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ISSUE 20

THE WAITRESS' TAIL

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FUCKWIT NATION, OR FUCK UP MAX KEY

SO I DID A QUICK BANTER THIS WEEK. BRIEFLY posted an article about how our Prime Minister's foot-fetishist son - note: NOT DEFAMATION, honest opinion, check out his video from Hawaii, 90% feet - got a neat job. I noted that he was a "little shit", again honest opinion. And, for the first time this year, there was a flame war on the page.

No point narrating the development, basically, some people *fucking love* Max Key and would lose their minds over the chance to suck off his overprivileged cock (of course, in my honest opinion, he only goes for foot-jobs). Others think, quite correctly, that he's a bit of a shitlord. The argument was good banter, Nathan Perry columnist at large weighed in, talked about privilege, about money, about feet, about monied privilege, and privileged money - do try to read his column guys, he's really sad that no one

does. Some fuckwits thought it was mean to have a go, called me a bully (they know nothing of banter).

All in all, the only consensus was that *Craccum* is a bit shit. Fair call. This being said, the student population, our non-reading, barely literate, public, is also incredibly shit. Side note: when Nathan (see above) started his column, I told him off for being too condescending to the readers. I was right to do so, it's a bad look, but also fuck ya only 4 issues left. Ad hominem aside, our university is clearly incredibly dumb. The only fucking thing anyone has gotten into a debate about online for the whole fucking year is whether we're too mean to Max Key. Even four full articles about trans-cup-gate, only like two twitter posts. Now, as I said, *Craccum* is bland, dull, lifeless, generic, liberal, dilettanteish, pretentious, too wordy, etc (all actual quotes). But it does also cover a bunch of stuff that matters: student culture declining, hobos, queers of all stripes, feminism, technology, abuse of language (ironic), Conrad Grimshaw. All covered averagely at best, but the only people to so much as tell us we're crap are morons like Sophie Webb.

This is for a whole lot of reasons, reasons

we write about every week: no student culture, bad Auckland, decline of journalism, right-wingers, etc. It's also because of the *Woman's Weekly* mentality, we want to know about John Key's son, about excessive wealth, and big pools. The right wish they had it, suspect they will, and defend him. The left are jealous, suspect they'll never keep up, so attack him. Both sides share giving a shit. They get passionately angry, some *Craccum* editors even make Facebook posts. But you make a post about a book, about AUSA, about Stuart McCutcheon (cunt, honest opinion), and no one gives a shit. Because as a student body, we're idiots. As a country, fuelled by a media beset by Key-loving and Hosking ranting, we're idiots. As a magazine that spends its time touting generic political opinions (deeply liberally biased of course) rather than actually experiencing *something* and writing about anything we know, we're idiots.

Next year's *Craccum* editors will be better than this year's. Next year's AUSA will hopefully improve on the last. Hopefully everything will improve. But I suspect the Kiwi passion for the lives of rich kids, and dispassion for actual stuff will stick around. Fuck off.

THE TOKEN

RECENTLY I HAVE BEEN PUT IN MANY SITUATIONS where my homosexuality has been the subject or reason for the discourse. Varied questions are asked: "What is a gay perspective on this issue?" "How can my organisation help the struggle gay people face?" And the always lovely, "can you help me shop?" These conversations have left me feeling rather bittersweet. Arguably it's great that (one of) the LGBTQIA perspectives get the opportunity to be heard. But on a personal note, I can't help but feel tokenised - as if I am only being consulted because of my sexual orientation, rather than who I am as a person. It's a difficult balance to strike and I don't know if there is a clear way to balance these conflicting interests.

On the one hand, asking these questions (bar the shopping one) is akin to affirmative action and reflects how society is trying to be as inclusive as possible. By asking these questions, this helps raise awareness and understanding of these groups, by letting those who experience it share their story. This is beneficial for all, particularly for those trying to come to terms with themselves.

It also validates these different identities, as it can be easy for someone who isn't part of this community to ignore them or assume they don't actually exist. For example, look at how many people have claimed bisexuals or pansexuals are either going through a phase or

are too afraid to come out of the closet, rather than accepting what someone says they identify as. Or how asexuals are written off as just having a low sex drive.

On the other hand, this arguably makes an individual's sexuality their defining feature. Their opinion is asked for insofar as it relates to whom they are attracted to. This is a reductive way of treating an individual and ignores many other contexts, identities and backgrounds that shape a person. It also exacerbates this community as 'others', because they are actively highlighting what makes these individuals different, rather than highlighting what makes them similar.

This only worsens the issue when affirmative action is undertaken to tick a diversity box and 'show' support, rather than actively trying or doing something to benefit that community. This is particularly seen in media with the 'Token Gay' character, who is either 'fabulously' effeminate, or predatorily crushes on the straight protagonist. This character fails to show the varied characteristics of a gay person or mainly that they are for the most part a *normal person*.

What this shows is how LGBTQIA people have not been normalised yet. Society has definitely become more accepting and open to these groups, yet they're still outside the 'norm' and 'different', a lab rat to poke at to learn more about.

So is there a way to prevent this conundrum?

I definitely do not believe people should stop asking questions about this community, or any one they are not part of for that matter. As discussed earlier, it's important for everyone to be educated about what these different identities are and that is the best way for this to happen. Once the knowledge is known and disseminated to others, this will help to normalise the community. It could also mean that these questions may not need to be asked again in the future, because it has become socially accepted facts.

I've heard people say that it would be difficult to normalise this community because the numbers are considerably lower. However considering the progress within the last fifty years towards this community, it surely be would not be reaching to say that in the next fifty years, there would be barely any prying questions, a coming out spectacle, or a shopping stereotype.

Or perhaps, all this knowledge will show that this community isn't as small as people think. Perhaps in the next fifty years, the numbers of the LGBTQIA community will grow substantially, because more people are comfortable knowing that you don't have to be confined to a heterosexual norm. Perhaps there won't just be one token gay, but a large bunch in everyday life.

Perhaps this is a little idealistic. Or perhaps that will occur in the following fifty-year cycle.

WHAT A LOAD OF Crac-News

EMAIL NEWS@CRACCUUM.CO.NZ FOR BANTS WITH THE LADS

NEWS IN BRIEF

BRITAIN: Shock for the Labour Party as it elects first left-wing leader in twenty years.

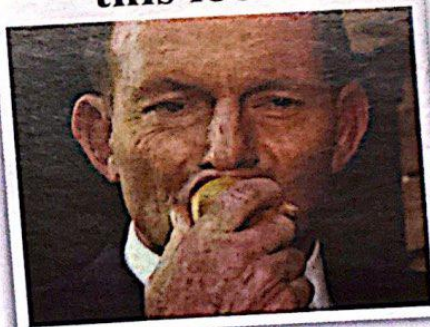
THE UNIVERSITY: Fans of trans pissed at cis-misses, take stand, make planned cake stand banned.

THE UNIVERSITY: Women's rights activist rages about misogyny, saying a man oppressed her recently within university grounds. According to onlookers the man was heard to say "what the fuck, get out of here - this is the urinals!"

NZ: George FM radio hosts admit that "made a mistake" when discussing women's Instagram photos on air, saying 'we called them 'do-nothing bitches', when in reality we should've said 'sluts that clog our fucking news-feeds'".

THE UNIVERSITY: Stuart McCuntcheon Gets Salary Increase. Head of the International Monetary Fund Christine Lagarde has issued a statement condemning the latest increase in Stuart McCuntcheon's salary, which brings his annual income to greater than the GDP of New Zealand.

20 minutes into
Onion and Chill
and he gives you
this look



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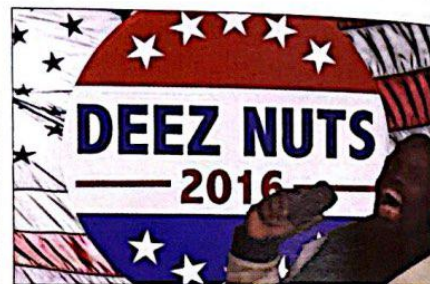
DEEZ NUTS ANNOUNCES PRESIDENTIAL RUN

SENATOR DEEZ NUTS OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND released his plans to run for President of the United States of America early yesterday. A member of the independent party, Senator Nuts' following interview answers America's burning questions.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN POLITICS? Only about two years. But don't worry, I won't drop the ball.

ISSUE MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU? Definitely anything environmental. I'm very interested in saving the hardwoods.

RELATIONSHIP STATUS? Single — something I'm feeling very blue about.



CAMPAIGN SLOGAN? GOT EEM!

Senator Nuts promised that more information on his campaign was to come through the media at a later date.

ASHLEY MADISON USERS SORRY FOR BEING CAUGHT

USERS OF THE CHEATERS' DATING SITE ASHLEY MADISON have issued a collective apology for being caught. "We are really sorry that our partners had to go through finding out that we'd been trying to cheat on them", a spokesperson said.

The group took full responsibility for using passwords such as 123456, password, and qwerty, but Jason Brown, who asked for anonymity but we didn't give it to him, said it

NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

wasn't his fault his marriage broke down. "I blame the hackers. If they hadn't exposed me, my wife and I would still be happily married - well, I would, she'd be miserable because she knew I was hiding something from her".

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The hack has been good news for some. James Wesley, of Wesleys, Wesleys and Wesleys Divorce Lawyers, said business has been booming. and Tracy Bradley, a marriage guidance counsellor, said she had never had as many clients.

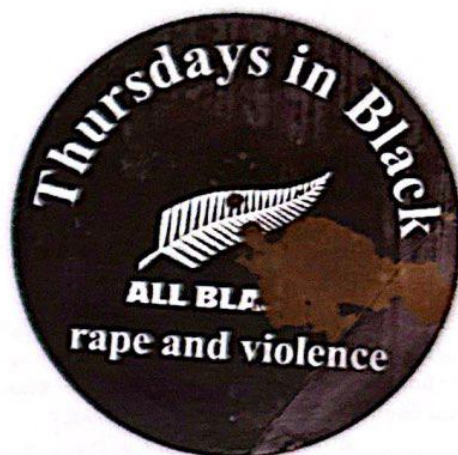
'THURSDAYS IN BLACK' CONFUSED FOR ALL BLACKS EVENT

LAST WEEKS WOMENSFEST EVENT 'THURSDAYS IN Black' caused quite the stir across the University of Auckland city campus, when hundreds of self-described lads flooded the quad and took over the event to promote the All Blacks rugby world cup bid.

"It was bizarre seeing those girls in black", said Jim, a student originally from Taranaki, "but then I just assumed they'd be supporting the boys. I mean have they not seen any cover of the New Zealand Herald or watched any of the news or even talked to any guy? It's not

like there isn't anything else happening in New Zealand".

When some of the females tried to explain the significance of the event and the importance of raising awareness for issues facing women, a group of guys were seen shaking their heads. They told *Craccum*, "these girls really need to put their issues into perspective. The All Blacks are about to face their first game with the corrupt Wayne Barnes, which is clearly more important for the country than the wage gap or some form of mumbo jumbo they were talking about".



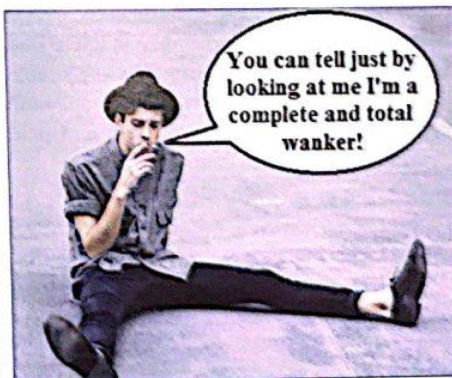
OPINIONATED ASSHOLE AT PARTY FINDS SOLUTION FOR WORLD PEACE

IN AN UNBELIEVABLE TURN OF EVENTS, LAST NIGHT, at a flat party in Kingdland, one hipster douchebag changed the course of global history.

Bystanders were in a state of shock after his mesmerizing 30-minute rant. "He just went on, and on", declared one dazed witness, who was too confused to be named. "He kept quoting Lana Del Rey and sucking on a shisha pen. Everyone was too confused to interrupt him".

Details have been difficult to gather. What we now know is that the Pubic-Hair-Bearded Messiah appeared at the party an hour before his revelations, introducing himself as a first-year criminology student, wearing an aggressively lumpy sweater. "Why can't everyone just get along?" He began, momentarily. "I mean, in the world. Just peace and love, yo".

World leaders have said to be stunned by the



events. Immediately, global diplomats around the world resigned, followed by leaders such as Benjamin Netanyahu, Angela Merkel, and Barack Obama. "What is the point in Presidents anymore?" Obama was reported to have remarked after the statements. "It's just like the man himself said... 'Labels are stupid, we should just call each other real'".

LOCAL MAN VICTIM OF MISANDRY BY REALLY MEAN FEMINAZI

24-YEAR-OLD ROBERT KLINE, A SELF-DESCRIBED nice guy, recently found himself in a situation no man should ever be subjected to: blatantly rejected by a woman. "I asked my female friend out on a date and she friend-zoned me", Kline whined, picking at his acne. "She said she 'didn't see me that way' and 'just wanted to stay friends'".

Kline had befriended a woman he found attractive and spent minutes pretending to listen to her, all for naught: she still refused to date him despite his efforts. "She must be a man-hating lesbian feminist", Kline concluded, combing his neckbeard. "There's no other explanation. She didn't think it was cool I was a Brony. She never wanted to see my fedora collection".

The woman Kline attempted to woo refused to give a statement, claiming she wasn't sure who he was.

INTERVIEW WITH PETER DUNNE

PETER DUNNE, LEADER OF UNITED FUTURE, AND CURRENT MINISTER OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS CHATTED TO ME ABOUT SOME FUN STUFF FROM HIS YEARS OF BEING IN POLITICS (AND UNI).

KANYE WEST FOR PRESIDENT?

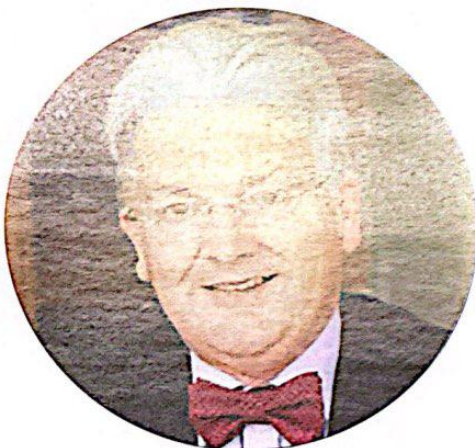
"I thought that that was a bit hilarious" but he suspects "he'll have changed his mind several times before then".

SECRET EMBARRASSING POP MUSIC TASTE

"I don't think it's embarrassing, and I don't think it's secret. But I'm not actually a pop music fan – my music tastes sorta stop around the mid-60s". I could not have guessed. Lad.

FAVOURITE FLAG DESIGN OUT OF THE FINAL 4

The blue and black one. His comment of the black and white one was that "it reminds me of Air New Zealand planes, and they always run late, which I don't think is a good metaphor for a country – behind the times".



WHERE DID THE IDEA FOR THE BOW-TIE COME FROM?

"I don't know. It's a habit I picked up about 20 years ago, and I thought it was a bit different, and a bit quirky. Then I discovered I wasn't having such a big dry-cleaning bill for spilling food on normal ties, so I started wearing bowties most of the time".

HOW MANY BOW-TIES DO YOU HAVE?

"Somewhere between about 40 and 50". Wow.

YOU SUPPORTED MORE LIBERAL ALCOHOL LAWS (LAD). WHAT WAS YOUR BEST NIGHT OUT STORY?

"To be perfectly honest I can't remember. It was when I was a student, but I do remember the hangover lasted for two and a half days!"

HAVE YOU EVER DONE WEED?

Yep, during uni and immediately after, "but I didn't really like it that much".

WORST FLAT MATE

He had one flatmate, who was a good guy, but "a bit slovenly". His trick was "on a cold Christchurch morning he would get up, wrap his electric blanket around himself and plug himself into the wall to keep warm".

FLAT PARTIES

"They were all very lengthy affairs, and there

were usually bodies around for a day or two afterwards".

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN DRUNK WITH ANY OF THE OTHER LEADERS?

"I do recall one occasion with the current Prime Minister, just when he became Prime Minister. We were actually having a bottle of wine to celebrate his success and he'd just moved into the Prime Minister's office, and he had the wine, and that was lovely. We had everything but glasses and I remember we actually ended up celebrating this momentous event drinking out of paper cups. Yeah, he was saying 'I'm the Prime Minister of New Zealand but I haven't got any damned glasses'".

FUNNIEST MOMENT WORKING IN POLITICS

"I recall once an incident with Prime Minister Jeffery Palmer on a very sensitive issue we were meeting in his office [for], and there was a window cleaner outside cleaning the windows, and the Prime Minister sort of said can they get rid of the window cleaner 'cause he didn't want him seeing who was in the office. And they went away, had several attempts to remove the window cleaner, [but] they kept coming back and saying 'oh Prime Minister, he's only got this window to do, he won't be long'. It all got too much for Jeffery in the end who leapt up on the table in his office and started shouting at the top of his voice 'I MAY WELL BE THE PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, I CAN DO ALL SORTS OF THINGS, BUT IT SEEMS I CAN'T GET RID OF A FUCKING WINDOW CLEANER!'".

YOU'VE BEEN CONNECTED WITH OR WORKED WITH ALMOST EVERY PARTY BEFORE. HOW THEY WORK, IS IT AT ALL SIMILAR?

"Yeah it is, just different degrees of emphasis in terms of what their priorities are, but fundamentally they're all the same...and if I'm being really charitable, I think fundamentally everyone's well motivated".

LEFT-WINGER AGREES FREEDOM OF SPEECH PROTECTS RACISTS

IN A SHOCKING ADMISSION, A LEFT-WING UNIVERSITY student, who has asked to remain anonymous to protect herself, has reluctantly agreed that the right

to freedom of speech protects racists, homophobes and sexists as well as those fighting for positive discrimination and gender-diverse toilets.

The breakthrough in logical thinking comes as a surprise to the president of the Students For Freedom Of Speech Association, who said "freedom of speech does not protect people if they say things that offend me. If you are offensive, particularly to people who are in a minority, then

freedom of speech doesn't apply. This girl is obviously a right-winger in disguise".

The student's tentative attempt to breach the left-right divide follows a grudging recognition by a supporter of the ACT party that keeping New Zealand above sea level might not be such a bad idea, and an unexpected concession by a business student that the economy is unlikely to thrive if there is no oxygen to breathe.

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BANTZ WITH CARTZ PUBS

EVERYONE AGREES THAT WESTERN civilisation is the best. And when we say "Western civilisation", what we really mean is British civilisation. But why is British culture better? Why is it that of the top 15 countries on the Human Development Index, more than half are British colonies? Why have half of all Nobel prizes gone to English-speaking countries? Why are British law, science, government and commerce the standards to which all other nations aspire? Why have more books been published in English than in all other languages put together? The answer may surprise you. It's because of pubs.

Pubs are the home of all good things in life: beer, conversation, cheap and hearty food. They exude warmth, good humour and camaraderie. A good pub will have a roaring fire indoors in the winter, and maybe another one out of doors. The ideal pub would probably be a giant ring of fire that you have to run through, but which has free beer and an awesome jukebox in the middle (I believe that's what Viking pubs were like). The furniture

should be comfortable and made of hardwoods and leather. Indeed, all surfaces in a pub ought to be natural: wood, bronze, stone. The only plastics in a pub should be credit cards and cigarette lighters. The lighting should be just right – not too dark, not too bright, like the sunlight in that last hour before dusk on a clear autumn's day.

Britain doesn't have the outdoor public squares of continental Europe. Its weather is too shitty for that. So is New Zealand's, at least in the winter. In Australia, although the weather may be better, the outdoors is full of flies and snakes and kangaroos, and those animals are all dickheads. So instead of piazzas we have pubs, and rather than hanging out outside, where's there's plenty of space to ignore one another, everyone gathers in a crowded, dimly-lit room that smells of beer, where there's no alternative but to get along. Fuelled by alcohol, the gasoline of British civilisation, gossip is exchanged, new friends are made, differences are aired and solved, plans are formed, deals are done, the wisdom of the old is passed on to the young.

Some of the most important events in history happened in pubs. The Boston Tea Party, which began the American Revolution, was planned in a pub called the Green Dragon. Adolf Hitler's career began in a Munich beer hall. This gave him mystical pagan powers that guaranteed early Nazi successes. To win, the Allies had to beat Hitler at his own game, so Churchill turned his entire house into a pub, whilst Roosevelt was practically legless the entire war. William Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton beat the shit

out of each other in a pub fight in 1612. How? It's a little known fact that Newton invented a time machine. The fight was for possession of the device. Shakespeare wanted to know what Caesar really said to Brutus. Unfortunately, during the brawl the machine was smashed, which is why you've probably never heard of it. I only know about it because a guy in a pub told me.

Pubs are where the great British tradition of free speech and tolerance began. Every pub is a Parliament, every punter a politician. At the pub, you will find yourself in an argument, because drunk people can't let a contentious statement go unchallenged. If someone disagrees with what you say, you have to defend it. It's not like the internet. You can't just hold up a picture of Beyoncé rolling her eyes, or a screenshot from *Glee* with some snarky words in white Impact. Nor can you get out of the argument by pretending to be offended at what the other person is saying. Everyone in the pub would laugh at you, and you'd have to walk home in the rain. No, in a pub everyone is equal, everything is up for debate, and every point of view is only as good as the arguments put forth to support it.

It is this ritual of argument and debate that nurtured British science, literature and government until they

came to outstrip the rest of the world. Many of the world's greatest ideas were dreamed up in British pubs. The steam engine, the Spitfire, the deep-fried Mars bar. Even the idea of the pub was invented in a pub (time machine, again). You see, the perfect pub creates the perfect environment for people who don't even know each other to talk openly, honestly and uninhibited, about whatever happens to be on their mind. When crammed into cosy but confined quarters and given pints of beer, people from different walks of life, with very different opinions, end up listening to each other's points of view, and that's when learning and discovery happen.

Naturally disagreements will arise. But instead of running away from the argument, people in pubs have to engage with what the other person is saying, understand where they're coming from, and rethink their own argument in response. Eventually, bad ideas are found to be bad and cast aside, whilst the best ideas are kept. It's this process, of replacing error with truth, that builds civilisations and keeps them moving forward. That's why our civilisation is the greatest in human history, and if we want to keep it that way, all we have to do is get people off the fucking internet and down the fucking pub. Cheers.

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS IN HISTORY HAPPENED IN PUBS... ADOLF HITLER'S CAREER BEGAN IN A MUNICH BEER HALL. THIS GAVE HIM MYSTICAL PAGAN POWERS THAT GUARANTEED EARLY NAZI SUCCESSSES.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE SANDERNISTAS AND STORMIN CORBYNS WITH TESSA NADEN

Labour Party had an election recently, wherein 'left-wing firebrand and backbench rebel' Jeremy Corbyn was elected to the surprise of many. His election followed months of hysteria as it became clear he was almost certainly going to win (and did so in a landslide).

What confuses me, I suppose, is why Jeremy Corbyn was a bad thing in the first place. He embodies Labour values, even UK Labour values, and not in a bad way: he fights for what he believes in. Perhaps this is what makes him so 'frightening' – almost all the other candidates had roughly accepted

the deficit was Labour's fault and required fixing before anything else – despite the fact that this is both false, and deficit spending is needed rather than austerity.

I suppose if I am confused, it is that Corbyn is a man of Labour values: why is that frightening? And, by extension, why are left-wing parties so frightened to stand up for what they believe in? We saw this recently in our own country when Andrew Little, confused, didn't stand up for trans rights: like the Labour Party has done and continued to do for decades. Why is it so hard for modern left-wing parties

to stand up for their values, particularly when it comes to social minorities like the queers? And why is it, that when a genuinely left-wing candidate like Corbyn, or America's Bernie Sanders becomes a Big Thing, they're immediately derided as unelectable wacky weirdos? They're not doing anything particularly out of step with what their respective parties profess to believe: in fairness, equality, yada yada yada. Instead of reasonable debate, we get hacked together attack ads where Corbyn gets edited into saying Hezbollah truly are the shiznits, which in any sane reality is absolutely ridiculous.

VE BEEN IN A BIT OF A STATE OF CONFUSION lately. For context, the UK



MY-FORMATIVE- SEXUAL-EXPERIENCE

WITH CHRIS

THE AUSTRALIAN CITY OF SYDNEY has a suburb called Manly. So I went there. I was seventeen, and emasculate. Dweeby and adenoidal. The beachside retreat's name promised a coming-of-age. To take my trembling, teenage hand, and guide me into masculine adulthood. My entourage (brother, parents, sister – the whole squad) and I took the ferry from the mainland. Took a beachside walk. Ran out of things to do. The family explored a touristy shopping district. My brother and I, tired from exertion and weary of capitalism, returned to the port.

The hot Australian sun doubtless did good for my pastel complexion. The gentle stroll likely solidified my bandy calves. But I felt less transformed than desired. I was perhaps mildly more nubile, but no less naïf, and equally gawky. Rather than sit and regret (we had twenty minutes to kill) I struck out to the bathroom. It was a storey below ground level, attached to a grimy carpark.

Petrol stink followed me into a sweaty chamber, lined down either

side with generic hand-basins. I swung a hard right, into an adjunct dungeon of cubicles. Jaundiced ceramic floors, weary from years of bleaching, were coloured by a thin sheen of yellow wet. I found a vacant booth. Locked the door behind me. Swung my camera bag to one side. Lowered trouser as I sat. Set to work.

I was stirred from my reverie by a knee. Tan, bare, and edging under the far end of the cubicle wall. I noticed another, down my end. And then, in between, someone's penis. Brought under the cubicle wall by a delicately cradling hand. Like a zookeeper showing native birds to enchanted schoolchildren.

I wasn't sure how to proceed, so like all great adventurers I began furiously rationalising. There had to be an explanation. I wondered, slightly racistly, whether the gentleman in the cubicle next to me was simply from a less well-plumbed country, accustomed to squat toilets. He was merely trying to kneel and wipe, in accordance with his custom. It would explain the knees' olive complexions. These cubicles were narrow and the floor repulsive, so to keep his genitals up off the ground he'd had to encroach under the cubicle wall. If he realised I'd noticed he'd surely be mortified. Also, I guess it was slippery or something, because he was constantly adjusting his grip.

Despite my confidence that nothing was amiss, I wasn't eager to spend too long in the company of a random penis. I stood up, silently sort-

ed my belt, and prepared to leave. I glanced back down at my new acquaintance, but in the interim he'd disappeared. And now a pair of bare heels were pressed up against my cubicle door, presumably attached to a person leaning against it. I was trapped. How embarrassing. But it didn't shake my faith in protocol.

"Excuse me", I piped up, to anyone who would listen, "but there's someone in front of my door, could you please move out of the way so I don't hit you when I open it, thanks". Feet disappeared. Graciousness will get you anywhere. I unlocked and emerged. To my left loomed a drugged-out-looking dude, barefoot despite the mega-gross floors, grabbing at me with hands I just saw fondling his privates. I started backwards. He lurched after, but slowly. I scrambled through the doorway.

I panicked that my hands weren't clean. Confident that I'd lost him I stopped at the sinks to wash. I'd barely run the tap when he reappeared. I stumbled backwards. He staggered forwards. I stumbled again. My arms hit wall. I realised I was cornered. A muscular, greasy twenty-something in shorts and singlet stood between walls lined with generic hand-basins. Also, between me and escape.

My stealthy exit had failed. It was time to go loud. "Uh, excuse me", I belated to the bathroom at large. Two dudes, one white and elderly, one middle-aged and Indian were making their way to the doorway, visibly

straining in their effort not to notice what was happening. "But I think I'm being attacked, could I have some help, please". The dudes paused, literally halfway out the door. They shot my assailant a stern look. My saviour.

He backed away and tried to laugh the situation off. Like a joke between friends. Maybe he was just too on drugs to get any actual words out. I slipped past and walked briskly up the stairs. Business-like. Everything under control. Midway I broke into a sprint.

I found my brother. Panted. Laughed. "Hahahahaha you'll never guess what's just happened... I *think* I've been sexually assaulted". He was confused. I was confused. We searched for a security person, to report what had happened. There wasn't one. I tried to alert the ticket desk. They indicated that there was a queue. I queued. I explained what happened. They explained that they'd have to call the police, which was apparently a hassle for everyone. Though they did let me wash my hands in the staff office while I waited. Score. Hygienic.

The police took almost an hour to get there. The culprit was long gone. The police took my statement, over almost an hour. Some Hare Krishnas went by. I got gelato. Debated posting a Facebook status. Decided it would be tasteless, possibly trivialising. Wandered out into the world slightly more conscious of my defencelessness, feeling guiltily underwhelmed.



KANT OR WON'T ORIGINALITY

WITH ADITTA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

Behind the Taurus there is likely some truth – Aristophanes.

IN AN OLD ALASKAN CABIN, TIRED and weatherworn, a young man wrote his masterpiece. Scrawled on loose rafts of paper were quotes and fragments, like "God is dead",¹ and "Being is the universe cannibalising itself".² A mattress-less, iron-sprung bed sat dankly in the corner, mewing at itself as the wind shook the cabin and the springs unwound. Sitting at his table, the man's hands were black with spilled ink. Anxiety paralysed his work day to day, his nib shivering under the weight of his thoughts.

He couldn't quite tell whether his shudders were intentional. He felt that his ink-soaked skin gave him a double perspective on life.³ Some hidden part of him probably shook and so shook him, knowing it would help his

² Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time* (Maryland: Rowman and Littlefield, 2005), at 132.

³ See the introduction of "double consciousness" in W. E. B. Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk* (New York: Gramercy Books, 1994).

writing, propel his thoughts forward. As an isolated savant, it was a miracle that he ever wrote anything. No deadline propelled him, no constituent attachments tugged at his heart.⁴ This question plagued him too. Why? Why get up and write every day with no taskmaster? Why get up at all? But he did, like some eerie automaton from another planet. They say old habits die hard.⁵ This is the oldest.

...⁶

I feel that deep down I know this young

⁴ See the discussion of "the unencumbered self" in Michael Sandel, *Liberalism and the Limits of Justice* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998).

⁵ Anon, *Ancient Greek Parables*, ed. Albert Camus (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009).

⁶ They say even silence has an echo.

man, that his troubles are my own.⁷

No you don't. You can't know him.

A cat stalks the perimeter of his cabin. Its fur is sparse and standing on end from the cold. It finally sits down. He looks at it. It looks back. "And if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you".⁸ He doesn't know what to say or do. So he just keeps writing.⁹ As he writes his life continues. Stop and he stops. As would everything else.¹⁰

⁷ See Robert L. Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008).

⁸ Alan Moore, *Watchmen* (New York: DC Comics, 2008) at Chapter 6, page 28.

⁹ See Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (London: Penguin Books, 1967).

¹⁰ Always read the footnotes. How real is what you believe?

¹ Friedrich Nietzsche, *Eulogy for a Fool* (Basel: Weimar Books, 1874), at 666.



PRETENSION BY PERRY NOT JUST QUEER BUT WEIRD AND SHIT

WRITE ABOUT QUEER THINGS QUITE

a lot, which is a bit weird, a bit odd, not quite right, a bit squiffy. So I light up a *fag* and here goes another one. Last semester I wrote a feature about the queer power dynamics of gay culture. The main issue was that younger gays are incredibly vulnerable. Horny homos hoping to finally get in touch with their hideous sexualities find themselves running into the greedily, somewhat flabbily, waiting arms of "mature" men and women. Mentors, lovers, legends. What I neglected to mention was the way that sex is so often just a bit of banter. I also neglected to mention the assaults. All of this was recently brought back to me when I recently visited a poof palace.

It was my second visit to a gay bar. It was dark and hot and, for the first time, fun. I wore a shirt and jeans and a set of fairy wings. I danced, I bantered. I went out for a durrie. My friends and I joked and smoked and joked again. Then from the gloom an eight foot tall bulky bloke in heels came teetering along and stumbled gruffly into my conversation. My friends and I were immediately enthused. Bright colours, silly voices, smoking. Banter. Then out of seemingly nowhere she/he/it took a fancy to me. She unbuttoned my shirt. I laughed awkwardly. I re-buttoned my shirt. She smiled and admonished me. Then unbuttoned my shirt. This went on for sometime. My friends, having graduated in this time, married, had children, many also getting divorced and one an odd stab wound, came back to finish their cigarettes and

bantered with her. I smoked happily. The night went on.

Later as I lay down in bed I remembered that drag queen attacks aren't ok. Imagine for a moment if I had been a woman in her early twenties. Imagine then if I had been a woman and a DJ or an MC of some description came up to me, unbidden, and had undone my shirt (or the nearest equivalent). Made some sex banter at me whilst I repeatedly tried to do my clothes up and tried not to appear socially awkward in front of my friends. This, surely, would not have been ok. I'm sure my friends wouldn't have gone along with it in the same way. I'm sure that it wouldn't have been passed off as just a "part of the culture". But this is the point: "culture" isn't a get out of assault charges free card.

Gays have two things in common with other gays, firstly they are in some way oppressed. Secondly they like to have sex with other members of the same sex. Any other commonalities that they might have are entirely irrelevant to their sexuality. So when it comes to forging a culture there are only two unifiers. When one ventures out into gaydom one often finds oneself set upon. Sex isn't a taboo it's the point. This means that the common barriers that one might expect to find in "straight culture" aren't present in "gay culture". Sex dens, for example, are something that sit on the very fringe of heterosexual society. In Queerville however they are, if not quite normal, entirely acceptable. A friend of mine told me that he

used to live above a gay maze. A maze made for gay blokes to go get lost and get fucked. Normal. Gay bathhouses are still in use decades after the idea became unseemly. It seems like an odd hangover from the "free sex" idea. Which all sounds rather good. The idea that exploring your sexuality is perfectly acceptable sounds perfectly decent. Except that we now realize that the "free sex" campaign was just another way to pressure women into sex by having men tell them that it's empowering to give up their bodies. The exact same thought applies here. Older men have more power. They have more money. They have more experience. They better understand the "lifestyle". They better understand how to deal with the rest of the world. They better understand sex.

This is why when you look at gay culture, because you all look, it comes up in your lives so much, you see so many withered old arms draped nauseatingly around firm young buttocks. I know a lot of young gay men who have been with considerably older men. Few are still with them. I once knew a man. Unlikely I know. He knew a chap ten years his senior. When the former was 19 the latter was 29. Mathematics. The two sodomised one another. But before the sodomy there had been years of explaining how gay culture worked, who to know, what spots were friendly, which spots felt good and so on. Now far be it from me to say that age gaps are necessarily wrong. They can be as fine as any other gap in a relationship.

But the power dynamic is different. Women dating older men have less power too. True. They also have some powers though. They can hit their partner in public if needs be. Most of society is sympathetic to youthful women doing this. If a young man decks a dodderly old bloke though it doesn't quite have the same feel. Bigger knuckles usually. The olds have the power. The drag queens have the power. The "culture" is unbalanced.

If these sorts of things were happening in mainstream society there would be uproar. We would call it gross or manipulative. Instead we say that it's part of a minority culture. That minority cultures face far too much hardship. That minorities need to be protected. Or at least that we need to tolerate their odd affectations. We see this all the time. Groups getting away with terrible behavior in the name of progress. We saw it when the *Black Lives Matter* group interrupted Bernie Sanders, the man most likely to help their course. We saw this when so many academics came out and condemned Charlie Hebdo rather than condemning the people that called for its editors death. We saw this on our own campus when some members of the transgendered community (not all) harassed another minority group over the image of vaginas. Most people mostly said nothing. And these are big in your face events. If we're to scared to criticize even those then how on earth will we be able critique the societies behind them.

**THIS IS WHY WHEN YOU LOOK AT
GAY CULTURE, BECAUSE YOU ALL
LOOK, IT COMES UP IN YOUR LIVES SO
MUCH, YOU SEE SO MANY WITHERED
OLD ARMS DRAPED NAUSEATINGLY
AROUND FIRM YOUNG BUTTOCKS.**



THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT POV THE IMMIGRANT, OR, A HOUSE PARTY.

WITH AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT
SMOKER

I wake up and smell something's wrong. Look over at the mound of flab and ash lying next to me, snoring fartingly, sharing my bed, sharing my bedclothes, with no bedclothes of his own on. Naked. I'm in a lovely tartan bedsuit. I'm not sure why, but we're engaged. My mother's own ruby ring on my finger, blue from circulation loss (my fingers, while petite, are thicker than Ammie's). I got really ill recently, he came over to look after me, at least that's what he said. Now we're to be married. I'm not even gay. I don't think he's even gay. He rolls over, spoons me, I lie awake, staring at the wallpaper, not sure why we're having an engagement party, not sure why it's Double Brown themed, not sure how a bar review column turned into a marriage...

A MONTH AGO WE MOVED INTO OUR new flat. A small apartment on top of a Gay Maze in Eden Terrace. I moved my furniture, my bed, my desk, my computer, my remote-control helicopters, my cameras. He moved nothing. I'm not sure what his last place was like, never having gone inside. I'm not sure what he owns, whatever he did, he didn't move. My parents carried my couch up the stairs, and bid a tearful goodbye. Subcontinental parents struggle when their youngest moves out. They also struggle with homophobia, and the fact that we stole their couch. I went to set up the power, he demanded we first get internet, "for porn" he said, "which is banter" he said. I organised the internet. I organised the power. He "organised" a party.

He sent out invites, via text, texts which I sent. All of the usuals, his friends. Bantz with Cartz, the ironic Republican; Conrad the Destroyer; Christopher the Columnist; Old-Flatmate the sex-fiend; the Artist (face brutalised in a recent editorial accident); The Ginger and the Manbun; Pretension by Perry, a bloke in a silly hat, wearing suits made out of old carpets who keeps saying "Hitchens", what does this mean? When I ask him, he says only "existential" and "give me a pie". I don't understand these people, they write bad articles for a magazine no-one reads, they sit around saying the word "banter" over and over again. They break bottles in the quad, and read long sections of Grey, giggling into their nicotine-yellow hands. None of them do degrees that count, none of them ever have any money (except Chris, but he never spends any). They all ask me for favours, for lifts, for "shouting" cigarettes that I don't smoke, for naked pictures of my mum. I said they couldn't have naked photos of my family once, "gay" screamed the Addict, "Hitchens!" screamed Perry, "sociology!" screamed Bernard. The shouting went on until Conrad the Destroyer threw a brick into a parked person, and we had to run. The point is, I wasn't looking forward to the party.

You know I never thought it would go this way. I was at uni, doing accounting. I had lots of mates. I first met him outside of OGGB, he had a motorbike then, he asked if I wanted to see him do a wheelie, I said "ok do a wheelie", so he pulled out his dick. He said it was banter. I thought it was funny, and I felt secure in myself. He said we

should go out, and that I didn't get out much, that he'd take me out, that he'd show me the outside. Now I'm out and it's horrible, I'm out and my parents think I'm out and gay. He said he'd find me a woman, instead he killed a child. He said he'd take care of me, instead he got into my bed, naked. And suddenly I'm not so secure in myself. I never thought it would be this way...

7pm and people show up. Conrad the Writer, sober, brooding, just a little enigmatic, asks how he can help clean the house. The Addict tells him that's "woman's work" and hands him a Ranfurly. Two beers down and the Writer has become the Destroyer. He rips the Ranfurly can, creating a makeshift blade, he and the Addict start carving lines from their own columns into the wallpaper. The doorbell rings, I walk down the stairs, leaving the Destroyer hacking his name into my couch. Pretension and Chris show up, they secretly hate each other. Chris hates Pretension for his silly suits. Pretension hates Chris for his obscene wealth, massive store of hair straighteners, expensive signs, judaism and candy.

Every party starts this way, with in jokes and vomit banter, with poorly disguised self-referential jokes, and pseudo-disingenuous self deprecation. They banter till they vomit, and vomit till it's banter. I'm so sick of the in-jokes, so sick of the vomit, so sick of the lies, the true lies. I get challenged to a drink off. I get challenged to review the beers. I always write the columns, alone, tired and unpaid, the Addict insists that he's the main character, insists that I'm just the "straight" character. The

formula for my columns are simple (I do commerce, simple is my strength): vomit + banter + alcohol + violence = 1 page. The formula for this beer is remarkably similar: water + booze + cold + poor = crappy. Review done.

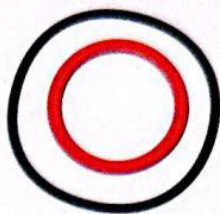
Having finished the review, going back into the party, to my surprise the group is crowded around a cake, which says Happy Anniversary. Out of the cake explodes Manbun, next year's editor. He removes his hairtie, locks fall puffily, he winks at me. "Hello?" I say. "Hey, atavistic, investigative" he says. "Surprise" they shout. This was nice, it felt like we were friends, I wonder if any of them will take me away.

The night draws to a close, the cake has been eaten by Chris, the couch, walls, books, and TV all mauled by the Destroyer; the floor enlured with vomit by the Addict. Chris lubbing himself up with chocolate milk, and Perry, unsheathed, preparing to penetrate screams "you'll cum, but I won't, I NEVER do." Car alarms howling as the Destroyer moves into the night. And Cartz making nuggets wrapped in bacon. All the usuals.

"Oi" the Addict shouts, "clean this up, good birthday mate, good birthday". In the background Perry whispers "and you clean your self up."

Sitting on the couch, looking at my fiancée I notice it, he remained nude throughout the entire party...Then I realise I might just never get out, this might just be life. I sit on my destroyed furniture, staring at the wallpaper, and the night goes on.

I FIRST MET HIM OUTSIDE OF OGGB, HE HAD A MOTORBIKE THEN, HE ASKED IF I WANTED TO SEE HIM DO A WHEELIE, I SAID "OK DO A WHEELIE", SO HE PULLED OUT HIS DICK.



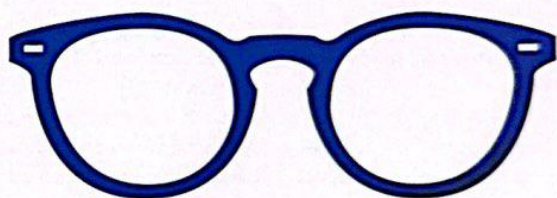
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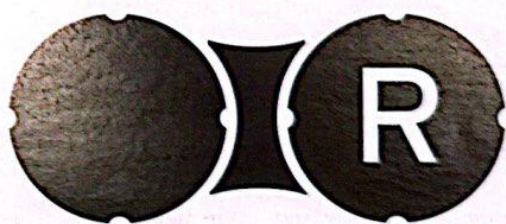
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THE WAITRESS' TAIL

FEATURE BY ELOISE SIMS

“EXCUSE ME,” A VOICE SAYS POLITELY. “Hello.”

It's a Tuesday night, and I'm working at my part-time job as a waitress. Like so many students at the university, Study/Work alone can't cover all of my living expenses, as the price of living in Auckland skyrockets.

So, twice or three times a week, I don an apron and carry around platters full of cheese niblets for rich businessmen. Hey, it's a job. I know people cleaning toilets for that sweet, sweet \$14.75 an hour.

“Hi!” I say distractedly, turning my head slightly as I finish pre-pouring a glass of wine. “Can I help you?”

The voice is coming from a man standing to my right, holding a Heineken in his hand. He's bald, wearing a suit and a slapped-on nametag. I've never seen him before in my life. Let's call him Chrome Dome.

“I was just wondering, darling,” he drawls, “how you'd feel if I pulled your ponytail?”

Behind him, a gaggle of businessmen burst

AFTER PONYTAIL-GATE, I COUNTED FOUR SEPARATE INCIDENTS IN WHICH DIFFERENT MIDDLE-AGED MEN, ALL OF WHOM I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE IN MY LIFE, CAME UP TO ME AND MADE JOKES ABOUT MY PONYTAIL.

into hysterics, one of them slapping him on the back. “Too soon, mate! Too soon!” he howls. “You'll have to buy her a bottle of wine!”

Chrome Dome grins at me, giving a cheerful thumbs-up. “Think you?” he asks, miming tugging. The barrel laughter echoes around the room.

A fantasy about castrating all of them with a bottle opener flashes into my mind.

But no. I smile wearily. Force myself to laugh. *Wankers.*

You would think this was a one-off — a harmless joke after Ponytail-Gate, the saga that gripped the nation (and bemused foreign media outlets — check out John Oliver's brilliant skit on it). Sadly, you'd be mistaken.

After Ponytail-Gate, I counted four separate incidents in which different middle-aged men, all of whom I'd never seen before in my life, came up to me and made jokes about my ponytail. They'd imitate tugging it, like Chrome Dome, or ask if they could do so. One man even remarked that my colleague “wasn't playing the game fair,” noticing that her hair was cut

short. Like there was a game to play?

All men. All business professionals, invited to networking events or seminars.

Don't get me wrong — I think I'm one of the very few students out there who actually enjoys their part-time job. The hours are good, and the work is close to where I live. The pay is fair. The people I work with are friendly. My boss is reasonable and good-humoured, and treats his employees well. It's just the behavior of some of our customers that I cannot stand.

And it wasn't just Ponytail-Gate, either. During my time working as a waitress, at many functions, I've been followed, hit on, and harassed by an unseemly number of weird men. One guy followed me around the entire night as I served canapés, eventually to ask where I lived. One bloke asked for my number because of my "sexy glasses" (I'm 18, and look about 16, and he would have been about 30).

Weirdly enough, there was even an incident where one middle-aged man, upon leaving a function, asked to shake my hand and held it for about ten seconds too long. "It's so cold, honey," he said in mock alarm. "You need to warm it up". I dragged my hand away, revolted.

It gets so much weirder when you think that these men are actually invited to these events because they're at the top of their league — intelligent, hardworking, and professional employees of first-class companies. But my experiences are not isolated.

I would say that any female who's worked in a café or restaurant sees getting hit on, or sexually harassed, as almost part of the job. In fact, a new report by the Restaurant Opportunities Centre in the USA showed that a shocking 90% of waitresses reported being sexually harassed while working.

But why is that? Why, as a waitress, do I expect such behavior and am expected to put up with it?

Maybe Google holds the answer. Enter "why are waitresses hit on" into the search engine and 6 different pages advertising "How To Date The Waitress" pop up.

One particularly revolting page, Askmen.com, advertises a step-by-step guide. "Say to her, 'Oh man, why don't you just sit here right now? I'll take over your shift'". It advises, then recommends: "bonding directly with her... you could say 'Hey, look at table four over there. What's up with them? Do you need me to come over there and handle them for you?'"

(Pro tip for all the men reading this: if you ever,

BUT THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE REASON WHY PEOPLE LIKE CHROME DOME ACT THE WAY THAT THEY DO. THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN WAITRESSES AND CUSTOMERS IS A TOTAL POWER IMBALANCE.

EVER, say any of the above things to a waitress on duty, you might get set on fire, then kicked in the balls. In that order).

But there's a very simple reason why people like Chrome Dome act the way that they do. The relationship between waitresses and customers is a *total* power imbalance.

In our training, all waitresses are advised to be as kind as possible to customers — to keep them coming back for more, so the café or restaurant can make profit. We have to be nice. We have to appear professional, but friendly. We have to dress a certain way.

More than anything, we have to believe the customer is always right. We have to treat the customer in a polite way. And because sleazy guys know this, they can exploit that relationship and get away with it. Chrome Dome McPherson made jokes that implied sexual harassment because, on a fundamental level, he knew that I had to carry on being nice to him. *Because that's my job.*

The problem with being a waitress — and indeed, working in any environment where sexual harassment is considered a norm — is that I can't escape from it. There's nowhere to go until my shift ends. I can't exactly hide in the kitchen when my boss is relying on me to man the bar for twenty dozen people, because some weirdo is trying to flirt with me.

But I get it. You're bored. You're at a corporate function you don't care about, or sitting in a café, trying to figure out why no one else seems to understand that the world actually revolves around your penis. You look up. There's your waitress, and my God, is she attractive.

Oh, the things you would do to her. Oh, the sexually degrading and sexist comments you

would make. You can't even bear to think about how patronizingly you would tell her to "smile, honey". So, as a waitress, here are my top five tips for hitting on an unassuming waitress just trying to do her job:

1 DON'T DO IT. If you think you're going to say something degrading and unhelpful, just don't do it. All we want is your order — not a creepy chat up line accompanied with a shy smile. Most of us have heard it all before.

2 IF YOU'RE A MIDDLE-AGED WHITE MALL-SEE ABOVE, TWICE OVER. You're just going to terrify your waitress. You wouldn't hit on an 18-year-old girl on the street: so why do you feel the need to do it when she's serving you?

3 YOU SHOULD PROBABLY JUST EAT, DRINK, LEAVE, AND SAVE YOURSELF THE EMBARRASSMENT WHEN SHE RECOUNTS THE STORY LATER TO ALL OF HER COLLEAGUES AND FRIENDS. Girls are mean. Girls can be even meaner when it comes to creepy guys. We will rip you to absolute shreds (in private, of course) if you're a creep to any of us while we're working. Coffee coming up for Mr. Wonky Dick Nick?

4 IF YOU THINK SHE'S HITTING ON YOU, SHE'S PROBABLY NOT. Again: we're PAID to be nice to you. You are, most of the time, misinterpreting positive customer service. We're sorry that you've never had a nice interaction with a woman before in your life, but smiling at you doesn't mean we want you to bone us.

5 FINALLY, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY: YOUR BEHAVIOR IS NOT FLATTERING IN ANY WAY. It's not nice. It's goddamn creepy. It makes us feel like animals in a zoo, there to be stared at and pawed.

Finally, if you think pulling a waitress' ponytail is cute or complimentary, you need to get a fucking lobotomy. Or you might actually be our Prime Minister. Either way. Safest to get the lobotomy.

TRANSPHOBIC, AND WHY I'M NOT. BUT ALSO, GOODBYE.

BY ARTHUR GUY PLOX

CAME INTO THE DEBATE LATE. HAVING LEFT UNI (mostly) for the prospects of full time employment, I was not involved with the argument as it germinated, or proceeded to get completely out of hand. By the time I involved myself, it had grown into a gnarled, suffocating mass of different coloured vines. As you may (probably not) be aware, I once wrote an opinion piece on the difficulties of being an ally without overstepping, especially as a straight white cis male. It's not 'MY' fight, so I am extremely conscious of taking or assuming a voice. I say all this as some kind of advance defence.

The Womensfest debacle revealed why so many people hate the liberal left, and I'm saying this as a liberal fucking lefty. The issue arose out of... muffins? Cupcakes? Baking was to be decorated with vaginas in an attempt to fight against the commonplace stigma associated with their depiction. As someone admittedly uncomfortable talking about sex, my immediate impression was, "oh this is good!" When we see female politicians being censored for using the word 'vagina' on the floor of the State House of Representatives, something clearly has to give. Was the event to be accepted in this light? No.

The complaints made have some value. Womanhood is not synonymous with being a "vagina-person", as one complainant put it. Conflating the two is clearly damaging for trans women. But that's not what the event was about. The aim was to remove a specific kind of stigma, not to make some broad reaching assertion about what it means to be a woman.

The debate turned into a scrap about the representation

of womanhood. Unfortunately, this took the form of trans students (with legitimate concerns) attacking those attempting to affect real positive change. There's no disputing that trans people are on the fringe and don't get to enjoy the full force of the wider community stepping up to bat for them. The truly awful outcome of the Womensfest debacle is that the very individuals standing up for feminism and equality were targeted.

The biggest cause of contention I have with my liberal educated friends is their tendency towards idealism over pragmatism. Ideally, women should not even have to fight for their rights. Unfortunately, more than half of the world's population are still without basic equality. Yet I am solidly of the opinion that ground is gained over time. Win one fight before moving on to win the next. What has made all, and I mean all, of my educated, caring and liberal friends angry is the way that active and engaged feminists, almost exclusively females, have been treated in this cupcake catastrophe. This in-fighting within the community is damaging. When allies are made to feel awful and hurt, they are forced to the outside into a position of not caring, or being hated or attacked by the same people they are making a case for.

**THE WOMENSFEST DEBACLE
REVEALED WHY SO MANY PEOPLE
HATE THE LIBERAL LEFT, AND
I'M SAYING THIS AS A LIBERAL
FUCKING LEFTY.**

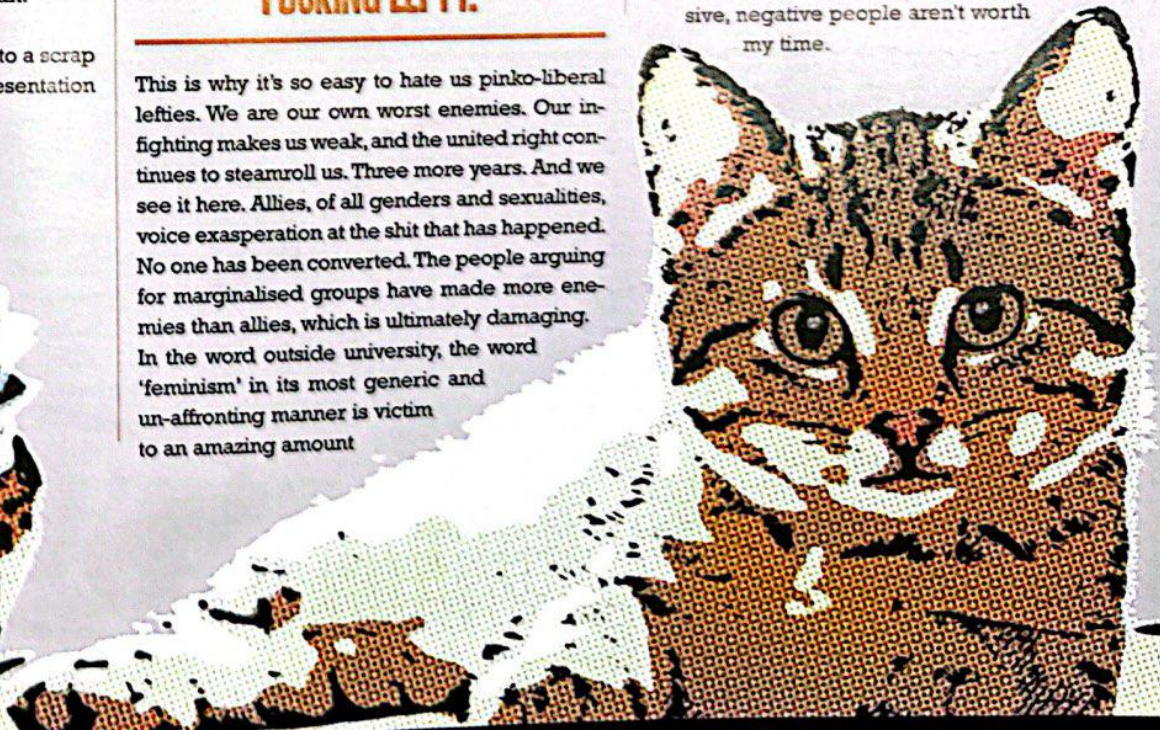
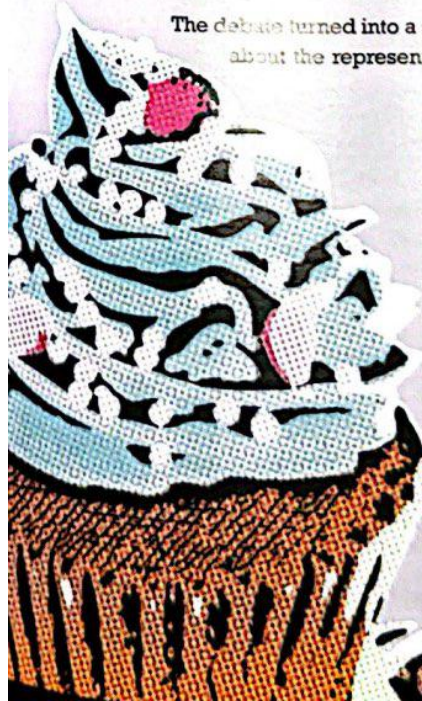
This is why it's so easy to hate us pinko-liberal lefties. We are our own worst enemies. Our in-fighting makes us weak, and the united right continues to steamroll us. Three more years. And we see it here. Allies, of all genders and sexualities, voice exasperation at the shit that has happened. No one has been converted. The people arguing for marginalised groups have made more enemies than allies, which is ultimately damaging. In the word outside university, the word 'feminism' in its most generic and un-affronting manner is victim to an amazing amount

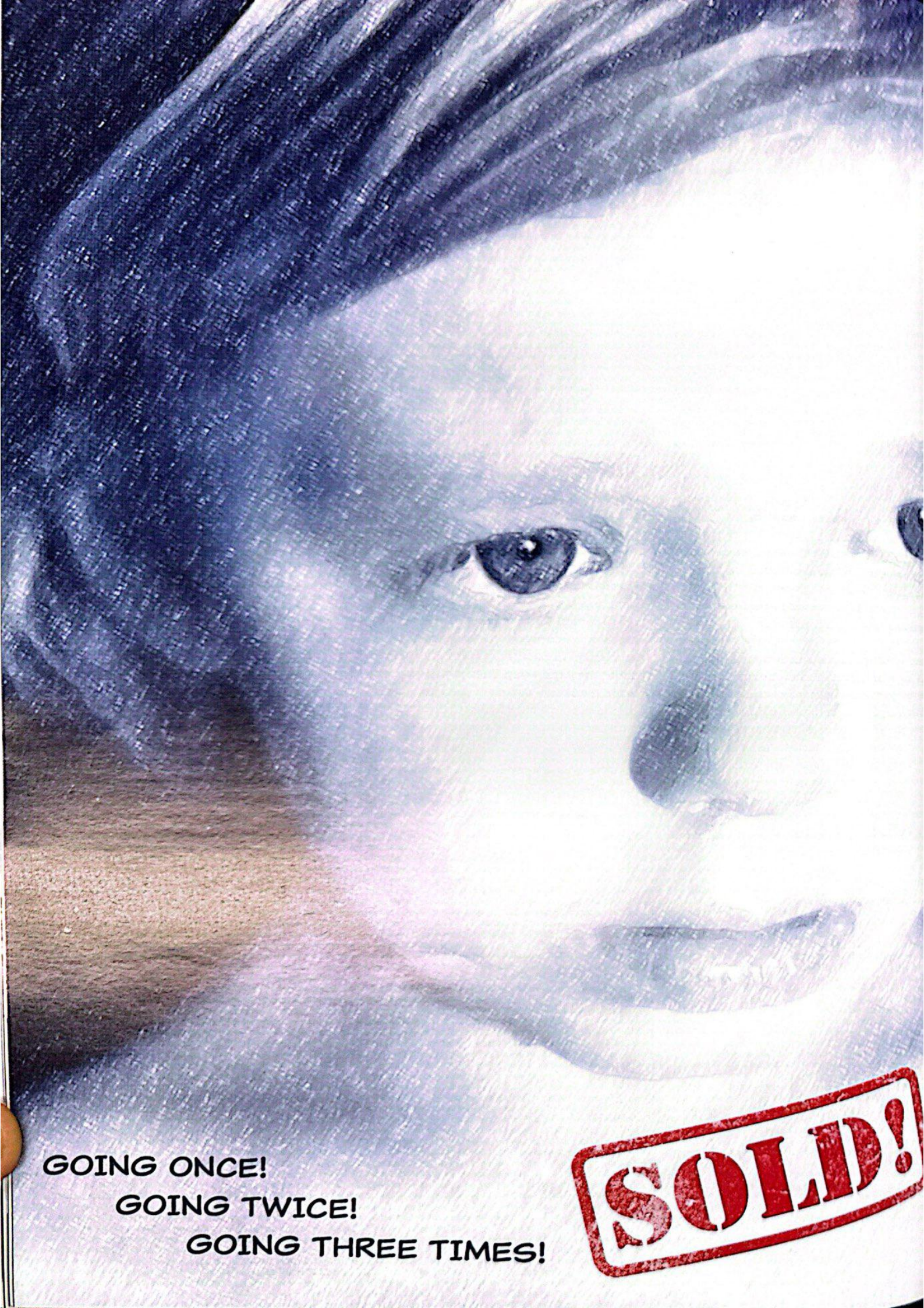
of stigma, so it's hardly productive to pounce on allies on campus and cry bigotry.

The phrase 'cutting off your nose to spite your face' is exceedingly pertinent. Instead of making any kind of progress for a better more accepting society, we have created animosity, defensiveness and hostility. Instead of a step forward for some, or most, of womankind, we have gone nowhere. I say nowhere, though honestly it seems like a step back. Instead of removing stigma, we have just created another fucking liberal infight, meanwhile the otherwise inclined needn't do jack shit to make us look ridiculous. Yet again, the status quo shifted exactly fucking nowhere.

What a wonderful accomplishment. Keep attacking each other and making each other feel terrible, hurt and defensive. Then not only do we have to contend with the ignorant and hateful, but ourselves too. The feminist movement, Womensfest included, was never arguing that a woman needs a vagina. But until you can accept that their stigmatisation is a problem that exists inside a much bigger MASSIVE FUCKING PROBLEM I no longer consent to giving you my energy, time or passion.

I hope you get all the equality and respect you deserve. However, if you continue to seek it by belittling the struggle of anyone who isn't you, you are a damaging presence instead of a progressive one. If you are concerned with your own situations above a greater good, then forgive me if I rest on my privilege. Aggressive, negative people aren't worth my time.





GOING ONCE!
GOING TWICE!
GOING THREE TIMES!

SOLD!

SEX SUPPLY AND SEX DEMAND

FEATURE BY ROXANNE RICHARDS,
LIVE BELOW THE LINE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY TEAM

IN TODAY'S WORLD, IT IS HARD TO AVOID THE highly sexualised and graphic nature of the Twenty First Century. This article falls into the same category. What is written may contain graphic content that can be potentially triggering, or at least is of a serious nature and thus should not be taken lightly.

There's a common misconception that slavery was done and dusted after being abolished worldwide in the late Nineteenth Century. This is not true. There are more people in slavery now than at any other time in human history. Sex trafficking is the fastest growing form of slavery, netting traffickers sixty seven percent of their annual profit, amounting up to \$100 billion per year on average. Seventy five percent of the victims are female, and the average age of sex trafficked victims is twelve years old. It gets younger, year after year.

Human trafficking is when people are recruited, transported, transferred and harboured in brothels and other such shams to be used. Most methods of recruitment involve means of deception; the most common being the 'promise of a better life' story. Coming from a life of extreme poverty and hardship, even the smallest sliver of hope can be contorted into a lifeline that will save, not only the individual, but also their family. Young people, armed with the desire to help their family survive, are given prospects of a well paying job, often in cities far away. Even if one wasn't living in clutches of poverty, other versions of these promises include the enticement of participation in beauty contests, modelling opportunities, affordable vacations, and study abroad programmes. These are often promised by someone the victim knows or is close to. Half-way towards the promised destination, usually in a vehicle that was provided for them, hopeful youths are drugged, tied up, and wake up as

the next victims of sex trafficking, betrayed by a fellow human apathetic to their plight. Once in the possession of a trafficker, means of making them stay and work include threat or use of force, coercion, abduction, fraud, abuse of power, or even giving payments to the person in control of the victim. In some brothels, women are not locked up, rather they or their families are threatened with physical violence should they run away. This coerces victims to stay in the hopes that no more damage will be done to them or their families.

It's pretty heavy information to take in, right? Several thoughts immediately spring to mind. "It doesn't happen widely in New Zealand. It won't happen to me or someone I know. I'm too far away to help. Why should I care?" Although it seems like an unfathomable and impossible monster to battle, it all boils down to social and cultural factors. It's okay to feel disconnected from trafficking situations that happen in poverty-stricken countries, far away from the safety of New Zealand. However, it is important to acknowledge the butterfly effect of some basic social actions that enable exploitation of victims that are trafficked into the sex trade.

One of the simplest ways to combat the sex trade is to rebuff the typical stereotypes associated with being a woman. There is a fascination with the 'ideal woman', equivalent to the iconic Barbie doll, an impossible standard that values women for their bodies alone. This ideal degrades them to the status of a chattel existing for the pleasure of men. Simultaneously, it opens floodgates for purchasing women and girls for sexual services because many of those who use these girls think of them, not as a human being, but rather an object for their pleasure. Slavery might be illegal in New Zealand, but it is legal for a New Zealand buyer to use a trafficked woman overseas and then return her to her captor afterwards. It's also important to break social taboos and stereotypes of trans-women, who are often reduced to nothing but a pornographic fetish and sideshow attraction. Similarly, stereotypes of non-Western women contribute to sex trafficking. Labelling women of Asian or African cultures as 'exotic' and 'foreign' dissociates them from being human, thus leaving them prone to being treated as an object. Although it is admittedly difficult not to categorise those who are not like us.

SLAVERY MIGHT BE ILLEGAL IN NEW ZEALAND, BUT IT IS LEGAL FOR A NEW ZEALAND BUYER TO USE A TRAFFICKED WOMAN OVERSEAS AND THEN RETURN HER TO HER CAPTOR AFTERWARDS.

Aside from aspects of gender, there is also an aspect of ageism involved in sex trafficking. The average trafficked girl has not even hit her teenage years yet, and that in itself is disturbing. This 'paedophilic aesthetic' not only applies to sex trafficked victims, but even to the young children in our own lives. It is cute when it's a vine of a toddler shaking their booty, yet I am quick to mock 'twelvies' crying over their exes. The more important question here is why this culture allows children to act this way. In the digitised and almost uncensored world of social media, it is a business strategy to construct 'adult ideals' for children in the hopes of ensnaring a loyal lifelong customer at a young age. This exploitation through social and cultural settings send children notions of how to act, which is often associated with being an adult. It doesn't help that we, as role models looked up to by children, approve of these actions, albeit subtly. Conversely, many older women aspire to the commercial ideal of 'youthful beauty'. Being young and youthful is seen as the perfect model, but we live in a world where padded bras for four year olds, and books on the Age of Consent Around the World exist can be purchased on the same website. It normalises and even eroticises child assault and paedophilic fantasies, fueling the sex trade with vulnerable children, simply because demand exists.

Combating rape culture aids in combating sex trafficking. In New Zealand, sexual violation carries a maximum sentence of twenty years. In other countries, there might be minimum punishment, or no punishment at all. Promoting respect for women in the eyes of society (a concept apparently difficult to grasp) will help stop victim blaming. Shifting the blame onto vulnerable victims not only perpetuates their vulnerability, it denies them crucial support in their time of trauma. The joke 'rape is just sur-

MANY OF THOSE WHO USE THESE GIRLS THINK OF THEM, NOT AS A HUMAN BEING, BUT RATHER AN OBJECT FOR THEIR PLEASURE.

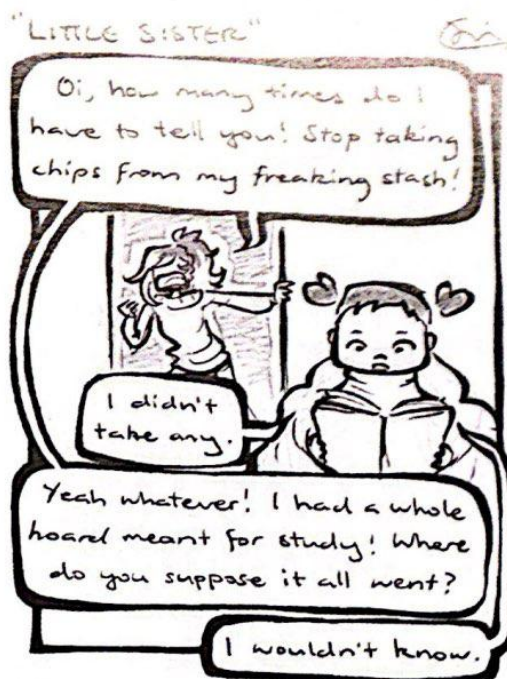
prise sex' is not a funny one, especially when women around the world are forced to have sex with multiple men a night, and beaten if their quota is not fulfilled.

Although changing social norms and cultural factors take a lot of effort, it all begins with the individual. We may not be able to fly to Cambodia and help run shelters for these people, but we can all do a little bit to help in the fight against trafficking. Challenging problematic mindsets won't immediately stop this problem, but in the long run it may help to stop perpetuating norms that enable human and sex trafficking.

A more practical way of fighting trafficking can be as simple as a fundraiser. Live Below the Line is a fundraiser that enables TEAR Fund and their partners, such as Nvader, HAGAR, and Share and Care, to halt the poverty-trafficking cycle. One hundred percent of the funds go to projects that enable the rescue and rehabilitation of trafficking victims in culturally appropriate settings, protect vulnerable communities through education and empowerment, and target problems at the source by prosecuting offenders and working with governments to make legislative changes.

By participating in Live Below the Line, we can give up a little bit of our freedom to experience an aspect of what it's like to live in extreme poverty for five days, which is the equivalent of \$2.25 per day. It helps us to understand why the 1.2 billion people living under this figurative line are at most risk of being trafficked, and the feelings that would drive them to take that leap of faith to 'a better life'. If participating in Live Below the Line is not your thing, (because you love food too much like me) a simple donation to <https://www.livebelowtheline.com/team/aut-gc> or any of the participants help. Any small amount contributes to fighting sex trafficking and trafficking in general. As the old Nepalese proverb goes, 'saye ko laathi, ek ko bhoj'; when everybody helps then work will be lighter.

The Live Below the Line University of Auckland Team is able to be contacted on their Facebook page, Live Below the Line UoA. This article was written to generally educate people about sex trafficking, and to raise awareness of the Live Below the Line fundraising programme. None of the views expressed in this article are in any way associated with or endorsed by the charities, programmes, and projects mentioned above.



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Deadline for applications 29th July.



MY FIRST V TRIP

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

I REALISE I'M A LITTLE FAR INTO MY UNIVERSITY years to be a V virgin, but I am. Or I was, until one fateful night last week. Caffeine is my friend, most certainly. Most days I struggle without its warm embrace to bring some meaning to my life, and it is impossible to solicit more than a grunt in response without its happy influence reminding me that, I am indeed alive and capable of functioning before 2pm. But never have I met it in this way before. Spurred on by the fact that I have all but ignored the existence of my Gen Ed paper until two days before my first assignment is due, I decided to pull a real all-nighter, as in, all night, at least 48 hours of uninterrupted consciousness. I wanted to do it right, so I went straight for the big guns: one of those 500mL double hit supposedly limited edition Vs with health warnings all over the back which I wisely chose not to read. And with a careful sip to ease me into my night of bullshitting philosophical thoughts, I began the deep descent into a caffeine-induced coma.

The first hour was fine to be honest. It tasted pretty gross, which was quite disappointing, but my eyes were open and I was feeling pretty good, so no complaints there. By the time I had finished the can I literally felt like I was on

drugs. I have been known to abuse caffeine in a big way, but this was a whole other level. I felt a bit drunk and buzzy and I could see my nose, which was really distracting. I never noticed how weird it was before and I couldn't stop staring at it. My eyeballs dried out and I couldn't remember the last time I blinked. My teeth were really fuzzy. I had difficulty speaking but I typed and texted really fast which was nice.

Then I got hyper and angry. My printer wouldn't print for some stupid reason and it really was not the time. Instead of doing something rational like checking the ink level, I just printed the same document about ten times and crossed my fingers. Gave up. Tried to go sit on my bed, realised the printer cable didn't reach so just stood by the printer for about five minutes gently tugging the cord and praying it would grow. No luck. Went to put the can in the bin, realised I missed a few golden drops at the bottom — hoorah! It's like when you find five dollars in some hidden crevice of your room. Except that never happens.

Supposed to be peer reviewing philosophical stuff. Speaking of pears, there's a pear on my desk and I didn't how it got there. Pears are weird. I don't even like them. The look like they couldn't decide whether to be an apple or a carrot so they just went "ah well, I'll just do me" and went half way. Which side do you even hold? If you grab the pointy end it looks like you are brandishing a small club, but cupping the round end looks mildly sexual and that is really not appropriate. Unless you are into fruit, in which case, you go girlfriend.

Four hours since drinking the can and I swear I hadn't blinked.. I had an eye twitch, and it was freezing. Probably because the heater wasn't on. Still hadn't analysed any philosophy. Researched accounts of first encounters with drugs. Saw some pictures I can't un-see. Now know the difference between cocaine and crack cocaine.

Finally I gave up on the idea of my Gen Ed. Intensely focused but not for more than five seconds. Like a goldfish. Although that's a myth. Can't do anything. Want to sleep. Can't. Moral of story: stay high on life kids.

I FEEL A BIT DRUNK AND BUZZY AND I CAN SEE MY NOSE AND IT'S REALLY DISTRACTING. I NEVER NOTICED HOW WEIRD IT WAS BEFORE AND NOW I CAN'T STOP STARING AT IT.

PALEO NIGHTMARE

BY JAULI CHAITANYA

THE PALEO DIET. ALL OF US SHOULD HAVE BY NOW come across this bizarre and growing trend of keeping our body in check by only consuming foods that were available to cavemen (i.e. the Flintstones). Therefore, as you may have guessed, this diet would include meat, vegetables and nuts, a limited amount of fruit and, well, that's really it. Doesn't sound overly appetising to me (being an avid bread and pasta lover), but all the hot size zero babes at Les Mills down in Britomart swear by this way of living. These women have convinced me that our cavemen were the epitome of refined and sexy and were pretty much 12/10s who were aesthetically pleasing to any naked eye. So

with this I began my Paleo endeavour in the hope that I could also transform into a 12/10 just like our cavemen ancestors.

Big mistake. Huge mistake.

Ever since starting this diet the past six days of my life have been an absolute nightmare. No longer do my nights consist of red wine and nutritious but carb-loaded dinners. Instead they are replaced with a small serving of protein and a bunch of sad-looking vegetables. My social life has been flushed down the toilet and I generally spend my evenings drooling in front of the television screen watching Nigella Lawson cook up a very non-Paleo storm on the food network. I missed my pasta so much that I even tried mixing it up by opting for 'zucchini pasta' which honestly is some of the worst c-r-a-p I have eaten in my life. Quite literally

zucchini cut into thin long pieces to resemble pasta and to try and trick your brain that you are eating an amazing Italian dish when really you're having meat sauce and a vegetable. Not fun, not ideal. It beats me how these fitness-obsessed and fad diet-obsessed women at my gym put up with such a way of living, and their self-control must be out of this world because, quite frankly, it astonishes me how anyone would opt to live like this.

It is safe to say my Paleo diet started and ended within the span of seven days — and that was more than enough. Tomorrow I plan to go down to my favorite Asian restaurant (Canton Café in Kingsland) and am going to get one of everything, or perhaps two, of every rice and noodle dish I can find. So long Paleo diet, you were terrible while you lasted and we shall never cross paths again.

QUESADILLA RECIPE

BY NIDHA KHAN

SCHEDULE: ASSIGNMENTS, TESTS, WORK, FAMILY time, buy 21st birthday presents, pay bills, clean room, pick up groceries, gym, breathe, look up Masters applications, volunteer and, by the way, you're cooking tonight. Perfect, cue the meltdown — wait, let me schedule that in.

For a university student, time is precious and when it comes to cooking, it's a fine balancing act between not wanting to cook but wanting something to eat. I'm still waiting for scientists to invent a fridge where every time I open it, I find more food inside. But until then, I'll rely on my family

to pass down cheap and easy recipes like this.

INGREDIENTS

4 TORTILLAS	2 CAPSICUMS
1 ONION	4 TEASPOONS DRIED ROSEMARY
2 TEASPOONS SALT	CHEESE (TO TASTE)
4 SMALL CANS OF TUNA OR 2 LARGE ONES	SPICES OF YOUR CHOICE (TO TASTE)
1 TBSP OLIVE OIL	

METHOD

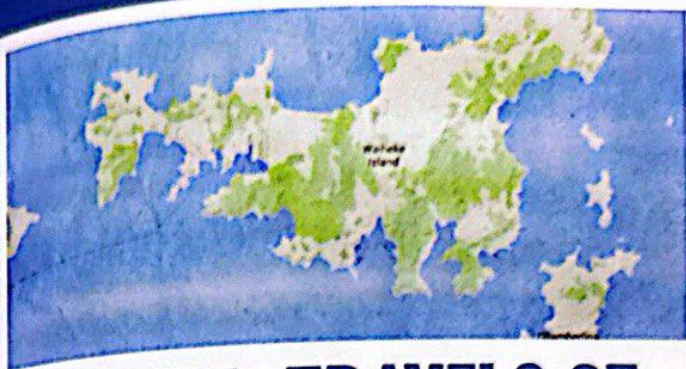
1. Preheat the oven to 175 degrees celsius
2. In a large saucepan on medium heat, add the oil, onion, capsicum, rosemary, salt, and spices.
3. Stir this for about 10 minutes or until the vegetables are soft.
4. Place this mixture and tuna on one half of the

tortillas and cheese on the other half.

5. Fold the tortillas and place them on the baking tray.
6. Place the tray in the oven for about 10 minutes or until the cheese is melting.

NOTES: YOU CAN ADAPT THIS RECIPE! IF YOU DON'T LIKE TUNA, TRY CHICKEN, BEEF OR LAMB, OR BEANS FOR A VEGETARIAN QUESADILLA.





WAIHEKE: TRAVELS OF THE PENNILESS

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

MY BOYFRIEND AND I DECIDED TO go away during the last holidays. Which is obviously intensely adorable because we aren't actual grown-ups, and because Bridget Jones says that a mini-break means true love. I even called him my partner when booking the accommodation because that's what all the people writing reviews had called their boyfriends and I thought they might stop us staying there otherwise.

Being in the income bracket which necessitated alternating money lending to smooth cash-flows to pay for it all brought challenges. We packed almost all of our food, including round and fatty steaks of the kind which I tolerate if fried mercilessly and purchased to increase somebody else's utility more than dissecting them reduces mine. Obviously the rest was bread, jam, pasta, cheesy things, crackers, chocolate and some token mandarins, 50% of which just came along for the ride. And beer, which clanked un-surreptitiously with every step.

The charming man himself obtained super cheap ferry tickets on a night when I was too tipsy to get involved. This was the dream. So at 3:30pm we boarded a car ferry on foot, amidst freezing winds and intermittent rain. It was still fine though guys, because he had the heavy pack and it's usually not possible for things to get too stressful while he is around. And there was a bus basically as soon as we got off the ferry, Google Maps promised.

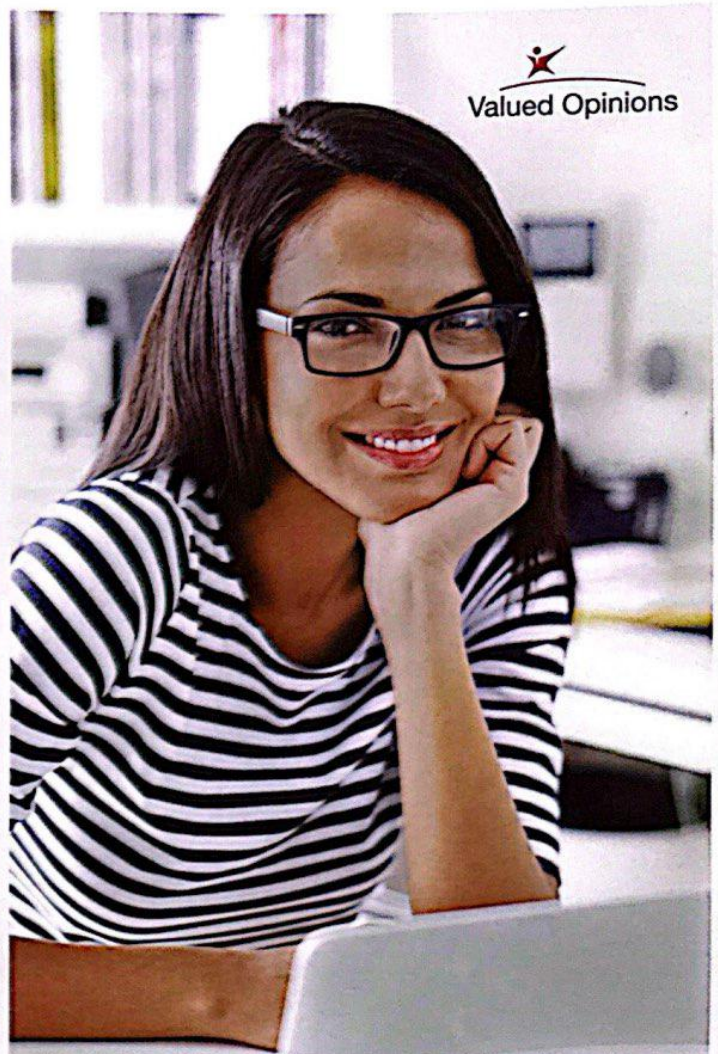
It turns out that Google Maps re-

ally does forsake those fortunate enough to reach island destinations though. The hill to the bus stop was considerable, the bus turned out to be a fantasy and the game of grown-ups started to fall down as the bach owner queried my sanity in expecting a bus to collect us. Of course, I was dying of unnecessary embarrassment at this point and was desperately – if retrospectively – un-thrilled to be the self-appointed navigator. So we had to call a taxi. Or you know, the hero of sense (to whom this is partly a tribute) did.

Obviously we then began our stay by setting the smoke alarm off. In true proof that one should stop while ahead with heroism, he took the steak outside onto the barbecue, but I suspect he didn't like being in the rain, so brought it in cooked blue. The New World rendition of German rye was pretty ok. We spent the next two days walking up and down hills, in raincoats, becoming bilious consuming red wine, cheese and chocolate, and searching for forever-closed wineries on foot.

Lessons learnt: (1) red wine, cheese and chocolate are too much to be had in combination, (2) Google maps do not show hills, (3) nothing is open on Waiheke during spring weekdays, (4) all you really need on Waiheke is food, alcohol, sneakers and somebody cool (or me) and (5) the Kennedy point ferry terminal is a road beside a beach (prepare for no Valentino's – Mr Whippy even drove past us off the car ferry, punctuating childhood for good).


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AUSA presents Womensfest 2015

WOMEN MAKE UP OVER HALF OF THE STUDENT POP.ulation at the University of Auckland, and this week is dedicated entirely to us. AUSA presents: Womensfest 2015!

Womensfest is an annual week organised by the AUSA Women's Rights Officers. Womensfest raises issues, educates and celebrates being a woman. This year we have 10 kickass events going off across the week, starting from the Saturday 19 September 'til Friday 25th September.

Saturday 19th September

We've teamed up with UN Youth on Campus to bring you the second WOMENSFEST MODEL UNITED NATIONS, an event focused on the issues of gender on the international stage. The event will coincide with Suffrage Day, following a basic Model UN format. A cross-party panel discussion will be included to hone in on issues facing women in New Zealand today.

Monday 21st September

Suffrage is such an important day in New Zealand's history. To observe and celebrate suffrage day, the SUFFRAGE DAY BREAKFAST will be held in Womenspace to provide an opportunity for women students to celebrate New Zealand's suffrage achievements, and look for ways to make further progress to benefit women. The women MPs celebrating with us include: Sue Moroney (Labour), Dr Parmjeet Parmar (National) and Jan Logie (Green). If you regularly miss the most im-

portant meal of the day, be sure to come along for a free boost to start the day! The breakfast will be followed by a Glee Club performance in the quad to continue festivities!

Tuesday 22nd September

Co-organised by Associate Professor Jennifer Curtin and the University of Auckland School of Social Sciences, **YOU CAN STOP VIOLENCE WITH WHITE RIBBON** will be chaired by Associate Professor Jennifer Curtin and will focus on what men can do and already do to combat Violence against Women. Held in the Conference Centre Room 340 at 1pm, the expert speakers include Richie Hardcore (White Ribbon Ambassador), Aaron Steedman (SHINE), Professor Nicola Gavey (University of Auckland) and Dr. David Mayeda (University of Auckland). They'll *shine* (haha, get it?) light on the topic and answer all your difficult questions!

If you're new to feminism and want to know what the big deal is, **WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A FEMINIST** is the event for you. The panel discussion will be held in Womenspace at 6pm and we promise your understanding of feminism will definitely improve!

Wednesday 23rd September

Drop into Womenspace anytime from 10am - 5pm to design your own DIY SHARPIE MUG for a gold coin donation! Spread your feminism and showcase your creativity. All mugs will be baked by the Women's Rights Officers and will be ready for collection the following week! Women only.

Thursday 24th September

Every Thursday we demand a world without violence through **THURSDAYS IN BLACK**. Treats will be on sale in the quad 11am - 3pm for a gold coin donation, with all proceeds going to Mangere

Women's Refuge.

Later on, come hear some of Auckland's best debaters speak to the motion "*That we should make Boards of Trustees at colleges and universities personally liable for sexual crimes committed by their students against other students*" at a debate hosted in collaboration with the University of Auckland Debating Society at 6pm in MLT2.

Friday 25th September

Why the fuck do women earn less than men? Hear Monica Briggs, the CEO of YWCA speak about **PAY EQUITY**: It's time for a FAIR New Zealand. Art 1 (208-315) at 1pm.

WINE AND CHEESE FEAT. CISSY ROCK. We invite queer women to come to Shadows to mix and mingle and hang out with Cissy over some wine and cheese (how classy). Following this will be the Closing Party!

Womensfest 2015 will be finishing with a bang! When students walk into Shadows, what do they see? Hardly any women apparently. We'll be changing up the demographic with our **RECLAIM SHADOWS** Closing Party. There aren't enough women in Shadows - join us to take it back! Shadows will be illuminated for the night and famous women icons will be plastered absolutely everywhere. We've got a great gig lined up featuring Siobhan Leilani, The Good Hustle and Miloux. It's shaping up to be a great night, starting at 7pm in Shadows. Plus, attend any Womensfest event earlier in the week to score a discounted drink token. Winning!

tl;dr Womensfest is going to be fantasmagorical. Check out our Womensfest Facebook event on the AUSA Facebook page to keep updated!

Why YOU, YES YOU should become an advocate

EVER HAD AN ISSUE WITH YOUR LECTURER? Your landlord? Or needed to know how on earth compassionate consideration works? The AUSA Student Advice Hub offers advice round the clock on issues like this, and more. It is an invaluable service that is independent from the University and is good at what it does - resolving issues that inevitably crop up when you are a student.

The University can sometimes feel like a landmine of processes that are difficult to navigate on your own, especially when something goes wrong. The

Student Advice Hub helps with these issues and offers fully trained advocates to assist students in all sorts of situations. The Student Advice Hub is run by fully trained volunteer advocates. Advocates are students at the University of Auckland, and the great news is that applications are now open to be an advocate for 2016.

Becoming a volunteer advocate is a great experience. Student advocates work to resolve issues and complaints related to study and academic matters on campus as well as providing referral information and general legal advice for other queries to do with tenancy issues, studylink, employment matters, and other personal challenges.

By becoming a volunteer, you will be given the opportunity to improve your communication, problem solving, and research skills, all while helping those who need it. It looks great on your CV, particularly if you are interested in a role that involves advocating for others (cough cough, law students). Law students may also use their time as an advocate for community placement as part of Law400.

In addition, you will have the opportunity to interact and make friends with the rest of the Hub team who are always super friendly! The team includes a group of volunteer advocates, as well as the Hub's two senior advocates and the full-time Advocacy manager.

The commitment involved is two to three hours a week to volunteer between 9am-4pm Monday to Friday during the semester. During these hours you will work from within the Hub and be available to students who approach it with issues. In this time, you will also be tasked with cases and research projects to work on. There is also a compulsory training session on Friday the 26th of February which you must commit to before signing up.

Those who have been advocates have thoroughly enjoyed the experience and for many, it has been one of the highlights of their University life. So go on, give it a go and fill out an application form.

Applications close on the 5th October. Apply online via www.ausa.org.nz/apply. If you have any questions, email cityhub@ausa.org.nz

AUSA PRESENTS...

19TH -25TH SEPTEMBER

WOMENSFEST

—2015—

UN + *Saturday*
19TH SEPT

REPRESENTED

MODEL UNITED NATIONS

OWEN G. GLENN BUILDING 9.30AM

September
21
MONDAY

SUFFRAGE DAY
➤ BREAKFAST ◀

WOMENSPACE
FROM 10AM



TUESDAY
22 SEPTEMBER



**YOU CAN STOP VIOLENCE
TOWARDS WOMEN**

1PM with *White Ribbon*
423-340 (CONFERENCE CENTRE)

THURS
24 SEPT

DEBATE

WITH THE
DEBATING
SOCIETY
6PM-7PM



**WHAT DOES IT MEAN
to be a FEMINIST?**

PANEL DISCUSSION

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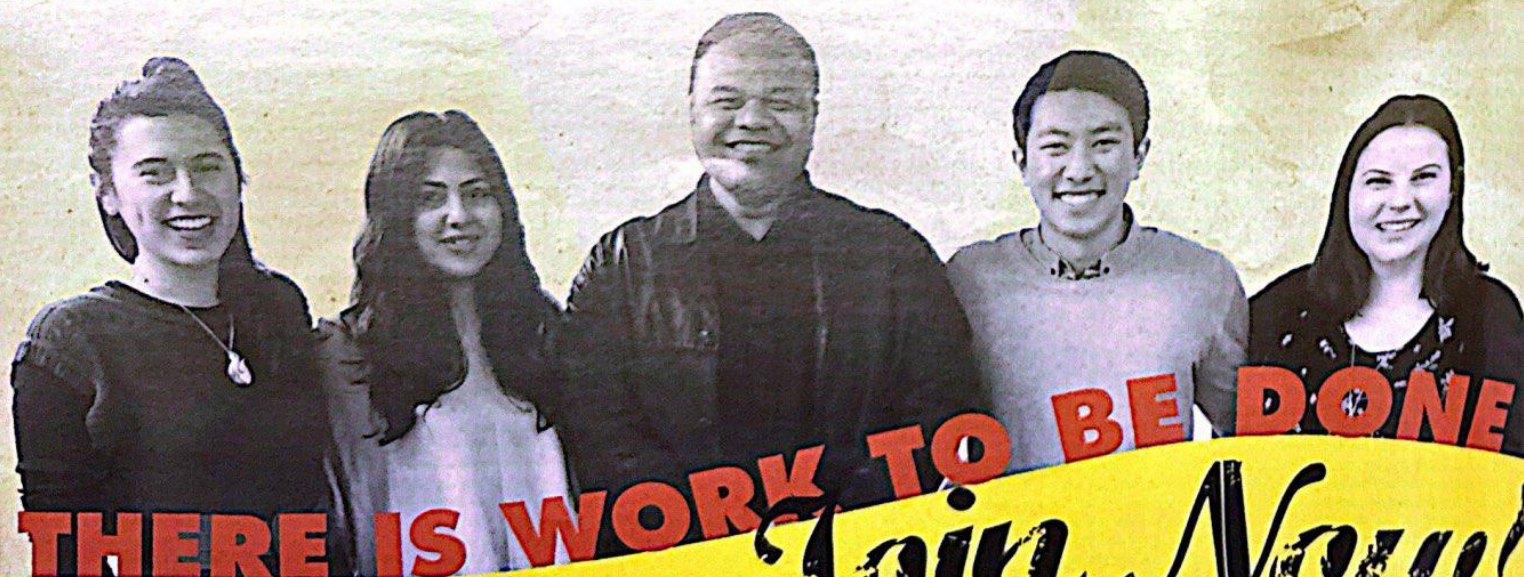
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DESPERATION KILLED THE RADIO STAR

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

SOMETHING ODD IS AFOOT IN THE WORLD OF RADIO. Last week, the hosts of George FM Breakfast, Kara Rickard and Thane Kirby, were suspended for naming and slut-shaming girls on air. In a segment titled 'Social Media Intervention', they searched Instagram for what they referred to as "Do Nothing Bitches" – a phrase made famous by mixed martial artist Ronda Rousey, and taken by the George FM hosts to mean girls who "sit around and post half-naked pictures of themselves". During the segment, Rickard and Kirby read the names of alleged DNBs out, with delightful accompanying descriptions such as "rank", "hoes" and "sluts".

This is New Zealand, for Christ's sake, so of course the girls found out within minutes that they were being publicly bullied for taking selfies. One accused DNB, Keely Paige, rang the station, and told the hosts that she had overcome an eating disorder and thus wanted to use her Instagram to promote self-love and body confidence. Overwhelmed with contrition, steeped in regret, Kirby said to her, "You have spectacular breasts. I'd love you to feature in our calendar." Rickard, when she thought Paige had hung up, compared her to "a car that was gorgeous on the outside but has high miles."

Okay, so this could be seen as an isolated incident – but it simply isn't. Shock jocks have been a mainstay of the radio industry since the term was coined to describe Howard Stern and his offensive antics in the 1980s. Paul Henry had been shooting his mouth off on air decades before the phrases "moustache on a lady" and "Sheila Dikshit" entered his racist little monkey-brain – sorry, I don't mean to be rude. To monkeys. But certainly within New Zealand, these puerile, and often sexist, segments appear to be on the rise.

Just last month The Edge's Jay-Jay, Mike and Dom were lambasted for their segment 'What's Your Cucumber Number', in which they asked contestants from *The Bachelor* to deep-throat a cucumber and see how far they could bite down on it. Audio supplied from one of the embarrassed bachelorettes reveals little nuggets such as Dom saying, "look at her she's fit, healthy and sporty, I bet she has five plus every day – girl's got to watch what she eats" and "you're not getting your Arthur Greens" to

a contestant who declined. This fruity-fellatio-fuck-up (cucumber is a FRUIT, it has SEEDS) followed July's Crotchgate incident, wherein Dom posted a screenshot of *Dancing With The Stars*'s Chrystal Chenery's open legs, caught in the middle of a dance routine. The image was accompanied by the caption "Crystal showing Art what he missed out on". He also was forced to pull out of a supposedly "educational" Trans For the Day stunt earlier this year.

What I can't figure out is why these DJs seem increasingly desperate to pull these stunts in the first place. Are they frantically vying for ratings? Radio stations no longer have the ability to supply enough music to satisfy the masses. Even iPods have become somewhat redundant with apps like Spotify providing an inexhaustible stream of new music, so commercial radio – particularly Top 40 stations – don't really seem to have much of a chance. Thus, radio personalities become key in getting people to tune in. The addition of Guy Williams to The Edge's afternoon show and Fletch and Vaughan's shift from The Edge to ZM show just how keen producers are to boost ratings through their choice of hosts. In addition to this, radio stations are increasingly relying on a digital audience to increase online ratings and keep advertisers happy. This is mainly done through clickbait posts on Facebook which take users through to the station's website. The stations shamelessly trawl the Internet and take posts from other sites, but they also get online viewers through the kind of segments and stunts outlined above. It is no longer enough for shock jocks to say outrageous things to keep listeners tuning in; it is now a highly crafted, multi-media circus act which involves a cross-dressing racist sucking off a vegetable while screaming "slut!" The question is, is it working?

Obviously we can't completely trust any statistics, but I was fairly surprised by how high the radio ratings seemed to be in New Zealand. In 2014 The Edge apparently had around 454,000 listeners each week, followed by Newstalk ZB

(gag) with 376,200 and ZM with 346,900. Over the last few years The Radio Bureau, who conducts the survey, have documented an increase in both cumulative audience and time spent listening – the latter category, interestingly, has seen its most significant increase in the youth market (18-34).

So it appears that the clickbait has worked. But for how long? I personally think that Paul Henry's diminishing popularity shows that listeners do eventually get sick of sensationalist, offensive journalism – if it can be called that. It might get people to tune in to hear controversy unfold, but it won't inspire any particular attachment to the hosts who provoke it. Dom Harvey's obnoxious pranks are rapidly pushing viewers over to ZM's Fletch, Vaughan and Megan in the morning. Thane and Kara of George FM may well not recover from the name-and-slut-shame incident last week. Their Facebook page has been disabled due to the influx of negative feedback they received.

This doesn't mean that radio is bound to be obsolete in the next few years. Radio Hauraki – which I just found out started as an offshore pirate station to escape state monopoly over radio, rad – successfully rebranded itself in 2012 from "classic rock that rocks" to "it's different". They managed to stay relevant by switching to alternative rock and having offbeat hosts like Jeremy Wells and Leigh Hart to keep listeners engaged. And as long as there are old people and academics, Radio New Zealand National will stay afloat, because they actually have integrity in what they report on, and the people they interview. Radio still has a purpose. It can provide local commentary and local/alternative music that isn't necessarily provided by online sources. I am inclined to think that Top 40 Radio, despite its higher ratings, is far more in danger of becoming irrelevant because neither the music nor the scandalous hosts are anything you can't get via the Internet. Video may have temporarily saved the radio star, but there's only so much it can do.

PAUL HENRY HAD BEEN SHOOTING HIS MOUTH OFF ON AIR DECADES BEFORE THE PHRASES "MOUSTACHE ON A LADY" AND "SHEILA DIKSHIT" ENTERED HIS RACIST LITTLE MONKEY-BRAIN – SORRY, I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE. TO MONKEYS.

THE OTHERS WAY

THE OTHER'S WAY FESTIVAL FESTIVAL REVIEW

IN THE EARLY STAGES OF PLANNING THE OTHER'S WAY festival, a conversation must have taken place in the Flying Out offices. I can only imagine it went something like this:

"Right, so the venues are sorted. We've got Galatos, the downstairs part of Galatos, Neck of the Woods, Whammy Bar, the Wine Cellar, the Flying Out basement and The Studio for the big names".

"That's a great idea! With the wide doors and expansive entrance of The Studio, there will be no queues and everybody will be able to get in and out with no probl-"

"No. We'll shut the main entrance and get people to come in and out through the fire exit out the back. It'll be fresh. Funky. Alty".

"But doesn't that come out by the side of the stage?"

"Yes. It'll be fresh".

"Won't everyone be standing around the stage to be close to the acts?"

"Yes. Funky".

"So if everyone is standing by the stage, and the entrance comes out by the stage, and no one near the stage will want to move from the stage, won't that make it difficult for anyone to get in or out? They'll be stuck in the corridor!"

"Alty".

The bizarre entrance-exit of The Studio was a minor footnote on what was an absolute ripper of a night. The Other's Way was the first of its kind – a SXSW style multi-venue celebration of local talent. Once we had battled our way into a far from packed Studio, we were treat-

ed to a rare sighting of South Island-born but Melbourne-based songbird Aldous Harding. Unfortunately the experience was tainted slightly by a drunk fucko very loudly introducing everybody to his friend Dave. Dave looked sheepish and not interested at all as the glares intensified. Poor Dave.

(Side note: Aldous Harding puts on a bizarre Irish/Scandinavian accent while she sings, which is in stark contrast to her usual New Zealand/Australian speaking voice. It's quite jarring to hear a lilting, foreign-esque "What if birds aren't singing, they're screaming" followed by a very Kiwi "Alright, thanks for coming out".)

As is usually the case at festivals with such quality line-ups, timetable clashes were the order of the night. After Aldous Harding we were faced with the choice between Princess Chelsea at Galatos, Fazerdaze at Whammy Bar, and either Glass Vaults or Ghost Wave at Neck of the Woods, depending on when you had downloaded the timetable.

We chose Fazerdaze at Whammy Bar and they were superb, and we still managed to catch the end of the wildcard band at Neck of the Woods (Ghost Wave as it happens) before expat quartet Yumi Zouma took to the stage. Again a timetable clash had meant giving up seeing Doprah, yet I was excited. With me living in Auckland and Yumi Zouma living in various parts of the world it is not often our paths cross, and I was looking forward to their dreamy pop vocals and very danceable beats.

But wait. What do I sense? Our drunk fucko

from Aldous Harding, and his poor friend Dave. Yumi Zouma were easily the highlight of the night but I fear my toes, the noses of several other audience members and, most importantly, Dave's dignity, will never be the same.

After Yumi Zouma we battled the wind and the rain to make our way round the back of the Studio, mentally preparing ourselves for the pressed flesh and sweaty corridor that stood in between us and a newly reunited Garageland, only to be told that the back entrance was closed and you're meant to go around the front in a tone which suggested the guard was offended by our efforts to comply with what was previously an absolutely ridiculous arrangement.

It was not worth it. The 90s alt darlings, by Jeremy Eade's own admission, had practised maybe only once or twice for a festival they were essentially headlining. "Come Back" set the crowd off before a stuttering "Nude Star" was abandoned halfway through. It was at that point we decided to head over to Galatos and see what former Mint Chick Kody Neilson, in his new guise as Silicon, was up to.

Former Mint Chick Kody Neilson, in his new guise as Silicon, wasn't up to much and took to the stage nearly half an hour late. By this time we were wet, cold, sober, had sore feet and couldn't see the stage. We turned away and battled through the crowd into the dismal K Rd evening, a poor end to what was otherwise a fresh, funky and (above all) alty addition to the New Zealand festival circuit.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

UNFORTUNATELY THE EXPERIENCE WAS TAINTED SLIGHTLY BY A DRUNK FUCKO VERY LOUDLY INTRODUCING EVERYBODY TO HIS FRIEND DAVE. DAVE LOOKED SHEEPISH AND NOT INTERESTED AT ALL AS THE GLARES INTENSIFIED. POOR DAVE.

BADLANDS HALSEY

BADLANDS HALSEY

ALBUM REVIEW

ASHLEY FRANGIPANE, NOW WIDELY KNOWN AS SINGER-songwriter Halsey, recently released her debut album *Badlands* – an eclectic indulgence of honesty and curiosity. Halsey gained a widespread social media following by expressing a style development of unconventional lyrics and unique perspectives through her 2014 EP *Room 93*. It is clear that a full album is what Halsey has been waiting to produce. Her EP was a mere taste of what she has to say, embracing a moody yet triumphant narrative and imagery. Now she has blessed us with a greater body of work that explores the visual elements of her own desolate mentality, captivating the hearts of the 21st century indie pop generation.

A good heap of the album's tracklist was re-

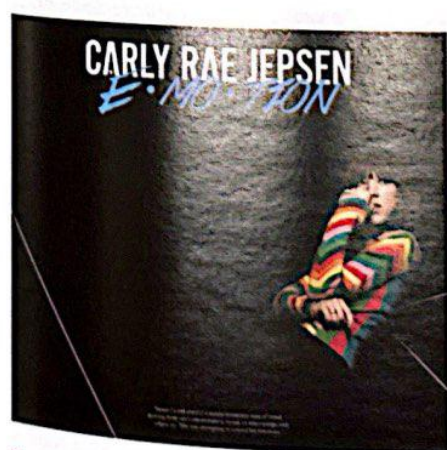
leased before the album itself in order to keep Halsey's growing audience on their toes. The fan favorite "Ghost" from her EP was even thrown in the mix. However, once put together in a concept record, there is a clear stylistic stratification amongst each song. First we are introduced to the *Badlands*, and how they generate and monitor negative mentalities. Halfway through the record, Halsey becomes more aware of these implications, and explores the effects on her creativity. The last three tracks "Control", "Young God" and "I Walk the Line" express some serious narratives of dignity and independence, where listeners can find solace in their troubles and inspiration to find a way out of them.

The most fascinating thing about *Badlands* is how Halsey explores things in scathingly honest detail, yet the tracks are starting to climb the charts of mainstream radio because they still sound like contemporary pop. The majority of Halsey's lyrics

attempt to aestheticize the complexities of individualism and relationships, explored through raspy vocals and electro pop beats. "Hurricane" demonstrates her emotions towards personal demons, "New Americana" explores diversity and nostalgia, while "Castle" attacks the gender barriers of the pop music paradigm. Obviously she isn't the first artist to confront these kinds of issues, but she does uniquely express herself through both the perspectives of the victim and the assailant, demonstrating her complex layers of self-awareness.

Each track stems from a desire to conceptualise Halsey's experiences and the way she sees the world – an ambitious move for a debut album. However, if you have trouble relating to her memories, you still get a fun yet edgy pop song, which is just as important and cool.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG



E•MO•TION CARLY RAE JEPSEN

ALBUM REVIEW

FIRST THING'S FIRST, I'LL TELL YOU NOW THAT I WAS (key word: was) not remotely a fan of Carly Rae Jepsen. For those of you who don't remember she was the person solely in charge of the most annoying song of 2013, "Call Me Maybe". However what prompted me to give this album

a listen is due to the rave reviews this album was receiving and boy does this album live up to the hype!

There is something about the blaring saxophones at the start of "Run Away With Me" (which is hailed by many critics as song of the year) that paints a picture in your head of a nostalgic romance that only exists in your dreams. Jepsen's vocals are highlighted in this track as it is backed up by explosive production and a captivating chorus that truly resonates with title of the track and lyrics. It really makes you feel like joining arms with your lover and running off into the night, being carefree and not looking back, as it's you against the world.

And that's just the opening track. *E•MO•TION* is an incredibly cohesive pop album that takes you on a journey through pop archetypes. You have the heavenly sounding dream pop in "Gimmie Love", the sassy I'm-totally-over-you-break-up song "Boy Problems" (co-written by Sia, so you know it's amazing), chamber pop in the ambitious "Making the Most of the Night",

techno pop in the minimalistic "Black Heart", indie pop in the hauntingly beautiful "Warm Blood", euro-dirt pop in "I Didn't Just Come Here to Dance", disco/funk pop in "When I Needed You", and my personal favourite, the soothing jazz pop in "Let's Get Lost", and "Your Type". The amalgamation of the nostalgic vibe 80s-style synthesizers and the modern day pop formula makes *E•MO•TION* one of the most well-crafted and artistic pop albums of late.

It is rare for mainstream and pretentious indie critics (like Pitchfork) to reach a consensus regarding what is essentially a mainstream pop album. Every track stand strongly on its own, amazingly catchy and surprisingly memorable. The fact that anti-Pop listeners credit this album so much should say it all. I can't believe that out of everyone, it is Carly Rae Jepsen that is in sole charge of creating one of the best pop albums of the year and (dare I say it) one of the greatest albums of the decade. No matter who are, this album deserves your attention, money, and appreciation.

REVIEW BY TONY SRIAMPORN-ROBERTS



STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON

FILM REVIEW

THE 1980S POSED A TURBULENT DECADE FOR THE SUPpressed minority groups blindsided by the Post-Civil Rights Movement slump. With rising tensions and further racial disparity, the evolution of an aggressive art form conquered – that of “Gangster Rap”. N.W.A.’s (Niggaz Wit Attitude) biopic *Straight Outta Compton*, directed by Gary Grey, presents the rise, conflict, and denouement of the group as they act as the catharsis of African-American communities facing civil strife throughout an era.

The film follows the parallel storylines the self-proclaimed “Boyz n the Hood” of Andre “Dr. Dre” Young, O’Shea “Ice Cube” Jackson, Lorenzo “MC Ren” Patterson, Antoine “DJ Yella” Carraby, and the eulogised Eric “Eazy-E” Wright, along with their dubiously scrupulous manager Jerry Heller. As a biopic, it provides a basis for showing the backgrounds of the artists along with their eventual commercial ventures. However, the amount of hyperbolised events is at times overwhelming, even going as far as to suggest that N.W.A. were indirectly involved in instigating the Rodney King riots of 1992 (as opposed to being another symbol of African-American authoritarian discontent).

Exciting as it is, it is difficult to treat this biopic with the sincerity the group deserves. The embellishment of the conflicts with Suge Knight along with the eulogy of Eric Wright place an unspecified bias towards the humanitarian efforts of N.W.A. – it is difficult to accept that a group of N.W.A.’s calibre weren’t themselves attempting to captivate the rap market for all its worth. However, this is part of the story, and its accuracy is immediately downtrodden considering Jerry Heller’s public statement about

the film’s release: “Eric isn’t here to share his story, so why should I share mine”. The hyperbole makes this film more of a “based on a true story” as opposed to the documentary that it’s made out to be.

Another quandary of the film is the emphasis of their commercial interests. The brilliance of MC Ren are left unknown to the viewer, despite his huge role in writing songs such as “Fuck tha Police” and most of the songs on *EFILAZ-AGGIN*. This suggests that the biggest contributors were the late Eric Wright, and those with careers continuing such as Andre Young and O’Shea Jackson. There is even a sequel being considered called *Welcome to Death Row*, which may well be further promoting the works of 2Pac, Snoop Dogg, and Dr. Dre (who this year released the distanced album *Compton*, which has completely lost touch with the original streets of South-Central L.A.).

Scolding aside, this film was absolutely fucking fantastic. From the very beginning, one is desperate to continue the film’s story. Right from the opening scene you’re left in a peculiar in-between state of wonderment and anxiety as you delve into their struggle to follow their dreams (see where I was coming from?) and conquer a market reserved for the sycophancy of disco music or white people – to allow the truth be heard. The music is astounding; there

is a remastered recording of their 1988 debut *Straight Outta Compton* with the deep, aggressive songs from “Gangsta Gangsta” and “Fuck tha Police”, and the historical links to “Ruthless Records” and “N.W.A. and the Posse”. Essentially, from start to finish, it’s a riot – from the bellowed laughter to the stricken fear of Eazy-E’s infamous AIDS struggle (and the story behind it). Hey, even Warren G was portrayed, causing me to almost ejaculate on the four individuals I shared the premiere with.

Despite the obvious commercial interests and the hyperbolised storyline, this is still one of my favourite films to date. Call me the “Bandwagon white fuck”, but I have a soft spot for the aggressive social commentary and poetic beauty of N.W.A. and similar groups over the last 30 years. As usual, there are always down sides; glorification of violence, misogyny, the inevitable jealousy of someone that can raise their car higher than the middle finger of low society to authority... but the general cadence and skill of rappers sticks in my minds as the authentic musicians that use music as an escape from reality, as opposed to a commercial gig of the orgy that is modern pop music. The fuck do I care, it beats the banjo-playing shit that exposes the cock-in-fested greed of modern music.

“It’s not about the salary, it’s all about reality”. Ice Cube, “Gangsta Gangsta”.

ESSENTIALLY, FROM START TO FINISH, IT’S A RIOT – FROM THE BELLOWED LAUGHTER TO THE STRICKEN FEAR OF EAZY-E’S INFAMOUS AIDS STRUGGLE (AND THE STORY BEHIND IT).



ARTS COMMENT

SOME FILMS JUST SHOULDN'T HAVE SEQUELS

FILM COMMENT

THIS IS NOT INTENDED TO BE A DAMNING indictment of the lack of originality in movies as we face seemingly inescapable sequels and reboots. Just go and see the latest *Fantastic Four* movie, and that'll prove to be a damning enough indictment all on its own. Ya burnt, Twentieth Century Fox.

No – some sequels can be great, and some can even surpass their predecessors. *Toy Story 2* and *Toy Story 3* are just as brilliant as Pixar's original (if not more so), *Captain America: The Winter Soldier* raised the bar for superhero films despite being the ninth film in a franchise, and *Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King* carried the torch of its two forerunners with elf-like grace and poise. Some films just simply do not need a sequel, and follow-ups often serve no other purpose than to tarnish a film that stood perfectly well on its own.

Take *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl* for example (a case study if you will – this is all very scientific, you see). This is a film that was based on a ride at Disneyland and by all accounts could have been a ridiculous shambles, a la *Battleship*, which was based on the board game of the same name, and well and truly bombed (bad pun intended). Yet *The Curse of the Black Pearl* earned five Academy Award nominations and one Oscar win; it delighted audiences and won over critics (largely thanks to Johnny Depp's ambling antics). In spite of all this, *The Curse of the Black Pearl* did not need a sequel.

The film concludes with Will Turner and Elizabeth Swann finally together after professing their lifelong

love for one another; Captain Jack Sparrow escapes the hangman's noose once more and is reunited with his motley crew to pursue freedom and fortune, and Commodore Norrington performs a total one-eighty, doing Captain Sparrow and his crew a solid by not pursuing them (and hauling them in to almost certainly hang as a punishment for piracy). We leave Port Royal happy. Our heroes have prevailed! The uptight powder-wig wearing military man has a heart! True love conquers all! A Hans Zimmer banger accompanies the credits! Yet when we return to Port Royal in *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*, all of this optimism is almost immediately dashed. Commodore Norrington is drunk and disheveled after losing his job for letting a notorious criminal slip through his fingers, Elizabeth and Will are already facing relationship woes and, most dishearteningly, the sequel cannot maintain the wit and the heart of the previous *Pirates* romp. The sequels are by no means irredeemable, but the filmmakers struck gold the first time round, and they really should have left it at that (buried their treasure, hidden the map where "X" marked the spot, etc., etc.).

This is not to suggest that sequels should be entirely done away with. Rather, the artistry of a great movie should be respected, and prioritized over sequels made only for the financial gain they have the potential to provide. Those in positions of power when it comes to making decisions about cinematic endeavours should consider the merits in leaving well enough alone.

Instead of taking an audience's imaginings away from them, viewers should be left to envision Captain Jack Sparrow sailing headfirst into adventure, without ever needing to be told where that adventure leads, or how that adventure it will end.

BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI



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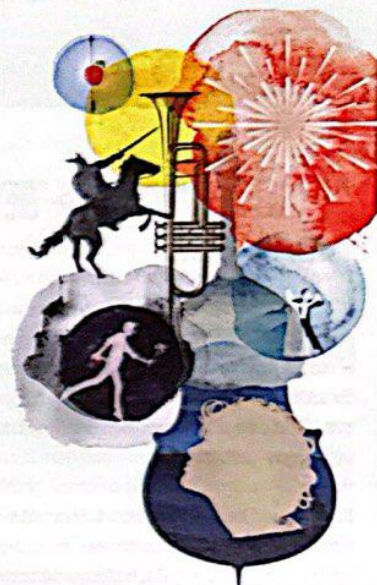
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GO OUT > STAY IN > GET THINGS DONE

ART COMMENT

ONE UNASSUMING WEDNESDAY EVENING WE HAD done our usual art opening rounds. We had drunk our free beers and didn't overthink the art – videos of a man pulling off band-aids and squiggly paintings.

Sitting in Renkon with a few old friends and some new ones, we were fuelling up for the *Let's Dance Party*, AKA Theo Macdonald's most recent exhibition at Inky Palms: "GO OUT > STAY IN > GET THINGS DONE". The main objective was to dance the entire 39 minutes and 41 seconds of David Bowie's *Let's Dance*. We were going to support him and as he put it, "Please, come dance, enjoy yourself, and then we can all go home".

With a quick flick through his accompanying comic, I grasped the conceptual validity that was allowing us to participate in 'art' rather

than a party. And if there's something I've learnt at art school it is that if you call it art, it is art. The event consisted of Theo showing off his Bowie moves in his newly acquired Bowie look (also a part of the project) mainly amongst Elam kids. We came, we danced, we enjoyed ourselves and then we all went home.

In the last couple of months, what seems a huge portion of my peer group has been involved in exhibitions. I'm thinking "why didn't they invite me? Where's my show?" Going out vs staying in vs getting shit done. That's just it. Although some art school stereotypes are untrue, the one about there being a severe lack of employment opportunities after graduation is a rapidly approaching reality. Going to Elam doesn't let you just walk into the exclusive club that is the art world, especially not at 22.

At the Auckland Art Gallery exhibition *Inside Outside Upside Down* I overheard the gallery assistant (who looked about my age) say, "this is soooo contemporary". If these are 'contemporary' artists, who are all hitting 40, then what

the hell are we? Pre-contemporary? Post-inter-net? Or are we just students, unable to claim any form legitimacy until we've started to dye our hair brown instead of blue?

The days of artist-run spaces, exhibitions at Artspace and fighting to be noticed by dealer galleries are ahead of us – but do we have to do all these things before we can call ourselves artists? Auckland Art Gallery is public context for those who have and can. But there is no room for people like myself other than as a volunteer or visitor. Although there is plenty of room for its exorbitant New Zealand Cubism collection. What a bore.

Regardless of labels, my peers will be the next generations of artists, and we have to get off our vintage mom-jean clad arses and path our own way. Even if it is hiring a gallery space and having an 'art' party or constantly refreshing *The Big Idea*. Stop waiting and get things done instead.

BY FELIXE LAING

MUSIC

SORCERESS AND HIATUS KAIYOTE

CONCERT REVIEW

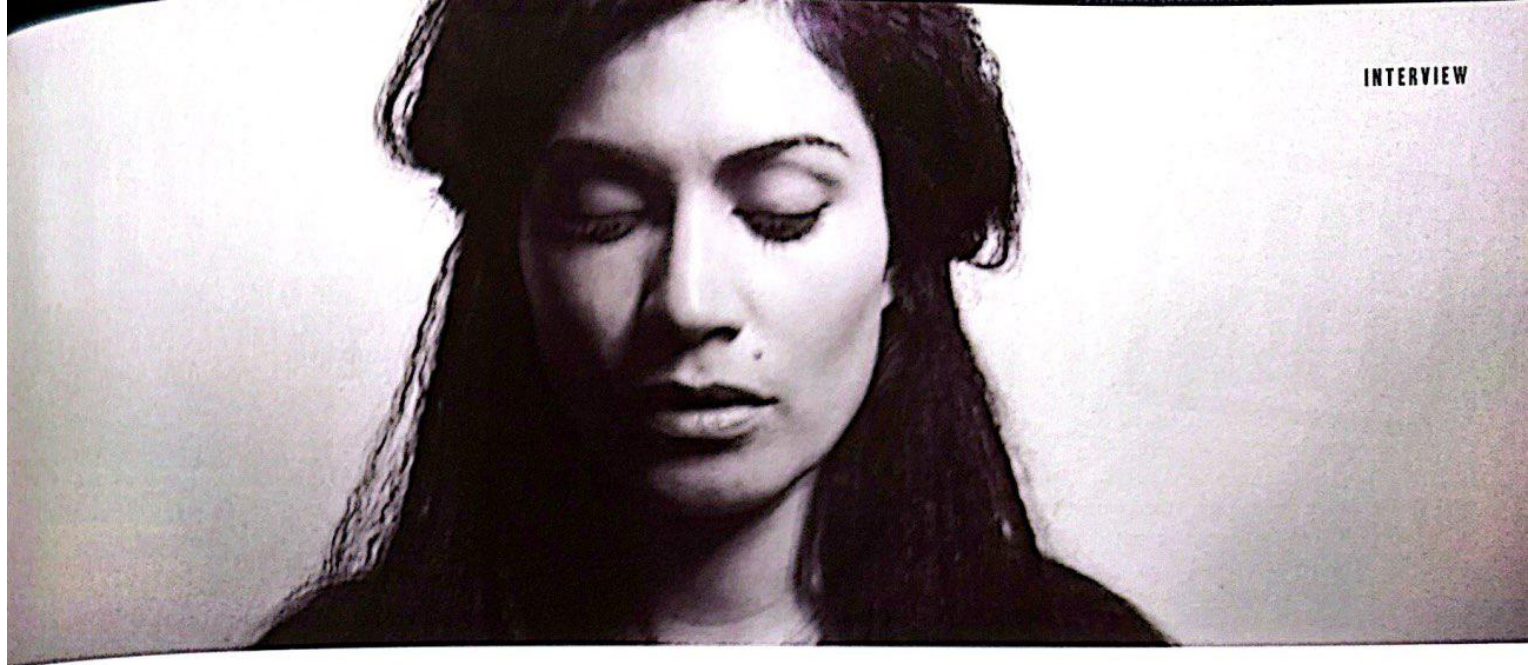
HOW DO YOU REVIEW A GIG? YEAH, I WENT. YEAH, I got drunk. Yeah, I may have embarrassingly made shit conversation with one of the lead singers. Great night! Wish you could have been there! (?) I'm one of those people that only goes to see someone perform live if I'm near on obsessed with them (bar Lauryn Hill, we'll get to that later). By the time I've reached the entrance to the venue I've probably already got all available interviews and a large chunk of live performance footage packed up in the back of my head. My going to see someone live is an investment, not only financially, but also in terms of my sanity. It's why I didn't go to see Lauryn Hill when she was here for Ragga-

muffin. She had been performing really badly (read: like a demon crying) and I was not about to let a lifetime of fangirling be shrieked out of me. Am I too uptight? Yeah, probably.

So as you can guess I knew exactly what to expect when I arrived at The Kings Arms to watch Sorceress (formerly soul duo Funkomunity) and Melbourne-based neosoul four-some Hiatus Kaiyote. I had heard of both bands at roughly the same time three years ago, HK who I had long been anticipating to tour NZ and Sorceress who I had long wanted to hear play at a proper venue (I had first heard them play at the quad when they were touring their first album (life does progress it seems)). It was a win-win situation for me and didn't read like the normal Opening Act then Headliner format; I was equally excited for both. If anything I was actually more excited to hear Sorceress than

I was HK. Lead vocalist of Sorceress, Rachael Fraser, has a robust voice that is quite frankly the best I have heard come out of New Zealand recently. She's on some Che Fu levels. It was great to hear her and Isaac Aesili fully realised and with a crowd that came to meet their energy. If Rachel's voice hits you in the diaphragm, then Nai Palm, the lead for HK, hits you at the tip of the head. I don't know if that makes sense to you but it did to my drunken self who wrote that as a note. There's a flightiness in her voice, much like jazz, but with the psychedelic edge of funk. It was a really well curated show, a yin and yang type of thing. They complimented each other both figuratively and literally and it was cool to see a gig where the acts had a very clear mutual respect and admiration for each other.

REVIEW BY CAMERON AN LOO-MATAMUA



Q+A WITH ANNA CODDINGTON

INTERVIEW

ANNA CODDINGTON, SINGER-SONGWRITER, REGULAR FLY MY PRETTIES COLLABORATOR, AND ALL-ROUND ENCHANTING LASS IS SET TO TOUR THE COUNTRY WITH NEW YORK-BASED DUO LIPS THROUGHOUT SEPTEMBER.

YOU MET STEPH FROM LIPS NINE YEARS AGO – IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE COLLABORATED? HOW HAVE YOU KEPT THAT CONNECTION GOING OVER THE YEARS?

We have collaborated in small ways before – she has played keys on some of my tracks and we've had a few jams over the years but nothing like this before! We've had about 7 rehearsals and put together an entire show for this tour! We have kept our connection going via all the modern methods – email, Facebook, Skype and just because we are friends first, before we are collaborators I guess.

HOW DID THE IDEA FOR A TOUR COME ABOUT?

Steph was round at my home studio playing on some of my new stuff and we got to talking about touring and "the biz". She was saying how Lips hadn't toured NZ before but would like to. I offered to help her organise one because I know how hard it is to do from overseas (they are US-based). We eventually realised that she wanted me to do the tour with them and I wanted to do it with them but we were both too shy to say. I'm glad we did though! The show is so fun.

YOUR PREVIOUS (AND FANTASTIC) WORK WITH FLY MY PRETTIES AND NOW THE TOUR WITH LIPS SEEM TO INDICATE THAT YOU'RE A FAN OF COLLABORATING WITH OTHER ARTISTS. WHAT DRAWS YOU TO COLLABORATION?

I am! I sometimes feel quite isolated as a musician. I have so many great friends who also are musos and I jam with them and talk shop with them a lot, but I've always felt like I'm not really part of a "scene". I envy artists who fit into scenes like

country, folk, indie, etc. I feel like I sit somewhere in between them because I make non-mainstream pop music. Also I've always been independent and self-managed and self-produced so I don't have a team of people or anything. It's just me. So I guess I'm drawn to collaboration because it's great to not do everything by yourself all the time! It's like a relief for me. And it's heaps of fun and I always learn something.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY PLANS TO COLLABORATE WITH ANY OTHER ARTISTS IN THE NEAR FUTURE? WILL WE BE SEEING ANY MORE COLLABORATION BETWEEN YOU AND LIPS AFTER THE TOUR?

Well there is me, Julia and Anika's theoretical band "Illuzionzz". We've actually recorded an EP but between us there is never a time to finish it and put it out ha ha. So it's just a fantasy, albeit a pretty awesome sounding fantasy. I've also been collaborating with my partner Dick Johnson who is actually a dance music producer. It's so different to my stuff but we have a new project in the works, and I've done the vocal on a recently released track by future-bass outfit MEDZ called "Love On Loop". I definitely want to do more collaboration – it keeps things fresh. And I really, really want to try and pin Lips down for some co-writing! They are writing such great stuff. I'll have to try get them for a moment after soundcheck or something...

WE'RE REALLY EXCITED TO HEAR THAT YOU HAVE A NEW ALBUM COMING OUT NEXT YEAR. HOW WILL THIS ONE DIFFER FROM YOUR LAST TWO ALBUMS?

I think it's more thought out in the arrangements. I've really spent time with these new songs looking at each element – what does the bass need to do? How should the drums go? Does this section really need guitar in it? The last two were more a case of me bringing finished songs to a rehearsal room and letting the band fill them out with my input, whereas these are more me knowing what I want and asking them to play it like that – though there are some songs where their ideas have been better than mine so I've gone with those! I think I'm just much more focused on getting what's best for the song. Also I reckon it's more intense. My life flipped out a couple of years ago and a lot happened which I processed by writing these songs so it's gonna have aaaaall the feelings on there!

HOW DO YOU THINK YOUR UPBRINGING IN A SURF TOWN LIKE RAGLAN (AND NEW ZEALAND MORE BROADLY) HAS SHAPED THE MUSIC YOU MAKE?

More than anything it just gave me the space to do it. Raglan is a very creative town. There are musos and artists everywhere so you can play the drums in your garden shed for an hour after school every dang day and no one minds. So I did. I did that every day for years. It's a very relaxed town so I think growing up there just allowed me to follow my creative instincts and not worry too much about whether I should look ahead and think about being an accountant or whatever.

INTERVIEW BY CAITLIN ABLEY

AND I REALLY, REALLY WANT TO TRY AND PIN LIPS DOWN FOR SOME CO-WRITING! THEY ARE WRITING SUCH GREAT STUFF. I'LL HAVE TO TRY GET THEM FOR A MOMENT AFTER SOUNDCHECK OR SOMETHING...



EXCUSES TO GET OUT OF A DATE

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

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. THEY SUGGEST COFFEE, dinner or 'hanging out sometime.' Cue the awkward shuffling, avoiding eye contact. If you're texting or on Facebook there might be a whole 3 minute gap before you reply. Maybe you stutter out an uncomfortable '... sure, sounds great' that leads to scheduling an even more uncomfortable meet-up. Or maybe you never reply at all.

But don't fear. Here are 10 iron-clad excuses to excuse you from any date invitation and avoid wounded pride.

(Maybe).

I I'M AN ALIEN AND MY KIND HAS COME TO HARVEST HUMANS FOR THEIR ORGANS: You can brandish a knife at their throat to emphasise the message if you wish.

Naturally if they're truly serious about you they'll freely offer you their heart to rip out anyway. "Because it's always been yours".

(If they do that - keep their number. Anyone who can turn decapitation into a pick up line has potential).

OUR FAMILIES ARE ARCH-ENEMIES AND OUR RELATIONSHIP IS A BLOOD FEUD: Remember to leave the reason for the animosity suitably vague but hint at dark consequences and possible death.

This could lead to them scaling your window to declare their love in the middle of the night. At this point just let them get on with their wooing until you reach the inevitable joint suicide stage and pull out as they keel over choking. Because they're obviously an idiot.

I I ONLY DATE GUYS/GIRLS NAMED AFTER DISNEY PRINCES/PRINCESSES: Finish off by saying they're welcome at your weekly Disney movie night though.

Of course if they're truly dedicated to winning you over they'll change their name by deed poll. They may well reappear next week and introduce themselves as Prince Charming Philip Eric Naveen Beast Rider.

At that point you might want to give them a chance, especially as they'll probably be open to naming your future kids Dumbo, Simba and Mushu.

IT'S AGAINST MY RELIGION: The specifics of the religion aren't important. Just make it clear your beliefs forbid you from dating anyone with hair/boys/people of your age/vegetarians. (Whichever option is suitable).

If they persist go for the whole shebang and say you're becoming a nun or monk or priest and so are "in a relationship with God".

I I'M YOUR FATHER/MOTHER WHO HAS TRAVELLED FORWARD IN TIME TO MEET YOU: Incest is a pretty full-proof way of putting off most people.

Unless of course they're an extreme *Game of Thrones* fan and incest turns them on. Then it's entirely possible they'll go for it anyway. In that case you might want to give their real mother a call about booking them some therapy...and mention to her that their child is dumb enough to risk wiping themselves out of their own timeline.

I I AM DYING OF SOME VAGUELY DEFINED DISEASE AND DON'T HAVE LONG TO LIVE

There are two ways this can go down. Either they'll high-tail out of there and you'll be rid of them

or they could pull an Augustus Waters/Landon Carter and help you fulfil all your life ambitions in your final months on earth.

In this case reap the benefits of their dedication and then get your sister to announce your death on facebook and listen to everyone say lovely things over your empty coffin.

What's not to like about that plan?

(When describing your 'vaguely defined disease', make sure it's something that means you still look healthy and fit until the day of death).

I I'M PART OF A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION AND/OR A SUPER HERO. OUR RELATIONSHIP WOULD PUT YOU AT RISK: This also offers a ready-made excuse for unexplained absences or sudden exits. And it's a chance to start wearing cloaks. Cloaks should totally come back in.

They may insist that being with you is worth any risk or danger to themselves. If so make them watch *The Amazing Spider Man 2* over and over until they get tired of seeing Gwen Stacey's head crack on the concrete.

I I'M BEING SHIPPED OVERSEAS TO INSERT CHOSEN LOCATION AND DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL RETURN. ALSO THERE'S NO INTERNET, OR PHONES, OR LETTER-WRITING: The downside of this option is you might have to hide whenever you see them nearby.

Hypothetically they could offer to leave New Zealand and follow you anywhere around the world, even if they have to live in a dumpster outside your window.

(If that happens get a restraining order. Clearly a simple 'no thanks' was never going to work).

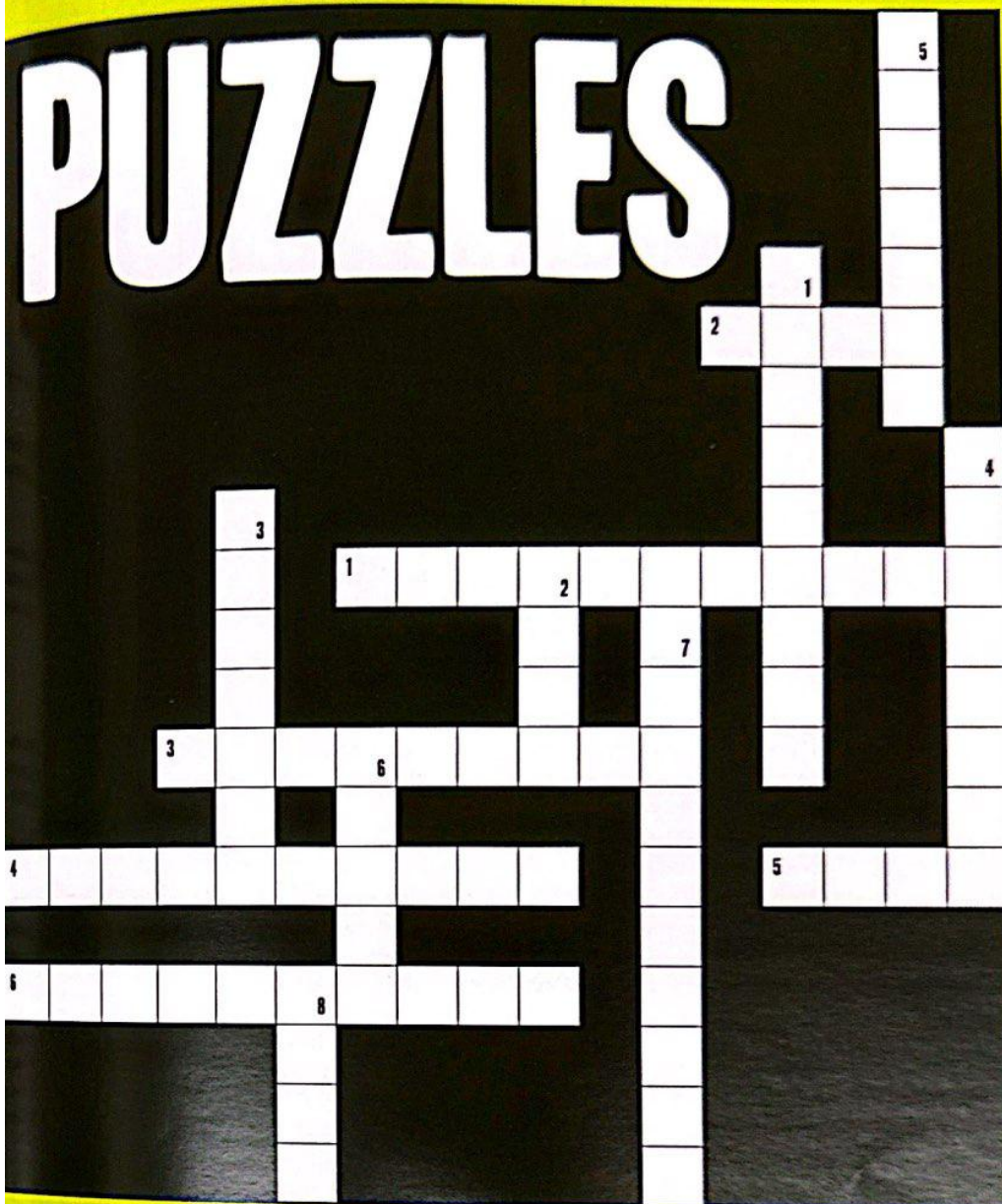
I I NEED TO REMAIN A VIRGIN BECAUSE I'M TRAINING TO BECOME A BLOOD SACRIFICE: Also a good opportunity to start trailing around in long, white dresses. Of course it's entirely possible they'll offer to remain a virgin also and make it a double blood sacrifice. But if anyone's ever asked their significant other to 'wait until I'm ready' then you'll know this is a rock-solid way out.

I I DON'T WANT TO RUIN OUR FRIENDSHIP: If all else fails, just stick with the classics.

CELINA THOMPSON



PUZZLES



ACROSS

1. Which Kiwi actor stars in *Fear the Walking Dead*?
2. The Maori war dance which the All Blacks perform before all of their games.
3. Who were the first team the All Blacks played against in this world cup?
4. A recipe for what dish is available in the lifestyle section this week?
5. Which famous musical is currently being performed at the Civic?
6. Which stadium will the 2015 Rugby World Cup Final be played in?

DOWN

1. Contributor of the Week
2. England took on which country in the opening match of the Rugby World Cup?
3. Capital of Indonesia
4. A pharmacy in which North Island town is considered the luckiest place to buy a Lotto ticket?
5. The name of the popular fifth flag design people are protesting to have included in the referendum
6. Lydia Ko won her first major at the ____ Championship last week?
7. Taylor Swift was given a fan-made knitted sweater, featuring a picture of which hit song?
8. Taylor Swift recently won which prestigious award for her interactive Blank Space music video?

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The People to Blame

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Shadows Contributor of the Week

Dan Vernon

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT ZAN

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