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# Craccum.

ISSUE 8



THE  
QUEER  
ISSUE

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**CAMPUS SPECS**

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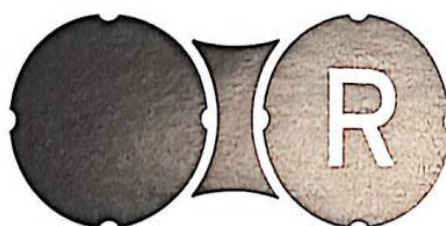
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# PRIDE WEEK BEGINS

MONDAY, QUEERSPACE, 12PM

COME AND HAVE A GREAT YARN  
AS WE OPEN PRIDE WEEK!

## "OURSELVES, OUR PAST" PANEL

TUESDAY, MLT1, 6PM

OLD HOUSE ARCHIVAL MATERIAL  
AND QUEER UNIVERSITY HISTORY IN  
GENERAL

## "IS THE QUEER MEDIA SERVING US?" PANEL

MONDAY, SHADOWS, 6PM

PANELLISTS: LEVI JOULE, NEWS EDITOR EXPRESS;  
JAY BENE EDITOR GAYNZ.COM; VALENTINA CARDO,  
FTMVS LECTURER

## Afternoon Tea with Kelly Ellis

TUESDAY, QUEERSPACE, 3PM

COME ALONG FOR A TALK ON THE WORK DONE BY  
TRANSADVOCATES BY KELLY ELLIS. AFTERNOON  
TEA WILL ALSO BE SERVED!

## QUEER STUDENT FORUM

WEDNESDAY, THE QUAD, 1.30PM

GOT AN OPINION ON THE QUEER-GOINGS ON OUR  
UNIVERSITY? COME ALONG TO A QUEER-  
IFIED STUDENT FORUM AND GIVE YOUR OPINION!  
FEATURING YOUR QUEER RIGHTS OFFICER AS  
THE GUEST CHAIR! 1.30PM

**AUSA**

SERVING STUDENTS

PRESENTS

# PRIDE WEEK

MONDAY 4 MAY - FRIDAY 8 MAY

UPERSIZED JUMBO 9-INCHER MOVIE NIGHT:

## ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

WEDNESDAY, SHADOWS, 7PM

COME ALONG AND WATCH AN OLD FAVOURITE IN  
COSTUME! WE'LL HAVE THE CUES, WE'LL HAVE  
THE FILM, AND SHADOWS HAS THE DRINKS AND  
THE GREAT FOOD!

GROWING UP QUEER  
AS MAORI AND  
PASHIKA

WEDNESDAY, SHADOWS, 7PM

## COFFEE DATE

THURSDAY, STRATA, 1-1PM

JOIN UNIQ FOR A FANTASTIC COFFEE DATE  
AT STRATA! DROP IN WHEN YOU WANT, AND  
MEET SOME GREAT YOUNG QUEER PEOPLE!

## QUEER IN THE QUAD

FRIDAY, THE QUAD  
JOIN US FOR A FESTIVE DAY IN THE QUAD,  
FEATURING EVERY QUEER-RELATED GROUP  
ON CAMPUS! POLITICAL PARTIES, UNIQ,  
FACULTY ASSOCIATIONS AND FACULTY  
RAINBOW ASSOCIATIONS! EVERYONE IS  
INVITED FOR A GOOD TIME.

## PRIDE WEEK PARTY

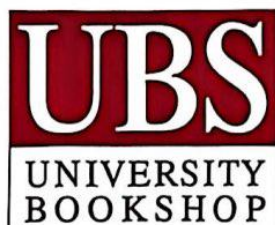
AUSA  
ASSOCIATION OF  
STUDENTS

FRIDAY, SHADOWS, FROM 7PM



# Contents.

Guest Editorial .....	5
News .....	6
Columns .....	9
Friends of Justice .....	14
A Very Very Queer Community .....	16
Queer Rights .....	19
The Departure of a K-road Icon.....	20
Queerness and the Ability to be Apolitical.....	24
AUSA .....	26
Lifestyle .....	28
Arts and Culture.....	30
Top Ten.....	36
Puzzles.....	37
Contributors.....	38



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# GUEST EDITORIAL

BY TESSA

**T**O TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'M ACTUALLY appalling at coming up with ideas that aren't either for far-out speculative fiction or political polemics. Court-ing controversy is probably a bad idea in an editorial like this, and, thus I'm stuck. What to write? I've been banned from writing a long list of thank yous - that would end up with a copy and paste job of the people in my emails. I could talk at length about my own achievements - how Queerspace is wonderful, I'm wonderful and Pride Week is amazing! I could write a sarcastic commentary on something, anything, to pull you in. So, what to cover then? What should I pull you in with? Delightful tales of my wonderful achievements aside, what's the sitch? I mean, apart from me rambling on to get a hundred words into the picture, what's up? Well, I thought I should call you all to action! This is the earnest version of a fantastic feature article that I've also written in this fine magazine!

Let's take a look at the last thirty years - the New Zealand queer community has achieved a lot. Homosexual law reform turns 30 this year, and by all accounts has been a success - except for the fact there are still men who are convicted sodomites and haven't been pardoned. Oops! We've got legal equality and marriage equality in the past twenty years - in fact we seem to have punctuated every 10 years since 1986 with some kind of fantastic advance in our rights (usually accompanied by a Labour government, but I digress...), but that shouldn't necessarily mean we rest on our laurels for all eternity now. I mean, on campus, progress has been a bit more

shocking - we've only had real progress in the past five years - and I am only the second Queer Rights Officer of the whole students association. Queerspace is three years old and only now starting to go really strong. And the fighting on low-level stuff still continues - getting disabled access to Queerspace has been a struggle, and trying to grow a community of young queer people in a university that seems to discourage any form of community building is even worse.

**"AND WINNING THE BATTLE DOES NOT MEAN WE HAVE WON THE WAR - NOR THAT IN THE FUTURE SOMEONE WILL NOT START A NEW WAR ON US."**

So, it's not all good. It's not necessarily all bad either - and don't let anybody tell you that. We're on still a far better playing field than the one we faced thirty years ago, and it's not one that always ends in hiding, suicide, or a good old smack to the face from the cops. A happy, trouble-free queer life is something that we can conceive of now - not something that was conceivable thirty years ago. Yes, there are numerous problems - but that fact, our biggest win of the past thirty years, that we can at least think of having an open, out life that can be as happy and trouble free as a straight one is not one of them.

And winning the battle does not mean we have won the war - nor that in the future someone will not start a new war on us. So we must be vigilant, we must contin-

ue to defend what we have and fight for more - for better medical coverage for trans people, for those convicted men to be pardoned of something that is no longer a crime, if it ever was, and to achieve full cultural equality - and given the way the fight has panned out, we may be spending a long time trying to achieve a truly equal country. Take a look at the gains we have made, and take courage in them that we can make more. But don't sit on your behind and just accept it - some of us are better off than others, so we need to leverage that into fighting for them, too. Yes, this is a call to action - and a call you should heed, put into practice, and continue fighting. It doesn't have to be big - it can be small. Just put it into practice.

[Screw you Jordan, I'm doing some thank yous (controversial!). Thanks to Will, who's been a great AVP and helped with the room bookings. Thanks to all who listened to my whinging - Matthew, Gemma, and probably everybody in Queerspace. Probably most of Craccum too. Thanks to Jordan and Matthew for letting me edit this magazine, and for also listening to a bunch of whinging. Thanks to Levi, who gave me some great suggestions and also bought me dinner to grovel. Thanks to Terry, Jess and the rest of AUASA. Thanks to V and UniQ - Strata is going to be great! If I haven't thanked you, I'm going to thank all of AUASA.

There. Done. If I still haven't thanked you, email me at [qro@ausa.org.nz](mailto:qro@ausa.org.nz) to complain.]

Regards,

Tessa Naden  
AUASA Queer Rights Officer

**PRIDE WEEK  
PARTY**

SHADOWS BAR, FRIDAY 8TH MAY, FROM 7PM

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# What a load of Crac-News

(includes queer stories)

I GOT A BLANK SPACE BABY, AND I'LL WRITE YOUR NAME. NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**Australia:** Tony Abbott delighted world-headlining story concerning an awful Prime Minister is not about him.

**Australia:** Scientists are exploring a plan to tip the entire country North-West to level off the flooding.

**USA:** Republican presidential candidates privately considering climate change may be "technically true".

**Star Wars:** Gay rights activist campaigning to make *Star Wars* more gay-friendly by changing the final words in the trailer to "Chewie, we're homo".

**Kaikoura:** Kaikoura RSA is being accused of taking the ANZAC day commemorations a bit too far after they held a 6.2 magnitude memorial earthquake there.

**The University:** Girl writes letter about gays, Craccum devotes entire magazine to proving she is wrong.

**The University:** Craccum increases the font size on the front cover to 9 in order to advertise The Bachelor interview, which successfully increases readership to fifteen.

**The University:** Stuart McCuntcheon Gets Salary Increase. New Zealand now boasts the highest paid public official in the world, with Vice Chancellor Stuart McCuntcheon's latest salary increase bringing his total annual income to \$10m.

Send in your *News In Brief* suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of "Best Hair Products And How To Identify Them By Touch" by John Key RRP NZ\$34.

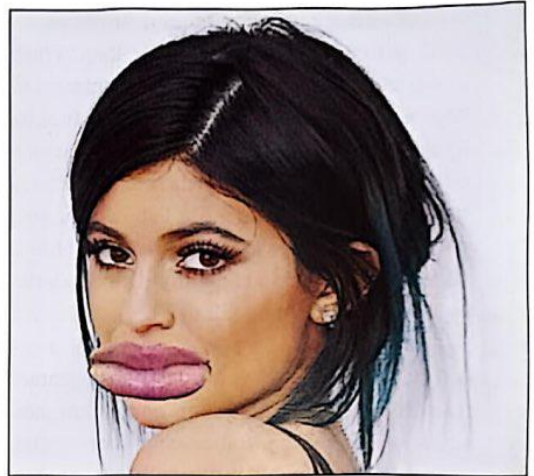


## TEENAGERS TRYING NEW KYLIE JENNER PERSONALITY TRICK

**T**EENAGERS ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE TRYING out the new Kylie Jenner personality fad, which involves getting a shot glass and putting it over your lips, then waiting until you suffocate and die. This act will give you the same personality as Kylie, internet sources have claimed.

Kylie Jenner, a member of the Kardashian clan, has received lots of criticism for her clearly exaggerated and not-natural unintelligence, with many people saying she must've "gone under the knife/brick" or at least "thrown herself onto the floor as a baby" to achieve this level of thickness.

But she previously denied rumours that her vegetable personality was not natural, saying "I'm not clever enough of think of how to do that".



Kylie has also distanced herself from the #kyliejennerchallenge, tweeting "goooo gahh gahh gahh I like trains".

## TAYLOR SWIFT WITH BODYGUARD

**H**AS TAYLOR SWIFT GOT A NEW BAE? The loved up superstar has been seen wandering around with a new man, who we can confirm is Calvin Harris' bodyguard!

While nothing official has been released by Taylor or her people, she has been photographed several times recently in the company of the bodyguard.

Taylor is said to be "completely smitten" with the crowd-controlling bodyguard, and our sources say Taylor has turned to Scottish DJ Calvin Harris as a confidante and wingman. The photos confirm this, all of which show Taylor talking to Calvin while

## NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

the bodyguard takes care of the paparazzi, employing the well known trick of talking to your crush's friends to get closer to him.

Happily, the new attachment shows love breaks all barriers, as Taylor could have easily chosen Calvin, an eligible, newly single guy reportedly worth \$70 million.







## LGBTQIMJOWZSXPRAFKEUYHDCVN

**I**N A BID TO BE "MORE INCLUSIVE", SIGNIFICANT LGBTQI members from across the globe announced that they would henceforth be known as LGBTQIMJOWZSXPRAFKEUYHDCVN. The move, which adds 20 more letters to their name, has come from members who felt that LGBTQI acronym excluded too many members across the sexual spectrum. While letters such as P and A covered members of the pansexual and asexual community respectively, other letters were put in to include those whose "identities are so unclear that even we don't know what they are".

When asked if extending the name would undermine their ability to protect and promote gay and transgender rights, famous gay rights activist and *Glee* creator Ryan Murphy said that he pushed for more letters so he can "create more characters" for his musical show.

Leaders of this community also announced they were also in talks about adding "numbers and symbols" to their name as well, for all those who felt that the letters "did not adequately represent them enough".



## KEY DEFENDS HAIR-PULLING ALLEGATIONS

**A**MIDST CRITICISM AFTER A YOUNG WAITRESS came forward accusing him of creepy conduct, Prime Minister John Key recently came to Craccum to defend his actions. "I believe that there was nothing wrong in what I did", claimed Mr. Key. "Hair pulling is a playful behaviour done by men to exercise their alpha status and it is completely natural".

When asked if he realized that his statement could be considered sexist, Mr. Key then de-

nied he is one, claiming he "lets Bronagh out of the kitchen regularly" and said he would even "consider" having a female deputy PM.

Craccum then pressed Key further, and asked if he had any other habits that people may consider odd, to which he shrugged. However, then his wife Bronagh — who was standing behind him — reminded him of the rules he set in their household, and Key was able to add "I ask my wife to call me 'chief' and have my children kowtow before they speak to me

## THIS WEEK'S STAR SIGNS



**Aries** — be acrimonious and kind to those in your life



**Taurus** — if you love beauty, do not turn away from the next opportunity you get



**Gemini** — you may be moved by a Saturn-inspired cautiousness, tread lightly



**Cancer** — you should see your GP as soon as possible



**Leo** — Mercury is the closest planet to the sun, you will meet a liar soon so be careful



**Virgo** — if you believe in vague statements, you're in for a treat



**Libra** — invisible extra absorbent with wings



**Scorpio** — you will/will not meet a man/woman/gender variant person who will/will not make a positive/negative difference in your life



**Sagittarius** — the sun is larger than the moon, therefore its gravitational pull is relatively more



**Capricorn** — use colour and light to defend the needs of your spiritual side



**Aquarius** — noun (pl); a place where fishes live



**Pisces** — you will get a text message from your mum tomorrow morning and you will forget your computer password and you will be late for one of your lectures and you will meet someone called Sarah and you will spill your drink down your t-shirt

— doesn't every manly man do that?"

After being advised that no one we know does that, Key said that it might be common only to males of his tax bracket. "I know for a fact that Bill English and Gerry Brownlee have similar rules in place for their respective households", he revealed.





## INTERVIEW WITH METIRIA TUREI

**M**ETIRIA TUREI, THE GREEN PARTY'S co-leader, talked to me for a chill interview about whatever random questions I could think of. Here are her answers.

**Random Trollops:** Before Parliament, she was in a dance group that took the piss of politics, with the brilliant name of "Random Trollops". It's actually true — not all politicians are boring sods.

**Parliament:** "The thing that frustrates me the most about parliament is how much time is wasted. You can have an entire day's debate that is nothing more than one side of the house saying that the other side is stink, and the other side of the house saying 'no you're stink' instead".

**Best thing you've seen graffitied**

**onto one of your campaign signs?**

"To be frank, I was really disappointed that we didn't get more graffiti on our signs". Lols. "I didn't see any decent defacement of our billboards at all....it is both sad and awesome".

**Russell Norman:** She has never seen him drunk. Dammit.

**Most famous person you've met and fangirled over?** "I met the Topp Twins once, fell to my knees and said 'I'm not worthy, I'm not worthy', but I don't think they got the joke". Dat awkwardness.

**Favourite drinking game:** She heard of one from Twitter which was to drink "when ever John Key went 'psst'". She says she's always in the House when that happens, "but I would participate if I could".

**Hangover cure:** Eggs. Cooked any way.

**Worst flatmate you've had?** "I had a flatmate who was associated with the Hells Angels. That wasn't so much annoying as just worrying".

**Hottest male celebrity?** John Campbell.

**Kill, shag, marry. 1. Barack Obama, 2. Prince Harry, 3. Brendon McCullum:** "Shag Brendon, kill Harry, marry Obama".

**Are you gonna download the four Game of Thrones episodes that were leaked?** She does watch GoT, but "Ohh, nooooo, ...well I haven't yet". LOLs.

## JOHN KEY 'THE PONYTAIL TUGGING' PRIME MINISTER

**W**HEN NEWS FIRST BROKE OF THE PONYTAILGATE, I laughed. I meant no disrespect to the victim identified as Amanda Bailey. It was just absurd, ludicrous and, quite frankly, funny. To have the leader of our country fall for a woman's ponytail and resort to childlike behaviour was amusing.

Now I'm not going to do a Mike Hosking and accuse poor Amanda of political motivation and manipulation. After all, she was the real victim in this absurd debacle. So too was Aaron Gilmore, the scapegoat and patsy who was banished for the same juvenile behaviour that Key fell prey too. If Gilmore was forced to resign shouldn't Key? Gilmore was drunk,

hence he had to go. Key was sober and fully aware of his actions, which actually makes Key's action worse. Gilmore didn't know what he was doing, Key did.

So is ponytail tugging really all that bad? When you consider that John Key's legacy is going to be a housing crisis, ponytail tugging appears frivolous. Key's real issue here is that he's a try hard. He tries too hard to be the 'cool' Prime Minister. In this instance, his try hard nature sucker punched him in the face. He hurt someone. He then tried too hard to make it up to her offering her insulting bottles of wine.

However, ponytailgate is fast spinning out of

control, with Graham McCready attempting to land Key in court. Honestly how much time and money does McCready have? It's not as if McCready is going to get a successful outcome. Amanda Bailey so far, isn't suing Key nor has she accused Key of assault which is what McCready alleges Key's ponytail tugging action was. McCready is starting to become an ego-centric, irritating man who wastes everyone's time thinking he, alone, can bring down the government. He needs to take a good, long, hard look at how fast Kim Dotcom went from national hero to public enemy.

Coming of the back of Winston's win in Northland it finally looks like Brand Key is wearing off.





## INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND GAY COLUMN

BY NATHAN PERRY

**L**ET ME BEGIN BY SAYING THAT THIS IS NOT my typical article. This is not a piece of prose about the nature of the world around us. I don't want to make a point here. I don't want to offer advice. This is just a story. A scream into the wind. I came out when I was 15, that seems a good place to begin. I had realised I was gay and I saw no point in denying it. I wasn't going to be noticed by the kids at my school at any rate, and the ones who did notice were the type I could handle myself against. I had a reputation for being a scrappy, vitriolic arsehole and I had made plenty of people cry with my vicious vicious words. Not that I was bitchy or camp. I wasn't and I'm not. Indeed I've heard the words "I would never have guessed if you hadn't have said" many times and usually not in a sarcastic way either. So I came out.

I didn't intend for it to be liberating and I suppose that might be the reason that it wasn't. It was a cold fact. It changed nothing in me. I didn't see myself differently. I wasn't scared. I didn't care much how anyone else saw me either. It was a cold fact. I did assume however that it wouldn't take long. I thought it was something that I would have to do only the once or at least something that I'd only have to do for a few months. It's been five years. I have come out every day for those past five years. It's a lot of work. More work than I want to do. More work than I had ever anticipated. If I'm honest I regret it. I came out and then for a very long time my friends came out on my behalf. Often, I was introduced as gay. I know the reason. At school people liked to make gay jokes and my friends wanted to protect me from them. They thought that if they gave whoever it was that I was being introduced to a warning, the unpleasantness and awkwardness of me

hearing the word "fag" might be avoided. I hated this. I didn't want people to treat me differently. I didn't want people to have to edit they way they spoke around me. I certainly didn't want to be left out of the joke, if there was a joke to be in on.

School finished and I thought that I could save myself the work of coming out by just not doing it. I wouldn't deny it if I were asked, but I wouldn't go out of my way to be gay. But you have to. If you want to defend the rights of gay people, if you want to be an honest person, if you want to be decent to your friends, then you have to tell. Then once you've told, you have to make the jokes. You don't want to be left out of them, then you have to be fine with them. If you like your friends, you'll take the digs, same as you'll give them out. Then you're gay every day. Actively. They tell you it makes no difference, that you haven't changed in their eyes. But the banter that you exchange is gay-centric and the questions that they ask are often about what it's like to be gay. To them you are different regardless of what they say. Then you end up making the jokes first before the others get a chance to remind you that you're different. You point out that you already know. Then you start speaking from the queer position before you get asked what it might be. And still, even when you're twenty, your liberal minded friends, standing in solidarity with you, out you to new people. You may express a view on the topic

of gay something, not because you want to either but because you've been conditioned to say these things, and then your friend will decide that the new interlocutor needs to know your sexuality. You can't escape it, you have to be gay.

Now you may well argue that if I don't like it I should just stop telling people I'm gay or speaking from the gay point of view. That I ought to hold my cards a little closer to my chest. You may be right. You might also be right to say that I ought to tell my friends, my parents and my co-workers that I don't like to be thought of in that way and that they need to just stop making the jokes to me, if they are to me and not just around me. You may be right. The problem there is that then I would isolate myself entirely. I would be the angry gay guy, I may even become the bitchy whiny gay guy. How I would hate that. Then the only people who might understand where I was coming from are other gay people and I don't want to be part of a self segregating community. I love my friends. I love my parents and I love my co-workers. I don't want to be away from them. I don't want gay to be all of me either.

This wasn't a real article. I don't even know if I said anything. But some part of me wanted to say it. So there you have it. I never wanted to self actualise as a gay man. Just a man would have done. I suppose we can't change.

**"I DIDN'T INTEND FOR IT TO BE LIBERATING AND I SUPPOSE THAT MIGHT BE THE REASON THAT IT WASN'T. IT WAS A COLD FACT. IT CHANGED NOTHING IN ME. I DIDN'T SEE MYSELF DIFFERENTLY. I WASN'T SCARED. I DIDN'T CARE MUCH HOW ANYONE ELSE SAW ME EITHER."**





## BURGER KING KISSES

BY LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

**3** AM. SATURDAY MORNING. BURGER KING, Queen Street. My lipstick is smudged and Katarina's ponytails are sooo lopsided. We are the only two troopers left standing after a night out in town with 15 other people. We are feeling victorious and also somehow defeated, and with 4 onion rings and 7 fries stuffed in our mouths, we profess our love for each other. "You are honestly like the best. I love you so much. Like seriously, so much. Hang on, go like this \*shows teeth\*. You have lipstick on your teeth". "Oh thanks, awww. I love you so much! Thank you, you're amazing — oh wait, your eyeliner's smudged, let me get that for you. Sooo much" While giggling to our selves, exhausted but still a bit drunk, we're interrupted by some dude. "Excuse me, are you two like...lesbians?"

I admit, Katarina (also Eastern European) and I are very affectionate to each other, on a level that isn't very common in New Zealand. "And what if we are?" we answer. "What's that to you?" With a smirk on his face, and an overstuffed BK bag in his hand, he leans in a bit closer and very much not sheepishly asks: "So can you like, kiss?"

Kat and I, in unison, let out a very repulsed "What the fuck??"

We didn't go very easy on him. Poor dude just wanted his burger and his sexual fantasies fulfilled, the only things you would want at 3 am on a Saturday morning at Burger King. But some random chicks went off at him for asking them to prove their sexuality, and bombarded him with questions like "Do you ask every single couple you see to kiss? Would you do that to them? How about them? How about two guys? HUUUUH??" It wasn't a very pleasant experience in the end. Long story

short, he kept pleading that he did actually see lesbianism as legitimate, and kept trying to get kisses on the cheek from another guy to prove to us that he was totally not homophobic and didn't see lesbianism as for his own pleasure.

Although I consider myself quite progressive in terms of my beliefs and opinions, I was still scared a bit shitless when I started questioning my sexuality. I was catching myself checking out other women, evaluating whether we'd make a good match. I was swooning over photos of Olivia Munn in my spare time waaaaaay too much. Is this normal? I thought to myself. Oh, shit. What if I'm...not straight?? And even though I knew that my friends probably would still accept me, even though I knew nothing would change, I still freaked out. I felt like something was wrong with me. It felt like I was 'designed' to do something and I can't help but go completely the opposite way. It felt like I wasn't a piece of the puzzle that is society anymore. Even though supposedly there was growing awareness and acceptance of queer rights, I couldn't shake off the feeling that I'd be doing something bad. I knew that if I were to realise I was gay, nothing necessarily had to change, but that everything still would. This was in the back of my mind for a while until I realised that I am actually straight. I remembered that my little crushes are not necessarily reflective of my sexuality, because sexuality is fluid and not binary, and crushing on celebrities or admiring pretty women doesn't necessarily make me a lesbian.

Boom. That's when I realised that god, or biology, or society gave me the easy way out. From that point forth, everywhere I looked I saw an (arguably) accurate depiction and representation of what my relationships

looked like. I would turn on the TV, and Man and Woman would be courting, swapping I love yous, getting naked together, and no one would object to this. Advertisements too have Woman and Man, doing stuff together, having a house together, walking the dog together, only as Woman and Man could. Every movie, every greatest love story of all time, every poster, everywhere, it's Woman and Man.

I was given the easy way out because there would be nothing standing in my way of going on with daily life and being myself. Being affectionate with my partner wouldn't entice anyone to abuse me for me it. Being affectionate with my partner wouldn't entice anyone to sexualise us and ask us to kiss one another. I've never been told that I should tone down my personality because it was "too straight" and my sexuality has never been made out to be my only identity.

Many people are not so lucky. Many people are still marginalised and severely under-represented in media and in culture. Many people are still minimised to their gender identity or sexuality, and are not treated like fully functional members of society. Many people still have to endure abuse on a daily basis, simply because of what they identify themselves as. But there's still discussion surrounding whether these HUMAN BEINGS should have the same rights as other HUMAN BEINGS. Recently, there was also discussion about how they've already been given plenty of opportunities for visibility and a voice. Seriously? Please. A deeply prejudiced, heteronormative society will not be undone by a yearly gay parade. If my lifestyle is freely talked about, accurately depicted in all forms or media, and is treated with respect, so should everyone else's.

**"I REMEMBERED THAT MY LITTLE CRUSHES ARE NOT NECESSARILY REFLECTIVE OF MY SEXUALITY, BECAUSE SEXUALITY IS FLUID AND NOT BINARY, AND CRUSHING ON CELEBRITIES OR ADMIRING PRETTY WOMEN DOESN'T NECESSARILY MAKE ME A LESBIAN."**





NTM PRESENTS...

## MY LIFE AS A DOUBLE MINORITY: TO BE MĀORI & GAY.

**M**Y BOYFRIEND AND I OFTEN LAUGH about the time he came out to his parents about our relationship. Them being white South African, he wasn't sure which aspect of our newfound love was worse for them to hear — that he was dating a man, or that he was dating a Māori. It's not that funny considering it's particularly hurtful to think about, but thankfully we passed that hurdle years ago.

Before meeting my in-laws I made sure I got a new haircut, ironed a clean white shirt and

looked altogether nothing like the stereotype that's plastered all over New Zealand media. I checked the mirror to make sure I looked presentable, but one thing came to mind. I wonder what this would feel like as a white, gay man. Would he be tense and nervous as much as I?

I went to the length of even preparing answers to questions they would no doubt ask — always keeping in mind that my answers should distance myself from anything stereotypical — Why do I have to do that to show I'd make a good boyfriend? I have to somehow distance myself from a number of stereotypes. Isn't that twisted? It's like a battlefield and you have to prepare for some lite-race warfare.

The questions I'd no doubt address would be: what do you do? I'm doing my honours this year — and no, I'm not on the benefit. Speaking of the benefit — this topic often comes up at dinner conversations and I absolutely cringe when I hear it. Because I know all too well what North Shore residents have to say about that. My blood begins to boil and I just want to scream because I

was raised on said benefit, and for people to challenge that, is to challenge me and my survival. But I remind myself to be open and accepting. Especially because I love and adore my boyfriend.

Do you work? Yes, I have two jobs and am very hardworking. I think another thing I was worried about was whether I should be affectionate in front of them. Can I cuddle him? Or will his dad feel sick to his stomach because I'm a man?

Maybe I'm just thinking too much. I guess this is usual for any person meeting their new in-laws — then again, it seems there is a whole other layer of insecurity added to the mix when you are Māori and they are from a racially tense nation.

Thankfully I can say that I was worried for nothing — they are absolutely loving and welcoming and really care about mine and my boyfriends health and happiness. I adore them. Whenever I miss my own family I visit them for aroha and whanau warmth. Yet I somehow think that I'm just one of the lucky ones.

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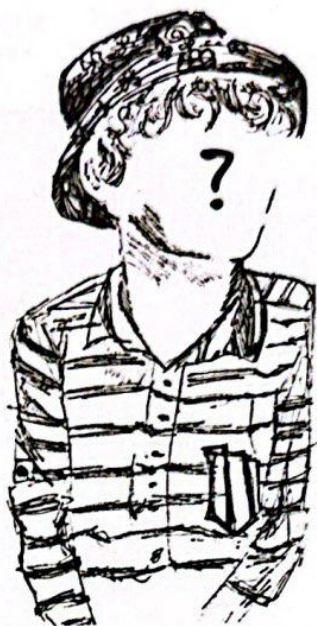
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18  
85





## STRAIGHT WHITE ELEPHANT

WITH CHRIS

**B**EFORE BEGINNING FOR THE WEEK I'D like to congratulate *Craccum* for the stellar achievement of devoting a whole issue out of a 24-issue year to the queer community, and still managing to find space within it for basically all of *Craccum's* cis-gendered, heterosexual regular writers to make an appearance. It's great that we can cover literally every minority issue and perspective, and still have room for non-queer dudes to talk about the same non-queer stuff they do every week.

Sincerely though, I'm sort of as at a loss as to what to contribute. The hegemony usually construes the opinions of straight white males as more valuable than the average, because they're not bound to a gender, race, or orientation for people to subconsciously fixate on. Except this week that's not the case, and I feel like the big heteronormative elephant in a room full of people whose perspectives actually matter. I could blow hard against Eminem's continued reliance on homophobic lyrics long after everyone (including him) admitted it wasn't cool, but a) that was 2013, and b) probably covered better by people who know what it actually feels like to be victimised by a slur.

Which is not to say that I don't know what it's like to be gay, because I *totally* do. In year six a rumour went around my school that having an older brother made you 50% more likely to be attracted to men. Still in the "girls are gross" phase of my development, and with a brother a year and a half my senior, I plunged into a crisis of sexuality. It wasn't particularly

homophobic, but my limited understanding of all physical intimacy was that it was *super gross*, and I resented being forced out of my ingénue innocence and into a world of fleshy jostling and kissing on the mouth, purely because I was child number two.

As a side note, I suspect that a lot of youthful homophobia is just squeamishness born of the constructed "difference" of homosexuality. I'd never thought about sex in any great detail (if anything I was wilfully ignorant, because *gross*) but when people were introduced with sexuality as their defining trait, my overactive imagination had nowhere to go but confused visions of sweaty flesh, intertwined hair, and angry whispering (my terror was vivid, not accurate).

I examined every friendship for undercurrents of desire, hating the uncertainty of it all. I wished for the onset of puberty and physical attraction (to either gender), wanting to get past denial and into acceptance as quickly as possible. I pre-emptively mourned my future, to be spent labouring under the weight of centuries-old oppression, and deliberated over if, when, and how I would come out to my family if need be (my sister, ever understanding, let me know regularly throughout high school that she was looking forward to it).

Eventually I made peace with both options, and focus shifted back to other priorities, like *Artemis Fowl* and being "sick" when school swimming was on. And the push for equality in New Zealand mostly got by without me. Beyond self-righteously telling friends off for using "gay" in place of "lame" and 'liking' Facebook posts about marriage equality I haven't

contributed much to the normalisation and acceptance of queerness in New Zealand.

Which is fine, because relative to the rest of the world I think it's going pretty well. The primary issue dimension for most of us is just how to be as supportive as possible. There are conflicting impulses of wanting to understand and recognise how someone's sexual or gender identity functions and informs their personality, without wanting to treat them as issues or defining traits. Whenever a friend comes out I have a million questions ("when did you know?" "is your ideal partner just a clone of yourself?" "Isn't your church conservative?"), particularly for bisexuals — they're the best ones — but using someone as sexual-identity Google is objectifying despite good intentions. Maybe it's an acceptable hypocrisy, the point where the desire to know your friends as intimately as possible is allowed to clash with being a cool liberal who's totally unfazed by whatever anyone's get-down is.

Globally things are less good — state-sponsored hatred in Nigeria and the Ukraine, 'religious freedom' laws in Indiana, "Gay Conversion Therapy" turning parents' concern that their non-straight child is somehow mentally ill into the relaxing certainty that they definitely are — and so on, but Goodluck Jonathan (which is the actual name of Nigeria's President) never read *Craccum* so nothing I say here will change that. Also, total non-sequitur, but "ally" is a hilariously self-aggrandising way to refer to one's stance of "not a bigot". Maybe it's time we raised the bar for how much effort is required to get an official title in the global battle for progress.

**"THERE ARE CONFLICTING IMPULSES OF WANTING TO UNDERSTAND AND RECOGNISE HOW SOMEONE'S SEXUAL OR GENDER IDENTITY FUNCTIONS AND INFORMS THEIR PERSONALITY, WITHOUT WANTING TO TREAT THEM AS ISSUES OR DEFINING TRAITS."**



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KANT OR WON'T?

## QUEER ISSUE SPECIAL

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

**I**T'S A CONTENTIOUS TIME FOR ADITYA and I to poke the bear on this topic, given last week's controversy over Seb's homosexual oppression article. Regardless, this week we're diving into a problem that is very rarely discussed:

**Should the queer movement abandon the "It's not a choice" argument?**

The most glaring reason why that particular argument is harmful is the implication behind it. Rather than focusing on the important truth that queer sexualities are completely acceptable, it attempts to pacify bigots by saying, "yes, it's disgusting and wrong, but they can't help it so can't be blamed". There's no sense in treating queerness as a disease that has tragically befallen the unlucky few that are afflicted by it. The deeper issue here is more complex. Is it even true that people have no say in their sexuality?

In places with strong LGBTI communities, more people feel safe coming out, and the 'norm' of heterosexuality seems less prevalent than people once thought. But what if this historical norm didn't exist at all? There is a strong case to say that a lot more people would be bisexual, and swing one way or the other based on choice. It's difficult to conceive the explicit and subconscious ways

that an overwhelming norm of heterosexuality infects our approach to sexuality and relationships (coupled with a historical oppression of 'other' sexualities). The most that I could say is that it probably restricts everyone's sexuality in some way by making them think about themselves in a certain way. Without as many expectations around sexuality, we wouldn't self identify so strongly, and would be more open to different sexual experiences.

One effect of our cultural history is that people like to firmly place themselves in the heterosexual camp. They often do so through traditionally gendered behaviour. One only needs to look at, for example, male locker room machismo as a display of virility to see this. The funny thing about locker room banter, though, is that it borders the fringe between social and sexual. Muscle rippling, arse slapping... I'll say no more. It is comfortably deemed 'male bonding' to psychologically and social defer any other sort of implication. Let's take this further. Consider even the deep relationships we have with friends. With these people, a hug, for example, is something that provides emotional and physical pleasure. What makes physical contact something socially driven as compared to sexually driven? Is the distinction just something we tell ourselves, something we've culturally internalised?

If we think of boundaries between sexualities, between gender norms, between how we identify ourselves as similar or different to others as less rigid, choice blossoms in front of us. People shouldn't feel iffy or weirded out by different sexualities, because it doesn't just harm other people, it harms them. It restricts their own sexual identity. That's why it doesn't matter whether your sexual preference is a conscious choice. If it is, all the better. Find yourself. Find the sexual you you want to be. The easier it is for people to do that, the better.

**"WHAT MAKES PHYSICAL CONTACT SOMETHING SOCIALLY DRIVEN AS COMPARED TO SEXUALLY DRIVEN?"**



# Friends of Justice

WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON  
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFJUSTICE



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



**BLACK POWERS:**  
CAN TELEPORT  
THROUGH THE  
COLOR BLACK.



**ACHILLESHEEL:**  
GREEK GOD  
OF MENOPAUSE.



**HOMERUN:**  
BEATS PEOPLE  
WITH A BAT.



**THE HUMAN:**  
METAL STICK  
TO HIM.



"WELCOME TO REAL TALK  
WITH MANDY, THIS WEEK  
WE ARE TALKING LGBTQ  
DIVERSITY"



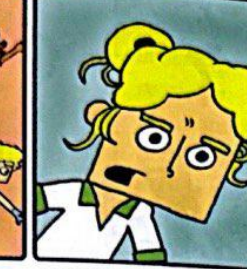
"MANY FICTIONAL  
SUPERHERO TEAMS HAVE  
HAD VARIOUS MEMBERS  
COME OUT AS LGBTQ"



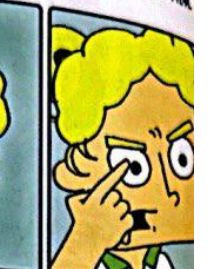
"IT'S A REAL POSITIVE  
CHANGE, BUT I ASK  
YOU THIS VIEWERS..."



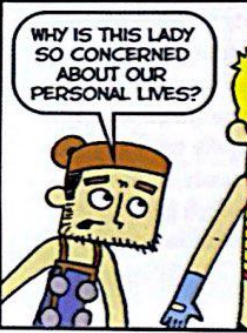
"...WHEN WILL THE  
REAL LIFE SUPERHEROES,  
THE FRIENDS OF JUSTICE,  
ACCEPTED CHANGE?"



"THESE AREN'T HEROES  
DRAWN BY SOME GUY WHO  
SHOULD FOCUS ON HIS  
UNIVERSITY ASSIGNMENTS..."



"IT'S 2015! ITS TIME  
SO CALLED 'HEROES'  
CATCH UP WITH THE  
REST OF THE WORK



"WHY IS THIS LADY  
SO CONCERNED  
ABOUT OUR  
PERSONAL LIVES?"



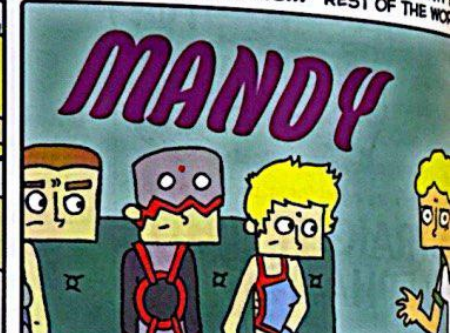
"WHAT CAN  
WE DO TO  
STOP HER?"



"SHE WANTS  
PERSONAL?"



"THEN SHE'LL  
GET PERSONAL."



## MANDY

...SEARCHING.....



"PEOPLE SHOULDN'T BE  
DEFINED BY THEIR  
SEXUAL ORIENTATION,  
WE ARE MORE THAN"



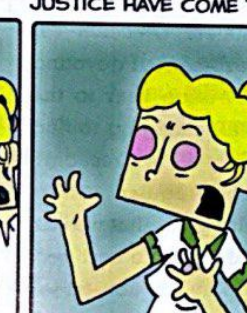
"SOUNDS LIKE SOME  
EXCUSES FOR IGNORANCE  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"



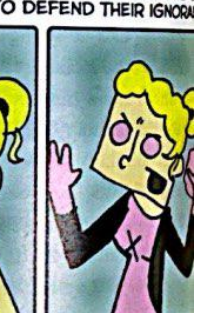
"IF YOU WOULD  
LET ME FINISH  
INSTEAD OF INTER-"



"NOT ONLY IS SHE A  
HOMOPHOBIC VIEWERS,  
BUT A HOT TEMPERED  
ONE TOO!"



"MANDY, YOU HAVE THE  
ABILITY TO BE VERY CLOSE  
MINDED, WELCOME TO THE  
EGOCENTRIC CORPS."



"OOOHhhh YESSSSSS  
FEEELLSSSS GOOOO"



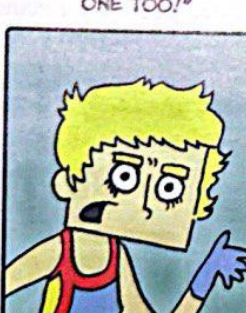
ZAPP!



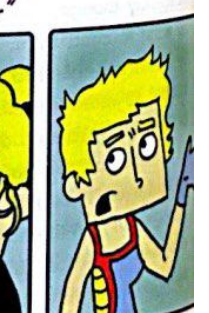
WHAM!



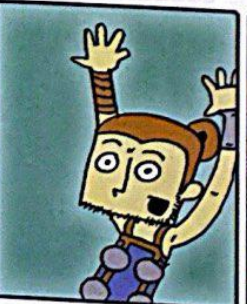
"YOU WANT SOME DIVERSITY  
GOSSIP TO RAISE  
YOUR RATINGS? FINE"



"I IDENTIFY AS GENDER QUEER. WHEN I AM NOT  
SAVING THE WORLD AS HOMERUN, I LIVE MY LIFE  
IN MY CIVILIAN IDENTITY AS A MAN. EVERYONE WHO  
NEEDS TO KNOW, HAS THIS KNOWLEDGE ALREADY."



"AND ACHILLESHEEL  
IS A GREEK GOD  
SO YOU KNOW HE  
SWINGS BOTH WAYS"



"I LIKE ALLLLL  
THE BUTTS!"



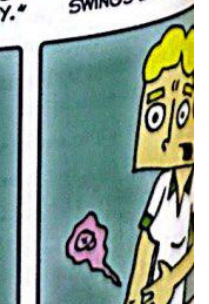
"BUT NOW THAT IT IS OUT  
THERE, THE MEDIA WILL FEED  
OFF IT, AND THIS WILL BE  
SEEN AS MY DEFINING  
FEATURE."



"NOT THE COUNTLESS LIVES  
I HAVE SAVED, OR THE  
FACT I RUN MY OWN  
BUSINESS, BUT THIS  
ONE PRIVATE LIFE"



"PEOPLE LIKE YOU NEED TO STOP FEEDING OFF  
OTHER'S PRIVATE LIVES, AND START DEFINING PEOPLE  
ON THEIR TALENTS AND ACTIONS, RATHER THAN THIS.  
ITS 2015 MANDY, STOP FOCUSING ON LGBTQ"



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CONNECTION SEVER"



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# A VERY VERY QUEER COMMUNITY

BY NATHAN PERRY

**M**EMBERS OF DISENFRANCHISED minorities have always come together to create support networks and groups for themselves. But there seems to be something very unusual about gay culture in particular. I know it isn't structurally sound for me to do this, but allow me to examine one or two other minority groups for a moment before circling back to gayness.

The Jewish community has historically been close-knit. Being God's chosen people may have something to do with it, though I'm sure the entrenched anti-semitism and centuries of oppression and persecution couldn't have hurt either. In England, America, and even here in Kiwi-Land, Jews have formed tight knit communities that uphold traditional practices. The culture is built up around ritual and heritage, so that even the most irreligious of Jews can maintain that he or she is a part of this religion. They are raised with the memory of their people intact and the centuries of oppression and struggle are reinforced in the family home. The tales, the myths, the achievements, and the downfalls of the Jewish community are, for the most part, well known in every Jewish household. The Jewish people appear to know their history. Similarly, every black child grows up knowing the history of black civil rights, and is part of a community. It is sad to say, but nonetheless true, that for the most part, people still belong to social groups due to their colour. What's more, Jews, rich or poor, and black people, rich or poor, are aware that they are part of that wider group.

This is not the case with the gays. They are black, white, oriental, Polynesian, Jewish, Muslim (with some effort), Christian, rich,

poor, or other. They are raised usually without a full understanding of the history of the gay struggle, and certainly without being told that it's their history. Gay people are predominantly born to heterosexual families and rarely have gayness reinforced at home. This means that when gays realise what their inclinations are, they usually aren't prepared. It also means that when they venture out into gay bars or into the 'gay culture scene', they meet people without particularly similar backgrounds. It is a unique issue. It seems to be the single oppressed group where the oppression is not generational. So remove the conversation about how downtrodden we are, and what conversations can we have? The chat about how we 'feel so free in our own spaces' is really just the first conversation reworded. And if we can have other talks then we don't really need the gay community. Don't get me wrong, the camaraderie is certainly felt. But suddenly realising you're an oppressed person, or more oppressed than you were before you came to terms with your sexuality, takes some getting used to.

Thus they band together and talk about being gay and its hardships. Fair enough, but it does put you in a rather odd place. Many gay

**"WHEN GAYS  
REALISE WHAT  
THEIR INCLINATIONS  
ARE, THEY USUALLY  
AREN'T PREPARED."**

folks embrace their sexuality to the extent that it becomes their personality, while others refuse to surrender their past lives, or the principles and beliefs that they have been brought up with. One is compelled to join in and be accepted, and identify as gay, and maybe nothing else. Persecution seems really to be the only thing that folks bond over in gay society (all BDSM aside). It becomes, as I see it, a group of people forging a community because they feel oppressed. Fine. But there is one very real problem with that. Gay culture is unique in being both a support group for a minority and a centre for sex. So when someone ventures into the gay world looking for support, having struggled with their sexuality and overcoming the fear and anguish, they may well be met with sexual predation. Indeed so many gayers end up sleeping with people far older than them in the first few years after discovering their sexuality.

If one spends a moment on thinking over the quote "is he family?", a popular phrase for a time with the gay community (and the namesake for the hideous place on K Road), one begins to see my point. If we translate the phrase to "is he one of us?", then the idea that the young gay man will be accepted into an environment where he might feel as comfortable as he would with family seems warm and supportive. Yet if we translate the phrase "is he family" to "is he someone I can have sex with, is he fuckable?", then that warmth is replaced by an eerie and disturbing feeling of malicious and incestuous intent.

For the sake of fairness, this leering unease applies equally to female members of the gay community. Couple this sensation with the understanding that, when most people first venture out into the world of gayness,



they come young. Young and unsure of themselves. Insecure and struggling with their sexuality, and who they are as a person. They often come to meet other members of the same sex in order to form relationships and date and have sex, but more often for advice and guidance and a sense of purpose and belonging. The youth come into an awkward mix of camaraderie and sexual tension, of emotional support and lust, of friendliness and abuse. Once there, they will often actively seek out people older than themselves (sometimes not by many years, but even a few is enough to count), in the hope of finding guidance and advice. It is a queer thing, an oddity that occurs in no other subculture, that the gay community has an inescapable, underlying, yet also overt, sexuality.

Even worse than the overt sexuality is the fact that we have no way to talk about it. Homosexuality is becoming more and more accepted, the liberals seem to be all for this and so scared are we of upsetting them or distancing ourselves from them that we can't bring up these issues. Bringing them up within the community is simply out of the question. As I said previously, you are either in the gay club or out of it. Within the club there are gay men who rule the scene. If you want to be accepted in there, you don't question them. You certainly don't raise issues with the culture that they have mastered. Talking to gay people outside of the culture has its own difficulties. Gay people have it hard enough finding one another outside of the club, and coming out as not liking the gay scene puts you at risk of alienating yourself from a potential lover or, even worse, friend. All of the great social progressive friends of the gays see themselves too much in this light. As I understand it, they are all for gay culture because they want to be progressive. Telling them that the greatness of gay culture is illusory seems mean, even for me.

Stranger even than the lack of a shared history between the members of this community is the strangeness that we have manufactured for it. The culture has created idols for itself. Cultivated celebrities. People that we are fans of. Not because they suffered for us, or campaigned for us, or because they stood up for our rights in any meaningful way. No, we idolise them because they have strange TV shows and stranger hobbies. Ru Paul, a man most of you will be lucky enough not to have heard of, has a show where drag queens are made to do drag queeny things and are eliminated on a weekly basis. I don't understand it. Lady Gaga, a woman who somehow became a gay icon, dresses oddly and pretends to have purpose.

The only reason I can think of as to why either

of these people are considered gay icons is that they label themselves as weird. It may seem pretty reasonable for a group that has been called wrong and odd and weird for so long by mainstream society to take on weird people as their idols. However, when the goal of that community is to be seen as entirely normal, it strikes me as a little counterintuitive. I also understand that the idea is that 'weird is normal', which may be true, but it's also weird, otherwise we wouldn't need to say it. I don't really see why the gay community makes efforts to attach itself to drag queens and strange fashion and constantly being the other. It seems, dare I say it, a little childish to be vehemently unusual and then turn around and scream that they must be treated exactly the same. I'm a gay person and I have no idea what they want. They try over and over again to be seen as both different and the same.

Now, you may have already, through the process of inductive logic, discerned some bias. I don't like the gay community, and I'm not alone in that. There is something kind of icky about the predatory vibe, and the pretense of care, affection, and camaraderie, mixed with the undeniable lust. It's frightening, this dichotomy within the culture. There are those who embrace it, and those who remain on the fringe between the gay world and the straight. I suffer for it, in a very small way. But there are others who have nowhere to turn thanks to 'gay culture'. They are left alone, frightened, and very depressed because they don't belong. And they tend to be silent. The progressives dismiss them, and the rest of the gays simply giggle too loudly for us to be heard.

The liberal friends of the gays fight for our rights. But they fight for what 'gay culture' presents them with. They defend same sex love. Noble. But they seem so often to get caught up in the glitter and the rainbows that they end up defending a society that speaks for only a very small number. A society that on the inside is unusual in the extreme and oddly fond of power plays and sinister dynamics. They defend the Gaga and the drag queen. And it isn't just a small minority within a minority that gets left behind. So many gay people feel, if you ask them, that there is something wholly dark about the gay scene. Even some of those who embrace it will also admit to being disturbed by parts of it. And they have no way of talking about it. Amongst the left, it has become taboo to critique the 'queer community'. We focus so much on making homosexuality equal with heterosexuality, and progressing the rights of gays, that we forget sometimes to examine the means by which we do so. I for one will not endorse the 'queer community', and I doubt you should either.

It is an oddity, and a lonely one at that, this whole gay thing. Being gay has a plethora of difficulties that so few are privy to. No amount of tolerance or kindness will fix it. It requires a hard critique. It needs analysis. It needs judges. We've been told for so long now that judging gays is wrong. I fear that now we never shall, and the sinister elements of alternate sexuality will continue and we won't escape it. I fear we will be subjected to homophobia in the wider society and oddness within the safe place. These fears aren't irrational, this is not homophobia, this is me being scared for my people.

**"MANY GAY FOLKS EMBRACE THEIR SEXUALITY TO THE EXTENT THAT IT BECOMES THEIR PERSONALITY, WHILE OTHERS REFUSE TO SURRENDER THEIR PAST LIVES, OR THE PRINCIPLES AND BELIEFS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP WITH."**



# QUEER RIGHTS

BY ARTHUR GUY

**I**T'S A TERM I'M WHOLEHEARTEDLY BEHIND AND yet don't fully, or even mostly, understand. Leaving high school and entering Uni I was aware of the LGBT movement as a thing. It was something I supported but had no real involvement in, or a personal connection to outside of ideological support. Recently the term has developed, evolved, grown. More people, different people, oppressed or discriminated against in more ways.

L is for Lesbian. Gotcha. 'The L word' was a tv show about them right?

G is Gay. Yep yep.

B expands to Bisexual. That's when you're attracted to both sexes. Cool cool.

And lastly T includes Transgender. Is that right? The Trans community, which I think (and hope) is accepted vernacular.

Knowing these, I felt like I was down with the lingo and the cause. But then there was Q. Q surely was for queer. But aren't queer and homosexual interchangeable? Nope Arthur, you dolt. Queer is a more catchall term for the community. And at time of writing I'm still not 100% sure I'm confident on that understanding. Now I'm scared I'll be caught out, another straight cis white male fighting for the forces of intolerance and ignorance.

Then I learnt that sometimes questioning stands in for Q. And sometimes it's not only acceptable but understood that both are meant with the single letter. Okay, understood. So armed with my new updated knowledge on the issue I stride forth. Confident and supportive, I then stumble across an 'I'.

I won't lie, a while ago I asked around about the 'I'. At time of writing, I'm slightly ashamed I had to google 'LGBTQI' to find out that it was "intersex". Clicking a few more links and I learn that Intersex is what I have understood as Hermaphrodite. Is the H word offensive now, not the done thing?

And so, finally, I'm up to date and equipped with the necessary understandings and vocab. I am ready to engage in a meaningful and constructive manner.

Or am I? 'CIS White Straight Male' (feel free to throw in middle class here) is a phrase thrown around in one variation or another that it's almost deserving of its own acronym. It's a qualifier I throw out a lot, preceding almost any opinion I have on any issue of import. It is an equivocation I need to make as much for myself as to pacify any audience.

This week's theme of Queer Rights then creates an interesting quandary for my CWSM (an acronym that I'm sure will catch on) self. After many a discussion over a beverage around these issues, and here comes the obligatory queer friend's reference, I now face hesitancy over stealing agency from queer folk. I am mortified at the idea of stealing anyone's voice, especially the disenfranchised or discriminated against. But I also believe it's not only the prerogative, but the duty of people not directly affected or discriminated against to stand up for the queer community, or against racism, or sexism or any of the hate that seems to hang around.

**"NOW I'M SCARED I'LL BE CAUGHT OUT, ANOTHER STRAIGHT CIS WHITE MALE FIGHTING FOR THE FORCES OF INTOLERANCE AND IGNORANCE."**

So where do I step in? What do I say? I write this article not really making a coherent point, but hopefully saying something all the same. Perhaps I've just missed it, but it seems like increasingly treacherous ground for us privileged people to step in and have our say. You may remember a small matter in Craccum lately of a letter addressing the issue of Marriage Equality, to which many and varied responses were published. This is in big part because there are so many different points of view, so many voices clamouring to have a say. Definitely those personally and immediately affected need to be heard. So we have responses from both, and I think that's right, which is not necessarily the consensus within the diverse Craccum team. Carving out a clear area for support without talking over the queer community seems crucially

important to me. Supportive sectors of the 'mainstream' need to show haters and bigots and the like that we won't stand for the bullshit. The LGBTQI community don't stand alone. We can't be at the front though. I happily reside in the background, one of the out-of-focus faces that gives depth and numbers to the cause.

I think that's where I should be, and yet again this queer rights theme still poses a bit of a quandary for me. When the editors offered me a space in the magazine, it was something I wanted to do. But as can be seen by the meandering waffle, my contribution creates confusion and unease. I don't think I'm alone here. As LGBTQI people take strides forward, we have to keep up. But there will often be an unintended lag between those charging forward and those behind.

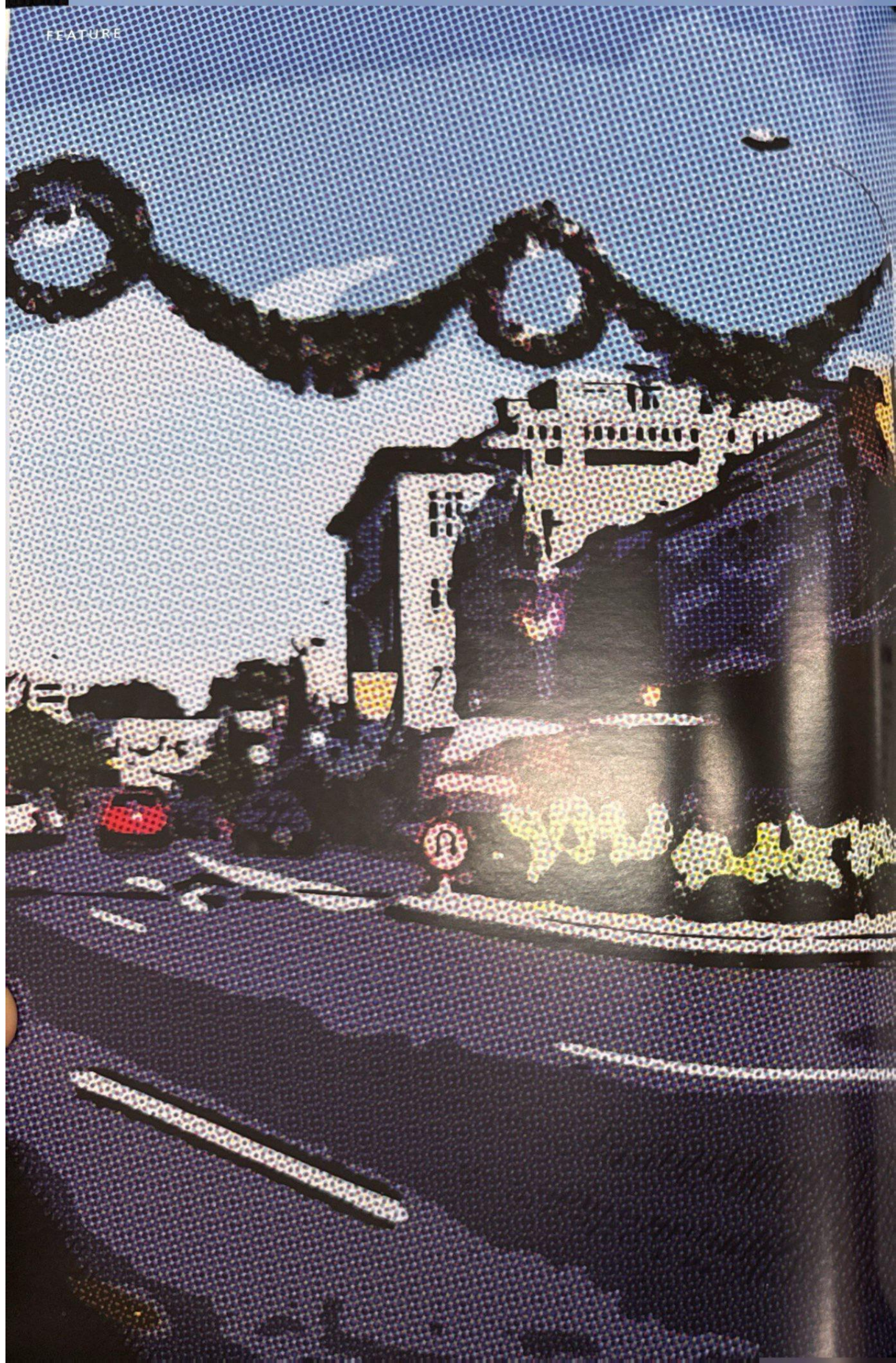
And so I write this piece, and the confusion is clear. Do I engage but unintentionally propagate a wrong message, or stay respectfully silent but risk my silence being seen as complicit in a society that has discriminated against these folks for too long? If I speak up am I taking agency away from genuine voices? But if I stay silent am I not living up to my responsibility as a member of society to speak out against intolerance and societal bullshit? WHY ARE THERE SO MANY QUESTIONS?

I'll end whatever this is here. Maybe someone reading this will be in the same boat and gain some kind of temporary solace. Maybe I'm trying to bridge a gap that only exists for me, and I have accomplished solely shining a spotlight on my own ignorance. Whichever is the case, if either of them are the case, I'm done. Go with love and support, and you do you (Meet the millers reference, gold).

Note. After writing this, a friend tells me there is now an 'A' involved. This stands for allies. So I'm part of the acronym. WOO. But I didn't know about it which kinda illustrates my point.

Another note. Apparently A also stands for asexual. To which a gay friend of mine responded "whaaat? I'm so confused." Me too buddy.







# THE DEPARTURE OF A K ROAD ICON

## WHY THE CLOSURE OF URGE BAR IS PROBABLY MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN YOU MAY HAVE FIRST IMAGINED

BY BEVAN MORGAN

### MOVING MEN

If you were walking along Karangahape Road on the last day of February this year, you may not have given a second look to the men filing in and out of number 490, carrying bits and pieces of the building's interior with them. As the assorted men carried out bar essentials like furniture, lighting rigs, and fridges, it would have looked to any detached observer to be just another retail exodus, or perhaps even a renovation — the kind that happens all the time in a sprawling city centre like Auckland's.

But this quiet event on a seemingly random Saturday afternoon was of far more significance than most of the people who were stuck in traffic along the iconic street would have imagined. As the men shuffled in and out of the space carrying equipment, there was no real indication that what was happening was actually a highly symbolic marker of a massive evolution in the social and economic dynamics of Auckland's gay scene. But in reality, this is exactly what it was.

490 K Road wasn't just a regular bar in the city. It was the site of one of Auckland's most popular and notoriously enjoyable gay institutions — Urge. And unfortunately, those volunteer moving men weren't retrofitting the institution, or moving the equipment to a new business site. They were evacuating

the building and closing its doors for the last time, signalling the end of a 17 year era for one of Auckland's most lively and unique community spots.

**"THE INTERNET WAS IN ITS INFANCY, PROSTITUTION WAS ILLEGAL, AND HOMOPHOBIA WAS PRETTY RAMPANT, SO K ROAD WAS SOMETHING OF A MELTING POT OF COUNTER CULTURE FIGURES, AND A PLACE FOR THOSE IN AUCKLAND WHO DIDN'T DEFINE THEMSELVES BY THE SUCCESS OF THEIR RUGBY TEAM."**

### THE BIRTH OF URGE

While Karangahape Road has become just another gentrified and commercial shopping zone in Central Auckland, it obviously wasn't always this way. In the late 1990s, K Road still had a reputation for being one of the seedier and livelier areas of a central city that had only just started on its journey to becoming an unofficial servant of SkyCity. Despite considerable gentrification and colossal white washing over

the previous couple of decades, the 1990s was a world away from 2015. The Internet was in its infancy, prostitution was illegal, and homophobia was pretty rampant, so K Road was something of a melting pot of counter culture figures, and a place for those in Auckland who didn't define themselves by the success of their rugby team. It was in this context that Urge would make its grand opening, firmly cementing its imprint on this part of Auckland.

At the time, there were quite a few gay bars around such as Staircase, Flesh, and Hydrant. But the end of K Road that Urge would call home was deserted, and this outlying location became an appropriate spot for an outlying club like Urge. "Nothing was there. In those first days when we opened, only the old Pink Pussycat was up the road and all those buildings were pretty derelict. So it was out on its own in quite a seedy part of K Road", owner Paul Heard explains. "It was originally run more as what you'd call a leather bar, you know — a masculine dance based place. And at that stage there were a lot of gay men in New Zealand who had come back from overseas. Many were coming back with HIV. Thankfully, the drugs were getting better and they are still with us today. But it was always that space that everybody was scared of, especially the younger ones. It always had this kind of mystery about it". This is how Heard describes the earliest incarnation of the club in those heady early times.



Heard is well-known in the Auckland gay community not just for his work with Urge, but also for his involvement with the New Zealand Aids Foundation, and his massive ongoing community engagement. Despite the fact that he is big man who wouldn't look out of place on a Harley Davidson, he is incredibly warm, surprisingly soft spoken, and has a wicked sense of humour. After running the bar for the better part of a decade, the original owners wanted to sell up for a variety of reasons, so Heard and co-owner Alan Granville decided to buy it in 2005. Heard explains how, under the ownership of he and Granville, the bar evolved so that it became not simply a leather bar, but also a well-known spot for Bears to meet up for an exciting time. "When it first opened the whole idea was that it was more of a hobby bar. It had events, and it had good nights which we continued on with, but that market is only so big. We increased market share by opening it up a little bit to wider circles. The leather crowd kind of died off for one reason or another, so we got involved with the whole Bear crowd for example, which a whole lot of the leather boys became because they got fatter," Heard claims with a mischievous chuckle.

And as much enjoyment and success as Heard and Granville had with Urge, they found there were a variety of challenges that would ultimately undermine their ability to keep the doors of Urge open by 2015. While some of these challenges were a result of positive changes in Auckland, others were sadly born from economic cynicism.

## SOCIAL AND TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGES

One of the major talking points since the closure of Urge has been around how gay men meet each other today, and how this has changed rapidly since the advent of the Internet. Social media is blamed by many casual observers as a culprit in changing the dynamics of how gay clubs operate. The popular wisdom is that, since the emergence of popular apps like Tinder and Grindr, establishments such as Urge have taken a major hit, because people no longer need to go and meet others in safe spaces. Heard agrees somewhat with this assertion, stating that, "in the past couple of years it's made quite a difference". But he also feels that the explanation is too simplistic. The online revolution hasn't simply been about how people meet, it's also had "an impact on how people are socialising with one another". To Heard, "even NZ Dating, which was just online, meant you stayed at home chatting and then you'd meet at a bar later".

In other words, Heard believes that rather than being a ground-breaking catalyst for

the collapse of gay bars, the Internet has had a bigger impact on *how* people communicate. Rather than seeing men plucking up the courage to talk to someone they might like at a place like Urge, they will still communicate via app even when they are in the same room. Heard laughs when he recalls nights where five or six people were talking to each other on a social app, while they were literally less than a metre apart. It is this normalisation of communicating through an electronic firewall, even in extremely close quarters, that strikes Heard most about the influence of technology.

The very concept of a safe meeting place for homosexual men (and thus the closing of a place like Urge) has been affected by the way in which wider society has evolved and changed its views on the issue of homosexuality. Heard told me that "if anything, that [the wider acceptance of homosexuality] has probably had a bigger impact, especially with our traders who tend to be 25 and over. Guys in their 30s and 40s can socialise anywhere, and they don't mind. Even the Bears' meetings that we've been doing now since we closed Urge, we just have at the local pub up here and nobody blinks an eyelid with fifty gay men standing around'.

This kind of mainstream acceptance was pretty much unthinkable in the late 1990s when Urge first popped up on the Auckland radar, and shows how far the general public has come along in such a short space of time. But before middle class liberal Aucklanders start patting themselves on the back for being such wonderfully accepting people, it needs to be pointed out that, from Heard's perspective, this social transition has hardly been limited to Auckland. "Socialisation, as far as being open in a city like Auckland, has changed a lot. But it also has in Wellington, Christchurch, and, even to a degree, Hamilton. In fact, Hamiltonians are almost a step ahead because the police are much friendlier — don't ask me why". And while there has been an increase in tolerance across the

board, intermingling has not always been smooth. During the past few years there have been growing numbers of assaults against LGBTI people around areas like K Road by alcohol-fuelled morons during the night. Even this past Saturday night, a gay patron at K Road's Family bar was assaulted by a mouth-breathing homunculus undertaking some homosexual tourism and unable to cope with his own insecurities. Things may have improved, but there is still an ugly undercurrent in the city that sometimes bubbles to the surface, particularly when fuelled by booze.

The growing societal tolerance has affected how certain businesses run and how gay men meet. While it is wonderful that urban New Zealand society has predominantly adopted an attitude befitting of the year that we are living in, it's also incredibly sad that the very institutions that helped foster gay voices and helped challenge some of the disproportionately loud homophobic assholes in New Zealand, are now not needed as much. Heard is a little melancholic about the inevitability of this — "unfortunately as soon as people found out that Urge was closing they were like 'oh no you can't do that, what are we going to do?' Because every now and then they wanted to have a blowout in a gay place and you know, dance with their shirts off. Our underwear parties were infamous. They were in their own environment with sweat and they were doing their own thing. Unfortunately though, with rents and rates like they are, you just can't run a business on that kind of thing alone'.

It would be insane for anyone to think that these social changes are enough to close Urge by themselves. The differences in how people interact aren't necessarily negative or bad for business. The ongoing dissolution of homophobia nationwide has been one of the few major positive advancements that this country has seen in a period marked by generational alienation and increasing tensions. What has been fatal for business though, and what ultimately forced Urge to shut its doors.

**"THE POPULAR WISDOM IS THAT, SINCE THE EMERGENCE OF POPULAR APPS LIKE TINDER AND GRINDR, ESTABLISHMENTS SUCH AS URGE HAVE TAKEN A MAJOR HIT, BECAUSE PEOPLE NO LONGER NEED TO GO AND MEET OTHERS IN SAFE SPACES."**



has been the almost pathological squeeze of small businesses by a local government doing its best to mimic the neo-liberal economic fundamentalism that has been psychotically pursued by successive New Zealand governments since the 1980s.

## ECONOMIC CHALLENGES ON THE FRINGE

Council and community costs have always been a factor in running a business, but these expenses have absolutely exploded recently. When I asked Heard about why he thinks the Council has become so ruthless over the past decade, he tells me that "it's a bit of everything" and that "the Council is trying to make everything pay for itself", which is essentially a succinct summary of what neoliberalism purports to be. Heard elaborated on some of the figures and how they have increased since he and Granville took over the bar in 2005. They are shocking yet depressingly predictable. "They have now decided that it costs \$400 just to renew your manager's certificate. You have to have at least one person at a time on the bar depending on the number of customers etc. That used to cost fifty bucks. Now it's \$400. Then to get a new license every two years you just rolled it over and filled out the paperwork and they just stamped it, and it was like \$230. Now it's \$1000 or upwards. Ours was \$1000, but I know other bigger bars where it's \$2500'. I asked him why, hoping that perhaps the Council at least had the cynical savvy to argue that it was in some sort of public interest, but Heard simply shrugged his shoulders and told me "by their evaluation that's how much it cost to do each one".

What is also particularly frustrating to the crew at Urge has been the counterproductive nature of some of these hikes. The stratospheric increase to the cost of getting your manager's certificate has been a strong example of apathetic council greed. Heard elaborates: "at one of the big meetings we had, I and several others argued the point that if you make the manager's certificate so expensive - to get it now in the first place is nearly \$900 - no kid at university is going to go and get their manager's certificate when they're only going to get a dollar more an hour while taking on all the extra responsibility". Despite this seemingly obvious and important observation, the hike was rushed through regardless.

This is also not to mention the fact that during the ten years Heard and Granville have been in charge, they have faced 7.5%-10% rent increases every year. These disproportionately excessive hikes have cost Urge an extra \$60,000, on top of the rent already paid, for a bar in a section of K Road that was once derelict and empty. Of course we are yet to men-

# "THEY PROVIDE A CONSISTENT SPACE FOR THOSE WHO DON'T CRAVE THE MIND NUMBING SHALLOWNESS AND STUPIDITY OF THE VIADUCT, OR THE BOURGEOIS MASTURBATION OF DOWNTOWN."

tion the almost extortionate increases that insurance companies have been able to get away with since the events in Christchurch four years ago, as insurers have attempted to claw back their own losses through their customer base. Premiums for the bar were around \$5000 when Heard and Granville took over - they are now over \$20,000.

The change in accessibility to alcohol has also been crippling because, as the cost of running a bar has skyrocketed, the price of buying booze from supermarkets and wholesalers has inexplicably plummeted. "When we took over, a twelve pack of Heineken at the supermarket was \$29. Now it's \$19." Understandably, these increases placed Urge in an almost impossible position - they needed to recoup ever rising costs, but couldn't put their own prices up because then people would just stay at home longer and later drinking alcohol that, for some reason, has gotten progressively cheaper despite promises from multiple government agencies that they want to take seriously the issue of binge drinking. The combination of these factors made it seem in many ways like Urge was facing a perfect storm of economic problems.

These economic issues are important to look at and keep in mind, because the strongest indicators of how diverse and cosmopolitan a city can be include the strength and variety of its fringe cultures. And unfortunately with these kind of economic policies, only the wealthiest and most generic establishments can afford to run. Establishments like Urge are crucial in helping keep cities accessible to everyone. They provide a consistent space for those who don't crave the mind numbing shallowness and stupidity of the Viaduct, or the bourgeois masturbation of downtown. Amidst the sweaty dancers with their shirts off, Urge provided family, community, exhilaration, and freedom of expression - all the elements that people look for when assessing cosmopolitan legitimacy. Urge also gave back to the Auckland community through ongoing fundraising initiatives for everything from gay sports teams to the SPCA, in ways that were more ingenious and imaginative than the Council

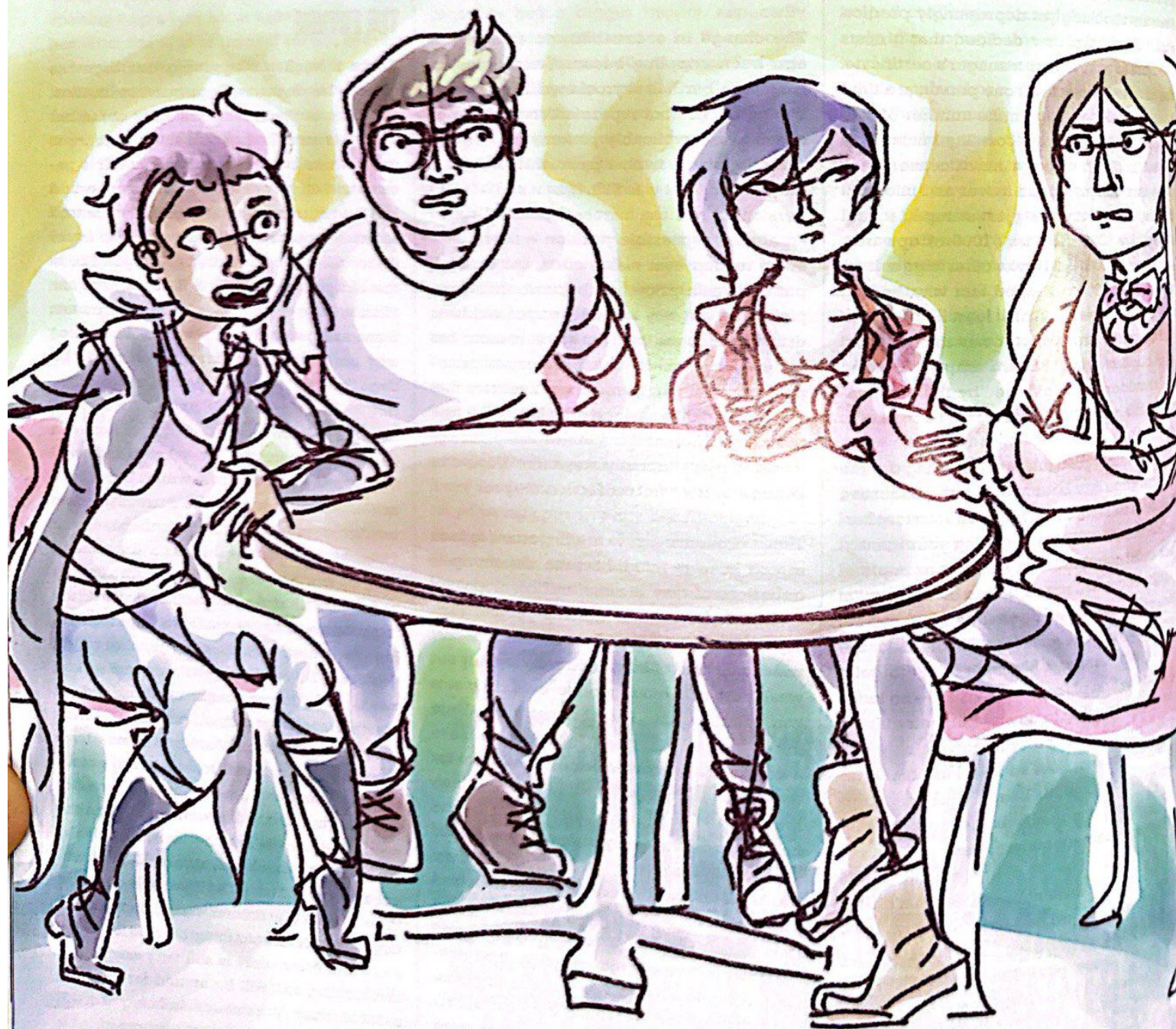
could even dream of. If the local governments' never ending quest to squeeze profit out of its own patrons had been less brutal, there is every chance that Urge would still be around today, and that Auckland could be a city full of alternative venues, with options for a diverse and multicultural populace to thrive.

## THE FUTURE

While it might be upsetting that Urge has closed the doors to its permanent location, this does not mean that the spirit of the bar itself has vanished or that its culture is dead. There is no way that the incredible patrons and owners of this establishment would let that happen. Heard is currently licensed to run temporary cash bars, so in the future there will be Urge themed nights just like in the old place, albeit in a different location. "Rather than paying rent month after month, there are plenty of empty bars around, so why not?" The first of these events will be Urge Phoenix, which will be on Queen's Birthday Weekend at Totos on Nelson Street. Urge Phoenix will have a visiting DJ from Australia (who I am assured is "very hot"), and local DJs as well. After this there will be Urge Black in Wellington, and plans are currently underway for an event in Hamilton too.

For those that are interested in finding like-minded Bears now that their local drinking hole is not readily available, Urge regulars have organised a monthly get together called the 'Furry Friday Flashmob', where Bears of all shapes and sizes from across Auckland get together and have a drink (or ten) at a local establishment around Auckland. These have been hugely successful so far, and are a great way to make friends, and embrace your tastes in an environment where everyone feels the same. The details can be found simply by searching Facebook, and anyone who wants to come along is invited. So if you missed out on Urge while it was around, and it sounds like it might have been your thing, have no fear - the spirit and community is still very much alive and kicking, and will be around for the foreseeable future. But rather than being at 490 K Road, Urge is going to be everywhere.







# QUEERNESS AND THE ABILITY TO BE APOLITICAL: A DIATRIBE

BY TESSA NADEN

**I**F SOMEONE ASKED ME, "WHAT'S THE MOST worrying trend of the queers today?", then I'd probably give them an answer they didn't really expect: the depoliticisation of our community. Now, that's been a problem for eons — there's always been conflicts between those who want a celebratory Pride and those who want a political one, (I would fall onto the latter end, given I march with a political party). Heck, you even see it in the film *Pride* that was released last year.

It's not uncommon for a prominent organisation to face an internal push to become 'apolitical', unaligned with any political party, not even daring to make political statements. This is probably a form of self-defense, given that the government has a history of punishing groups who speak out against it with funding cuts. That doesn't excuse the consistent attempts by some in the community to remove politics from other spaces, usually using the rhetoric of 'safe spaces' to justify it. 'I don't want politics here!', is often actually 'I passively-aggressively disagree with you being politically active!'; for instance, if we are talking about our own New Zealand turf, in regards to the pinkwashing debate and the parade protest. It's concerning that, instead of determining whether they agreed with the protesters or not, so many complained only about spoiling the celebration.

So, are us political queers party-poopers? Have we pooped on the party? See, being both apolitical and queer doesn't make sense. Now, full disclosure — I'm an active Labour member but, bias aside, it still doesn't make any fucking sense to me to be queer and not even mildly engaged with the political process. Christ, it was only two years ago our right to marry was up for debate! It will be thirty years, next year, since it became legal for half of our community to have sex. That's not ancient history by any stretch. And in terms of being apolitical, in terms of being 'both sides have good opinions!', it remains undisputed fact that every single large initiative for queer people in the House of Parliament was promulgated by the Labour Party. Every push for our rights, every voting-down

of Gordon Copeland: the Labour Party. Under MMP we can probably toss some credit to the Greens too, who, like Labour, have put queer people front of the agenda in Parliament — for reference: the Lange government passed Homosexual Law Reform in 1986, in their first term. Clark passed the de facto law in her first term, civil unions and prostitution reform in her second. The National Party has voted in large numbers against every single one of those reforms, including marriage equality, on which the Nats voted in a large majority against — including future party 'luminaries' like Simon Bridges. The only other party to do so was New Zealand First.

**"IF SOMEONE ASKED ME, 'WHAT'S THE MOST WORRYING TREND OF THE QUEERS TODAY?', THEN I'D PROBABLY GIVE THEM AN ANSWER THEY DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT: THE DEPOLITICISATION OF OUR COMMUNITY."**

Fuck, even John Banks voted in favour. It does not pay for us, as a community, to try and be 'apolitical' and welcoming, when it is very clear that fighting for our rights in Parliament is so nakedly partisan. No bipartisan wank in the world can dispute the voting records and histories of the right and the left in New Zealand. We are still fighting for legal changes for the 'T' in LGBT. It is ludicrous to insist on being apolitical, especially when we are governed by a party where the majority of its parliamentary caucus opposes something like marriage equality, let alone

attempting to foster the cultural change that needs to accompany civil rights. So to insist on being 'apolitical' and then justifying it with the language of safe spaces, to justify wilful political ignorance with what is essentially left-wing rhetoric, is simply insidious. I am not saying it is the duty of every queer to hold a left-wing position. But it is worth remembering which parties stood up for our rights when we needed it the most, and which parties either consistently voted against, or acted like political opportunists — there is a reason John Key is booed at every Big Gay Out. It is a form of historical revisionism almost; many forget that demands for queer liberation after Stonewall were usually accompanied by socialist rhetoric — much like how many forget Martin Luther King's Poor People's March.

Such attempts to enforce political apathy can stem from wanting to enforce the One True Opinion, though it can also stem from a desire for a 'safe space'. Of course 'safe space' lingo has often been twisted to become 'anything I disagree with or that challenges my opinions in any way' — not exactly a helpful thing to do when you're at university. Thus, expressing a political opinion becomes 'unsafe' — even if someone is expressing something really rather vanilla and inoffensive if said in any other context. Disagreeing with someone is not a reason to stop political expression.

I'm not going to argue for one Universal Queer Opinion — that doesn't exist between two queer people in the same political party, let alone anything else. But it is imperative that we, as a community, stop deriding it as party-pooing and unsafe. Because we are still fighting. Because we will still be fighting in the years to come — legal equality does not change the culture we live in overnight, even if it guarantees our rights in court. Criticising the vehicle, or even the vehicles' presence is not helping that fight — in fact it is actively hindering it. A political presence in queer spaces is not the end of the world, it is not the beginning of the Parliamentary takeover, it is simply something that we need in order to fight the injustices that still plague our community.



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## QUEERSPACE: THE FACTS

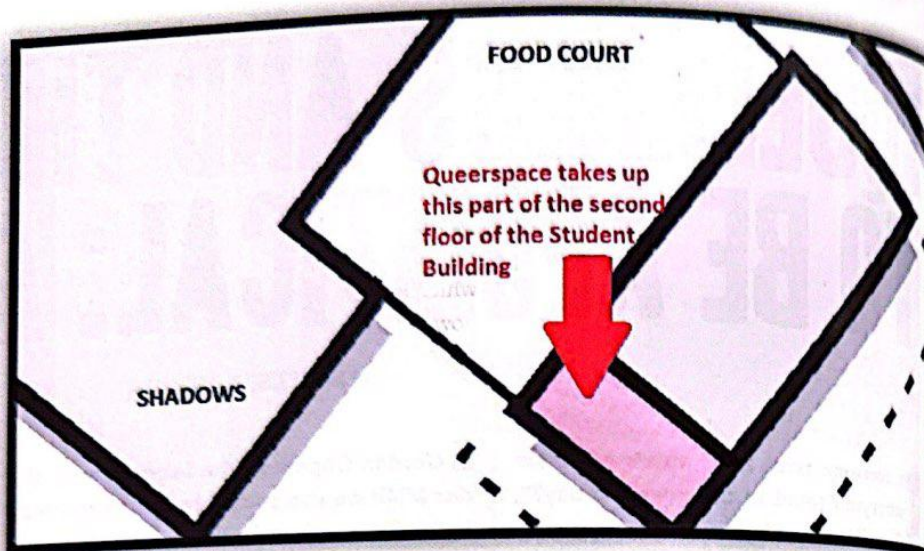
BY TESSA NADEN, AUSA QUEER RIGHTS OFFICER

[n.b 'queer' is used as a catchall term, instead of 'LGBT' which is a somewhat inadequate acronym]

### A BRIEF HISTORY

A queerspace on the University of Auckland campus has been a concept pushed for since as far back as the 1980s, at the time by the now-defunct Auckland Gay and Lesbian Students Association. Despite abortive attempts, the current Queerspace as we know it wasn't pushed through until 2012. The motion in favour of the new Queerspace was passed at an AUSA Executive meeting at the behest of the Queer Rights Officer, a new position that was created following a similarly long history of agitation. The position of the Queer Rights Officer had also been pushed for in the 1980s, but was finally established in a 2011 Autumn General Meeting. The Queer Rights position remains the newest position on the Executive, and was first held by Levi Joule, who was responsible for the motion establishing the new space.

Queerspace came into existence in the old Portfolios Offices at the end of 2012, and has gone from strength to strength since. A renovation programme was implemented in 2013, and lasted through until 2015, which included new furniture, a graffiti mural, and a full repainting of the space. The renovation programme caused controversy due to the amount of time it took and was finally completed by the most recent Queer Rights Officer, Tessa Naden, before the beginning of this semester, which included new artwork and new furniture. It also included an update of the Queerspace rules and policy, bringing



it into line with other AUSA spaces. The space is open to students and those connected to the university, as well as to the wider community with Queerspace now available to be booked by interested community groups.

Despite its fair share of queer drama, sexy beanbag escapades, trash in the office, and an excess of purple paint, Queerspace is here to stay. It currently stands as one of only two community spaces (and the largest) for queer youth in all of Auckland, the other being Rainbow Youth's drop-in centre. It's also the largest university Queerspace in the country, and the only other Queerspace aside from a small one in Waikato. Part of its significance lies with its uniqueness, and the lack of community spaces available for queer people nationwide. Significantly, after the success of Queerspace, other universities are looking at implementing a similar concept, and giving their queer students a safe space on campus.

### WHY DOES QUEERSPACE EXIST?

While it is frustrating that many people who ask this question follow it up with "why isn't there a menspace? or a straightspace?" (or occasionally even a 'whitespace'), it is a valid question that requires a valid answer - and an answer that is not just "queer people need priority microwave access." Queerspace exists as a safe space and a refuge for queer students of every description. It is overseen by the Queer Rights Officer, who is elected by the student body at large and maintains an office in Queerspace, where they are available to listen to queer students' concerns. It is a necessary space because of the fact that queer students largely still face discrimination on campus, and it is also a useful space to withdraw from heteronormativity. Within Queerspace, queer students are almost free from these two pressures and are free to be themselves in an affirming community space.

Crucially, as aforementioned, it is only one of two community spaces in all of Auckland. This makes it valuable outside a university context - and as it is both large and not host to a par-

ticular youth support organization, that makes it an available space for community groups such as UniQ to host events without having to pay for a hall. It also serves as a valuable repository of information for queer-related support and where to get it - information that is hard to find otherwise, or if found, only focuses on a particular sector of the community.

### WHO'S IN CHARGE?

Queerspace head bitch in charge is the Queer Rights Officer (QRO), who is delegated by the Association to be the facilitator and arbiter of that space. The QRO also maintains their office in the space. The QRO is also in charge of general advocacy and pastoral care on campus. Uniquely, the Queer Rights Officer is particular to AUSA - most other student executives only have an Equity Officer who is also meant to focus on sexual and racial equality, unlike the AUSA model, where representation is more granular.

Got questions about Queerspace or support for queer students? Get in touch with the head bitch in charge herself, Tessa Naden, at [qro@ausa.org.nz](mailto:qro@ausa.org.nz), or visit her in Queerspace.

### UNISEX TOILETS

**SECTOR 100:** 109 B04, 106.18, 106.314, 106.317, 119.115, 119.115A, 119.003, 119.017, 103.114, 103.119, 110.143, 110 NORTH.1037, 110.277, 110.275, 110.273, 110 NORTH.2035, 110 NORTH.3035, 110 NORTH.4035, 118.005, 118.108, 135.G31

**SECTOR 200:** 201(W), 272, 206.116, 206.115B, 250.220, 201(E), 228, 201(N), 150, 212.B02, 219.B02, 216.102, 216.B01, 201(W), 171, 226.101, 253.124, 253.221, 273.205, 273.206

**SECTOR 260:** 260.32, 260.112, 260.184, 260.214, 260.324, 260.326, 260.434, 260.542, 260.544, 260.506, 260.642, 260.644

**SECTOR 300:** 315.348, 315.367, 315.411, 315.408, 315.311, 315.309, 315.111, 315.109, 314 STAFF, 314.415, 313.107

**SECTOR 400:** 401.1101A, 401.601A, 401.701A, 401.601A, 401.1.513, 402.2.411A, 402.2.411B, 404.4.120, 423.242, 421.134, 421.117

**SECTOR 400A:** 58.603, 58.601, 58.603, 58.601, 58.401, 58.303, 76.LVL - C, 432.130, 431.224, 431.122

**EPSOM CAMPUS:** 6E9-108 (STAFF ONLY), A328A (STAFF ONLY), C10B, D01B, Y03 (STAFF ONLY)



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## SEX! READ THIS! IT'S ABOUT SEX!

**S**EX IS ALL AROUND US. BUT JUST AS SCHOOLING in New Zealand failed at teaching anyone how to do taxes (which would have been pretty darn useful), sexual education is often sorely lacking at high school (and tertiary) (or any) level. If SEX is all around us, why does it make us giggle, and why aren't we clued up on how to properly practice safe sex? It is a little known fact that two thirds of sexually transmissible infections (STIs) occur in people under 25 years of age. In addition, New Zealand has one of the highest teenage pregnancy rates in the world. It seems that a hyper-sexualised society has not brought with it lessons of sexual health and it's us young(er) ones who are facing the consequences.

Last week AUSA ran "SHAG Week" or "Sexual Health Awareness and Guidance Week" to promote safe sexual practice. The week included an incredible and moving talk from Michael Stevens - an HIV positive man living in New Zealand; The Great Sex Quiz in Shad-ows where knowledge on sexual health was put to the test; free HIV testing in AUSA House; and over 300 number of people guessing the number of condoms in a jar. Lastly, AUSA distributed over 300 SHAG Bags with useful information on sexual health (as well as condoms and marshmallows). This year's SHAG

week was the first of its kind at the University of Auckland and we're confident it'll be an annual tradition.

But sexual health awareness isn't only relevant for one week of the year (unless by some weird stroke of coincidence you are sexually active for only seven magical days), which is why AUSA has a few hints and tips on how to take care of your health:

## A Good SHAG is a SAFE SHAG

**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS

**Condoms** are pretty great at protecting against STIs - 99% effective, definitely A+ performance according to this University. If you are unsure of the sexual history of your sexual partner, condoms are a good choice (pro tip - AUSA gives out free condoms in Old Choral Hall and at the AUSA Reception). If condoms won't do the trick, dental dams also do a great job at keeping you protected

(and if you're stuck, apparently you can even cut down the length of a condom to create a makeshift dental dam. Winning!). Afraid to buy instore? You can even order online from Family Planning.

**Get tested!** Many STIs will not have any symptoms. Getting tested is the best way to see if you might have one. There are a couple of instances when it's an especially good time to get tested. Firstly, if you are experiencing unusual symptoms such as burning, lumps or bumps where there weren't any before, or unusual discharge. Secondly, two weeks after you have had sex with someone new, or two weeks after the end of a sexual relationship. Getting tested at these times should ensure that you have covered the incubation period for the most common infections.

**Contraception.** Talk to your doctor about what contraception option might work for you. If you are in need of emergency contraception, the Emergency Contraception Pill (ECP) can be taken up to 72 hours after unprotected sex.

You may find it useful to know that Unihealth offers a free sexual health clinic on the first Wednesday of the month in Kate Edgar Information Commons 315-387 (opposite University Health) from midday to 3pm. No appointments are necessary, although they are recommended for HIV, syphilis, and Hep C tests. Make an appointment by getting in touch with the Burnett Centre, or book online at [www.nzaf.org.nz](http://www.nzaf.org.nz).

Can't make it on a Wwendesday? If you are signed up to Unihealth as a patient, you can also get an STI check from your nurse for \$8.

### QUEER SUPPORT GROUPS

#### Affinity Services

Peer Support Service

Email: [rod@affinityservices.co.nz](mailto:rod@affinityservices.co.nz)

#### Absolute Freedom Group of SGI-NZ

Website: <http://www.sginz.org>

#### Auckland Community Church

Website: [www.aucklandcommunitychurch.org.nz](http://www.aucklandcommunitychurch.org.nz)

#### Body Positive

0800 HIV LINE  
(0800 448 5463)

Auckland  
09 309 3989

#### GenderBridge

Website: [www.genderbridge.org](http://www.genderbridge.org)

#### OUTlineNZ

0800 OUTLINE (688463)

Lesbian counsellors: Mon/Wed/Sat evenings.

Website: [www.outline.org.nz](http://www.outline.org.nz)

#### Rainbow Youth Auckland

Phone: (09) 376 4155

Fax: (09) 368-5596

Website: [www.rainbowyouth.org.nz](http://www.rainbowyouth.org.nz)

#### Tessa Naden-Queer rights office

QRO@[ausa.org.nz](mailto:ausa.org.nz)

#### TransAdvocates

Phone: 021 371 080

Email: [TransAdvocates](mailto:TransAdvocates)

Website: [www.facebook.com/pages/Transadvocates/102492659793783?ref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Transadvocates/102492659793783?ref=ts)

#### University of Auckland Equity Office

Website: [www.equity.auckland.ac.nz](http://www.equity.auckland.ac.nz)

#### UniQ Auckland

Website: [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/UniQ\\_Auckland/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/UniQ_Auckland/)

#### Youthline Auckland

Ph: (09) 376-6633 3pm - 11pm



## FASHION (NON) SENSE

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

**I**F I SEE ONE MORE MAN BUN I WILL VOMIT. The end... But then again, I suppose this article should have a little more substance than that. Why is it okay for men to embrace stereotypically feminine fashion ideals such as the bun and floral patterns, but when a woman wears a tie or shaves her head there are riots in the street, accusations of lesbianism and stampedes in the opposite direction from the anarchy and mess she will undoubtedly cause with her bad-assery? Like, excuse-moi penis possessors, but there's nothing like a little threat to your masculinity to keep you on your toes. In that spirit, you can totally rock that man bun if you want, you do you, who am I to stop you? I will still vomit, but quietly and in private, so as not to offend your edgy sense of fashion with my prej-

udice against the small folded pack of hair you keep back there. I just watched a speech Leo Dicap made to the UN about peace and it was absolutely fab, EXCEPT for the massive horrific beard and man bun he was sporting, each hair of which was like a fibre of the rope that garrotted and strangled my love for him. Leo. Leo no. Never let go... of your personal grooming. Now I have to go find someone less hairy to fangirl over and its getting so hard with all this facial hair.

Another dubious subset of men's fashion is the string singlet (aka the stringlet) of which there is more not singlet than actual singlet if you get my drift. The stringlet itself is a pretty hideous monstrosity (or what little there is of it is hideous) but I have no problem with them, as generally it is not the stringlet itself that one's eyes are drawn to, but rather what it is covering/pre-tending to cover. Netting is apparently coming in for men too — honestly, I think we should just skip that phase and have men go shirtless

entirely, I mean, the netting is basically just formality really. Don't pretend you are admiring the net shirt. Give full credit to what you are really admiring. The men's crop top is another new advance, but again, why not just crop the top entirely, forgo the whole mysterious 'I have abs?' pretence and get straight down business. Kilts as well — I've seen so many kilts in the past few weeks I'm not sure whether the Scottish are attempting an invasion or kilts are now a thing? Either way, I'm all for it. Though I'm personally not a fan of man buns, it's not me that has to wear it, so if it tickles your fancy or floats your boat, then ignore the haters and float away my friends, you're probably more fashionable than we man bun naysayers could ever hope to be.

Moral of the story: go you man bun rocker you hairy bearded babes, you tie wearing trouble makers, you prematurely balding or sweater wearers, go you. Coz someone out there finds you sexy as hell.

## SUITS AND THE CITY

BY SIMON JAMES MOORE

**T**HIS IS A STRESSFUL TIME OF YEAR. It is assessment season. It is also graduate recruitment season. This means the masturbatory exercise of CV and cover letter writing, the dismay of a rejection letter, and then (hopefully) several very awkward and forced interactions with various firms and fellow students. My first firm function was daunting as hell. I suited up, headed to Shortland Street, and put my game face on. The event is described as a 'pre-interview function; where we can get to know each other in a relaxed setting' but I'm no fool. The HR have their work cut out, sorting chaff from wheat, and a foot out of line can cost you your future. And the pressure gets to you. Earlier in the day, you're going through scenarios in your head. Best case scenario: you're telling the story of how you ruined Aunt May's dinner party, the partner is laughing along merrily, when she suddenly pulls you aside and offers you an employment contract. Worst case: your pants rip. Either way, I think the most important thing for any of these recruitment processes is to be prepared. They say to "just be yourself", but I'll be damned if someone ends up hiring an alcoholic, judgmental bastard who refers to everyone as "cunt".

So, read the hell out of your CV and then some. I know, I hate it too. Writing CVs and cover letters are like jacking off in front of a mirror. It's confronting. You start thinking of other guys who have bigger achievements than you, and then your achievements look small and awkward. But anyway, your CV/cover combo has landed you an interview so you've obviously written something right.

Now read it. The last thing you want keeping you up at night is the realisation that you should have brought up a certain piece of experience in a particular question that you ended up stammering your way through before reaching for the glass of water and hoping they took the cue to move on.



Be mindful of dress codes, and be sure to present well. I swear there must be a single producer of girls' suits that does a roaring trade. Black pencil skirt, white blouse, and a shapely black blazer and they're sorted. For guys, there is much more that can go wrong, and we've all seen it go wrong. Leathers must match. That means black shoes on black belt, and brown shoes on brown belt. It just makes you look far more consistent. If you've got, or are intending on buying, a suit at this age, it should probably be navy or charcoal. Black is just too much. Trust me, I made the mistake of sinking far too much money into two black suits early on, and they get very little wear. There are some great warm grey suits out there as well, but can sometimes shy on too casual.

Now you'll need some shirts. Whereas most people would suggest white as the staple

shirt colour, I would tend to suggest light blue followed by light pink. They're simply more versatile and less maintenance. A white shirt always makes you look intense. Never do black shirt; this is graduate recruitment, not your high school ball. The more subtle your shirt, the easier to match with a tie, which brings me to my next point. Choosing ties is a mare. I have a terrible tendency to fix my mind on a certain tie for a certain event. The result is I now have a hanger covered in ties that have been worn once and then stored. Again, try to keep ties subtle, because you don't want to look gaudy, and if you're not clued up on colour/pattern matching, then you want to minimise your margin of error.

Now, accessories. Pocket squares have taken off in the last couple years and we are also beginning to see a resurgence of lapel pins. Tie bars are worn incorrectly enough times to drive me insane. If you want to add some conservative jazz to your getup, then definitely throw in a pocket square. Be different about it, but make sure it doesn't clash with your tie nor should it be made from the same fabric print. Lapel pins I would be a little more hesitant about; for these sorts of events you don't want to look like you're trying too hard. Finally, the tie bar. If you're going to wear it, then (a) make sure it is not thicker than your tie (b) clip your tie to your shirt because that is its purpose, and (c) clip it straight.

Ultimately, try to relax and enjoy it. Remember that everyone else is just as uncomfortable. It's great character building stuff. In years to come, when you're a cut throat corporate, you'll be the sole person in charge of networking and meeting clients and promoting yourself. This will seem like chump change. If you can become confident and charming at selling yourself, you will succeed. Now go get 'em.



## YOU PRAISE ME UP

BY CARLA BONIOLO

**A** CCEPTING COMPLIMENTS IS LIKE HAVING someone walk in on your colonic irrigation: you're vulnerable, it's awkward, there's no escape and, ultimately, it's an objectively shit experience. I've always been terrible at accepting praise, and my natural response tends to be an instant menopausal heat flash followed by a weird, stuttered apology.

Hence, imagine my surprise (and simultaneous discomfort) at receiving my first ever piece of fan mail this morning. Sent to my dedicated Craccum inbox was a charmingly crafted email from a woman named Lindsey. Not just your garden variety admirer from that 'other' tab on your facebook messages, Lindsey was exotic and intellectual. Her opening line addressed one of my recent Craccum publications: "I noticed you have a passion for running. I just read *My Half Marathon Trauma* and really admire the dedication and commitment you have". Not only did she correctly quote one of my articles, but she also heaped on me multiple praiseworthy adjectives. Cue awkward sweat.

"I was actually looking to contact you in regards to injury prevention advice", continued Lindsey, "we would love to have you join in our efforts by creating a post on your blog about tips you have for preventing knee stress". I was equal parts bemused, flattered and intrigued by her proposition. Essentially, Lindsey wanted me to be a spokesperson for her company that dealt in preventing physical injuries. Somehow she had deemed me worthy enough of endorsing her product and intended to seduce me via electronic communication. She had directly solicited my attention and wanted to know more. Lindsey was my first fangirl. She also later used the hashtag "Kneed2Know" about vital tips for healthy knee joints and, at that moment, it became clear that her linguistic

**"NOT ONLY DID SHE CORRECTLY QUOTE ONE OF MY ARTICLES, BUT SHE ALSO HEAPED ON ME MULTIPLE PRAISEWORTHY ADJECTIVES. CUE AWKWARD SWEAT."**

gymnastics had won my heart.

To what extent may a heterosexual female enjoy and knowingly encourage the attention of another female? I wondered what Lindsey's intentions were. Did she like me for my words and my mind? Or was she merely after my body? Cue another self-consciously hot flash. Although flattering, unsolicited compliments are difficult to swallow. Like those leftover globular articles of protein clumped at the bottom of your shaker, you know that compliments are good for you but somehow it is incredibly taxing to muster the courage to imbibe them.

So, then — what is the cure? Ultimate avoidance of anything praise related? Or perhaps a flooding effect where one may become desensitised to the heat of acclaim? Although the thought of being a hermit is somewhat tempting, I prefer the latter suggestion. Compliments, abound! Send that affirming snapchat, pen that praising letter, text that encouraging emoji sequence. I dare you. If Lindsey and her knees can do it to a total stranger, then you can definitely dish out compliments to those in your circle, they #kneed them.

## THE TRAMP LIFE

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

**A**S THE ULTIMATE AMATEUR, THE LEARNING curve was vertical and muddy on my first tramp (a.k.a. hike). It was no initiative of mine. Its memory was soon to be distant, and its only trace a tick on the 'expeditions' page of my Duke of Edinburgh booklet.

However, I arrived on that rainy day wearing entirely cotton, sporting an enormous, borrowed canvas pack filled with our 1970s-brown and 1970s-heavy tent, which my tramping buddy — or rather, tramping nemesis — had insisted was solely my charge. Already the tick looked harder won. As our van departed, I combusted internally in anticipation of what turned out only to be about half as much suffering as was to be realised. Like most of my odysseys, this one passed like a dream as another person's navigation bore me to a destination made remote by my own geographic ineptitude.

But the subsequent ascent was less dream-like. I was unfit, mentally unprepared, socially anxious and quickly saturated (in solidarity with all of my belongings). In an all-too-regular failure of human empathy, endorphins appeared to have obliterated the fit group members' grasp of unfitness as the sludgy, brow-furrowing, friendship-ruining, face-reddening, heart-squeezing taker of breath and reminder of all that was impossible which it truly is. In keeping with this, they

sped off as soon as we reached our breaking points (which some called breaking sites). In one of many triumphs of illogical prioritisation, I continued to carry my pack like a big, mean, purple person, dragging on my shoulders and wishing I could use the hip straps.

When we finally reached our moderately picturesque camping site (which was not really picturesque enough to warrant access), I discovered that the tent which had been my day's plague was a one-man shelter. The tramping nemesis and I would be slumbering virtually on top of each other with our feet sticking out of the door and water seeping in the sides.

A phase called 'socialising' ensued, which my fourteen-year-old-self spent panicking about the failure of my mother's mouse brown polar fleece to supplement the woeful ration of allure granted to me by biology. As a precursor to a regrettably (yet stylishly, to appease those looking to my sleeping self for fashion inspiration) beanie-less night, I supped on extremely al dente pasta (a product of the tramping nemesis's strict time limit on gas burner usage).

Unfortunately, a new day dawned and I began as I meant to go on, by spilling much of my already-insufficient portion of 'Just Right' and ineptly reconstituted powdered milk through the canvas folds of Hell's Shelter.

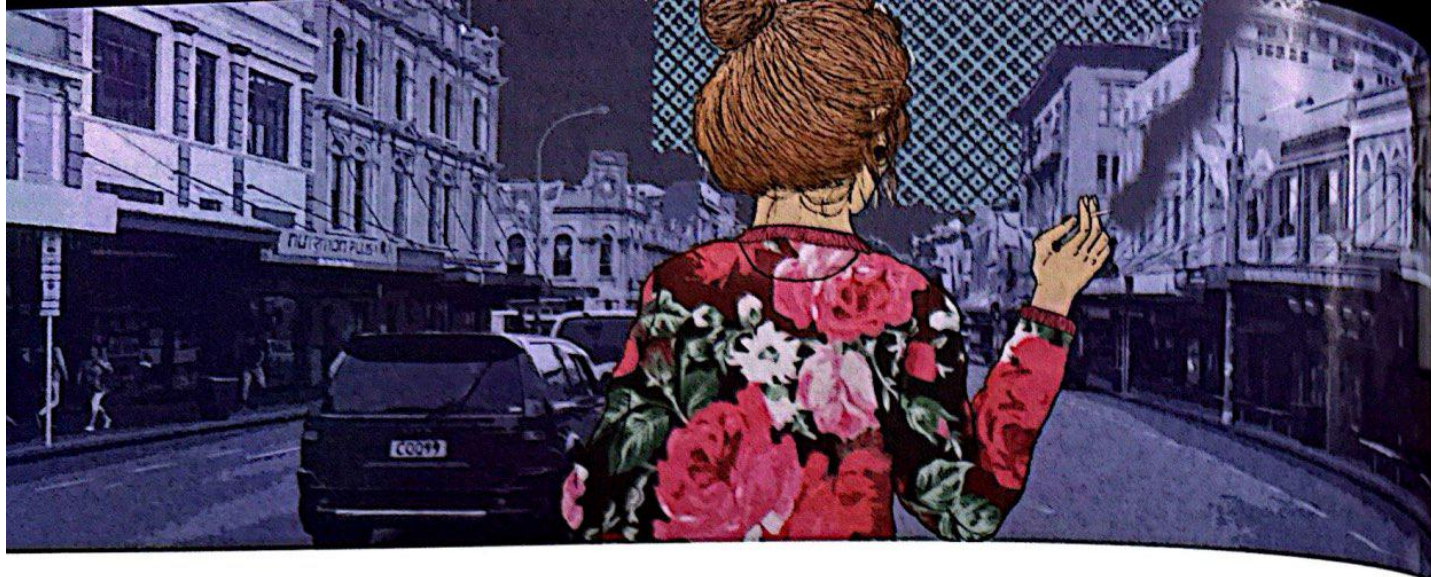
Under-fuelled, I set off in oppressive heat which had sprung from oppressive cold, not long before having an asthma-cum-panic

attack which threatened never to end in the face of sympathy. Further wrath from the villain-to-my-helpless-damsel followed when my pack was lightened by the tramp leaders. She later alleged via courageous whispers-behind-the-hand that my asthmatic complaints were inauthentic.

Finally, I received an all-too-late nourishment chat from our leader, ate a sandwich and the world turned its unholy grimace onto its back. Life as a noted liability suited me down to the ground, and I have lived to practice almost-sensible tramping strategies since. Should you wish to weather your tramping initiation less haphazardly though, fast-track by:

- Buying or borrowing a light, well-fitting pack made of a material closer to the technological frontier of textiles than canvas.
- Bringing calorie-dense foods in quantities well exceeding your wildest imaginings. Think creamed rice by the can, bagels and pasta pouches.
- Drinking electrolyte-laden fluids often (best achieved by carrying a bottle in your hand while walking).
- Using the pack's hip straps, adjusting them to be as tight as possible.
- Wearing anything but cotton everywhere but your bottom.
- Wrapping everything in rubbish bags. Let no weather forecast tell you differently.





## QUEER ISSUES

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

**I** HAVE BEEN WRACKING MY BRAIN FOR THE LAST week trying to decide how to go about compiling material for the Queer Issue. I considered commissioning material that was entirely to theme, reviewing only LGBTQIA content and having opinion pieces solely on queer culture. I found myself on Google, searching "gay artists 2015". By this point, I realised I would be putting in queer material purely for the sake of its queerness, and thus reducing queer artists to nothing more than their sexuality and/or gender identification. I am firmly of the belief that sexuality need not have any bearing on someone's identity or personality — it can, but it doesn't have to. By this reasoning, it felt wrong to be seeking out "gay artists" when I believe that they are just artists, and whether they use the pronoun "he", "she", "they" or "ze" in their love songs is irrelevant to their worth as performers.

Having a Queer Issue to begin with brings up a host of problems surrounding tokenism. This is particularly evident this year at *Craccum*, because for the most part we don't have themed issues, unlike previous years. So when we do have something like the Queer theme, it requires a shift in the way we seek out material. Instead of asking the Arts team for reviews, I am obliged to ask for "reviews of things that have a LGBTQIA element, if that's okay" (the fact that I still use tentative language when talking about queerness is another issue altogether). I have been pushed to wonder if initiatives such as Pride Week and the Queer Issue allow the powers at be, within the University, AUSA, and *Craccum* itself, to tick a diversity box — much like the inclusion of seemingly compulsory gay characters in every recent television show. Does the creation of a Queer-themed issue allow us to appease our guilt at having largely heteronormative content by heterosexual writers for the rest of the year? Is it akin to buying Fair Trade cof-

fee to stave off consumer guilt and forget the fact that our Nike Roshe shoes were made by the hands of exploited sweatshop workers?

The ideal here is that we have regular queer content throughout the year. *Craccum* editors certainly have the intention to do just that, and a quick scan over the contents pages of the last seven issues shows that there has been fairly regular discussion of queer issues. In addition to this, there are a number of LGBTQIA contributors who do not write on LGBTQIA topics because — alert the media! — not all our thoughts revolve around how queer we are. However, in the time I have spent mulling over the queer issues of Queer Issues, I haven't been able to shake the feeling that we could be doing better to provide our readers with more LGBTQIA perspectives and stories.

**"WHILE THIS SAD, MISINFORMED HATRED STILL EXISTS, THERE IS A PLACE FOR QUEER ISSUES, AND PRIDE WEEK, AND AS MUCH PROMOTION OF QUEER RIGHTS AS POSSIBLE."**

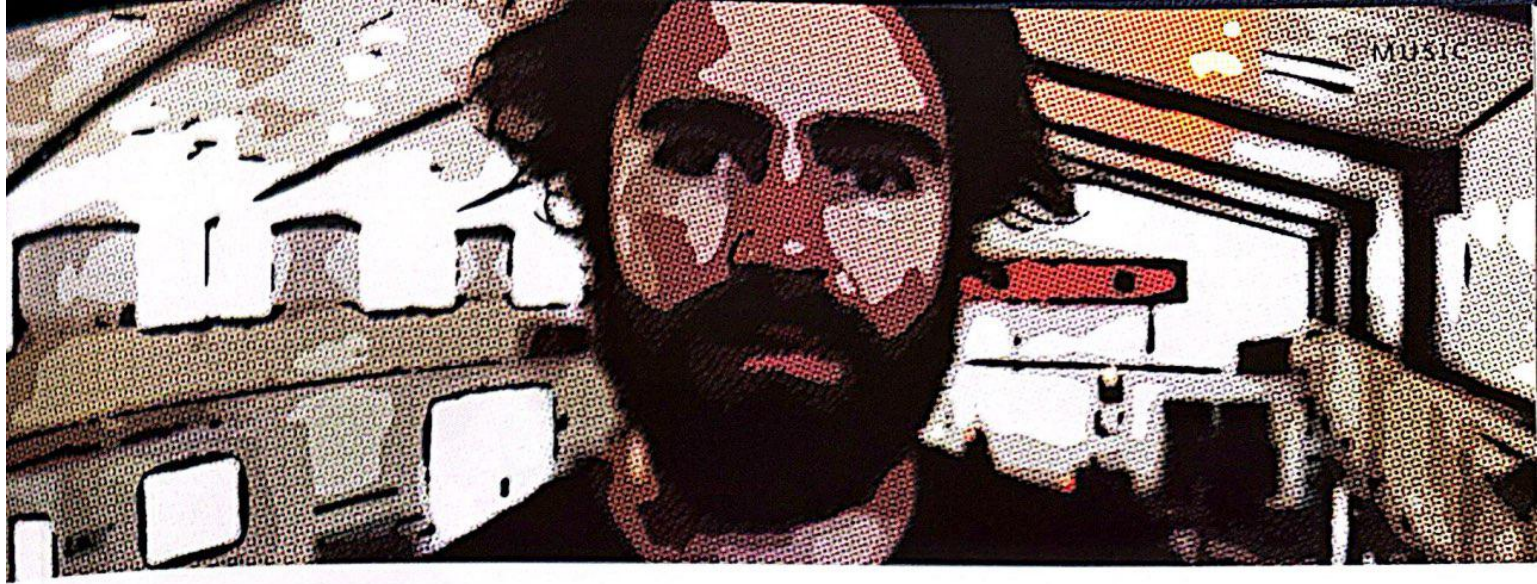
This was brought home with a resounding, obnoxious bang when I opened Issue 6 of *Craccum* after returning from the mid-semester break. I opened it from the back, as I always do, to look over the Arts & Culture section. On this occasion, however, I was confronted by the words of the pseudonym-cloaked 'Sophie Webb'. If you haven't read it, I suggest you do, along with *Craccum's* accompanying response. In brief, she states that the "choice to act" on homosexual tendencies is "morally

wrong". I apologise for the inelegant summary; my word count doesn't permit a blow-by-blow of her homophobic tirade (poorly disguised as a logical argument). Where once this sort of opinion would have made me blisteringly angry, it now just makes me quietly sad. It is very easy, under the shelter of the liberal middle class, to persuade oneself that homophobia is a dying pursuit, or perhaps to see it as confined to non-Western nations or religious extremists, and thus to push it to the periphery of one's concern. But here was some freshly steaming bigotry, written into a university magazine, no less. 'Webb' not only had these seemingly archaic opinions, but also took the time to write a page long response espousing them, in the knowledge that queer people would be reading, and be hurt by, her attack on them.

While this sad, misinformed hatred still exists, there is a place for Queer Issues, and Pride Week, and as much promotion of queer rights as possible. Both the individuals I approached to write opinion pieces for this issue asked to remain anonymous — a clear indicator that fear of judgment and hatred is still devastatingly pervasive amongst the LGBTQIA community. There is certainly a place for anger and outrage against people such as 'Webb', but perhaps it is more effective to provide them with LGBTQIA perspectives to show them the seemingly obvious (but evidently not) fact that their views are both wrong and, more importantly, harmful. In saying that, this has to be done in a consistent, regular manner to avoid treating queer rights and queer people as token projects, with token opinions to be hauled out for a scheduled allotment of time once a year. This is an area in which I would value any feedback whatsoever. Please do let us know your opinion on *Craccum's* approach to LGBTQIA culture — we genuinely care.

Contact us at:  
arts@craccum.co.nz  
editor@craccum.co.nz





## ONE NIGHT AT THE SAWMILL CAFÉ

CONCERT REVIEW

**T**HE GIG WAS IN LEIGH. THAT WAS NOT CONVENIENT. The hour-long drive was more than enough time for the Black Caps to all but bowl out the West Indies. We spent the first twenty minutes watching the cricket, next to a tall, well-dressed blond man.

"Nice shirt", he said to me.

"Thanks!" I said to him.

Waiting for the concert to start, I received a gentle nudge in the back and a soft-spoken "sorry" as the father of the performer edged through the crowd attempting to deliver a guitar stand to his son, who was mucking around on stage setting up an intricate network of loop pedals while casually chatting with the crowd. On the way back, his father stopped to chat to the tall blond man who

liked my shirt. The blond man was Taite Music Prize winner and indie darling Lawrence Arabia. He was talking to Neil Finn, whose son Liam we paid to see.

The gig was divided into two parts: the first half focused on Liam's earlier work with band Betchadupa. While the songs were unfamiliar, it was entrancing nonetheless. And Liam is funny. His down to earth, self-deprecating charm was perfect for the intimate solo show. After an intermission he moved on to his later career. He delivered a blistering rendition of "Burn Up the Road" before launching into a speech about his admiration for Tim Burton and playing the very catchy "Helena Bonham Carter".

Then he kicked into high gear. He thrashed a Theremin like a Theremin has never been thrashed before, changing into a jewel-laden matador jacket and threw himself around the stage like madman. Then he ran off, slammed the door, before emerging a few minutes lat-

er to wrap it with "Gather to the Chapel".

After the gig was over, we were sitting near the stage deciding our next move. Suddenly he opened his door, hissed "secret show guys, come quick before anyone notices!" and we quickly shuffled into a partial basement, hardly the scene expected of a Tui Award-winning artist. He sat us down and played (shirtless) "Satie's Gymnopedie", bashfully admitting that he had never played it for anyone, and that the piano was woefully tuneless. He thanked us for coming so far out, and we went on our way.

Neil was just a proud father watching his son. Liam's backstage area was a basement, his rider a Pump bottle. Surrounded by (actual) music royalty, it was the least wanky gig I had ever been to.

Only in Leigh.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

## EMULATION: AN AMATEUR GUIDE TO ARTISTRY

MUSIC COMMENT

**A**MAZING ARTISTRY IS ALL AROUND US, PRESENTED to us in different forms on a day-to-day basis, and we love it. Artistry at this top level, however, seems pretty fancy just sitting there, wearing its you-can't-attain-me-ever pants, wiggling its ass in front of you. Quite frankly, it pisses us off. Wondrous in its ability to impress, art is also daunting in the sense of how good people can be at it, and how insurmountable it all may seem. FEAR NOT, my fellow arty farties! There is a painstakingly difficult task which can make all your wildest dreams come true, and that may even get you addicted to substance for how difficult this shit really is. It is called: transcription!

Now really, this term only applies to music, DNA (bugger that) and to literature. But I reckon it can be applied to the whole spectrum of art for all intents and purposes. Essentially, you get any favourite piece of art, whatever that may be, and study the gibles out of it until you nail it, and can reproduce it at will. For example, I had to transcribe a jazz solo for guitar, and picked good ol' Pat Metheny ("When We Were Free" if you're interested, bangers track). How hard could it be? Yeah, right, hard as a barren stepmother's slap it turns out. *Shit* he's good. And it was a kick in the arse; my sense of style is nowhere near as

**"AND IT WAS A KICK IN THE ARSE; MY SENSE OF STYLE IS NOWHERE NEAR AS GOOD AS HIS."**

good as his. And I didn't do very well in the test at all. But seriously, I have such a greater insight into his style of playing, his style of artistry, than I ever would have without doing the transcription, and the kick in the arse was almost satisfying. That I came *that much closer* to Pat's style. Very rewarding.

The same can go for painting/writing books/Clayoga (that's using yoga movements to make pottery — dank, huh?). If you just sit down with one of your favourite pieces of art, and respect and adhere to your own personal heroes, you'll be able to emulate them, add your own flavour to them, and come that step closer to finding your true voice as a budding artist. Next on the ol' list for me is a Gypsy Jazz track that will most likely make me want to claw my eyes out; maybe I can make a new genre called gypsy-claw? Who bloody knows.

BY LEWIS WHEATLEY



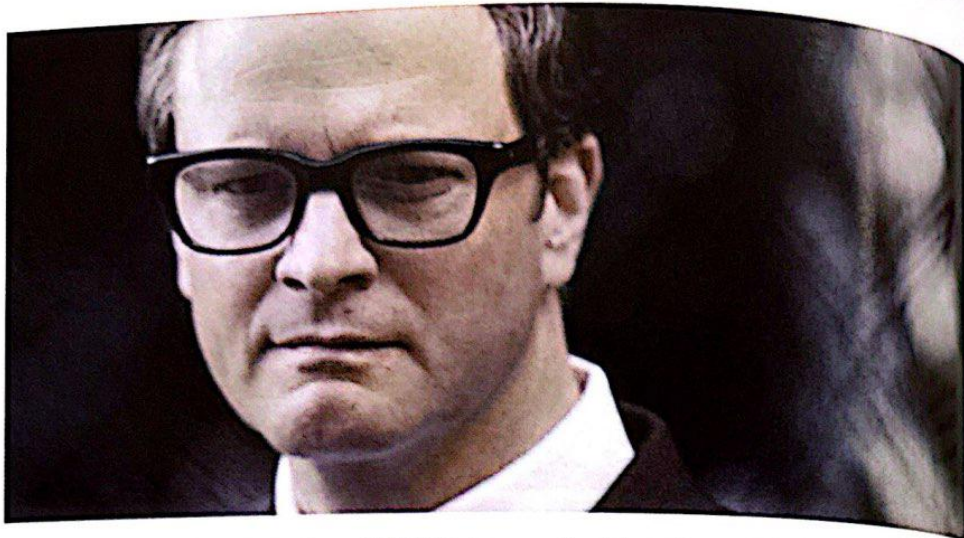
# THE LIMITATION GAME

FILM COMMENT

**I**AM, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, VERY proud of my movie collection. I have a crapload of DVDs, and like to think that my collection is pretty wide-ranging, but when it came time to find a movie that would be apt to review for this issue, my options instantly became limited. So limited in fact, that *A Single Man* was the one film in my possession that featured a gay protagonist.

This movie is directed by fashion designer-come-film director Tom Ford, who brings his artistic eye to every frame. Colin Firth plays George Falconer, a university professor struggling with depression after the death of his long-term partner (Matthew Goode). The film examines in heart-wrenching detail the struggle to cope when someone you love is lost, and George's ability to grieve is made all the more difficult by homophobia still overwhelmingly rampant in the 1960s.

The fact that, in a collection of upwards of two hundred movies, I could find only one movie centering on a gay protagonist — albeit a very good one — is deeply concerning. Not to get too theoretical on you here, but my movie shelf seems to be a microcosm for a much larger and more upsetting issue in our media — that there is a distinct lack of queer representation in the films we watch. The Gay and Lesbian



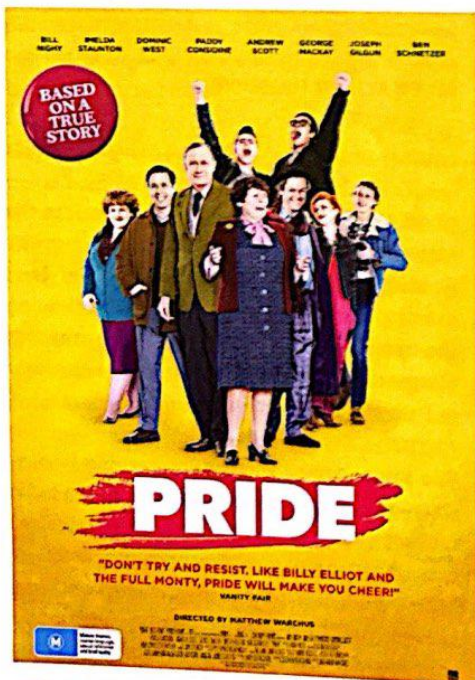
Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) has carried out annual studies to point out just how deeply this lack of representation runs. In 2014, of 102 films released by seven major film studios, only 17 of these had a lesbian, gay or bisexual character depicted, be they a major or minor character. But the problem cuts deeper than simply being one of quantity. Quality has also proved to be an issue, where lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender individuals see queer characters who serve as nothing more than blatantly offensive caricatures, or as a target of ridicule.

It isn't preposterous to suggest that the films we invest our time in have bearing over our ideas about ourselves and others; the influential effects of what we watch cannot and

should not be undermined. Each and every person deserves to see characters they can identify with on screen, as well-rounded and well-written characters who are relevant to the plot as actual people, not punch lines or as a one-dimensional figure defined solely by their sexual orientation.

Such films are out there. They exist, but more often than not they must be sought out. It is high time that the major studios and mainstream films we watch actively seek to break down heteronormative ideas and queer stereotypes, and offer queer individuals as much representation as is afforded to straight individuals.

BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI



## PRIDE

FILM REVIEW

**T**HIS ISSUE OF *Craccum* IS A SPECIAL ONE. It brings to the fore debates and discussions vis-à-vis our LGBTQIA com-

munity. But perhaps more importantly, it's an opportunity (albeit a brief one) to acknowledge equality and diversity as part of who we all are. *Pride* fits into such themes perfectly, plotting together the sentiments of fear, resilience and revolution which constitute the history of queer struggle into a downright brilliant film.

The scene is set: Britain in the 1980s, as neo-liberal reforms are pushed through with Margaret Thatcher's ruthless approach to governance, resulting in the sustained degradation of union power. The film follows London's queer community as they band together in support of a struggling Welsh mining community. Voilà: *Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners* is formed. But as you might likely predict, it isn't as straightforward: despite their shared discontent over the political situation and their treatment by those in power, the miners and the "gaggle of gays" don't exactly get along very well. At all. What follows is a cleverly portrayed narrative of bold acts, shameless desperation and mastering the seemingly simple act of just getting along.

I found it really difficult to criticise *Pride*.

Then again, I find it hard to criticise anything. There's no real bias here on my part: I don't connect particularly with the actors, the issues or the history, but it's inspiring to watch. It doesn't lecture you about oppression, nor does it become reduced to a drab, forgetful drama. It makes you laugh, but it makes you think. It seems to draw you in with laughter (seriously, the banter is half the fun) and gives you an important thought to remind you "Shit, this stuff actually happened". So expect to find some valuable gems amongst the hilarious jokes about whether lesbians are vegetarians and the like.

So maybe what's most wonderful about this film is to know that it is predicated on actual events done with as much accuracy as one might expect of a film adaptation. And it reminds us that within the very important conversations we need to have, we can celebrate history and have fun along the way. On that note, on the movie poster, I read a reviewer who proudly proclaims that you'll laugh as much as you'll cry. That pretty much sums it up perfectly, and so a well-deserved 5 stars from me.

REVIEW BY CLARK TIPENE



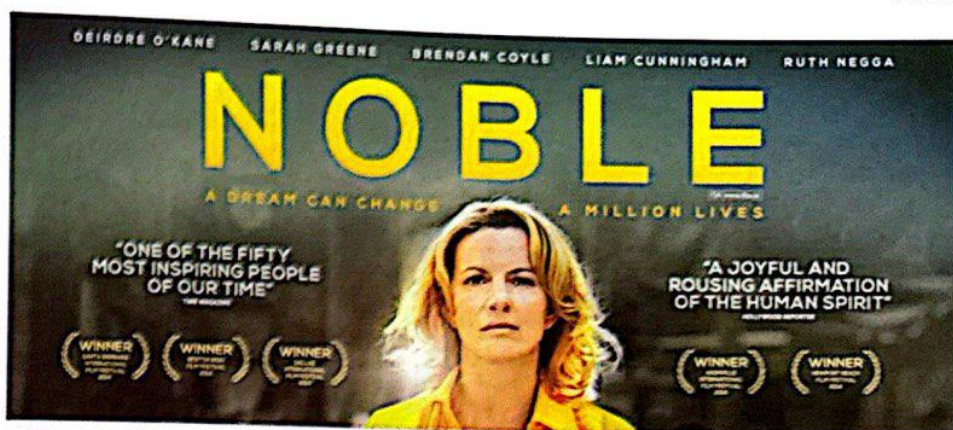
# NOBLE

FILM REVIEW

**W**HEN ONE REVIEWS BIOPIIC FILMS, IT always feels weird to try and criticise what is a dramatisation of a person's life, especially when that person is a better human being than said reviewer by a hundredfold. Directed by little known director Stephen Bradley, the film follows the life of Christina Noble, a fiery woman hailing from the slums of Dublin, who has laboured vigorously to improve the lives of the forgotten and downtrodden children of South East Asia.

The film is told through a series of flashbacks and flash-forwards, focusing on Christina's troubled childhood and young adult years, growing up in an environment of poverty, neglect and abuse. Armed only with her faith and an indomitable spirit, Christina experiences numerous trials throughout her young life, including a brutal rape, a stolen child and an abusive marriage. It is against this wretched backdrop that Christina comes to realise a vision from God, encouraging her to make the journey to help children in "a country she couldn't even locate on a map", half a world away.

Sarah Greene brings the most engaging performance by far; her presentation as a



struggling young woman attempting to claw herself towards a better life offers tangible weight to her character. This arc is however neglected by the disjointed narrative and the film almost feels rushed at times to get back to Christina's story in Vietnam. Deidre

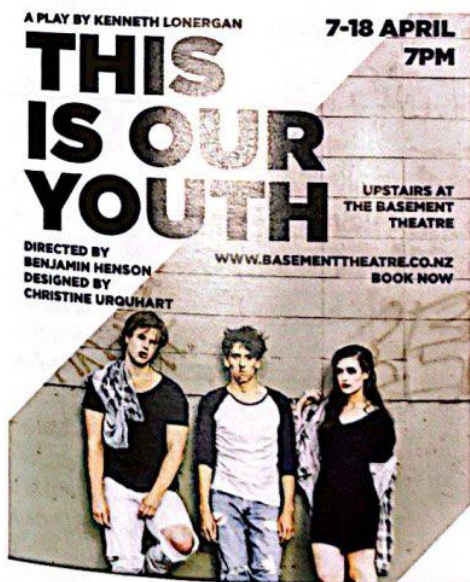
**"SARAH GREENE BRINGS THE MOST ENGAGING PERFORMANCE BY FAR; HER PRESENTATION AS A STRUGGLING YOUNG WOMAN ATTEMPTING TO CLAW HERSELF TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE OFFERS TANGIBLE WEIGHT TO HER CHARACTER."**

O'Kayne performs admirably in her role as Christina in later life, but her character doesn't have quite the same depth as her younger counterpart. The film's ending also feels somewhat abrupt, with the subplots regarding her marriage and children falling to the wayside.

It is these aspects, the inconsistent and rather simplified characterisation and hurried narrative, which stop it from achieving a real sense of poignancy. However you can't help but admire the spirit of this very inspiring woman, whose life represents genuine courage in the face of impossible odds and the difference that one person giving a damn can really make.

REVIEW BY ALEX VAINERITUA

## THEATRE



Henson's season in the upstairs of The Basement, I was left feeling agitated and a little bored.

The show was set in a tiny apartment, leaving the dialogue to be the driving factor of the show. A tricky feat with Lonergan's dialogue, not to mention the American accents — which for the most part were quite impressive, but may have taken actor Alex MacDonald's focus. His performance became rather one-note throughout the show, playing domineering, self indulgent Dennis. Without finding the specific subtlety demanded in the character, Dennis came off as shouty and the humour of the character and his story was unfortunately lost.

**"AFTER AN UNSURE START, MORE CLARITY CAME TO DULIEU'S PERFORMANCE AND A BEAUTIFUL SADNESS WAS LEFT IN HIS LAST REALISATIONS OF THE PLAY."**

Ryan Dulieu played the more reserved (be-

sides the fact that he just stole \$1500 from his father) Warren. Over the course of 48 hours, Warren developed from the boy who wanted to please and gain acceptance from his peers, to a man that was sick of taking crap from all those around him. After an unsure start, more clarity came to Dulieu's performance and a beautiful sadness was left in his last realisations of the play.

Jessica (played by Alex Jordan), a self-questioning but wise girl, took the heart of Warren through a deliciously coy and awkward scene. Although a small character in the play, Jessica was vital in Warren's story and Jordan found the equal importance of Warren in Jessica's life — finding the only clear moment for Jessica in her mind for the entirety of the play (and what seemed like her life). Jordan stole the show with her magnetic performance and ability to keep on top of the dialogue.

With the potential for a cleverly structured witty battle, the production fell a bit short. It somewhat lacked the subtle nuances and humour needed to convey the highly-strung personalities and motives that controlled most of the show; as a result it felt a tad dull.

REVIEW BY ELIZABETH TURNER

## THIS IS OUR YOUTH

THEATRE REVIEW

**K**ENNETH LONERGAN'S *This Is Our Youth* is an award winning play. Set in 1982 New York, three clashing adolescents deal with an abundant wad of cash, drugs and the potential for love, all processed through witty, fast paced dialogue.

However, whilst watching director Benjamin



## GORILLAZ SOUND SYSTEM

CONCERT REVIEW

**E**ARLY IN THE NIGHT, OVER DINNER AND drinks, we discussed whether or not we should listen to the music of Gorillaz before we left.

No, we thought, that would be overkill. We're going to Gorillaz Sound System. We'll be listening to Gorillaz all night. Keep it fresh.

We were wrong. So, so wrong.

Remi Kabaka is a talented man, as the press release was quick to point out: "As the percussionist in Gorillaz or the voice of drummer Russell Hobbs, as the extra hands for Banksy or band member with the legendary Bobby Womack, Kabaka's particular input is hard to quantify but very much in demand".

It is odd, then, that Gorillaz Sound System was the most disappointing show I have been to in my life. After half an hour of relentless four-chord pounding with intermittent cursory Gorillaz lyrics, I began to wonder what Damon Albarn would think. Here was a man charging over \$60 on the promise of delivering re-worked Gorillaz songs who was, quite simply, not.

The beats were average at best and the dancefloor, packed to questionable safety standards at the start of the show, cleared out



significantly as the show progressed. There developed a formula: tease with twenty seconds of a Gorillaz hit, then change key and tempo and play a mix with little or no semblance of any Gorillaz song ever.

There was, however, one highlight. For three minutes and twenty-seven seconds, Kabaka played "19/2000" in its entirety. No overlaid beats. No Ke\$ha mash-up. Just pure, unadulterated Gorillaz. And the crowd went wild.

After the show a young man came up to me and asked to borrow my phone. I recognized him — he had climbed on stage early in the show.

"Yeah man, that was me", he said, "I just wanted to ask him to play 'Clint Eastwood' because he wasn't playing any Gorillaz and

they made me leave".

He was one of many stage invaders who had been ejected from the venue. One was a friend of mine, who simply didn't care if he was kicked out.

Granted, the evening wasn't entirely boring. But it certainly was not worth the price of the ticket. The set was overly protracted, the visuals suffered from being downsized (and were nothing special to begin with) and the music itself was more worthy of Code than the Powerstation. And when your audience is desperate to the point of stage invasion requests then — surely then — you know you're doing something wrong.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

## ORPHAN BLACK

TELEVISION REVIEW

**W**HEN I'M ON MY DEATHBED I WILL look back and ask: what was the greatest moment of my life? No, it won't be the birth of my first child. It'll be the season three premiere of *Orphan Black*. Aw yeah! That's right, it's back, and now with the very handsome Ari Millen moving up to main cast member (none of this Dylan Bruce crap anymore).

Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating slightly, but it is exciting to have *Orphan Black* back on the air after a massive and pretty much out-of-nowhere revelation at the end of last season. The show, like most, has its shortcomings but these are all forgivable considering how novel it is. The show, starring Tatiana Maslany, Tatiana Maslany, and Tatiana Maslany, centres around a group of clones who have lived unaware of their nature until they are pulled together after someone tries to murder them. They must weather assassination attempts

and evade the relentless pursuit of the enigmatic Dyad Institute, all while trying to solve the mystery of their existence.

Where the series really shines is in the portrayal of the clones. While sharing the same DNA, each clone has a completely distinct personality. Props to the writers who have created unique characters that defy stereotyping, but the real respect goes to Maslany who plays five different main characters (and a few recurring ones). Her performance is like no other. It's truly incredible how she is able to maintain the illusion that she is five different people. It's her attention to detail that sells it for me. Each clone has a particular walk, pattern of speech, mannerism, and, something that I only recently realised, smile. You could really hate one clone for having a particular tick and realise that it was all part of Maslany's act.

The concept of the clones themselves are fundamentally intriguing. The show is an argument for John Locke's concept of the 'tabu-

la rasa'; the idea that our brain is completely blank at birth. Our mind is shaped by our experiences, perceptions, and knowledge that we accumulate throughout our lives. The clones are distinct in personality, sexuality, and worldview because they grew up differently. It is why one can be a serial killer when another can be a soccer mum. Some prefer men while others prefer women. One can be street-wise and the other is a geeky scientist. It's a sobering notion really. You could live a thousand lives with exactly the same DNA and not one of them could be the same.

So *Orphan Black* does the clone thing extremely well, which in no small part is thanks to Maslany. The show is just worth seeing for her acting. But I think that would be selling it short. *Orphan Black* is densely-layered and extremely intelligent with ideas new to science fiction and refreshing to see on television. I honestly can't wait to see where it's going this season.

REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

TELEVISION



## A QUEER COMMENTARY

**I** HAVE TOSSED AND TURNED OVER THIS PIECE FOR many a night. What am I to say to you? What are the implications of me speaking my voice? A voice that to me seems disembodied, censored, partial. I am indeed the sum of a whole, but when it comes to particular writing jobs that are centered around such things as queerness I can't help but feel fetishised for one precise and very particular part of myself. What's worse, is that it's as if I'm being used as the liberal mouthpiece for an entire community so that I may summarise (in what reads to me as an aggressive gesture) something that is so beautifully incongruous.

And that is all that I want to say and emphasize: that the queer community, if there is indeed one, is exactly that — beautiful and incongruous. It seems a very obvious point to make, but it just doesn't seem to register to the majority of people, including the

"community" itself. The pride parade of two months ago, much written and talked about, still remains at the forefront of my opinion on what it means to be queer today and what it means to be queer today in Aotearoa. The violent reaction to the No Pride in Prisons protest is everything I hate about mainstream gay politics. And I use the word gay pointedly. The image we have today of the LGBTQ community is largely white, male and gay. It's theatrical, sassy, and most of all it's commercial.

**"AND THAT IS ALL THAT I WANT TO SAY AND EMPHASIZE: THAT THE QUEER COMMUNITY, IF THERE IS INDEED ONE, IS EXACTLY THAT — BEAUTIFUL AND INCONGRUOUS."**

cially viable. God forbid anyone disrupt this. And God forbid anyone actually protest at a pride march?

The fact that they were stopped (I must reiterate, violently) is in many ways beside the point, as I would expect that from an organisation such as the Gay Auckland Business Association. What really shocked me was how many people grumbled about the protest and thought that it was 'neither the place nor the time'. What do these people think a pride march is about? Where its origins lay? If the community thinks these events are about the celebration of difference they are wrong. We are purely spectacle now, only to be consumed as entertainment. If it's jovial and arousing, they'll have it. If it's anything but, then they'll do their damn best to erase it. What have we fought for but an acceptance within a capitalist framework? Yippee, what a cause to celebrate.

BY ANONYMOUS

## DISAPPEARING WITH A POOF

**I** HAVEN'T SEEN THE COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE yet. I am hoping for the best but am quite prepared to wear a double homicide conviction in respect of the editors if there is anything resembling: a) a rainbow; b) a unicorn; or c) rhinestones/ paisley.

As a recently de-closeted (sort of) homosexual cis white male, I have taken a newfound observational interest in the way that gay stereotypes and culture are presented on a day-to-day basis.

What piqued my interest was the recent furore surrounding ANZ's GAYTM initiative during Auckland's Pride Festival. For those unfamiliar with the concept, ANZ decked out some of its ATMs with various designs intended to reflect Auckland's gay community (see list in Paragraph 1). ANZ drew praise for its support of queer issues, but drama ensued when the Ponsonby Road GAYTM was vandalised with a liberal application of white paint. Further drama arose when activist group Queers Against Injustice claimed responsibility for the attack. The group stated that the vandalism was an act of protest against the increasing commercialisation of the Pride Festival.

This set me thinking about how the public eye perceives the queer community. On the one hand, ANZ's initiative deserves commendation. The GAYTM project was on a symbolic level very significant — a large corporate entity making a very public declaration that

it recognises and supports the queer community. ANZ's stance is reassuring, as it reflects a message that being queer will not be an impediment to future career prospects.

On the other hand — unicorns. Rainbows. An underlying message seems to be that "we accept you — but we also expect that as a queer you will behave in a certain way".

It reduces the scope of what it means to be queer to a relatively narrow subset of the community — the stereotypical flamboyant homosexual male contingent. This has the potential to affect the way that the rest of us are viewed. I have noticed this subtle shift since "coming out" to my circle of friends. Where

**"IT REDUCES THE SCOPE OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE QUEER TO A RELATIVELY NARROW SUBSET OF THE COMMUNITY — THE STEREOTYPICAL FLAMBOYANT HOMOSEXUAL MALE CONTINGENT."**



going out in a slightly loud shirt would once have elicited derisive snorts and a few jabs, a far more likely comment now is more of the "wow, you are raging tonight!" variety. Comments like these are easy to fend off. However, I increasingly find myself second-guessing every gesture and verbal interaction. Was my wrist firm enough when I waved just then? Surely I didn't just lisp? Am I obvious?

The truth is, I'm really not. I believe it would take a fairly refined gaydar to pick me out of a crowd. And I am happy with this. Being gay is part of my identity. However, it is fairly far down the list, in the same way that someone's straightness is not explicitly part of their identity — it is just taken as a given.

Ultimately, we are a diverse community. The issues that face queer people must be addressed at a level that takes into account more than just the open, obviously gay male contingent. I applaud Craccum for dedicating a publication to these issues and hope that within these pages is a broad reflection of everybody who doesn't fit the mainstream. And it is my sincere wish that you didn't pick this up because there were fucking rainbows on the cover.

BY ANONYMOUS



# TOP TEN

# REASONS TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE SAME SEX.

**S**EX IS SOMETHING THAT'S FAIRLY commonplace at University. We're young, good looking and up for it. It's also a time to find yourself and explore what you like and you don't. One such exploration is with someone of the same sex. While it is not considered the norm, in fact statistically a large group of people do try a sexual rendezvous with a fellow man or woman. For those who have considered it (or haven't), here is *Craccum* helping you to expand your sexual horizons.

**10. THEY UNDERSTAND YOUR BODY BETTER:** They know not to bite. They can find the clitoris. How do they

know? Because they have the same body! While everyone has unique sexual tastes, there are some universal truths that people of the same sex just know better than the opposite. So why go through 20 minutes of average and awkward foreplay with someone who clearly has no idea what is going on when you can do the same thing with someone who gets it?

**9. EASIER COMMUNICATION ABOUT DESIRE:** Following on from this, talking to someone of the same sex about the body is easier. Because they know what is happening with their body, they can relate to anything you say about your body

better. Being able to communicate more freely means you will have more fun in the bedroom.

**8. YOU CAN USE THE BATHROOMS FOR SEX:** It's not as conspicuous when you walk into a gender split bathroom with someone of the same sex than with someone of the opposite gender. Plus how kinky is having sex in a changing room?

**7. GOOD STORY FOR NEVER HAVE I EVER:** This is perfect for all the narcissists out there who want to dabble in an experience purely to share the stories out with others (let's be honest, this is *everyone*). But if the other sexual benefits don't sway you, at least a few drinks down you can be the talk of the night when you drop such a bombshell. Who knows, you might get some more attention (and free drinks) from it.

**6. IT IS 100% GUARANTEED TO END WITHOUT SOMEONE GETTING PREGNANT.** In case you hadn't figured that out already. But don't forget the STIs! #NurseCraccum

**5. THE THRILL OF SOMETHING NEW:** Now I'm sure most people would agree that sex is the bees knees, but that doesn't stop it getting a little, well, boring. The ole' P in the V again. Missionary position, again. A half-assed orgasm (if that), again. So been there, done that. It's so monotonous. You know what's a little bit different: P&P or V&V. There's always something exciting about sex with a new partner, but in this case it's like travelling to an exotic island with a different culture. You know vague details but it's a new (and exciting) adventure.

**4. ORGASMS:** Do you want to deny yourself an orgasm? Really? They're just goooooooooood.

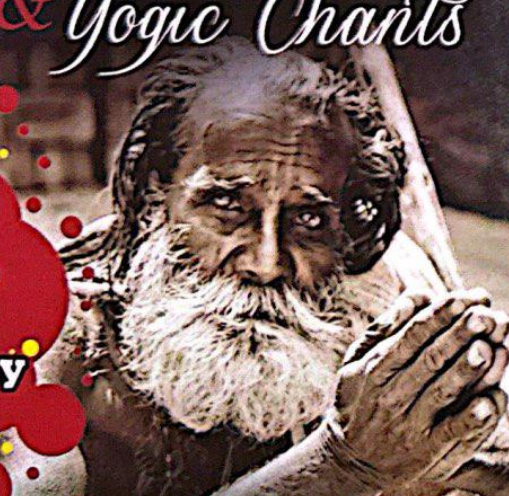
**3. YOU MIGHT FORM A STRANGER BOND WITH SOMEONE YOU DIDN'T EXPECT:** You might be with the person you experiment with, or someone you share the experience with. Our time at university is about finding and forming strong connections with people and being open to trying new things can be just that.

**2. GIVES YOU MORE SECURITY IN YOUR SEXUALITY:** Sexuality isn't black and white. You're not one thing or the other. It's a spectrum, and just because the norm is heterosexuality, that doesn't mean you have to fit there. In fact just forcing yourself in that spot will only make you feel less comfortable in your sexuality. If you explore and find out where exactly you fit on the spectrum, you will feel more secure and comfortable with yourself.

**1. YOU MIGHT JUST LIKE IT:** Sex is supposed to be something you like and enjoy so why shut yourself off from something you might like because of some archaic perspective? Experimenting with same sex is just that, an experiment. It's not a commitment. It doesn't define you as 'Gay', 'Lesbian', 'Bisexual' or anything else. It's about finding your boundaries and establishing what you like and don't like. You might find you aren't interested in same sex relationships, which is fine. But you might find you are and all it does is open more possibilities for sexual experiences. So go for it!

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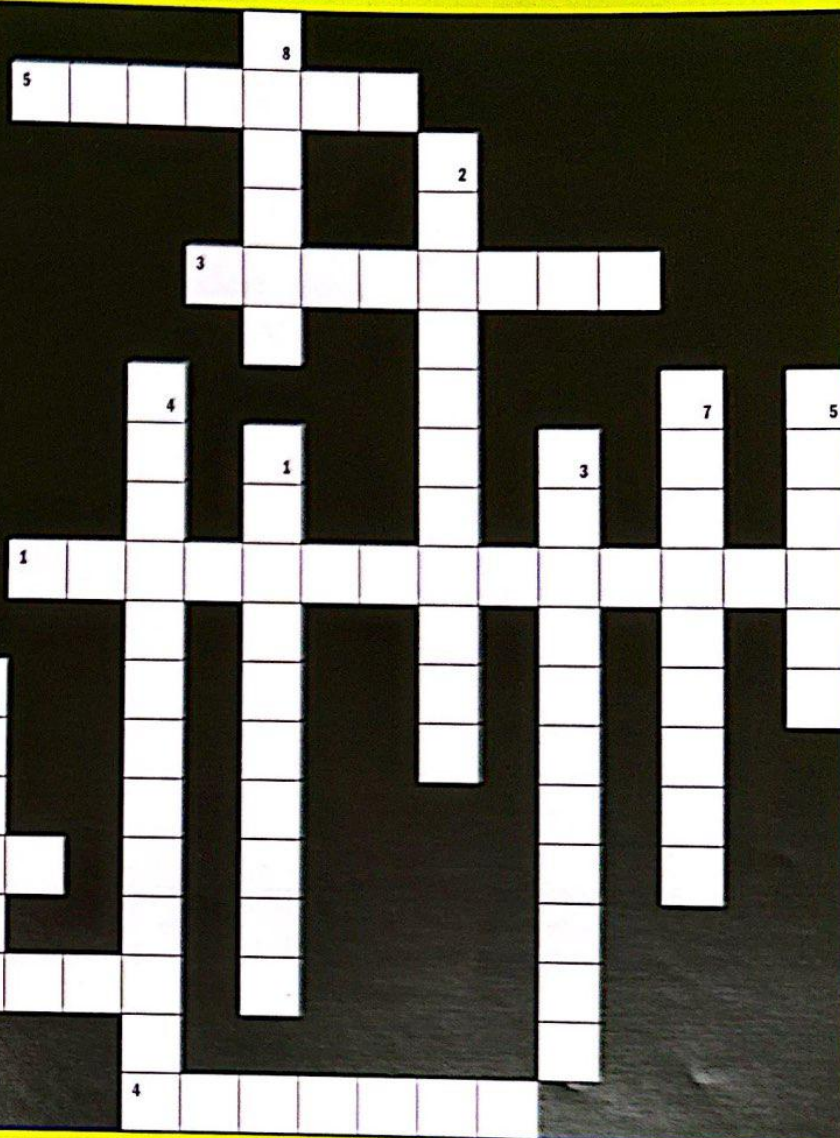


**ACROSS**

1. Our gay Attorney General
2. The popular gay bar on K road
3. Pride Month in NZ
4. Popular symbol for the LGBT community
5. What date (month & day) in 2013 did the Same Sex Marriage bill pass in Parliament?
6. The first country to legalise same sex marriage

**DOWN**

1. AUSA Queer Rights Officer
2. Which celebrity has recently announced he is a woman?
3. The T in LGBT
4. NZ's first ever transgender MP
5. Popular gay app
6. Sex campaign which tells you to Love Your ...
7. Attracted to the person as opposed to a specific gender. Considered 'gender-blind'.
8. You come out of the ...



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# The People to Blame

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## The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

Bevan Morgan

**SHADOWS**  
YOUR STUDENT BAR

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# MOTHER'S DAY

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