

Craccum

STRENGTH

THROUGH

UNITY

UNITY

THROUGH

CRACCUM

I SUPPORT
\$12 MIN WAGE
NO YOUTH RATE
SECURE HOURS
SUPER SIZE
MYPAY.COM

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
12 APR 2000
GENERAL LIBRARY

CUM #5 > YOUTH MARCH - HATING ON PARTIES - VIRGINITY

Octurgust 49st, 2006

Mr. Cass Goodwin
% Craccum
AUSA House
4 Alfred Street
Auckland 1001

Dear Mr. Goodwin,

I and all the staff here at GeriatriCorp Park would like to render our most heartfelt appreciation to you for your recent visit to our retirement village. Our residents do not often get to experience as high a calibre of enjoyment and diversion as you brought to us with your lounge band, Happy Ahmed and the Jihadi Party. Again, accept our sincerest thanks.

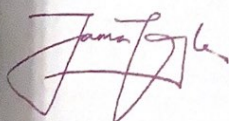
Your masterful rendition of Prodigy's *Smack My Bitch Up* was a real crowd-pleaser and certainly brought a tear to Mrs. Jones' one remaining eye. The soaring strains and elegant cadences of *You Are An Interior Decorator* from Anal Cunt's 1997 chef-d'œuvre, *I Like It When You Die*, were likewise inspiring. *Stinkfist*, by Tool, with its cryptic lyricism, proved another real favourite. It definitely got you the attention of Mrs. Fielding, the ginger woman on the respirator; she now wishes to keep in correspondence with you!

That the foregoing songs were entertainment *par excellence* is undeniable, but everyone's highlight, however, must have been your brilliant medley of South Park songs. The surprise appearance of Mr. Hankey brought hilarity and joy to all. Indeed, a few home truths were made perfectly apparent to the more incontinent of our residents.

I can guarantee you that our residents were positively enraptured by your performance. They were spellbound, transported, absolutely awestruck. To be sure, Mr. Grace hadn't gone that long without shitting himself since 2001.

Seeing as this was such an excellent and worthwhile endeavour, we hope that you will make time to visit us again in the future. After all, you would be assured of an entirely fresh and unfamiliar audience every couple of months given the rate at which these guys pop their clogs.

Respectfully yours,



Margot Fish
Activities Coordinator
GeriatriCorp Park

pp. B.T. Boyle



EDITORIAL	4
LETTERS	6
NEWS	9
PBF	10
GAN	12
SEX	13
UP AND COMING11	
YOUTH	14
HATERS GUIDE TO PARTIES	16
GE18	
FASHION21	
AUSAD	22
GIVEAWAY	26
PXT	26
FOOD	27
REVIEWS	34

EDITED BY RYAN SPROULL
DESIGNED BY NICK WITHERS
SUB-EDITED BY JESSTASTIC, RICHARD BOL, KIM, ANNELES NAUS, TIM BRIGHTWELL
OVERWHELMING ADMINISTRATIVE WORK BY JESSTASTIC
RYAN SPROULL CARTOONED BY ERIN O'LEARY
COVER DESIGN BY NICK WITHERS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZARA SIGGLEKOW
FASHION DIRECTED BY SAM HEARN
CARTOONS BY NOODLE, NICHOLAS GUREWITCH, CHARLES NINOW, ARIEL, TIM MOLLOY, DION WALKER
NEWS BY JESSTASTIC, DODGY RICH BOL, ENEMY UNKNOWN
WRITTEN BY TAMA BOYLE, TERRY, CAMERON WALKER, RYAN SPROULL, RUCHA, JOE NUNWEEK, STEFF, MATTHEW BACKHOUSE, HIS MATE JAMES, NEOMAI MARK, NADIA, MATTHEW MORGAN, FAITH HAMBLYN, MANDY, AJ THE WINE LEGEND, RICHARD BOL, RORY BRETTON, TIMOTHY RAE, EVAN LAZARUS, SAM FINNEMORE, JESSTASTIC, ENEMY UNKNOWN, AUNTIE KANDY, KRIS SPROULL, SOPHIE KLINGER, SARAH CLARKE, EMILY ANDERSON, ZARA SIGGLEKOW, YVONNE, LAURA, CHRISTIAN, HAMISH HUTCHINSON, PAUL CRIMMINS, MICHAEL MCFADGEON, MALCOLM CHERRY
APOLOGIES TO THOSE WHO WENT UNCREDITED THIS WEEK. WE ARE RUNNING WELL OVER TIME.
ATTENTION CONTRIBUTORS: PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR NAME, OR PSEUDONYM, IN THE DOCUMENT FILE ITSELF. PUBLISHER: AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
PRINTER: BPG DIGITAL
EDITORIAL OFFICE: 4 ALFRED ST, PRIVATE BAG 92019, AUCKLAND. PHONE: 309 0789 XTN 282 FAX: 306 6571
ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES: AARON HAUGH PHONE: 09 306 6581 MOBILE: 027 CRACCUM EMAIL: ADVERTISING@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ
IDEAS, ADVICE, CRITICISMS, COMPLIMENTS, TO CONTRIBUTE OR ANYTHING ELSE: CRACCUM.EDITOR@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ
DISCLAIMER: THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE STAFF, ADVERTISERS, AUSA OR BPG.

UBS
UNIVERSITY
BOOKSHOP
www.ubsbooks.co.nz

- ☐ Student owned
- ☐ 10% permanent student discount including most general books & stationery*
- ☐ We buy and sell second-hand textbooks*
- ☐ We will price match any competitor on new University of Auckland textbooks*
- ☐ Open 7 days or order on our website

*See instore for details

student owned - your store on campus

Student News

INTEREST-FREE STUDENT LOANS: WHAT'S THE GO?

Most current and former tertiary students will be aware that, as of April 1st, they will no longer be charged interest on their student loans, as long as they stay in New Zealand. In fact, the policy covers all of those who have ever received a student loan - right back to the loan scheme's inception in 1992. As a reminder of how much students will save, the estimated student loan interest savings for Auckland University students from 2001-2005 add up to \$36.57 million, out of New Zealand tertiary institutions' '01-'05 total of \$337.62 million.

- R.

POLICE SEARCH FOR BOX, PROPOSE LEAGUE MATCH

Students had an unexpected surprise on Wednesday morning as two police officers strode purposefully into the Quad. After quickly hiding everything that may be used as evidence in a court of law, Craccum editor Ryan Sproull and associates wandered inconspicuously down to the Quad to investigate. The policemen made their way to the Clubs and Events Office, where they appeared to have a somewhat jovial conversation with AUSA staff member Ms. Sandy Lay. After taking several photos of said police officers, and then innocently reading posters as they left the office, Craccum spoke to Lay about the incident. The police, it would seem, had come to the Quad in search of 'a box'. "They are looking for a box", explained Lay. But why, one wonders? Was there a bomb in the box? A baby? Drugs? Poorly-paid high-school students that needed

to be rounded up and stripped of their right to protest? Who knows?

Lay went on to say that one of the officers happened to be the coach of the police league team, and that he had expressed interest in organising a 'friendly' game against our own university league team. The prospect of an organised no-holds barred death match between police and students seems unlikely, but perhaps a good hard game of league would be almost as interesting. More details as they come to light.

- J.

STUDENTS LOSE THEIR INTEREST

The so-called Labour-election bribe of interest free student loans comes in to force the April 1st. A cruel irony, perhaps, that it should fall on such a date. But that aside, seeing as the 1st is a Saturday, and no one will be around uni, AUSA has elected to hold their interest-free student loans celebration on the day before, Friday 31st of March. Starting in the Quad around midday, students can look forward to some wicked live music and a DJ, as well as a free BBQ and free beer for students, pretty balloons, yummy candy and cake, and sadistic torture of the debt monster. You can also find out more about interest-free student loans and how the system will operate. A special computer program will be set up to let you calculate how much you will save personally, and there will be a prize for the person that will save the most - who, coincidentally, will be the person that has the largest student loan to begin with, so they need all the help they can get. Watch out for more details in your lectures on Friday.

- J.

EXEC REPORT

Acronyms. We all use them, love them, and at last week's exec meeting, one acronym was the subject of hot debate: NZUSA. Currently standing for New Zealand University Students' Association, the recent influx of polytechnics and other tertiary institutions to the organisation has made the current name somewhat obsolete. Two alternatives have been suggested: New Zealand United Students' Association, and New Zealand Union of Students' Associations. Speaking in favour of the second option, EVP Xavier Goldie pointed out that unlike Australia's equivalent to NZUSA, the National Union of Students, students are not directly members of NZUSA, instead being members of their individual associations, which are in turn members of NZUSA. After some discussion, and two votes, the latter option was selected as AUSA's chosen alternative.

Next there was a visit from an OXFAM on Campus delegation, which encouraged AUSA to sell only fair-trade coffee and chocolate at its cafés. Indeed, AUSA already has SRC policy on supporting fair-trade. At the moment, the AUSA Quad Coffee Cart is the only place selling fair-trade coffee.

In congratulatory news, AUSA IT Legend and Craccum designer Nick Withers was thanked for his incredible contribution to AUSA, and ideas for AUSA capping celebrations were exchanged, ranging from the difficult (putting (live) sheep in public places) to the quite probable (celebratory drinks in the quad). Xavier Goldie revealed the Medical School-Aegrotat imbroglio (read his column for more details), and co-Media Officer Jess Ralph announced plans for a quad interest-free loans celebration on 31st March. In election news, Pacific Island Students' Rep Tim Baice declared that 2004 EVP Patrick Thomsen-Noa has been elected President of PISO.

- R.

National News

MAORI PARTY MPS PERFORM U-TURN ON EMPLOYMENT RIGHTS

Anyone paying close attention to the Supersize My Pay campaign would have noticed the Maori Party's support for its aims of improved pay, job security and better conditions for low-wage workers. Indeed, Unite union Auckland president and Supersize My Pay figurehead Matt McCarten has previously been a leading figure in the Maori Party, serving as Tariana Turia's campaign manager for the 2004 Te Tai Hauauru by-election. Furthermore, Maori Party co-leader Pita Sharples spoke at the Supersize My Pay rally at the Auckland Town Hall on February 12th.

However, on the 15th March, Sharples, along with his Maori Party colleagues Te Ururoa Flavell and Tariana Turia, voted in favour of National MP and Political Correctness Eradicator Wayne Mapp's Employment Relations (Probationary Employment) Amendment Bill, allowing it to pass its first reading by 63-58 (Hone Harawira was the only Maori Party MP to vote against). The bill aims to institute a 90-day probationary period for employees, during which they can be sacked without any right to redress under the Employment Relations Act, a proposal in seeming opposition to Supersize My Pay's focus on job security. Green MP Sue Bradford labelled the bill "an attack on the young, the less skilled and educated, and the unemployed - who are also disproportionately Maori, Pasifika, and refugee and migrant workers", while the President of the Council of Trade Unions, Ross Wilson, commented that the bill "would remove the rights of all new employees to appeal for unjustified dismissal in the first 90 days of their service, in addition to removing rights around

unfair discrimination and sexual harassment."

Under current law, while it is possible to hire workers for a probationary period, they can only be sacked for a good substantive reason and if fair procedure has been followed. In his Herald On Sunday column, McCarten made no criticism on the Maori Party's position on employment rights, instead attacking trade unions for being too close to the Labour Party, who, along with the Greens, opposed the bill.

The Maori Party's alignment with Wayne Mapp is somewhat incongruous, given Mapp's recent campaign against joint English and Maori census forms. Veteran Maori activist (and mother of Hone Harawira) Titewhai Harawira this week attacked Sharples, Turia and Flavell, arguing that Mapp's bill was anti-Maori.

- R.

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT - A WEEKEND OF STUDENT ACTIVISM

The last few days have seen a flurry of protest activity in the heart of the city, with marches comprised mostly of high-school students taking over Queen St on Saturday and again on Monday. Saturday saw over 1000 people march from Britomart to Myer's Park, taking in stops at the McDonalds, Burger Kings and Starbucks along the way. They were marching in support of the SuperSize My Pay campaign, which calls for the abolishment of youth rates, secure hours for part-time staff and an increase in the minimum wage to \$12 an hour. This reporter was caught up in the melee, and noted the exemplary good behaviour of those marching. Don't believe what you read in the Herald. Monday saw more action in support of the SuperSize My Pay campaign, with Western Springs College-



The crowd at Saturday's march

based student group Radical Youth calling on high school students from around Auckland to walk out of their schools and bus to Aotea Square for a protest rally. An estimated 1000 students and their supporters turned up, and the rally turned into an impromptu march down Queen St. Police were unhappy with the lack of planning and permission, and the Herald has had a field day with the out-of-control youth angle. Two arrests were made. For more indepth coverage, check out the feature in Craccum this week.

- J.

SPONGE TO PUT THE SQUEEZE ON DRINK SPIKERS

Following a suspected drink-spiking on the weekend at popular Ponsonby Rd bar Sponge, the bar's management has decided to get tougher on possible date-rapists. Rumours that drink-spiking takes place regularly at Sponge have been around for a while, although

none have ever been substantiated. The most recent incident involved the girlfriend of one of the staff, who had been making her drinks himself and was aware of how strong her drinks had been and how many she had consumed – not enough at all to explain her condition. The drinks are thought to have been left unattended for several minutes when the girl and a friend went outside for a cigarette. Sponge is now attempting to stop possible drug rapists from targeting female patrons at their establishment, by noting the name of

men seen leaving with intoxicated- or drugged-looking women and asking to verify their names with ID. Innocent men, they argue, have nothing to fear with these new measures. Drink-spiking has become a more of a potential threat now that people are forced to go outside the venue, and often outside the liquor-licence boundaries, in order to have a cigarette – often leaving their drink inside and unattended or under the distracted eye on friends. Not all bars can afford to have an outdoor smoking area built within their prop-

erty or have the space and time to accommodate a 'drink-check' service like the one at Descrier's. It's such a time that we have a better way of detecting such date-rape situations, perhaps Spongers' response is one more bars should follow.

- J.

World News

"I am talking about those mercenaries... They have started throwing those pencils, but they are not pencils, they are booby traps to kill the children."

– Iraqi Information Minister

Last week, rumours floated around the Pacific about plans to bring Fijian mercenaries to Bougainville (which everyone in the office decided could only be pronounced Bogan-ville). Bougainville is an autonomous island owned by Papua New Guinea, and is part of the Solomon Islands chain. In the 1990s, during a rebel uprising on Bougainville, Papua New Guinea's government hired the infamous South African mercenary company Executive Outcomes to quell the rebellion. Now, a remnant of that rebellion, led by Noah Musingku, the self-proclaimed King of Southern Bougainville, is attempting to hire Fijian mercenaries to train his rebel army. It is known that Musingku has five Fijians training his forces already, and it is claimed that he is seeking to import 100 more.

Fiji is good at exporting mercenaries. The Fijian military is dominated by Native Fijians, whereas the political and economic life of Fiji is dominated by Fijian Indians. This was the making of Fiji's history of coups, where the native people felt economically deprived, and had guns and military training to do something about it. The dangers of a professional army just sitting around not doing much are well known in history, and so the 2003 Iraq invasion was a good opportunity for the Fijian government. The government encouraged the recruitment of Fijian soldiers for work with Global Risk Strategies, a mercenary company in Iraq. Fijian mercenaries now earn good money in Iraq, which they send back to their families in Fiji. There is also the added bonus for the Fijian government that the soldiers are on the other side of the world and can't stir up trouble at home.

Iraq has become synonymous with the use of mercenaries, under the euphemism of "security contractors". There are hints of mercenary activity continually

in the news. For instance, in April last year, an American helicopter was shot down, killing six Americans, three Bulgarians and two Fijians, a strange mix of nationalities. They were all "security contractors" carrying out "some sort of security work", according to the company they worked for, Blackwater USA. Numerous other mercenary companies are operating, involving ex-apartheid South Africans, ex-British and US army personnel, Nepalese Gurkhas, and Fijians. Because these mercenaries are not technically military personnel, their deaths are not recorded as losses and can be hidden from public view. The number of Western mercenaries killed in Iraq certainly outnumbers the 2,300 official American military deaths so far.

Of course, mercenaries do not have any national allegiance, and are available to the highest bidder, not just governments. This leads to a number of private-sector ventures, such as the plot to overthrow the government of oil-rich Equatorial Guinea in 2004. A small force of 15 South Africans and Armenians were supposed to take control of the airport in Equatorial Guinea, and change the frequency at the control tower, allowing a planeload of South African mercenaries flying in from Zimbabwe to land. Both parties to the plot were intercepted and arrested. Who exactly was behind the plot is still unclear. Naturally, there have been inferences to Western multinationals and individuals, including Mark Thatcher, son of Margaret Thatcher, who was implicated and received a suspended sentence.

The privatisation of the military has often been talked about over the past few years, and it is happening. Using private mercenary companies instead of national armies has several advantages, especially in the 'war on terror'. Mercenaries have more 'freedom of action' (can be more brutal) than professional soldiers, and governments can always deny connection to those actions. It seems business in the world's second-oldest profession is as strong as ever. – O.

MORBID NEWS WHICH WILL BRIEFLY LIGHTEN UP YOUR DRAB LITTLE LIVES BEFORE LEAVING A BITTER AFTERTASTE OF SHAME

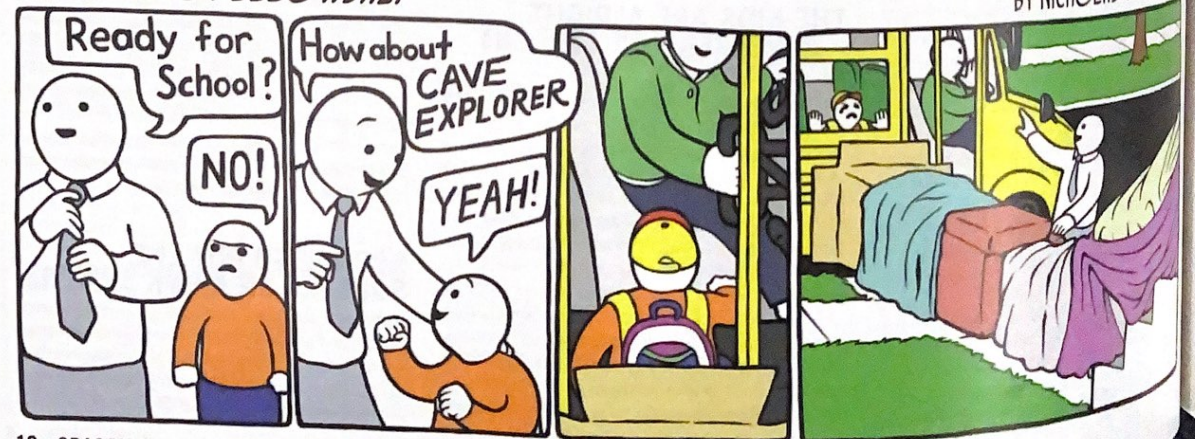
Life is hard for a uni student. We all know the struggles you faced today: your bus was late and overcrowded, it took 20 minutes to get a computer at Kate Edge, your weekend hook-up isn't returning texts. So here's a Craccum news story that will put some grisly pictures of your stultifyingly dull existence. Tara Rose McKelvey, the reigning Miss Deaf Texas, died after being hit by a train a couple of weeks ago. McKelvey was walking alongside tracks when struck. According to a witness, the train's horn was being sounded right up until the deadly collision.

Our upbringing, courtesy of such influences as the wacky hijinks of America's Funniest Home Videos and the pathos of TV news war footage, has conditioned us to find such things as Ms. McKelvey's demise both tragic and ever-so-slightly amusing. But of course we have also been trained to feel ashamed.

OBSCURE LAW NEWS THAT FIND INTERESTING

As you'll see next week in this magazine, New Zealand has a silly and obsolete offence called blasphemy, which is still on the books. Right now, part of a giant legal mission, known as the Pre-Independence Project, is about to be concluded in Ireland. The Project is about to review every law enacted previous to the land's independence in 1922. This particular stage of the Project covers law introduced before the legislative union between Ireland and Great Britain, which took place on 1st January 1801. Those laws which were

PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP



been found to be unrepealed but obsolete (so they are theoretically still in force) will be repealed by the Statute Law Revision (Pre-Union) Bill 2006.

Here's some of the obsolete laws currently in force which said 2006 Bill will overturn when it is enacted:

1320: No one to be mainprised unless mainpernable by law

1377: Murgh Obryen subsidised, on condition of withdrawing from Leinster

1450: Fynyn O'Dniscoll to be treated as an enemy

1453-54: Jokestown [Yes, Jokestown.]

1733: An Act for repairing the road from Kinnegad to the County of Westmeath

And here's some that have been repealed earlier:

1366: Irish minstrels etc., not to be received among the English

1447: Wearing beards: Irish enemies

1456: John Cantwell obtained bulls for the bishopric of

Cashel without the King's licence

1459: Abolishing the words Cromabo and Butlerabo [Those fascist communist homosexual PC thought-police were even around back then. Someone give Wayne Mapp a call. He'd eradicate them, if only they weren't already dead]

1537: Prohibition of marrying with Irishmen

1727: Barristers, solicitors and sub sheriffs to be Protestants

- R.

VIVA LE FREE-MARKET ECONOMY - FRENCH STICK IT TO APPLE

The French Parliament voted this Tuesday on a controversial new law to open up the online download market. The law still has to be debated and voted upon by the Senate, but if it passes, Apple appears to be considering pulling out of France entirely rather than comply with the new rules. The French argue that it a monopoly is created when a consumer is forced to

buy the digital music player that is compatible with the online music store they wish to download from, or they are forced to use the online download store that works with their player. The law demands inter-operability between all types of players and the formats that online stores distribute music in. This means Apple, who only allow downloads from iTunes to work on the iPod, will have to share their copy-protection software with their market competition. Under the law, if any company refused to share all essential information when requested to do so by a competitor, they could be hit with hefty fines for non-compliance. Loath to give up industry secrets when the information technology game is so tightly contested, some of the big manufacturers of digital players are gearing up to fight the decision. Industry analysts have rubbished the new law, saying that attacking one of the only viable attempts to make legal downloads work is not helping the international battle against digital piracy of music and movies.

- J.

Party!

Come and celebrate the arrival of
Interest free student loans!

In the Quad from MIDDAY

WITH

Beer, BBQ,
Candy, Balloons and
Entertainment and Prizes

From April 1, all interest on student
loans will be wiped off.

From now on you will be required to
pay back what you borrow,

Not a cent more

So come and celebrate with AUSA and
NZUSA the beginning of the end of
Student Debt.

Celebrations begin MIDDAY in the Quad

Society Highlights UP & COMING IN AUCKLAND

This weekend is the perfect opportunity to develop your status as a social butterfly... April Fool's Day means so many events happening, and there's no way you can't find one that tickles your interest. So leave the assignment til next week... no one really needs plussage anyway... and get dressed up to go out instead.

At Rangitoto College til April 8th, a bunch of Shore teenagers are performing **Fame - The Musical**. If you have a thing for eighties' music or high school students (or both) why not pop along? I know high school productions have a reputation for being painful and only enjoyable by the proud parents of those onstage, but they have drastically increased in stylistic merit over the last decade, and we all know Shore girls can dance. Daily from 7pm in the school auditorium, \$18 for adults and \$14 for students. Tickets at the door.

On a similar eighties buzz, **Dirty Dancing** opens at the Civic this Friday. A musical version of the popular Patrick Swayze film, this promises to have the slightly older generation up out of the chairs dancing. If you don't want to be grossly embarrassed, I suggest you don't go to this musical with any over the age of 25, to minimize the risk. Tickets are \$65 - \$110, a little bit on the pricy side for a student perhaps. Check on the web for more details on show times.

Bic Runga will be playing at the Tahaki Reserve on Saturday, exploring the material on her latest album, *Birds*, and hopefully playing some of her older gems as well. From 6pm. Tickets are \$47.50 - \$52.50 and available from Ticketek.

A Date with Destiny, at Studio on Saturday night. Catch Dick Johnson, Bevan Keys and Thane Kirby. From 10pm. Tickets are \$20 from Real Groovy.

On the Shore this Saturday, alt rock band **Antihero** are playing at the Masonic. With influences like Bowie and the Smashing Pumpkins, this band must be popular on the Shore. The gig is R18 and there's a small door charge. From 9pm.

Tickets available from: Door sales

The Ponsonby Fringe Festival opens this Saturday. Now in it's fifth year, the festival has broadened it's focus to include fine food and wine, theatre, music and art, as well as the central celebration of fashion. The outdoor **Launch Party** is this Saturday at Western Park, on Ponsonby Rd. There will be a fashion show preview, art installations, graffiti artists from Disruptiv, DJs from George, a dance and display of artworks by local primary school children and the all important beer and wine tent. There will also be, bizarrely, a Best Dressed Dog and Owner competition. Is that reinforcing stereotypes of Ponsonby? Nevermind. The Launch Party is free. Take your dog.

The Festival last for 12 days, with plenty of interesting things happening each day. A series of public **Fashion Showcases** will be held in some of bars and restaurants along Ponsonby Rd. Featuring some of New Zealand's best fashion brands, including Zambesi, Vanilla Ink, Carlson and Moa, these events are free. We like free. Contact (09) 360 9301 for more details or check on the net.

The Indie Club takes over Grand Circle on Saturday night, with Photonic, Nebula One and Wazman Ferrari. Only \$10, at the door. From 8pm.

DJ Mancho headlines the **Boost Mobile Battle For Supremacy** at 4 20, K'Rd, which also features Wordperfect, Just N Effect & Lee Rok. Saturday, from 10pm.

Banana in a Nutshell is now screening at the Academy Cinema, Lorne Street. A sell-out at local and international film festivals, Roseanne Liang's irrepressible doco is a fresh and light-hearted take on the experiences of a NZ born Chinese female in a cross-cultural relationship. Special student price of \$10 on display of ID at counter.

And finally, this Saturday at the Classic there'll be laughs a plenty as Auckland's comedy community comes out to celebrate April Fool's Day. Hosted by Andrew Clay, **The April Fool's Day Showcase** starts at 8pm and is R18. Hopefully this means it will be very funny. Or very rude. Which is funny. \$10 at the door. And the later that night there's the **April Fool's Day Late and Live** with Jeremy Elwood, famed for his 'biting social commentary' and 'devastating delivery'. Should be good. Starts at 10.30pm, \$15 on the door.

Auntie Kandy's LAND OF SEX



I promised, didn't I, that this week we were going to talk about Virginity. In all its hory glory, this is a column about when, where and why to say goodbye, and what you might expect.

For many of you nice, middle-class bunnies, university is going to be the (best? worst? only?) time for your first time, and I'm here to make sure that at the very least no one attempts it without foreplay – not on my watch. Let us begin with some necklace pearls from the Craccum staffers (who have apparently had more bad sex than anyone supposed):

Wait till you've found someone that you won't feel huge amounts of regret over. Don't lose it just for the sake of it, you will regret it. Fuck peer pressure, claim your virginity and be proud of it... unless you are 30.

If you "are" 30, refer immediately to that hugely underestimated learning tool *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. Seriously. And it's groaningly obvious, of course, but I'd suggest any regret at all and you've probably chosen the wrong person, time, place or circumstance or some dire combination of all four.

In all fairness, I have every respect for people who wait to find the right (NOT perfect) partner to lose their virginity to. Having lost my virginity at a younger age... to a girl, ewwwwwwwww, I do kinda feel it would have been better to wait till I found someone I had more of an emotional connection with.

Yup.

The whole candlelit room, rose petals and tender lovemaking is bullshit, it never happens that way. Expect awkwardness, uncomfortableness, maybe pain, uncertainty about what to do, how to put it in properly and inexperienced fumbling foreplay.

Ok, some of these things are inevitable, although if you don't know where the rubber hits the road during sex (and getting the penis-meets-vagina part during is proving difficult), then you should probably head back to the drawing board and get into some other stuff, stuff my mother would have called "heavy petting". After practising fingering, hand-jobs, blow jobs, cunnilingus, mutual masturbation, et al, you'll get to the point where locating the clitoris and/or g-spot, frenulum, vagina, etc, no longer requires a map and one of those geologist's head-mounted lamps. This will make sex better for all parties concerned if and when it finally happens. You don't need to go along with crappy first-time sex because you think that's how it has to be it. Heed this:

I'll tell you how NOT to do it. Don't do it on the kitchen floor of your friend's house with the guy from your brother's school that everyone mocks shitless and gets thrown into rubbish bins frequently. What to expect? Shit sex and a small dick. Seven years down the track, expect embarrassment and an

overwhelming sense of denial.

A friend of mine in high school had first-time sex at 15 at a party and then remained celibate for the next six years. That was just nasty. Take some time to think about the situation beforehand. Virginity isn't a disease with a one-time-only cure.

There's only one thing that can make a virginity-losing session bearable: a nice pre-coital tippie of Harvey's Bristol Cream. Splendid.

I always find (well, I found once, which is the maximum permissible number) that a bottle of Burgundy goes well with first-time sex.

All right, but having nothing at all makes it more memorable. And we've already discussed the sad ramifications of brewer's droop. I have to say also that probably 99% of the shit sex had by first-timers is a direct or indirect result of booze consumption.

Okay, I made that statistic up. But I'll stand by it.

For the first time: penis goes in, penis comes out. Repeat ONCE. Ejaculate. Collapse on top of partner. Apologise profusely and say it's never happened to you before. You're not lying.

Snuggle up and tell her you love her.

That sounds fine to me, particularly if snuggling involves some sexy stimulation for the other half of the equation a little later on.

A practical angle (and it's all in the angle, afterall):

Someone is going to have to tell these kids about the sheets. Please don't make it be me. Just let them know that it is a really good idea to have a spare sheet available, as well as a durable and washable underlay (more innuendo; sorry). Otherwise, everyone is going to know. Some of those claims they make in the soap-powder advertisements just don't hold up. This advice is especially important if you are living in a situation where somebody else does your laundry.

Sigh. Towels, kids. Old ones. These also come in handy for sex while one partner is menstruating. If that's your bag. Also something your mother might not have told you – if you take the bloodstained item and soak it for a day in lots of cold water (no soap, no hot water), then machine wash with regular detergent in cold water again, you'll probably get away with it. There'll be no need to pay late-night visits to strangers' washing lines. And if you've managed to plan something in advance – dark sheets and towels = no stains.

Auntie Kandy's general principle on sex applies here – if you want to do something and you feel somewhere in your over-educated and under-experienced little soul that it's the right thing, do it. And more importantly for the topic in hand, if you don't want to do something, for any reason at all, for

God's sake hold off. Somehow, somewhere in your consciousness is the clue to whether losing your virginity is the right decision. And if it's not, I suggest some other form of sexual activity in the meantime. Shop around. Or do nothing.

Horrible old people like me realise that youth is wasted on the young. You only get to lose your virginity once, and it's possible to make it as interesting, pleasurable or crap as you want. Make that choice.

QUESTION TIME

Dear Aunty,

I'm a second year student and I have a sexual health question which I can't find an answer for. Here it goes.....

By having oral sex without protection, can you get any diseases? Now I know that for a girl, a guy can put a condom on and she's then protected. But for a guy, there's no form of protection when giving a girl oral sex. I am a guy, by the way.

I myself have given my girlfriend oral sex. And of course there's no protection that I can use, right? Does this mean it is 100% safe to give a girl oral sex? My girl has also given me oral sex with and without a condom.

I ask this as myself and my girl have had other partners prior to our relationship.

You can get sexually transmitted infections (STIs) from oral sex and to keep safe you should use a thing called a dental dam, which is a piece of rubber that you put over your partner's vulva before going down on her. They're not that commonly available, so I'd buy some flavoured condoms without spermicide on and cut them open down one side to form a square of latex that you can put between your mouth and your partner's genitals.

If you've had previous partners as you say, then you and your partner should both go and get a sexual health check from Student Health – they can test for all STIs and they have to keep the details confidential. If you're both free of infections, you won't need to worry about giving them to each other. However, in this respect, trust is really important. I know of more than one case where someone has been unfaithful and in doing so picked up and passed on an infection on to their steady partner.

Next week: foreplay – an end in itself. I'll be reporting from Dunedin, where, surely, more people live apart from their parents for the first time than anywhere else in New Zealand. It's sex gone mad.....

K

- Also next week, a transcript of the fucken bizarre conversation between Dodgy "Te Atatu Stu" Rich and Pol Le Trick on the Craccum staff wiki. Jesus.

Students Run Riot Youth Get Politically Active, and it's a Fucking Good Thing Too

By RYAN SPROULL

I have the flyer in my pocket: "Act your rage against youth rates! Walkout of your school on Monday 20th of March for a rally at Aotea Square, 2pm." Instinctively I wonder if Monday afternoon was the afternoon where they taught that "walkout" is a noun rather than a verb, and a pretty crude one at that. The flyer went on to explain that this walkout would stand against age discrimination, demand equal pay for equal work and put pressure on the Government to pass the Minimum Wage Amendment Bill to end youth rates.

That youth rates were even an issue had not occurred to me until about halfway through last year, in conversation with Meto Fox. Meto is one of the founding members of Radical Youth, the movement behind last Monday's walkout. It is a young movement in every sense of the word. It consists primarily of politically active teenagers, and it has existed for little over a year.

The current minimum wage for adults (18+) is \$9.50 an hour, \$7.60 an hour for 16- and 17-year-olds, and there is no minimum wage for anyone younger than that. I had grown up with this state of affairs, working as a checkout chick at Countdown Northlands in Christchurch. We had a little booklet that told us how much we would be paid, a kind of matrix of age and experience. Of course, even the adults were paid shit. A firm believer in fairness, I now realised that youth rates were an offensive notion, also reinforcing the idea that until you're 18, you don't quite count.

For reasons not entirely clear to me, I don my cowboy hat and wander with Nadia and Simon down towards Aotea Square. A word about that hat. Cass calls it a "paedophile hat". My only point is, I stole the hat

Government decisions first and foremost take into account the net result in electoral favour. To end this discrimination would anger a bunch of voting employers and win the favour of a bunch of non-voting employees. Not politically convenient. Disregard.

from him. Anyway, it's too goddam sunny. I wonder if that will encourage potential school-leavers, wonder how different this really was from an excuse to wag (or "bunk", as we South Islanders sometimes say) school.

It's an uphill battle for any teenager to be taken seriously by anyone who is not a teenager. This is because teenagers are predominantly ridiculous, and we all remember being ridiculous teenagers with a kind of self-loathing that magically transforms into

14 - CRACCUM #5



Check them out. All right?

condescension upon completion of the sentence. It's a little like the Christian talking to the heathen – "Ah yes, I was once like you. But now I'm better."

The Green Party recognises this. "We should remember that these students don't have the right to vote," notes Sue Bradford. "So they have to find other ways to voice their political opinions. 'Striking' from school is one visible and powerful way they can do this." This drew criticism from the Young Nats, who issued a press release stating that supporting students walking out of school was the final straw; the Greens are no longer credible.

No doubt, a large factor in the existence and perpetuation of youth rates in New Zealand is the lack of representation of the interests of anyone under 18.

We walk with them, of course, and join in their chants. Some of the oldest there, probably, which is a little sad. If more voting-age adults felt some solidarity with the youth, there would have been change long ago. There are some adults, though, including some university-age people. I see a few faces I recognise. And both Unite and the Greens make a show of support.

Speaking of the Greens, I quickly come across Neil Locke being interviewed by TV3's Alistair Wilkinson. Wilkinson scowls at Locke's Zen calm. "But you're condoning students walking out of high school?" he cries. Locke smiles and replies, "They're exercising their right to have a political voice." They stare each other down for a few tense seconds. Wilkinson asks Locke's dazed smile, then suddenly Wilkinson comes out of it. "Thanks, that's all I need," he says to Locke in a professional, but not unfriendly, manner. The interview is over, Wilkinson moves on.

I rang a few people to ask what they thought of the Students Walking Out thing. Greg Taylor, principal of Mt Albert Grammar, explained that those students who left without permission would be "making time up" – Teacher Code for detention. In that time, though, he was in favour of the Bill, which he expected to be passed. "There are those saying that it'll mean no jobs for youth," he notes. "But they always say that."

Indeed they do. No doubt the prospect of having to pay their young workers a decent wage is of concern to plenty of employers, who currently enjoy the ability to assign mind-numbing tasks to labourers with little legal protection. The argument, if you've heard, is basically that young workers are employed solely because they can be paid less. Therefore, if employers are forced to match the wages with adults, they might as well employ adults in the

job, thus leaving the teenagers out of a job. Age discrimination in hiring policies is illegal, of course, but everyone will do it anyway.

At first glance, it seems fairly convincing. Perhaps the youth would do better to demand lower minimum wages, thus giving them a massive advantage against adults in procuring employment. Hell, get rid of their minimum wage entirely; it's for their own good. Yes, seems convincing.

A pretty simple analogy can clear that up, though. Let's say that the law is such that Maori have a lower minimum wage than Pakeha. Ah, you see where I'm going, of course. Maori have a lower minimum wage, and they march in favour of a bill that would amend the situation so that they have the same minimum as Pakeha. Then people stand around and say, "Well, that's stupid. If they get the same pay as Pakeha, employers will just stop employing Maori altogether. They're doing themselves out of jobs." It could, in this hypothetical world, even be true. Still not a good reason to deny equal pay with no discrimination. Plus, you know, New Zealand has some pretty low unemployment. I doubt there's enough unemployed adults to fill all the roles currently occupied by underpaid



youths.

Another objection is that the amendment will put undue pressure on small businesses. Again, this is analogous to the kind of pressure that was put on small businesses in the States when slavery was abolished. Perhaps some went under because of the strain. Oh well.

The march continues down Queen Street. Not down the actual street, but down the footpaths, with some crossage between. We're on the uni side of Queen Street when Simon points at the intersection. "Look," he says. "They're sitting down."

Many protests are supposed to be inconvenient. The idea is that it's not the kind of thing you want to happen too often, so when people are pissed off enough with some policy or other to cause a real nuisance, the Government has reason to think twice about it. Motorists honk their horns loudly in support of the protesters and everything's going really well, until I hear a siren to my left.

I'm not one of those people who can tell a police siren from an ambulance siren, so when I turn around, my first thought is, "Oh, great, they've sent a police van to nudge the protesters out of the intersection." It takes a second to realise that it's an ambulance, and then another to realise the implications of this. My second thought is, "Oh, the evening news is gonna just lurrve this."

The kids get out of the way pretty quickly, except for one. I know him. His name is Omar. He faces the van right up close, his arms extended, showing no intention of getting out of the way. What is he doing? Does he still think what I thought, that it's a police van sent in as soon as the march obstructed traffic? Is he too close to it to tell the difference? The ambulance advances a foot, and the protester holds his ground.

People yell. Me too. "Get out of the way! It's a fucking ambulance!" A few police officers approach, and he's gone, to the footpath, out of my sight. The ambulance moves on, having lost perhaps 10 seconds to Omar. The intersection clears.

Suddenly, there's yelling. I look at where Omar had run to, and he's struggling with two cops. Another two join the fray, and soon he is being literally carried by four officers, one to each limb. Max Calder-Watson, a prominent social-justice campaigner from Auckland University, follows, yelling things I can't make out. Nadia and I follow too.

The cops carry Omar into the National Bank on the corner, out of our sight, and two of them take positions at the door, blocking Max's entry. He demands

It's a small incident, really, but is to become a focal point in future discussion of the protest. Letters to the editor in the Herald will refer to the "selfish teens" putting "others' lives at risk by blocking the path of an ambulance". Talkback radio will be abuzz. In short, the point will be missed by the public at large.

to see his friend. The officer who seems to be in charge explains that no one's getting in. He's not being particularly friendly about it, in the time-honoured tradition of police giving short answers to questions and then staring off into the distance, as if the matter is sorted.

His badge number, G973, is a bit impersonal. Whatever happened to nametags? "Hello, my name is G973!" Perhaps the police could learn a few things from Mormons about being nice. Elder G973 is forced to explain further: "Your mate is under arrest. He doesn't have the right to have a friend present. Are you his legal counsel? No." Max retreats a few steps, clearly dissatisfied.

We mill around for a while. The march has moved far past us, down Queen Street. The doors open and police usher both Omar and another arrestee into police cars. Max asks Omar if he's all right. He looks straight ahead, doesn't seem to respond. They're gone, and talk amongst his friends turns to heading up to the station to do what they can. Nadia and I move on.

It's a small incident, really, but is to become a focal point in future discussion of the protest. Letters to the editor in the Herald will refer to the "selfish teens" putting "others' lives at risk by blocking the path of an ambulance". Talkback radio will be abuzz. In short, the point will be missed by the public at large. So will Omar's explanation. He was a safety marshal for the

protest, and didn't want to move until he was certain the seated protesters had moved to safety. He will later claim in a press release: "The officers at the scene arrested me and took me into the backroom of a nearby Westpac bank and hit me repeatedly in the face before using a choke hold on me, even though I was passive."

Towards the bottom of Queen Street, we run into Wilkinson again. He's interrogating a 16-year-old girl, similar questions and style to the interview with Locke. She seems to be holding her own okay, but Max drags her away, chiding Wilkinson for his treatment of her. Wilkinson explains that he has to use an aggressive interview technique in order to get to the truth of the matter. Max says there's a difference between interviewing Winston Peters and interviewing a 16-year-old girl, and they leave.

The march gathers at Downtown, with lots of chants, but most of them have sat down to listen to speakers with megaphones. I see Meto off to the side, a burly police officer talking to her. "You've got all these adults talking in your ear, telling you what to do," he

says, referring to Unite and the Greens. Meto walks away, and rightly so. I'm fortunate enough to know her, know that no one's telling her what to do, know that she's passionate about social justice and pragmatic enough to organise a protest like this, alongside similarly passionate and sensible youths, without any prompting. The cop is not privy to this information, and his misconception is understandable.

The protest heads back up Queen Street to Aotea Square, without incident. At Aotea, the crowd has thinned. While some estimates put the march's numbers at 1000, boredom and perhaps fear of arrest have scattered some. Maybe 300 are now in the Square, but these 300 are hardcore. They know why they're there. They chant, cheer, give speeches about what they've achieved. Meto closes things up, ensuring the protesters leave in groups, not alone.

And what had they achieved? The Minimum Wage Amendment Bill seems likely to pass, as it should, and probably didn't need the help of this walkout and march. But what I saw was something more than that. I saw almost a thousand kids get out and experience in a real sense the kind of thing that can happen when they organise for a cause, demand a voice, make a difference. These thousand, and perhaps the many more who saw what they did, will enter adult life with that understanding, and New Zealand will be a much better place for it.

THE HATER'S GUIDE TO parties

By MANDY and MATTY

The excesses of O-week are now a distant memory, and you are in the pre-assignment lull. The weather is relatively good, and there is an abundance of new people in your life, so it is time to capitalise on all this by attending the multitude of suburban parties in your locality. Loose inhibitions, the inebriated illusion that all your fellow party-goers are hot and bangable, a social setting accepting of your fuck-ups and the fact that no one will remember them anyway are what the night is all about. Parties are events reeking of gratuitous phorosity, and haters hate phorosity and anyone engaging in it. Join us, as we delve into the murky world of hating on parties and their eclectic bunch of attendees.

- One of the most enjoyable aspects of a party is stealing other people's drinks. However, when your drinks get stolen, the party becomes an abysmal chasm of sorrow rather than the profound celebration you were expecting. If you discover the person who pilfered your beer, confiscate it and pour it on the ground in front of them, possibly splashing their shoes. Although you will not be able to consume the ale yourself, you will have displayed your supremacy by the unnecessary wastage of a perfectly drinkable commodity.
- Dominate the stereo with Aqua, Spice Girls and S Club 7 tapes. Herald the many complaints you receive by pointing out the deeper meaning of such hits as '2become1'. Suggest that the maturity acquired by your corralled listeners since the band's heyday should enable them to be much more appreciative. However, your doings could possibly backfire by sparking a nostalgic revival among some female party-patrons. If they enthusiastically head to the dance floor to recreate choreographed moves from their first-form talent quest, your play has failed, and you must quickly counter this with the random metal mix tape stashed conveniently in your back pocket.
- Relocate smoke alarms to hidden locations in strategic areas where cigarette users congregate. Any nicotine-inspired socialising will be rudely interrupted by the piercing shriek of ever-vigilant fire-safety warnings. This is not recommended if you yourself are a "social" smoker.
- When someone asks you what you do, reply, "Why do you want to know? Are you trying to define me as what I do rather than who I am? Well, you can fuck off, then!" When you discover two days later that they are your Philosophy 341 tutor, belatedly nominate yourself for the class rep in an attempt to curry favour with the powers that be. This hopeless endeavour will not, however, prevent you from failing the paper.



In the foamy ether of this 'novelty' party, nobody is aware that Gareth is pissing on Tanya's foot.

- Quash the blossoming lust you see forming between two recently introduced party-goers by assailing one of them with a clearly announced claim such as, "Oh, Sal, I picked up your herpes cream from the chemist today. It's meant to be really good for the genital variety, so you'll be sorted in no time!" When they act oblivious to your diligent and self-sacrificing errand, cry out, "But I endured the shame and judgment of the whole pharmacy." At this point burst into tears and finish with, "All for you!"
- At a party of munters, subtly mock your audience with phrases such as, "Yeah, bro, fuckin'a cuz bro fuck yeah cuz!" Translated into English, this sentence is incomprehensible, but it has something to do with rotary engines and blow-off valves.
- Excessive alcohol consumption inevitably leads to full bladders, and excessively full bladders inevitably lead to long lines for the toilet. If there is only one "necessary facility" in the house, thwart your fellow party-goers' ability to relieve themselves in a dignified manner. Utilise your long-awaited time in the bathroom to lock the door and make a swift exit out the window. Alternatively, have a nice, long "shower".
- Gatecrash a party with your amateur dramatics society and recreate the storming of the Bastille. Everyone will be significantly geeked-out enough to leave, including the host.
- The traditional 21st birthday party is an event tailor-made for hating in all its multifaceted forms. Take full advantage of the free alcohol supplied by the parents of the birthday boy/girl whom you barely know. This way you will be suitably inebriated, and your vocal chords suitably lubricated, by the time the speeches roll around. Once the heartfelt words of Mama, Papa and Auntie Maude have passed and the floor is open to general well-wishers, take the opportunity to claim the stage and recount as many humiliating, shocking and lewd stories of

your adventures with the birthday boy/girl. The fact that none of these are true is irrelevant. Your blatant drunkenness and disregard for savoury speech will leave the assembly of family and friends embarrassed and unable to distinguish if your tales are mere fabrications or the previously-uncovered horrific truth about their mutual darling. The fact that you will be a social pariah for the rest of the night will hardly matter, as you will be too busy hitting on the birthday girl/boy's hot and grossly underage younger sibling to notice or care.

- The ultimate way to hate on parties is perhaps the most subtle and the simplest. Simply stay sober the entire night and, possibly armed with a clipboard and biro, record all the most embarrassing things that your drunken companions say and do. This may not spoil their enjoyment of the event at the time. But oh, will it ever pay off over the coming days, when Shelley can't remember that she cheated on her boyfriend and Simon refuses to believe that he urinated in the punchbowl. Simply refer them to your detailed notes written in a tidy cursive script. Complimentary evidence in the form of Polaroid shots should be carefully labeled 'Fig. 3', etc.

These are just a few of the many ways to hate on parties. Every decent hater considers parties a minefield, so if you can't think of any other methods to destroy drunken festivities, you may as well drop out of Hating 101 right now. We mean it, loser.

Colours, Streets

There would be no colour to the streets if not for me, and for that, you should pay me. If you helped me, people would see you differently. I am your ticket to glory, and for that, you should help me. If you smelled me, you would rediscover fragrance; if you saw me, you would attain vision; and for all these, you should bear me up on high. You owe me.

I will be here because I need to be. I am constant as the morning star because where you go is home to me. I am home free, the term homeless doesn't suit me, except if it helped you, pay me. Pay me.

This article is written with you in mind. No one needs something you can't give. And if you can't give anything, then you have nothing.

Do you remember when as a child you wanted something so bad you just had to have it? Even if it meant asking for money from the first and purest 'playmate' and at that tender age learn the feeling of being in debt? On the pretence that we all care to honour our debts when we can afford it, of which we need no pretending, imagine no one wants to lend you money. Imagine you have no means to pay back. Imagine your need is the bane of your life; the morphing of your addiction. Imagine no help, just friends and non-friends, who have nothing.

Because you asked it of me, I will give it to you – the juiciest article. Just like you've asked. Just like a foot so swollen with juice it can hardly squeeze into a shoe or that stain that's showing from between your legs, constantly juiced up from the lack of facility when you need it, and when having a pie was just more important than toilet paper. No, don't stop eating, unless I haven't spoiled your appetite. It is juice you want, isn't it?

Somebody's life is draining away from them every time they wrap themselves up in a cocoon of self-oppression, of smoke burnt off the weed, and of folds of something so material it never expels the chill of the night, and all these will never peel away from them. What's to be done? When exactly you form your habits, you shall never know, and if every day there is a plague in your mind that catches your breath in too long a hold, or puts you in a squash between the sky and the road, I can only say to you: what's to be done?

Sitting in the quiet spaces between the background of trees, misplaced seagulls, empty benches at the square and a street of a flowing crowd, she plays a tune on a guitar even a ragtag backpacker will be ashamed to carry. For her, it is the accompaniment to the quiet, just like the lights at the junction that mime green, red and yellow. "Aw yeah, it helps me pass the time. Cold... yeah..." she said. Then the four chords repeated in sequence again, but the wind came along and danced with it a different way. She's got

everything she has about her. As a traveller, the world is her caravan. The kitchen's down at the Auckland City Mission, where people come and are accepted, because they don't know exactly why they are there. "Yeah... It's a crowded place. It's all about sharing, you know..." and she laughs an embarrassed-laugh.

Nobody knows the company of them except He. They needed him and he needed them, and things were good that way. "They're just friends," he says. They never come down to the kitchen for meals so the rest of the caravan who do don't see them much. "Keeps the chicks to himself too," someone grunts, and the tease is passed round like a good joint. I guess it's always good to keep a segregation of friends: helps with going-out options... So it is that we indulge in luxuries such as this, because Billabong had a summer sale and greater losers of character exist across the phonelines at the call centre.

Somewhere above the bustle of a city headed home for the day sat four strangers in a room. A door would open and let in each of them for an interview. She told herself: "I don't see myself anywhere else but in this place," and just as with those downstairs, waiting for another leftovers-from-Eve's-Pantry experience (because Cook had decided to elope again, taking with her useful Cook's knowledge, since no one pleases to do Cook's job), she didn't know why she was here; amidst three others who seemed just as clueless. "I just thought... it's about time I did something like this," someone shares. Then it was that the question found hanging in the air, coupled with its sole answer and took leave of them, descending the stairs to the kitchen, to hover there, about the ceiling lamps, where assorted breath scents did rise. Soon, the vanishing steam from the coffee would come calling and take the answer with them...

These things people do that are considered good things, most times are done because they have to be. I'd like to believe that goodness was the first atom and just as you cannot boast of growing hair on your head, you will find that there is nothing to flaunt in being/doing the good. Some things like these things are... involuntary.

In the last trickle from the juicer, I present to you three such involuntary persons, who when given a

loudhailer (a rolled up issue of Craccum):

Greetings all earthlings...

Hey

Hey...

We've got water and food, so it's all good...

We get money from the government and some astros who come visiting... so don't worry about us!

It's funny how you feel awkward when you tell people you're a volunteer. You sense some sort of immediate change in their attitudes towards you.

Well, it helps when you're a freak towards everyone else, but you come here and you get to meet more freaks and the clientele who think we're freaks as well, but at least you think the same of them...

Ooh yah... Freaks unite. (Visibly seen to resist punching the air.) Haha...

You know those jeans people try to rip and step on? We came up with those.

People love us and hate us.

I guess they like to feel they're contributing to the less fortunate, but then they don't want it in their face all the time. I'm not saying we don't give out combs here, because they're quite in demand, especially during birthdays. We give 'commission' jeans to our clients as well. They're rip-proof. It's Levis new and improved. (Almost smug)

Oh and we play Mozart and Beethoven and the likes of them... people love it here... better than the Foo Fighters to them... or any of the stuff you people listen too. You never see them camped outside Sounds. We've declared an amnesty there—humans only.

Haha...

Haha...

...and their laughter is often involuntary as well, from which echoes: what's to be done?

Now then, juice is served.

Would you just like a serviette?

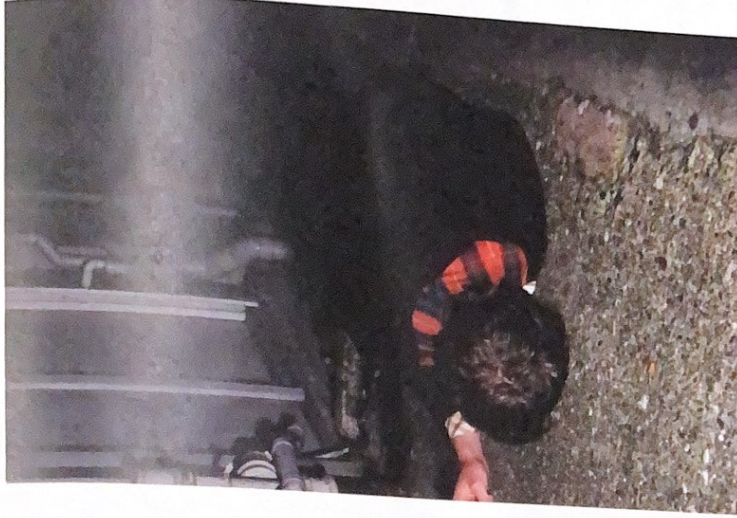
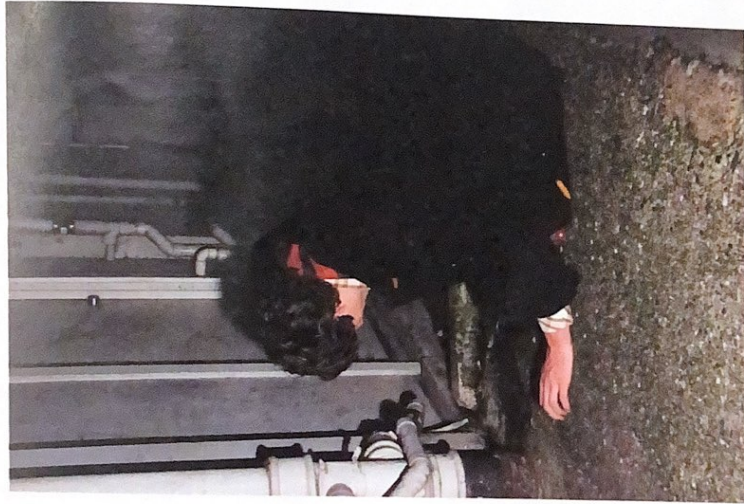
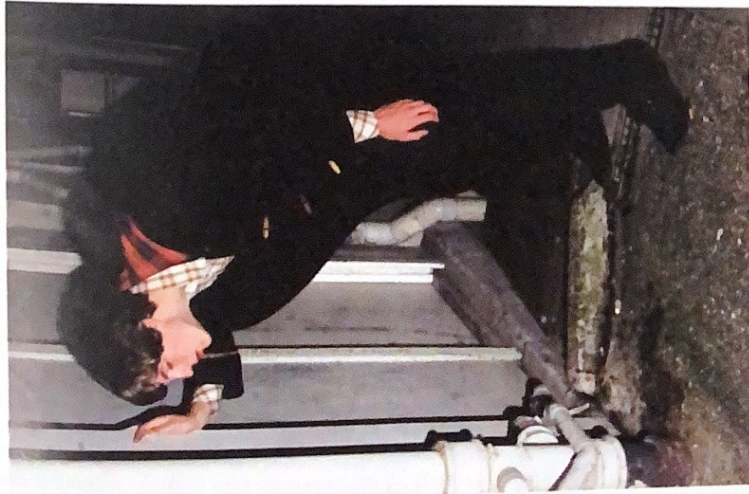
#20 Hapuku

\$22.95/kg



WHAT IS THE PRICE OF FISH?

The JACKET



Even in the temperamental weather of Auckland a good jacket is an essential item in any well-dressed man's wardrobe. You will immediately look sophisticated without much effort involved. Good jackets are expensive so head to **2nd Hand stores**. The vintage shops in **St. Kevin's Arcade** on **K'rd** have a good selection. If you have more time and **less money** head to save mart in New Lynn where **bargains** are aplenty.

HAMISH WEARS JACKET FROM FAST AND LOOSE
B90 JEANS (\$29.95) AND COMMANDO SHOES (\$32.95) FROM FARMERS

PHOTOGRAPHY: ZARA SIGLEKOW MODEL: HAMISH

Welfare

David Do, EVP

BIRD SEX, CRACCUM, XAVIER GOLDIE, VAUGHAN LITTLE – THANK YOU. WITHOUT ALL OF YOU, I WOULDN'T BE HERE.

Hi All,
This week's column's going to sound a bit like a speech at the Academy Awards – if only student welfare was really that glamorous...

BIRD SEX – THANK YOU

Some of you may remember the cartoon 'Surviving Uni' in last week's Craccum (page 36) about bird sex. I used to keep doves as pets (they're so beautiful, I loved them so much!) so I can testify with experience that birds (at least doves and pigeons) do have sex. I don't know the exact biological terminology for the process of avian copulation, but I can briefly describe what the birds do - if you're curious...yes you are.

Obviously with pigeons, there are males, and there are females. The males are the ones that 'show off' to the females, and they can be recognised through their puffed up chests and more coloured plumage (for example, male pigeons tend to have a greenish-purplish shine to their feathers). The females are more diminutive, their 'role' is to be courted by the males.

If you watch pigeons over a long period of time (as I have), the males court the females all the time. I guess they're horny or something. They coo quite loudly in their characteristic pigeon call, and they make a mini-run-up to the female as they coo. This is all part of the pigeon courtship ritual.

If the courtship is successful, the female will be so enamoured with the male that she will crouch slightly and let him (who knows what's coming...) jump onto her back. The male will then proceed to 'impregnate' the 'love potion' into the female through her back. I'm not sure about what exactly happens beneath the feathers, and I don't know if there are any 'ports' that this 'love potion' goes through and into, but that is what you will see when birds (at least pigeons) have sex. And the impregnating thing takes less than ten seconds. So, yes, it's quick, too. After impregnation, the female will then dip her head slightly while taking her first post-coital steps.

Now, I don't know if that was relevant to anything or not, but don't you feel much better now that you know? Without bird sex, I wouldn't be here.

CRACCUM – THANK YOU

Thank you to Craccum for the words of support (last week's Craccum, page 8 on the right). I am heartened that those in Craccum, both this year and last year, who are 'not unfamiliar' to this Welfare Officer – have given kind words of support. It is truly heartening, and means a lot in the desert of empathy that seems to characterise society today, your words are much appreciated. Without Craccum, I wouldn't be here.

VAUGHAN LITTLE – THANK YOU

Whether I do need to clear some errors. The statement that there was no foodbank before 2004 is actually not correct – the foodbank was set up in late 1999 and 2000 through the Evangelical Union club.

It's a funny coincidence actually – the other Wednesday, Vaughan Little, a student here, popped up and asked me to write a letter confirming his involvement in the set up of the foodbank. It turns out that Vaughan Little was heavily involved in the setup (and the operations) of the foodbank in 2000.

This project was the practical component of a journalism internship he was doing through the Bible

College of New Zealand. But Vaughan lost the paper trail proving his involvement when he shifted house, and he needed some written evidence from us – a written reference, if you will. Thankfully AUSA has documentation to confirm that the foodbank was indeed the brainchild of Vaughan Little, so we found the documents, and now, with a letter signed by me, he is merrily on his way again. Without Vaughan Little, I wouldn't be here.

There were some issues at the time over whether this would be an AUSA foodbank, given that AUSA was not much involved in it to that stage.

XAVIER GOLDIE – THANK YOU

Of course, setting something up and then keeping it going is a different matter...

"Xavier Goldie and David Do have built the association's foodbank – which had been disorganised and ineffective for years – into the second-busiest foodbank in the country. While we deplore the need, we applaud the action." - Metro magazine, October 2005 issue, p34.

My understanding is that it continued to be run by a network of EU volunteers up until 2004, and, not knocking them or anything, but the description in Metro seems correct. When Xavier first started on the job, the foodbank contained, in his words, only "dried mung beans and McDonalds cookies." The foodbank today is a very different, and much healthier, beast altogether.

In that light, I want to acknowledge in particular Xavier Goldie's invaluable contribution when he was co-Welfare Officer with Gina Porter in 2004. He is now AUSA's Educational Vice President – some of you may have seen him regarding your USP – and he did a lot of work in establishing the systems we have in place at the foodbank. Without Xavier Goldie, I wouldn't be here.

ANONYMOUS LADY – THANK YOU

And thank you to the kind lady who dropped off some dry goods at AUSA reception for the foodbank around Thursday the 16th. I will keep your crackers, bars, and biscuits in reserve – I put a packet in for those I see who may be supporting children, as a few did last year.

LOST PROPERTY SALE HELPERS – THANK YOU

So far this year we have accumulated a deposit of about \$800 for the Financial Assistance fund. This builds on top of accumulated surpluses from previous years. This is money from the Lost Property Sale, the Labcoat auction, and cash boxes that are at AUSA Reception and at the Café.

The money we have collected so far will set up the Welfare account well this year. I passed a motion of thanks at our last Executive meeting, and I think they deserve some public thanking too. I want to thank the following people be thanked for their assistance with the Lost Property Sale on the 9th. Without their help, I wouldn't be here:

- Custodians Albie Mawdsley, Nick Ele, and Erena Stanley for their help with the property.
- Raewyn Chojnacki for helping scramble some tables together on the day.
- Nicholson Dye for his considerable assistance throughout the day.
- Ali Shariat, Allannah Golder, and Luke Storie for helping set up.
- Glenn Riddell, Xavier Goldie, Anna Crowe, Jessica



- Ralph, Samantha Hearn for dropping by to help.
- Stephen Cooper for helping pack up.
 - Rob and Catherine, from SJS, for the \$100 donation to the foodbank.
 - Paul Litterick for contributing \$40 to the \$100.
 - And to all the students at the University for losing various property over the past year.

YEP, IT'S ALL DONATED – THE FOOD, OUR TIME, EVERYTHING...

As stated in a letter in last week's column, all the food in our foodbank is donated – we don't get any funding or subsidies to provide the foodbank. We have an arrangement with Victoria Park New World whereby they give a box of cans to us every week – it's been a fruitful arrangement.

I also want to stress that the Welfare Officer portfolio is not a paid position, as with most of the executive. Only the President, the Administrative Vice President, Educational Vice President, and Maori Students Officer get paid.

It is easy to miss all the work that goes into anything that happens in Craccum, in AUSA, or on campus in general. Bear that in mind when you see all the stuff happening around you from AUSA – this is real commitment from a bunch of talented students, and I am proud to work with them. Without AUSA, I wouldn't be here.

AND NEED I KEEP REMINDING YOU...

The foodbank is open as usual 3 to 4 Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, in my office in Clubspace. Clubspace is up the stairs next to the bus ticket agency in the Quad – you should see an advertisement light box when you come up, head to the end of the walkway and turn right. My office is on the right when you come in.

And don't forget our Financial Assistance Fund is always open for applications if you're finding things a bit tight.

As always, don't hesitate to contact me at welfare@auckland.ac.nz or 309 0789 extn 340 (if I'm not there, feel free to leave a message, I get back to people very quickly). But just remember, and it bears noting – without student poverty, I wouldn't be here.

I love doves,
David Do(ve).

Distinguished Alumni Award winner 2006: David Baragwanath

Distinguished Alumni Awards are awarded annually to alumni who have made outstanding contributions through their different achievements to their professions, to their communities and to the nation.

One of the recipients for 2006 was law alumnus the Honourable Justice David Baragwanath, QC.

About David

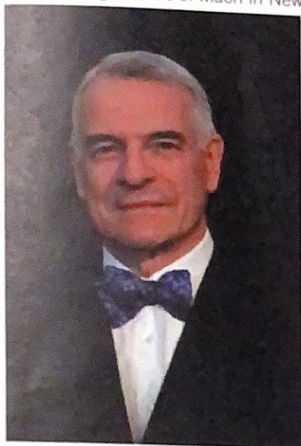
David graduated with an LLB in 1964. At the time, he also received the Cleary Memorial Prize for the New Zealand law graduate presenting the greatest prospect of service through the legal profession.

David gained a Rhodes scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford, where he completed a Bachelor of Civil Law degree in 1966. He was granted a Fulbright Travel Award to the University of Virginia in 1983 to study freedom of information and an Inns of Court Fellowship (London) in 2004.

David became a partner in the law firm then called Meredith Connell & Co, a barrister in 1977 and was made a silk in 1983. Since 1995, David has sat as a High Court Justice in the High Court and in divisional Courts of Appeal, and between 1996 and 2001 he

was President of the New Zealand Law Commission. He has also been a part-time law lecturer in civil procedure and administrative law at the University of Auckland.

David played a key part in radically altering the legal status of Maori in New Zealand through his work



as senior counsel for the New Zealand Maori Council, and in securing a proper place for The Treaty of Waitangi in New Zealand's constitutional and legal framework. He has also provided outstanding service to the tertiary sector, notably in 1988, when he acted as senior counsel for the Universities of Auckland and Canterbury, who challenged Government restructuring proposals and thereby helped preserve university autonomy.

Q&A

What was it like to be a student when you studied at the University? The University of Auckland had just emerged from being a mere college of the University of New Zealand. The significance of Sir David Hughes-Parry's visionary report on independence and the virtues of a full-time law course lay well in the future. After a relaxed and agreeable full-time year of arts subjects, with exposure to Prof Read, Allen Curnow, Prof Blaiklock, Prof Keys, Dickie West and

Prof Asher, we moved into the part-time law school. My employers Bob Meredith, Graham Speight, Stan Cleal, Barrie Connell, Harry Rosen and Dave Morris by day were top and tailed by part-time lecturers, including Ian Barker at 8 am and Prof Davies, Prof Northey, Peter Sim, Doug Whalan and George Hinde after work. The camaraderie at Pembridge was phenomenal.

What career did you want to pursue when you started studying? My biochemist sisters reproached me with a simple evasion of science in any direction. I make no admission.

If you weren't pursuing your current career, what would you like to do? Having discovered that the answers to legal problems lie in history, philosophy and anthropology, I would like to have been expert rather than amateur in all of them.

If you could give current students a piece of advice, what would you tell them? I would pass on the advice I received, that the student's task is not simply to absorb information, but to critique it, however immaturely then form and try to challenge and improve provisional views of one's own.

What is your favourite memory of your time here as a student? Aside from (former Pro Vice-Chancellor (Maori) and alumnus) Mick Brown's performance at the Playhouse, seeing Peter Sim drawing together in jurisprudence the threads of practical human experience and perceptive jurisprudential analysis. Like Meredith and Speight at work, and later Don Harris QC, he displayed the combination of intellectual rigour and decency that transcends law.

The Broken Teeth of Time.

by tim molloy © 2005

pootcomix@hotmail.com

IT'S LOVELY OUT HERE AT THE EDGE OF EXISTENCE...



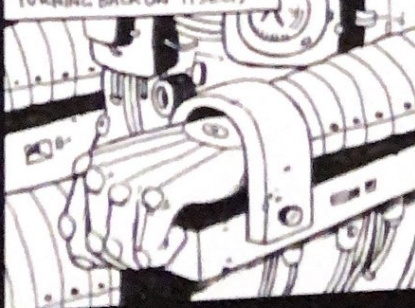
LONG AGO, I HEARD OF THE VAST THINGS THAT SWIM THROUGH THE GAPING BEYOND... BLASPHEMY GIVEN FORM...



I SIT HERE, LOOKING BACK AT CREATION, AS IT RUSHES AWAY FROM ME AT IMPOSSIBLE SPEEDS...



ONE DAY, WHEN THE UNIVERSE CEASES ITS EXPANSION AND STOPS, BEFORE TURNING BACK ON ITSELF,



MY BACK IS PERPETUALLY TO THE VOID. I HATE TO THINK WHAT I WOULD SEE IF I COULD TURN AROUND...



"I WILL GO WITH THE COSMIC TIDE, AND RETURN TO NOTHING..."

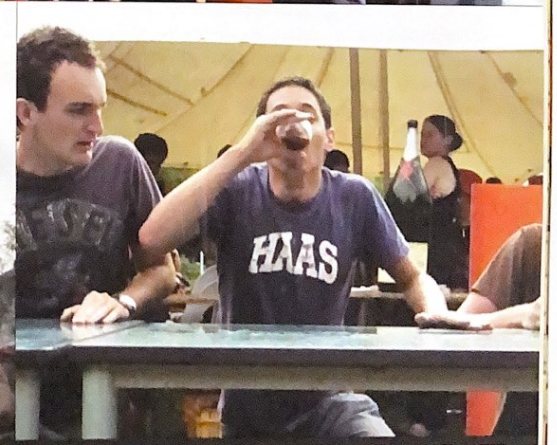


MY SENTENCE COMPLETE.

DRINKING



ING HORN



A Beautiful Life.

It's a social hot-potato, emotionally charged and morally debated. Yet it's a question that should not be avoided, as it in a way concerns us all. Euthanasia, assisted suicide, compassionate killing – call it what you will.

I admit that I haven't watched a loved one die an excruciating and long death. At least not since I was 12, when I saw my aunty slowly defeated by cancer. At the time, I was sheltered from the questions around the meaning of suffering. But even without any direct experience, I recognise that any theoretical arguments surrounding the value of human life disappear in the face of real people and real pain. Real suffering that breaks the hearts of those watching helplessly from the sidelines. For this reason, the topic requires the utmost sensitivity and humility; however, at the same time, emotions at times tend to cloud the issues of the bigger picture.

Aside from the occasional animal-rights advocate, most people concede that there are few moral issues concerned with having animals put down after a certain level of incontinence. On the other hand, the life of a human for some reason seems to carry some sanctity that has led to laws throughout history that forbid intentionally ending them. But it's a line that is thinly drawn, for medical decisions require constant assessment of the likelihood of recovery, cost of treatment and the rest, and lethal doses of morphine are commonly administered in the final hours. What is being proposed currently in New Zealand is that legislation is passed to reflect and effectively expand these practices, allowing terminally ill patients to choose the time and method of their death instead of waiting for nature to run its course. It seems reasonable enough, especially in individual cases. Section 8 of the New Zealand Bill of Rights provides the right not to be denied life. The right to life – it is at least debatable that this could include the right to die. And yet even with all of these apparently reasonable arguments, the concept of assisted suicide runs contrary to the consciences of many people. As a society, we pump huge amounts of money into services to decrease New Zealand's shameful suicide statistics; we attempt to tell people that their lives mean more than their circumstances, that there is something worth preserving even in the worst of times.

There seems to be a contradiction here.

The difference lies in the hope of recovery. In the one case, it seems compassionate to allow the person to die with 'dignity'; in the other case, it is a tragedy to allow such, as it is possible that their condition could change with time. It's a fair distinction to make, at least in the first instance, however it's not really here that the debate lies.

What it comes down to is how we qualify a life worth living. And who gets to decide.

The natural expectation would be that the patient decides. However, and without any intention to scare-monger, this is only where it begins. The Netherlands exists as a working example of what happens when the State becomes the moral compass for a society, attempting to define at what point it becomes all right to end a life. In April 2002, the Netherlands introduced the sort of euthanasia legislation that is being proposed for New Zealand. Nothing outrageous, it was merely a law that recognised the sort of practices that were already occurring and provided a criminal defence for physicians acting with due care in administering procedures in a medically appropriate fashion. The initial legislation was designed for the cases we picture when we consider euthanasia: the terminally ill patient in an intolerable amount of pain. But in the last four years, the grounds for assisted suicide have been extended beyond what would have been foreseen, merely because it is the natural extension of the same reasoning.

They moved from euthanasia for the terminally ill patient to those with 'unbearable suffering with no hope of improvement'. All of a sudden the gates are opened, and euthanasia is used to control death rather than merely manage it. The next step came with the admission that it wasn't only physical ailments that cause unbearable suffering. Now, so long as the doctor assesses that the request is 'reasonable', he can consent to putting a depressed patient out of their misery. And then what about incompetent patients, such as those with Alzheimer's, who would surely not want to be living such an undignified life? They're now on the list. The most alarming extension comes with the euthanasia of children. A child can choose to be euthanised (usually with the consent of their parents), and in the same circumstances as for adults ('unbearable suffering...') But worse than that,

a baby born with some 'defect' has no voice, but will still be subject to a compassionate assessment as to whether their suffering would be unbearable if they were allowed to live. Studies in the Netherlands show that approximately 21% of infant euthanasia deaths occurred without the consent of the child's parents. But even with consent, when did parents gain the moral right to give permission for their child to be killed?

So now there is a list of disabilities and conditions, which are not necessarily terminal, that the medical profession decides are not worth living with. I'm not implying there is any malice involved; I'm sure that it really is a genuine desire to see people saved from such suffering. But what begins with compassion moves quickly in the direction of a moral judgment as to which lives hold dignity and which don't. What does this say about life? It says that life is only worth living so long as it carries some value. A value imposed by the intellectually elite and socially powerful. Since when was dignity determined by physical capability or intellectual competence? I suggest quite the opposite is true.

My friend with muscular dystrophy at times looks pretty 'undignified'. It's embarrassing when he falls over in public. He spent the first years of his life bed-ridden, undoubtedly depressed and at times wishing he didn't have to endure such a life. And yet he is aware of his value as a human being, and that carries with it a dignity that is not confined to his body, his pain, or his lack of hope in improvement. If he were to be born into the Netherlands today, it is at least possible that a doctor could, with the utmost compassion, decide to save him from a life of 'suffering'.

As a society, we learn most about what it means to be human from amongst suffering. We learn what it means to protect the weak, care for the vulnerable, and assign dignity for the mere fact that someone is human. Law is always an exercise in line-drawing, so the answers are never going to be easy, but it's at least worth considering the way in which we allocate dignity, which lives we consider of no value, and who should be making the decisions about what qualifies as a life worth living. Heavy, I know, but such questions could be less than four years down our path.

Fat Conservative Man



'Bloody Asian drivers getting in the way of my quick driving'



The Pigs



FCM's arSeUU



Bloody!

'Bloody revenue gatherers'

Pajero is Spanish for wanker.

A friend of mine dared me to get myself published in Craccum. I hadn't really thought much of it. Aiming to get into Craccum seemed like aiming to get a spoonful of food into your mouth on the first try – really not something to brag about. Then I picked up the latest issue and read the editorial about expanding the readership beyond middle-class white guys and actually turning down submissions that weren't good enough. Suddenly I was faced with performing the literary equivalent of stabbing myself in the eye and falling over backwards in my chair. It was clear that my plan of simply taking the piss wasn't going to work. This was a university magazine after all; it had to be smarter than that. So after some thoughtful alterations I present to you:

Extracting the Urine

...a middle-class white guy. There's no avoid-
ing that fact. I'm so white that severe exposure to
the upper thighs has been known to cause cases
of snow blindness. Seeing as my parents have
some money and I have a wang, I seem to fulfil
the other two criteria. So what can I offer this new,
improved, actually-has-some-standards-whatso-
ever Craccum? I had to show that I was somehow
multicultural – but unfortunately, being technically
multicultural doesn't count in that respect. It seems that
there isn't so much a culture as it is a preference
for Guinness and the ability to flash fry rather than
fry (Gaelic, on the other hand, does count as a
culture, but for the life of me I can't figure out how
to pronounce a language that could think 'Eughan'
is a good way to spell 'Owen'). So what is it that I
love that isn't completely mainstream and there-
fore thoroughly uninteresting to student media?

Well, I have several Asian friends. I've come to no-
tice that this isn't entirely normal for a white guy at
the university. It's far more common to see a big
bunch of white people hanging out together, and
a big bunch of Asian people hanging out together
slightly off to the side. I could be wrong – every
weekend there could be secret interracial love-ins
behind the architecture department and I've
just never been informed – but from what I've
seen, it looks like my situation is unusual.

One of my best friends throughout school was a
Malaysian guy who was technically named Yu. It
took us awhile to figure this out, because everyone
would always say his middle name too so people
could know who the hell you were talking about.
When we learned this interesting fact though, we
had great fun with it. "Hey, Yu," we'd say, turning
a look at him suddenly just as we said his name.
He'd laugh, and he'd laugh, and no doubt he'd
be a little inside, but that's what school was all

about – insulting your friends to pass the years
until we could get alcohol and kill off all the facts
we'd learned. I've remained friends with him since
then, and when we got to university he did me
such favours as introducing me to absinthe (and
from that, the ability to puke fluorescent green.
That was new). I recall with particular fondness a
day back in intermediate school when I went over
to his house and was randomly presented with a
red packet containing \$5 on my way out the door. I
was 10 at the time, so \$5 was a big deal. It was only
something like a year ago that I discovered this was
part of the tradition of Chinese New Year.

In all honesty, I can't claim to be an Asianophile.
That word sounds a bizarrely dirty, like I get off
by looking at pictures of the European continent
slowly impacting on Asia Major or something, so
that's probably a good thing. Still, when it comes
to the intricacies and differences in Asian cultures,
I have slightly less than one clue. That's the main
reason why I'm using the word 'Asian' so much
here, because I simply don't know enough to be
more specific. I can't tell the difference between
spoken Chinese and Japanese unless someone
is saying, "Doomo arigatoo, Mr Roboto" [*Spelling
fixed by me. Watashi no atama ga hen desu yo!*
– ed.]. People who come from various parts of Ko-
rea may have a deadly feud with people who come
from other countries in the region, but I can't for
the life of me differentiate the details.

But I can say that I love hanging around with peo-
ple who occasionally have vastly different tradi-
tions or outlooks than what I'm used to. The first
friend I made in my first year at university was a
girl named Rochelle, who had freshly arrived from
China. At least, Rochelle was the name she gave.
Many Asian immigrants adopt an English-friendly
first name on arrival in New Zealand, due to most

people's depressing tendency to pronounce their
real names like they're choking on a razor blade. It
was only in talking to her that I found this out – be-
fore then, I'd just assumed that European names
were startlingly popular with parents who planned
to emigrate.

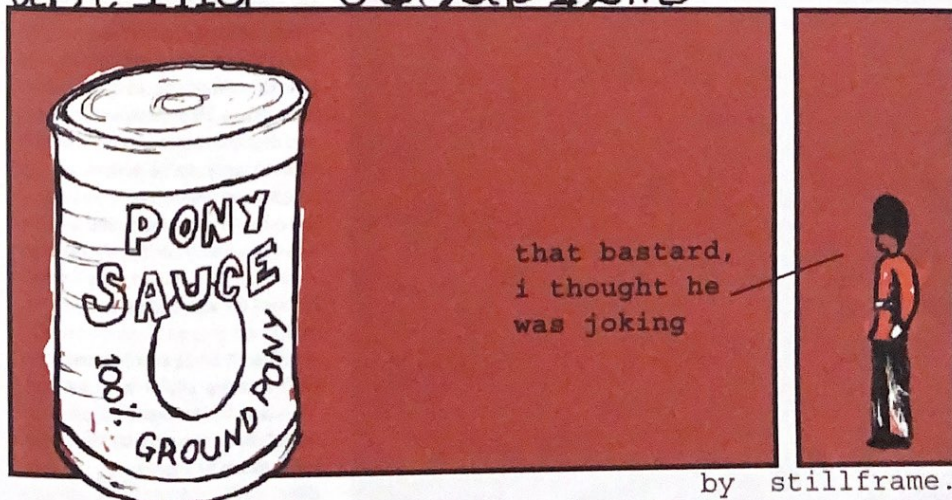
To be fair, though, the vast majority of my other
Asian friends are really Kiwi Asians – they have a
New Zealand accent more than anything else and
often can only speak a little of a language other
than English – but that doesn't stop them from
surprising you. When I mentioned my red packet
memory at his 21st, I received a promise from my
friend's father that he would make up for the \$50
I'd missed out on in the intervening years. I guess
that only goes to show. What it shows I'm not ex-
actly sure, but I get \$50 out of it, so I'm happy.

I'm not saying you should immediately go out and
exchange all your friends for similar-sized Asian
versions. That would be a little hard for those of
you with a lot of tall friends. But if you spend your
whole time hanging out with a group of people that
are exactly like you, then your whole time at univer-
sity will be exactly the same. So why not go out and
make some friends outside your cultural niche?
Strike up a friendship with an Asian person over
something a little more lasting than an assignment.
It's not like they're hard to find. You might just find
they give you an interesting new perspective. Hell,
if you're really lucky, they could end up teaching
you how to say something handy like, "Would you
please lip-read my trouser essay?" in a foreign lan-
guage. Or they could teach you kung fu, because
all Asians know kung fu. At least, as far as I know.
It's not like I'm multicultural or anything.

By Michael McFadgen

corset busting escapism

crunchy
or
smooth?



by stillframe.



SPECIAL SURPRISE

Luke Buda

Review by Soho Sam

Waking up today in a slumber, I ate breakfast and watched the best film ever made, *Army of Darkness*. I put on Luke Buda's new CD, "Special Surprise" and uncannily found something special. The first track reminded me a bit of Donnie Darko, "Cosmic Danse" – why an S, I don't know, but it was a good welcoming tune. The title track, and here's the surprise, sings, "I live in the future, but am stuck in the past"... Bruce Campbell, I say, FUCK!

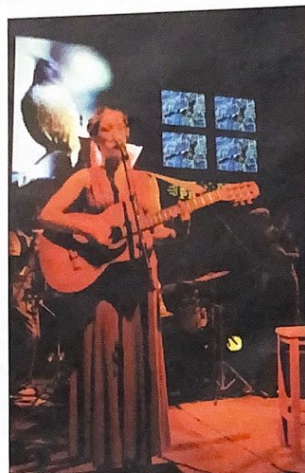
My favourite tracks would've been "The Werewolf", which is a nicely crafted tune with heart, "The Prophet" and "A Helpful Hand", which are both beautiful songs that kind of sound folkie with synth parts and Buda's singing making them... well... surprises. (cough) Excuse the cheesiness.

The album, brought out by Arch-hill, features members of Trinity Roots, The Inking, The Black Seeds and Buda's other band. Not counting Buda's capacity for writing interesting music, this album should be a mantle piece for the amazing talent in New Zealand today.

So it's a good album, worthy of purchase or at least a listen. If you liked... (I'm not going to spell it out), then you'd love this album. Buda's influence on his other band is clear

and their input into this album is obvious as well, but that said, it differs in subtle ways and hopefully will get as much acclaim as the other band did. But I'm sure you can hear that and think that for yourself.

Ha! I didn't say it, Simon.
12 out of 4.



THE RETURN OF FLY MY PRETTIES

Fly My Pretties

Review by Lebo

Fly My Pretties is a collaboration of Wellington musicians founded by Black Seeds front man Barnaby Weir. Their excellent debut album, *Live At Bats*, was recorded in October 2004 at Bats Theatre in Wellington and earned the group Best Pop Release at the 2005 BNet awards. Fly My Pretties returned to stage a year later in both Auckland and Wellington to perform and record "The Return of Fly My Pretties". Living up to the expectations created by "Live at Bats"

was always going to be tough for the group.

Sadly, they haven't.

The opening track "Oh Fair Moonlight" sets a dull tone for the rest of this sophomore release. It is a melancholy piano solo that would seem more suited to playing over the opening credits of a dark period film than opening a record. Of the next three tracks, "Foresight" is the only one of merit. The others appear unrehearsed and disjointed, lacking quality vocals to match the excellent backing music that features throughout the album.

Immediately following "Foresight" is "Smoke Me", a song written and sung by Tessa Rain. One reviewer described Rain as "sassy" and I tend to agree – if by sassy, you mean awful. "Smoke Me" and Rain's other track, "Carrier Pigeon", are huge blights on this album. Rain possesses a great voice; unfortunately she has the composition skills of a child, and at times it sounds like that is her target audience. "You can put me in your pipe and smoke me" is the worst chorus ever written. I can't say enough bad things about Rain's tracks.

In contrast to Rain's aural abuse, the two standout songs, "Miracles" and "Clarity", were both written and sung by Hollie Smith. Smith provides the type of powerful, honest lyrics that the rest of the album truly deserves. Her performance here is far superior to her work on Mt Raskil Preservation Society's "Bathe in the River". Smith is an excellent composer, has a great voice and produces the kind of soulful tracks that should see her become a regular feature of the New Zealand music landscape.

There are more good tracks spread out across the album, including "Get Out", "Don't Start", and "Flight of the Owl" – a rocking instrumental that closes out the album nicely. Ultimately, there are too few songs of genuine quality on *The Return Of...* Weir should have instead released an EP or delayed the album and developed more quality material. Unfortunately, these options are not as commercially lucrative as rushing out a full-length album, and as a result "The Return of Fly My Pretties" is half of a great album rolled up with some of the worst songs you will ever hear.

(The album is accompanied by a DVD showing photos from the concerts plus live footage of all 14 songs as well as four tracks from the *Live At Bats* album.)

3/5



HOLLIE SMITH E.P.

Review by Paul Crimmins

From time to time – every now and then – really – the Craccum music section is accused of reviewing material that is years old and painfully irrelevant to its art-school-cool bias. This review at least fulfils the first charge. Hollie Smith released this five-track EP back in 2004, when many of you were still in high school, thinking New Zealand's best band were the May. But irrelevant this review is as this EP has amazingly crawled up Real Groovy's top ten sellers over the past few months and is still shifting.

The Lazarus-like success of the EP is testament to Hollie's increasing stature on the New Zealand music scene. Her recent collaboration with Wellington super-group Fly My Pretties was the start of much adulation my own included. More recently she provided the gospel wailing on "Bathe in the River", the Don McGlashan penned outro theme to the film *No. 2* and was given near-headline status at summer festivals.

The record itself represents a mix of styles, folkish opener "Child Starving" (featuring Joe Dukie of former collaboration partners Fat Freddy's) sitting comfortably alongside reggae jams such as "Strengthen Your". At a bit over 20 minutes long, however, it never breaks free from the sampler feel.

With Black Seed and fellow FMPite Lee Prebble on mixing and production duties, the EP has a polished, familiar groove to it. With a more eager label, we would have had "Time" pushed upon us as a single faster than we could mumble "wandering eye".

It is actually her second offering after a 16-year-old Hollie released a collection of Celtic tunes in 1990, featuring songs of her step-father Steve McDonald and traditional pieces like "Amazing Grace". Another long-overdue is planned for release this year, in the new-found soul style.

The final call is succumb to the hype; Smith is an amazing vocalist.

Hullo!

Welcome to this week's music section. I'm not actually sure what's in the music section this week, because I get my wires crossed on a permanent basis, but if it's the stuff I saw I know it's reliably awesome. And if you contributed of late, and it's not here, I apologize profusely. For the rest of you, before you flip through the rest of the magazine looking for the beer scull breasts, you really oughta check out these local bands (come back) this week: The Shaky Hands release their long-awaited EP at the Schooner Tavern Thursday with support from The Vacants, Scene Whore, and almost certainly a multitude of scene whores. Friday sees Kill Surf City (last seen opening for Dinosaur Jr.) play with The Whipping Cats and Teen Wolf at the Kings Arms, while the also-good Romanovas are playing with Coco Solid at the Schooner (again). The Situations hit up Schooner (again again). Saturday, while Australia's Go Set play the Kings Arms. I may be attending at least one of these. You are a stinking hypothetical rich everyman who should attend them all. Go to it.

-Joe

<<All submissions and music-related emissions (wank) to thenewentertainment@gmail.com>>

especially to our ears. This EP will satiate your urges for a while, hopefully long enough for her long-player to arrive later this year.



IN A SPACE, OUTTA SOUND Nightmares on Wax

When only a child, I had a nightmare that I was unable to get to sleep. I lay in my bed, my eyes clenched shut, breathing as regularly as possible and trying desperately not to think about sleep. I awoke fully rested, and (by way of some freakish temporal loop) having dreamt up the album that would not be released for another ten years. In A Space, Outta Sound, the fifth album from UK chill-out soul stoner George Evelyn, aka Nightmares On Wax. While little of the above is true, it is true that this helping of remedial soul is a truly warm and uplifting experience, a bottle of sunshine perfect for the upcoming winter nights.

Having begun his musical career creating hip-hop beats, his evolution towards a more jazz- and soul-based sound has seen the inclusion of more live instrumentation, giving a more organic and intentional feeling. The textures are more varied and the songs more structurally complete, and Evelyn's continual positive messages of love and personal growth are heartening. The album's opener 'Passion' builds with tranquil keys and organs into the scratchy 'The Sweetest'. However, Evelyn does not show his true genius until 'Pudspots', where three simple horn stabs set against busy breakbeats prove more infectious than bird flu. Evelyn's production is elegantly simple despite the dynamically interactive layers suggested, demonstrated by 'You Wish', where echoed keys and vintage '60s guitar licks play off one another superbly, and the crescendo 'Me!' builds with slow certainty to a feel of unperturbed euphoria. 'Soul Purpose' is an alleviating mantra that plays with harmonious strings set against the now motion tribal percussion that

Pirates. ... closer African

While a tight album, there is little here to entice new fans toward Nightmares on Wax, since some of the ballads become somewhat innocuous. Rather, it is just more of the luscious beats and soulful lovin' that we've grown to expect. As good as Smoker's Delight, but not quite Carboot Soul.



ICKY BABY Intelligence (In The Red Records)

7 outta 10

Review by Joe Nunweek

Not a promising start. Over the tinniest beat you're likely to hear outside an intermediate's school's keyboard lab, this little gem of a couplet: "Don't follow me/Don't film me/I'm filthy/And I'm wealthy". The sort of thing that can only get created by private-schooled New York upstarts 'slumming it' with a Fisher Price My First Drum Machine on a cynical major label, or an impoverished C-grade European dance producer trying to scrape enough money together for moustache wax while he waits for the next Megaclub revival. Which is why it's reassuring to find that Intelligence are from Seattle, last decade's forlorn hipster capital, and that Lars Finberg, the front man, formulated most of Icky Baby's sound on an actual four-track in an honest-to-God bedroom. And that the first 30 seconds or so are the worst part on an album that remains messy, obnoxious, derivative, not even particularly good – but oddly compelling and likable. In other, unsettling words, I just want to squeeze that icky baby's cheek. Gootchi-gootchi-goo.

Perhaps it's because In The Red Records is also home to bands like The Deadly Snakes and The Ponys, who both sound like exuberant live acts successfully caged in cold digital format and create winning pastiches of garage-rock tropes from the '50s through the '80s. While Intelli-

gence measure up to neither, there's the same sense of exuberance, and a (faintly unhinged) ear for melody here. 'Tropical Struggle', one of the longer songs at two minutes, puts an amateurish Whirlwind Heat bassline to much better use under the razor-sharp clank of guitars that may or may not be in tune. If the inexplicable catchiness already sounded compromised by being mixed down to make precious room for Finberg's Liars-aping imitation-British yawp (no discernable lyrics or words), the band then throws in a clean, ringing counter-melody that'd be pretty if it didn't sound like they kept missing the right chords amid the din. The results don't deserve description. Conversely, I've played this song 20 times today. Something is amiss.

Intelligence throw other instruments into an unforgivingly limited 'mix' – toy piano on the stropky 'Life Preserver', archaic keyboards and that drum machine on the teethgrindingly abrasive 'Cheer Up Switch', drowning out a strained group chant. Mostly, though, it's garage at its most primitive, all rhythmic pounding and strutting riffs, joyously marred by the favourite accoutrements of faux-in-

tellectuals everywhere since time immemorial: willful atonality/feedback and an insatiable desire to sound like The Fall.

The name 'Intelligence', backed up with Icky Baby's hideous artwork, is really a sly wink to listeners in the know – these kids seem to know that there's nothing smart or groundbreaking about having cheap, dumb fun on their instruments, and they're all the better for it. It ends after 25 minutes and the ADHD Dalek vocal exercises of 'This Is A Gift' and you're frustrated, relieved and comfortable that you've indulged them more than enough. And half an hour later, you'll be going back for more. Too stupid by half.

DISGORGE with Relentless Attrition and Dawn of Azazel

Review by Steff

(Printed several weeks after time of writing, but doesn't look like it matters – ed.)

So, on Thursday night I donned my finest Death Metal attire and headed off to DISGORGE, California's sickest Brutal Death Metal band. And brutal and death-metally it indeed was.

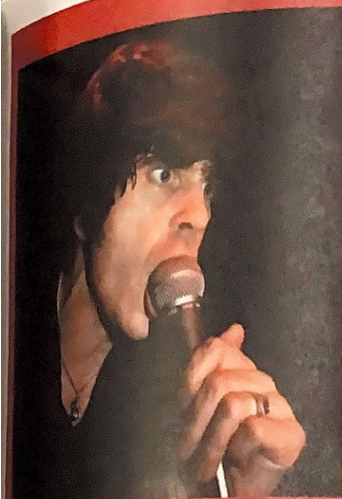
Lost In Newsic

Holy Christian Rock Batman!!! Scott "Same Shit, Different Bucket" Stapp is being taken to court by a lovely lady who appeared in a homemade porn movie featuring the former Creed frontman, Kid Rock and a host of groupies. The video was made in 1999 and stolen, Stapp claims, by someone that wants to sabotage his career. In other related Stapp career sabotage news, the new album *The Great Divide* has been released and blows. He is also touring here soon.

Metallica will perform cover versions of Black Sabbath's hits for the British heavy-metal pioneers' induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of fame this year. Also being inducted are punk bands the Sex Pistols, Blondie (yeah, that's right, I called them punk), Southern rockers Lynyrd Skynyrd, and jazz legend Miles Davis.

Pearl Jam, Tool and the Red Hot Chili Peppers are releasing new albums this year on May 2nd. Pearl Jam's new CD is apparently self-titled, with the first single, "Worldwide Suicide", already available wherever good pirated material is found. Look out for a world tour as well. Tool releases the album *10,000 Days* as the follow up to 2001's smash *Lateralus* on the same day, while the Chillies release *Stadium Arcadium*. In related news, Fallout Boy, Goodnight Nurse and other girly-ass new bands run in collective fear.

Meanwhile, Ryan Adams is planning to lock a couple of his biggest fans away for a decade in Gitmo! Well, that's exaggerated and misinforming, but the alt-country star's label, Universal, got the FBI on the case after an Adams fan site offered two then-unreleased songs for free download last August. Two people have just been indicted by grand federal jury for violating the 2005 Family Entertainment and Copyright Act by leaking the tracks. Maximum sentence: 11 years. Meanwhile, the 12-year-old busker convicted of covering 'So Alive' on a Casiotone without express permission in Boston last year is currently languishing on Death Row.



FROM HARRY SMITH TO MYSPACE: DISCUSSING ROCK N' ROLL IN A DIVIDED SOCIETY WITH IAN SVENONIUS.

A lot of band or artist interviews can come off as exercises in self-promotion. New album tour that, 'What's the dude in Nickelback reaaaaally like?' questions. Weird War, the current project of punk-rock revolutionary Ian Svenonius (formerly of Nation of Ulysses and The Make-Up) have a new album out (*Illuminated By The Light*, on Drag City Records) and recently played in Auckland, but with his reputation for fairly intense rhetoric and a manifesto approach to music-making, this was never going to be a lulling exchange.

However, while he makes no bones about the fact that the "ruling class" in the U.S. remain a pack of "sadistic rapists", when I talk to him on the phone, Svenonius is remarkably softly spoken, lucid and persuasive. When I ask him how he feels about having seen two Bushes, two Gulf Wars and at least two periods in which independent music and culture were becoming badly commodified, he waxes philosophical. Really, it's been the same crew over the past 20 years. It's been typical of foreign policy since immediately after World War II, finding a new war to fight every year." He draws an analogy between Bush's modern-day exploits in the Bay of Pigs fiasco, a similarly illegal invasion. The story all along is that the leaders of the country "have been incredibly resentful –

of others, and each other." Thus the attacks on popular figures like Castro, as well as Watergate, which Svenonius opines was an "insider job". "It represented the end of the old guard – Nixon was very much an old-style conservative – by the hands of Cheney and Rumsfeld." Above all, he is convinced that what the Republicans hate most is the Earth. "They want to destroy Nature itself. Effectively, they want to destroy everything more beautiful than they are. Which is almost everything."

Svenonius also attributes the actions of Allan Greenspan and others, making life in the suburbs unaffordable for many, to the shift away from garage groups to bedsit projects and hushed folk as space becomes more limited than ever. He draws a line between the 1939 World Fair ("presented as a template for the future, with GM and Ford espousing this future of compulsory car ownership") to encourage an exodus to the suburbs and a resulting daily commute, and the rise of 'urban setting' sitcoms in the 1990s a la *Friends* and *Sex In The City* – essentially propaganda, as it were, "to convince people that living in inner-city apartments was something sexy and glamorous, and worth aspiring to". The result, of course, has been atomisation. Can the communal power of rock music rescue us?

"Rock 'n' roll," Svenonius submits, "is a paradoxical thing. It's liberating, special and magical... at the same time, it's chiefly being proliferated by the market economy." He cites rock music, MTV and the like as one of the key reasons for the collapse of socialism in the East – tools of Westernisation, as it were. For all the prattle about liberation and values systems, Svenonius cuts to the heart of the matter: "The point of Westernising is about making people efficient consumers. Rock n' roll in itself was in effect all about post-war American affluence. Where Christianity told people to expect to have nothing, and be happy with that, rock 'n' roll came along and basically became the new religion." A religion, in turn, that came to embody "rampant individualism". Co-opted by the Me Generation, materialistic bling-rap, and eventually Svenonius's personal bugbear, MySpace.

While Ian doesn't want to name any names, "positive or negative", and believes there's still a lot of great bands out there, he feels that rock 'n' roll needs to be "re-invested with meaning. To create a new schism between ourselves as an audience and the 600,000 bands touting themselves on MySpace." To him, the rock ideal remains "a mystic blend of comedy and warfare." The sense of subversive humour (which Weird War, I assure you, have in spades) alongside "a missionary zeal". Without this, most of the bands on MySpace are so much "navel-gazing and narcissism – a love affair with yourself." In seconds, Svenonius goes on to cite Klausovitz, who attributed the success of Napoleon's armies to a sense of purpose, and a Dada exhibition he recently attended – "not just an aesthetic, but still resonant, meaningful and topical."

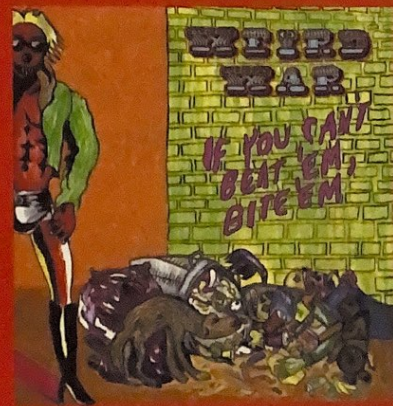
So why so many bands that miss the balance and go for relentless dour earnestness, all political abstractions and monochrome album art? "Rock remains obsessed with authenticity. Basically, it's silly, it's a construct." The name of Svenonius's late '90s outfit, the Make-Up, was a winking dig at this reality. "It's an obsession people seem to have – really, there's nothing authentic." For him, there's as much self-expression and power in artists who date from the birth of rock and before, in the most primitive of performances – Sammy Davis Jr, for one, as well as Harry Smith's American folk anthology.

As for the newest Weird War album, Svenonius describes it as "less negative than *If You Can't Beat 'Em, Bite 'Em* (their 2003 release)... it's working in contradiction to the sadism of the ruling class". Prior to recording, he was listening to a lot of Beach Boys, particularly *Sunflower*, as well as... er... Grace Jones. "It's an attempt to mix, uh, very different ideas... We were trying to get that West Coast spiritualism of *Sunflower* as well as a really slick 1981 disco sound. If you listen to the record, you'll find it's a very full sound. There's no reverb to speak of." It's true – *Illuminated*'s best moments are wryly up-tempo disco numbers, cocky and infectious, and not prone to the meandering mid-tempoisms that plague a lot of indie rock in 2006.

So, what can you expect from them? "Well, we play music, we talk... We have some pretty good new songs which we're looking forward to performing." Surprises? "Maybe." Finally, I pop the question that gets repeated over and over in the catchiest of the new songs, 'Girls Like That'. So, Ian, why DO girls like guys like that? He laughs. "I still don't know, dude. Maybe we'll be able to find out down under... Do you guys call it that?" Then I'm left to scramble to remember an impossible amount of content and turn it into this article. Crazy genius? The very best sort.

Joe Nunweek

This very excellent interview was published a week late due to sheer imbecility on my part. They played last Friday. My apologies to Joe, Ian, Weird War and Xan Hamilton. – ed.





SHADOWS BAR

LEVEL 3, STUDENT UNION BUILDING. OPEN MIDDAY DAILY AND 5PM ON SATURDAY
PH 306 6582, FAX 306 6587, SHADOWS@BACCHID.CO.NZ, WWW.SHADOWS.CO.NZ

SHADOWS AND BAR NONE AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE FUNCTIONS

MONDAY

CLASS
w/ **DUBHEAD +**
DUNC THE FUNK
FROM 7PM

MONDAY NITE CLUB

HAPPY HOUR PRICES
- ALL NIGHT -
FREE! BAR SNACKS &
THE CHANCE TO WIN A
\$400 BAR TAB
(SNOWBALLS WEEKLY, ONE DRAW
ONLY, MUST BE THERE TO WIN)
JOIN AT THE BAR FROM 5PM

THE WOODSTOCK SINGLES
POOL COMPETITION
WITH VILI FROM 8PM -
\$50 BAR TAB ON THE NITE
(END OF SEMESTER PLAY-OFF FOR
GRAND PRIZE)

TUESDAY

INFAMOUS

Tui THE TUI PUB QUIZ
HOSTED BY SIMON
\$150, \$100, \$50
BAR TABS & T-SHIRTS
TO BE WON FROM 6PM

TUI JUG \$5.40
SELECTED RTD \$5
(STAMP 4 FOR A T-SHIRT)
FROM 6PM

PLUS DJ FROM 9PM

WEDNESDAY

SHOWPONY

w/ OUR VERY OWN MR SIMON
& HIS KARAOKE ENSEMBLE
(SPOT PRIZES, \$50 BAR TAB
TO BE WON & GIVE-AWAYS...)

DON'T LET HIM USE HIS
"HORN" TO GET YOU OFF
STAGE, BE BRAVEish!...

FIRST POUR
SPIRITS \$4.20
FROM 7PM



export gold



Jägermeister



THURSDAY

UNDERGROUND
w/ **OPEN DECKS**
NIGHT WITH SUNIL
FROM 7PM

WOODSTOCK &
COLA RTD \$5.00
(STAMP 4 FOR A T-SHIRT)

CUERVO GOLD
TEQUILA (AS YOU LIKE IT)
\$5.00

PLUS PRIZES

FRIDAY

FUNKED UP

w/ **SUNIL PLAYIN**
"ALL THAT YOU KNOW"
& **GUESTS**
FROM 7PM

HAPPY HALF HOURS

12 to 12.30, 2.30 to 3,
5 to 5.30, 7.30 to 8,
& 10 to 10.30
(SELECTED PRODUCTS)

YAGER BULL \$8.50

SATURDAY

LOUD'N'PROUD

THE LOCAL BANDS SHOWCASE
w/ **TANGENT, KOLEKTIV,**
BIGGER THAN GARY,
COLEMAN

OPEN FROM 5PM

EXPORT GOLD SUPER
JUG & YOUR CHOICE
OF PIZZA \$15.50

& THE BIG SCREEN SPORTS
YAGER BULL \$8.50

THE OPEN LATER SAFE
LEVEL 2, STUDENT UNION BUILDING
OPEN MIDDAY DAILY



ALL DAY EVERY DAY - \$3.00 CHEESE BURGER (PATTIE, REAL CHEESE, PICKLE, ONION, MUSTARD & SAUCE)