

# TORTURE:

## A MATTER OF DEGREE

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND  
15 FEB 2016  
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CONRAD GRIMSHAW LIVES WITH SOME BITCHES

national security  
PAGE 9

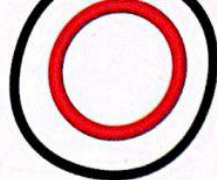
GREEN PARTY LEADERSHIP ISSUES

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INTERVIEW  
MAN AE

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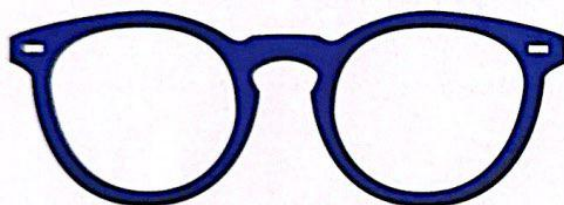
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how you see the world



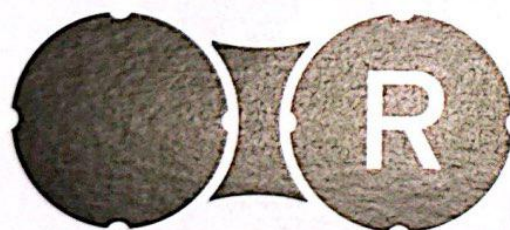
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AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

# ECOFEST

MONDAY 18 MAY - FRIDAY 22 MAY

BRING  
A CUP TO  
UNI DAY!

WEDNESDAY 20

BIKE FOR  
BREAKFAST

MONDAY 18 & TUESDAY 19  
7.45-9.45 AM  
OUTSIDE REC CENTRE

Cycle to university and receive  
breakfast on us! Pancakes and a  
selection of cereals available



CLOTHES SWAP  
+ DINNER

WEDNESDAY 20  
5-7PM WOMENSPACE

Get some new clothes for a gold coin donation  
and dinner too! Funds go to the Women's  
Refuge



WASTE-  
WATCHERS  
DISHWASHING

WEDNESDAY 20  
12PM-2PM, THE QUAD

Don't buy any takeaway cups and plates to-  
day! Bring in your keepcups for coffee and  
get a 20c discount or take a plate washed  
by us to enjoy a 50c discount off your food  
in the Quad

AUCKLAND  
PERMACULTURE  
WORKSHOP

WEDNESDAY 20  
3-4PM, BIOLOGY LECTURE THEATRE,  
BUILDING 106, ROOM 204.

Want to learn how to become more sustain-  
able? Keen to think creatively and outside  
the box? Listen to a captivating speaker  
from Auckland Permaculture Workshop and  
gain new skills in a presentation format



THURSDAY 21  
12PM-2PM

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Come along to the vegan lunches and take  
a plate washed by us instead of contributing  
to the landfill

LOVE NOTES  
& BAKESALE

FRIDAY 22  
11AM-4PM, THE QUAD

Buy beautiful handcrafted recycled note-  
books and gourmet treats to raise funds  
for Oxfam



ECO QUIZ NIGHT

FRIDAY 22  
6PM, SHADOWS

Get yourself a team and win a \$100 bar tab  
with the right answers and share some drinks  
with other people interested in social justice and  
sustainability



HELP GREEN OUR  
UNI WASTE AUDIT

TUESDAY 19 & THURSDAY 21  
11AM-1PM  
GREENSPACE IN QUAD

Track how much Auckland University students are  
recycling and receive a keepcup for helping out

**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS



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# BIGOTRY BANTER

BY JORDAN

**I** OFTEN CONGRATULATE MYSELF. I OFTEN LISTEN to myself soliloquising to my friends on politics, feminism, social policy and magazine editing, and am overcome with a wave of self-appreciative nausea. My god I'm so liberal. I'm so well meaning. I'm so nice about poor people. And minorities, I'm good to them too. Most of my friends are good liberals. They all deserve a pat on the back. Yes, less of a pat than the pat I deserve. They don't wheel their views out in front of a massive readership of up to twenty people every week. But nonetheless, good job friends.

One of my friends is not a Jew. Some of his ancestors were, he tells me. But he, apparently, is not. In fact he's zero minorities. Still liberal. Good job. Deserves a pat. I often call him a Jew. I do so teasingly. I use the word Jew, when talking to him, racistly. I think I'm allowed to do this because I am so liberal.

I occasionally make "patriarchy" jokes to my

female friends. I allow myself to do this because I am a feminist. I deserve a pat on the back.

Why do I make prima face bigoted jokes to my friends? Well I think partly because saying stuff you shouldn't is funny. It's also arrogant, I'm liberal, I'm not actually a bigot, so the banter is fine. It's jolly. I'm a legend. My back really needs that pat now.

This sort of humour ("bigotry banter"©) is actually surprisingly prevalent with most of my friends. And in a lot of liberal circles this is the case. Now there is a certain PC end of the liberal spectrum who would *never* make those sort of jokes. But most would. And the ultra PC ones are also usually ultra-stuffy. In fact, lots of right wingers make them too. Not because all right wingers are bigots (apart from towards the poor, or as I like to call them "povos"), but because much like the left, they're all so sure they aren't, that the irony has become ok.

After many many pats on the back, I wonder if I'm wrong. Now we all know there are certain "triggers" you can't make jokes about; sexual

abuse, certain specific words (n's and f's largely), and so on. Why? Well because people are victimised. But I'm a lot less tolerant of people feeling victimised when it doesn't fall into the camp of the four or so things I think are legitimate. But then, what about a person who's victimised by the word "povo", or by an ill-timed "ironic" race joke? Suddenly that pat is less deserved.

There's also the worry that it's because bigotry feels good. Hating others isn't allowed anymore. It used to be expected that you'd be racist. It used to be expected that you'd assume your hard work was the only reason for your wealth. But we're less stupid now. Still, being unjustifiably rude about others is fun. Especially when you have a shroud of ironic-liberalism to hide behind.

And now, no pats at all.

I don't have a conclusion. I don't have the word count.

Bad banter?

# JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT

BY DENTON

**B**EFORE NATALIA KILLS PATENTED THE SUIT as her husband's creation, I knew her as the singer of one of my favourite songs "Saturday Night". The song details Natalia's repetitive cycle of Saturday night antics as a child, filled with domestic violence, drugs and daddy issues. While thankfully I do not suffer from any of those serious issues, I feel like currently I too am caught in a repetitive cycle with Saturday nights: it's my 21<sup>st</sup> season. There's one every week and they are the same, but different. With the help of Natalia, the 21sts go a little something like this:

"Momma you're beautiful tonight" - Your Arrival

I stumble in alone (mistake #1) and search the room for people I know, but there's only family. Stupidly I arrived on time (mistake #2). Rookie. You manage a two-minute conversation with the 21-year-old before they are whisked away to greet their second cousin once removed. Alone and suffering from social anxiety, the mother swoops down, dressed to the nines, and rescues you with stories of your friend as a baby.

"Go kiss the liquor off his laugh" - Everyone else's arrival

Half an hour before speeches, the awkwardly oversized and empty venue floods with people. Half relieved, half jealous of their calculated time of entry, you wander over to your friends to discover that they are "w@t3d m8 lol". They had pre's, the smart fuckers. This \$5 beer doesn't taste as good knowing that buying five of these is the equivalent of 12 from Countdown. The pissed pack embrace the star of the night with confessions of love and adoration while also questioning when the ham is available to eat.

"I'm a fucking teenage tragedy" - Speeches

Speeches start. The mother cries. The dad talks for 15 minutes about the first five years. An anachronistic poem comes out (oh, the creativity). Then come the juicy bits: the adolescent stories. Songs about clitorises, stories of threesomes, and the time they vomited on someone. The mother cries again. You learn something new every(Satur)day — that the apparently innocent and caring friend you have known for years snorted drugs off a stranger's chest, had sex in a public toilet or watched a friend take a poo. All class. After over an hour, we finally raise our glass to toast the birthday boy/girl and avoid the puddles of tears from the mother.

"I'll put on my dancing shoes real tight" - Town

Despite now being 21 and the years of drunkenly gyrating in town far behind us, everyone thinks it's a 'good idea' to go to a club to end the night (mistake #3). By this time, the bar tab has ended and drinks are now double digits. How hideous, don't they know we're only 21!? But you've committed now, the post-speech exit window has closed and there are shots. Soon the taxis arrive and take you to a night of aggressive bouncers, creepy old men and McDonalds.

"It's the best days of my life" - Reality

Apparently. There are problems where you have three 21sts on the same night, someone you hardly know invites you to his or her 21<sup>st</sup> and the mounting cost of 21<sup>st</sup> birthday gifts. While initially they seem repetitive and boring, there are the exciting times of seeing old friends, reminiscing on great memories and sharing a milestone with a friend. So it might be "just another saturday night" now, but soon these Saturday nights will be empty and seeing these friends will be far and few between.

So 'til next Saturday night!

[Disclaimer: Don't worry everyone, I did enjoy your 21<sup>st</sup>, please don't un-invite me from future ones].



# What a load of Crac-News

(Loads Of News For Once! :))

I DON'T FUCK WITH YOU, YOU STUPID LITTLE ASS BITCH. NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**USA:** Hillary Clinton enters bid to become US president, telling potential voters her first action as president would be to "rename the Oval Office the Oral Office".

**USA:** US president Barack Obama has been shot dead while walking in Baltimore. Police have apologised saying they thought he was just another unarmed black man.

**Indonesia:** Q: What did the ring-leaders of the Bali Nine need to save them from execution for drug smuggling? A: A heroine.

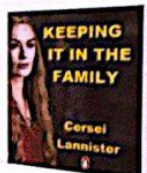
**Nepal:** Huge earthquake caused Mount Everest to lose 10 meters off its height, making it no longer the tallest mountain in the world, with Kanye West's Ego taking the title.

**Campbell Live:** John Campbell is trying to boost ratings by making his show more like the popular show *Game of Thrones* with more incest, violence, and rape, by doing an investigation into the West Coast community of Gloriavale.

**The University:** Stuart McCuntcheon Gets Salary Increase. Vice Chancellor Stuart McCuntcheon's salary has been increased at his request as his previous salary was "not enough to pay the cost of my private jet". PR experts said that "Universities are often judged on the lifestyle of their Vice Chancellor", so the private jet is "part of the university's image".

Send in your *News In Brief* suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of *Keeping It In The Family* by Cersei Lannister RRP NZ\$45.

"Clearly plagiarised from me" — Luke Skywalker



## JOHN KEY PULLS SAUDI PRINCE'S HAIR

**T**HE FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT OF A NEW ZEALAND Prime Minister to Saudi Arabia has culminated in Prince Alwaleed bin Talal declaring war on New Zealand.

The talks started off badly due to a misunderstanding in which the Saudi Prince thought John Key was actually Willy Moon, on account of his clothing.

Later, Key gave the Prince's hair a quick tug, and told him "I love a bit of banter with you Hindu people". When he was told the Prince was actually a Muslim, Key asked "wait, so are you one of those Isis guys, or are you part of the Bali nine? I get so confused in my job". He ended the meeting telling the Saudi



di prince to "lighten up, I was just horsing around".

After the declaration of war, Key told reporters it was "no drama", and that a couple of cheap bottles of wine would sort it all out.

## BRUCE JENNER COMES OUT AS A KARDASHIAN

**B**RUCE JENNER HAS FINALLY REVEALED what we all suspected, that he is actually a Kardashian. In a bombshell interview Jenner confirmed that, whilst not blood related, he did associate himself with the Kardashians and considered himself to be one.

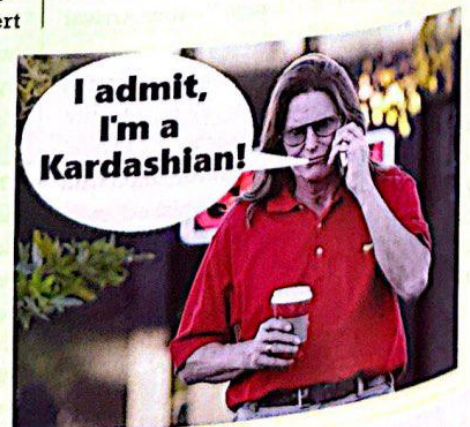
The link to the Kardashian family is through his ex-wife Kris, also the ex wife of Robert Kardashian. She had four children with him, Kourtney, Kim, Khloe and Robert Jr.

He said after the interview a huge weight had been taken off his shoulders, and revealed he has a "Kardashian room" in his house, a place where he can do Kardashian things such as taking selfies, arguing, being thick and making sex tapes.

Reporters also asked about his opinion

NEW ZEALAND  
**Woman's Shitty**

on Kim and Kanye, to which he said he likes his step daughter's husband Kanye, but finds travelling with him hard. "I want to get to our destination as quickly as possible, while Kanye just wants to head West".





# INTERVIEW WITH COLIN CRAIG

**Y**ES, COLIN CRAIG, HE'S THE GUY WHO EVERYONE thinks looks like a vampire, and the leader of the Conservative Party. Despite his well-known controversial views around gay marriage, teenage abortion, and euthanasia, his opinion on many ordinary issues are as Laddish as any other bloke.

**Favourite 1D member:** He didn't actually know what One Direction was. Seriously? #OutOfTouch. I asked about his music tastes, and he said he has a range, but definitely not hip-hop — "I struggle to think that it's music".

**Natalia Kills scandal:** "So it's alright if Simon Cowell does that, but not someone else?" he said laughing. He hadn't actually seen it, but he did say he'd heard the rumour that it was all set up.

**Flatting:** "I had a flatmate who was a pyromaniac". It was an engineering guy, and one time he wanted to see what would happen if he put a full cigarette lighter into the fireplace. What resulted was a "massive explosion, blinding flash of light and the entire fireplace blew up and emptied its contents over the living room, burnt holes in the settee and everything".

**Flatting 2:** Another time he and his flatmates bought several massive crates of rotting tomatoes at the local fruit store, went home, and then invited everyone they knew over for a massive tomato fight. Lads.

**Gaming:** He used to be a gamer! *Age of Empires* and *World of Warcraft*. Brah!

**Uni stunts:** Apparently they used to have organised drinking days in the quad. Fucking gold. They also did "capping stunts", pranks during the graduating week. One time he and his mates hired a van, put "Kingseat Mental Hospital" signs on the side on the van, and got a whole load of them to sit in the van wearing straight-jackets. Then they drove to the middle of the Wellesley Street intersection on Queen Street, stopped the van, and they all staged a breakout of the van, with all the guys in straight-jackets running all over Queen Street.

**Other capping stunts:** Someone got a mini halfway up the engineering building by hoisting it with a crane. Those times seem way more fun than now!

**Taylor Swift out of 10 physically:** "I would rate her highly, I'd put her in the 8 or 9 I suppose". Lad.



**How old were you when you first became a millionaire?** Around 30. Wow. Teach me your ways!

**Billboards:** "People loved or hated them" he said. He liked the funny graffiti on his billboards, like the Dame Edna one and the vampire one, and he had a bit of a laugh over someone writing to complain his billboards had made their 7 year old child cry because he looked so serious. He even had tossed up having a prize for the best graffiti at the end of the campaign. Lol.



## UK ELECTION: CRACCUM WRITERS PISSED OFF

**T**HE UK ELECTION IS PROVING DIFFICULT for deadline-constrained "journalists" trying to pre-write stories so they can be the first to get out the headline. While most elections can be called weeks before polling day, and news presenters simply pretended there was a possibility that David Cunliffe could have won, the 2015 general election in Britain is throwing

reporters into disarray. Some commentators are suggesting that this is good for democracy, but Craccum news writers are very upset since their deadline is several weeks before publishing.

However, not everyone dislikes the confusion. Maths teachers are having a field day, with the following a recent question from a statistics class in the UK:

Assume the election has produced a hung parliament. The two major parties, Conservative and Labour, have to form a coalition or a minority government. Ed Miliband and David Cameron have ruled out working together, but both are happy to negotiate with five of the minor parties: the Greens, the Liberal Democrats, SNP, Plaid Cymru and UKIP. State how many different governments are possible. You may assume that no other parties will enter into coalition, and a major party is necessary.

The correct answer is 64.

## CLASSIFIEDS

### Wanted

World Cup. Contact [brendon@blackcaps.co.nz](mailto:brendon@blackcaps.co.nz)

### Lost

Half-hour television programme. If found, please contact [johncampbell@tv3.co.nz](mailto:johncampbell@tv3.co.nz)

### Seeking

Long-haired girl up for a bit of banter. Please contact [johnkey@national.co.nz](mailto:johnkey@national.co.nz)

### Wanted

Oscar. Contact [leo@dicaprio.com](mailto:leo@dicaprio.com)

### Wanted

Dick pics. Contact [nsalliaison@gcsb.co.nz](mailto:nsalliaison@gcsb.co.nz)



# AMERICANS DECLARING CANDIDACIES FOR PRESIDENT

**W**ITH FIVE DECLARED CANDIDATES FOR the 2016 presidential election, front-runner Hillary Clinton was quick to dismiss her latest opponent, Senator Bernie Sanders. "The bankers hate him", the

former Secretary of State said. "They'll never let him win". Clinton is also unconcerned by GOP challenger Rand Paul saying "the NSA will dig something up on him" and his fellow Republicans Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio because "when people find out they're Cuban, they're done for".

While President Obama's election wins suggest Clinton shouldn't rely on America's rampant racism to win her the White House, the current President's support of the TPPA and

refusal to address mass surveillance indicate that she can rely on Wall Street and the spies to keep her other rivals at bay.

Recently, Clinton's campaign came under scrutiny following a slip-of-the-tongue. "I want to be in the Oval Office to get even with my husband — uhh, to fight for the American people", the former First Lady said in an interview. She also denied asking male interns when they would turn twenty-two.

## PUTIN HAVING A GAY OLE' TIME

**I**N AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT STUNNED THE world, Russian President Vladimir Putin has recently come out of the closet. In a nationwide address Putin proclaimed, "I'm gay and here to stay!" The shocked Russian Prime Minister Dmitry Medvedev fell out of his seat and was heard calling the President "gross". In classic Putin style, he coldly scolded Medvedev before clicking his fingers and shouting, "bitch, I'm not gross. I'm FAB-U-LOUS!"

In response to the news, the Queen of LGBT rights Ellen DeGeneres held a special episode of her hit show *Ellen* at Putin's Palace. DeGeneres pressured Putin into explaining why he created a homophobic environment in his country, despite being a member of the LGBT community. Putin replied that originally it meant he had a greater sex life. Putin said "we all love to do things we're not allowed to do. This is the same for sex, particularly if it's banned". He said that because it was illegal, the sex was more exciting and ultimately



more rewarding. However he decided to finally come out of the closet as "too many of my fellow queens were being killed" which had a worse effect on his sex life.

Putin further admitted to having a "major schoolgirl crush" on famous homosexual Ian McKellen. Putin adored him as Gandalf in the hit series *Lord of the Rings* and added cheekily "he really knows how to handle a staff".

## WELLINGTON PHOENIX EYEING TOP U.S. PROSPECT

**A**FTER A DISAPPOINTING FEW MATCHES FOR New Zealand's only team in the A-League, Wellington Phoenix coach Ernie Merrick declared that his club was pursuing a top-notch American athlete.

Speaking to *Craccum* he said: "There is a promising talent in America who we are looking to bring over. He's got a bit of age but he is probably the best runner I've seen".

Merrick was not shy to voice his frustrations about his current squad. "Albert Riera and Roy Krishna are supposed to be winning the balls but it seems they're more concerned about winning a citizen-

ship".

He was also critical of Spanish midfielder Alex Rodriguez, "He can't tell the difference between a pass and a paella".

When pressed to reveal the name of this American prospect the coach revealed it was undefeated boxer Floyd Mayweather. "In that match against Pacquiao he was just phenomenal. The speed which he ran was impressive, I definitely think this lad could be our best runner". As of press time the Mayweather camp could not be reached for a comment, with a spokesperson indicating that they still can't find where Floyd was hiding.

## BABY BORN, SURVIVES CHILDBIRTH

**A** FEMALE BABY WAS BORN AT Auckland's Greenlane hospital in the early hours of this morning. The child, whose parents have not yet decided on a name, was able to navigate the birthing process and is in a stable condition at the hospital's maternity ward.

"We're very pleased of course", says Mum Denise, 33, of Herne Bay. "The birth of a baby daughter really is a momentous occasion and we are very glad to be able to share our joy with so many people". Husband Rob, 32, also confirmed his happiness. "It's good, yeah", he said.

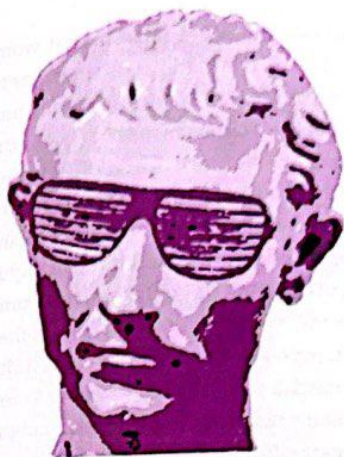
The couple's enthusiasm was shared by a large group of well-wishers who had camped outside the hospital in anticipation of the news. Others gathered in the carpark of nearby Greenlane McDonald's, which was floodlit in pink when news of the arrival was confirmed.

"Ooh we're very happy for Denise and Rob", said Magda Shriver, 63, of Glenfield. "I'm going to get a button made up with the wee girl's face on it, to add to my collection".

The girl will be escorted home to Herne Bay to join her older sibling within the next fortnight. Supporters confirm that they will be holding a candlelit vigil outside the house on that date.







**LIVING WITH MY BITCHES #LIVE.**

BY CONRAD GRIMSHAW

**T**OMORROW I RETURN TO HAMILTON. Tonight I locked all the doors, closed the curtains, put on my special leisure pants (perfect for all leisure situations) and listened to My Chemical Romance (live in Mexico). Well why not? It was so windy. I was also traumatised because I'd been to a poetry slam. I now know that poetry slams are bad news. Or maybe this was a particularly bad slam. These people get up there and say words in dramatic voices and everyone comes over all reverent and gaspy. A quivering woman in a wheelchair said "sex" a hundred times in 3 different voices. Poetry. A couple of grizzled lesbians stood on one leg and stared at the ground, then looked up and said things like "pain", "blood", "orgasm" and "fuck", then they looked down again. Standing ovation. Art. Culture. A tiny, senile old man mumbled and drooled his way through a long-winded and confusing story about a war-horse. Gallipoli. Mud. War. ae. Themes. Tears to my eyes mate. Tears to my eyes.

I am told that the quality of the slam participants improved after I left. Ha. Sure it did. The next item on the mediocre entertainment agenda was a comedy show. A tragic comedian had traipsed up to the office with an enormous stack of tickets and begged us to come. His shoes were old and battered. He looked like he was about to cry. 11 to midnight. The graveyard shift. We did what we could. We offered him a hot cup of tea. We patted him on the back and promised to come. He brightened somewhat. We gave him a plastic bag to keep his tickets dry. "Well, back to it" he said, bravely, smiling dangerously, dementedly, looking 3 inches away from going off the rails completely. Stressful, the comedy game. But we would be there for him. I was going to laugh heartily. Canned laughter. A humanitarian mission. So at quarter to 11 we

all rushed off through the rain to the Basement Theatre. The Basement Theatre was shut. It turned out that he wasn't performing at the Basement Theatre, just in a basement. Probably his mum's. We found the basement. Half an hour late. The doors were locked, the lights were off. All was quiet. We stood there for a while. I thought I heard a sob from inside. I paid mega-bucks for a taxi.

[illegible]

There was no vodka at this table. (But there were beers in the *Craccum* office. Did you know that anyone who writes for *Craccum* gets as much free alcohol as they can drink? Also every reader. Yes, that's right! Tell your friends. Every reader gets as much free alco-

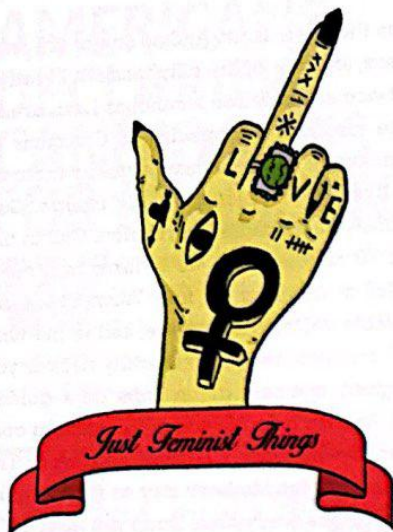
hol as they can drink. And as one of the only writers, and one of the only readers, I always get *twice as much* free alcohol as I can drink. We're also doing a special on *Craccum* at the moment: take one, take as many more as you like. *All completely free of charge*. Call 0210528385 for more information. Call in the next 10 minutes, and we'll throw in 5 more copies of *Craccum* for free. Wow! That's unbeatable value. What's more, call in the next FIVE minutes, and I'll personally deliver you a signed, special edition copy on a golden tray. And for only \$5, you might want to consider having your *Craccum* engraved. The perfect gift for Mother's day or for that person who has everything. Don't you just hate it, every year, scratching your head and asking yourself "what, just what, do you get the guy who has everything?" That age-old question. That old chestnut. We've all been *there*.) Anyway, friends, my shoes are old and battered.

I'm going to Hamilton tomorrow. I'm quite hysterical about it. Last time I went to Hamilton I received a fine of such psychopathic magnitude for breaching a liquor ban that I vowed never to return. A cop car came screaming out of the fog and about 17 gung-ho fuckwits jumped out and started yelling at me. FTP. They wrote me out a very humorous fine. A pantomime fine. I actually thought they were joking. When they were gone I ripped it up (FTP, FT System, FT Man), but they sent it in the mail anyway. It came in a huge package, in the back of an 18-wheeler. Five burly men set it down on the lawn. "phew", they said, "what you got in there mate?"

"Oh, that'll be my fine," I said, "I suppose I'll be needing a crane". They gave me odd looks. "Don't worry", I said, giving them my biggest smile, "I'm only three inches away from going off the rails completely!" They backed away. Tomorrow I return. I really am quite hysterical about it.

**"I LOCKED ALL THE DOORS, CLOSED THE CURTAINS, PUT ON MY SPECIAL LEISURE PANTS (PERFECT FOR ALL LEISURE SITUATIONS) AND LISTENED TO #SELFIE BY THE CHAINSMOKERS THREE TIMES. THEN I HAD DINNER AND AFTERWARDS I LISTENED TO IT AGAIN. I ENJOY IT IMMENSELY."**





## MENS RIGHTS

BY LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

**T**HE MEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT HAS A BAD rep. When I first went into it, I was quite shocked to learn that there are in fact, many serious issues facing men. The MRM has been labelled as a pretty misogynist movement, and though I wanted to respect the men's rights activists' community, they do a lot of great injustices to men everywhere. Now, I know it's easy to say that just because the MRM online communities contain some sexist content, that doesn't mean that that represents the whole movement itself.

But let me explain. I've been frequenting the two most prominent online communities and men's rights content sources, *A Voice for Men* and the */r/mensrights* subreddit over the past couple of weeks, trying to get a grasp of what exactly this community is about. Some of the things brought to light by the MRM are pretty legitimate. They often cite that sexual violence and rape against men is unreported, ridiculed or not taken seriously. Men are more likely to suffer from a workplace injury as opposed to women, more likely to die of cancer, more likely to commit suicide and more likely to lose custodial battles. Whoa. These are very serious issues! Why aren't we talking about this?

But wait, we are talking about this. To me, this is very much an important part of feminist discussion. Why is it that rape and violence against men isn't taken seriously? Why is it that suicide rates are higher for men? Or that they have fewer custodial rights than women? A large part of it is because people are still not taking gendered expectations and the harmful societal constructs of masculinity seriously. Isn't that what's basically influencing all of these inequalities anyway? Culture, society and media has constructed a really harmful image of men and manliness. Manli-

ness means that you are logical, emotionless, in control. Manliness means toughening up when life gets hard. A man never cries. A man never needs comfort and emotional support. And a man could never be abused by another woman or ever say no to sex because duuuuh, you're a man and that's not manly.

The inconsistencies in equal rights are often derived from harmful gender stereotypes and expectations, and that doesn't seem to be an exception for men. But the thing is, that this is what feminism tries to address as well, since it's an important issue regarding gender, and gender issues affect everybody. But the men's right movement fails to understand men's issues as symptoms of the patriarchy. They do not see how social constructions of gender have affected them too. Perhaps suicide rates are so high because men are constantly told to "man up" when the going gets tough. Perhaps workplace injuries occur to men more often because there is still an association between men and psychically dangerous and demanding jobs. Perhaps men fail to gain the same parental rights as women in custody battles because women are still tied to the image of family and housework much more than men are (though this is a gross oversimplification of the issue).

I would consider this pure obliviousness as opposed to ignorance if only the majority of the activists, who mostly center around North America, didn't also consider themselves anti-feminists (as do the women in this movement). "Feminism has gone too far", "Feminism has taken away our masculinity" and "Men are now experiencing oppression" are common themes to many of the articles on *AVM*. There seems to be very little willingness to work together with feminism to ensure a more or less egalitarian society. The hypocrisy and irony here is unreal. If you dismiss the experiences, hardships and issues of another group of people, it takes away a lot of the legitimacy from you. Why should people respect your opinions and protests when you refuse to respect a whole other movement that started off from a much worse off place than where you are now? It doesn't seem very fair.

Moreover, the MRM view is that women are now the privileged ones in society, controlling many aspects of life, but mostly aspects of the politics of marriage, children, sex and sexual violence. They even go as far to say that it is just as much a man's right as it's a woman's to go through with a pregnancy, and a consistently commenting critiquing the idea of consent. Not only that, but from watching a few videos on the leaders of the movement, rape is often thrown around lightly or is the punchline to a joke. "Oh god, Karen looks like she's just been raped" is an actual quote that came from a group of giggling women.

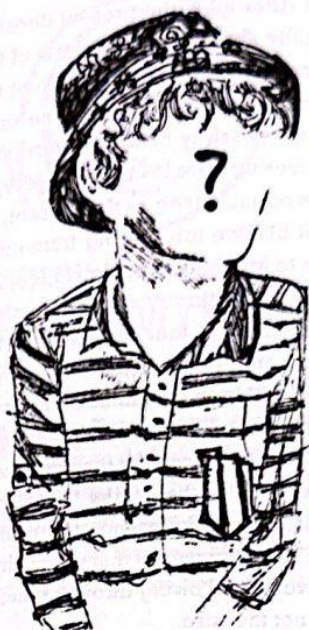
It's hard not to think of the Men's Rights Movement as extremely misogynistic, and even racist. I don't doubt that they care about some of the issues surrounding their gender and sex, but I don't really feel that it comes from a genuine concern for equal rights. It doesn't even seem like a movement that includes ALL men, because they have little input on the prejudice and discrimination of black or non-white males. They're not shy to comment on how women are supposedly reigning supreme in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, but they also have very little to say about how it was the other way around for many thousands of years before this, and how men are still dominant in almost every culture in the world.

I found that at the heart of this movement lies pure hate and anger towards women. When I was scrolling through *AVM* both on the site and on facebook, the following popped up: "Why Women Don't Need to Earn the Same as Men", "When Is It Okay to Punch Your Wife?" and "18 Reasons Not to Give Your Girl a Dime" with the first reason being "Because she's being an insufferable bitch". Paul Elam, the leader and creator of this organization, refers to them as 'satire'. In other articles in these communities, the use of the word whore, slut, gold-digger and bitch are not scarce, and the comments section always has a bounty of sexist slurs telling the gold digging whores that women are where their place is.

To me, that's a nice reminder that my place is in the feminist movement.

**"IT'S HARD NOT TO THINK OF THE MEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT AS EXTREMELY MISOGYNISTIC, AND EVEN RACIST."**





## STAYING IN CHARACTER

WITH CHRIS

**M**Y FRIEND MADE A QUIZ ABOUT ME ON Google Forms and I'm having an existential crisis. I know this is the most self-involved thing ever, but bear with me. He made a list of ten things I'd said recently, six real and four made up, and people had to guess which was which, and I'm in crisis. They couldn't do it. The statistical breakdown showed that at least 60% of quiz-takers thought the made up quotes were real.

At first it was surprising, and a bit funny, and to be honest even a little flattering. But that night in the shower (where all thoughts are had) it started to freak me out. Within a few months of interacting semi-regularly, an acquaintance had become familiar enough with my patterns of thought and speech to accurately pass his facsimiles off as the real deal. Overwhelmed by emotional turmoil I slipped. Hit my head, passed out. Had a vision, ten to twenty-five years in the future, Joaquin Phoenix falling in love with a computer program that had been given my personality. And this despite my being totally willing to love Joaquin Phoenix in person. Goddamn computers, taking everything good.

I woke up, dried my hair. Bandaged the wound. Never slept again. I couldn't, because of this quiz. I tossed and turned, crushed at being predictable enough for an imposter to fool 78.6% of respondents. Knowing one day I would be replaced by this Google Form, which offered more mildly-amusing one-liners than I ever could without a jarringly skeletal physique or twitchy mannerisms.

But the paranoid insecurity wasn't just directed outwards. I was wracked with guilt. If my perspective and manner of speaking were distinctive-but-simplistic enough to pick up for the time it took to write four questions, it was feasible that I'd just done the same at some point without noticing it.

It's the classic coming of age story — innocent child becomes awkward adolescent, craves acceptance, says or does one or two things that get a couple laughs, and subconsciously restructures their entire existence around repeating those moments, recapturing that high.

Though not everyone's personality is constructed from their own traits. Everyone knows at least a few Teen Hitchens-es, who smoke cigarettes, take philosophy, and proclaim razor-sharp witticisms about religious people they've never seen or spoken to. And get hostile around each other, because there's more supply than demand for their schtick and they're diluting one another's market share. There's gym douches, who try to bulk their insecurities away but just end up constantly telling you about protein and their strength, as desperate to convince themselves as anyone else. Wellington's full of down-to-earth, artistically-minded students, who keep their knitwear on in summer and know a great deal about art house films (and have even seen one or two, or at least bought the posters).

There's nothing wrong with being an atheist, or an aesthete, or from Wellington, but the second you start telling people it starts looking untrue. Informing strangers that you're a film buff or intellectual prodigy just seems totally lacking in humility or self-awareness. Which is odd, because those are attractive personality traits, and self-awareness in particular seems necessary to recognising that you are one of those things.

Everyone wants to be authentic and original, but not as much as they want to be whichever archetype they're most attracted to. Which presumably is true, even for those archetypes. Hitchens supposedly modelled himself on George Orwell. George Clooney did the same with Carey Grant, and Tony Abbott was based on the evil king from Eragon. Adam was made in the image of God, who was in turn merely anticipating the arrival of Drake. Motherf\*\*\*\*ers never loved us.

But if we're all consciously curating our persona, at least partially, it's hypocritical to judge others for it. Our derision doesn't punish the insincere construction of identity, merely doing it badly. I'd like to think personality is just an assemblage of traits and perspective accumulated between birth and now. But by letting us notice how hard you're projecting your ideal self you're forcing us to think about how hard we're working to do the same.

**“HITCHENS SUPPOSEDLY MODELLED HIMSELF ON GEORGE ORWELL. GEORGE CLOONEY DID THE SAME WITH CAREY GRANT, AND TONY ABBOTT WAS BASED ON THE EVIL KING FROM ERAGON. ADAM WAS MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD, WHO WAS IN TURN MERELY ANTICIPATING THE ARRIVAL OF DRAKE.”**





KANT OR WON'T?

## WELCOME TO FOREVER

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

**W**E'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO the idea that you might be irreversibly, involuntarily immortal. Not in any scientific or medical way, but in a philosophical sense. This neither detracts from your immortality nor means that your immortality can't be proven using physics. All it means is that we're not talking about you never dying. You will die. As will everyone else. Just being born in the first place is enough to ensure philosophical eternity for you.

This is obviously a puzzling proposition. By a linear understanding of time, people are alive in the period between their birth and their death and dead afterwards. This means

that, eventually, when the universe reaches a certain point in time, people can no longer be said to be alive. While this notion is certainly intuitive, it relies on a premise that has been cast into doubt with the discovery of Einstein's general theory of relativity. That premise is this: that the universe only "truly" exists in the present moment and nowhere else.

This assumption has begun to be challenged by philosophers and physicists in the last few decades and has now formed its own debate entirely. This is the ongoing battle between *Presentism* and *Eternalism*. While *Presentism* represents the view of time described above, *Eternalism* represents the opposite. *Eternalists* believe that time exists in a similar way to the three spacial dimensions. It can have a large number of points along it all existing at once, without being said to "be" at one point. They say that there is no such thing as the "present" and that all points in time exist simultaneously (for lack of a better word). To an outsider looking in, the universe would look like a big mass of stuff all hanging still, but also simultaneously existing at every point ever.

This theory is backed up by Einstein's dis-

covery. After all, if the present doesn't exist identically across different parts of the universe and time can run at different rates in different locations, how can one universal "present" possibly exist? The obvious issue that comes up here is our own perception. There is no such thing as the present, why do we feel like we are moving from one point in time to another? Why do we feel like the universe flows through change, rather than just "existing" in four dimensions? The answer lies in the fact that we, ourselves, are trapped within the confines of the fourth dimension. At any one point along the dimension, a human perceiving the universe would believe itself to be in the "true" present since it cannot experience the past or the future. This only means that we, at any point, perceive to be flowing through time, even if that is not the case.

If this is true, the implication is that we are eternal. The points in time that exist after our deaths are no more real than the points at which we are alive. The universe does not move along the fourth dimension from start to finish. Rather, like the three spatial dimensions, it contains all points along it, existing side by side simultaneously. Welcome to forever.

**"THE POINTS IN TIME THAT EXIST AFTER OUR DEATHS ARE NO MORE REAL THAN THE POINTS AT WHICH WE ARE ALIVE."**



GLITTER AND CLUDGE

## EMAIL ANXIETY

BY TESSA NADEN

**A** LONG TIME AGO I USED TO GET INCREDIBLY anxious in social situations with strange people. Part of me still does. Sometimes there's still that little voice in my head telling me I'm just an embarrassing and awkward fuckwit, I can never come back here, how terrible I am, yadda yadda. Mostly, I've gotten over that — without alcohol. But I'm still terrified of one thing: emails.

I wouldn't define it as a phobia, or an overriding fear. I'm simply terrified of reading or replying to emails, particularly when I'm organising something. Truth be told, organising shit is scary — worst case scenario is constantly playing in my head, and it's always about how terrible everything is going to be and that I've not done enough work. It's this chilly, greenish feeling that crawls up the base of my spine and occupies it. It's unpleasant. And thus we come to emails. Now, I'm notorious at being bad at emails. And procrastinating — I've put off things I really shouldn't have, time and time again. I have 3 half-finished articles sitting in my documents, and I put off continuing to write each one of them. I enjoy writing! Heck, I even manage to procrastinate playing video games in some epic feat of laziness. If I actually applied myself, imagine what I'd get done in the time I spend watching cat videos and procrastinating!

But emails are the worst. They're like letters, but with impossible rules. How formal should this one be? Should my email signature really be 'Regards, Tessa'? Is this person angry I've taken two days to send an email back? Did I remember to click send? Is this person, with the depersonalised, yet direct form of communication that is email, going to tell me I'm a useless sack of shit who couldn't organize a piss-up in a bar (and the sensible part of my brain reminds me I've done that several times)? Every time I hit send, I'm a little bit terrified. I don't understand why — approaching the same people in person doesn't make me want to do this. So why the email phobia? I honestly have no idea. Maybe I should make a visit to the university health services to treat my problem. Maybe I should get over myself. At this point, I'm really not sure.

**"IT'S THIS CHILLY, GREENISH FEELING THAT CRAWLS UP THE BASE OF MY SPINE AND OCCUPIES IT. IT'S UNPLEASANT."**





NTM PRESENTS...

## HAKA DEMYSTIFIED

BY C. BENNETT

**T**HE HAKA. THAT VIOLENT WAR DANCE THAT Māori men do before battles (or rugby games) with throat slitting, stomping, punching, and chest clawing — all obviously to portray the performers' bloodlust and to strike fear into the hearts of their foes.

Because that is what every haka is saying, isn't it? "I will smash your head and eat your brains".

Well what if I told you that today, haka are less about working yourself into battle frenzy and more about delivering messages surrounding political stances, social issues and even environmental viewpoints? You are more likely to have statistics and facts bellowed at you than threats of bodily harm.

Don't believe me? Try looking up the translation service, *Hakarongo Mai*, who live-translate performances as they unfurl on stage at haka competitions. Watching teams perform with one ear tuned in to *Hakarongo Mai* is like having your eyes opened for the very first time. You know that scene on *Twilight* when Bella opens her newly vamp'd eyes and can see so sharply that even new colours exist? Yeah, it's like that.

The throat slitting action you just watched is now actually a depiction of youth suicide — a major issue among young Māori that this team is saying can be tackled by opening up the lines of communications between youth and their wider families.

The team clawing their chests? They are using the action to mimic the way foreign companies are ripping open their ancestral land to mine for gold — an act of desecration they feel so keenly it's as if they too were being ripped open.

The team viciously punching their fists into their hands? They are expressing the way they, as Māori, feel downtrodden and belittled by their portrayal in the media through news stories and stereotypes.

Thanks to services such as *Hakarongo Mai*, haka and their messages are no-longer shrouded in mystery for the majority, left to the interpretation of Western-centric eyes who sort what they see into the "violent war-dance" category. The true modern-day purpose of haka as indigenous persuasive writing (and expression) can now be fully realised by all who care to be informed. If decision-makers ever wanted to canvass the opinions of their Māori constituency all they would have to do is toddle along to their nearest kapa haka competition and take notes.

But that's the key, isn't it? *Those who want to be informed*. Many hot-shot politicians and local government officials were seen in the crowd at Te Matatini (national kapa haka championships) this year. Smiling and nodding at the beautiful ladies and fearsome warriors on stage... I wonder how many took up the opportunity offered by *Hakarongo Mai* and actually tuned in to listen to the issues being laid bare? Issues usually aimed squarely at those same people of power smiling and nodding along. Or did they just sit in ignorance and marvel at the aggressive war dance — which must just be talking about violence and bloodlust? I mean, look at those actions!



## CATULLUS

AUSTRALASIAN WOMEN IN ANCIENT WORLD STUDIES

**H**ELLO! THIS IS THE FIRST COLUMN FOR AWAWs (Australasian Women in Ancient World Studies), an organisation that aims for gender equity and diversity in the study of the ancient world. Each week we will have a column on something you might not know about Classics or Ancient History.

This week we are looking at a poem that breaks all the rules of gender. It was written by Catullus, a Roman poet living in the 1<sup>st</sup> century BC, who wrote about 116 surviving poems. Poem 63 is particularly interesting because it plays with the relationships between sex, perceived gender and grammatical gender.

In this poem, a young man called Attis joins

the cult of the goddess Cybele. Unfortunately for Attis, the prerequisites for joining this cult are: 1) leaving his homeland, and 2) self-castration. Ouch.

First, a quick grammar lesson. In Latin, all adjectives are either masculine, feminine, neuter, or common gender (masculine and feminine).

The super interesting thing about this poem is that the grammatical genders of the adjectives applied to Attis change once he castrates himself. Before his castration, Catullus describes Attis with exclusively masculine adjectives. But after the castration, Catullus presents Attis' gender identity as changeable and ambiguous.

For the modern reader, this occurs in three main ways.

First, Catullus describes Attis with both masculine and feminine adjectives following the castration, in roughly equal numbers. Attis' grammatical gender is masculine in at least nine instances, and feminine at least eight.

The second issue of gender identity is to do with the manuscripts of poem 63. The manuscripts contained many errors and the copyists often altered the text for intelligibility. As

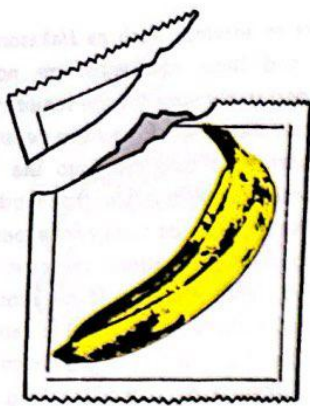
a result, the surviving manuscripts vary in the genders of six adjectives in poem 63. Modern editors go even further, usually publishing these six words as either all feminine or all masculine, which tends to portray Attis' as either gender overall (if that is what the modern reader is looking for).

The last way Catullus plays with Attis' gender in poem 63 is through two adjectives which could be either feminine, describing Attis, or neuter, describing a different word in the line.

So overall, Catullus' variation of grammatical genders, occasional ambiguous gendering and the issues in the manuscript tradition all contribute to Attis' undefined gender. This fluidity questions the relationships between the status of Attis' genitalia, his perceived gender, and the adjectives describing him in Latin.

In my opinion, we should not be trying to pinpoint exactly which gender Attis is at what point. We should not be reading the poem with the question in mind, 'but what are you really?' but rather we should try to appreciate and enjoy the gendered language as an aspect of Attis' characterisation, and Catullus' skill as a poet.





## TAKING THE PUSS CHERRY JAM

BY MONA DAHL

**T**HERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.  
Then there's the first time.

In Moscow, President Putin having a birthday party. In Mong Kok, Honk Kong students were making a scene with rain gear. In East Auckland, Hong Kong students were cramming for A-level Bio. The world thus distracted, the Penetrator (at this time merely the French-Kisser) and I, with studied casualness, mutually lost our Vs.

Like a B-grade essay, every sexual debut has a tentative introduction, a ton of great body and a somewhat rushed and confusing conclusion. Here is the event, from top to bottom and both sides.

Penetrator, what did you think was going to happen that balmy afternoon?

"I didn't think I was going to get to put my thing in your thing. Wasn't planning to. But ended up Bornu. So yeah".

I google Bornu and make the assumption he meant to type 'horny', discovering some ludicrously obscure African history on the way (autocorrect, when will you let us sext with confidence??? Duck). Where the lad lacked the *mens rea*, I had premeditated. I had a condom from Gay Pride in the drawer, gingerly but determinedly hidden for the last nine months. I had an Elle Macpherson bra. I had exams, goddamn, and the achievement of life milestones seemed like a legitimate reason not to study.

We lay. We made out. We didn't like each other at the time.

"You'll probably never see me again", said P, romantically. "I have exams, then away the whole summer, then Uni".

It's this or Craigslist, I thought. "So... do you want to do it?" asked your correspondent, an eyebrow cocked.

"OK".

I handed him the cosseted blue foil and he hunched away to apply its flimsy contents.

I lay back and thought about de Bottom. thought "urgh I hope I don't do something stupid".

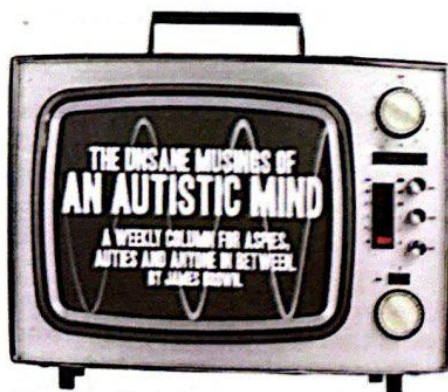
Despite being a feminist, the PIV part Hu I was indignant. I put on a sexy face anyway and somehow the two of us managed to be up the performance for more than an hr. My impressed view of this was shattered his later thought-confession: "Is there something wrong with my dick? Cause I ain't feeling shit [stay safe kids]".

I was feeling shit. The sensation was sticking a Q-tip too far into your ear and I pee urge was overwhelming. Needless to say no one came that day — eventually, we stopped. The sad, unemployed little cond was flushed and we went upstairs for crumpets.

Asked for his thoughts post-defloration, Penetrator comments "I thought, I hope she enjoyed it, 'cause I felt like I was doing awkward push-ups naked".

After he'd gone, I took a handful of peano back to my room and post-meditated. I didn't get this sex hype at all. Wtf? What a scam messaged an experienced friend about "Ah well", he typed. "Atleast I got the ur fir time out if eBay".

He was right. At least I'd got my first time out of the way.



## ISSUE X UNSANE MUSINGS

**T**HE NATIONAL NEWS IS ALMOST ENTIRELY dominated by local news stories that rarely have any meaning for our daily lives, and often goes overboard on things that no-one particularly cares about. Such was the case on the 3rd of May, when all the news shows were drowned in a tide of Royal Baby Mania, as the world went gaga for the birth of yet another mouth to feed in this over-

crowded planet of ours. While I myself have some monarchist leanings (As a long-time student of History, the royals offer a goldmine of material to read on) it swiftly grew to be too much and left me depressed as to the state of our national news that in a world full of news, that was all they had to talk about for about a quarter of the entire hour.

Of course all this has once more stirred the endless debate over the future of our country, and whether we will be a republic, with Andrew Little quoted as saying that our head of State should be a New Zealander. Now I think that would be a bad thing, and here are my reasons as to why.

Do we really want a local as our head of state? First we'd need a presidential palace or some other fancy building for them to live in. Then we'd need to invent stuff for them to do, so they'd be going around the country. That would make them into a fixture of our lives. And then the biggest problem would come out. Our Head of State would be a New Zealander, and from my admitted-

ly limited experience we don't do that good a job on that front. Imagine for example: John Key was our Head of State. Would we want a Head of State who pulls on people's ponytails? With the royals, at least they're out of the way and distant, not a part of our daily lives. They have a mystique to them that makes them admirable as representatives. A New Zealand President however would by necessity be a visible part of our nation, and given our track record would most likely be a perpetual embarrassment. Do we want the world to look down on us further? We're a global joke as it is. The royals are proven, out of the way, far from our thoughts, and give us more freedom than any local-born head of state ever would. So I think we shouldn't be in a rush to become a republic. Republics mean we have to represent ourselves, and given what I've seen of how we're seen overseas that wouldn't be a very good thing until we get someone who can command international respect. Which should be about the time moas return from the dead and all the treaty claims are finally settled.



# JUSTICE PRESENTS

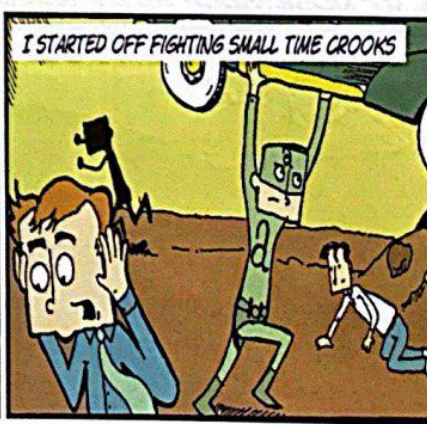
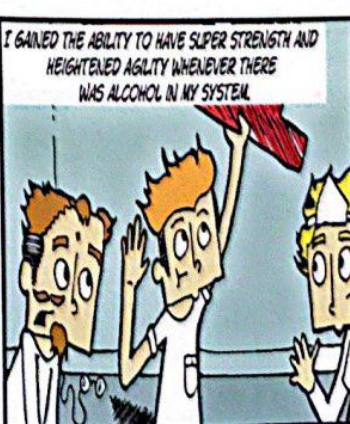
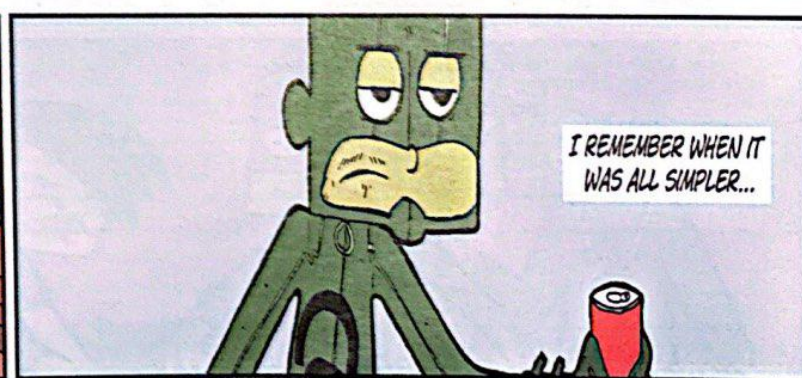
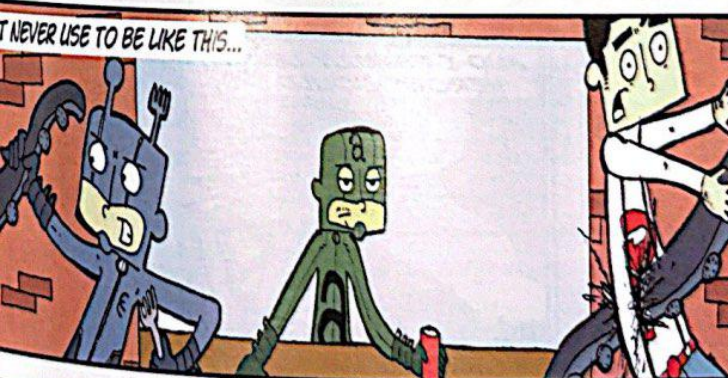
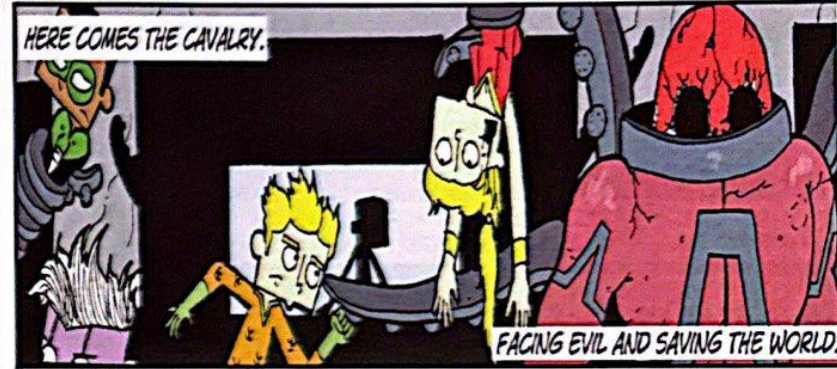
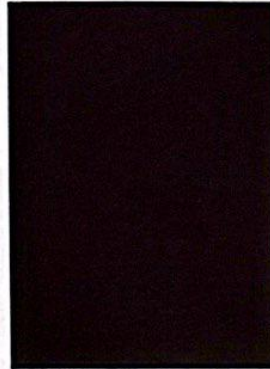
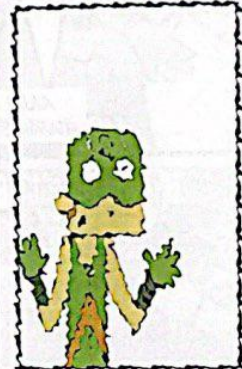
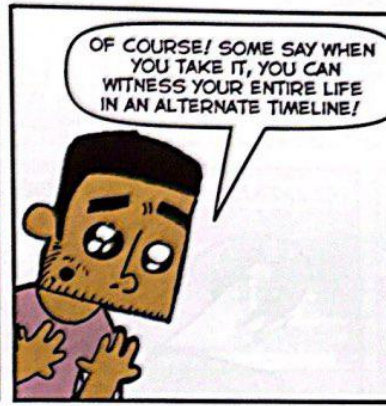
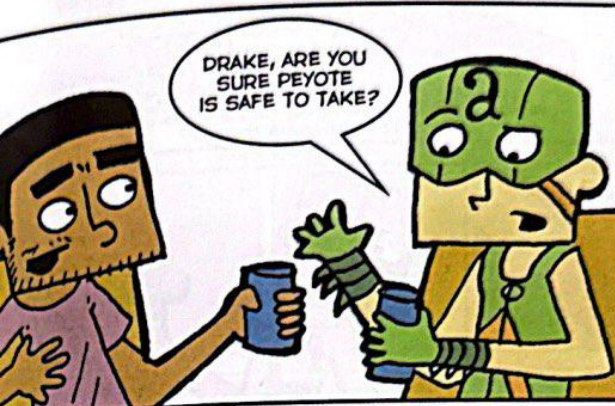


CAPTAIN  
ALCOHOLISM



& DRAKE IN

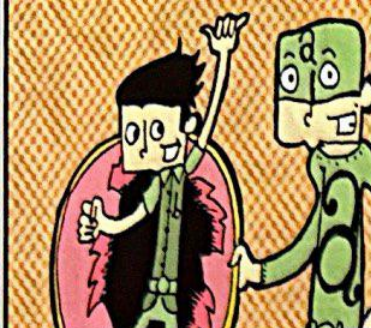
# DAYS OF FUTURE PEYOTE!







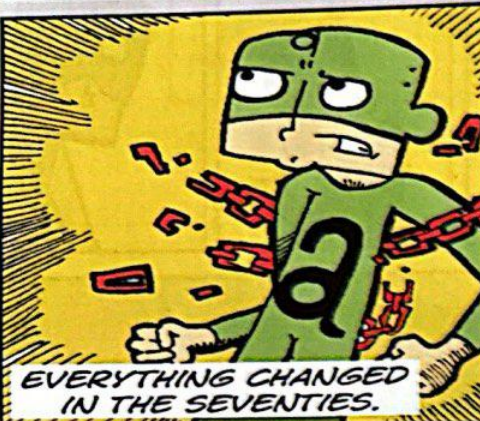
BUT MOVED ONTO ZANER ADVENTURES WITH OTHER HEROES.



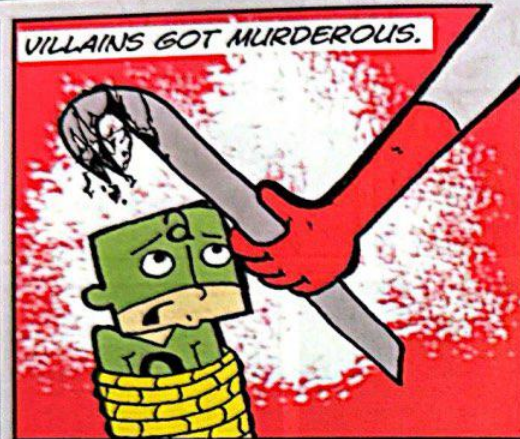
AND I GAINED A SIDEKICK, BINGEDRINK BOY!



FIGHTING OFF FOUR COLORED ROUSTES WITH MY YOUNG WARD, THOSE WERE THE GOLDEN YEARS...



EVERYTHING CHANGED IN THE SEVENTIES.



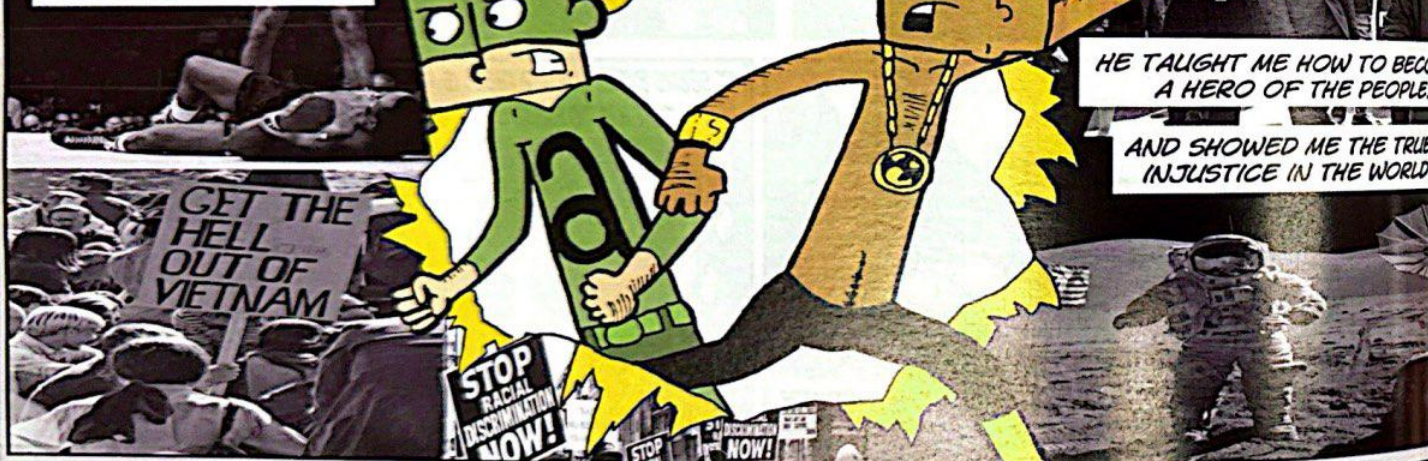
VILLAINS GOT MURDEROUS.



AND NEW SOCIALLY AWARE HEROES AROSE

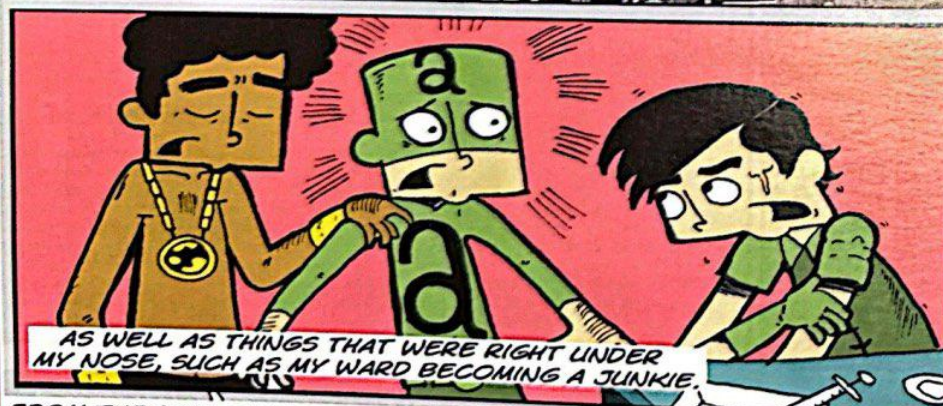
ONE SUCH HERO WAS BLACK POWERS, A HERO WHO COULD CONTROL DARKNESS.

HE QUICKLY BECAME MY BEST FRIEND.

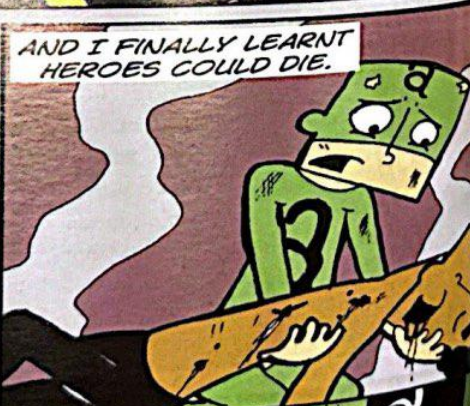


HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO BECOME A HERO OF THE PEOPLE.

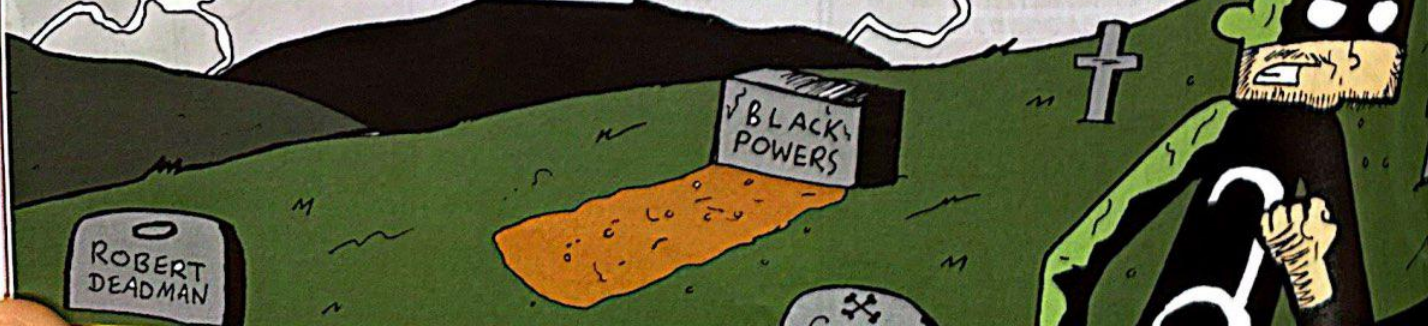
AND SHOWED ME THE TRUE INJUSTICE IN THE WORLD



AS WELL AS THINGS THAT WERE RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE, SUCH AS MY WARD BECOMING A JUNKIE.



AND I FINALLY LEARNT HEROES COULD DIE.



FROM THEN ON, THINGS GOT A LOT DARKER...

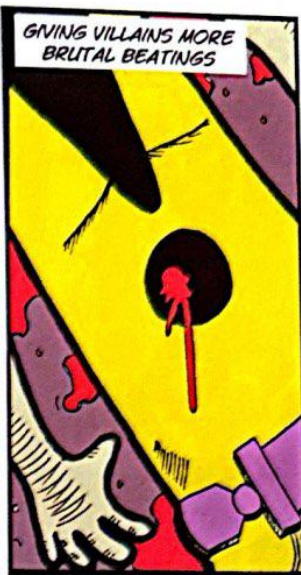




I MEAN REALLY DARK.



WE ATTACKED FROM THE SHADOWS.



GIVING VILLAINS MORE BRUTAL BEATINGS



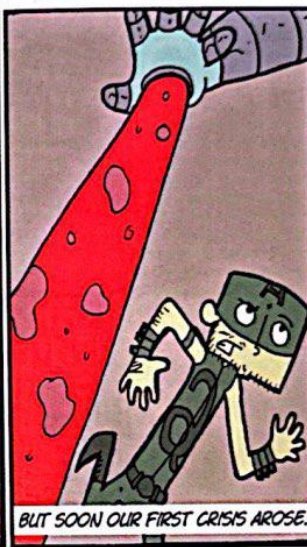
WE BECAME ANTI-HEROES.



AND VILLAINS NO LONGER ONLY WORE COSTUMES.



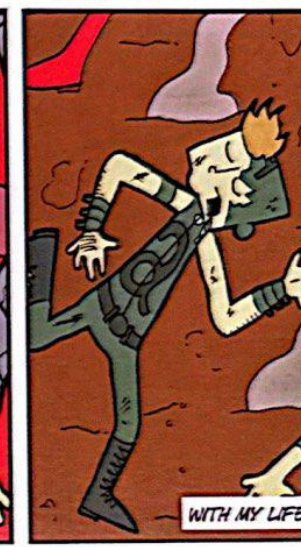
SOMETIMES MURDER WAS THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THE INNOCENT SAFE.



BUT SOON OUR FIRST CRISIS AROSE.



AND I MADE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE.



WITH MY LIFE.



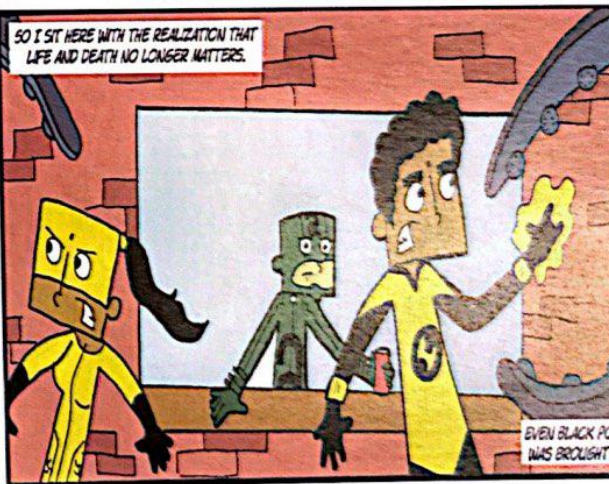
BUT I WAS REVIVED IN THE NINETIES.



BUT WITH SO MANY CRISIS'S I DIED EVERY THREE YEARS.

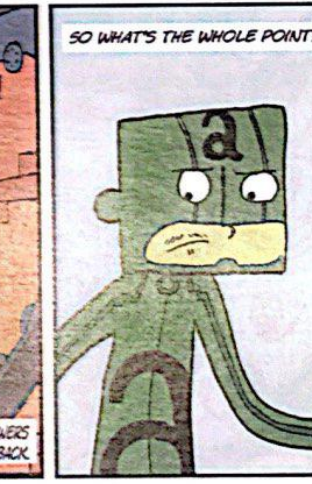


AT ONE POINT FIGHTING EVIL FRIGDES INTENT ON KILLING WOMEN.

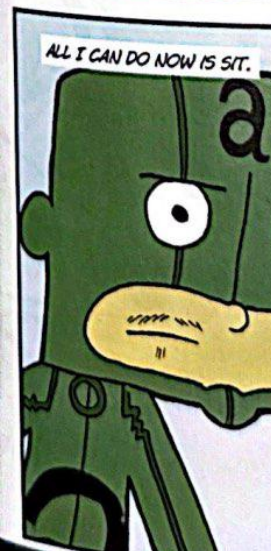


SO I SIT HERE WITH THE REALIZATION THAT LIFE AND DEATH NO LONGER MATTERS.

EVEN BLACK POWERS WAS BROUGHT BACK.



SO WHAT'S THE WHOLE POINT?



ALL I CAN DO NOW IS SIT.



WOW.



THAT WAS SO SURREAL! HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP DRAKE?









# TORTURE: A MATTER OF DEGREE

BY SELWYN FRASER

*"I woke up, naked, strapped to a bed, in a very white room...I was given no solid food during the first two or three weeks, while sitting on the chair...sometimes the music stopped and was replaced by a loud hissing or crackling noise... if I started to fall asleep one of the guards would come and spray water in my face".*

- The torture account of Zayn al-Abidin  
Muhammad Husayn.

**I** REMEMBER LISTENING TO BARACK OBAMA'S Nobel Peace Prize speech and feeling rather inspired. In his characteristically erudite fashion, he announced that he had "prohibited torture". Here was a defender of human rights. A man who cared, a man with principles. But not once did I ask myself: 'what right does he have to prohibit torture?' In celebrating Obama's decision to end torture, I was tacitly accepting that George Bush had the right to order it. Torture was a policy decision; Obama had merely supported the right policy.

By this stage you are no doubt expecting a straight down the line liberal critique. Something that sounds a little like this:

*'All decent people understand torture to be a moral anathema and a breach of human rights. By tolerating or even authorising it, our political leaders have betrayed our trust and abused their office. This must stop. Pragmatic excuses*

*and political blustering notwithstanding – we, the people, must stop it.'*

**"EVEN IN  
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OFFICIALS."**

You are probably expecting to hear idealistic absolutism. A trumpet call to which the liberal, human-rights loving students will cry 'hear, hear!' In these thoughts, however, I want to sound a different note. Not because the trumpet is out of tune or the call ineffectual. There is great value in reminding a deaf and forgetful world of the music of its own dearly cherished convictions.

But that is precisely what I find so interesting and disturbing: how the sheer wrongness of torture is one of these 'convictions'. For everyone condemns torture. In international law, and almost all domestic law, torture is about as illegal as you can get. And rightly so, our collective conscience says. No matter how loudly liberals demonise their opponents, the fact remains that no one *really* thinks torture is ok; or, to grant the occasional psychopath who does, there are very, very few. So it's no good telling off 'the establishment'. Political leaders are aware that torture is wrong as much as we are. We know they know.

Yet torture goes on. Not just in war-torn countries like Nigeria where, according to Amnesty International, torture has become "such an integral part of policing that many stations have an informal torture officer". Even in Western, supposedly 'enlightened', liberal democracies, torture is still practised at the direct or indirect request of government officials. Now I can picture you reading this state-



believe in progress and pluralism, tolerance and freedom", the relativist-liberal begins to itch. They want to cry out:

*'Who gave Bush the right to define right and wrong? Since when was morality synonymous with American foreign policy? Oh, and while we're on the topic, don't forget that this kind of rhetorical moralism has covered over a multitude of sins and hypocrisies.'*

We need these voices. But their decrimal of hypocrisy demonstrates the shortcomings of relativism: no one believes in it. No one is capable of consistent relativism. Only someone who believes that killing innocent Iraqis or torturing guilty Muslim terrorists is morally wrong can complain about American hypocrisy. If morality means nothing, why complain? Or, rather, what are you complaining about? One moment a relativist will criticise America for contriving morality to suit their foreign policy interests and conning their own people into seeing themselves as the goodies, on the one hand, and the Iraqis, on the other. Look, they say, morality is man-made and means nothing. But in the next sentence they will condemn America for abusing human rights, and for their hypocrisy, as if they really were, objectively, in the wrong.

So relativism won't do, but what about pragmatism? Life is complicated, pragmatists say, shaded in grey rather than black and white. Yes, life is complicated. But we all know this response is a cop-out. Even if we are to be utilitarians, we must *prove* that the end has justified the means. Let me explain. The debate rages on about whether torture did or even could procure any useful information. The Senate report suggests that it didn't. Torture scenes in *24*, *Homeland* and *Zero Dark Thirty* beg to differ. Either way, as much as a messy world makes for messy ethics, surely some things – like torture – cannot be justified by a greater 'end'.

Then there is indifference. This describes all of us to some extent. In a world with so much wrong, it's just too hard to care about everyone and everything all the time. But no one, I hope, is proud of themselves for this attitude. And so finally we come to 'liberal anger' – a term which sounds altogether more sympathetic than 'angry liberals'. I've already described this in the quote above. Now I want to point out two of its distinctive features. First, society and its government is always reified – turned into a 'thing' rather than a collection of people – and then kept at arm's length from the one making the critique. It's the old 'us-them' paradigm again. Liberal anger vilifies 'those mean and nasty conservatives' (whether religious or polit-

# "SOCIETY CAN DENOUNCE TORTURE AS ILLEGAL AND IMMORAL WHILE ROUTINELY PRACTISING IT BECAUSE, WELL, THAT'S WHAT WE HUMANS DO."

ical) or 'those cruel and unprincipled politicians'. The second distinctive feature is a strong and unwavering belief in the myth of progress. History is going somewhere, toward a better and brighter future. You hear this when people speak of torture being a blight on 'our generation' or on 'this stage of history'. Or where people say torture 'turns back the clocks' to some time (pity their pre-enlightened souls) before people knew that torture was immoral.

Can you see what these four attitudes share in common? They all shift the blame. The relativists do this by scrapping any moral standards against which they might be found guilty; the pragmatists by watering them down with talk of greater, more important 'ends'. The liberals reify and vilify the enemy as retrograde and cast themselves as the harbingers of continued progress. The indifferent just ignore the issue altogether. These attitudes are all inadequate in explaining institutionalised hypocrisy. The reason why is obvious: they are inadequate. Society is a collection of people and politicians are ordinary people like you and me. Society can denounce torture as illegal and immoral while routinely practising it because, well, that's what we humans do. Politicians can preach one thing and practise another because, again, in this regard they are no different from us.

In his famous speech, 'What to the Slave is the Fourth of July', Frederick Douglass, one of the foremost abolitionists of his time, exposes the hypocrisy of Nineteenth Century America. "The existence of slavery in this country," he says, "brands your republicanism as a sham, your humanity as a base pretence, and your Christianity as a lie". But he never reifies the problem. He knows institutionalised hypocrisy exists because individual hypocrisy exists. Professing Christians receive the worst of his fiery criticism: "we have men-stealers for ministers, woman-whippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for church members."

Here's the point. A 'Christian' society could

order the whipping of slaves while singing hymns of liberation because that's what its individuals were doing. The 'civilised' world can act with equal hypocrisy concerning torture for the same reasons. Because individuals denounce violence but commit violence to their neighbours. Denounce bullying but hurt their loved ones with callous words. Denounce the infliction of gratuitous pain on another but (in our worst moments) fantasise about the pain of people we don't like. Denounce racism but look down on those who are different.

One academic has commented that society should allow the government to act 'extra-legally' in emergency situations in order to protect national security, provided they are open about what they have done and why. He wants to let society be the judge. Initially, I liked the idea. It makes sense to give those in power a little wiggle-room for difficult moral decisions, and to force society to confront those issues head on. But on reflection, I think it overlooks the key point: our political leaders engage in double-speak because we do. They will not open up and be honest because we don't. How can society bear to face up to its own collective shortcomings if we, as individuals, cannot face up to our own. None of us like mirrors, no matter what their size.

But foundational to groups like Alcoholics Anonymous is the belief that the first step to recovery – and usually the hardest step – is admitting you have a problem. Clear thinking about torture begins from the same place. Not just in recognising that our Western 'society' and its 'political leaders' are engaging in barefaced hypocrisy – this is not news, we all know this – but in the broken-hearted recognition that we are too. We civilised, enlightened, democratic, human-rights loving folk 'torture' our friends, family, and strangers. You may baulk at my use of the word 'torture', and think we are talking about different categories here. But they are not different, really. I think it's merely a matter of degree.



ment – I do not for one moment imagine you leaping up from your seat in horror. I would be surprised if you even raised an eyebrow. All I am saying is so well known that it sounds almost trite.

Hollywood takes for granted the reality of politically-sanctioned torture. More concretely, the US Senate recently released a 480 page report on the CIA's use of torture following the September 11 attacks. Some call this report the "most important federal document since the Pentagon Papers". But we've heard similar revelations before. It's nothing new to expose the dark underbelly of liberal, democratic governments. Heck, in his own memoirs Bush admits – unashamedly declares, actually – that he personally gave the order for the waterboarding of detainees.

Still, many suggest government-sanctioned torture is a September 11 peculiarity. After September 11, they say, 'everything changed'. From the dust and chaos of the fallen towers emerged a very different world with very different rules and expectations. At this point the well-practiced liberal line is that the US massively overreacted, with the rest of the Western world following suit. Politicians and housewives alike began to fret over unknown and unknowable threats, but threats that were closing in fast from every direction. Vice President Cheney spoke about "the one-percent doctrine": if there is but a one percent chance of terrorists acquiring weapons of mass destruction, the US government must respond as if it were a certainty. It is not

**"HOW IS SOMETHING SO  
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hard to see how such thinking might lead a nation to rashly commit to a long and, at least in hindsight, pointless war. (It is arguable that similar thinking is discernable in New Zealand's recent decision to engage ISIS, but that's another article.) Former National Coordinator for Security, Infrastructure Protection, and Counterterrorism, Richard Clarke, sums up the post-September 11 response in two words: "we panicked". Of course, others will argue America's aggressive response was more considered, necessary and successful than this quote suggests. Whatever the case may be, there is no denying that in their zeal for 'national security', the US government compromised both moral principles and long-cherished civil liberties. One writer, Mark Danner, has coined the phrase "state of exception" to capture the phenomena. He says the unique characteristics present in a state of emergency became part of the fabric

of the post-September 11 world, and were incorporated into the warp and woof of culture, politics, and public morality.

I think he overstates his case. Sure, in emergency states will tolerate – and, historically always have – a greater curtailment of traditional rights and values than its citizens would normally put up with. Yet there have always been gross discrepancies between reality, on the one hand, and what is commonly affirmed as moral or legal on the other. Moral and legal ideals have never matched the practice of flesh and blood politicians. So no, I don't think the collapse of the twin towers – as horrible as it was – explains our lack of surprise or horror at the use of torture. Listen again to Zubaydah's account:

*"I was strapped down very tightly with belts. A black cloth was then placed over my face and the interrogators used a mineral water bottle to pour water on the cloth so I could not breathe."*

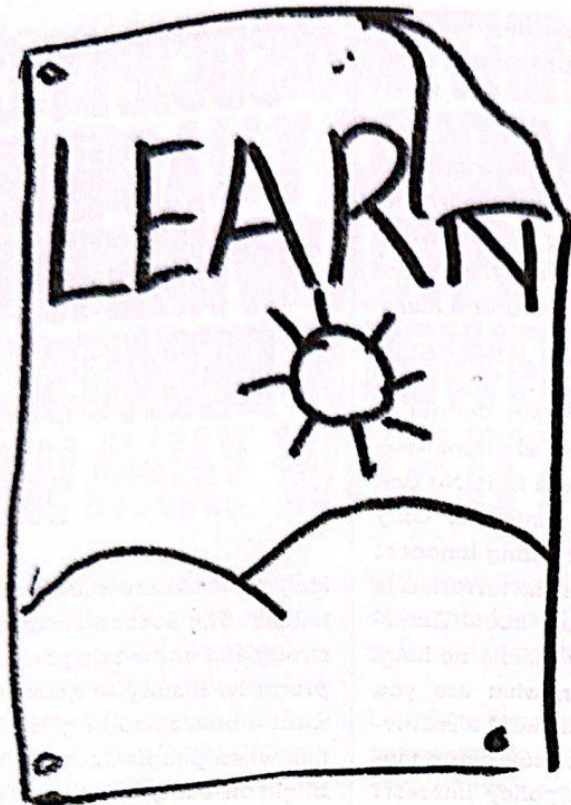
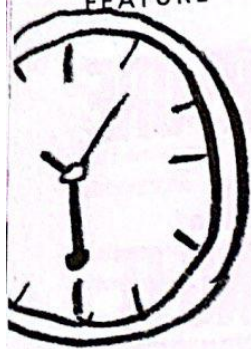
Waterboarding is illegal and immoral. We know this. Now the questions: how is something so universally condemned so routinely practiced? How do those in power get away with it? Above all, how do we explain the quiet yet disquieting discrepancy between convictions and reality?

I think most people's attitudes to torture can be lumped into four categories: relativism, pragmatism, indifference and, to coin a phrase, 'liberal anger'. People typically combine these responses in interesting yet contradictory ways.

First, the relativists attack the moral principles themselves. Outright relativism asks who are we to say torture is wrong? What is right and wrong anyway? But blatant relativism is rare. More common is relativism hitched onto a liberal critique that the triumphant, self-righteous moralism of America is not real morality. When George Bush declared in his 'War on Terror' speech that this is "civilization's fight...the fight of all who

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# NOTES FROM A FAILED ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT: THE RISE AND RISE OF INEQUALITY IN NZ

## PART 1 - EDUCATION

BY BEVAN MORGAN

### WHY INEQUALITY?

Inequality has become such a mainstream issue that even Barack Obama, who as American President is the International High Priest for the religion of capitalism, has jumped on the anti-inequality bandwagon. Armed with gusto and sweeping rhetoric he actually claimed that inequality is now the 'defining challenge of our time.' This really says something about how prominently this issue has come to the fore internationally. One of the main reasons inequality has grown in prominence so much is that large swathes of people have started to wake up to the fact that it is not simply an issue that affects only the poor. As inequality spreads, it creates a continuous feedback loop of economic devastation, in the same way a malignant tumour physically devastates a body. And like a tumour, the only way to make sure that seemingly harmless looking lump on the periphery doesn't become fatal, is to intervene early and take as much preventative action as possible.

Solutions to help curb inequality are absurdly simple, yet because we have been in the early stages of gestation for so long, they have often seemed unnecessary to entire sectors of the population. This has led to a perverse situation where the way that we tackle the question of inequality in New Zealand is akin to trying to grow food in a drought by

planting tyres and watering them with gasoline and fire. For example - New Zealand is currently a country where minimum wage workers have to face zero hour contracts, but then have secondary taxation lobbed on to their pay when they are forced to work a

**"AS INEQUALITY SPREADS, IT CREATES A CONTINUOUS FEEDBACK LOOP OF ECONOMIC DEVASTATION, IN THE SAME WAY A MALIGNANT TUMOUR PHYSICALLY DEVASTATES A BODY."**

second thankless job to try and make ends meet. On the flip side of this we have a zero percent capital gains tax rate which means that the wealthiest in our society don't actually pay any tax on the millions they accrue from their investments, while they still take advantage of the infrastructure they refuse to pay for. Last year for example, John Key earned about five million dollars from his investments which meant he paid about 2.8% tax on his total income. In comparison a minimum wage worker was more likely to have paid closer to 30%.

But the sickeningly ironic part is that despite the fact this neo-liberal capitalist fundamentalism is supposedly in the name of growth, this religious approach to economics has destroyed growth. According to the OECD between 1990 and 2010 the New Zealand economy should have grown by 44% but only grew by 28% because of this rise in inequality. To put that ridiculous figure into perspective, Mexico only lost 11 points. This is the same Mexico that is currently in the middle of a violent drug war that has split the country into a feudal system comprised of powerful drug cartels, and their subjects. In a country run by brutally violent drug lords that bear exponentially more power than the state, New Zealand is still losing a third more growth due our senseless inequality.



## THE GULF IN NEW ZEALAND EDUCATION TODAY

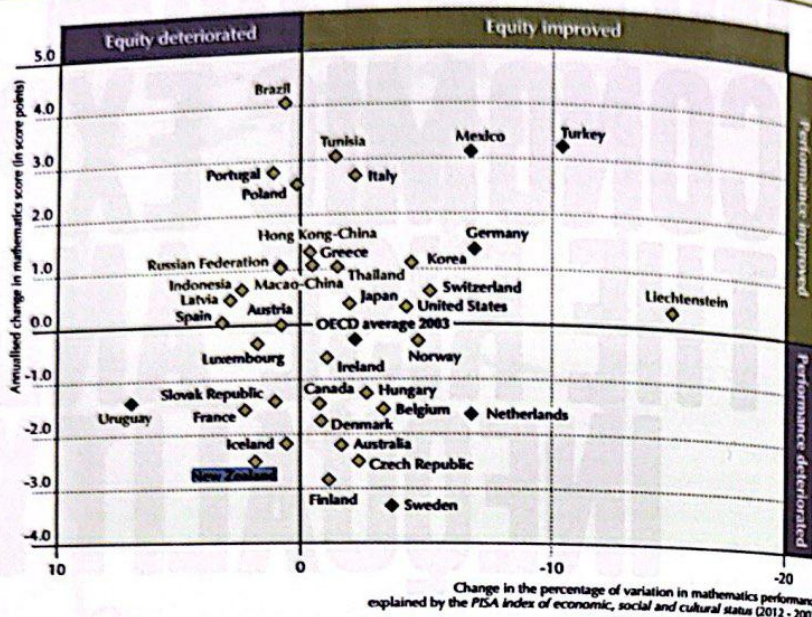
Make no mistake about it – education is absolutely one of the most important tools for rescuing lifestyles that are drowning in the oceans of poverty crashing over the country. French economist Thomas Piketty, writes that 'historically the main mechanism to reduce inequality has been the diffusion of knowledge, skills and education. This is the most powerful force to reduce inequality between countries...this can also work within countries if we have sufficiently inclusive educational and social institutions which allow large segments of the population to access the right skills and the right jobs'. Simply put, education and upskilling works.

However there is of course a proviso to this. Education can only be this catalyst for change if there is equality of accessibility and quality. Without this accessibility the education system is just a tool in cementing class social structures and systems (think of education in Victorian England for example). In New Zealand the notion that educational access should be equal across the financial spectrum has traditionally been an idea that has been put in the 'well fucking duh' basket, and has been about as controversial an idea as separating the drinking water from the sewerage system. Astonishingly though this has changed. In 2015 New Zealand the relevant questions that need to be asked are not about whether or not education is inherently unequal based on socioeconomic background but rather, how severe this inequality is, and how badly this trend is accelerating?

There are reams of data that demonstrate how dramatically economic inequality has taken a sledgehammer to education here. A working paper released by the Children's Commissioner in July 2013 found that 89% of school leavers from schools rated decile 9 and 10 (10 is the wealthiest, 1 is the least wealthy category) achieved NCEA Level 2 or above.

**"EDUCATION IS ABSOLUTELY ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT TOOLS FOR RESCUING LIFESTYLES THAT ARE DROWNING IN THE OCEANS OF POVERTY CRASHING OVER THE COUNTRY."**

Change between 2003 and 2012 in the strength of the impact of socio-economic status on performance and annualised mathematics performance



Notes: Changes in both equity and performance that are statistically significant are indicated in a darker tone. The annualised change is the average annual change in PISA score points from a country's/economy's earliest participation in PISA to PISA 2012. It is calculated taking into account all of a country's/economy's participation in PISA. For comparability over time, PISA 2003 values on the PISA index of economic, social and cultural status have been rescaled to the PISA 2012 scale of the index. PISA 2003 results reported in this table may thus differ from those presented in *Learning for Tomorrow's World: First Results from PISA 2003* (OECD, 2004). OECD average considers only those countries with comparable mathematics scores and values on the PISA index for economic, social and cultural status since PISA 2003. Only countries and economies with comparable data from PISA 2003 and PISA 2012 are shown. Source: OECD, PISA 2012 Database; Figure B.2.12.

Comparatively the figure was an astonishing 32% lower in decile 1 and 2 schools. There was also the absurd example of 2169 students in decile 8, 9, and 10 schools receiving additional assistance with NCEA exams while there was only an inexplicable 73 students receiving equal assistance in decile 1 and 2 schools.

The OECD readings are particularly grim to look at. A 2009 OECD Programme for International Student Assessment (PISA) study examining reading, mathematics, and science stated 'countries exhibiting the widest distribution of performance in reading are the OECD countries Israel, Belgium, Austria, and New Zealand - all of which have a gap of at least 15 points between their top quarter and bottom quarter of students wider than the average gap. The difference in performance between the top and bottom quarters in these countries is in the order of, or more than, two full proficiency levels'.

When PISA brought out a new report in 2012 examining the educational ability of 15 year-olds internationally, the slide had continued for New Zealand. This examination of the mathematics performance of 15 year-olds as inequality increases makes for some particularly depressing viewing:

It is easy for people to see how well New Zealand does educationally as a whole and ignore the growing problem of inequality within the sector. But as well as New Zealand does, just taking that fact in isolation ignores the remarkable tumble the sector has taken. It is well known for example that in the 1970s New Zealand was ranked first in the world for reading, whereas today we are down somewhere in the 20s. Taking the fact that we have reasonable education in isolation also ignores just how much effect inequality is having on this performance and in education's ability to allow those at the bottom of our socio-economic well to successfully climb out.

## HOW LIFE INSIDE THE CLASSROOM IS AFFECTED BY INEQUALITY

In New Zealand, schools are funded according to their decile – a crude system that divides the schools of the country into ten percentiles based around samples of income in the surrounding community. In theory the lower the decile the school is, the more funding it should get. The decile system though tainted by its association to neo-liberal policy, and the accompanying neo-liberal per-



spective that sees no social ill that can't be fixed by tweaking a formula in Excel. Therefore, while this system is admirable in intentions, it is depressingly predictable in its lack of efficacy when it comes to the more complex nuances of funding. If every school had the same number of students from the same percentage of different socioeconomic backgrounds, with the exact same learning requirements then using the decile as the sole funding yardstick might actually work. But sadly this isn't the reality. Schools vary wildly, but the decile system implies that the socioeconomic situation of the community surrounding the school has no further impact on the financial operations of the school, other than as a classification tool. Thus the funding is well off where it needs to be and schools are becoming ever more reliant on donations and contributions that are understandably harder to accrue in lower socio-economic regions.

As far back as 2003 this was painfully obvious. In that year an annual conference paper from the Post Primary Teacher's Association (PPTA) found that secondary schools were becoming increasingly dependent on locally raised funds to meet their funding shortfalls which had the following consequences:

- A trend of rising parental expenditure on education and considerable differences between schools based on the communities they serve;
- "User pays" reinforcing institutionalised inequity between well-off schools and those which were struggling;
- School leaders assuming financial/managerial roles rather than educational leadership;
- Some schools simply accepting the inevitability of a budget deficit, regarding it as one way of letting the government know there is insufficient money.

To give you an idea of just how different community contributions are you just need to examine the numbers. In 2012 decile 1 schools were able to get an average donation of \$53.00 from anywhere between 30 and 100 students. For decile 2 students the figures were better – \$92.00 on average from between 50 and 120 students. But these pale in comparison to what the higher decile schools could collect. Decile 9 schools were able to get an average of \$379.00 from between 125 and 740 students while decile 10 schools were able to harvest \$423.00 from between 250 and an astonishing 900 pupils. In essence the schools that have the pupils that

# "EDUCATION CAN ONLY BE THIS CATALYST FOR CHANGE IF THERE IS EQUALITY OF ACCESSIBILITY AND QUALITY. WITHOUT THIS ACCESSIBILITY THE EDUCATION SYSTEM IS JUST A TOOL IN CEMENTING CLASS SOCIAL STRUCTURES AND SYSTEMS."

probably need the least financial help from the community get well and truly the most, while the students that could benefit hugely from this extra generosity tend to be located in the poorest regions of the country, where social conditions are so bad at present, that just looking after your own family is troubling enough.

Additionally today's educational costs have risen dramatically as we understand more about how to utilise non-teaching staff within the environment, particularly in administration, compliance, social work, and medical assistance. And that is not even bringing up the fact that technology, while no doubt being an invaluable tool for the sector, has brought up the cost of operating a classroom significantly.

But funding is only one issue when it comes to inequality. Cathy Wylie, a chief researcher at the New Zealand Centre for Educational Research has incredible insight about how the inequality of status in schools is crippling the ability of those in the lower deciles to improve. In the 2013 book *Inequality: A New Zealand Crisis*, Wylie points out that because New Zealand has a policy emphasis on parental choice, coupled with stand-alone, self-managing schools that compete for students 'many low decile schools are smaller than they were and less able to attract their community's higher performing students who migrate to higher decile schools'.

And inequality is not just erecting hurdles that block retention of students – because of inequality lower decile schools also face enormous obstacles to recruit and retain an experienced faculty. Wylie demonstrates that even in 2012, during the economic downturn

20% of decile 1-2 secondary school principals had difficulty finding suitable teachers, while comparatively only 3% of the decile 9-10 secondary schools did. Compounding this issue further though is the fact that teaching in lower decile schools has become brutally hard due to the nature of the schools being under resourced, and the litany of issues caused by poverty. Inevitably this leads to a higher burnout rate amongst these already overburdened teachers who often have to implement social development programmes (that are admittedly well-meaning and often effective), without any administrative support – to the point where lower decile teachers rank 31.8 on a scale measuring indicators of work related burnout compared to 24.2 for their upper decile colleagues.

## HOW OUTSIDE INEQUALITY COMPOUNDS THE ISSUE IN THE CLASSROOM

Hekia Parata, the current National Party hack that has been awarded the poisoned chalice that is the education portfolio, goes to great lengths to actively alienate school faculty by placing the blame for New Zealand's slide in education quality squarely at their feet. By misusing OECD data, Parata has repeatedly made the idiotic claim that socioeconomic background accounts for only 18% of student achievement. Martin Thrupp, a professor of Education at the University of Waikato (and one of the most respected and influential voices on education in New Zealand) has slammed this notion, pointing out that if you take into consideration neighbourhood and school socioeconomic factors the figure sky-rockets to 78%. In other words, Hekia only



considers what is literally inside a family's four walls as being an indicator of their socioeconomic standing. Which for want of a better term, is fucking stupid.

Thrupp has made repeated calls for policy makers to acknowledge the role of 'middle class advantage' in perverting the equality of accessibility in education. Thrupp is so aware of this 'middle class advantage' that he has been happy to highlight the gains his own family have made thanks to it. In a New Zealand Herald column Thrupp asked himself the question of what worked for his daughter (who had just graduated University) and answered 'I think it has mostly been general middle class advantage. Two professional parents and the language environment that goes with that. Being read to frequently as a small child and access to good early childhood education. Living and holidaying overseas for several years. Attending schools with mainly advantaged peers and whose teachers were able to capitalise on all the advantages those children and young people were bringing to school'. Thrupp is adamant that the question of middle class advantage is crucial to understanding why we have such massive disparities in our education sector, and he argues in another paper entitled *Some Inconvenient Truths About Education in Aotearoa/New Zealand* that 'it appears education policy is shaped and bounded by electoral pressures and doing anything to assist children from low-income families and neighbourhoods is regarded as politically risky'.

Extrapolating on the long term effects of this political viewpoint, Thrupp then points out that 'failing to raise middle class advantage in education as an issue, politicians and policymakers imply that it is a natural part of the world order over which they have no control. And so we have a society where most people

see putting their child into a high socio-economic school as value free'. What this simply means is that due to a cynical political strategy of avoidance, we have a situation in New Zealand where certain people cannot actually even conceptualise the reality of poverty, and thus simply assume that the inequality we have must be natural. By extension then, there are many middle New Zealanders who simply can't conceive of the fact that those whose schooling life is conducted in lower decile schools are punished right from the start of their lives.

I recently spoke to a former primary school teacher named Amanda who worked in decile "1a" School and some of what she told me was sickening. The reality of the poverty she dealt with would seem implausible to those that have never conceptualised poverty in New Zealand and the brutality of it is neutered by trying to compress it into a few sentences. Amanda told me about the never ending cycles of violence, hunger, and sickness that she encountered while working. She told me about how she spent at least half

of her salary buying things like equipment and food for the classroom, because often the only time the children ate was when they were at school. The homes of many of her students didn't have luxuries like pens and balls that could be found at school. When I asked her about the recent decision to not fund 'breakfast in schools' she brought a perspective to the issue that is sorely lacking from the ministerial hacks that currently occupy our debating chamber. She pointed out that for some of the parents in her school it was too embarrassing to send the kids to school without food, so they wouldn't send the children at all. Amanda illuminated the idiocy of claiming to want more kids in school, while then shooting down the most cost effective and beneficial method of guaranteeing that children would actually show up.

The government seemed blissfully oblivious to the plight of the 'wonderful' children that Amanda adored, and one of the breaking points for her came when the charity KidsCan came into her school, but couldn't provide enough shoes for everyone. She was forced to choose amongst a whole classroom of children that needed shoes, who would actually get them. The next day as the lucky few who couldn't believe how fortunate they were to have a pair of shoes came to school excited, the other children were broken-hearted and couldn't understand why their shoes that were falling apart were considered adequate footwear in the eyes of the staff. Amanda loved these children and spent at least 80 hours a week doing everything she could to protect them and help them. Understandably, this anecdote to me was emotional and tough going for her.

Educationally, the issues only added to the toll. It was not uncommon to encounter students from different cultural backgrounds who not only had no concept of reading,

**"THE DECILE SYSTEM THOUGH IS TAINTED BY ITS ASSOCIATION TO NEO-LIBERAL POLICY, AND THE ACCOMPANYING NEO-LIBERAL PERSPECTIVE THAT SEES NO SOCIAL ILL THAT CAN'T BE FIXED BY TWEAKING A FORMULA IN EXCEL."**

**"WE HAVE A SITUATION IN NEW ZEALAND WHERE CERTAIN PEOPLE CANNOT ACTUALLY EVEN CONCEPTUALISE THE REALITY OF POVERTY, AND THUS SIMPLY ASSUME THAT THE INEQUALITY WE HAVE MUST BE NATURAL."**



but had no concept of a book or what words were. Rather than being able to simply launch into the basic elements of how to read and write, she found herself with the unenviable task of having to help five year olds conceptualise the very notion of reading. When Thrupp points out that the value of reading in the home is one of those things that middle class families often forget about when they ignore their advantage, it is exactly these kinds of fundamentally abstract issues that he was referring to. Again – this is how schooling in the lower decile communities starts. These schools have the most challenges to face, the most work to do, and the most disadvantaged members of the electorate are underfunded, ignored, and blamed for the very problems that they are trying to fix. These issues don't simply stop once the students get to High School – they carry on, morphing into further issues that of course occur when you add hormonal changes and puberty into the mix.

Due to a variety of historical systemic factors Maori and Pacific students are well and truly over represented in the lower socioeconomic areas of New Zealand and face the consequences of being in this group. Education is one of the most notable of these areas, and one of the most distressing as education should be the main force to counteract this inequality. According to statistics from Victoria University there is only a 50.6% retention rate for Maori students in High School (to age 17) compared to 75.4% for non-Maori, and only half the num-

**“THESE SCHOOLS HAVE THE MOST CHALLENGES TO FACE, THE MOST WORK TO DO, AND THE MOST DISADVANTAGED MEMBERS OF THE ELECTORATE ARE UNDERFUNDED, IGNORED, AND BLAMED FOR THE VERY PROBLEMS THAT THEY ARE TRYING TO FIX.”**

ber of Maori students will achieve NCEA level 2 in comparison to their non-Maori counterparts. This has inevitably helped create a situation where youth unemployment for Maori in New Zealand is at a woeful 22.4%, compared to just over 9% for non-Maori. The cycle of poverty and inequality only gets entrenched and strengthened by these figures.

We are currently at a crossroads in New Zealand. Everything that was good about our education system is being rapidly pissed away by ideologues who received the gift of a free world class education when they were younger but don't think today's young people deserve the same opportunity. We still have a better education than a lot of countries, but it is quickly deteriorating because

of the rampant inequality that has been sewn into it through thirty plus years of devotion to an economic religion that is starting to collapse. We can either choose to acknowledge that there is something very wrong with our system, and stop blaming the overworked, overburdened, underpaid, and under-resourced staff that do this work because they love the children they teach – or alternatively we can let the whole thing get to the point where only the rich can get a decent education, and the poor will simply go to school to have their spirits crushed, and to learn how to do menial labour. You might not think that's your problem right now – but unless you're currently sitting in the top 10% of earners in this country, it will become your problem very, very soon.

# WORK & SKI

## WORK CANADA JOB FAIR

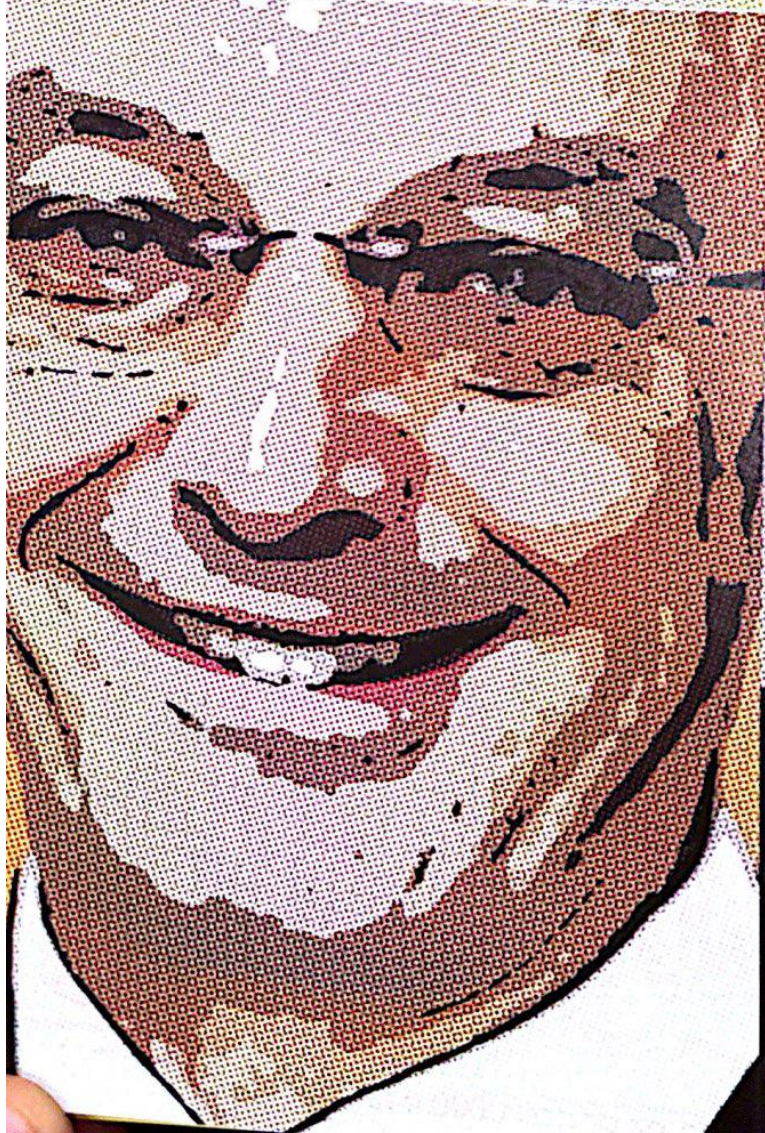
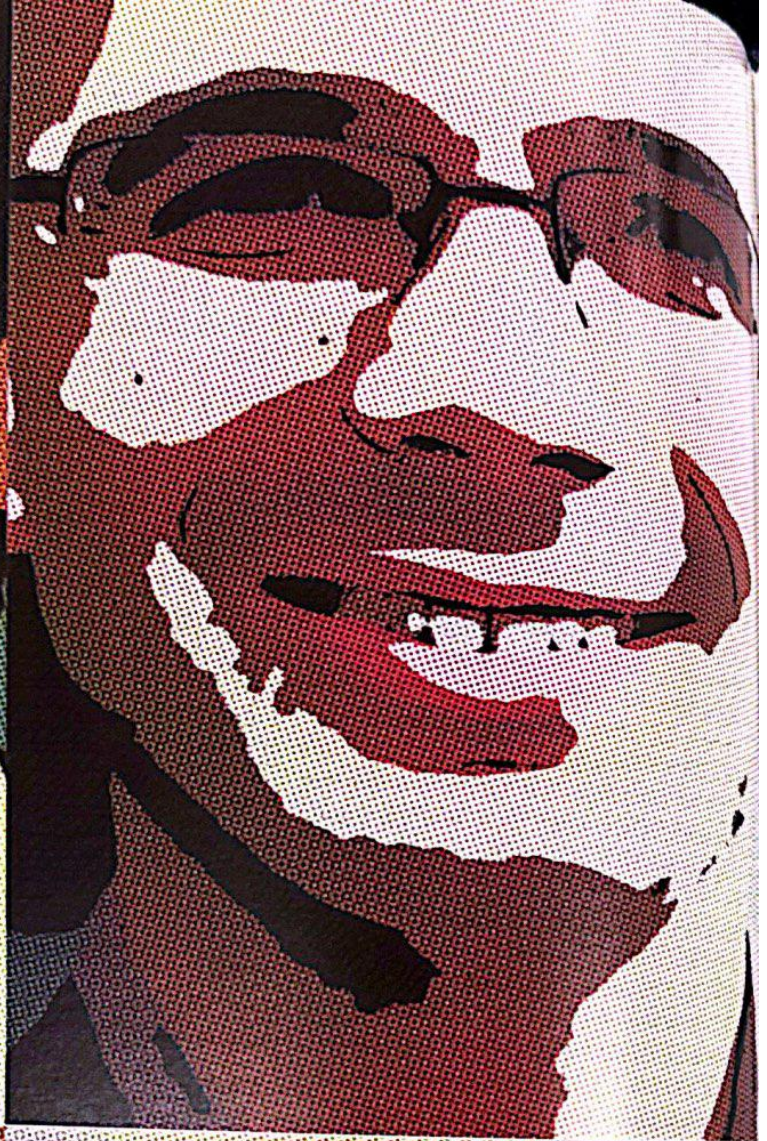
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# ONE FLEW OVER THE RUSSEL'S NEST: INITIAL REFLECTIONS FROM THE GREEN PARTY'S MALE CO-LEADERSHIP FORUM

BY CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

**T**HE GREENS HAVE ALWAYS STRUCK ME AS A surprisingly homogeneous bunch. With some notable and highly publicised exceptions, their Caucus and leadership team tend to come across as that rarest of beasts in politics – a group of people who know what they're doing, and seem to be genuinely united in how (and for that matter, why) they're going to do it.

I therefore went along to Sunday's co-leadership candidates forum determined to find out two things: first, what do the Greens actually want out of their new male co-leader ... and second, what meaningful differences are there between the various options?

I came away with one very simple, very strong impression.

The Shadow of Winston Peters hangs long over the Green Party – and I don't just mean because I was sitting there in the room.

James Shaw put it best in his intro speech when he suggested that unless the Greens grew their vote (by "[reaching] out to the broadest possible \*coalition\* of voters – you can see where I'm going with this, right?") then "the next government will be decided by Winston Peters – and that's no good for the en-

vironment or the country."

Now obviously, I reject in the strongest possible terms Shaw's assertion (although possessed enough willpower to save the vituperative interrogation as to what he meant by

**"THE DOMINANT  
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WE'RE IMPOSSIBLE  
TO MARGINALISE OR  
IGNORE?""**

this for a one-on-one question-and-answer session after the event) ... but time and time again on Sunday, the dominant theme of the leadership contest got put across as "how do we make ourselves so large and so vital that we're impossible to marginalise or ignore?"

With that in mind, then, the four contenders for the male co-leadership are all attempting to present themselves as the most effective, most marketable vehicle for doing exactly that.

There are some differences in approach – most notably Vernon Tava's clarion call for the Greens to de-couple themselves from Labour – and along with them come important distinctions in personal branding and record.

Shaw, for instance, presents himself as both a former businessman and a seasoned political operator who's literally lived the Green Party's future ambitions by delivering an absolutely incredible 30% of the vote during his previous run in the Wellington Central electorate. This not only casts Shaw as an ideal man to build upon the push started under Russel Norman for economic credibility with the electorate; but in conjunction with his cited record of campaign experience and involvement, helps to undermine the perception that as a man who's only been an MP for less than six



months, he's too 'green' to lead.

And while there's certainly something intriguing about a candidate who's able to effortlessly segue from 'D&D stories' to detailing his working with some "kinda dodgy types in Moscow", the most interesting thing about Shaw's presentation was not what he said, but rather the demonstrable charisma and showmanship with which he said it. I know I'll cop some flack from die-hard Greenies for suggesting this – but despite his earnest attempts at portraying himself as a steady pair of hands on economic affairs, you could hardly accuse Russel Norman of having charisma. Nor is this the first word that springs to mind when one considers the persona of incumbent female co-leader Metiria Turei – or, for that matter, much of the Greens' extant Caucus and front bench.

Shaw therefore eloquently embodies not only the Greens' hoped-for new constituency of business-friendly (if not literally 'bourgeois') comfortably well-off middle class types, but also represents the potential strategic gamble of reaching out to those voters through charisma and showmanship rather than sticking with their more traditional emphasis upon policy-wonk competency and serious-faced anxiety-tapping concerns about what sort of world we're going to leave for Keith Richards.

Hague, by contrast, is at completely the opposite end of the spectrum. He's been an MP for most of the last 7 years and doesn't need to set out his political experience and credentials in anything like the same way a relative newcomer like Shaw does. He also has a legislative and advocacy record which strongly ties him to the social justice and liberal-identity-politik spheres of the Green Party's identity. While this provides demonstrable proof of his competency and leadership abilities, it also paints him as effectively offering 'more of the same' and appealing to the Greens' traditional support-base rather than providing an obvious flashy vector with which to 'grow the pie'.

His speech itself did little to dissuade this impression, starting out with a river-kayaking metaphor that sought to cast him as an experienced helmsman in challenging circumstances, while also situating the Greens as a bulwark against a threatening third term National government. In contrast to the other candidates, there appeared to be little in the way of olive-branches to potential new voters, or emphasis upon the newfound importance of demonstrating economic competency. Although to be fair, this is perhaps more due to the in-house nature of the audience being addressed (all of whom would presumably be cheerful enthusiasts of anti-apartheid and pro-LGBT campaigning) rather than any genuine gulf in Hague's strategic vision. Additionally, it does occur that environmental and social justice causes are now increasingly mainstream politics with broad appeal. So perhaps his extant strong record will prove more decisively important than one might otherwise presume.

The other seasoned MP going for the co-leadership is, of course, Gareth Hughes – and the contrasts between him and his Caucus-mates are marked. Where Shaw combines a demonstrable aptitude for broadening the Greens' appeal with an as-yet largely untested Parliamentary political credibility, and Hague meshes inarguable experience and gravitas with a strong "core values focus"; Hughes is fighting to overcome the arguable disadvantage of youth by providing a genuine (and somewhat surprising) strategic depth of vision.

It's easy to forget that he's only been in Parliament for two years less than Hague has; yet of the four candidates on show, only Hughes presented anything approaching a detailed plan for broadening the Greens' electoral support. His specific emphasis upon winning over the middle class through campaigning on housing affordability and educational opportunity demonstrates he's actually done some serious thinking about how to do this; while his promise to move to Auckland if chosen – while it initially struck me as potentially being gran-

diloquent show-boater – shows he's actually dead serious about doubling down on the Greens' strong support in more liberal urban electorates.

For everybody who mistakenly thought that Hughes' candidacy was merely a gimmicky exercise in profile-building that would look no further than the youth-slash-Armageddon-at-tendee vote (and Hughes' demonstrable popularity with same) as its linchpin ... I'm sure I'm not the only one to be pleasantly surprised at finding his fresh-faced enthusiasm matched with a sharp strategic mind.

And then, there was Vernon. Now, full disclosure: I know (and very much like) Vernon on a personal basis. I've watched him grow and transition from a don of the UoA Quad aggrieved about vegan lawyers having to wear horsehair wigs; through to a credible local body politician, and on to his present positioning as what first appeared to be arguably this race's most inexplicable candidate.

My pre-existing respect for his intelligence and integrity as a person thus seems to have rendered me far more inclined to actually hear him out on what he stands for than many of the other pundits and commentators who've been excoriating his views from alongside him in the Greens and out on the broader Left generally.

Instead of the way he's been portrayed as an apologist for a hypothetical Greens-National Coalition of Death (in which the "Blue" represents various kinds of oxygen deprivation), what Vernon actually seems to be advocating is the idea that the Greens' core concerns of environmentalism and ecological sustainability are too important to be neglected in pursuit of partisan political power-gaming.

And he's right. This is already acknowledged through such things as the 2011 Memorandum of Understanding which the Greens signed up to with National. And, indeed, implicitly agreed to as a hypothetical concept by every Green leadership candidate who hasn't absolutely 100% ruled out any form of post-election or future co-operation with the National Party (i.e. all of them).

If you're in politics, then you're in it to effect policy and bring about change. Vernon's call for the Greens to become "the sustainable axis around which governments turn" is merely a recognition of this. And while I remain to be convinced that it's possible to work closely with the National Party without running the severe risk of winding up a tarnished creature of vestigial accomplishment

**"IF YOU'RE IN POLITICS,  
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like the Maori Party ... it does also occur that in many ways what Vernon's advocating is merely the apex expression of exactly the same "broaden our vote into the center" principle that the Greens have been embracing for quite some time - and thus not nearly as earth-shatteringly controversial as it might have first appeared.

So there you have it.

Four bold ways the Greens are contemplating putting an end to what James Shaw described as one of the greatest examples of waste in NZ history - 19 years in Parliament for the Greens, and Zero in government.

I'm sure that to an internal audience (such as the ones addressed behind closed doors after us Media are ushered out), they come across even more distinctly than I've given them credit for. But I went into Sunday's forum expecting Kevin Hague to romp home, and the chief point of differentiation for everybody else to be "how much are we prepared to spook Labour into action and win new voters by opening ourselves up to National". Instead I came away with the distinct perception that the Greens are not only uniquely blessed with a thriving, consensus-based internal democracy ... but also with genuine

## "FOUR BOLD WAYS THE GREENS ARE CONTEMPLATING PUTTING AN END TO WHAT JAMES SHAW DESCRIBED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST EXAMPLES OF WASTE IN NZ HISTORY - 19 YEARS IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE GREENS, AND ZERO IN GOVERNMENT."

choices and options as to their party's future direction.

I'm not going to directly divulge which candidate impressed me the most - although I would like to acknowledge all four of them for being exceptionally good sports when approached for comment and clarification by an aspiring journalist otherwise better known to each of them as New Zealand First's *Enfant Terrible*.

Instead, I'll just simply say that, from this outsider's perspective ... whomever the Greens choose at their AGM later this year, their party's future is in *\*excellent\** hands.

*Curwen Ares Rolinson holds the unique position of simultaneously being one of NZF's most recognisable faces AND a patched-in honorary Green. This means he gets looked sideways at by more tribally inclined members from \*both\* parties. Oh well. #BLACKGREEN2017!*

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## SHADOWS

**S**HADOWS – THE BAR EVERYONE LOVES TO HATE (while simultaneously indulging in the cheap beer). Sure, Shadows is no Tyler Street Garage, but isn't that a good thing? Cheap drinks that are basically the same quality, no damn hill and no wannabe cool Ponsonby Mums trying out Metro's latest "Top 10 Bars" list.

First, some history. Shadows was started up by AUSA ages ago. It's still run by us, and has always been a really important part of student life. Back in the 1980s they used to sell so much beer in O-Week that they would park trucks full of barrels of Shadows Lager and have pipes running from the truck to Shadows to try and meet demand. There could literally be a new truck full of beer each day.

Ok, no trucks of beer anymore (although, that's not a dead deal) but Shadows has a surprising amount of stuff on that you might not even know about. So take your ID, go and say 'hi' to the friendly doormen and check it out. 10 reasons.

## \$7 JUGS OF BEER

It's Shadows Lager, apparently is much better than last years, but most importantly, it's decent beer for \$7. That's cheap, and you can even go get some for lunch.

## QUIZZES

This might not normally be at the top of your list for 'reasons to go to a bar', but face it, they're a good time. \$50 bar tabs up for grabs each Wednesday.

## \$2 TOASTIES

Let's face it - the Quad Cafe, Slurp, and definitely the Law Cafe are a little bit shit. And this isn't necessarily a "I'm a food snob and ovo-lacto vegetarian/pescatarian depending on my mood" kind of niggle. But actually, it's a "I don't want to spend \$8.50 on my bad pasta salad lunch" niggle. Shadows does simple stuff well. Cheese, white bread, butter. Or, add in other stuff like "pineapple", "tomato", "ham", "onion". Ok, it's nothing gourmet but it's good, filling, cheap, close and totally underrated.

## CELEBRITY APPEARANCES

I lie a little bit - politician appearances. But that's still quite cool. Shadows has had numerous appearances from DJ Jacinda Adern who's actually quite good. But if you don't care about politicians trying to be cool and win your vote, chat to them. AUSA is hosting "Lunches with Len", basi-

cally a chance for anyone to banter with politicians like David Seymour (everyone wants to say 'hi' to him, right?), Carmel Sepuloni, Len Brown (what's up with public transport fares and 9.5% rates?) and others. Complain, praise, try impress to score a graduate job (I'm looking at you, politics students) or whatever. It really is quite cool. Last year David Cunliffe came to chat to anyone who wanted to at Shadows. There aren't many places where you can talk to politicians directly, especially important and quite senior ones.

## \$7 FISH AND CHIPS

Similar logic to the whole "\$2 toasties thing", this is great. Something that's surprising now living in the city is that there are no fish and chip places in the CBD. You have to go to bars on the waterfront, Parnell, or just back into the far-out suburbs to get some. This is a good alternative. Like, \$10 to \$15 cheaper than basically anywhere else with a 2km radius, why not?

## PARTIES

Like the Facebook page and get updates about parties on at Shadows. As with the quiz nights, normally these coincide with cheaper drinks and food. Often with guest DJ's, these happen almost weekly. Last week was the Pride Party, the week before that the Desperados Party with PNC....keep your eyes out for what's happening. Never an entry fee!

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## SPORT

Just like any 'good' pub, Shadows plays major sporting events on big screens. We bribe you to go too - free food and bonuses are almost always up for grabs. Vibe is good, and most major sport games are on. Got a strange request? Flag down a staff member and try your best puppy dog face. Shadows is your bar, and it's played everything from darts to gaming to Parliament TV on student requests.

## KARAOKE

Karaoke nights at Shadows are a good time. Request your songs and if you do well (or terribly) enough, you win shadows t-shirts or bar tabs.

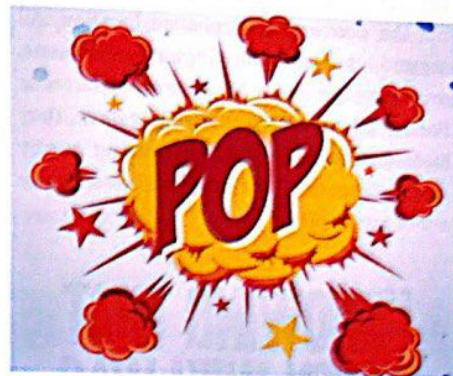
## O-WEEK...

Free chips on the hour, every hour. Enough said, I think

## CONVENIENCE

Boring title to this point, I know. But it's true. After your hellish Maths 108 exam, Bio Sci, Law 121 (humpf), real law or whatever, you just need to go to the quad, go up some stairs, and you're in. No travel time, no hills and right by the busses...it's solid. It may not be as beautiful as Britomart or hispter as Orleams, but it's close and cheap and friendly. And it's yours!

Want to get part of the action now?



## QUIZZES COMING UP

AUSA is kicking off a series of culture-themed quiz nights at Shadows with a Pop Culture Quiz on Thursday 14th May.

Do you prefer Keeping up with the Kardashians to reading about the housing crisis? Was Furious 7 more upsetting than your half year papers? We think the long hours you put into these things should be properly appreciated, so come have your expertise in all these things actually rewarded with your 15 minutes of fame and a bar tab. All questions are post 1985, so no questions aimed at your Dad.

Also, don't worry if you can't make it! We've still got a Harry Potter round to come, as well as Year in Review and Round the World.

Check out the facebook event for more info.

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## LUNCHES WITH LEN

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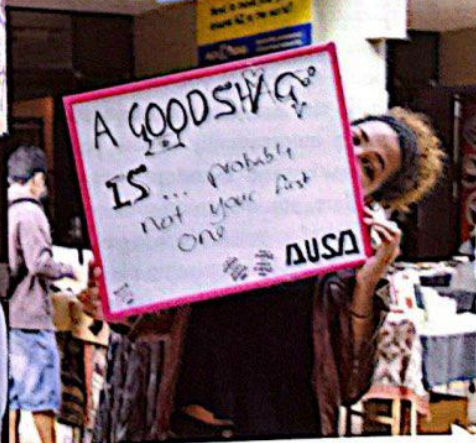
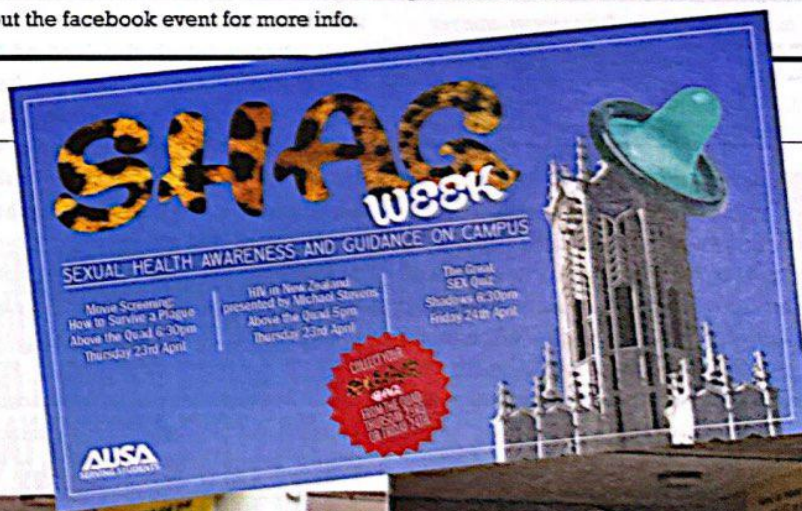
## LUNCHES WITH LEN

AUSA has organized a bunch of politicians to come to Shadows at 12pm every few weeks for you to banter, probe and probably take selfies with, one-to-one. Here's a list of who's coming!

- 11th May - Carmel Sepuloni, MP for Kelston
- 18th May - Phil Goff, MP for Mt Roskill
- 25th May - Peeni Henare, MP for Tamaki Makaurau
- 20th July - David Seymour, MP for Epsom
- 27th July - Len Brown, Mayor of Auckland
- 3rd August - Ross Clow, Councillor for Whau
- 17th August - Linda Cooper, Councillor of Waitakere
- 24th August - Simon O'Connor, MP for Tamaki
- 1st September - Louisa Wall, MP for Manurewa

Make sure you come along and hear from your local MPs!

## WHAT AUSA'S BEEN UP TO





## MY DATE WITH RUBEN WIKI

BY CARLA BONIOLO

**T**HERE ARE VERY FEW TIMES IN MY LIFE where I am consciously forced to evaluate my skin colour and recognise my position as an ethnic outsider. Sunday was one of those days. Stepping into the den of Ludus Magnus gym just off Symonds Street, I was overcome with a unique flavour of awkwardness. I instantly felt overwhelmingly 'Shore girl' and was acutely aware of the intensity of my co-ordinated lululemon outfit. Nothing screams 'privileged private school princess' like a sports bra that perfectly matches the laces on your nike shoes.

Despite their initial trepidation, I had managed to coerce a posse of like-minded fitness enthusiasts to join me on my maiden voyage to Ludus Magnus. Lured under the guise that Arthur from *The Bachelor* had just signed on as a trainer at the gym, my girlfriends had gathered around me to tick a Ludus workout off my bucket list. Having nervously stalked the gym (and its celebrity gym bunnies – eg. Sally Ridge) on instagram for months, I finally plucked up the courage to try it out.

As I walked in, flanked by a squadron of Shore ladies, I was immediately hit by blast-

ing tones of 50 Cent emanating throughout the converted warehouse location. All around us assembled legions of athletic, muscular, lean men. Many were of Maori or Pacific Island descent and, together, they looked like the most intimidating rugby league team in all of Auckland. I was clearly out of my depth.

**"KNOWING THAT RUBEN WIKI WAS WATCHING EACH ONE OF MY BOX JUMPS ENCOURAGED ME TO LEAP OFF THE FLOOR IN A SUPER-HUMAN, GRAVITY DEFYING FASHION."**

"Is anyone here new to Ludus", asked the lead trainer and owner of the gym, Joe Nau-

fahu. Bravely, we half raised our hands at the back of the group. "Welcome along to the house of pain", Joe enthusiastically told us as he led the group of around 60 athletes in an echoing round of applause. Our chances of blending into the background had just been reduced to nil. Joe and his extraordinarily handsome team of athletes (including Ruben Wiki of Warriors fame (including Horan, an ex *Shortland Street* actor and fellow rugby player) proceeded to drill us through an exhausting circuit for the next hour.

Our warm up was a cruisy 100 burpees on the spot. We then had to complete 2 minute rounds of 13 circuit stations that included: squats, kettlebell swings, dumbbell thrusts, push ups, crab crawls, burpees, box jumps, push presses and more burpees. Sweating and gyrating next to some of Auckland's most beautifully chiselled men was an intense motivator. Knowing that Ruben Wiki was watching each one of my box jumps encouraged me to leap off the floor in a super-human, gravity defying fashion. Although intense, my Ludus workout was one of the best circuit sessions I've done. I pushed past many pain boundaries and challenged myself under the guidance of the hardcore trainers. 10/10 would go back for sure – who wants to join me? Who knows, maybe next time Arthur Green will be leading the session... Motivation to the max.

## KEEP IT SIMPLE

BY EMILY WARREN (@EMSHEALTHYLOVE)

**T**HIS IS JUST GOING WAY TOO FAR. This whole healthy eating trend. It is like a weed, starting off as a pretty little, attractive flower but quickly transforming into an over-grown, all-encompassing destructive plant. "Wait what!?" You might think, "that is so hypocritical!" Yes, it's true, my last article was about the ups and downs of running my own 'healthy eating' instagram account. But this is different. I am totally sick of all this over-the-top stuff.

This idea that being 'healthy' means going and spending all your money on weird little items you probably can't pronounce, have absolutely no idea what it really is nor what it actually does. Sure, I may have been guilty of this from time to time. Such as buying these ingredients to make an amazing looking banoffee pie or raw cheesecake which you can absolutely scoff down because it's healthy right? But only for very, very special occasions because that shit is expensive!

I feel seriously sorry for these 15 year old

girls obsessed with this kind of 'healthy eating' that pressures their mothers into buying such things on a regular basis. The family probably goes hungry for a week but at least they have psyllium husk... real sustaining. The fact that the high school kids are the ones that are seemingly being exposed to the full force of this crazy phenomenon is what's really concerning about the phenomenon.

I have seen so many instagram accounts of 14,15,16 year old girls proclaiming to be 'fitness lovers' as well as eaters of raw, organic and vegan foods. COME ON. If you are not like totally devoted to animal rights or religious or have some other great reason for being so, why are you vegan?! There seems to be this crazy misconception that being vegan automatically makes you incredibly healthy and therefore gives you baby abs. Sure, you are going to be eating a heck of a lot of veggies which is great! But you are also going to be missing out on a lot of key nutrients you get from eating animal products.

It's not just vegans either. It's anyone that insists on being gluten-free, dairy-free, a raw

eater, or whatever else, for no good reasons other than following a trend. And this is actually developing into a really concerning pattern, resulting in obsessive eating and mental disorders. The reality is that everyone is different. We all have different bodies, different lives and different needs that require different diets.

I am not trying to lecture anyone here (I know it may sound like it), because I am in no position to do so. All I am saying is eat for you. Make your own decisions about what you put into your body. But make them informed decisions. Eating healthily is essential to improve and maintain your overall health and wellbeing. You will feel and function so much better on a daily basis if your body is fuelled by good food. But this does not have to be difficult! Healthy eating should be simple: eat stuff that comes from the ground or animals and stay away from that which comes out of a package! Obviously there are exceptions to this and everyone needs treats – life is all about balance, but if you try to eat foods that are as close to their natural form as possible, then you'll be doing well.



# THE CARROT MURDERER

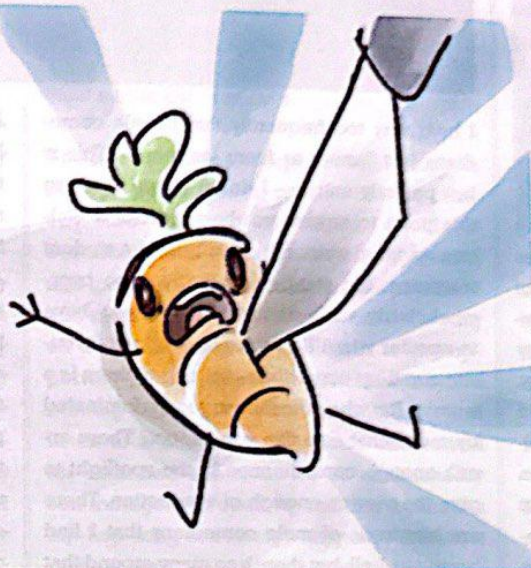
BY NIDHA KHAN

**O**VER THE PAST TWO YEARS, MY FACE-book news feed has been dominated by articles on 'the raw food diet'. I never bothered to read any of them because why waste my time reading about fad diets when I could be watching Sofia Vergara on Modern Family? But I started to wonder: what's wrong with baking my carrots? Or steaming my broccoli? Or even toasting my almonds?

So I sat down on a Friday afternoon (because I had nothing better to do) and scoured the internet for information. I can say that after only ten minutes of investigating, my IQ had dropped by 50 points (or maybe even more). There were websites declaring that cooking food was 'evil', that it 'kills' food, that it is 'unnatural', and that it 'sucks the life-force' out of the food. Wait – so all those times where I baked my carrots, I was killing them? Was I a carrot murderer? Guilty as charged. It was hard to be open-minded from here onwards in my research, but I tried to push on in the name of journalistic integrity.

**What's the theory behind the raw food diet?** Raw food fanatics claim that heating ANY food above 40 degrees celsius destroys the enzymes found in food which

help with the process of digestion and absorption, and it is argued that, as a result, it reduces the food's nutritional value. This is not 100% accurate, as some foods such as carrots and tomatoes actually require heating to make vital nutrients more bio-available for the body. So raw foodists, please do your research.



**What can you eat on the raw food diet?** Anything raw goes. It doesn't matter if it's processed or unprocessed, if it isn't heated above 40 degrees then you're in the clear. This means you're stuck with eating only raw dairy products, eggs, fruit, vegetables, nuts, seeds, and uncooked fish and meat. It also means you won't be able to eat out at any New Zealand restaurant ever

again.

**The pros** (there has to be something)

- Losing weight. But this is probably the result of starvation, food poisoning, and possible gastroenteritis.
- Women who hate their periods will love this.
  - Admittedly, some of the food does taste nice. However, you don't need to be a raw foodist to eat raw food.
  - Clearer skin. But I guess that's what you get when you cut out sugar, caffeine and alcohol.

**The cons**

- Saying adios to those delicious birthday cakes, au revoir to freshly brewed coffee, and most devastatingly, breaking up with freshly baked bread. Depressed yet?
- The increased risk of food poisoning and gastroenteritis is always a turn off. We evolved to cook meat for a reason and that reason was to kill off bacteria like salmonella and E. coli.
- For women, there's a higher likelihood of developing amenorrhea. Lovely. What woman doesn't want to be infertile AND have facial hair?
- Requires a high level of preparation. The last thing I want to do is spend an hour in the kitchen after enduring a day of university, work, and sitting on a bus with boys who clearly don't shower after going to gym. Yeah.... No thank you.

## 4 HOT HEALTHY EATING TIPS FOR STUDENTS

BY JAULI CHAITANYA

**A** PACKET OF MI-GORENG, ALCOHOL, chocolate and a whole lot of energy drinks... does this diet sound familiar? Well for those of you that don't register with this, I envy you, as this is what the diet of a university student generally consists of. Everyday struggles like meeting assignment deadlines, coming back to the flat knackered after a long and painful day of back to back lectures, and the never ending 21<sup>st</sup> parties that occur every other weekend all begin to take their toll on our health. The sad realisation that we aren't really as invincible as we may think has caused me to devise a simple healthy eating survival guide whilst being a student. Below are four easy tips and tricks to follow in order to lessen our consumption of sugary and highly pro-

cessed food and drinks that we often crave.

**"FOCUS ON IMPROVING YOUR EATING HABITS AND CHOICES FROM THE DAY BEFORE INSTEAD OF TRYING TO AIM FOR PERFECTION."**

**Make good choices**

Limit high fat foods, opt for wholegrain alternatives and stick to small servings that include protein and vegetables. This will keep you feeling fuller for longer and maintain your energy levels throughout the day.

**Drink lots of water**

We all know this is one is over-used con-

stantly, but it really does make a difference! Keep hydrated throughout the day with a minimum serving of 8 glasses. You will be thanking me later when you can think clearer throughout the day and your skin isn't breaking out as badly as it was with all those chemical packed energy drinks.

**Be prepared**

And by this I mean carry healthy snacks with you throughout the day to stop yourself from indulging on junk available in and around campus. Fresh/dried fruit, nuts, yogurt, crackers – the list of options are never-ending.

**Aim for improvement, not perfection**

This tip is probably the most important of all four. Focus on improving your eating habits and choices from the day before instead of trying to aim for perfection. Have fun and indulge every now and again!

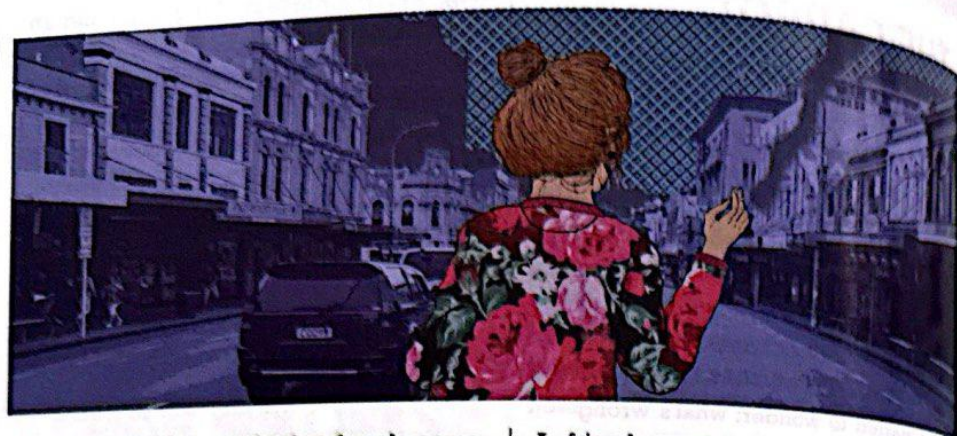


## NO LAUGHING MATTER

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

**I**HAVE A GREAT WORKOUT FOR YOU. GO ONTO the NZ International Comedy Festival website, and do a sit-up for every white male you see on the line-up. Stop when you get to the end, or when you're RIPPED AS FUCK – whichever comes first. My bet is that it will be the latter. Seriously, the Comedy Fest is giving RnV a run for its money with its oversaturation of white blokes. Of the twenty-one comedians in the alleged “best of the best” Comedy Gala, eighteen of them were dudes, and fifteen of these men were white. As my more mathematically inclined (male) Editor – yay for being told your whole life that maths and sciences just don't come naturally to you because of your vagina! – pointed out, this is five in seven being white men. And the lack of diversity really bloody showed in the quality of the sets. By the time Steve Wrigley got on stage and did a five-minute joke about feijoas – “Guys feijoas trees don't have any fruit all year and then suddenly there are so many feijoas!” – I was in a bored stupor by the dull, pedestrian, it's-funny-because-it's-true gags. The Comedy Fest in general has been underwhelming. The jokes have been safe and inoffensive, and have elicited but light chuckles from me thus far.

I don't want to lay this entirely at the door of the pasty gentlemen who dominate the Festival. I think the vanilla flavour of the whole event is largely due to a politically correct comedic climate, inhabited by the liberal middle classes, who fall over themselves to avoid offending anyone. But I think it's fair to say that if you have a clear majority of comedians who are of the same race and gender, and all of a similar age, then the comedy they produce is going to ultimately be somewhat similar.



I hear way too frequently that female comedians just “aren't as funny as men”. This is just patently untrue – I doubt I have to argue this point to anyone reading an Arts & Culture editorial written by a woman in a student magazine. But stand-up comedy is so overwhelmingly male-dominated that you have to wonder why. I'll admit, out of all my favourite stand-up comedians, not one of them is a woman. But when the industry is so dominated by men, what else can you expect? There aren't enough comediennees in the spotlight to give the viewer enough of a selection. There are hundreds of male comedians that I find boring as hell, but there's so many around that it's easy to find ones you do like in amongst the dullards. Women have become major players in other comedic forms, particularly on television. Amy Poehler, Tina Fey, Audrey Plaza, Amy Schumer and the queen herself, Mindy Kaling, are all killing it on a very high level. So why don't we see the same presence of ladies in stand-up?

**“...THE COMEDY FEST IS GIVING RNV A RUN FOR ITS MONEY WITH ITS SATURATION OF WHITE BLOKES.”**

A friend suggested recently that perhaps boys, more so than girls, are conditioned to think that they are interesting; that when they talk about themselves it is worth listening to. Stand-up comedy is a self-centred medium. All the attention is on you. All your stories are about yourself and your own experiences and thoughts. Television shows, on the other hand, are more collaborative. The comedy is situational, and jokes involve interacting with other people. *Craccum* is a nice little example of this theory. Until recently, all but one of our many regular columnists were male. Columns generally involve talking about yourself, and expecting people to want to read it. On the other hand, more women write our feature articles. Features are about a topic or an issue, not about the writer. Even now with the addition of two new writers, our three female columnists have been commissioned to write about something in particular: Tessa writes in her capacity as the Queer Rights Officer, Lavinia writes about feminist issues, and Mona writes a sex column. The male columnists write, well, about themselves and whatever errant thoughts have taken their fancy each week. Perhaps women are taught to believe that they aren't necessarily as interesting in and of themselves as men are. And if the feijoa jokes are anything to go by, this couldn't be further from the truth.

## “LITTLE SISTER”





## DES BISHOP: MADE IN CHINA

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

**I**T'S A TOTAL CLICHÉ WHEN TALKING ABOUT comedy to claim that "success is the enemy of funny," but that doesn't mean it isn't true. From Eddie Murphy to Ricky Gervais, there are thousands of cases which anecdotally demonstrate the difficulty of maintaining appeal after everyone buys in.

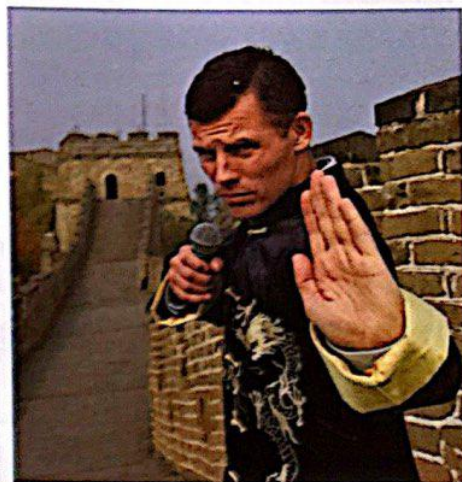
It can be for several reasons. As someone begins to reach wider audiences they may sense a need to make their humour more accessible, to avoid alienating new demographics. The awkward mix of insecurity and narcissistic craving that drives a lot of comedy (at least, according to every comedian who's ever given an interview ever) presumably gets dulled at least a bit once people liking you becomes an empirically and financially demonstrable fact. And finally there's difficulty sourcing new material. Most comedians have a limited well of genuine insights and A-Grade experience to draw on, which they can get away with reshaping and revisiting as they develop. However, with fame comes a saturation point where everyone knows the pre-fame persona, and all that's left is the vastly less relatable stack of "awesome things I've done now that I'm famous and successful."

Des Bishop sits at an awkward nexus of the three. His detailed Irish-centric comparisons don't play to a global audience. He's hugely famous in Ireland, and seems confident and in control of his life. He joked his way through

his own testicular cancer, and then his father's lung cancer, to considerable attention and acclaim. Every instinct I had walking into his stand-up comedy account of being hired by public television to go and live in China for a year was negative. It sounded like the unrated DVD commentary to a TV series that already aired (in Ireland, not here). It screamed nakedly artificial attempt to create new material, after every organic observation had already been spent. It was at risk of being at least a little *Eat, Pray, Love*.

And it was all those things. But still I laughed. Bishop's persona is an unusual one for comedy. He's optimistic and sincere, outside of occasional jabs at governmental oppression and unpleasant toddlers. He seems confident and secure, but also kind of uncool – showing off his ability to speak Mandarin at any opportunity, often without a punchline beyond it being hilarious to watch audiences sit and listen to a language they don't understand for extended stretches. It's so unabashedly self-indulgent to open by reciting a nineties hip-hop-song in a foreign language that most of the room were won over pretty quickly.

Which isn't to say *Made in China* was perfect, or even close to it. In terms of actual comedy Bishop's sensibility felt a little played out. Observations about written Chinese characters and pronunciation were almost instantly over familiar. Anecdotes occasionally edged into self-congratulatory territory, relying on a shared pride in Irish culture the crowd just didn't have – a fact Bishop tried to address even as he progressed with the stories. There's an obvious need to be accessible to



an overseas crowd, but several culture-clash observations felt like they were missing the specificity which made them funny to begin with. Most obviously, the show felt over-reliant on the companion documentary, from which several clips were played over the hour.

But even where material was weak, Bishop made it work. His energy and enthusiasm are contagious enough to keep an audience laughing. It's unlikely to be Bishop's international breakthrough, but it's solid evidence that he'll find places to go as long as RTE are willing to pay for tickets and a documentary crew.

Ultimately my fears going in were vindicated. The show is mannered, and doesn't have much to say. But it says it entertainingly, and I laughed consistently throughout.

REVIEW BY CHRISTOPHER SMOL

## GUY MONTGOMERY: GUY MONTCOMEDY

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

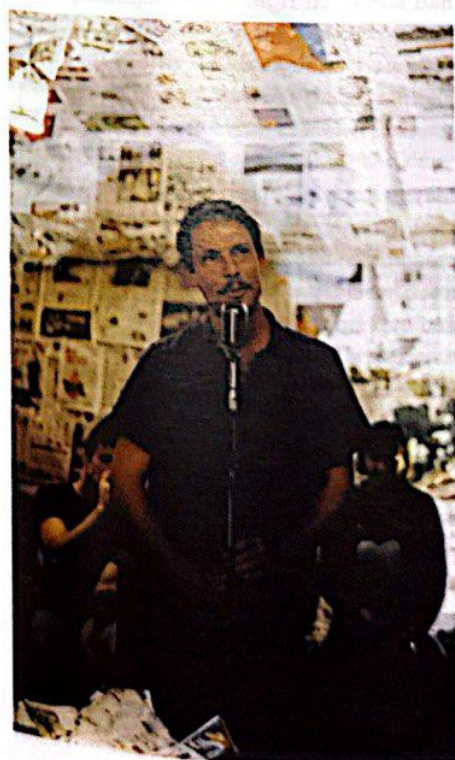
**I**T'S NEW ZEALAND COMEDY FEST SEASON! And who doesn't like a good laugh? Well, some of the audience on Saturday night at *Guy Montgomery: Guy Montcomedy* sure weren't up for it. Kudos for the ingenious show name though. So yes, I was a tad disappointed that I drew the short straw and didn't get to see Rose Matafeo \*eternal cries\*. But like most things we don't see coming in life, these are the very experiences that can be delightfully surprising. Guy was no exception.

Guy is new on the scene, but he's quickly making a name for himself having won the Billy T Comedy Award for 2014. His humour won't be to everyone's tastes; comedy, like all creative endeavours, is an inherently subjective medium and it would be imprudent to go on about

what I thought about it. I suppose I'd describe his humour as eclectic, a bizarre mélange of intelligence and playful foolishness and plenty of shouting thrown in the mix. One moment he's talking about the idiosyncratic nature of flamboyant adjectives (see what I did there), next minute it's taking the piss out of French waiters.

But beyond what he said, he has a glorious presence on stage and an uncanny ability to draw the audience in. But it's not really Guy that I recommend you go and see, but any of the myriad acts that are performing over the next month. In the digital age, it's easier and cheaper to watch something in front of your screen. But there's something irreplaceable about being there in person. So yes, you'll have to pay a little and walk to some place (Montecristo on Nelson Street is just one of several delightful venues throughout the festival), but grab a friend, grab a drink and it's a night well spent.

REVIEW BY CLARK TIPENE





## THE BIG SHOW 2015

COMEDY FESTIVAL REVIEW

**J**OEL DOMMETT, LLOYD LANGFORD, ANDREW Watts and Nish Kumar each took a turn on the stage of the Auckland Town Hall's Comedy Chamber for *The Big Show 2015*.

Joel had hosting duties and worked to rile up the crowd for the three comedians to follow. He offered small gleams into his life, spanning from his childhood education to his time in a nu metal band modeled after Korn, and the way he called on members of the audience and riffed off the information they offered up made clear his keen ability for a spot of improv.

Following him was the night's first official act, Welsh comedian Lloyd Langford. This guy was the literal embodiment of down-to-earth and his more disgusting stories were some of the best parts of the show. Lloyd possesses in spades a quality that is vital to a stand up comic – the ability to laugh at yourself in order to get others to join, and he had me in floods of laughter-induced tears as he poked fun at his humble Welsh background.

Andrew Watts sounded in next and proved

to be a slight blip in the evening's tone. His fast-paced antics seemed to fall somewhere between being himself and trying to craft an on-stage persona, and his failure to commit

least favourite kind of comedy, based largely in the mentality of "chicks, am I right?" His promotion of mind game attraction tactics and his lauding of women with low self-esteem came across as trite at best, a bit gross at worst.

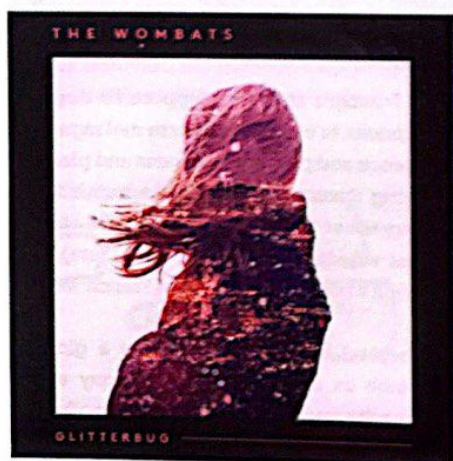


Nish Kumar stepped on last and was very much the show's most valuable player. He was at ease on the stage in a way that showed the ten years he has dedicated to comedy have not been for nothing. His issue-based comedy, laced with on-point movie references, was certainly the evening's high point, and he used his wit to (figuratively) tear chauvinists a new one, meriting raucous applause from the crowd more than once.

Standing in front of an audience and offering anecdotes from your life to strangers is a ridiculously daunting task. It seems that being a likeable character is key, and three of the four comedians performing in *The Big Show 2015* managed that for me. Not bad odds.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

## MUSIC



## GLITTERBUG

THE WOMBATS

**E**NGLISH INDIE ROCK BAND THE WOMBATS released their third album entitled *Glitterbug* in mid-April this year, and in classic alternative-yet-popular fashion, they just keep getting better. The Wombats' debut album *A Guide to Love, Loss & Desperation* was a clear exemplar of indie rock high

school anthems, while their second album *This Modern Glitch* was more experimental with underground dance music. *Glitterbug* is a step forward from the two, fully embracing the growing pop energy and living up to the album's exuberant name. The fan base is clearly enthralled by the band's revival of the post-punk traits of honest and witty lyrics mixed with modern dance music and catchy tunes.

Although the whole album has grasped an upbeat tone, there isn't much change in tempo throughout the first half of the track list. The album's first single "Emoticons" acts as a ground layer for the next few tracks and their experimentation with modern indie pop hooks. This tempo flow is interrupted by the album's ballad "Isabel", placed smack bang in the middle of the track list. In attempt to bring back the positive vibes, "Your Body is a Weapon" and the rest of the album's tracks bring back a faster and more danceable tempo. However, the first half of the album definitely resonated with me a lot more than the

second half. The youthful sound that the band had shown off right at the beginning of the album was clearly trying really hard to be emulated throughout the rest of the tracks, slightly losing the sense of spirit that their teenage listeners thrive upon.

Maybe throwing in two of the album's singles straight after the impressive opening track created an unrealistic expectation that every track would provide fresh levels of energy and euphoria. However, the overall album still demonstrates a clear progression and drive from an alternative scene towards a wider pop audience, allowing the fan base to continue to explore their teen angst while being uplifted by modern pop that BBC Radio 1 will happily eat up. Whether or not they will continue this pop drive, we'll only find out in 2019 – that is, if The Wombats want to stick to their releasing-albums-4-years-apart trend. And who knows what kind of experimental indie rock culture they will have settled into then.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

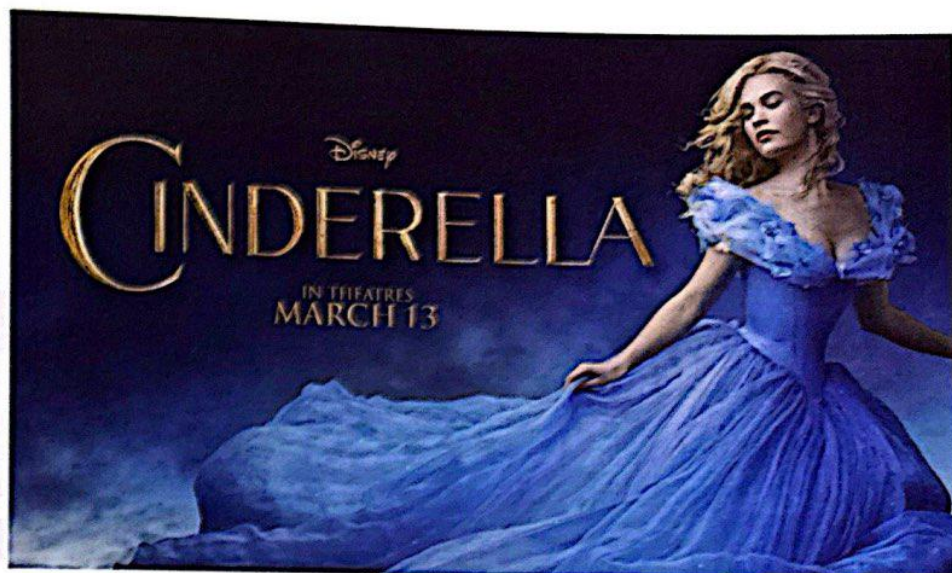


## CINDERELLA

FILM REVIEW

**T**O ANYONE WHO READS THIS: DO YOURSELF A massive favour, and don't dismiss the live-action remake of *Cinderella* as just a stuffy fairytale movie. This film is fantastic and every single person should watch it. I genuinely believe this. You're normally a fan of *The Fast and The Furious*? This movie has a pretty sweet carriage chase scene. Big on your *Harry Potter* movies? *Cinderella* has Helena Bonham Carter back in magic mode, wand in hand. Breath-taking costuming? Witty dialogue? Heartfelt scenes? Romantic tension? Yes. To all of the above.

For those of you who went through childhood and missed the memo, *Cinderella* tells the tale of Ella (Lily James), who finds herself living under the tyranny of her stepmother and stepsisters after the death of both of her parents. Ella lives by a promise she made to her mother, to have courage and be kind, and after captivating a handsome stranger (Richard Madden) with her nerve and good heart, she arrives at the Royal Ball and learns that he is in fact the Prince. They waltz, she wins his heart, and she dashes away at the stroke of midnight, leaving nothing but her glass slipper behind, ultimately tasking the Prince to find the one woman in the kingdom whom the shoe will fit.



Honestly, the only adjective that can aptly describe this movie is magical. Director Kenneth Branagh (who will be affectionately referred to as Ken Bran for the remainder of this review) clearly did not rest on his laurels when making this movie. It would have been super easy to just trust in the knowledge that this was a Disney film, and a remake of a well-loved fairytale at that, but Ken Bran's effort clearly shines through. The film is fast-paced and the narrative is altered just enough from the animated original to keep things interesting, and a balance between CGI scenery and on-location filming allows *Cinderella* to feel simultaneously enchanted and grounded.

Plus the cinematography in this movie is just ridiculously satisfying. The framing, the colours, the sweeping shots and groovy camera work make for a movie that feels lifted from a storybook.

It would be so easy to write this movie off as just one of the many remakes that seem to be filling up theatres as of late. But (lame analogy ahead, ye be warned) while the pivotal glass slipper was made to fit only one, the magic and heart of *Cinderella* makes it a fit for everyone.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

## TELEVISION

## THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE BACHELOR

TV REVIEW

**C**ALL IT LUCK, OR PERHAPS CALL IT TRAGEDY, but one night after turning on the television (unusual), I found myself grossly engaged in an episode of *The Bachelor*. It had never been something I had considered watching, but once the New Zealand version was on I was hooked. It was the fact the dates happened in places I knew, making it less romance and more comical. A supposedly exciting trip to Waiheke Island just had me thinking of the vineyard I went to when I was seven, and a romantic getaway to... Tauranga? had me in tears.

The Bachelor himself, is comedic gold in ways I did not anticipate. Arthur, who the girls call Art (evoking images of pasty, white boys playing FIFA on their PS4) is sickeningly smooth, charming, and he annoys the hell out of me. There's something about bland, good-looking men that doesn't sit quite right with me; but then again, there's something about men who pash numerous girls at

once that doesn't sit quite right. Simple fact: Art is thirsty af. His signature phrase "Can I kiss you?" has become simultaneously the most hilarious and cringiest thing I have ever heard. In awkward silences on dates, at cocktail parties – hell any damn time he's near the girls, Art whips it out as if it's a conversation filler: "Can I kiss you?" Tame the beast, Art and keep it in your pants.

**"HIS SIGNATURE PHRASE 'CAN I KISS YOU?' HAS BECOME SIMULTANEOUSLY THE MOST HILARIOUS AND CRINGIEST THING I HAVE EVER HEARD."**

Week after week, the girls sympathise: "it must be really hard for you," and he murmurs and nods and turns his sad little eyes down. Poor Art; having numerous girls interested in you must be really tough. Flaws aside, Art's pseudo romanticism just tickles me in the funny bone. After another awkward talk with Natalie he confides, "I felt like in a moment, we were going to kiss," but instead Natalie has her priorities sort-

ed: "I feel like I could just go to sleep." Overlooking the blatant media portrayal of the 'Battle of the Bitches' (who kissed Art first? Ooh let's fight over who gets to talk to him at the cocktail party – wow this isn't staged at all) it's the girls that make the show worth watching.

It's Crystal (R.I.P) who's obviously employed by MediaWorks to be the 'bitch', constantly causing the show to edit weird samurai sounds after she's said an, OH NO, scandalous thing. It's sweet thing Poppy, whose banter is A+ and always accepts Art's rose as seriously as if her life depended on it (I ship it). It's Danielle B who's sassy and frank and – no offence – way too good for bland, vanilla Art, and who, SPOILER ALERT, turns down a rose because she's the baddest bitch on the show. The girls are there for each other when their friends get eliminated, and they're there for each other when one of them isn't invited on the group dates (not so bad, if you ask me). Yeah, Art is great (read: bland, despite my father's fangirl love for him) but the girls? They're better.

REVIEW BY WEN-JUENN LEE



# MICXILL: AUCKLAND'S EMINEM

INTERVIEW

**T**HEY SAY GREAT THINGS HAPPEN WHEN X meets Y. I say momentous things happen when M meets M. Michael Sapolu and Mark Beaven: two men with sharp tongues, a zealous knack for words and a fervent disregard for the stifling life sentence of corporate law. Meeting on campus at the University of Auckland, the two law students quickly gained a reputation as party starters. Cementing their status as entertainers with feature performances in several Law Revues, the duo's talent piqued the interest of their peers. And now, finally, they've gone public.

With Mark behind the scenes in a producing role and Michael in the spotlight as the principal artist, the pair has exploded onto the grassroots hip-hop scene as 'Micxill'. A crafty mix of the name Michael and the urban adjective 'ill', the stage name is essentially a shortened way of asserting his talent. If you say it quickly, it literally sounds like "Mike is ill". Catchy and clever on multiple levels, this name won big points from me. Likening his music to "flying economy class on an Emirates private jet over Silicon Valley or driving a shitty car with a Lamborghini engine", Michael is cryptic about his style. "I'm not too pop. I'm not too rap. I try to stay elusive of pigeonholes and maintain that point of difference", he admits.

Micxill's debut single "Gimme This" contains pop culture references ("swift like Taylor/ went to a blank space") and a catchy chorus that refuses to take itself seriously ("let it bounce like a trampoline/ or a jumping jack"). Produced by Mark's company Vibrato Records, the track is addictive. Extensively incorporating rhyme and half-rhyme, the piece showcases Michael's supreme literary command. Fun and self-deprecating, my favourite lyric has to be "nuts macadamia/ crazy bananas/ I'm throwing pineapple grenades". Snack food and a witty array of words? I'm sold.

Drawing inspiration from offbeat rappers like Cannibus and Immortal Technique, Michael looks up to artists who constantly push the boundaries of wordplay and infuse social consciousness into their lyrics. The ultimate muse for Michael, however, is Eminem. "His greatest strength is his versatility. He's able to switch between his various political and humorous styles during his raps, usually being as provocative as possible". It's tempting to connect the dots between Slim Shady and Sapolu. Born in Los Angeles and raised in Auckland by his extended family, Michael endured a challenging childhood. Although a

cliché component of the common rapper trajectory, music provided an escape for him and was a channel through which he could express himself. Mark's entrance as the Dr Dre character solidified Michael's status as the Eminem of Auckland.

When I first met Michael two years ago, he took me out for a coffee and his palpably infectious spirit made a lasting impression on me. The speed at which he spoke captivated me. His sentences were constructed as if they hinged on an underlying beat in his brain. He often used his hands to emphasise points and moved his head in time to his own secret rhythm. When I heard "Gimme This" for the first time in March this year, it struck me that the track sounded so genuine. The lyrics weren't forced, the beat wasn't artificial – it was one hundred per cent Michael in every sense. The track seems conversational and, listening to it, I feel like he is speaking directly to me in the same manner he did over that coffee at Gloria Jean's. His music is raw and real.

**"EVERYONE IS VERY HIGH-CALIBRE, EXTREMELY SKILLED AND SPECIALISED AT WHAT THEY DO. THEY WILL NOT PUT WORK OUT THAT IS AN INCH LESS THAN QUALITY"**

"The beat comes first", says Michael. "The beat is so important and my criteria for beat selection is based on intuition. I'm constantly listening to and scanning new beats I come across. I try and grasp the 'theme' of the beat and feel its underlying mood, which then allows me to write from that angle". Adopting his own idiosyncratic method of writing, Michael admits to freestyle rapping gibberish over different beats in order to test out which

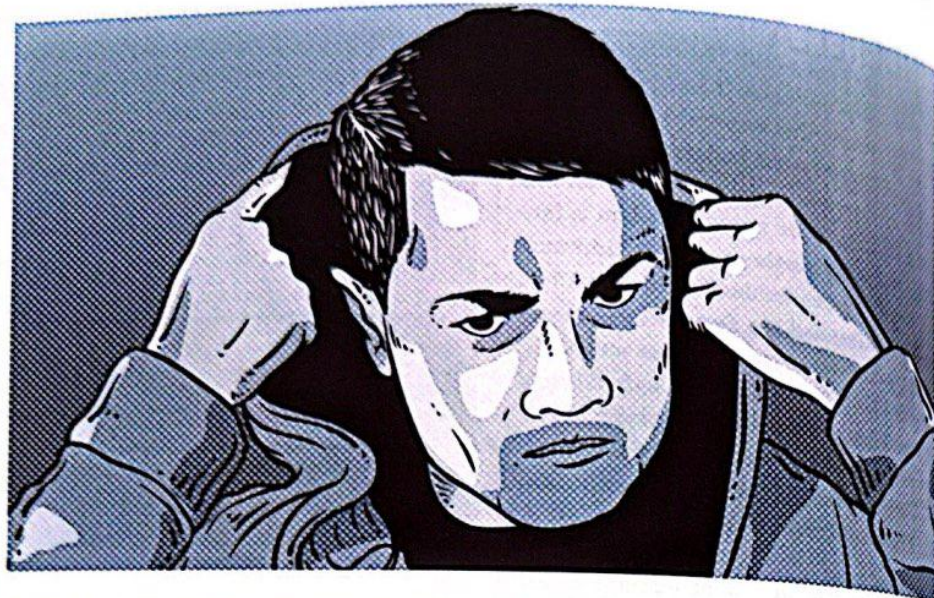
lyrical sounds best fit the shape of the rhythm. He confesses that the chorus is the most difficult part of the track to write. "When I start writing the song, I always make sure I try and complete the chorus as quick as I can", he says. Always concerned with the sharpness of his beat, Michael has developed his own code language to identify patterns of flow within his lyrics and aid him in the recording process. Unpretentious in his approach to the creative process, Michael is a bona fide artist. "The song's there as soon as I hear the beat", he tells me, "and the rest of the process is just all about uncovering it".

This sentiment appears to ring true for Micxill's career also. Undoubtedly, Michael's talent is ripe for exploitation. The months that follow the release of his debut EP *Granite* in April will be all about uncovering his personal style as an artist and navigating his place in the New Zealand hip hop landscape. Can a lawyer from Auckland make it on the world stage as a respected rap artist? With a solid team around him, including BigPop Studios in the sound engineer role and Chillbox Studios providing visual direction, Micxill is well supported. "Everyone is very high-calibre, extremely skilled and specialised at what they do. They will not put work out that is an inch less than quality".

As an escapee law student myself, I couldn't help but question whether a balanced fusion of legal and musical interests could co-exist. In a satisfying response, Michael assures me that he is focused entirely on his music this year. "Micxill is all about the music rather than trying to balance anything. A law degree just lets me draft a will for all the MC's after they try to freestyle battle me!"

Micxill's EP *Granite* dropped on April 29th. Keep tracking their success via facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/micxillmusic>

INTERVIEW BY CARLA BONIOLO





# WOMEN IN COMEDY AND ROSE MATAFEO: A REVIEW IN WHICH I ACCIDENTALLY SUPPORT THE PATRIARCHY

ARTS COMMENT

**W**ITH ALL THE TICKETS FLOATING around the Craccum office, available to contributors for the meagre price of a 400-word review, I've found myself going to see a lot of comedy this year. The other week, I was recounting my thoughts on a stand-up comedy troupe to a female friend who remarked that, "the girls just aren't very funny." My liberal sensors immediately bristled as I switched into feminist autopilot: "surely you're just saying that because, like almost every other industry, men pioneered the comedy scene. Aren't you characterising female comedians as 'less funny' because they don't fit the same mold of male humour?"

But I had to check myself. Now that I think about it, virtually all of my favourite comedians are male (there's Ricky Gervais, Tim Minchin, and George Carlin, to name just a few). Moreover, what does 'male humour' mean anyway? The work of stand-up artists is so diverse that you certainly can't oversimplify by boiling comedic style down to gendered categories. I'm not saying that there aren't plenty of great female comedians out there, but when you consider the gender ratio in the industry the comparative lack of women is concerning. You only have to Google 'best comedians of all time' to see what I mean – one list I came across didn't mention a female comic, Ellen DeGeneres, until number 36.

So, is it really the case that women are inherently less funny?

Christopher Hitchens, in his controversial article troublingly entitled 'Women, the Unfunny Sex', posits a pseudo-evolutionary theory. Without a lot going for them physically, says Hitchens, (straight) men have traditionally relied on humour to attract women. A plausible theory I suppose. The notion that society conditions men to be witty and women to look good certainly rings true if you take a cursory glance at mainstream society.

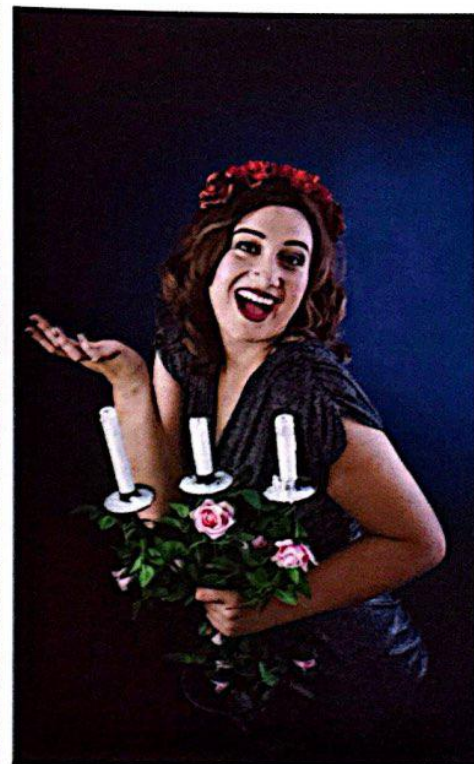
It seems that many of the most successful female comedians are amusing precisely because they aren't particularly feminine. A lot of the jokes are premised on falling short of quintessential womanliness. Whether it's farting in front of a cute crush (see Miranda Hart), eating excessive amounts of junk food (see Tina Fey), or centering gags on meno-

pausal bodies that are about as appealing as spoilt milk (see *Absolutely Fabulous*), female comics frequently and self-consciously undermine their own femininity (or rather lack of it). The failures of the female body are portrayed as both icky and a ripe topic for humour. To some extent, this is inevitable given that much of the best comedy draws on personal experiences, which are often inherently coloured or gendered. Even though male comedians critique their own physical flaws too (see Louis CK if you're into sweaty dick jokes), it's a technique utilised more often by their female counterparts. Presenting oneself as a little on the butch side tends to get the laughs when it comes to female comedians.

Still, the impression that men, or at least masculinity, are innately funnier than women doesn't sit comfortably. So when the Craccum Arts Editor offered me the chance to go and see Rose Matafeo at the Comedy Festival, I jumped at the opportunity to investigate further. I'd never seen one of her shows before, but had heard good things. I wasn't disappointed. Matafeo's show *In Loving Memory*, set at her own hypothetical funeral, was energetic, clever, original, and undeniably funny. Characterising herself as something of a neurotic control freak battling the fear of death by presiding as High Priestess over her last earthly hurrah made for a unique and entertaining show. Complete with coffin, lectern, and neon roses in the background, the visual composition was elaborate without detracting from the performance.

That being said, my LOLs were few and far between, which was a bit surprising even to me. I'm usually the one audience member that can be counted on to laugh when no one else does. My stillness throughout the performance didn't come down to my supposed penchant for male comedians though. While Rose's jokes about the prevalence of atheism among the liberal Auckland arts scene, and tales of going through customs at the airport with an entourage of fruit flies were witty and creative, they ultimately felt a little half-finished. A lot of the time, I wanted her to delve deeper and expand on a joke, when instead she would stop at an altogether safe and inoffensive punch line.

**"COMPLETE WITH COFFIN,  
LECTERN, AND NEON ROSES  
IN THE BACKGROUND, THE  
VISUAL COMPOSITION  
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Perhaps it's because I prefer edgier humour that pushes boundaries into the realm of the politically incorrect that I found a lot of the show rather sanitary. I heard nothing that would offend anyone's granny apart from the occasional F word. As I said, perhaps this simply comes down to a matter of taste.

Interestingly, Rose alluded several times to the "I just don't find girls that funny" discourse, both explicitly and by wearing a tuxedo for the duration of the show. She avoided a lot of the go-to jokes about the lack of a sexy bod etc. etc. – which, being a hot twenty three year old, wouldn't be all that convincing anyway (I realise I'm hypocritically conforming to gender stereotypes by commenting on her appearance in a way I never would a male comedian – oh God, I just realised I'm part of the reason female comics have a hard time).

With all this in mind, it seems I've come full circle. I still can't think of a convincing rebuttal to the notion that, as in most other industries, it's men who pioneered the comedy scene. Hence female comedians are criticised for being 'less funny' because they don't fit the same mold of male humour. Thankfully, with homegrown talent like Rose Matafeo thriving in the scene at the moment, I'm fairly confident that female stand-up artists are shaking things up and developing successful comedic styles on their own terms.

In case you were wondering, I'd award 'In Loving Memory' a solid 7/10. It's worth seeing if you have the time, money, and inclination.

BY ANA HARRIS



## TOO SOON BUT LONG ENOUGH: THE ANZAC BACKLASH

CULTURE COMMENT

**Y**EAR IN, YEAR OUT, THE COUNTRY GATHERS en masse at ungodly hours to remember those who fell in armed combat in the service of their nation. Then we watch twelve hours of Māori Television telling us how brave these men were, how Gallipoli was the founding of the nation, how important New Zealand was to the war effort as a whole. This year was particularly bad. 100 years after the first landing our national pride was at fever pitch.

SBS sports reporter Scott McIntyre was fired the day after ANZAC Day for tweeting anti-ANZAC sentiments. He criticised ANZAC Day as "the cultification of an imperialist invasion of a foreign nation that Australia had no quarrel with" which is, in a very major way, true. Now he's out of a job, mere weeks after calls from the Turkish community for an apology for an invasion which cost around 83,000 more Turkish lives than it did ANZAC lives. John Key declined.

The time of ANZAC Day has not passed. No doubt our involvement in the First World War played a major part in the forming of our national identity. It was the first time we were allowed to play with the big boys. But the time has come to move on from worshipping the heroes of a military campaign that started with a navigational error, continued with steady loss of life for a good eight months, and ended with our forces beating a hasty retreat and shipping off to the Western Front to die more efficiently.

As a nation, we place far too much importance on this single event, to the detriment of other, more significant events in New Zealand's war time history. While we continue to fetishise Gallipoli, so much more gets swept under the rug. If we're talking tragedy, maybe we should talk Passchendaele, where 845 men lost their lives in a single day. While any loss of life is reprehensible, Gallipoli represents a small proportion of casualties in World War I, let alone in the extended history of New Zealand at war. The entire Western front is put to one side while World War II barely gets a look-in. Boer, Korean, Vietnam, Afghanistan, all ignored. The liberation of Le Quesnoy is a story worthy of a Commando comic: a battalion of New Zealand soldiers liberated the fortified French town with a few men and a ladder, using stealth rather than force in order to protect the historic town. This opened the way for Allied troops into Belgium and Germany, a major step in the eventual defeat of



Germany. This tale is relegated to children's books, while every year the nation very publicly celebrates the day British generals began sending very young New Zealand troops up very steep cliffs to become machine gun fodder for the Turks.

The country is being delivered increasingly contradictory messages. War is bad – everyone knows that. But our men were heroes for attempting to invade Turkey. But JK shouldn't be sending troops to Iraq because that conflict has nothing to do with us. Plus, war is bad – everyone knows that. But JK has no choice but to send troops to Iraq to fight ISIS, because the ANZACs died at Gallipoli for democracy and our freedom.

**"TO SAY THAT THE GALLIPOLI INVASION WAS UNNECESSARY AND WRONG DOES NOT DIMINISH THE SACRIFICE MADE BY ALL THE ALLIED FORCES."**

Did they? Not really. Russia did fine without the intended supply route that the capture of Turkey was meant to create. Still, though, the country continues to focus on the Gallipoli invasion and continues to provide the National government with justification to involve our forces in more conflicts in which New Zealand should play no part. Any words spoken

against the ANZACs are treated as sacrilege, but if we can't criticise governmental decisions that were made over a century ago because it will disrespect the dead, how can we criticise our own government when they make similar decisions in the present day? "We cannot stand idly by," said John Key – similar to what William Massey would have said 101 years prior upon involving New Zealand in World War I. How can we criticise John's decisions while we worship Massey's?

Between the increasing commerciality and religious irrelevance of Christmas and Easter, and the tainted (and sometimes literal) mud-slinging of Waitangi Day, ANZAC Day is possibly the last 'pure' public holiday we have left. ANZAC Day should be a day of remembrance and recognition, but it also needs to be a day of critical reflection. How better to acknowledge the memories of those who died than with a day of peace, and an assurance to ourselves that it will not happen again?

To say that the Gallipoli invasion was unnecessary and wrong does not diminish the sacrifice made by all the Allied forces. To be critical of a war that ended a century ago should not cause a storm of personal offense which results in someone being fired. Because after eight months and 130,000 deaths later, Turkey remained uninvaded. The war was won regardless. One hundred years later, we're expected to celebrate the failed invasion with frothing patriotism and fervent national pride.

The simple fact is we shouldn't have been there in the first place.

BY MARK FULLERTON



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# TOP TEN

# CAUSES OF TRAVEL ANXIETY.

**10. MAN'S ABNORMALLY STUNNING PHALLUS:** why is it that every man on the bus has such an aesthetic and somewhat delicate penis? The trademark of masculinity: not only take up one seat, but two until it finally invades the Sudetenland. Clearly, it's their record breaking trouser snake that they're trying to conceal?

**9. OBESITY:** whether you're perspiring lard from the seventeen baby cows you consumed in your hibernation feast, or you're the crushee of the behemoth (who's the mutant product of the Colonel's twelve herbs and bovine souls); it's not difficult to see why anyone finds sitting next to the rolling thunder of sweat and Dorito crumbs uncomfortable.

**8. NO AIR:** You've walked onto a voluntary cattle cart. Where's this bus going? Is this 1940s Germany? The heat allows you to reminisce over that shitty rave you attended in year nine, you know the one, where you had your first cruiser and got "absolutely wasted" with too much emphasis on the A (I'm fucking waaaaaaasted bro). The only thing missing is the revolting house beats and scandalous BJs in the toilet cubicles. I can smell the twelvie perfume and Lynx more strongly than the oozing sweat under my hyperactive underarms.

**7. BUS BONERS:** You're sure that this bus is bumpier than usual. You promised yourself that you wouldn't worry; you'd wear tight pants, perhaps even just walk today. No, today isn't that day. You feel the blood begin to waltz into your ever-burgeoning phallus. The feeling is embarrassingly grand. The slight tickle on the end of your penis as it exits the pleasure prison of your foreskin. Oh Jesus... She knows... He knows... The driver knows... Maybe the bag will help cover it? No, too conspicuous. Maybe if I stand? Shit, loose shorts. Maybe if I quickly slip my thumb in there and then flick it under the elastic band? Perfect. It began with a yawn, a stretch, and then the sleight of hand movement. Fuck this isn't bad, why don't penises always sit like this?

**6. HEAT AND BONERS:** just when you thought your erection couldn't be any more inconvenient. You're pretty much

in a labour camp in the middle of a Thai jungle. The sweat breaks upon your brow, then you feel the bump of the road... It begins. The male mind-set switches. Your sexual prowess has increased ten fold. What a strange beginning to an 80s porno, a Thai labour camp and a bus? Shit, the heat is making me hallucinate. Maybe that girl can't notice my conveniently placed jumper?

**5. YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE:** The train is now cancelled and the next train is in half an hour. "I h8 Auckland Transport!" You post on facebook for the ninth time this month, much to the delight of your adoring worshippers. No one cares, your ego is deflating, and you'll miss the waiting period before your Law lecture (Now you can't speak loudly about all those convoluted terms you know or how hard the reading was for a lecture in two weeks). Fucking Auckland Transport is wrecking my wanker image. I only go to lectures to brag; now I have to wear a suit next week to catch up.

**"PERHAPS THEY CAN SMELL THE CHLAMYDIA ON YOUR BREATH OR THAT YOU ONLY HAD A WANK TWO MINUTES AGO."**

**4. STANDING:** It's been years since you've caught the train, the days when you wore an oversized back pack and kept your socks down whilst calling your mate a dick. Turns out the seats are all taken. Shit. It's like you've been to rehab for a broken ego and malfunctioning eardrums. You can hardly stand. Every bloody bump. How the fuck did you do this as a kid?

**3. EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT YOU:** their eyes burden you as if you have a staff of paparazzi abusing your every right. Every set of eyes; all enthralled by your raging, money-burning feast from that club. Perhaps they can smell the Chlamydia on your breath or that you only had a wank two minutes ago. In reality, no one gives a shit except for the poor sod under your sweat-soaked, beer-stained plaid shirt.

**2. LOUD MUSIC:** Your t-shirt says Cannibal Corpse but your headphones say Taylor swift. Self-consciousness swiftly abducts you like the night terrors you've experienced since you found a pube in your curry back when you ran out of money in some pretentious gastro-fuck-pub in Ponsonby. The compelling, intellectual lyrics of Kanye hang in the air like the satanic flatulence that occupy your other sense from the mass of people you're imprisoned with. The source is paired with the 'Beats' headphones and shit-coloured chinos rolled up to show too much hairless ankle (The "my parents work in management and have a stable income but I still complain about how poor I am to fit in with the uni crowd"). Luckily, he gets off at Grey Lynn... Knew it...

**1. SOCIALISING:** You've just woken up from your three-hour nap from partying (and by partying, I mean drinking in your parents' bathroom whilst blasting "freaks" because you couldn't be fucked paying for a taxi into town, let alone the over-priced, craft pints that still taste like lighter fluid no matter how you name it). You hop on the bus in your knock-off Ray-bans and tracksuit whilst fumbling to get your phone out of your pocket to avoid attention. You slump into a seat next to an old lady. Clearly, your attire reminds her of the Great Depression she lived through and, thus, the strangely considerate rant begins. It's an interrogation at its most cunning. You couldn't get your head phones out in time. You panic. Do you address her as Madame? Miss? Sir!? Now your overly-egalitarian mind considers the gender spectrum that your friend yelled at you last weekend for not understanding. Ah fuck, she's lost interest. Grand. Now you can get back to thinking about how to avoid spending money on the deep fried atrocities you seek in your ruined state of mind.

BY JACK ADAMS



**DOWN**

- Who won the 'Fight of the Century'?
- The new princess is in what place in the line of succession?
- How many wins in a row have the Kiwis had over the Kangaroos at the most recent Anzac test?
- Sky's version of 'Netflix'?
- Our News Editor?
- What celebratory day was last Sunday?
- Our regular comic is Friends of what?
- The cafe that John Key pulled the girl's ponytail?
- What is the first name of VP Meyer in the show 'Veep'?

**ACROSS**

- Contributor of the Week?
- Mumford & Sons new album?
- Capital of Canada?
- Which singer is Taylor Swift's 'Bad Blood' rumoured to be about?
- Who wants you to take him to church?

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Samantha Gianotti

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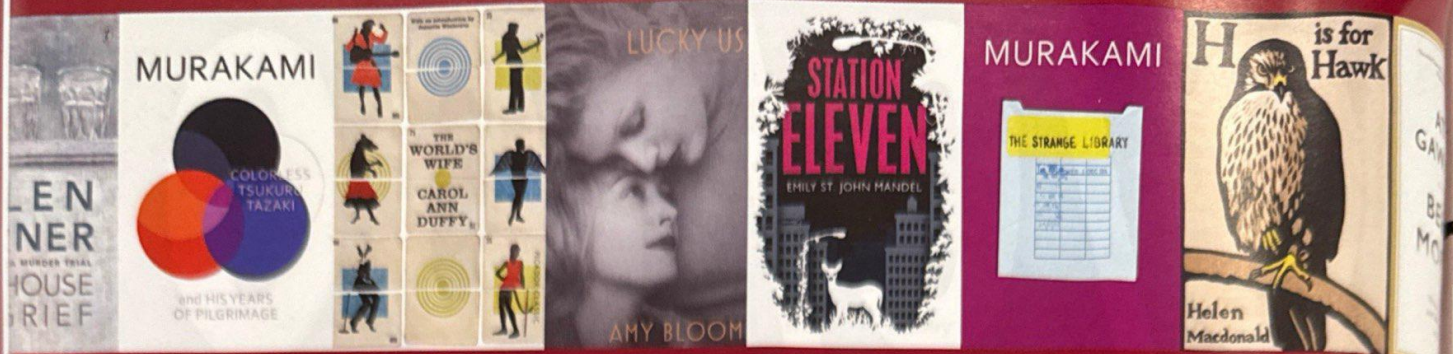
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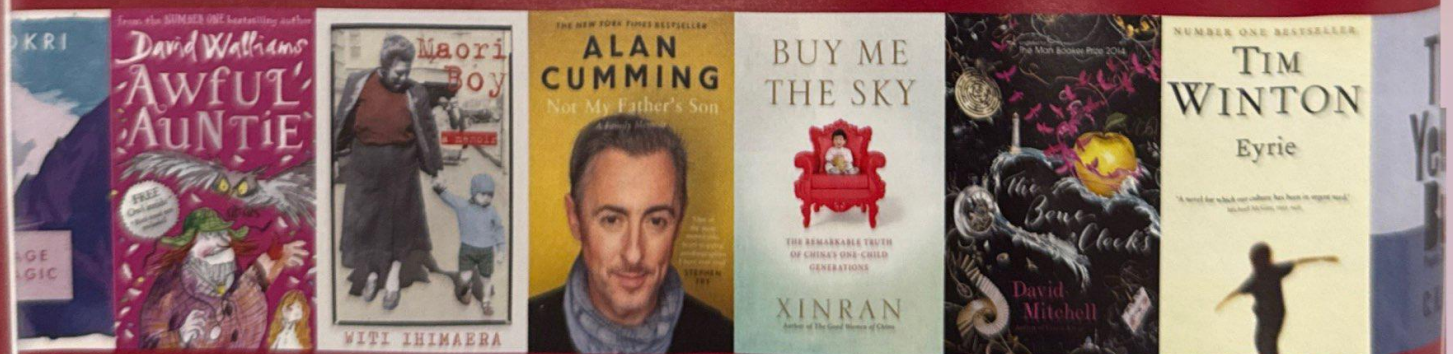




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