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THE DEATH OF THE READING PUBLIC

What happened to the book?

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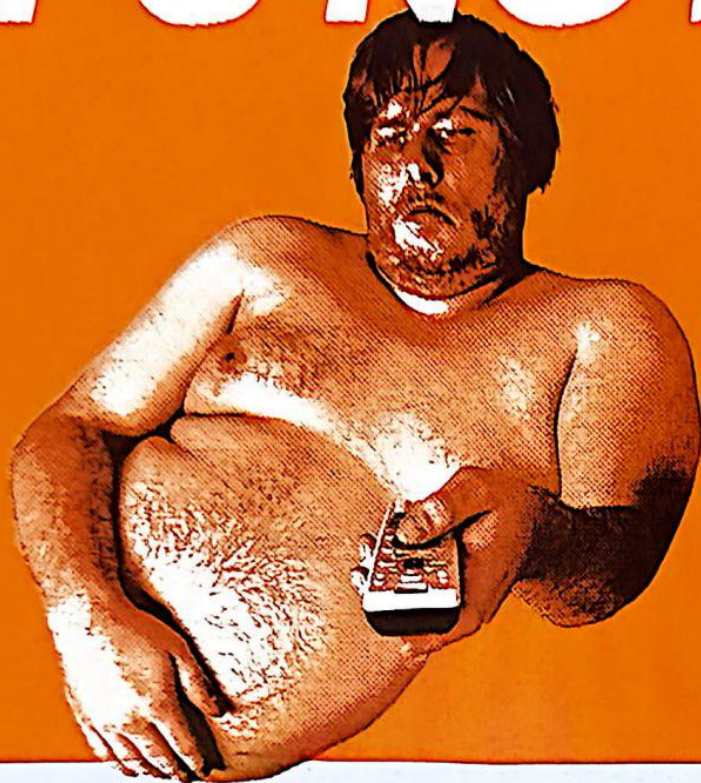
CONNIE G TRAVELS

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SEXIST WORKPLACE

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THE CASE FOR DELICIOUS MEAT

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IT'S NOT



IT IS



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CANIS CANEM EDITS.

BY JORDAN

A COUPLE A OF WEEKS AGO, THE CANTERBURY student magazine *CANTA* was pulled from circulation after publishing an article responding to one in *Slate* about rape in video games. The article was intentionally parodical and offensive. And it was very offensive. Amongst the offending phrases was a dodgy implication that drunk girls deserve it, and a very upsetting end note telling the writer of the original article to "get back in the kitchen". These phrases are disgusting. They're wrong. And I think there would be a pretty damn good argument for saying that any victim of sexual harassment, crimes, or abuse would find the tone of the *CANTA* article not only offensive, but potentially victimising.

This being said, and here I start getting myself in trouble, I don't think the magazine at all, in the slightest, deserved to be pulled. I don't think that the reported posts about "burning issues of *CANTA*" were called for. To clarify, it was a huge editori-

al mistake to publish the article as it was, and to claim that free speech compels an editor to publish everything they're sent is moronic and in practical terms an impossible commitment. This being said, once the article was out in the public sphere, the appropriate response by angered parties would be to respond in print critiquing the piece, maybe even critiquing the editors for publishing it.

"MY POINT IS THIS. OFFENDED? GO AHEAD. WRITE A SHITTY LETTER. OR A BRILLIANT ARTICLE. WRITE A RESPONSE. CONTRIBUTE TO THE CONVERSATION."

I think worse than an offensive article, is the offense you give to everyone when you insist that something you don't like, doesn't deserve to be seen or read. This is a classic problem the left run into. On the one hand, we're all about free speech, we're all about intelligent public discourse. On the other, if something we don't like is published, then seconds later a massive tantrum hits

the internet. We love other people's viewpoints, as long as they don't contradict our own. We love banter and jokes, until they rub us up the wrong way.

And the *CANTA* article, however paleolithically worded made the point that there is something a little overblown about the *Slate* article, and it makes the even more important point that the *Slate* article does seem, in all it's self-indulgent excess, to belittle the very real experiences of many actual victims. These points were worth making. A good editor, or even a sub-par editor, might have realized that the bizarre sexism should have been left on the cutting-room floor. But still, to pull a whole magazine? A student magazine at that? To pull an outlet where we get the chance to say things the mainstream media can't, and swear, and criticise anyone and everyone without fear of corporate retaliation?

My point is this. Offended? Go ahead. Write a shitty letter. Or a brilliant article. Write a response. Contribute to the conversation. Don't run around trying to ban everything that upsets you. You may well succeed in shutting people up, but you'll educate no one.

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

DESCRIBE YOURSELF IN 600 WORDS OR LESS.

BY DENTON

TELL US YOUR STRENGTHS. TELL US YOUR achievements. Please ensure you explain why you would be the best fit for our firm. Make sure this doesn't exceed 600 words. Be succinct. Be different. Be exciting. But most of all, be you!

I stare at my screen writhing in fear and panic in my attempt to write a cover letter. Existential questions arise: Who *actually* are you? Have you really done anything? Is first in mathematics at intermediate school enough of an achievement for the CV? I don't know how to sell myself. I can write out a list of faults with ease. I'm too indecisive. I'm incredibly nosey. I waffle. But as I try to list my strengths, my mind blanks. It makes me feel uncomfortable. I have no problem when others speak about my successes, they have seen them and can tell you where and when I have proved myself. But if I say what I am good at, I feel arrogant and doubtful. More existential questions arise: Am I really

good at that? What proof do I have? Am I being rude and presumptuous when I say I'm 'good with people'?

Discussing this with others, I discover I am not alone. No one feels comfortable listing off what sets them apart. We are happy to let awards or others speak on our behalf, but can't speak for ourselves. But the ones that are able to do so comfortably are met with scorn and frustration rather than praise. Proudly announcing to everyone that you have a great legal mind because you have won a moot competition only inspires anger and resentment. They're seen as cocky, not confident. As my mind floods with these thoughts staring at my blank screen, I realise what is wrong with us: Tall Poppy Syndrome. Those speaking up aren't the problem, it's us trying to keep them, and ourselves, quiet.

"NO ONE FEELS COMFORTABLE LISTING OFF WHAT SETS THEM APART"

In America, I met with a variety of CEOs of businesses, NGOs, lobbying firms and significant public officials. All of them were unified in saying that the main fault of New Zea-

landers is that we're not confident enough in expressing our strengths, achievements and passions in interviews and business deals. New Zealanders have a strong reputation for creativity and working hard in the work place but seem to be "too modest" to share this with prospective employers. Americans are very different, they will unabashedly raise why they're the best for the position or any situation. They aren't condemned by their peers for doing so, because everyone else is doing the same thing. Initially this was jarring for me, but it became easier knowing that when you responded with your strengths and achievements, you weren't being judged for speaking up, but encouraged to do so. Shame was whistled away and instead I felt proud of what I could offer.

Returning home, I still don't feel comfortable discussing my achievements, but now I have perspective. You need to stand up if there is something you want. It may be uncomfortable, but missing out on an opportunity you really want shouldn't be lost because of discomfort or frustrating others. Own your strengths. I am a great with people. I was top in maths at Intermediate school. I am the best candidate, so choose me. And this was under 600 words.

What a load of Crac-New (more shit)

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEWS@CRACUM.CO.NZ IF YOU CAN BE FUCKED.

NEWS IN BRIEF

A laboratory: Homosexuality not a disease, scientists reckon.

Auckland: Zebras are suing Topshop, saying the black and white striped tops being sold are "copying their distinctive style and not respecting creative integrity".

Hollywood: Parents are angry after the *Cinderella* movie premiere as it "teaches our kids bad practice in regards to footwear".

Auckland: Police apologise for mishandling the Roast Busters case, saying they thought the youths were just "on a cooking spree".

Invercargill: In a competition to find the world's most notorious criminal, England has Jack the Ripper, Australia has Ned Kelly, America has Al Capone, and New Zealand has a guy who took a shit in a swimming pool six Fridays in a row.

Vanuatu: Man gets hit by falling house as Cyclone Pam hits.

Auckland: Man gets hit by falling leaf as Cyclone Pam hits.

The University: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. Education Minister Hekia Parata has announced that Stuart McCutcheon is to get a compensatory salary increase. "People are criticising him for being paid so much while calling for increases to tuition fees, so we're raising his salary to make him feel better and paying for it with an increase in tuition fees".

Send in your News In Brief suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of *Where's Wally* - MH370 Edition RRP NZ\$15.

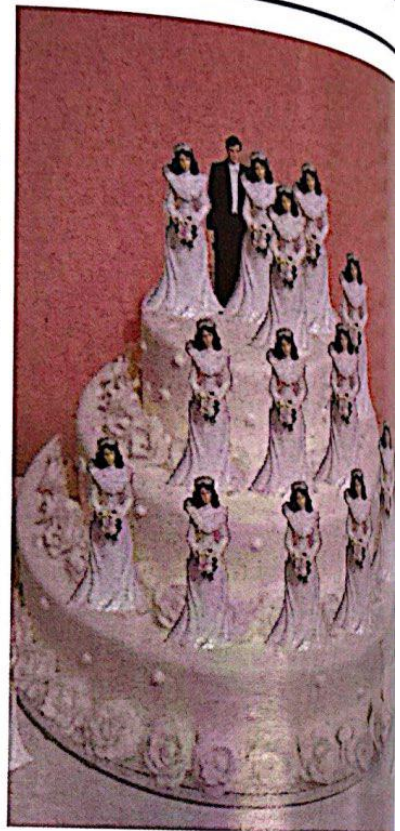


THE BACHELOR NZ SHOCK END!

THE BACHELOR NZ HAS FINISHED PREMATURELY after the bachelor, Arthur Green, decided he'd "just marry all of them". Going against the traditional format of the show of spending up to 20 episodes to whittle down the contestants to one, Arthur said to all 21 girls "Actually, you're all pretty hot, why don't I just marry you all?"

The 26 year old hunk told reporters afterwards he had once read a book on polygamy in the African Bantu tribe, and felt marrying multiple people was much easier than "going through all this reality TV bullshit". "There's a couple of the girls with criminal convictions, which is great coz they can steal back any gifts I give to the others".

He also revealed he is now being sued by Cupid for using roses as a romantic gift which is "not respecting creative integrity and intellectual property".



AFRICA FIGHTING AGAINST ADOPTION

THE AFRICAN CONTINENT has applied to the UN for emergency status in fear it will get adopted by Angelina Jolie.

Africans have given up on solving the problem themselves, and are now applying for outside aid. "She comes in here, and snatches our children, then adopts them", one hysterical woman told *Woman's Shitly*.



have been struggling to contain the Angelina epidemic for years now. A recent lockdown in Sierra Leone meant 2.5 million people were told to stay at home for three days, but Angelina continued on her rampage, just leaning into windows to steal black children.

UN officials also announced today they plan to re-name Brangelina's house 'Africa'.

and change the title of the African Continent to 'Uninhabited'.

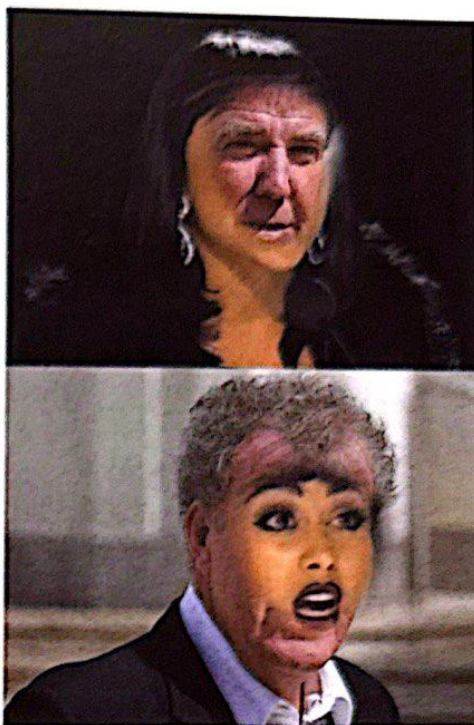
World Health Organisation volunteers

JEREMY CLARKSON AND NATALIA KILLS SWAP JOBS

WITH BOTH TVNZ AND THE BBC FACING criticism of their presenters, executives have come up with an elegant solution. Natalia Kills is to be flown to Britain to present *Top Gear*, while Jeremy Clarkson will come to New Zealand for the next season of *The X Factor*. "We're delighted with this outcome", said a spokesperson for TVNZ. "Jeremy Clarkson is exactly the right person to be judging singers".

While Clarkson's addition has been largely well-received, some viewers have pointed out that his suit and hair were "unoriginal" and that he "doesn't have any respect for creative integrity or intellectual property".

Fans of the BBC's *Top Gear* were less keen on their newest presenter. "I'm sure she's a great driver, but I don't think her comments are offensive enough", one viewer told *Craccum*. "Would she nearly say the N word or insult a country that we illegally invaded in the eighties?"



Top Gear's producer said they had to make a quick decision as they were faced with "a bombshell", and assured fans that the switch is "only temporary", until a more racist presenter can be found.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA \$14 FLIGHTS!

ON MONDAY IRISH NO-FRILLS AIRLINE Ryanair confirmed plans to start flying transatlantic routes from as little as \$14 one-way, although only some seats would be available at that price.

In fact, only one seat would be available at that price, the board said in a statement, and it would be a white plastic lawn chair which would be left on the runway.

Chief Marketing Officer Kenny Jacobs said that a cheap transatlantic service draws in many gullible passengers who unwittingly believe it is economic for an airline to fly from Europe to America for the price of a pint of beer.

"Our first business plan was dependent on making the passenger pay for each arm and leg they take with them", Ryanair said, "but we realised that it would be more profitable if the \$14 only paid for the flight from Ireland to the USA. Returning passengers would be unable to get back home for less than \$13,999".

CYCLONE PAM GOES ON DATE WITH CYCLONE JIM

IN ENTERTAINMENT NEWS, INTERNATIONAL Meteorology's number one 'will-they won't-they' romance came to a head this week. Cyclone Pam and Cyclone Jim, the central couple of NBC's comedy hit *The Cyclone Office*, finally went out on a date. The development brings to a conclusion three seasons worth of romantic and sexual tension between the couple.

In the show, the pair work at the Scranton Pennsylvania branch of the Dunder Mifflin

Cyclone Paper Company, surrounded by a bunch of loveable and offbeat characters.

Cyclone Jim, a paper salesman, has had a crush on Cyclone Pam, the office secretary, since the beginning of the show - their courtship complicated by Pam's long term engagement to a mutual co-worker, Cyclone Roy, who spent most of the last season crushed by Cyclone Pam tearing through their wedding plans.

Many critics have commented that the romance is the driving force behind the boom in popularity of the American remake of *The Office*, which until the end of its first season was often described as "like the UK Office,

HAGER JOINS TEAM KEY FOR NORTHLAND ELECTION

ASOURCE CLOSE TO THE NATIONAL Party's Northland campaign has disclosed that investigative journalist Nicky Hager has been appointed as campaign manager.

"It was a no-brainer", the source told *Craccum*. "After the positive results we got from last year's election win, Mr Hager was the perfect person for the job".

Hager released his controversial book *Dirty Politics* just before the 2014 general election, which proved to be a hit. Its success propelled John Key and the National Party to their biggest win in election history — Mr. Hager is hoping that his latest testimony regarding government espionage will help Mark Osbourne's chances in the March 28 election.

Latest polls show that Mr. Osbourne, National's candidate for Northland, is trailing his strongest rival Winston Peters by a sizeable margin.

"Thankfully the recent revelations regarding the GCSB are slowly gaining traction in the press and we expect to win by at least 10 points", Mr. Hager said in an interview.

He refused to confirm nor deny whether he would release another book if Andrew Little were to surpass John Key in approval ratings.



but shit, and with Cyclones".

P.S. If you want to donate to victims of Cyclone Pam, go to <https://givealittle.co.nz/cause/cyclonepamrelief>

INTERVIEW WITH JUDITH COLLINS

I GOT TO INTERVIEW JUDITH COLLINS, FORMER Minister of Justice and most powerful woman in Parliament. The controversy which led her to resign last year swamped the news around election time, so I was pretty nervous to interview the infamous Crusher Collins.

To be honest, I was scared as fuck.

However the interview was great fun, and I got some pretty funny replies.

THE BACHELOR NZ. She gave him an 8/10, and noted "if I had a daughter, I'm sure he'd be lovely for my daughter".

FAVOURITE IPHONE GAMES? She doesn't have Snapchat or any games, not even Angry Birds! "I work in Angry Birds, I don't need to do that" she said laughing.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN JOHN KEY DRUNK? She's seen him have "a few wines" (so yup, she's seen him pissed). Apparently he's "even more vocal than when he's not [drunk]....he just gets more like John Key actually".

MOST FAMOUS PERSON YOU'VE MET? Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie — they were all at a function in London for ending sexual violence, and Brangelina was sitting right next to her. She told me Brad's "really seriously

gorgeous...in a kind and caring sort of sisterly sort of way".

Oh and Putin, yes she's met Putin, Russian President, at some function in Russia.

MOST LEGENDARY NIGHT OUT STORY. "I didn't have too many of those...that I'd want to talk about. And if they were any good, you can't remember them".

YOU WERE BORN IN HAMILTON, HOW HAS THAT AFFECTED YOUR REPUTATION? She quickly told me she was only born in Hamilton Hospital, and brought up in the Waikato.

TEXT TALK. She didn't know yolo, lmao, tmi,

but did know rofl, admitting she "looked it up on Google when someone said it to me". Well that shows her age. Lol. Roflmao.

IF YOU WERE THE LABOUR LEADER, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO MAKE THEM WIN THE NEXT ELECTION? "Give up", she said laughing. She then went on to say they need to get out of Wellington, meet some real people and realise they "care about what's in it for them...can they pay their mortgage...are they safe, they really don't care about whatever the UN said".

X-FACTOR CONTROVERSY. "Most of the time I know dress in suits, and I tell you, they are referencing Willy Moon!" Absolute gold.

She's also a fan of public nudity, something that has become Harry's calling card over the years — maybe they could play a cheeky game of strip poker to really get to know each other.

CONS: No discretion whatsoever. I mean, come on, even Hamiltonians know to at least use a bus shelter with three sides. At least switch off the lights! We suspect Queen Liz wouldn't approve of Hazza's crown jewels being out for the world to see.

#2 LORDE

PROS: OMG can you imagine the beautiful ginger curly hair their children could have!? Lorde's cool and relevant and would provide a lifeline to the archaic and outdated British Monarchy. She's a superstar so she would generate tonnes of great publicity for the palace. But the biggest plus point is her attitude. She's an excellent role model, stands up for what she believes in and has handled the media and fame with great maturity.

CONS: Has a boyfriend and is committed to him. I doubt Harry would be able to let Lorde. Also her hit song *Royals* would also become redundant if she ended up Harry because she would be well, royal. Becoming Princess would mean that Lorde would have to quit singing. This match cannot happen.

#1 LYDIA KO

PROS: At 17 Ko has achieved more than Harry will achieve in his entire life. She is the number one ranked female golfer and has been named one of Time 100's Most Influential people. Like Lorde, she's handled her success with maturity which will enable her to handle the Princess role easily.

CONS: Lydia Ko is one big mystery. Unlike Lorde, apart from Ko's professional golfing career, we know nothing about her. Does she have a boyfriend? Who are her friends? What are her plans post golfing? What are her interests? There's so much that remains to be discovered when it comes to Lydia Ko.

THE BACHELOR NZ: FINDING HARRY HIS KIWI BRIDE

THE NEW ZEALAND MEDIA HAS GONE BONKERS over Prince Harry's impending visit to New Zealand. Quick to play matchmaker like Carole Middleton did with William and Kate, the NZ media are match-making Harry with some famous Kiwi women. However, the bachelorettes the media have picked are truly atrocious. Stephanie Key and Jamie Ridge seriously!? A nudist and a wannabe Kardashian. So *Craccum* decided to rectify this. We have compiled a list of the women that could be Hazza's potential new love interest.

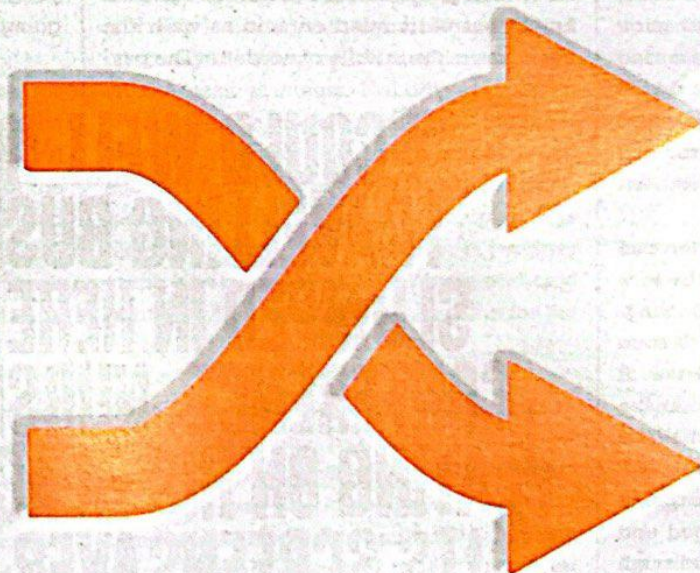
#3 THE WOMAN FROM THE MARSH OFFICE SEX ROMP

PROS: Obviously the woman isn't shy in the bedroom, which is no doubt a HUGE plus point for Harry who loves to sow his oats.

IT'S NOT



IT IS



EVERYDAY, SOMETHING NEW



MALAYSIAN NIGHT.

WITH CONNIE G

I ARRIVED IN KUALA LUMPUR AT NIGHT. I WAS early, so I sat in a cafe and had a coffee and a sandwich. It felt good to be alone in a foreign city, carrying out all the routines and rituals of air travel: the walk over the air bridge, the journey on the mono-rail, getting my passport stamped, following the signs, feeling like a man of the world. In the airport you never get lost and you always feel free. The coffee and the sandwich both tasted horrible, which is exactly how it should be in an airport. I got up and found my way to the bus. It was a hot night and it was a wet night. The rain was heavy, the air was heavy, my suitcase was heavy. I got on the bus. The bus had rainbow coloured seats, orange tassled curtains, zebra fur on the roof and a disco ball hanging above the door. I didn't bat an eyelid. Bassless speakers cranked out a prog. rock number that sounded like it had been recorded underwater. I sat down and put my bag on the seat next to me. I tried to look hostile. I tried to look like the kind of person you wouldn't want to sit next to on the bus.

The rain fell hard, the rain fell heavy, the rain made everything wet. The drops on the window stretched out, slowed down, then staggered into other drops and sped up. It soon became clear that this was a stupid bus. A joke bus. We swayed drunkenly onto the highway. The suspension was as psychedelic as the curtains. It was dangerously relaxed. The road was flat and straight, I think, but we heaved and seasawed; we plunged and soared; we careened and wallowed through it like a boat in a storm. We were all at sea. I felt seasick, pictured myself lurching down the aisle in a yellow Mackintosh, clinging to the orange tassles, yelling into the sat-phone, firing off the last of the emergency flares. The airport was a long way from the city. The highway was surrounded by trees. There was forest all around, and rivers, which I imagined would be slow-moving and brown. I

bounced and roared through the foreign night in my psychedelic bus, and when we finally stopped at a toll booth, I looked down and saw an ownerless machete in the wet grass, with a handkerchief wrapped around its handle and raindrops landing on its blade.

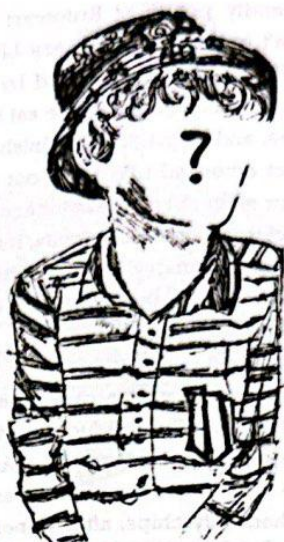
If it were possible for a drunk bus to be grabbed by the scruff of the neck and hurled out of a nightclub into the sacks of rubbish out the back, that is what we would have looked like as we burst through the toll gate and landed blinking and bleary-eyed in the city, orange tassles dancing, disco ball dementedly swinging, underwater guitar solo tinnily blaring. The person in the seat across from me was asleep. He looked like a zombie in a mosh pit. On mini roads beside the motorways, rigid and plastic-coated people were affixed to mopeds. They all sat up very straight and held the handlebars with both hands. It must be hard to slouch on a moped. They looked self-righteous. I soon found out that people don't really live in this city. They just pass through it on the way to the next mall or skyscraper. One whole side of a tower was a TV screen. The rain fell through electronic rainbows. You could see it in the orange street light. I remember seeing the rain in front of a blue and red Pepsi ad. I remember that down below the bus I saw rain sliding off motorbike helmets, collecting in the folds of plastic ponchos, streaking down in front of headlights. And there were hardly any trees.

The most striking characteristic of the hotel was its purpleness. Great, I thought, the hotel's out of its mind on acid as well. The hotel was in the middle of nowhere. The psy-

chedelic bus had run aground on a purple island. Everything was purple. I almost had a panic attack. I found my room, which was a purple bar, a little bit less purple, the praise Allah, a little bit less purple, the I went down to the purple bar and found some friends. It was past midnight and I arrived at a purple hotel in a foreign city on a mad bus in the rain. I hadn't slept in ages and I felt great. In the bar, a saucy Malaysian in spangled hotshorts performed popular Western music, which they accompanied with much gyrating of hips and biting of lips. I could well imagine the travelling businessman slumped in here after the conference nursing a drink, playing on his blackberry with its screensaver picture of his kids and having colourful thoughts about the two Malaysian pop-nymphets. Every night they danced with the same, slightly sinister enthusiasm. One night I looked in and there was no one in the bar. But they were up there under the stage lights anyway, singing to the empty room, working a crowd of zero.

A week later I was back at the airport. I left the hotel during the day on a bus that wasn't insane. It wasn't raining. A lot of things had happened in the purple hotel. I thought about them and looked out the window. We drove back along the highway surrounded by trees and I saw that I was right about the river: they were slow-moving and brown. I was early for my flight, so I went back to the same cafe and had a coffee and a sandwich. They still tasted horrible. Then I followed the sign that said "Departing Passengers Only Beyond This Point". I wasn't going home. I was going somewhere else.

"I COULD WELL IMAGINE THE TRAVELLING BUSINESSMAN SLUMPED IN HERE AFTER THE CONFERENCE, NURSING A DRINK, PLAYING ON HIS BLACKBERRY WITH ITS SCREENSAVER PICTURE OF HIS KIDS AND HAVING COLOURFUL THOUGHTS ABOUT THE TWO MALAYSIAN POP-NYPHETS."



MY WEEK WITH MEDICINE.

WITH CHRIS

THE DOCTOR TOLD ME I WAS THE ILLEST: I WAS suffering from realness.

That's not true, I had supraventricular tachycardia. It was immensely serious. Or a bit, at least. Sufficiently severe to give as an excuse when I didn't feel like swimming (which was always), but not bad enough to warrant actually fixing until five years later. I'd been in my NCEA Level 1 English exam when my heart started pounding. I felt like I was going to die, but that wasn't reason enough to not say my piece on national identity in New Zealand poetry. I didn't die, and I got mostly excellences. Hero. Worth it.

I entrusted my life, and my application for compassionate consideration, to the public health sector. They gave me some pills, put me on a list. Years passed. I asked about the list. The doctor who did the operation had left the country, so they'd forgotten about it. A year passed. I asked again. They made a new list, and put me on it. Months passed. And then it was time.

I got to the hospital at 7:05 AM, as instructed, plus ten minutes early because lateness is rude and it's bad form to upset people who have access to your innards. They led me to a ward, asked me to wait for further notice. Years passed. A woman came by and took some details down, before declaring that it was time an intravenous plastic tube be inserted into my arm. She made it so, then left. Days passed.

Hospital wards are weird. Upsetting and unusual things happen in them, but mostly to the people behind the distractingly garish curtains around you. I spent so long feeling

concerned for the barely-visible, intermittently-conscious old couple opposite that, by the time the lady returned with a razor and request that I clear my upper thigh of any potentially-obstructive hairs, I was too drained to register my bemusement as protest.

Or to be properly embarrassed when the bathroom in which I was to shave didn't lock, and an elderly patient almost caught me in the midst of my shame. But the operation itself remained daunting. I'd requested in advance the use of my iPod on the table, but only received approval moments before being wheeled in. I didn't have the time to curate a playlist of calming melodies, so I scrolled to 'Radiohead' and hit 'shuffle all'.

Surprisingly, Thom Yorke's pained vocals and *Myxomatosis*' dizzy production didn't so much soothe as accentuate the discomfort of wires penetrating my upper leg and gently creeping through the blood vessels to my heart. I had local anaesthetic and a mild sedative on tap, and I begged for constant re-ups of each. They'd promised a relaxing time in the theatre, and I planned to have one. As I recovered, each professional to glance over my record had a hearty chuckle at just how much of each substance I'd demanded throughout the short ordeal.

They were almost as amused as the ward nurses were at my immediate passing out each time they so much as looked at my wound. I apologised for being a wuss. In the morning it turned out to be because I was internally bleeding, which they'd not noticed on the scan printouts. Nobody apologised for their incompetence. Least of all the night nurse who removed my bandaging and then couldn't figure out how to reapply it, buffeting me wildly to and fro in his attempts. It was almost as painful as the absence of laughter at my bleary-eyed "isn't Li'l Wayne addicted to this?" when he offered me codeine for the night.

I was threatened with a catheter if I couldn't urinate into a bottle before midnight. I managed it. Deep, deep shame at my bodily functions gave way to pride in my Kiwi ingenuity, acrobatic ability, and commitment to hygiene in the face of adversity. I couldn't move far enough to put the bottle down anywhere, so I had to hold it upright on my bed like a pitcher of drink until someone came by to collect my work. Shame returned.

They told me there were three options for treating the complications. (1): Fairly likely: this resolves itself in a couple hours and you can go. (2): Most likely: we give you an injection,

it resolves things in a couple hours, and you can go. (3): Slim chance: we cut you open, stitch up the artery we nicked, and you cancel any plans for the foreseeable future that didn't involve being in bed. I asked for details on each option. They said it wasn't their department.

Two hours later a surgeon came by, presuming I'd been informed that they'd chosen option 3. I'd not been. He drew a line on my thigh where I was to be opened, and then another on my stomach. Trying to gauge the severity of my situation I asked whether there would be scars. He laughed, and left. Alone and nil by mouth, I was too dehydrated to actually produce tears in my little attempted cry. Grades came out. Still nothing.

That evening they let me go to the bathroom. Dehydrated and exsanguinated I staggered to the cistern. Caught sight of my wound as I adjusted my pyjamas. Started to faint. Slapped the call button and staggered back to my bed. They put me in the recovery position and apologised. They'd meant to give me an IV drip four hours ago, and had forgotten. In less than an hour these people would be cutting me open.

Everything went fine, mostly. The next morning people came by to check my scars, and I realised there were two. They'd missed on the first incision and had to try again. Still, I was alive, which was nice. A roomful of unfamiliar doctors came by to crane their necks and peer at my bathing suit area, scrawling down notes on clipboards, folders, and poetry journals. My primary nurse, recognising I probably felt a little intimidated, did a cartoonish creep into the back of the room and an amusing 'who are all these people?' mime. It was the most reassured I've ever felt.

Later that day the hospital remembered that it had limited room space, and checked me out in order to give my bed to someone in real need. Despite my earlier desperation to leave I felt a little abandoned at being evicted so soon. Overwhelmed by rejection, medication, and speed bumps being rough when your entire lower body hurts, I teared up again in the car ride home.

I was brutalised, but better. Except that they couldn't fully destroy the problem bit of heart, because it was too close to all of the bits that were worth keeping. Like so many of the theoretically transformative experiences in my life, it will be remembered only as a jarring purple stain across my stomach whenever I make the mistake of being shirtless near a mirror.



THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT GO FOR A FEED.

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

The Addict stumbles, after many beers. The Addict vomits, after many more beers. The Immigrant also vomits, because his stomach is weak and a friend's spew on his shoes is unpleasant. Our heroes are fucked, proper fucked. They're sad. Proper sad. The Addict and the Immigrant are the result of New Zealand's drinking culture. Far from easing up on the drink (pssssh pussies), our heroes embark on the only noble post-drinking pursuit: finding food. Sweet, carb-y, fattening food...

IN A DRUNKEN HAZE, WE FOUND OURSELVES AT Auckland's most famed late night eats spot, Dominion Road, after being unceremoniously thrown from the taxi. Maybe it was the Addict's unceremonious vomiting on the leather seat that did it. Dominion Road is actually in Balmoral, 'cause Mt Eden is too rich for anything to be open past 10pm. It's really the only place worth visiting in Balmoral, apart from the KFC on the intersection that you can smell from Queen Street. We debated whether or not we were going to restaurant-hop like we've bar-hopped over the last couple of nights. We had an existential crisis as we realised that eating at five different places in the space of three hours was no different to our normal eating habits. First stop: Spicy Joint. DUMPLINGS. If ever there was a food to soak up the vodka shots we drank outside the restaurant (because apparently BYO doesn't extend to spirits), this was it. We ordered thirty dumplings between us. We're watching our weight. They were good and genuinely cheap. Weird for Auckland, and definitely welcomed. We inhaled our dumplings and moved next door to New Flavour. In our drunken state we forgot we had ordered dumplings 5 minutes prior, and asked the bemused waitress for thirty more. Pork and Chives. The only time both the Addict and Immigrant ingest vegetables voluntarily.

Content with our snack, we meandered fur-

ther down the path every late night drunk is familiar with... Denny's. There's no turning back.

The horror. The terror. The loneliness. The carbs. We walked in, noting the photographs of those who had eaten and beaten, dined and dashed, slapped against the glass entrance. The wall of fame. There was a bloke with a beard, a gal with a tank top, and several ethnics. We wandered up the stairs and were asked by a dude with terrifying greasy hair if we wanted a seat. The Immigrant remarked that 'want' was a relative term. The Addict belched. We sat. We quarrelled over the menu. The Addict didn't want to pay. "Why would they show pictures of those people if they weren't encouraging the same?" The Immigrant attempted to explain the criminal justice system. Between belches, the Addict responded that prisons don't work. Wait, this is a bar review, back to food. The Addict ordered a platter of grease and sausage. The Immigrant ordered a steak, it was chewy and awful. The grease and sausage platter was just the greatest: there was sausage, there were wedges, and even onion rings. It was boss to say the least. We ate. We felt bad. We stopped. We got up. There were three more joints to eat at and we were almost at the point of insensitive joke bulimia (lol we don't suffer from significant psychological disorders. Banter).

We decided our next stop ought to be Better Burger. Contemplating whether or not to grab a taxi, the Immigrant urged that the 400 metre walk would do us some good. He was wrong. We were too far gone to be helped. We arrived out of breath, but the smell of sizzling meat gave us the rush we needed to waddle in and collapse onto a table. Their menu was simple: burger, bigger burger, or diabetes-inducing shakes. We opted for all three. The burgers were simple. \$5 later and you were left with a feeling similar to finishing a creamy mayo cheeseburger from BK — empty, lonely, and wanting six more. We imagine Better Burger is what McDonalds used to be before they started putting anus in their burgers. The clientele were... well... us and a bunch of other drunken souls who had stumbled over from 1885 next door. To the Addict's dismay, the

smoke-friendly policy at Britomart Community Club didn't extend to the eatery LITERALLY ATTACHED TO IT. Overwhelmed by the prospect of being denied our burgers we sat in peace. The Addict emerged like a fish out of water, gasping for a lungful of sweet tobacco smoke. The Addict wanted to call it quits, but the Immigrant was still hungry. Brawl number four of the year ended in a passionate cuddle, attracting the glances of passers-by.

Next on the itinerary: Chargrill. This place is next to Denny's. Why the fuck didn't we go there straight after Denny's? The Addict insisted we taxi. It was a waste. It was expensive. We had only chips, after remembering that there was another Chargrill downtown. Duty calls. The chips were shoestring, the Colin Craig of chips. The aioli was terrible. The Young Nats of aioli. We ordered shrimps. It was smokey, and tasted distinctly of durries. The Addict was mad. He then tumbled to the downtown-next-to-esquires-Chargrill while the Immigrant jogged along behind. On arrival, we ordered pizza which was yum. Is this because they do pizza better than chips? Or because the chips were better than the pizza? Who knows. Postmodernism. We began our final wander of the night.

The last destination. The pleasure, the sweetness, the pain that was good in a naughty way. McDonald's Queen Street. We ordered a "McGangbang", a secret burger consisting of a McChicken wrapped in a McDougle. It was yum. It was sexist. The name upset the Immigrant, who is all about respecting women. The Addict on the other hand was resolutely yum. It was fine. We ordered five cheeseburgers. They were yum. We ordered 200 McBites. They were yum. We dipped them in mayo. We cried. We vomited. Even that was kinda yum. We ate ourselves, but more of that later. We were the first people ever to be kicked out of McDonald's Queen Street.

How was the night? It was a night. We began drunk. We went on full. We went off fuller. We ended sick, stuffed full of cheese and sodium. The Addict insisted we have drinks at home after. Why not, the days go on.

"THE HORROR. THE TERROR. THE LONELINESS. THE CARBS. WE WALKED IN, NOTING THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THOSE WHO HAD EATEN AND BEATEN, DINED AND DASHED, SLAPPED AGAINST THE GLASS ENTRANCE."



INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND X-TRAORDINARILY POOR TASTE.

BY NATHAN PERRY

AS YOU WILL DOUBTLESS KNOW, A RECENT *X Factor* aired featuring a nobody being rather rude to another nobody because he wore a suit and it reminded her of her husband's suit. This has caused a mass swelling of anti-Natalia feeling. Most people seem to be in agreement that this Natalia person (I still don't know who she is) is rude and cruel and should never have said what she said. The current feeling seems to be "Natalia is bad and we, for seeing this, are good". Watching this sense of moral outrage present itself has rather compelled me to write.

I could write this article about how *X Factor* is nothing more than a way of entertaining the masses whilst actual serious issues go on and eradicate our rights and liberties. If you watch *The X Factor* you aren't a morally decent person.

There used to be, in days gone by, freak shows that were labeled as such. Now our sensibilities have changed; it's no longer morally acceptable to laugh at the bearded lady and the awkward man who believes in himself in small capacity. That is, of course, unless you market it as a talent show. Once you've done that, you have carte blanche not only to laugh at these poor souls, but also to watch over paid nobodies tearing them apart. We now see, if I remember correctly, the fabled 'Chicken Man' walking on to *X Factor* making odd noises and being socially awkward and instead of being met with psychological help and care and kindness, he is laughed at. Laughed at after having gathered the courage to perform in front of a very large crowd of people I might add. Then after the laughter is finished, men and women are paid to make cruel remarks and pretend they have

wit. Now if you can watch this and feel no moral outrage, then you can't claim the moral high ground when the person paid to say mean things says mean things that you don't agree with.

It is typical of our culture to damn and condemn what we all really want to do. And if you really want to jeer at the people with the lowest self esteem, then fine, be honest and let me judge you. You can bet I'll have more interesting things to say than the likes of Stanley Walker or indeed Piers Morgan. But when you deny that you like poking suffering people with sticks but still tune in every week to watch it happen, you have no real room left to hold your arms up and scream your moral outrage. And one must ask what exactly makes this young chap, whoever he was who was treated so cruelly by Natalia and Willy, exempt from the public endorsement of his bullying? My assumption is that he was attractive. Is that not a little sickening?

Now you could make the point that the line you're drawing is in fact not arbitrary and that I'm judging you on things you never said. You could confess that you enjoy watching the socially awkward being bullied but that you don't enjoy watching judges make judgements that in no way affect the performance or the marketability of the performer. You could also claim that when all of art is derivative and dressing in a suit is just the correct way of dressing that Ms Kills was being a dull-

ard. This, however, seems to be nothing more than a lie, and poor lie at that. The disdain that she and her homicidal-maniac-accusing husband were held in ex post facto seemed to stem from the idea that attacking people was bad. We pay these people, or rather they are paid, to be controversial, and the more controversial the better. After this all happened, or as I believe the kids say "went down", great swathes of people flocked to the Youtube to see it over and over again. Some twisted satisfaction was garnered in seeing not only a young man being judged, but also getting to judge the judges. If the reason that the Youtube clip got so many views is due to some sense of schadenfreude, and I think it is, then the fact is we like seeing people told off, watching them becoming miserable is just fun. In other words, your claim that you have valid reasons for telling terrible people that they're terrible people after you've venerated them for so long is an untruth. Your reason seems very much to be that they were a new victim for bullying.

I suppose you could say the same of me. I am attacking you. I am using the idea of an injustice as an excuse to bully you. The only difference is I'm well aware of the fact. What's more, my hope is that you will become a little more aware of your motivations and perhaps stop watching a show that encourages mob behaviour and the capitulation to our baser desires. Well, that's all I suppose. Go away.

**"...IT'S NO LONGER MORALLY
ACCEPTABLE TO LAUGH AT
THE BEARDED LADY AND
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BELIEVES IN HIMSELF IN
SMALL CAPACITY. THAT IS,
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SHOW."**



KANT OR WON'T?

DON'T DRINK THE COOL AID.

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

WE WANT TO LOOK AT SOMETHING called Peak Beard Theory this week, a little idea that has been wafting through the media recently. Peak Beard Theory, in technical speak, is described as, "negative frequency-dependent preferences and variation in male facial hair". Rephrased in English, that basically means: the more people in the room who have beards, the less cool it is to have a beard. Razor up hipsters. Your time is now and quickly fading.

Philosophy is about asking big questions, and we've endeavored to do so in the past few weeks. But we haven't answered one really big question — that which underpins all others.

What makes something cool?

You can wear your Nike high-tops into a year 13 maths class on mufti day, but you can't wander into the board room dressed as Shaq, even if he is 'the man'. You'll get stared down

by someone in a Ermenegildo Zegna suit, whisky in one hand, Cuban cigar in the other. Context matters; time, place, country, culture, age, and gender play their parts. But is the whole thing one big circumstantial construct? How cool could wearing a power balance bracelet ever have been?

On the face of it, it's easy to arrive at the conclusion that it's social deviance that makes something cool: defying authority and proving your rebelliousness tells those around you that you don't care and that nobody controls you. You're an individual. Those of us who speak English, though, are clearly just copying Willy Moon and should get off the stage. This theory of deviance seems to falter, however, in the face of the social capital that individuals accumulate for doing precisely the opposite: for fitting in. Conforming to trends like high top shoes or power balances doesn't defy any authority and doesn't break away from the rest of your peers; yet, in a lot of circumstances, that's what makes you cool.

The subtler approach is probably to say that being cool requires being seen as deviant by some groups (i.e. authority figures) and as acceptable by those directly around you.

Again, though, Peak Beard Theory rears its head. If a room is filled with just your friends and they all have beards, all is lost for you. It seems you have to be micro-deviant as well. There have to be two of you with beards in a room of twelve, nodding to each other surreptitiously, complimenting each other on your perfectly manicured ruggedness.

Of course, across all different spheres of society there are a few characteristics (those being confidence, talent, humour, attractiveness, hedonism etc.) that are universally admired by people's peers, presumably by dint of our inescapable biology. Maybe there's an insight into the essence of cool somewhere in there, like the fact that Pharrell can throw on literally anything and look awesome. Some people are just cool for indescribable reasons; it's there on the tip of your tongue but you just can't pin it down. This mystical position is one that transcends deviance or non-deviance, and it's probably the way we all want coolness to work. So, let it be.

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.

"PHILOSOPHY IS ABOUT ASKING BIG QUESTIONS, AND WE'VE ENDEAVORED TO DO SO IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS. BUT WE HAVEN'T ANSWERED ONE REALLY BIG QUESTION -- THAT WHICH UNDERPINS ALL OTHERS... WHAT MAKES SOMETHING COOL?"

"LITTLE SISTER"





NTM PRESENTS...

KATCHAMĀORI

BY KIERON RATIMA, HINEMOA IHAIA, WHITINGA WHAKAHA HARRIS

WHAT IS KATCHAMĀORI, YOU ASK? KatchaMāori is NTM's (or Nga Tauria Māori if you want to be flash) annual 'freshers' orientation weekend. For twenty bucks, you get amazing accommodation down at our Marae, Waipapa, mean as activities such as paintball, jump, and a whole lot of team bonding activities. You also get to hang with a bunch of chilled people who absolutely love food — who doesn't love food? But wait, theres more... You also get a FREE t-shirt added to all this fun!!!

This 3 day event gives Māori and also non-Māori the chance to bond over a jam packed, fun filled weekend, followed by cups of tea. KatchaMāori is usually held the second weekend back to uni (thats when everyone usually gets their student allowance/living costs, so it makes sense!)

If you are interested in trying KatchaMāori out, be sure to register for next year, we would love to have you!

Below are some reviews of the event from first year students:

As first year student attending KatchaMāori I did not know what to expect. I arrive to the powhiri (late from the typical Auckland traffic) to find a group of young, fresh well cultured Māori men and women. Immediately I raise my eyebrows to find no oldies in sight. I soon begin to realise, these were people strong in their identity and understanding of their culture and heritage. The pub quiz, paintball, jump all the way to the scavenger hunt forced us to collaborate and work efficiently and effectively as a team. This not only gave us the opportunity to bond and connect as a whole, but also to discover the each other's similarities and to share similar issues and problems we face as Māori today. From my experience at KatchaMāori, I discovered Nga Tauria Māori isn't just a support group/club for Māori. Nga Tauria Māori is your family away from family. It is a group of talented young men and women just as eager to make

their footprint in life as you are. They are your brothers and sisters you will keep for a lifetime. I did not regret a single minute.

Kieron Ratima

ON ARRIVAL THE GOOD VIBES HIT. Welcoming people, no up-down looks, just pure Māori with pure Māori accents. The weekend was very well planned and flowing, no hiccups, everyone was having a good time 'hanging out' with their own crowd of people. Everyone was interacting with each other and no one was left out. It was interesting to meet people from different Iwi, different regions of the rohe, and different religions. It was also interesting to meet people from different family backgrounds and sharing knowledge. Overall the weekend was filled with positive vibes, positive wairua, positive energy, and definitely positive people. I would like to acknowledge everyone who attended to make this event so successful, our tuakana who were so welcoming and helpful, but most importantly to those who organised this outrageous event. The effort was so great and personally I would be more than happy to recommend for other Māori to attend this event alongside myself who will definitely be attending next year.

Hinemoa Ihaia

TIHEI MAURI ORA! WHAKATAKA TE HAU KI TE URU, Whakataka te hau ki te tonga. Kia mākinakina ki uta, Kia mātaratara ki tai. E hī ake ana te atākura. He tio, he huka, he hauhunga. Tihēi Mauri Ora!

This year's KatchaMāori started off on Friday the 13th at Waipapa marae. KatchaMāori is

an event for Māori students within Auckland University of all ages to come together at the beginning of the year to meet one another, make some new friends and have a good time throughout the weekend.

The first night involved introductions, ice breakers, quizzes and whanaungatanga. At the start of the night, people were anxious to get about and mingle with the new faces, but we were more excited to come out of the nervousness that was there at the beginning. This night was for us to come together, introduce ourselves, get to know one another and come together as the whanau.

Saturday was the main activity day, which was the day where we went to paintball, jump and had the scavenger hunt. These activities were appropriate to the fact that we were wanting to have a lot of fun. It was a good vibe to see everyone participating, and not being afraid to give everything 100%, even when things were outside of some comfort zones.

KatchaMāori was an experience that gave us first-years an opportunity to get to know many other students within Nga Tauria Māori, through all the activities, the bonding and the experience of the whole weekend. Not only was it a good time, there were aspects of whanaungatanga, kotahitanga and manaakitanga. As a first year, we were very welcomed to the group, and I would recommend this event to any other students.

Big thanks to all the crew at the top for putting together a mean weekend for all of us to have a good time and get to know each other. It is definitely an unforgettable experience.

Whitinga Whakaha Harris

"FOR TWENTY BUCKS, YOU GET AMAZING ACCOMMODATION DOWN AT OUR MARAE, WAIPAPA, MEAN AS ACTIVITIES SUCH AS PAINTBALL, JUMP, AND A WHOLE LOT OF TEAM BONDING ACTIVITIES."

THIS HOUSE REGRETS TAKING THE BUS TO UNIVERSITY

AFFIRMATIVE

BY JULIUS HATTINGH

THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE: THOSE with Hop cards, and those who pay with cash.

The latter are the lucky ones — they hardly ever bus. Their romanticised conception of bus rides is still intact. I remember when I was one of them. Brimming with naive expectations; fantasising uninterrupted conversations with soon-to-be bffs. I eagerly anticipated sitting next to that special someone. I held a deluded FOMO of the Hop card owners. They got to bus twice a day, for only 3 dollars a pop — hours a week of unrivalled social conquest. Oh the friends they must have made. The lives they must have led.

Bussing regularly is unequivocally the most damaging experience of any student's social life.

I don't need to tell you that we live in socially depraved times. The pervasiveness of social

media has undermined the skill of quality face-to-face yarns, and as a result, the average schmuck holds shocking conversation.

This house believes that regular bus rides severely exacerbates this tragedy.

Newbie bus-riders quickly realise public transport is not an oasis of social interaction. You thought it would cure that necrotic, gangrenous tissue that is your pathetic social life. It only takes one attempt at conversation, and the dream is devastated — one attempt, and a few minutes in, you'll realise what you've done. No first encounter should ever last more than a few minutes; this one is going to last fifteen, twenty minutes. Most of it will be spent in silent and exhausted regret. You should have known. Never again.

"BUSSING REGULARLY IS UNEQUIVOCALLY THE MOST DAMAGING

The reality is this: bus rides are antisocial and isolating. Communication is stripped down to barely-audible grunts. Choosing a seat is a genuine source of anxiety. We are petrified of one another, as we stare at our phones, and try forget we exist. Our impoverished social skills has created an environ-

ment which only accepts social poverty. It's a vicious cycle. We have this routine: we are in a perfect setting for talking to one another, but none of us do. This is the normalisation of anti-social behaviour.

Listen: a fleeting exchange before class, or a brief brush with your crush at Munchy Mart — these encounters fulfill our romantic ideals of socialisation. This rewards, and incentivises, face-to-face interaction. This will ultimately hone our social skills. Bus rides throw our social dreams and desires under the bus, so we have nowhere to run but into the comforting arms of social media.



alized the role that buses play in an enriched life.

"TOO OFTEN I HEAR COMPLAINTS ABOUT BUSES THAT DIDN'T COME ON TIME, OR NEVER CAME AT ALL. WE SEE SUCH THINGS AS ANNOYANCES, BUT FAIL TO SEE OUR CHARACTERS BEING STRENGTHENED; LIKE BLIND MICE IN A CHEESE FACTORY."

Throughout our lives, doors open and close. We have hopes and expectations, but these are not always fulfilled. We expect life to fit in with our schedule, but this is a fool's errand. Our faith in the uniformity and predictability of life is always being tested. So it is when waiting at the bus stop. Too often I hear complaints about buses that didn't come on time, or never came at all. We see such things as annoyances, but fail to see our characters being strengthened; like blind mice in a cheese factory.

Anyway, how can we enjoy the highs of life without the lows? How much more we value personal space after it has been affronted temporarily by someone with liberal beliefs on leg placement. How can we savour a seat if we don't first graduate from poles?

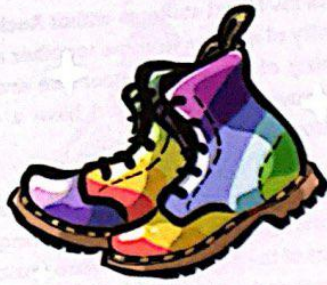
Of course, criticism of buses would be fully justified if there were actually any viable solutions to the problems. I concur that it would be ideal for buses to be less crowded, but I can think of no way this could occur rationally. I muse that more buses could be run, to increase the total number of seats, but this seems too obvious. Perhaps mattresses could be laid down on the aisles to allow people to rest and to create more room for the standing patrons. Parts of Korea have already adopted this approach. Until that time, however, it seems foolish to regret taking the bus. They have their problems — but if that's the only requirement for condemnation, then aren't all of us regrettable? Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.

Lest we forget where Rosa Parks was in 1955.

NEGATIVE

BY SAM WALSH

AS I WALKED ALONG THE BUS AFTER A FEW scans and quickly thought about who to disappoint with my presence, I complained mentally about the inconvenience of public transport. I sat down for a while until the subject of my peripheral took a breath and reached timidly for their bag, signalling that it was nearly time for me to stand up and let them by. A few seconds later I stood and appreciatively acknowledged their faint apology with a raise of the eyebrows and a slight nod. Complex psychological forces embodied in a few physical gestures! No small-talk, just real emotions. The pinnacle of human interaction. It was then that I fully re-



GLITTER AND CLUDGE

THE MUNCHY MART DIET

BY TESSA NADEN

NOW, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A FAN OF CRAPPY food. My adoration for McDonalds is somewhat legendary, my chocolate habits border on addiction, and my office is covered in Pepsi Max bottles. But sometimes, I don't want to indulge the side of me that knows it's going to be a 300 pound landwhale if I don't quit the Big Macs within the next 3 years. No, sometimes I want nice, healthy food.

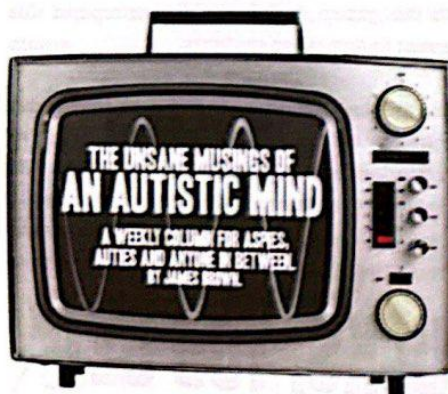
And strangely enough, for all the crowing the University does about how amazing it's pro-

visions for students are, that's actually quite a difficult proposition if you're eating on campus. Now, I'd pack my lunch, but lunch gets eaten and I'm often on campus 10 hours a day Being Important. So I eat lunch and want something else to eat. My options are basically butter chicken, pizza, endless variations of fries, ice cream, kebabs, or my traditional Kingsize Chocolate and Up and Go. I'm a complete picky little fuck to boot. Basically the food on campus is rubbish. My honest-to-god biggest complaint is with the Espresso Alley, which does probably the best coffee on campus, but has a revolving rotation of ludicrous and unfriendly sounding sandwiches like 'Jerk Chicken with Chow Chow'. Every sandwich there seems to be some combination of ingredients the chef either found inspiring or hilarious, or both, to put in a sandwich. I don't want 'Jerk Chicken', or your sandwich art project. I want the ham and egg sandwiches they were selling during summer school — that, strangely enough, disappeared.

"ESSENTIALLY, ALL I WANT IS A SUBWAY FRANCHISE TO REPLACE THE CAMPUS LIFE 'SHOP' NEXT TO PB TECH"

Otherwise, your options are cafe food. Charges Remuera prices with airplane city, Strata is so expensive it's 'have mings with Head Honchos Or My Mum', and the other cafes are way too far away charge ludicrous amounts for what isn't really the best food. Essentially, all I want is a Subway franchise to replace the Campus 'shop' next to PB Tech. What do they even use to be a hairdresser in there? It would be a lot of great things would have an actual open and useful space which seems a host endless advertisements for The Debt Society and the optional 'volunteer' for a big dollar university to my CV. It would mean I wouldn't have to it to that one up the hill, which is also in queues because AUT students use it too.

Actually, on the topic of AUT: they are better than us. Want to actually be better AUT, UOA? Invest in your fucking student union buildings, because theirs are 90 years old. Yours are a prison yard and a computer!



UNSANE MUSINGS

THE PUTIN PROBLEM

BY JAMES BROWN

IN OUR PARENT'S DAY, THE GLOBAL SITUATION was easy to explain. There were two superpowers, the US and USSR. They were in a cold war with each other, threatening each other with nuclear weapons and proxy wars. You were either for Capitalism (Or 'Freedom') or Communism. However the new global situation is chaotic, with extremism of all kinds rampant, the Middle East convulsing with one upheaval after another. How many must miss the simple times of the Cold War when you knew who the enemy was. Fortunately for those nostalgic for the Cold War,

we have a new set of troubles regarding Russia. The actions in the Ukraine over the past year and a bit, from the protests against former President Yanukovich to the Crimean annexation to the ongoing war in the Eastern Ukraine. At the time of writing the Ceasefire is holding, but both sides are accusing each other of violating it and peace rests on a knife edge. To the west, this series of events are the doings of a Russian tyrant. Once again, Russia is the great foe that has to be contained at all costs. But this view is a very narrow one. So I plan to explain in part the Russian position, and you can decide for yourself how accurate the media's explanation is.

The Russian people have a long memory. They remember the countless invasions of Russia that have taken place. The Swedes under Charles XII in 1708, the French under Napoleon in 1812 and the Germans in both 1917 and 1941. With this in mind, it's easy to understand the Russian habit of seeing their country as always under attack. And that is what they believe now. Ever since the collapse of the Berlin Wall, Russia has been divided and weak. And in those circumstances, the Russians look to strong leaders to turn the tide. Men like Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, even Stalin have, through their force of will and willingness to do whatever it takes to

make Russia strong and, have gone down in history. Putin aspires to be one of those. And external circumstances have given him the chance to prove himself one.

In Putin's eyes, and the eyes of a great percentage of the Russian People, the US, supported by NATO, are committed to keep Russia weak and fragmented, so the West remain dominant. And by having the countries bordering Russia, like the Ukraine, Georgia, become part of NATO, Russia is permanently surrounded by foes. With this in mind, there's no wonder Russia went to war with Georgia in 2008, nor that they're invading Ukraine now. They will do anything to their historic back yard serving their interests, or at least not undermining them.

The West has enough international relations issues originating in the Middle East to want another in Eastern Europe. We know Europe can't afford to make Russia the enemy. And yet they can't let the Ukraine become a proxy war like Vietnam. Both sides need to consider what the other wants, and not just risks heating up, and we'll all need another set of movies about Nuclear War and Russian American Patriotism.

Friends of JUSTICE

WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFGUSTICE



CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM:
SUPER SOLDIER
WHEN ALCOHOL
IS IN HIS SYSTEM



BLACK POWERS:
CAN TELEPORT
THROUGH THE
COLOR BLACK.



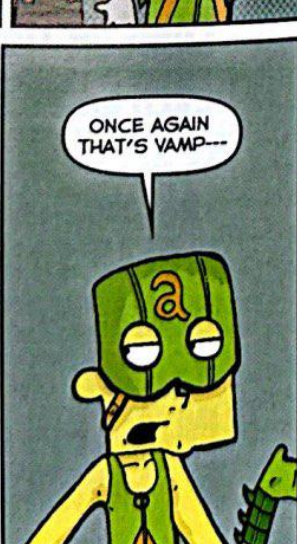
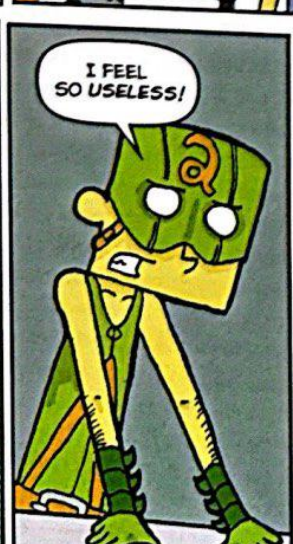
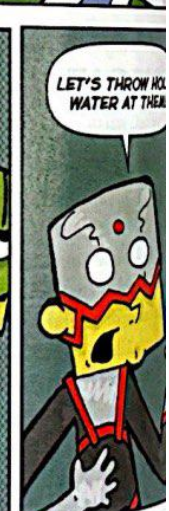
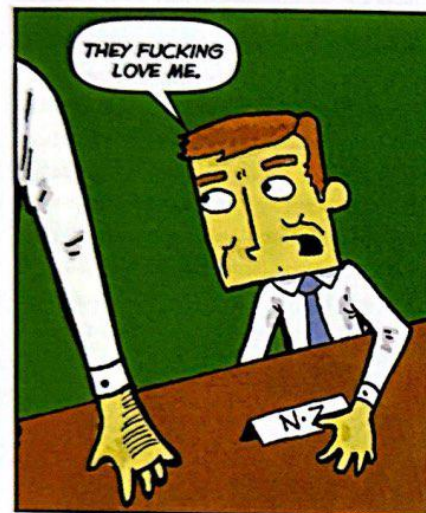
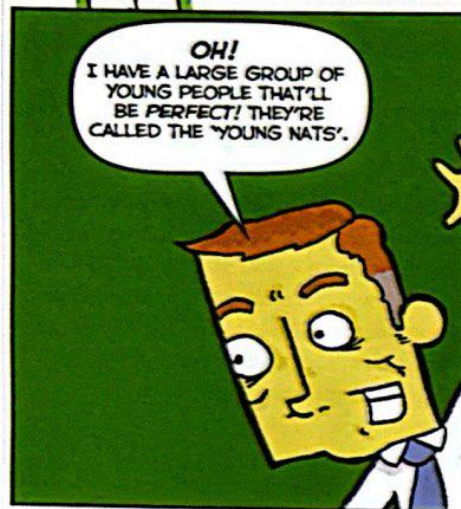
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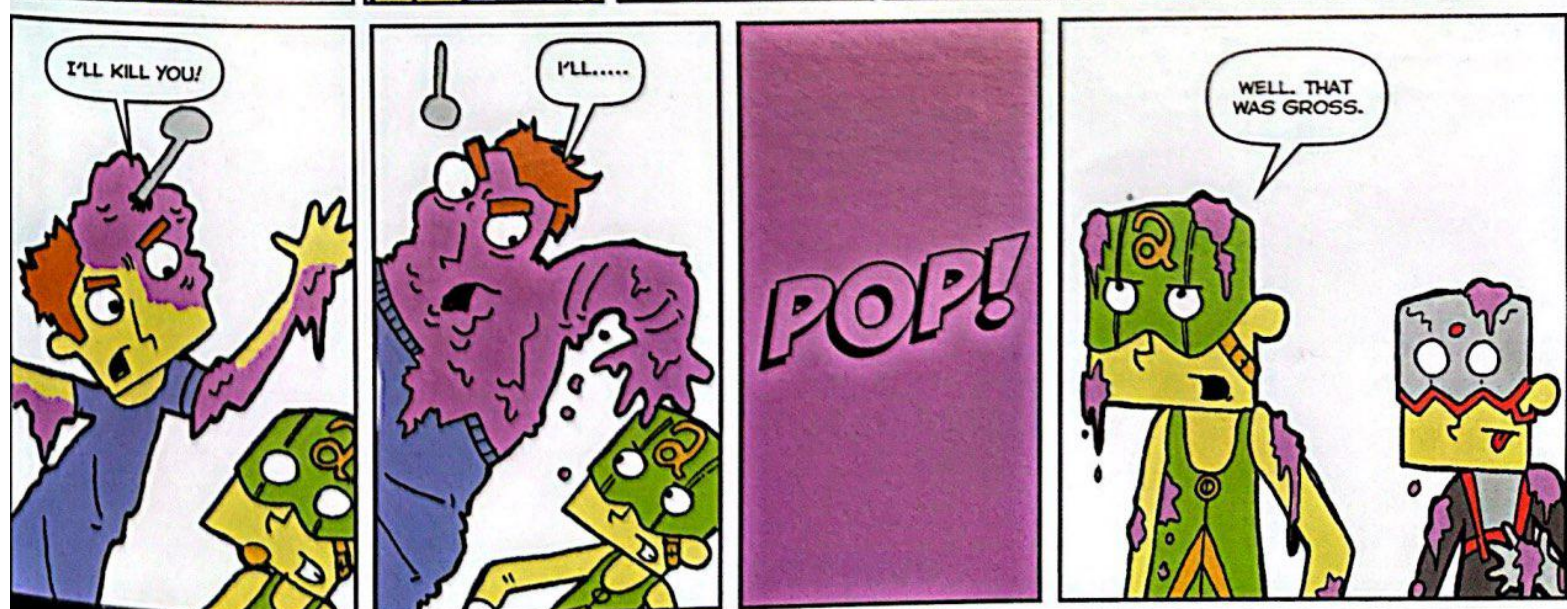
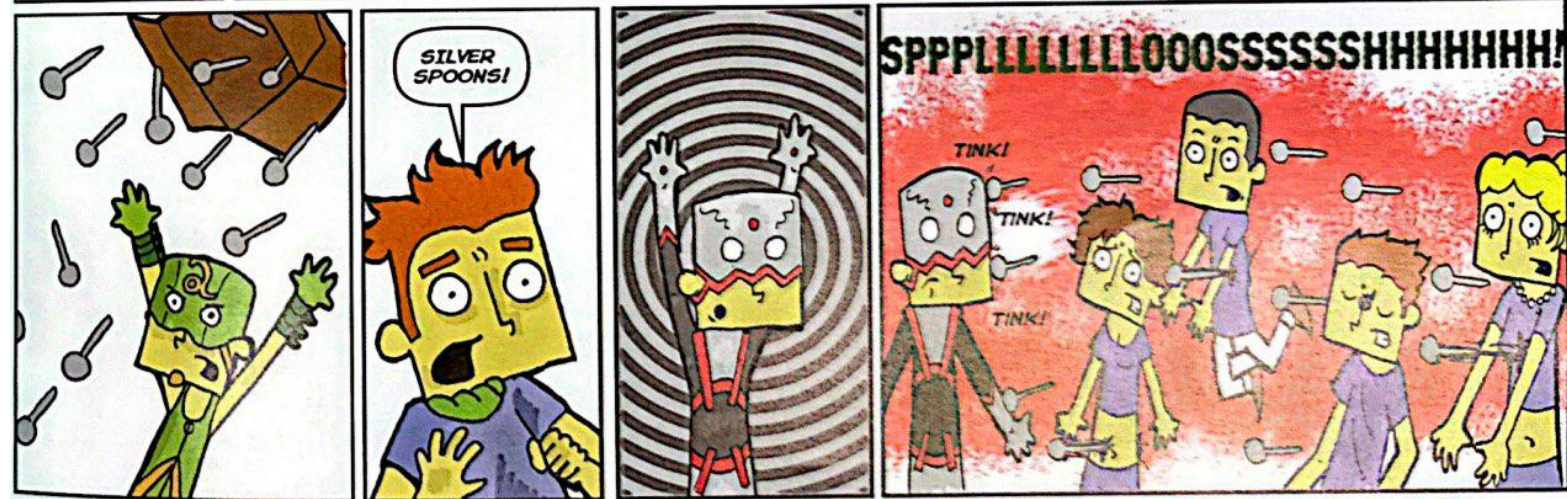
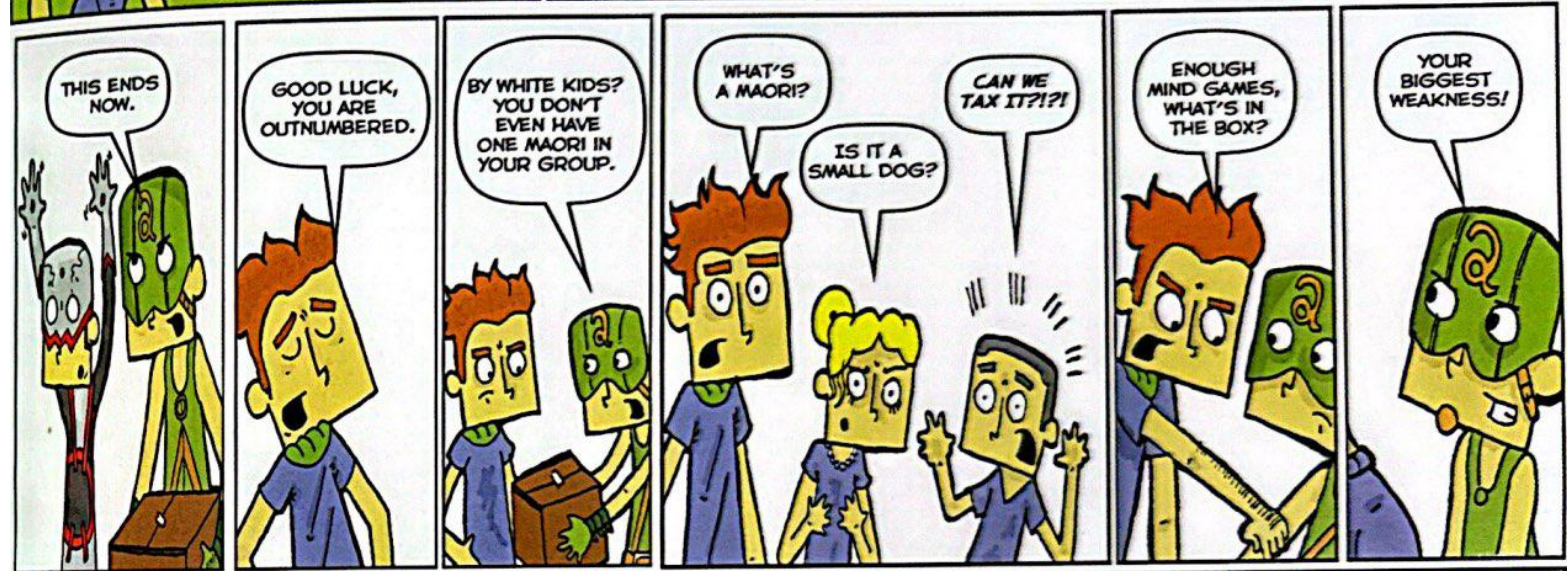


HOME RUN:
BEATS PEOPLE
WITH A BAT.



THE HUMAN
METAL STAY
TO WIN







DEATH OF THE READING PUBLIC

BY LEIA SENIGNTON

THINKING OF A CAFÉ CONJURES UP A CERTAIN image. Somewhere people can seek solitude, be comforted by coffee, or gather with friends. A warm, cosy space, accompanied by the wafting smell of Arabica. Perhaps in Paris, nibbling on your *pain au chocolat*, sipping your *grand crème*. More likely you are in Starbucks on Queen Street, sighing when your name is badly misspelled. Either way, dog-eared magazines litter the tables, a lone hipster reads a classic in the window seat you wanted.

"PUBLISHERS OF PRINT MEDIA HAVE BUT ONE OPTION: EVOLUTION"

This is a false image. The soft flutter of turning pages is in fact the loud hum of laptops and the furious tapping of thumbs against an iPhone 6. The warm glow is overpowered by the artificial light of technology. Amidst a digital revolution, traditional forms of print media are being filtered out of our lives. Even those who identify as readers succumb to the lure of the Internet, where watching cat videos is a perfectly acceptable pastime.

Circle back five centuries or so to the printing revolution of the mid-1400s. The invention of the printing press transformed the way ordinary people lived their lives, much like the Internet for our generation. The availability of new material and ideas caused literacy rates to soar, and gave birth to a new age in which print media was developed for several purposes. Democratization of knowledge allowed for the construction of libraries and higher education of the masses, paving the way for the 'educated' society of today.

Educated in the sense that if you were to ask me when the printing press was invented, I'd know to go to Wikipedia and look for the answer. Leaps and bounds in recent technology have allowed for a new revolution: digitalisation. The knowledge available at our fingertips would astound someone from fifty years ago, let alone five hundred. While this technology has so many benefits, it comes with a few pitfalls. The decline of the reading public is a major one.

With social media, gaming, cellphones, You-

Tube and endless episodes of *Pokémon* to re-watch, few of us would opt to pick up a book which isn't university related and utterly necessary. Readings are soul crushing enough, why not just relax and wreak havoc on *Sims 2*? I've been known to drown a few of my own creations as a form of stress relief during exams. Technology has turned us into nocturnal creatures, red-eyed, and chugging cans of V in 8am lectures.

The appeal of technology and its effects aren't limited to one age group. Children of today won't remember the beautiful yet infuriating tune of dial up. In fact, childhood takes on a whole new persona in this digital age. The days of acting out our favourite books like *Harry Potter* with sticks

and a healthy dose of imagination have been replaced by kids huddled around a smartphone playing *Angry Birds*.

Although we're all partial to a spot of *Angry Birds*, studies show that in young children technological knowledge now comes before practical knowledge. Internet security company AVG conducted a study, finding that 72% of New Zealand children between the ages of three and five have played computer games, and 58% could use a smartphone or tablet device. Compare this to the 8% of children who know how to tie their shoelaces, or the 35% who know who to call in an emergency.

It's no surprise that the number of child readers is dwindling when most can't tie their shoelaces at five, let alone read. Parents are also partially at fault. A 2013 Scholastic study looked into the matter and found that "strong

correlations exist between these parental actions and the frequency with which children read. For example, among children who are frequent readers, 57% of parents set aside time each day for their child to read, compared to 16% of parents of children who are infrequent readers".

Our sudden catapult into digitisation has forever changed the way we take in information. We're informed within minutes of any important or, more likely,

"IN THE WISE WORDS OF WISE GUY DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, 'YOUR LIBRARY IS YOUR PARADISE'"

unimportant news. Even if you abhor *X-Factor*, no doubt you know of the controversy, thanks to Facebook. A YouTube video showing the incident has over six million views, more than the population of our small country. Social media has the ability to share moments, ideas and thoughts, globally in more ways than print media could ever hope to do.

Publishers of print media have but one option: evolution. In order to survive in a changing society, books, magazines and newspapers have all gone digital. While enduring an hour long commute to campus on the train, I note that the battery is dying on my cell phone. Passing through the industrial wonderland that is South Auckland, I relegate myself to people watching for the remaining forty-five minutes with a sinking feeling. A businessman browses the 'Business' section of the *New Zealand Herald* on his tablet, an older woman in jaunty, horn rimmed glasses holds a Kindle up to her nose. Numerous others endlessly scroll through their Facebook newsfeed. I settle to look over the shoulder of a high school girl reading a *Cosmopolitan* article on her smartphone (at least the sex tips provide entertainment value).

Although former Penguin publishing director Geoff Walker has said, "There's no doubt at all that the decline of book retailing is a dangerous development", there remains hope for the reading public. The digitalisation of print media has proved a massive success. eBook sales account for up to 20% of revenue for the largest companies in New Zealand, and with abundant apps and devices such as Kindle and Kobo to read with, these sales are only projected to increase. The Public Libraries of New Zealand also report that, "Over 800,000 eBooks were borrowed from library databases in 2013 — more than double the estimated 350,000 e-books borrowed in 2012".

eBooks particularly suit the fast and ever moving pace of today's society. Thousands of novels, articles, and even textbooks can be stored on one device, whether it's a smartphone, tablet or Kindle. These devices are all easily transportable, and hold more books than you could fit in your backpack. In the wise words of wise guy Desiderius Erasmus, "Your library is your paradise". The evolution

of print media, the development of eBooks and of other media outlets allow you to carry your paradise with you, it's not meant to impede upon the reading experience.

Digital media mogul BuzzFeed has paved the way for a new type of journalism. Best known for quizzes about which Disney princess you are, (I'm Belle FYI), hundreds of lists and popular YouTube videos, it has it all. Even though it's well known for more light hearted material, BuzzFeed also features up to date news and hard-hitting, investigative journalism headed

by Pulitzer prize-winner Mark Schoofs. Renowned names in the media world such as Rupert Murdoch have invested, suggesting BuzzFeed could give us insight into what print media will become.

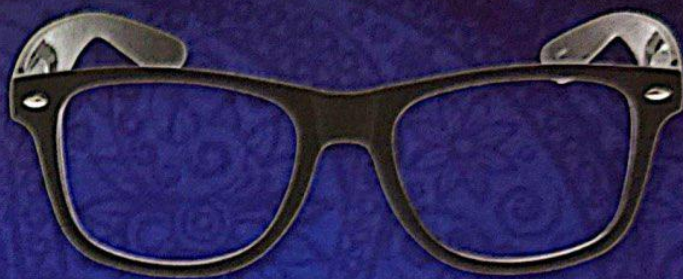
Although television and the movie business are commonly seen as inhibitors to the reading public, they are often an encouragement. Many of the most famous movie franchises were originally books. Think *Harry Potter*, *Lord of the Rings*, *The Hunger Games*, *Twilight* (smh) and *The Godfather*. Movie adaptations often encourage those who don't generally read to try, especially if they love the film.

One of the greatest examples is *Harry Potter*. *The Philosopher's Stone* reached cinema in 2001, four years after the release of the book. For many children, reading the book and seeing the magical movie was a must. By the day the *Harry Potter* franchise remains the bestselling series of all time, and a trademark of a generation. Without the adaptations, it is quite possible the books wouldn't have reached half the audience achieved a cult status.

In this age of technological advancement and digitalisation, the outlook for the reading public often seems bleak. More children use an iPad than tie their shoelaces, which is increasingly of no surprise. However, media is evolving, becoming more accessible and usable in everyday life and catching up with the digital revolution. Brands like Kindle, BuzzFeed and any social media platform let reflect how the changing times was a changing method of relaying information. For many, books, magazines and newspapers simply aren't relevant or accessible.

The future is uncertain, but when I picture a café in one hundred years, there will probably be an absence of devices and of magazines. Perhaps they'll all wear Google glasses and will be able to access their favourite books with just a thought, looking out at the surface of Mars while seated in Starbucks. What is for sure is that print and digital media will continue to evolve alongside society and technology. Even so, nothing will ever replace the joys of burying your nose in a good paperback.

"IN THIS AGE OF TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCEMENT AND DIGITALISATION, THE OUTLOOK FOR THE READING PUBLIC OFTEN SEEMS BLEAK."



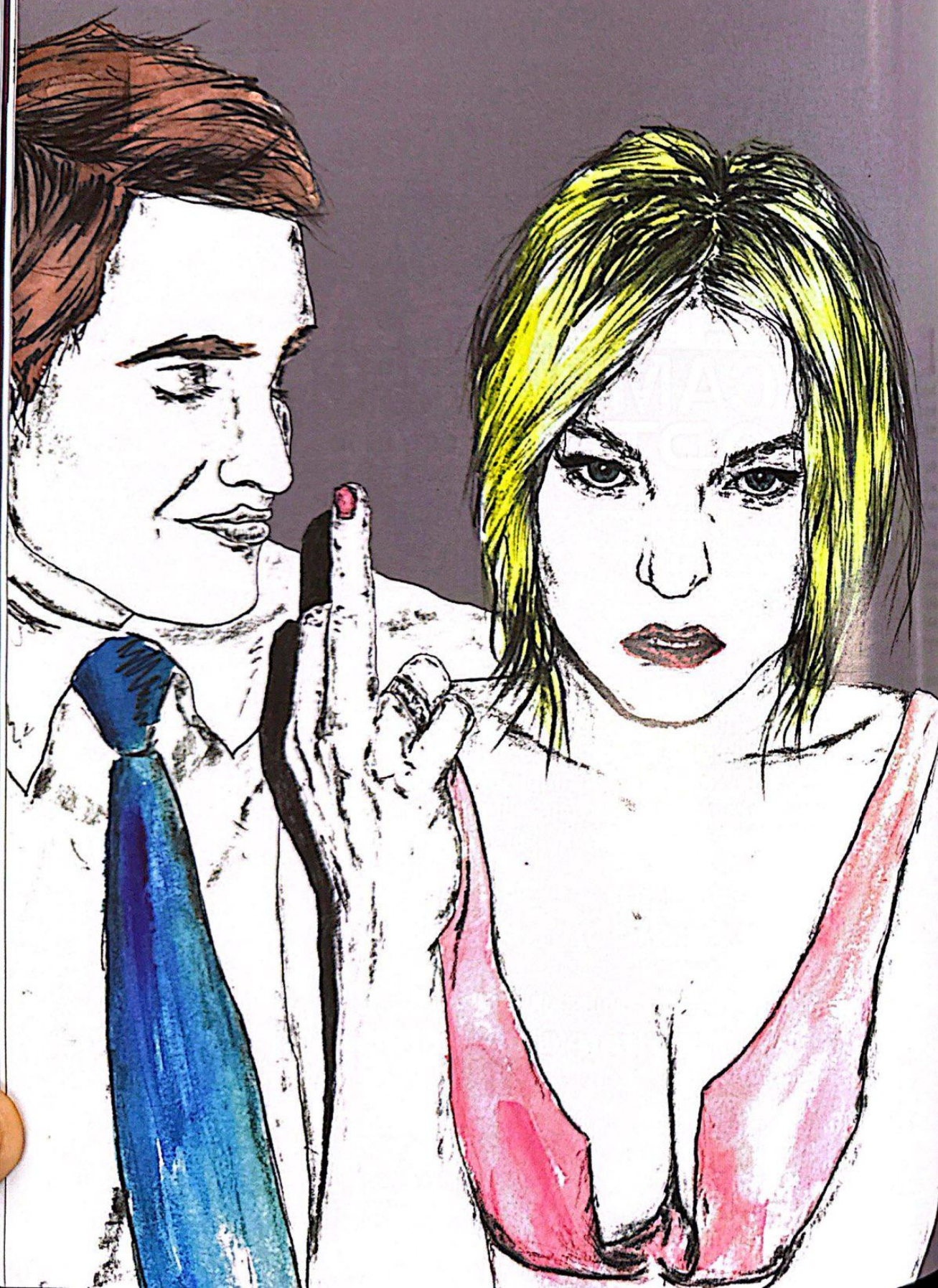
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FEATURE



INHOSPITALITY: TALES FROM HOSPO

AS TOLD BY
AN 'ANGRY FEMINIST BITCH'.

IT STILL STRIKES ME AS UNBELIEVABLE WHEN people say that we, in New Zealand, are no longer facing sexism and that we have achieved equality, because this is simply not true. The following accounts, I hope, will serve as proof of that.

Working in hospitality, more specifically at a restaurant/bar in the heart of a wealthy suburban area, I was rarely referred to by my name, but rather as pumpkin, pet, sweetheart, doll face etc. Of the many condescending nicknames lovingly given to me by my lovely customers and co-workers, when one of the managers referred to me as an "angry feminist bitch", I actually felt a sense of pride and accomplishment.

This manager, let's call him Kevin, was a 20 something year old narcissistic asshole that hired me purely because of my 'assets'. I know this because he had no problem telling me that. When I first walked into this pub/restaurant, popular among upper middle class men, he introduced himself to my breasts, and seemed to be conversing with them the whole time as if they had a voice of their own. I walked into this place kind of by accident. I couldn't afford the full fare for my bus, so got off a stage earlier. It was then that I saw the sign advertising for a waitress. For some reason I was too stupid to pick up on the huge red flag staring me right in the boobs.

Despite having no experience whatsoever and not knowing anything about how to pour a gin and tonic or even what table service was, I got hired. It couldn't possibly have been the shirt that was way too small, and definitely not the size I told Kevin I was, that I was given to wear at my trial.

At first I kind of respected Kevin, him being my manager and all that. But when he started resting his hand on my waist and lower back as he was talking to me, I started feeling uneasy (he did this to ALL the waitresses by the way). Me being the 18 year old fool that I was, thought: "Wow, everyone's so touchy here. Must be a hospo thing". No, pumpkin, it's a creepy manager thing, it's a your body is public property thing. Ugh.

**"FOR SOME REASON
I WAS TOO STUPID TO
PICK UP ON THE HUGE
RED FLAG STARING ME
RIGHT IN THE BOOBS"**

One night, he tried to make a move on me when we had a closing shift, and I wouldn't have it. I told him I had class the next morning and ran out of there as fast as I could. During my next shift he started asking about my sex life and when the last time I had sex was. After I refused to disclose this information TO MY FUCKING MANAGER he started telling people I was a virgin, that I needed to get laid. After he resigned (or got fired, they're sometimes interchangeable in hospitality), he came in for a drink one day. I refused to serve him or be in the same room as him.

Maybe I just had a shit manager? Maybe my first experience isn't representative of hospitality as a whole? No. After Kevin left, another great manager came along. It was a woman this time. Yay! I thought the sexism would stop! But no, she talked down to all the girls in the

pub and gave the boys special treatment. The boys were allowed to double pour, to sneak in drinks, to take long breaks. They were allowed staff meals, and were the only ones that were told about cocktail training and spirit tastings. But the girls got none of that and were treated like shit. If one of us didn't do a minute detail correctly, she was fuming. "Did Phoebe forget to set table 10 with steak knives? What the actual FUCK PHOEBE? YOU CAN GO HOME FIRST TODAY". But when one of the guys created a huge discrepancy in the stock-take, consisting of a whole bottle of gin, she giggled and said "Hehe, I told him not to do that!". Ugh.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, our sous chef Steve took a particular liking to me. The following statements actually came out his mouth (he would often sing them):

"Hey baby girl. I missed you. Did you miss me?"

"Hey baby girl, I had a dream about you last night. Ooooooh you don't wanna know what you were doing".

"Hey girl. One night is all it takes and you'll be mine".

"Ohhh girl, you're getting bitter. You need a boyfriend. A boyfriend to show you some good loving".

"Ohhhh baby I wanna kiss you, I wanna kiss you bad".

He often did this while poking his tongue out and flicking it back and forth.

The kitchen staff at large somehow got it into their heads that I, along with another of my fe-

male co-workers, really needed boyfriends. They'd say so at any point where I was having a good day, a bad day or anything in between. "You need a boyfriend, girl". The only thing I could do was roll my eyes, because if I ever stood up to the chefs I would get talked down to. When I incidentally did meet someone, Steve took the fucking liberty to DRAW A PICTURE OF ME AND MY BOYFRIEND HAVING INTERCOURSE. What followed was me refusing to go into the kitchen for about a month.

Now, onto the customers — who were another story altogether. We were literally treated as if we were some kind of never-before-seen public art that aroused discussion amongst the male clientele on whether or not it's the kind of art they'd like to bang. Comments on our appearance were always made. When I complained, my boss told me that I should put up with it. "That's the way it is", he said, "that's why I hired you. Men like being served by good looking girls". Customer's hands also found their way onto my waist, my face, holding my hand. One time I was even grabbed by a customer who started trying to kiss my cheek and neck. Sometimes, men would drop their cards or cutlery or money and would order me to pick it up so they could see me bend over. In what world is this actually okay? We live in New Zealand for goodness' sake. But alas, this never stopped me from hearing some of the following things from our customers:

"Oh hey! You worked at the dry cleaners didn't you? Oh yeah, well I wouldn't forget THOSE tits!"

"I don't understand why you are single. You have A LOT to offer". *Hands gesturing around chest area*

"Wow, look at those. What size are you, sweetheart?"

Me: "Hello, did you want full table service?"

Them: "Oooh, depends what kind of service you're offering ;)".

"What did you eat today? A burger?"

"Yes, actually..."

"Hah, yeah I thought so". *Eying me up and down*

"Hey, you! Been a long time. Your tits still look great. Wait, what do you mean you don't want me to make any comments about your appearance? I SAID YOU LOOK GOOD. I am giv-

ing you a compliment! Oh well sooooooryyyy I think your tits look good. Geesh".

Uuuuuughhhh.

Bottom line is that the wealthy, middle aged customers treated me as nothing more than eye candy a lot of the time and felt totally okay with making comments on my appearance (both negative and positive). These examples are just a few in a sea of many unwarranted comments I had to put up with on a daily basis.

"WHAT THIS EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME IT IS THAT WHEN IT COMES TO RESPECTING WOMEN IN A GENUINE, NON-BENEVOLENTLY SEXIST MANNER, WE ARE DEFINITELY NOT THERE YET"

There was one particular moment where I felt especially insignificant. About six months into my employment, we had a change of uniform. The new shirts my boss ordered were a lot tighter than the previous ones, which according to him was totally a mistake. I was serving a regular that would come in a couple of times a week or so, whose drink order I knew before he even had to order it. Get this. He looks at me, smiles, and says, "Hello, are you new here?" To which I reply no, I've been working here for six months already and have served him before. He looks a bit confused, eyes me up and down and says, "Oh, I don't think so...I would have remembered you by now!"

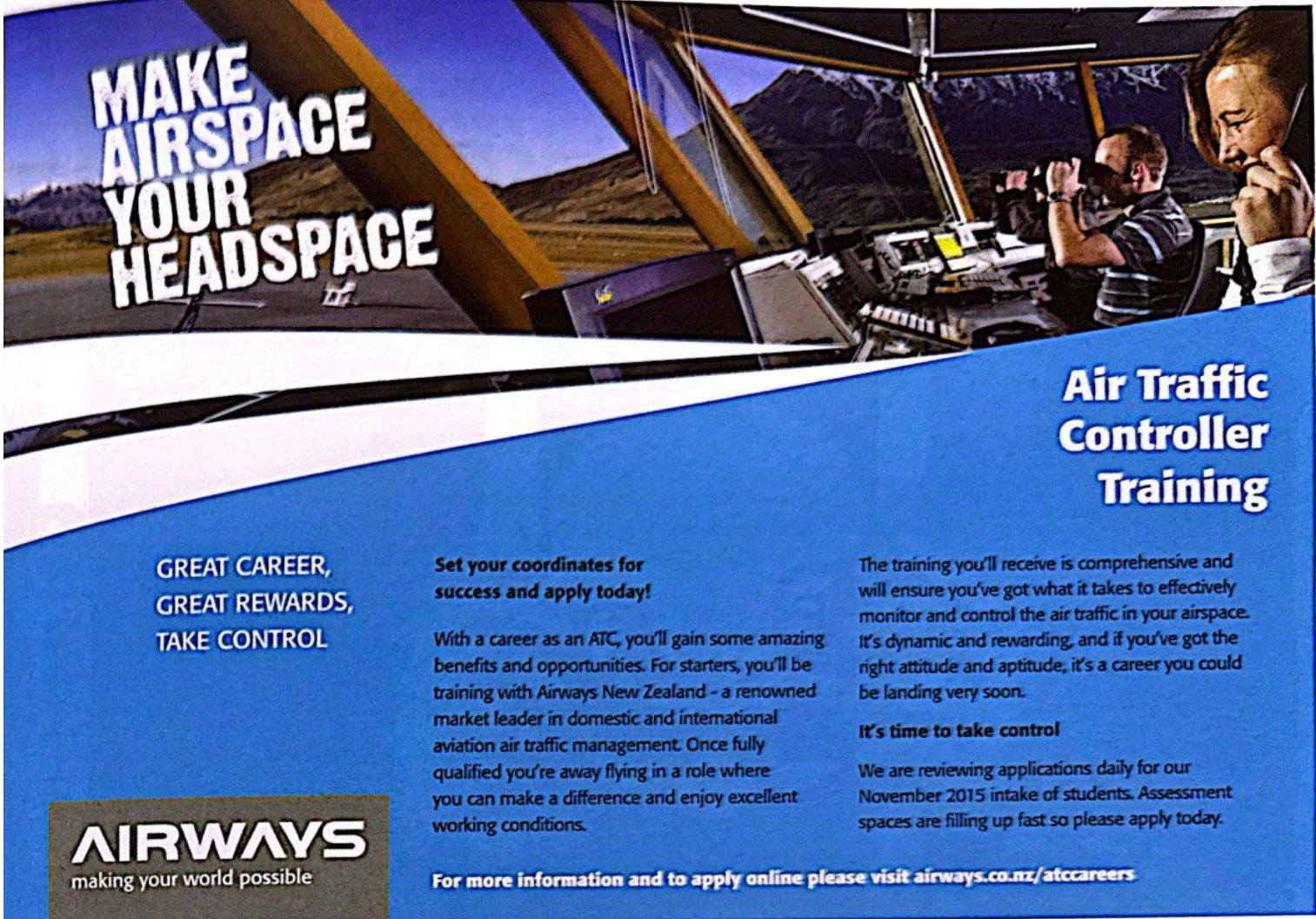
After a while it really started to get to me. I became so angry every single time I heard comments on my appearance, or when men treated me like a precious little child. Even when they treated me better than my male co-workers it felt infuriating. But, nothing infuriated me more than being told to smile, which happened ALL THE FUCKING TIME. Even when I was giving exceptional service, even when I WAS smiling. I had to smile more! Be happier! I was not allowed to have a bad day. How dare I have a bad day when

John who works in real estate wanted to come have a drink and be around young good looking girls? How dare I not smile when I am, LAST DRINKS WERE CALLED A FUCKING HOUR AGO but the lads didn't want to go home?

There was one specific time when I was working but was having a drink by the bar and I overheard one of our regulars tell one of the girls to smile. Jimmy, another bartender, also looked like he was having a bad day though, so I asked him: how many people told you to smile today? The answer? None. Of course. I went into full rage mode. "Well, what do you mean? You're having a bad day? Why aren't you smiling? Smile for me sweetheart! What? Are you not happy to see me? Are you not over the fucking moon that I chose to come HERE, spend my money HERE and have nice good looking people like YOU to serve me? Do you not realise that you having a bad day doesn't make me feel fucking special? Do you not realise that's what you're here for SMILE! You look so much prettier when you smile!" Ughhh.

None of my male co-workers understood why I was so angry. I was told to relax, I was told that I was overreacting and that I was probably encouraging it and shouldn't get so fired up. When I talked about these issues, eyes were rolled. When I talked about how differently the staff, the customers, the management would treat us girls, they'd start talking about how they're never offered free drinks so what am I complaining about? They obviously didn't understand that I didn't want to be treated worse or better. I wanted to be treated the same.

I don't know how I lasted so long in that place. Actually, aside from the genuinely sexist and misogynist attitudes that were more obvious on some days than others, I did enjoy hospitality. It taught me a lot about people, about life, and about how to handle 4 coffees a day and drink until daylight. The people you work with can end up knowing you better than some of your closest friends. Through my experiences I have grown to become quite tough and I like to think that I can take care of myself, especially when it comes to unwarranted male attention. What this experience has taught me it is that when it comes to respecting women in a genuine, non-benevolently sexist manner, we are definitely not there yet. Within an academic environment the differences may not be so evident but in the real world (although it's arguable whether or not some random bar in a suburb constitutes the real world) they are very much exist.

The top section of the advertisement features a photograph of two air traffic controllers in a control room, looking out at a landscape with mountains. The text 'MAKE AIRSPACE YOUR HEADSPACE' is overlaid on the top left of the image.

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FIVE THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT NEW ZEALAND'S PRISONS

BY JUSTSPEAK

OUR PRISONS ARE DESIGNED TO KEEP communities safe by deterring people from committing crimes, and rehabilitating those who do offend. But is it fit for purpose?

Here are five things you probably never knew about our justice system. Because everyone loves lists.

5 The average prisoner is incarcerated for less than three months. The average prisoner in New Zealand is Māori, male, and aged between 20 and 29 years old. They are generally in prison for an offence against public order (as opposed to an offence against a person or against property). They are locked up for three months or less, and are five times more likely than a member of the general public to suffer from a mental illness.

There are some obvious problems with this picture. Our prison population is 51% Māori. There is some serious overrepresentation going on here, especially as they make up just 15% of New Zealand's total population. What's more, 24% of the prison population is under 25 — a group of individuals that would surely be better served by enhanced education (given that our brains are not fully developed until well into our twenties), better health care, and rehabilitative programmes, than a stint behind bars and a permanent mark on their criminal record.

The fact that the majority of prisoners are there for less than three months is also telling; obviously these individuals are not the kind of proverbial criminals who need to be locked behind bars before throwing away the key in order to ensure the safety of the community.

4 New Zealand has one of the highest rates of imprisonment in the OECD. Out of every 100,000 people in New Zealand, 188 are in prison. That makes our imprisonment rate the seventh highest among all OECD countries, placing us just

behind Mexico. Our imprisonment rate is 25% higher than the United Kingdom, and almost a third higher than Australia.

New Zealand's prison population has increased 300% since 1983, even though fewer people accused of a crime are being convicted and sentenced now than then. From 2003 to 2013, our prison population increased by 40%, compared to a 10% increase in the general population.

Prison is not the only option. In fact, our justice system has developed a number of alternatives to locking people up and isolating them from the community.

3 There are real, effective alternatives to prison. Our criminal justice system is designed in such a way that prison is supposed to be a last resort for dealing with a person who has committed a crime. To that end, there are a range of less severe alternatives, which our judges should be considering every time an offender comes before them for sentencing.

We can count nine alternatives, from least to most serious: discharge without conviction; conviction and discharge; suspended sentence; fine/reparation; community work; supervision; intensive supervision; community detention; and home detention.

Many of these options include supervision of the offender and restrictions on their liberty. Anything more severe than community service requires the offender to report to a probation officer, attend counselling or education courses if the court thinks that is appropriate, and to abide by restrictions such as not moving house or job and not spending time around anyone the probation officer tells them not to associate with.

Community detention includes an electronically-monitored curfew, and under home detention the detainee is subject to electronic monitoring 24 hours a day.

All of these options are designed to denounce the offender's conduct and to deter future reoffending. They also cost the taxpayer significantly less — keeping one prisoner behind bars costs New Zealand approximately \$97,090 a year, whereas home detention costs about one quarter of this amount.

2 Prison Does Not Work. Some of the key aims of imprisonment in New Zealand are to protect the community, to try and prevent future crime, and to rehabilitate the offender. Yet 44% of all prisoners are convicted of another crime within 12 months of being released, and 27% are re-imprisoned within 12 months of being let out.

Obviously something is going wrong. Locking people up with a whole bunch of other prisoners, away from their support networks and the broader community, is not an effective way to prevent future crime. Studies indicate that rather than deter an offender, depending on the offender's circumstances, prison often increases the risk of that person offending again later on.

1 Even our conservative politicians don't think prison is the answer. In 2011, Deputy Prime Minister Bill English declared prisons a "moral and fiscal failure". Mr English hoped his government would not have to build another prison — because they're so expensive, and because they do not create safer communities.

If you're inclined to agree, help us to change the conversation about our prisons and the criminal justice system. JustSpeak hopes to counter the knee-jerk reaction that all offenders are 'bad guys' who need to be thrown behind bars. We believe that there are many more effective and efficient alternatives to prisons, and that none of these are 'soft on crime'.

JustSpeak is a network of young people speaking up for change in our criminal justice system. Last year, we released a report called *Unlocking Prisons*. Get involved! Check out our website at www.justspeak.org.nz or follow us on Facebook.

DRUGS AND DELAYS

BY ARTHUR GUY

THE PLAN? HEAD DOWN TO GOOD OL' WELLY and rock out at Homegrown, fully fuelled by illicit drugs. Acid was the frontrunner of this awesome-to-be experience, and I foresaw a fantastical, colourful and chaotic kaleidoscope of visions, real and hallucinated. To trip the light fantastic. A period of pure passive observance and mindless flailing. So much so did I expect this onslaught of apparitions that I took a notebook to record my experiences. It turns out that Facebook messenger was far more appropriate, the notebook unnecessary, and my ideas about Homegrown on acid were incorrect.

The first conundrum of the weekend arose before we even thought about departing for Wellington. Initially this piece was going to read as a chronicle of Homegrown on acid. Throwing the plan into slight disarray, a day prior to leaving, another friend contacted me stating that he was picking up some 'gear', and asked if I would be interested. My answer was of course an unhesitant and unequivocal yes. Gear turned out to be methelone, somewhat of a safer cousin to MDMA. Now the problem; which to take at the concert, and which could be kept for a good time at some other moment? The gear procured, many more experienced people tell me, is more likely to make the concert a party. The acid, I countered, would hopefully make for an interesting story. At this time, acid seemed to have come out the preferred option, but we knew a lot could happen between then and Saturday.

As we left my house and made our hurried way to town, I couldn't help but think this was an almost inescapable deathblow to our plans, which hitherto had been building up to an unforgettable experience. To miss the bus, this late, with extremely limited alternatives to get down on time, would have been devastating. However, we make good time, arriving at quarter to ten for a ten pm bus. If the bus had showed the same dedication, our evening would have kicked off perfectly.

An hour later, a group of us were still to be found sitting with bags and backs against buildings on Customs Street, awaiting our chariot. Luckily, in a typical me move, I'd put very little thought into packing, and arrived in town after hot boxing a flatmate's bathroom. This left me in the considerable lurch of others having alcohol for the trip, and me needing to procure some. A quick wander was called for, and so was embarked upon. Returning with a six pack of Stillcans, because you should always support New Zealand industry, and as many Park Lanes, because gin is always appropriate, a friend and I rejoined our larger group. Safely supplied, I felt now was the time for the smooth ride of destiny to guide me through this weekend to start. Instead, we were presented with the second and more drastic of the delays encountered so far. All but confirmation that Homegrown would be delayed until Sunday. This wouldn't be a problem, except my bus home was booked for 10 on Sunday morning, 2 hours before the concert was to begin. Being the intrepid and hard hitting investigative writer I am, this obstacle to my weekend, and my precious work, were quickly mentally overcome. Best case scenario was that my parents would sponsor me a ticket home. Worst case scenario, my limited funds would be diverted away from the unnecessaries like alcohol or food, and I would have to buy my ticket home myself. Either way, I was definitely attending Homegrown, and would also quite liked to have gone home at some stage.

Close to an hour, and about 5-6 cans of whatever the fuck I'm drinking later, the bus arrived and we made our way onto our shared

mobile enclosure. At this point it would have been wondrous to say that there was a shared sense of anything amongst fellow enclosees. Closer to the truth is everyone got to their seats and did their best to pretend like no one else existed. For us this took the form of getting steadily drunker at the back of the bus. Attempts were made at subtlety. They probably failed.

At various stages of the trip members of our brave and expeditionary fellowship fell into a drunken stupor. Yours truly has to own up to this as well. One should be grateful for all that happens to one however. As Nietzsche set forth, joy and sorrow, ups and downs are linked and entwined. To accept one is to embrace the other. Armed with this surface level understanding, or even quite possibly missing the point, of this intellectual giant, I was resolute in accepting everything that happened during our journey. Without fall-

ing into the warm embrace of a swaying judgering bus, I could not have awoken to the truly magical site of Lake Taupo. Importantly, I didn't KNOW it was Lake Taupo. The combined disorientation of waking up, and the 80/20 split of sugar/alcohol that I have to assume my RTDs consisted of, left me staring out over the lake in a light closer to pitch black than twilight, but somewhere between them nonetheless. For more than a minute, it was impos-

sible to tell if we stared out over water or if we were looking down on a level of cloud. Was that an island, or the top of a mountain? It was a truly awe inspiring experience that I assumed I would forget by the next day.

The last few hours of my trip were upon me,

"ACID WAS THE FRONTRUNNER OF THIS AWESOME-TO-BE EXPERIENCE, AND I FORESAW A FANTASTICAL, COLOURFUL AND CHAOTIC KALEIDOSCOPE OF VISIONS, REAL AND HALLUCINATED."

and I closed my laptop while opening another alcoholic-y sugar treat. Our story will now pick up with the account of your author finding something to do during the spare day he had before the event. Hopefully it will live up to the excitement of some dickheads drinking on a bus.

Disembarking to the glorious golden arches of a Maccas, Wellington's wind did not disappoint. My friend came and picked me up, and we drove back to his place. The shitty part of me was warmed by the idea that my buddies back at the bus stop still stood in the prevailing wind. I sent them a text saying as much. So we arrived at my abode for the next two nights and quickly got down to answering my dilemma. Methelone today, acid

tomorrow. So a line, wonderfully presented on a third party's cannabis infringement notice from the police, and I was ready to tackle the day. The day, it turns out, mostly consisted of more lines, and then turned into a night on the town. By this time I had been up well past 24 hours, been drunk for a lot of that time, and almost finished my little baggie of Up-powder. What I remember from the night was flashes of clubs. Meeting friends of friends who were DJing (I felt pretty cool at this part, should I have?) Running into old and new friends in lines up and down Courtenay Place. So for being awake as long as I had been, I had an amazing time. I guess the methelone had a lot to do with it. Alcohol definitely helped. I don't know if my friendly powder was worth it during the day. 100 percent sold on that night though. Getting back to the flat, sleep was more than welcome. It was a good night, but I needed to rest up for the events of tomorrow (Which was later that day in reality).

Cut to, standing outside the Dub and Roots stage in beautiful sunshine, and another friend passing me a little bit of folded up tin-foil. "There's a little square of paper inside", he said as he coached me through the experience, "Don't touch it, just lick it out of the foil and leave it against your gum. Don't spit it out!"

We headed out, them to find some friends, me to find a bottle shop. I was definitely not paying venue prices for Jim Beam. After a

wander around what felt like most of Wellington I found one, and procured a bottle of vodka. Into a Mizone bottle it went, and I was set. Back to Homegrown I journeyed. It was about an hour after I 'took' the acid, and I was still yet to feel anything. I knew my mates weren't going to miss Katchafire, so back to Dub and

Roots I went. On the way I finished my 'Mizone' and chucked it into a recycling bin on my way in. Just because one has been drinking and drugging, doesn't mean one shouldn't recycle. The pleasant buzz of the vodka had marked the onset of the high, which I realised standing in line for entrance to the stage. Walking through the tent with as straight a face as I could manage, I found my people and started to party.

Being the intrepid journalist I am, I was adamant I was going to record thoughts and impressions throughout the concert. I expected hallucinations. I wanted dragons grooving alongside the acts. I'm sorry to say this wasn't the case at all. Perhaps the dosage provided was too low. What I did get was a champion time. The best way to describe it is the giddiness of drinking. The early stage before you get sloppy or fuzzy. Just happy energy. Anyway, I had made the decision to record my experience, and thought the best way would be on Facebook chat with my editors. After reading these entries later on, I don't think the editors will ever look at me the same way again, or trust me to do 'the writing'. What follows is a slightly sanitised and pieced together account of the day.

My first entry was simply "Shoulder Shrugging Sway". Aside from some nice alliteration and the obvious, I'm not too sure what I meant here. It's entirely possible there was no point to this, or to many of the entries to follow. My next entry, much more to the point, was "It's like weed, but only ups". And it definitely was. A point of clarification here, I'm a bit of a stoner, so this is high praise indeed. I also wrote that it was as close to a religious experience as I was likely to get. Not much to elaborate on there. I felt the need to note when Katchafire played "Good Karma". Indeed there was good karma and good marijuana all around.

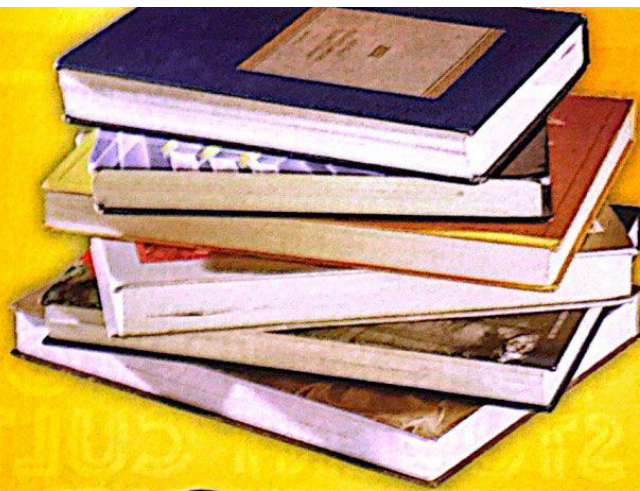
In much the same tone as the religious comment, the next entry was the assertion that

"There are certain things that just don't make sense until you're listening to Katchafire, tripping on acid". Sober me definitely is not willing to disagree, even if I can't remember what the things were or how they made sense. I took time out to tell my Facebook comrades that I met a fellow I thought was called Adrian. Adrian had a joint. Good felluh that Adrian! My next assertion was that people are their most true, and also more generic when they are amongst what I affectionately called 'The High'. This was the most interesting comment to come back to, I can't be completely sure what I meant. I couldn't tell you if 'The High' referred specifically to drugs, or just the energy and feeling of the concert. The use of true alongside generic is also pretty interesting, and I am dubious to go back and assign any definite meaning to it. What I am willing to say is that it definitely based on the observation of others. I have no idea if there was any self-reflection in there. There probably was.

And so I arrive at my last remark of the night, which I enjoyed immensely. "It will still be a mission to argue against the fact the Six60 are amazing, on the waves and even more so live, but nothing is more amazing than the tomato sauce on my chips!"

My editor asked me if it was a lifestyle worth living. It's an interesting question. Like all questions regarding the use, and potential abuse, of drugs it's a difficult one to answer. I can only give my answer right now, which could very possibly be completely different down the road. But yeah. If we are talking about the occasional party drug when at the right time and place, then fuck yeah. Live your life kid! The Acid was mantis (Thanks to Stan Walker for that ripper of an expression). The happy powder was also pretty good, but I can't recommend being on it all day and into the night. It's a bit of a waste, and probably not healthy. I'm not taking anything away from my weekend. The experiences described, and a few gone undisclosed, resulted in an amazing time. In its own way, it was one of the best times I've had in quite a while. Like anything, have fun with it but keep sensible in sight. Don't wander too far off the path, for fear you might never find it again.

And so I signoff with this message. Homegrown 2016 will be a place to be! It's honestly an awesome experience, I've done it sober and not sober. And for those adventurous spirits out there, acid is tops! It truly was the sauce that made the satisfying chips of Homegrown an exquisite moment in my life.



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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN FOR NOMINATIONS OF **TREASURER** **WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER** 2015 AUSA EXECUTIVE POSITIONS

Nominations open on Wednesday, 25 March 2015 at 12pm.

Nomination forms are available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

Nominations close at 3.00 pm on Thursday, 23 April 2015. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

In accordance with the Auckland University Students' Association's Constitution, nominations are open to currently enrolled students of the University of Auckland, who must be members of AUSA. Accordingly, all nominees must present proof of current enrolment, and any other required information, to the Returning Officer no later than the close of nominations, or their nomination will be ruled invalid.

Please Note

To run for the Treasurer's position you must have passed at least two Accounting papers at the University of Auckland and show proof of this.

Only women can run for the Women's Rights Officer position.

Voting for the By-Election will be held on 30 April & 1 May 2015.

- Bob Lack, AUSA Returning Officer

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WANTED: TREASURER AND WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICERS

BY AUSA

LAST WEEK, AUSA CALLED A BY-ELECTION FOR the positions of Treasurer and Women's Rights Officer(s). Due to resignations, these positions on the AUSA Executive are vacant. This is your chance to get involved with student culture and have a unique experience with student life.

All AUSA Executive positions are elected by students. Nominations are open to currently enrolled University of Auckland students who are AUSA members (or students who sign up as AUSA members), and are due by 3:00pm on Thursday 25th April. The election will be held the following week.

WANTED: TREASURER

The Treasurer is an Officer of AUSA, a position bringing with it more responsibilities and perks than other portfolio holders.

The Treasurer is responsible for working with our finance staff to oversee the finances of the Association. This means helping to create the budget, tracking spending, and ensuring all members of AUSA comply with the budget. In addition, the Treasurer creates and enforces the Association's financial policy and procedures. The Treasurer also works on chasing debtors, chairing the Finance Committee, and keeping an eye on the finances of some of AUSA's related entities.

In addition, as an Officer, the Treasurer works with the rest of the Officer team (the President and Vice-Presidents) to oversee AUSA as a whole. They take part in planning, they attend Executive meetings, and they help out with general events of AUSA.

This is a unique opportunity to gain experience and take part in an organisation with a turnover of more than a million dollars.

PERKS: In exchange for fulfilling their role, the Treasurer is given an honorarium the equivalent of 20 hours' minimum wage each

week. They are also given an office on campus to work in.

EXPERIENCE AND QUALIFICATIONS: Treasurer candidates must have passed at least two accounting papers at the University of Auckland, and show proof of this. Ideally, candidates will have experience as Treasurer for a student club or other organisation with a large turnover, or have worked in a role that involved budgeting and financial oversight. While this will make your life easier, it is not required - if you are prepared to work hard and are able to convince your fellow students to vote for you, then we'll be more than happy to have you!

WANTED: WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER(S)

Known as the WROs, the Women's Rights Officer(s) support, advocate for and represent women on campus. The WROs have historically been very active, making this one of the busiest unpaid portfolios on the Executive. Consequently, the Women's Rights portfolio is one of the few positions on the Executive which may be held by two people. Thus you may run as an individual, or with a co-WRO candidate.

The Women's Rights Officers run Womenspace, a safe space exclusively for women, located above the Quad. From that space, they provide support, advice and resources for women students. In order to do so, the WROs maintain close relationships with groups around Auckland and New Zealand that provide support, as well as with groups on campus.

In addition, the Women's Rights Officers organise a number of flagship events and publications on campus. The most important are Womensfest, a week devoted to discussion and engagement with women's rights issues, and Kate Magazine, the student magazine compiled and contributed to entirely by women.

PERKS: The Women's Rights position is a voluntary position. However, the WROs do have an office on campus, located in Womenspace above the Quad.

EXPERIENCE AND QUALIFICATIONS: If you are interested in women's issues and want to help female students, then this is the role for you! The Women's Rights Officers need to be enthusiastic and willing to get stuck in. The only formal qualification required is that they must identify as a woman.

SO WHY RUN?

1) *For an amazing experience:* The Auckland University Students' Association represents tens of thousands of students, and exists solely to serve them. Being involved in the organisation is a fantastic experience - like being involved in a club or a faculty association on a massive scale.

2) *To help students:* The better AUSA is run, the more support, advocacy and events for students there will be. Being involved means you can claim you are directly responsible for improving student life.

3) *To experience the madness of an election:* Running in an election is a crazy and fun experience. It's a great opportunity to meet other people, get to know campus better, and work out who your true friends really are!

If you have any questions, or are considering running for election, we would love to talk to you. Email president@ausa.org.nz with any questions or to catch up for more information.

Nomination forms can be collected from AUSA Reception at AUSA House, 4 Alfred St. Nominations close at 3:00pm on Thursday, 23 April 2015. Forms must be handed in to AUSA Reception only. Only currently enrolled students of the University of Auckland are eligible to run, and proof must be provided.

"RUNNING IN AN ELECTION IS A CRAZY AND FUN EXPERIENCE. IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO MEET OTHER PEOPLE, GET TO KNOW CAMPUS BETTER, AND WORK OUT WHO YOUR TRUE FRIENDS REALLY ARE!"

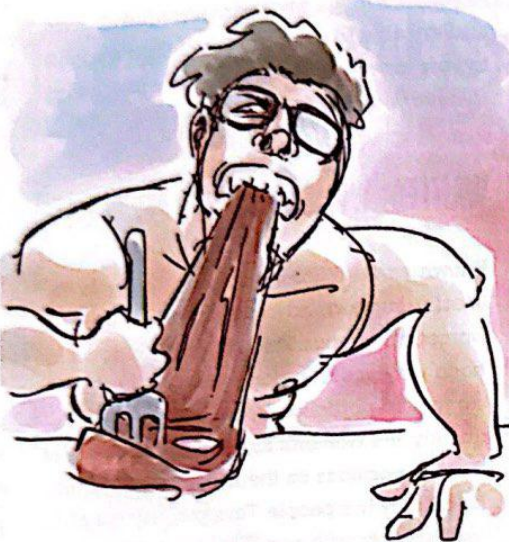
A GYM BRO'S GUIDE TO BLOCKING OUT VEGETARIANISM

BY SIMON JAMES MOORE

I SHOULD PREFACE THIS ARTICLE WITH A disclaimer against bigotry. By no means am I against vegetarianism. In fact, quite the opposite. I have a great respect for those who choose not to eat meat, and even more for those who you actually have to double-take when they tell you that they are (cf. virulent badge-wearing SJW). At the risk of sounding I'm-not-racist-I-have-a-black-friend-y, I particularly enjoy dinner at my vegetarian aunt's place. That being said, I am by no means prepared to sacrifice (pun?) flesh quite yet. As a result, I have spent many evenings conjuring up arguments to swat away these troublesome notions of 'ethical consumption', 'empathy' or 'animals should be treated equally'. For the purposes of this argument, the word 'meat' is replaced with 'delicious meat' to remove any risk of bias.

The first thing a delicious meat eater needs to bear in mind is that they are the only certain thing in their own life. A vegetarian may assume that an animal dislikes being raised in shocking factory conditions, or objects to being reared solely for the purpose of slaughter, or doesn't particularly savour the trip to the abattoir, but they can never *know* it for sure. Reason? Animals can't speak. If

animals cannot communicate their misgivings to a delicious meat eater, how can they know that consuming this delicious by-product of institutional suffering is *actually wrong*? One thing that is for certain is that delicious meat is delicious, especially when warmed to room temperature, lightly seasoned, and seared on a smoking-hot pan for 90 seconds a side to achieve a great rare finish (remember that).



Sometimes, non-eaters of delicious meat may bring up these "health risks" that are allegedly associated with eating delicious meat. First of all, you will notice that such people are generally not doctors. In high school, in the midst of Level 3 Biology, I may have argued on the basis of evolution that we have developed to eat delicious meat, and eating delicious meat was what

led to the rapid advancement of our species. How can eating delicious meat be so bad for us given that its introduction to our diet had such beneficial effects in the past? That's like saying we should sit down all day, even though our evolution as bipeds was clearly a boon to homo sapiens.

However, I have discovered a more powerful line of reasoning: how many machines do you see running on vegetables? With the exception of Sam Brothers, none. There's a reason cars don't run on vegetable oil: it's inefficient and powerless. By analogy, omitting to eat delicious meat is going to make you inefficient and powerless.

Your move, Kyle.

As something of an addendum, I think it's worth pointing out on a more sombre note the seriously confronting moral dilemma of my meat-eating habits. I consume animal products several times daily, and, given the student budget cliché, none of it is ethically sourced. Whilst I think it is all good and well caring about something, the reality of a consumer-capitalist society is that an effective vote only seems to be one made with your dollars. Therefore, I can postpone my guilt until I become gainfully employed. In the meanwhile, whilst scribbling assignments last minute, and writing masturbatory cover letters to disinterested law firms, I can alleviate guilt by giving 'mad props' to those who are vegetarian and don't feel the need to vomit it over everyone.

CHEAP EATS, LORNE STREET!

BY SALENE SCHLOFFEL-ARMSTRONG

THE BLOCK OF LORNE STREET, FROM Wellesley Street West to Victoria Street East, has been enduring a number of changes in recent times. Least expected was its emergence as a strip loaded with low cost, super tasty snacks, within the often over-priced central city. Whether you are after a \$2 bite or a \$7 feast, you have no reason to venture further than the Lorne.

We will start on the Wellesley Street end, and work our way along one side, starting with:

1. UMIYA SUSHI. Umiya sushi occupies the corner of Wellesley and Lorne, it has a little deck and a bar to sit at inside. They have an amazing range of sushi with all sushi rolls \$1 each, including many options for vegetarians. However, they also have delicious fried goods

(tempura, deep fried tofu etc), bento bowls, seaweed salad, miso soup, and other goodies.

2. NO.1 PANCAKE. Right next door is the legendary takeaway joint, serving delicious Korean-style filled pancakes. Not as cheap as they once were (prices range from \$3 to \$5), they are still delectable and also quite a generous size. There are many savoury options to choose from, however the sweet chocolate filled pancake is a classic.

3. NICE DUMPLINGS. Neighbours again, Nice Dumplings operates out of a tiny hole in the wall. With a smaller selection of Chinese delicacies, the focus here is on steamed buns, fried dumplings and many a warming soup. Cheap and cheerful, again you line up and take your food elsewhere, their service is quick and the portions generous. Not as many options for the vegetarian here, but you will find a bun or two. \$5 for 3 steamed buns is one of the best deals around.

4. SHANG HAI TAKEAWAY. You'll stroll along most of the block before you hit your next destination, as Shang Hai Takeaway is a tucked away little counter. With a steamed bun cabinet of sorts and a separate counter full of cold and hot dishes, there is plenty to choose from. Buns here are huge, ranging from \$2-\$3 and stuffed with goodness. One of their greasy spring onion pancakes always satisfies!

5. BUN HUT. The last stop on our little tour is around the corner — not on Lorne Street — but on the block and too good to resist — the amazing Bun Hut. A small opening onto Victoria Street East unveils a long restaurant, with the possibility of eating in or taking away. The menu is incredibly extensive and offers large plates of vegetable and meat dishes, noodle soups, and pancakes. Quick snack items are plentiful as well, with a number of steamed buns. A highlight here is the tangbing pancake, which is a delightful mixture of roast sesame and brown sugar. Delicious!

TWO HOURS A SLAVE: MY HALF MARATHON TRAUMA

BY CARLA BONIOLO

4 .30AM AND I WAS ALREADY AWAKE. A FULL 45 minutes before my alarm was due to erupt, I lay there on my back like a defeated starfish surrendered entirely to the belligerent fingers of an inquisitive toddler at an aquarium. I didn't want to move. Disregarding all popular connotations of the Sabbath, I had willingly elected this Sunday to be a day of torturous self-harm. A full 21 kilometres of it.

A common sentiment on runners' blogs (that I scoured intensely the night before) is 'don't try anything new on race day'. So, of course, I opted to experiment with a new eclectic breakfast of porridge, almond butter, an over-sized banana muffin, a line of Whittakers milk chocolate and a shot of espresso coffee. The refined sugar and gluten was gushing through my veins at an electric pace. I was feeling devilishly alive.

After bargaining with my dad to drop me off at the start line in pre-sunrise darkness, I negotiated my way through the crowd. An eerie version of the national anthem was sung as we collectively huddled together, anxious and freezing in the wake of Cyclone Pam. I

felt as if we were about to be led up the road to Coatesville's version of Auschwitz. The gun shot soon after didn't assuage this mental image. 500 metres in and I developed a sickeningly stingy pain in my stomach. No, it was below my stomach. In my bladder. I needed to wee. *Shit.*

The first kilometre was plagued with incessant thoughts of discreetly pulling over to the edge of the curb and squatting amongst the tussock. I even considered trialling an on-the-run (literally) method of urine evacuation, but discarded that idea after realising it would mean crystallised piss in my socks for the next 2 hours. 2km in and I was dying a slow, painful death of bladder implosion, feeling like I was about to rupture any second. Strange things float through your mind during moments of excruciating physical agony. I thought about whether my choice to drop out of law was a sound life decision, I contemplated what I would wear to the 7 year old's birthday party I was going to that afternoon, but mostly I thought about the drunk text I'd received from an ex the night before. Was my response of "keen — where?" to his booty call a little too forward? Did I look desperate? But, my god, his abs are so divine...

6km! Praise Jesus. And now: the water station.

I wasn't thirsty and I definitely didn't need to fill up my bulging bladder sac. So, like all females proficient in pleasing those with outstretched limbs offering us fluids, I faked it. Half the water violently spluttered across my forehead whilst the other half dribbled down my nose and onto my tongue. Pleased with my performance, I pranced down the hill and momentarily forgot about my pressing (literally) issues. "I am an athlete", I thought. "I am a marathon runner. I am the epitome of fitness. Health is a lifestyle".

And there it was. Like the golden arches peeking around the corner in an overwhelmingly foreign airport, it stood like a beacon of hope. My saviour. My portaloo. Resting nonchalantly at the 7km mark, it winked at me and beckoned me near. After the most orgasmic wee of my life, I barged back out onto the road as a new and invigorated woman. With only 14km to go, I felt like a lovechild of Usain Bolt and Michael Phelps pounding the roads faster than Mark Lundy. I would survive.



Epilogue: I finished the race in 1 hour and 59 minutes. The gnarly hills on the open country roads were a killer. 2 physio appointments later and I am still struggling to walk. The sight of stairs induces full-blown nausea. But, yes, I would 100% do it all again.

THE BEST KIND OF MOTIVATION

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

ADMIT IT. YOU ARE MADLY, DEEPLY AND irrevocably in love with your gym instructor. Let's face it, we all are. You would get up at ridiculous hours of the morning to hear him yell at you, miss an episode of *GoT* to break your legs on the spin bike for him, render yourself incapable of using stairs for days just to do those extra squats he asked for. You are more committed to your relationship with him than you ever have been to a boyfriend. And he hasn't even noticed you exist. Unfortunately he probably never will. What we mere mortals have to realise is that gym instructors are not human beings. They are mythical superhuman demigods who see us only as a pile of underdeveloped muscles and overactive sweat glands loosely assembled into a form resembling their own.

The first major difference between us and the dumbbell toting super heroes is that they don't have sweat glands. They were literally born without the ability to sweat. In fact, we

suspect they have the ability to internally recycle their sweat and use it as an energy source. There is simply no other explanation. While sweat is dripping off the noses of us humble humans, the gym instructor smiles and laughs as we use our already drenched towels in an attempt to remove the sweat, or at least distribute it somewhat evenly over our faces. By now we have learned there is really no point in bringing a water bottle to class with us — water just goes in our mouth and comes straight out our armpits.

The power to defy gravity is yet another talent that sets the gym instructor apart from his client. Not only is he completely wrinkle-less so you have no idea if your crush is age appropriate (if he is married with children who could potentially be your own age, would that be weird if you were their step mum, just hypothetically, not that you have thought about it that much...?), but while you lift 5kg like it's a biology textbook, he lifts 40kg like it's an arts one (sorry). Your high knees are the Pluto to his Jupiter, your press ups are the Pepsi to his Coca-Cola, your squats are the fake \$20 shoes from Hong Kong to his expensive branded sneakers, and your crunches are the HSB to

his OGGB.

What's more, the hallowed gym instructor can actually talk whilst exercising. And, no, I don't mean the gossiping between sets you do with your friend, I mean genuinely saying and sometimes even yelling intelligible full sentences while cycling at least ten times faster than you. The most the majority of us poor humans can do is to mouth "oh hell no" in response to his demands. Just don't get caught, he'll make you do it twice.

The only logical conclusion is that gym instructors are simply not real people. Perhaps they are robots? I mean has anyone actually ever touched a gym instructor? What if all that hard muscle is hard metal? We are yet to reach conclusive results on this one. Each of the investigators who has attempted to get within a one metre radius has been struck down by such a sense of awe and giddiness they have been unable to speak let alone continue with their mission. The god like creature is far beyond the reach of us mere mortals. Nonetheless, dream on gym instructor fan girls, there's nothing wrong with a bit of extra motivation; it's the best kind.

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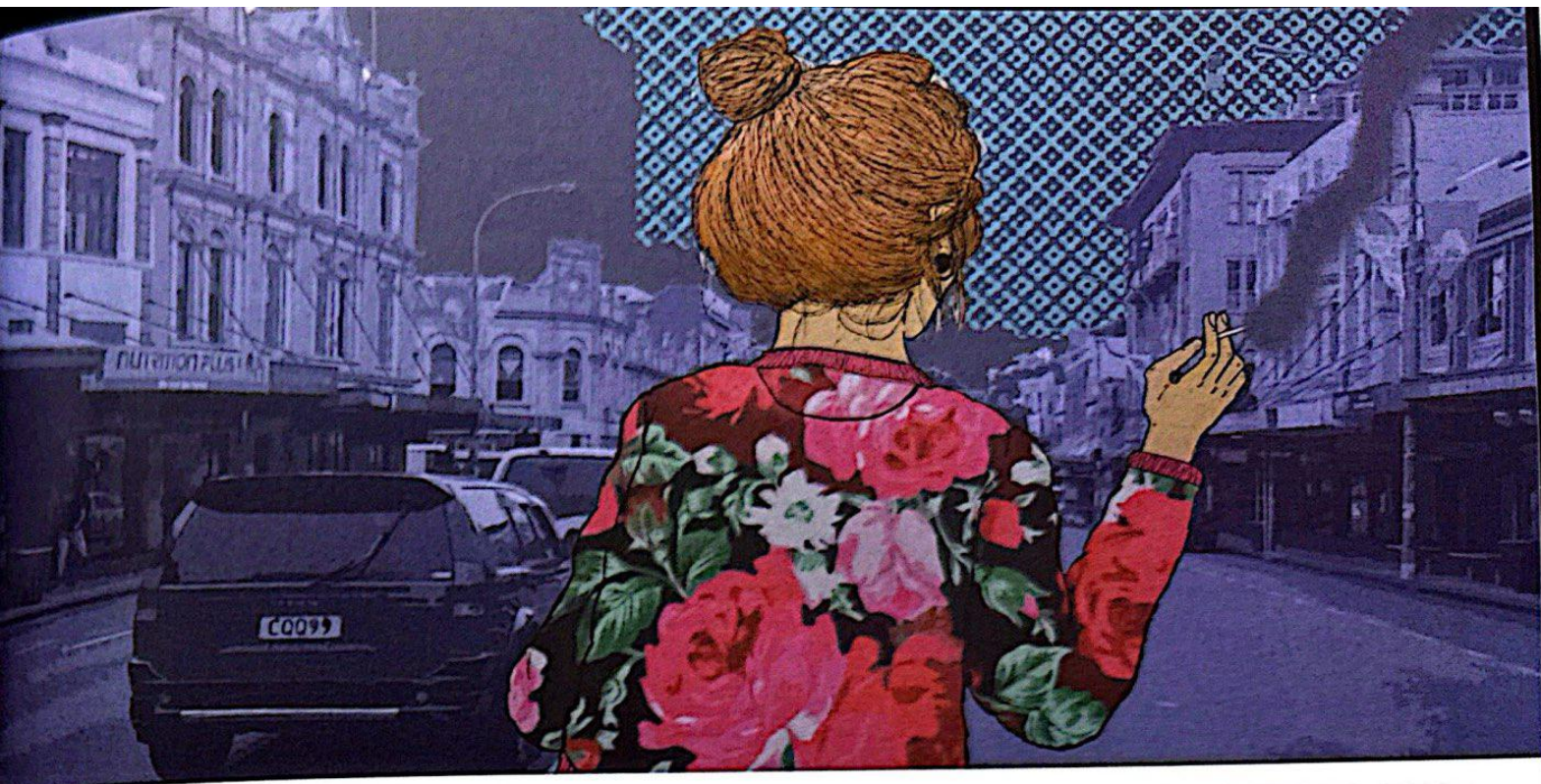
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ALL THE WORLD'S A (WHITE MAN'S) STAGE

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

LAST WEEK, IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT KANYE West would be headlining Glastonbury Festival this year. This has led to predictable moaning from traditional Glas-to-goers who just want to see guitar solos while standing up to their arses in mud and used condoms. A petition to "Cancel Kanye West's headline slot and get a rock band" has garnered 75,000 signatures (and counting) on Change.org. The Plaid Shirt Purists have taken to Twitter — presumably ironically — to suggest who would be #BetterThanKanye to play at the festival. Prime ideas include "a cardboard cut-out of Beyoncé", "Drake's emotions" and "Noel Gallagher's saggy face". The same whinging was heard when Jay-Z headlined the festival back in 2008, prompting said saggy-faced Gallagher to grumble, "I'm not having hip-hop at Glastonbury. It's wrong".

Glastonbury bills itself as a festival of Contemporary Performing Arts. With over three-hundred stages, I am almost convinced that it is possible to have something there for everyone. The site is divided up into dozens of areas, each with a distinct flavour. While the main stages are traditionally filled with rock bands, the areas dabble in more niche genres. Silver Hayes is a 24-hour rave, Green Fields is a hippie haven, the mindfuckery of Shangri-La and the Unfairground are best enjoyed under layers of substances, and Strumerville is a reggae paradise built around a

communal campfire. Every genre known to man can be squeezed in to five days and 1200 acres. There is absolutely room for everyone. Why is it, then, that one hip-hop headliner can attract so much ire? Kanye was announced alongside bangers and mash rockers Foo Fighters to make it clear that the festival is by no means going in a different direction, but there has been outrage nonetheless.

This makes me a little uneasy, if I'm honest. One noticeable thing about Glastonbury is that it is profoundly white in both its musicians and its crowds. I can't help but feel this idea that hip-hop has no place there — or if it does, its place is on the smallest stages, tucked out of sight — is part of a general culture of alienating both black musicians and black festival-goers. The connection between genre-divisions and racial-divisions is a topic for another article, by someone who has more authority to write about it than I do, but I think there's something more sinister at play than people simply not liking West's music.

As it stands, I am intrigued to see what Kanye does with his Saturday night set. I do think that, given his notoriety, he will pull a large crowd despite the unfavourable reaction to

his headlining announcement. However, I don't think they'll be forgiving if he pulls one of his bizarre Kanye stunts on them. Back in 2012, during the "Watch the Throne" tour, he and Jay-Z played "N*ggas in Paris" twelve times consecutively to break a world record. More recently, last year at London's Wireless festival he stopped his whole set for a fifteen-minute rant about his creative genius and the media's attempts to bring him down, concluding, "Fuck what anyone thinks. It's about Kanye's dreams". You really can't make this shit up. The pissed off audience quite rightly booed and tried to chant him off stage, and exactly the same thing will happen if he gets all experimental this year at Glastonbury. I personally love the guy's music. I think he's an inspired producer, and every time he pushes the envelope and I think it's become too weird for me, I end up loving it. But if I paid NZ\$450 to stand in the pouring rain (inevitable at Glasto) and listen to him verbally wank-off, I'd be pretty peeved.

Regardless of what people are saying, Kanye is ultimately getting what he loves most: attention. I, for one, had intended to make this editorial about the characteristics of a good performer but Kanye, quite fittingly, has taken up my whole word count. I think he'd like that.

"ONE NOTICEABLE THING ABOUT GLASTONBURY IS THAT IT IS PROFOUNDLY WHITE IN BOTH ITS MUSICIANS AND ITS CROWDS."

BLACK MIRROR

IF YOU'VE NEVER SEEN CHARLIE BROOKER's brilliant but chilling series *Black Mirror*, then I don't blame you. It only gets a modest viewership in its home country, Britain, so it's kind of slipped under the radar during its emigration to New Zealand. From my knowledge the series cannot be accessed on any TV on Demand website in New Zealand, and hides behind the pay wall of Soho. Fantastic. So it's either DVD or the 'other' option.

The entire series, which at this point is only seven episodes long, comprises of two seasons, a Christmas episode and a third season on the way. Each hour-an-a-half episode is entirely stand-alone, with a different plot, set of characters, and world. The only thing that stays the same is the tone and themes — which is really all you need. The show deals with the very tense and complicated rela-

tionship people have with technology. Each episode starts with a different scenario in an alternate world not quite so different from our own and always, always, ends grimly. In fact, the series will sink into your soul like an unsettling documentary and niggle at your mind for days. So why watch a series that is so devastatingly cruel?

“THE SET DESIGN AND CINEMATOGRAPHY ARE SUCH THAT THERE IS NO BREAK AWAY FROM THE WORLD.”

Part of *Black Mirror*'s trap is that it's just so engaging from the get-go. It has an attention to detail that is sparsely seen in television. The worlds it creates are so intensely rich, both in visual and narrative terms. The set

design and cinematography are such that there is no break away from the world while the narrative strings you along at a steady pace.

But if you're a sadist like me, then your favourite part would be the moment every episode has when the plot twists ever so slightly and you realise who the real villain is in all that. And that villain is always, (spoiler alert!) technology. The thing about this series is that technology is never seen as evil. Technology is just a thing people invent to make life easier. It's not technology's fault that it's doing ethically challenging things; it's people's fault.

So if you're ever in the mood for something intelligent, engaging, and completely soul-draining, *Black Mirror* is for you. Hopefully Netflix is kind to us and we'll see it online soon.

REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

THE HONOURABLE WOMAN (2014)

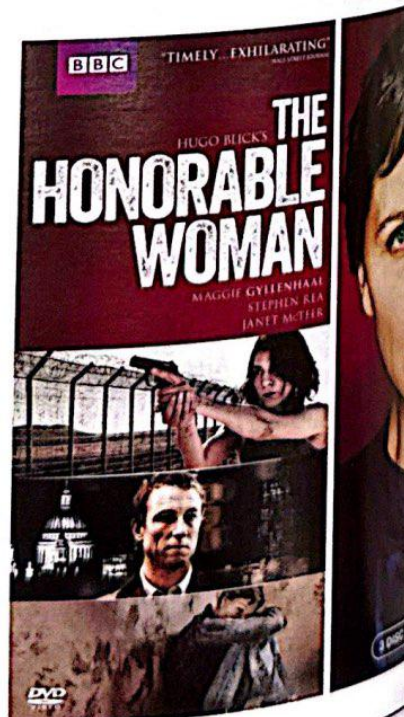
HOW DO YOU COMMUNICATE HOW MUCH you love something without using expletives? Yeah, I could say I fucking loved *The Honourable Woman*, but that doesn't really seem to do any justice to how I feel about this show. If I were to describe my downright near obsession with this show I'd probably compare it to that scene in *When Harry Met Sally* where Meg Ryan fakes an orgasm in public except, like... I'm not faking it. It's that good.

Gratuitous fan-girling aside, the show sets Maggie Gyllenhaal as Nessa Stein, the daughter of a slain Zionist arms dealer who has taken the helm of her father's company. Along with her brother, she has completely changed its direction. They no longer facili-

tate the militarisation of the State of Israel, but are instead installing fibre optic cables from Israel into the West Bank in a peacemaking and democratising effort. And so, as you'd imagine, a lot of espionage and assassination ensues.

It's written, directed and produced by Hugo Blick and if you're familiar with any of his previous work (*The Shadow Line*, perhaps) you wouldn't be wrong in thinking this could move into the realm of camp, but it doesn't. It's an entirely nuanced and heartfelt look at the Israeli-Palestinian conflict while also being thrilling as hell to watch. That sounds like mixing water and oil but you have to watch the show in order to see just how perfectly it culminates. It's the best bit of TV I've watched in years, if not ever.

REVIEW BY CAMERON AH LOO-MATAMUA



MAN IT FEELS LIKE SPACE AGAIN

POND

POND ARE OFTEN AND UNFAIRLY MISLABelled as an offshoot of their more well known, more disciplined cousins in Tame Impala. This is despite forming two years earlier and producing three times as many albums — six in seven years compared to two in five. *Man It Feels Like Space Again*, the sixth outing for the Perth based band, proves just how much the members of Pond bring to the Tame Impala collective (currently only one member of Tame Impala hasn't been in Pond).

Moving on from the garage rock influences

of previous album *Hobo Rocket*, Pond return to the forefront of the Australian psych-pop movement with songs like "Zond" and the epic eight minute titular track, in which the band does their best 'Beatles circa Sgt. Pepper' impression. They also make quick deviations into country ("Medicine Hat") and funk ("Outside is the Right Side"), while the slower early Pink Floyd-esque jam "Sitting Up On Our Crane" demonstrates frontman Nick Allbright's extraordinary talent for writing lyrics that sound profound and insightful when sung, but really mean nothing at all. Much of the album is an eccentric mix of piercing synth and odd vocal squeals, but it works.

Final verdict: Chaotic, anarchic and strangely captivating, Pond demonstrate their worth as the consummate entertainers — watch the



video for Zond.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

CREATIVE JAZZ CLUB

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, 1885 BASEMENT BAR, GALWAY STREET

IF YOU WANT TO HAVE ARGUABLY THE BEST CHILL Wednesday night in Auckland city for under \$20, the Creative Jazz Club will nestle into your bosom just fine. Down Galway Street is the best kept secret the Auckland music scene has to offer: the mighty CJC, home of local and international jazzers. Right, so you're on Galway street. Past the seedy McDonalds, you will arrive at the far better alternative, BetterBurger. This is where \$9 of your \$20 will go, getting a pretty damn good hamburger and a vanilla milkshake (none of

this "Long Giraffe" type shit from ye ol' tuck-shop days) in a pretty cool area of town. Best to get to BetterBurger around 7:20-7:30pm to eat your burger before the show starts at 8pm; don't wanna go hiccuping through some sick bop 'cause you inhaled your food.

At 8pm, go down the stairs in 1885 bar, enter through the closed double doors and be transported to another realm, all for \$10. It's got a really great vibe this place. Dim lighting, a good mix of old/young opinion and energy, and great drinks. Candles are chucked around everywhere, and there are brown leather couches to sit on. It's like Central Perk on steroids. Then the music starts and it all becomes

clear this place is going to become a regular. I've only ever been to three shows there, and all of them were absolutely mind-boggling, brimming with talent from all the bands and their respective members. All the mates I've dragged along have loved it, appreciative of jazz or not. It's a wonderful and constructive way to start liking the polarising genre, as the sub-genre of jazz changes every week, and the live scene makes it all the more masterful. After having your brain sluced out of your ears by sweet, sweet jazz (pronounced "yazzzzzz"), you still have a dollar to spend on a lollie bag on the way home. How good is that?

LEWIS WHEATLEY

IS EVERYONE HANGING OUT WITHOUT ME?

(AND OTHER CONCERNS)



IS EVERYONE HANGING OUT WITHOUT ME (AND OTHER CONCERNS)

BY MINDY KALING (2011)

AS A GENERAL RULE, I'M NOT A HUGE AUTO-biography fan. I can't help thinking the whole time that it seems a bit egocentric to write a book purely about yourself and then expect people to read it. Then again, I suppose it's not really egocentric if you know that people will actually want to read about every detail of your life. Anyway, I digress. Genre preferences aside, I am a huge fan of Mindy Kaling so that seemed like a good enough reason to give this book a go.

I wasn't disappointed. Mindy is hilarious, and although I think she's probably funnier on screen, this book is still very enjoyable. She traces her life from her days as a young 'un at school as the daughter of immigrant parents, through her unsuccessful, unemployed years in New York, right up to her gig on *The Office*.

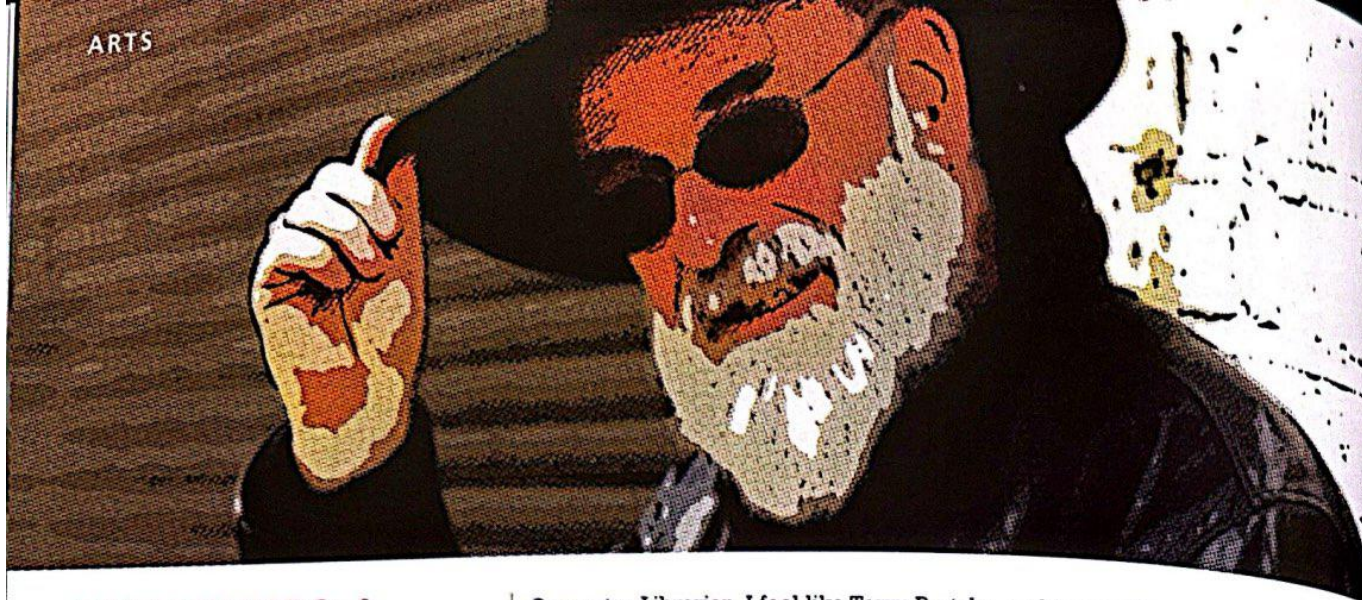
She offers great little tidbits of advice. The kids who are successful at high school always burn out. It's much better to pace yourself and

become successful later in life, when it's actually useful. She outlines the rules of being a best friend, which include important responsibilities like "I owe it to you to give feedback like a cattle prod: painful but quick". Throughout the book she addresses people directly, which is unusual but quite cool as the reader because you feel like you're being let in on some pretty exclusive personal jokes.

Mindy is sassy, funny and never takes herself too seriously, which is very refreshing. I suppose that's what makes a successful comedian. If you want others to laugh at you, you have to be ready to join in. This is definitely worth a read if you're after something fun and light-hearted that doesn't require too much brainpower. Also everyone should sort out their priorities and make time to watch *The Mindy Project* because I 110% guarantee your life will be better with that show in it.

REVIEW BY HANNAH BERGIN

BOOK



THE LAST HERO: A TRIBUTE TO TERRY PRATCHETT

TERRY PRATCHETT WAS ONE OF THE MOST prolific and popular fantasy authors of all time ever. He died in March due to what he referred to as his "embuggerance" — early onset Alzheimer's. A few days later, two devoted fans met in Strata and discussed his life, legacy and a world on the back of four elephants on the back of a turtle floating through space.

WHERE TO START?

Sophie: "It's hard to know where to start with Terry Pratchett, because it's the geekiest thing I'm in love with".

Mark: "There's just too much. The dude put out a book a year for thirty years. There are like forty Discworld ones, plus the non-Discworld ones".

S: "They're so bizarre. I mean, try explain Discworld to someone. Sure it's a quintessential fantasy/sci-fi series, but we still sound ridiculous talking about NacMac Feegles and an

Orangutan Librarian. I feel like Terry Pratchett was the sort of person who would have enjoyed the effects of people talking about his books in public".

FAVOURITE BOOKS

M: "*The Wee Free Men*, every time. Anything Tiffany Aching, really. She was my favourite. And the NacMac Feegles — as a little *Lord of the Rings* freak, the swords that lit up in the presence of lawyers... I lapped that shit up".

S: "I liked *Witches Abroad*. I feel like the Witches in that were either confused or enraged about the motives behind marrying a girl off to a frog. At the same time, that book gets very meta, very fast. Even when he's getting his characters to completely confuse fairytales, you can still see the shape of a slightly different one forming, and I liked that".

TERRY MEMORIES

M: "I remember when I was, like, five or some-

thing, and I was lying in bed with my dad, he was reading *Hogfather* and he got me to read a page. I was super stoked because it was the first 'grown up' book I had ever

S: "That's the thing. He lets grown-ups and kids feel grown up. And the books keep going back to them and it's like you grow up with you".

M: "So true. So many sex jokes."

S: "Your one is nice, I don't have any more. My Terry moment was being so miserable on a boat. I was really young, thought I could hold off the call of nature, but I couldn't so to stop me whining, after I'd dipped over the side, I was handed a kerade. It's the only one I haven't liked, but it makes sense now".

This is, of course, a heavily edited transcript. There's rather a lot of room on the back of four elephants.

"If cats looked like frogs we'd realize what they are. Style. Style. Style. What people remember".

- Terry Pratchett, *Lords and Ladies*

BY MARK FULLERTON AND SOPHIE DAVID

FILM RE-REVIEW

WHEN HARRY MET SALLY (1989)

IT OFTEN FEELS LIKE THE ROMANTIC COMEDY IS the shameful cousin of the film family, who no self-proclaimed movie buff readily admits to hanging out with. The traditional accusation is that romantic comedies are predictable and cheesy. And so I ask: What is your point? Why do people insist on being such Negative Nancies? Embrace the romantic comedy. Stop pretending you don't enjoy movies where attractive people make out in the rain.

When Harry Met Sally is the hallmark of romantic comedies in my very humble opinion. Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan are both at their funniest and most charming in this film, so fantastically written by the late, wonderful Nora Ephron. She manages to craft characters on screen that seem like the kind of folks you wish you could hang out with. The titular pair meet each other intermittently throughout their twenties and thirties before finally becoming friends, with a hell of a lot of 'will they or won't they?' Their love story is made up of embarrassing romantic gestures, karaoke sing-alongs, and a tri-

umphant final moment where Billy Crystal runs through the streets of New York on New Year's Eve to find the woman he loves (and all the more romantic by the sultry tone of Frank Sinatra).

When Harry Met Sally is a sharp and genuinely funny movie. It remains a jewel in the crown of the genre, and one of the best referenced and emulated romantic comedies in pop culture. So educate yourselves.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

THE DIVERGENT SERIES INSURGENT

IN 2D, REALD 3D, AND DIGITAL 3D
MARCH 20, 2015

INSURGENT (2015)

INSURGENT STARTS OFF WHERE THE FIRST MOVIE left off, with Beatrice "Tris" Pryor (Shailene Woodley) and her boyfriend, the super buff and absurdly eyebrowed Four (Theo James, although henceforward referred to as 'Eyebrows'), on the run from the sinister Jeanine (Kate Winslet), who has broken the political grip of the Abnegation faction and installed her own Erudite faction in its place. It is up to Tris and Eyebrows to unite the remaining factions and end Jeanine's zealous fixation with power, status and the eradication of the Divergent — people who do not fit into any one faction. However, Jeanine also has her own plans, and is conducting sinister experiences on Divergent to unlock a hidden message from the past.

The strength of *Insurgent* is that it is honest about what it is — a not particularly serious teen action film, that probably owes its existence to the success of *The Hunger Games*, and just another not particularly substantial addition to the growing wave of teen dystopian literature. The message of the film is quite simple. Like all texts in the genre, it simply uses the model of a dystopian future society to critique the institutions that we live under today. However, the political message and the dystopian setting merely provide a backdrop for the real point of the film, which is Eyebrows breaking stuff and cool slow-motion action. While this is no *V For Vendetta*, where the politics and the breaking stuff go hand in hand, the fact that *Insurgent* never tries to be what it isn't makes it refreshingly enjoyable. I liked being able to care about the characters and the story without conducting a serious English-class analysis of it.

The film is carried by Shailene Woodley as Tris, who does all of the hard work while Eyebrows grunts and shoots people. Woodley does some good work in presenting her character as torn between her new role as revolu-

tionary hero and ordinary teen girl, and some of the best parts of the film are when she has to choose between her insurgency and her friends. At some points she perhaps didn't capture the poignancy of those moments, but I have no doubt that as an actress she will go from strength to strength.

The only real problem of *Insurgent* is that it doesn't spend enough time explaining the more crucial elements of the plot. Occasionally a very very important event or concept is introduced as a throwaway comment by a minor character, meaning that I was sometimes struggling to keep up. I think that this is because the film relies on the bulk of its audience having read the book, and therefore condenses ten pages into ten seconds. This too explains why some of Tris' more emotional scenes seem to be cut short or underdeveloped.

"IT'S FANTASTIC TO SEE A MOVIE WITH A STRONG FEMALE LEAD, AND ONE THING THAT MOVIES LIKE INSURGENT AND THE HUNGER GAMES ARE DOING WELL IS ENDING THE MONOPOLY OF MEN IN THE ACTION GENRE."

Another problem. It's fantastic to see a movie with a strong female lead, and one thing that movies like *Insurgent* and *The Hunger Games* are doing well is ending the monopoly of men in the action genre. Unfortunately, *Insurgent* promptly undermines its female lead, and other female characters in a number of ways. Firstly, aside from Tris, all of the main women in the film are either completely useless, bad

friends or scheming bitches. Both Winslet's Jeanine and Eyebrows' mother Evelyn (Naomi Watts), are strong female characters but are also both portrayed as manipulative and scheming. Eyebrows blames his mother for running off when he was a child, and doesn't seem to notice when she says that his father was abusing her. Then there's Christina, Tris' best friend who spends the first bit of the film not being able to get over the death of her boyfriend and then does little else for the rest of it.

Finally there's Tris herself. As the main character, Tris gets to save the day, which is great. Unfortunately, she needs men to help her all the way through it. Tris is completely removed from the violence of the film aside from beating up a few bad guys, and instead just leaves Eyebrows to bash holes in things while she runs through. When she does get her hands on a gun, it is always a tiny pistol even though there is no shortage of massive rifles lying around. She never actually gets to kill anyone. In this way she gets placed on a pedestal and gets to remain pristine while her man does all the work. This is overly sarcastic, but really it's true. It's also problematic for Eyebrows, who appears to be completely devoid of all emotion apart from rage and lust. This shows that while the film does some good things in terms of gender performance by giving several strong female characters pivotal roles in the plot, there is still a lot more to do before it could send a realistic and positive message out about gender.

Overall, this is a solid four out of five stars in the context of this genre. *Insurgent* does very well as a not particularly serious teen film, and will satisfy people who are looking for that. Don't go to see it if you want some Orwellian-level dystopian political analysis, because this film does not offer that, and makes no apologies for it.

REVIEW BY WILL MATTHEWS

TOP TEN

HERE IS CRACCUM HELPING YOU KEEP IN shape for summer and the topless profile pictures you know you want to have.

10. POST TOWN FAST FOOD BINGES. After a night of semi-unconscious gyrating against friends, love interests and fifty year old men, the best part of town is sitting down and stuffing your face with some greasy fast food. My personal favourite used to be the Double Quarter Pounder (add bacon, obvi) Combo with a chocolate shake. While the short term satisfaction is high, the high calories of the meal aren't so forgiving. If this is about once or twice a month: Expect 1-2kg gain in the year. Weekly: 3-4kg+ Daily: Make better choices, weight gain is not the issue at hand.

9. LUNCHING AT THE QUAD. Filled with Pizzas, Chips and Curries, the Quad is a dietician's nightmare. Don't let the illusion of chicken or meat fool you from the high amounts of fat in these meals. Just because this food is easy and accessible doesn't mean you should be here. And if that isn't enough, the taste of the food should be the biggest turn off. Once or twice a month: Around 1kg for the year. Weekly: 3kg. Daily: 6-7kg+

8. NOODLES FOR (TOO MANY) MEALS. There really isn't an easier meal to make than these squiggly white tubes. It helps when you really don't have the time to cook something, like when you have an assignment due or you are cramming Season Three of House of Cards. But these noodles are basically empty calories filled with fat and sodium. They don't fill you up enough and next thing you know, you have had two packets for dinner and you're still hungry. Once or twice a month: 0.5kg gain. Weekly: 2kg Daily: 5kg.

REASONS FOR THE 10KGS YOU WILL GAIN AFTER LEAVING HIGH SCHOOL (A KILO BY KILO BREAKDOWN)

7. FIZZY DRINKS. The colourful, bubbly and sugary drinks that were limited during school hours are now out and available in full force around University. Why have water when you're thirsty, when you can have a drink with a better flavour? They're often cheaper too, so you may as well treat yourself. Except the treat only wrecks your body FYI. All that sugar is just going to your hips honey. Believe me. Once or twice a month: Negligible weight gain. Weekly: 1-2kg. Daily: 5kg+

6. BREAKFAST CEREALS. Coco Pops may be a thing of the past (or for the road trips of nostalgia), but the other cereals, like most mueslis, are deceptively high in sugar. Don't let that low in fat advertisement fool you, there is enough sugar in there to keep a child awake for three days. Maybe have eggs, you know for protein, gains and shit. Once or twice a month: Negligible. Weekly: 2kg Daily: 5kg

5. JUICES. There is this juicing diet going around lately where you have juice as a meal replacement. It's a common accessory for the basic bitches strutting down Ponsonby road, like their Karen Walker sunglasses and their poodle. But more and more reports are coming out that the nutrition from the fruit is lost when blended into the juice and the juices are far too high in sugar to make it worth it. Once or twice a month: Negligible. Weekly: 1-2kg. Daily: 4kg+

4. ABUNDANCE OF SNACKS FROM MUNCHY MART. Apart from Munchy being an overpriced store with bad lighting and sad souls, it is full of all the shit snack food imaginable. Pies (a sack of brown glob guyz), Sausage Rolls (meat shaped penises) and other soggy pastries plus shelves and shelves of chips and lollies. Apparently they have fruit somewhere but I am yet to find it. Only go there if you're desperate. Once or twice a month:

Negligible. Weekly: 1-2kg. Daily: 4-5kg.

3. THE COMFORTING BLOCKS OF CHOCOLATE DURING ASSIGNMENT WEEKS AND EXAMS. Perhaps this shouldn't be limited to assignment weeks and exams but just all day every day. Chocolate may be the true source of happiness and perfection, but it is also a major source of rolls (mine especially). WWWhat's worse is consuming these high amounts of chocolate causes your sugar levels to rise and you can't break the habit without a terrible and soul-destroying fasting process. Once or twice a month: 1kg. Weekly: 2-3kg Daily: 7kg+

2. GROWING COFFEE AND/OR ENERGY DRINK ADDICTION. It won't be long for you non-caffeine users to join the club. You might be dubious about whether you will join, but it only takes a few late nights, early starts and long lectures to get you hooked. And they're all full of sugar, unless you get a pure espresso shot (which is just madness). They're even harder to break the reliance on so that sugar is a constant flow. Once or twice a month: negligible. Weekly: 1-2kg. Daily: 4kg+

1. ALCOHOL. Alcohol: The potion of the gods, the drink of bliss, and then there's Diesel. Post high-school you'll be lapping this up on a semi-regular basis, and why the hell not? There's only one way to get through University, and that's by being intoxicated the whole time. It's how you make friends, great experiences and turns terrible things, like Hamilton, into something beautiful. But unfortunately (and because God hates us), Alcohol is full of empty calories that goes straight to the waist and forces us to consume more unhealthy foods. It really is about drinking in moderation, but if you're like us, the only 6pack I really want is of beer (well, more than six). Once or twice a month: 1-2kg. Weekly: 3-4kg. Daily: Weight gain isn't your problem buddy.

WANT TO WRITE A TOP 10? EMAIL EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ FOR MORE INFORMATION.

MY
LIFE
STYLE

FAST CASH
EARN WHILE YOU STUDY
DOUBLE
DEGREE!

TOP
BARISTA
WORK

THE LONG GAME

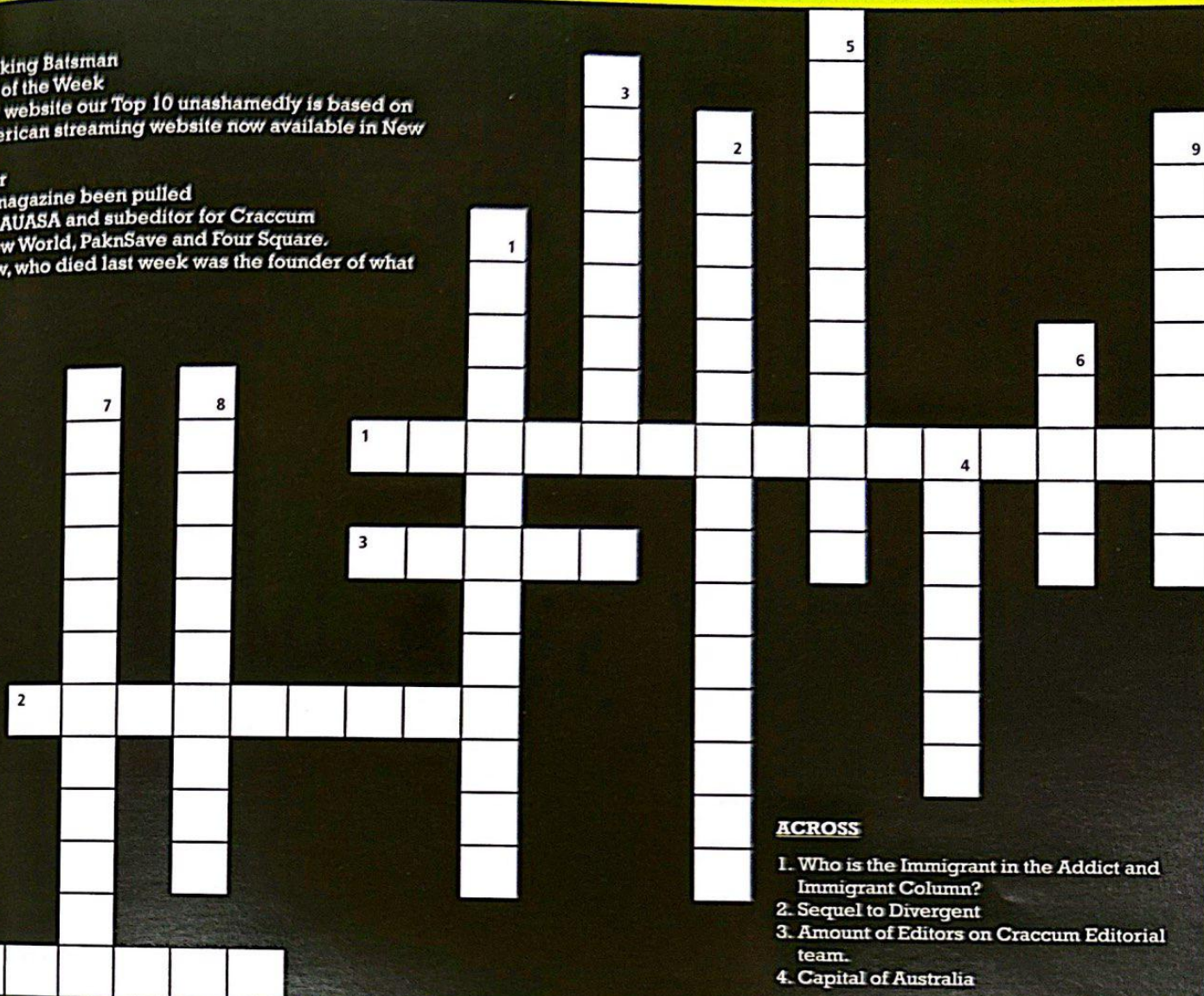
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DOWN

1. Record Breaking Batsman
2. Contributor of the Week
3. The popular website our Top 10 unashamedly is based on
4. Popular American streaming website now available in New Zealand
5. NZs Bachelor
6. NZ Student magazine been pulled
7. President of AUASA and subeditor for Craccum
8. Owner of New World, PaknSave and Four Square.
9. Lee Kuan Yew, who died last week was the founder of what country?

**ACROSS**

1. Who is the Immigrant in the Addict and Immigrant Column?
2. Sequel to Divergent
3. Amount of Editors on Craccum Editorial team.
4. Capital of Australia

			8	7			4	
7					3			2
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		2	7					3
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The People to Blame

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The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Simon James Moore

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT BAR

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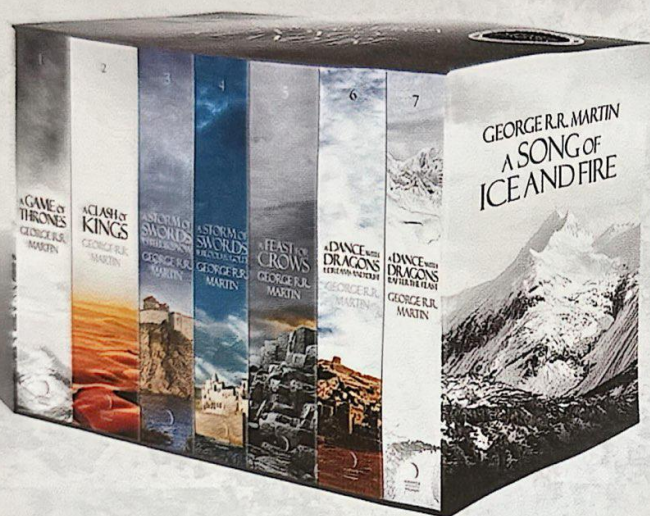




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