

CHARLIE AND THE GREAT GLASS CEILING

PAGE 22

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CONRAD GRIMSHAW GOES TO A CLUB

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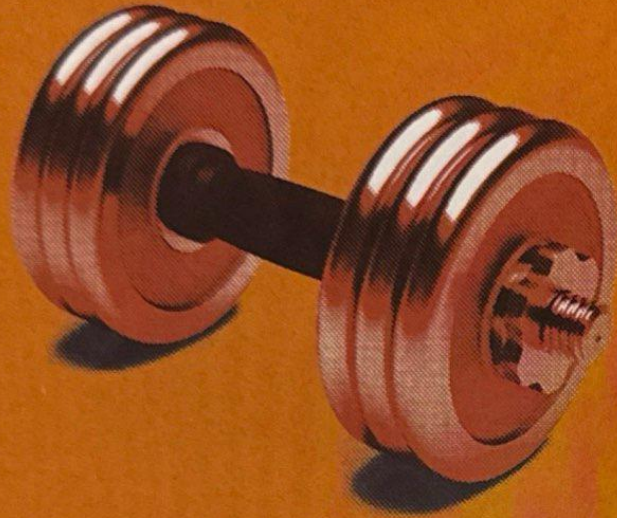
INTERVIEWS WITH THE BACHELOR
AND DAI HENWOOD

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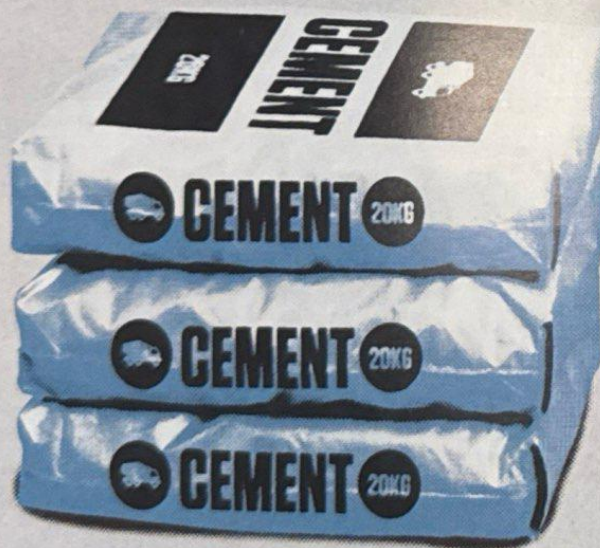
IS KANYE WEST ACTUALLY A DOUCHEBAG? A
DEFENCE OF YEEZY

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IT'S NOT



IT IS



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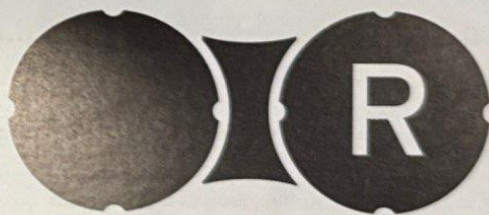
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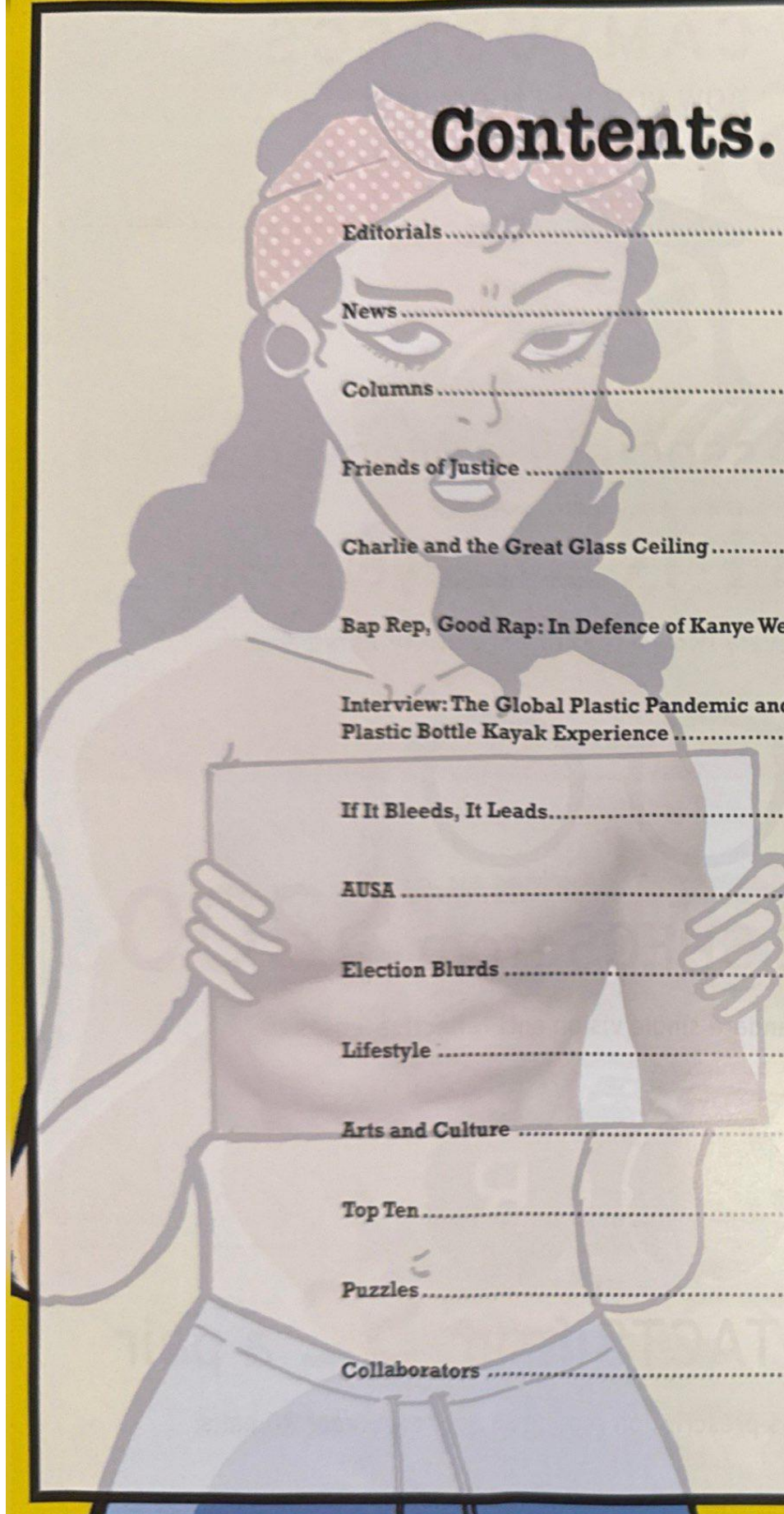
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CASTING SHADOWS

BY JORDAN

HATING SHADOWS IS A LITTLE HIPSTER these days. It's funny, by now you'd expect some skinny-jeans-second-hand-blazer-wearing-douchebag to decide he fucking loves the joint. But no, so uncool is this bar that even those students who define themselves by disagreeing with what everyone else thinks can't bring themselves to be a little contrarian about it. A solid section of my Week 1 tirade against UoA can be summarised as: "people in Shadows are ugly. Oh my god Shadows is shit". Which I think is fair.

This being said, student bars are a good thing. Student drinking is a good thing. Yes drinking culture can get out of hand. Yes we're bad with binging in this country. But ultimately a big part of the student experience is sitting around with weird people talking nonsense and getting drunk. But we don't do that here.

We don't sit around talking ideas. We sit around editing cover letters (or in my case a terrible magazine). We occasionally bitch about the bar. Or bitch about the student association. And don't get me wrong, I

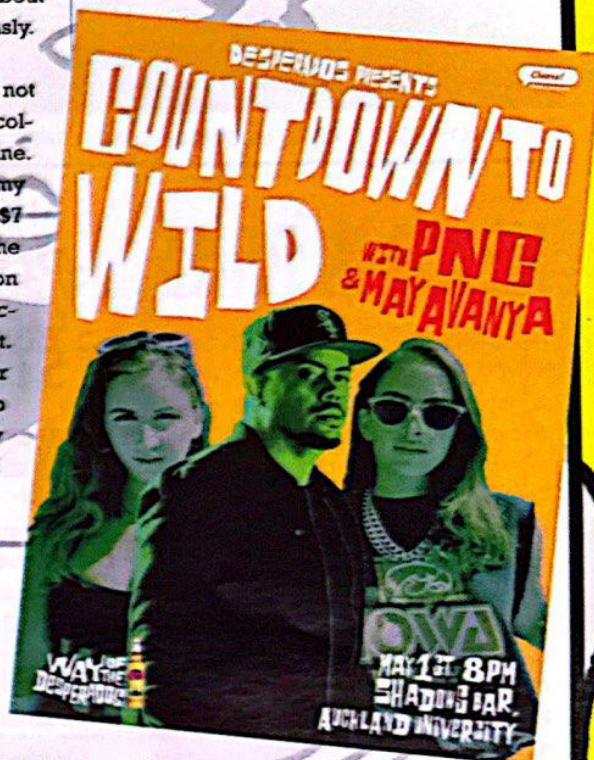
love that. I love saying that AUSA is a waste of space, and Shadz is just for engineers. But increasingly I suspect I'm the one to blame. I go and spend double the money at other bars (I should really drink in the office, but apparently I'm not allowed, so don't you worry, I'd never do that). I still don't have a great time. I don't bother voting in student elections, but I bitch about the University not taking AUSA seriously.

Is it a Kiwi thing? Complaining and not acting? Is it a me thing? Some from column A, some from column B I imagine. The point is this: if I instead brought my friends to a place where I could get \$7 jugs, then I'd be a part of making the place better. Shadows is perpetually on the verge of closing down (so is Cracum). But I don't do anything about it. I was about to say because it's easier not to. But that's a lie, it's really easy to sit on the deck of a bar that's literally a five minute walk from the office. I don't though.

Shadows has changed hands, at last. It's trying. Yes the set out is shit. And the patrons are often pretty unpleasant to look at. But at least for one week I might just try to show up. And I might try to bring pretty people. Because actions speak

louder than words apparently (of course that makes no sense, maybe they're effective). So let's drink and be merry, and bitch about the stuff we really can't change.

Also — John Key harrasses women. And you thought he was charming. Silly fuckers.



DENTON'S EDITORIAL

WEEKEND OF GLUTTONY

BY DENTON

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I HAD A BINGE-EATING weekend. My consumption levels rivaled that of famous fatties like Henry VIII, Elvis Presley and Robert Kardashian. In the space of two days, I would have consumed a bottle of wine, a box of beer, a few cheeky Rekorderligs, several packets of Dorito chips, almost two packets of Tim Tams (I was disappointed that only one packet was Double Coat), an oversized kebab, a couple of Mochas, as well as my standard 3 meals a day. Isn't that hideous? For two days, I bathed in a pool of gluttony and overconsumption. I was probably a Tim Tam away from a diabetic coma or a few chips away from heart failure. However, my taste buds had a flurry of beautiful experiences, as I tasted such delectable goods. It felt amazing, until I hit the third day.

On this third day, my stomach suffered the

most unbelievable cramping sensation known to man. After hugging the toilet for an embarrassingly long period of time, nothing happened, and I resigned myself to bed. However, five minutes later, I felt a surge of vomit. With no bucket nearby, I reached for my rubbish bin, where I retched up an orange coloured substance that smelled ungodly. While I was proud of how contained I was, this was short-lived as the plastic bag began to leak out the bag and the decorative holes of the basket. As the vomit began to drip, I rushed it outside, scaring my neurotic cat in the process and threw it pathetically onto the grass. The rest of the day all I felt were rolls growing as the fat nested itself around my tummy and more stomach cramps.

To rid myself of my weekend of fat woes, on the fourth day I decided to go for a run. I donned my sport shoes, my breathable exercise gear and put my iPod onto my 'inspirational' playlist. I went out the door, uncharacteristically optimistic for exercise and started to run. Ten metres in and all my optimism was gone. Unnatu-

ral-sounding heaving ensued as I stomped down my street. Twenty metres down and floods of sweat poured down my forehead. I was already reeling from the wine I had a few days prior. "Back to the future", my go to exercise power ballad, wasn't enough to distract me from my jiggly flabs or the stares of my eighty-year old neighbour. Suddenly, fifty metres down, my left knee-cap pops and twists around, sending me instinctively flying and hopping on the street. Blinded by pain, I loudly scream naughty expletives, unknowingly into the faces of an Indian family. As I slowly regain consciousness, I look over to four pairs of eyes silently staring at me. Defeated and embarrassed, I hobble the fifty metres back home.

My weekend of gluttony haunted me for the next week as I limped around Uni wearing a knee brace. I look back on that weekend now and wonder how on earth I consumed so much. I vow never again, yet as the empty packet of easter eggs (bought after Easter) sits next to me, I have my doubts.

What a load of Crac-New (More Easter Holiday Shit)

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Auckland: John Key has yet again proven the stereotype of politicians acting like children. Not only does he dabble in bitching and lying, he has developed a taste for hair-pulling. John Key defended his actions, saying the pair had a "playful" relationship at the cafe and he has always enjoyed "pulling tails".

New Zealand: Uni students around the country are truly thankful for the ANZAC soldiers who gave their lives for us, so we can sleep in on a Monday.

Facebook: There is so little news that we have to make do with two girls who look mildly similar showing that if you put cakes of makeup on they look even more similar.

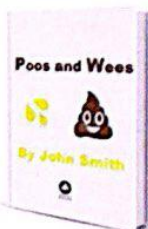
Yesterday: The only day where New Zealanders and Australian acknowledge each other as humans.

Coachella: Is it part of the ear? Is it a seashell? No it's a festival in America with famous people and lots of sex.

University: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. University of Auckland Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon has defended the latest increase in his salary saying, "my salary is raising the GDP of New Zealand."

Send in your *News In Brief* suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of the children's book "Poos And Wees" RRP NZ\$20.

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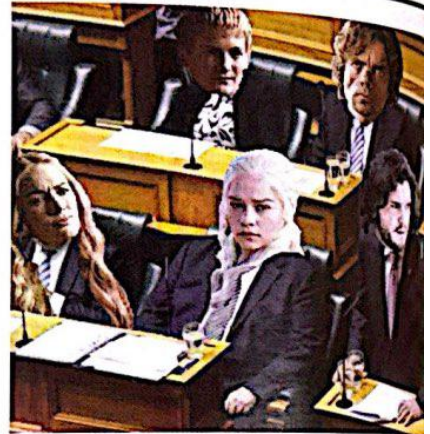


NEW ZEALAND POLITICS GAME OF THRONES STYLE

PRIME MINISTER JOHN KEY HAS ANNOUNCED his plan to make New Zealand politics more popular for ordinary people by making it more like the hit TV show *Game of Thrones*. Key told Parliament it would improve the rating 10-fold, and said he would start off the trend off by "having sex with my sister".

Labour were quick to accuse National of copying, saying "sex with family members has been a long-time policy of the Labour party".

Former PM Helen Clark gave her approval for the idea, saying her days would've been a lot more interesting if she had "popped out some unnecessary boobage during the



debates".

The House of NZ First and the House of Greens have also jumped aboard, making an alliance between the two parties by marrying Winston Peters to a cannabis plant.

Key said he is also planning a series of different coloured weddings, starting with "red" then "very red", and finally "fuckloads of red".

THE BACHELOR HAS FAULTS SHOCK!

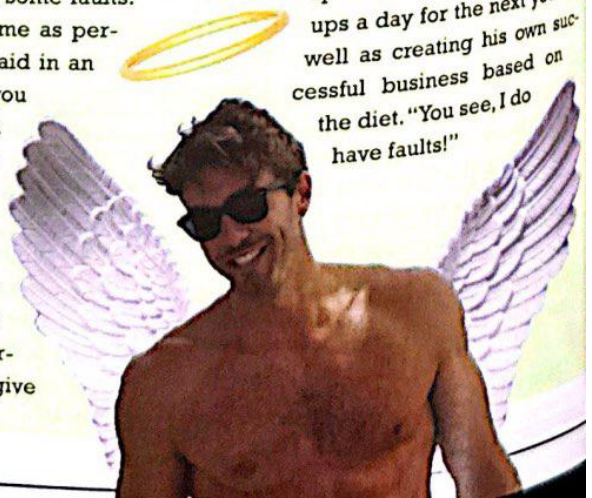
AFTER BEING HERALDED AS THE MOST faultless bachelor ever, New Zealand's first ever bachelor has admitted he does actually have some faults. "The TV and media portray me as perfect, but I'm really not", he said in an interview. "For example if you look carefully between my 7th and 8th ab muscles you'll see I have a small scar".

"People say I'm the nicest guy ever, but just yesterday when I was volunteering at the SPCA after my Oxfam charity fundraising event, I didn't give

NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

one of the dogs a treat after his meal"

He finished by recounting the occasions when he once strayed from his strict paleo diet by having a coffee, and had to make up for it by doing 1000 press-ups a day for the next year as well as creating his own successful business based on the diet. "You see, I do have faults!"





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VICE-CHANCELLOR DOUBLES SALARY

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY'S VICE-CHANCELLOR will receive a salary increase in the next financial year to the

tune of \$649,000, bringing his total remuneration to approximately \$1.3 million per annum. The Vice-Chancellor's office confirmed the increase this morning and said in a statement that the salary hike will be funded by "skimming" the paychecks of "non-essential" personnel such as university cleaners, security guards, caterers and lecturers.

"In a highly competitive educational market it is important for our universities to be able to attract and retain the best managerial talent", the statement read. "Between 2010 and 2014, the University of Auckland shifted 24 places in the QS world university rankings. This is an unprecedented level of movement that reflects the dynamism of

current university management. This alone justifies the proposed pay increases".

The move stands in stark contrast to Gravity Payments CEO Dan Price, who announced last week that he would reduce his own salary from US\$ 1 million to US\$ 70,000. Price's move has been hailed on social media, but has attracted derision within the upper echelons of the University administration. "Look it's his prerogative as CEO to carry out whatever cheap publicity stunt he sees fit", a spokesperson for the Vice Chancellor stated in response to questions from journalists. "As far as we're concerned, we're happy to confine that sort of neo-Bolshevism to the Arts faculty where it belongs".

THE BACHELOR INTERVIEW

YES, WE GOT AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FUCKING Bachelor! I admit I was kinda getting off on just the anticipation of interviewing him (be sure to google "the Bachelor NZ shirtless" if you haven't already).

He stumbled over a few questions, but I don't think he was expecting the types I asked him. Here are his replies.

Favourite drinking game: Beer pong. Lad.

Mile High Club member: No.

Sent or received a nude photo? Received. He didn't say if he had sent one though...

Have you ever dated one of your sisters friends? Only because his old girlfriend was his step sister's friend. But apparently that doesn't count because "we kind of set our parents up". There's a story I wish I'd asked more about!

Favourite romcom: Love Actually.

Do you believe in the law of Half Your Age Plus 7? Yes, but he never worked out whether the bachelorettes were within his bracket — "they all just seemed like my age".

What was the weirdest thing growing up in house with so many girls? The fact that girls' periods get in sync when they're all living in the same place, "so that time of the month comes round, and everyone's on edge". "That's a fucking weird thing, right?" he said, laughing.

Kill, Shag, Marry: Jennifer Law-

rence, Emma Watson, Taylor Swift.

"Oh shit, you've put together like my two favourite girls actually!" His three favourites are Emma Watson, Natalie Portman and Jennifer Lawrence he told me. He decided to kill Taylor Swift, "I'll marry Emma Watson, awww fuck, no, no, no, I'll ... marry Jennifer Lawrence and I'll shag Emma Watson".

Everything we hear about you says you are the most genuinely nice guy, hot, successful etc. So what's that one fault to show you are actually human? He completely blanked, awkward. He just couldn't think of anything. "I don't like losing. But that's not much of a fault", and he eventually had to make do with "I'm real uncomfortable when people have started approaching me wanting photos and stuff....and I get real sweaty".

The Bachelor episodes: He didn't watch any of the episodes until they came out on TV.

Bitchiness: "I knew about most of the bitchiness, I didn't know exactly how the bitchiness would come out. I knew that certain girls were a little bit bitchier than others, but I didn't know exactly what they said that made the other girls think they were a bitch."

What do you think of the bitchiness when you saw it on TV? "Pretty hilarious". Legend.

Kissing: Who or when to kiss was entirely up to him. Apparently it was really awkward "trying to get into a romantic mood when you have like three cameras about two meters from your face" and they did have to re-shoot kissing scenes to get different angles which "feels a little bit less natural and a little bit more awkward".

Dates: He said he actually planned a lot of the dates himself (especially the ones further on in the series) and then the team organised the logistics of them.

Crystal asking him if he was gonna open his mouth: He said he was thinking "yeah righto Crystal, chill out" Gold.

Farting incident with Poppy: "I thought that was pretty hilarious ae". He said he didn't know if he would've hit her or about it if she hadn't started laughing, but he thought it was just funny. "Everyone farts so who gives a shit?"





CUTS IN POLICE FORCE BUDGET HITS WANNABE TEENAGERS HARDEST

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT'S FIVE YEAR freeze on police funding has led to the closure of thirty police stations all across the country. Opposition parties have slammed this move, and say it will lead to citizen safety being compromised.

Yet the most affected demographic happens to be one we least expect — wannabe teenagers.

Several minors have complained over the lack of police cars roaming residential houses all of a sudden, saying it makes them unable to flick off the "po-pos" and complete their initiation to their local Cripz chapter.

"Yeah gee, we see no more po-pos in our hood and we can't feel all tough aye," says

Martin, a Year 10 student from Mount Albert Grammar. "Can't score much with the ladies now aye", he adds.

Teenage girls have also voiced their frustrations, saying the police force setback means fewer photo ops with police officers and their vehicles.

"I have always wanted a photo with the cops for my insta", explains Tahina, Year 11 from Botany Downs.

"It is going to be harder to do that when we barely see any police cars around our all ages music shows".

Jacinda Ardern, Labour MP, has vowed to be a voice for these teenagers.

"As someone who shares the same intellectual wavelength as a Year 9 pupil, I have the moral obligation to take a stand for these students", she said in a recent interview with *Candy Magazine*.

WINSTON BITES BACK

AFTER THE 2014 ELECTION, WINSTON Peters became a dog with no bite. His perceived power as so-called 'King-Maker' of the election turned into humiliation on an enormous scale. He was sent back to the kennel by National's thumping win. Winston became an angry pitbull stuck in opposition with absolutely no way of biting back. Or so we thought.

Winston has proved that even at 70, this old dog still has some bite left in him. In a complete reversal of humiliation, he defeated National in the recent Northland election. One man aged 69 (at the time), trashed Brand Key, National and National's election strategists and campaigners. Make no mistake, National fought hard.

They pulled out all the stops. John Key got his ass into gear and made his way up north. There were countless photo opportunities, meet and greets and campaigning

with John Key. National ramped up Brand Key like never before. In fact one could easily jump to the conclusion that it was John Key standing in the Northland seat and not National's candidate for Northland, Mark Osborne.

But in a twist that has left National bewildered, the more they ramped up Brand Key, the more votes Winston accumulated. In Northland, Brand Key had the opposite effect. Had Mark Osborne campaigned alone, without the propping up of Brand Key and National, he might have actually won. The Northland election may seem insignificant because it doesn't alter the balance in government. But it proves one very important thing: that Brand Key is penetrable. If Winston can do it so can Labour.

Labour needs to take a good long hard look at what Winston did up north and try to emulate it to an extent. Sure Winston milked his Northland heritage for all it was worth, despite not having looked back on Northland once, prior to the Northland election. So why did voters vote for Winston when

TV3 TO AXE THE NEWS

IN AN UNPRECEDENTED MOVE, TV3 HAS ANNOUNCED that it plans to remove popular current affairs show *The News* from its television lineup. MediaWorks, the channel's owner, confirmed the decision in a statement released this morning. "This represents a bold and innovative move that will revolutionise TV3's bland image", the statement read. The decision reflects a broader push by MediaWorks to revive TV3's ailing ratings in the face of increasing competition from online television services such as Netflix and Sky TV's Neon. This has increased the heat on traditional formats, where ratings have fallen in recent years.

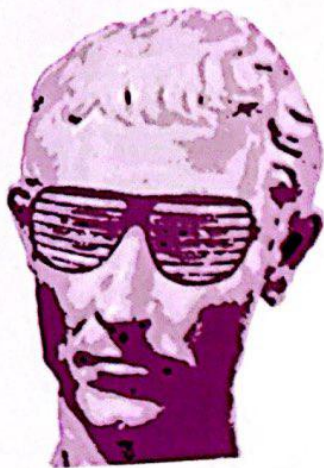
Despite this trend, MediaWorks' decision to target *The News*, traditionally a mainstay of free-to-air television, has provoked concern in some quarters. In a further statement, a spokesperson for MediaWorks defended the company's actions, saying they needed to "modernise" the channel's image and bring its content into line with viewer preferences. "Ultimately *The News* just isn't meeting our customers' needs any more", the spokesperson said. "Facts, analysis, all that shit that's going on in the Middle East — who wants to see that over dinner?"

The spokesperson declined to comment on what will replace *The News* in its coveted 6:00-7:00pm timeslot. A confidential source within the company, however, that the channel has been in talks with Paul Henry, former host of *The News*, to develop an "after dinner chat and variety show" as a potential alternative.

really he did stuff-all for them?

A hint: it's not actually about Brand Key or Winston. It's about the issues and policies that matter. Northland is one of the country's poorest regions. It is one region that has not flourished under National. Northland has been neglected which has allowed a sense of dissatisfaction and rebellion against National to flourish. Northland voters sent a message loud and clear to National: You failed us.

John Key once said that other parties couldn't beat National in an election based on policy and issues that matter. Now finally the Northland region has proven that it can happen. Voters didn't vote for Team Winston or Brand Key. They voted for Team Policy and Team Issues.



SHIRT HELL.

BY CONRAD GRIMSHAW

THERE'S SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT about Spy Bar. I felt like I was missing the point, or the joke. Outside, they make a big deal about not letting in any old riff-raff. You expect thousand dollar bottles of champagne, oligarchs, cocaine, Justin Bieber. Kryptonite credit cards, chauffeurs, bodyguards. But when you've finally won over the usual enormous and inscrutable Polynesians on the door, or (in our case) been presented to the grizzled and threatening Dean by the glamorous Turkish girl you just met in Ponsonby — a Spy regular with a Chanel handbag and a cocaine habit — you find yourself descending into just another humid, laser-lit, stripper-poled cave, peopled by the usual set of chicks having the drama of the century and stern morons staunchly circling and shadowboxing on the dance floor. But then it slowly dawns on you that there's something else going on.

Feeling gingered up by the 15th Jager bomb, crackling with contempt for the entire human race, I elbowed my way to a prime spot near the DJ booth. My style is primarily disco-based with some Latin American influences: Salsa, Flamenco, the dusky sensuality of the Samba. I'm a traditionalist. Culture. Heritage. Ole! I eschew the yobbish fist pump or plebeian shoulder roll — and as for the "Bounce" or "Shuffle"... Well. Sometimes I'm feeling particularly tolerant, and it is only then, with a smile of patient forbearance, that I might deign to perform a satirical Soulja Boy or an ironic Gangnam Style, or even a subversive Twerk — a great artist briefly slumming it in the world of pulp: Picasso with colouring book, Shakespeare does graphic novel, Beethoven writes jingle, do you take my point yet? This happens rarely. Personal standards. Generally I work alone, coolly rejecting the shy advances of the tragic devotees who shimmy and bob nervously in my orbit. I'm always a hit. I leave the floor to bitter lamentations and howls of protest. They

soldier on soullessly for a few more songs, then drift away into the corners. Something has changed within them. They need to be alone.

But this dance floor was different. The people were stiff and watchful; the exuberance seemed studied and self-conscious. The DJ in her pedestalled booth was more like an overseer. It felt like the prison exercise yard — some serious shit was always about to go down. Dean loomed toothily on the fringes like a badly-shirted shark. He was a definite presence. He monitored. Bad shirts were everywhere. So were bad shoes. In loafers, as in all things, the tastes of the mid-level bogan tend towards the reptilian, or the faux-reptilian. Cold-blooded footwear. Brontosaurus moccasins. Serpentine slipper. Pointy crocodile boots with roller-coaster front ends that position your toes somewhere near your ankles. Real fancy. Dean, for example, sported scaly shoes in the finest South Island tuatara. Another man had bright green loafers. Geckos. Exclusive. I wouldn't have been surprised to see shoes that were still alive: changing colours to match the carpet, or catching flies with flickering tongues. Did I see Dean's shoe blink?

And the shirts were horrendous. Loud is an understatement. There was a tremendous cacophony of shirts. There was an extravagantly bad brass band of bad shirts, shirts with megaphones, shirts that just wouldn't shut up. Shirts with epaulets, shirts with slogans, shirts with pictures of dragons. Velvet shirts, vinyl shirts, lino shirts. Shirts of astounding, defiant ugliness. It was shirt hell in there. *Shirt Hell* is the home of the mid-level criminal. Dean had to be a crim. He just had to be. As for my shirt, it was white. It screamed middle-class respectability, restrained taste, Remuera, civility, virginal purity. I might as well have been wearing a flashing neon sign that said "I'm not a criminal". The shirts of Dean and co, on the other hand, screamed violence, sex crime, fistfights, fast food, TV, cars, motorbikes, orgies!

That was the thing that was going on. Everyone was a criminal, or pretending to be one. In one corner, a man with neon Mohawk and iguana skin slippers, in another, camo-trousers

and Dirty Dogs, in another, a man wearing three shirts, in another, a man with a dragon tattoo, in another, a man with an alcohol syndrome and five girlfriends. There were a lot of corners, and a lot of criminals.

And what about the women? Not so obvious criminals. One or two hardened, inked, hostile, looking like loyal and supportive gang wives or regular conjugal visitors, or two primped and grand: merciless maams, brothel managers. But the rest were gorgeous. Unjustly, maddeningly gorgeous, in a way that makes you feel happy and sad at the same time. Being a criminal has advantages. Look at them there, sprawled on the stained and jaded couch, gap-toothed morons holding forth before a captivated female audience. Maybe it was fear. They were captivated by fear. It must be fear, I told myself.

It wasn't fear. Though Dean was frightening. These looked like the kind of criminals that were pious about women. Especially beautiful ones. The chivalry of the criminal. They probably only beat their wives. Otherwise girls is off limits innit. Dean himself disappeared at closing time with a pyrotechnic blonde. Dean could not be called a beautiful man. Dean could not even be called an average looking man. In fact, Dean was an ugly man. A tremendously ugly man with catastrophic dental health. But as the Spy Bar gatekeeper he enjoyed a privileged position among the criminals. He was keeper of the keys to *Shirt Hell*. Responsibility. And you've got to respect those sorts of qualities in a man. He shook hands with the bouncer on his way out. Integrity. Respect ae. Can't argue. Fair play to Dean. Yeah na.

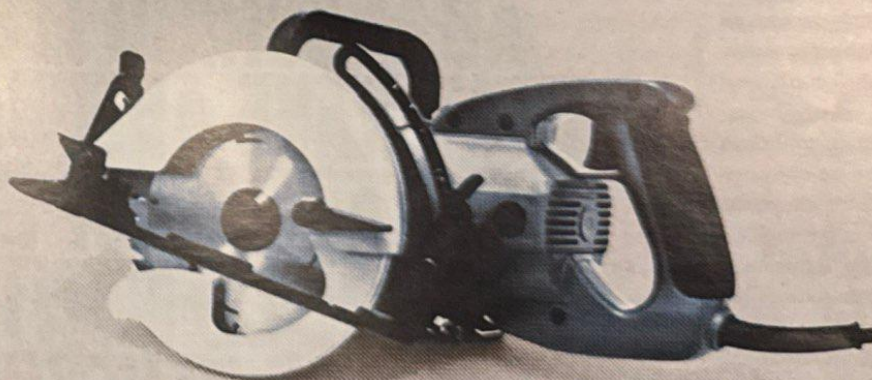
We stayed there until 5am before piling into the ubiquitous ethnically piloted Prius. We even shook hands with Dean before we left. "See you next week", we said. He nodded and looked sceptical. We hugged Lucrecia, our new Chanel-toting, coke-scoring Turkish friend. Her handbag had broken, and she was loudly explaining how much it had cost (thousands) to a semi-circle of respectfully nodding criminals. Some had tears in their eyes. Money. Goods. Consumption. This was something they could understand.

"AND THE SHIRTS WERE HORRENDOUS. LOUD IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT. THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS CACOPHONY OF SHIRTS."

IT'S NOT



IT IS



HANDS IN OR HANDS ON?



FASHION PLEASE

WITH CHRIS

IT TOOK ME AGES TO REALISE THAT "DON'T judge a book by its cover," like "honesty is the best policy", "no harm in trying", and "I am the LORD and there is no other", is one of those proverbs we quietly decided as a society not to really believe in. It's a stupid phrase, obviously. Book covers are designed to be judged. But I'd assumed that people's weren't.

If I had to describe my 'look' the most I'd be able to come up with is 'clothes I own'. But when the topic arises with friends, usually following an embarrassed apology for being more dishevelled than is dress-code-appropriate, I get "a guy who doesn't care at all about his appearance" or "sometimes a seven, sometimes a five, but usually a one".

The reality is that attempting to withdraw from judging and being judged on one's appearance still reads as a form of conscious self-presentation. My drawers are just filled with hand-me-downs, discount items, and things my mum liked, but when assembled on my frame they become signifiers of laziness, tastelessness, and a bright future in the second-hand car sales racket.

Which is frustrating, because there's at least a little bit of counter-culture ideological warfare behind the decision not to dress better. Nice clothes cost money, and I'm distinctly uncomfortable with participating in a normative metric secretly rooted in socio-economics. The other half of dressing well is just being physically attractive enough to 'pull off' an outfit, which is equally arbitrary given how little control everyone has in the lottery

of facial symmetry. I even half-heartedly justify my twisted mess of hair on the grounds that cultural notions of 'good' hair are an internalised racism which privileges 'white' characteristics as desirable, and I love appropriating freedom struggles.

But like all left-wing politics, my beliefs are really driven by resentment that I'm not personally doing better. Sure, money is half of dress sense, but the other half is taste. And for whatever reason it doesn't come naturally. I blame school uniforms, which theoretically condition kids not to worry about clothing, but leave them unprepared for a world of people *totally doing that*. Kind of like how single-sex schooling leaves them confused and upset when there are actual females in the adult world. Scary stuff. Institutional injustice.

But back to the bitterness. As much as it's fundamentally unfair that some people are biologically predisposed to being attractive, the truly unacceptable thing is that *I'm not one of them*. No matter how carefully-cropped a collar is, nor how shapely the cuff on a trouser-leg, any effort artfully framing a face like a Mr Potato Head™ assembled from two separate sets and then melted slightly on one side that beyond the bare minimum feels totally futile.

Though discomfort plays a role alongside despair. Well-dressed friends (Drillbit Tailors) occasionally try to take me under

their wing, offering to escort me from shop to shop, spending my money swapping on a bad base set of clothing for a better one. But something about deliberately attempting to impress acquaintances by dressing better feels superficial, even manipulative when it requires conscious effort, and I can quite justify abandoning items that have adequately protected my body from the elements and eyesight of others purely on the basis that they never have, and never will properly. It's also just not worth the humiliation of leaving Area 51 empty-handed after none of their \$100+ jeans quite fit your child-rearing hips.

I feel like at some point everyone took a class on brands and pairings that I somehow totally missed. Same thing with the gym. A couple of years ago everyone secretly started getting fit and spending their income on shirts so that by the time I realised, it was too late to ever catch up to the average attractiveness level. Quick side note, can we all stop pretending that gym attendance is about anything other than to fit our padded shoulders and tiny waistlines?

I have a dream that my children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the cut of their chinos, but by the content of their character. But until that day comes I'll be content to wait here on my moral high ground, in pyjama pants and the Hallensteins t-shirt my Mum bought me.

**"I CAN'T QUITE JUSTIFY
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THAT HAVE ADEQUATELY
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FROM THE ELEMENTS AND
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ON THE BASIS THAT THEY
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INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND RESPONDING TO THE RESPONSES OF THE RESPONSE

BY NATHAN PERRY

NO APOLOGIES ARE TO BE MADE. FRIGHT-fully sad news given recent events. If you are a consistent reader of *Craccum*, and I know you aren't, then you will be aware that we recently published a letter on the subject of homosexuality. This letter was then rebuffed, not once but twice. Both done in a manner that was a little heavy handed for my liking. I wanted to apologise on behalf of my darling editors but no apologies are to be made. This being the case I pontificated on the state of day to day discourse. The conclusion? I don't like it.

When debates arise, the etiquette is very rarely observed. We have a social progressive readership for the most part. So on the rare occasion that we get response from someone not of the same mindset we really ought to pay attention to it right? I mean, the contrarian in the room is the one that we ought to listen to, surely, if we don't want our opinions to stagnate and society to cease to progress. Mill made the same point, admittedly a lot better but then he had a book and I have 1000 words, social cohesion is a dangerous thing and if we bully people out of having their views rather than engaging with them earnestly then we create a horrifyingly undemocratic rule of the majority. I don't mean by this that we ought to treat every crazy and backward view as sacrosanct nor do I give this particular letter the same level of esteem as I do the Capernican theory of the system. I do, however, think that publishing a letter only to tear it down and preserving the final word for yourself is something of a disservice both to the letter writer and to the conversing community at

large.

I quite understand the vitriol aroused by this particular issue. The response came from a leftist with a truly admirable progressive and liberal attitude toward homosexuality. I can see how those of you who spend your time campaigning for gay rights and admonishing your friends for making slightly unseemly jibes might feel outraged that homophobia as vehement as that in the letter still exists. The want to rail against it is not only understandable but decent. However, the ad hominem and the persecution were to me a little out of whack. But, dearest ugly and non-existent reader, I mustn't make apologies. It's just that we see it all the time. Recently Dolce and Gabbana came out as not being fans of same sex marriage, the response was to boycott their product. These two men, gay men, might I add, hold a perfectly legitimate view and instead of entering into a discussion with them we demonised them. Now, perhaps with the new state law allowing retailers to refuse service to gay people, the world does need to reinforce that we are all for gay rights, but surely it can be done with calm and considered words rather than brash actions and the vilification of everyone and anyone that disagrees with us.

We have a right to express our outrage certainly. But they have a right to express theirs. I am a hateful man myself, I loathe racism, I deplore violence and am outrageously disgusted by chocolate muffins, Beyonce, music, people, and life itself. I will forever fight against the KKK and against homophobia, but it is important to understand that the racists and the homophobes are merely products of their environments. Yes, sometimes they need to be fought. Sometimes they need to be fought hard, and punch ups are just the only way. I want to pick up guns

and go and fight, and I don't think words are the best, and I think that when we're being antagonised we ought to be on the offensive, but not here. Not with either of these situations. We are in the majority on this. Especially here at university. Gay rights are going well for us, and though the fight needs to keep going, a pair of designers and a uni student are not the targets we need to set our sights on.

I love my editors and I have a very soft spot for the gentleman who wrote the response but this entire situation seems to be at odds with the values we all claim to share. I am a gay man myself and I detested the letter. But more than that, I despised the fact that in her own letter she talked about how fearful she felt about positing a theory. My editor was disappointed and so was I. He spoke about her need to right her moral compass so that it points in the same direction as everyone else's. The whole point of writing columns and features and all the rest is to say things that people won't agree with. What other point is there? If we were to simply affirm the views that society already held, we would be remiss in our duty to further discourse. We failed this week. We failed with Dolce and Gabbana, we spend so much of our time pussy-footing around the disenfranchised and not daring to say what we think and fearing that we're stealing agency, when someone does exactly the opposite, they need to be heard not silenced.

I doubt my words will ever reach the sight of the letter's writer. I doubt after reading our last issue that she shall ever read us again. The author was already so unsure of herself, so small and whimpering, that she used a pen name. Something that one of the editors himself pointed out. Horrific. I look at the world, dear uneducated and uninteresting reader, and I despair.

**"I AM A HATEFUL MAN MYSELF,
I LOATHE RACISM, I DEPLORE
VIOLENCE AND AM OUTRAGEOUSLY
DISGUSTED BY CHOCOLATE
MUFFINS, BEYONCE, MUSIC,
PEOPLE, AND LIFE ITSELF."**



THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT REVIEW DRINKING COMPANY

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

The Immigrant is worried he has no real friends. The Addict, like all addicts, is only in it for the highs, the support, and the company, so doesn't care. The Immigrant insists they spend time with other people this week. The Addict is worried the Immigrant will move on to brighter horizons, so demands he come along to supervise. The boys socialise with other people this week. One day at a time...

FIRST OFF: A FACE LIKE A VULTURE. A BRAIN like a chicken. A wallet like the Sultan of Brunei. Our first meeting is with a law student. You already know what we mean. He worries about his CV but doesn't have the intelligence to figure out what those letters stand for. He throws parties, near orgies, but only the unpopular kids turn up (our heroes don't get invited to cool kid parties, though they do listen to a lot of Echomsmith).

The Addict and the Immigrant enter the sterile Parnell home. They note the towering walls of glass and the parents living out of town. Brogan tells the Addict about the pleasures of independent life. The Addict enquires whether it's really independent to have your parents pay your rent? Brogan doesn't like this, but his conversational skills are limited so he simply pulls a face, as though he's just sucked on a lemon, to assert his superiority.

Brogan is throwing drinks. A sort of alcohol themed Survivor. He forces our heroes to funnel red wine — that's right, red wine, not beer, cider, or water, but red-fucking-wine. It's gross. Unsurprisingly, the Addict funnels three bottles and passes out within the first hour. The Immigrant is left to complete the final two rounds alone. First, King Cup. We don't really remember how this game works; basically, you mix a bunch of booze in a cup and someone is forced to drink it. That same

someone usually throws up. Tonight, the Immigrant is spared. He hides in the toilet, alongside the conked out Addict, occasionally checking that his rotund friend's tongue hasn't flopped down his windpipe.

Game the last: a centurion. Not the gay bathhouse, but one hundred shots of beer in one hundred minutes. The Immigrant actually manages one hundred and fifty one. Legend. The night ends with a bunch of socially incompetent law students jerking each other off over National party policy and how much their dads earned in the last financial year. The Immigrant approves. The Addict remains unconscious. Overall average company, Brogan (what the hell kind of name is Brogan anyway?)

Next, lunch and beer with a mature student named Carl. Tall, thin, slightly grizzly, and smelling of old durries. The Addict approves. The Immigrant finds it difficult to relate to someone who has spent the past ten years working in non-corporate jobs and not living with his parents.

The drinks are going well. The Occidental (don't worry, we'll review this one later — hint: it sucks). We order overpriced, weak, shitty, Belgian beer. Carl gets drunk. He starts off talking Hitchens (neither the Addict nor the Immigrant know who or what this is), then moves on to proclaiming himself an intellectual, a contrarian, and, frankly, a master orator. He then explains his views on women ("they really are just happier at home"), and then black people ("statistically they are just more violent"). The Immigrant responds that these views are ignorant, baseless, and bigoted. The Addict proclaims this man his hero and, for the briefest moment, they hold each other close. The Immigrant fears reprisal for being dark, he considers calling his Mum for a lift home until the Addict tells him he's being a pussy. Date the second is done.

Halfway through their investigative journalism and the lads are already tired of being friendly. This time it's dinner with Christopher. Christopher may or may not write a column a couple of pages before this one. Tallish. Skinny. Slightly wimpy. He talks fast but spends slowly. It's Christopher who suggests dinner. The Addict and the Immigrant are excited. They arrive. The Addict is confused by the non-alcohol stuff on the menu. He orders three courses: a martini, a beer, and a bottle of wine. The Immigrant orders properly, and is friendly to the wait-staff.

Christopher is late, sweating, and anxious. He talks long and loud. He says the movie 300 is evil because Frank Miller is a racist. He defends *Gone Girl*. He nearly cries over

how good *Boyhood* is. Eventually the Addict decides to wind him up. He declares *Boyhood* to be derivative, "oh of what? Of life?" replies Christopher. "No, of *Pulp Fiction*" replies the Immigrant, who asserts all art is based on the menu. The Addict loudly calls him a Jew. The Immigrant apologises and says Israel has a right to exist. Christopher is rightly upset. As are the half-dozen other patrons. The Addict grins devilishly and explains, without a degree of condescension, that the word 'Jew' simply means cheap, and that Carl would agree with him. He says he is a "proud Anti-Semite", and goes on to emphasise this is in no way racist, and perhaps if the patrons had done Arts degrees they would have a better appreciation of context. He declares himself Louis CK. No one is impressed. Christopher blinks repeatedly, and flaps his arms in outrage. The waiter comes to take their order. No one is happy.

Christopher only orders an entree. He claims having a billionaire grandmother makes life difficult because he can't spend without guilt. Our heroes decide to teach him — first, by example. They order massively, and without guilt. Second, by conspicuously going to the bathroom together. Once in the bathroom the Addict moves in for a kiss. The Immigrant rebuffs him, despite being desperately lonely. The Addict then remembers why he brought his friend to the bathroom. To escape the bill. The Immigrant feels uncomfortable but is afraid of tasting his friend's rancid durne-breath. So out the window they go, leaving Christopher to pay the bill, and quietly quote Jay-Z to himself as his trust fund depletes.

Finally, a coffee with Martha. The Addict is sober(ish) for once. The Immigrant is bright and bubbly. Weirdly, Martha is drunk. Dude, it's 10am. The Immigrant does not approve. The Addict shouts "banter!", pulls Martha's ponytail, and starts pouring bourbon into his coffee. Martha is like a female version of the Addict. She smokes too much, swears too much, drinks too much. But, unlike the Addict, she has no Immigrant to keep her safe. So she wanders, angry and aroused. She dropped out of University to be a secretary. She says she can get our heroes in touch with some Middle Eastern drug dealers. She offers coke. The Immigrant is all like "it's not even midday, would you two please behave, for Christ's sake". The Addict is all like "yes pls". So they ditch the Immigrant, get drugs, and are later found passed out in the middle of O'Connell street.

This was exhausting, back to only being friends with each other next week. Friends are just strangers waiting to happen.



LIBRA

BY LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

SO, A FEW MONTHS AGO ON MY BATHROOM break from work, I made my way into my favourite bathroom cubicle (I'm using the term favourite here loosely). Upon closing the door, I was once again reminded of my poor mathematical skills influenced by my gender, when I was greeted with an extremely clever and well thought out ad from Libra Pads that said: "Absorbs way more than you ever did in maths class". I took a deep breath (a regretful breath might I add) and with a smile on my face I thought to myself "Gosh, where would I be without this continuous reminder that my gender is making me inferior in certain academia?" Well, probably proportionately represented in maths and sciences and getting equal pay. Then I did a little giggle and thought "Oh, thank god for ads like these".

After my last article last week I'd imagine some you may be thinking that I am exaggerating. "Are you serious?" you're asking me. "If I decide to dress up babies in pink and blue I'm a misogynistic asshole? Get a f***ing grip. Damn feminists these days will look at anything and see patriarchy. Who even got her to write?" While I thank you for your critical thinking and active questioning (it is important), I want to further discuss how this influences behaviour and stereotypes later on in life, and more specifically in classrooms.

But before I delve into this, I just want to make it clear: you can wear whatever colour you want. Male or female, if you want to dress up in a tutu with a flowery headband and pink and purple jewels encrusted on your fully made up face then please go for it (cause that'll look badass). What I am saying is that, just because you're a girl, you shouldn't be expected to take on socially constructed ideals of 'femininity' from a young age, especially when that comes with being called

things like "precious" and "princess", and being discouraged to be outside, play sports, and engage in activities originally deemed as 'boy-ish'. I should also clarify from my last article that, though I really wanted to discuss gender identity further, I felt I lack some of the authority having been born cisgendered and I am unlikely to fully understand the experiences of someone questioning their gender or being transgendered. These things should definitely be talked about more, but probably not by me.

The effects of patriarchy can be really obnoxious and visible, and they can also be extremely subtle. The pay gap would be an example of the former (like wtf we're still not getting paid the same, how is this still happening?) and gender performance in classrooms would be an example of the latter. Gender expectations are so ridiculously sly that women don't often realise they're being affected by them, even if they object to them. Studies have shown that even if you believe in equality, even if you're an academic that is highly educated and works closely together with high achieving women, there is still a bias against women. A study at the University of Wisconsin showed that when the same CV was sent to psychology professors under a male or a female pseudonym, and were asked to assess whether or not they would hire the person, males were 50% more likely to be chosen for hiring and were perceived to be more qualified. I'm just gonna rephrase that: if you are a female, and you have a male co-worker, with the same exact experience as you, and you apply for the same job, with the same CV, he is 50% more likely to get the job and be perceived as more qualified than you are.

This might come back to the fact that men are perceived to be better at things like maths and sciences than women, and psychology is a science, which might explain the bias in the hiring. But the thing is that men are not better than females at maths. When men and women are tested in the same room in subjects like

maths, men will do better than females. But this difference can be fully eliminated, if not reversed, when males and females are tested in different rooms. Another interesting thing that happens is that when men and women are asked to state their gender on things like maths tests, simply the fact that they're reminded they are female will lower their score. When they don't, they scores will actually be the same or sometimes even higher than their male counterparts.

Things like stupid Libra ads that reinforce the stereotype of women not being good academics seep through every single crevice of our mind. So much so that women, along with other minorities constantly being shat on by a default bias towards middle class white males, make up the largest percentage of victims to impostor syndrome. This is a phenomenon wherein people in academia, particularly studying postgrad or in positions of high importance, feel as if they are undeserving. They often tend to be just as qualified as their white male counterparts, but women and other minorities are more likely to experience fear and anxiety that they are unworthy of qualifications or important positions. If opportunities, jobs and qualifications are more likely to be given to males as opposed to females that are just as eligible, then it can be understood how women and other marginalised groups worry that whatever opportunities they do get, they have simply due to luck or chance, and not due to their hard work or intelligence.

Women are constantly proving themselves to be very capable in STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics) areas. Even though there was a huge backlash against the Libra ad (which acquired over 3,500 signatures to be taken down), why is it that this stereotype still prevails? It's not only harmful in limiting the chances of women being taken seriously when they are qualified, but it also instils a sense of undeservedness and fear that when they are recognised for their intellect, they are actually a fraud.

"SO MUCH SO THAT WOMEN, ALONG WITH OTHER MINORITIES CONSTANTLY BEING SHAT ON BY A DEFAULT BIAS TOWARDS MIDDLE CLASS WHITE MALES, MAKE UP THE LARGEST PERCENTAGE OF VICTIMS TO IMPOSTOR SYNDROME."



KANT OR WON'T?

HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

SPEAKING PERSONALLY, AS A HODGE-PODGE of gut-feelings and odd sensations, it's hard to peg down what emotions really are and ought to mean. Tight-chested, heavily perspiring, and debilitatingly nauseous, you decide to ask someone out. Are you infatuated or just really, really sick? Guilt seems to tug at your very soul, but it's just as likely to be a heart arrhythmia in disguise. As always, I have no answers — only more questions.

We instinctively seem to know in some situations that our physical symptoms have a psychological source. We can tell when we're nervous or scared. We don't immediately begin to worry for our health in those situations when our hearts tighten or our pulses race. In other

cases, though, like that of Dr. Watson in the BBC's *Sherlock*, a limp can be psychosomatic at its core (a disease involving both mind and body). The line is blurred between a physical response which is emotionally caused, and one which is physiologically caused.

Blurred lines aside, we are also incredibly adept at deciphering which emotions we are feeling depending on what bundle of physical prompts we get from our bodies. Is this process wholly contrived and arbitrary? Having been brought up with language, we think, dream and feel in words. They give cohesion and life to random bodily impulses: sadness, hatred, joy, faith, melancholy. Even if we give emotions a conceptual life of their own, separate from the physical responses we feel, do the words we give to them reflect their reality or create them? Contentment, for example, is a complex notion. It is a sort of satisfaction with the way things are. Do we really *feel* contentment, or have we just made it so by thinking about it in those terms?

For theorists like Hume, it is the 'passions' that motivate us to take actions, rather than rationality or morality. On a commonsense litmus

test, this seems plausible. People are rash when angry, and can make spiteful decisions. Happiness and confidence can lead us to take more risks than we normally would. Emotions matter. How we think about them also matters. When we use language to discuss our feelings, to decide what actions most reflect our deeper preferences, it is an act of control. If language really is something that is determining what emotions are rather than simply reflecting them, we have a lot of control, and with that control comes some responsibility.

Aristotle thought we had to train ourselves so that our emotional responses, when put under pressure, would be the right ones. Virtuous action is the habit of a good person who has made it so through practice. None of this stands, though, if emotions are beyond our grasp. If they fire at will and tug us along then nothing matters.

The truth probably lies somewhere in the middle. Something stirs inside because of a complicated mix of emotional and biological responses, and the form those responses take is shaped in turn by the words and concepts we use to describe them. At the very least, we may as well try.

"PEOPLE ARE RASH WHEN ANGRY, AND CAN MAKE SPITEFUL DECISIONS. HAPPINESS AND CONFIDENCE CAN LEAD US TO TAKE MORE RISKS THAN WE NORMALLY WOULD. EMOTIONS MATTER."



GLITTER AND CLUDGE

PRIDEFUL WEEKS

BY TESSA NADEN

I'M GOING TO BE REAL TIRED OF EITHER SAYING, or writing, or thinking these words: Pride Week Is Coming Up! Unlike last year, where the phrase I had on repeat in my life was 'VOTE POSITIVE!!!!!!' (the more exclamation points there were, the more Labour was sinking in the polls), this one is mealy in the mouth. It's 5 words! Well, four words and a particle, but that's a word too. I digress —

Pride Week Is Coming Up! As is a Pride Issue of *Craccum*. Reading it is NOT optional — if you don't pick it up, not only will Jordan be consoling himself with my bottle of JD in his office, I'll be joining him! It's going to have some great queer-focused content.

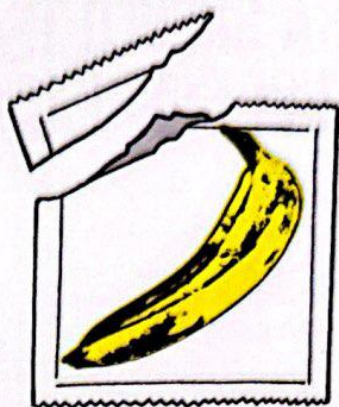
So this serves as a preview to the Big Event(s). Pride Week, Pridefest, Pride Oh My God It's Two Weeks Away and I Haven't Checked My Emails Don't Judge Me, and occasionally, I Sacrificed My GPA to My Dark Master AUSA. So I'm A Fourth Year BA, is coming! On the 4-9th of May, which is Week Eight. We're going to have FUN! By fun I mean panels, and by panels I mean in Shadows. We've got some great stuff planned — like a (emphasis on 'a') stall in the Quad for the day! It's gonna be great! I invited someone to speak! In a lecture theatre! HOW EXCITED ARE YOU??? I AM EXCITED!!!! I jest, I jest, and you should come along to MULTIPLE stalls and watch multiple people speak at multiple events. And we're having a lipsync for your life competition — dress up as your favourite pop star, or don't, or just be tragically drunk, and lipsync to

great music (Cyndi Lauper) all night long. We're gonna do a drunken screening of *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. This and MORE! And for free, not \$49.99 including shipping! Best of all, it's all on campus, it's all free, and I just need you to show up and have fun.

So come along to Pride — it's going to be fantastic. If you don't come I will be very upset and commandeer the *Craccum* offices and the magazine will become avant-garde comedy inspired by David Lynch, written by a lonely alcoholic, and it will be all about the Labour Party.

[AUSA Pride Week will be taking place on the 4-9th of May. By the time you are reading this you should be able to find a programme online or on the Facebook event page. Have fun and come along everyone!]

[Queer and have a problem? I am your advocate! Email me at qro@ausa.org.nz and I will try to help you! NB: I am not a dating service]



TAKING THE PUSS

FUSION CUISINE:
ON FLAVOURED
CONDOMS AND
INTER-RACIAL SEX

BY MONA DAHL

“ARE YOU FILIPINO? CAUSE YOU TASTE LIKE BANANA”.

I cracked up while the Penetrator swore and threw the prophylactic in the bin. “Fuck that shit”, he said, loyally glancing up at the ‘Blue Sky, White Sun, and Wholly Red Earth’ pinned above the bed. Returning to the task at hand, I began to think about flavoured condoms, interracial relationships and the merits, disappointments and similarities there between.

My train of thought was interrupted by a re-

laxed “Russell’s watching us...” from the Penetrator (alarmed at the apparent presence of a third party, I was reassured by the following “...and Metiria”, revealing that it was in fact only the Green Party smiling encouragingly from the wall), for a quick public service announcement. We acquired these aromatic rubbers from Family Planning a while ago, and they cost us \$0. Tired of forking out \$13 for a pack of 12? Get ‘em on prescription, any ribbed or RealFeel kind you want, for a dramatically subsidised \$5 for 144. “Prescription?!” I hear you squeak, “the doctor costs way more than a supermarket box of jimmy hats!” Wrong again, my friend. If you’re a resident under 22 you get three ‘sexual health’ GP visits for FREE per year. If there is any Big Daddy in your relationship, it is PHARMAC.

As I mulled over the flavour of those awful foam banana sweets from childhood 50¢ mixtures, I also considered the parallels of the two present concepts. While these candied condoms look, feel and unfold in the same way normal ones do, they get harangued for being “unnatural”, or “fetishistic”. “You just like them because they’re EXOTIC”, we’re told. Perhaps this is true to an extent. After a sex-lifetime of homogenous, goody-goody

latex protection, the lure of untried polyisoprene is spicy and exciting. In reality though, this increased sensitivity is just what was handed to us at the clinic — the Penetrator and I didn’t set out to find a rebellious sexual deviation, it was just an incidental benefit of our search for safety and intimacy.

There is a sneaking let-down to both the bi-racial and the berry-flavoured. What seemed at the outset to be a sweet and enhanced time quickly revealed its disappointing reality: a barrier impeding a harmless activity. This blowjob is not going to give us a foetus or AIDS, why do we need a blockade? This relationship isn’t going to lay waste to cultural integrity, why do parents invent racial obstacles? From the outside, an ethnic divide looks like progressive fun. On the inside, it’s hard to ignore that at times it’s an oily mouthful with no hint of the promised chocolate and vanilla, swii-iiirl.

It’s like the MJ song. “Protection for gangs, clubs and nations, causing grief for human relations”. Sometimes neither rubber nor race-unity is easy. But yo, if you’re thinkin’ about my baby it don’t matter if you’re black or white.

“ON THE INSIDE, IT’S HARD TO IGNORE THAT AT TIMES IT’S AN OILY MOUTHFUL WITH NO HINT OF THE PROMISED CHOCOLATE AND VANILLA, SWII-IIIRL.”

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THIS HOUSE BELIEVES THAT SCHOOLS IN THE USA SHOULD TEACH RAP LYRICS AS PART OF THEIR ENGLISH LITERATURE CURRICULUM

AFFIRMATIVE

PAUL SMITH

HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH TEACHERS WANT kids to know about 'big ideas' — poverty, love, racism.

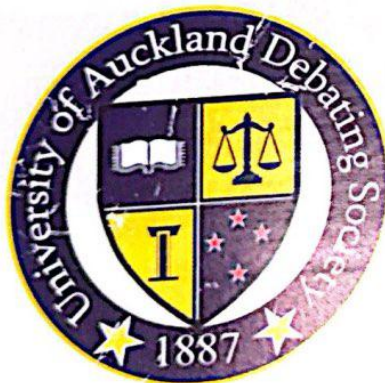
So does Lupe Fiasco.

We're used to the idea of reading *How to Kill a Mockingbird* to learn about racial injustice in the US — and absolutely we should continue to teach it — but alongside rap. Everyone knows about the problems with slavery, dispossession, and segregation. Fewer people are aware of their present consequences, and that's a problem high school students need to know. Rap tells the story of the same communities 40 years on, through discrimination in housing, employment, and the justice system. Since the 1990s, rap music has been providing an avenue for some of the poorest African American communities to have a voice. It was cheap — all you needed was basic equipment and you could make music — and it was accessible. This was the way hip hop legends

like Grandmaster Flash started to produce music that provides an incredible insight into a community that 'white America' otherwise would be ignorant of.

"RAP IS BOTH LYRICALLY AND THEMATICALLY CHALLENGING. IT'S TIME TO LIFT RAP MUSIC UP ON THE PEDESTAL IT DESERVES, AND TEACH IT IN THE CLASSROOM."

Essentially what I'm advocating for is a form of reparation — we have a responsibility to make sure these stories are heard. Moreover, the more people know about and empathise with the structural problems facing African-Americans, the more likely we are to get change.



seems wrong to do that with rap when many of its most powerful statements happen in the present and go unanswered.

"RAP IS MEANT TO BE ANGRY AND SUBVERSIVE, IT'S MEANT TO BE REBELLIOUS."

It's also dubious that teachers will do a particularly good job of conveying rap. It is undeniable that rap music has a dark side. It can be misogynistic and it can glorify violence. It can be easy to tell a narrative that blames rap for these social ills. It is harder to explain that rap is a reflection of the violence that is a sad

Negating will probably tell you that students are already listening to rap. To be blunt, more of them aren't listening to anything that actually matters. We're too busy with Iggy Azalea and Macklemore to bother with more authentic stories. Even if we are listening to all the right artists, we can still get a lot out of analysing it — Kendrick Lamar raps about his upbringing in Compton, teenage prostitutes, and drug addiction, but often we don't know anything past the chorus of "Swimming Pools". Indeed, authenticity matters in rap, and introducing it to the classroom allows kids to learn more about the stories of popular rap artists. Drake might wear every single chain even when he's in the house, but he certainly didn't start from the bottom; he grew up in a middle class Canadian suburb.

There's a reason that an American university just announced they were launching an English course based around (I shit you not) Kendrick's latest album. Rap is both lyrically and thematically challenging. It's time to lift rap music up on the pedestal it deserves, and teach it in the classroom.

reality of life in many of the poorest areas of America, or discuss ways in which racism has particularly impacted upon black women.

A final point — not teaching rap music doesn't mean leaving students in the dark about issues around race and poverty. But students already know the messages that affirmative wants them to learn. We know that one of Jay-Z's 99 problems is racial profiling by the police. We can listen to Lupe Fiasco's anti-establishment thoughts. High school students are far more engaged than we give them credit for; they check their Tumblrs and follow their social justice blogs, and are in many cases more up to date than their teachers. Quite frankly, if you're a young person who doesn't know ANYTHING about racial discrimination in America, a lesson on rap music isn't going to do much for you anyway.

High school students should absolutely learn about racial inequality, and even popular culture.

But listening to your middle aged English teacher reciting Kanye isn't the answer.

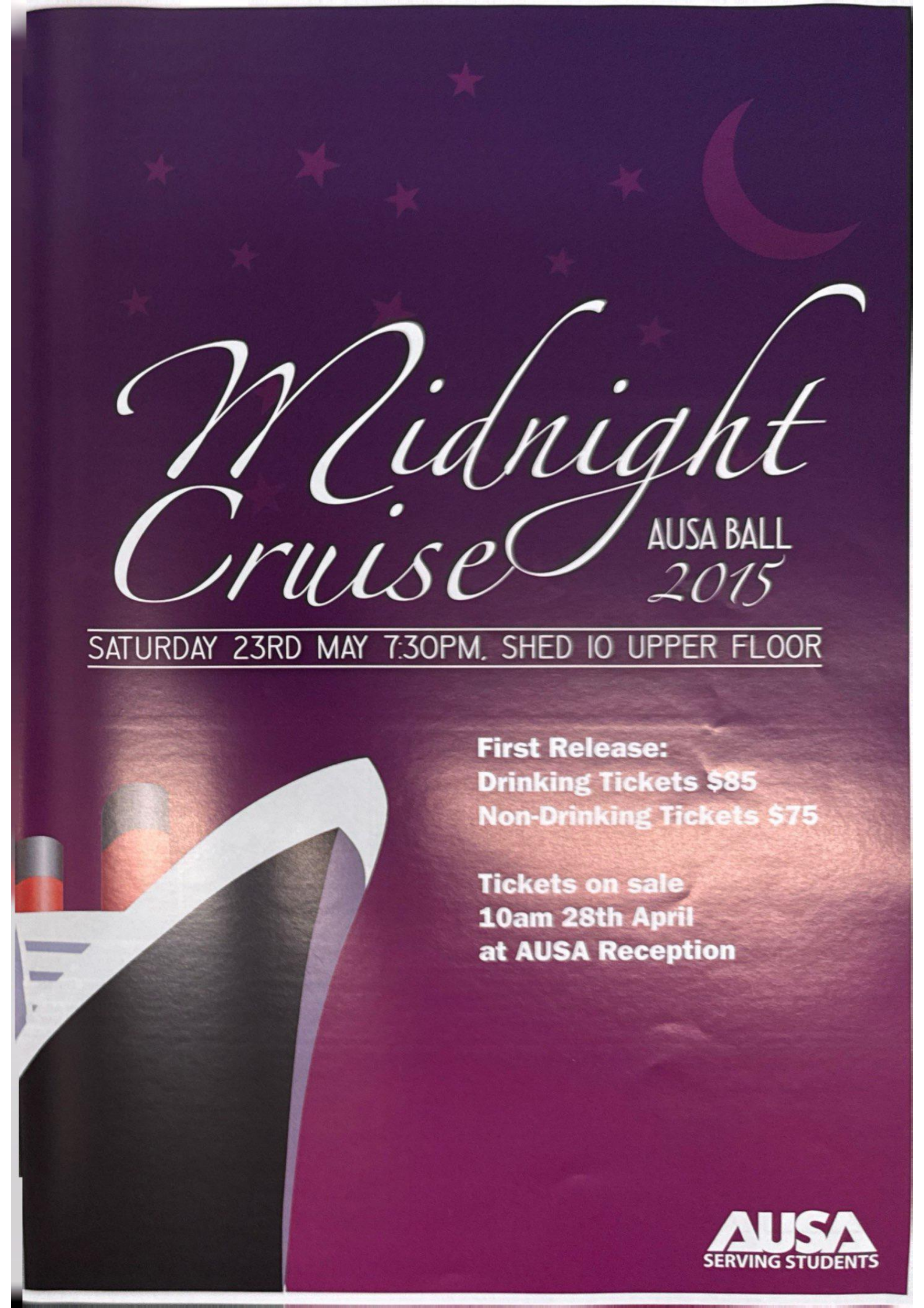
NEGATIVE

SMITH PAUL

THE NEGATING CASE IS SIMPLE: RAP MUSIC IS incredibly valuable. Don't let school take that away.

Rap wasn't designed for the classroom. It's intended to be listened to at parties, on street corners, and in the car. The appeal is in the energy and the passion of the delivery, and the anti-establishment messages. All that will be lost in a dry, English class analysis. The reason kids hate poetry in English class isn't because the poems are bad, it's because another mention of assonance or similes will drive them completely insane. A classroom context will make rap music awkward.

And there's just something a bit strange about putting rap music in a classroom. Rap is meant to be angry and subversive, it's meant to be rebellious. Would they censor songs like N.W.A's "Fuck tha Police" to make them suitable for high school kids? It's easier to take historical protest movements and study them in a sanitised and established setting. It



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



BLACK POWERS:
CAN TELEPORT
THROUGH THE
COLOR BLACK.



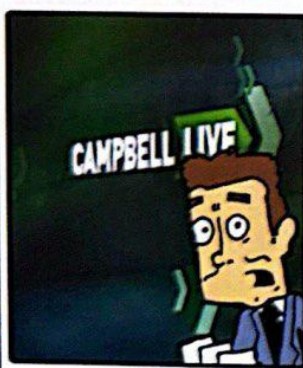
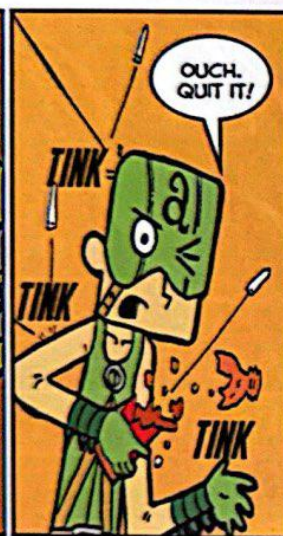
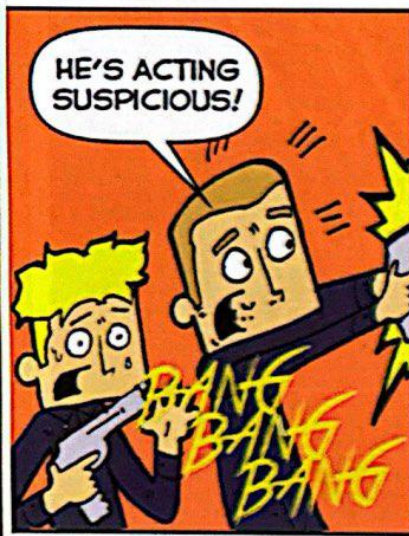
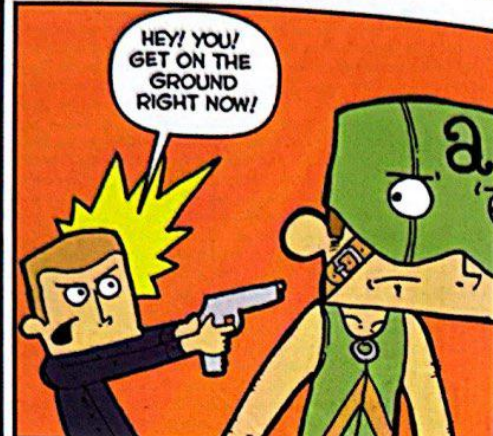
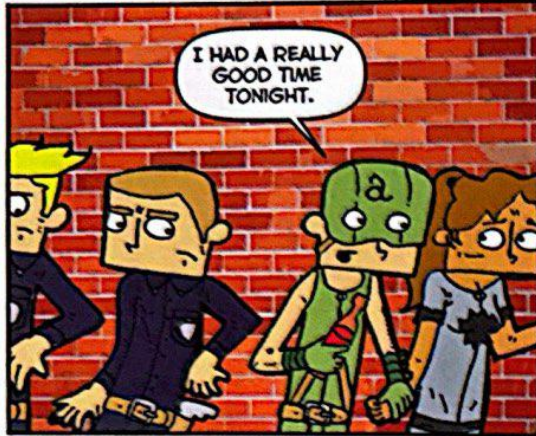
ACHILLESHEEL:
GREEK GOD
OF MENOPAUSE.



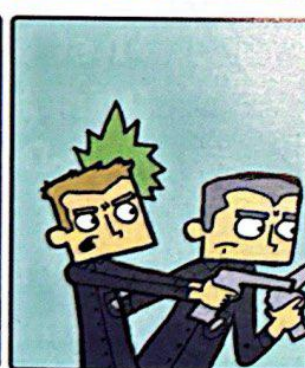
HOME RUN:
BEATS PEOPLE
WITH A BAT.



THE HUM:
METAL TO...



"GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. ON TONIGHT'S SHOW, WE ADDRESS A SHOCKING TREND SPREADING WORLDWIDE."



"RACIAL TARGETING. POLICE WORLDWIDE HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF UNPROVOKED SHOOTINGS OF A SINGLE MINORITY".



"STRAIGHT WHITE MALES".



"THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF BACKLASH, PEOPLE WANTING ANSWERS AND ACTIONS TAKEN. CELEBRITIES HAVE JOINED IN AS WELL SUCH AS MACKLENSON"



"THESE ACTS ARE DISGUSTING, IT'S ALREADY HARD ENOUGH BEING A RETROSEXUAL WHITE MALE!"



"HAVEN'T WE BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH! I JUST CAN'T EVEN RIGHT NOW".



"THIS IS PROOF THAT PATRIARCHY AND APPROPRIATION OF CULTURE STILL EXISTS".



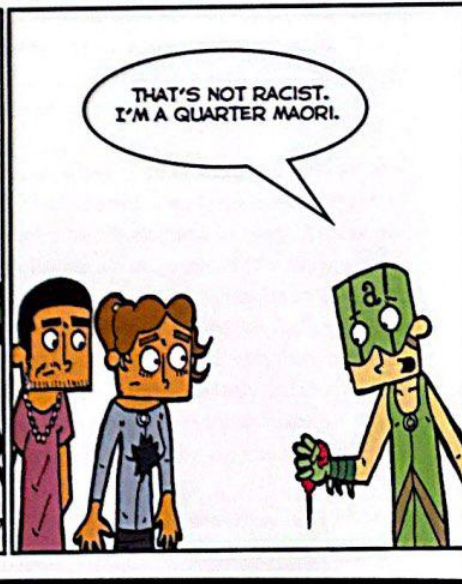
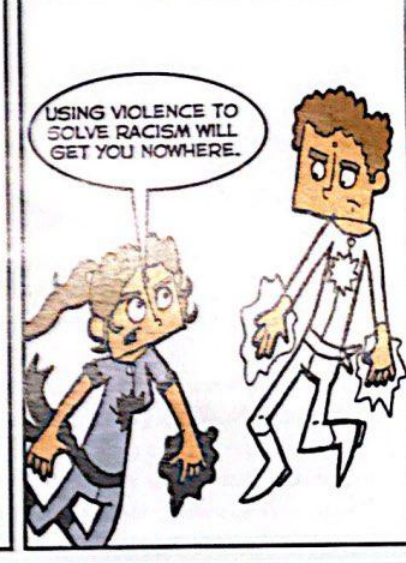
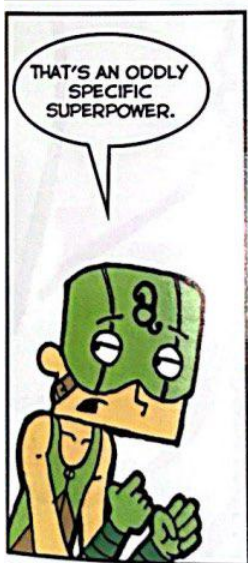
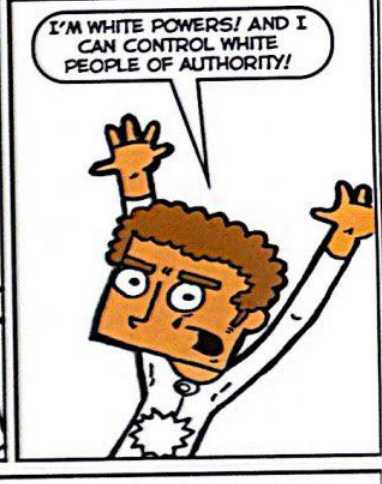
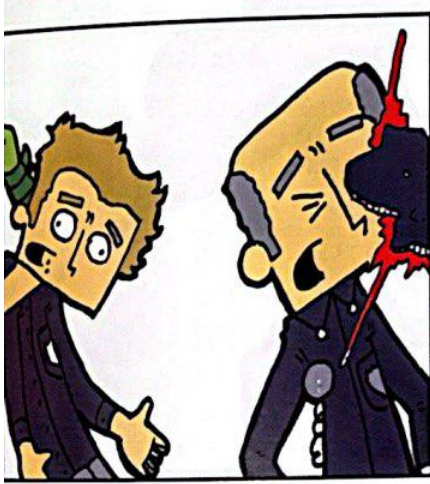
"THAT'S WHY I INVENTED HOMOSEXUALITY AND RAP MUSIC. TO HELP OVERCOME ALL OF THIS".





BREAKING NEWS! IT SEEMS THAT POLICE ARE AT A STANDOFF WITH RAPPER DRAKE!

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, THERE ARE CONFUSED AT WEATHER OR NOT TO SHOOT DRAKE, AS THEY ARE UNSURE IF HE IS WHITE.





CHARLIE AND THE GREAT GLASS CEILING

BY HOLLY FRANKHAM

FOR SOME REASON, WHENEVER SOMEONE mentions the 'glass ceiling' all that I can imagine is the final scene from *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. It's the moment when Charlie and Mr Willy Wonka go smashing through the roof of the factory and fly away in their Great Glass Elevator. Don't get me wrong, I consider myself a feminist with a capital 'F' but no matter how hard I try, I can't get that silly image out of my head. For those who don't know what the glass ceiling is, or, like myself, picture some laughable scene whenever you hear the phrase, here's a quick explanation. The glass ceiling is a metaphorical obstacle said to impact a woman's career progression in comparison to her male colleagues. It's an issue within the workforce whereby significantly fewer women fill executive roles than men, despite sharing equal qualifications and education opportunities. Statistically, women find it more difficult to advance in their positions and are less likely to be offered promotions within their field. The more you look into it, the more you can begin to feel like you're inside Willy Wonka's Glass Elevator being propelled back into the 1950s.

Unfortunately, the glass ceiling still exists in our society today. It is important to look at whether it is present in our institutions — particularly tertiary establishments. Universities are known to be liberal platforms for the next generation to gain their skillsets, educate themselves on social issues, and then take

"THE GLASS CEILING IS A METAPHORICAL OBSTACLE SAID TO IMPACT A WOMAN'S CAREER PROGRESSION IN COMPARISON TO HER MALE COLLEAGUES."

these learnings out into the world. If women are still facing these kinds of obstacles in our tertiary system, how are they supposed to go about tackling such issues in the cold, hard reality of the workforce?

I won't bore you with a long-winded attempt at reciting the University of Auckland's history, but it is interesting to note that from its opening in 1883, it took almost one hundred years to employ a female professor. Between 1975 and 1981, the University hired its first two female professors, opening the doors for women to join the academic staff. Thirty years later, and the female to male professor ratio is still relatively skewed.

Of course, when considering the gender statistics of academic staff, you have to look at the faculty to which they belong. Arts is notorious for its abundance of female students and staff, whereas Engineering is still seen as a predominantly male subject. Still, in order for female students to be inspired by subjects that seem almost solely interesting to men, having strong female leaders in these faculties could go a long way in encouraging

gender diversity.

Since 2014, there has been a significant difference between the numbers of female versus male students. Enrolment numbers dictate that there were exactly 23,835 female students to 18,118 male students, clearly showing that women are a clear majority on campus. Why is it, then, that we lack female professors in comparison to their male counterparts? When I say professor, I am talking about someone who has reached the peak of their career path, and has a secure position within their faculty. This excludes lecturers, tutors, and associate professors. The problem is not that there are no female staff — there are plenty — it's that very few of them have achieved as much as men in the University.

This comes down to a number of reasons. Perhaps some women are happy in their position and don't wish to advance any further. Perhaps some are focusing on their family life for now, but intend to progress later on. We can't guarantee that the presence of a glass ceiling in the University of Auckland is the reason for the skewed ratio, but it is important to investigate.

For argument's sake, let's take a look at the Engineering faculty. The ratio of male to female professors is 40:2, and with associate professors, it is 24:2. While they do have a female Associate Dean, out of 68 senior teaching staff, only 6% are women. That seems crazy right?

As a student, I can't pretend to know the ins and outs of employment within tertiary institutes, so I tracked down Associate Professor Jennifer Curtin, who has a passionate interest in comparative gender politics, to ask for her thoughts.

After finishing a PhD in 1997, she found herself searching for a position teaching in a tertiary institution. Like all of us about to venture out into the big bad world, she was faced with the problem that jobs are not always readily available.

"Everybody had told us it would be easy to get a job because the baby boomers would be retiring," she tells me. "But it wasn't like that at all. It still isn't like that."

Nowadays, having a degree is about as rare as having a HOP card, so heading out into the workforce and finding a dream job straight out of university is generally an unrealistic expectation. Wherever the glass ceiling is present it's even harder for women to secure these positions. Just like university, real life is an inevitable competition for survival, and qualifications on paper just don't cut it any-

more.

After ten years of study, Jennifer found her age and biological clock began to factor into her hunt for a career. At the beginning of her search, she wanted to start a family.

"I didn't want to have kids when I was doing my PhD. I wanted to try and have a couple of years in the labour market before [then], but time wasn't really on my side", she says. "These kinds of decisions cross over between your personal life and professional life. And I'm not saying they are specific to being female, but they have a greater physical impact on a female sexed body".

Factoring family life into a woman's career is something that will always be discussed. Even if a woman has made the personal choice not to pursue motherhood, there is still societal pressure as wanting a family is seen as the norm. Controversially, some employers are reluctant to hire women due to their belief that female biological attributes — such as menstruation and pregnancy — will impact negatively on their ability to work. While this is not always the case, women should be not only hired without the assumption that they will leave for maternal reasons, but also given the option to take that leave without being penalised.

Jennifer finally entered an academic position when a two year contract at an Australian tertiary establishment became available. At the time, she was five months pregnant and decided not to disclose this in her interview.

"You have to make strategic choices. I wasn't really showing, and I went and did the interview. I wasn't sure how the discipline or the University would see impending motherhood when considering me for the position. I didn't

want to find myself discriminated against on the basis of being pregnant".

It seems ridiculous to discriminate against a pregnant woman who is looking to pursue a career, especially considering many women often head back into the workforce after recommended three weeks of postpartum care. That's shorter than a vacation for some people! As long as a pregnant woman is not suffering from serious medical side effects such as hypertension, that would affect their work performance, it's reasonable to allow them to continue working until they need to take maternity leave. However, some women find their positions in jeopardy when returning to them post-leave.

In the UK, a study conducted by the House of Commons revealed that approximately 47,600 women, of the average 340,000 that take maternity leave each year, often find themselves battling to return to their jobs. They are often replaced or have their part-time work requests denied. Added to the chaos of a newborn, this creates a truly anxiety provoking situation.

Jennifer Curtin found herself struggling when it was time for her to take maternity leave, as she was not entitled to time off. Instead, she took what annual leave she could while juggling breastfeeding a newborn child alongside structuring lectures for a class of 300 students.

"There's an intensity to that period of your life and some people can manage it really well, but there are some things that take a hit", she says. "I think, for me, my publication output definitely took that hit".

The difference between academia and other industries is that in a teaching position your

"THE BOYS DON'T READ OUR WORK", SHE SAID GOOD-NATUREDLY. "WE READ EACH OTHER'S WORK AND WE CITE EACH OTHER, BUT WE'RE TRYING TO HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH MAINSTREAM ACADEMIA AND IT ISN'T CITING US".

workload is not strictly from nine to five. As a member of the teaching staff in a tertiary establishment, you are required to teach classes, conduct research, and publish academic texts — with at least some of this taking over your personal time. This can make it even more difficult for women to thrive in the tertiary teaching path, particularly when it comes to publications.

Despite the balancing act, Jennifer feels like her experiences at the University of Auckland have been positive. After having two children, Jennifer moved from Australia to her home country and took up a position here.

"I feel like the University of Auckland, compared to other institutions, has been good to me. They have some really great programs to help women. They have workshops that help with things such as focusing on how to manage work after having a baby".

Jennifer also discusses how the University has a Women in Leadership program for academic staff. While it is competitive and requires an application, the intake often consists of female staff who are close to attaining a promotion. They are coached on how to bridge this gap. Applicants are provided with a mentor — often a member of staff who has previously completed the program — who helps them achieve the steps that will allow them to reach the next level of their career.

"It offers really wonderful networking opportunities to meet other women. They have academic forums for women discussing 'hot topics', and a senior Women in Leadership program so that you are among women of a similar level".

As an Associate Professor, Jennifer talks about exposure to higher positions within the industry, such as Vice Chancellors and Associate Deans; a benefit for those trying to sculpt their career paths. In terms of accessing these useful programs, she understands that they are not always readily available for every member of the female academic staff.

"There are pockets of women that sometimes miss out on either knowing or getting access to the programs. And for a short while, there wasn't a workshop on how to get to being an associate professor. So I wrote to them and said, 'for those of us senior teaching staff who have reached the bar, moving up to being an associate professor is an entirely different application process and it would be really good to understand how it works'. So they ran a seminar and continue to do so now".

While there are open opportunities in her

"IT'S CLEAR THAT DESPITE THE UNIVERSITY'S VALID ATTEMPTS TO ENSURE WOMEN CAN ADVANCE IN THEIR ACADEMIC CAREERS, THE SOCIAL ISSUE OF THE GLASS CEILING IS STILL PRESENT"

own faculty, Jennifer acknowledges that this may not be the case across the board. In other male dominated faculties the opportunities may not be as accessible.

"If you talk to a female member of staff in a male dominated faculty, their story would look exceptionally different to mine", she says. Even in Jennifer's field, however, there has only ever been 3 full female professors in the country — and none at the University of Auckland.

There are also issues within the realm of publishing. Mainstream academic writing tends to favour texts written by men, which are therefore cited more often.

"The boys don't read our work", she said good-naturedly. "We read each other's work and we cite each other, but we're trying to have a conversation with mainstream academia and it isn't citing us".

"We all read their literature and say, 'let's challenge this from a gender perspective' and they're like, 'yeah, whatever'. So my view is that the limitations are more about the discipline than the University itself".

Advancing to higher positions is greatly affected by both familial roles and how a woman's work is received by the academic community. Looking at the numbers of female individuals who advance into post-graduate and continue further up the chain into academic careers, the more senior the position, the less likely that a woman fulfills it. Jennifer suggests this is a pipeline effect affected by what she calls a "chilly climate".

"In certain departments women just feel like interlopers", she says, "and that is exacerbated

if the research these women do does not align with mainstream academia".

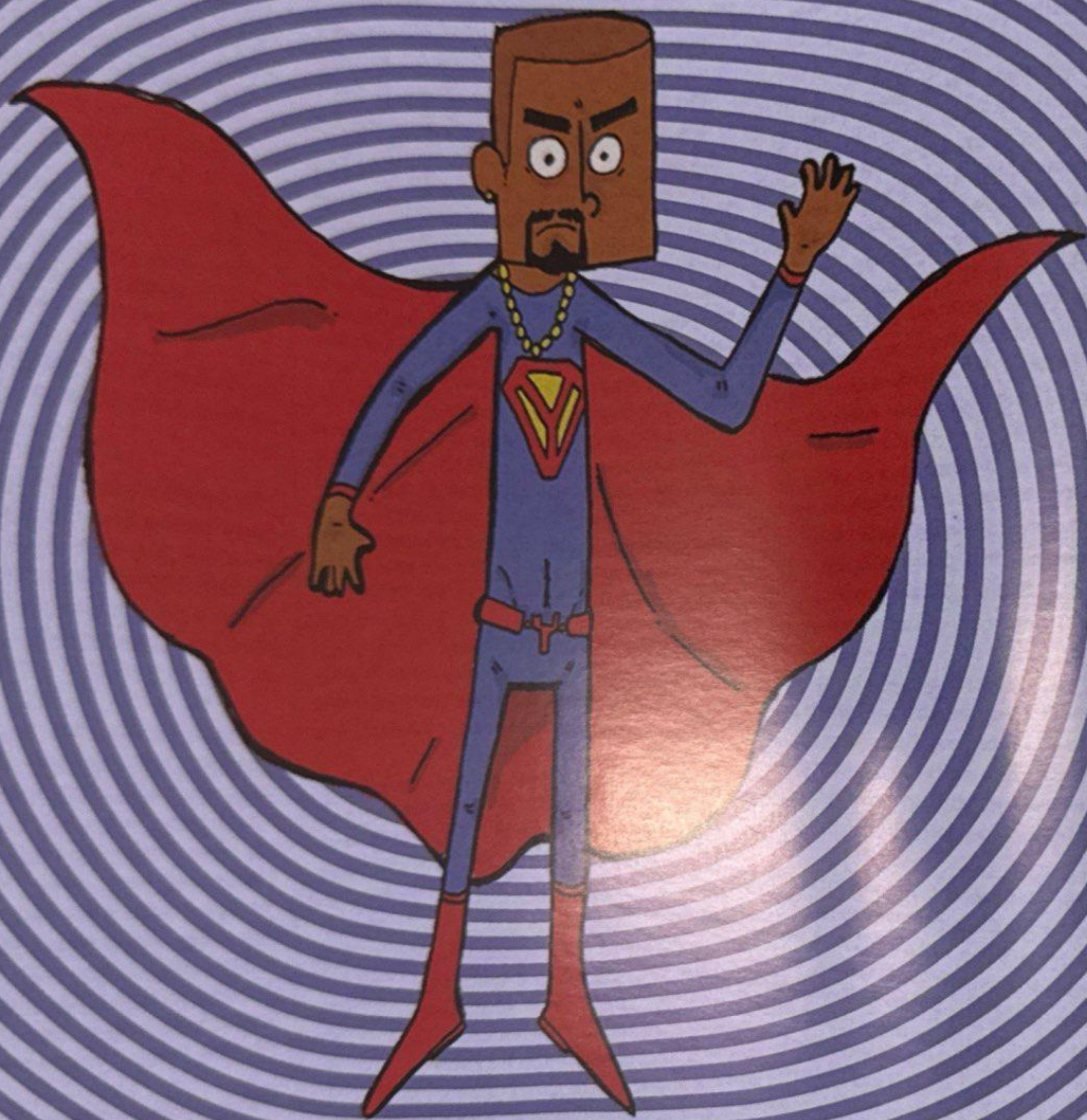
Homosocial capital also has a large impact on the position of women in tertiary environments.

"Men seldom have to cross into female dominated networks in order to gain capital, whereas women will always find themselves entering male dominated environments in order to gain entry into academic networks. This idea has been applied to politics, but I feel that it can also be applied to universities".

It's clear that despite the University's valid attempts to ensure women can advance in their academic careers, the social issue of the glass ceiling is still present. It's refreshing to see an evident difference in the way female staff were treated five years ago and the opportunities offered to them now. Still, the social expectations of specific departments remain a core issue. Perhaps the glass ceiling is best tackled by rectifying the social pressures that are placed upon young women when deciding their chosen career path.

For now, I feel that universities can keep hold of their liberal reputation as there appears to be an active attempt to equalise the playing field for female academic staff and students. It may be a slow and arduous process, but as more and more free-thinking and respectful students come out of our campus and into the workforce, the closer we come to blissful equality.

The world is definitely nowhere near perfection, but with perseverance and education, we can hope that eventually the 'glass ceiling' will fade into history unless it involves watching *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*.



BAD REP, GOOD RAP: IN DEFENCE OF KANYE WEST

BY ELOISE SIMS

IT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT TO SAY THAT YEEZY'S had his fair share of a bad rep in the past. Google 'Kanye West is a bad person' and 2,760,000 results appear. His moments range from the rude (interrupting Taylor Swift's acceptance speech), to the absurd (labeling an abusive audience "squid brains" after a show), to the downright outrageous (interrupting a live TV fundraiser for Hurricane Katrina to state "George Bush doesn't care about black people"). There has been plenty of criticism over everything to do with Ye, and, usually, from morally correct positions. But what about a defence of this self-proclaimed Picasso?

My experience with Kanye began just last year, when a friend purchased his first ever album as a "university gift" for me — *The College Dropout*. I was nothing if not skeptical. From what I'd heard, the guy only had a few decent songs ('Power', 'Gold Digger', 'Black Skinhead'), and I'd never really been into rap anyway. I expected I wasn't going to like it.

I was wrong. The very first track on the album — 'We Don't Care' — makes me think of the kinkiest threesome possible between the Mongrel Mob, a gang of gospel singers, and one lost BA first-year at a poetry slam. It was hard to believe that the same arrogant jack-ass I'd seen parading around on television had written lyrics such as "This dope money here is Li'l Trey's scholarship/'Cause ain't no tuition for having no ambition". Later on, in my personal favorite, 'Never Let Me Down', he proclaims, "I get down for my grandfather/Who took my Mama/Made her sit in that seat/While white folks ain't want us to eat".

There's no denying that, as a rap star, Kanye has incredible talent. His sense of rhythm is impeccable, his best lyrics are pure political vitriol, and his songs feature carefully chosen collaborations with some of the best artists around (Paul McCartney and Elton John, anyone?) But, and fare thee well with

this information, at this point people start to get twitchy. "I know he's a good artist", they whine, fingers itching to put Eminem on. "But I just don't respect him as a person".

**"“WE DON'T CARE”
MAKES ME THINK OF THE
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AND ONE LOST BA FIRST-
YEAR AT A POETRY
SLAM.”**

It's perfectly fine not to respect Kanye as a person. He's controversial, loud-mouthed, and seems nothing but an arrogant bore at times. But, and I say this sincerely, he truly doesn't seem to be the person the tabloid magazines portray. There are six main reasons why I think this:

DONDA WEST.

For those of you who don't know the name, Donda West was Kanye's mum, and the inspiration for his song, 'Hey Mama'. After her divorce with Kanye's father, she brought 'Ye up single-handedly in Chicago, working as a Professor of English at Clark Atlanta University. The two were extremely close, as the lyrics to the song reveal — "I said mommy, I'm gonna love you 'til you don't hurt no more/And when I'm older/You don't gotta work no more". There are several adorable videos online of West, after gaining some fame as a rap star, singing this song

to his mother and dancing with her around the kitchen table of their family home. In 2007, Donda died after a heart attack during an operation. Kanye was devastated beyond belief. "It's like losing an arm and a leg", he told reporters. Now, in 2015, his new song, 'Only One', is written from the perspective of Donda, who Kanye imagines looking down from Heaven and seeing him, happy again, with his new daughter and wife. Do you still see him as completely heartless?

HIS INTELLIGENCE.

While people generally dismiss Kanye as a dim-witted loudmouth, he actually has some remarkably insightful things to say about our society and celebrity culture; not just in his lyrics. Yes, agreed — he says some dumb shit at times (and admits it). But this doesn't undermine the fact that he also says some surprisingly smart things as well. During a speech at Oxford University presented to a group of undergraduates he argued, "we have the resources as a civilisation to find our utopia, but we're led by the most greedy and least noble". Later on, he reflected upon the ills of capitalism — "We've all been sold a concept of joy through advertising... it was somehow sold to us through a Gucci bag". While it may sound suspiciously like an NCEA Media Studies essay, he makes some good points.

HE'S A PHILANTHROPIST.

It may come as a surprise, but 'Ye is a huge crusader against poverty, hunger, and poor education. In 2005, he founded the Dr. Donda West Foundation for kids from low-decile schools in America, partnering with community organisations to provide scholarships for music production programs. On top of this, he's a vocal supporter and donor for organisations such as Doctors Without Borders, Human Rights Watch, and Oxfam America.

HE'S A SELF-MADE MAN.

For Yeezy, success and that baller lifestyle didn't come straight away. Before he was a rapper, he was a producer, for artists such as Notorious B.I.G., Foxy Brown, Ludacris, and even Jay-Z. However, for a long time, Kanye struggled to attain a record deal, as he didn't fit the 'gangsta' image that was prominent in hip-hop music at the time. His big break came after seven years of working tirelessly, where Roc-A-Fella Studios finally sponsored his first mixtape, *Get Well Soon*, in December 2002. You should keep that in mind when you see him stepping out in an outfit that's worth more than your entire student loan. He's worked his ass off to get there.

NORTH WEST.

If nothing else redeems Kanye, the relationship with his daughter will. I've heard hundreds of people insisting he's a bad person simply because of her name — "North! He can't be a proper father if he calls his child that!" Even with that name, Kanye is hardly dooming his child to a worse life. North West is a beautiful child, and Kanye's constant wonderment over her is enough to make your heart melt. She features in the music video for 'Only One', with Kanye walking through a park, holding her hand, and kissing her head. She's been spotted going to Kanye's concerts, tightly hugging a suitcase labeled "Yeezus Tour 2015". Kim K's Instagram shows the two cuddling while passed out after watching a football game on Father's Day. Whenever North is there, Kanye is always smiling — a clear redeeming factor of his persona. Asshole to the world, but never to his girl.

THE EMINEM FACTOR.

Just a final note. Whenever I try to defend Kanye 'til the bitter end (usually at a party with a drink in hand, sometime before or after I have rapped the entirety of 'The New Workout Plan'), at least one person will interrupt my manic ramblings. "You can defend Kanye all you want", they say, "but Eminem is better in every possible way".

Now, it's perfectly fine to like Eminem for his music. The dude makes some catchy songs. But overall I wouldn't argue that he's much better than Kanye. While 'Ye gets slated in the media — whether for his odd habit of appearing on award stages, or for his scandalous lyrics — the tabloids remain strangely silent when it comes to Eminem.

Despite the release of songs like 'Kim', where he literally fantasises about raping and murdering his ex-wife, I've had people come up to me and attempt to argue he's a much better role model than Kanye.

"He's had a rough childhood!" The Eminem-lovers exclaim when I explain that, despite enjoying rap, I refuse to listen to Eminem. "It's not his fault!" Sure, I can accept that. But I don't believe that mainstream media should generally support someone who decides to glorify domestic abuse in his lyrics. Even Kanye recognises that. "Honestly, if he were black, his sales wouldn't be anything near what they are", he said recently in an interview. And, in that, 'Ye sums up the white privilege which Eminem embodies.

"YOU SHOULD KEEP THAT IN MIND WHEN YOU SEE HIM STEPPING OUT IN AN OUTFIT THAT'S WORTH MORE THAN YOUR ENTIRE STUDENT LOAN. HE'S WORKED HIS ASS OFF TO GET THERE."

The two also stand for very different things. I personally subscribe far more to what Kanye preaches. While people dismiss Kanye as an arrogant asshole, he's still keeping it real, rapping about the racism that has plagued him his whole life ('Black Skinhead'), as well as having fun with how the media portrays him (listen to tracks such as 'I Am A God' for evidence). While Eminem builds his rap on sentiments of violence and anger, Kanye relies on his musical ability and 'not giving a fuck' about conventions.

So, what to conclude from this? Although Kanye's done some pretty bad things in his life I really don't think he's a terrible person, especially compared to most rappers in the industry. It's easy to dismiss him as loud and aggressive, but he has good points as well that the media, on the whole, tend to overlook. Much as he tries to insist he's a God, he's only human, and all humans make mistakes.

THE GR THE PLA

YOU'RE SITTING IN THE LIBRARY, PREPARING to do the prescribed readings for your upcoming tutorial, when your stomach rumbles. You sneakily search for food in your bag, but find nothing. Your hunger levels increase with each minute so you rush to the Quad for a 'nice' curry to settle the hunger. With this curry comes large amounts of plastic. There is a plastic container, fork, knife, spoon, and a plastic bag. Once you're done, you throw all of it away without a second thought. This is just a one-off occurrence, but when you start to consider global plastic use, the amount wasted is enormous and is causing massive environmental issues.

When plastic is thrown away it does not magically disappear. It is buried en masse in landfills or deposited in large quantities in the ocean. Plastic never fully degrades, it only photodegrades, meaning that it partially breaks down under light but doesn't degrade altogether. If the piece is buried in the ground, the access to light is severely diminished and the chance of photodegradation is reduced. On the other hand, if plastic is discarded in the ocean garbage islands or 'plastic soup' are formed. These islands are difficult to see with the naked eye, but are extremely harmful to marine life.

To raise awareness of the detrimental effects of plastic consumption, students from across the country came together to partake in the 'Plastic Bottle Kayak Experience'. Sixteen individuals, including New Zealand singer Jamie McDell, built four kayaks out of plastic bottles. From March 21st – 24th, they sailed on these plastic bottles along the coast by the Abel Tasman National Park. The main goal of the campaign was to highlight how our high plastic consumption is environmentally unsustainable. By contrasting the dirty bottle kayak with the clean and pristine national park, the group sought to warn that our beautiful natural landscapes are at risk.

UoA students Charlotte Fisher and Brodie Hoare were two of the 16 individuals involved, and came to Cracum to share their experience. These girls, best friends since

ING PLASTIC PANDEMIC AND C BOTTLE KAYAK EXPERIENCE.

BY MATTHEW DENTON

high school, share a strong passion for the environment and are actively involved in raising awareness about environmental problems and ways to improve our declining situation. Each of them got involved for different reasons. Charlotte, an Environmental Engineering student, wanted to give back to the community and the Plastic Bottle Kayak Experience was a great opportunity to do so. Brodie cited author and activist Naomi Klein's recent book *This Changes Everything: Capitalism vs. the Climate* as her inspiration. Klein's book discusses how we are getting closer and closer to a state where environmental abuses will become irreversible, as well as condemning the apathetic views of the general populous.

Charlotte and Brodie worked solidly on planning and building the boats. As they set sail with their fellow members for the 30km+ journey, they kayaked alongside baby seals and listened to Māori myths about the park. These encounters enriched their desire to protect our unique and untouched environment from the dangers of plastic pollution.



heavy to manoeuvre compared to the standard kayak. One particularly hefty boat, aptly named 'Hulk', created issues after springing a leak along the way. Hulk needed constant maintenance to stop it sinking, but they managed to get it back without the dirty bottles permanently making their home on the ocean floor.

These issues were made manageable by the positive atmosphere amongst the group. One of the most comical moments was when, having been told to bring food and goods that were environmentally sustainable and did not contain any plastic, a member who shall remain unnamed apparently missed this memo and turned up with food covered in glad wrap and plastic packaging, as well as several lots of plastic cheeses. His defence was that his mother packed his lunch.

Even this amusing episode highlights the inescapable consumption of plastic. Most of our food packaging comes in plastic, and we use glad wrap or plastic bags to store it. Single use plastics are particularly problematic. These items, like lollipop sticks and straws, are only used once before being thrown away, which raises an important question: why create something that is only used once when it

has such negative effects on the environment? Charlotte and Brodie emphasised the need for more choice so that consumers do not rely solely on plastic goods. Instead, greater effort needs to be put into creating environmentally sustainable products to replace plastic. But until then, small actions such as using Tupperware instead of plastic containers and refusing plastic cutlery can make a difference.

Charlotte and Brodie are both passionate about the environment, but they have been involved in other projects. The two were in agreement that it will be an amazing opportunity for anyone who is interested in getting involved, whether to help raise awareness or to find a group of likeminded people. If this sounds like you, the Plastic Bottle Kayak Experience is always on the lookout for young leaders who are passionate and enthusiastic about issues pertaining to the environment. Experience in kayaking is not required, only the ability to swim. You can find out more about this group on their website at www.plasticbottlekayak.org or by getting involved with Plastic Diet at www.plasticdiet.org. Even if the Plastic Bottle Kayak Experience isn't up your alley its message is universal, so we should all get involved in reducing our plastic use as much as possible. There's really no excuse.

**"WHEN PLASTIC IS
THROWN AWAY, IT DOES NOT
MAGICALLY DISAPPEAR.
IT IS BURIED OR ENDS UP IN
LANDFILLS OR DEPOSITED
IN LARGE QUANTITIES
IN THE OCEAN. PLASTIC
NEVER FULLY DEGRADES,
IT ONLY PHOTODEGRADES,
MEANING THAT IT PARTIALLY
BREAKS DOWN UNDER LIGHT
BUT DOESN'T DEGRADE
ALTOGETHER."**

The trip wasn't without issues though. There were a lot of early starts and they spent most of their time wet and cold. The boats were

FEATURE

BREAKING NEWS



IF IT BLEEDS, IT LEADS

BY JUSTSPEAK

Everyone loves a good murder mystery. When it happens in real life, like the recent Lundy re-trial, it's even more fascinating. But how does our obsession with crime in the news affect the way we think and feel about criminals and their victims? What impact does this have on our democratic process and, ultimately, the laws that govern our criminal justice system? JustSpeak investigates.

PEOPLE ARE FASCINATED BY CRIME. Whether it's Mrs Marple, Special Agent Gibbs, or PC Plod of the New Zealand Police, we love it. The emotions, the gruesome details, the forensic analysis.

Our newsmakers know this too, hence why 20% of all television news is crime reportage, according to a New Zealand study carried out in 2008. Just think back to the daily coverage of the Mark Lundy re-trial, the courtroom reporting of the Clayton Weatherston trial and the continued media fascination with David Bain. Crime is the first-ranked subsection in the 'National' section of *Stuff*, before 'Politics', 'Science', and 'Education'.

Since most New Zealanders (thankfully) have limited first-hand experience of crime, crime reportage is often their primary source of information. Consumers of news media also tend to assume the stories are factual. Hence why crime reporting plays a key role in the development of our beliefs and ideas about crime and the criminal justice system.

Attracting the largest possible audience — and therefore advertising dollars — is the key aim of media-based businesses. In our com-

mercial media environment, crime stories are published with the objective of attracting said audience. In the words of former Fairfax Media group executive editor Paul Thompson, "you, the reader, love this stuff".

But there's an unintended consequence here. When our papers and television sets are full of the latest stories of violent assault, aggravated robbery, or bar fights gone wrong, we end up thinking that crime is much more prevalent than it actually is.

"WHEN OUR PAPERS AND TELEVISION SETS ARE FULL OF THE LATEST STORIES OF VIOLENT ASSAULT, AGGRAVATED ROBBERY, OR BAR FIGHTS GONE WRONG, WE END UP THINKING THAT CRIME IS MUCH MORE PREVALENT THAN IT ACTUALLY IS."

We've seen this overseas. Studies from the University of Illinois and the State University of New York, among others, have found that people who regularly follow crime news tend

to think that crime is overly commonplace. This occurs regardless of whether crime statistics are in fact increasing or decreasing. The New York study found that the rate of violent crime happening in a person's community was unrelated to their level of concern, rather it was pervasive exposure to television news which was found to be the best predictor of paranoia about crime.

New Zealand studies have found that the same thing happens here. New Zealanders are more concerned about crime and personal safety than ever, yet crime has been steadily on the decline since 2001.

The over-abundance of crime reporting skews our perception of reality. But it's how crime is reported that changes the way we think too.

IF IT BLEEDS, IT LEADS.

Crimes are reported in ways known to attract and maintain the audience's attention. Journalists write their stories according to established norms and structures deemed most effective for conveying information and drawing in readers. Journalists play on our emotions to form a connection and to keep us reading. In crime news, this is achieved through dramatic opening lines, as well as victim and witness statements.

This focus on emotion can mean that details — sometimes crucial ones — are left playing second fiddle. Take for example an *ABC News* story from 2005 about a girl who was accidentally, and non-fatally, shot at a high school football match. Opening statement:

"Tonight a high school football game ends with gunfire and a teenage girl is shot". Drama and emotion aplenty, but the reader is left questioning whether this girl is alive or dead.

Victim and witness statements are also prime sources of emotional content. But their use has given rise to concerns about the victim's well-being. Ann Ballin, chairperson of the Victims Task Force, has said: "Victims become the meat of stories and frequently are used not only for news, but entertainment value. In this way they are exploited unmercifully. In my judgement a person who is a victim should not be subject to media attention unless that is what they want".

The media's focus on violent or unusual crimes is another tactic used to attract viewers. In reality, the vast majority of crimes are non-violent. In New Zealand, only 14% of crimes reported to the police are violent in nature, while 70% are property related crimes. Yet our headlines do not reflect these figures.

A 2003 study by the Ministry of Justice found that, of the 419 crime stories published in three newspapers across a three month period, 91 related to murder. That's 22%, for only one class of violent crime.

Random crimes committed by people unknown to the victim also feature more heavily in crime news than crime statistics. The prototypical story of a woman accosted on the street belongs more in the realm of fiction than reality. People are much more likely to be assaulted, physically or sexually, by someone they know.

In this way, the media both plays on and reinforces myths about crime. Reporters and editors utilise these widely recognised stereotypes because everyone likes to have their views of the world reinforced, and are more likely to read or watch something that accords with their own beliefs. However in doing so, the media causes stereotypes about crimes, and the people committing them, to become further entrenched.

CRIMINALLY SUSPECT

People of colour are more likely to be shown committing crimes, whereas Pākehā are frequently shown as victims. The media reinforces these stereotypes, often in subtle ways. Ethnic minorities are over-reported as offenders and under-reported as victims. US studies have shown that African-American suspects are less likely to be identified by name, less likely to be depicted in photos where they are well-dressed, and more likely to be shown physically restrained.

This doesn't just apply to offenders, either. Think back to the photos the media chose to use of Trayvon Martin (an African American teenager fatally shot by a neighbourhood watch volunteer): the ones of him in a hoody pulling the finger, and not the ones showing him as a smiling kid. Another US study established that articles about white victims are often longer than stories involving African American victims. Obviously, media organisations believe that their audiences are more interested in hearing about the former. This all ties into the notion of the 'hierarchy of victims'; in other words, which people we as a society think are more deserving of our sympathy. Selective reporting further feeds into existing stereotypes about who commits crimes (hint: people of colour), and who is likely to end up as a victim of crime (white people, obvs).

"NEW ZEALANDERS ARE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT CRIME AND PERSONAL SAFETY THAN EVER, YET CRIME HAS BEEN STEADILY ON THE DECLINE SINCE 2001."

TOUGH ON CRIME

What is the result of all this? The public ends up thinking that crime is more prevalent than it actually is. In turn we start to feel more afraid of violence (note: you're far more likely to drown than be murdered). We come to conclusions about what crimes are being committed in our communities and who is committing them, yet those conclusions are based solely on a skewed version of reality. We start to wonder why nothing is being done about all of this violent crime, so we take these conclusions to the next stage and lobby our politicians. Then, our politicians promise to get 'tough on crime'. Finally, laws are passed that affect real people, often in the wrong ways because they are based on sensationalised crime reporting.

A peculiar force in the New Zealand media

landscape is the Sensible Sentencing Trust. In the midst of fears about the prevalence of violent crime, the Trust and its spokesperson, Garth McVicar, have positioned themselves as common-sense experts. They use excellent media strategies allow McVicar to comment whenever a reporter needs an 'expert opinion' or the 'voice of the people'. Hence he is able to influence public opinion even further.

This push to get 'tough on crime' has led to a number of laws that are likely to result in more people being in prison for longer, and given fewer rights. This includes the 'three strikes' law, removing prisoners' voting rights, reducing parole hearings from once every year to once every two years, and introducing 'public protection orders' which further restrain an offender's freedom even after they have completed their prison sentence. These changes arose from the widespread belief that more prison time means less crime, that prison is designed to be punishment, and that the threat of prison should be enough to stop people from committing offences.

Such beliefs have zero basis in evidence. The longer you spend in prison — surrounded by other offenders in a fundamentally anti-social environment — the less likely you are to reform. The more likely you are to offend again.

Community-based supervision and rehabilitation programmes are twice as effective as those delivered in prisons by Corrections officers, and at half the cost. Yet there is broad opposition to such schemes, on the basis that home or community detention are 'soft options', and the only way to keep the public safe is to take offenders off the streets.

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK

Crime reporting has played a massive role in shaping the community's beliefs about criminal justice, whereas what it should be doing is challenging them, and pointing to a more evidence-based and humane way of dealing with offenders. News reports ought to expose the reality that crimes are not merely individual, random acts: they are symptoms of much deeper issues in our society.

If you're interested in these issues, come along to the JustSpeak forum about Crime in the Media on Wednesday 29 April at 7pm in HSB370. Our speakers include Dr Gavin Ellis, a former editor-in-chief of the New Zealand Herald, and Rob Kidd, a current court reporter. We will also hear from leading academics in the field.

JustSpeak

AUSA SERVING STUDENTS

ABORIGINAL COMMUNITIES

LAST WEEK, AUSA HELD A RALLY TO STOP the forced closure of 150 Aboriginal communities in Western Australia. The Western Australian Government claims that supporting all 273 remote Aboriginal communities is "unviable". Tony Abbott tells us that choosing to live in one of these communities is an unreasonable lifestyle choice" that the state can't and shouldn't fund. AUSA says that this is irresponsible, racist and will do nothing to help the people within these communities that need help.

To understand where the Australian government is coming from, the white men of the Western Australian government say that continuing to fund these remote communities is becoming impossible. With practically 100% unemployment, a lot, although not all, of these communities have immense poverty with poor education, health systems and generally low populations of only one or two hundred inhabitants.

The Western Australian Premier, Colin Barnett, has said that these "communities were not just unviable in a financial sense, but because of social dysfunction, child abuse and neglect, poor education and a lack of opportunities".

Premier Barnett hit the nail on the head, but the nail is going into completely the wrong place.

The issue is not just how bad these communities are, but whether or not this is the right response. This decision was made with practically no consultation whatsoever of the people who live in these communities. Even according to the UN declaration on the rights of Indigenous Peoples, indigenous peoples cannot be relocated without their free consent and the option of return. The Australian government is sidestepping the UN charter, literally bulldozing down people's homes with no consent and no sort of compensation whatsoever.

People choose to live where they do, particularly in Aboriginal communities, because of an important spiritual connection to their land - a different kind of connection than European settlers, as the connection that Aboriginal people get is built from the oppression and genocide that their ancestors faced on the land that they still want to call home. They should at least be asked whether or not they would like to leave. Removing that choice is disgraceful.

But the issue runs deeper still. The forced dislocation of Aboriginal people harks back to the dark side of Australian history. An important question is whether or not this would be done to non-Indigenous communities? In a particularly isolated corner of Western Australia are three small towns, all of about the same size and state. Two of these, Jarl-madangah and Looma have been threatened with closure. Only one has managed to get off, Camballin. The difference? Camballin is the only non-Aboriginal town out of the three. It is deeply unfair that the government pick and choose places to destroy, potentially with their decisions influenced by a deep-seated racism.

More than just racism, though, arguably the only reason that these communities are struggling in the first place is because of the

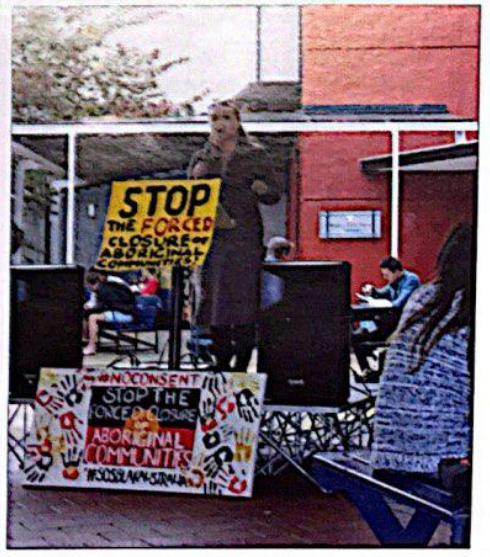
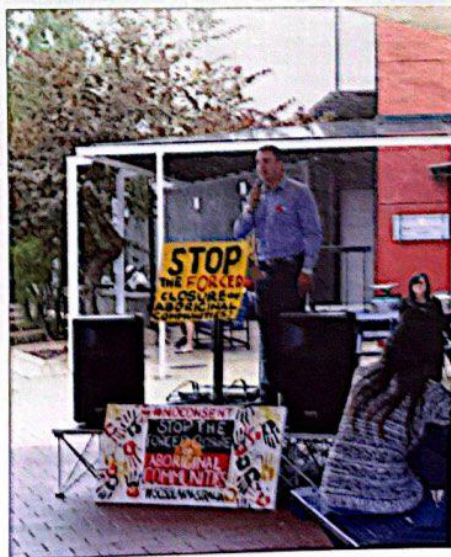
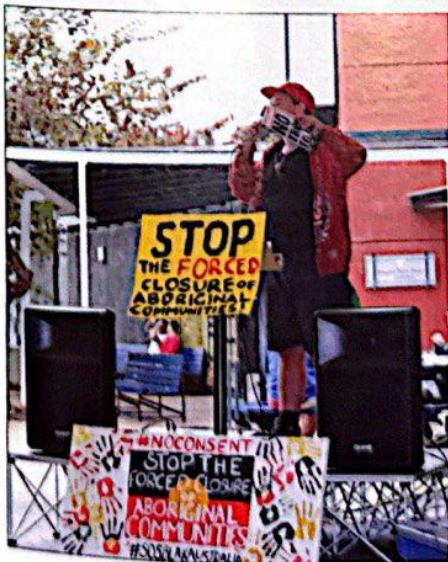
West's colonization of Australia, which was particularly brutal. Things like the Aborigines Act 1905, which allowed for the forcible removal and corralling of Aboriginal people from their homelands, or even the fact that Native title was hardly recognised until the 1990's in Australia are examples of the sort of long lasting, pernicious impacts of colonialism on Australia's indigenous culture. Forcibly shutting down communities is yet another form of neglect and colonial power that mean Aboriginals are treated unfairly.

It is unquestionable that Aboriginal people living in these communities have it hard. But the final question has to be around whether or not this is going to deal with the lack of opportunities, poor education and child abuse that Premier Colin Barnett wanted to talk about.

Here's the thing - the Australian government has already tried it! A few years ago the government shut down Oombulgurri. It closed shops, it closed doctor's clinics and schools and finally switched off all electricity and water. But then what? People were left dislocated, without homes in a new town that they didn't want to go to anyway. If the government was serious about helping these communities, at the very least it should be giving lots of resources to places where dislocated communities are being forced to move to so that they can set up even the most basic infrastructure. All this does is shift the problem from one location to the next, without actually addressing any of the structural or underlying race issues that need to be sorted.

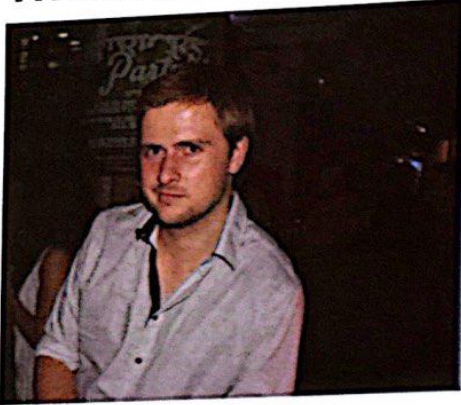
If you missed our event last Wednesday and still want to help out, like the "Stop the Forced Closure of Aboriginal Communities in Australia" page on Facebook and stand up to the Australian government.

AUSA cares about this. Do you?



2015 AUSA EXECUTIVE TREASURER & WRO BY-ELECTION CANDIDATE BLURBS

TREASURER



CUTFIELD, Dean

Nominator: Zachary Penman-Chambers
Seconders: Rhiannon Martin, Paul Smith

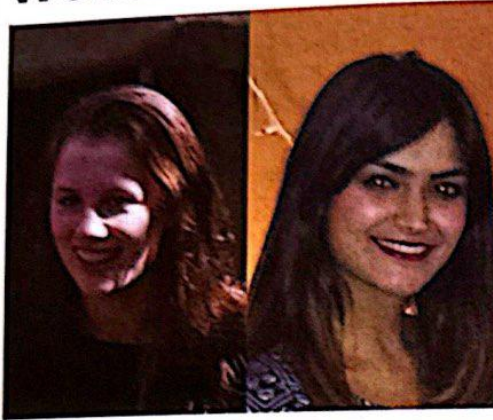
As the treasurer of AUSA I will ensure that the association gets the most out of every dollar. I will help ensure that the association is able to continue in a strong financial position into the future.

The association has been looked after and fostered with the help of an executive that care for its welfare, as the treasurer I will assist in each of the many ideas and plans that we have for 2015.

I hope to foster a culture within the association that balances financial responsibility and strong student advocacy. In order for this to occur I will assist in discussion on the value of each transaction and potential cost of future endeavours. I will remain vigilant in ensuring that the funds that AUSA holds to achieve goals important to students and furthering their welfare on campus is used wisely.

My university career as a BA/Bcom student with majors in accounting, commercial law, economics and philosophy will be invaluable in allowing me to contribute to the association. I have experience as a Treasurer through my current position as Treasurer of the University of Auckland Arts Students' Association and the Philosophy Society, and I look forward to making an impact at AUSA. I care about students and I care about the union, so vote DEAN CUTFIELD for AUSA Treasurer for 2015.

WOMENS RIGHTS OFFICER



BLACKBURN, Simone & SHAH, Khyati

Nominator: Jane Barrow
Seconders: Grace Angelia, Beminahennedige Fernando

Hi beautiful people! We are Khyati Shah and Simone Blackburn, standing to be elected as your Women's Rights Officers this year. Currently, working towards completing our BA/LLB conjoint (major in Political Studies and Philosophy). But in the weekends you will probably find us doing yoga, diving, reading/discussing feminist philosophy or grabbing a pint at Provedor.

In addition to supporting, lobbying and advocating for women's rights on campus and in the wider community, we aim to build a safer campus environment – the issue of safety on campus kept resurfacing when we asked students what uni related issues needed tackling for them. To this end, we have already put a plan in place to negotiate extended Campus Security hours and; are in talks with our friends at the uni gym to conduct free self-defense classes for women. This being our agenda, we believe consulting students should be an on-going process, including after the vote ballot has been emptied. In short, we consider ourselves to be relatable, reliable and passionate about women's issues (and hopefully you will agree). Vote Shah and Blackburn for WRO 2015!



JONES, Penelope & VON DINCKLAGE, Dana

Nominator: Erin Rambaud
Seconders: Rhiannon Martin, Vrisha Chandira

Who likes Women's Rights?! We DO!

Who will work tirelessly to ensure that you have a safer, more inclusive campus?! We WILL!

Kia ora, we're Dana and Penny and we want to be your next Women's Rights Officers.

We are dedicated to providing beneficial services for you. As your WRO's we'll hold regular office hours each week with an open door policy, so you can drop in with any issues, questions or even just for a hug and a cup of tea because we know that sometimes that is all you need!

We'll run Womensfest and Kate magazine which will both promote issues which aren't frequently discussed, in a fresh and creative way.

We're dedicated to creating a safer campus. We'll work with AUSA and the University to create a more accommodating and inclusive University environment. We'll lobby the council for better lighting and more security around University walkways and nearby bus stops.

We will continue to defend women's rights on a daily basis. We'll hold those who instigate sexism on campus accountable. Women need someone to support, advocate and represent them.

A vote for Dana & Penny is a vote for women who stand up for you on campus.

AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

ELECTION TIME- WHY YOU SHOULD ACTUALLY BOTHER TO VOTE.

OUR FIRST ELECTION OF THE YEAR IS COMING UP! Nominations for the positions of Women's Rights Officer and Treasurer have closed, so be prepared for a bombardment of flyers, lecture bashes and voting booths across uni.

WHY YOU SHOULD CARE

Voting is important.

AUSA does a heap of stuff for students that you might not even realise. Events, welfare, running Spaces like Womenspace on campus and spending your money- it's important to have a say in how that all goes and who runs the show. AUSA supports students, but the only way we can do that best is if you tell us how you want us to support you, and voting in your representatives are a really important way of doing that.

If you don't vote, you let someone take on a really important position on your student executive that can change student life on campus and the way uni operates, without knowing if your representatives even come close to representing what you actually think and care about.

It's important that uni is the most fair and fun it can be. It's hard to get that when your representatives don't think about what that might look like in the same way as you.

So, what are the roles?

There are 2 positions open on the AUSA Executive.

TREASURER

The Treasurer is responsible for AUSA's financial matters. They help to write and monitor the AUSA budget, and oversee spending in all areas of the Association. These are things like how much we spend on O-Week and other events on campus. Really important for student life and culture. They are also the chair of the Finance Committee.

You help pay for the Treasurer through the Student Services Levy- so it's important you choose who gets that role! The Treasurer is paid an honorarium the equivalent of 20 hours' minimum wage each week, for which they are accountable to the AUSA Executive and to general members.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICERS

The Women's Rights Officers (we normally elect 2) support, advocate for and represent women on campus. They provide support, resources and advice from Womenspace, a space exclusively for women in the Student Union building. This is a really important area on campus as it's exclusively for women. Not only is there a microwave (hot lunches!) but more importantly, they advocate for women and provide a safe, supportive space on Campus.

They also organise Womensfest and publish Kate magazine, and work on campaigns such as the Thursdays in Black campaign. Throughout the year, they raise money for charities that support women in trouble, and lobby the University and bring concerns to AUSA about issues that particularly affect women students, such as safety on campus.

PRIDE WEEK IS COMING UP, KICKING OFF ON THE 4TH. KEEP YOUR EYES OUT FOR WHAT'S HAPPENING! WE'LL HAVE PANELS, A PRIDE WEEK PARTY ON FRIDAY 8TH AT SHADOWS AND HEAPS MORE!

NOTICE OF POLLING BOOTH TIMES FOR 2015 TREASURER & WRO BY-ELECTION

BY-ELECTION WILL BE HELD ON
THURSDAY 30 APRIL AND FRIDAY 1 MAY 2015

	Thursday	Friday
Quad	11-4	10.30-3.30
Kate Edger / Information Commons	1-6	11-3
OGG		11.30-1.30

Only current AUSA Members may vote.

You must present your Student ID card (with 2015 sticker on) to the polling staff when you vote.

You must be an AUSA member as of 3pm, 28 April 2015.

- Bob Lack, AUSA Returning Officer

AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

SAVING GRACE: GOALKEEPING

BY KYLE SIMONSEN (GOALKEEPER EXTRAORDINAIRE)

YES I KNOW THE TITLE IS GAG-WORTHY (pun). Here's the thing: most of my 'jokes' are designed to point out how stupid and disappointing stuff really is. Like Republicans in Congress...or sequels to *The Matrix*. That's why I am apprehensive about writing this piece. I don't want to lower my own ego and I also don't want to publish a piece which is as boring as playing goalkeeper. Anyway...

Goalkeeping is like pornography: if you're going to do it, do it right. Otherwise it's just hard to watch. There really isn't much asked of you: be agile, yell moderately encouraging and useful phrases, dive a bit to ensure people know you're doing your best. I know that's why I chose this position. There's no way I could play anywhere else on the field as hunk-gover as I am most Saturday afternoons.

The greatest point of concern for a keeper, however, is this: people only *really* notice when you fuck up. Kind of like being the Minister for horse racing. It can be a cumbersome task sometimes for the obvious reason: a mistake from a keeper probably leads to a goal and (if it's funny enough) a vine. In these times, I just recite a closing line from *The Dark Knight*: "I'm the hero my team deserves...a silent guardian". Yes, I abbreviated that line significantly because it takes the focus away from the flaws I have (see above remarks).



The Dark Knight is my favourite movie, it had to make it into one of these articles.

To be quite honest, I just think team sports are the absolute tits and being a goalkeeper is generally the least demanding position. If you want to play a team sport whilst at uni-

versity, I recommend being a goalkeeper. You don't have to be as fit and no one else will want to do it. Also, winning a penalty shootout is probably the second coolest thing I can think of, behind law school.

PS: I was kidding about law school.

DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS

BY AMY MARTIN

YOU KNOW WHAT EVERYONE SAYS ABOUT Candyland? Much like Melbourne, they say it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. Just kidding. Obviously, you'd want to live there. Or would you? You would die of malnutrition, almost immediately after finding everything — *everything* — is made of candy. Meat, vitamins, vegetables, candy. Then you'd succumb to the desire to eat your delicious nougaty self. But what about the other games? Can you think of any games that you'd like to live in? Monopoly? Nah — too much jail time. It's hard to do, right? But there's this game, nay, this *lifestyle* that I've recently been introduced to. Every Monday night, I moonlight as a gnome. An illusionist gnome. Level 4.

This "game" is known as Dungeons and Dragons, or, fondly, D&D. It's like being a child again, I swear, you have to use your

imagination so much. Everything you do, you make up. It's like you choose your own adventure book, only better. If you, a 1 foot tall gnome, want to hit on that beautiful red headed elf, then you can! It's an excellent exercise in creativity. I haven't laughed so much in years. This might not make sense to you, but picture, if you will, where I go on a Monday night (Credit to the DM).

"IF YOU, A 1 FOOT TALL GNOME, WANT TO HIT ON THAT BEAUTIFUL RED HEADED ELF, THEN YOU CAN!"

Our party of five awoke on an island missing parts of our memory. We found berries in the jungle and fought a baby roc after stealing its eggs from a nest in a wrecked boat (though I don't know why a baby roc has eggs). The human fighter (raised by half

orcs), Felix, tried to throw the Dwarf Cleric, Floydth Earthy-Copper into the jellyfish cove. There was an intense struggle, though it yielded no results. Floydth then proceeded to walk into the cove and touch the jellyfish *anyway*. He got stung and hurt. Afterwards, we survived an attempted strangling by a vine blight, and Wee Billy (that's me!) found a hawk, then we tamed a crab and forced it to fight its sole brother. We were then discovered by a tribe of frog people, who we rolled poisonous fruit towards. They just looked at us strangely.

We then gave many unusual gifts. I tried to trick the village elder through the use of 5th high seductive illusions. We were escorted out of the village for unusual behaviour. But we managed to thwart the raiding attempt of two no-gooders on a kindly old man. All in all, the evening was a success.

So, if you've heard of D&D and think of nerdy shut-ins, dressed as wizards in their mother's dark basements... think again. We play in the light.

FAST AND FURIOUS 15

BY SAM BROTHERS

TIME IS PRECIOUS. THERE ARE 168 HOURS in a week. 24 hours in a day. So when I have a lecture that will take up 4.17% of my busy day, it needs to be an hour of only the purest content, the most succinct slides, and of excellent delivery.

You'd have to ask someone else what lectures are like, because this is my flimsy justification for never being there.

I, like many others, praise the Lord every-day for lecture recordings. Is it because I can go back and listen to my favourite ones? No. Is it because it supplements my learning from the textbook? No. It's because I can drag that shit into VLC and speed it up

to inaudible velocity.

The academic debate in this article is neither academic nor a debate, but rather, just how quickly one can go until it becomes mere audio dribble. As a younger man, 1.8x was my preferred multiplier. With acute hearing, my teenage ears would absorb (enough of) the wisdom passed down from the erudite professors to allow me to feel satisfied with my 27.8 minute sprint. The time that I used to save! That's another 22.2 minutes I can spend unproductively to reward myself for the intensity at which I just educated at! In hindsight, however, I

"I CAN DRAG THAT SHIT INTO VLC AND SPEED IT UP TO INAUDIBLE VELOCITY."

couldn't even tell you what my lecturers really sounded like in those years unless you were to administer a helium balloon to them in reality. O, to be young again.

1.5x had a lovely ring to it. I was doing everything 50% better than everyone else in the class. It is a manageable speed, not for those faint of heart by any means though. These were the days were I would buckle in for a race of attrition, a test against time of how many weeks you can do in a day. Alas, these days too are behind me.

Whether I choose to admit it or not, age has caught up with me. I now find myself crawling along at sluggish 1.3x, or less. With cobwebs in my ears I struggle to process the new formulae; I squint at the projector slides; I pay attention to the mature student questions. Next stop: decrepitude.

LORD SANDWICH

BY SALENE SCHLOFFEL-ARMSTRONG

THE COMMON MYTH AROUND THE INVENTION of the sandwich credits it to the chef of John Montagu, the 4th Earl of Sandwich. It is said he gambled day and night, never stopping to eat, and when in need of sustenance was brought pieces of meat held together between pieces of bread. The perfect one-handed meal with an edible container. The sandwich may also be considered an ideal meal for someone quite similar to a gambler: a student.

Sick of the average sandwiches on offer around the city (especially for a vegetarian) I decided to explore a little further. I wandered around the CBD, trying every delightful, bread-encased meal I could find to create this short list of the tastiest and most interesting sandwiches available.

1. VULCAN LANE BAGELS

The bagel is a traditional Jewish invention, originating in Poland. This place has recently opened a hole-in-the-wall spot where they celebrate the many uses of the bagel. From a simple Marmite/Nutella/Marmalade topping, to a flavoured cream cheese schmear, cheese melt, or meal style bagel (breakfast, pulled pork or chipotle beef), they have your snacking needs covered for \$4 - \$9. Perfect when you need to grab a treat, but don't need a whole meal.

2. DISTRICT 5

Bánh mì is a Vietnamese term that basically encompasses all forms of bread. Internationally a bánh mì is often a phrase used to refer to a Vietnamese style sandwich full of meat/tofu, fresh herbs, mayo and chili, and optional pâté, in a small French baguette. Vietnamese

food is becoming quite the trend in Auckland (hurray!). This eatery at 28 Shortland Street is a cool outdoor spot, serving a selection of amazing Vietnamese options mostly to the nearby corporate crowd. Super delicious and fresh, they offer four bánh mì options: spicy sticky pork, lemongrass chicken, chilli chicken and tofu shiitake mushroom for the vegetarians (so delicious), all \$12.

3. MÌ

This second great option for similar food is tucked behind Gloria Jean's coffee, at the base of the skytower on Federal Street (look out for the bright yellow paint). Mì is casual, focused on takeaway, serving only bánh mì (and fresh lemonade), with a choice of sev-

eral fillings — although I recommend you go for 'the works'! They offer a standard and miniature size, at \$11 or \$9 respectively, although the mini isn't that much smaller.

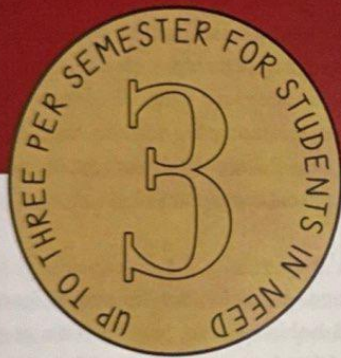
4. RICO'S TORTAS

In Mexico, a torta is a type of sandwich and the fillings are encased in a bread roll. Mexico restaurant in Britomart have transformed their separate bar (around the corner on Galway Street), into Rico's Tortas. Only open 12-4 weekdays, their menu consists of five options: chipotle beef, guajillo chicken, achiote pork, ancho prawn and mole eggplant. Every torta is \$10, and includes beans, slaw, radish, pickled carrot and coriander. Mmmmmmmmm. Trust me.



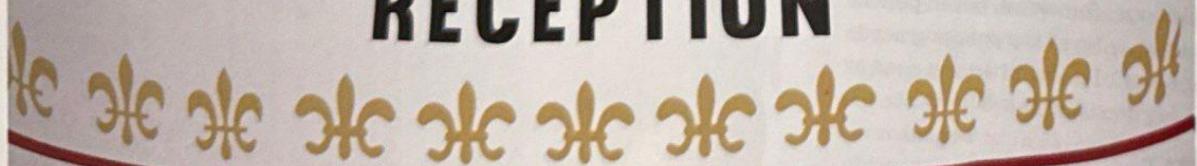
Foodbank

PARCELS



AVAILABLE FROM

AUSA
RECEPTION



STUMBLING DOWN MEMORY LANE

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

I HAVE BEEN THROUGH A NUMBER OF PHASES IN my life. In 2006 I got a t-shirt made that read "Forget Emo, Get Elmo". My plaid Converse and the My Chemical Romance lyrics in my Bebo bio ("You said you read me like a book/but the pages all are torn and frayed") told the world that, in fact, I was far from Forgetting Emo. In 2011, I slipped on an ill-fitting pair of brogues and joined the middle class masses indulging in the horn-rimmed hipster fad. Last week I decided to revisit the stickiest of my adolescent fads, that of an RTD-fuelled teenage raver, by going to see British-Australian drum and bass band Pendulum. In brief, this was a big fucking mistake.

Pendulum were set to play DJ set — first red flag was that they hadn't bothered to drag the whole band out — at the Studio on K Rd. Doors opened at 9, yet Pendulum weren't scheduled until 12.30. In order to preserve our energy we got there at 11pm and missed two out of three of the opening DJs. We walked in, and were instantly bathed in an all-body sweat.

The Studio is a repulsively hot venue. No one wants to be covered in that much fluid, ever, especially when so much of it belongs to other people. Even more especially when those people are kind of gross. The demographic of the crowd was almost exclusively white men in their mid-to-late-twenties, wearing fluorescent singlets and being generally smelly and obnoxious. The kind of people who are probably business analysts by day, but total munters by night.

"I FOUGHT MY WAY BACK THROUGH THE HEAVING MASS OF WHITE MEN TO GET BACK INSIDE. CLASSIC PATRIARCHY."

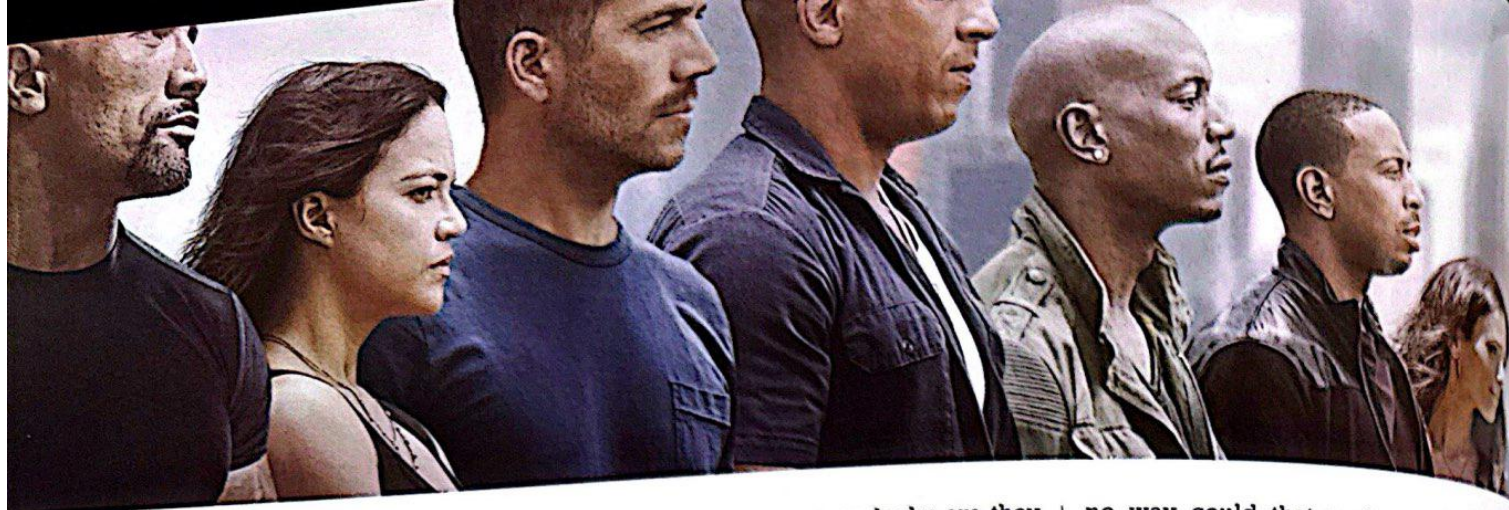
We retreated upstairs to get away from the heaving throng, but heat rises, and so does evaporated sweat. There was no respite from the temperature or the smell, so we gritted our teeth and settled in to watch London DJ A.Sides, who was playing right before Pendulum. For the next hour he played the same

four bars. Every time he built the beat up, I was praying to the Gods of Shitty Drum and Bass (those niche demi-god bastards) that he would drop into a different tune, but I was sadly disappointed every fucking time. It was like that torture technique where they play the same song over and over till the victim cracks, except, like, I was paying for it. Amidst the irritating music, flashing lights and the heat, I was beginning to regret the cheap bottle of Pinot Gris I had downed in anticipation of a raging night. I stumbled out into blissful fresh air, into the kebab shop across the road where I tried not to spew over the nice man who sold me a bottle of water for \$6.

I fought my way back through the heaving mass of white men to get back inside. Classic patriarchy. Pendulum finally started. I felt a little stirring of my fifteen-year-old self when they played "Blood Sugar" and the whole crowd sung along. I felt a slight yearning for a bygone era when I would have enjoyed throwing myself around in strobe-lit room to pulsing music. But mainly I just felt tired, and sick, and dread at the idea of work in the morning. I went home before the end of their set, leaving my misguided nostalgia to congeal on the floor along with my sweat.

"LITTLE SISTER"





FAST AND FURIOUS 7

TUESDAY NIGHT HAS ONLY ONE MEANING: cheap movies. I tagged along with a couple of friends to the cinema, excited to be lost in another world for a while. Unfortunately my suggestions of *Cinderella* and *Insurgent* were cruelly shut down and I was instead forced to endure *Fast and Furious 7*. I have never seen any of the other movies in this franchise and I've never wanted to either. So I had NO IDEA what I was getting myself into. Things I thought I knew about *Fast and Furious* before I entered the movie theatre: cars, action, Paul Walker. Honestly, that's still a pretty accurate description of the movie.

This movie was literally one of the most ridiculous things I have ever watched. It was mainly hilarious because I had no idea what was going on the whole time, much to the amusement of my friends. Who are these people? Are they goodies or baddies? Why

have they killed someone and why are they being chased? Are they a gang or undercover cops? So fucking confused. There's a girl standing crying at a grave, which then turns out to be her own. What is happening, is she a ghost? Nope, turns out she was in a car crash in an earlier film. On second thought, maybe I should have been given a brief rundown before I got myself into this.

"THIS MOVIE WAS LITERALLY ONE OF THE MOST RIDICULOUS THINGS I HAVE EVER WATCHED."

I cannot even begin to choose what the most ludicrous thing was. Maybe when they attached parachutes to their cars and flew out of an aeroplane. I don't know a lot about cars but I do know they are really heavy,

no way could that work. Another goodie was when they drove a car between three skyscrapers, smashing through glass windows all the way. It was probably also an issue that I really couldn't care less about cars. Every time they shared an emotional moment with their cars, I just laughed. Cars are not people.

I also haven't seen a film with so many shameless body shots in a long long time. Seriously the camera would just follow these shaking booties and boobs for way too long. I am starting to understand why these movies have such a cult following.

But all that being said, I actually loved it. Gratuitous body shots, exciting car chases, smashing glass and petrol fires — what more could you want in a movie? Good thing I have another six to look forward to.

REVIEW BY HANNAH BERGIN

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH

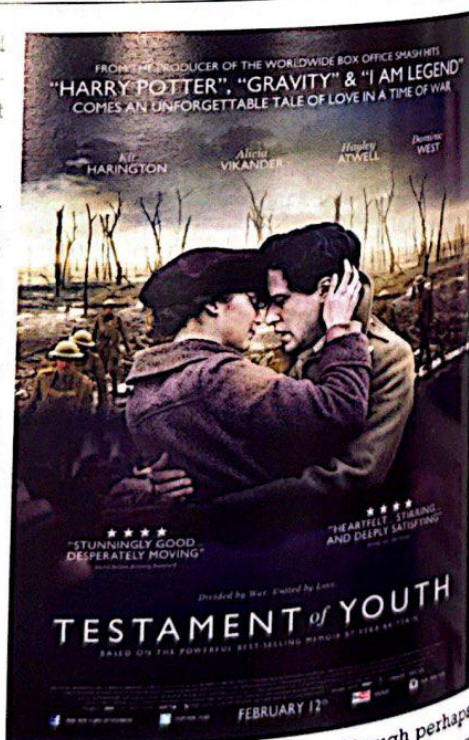
SET IN EARLY 1900s BRITAIN, *TESTAMENT OF YOUTH* mirrors the real-life World War I memoirs of Vera Brittain, who is portrayed with remarkable authenticity by Swedish-born Alicia Vikander. But for all its historical and literary significance, it all seemed a bit unoriginal to start off with: young lady growing up in the English countryside. Well-to-do parents want her to get married (asap). She wants to study at Oxford but her father won't let her take the entrance exam. And suddenly this independent young writer falls in love with pretty much the next man she sees. Oh! And off to Oxford she goes. It's safe to say my expectations weren't particularly high.

But this film does not disappoint. As the film moves on, the plot shifts gear and the interplay between different characters begins to emerge, particularly as Vera grows more and more fond of Roland, masterfully performed by the broodingly handsome Kit Harrington. The cinematography is awe-inspiring, striking a shrewd balance between love and war, resulting in an experience that is hard to put

into words but easy to follow on screen. All this adds up to a poetic, almost lyrical narrative which, although interesting, is careful not to dilute its portrayal of wartime affliction.

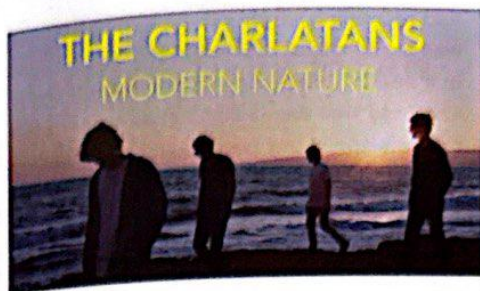
What stood out most for me was its capacity to vividly capture how war affects everybody, not just soldiers but also their lovers, parents, family, and friends. Vera abandons what she worked so hard for at Oxford in favour of volunteering as a nurse, for a war which many believed would be over before they knew it. It's equally refreshing to come across a film with war from a female perspective, a welcome change from films whose intrigue is primarily propelled by man-to-man combat (*American Sniper* being a relevant and recent example). With the exception of the first twenty cliché minutes, it makes for a captivating watch. And I won't spoil the end, but it's bittersweet.

Perhaps this isn't the film you'd normally go and see, and this genre certainly isn't my usual cup of tea. But that's precisely why I went. Sure, it's sentimental, expressive and may very well make you bawl your eyes out, but



this film is not one to miss. Though perhaps it was the complimentary glass of sauvignon blanc, who knows.

REVIEW BY CLARK TIPENE



MODERN NATURE

THE CHARLATANS

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, IT WOULD HAVE been unfathomable that the Charlatans — written-off as second-rate compared to fellow indie-dance acts the Happy Mondays, Primal Scream and St Etienne —

would reach their twelfth album. Yet here they are in 2015, despite the 90s dance party being well and truly over, with a well-crafted outing that remains true to their original sound.

The band takes an "if-it-ain't-broke" approach to songwriting, sticking with the template that has served them well over their career: take a baggy-style drumbeat, a strong bassline and some Northern Soul-influenced Hammond organ, and put Tim Burgess's dreamy intonations over the top, and you are basically there. It is a formula that achieves consistency, but also limits the development of the band's sound. It makes *Modern Love* a solid album but not one that breaks any new ground.

While most Charlatans albums at least man-

age to combine these elements in a way that comes close to brilliance once or twice, *Modern Love* does not have any choice cuts to rank alongside the band's best work. It is the sound of a band nobly working hard but not quite getting there. It comes across as too conservative and too agreeable.

That being said, every song on the album justifies its inclusion. The best track is the upbeat single "Come Home Baby", and other notable efforts include "So Oh", the driving "Let the Good Times Be Never Ending" and the loping "Trouble Understanding". Also, "Lean In" is reminiscent of 2000s New Order, which is hardly a bad thing.

REVIEW BY CONALL BRENNAN-MCMAHON

YOUNG CHASERS

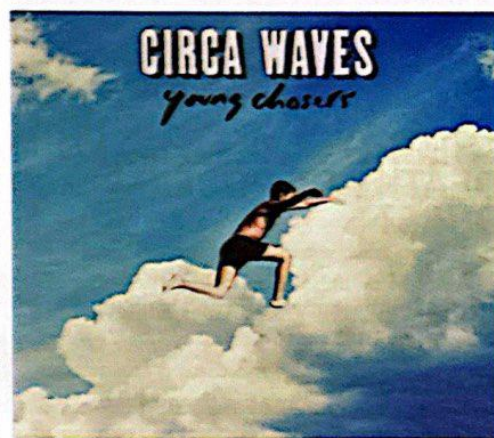
CIRCA WAVES

CIRCA WAVES HAVE MISSED THE BOAT. *Young Chasers* is an album that would have been slammed as pedestrian and derivative in 2007, but is being hailed as the 'next big thing' by all facets of the British music media. Don't believe the hype.

Primary songwriter and frontman Kieran Shudall seems to have taken off-cuts of The Libertines, The Kooks, The Vaccines and The Strokes, whacked them in a blender and smeared the resulting cacophony out over 13 tracks of contrived, basic and ultimately boring indie-rock.

This music is not new. Nothing about this music has not already been done, and been done better. Track after track, Circa Waves bemoan wasted, disillusioned youth (like every other indie band ever) and the desire to get out of their tired small town (like every other indie band ever, and Liverpool isn't THAT boring) over trying-to-be-anthem choruses (like every other indie band ever), jangly arpeggiated guitars (like every other indie band ever, and Johnny Marr hasn't even joined Circa Waves yet) and lots and lots of hi-hat (like every other indie band ever in the history of the entire world oh my GOD these songs are dull).

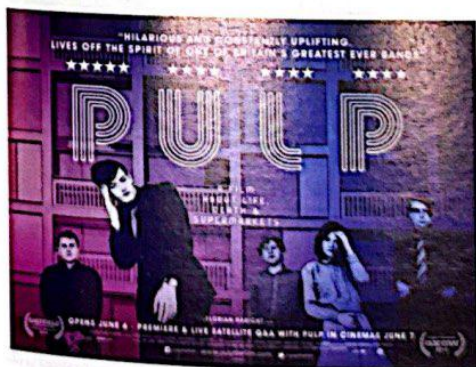
Final Verdict: Circa Waves try to reinvent the



indie-rock wheel, but don't.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

MUSIC FILM



PULP: A FILM ABOUT LIFE, DEATH AND SUPERMARKETS

DIRECTED BY FLORIAN HABICHT

THIS FILM DOCUMENTS THE 2012 FAREWELL concert of the Britpop band Pulp, in its members' hometown of Sheffield. Having already featured in last year's New Zealand International Film Festival, the film recently began a new run with a screening followed by a

Q&A session with the director (a graduate of this University) at Rialto Cinemas in Newmarket.

Habicht's unique directorial style makes *Pulp* a work of art in its own right and more than just a standard talking-head music documentary. The film is clever, darkly funny and heart-warming in ways that, as avid Pulp fans will recognise, make it consistent with the band's own style.

Surprisingly, the real stars of the film are not actually the band members, but the residents of Sheffield. As the director interviews a number of eccentric locals about why the band is important to them, these characters' own personalities shine through, and their stories become more important than the band's story. Habicht suggests that, through these people, everyone who embraces life, despite its trials, is special — an idea that reflects the message of Pulp's signature song, "Common People".

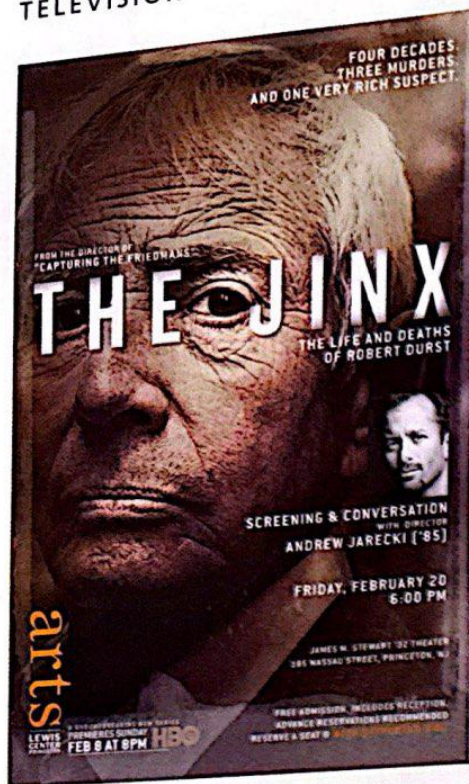
No bore himself, lead singer Jarvis Cocker is hilarious throughout as well. Not only does

he have a number of funny anecdotes, but he also has several great moments of physical comedy through his unique dance moves and one staged scene in which Habicht films him changing a car tyre.

Pulp fans will also appreciate having the chance to get acquainted with the other members of the group, who do not often get their share of the attention. Candida Doyle opens up about the difficulties of being a professional keyboard player with arthritis, and we see drummer Nick Banks coaching his daughter's under-fourteen football team.

Because the film focuses on the events surrounding one concert and does not go into much detail on the band's overall history, the film will not be very accessible to the uninitiated. Those who are keen to find out more about the band are thoroughly recommended instead to start with their 1995 album, *Different Class*.

REVIEW BY CONALL BRENNAN-MCMAHON



THE JINX: THE LIFE AND DEATHS OF ROBERT DURST

SO RECENTLY I, ALONG WITH WHAT SEEMED like the entire Internet, watched a six part HBO docu-series called *The Jinx*. If you're anything like me during assignment time, you've probably already imbibed. If you haven't, great! You've got another excuse to

not do any of the things you really ought to be prioritising in your life right now.

"THE SERIES TELLS THE STORY OF ROBERT DURST, OR BOB AS HE'S MORE AFFECTIONATELY REFERRED TO, OUR SOMETIMES CHARMING YET PERPETUALLY CREEPY 'POSSIBLE' SERIAL KILLER."

The series tells the story of Robert Durst, or Bob as he's more affectionately referred to, our sometimes charming yet perpetually creepy 'possible' serial killer. He is pure caricature, a mixture of geriatric placidity and dead-behind-the-eyes don't-fuck-with-me-I-will-cut-a-bitch serial killer-ness. If that's a word. I didn't know whether to laugh or be scared. Of course I laughed, even if only a symptom of nervousness. Nervousness not only due to his debauched character, but also nervousness as to where the plot was going to leave us. His life is hysterical. To the legal system, his life has been the most terrible series of unfortunate events. His wife went missing in the 80s, one of his closest friends was found executed (mob style) 15 years ago

and recently a neighbour he had befriended was found dead, dismembered and bagged in a nearby bay. However, to the audience — and I say that cautiously as I have met some rather astonishing people who hold faith in Bob — these happenings are far less ambiguous. Don't worry, these aren't spoilers; this really is just the beginning of the story. I know right? How could it get any weirder than that? Well, it doesn't really get weirder, but it certainly is a thrilling series that is in all senses of the phrase a 'binge watch'.

The comparison has been made between it and Sarah Koenig's *Serial* podcast, so if you liked that, definitely give this a watch. It has the same energy of the first few episodes of *Serial* with more continuity and better yet, a conclusion. In terms of direction, Andrew Jarecki created something that at times felt more like a narrative film than a documentary. It didn't do anything new for the genre, it just carried on the trend of cinematic television in a very satisfying way. A particular triumph was the visual re-enactments of certain scenes from Bob's life narrative. These scenes were treated with an acute awareness and delicacy that had me forgetting I was looking at a set piece and instead made me feel as though I was being given an even more intimate portrait of *The Life and Deaths of Robert Durst*.

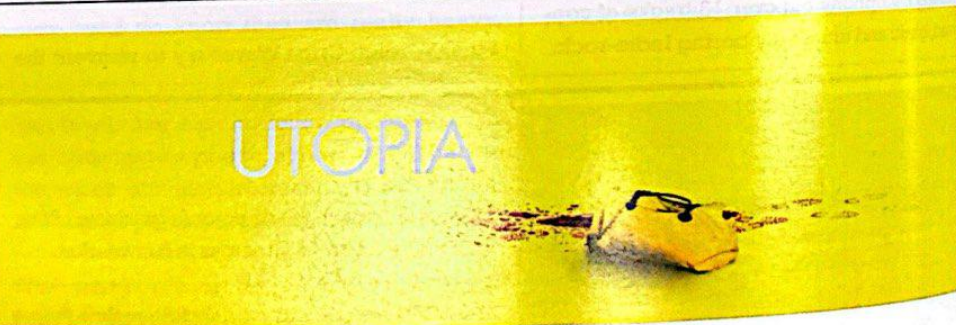
REVIEW BY CAMERON AH LOO-MATAMUA

UTOPIA

I'VE NEVER HAD A MORE INTENSE TELEVISION experience than *Utopia*. The whole series reminds me of that one scene in *Reservoir Dogs* where Michael Madsen brutally mutilates Kirk Baltz while "Stuck In The Middle With You" plays in the background. But instead of *Stealers Wheel*, *Utopia* uses a beautiful array of colour to backdrop its on-scene abundance of gory action and tension.

When my friend first introduced me to this insane slice of television, I was dubious. He explained the plot to me and it wasn't very convincing. The story centres on a reluctant group of individuals that are on the run from a secret organisation called 'The Network', who are hunting down "The Utopia Experiments", an elusive graphic novel that has proven to predict the future. It sounds like the plot of a terrible B film.

What really convinced me to watch the entire series was when my borderline insane friend showed me the first five minutes. I was completely hooked. Go, watch it. The opening sequence is on YouTube (not legally, but that's no one's fault); it is four minutes of bizarre



brilliance that lies somewhere between the realms of fun and nightmare. In this overture, two Network assassins enter a shop in search of the comic and progressively take out everyone inside in one choreographic motion. It's smooth, it's rhythmical, and it's a good indication of what the series has in store. Much like Madsen's dancing to *Stealers Wheel*, the relentless assassins travel rhythmically through their disconcertingly colourful world, building up tension which is then released in the most nightmarish way possible.

Although the blood can be distasteful at times, its overabundance contributes to the world that the show builds. The series is designed, in every way, to be over-the-top. You can see it in the visual style and colour, as I mentioned, but in the use of music as well.

The soundtrack is bizarre, catchy, and maintains this sense of flow and intensity the series strives for. Props to Cristobal Tapia de Veer who composed the score; the soundtrack is a real treat both inside and outside the show.

Alas though, the series was cancelled after its second season. And on a cliffhanger as well, which sucks even more. There's a small band of hardcore fans fighting to get their show back, but it's not looking good. It's been a few months and no news. I fully support their efforts though. It is a fantastic little series with excellence in all areas of its production from narrative to cinematography to music to mise en scène. The series is truly cinematic. I hope it doesn't fade into the mass of obscure dead television series.

REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

COMEDY, KIWIS, AND CELLULAR DEVICES: AN INTERVIEW WITH DAI HENWOOD

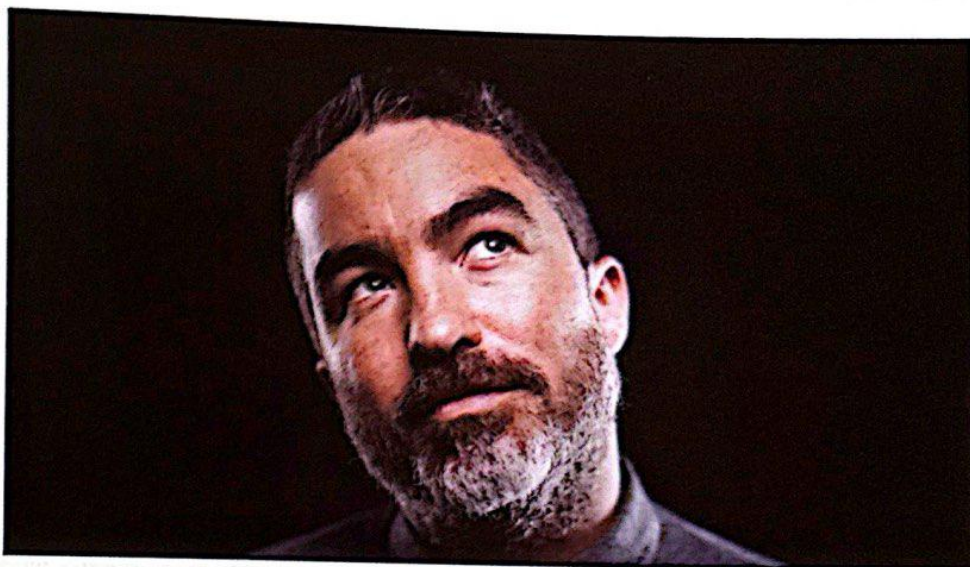
ARINGING PHONE... THE ARTS EDITOR asked me to do an interview. An interview with a comedian. Hubris hit. I thought I was a journalist. Sudden daydreams of being taken for a wine (and a lunch, maybe salmon) at some trendy bar. Sure we'd chat awkwardly at first, then we'd become great friends. He'd tell me I was New Zealand's greatest living writer. But *Craccum* being *Craccum*, this turned out to be a phone interview. Hopes of lunch dashed, and with a time limit of thirty minutes, I wouldn't be able to make this about me. And I wouldn't get a free lunch — maybe the proverb is right, maybe they don't exist. So I took myself to a café, and bought my own beverage. No salmon would be had. But I did get to type on a laptop in front of people, so at least my image is now super fucking cool. Anyway, the call...

Phone rings. Promptly answered. I introduce myself. He says "hey mate". I feel awkward. I mention how awkward phone interviews are. And how boring he must find them. He assures me it's his first of the day, and that he's "raring to go" and "feeling fresh". I was relieved, but had only talked about my own opinions, classic *Craccum*.

I jumped in. How would you characterise the New Zealand comedy scene? How difficult is it to get into a career in comedy? Two questions in one go. Bad interviewing, but he seemed to cope fine. Apparently the comedy scene in New Zealand is "in the strongest shape it's ever been". Our reputation overseas has skyrocketed, and Dai has travelled around Britain, Australia, Japan, and Canada, where things went well I'm told. Dai began his career in 1997, at a time when the industry was much harder to get into, and far less varied.

Through groups like Snort (Basement Theatre Friday nights, improv comedy, genuinely check it out) and the Wellington equivalent — I forgot the name of it, but I'm guessing it's pretentious — comedy in New Zealand is apparently becoming increasingly varied and creative. Dai reckons that Kiwi comedy has traditionally been defined by stereotypes: "the Fred Dagg bogan" or the Billy T "cheeky Maori". However, since the rise of a few little independent theatres and comedy clubs, there's increasing variety and originality in the business.

I always think of comics as a sort of homogeneous group, all just getting up on a YouTube



stage and saying stuff. But of course this isn't the case; you do TV, you do solo standup gigs, or sets in a lineup, or corporate functions (doesn't that sound like just the worst possible environment for being creative? A group of stuffy lawyers wondering what you mean when you mention a "poor" or "brown" person). But anyway, while talking about Dai's personal style — which he says originated, due to his theatre background, in character comedy — he notes the different takes he has on his material depending on the event. A personal gig will be aggressively his own material, experimenting as he likes, because that's what the audience came for. A gig where a whole host of comedians are doing bits, or a corporate function, I'm told need to be more suited to the audience "because it's not all about you". Noble.

"BUT CRACCUM BEING CRACCUM, THIS TURNED OUT TO BE A PHONE INTERVIEW."

We talk content. We talk the world, with only five minutes to go, and my coffee well and truly cold. Dai's impression of the comic's job is to talk about ideas, put them in context, and make them interesting. "You can talk about something in a comical way without making light of it", he reckons. He mentions ISIS, he mentions the environment. I want to push him, I want something more controversial. I ask his thoughts on bigotry banter. What about rape jokes? Or gay jokes? Or gender jokes? Dai responds that he'd generally err on the side of caution. He insists that while there are no rules about what a com-

ic can talk about, there is a quality issue, and a victimisation issue. Rape jokes for instance, Dai continues, are often just getting laughs out of shock factor. The level of upset that certain jokes may cause to members of the audience just doesn't seem worth it. Sadly time is short so we didn't get to dig into his most (I think) interesting comment: that many jokes about minority groups are a matter of ownership. A person from the gay community has a right, or at least an authority, to make jokes that someone like Dai can't. Things are getting interesting, but the clock is ticking.

So we end near the beginning. Dai's influences. Robin Williams was Dai's formative exposure to stand up. Laughing at jokes about American politics, despite not knowing who the politicians were, highlighted to him that quality shines through even if you don't understand the content. Eddie Murphy was mentioned, high energy, abundant swearing. I was recommended *Delirious*. And, despite being a cliché, Louis CK was recommended, but you already knew that. Dai recently saw James Acaster in NZ, he was also recommended.

Last of all we talk about Dai's current show *DaiGression*. We talk writing and improvisation — he says he's "too freaked out" not have his jokes written, but it's the vibe of the night that defines how they're delivered. A joke that may last twenty minutes to Wellington hipsters may only take three when talking to "bogans from Lower Hutt".

Bang on thirty minutes. I say goodbye. And sorry for the bad journalism. He's nice. We're done.

The new show promises to be punchy, to talk about big issues, and, importantly, to be funny. Maybe you should see it. This guy seemed smart.

INTERVIEW BY JORDAN MARGETTS

TOP TEN

THINGS TO DO DURING GAPS

SO, YOU'RE ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE LIBRARY and you're starting to become enticed by the challenge of having a wank in the male toilets without getting caught. Let's be honest, the regret is setting in now; the ever familiar regret that you haven't read that psych reading, and it just sits there as your student loan slowly accumulates. You might as well have fun (and not be a sick bastard) during that four hour void between you learning to tie a noose and facing the dreary monotony of your niche Neo-Classical Medieval poetry lecturer. Here's a top ten to get you started on your road to unemployment:

10. HANG IN THE QUAD: Face it, you're desperate. Having not spoken to a soul in literally minutes, you can't stand the Old Geezer's endless pen tapping and the endless arguments between friends of bollocks in that course you didn't take because, quite frankly, you don't see the appeal in human sexuality (What's there to know? You're reading this; you're a fully Bona Fide sex god). At least be bored around people you don't like, instead of the boredom of your own thoughts and awkward bag-zip grinding/pen chewing.

9. EAT: The Mi-Goreng noodles you had last night are still sitting there, grumbling, whilst you contemplate when your next actual meal will come. There isn't a better way to spend the last \$23 you got from your grandma for turning the TV on. Nothing says a well spent break like wallowing in self-pity and persistently justifying that \$13.50 curry from the Curry place. Yes, the one with the name you'd prefer not to pronounce, so your 'enlightened' friends don't think you're being racist.

8. COMPLAIN ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT: Still three and a half hours to go and that Young Nat mate (that you can't un-friend because he's probably going to be famous) posted a picture of some nonsense being parroted from his iMac snob, money-fuelled yachting parents. Might as well call them a fuckwit and imagine them sucking John Key's hypothetical penis... Oh wait, no...

7. CORRECT SOMEONE'S GRAMMAR: By now, you could've sworn that it's day 83 since your last lecture, and no further from the idea of having an exotic quickie on a squat toilet. Why not have a crack at a misplaced apostrophe, or perhaps that Oxford comma you tell everyone you know so much about. Even better; make sure it's on Facebook and take any opposing opinion straight to heart (maybe even email the incompetent sods in AUSA writing the optometry ads?)

"NOTHING SAYS A WELL SPENT BREAK LIKE WALLOWING IN SELF-PITY AND PERSISTENTLY JUSTIFYING THAT \$13.50 CURRY FROM THE CURRY PLACE."

6. JOIN A CLUB: Even though you missed O-week because it was "too shit" or "who goes to O-week?", you might as well fill your lonely hours shelled up with a bunch of overly-enthusiastic students pretending to know what they're doing. Might I suggest the Linguistics Society? Meat Club? Oh, fuck, no... not... The Debating Society... Bye-bye integrity and any remaining drips of the "nice guy" rep you thought you had.

5. MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN CLASS REP? Yeah, that's right, let the inner private school sycophant flow like the validation you need from your peers and parents' money. Time to spend the next two hours fantasising of the life that you could've had: giving your lecturer a hand-job every Tuesday in your "extra tuition". Fuck, or was that a porno I was watching last week... Maybe

you'll give it a crack in fourth year Medicine when you're not being voted in because you had the most cleavage or had the most pretentious hair.

4. CHURCH: Nope? I Didn't think so. Good try, Jesus. Next time, try beer instead of jandals.

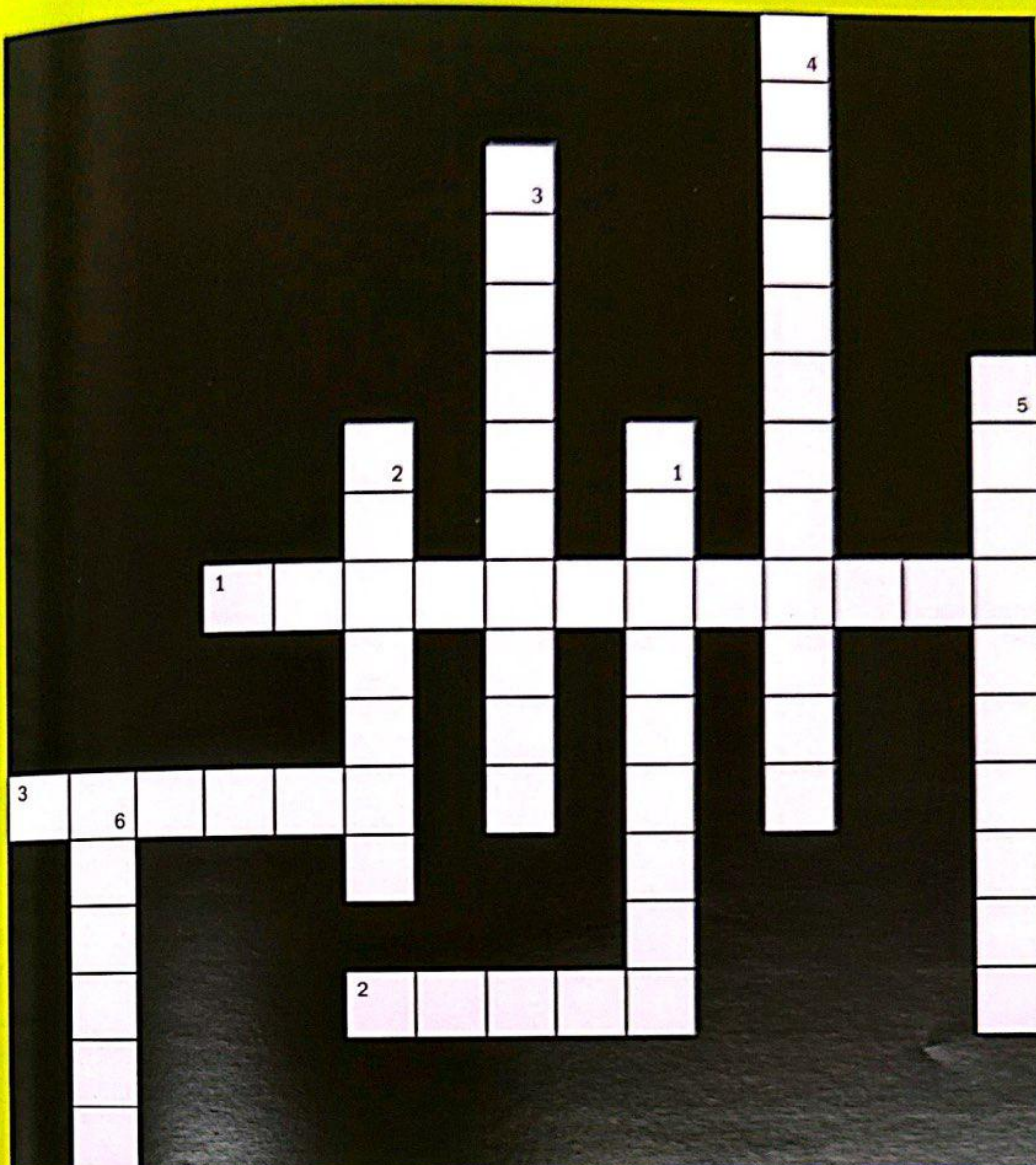
3. GO TO THE GYM: That matte-gray hue of the fifth storey of the Library stares into your soul; much the same way that those ads you see during your midnight coma from too many lonely brews on your shitty flat couch in Grey Lynn promised you. "If I spent every break in the gym, I could be a god" slow down there, Jimmy, you're not quite there. All you need to do is stop drinking and spending your money on those organic lunches that that one chick in English 207 eats everyday in town.

2. DRINK: That Music/Philosophy double major won't get you anywhere, so you might as well begin to live the life that is promised to you by that running joke around Uni that never quite dies out (face it, you're either going to be unemployed or an RE teacher). Fuck that Plato reading, try alcohol! You're not going to remember that wanker critic's thesis (or that dude's name from last night, for that matter), so you might as well have an excuse to forget it. What even is crippling debt when you're face down in a gutter being dragged into your parent's car to then wake up on their couch, vomit, and blame it on the government.

1. WRITE FOR CRACCUM: Only twenty minutes until that lecture and you can see the light, the end is near — it's that Craccum edition to take your mind off that book you will never read (it counts if it's open, right?) Write some article or something meaningless; get angry and write about it even complain about those guys that always complain. It'll be the only thing worthwhile in this façade of educational commodification and Stewart Mcfucker's exorbitant salary. Fuck it, YOLO? Please?

BY JACK ADAMS

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

**ACROSS**

1. Craccum's Arts and Culture Editor
2. How many times have the Crusaders won the Super Rugby?
3. What is the surname of the most recent US President to be shot while in office?

DOWN

1. Contributor of the Week
2. Capital of China
3. The New Batman
4. TV3 journo whose show is rumoured to be cut
5. Which global leader downed a beer in six seconds?
6. Name of the AirNZ plane that crashed on Antarctica in the 70s

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The People to Blame

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Top Ten: Jack Adams

The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Dan Vernon

SHADOWS

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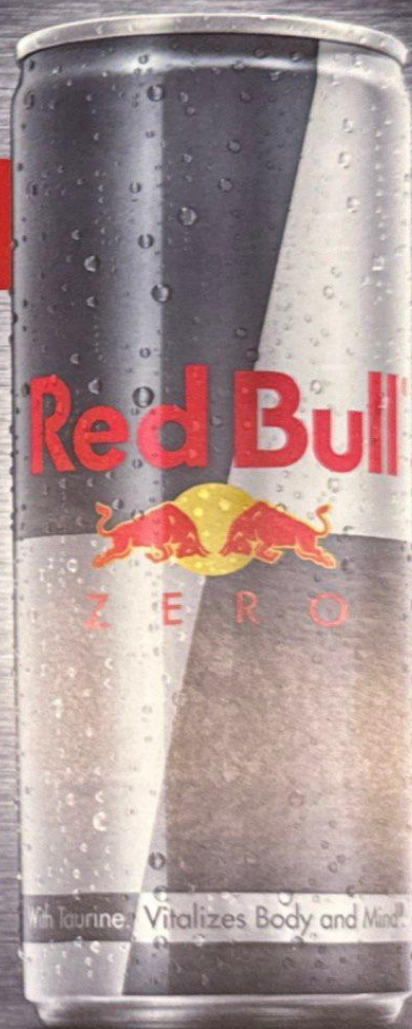
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CARBS.

SUGAR.

PERCENT WIIINGS.

NEW.



RED BULL ZERO.

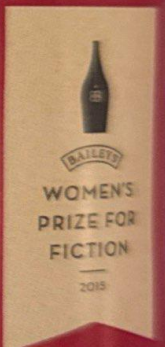
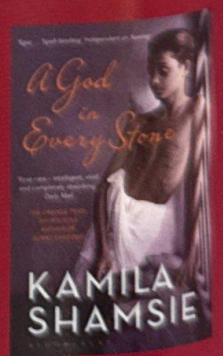
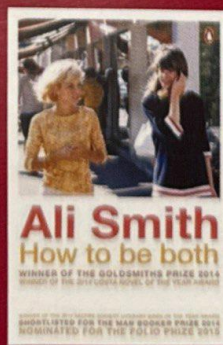
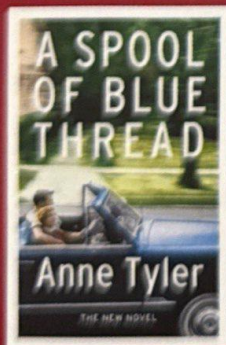
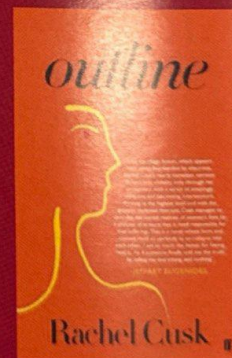
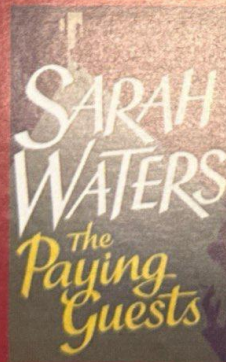
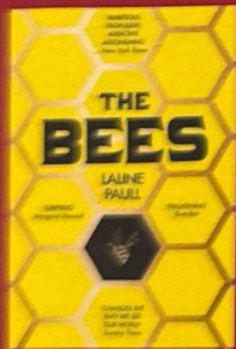
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Baileys Prize - 2015 Shortlist



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