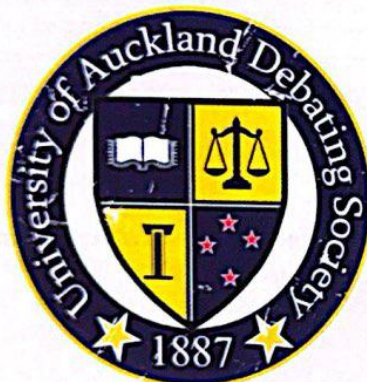
BY SAM WALSH

**I**N RECENT YEARS, AN ARTS DEGREE HAS GROWN to be seen as the be all and end all; the *crème de la crème*, if you will, of university qualifications. Employers from all around are scrambling to find an Arts graduate with a unique set of practical skills ready to take the workforce by storm. The unfortunate reality is that this trend will soon be a thing of the past. How easily we forget that so called 'unskilled' workers form the structural foundation of society. After all, a psychologist cannot sport an orange reflective vest and pour concrete into the potholes of our tarmac roads. A philosopher would find themselves disorientated and afraid should they ever have to work as a checkout operator and pack away the bread and milk of our children. Indeed, even Mr Obama must sit on a chair made of oak wood, forged by the hand of a 'measly' carpenter. So while all seems peaceable and quiet in the world, a global shift is coming. Chairs are

breaking. Houses are oozing with liquefaction. Why? Ask Alfred Marshall: the man behind supply and demand as we understand it. The adoration of a BA amongst employers has led to a massive oversupply of artists and a vast shortage of good, honest workers. The result? Utter chaos. An anthropologist may be able to tickle us with their knowledge of Jordanian finger-puppets, but who will care for such pleasantries when the corridors of our schools and hospitals are oozing with grime? Society will fragment and filth will reign. When this occurs, no longer will the Deloittes, *New York Times* and *stuff.co.nz*s be knocking on the door of any BA graduate that cares to give them the time of day. There will be no door. There may no longer even be a home to which a door could belong. The supply curve for BA grads needs to shift to the

left, and the only way for this to occur the BA to be removed immediately from tertiary institutions.

**"AN ANTHROPOLOGIST MAY BE ABLE TO TICKLE WITH THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF JORDANIAN FINGER PUPPETS, BUT WHO WILL CARE FOR SUCH PLEASANTRIES WHEN THE CORRIDORS OF OUR SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS ARE OOZING WITH GRIME."**



## NEGATIVE

BY ZACHARY CHAMBERS

**S**AM WILL PROBABLY TELL YOU THAT THE BA is regrettable because it isn't useful, and he may be right. There seems little room in our modern world of capital and scientific inquiry for the understanding of human relations. What happens when the world changes though?

**"IN A WORLD WITHOUT POVERTY AND FAMINE, THE ACTIVITIES OF ARGUING AND INQUIRING ARE THE ONLY SOURCE OF MEANING, AND WHY WOULD I REGRET THE BEST TOOL TO PROVIDE MEANING TO A BUNCH OF FAT HUMANS THAT KEEP USING THEIR REPLICATORS TO MAKE GOLD?"**

The world is changing as it always has. Time goes on; goods and resources can be generated with decreasing levels of energy input. Have you seen NASA making a pizza with a 3D printer? It doesn't stop at 3D printing though; imagine machines that actually replicate matter as the logical conclusion to resource scarcity. These machines would then be managed by Artificial Intelligence of some form. How could you possibly convince enough people to keep working when everyone can generate their resources? When most production is automated, the market economy will collapse, and the three years of self-hatred in a finance major becomes worthless. Your incentive structure collapses and the only people with any desire to continue working are those that can construct value in performing a role not meeting their basic needs.

The BSc isn't safe either. If you've ever talked to a campus Marxist, you'll know that conversations about Dialectical Materialism go on in circles...perpetually. No

consensus is ever reached, but even leaves believing they've won. You just do that in a BSc. Some loose cannon produce deceptive and poorly produced academic material that suggest various causes of autism, or deny climate change to questionable grants funding so. These individuals are ultimately discarded by their peers due to rigid methodical testing. The winners are clearly the individuals with their reputations left. This method of peer-review can only go so far though; there is a point when the world has revealed all its secrets.

This brings us to the BA, the lasting institution. A BCom relies on economic consistency and technological stagnation to retain its value, and the content of the degree can literally be 'worked out' through rote memorisation and investigation and inquiry. In cases, their value is conditional on humanity remaining stagnant. By contrast, the BA will always be valuable in a BA. In a world without poverty and famine, the activities of arguing and inquiring are the only source of meaning, and why would you regret the best tool to provide meaning to a bunch of fat humans that keep using replicators to make gold?



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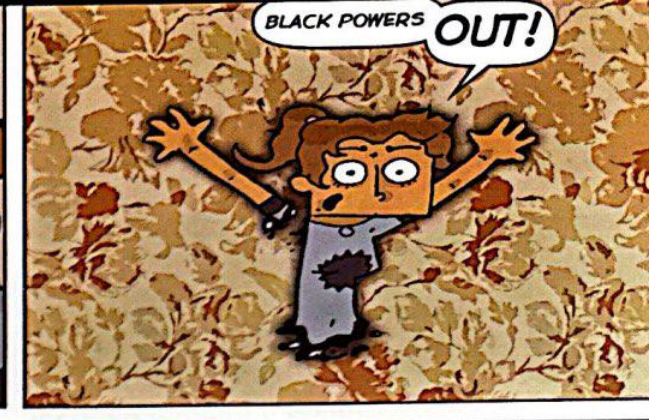
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHO DO I HAVE  
TO THANK?



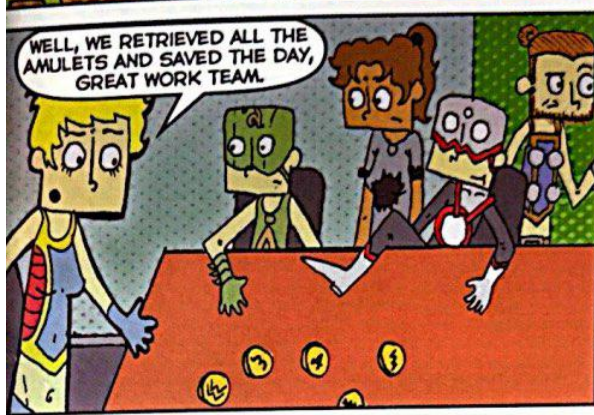
YOU, YOU, YOU,  
YOU OUGHTA KNOW JACK.



YOU, YOU, YOU,  
YOU OUGHTA KNOW.



BLACK POWERS  
**OUT!**



WELL, WE RETRIEVED ALL THE  
AMULETS AND SAVED THE DAY,  
GREAT WORK TEAM.



BLACK POWERS, THERE IS A DUDE  
OUTSIDE PLAYING ALANIS MORISSETTE  
AND SCREAMING YOUR SECRET IDENTITY...

AIRINI!



I KNOW IT'S YOU AIRIN.  
I KNOW YOUR LOVE FOR ALANIS!

YOU SHOULD ALSO  
WEAR A MASK.



WILL YOU BE QUIET!  
YOU'RE REVEALING MY  
IDENTITY TO THE WHOLE  
DAMN NEIGHBORHOOD!



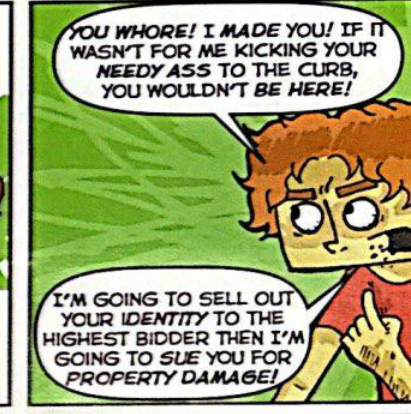
PLEASE, TAKE ME BACK, I'M  
SORRY FOR WHAT I DID TO YOU!  
WE CAN BE TOGETHER AGAIN!  
I CAN MANAGE ALL YOUR  
ROYALTIES! I'LL BE YOUR  
MANAGER, WE'LL BE A GREAT  
TEAM AGAIN!



PLUS, THE SIDE  
ACTION LOOKS  
GOOD....

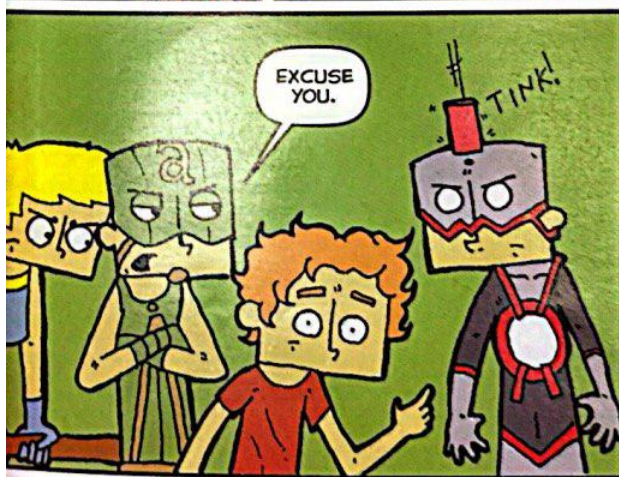


YOU ARE  
DISGUSTING!  
YOU HAD YOUR  
CHANCE JACK,  
NOW LEAVE!

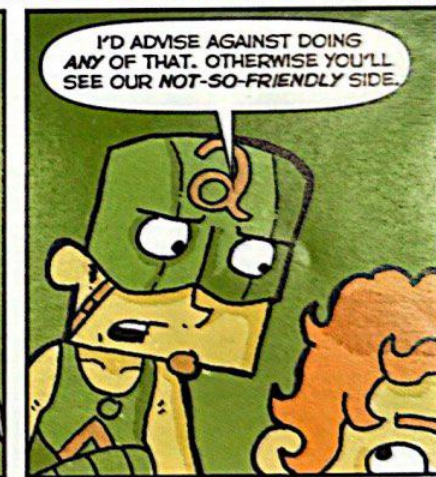


YOU WHORE! I MADE YOU! IF IT  
WASN'T FOR ME KICKING YOUR  
NEEDY ASS TO THE CURB,  
YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE!

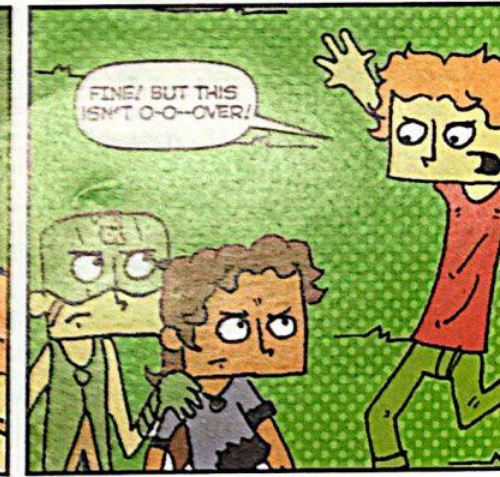
I'M GOING TO SELL OUT  
YOUR IDENTITY TO THE  
HIGHEST BIDDER THEN I'M  
GOING TO SUE YOU FOR  
PROPERTY DAMAGE!



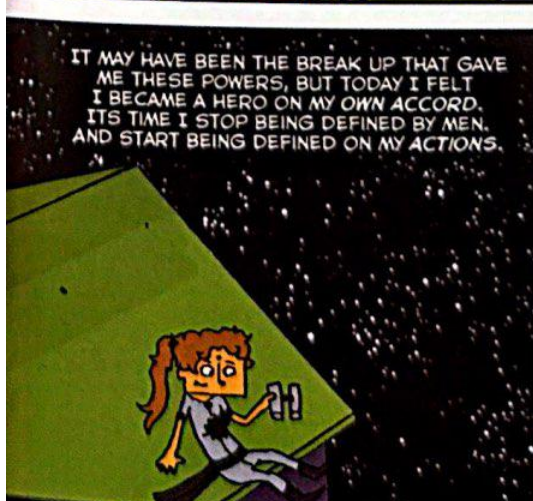
EXCUSE  
YOU.



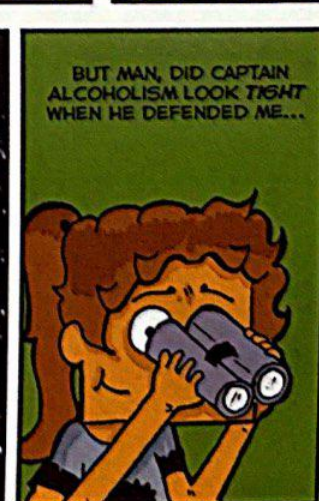
I'D ADVISE AGAINST DOING  
ANY OF THAT. OTHERWISE YOU'LL  
SEE OUR NOT-SO-FRIENDLY SIDE.



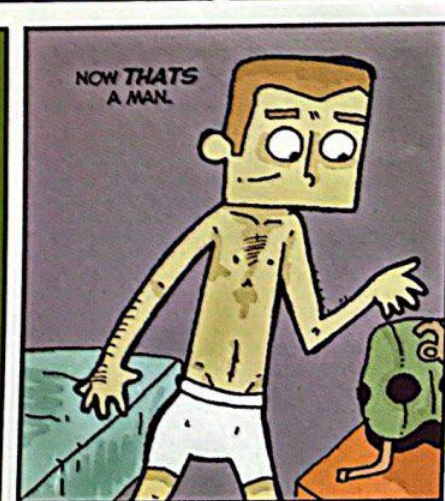
FINE! BUT THIS  
ISN'T O-O--OVER!



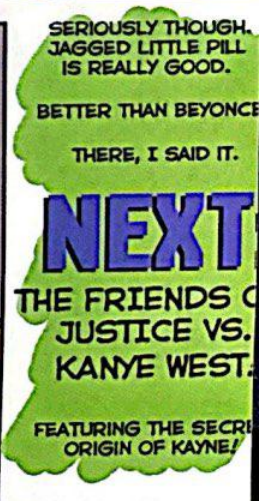
IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE BREAK UP THAT GAVE  
ME THESE POWERS, BUT TODAY I FELT  
I BECAME A HERO ON MY OWN ACCORD.  
ITS TIME I STOP BEING DEFINED BY MEN.  
AND START BEING DEFINED ON MY ACTIONS.



BUT MAN, DID CAPTAIN  
ALCOHOLISM LOOK TIGHT  
WHEN HE DEFENDED ME...



NOW THAT'S  
A MAN.



SERIOUSLY THOUGH.  
JAGGED LITTLE PILL  
IS REALLY GOOD.

BETTER THAN BEYONCE

THERE, I SAID IT.

**NEXT**

THE FRIENDS OF  
JUSTICE VS.  
KANYE WEST.

FEATURING THE SECRET  
ORIGIN OF KANYE!



# JUSTICE

WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON  
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFJUSTICE



**CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM:**  
SUPER SOLDIER  
WHEN ALCOHOL  
IS IN HIS SYSTEM.



**BLACK POWERS:**  
CAN TELEPORT  
THROUGH THE  
COLOR BLACK.



**ACHILLESHEEL:**  
GREEK GOD  
OF MENOPAUSE.



**HOME RUN:**  
BEATS PEOPLE  
WITH A BAT.



**THE HULK:**  
MET...

THUNDER CLAPS  
ACROSS THIS  
SULLEN CITY.

I LIKE TO THINK  
OF IT AS GOD'S  
APPLAUSE FOR ME,  
FOR KEEPING  
THIS CITY SAFE.

LIKE THE RAIN THAT  
POURS DOWN,  
CRIMINALS DRENCH  
THIS CITY WITH  
THEIR UNWANTED  
PRESENCE.

AND AS THIS RAIN  
AND ITS  
METAPHORS ROLLS  
DOWN MY FACE,  
THE SAME WORDS  
ROLL AROUND  
IN MY MIND...

WHY DIDN'T I BRING  
AN UMBRELLA?

THIS LATEX WILL  
SURELY CHAFE.

SO WHAT BRINGS ME TO THIS  
ROOF TOP YOU ASK? WELL MY  
TEAM HAS DISCOVERED A COURT OF  
NINJAS ARE TRYING TO COLLECT  
FOUR POWERFUL AMULETS FOR  
WORLD DOMINATION, ETC, ETC, ETC

ONE OF THESE  
AMULETS ARE IN MY  
EX-BOYFRIENDS  
HOUSE, AND HE  
IS ABOUT TO BE  
ATTACKED BY  
KILLER NINJAS.

HOW DO I KNOW  
THAT THE AMULET  
IS THERE?

BECAUSE I PLANTED IT THERE.

SO WHEN THE NINJAS ATTACK,  
I SWOOP IN, SAVE THE DAY  
AND, LOOK SUPER AWESOME  
DOING IT, MAKING MY EX  
REGRET HURTING ME, AND MAKING  
THE REPLACEMENT LOOK LIKE  
THE USELESS BIMBO SHE REALLY IS.

IF WHAT I HAVE GONE  
THROUGH WAS AN  
ALANIS MORESETTI  
ALBUM...

...THIS MOMENT  
RIGHT HERE WOULD  
BE TRACK 2...

...ON JAGG  
PILL OF C

POW!

CRACK!

DRAMATIC  
CHAB!

BOOM!  
LET'S SEE YOU  
AND YOUR GLUTEN-FREE  
TONED BODY DO THAT NATASHA!

THAT WAS  
AMAZING!

WASN'T  
GREAT?

STAY OUT  
OF THIS NAT.

SHUT IT  
DOWN SON!

THAT WAS  
INCREDIBLE!  
YOU SAVED  
OUR LIVES!

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE  
BIT CURIOUS TO  
HOW THAT AMULET  
GOT HERE IN THE  
FIRST PLACE?

SHE'S JUST JEALOUS  
T... HAVING LOW SELF-ESTE  
FROM HAVING NO FATHER  
HER CHILDHOOD ISN'T  
A SUPER-POWER.







# FACTORIES OF DESIRE: ISIL AND FUNDAMENTALISM

BY SELWYN FRASER

**A**L QAEDA APPARENTLY WASN'T radical enough for some – and so the Islamic State in Iraq and the Levant (ISIL) was born. We have all heard of, even seen, their blood-chilling videos. Many of us, individuals and media alike, have fretted over this Caliphate, this well-funded and well-organised political operation, this sleek killing machine. We've probably also heard unsettling rumours of Westerners joining their ranks. Bored teenagers mostly. Muslims living in neighbourhoods not unlike our own. A quick Google search informs me that over 100 Canadians have responded to their call, and more than 500 Brits.

The thought is appalling, terrifying actually. And yet – it is not beyond comprehension to imagine getting caught up in ISIL. I do not say that farcically; it is repulsive and sad. I am not Muslim, nor does anyone in my social circle (Muslims included) express the slightest sympathy for ISIL ideology. Therefore, the likelihood of succumbing to their media-savvy recruitment videos is admittedly very low. Is it only a geographical, cultural, or religious accident that keeps me safe from seduction? It seems so. Hitler's speeches on YouTube stir up something deep and raw within me, and so I wonder: would I have resisted the popular euphoria in 1930s Germany? Am I too 'decent' for that? I mean, the slightest disappointment could set me off – a rejection by a girl, a dip in popularity, a bad grade, even good grades that somehow fail to deliver their promised satisfaction. The slightest disappointment and I find myself running here and there, sniffing the wind for, well, I'm not quite sure. What I do

know is that the thing I search for is fundamental.

Let me be clear: I am speaking of fundamentalism, especially religious fundamentalism. I am suggesting that none of us are as immune as we might think. One Muslim friend recently commented to me, "How can I blame the Syrian Muslims for joining ISIL? I cannot imagine the pressures they face".

Nor can I. But I think we are all familiar with such 'pressures' more generally. Humans crave the transcendent. We all fear the verdict that everything is meaningless. Certainty, security, glory, acceptance, redemption – we are all factories of insatiable desire. In saying this, I am not singling out the religious among you. I speak also to the secularists, atheists, deists, and the indifferent.

**"COULD WE NOT ALL DO WITH A LITTLE MORE FUNDAMENTALISM?"**

Sociology is in rare agreement with religion in diagnosing humans as inveterate worshippers. Be it sex, money, power, religion, nationalism, romance, there is a reason that Nietzsche bemoaned, "there are more idols in the world than there are realities". Idols: the things to which our imaginations effortlessly gravitate. They intoxicate us. We will do anything to obtain them, and

would be utterly – irrationally – devastated to lose them. Idols reduce morals to barriers and people to instruments. I hesitate to use religious language, but one could almost call them 'gods'.

What does all this have to do with fundamentalism and ISIL? Just this. Western society furnishes its own Parthenon, yet the fervent commitment of ISIL to their god makes our own worship seem rather weak and perfunctory by comparison. Nietzsche predicted the fate of Western civilisation well in his character the 'last man': a pitiful and apathetic creature, lacking any great commitment or conviction, comfortable and afraid of risk, dreamless, bored, and tired. In *The Denial of Death*, Ernest Becker described our condition like this:

"Modern man is drinking and drugging himself out of awareness, or he spends his time shopping, which is the same thing. As awareness calls for types of heroic dedication that his culture no longer provides for him, society contrives to help him forget."

Few, I hope, would call ISIL heroic, but Becker has a point. How often do we feel our souls roused by some great passion? Compared to our daily trivialities, ISIL seems a cornucopia for aching, pining souls. Could we not all do with a little more fundamentalism?

I get squeamish even posing the question. We have learned to fear fundamentalism on our mother's knee. A 'fundy' is the last thing anyone wants to be called. Uneducated, bigoted, rude;



probably racist and sexist to boot. Aggressive, self-righteous and imperialist, fundamentalists stand opposed to everything that we call progress. Even the Pope has added his voice to the chorus. Refusing to tar all Muslims with the brush of ISIL, the Pontiff declared:

"You just can't say that, just as you can't say that all Christians are fundamentalists. We have our share of them. All religions have these little groups".

Sure, every group has its moderates and radicals, but that is hardly worth saying. I applaud him for highlighting that ISIL does not speak on behalf of the global Islamic community. Yet I cannot help asking what he means by the term 'fundamentalism'. Who does he take to be the Christian equivalent of ISIL – or the Hindu or secular equivalent? As it turns out, the term is tricky to pin down. Like most popular vilifications it is rather nebulous, better suited to ideological bluster.

So, what is fundamentalism?

It cannot merely be belief in some absolute; for in this sense we are all fundamentalists. We are all absolutists, even if only in the conviction that everything is relative. Nor is it commitment to something transcendent. As discussed, here too we are all in the same fundamentalist boat. The Christian flag may have been pulled down, but others now grace the mast: 50 stars and 13 stripes; a dollar note; a hammer and sickle; or some watchword, 'equality', 'liberty', 'progress' – billowing in the wind. The great trio of Twentieth Century atheists tell us that we have been on a slave ship all along, serving the masters of sex (so Freud), money (so Marx), or power (so Nietzsche). If this is fundamentalism then it is the most inclusive of clubs.

However, surely there is some difference between ISIL and us? If we must be fundamentalists, we can at least be tolerant ones. ISIL began, and continues to sell itself, as a humanitarian group to protect Sunni Muslims. But the pitch rings hollow as the Sunni victim tally rises. Must fundamentalism tip into violence and abuse? We often hear that fundamentalism necessarily demarcates the in from the out, the moral from the immoral, the clean from the unclean. It feeds the basest of human traits: self-justification. It is the desire to judge oneself morally superior for knowing and practicing 'the truth', and so legitimising the demonisation of those who don't. I find this sickness in my own heart. How easily my cheeks swell with pride, my lips murmuring, "thank you God I am not like those sinners over there".

Still, this is me, not you. And in any case, even if there are few good fundamentalists, how do we distinguish the bad from the ugly? What is it that makes Hitler, Pol Pot, ISIL, or that Craig Hicks

guy who recently murdered a group of Muslims at Chapel Hill, so ugly?

Perhaps the bad eggs are simply too passionate? Fundamentalists, it is often suggested, are the ones who take religion too far. Unlike the born-again bible-bashers, Al-Qaeda terrorists, or isolationist communities like the Amish, decent folk just know when to stop. As with relationships so with religion: we aren't so keen on commitment. Still, given religion's long history of power-games, abuse, and conflict, the fear of fundamentalism is understandable. William Yeats' poem, *Second Coming*, captures an important truth in the line; "the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity". Better to be reserved and run the risk of being wrongly reserved, than to be right and run the risk of being passionately wrong. It is safer for everyone that way.

**"THESE CRUDE  
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TO SCRUTINISE AN  
ABSOLUTE, AN IDEOLOGY,  
A 'GOD', THEN LOOK TO THE  
FUNDAMENTALISTS - THOSE  
WHO LIVE IT AND BREATHE  
IT AND ARE WILLING TO DIE  
FOR IT - AND NOT MERELY  
THOSE WHO LIKE IT ON  
FACEBOOK."**

I am unconvinced.

What is worse, ISIL's murderous rampage or my being too bloated on relativism to feel the horror of it all, and too anaemic of fundamental values to do something about it? My cousins are missionaries in a Muslim-majority community in Africa. Recently they had to take shelter from a violent mob who, angered by offensive Danish cartoons, burnt down their church and threatened its pastor. I wish I were more fundamentally committed to non-violence to truly abhor these actions, and more fundamentally committed to loving my neighbour that I would weep with my cousins, and even hope for the good of those who hurt them. Defined this way, a world without fundamentalists is a frightful thought.

That said, none of us want to be fundamentally, passionately wrong. So maybe the ugliness of fundamentalism is in its dogmatism. What if ISIL subjected their dogma to critical scrutiny, would their behaviour change? Many of us

probably think it unlikely, including (or especially) those Muslims who find ISIL's interpretation of the Qur'an wanting. I must say that the accusation of dogmatism wearsome. Some types of dogmatists need to wake up to the evidence. But it strikes me that nearly every time I hear this accusation, the accuser displays a closed-minded and close-fisted adherence to their own dearly held dogma.

Let me suggest another meaning for fundamentalism. You test it. What if we call fundamentalist anyone with an undivided heart? Any who lives for one thing, and who fully practices what they preach? Of course, none of us meet this standard; still, some people do seem usually sold-out to this or that cause. Hitler a fundamentalist of cultural chauvinism; power; Hugh Hefner is a fundamentalist of forest-dwelling and self-flagellating monk religiosity and moral asceticism. These generalisations say one thing: if you want to scrutinise an absolute, an ideology, a 'god', look to the fundamentalists – those who live it and breathe it and are willing to die for it – not merely those who like it on Facebook.

Say you find such a person. What do we do with them? Well, there is no sense lampooning one for mere fundamentalism. The proper question is, what are you fundamentalist about, what does that look like in practice? I forget too often. I have called ISIL 'Islamic fundamentalists' without pausing to consider those Muslims who have disowned them, not because ISIL is Islamic but because it is not Islamic enough.

The Christian tradition is replete with such examples. The Old Testament prophets rage against Israel for their hypocrisy, for professing God with their lips while their hearts were far from him. I am no expert in Islam, so it is not for me to declare the true Muslim from the false. But it is important to ask: what is Islam? We call ISIL 'Islamic', but a radical is simply someone who divorces their ideology from its roots. Properly understood, does the Qur'an, that taproot of Islam, judge ISIL commended or condemned? When Muslims pronounce ISIL, is this a holy jeremiad, a calling to true faith, or a retreat into liberalism? Does it look like to have hearts close to Allah to be "nearer to him than his jugular vein"? I very much to side with Muslims I know whose Islam looks very different to the grotesque figure of

In any case, I hope you see now why I take issue with the Pope's remarks. Can we lump together ISIL with Ghandi? Nazis with those who tolerated Jews? 'Negro-lynching' churchmen with the crucified 'King of the Jews'?

This much is clear: in an apathetic world, fundamentalism gives a call to action. Perhaps at university we all have a chance to pick our fundamentalism, and to craft our responses.



# WRONG DECISION FOR WRONG REASONS

BY HON PHIL GOFF

**T**HE GOVERNMENT DECISION TO SEND New Zealand troops to Iraq, despite promising before the election not to do so, was the wrong decision for the wrong reasons.

We are sending 143 New Zealand soldiers to Camp Taji near Baghdad so that 16 of them can train Iraqi soldiers. It is a high risk deployment, which could subject our soldiers to rocket and mortar attacks, road mines and the so-called green on blue attacks. The attacks are when those being trained turn their guns on their trainers.

If the deployment is high risk, unfortunately the outcomes from the training are, on the other hand, likely to be low. The United States has invested 10 years and US\$25 billion in training and equipping the Iraqi army and their efforts have failed. The Iraqi Army caved in without much fight when confronted by ISIS and their US supplied weaponry is now being used by the terrorists.

The reason US efforts have failed and our 16 trainers won't make a difference is because we can't influence the things that need to change. The Iraqi Army suffers from poor and corrupt leadership that pockets the pay of 50,000 ghost soldiers who don't exist. Morale is low. The Army represents the sectarian divide that underlies the problems of Iraq, and weaponry is siphoned off into Shia militias who are also

guilty of war crimes. We can't do for the Syrian Army what they won't do for themselves.

The National government knows its contributions won't make a difference and is tokenism at its worst. It's not sending New Zealand troops to protect human rights or even in the expectation that it will help stop ISIS. It is doing it, as John Key admitted to the BBC, because it is part of our membership of a select club of five Western nations. That undermines our reputation for having an independent foreign policy, which was a critical factor in being elected last year to the United Nations Security Council.

**"IF THE DEPLOYMENT  
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LOW."**

Action does need to be taken against ISIS as well as other groups including President Al-Assad's regime in Syria and Sunni and Shia militias. All have committed brutal war crimes and crimes against humanity. However, time

and again Western interventions in the region have failed with huge human and financial costs. Both we and the international community need to be smarter in our response.

Firstly, we should use our position on the United Nations Security Council to demand effective action to stop money, weaponry and personnel going to ISIS. That would starve them of resources to wage war.

Secondly, we should be pushing for effective action from the UN and international community to tackle the causes of ISIS's success in the region. Those causes are the failure to stop the conflict and oppression in Syria, and the failure to address the Sunni-Shia sectarian conflict in Iraq. Unless these problems are addressed, ISIS or something like it will continue to draw support from many people within the region.

Thirdly, instead of the \$65 million we are investing in sending soldiers to Iraq without hope of any real achievement, that money could be put into saving lives and alleviating the suffering of some of the 13 million refugees in the region.

These initiatives are more likely to make a difference to ease the plight of people in the region, and to make a safer world, than the National government's token decision.







# THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE ART: THE ATAVISTIC ENDEAVOUR OF THE MODERN PRANKSTERS

BY TRUMBO GALT

**I**HATE IT SO MUCH. IT makes me physically sick. Like, I was walking through there the other day and I felt so uncomfortable. They should put it back the way it was before they came". He paused, "I'm glad no one uses it."

The other members of the circle nodded, many of them barely paying attention – hardly listening, let alone caring what the speaker had to say. For good reason, as the topic of such ire and such vitriol, the entity with the ability to inspire a burning hate in his heart, was Wynyard Quarter. Yes. The recent redevelopment of Auckland's industrial wasteland of a waterfront into a playground. Silo Park.

I had ventured into the belly of the beast – into the Elam School of Fine Arts. Despite my attempts at objectivity, I had been hoping that I would come across this character and witness one of his infamously sanctimonious rants. Five minutes in and already I had struck gold. But why was I here, putting myself through such intellectual torture?

I have a long-held fascination with Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and its sub-

ject, Ken Kesey and his 'Merry Pranksters'. A community (or cult, depending on who you ask) of artists, writers and vagabonds, drawn together by a desire for companionship and those three magic letters: LSD. Born more

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out of jealousy than anything, I found myself looking around and wondering, where are our Merry Pranksters? Here we have a generation with plenty to rebel against, judging by the protests against the government any time anything changes anywhere, so who are our rebels? Not the ones with the bullhorns marching and chanting up Queen Street, but

the ones who are doing things. Real, subversive, creative things.

The hunt was on. And where was the logical place to begin?

The most prestigious art school in the country.

Elam.

(First mission, finding the fucking place. Tucked behind a semi-ruined church on the fringes of the University, it is not a building that lends itself to easy locating.)

I arrived while they were getting ready for an exhibition, a group of four or five sitting together stapling booklets. I immediately took a liking to the students in the circle. They were bright, colourful, friendly and fun. I was out of place (and boy did I know it) but that didn't seem to be an issue. I was welcomed as an old friend, immediately let in on their personal jokes and treated as one of their own.

It was fun until a leather jacket-wearing, Wynyard Quarter-hating student joined the fray, and everything went downhill. Furtive glances were exchanged, and the meaning was unmistakable. I spoke to one of them afterwards.



*What was the deal with XXXXXX? I couldn't help but notice a change when he walked in.*

*I don't know, I just feel really uncomfortable around him. He touches me, my head, my bum. It's, like, almost sexually motivated. He thinks because he's gay or bi or whatever that it's ok. And you can never have a simple conversation with him. You can't be like 'man, I got so wasted on the weekend' without him going on about how teen drinking is a serious issue or some shit. He just needs to lighten up.*

*So that comment about your shop being overstaffed?*

*A lie. I wouldn't be able to handle working with him, I can barely handle talking to him at school. We're actually really short at work at the moment. Hey, do you want a job?*

I declined.

So, there was definitely a darker side. The students I'd spent time with so far were nice, if not a bit tame, but they were not a story. To get that, I needed to access Kelburn Lane. This was, according to my contact, where the 'true' artists resided – well, as true as an artist can be at the tender age of 19. This was where I needed to be, and exactly where I ended up.

It was a number of weeks later when I got the call. A gathering of sorts at the fabled Kelburn Lane flat. This was it! My chance to get amongst it like never before. I didn't realise it at the time, but to garner an invitation to Kelburn was a privilege. My contact had convinced them of my cultural worth. Fortunately, my previous experience with some of this gang hadn't been entirely unfavourable. They had seen me at the exhibition. I was cool enough.

I arrived and fuck, I was not cool enough. The flat was unlike anything I had ever seen before. Located in the middle of an upmarket suburb, the contrast could not have been more striking. Nestled among beautiful old villas and bungalows, it was literally underground. A basement. After battling my way down the crowded staircase through a dense fog of smoke – cigarette and otherwise – I soon found myself sitting between two young men discussing the benefits of mixing LSD and ecstasy. The night was young, and had already taken a sharp turn for the bizarre. They were dressed in black – virtually everyone was. I wondered if I had made the right decision. It didn't seem like anything was hap-

pening. I'm not entirely sure what I expected, but it was not this. I was bored. I got up to leave when a crowd across the room broke into cheers, and from the middle of the pack emerged a figure in a full leather gimp suit.

Well, I thought. This is something.

So I did the rounds, listening in on conversations and making myself known to those who looked interesting. One of these characters was a tall, lanky thing dressed in what looked like black rags, referred to only as Wolf.

Wolf was not, strictly speaking, a student of art.

"So you're at Elam?"

**"FIRST MISSION, FINDING THE FUCKING PLACE. TUCKED BEHIND A SEMI-RUINED CHURCH ON THE FRINGES OF THE UNIVERSITY, IT IS NOT A BUILDING WHICH LENDS ITSELF TO EASY LOCATING."**

"Fuck no. Elam is for old men."

I asked around later and yes, Wolf had applied to Elam and no, Wolf was not accepted into Elam, but had easily cemented his place within the group because he was the fixer. He knew how to get things. The majority of the acid in the flat was from his supplier, smuggled into the country between the pages of a magazine. "It's all paper," he told me, "and those fucks at immigration can't tell the difference."

I asked about his name, but was interrupted by the sound of breaking glass. A girl had just put her fist through a window, above and slightly to the left of my head. I jumped sideways to avoid the shards. Wolf gave a laugh – an unusually pleasant sound – and offered to get me a drink. I accepted. I knew that if I were to survive this experience, the best course of action was to get absolutely blind drunk and let the night take me where

it would. Wolf returned with four beers, and insisted we each take care of one immediately. I obliged. Several bottles deep, I started to enjoy myself.

I was invited back in the subsequent weeks. Each night was stranger than the last.

I showed up one afternoon and found myself witness to an orgy. Not a metaphorical orgy of excess or alcohol, just a plain, straight, orgy. It was beautiful, in its own odd way. It was almost unsexual. I arrived at the tail end of the main event, but I was told that it had started because 'they wanted to be free love, to make real art.'

Unbeknownst to me at the time, watching the naked and barely legal forms writhing on the floor, this was to be my last foray into the extraordinary nightlife of the Kelburn Lane flat.

An hour or so later the participants emerged clothed and began to hit it, and hit it hard. It was whatever they could get their hands on and soon they were stoned clean out of their minds. Studylink was in. Tonight, they were having a bender of gargantuan proportions.

*Yeah bitches payments are through! I can finally buy rice!*

*You mean you couldn't buy rice before?*

*Well I could, but I told my mum that my bike was stolen and I had to buy a new one. So she sent me more this month.*

*Was it really?*

*Well yeah, but I don't need a new one. I walk everywhere. Man, I'm going to get so fucked tonight.*

As the night progressed, I found myself part to such an excess of narcotic ingestion that even now I would feel uncomfortable walking through an airport. There was the usual crowd – ecstasy, weed, diazepam, codeine – and a smattering of the Class A heavyweights; LSD, cocaine and a small pouch of magic mushrooms. And mescaline. Mescaline! Illegal for everyone except a special tribe of Native Americans in the Utah Desert and it had found a safe passage to Kelburn Lane. The speed and manner in which the deal to this collection made *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* seem like a travel brochure for a retirement home.



Wolf was there. He had started early, as he always did. He saw me and screamed across the room, "YOU MAD CUNT, GET OVER HERE! I HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU!"

I was, believe it or not, relieved at this torrent of abuse. A friendly (or at least familiar) face. His eyes were blank and his speech was slurred.

"I like youuu. Youurr a fffuckin' top notch sun-ovabitchhh. I wanna give you sssomething. Itl make thenight purrrfkt."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small piece of paper with the image of a butterfly.

Jesus Christ, I thought, he's offering me acid.

I was not keen. Any trip taken under these circumstances was bound to be ugly, and I didn't for one minute trust any of these people to guide me through. My worries were unfounded, however, as Wolf reached out and lightly placed a butterfly sticker on my cheek. His eyes, gleaming in the light, were now manic. Not for the first time, I felt uncomfortable. I moved away.

Much of the night remains a blur. I got caught up in the excitement and energy of excess, downed the most part of a fifth Wild Turkey. I found an unoccupied spot on the floor and fell asleep.

I awoke several hours later – the constantly drawn curtains made difficult any estimation of time – to the metallic crack and pop and fizz of a soft drink can being opened. I looked up with bleary eyes and Wolf was standing above me, drinking a Coke. I was confused. "Wolf, what the fuck..."

"Calm, man. I just wanted a soda."

He remained above me, unblinking. Then he smiled – a curious movement of upper lip – and with that he moved away, and in that moment I knew I wanted out. When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro, said Hunter S Thompson. Regrettably, however, I am not weird enough. For me there were to be no more drug-fuelled orgies. No more cancerous clouds of cigarette smoke. No more uninformed rapping about social injustice – dear GOD, please no more social injustice. They were a fascinating bunch, but mere curiosity can only motivate one for so long. This life was not for me. Bad vibrations were creeping up from all directions. I decided it was time to leave.

An altercation appeared to be in progress. I

wouldn't have cared under normal circumstances, but this particular argument was blocking the front door and I wanted to get the fuck out as soon as possible. I found a window and made a swift and silent exit.

I had learned little from my encounters, but I had learned this: these people are no Merry Pranksters. They are no Beat Generation. Yet they appear to be fixated on embodying all that the previous counter-culture revolutionaries stood for. It is hard to imagine Ken Kesey or Neal Cassady or Alan Ginsberg stealing from Salvation Army stores, drugging themselves into a stupor on a daily basis and living among such abject squalor – actually, it is quite easy to imagine them doing these things, but they would not be forking out thousands of dollars in fees for the privilege.

**"I SHOWED UP ONE AFTERNOON AND FOUND MYSELF WITNESS TO AN ORGY. NOT A METAPHORICAL ORGY OF EXCESS OR ALCOHOL, JUST A PLAIN, STRAIGHT, ORGY."**

This was the issue I had with the Kelburn crowd. These young men and women make the conscious decision to apply to and enrol in art school, pay the fees themselves or get a student loan, then waste their time attempting to recapture the bohemian spirit of their predecessors.

Why?

Because it is what artists DO.

No.

It is what artists DID.

The Kelburn Lane crowd run into difficulty in that they want to be both the radicals and the chic at the same time – rejecting social structures and demanding change, without really knowing what they're demanding change for, or why they're all wearing full-length black

clothing in February and a fishnet top in July. The sheer impracticality boggles the mind, but that was not the point. The Kelburn Lane flat was the cultural capital of the world.

They are a dying breed, the true radical artist. I say dying, rather than extinct, in the hope that there are true creative minds out there who have the drive, the talent, and the originality to really shake things up. To do crazy shit like paint a bus in Day-Glo paint and drive the length of the country. At least a colourful bus is fun to be around. I thought back to those I met while preparing for the exhibition. They were bright, colourful, friendly and fun – did I write them off too soon?

Almost definitely. I (arrogantly) didn't think anything of them. Then, they were boring. Now, as I stumbled away from Kelburn Lane for the final time, they seemed like a welcome respite from the drugs and the orgies and the squalor.

But this leads to yet another question. Which of these two groups were the ones I had hoped to find? It's as if the Merry Pranksters have been split down the middle. On one hand we have the seemingly tame, friendly and welcoming group, with whom I got along instantly and still gladly call my friends. On the other are those leading communal, bohemian lives filled with mind-altering substances and the occasional rat at the front door, from whom I genuinely felt I had to escape. Was that their own form of rebellion? An inventively lived life giving a big middle finger to social norms?

Fuck. Far too many question marks for my twisted state of mind.

The sun was barely peeking over the horizon as I extricated myself from the bathroom window. I was exhausted, and hungry, and still a bit drunk. My quest had been a failure because I, too, had set in my mind what the radical art student should be.

**So if you have the money, why do you live like this?**

*I don't know, man. It's cool, I guess. Someone the other day said we're, like, the children of the universe. Like, I can just be me. If people wanna come over and blaze, that's all good. No parents and shit, I can do whatever I want. Fuck, I don't even have to go to Uni if I can't be fucked. I haven't been for, like, two weeks now.*

*Yeah. It's cool.*







# ON DISSECTION: SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE THE CHOICE?

BY THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY  
ANIMAL RIGHTS GROUP

**I**T'S YOUR SECOND WEEK AT UNI AND YOU'RE getting into the swing of things. But, if you're required to dissect animals as part of your degree, you might be feeling a bit apprehensive. If this sounds like you, read on.

**DISSECTION: THE FACTS.** Universities mainly use dissection exercises as a means of instructing students in anatomical studies. Traditionally, animal dissection has been used because alternatives were not available and animal bodies are easy to come by. The rats used in dissections at the University of Auckland, for example, are first used for research by the Liggins Institute. These rats die as a result of the research, or are killed when they are no longer useful. Their bodies are brought to the University where they are dissected for education purposes and finally disposed of. Dissection is widely used at our University; for example, the first-year paper MEDSCI1142, with an enrolment of around 1200 students, requires three dissection labs as part of the practical classes.

**ATTITUDES TOWARDS DISSECTION.** Attitudes towards dissection are changing for a number of reasons. The increasing availability of equally educational alternatives means dissection is now becoming redundant in the face of humane teaching practices. At the same time,

growing awareness of animals' sentience, emotional diversity, and right to life, means that fewer people wish to be implicated in an animal's death when there are other options available.

**"THESE RATS DIE  
AS A RESULT OF  
THE RESEARCH, OR  
ARE KILLED WHEN  
THEY ARE NO LONGER  
USEFUL."**

**ALTERNATIVES TO DISSECTION.** Alternatives to dissection include physical models and simulators, films and videos, multimedia computer simulations and virtual reality, preserved specimens, and ethically sourced animal cadavers. Information about these methods and research on their effectiveness is widely available online, but some universities habitually use animal dissections out of tradition, unwillingness to invest money and effort in changing their educational practices, or ignorance of the range of alterna-

tives.

**THE CURRENT SITUATION.** Right now the University of Auckland does not have a Conscientious Objection Policy in place for animal use in education as, for example, Massey University's Vet School does. This means that those who wish to opt for an alternative to dissection do not have an official pathway via which to do so. The University also does not have any other options in place, meaning that those who do attempt to opt for an alternative in an informal manner cannot be offered a replacement educational exercise. As a result, those who wish to opt out must either complete the dissection against their wishes, watch a partner complete the same dissection and therefore remain implicated in the procedure, or have no exercise available. In other words, these students are expected to choose between their ethics and their education, in a world where it is possible to preserve both.

**WHAT DOES THIS MEAN FOR YOU?** If you wish to opt for an avenue other than dissection, the response you will receive cannot be predicted. Students are met with varying answers – from 'watch your partner dissect' to 'lose 4% of your grade' – and no one has ever (as far as we are aware) been offered an alternative educational exercise.



**OUR PROGRESS SO FAR.** The AUARG Presidents have met with the University's Vice Chancellor, Stuart McCutcheon, and Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Research), Jane Harding, about these issues. We asked for a comprehensive Conscientious Objection Policy for students regarding animal use in their degrees. In order to be effective, this should include the putting into place of other accessible educational exercises, and consistency and transparency in the decision making process for those who wish to opt out. We are still in the process of negotiating these terms.

**WHAT CAN YOU DO?** If you are a student who is required to dissect, and you aren't comfortable with this requirement, send an email to your lecturer with Stuart McCutcheon (s.mccutcheon@auckland.ac.nz) in the cc section asking to opt out, and explain why. You can contact us via our email or Facebook page for a template letter if you wish. If you are a student who is not required to dissect, but believe the University should have a better policy in place, send an email to Stuart McCutcheon stating so and why. Again, contact us for a template letter if you like.

At this point, your attempt to opt out will not have the effect of securing an alternative educational exercise for you to complete, because there are currently none provided by UoA. We believe, however, that if students make it known that they would like alternatives to be available to them, the University will be more likely to listen to our suggestions and to put other options in place; namely, to implement an effective Conscientious Objection Policy so that future students will have clearer ideas of their rights and will not have to choose between their ethics and their education. The University does not believe enough students are interested in alternatives to dissec-

tion to warrant their implementation, due to the results of a survey conducted in 2001. The pool of participants consisted of 87 students, and the trend in the answers displayed undeniably positive attitudes towards dissection. Fourteen years on however, we believe more and more students are mindful of animal rights issues, and alternatives have become considerably more accessible and effective since 2001. We believe it is time for a new survey to be conducted over a much wider range of students, and that individuals should be made aware of the benefits of educational alternatives before being asked for their opinion.

**"...IF STUDENTS MAKE IT KNOWN THAT THEY WOULD LIKE ALTERNATIVES TO BE AVAILABLE TO THEM, THE UNIVERSITY WILL BE MORE LIKELY TO LISTEN TO OUR SUGGESTIONS AND TO PUT OTHER OPTIONS IN PLACE..."**

**OUR CAMPAIGN FOR THIS YEAR.** This year AUARG will be attempting to raise awareness amongst students and to provide information and support to those affected. You may have already seen posters, leaflets, and flyers around Uni. We will continue to ask for a Conscientious Objection Policy and for alternatives to dissection. We will be attempting to persuade the University to conduct an informative and unbiased survey amongst affected students to update their current information from 2001.

We believe this is an extremely important issue for our student community. Distress is not to be taken lightly, and student life is already stressful enough with high expectations and workload, debt, and the worry of job opportunities. Students should not have to feel anxious or uncomfortable about aspects of the degrees they are paying for. We encourage all students to educate themselves in these matters and to make their own minds up one way or another in the area of dissection.

You can contact us via our Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/auanimalrights>, or via email - [auanimalrights@live.com](mailto:auanimalrights@live.com). Come along to our Rat Cuddles Days to meet rats just like those who are killed and dissected and find out how sweet, loveable, and worthy of respect they are.

This article has expressed the opinions of the President and Vice-President of AUARG only. It does not speak for the opinions of all members nor is agreement with all of these points a requirement for becoming a member of AUARG - we welcome everyone who wants to make a difference for animals!

### "LITTLE SISTER"





# AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

## WE HAD AN O-WEEK, AND YOU JUST WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED!

FROM AUSA

**P**HEW, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT AUSA Orientation Week is already over! We hope you had an amazing time across the week in Albert Park, and at Hip Hop Day in the Quad. We definitely had fun, and it was killer to have the park for the first time ever. Make sure you check out the photos from the week on our facebook page (the album of all of the photobooth photos makes particularly great viewing!) and have a great 2015!

**AUSA MEMBERSHIP AND BECOMING A VOLUNTEER.** If you missed out on signing up at our stall outside AUSA House then there's no need to worry! We'll be able to sign you up to be a member at AUSA reception, so just pop in with your student id to get your sticker, and we'll even keep a few extra goodie bags there for you too. AUSA Diaries are also available at reception for a gold-coin donation.

AUSA is primarily a volunteer organisation, so if you want to get involved in any of the cool events that we're putting on, or the projects we have going, then get in touch with us through

AUSA Reception, or by emailing Ros, our Delegates Co-Ordinator, at [delegates@ausa.org.nz](mailto:delegates@ausa.org.nz). There's heaps of opportunities to step in, be involved, and get some good experience in a range of different areas. And be sure to keep an eye out for our election notices if you want to get involved with the governance of the organisation in an executive position.

**LOCKERS.** We know that those textbooks can be heavy, and that you might dread the bus-ride in or the long day carrying them around uni. If so it's your lucky day! We have a bunch of lockers on campus that you can rent at deliciously low prices for the year. You can find out how to rent one at AUSA House, and we're open 8.30am-4.30pm.

**AUSA EVENTS, AND MORE!** O-Week was just the beginning, and we've got a whole stack of cool stuff planned for the year. Make sure you follow us on facebook to keep in touch, just search AUSA and get liking.

**SHADOWS.** It's your student bar, love it. It's back, and it's badass. There's nowhere cheaper in the city to grab a drink after your lectures, and sneak in a quick toastie between classes. Keep an eye on what's going on at Shadows this year because there's something super special coming up...

**O-WEEK SHOUT-OUTS.** We'll try and keep the self-congratulatory crap to a minimum, but we've had a smashing time over in Albert Park this week, and so it's time to dust off the thesaurus and throw a few thank-you's out there.

The AUSA Executive has put in an immense amount of volunteer work across the week to help you sign up, pack those goodie bags, and help across in the park - thanks for that! Our delegates have also been incredible, and put

in tons of hours helping out with our events and membership drive, and it's massively appreciated!

Jessica Storey, our Education Vice President, in particular has been absolutely brilliant. We could not have asked for a more committed EVP (the E now stands for Events) and she took on the lions-share of the organising for the week. She's been working these past weeks for effectively \$4 an hour, so buy her a drink if you see her, or give her your class notes (she hasn't been able to go in a while...), she totally deserves it! Same goes for Will Mathews and Miriam Bookman, other two other VPs who've been heroes (and they might well need some notes too).

Pennie and the team from bFM have all been total stars, and organised some awesome bands in the park alongside helping with the planning of the week. Make sure you tune-in to 95bFM all year!

Ros, Aaron and Nick E, our staff members on the O-Week team, deserve huge credit for the long-hours and hard work they've put into making sure the stalls in the park were super awesome. Nick W - the AUSA designer - also deserves a massive shout-out. He's worked incredibly hard to whip up the design for everything that we've done, and dealt with all sorts of last minute changes like a boss.

We simply could not have done it without anyone above, so thank you all so much!

Finally, thanks to you! It would've have been a fun O-Week without the students, so give yourselves a pat on the back and have a great semester!

XXXX  
AUSA

16 February 2015

Notice is hereby given for the

# AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING

to be held

**WEDNESDAY, 25 MARCH 2015**

at 1.00 pm

**STUDENT UNION QUAD**

Deadline for constitutional changes is 12pm, Tuesday, 10 March 2015.

Deadline for other agenda items is 12pm, Tuesday, 17 March 2015.

# AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS



hip hop day

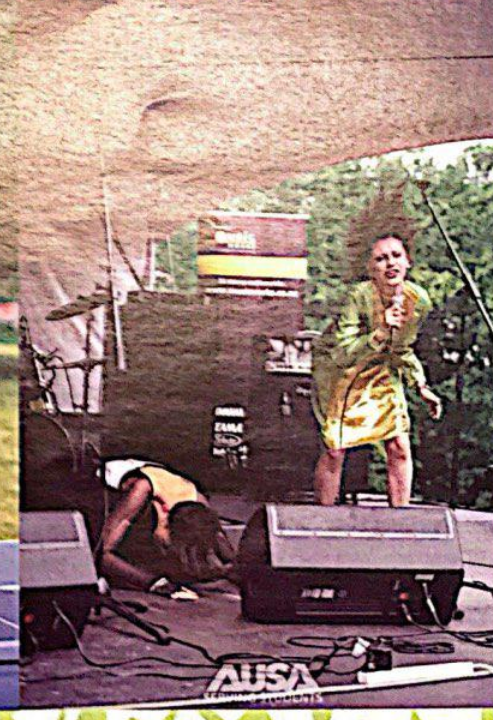
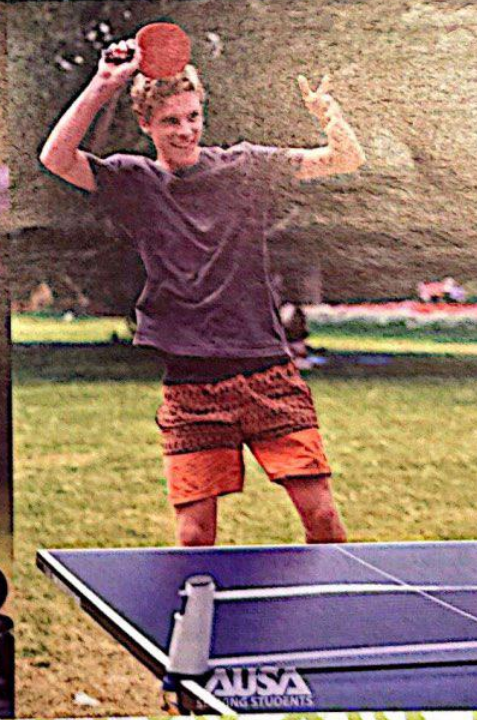
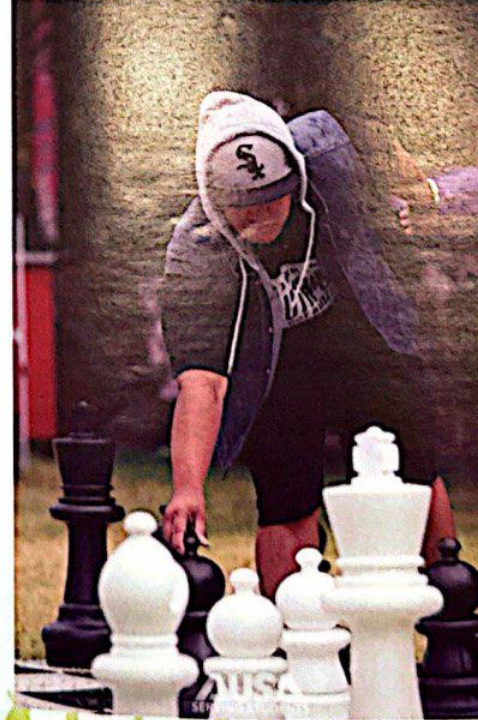
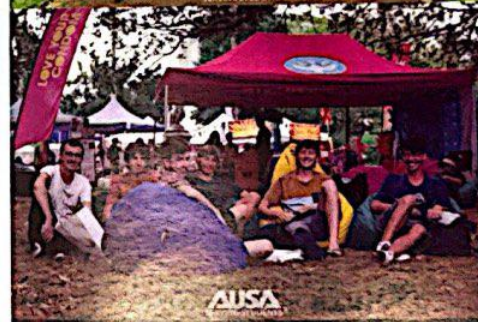
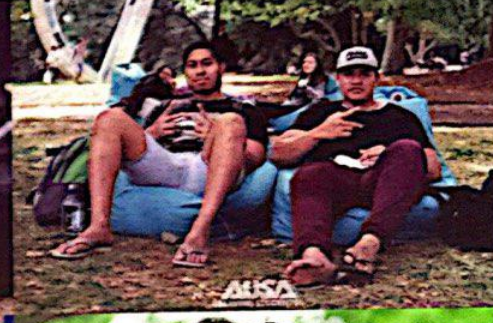
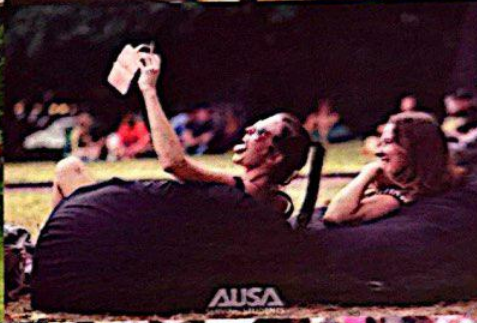
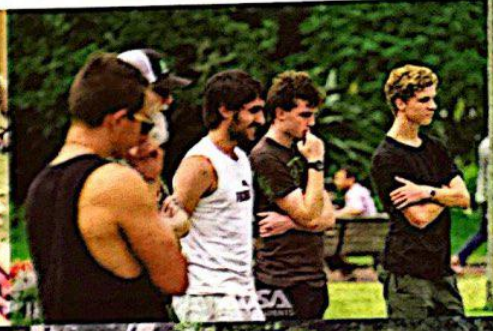


## AT THE AUSA PHOTO BOOTH





# ORIENTATION -IN THE- PARK





# BOOTY CAMP

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

**H**OLIDAYING IN TAHITI, I ATE TWO HASE browns, two breakfast sausages, approximately five miniature pastries and half of a pawpaw daily at the 'free' breakfast buffets. Without intermission, I then proceeded to paddleboard bikini-clad and belly-first past the decks of off-shore bungalows filled with beautiful French holidaymakers who probably wished that I would don more structured swimwear.

During the emergency, deck-based yoga which ensued to stave off the great, puce phantom of obesity, an eye-watering shin injury coincided with the third and final pose in my repertoire. My body remained stubbornly un-sylphlike and permanently food-pregnant.

I reassessed, googled, and found a boot camp near my house. But health is not without obstacles (as two years of health science should have taught me). News of a good mark in a maths exam created a hiccup unforeseen by epidemiologists the world over: leanness felt excessive – showy even – in a (Stage One) mathematical genius.

I cannot remember if I then accepted the risk involved with over-exerting myself, looked in the mirror, or ate another Tahitian breakfast, but boot camp promised to start vomitously early, and the next day, I promised to attend. It was happening.

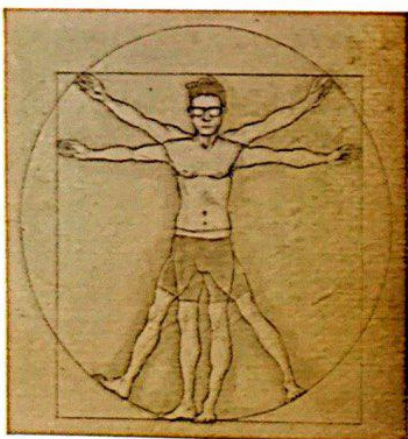
I arrived early with my pink Sistema drink bottle in a Lulu Lemon bag which I hoped didn't over-promise. There was only a very tall, very young man (let's call him Olaf) fiddling with a stereo in the fluorescent-lit cricket training space. I introduced myself and we talked about who and how cold I was. Olaf could not seem to hear me consistently and I wondered if I spoke at a pitch inaudible to the fit.

The session itself was hellish. I sweated the most (a lifetime motif) and nobody seemed keen to co-complain. Subsequently, Olaf sent out wake-up texts which occasionally ended in a ':)'. When I joked that this was indubitably creeperish, he did not speak to me for forty minutes of the forty-five-minute, four-person session and then added me on Facebook, perhaps to chasten the unsolicited overture.

Olaf and I persevered with pre-session chats despite persistent comprehension issues and

his post-emoticon-debacle chagrin. With summer came a field setting which posed other problems however. I am secretly allergic to grass and 'real' burpees invariably required bare-stomach-to-grass contact, and consequently a bear-ish need to scratch my tummy throughout following days. I also struggled to achieve a fluid bear crawl (at which one would expect me to excel) down a wet grass slope without slipping onto my face. After one dramatic slip, Olaf severed our still young Facebook union, but continued to monitor the quality of my squats with his usual professional fervour.

So if you're looking for a one-stop shop for pain, sweat, exhaustion, perversion and over-exposure to grass, a boot camp may be for you. But if you like to feel alive in a different way every hour of the day, then perhaps try discussing marriage and baby names with someone who you love who will soon not love you, dancing in Lenin at the Viaduct during summer, staying at a friend's house after a party where some crush-ee kissed her so you all had to eat cheese until 5am, visiting a car dealership holding a wallet and wearing shorts, or dating a man without an abode. It all depends on what kind of person you are.



## TO LIFT OR NOT TO LIFT: THE MUSINGS OF A GYM RAT

BY SIMON JAMES MOORE

**M**Y CALENDAR HAS APRIL 15 MARKED with a large red circle. It is my girthday. I took the plunge and descended into the dungeon that is the University of Auckland gym. Little did I know, I was to embark on a rather drastic process, known colloquially as 'getting massive'. At the time, I didn't really have any idea why I wanted to get bigger. I vaguely remember mum saying I should go to the gym if she was to continue doing my washing. A sociology major could explain how society forced me into the oppressive sexist environment, but that's no fun.

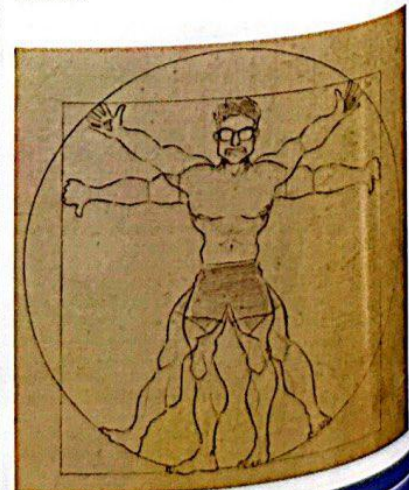
For many, the beginning of first semester heralds a New Year's resolution mentality. This year I'll do readings, plan for assignments, wake up before 10am, etcetera. Several people will decide they, too, want to enter the Church of Iron. Here's some helpful 'brotips' for those who are taking the plunge, and perhaps some reminders for the pair of guys who were curling by the smith machine the other day with a barbell and left their damn light ass weights everywhere before wandering over to the dumbbells area to throw more weights around with sloppy form. Erm, sorry.

**1. GET A BUDDY.** Also known as a 'spotter', having a buddy is pretty important. Firstly, you can motivate each other. So, this brings me to my first qualification: find someone to go with who is motivated. A friend who is an experienced 'lifter' is a great idea, cause doing an exercise wrong will hurt you real bad. Beware, though, seasoned 'lifters' will normally have their own gym buddies so you may be ditched one day and be prepared for it. Other benefits of gym buddies: someone to confide in, someone to pick the weight up when you're spent, someone to remind you regularly that you're making progress (and comfort you when you're not).

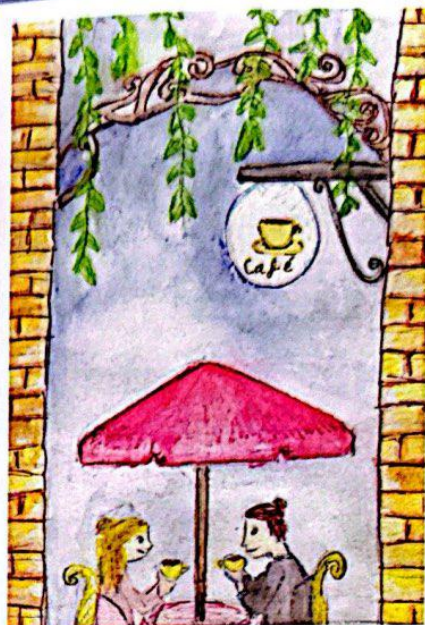
**2. SORT OUT YOUR DIET.** Can't stress this one enough. The surest way to waste all your time spent in the gym (and, believe me, the

hours add up quickly) is to slack on your diet. If you're trying to get big, eat as much as possible and then some. If you're trying to lose weight or shed some fat then, uh, well, I don't know really... Come back to me around September when I start cutting for RnV.

**3. BE A BRO.** SEXISM TRIGGER WARNING: you gotta be a bro at the gym. The uni gym is one of the busiest in the city, if not the country. And, if there's one thing that's gonna make me furious as I'm chasing the gains dragon, it's someone who doesn't exercise good gym etiquette. Put your weights away, wear clean clothes that don't stink, don't do chest on Mondays, don't wear a stringer, and don't do powerlifting. If you're stuck on any of these basic concepts, please refer yourself to Jesus Fitness.







## COFFEE CRAVINGS: THE TOP 3 CAFES NEAR UNI

BY SALENE SCHLOFFEL-ARMSTRONG

**I**n-between lectures, when you're in need of a pick me up, but can't afford to sprint across town to your regular coffee house, don't fret! These three fresh spots can be reached on foot in under ten minutes from the centre of the City campus.

### RUNNING HORSE, 25A RUTLAND STREET.

Perched on a side street adjacent to the Central Library, next door to Senior College, is this tiny Supreme coffee-slinging oasis. The former owners of K Road's Johnny Feedback are true masters of the espresso, and also feature a selection of delicious teas. Do not stop by without trying their iced coffee options — available black or white, the latter incorporating a delectable house made sugar syrup. Running Horse also offer up a handful of menu items and a cabinet stuffed with sandwiches and pastries, perfect for a quick lunch. Open Monday to Friday 7am - 4pm, Saturday 8am - 2pm.

**CHUFFED, 43 HIGH STREET.** Tucked away in the middle of High Street's central blocks,

Chuffed is quickly becoming a fixture of the central city food scene. Down a short corridor off the main strip, the cafe opens up into a cosy space with an all-weather courtyard that provides a rare viewpoint of the central city. Espresso, batch brew and cold drip are available, alongside an extensive menu and delicious cabinet options. Open Monday to Friday 7am - 5pm, Saturday 9am - 5pm.

### SCARECROW, 33 VICTORIA STREET EAST.

Situated conveniently below Albert Park, on the corner of Victoria and Kitchener Streets, Scarecrow is a pop up project that the city should never have to do without. They operate as a grocer and cafe, offering up both fresh ingredients, artisan products and readymade cabinet goods. Scarecrow also lays claim to New Zealand's first dedicated slow brew bar, where Kokako coffee is used to produce beverages without any traditional steam or pressure-based methods. Open Monday to Sunday 8am - 8pm.

## MY SUMMER SQUEEZE

BY KYLE SIMONSEN

**S**OME OF YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF FASTING, its benefits, and still feel that not eating food isn't really your thing. Don't feel bad about this, it's probably a good call. What changed my mind? A friend of mine did a juice fast for 10 days and I guess it's like that saying, *anything you can do, I can do half as good*. So that's what I did...It's supposed to be super good for your skin, kidney and liver. But, more importantly, you can put #basic or some shit on your instagram announcement, ensuring that at least 10 people who don't know you will #doubletap.

Don't get me wrong, I'm very used to not eating in the morning. I have a series of *Girls* to get through before class starts again, and well, bed? However, today is different, I feel like a caged chimpanzee who is grasping the permanence of their situation. I'm already a quasi-expert at making juice, shout-out to WikiHow, but the novelty has worn off by 11am and I want donuts. Cucumber, carrot and beetroot for breakfast, do you love me now mum? Tried to keep busy by wandering Queen St in the afternoon, but I don't have the carbs in me, fuzzy head and sleepiness take hold, I'm in bed by 8pm.

What a great sleep, time to do stuff! Jokes, its 3am. Fuck this shit. There are literally cicadas in the background as I scroll Tumblr...besides

the sleep in I eventually got, this day is pretty much the same. Exactly what GQ predicted. Numb head, unable to read, failing to distract myself. Silver lining? I found some ginger, which allowed me to *spice things up* and make that super awesome pun.

**"CUCUMBER, CARROT  
AND BEETROOT FOR  
BREAKFAST, DO YOU  
LOVE ME NOW  
MUM?"**

This hasn't been great so far, so I make myself a sugar-fest for breakfast: pineapple, watermelon, apple and beetroot...along with ginger and lemon which goes gr9 (one better than gr8) with everything. Starting to get a mad buzz off drinking juice, lasting about an hour, and any exercise just overwhelms me with dopamine. I begin to convince myself this may be worth it after all, but then my friend reminds me that I'm normally like that from coffee. Marx was right; everything is relative.

After some strong cravings for Noodle Canteen and a variety of biscuits (WTF?) kept me up for a lot of the night, I wake up looking like the boy in the striped pyjamas, my eyes depict my struggle. Then, HOPE, my skin?! It looks insane. I'm practically wearing the Valencia

filter. The inflammation in my face has been reduced by such large percentage you'd think it's like any weekend at Briscoes.

That's about it, day four and five were hard, but I looked fly AF. Admission: I had dinner on Day 5 because I had played football and the hunger was dizzying and sickening.

So, what do I think? The price is pretty manageable in summer. I spent \$15 a day on juicing stuff, and I drank about 3-3.3 litres of juice a day. Also, make sure you have twice that amount in lemon water available, and AVOID TAP WATER: your sense of smell improves tenfold when you're fasting. Fancy drinking from an indoor pool? Didn't think so.

Conclusion, my neck feels way looser, which is good...my skin was good enough to be an extra in a movie but that quickly changed. Also, before you make this your mission before the next rich friend's 21<sup>st</sup> (photos guaranteed), know that you'll have the attention span of Dory and the mood of Kanye from day one. I got to do some instagramming on the couch for once, because I only pooped three times in five days, but ultimately I think I'm going to spend my money at Lush and see how that goes. I'm not saying this is a silly idea, it's just that the visible benefits are temporary and the method isn't sustainable.

Wouldmaybejuiceagain/10, my friend did, so maybe it's just not for everyone.





## ETHICS IN REVIEWING; OR, WHEN IS IT OKAY TO TAKE A DUMP ON AN ARTIST'S DREAMS

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

**C**ACCUM, DWELLING WITHIN THE MALNOURISHED underbelly of student journalism, does not get the crème-de-la-crème when it comes to reviewing opportunities. Artists, understandably, are not falling over themselves to get a shout-out in a scarcely read, though oddly charming (in a three-legged dog kind of way) student magazine. This means that when publicists specifically ask us to review a client's work, I jump at the chance (someone thinks we're legitimate! Quick, before they take it back!). This has, for the most part, resulted in damn cool freebies, whether it's albums, books, or complimentary tickets to shows.

Recently, though, I eagerly agreed to listen to a local musician's debut album. It'll be symbiotic, I thought. They'll get some press and I'll fill half a page. Perfect. That was before I listened to it and absolutely, unequivocally fucking hated it. I shared it round some friends, in the hopes that it just wasn't my jam – no takers. The sound engineering was way off, with an over-amped, distorted guitar making my neck crick, and the music itself sounded like the bastard child of U2 and Blink 182 (which was exactly as horrific and unnatural as it sounds).

This has left me in a predicament. Do I review this work that I so vehemently dislike? I know for sure that I can't lie in a review, for the sake of my integrity and the ears of any poor reader who

might listen on my deceitful recommendation. It just doesn't seem right, though, to savage an unknown artist. Surely it's doing no good for the artist or the reader if I essentially say, "here's this musician you didn't know about, continue not listening to them because they're a bit shit. As you were." On the other hand, I give zero fucks about tearing a famous, established artist a new one. Maybe it's because they're far less likely to read what I have to say, but I also think it's because they've already made it. They have made, and continue to make, money off the art

that they've produced. A negative response to their work isn't going to substantially affect their livelihood (or, so I'd hope, their self-esteem).

This has made me seriously ponder the point of a review. I have met editors who spurn the term 'review' altogether, opting for a 'recommendations' section in their magazines instead, only allowing contributors to write about things they have enjoyed. Thus it becomes more of a 'What's On in Auckland' segment rather than a critical look at the art currently in the public

might listen on my deceitful recommendation. It just doesn't seem right, though, to savage an unknown artist. Surely it's doing no good for the artist or the reader if I essentially say, "here's this musician you didn't know about, continue not listening to them because they're a bit shit. As you were." On the other hand, I give zero fucks about tearing a famous, established artist a new one. Maybe it's because they're far less likely to read what I have to say, but I also think it's because they've already made it. They have made, and continue to make, money off the art

Sure, this is a very positive, inoffensive way to go about things. But frankly, I just don't think it's very interesting. Readers don't just turn to reviews to see what they should watch, or read, or listen to. They read a magazine because they want to read. And I personally would prefer to read an engaging critique than a chirpy five-star 'recommendation'.

And don't even get me started on critics who lodge themselves firmly in a world of three out of five stars. Three out of five, the slightly stale biscuit of the reviewing world. It's not bad, but it's not good either. You might eat it, if there are no other biscuits in the house. It wouldn't be the worst, but you're not really going to enjoy it. Before you start dealing in absolutes, sometimes this insipid rating is called for – sometimes, pieces of art are genuinely just okay. But an Arts section filled with fence-sitting, opinion-avoiding responses is not only boring; it's kind of useless. I'm aware this is somewhat hypocritical as this editorial

**"AND DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON CRITICS WHO LODGE THEMSELVES FIRMLY IN A WORLD OF THREE OUT OF FIVE STARS. THREE OUT OF FIVE, THE SLIGHTLY STALE BISCUIT OF THE REVIEWING WORLD."**

essentially an exercise in fence-sitting. Is the answer reviewing indie, unknown artists positively, and saving the tirades for the established and famous? Or do we owe it to you, reader, to review a broad range of art and literature honestly as possible, regardless of who created it? Art is sustained to be examined and critiqued.

I'm inclined to look carefully before dropping deuce on someone's hard work.



# IF YOU'RE READING THIS IT'S TOO LATE



REVIEW BY CAMERON AH LOO-MATAMUA

## IF YOU'RE READING THIS IT'S TOO LATE

DRAKE (2015)

**I**T'S BEEN A MONTH SINCE DRAKE CAME OUT OF the woodworks and pulled a Beyoncé with his latest effort *If You're Reading This It's Too Late* and I can safely say I've finally recovered. However, what I can't say is whether this is an album or a mix tape. I did hear a term that I liked so we'll go with that and call it a 'retail mix tape'. Drake himself still refers to it as a mix tape but I'm willing to place my bets on that being a

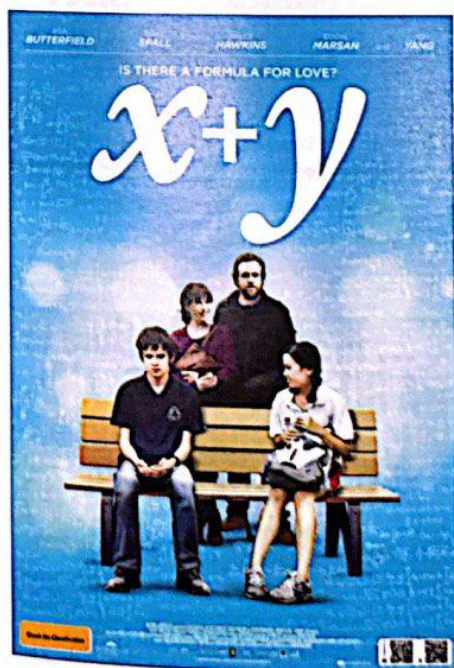
**"IT ISN'T PRESENTING US WITH ANYTHING NEW, IT MERELY PULLS ON THE MUSICAL TROPES DRAKE HAS BECOME SO COMFORTABLE WITH USING IN HIS PAST WORK."**

stroke of ego as much as it is a technicality (remember when he rapped that he "got rich off a mix tape"?). It reeks of braggadocio and rightfully so. With *HYRTHL*, Drake became the first rapper to top the Billboard Artist 100 chart and this was purely from a mix tape full of throwaway B-side tracks.

Lyricaly, the album isn't much of a departure. He still rants about haters, running the game and exes he no longer fucks with. The same goes with the album's sonic texture; it isn't presenting us with anything new, it merely pulls on the musical tropes Drake has become so comfortable with using in his past work. Dark, slow, spacious beats that act as apt backdrops to his self-aware and often introspective raps. If anything, the beats sound far less stressed over. To some (A.K.A. my friends) this came out as 'depressing', but for me it fit with what the album essentially is – an interlude to his upcoming fourth album, *Views From The 6*. What seems distinct about *HYRTHL* is that Drake is no longer a rapper on the come-up. His bragging no longer seems like contrived showmanship, it now has a self-assured quietness that one only recognizes in the greats. And all this off a mix tape.

REVIEW BY CAMERON AH LOO-MATAMUA

## FILM



X+Y

DIRECTED BY MORGAN MATTHEWS (2014)

**T**HERE ARE CERTAIN ASPECTS OF CINEMA THAT can elevate a film, ensuring that it does not move through theatres unrecognised or pass unnoticed into obscurity, and inspiring performances by actors are certainly

such amongst them.

*X+Y*, directed by Morgan Matthews, and starring Asa Butterfield, Sally Hawkins, and Rafe Spall, is an example of such a film. This British drama looks at the life of a boy who has always felt like an outsider as he tries to discover who he is and what he wants in life, ultimately discovering love along the way. Such subject matter has been touched on time and again by movies, but the performances of both the lead actors and the supporting cast alike serve to hoist this film beyond a theme and plot that could otherwise seem commonplace.

Asa Butterfield, at only seventeen years old, is wonderfully convincing as Nathan, a teenage boy who finds solace in mathematics and works tirelessly to qualify as a representative for Britain at the International Mathematics Olympiad. Sally Hawkins will devastate viewers as Nathan's mother, tirelessly trying to connect with her autistic son. Much of the comedic respite in the film comes from Rafe Spall, playing Nathan's teacher and mentor, whose sarcasm and self-deprecation is often lost on Nathan, but endears him to the audience immensely.

The romantic pairings become apparent fairly early on and the film ends with these resolved

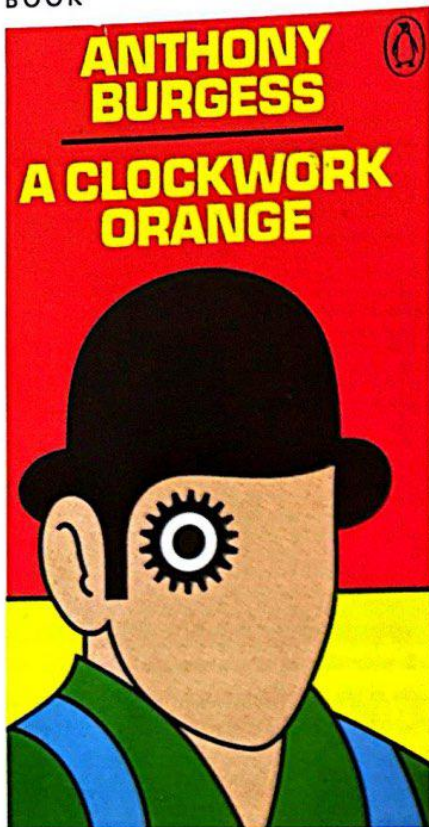
in the rosy fashion one would expect. Somewhat disappointing was the romance between Nathan and his Taiwanese competitor, Zhang Mei (played by Jo Yang) which seems to disregard Nathan's autism by the film's conclusion, as the audience sees him promptly overcoming previous anxieties such as his discomfort with physical contact with relative ease.

**"DESPITE ELEMENTS OF PREDICTABILITY, SEEING ACTORS AT THEIR BEST IS REASON ENOUGH TO WATCH THE FILM."**

Despite elements of predictability, seeing actors at their best is reason enough to watch the film. With the accumulation of heartbreak and hopefulness as we spend time in the lives of the central characters, audiences should enter entertaining the notion of shedding a few tears throughout.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI





## A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

ANTHONY BURGESS (1962)

**A** CLOCKWORK ORANGE IS SUCH A POLARISING story that, to some extent, reviewing it is an exercise in futility. So my review will be this - it's a good story, kinda odd, and there's a bunch of rape. If you're at uni you've probably heard of *A Clockwork Orange*, and you probably know if you're going to read it or not. You're an adult - figure it out yourself, I'm not going to hold your hand. I'm just going to say a

few things that are worthwhile hearing before reading it.

*A Clockwork Orange* is one of those books that gained infamy because of its controversial content and graphic nature. And do be warned, the story is violent. However, in reality it's less violent than most *Game of Thrones* episodes. The reason it was controversial was because it came out in the '60s, a time when there was no cussin' on television. Nowadays it's relatively tame (eventually the story will be turned into an after school special). Don't be put off the book (or attracted to it) because of its reputation for violence - it's just not that shocking.

Would I recommend reading it? Well you can tell whether *A Clockwork Orange* is a book for you once you reach the end of the first page. The novel opens with the protagonist drinking drugged milk in a café. I imagine there are two reactions to this. The first is would be "this is weird, why are they drinking drugged milk?" If this is your reaction, it's probably not the story for you - it only gets more odd and a lot of it never gets explained. If however, this opening catches your interest then I recommend it - it's a marvellous story.

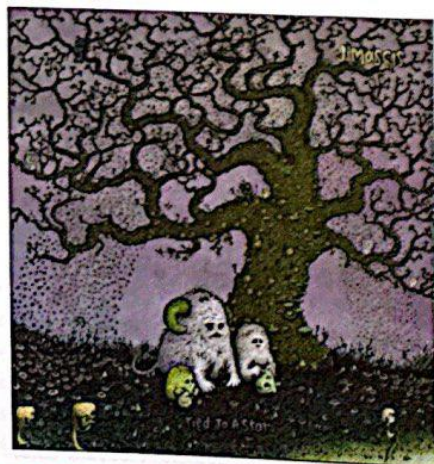
One more thing to think about before you read it is the use of slang. The protagonists have a sort of pseudo-cockney-pseudo-Irish slang language (for example: kroovy = blood). This can make the story confusing, especially towards the start. However once you're about halfway through you should have figured out most of the words (usually obvious from the context). And if

you do struggle with them; again you're an adult - use Google.

REVIEW BY GEORGE YOUNG

**"THE REASON IT WAS CONTROVERSIAL WAS BECAUSE IT CAME OUT IN THE '60S, A TIME WHEN THERE WAS NO CUSSIN' ON TELEVISION. NOWADAYS IT'S RELATIVELY TAME (EVENTUALLY THE STORY WILL BE TURNED INTO AN AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL). DON'T BE PUT OFF THE BOOK (OR ATTRACTED TO IT) BECAUSE OF ITS REPUTATION FOR VIOLENCE - IT'S JUST NOT THAT SHOCKING."**

## MUSIC



## TIED TO A STAR

J MASCIS (2014)

**T**HIS HIP-AS-BUGGERY WHITE TIGER WEARS snap-backs the right way around, looks and sounds like Justin Vernon's Gran-

dad (compliment), and commands two spheres of the musical world. J 'The Whisperer' Mascis is back with a new album. Dinosaur Jr and Heavy Blanket take a break as Mascis goes folk, and it might not be the best idea.

*Tied to a Star* is Mascis' second solo album, three years after his solo debut *Several Shades of Why*. The pieces in *Tied to a Star* don't really show any sense of continuation - of exploration - from his previous album. His first album was really great in the sense not many people knew Mascis could pull that stuff off, and it sure is nice to listen to, with his usual melancholic-schoolboy jams getting stripped down to just him and the Martin/Gibson acoustics ('Can I' off his first album is bangers and mash!) But his latest album is a bit of a repeat, and is a bit boring when played parallel with his debut. This new album of his, albeit a copy, does have some perks. The songs individually aren't too bad. 'Heal the Star' has some

**"... HIS LATEST ALBUM IS A BIT OF A REPEAT, AND IS A BIT BORING WHEN PLAYED PARALLEL WITH HIS DEBUT."**

aggressive acoustic, whilst some pretty best lyrics ("I could use a little downtown, I could use a little less down"). I like that stuff. The way he can indeed parallel that boyhood with its complexity is why I like it. As an album however it's too similar to the first, and not enough forward momentum. Sorry Mascis, your album tied to three stars out of five.

REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY



# PROBLEMS WITH GYRATING

BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

**M**Y GIRLFRIEND PULLED ME UP ON THIS on our last holiday, she caught me in the act. There I was in the park watching some buskers, foot tapping along to some of Bruno Mars' new "Uptown Funk". Yeah sure, I liked it. Refreshing even. Got some gyrating going. Then it played another time in my vicinity.... and another.... oh, there it is in the shopping centre again... \*seething quietly\*. I'm picking disco here as my vessel of frustration with the overdose, play-it-until-they-get-sick-of-it mentality that the modern era of radio has come to, and I'm going to go full tit on this one.

**"DISCO'S RESURGENCE SIGNIFIES A SOON COMING ECLIPSE THAT WILL END GENRES, AND TURN THIS MODERN WORLD INTO A MEDALLION WEARING, FONDUE EATING BEAST ONCE MORE"**

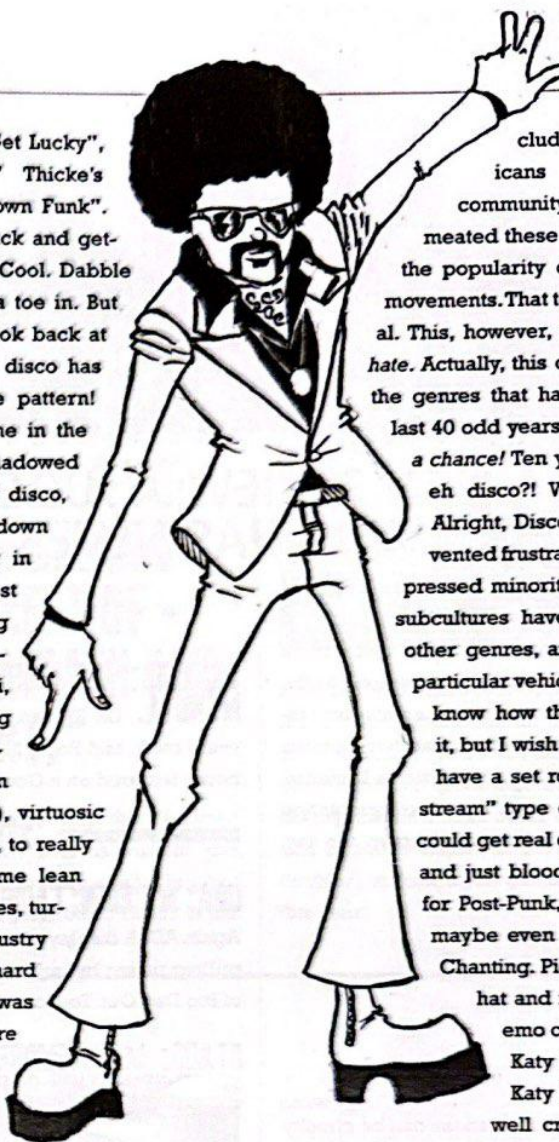
Disco's resurgence signifies a soon coming eclipse that will end genres, and turn this modern world into a medallion wearing, fondue eating beast once more (that ain't really disco, but I'll get to that). Disco and funk are coming back into the market, in this new thing called "Nu

Disco". Daft Punk's "Get Lucky", Robin "The Wanker" Thicke's "Blurred Lines", "Uptown Funk". They're all coming back and getting people dancing. Cool. Dabble in "them beats", dip a toe in. But for the love of God look back at history and see what disco has done, and realise the pattern! The heavy metal scene in the late 1970's was overshadowed by the dominance of disco, with the clubs tearing down the stages in putting in disco balls and chest hair combs, leaving the likes of Billy Sheehan (Mr.Big, Steve Vai, Winery Dogs), Greg Howe (Michael Jackson) and Richie Kotzen (Mr.Big, Winery Dogs), virtuosic giants of the late 70's, to really pull finger and become lean mean gigging machines, turkey vultures of the industry that worked bloody hard to make it big. Punk was forced to go even more underground, and rock was almost left behind. Basically, disco ruled all for a decade roughly. That's mostly what pop stations played. That ain't fair.

Now, this is NOT a hate on the sub-cultures that permeated the true disco movement, that of the underground dance club scene. Disco did do some amazing things for certain minorities, in-

cluding African-Americans and the LGBT community which often permeated these clubs, ramping up the popularity of their respective movements. That to me is inspirational. This, however, is just pure genre hate. Actually, this one goes out to all the genres that have ruled over the last 40 odd years. Give other genres a chance! Ten years of one genre, eh disco?! WHAT?! Come on! Alright, Disco was a method of vented frustration from these oppressed minorities, but now these subcultures have spread to many other genres, and don't have one particular vehicle anymore. I don't know how they're going to do it, but I wish every genre could have a set rotation as a "mainstream" type outlet. If the world could get real cutesy for a minute, and just bloody share. One year for Post-Punk, one year for R&B, maybe even one for Gregorian Chanting. Pick a genre out of a hat and run with it. If some emo cries when he hears Katy Perry, so be it. But Katy Perry better damn well cry next year when

My Chemical Romance come back... etc. And so the world learns to share, and dealing with exposure to cultures, and trying every jelly bean in the mix, and to not just gyrate out of control. Because when you do, you gyrate your bony junk into the chances of musical expression becoming a universal term, rather than it being rooted in one genre.



## ANTEMASQUE

ANTEMASQUE

**F**ANS OF AT THE DRIVE IN AND THE MARS VOLTA have learned to expect two things from any musical project involving Cedric Bixler Zavala and Omar Rodriguez-Lopez: frantic, discordant guitar riffs and equally frantic, dark lyrics belted out in Bixler Zavala's distinctive tenor tone. ANTEMASQUE delivers on both fronts. It is not relaxing music by any stretch, and tracks like '4AM' and 'Rome Armed To The Teeth' are guaranteed to get the heart rate up out of pure stress. It's not all twisted funk, though. The folksy 'Drown All Your Witches' is a tail-end

change of pace, sounding Led-Zepelinesque at times and demonstrating the versatility these two have as musicians.

It is versatility that is missing, though. Bixler Zavala and Rodriguez-Lopez are both talented and prolific, and have as many side projects as I've had hot dinners. ANTEMASQUE is so similar to At The Drive In and The Mars Volta that you wonder why they didn't use the name change as an excuse for direction change. Of course, anything Zavala involves himself in has the tendency to self-destruct, so enjoy ANTEMASQUE while you can.

Final verdict: A bit weirder than ATDI but not as



weird as TMV, ANTEMASQUE delivers what you'd expect, but not much else.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

MUSIC



# FOUR YEARS IN REVIEW: A JUDGEMENT OF O-WEEK CONCERTS BY SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN TO AN O-WEEK CONCERT

REVIEWED BY MARK FULLERTON

**E**VERY YEAR, UOA PUTS ON AN ORIENTATION concert, and every year we look at the concerts put on by other student associations around the country and turn various shades of green - well, mainly towards Dunedin. This is a comprehensive review of orientation week music around the country over the last four years.

Have I ever been?

No.

But I'll rate them anyway.

(Sometimes student associations can be cheeky in announcing their orientation line-ups by including artists who just happen to be playing then, not part of any particular university sponsored event. These were not counted.)

## 2012

**UOA: NAKED AND FAMOUS; PRINCESS CHELSEA; TAHUNA BREAKS.** An odd year, in retrospect. Tahuna Breaks are a NZ summer staple. However over three years after they rose to prominence, The Naked and Famous were definitely on the slide by 2013, and have slid even further still. Where are they now? Who knows. On the other hand, AUSA discovered Princess Chelsea long before she appeared on the Laneway radar, opening the festival this year. They out-hipstered the hipsters. Well done. 3/5

**OTAGO: SHAPESHIFTER, SUNSHINE SOUND SYSTEM; NIGHTSHADE; SHIHAD, CAIRO KNIFE FIGHT; KNIVES AT NOON; DAVID DALLAS, HOMEBREW, P-MONEY; DUDSTOWN SOUNDSYSTEM; BULLETPROOF.** A very-locals heavy line up, but still. The biggest local names you could possibly think of, in both the electronic and rock arenas, so everyone can be happy. 4/5

**VICTORIA: MT EDEN DUBSTEP; ROOTS MANUVA.** Eh. Dubstep was 'the thing' a few years back, and Roots Manuva's claim to fame is being featured on a Gorillaz song. 2/5

## 2013

**UOA: MT EDEN; LADIG; KIDS OF 88; KORA.** Again AUSA displayed their lack of international pulling power by impersonating the early hours of Big Day Out. You know the type. 2/5

**OTAGO: MACKLEMORE AND RYAN LEWIS; HOMEBREW; TWO CARTOONS; MALES; ARTISAN GUNS; TOM LARK.** The biggest international name of the year, as well as a smattering of up-and-coming Kiwi artists, staying true to Dunedin's indie-rock roots. Introducing a bit of local culture while still giving those maybe less interested a reason to party. 5/5

**VICTORIA: HOMEBREW; TOMMY ILL.** Great rappers, but is that it? Apparently so. 2/5

**CANTERBURY: MACKLEMORE AND RYAN LEWIS; HOMEBREW.** Much the same as Otago, although rumour is UCSA secured Macklemore before Otago. No one else, though. 4/5

## 2014

**UOA: SHAPESHIFTER.** Two years ago OUSA presented Shapeshifter along with a myriad of other homegrown electronic talent. Why could AUSA not do the same? Regardless, the best UoA o-week concert of the past three years. 3/5

**OTAGO: CHASE AND STATUS; SUB FOCUS; TINIE TEMPAAH; HOMEBREW; SIX60.** Do OUSA have Homebrew on retainer? They clearly have the funds to, managing to pull dance giants Chase and Status down to Dunedin, of all places. Plus, they managed to bring along collaborators (and big names in their own right) Sub Focus

and Tinie Tempah. 5/5

**VICTORIA: BAAUER; BATHS; KAYTRAN VUWSA** really got behind the 'Wellington' idea this year. So alty that no one knew as so no one went. And no one really wants to any more than 30 seconds of 'Harlem Shake'.

**CANTERBURY: HERMITUDE; CHET FA DAVID DALLAS; @PEACE.** Torn Scott must solely off the university orientation market must David Dallas. Predictable locals segmented the UCSA's year of not-quite-but-al Flume, preferring to go with his collaborator rather than bring the man himself out to play, remixed (and far better) 'Hyperparadise'. 1/5 so, kudos for the alt. 4/5

## 2015

**UOA: SIGMA.** Sigma. Yawn. Not only do we the sloppy seconds (thirds?), but we get it from an artist who was here only six months on the back of one song which was a remix of another song which was only famous for a Kardashian sideboob. 1/5

**OTAGO: EMPIRE OF THE SUN; KIESZA; STICKY FINGERS; DAVID DALLAS; PETER PROJECT.** How does OUSA kill it every year? Again pilfering the RnV line up, borrowing 2013/14 headliners Empire of the Sun and the Scarfies back home. Local talent rounds it out nicely. 5/5

**VICTORIA: SIGMA, SAVAGE.** You already know my thoughts on Sigma, unless he's surrounded by acts of the calibre OUSA has managed to produce, although a spot by Savage does raise the rating somewhat. 3/5

Pick up your game, Auckland. We're scraping the barrel.



## BIRDHOOD

**T**HE 2015 OSCARS HAVE COME TO PASS AND Alejandro González Iñárritu's *Birdman* took out four of the nine categories in which it was nominated, including Best Picture. *Birdman* was in no way a shoo-in for this particular honour, as it seemed voters could either favour Iñárritu's fantasy drama, or *Boyhood*, the product of Richard Linklater's twelve-year enterprise.

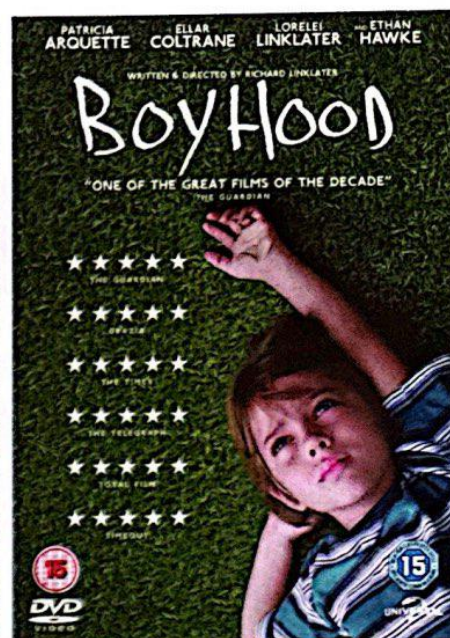
While *Birdman* didn't take twelve years to make, it pushed the parameters of filmmaking in its own way. It is difficult to imagine the strict cues that the actors and crew must have followed to make the single tracking shot gimmick of the film look as seamless as it appeared. Along with Michael Keaton's faultless performance as an actor struggling against all odds (and against his own capricious cast) to direct and star on Broadway, the film's strong supporting ensemble, and atmospheric score made *Birdman* worthy of best picture.

This fantastical film contrasts with *Boyhood*, which is simply about what its title suggests – a boy's life from childhood through to college. The film's themes are ones audiences

can easily relate to, as they watch Mason (Eliar Coltrane) maturing and searching to find his passion, supported by his family who also suffer and grow alongside him. *Boyhood*'s lengthy production period caught the attention of audiences and critics, but it is the actors who delivered throughout this prolonged filming period, and Linklater's ability to make a captivating film about the everyday and the familiar, that makes *Boyhood* equally as worthy of best picture.

**"BOYHOOD POSSESSED ONE QUALITY THAT BIRDMAN SEEMED TO BE BEREFT OF - SERIOUS WARMTH AND HEART."**

*Boyhood* possessed one quality that *Birdman* seemed to be bereft of – serious warmth and heart. *Birdman*'s characters were absorbing, but also self-serving and largely bitter. 'Heart' is not



a requisite element of a best picture winner (as it's unlikely anyone felt all that warm and fuzzy after watching 1992's big winner *The Silence of the Lambs*), but given that these two films are so evenly matched in all other aspects, the warmth and relatable nature of *Boyhood* edges it past *Birdman*, making it the worthier film that lost out this year.



## THE LANTERN FESTIVAL

ALBERT PARK

**T**HE LANTERN FESTIVAL PUTS THE BEST AND THE WORST of Auckland on display. Overtly, it's a visual representation of the way in which the city has enthusiastically embraced Chinese culture. Marking the end of Chinese New Year, the festival draws crowds from far and wide, from various cultures and demographics. Now in its sixteenth year, it is a rare glimpse of cultural vibrancy in an often bland and uneventful city. The lanterns are certainly pretty, and worth seeing if you've never gone along before. The glowing paper watermelons are cute, the stilt-walkers impressive. The \$5 pad thai isn't

half bad either.

Free events in Auckland are few and far between. But despite the lack of entry fee, it's hardly a festival put on solely in recognition of the inherent value of accessible public entertainment. Although the lanterns succeed in bringing hordes of Aucklanders and tourists to Albert Park, they come across as a tokenistic backdrop serving the undeniable corporate influence. Despite being the principal sponsor, does ASB really need a customer-only VIP lounge? While the plebs mill around outside, customers are invited to enjoy complimentary green tea, stress balls, dance shows, and a fortune tree inviting wishes for the coming year of the sheep. No ASB card,

no entry.

The biggest disappointment of all was that the parking spaces in the near vicinity uniformly hiked up their prices for the duration of the festival. Never mind that they would have made more money than usual anyway given the huge influx of people to the CBD. I paid \$15.60 for the privilege of parking for two hours. Screw you, Wilson Parking.

While the throngs of people provided an energetic vibe, I became acutely aware of how much of a New Zealander I really am. Shoulder to shoulder with other festival goers, no one knowing whether to walk on the left or the right, a spotty high schooler randomly requesting a selfie, I resented the pulsating crowds pushing me to and fro and the lack of personal space.

So, while the Lantern Festival provides a perfectly acceptable twenty minutes of fun, I can't help but feel that it ultimately contributes to the money-grubbing attitude that increasingly seems to characterise Auckland. But then again, what's the point of public entertainment if not to line the pockets of banks and parking companies? A city which celebrates multiculturalism and bringing people together for its intrinsic value? Surely not. We live in the commercial epicentre of the country, after all.





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# TOP TEN

## THINGS YOU WILL HATE BY THE END OF YOUR FIRST YEAR.

**10. BUSSING WITH PEOPLE.** Don't deny it, all of us crawl lower into our seat when your bus stops and someone you knew vaguely from high school steps in. You know what will happen, it's the same small talk: What are you studying? How are you finding it? What's your life plan for the next 50 years? It's too much. Especially when all you want to do for the next 20mins (optimistic with Auckland's public transport) is listen to music and pretend that University doesn't exist.

**9. CECIL POP UPS.** You won't need to wait until the end of your first week let alone first year to find this one of the most frustrating experiences at UoA. The flashing box which claims you did not respond in time when you know full well that you did would cause more fits of rage than the readings we have.

**8. BROOKE FRASER.** While this talented Kiwi singer has some great tunes, her talent has been crushed by the wonderfully efficient organisation known as 'StudyLink'. When you listen to her songs on repeat for the hours you wait for any form of assistance, any trace of respect or admiration for her is clawed away from you.

**7. QUAD.** At first, the quad seems like the centre of exciting student events and a place to meet new people. But

soon you realize that it's simply a dirty cold square, littered with overpriced containers of food from the quad cafes. The food tastes bad. There are pigeons and shit everywhere. And only a few sheets of fabric above the sitting area protect you from the rain. Just avoid it.

**6. PRICE OF BOOKS.** While the University is supposed to encourage and facilitate education, the immediate blockade is, the price of the books we are 'prescribed' to have. Should the compulsory textbook be almost \$200 for 12 weeks worth of work? I don't think so.

**5. STUDENT ELECTIONS.** Don't come to the quad ever. But especially in the middle of the first half of Semester 2 if you value freedom from harassment. With the amount of paper flying around to signify the death of a rainforest, people fight for practically redundant positions and disrupt any form of harmony found during university.

**4. STUDENT POLITICIANS.** This ranges from those die hard 'Young' politicians (from Nats to Greens and everything in between) to those fighting to join the any form of University Association. From the preachy yet condescending talks of "making a change" to get your vote for a practically-useless position, interaction

with these people is torturous. It's ok, we understand it's for the CV. Just please give me some space.

**3. FIRST YEARS.** Just like the immediate resentment to 'turd formers' at high school, first years at University are not immune from the hatred. The bubbly optimism and naivety first years have towards University life is not only sickening and draining but unrealistic. Soon they will realize the truth, and we can't wait for that to happen.

**2. YOUR DEGREE.** There's that moment in first year when you look down at your notes and textbooks and realize that everything you thought your degree would be was all a lie. Your Careers Advisor never told you it would be this way and all you want to do is go back to school and slap him/her in the face. Instead, what you're left with is some boring and irrelevant discussion on something you couldn't give two shits about.

**1. UNIVERSITY.** It really wasn't what you thought it would be was it? The allure of freedom, new friendships and boundless opportunities are replaced with the cold reality of loneliness, restrictions and debt. And what will you come out with? A \$50,000 piece of paper with your name on it that guarantees you nothing. Thanks University, you're the best.





# The People to Blame

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## The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Augusta Connor

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YOUR STUDENT BAR

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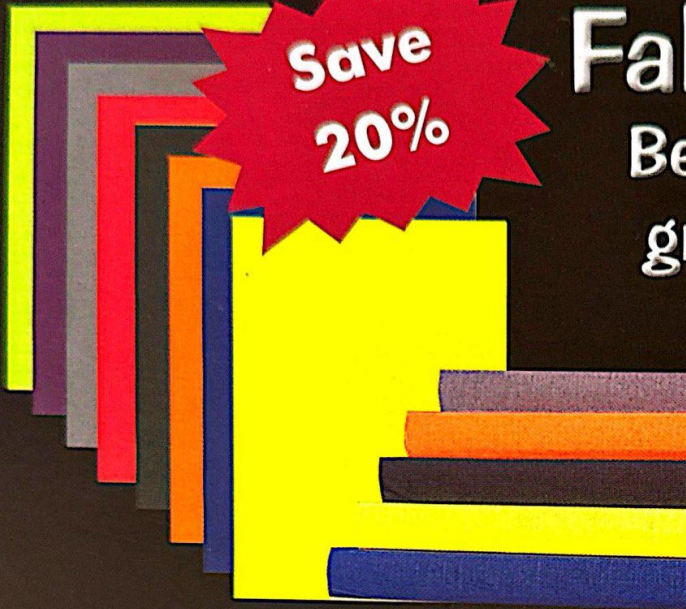


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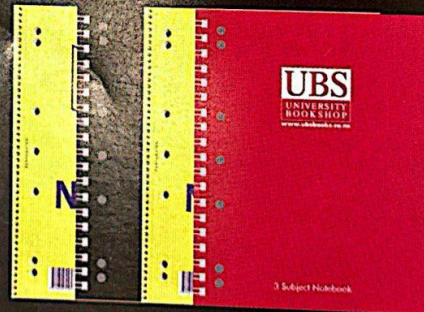
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