



HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

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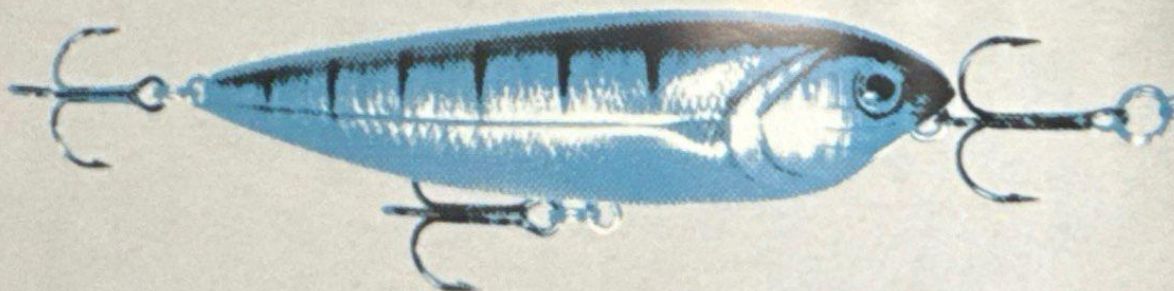
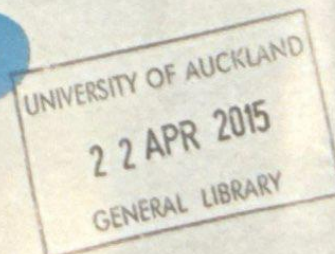
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IT'S NOT



IT IS



WHAT TO WATCH FRIDAY ARVO?

JORDAN'S EDITORIAL

MOURNING THE NON-EXISTENT

BY JORDAN

THE CAMPBELL LIVE KEEFUTLE annoys me. First off, the show is not great. John Key was right, despite admitting to not watching it (what news does he watch I wonder? Does he just masturbate to Mike Hosking while screaming "wooo fiscal austerity"?). The programme really is mostly just entertainment. Secondly, although the protests on Facebook are sweet, they seem a little bandwagon-ish to me. I suspect most of these people are sharing and liking their little fingers to the nub either because they're mad about Campbell being virtually the last bastion of left-ism in the New Zealand media, or because they remember his moshapen Ken-Doll of a head from childhood and don't want to forget those happy days.

The reality is that Campbell Live going off the air doesn't matter a tad. The journalism wasn't very good (pot calling the ket-

tle black eye, Craccum?). For the most part the stories were quite dull. The issue that people fail to recognise, or at least are ignoring, is that Campbell Live doesn't actually contribute anything meaningful. We're mourning the loss of something that never existed in this country: good journalism. This isn't the death of investigative television reporting, it's not the last stand, there isn't anything to fight for. We don't have a long standing tradition of a 'fourth estate' monitoring the centres of power and critiquing culture. What we have, as Key-buzzie has kindly pointed out, is a business; a business with stakeholders and consumers. And much like the decline of Burger Fuel, once corpo-

"IF WE WANT GOOD PROGRAMMES, AND GOOD JOURNALISM, WE HAVE TO PLAY THE GAME."

rate profit-seeking becomes the motive, genuine quality starts to die. The pickles get cheaper, the buns less filling, and the salad becomes limp.

The distinction here is that, unlike the burger joint, the quality of New Zealand's journalism was never very high. While the end of Campbell Live does sort of represent the right's stranglehold on the media (hello Herald, you colossal cunts), the show simply never had all that much to offer. Still, it's concerning that the stranglehold grows ever tighter. But even if the adorable social media campaign is successful, we'll still be left with the media in a deplorable state.

My point is this: if we want good programmes, and good journalism, we have to play the game. We need to behave like consumers, and be discerning in our choices. Don't reward TV stations that air inane crap, or evil nonsense (see Mike Hosking), with viewership. And for god's sake let's stop encouraging the Guardian's incessant posting of listicles, because they're stupid and bad.

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY DENTON

I'M A GAY MAN. I'VE BEEN OUT OF THE CLOSET for a few years or so. I'm ok with it now, but it wasn't easy being a teenager. I started unravelling towards the end of school when it all became too much. Keeping a big secret like that starts to eat away at you. It affects the way you interact with people and heightens your paranoia. My subconscious was fucked through constant questions: Do they know? Will they accept me? What if they hate me? It was a mess. I was a mess. But after gradually reaching out, I realised that most people don't care. They said being gay was just one part of me out of many other characteristics, and I was still the same person. They loved me regardless, and that was such a relief. Since then things are better. I have never encountered any homophobia. Until now.

She wants to be called 'Sophie Webb' because she doesn't want readers to know her real name. 'Sophie' sent us a letter, which you can read at the back of Craccum, responding to Sebastian Hartley's issue Three article entitled 'The Persecution Game'. 'Sophie' doesn't seem to respect homosexuality. We almost didn't print the letter because of her bigoted views. But we

decided it needed to be shown because this level of intolerance should not be permitted. 'Sophie' needs to be called out for the position she has taken.

When I first read her letter I felt a flurry of emotions, but the one that stands out most is disappointment. I am disappointed that in Twenty First Century New Zealand, someone still thinks it's immoral to act on same-sex desires. I am disappointed with the claim that the Skytower being "Rainbow" for a day means that LGBT life is "in vogue". But I am mostly disappointed that 'Sophie' feels like she needs to publically announce her bigotry to the University with the presumption that her moral compass is the only one pointing the right way. Well 'Sophie', I think it's time for you to fix your compass so it actually points north, instead of backwards, where your beliefs belong.

"DO THEY KNOW? WILL THEY ACCEPT ME? WHAT IF THEY HATE ME? IT WAS A MESS. I WAS A MESS."

LGBT issues are far from resolved. In New Zealand, members of the LGBT community (particularly youth) are over five times more likely to commit suicide than our heterosexual counterparts. Almost 75% of gay men experience suicidal ideation compared to 19% of straight men. There are also no direct anti-discrimination laws protecting transgender people. Yes, there have been improvements — it's no longer illegal to partake in same sex relations and now we can get married. Society on the whole is 'ok' with gay people. But this doesn't stop some people gawking at same sex couples in public, or feeling uncomfortable when alone with someone from the LGBT community, fearing they might make a pass.

And then there are people like you, 'Sophie'. Your beliefs make it harder for us to live a normal life. Your views keep people in the closet, stewing in fear and paranoia. Your intolerance keeps the suicide rates high. If I sound bitter and angry, I'm glad, because I am. I hope everyone who reads your letter feels the same way, because only then will I entertain the idea that maybe LGBT issues are fully resolved. But until that time, good luck with your "increasingly difficult" life in the modern day, because it's clearly so much worse than any of ours.

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What a load of Crac-News

(Easter Hols Review)

SEND ANY CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEWS@CRACCUUM.CO.NZ BUT TBH IF YOU WERE GOING TO, YOU PROBS HAVE ALREADY.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Wellington: Jury finds Mark Lundy guilty of murdering his wife and child, as well as having the funniest looking beard in New Zealand.

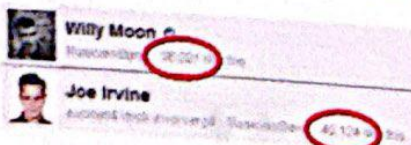
New Zealand: New Zealanders, still smarting after the searing cricket loss to Australia, have had to resort to bragging about the strength of the NZ dollar compared to the Australian dollar.

Northland: Winston Peters bent John Key over and entered him from behind.

America: After another shooting of an unarmed black man, President Obama has amended the US motto to In God We Trust (Unless We're Black LOL).

England: Wills and Kate claim they do not know the sex of their child, but experts say Kate is expecting a daughter. "It's obvious from her smile".

England: The Duchess of Cambridge has accidentally revealed that she is expecting another boy. While publicly saying that they do not know the baby's sex, experts say "the way she smiles gives it away".



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"Absolute bollocks"

- Willy Moon



BOMB PLOT FOR "TOO SOON" PARTY

POLICE IN AUCKLAND HAVE INTERCEPTED A plot to bomb a Queen Street mall planned by a group of students who needed a disaster for an upcoming "too soon" party, due to be held later this week.

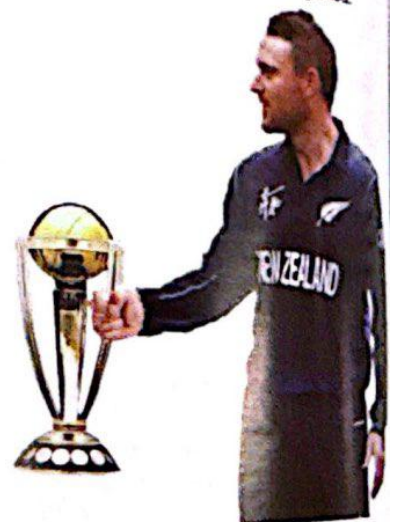
"I couldn't think of any good costumes", one of the conspirators told Craccum. "My friend stole my idea of coming as a New Zealand cricketer carrying the world cup, so we thought we needed another tragedy".

Party organisers criticised the plan, saying they could have interpreted the theme creatively, for example coming as King Charles III.

One student planned on coming as a pregnant woman with a coathanger, mixing up the theme with a similar "most offensive" party.

Her boyfriend said his costume idea, a German pilot, came from having accidentally cut his arm with scissors. Another student couldn't go as she had too much study to do, she said she would tell everyone she was going as "an MH370 passenger".

The party has since been postponed.



JUSTIN BIEBER HOSTS ROAST DINNER

JUSTIN BIEBER RECENTLY TRIED TO RESURRECT his reputation by hosting a roast dinner for A-list celebrities such as Will Ferrell and Snoop Dogg, but the dinner took an unexpected turn when his celebrity guests started verbally abusing him.

"I don't understand it", said Justin, "I made a stunning roast chicken and they all came into my kitchen and started urinating in the bin. So not called for."

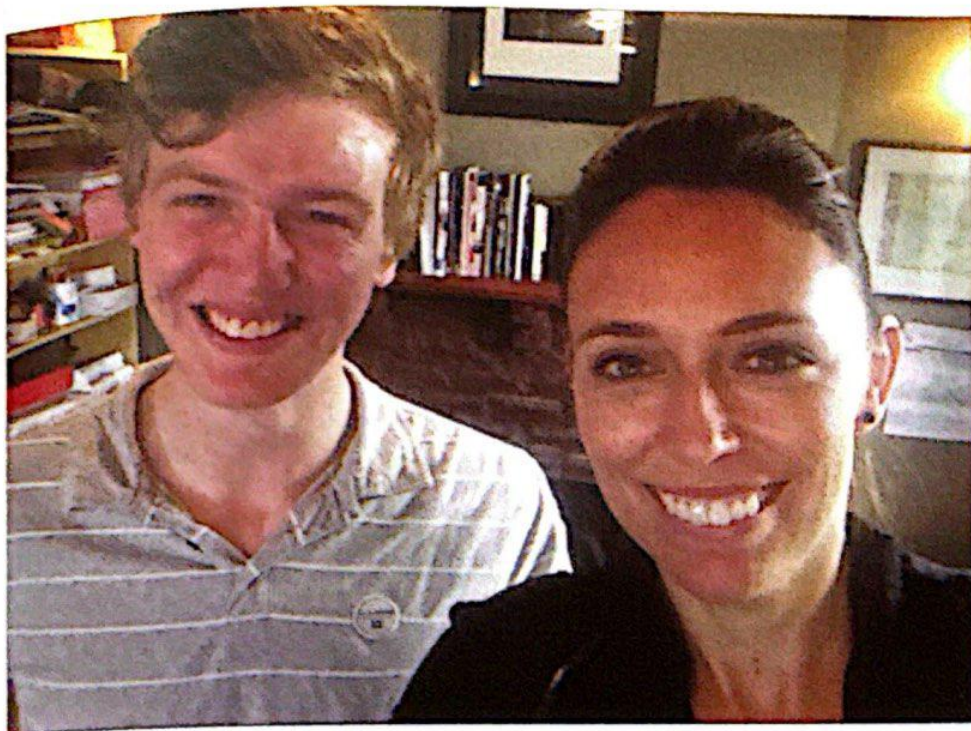
That wasn't the only event of the evening. After welcoming them into his house



NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

with his "traditional greeting of spitting on the guests", celebrities including Ludacris and Kevin Hart held him down and gave him another tattoo on his chest which read, "I'm a little wanker".

Justin Bieber has been in the news a lot lately, having recently dyed his hair bleach blonde Draco Malfoy style. Warner Bros. responded by digitally retouching all seven Harry Potter films to change the colour of Draco's hair, saying they "didn't want Draco's reputation to be stained by association".



INTERVIEW WITH JACINDA ARDERN

JACINDA ARDERN, WELL KNOWN AS THE HOTTEST female politician in New Zealand and Labour's spokesperson for justice, amongst other jobs. Jacinda contested the Auckland Central seat in the last election, narrowly losing to National's Nikki Kaye. Here are her answers to some pretty chilled questions we asked her.

If you got a chance to punch Natalia Kills on behalf of the country but you'd lose your seat in parliament, would you commit? She said she's not naturally prone to violence, so "probably what I would do in my girly swot kind of way is to try and confront her with some over-intellectual smack-down".

Best night out story: "The entire time I was at Waikato University I was a Mormon, living at home." *Awkward.*

Funniest parliament story: Once in the parliament gym (she doesn't gym much she said), "there was an unnamed MP from another party on a treadmill, and I was having a bit of a conversation with him. He was pointing out how frequently he exercised, and decided to display to me his bicep curl whilst on the treadmill, but in doing so obviously lost his concentration, and whilst he was flexing his guns, went flying off the back of the treadmill...but that person will remain unnamed".

Most famous person you've met? Nelson Mandela, when she was vice-president of the International Union of Socialist Youth (what a bloody mouthful). "I think I was so in awe of the fact that I was meeting him that it was kinda just all a bit of a blur". Ap-

parently he commented to her on how lovely Helen Clark was.

Royals: Jacinda met Wills and Kate when they came to NZ last time. She's "still a republican", but says "William and Kate are just really nice people." She spoke to William about wildlife sanctuaries, while she and Kate commented on each other's dresses.

Apparently you used tinder as an Ask Me Anything. Did you ever get hit on over tinder? Yes. She said she "felt her age" when she had to ask her friends what some of the acronyms meant. Cough, dtf, cough.

Best thing you've seen graffitied onto one of your campaign signs? Her response to someone blacking out her teeth repeatedly on one billboard was to add a sign saying "Jacinda, backing better dental care".

You were born in Hamilton. How do you think this has damaged your reputation? She said she thought being born in Hamilton gave her the automatic right to make jokes about her hometown and then was rather disappointed when her Hamilton joke in parliament ended up on the front page of the Waikato Times, and the Mayor of Hamilton got stuck into her. Lol.

Moment when you were like "life complete, I'm done"? When Giapo (ice-cream shop on Queen Street) created her own flavour of ice-cream. "I'm like, right I'm packing up shop, political career is over, I'm an ice-cream".

CUTS ON FUNDING HIT HUMANITIES DEPARTMENTS HARDEST

RECENT FUNDING CUTS TO THE UNIVERSITY of Auckland have been felt strongly by patrons of the Faculty of Arts.

From seeing their lecturers take on additional roles as tutors, to having Stage II and III classes combined, these cutbacks are being felt immensely by Humanities students. "It is disappointing that I have to share classes with stage II students", claims Jenny, a third year Art History major. "It will definitely impact my understanding of Baroque art, which is imperative to the welfare of the world".

The funding cuts also mean that Arts students will be given fewer free hand-outs and have to shoulder the burden of printing their own resources. "It is rather hard to make ends meet as it is", says Max who is majoring in Philosophy. "My vegan meals from VEDA are already costing me an arm and a leg, how am I supposed to afford my organic coffee from the Grafton hippie café now?".

Other complaints on the grapevine include Women's Studies lectures cutting coverage on "The Evil Patriarchy", as well as the "Sexual Histories" paper covering only 560 different sexualities instead of the standard 800.

ROYAL BABY IS BOY AND GIRL

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE have been keeping quiet about the sex of their next child, due later this month. However, Craccum can exclusively reveal that Kate is expecting identical twins — a girl and a boy. A body language expert has spent the last six months studying Kate's every move, and says she can "see in her eyes" that she will be having twins. Astrologer Robert Smith says the twins must be identical due to the relative positions of Mars and Venus. Mary Brown, an experienced psychic, has analysed the pregnant princess' aura and says she "feels the presence" of both a baby girl and a baby boy. This expert testimony calls into question the royal couple's claim that they are not having twins.



TRAVEL DIARY.

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

MOOLOOLABA. MANTRA ZANZIBAR. PANDANUS. The pavements teem with musclemen, the roads are alive with the sound of muscle cars. The obese cruise up and down looking for food, pound and sweat along the boardwalk in voluminous t-shirts, or preside mournfully over salads and diet cokes outside the Coffee Club. I'm sitting on the deck of a room in the Mantra Zanzibar and reading a book about Anders Behring Breivik. I can see everyone who enters and leaves the neighbouring Pandanus Resort. I can see all the action on the beach, people rounding up their children, packing up and starting to leave as evening comes on, and I can see Anders Breivik, alone and insane in his bedroom, shuddering and steaming towards meltdown. The lifeguards take in the flags. A throbbing and low-slung Holden with tinted windows idles sinisterly in the Pandanus forecourt. The sun gets lower, and in a crumbling barn in the nightless Norwegian countryside, Anders puts on his gas mask and apron and starts boiling sulphuric acid.

Noosa. Gympie. Maroochydoore. A stoical cockroach makes its way across the floor, evades the waiter's boot, appears 10 minutes later on the roof. Triumphant cockroach. He's a survivor. The obese are here too, spilling over the edge of their chairs, ordering a side salad, propping up fat children in front of the iPad. No signs of life in the fat children; chins sauce-stained and motionless in the electronic backlight. Is that one dead? She hasn't moved. No, if you listen hard you can hear her breathing. She reaches for a fat fistful of chips. Her speechless parents have long finished their 4 courses, and are lustfully eyeing the meals at neighbouring tables. The colossal matriarch gazes at my uneaten prawn with such passionate intensity that I almost expect it to start levitating. I eat it slowly to torture her. She seems to vibrate. I request the dessert menu, at which point she can't take it anymore and beckons frantically

ly to the waiter, who looks incredulous, even awestruck, as he takes her order. The cockroach sits on the roof watching and waves its feelers in merriment.

Hotel room. Big glittering ocean below. Crisps from the mini-bar to keep up morale until dinner. In the barn, Anders crushes aspirin with a dumbbell. Masked and suited, he pounds and stirs, rages and plots. The black smoke surrounds him. Anders boils the acid. I boil the kettle. Anders grinds the fertiliser pellets in a blender. I aim and throw a teabag from across the room and miss the cup. The kettle reaches its crescendo. I make the tea and return to find that Anders has knocked off for the day. To reward himself for a good day's work, he goes into town for a nice meal. So do I. A restaurant by the river. A TV plays footage of the coral reef, the underwater disco. Seaweed swaying like a concert crowd; shady rays; schools of bright, neurotic tropical fish; ominously pulsing jellyfish and the poisonous stonefish, which disguises itself as a rock and lies very still, waiting for its prey. Anders loads the bomb into an ordinary-looking van for the drive to Oslo. He camouflages himself as a policeman. He drives carefully into the city, sticking to the speed limit, obeying all traffic laws.

Next day back to the deck. On the table are all the apartment's mugs, decaying, twisted tea bags hunched and cowering at the bottom. The victims hid in the forest, huddled together, lay in odd shapes and pretended to be dead. They jumped into the sea. Their bodies tumbled off the edge of cliffs and a

boy whispered "no" just before he was executed. The beach is packed. Manbag-musclemen stride in shoestring singlets, the sweaty obese waddle and struggle in the heat. Harassed parents harass their children. The bodies of suburban mothers, bikinieed and featureless, sizzle and bronze while their boardshorted husbands, sunglassed and expressionless, supervise the boogie boarding or castle-building and slyly evaluate the other husbands' wives. Suburban bodies are strewn across the sand. Some have one hand in the air, wielding e-readers or smartphone, or just trying to hold back the sun. Others are sprawled flat on the sand in abject surrender to the heat, unmoving perhaps asleep.

Auckland sky. A bumpy ride. The plane starts to descend and babies start to scream, sensing the proximity of death. The plane shudders and rattles and whines and roars. We're going to crash. I imagine the screams and the explosions. Then, of course, we land, get off, stand around the carousel. Then, of course, a person of staggering, fantastic obesity, an absolutely tremendous girth, of positively historical fatness goes by pulling a tiny suitcase. Heavy man provides light relief. I return home to the final chapters of the Breivik book. He killed 77 people, most of them under 20. When the Norwegian police arrested him he asked if they saw him as a monster. They said "no, we see you as a human being". They made him take off his clothes to check for weapons, and he stood in the middle of the room doing bodybuilder poses, watching his muscles flex. He said he had a cut on his hand. The cops brought him a plaster.

"THE BODIES OF SUBURBAN MOTHERS, BIKINIED AND FEATURELESS, SIZZLE AND BRONZE WHILE THEIR BOARDSHORTED HUSBANDS, SUNGLASSED AND EXPRESSIONLESS, SUPERVISE THE BOOGIE BOARDING OR CASTLE-BUILDING AND SLYLY EVALUATE THE OTHER HUSBANDS' WIVES."

IT'S NOT



IT IS



IN OR OUTDOORS?





INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND

GOOD GAME-MATCH-SPORT

BY NATHAN PERRY

WAS A SOCIETY HAVE DECIDED THAT sports are really interesting, so interesting we'll put them on T.V. and we'll even watch them. Politics isn't. It can make it to the television but we won't watch it. Religion made it to youtube, it rules our lives and causes a great deal of drama but isn't really television worthy. Dramas can be great because we have so few of those kind of things in our real lives what with all the wars and Russian mistreatment of homosexuality or Israel-Palestine stuff but still it doesn't seem to be placed at quite the same level as sports. No, grown ups, especially male grown ups, running and catching is way way more interesting than science or literature.

And some of the sport we let on our televisions is just so, so great. It's amazing isn't it, what the rich do with their time? We were all rather aware recently of just how much posh sport is part of our society but is entirely unnecessary in the real world. The great cricket world cup forced it's way onto every television in my general area. I watched groups of men I had never met doing things of no consequence by using wooden clubs to hit spheres. Well done posh people good sporting. Yet we all stopped to watch. Even the right minded people who didn't enjoy

sports watched the ridiculous spectacle of fully grown men throwing and hitting for no reason whatsoever. But the rich managed to do even better than throwing, hitting, running and tea breaking, they did dressage. People, highly trained people, with brains that could engineer buildings or cure illnesses or write great works or discover new worlds or give some meaning to this pointless unending misery, instead sit on horses. Horses, highly trained horses, do things they have absolutely no reason to do in the real world. They waddle and they twaddle and we watch.

So we have sport. We have with sport a multi billion dollar industry. Indeed football players routinely make more money than I've ever seen written down let alone in front of me. We, seemingly, are amazed at their ability to kick and run and stay standing up for 90 minutes at a time. This ladies and gentlemen, boringly stupid readers of mine, are things we care about. If you ask who was in the final of the recent cricket world cup most people could give you an answer (I would not be one of them) hell even if you ask them who won the football world cup in one of the years a great deal of people could give you an answer, I assume (I don't really talk to people). We seem to genuinely believe that ticking a goal or kicking a point is a huge achievement for humanity. Did we forget we found the human genome? Did no one else hear about the discovery of the Higgs boson? Did nobody care? The origin of the universe not interesting enough of a subject for us? Although that time the one chap hit a ball with his head to the other gentleman really was enthralling.

"AND SOME OF THE SPORT WE LET ON OUR TELEVISIONS IS JUST SO, SO GREAT. IT'S AMAZING ISN'T IT, WHAT THE RICH DO WITH THEIR TIME?"

As entertaining as that sport game match was I really kind of think we should have maybe some intelligent T.V. I mean other countries do it. France is full of public intellectuals, england has Hard Talk and Question

Time and Prime Minister's Question Time and NewsNight and like a million documentaries and pod casts and everything. America, that country we bring up all the time for no reason, and shut on and call stupid, has Bill Maher and Jon Stewart. We have Paul Henry. I mean really? That's what you give us New Zealand TV. An unattractive racist with entirely non-progressive views on everything? Really? What's more we have such a big celebrity culture and if we, the media, held someone up as a celebrity, someone that had a brain, it might catch on. Perhaps people would be less pre-occupied with throwing and jogging and all of those tremendously impressive body movements that sportsmen do and become a little more keen on science, literature and philosophy.

I know we've tried doing that already and I concede those were failed attempts. Morgan Freeman, nice guy I assume but really why do I care what he thinks about religion? And yeah Emma Wilson is, as I am told, a very attractive person but what did this very pretty person really do to promote feminism? Whilst I'm at it how does a woman so stupid and self centered that she started the documentary about herself with the words "I love being in the ocean it makes me feel so grounded" have anything intelligent to say about feminism? Friendly reminder Beyonce the ocean is the one place on the planet where you aren't grounded. You're an idiot and I hate you- someone has to say it. But if we started treating real smart people, Noam Chomsky, Lawrence Krauss, me as genuine celebrities maybe people would start caring about the things we had to say and footballers wouldn't be paid so much of the money that should be mine.

In closing dear friends, stop talking to me about sport, I don't care. Actually stop talking to me at all, I don't know you, you just read what I write sometimes. Seriously though Beyonce isn't a decent person and if you think she is you're wrong and our society's wrong for letting you think that and really it's all wrong and none of it's going stop. The sphere keeps spinning and we keep pretending the unending pain isn't real. Catch you next week.

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COLD COMFORT

WITH CHRIS

THERE'S NO SCARIER FACEBOOK MESSAGE to receive at 1:30AM on a Tuesday than "hey, are you free to talk?" Obviously "dad in hospital" or "the Russians have landed" would be worse, but in the standard course of my existence there's little as concerning as that innocuous indication that I have to play amateur therapist for the next three hours.

It's fine to turn to one's friends for comfort in a crisis. Arguably it's what they're there for. But that still doesn't stop me from being surprised when mine come to me. It's just not how the dynamic works.

Most friendships begin with a clear definition - "she was in my law class and seemed cool/they were on my polo team and liked movies/I'm secretly in love with him but friendship is the best I can do" - and gradually expand outwards. But usually they proceed as they began. Broadly mine divide into two camps - my regular friends, with common histories and senses of humour, and my pretentious friends, who talk about pop culture and politics. Not feelings.

It's just not my forte. I spend too much time indoors, watching Youtube and reading Pitchfork to develop actual experience. Or problems severe enough to need help with. When I'm sad I solve it the healthy way, filling the emptiness with biscuits and crying in the bathroom after everyone's gone to bed.

But the high road doesn't work for everyone, so occasionally I'm required to try. I rarely feel less like an authentic human being than when consoling a sobbing friend. Mechanically patting on the shoulder. Periodically switching to a rub of the back. Hoping they

don't notice I'm on autopilot. Feeling guilty that I'm not more upset about how horrible this breakup or rejection is for my poor wounded pal.

And it's not like my friends don't know. I have kind of a reputation for awkwardness. I once responded to a friend coming out with "oh if we're changing topic could I quickly refill my water? Just we've been talking for ages and I'm thirsty." I don't love hugs. But despite introducing me to shop staff as "Sheldon from the Big Bang Theory" my friends occasionally do come over for a cry. I guess empathy and tact aren't particularly mandatory. Standards drop when you need a vent.

It's nice to be able to help, but it can be hard to get past how clearly stupid some problems are. Piety requires us to honour truth above our friends (Aristotle, 2013) but it feels like bad form to deny someone's genuinely hurt feelings purely because their cousin wasn't as keen on them as they'd thought. To be dealt with properly, a friend's crisis must fall within a thin spectrum of severe enough to be taken seriously without being beyond my ability to help. It's equally hard when someone's sense that people have stopped liking them is entirely deserved. There's no appropriate moment to swap out comfort for confrontation, and no real way to stress that while someone's friendship is still valued they probably should feel at least a little bad about all their crimes.

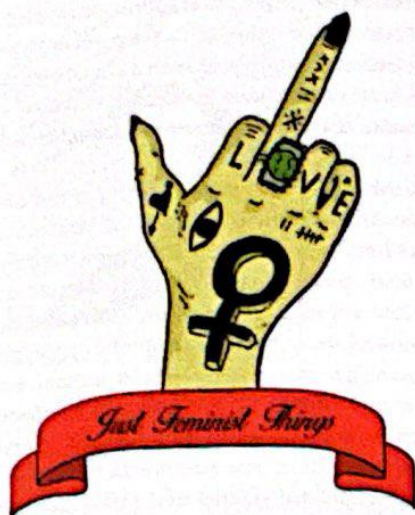
Which leaves hanging the question of how to behave when a friend contacts you in the midst of an actual, serious problem. The answer to which is I have no idea. High pressure situations can produce diamonds, but if you're not made of coal (and teenagers aren't) you

just end up being crushed to death. I remember in high school talking down the phone to a friend, unwilling to hang up for fear she'd kill herself. After exhausting the obvious topics ("where are you?" "Who are you with?" "How are you feeling?") I was at a loss. Forty seconds stretched by like hours. Desperate to break the silence I fell back on small talk. "Sooo... seen any good movies lately?" It was subtle, on-topic, and compassionate. I could be a hostage negotiator.

Jokes aside it's not much less natural than the official script. I've been in conversations with friends who clearly need help, but for whatever reason aren't seeking it, and tried to use the internet as a wingman. "I've noticed that you've been talking a lot about wanting to be dead. Have you been having thoughts about trying to kill yourself?" "When you want to give up, tell yourself you will hold on for just one more day, but and minute - whatever you can manage." It's well-intentioned, but it's not how people speak. The depressed are sad, not angry, and any of my friends would recognise instantly that I was copy-pasting self-help slogans at them instead of talking for real.

There aren't hard and fast rules for what to be comforting or helpful to whom, but it doesn't mean the problem can't be ameliorated institutionally. I'd happily know a little less about trigonometry or the Ancient Egyptians if it made time in my school schedule for 45 minutes a week of "how to be a person," "whom and when to call in a crisis." I suppose there's a possibility that some of my friends might read this. And I'll always want to know about your problems. Just please know that if you place your heart in someone's hands there's a real chance they'll drop it.

"HIGH PRESSURE SITUATIONS CAN PRODUCE DIAMONDS, BUT IF YOU'RE NOT MADE OF COAL (AND TEENAGERS AREN'T) YOU JUST END UP CRUSHED TO DEATH"



JUSTFEMINIST THINGS

BY LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

SO, A WHILE AGO I WENT TO A BABY SHOWER for a good, Romanian, family friend of mine. The theme for this baby shower was pink, purple and light green, and everywhere I looked there were pink balloons, ribbons and butterflies. I sat there, in total oblivion, wondering what the sex of the child was. Who was this little princess they were referring to? What little human was blessed to be awaited by delicate little flowery dresses? And when I found out...I was gobsmacked. A GIRL? I honestly would have never guessed. Now, I realise I probably sound like a judgemental snob. I am. I am sitting here, criticising excited parents-to-be from a somewhat less Westernised culture because they've already basically assigned a stereotype to their unborn child. The stereotype being that their girl will be a little princess who only responds to pretty flowers and butterflies and pink and not trucks and soccer balls and blue.

In talking about feminism with my Eastern European family and friends, they often insinuate that well, "men and women are just different... you can't change nature". And that's when the arguing begins (or maybe it begins just after my parents ask why I'm still single). This sort of thinking has been one of the biggest backlashes against the feminist movement. Men and women are not the same, and therefore demanding equality when we're so different just won't work. We are naturally different. We are biologically different. There is no way we can do the same things equally.

Many people might feel comfortable with the idea of different but equal. But we aren't actually that different, and research has shown that many of the differences that do exist between men and women are: 1.

grossly up-played by society and culture, 2. taught, learned and performed. It is also not clear if biological differences create these behavioural differences, or if our behaviour actually shapes our biology. Males tend to outdo women on intelligence tests, physical strength and ability, maths, sciences and engineering. Women on the other hand, hold better verbal skills, and outnumber men in careers such as nursing and teaching. This is nature at play, duuuuh.

But it's not. When you really look at the way in which boys and girls from a young age are treated, even before they are born, it becomes easy to see how they are socialised to be totally different. It too explains a whole lot of differences between performances on such tasks.

After telling my flatmates about the article I am writing this week, I asked them what they thought about the whole 'pink is for girls, blue is for boys' thing. Meredith shared my sentiment. "It pisses me off!" she replied. (Mikey tells me that he cut his lip shaving that morning. "And?" I ask. "And it hurt! It sucked so bad..." Oh, so uh, that's that.) But the important point here is that it seems ridiculous that males and females have to be differentiated by something as irrelevant as such as colour from the moment they are born — before they even have the ability to make any preferences or decisions!

"IF PEOPLE ARE PREPARED TO ASSIGN A COLOUR TO THEIR UNBORN BABY, THEY ARE ALSO LIKELY TO INTERPRET THEIR BEHAVIOUR AND REINFORCE IT TO SUIT THE STEREOTYPE."

Why does it annoy me so much that babies are dressed up in or associated with different colours? Well firstly because colours are so irrelevant to gender and sex. Many explanations of these colour "preferences" (which are mostly socially constructed) rely on evolution theories as a credible source. But they don't explain it — you could literally justify anything related to human behaviour by coming up with hypothetical situations in which this specific behaviour might have been used in the African Savannah.

And they also don't explain why until the 20th century pink was for boys and blue for girls.

Not only that, but attempting to assign genders to two colours attempts to create such an obvious distinction between boys and girls. And this is harmful. It creates an either/or gender binary, it teaches them to gender stereotype and it dictates how people will respond to the child. This reveals a whole lot about gender expectations and one of the biggest obstacles in achieving gender equality, and that is simply that boys and girls are treated very differently and are granted very different opportunities. If people are prepared to assign a colour to their unborn baby, they are also likely to interpret their behaviour and reinforce it to suit the stereotype.

Before children are born, parents often plan what kind of activities they will be doing with the child, and toys/clothing begin to reflect that. New born babies are not passive beings, but are actually active recipients and decoders of information. As they grow older, they begin to tune their behaviour to comply with what is expected of them. Children are also quite sensitive to stereotypes, and if these stereotypes are very clearly rehearsed and displayed in their environments, they will steer away from activities and behaviours which deviate from their gender norm.

Now, taking a look at the toys children play with, a very obvious pattern begins to emerge. Boy's toys (clearly differentiated by 'boyish' colours), often tend to be things from the outside world: trucks, cars and buildings. Toys like Lego and building blocks encourage children that play with them to use their spatial awareness and strengthen their cognitive ability. Girls on the other hand, have dolls, dollhouses and toy ovens, which are also, thankfully colour coded in pink, a reminder that her place is in the home. Boys and girls may be sharing the same space, but they don't often share the same environment. Boys are encouraged to think, play and work, whereas girls are still being exposed to the archaic image of a caretaking housewife.

These stereotypes become so ingrained that they become invisible, but that doesn't mean that the prejudices are not there or that they do not influence men and women in their abilities and behaviours. Also, by assigning colours to babies, we're also assigning those identities, behaviours and preferences, which sometimes the child themselves may not identify with, or may only partially identify with. This either/or gender binary has no tolerance for anyone who identifies as both or as neither, and very little tolerance to people whose gender doesn't match their sex. And that's pretty fucked up.



THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT

TAKE ON WYNARD QUARTER

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

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

WE WISH WE WERE WEALTHY, BUT WE spend all our money on this column. To fill the void of poverty in our distinctly middle class pockets we decide to visit Wynard Quarter: home of gentrification, excessive wealth, average restaurants, and views of the harbour. Our first bar is the Conservatory. Filled, unsurprisingly, with rather conservative patrons. We find a seat outside. We smoke. We order. The Addict selects a Green Tea Margarita (hummum), while the Immigrant goes for a Long Island Iced Tea that costs \$24. They taste yum, they taste expensive, and they also taste weak. The LIT is the most insipid yet. One expects about half a bottle of booze in a drink this pricey. At about ten, the wait staff decide it's appropriate to pack up while we're still drinking. The Addict becomes very upset, and throws his glass into the ocean. He is charged \$40 to replace it. Bad banter. They are cheap with their limes (a recurring theme in this city). Badly done, Conservatory, poor effort. We depart poverty stricken, grumpy, and, curiously, a little aroused.

As we search for another bar, we happen across some people on a yacht. They look happy and wealthy, as if they've been properly lubricated. We decide to take advantage of said lubrication and slip into the party. Whilst sitting at the back of the boat sipping not very nice (though admittedly free) mojitos, we discover a half discarded bottle of

Veuve next to a table and deem it acceptable to swig straight from the bottle. A man with loafers and no socks (that's got to stink, right?) wearing a gold-buttoned blazer – as if we needed further evidence of his social class – enquires whether we are part of the bridal party. The Immigrant coolly explains we know 'James' which, as it turns out, is the name of the bride's ex. The Addict immediately identifies an opportunity to showcase his skills in diplomacy. Putting an arm around the Blazerman's shoulder he belches and says, "here mate, have a durry." Despite the sweaty alcohol fumes, the Blazerman accepts. Things are going surprisingly well. The Addict then requests payment for the durry, insisting it's the noble thing to do. Things are going less well now. A horn blows, the boat begins to sail from the dock at which point we realise we might be stuck with these wankers for the duration of the evening. We steal another bottle of Veuve before jumping the gap and tearing off into the night.

After consuming the Veuve we seek out our next bar, which turns out to be a restaurant. Jack Tarr. We sit. We're told to move. We sit some more. Years pass. Seasons change before us. We grow old. We never have children. We contemplate the near certainty of dying alone. Global warming hits, the world ends. Finally, the waiter arrives. We're angry that we've been waiting so long. We stand and leave. Don't go to this place for a drink, they are cocks and the wait staff are quite ugly.

Urban Turban. A racist name? We're unsure. The Addict feigns his best accent. The Immigrant speaks normally. We peruse the cocktail menu and settle on a 'Once Upon a Time in Bombay'. It is strong. It is big. It is green. It is good. The wait staff are attentive but oddly confused by the idea of drinking without eating. We turn down their numerous attempts to order us a bowl of chups. We sit next to a decorative tuk tuk outside. We later move ourselves into the tuk tuk to finish our durries and drinks. The bar doesn't approve. We ditch the still burning durries and, with

smoke now billowing from the ethnic restaurant, move on to our next location.

16 Tun. A craft beer bar. Exposed copper, big, unfriendly outdoor seats, conspiratorial booths, snooty staff. Very Auckland. We order a full crate each (eight beers apiece). The clock strikes 11, at which point we are informed we have an hour to finish the lot. Public holiday closing times, classic. We can tell the wait staff doubt our ability to finish everything. Challenge accepted. The Addict belches out his defiance, and the sculling begins.

We wish we could review each of the beers. As your guides to the wonders of alcohol we see this not only as our duty, but our pleasure. Unfortunately, in our rush to the skull back as much beer as we could we didn't bother to read the labels. Also, no memory Four 200ml glasses of beer in and things are beginning to swirl. Six glasses in and darkness approaches. The Addict runs out of smokes and demands that the Immigrant buy him some, "because a foreigner always pays his debts." This logic instantly makes sense but the dairy is closing. The Immigrant bangs on the window. The owner calls out, "are you okay brother?". The Immigrant responds, "please, brother, can you help me out?". The smoker cabinet is locked and the Immigrant leaves the Addict's rage. The Immigrant begs. Seeing this pathetic little man in tears moves the heart of the noble proprietor. He gives him a crumpled pack of Pall Mall Blues. The Immigrant returns triumphant. Meanwhile, the Addict has finished all the remaining beers. He belches. He runs. He covers his mouth, making it to the bathroom just in time to vomit all over the floor. "Banter," he declares, proudly surveying his creation. He walks out without washing his hands.

After being kicked out 12 minutes before the bar is set to close, our heroes sit on Jellicoe Street sucking down awful garbage tasting durries, and crying because they only managed to visit three bars. Times are tough for kids on the street.

"A HORN BLOWS, THE BOAT BEGINS TO SAIL FROM THE DOCK AT WHICH POINT WE REALISE WE MIGHT BE STUCK WITH THESE WANKERS. WE STEAL ANOTHER BOTTLE OF VEUVE BEFORE JUMPING THE GAP AND TEARING OFF INTO THE NIGHT."



KANT OR WON'T? iSIMULATE

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE. COFFEE machines will soon turn on as you leave the office after receiving a signal from your self-driving car that you're nearly home. The screen at the front of your microwave will advertise food products associated with the one you are trying to heat up, checked against the average contents of your fridge. A drone will deliver you milk just before you run out so that you aren't left stranded halfway through making tea, burdened with the realisation that you're going to have to drink it black. Each object will do this on its own, but will do so in communion with all the other objects you interface with. The 'internet of things' is a world where all the objects we use will be communicating with each other in the cloud.

A world of interactive, 'living' objects is one that we can picture with relative ease. We're used to our phones behaving this way. We're used to advertisers targeting our personal

characteristics. We're used to the constant mediation between self, thing and web (i.e. other people and other things). But let's look past even this. What happens when the objects are within rather than without? We've already begun augmenting ourselves with prosthetic limbs, pacemakers, and hip-replacements; the next logical step is hooking us up to the web.

In the movie *Her*, Joaquin Phoenix falls in love with his charming artificially intelligent operating system (OS). Their relationship complicates as this OS comes to realise all the possibilities of her existence. She can transcend time and space, access any data at will, and have millions of conversations simultaneously. A more interesting version of the same picture emerges from the possibility of human cyborgs. Kant believed that time and space were irreversibly ingrained in human experience, but not on the outside — rather, as frames in our minds that package raw information for us. Would augmentation unhinge our metaphysical constraints? Would we finally realise relativity in our very manner of existence? Einstein would be pleased.

When our minds float disembodied through the internet, who is to say whether life in the material world is more 'real' to us? Culturally, we dis-

criminate now, saying kids spend too much time on Facebook or gaming; it seems unfair to level the same critique, though, when humanity's general level of existence is one that is entirely immaterial. Perhaps gamers are ahead of us.

The thing that is really worrying is the complete obliteration of privacy, if you are inclined to care about it. Companies already harvest bucket-loads of data about your habits as it is. If every move, every deliberation and thought were subject to recording or analysis, companies would almost automatically be marketed to at every second. Your free will, if you believe in that kind of thing, would be gutted and left hollow. The way things are going, with large multinational companies dominating the world, this should be the future (not to mention the power they would have over politics — Koch Industries 2.0). Maybe it's time to lobby harder for some aggressive competition law? At least then information will be scattered across numerous companies all competing with each other.

If the convenience of having toast ready before you get to the kitchen tops all of this, then ignore my complaints and welcome to this brave new world.

"WHEN OUR MINDS FLOAT DISEMBODIED THROUGH THE INTERNET, WHO IS TO SAY WHETHER LIFE IN THE MATERIAL WORLD IS MORE 'REAL' TO US?"



NTM PRESENTS...

WHANAU OF INTEREST.

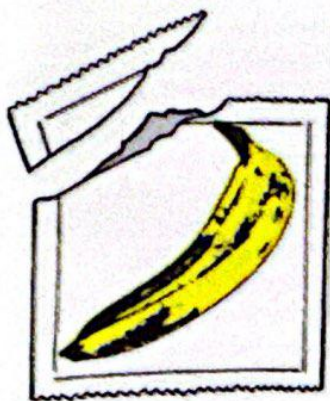
MŌRI ARE KNOWN TO BE SOCIAL PEOPLE. Growing up I was always around members of my whanau, both immediate and extended. Growing up and living in the Central North Island I got to know my Far North and East Coast relations equally, as time was divided between them over the holiday season. Of course special events such as birthdays, christenings, weddings and tangi brought us back to our whanau in these areas.

Then there were those friends that we looked upon as whanau. Kuia and Koro who lived down the road and looked over us as children and spent time with mum, friends and our friends' parents who provided support in the various sports, kapa haka, and in organisations where we had a common interest. Of course they felt like a part of my family as they treated me as part of their whanau — giving a hug or telling me off when each was needed. Meals were a big-time event at Mum's, and everyone was welcome to eat and then sleep over. Many of the friends that I grew up with have gone their separate ways, but even though I haven't seen many of them for a few years, when we meet time seems irrelevant as we remember and relive childhood experiences. Whanau for me then is much broader than that set in blood, whanau is a sense of belonging and connection.

Coming to university was a daunting prospect as I realised time would be spent away

from whanau. But I quickly realised I was never really truly alone. My whanau do not just exist in my past but are a fundamental feature of my future. During my short time at university I have met more whanau, relations as well as friends of my whanau from the North and the East Coast. As we talk through whakapapa we uncover areas of common interest: upbringing, clothes, shoes, hair and the like. The fact is we begin to spend more and more time together, sharing meals, study time, sport, and socialising at the same venues. It appears to me then, that from the university halls to the campus bar I am surrounded by whanau. Knowing this has given me a sense of peace and, YES, my whanau grows even wider and becomes a more diverse group.

For Māori students coming to university the ability to connect and to belong is something we should embrace, as we meet new people and create relationships to carry throughout the years.



TAKING THE PUSS VENUS FLYTRAP

“**E**T IMPROVISITY, NO ONE WILL be there to hold your hand”. So claimed my high school to every year 13 cohort since 1980, stating not only the wrong but, in the tradition of the institution, the arse-backwards wrong. Hand-holding there was punished with detention for the first incidence, and chemical sterilisation for repeat offenders. So busy policing the lascivious glances between fifth-formers were they, that they failed to notice the PE teacher banging a year thirteen until TVNZ did – but I lose my sheep. The point is, when O Week was over meek trips to first base behind the bus shelter were quickly and exponentially trumped. That first half-semester no gender-neutral bathroom was safe (“But the sign on the door said ‘one sex,’ officer!”), and the first day began to blossom like a well-nourished carnivorous plant.

Not to say there weren't moments of lewd delight at high school – I still recall fondly the day of the spelling bee, when I and some conspirators helped set up. The

teacher was new and a hottie – a Rochester type who taught the Freudian approach in his scholarship tutorials. Whilst I was wrestling with a mic stand he asked me to put some music on. I lost no time in blasting 'Don't Stand So Close to Me' from the tech crew balcony – he never made eye contact again, but so, so worth it. And let's not forget the hentai uniform on mufti day, or quoting the c-word as extensively as possible in 'God of Small Things' essays. But these days are over. Gone are five periods a day “wearing kilts and pins to protect your virginity,” as my “penetrator” puts it. “The level of sexual awareness has dropped, like, fivefold.” Now I am a fresher with a 500-word commitment to fucking every week. Intimidating, like the Classic 8-inch Doc Johnson Crystal Dong. Let it never be said, though, that your correspondent is a coward.

I asked the Penetrator for his take on the difference between sxytime in school and uni: “Uni lecturers will clap as you walk out of the toilets. High school teachers will tell you off with their hands in their pockets to hide their erection.”

I'm yet to get a round of applause, but Mr. Phys Ed's baggy track pants have been explained.

From here on out then, this is the Carrie column (hopefully more Bradshaw than Stephen King). Like a 55 year old man on Omegle I will expose a more than you want to see of “private parts,” but like Omegle this magazine has a 16-25 year old-audience of <1, and they're only here to have a sneer with their mates. So I'll be honest I'm naked right now... you okay with that? ;)

“THE POINT IS, WHEN O WEEK WAS OVER MEEK TRIPS TO FIRST BASE BEHIND THE BUS SHELTER WERE QUICKLY AND EXPONENTIALLY TRUMPED.”

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GLITTER AND CLUDGE

IN WHICH I RIDE A BUSE

BY TESSA NADEN

HAVE YOU EVER HIDDEN AN OVERNIGHT bus? I have. Twice. In between two piss-ups and an AGM over four days, I rode one for twenty two hours combined. By hour three no matter how much you think you're Nicki Minaj, your ass is beyond numb. By hour five, no matter when you went

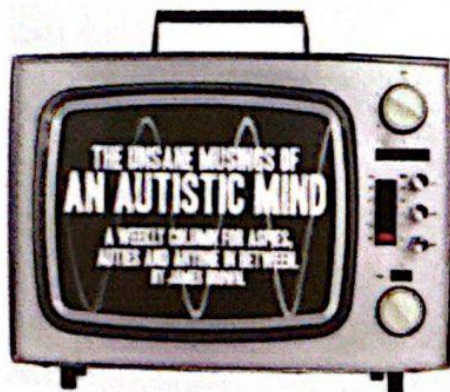
to sleep, you're awake and jiggling your ass, trying to get the blood flowing again so you can sit down and inflict that pain on your ass for another four hours because if you keep standing up you're going to fly through the double decker windscreen and into Huntly, which is worse than being run over, because you're stuck in fucking Huntly.

"I PROBABLY SHOULD'VE JUST LEFT THEM IN MY BAG TO FERMENT - THEN THEY WOULD'VE BEEN SHAREABLE"

Also I bought nearly a kilo of grapes to share, and surprise, people don't want to eat tons of grapes. So I ate tons of grapes. I'm pretty sure I was at least 25% grape, per kilo, given I ate over 300 grams of grapes on one bus trip. I never want to eat grapes again. I threw them out too early and I probably should've just left them in my bag to ferment - then they would've been shareable.

So apart from numb butts and a grape overdose, what else was bad? Well, I left my passport on the bus and had to run after it. That was embarrassing. Or the experience I had with the claustrophobic toilet that had a bizarre flushing mechanism and my boobs kept setting off the hand dryer when I tried to take a dump. And the stale warm breeze, let me tell you that. And then there is trying to sleep - have you ever tried to sleep on a hard leather bus chair? WELL NOW YOU KNOW. Can't stretch your legs without blocking the aisle. Can't cuddle up to the window without banging your head. Can't sleep sitting, ass is numb. There are a LOT of problems with buses. My ass STILL hurts from all that bus malarkey, and I'm pretty sure I overdosed on antihistamines. Overnight buses are a bad idea, yet they're just so convenient.

Next time, I'll bring a fold out bed and just set it up on the bus, I think. That way, when I do fly into Huntly at speed, at least I'll have a bed with me.



UNSANE MUSINGS

WHILE I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO OFFER insightful and yet hopefully vaguely humorous commentary on the issues around us, I have neglected my roots as someone who just wrote shit for the hell of it, not caring who would read it, just pleasing himself. And so for one issue (Because I literally have no idea what to write this week) I'll go back to my old self, talk about shit no-one cares about and fill some space in this magazine.

BOOK REVIEW: SLEEPING BEAUTY SERIES BY ANNE RICE

The success of *50 Shades of Grey* has been called by many on the internet as "the worst porno novel to get some level of mainstream success", that it "glorifies BDSM and is about as anti-feminist as it comes." Those who believe this should read Anne Rice's own trilo-

gy of porno books. Or rather they shouldn't. In fact nobody should. If you thought the *50 Shades* trilogy was bad, then strap in, because I'm about to show you something that is far, far worse. I still wonder why I read these things, and how they prove I'm never going to get laid.

So the first story *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* is a retelling of the old Sleeping Beauty story, only done by someone with a deeply twisted and disturbed mind. It opens with Sleeping Beauty being found, stripped naked and raped by Prince before she even wakes up. Yeah. And she never gets her clothes back. Ever. She spends the whole book, and the next one, and the next one, stark bonkers naked (and from here on book one has smacking, raping, nude walks of shame and Beauty being used as a penis holder seemingly by every man in the kingdom). And women aren't alone in that department, with a particularly engaging story by a man slave who gleefully describes in far too much detail about all the exotic items that have been in and out of his arse, which makes it sound like his anus is the central terminus of the universe which everything has passed through at some point. I wish I was making this up.

Then we get to book two, *Beauty's Punishment* (as if we didn't have enough fucking punishment in the first one), she is sent to a village as a slave, where she is forced into back-breaking labour of the sexual kind, where she gets raped by literally everyone

and their dog. This has even less story than the first one, and ends with, Beauty being captured by the men of a fictional Arabian Sultanate (because we need racism on top of sexism and misogyny), and sent to be a slave in his lands. Oh no! Being physically abused by her own people was bad enough, but now she has to be physically abused in exactly the same manner by swarthy foreigners!

So we reach the final book, *Beauty's Release* (I wish). And what do we have? Well, more rape and beatings and sodomy! And it has genital mutilation as well, because it seems that after I saw Antichrist on my first ever date with a girl (another reason I'm never going to have sex as long as I live) that particular thing just follows me around now. In the book we learn that women who have undergone the 'cutting of the rose' (the excision of the clitoris and vaginal lips, practised in ancient patriarchal societies to put a dampener on female sexuality) can still have orgasms if they try really hard. And it ends with Beauty freed and sent home to be raped some more back in her country.

Do I have to say anything about these pieces of shit? What can I say that hasn't already been covered above? Is there anything that can be said? They're sexist, racist, misogynistic, they make *50 Shades* look like *The Lord of the Rings*, writing wise. I've had to stomach these fucking pieces of trash, I hope none of you ever have to.

Break's over, back to serious business.

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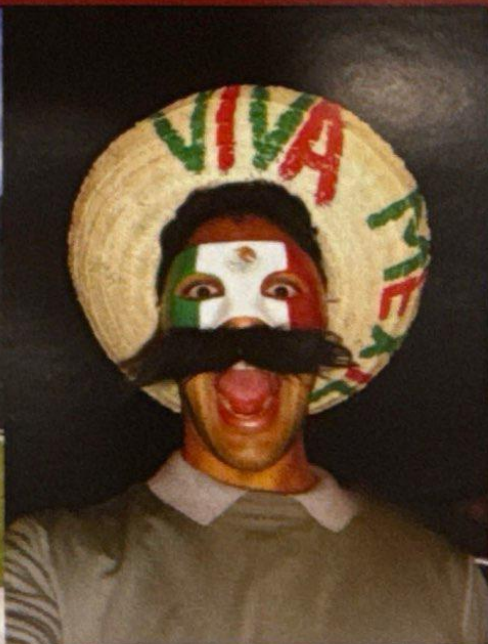
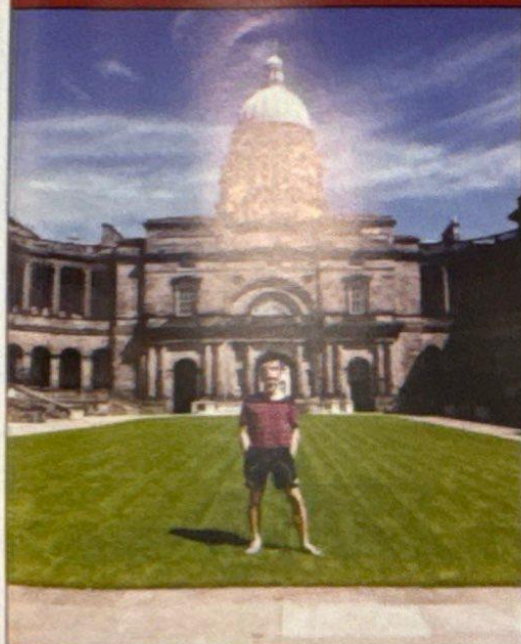
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WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON
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IS IN HIS SYSTEM.



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CAN TELEPORT
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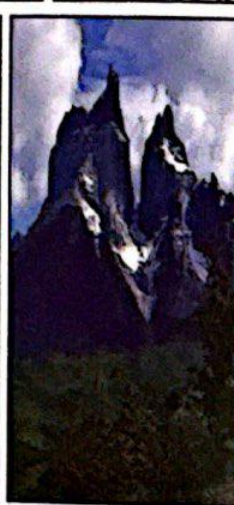
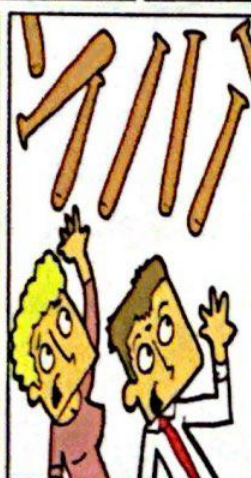
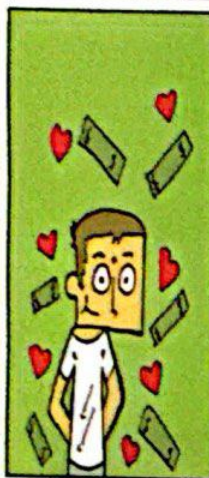
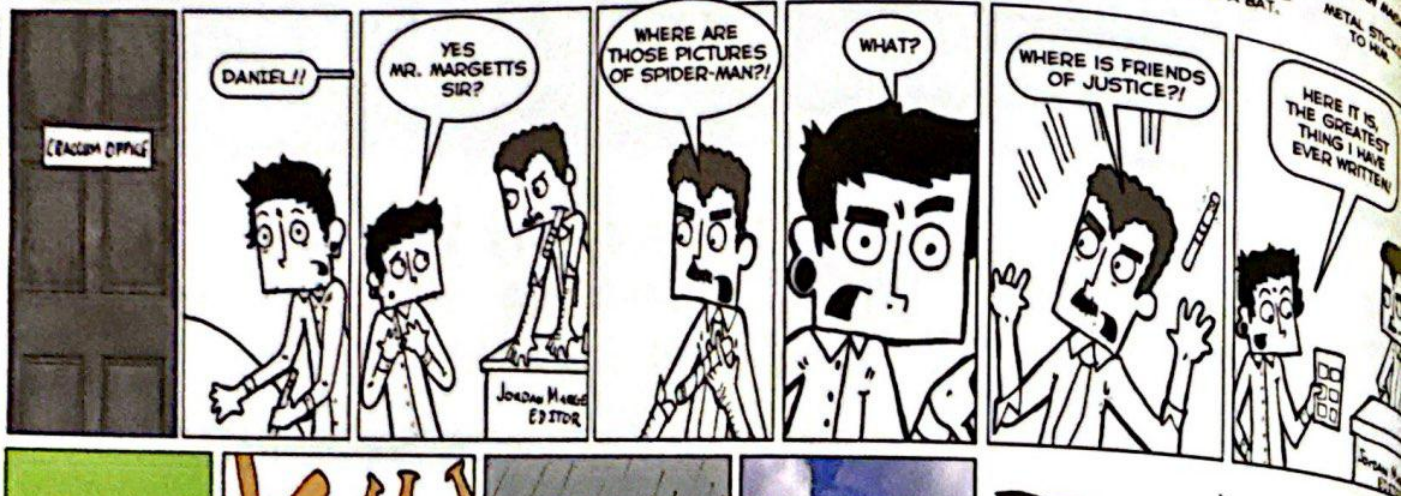
ACHILLESHEEL:
GREEK GOD
OF MENOPAUSE.



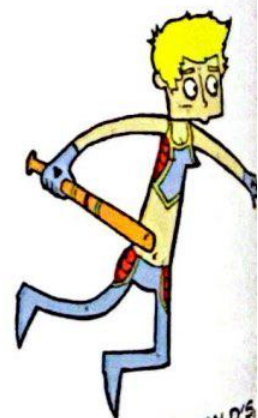
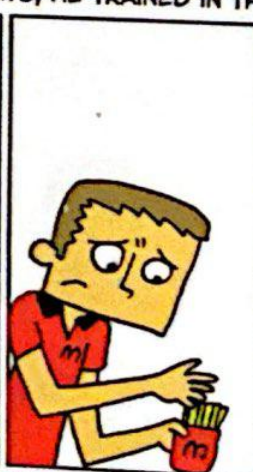
HOME RUN:
BEATS PEOPLE
WITH A BAT.



THE HUMAN METAL STICK:
TO HUR.



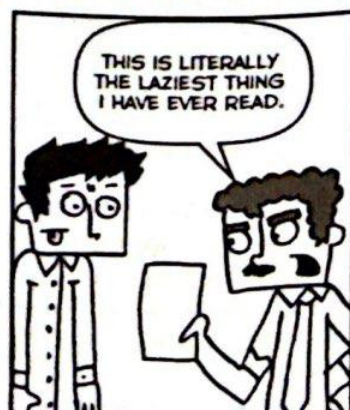
WAYNE BRUCE WAS A YOUNG KID, A CHILD FROM WEALTH. BUT WHEN HIS PARENTS WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY A PILE OF BASEBALL BATS, HE TRAINED IN THE ANDES TO BECOME BAT-MAN! FIGHTING CRIME IN HIS PARENT'S MEMOIR.



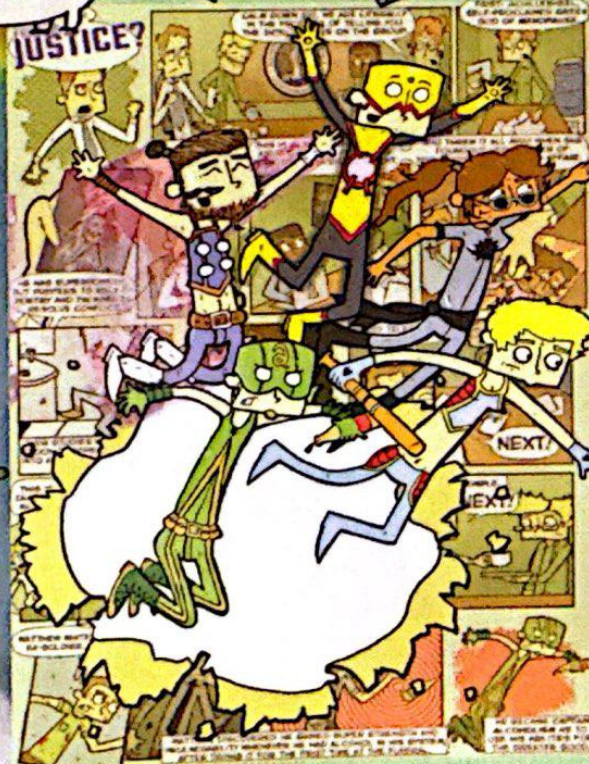
THAT WAS UNTIL HE WAS SUED FOR COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT AND WAS LEFT BROKE, WORKING AT MC DONALD'S GROWING OLD AND MISERABLE WITH NO PURPOSE. THAT WAS UNTIL HE SAW HOMERUN ON THE NEWS.



HE LOST IT, THINKING SHE HAD CLAIMED HIS IMAGE, BECAME THE BAD BALLER, A VILLAIN INTENT ON DESTROYING HOMERUN!



NEXT WEEK
DAYS OF FUTURE PAYOT



RETURN TO THE KINGS

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HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

BY ANA HARRIS

I SPENT THE SUMMER IN WELLINGTON; a cold, windy city where I knew very few people. One night, I found myself the willing participant of an emotional-porn watching spree. Beginning on Youtube with the classic 'watch a monkey cuddle a puppy, you won't believe what happens next!', I followed link after link until I came across 'Give Back Films', a channel dedicated to capturing good deeds on camera and posting them online in the hope that viewers will be inspired to go out and create positive change in their communities. The first video in the series follows a college kid going around town handing out \$100 to homeless people in Salt Lake City. Perhaps my sense of homesickness exacerbated my already eyebrow-raising tendency towards sappiness (I've been known to tear up at the sad bits in sitcoms on occasion), but I was touched both by the selflessness of giving to strangers in need, as well as the overwhelming gratitude expressed by the receivers.

I was also deeply disgusted. There is something problematic about privileged people sitting down in the comfort of their own homes to watch self-congratulatory videos of those left behind by society being thrown a few scraps. I suspect it does more to appease the guilt of the giver than anything else, and though a one-off act of kindness is better than none at all, handing out a wad of banknotes does nothing to provide a lasting solution for the recipient, let alone the homeless community at large. Videos like these are an outlet for voyeuristic types like me to assure myself that at least the fact I'm watching and feeling sympathetic shows I care, before I promptly move on with my evening and spend \$30 on takeaways because, much like every other night, I'm too lazy to cook dinner.

As I gobbled delicious Pad Thai beside the dim blue light of Facebook, I mused on the rampant problem of homelessness in Amer-

ica. Poor souls, I thought between bites. At least it's not like that here in New Zealand, where we have a broader safety net of social welfare to ensure that everyone has access to basic needs. I felt full and content, perhaps even a tiny bit patriotic, before returning to the noble pastime of watching cute animal videos ('Slow Loris Loves Being Tickled' is a personal favourite).

"THERE IS SOMETHING PROBLEMATIC ABOUT PRIVILEGED PEOPLE SITTING DOWN IN THE COMFORT OF THEIR OWN HOMES TO WATCH SELF-CONGRATULATORY VIDEOS OF THOSE LEFT BEHIND BY SOCIETY BEING THROWN A FEW SCRAPS."

The next morning I begrudgingly rolled from my bed and looked out the window at the horizontal rain lashing against my window. I opted for a coat and boots before bowing my head against Wellington's twisted notion of summer and trudging to the office I was interning at over the break. As I counted the small change in my wallet to see if I had enough shrapnel to purchase a takeaway coffee, I noticed an old woman huddled under the awning of a shop sheltering from the rain. She held a cardboard sign that read:

"Homeless. Can you give me a job? Wanting work and have experience as a bus driver, your help is much appreciated".

I paused for a moment, the small change

burning a hole in my pocket. Then I thought of John Key and reminded myself, 'hands up, not handouts'. I purchased a latte and shuffled on so that I could start my day carrying out legal research for Big Tobacco.

As it turns out, the list of what cigarette companies can and can't put on their packaging is extremely long and rather dull. On a whim, I decided to Google 'Homelessness in New Zealand'.

I discovered that roughly 1 out of 120 people in New Zealand are homeless, a term that requires some explanation as it turns out. 'Homelessness' is a loaded word burdened by the provocative stereotype of someone sleeping on the street — also referred to as 'sleeping rough'. The term fails to account for those that may technically have a roof over their head, but are missing some of the core dimensions of housing adequacy: habitability, privacy and control, and security of tenure. Statistics New Zealand describes the problem as 'severe housing deprivation', which means not being able to access a dwelling to rent (let alone buy). Individuals suffering from severe housing deprivation may, for instance, sleep in cars or garages, or rely on extended family members to give them a bed but have no fixed abode of their own. Studies done in 2004 and 2006 revealed that people who fall into this category were predominantly young adults, members of ethnic minorities, and either part of sole-parent families or not accompanied by families at all. Perhaps most shocking of all is that 49 percent of such individuals were working, studying, or both, but did not have enough resources to obtain a minimally adequate home for themselves or their families.

Wait, what?

This doesn't exactly fit my optimistic (read naïve) view of New Zealand as a little social utopia chugging away at the bottom of the

world. Sure, we have our share of problems but I have always liked to believe that on a comparative scale we do pretty well in ensuring that no one is forced into homelessness.

I think back to the lady hunched over in the rain, "wanting work, your help is much appreciated".

I have never subscribed to the view that homeless people are all just lazy dole bludgers who don't want to get jobs. It seems obvious that if someone has had an unfortunate start in life — whether it's going to school without breakfast every day so that they're too hungry to learn, or perhaps rarely being sent to school at all because their parents have mental health problems or are neglectful — then you really can't compare them to someone who has had access to three meals a day every day of their life and went to Kristin for high school. Judging the former for failing to pursue a career as a lawyer, a doctor, or even a cleaner is missing the point entirely. If you are neglected as a child and don't get to eat every day, it's very difficult to learn — especially if your role models have limited education themselves and don't understand how to help you get ahead in the school system. And to blame parents for this is not only callous, it's ignorant because in all likelihood they will have had a similar experience themselves.

To avoid making this article just a sad leftie lament with no broader purpose, I'd like to discuss the main causes of homelessness in New Zealand, and what can be done to solve the problem. There are a number of factors that increase the likelihood of becoming and remaining homeless. A recent Parliamentary Library Research Paper cited lack of affordable accommodation, poverty and unemployment, mental health issues, alcohol, drug and gambling addictions, and emotional health and trauma as key reasons for homelessness. In particular, childhood abuse, family breakdowns or instability, foster care, frequent moving, institutional care and parental death are among the sorts of traumatic events that make up the life experiences of many homeless New Zealanders.

Convictions and imprisonment are another common factor, as well as a lack of appropriate support following release. Perhaps understandably, employers are often reluctant to take on someone with a criminal history. However, individuals convicted of, say, drug or property related offences (often linked to poverty in the first place), are further marginalised by being turned down from jobs, especially when compounded with the various other difficulties they face attempting to integrate back into the community.

Mental and physical health problems are also

extremely common among the homeless. Those living without shelter are susceptible to severe issues such as poor dental and foot health, sexually transmitted diseases, venereal disease, liver disease, pneumonia, skin diseases, malnutrition, and undernutrition. Barriers to accessing medical care include the stigma of homelessness that discourages individuals to access mainstream services. The daily focus on survival can preclude seeking medical attention until problems become extreme. Vulnerability to assault and injury is yet another thing to add to this list.

"49 PERCENT OF SUCH INDIVIDUALS WERE WORKING, STUDYING, OR BOTH, BUT DID NOT HAVE ENOUGH RESOURCES TO OBTAIN A MINIMALLY ADEQUATE HOME FOR THEMSELVES OR THEIR FAMILIES"

Personal hygiene is particularly challenging given the lack of regular access to showers, washing machines, and storage for personal belongings. Ladies, imagine being homeless and dealing with menstruation each month. While some homeless women may receive an unemployment benefit, affording pads and tampons would still be a major hassle amidst the costs of food, transport, and shelter.

Mental health problems are something which can be both a cause and a symptom of homelessness. Homeless people are frequently overburdened with issues such as mood disorders and major depression. Such problems may raise the risk of homelessness for some, whereas the stress and hardship of having no adequate shelter increases the likelihood of developing a mental illness for others. In 2013, the Christchurch City Mission estimated that about one quarter of their visitors suffered from some kind of mental health problem. This is unsurprising when you consider the way in which disaffiliation from both family and community would inevitably impact on a person's self-esteem and sense of identity.

This stuff is all horrible and upsetting. So what can be done? Is tackling homelessness something best left to charity and the kindness of individuals? Quite aside from the risk that giving someone money on the

street may end up fuelling their drug or alcohol addiction (how many homeless people do you know of whom you could assist this without a doubt?), it doesn't provide a lasting solution or address the root causes. Buying someone's lunch for a day is admirable and compassionate, but they'll still be homeless tomorrow.

This is simply unacceptable. What we need is a state sponsored solution that seeks to eradicate the causes of homelessness rather than merely addressing the symptoms. The government needs to improve policy, planning, prevention, and early intervention in order to create long-term solutions. We need collaboration between regional agencies, local agencies, and Tangata Whenua concerned with homelessness to collaboratively develop and implement strategies that are culturally appropriate, while looking to successful local and overseas models to facilitate this. We need to increase knowledge of the social groups most at risk, and implement early intervention programmes targeting family/whānau mediation and tenancy facilitation accordingly. Transitional and emergency accommodation needs to increase to reflect demand and gaps in provision in a manner that addresses identified needs. For instance, young homeless people are sometimes turned away from the Auckland City Mission because priority is given to older visitors. Policies that enable better access to accommodation for mental health consumers, Māori, and at risk groups in the private sector would also be welcomed. These processes will inevitably be long and slow, but one hundred percent worth it if it means that eventually no New Zealander needs to go without adequate shelter.

And if we can't be part of the practical solution through seeking employment in policy, joining advocacy groups, or using our vote to support political parties that care about these issues, shouldn't we at least pay people the courtesy of not presuming to know exactly what their motives and life history are without bothering to give them the time of day? Or is there just not enough room in our circle of empathy for the homeless?

True, homeless people are scary. Some of them don't smell great. The worst is when they call out to you for spare change, even though pulling out your mobile phone and averting your gaze is a clear sign that you're a busy, important person with no patience for being stopped on the street by strangers (unless they are just tourists wanting directions, those ones are usually the safe kind of strangers — we have more shared experiences with those people). I for one am more comfortable remaining unchallenged and warm in the comfort of my own home watching *Shane Loris Loves Being Ticked*.



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NEW ZEALAND AND CLIMATE CHANGE: PUNCHING BELOW OUR WEIGHT

THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS OF A YOUTH WHO ATTENDED A UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE ON CLIMATE CHANGE THROUGH THE AOTEAROA YOUTH LEADERSHIP INSTITUTE.

BY DEWY SACAYAN

Prior to attending the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC), better known as the Kyoto Protocol, in Peru, I thought that I was going to have an easy time representing a country that is known to be clean and green. I was wrong.

Contrary to popular perceptions, New Zealand actually has one of the worst rates of greenhouse gas emissions. What's more, our leaders have heartbreakingly committed far less than they're capable of when it comes to tackling climate change, meaning that our future children can say hello to extreme weather and drought, thanks to the New Zealand government.

Much like clichéd high school groups where you become cool if you're part of the clique, New Zealand is a member of the Umbrella Group, a collective of rich countries who claim to give their best efforts whilst actually doing the least. New Zealand likes to convey that it is doing its fair share when, in fact, its emissions have increased by 25% since 1990 and its contributions to the Green Climate Fund are two times less than Colombia — a third world country. Awkward.

Despite these disappointments, civil society continues to give the government grief. For example, the Coal Action Network Aotearoa recently put on a strong demonstration, asking Ministers to stop burying their heads in the sand and start looking at the realities of climate change. Another instance was when a member of the New Zealand Youth Delegation, Maddie Little, kicked up a fuss during a meeting at COP20; she offered her condolences to Climate Change and Economic Minister Tim Groser for his loss of ambition. Complete with a bouquet of flowers and a consolidated sheet of what the government can and should do to alleviate climate change, the move was appropriately confrontational.

It is about time people realise that we live in a world where the existence of climate change is no longer scientifically questioned. The Earth's atmosphere retains the heat that is produced by the sun as well as greenhouse gases that are emitted by cars, animals, and the burning of fossil fuels for energy, which in turn make our climate warmer. In fact, senior fellows at Stanford University's Stanford Woods Institute for Environment, Noah Diffenbaugh and Chris Field, warn that at this rate climate change will occur ten times faster over the next century than any climate shift in the past 65 million years. No wonder many of our small island state neighbours are suffering from rising sea levels, drought, and extreme heat. All of these factors exacerbate the risk that these territories will one day find themselves part of the ocean floor.

What will happen to our neighbours when they lose their land, you might ask?

If the New Zealand government fails to ensure we remain within our target emissions, we will inevitably be required to accommodate citizens from neighbouring countries as environmental refugees. I am not saying that taking in refugees is bad, in fact I advocate the opposite. As an immigrant, I think that helping those in need and providing refugees a better and more secure future is vital. I feel more for those people who will lose their land, their connection with it, their families, and in all likelihood their cultural structures and practices.

New Zealand, a country that prides itself on being the leader of small states after winning a seat on the United Nations Security Council, must do more by committing to and implementing nationally determined target emissions as well as making decisions that prioritise the environment over economic gain.

Our government should incorporate youth perspectives in the decision-making process as we are essentially the stakeholders of the future. One way it could do this is by allowing young people to join the official New Zealand Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade delegation to United Nations conferences, such as the UNFCCC Conference of the Parties, as liaisons or advisers.

More importantly, the government should listen to the calls for change coming from civil society. 2015 is the last year countries will negotiate in the UNFCCC, and interested parties are more fired up than ever to put pressure on their governments to make policies that align with what future generations need: limiting emissions so that surface temperature will not rise by more than 2 degrees Celsius. As you read this, many campaigns from national climate action networks such as Generation Zero are brewing. Similarly, international climate working groups such as Fast for the Climate are also bringing together people from different corners of the world to engage in actions that aim to open the eyes of governments and ordinary people alike to the harsh and devastating realities of climate change in countries that have been affected and continue to suffer.

This year 190 countries will draft an agreement which determines whether we should expect a future with less extreme weather conditions. Even if they sign the agreement this will not be the sole answer to the climate issue. The reality that states prioritise their national interests first and has so far massively impeded international progress. What is certain is that communities and individuals need to all do their fair share in preventing climate change. My hope is for us all to live in a more eco-friendly way to ensure our children have a planet to call their own.

YARNS OVER THE YEARS

BY GEORGIA HARRIS

CRACUM WISHES TO COMMEMORATE ANZAC DAY, A NATIONAL HOLIDAY REMEMBERING THE TRAGIC EVENTS THAT HAPPENED AT GALLIPOLI IN 1915 AS WELL AS THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE SERVED IN THE ARMED FORCES. THE LAST KIWI VETERAN OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR, BRIGHT WILLIAMS, PASSED AWAY AT 105 YEARS OF AGE IN 2003. UDA STUDENT GEORGIA HARRIS DECIDED TO INTERVIEW HER GREAT GRANDFATHER, A VETERAN OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, FOR AN INSIGHT INTO HIS EXPERIENCES.



ALBERT ASHER IS A 98 YEAR OLD VETERAN of the Second World War and New Zealand welfare system. Born into a large family who couldn't afford to keep him, my Great Granddad spent his first 20 years in foster care. From there, he became a milk man, and just a few years later, joined the army where he spent four years in England, Syria, and Egypt.

I've just bought a voice recorder for interviews (yep, I'm one of those journalist wannabes), and can't think of a better person to start with than my Great Granddad. Unlike many others his age, Granddad is still all there. He's lucid, talkative, and has a wicked sense of humour.

**"DEATH WAS
SUDDEN AND
INDISCRIMINATE."**

Before we meet at the rest home where he lives, I get a piece of advice from my father on talking to him. "Make sure you give him lots of breaks. His voice gets sore and he probably won't tell you everything". Even while living in a rest home with a medicine dictated schedule ("a bloody nuisance"), he wants to give me the best interview possible.

When a lawnmower interrupts our conversation, he takes care of it. "Get out of here, you rowdy devil. My Granddaughter's trying to interview me for varsity and you're kicking up a fuss".

I soon give up asking questions due to his chronic deafness. He talks plenty anyway, giving me story after story of his time in the Second World War.

SCROUNGING TO SURVIVE

"1939, I volunteered".

"Why did you decide to go?" I ask.

"Oh I just wanted to do my bit".

Of his time in Tripoli unloading boats, he says, "the New Zealanders got a name for themselves. Freiberg — our General — and his 40,000 thieves. One for the officers and one for us. So we lived very well while we were there."

Times were not always so easy, though. He describes the trip down from Syria to Egypt, sitting on the back of a truck with kit bags, having to scrounge food all 1000 miles of the way.

"While we were actually in the desert each gun was independent for food. We used to have our own supplies and do our own cooking and everything. We ended up scrounging — you had to fend for yourself. You could buy a sparrow for sixpence."

He launches into another narrative, this time about his experience during apartheid in South Africa.

"They wouldn't let the Māori go ashore, until a general said he'd control the party that went with him. Once he got ashore he said 'you boys are too big for me, I can't control you', so they all took off. While I was there with the Māori at one of the big department stores, talking to the girls, they went 'oh' and cringed away from the Māori boys. They said 'no, no, keep away from us'. Being apartheid they weren't going to have anything to do with Māori. I said to them 'Look at that chap. I bet he's had better education than you, and he's a famous New Zealand pianist' And they said 'is that right? Do they speak English?'"

More than outraged, he seems amazed that people could think this way. I feel proud of him for challenging people's racist assumptions, even if it was just two department store girls.

My Great Grandfather is half Māori himself, so I asked if he'd experienced any racism in South Africa. He simply said that he'd stayed with some people in South Africa who were "lovely, but the mother was a little bit off, because she knew I had a bit of Māori blood".

TRENCHES AND DRESSING STATIONS

Injuries play a large part in his most shocking stories.

One time, the army commanders carelessly instructed the troops to place their guns in the middle of an open plane during the middle of the night. Next day, when the Germans flew around and saw the easy target, they dropped their bombs. He explains,

"The only ones that were killed were the ones that dived into the trenches. I was in another hold and got blown out of it. I didn't remember much about it, they told me about it later on".

"Those poor beggars in the trenches. It was a darn shame because this boy Peter put his age up to get into the army, he was only about 18".

In another instance, they were in the desert following the white tape through a minefield — the only safe way to do so — when they saw two big German tanks up ahead. Thinking they'd be safe reversing the way they came, they headed back. Unbeknownst to the driver, the back wheel was resting on a mine. A recurring theme starts to manifest itself.

"I don't remember anything more, next thing I was in the hospital".

Death was sudden and indiscriminate. Ross Williams, a close friend of my Grandfather's, was no exception. A broken nose resulted in Williams having to be taken out of the battlefield in an ambulance. The next day, after breaching the German line someone told Granddad "they're burying Ross Williams over there", to which he said "don't be silly, he's only got a broken nose".

Evidently rules of war went unheeded in many cases, it turned out he'd been killed in the ambulance.

"The thing is, same time, General Freiberg, whether the Germans knew it or not, he was wounded too and was going out in the ambulance".

Ross Williams' memory lives on as my Great Uncle's namesake. I ask whether any of his army friends are still around today.

"I don't think so. I watch the papers [obituaries] all the time. There wouldn't be any of my guns. That's the trouble with getting old — you lose all your friends".

My Granddad contemplates more of the illegal tactics Germans used in war, one of which included torpedoing the New Zealand hospital base.

"They did diabolical things like exploding chocolate and exploding pens... you daren't kick anything in the desert. Kiwis have got a bad habit of kicking everything they see, you know playing football. The Germans got onto it, they booby trapped everything that was around. You'd rush underneath something for shelter and it'd blow up on you. You had to be very careful".

HUMANITY PREVAILS

Christmas morning off the coast of Sierra Leone brought an armed raid attack. When I compared this to the popular story of German and English soldiers playing football on during the first world war, and how the

"THEY DID DIABOLICAL THINGS LIKE EXPLODING CHOCOLATE AND EXPLODING PENS... YOU DAREN'T KICK ANYTHING IN THE DESERT."

reality was a lot harsher, I was impressed to hear his lack of bitterness towards the 'enemy'.

"The soldiers, they don't want to fight. When I was in the desert, I was a guard for a truckload of Germans, taking them in from the desert into the prisoner of war camp. And they'd bring out their photos — one gave me a photo of his wife and kids."

"Nobody wanted to fight. I've got a leaflet there that they dropped over our lines, saying 'Men of New Zealand, what are you fighting for?' They dropped it in the wrong place, we happened to find it by mistake".

He goes on to talk about the 900 German prisoners of war on board the boat back to New Zealand getting dropped off at American camps along the way.

"We used to have concerts on the ship coming home. They'd come up the stairway, and sing. Beautiful voices, the Germans — everyone would stop and listen to them".

Of his many medals, he is modest.

"Oh they just give them to you for anything. They're just for service, you know".

I ask about ANZAC Day and what significance it should have to us all today. I am met with a puzzled, "You think they should celebrate ANZAC Day more, do you?"

I explain that it feels like a day that largely goes ignored — by young people especially. His reply is sobering.

"In a way, it brings back the memories. Even at night sometimes, it comes. You can't get away from it, what you go through. You see people killed and all that sort of thing. Things I've seen at the dressing station".

He describes the gory removal of shrapnel from his leg. When he "screamed blue murder", he was told "you got nothing to moan about". When he asked why, he was directed to the advanced dressing station where he saw a man who "had his whole stomach ripped open with this shell casing". The Germans were "outside moaning their heads off because they weren't being attended to; we had to attend to the New Zealanders first".

It seems he associates little glory with the war, and understandably so.

NEAR ESCAPES

The folly of commanders is at times breathtaking. According to Granddad, one initiative involved three men forming a 'tank hunter' crew. The idea was that one man would sneak up on a tank with a crowbar and put it in the tank tracks to stop it moving, another would cover the tank crew with a Bren gun, while the other threw a 'sticky bomb' up against the tank where it would explode.

"Ohh suicide. And I volunteered for it!"

Throughout the war, Granddad was always the Bren gunner, nicknamed the 'ak ak' because of the aircraft they had to shoot at. He

"NOBODY WANTED TO FIGHT. I'VE GOT A LEAFLET THERE THAT THEY DROPPED OVER OUR LINES, SAYING 'MEN OF NEW ZEALAND, WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR?'"

was good at his job.

"You can take your Bren gun to pieces and put it together with your eyes shut".

On the last boat trip out of Syria with room for only a few more, Albert climbed over nets to get aboard, Bren gun and all. When a soldier told him "throw that thing away, you don't need it anymore," Granddad replied, "look I've carried it this far and I'm going to keep it now".

The number of near death experiences my ancestor has had is astonishing. He describes one such instance, "When we were leaving Syria... the Germans were picking off everything because the sky was clear. But when we were moving up from the mountains, the clouds came down and covered us as we

headed out. Margaret (my Grandmother) always says it was an act of God. Alright, it could be, too".

Whatever it was, I'm glad that he came home. It's eerie to think that my whole family and I wouldn't be here if he hadn't. I enquire what it was like to come back home to New Zealand.

I am told how they were at base camp out by the pyramids (the pyramids! Despite the horrors of war, I'm still jealous of all the places he got to travel), and the reinforcements who'd just arrived from New Zealand were in a mess parade. On hearing the phone ring while out on the parade, Albert rushed in to answer it. The person on the other end wanted to speak to him.

"Asher?"

"Speaking".

"Right. Be over here in 10 minutes with all your gear mate, you're going home".

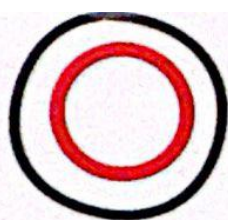
So he walked down to the troops and said, "I don't know who's capable here, but I'm off. I always wondered what happened to those troops".

Despite seeing some truly atrocious things in the war, my Granddad has many more positive stories to tell than the negative ones that I've focused on here for the sake of ANZAC Day. In amongst the fighting, there was a strong sense of camaraderie in the troops and numerous "funny episodes" that almost made the war seem like a hoot. Almost.

He was married within a few months of being back in New Zealand to his wife Beth, and had a "very nice time" with her. Together they raised two children, and lived for 48 years in Mt Albert, with Granddad working as a silversmith. Recounting what it was like to live through the Depression, he tells me he bought his house in a day, with a deposit of only 10 pounds.

No one can deny that Albert Asher knows how to spin a yarn, and I will definitely have to go back to undertake some more family history research. Great Granddad has aged well, still driving and gardening, with Fluffy the cat to keep him company. Falls set him back sometimes, and he can't go to the rest home social outings because of his medicine's constricting schedule. His choice of words to me about the discrimination he faced as a welfare boy stay with me:

"You didn't dare open your mouth, you know. Nobody believed you. But here I am. I've got a memory. I can remember".



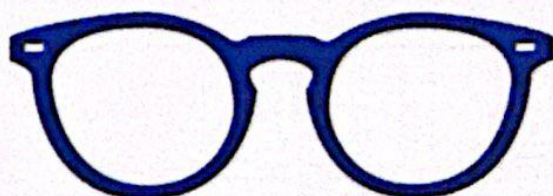
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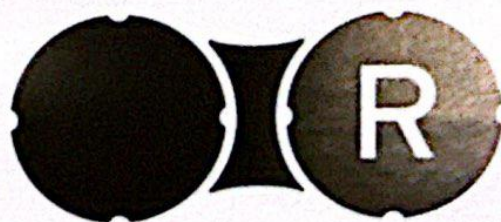
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WHY BOTHER CARING ABOUT AUSA?

AUSA probably has a pretty big impact on you while you're studying. AUSA owns your student bar, radio, magazine and bookshop. It runs your O-Week, your ball, your entertainment throughout the year. It is your student voice the whole

way throughout the system – from class reps to University Council members. It gives you free food when you're struggling to fill the pantry. It helps decide how much money your club gets in grants. It gives you free advice on academic, employment and flatting complaints. It organises blood drives, Pride Weeks, SHAG Weeks, markets, BBQs, worm farms.

SO WHO RUNS THIS PLACE?

Well exactly! Students run it, and students run it mostly for free. That's right, you get all these services, run by students for students, at no cost to you (unless you gave us a gold coin for a diary).

Each year, we need new students to run the show. Students who are prepared to put up with all the harassment while they run for election in order to win a position in which they work for you! Importantly, those people could be you.

RUN FOR ELECTION!

So this is where you come in! We need great candidates to run for our roles. At the moment, nominations are open for the new AUSA Treasurer and a Women's Rights Officer or two. Being involved in AUSA is a great experience. You get real, hands-on experience in an organisation with a turnover of more than \$1 million, right here on campus.

Winning a place on the AUSA Executive puts you in a whole new environment. You are accountable to students, to those who elected you. And you are in a self-driven and rewarding role. You set yourself goals, and you get to implement your own new ideas. You are exposed to many students every day, learning new viewpoints and getting feedback on how you have helped other students.

Plus, if you win the Treasurer role, you are rewarded with an honorarium each week. In addition, both the Treasurer and the Women's Rights Officers (fondly known as the WROs), get offices on campus.

Nominations close this Thursday the 23rd of April at 3pm. Read more about the vacant roles at www.ausa.org.nz, and pick up a nomination form from AUSA Reception.

... OR AT LEAST SHOW UP AND VOTE.

If running for a role doesn't sound like you, then at least remember to vote! The students who win election have an influence over AUSA and your life at uni, so make sure you use your vote to hold them accountable and make sure the right people win the job.

Nominations close Thursday 23rd of April at 3pm. Voting opens the second week back from the holidays – make sure you head to the Quad or a voting booth near you to have your say.

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

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

SHAG

WEEK

SEXUAL HEALTH AWARENESS AND GUIDANCE ON CAMPUS

Movie Screening:
How to Survive a Plague
Above the Quad 6:30pm
Thursday 23rd April

HIV in New Zealand
presented by Michael Stevens
Above the Quad 5pm
Thursday 23rd April

The Great
SEX Quiz
Shadows 6:30pm
Friday 24th April

COLLECT YOUR



BAG

FROM THE QUAD
THURSDAY 23RD
OR FRIDAY 24TH



AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

WHO DO YOU THINK DESERVES A SEAT ON THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND COUNCIL?

BY AUSA

THROUGHOUT 2014, AUSA AND OTHERS INVOLVED in the tertiary education sector devoted a lot of energy to fighting the changes proposed in the Education Amendment Bill (No 2). Unfortunately, the effort was for naught. Despite overwhelming opposition throughout the year (including nearly 2000 submissions to the Select Committee, only one of which was in favour), Parliament passed the Bill into legislation on February 10.

The Bill makes a number of major changes to the composition of university councils, the highest governing boards of universities. Most importantly:

- Councils decrease in size to 8-12 members
- Four members are to be appointed by the Minister
- Specific representative requirements are removed, removing the guaranteed rights of students and staff to seats

• All university and wānanga councils will be required to have at least one Māori member.

This marks a change from the larger, more representative councils we are used to. Currently, the University of Auckland Council has 18 members, five of which are staff members, two of which are elected students, and three of which are elected alumni. Under the new legislation, none of these groups have guaranteed seats on councils. It also marks a change from best practice in top universities around the world, Oxford features a representative council with 30 members, MIT a council of 72.

WHERE NEXT?

Now that the changes have passed, the University of Auckland Council itself has wide discretion in creating a new constitution that will dictate its membership. Of the up to twelve places on the new council, four are occupied by Ministerial appointees. The remaining spots are free for the council to decide what should be done with them.

The Council must write a new constitution to be given to the Minister for approval. This will state how the remaining spots will be allocated, and how members will be appointed. Will they be staff? Students? Complete unknowns? Appointed by the VC? It all relies on the constitution.

This is **your** chance to have a say on who those seats should belong to. The Council is currently taking submissions on what the Constitution should include. You can contribute by writing your own submission and emailing it to councilconsultation@auckland.ac.nz.

STOP THE FORCED CLOSURE OF ABORIGINAL COMMUNITIES!

SPEECHES • BANNERS • FUND RAISER BAKESALE
IN THE QUAD • 22ND APRIL • 1.30PM

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF AUSTRALIA (Tony Abbott) has backed the Western Australian Government's plan to close up to 150 remote aboriginal communities by shutting off power and water. This is simply a case of history repeating itself. Aboriginal communities have suffered greatly at the hands of British colonisation and the racist policies that came in tow. To shut off power and water to today's communities is a step backwards that will cause both displacement

and devastation.

Come and SHOWYOUR SUPPORT in the Quad on Wednesday at 1.30pm to say NO to forced closures. There will be speeches, banners, and a bakesale to raise money from Aboriginal Legal Services: an organisation that works with aboriginal communities on legal projects. ALS are also facing governmental funding cuts.

SEE YOU THERE.

ac.nz

AUSA

AUSA is trying to make contribution easy for you, so you can also fill out our survey online. This survey asks for your thoughts on council composition, so we can present a student view to council. Your voice matters, and it will help to decide who gets a voice in future. Fill out the survey at www.ausa.org.nz, from our Facebook page, or from our recent members' email.

AUSA PRESENTS: SHAG WEEK

SO YOU MIGHT KNOW YOUR MISSIONARY from you reverse cowgirl, but it takes more than that to be a sexpert! Do you know how and where to get an STI test? Can you tell the difference between the symptoms of chlamydia and gonorrhoea? (let alone spell them...) Do you know how frequently university students experience unplanned pregnancies? Do you know how many New Zealanders experience sexual violence?

Sexuality is an integral part of being a human, however you define yourself, and a healthy attitude to sex can contribute to an overall sense of wellbeing. But sex and sexual health can be confusing!

That's where SHAG WEEK comes in.

SHAG WEEK (or Sexual Health and Guidance Week) is about promoting positive attitudes towards sex and raising awareness of all aspects of sexual health. Get involved and remember, that a good SHAG is a SAFE shag.

Okay, so we're being cheeky and it's not really a week... But it is a great two days, and we're more than happy for you to practice safe sex all week!

Collect your SHAG BAG from the Quad Thursday 23rd or Friday 24th

HIV in New Zealand
presented by Michael Stevens
Above the Quad 5pm
Thursday 23rd April

Movie Screening:
How to Survive a Plague
Above the Quad 6:30pm
Thursday 23rd April

The Great SEX Quiz
Shadows 6:30pm
Friday 24th April

THE HOLY TRINITY

BY SAM BROTHERS

SLEEP, GRADES, SOCIAL LIFE. CHOOSE TWO. Heart-breakingly easy, brutally simple, yet nonetheless the bane of my tertiary career. Let us discuss.

SLEEP

A scientific mystery which also happens to be a global phenomenon, sleep is just one of those darned things we have all been signed up for. Sleep means we recharge our batteries on a daily basis, as well as hone our elementary arithmetic every night by engaging in the rough pencil calculations for how little respite we will get to enjoy. Empirical studies have shown that our beds become 300% more comfortable in the morning, with an additional 50% spike if your alarm clock is going off. Fondly recognised as the hardest goodbye and the warmest hello, our relationship with the bed is a turbulent one. This comes as a highly recommended option.

GRADES

5 years, 3 letters, and one number to rule them all. This is your GPA. Welcome this devil into your mind: he will accompany you over the entirety of your degree as well as into the immediate future called 'graduation' where the term 'future' feels less immediate and more imaginary. Much akin to your last spousal partner, you must court your GPA consistently throughout the year in order to maintain the peace and avoid a meltdown. No matter how fantastic a fleeting flourish of frenzied study-

ing, your GPA knows what you did last semester and will not be quick to let you forget. As the adage goes: keep your friends close, and your enemies closer. This option bears long term benefits but short term tribulations.

SOCIAL LIFE

Pucker up, pretty boy, for statistics tell us that 70% of graduates will end up marrying someone that they met at University. This means

you better shine your shoes, finish that thesis, and put your best foot forward at the next stein. There are friends to be made, laughs to be shared, and bad decisions to wake up next to. A quintessential part of your University experience, tread carefully in this domain. This option is addictive and, on occasion, destructive. NB: The rush can be overwhelming, and before you know it you've transferred down to Otago to pursue a Bachelor's in 'banta'.



UN-HASHTAGGED HEROES

BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

WE LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE A NEW superfood is frequently elevated from a sort of hippie or ancient-South-American-civilisation obscurity, making Auckland foodies and the #cleaneats and #fitnesslans (definitely not hating as I'd consider myself among their ranks) salivate and purchase it to add to their morning smoothies.

The Internet is oversaturated with foodie blogs awash with café reviews and recipes for cauliflower crust pizza. I've been known to snap a photo before taking that first mouthful of a particularly decadent, superfood-y or beautifully-presented dish.

Food is fun but it's also just functional. The desire for delicious and healthy food experiences can make inexpensive, humble staples seem downright dull in our pursuit of endless cul-

nary extravaganzas that are also GF, DF, V, paleo, whole foods or any combination of these, complete with a sprinkle of edible flowers, spare a thought for the hardworking underdogs of the pantry, the unsung food heroes, the underappreciated ingredients that don't quite make it to the well-lit, carefully-positioned snaps on Instagram. They have filled bellies for millennia and make for perfect student-friendly cheap meals.

Sardines, that lowly source of (but actually extremely high in) omega 3 may not be as appetising as salmon — eagerly greeting you with their pungent odour upon opening the tin — but they pack a nutritional punch. Cabbage, when not fermented into the superfood sauerkraut, or shredded and dressed in a slaw, can induce some palatal boredom. But it's versatile, sulphurous, a nutritional powerhouse and extremely cheap. Trans-seasonal silverbeet, similarly, doesn't receive the same praise as other leafy greens. In a reversal of roles, they've become the poor cousins of kale (fit only for livestock in decades past). I can't think of anyone who gets excited about cabbage and beans but they're tried and test-

ed staples. Kidney, cannellini, black, garbanzo, butter — endless varieties and endless options. Whatever your mood, there's a bean for you! The underrated pea often strikes me as an afterthought — chucked into a risotto or mixed through mince to bulk it up. On the note, cooking up a batch of versatile savoury mince is an investment in a week's worth of cheap uni lunches.

These are just a handful of the unsung food heroes. Not as Instagram famous but they're dependable and always have your back health-wise if you ever find yourself in the unenviable position of choosing between filling up your car and buying Little Bird's \$16.90 granola.

With health-consciousness on the rise, exciting new superfoods, lifestyle movements and the abundance of clean-eating joints are surely a positive thing, encouraging people to eat well and live well. While trendy superfoods can make health fun, if my budget doesn't stretch that far I'll try to have more appreciation for enduring eats that love me for me, not my bank account. After all, it's just food, 'super' or not.

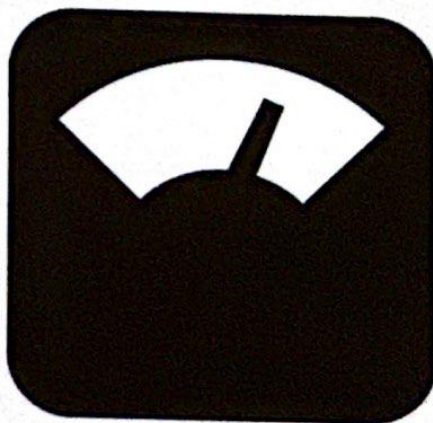
WHY I DON'T WEIGH MYSELF

BY CARLA BONIOLO

I AM 163CM TALL. HOW OFTEN DO I THINK about that number? Hardly ever. I have been alive for almost 22 years. Does that number define me and reflect the value I add to society? Absolutely not. Numbers are arbitrary forms of measurement that are used to quantify an ephemeral substance or moment in time. Numbers are entirely relative — 163 and 22 have no meaning until we ascribe to them units of value. So why is it that we (as educated, forthright, autonomous women) are so obsessed with the numbers presented to us by a small technological device? World War Three has erupted. The Scale vs The Self.

I wish I could self-righteously profess that I have always had infallible self-confidence. However, like most teenage girls, I once had a torturous relationship with the scale in our bathroom. Despite showing zero talent or interest in math class, I would record and analyse those little digits zealously. An early bloomer, I had reached my current height by age 12 and puberty was not kind to me. I was told — and I believed — that I was fat. The scale served as a method of quantify-

ing what 'fat' meant and a random number dangerously dictated my self-worth. Over the years I got really thin (age 13, the peak of self-consciously skipping lunch and running compulsively after school) and really large (age 20, second sedentary year of Uni where I discovered a love of baking and pastries). Ironically, the only constant was my dependency on the scale as a judge of my character.



Only this year have I finally accepted that my relationship with Mr Scale is an unhealthy one. He's bad news. He needs to go; it's him, not me. In January, I finally lasted an entire group fitness class doing only 'big girl' push-ups on my toes (no knees allowed). In February, I hit my personal best

in the lake run around Takapuna cleaning 6.5km in just under 29 minutes. In March, I completed a half marathon. None of those milestones have anything to do with the scale. And that is something that I have only recently realised. Your weight means nothing if you are strong and healthy enough to fulfil your goals. Does anyone actually care that I weigh 60kgs and am 20% body fat? If I let those numbers be the sole measure of my worth as a woman, then all it indicates is a paucity of intelligence and diversity.

I have bulging calves, muscly quads, a big butt, wobbly hips, a rounded tummy and strong arms. I also have a compassionate heart, an incredible group of friends, a quick wit, a love of sarcasm and an appetite for academic success. How can all of those attributes be bundled up into one arbitrary number? Frankly, basing your daily mood and measure of virtue on a number that fluctuates constantly is stupid. We are worth so much more than any scale can ever quantify. So, step off and step out of your bathroom. Instead, step into an era of self-care and acknowledge that numbers do not define a person. Collectively as women, we need to grow up. Come and join me: up-skill your recognition of personal worth and down-scale your dependency on insignificant digits.

A EULOGY

BY AMY MARTIN

OF ALL THE AUTHORS I HAVE CHANCED upon, none of them have ever meant as much to me as Terry Pratchett. *The Discworld*, carried by the Great A'Tuin, is a world of trolls, misunderstood goblins, fire-breating dragons, and C.M.O.T Dibbles. With all this sounds typical of a fantastical fantasist, Pratchett's novels (satirical and philosophical) are arguably some of the best stories fantasy has to offer. Which is why it pains me so much to say goodbye.

Last week, I woke to the devastating news that Sir Terry Pratchett had passed away. I was eight years old when I picked up one of his novels, *The Amazing Maurice and his Educated Rodents* (and I think he'd like that it was only because it had a cat on the front). And while I found myself cackling like a maniac reading it, I found comfort in the way he dealt with the hard stuff. For a kid that was having issues with the idea of dying, a book about sentient rats going through the same thing was right up my Audit Alley. For the uninitiated, Audit Alley is an alley in *Discworld's* Ankh-Morpork that junctions with the Street of Book-Keepers.

I fell so in love with these books, that for the last 13 years, they have virtually been all I've read. He taught me so much about our world, simply by showing me his. So now, I'd like to show you too. Given this article is featured in the Lifestyle section, here is something I call:

"IT'S STILL MAGIC, EVEN IF YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE"

TERRY PRATCHETT'S WORDS TO LIVE BY

1. How to know who not to date:

"Five exclamation marks, the sure sign of an insane mind". - *Reaper Man*

2. How you should treat Physics:

"It's still magic, even if you know how it's done". - *A Hat Full of Sky*

3. Growing Up:

"The whole of life is just like watching

a film. Only it's as though you always get in ten minutes after the big picture has started, and no-one will tell you the plot, so you have to work it out all yourself from the clues". - *Moving Pictures*

4. Finding Perspective:

"Human beings make life so interesting. Do you know, that in a universe so full of wonders, they have managed to invent boredom". - *Hogfather*

Our world has lost something wonderful, and if it's not too much to ask, the best honour I think I can offer him is this: a request. If you haven't read anything by Terry Pratchett, try it. Here I am at 21 reading the last book I'd have purchased before his death and, there he is, showing me how to say goodbye:

"Don't think of it as dying", said Death. "Just think of it as leaving early to avoid the rush". - *Good Omens: The Nice and Accurate Prophecies of Agnes Nutter, Witch*

G'bye Mr. P. I'll miss you.

1984

A Dystopian Novel by

GEORGE ORWELL

Author: ORWELL. George,
 Title: Nineteen Eighty-Four - (1984).
 Pub: 1949. Dew: 823.912

| Date Issued | Borrower |
|--------------|----------------|
| 10/2/1953 | Ridley Scott |
| 2/4/1956 | John Lennon OJ |
| 16 MAY. 1960 | George Lucas |
| 04 APR 1962 | George Boon |
| 29 MAR 1964 | D BOWIE |
| 24 SEP 1971 | Bill Gates |
| 13 AUG 1971 | Steven Jobs |
| 25 APR 1972 | Mel Gibson |
| 19 JUN 1985 | Marilyn Manson |
| 02 AUG 1987 | Julian Assange |
| 17 SEP 1993 | Chris Martin |
| 31 MAY 1995 | Edward Snowden |
| 20 FEB 2013 | Elia Yelich |

P.T.O.

SCHOOL LIBRARY



WHINE O'CLOCK

BY CAITUN ABLEY

OVER THE MID-SEMESTER BREAK I WENT along to listen to some jazz at Golden Dawn in Ponsonby. A bit pretentious I'll admit, but enjoyable just the same. My friends and I had been sitting inside, enjoying the Sunday night jazz, but we decided to move to the outdoor area where we could get away from the band (a bit too loud, sorry lads) and enjoy one another's charming company. That's when we were set upon by a waitress, demanding to see our IDs. Not usually an issue — my underage days of using the driver's license of a pretty male friend being well behind me — but, alas, one of our group was just shy of her eighteenth birthday. She tried to tell the bar-wench that she wasn't drinking alcohol; she just wanted a quiet lemonade and to listen to some sultry jazz on a lazy Sunday. After a meagre show of faux-regret, the waitress unceremoniously booted her and her boyfriend out. To add insult to injury, as they left, a small toddler waddled past us on her way to the bar, profoundly underage. She was not subjected to any such banishment. This diapered little upstart was free to get royally shitfaced out the back, but our seventeen-year-and-three-hundred-and-fifty-day-old comrade was exiled out beyond the Wall.

I'm not a big drinker — the self-described "high-functioning alcoholics" of the Craccum office would probably tell you I'm a teetotaler — but it really does seem like New Zealand is getting a bit draconian when it comes to alcohol, and not just with regard to kicking sober teenagers out of live music venues. National introduced a host of changes to liquor

licensing laws back in 2013, meaning bars had to close earlier and off-licenses had to stop selling alcohol at 11pm. Len Brown has come in, balls swinging (again), with Auckland City Council's proposed local alcohol policy looking to shut down off-licenses at 10pm, bars in the CBD and Ponsonby at 3am, and other bars in the city at 1am. This is to stop alcohol-related harm, which most definitely is far too prevalent throughout the country. But I just don't think further restrictions on bars are going to solve the problem. In fact, part of the reason New Zealanders get so blind drunk is because of these restrictions in the first place.

Because of all the red tape bar owners have to cut through, neighbourhood watering holes don't really exist. When they do, in places like Mt Eden and Kingsland, they close so early that there's no point in leaving your house to have a casual, civilised drink only to be ushered out at 10.45pm by the bar staff pointedly getting the vacuum cleaner out. Ponsonby and the CBD are our only real options for going out, and alcohol prices are so extortionate in these areas that we have no choice but to pre-load at home on warm supermarket

scrumpy and stagger into town, belligerent and a little bit spewy.

Alcohol can be a great social stimulant, if it's consumed in the midst of a conversation around a table, over the course of a night. Alcohol is not great when consumed in the form of six Buttery Nipple pre-made shots in the back of an overpriced taxi. If bars weren't so hard to get to (*insert outraged public transport rant here*), if they didn't charge so much for drinks, and if they were actually nice places to socialise — as opposed to sticky, dark and windowless, with standing-room only — then perhaps town wouldn't just be Sad Fuck Central on a Saturday night, where dreams (usually of getting laid) go to die. Bars should be places that people can go to talk, dance, flirt and be merry, all with a pleasant haze of tipsiness pervading the air. I realise I am describing the Shire, and maybe it's unrealistic to hope for a complete change in New Zealand's drinking culture, but tightening the stranglehold on bars and clubs is only going to encourage binge-drinking at home and add to the vomit on the streets. Have you ever been vomited on? I have. Six times. Wouldn't recommend it, generally speaking.

"TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, AS THEY LEFT, A SMALL TODDLER WADDLED PAST US ON HER WAY TO THE BAR, PROFOUNDLY UNDERAGE."



SOMETIMES I SIT AND THINK, AND SOMETIMES I JUST SIT

COURTNEY BARNETT

THE LYRICS ALONE MAKE IT WORTH SPENDING forty-three minutes of your time listening to Courtney Barnett's first proper LP, *Sometimes I Sit And Think, And Sometimes I Just Sit*. The Melbourne-based singer-songwriter has a novelist's ability to pick the minutiae out of a situation in a surprising and original way. By doing so, she instantly endears herself to her audience and

shows that she is someone you can relate to.

On standout single "Depreston", the narrator visits an open home and expresses faux enthusiasm at how she can save money by making coffee at home in the suburbs instead of going to cafés in the city. "Dead Fox" is a monologue about buying organic veggies and sneezing while driving. "A History of Loneliness (Sleepless in NY)", starts with an impressive stream of consciousness about doctors' rooms, plaster walls, palmistry and skin.

"MUSICALLY, THE ALBUM WEARS A RANGE OF 90S INFLUENCES AND IS GENERALLY THE BETTER FOR IT. IT MOST NEATLY FITS INTO THE CATEGORY OF SLACKER ROCK..."

She also seems, at times, to directly confront her listeners and their expectations. On "Pe-

destrian At Best", she yells, "Put me on a pedestal and I'll only disappoint you. / Tell me I'm exceptional, I promise to exploit you." Near the end of the album, she pleads, "Don't stop listening, I'm not finished yet".

Musically, the album wears a range of 90s influences and is generally the better for it. It most neatly fits into the category of slacker rock, a genre that was established by bands like Ween and Pavement and is now experiencing a revival thanks to Parquet Courts and Mac DeMarco. Barnett embodies a slacker spirit by appearing as though everything she does is effortless, unfiltered and on her own terms. She manages to switch seamlessly between gentle, expansive pop and raw, chaotic post-punk.

The album also has elements of grunge, shoegaze and Britpop. "Nobody Really Cares If You Don't Go To The Party" sounds a bit like Blur's "There's No Other Way", and the chorus of "Debbie Downer" is pure Sheryl Crow.

Despite the borrowings, this is a collection of songs from a slacker at the top of her game.

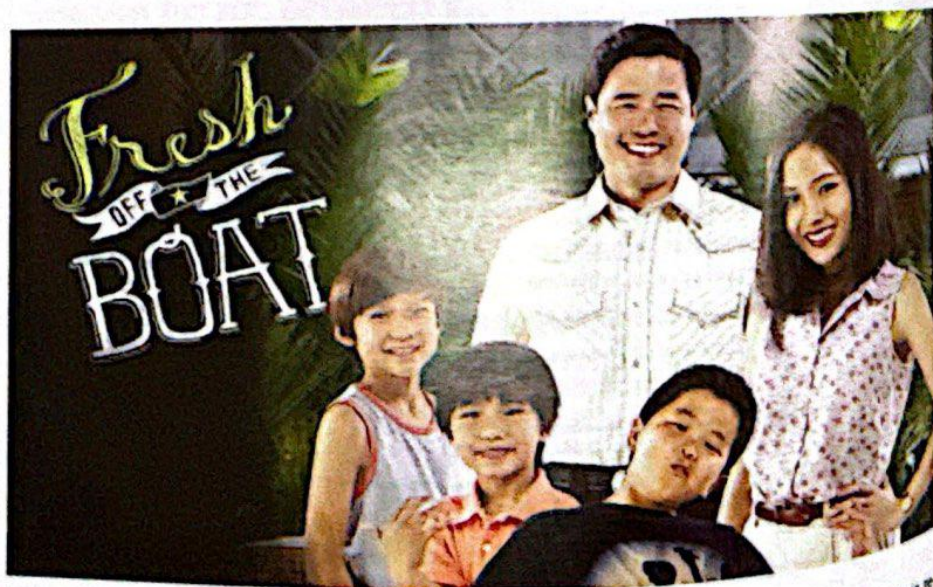
REVIEW BY CONALL BRENNAN MCMAHON

TELEVISION

FRESH OFF THE BOAT

FOR THOSE OF YOU STILL MOURING THE END of *Parks and Recreation* and the decline of *Community*, there exists a beacon of hope in the form of *Fresh Off the Boat*. This off-beat American sitcom follows an Asian-American family's move to Orlando, Florida, to start a mid-Western restaurant. Each character is a mine of comedic gold, complex and refreshingly diverse. For what seems like the first time, we have Asian-American characters that aren't limited to goths, or A+ students; they're characters with dreams and quirks, occupying centre stage.

Eddie, the main character, dreams of being a rapper, one as great as the Beastie Boys. Grandma Huang is a killer poker player, and has a weird obsession with OJ Simpson. And Jessica Huang... Well as Ezra Koenig tweeted, "Jessica Huang is everything". Honestly, she really is. Jessica Huang is the Momma Bear of the Huang family, but she's also the Momma Bear we all recognise. The Momma Bear that will hit you with her car if you dash out on her restaurant before paying. The Momma Bear who's proud of that B+ but not *that* proud. "Eddie, being 'G' is only



"EACH CHARACTER IS A MINE OF COMEDIC GOLD, COMPLEX AND REFRESHINGLY DIVERSE."

worth 2 points in Scrabble. At least be a 'Q'". The Momma Bear who'll find a silver lining in everything, like when she finds out Evan

is lactose intolerant: "it's like his body is rejecting white culture, which makes me kind of proud". Jessica Huang embodies *Fresh Off the Boat*, exaggerated, satirical, and yet, completely relatable. *Fresh Off the Boat* draws attention to Asian stereotypes, while embracing what it actually means to negotiate your identity in a very confusing world. So go watch. Please.

REVIEW BY ANONYMOUS



EVOLVE

"HAVE FUN KILLING YOUR FRIENDS AT TWICE THE PRICE!"

COMING TO US FROM THE TEAM AT TURTLE Rock Studios, a developer arguably most famous for the *Left 4 Dead* series, *Evolve* is a multi-player, co-operative shooter where players can take control of a team of mercenaries, or a 'roided-up King Kong in a fight to the death on an alien world in the distant future.

The mercenaries can choose from a series of classes, each with different equipment and abilities for this task, and must work together in hunting, trapping and — if you're lucky enough to have a team with any sort of coordination — killing the monster.

As the monster, meanwhile, your objective is to roam the map, guzzling down local wildlife until you feel fat enough to take on the poor SOBs who dared wander into your backyard. This is where *Evolve* is at its most fun; the sight of everyone running into each other and

"...YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO ROAM THE MAP, GUZZLING DOWN LOCAL WILDLIFE UNTIL YOU FEEL FAT ENOUGH TO TAKE ON THE POOR SOBS WHO DARED WANDER INTO YOUR BACKYARD."

firing in blind panic at my arrival slapped a grin on my face usually reserved for the likes of Genghis Khan burning a city.

Despite this, *Evolve* does suffer from some significant drawbacks. At a whopping \$80.00 on Steam, it offers little beyond the multiplayer experience, the single player "campaign" being five random maps strung together against bots. Said maps also quickly become repetitive and the online leveling up system is nothing short of tedious. The greatest hubris that *Evolve* is guilty of however is the \$100.00 worth of day-one downloadable content on top of initial purchase, a games industry practice that is in dire need of eradication.

REVIEW BY ALEX VAINERITUA

BBEALS

WALKING INTO THE THEATRE ON Wednesday night there is a fantastic atmosphere. Loud laughter and banter fills the room — the dance community seemed to have come out in full force to support the work. Admittedly, I don't know much about what I was about to experience and surprisingly neither does my dancer friend sitting next to me. All I know is it is a collaboration between one of New Zealand's longest running dance company's, Footnote, and international company Danses en l'R. Suddenly my friend says, "Hold on, the dancers are in the audience".

The show starts and I feel as though I am in a community hall for a fan club, or perhaps even a cult meeting. The beautiful Fanny Skura takes the microphone and begins a hypnotic speech, finally asking 'Are you a Maniac'?

ac?" The dancers in the audience slowly arise from their seats firing water pistols into the air — the Maniacs. One by one they make their way to the stage and express their love for Jenny, being handed wigs and grey jumpers. The idol of the Maniacs soon becomes clear to me: Jennifer Beals, the actress from the film *Flashdance*.

"THIS BIZARRE SHOW WENT BY IN A BLUR AND I FOUND MYSELF ENGAGED FOR ITS ENTIRETY."

Each dancer has their own story of ambition. The clichés of performers everywhere ensue; the girl that will do anything for the job, the spotlight hog, the fading starlet, the star-struck fangirl (even the choreographer gets a turn as a dancer trying to stay relevant at

60 years old). All the dancers are dressed as Jennifer from *Flashdance*. United, they build a tower of scaffolding trying to achieve their ultimate goal.

This bizarre show went by in a blur and I found myself engaged for its entirety. The production was incredibly well put together. The live music of Yaan Costa was an integral part of this, perfectly uniting the dancers and the story of the show. The dancing itself was slick with extraordinary energy; 80's jazzercise, sequences from *Flashdance*, as well as a beautiful duet which had me in a trance.

Footnote should be proud of celebrating their 30th anniversary with this fantastic piece. BBEALS is wild, thought provoking, and ridiculously satisfying. This company will not be disappearing any time soon.

REVIEW BY ELIZABETH TURNER

DANCE

"THE PERSECUTION GAME": A RESPONSE

PSEUDONYM: SOPHIE WEBB

SEBASTIAN HARTLEY IN HIS ARTICLE 'THE PERSECUTION GAME' alleges that somehow the establishment of our society is hell-bent on the persecution of homosexuals, as reflected in the fact that we have not yet officially pardoned people who were convicted of sodomy and same-sex activity in the 20th century, which was at the time a criminal offence. I have no particular opinion on the merits of pardoning people convicted of such crimes, however, there are a few observations I would like to make nonetheless.

We live in a society where same-sex marriage is legalised and where, when the legislation passed, the Sky Tower was lit up in rainbow colours for celebration, where the Aotea Centre recently had a gay pride event with a dozen rainbow flags flying from the rooftop and cocktail parties were held for transvestites, where in previous years gay activists have held a 'kiss in' in Auckland University quad, where Auckland Central Library has a book stand with a rainbow flag celebrating gay liberation, where rainbow business cards applauding same-sex relationships are to be found on every office door at university, where there is a Queer Rights Officer on the AUSA, and where we even had a rainbow bouncy castle at uni for pride week.

In the light of this I am at a loss to understand how people continue to think that homosexuals are a persecuted minority or that some kind of nebulous establishment is out to get them. In fact it's quite the contrary: same-sex relationships have never been more in vogue, and life is increasingly difficult for people with a conscientious objection to such relationships. At any rate, however, I think the priorities of the author in question are misplaced. In the Middle East currently the forces of Islamic State are slaughtering entire populations of ethnic and religious minorities, including Shia, Christians and Yazidis. They have also engaged in atrocities towards gay people by throwing them off buildings and then stoning them to death. I confess myself rather annoyed that support-

ers of various minorities in the West are not more vocal about their opposition to such practices.

I would also like to correct a couple of other comments Sebastian made in his article. He says that having sex in accordance with a person's sexual orientation is something 'all individuals [...] have a biological urge to do' and therefore that to criminalise same-sex relationships is to punish people for 'doing something that is not their fault'. This is simply sloppy reasoning. It assumes that if someone has a biological urge to do X then they should be permitted to do X. Yet one can substitute X with numerous other acts which are clearly wrong. For example, if a married man for hormonal reasons outside of his control falls in love with someone who is not his wife, it would clearly be wrong for him to act on his desires. Other examples include stealing or lying.

Sebastian also wrongly conflates the homosexual orientation with the act of same-sex sexual activity: it is not a person's orientation per se which is morally wrong, it is the choice to act on it. The former is not a choice, whereas the latter is. Sebastian's conclusion that prohibiting people from engaging in same-sex activity is 'logically equivalent to suggesting that those who are born with blue eyes should be put to death at birth' is a scurrilous comparison to make and simply does not follow from anything he has said.

Furthermore, Sebastian says that the prohibition of same-sex relationships is 'irreconcilable with the pluralistic character of our democratic society, in which all groups should, regardless of their relative power, be equally able to live their lives in accordance with their preferences, as long as their doing so does not lessen the ability of other groups to do the same'. He probably does not realise how radical his views on personal autonomy are, and offers no argument for why society should function on this presupposition. Thus, he does not rebut, for example, the view that

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the reason the state should recognise marriage at all is that it is through heterosexual marriage that children are brought into the world. There is simply no reason otherwise why the state need sanction a marriage, any more than it needs to sanction my friendship with my best friend.

His view actually leads to contradictions however. If it is true that people should be able to do whatever they want to do provided it does not infringe on the rights of others, it is logically committed to endorsing polyamorous and incestuous relationships, which supporters of same-sex relationships have thus far been unwilling to do. My argument is not a slippery slope argument that legalising same-sex marriage will lead to polygamy and incest becoming legitimised, rather I seek to demonstrate that the mere fact that "consenting adults" agree to something does not make it OK. Typically supporters of same-sex sexual activity at this point will seek to identify features of incestuous and polygamous relationships which render them morally wrong and which are absent in same-sex relationships, however this misses the point which is that consent is not the sole criterion of moral permissibility.

"THE PERSECUTION GAME": A RESPONSE TO THE RESPONSE

SIMON JAMES MOORE

IT IS SAD THAT IN 2015, SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT "debates" about same-sex marriage are at all relevant. See, the thing with slinging disguised bigotry around is that you're eventually going to be met with someone who can be bothered to slam you with truth nuggets. For your enlightenment, most peoples' entertainment, and my own satisfaction, I'm going to set out my objections to your (frankly) archaic letter:

1. The fact that any minority group in society has positive social campaigning (and, particularly in regards to the university's rainbow business cards, there is an issue about how substantive it really is) does not at all mark a 'case closed' on the issue of discrimination. If only the institutional racism against Māori could be solved by a bouncy castle too.

1.1 You mention that life is difficult for people with a conscientious objection to same-sex relationships. I struggle to see how, but I suppose your thought process is something like "it's unfair that I get labelled a bigot for having such overtly ancient and oppressive views on matters that are purely the subject of other consenting adults' private lives". I don't really have much sympathy; this is the ultimate first world problem.

1.2 You also say you are annoyed that minority groups aren't more vocal about the various human rights atrocities occurring in the Middle East. I suppose you're trying to say that because it is worse over there we should suck it up and be happy with what we've got. You're falsely relativising. Let's extend your logic: Māori get Māori language week, Te Reo is New Zealand's second official language, our rugby team performs the haka, the university has tuakana. Conclusion: there is no discrimination. Further, look at how bad it is with those Native Americans over there. See, now it is beyond doubt that Maori aren't discriminated against. Never mind those statistics wherein Māori are grossly overrepresented in poverty, incarceration, low incomes, et cetera.

1.2a Further, I don't think your concern is at all relevant. Vocalising concerns (and, I mean, isn't it just consensus that everyone condemns such

acts of violence?) is going to do nothing for the Middle East apart from fuelling the already rampant Islamophobia. And certainly, a lack of overt condemnation from minority support and activist groups in New Zealand should hardly be a bad reflection of their cause.

2. After reading Sebastian's article, and your response, it seems that you have misinterpreted his reasoning, or at least reconstructed it in a manner that makes it easier for you to rebut. Let's try again: If someone has a biological urge to do X, then they should be permitted to do X, so far as it does not directly negatively interfere with the life and liberty of others. It's a necessary qualification that prevents opponents from erecting a strawman in response, as you have done.

2a. Your example of theft or lying being permitted is clearly excluded. Further, there is certainly a case to be made for your 'cheating husband' example not breaching this criteria (based on a lack of direct interference with the wife). In any event, for the law to intervene on this matter (bearing in mind that you are talking in the context of criminalising homosexuality) is a step too far. The husband has the right to exercise his autonomy, which extends to choosing his sexual partners, even if he is married. For the law to regulate his conduct in this is as repugnant as legislating against homosexuality; an unwarranted invasion of privacy and infringement of autonomy.

3. Now here's where your response gets rather problematic. According to you, the choice to act on a homosexual desire is morally wrong. I'm just going to let that sink in... It is morally wrong to act on one's innate sexual desires with another consenting adult? Well, first of all, shame on you. Second of all, please provide at least some reasoning for why this is so. NB: the "because it says in the Bible" is not a sufficient response. Just in case, here are some pre-empted 'justifications' you may proffer:

3a "Homosexuality is abnormal" — so what? Just because something is uncommon doesn't make it morally wrong. On the flip side, many practices which are clearly immoral have been common-

place (read: racism, slavery, religious inquisition).

3b "Homosexuality does not lead to the replication of the species" — again, so what? Our world is filling up too fast anyway. If anything, Catholics who root without condoms are immoral for killing our planet off faster.

3c Or how about one of my favourites: "Supporting homosexuality teaches our children to grow up homosexual". First off, disproven in consistent studies. Secondly, this objection presupposes that homosexuality is wrong, without actually normatively setting out that homosexuality is wrong in the first place.

3.1 In short, there is something extremely repugnant about you asserting that other people's private business is immoral. Sure, it might be against your personal beliefs or practices, but keep that to yourself. Your prejudices are not policy.

4. It is interesting that you consider Sebastian's views on personal autonomy radical. Have you, perchance, been reading a lot of 18th Century political theory? I don't think Sebastian needs to argue for why society should function on this presupposition. I mean, does it not already function on this understanding? Sure, there is a fundamental disagreement between left and right wing politics about whether we have already reached the status of equal opportunity, but the basis of a western society is that everyone should be free to act as they choose so far as it does not directly negatively impact on those around them.

4.1 The idea that only heterosexual marriages lead to procreation, and therefore are divinely entitled to legal recognition is just straight-up outdated. This begs the question whether heterosexual marriages not intended to produce children are any less valid? Surely, they are not. Marriage, certainly as far as the law concerned, is about conferring both rights and obligations upon each party. Plus, with the advancement of reproductive technologies, same-sex marriages may be just as fecund. Within the next few years it is estimated that two males may be able to produce their own children.

READERS RESPOND

4.1a Therefore, if we suppose that the purpose of marriage is to ratify childbearing relationships, and same-sex partners may produce children, what does that mean for your argument against same-sex relationships?

5. Now we turn to the classic 'but what about incest and polygamy'. Well, in regards to incest, there are clear policy reasons in terms of the harmful effects on family structures and offspring. In terms of polygamy, we have the troubling implications of the transfer and sharing of property when more than two people are bound in legal union. Though, I think it is noteworthy that polygamy is not subject to the same social taboo as incest. If you're arguing from the basis of morality, polygamy isn't really relevant. If you're going to try and tell me that polygamy is moral-

ly reprehensible then you clearly haven't had a threesome.

5.1 Anyway, your point is that consent is not the sole criterion of moral permissibility. Again, I must remind you that you have yet to provide any grounds for homosexuality being morally impermissible. Please see above.

In summary, your response has meandered from loosely suggesting that the gay rights movement is redundant, to saying that the law shouldn't recognise same-sex unions, and concluding that, in any event, homosexual activities are immoral. You have failed to normatively prove the latter, and the other two assertions are just patently ill-founded. Hopefully I have educated you, though the grim reality of anyone who is condemning same-sex

relationships in this day and age is that they are probably deeply conservative and not really inclined to evolve. In many ways, I feel sorry for you. The fact that you felt the need to publish under a pseudonym really goes to show your underlying appreciation of your bigotry. Managing it as an intellectual critique of someone's article does nothing to disguise that reality.

PS. I found your comment about same-sex relationships being in vogue rather curious (grat). Perhaps you should try one, you might learn something.

Regards,

The future.

TOP 10

TOP TEN

THINGS YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE BREAK

10. STUDIED. Ha, just kidding.

9. WORKED. I wish I was kidding. But when the OD sign fails to go away on your account, it's time to up the hours at your job. Dealing with the stupidity of people may be soul-crushing and disheartening at first, but the torturous day shift can give you enough dollars to stock up on some \$8 wines for the coming weeks.

8. CAUGHT UP WITH FRIENDS YOU LEFT BY THE WAYSIDE THE PAST 5 WEEKS. There are some friends that you practically deleted from your life after you got 'so busy' with all your assignments the past five weeks. These breaks are the best ways to show them you don't actually hate them and still want to be friends. To be fair, they're probably doing nothing right now either, so take an hour out of your empty day to say hi and gossip about some other bitchy friends you have.

7. SLEPT IN. You don't actually have to get up, so why should you? Your bed understands you. It knows how to hold you, make you feel warm and loved like no man ever could. It's soft when you want it to be but firm when you need it. Let your bed take you into the night, morning and perhaps the afternoon as well.

6. BE SOCIAL. University is a great time to meet people but the only way to do it is to get out there and be social. Whether it's yelling at someone at a club who still can't hear you or pretentiously meeting up in Ponsonby for lattes (hazelnut one if you're feeling adventurous and not calorie counting) it's a great way to strengthen ties and form better friends.

5. BE ANTISOCIAL. People are actually the worst. Especially after you say the same basic info (Name, Degree, Majors, Year at uni, Life goals, number of kids etc) to each new pleb who bounds so disgustingly eagerly into your life. How do people have that much positive energy? Like that one girl who laughs at everything someone says and proclaims "OMG I love you like so much you're like soooooo funny like like oh my god!" or the born again guy whose newfound spiritual leader seems to seep out of every crevice of his being. Use this time to hide from people so less of you dies the next time you have to talk to someone in your tutorial.

4. BINGED SOME SORT OF TELEVISION SHOW. There are so many good shows around that you can cram in two weeks. Whether it's *Breaking Bad*, *Girls* or *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, binge TV watching is the most productive way to fill up big gaps of time. Now you can finally appreciate the character depth, the subtle ties between plot points and how

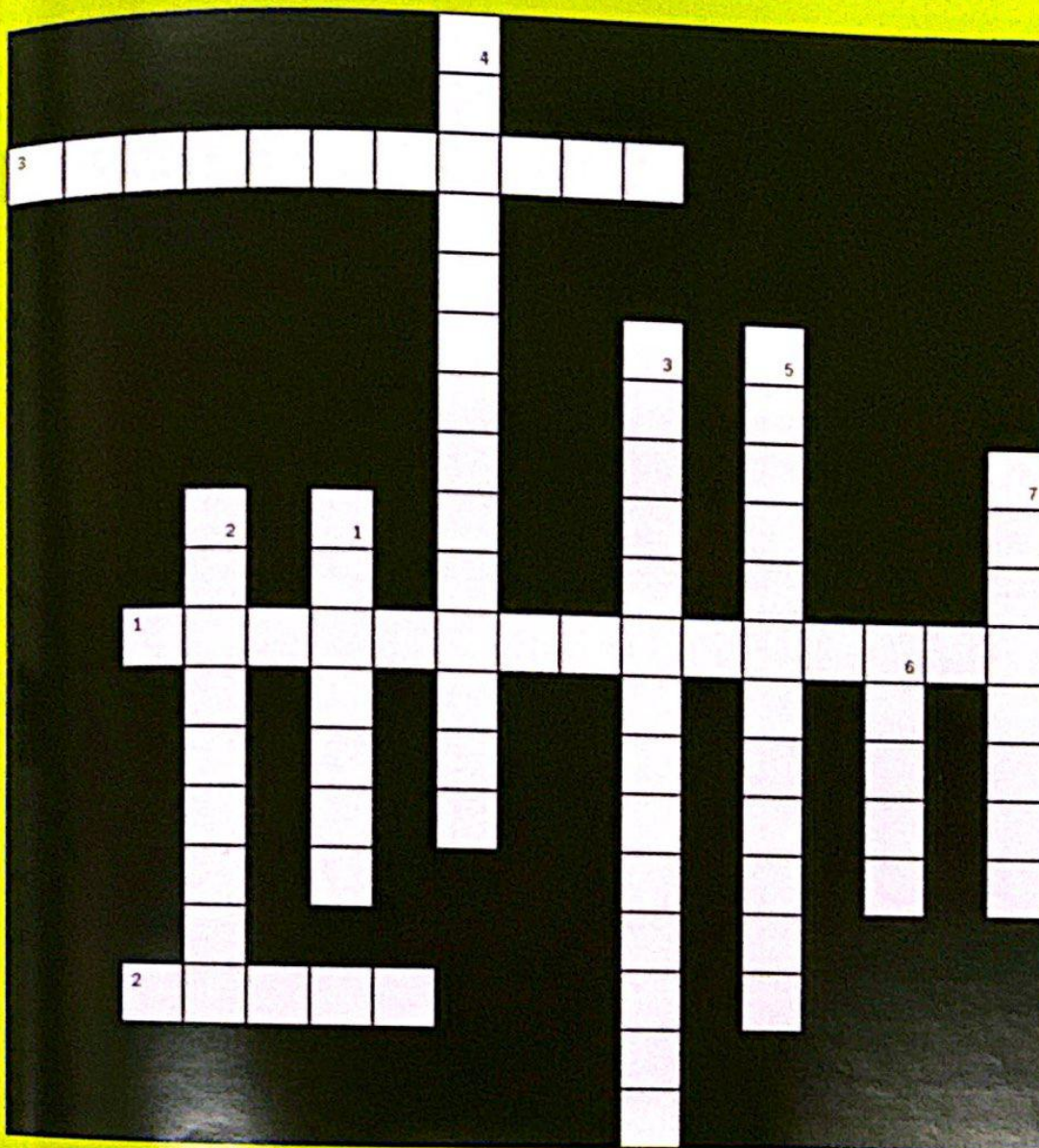
the Kardashians are able to take the perfect selfie (I still love them <3). And they say reality TV isn't educational.

3. DRANK. You have two weeks of no commitments (hold on, do lectures count as commitments?) it is time to get loose or 'turnt' as the young-uns seem to call it these days. We are young, our bodies are ready to be poisoned and it helps make social interactions somewhat more enjoyable/endurable.

2. TREATED YO'SE. Holidays are a time to treat yo'self and gurl you needed to do that after the hard five weeks of readings you didn't do. Plus post-Easter, the prices of excess Easter chocolate drops dramatically so you can stuff your face with eggs at 70% off. Get amongst.

1. LEFT AUCKLAND. Auckland has often been described as this soulless, grey muggy prison of despair (or is it just me?). The best way to endure the city is to leave it. Whether it is to go back to your potentially inbred hometown to 'catch up' with your cousins and/or siblings for a holiday at some cheap beach that should be considered a health and safety nightmare it will be far more fun than anything Auckland has to offer. Don't worry, you didn't miss anything up here. The buses are still late. It's still too humid and the quad is still grey.

WANT TO WRITE A TOP 10? EMAIL EDITORS@CRACCU.COM.NZ FOR MORE INFORMATION

**ACROSS**

1. Frank Underwood's Wife
2. First name of JT's son
3. Which faculty's revue is on stage this week?

DOWN

1. Surname of a former President and his wife, who is now a presidential hopeful
2. 100th Anniversary of this significant moment for ANZACs
3. Contributor of the Week
4. Who is the Addict in the Addict and the Immigrant column?
5. Which of the following isn't a public holiday under NZ law? Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Easter Monday?
6. NZ beach town where John has his bach
7. Capital of India

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The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Conrad Grimshaw

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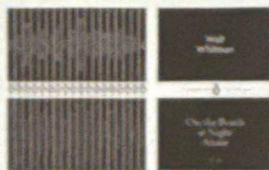
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