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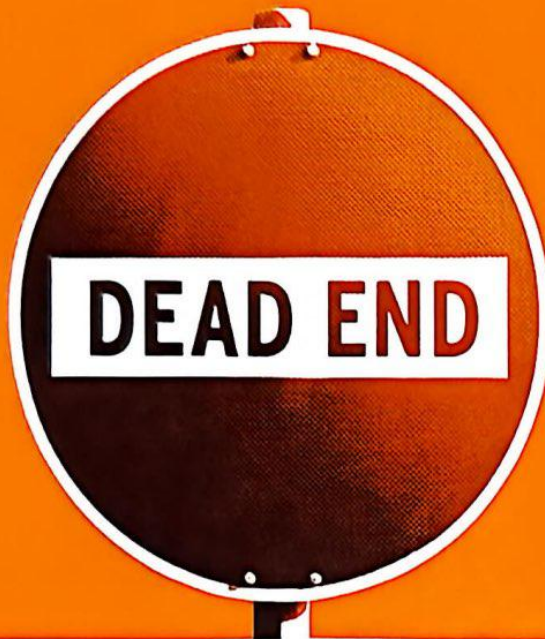
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CHANGES ALONG THE RIDGE-LINE

The Gentrification of K-Road

PAGE 24

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I FAIL SOMETIMES.

BY JORDAN

I USED TO THINK I WAS CLEVER. IN FACT, I WAS sort of a douche about it, especially at high school. A couple of A grades and I was convinced I was a legend. I was a Facebook warrior second to none. My paragraphs were long and un-marred by needless punctuation, good diction, or correct spelling. I was briefly Christian, and I fought on the side of Lord, I bent my formidable intellect in His direction. Then I ditched that gig (cause ya know, wrong). Then I was an atheist, and I'm pretty sure that my Facebook posts actually did disprove god. I also got very left. And I'm pretty sure the people were considering rising up to overthrow the system with me.

I applied for many scholarships. I got none. It seems like being mediocre and pompous isn't looked on kindly by academic boards. So

I went to Victoria to take arts and be a literary genius. I did ok. No offers came from Oxford, or even *Salient*. Now I'm in Auckland, at law school, and sad.

On the bright side, I have a good academic record. Wait no I don't, I've failed three papers over the last two years. So now I also have no pride. And no job prospects.

A friend a while back mentioned that as you get older you just realize that grades aren't that important. And I know a few people who genuinely don't care, and I kind of admire that. But I *do* care, massively. Someone who grew up fat, spotty, and insecure, only really has IQ to rely on, and grades are the only way to prove to everyone (or really just yourself) that **ARE BRIGHT HONESTLY.**

It might be kiwi study syndrome — if I don't try and do badly, then it says nothing about my ability, and if I do well it shows I'm natu-

rally a bloody champ — but that doesn't work either, I studied for hundreds of hours for a first year Roman History exam.

I could, I suppose, blame university for being shit (and it really is). But again, I haven't failed that often. Plus, only a bad workman blames his tools.

Is there a reason I decided to chill on Waiheke instead of heading to a Philosophy of Religion exam? Or got drunk instead of going to Microeconomics? Or didn't bother finding out that Metaphysics tutorials were worth like 30% (the fuck)? A flat mate suggested my musings on this might be revealing or interesting. But much like my attitude to my education, my thinking is meandering, and self-obsessed. Maybe I just don't belong here. Or maybe it's karma for those fucking Facebook posts.

“MY PARAGRAPHS WERE LONG AND UN-MARRIED BY NEEDLESS PUNCTUATION, GOOD DICTION, OR CORRECT SPELLING.”

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

FASHION, OR HOW TO BEST HIDE THE FLAB.

BY DENTON

THERE ARE TWO THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW about me before continuing this editorial. Firstly I am a fourth year Law and Arts student. In this degree, not only is strong intellect sought after, but so is an awareness and understanding of fashion. Or so it seems in my rather superficial analysis of my degree. The second point is that, after my month in America, I have gained 5kg. This is particularly concerning when I needed to lose at least double that before I left. Now let's not get into the lies and/or pity comments like “you look great! What are you talking about?!” because that isn't the point. The point is how the hell do I dress fashionably when what is ‘hip’ and ‘cool’ only seeks to emphasise the bulging tumors of lard sagging around my body.

My current trend of ‘outside’ clothes includes some form of printed top and coloured denim shorts. And by current, this has been my fashion of choice for almost six years. It has worked well for my solid frame, where the open topped T-shirts mislead you to believe that my shoulders are broader than it seems. But this isn't ‘fashion forward’ and the older I get, the more I appreciate this look is. I promise I'm not trying to reclaim my youth. For the record, I'm not the children from the night where I was sat physique.

So what exactly is ‘cool’? Firstly we have the *hipster button-up-shirt look*. If I button the top, not only am I partially asphyxiated, but the closing of my neck draws attention to my child-bearing hips. Too bad these hips don't actually work for me in impressing men (or bearing children), except for those who enjoy prodding gleefully at my stomach like it's Playdoh. So that's out.

We next have the *skinny jean look*. Half of my daily winter exercise routine is trying put the darn thing over the junk in the trunk. Then my body is perpetually under pressure and slowly yet surely, the seams split when I didn't suck my gut in enough when I sat down. As the buttons move out, but a friend in the stomach is left to wonder: the middle of my group, the flabber-ness, the lard-ness that this will not work.

Then there's the *Wetex jumper*, aptly named because you need a Wetex to suit it. What is most apparent is the O frame from the jumper sticking to my flabby contours. All this V does is to point down towards the chubby rolls and only making this conundrum an even bigger issue (excuse the pun).

I give up. Fashion isn't for me. I'll just live in my trackpants eating chocolate and be in eternal bliss.

“THE POINT IS HOW THE HELL DO I DRESS FASHIONABLY WHEN WHAT IS ‘HIP’ AND ‘COOL’ ONLY SEEKS TO EMPHASISE THE BULGING TUMORS OF LARD SAGGING AROUND MY BODY.”

Contents.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Editorials | p.5 |
| News | p.6 |
| Columns | p.10 |
| Cover Artist Profile: Rowan Love | p.16 |
| Friends of Justice | p. 21 |
| Changes Along the Ridgeline: The Gentrification of K-Road | p. 24 |
| Misunderstood and Undervalued: Life as a BA Student | p. 28 |
| The Big Bloating Bubble | p. 31 |
| Have we Left the Irony on too Long? | p. 33 |
| AUSA | p. 35 |
| Lifestyle | p. 36 |
| Arts and Culture..... | p. 38 |
| Top Ten | p. 43 |
| Letters to the Editor | p.44 |
| Puzzles | p. 45 |
| Collaborators | p. 46 |

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What a load of Crac-New (just shit)



SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ UNLESS YOU'RE GONNA WRITE ME ANOTHER ARTICLE ON THE GCSB OR IRAQ INVOLVEMENT PPL

NEWS IN BRIEF

Auckland: In order to increase readership, *Craccum* editors have decided to employ some Muslim extremists to kill *Craccum*'s cartoonists, which would make *Craccum*'s popularity and readership sky-rocket.

West Auckland: Health officials are checking David Cunliffe for 1080 contamination after he said he wanted to become a bird and live in a Kauri tree.

Top Gear: Survey finds the only thing people can agree on about the Jeremy Clarkson scandal is that no one knows what the word "fracas" means.

Auckland: Auckland Mayor Len Brown suggests the housing crisis could be fixed if we just pull foreigners over to the side of the road and confiscate their house keys.

The University: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. After a stunning week at the University of Auckland, with nearly half the BA students attending lectures and at least three students going to tutorials for which they didn't get credit, Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon has been rewarded with a salary increase to a total of \$3m a year.

ART FESTIVAL REJECTS MONA LISA

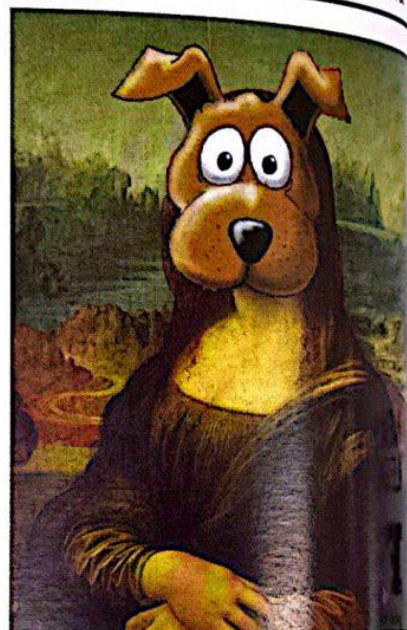
AN ART FESTIVAL IN MOUNT EDEN HAS rejected the Louvre museum's offer to display Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, saying the painting was "a bit too bland".

"We only really appreciate profound and thoughtful art, such as three bent nails in a soda can".

The festival organisers suggested to the Louvre that if they "spray-painted a cartoon dog's face" onto *Mona Lisa*, the Mount Eden Art Festival committee might reconsider having it displayed.

The festival got into controversy last year when they had to re-award the first prize after their original choice of a purple broken deckchair turned out to be someone's recycling.

There have also been some issues with the



public thinking the festival was in fact a group sale. "People started coming in and offering bucks for my priceless piece of art entitled *Stuffed Toy in a Microwave*", one offended petitioner told our reporter.

PERSON LIKES KIM KARDASHIAN SHOCK!

A PERSON HAS BEEN FOUND WHO LIKES reality TV star Kim Kardashian, according to a bombshell report.

Statisticians around the world have been left utterly confused, saying that the statistical chance of this happening, with a population of only 7 billion, is practically nothing.

The middle aged woman first became suspicious when she "agreed with something Kim said", and later became seriously worried when she thought Kim's new hair colour looked good.

"I just couldn't believe it. Why would this hap-

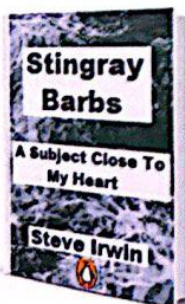
NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shit

pen to me of all people?" she said, admitting she found it very hard to come to terms with the diagnosis.

"I can't believe it myself, I'm usually such a staunch supporter of not being an attention-seeking fat-arsed moron".

Sadly her family has now disowned her, saying they "no longer wanted to be associated with her" and "much preferred the company of our son, Jihadi John".

KIM AND HER NEW HAIRSTYLE



Send in your News In Brief suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of *Stringray Barbs - A Subject Close To My Heart* by Steve Irwin RRP NZ\$68.

SPY ACCIDENTALLY GOES TO PRIVATE FACEBOOK EVENT

A SECRET AGENT WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT Communications Security Bureau was left embarrassed after he turned up to a party uninvited. John Smith had access to GCSB's top secret spying programs when he realised he could use the illegal software to find hot girls in his area. "I ran a modified face-recognition program through all the photos and filtered out the ugly ones. Then I looked for parties on their facebook pages", Smith told reporters.

Sophie Jones, who had been hosting the party, was surprised when "this random dude who wasn't even hot" showed up, saying he was her friend's friend. "I was like, Stacy, did you invite some nerd guy, and Stacy was like no way and I was like go and play Star Wars or whatever and he was like, sorry, I forgot this party was private. I'm a spy and I was stalking your page and I was like Stacy, he's a spy who's stalking us and Stacy



was like let him in and he got our grades up by doing some computer thing. We're, like, besties now".

This was not the first time spies have been caught using illegal mass surveillance programs for personal use. Three NSA agents in America were cautioned for using the XKeyscore program to settle a bet on whose Mum was the most "sexually adventurous" and an Australian spy was let off charges of Conspiracy to Invade Privacy Without a Terrorist-Related Excuse when she explained that she was Tony Abbott's niece's friend.

NEW ZEALAND TO LEGALISE MURDER

FOLLOWING IRELAND'S LEGALISATION-OF-illicit-drugs botch up, New Zealand will become the world's first country to legalise murder. Official sources have confirmed that the crime will "essentially drop into limbo" for a 48 hour period from 4-5 April as a result of a misfiled review of the Crimes Act 1961 at the Ministry of Justice.

An official spokesperson confirmed that the issue could be serious, but urged people not to panic. "Murder in its current form has been illegal in New Zealand since 1961, and probably

before that too", the spokesperson affirmed. "So it is something we are taking relatively seriously, but rest assured we are taking steps to ensure people do not take things to an excessive level". Citizens are encouraged to take extra precautions and ideally stay indoors over the period.

When asked how such a seemingly obvious issue could fall through the cracks, the spokesperson cited a bureaucratic error at the Ministry. "Yeah well Rob from the Policy Office was supposed to sign the form off and hand it in, but his cirrhosis has flared up awfully over the last few weeks", she confirmed. "He must have just left the form on his desk and gone home for a lie down or something".

SPY AGENCY REVEALED TO BE SPYING

AFTER PUBLISHING HIS CONTROVERSIAL book last year which made shocking revelations that politics can sometimes be dirty, investigative journalist Nicky Hager has made another ground-breaking revelation this month – the GCSB, the government agency tasked with espionage, is conducting espionage activities.

The astonishing news came just as book sales for his 2014 release, *Dirty Politics*, were plummeting and were being surpassed by another 2014 bestseller, *Fifty Shades of Grey* – even in the 60-and-over age demographic.

When asked for a statement, Hager said that he was "deeply appalled" by the news he got from stolen e-mails he was sent by international fugitive Edward Snowden as it was a "clear violation of intellectual property laws". He also said that it was a blatant act of "betrayal" on the part of the National-led government on its smaller Pacific neighbours.

"I struggle to understand how one could justify obtaining emails from other people without their knowledge. Even if it justifies their means, it is still wrong", he said.

When asked if he realizes that confidential e-mails obtained from other people without their knowledge was the sole premise of *Dirty Politics*, Hager responded: "Yes, but the end justified my means."

CARLOS CRAIG BECOMES HONORARY UNIVERSITY FELLOW

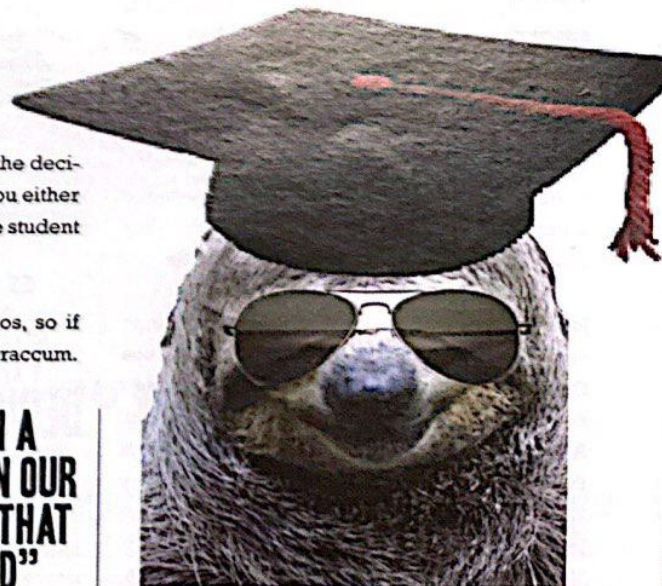
The University of Auckland has finally recognised the massive contribution of Carlos Craig, the Sloth from Overheard @ University of Auckland.

The online troll, known for loitering in Munchy Mart and overhearing usually shit stories, as well as constantly commenting on every single other post, received the honorary award in a lavish ceremony held by university Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon. "The sloth has been a constant companion in our university lives, and that should be recognised", he told the audience.

Some students were not so happy with the decision to bestow the honour on Carlos. "You either hate the sloth, or you hate the sloth", one student told Craccum.

Craccum would love to interview Carlos, so if you see him, ask him to email news@craccum.co.nz.

"THE SLOTH HAS BEEN A CONSTANT COMPANION IN OUR UNIVERSITY LIVES, AND THAT SHOULD BE RECOGNISED"



INTERVIEW WITH ANDREW LITTLE

ANDREW LITTLE, CURRENT LEADER OF THE Labour party, and previous president of the New Zealand Union of Students' Association, sat down with me to chat about the less boring side of politics. Here's what we got out of him.

50 SHADES OF GREY. Hasn't read it/watched it. "We've got the book at home. I haven't read the book". Whatever you say, buddy...

LAST MOVIE WATCHED. He couldn't remember on the spot, and had to get his secretary to text me later ('twas *The Imitation Game*). Yep, he's got a secretary to remember what films he's watched.

KIM K OR KANYE. Kanye. "Kim Kardashian sounds like a bore to me... Kanye West has at least done some vaguely charitable interesting things".

PARLIAMENT. He has apparently never farted in parliament nor gone into parliament hungover. Sure Andy, I bet you have let off a little whiff and blamed it on Annette King. Betcha have.

FAVOURITE ALCOHOL. Bourbon. He also likes wine and craft beer. Pretty damned posh I'd say. None of the cheap Smirnoff and crappy Cruisers us uni students have to drink.

FUNNIEST PARLIAMENT MOMENT. When Asenati Lole-Taylor asked Anne Tolley (Minis-

ter for Police) whether she had been asked for a blowjob. And yes, I heard Andrew Little say the word "blowjob".

MOST FAMOUS PERSON YOU'VE MET. Princess Anne and Hillary Clinton. Guess which he fan-girled over? Yep, he's more excited by politicians than flipping princesses!

IF POLITICS WAS DETERMINED BY WHO WOULD WIN A FIGHT, WHO WOULD BE IN POWER? "Oh I think I'd hold my ground pretty well, yeah, yeah, I'd back myself". Hahaha gold. I suggested it would more exciting if they did politics with fights, and he said he'd recommend Thursday

mud-fighting to the standing orders committee.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS AS A CAMPAIGN SLOGAN FOR THE 2017 ELECTION? "NEW ZEALAND LOOKED AT JOHN KEY, AND DREW LITTLE INSPIRATION"

cracked up and said "I like it...I'll run it past advertising agency and see what they think"

While Andrew Little may have had parliament unhindered by farting or hangovers, and be kind of guy who drinks posh alcohols, he spent our whole interview laughing. This man, that seriously involved in his politics, can also let loose and have a jolly good yarn.

JOHN KEY THE LONE WOLF IN FIGHT AGAINST ISIS

THERE IS ONE EMOTION THAT JOHN KEY HAS kept deep within him throughout his reign as Prime Minister. Without him knowing it, this emotion unmasked itself to the entire country in his 'Get Some Guts' outburst to Andrew Little. It was not frustration. It was not a genuine desire to fight evil. It was fear. Fear laced with anger lead Key to whiplash Little.

John Key is truly the lone wolf in his decision to send troops to fight ISIS. It is highly ironic to use the term 'lone wolf' to describe just how isolated Key is in his decision to send NZ troops to Iraq. A lone wolf is someone who sympathizes with the Isis and choose to join their fight. John Key is lone wolf of a different sort. Key is a lone wolf because he is the only NZ politician who wants NZ troops to join the Big Four countries (USA,

England, Canada and Australia) in their fight against ISIS.

Labour, Greens, NZ First and Peter Dunne have refused to share the blame with Key if the Isis decision backfires. They have either emphatically opposed the NZ troop deployment decision or distanced themselves from it. A smart career move on their part. That way if the decision proves disastrous, their careers will survive. John Key's career and reign as most popular Prime Minister will not. It will die the most brutal death in NZ political history.

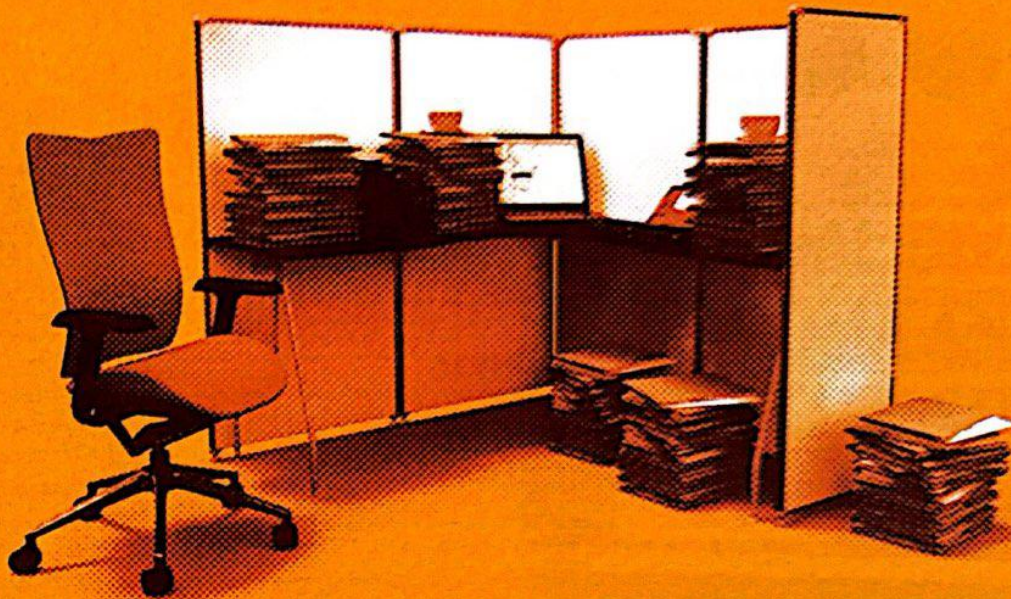
"JOHN KEY IS TRULY THE LONE WOLF IN HIS DECISION TO SEND TROOPS TO FIGHT ISIS."

John Key has borne all responsibility for this decision. In order to keep his international fam-

ily happy, he promised the Big Four NZ's commitment to what is essentially their war against ISIS. ISIS hasn't targeted NZ because we have blindly followed the Big Four in everything. John Key knows that ISIS will retaliate his sionate 'Get some Guts' speech with some sort of counterattack. As TV3's Patrick Gower put it, "It really is...not a matter of if, but when what the Islamic state will now do to retaliate against NZ".

And that must scare John Key. When ISIS retaliates against his decision, lives could be potentially lost. While a terror group coordinating Mumbai/London/Twin Towers style attack is unlikely, a lone wolf Canada/Sydney style attack in NZ is now a reality because of Key's decision. Or one of our Kiwi soldiers could appear in those horrific videos. It is Key's decision that has planted that seed of fear among us that Isis retaliation attack on NZ is possible. If terror does come to NZ, Key is gone. Key must be lying awake at nights thinking "John, what you done?"

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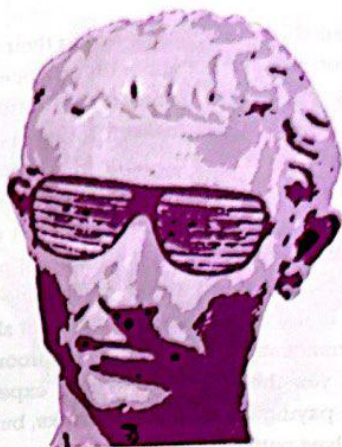
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OPENING NIGHT.

WITH CONNIE G

IARRIVED WITH A BEER IN MY HAND, BUT THE bouncer was, for a bouncer, very understanding. He made me throw it away, then he let me in. My friends and I used to go to a food court after school, where we observed what we called "Cleaning Lady Syndrome". The woman who cleaned the seating area would rope off the entire top deck and then sit at one of the tables. She sat there until the after-school rush was over, looking grim and defiant, refusing to move or let anyone come in and sit down. Cleaning Lady Syndrome is the bold abuse of a very small amount of power. So I said to the bouncer, "friend, you don't have Cleaning Lady Syndrome". Of course, he didn't know what I meant, but I still thought he needed to know.

In the bathroom there is a lot of macho discussion, mainly about breasts and arses, but also about tactics: men and their wingmen discuss the battle plan. Sex, basically. It's all about sex. Do women know how sexist men are when we get together? How coarse and predatory we are? Bathrooms especially. There's no feminism in the loos, where you're busy demonstrating your manliness to everyone else, where you're bristling with male solidarity, where, shoulder to shoulder at the urinal we all get along because we're men, and where, in a staunch and solemn language of nods and eyebrows, we tell each other that we all share one important thing: we're not women. We're not sorry for being a man. Oh how good it is to not be a woman. It's always fairly awful in the loos, but it's not really as awful as it sounds, because most of us are pretending, just playing along. You can tell the ones who aren't. The angry, insecure, low IQ ones. Those are the ones you avoid.

Winners Bar. 2am and I'd said far too much already. I tried to put some money in the pokie, but the note was too crumpled and wouldn't go in. I turned to the man at the

next pokie along, clearly a grizzled veteran of the pokie scene, playing with a look of desperate boredom, looking like he was bored of hoping. He looked like he wanted to stop hoping but couldn't. Hope was killing him. I asked him to help. He smoothed out the note and slid it in – he was an expert at retrieving scrunched notes from unexpected places and force-feeding them to the machine. The rules were unclear. There were many buttons. I mashed them all at once, like I was playing Tekken. I pushed 'gamble'. He leaned over and said "you've done well there", as if I'd done something clever, as if there were good players and bad players, as if pokie-playing were a skill, like practice made perfect.

After a few minutes the machine announced with much electronic fanfare that I'd won three dollars. I'd put in five dollars and won three back. So I was up. Excellent. Winners Bar's best feature is the Interactive DJ System (IDJS). This allows any patron to select any song at any time by searching Youtube on the computer, which runs an ancient version of Windows. It's democracy in action. A downside of the IDJS is that it leads to conflict. Sometimes large people in basketball singlets play gangster rap about hoes and stabbings, and when small, pale members of the Debating Society cut them off halfway through to play effete and dainty music like the Arctic Monkeys, or Taylor Swift, or the Brandenburg String Quartet, there is sometimes violence. On the whole though, the IDJS

brings people closer together. You find yourself hotly negotiating with your fellow patron, forging diplomatic ties, sealing the deal with long, intricately choreographed handshakes and vows of eternal friendship.

McDonald's. 3am and I'd spent far too much already. So I picked up a receipt that someone had left lying around, and insisted that I hadn't got my order. Troy gave me a cold hard look, straight in the eyes. He was a decorated employee, his badge was covered in stars, he was a "Crew Trainer" – he was going straight to the top. But I wasn't scared. With nerves of steel I stared him right back down. He told me he'd get my order. I think he knew what was going on just as well as I did. We shared a moment of understanding. We knew we had to pretend, we both knew I was robbing the system and we both didn't care. Soon I had 6 McNuggets and a Filet o Fish. Not what I would have chosen, but it was free so I was pleased.

We sat on a bench and ate it, then we walked around looking for a taxi. I exuberantly kicked a rubbish bag, which split open and sent rubbish flying into the air. Really anti-social behaviour that. The kind of thing that breeds Cleaning Lady Syndrome in the people employed to pick it up – and fair enough too. If I had to clean the streets I'd rope off the whole fucking city, so people couldn't keep coming in and messing it all up. Then I'd sit in the middle of the empty road all day and waggle my finger sinisterly at anyone who tried to cross the rope.

**"THERE'S NO FEMINISM
IN THE LOOS, WHERE
YOU'RE BUSY
DEMONSTRATING YOUR
MANLINESS TO EVERYONE
ELSE, WHERE YOU'RE
BRISTLING WITH MALE
SOLIDARITY..."**



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
aaaaaAaaaa. I can't
deal with it.

WITH CHRIS

AT TIME OF WRITING I HAVE BEEN BACK AT university for one week and three days. I have been in Auckland for a week and six. Staring at me from the notes app of my iPhone are a list of four coursebooks to read, five chores to perform, and three pieces of furniture to obtain (or at least investigate) before tomorrow. It's now 2:11PM, and class is four to six. I imagine it'll take about three hours to do the reading, two to do the chores, and the entire remainder of my adult life to suss the furniture. None of those will fit into the hour and 49 minutes I have allocated, and so instead I'm sitting in Kate Edger and worriedly playing computer games.

The great discovery of my fledgling adulthood has been just how unprepared for it I am. I seem to spend every waking minute in a state of total overwhelmed-ness. It's not solely a scheduling thing either. I wore trackpants and a hoodie today (having tired of relentless lusty catcalls regarding my worryingly low melanin/musculature/ability to co-ordinate sock colours) only to realise I'd merely swapped out constant self-consciousness for overpowering heat. Every lecture I attended last week was the most boring hour of my life thus far (or two hours — has a two hour lecture ever had enough content to justify the runtime? All we ever seem to do in mine is watch Youtube clips in full and struggle through awkward chats with the row behind). Every meal I cook is the latest in a series of barely-survived misadventures in under or over-saucing, and every night I eat out is the latest instalment of a long narrative detailing my inability to cook for myself or eat healthily.

Maybe it's being underprepared for real

life by the generosity of my parents, or hormones, or the 15 Facebook event invitations tacitly expecting me to plan out every weekend evening for the foreseeable future, or the fact that every course outline fastidiously catalogues each assessment's date and possible consequence for lateness, cheating, or ugly footnoting, yet only covers the assessments' requirements in the vaguest of detail, but something is contributing to a feeling that it's all just too much.

Except for the other 50% of the time, usually once I've actually arrived home and hidden my books away in their drawer for another night, when suddenly it's not enough. My courses, though time consuming, don't actually feel like they offer much content. My CV grows more barren with every passing year, relative to the hundreds of exec positions and team leaders filling the other seats in my tutorials (or discussion hours now that the politics department has no money). I apathetically float between my suburb and the university, thinking very little and feeling even less.

“THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF MY FLEDGLING ADULTHOOD HAS BEEN JUST HOW UNPREPARED FOR IT I AM. I SEEM TO SPEND EVERY WAKING MINUTE IN A STATE OF TOTAL OVERWHELMED-NESS.”

My existence is alternately dominated by feelings of overwhelmed-ness and disengagement. Perhaps deliberately. In my flailing attempts to catch up to my overqualified peers I'm at risk of overcommitting to, and then underperforming in, basically every extracurricular activity under the sun, with the hope that quantity of existence will stand in for quality when the HR managers scan my application for entry to the adult world. Despite having barely kept afloat through four papers each of the past two years, this semester I'm enrolled in five, with no steps taken towards becoming a reliable student. Mine seems to be the default condition of the UoA student: distracted rather than engaged, busy rather than occupied.

It's coloured the ways we conduct our relationships too. Most of my hangouts seem to end about 15 minutes after they begin, with

a crisp-shirted colleague taking their last sip of low-carb coffee and 118th glance at the clock, before announcing they'd better leave if they're going to make it to Strata in time for their next quarter-hour of pre-arranged interaction, or Investment Club Information Evening or whatever. Maybe it's just that I'm a terrible company (okay, it's at least partially that) but I'm pretty sure our schedule-obscure session is the friendship equivalent of shelving pharmaceuticals in a stein bathroom — it gets you there faster and less expensively than paying for a bunch of drinks, but also involves putting something in your arse.¹

Though the reverse approach is equally fraught. In late high school I decided I was going to become someone who watched and read about a lot of films, with the hope of one day having something of insight to think and say about them. In subsequent years my quest to create a dimension of depth in one of my interests has extracted severe costs from other areas of my life. I've barely read a book since starting budgeting for DVD rental.

als (I don't stream because it's a CRIME, and the quality is POOR), and the few friendships that I've retained time for have suffered due to peoples' inexplicable lack of fascination with my amateurish second-hand analysis of why the second *Godfather* movie actually is as good as its reputation.

I guess there's a balance to be struck, I just haven't found it. I'm too busy worrying about what I'm wearing to uni tomorrow to come up with a solution right now, but if you're still here after the Equal Access Foundation Students for Charitable Foundations meeting this afternoon I'd be happy to discuss it for a couple of minutes at least.

¹ Editor's Note: originally the comparison made was "more friends and less friendship" obviously, that wank, so we've changed it.



THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT TAKE ON KINGSLAND

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

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

ONCE A FAMOUSLY POVO SUBURB, KINGSLAND has recently become the destination of hipsters, immigrants, sports fans, and those few students with enough of Daddy's money to pay the absurdly high rent prices. The Addict, as you might remember, recently moved to Kingsland. His signature 2am vomits no longer annoy the neighbours, only his virginal flatmate. Too lazy to travel far, we decided to hang about the village.

To begin the night: Glengarry wines (for a beer, not a wine). Not actually a bar – despite our pleadings with the owner to be allowed to drink on site. Apparently pre-tastings don't extend to the spirits behind the counter. We bought craft beer. It was expensive. \$22 for two beers. Worth it? At this point we wondered whether we should have gone somewhere cheaper. Anyway, between us we drank a Panhead "Indicator", and a Liberty Brewing Co "C!TRA". These beers were fucking great, particularly the C!TRA. The labels gave virtually no description of what was in the beverage. It was actually refreshing to see that craft-beer companies don't always douche out and try to explain their beer like wine ("delicious hints of pretension with a distinct overtone of expensiveness"). Look dickheads, it's just beer. Anyway, at 9.9% it served as a great foundation for a booze evening.

We left the flat and wandered fairly soberly, but still with the odd chubby stumble, up

to Citizen Park. A cool looking bar, suffering from Mac syndrome (i.e., trying really really fucking hard to have character, whilst in actual fact screaming of mass production). The clientele suffered from Lemon Party syndrome (i.e., a bunch of sweaty old people). Weirdly despite being both a Saturday, and a game night (some cricket bullshit – the Addict didn't care, the Immigrant was enthused), it was also empty. Not as empty as the sangria, it turned out; at \$25 a jug one might expect a solid hit of red wine, at least more than HALF A FUCKING GLASS. If it weren't for the metric tonne of ice in the bloody thing, we would have been left with a single glass to share between us. These wankers also suffered from Longroom syndrome (i.e., being cheap with the limes, jerks). After an hour of being shunned at the tiny smoker's table, facing a dubiously contrived rusted bike – oh good job, look at all your character – we eventually got bored, and didn't trust them to make any drinks that weren't just watery fruit juice. So we left, not drunk at all.

Next stop, the Portland Public House. This bar was cool. A live band in the corner, who after two songs realised no one was around (why is Kingsland so empty?) The silence was replaced by the drunken douche one table over fatly playing the spoons to a gaggle of rather hideous looking un-married forty year olds, desperately clinging to the only bachelor cock around their age. "Floral shirt and sandals, really?" said the Immigrant. The Addict on the other hand liked his style, and declared him a mentor. We had cocktails. They were cray expensive, and shamefully, only two from the list were available. Given it was dead on a Saturday you'd think they'd be stocked. The Immigrant had a drink, the name of which he forgot to write down. It was strong and good. You should try it. The Addict had a pretty pussy concoction of cucumber and white rum. The Immigrant did remember to write its name down, but it was illegible due to a combination of tipsiness and ESOL. We were impressed. The bar was cool. Why don't they make the upstairs area available to drink in? A bloody waste. Moving on.

We stumbled a little drunker, but thankfully no more overweight, up to the local Mexican Toro Bar. Again, dead, mate, dead. Why is no one here? Is it us? Do we smell that bad? Shut up, that was a rhetorical question. We got there

about 9.30. You'd expect some people, but there was only a lonely security guard who, again, questioned the validity of the Immigrant's ID. The Addict had a classic margarita, 'twas strong and good. The Immigrant had a tommy margarita, a fancy way of saying margarita and lime. We sat in the service entrance to smoke. We were asked to move out front. We sat out front. Further smoking occurred. 'Twas good. We left.

We decided to save Mac's for our upcoming review of chain-bars (spoiler: they suck).

We went to the Kingslander to meet a friend for his birthday around 11pm. We ordered pizza, but were told "sorry, we've run out of cheese". HOW IN FUCK'S NAME DOES A BAR RUN OUT OF CHEESE!?!?! The clientele were fun; inside were middle-aged blokey men, and outside, the younger smokers bought shots for our mate. The Addict attempted to steal the shots. It did not end well for him. Or anyone else in the bar. Brawl three of the year. We were given a chance to win a free shot for hitting a bullseye on the dartboard. The Addict instead opted to throw the dart into the crowd. We stealthily departed just as the ambulance arrived.

The sound of sirens in our wake, we headed to the Bottle-o. After an hour of fighting over which liquor we should ruin our livers with next, and alarming the shop owner with the Immigrant's strangely feminine screaming, we got hold of some Stolen Spiced Rum. We wished we'd just stolen it. The Addict bought two packs of cigarettes, finished them outside while illegally

skulling the booze. Two more packs were purchased, and we headed back to the flat. We had a competition to see who could shout "PENIS" the loudest. At this point the Addict decided he desperately needed drugs, but knew only weed dealers (boring). So we just drank ourselves to sleep. We woke up at 4am hun-

gering for dumplings. Shout-out to the insomniac cooks of Dominion Road. The night was over, and we were ill.

All in all, Kingsland is a cool place; a nice mix between central Wellington and Mount Eden. Not the kind of place you're going to meet new people, unless those people are drunken fifty year olds playing the spoons #lem-onparty2015. We'd recommend bringing a

"TWO MORE PACKS WERE PURCHASED, AND WE HEADED BACK TO THE FLAT. WE HAD A COMPETITION TO SEE WHO COULD SHOUT 'PENIS' THE LOUDEST."



INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND WHAT A DRAG.

BY NATHAN PERRY

BIGOTRY IS RIFE. WE KNOW THIS BECAUSE we are told so often. This is not because there are more bigots around today than even there were before (indeed at a guess I'd say there are far fewer people who defend empire and support slavery), rather because our sensitivities toward it are heightened. I am all for this. I like women and I like gays. I also like people of every skin colour until they give me a reason not to. Bigotry is rightly admonished and demonised. Yet our progressive society seems to have let one form of bigotry slip through the net. The liberal will deplore antisemitism, racism, homophobia and misogyny and yet in the same breath will condemn the smoker. Smoker hate has become the last acceptable bigotry.

I do not intend this little piece to be entirely about how liberals ought to defend the right to smoke. Nor do I want it to be about how and why it's entirely unjust to criticise a group that acts entirely in the bounds of the law. I do however want to dispel one widespread untruth in a short digression. That second hand smoke causes cancer. In 1993 the Environmental Protection Agency produced a study that concluded second hand smoke causes approximately 3000 deaths in the US annually. A damning study that proves smoking is a truly awful deed. Except of course that five years later the courts looked over this study and concluded that they had ignored data in favour of their predetermined conclusion and said that it showed no link between secondhand smoke and lung cancer. After this, the World Health Organisation declared the results of the study to be not statistically significant. Since then the American Heart Association, the American Cancer Society and others around the world have cited this study as evidence that secondhand smoke causes cancer. The lie continues and the bigotry

booms. Our own government plans to eliminate legal smoking by 2020.

Yet it was not always so. Believe it or not, smoking, and cigarettes in particular, have a proud and even noble background (ignoring the fact that slaves were forced to farm tobacco). During women's suffrage, photographs of women smoking were plastered everywhere. The idea being that women had the same right to luxuries as men, that they were just as working class as men, worked as hard, and that they were people just as much men. What's more, smoking has always had an interesting relationship with the intelligentsia; so much so that Will Self keeps a collection of pipes in his home without being a famed, or more correctly infamous, 'smoker'. I wish to defend the noble art of tobacco smoking. Not simply because I believe it to be frankly disturbing that we admonish people for acting within the bounds of the law, but also because I feel it has some intrinsic, or at least inherent, value.

I must start by noting a difference between 'smokers' and 'smoking'. Smoking is an easy trick to accomplish. It involves casually putting a cigarette between one's lips, lighting it and smoking. Customarily a large amount of drinking and no small amount of scab-

bing precedes this. Being a smoker on the other hand is a tough job. To be a smoker to dedicate yourself to a substance that you know may very well kill you. It is to stand the rain and in the wind and in the blistering heat. For this one does not just do smoking one actually is a smoker. Smokers have always been the contrarian. When smoking was a new fad, smokers (as the name suggests), were the first to take it up. When it became unpopular, they were the ones who bucked the trend and stuck with what they were doing. When at a party, someone who smokes will socially smoke, the smoker on the other hand will leave the party and the frivolity, drop the music abandon their friends and go to the smoker's corner. These corners I might add are full of conversation and are, again, contrarian.

Smoking, as well as drinking, give you an outlet an ability to rebel without resorting to anarchy, misogyny and violence. They gain the ability to break their parents' hearts do what the man tells you not to, and just generally indulge in subversive behavior. Being a smoker means being a member of a community. What's more, when the options are either being a smoker or being an anti smoker, the two alternatives are really being filled with smoke or filled with hot air.

**"BEING A SMOKER MEANS
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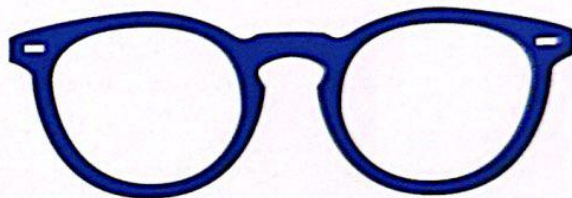
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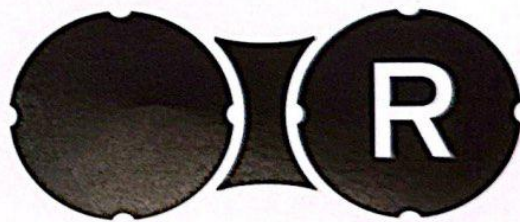
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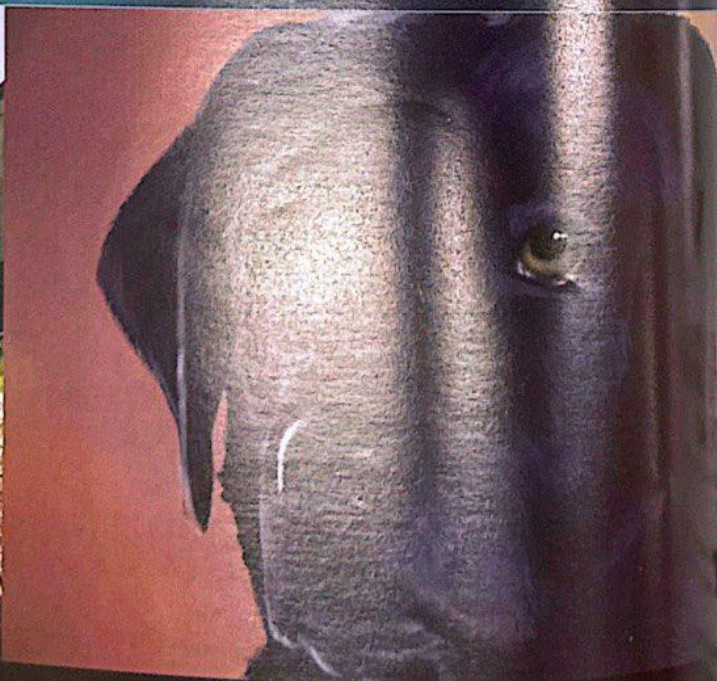
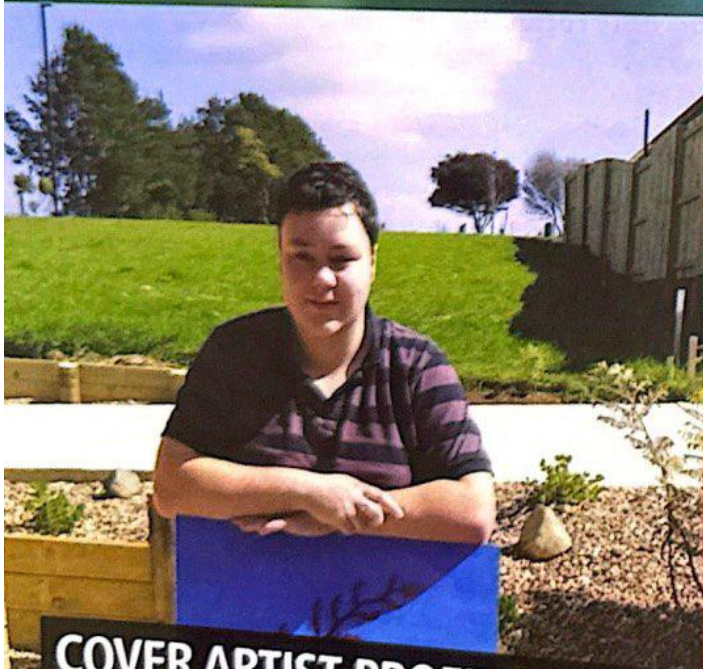
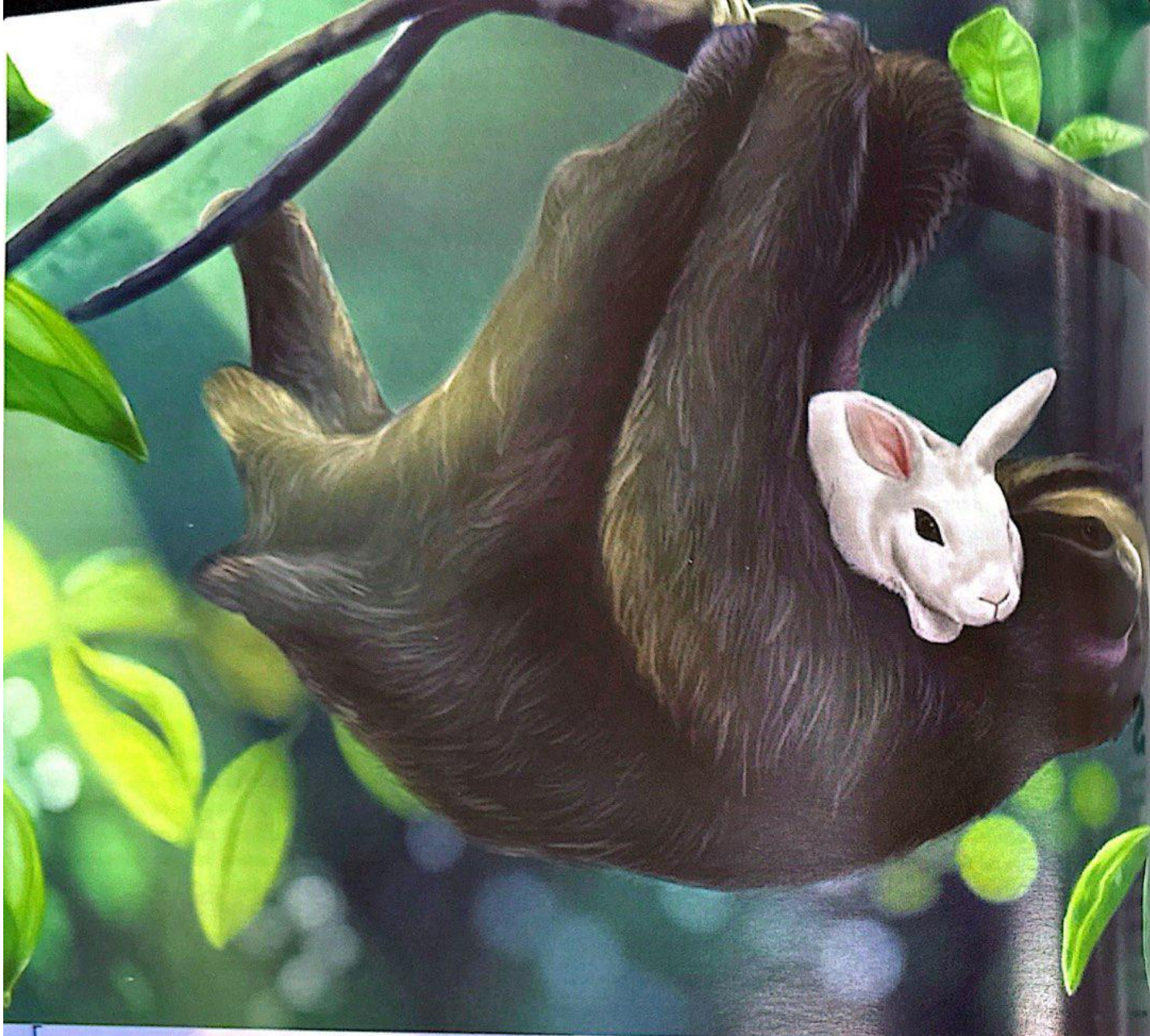


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COVER ARTIST PROFILE

ROWAN LOVE IS A TRANSGENDERED NEW ZEALAND ARTIST BORN IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND. He specialised in both traditional acrylic paint and digital art. His subject matter has included people, pets, fantasy and landscapes. He has had some training in animation and now works as a free lance artist. He is open to all sorts of commissions, but makes most of his money doing portraits of people's pets. If you would like to commission anything or check out his other work, check out his facebook page;

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/ROWANLOVEART



KANT OR WON'T? BLACK HUMOUR

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

"Where is my supersuit?" – Frozone, *The Incredibles*

"I like that boulder. That is a nice boulder." – Donkey, *Shrek*

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS WE LOVE THE MOST in film and television are also the most stereotyped. In *The Big Bang Theory*, we love Raj because he's Indian. In *Shrek*, we love Donkey because he's black – and he so perfectly fits the trope of the 'sassy black friend'. Cultural appropriation continues to rear its ugly head in the 21st century, a nasty side effect of the positive wider trend towards greater media exposure for racial minorities. In fact, more and more discussion is being had about the phenomenon (and its implications) as its critics become louder. The ongoing

Twitter argument between rappers Iggy Azalea and Azealia Banks is but one example of where frustration about misappropriation of black culture is spilling out into the public.

There's no problem with Macklemore rapping or Eddie Murphy lending his talent to mainstream films. The issue is a deep seated disparity in how individuals and cultural groups are treated by industry. While many prefer to deny it, greater opportunities are given to whites in entertainment, even in traditionally 'black' genres. Even though a character like Donkey is charming, he is nonetheless a caricature and the only African American voice in the film. The success of rappers like Macklemore or Eminem are in part down to the fact that they are more identifiable to a white audience (visually as well as in terms of their accents and inflections).

The difficulty is that almost all cultural exchange is tainted by society's power hierarchies. A lot of art is generated as a response to this inequality and injustice (particularly satirical pieces). NWA wouldn't be saying, "Fuck the Police" if things were hunky dory. Even the mode of expression reflects social position: rap and doo-wap are both things that can be done on the street corner with

no need for expensive instruments or equipment. The question is, when taken out of this context, by, say, a wealthy white person, does the meaning of this form dissipate? What about someone like Eminem, who has been through the hardship of trailer park homes and poverty?

One way to conceptualise the harm is to think of white appropriation of black forms as some breed of intellectual property theft. It would be a collective right, and one based on some sense of just desserts for creative work done by the group as a whole. The boundaries of this collective, though, are blurred. Different people in society may partially fulfil characteristics that define the group (for example, Eminem as discussed). Furthermore, not everyone contributes to the creation of artistic forms in the same way

"CULTURAL APPROPRIATION CONTINUES TO REAR ITS UGLY HEAD IN THE 21ST CENTURY, A NASTY SIDE EFFECT OF THE POSITIVE WIDER TREND TOWARDS GREATER MEDIA EXPOSURE FOR RACIAL MINORITIES."

within groups. The sting is more in the inequality of profit: a white artist often doesn't have to go through the social hardship that lies implicitly behind some of the forms we're discussing, and can just enter the market at will and profit by virtue of the industry's and the market's cultural discrimination.

The best litmus test for appropriate appropriation is probably, 'you know it when you see it'. I hope you're not wearing rose-tinted glasses.



NTM PRESENTS... TE OROKOHANGA O TE AO

PATRICE LEAF & JERRY DANIELS

TE OROKOHANGA O TE AO, HE IRA ATUA, HE IRA tipua, he Ira tanata! Tihei Mauriora

I pehea te hanga o te ao? Kei a wai te tika o te korero? Na te atua te ao i hanga i roto i nga ra e whitu, pera i ta te paipera titiro?

Na te pahu nui i te atea i hanga pera i ta na putaiiao korero, ranei na Tane i hanga i te wehena a Papatuanuku raua ko Ranginui. Koinei na patai e tohetia nei, e pakanatia nei- mai noa, kia kite

ko wai kai te tika, ko wai kai te he. Ehara maku te kii ko wai kei te tika, ana ko wai kei te hee, enari he tapiri korero, he wetewete whakaaro mo ta Tuhoe titiro ki te orokohanga o te ao, he titiro ki tetahi korero a iwi mo tenei take, he whakamana i te pono "Ko te kaupapa a iwi e tauawhi ana i te ha i te wairua o te ao tuturu māori."

"Ranginui, Rangiroa, Rangipouri Rangipotango Rangiwatuma Rangiwahara Rangiwakere. Te kuhu nui o te rangi, tukutuku, hekeheke, Uaua, Te Maunga. ka moe a Hinepukohurangi ki runga o Onini ka puta ko nga tamariki o te kuhu, ka puta ko nga tamaki o te kuhu!"

Na te ahorangi a Pou Temara tenei wai i hanga i nga tau iwa tekau hei waiata tira mo Tuhoe ki Poneke ki nga whakataetae kapa haka a motu. Kua maro tenei waiata i roto i to matau iwi inaianei na te mea kei te tohu te waiata nei ki nga uri a Ngai Tuhoe i te orokohanga o te ao, to matau whanautana mai ki te mata o te whenua. He whakapapa he matauranna tuku iho, he purakau hoki kei ia kupu o te waiata roreka nei.

Whakatipuhia matau nga tamariki o Tuhoe me nga korero purakau mo Hinepukohurangi raua

ko Te Mauna kia puta ko Na Tamariki o te kuhu. Hei reira ka whanau mai Na Potiki me Te Hapuoneone, heke mai ki te tutakina a Paewhiti kia Tamatea te Huatahi mai te waka o mataatua, ka puta he tokotoru a, ko Tuhoe potiki te mana ranatira o te iwi. Kai roto i enei kupu tuku iho te whaititana mai o na korero a iwi mo te orokohanga o te ao. Ko Hinepukohurangi te kaitiaki o te kuhu, a, ki wetahi he mauna toka tenei te tipua nei a Te Mauna. Ki wetahi he matakotiri e rere ana i te rani. Ahakoa he aha kua u te pono ki roto i au me na reana ka whai ake koinei to matau putaketanga mai, to matau orokohanga ki te ao nei. Ko wai au ki te whakahe!

Every religion has their own version of the creation story, and it is no different with the various Māori Iwi. The column above gives an insight to 'Ngai Tuhoe' creation story. Why is it in Māori? Māori is a national language of Aotearoa, and yet it isn't a compulsory language. But if you are keen to learn, Hineahuone, the Māori student common room, holds Māori classes every Wednesday and Thursday as of the week starting 23rd of March.

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GLITTER AND CLUDGE VERY QUEER MOVIES?

BY TESSA NADEN

YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER REALLY SEEN *THAT* many queer movies. Neither have a lot of my friends (except one who quote unquote, hunts down every lesbian-related media she can find. Even she hasn't seen that many). They don't really make the theatre, and if they actually get to cinemas here, they're often tragic tales (à la lesbian *Pulp Fiction*) of queer people played by straight or cis actors who receive

awards for their performances. The biggest lesbian film of the past 5 years was a film about a woman cheating on her long term partner with a man (*The Kids Are Alright*). Oh, the tragedy! Wikipedia tells me there are a lot of queer movies — most of them I haven't seen or aren't particularly accessible, even with a torrent client. Most 'queer films' that do make it to mainstream cinemas are AIDS tragedy tales repackaged for straight audiences. This really isn't that great for any young queer person trying to watch a film that they can identify with. Every major film is about being miserable or featuring lesbian death

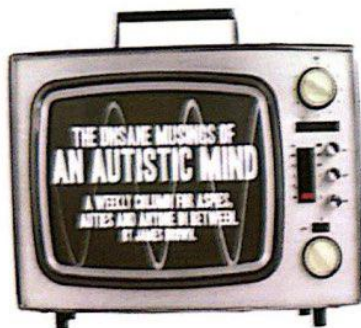
and lesbians watching gay porn. Trying to find a nice rom com is often difficult. 'It Gets Better' is really not something made clear by most queer films that do make it to New Zealand cinemas. Television might be more redemptive, but again, unless you're savvy with the torrent client or the Netflix proxy, it's not really accessible either. And who

is actually even represented can be even worse — most films are about white lesbians and usually white gay males at that.

There's probably a lot of reasons — setting a queer-themed film in the 80s is never going to be a pleasant outing. And queer representation is not the only problematic element

**"EVERY MAJOR
FILM IS ABOUT
BEING MISERABLE OR
FEATURING LESBIAN
DEATH AND LESBIANS
WATCHING GAY PORN."**

in the films that actually reach New Zealand cinemas either. The market is extremely small (even *Avatar's* cool \$11.2 million). Queer films aren't exactly a Big Deal outside of this country either, given that most queer films either don't make that much money or don't actually exist in any great quantity. Movies that aren't blockbusters also end up straight-to-DVD here and very rarely venture onto any major screen. This issue is symptomatic of a greater systemic issue. That doesn't excuse the content of the films, or the poor quality of the representation.



THE UNSANE MUSINGS OF AN AUTISTIC MIND DOES STUDENT CULTURE REALLY MATTER?

BY JAMES BROWN

THIS MAY COME AS A SURPRISE TO SOME, BUT though I write for *Craccum*, I don't know what the end product is going to be like until I read it along with the rest of the campus community. So when I want to respond to something I've read in *Craccum*, it invariably comes in an issue two or three weeks after the article I'm trying to respond to, which leaves my reader(s) asking themselves "What the fuck is he on about?"

I'm saying this now because I'm here to offer my thoughts about the lead article on the first issue of *Craccum*, about the lack of student culture. If you didn't read it, then the summary is simple: There is no student culture because reasons. And we need to get student culture because it deprives us of part of the university experience. This isn't a new complaint. I recall vividly that in my first year at university *Craccum* had an issue with the tagline 'Welcome to Dead Quad: The Lack of Student Culture will just Kill You'. And it seems a good six years later the same sentiment remains, as strong as it was back then. But is that really the case? Is student culture really that dead? And should we care if it is?

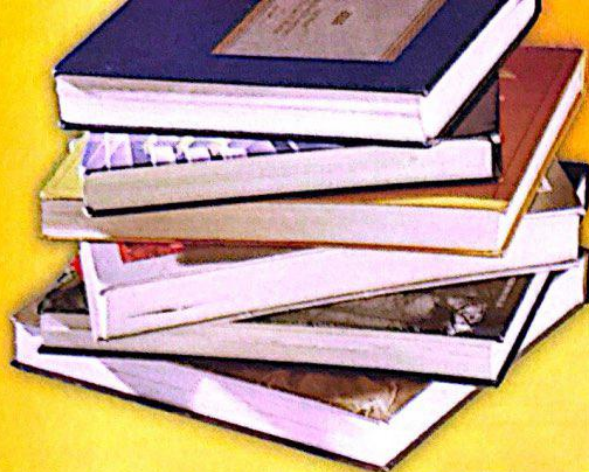
I'll start with the Quad. The Quad always seems busy when I'm there, as it makes a convenient meeting place for people at the University. It's not the hub of all social life at the Uni, but then I don't think there is a hub, or that there needs to be a mandated one. And as for the battleship grey colour, I actually like it. Then again, I am a military modeller

with a vast collection of battleship grey painted models, so the colour does appeal to me personally.

My biggest gripe is the notion we need student culture handed to us from on high. Student culture isn't something that happens like that. We make our own student culture from our own experiences. There's plenty of places where a student culture of a sort is already and well. In the clubs, in the classrooms, in the *Craccum* offices are a hub of student culture. Student culture is the experience of being at the University, of meeting people, making friends (not that I'd know about that one) and generally making the very most of your time at the University. So instead of complaining about the lack of student culture, why not go out and make some student culture yourself? Complaining about things is easy, happens everywhere all the time. It's d

**"MY BIGGEST GRIPE IS
THE NOTION WE NEED
STUDENT CULTURE
HANDLED TO US FROM
ON HIGH."**

something to alleviate those complaints yourself that is hard.



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— THIS HOUSE WOULD LEGALISE ALL DRUGS —

AFFIRMATIVE

BY JULIUS HATTINGH

MORE PEOPLE SMOKED CANNABIS LAST YEAR than voted National. Many did both.

You've probably been there: forced to wait in a Macca's car park at 2.a.m — cold, vulnerable — for your mate's mate to arrive. You weren't safe. Your phone battery was dying. You were a criminal.

The law is out of touch with reality. New Zealanders do drugs; it's part of our culture. Let's make it a health issue and not a legal one. We need full legalisation now and this is why.

Firstly, it will benefit all users. Sure, there might be a few more of them, but they are less harmful overall. Why? They're safer. They aren't being sold rat poison laced with plain flour. Their needles come with sterilisation kits. They know what they're taking and what dose to take. Without fear of conviction, they seek support when it's needed. They aren't forced down alleyways where

real crimes occur.

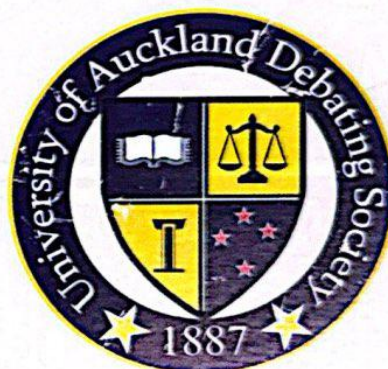
Secondly, it will benefit society as a whole. Removing the black market of drugs disempowers the gangs that run it. Legitimising the industry creates thousands of jobs and a taxable cash flow. Why not encourage companies to create refined and meaningful products for a massive market that will exist anyway?

But it isn't the users, be they addicts or dabblers, who will benefit the most; nor the business people or their employees. The group that will benefit the most from legalising all drugs are precisely those who think all drugs should be illegal. Listen — the positive effects of non-medicinal, recreation-

"NEW ZEALANDERS DO DRUGS; IT'S PART OF OUR CULTURE."

al drug use need to be recognised. There is inherent value in experiencing altered states of mind. Step outside of your dearly held convictions and beliefs, and it becomes increasingly clear how arbitrary and absurd they are. This inevitably leads to a more compassionate world-view. The

anti-drug lobby, with its archaic conceptions of punishment and tough-love, is fear-driven and short sighted. They're clinging to a vestigial fundamentalism that clearly isn't working. They think they know better and that this gives them a mandate to encroach on my liberty. It is precisely this sort of misguided narrow-mindedness that would benefit from a small dose of wider understanding. A bong rip of acceptance? A shot of empathy in the arm? Seriously though: if all drugs are legalised, unfounded convictions legitimised by the current law will erode. Futile pigeonholing will no longer distract healthy public discourse. A psychoactive fog will bring us all together.



NEGATIVE

BY MATILDA BARTHEUS

IHATE LIBERALS SOMETIMES. DRUG LEGALISERS make their case in cliches and slogans, eager to appeal to our generation's desire to screw the establishment and prioritise our free choice at any cost. Resist the temptation.

Let's make one thing clear from the off: drugs are harmful. Take cannabis. A plethora of studies correlate its use with dangerous and unpredictable behaviours, especially when used by schoolchildren who are increasingly introduced to it. Like tobacco, cannabis is never fully safe. It has taken several decades and an unimaginable amount of medical suffering to create effective laws to discourage cigarettes.

What kind of irresponsible politician would

throw away those existing safeguards against drugs — laws which will be hugely difficult to replace even when the mass use of drugs turns out to be a public health disaster?

"DRUG LEGALISERS MAKE THEIR CASE IN CLICHES AND SLOGANS, EAGER TO APPEAL TO OUR GENERATION'S DESIRE TO SCREW THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PRIORITISE OUR FREE CHOICE AT ANY COST."

It's true to say that the state lets people do dangerous things all the time, and it's generally good to let people make decisions that affect their bodily autonomy.

Easy enough to apply that view to drug liberalisation when we narrow our thinking to the common enough sight of our drunk friends who sometimes depart a party "to go to Albert Park". But facing down the fam-

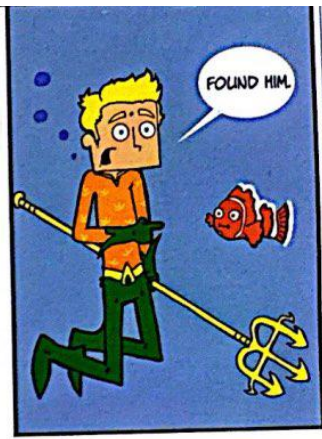
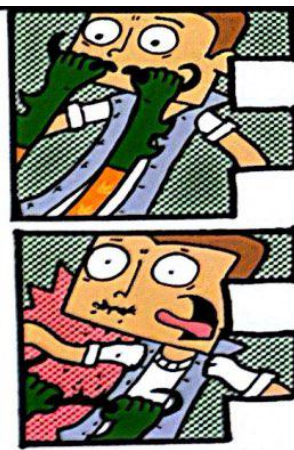
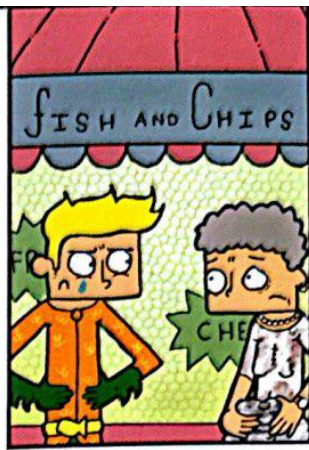
ily of a drug addict presents a much more problematic view of the true cost of drugs.

We're talking about harm on a forebodingly massive scale, harm that consigns some individuals to wretched lives and their families and friends to immeasurable pain.

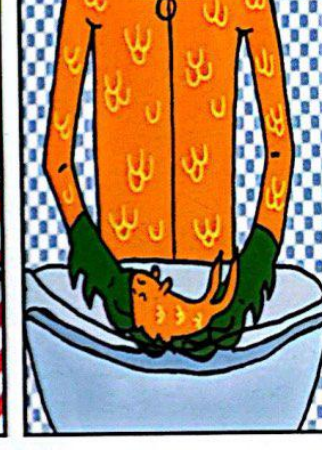
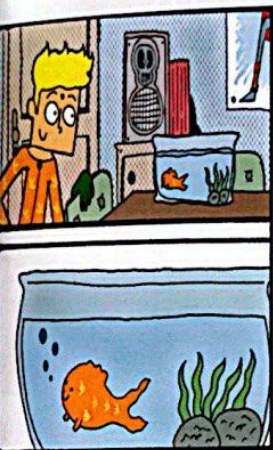
Making the government a de-facto drug dealer does not get rid of the dealer; it makes self-degradation acceptable and corrupts the state. Our spectacularly opportunistic politicians take over the lucrative business of making money off drug users through tax.

And let's talk about vulnerable communities. Communities plagued with gangs suffer even more. The idea that gangs reliant on drug income will pack up their bags upon legalisation is laughable. What you'll see is increasingly desperate gangs embarking on riskier and more dangerous crime to finance themselves.

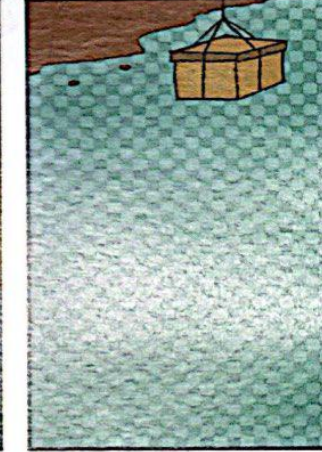
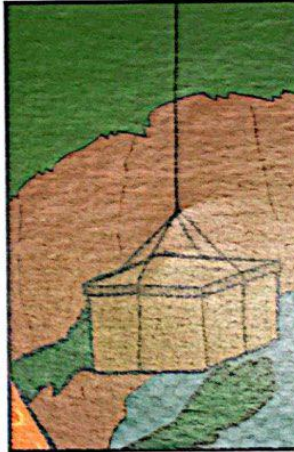
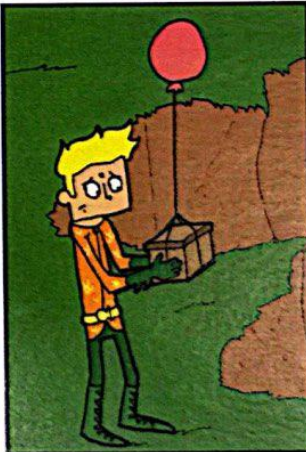
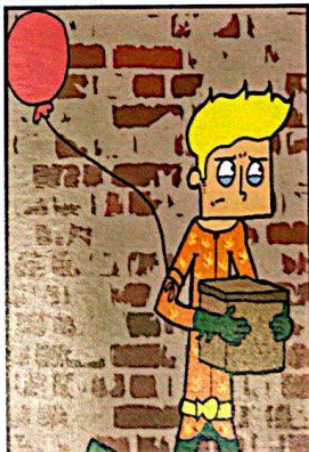
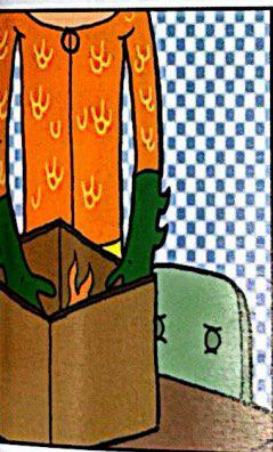
Those who want to destroy their lives with drugs are appallingly free to do so in the status quo. Let's not make this bad situation a worse one. Legalisation would enable greedy governments to gather tax revenue from human misery and consign future generations to mass sickness. On this motion, leave the liberals to their pipes.



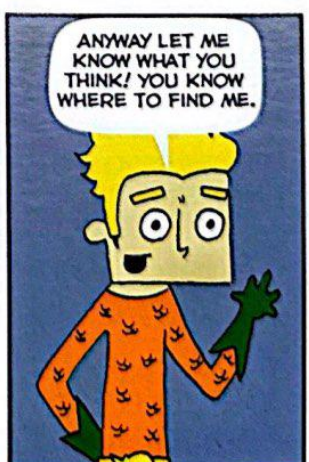
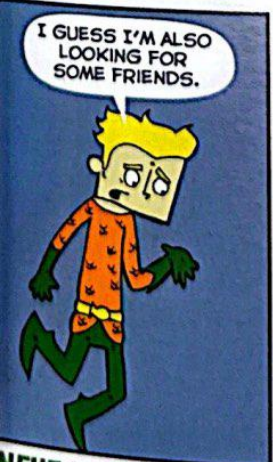
"AS A HERO I HAVE FOUGHT WHALERS, PROTESTED FISH AND CHIPS, PROTECTED CONSERVATION WATERS, FOUGHT MUGGERS AND I HELP FIND MISSING FISH WHO HAVE RUN AWAY FROM HOME."



"MY BEST FRIENDS WAS A GOLDFISH, GARRY, HE WAS ALWAYS THERE FOR ME, BUT HE RECENTLY PASSED AWAY."



"SINCE HIS DEATH I HAVE FELT EMPTY, AND I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND THE JOY AND LOVE I ONCE HAD IN LIFE."



NEXT WEEK: THE MUCH ANTICIPATED (AND DELAYED) FRIENDS OF JUSTICE VS. THE YOUNG NATS! **AND LATER:** THE REVENGE OF THE HUMAN GOLDFISH

Friends of JUSTICE

WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFFJUSTICE



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



BLACK POWERS:
CAN TELEPORT
THROUGH THE
COLOR BLACK.



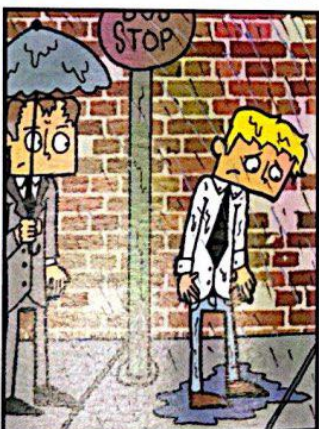
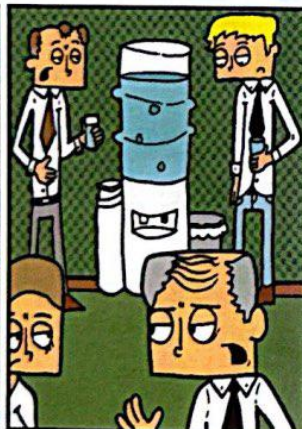
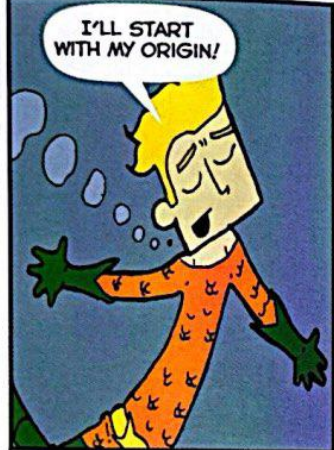
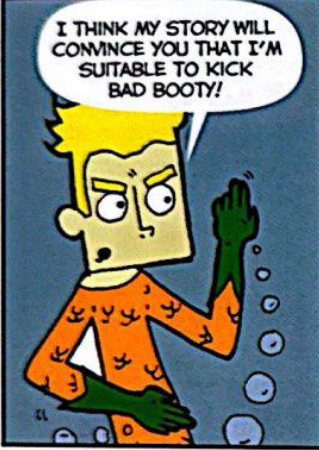
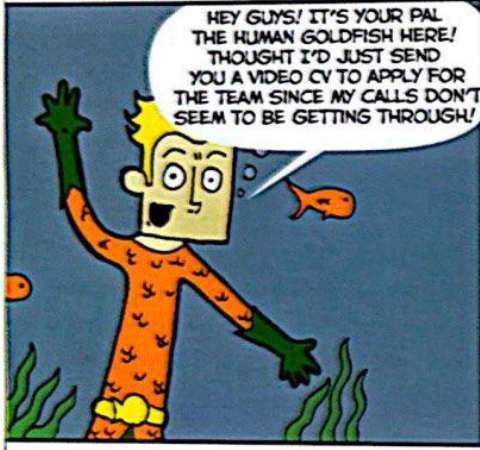
ACHILLESHEEL:
GREEK GOD
OF MENOPAUSE.



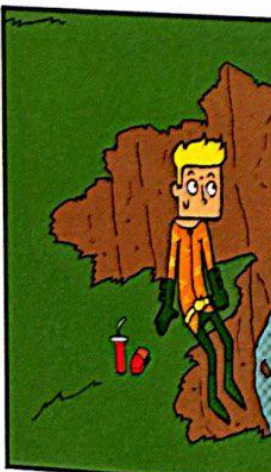
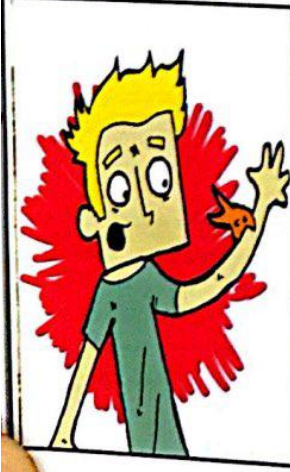
HOME RUN:
BEATS PEOPLE
WITH A BAT.



THE HUMAN METAL:
METAL S
TO H



IT WAS A ROUTINE: GET DRESSED, BUS TO WORK, SLAVE OVER A DESK IN A CUBICAL, HAVE MEANINGLESS SMALL TALK WITH COLLOGUES, BUS HOME, SIT ALONE, SLEEP AND REPEAT.



BUT ONE DAY I WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE GOLDFISH! AND MY LIFE CHANGED FOR THE BETTER! I BECAME A SUPERHERO AND STARTED SPENDING MY DAYS SAVING PEOPLE AND MAKING THEIR LIVES HAPPY



CHANGES ALONG THE RIDGELINE: THE GENTRIFICATION OF K ROAD

BY TESSA NADEN

THERE'S A PLACE GOING THROUGH some changes right now. Chances are you've been there to drink off-beat coffee, visit an off-beat art gallery, gawk at the off-beat people, and eat a very off-beat kebab. It's good ol' Karangahape Road, naked lady signs and Dolly Parton stickers galore. I've watched a man run for his life up a traffic median strip, chased by an entire bar's worth of people screaming about "the missus". I saw another man walk up the street smoking the largest bong I've ever seen, without anyone so much as blinking an eye. A drag queen once ran out of a public toilet to ask me if the police sirens behind the loo were for her. I've witnessed unhappy patrons of a restaurant on fire start a brawl with the firemen, and I've seen two drag queens really have at it while drunk in Family. I've watched police jump out of a car at an intersection to tackle a man running down the road. I've worked there. I party there. I buy cheap liquor there. It has my favourite schizophrenic block of shops in the world — the Dick Smith, four adult stores, the cheap liquor store, and a pricey architectural firm.

These scenes are fondly remembered. "Oh, K Road", I sigh as a streetwalker, high as a kite, buzzes around a store I've occasionally worked

at, finally stating she needs a new phone "because I got it smashed last night, like me". She's very polite, and aside from struggling with her WINZ card, a good customer. But what will happen to her soon? A friend once remarked that he knew K Road was beginning to change "the minute they opened up a TANK Juice Bar". Another commented that he realised it was truly starting to happen when Pita Pit arrived.

**"I'VE WATCHED A MAN
RUN FOR HIS LIFE UP A
TRAFFIC MEDIAN STRIP,
CHASED BY AN ENTIRE
BAR'S WORTH OF PEOPLE
SCREAMING ABOUT
"THE MISSUS""**

Actually, what will happen to any of these scenes which, love or hate, make up the oh-so attractive character and culture of the street? Stuffy

rich white folk have caught a whiff of that artsy and off-beat vibe, and are preparing to launch a takeover. As has happened in Greenwich, they're undertaking a desperate quest to capture 'vibrancy'. Once home to working-class queers and leftists, now Manhattan's Land of The Suits. Are stuffy rich people going to say that the Las Vegas Boob Lady, which is older than most of them put together, isn't valuable heritage?

Unfortunately, the affably seedy, off-beat nature of K Road won't last much longer. On Howe Street, across from my favourite block of shops, rises an apartment block for those aged 55 plus. Those less classy stores? Not long for this world. Look across the street, and the council wants to rejig the layout. You can't go far without someone saying K Road should be 'cleaned up' — despite the fact that it's a refuge for many individuals attempting to escape the judgmental, the puritanical, and the aged. The constant new developments encompassing the street are unsurprising given that the area has always been a massive transport hub and thoroughfare.

According to Edward Bennett, the origins of Karangahape Road lie amidst the odour of horse piss. Until the 1920s, horse drawn vehicles were common in the city centre. Being a river valley,

most of the horse effluent tended to collect on Queen Street, and the smell could be atrocious.

Lying east to west, the odour was much less objectionable along the K Road ridgeline, also a focal point for trams. With easy access to public transport, much early retail development in the city was concentrated on K Road, which is reflected in the heritage buildings we see today. K Road's later reputation would no doubt be quite shocking to early users of the street, who were primarily women taking the tram up to do their shopping.

The introduction of the automobile and motorways after the Second World War chopped K Road and the city centre into bits to serve the new suburban lifestyle. With less foot traffic, rents dropped, and dropped, and then dropped some more. The small adult industry that gave K Road its reputation began to flourish, but nev-

er really made up much more than 3% of shop frontage, and many of the department stores clung to life along Pitt Street and the Queen Street junction.

Like most of the inner city, K Road attracted large swathes of Polynesian immigrants in the late 1960s and 1970s, who in turn formed the churches still dotted throughout Ponsonby, Grey Lynn, and inner city backstreets. K Road began to host a community again. It was full of colour. The modern day-night split of the street began to take shape, with the Las Vegas Strip Club neighbouring the T&T children's clothing store.

In the mid 1980s, rents and basement supplies diminished, so nightclubs and much of the gay scene moved to Karangahape Road, as did the modern bohemians — gentrifying the place and pushing out the Polynesian communities who had made it home. Its mid-90s reputation as a 'red light district' continues to colour modern perceptions of the infamous street.

What is striking about the more recent history of K Road is its role as a space for the marginalised. K Road is a popular nightlife destination for those on the edges of mainstream society. Speaking as someone queer, I'd never go near 'straight town' on the Viaduct, as I simply do not feel safe, or comfortable there. A trip to town for

me is a trip to K Road.

"LIKE OVERSEAS EXAMPLES, GENTRIFICATION IN NEW ZEALAND HAS A DISTINCT RACIAL ELEMENT, WHERE MANY POOR INNER CITY FOLK ARE PUSHED TO THE BORDERS OF THE CITY TO ALLOW FOR WHITE PROFESSIONAL TYPES TO TAKE OVER."

that K Road is lacking a "strong sophisticated population". Apparently, what's needed is "up-market apartments", and "well-heeled city dwellers". The article writer hasn't talked to a single resident, or even a regular café goer. While the local board's draft plan seems well-intentioned, it doesn't acknowledge any of the negative impacts of gentrification. Instead, it consists of a mainstream discussion which leaves behind the young queer people currently living there; the ones actually contributing to the 'vibrant culture'.

Back to Ponsonby Road: the epitome of a working-class inner city suburb just forty years ago, and home to a large Pacific community. Now, it is one the richest places in the country, absolutely stacked to the brim with white yuppies and the oc-

So, what are we actually losing here?

The history of gentrification proves one thing: the peoples and cultures generating the trendiness that brings money to a neighbourhood are often pushed to the margins as gentrification occurs. We don't have to look very far for an example — indeed, the possible fate of K Road lies around the corner in Ponsonby, which rapidly gentrified in the 1980s, and pushed the predominant Pacific Island community out of the now extremely pricy suburb. Not much remains of the culture that once was.

But there are several questions that haven't been asked about the gentrification of K Road. A rather gleeful article on *Stuff* entitled 'Infamous Auckland road heading for a makeover', claims

casual rich gay. Grey Lynn has followed where it once attracted a bevy of students, where yuppisation has taken over. The simple addition of the suburb to the Mt Albert electorate increased the white proportion of the electorate from around 80% to over 70%.

Like overseas examples, gentrification in New Zealand has a distinct racial element, where many poor inner city folk are pushed to the borders of the city to allow for white professional types to take over. During the 1980s and 1990s, Polynesian communities were gradually pushed out to the borders: South Auckland. Like every other example of gentrification ever, driving communities to the edge of a city inevitably exacerbates social problems already in existence.

Access to the city from beyond these suburban enclaves is increasingly difficult given the relative lack of infrastructure for public transport, especially since the bus routes have not been refreshed in decades, with work only starting now (hello Pakuranga).

The obvious dichotomy between K Road and Ponsonby is emblematic of the changes going on in the queer community, whether we want to acknowledge it or not. Pride, supposedly the big queer festival, is full of costly theatre shows and conferences, and the official end-of-fest party costs money too. For young people in particular, almost all the events are either too expensive or are provided only by one organisation. As if we're going to be pretty blatant here, Pride is firmly aimed at older, mostly white, queer peo-

"THERE IS A VERY STARK DIVIDE IN WHO RUNS MOST COMMUNITY OUTLETS (OFTEN CIS MEN), AND WHO ACTUALLY MAKES UP THE QUEER COMMUNITY - OR, TO MAKE THIS RELEVANT, WHO FREQUENTS PONSONBY ROAD FOR A NICE CAPPUCCINO, AND WHO FREQUENTS THE GREAT NORTH ROAD MCDONALD'S AND FAMILY. THEN TRIES TO MAKE IT HOME WITH JUST FIVE DOLLARS."

ple, with only the dregs left for anybody else. There is a very stark divide in who runs most community outlets (often cis men), and who actually makes up the queer community — or, to make this relevant, who frequents Ponsonby Road for a nice cappuccino, and who frequents the Great North Road McDonald's and Family, then tries to make it home with just five dollars.

The queer community has a firm interest in not hashing out issues in public. Despite the legalisation of same-sex marriage, it is still a marginalised community that, at large, feels the need to present a best face to outsiders at all times, lest more people start to question our existence again (side note: the worst place this attitude appears is in the domestic violence stats. Who's most at risk of domestic violence? Lesbians. Is it ever talked about? No.). It does not help that discussing these issues is also difficult within gay-focused media, most of which is run by and for older white gay men, complete with 'GLBT' acronyms being the standard.

Edward Bennett, the historian of the K Road business association, believes that much of the way K Road functions as a street is cyclical. He notes that the gentrification cycle has already occurred once, and that many of the people currently complaining about rising rents were part of the wave that drove the Polynesian community out — though this may also be linked to the decline of the Polynesian community in Grey Lynn and Ponsonby. Bennett says that K Road is a street of cycles, and that every eight to ten years the street goes up and down; so this may simply be a blip. But cycles can be broken, and it seems that the presence of five million dollar penthouses and a retiree apartment block probably spells doom for the adult shops across the road.

What's responsible, ultimately, is public transport. If K Road is a place of cycles, then the rise

of public transport yet again in Auckland may be the thing sealing its current fate. It made the original incarnation of K Road a shopping district, and ultimately is the making of every city street.

"WE CAN'T ALL LIVE AT THE TOP OF THE SKY TOWER, NOR DO WE ALL WANT TO; AND A FLU NEEDLE STICKING OUT OF A CASINO IS NOT MY IDEA OF WHAT AUCKLAND SHOULD DEFINE ITSELF BY."

K Road has a long history of pushing out earlier inhabitants. Maybe the lesson we've learnt here is that the bohemian ridgeline is a temperamental mistress. The decline of public transport led to the 'decay' of K Road in the fifties, and development of the system is leading to its higher-income density now. The street is at an epicentre, serving west, north, and eastern communities. Without the dominance of the motorway, K Road is a destination rather than a thoroughfare in which children are warned to shield their eyes while passing through. However, almost all commentaries forget the ways in which the street has mattered to minorities, as well as the racialised dynamic that characterised the moving in of the current complaining residents. Public transport advocates in particular ignore the effect on

housing prices and rents, as well as the notion that effective public transport is heavily centralized around the isthmus and effectively serves already wealthy communities. We've all seen the buses that NZ Bus thinks are in any way, shape or form, appropriate to label 'Waka Bus' (and if you haven't noticed the condition of those grey buses, wake up). The rapid spread of Auckland also has a part to play — most of East and South Auckland are relatively new in comparison to the older central suburbs, and public transport planning has only recently been making any strides in giving them acceptable services.

K Road is only a single example in a litany. It probably stands out for me personally; as does the way the Mt Albert in which I grew up is slowly disappearing amidst a tide of housing speculation money. As a major thoroughfare the way in which it's changing is extremely visible. Worse still, the media and most political parties refuse to acknowledge the negative effects of gentrification outside of your standard straight, white, professional young couple unable to find an affordable house in which to live the picket-fence dream. K Road is an obvious symptom of what is happening in the central city at large; as it always has and will be, given its geography.

With all these forces at work, K Road could become just another ordinary street; or worse, a richer version of itself (like the bizzarro Ponsonby Road). At any rate, this loss of city culture is part of Auckland's inexorable march into becoming as bland as humanly possible. We can't all live at the top of the Sky Tower, nor do we all want to; and a flu needle sticking out of a casino is not my idea of what Auckland should define itself by. If our ever-growing, regions-devouring city wants to come close to a Melbourne, then it needs to start having conversations over where it wants to head; to preserve our K Roads, or to destroy them.

"LITTLE SISTER"

...and it's just impossible! I can't keep her occupied with anything.



Aw that sounds like it sucks heaps. But it's still more interesting than my day yesterday.

I wish I had a little sister.



HA! HA HA! HA!



TAKE HER

WHAT?



I DON'T WANT HER



MISUNDERSTOOD AND UNDERVALUED: LIFE AS A BA STUDENT

BY LAYLA DARWAZEH

ANYONE DOING A BACHELOR OF ARTS at the University of Auckland knows what it's like when somebody asks what you're studying. The reaction is usually tainted by a look that says: 'good luck finding a job with your pointless degree', and it's definitely enough to make you re-evaluate your life choices. This problem doesn't just exist at Auckland, it's worldwide. The commonly held idea that a BA is 'just for fun' or 'useless' is a perception which demeans the degree in its entirety.

We all know that if you're studying Medicine, or Law, or Engineering (or generally anything except Arts), you get applause and a pat on the back for working so hard at such a tough, important degree. The marked difference in reaction comes down to the idea that a BA is easy, and that having one will lead you nowhere. As an Arts student, this is a very irritating perception of the degree I am dedicating my time to, and spending more than \$3000 each semester on.

Julie MacArthur, a Politics and International Relations lecturer at UoA, believes that "because Arts isn't a job title — in the way that 'Law' leads to lawyer or 'Engineering' leads to engineer — it is more difficult for the general population to understand the types of employment that BA graduates take up". I couldn't agree more. The stigma towards Arts generates from the flexibility and uncertainty of the degree; the fact that students are able to study a wide variety of topics, picking and choosing between multiple courses from different subjects, creates the belief that Arts does not lead to a career. But is a career really what it's all about?

It's more reasonable to think of an Arts degree not as a stepping stone to a career, but as a tool to further education in a range of subjects, and developing a set of skills which other degrees can't offer. The upsides of a BA's flexibility are undervalued. I am unsure of what I want to do in the future, and don't find one specific field more interesting than another, so doing a BA allows me to study many different things at the same time, coming out with a qualification that relates to jobs in a variety of sectors and fields.

What startled me is that a large proportion of

BA students at UoA do a conjoint rather than a sole BA. This shows just how little faith everyone has, including Arts students themselves. I know many people who consider Arts peripheral to their 'actual' degree; more of an extracurricular activity than a legitimate academic pursuit. It's true that a conjoint is more valuable than any single degree, but many Arts students feel compelled to take up something else simply to get a job at the end of it.

The government has recently announced additional money for the Sciences in tertiary education. This will inevitably affect the choices of future undergraduates, as well as the public perception of Arts with its comparative lack of funding. The newspapers suggest that UoA has tried to eliminate the stigma towards Arts and the notion that it is useless. The common arguments enforce the notion that having a degree, no matter what it is, is crucial in today's professional market. Arts graduates are said to have more adaptable and creative minds than others, yet the constant belittling of the degree minimises the number of students who take it up, and stops them from seeing the potential for success that flows from being an educated person.

**"THE STIGMA
TOWARDS ARTS
GENERATES FROM
THE FLEXIBILITY AND
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DEGREE..."**

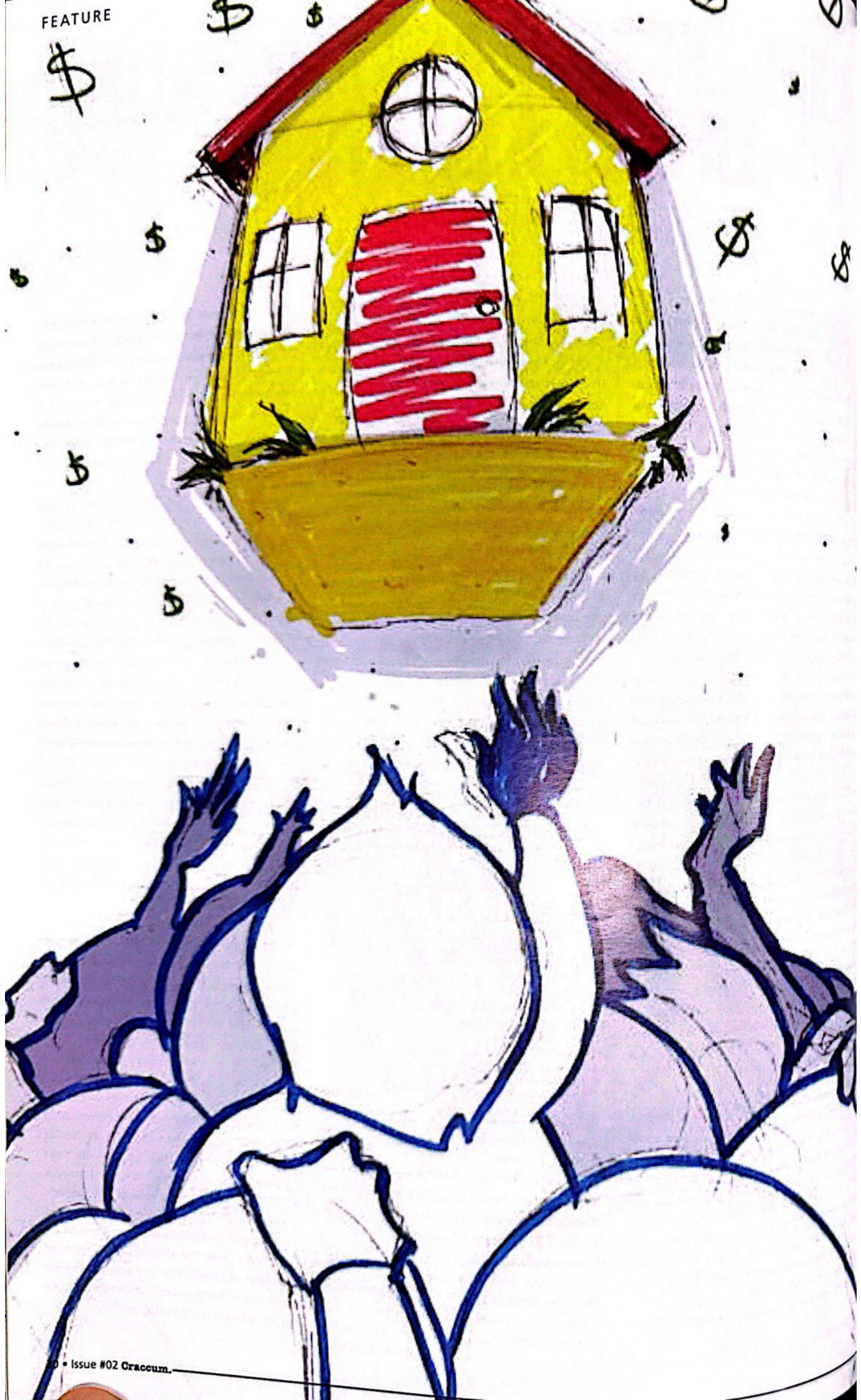
By reducing the number of people driven to learn for the sake of gaining knowledge, rather than for the sake of being qualified in a particular field, future society will be less diverse. I talked to a current Arts student who furthers this point by admitting that, "a BA doesn't prove you have technical skills or knowledge like engineering or medicine or something, it just proves that you know about society, and that's important". The fact of the matter is that a BA can teach you

about culture and humanity at large, rather than only preparing you for a particular industry. Arts leads us to question the things that broadly influence our lifestyle, the way we work, and what we believe in. This way of thinking is crucial for a successful and engaged society, even though the majority of the general public doesn't acknowledge the value of BA-trained minds.

I am not arguing that other degrees do not broaden students' minds or encourage creativity, but the exact reason there is a stigma placed on the BA is also its main benefit: the degree doesn't lead to just one outcome, but several, which are variable and adjustable to modern day work. This is backed up in a *New Zealand Herald* article written last year by Professor Robert Greenberg, Dean of Arts at UoA. He states, "in an unpredictable market, transferable skills, versatility and the ability to apply knowledge to new situations are enormously valuable. These are skills taught and developed within the BA".

Perhaps in the past it was important to be qualified for a certain nine to five type job because of the way society was set up, but life is different now. With the development of technology we have become more flexible, more creative, more innovative and freer, which is exactly what an Arts degree is.

At Auckland the flexibility within the degree as well as the ability to incorporate different courses alongside Arts is extremely beneficial, and allows for the study of a range of topics and subjects. The stigma towards Arts seems to me more elitist and arrogant than fact based. It has become a trend and even an ongoing internet joke to belittle the depth and struggle of gaining a BA. Current students aren't really the ones to blame, as throughout school and growing up we are told that Science and Maths are harder than writing essays which, I think, is the most backwards way of thinking. Some young people might excel in Maths but struggle in English, and vice versa. The ways our minds work are different, and one should not be treated as inferior to the other. The world needs all types of thinking in order to evolve and develop, so why should Arts students feel demoralised each time they are asked about their degree?



THE BIG BLOATING BUBBLE: NEW ZEALAND'S RISING HOUSING PRICES, AND WHY UNI STUDENTS SHOULD CARE

BY WEIYI ZHANG

The housing market might seem like something that's far removed from us drinkin', partyin' uni students. But the truth is house prices affect everyone, whether you like it or not. Weiyi Zhang explains the reasons for rising prices, and why it matters.

I LIVE IN PAKURANGA. QUIET SUBURB, NICE HOUSES. Not much has happened in the past eight or so years since I moved there.

But recently, I've been seeing a lot of sold signs around the place. Houses are selling left, right, and centre. Not only that — prices are going up too. Just two weeks ago, a three-bedroom house got auctioned for 750k. A few days after, the nearly identical three-room next to it sold for 120k extra. That's pretty crazy, if you ask me.

Of course, anecdotes are anecdotes. As a guy who's really into economics and all that jazz, the skyrocketing prices have got my thinking cap on. Why is this happening? Why does it matter? I did a bit more research along the way, and the results were pretty shocking.

Houses are selling extremely fast, especially in Auckland. According to the Global Property Guide, it takes just twenty nine days for an Auckland property to sell. This is the shortest average time frame in the whole of New Zealand.

The number of housing loans being taken out also tells us a lot about the market. When people borrow more and more money to buy a house, this generally means one of two things. Either houses are getting more expensive, or a greater number of people are buying them. Ten years ago, around 100 billion dollars worth of loans were taken out. In 2014, that figure is closing in on 200 billion.

There are a few reasons why all this is happening.

First, interest rates have been pretty low. In April 2009, the key rate was just 2.5%. That number's gone up a little higher since: now it's at 3.5%.

We should also consider population movement. According to a study from the Real Estate Institute of NZ, there is a rough correlation between

housing prices and migration. If more people are moving to New Zealand, they're going to buy houses. Not just for themselves, but also for investment. With such a strong, growing Kiwi economy, it's no wonder people are investing in New Zealand real-estate. Thanks, John Key.

Alright, let's be serious here. We know that more people are buying houses. We also know that when demand is high, prices tends to be high as well. That's Econ 101 stuff.

Let's say you are in an auction. Everyone's bidding for the house of their dreams. And then, Mr. Chen steps in. He's wealthy, he wants to invest, and he doesn't want to play fair. He pushes his bid up by 50k. The hammer drops, the house is his. If he wasn't there, the house would've been 700k at most. Now it's 750k.

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But that's not it. The Smith family, who own a similar house next to the one that just got auctioned are also selling. Originally, their house had a value of 700k at most. But since the one next to it got sold for 750k, they're going to up their price tag as well. This, I think, explains what has happened in Pakuranga, as I touched on at the beginning of this article. That's how prices go up.

It's no wonder, then, that New Zealand houses are so expensive. In a recent report by *The Economist*, New Zealand houses are amongst the most overvalued in the world. Among the twenty

three economies surveyed, New Zealand was cited as one of the top four economies boasting the most overinflated house prices, just behind places like Canada and Hong Kong.

So it's pretty clear that Kiwi houses are expensive and a ripoff. But the real and most fundamental question remains: as a uni student, should you actually care? The answer is: yes, you totally should.

Unless you plan on living with your parents for the next few years, you'll want to move out eventually. You'll want to find a cheap place to rent and, maybe, save up for a house one day.

But you'll be hard-pressed to find a decent place to rent, especially when your entry-level job out of university doesn't pay you all that much. In a city where housing prices are eight times the average household income, you will need to save up for years and years. You'll have to cut back on spending, especially those weekend parties. Let's hope prices don't go up too much in the mean time, and that your salary actually increases at the same rate as housing prices (it won't).

Things look pretty bleak, it seems. To be sure, we can't expect ourselves to do too much about this. None of us are in charge of New Zealand's fiscal and monetary policies — yet. But there is a bit of a silver lining to this.

Although Auckland might be an expensive place to live, other places in New Zealand are substantially cheaper (and still growing, for the most part). As noted by the Home Affordability Report from Massey, the Canterbury, Otago and Wellington regions all boast substantially cheaper houses. So if you are juggling two job offers, one from Auckland and the other from Dunedin, you should definitely consider the relative cost of living.

As comfortably as many of us are living right now, we're going to start worrying about the roof over our heads very, very soon. Of course, you can live with your parents 'til you're thirty. Or move to Dunedin. Regardless, the problem is here to stay. Meanwhile, the bubble is becoming more and more bloated; bigger, and bigger, and bigger.



HAVE WE LEFT THE IRONY ON TOO LONG?

BY HEMANTH NAIR

PERHAPS NO WORD IN THE LEXICON IS MORE overused in our time than 'irony'. It justifies all kinds of behaviour in the early 21st century, from questionable decisions in facial hair, to enjoying bands whom your grandparents probably think sound a bit lame, and telling tasteless jokes that without this foolproof defence, would otherwise cause most people to regard you as the human equivalent of a wet, moist fart in a crowded elevator.

"YET THERE IS SOMETHING TO THE ALL-PERVADING IRONY WE SPEND MOST OF OUR LIVES SUPPOSEDLY MARINATED IN."

Yet there is something to the all-pervading irony we spend most of our lives supposedly marinated in. Apart from the standard pedantic protest from those who think the single biggest problem is how we misuse the word itself, we find ourselves increasingly living lives that fit the standard textbook definition of irony; that is, outwardly affirming something we inwardly know not to be the case, and assuming that the people with whom we share this understanding also know this to be true. Perhaps the classic literary use of irony is Marc Antony's speech at Caesar's funeral in Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar'; repeatedly affirming that 'Brutus is an honourable man' while the rest of his speech demolishes the 'honourable man's' reputation and incites the mob against him.

So what is meant by 'ironic lives'? Well, quite simply, it's the way we live now. Outwardly claiming certain values while knowing full well we aren't in anyway living up to them.

What is different nowadays is that culturally we like to call attention to this all the time. The standard attack on 'hipsters', however you define them, was always based around their

supposed 'inauthenticity', their drinking of beer brands associated with working class people, their tendency to dress like lumberjacks, and the growing of massive beards while all the while supposedly rejecting traditional 'masculinity', at least rhetorically. But this misses the point.

These people are fully aware that what they are doing is 'fake'. Indeed, the whole idea is to be 'authentically inauthentic', if such a concept makes sense. Seen this way, this is actually a fairly honest take on the kind of life we have now. Certainly, it seems superior to bloated hippies and middle-aged 'punks' who appear to have no self-awareness about what they are doing.

But this is only one side of things. The other side is the fact that the people who adopt such an attitude to life are often desperate to be idealistic about something, and actually be sincere about a different set of values. This is why the Obama campaign in 2008 struck such a strong chord, and the revelation deliv-

ered over the past few years that merely electing a very intelligent and articulate person into high office does not suffice to fix a system that is in many respects fundamentally broken has, if anything, reinforced the ironic wall. Politicians are now often inherently laughable to an ironic generation, because they seem to lack self-awareness utterly, and therefore cannot comprehend the gaping holes between their idealistic platitudes and their inability to actually make any difference at all.

Perhaps, however, the problem here isn't really irony itself. In fact, an acute consciousness of our own failings and weaknesses is a very attractive human trait. But what seems to be increasingly happening is that we are allowing this attitude to lapse into a form of cynicism and despair, that simply because

ideals are not wholly realizable in our lives, that means they are not worth pursuing in any way. What we need perhaps, to shake us out of torpor and defeatism, is to realize that the consciousness that there is a gap between our ideals and what we do does not in anyway invalidate those ideals, and even in the small humdrum lives we find ourselves leading, there might be a chance for us to, in however a humble a

manner, find a way to live them. Perhaps, the time has come for a new sensibility. 'Ironic sincerity'.

"WE ARE ALLOWING THIS ATTITUDE TO LAPSE INTO A FORM OF CYNICISM AND DESPAIR, THAT SIMPLY BECAUSE IDEALS ARE NOT WHOLLY REALIZABLE IN OUR LIVES, THAT MEANS THEY ARE NOT WORTH PURSUING IN ANY WAY."

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FROM AUSA

The AUSA Delegates Programme is a student-led volunteer programme coordinated by AUSA. It's a great way to meet new and different people, support your Students' Association, get voluntary experience, improve your leadership skills and make a difference to others.

The programme is relatively flexible which means you don't have to feel obliged to help out

when you're busy with assignments, exams, extra-curricular activities or work. You can put in as much or as little as you want, although obviously, the more you put in, the more you get out of the programme!

Have you got an idea for an event/project on campus but don't know where to start? The Delegates have their own resources for projects and events that aim to engage the wider student community. All you need to do is pitch the idea to the other Delegates and the AUSA Exec. If you get their buy in, you're on your way to getting your project off the ground. Not only will you have the resources, but you'll also be able to draw from the experience of the AUSA Exec and AUSA staff.

Delegates have worked on a number of AUSA projects over the last two years. These have included:

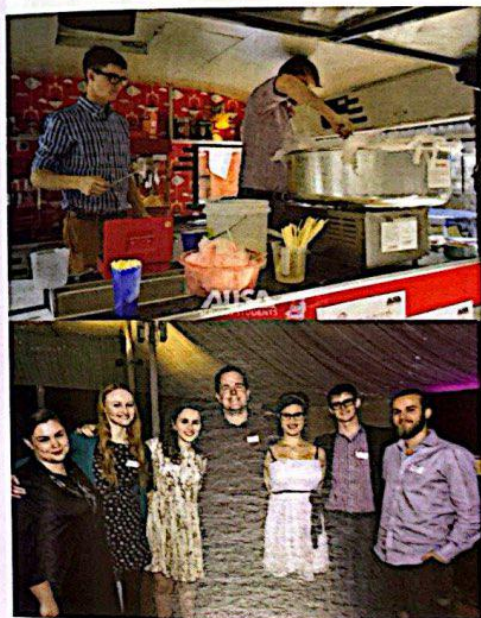
- AUSA Ball 2013 & 2014
- O-Week Events 2014 & 2015
- Fandom Week 2014 including the Harry



Potter Pub Quiz (Delegates initiated project)

- Spring Fling 2014 (Delegates initiated project)
- AUSA Welfare services fundraising projects (lost property sale, AUSA Cheap Lunches & bake sales)

Visit www.ausa.org.nz/delegates to find more information on our delegate teams and to sign up.



"DELEGATES IS A GREAT WAY TO SUPPORT OTHER STUDENTS, HAVE FUN AND GET INVOLVED IN AUSA. IT'S REALLY SATISFYING TO SEE EVENTS AND PROJECTS YOU'VE WORKED ON TURNING OUT WELL AND WORKING WITH AWESOME PEOPLE ALONG THE WAY. I MET SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS THROUGH THE DELEGATES AND WOULD RECOMMEND SIGNING UP AND HELPING WHENEVER IT SUITS YOU"

- ISOBEL GLEDHILL, AUSA DELEGATE 2013-2014

16 February 2015

Notice is hereby given for the

AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING

to be held

WEDNESDAY, 25 MARCH 2015

at 1.00 pm

STUDENT UNION QUAD

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

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

AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

STOP, HOP AND ROLL

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

MY REFUSAL TO PURCHASE AN UP-TO-date Hop card has long been a sobering metaphor for my consumer identity. It could probably double as a rationality-disproving thought experiment, and disappointingly lacks the adjectives or syntactical complexity which might soothe me were it a written fiction.

However, it is not — or it was not. Today, in a moment — or hour — of profound weakness, I succumbed to sense. This was partly after determining for this article that the price of a hop-card-free conjoint degree was \$198. I had previously reasoned that this was not enormous in some ways, but then realised that in other ways, it was one-hundred-and-ninety-eight three-hundredths of a pair of water python-skin ankle boots which could last a person to mutton-hood. Or so much latte.

So I have foregone my liberty to pay using two-dollar coins, which I like because they are gold and because my Year 5 speech was about the hypothetical journey of a two-dollar coin through life. I still think that in principle, being a hyper-personifying magpie in this way is a fine choice. But economically this freedom must be conceded as a non-priority.

The only other things that I had been winning

via my Hop-free life were a swipe-less end of to my bus rides, and the muting of my paranoia about an unforeseen exhaustion of credit (the penalty for which I assume is a forehead tattoo reading 'FAILED HOPPER'). These too, are arguably non-priorities.



So today the queue at the little desk thing in the quad was only half-past-the-hour long (as opposed to the usual twenty) and I had just received help with some of my (psychological/emotional) economics major issues. A sign even promised four easy steps — so I thought “why not foray into adulthood this way?” I had already failed to move out or purchase a car independently so this was kind of the last gateway to maturity, short of having a child.

I bought credit and a Hop card, and then was

told that I had to pop down to AUT to have ‘concession rolled’. How clinical. So I popped quite briskly down the hill (considering the immense load represented by this potent lead-based laptop), burst into the student centre feeling very UoA, and expressed my desire to roll a concession to this really nice guy behind the desk. He then stood up, waved me out of the office and pointed to where I had to go. He even waited to see if I understood what he meant. I mean, what? customer service would equate to a marriage proposal here.

But anyway, I brushed off his undignified lack of discrimination in care, and proceeded to the third square in this time-consuming game of hopscotch (flip that’s back isn’t injecting fun into public transport; great concept). There, I was told to visit level 2 after registering the damn thing on

So I sat in the AUT hallway in a pool of sessions, milking my 3G for all it was worth and thinking about whether they would notice if I began to do my work out of their airy library instead of ours. Destinations and Five were much of the same; helpful people who stood up and pointed me in the right direction or laughed about my phone screen flipping around maniacally when they tried to touch it (like its mum). And then suddenly the operation was over and I ended up having a coffee and writing this beside an economics book because we occasionally intrigue each other, and still aspire to mutual understanding via proximity. Almost easy.

RAWSOME OR RUBBISH? INVESTIGATING THE RAW FOOD TREND

BY SANJAULI CHAITANYA

LEMON DETOX, CABBAGE SOUP DIET, fasting, juice cleanses and extreme veganism are some of the absurd and OTT fad diets that exist within our society today. With the rapid growth in social media sites such as Facebook and Instagram, such diets are advocated by individuals that preach these rigid eating patterns in an arguably patronizing way. The newest fad diet to hit our shores is the ‘raw food diet’, where one only consumes exactly that: raw food. This raw food diet promises to eliminate toxins and prevent disease — two incredible feats that have seen this trend grow exponentially in popularity. As a result, cafes and restaurants have opened

up specialising in only raw and healthy foods such as Little Bird Organics in Ponsonby, and Mondays in Kingsland.

Being the investigator I am, I thought why not take it one step further and visit one of these raw food kitchens to see what all the fuss is about? Having a major sweet tooth I chose to go to Little Bird Organics, which specialises in raw sweet treats. It was no surprise that my eyes were immediately drawn to the passionfruit cheesecake in the cabinet window. What made it seem even more appealing was that it was 100% raw. Yes you heard that correctly — 100% raw CHEESECAKE (my head was spinning as well) made solely out of passionfruit, cashews and coconut cream. Despite my wallet being slightly unhappy about the hefty price of what my

vegan friends call a ‘slice of heaven’, I decided to order it before I changed my mind. I opted for McDonald’s drive through instead. Conclusion? Should have saved my money and gone for that bacon and egg McMuffin. Okay, maybe that’s a little harsh. But taking one bite of the raw cake I was

“BUT AFTER TAKING ONE BITE OF THE RAW CAKE I WAS BAFFLED AS TO WHY THIS NEWEST TREND HAS BEEN SENSATIONALISED TO SOUND DELICIOUS AND SEXY.”

as to why this newest trend has been sensationalised to sound delicious and sexy. The slice of cheese in question was a poor tempt at the real thing, threw my tastebuds, as well as my week’s budget, into a weird and unpleasant frenzy. It is safe to assume my raw food adventure began and ended on that note. I say forget the fad and ignore all the preposterous health food advocates who follow on Instagram. Save your money and cliché as it may sound, try your best to live the ‘everything in moderation’ mantra.

'ARE YOU GONNA INSTAGRAM THAT?'

BY EMILY WARREN AKA @EMSHEALTHYLOVE

THIS PHRASE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, HAS GOT TO be the most frequently asked question I'm faced with. Whether I'm at home, uni, out and about, eating healthy, or really not, I ALWAYS get asked this by someone. I mean, fair enough, I did do the unthinkable (but also so common?) thing and create an Instagram account solely dedicated to healthy living. But whether it's just a cheeky snapchat, a pic for Instagram or simply for your own record, I've all seen you do it too. Admit it, you can't resist slipping out your phone to document those delicious blueberry pancakes or epic burger with chunky cut fries. Yet it's people like me, who make a separate ac-



count so you don't actually have to look at it as you scroll through pictures of drunken nights out or cute pugs, who get the most crap for it.

Actually, I often wonder why I bother with this account at all. Putting in countless hours making food, positioning it, getting the correct lighting, camera angle, choosing the best picture, cropping it, possibly adding a filter, altering the effects, writing a caption, uploading it and finally, the worst, adding hashtags. It seriously takes FOREVER. Before I add a picture my first thought is: do I have enough time to do the hashtags? If not, no deal, it will have to wait. Why bother you may ask? Hashtags are definitely what attracts the most mocking from others, "haha #fitspo #fitfam #lookatme", but, without a doubt, they do get you those essential likes. This is partly because people like me actually use hashtags to search things, such as recipes or workouts on instagram. So they are therefore 100% purely practical tools (#iswear) and not simply some sort of narcissistic labelling mechanism. So after all of that, what do I really get out of it? For the number of "Oh! I saw your Instagram! That's cool! how the heck are you so healthy all the time?!" I get twice as many "hahaha are you gonna Instagram that Em? Can you make me a smoothie? #fitspo #fitfam". It is impossible to enjoy food anymore without the endless taunts #realproblems.

So, why keep it up you may ask? Why do I bear the constant mocking and yet continue bothering to post meal after meal? Well my



friends, you see this 'job' (as I feel it is), comes with great rewards. I mean there are those few lovely people that appear to genuinely like my page. They apparently get some sort of 'inspiration' and that actually makes me genuinely stoked. I really made it for my own accountability (#truth), but if I can help anyone in any tiny way, that is pretty cool. However, it's the rewards that really make the endless hours of dedication worth it. What rewards you may ask? Not protein powder, workout gear or samples, no. Far, far better. The best (and only) thing I have received through this whole time: two free burgers vouchers from Burger Fuel. The epitome of healthy eating aye. #winning

Disclaimer: I don't really spend hours on my account and people aren't really that mean to me.

DOUBLE SHOT THROUGH THE HEART

BY KYLE SIMONSEN

HOW DO I INTRODUCE A TERRIBLE, self-serving piece about my relationship with a drink? Well, it all started when I went out for one with a most beautiful lady. I guess I'd been a fan of the colloquialism for a while, so I drank a mocha to impress a girl. Some guys lift, some fight crime in the night, turns out I drink bitter things. Best afternoon of my life, turns out coffee makes you think super good.

Having now accepted coffee as a viable form of hydration, I purchased some instant coffee, which, hindsight being 20/20, I think we all know was a terrible decision. Eventually, I upgraded to plunger coffee, praise be. I was so excited with my 60% discount from Stevens I decided to try

it out as soon as I got home. At 10pm. There's a certain element of 'be careful what you wish for' when it comes to having such easy access to caffeine. Lesson one: like Ritalin, make sure you have something to do. Otherwise, you may end up writing politically charged Facebook comments which, whilst you may not regret due to their correctness, were perhaps unnecessary.

Over the next few months, our relationship grew stronger (yes, pun); coffee became the foundation of my food pyramid. Whilst it's nice being charged at 1am when you're not doing law readings, I don't think this was the 5+ a day the Ministry of Health had intended. There's not really much to my addiction that isn't stereotyped, I drank a lot of coffee.

I discovered after avoiding coffee for 3 weeks, except for two nights (because I'm super cool and had parties to go to) that you pretty much lose the ability to function adequately, very

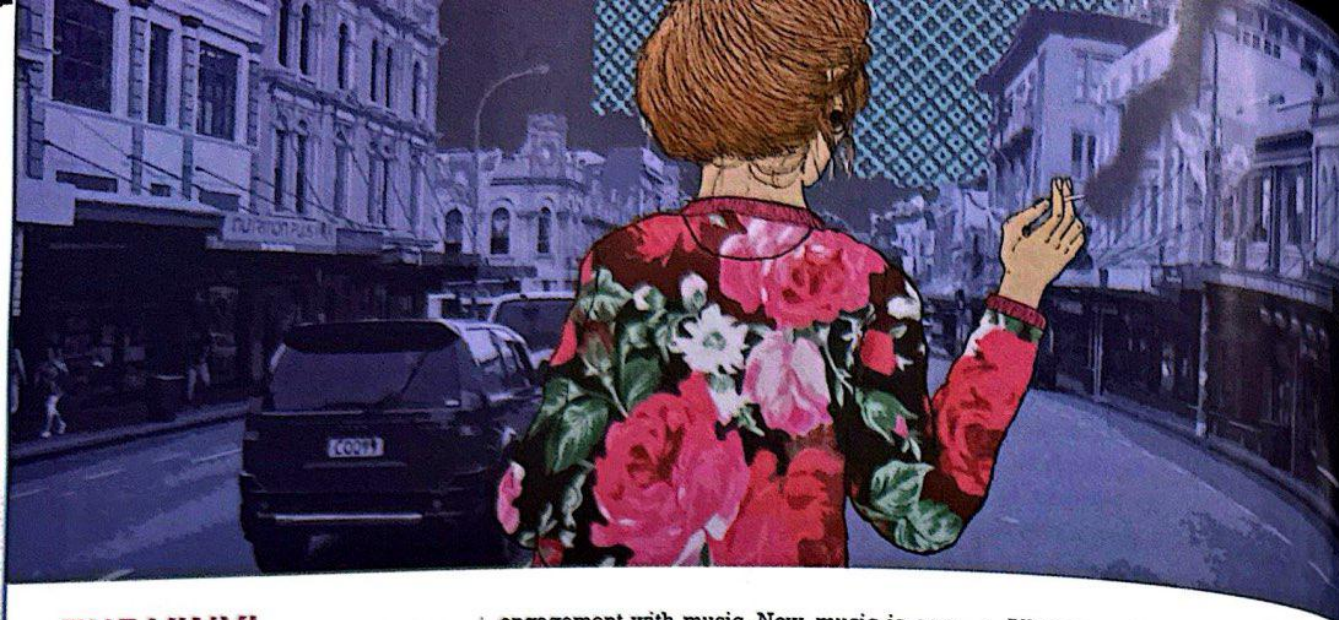


quickly. You could say I was *depresso*. Food loses its taste, colours seem dull. I lived the life of a cat, sleeping on any surface. Don't do drugs, kids. Unless you like naps, then they're probably okay.

Regardless, seeing as this is under the broad category of *Lifestyle* I should probably offer some sort of advice or something. Would I do it again? I already am, just not as heavily. And before you suggest energy drinks, tried them, heaps. Apparently they last longer (which I question, having snorted my fair share of shesbet sticks). It's sugar? Come on. That wasn't really advice. But you already knew all there is to know about drinking coffee before this. You probably just don't believe me that it starts tasting better after a while.

You're welcome.

"THERE'S A CERTAIN ELEMENT OF 'BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR' WHEN IT COMES TO HAVING SUCH EASY ACCESS TO CAFFEINE."



THE VINYL COUNTDOWN

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

THIS WEEK, I INVESTED IN A RECORD PLAYER. When I announced this to my family, I was met with predictable scorn. They laughed at me for being just another middle-class pseudo-bohemian trying to shed the shackles of being a conservative, ambitious, boring millennial — okay, maybe I am exaggerating a bit (a lot), but they definitely laughed at me. And I get it. I get that the vinyl-revival is easy to write off as a pretentious hipster (are they still a thing?) trend, much like mason jars, beer crate shelves, and middle-class entitlement. Faux-rustic, wannabe avant-garde, completely unoriginal. I could justify myself by harping on about the supposed aural advantages of vinyl, namely the greater depth of sound in comparison with tinny mp3 files, but it's the social benefits that really interest me.

As soon as I set up my record player, my family swarmed into my room — well, as much as a suburban nuclear family of four could ever swarm. We were interacting with an enthusiasm that I hadn't seen since the 90s, back when the Internet was yet to arrive with a screeching dial-up tone, and everyone liked each other just a little bit more. With each track, my parents grew more wistful in their reminiscing: where they had first heard this Pink Floyd album, how this Creedence Clearwater Revival record had obtained the big scratch down the middle, the David Bowie concert where they had been vomited on.

This got me thinking about how the consumption of music has changed. Listening to music was once an active pursuit: getting up to change records, sharing CDs, making mixtapes, recording songs from the radio onto cassettes, even bluetoothing polyphonic ringtones to friends on your Motorola Razr. All of these involve some sort of action and

engagement with music. Now, music is consumed passively. We put on a Spotify playlist and let the Internet find the music for us.

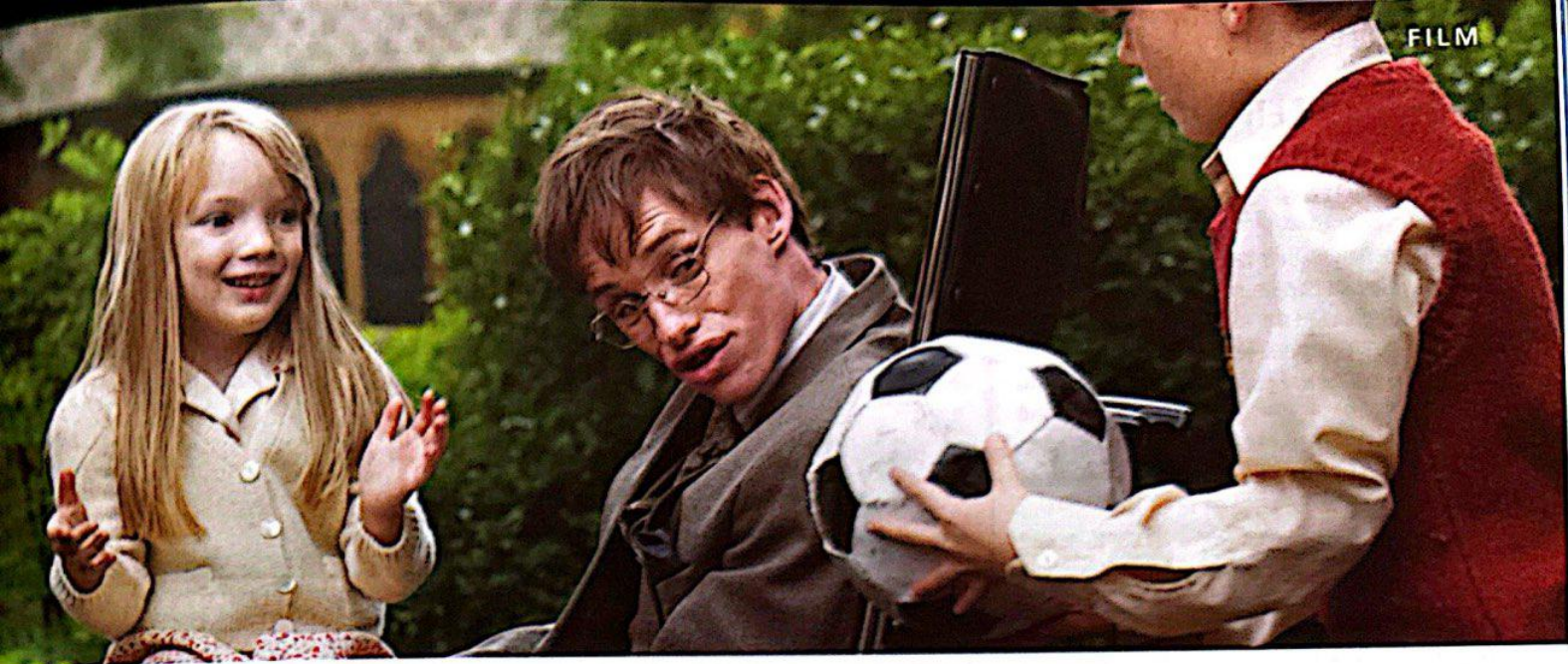
The sad thing about this is that listening to music is arguably becoming a less communal activity, with everyone putting on their headphones and having a sad, solitary jam. Of course music, both live and recorded, is still a huge part of socialising, but it has become more of a soundtrack to social activity rather than the point of it. A playlist will play in the background at a party; an iPhone connected to Spotify Premium will be plugged into a car radio. Music is used for atmospheric purposes, rather than for listening to every note of a goddamn excellent song along with goddamn excellent friends.

The increasing lack of engagement with artists and their music is all too apparent in the realm of popular music — I stipulate popular because I think all you indie/jazz/heavy-metal/underground-rap punters are still as obsessive and engaged as ever — where the single is King, and the album is negligible. Artists are forced to release albums that are nothing more than a contrived collection of hits and bangers, and this is a crying shame.

Albums surely should be viewed as coherent pieces of art, where each track is related to those surrounding it to be appreciated as a whole. Sure, a meal of just roast lamb would be pretty tasty. But wouldn't it be better with seasoned potatoes, kumara, green beans, a goddamn Yorkshire pudding, all smothered in gravy? This is how songs are best consumed, in the context of a greater album.

The proof of the decline is in the corporate pudding. Everyone's favourite capitalist jerks, Apple Inc., have discontinued the one worthwhile product, the iPod Classic. 160GB of endless possibilities, kicked to the curb. This is a result of the masses shifting towards iPhones and their accompanying meagre memory space. Who needs all those gigabytes if you've only got a couple of songs from each artist? Maybe musicians will eventually stop releasing albums at all, and we just have a direct feed into our brains where the bangin' singles of the day will be sent to make our moods lift and bootys shake. In the meantime, I'll welcome the resurgence of records with open arms. Sure, maybe pretentious, but when that needle hits the vinyl and that crackle starts up, I can't help myself to care.

“THE SAD THING ABOUT THIS IS THAT LISTENING TO MUSIC IS ARGUABLY BECOMING A LESS COMMUNAL ACTIVITY, WITH EVERYONE PUTTING ON THEIR HEADPHONES AND HAVING A SAD, SOLITARY JAM.”



THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING

DIRECTED BY JAMES MARSH

I SAW THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING THIS PAST weekend fully intending to devote this review to praising Eddie Redmayne's performance. And he was amazing. He earned that Oscar ten thousand times over, but it seems trite and quite honestly unnecessary to add another voice to the many that have already commended what is a truly commendable performance. What I really want to do is send some props Felicity Jones' way.

What made *The Theory of Everything* such a joyous experience was the way in which both Stephen and Jane Hawking were permitted to be imperfect yet admirable individuals. It is hard to say whether this was entirely due to the fact that the movie is based on Jane Wilde's own novel

and experiences, but the on-screen Jane Hawking was equal parts resilient and worn out, her strength and frustration played compellingly by the very talented Jones.

Jane had the task of caring for a man she loved deeply, whose desire to continue his work and maintain a normal life often meant she too began to struggle. She put her own ambitions to rest, demanded and provided the best care for her husband, and raised their three children while her husband refused outside help. She also fell in love with another man, sought companionship outside of her marriage and ultimately separated from her husband.

Whether or not an audience sides with Jane, or can support her character arc is really beside the point. This kind of complexity in the writing of female characters is sorely needed, providing an actress with the opportunity to play a character that is more than a pocket-sized version of

an actual human being. Jane Hawking was not shown to be saintly or pious as she cared for Stephen, yet the movie didn't cast judgment on her for feeling frustrated by the times when her efforts went unappreciated, or for seeking happiness outside of her role as a wife and caregiver.

As has been well and truly confirmed by a hoard of shiny awards, Eddie Redmayne was ridiculously good in this movie. But it is seriously important to acknowledge that Felicity Jones is also a very talented woman, playing the type of female character we do not see nearly enough of—a complicated one. This movie is described as one that looks at the relationship between Stephen and Jane Hawking, and it should be treated as such, with acknowledgement of how both characters (and the actors who brilliantly portrayed them) are central to the film's story and success.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

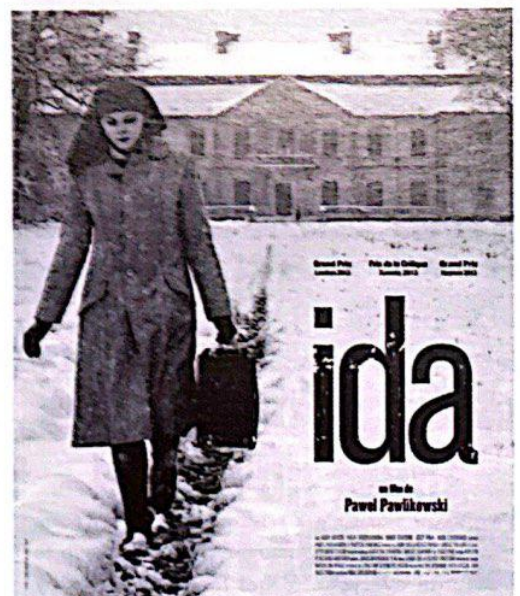
IDA

DIRECTED BY PAWEŁ PAWLIKOWSKI

FOR PAWEŁ PAWLIKOWSKI SILENCE IS A VIRTUE. In his most recent effort, which just won him the Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film, we see the Polish director return to his homeland to meditate on the country that raised him. It's a recipe for nostalgic claptrap that reeks of sentimentality, but Pawlikowski achieves something completely different in *Ida*. It is a very slow and quiet film, purposefully so. The shots linger to the point of photography. There is no extra-diegetic sound in the film, barring the last scene. Dialogue is sparse and, when present, very soft-spoken. Nothing seemed superfluous or showy, as so much of historical fiction can be.

Sometimes films concerned with heavy political contexts can swerve in the route of unnecessary didacticism or feel-good sentimentality. They eschew any psychological development of their characters in order to keep the so-called accuracy (or inaccuracy in some cases) of their narrative and the result is often caricature. It's also condescending. But the context of *Ida* is not made present through such puppetry. It is, as A. O. Scott commented, "built... into the atmosphere". Some will undoubtedly tip the film as pretentious, and I'm sure you will have already made up your mind as to its supposed pretension by the end of reading this, but it is a film wholly worth watching if you enjoy the art of cinema.

REVIEW BY CAMERON AH LOO-MATAMUA



LED ZEPPELIN IV

LED ZEPPELIN

OFFICIALLY, THIS ALBUM DOESN'T EXIST.

It isn't officially called *Led Zeppelin IV*, nor is it officially by Led Zeppelin. It also lacks an official track listing, record label and catalogue number. Yet 44 years later, this non-album is widely regarded as one of the greatest ever.

By 1971 Led Zeppelin were tired of music critics dismissing them as an overhyped by-product of The Yardbirds. In an attempt to prove their musical merit, Led Zeppelin gave a big 'fuck you' to the music media and put out an anonymous album without telling anyone.

In order to appreciate the album fully one must go track by track. "Black Dog" and "Rock and Roll" typify the hard-hitting heavy riffage that has made Led Zeppelin a favourite for every schoolboy covers band in history. Next up, however, is "The Battle of Evermore", a gentle mandolin track with lyrics infused with Eastern mysticism and "Stairway to Heaven", a monolithic combination of Tolkien and heavy metal. "Misty Mountain Hop", "Four Sticks" and "Going to California" are all soaring, folksy tracks. "Four Sticks" intermittently moves from 3/8 time to 5/8 which, as any student of music will tell you, is not a simple task. Closing out the album is "When the Levee Breaks", in which they leave

behind the mystical East and the mandolin for the swamps of Louisiana and John Bonham's pounding opening drum line. Simply put, there is no bad track on the album.

It is hard to imagine how an album like this would be received were it released today. Like The Beatles before them, Led Zeppelin were uncompromising in their musical direction. The eclectic mix of folk and rock is what makes *Led Zeppelin IV* such a journey. It would be difficult for a band like Led Zeppelin to exist today. Not only is their mystic lyrical style very much a product of the Tolkien resurgence in the late 60's, but modern radio audiences have little patience for tracks longer than three minutes. Mu-

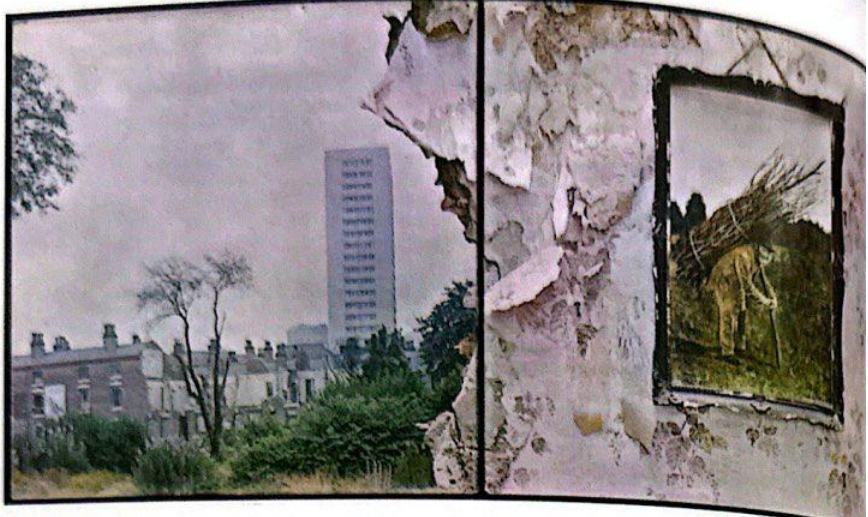
sic like this is an old man's game. In the digital age every single track on an album has to be a banger, otherwise no one will spend their hard-earned \$1.79 on iTunes to download it.

This is, of course, a whole new topic, to be discussed at length another day.

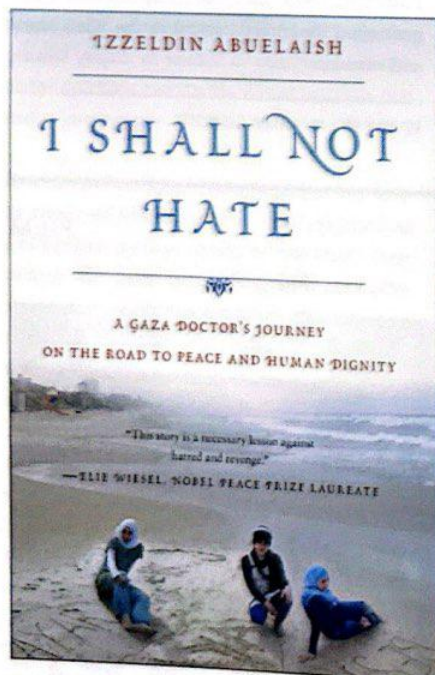
Rolling Stone placed *Led Zeppelin IV* at number one of the 500 Greatest Albums; *Classic Rock* magazine as the best British rock album ever; *The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame* calls it the fourth best album ever.

Not bad for an album that doesn't exist.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON



BOOK



I SHALL NOT HATE

BY IZZELDIN ABUELAISH

I KNOW THIS ISN'T A PARTICULARLY RECENT BOOK but I'm using whatever platform I have to urge everyone to get themselves a copy

of Izzeldin Abuelaish's autobiography, *I Shall Not Hate*. Born and raised in a refugee camp in the Gaza Strip, Abuelaish is a Palestinian doctor who works in both the Gaza Strip and Israel. I was lucky enough to hear Abuelaish speak at the Auckland Writers Festival in 2011 and the words he spoke have stuck with me ever since.

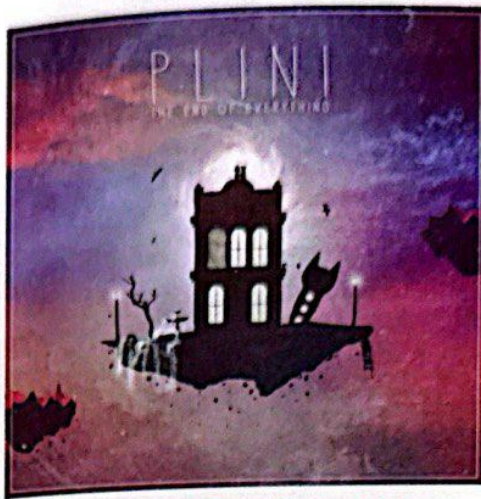
Abuelaish's journey to Cairo Medical School and the many difficulties he overcame would be an impressive story by any ordinary measure. However, the truly astounding thing about this man is his message of peace. In 2009, three of Abuelaish's children were killed in a horrific attack on Gaza by the Israeli Defence Force. In a matter of seconds his entire world collapsed. But he refused to turn to thoughts of revenge and hate and I think that this is what makes him such a remarkable man. Abuelaish refuses to succumb to what many of us would think of as natural human emotions. After his daughters were killed, wouldn't it be only natural to want some kind of revenge for their deaths? Abuelaish feels all these emotions, but he refuses to let them dictate how he lives his life. Instead, he continues to press the message that coexistence is possible for these two nations. Throughout the book he constantly talks about the similarities between

these two cultures. He recalls the summer when he worked for an Israeli family and was astonished to find they were just like him. This is the point Abuelaish is trying to make — there are humans on both sides of this conflict, longing to find some solution. This is quite a different expression to that which we often see in the media and I think it's important we remember that.

Through his work as a doctor, Abuelaish sees humans stripped down to the same essence. On a daily basis he experiences the truth that we are people more like each other than not. He has worked in Israeli hospitals delivering babies, witnessing the hope this represents, while also knowing that they will grow up and will experience things no child should have to experience.

If anything, people should read this book to understand the resilience of the human spirit. Most of us will never truly understand the experiences Abuelaish has had in his life, but there are lessons we can learn from his words. I don't hate — now that's something we could all be practising on a daily basis.

REVIEW BY HANNAH BERGIN



THE END OF EVERYTHING

PLINI

SO, YOU'RE IN AUSSIE. YOU SEE THIS TWENTY-something year old get on the bus with his guitar case, pretty standard scene.

What you didn't see is that this guy goes home and practices his arse off. Scaling mountains of virtuosity, technique and originality, all within his flat, with minimal connections and some funding from some very devoted followers on Bandcamp. It's all his fingers, mind and heart making this stuff happen for him. Plini encompasses everything an artist is. Dedication and originality, and being an all around champ. His latest EP, *The End Of Everything*, is the final EP in his trilogy, and he finally did it. He made an EP trilogy that rivals all other progressive artists out there, whilst staying true to his style, evident in his previous two EPs. He has done all this by working with pure skill and worthiness, and a minimal budget. Goddamn this guy has style, and my respect.

The latest trilogy starts off with a bang, with the title track "The End Of Everything" starting off with Plini delving into orchestral hits, soaring modal solos with amazing phrasing, acoustic

guitar breaks, and bloody Chris Letchford (from band Scale The Summit). All in the first four minutes. By the power of Greyskull that shit is tight. So tight. His feel for progressive groove is, in my opinion, setting the bar for more metal/prog-metal bands to come. The second song is more palatable for the non-prog listener, with "Wombat Astronaut (Beyond The Burrow)" displaying a wonderful quirky melody that is sure to tickle the little wombat inside everyone. The final track, "Paper Moon", is so amazing. So grandiose. I cannot stress how much of a masterpiece this song is. It lasts for roughly seven minutes. But I felt so lost in the song and mastery of both Plini and Jakub Zytecki (from band Disperse) that I found myself playing it over and over and over. What a feeling. What a trilogy. All put up by Plini on YouTube for free. Please go and listen!

REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

ESCAPADE

ONE FLOOR UP FROM VICTORIA STREET, GROUPS of people are locked in a room searching for a secret that the 'others' don't want them to find. In 60 minutes, they will arrive and destroy the proof. While this sounds like the plot of a B-grade horror movie, it is in fact the premise of an interactive puzzle game currently sweeping the globe. *Escapade*, only a month old, provides a unique and entertaining experience where teams of people work together and use clues to solve puzzles, escape the room, and discover the truth of a controversial mystery.

Before being locked away, our team sat down to a variety of clipboards stuffed with very serious looking documents, reminiscent of an employment agreement or student loan contract. In hindsight, I can understand the need to put down on paper that we consented to being imprisoned for an hour (so *Escapade* aren't slapped with a false imprisonment claim). But from the little we actually knew about the game, it was a rather overwhelming introduction to our group activity. With a few signatures scribbled down, we were escorted to 'The Bach', *Escapade*'s first of two Kiwi-themed rooms (the other being 'The Shed'). As the modern digital clock, sitting out of place in the corner of the 1970s-style holiday home, started to count down, the door was locked behind us. We clicked on our torches and began the game.

Although this is a review, we are contractually obliged to keep the interior of 'The Bach', and the mystery itself, a secret to preserve the experience. So consequently we can only provide a

few vague details to avoid spoiling the surprise or giving away how to solve the clues. From the get go, what became clear is that every member of the group needed to be actively involved in the game. The various clues appealed to different types of thinking, meaning that some team members were stronger in solving some puzzles and weaker in others.

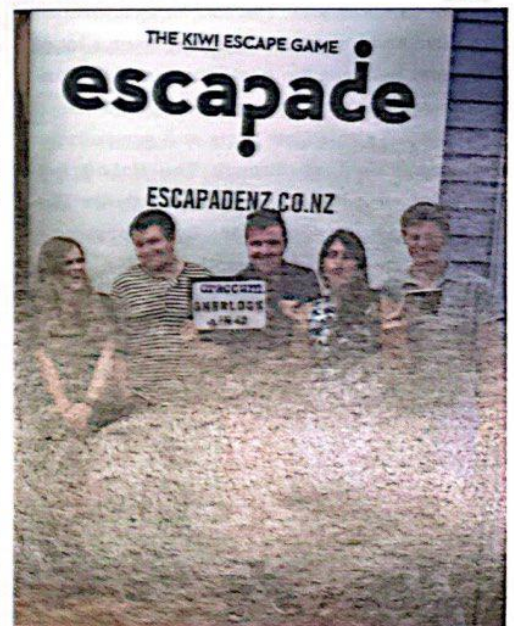
We were impressed that the game was interactive from start to finish. After wandering randomly around the room, we soon realised that everything we saw had potential to help solve the mystery. Every object had a purpose, but it was never immediately obvious. It was exciting figuring out the connections, and satisfying when a random hunch turned out to be true. While the solution to the mystery itself was rather underwhelming (and a little predictable), the quest to escape and solve the puzzles more than made up for this. Overall, our general consensus on the experience was very positive. We managed to escape in 42 minutes, quite a feat considering 50% of the attendees are unable to escape at all.

A major downside to *Escapade* is the cost. It's \$28 per person for students, for up to an hour of entertainment. It's definitely a worthwhile group activity, though for the price we felt like there are probably more exciting (and cheaper) activities out there to do with your friends. However if you're willing to fork out the dollars to enjoy some lateral thinking, then you will enjoy the whole experience.

Overall, while a little pricey for the average student night out, *Escapade* is a unique and interactive activity, which is rare in this city.

REVIEW BY MATTHEW DENTON

GAME



**WE HAVE SIX
TICKETS TO
GIVE AWAY TO
ESCAPADE. CHECK
OUT OUR FACEBOOK
PAGE FOR MORE
DETAILS.**



BRIDGING THE GAP? WES ANDERSON'S TARGET AUDIENCE

BY ANA HARRIS

THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF SELF-CONFESSED movie lover: the 'film-buff' and the 'connoisseur'. The former is a lover of escapism and happy endings. He's seen a lot of films, and believes the best iteration of the cinematic experience is entertaining and accessible, with easy to follow plots and sympathetic characters. He'll sit through *The Hobbit* five times before it hit the shelves, and thinks *The Shawshank Redemption* is literally the best movie ever made. IMDb is his go to, and if a movie has subtitles then it's probably not worth seeing.

The 'connoisseur', on the other hand, is as pretentious and wanky when it comes to movies as the unnecessary use of French suggests. She looks down on the 'film-buff', because anyone who refers to himself with this awkward bi-syllabic term probably doesn't know anything about movies anyway. She throws around words like 'auteur' and 'cinematography' like there's no tomorrow, and nothing will ever come close to Godard's *Breathless*. She wore black for a month when Roger Ebert passed away, and despises every blockbuster before it's even come out as a matter of principle.

Admittedly this is something of an exaggeration. Surely it's possible to fall somewhere in-between these polarised versions of cinema-goer. My flat mate, bless him, is a good example. He refuses to download pirated movies because he can't cope with anything but the highest definition, yet he also thinks *Gone Girl* has merit (it's actually subtle, misogynistic, and decidedly average). He'll sit through the first *The Hobbit*, but he won't enjoy it, and quietly laughs at those who do.

Throughout his career, Wes Anderson has be-

come more of a household name. But his kooky style isn't for everyone. Fast paced and easily digestible on the one hand, but often just plain odd on the other, it's hard to tell whether Anderson has successfully bridged the gap between the 'film-buff' and the 'connoisseur'. I'm reticent to make a call on whether his unusual style is palatable for the every day cinema attendee, or just for those with an unabashed and self-professed love for indie films. Perhaps Tarantino comes closest to bridging the gap, a suggestion which I'm sure will enrage at least some of the connoisseurs out there, inspiring obnoxious debate.

**"IT'S AS THOUGH THE
CHARACTERS OCCUPY
SOME KIND OF PARALLEL
UNIVERSE; THEY'RE FROM
OUR WORLD BUT NOT
REALLY IN IT."**

A feeling that distinctly pervades Anderson's films is the sense of hyper-reality. It's as though the characters occupy some kind of parallel universe; they're from our world but not really in it. While the film-buff may feel irritated by the distinct lack of realism, the connoisseur no doubt appreciates the artistry (read: attention to detail) of Anderson's *mise en scene*. Every element is just so elaborately crafted, every prop perfectly placed, paralleling the way in which the characters hopelessly attempt to impose order on a sad and disappointing world. Whether it's a childhood love affair (*Moonrise Kingdom*), or an attempt to stay at high school forever (*Rushmore*), Anderson's characters cling to relationships and institutions in an attempt to impose order on their precarious realities. Perhaps it's the fact that inevitable endings and goodbyes always seep into the storyline that accounts for

the constant undertone of melancholy. From death of household pets to the horrors of holocaust, Anderson's characters are forced to come to terms with the fact that nothing is ever and tragedy is unavoidable. The frequent use of symmetry as a visual technique masks an imperfect world where eccentric father figures occasionally try their best but generally end up short.

At least Anderson makes it look like the kind of universe you might want to live in. The color palette in *The Grand Budapest Hotel* ranges from primary and vibrant, to curiously pastel, as if back again, in the space of a single film. Each shot is intricately designed; you can almost imagine each still forming one image in a photographic exhibition. The costumes are more suited to a stage show, as though Anderson was more accustomed to the theatrical medium. Each shot is perfectly staged.

The overwhelming mood of nostalgia is also unavoidable. Anderson's films frequently reference the lives of past people and places. *The Grand Budapest Hotel* is explicitly a period piece, but all of the collection give off the distinct impression of being set in the past. *Moonrise Kingdom*'s nostalgic tone is furthered by the reference to films of a bygone era. Partially poaching the storyline from Terence Malik's 1973 film *Badlands*, the reincarnation of an opaque psycho killer as a misunderstood child puts a sinister spin on the child sweethearts at the centre of Anderson's film.

In all likelihood, Wes Anderson's movies might appeal to the open-minded film-buff, one who is prepared for self-conscious over-stylisation with characters that soon become beloved but are often difficult to relate to. Whether you enjoy scrutinising the *mise-en-scene*, or don't know what a tracking shot from an establishing shot, this director can at the very least offer you something delightfully different.

TOP TEN

REASONS WHY AUCKLAND'S PUBLIC TRANSPORT IS HORRIFIC

10. THE RUDENESS OF PASSENGERS. You can see some terrible people on the bus. Firstly, you have the people who, when the bus is practically full, insist that their bag needs the seat more than you do. I'm sorry but does your bag have nerves? Does it feel pain when you hit into someone because you have to stand? No. Put your bag down. Secondly, when no one thanks the bus driver. Sure it is their job to take you from A to B. But surely you could be so kind and thank them? Not only does it make them feel better but also it's simple manners. It only takes 2 seconds as you walk out. Not hard.

9. LACK OF ALLOWANCES FOR BUSES ON THE ROAD. So we have bus lanes, but these only work for two hours each side of the road. The rest of the time, it is a parking area, forcing buses into the traffic. Particularly frustrating is that the lanes from out of town end at 6pm. Is it not more common that people will finish their job at 6 and not at 4? So why does it finish when traffic is still at its peak? If we want to encourage more people to use public transport, this area needs greater improvement.

8. THE PEOPLE WHO PAY IN CASH AND HOG THE DRIVER. Have you not heard of an AT card? And that it's far cheaper? And saves you (and everyone) so much more time? What is particularly frustrating are the people who pay the driver but then block the way inside. So all of us who are prepared enough with our AT cards are forced to wait with you instead of being able to go on behind you.

7. YOU CAN'T GET ANYWHERE OTHER THAN THE CITY. Well obviously this isn't completely true, since buses leave the city for other destinations. But the public transport is framed around the getting in and out of the CBD. There is little consideration for how people can get from suburb to suburb. In this case, you need to catch at least two forms of public transport and walk a considerable distance. There

needs to be better links across town and not just to town.

6. TERRIBLE VENTILATION. The buses, which have no windows that can be opened, should be written off immediately. And for some unknown reason, the ones that have windows are kept closed. When you have over 20 people in a small space, you need fresh air. In the summer, we are left cooking as the air inside heats up. The stuffiness gives me a headache and borderline nausea. In winter, people fear that the rain will get through and the windows stay shut. But what happens then is that the air we all breathe is shared with the ill and then we all get sick. Just leave the windows open.

"THEN YOU START PROGRESSIVELY WORRIED THAT YOU SMELL JUST AS BAD, SO NOT ONLY ARE YOU INHALING DIRTY AIR BUT BECOME PARANOID BY HOW YOU SMELL."

5. CAN'T USE IT AT NIGHT. Most public transport ends at 11ish (1 on certain days) and is shut until the morning. While the odd night bus can help you, all that is left are taxis. However the cost of a taxi compared to the bus is astronomical (at least 10x as much). Why don't they extend regular buses and trains throughout the night? That way, it can encourage people to go out and enjoy the Auckland nightlife without fear of the high cost of the way home.

4. INVASION OF THE PERSONAL BUBBLE. Some bus rides you can get an empty bus and you have a choice of whatever seat you like. These instances are great, but are ultimately rare. Other times you are sandwiched

between heaps of people. Bags hit you in the face when the bus takes a fast turn or you are unwittingly joined at the hip with someone you sit next to. One person I know threw up on the person next to her because this person tried to share a one-person seat with her. That bubble was burst in the worst of ways and I'm sure it's happened to many more of us.

3. IT TAKES LONGER THAN DRIVING. Getting to work on a Saturday, I can take a bus, which is about 20 minutes on a good day. This does not include the 10-15 minute walking time to and from the bus stop. So 35 minutes, on a good day. However if I drive, I can get inside work from home in about 12 minutes (without speeding I should add). This is almost triple the time, so what incentives do people have to catch the bus?

2. PEOPLE SMELL. This links very nicely to number 4. When you are forced up very closely to people, you notice things you didn't want to. One of those is their body odour. You can't escape it and until one of you gets off the bus, you are just breathing in rancid air. Then you start progressively worried that you smell just as bad, so not only are you inhaling dirty air but become paranoid by how you smell.

1. IT IS UNRELIABLE. They're never on time. Sometimes they're ridiculously early (which is not good when you are walking down and see it leaving when it says it's due in 5 minutes). But mostly they are always late. Sometimes they say they have been and gone when only the Not in Service buses have driven past. And when you're on the bus, one day it will arrive super early and the next it will be 15 minutes after when it was supposed to arrive. You can never rely on them, and ultimately this is the biggest failure of AT.

Want to write a Top 10? Contact us at editor@craccum.co.nz

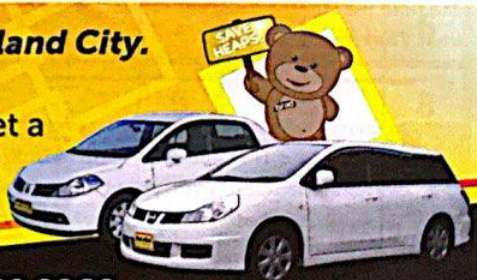
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR STUDENTS: IF YOU WISH TO WRITE A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, PLEASE SEND TO EDITOR@CRACCCUM.CO.NZ. WE ARE ONLY PRINTING WHAT WE GET, AND WE HAVE ONLY RECEIVED 6. WE WELCOME ANY MESSAGES YOU HAVE!

THE FIRST WEEK OF SEMESTER, I PICKED UP A copy of Craccum, not expecting to find any letters to the editor. I thought that there wasn't enough time for anyone to send any. The next week, I picked up another copy, hoping to read the comments people had sent in about last week's issue. I found myself disappointed, but gave you the benefit of the doubt, thinking that there must be a lack of involvement by the students here for there to not be enough letters to publish. But then we get to today, opening the third copy of Craccum for the year, and there is once again no letters to the editor. No longer do I give you the benefit of the doubt. Why was there no letters to the editor section in this week?

The letters to the editor section plays an important part in any publication, giving the readers a way of contributing to the discussions found within. By removing this part of Craccum, you have removed the students you claim your publication is for from the equation. I hope to see its return in next week's issue of Craccum, or at least some reasoning for its removal.

By popular demand, here is a letters to the editor page. We are popular. You aren't. I had sex on the office table last year. What did you have? Peanut butter and loneliness sandwiches until 3AM every weekend night, waiting for someone to invite you to town? Oh wait, that was us. Our apologies. We're so sad.

TO THE FIRST YEARS, BREATHE, IT IS TOUGH but you will make it. If by any chance you have overheard other students saying 'first year scum,' don't worry about it. Just ignore them. Remember, they were first years once too. Just because they have knowledge of the arts or the universities systems and conventions, or 'herd mentality,' does not mean they are better, (or worse), or more original than anyone else. Actions speak louder than words. Let their actions define them and their words fall on deaf ears. Secondly, to the members of the trans-community at UoA. Respect to you for being so honest. I respect that you do not lie to anyone, least of all yourselves, about who you are. If only the same were true for so many others. Time to enjoy another great year at this fine institution and looking forward to sampling all that it has on offer.

One time we killed a first year. It was great. We're great. They aren't.

REVUE OF THIS CRACCCUM: NO LETTERS TO the editor, No Cross-Word, No SuDoKu. Nice attempt to write about fundamentalism and ISIL in a balanced manner. Pull your fucking socks up. 3/10

Joke's on you, we don't even wear shoes. Screw sudoku, we hate the Japanese. Hah.

SELWYN FRASER IS TO BE THANKED FOR HIS sensitive and thoughtful essay on the subject of fundamentalism. I wish to quibble with only a few of the points he raises. Selwyn never provides a convincing definition of 'fundamentalism': he seems to use the term to mean any kind of passionate and transforming commitment to an ideological or religious system.

What Selwyn doesn't note is that 'fundamentalism' is a word with history. It originated in the United States after the First World War when conservative Christians, recoiling from the horrors that liberal modernity seemed to bring in its wake, embraced the name 'fundamentalist' to describe themselves. The term originated as a self-designation: a proud badge worn by those who affirmed their commitment to the 'fundamentals' of their faith as they perceived it. Today the word is applied as a deprecatory term to any religious group that appears to be backward, bigoted, or overly-zealous. Used in this way, the word 'fundamentalist' assumes that there is some universal standard by which religions and other ideologies can be judged and found to be 'fundamentalist' or 'moderate'. Of course there is no such neutral position from which systems of belief can be evaluated: the word 'fundamentalist' says more about the values of the person who uses it than it does about the group so-described. In the sense that 'fundamentalist' is a self-designation, on the other hand, everyone is a fundamentalist inasmuch as every believer thinks they adhere to the fundamental tenets of their faith as they see it. For these reasons I wonder if the word is really very useful at all.

Selwyn's discussion of Islam and fundamentalism is mostly very sensible, but he seems to risk essentialising 'Islam' as a system with an intrinsic meaning that contemporary Muslims might resemble more or less than others. At one point he asks whether the Qur'an "that taproot of Islam" would commend or condemn the Islamic State. The problem with this question is not only that it wrongly reduces the source of Islamic beliefs to the Qur'an (in fact the distinctive beliefs of IS are mostly derived from the much looser body of traditions relating to the early Muslim community), but also that it assumes the Qur'an (and therefore Islam) has a proper 'meaning' beyond the contingencies of human action and interpretation. Of course there are people who believe that Islam has a 'true' essence – and they are Muslims. Everyone else should be very sceptical of claims that Islam has a real and fixed nature, or that the people we might choose to call 'fundamentalists' are the best embodiment of what this nature is. But they should be equally sceptical of those – like President Obama and Pope Francis – who wish to separate out the 'radicals' and the 'fundamentalists' from the 'real' Muslims. The only people qualified even to recognise the existence of such a distinction are

surely Muslims themselves.

Yeh Selwyn's pretty dece. Huge cock, too. craccum.co.nz for pics.

I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT I READ YOUR piece on culture and I must say you have never been so right! Every description of our university's utter failure to provide somewhat of a respectable student culture was bang on.

To be frank UoA's student life is shit. Sure some times, now and then we roll this pile of shit and some glitter. Alas it is still shit, only shiny. When I started at I had dreams of endless wild partying, amazing friends and a student life worth bragging about. Those dreams lasted one week of orientation then the cruel reality sank in. No one wants to make friends and party even though tend to be underwhelming, because of all the restrictions and regulations that have to be followed to keep the soulless suits at the top of the chain happy.

Is it all really as hopeless as it seems? Can we do nothing? What happened to the good old days when students gave a crap and actually did something about it?

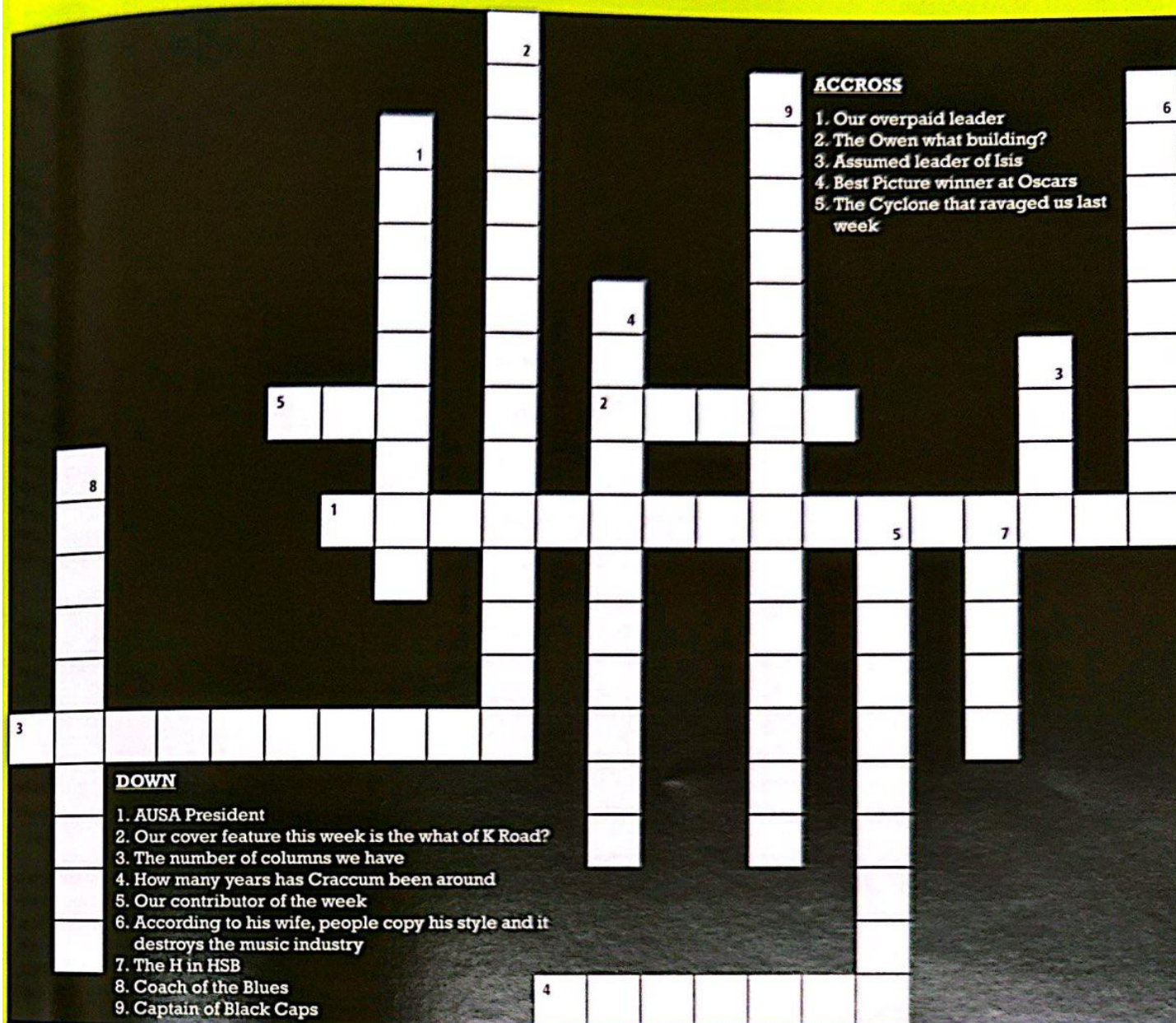
Don't be ridiculous, Jordan's been more right heaps of times. For instance, in 1996, he picked the internet as likely to get big. He's always right. So cool similes, send more to editor@craccum.co.nz

I WANTED TO COMMEND YOU ON THE EDITORIAL of Craccum with the discussion of uni culture or lack of. Friends of mine all read this article and loved how it's been talked about now. We don't like the idea of uni as this miserable place either, and love the idea of bringing uni back times back! Heck yes!

As a Maori and a Christian, Craccum definitely wasn't for me a few years back. I pretty much ticked every minority box there was, and we already know there would be some ill-informed hate piece for a particular group of people to read. I don't deny those articles will soon be up, but I feel the quality is not just about the jacking, but actually considering and writing stories for all students. Pro or anti Maori, pro or anti Christianity...at least we're all included now.

Love what you are doing with Craccum. I definitely see you pioneering to shift cultural mindsets and make something in Uni, even if it's this little magazine! The editorial pieces are bearable to read now (dare I say, some have even thought provoking). Thanks for giving something good to read now in those two lectures!

Thanks a lot, Jordan's ego is already big enough without this letter. He has now declared himself bigger than Kanye and keeps on going around using the n-word a lot and stealing awards.



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Contributors

Cover art: Rowan Love

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Special thanks to Hannah Brown for a last minute illustration!

The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Tessa Naden

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EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

editorial office

4 Alfred St
Private Bag 92019
Auckland.
Ph 09 923 3959.

advertising

Ph 021 813286.
advertising@craccum.co.nz

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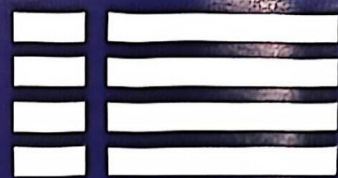


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