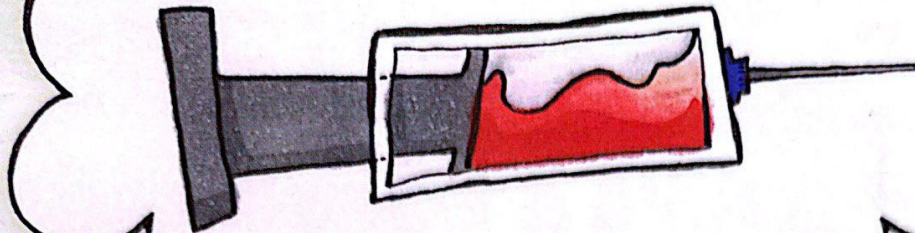


Craccum.

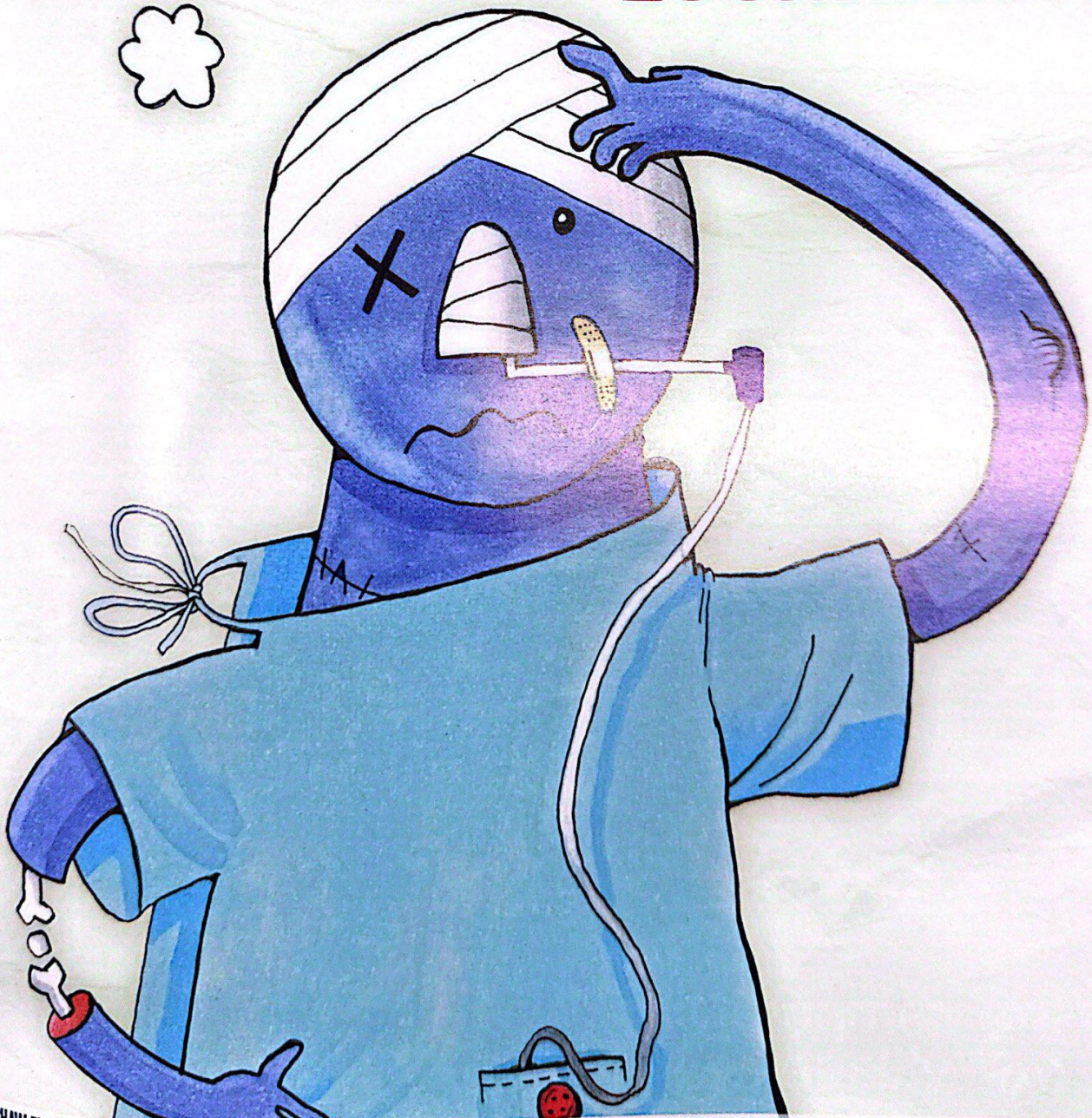
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PROFESSIONAL, EH, CUNT?

AFTER HAVING SPENT THE BETTER PART OF THIS year as the co-CEO-in-chief of Craccum Industries (PhD), I have learnt a few things about managing this "multi-platform business". Mainly, that it ain't a fucking business. A free magazine published by the student union – which is about as far from a business as any collective entity can get – is more like a weak shout weekly into a void than a legitimate business enterprise.

Unfortunately, we think everything is a business at this University. We've bought into a myth that anything and everything of any value must either be, or at least represent, a business. The commerce school, located in a ginormous twisted hunk of environmentally unfriendly metal and concrete feels like going to work for the Umbrella corporation. People running clubs,

who should really just be getting pissed in the Quad, instead talk about their CVs, "personal growth", "people management", "outcomes", "product", "adding value", and a host of other boring bullshit phrases.

The same goes for every aspect of university life, we don't do degrees because they have merit in-and-of themselves, we do them for a career. We don't join clubs because those clubs are fun, or the people cool, or the project important, but because they "add value" to our CVs. And apparently, now, we run student magazines to create a product, and to boost our resumes.

Which is all good and fine, except it leaves the whole process a little dead. If we make decisions when leading a club based on the worry people will be upset, or the worry that our employers may Google our writing and dislike us, then we end up constantly shackled to making only the most middling and boring of points.

Once again I find myself a few hundred words in, with no interest in making a stirring conclusion. At the end of the day, worrying about being professional, and pretending to be a businessman, makes you a dick. Which is fine, but you're still a dick.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, WORRYING ABOUT BEING PROFESSIONAL, AND PRETENDING TO BE A BUSINESSMAN, MAKES YOU A DICK. WHICH IS FINE, BUT YOU'RE STILL A DICK.

THE SAD STATE OF THE STUDENT JOB MARKET

ONE THING I HAVE SEEN WITH THIS ROLE IS THAT students have it tough. Sure, to the outside world, they just see a four month summer holiday and think "jeez them young folk have it easy!", but in so many ways that is not the case. We all know about the debilitating student debt, the crushing mental health problems and the lack of student culture, but something that isn't touched on as much, yet is still an issue, are the jobs available for students while they study and how difficult it is to get a job or find one that works.

I've heard far too many horror stories about the student workplace. In Craccum this year, we've heard about the sexism and harassment in the hospitality industry. One friend told me his new manager openly told his colleagues that he is trying to fire him because my friend can't work extra days because of his uni timetable. Another forgot to put her signature against her hours and when she tried to rectify it, they refused. Consequently, her pay was withheld from her for four weeks, despite her complaints she wouldn't be able to pay her rent without it. Also, a former boss tried to force one of my former colleagues to pay me for covering his shift last minute because he had to take his mother to the hospital.

I've had my fair share of work horror stories too. Since I was 16, I've had 5 jobs, often working two jobs at once, as well as semi-regular tutoring work. Overall I've been lucky with my jobs, but not always. One job I was yelled and sworn at for not asking how to spell the name Ann (I accidentally spelt it with an E, which the lady had no qualms with pointing out). One job, senior team members would regularly bitch about me and had a code word for me when I was around (or simply talked in another language). Another I was told I was useless and called names

like 'moron' or 'fool'. Sometimes I've even felt scared going into my workplace because I never knew how I was going to be treated. Too many other times I've had a woeful drink after the shift to get over it.

In theory, these stories should be simply that – made up stories. But they're not.

I'm sure many people will say "How is this unique to the student environment? Every job has shitty people that make it intolerable". And yes, that is true, there are dickheads everywhere. But there are two key things that students have that make it more difficult for them to overcome this.

Firstly, the market is supremely competitive for students (especially graduates – but that's a different editorial). The job supply is substantially less than the student demand, so you're considered lucky to even get a job (unless of course your dad can hook you up). This is also tricky when you're in a job where these horror stories arise, because it's not easy to find a replacement. So consequently you're stuck with the poor treatment, unless you're willing to forfeit your minimum wage pay.

Secondly, a student's first priority is not their job. University and studies fill up our lives more than our job. Some bosses understand this and are accommodating, but also some are not. A clash of conflicting interests arises: students can't work because of class, assignments or exams, but management need workers to stand around and man an empty store. Students then get

pushed into a difficult situation where they're forced to work and risk their studies, or face looking for a new job.

Students as well are more vulnerable than other workers because of age, and often lack of understanding about their employment rights, so believe they have to do anything their boss says.

This situation is only worse for those who don't live at home as the measly living costs are even less than the average rent price in Auckland. So you're either dependent on family support (which can't always come through) or you have to put up with the horror stories just to survive.

How can we fix this? Maybe living costs need to be increased, or a student benefit is introduced like all the Baby Boomers benefited from, so students don't have to deal with the stress of juggling work, study, and survival. Or more immediately, AUSA offers free advocacy for any legal issues. So you can find out if the treatment you've received is really acceptable or not. Had I known about this earlier, I would have thoroughly appreciated their support.

Perhaps I'm yet again dreaming of an idealistic world, where students can get a job and actually be treated with respect. But these horror stories that seem to dominate the discussion around student jobs are here to stay unless we try and fix it.

DO YOU HAVE ANY STUDENT JOB HORROR STORIES? SEND THEM AS A LETTER TO US TO EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ BEFORE NEXT THURSDAY AND WE'LL FEATURE IT IN OUR FINAL LETTERS SECTION OF THE YEAR! OR FOR THOSE WHO WANT SUPPORT FROM AUSA, CONTACT CITYHUB@AUSA.ORG.NZ FOR MORE INFORMATION (DEFINITELY WORTH IT!)

A FORMER BOSS TRIED TO FORCE ONE OF MY FORMER COLLEAGUES TO PAY ME FOR COVERING HIS SHIFT LAST MINUTE BECAUSE HE HAD TO TAKE HIS MOTHER TO THE HOSPITAL.

WHAT A LOAD OF CRAC-NEWS

(WHO EVEN THOUGHT UP THIS SLOGAN!?)

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NEWS IN BRIEF

CRACCUM: News Editor correctly predicts rugby world cup England defeat (see last issue), describes himself as "a genius, truly great".

OTAGO: Head of NZ police admit the 4chan University of Otago shooting threat was just an excuse for police to be on 4chan and "see Jennifer Lawrence's tits".

TPPA: TPPA deal finally signed. John Key admits at press conference the deal was really "just a distraction technique to get the attention away from the flag debate".

AUSA: Women's rights officers up in arms after realising that *Craccum* has the word "cum" in it, which shows the magazine is fundamentally misogynistic, transmisogynistic, and a host of other offences. *Craccum* responds by telling them to "shove a cupcake up it".

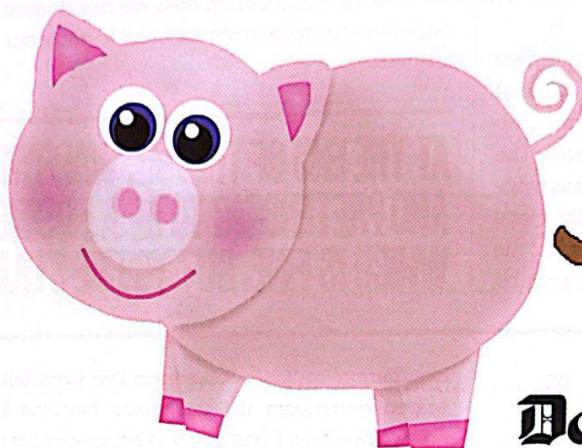
STUART MCCUTCHEON GETS SALARY INCREASE: The World Bank has announced that Stuart McCutcheon's salary, \$2tn as of this week, is to be considered as its own economy in global rankings. Currently it is fifteenth in the world, just below Spain and above Mexico.

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Daily Mail

DAVID CAMERON, PIG FUCKER

IT WAS DISCOVERED BY THE BRITISH PUBLIC RE-
cently that David Cameron, Prime Minister of Great Britain, stuck his penis in the head of a dead pig in an initiation ritual for some pommy public-schoolboys club while studying at Oxford university. This came as a surprise to no one, as the nation already knew that Cameron was the type of asshole who would willingly engage in such moronic rituals.

When asked for comment by the *Daily Mail*, noted wankfest of a publication, Cameron said,

"Oh, what's wrong with a bit of a porking? I jack myself off when watching David Attenborough documentaries sometimes, the combination of posh English accents and those sexy, sexy farm animals gives me a total hard-on".

The necrozoophilic concluded his press release with the statement, "Well, I've been fucking the British people for years now, does it really surprise anyone that I've moved onto livestock?"

LORDE'S PURPLE MOON SWARMS NZ WITH TOURISTS

NEW ZEALAND
Woman's Shitty

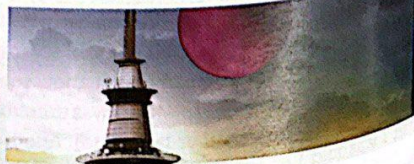
LORDE'S NEW MUSIC VIDEO HAS CREATED A
flurry of new tourists to New Zealand to see the two purple moons.

The video for the song "Magnets" features the Kiwi singer and New Zealand's most valuable export since Russell Crowe, acting as an assassin seducing her next victim. The video gained particular popularity for the purple moons, leading to tourism numbers doubling.

Many Americans were shocked that "New Zealand has their own coloured moon" and were "so grateful" to Lorde for showing them this "treasure". Some admitted dismay at Peter Jackson for not including the moon in the Lord of the Rings trilogy, stating it was

a "wasted opportunity to market New Zealand". While those that have arrived in New Zealand are confused they haven't found the purple moon just yet, they have stated that they will not give up looking for it.

With all the increased revenue from the music video, there has been mass support from across the world for it to be on the new New Zealand flag. John Key admitted he liked the idea and later admitted it's "considerably better than that Red Peak piece of shit".



INTERVIEW WITH PHIL GOFF

PHIL GOFF, FORMER LABOUR LEADER, WHO HAS BEEN MINISTER OF DEFENCE, MINISTER OF CORRECTIONS AND MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND TRADE, AND IS CURRENTLY A POTENTIAL FRONT-RUNNER IN THE AUCKLAND MAYORAL ELECTION, TALKED TO ME ABOUT SOME OF NEW ZEALAND'S CURRENT ISSUES.

IS THE FLAG REFERENDUM A DISTRACTION FROM OTHER POLICIES, IS THIS AN EXAMPLE OF MEDIA SPIN AND IS THAT A CONCERN FOR CITIZENS? He says it is definitely a distraction, giving the example of the legislation about child poverty and abuse, saying the flag completely buried the issue.

While he doesn't mind "the process of having the discussion and the debate", he says that "instead of a process where the politicians stand back a bit and let New Zealanders decide, Key has imposed himself right on top of the debate, and that's been totally counter-productive". Goff felt John Key needed to step back a bit "so that New Zealanders were at the forefront of the debate, rather than him making it look like a vanity programme". That way, "New Zealanders would've given good and objective thought to it".

JOHN KEY SEEMS TO FIND IT EASY TO SHRUG OFF EVEN WORRYING SCANDALS—LIKE SAYING ONE THING ONE DAY AND THE OPPOSITE THE NEXT. IS THAT A PROBLEM? "He's been Teflon-John for ... much of his time in parliament". Goff said that people started off liking the lightness of the Prime Minister after someone serious like Helen Clark, but the "strength will become a weakness" when people start wanting a serious PM who will focus on important issues, someone who doesn't just follow polls.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE GREATEST PROBLEM FOR YOUNG NEW ZEALANDERS AT THE MOMENT? "We're looking at a generation of young New Zealanders that, either they won't get home ownership, or they'll be buried in debt in order to do so". He said he got his first home at the age of 23 or 24, with flatmates to help the cost, and it was only three times his annual salary, whereas now it is on average eight or nine times the annual salary. He gave the example of his daughter, who has a good salary in a professional job, saying people like her will see the price and simply say "there's just no way".

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? "Yeah I think it is a problem, because it all becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy". He said there is an idea that if the leader of the opposition is behind in the polls, the press should look for what they are doing wrong, rather than focusing on the issues they are putting to the electorate. "Polling is a fact of life, but we've got to a point now where the whole of politics is driven by the polls".

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 should be very concerned about it, because we're human beings". Goff talked about John Key's mother, who was a refugee in England. He said Key was brought up in a state house, given to the family by the government of the day, but Key does not seem to remember this.

"Can we do no better than being the 90th best country at helping refugees on a per capita basis? Here we are, a wealthy country, able to do something to help. We can't help everybody, but that doesn't mean to say you don't help anybody. We could easily double our refugee quota, and should, and we should be doing it now, and those refugees will help you back in spades".



IN THE 1980S, YOU SUPPORTED DEREGULATION AND FREE TRADE. GIVEN THE 2008 FINANCIAL CRISIS, DO YOU THINK THESE WERE SENSIBLE POLICIES? "I still do. If we had not signed a free trade agreement

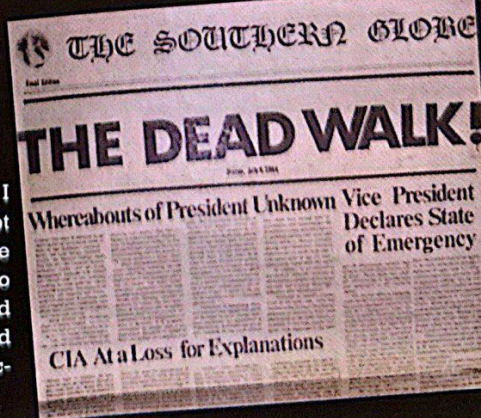
with China, which I did in April 2008 in Beijing, we would've come through the global financial crisis in a much worse position". He said they quadrupled the exports to China within four years, and that saved New Zealand from the worst of the recession. He believes that free trade helps the world, but he doesn't believe in simply letting the market prevail. "The market is a good system but ... you do need intervention to deal with the inequalities and to ward off the market failure".

SLIGHTLY OUT OF SHAPE MAN WISHES FOR ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD SAMUEL SURGE HOPES AND prays that one day in the not too distant future the zombie apocalypse will finally happen. "I know it's a long shot, but it would just be so frickin' awesome to kill some zombies!" Surge said, unwrapping his Big Mac and taking a bite.

When asked if he had a survival plan, Surge

responded, "Nah, I'm just gonna wing it. I don't really exercise any more but I've got some guns, I play video games a lot, and I've seen a few episodes of *The Walking Dead* so I'm really not too worried about it. How hard can it be? You just whack 'em in the head and make sure they're braindead. Like I said: frickin' awesome".



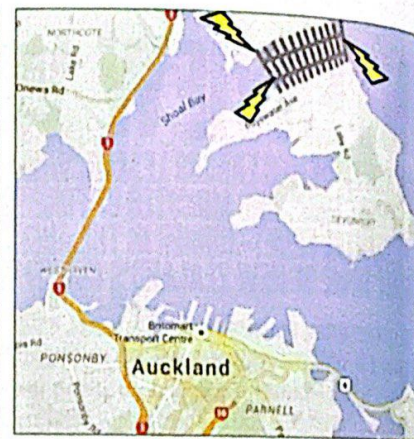
DEVONPORT INSTALLS ELECTRIFIED BORDER WALL

IN WAKE OF FEARS OVER FOREIGN INVESTMENT IN the New Zealand property market, the Devonport Local Board today unveiled new proposals to install an electrified border wall around the community.

"It's in the communities' best interests", the Board said in an official statement. "We need to keep these nasty foreign investors out. And by foreign investors, we mean Chinese. And by nasty, we mean that we're massive racists".

The wall will be constructed over the following few days, with approximately 100 megavolts flowing through at all times. On top of this measure, armed border police will be installed for customs checks on the Devonport-Auckland City ferry.

"The armed forces are just there to peacefully make sure that all visitors or new migrants have the essential qualifications", the Board insisted, "like, not being Asian. That's pretty essential".



Guards will also patrol the border wall throughout the night, with orders to shoot on sight at the sign of any trespassers. "Unless they're white". A member of the Board interrupted, hastily. "Can you imagine the lawsuits?"

CATHOLIC REPUBLICANS SET TO CONTEST TOP VATICAN POSITION

SEVERAL TOP REPUBLICAN POLITICIANS HAVE ENTERED the race to replace Pope Francis as the head of the world's 1.5-billion Catholic community.

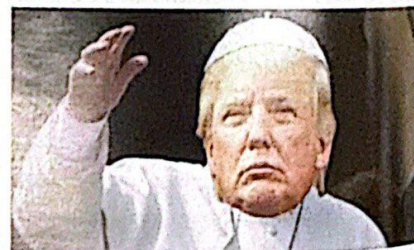
This decision was made after the Pope recently made a trip to the United States, where several Catholic members of the Republican Party expressed dismay over his stand on various political positions.

Senator Marco Rubio (R-FL) condemned what he felt was a violation of the Bible: "Here we see this fake Pope talking about how we should respect immigrants and refugees. He is clearly a mole for

ISIS who wants to destroy Western civilisation".

Former Senator Rick Santorum also threw his hat in the ring, saying he will do a better job than Francis if elected: "It is disgusting how this Pope degrades capitalism, it was the very idea that Jesus taught his disciples on the 3rd day of Creation".

It was reported that the frontrunner of the race seems to be former Florida governor Jeb Bush who thinks the Pope is too "anti-American": "He makes friends with Cuba and then tells us



that we should accept more brown refugees. Does he not respect the white civilisation promulgated by Jesus when he founded America?"

Meanwhile, the Vatican expressed confusion over the planned race as Pope Francis has not stepped down. To which the U.S. Congress responded by saying they might bomb the Vatican for "freedom".

DONALD TRUMP PLANS TO CLONE HIMSELF

AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PLANS TO CLONE Apandas to prevent themselves from extinction, presidential hopeful Donald Trump has announced he plans to clone himself as well.

In a press release today, Trump stated that "too many world leaders are ineffective in handling the issues prevalent today. We have Mexican rapists and fat pig women around causing problems but no one is fixing them". Trump believes he is the best person to solve these issues, but just one of him "is not enough" to fix them, so he will place clones of himself in leading positions in Western world.

Trump has confirmed that clones will be ready for the next UK election, and one even sooner for another leadership contest in

Australia. The New Zealand Labour Party expressed interest in the clone, stating he would have a "better chance of winning" the New Zealand vote than current leader Andrew Little.



REFUGEE CRISIS RALLY

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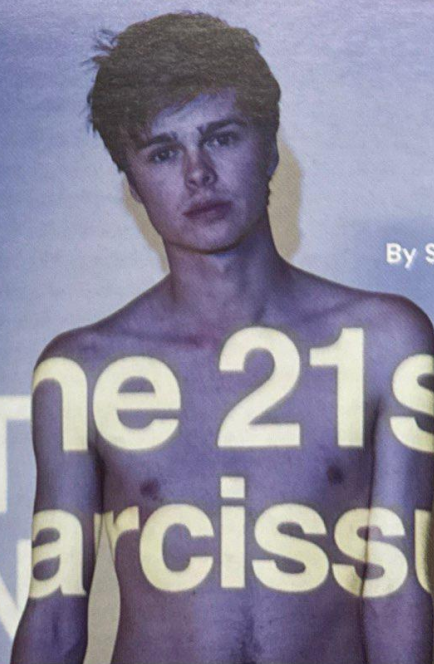
The presentation of findings
from my scientific survey of
**THE FIRST 7500
DAYS OF MY LIFE**
done in the interest of
showing you how to
live better lives

By Uther Dean



By Sam Brooks

**The 21st
Narcissus**





BANTZ WITH CARTZ DESPICABLE.

I'M SITTING IN A CAFÉ WAITING FOR my lunch to arrive. But that's not all I'm doing. I'm also trying to watch a video about investor-state arbitration. Jane Kelsey couldn't make it to class today, so she's given us two videos to watch. The first one was a John Oliver video. It was short and funny. I like things that are short and funny.

This video is neither short nor funny. It's a Council on Foreign Relations video, and the guy speaking is an ambassador from Uruguay. He has a thick accent, which he deploys to say very dull things using lots of big words. This makes it quite difficult to pay attention to what he's saying. Personally I think it's intolerable. As far as I'm

concerned, you can either be foreign or boring. You can't get away with both.

Time to get a beer. I meet my editor at a local taverna. We sit in a sunny courtyard, drink craft beer from jars, and speak of many things. The editor is in big trouble. He's been liking his own posts on the *Craccum* Facebook page again. This has caused much hand-wringing in some quarters. Ink has been spilled. Butts have become flustered. Things have been said which cannot be unsaid. At least one person has taken the drastic step of threatening to unlike the *Craccum* Facebook page. For my part, I pray it was just a melodramatic gesture. We wouldn't want anyone to do anything they can't take back.

The editor stands accused of squandering the amazing opportunity the *Craccum* Facebook page represents. But more than that, he is accused of using his editorials to give voice to his own warped opinions. This, it has been pointed out, is against everything journalism stands for, because if there's one thing an editorial most definitely is not, it's "an article in a publication expressing the opinion of the editor or publishers" - *American Heritage Dictionary* (8th ed, Houghton Mifflin, 2011).

Now, some wags around the office have pointed out that most of the people currently suffering fainting spells already had some sort of personal beef with the editor. But I refuse to be so cynical. I'm sure that regardless of any petty personal drama, the critics are solely motivated by concern for the standards of the journalistic profession. This is about ethics in journalism, people.

After an hour or so of despicable banter, in which we touch upon the burger market in Auckland, craft beer served in jars (it's jumped the shark), why drive-through coffee is a bad business idea, streetcar suburbs, gentrification, Jane Jacobs, the cyclical history theories of Ibn Khaldun and Joseph Tainter, offensive jokes and the nature of comedy, used bookstores in Auckland, *Dune*, and the relative intelligence of investment bankers, we leave the taverna and traipse down the goat track towards the editor's house. Tonight we will feast on olives and fire-grilled lamb. The sun has dropped behind the hori-

zon. The fireflies dance amid the bosoms of the village women. All we need is a humble brazier for our cooking fire.

Luckily, the editor lives amid a post-apocalyptic wasteland of grinding poverty and urban detritus. I walk down the driveway. I look to my right. I see nothing but social deprivation. I look to my left. I see a supermarket trolley. Brazier found. It even has wheels.

Soon the fire dances, the lamb sizzles, we drink in the flames. Connie G, *Craccum* columnist, Big Law superstar, ravages the neighbour's rubbish bins with a fiendish glee, looking for the tell-tale evidence of human filth upon which he habitually feasts. Your darkest shame is his deepest delight. If you whisper his name three times at night, he will come to you in your bed and make you smooth between the legs. "Shit", he rasps in your ear, "it's all just banter". "But you took my genitals", you whimper. "Well, what are you gonna do, arrest me?"

I SEE NOTHING BUT SOCIAL DEPRIVATION. I LOOK TO MY LEFT. I SEE A SUPERMARKET TROLLEY. BRAZIER FOUND. IT EVEN HAS WHEELS.



KANT OR WON'T SAD; HAPPY. WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN & CALLUM LO

IT SEEMS THAT PEOPLE PUT A TREMENDOUS amount of effort into finding happiness. We work to try and get the things we desire, both tangible and intangible. We construe our social relations in a way that works for us. We seek partnership, community. And yet, all too often, we find that people run in the opposite direction - towards bad feelings.

Why do we seek out tragedy, horror, and all manner of sadness in our fictional experiences? We crave dark and dismal narratives when we wander into a theatre or the pages of a novel, but flinch at the thought of such things out there in the real world. If our emotions, as we experience them in response to fiction, are real, then this dilemma carries some real philosophical weight. We can't simultaneously hold these three propositions: (a) these are real negative emotions, (b) we avoid negative emotions, and (c) we seek out these negative emotions.

So what's happening? Are we merely trying to satisfy our evolutionary urges to experience thrills and, as a result, irrationally making ourselves feel worse? Or is it possible to gain genuine enjoyment from feelings that are traditionally avoided like the proverbial plague? It seems that the incompatible triangle - (a), (b)

and (c) - is too much of a straight-jacket for what's going on, but to explain the phenomenon does require grappling with it. For example, one way to deal with it is to say that our negative emotions in response to fiction are quasi-emotions rather than fully-fledged ones. We make-believe them as we engage in the fiction (this is what a theorist named Kendall Walton argues).

Diminishing our emotional responses, though, seems to undercut the genuine fear we can sometimes have in a horror film. Another question is: do we really always avoid negative emotions? Some people are self-destructive, others engage in gratuitous self-pity. But however we can bracket out instances where we seek sorrow, by and large, it doesn't seem to be the norm. Let's go deeper. When we have negative emotions, is it the feeling itself that is negative, or the real-life conse-

quences of those emotions? Fear often carries the immediate danger of being mauled by a bear or falling from a great height. Sadness comes with some kind of real loss that impacts your life moving forward. Maybe we would want those emotions if we could evacuate them of the consequences.

In a film we are safe. Our lives are protected. Those pesky negative emotions, in this context, take on a different character. They are somehow life affirming. Better than nothingness. Better than boredom. Looking at the problem this way is similar to the way philosophers like Nietzsche and Aristotle regarded tragedy - as a form of psychological and spiritual catharsis. Life in general goes on even when the protagonists die. And in that is a reminder for our real lives. Tragic moments come and go like the breeze, but our lives go on.



PRETENSION BY PERRY LAW BALL - A REVIEW

IT WAS THE EVENT TO CHANGE THE world. The biggest, bestest, and brightest were to gather together and not get overly drunk. The Auckland University Law School Ball was about to happen. After working eight hours and spending well over two million dollars on the ticket I arrived at my friend's house and changed from my work suit into my ball suit. Looking suitably (pun) wankesque I proceeded to dress my friends. The newly engaged editor was there. I dressed him in checks and, yelling banter, he ruthlessly made a Facebook post, cyber bullying the spawn of the richest man in government. Cartz arrived for a drink and was a god. Grimshaw broke several things, Arts and Features looked lovely (despite being women). We prepared to depart.

We did not depart. The Subeditor had called for a taxi but had misspelled the phone number. Cartz, being a ge-

nus, decided, out of his good grace, to give us a drunk lift. We rolled up and I was denied access. Apparently I.D, money and phones were useful for things of this nature. I got angry. They got bored. I entered. A visage awaited me. A litany of attractive, intelligent, well groomed and well monied members of the upper echelon were seated in drab inexpensive surroundings. Not one of them turned to acknowledge me. Legends. They all clicked their fingers at the waiters. Noble. One of them spat at me and tried to kill a woman. The man. I had lost my friends and so tried to strike up a conversation with a chap I had briefly known during my time at the learned school of debate. He mentioned that his dad recently made a father of three homeless and penniless. I watched him laugh and felt immediately impressed and aroused. I saw, for a moment, one of my friends. He was moving worm like through the field of gods. I wanted to follow him, but I wanted more to climb a social ladder that meant absolutely nothing in the real world. I wanted so badly to tell the handsome young man that I was briefly in awe of that I really respected him and wanted to be his friend but he was already in the middle of strangling a poor person.

Instead I walked up to my lame, stupid friends. They all had views and opinions and no money. Losers. Not one of them was at the top of a social ladder. Not one of them was even trying to establish a social ladder.

They were lame and I didn't want them any more. The editor knew he was out of place and attempted to claw back some of the money he had squandered on the ticket. He took three beers from the open bar and was thrown out for being too poor to just spend two million dollars for social standing. A hawkish man was pecking at Arts. I attempted to extract her from the scene but I soon thought better of it when I realized that he was possibly popular. Grimshaw broke a bouncer and was forcibly ejected. He stole someone else's jacket and fled the party. Features and I sat together and talked. We realized that we could get food so did so. Twelve dollars worth of food had been laid out for us. Rather than hire anybody to serve us, they made us serve ourselves. It was glorious. Law School. The king of Schools.

The guy that writes for *Craccum*, the birth defect one, the one with a question mark instead of the face, came over and played banter. He stomped aggressively and whispered about how the food they served was greater than anything he had ever made himself. Features looked intently at me for a moment. Then left me. I was alone with a question mark and a sense of confusion. I didn't like watching all the greats stride past, forcing me to reflect on how useless a person I was and how pointless having values could be. I looked at Question Mark and I deserted him. I had no friends. I needed no friends. I was going to be law-

fam. I found a semi-drunk, semi-law student. She did half Arts. She was half good but better than nothing. Certainly better than being friends with people that weren't popular in Law School. She and I danced. She and I laughed. She and I were going to be married. She vomited. I didn't like it. I left her alone to whimper in the corner. Not a good look at Law School. At this point, as I floundered in my search for another ladder rung to cling to, that the speeches began. A man (most beautiful thing I have ever seen) started telling us that there were winners in the room. I was astounded. *There were people in the room so much better than other people in the room that they deserved to be singled out on a night out and that we needed to be told weren't as good after paying four families yearly earnings.* I wanted to be them. I needed to grab someone else to take me to the top, anyone.

Nobody answered my call. I stood standing in the middle of the dance floor calling out for friendship and love and above all, popularity. I looked around me. The hawk man was feasting on a dead woman. The question mark had a crowd of people around him. In my haste to rid myself of the people I had known before I forgot that he had a popular brother. I ran over to rectify the mistake and his face became an immediate exclamation mark. I was alone. I left deadened. I was worthless and I was broken. I would return to *Craccum*.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE I LOVE BERNIE SANDERS WITH TESSA NADEN

I LOVE BERNIE SANDERS. I HAVE LONG loved Bernie Sanders: I am not a woman for the bandwagon. A young fifteen year old me, reading TIME about the initial stages of Obamacare and thinking Joe Klein

might be any good, found out about Bernie. It was a bit of a revelation to find out that this little place called 'Vermont' had a raging socialist as its Senator and a representative. I was entranced by this angry Jewish man from Brooklyn.

Even during my flirts with the third way, I was really keen on the Bernster. Whatever politically was wrong in the US, there was still the angry man telling off corporates. For the foreign politics watcher like myself, Bernie Sanders is an island of hope in the dysfunctional Pax Americana. To continue the Roman metaphor, I am praying that Bernie is an Augustus or a Caesar, bringing the corn dole to all, rather than a Gracchi. Less assassination, please! He would pop up in the Taibbi books I read,

always game to shame capitalism. He was a bit of a personal hero.

So when I heard ol' Bernie was running for President, I was a bit shocked. I mean, you joke about "what if Bernie ran?" You envision a new socialist hegemony from our imperial American overlords, a sweeping red tide bringing universal health care and housing in it's wake. But it was not a joke: Bernie Sanders was indeed running to be President of the United States. My fantasy as a closet socialist politics nerd had become reality. But, of course, there was the Clinton machine. Clinton's machine seemed possessed by the ghosts of scandals past, and also emails, apparently. Ghostly emails. So that didn't matter: Bernie is streaking ahead in the polls, gets 32,000 to

his rallies, and has great hair. I'm not sure what's wrong with this picture. If Iowa and New Hampshire become his, there's no telling what he can achieve. Maybe we will truly see that red tide of socialism.

Then again: why the hell do I care about Bernie Sanders? He's an American, I'm a New Zealander. Well, Bernie wants to kill the TPPA. He also wants to bring back diplomacy as a tool in the Pax Americana. In short: Bernie is good for us. Bernie is good for all the people of the world. Heck, even the Pope likes Bernie.

To close off this Ode To Bernie, I humbly request that this fine magazine endorse him. It wouldn't mean much, but Bernie Sanders, people!



HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

I WAS SPENDING A LOT OF TIME DEALING with my hair. It had become completely unruly. Hours spent wrestling it back into place, with only brief interludes for snacks, devastating chit-chat, dazzling flirtation. Then a longer interlude in the foyer with Jeff, the blue-suited Skycity goon, who had decided that I needed supervision. Skycity functionaries: if they're not chaining them to the pokies they're cramming them into ugly suits and making them patrol the hallways. Jeff was ok, on the whole. You won't hear any complaints about Jeff from me. His colleague, Jazelle, on the other hand, was an awful woman. Every time I tried to sneak back past her, she fatly assembled her vast and blue-blazered, barely button-bound bulk before the escalator and stayed there in a big pile, grim

and resolute, pulsing and throbbing monosyllabically and monofocally at me, ignoring the various scabby P fiends, tooled-up robbers, languid pimps and ticking terrorists who were being delivered into the foyer in a constant stream by the other escalator.

But soon Jazelle became peckish and Jeff relieved her. She receded lumberingly snackwards. A frantic girl cartwheeled down the escalator and was, swaying, weeping, tinny-dressed, all of a sudden on our level. Jeff looked at me. Contemporaneously, I looked at Jeff. Succinctly: we looked at each other. Jeff faced a moral dilemma. Forehead furrowed unbecomingly, Jeff painstakingly entrained a thought or two. Speaking of freight... Jazelle. Where was she? Just beginning the turning process. Faculties ennimbled by adrenaline, Jeff calculated swiftly: 1 foot per minute = 20 minutes at least before she arrived. Too slow. Archetypal visions of chivalry and heroism (speaking of dragons, Jazelle was passing through 45 degrees) flashed before his eyes – and the girl's whole life before hers, and mine before mine. Strobe lives. Hectic. This fatal moment. The girl tried to stand up for herself, but her standards slipped again. Jeff could stand it no longer. He surged Skycitily to her aid. I rushed for the escalator. Jeff stopped halfway to the girl. I stopped halfway to the escalator. Girl, Jeff, Me: suspension in Isosceles. I stretched. I tied my shoe-

lace. Jeff was not fooled: he was no fool. But he was torn. He couldn't tear himself either way. But then more tears from the girl and Jeff was tearing bulkily across the shiny floors, powersliding majestically and in slow motion to her side. I ran to the escalator. I escalated to two. Thus heightened, alighting, I looked down. Tender Jeff tended to the girl. Jazelle was everywhere to be seen.

I made good my escape. I plunged myself into the heart of the Law Ball. I went back to grappling with my mutinying hair. It seemed to want to throw itself on the buffet, or attack people across the table, or strangle me to death. I was sure that people were noticing. People must have noticed. It was really out of order. I considered asking Jeff to come and arrest it. When the lights came on at the end I dived under a table. Then I skulked to the exits and faced my fears in the bathroom mirror. I faced my face. Unsurprisingly, I looked like shit. I tried to put a positive spin on things by looking intense and flinty and Phillip Marlowey. "Neither of the two people in the bathroom noticed me, and

only one of them was dead". Vainly and yet not quite in vain, I spent a few minutes reasoning with my hair. Negotiations yielded a workable compromise, though I knew it could all come crashing down around my ears at any moment. Hair of Damocles. I stood in the foyer and waited until it was time for us to leave. Then we went into the streets and down to the harbour.

In front of us the black gulf: Rangitoto crouched offshore, shadows of islands in the distance. A cold wind from the sea. Open space. Above, infinite spacetime continuum: looming supermoon, a trailing cloud, jaded urban star. Reaching over the Cloud: the high-rise tovertops of a bristling, grasping city – an impending corporate future. Vero building of Damocles. I ranged myself alp-like on the slated, undulating public furniture. A red light flashed in the shipping lane. A black supertide reached over the pontoon: high-rise tidetops of a grasping, overweight moon. The last ferry left the pier and bore down on Devonport. It was the middle of the night. The future was unwritten.

I LOOKED DOWN. TENDER JEFF TENDED TO THE GIRL. JAZELLE WAS EVERYWHERE TO BE SEEN.

"LITTLE SISTER"





SELF-WRITEOUS

WITH CHRIS

"Do you want to run with me for Craccum?" (Jordan, 2014).

"No". (Chris, 2012 - present).

IT WAS THE WORST IDEA HE'D EVER had. The best response I've ever given. I try to be enthusiastic about my friends' ventures, but can't for my own. Their failures are part of a dedicated public learning process, whereby quirky kids plumb their pipe dreams into reality. Mine are just failures. I'd work hard, not smart, and collapse at the first sight of deadline, byline, or my waistline. I'd lose the plotline. So I declined.

I was his third choice, no luck. He

asked if, any of his fourth-through-sixth acquaintances said yes, I'd be willing to do a column. Second-worst idea that day. I was keen. As a child I'd dreamt of being a writer. When I forgot to pursue those dreams I started a Law degree. As a Law student I dreamt of being a journalist. At both stages I was more interested in the title than the work. Which, luckily, was the perfect background for a career in Craccum. Being "a writer", like being "a film buff", "the liberal intelligentsia", or "definitely invited to this party" is only valuable as a label applied to you by others. The second you start self-identifying (even implicitly, by having the arrogance to actually write something) it becomes a false claim, to be doubted and disproven. The sole valid inroad to writing is to be asked by another, blushing refuse, and then eventually, reluctantly accept.

Columnists are the closest thing to celebrities in magazine staff. Most publications do have identities, but by definition they're pretty impersonal. They're magazinenal. Emphasising the authors makes personality the point. Obviously I demanded my real name not be attached. I wasn't capable enough to come out of the magazine-closet actual-name-guns blazing. It would be a private proving ground. I'd hone my skills, develop a following, and eventually emerge fully-formed,

with 12 scrappy works-in-progress and 12 bona-fide-masterpieces to my name, ready to be snatched up by *The Dissolve*, or *The New Yorker*, or *Women's Day*. A column would prove I had personality. I agreed to between four and six hundred words a week.

I had three ideas ready in advance. An intro to set the tone, one about political correctness, and one recounting my then-recent hospital stay. The great stories of my life. Like most students I wasn't much of a writer, but these three were just-about-figured-out-in-advance-enough to make do. I'd rely on content instead of ability while I figured out how to turn "my thoughts and feelings" into something sustainable on a weekly basis. I ran out by week four.

The embarrassing truth of most student writing is that it's written mostly by students. People who are, by definition, unqualified. I wanted to do writing about films this year, but then remembered I was just stage 2 in FTVMS, and could only do less-credible versions of articles I'd read elsewhere. I took review tickets where I could get them, but a free glass of wine at Rialto doesn't make you AO Scott. It doesn't even make you AA Dowd. It makes you a student with a glass of wine.

Ironically the fear of being comparable to professional writing causes everyone to strive for aggressive un-professionalism. Inaccessible half-jokes and willful self-indulgence alienate possible audiences before they can actually assess you. So Craccum ends up this strange ouroboros, acting as a readerless training ground for future readers and writers of Craccum. Seven to twelve people, all writing essentially the same way about the same (no)things, for a magazine only they read.

Macklemore's third album *Outliers* draws on K. Anders Ericsson's notion that achieving greatness in a field requires 10,000 hours of useful practice at it. The problem was that I was stuck between two poles. Most students haven't hit the ten-thousand mark, but they've also run out of the three stories they had to tell in the first place. I got deep enough to run out of novel idiosyncrasies, but not balls deep enough to make anything else work. I turned 20 between semesters. I escaped teen pregnancy. All subsequent pregnancies will be legitimate. But 20 years of existing can't fill out 24 pages of Craccum. And not being judged for having a baby doesn't mean I can produce masturbatory garbage without feeling like a dick.



ASK A MUSLIM ISHONESTY

Q: WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT ISIS, BUT

they are not intellectually dishonest. When it comes to minority rights, womens' rights, and crime and punishment, a strictly literal interpretation of Islam would probably make a society look more like Meow than Malaysia. Most Muslims would call ISIS un-Islamic because they are uncomfortable with crucifixions, slavery and other medieval practices but these are practices

that are permitted by the Quran.

Does this mean that ISIS is interpreting the Quran correctly and the rest of us are inconsistent in our interpretations? Only God knows. Sunni Islam, unlike Catholicism, or Tibetan Buddhism, lacks a Pope or a Dalai Lama. My earnest belief is as valid as any other Muslims' earnest belief when it comes to Islamic scripture. So ISIS may be acting out the true version of Islam that God has sanctioned, or they may not be. In Sunni Islam there is no divinely ordained institution that can repudiate or validate those claims.

I may historicise passages relating to crucifixion etc. in Quran and believe that they aren't applicable in a modern context and no one can definitively say that my interpretation is wrong.

Am I being an apologist, have I just

found a loophole in Islam and am using it disingenuously, in a way that allows me to reconcile my liberal values with Islamic beliefs? Well no. There are lots of instances where a strictly literal interpretation of Islam would lead to practices that Muslims, including ISIS, would consider un-Islamic. For example, most Muslims consider alcohol "haram" (forbidden) but in Quran alcohol isn't forbidden, wine is. This lead to the Hanafi School of jurisprudence in Islam, the earliest school of jurisprudence, to only term alcohol made from grapes as haram. Hence drinking gin, vodka, beer etc. were all "halal". This would be an outrageous proposition to most Muslims now, and to me demonstrates the limitations of a strictly literal interpretation of Quran.

This means that the Islam one practices can vary wildly from

person to person. Hence no one can stand for the true version of Islam. Al-Bagdadi may consider himself the Calipha, but in the eyes of God we are equals. His subversion of pluralism in ISIS held lands betrays the fact that he thinks he is interpreting Islam more accurately than those who oppose him. That is a claim to no Muslim can make.

The imposition of ISIS's version of "Sharia" is what makes ISIS un-Islamic. Islam allows for many interpretations of itself. Merely labelling ISIS as un-Islamic to me is also problematic. It's problematic when there is some authorisation in Quran for the atrocities they commit. The hypocrisy of not engaging with ISIS because its atrocities have no place in Islam is obvious to most Muslims. Muslims need to engage with ISIS' theology and try and discredit it.

An aerial photograph of a dense forest with a mix of green and brown foliage. A large, semi-transparent blue logo with the letters 'ALSA' is centered in the upper half of the image. Below the logo, the words 'SERVING STUDENTS' are written in a smaller, blue, sans-serif font. The entire image has a slightly textured, aged appearance with some visible wear and tear, particularly along the bottom edge.

ALSA

SERVING STUDENTS

WHITHER AUSA?

FEATURE BY BOB LACK

"STUDENTS VOTE FOR HEMP!" – THAT WAS THE
NZ Herald headline sometime in 1969.
 It followed an AUSA Special General Meeting where upwards of 15% of the student body crammed the Student Union Quad and balconies, with some adventurous souls even on the roof,¹ to debate and to vote overwhelmingly in favour of marijuana legalisation.

In the 1970s we had even bigger general meetings in the Recreation Centre, and the turn-out for AUSA elections could reach about 25%; lower than the 36% of 1948, but still sufficient to provide credibility. By the mid 1980s the election turn-out was down to around 15%, but that still represented 3,500 students.

In the recent AUSA 2016 portfolio elections 982 students voted, well under 2% of the student body. In the less contested 2016 officer elections 260 students voted, and at an earlier by-election just 196 students voted and a Treasurer was elected with 107 votes.

How did we get to this position, and what can we do? I think it helps to know something of the history – how the present AUSA emerged.

For the first 80 odd years the AUSA Executive worked mainly in concert with the University, sponsoring social, cultural and sporting activities and developing Student Union facilities – more detail in the sidebar. Then came a seminal year.

A WIDER FOCUS

By 1968, students were funded to allow for a wider than purely vocational focus – for "com-

1 A current day health and safety officer or security guard would have conniptions. We didn't have such people, or any hi-vis vests, but nobody got hurt.

plete immersion in university life before commencing paid employment".² At the start of that year, the new Student Union opened, providing a marvellous focus for a full student life, and with professional staff relieving the Executive of many previous housekeeping responsibilities.

Also in 1968 student unrest swept many West-

2 Report of the Committee on New Zealand Universities, 1959 (the Hughes Parry Report), quoted in Victoria University Review 1961, p 24

ALL IN ALL THE STUDENT UNION HAS LESS STUDENT COMMON ROOM SPACE AVAILABLE TODAY FOR 42,000 STUDENTS THAN IT HAD IN 1968 FOR ABOUT ONE-FIFTH OF THAT NUMBER.

ern universities, sparked by uprisings in France and by opposition to the war in Vietnam. At Auckland it was agreed (peacefully) to establish staff/student consultative committees in all academic departments and faculties, and to elect students to Senate³; and subsequently to initiate or increase AUSA representation on other university bodies. In AUSA a Student Representative Council was created to provide wider student input to AUSA decisions⁴, and to provide a stronger editorial voice *Cracum* was made entirely independent of the Executive.

With the reduced need for Executive involvement in Student Union management, and with the growing student interest in national and international political matters⁵, AUSA started to create political and diversity positions, e.g. International Affairs Officer⁶, Women's Rights Officer⁷, Environmental Affairs Officer, Maori Students' Officer, etc. Initially outside the Executive, by the 1980s these had been brought on to the Executive, replacing some traditional

3 Senate minutes 29 July 1968.

4 Initially a faculty-based elected body, SRC was later opened to all AUSA members and survives today as the Student Forum.

5 Perhaps a direct result of the Hughes Parry inspired funding changes.

6 An early indication of increased political awareness was a 1972 AUSA decision to devote a proportion of its subscription income to particular external causes (e.g. the Tenants' Protection Association and HART). This was quickly over-ruled as *ultra vires*. Since then many student functions have been held to raise funds for the causes of the day, but so long as universal AUSA membership continued it was accepted that subscriptions could only be spent on matters of benefit to students *qua* students.

7 The first being the sainted Trevor Richards, first leader of HART.

8 The first being Dame Susan Glazebrook, now a judge of the Supreme Court.

roles' rendered superfluous by the employment of professional staff.

While interest in external politics increased, I wouldn't like to give the impression that this dominated. During this time AUSA still took many internal initiatives; for example it adopted, housed and funded Radio B; started Student Job Search; started the Anti-Calendar and lecturer evaluation; and employed the first support person for disabled students. Further, it shouldn't be thought that "politics" meant necessarily left-wing; there were plenty of people from the right on the Executive during this period.¹⁰

THE MONETARIST REVOLUTION

From the mid 1980's there was a backlash against AUSA political activity, led by the late Graham Watson. He and his followers argued that the association should focus on social and welfare activities, they promoted drug and alcohol use, and they changed the constitution to have the Craccum editor elected rather than appointed on merit.

9 E.g. Business Manager, House Committee Chair.

10 E.g. Simon Upton PC, later a National government minister; and Peter Goodfellow, current President of the National Party.

CLEARLY THE AUSA RULES HAVEN'T KEPT PACE WITH THE CHANGES. FAR FROM PROVIDING A STUDENT VOICE TO GUIDE THE EXECUTIVE, THE STUDENT FORUM IS ALL BUT MORIBUND, REQUIRING EXHORTATIONS AND BRIBES EVEN TO SCRAPE A BARE QUORUM.

At much the same time monetarists took over the government, and in the following years they made radical changes to university education. These included gutting the 1961 university acts and imposing a managerialist structure; funding research and teaching on the basis of "outputs"; dropping financial support for students and substituting a loan scheme; and forcing tuition fees to rise substantially.

These changes have made a massive differ-

ence to student life. Undergraduate class sizes have increased, reducing the opportunity for discussion. With substantially increased financial pressure, many students have reverted to a vocational focus, and at least at the undergraduate level, few can afford to look far beyond their enrolled courses. Many now live with their parents, out in the suburbs, and stay in their ex-school social groups rather than seeking to form new relationships at university. The Student Union, once vibrant every night and

EARLY HISTORY

THE COLLEGE YEARS

Auckland University College opened in 1883, as part of the University of New Zealand. In 1891, a group of students and graduates resolved to form a students' association and to set a subscription - 2/6 a year from memory²². The aim was to represent the students in all matters of interest, and to foster college cultural, sporting and social life. At that stage the association didn't run facilities like common rooms.

By 1925 there were concerns about poor college spirit and inadequate student facilities. AUCSA and the college agreed that all students would pay the AUCSA subscription of 15/-²³, and that AUCSA would contribute £3,000 to building the first Student Union²⁴, with facilities such as common rooms and a cafeteria. AUCSA members also had free membership of all college clubs, which were supported from the subscription income.

In the following decades AUCSA focussed mainly on intra- and inter-college activities,

and the AUCSA constitution reflected this. Authority rested with the Executive Committee and there were specific provisions to manage the Student Union, to control clubs and make grants to them, to manage Craccum and other publications, to run social activities, to participate in NZ University Tournaments, and to award Blues. While AUCSA had a part-time manager for much of this period, most of the work was done through specific student sub-committees.

BECOMING A UNIVERSITY

The 1959 Hughes Parry Report on university education led to the creation of independent universities and the strengthening of the academic staff and the research focus. It also persuaded government of the national benefits to flow from significantly increasing the proportion of full-time students, widening their focus from the purely vocational, and supporting them during their studies; in short creating the traditional university environment where students had time to explore, reflect and debate as well to gain qualifications. Over the next few years, government introduced fees bursaries, increased scholarships, and offered subsidies for the construction of student facilities; the university enhanced its student welfare services and set aside land for a new Student Union; AUSA added to its subscription a Building Levy of £1 (later £3)

for construction of the new Student Union; and AUSA restructured its Executive to create specific portfolios, including a Business Manager and a New Buildings Officer.

The new Student Union opened in 1968, paid for and furnished by AUSA, public donations and government subsidy²⁵. The university paid little or nothing, though it certainly contributed management expertise and cash flow²⁶. Later the Maidment Theatre and the Recreation Centre were added²⁷, both part of the Student Union and both paid for mainly by AUSA and donations, plus the government subsidy; though the university did meet 10% of the theatre cost in return for a commitment that it could make some use of the space.

Professional staff were employed to manage and operate these new facilities, overseen by a joint AUSA/university Student Union Management Committee, with a student majority²⁸. This meant that the Executive and its sub-committees needed to focus less on house-keeping matters.

25 Half the cost up to 10 sq ft per EFTS. I think the latter designed as a multi-use facility, suitable for concerts, dances and student meetings as well as for sports.

27 Report of the Committee on University Government, 1972, Appendix C. The university saw SUSA as so important that the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar were both members.

22 Of the minutes, not of the meeting.

23 With a joint committee able to exercise discretion, e.g. for hardship.

24 The rear wing of the Clock Tower Building.

student clubs and weird activities, is now dead and locked after classes.

The Student Union hasn't been significantly improved or expanded in over 30 years, and in that time the student roll has more than doubled.¹¹ In the original plan, more land was earmarked for Student Union expansion, but under Dr Hood, the University took that for the Kate Edger building. The University has also invaded the original union building, for example taking over the prime quad-front space for its shop and annexing the former basement coffee bar to the Maidment Theatre. AUSA has also closed off a lot of formerly common space, e.g. for offices.

All in all the Student Union has less student common room space available today for 42,000 students than it had in 1968 for about one-fifth of that number. Furthermore, the building and its contents are generally in a very ratty condition,¹² not welcoming and not a good advertisement for the University or for AUSA. Hardly surprising, then, that the Student Union is no longer the centre of student life, or that many students never go there.

The monetarists also changed the law to force votes on universal or voluntary membership of students' associations. Despite having spent years using AUSA funds for social activities, many of Graham Watson's followers argued strongly for voluntary membership. After a lot of lobbying, in 1999 Auckland students voted very narrowly for this¹³ – as I know the only university to do so.

TODAY

The end to universal membership had a big impact on AUSA. Income dropped dramatically, services had to be curtailed and staff numbers cut. The University could have used its Student Services Fee to keep AUSA in partnership, running student facilities and services. In-

VOLUNTARY MEMBERSHIP

This isn't the place to review the whole VSM issue, but here's just one illustration of how the proponents were and are completely wrong.

At an Auckland University Council meeting in about 1997, Dr John Hood argued against universal membership. His key point was that the subscription created an unjustified obstacle to educational access, and he advanced the example of a particular single mother of limited means who was seeking to improve her lot. At the time the AUSA subscription was \$139.50 a year, of which 40% went to the Building Fund, and there were discretionary provisions for those suffering hardship or having a conscientious objection. Of course AUSA was democratically run, and if sufficient students objected to the level of subscription or what it was being spent on, they could make changes; and from time to time they did. At the same time the university levied students about \$60 a year for "student services" such as Student Health²⁸.

Subsequently Dr Hood became Vice-Chancellor, membership of AUSA became voluntary, and the university enrolment process offered the option to join AUSA²⁹. To meet the cost of 28 \$55 in 1995 – University Calendar for that year, p 92.

29 As I read it, since section 229CA(4) was inserted into the Education Act in 2011 this has permitted the option of joining AUSA to be included in the university's enrolment process. I don't know whether AUSA and the university have acted on this – it's a long time since I last enrolled.

stead, for reasons I don't understand,¹⁴ there's been 15 years of antipathy, leading to the present situation where the association is in debt, depends for a significant part of its income on prudent investments made by former Executives, has only a terminating fixed term occupancy licence for just a portion of the buildings that its former members paid for, can't afford to

14 But which do seem to include some mismanagement on AUSA's part; how on earth do you lose money from selling beer to students?

budget AUSA had significantly to curtail its activities, then to hold up its membership numbers it decided to reduce and then eliminate its subscription. The university found that it wanted many of AUSA's former activities to continue, so it had to pick up various costs; for example Blues awards, and support for disabled students.

Given that the university has less recourse to voluntary labour than had the association, it's not at all surprising that Student Services Fee rose to offset any saving from the eliminated AUSA subscription. What is surprising, though, is that the Student Services Fee has now reached \$738 a year – an increase of about 14% per annum compounded for the last 20 years, several times the rate of inflation. If there is any discretion for hardship or conscientious objection this isn't obvious from the university's web site, and the students have no control over the level of this fee or how it is spent.

By definition the student body comprises all students. All that universal students' association membership did was to provide a corporate structure for the student body. At Auckland, "freedom of association" has simply led to increased enrolment costs and reduced accountability to students³⁰. Despite this, in 2011 the ACT Party³¹ persuaded the National Party to outlaw even the option of universal membership, creating the risk of a similar poor outcome at all other universities. They must be very proud.

30 Or in monetarist jargon "customers".

31 Yes, the one now led by that friendly, intelligent, understanding young chap David Seymour.

maintain those facilities properly, and has insufficient staff to support the Executive. Meanwhile we have the absurd spectacle of university employees paid from the bloated Student Services Fee running such official university events as toga parties and zombie-themed tag games,¹⁵ with professionally produced advertising and, no doubt, a good attendance of security guards.¹⁶

Clearly the AUSA rules haven't kept pace with the changes. Far from providing a student voice to guide the Executive, the Student Forum is all but moribund, requiring exhortations and bribes even to scrape a bare quorum. The Election Rules require candidates to participate in public meetings, which almost no one but other candidates and their close supporters attend. The Executive portfolios re-

15 No insult is intended to the individual employees, who I have no reason to doubt do an excellent job within their brief.

16 In hi-vis vests.

THE END TO UNIVERSAL MEMBERSHIP HAD A BIG IMPACT ON AUSA. INCOME DROPPED DRAMATICALLY, SERVICES HAD TO BE CURTAILED AND STAFF NUMBERS CUT.

ON THE NATURE OF MEMORY AND RECORDS

MEMORY

It's an old saw that if you can remember the sixties then you weren't there. I can and I was, but I'm increasingly unsure how reliable my memories are; of the sixties or of any other period before last week.

It isn't that the memories are getting fuzzy, or hard to find. But when I've remembered a given event several times, thought about it, read about it, discussed it with other people, heard their stories; why then it becomes increasingly difficult to be certain what is a true memory and what is a later over-layer, perhaps influenced by what I wish had happened, or what someone else recalls.

In short it seems as though Dr Heisenberg has applied his most famous invention to the field of human recollection.

RECORDS

Of course when I'm uncertain of facts I turn to records. There are (or were) written records to confirm or refute many of the assertions I've made in the main article; meeting minutes, rule books, back issues of *Craccum*, etc. Regrettably AUSA's record systems are decaying, so the main article is based on my memories and what records I have to hand or could find quickly on line.

Decaying records systems aren't peculiar to AUSA; in fact I suspect there's a general principle at work – an information equivalent of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Still, at least many of AUSA's records are written, and easy to handle. The problem will be a lot greater for future researchers, dealing with digital records. But that's a topic for another article ...

main largely unchanged from the pre-monetary and pre-VSM era, though the challenges facing AUSA today are substantially different from those of 20 years ago. And, as clear evidence of just how irrelevant the average student judges AUSA to be, we have the appalling voter turnout figures outlined in the introduction. Just to rub it in, about 6 times as many students attended the University's First Year Toga Party in 2016 as voted for the 2016 AUSA President.

This isn't to say that AUSA and its officials do

DO STUDENTS IN FACT STILL REGARD THEMSELVES AS MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY? OR HAVE THEY SIMPLY BECOME CONSUMERS, CONTENT TO ENGAGE WITH THEIR CHOSEN QUALIFICATION SUPPLIER THROUGH MARKET PROCESSES?

no good work. The advocacy service and the co-ordination of class reps seem particularly worthwhile. I admire members who join the Executive, who have to try to represent the students and engage with the University and government, at the same time as managing the organisation, the budget, the staff and all manner of administrative matters, and this in an environment where the law is becoming increasingly intolerant of mistakes or omissions by the leaders of organisations.¹⁷ However, it appears that the students don't value AUSA's work, or don't understand what it does.

THE FUTURE

Where does AUSA go next? How should it be structured for the future? If there's one thing to be learned from history, it is that the students' association changes of the 1890s, the 1920s, the 1960s and the 1970s all stemmed from what the student body wanted.

Since the 1990s, governments have been pushing universities to increase financial efficiency and to refocus on the vocational. Rightly or wrongly, willingly or unwillingly, many students seem to have accepted this,¹⁸ and AUSA has been one of the casualties.

So, what does the student body want, now and into the future? I'm nowhere near close enough to provide an informed answer, but a few subsidiary questions spring to mind.

Do students still want a student-controlled central common space, such as the Student Unions used to provide? Should that be passed up for multiple student-controlled common spaces, e.g. at faculty level? Or are students content to accept whatever space and facilities the University and the wider Auckland market pro-

17 E.g. new health & safety laws, new charity reporting standards.

18 Well, the students who are enrolled. This says nothing about the people who are excluded from university by the financial cost.

vide?

Are students happy to be paying a compulsory Student Services Fee of well over \$700, with half of this spent on "sports, recreation and cultural activities",¹⁹ without effective student control? Should there be a board with a student majority overseeing the University's student services? If not then why not?

Do the student representatives on university bodies function best as individuals, or would the students and the University benefit if the student body had a single mandated voice, such as AUSA formerly provided? Could the University's enrolment and student engagement processes be used to achieve this, practically and legally?

Is there a sufficient community of interest among Auckland University students for a single body to be able to represent them; or is the size and diversity now simply too great?

Some of the faculty societies seem strong. Should AUSA become a federal body, with the faculty presidents and PGSA president forming the Executive?

Can AUSA make better use of the Internet and social media to engage with students²⁰ and create a shared community?²¹

Do students in fact still regard themselves as members of the University? Or have they simply become consumers, content to engage with their chosen qualification supplier through market processes?

Whatever the answer to these questions, I do hope that somebody somewhere has a plan to resurrect or demolish the Student Union. As it stands it's just an embarrassment...

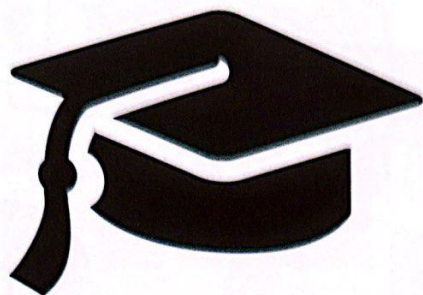
19 Page 41, Auckland University Annual Report 2014

20 And ex-students?

21 And would *Craccum* be more useful online than in recycling bins?

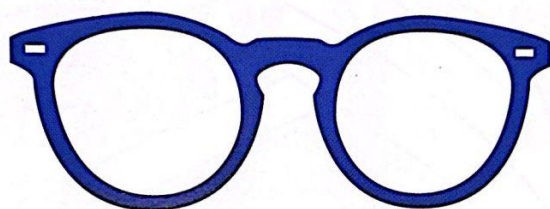


CAMPUS SPECS
how you see the world



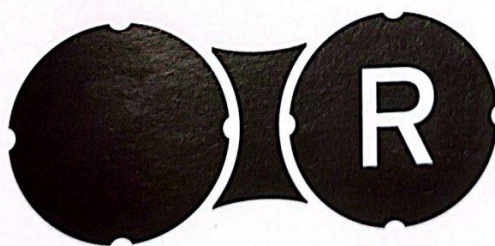
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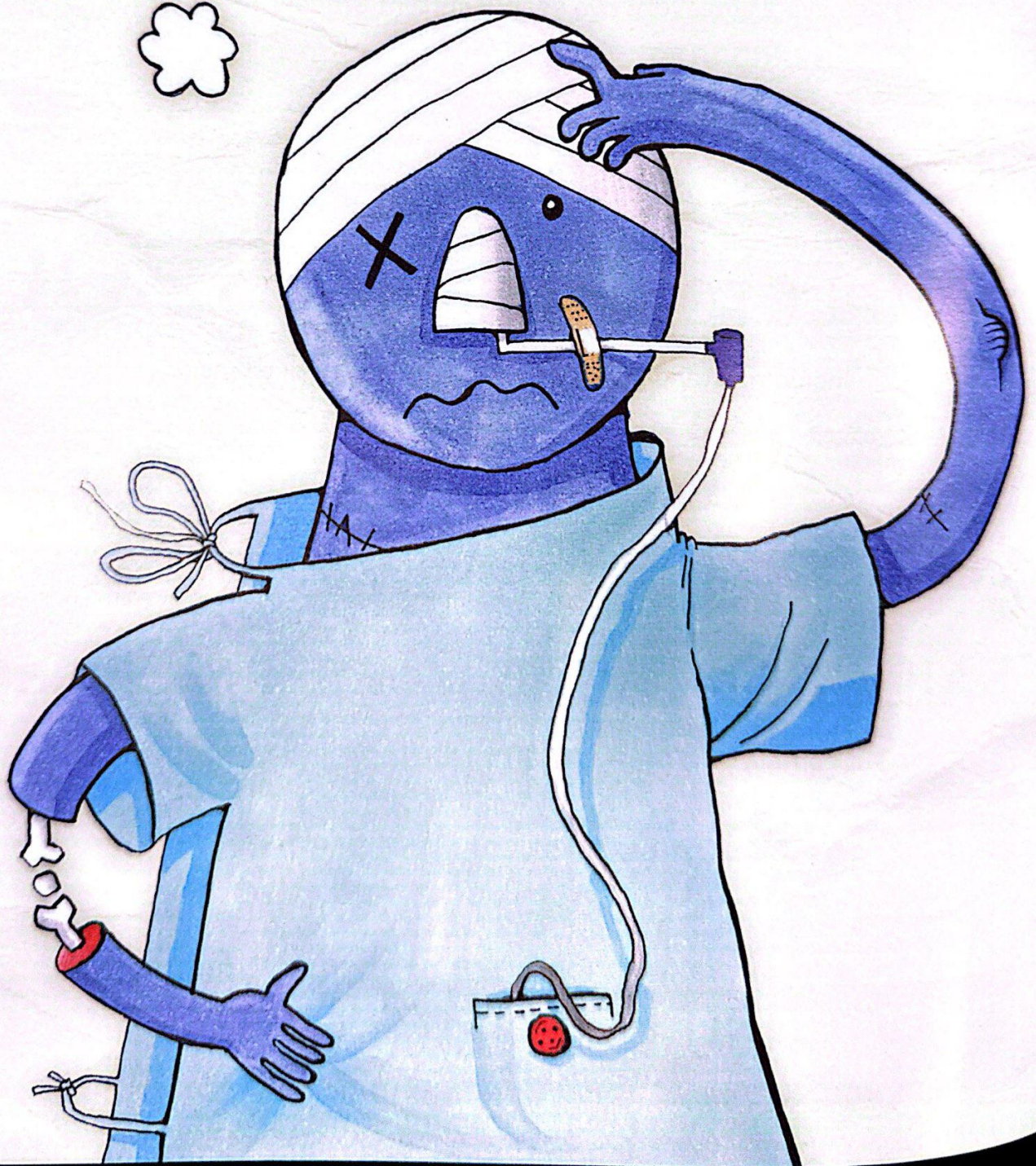
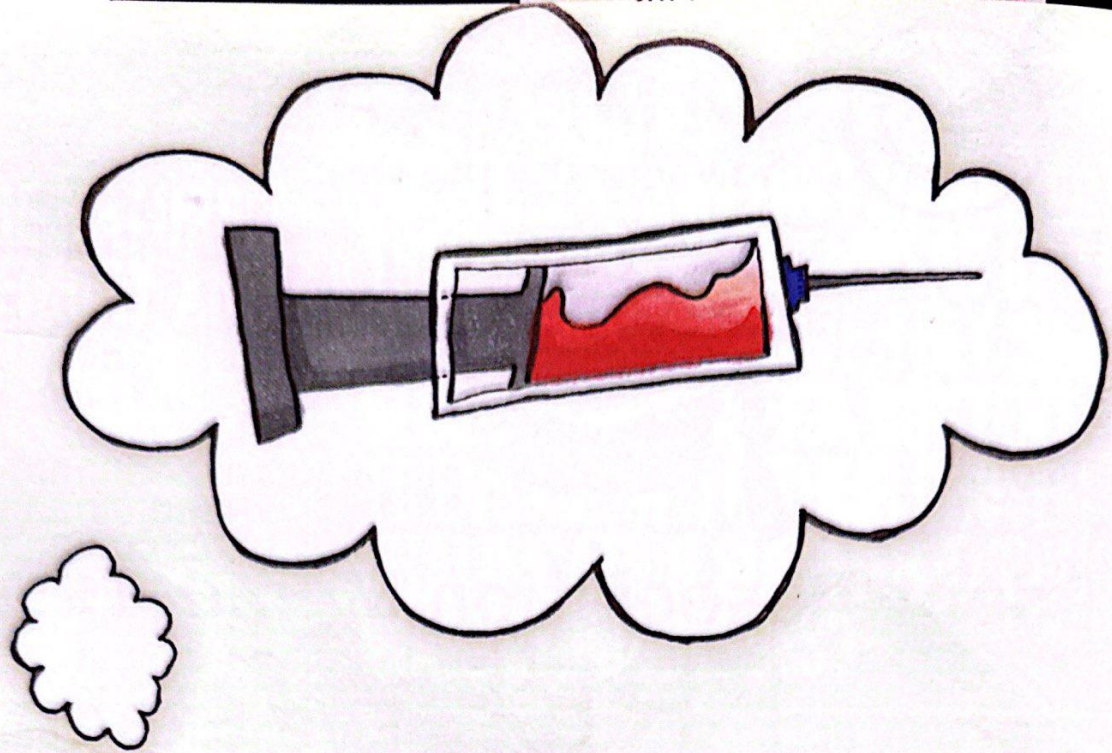
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EUTHANASIA DEBATE:

CHRISTIANITY VS CRACCUM

PART ONE BY SELWYN FRASER

THE HYPOTHETICAL MACHINE

What if the world invented the perfect self-killing machine? Imagine if you could book an appointment, enter the machine, press the button and, well, die. Is that a dark thought, or a beautiful one? Does the machine sound liberating or oppressive? Views may differ.

I was scrolling through the 'Euthanasia-Free NZ' website recently. The front page opens with a bang: 'Legalising Assisted Suicide is Dangerous'. It goes on to rehearse the well-worn (but in my view still persuasive) arguments about the impossibility of safeguarding a state-sanctioned euthanasia scheme against coercion, pressure and abuse. But then the website asks, "Surely a person should have the right to choose when and how they die?" Much of the euthanasia debate revolves around this penetrating question. Their reply: "Assisted suicide is not a personal, individual choice". It necessarily involves another person. The website continues, the slogan 'It's my life, my choice' doesn't apply.

Fair enough. This is a significant point: if there is something deeply wrong about taking the life of another person, then we might think this closes the matter. But still....what if there was a machine that made another person unnecessary? Does that change the game?

Public discussion about euthanasia rose to fever pitch this year over the Lecretia Seales case. Her story is tragic. As you will no doubt be aware, Ms Seales felt constrained to the following three choices: assisted suicide; intolerable suffering and loss of dignity; or taking her own life while

**BUT TO MY MIND,
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ONLY ACCEPTS, BUT
CELEBRATES, THE
CHOICE TO DIE.**

she was still physically capable. Justice Collin's judgment is well worth a read (just type it into Google and it will come up). It's a brilliant, balanced, compassionate piece of work that will be talked about and debated for years.

So I want to offer a thought or two about euthanasia, and you might think the Seales case provides the perfect vehicle. Certainly, there is something very admirable about the way Ms Seales offered up her story as a discussion platform for the general public. But even though the facts are well-known and publicly accessible, I don't feel comfortable talking about her. One of the tragedies of the Internet age is how easily we objectify people, turning real stories of heartbreak and courage into cannon fodder for the sake of argument.

Still, I want to pick up on one of the key questions at the heart of Judge Collin's decision: should we *celebrate* the choice to die?

Too much of the euthanasia debate revolves around the question of whether we should allow the choice to die. Some say 'of course!', viewing such a decision as a natural corollary of individual autonomy. Others fear the consequences to society and say 'no'. Many religious folk stress that life is gifted to us by God and we have no right to prematurely end it. That discussion is important, and needs to take

place. But to my mind, whether or not euthanasia is *permissible* is not the key question. No, the primary consideration is whether we want a culture that not only accepts, but celebrates, the choice to die.

The euthanasia question has plenty of subtleties, but of this I am pretty certain: the machine is a cause for grief not joy. This is because a culture that rejoices at how easy and effortless it has made exercising the decision to die has lost its grip on *love*.

A CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE

Let me explain by introducing you to a guy who had plenty of reasons to want to die. He was repeatedly beaten and taunted, was often without food or basic necessities, in constant danger, and despised by the religious and political authorities of his day. In fact, he was disdained by the vast majority of people – apart from a small bunch of crazies. His name is Paul, formerly Saul, and he is the man who penned the majority of the New Testament. And he has something to say about love and life and death. Now, Paul's a Christian dude, and so am I. If you don't share my convictions, please bear with me; I really do think Paul's perspective has something unique to offer us. In any case, hearing from diverse voices is one of the beauties of modern, pluralistic democracy. So here we go. While languishing in prison, Paul wrote to the nascent Christian communities, and it was clear that he really, really wanted to die.

He believed – rightly or wrongly; rationally or madly – that he would be with Christ after he died. For him, this was clearly 'gain'. But he remained. Why? He believed he had been made for a life of loving God and loving others. More specifically, he believed himself commissioned to serve the communities of crazies popping up all across the Roman world. This service he joyfully pursued even though it cost him reputation, wealth, and security, and promised him a life of humiliation and suffering.

To my mind, Paul simply could not celebrate the killing machine. Even when life is painful, it can still be fruitful. Enjoyment and happiness isn't the only measure of whether life is worthwhile.

In his judgment, Judge Collins talked a lot about

BUT IF AUTONOMY MEANS THE GRASPING OF THE WILL FOR ITS OWN PLEASURE, PRAISE OR POWER, IT HAS NO PLACE IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. NO, IN THE CHRISTIAN CONTEXT AUTONOMY CAN ONLY MEAN THE ABSOLUTE FREEDOM AND JOY OF SELF-GIVING LOVE.

individual autonomy, equating it with the notion of 'self-rule'. Insofar as autonomy protects individuals from coercive power, or safeguards individuality and unique self-expression from the oppressive majority, it is a wonderful thing. But if autonomy means the grasping of the will for its own pleasure, praise or power, it has no place in Christian thought. No, in the Christian context autonomy can only mean the absolute freedom and joy of self-giving love. Paul stayed alive for loving service. What's more, this love can only exist in relationships. Modern understandings of autonomy often atomise us into self-isolated independents, rather than focusing on interlocking webs of relationships where our inevitable dependencies upon each other are acknowledged. In a similar fashion, where many views on autonomy insist we are not creatures but creators, independent of any higher power, Christianity maintains that we are first creatures of a loving Father who desires us to relate with and enjoy Him as his children.

This perspective makes a radical difference to how we view the choice to die. The question is not, in the first place, 'will life still make me happy?' but 'can I still love?' Or if we are to ask 'is life still worth living?', the answer will be determined by whether we can enter into relationships. Another thing: on this perspective we are certainly not entitled to a life free from suffering and humiliation, as the modern Western psyche seems to think. I have imbibed plenty of this mentality myself and so have always struggled with Christianity's clear message.

In sum, Paul's – Christianity's – perspective celebrates *life* because it is over this life or

this world that we believe Jesus is Lord, and in this life that we love our neighbour. As long as Jesus can still be praised and our neighbour still served, life is good – really good.

SUMMING UP

I readily admit this formula is no silver bullet. Nor is it the full picture: it does not account for instance, for the comatose or for those genuinely incapable of relating with others. But those are the rare cases. My mind turns to Granddad's slow physical and mental decline. This strong man of action 'reduced' – as one might say – to dependency and incoherence. But then I think of precious moments at his bedside in those final weeks. Granddad's faltering smiles, his confused attempts at humour, communicated love and life, and many of his occasional lucid thoughts remain imprinted on my mind to this day. Indeed, the way he embraced his dependency and 'humiliation' with grace and dignity imparted to me an unforgettable lesson about what truly matters in life. In short, he related with me, he loved, he served.

So when I think of the machine and what it entails, I cannot celebrate at the shrine of self-rule. I am concerned by the prospect of people exercising the choice to die because they do not think life is worth living. I must be incredibly delicate here. I have not known extreme pain in my life, let alone the ongoing agony that causes some people to wish for an end to it all. Still, it is one thing for a person in agony to will his or her own death; quite another for a culture to celebrate that decision as a proper, noble exercise of personal autonomy. I worry that our culture is increasingly missing the mark on what matters in life: not fame or success, money or prestige, power, independence or autonomy. What matters is love. In Christian love gives an emphatic 'yes' to life. In its vertical dimension, it sees life as a precious gift from a good Father, wonderful and exquisite. In its horizontal dimension, it desires to squeeze from life every last drop of service to neighbours near and far. In both dimensions, therefore, Christian love refuses to say 'it's my life, my choice'.

MODERN UNDERSTANDINGS OF AUTONOMY OFTEN ATOMISE US INTO SELF-ISOLATED INDEPENDENTS, RATHER THAN FOCUSING ON INTERLOCKING WEBS OF RELATIONSHIPS

EUTHANASIA DEBATE: CHRISTIANITY VS CRACCUM

PART TWO BY NATHAN PERRY

I AM NOT AT ALL QUALIFIED TO SPEAK ON WHETHER or not a woman who suffers agonising pain every time she takes a breath, or sees her own mind flood out of her after years of academic work, should be allowed to take her own life or not. I don't know if life in all its many forms ought to be lived amidst unbearable circumstances. I believe that suffering is a dull and pointless nuisance under which humans are forced to grunt and sweat during a weary life. I don't know what I say on the subject, I don't celebrate it and I don't object to it. What I do object to is that someone might think that they are educated enough to weigh in on the subject due, not to years of academic study, but on the basis of one interpretation of one book written thousands of years ago that has been responsible for some terrible things and has no valid medical advice in it whatsoever.

THE DOCTRINE OF RELIGIOUS RESTRAINT

There is a relatively well known principle in secular societies that in order to turn an idea into policy it ought to be put forward on secular grounds. The idea is a simple one. We live in a melting pot where everyone is free to believe in whatever religion they like. As such, our country is built upon the doctrine of religious restraint. If we want to make changes to our society, we ought to come up with policies that have no religious basis and therefore can relate equally to everyone. Of course one can object to anything on religious grounds, but in order to be convincing to people that aren't members of the same religion, the argument must be secular. Selwyn's feature didn't do that. It wasn't at all framed as a convincing piece of prose. It was an article describing how good God is, and how Christians really get that life is sacred. We were never told why Paul was a hero; just that he was. We were never told why it's good to be a slave; just that the Bible spoke that way. We were never told why a Christian depiction of love as servility is better than autonomy; just that it is. We need to know why

WHAT I DO OBJECT TO IS ONE INTERPRETATION OF ONE BOOK WRITTEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO THAT HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR SOME TERRIBLE THINGS AND HAS NO VALID MEDICAL ADVICE IN IT WHATSOEVER.

"...autonomy meaning the grasping of the will for its own pleasure, praise or power" is a bad thing. Instead, Selwyn told us Jesus didn't like it. With nothing but religious verbiage, his argument is not compelling. It simply fights a doctrine of inclusiveness with a doctrine of exclusivity. The doctrine that allows you to make up your own mind is the one that ought to win.

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME, SHOW ME

Then there's the tone of the piece. Not only does it tell us how we might view the world if we had a different world view, whilst offering no reason to take up that view, it also behaves rather condescendingly. It purports to know the mind of God. Admittedly it does this only because the author believes that he's read the revealed truth of God. That may be why the thing smatters of the "I know better than thou" attitude that all organised religions have. Far from taking up the position that it is hard to say at what point we are comfortable with someone forfeiting their life, far from saying that he recognises the difficulty of respecting autonomy and squaring it with the single most unnatural act, the author says that he knows it's bad because of Jesus. He tells us in no uncertain terms that the Christians have it right. That they're closer to happiness, that they're better, and we ought to accept that. Many great theorists have studied the idea of suicide and come up

with no answer to it at all. Still others have read and thought on the topic and come up with solutions that even they didn't fully believe in. Forgive me my self indulgences and name drops, but there are two men worth mentioning just as much as Paul or Jesus. For Kierkegaard, the way to prevent suicide was comedy. Life is simply absurd, so we ought to laugh in the face of its pain and nonsense. For Camus, much like the author of the article in question, the answer was socialising. At least Camus had the good grace to say "I think", rather than making thoughtless statements "by God's grace".

MY FAVORITE WORD IS AXIOMATIC

The entire argument in Selwyn's article rests on a great many unproven things that the author takes for granted. Firstly, he seems to think that we would all agree that taking a life is wrong. We do not all agree. Religious warfare, political warfare, murders, all point to this. Then he asserts that there is a God. Unsubstantiated. He asserts too, that God had a son who was right about everything. The whole case made for love is based on exactly nothing but assumptions. The way that he talks about Christian love and servitude being good comes only from an axiomatic belief that what God says is good, and another axiom: namely, that the Bible stores the infallible word of God. The assertions that life is sacred and that slavery is fantastic can all be thrown out, as they are based on nothing. There is nothing here to persuade anyone. If you accept these axioms, you will already agree. If you don't, you have been offered nothing to make you accept them.

Therefore, the article offers nothing of any value to the euthanasia question. It is simply the condescending claims of a man who believes he knows better, and doesn't try to think critically about why that may be.

HE TELLS US IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS THAT THE CHRISTIANS HAVE IT RIGHT. THAT THEY'RE CLOSER TO HAPPINESS, THAT THEY'RE BETTER, AND WE OUGHT TO ACCEPT THAT.

UNIVERSITY BLUES

BY STEFANIE STEVENS

OH, THE SORROW OF A POORLY EXECUTED PLAN! You've worked so hard to climb the ladder, to turn over a new leaf, to build a bridge between mountains but look at you now — drowning in the depths of what I call — "university blues".

As I walk through the University's seemingly long hallways, I can't help but constantly overhear students talk so passionately about their whopping C grades, unkind instructors who've never seen rainbows or sunshine in their lives (so it seems), and of course bright career futures that seem more distant than Pluto does. How can we end this perpetual nightmare? Fret not young ones, I have a solution — To survive these blues, wear the right shoes.

No, I'm just kidding. I only said that because it had a nice ring to it.

There's obviously more to the answer than simply wearing the right shoes. You need to go back to your roots, to when this terrible illness began, diagnose it and treat it the right way. Whether you realise it now or 10 years down the line, university blues began with none other than your very own teacher. Your teacher has the power to transform you from the Joker into Batman. When gifted with an A+, you walk on Symonds Street with an imaginary cape dancing in the wind and you contemplate saving the world because of your new-found intellect. This shenanigan continues until your next grade appears on Cecil aaand... the Joker's back.

I know exactly what you're thinking — How do I change all of this? It's as simple as pie, a microwaveable pie. Just follow 8 steps and you'll

be well on your way to recovery.

1. SUCK UP.

This means showing up to classes on time, doing all of your assignments on time, being enthusiastic about all your lectures even if it is as dull as ditch water and complimenting your lecturers every now and then.

SUCKING UP DONE WRONG: "I love your hair! Where did you get it done?"

SUCKING UP DONE RIGHT: "Thanks for the lecture! I learnt so much from your insightful articulation".

2. FAN-GIRL THEM.

Yeah, I don't mean follow your instructors wherever they go, take pictures with them and scream or pretend you're dying when they walk past. I mean read all their work and study it. This includes books, articles, videos and pretty much everything you know they are interested in.

FAN-GIRLING DONE WRONG: Trying to find them on Facebook and liking their pictures.

FAN-GIRLING DONE RIGHT: "I loved your article on x! Your take on it was astonishing".

3. DRESS LIKE THEM.

Everybody knows you wear who you are. Is your teacher the casual type? The professional business type? The 'upper East side' fashion type? The hipster type? The list goes on. You're no New York high-end street fashion model so a little change to your wardrobe won't change a thing. All teachers are egotistical so by mirroring their wardrobe, they see

themselves in you and out pops admiration. **DRESSING DONE WRONG:** Wearing the same shirt as your lecturer. (No. Just don't).

DRESSING DONE RIGHT: If your lecturer is the smart casual type, it's blazers and jeans from this day forward.

4. VALUE THEIR OPINION.

We write countless assignments each year, how many of us bother to include the work of our teachers in there? This little act could earn you the respect your little heart has been panting for all year long.

VALUING DONE WRONG IN AN ASSIGNMENT: "In an encounter with my amazing lecturer, I discovered the way to increase profit for x is x ".

VALUING DONE RIGHT IN AN ASSIGNMENT: "As per (lecturer's article) and much aligned with my opinion, the way to increase profit for x is x ".

5. MOTIVATE THEM.

No teacher wants to be completely irrelevant so include them in your success. Include their names in your CV, with permission of course, so that when you become the next president of the United States and appear on TV, your teacher becomes as proud as Kanye West is on a normal day.

MOTIVATING DONE WRONG: When it's not done at all.

MOTIVATING DONE RIGHT: Mentioning your teacher's name in your first speech as President.

So you've taken the prescribed medication and begun recovery? Congratulations you marvellous beast! See you in Paradise.

YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO YOUR ROOTS, TO WHEN THIS TERRIBLE ILLNESS BEGAN, DIAGNOSE IT AND TREAT IT THE RIGHT WAY.

LIVE UPDATES: ME

BY KYLE SIMONSEN

I LIKE TO THINK THAT I HAVE CEMENTED MYSELF AS the biggest narcissist that writes for the lifestyle section. However, it turns out I am fallible and cannot come up with a topic for this article which is currently 48 hours late. So I'm going to post (not) live updates of my quest to find something interesting. The best part is, of course, that I won't have to write anything after these updates fill my word count.

11:28AM: Music: @Ben_Howard - Time is Dancing (Live at Radio City). Perfect. This is perfect. At 5:40. Tears should make me creative.

11:30AM: @Elitedaily suggested for inspo. First 3 pieces about Oregon Shooting. Good to see

a blog doing (probably) a better job than the Herald.

11:31AM: Just remembered: fuck you @stuff.co.nz. People eating @Nando's is never news.

11:32AM: A headline on the front page is *literally* "Slow-motion video of jell-o getting hit with racket will blow your mind". It won't.

11:34AM: "While you're off chasing men and wondering why they're not texting you back, I'm too busy chasing my dreams and studying for exams". Probably keep Tinder just in case.

11:36AM: Isn't perpetuating the idea that you can't maintain a work: not-work just a less patriarchal flavour of bullshit?

11:40AM: More @Ben_Howard - The Burgh Is-

land EP.

11:42AM: Article about finding a job where 'you can be you'. Interesting thought. Written by a dude whose job is to find jobs for other people.

11:44AM: I mean, it makes sense to send people on an impossible search if you're getting paid per impossible search.

11:46AM: Reminiscing about a joke I made yesterday. HTBT though.

11:48AM: Piece about goal-setting. MY contingency plan is to come up with a contingency plan. Seems inefficient to do so without needing one.

11:50AM: Booyah, 300 words. Sorry if you're still reading this. How good is Ben Howard though?

ROUND-UP

BY CAPTAIN BACON AND SERGEANT SPINACH

YOU'VE DONE IT, YOU'VE MADE IT, HIP HIP HOO. Yay! It's almost the end of the uni year, which means this is our last column. We're sure you're just as cut up as we are. Beyond the terror of exams lies the summer, which begs the question: where will you go to soak up the sunshine and spend all that shiny Christmas/summer job/slave labour cash? Well, don't worry. We've compiled a list of our favourite summer spots to fulfil all your summer food fantasies.

WHEN YOU'VE FINALLY GOT TIME FOR BRUNCH: CATROUX, WESTMERE.

HEAD TO: The 'burbs, drink some fine coffee, soak in the atmospheric blend of yummy mummies, BMWs and grannies. Yes, it's a bit poncy, but it's a lot yummy.

GO FOR: The ham. Or the sausages. Or the pancakes. Or even the cereal. Devilishly sweet or CrossFit-bunny clean, all will be well.

TAKE: You mum. Treat her or let her treat you.

NOTABLE MENTIONS: Five loaves, Jervois Rd; Crave, Kingsland; Massimo, Newmarket.

WHEN YOU GOTTA GET THOSE GROUP HANGS: CANTON CAFE, KINGSLAND.

Tastier than 6 plates of pork dumplings, this place does good Chinese that's relatively inexpensive if you go with a group. Bonus points for their table being dressed with Lazy Susans, making it easy to share your noms (or whip the Lemon Chicken out from under your ex's expectant chopsticks).

MEN MORE VULNERABLE TO HEARTBREAK?

BY JAULI CHAITANYA

TIME AND TIME AGAIN, SOCIETY AND THE MEDIA have always illustrated the female sex as being more likely to suffer from heartbreak in comparison to their male counterparts. Films, television shows and books generally depict a woman moping around after a breakup, usually eating Ben & Jerry's ice-cream straight out of the tub whilst watching *Pretty Woman* on the telly. But what if I told you that this isn't actually the case? Studies have proven that men, in fact, are far likelier to be vulnerable to heartbreak than women and also (despite various myths) to get that nauseous feeling when they see their ex in

GO FOR: The atmosphere and general chatter. Also the beans with olives and pork mince. Take that leap of faith.

TAKE: Da bradas/gurlz/waifs who eat like gladiators.

NOTABLE MENTIONS: New Flavour, Dominion Road; Bikanervala, Mt Roskill (blind-order some Indian street food, and don't forget the sweets).

WHEN YOU ACTUALLY WANT SOMETHING GOOD: MALDITO MENDEZ, PONSONBY CENTRAL.

Yes, CB and SS feel the pain of Ponsnobby. But this place somehow escapes the achingly-(un) cool surroundings and just does good food. Though not experts on Latin American food, we've never left disappointed. Fresh, ethical, surprising – and did we mention the jugs of sangria and the margaritas?

GO FOR: Drinks in the courtyard and tacos that put all others to shame. For God's sake, please go here instead of Mexico.

TAKE: Anybody with a palate.

NOTABLE MENTIONS: Café Hanoi, Britomart; The Federal Street Deli, CBD; Petra Shawarma, Kingsland; Archie's, Newmarket.

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO START SUMMER LOVIN' (TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE): VERONA, K RD.

CB may be biased from years of fond memories, including a date with a Lucky Irishman and a run-in with a Tinder-hottie, but nostalgia is not required to love this place. Verona is busy enough to sustain a lively atmosphere, but tucked away from the maddening crowd. Warm, with comfortably dim light and cosy booths that work for friends or the first flickers of something less platonic, the food here always looks good as it whizzes past. K Rd bonus: Sit comfy or awkward silence with people-watching if you're near the door.

public with someone else.

A study conducted at Wake Forest University in North Carolina showed that young men between the ages of 18-23 were far more "reactive to the quality of ongoing relationships" in comparison to young women. Basically, they have said that men can be more invested in maintaining a relationship and benefit from a good one more than women might, so when it turns sour they're likelier to get hurt. A breakup is damaging for anyone but it can severely damage a man's ego, if it's been initiated by his female partner, as there's a common expectation that he will be the bad-boy dumper, cold and remorseless. It also damages his self-worth and confidence, breaking down the typically stoic "manly" image that society has constructed. Men tend not to have outlets

GO FOR: Chill vibes, good music, friendly staff and pre-sexy-times-compatible seating.

TAKE: Friends and flames, old and new.

NOTABLE MENTIONS: Orleans, Britomart; Citizen Park, Kingsland.

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO DE-BRIEF MID-HANG-OVER (LIKE DOES HE HAVE A CAR?): TEED STREET LARDER, NEWMARKET.

Don't judge us. We cannot and will not recommend the boring, over-priced menu. What will cure your hangover and replenish your soul is the bacon and egg sandwich. Perfect ratio of bread to eggs, grease, aioli and salad. Other sandwiches are reputable, but CB has never strayed. If your stomach and wallet are as big as your eyes, follow up with other baked treats in the cabinet.

GO FOR: The B+E sandwich, some form of brioche and a guaranteed cute waiter.

TAKE: Your bestie and your sunglasses, so you can Hoover that sandwich in the sun outside.

NOTABLE MENTIONS: Little Turkish Café, K Rd (always order baklava); Ima Deli, Fort St; Al's Diner, CBD; Dak Hanmari, CBD (fried chicken yo), Monday's Kingsland (for the Sunday Morning Repentant).

WARNINGS: PLEASE, JUST DON'T.

EVERYBODY'S, FORT LANE: Disappointing glorified pub grub eaten while sitting in an armchair? The only thing this is good for is killing the mood.

ZOMER, TAKAPUNA: A café that just doesn't live up to its prime piece of Taka real estate. Sad.

THE FRIDGE, KINGSLAND: Great in its heyday, now in need of refresh and some oomph. It's tragic.

LATE NIGHT DINER, PONSONBY: Over-hyped food with a side of bar staff who will blatantly gossip about you. Get that milkshake elsewhere.

for their insecurities in everyday life and being dumped can be a shameful challenge to their strength and masculinity, revealing their often guarded emotions which they're normally not at all comfortable with sharing. They will question both their ego and self-worth during a break up as so many men I know like to put on an image of being an emotionless robot when in reality they can be squishy marshmallows (not kidding). Not only this, but because men, once emotionally attached to their partner, get intensely involved, they end up receiving the short end of the stick when it all turns to custard.

So, to all you lads out there going through a breakup, I suggest put down the grog and talk to someone. There's plenty of more fish in the sea. Maybe it wasn't meant to be.

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

REFUGEE CRISIS RALLY

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 14TH, 1PM - UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND QUAD

Refugee Crisis

NEWS STORIES GENERALLY ONLY GET A SHORT period 'in vogue'. With the Herald now turning most of its attention to the Rugby World Cup, with a little bit of TPPA and the Flag thrown in, it's all too easy to forget the sobering refugee crisis that's plaguing Europe.

This is a news story that should always stay in the papers, in people's minds and in vogue.

The Refugee crisis has come about in response to the total chaos caused by the Syrian civil war. The Assad family ruled Syria from 1970 as quasi-dictators. As minority Alawite Shiites, their rule was marked by ethnic discrimination, alienating and angering the Sunni majority within Syria and a Kurdish minority, human rights abuses and tight censorship. In the face of these restrictions, many created clandestine, underground political groups in the hope that Syria would become democratic and that the Assad regime be toppled.

This led to the eruption of pro-democracy protests in March 2011 - a part of the Arab Spring. The protests resulted in security forces opening fire on demonstrators, killing several, and triggering nationwide protests demanding Assad's resignation. Violence escalated as the conflict became increasingly complex. The conflict became ethnically driven and ethnically divided, with many Sunnis opposing Assad's Shia Alawite sect, Kurds fighting for complete independence and ISIS using the chaos to attempt to establish a totalitarian Islamic caliphate.

This war is a 21st century war. Syrians have seen the widespread use of chemical weapons by the government on rebel-held villages, Western airstrikes against ISIS, and the face off between Iran, Russia and Lebanon, the US, and many Arab states, the UK and France.

The situation is bleak. According to the UN, 7.6 million Syrians have been internally displaced, while 4 million have fled the country. However, they have nowhere to go. The UN has called this "the worst refugee crisis since World War II", and were dumbfoundedly unprepared for the numbers of Syrian refugees. Refugee camps in neighbouring countries are crowded, with many undernourished, disease-prone and in countries like Lebanon with violence of their own. For those who are displaced in Syria, they face not only the horrors of war, but also an economic meltdown, homes that might only get electricity for a few hours of the day and a serious shortage of clean water.

But as with a lot in international relations, the West only really started paying lots of attention to this when refugees desperate to leave found their way onto Europe's doorstep. Photos of Syrian children dying on European beaches shocked the world. However, the really shocking thing has been the total lack of response and action from most countries.

Qatar, UAE, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain, Russia and Japan have offered zero resettlement places. Out of the 4 million refugees, only 2% have been offered resettlement places globally since the start of the war in 2011. New Zealand increased its quota to a pitiful 750. Donald Trump warns against people accepting refugees on the basis that "they could be ISIS".

We have a moral duty to help refugees. It's not just as simple as 'they need help and we can provide it', although that should be sufficient. It's also that it's only the lottery of birth that en-

abled us to live in a country like New Zealand and others to be born in a war-torn country and forced to be refugees. The fact that we live in New Zealand and go to university automatically places us in positions of privilege with responsibilities to help those who by pure chance and no wrongdoing of themselves live in a country where the chances of them dying are high. It's also because the West has in many ways fuelled the violence in Syria. The wars in Iraq and Afghanistan destabilized the Middle East, US airstrikes have killed civilians. Western involvement in the Civil War has deepened sectarian violence. When the West is complicit in creating the chaos in the Middle East that forces children to die on Turkish beaches, it has a duty to accept more refugees.

Although there is little New Zealand can do to force other countries to accept refugees, we can certainly increase our quota considerably. We should ignore the scaremongering tactics of Trump and New Zealand First. Refugees come with skills that mean that when they arrive and enter into our workforce, rather than taking jobs and being a burden on the state, many create jobs, pay more in tax in the long term than they money they take from the state and increase overall productivity.

The CEO from Amnesty International NZ, Grant Bayldon, arrives at Uni in the Quad on Wednesday at 1pm to talk to anyone who will listen about the crisis and what role New Zealand should play. We'll also have representatives from Red Cross and more to join AUSA as we rally for refugees and keep the conversation alive.

It's pitiful how little attention the Herald pays to the crisis now the Rugby World Cup is on. This is an issue that should never be 'out of vogue', so let's keep the discussion going.

- Jessica Palairret

Wanted

The Red Cross is collecting appliances to distribute to resettled people. If you have any spare, please bring them to the Rally in the Quad at 1pm Wednesday, or bring them to AUSA Reception.

Pots and Pans, Rice Cookers, Electric Kettles, Clothing Irons, Storage containers, Serving utensils

Shall we create a SUPER ELECTION? AUSA Special General Meeting

NEXT WEDNESDAY 21ST OF OCTOBER, AN AUSA SPECIAL General Meeting will be held in the Quad at 1pm.

What is a Special General Meeting, you ask? Good question. Basically, AUSA's members (that's you, the students), exercise complete power over the Association via General Meetings. General Meetings allow students to compel the AUSA Executive to do particular things, spend in particular ways, or adopt particular positions. Motions bind AUSA and the Executive, and cannot be overturned unless they are altered or rescinded at another General Meeting.

The other special power of a General Meeting is to change the AUSA Constitution. That's what is on the table this time – a change to make elections later, simpler and all at once. This year we have already made the make-up of the Executive simpler by condensing some positions, and abolishing out-dated positions. Now the suggestion is to combine the two sets of AUSA elections into one SUPER ELECTION.

So what might change? We'll be discussing po-

tential changes to the Election Schedule that would do the following:

- Combine the two sets of elections so that there is only one SUPER ELECTION to elect the whole Executive, instead of separate elections for the Officers (Presidents, VPs and Treasurer) and the Portfolios (the rest of the Executive) two weeks apart.
- Make the SUPER ELECTION slightly later (the last two weeks before the Semester Two mid-semester break, or the second week after the mid-semester break), and the nomination deadline similarly later. This would make the election three to six weeks later than the current Officers election.
- Allow students to sign up to AUSA and vote

in the election during the voting period (at the moment if you are not on the roll in advance of the election, you cannot vote).

- Give the Returning Officer discretion to allow candidates to run under a preferred name (currently you must run under the name you are enrolled under).

We want to know what you think. Do you want all campaigning to happen at once? Do you think the election should be held later in the year? Do you think it's important to hold the Officer elections separately? Do you think students should be able to vote on the spot? You can give us your feedback online on our Facebook page, and of course, you must turn up at 1pm on the 21st in order to VOTE!

Do you want all campaigning to happen at once? Do you think the election should be held later in the year?

A year in the life: Environmental Affairs Officer for AUSA

IHAVE REALLY ENJOYED MY YEAR AS ENVIRONMENTAL Affairs Officer. As part of this role I keep the Association accountable to our environmental goals, increase students' awareness of environmental issues, and push the University to be more sustainable.

This year lots of things have been going on, with Fossil Free UoA pushing for the University to divest from fossil fuels, and Plastic Diet pushing for less plastic on campus, and the climate change consultation with the Government. Collaboration with a wide variety of university groups is very important in this role as more and more students take initiative on environmental matters.

As part of my portfolio there are three main things that have to be run year after year. First

I have to care for the worms. The worms live at the back of AUSA House and get fed raw fruit and vegetable scraps. This year our Education Vice-President, Jessica Storey has a special interest in worms and takes the best care of them. At the moment the worms get fed scraps from AUSA and the vegan lunches. However I am looking to start feeding the worms scraps from the cafes as well. It would also be great if students started feeding the worms their scraps from lunch too. However, most of the food that students eat is very processed, and worms can't eat candy wrappers!

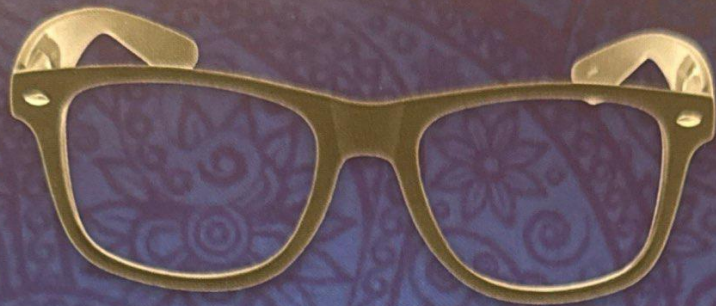
My job is also to run Hook Up for Good at the start of the year, which is for students who are interested in making a difference in the world during their time at university. All the groups that are involved in humanitarian, en-

vironmental and service oriented efforts are invited to this to present about their group for a couple of minutes and then we all have drinks afterwards.

Lastly I ran EcoFest earlier in the year. This year I wanted to make sustainability fun, so I held a Bike for Breakfast with the Cycling Club and Animal Rights group serving sausages and pancakes - all vegan! This was a really popular event as anyone who cycled to university got a free breakfast. I also ran a pub quiz and a clothes swap with Campus Feminist Collective. There were also a couple more serious events, such as a talk from Permaculture guru Gary Marshall to inspire us all to see alternative ways to be more sustainable in our daily lives, and a discussion from university lecturers by Fossil Free UoA on why we should divest from fossil fuels.

All in all, it has been a great year for environmental affairs, and I'm hoping that our Environmental Affairs Officer-Elect, Brodie Hoare, will put environmental affairs on the agenda for 2016.

Gemma Plank



AUSA CAMPUSPECS OPTOMETRY - GRANT -

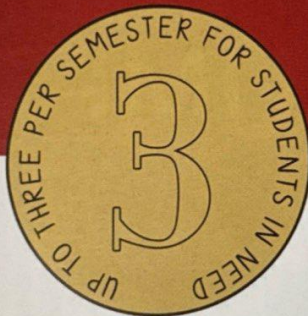
If you have vision problems and are struggling to afford an assessment, we can help you out! Thanks to our sponsors at Campuspecs, we are able to offer the Campuspecs Optometry Grant. Successful applicants will receive a free eye examination and glasses, if required.

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Questions or Issues?
welfare@ausa.org.nz

Foodbank

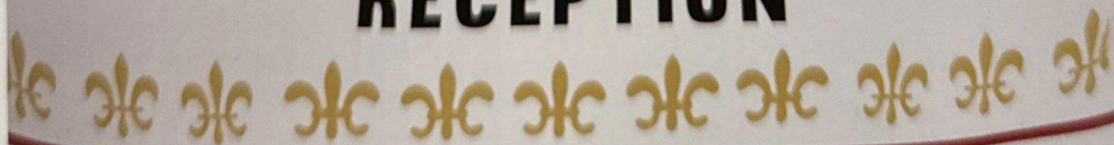
PARCELS



AVAILABLE FROM

AUSA

RECEPTION



How high can our fees go before somebody listens?

YEP, YOU GUESSED IT, NEXT WEEK IS FEE-SETTING week. On Monday afternoon, the eighteen members of the University Council will be ferried away to a secret location far away from the prying eyes of (god forbid!) students to make decisions about how much money the University should charge in fees, and how big your future debt burden will be.

The University is constrained by one particular piece of legislation: the Annual Maximum Fee Movement legislation. This sets a threshold above which universities may not raise their fees. Unfortunately, universities have treated this like a starting line each year since its introduction, with the University of Auckland Council voting to raise fees by the maximum possible each year. This year there is a tiny flicker of good news: the government has reduced the fee ceiling from 4% to 3%. The bad news? That doesn't make much difference at all! The fee hikes will likely still happen, and the change will only mean a saving of about \$60 per year for the average student.

So what are the facts? From 2010-2015, the average fee rose 31%, far outstripping inflation. This year, your average Arts undergraduate at the University of Auckland is paying somewhere between \$5,600-\$6,460 per year. In 2010, they were paying around \$4,500.

Yet the University continues playing the blame game with the Government. "It's not our fault!"

they say. They point to the low funding per student they receive from the government, and argue that they have to get funding from somewhere. But the University cannot continue to close its eyes to the impact its decisions are having on students, and pin all the blame on the Government.

No matter how you look at it, the level of debt our generation carries is seriously impacting our lives, and the lives of future students. 90% of students have some form of debt, according to the recent Income and Expenditure Survey. Of those, 70% say their loan will affect their ability to buy a house. Concerned yet? Just wait. 36% say it will affect their decision to have children. And these statistics are even worse for women: of those with student debt, 58% are women and 42% men, according to the Ministry of Educa-

tion, and women can expect to take longer on average than men to repay.

And that's without even considering all those potential students who never get to tertiary study at all, scared off by the prospect of a future chained to debt. Of those at university, 44% of students say that fees had an influence on their choice of course, up from 25% in 2010. Imagine the impact on those who don't make it to university at all.

It is time for the University Council to face up to the facts and realise the impact of their decisions. We agree with them that the Government should give universities more funding. But the solution is not to continue pricing students out of a university education, and out of a normal life without debilitating debt.

... the University cannot continue to close its eyes to the impact its decisions are having on students, and pin all the blame on the Government.

What has the Clubs and Societies Officer been up to this year?

I AM THE CLUBS AND SOCIETIES OFFICER FOR AUSA, and thus am the student representative for the over 100 clubs on campus.

My job is to help out and support clubs to make sure everything runs smoothly for them. I am also one of the members of the Clubs Support Committee, which is a combi-

nation of AUSA and the University that makes decisions which impact clubs, for example around funding grants. It means I can serve as one of the two student voices on the committee, and represent student clubs. It's really important that there is student input so that students can resolve any student issues or disputes.

Besides the administrative parts of my role I also hold some of the events on campus. My favorite this year have been the monthly pub quizzes I have helped run. We packed out Craccum with hundreds of people for the Game of Thrones and Harry Potter quizzes - Shadows even reached capacity, which is kind of crazy!

Overall, I really enjoy helping with events which AUSA holds.

Basically I am the one clubs go to and I help around with AUSA, I really enjoy my position and I am glad to have had this opportunity.

- Noleen Nicholas



BALLS SUCKING

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

TWO YEARS AGO, I DROPPED OUT OF LAW SCHOOL. I know I reference it too often (it's become a badge of honour) but it's relevant. AULSS, filled with both derision for our Arts degrees, and envy of our freedom, punishes us deserters by charging us \$120 to attend their ball. I decided to go anyway.

I try not to hate on the law fam. It's too predictable. And some of them are really quite nice. But some of them, to put it politely, are dicks. I must add that there are assholes in every degree, but Law school is so small that they're just more visible. And more rich. I work as a cleaner (another badge of honour) and over a week's wages went into this ball. Why would I do this? Why spend this much money to hang out in a room full of people that I don't know, eating mediocre buffet food and drinking acidic sav blanc?

Before the ball, I started to panic, thinking that after all my rallying against the rich and the obnoxious, after a life of anti-capitalist slurs, that I really wanted to be *one of them*. Did I harbour secret aspirations of social mobility, bred deep within my Irish-peasant ancestry? Was I betraying my parents, who still have a soap dispenser that reads "Labour cleans you up while National cleans you out"?

It was with these existential concerns that I got ready for the ball. Soon, however, they were replaced with other ones, of a more practical nature. My boobs. My mammaries have always been somewhat of a failure, deficient in a number of areas – size being their primary shortcoming. Specifically, on this night, my dress plunged too low. The woman on Asos was so buxom, so comely. She fooled me with delusions of what I would look like in the same dress. With nothing but a humble A cup to fill out the material, the fabric gaped, leaving a very real nip-slip hazard. So I taped myself up. I created a labyrinth of sticky strips, crossing

over silicon nipple covers. Underneath my pretty dress was a horror show of plastic and deception. I briefly pondered what the world would be like if men's fashion called for them to *tape their testicles to their clothes*.

Off to the preball I went. We got drunk. The Columnist threw a grapefruit into my drink, despite my protestations that it would disrupt the pill. He called me "hysterical", and later threw the grapefruit at my head. He missed.

At the ball, The Editor briskly embarked on a mission to get \$120 worth out of the open bar. I quickly realised that my tolerance wouldn't permit this, so I shifted my attention to the buffet. 17 boiled eggs, 1kg of pork, 5 chicken skewers, a few slices of what I think was luncheon (gross), some mandatory salad, and 11 prawns (I'm allergic to seafood, I just chewed them and spat them back out) later, I gave up. Engorged and lethargic, I turned around only to find that everyone had disappeared. In my gastric haze, I had missed everyone else getting shitfaced, and some of them getting escorted off the premises. One of them was too drunk, another had been rude to a security guard. I heard one girl got ejected for stealing éclairs. Puritans.

By this point, I was getting bored. Half my friends had been kicked out; the other half were schmoozing with the law school glitterati. The frauds. They handed out awards to King, Queen, Person With The Most Connections, and so on. Who decided these? Why didn't we vote? I made witty comments about the demise of true democracy. Too bad I didn't have any friends around to hear them, they were great.

At last, I located The Best Friend. The good news was that she hadn't been kicked out. The bad news was, she *had* got her money's worth at the open bar. The next hour was spent with the two of us squeezed into a toilet cubicle, me holding her hair back as the luncheon got resurrected, her occasionally yelling vague things like "you don't know" and "you'll never understand". A kindly girl peered under the door. "Are you okay in there, sister?" I couldn't tell if the use of this term meant she was street-smart or a Gloriavale escapee. Either way, it was nice.

Eventually, predictably, we got kicked out. But there was a special place for those who were too drunk to be at the ball, yet too drunk to kick out onto the street. We got escorted to the Naughty Kids Room. Crying girls were draped over boardroom chairs, eating bread rolls and wondering loudly where their shoes had gone. The Best Friend passed out. I listened attentively to an escalating argument between two women, trying to figure out what the problem was. "It's not that you did it, it's that you didn't tell me". "Why would I tell you if I knew you were going to be a bitch about it?" Curious. A couple of times, they called on me for my mediation. I murmured soothingly, holding the catatonic Best Friend's head up lest she chundered on her dress. The girls began to yell. I murmured louder. My mum called me; she was here to pick us up. I considered asking her to wait until I had found the reason for the argument. Thought better of it. As we were leaving, one of the girls stood up and roared "LOOK I JUST DIDN'T ENJOY FINDING OUT FROM MY LITTLE BROTHER THAT YOU GIVE GOOD BLOWJOBS". I carried The Best Friend from the room, satisfied.

WAS I BETRAYING MY PARENTS, WHO STILL HAVE A SOAP DISPENSER THAT READS "LABOUR CLEANS YOU UP WHILE NATIONAL CLEANS YOU OUT"?

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REFUGEE CRISIS RALLY

Wednesday October 14th, 1pm
University of Auckland Quad



AN UNASSUMING FILM FAN'S GUIDE TO FANCY FILM FESTIVALS

AS WE SCRAMBLE OUT OF THE LULL BETWEEN SUMMER blockbusters and awards season, the films set to compete for Golden Globes, Oscars, and everything in between are beginning to roll in thick and fast. Hopefully this can provide a sneaky insight into what films have been taking the critics' fancy, everywhere from Venice to Toronto.*

*This author, nor *Craccum* Magazine, take any responsibility for you wasting your hard earned money on her possibly misguided suggestions that are influenced, in at least some small part, by a desire to experience Michael Fassbender with a Scottish accent.

THE AWARD WINNERS

ROOM: Based on the novel of the same name by Emma Donoghue, *Room* took out the People's Choice Award at the Toronto International Film Festival. The film stars Brie Larson and Jacob Tremblay as Ma and Jack respectively, who have been held captive in a single room for all five years of Jack's life. The story follows them as they find freedom – and five-year-old Jack sees the outside world for the very first time. It has been said that this one isn't the easiest to watch as it packs a proficient emotional punch, but it's worth it for the stellar presentation of the bond between a mother and child who have experienced unimaginable hardship and work to see the good in humanity once again.

ME & EARL AND THE DYING GIRL: *Me & Earl and the Dying Girl* is a comedy drama film that found its feet at the Sundance Film Festival in Utah, winning the U.S. Grand Jury Prize in the Dramatic Category. Directed by Alonso Gomez-Rejon, the film follows the three titular figures, Greg, Earl, and Olivia (who has recently been diagnosed with cancer) as they navigate the hardships of high school and new friendships. This one has been a bit of a mixed bag in the review department, but most have lauded the way the film handles such a somber topic with poignancy and humour. An example of such a reaction:

"HOW GOOD IS ME AND EARL AND THE DYING GIRL" – Jack Stephens, University of Auckland Student and film enthusiast.

This one is already on screens here, and you can find it screening at Academy Cinemas down on Lorne Street (only a hop, skip and a jump down the hill from uni).

THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE FILMS

DHIEPAN: This one took home the Palme D'Or award at Cannes, which is a pretty big deal. Directed by Jacques Audiard, it tells the tale of three strangers who find a common bond

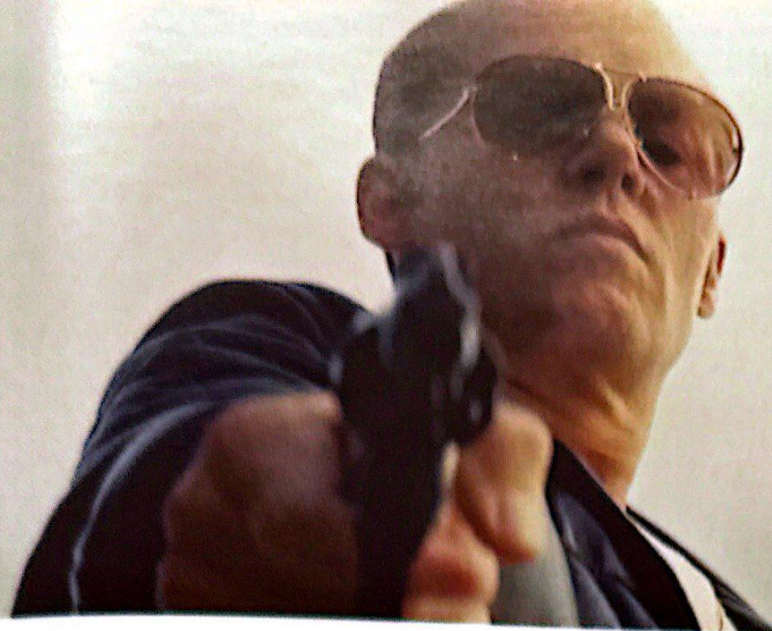
as they flee the civil war in Sri Lanka. A man, a woman, and a young girl all must act as a family as they try to resettle and start a life away from the war-torn country they have left behind. Most critics have been fixated by how well the three leads anchor this film, and the way it articulates the concerns of escaping your home and trying to find a new foothold in the world.

DESDE ALLÁ: *Desde allá* is a Spanish film, written and directed by Lorenzo Vigas, that observes the relationship between the fifty-year-old Armando and Elder, a seventeen-year-old boy, whom he develops a close connection with as he seeks companionship and solace. Though this one has very little in the way of critical reviews at present, it won the Golden Lion at the Venice International Film Festival, which is most definitely not something to sniff at.

THE COMEBACK

BLACK MASS: Johnny Depp's filmography over the past few years has largely proved to be a source of ridicule, and for some particular individuals who used to own various Depp shirts and a belt with his face on the buckle, a source of much sadness and shame. Much to the delight of such individuals, Scott Cooper's *Black Mass* already has

THIS ONE HAS BEEN A BIT OF A MIXED BAG IN THE REVIEW DEPARTMENT, BUT MOST HAVE LAUDED THE WAY THE FILM HANDLES SUCH A SOMBER TOPIC WITH POIGNANCY AND HUMOUR.



the words "best actor nomination" being thrown around. This brutal gangster film is based on the real life story of James "Whitey" Bulger, and his complex relationship with his brother, a Massachusetts politician, and with the FBI as he is approached to become an informant and begins to walk on both sides of the law. The cast have been praised, but none more so than Johnny Depp as he portrays a homicidal gangster with sympathy, in a turn that many are heralding to be his best performance in a long while.

THE FRESH TAKE

WAGNER: This is the first on-screen *Macbeth* adaptation to compete for the prestigious Palme D'Or award at Cannes, and although it didn't take the big one home, it reportedly received

a ten minute standing ovation as it ended. It seems the biggest issue for this Shakespearean revision may be transcending its limited appeal to English majors. But, with a strong cast helmed by Michael Fassbender and Marion Cotillard, and directed by Justin Kurzel who has a skillful eye for lavish visuals, this *Macbeth* adaptation could see itself finding mass appeal.

Even if the name William Shakespeare brings back NCEA-related nausea, it appears that Kurzel's adaptation of the tragic Scottish play is set to ramp things up a notch from when your teacher performed Lady Macbeth's monologues for your Level 2 English class, with a lot more elegance and a lot more blood.

BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

THE CAST HAVE BEEN PRAISED, BUT NONE MORE SO THAN JOHNNY DEPP AS HE PORTRAYS A HOMICIDAL GANGSTER WITH SYMPATHY, IN A TURN THAT MANY ARE HERALDING TO BE HIS BEST PERFORMANCE IN A LONG WHILE.

HARRY PARSONS - LOST EP RELEASE

DISCLAIMER: read this with a grain of salt, as I am for all intents and purposes a groupie of the band who played the gig I'm reviewing - i.e. my boyfriend was in the band, and had the under-rated job of playing keyboard. The band was a bit of an ad hoc deal brought together by music student Harry Parsons for his EP release *Lost*. Consisting of an eclectic collection of first-year music students and Harry's buddies, I was dubious about what to expect.

HARRY HAILED FROM HAMILTON, NATURALLY Hamilton was where the gig would be. Le boyfriend got roped into this gig through being in the same pop music course as Harry, and having been to Tron and back three times in the last week, I was duty-bound to go see the big performance. We got there four hours early for practices, sound checks, beer runs, etc. Bae tucked off to be all muso-y as per usual leaving me to entertain myself. After dividing my time between eating copious amounts of grapes in

the green room, perusing sound checks and wandering up the Waikato a few times, the gig finally begun at around 8.30pm.

It was a hipster's dream. Set in a theatre called 'The Meteor', the soulful tracks from *Lost* were played to an audience of perhaps 100 who nevertheless filled up the modest venue. Fairy lights lined the stage, twinkling jovially. Hay bales and straw were strewn artfully across the stage, lit by soft golden spotlights. Poetry flowed from the lips of English accented musicians, accompanied by sweet melodic music. The pop-rock tunes were catchy (sorry Harry if that's not the genre you guys were going for), and definitely deserving of larger crowds in the future. Additionally, the mid-song banter was comfortable and comedic.

Sipping on the nectar of the gods (also known as Export Gold), and dancing with the opening act who had finished their set, I was astounded that despite my Jafa conditioning I was having a good time — in Hamilton. It also turns out that the UoA pop music course churns out some pretty solid musicians, and the performance showcased the impressive professionalism and skill sets of every performer up there.

The tiny stage really was packed with musicians including; a Cellist, Violinist, Keyboardist, Lead Singer/Acoustic Guitarist, Back-up Vocalist, Bass Player, Electric Guitarist and Drummer. (Note: I am not musically inclined at all, so apologies if some of those were the wrong words). Apart from the keyboardist (star of the show, obviously), the violinist was phenomenal, and combined with the cello, gave the music a beautiful richness that just blew me away. In fact, all the instruments and musicians worked incredibly well, with Harry as the glue that gelled them all together.

I try to go into every experience with low expectations, but this topped even my realistic-to-positive hopes for the gig. Maybe it helped to know the people playing, maybe it didn't. Anyway, the Hamilton gig was a good night apart from the bitch of a drive back. 10/10 would pay to see them again.

If you feel like supporting a fellow student, check out Harry's facebook page: [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/HARRYPARSONSMUSIC](https://www.facebook.com/harryparsonsmusic)

REVIEW BY GEORGIA HARRIS

JAZZ AND CULTURAL APPROPRIATION

MUSIC COMMENT

"We are also a [jazz] world that believes in the exponential power of coming together"

—Wynton Marsalis

SO BASICALLY, I HEARD PEOPLE CHUCKING 'APPROPRIATION' around, and I didn't really understand what the term/phrase meant in the context of culture. It's a bit of a buzz word, and I had mad FOMO I'm here to tell ya. I did a little digging, and came up with an answer(s) (thanks Internet... love you). Basically it is when elements (large or small) from a minority culture are copied, expanded on, and bastardised by a larger, suppressive culture, with no understanding of the minority culture's experiences and traditions.

And of course, me being me, I related the term to my own experience, which is playing and loving jazz, and thought to myself,

"Am I appropriating jazz by even playing it?"

A really controversial thought, and some slight mindfuckery on the side. But I really wanted to explore it in an objective way and try and get a grasp on how cultural appropriation and jazz may or may not link together. Really just bringing this topic to light and answering questions. I think there is a conception of exhaustion, tiredness and pity when it comes to race related discussion around cultures and mythologies, and I think that's a bit shit, so yup.

This quote from The Art Ensemble Of Chicago, on the subject of changing the term 'Jazz'

to 'Black Music', is one insight into how African-Americans associated themselves with jazz. Jazz, at this stage, will just be referred to as the artistic medium.

"In using the term they are not only referring to that music previously designed as jazz, but to church music... and the drum choirs of Africa as well".

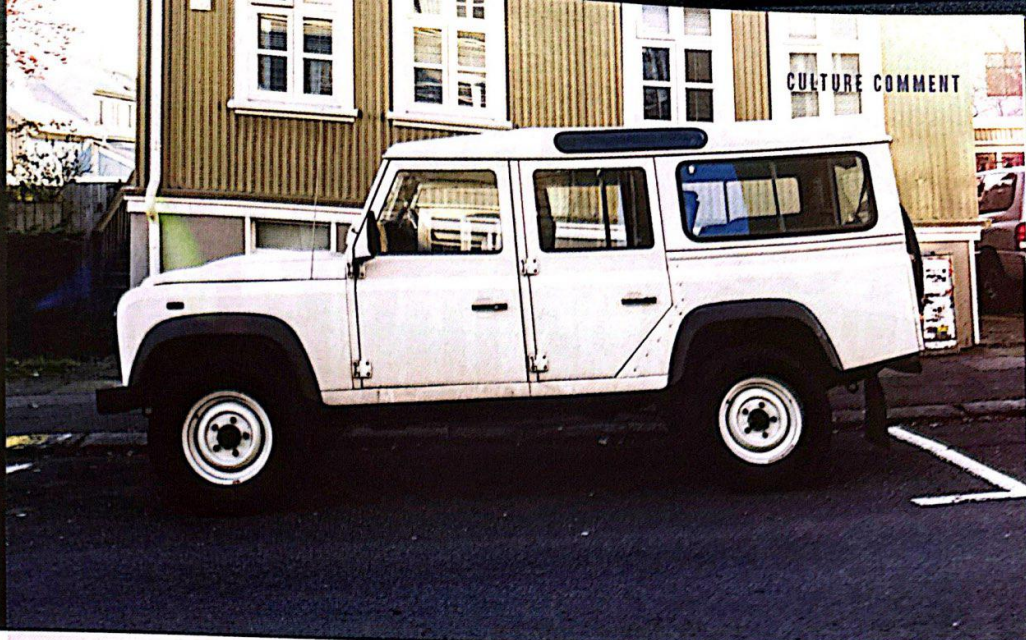
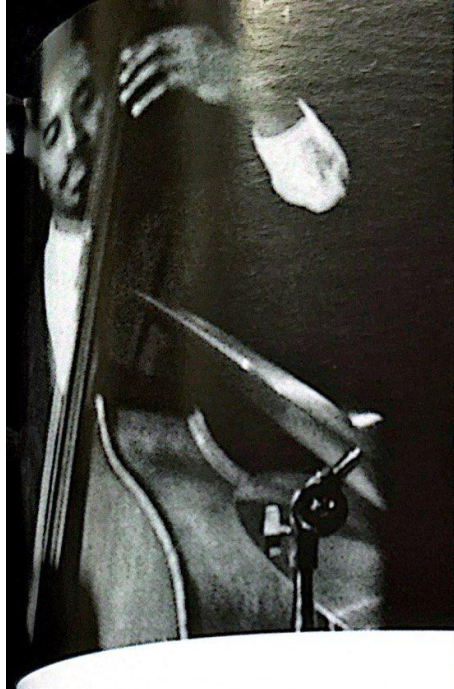
So Jazz/Jass or Yaaaz (for you Burgundy lovers out there) is a deeply democratic, righteous and liberal music. It has its roots in the blues tradition, born out of oppression and huge amounts of optimism from the gumbo of races that made up the slave tradition in the southern states of America. Jazz definitely confronts white-on-black racism on a large scale. However, there is another element to consider that the above quote does not: the ethos of individual expression within the jazz community. Not *essentialism* per se, but focusing primarily on an individual voice. So I guess I'll try and explore both of these facets of jazz music, to outline jazz music's function, and whether cultural appropriation is relevant to jazz.

First facet: It is obvious that with each progression and regression in black civil rights, jazz has commented on it and even pursued it, at a very meticulous level. Jazz has everything to do with race and minority. The Swing Era coincided with

the 'Uncle Tom', blackface approach to black entertainment. On moving to the Northern Cities like Chicago and New York, following the Great Migration, Bebop was formed. A ridiculously harder music style that encouraged elitism, moving away from entertaining white audiences and entertaining themselves, promoting themselves, an intellectual accomplishment for their people. The 'I' of improvisation, the 'Us' of the swing, and the spirituality of The Blues came out in full force. Hard Bop and Post Bop opposed cool jazz, and so on. Listen to "Alabama" by Coltrane, or "Fables of Faubus" by Mingus to get an idea of the power jazz held for the African-American people. But what I'm trying to find, if it at all exists, is when virtuosity/inspiration/artistic merit separate from the renaissance idea of race. Where, in the modern world, anyone can be inspired, and jazz eventually fulfils its complete democratic, humanistic function. Of course jazz is first and foremost an African/Creole/Caribbean tradition, but perhaps one can see it has evolved into something more, perhaps something beyond appropriation. Perhaps it is beyond social construct, and purely congratulating and thanking the shitloads of human variation and uniqueness in the world (referring to the Marsalis quote up top) is what is needed.

One can see that jazz's true nature was to be Omni-American, more correctly Omni-Human. Jazz, as a music, *should* be all encompassing. The

IT IS OBVIOUS THAT WITH EACH PROGRESSION AND REGRESSION IN BLACK CIVIL RIGHTS, JAZZ HAS COMMENTED ON IT AND EVEN PURSUED IT, AT A VERY METICULOUS LEVEL.



PARKING MAD

CULTURE COMMENT

HAVE A LOT OF RESPECT FOR WINDSCREEN WASHERS.

Because, to spend hours at traffic-ridden intersections in the blazing sunlight, tirelessly soaping willing motorists' windscreens whilst simultaneously circumnavigating the mass of vehicles and the occasional angry BMW-snob, is a commitment that requires true dedication and, without even the guarantee of receiving money, superhuman discipline. It's a crying shame that the Auckland council is moving to rid the streets of such people as they are, after all, trying to innocently and legally earn a few bucks so as not to die of starvation in the monstrosity that is the modern, capitalist world (though that's another rant).

Windscreen washers are undemanding, hard-working and, unlike the vast majority of humankind, aren't working to rip off every single one of their customers. They pose no imminent threat to the people and should, in my opinion, be allowed to continue working as they are, candidly doing service to society, whilst harmlessly finding a means to take care of themselves.

Windscreen washers are, in essence, the societal opposite of parking wardens: whilst the former works entirely for the convenience of society, parking wardens work to fuck people over. Not only is the premise of having to pay to temporarily occupy a space unbelievably ridiculous, but the draconian nature with which parking wardens actually enforce precise punctuality is, by even today's standards, noxiously inhumane.

There are literally innumerable legitimate reasons that people could arrive late to their respective automobiles: You could, theoretically, on the way back to your car, be attacked by a dog rendering it impossible to move; you could, out of the goodness of your heart, assist a person nearby who has just entered anaphylactic shock and is about to die; you could be stampeded by an army of TPPA protestors and be killed, or accidentally join the protest; you could be pur-

posefully barricaded by a really shitty friend — the list goes on. All of these are perfectly legitimate reasons to be late to anything — things as far wide-ranging as class, dates, funerals, job interviews — except, it seems, the rather inane act of arriving punctually to your car. And, in spite of all this, we are somehow expected to factor every single feasible scenario into deciding an appropriate time to return to our cars, then strictly stick to this arbitrary time regardless of what may come up, unprecedented or otherwise.

How can it be, that parking wardens actually exist? I cannot conceive of the mind of someone who can reconcile being so diabolically unforgiving, making a living off ruining someone's day and ripping people off. It infuriates me even more, though, that parking wardens show no remorse whatsoever for having such vampiric jobs: recently I witnessed the regretful incident of an innocent citizen's car being towed away, and it genuinely made me boil with rage when I noticed the expression on the satanic parking warden's face, as he tapped away at his idiotic dipshit-o-meter: **The son of a bitch was fucking smiling.**

He was smiling, goddamnit, as if his job was so tremendously important that it warranted the kind of catharsis deserved by an actual life accomplishment. He was smiling, at having effectively ruined the day of a person who probably worked a real job, and was late only because he was probably taking a minute to celebrate having a job that isn't a fucking parking warden. He was smiling, as if the act of fucking people over somehow served to avenge all the meanies who bullied him in school for being the complete loser that he is.

Parking wardens are society's parasites: they feed on others' happiness, nibbling away at people's lives whilst inflicting pain, loss and suffering. I would liken the role of parking wardens to that of Hitler — their presence only makes the world a shittier place.

BY VINU ABEYICK

black culture and history that birthed jazz, had its origins in freedom of expression, confronting the white prejudice had set before them (and still do); to be inferior. The music that they created told different. It heralded so many more genres to come, it defaced the white standard, and in doing so, inspired so many people to deface standards the world had/has set for them. People, not as fucked constructs of race, but rather people as a human entity, a commonality, can embrace jazz as a culture unto itself.

Jazz is a culture. A club. A way of life. It was birthed out of a non-naïve optimism that one day, southern racism would end. It dictated the flow of music outwards from America to the rest of the world. It is the brick and mortar of so many genres. However forward jazz progresses, we have to be careful. We have to acknowledge its roots, always. It is easy to quote these traditions in our music, in our improvisations. But the intention is the most important thing. I think if our intentions are pure, we can avoid the idea of appropriation all together, and celebrate jazz as a gathering place, a 'fuck-you' device, and most importantly, the most beautiful art from (in my opinion) ever created. This quote sums it up in a much more eloquent way than I ever will, from Greg Thomas, jazz journalist, curator and producer:

"The cultural tool that enabled this transcendence to occur was the music — a social and cultural artifact — the jazz, the might and right manner in which Armstrong took a cold metal instrument and blew through it the warm majesty of his soul and his awe-inspiring talent. Jazz, as a cultural tool to reach bodies, hearts and minds and souls and to incorporate the affirmative values of freedom within disciplined form, acceptance of the blues of life while perpetually swingin' to freedom them, individual expression and style within an pluralistic, democratic ensemble context, integral improvisation as self-invention, technical mastery in service of emotional depth, and what Stanley Crouch calls the "sound of spiritual investigation in a secular frame."

BY VINU WHEATLEY

TOP TEN

ARTISTS PLAYED AT HOUSE PARTIES

EVERY TRAGIC HOUSE PARTY HAS TWO VITAL flaws: Easy access to someone's Spotify Premium and their iPhone password connected to someone's "AUX" cable (It stands for auxiliary, bloody hell). Barely half-way through the night, and intoxicated individuals find themselves lost in any ability to talk to a human being, finding solace in the said Spotify which is no doubt keeping down awkward silences, the sounds of the needy friend already vomiting, and the rumble of cans into the recycling bin (Their mum arrived home early and thought they'd do a "clean up" whilst actually just making sure their 24 year old fuck up of a son is not throwing away more of his student loan on drugs/prostitutes/friends). Anyhow, this is the list of ear-bleeding delight you'll experience in the nine minutes of song changes before someone hides the phone or argues that "This song is my favourite, leave it on, it's my jam!"...

TAYLOR SWIFT: Oh my Christ, already we've delved into the atrocity of T-Swizzle's racially homogenous videos along with equally appalling variation in rhythm. Currently, I sit, writhing in my seat, as I force myself to listen to the "Blank Space" of Swift's lyrical depth. Fuck. "I'm such a defender of the creative arts that I'll stand against the corporations by aligning myself with another corporation!" Get your shit together, she hates her fans

as long as she isn't making money.

NICKI MINAJ: "My Anaconda" don't give a fuck about your ludicrously horrendous demonstration. Minaj is a true creation of the misogynistic world of sexualised music. Her music is not fun, nor is it creative. Every fucking party seems to end in the screaming contingent of individuals screeching as if the strings of a violin were used to lynch cats. Every fucking party. Call me "uncultured" or "fun at parties" but this shit isn't appealing.

MACKLEMORE: Honestly, I enjoyed the idea of "Thrift Shop", and the one that everyone references as to LGBT rights but can't remember the name of. Genuinely good sentiments. What pisses me the fuck off is that this becomes another means of driving false beliefs that you're actually making a difference because you're now "so liberal omg". I've seen more meaning in the phrase "Work makes you free". Hell, I've seen more sincerity in comments like "I don't have a favourite son". By the way, what's this "Mack-le-more" shit. No one gives a fuck.

KANYE "FUCKING NOT" WEST: Oh my fucking "Yeezy" shit. I can't even form a proper sentence to describe how shit his music is, along with how much of an awful individual he is. His ego, along with his fans, seems more inflated than right forearm of a thirteen year old. I may be old fashioned, but Kanye is a fucking sod. His lyrics scream "Like me 'cause I'm rich" and "I'm so talentless, I get it off my wife". He's an insult to the human intellect. He's the super-virus strain of modern STDs. Anyone that actually bought his shoes can fuck off.

"Yeezy"? More like sleazy fuck that asks if you "w a n t to be my girlfriend" in Shadows.

KIM KARDASHIAN: Congratulations, you are the true demonstration of our family society. Rich, talentless, and we found out you can deep-throat rather convincingly. "The Pope is Dope", calm the fuck down, guys, we've got

Dr. Seuss here — green eggs and the sham of history.

ANY POPULAR MUSIC AWARDS: I can quite confidently say, it's literally all fake. Every show. Every EMMY and whatever else shows that you can get a few million hits on your Vevo account. The drama? Fake. The speeches? A sham. The fan-base? Wankers.

CHRIS BROWN: Wife-beating fuck, why are you coming here? Don't even bother with criminal checks, give that man a DELNA test.

CALVIN HARRIS/DAVID GUETTA/AVICHI: It's all the same. It begins with some folk build-up and some easy, auto-tuned voices that pair the Caucasian actors in the video following their dreams of love, ambitions, and product placement... Look, each house musician probably hates their own music. They press play on their iFucks in a crowd of writhing bodies that will go home and indulge on two leaves of kale and remove their flower headbands after a hard day of being a fuckboy. It's all disappointing and fills up every club in Auckland now. Perhaps that's why the culture here is more shit than the Young Nats' Christmas orgy (Which, by the way, is "Smart Casual" if you're willing to shell out another thirty bucks on top of the tax for having to put up with you being a prick).

ROBIN THICKE: So creative. Much interesting. Such equality. Wanker.

ANYONE THAT SINGS SOLELY ABOUT MARIJUANA, EXCESSIVE ALCOHOL INGESTION, AND PARTYING "TILL DEATH" — please, for the love of the children, shut the fuck up. Your topics aren't interesting. They are why we ignore the one loser that is always asking for "a quick durry" before asking everyone for a lighter. The lyrics are lubricated, not by the fine champagne you claim to drink, but the embryonic fluid and excrement mixture, created by giving birth to the piece of shit you spent two years labouring over because you were too high to remember that you had dignity. "Turn Down for What?" Please don't turn the child support on you nineteen children, they need the education to learn how to think, unlike your conforming and horrid "songs" for want of a better term...

JACK ADAMS



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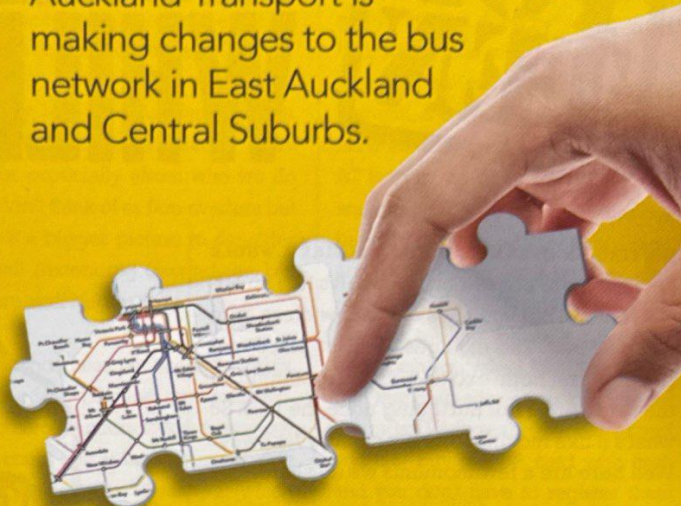
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Take surveys, make a
difference and get rewarded.

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,
Hikurangi 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**



MOMENTS YOU HAVE WHILE TRAVELLING

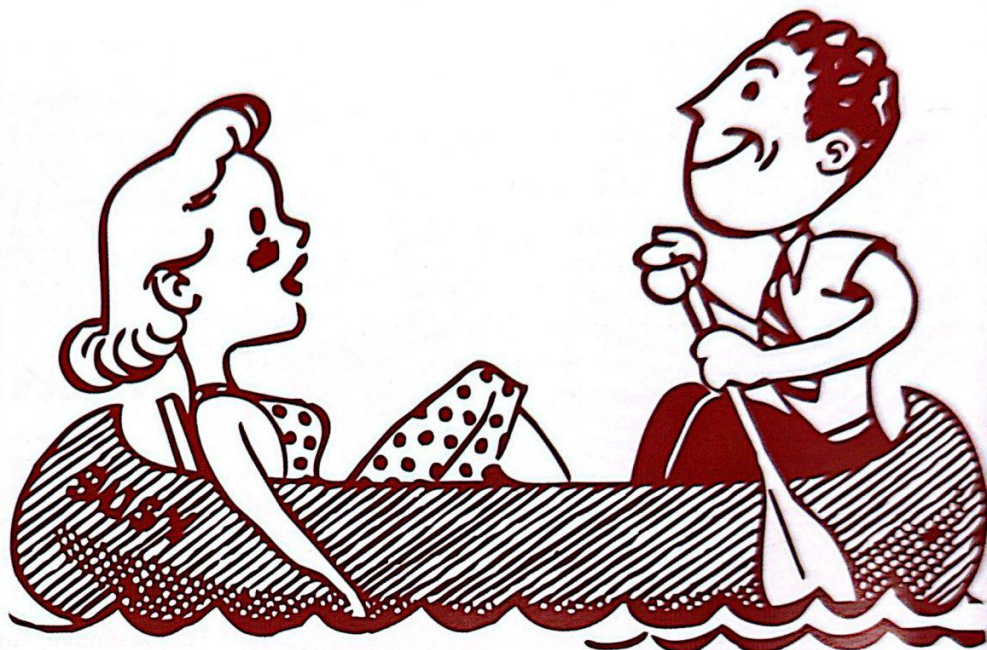
BEING AN OVERSEAS STUDENT IS LIKE A WHOLE new roller coaster on its own. It's like an adventure, but you have only a few clues as to what is what. The changes, both in place and people, are both exciting and frightening at the same time, but intriguing none the less. So what's it like moving to a new country far away? Well here are a few moments we all share.

1 **THE "EUREKA" MOMENT:** No! Not the stark naked euphoria (unless that's how you found yourself), but the overwhelming high you felt when you found out you're all set to travel across the vast seas to a new place. It is the beginning of a whole new adventure which may last for some years. But YAY none the less! New university here I come, full speed ahead captain!

E **THE "EAGLE HAS LANDED" MOMENT:** "The eagle has landed; I repeat the eagle has landed". You cannot deny the moment when you step out after a long tiring flight, you feel like the new country is a new land to make your own. But you also have to acknowledge those you've left behind. Your phone pings endlessly when you turn it back on with wishes and love from family and friends and your neighbour's cousin's dog. You probably even looked around to make sure no one actually followed you. How else do they know? But you love each of them none the less.

E **THE "BIG LEAP FOR MANKIND" MOMENT:** For you, to be more precise! First trip to the moon, first trip away from home, same deal (don't let anyone tell you otherwise). There are so many different things to get used to. There's the adjustment to the changing weather, the new culture as well as dealing with mostly wild imaginary fears about a new country. Remember just take baby steps. Keep this mantra on repeat.

7 **THE "PILLOW TALK" MOMENT:** Definitely not what you are thinking! But those latent tears that spring out in the quiet nights, when you miss home and your confidante is your pillow, who takes it all in and come dawn, doesn't let anyone know. Remember it's ok to feel homesick, everyone feels it. Don't suppress it because it's a motivator to put yourself out there and ensure you keep in contact with the family back home.



E **THE "BOND...JAMES BOND" MOMENT:** Of course, a first impression is the best impression! You are new; so yes you need the whole shebang of an entrance when meeting your classmates. Just kidding, they'll love you for who you are, not what you portray. But a little effort goes a long way. Be proactive and involved. Take initiative and smoother will be the however long ride ahead.

E **THE "DEER CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS" MOMENT:** Along this great big adventure, you will come across sudden roadblocks. There is a lot you don't know, no matter how much you might try to. So don't get distressed, sometimes it's good to approach others for help. Independence is great, but the word in itself involves dependence. When, where and for what, depends on you, but it's always good to ask for it, when something seems unclear.

4 **THE "BRAIN STORM" MOMENT:** Yep! International education systems are way different and whole lot more confusing. Figuring it out takes up the entire academic coursework. Talk about getting thrown in the deep end, no trial session. That's how you know it's time to switch playlists, and keep it on repeat. The first song being "I'm a survivor", we got this peeps. With exams fast approaching, hope you are buckled in and ready for the plunge.

E **THE "CHAMELEON" MOMENT:** You can blend in or stand out, both are acceptable choices of course. But make sure you don't lose yourself, your identity; be true to who you are and how you've been raised. At the same time, fine tune yourself too, where you feel you need improvement. Events, people around you mould you, make you better or worse, but the extent to which is still in your control.

E **THE "CLOCK-STRUCK" MOMENT:** When has time ever agreed with us? Let alone the time differences between our hometown and here. Mornings here equate nights there and the struggle is taxing on friends and family. It's ok, it will be ok. Stay strong, stay true. Technology has been a blessing, even with its negatives. But focusing on the positives, we have applications/features that make you feel closer to home, than the physical distance.

1 **THE "EXPECTATIONS" MOMENT:** The dreams, the wishes, the expectations: both your own and of everyone back home. That's a heavy load all on its own to carry. Not that it's bad, just a lot to meet up to. But hey, unpredictable is even the very next second. So do not be disheartened if things don't go as planned. A little bump in the road is sometimes necessary to get a better picture of the road we tread on.

JOHANNA BENSAM

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANT TO SEND US A LETTER? NOW IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET IT PUBLISHED! EMAIL US ON EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ BEFORE WEDNESDAY EVENING AND WE'LL SLOT YOU IN, ASSUMING YOUR LETTER ISN'T HORRIBLE.

LETTERS

DEAR CRAC-HEADS,
You guys need stand-first pars, maybe more (relevant and captioned) pics and some pull-out quotes.

Not so many self-referential (and reverential) in-jokes - no one cares. Oh, and more features, less columns (tip: get Masters/PhD students to write engaging, journalistic accounts of what they're doing. And do Q&A interviews with visiting genius lecturers... an easy way to intelligently fill four pages).

Make yourself the definitive record of uni life. Not just student life... try and cover off some of the amazing work being done by students and staff here).

Letters to the front... some kinda Vox pop action. Punters love that.

Big difference between uni now and back in my day is the huge number of Asian students. Not sure how you engage them, but you need to make Crac at least a little relevant to them.

Last point. Ignore all unsolicited advice!

Yours truly,
SOMEONE WHO MADE ALL THIS MIS-THINKS AND MORE :)

Be late for that now, just one more to go. Kihixbi

I know quite some time has passed since the loss of the vagina cupcake event. I hope my thoughts still have some relevance.

I a woman, born TS, so i passed through the 'trans' zone some time ago.

When I read about the erasure of women's bodies, as exemplified by the elimination of language used to describe women. Vaginas, breast feeding, menses, even 'clitoris' are all words were are not supposed to use to avoid upsetting a tiny minority of men that think they are female, or v.v. It makes me very concerned.

The oppression of women, by men, through the agency of the patriarchy, is a real thing. We suffer violence from men almost universally, there

are very few of my female friends who have not been raped, abused or assaulted, and the small hurts and damage are countless. Aspirations, dreams, independence, self-confidence, all crushed.

To make things worse, we are eliminating the safe spaces women have to escape the oppression. Men who call themselves women, but who have functioning male genitalia and male hormones coursing through their bodies, are now granted legal rights to invade those spaces and impose their presence on women, who cannot complain for fear of legal action. These males can force their inclusion into a group discussing menstruation, say, and then disrupt and dismantle by demanding that their male biological realities are more important than the women's biological realities.

It is a dangerous, misogynist, nonsense.

Here is a female writer who is far more eloquent than I. <http://gender-apostates.com/cissexism-and-you/>

It is well past time that the trans narratives were reassessed. People like myself are not allowed to speak our realities in trans* groups, since we do not subscribe to their warped, misogynist, women-erasing gender theories, yet it is our voices that should be heard. Perhaps our erasure from the narrative it is because we stand with our fellow sisters to resist the patriarchy.

In a sane world, the cupcake event would have gone ahead. The self-identified trans women would have held their tongues, and instead joined in with the celebration of women that they fetishise or feel that they are. It would have been a great day.

thanks for reading my rant.
FLOW

I AM STILL HUNGRY

DEAR SIRs, THE COMMENT ABOUT "whining" was exactly why some (perhaps just me) are sceptical of your commitment to the principle that Craccum is a student magazine

and the subsequent importance of being accountable to the theoretical readers (current estimates ~8).

Anyway, let's consider fare evasion. Sure, Naden raised several valid points, especially about who we do and don't think of as fare evaders but there's a bigger picture to consider as well (extending beyond the big picture stuff Naden does cover).

For instance, take the case of Te Mahia. This is a fairly pointless station according to some random fellow passenger who could use it or Manurewa, due to its proximity to Manurewa (which is one of the Southern line's busy stations), which may go some way to explaining why Te Mahia has a reputation for not being used (to the annoyance of a friend of mine because that rep side-tracked an anecdote about an overly busy train, if we want to reference the Chris column). Indeed, it is, as far as I am aware, either due to be closed or under serious scrutiny in part because of low patronage (also, we must consider Parnell and the need for a station servicing the Southgate/Takanini Village complexes). That's important in terms of fare evaders because, you see, patronage data is largely based on fare paying customers and however good estimates are. According to my memory of something someone else wrote, Te Mahia had/s a more than typical amount of fare evaders. Assuming you a) trust my memory and b) what I am remembering, fare evasion really can hurt people: it's not a victimless crime because there's this aggregate to consider.

Secondly, I would suggest that coming out guns blazing in favour of fare evasion is a poor solution to the problem: unaffordability. Take the tertiary concession. This transforms a six or so stage journey of all too frequently an hour rather than the supposed 55 minutes the diesels managed easily before November last year from an \$8.50 cash to \$5.08 HOP fare. And if you go in every day, and can manage to scrape \$190 together (plausibly, an impossibility), a monthly pass (zone A and B), single zone cheaper, all three more expensive) allows room for further savings. This, of course, begs a question of Naden's citing a \$4.50 figure which was cash. Why is Naden using a cash fare? That's a fundamentally flawed comparison to make because

you've got to factor in that a) cash isn't really "system friendly" (ever tried boarding a bus with numerous cash payers, there was a top ten on this dammit!, and can and does slow many services down) and b) because of this AT is trying to wean people off cash and on to HOP cards (which also can be loaded with a tertiary concession, and considering at least five train stages is only \$5.08 with one I think you can see this makes a difference: adult cash equivalent \$8.50). Some argue that cash allows you to go under the radar. Well, yeah, it would except you can buy a HOP card with cash and you don't have to register them either. Some might argue that the start up costs (especially for an infrequent user) are too high, but I believe they've been preserved at the \$5 level as part of the weaning thing (don't quote me: check for yourself before rocking up to get one). Sure, an unregistered card can't get a concession on it but there are *still* savings to be made simply by using AT HOP cards. Also, AT integrated fares are coming soon so hopefully that'll help as well. But the point I am making is that it's probably time for a "community services" concession, the effects of which may stack with other concessions that exist (e.g. tertiary; i.e. if you have a student loan you'd get a further discount on top of the existing tertiary concession). This is better because there really are problems with fare evasion, and also it's a solution.

Ooh, before I forget, that was an especially good top ten this week. Perhaps the author would consider doing a version for university (if the genius which is Celina Thompson hasn't already planned this). Although, as I did mention in an earlier letter, that's perhaps even more affected by the rarity of English language media with a non-American perspective on universities... at least with school you have the behemoth that is Harry Potter, a few pages in Eustace Scrubb's school (which aren't very positive and anyway is that with two bs?) and the ever funny Witch Week (hum, tendency to boarding schools and fantasy: probably says more about me though). Oh, and how could I forget Gormsby?

Anyway, to return to a more critical tone, the left-wing/slactivism/call-out culture feature was also interest-

ing. However, I was left confused by "a straight person telling the gays How Gays Work". Did Blair mean to suggest that only homosexual people can explain how homosexuality arises in a species (any species, and to the extent that we know the answers to this)? Or was Blair talking about things more in terms of the gay culture as often discussed by Perry? In which case, did Blair mean to suggest (yay! repetition) that only a member of a group can possibly have any insight into the way that group? For instance, if we were to work with that generalisation could it be that James Belich cannot possibly have anything valid to say about 19th Century British people's ideas around race? I am pretty sure that the point was probably about comprehending versus understanding the realities of the lived experience of being a gay person, but I thought I may as well further the letter section's reputation for being reactionary (Bants with Cartz < Dear Diary).

On "adding my thoughts to that which I agree with" note, I also feel as though Blair could've spent a little more attention on the matter of the form and function of the places this so-called slacktivism arises. Consider, for instance, your Voy Forum. I don't know how many people are familiar with those but they're not the world's best medium to have a conversation with because, you know, mostly you're typing in the title section. Twitter, of course, takes this to a much greater extreme because well, you've got a tiny and small character limit. God knows even the Herald's 1600 generally isn't enough to write anything thoughtful, although I'm obviously not Mr Succinct). These are important things to consider when you want to discuss maturity. After all, if you've got a medium like a phpBB forum (a God among formats imo) then you're able to slow things down, spend some time on what you're saying and by the use of BB code insert links, images, and even tables (which are fiddly but possibly rewarding). Tumblr, which I think most people spend more time reading about rather than reading, is not like this. Its very format, given its intended function, doesn't really provide any intrinsic aid to developing a "mature" conversation. That's without considering the role that forum/website culture plays: although that's influenced by the structure. After all, Reddit's just as bad... it's a forum for the Facebook/YouTube comments

section brain because it has the up-vote and downvote feature. Maybe I'm just a bit elitist when it comes to where you have conversations online.

Of course, I've somehow managed to avoid the more usual angle that people take when it comes to this subject... i.e. the lack of face-to-face communication and associated non-verbal cues (you remember this Business 102 students? See studentcoursereview people, relevant). We probably saw this when I started talking about Blair... the confusion is probably more my bad reading rather than unclear writing (word to the wise, if you can't read sarcasm, there's nothing wrong with your reading skills at all, don't listen to the haterz). We must recognise that tone policing actually does have a role to play because people often won't internally recognise just how involved they're becoming emotionally, which often means that people will project (ah, pop psychology, don't worry I know nothing about psychology so you can disregard) or read things into stuff. While being told to calm down in generally just going to provoke the opposite reaction (which is similar to what Blair noted about previous QRO's reaction to being "called out"), sometimes it will actually help foster a conversation which considers stuff. The decreased visual components mean picking up things like irony or humour or when someone is actually talking about something else is harder and people are more likely to misconstrue things. Blah blah anonymity blah blah trolling blah blah you've read anything I could possibly say about this before.

Of course, all this just really affirms why Blair's overall conclusion is pretty much bang on. And we're also seeing a nearly pathological need on the part of some members of the internet's comment writing community (why which I mean me) to go, look, I have an opinion too (if, indeed, you bothering distinguishing this from xkcd's "someone is wrong on the internet" comic: speaking of comics, "Little Sister" was particularly brilliant this week). This is also something to consider: a new manifestation of the know it all. Which in terms of the feature we might consider as John having a need to show Paul that he's more leftwing than Paul is, and also can explain why we should listen to Ringo more and why George is a complete bigot and definitely not an "ally". That reminds me of GBH...

at one point Palin asserts he's more socialist than another character (who is something of a spoiler, do watch it, very good).

Oh, and as a very final word... blogging's an interesting case because unlike a proper forum, the blogpost generally represents a contained discussion/opinion and comments are typically intended to be on the post rather than the post's material. This is an important mentality to consider if you investigate a forum with an ingrained and mature culture.

HARRY EAST

All this letter does is affirm how avg AT Transport is to me. Sort your shit out AT.

TO MY SPARRING PARTNER IN
Last week's Craccum edition (aka "Sense Amidst Madness, Wit Amidst Folly"):

It's nice when one of my adversaries in Craccum provides me the opportunity to pay them a genuine compliment. So allow me to say that I deeply respect your openness to dialogue and support for proliferers' right to freedom of expression on campus (specifically as regards our posters.) It's a pleasant change from the wearisome tirade of insults and abuse I have so frequently encountered in Craccum over the past year. Now, as to your questions:

You ask why abortion is wrong. The answer is of course that killing an innocent human being is morally wrong and that an unborn child is an innocent human being. I, Sophie, the person, started on the continuum of my life's existence at conception. At conception a new entity comes into existence which did not exist prior to that point, and it does not undergo another substantial change until it dies. Biologically speaking, therefore, we are not dealing with a separate entity at conception that suddenly becomes a human being (i.e. a totally new entity) at some point later in the process. The conception debate is a bit of a red herring, however, as women do not generally discover pregnancy for some time and abortions usually occur at 8-12 weeks: it's not just a couple of atoms joined together at that point. So I would like to ask you a question: exactly what species is the entity aborted at the 8-12 week mark?

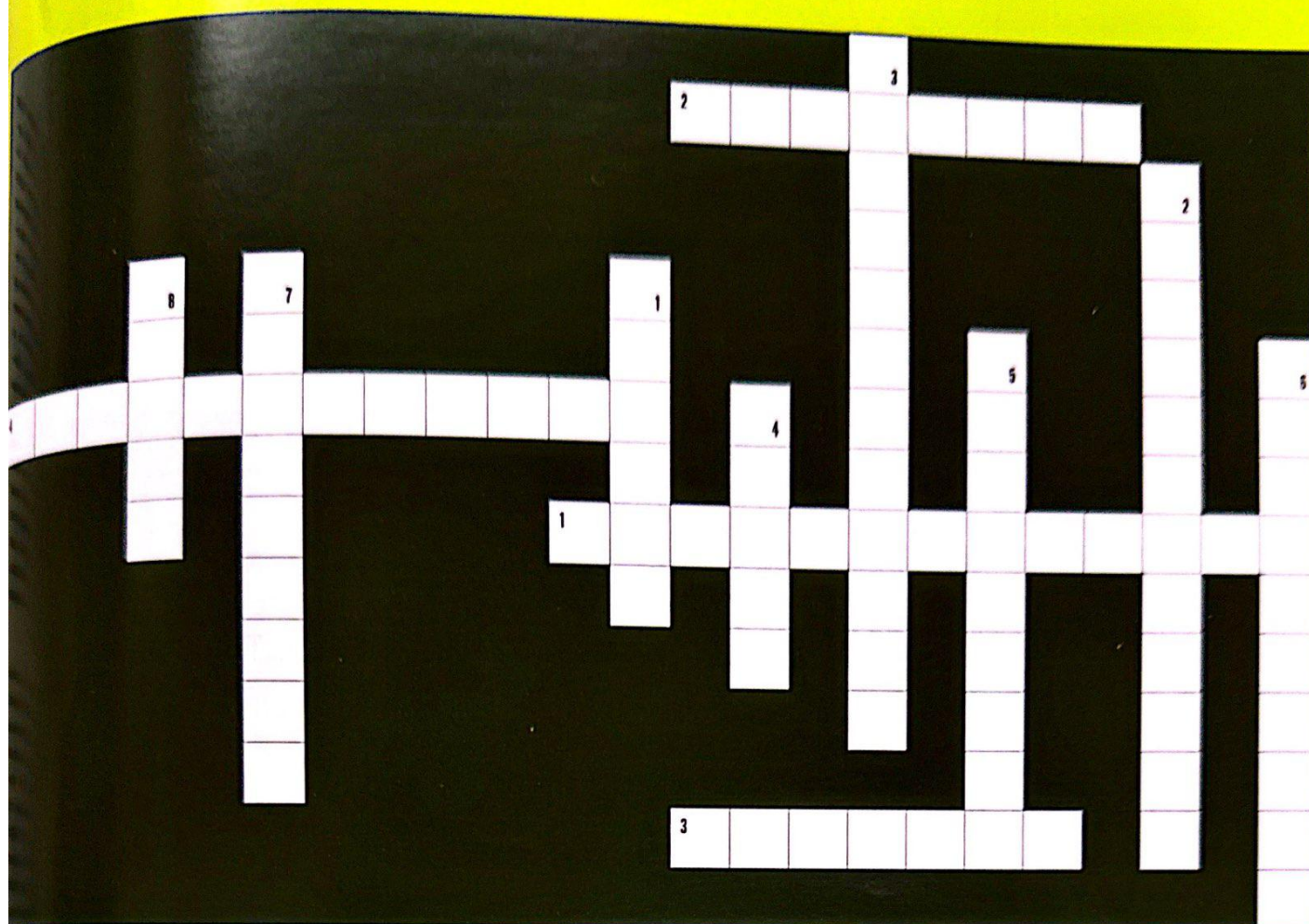
You also ask whether I believe that "women have a right to bodily autonomy" and whether "the right to life of an embryo outweighs the right of a woman to control what happens to her body". This is somewhat reminiscent of Judith Jarvis Thomson's violinist analogy. Suppose you wake up in the morning and find that you have been kidnapped and attached to a machine which is providing a life-saving blood transfusion to a famous violinist. You alone have the right blood type to help, and you simply need to remain plugged in for nine months. Thomson argues that your right to bodily autonomy means you have a right to unplug yourself, just as you have the right to an abortion, even if the unborn child is a human being with the right to life.

The scenario is however not analogous. I shall list the reasons in brief. Firstly, the vast majority of abortions occur after consensual sex as a form of backup contraception. The violinist analogy is not consensual: it's not like a night out with Mr Right. Secondly, the violinist is an unjust aggressor, whereas the unborn child formed no equivalent intention to enter the womb. Thirdly, the violinist is a stranger with no relationship with the woman, yet pregnancy confers a maternal bond which comes with certain expectations. Fourthly, and perhaps most importantly, the violinist analogy confuses direct killing with an indirect death. There is a world of difference between stabbing the violinist, and unplugging myself. If I unplug myself from the violinist, he will die. However, my intention is to free myself, not to kill him: his ailment is what kills him. Abortion however is intended to directly kill the unborn child.

In the interests of space, I shall politely decline to respond to the backstreet abortion argument at this point. The question of whether abortion should be legal is a different question from whether it is immoral, as I am sure you appreciate. The former is the focus of this letter. Maybe in the new year I could write a more extensive article to Craccum on the issue of abortion.

Kind regards,
s.w.

This is the seventh letter we've had about Abortion in the last 5 issues. Let that one sink in ya'll



ACROSS

Contributor of the Week

Which town in Oregon was the latest to suffer a mass shooting?

Which type of button are Facebook looking to introduce?

What was the top 'travelling moment' in the Top 10 this week?

DOWN

1. Capital of Portugal

2. Which immune disease has Seven Sharp presenter Toni Street been diagnosed with?

3. What is the name of the fictional town that Coronation Street is set in?

4. Which animal is reportedly being cloned to prevent extinction?

5. What was the name of the elementary school where a mass shooting occurred in 2012?

6. Which coromandel beachtown is the host of the famous Beach Hop?

7. Who is the star of the latest space movie *The Martian*?

8. What colour is this page?

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John Middleton

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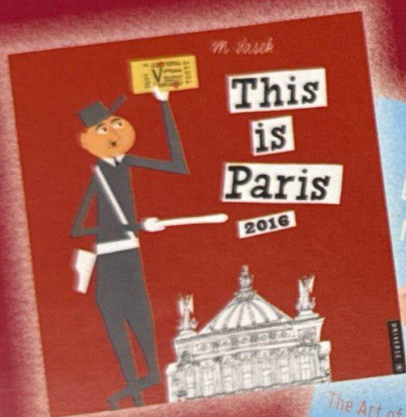


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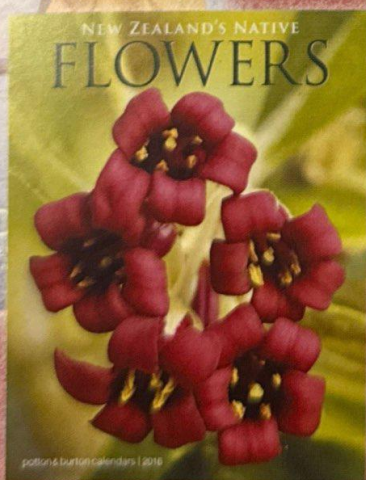
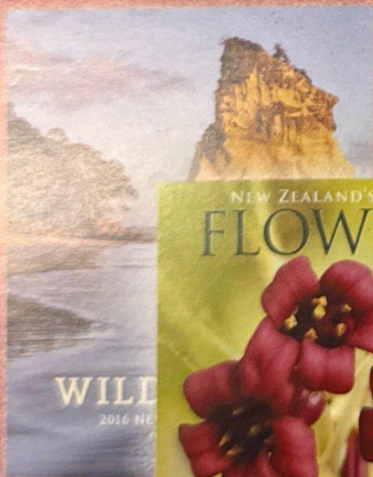
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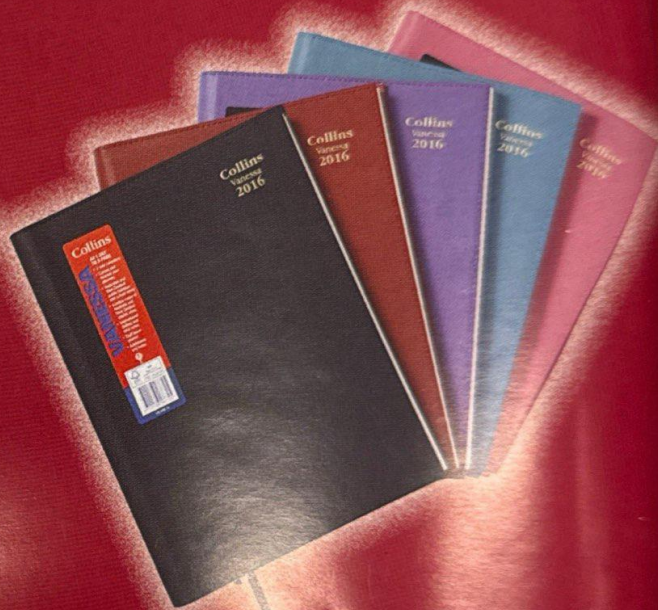
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