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ISSUE 22

AUSA: AN OUTSIDER'S PERSPECTIVE



CARLZ WANTS TO HUNT TAYLOR SWIFT

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INTERVIEW WITH THE NEW GREENS CO-LEADER
JAMES SHAW

PAGE 9

LEFT VERSES LEFT: CALLOUT CULTURE

PAGE 18



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JORDAN'S EDITORIAL

MONO NO AWARE/ DESPITE MY DIVORCE I'M INCREDIBLY SMART

SITTING IN MY DINING ROOM (NEW TABLE, SECOND hand of course) with Charlie Lin, it's 5.46am...It's becoming light. Charlie Lin is incredibly smart and he respects my writing, as he should, the thing about Charlie is he gets it. He gets my writing. He sits pantless at my table, scratching his legs, farting, and talking about how annoying film scholarship is. The truest dinner companion. He talks about when he'll sleep. He talks about my divorce. Classic.

We sit here, I'm researching for my dissertation, despite my divorce. I knew I'd become divorced the time I met my wife for lunch and she pretended she was too poor to pay her share, despite ordering prosecco. She's a bitch my ex-wife. Glad we divorced. Divorce.

I'm reading history stuff for a dissertation. Charlie is reading about Brecht "what the fuck is a Brecht?" says Charlie. "They realise that shot changes are just for the sake of put-

ting something in front of the camera right?" says Charlie. My ex-wife and I put something in front of the camera: our love passionate if rhythmically cacophonous love making. God we fucking loved each other.

Charlie is giggling as I write this editorial. He doesn't know why we're up. I know why I'm up, because of the grief caused by my divorce. Goddam divorce.

We're up, I haven't slept but I'm still hungover. Went to a backward debate. Was asked to speak. Talked about pussy-cupcakes, about the nature time, and about my illustrious career as *Craccum*.

The backward debate was a thing, super cool, six debaters in a room having a giggle at each other. Grumpy was there, legend. Paul doesn't smoke. My ex-wife doesn't smoke. Fuck I hate that bitch. She keeps texting me, asking for nudes, she fucking loves my body. The thing about her is, she gets it, she gets that I have a great body and a nubile mind.

The word nubile should mean young and fuckable, but it means of marriageable age. My ex-wife was 43 when we married. But god she looked good in a white dress cut off at the knees. A sneaky garter hinting at things to come. Voluptuous rack, a seriously incredible rack: massive, plump, yet oddly wrinkled, too many freckles, and tanned in a gross way, but hot still. She divorced me because I kept being sexist. I loved her, before my divorce.

"Are you done mate?" Charlie says closing his laptop. "Yes" I reply. Knowing that this editorial, like *Craccum*, isn't so much going to shit as it is shit from its inception. It has no point. No point beyond the feeling, the emotion, ya get it? Internet bullying is bad, I'm told. Defaming carnivorous birds is bad, I'm told. Writing about nothing is bad; so they keep telling us absurdists.

Almost done. Me and Charlie keep joking about killing ourselves, we think it's funny, maybe it's triggering. Who knows. Suicide banter. Transience, meaninglessness, meta-fiction. Deep man, deep.

TRANSCIENCE, MEANINGLESSNESS, META-FICTION. DEEP MAN, DEEP.

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT...

SOMETHING'S CHANGED.

I've changed.

What's happened to me? Am I the only one?

I don't know about you, but...

I remember the nights where I'd stay up all night with friends talking, watching movies, and eating junk food. Now if someone prevents me sleeping, I seriously consider cutting a bitch.

I could party till 4am, now it's 1am sharp then get-me-straight-to-my-mother-fucking-pork-and-chives-dumplings and bed.

I used to watch the most brutal and gruesome horror movies without batting an eyelid. Now if I hear someone crack their neck, I want to vomit.

I used to think animated movies were for kids, but the other day I cried at the end of *Monsters Inc.* and felt the burn of Hans' betrayal in *Frozen* (still recovering).

I've now swapped Vodka Cruisers for beers. I'll take a glass of wine over the shots. Cadbury's been dropped for Whittakers.

What does this mean? Am I now a grump? Or am I becoming extremely pretentious?

Or am I just feeling 22?

I'm now a full-blown adult. Jesus Christ.

But I'm still leaving my assignments to the last minute. I'm still reading young adult fiction. I'm still living at home.

This can't be real.

But it is. I can see the changes all around me.

Covering my books has changed to writing cover letters. T-shirts are becoming shirts. Casual canvas shoes are becoming professional leather shoes. Underwear is now a desirable birthday gift. I'm going to library database sessions. I'm thinking seriously about the future (well...).

It's weird thinking about how I'm an adult unequivocally now age-wise. I suppose this isn't what I had envisioned my life to be as an adult. I suppose I pictured at 22 I'd be working full time, living out of home and making some big decisions. Instead I'm at university working two jobs, in the same house (and bedroom) I've been in my whole life and my latest decision was should I eat the jelly babies or the dinosaurs (fyi I chose the jelly babies because it looked

like they had more red and purple lollies).

I think being a student puts you in this awkward purgatory between adolescence and adulthood. This is particularly relevant if you live at home and came straight to university from school, which the majority of UoA students do (like me). You get extra responsibilities in the sense that you have to look after your own work with little guidance. But concerns (i.e. bills) that adults face constantly have not fully been put upon us. So it's like we're on the precipice of falling into total adulthood, but we're in this strange little bubble protecting us from it.

However this doesn't explain the changes I've had in the lifestyle choices (is that an adult thing to say as well?). Perhaps it comes down the slowing down of the metabolism or the realisation that all the decisions were downright stupid, but you need to test it out to figure that out.

I look back now and try to determine whether I miss the life I once lived, and I don't. I like wine. I like feeling the feels in Pixar movies. I like sleeping.

I don't know about you, but perhaps this is what it means to be feeling 22.

I REMEMBER THE NIGHTS WHERE I'D STAY UP ALL NIGHT WITH FRIENDS TALKING, WATCHING MOVIES, AND EATING JUNK FOOD. NOW IF SOMEONE PREVENTS ME SLEEPING, I SERIOUSLY CONSIDER CUTTING A BITCH.

WHAT A LOAD OF Crac-News

WANT TO WRITE FOR THE LAST TWO ISSUES? EMAIL NEWS@CRACUM.CO.NZ

NEWS IN BRIEF

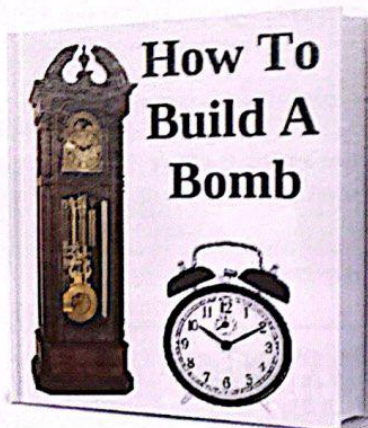
HAMILTON: A zookeeper has been murdered by Kylie Jenner's fiancé, Tyga. When pressed for comment, the young rap star merely said, "She's a big girl dawg!"

NZ: NZ First Leader Winston Peters accuses John Key having a connection with the Nazi Party, because the Prime Minister "owns an oven".

RUGBY: Host team, England, knocked out of the Rugby World Cup after losing to Australia (written a week before the match, so fuck it, I'd better be right).

AMERICA: CEO of pharmaceutical company which raised the price of medication used by AIDS patients by over 5000 percent defends raise, saying "it is not a ridiculous number - it is actually line with the rate of raise of the CEO's pay bonus".

THE UNIVERSITY: Stuart McCuntcheon Gets Salary Increase. Concerns are growing that Stuart McCuntcheon's salary, which increased yesterday to \$682bn, might be becoming too big to fail. The government is considering legislation that would break up Professor McCuntcheon's salary into smaller salaries.



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MEN IN LONDON THROW BALLS AT EACH OTHER, CHAOS ENSUES

IT'S BEEN AN EVENTFUL WEEK IN NEW ZEALAND, with the majority of attention going to the awe-inspiring efforts made by a group of men in tight shirts running around on grass.

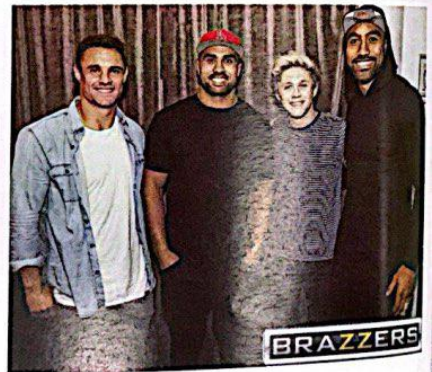
"It's been so incredible", said one gob-smacked fan, choking back tears. "They've picked up the ball. They've thrown the ball to each other. And they've even run around a bit.... it's history in the making".

Other notable events include Richie McCaw's new Beats advert premiering, causing a mass fainting episode of straight white men in New Zealand. According to paramedics, this fainting was largely due to a loss of blood from the head, as a result of a nation-wide erection over Richie's "inspirational behaviour".

McCaw, 34, has been widely tipped to be New Zealand's next Prime Minister by politicians and the public alike. "He's really good at holding balls and running away from things", insisted

ed current Prime Minister John Key. "That's all this role really takes".

Key also dismissed comparisons between the case of Eleanor Catton, who voiced her disapproval of budget cuts for the arts last year, and McCaw. "Eleanor's only a woman with a Master's degree - how could she know anything about politics? And Richie, you know... he's Richie! Right?"



MISS PIGGY ANNOUNCES PREGNANCY

AFTER A MONTH OF HEARTBREAK FOR FANS OF *The Muppets* on NBC, after esteemed power-couple Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy announced their divorce, Miss Piggy has announced her pregnancy in a press conference this morning.

The starlet refused to comment on issues as to the father of the unborn child, following speculation that it may be British Prime Minister David Cameron. The two's relationship was exposed earlier this week in a new memoir, called *50 Shades Of Ham*, which details lewd scenes between the pair.

"I did not have sexual relations with that pig", Cameron insisted in a recent interview. Miss

NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

Piggy, on the other hand, reports the relationship did indeed exist. "It was a one time thing. He won't stop texting me".

Kermit is reportedly taking the news hard - last seen in a New York strip club, covered in cocaine, accompanied by a woman known only as "Bambi Heaven-Tits".



NEW TRENDS THAT WHITE PEOPLE SHOULD ADOPT FROM INDIGENOUS PEOPLE

INDIAN BINDIS, NATIVE AMERICAN HEADDRESSSES and Dia de los Muertos sugar skull designs adorned by white people have become a common sight at public events, but they are old news. Here are what some lifestyle experts predict will be the next hot trends of appropriation.

CANNIBALISM: The old Maori tradition of cooking and eating your slain enemies does not necessarily have to be horrifying. Cannibalism is a

great way to show that you're powerful and in control. For an extra splash of confidence, add your enemies' bones to your look to establish aggressive dominance.

HUMAN SACRIFICE: Although the Aztecs sacrificed their own to the gods for good crop, you too can earn some good luck through offering a dead body to certain gods—try it for some luck before a party, a job interview or an exam.

SPIRITUAL POSSESSION: If you've already played with a Ouija board, this practice is perfect for you. Parts of West Africa practice Vodun, which involves connection with the Earth Spirit, Sakpata. Try this summoning trick to become unconscious for three days without food or water, a great way to escape your daily stresses and have some personal time.



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INTERVIEW WITH ANNETTE KING

ANNETTE KING IS THE CURRENT LABOUR PARTY DEPUTY LEADER, AND HAS BEEN THE MINISTER OF HEALTH, JUSTICE, POLICE AND TRANSPORT. WHILE WE HAD SOME VERY FUNNY ANSWERS TO SOME SILLY QUESTIONS, I FEEL HER ANSWERS TO THE MORE SERIOUS ISSUES ARE VERY SALIENT TO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS. SO HERE THEY ARE.

JOHN KEY SEEMS TO FIND IT EASY TO SHRUG OFF EVEN THE MOST EXTREME SCANDALS — LIKE SAYING ONE THING ONE DAY AND THE OPPOSITE THE NEXT. IS THAT A PROBLEM? She thinks New Zealanders, as a whole, find politics a bore, except on issues that touch their lives or during an election, and they just want politicians to get on with their jobs. "For many years [the public] were very generous in their assessment [of] Helen Clark, but there's always a tipping point in politics, so this very long honeymoon will eventually run out for John Key. And you already pick up on some of it now... from women who think he's a bit creepy and weird".

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE GREATEST PROBLEM FOR YOUNG NEW ZEALANDERS AT THE MOMENT? "The future, and their future". She said the problem is that young people are going to have a less prosperous future than their parents, with very low levels of home ownership, student loans forcing couples to put off having family, and then later problems in having a family, expensive tertiary education when it used to be free, and the lack of planning for different jobs in the future.

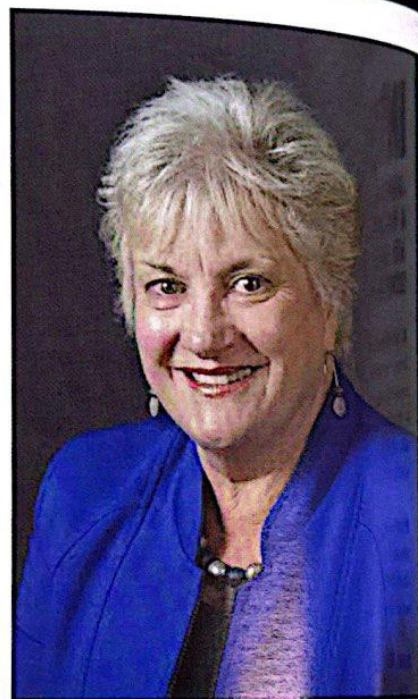
HOW CONCERNED ARE YOU ABOUT INCOME INEQUALITY AND THE EFFECTS ON POLITICS — THOSE WITH MORE MONEY CAN MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD MORE EASILY? "That really does concern me, and it's not just them getting heard, it's the top 10% of New Zealand taking most of the resources". She discussed the 2009 global financial crisis: when jobs were needing to be created, "the government wasted billions on tax cuts for the top 5%".

HOW CONCERNED SHOULD NEW ZEALAND BE ABOUT THE REFUGEE CRISIS? IS THERE A HUMANITARIAN WAY OF DEALING WITH IT, GIVEN THAT MANY OF THE COUNTRIES TAKING IN THE REFUGEES ARE ALREADY QUITE FULL? "We used to have an incredibly good international name for taking refugees, but we've been basically static for many years". There hasn't been the same big crisis as we're seeing now, but rather pockets of them (Bosnian and Serbian issues, and people from Somalia and Ethiopia), but "this is on a scale, we haven't seen since the Second World War". She said "we're doing the minimum", and rather than

the small increase John Key announced, we need to increase the overall one "to something closer to 1,200".

DO YOU THINK IT'S A PROBLEM THAT JOURNALISTS ARE MORE LIKELY TO ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT POLLING AND HOW WELL YOU THINK LABOUR WILL DO IN THE NEXT ELECTION, RATHER THAN QUESTIONS ABOUT POLICIES AND SUBSTANCE? "I think it's always a problem, I think a bigger problem for parties on the left, I think that comes for the ownership of the media, but it's a double whammy when you're in opposition. At least if you're in government they're kind of forced to have to report some of what you say, but when you're in opposition you can be totally cut out of stories".

THERE APPEARS TO BE VOCAL OPPOSITION TO THE TPPA, BUT THE PRIME MINISTER AND TIM GROSER ARE DISMISSING CONCERNS. CONSIDERING THAT ORDINARY CITIZENS AREN'T EXPERTS IN TRADE DEALS, BUT WE ARE IN A DEMOCRACY, TO WHAT LEVEL SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT TREAT THIS OPPOSITION? "Well certainly not with the dismissive and arrogant way they have been calling people who protest senseless crowd. But I think the 'you don't know what you're talking about, we do' is very arrogant because the reason why people are protesting and raising issues is because we don't know what they're negotiating!" She said they could have set out the things they



would be discussing broadly, and while they can't disclose all details about it, they could've at least said what they were negotiating about, such as patent negotiation.

SCIENTISTS ARE ARGUING THAT IN ORDER TO COMBAT CLIMATE CHANGE, WE WILL HAVE TO SWITCH TO 100% RENEWABLE ENERGY. HOW DO WE IN THAT? "We can do that quite easily, and I think we can do it quite quick because we're already at 80%". She said New Zealand is lucky because it has the natural resources to get 100%, and she says it could happen by 2030, "maybe by 2025".

FOR MANY YEARS [THE PUBLIC] WERE VERY GENEROUS IN THEIR ASSESSMENT [OF] HELEN CLARK, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A TIPPING POINT IN POLITICS, SO THIS VERY LONG HONEYMOON WILL EVENTUALLY RUN OUT FOR JOHN KEY.

INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SHAW

JAMES SHAW, NEW CO-LEADER OF THE GREEN PARTY. I STARTED THE INTERVIEW WITH "SO I'M NOT A REAL JOURNALIST AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED, SO OUR QUESTIONS ARE A MIX OF COMPLETE TRASH AND STUPID ONES THAT PEOPLE HAVE TOLD ME TO ASK POLITICIANS" AND HE REPLIED "WELL THAT SOUNDS LIKE MOST OTHER REAL JOURNALISTS". BANTS LAD!

DO YOU WATCH GAME OF THRONES? He saw Season 1, but he hasn't had time to watch the others. He has the read the others and "he "was really pissed off - there's 7 books, they're massive, I read them all, and I got to the end and I was like 'for God's sake, winter is still coming!'"

OPINION OF DONALD TRUMP: "I suspect he's actually quite smart - though the things he's said are incredibly stupid, I think he's extremely calculating and devious".

KANYE WEST FOR PRESIDENT? "I'd vote for him, no... it's just a sign of the kind of level of farce that American politics has come to, when teenagers [like Deezy Nuts] and Kanye West actually look credible next to the leading contenders".

HOW DEVASTATED ARE YOU THAT 10 ARE BREAKING UP? "Who?" Lad.

SECRET EMBARRASSING POP MUSIC TASTE? "Virtually any-

thing by Katy Perry".

DO YOU HAVE A FAVOURITE DRINKING GAME? "Not anymore", but at uni his favourite was called "King Bunny" which was a hand-eye coordination game "the further along in the game you got, the less probable it was you could maintain it", so there was an exponential level to how drunk you became.

HAVE YOU EVER DONE WEED? He had, around the time he was at uni, but "I was never really into it" and he could "probably count on the fingers of one hand how often I [did it]. It wasn't really my thing, as you can tell I was interested in drinking". What a Lad!

BEST FLAT PARTY: In London, he and his flatmates did a James Bond themed party (compulsively costume), where each flatmate invited only people that the other flatmates didn't know. Because their house was hard to find, they decided to meet all the guests at a bar and then taxi back.



He was dressed in "naval whites", while another flatmate was dressed as Dr. Evil, "and we were sitting at the bar, feeling a bit kinda stupid, and it was 8:30 when everyone was supposed to show up, and no one was there, And then I heard this slap, slap, slap, slap, slap behind me and I turned around and there was a guy in full scuba gear, walking into the bar, the whole works, flippers, the works, and there was a guy dressed in pyjamas and a dressing gown with a pipe and slippers, next to him. I'm like 'I'm pretty sure, you're with us'". Bants. They even had a casino set up in one of their bedrooms! Ledge!

REPORTED MAMMAL SIGHTINGS HOAX TO BOOST FOREIGNERS' MORAL

THE REPORTS OF ALLEGED SIGHTINGS OF UNIDENTIFIED but "definitely furry and totally not made up" mammals that have been pouring in throughout the Auckland area were discovered to be an elaborate ruse.

The perpetrator, an American named Olive Glideon, had apparently grown increasingly frustrated with the lack of mammals in New Zealand. Glideon refused to answer any of this reporter's questions. However, she spoke of her dastardly crimes on an online blog she kept. A post dated right before the first reported sighting said, "There are so many damn birds in this country, but the only mammals I've seen since I got here are the possums that screamed at me from a tree one night! I can't be the only one who feels like they're being personally attacked by this. I have to give my people hope. Mammals are an American staple".

Police officer Nora Maine stated, "Glideon has terrorized the New Zealand community with her vicious lies. We're bird people. If it doesn't have hollow bones, it frightens us". Glideon has been sentenced to six months of bird-related community service.

GRADUATING MILLENNIALS EXPRESS GRATITUDE FOR THE WORLD LEFT BY THEIR PARENTS' GENERATION

AS THE CLASS OF 2015 ENTERS the world of job applications and interviews, University of Auckland alumni reflect on their search and the first two years of life with a degree but no employment.

One of the main blessings that millennial alumni come across is the lack of employment positions in the field of their studies.

"Being unemployed gave me opportunities to do things I never could, like reeroof my parents' house and build a

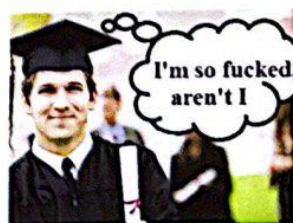
2,394-block Lego plane", Sara Sanders '13 said

Although Sanders has taken advantage of the time she has spent unemployed, other alumni were unfortunate enough to get an internship.

"Not being paid to do work similar to my paid co-workers is a motivating experience", Karen Huber '13 said. "It gives me an incentive to see the real privilege of working in the field that I spent 3 years studying for and always have known that I wanted to do".

Theresa Silverstein '13 stumbled into a job opportunity immediately upon graduation, but after a year in her position as lab assistant in Kemsol, she decided to quit to pursue different interests.

"Working steady full-time shifts in a laboratory just did not leave me enough time for myself", Silverstein said. "My Instagram page has been seriously suffering from lack of updates. Employment just isn't for me".





**BATZ WITH CARTZ
LAZY.**

IT'S HARD COMING UP WITH THINGS to write about every week. Especially when you're not being paid to do it (last week's column was all lies, by the way, especially the bit about getting paid loads of money). This week I'm feeling particularly lazy, so I've decided to simply watch YouTube videos and write about them.

"RYAN ADAMS - BLANK SPACE"

Taylor Swift is the most incredible creature I've ever seen. She's like a beautiful blonde gazelle. So much so that you're never quite sure whether you want to seduce her across the dancefloor, marry her and live happily ever after in a fairy-tale castle in the Swiss alps, or else stalk her across the savannah, snap her neck and slowly devour her in the blood-red light of a Ugandan sunset. I guess if I were a lion, I'd go with option B, since that's pretty much how lions roll. But as a human, I might get arrested, so I'll probably suck with plan A.

Swift writes her own music, unlike feminist icon Beyoncé, who is so empowered and independent that all her songs need six male co-writers. Do you know how "Crazy in Love" was written? A songwriter came up with the idea and approached Beyoncé's people. They set up a meeting, she liked the song, so he worked on it while she went shopping for several hours. When she came back to the studio, she looked in the mirror, saw how messy her hair was, and was like "I'm looking so crazy right now". The songwriter guy was like "That's the hook!", and that's basically the entirety of her contribution. What an amaz-

ing inspiration for young girls everywhere.

Anyway, this is Ryan Adams' cover of Swift's "Blank Space", a song whose melody I've always liked but which is ruined by its awful mall-pop production. Adams' version strips away the sexless saccharine sheen Swift's sterile Swedish producers coated the original in, revealing the beating heart beneath. I can't stop listening to it. His "Shake It Off" cover, in the style of Bruce Springsteen circa *Nebraska* (or maybe "I'm On Fire"), is good too, but it's just a fun stylistic experiment. This is actually way better than the original.

"VAMPYROTEUTHIS 'VAMPIRE SQUID FROM HELL' - PLANET EARTH"

I have a long-running Facebook conversation with a group of friends. There are so many messages that sometimes people aren't caught up with them all and end up replying to some random shit that happened 20 messages ago. Today, in response to something someone else said, I wrote "Jesus Christ. Commenting on Duncan Garner's Facebook comments must be like pissing in an ocean of piss". The very next comment (from someone who shall remain nameless) was "OMG I've actually had that before and it's super delicious". She was responding to something further up the conversation that wasn't piss-related, but it was very amusing for all concerned.

Wow, I just read that last paragraph and it was not the least bit funny. I guess things said in Facebook chat kind of lose their funniness and become super boring when you put them in print, huh? Sorry about that. Let's just all treat this as a learning experience and move on, shall we? Anyway, I asked this group of people for videos to watch and someone suggested this. I can't really tell what's going on in it. It just looks like a bunch of creatures from Half-Life and the narrator seems to be speaking gibberish. It reminds me of that Captain Beefheart track that goes "a squid eating dough in a polyethylene bag is fast and bulbous". I don't think he's even saying real words.

**"THE INFAMOUS IRVING TEXAS
CLOCK--CHALLENGING THE STORY'S
FOUNDATION"**

This is about that 14 year old kid in Texas who invented a homemade digital clock, took it to school, and the police came and questioned him because it looked like a fake bomb. The kid has since had job offers from Google and Twitter, invitations to visit the White House and the United Nations, and scholarship offers from universities across the United States, because he's obviously a child genius.

This video recreates the process of making the clock. It takes 19 seconds. It's just opening a bedside alarm clock, pulling the guts out, and stuffing them inside one of those little metal briefcases. That's literally all this kid did. He didn't "invent" shit. There are 14 year olds who actually do build electronics from scratch, including things way more complex than clocks. Where's their scholarship to MIT?

This whole story is bullshit anyway. This kid is a genius, yet he's too dumb to realise something that looks exactly like every bomb in every Hollywood movie ever might maybe freak people out? Actually, he did realise that, because in his own words "I didn't

want to lock it to make it seem like a threat, so I just used a simple cable so it won't look that much suspicious". Hmm. And that's before you throw in all the other sketchy details, like the fact that his father has a history of publicity stunts and his sister was suspended from school for - guess what - bomb threats.

Now, some people say none of that is important. The important thing is that this kid was only questioned because of his skin colour. Apparently if you're white, you can just walk around a school full of kids all day carrying a fake bomb and no-one will bat an eyelid. Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight. In a country where white kids get suspended for drawing pictures of guns, making a gun with their fingers or biting a Pop-Tart into the shape of a gun? I don't think so. I tell you what, you try walking through an American airport carrying a briefcase with wires sticking out of it and a giant countdown timer inside. I don't care what you look like, you're gonna get asked some questions.

"WATCH THE CLASSIEST, MOST GENTLEMANLY ARREST EVER"

Well, that's another one done and dusted. Time to collect my reward: a \$50 bar tab and 100 succulent meat skewers. Till next week, tata and farewell.

**YOU'RE NEVER QUITE SURE
WHETHER YOU WANT TO SEDUCE
HER ACROSS THE DANCEFLOOR,
MARRY HER AND LIVE HAPPILY
EVER AFTER IN A FAIRY-TALE
CASTLE IN THE SWISS ALPS,
OR ELSE STALK HER ACROSS
THE SAVANNAH, SNAP HER
NECK AND SLOWLY DEVOUR
HER IN THE BLOOD-RED LIGHT
OF A UGANDAN SUNSET.**



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WITH CHRIS

I'M NOT SURE HOW TO MAINTAIN conversation that's more than just exchanging anecdotes. Someone tells a story. It's pithy. Tightly structured. Thematically rich. Then over. I'll laugh approvingly as long as I can, buying time to find a dubiously-relevant counter-anecdote, elaboration-prompting inquiry, or excuse to leave and go to bed. You can't leave it too long. Between narratives hover terrifying gaps. Pitfalls of empty conversation and potential confirmation, that I'm boring, and disinterested in other people.

I mean, obviously some people have actual friends, which is impressive. They trade jokes and stay up late mistaking grogginess for sincerity. Working cyclically through four-or-so topics on which they both actually have opinions. Competing around new people to be the most attended-to, the most intelligently self-deprecating, the most alpha of the beta-males. At some point you get familiar enough to stop worrying what they think of you and take them for granted. But that can't happen with everyone. Dunbar says you can only maintain 150 stable social relationships, and way less if you're a dumbass. Falling into permanent acquaintanceships is easier and cleaner than building trust.

They're passably sociable, but one-note. Eventually that note wears thin (he says, in his 21st column, for the billionth time). My four anecdotes are told, fourteen times apiece. I flounder. We've confirmed all the ways our interests align. We've joked about ways

they don't. Made and re-made every common reference. Even if we haven't yet, the moment's coming. When nothing will remain to say.

At least from my own life. I spend most of it indoors, which isn't a great place to form connections or experience new things. So I turn to folk-I-know tales. Legends of other people. It's not stealing stories, just recounting the tale of me hearing them. And why not? Every 21st lineup confirms that most kids only feature in about two and a half good anecdotes (but are the actual kindest, and have enough personality to fill a killer acrostic or set of rhyming couplets).

I went to a party earlier in the year. A flatmate's boyfriend controlled the house speakers via Bluetooth from a phone. Come midnight they went to bed. No-one turned off the speakers. Fifteen minutes later, porn sounds. No-one turned off the speakers. Come boyfriend, the noises ceased.

It wasn't my story. I wasn't there at the time – I was in the bathroom, getting higher than the Empire State. But I went to the party, and got told about it right after. Now I tell others. Because it's amusing, and because it proves I was invited to a party.

I'll probably never see this boyfriend again, and don't remember his name, but still feel bad. In his shoes I'd be embarrassed (and sticky). I rely totally on self-effacing anecdotes, but end mine before the slinking to bed and watching porn on an S4 in a house full of people. I retain control over what gets out.

My man in Otago went to town. Talked to girls. Somewhat pulled. Was invited back to her place. "To watch a DVD". Went. Chose *The LEGO Movie* (which both had seen). Was too nervous to make a move. Watched *The LEGO Movie* (which both had seen). Went to sleep. Then home.

It's funny, sort of sweet, and also totally private. But I don't live in Otago. I could tell anybody without word making it back to either of them. I could put it in *Craccum* to no avail. But it's still disconcerting to realise people know inti-

mate details of your life you didn't tell them (says my friend Jonnie, from whom I stole this sentence).

Amongst friends there's implied permission to retell stories for utility. But they're muddy waters. Nothing genuinely compromising (at least never with names attached). It's bad form to use someone's best anecdotes as conversation fodder when they have to make their own impressions. And it's kinda corrosive.

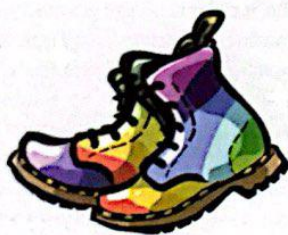
Particularly when they're more entertaining than you. To stay fresh I grew reliant on others. Telling reruns from my funniest friends' personalities. Like the Year 12s on the very fringe of popularity in high school, furiously reciting Anchor-man because the only thing they actually had to say for themselves was please accept me, please God, accept me: I want to be liked by you. Keep thinking I'm funny or interesting because nothing but your fleeting approval keeps me on this planet, I could disappear at any moment from sheer lack of substance, please pay attention to me, please (I resented, because I saw it late and wasn't a huge fan). I've ended up trapped between social circles, desperately hoping they never touch for fear that I've misrepresented them to each other – or worse, represented them accurately.

One of the better decisions I ever made in first year was making no friends, losing all of my social skills, and writing my painfully sociopathic innermost feelings into this magazine. Anonymously, of course. I didn't want my name in *Craccum*. But it took six days to realise I didn't want my thoughts in it either. Part of the fun of crushing alone-ness was not worrying what others thought. Surely my secrets were safe with the magazine's ~8 readers. As safe as could be, short of being actually secret.

But they weren't! One of those eight also lived in my hall of residence! And told everyone! The dick. My life transformed very briefly. I was interesting. A parodical pariah. (What I'd thought was) my biting wit and potent but humanistic nihilism (it was neither) provided notoriety and connection. I felt known to, and by, people. Too dysfunctional to be self-conscious, I felt liberated. But within a few days having relative strangers offer feedback on things I'd been too uncomfortable to say aloud was weird.

When people now bring up things they've heard about from years ago I feel invaded. Or even when they don't. Eventually they come up, and I feel uncomfortable. As I should. Because I was a douche. But I'm young. A young douche.

WHEN PEOPLE NOW BRING UP THINGS THEY'VE HEARD ABOUT FROM YEARS AGO I FEEL INVADED. OR EVEN WHEN THEY DON'T. EVENTUALLY THEY COME UP, AND I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE. AS I SHOULD. BECAUSE I WAS A DOUCHE. BUT I'M YOUNG. A YOUNG DOUCHE.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE FARE EVADERS

WITH TESSA NADEN

THE GOVERNMENT RECENTLY ANNOUNCED its intentions to fine fare evaders on our public transport system \$150 to \$1000. This is quite a step up from the hardly enforceable \$20 penalty rates already on our transport system, but it's also strange. Who evades fares? Students, the poor, and the unemployed. Also young people (or the often racially-tinged 'youths').

How are they going to pay a \$150 fine, let alone the \$1000? And it does ignore the central question: why do people avoid fares? I often evade fares: I spent my first year

paying 1 stage for the bus, and I often only pay to Glen Innes when I take a trip to work at Sylvia Park. My chances of getting caught doing that approach are zero: underpaying on the train is extremely easy. It's harder at the gated stations, but that simply requires paying enough to get through the turnstile: what's next is up to you. And going from one ungated station to another, with a bit of luck, is a total trifle. Instead of imposing fines on people who probably won't pay them, it's probably better to install turnstiles.

I don't avoid fares for any ideological reason, and like almost every other fare evader, I am not a cackling villain scheming to stop up to a whopping six percent of Auckland Transport's revenue. I do it because I'm actually pretty broke. And I'll tell you right now: probably almost everyone who evades fares does so to save money because they don't have a lot. And cash fares are bloody expensive now: It's \$4.50 for my 4km, two-stage trip into town. It was \$3.40 when I started uni, something that

seems reasonable now. \$4.50 is McDonalds Cheeseburger Combo-level of monetary spending. It also adds up: \$170 living costs a week gets hit pretty quickly by \$45 a week in return transport costs. That's enough for 9 cheeseburger combos.

And of course, what if you do take a risk with this \$150 fine and have to fit that into your budget? Goodbye rent, hello homelessness. There are better options than punishing people who by and large are trying to save some money for food or rent by taking a risk evading fares than slapping them monetarily.

And let's not forget: the biggest fare evader in London was a city

banker. Not what people applauding this change are thinking of when they think fare evader. Most of what I've seen is 'hoodie-wearing hoodlums', which is our favourite white middle class codeword for a certain kind of person. And, of course, when we start bringing up our HWHs, we also bring up that 'fare evaders' are the ones fingerpainting poop murals onto the train, being violent, and all sorts. Having fare evaded, most of the time I do get on the train, I'm trying to avoid attention, not get it.

I think that this fine needs to be re-evaluated: like all static fines it impacts those at the bottom a lot more than those at the top — including us students.

I THINK THAT THIS FINE NEEDS TO BE RE-EVALUATED: LIKE ALL STATIC FINES IT IMPACTS THOSE AT THE BOTTOM A LOT MORE THAN THOSE AT THE TOP — INCLUDING US STUDENTS.



KANT OR WONT? AN EVIL THOUGHT EXPERIMENT

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

EVIL THOUGHT EXPERIMENT: SUP-posing a government tomorrow was to promise the adult voting-age population of New Zealand unlimited free beer on weekends, and/or a free hundy bag of weed each week in exchange for giving up their right to vote for themselves and their descendants in perpetuity, what percentage of the population do you think would

willingly disenfranchise themselves?

The scary thing about this thought experiment is that a lot of people would probably take it up. Hell, I'm considering it right now. Fueled weekends forevermore. In a way, people are already making this trade off on their own. Every person who decides that voting is too much hassle for them is consenting to give up their voting rights for that particular year in order to enjoy the material benefits of staying at home in the warmth.

However principled and rational we are, it's hard to marry ourselves to the abstract processes of democracy and politics. We are obsessed with our own ends, and though elections are meant to facilitate these ends, the emotional appeal of something we can get immediately drowned out the prospect of getting drowned out

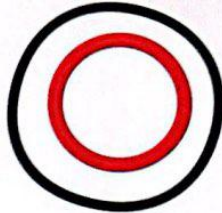
in a sea of democratic voices each wanting something slightly different to us.

We care far more about actual things in our lives like free beer than the lofty politics of the government. So we've progressively devolved more and more policy-making to technocrats. If one were to take things a step further, one might say that what we all really want is a benevolent dictator. How strong are our preferences really? Thaler and Sunstein, in their book *Nudge*, examined how the way choices are framed affects the decisions that people make. Long story short, they found that people's decisions were deeply affected by the way different options were ordered, and what the default positions were: what was first in the cafeteria queue, or at eye level on the supermarket shelf were preferred more often by people. Maybe an all-powerful dictator who gave us social goods, yes,

like beer, and adequate healthcare, education and employment opportunities would be sufficient to satiate our procedural wants.

More frightening still is the prospect of a government that gives you material things, and in return only expects you to remain silent while they oppress others. This is essentially the situation in China, where the population tolerates massive human rights abuses in return for rampant income growth.

The obvious answer to this thought experiment is that we, as people, are often irrational. All of the above — apathy on the matter of procedure or lack of rational preferences — are expositions of the fact that we are ill-informed, biased, short-term thinkers who need to do better. When we read enough, think about things enough, we do generate strong preferences. They're not always perfect, but they're ours.



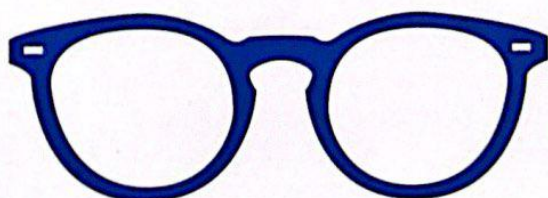
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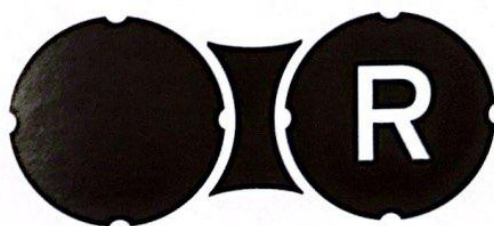
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AUSA

AN OUTSIDER'S PERSPECTIVE

FEATURE BY LEXI FINUCANE

WITH THE AUSA ELECTIONS WRAPPED UP FOR another year, my young naive fresher mind had just one question; what the heck is AUSA? What was this group of do gooders up to? And why should it matter to me? I mean, I'm just about to get an education right? So bewildered and exasperated, having dodged flyer pushers in the Quad for a week and scrolled past numerous "VOTE FOR ME" Facebook pages, I decided to do what any good university student does when they have questions that need answering, I ignored them.

A while later, a little red notification popped up on my Facebook with an emoji filled message from the Features Editor, asking what was I going to write on next. And so, like many of us facing a deadline, I was struck by inspiration — I would take myself on a path of discovery, get over my crippling fear of successful people, and find out what those four letters stand for. Armed with a set of bland generic questions, and a coffee drinking durry muncher by my side to protect me, I set off to unearth the world of AUSA — one of advocacy, acronyms, and a confusing connection to Campus Life (but that deserves its own adventure). What does AUSA do, and why is student apathy the sad reality? Is there disinterest or just misunderstanding, and

**WHAT IS THE AUCK-
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— BE IT WELFARE,
EDUCATION, FINANCIAL
AND THE LIKE.**

does our generation deserve all the Gen-bashing we get from the NZ Herald? I interviewed a group of AUSA members to try and make sense of everything. Put on your seatbelts kids, you're in for an adventure.

Some say a good journalist should start with research, but with too many tests on I decided, much to the disapproval of the Editor, to dive in head first. Sink or swim amirite? My first interview was with Miriam Bookman, Welfare VP, where I put my novice journalism skills into practice. My second interview, which retrospectively should've been my first (Obama > Biden) was with none other than the Pres himself, Paul Smith. I also met with Jess Storey (Education VP), Tessa Naden (Queer Rights Officer) and Will Matthews (Administration VP, and future President). I missed Penelope Jones (half of the Women's Rights Officers) amidst the confusion of my own poor time management and planning, sorry about that! So with notes all typed, coffee drunk, and the deadline glaringly obvious, I present to you my findings which, I admit, might come across as an infomercial at times because *spoiler alert* I may have become a convert at some point along the way.

First and foremost, the main question on ev-

everyone's mind is probably what is the Auckland University Student's Association anyway? I posed this question to all the interviewees, and seemed to get a very unanimous response. Advocacy, advocacy, advocacy was the resounding answer from everyone involved. AUSA is there to offer support to students — be it welfare, education, financial and the like. The Welfare VP oversees the running of services like Parentspace, and makes sure that emergency grants for food, hardship, textbooks, and optometry are able to be given to students who are in desperate need and, like Paul said, may have nowhere else to turn. \$176.88 doesn't quite cut it right? While this seems like stuff that would affect only a small number of students, it's actually one of the most important parts of AUSA. We all know the Jafa life is a struggle, and I'm not looking at the Fulltimers Society for data on this; family trip to Hawaii anyone? Transport costs, increasing fees, and the ever present Auckland housing bubble (which, by the way, only seems to be continually expanding *thanks OCR*), mean the pressure on AUSA's Welfare aspect is growing. This unique safety net gives out tens of thousands of dollars to students in need.

The next point, and I'm giving you a behind the scenes look now, is the role of lobbying and being a voice for students on University Councils. Members of AUSA sit on councils fighting for student rights. You probably don't know, because it doesn't tend to enter your bubble of social media, that they consult on student issues and give feedback on policy and other matters affecting students. "The existence of AUSA recognises that students should have some sort of say and control over what happens to them," Paul explains. Think of AUSA as a legitimate voice for students — an organised, well executed way for students to address issues within the University — without it, I kinda get the impression that the Uni would run us over with a steam roller labelled 'student fees'. The ability to have a collective voice for students gives us more legitimacy and weight in improving the

WE ALL KNOW THE Jafa LIFE IS A STRUGGLE ... TRANSPORT COSTS, INCREASING FEES, AND THE EVER PRESENT AUCKLAND HOUSING BUBBLE MEAN THE PRESSURE ON AUSA'S WELFARE ASPECT IS GROWING.

Uni and combating negative change. Without AUSA, trying to speak out against things the Uni is doing badly would be like herding cats, and people would probably just resort to being keyboard warriors on Facebook. So, from what I can tell, valid representation of students by students is key to making things better. Paul explains this by saying, "We're not just consumers of the commodity that is education, we're a community of people that have a view and experiences that aren't able to be replicated by people further up in the University".

But what about the fun stuff, you may ask? I'm a student, and deserve to enjoy myself like they did in the 70's and 80's! Ah, well this is where the path gets murky and diverges — I may need a torch to sort through the shade around this area. From time to time the path crosses with that of Campus Life *said in a whisper so as not to wake the sleeping giant* — who held O'Week events such as the SIGMA concert. At other unis, this sort of thing tends to be the student's association's turf, but I digress. AUSA holds events across campus that attempt to create the traditional student experience, according to Will. Re-O'Week and Politics Week provide students with events such as the

over-capacity Comedy at Shadows. I get the impression that a lot of effort goes into organising events like these, yet there is a lack of appreciation amongst students. Attendance has been pretty abysmal over the past few years but, according to the folks at AUSA, it's on the rise — their Facebook page is growing every month.

When asked about strengths and weaknesses I was met with further mutual responses. A classic "for the students, by the students" was stressed. The benefits of letting students have a say in what they do and how they are treated seem to be pretty obvious. What we want uni management fees to be allocated all seem to be topics that students should have a say in and who's best to do it but students? But on the point of weaknesses, I think there are some that are equally clear. I suppose owing to the lack of pool from which to choose their candidates AUSA can end up as a small clique of people bred to be AUSA exec. A group of friends that's hard to break into. They are born from Debs or Young Labour, spend their primary schooling as an exec member with a Portfolio, finally graduate onto the Officer team, where they spend their days boosting their CVs and grooming the next generation. This can cause some problems when emotions and years of friendship are involved — squabbles over policy and events can turn into something much greater. You better get along with the crowd who review your work, or your bonus are on the line.

From the looks of things, it seems like AUSA is everywhere, and nowhere. They have a team of people doing a lot of work, but (and yes there will be two sides to this) no one seems to know about it. Did you know that AUSA owns Shadows and Uni? I certainly didn't. Students are using AUSA owned things on a daily basis, but no one even knows it! Anytime you use a microphone, anytime you step foot in the Quad that you're using AUSA, anytime you spend time in Quad

WITHOUT AUSA, TRYING TO SPEAK OUT AGAINST THINGS THE UNI IS DOING BADLY WOULD BE LIKE HERDING CATS. AND PEOPLE WOULD PROBABLY JUST RESORT TO BEING KEYBOARD WARRIORS ON FACEBOOK.

space or Women's Space — AUSA. There seems to be a serious lack of communication and ability to market themselves. I wonder if students would be so quick to dismiss AUSA if they actually knew just how much is provided. Yes, I understand that not everyone will be enthralled learning that someone sat on a committee and helped to change a small wording dilemma in a document, but there certainly needs to be more ways that students can learn what is done for them, because the sad reality is that most won't attempt to find out, so it needs to be handed to them on a silver platter. Unfair and disheartening, yes. But needed.

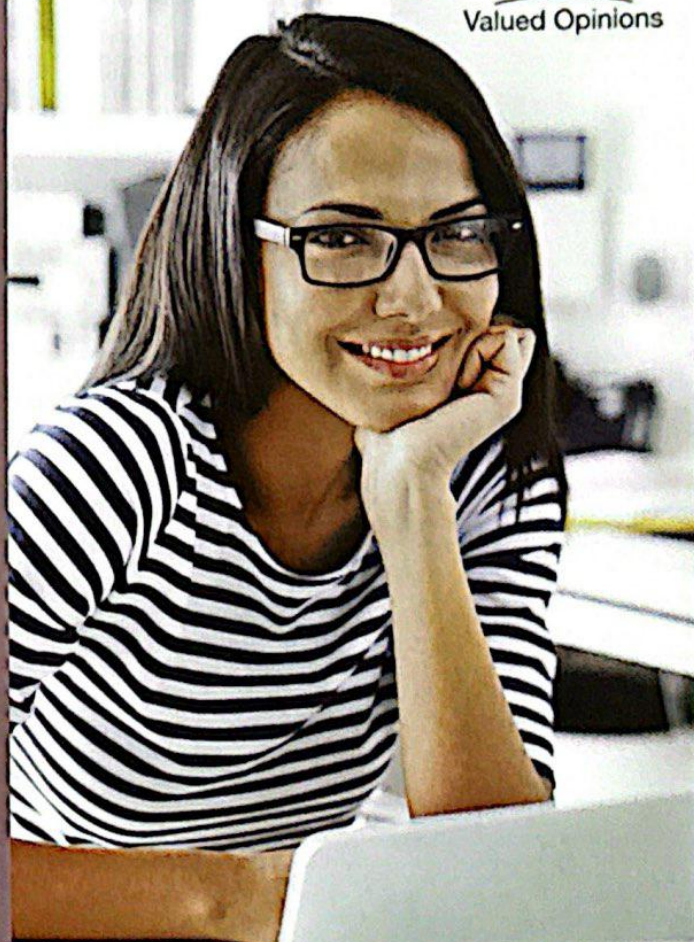
So what are the reasons behind student disengagement? Is it Auckland? Or is it, in fact, a generational trend — do we just not care about anything? With less than 1% student voter turnout for the Presidential elections, and Canterbury recently having a 31% turnout (even after the confusion the first time round), I think we can all agree that there is certainly a problem here in Auckland — although youth voter turnout around the country is pretty shocking anyway I'm a little harsh, and feel as though students need to sort themselves out and care a bit more, but everyone I interviewed was very kind and didn't blame the students for their lack of engagement, instead pointing to a lot of external factors. Students are just busy. They have assignments to do, as well as an increasing number who have to juggle work on top of this. This seems to be a growing trend with the increase in rents, loan cuts

and capped allowances. Students just don't have time for student activities when they're employees at the same time. The fact that a huge proportion of the student body live at home with pre-established social networks seems to be a big factor, as there isn't the need for university to encompass much more than a place to get an education. Even if they want to have more of a social scene, Auckland City itself can provide this — unlike down in Christchurch where UCSA events seem to be the best things on offer. The change to voluntary student membership is clearly one of the biggest shifts, with AUSA having to convince students to sign up for free — not to mention attend events! Skulling competitions in the Quad are also a thing of the past with budget cuts and greater regulation controlling the events on offer.

With the adventure wrapped up, and questions answered, I finally feel as though I know all that I'm able to about AUSA (Campus Life on the other hand...). And thank you for reading this far, even my own Mum sent me a tl;dr message. While at times this article felt like a giant infomercial, I think it's actually hard not to say positive stuff about AUSA. People don't seem to give them the credit they deserve. Working hard for students. Yes, student politics is always going to be annoyingly political, but considering what they're up against, AUSA is doing some fantastic stuff — hopefully we can start to acknowledge it, because it's a big task, and one that couldn't and wouldn't be done without them.

I SUPPOSE OWING TO THE LACK OF POOL FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE THEIR CANDIDATES, AUSA CAN APPEAR TO BE A SMALL CLIQUE OF PEOPLE BRED TO BE AUSA EXEC.


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THE NEW ACTIVISM: LEFT EATS LEFT?

FEATURE BY LYNLEY BLAIR

WE'VE ALL SEEN IT. WELL, MAYBE THOSE OF US on the left have. It's not a particularly new feature, though with the Internet it's amplified.

It was 'Maoist Musical Chairs' once, now it's some variation between 'horseshoe theory', 'tumblers GOSH', 'call-out culture', 'activism', or, from its proponents 'new activism', 'valuable', and such forth. I like to think of it as 'left eats left', wherein we all play out a performance. But is the criticism valid: does it work? Does it achieve results? What are the after effects of these results? Is there another way? Or a better question - is this new activism, really all that new? Is it activism? Or is it that dreadful word - bullying?

Firstly, there are a few things the left has a tendency to do. It frequently engages in races to the bottom on the oppressed scale. It stems from something perfectly rational: that we ask our circles to listen to the lived experiences of those squished under the current system, that we listen to their voices and make sure they have just as much time as everybody else. It's well intentioned and it's valuable - where is the meaning in a movement led by straight white men for gay black women? Absolutely nowhere! It's done in left-wing parties and organisations the world over. It's even in AUSA: women, queers, Maori, and Pacific students all

get guaranteed representation and advocates on the AUSA Executive.

So, where does the 'race to the bottom', come in, you say? Well, people take advantage of making sure that experiences are shared: oppression Olympics in other words. 'I am more oppressed than thou' and so forth, and then goes from there, 'As I am more oppressed, my opinions are more valid on this topic and

yours are irrelevant'. Now, this is obvious and sensible when, say, a straight person is telling the gays How Gays Work. That's not a relevant opinion. But it's when those words turn into 'I am more oppressed and ALL MY OPINIONS ARE MORE RELEVANT' that it becomes a problem.

Phillip, name changed for this story, is one of the 'new activists'. He meets me in an off-campus café, he's small and lithe, and extremely expressive. He's also got an example. "A friend of mine posted about Bernie Sanders [the Democratic presidential candidate], and how people erase his Jewishness. So of course, someone posts about 'how does being old and white prevent you from being Jewish?'. So the person explained their point of view, and all they got back was 'I'm trans, don't talk to me about identity, you don't know anything'. It becomes a real race to the bottom".

**THE LEFT
FREQUENTLY
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THE OPPRESSED
SCALE.**

The race to the bottom is usually a tool used in the main weapon of the new activism: call-out culture. Feminist blogger Flavia Dzodan described 'call-out culture' as a 'drama the left loves to play out', and, to an extent, it is essentially a masterclass in political pantomime. The average call-out almost has a script. Usually, an idiot or some other hapless soul makes a poorly thought out comment. Not the end of the world. They're usually left-wing and liked

by those around them. The poorly-thought out comment almost instantaneously goes out to the Internet, which then proceeds to tweet/comment/Facebook/virtual piss on the wall, at whomever made the comment. The accusations start: the original commenter is now a racist transmisogynist pig, sets their alarm at 4am and sleeps for 2 hours a day in order to maximise their time oppressing, blah blah blah. Apologies are demanded. 'I'm taking my time out to EDUCATE YOU' is a phrase that gets thrown around. As does, 'Apologise unreservedly and LEARN FROM ME SHOUTING AT YOU. GOSHI!' Their urge to be ideologically pure is not sated even if the person gives an apology, which ends up being a 'fauxpology'. The dust settles eventually: apology or not, the original commenter is now 'problematic', and scrutinised as a future target.

While the proponents and actors in call out culture view it as a net benefit, those in the communities where this often takes places don't. Asking around one particular marginalised community gets me some interesting responses. Phillip gives me his own input, often participating in call outs himself.

What's also forgotten in these examinations of call out culture is the actual effects on the actions of those in the movement. Sources close to AUSA told me that the Womens' Rights Officers were extremely upset with the backlash against Womensfest, and it took a week before their detractors actually engaged with them. That didn't stop their critiquers from self-righteously insisting the WROs had or had not adequately responded. Other sources close to AUSA told me that earlier in the year, the Queer Rights Officer (who also writes for this magazine and has discussed it within), had also been targeted for calling out, for a joke that was later confessed to be 'not really offensive'. Callout culture was deployed as a weapon to remove her from her position, based on her associations with other people. It doesn't seem to be particularly effective when it is targeted at certain people – three months of calling out did nothing to the previous Queer Rights Officer, who maintained his position despite being one of the more ineffective QROs in recent memory. Internal sources close to

THE INTERNET ISN'T MATURE ENOUGH FOR INTERNET ACTIVISM TO BE A REAL THING. I FEEL LIKE A LOT OF IT IS ENTIRELY ABOUT TERMINOLOGY SOMEONE LEARNT ON TUMBLR

him betrayed that he felt extremely upset, but this made him more set in his ways, rather than willing to acknowledge anyone else's opinion. Almost all those I talked to about being targeted refused to go on record and didn't really wish to talk to me. But they all agreed on one thing: that those who did the calling out didn't wish to be engaged with properly. One person told me of ten different attempts, including to others' faces, before those calling out attempted to gatecrash a meeting. Others told me of being told that 'mental illness' prevented any attempt to engage. Other words were thrown around, like 'I feel unsafe' which came across as a catchall excuse for not engaging. Phillip says "A lot of the people who are the main engagers in this behaviour are the ones who refuse to engage, but they want those they abuse to engage. They think they aren't accountable to anyone". Sources close to AUSA reveal internal feelings – "I feel like I have to walk on eggshells, all the time now, lest someone get offended".

Sarah and Sanjay, friends of those who have been called out, confirm this point of view. "I feel like a lot of people who call others out have a real self-righteous attitude to the way they go about this. They really push their identities and opinions on others. It kinda warps them, almost". Sanjay thinks "The internet isn't mature enough for internet activism to be a real thing. I feel like a lot of it is entirely about terminology someone learnt on Tumblr".

Whether the argument is valid or not, it's in-

disputable that this culture can lead to people feeling bullied or unsafe – and the whole 'I feel unsafe' argument becomes bunkum when those who are being called out use it. If we are going to start arguing with people, should we make sure that those who are being argued with are safe also? Or is that too big a concession to those we disagree with? Phillip agrees: "It gets taken too far when they start to get aggressive and when people say it's aggressive and abusive you get told it's tone policing. It's nice to call people out and be angry, but not to be blunt to the point it gets nasty". I'd agree with Sanjay: there is no point being the Ultra-Activist towards people you know have next to no idea what you're talking about.

The question remains – is this an effective method of activism? Personally, I disagree with it. I think it doesn't particularly make any effort to debate or hold a conversation about issues, and it fundamentally fails to acknowledge the bread and butter of actual activism: compromise. Where many minority communities are today was achieved by the constant drudgery and compromise of actual activism. Certainly calling people out is a useful tool, and it's perfectly rational to tell people off for saying something insensitive, rude, or flat out bigoted, but it is not useful when it is used as a tool to bully those on the same time. All too often, as we see, this call-out culture ventures into flat out bullying or picking on those that the person who is calling them out doesn't like. That's not activism, it's bullying. And I don't think you can call yourself an activist if that is the sole 'activist activity' you do. It takes away from those who doorknock. Those in our students' associations giving up tons of their time in order to make a better place for minority students. People who join political parties, no matter how flawed they may be, and try to make change inside. Those civil servants trying to do good one at a time. This is true activism. These are the people making the changes to our world. Not someone insisting they know it all to someone else on Twitter. That's not useful, that's not helpful, and it may actually be damaging the movement.

See, these fights between people on the Internet

WE IN THE LEFT NEED TO CONFRONT OUR BULLYING CULTURE. AND WE NEED TO DO IT BEFORE WE BECOME AN EVEN BIGGER JOKE THAN WE ALREADY ARE.

makes everybody look like petulant children who can't see the forest for the trees. Someone doesn't understand the slightest bit of terminology? That doesn't make them a bigot, it just means they don't understand the minutiae of queerness the way you do. It doesn't discredit their activism, it doesn't make them not a real activist. The eternal quest for ideological purity on the left leads us to one direction: electoral oblivion. Making real change is fucking hard work. It is not work you can sit on your ass and pontificate online about: it's convincing people, one by one, that the cause you believe in and support is valid. Nobody is going to understand it right away. No one ever will. But that's the meat and bones of actual change. Because when people see our eternal question for ideological purity, it doesn't show a political movement that can govern New Zealand. They see a bunch of haters and whiners. That's not helpful. The left has too many problems with infighting as it is. Because this isn't new: the left has always done this. We have always argued between each other. But these fights were not on public

forums like online social media. They were in our meetings. Now we broadcast all this for people to see, and it makes us look *appalling*. This isn't us — we as a movement can achieve so much.

And doing this to others turns them off the movement. I know of people who have left, or stopped engaging. Good people. Good people who said something ill-advised, now written off and not interested. Or people who go the other way because those espousing the views they hold behave utterly *appallingly*. We in the left need to confront our bullying culture. And we need to do it before we become an even bigger joke than we already are. If you think you're not part of the problem, examine yourself. And then go. Go and volunteer for something. Just do it.

Because that's how you actually change things. Not this fighting. We need to quit it. And we need to work towards a better future together: have our disagreements and call each other out, yes, but never make this the main focus of our activism.

ALMOST ALL THOSE I TALKED TO ABOUT BEING TARGETED REFUSED TO GO ON RECORD AND DIDN'T REALLY WISH TO TALK TO ME. BUT THEY ALL AGREED ON ONE THING: THAT THOSE WHO DID THE CALLING OUT DIDN'T WISH TO BE ENGAGED PROPERLY.

Help us piece together a New Bus Network



Auckland Transport is making changes to the bus network in East Auckland and Central Suburbs.



What's in store for students?

Missed your bus? Get the next

On key routes buses will run at least every 15 minutes between 7am to 7pm, 7 days a week, and at lower frequencies outside of these times.

Varying class and study hours

A simpler, more frequent, and better connected network will make using public transport easier and more reliable for students' changeable routines, varying class and study hours.

Better weekend frequencies and more buses in peak times to the city

East Auckland and Central Suburbs changes will happen in 2017

What journey requirements will you need in two years' time? Where do you want to travel for work, education, medical, shopping and entertainment? We're planning for the future, but the time for feedback is now.

Tell us what you think by 10 December 2015.

Come talk to us on campus and pick up some giveaways and goodies.

DATE	LOCATION
Wed 7 Oct, 11am to 2pm	AUT, City Campus, Hikuwai Plaza
Thur 8 Oct, 11am to 2pm	Auckland University, City Campus, Quad

View the consultation brochure, map, feedback form and online discussion at AT.govt.nz/NewNetwork

CROSSING THE LINE

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

AS A YOUNG STUDENT VENTURING INTO THE REALM of doing one's own grocery shopping, you quickly realise that there are times to go to the supermarket, and times *not* to go to the supermarket. 5pm on any day falls into the latter category. Ideally, 7am would be the time but that's barely an acceptable hour to be partially conscious in the student world, let alone fully functioning and interacting. So once again, having neglected to do my shopping all week and becoming tired of living off the dregs of cereal and pasta, I find myself at 5pm on a Sunday heading into the hallowed hall of food. I recognise my mistake immediately — people fleeing out the one way entrance is never ever a good sign, usually I would turn and run for the hills but I was pretty desperate (in other words, I was googling 'recipes with spaghetti, creamed corn and tinned peaches') so I surged forward against the tide of better decision makers into the mayhem that is evening food shopping.

It's classic nightmare material — there's the person wearing annoyingly noisy jandals who seems to be following me around the shelves judging my purchases until I subtly spend an unhealthy amount of time looking at the differ-

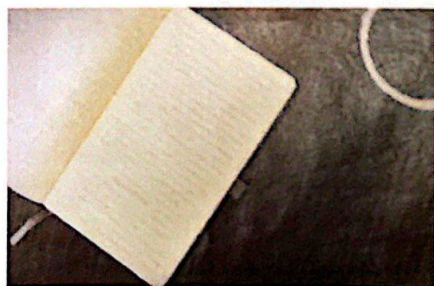
ent peanut butter options and they're forced to flip flop their way noisily past me. There's the shelf hog who simultaneously manages to cut off access to both the rice and the pasta which is an absolute crisis because those are student staples I literally can't leave without. There's the person I accidentally make eye contact with more than once in my convoluted journey around the shelves.

Then there's the monster that is the line itself. It is literally the length of the entire store, it goes around a corner for goodness sake. And there I am at the back. From here it only gets worse. The guy behind me (on his phone) whacks me with his basket every time he steps forward. The girl in front of me (on her phone) takes ten years to notice every time there is an opportunity to move forward. Someone new approaches the line and I see their eyes widen as they realise what they have done. That's right, I smirk, this is the line, and you are at the back. Join us unfortunate souls, welcome to the fold, friend. And they trudge, accepting their fate, all the way down past the people in front of them to the very back of the store amongst the milk and the eggs.

Worse is when people not in the line start cutting past me to get to the other side of the line. What am I, the weakest link or something? So I move awkwardly close to the girl in front of me to indicate this is not a passageway. That's how large a presence the line is, it divides the store in two. You have to cross the line to join the back of it, but pick your spot with care. The clever souls who saw the line from afar and headed for the exit flow past me and I am literally internally weeping at my predicament. I walk past shelves of temptations on the way to my goal. Bagels. When was the last time I had bagels? Literally never. Fresh fruit, what is this? A pineapple, I forgot they even sold those.

Finally I reach the front, realise I forgot milk (rookie mistake), forsake the milk and resign myself to dry cereal and black coffee for the next two weeks before I once again gather up the foolhardy courage to brave the supermarket. My supermarket strategy may be a mess, I know, but it's taught me a lot. You know those cookbooks which boast that every recipe consists of only four ingredients? I could write them in my sleep. Watch out Jamie Oliver, wait 'til you see what I can do with a can of spaghetti.

THEN THERE'S THE MONSTER THAT IS THE LINE ITSELF. IT IS LITERALLY THE LENGTH OF THE ENTIRE STORE, IT GOES AROUND A CORNER FOR GOODNESS SAKE.



DEAR DIARY

BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

AS SEVERAL FILLED NOTEBOOKS IN A BOX UNDER my bed will testify, my preteen years were marked by phases of dedicated diarising — and all other times were marked by apathy towards the fervent recording of typically mundane daily details. They often seemed trivial, or like I was trying too hard to be frank and honest and poignant about why I chose those Green Day lyrics for my ReLi kEwL MSN tAgLiNe or who awkwardly invited who to the Year 8 social. The entries inevitably became sparser and more scattered, but I would always vow to recommit myself to my diary.

Probably as a result of writing for *Craccum*, plus encouragement from a few articles I've chanced upon, the question I've pondered recently has been this: should I keep a diary as an adult (a label which I still feel doesn't really apply to me)? On the rare occasion

when I do a very thorough room clean, the diaries of my youth resurface. Much cringing ensues, but I'm grateful to my younger self for keeping them. Not only are there immediate psychological benefits of journal-writing, but they leave a long-term record of yourself from every stage of your life. Why not relive the cringe moments from every decade?

When my grandma passed away, we found her old pocket diaries. Hoping for a wealth of detailed musings on life in post-war Britain, or some salacious gossip, one of the only gems we unearthed among the repeated "rainy today" and "went dancing tonight" was an astoundingly racist joke she had been taught at school which I shouldn't reprint here for fear of the reactionary letters to the editors of this esteemed magazine. No disrespect to my cherished grandma, but my new journal won't be pages of dull play-by-plays of what I did today. "24 September 2015. Dear Diary, today I worked on my terrible LAW 399 Research Trial assignment. I also went to the gym and flea-treated my cat". Instead, I'd like to fill it with notes, doodles and longer entries on the *hows* and the *whys* along with the *whos*, *whats* and *whens*. If that sounds self-indulgent, well, it is a bit. With Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, YouTube and the barrage of blogs, we're clearly drawn to documenting and sharing almost every detail of our lives. However, there's something intimately appealing about a private journal that's strictly for personal

consumption (I'm the author and audience), whether old-fashioned pen-to-paper or tapped out onto a screen.

Take a leaf from the books of several of history's devoted diarists': Anne Frank, Andy Warhol, Kurt Cobain, Oprah, Katherine Mansfield. Even if you can't imagine your life being adapted to film or the subject of a museum display in a hundred years' time, there are plenty of reasons to get into journaling.

1. RECORDING: A permanent record of you, not just your life distilled down to the lines of a CV. Journals preserve the person you were at any age, behind a frozen smiling photo, for your children and grandchildren to discover. They could also be an historical record of firsthand experiences of major events of the day.

2. RELEASING: Writing about everyday worries or traumatic experiences can be a cathartic exercise. Little notes and reflections can also help get the creativity flowing and find new and achieve "mindfulness".

3. APPRECIATING: Regular journaling can encourage us to appreciate all of the little or big moments of our lives. By listing, writing and reflecting on things that have happened, I hope to form more of a "mindful" attitude of gratitude (lol).

Dear Diary, I wrote a *Craccum* article today.

FLATMATES OF THE ABYSS

BY ANA HARRIS

I STARTED UNIVERSITY IN 2010. SINCE THEN, I HAVE lived in one hall of residence and ten flats. Flatting has taught me a number of things: to budget (somewhat), to adapt quickly to change, and to cohabit with all sorts of people. Choices of flatmate in Auckland are slim because most people live at home with their parents. I've lived with some strange people in my time, not all of them bad. Allow me to recount some of the highlights for your mid-lecture entertainment.

ROBERT

I was the only girl in a flat of five lads. They weren't the best cooks, but they were laid-back, friendly sorts. We'd hang out together, watch TV, drink beer. One by one, they all moved out. Some graduated and went overseas, while others returned to their parents' homes to save money. I managed to fill the rooms, all but one. Time passed, and the prospect of increased rent loomed over us. I arrived home one day to find a forty three year old geriatric settling in. I'm no ageist, but I did wonder what middle aged male in his right mind would want to live with a bunch of twenty year olds.

Every day at noon, Bob headed home from his work as a gardener and immediately cracked open a few cold ones. After polishing off the twelve pack in the fridge, which he replenished each day, he'd start on the Grape Fanta and vodka. One dreary Tuesday morning I awoke to the unmistakable scent of weed wafting through my partially open window. I peered through the curtains and was met with the sight of Bob's greasy head smoking a fat joint.

As a joke, the other flatmates and I would sometimes draw silly pictures on a whiteboard that was hanging up in the kitchen. Bob became convinced that the pictures were a personal attack against him. I told him they

were just funny drawings, and not intended to depict anyone in particular. Bob didn't believe me. He drew a picture of an exposed anus on the whiteboard in retaliation. I moved out after that.

DAN

I rarely saw him. A creature of darkness, he preferred to stay in his room playing computer games and frequenting online chats. He'd sleep by day and game by night, subsisting off a diet of Coca Cola and various brands of pizza. I went on holiday for a month. He didn't leave the house during that time.

A while later, by some miracle, Dan found himself a girlfriend. Online I presume. We were pleased for him, hoping it might help him to get out more. It didn't. She'd saunter in through the ranch slider before ascending the stairs to what had become a sex attic of sorts. The muffled sounds we'd hear through the walls were no longer the bangs and crashes of Call of Duty, but squawks of agonised pleasure. For hours at a time, our rickety little house would shake and shudder. I never knew Dan had it in him. One evening, our neighbour knocked on the door at a late hour to complain about the noise. I moved out after that.

PENELOPE AND BARRY

For a short period of time, I lived in a flat with totally normal people. Once an overbearing Mt Eden villa, the building we occupied had been subdivided into four separate units. We were all students: hard-working, relaxed, largely considerate apart from the odd dirty dish left lying around. As far as our next-door neighbours were concerned however, we were the

fruit of Satan's loins. On our first morning in the new place I awoke to a stern email from the property agents. Someone had placed cardboard in the outside bin at 10.30pm the night before, unfairly disturbing Penelope and Barry, the middle-aged couple from the unit next door. They had three children, and wished to inquire how we dared to recycle on a school night. Later that day I passed them in the driveway. Smiling, I adopted my most respectful voice, apologised profusely for bothering them. Welcomed them to knock on our door anytime and let us know if we were being too loud. I was met with knitted brows and a condescending stare. Time to retreat.

We invited four friends over to see the new place. Too hipster for iPods, we chucked on a few records, knocked back a couple of quiet beers. The next morning, I opened the door to our frazzled property agent, James Jelly, who had brought his obese mother along for moral support. This kind of behaviour, he informed us, was unacceptable. He had no idea that we were 'that' kind of student, and threatened us with 'immediate eviction'. I informed him that this was illegal, and recommended he look up the Residential Tenancies Act. Turns out he had been cyber bullied by Penelope and Barry, who claimed we'd thrown a party of gargantuan proportions. The allegations included 'walking too loudly' and 'running water after midnight'. They'd managed to harass James into reducing their rent, and demanded our urgent expulsion from the property. As we ate dinner together that night, I looked out to find Barry standing alone in the garden, staring up at us. I waved. He grimaced, but didn't move. "Bit creepy mate", my flat mate Cartz called out the window. Barry remained motionless. We decided to move out after that.

HE'D SLEEP BY DAY AND GAME BY NIGHT, SUBSISTING OFF A DIET OF COCA COLA AND VARIOUS BRANDS OF PIZZA. I WENT ON HOLIDAY FOR A MONTH. HE DIDN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE DURING THAT TIME.

UP STRAIGHT WINIFRED

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

"UP STRAIGHT WINIFRED" IS (I BELIEVE) A QUOTE from *The Jungle Book*. It has been used somewhat aggressively towards me and my mother to advance the paternal crusade for postural correction. For those unsure, Winifred is an elephant, and my father is a pain, so mostly these 'gentle reminders' are met with wrath.

However, having recently been diagnosed with a back injury which caused shooting pains in what we've described to ACC as my 'buttock', I realise two things. First, that my father was correct to encourage good posture.

Second, that he did me a disservice by saying it himself, since (his words not mine) I "never allow [him] to coach [me]" so it was a recipe for rebellion from the start.

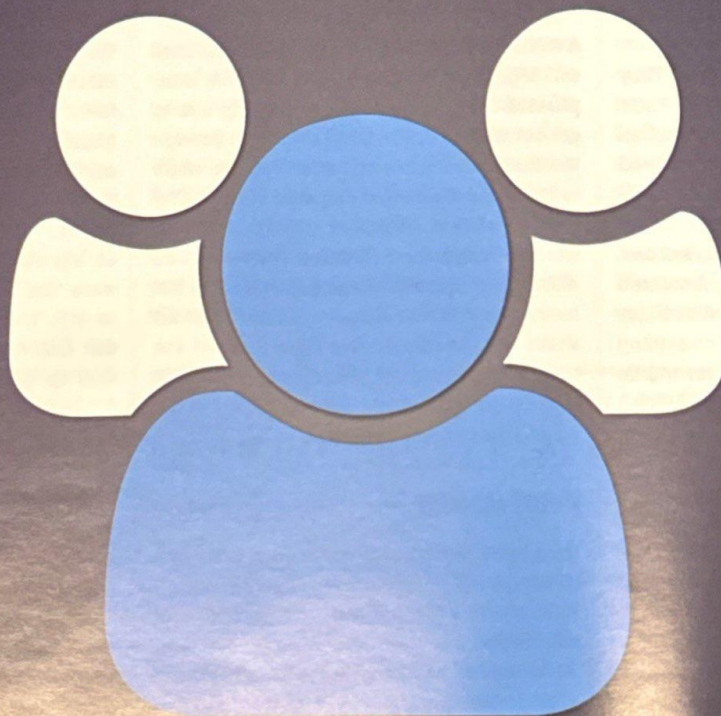
Since the aforementioned injury though, I have been under strict instructions to sit only when absolutely necessary and to sit bolt upright when I do. I also have to squeeze my bottom when walking apparently, to engage the abdominal and postural muscles. So I have been making a fool of myself in all sorts of places where slouching would seem natural, and normal even.

It turns out though, that the physio now has been right. I look better not slouching or sitting on my feet and my abdominal muscles

do feel stronger. I actually had sore bottom muscles when this was first implemented, which probably suggests that it was necessary.

Recommending it now sounds awful and we have probably all had this from the parents and other sources of good advice which make it so much less palatable. Shockingly, I think we might be one step nearer to general allure if we keep a straight back and tight 'buttocks' when cycling, running or walking. I sound like a '50s ladies' magazine but please put that aside and do try it, if I have any credibility left. In the possibly more persuasive words of a televised playboy bunny: "squeeze your butt whenever you can".

IS YOUR **CLASS REP** AMAZING?



**Do they go above and beyond
to make sure your feedback is heard?**

Nominate them for an AUSA Class Rep Award!

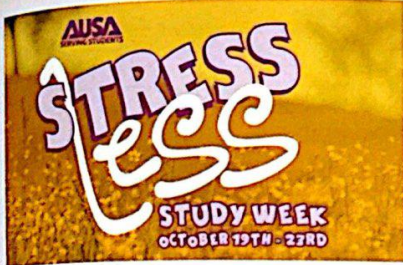
NOMINATIONS NOW OPEN AT

AUSA.ORG.NZ/AWARDS

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

NOMINATIONS CLOSE
7TH OCTOBER

AUSA Welfare Update

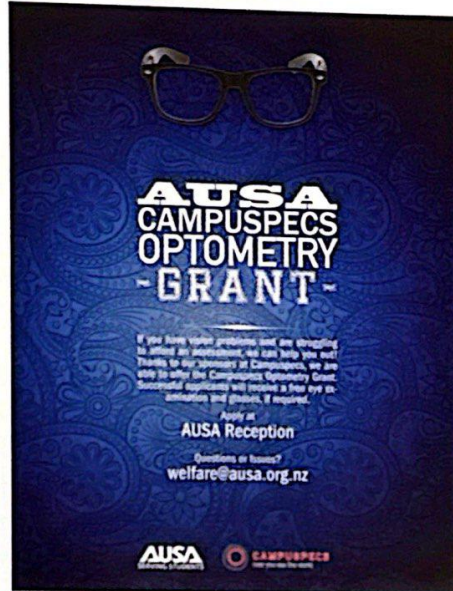


Stress Less Study Week

AUSA is soon to host our inaugural Stress Less Study Week! With the study season just around the corner, we are ensuring that students have wellbeing in mind. It's important during the exam period to look after yourself and if you need help, don't be afraid to reach out to others around you. Check out the event poster for details of all the events that include a chill out zone, a free lunch, mindfulness sessions, activities in the quad, and more! Check out our facebook event for updates closer to the time :)

Optometry Grants

We all know that student allowance and living costs are by no means enough to cover the daily costs of being a student. In particular, when something goes wrong, it can be incredibly difficult to find a solution when you need it before the cash in the bank dries up. Costs such as medical fees, bonds, and car repairs can be especially nasty and unexpected! Make sure that you know about what you might be eligible for from study link if you find yourself in this situation. Studylink has a Special Needs Grant for emergency situations. In addition, AUSA has an



emergency hardship grant, as does the University.

AUSA also partners with CampusSpecs to provide optometry grants to students in need, and we are super grateful for this support! This year, demand has been so high that we have increased the amount of grants to award from 10 to 15. A huge thanks to CampusSpecs for making this happen! If you need glasses/contacts and are otherwise unable to afford them, you might be eligible. You can either complete a form at AUSA reception on the City Campus, or find the form through our website.

Food Bank

This week we have had a couple of noteworthy donations - so we have a couple of thank



yous! Firstly to the Christian Campus Movement who fundraised to make a donation for the food bank. Secondly, to all the participants of the Harry Potter Pub Quiz. All teams brought in two cans (or a small donation) to support the stock in the food bank. Support from students and student groups doesn't go unnoticed and goes a long way to help students in need. This is especially true as the cost of living in Auckland continues to rise, and direct Government for students consistently fails to match this.

As always, feel free to contact me (the AUSA Welfare Vice-President) by emailing welfare@ausa.org.nz if you have any questions or queries about our services or anything in particular.

Class Rep Awards!

THE UNIVERSITY OFTEN FEELS LIKE A GIANT place, and voicing your concerns and issues can often be a horribly daunting prospect! Who wants to email or approach a lecturer - who determines your final grade - directly about a concern you have with the course? I know I am far too introverted and do not have the self-esteem to be doing that sort of advocating... It's far easier to talk to another student about these sort of things, safe in the knowledge that issues can be raised directly with the lecturer and the faculty. Class reps help bridge the gap between lecturer, faculty, and student, which is an import-

ant gap to bridge given that students inevitably know best about what feedback is needed to improve a course.

AUSA is recognising class reps that have made a positive difference to fellow students. If you think you know of a class rep who is deserving of recognition, make sure you nominate them for award. You can do so through the AUSA website at [HTTP://AUSA.ORG.NZ/AWARDS/](http://ausa.org.nz/awards/) Nominations close on the 7th of October so make sure to get in quick!

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

STRESS

STUDY WEEK
OCTOBER 19TH - 23RD

CHILL OUT ZONE

BEAN BAGS, TEA, COFFEE, HOT CHOCOLATE
ALL WEEK IN OLD CLUBS OFFICES ABOVE THE QUAD

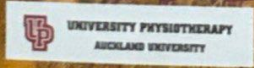
FREE LUNCH

WEDNESDAY
12PM CLUBSPACE

WELLBEING DAY

TUESDAY

IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
ACTIVITIES IN THE QUAD + WALK IN CLINICS
MINDFULNESS SESSIONS AT 11.30 AND 12 IN THE
DANCE STUDIO AT THE REC CENTRE



STUDY PACK GIVEAWAY
ON THE AUSA FACEBOOK PAGE

END OF DAZE
IN THE QUAD AND IN SHADOWS ON FRIDAY

A Word from the AUSA President...

EACH YEAR, AUSA CONTRIBUTES A LEVY OF \$50,000 to the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations. This levy is our membership fee, and - alongside the levies paid by the other members - forms the basis of the NZUSA budget. Since the introduction of voluntary student membership - and the corresponding collapse in revenue - to the majority of student unions across the country in 2011, NZUSA has seen to be struggling. This past two years, many students' associations have considered their membership, and some had given notice to withdraw. Nonetheless, NZUSA retains our confidence, and we consider AUSA's membership to be a vital part of fulfilling the representative duty of our students' association.

The New Zealand Union of Students' Associations was formed in 1929 to facilitate a range of activities on a national level - from sports and cultural activities through to local and national activism. Throughout its years, NZUSA has proven very effective in advocating for students on a range of issues - ranging from early efforts to expand the provision of student health services in the 1950's through to advocating for homosexual law reform.

On the education front, NZUSA has often been prominent. As the tertiary sector was re-imagined and re-formed in the 1980's and 1990's, NZUSA fought hard to protect students. Action and lobbying by NZUSA successfully prevented the privatisation of student loans and led to the introduction of the accommodation benefit. Further lobbying efforts in the 2000's led to the imposition of the fee maxima (which has helped stop your fees spiralling out of control) and contributed to the adoption of interest-free student loans. This illustrious history isn't the end of the story, though, and a national student body is just as relevant in the tertiary sector today as it has always been.

Students need a national voice to push for positive change in the tertiary sector, and we believe that NZUSA is still best positioned to be that voice. The challenges that students face are growing every day, and a co-ordinated effort to alter the course of Government policy has to be part of the answer. Ordinary students - especially in Auckland - are under ever

greater financial pressure whilst studying, and face a mountain of debt to climb after graduation before we can get started on those things that our parents' generation took for granted - a home and a family.

NZUSA retains our confidence because it has proven effective this year despite some of the disruption that it has faced. The latest Income and Expenditure Survey - which has now been running for the past 30 years - is an impressive piece of work, and received wide media coverage. The Income and Expenditure Survey is one of the only established, independent pieces of research that focuses on tertiary students, and, without it, student issues might not get as much time in the spotlight.

NZUSA's work in partnership with Studylink over the past two years has also been particularly valuable to students. Students were experiencing some significant problems with Studylink, and NZUSA worked hard to have these resolved. As a result of this partnership, students across the country now enjoy significantly shorter waiting times, and the amount of calls dropped by Studylink has fallen by 99%. These sorts of effective partnerships are most easily pursued by a national body, and NZUSA has done so. NZUSA has also continued to build relationships with all of the major political parties, and has done so with relative success. NZUSA has had influence

on the tertiary policies of several parties, and continues to keep pressure of the Government to help prevent changes that might make study even harder for students. We need a national body, with an office in Wellington, in order to pursue these efforts.

The internal operations of NZUSA have also had some reasonable reform, and it operates effectively as a democratic body. The Presidents of local students' associations (with input from their respective Executives) meet regularly and agree on priorities and campaigns for NZUSA, and receive reports on current work. The national body is operating well, and already resembles the best parts of a 'federation model' that some have called for.

Lobbying for student interests on the national stage will sometimes be an almost impossible task. This doesn't mean that we should give up, but instead the job of the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations is to search for wins for students where they can be found, and continue to keep alive the ideas and big reforms that students need, and try and keep those in the public discussion. We're proud to remain members of NZUNA, and we think that it pays off now, and will in the future.

Paul Smith
AUSA President

Lobbying for student interests on the national stage will sometimes be an almost impossible task. This doesn't mean that we should give up, but instead the job of the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations is to search for wins for students where they can be found, and continue to keep alive the ideas and big reforms that students need, and try and keep those in the public discussion.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

I'M SITTING HERE, WATCHING MY BROTHER'S GRADUATION. On a screen. They only give each graduate three tickets and apparently not even sisterhood guarantees you a spot. It's a cutthroat world, always has been. So here I am, sat in the lobby of the Aotea Centre, tapping away on my phone, writing my editorial for a magazine that doesn't pay me, and I wonder – have I just caught a glimpse of my future? My brother, a graduate, with a job at a high flying firm that I may not be able to name lest I get him in trouble. Let's just say it's going to be a really wild Tripp working there. Subtlety, that is my trademark. My brother, a successful Law graduate. Me, making no money, ever.

It all started well for me. I got into Law school, thinking I'd be a world-changer, a defender of human rights (don't ask me which ones specifically – you know, those vague, broad, overarching human rights that all high school SJWs love so much), and that I would be so good at world-changing, at rights-defending, that I would live the rest of my life in upper-middle-class comfort. This quickly went downhill when I realised four years of Law school would quite potentially be the death of me. My mental wellbeing plummeted; my anxiety skyrocketed. A full two years of utterly uninteresting compulsory papers stretched ahead of me before I could even think about choosing electives I was mildly interested in.

Despite being totally miserable, the decision to drop out of Law didn't come easily. My other options were to drop out of university altogether, or worse – just get a BA. This ludicrous mindset – one that made me think that I should stay in a degree that I loathed rather than switching to one that I loved – was a result of blatant indoctrination at high school. Half the people at Law school only ended up there because smart kids who are good at English and History are funnelled into a Law degree by teachers and parents who think that Arts de-

grees are a waste of time, and Law will provide them with stability.

There is a degree of reality to this, of course. Even though New Zealand churns out far too many lawyers for the positions available, generally speaking a person with a Law degree will make more money than someone doing Arts. But since when did stability become predicated on having more money? Since when did a lower capacity to earn become equivalent to wasting your time?

This first question may seem naive, the unrealistic idealism of someone who's had it easy. The nature of our capitalist world, whether we like it or not, is that money creates comfort, and yes, a degree of stability. We can accept that money is fairly key to survival and we can't disregard it when choosing a profession. But if I had spent my life pursuing a career in Law, this stability would have been completely stripped away when I lost my fucking mind to the stress and the tedium of the job.

This is not to say that there is no enjoyment to be found in more financially lucrative professions. If practicing law, or medicine, or – heaven forbid – physics really gets your rocks off, then count yourself lucky that your interests are aligned with an allegedly 'responsible' career path. But dozens of people I know are approaching the ends of their stable degrees and applying for stable jobs, in the full knowledge that they fucking hate what they have studied, and will continue to hate it in the workforce. The law student who landed a job at a top firm but really wants to make his living as a writer;

the engineering graduate who has resented her talent as a painter to merely a hobby – her grad job is so demanding that the brains remain dry.

The thing is, we're all going to die. Some of us sooner than others. So why would you waste a second of your life doing something that doesn't enflame you to the very core, that doesn't make you excited to get up in the morning, for the sake of working in a job that you feel you "should" be doing? At the risk of sounding like a motivational Typo mag, do you really want to be fifty years old, earning a decent salary but realising that you've given your youth to the pursuit of stability and the fulfilment of the expectations of your parents?

The idea that money is the key valuation of accomplishment and happiness is actually fairly recent. We should be looking at relationships, at education, at cultural engagement as metrics through which to measure success. The continuation and development of culture, arguably one of the human race's primary purposes on this planet, is driven by creative types. So for god's sake – for humanity's sake – don't be discouraged by the fact that you may have to work a few jobs in order to support your chosen creative field. Don't be discouraged by the eye rolls and the sneers of the older generation, or the Young Nats, or the Law graduates. They'll all die eventually anyway. Just don't be boring; you're young and you're at university and if you're so concerned with being comfortable and with what people think about you now, then you'll be safe and comfortable and bored for the rest of your life.

WHY WOULD YOU WASTE A SECOND OF YOUR LIFE DOING SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T ENFLAME YOU TO THE VERY CORE, THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU EXCITED TO GET UP IN THE MORNING, FOR THE SAKE OF WORKING IN A JOB THAT YOU FEEL YOU "SHOULD" BE DOING?

MACBETH (2015)

FILM REVIEW

FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR, AND JUSTIN KURZEL'S *Macbeth* is certainly, with all of its foul plotting, savagery and madness, a fair film adaptation of "The Scottish Play" by William Shakespeare.

From the nave to the chops, Michael Fassbender is well-cast as the eponymous tragic antihero, bringing necessary touches of humanity and empathy to the character despite his detestable acts – as the gallant Thane of Glamis, then a man torn between his lust for promised power and keeping his morality and, eventually, as a bloody-handed despot from whom the milk of human kindness has almost entirely bled out. As the scheming voice in his ear, Marion Cotillard is sublimely chilling as Lady Macbeth. Interestingly, Kurzel opens the film with a funeral for the Macbeths' infant son, which frames Lady Macbeth not just as a cold-blooded villainess but also as a grieving mother reeling from the death of her child. With Cotillard's convincing accent, although more generic English than Scottish, it's easy to forget that she's French.

Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is dark, and Kurzel allows no light to see the black and deep desires underpinning the play in this brutal, brooding and overwhelmingly sombre film version. It almost makes it sound like a B-grade feudal horror to list the elements out like this, but the cinematography features gloomy fog, an imposing castle, black shrouded figures, fire and splatters of (contextual, non-gratuitous) blood. The consistent palette of grey, red and black creates a polished, stylish and artistic visual spectacle. Weighty, laden silence dominates the minimalist sound design, punctuated with anxious pounding to keep you on the edge of your seat.

The pacing of the 2015 *Macbeth* feels slower com-



pared to the vigour of a more traditional stage performance. It is a heavy, dour and haunting re-imagining, amplifying the tragedy but containing the energy. I was lucky enough to catch *Macbeth* at the Globe Theatre in London a couple of years back (one life goal enthusiastically ticked off the bucket list!). The Shakespearean dialogue is condensed for the 113 minutes running time making the film less wordy, but all of the cast determinedly deliver their lines with passion. Shakespeare's prose is at the forefront, so it's not all style without substance. Disappointingly though, the classic witches' "double, double, toil and trouble" incantation was omitted in the potion scene.

Creative licenses are taken: Macduff's army sets Birnam Wood alight, rather than camouflaging themselves with branches, and his pretty chickens and their dam are burnt at the stake. By this point, Macbeth had already slit quite a few throats, so maybe Kurzel was after a truly horrific murder that would chill viewers and show the despicable lengths to which Macbeth and Lady Macbeth would go (plus, it added to the consistent fire motif).

The attraction of film adaptations is the ability to refresh and reinvent the classics. Kurzel's visually stunning *Macbeth* is an artistic retelling that doesn't stray too far, retaining the integrity of Shakespeare's original work. *Macbeth's* Middle Ages Scotland setting is retained. Battle scenes are stylised with a montage of shots: slow-motion, freeze-frames, jarring images of savage stabbing juxtaposed with the three weird sisters gliding out of the fog. Similar montages are used to show the Macbeths' descent into madness. The famous ghostly dagger is proffered to Macbeth by a blank-eyed boy, downplaying any supernatural element and blurring the line between reality and hallucination.

The 2015 film version of *Macbeth* is intensely compelling, hypnotic and visually striking. We left musing on the enduring relevance of Shakespeare's themes; over 500 years on and *Macbeth* is just as gripping and applicable to modern society. Something wickedly good this way comes – it's definitely worth the watch.

REVIEW BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

THEATRE

CATS

SHOW REVIEW

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK DID I JUST WATCH.
Seriously – what the fuck.

The night started well. I was an Auckland socialite, strolling down the red carpet, event photographers/paparazzi snapping away, while the onlookers/peasants on Queen St grumbled with jealousy. But little did they know my dinner was a cheap stop at Sals across the road and my outfit cost less than the price of the ticket for the show. Thankfully, it was free. But for a short time I felt like I was Max Key.

Inside the Civic, which is a stunning venue, free face painting transformed the elegant guests into well-dressed cats. I took my seat, sipping my Syrah like the pretentious Persian cat I was channeling would with its Lewis Road milk, and sat in excitement to watch the classic production unfold in front of me.

By the end I was totally confused and a little disappointed.

Now, I have never been to *Cats* before and the only thing I knew about *Cats* was that it was about cats. I didn't realise at the time people said that because there is *no fucking plot*. It legitimately is about cats singing and dancing in what appears to be a rundown village. There is (and I repeat because I did not know this) *nothing else to it*, apart from two very very very small subplots.

Having said this, to someone who is not well-versed in musical theatre, the singing, dancing and overall set production was stellar. You can clearly tell that this show has a big budget, and was not afraid to splurge for audience enjoyment. I did notice some out of sync choreography and lighting not matching up,

however. Some surprise strobe lighting in the middle of the show also caused several frights amongst myself and many other guests. A friend of mine who also went and is (somehow) in love with *Cats*, commented that one of the key cats was miscast and noted that there were several times where the high notes were a little "ambitious" for some of the cats.

The struggle I've had with reviewing *Cats* is how it basically did not have a plot. Yet can you really criticise the show, which has been around since the 70s and has become a classic, about the story or lack thereof? Perhaps take this as a warning. If you are like me, and enjoy a plot, then avoid *Cats*. However if you're simply after impressive visuals and vocals, then *Cats* will offer you just that.

REVIEW BY MATTHEW DENTON

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK DID I JUST WATCH.



IRIS

DOCUMENTARY REVIEW

IRIS APFEL IS A 90-SOMETHING FASHIONISTA. SHE HAS worked for nine presidents at the White House, museums, the Senate, and "every great house in America", as well as having spent her life honing an individual style through interior design and textile businesses. Iris had been a well known personality in her field for decades, but in 2005 when Iris was 13 years into her retirement, the Metropolitan Museum in New York staged an exhibition of her wardrobe called 'Rara Avis' (rare bird). Her style-over-fashion mantra, vivaciousness and wit propelled her into the mainstream where she was lauded for her mixing of high and low fashions, as well as her originality.

Iris centres on what the fashion icon's ideas of style and creativity are – surprisingly hard concepts to pin down. Over half of the documentary follows Iris around on her shopping sprees, which can take her anywhere from Harlem to a Dolce & Gabbana store. Apfel puts

consideration into finding each item she owns, continually adding to her vast collection and haggling expertly along the way. The state of mainstream fashion is denounced by Iris as boring, and calls the obsession with wearing black a uniform, not style. Iris likes to improvise, and her outfits are as outlandish as they are beautiful. "It's all about the process of shopping and dressing up", she explains. For her, there's absolutely no intellectual involvement, it all comes down to her gut feeling on what looks good. Sometimes this is debatable, (from my humble un-art-school-educated perspective), and the effect is more one of shock and garishness than style, but who am I to judge?

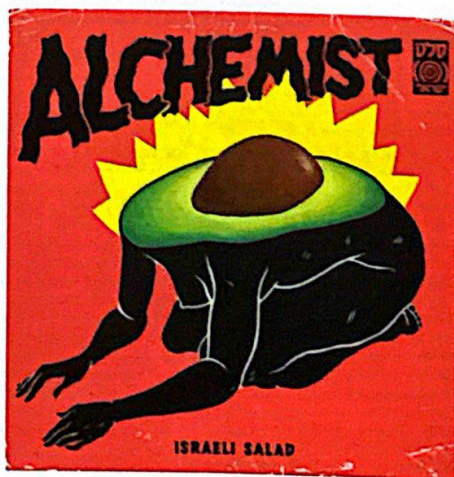
Clearly, she is somebody who sees fashion as a way of life. Every day she is a walking piece of art – often jangling as she moves due to the overload of jewellery hanging from her neck, but art nonetheless. She is also passionate about the history of the medium, and criticises today's "media freak" designers who have "no sense of history". It is a disgrace when modern designers don't know their fabrics, or even how to

sew, she laments. Controversy is a concept she doesn't shy away from, and in the documentary she ridicules plastic surgery along with the state of the fashion industry today. Luckily she goes away with it, and is widely known as a breath of fresh air due to her bold, assertive demeanor.

While the documentary is slow and repetitive at times (how many shopping scenes can you fit into 80 minutes? Spoiler: a lot), it's aesthetically interesting with plenty of exotic clothing and accessories to double-take at. I'm more of a budget-restricted op-shopper myself, but this definitely inspired me to view clothing more as an extension of my personality, than just a practical measure to combat the weather. I found myself smiling and nodding along to her witty one-liners the whole way through, and by the end of the documentary, Iris had become my new heroine. In apparent contradiction to everything the documentary had just covered, Iris' closing words were that, "it is better to be happy than well-dressed".

REVIEW BY GEORGIA HARRIS

MUSIC



ISRAELI SALAD THE ALCHEMIST

ALBUM REVIEW

IT'S BEEN OUT FOR A FEW MONTHS, BUT THIS FUCK-ing insane album deserves to be praised by many and heard by all. I was surprised when my mates hadn't heard of it, but wasn't surprised at all when they thanked me with ardor and profanities afterward. The Alchemist's latest work is a 20 track compilation of sampling and reworking, reborn as Israeli Salad – a delicious instrumental experience.

The Californian artist picked up an assortment of vintage records while travelling in Israel, deconstructing these forgotten tracks and layering and looping them seamlessly, if somewhat repetitively, into funky collages that still contain their middle-eastern flavour. Ditching an apron for ingenuity, he's cooked up an album with soulful yet badass, head nodding hip hop beats that'll get you so in the zone you won't catch your body grooving.

This isn't his first concept album though – his second studio album *Russian Roulette* was built with samples of Soviet music. The two feel very different, but *The Alchemist* has the same advice for both: listen to them in their entirety, without imagining songs as individual pieces. I wholeheartedly agree with him there. Albums are sequenced in a specific order for good reason, and you're disrupting the harmony of things when you skip from 2 to 8.

As for the album cover which I know you've been eyeing, it was created by artist Unga of the crew Broken Fingaz, a seriously talented group of graffiti artists from Haifa. The gorgeous avocado woman with a beguiling back on her knees... If you buy it on vinyl, the discs themselves are slices of avocado too, which is really kind of beautiful.

REVIEW BY JOANNA CHO

ESPRESSO YOURSELF: CAFFEINE, CAFES AND COFFEE CULTURE

CULTURE COMMENT

THERE IS A CERTAIN NOOK, A CIVILISATIONAL CRANNY in the cosy corner of any self-respecting city. This welcoming enclave of quiet, understated intellectualism is the humble coffee shop. The café, the coffee house, the Starbucks, the Slurp. Whichever one you prefer, these provide a space to unwind and recharge, at the end of a good day or the beginning of a long one.

Invigorated by coffee, the liquid stimulant of choice for people who aren't pretentious enough for tea but still too pretentious for V, old friends are reunited and new friends introduced, difficulties are pondered, genius ideas are arrived upon, smug gossip is aired and the world is made a slightly more welcoming place.

I know this is starting to sound like a Starbucks commercial, so let me add that the corporate café, with its photocopied plastic displays and soulless misspellings of even the goddamn simplest of names, is not the establishment I'm speaking of. No, the coffee shops I love are the indie ones in corners, holes-in-the-wall that you'd never discover if a cool friend hadn't shown you. But be it the corporate behemoth of the multinational corporation or the quirky charm of the tiny indie café, they're lifesavers.

What is it about cafés which so entices us? Is it the old leather sofas? The cute young baristas you can't quite be sure aren't flirting with you? The pictures of jazz legends or distant European cities bedecking the walls? (Is that Miles Davis or Louis Armstrong? Milan or Florence? You're not cultured enough to know, but this place makes you feel like you are). Or is

it simply the coffee itself? Rich and warming in winter, cool and refreshing in summer, the absolute pinnacle of chemical stimulation if you want to stay in the realm of legality. Coffee shops emanate the best kind of calm.

I'd contend that modern thought itself was born in coffee shops — and continues to be born there every morning at about 10am when the modern intellect and her friends meet to consume caffeine, warmth and comfort.

For it is when the drink of choice switched from ale to coffee, and when the meeting place of choice switched from the pub to the coffee house, that the true origins of modern thought began to take form. It's from this honourable establishment that we get everything from Voltaire's philosophy to Ben Franklin's work on electricity.

That bitter old bean from the Americas is what really kickstarted the European Enlightenment. Coffee house culture, the Starbucks of the 18th century, was where enlightenment-era thinkers, in their pantaloons and chapeaus and whatever else people wore back then, came to share their brilliant, undrunk ideas from all disciplines, mixing the sciences and arts. Every single crucial event of the enlightenment has a coffee house somewhere in the background.

In Olde England, for the price of a penny (don't expect me to tell you how much that is in today's money, there's a reason I'm not doing a BCom), you could buy a cup of coffee and entrance into the hallowed hall of roasted beans. The lack of booze created a vibe where, for once, it was possible to engage in conversations more serious than those you could ever get in a pub, which rarely venture into anything of more depth than the merits of Billy Joel and how much you want to get your mind off your latest hellish assignment. Gossip on everything from political scandals, philosophical debates and high 18th century fashion (fleas included) could be heard humming from the coffee houses of old.

They were an alternate sphere, outside the university. An escape for the educated. Political groups — revolutionaries from both sides of the Atlantic pond — found in them a refuge and a meeting place. Aristocrats and redcoats converged in the ancient pub, while the coffee house beckoned to those of a revolutionary ilk. No taxation without caffeination.

There is still something of that spirit in the conspiratorial, excited discovery of a new favourite purveyor of coffee — a quiet, self-satisfied assurance that you became that little bit cooler for having found a vaguely indie café run by vaguely European owners.

And, speaking of Europeaness and self-satisfaction, what of the French? Why is it that the French are so renowned for their intellectual pursuits, romantic endeavours and poetic entanglements? Pretension and military acquiescence aside, the paradigms of modern thought, and arguably the origins of that very continental coolness itself, take their root in old French cafés — the coffee houses of Paris are the true intellectual cradles of the modern age.

The first café in Paris, Café Procope, was a centre of the enlightenment — it welcomed Voltaire and Rousseau during the French Revolution, and was the place where Diderot decided to create the world's first encyclopaedia. So, from conversations over some roasted beans with a bit of milk, we get a compilation of all human knowledge at the time, and such philosophical gems as the separation of Church and State and people's right to rule over themselves. Cheers.

And so, we continue the honourable tradition of meeting not in the semi-darkened, often grimy enclosure of the pub, but the cheerful, enlightening space of the coffee shop. As the groggy student wakes up, so too does the world. You're welcome.

BY JULIA WIENER

THE FINAL FRONTIER TO OUR INNERMOST SELVES: THE POINT OF SCIENCE FICTION TELEVISION

ARTS COMMENT

SPACESHIPS, ALIENS, CLONES, ROBOTS. WELCOME to the wacky world of science fiction, a genre that often tests people's suspension of disbelief and can sometimes be turfed into the margins of popular culture as a result. I would bet that the majority of the people reading this right now already enjoy sci-fi. If not, there's some great sci-fi television out there if you look and I hope this guide is a nice starting point. And to all the veterans out there, get ready to compare lists. Sorry that I couldn't cover everything. There may be some great sci-fi out there but there's also a lot of it. Too much for one article. I've also stuck to Western television although there is some fantastic Eastern sci-fi as well. So shall we start at the most obvious point?

THE STUFF IN SPACE

Whenever most people think science fiction, they think outer space, spaceships, aliens, and planets all set in a distant future. Rightly so too. Space-bearing science fiction is as old as the television drama itself. Those pulpy novels and magazines back in the 1940-50s made their way onto television and shows like *Captain Video* and *Space Patrol* were born. Back then, it was all about space. The Cold War had renewed people's interest in science and the Space Race made people look upwards. It was

the golden age of science fiction and it continued into the 1960-70s where the iconic *Star Trek* and *Doctor Who* were born. What all the shows had in common was that space was a place of exploration. It capitalised on the thrilling sensation of expeditions into unseen territory now that the complete world had been mapped.

Space-bound sci-fi television still exists in the 21st century but I would argue that it isn't

about exploration anymore. At least not wholly, and there's far less alien stuff. It's a phase we seem to have grown past as we've realised that we're further away from everything else in the universe than we first thought. That being said, there has been some fantastic space sci-fi in the 21st century featuring zero aliens. The first I would recommend is *Firefly*, a labour of love by Joss Whedon about a spaceship and its crew of loveable misfits that ran a smuggling ring. The show was stabbed repeatedly in the heart by Fox and left for dead after fourteen episodes but it gained a lot of fans during its short-lived run which fought against its unjust cancellation and eventually got a blockbuster movie made to act as the finale to the series.

The second series that I would recommend is the reimagined *Battlestar Galactica*. Whenever I tell people about this series, they instantly think *Star Trek*/*Stargate*/*Star-whatever* and shrug it off as "not for me" but *Battlestar Galactica* is a far cry from these series. The show follows the last of humankind exiled by the Cylons, sentient robots of their own design, in search of a new planet to call home, all the while tackling major political, religious, and philosophical issues such as the legitimacy of

WHAT THESE SERIES DO DIFFERENTLY TO THE SCI-FI OF YESTERYEAR IS RESPECT THE VAST EMPTINESS OF SPACE AND MAKE YOU REALISE HOW SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT YOU REALLY ARE.

government, what power the military should hold, whether robots can have souls, and the effects of genocide. What these series do differently to the sci-fi of yesteryear is respect the vast emptiness of space and make you realise how small and insignificant you really are. Even with all this advance technology, space is still a dangerous void of nothingness. Space can't be conquered.

BACK ON EARTH

In recent sci-fi television, there has been a shift away from looking upwards amongst the stars to looking in the direction of home and the mysteries that plague us here back on Earth. The domestication of sci-fi isn't entirely a bad thing though, certainly not a new thing. Despite showing us new and mysterious worlds, *Doctor Who* spends much of its time on here on Earth. I've always wondered why more and more sci-fi television is becoming domesticated. Is it the reflexive notion that comes from the realisation that space isn't all that it is cracked up to be? Maybe our Earth-bound antics are just more relatable and grounded. *The X-Files* is an interesting bridge between the Space-Earth divide, dealing with aliens from other worlds all from the comfort of Earth.

But the idea of aliens seems to be on the downward slope. Alien invasions don't seem to be a genuine fear anymore (if they ever were). Most sci-fi nowadays has returned to being an outlet for our anxieties with scientific advancement rather than a celebration of it. *Frankenstein/Blade Runner*-grade stuff. Most sci-fi that is set back on Earth deals with new scientific theories and modern anxieties. Two notable standouts are *Fringe*, a modern version of *The X-Files* minus the aliens that deals with genetic manipulation, drug-induced mental manipulation, biohazards and all manner of fringy science wrapped tightly within a story arc about parallel universes (which seem to be all the rage right now), and *Orphan Black* which grapples with the moral and ethical implications of human cloning. Al-

MOST SCI-FI NOWADAYS HAS RETURNED TO BEING AN OUTLET FOR OUR ANXIETIES WITH SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT RATHER THAN A CELEBRATION OF IT.

though both these series are domestic, they make alien what should be familiar and turn Earth into a place of wonder and intrigue. They stick close to home because we feel threatened when home is in danger. Parallel universes hit harder than alien planets thousands of light years away because they are closer to us and we identify with the people that occupy that space because they are us. This isn't only applicable to parallel universe plots, but time travel and post-apocalyptic as well. It is Earth re-envisioned in a macabre and strange way to reflect our technological and cultural anxieties.

THE HYPOTHETICAL

Really, all sci-fi is hypothetical, but some series rely on this method of storytelling. They pose an intriguing "what if" question and conceptualise a world where the "if" is applied. What if Germany won the war? What if we all lived inside a video game? What if we could Face-book block people in real life? That last one was played out by *Black Mirror*, a sci-fi series described as a modern age *The Twilight Zone*, all about the dangerous relationship humans have with technology. Each episode puts you in a new world with a new "what if" scenario. The show gained a bit more traction thanks to the David Cameron-Dead Pig debacle which eerily paralleled one of the scenarios in one

episode in which one of the royal family is taken hostage and would only be released under the condition that the British Prime Minister had sex with a pig live on television.

Another show that deals with the relationship between technology and humankind is the aptly titled *Humans* which features a world in which synthetic humans exist and are taking over the jobs of humans. We are forced to watch the humans come to realise their own redundancy in a world where machines can do the work for them.

Sci-fi in these shows is much more than just escapism. At its best, sci-fi can explore moral and ethical issues in the safety of a hypothetical scenario. But these hypothetical scenarios are cautionary tales with a tell-taleness similar to Aesop's Fables, warning us of ourselves. This type of science fiction speaks to us directly. Rather than distant star systems and far-future post-apocalyptic, it concerns itself with the human experience, the self, and what it means to be human. Mapping out science fiction television from its origins as an action-packed intergalactic adventure right down to a sombre meditation on humankind, science fiction is as much an exploration of our innermost selves as it is an exploration of the final frontier.

BY MICHAEL CLARK



THINGS YOU WERE DISAPPOINTED NEVER HAPPENED IN HIGH SCHOOL

NOW YOU KNOW TV ISN'T EXACTLY A FULLY ACCURATE DEPICTION OF LIFE. THERE ARE SLIGHT DIFFERENCES, THE WHOLE 'IT'S FICTION' ISSUE BEING ONE OF THEM. BUT GROWING UP, YOU KIND OF EXPECTED MORE FROM HIGH SCHOOL. THERE WERE THINGS YOU JUST KNEW SHOULD HAPPEN AND NOW... YOU FEEL KIND OF CHEATED.

1 YOU NEVER GAINED SUPERPOWERS AND/OR BECAME A SUPERNATURAL CREATURE OF SOME KIND: Seriously, you were all set for fighting crime at night and fitting in battling the undead before band practice. You were even preparing to hide your secret abilities from everyone but that trusty, wisecracking sidekick-best friend of yours. What went wrong?

2 YOU NEVER RECEIVED/DELIVERED A DECLARATION OF LOVE ON PROM NIGHT: Everyone knows prom (or school ball if your school wasn't utterly Americanised) is the only spot of romance you'll get in those long, slogging years.

It's the chance for your admirer pining hopelessly from afar to ask you to awkwardly sway-dance on the spot with them. Or for your perpetually on-off SO to burst in at the last minute and issue a public apology and/or song so you can make up for at least the next two weeks.

(And enjoy a night of A+ standard sex, even if you're both virgins).

But clearly your Love Interest missed the memo because instead you just sat around chewing on half-cooked chicken and telling everyone how nice they looked.

Honestly. Where has the romance gone these days?

3 YOU NEVER MADE OUT WITH SOMEONE BEHIND THE BIKE SHEDS: Mostly because your school had no bike sheds. But still. Clearly you should have made more of an effort.

4 YOU NEVER GOT ENTANGLED IN AN INTENSE BATTLE WITH THAT RIVAL SCHOOL: Come on it's not like it's hard to come up with a motive whether it's an ancient rivalry or your two teams happen to be competing in the same rugby league. But you feel like you missed the chance to exchange thinly veiled threats and corny insults in their school car park and face off in an all important final basketball/soccer/singing/cheerleading contest at the end of the season-year. Disappointing.

5 YOUR GIRLFRIEND/BOYFRIEND NEVER TURNED OUT TO BE YOUR MORTAL ENEMY/SLEEPING WITH YOU FOR INFORMATION/A DEMON PLANNING TO KILL YOU: Al-right, this one is less disappointing and more relieving. But really, you would have preferred 'the universe is conspiring against us' rather than 'I think we should see other people'. It just makes a better break up story.

6 YOUR BEDROOM WINDOW NEVER BECAME THE NORMAL WAY OF ENTERING THE HOUSE: Ideally there would be a well-positioned tree outside for you to climb down when sneaking out to fight evil. It would have been a perfect route to hide your late night shenanigans from your parents and for your best friend to use because they're apparently terrified of exchanging small talk with your family.

Then you realised there's nothing but a sheer

drop and concrete below it. And your neighbour can see you climbing out and comes round to tell your parents anyway. Dreams shattered.

7 NO BULLY EVER SHUT YOU IN YOUR LOCKER: Again, probably you're probably more grateful than disappointed about this one. But still, have you missed out on the authentic high school experience?

8 YOU NEVER BUMPED INTO THE CUTE NEW STUDENT AND TRIGGERED INSTANT TRUE LOVE: Seriously everyone knows that bumping + awkward eye contact while picking up your books = Soulmates. It's just the way of the world.

Unfortunately all that standing around in strategically awkward spots in the hallway just never paid off. It looks like Tinder will have find your soulmate for you.

9 YOU NEVER HAD THAT LOCAL HANGOUT WHERE 'EVERYONE MEET': It seems simple enough on TV. There's the local diner/coffee house/ice cream place where everyone hangs out. Before school, during lunch, after school. You're also best friends with the owner who drops sage but snarky life-advice and quite possibly a main character friend works there allowing you all to hang out way after opening hours.

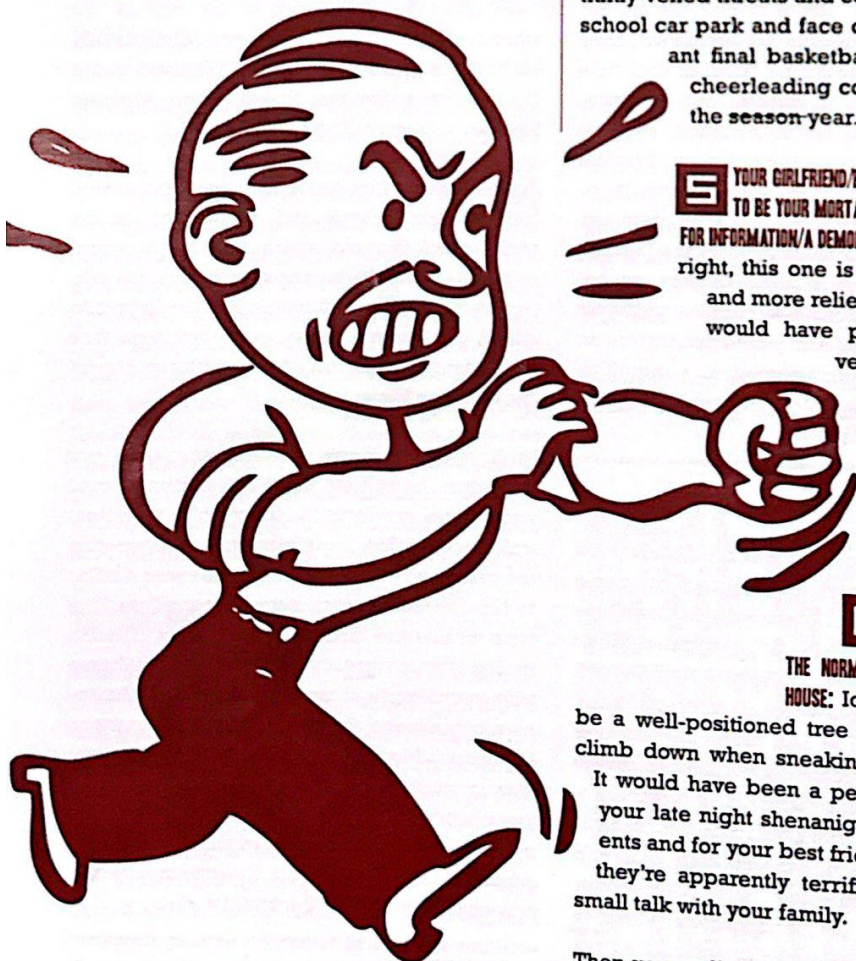
Right. Except it turns out you're way too poor to be buying coffee morning, noon and night. And have fun getting that group of friends together every afternoon instead of going to work, sports practice and or home to nap.

10 YOU NEVER DISCOVERED ONE OF YOUR TEACHERS WAS ACTUALLY A SUPER VILLAIN AND/OR TRAITOROUS SPY: Obviously they were failing you because they were worried you were the only one smart and brave enough to stand in their way of world domination.

Nope. Turns out the crap grades you got in maths were because you actually just sucked at algebraic equations. Sorry.

Well, let's just hope uni turns out to be more fulfilling.

CELINA THOMPSON



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

DEAR S.W.,

Your letter this week was an excellent example of what happens when one focuses on the form of an argument over the content. Coupled with only addressing parts of my earlier letter, you thus manage to give the impression of refuting some points without actually addressing much of substance. I will admit that my letter was not entirely watertight, so I shall attempt to rectify that here, but nonetheless your argumentative tactics are pretty awful and disingenuous.

Firstly, you have not addressed my arguments regarding the rights of the women in question, which I believe was the strongest part of my argument. So please answer me this: a) Do you think that women have a right to bodily autonomy? b) Do you feel that this right lapses once a woman becomes pregnant, and if so, why? c) If the right to life of an embryo

outweighs the right of a woman to control what happens to her body, please elaborate how you reached this conclusion. If you can give a coherent answer to these questions, perhaps we can start having a substantive argument.

Secondly, there is a significant body of research showing that that banning abortion does not reduce the abortion rate. Given that backstreet abortions are associated with an extremely high death rate due to infection and internal damage to organs, a massive amount of pain and suffering would in fact result from a ban on abortion, never mind the amount of suffering caused by imprisoning the people that survive. Check out how abortion bans have worked out in Chile and Ecuador if you're interested. Please explain how this is less harmful than a liberal sexual ethic.

Thirdly, I at no point said that rip-

ping down posters doesn't matter. I could have been more clear on this point, so let me elaborate. I believe that you have the right to express your opinions. However, given that many people think that your opinions cause a significant amount of societal harm, they may well think that removing your posters is justifiable. I have at times been involved in a variety of activity in opposition to the university. Many people clearly think that this is not a good thing, so they tear down the posters. But we don't go whining to craccum; we just go and stick them back up again. So if you seriously believe in your cause, stop complaining, accept that your views are unpopular and stick the fucking posters up again. If a few hundred of us can keep going in the face of the fact that everyone thinks we're a bunch of idiots that alienate everyone else, you can cope with a few people tearing down your posters.

Finally, please stop with the appeals to emotion and explain why exactly abortion is wrong. Yes, it is icky, but icky does not always translate to immoral.

Sincerely,
SENSE AMID MADNESS, WIT AMIDST FOLLY

Thanks all for whining to Craccum because otherwise we would have no letters and people will think we're assholes who don't print them. Your whining keeps us somewhat reputable.

DEAR DENTON,

I really enjoyed your last editorial on cyberbullying, and I do hate to be a negative nancy, but you got the law wrong. The Harmful Digital Communications Act 2015 ("HDCA") does not allow an agency to issue take-down orders on the authors of harmful online

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communications. Only the courts have the power to do this under the HDCA.

This may seem an insignificant and trivial distinction to your average non-law student (sorry, that makes me sound like an up-myself-law-student — actually, not sorry). But it is really important for a number of reasons.

When the HDCA was introduced to parliament and still when it became law in July, the vast majority of media coverage on it was hugely critical and negative. Journalists proved themselves to have never read the Act they were writing about, and lack understanding of its operating provisions. The media is such an important source of the law for regular citizens — and the power of misinformation and smoke in mirrors can't be underestimated.

The HDCA has been painted as an evil, freedom-of-speech-hating, right-wing-agenda right piece of work. It isn't. It seeks to "deter, prevent and mitigate" harm caused by harmful online communications and provide victims with "quick and efficient means of redress" where it has previously been very difficult to achieve. These are noble intentions. Quite frankly it's about time parliament did something to combat cyberbullying, revenge porn and trolling and the effect they have on

New Zealand's atrocious suicide rate.

As always it is much easier to criticise than it is to make a real contribution, and so the haters are hating on the HDCA. Go figure. They claim that it enables the courts to censor and attack our freedom of speech online by giving them the ability to issue take-down orders, order apologies, and order the author to cease the conduct concerned and not encourage others to do it too. The critics think that these powers will be abused and result a "chilling effect on freedom of speech" with all of us in court because of something we said online that was misinterpreted, or was intended as 'satire' (I'm looking at you David Seymour MP...).

This is just not true. What the journalists didn't tell you is that s 6(2) (b) of the HDCA requires that in using these powers the court must act consistently with the rights and freedoms contained in the New Zealand Bill of Rights Act 1990 — which includes the right to freedom of expression. So, the HDCA clearly is not in flagrant disregard of freedom of expression. It actually seeks to protect it in many ways.

The threshold that a victim must meet before a court will even consider a complaint, let alone actually censor the author, is the most

significant way freedom of speech is protected in the HDCA.

In summary, to get a take-down order from the court you have to show that one of the ten communications principles has been breached. The communications principles that may apply to trolls for example, are that a digital communication should not be intimidating or used to harass an individual.

Furthermore the court must be satisfied that the breach has caused harm. And harm is defined as "serious emotional distress", which legally is far more than hurt feelings. Then, the court has the ability to 'strike out' a complaint if it is considered frivolous or vexatious, meaning comments like "you're a moron" likely won't be covered by the Act. And even then before you can apply to the court for a take-down order, you have to have gone through a negotiation/mediation process with an agency (which has not yet been set up but is likely to be NetSafe).

There are clearly a lot of boxes to check off before any kind of 'censorship' or other order will be made by the courts. It is clear that this Act is designed to tackle the most serious forms of harmful online communications, such as cyberbullying resulting in suicides, revenge porn being shared, and trolls taking it a step too far.

So, in sum, it is important that people understand that it is only the court who can issue take-down orders in respect of harmful Facebook statuses, tweets and Instagrams, and they certainly cannot be handed down willy-nilly. The misinformation about the HDCA's supposed 'chilling effect' on free speech is more likely to harm free speech than the HDCA itself, out of pure fear that one will be taken to court over what they say.

Ultimately the lesson with the HDCA is that it will not limit freedom of speech in the way its critics say it will, but also that the right to freedom of speech is not unfettered. Anyone who thinks that their right to freedom of expression is absolute obviously hasn't read s 5 of the New Zealand Bill of Rights Act 1990 (yes, I'm still looking at you David Seymour MP).

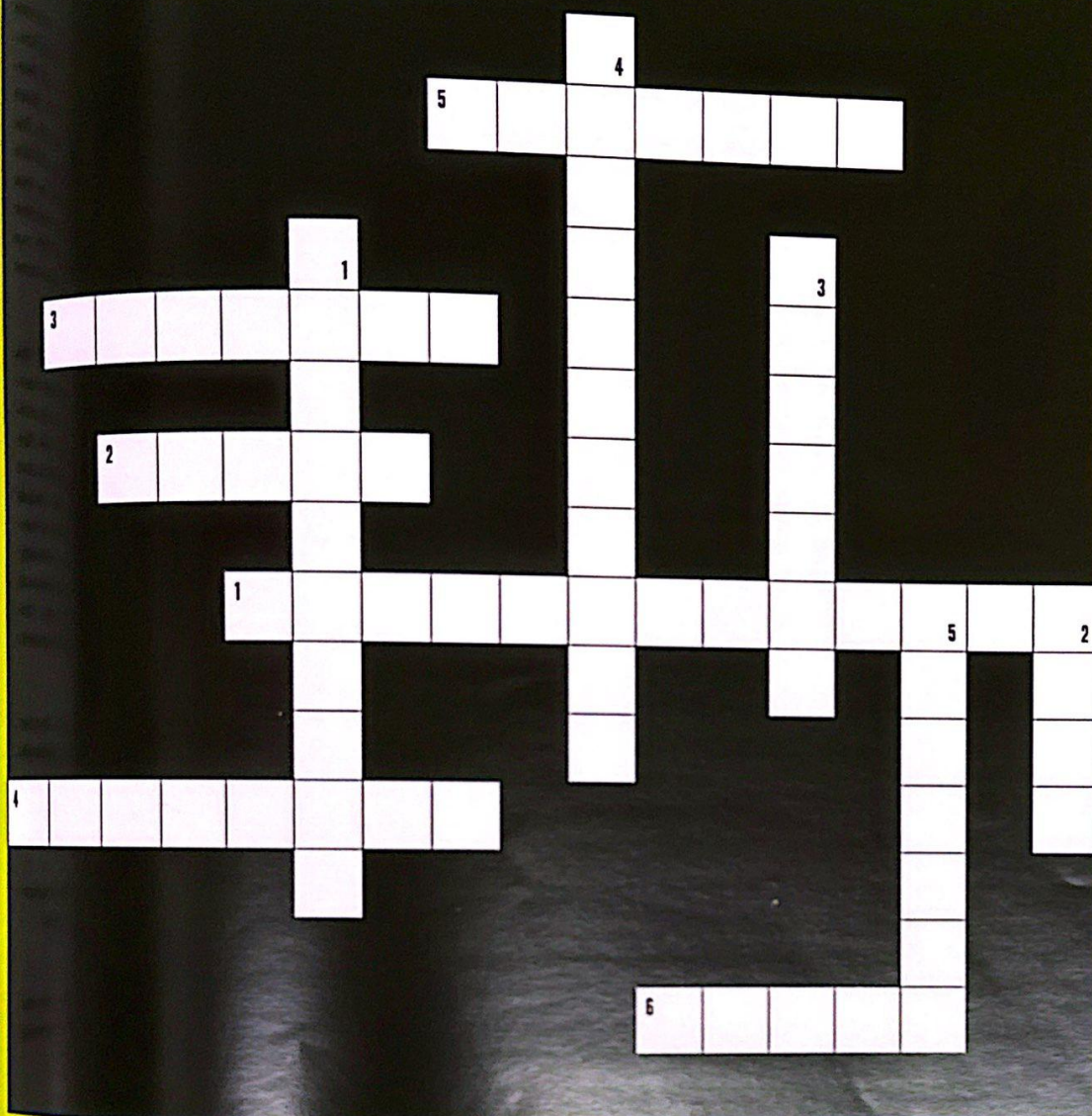
Perhaps the keyboard warrior running Craccum's Facebook page from the safety of the magazine's name might pay to remember that in the future.

Thank you for raising this important issue for public comment,
NEGATIVE NANCY.

Clearly my 3.5 years of a law degree has amounted to something
#SendMeBackTo131

"LITTLE SISTER"





ACROSS

- Which Hollywood star broke into Joseph Gordon-Levitt's house?
- Who did England lose to recently in their RWC pool?
- The _____ Wildcats, an American football team performed the haka recently before a match.
- Who wrote the novel for The Martian, which has recently been adapted into a film?
- Bill English's main ministerial role is Minister of what?
- What is the first name of Gwyneth Paltrow and Chris Martin's first child?

DOWN

- Capital of Denmark
- Water has been discovered on which planet?
- Which Shakespearean play has recently been adapted for the big screen?
- Which Labour politician was interviewed in this week's News section?
- The author of censored book Into the River

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The People to Blame

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Shadows Contributor of the Week

Carter Pearce

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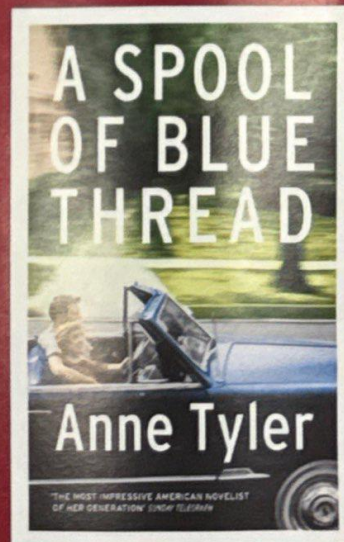
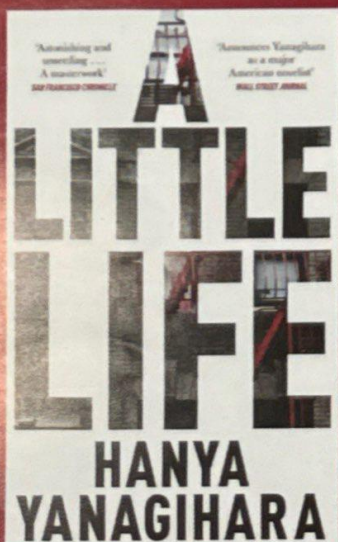
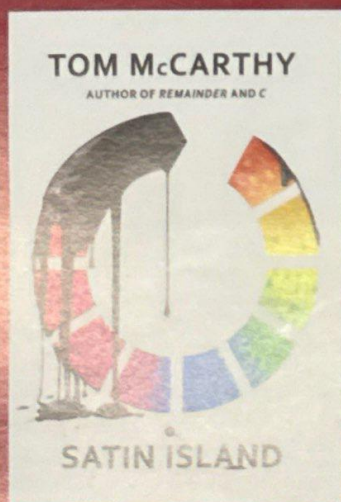
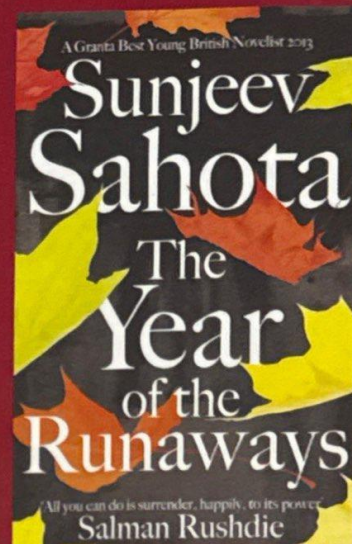
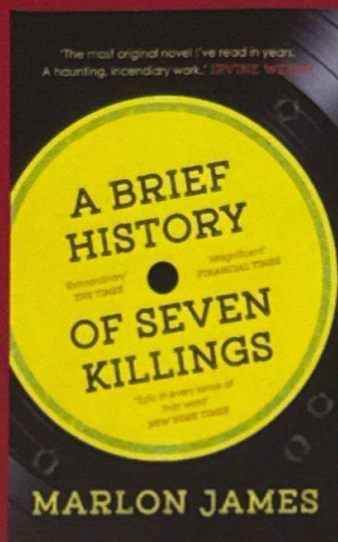
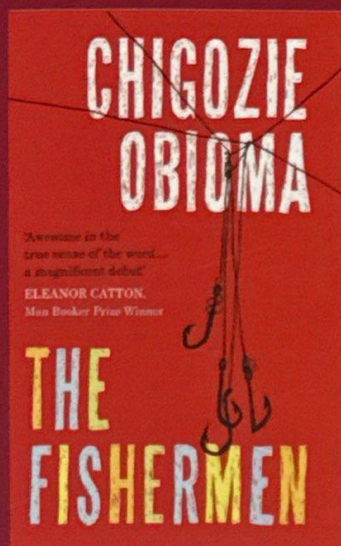
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