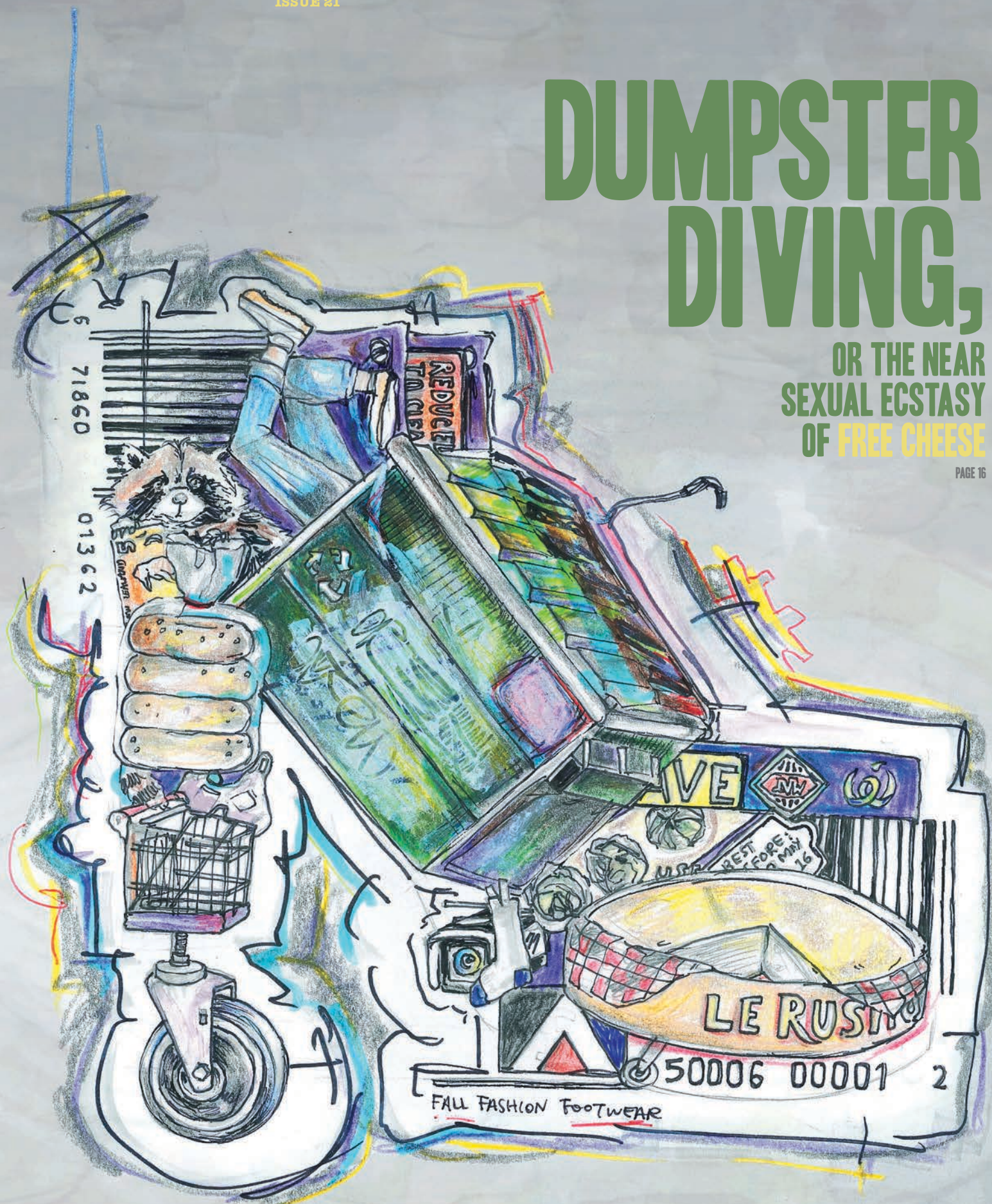


DUMPSTER DIVING,

OR THE NEAR
SEXUAL ECSTASY
OF FREE CHEESE

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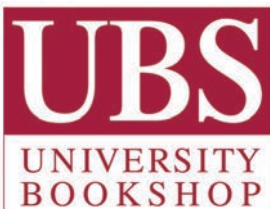
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FREAKQUENTING

THE LAST COLUMN WAS UPLOADED AT 11.47 ON print day. This editorial is being written 11.48 on print day. I've introduced two new columns in a fortnight. One by Cartz, because he's a ledge-bearded, small t-shirts, a love of not-his-own cigarettes, and eight hundred years on this planet. A hero. A king. A god. And another by an anonymous Muslim. This one wasn't my idea, it was a column in 2013, a column by a Muslim, thinking about Muslim issues. Same writer (heavily anonymous), same basic column. Last time this was published *Craccum* was taken to the Human Rights Commission because some litigious sorts refused to believe the column was written by an actual Muslim. 2013 beat me, I only got threatened with being sued.

When I proposed we bring back the column, "hey we only have four weeks of *Craccum* left, they'll barely get a complaint together in

time" I said, we then talked aims. To critique Muslims? To talk about Muslim issues and inform non-Muslims? Sensibly I think we've gone for the second. Not-bombs, and clocks, and racism.

This morning I'm in bed, shirtless, none of my clothes fit me, I'm also gasping for breath, I smoke too much and have a touch of asthma, I might die soon. I get a message from the Arts Editor (future Editor-and-King) saying her editorial is shit. It's ok I won't read it. I get a message from then Features Editor saying she's picking me up. But this means I need to shower.

And I'd rather not.

Half a decade doing a BA. Fuck I'm successful. A year of *Craccum* editing. Fuck I'm cultured.

I need to organise another cover. I need to edit another column. I need to avoid being threatened with a lawsuit again. I need to get a summer job. I need to go for a jog. I need to stop writing and start listening. To act with care and empathy. To act with love and affection. To stop handing essays in late.

THIS MORNING I'M IN BED, SHIRTLESS, NONE OF MY CLOTHES FIT ME, I'M ALSO GASPING FOR BREATH, I SMOKE TOO MUCH AND HAVE A TOUCH OF ASTHMA, I MIGHT DIE SOON.

FREEDOM TO BULLY?

THE WESTERN WORLD IS BUILT ON THE FOUNDATION that every individual should have the right to freedom of expression. This principle is beneficial to all of society because it allows for issues to be heard and resolved, increases the knowledge of individuals by making them more informed, and ensures we live in a democratic state. Freedom of expression is enshrined as a universal human right, and in New Zealand, it is recognised in our Bill of Rights. This shows the significant importance in simply allowing every individual the ability to say what he or she wants to whom they want in public.

But does this right give total freedom for people to say *whatever they want*? In particular, is this a justification for people to engage in personal attacks or to ridicule others? Can 'trolling' people for a laugh excuse the hateful comments people post?

Recently I've noticed how online 'debates' have turned this way. Someone will raise a valid point or issue and suddenly it twists into cruel criticisms of an individual (whether a public figure or not). With Vagina Cupcake-gate, the issues of transmisogyny got diluted down with the individual attacks. Mike Hosking's blatant right wing bias has for some become an excuse to call him a 'shitlord', or caused frustration when he didn't die from the pineapple he choked on. Finally *Craccum* caused a storm recently when debates around Max Key's new employment descended into personal attacks at commenters and Max Key himself.

However we all know this phenomenon isn't recent. Trolling has existed for years, apparently as far back as the 1980s, and some web domains exist purely for trolling (particularly

inside the depths of 4chan). Nowadays, if you look at the comment section of almost any article, facebook link or YouTube video, you are likely to find as many critical comments as positive ones. It seems now that trolling (or practically personal attacks) is intrinsically part of the Internet.

But what if people don't take the 'joke'? Too often, these 'jokes' have severe consequences. After a flurry of twitters with #diecharlotte, television personality Charlotte Dawson attempted suicide and was hospitalised, only to complete the act a few years later. Many teenagers across the world who have been victims of cyber-bullying have committed suicide as well. Other times, trolls have defaced tributes to dead children and even sent photographs of the dead bodies of loved ones to family members.

These are of course extreme instances, but considering how quickly the escalation of aggression in comments rises, perhaps it is not as extreme as we think. When you type the words behind a keyboard, you have no understanding of how someone reacts to your words. People reading the words can't tell if you're joking because of the absence of tones and body language, which colour the meanings of the words. Plus there is nothing (other than your conscience) to stop you increasing the viciousness of your words, and the anonymous likes you receive can only incentivise you to push the boundaries further.

The government has taken steps towards minimising this, by creating the somewhat controversial Harmful Digital Communications Act. This law allows an agency to hear complaints about harmful comments made online and gives them the authority to order the author to take the comments down. There has been substantial outcry over this Act regarding how it limits freedom of expression, which is understandable. The internet has been hugely unregulated for so long, that it's seen as the ultimate arena to speak on issues. But closer inspection of the law shows that regulation would only be applied in more extreme accounts of digital communications, rather than your run of the mill "you're a moron" comment. This creates an interesting dilemma. If you do create greater bans on all forms of nasty comments, it may be a big step towards censorship. However ignoring these comments effectively condones this type of abuse, and gives little protection to those suffering from it. Those who receive this level of abuse are forced to suck it up - all of which does nothing to solve the problem and advocates a culture of victim blaming.

Perhaps this law is what we need to change our culture of online communication, or perhaps further alterations need to occur. But for too long now, people have typed vehement abuse at others behind the comfort of a screen without understanding the repercussions it has to those who receive the message. Hopefully we can change this culture, while still allowing us our right to free expression.

BUT FOR TOO LONG NOW, PEOPLE HAVE TYPED VEHEMENT ABUSE AT OTHERS BEHIND THE COMFORT OF A SCREEN WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING THE REPERCUSSIONS IT HAS TO THOSE WHO RECEIVE THE MESSAGE.

WHAT A LOAD OF Crac-News

(20 MINS INTO CRAC-NEWS AND CHILL...)

20 MINS INTO EMAILING NEWS@CRACCCUM.CO.NZ AND HE GIVES YOU THAT LOOK.

NEWS IN BRIEF

NEW ZEALAND: John Key dismisses poll that says 70% of New Zealanders don't want a flag change, saying "I can pull a waitress's ponytail and get away with it, might as well make up my own mathematical system that shows 30% is a majority".

CRACCCUM: Shock in News section after 3 major political events (Bernie Sanders overtakes Hillary Clinton, Jeremy Corbyn Wins Labour leadership and Tony Abbott ousted as Aussie PM) yet no writers wrote about them this week.

UNITED STATES: Shock for the Republican Party as candidate leaves the race for president.

BRITAIN: Prime Minister David Cameron released a press statement about the rumour that he once put his penis into the mouth of a dead pig - "bro, 'twas so funny, so much bants. Ledge. Then we went for a cheeky Nandos".

RUGBY: Springboks captain considering putting Oscar Pistorius into his team after defeat by Japan - "he may not be able to move, but at least he can shoot the fuck out of them bastards" he said, referring to his team.



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KIM KARDASHIAN SEEKING US DIPLOMACY ROLE

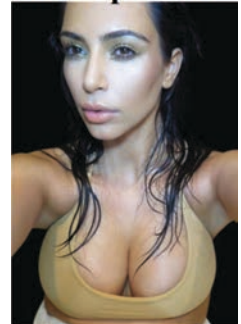
AFTER AN EXTREMELY HIGH profile visit to Armenia earlier this year, which was recently televised globally, celebrity Kim Kardashian wants to expand her efforts into international diplomacy. Kim made a statement today saying it would be "super awesome to manage communications between the US and some other country".

When asked what skills she would bring to the role, Kim said she manages communication everyday. "I literally

talk to like millions of people through my Instagram and Twitter so it will be easy to talk to people from other countries".

She also proudly announced her first plan to achieve world peace, by getting a selfie with everyone. "Selfies are a great way to boost morale", she claims, "and when they see the amount of likes they get, they won't worry about any wars or starvation, because it shows them people like really care you know?"

Count the number of Tits in this picture



I got 3

MAX KEY NAMED IN QUEEN'S HONOURS LIST

IT WAS A PROUD DAY YESTERDAY FOR MAX KEY, son of sweaty-turnip-lookalike John Key, as he received a Queen's Honour Award for his many contributions to New Zealand society.

The award is intended to recognise all of young Key's hard work in making New Zealand a better place — largely through his fascinating contributions to social media, as well as his brilliant talent in the electronic music scene.

"Aw, look here mate, you can't deny Max has done a lot for Kiwi kids", proud father John commented. "Remember that Hawaii video? Or the time he planked? Or what about the awkward topless selfies on Instagram with me? Legendary. He's a real visionary".

Max is said to have been humbled by the

NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

award, but insists he's really still, "just an average student at the University of Auckland". "I mean, aside from the \$3 million dollar house, golfing holidays with Obama, and so on", the young philosopher mused. "Well. I'm sure those are realistic goals that every Kiwi student can work towards".



INTERVIEW WITH TAMATI COFFEY

TAMATI COFFEY, THE GUY YOU MIGHT REMEMBER FROM **WHAT NOW**, OR AS THE WEATHERMAN FOR BREAKFAST, OR THE HOST OF NEW ZEALAND'S GOT TALENT, OR AS THE WINNER OF DANCING WITH THE STARS, OR AS LABOUR CANDIDATE IN LAST YEAR'S ELECTION, WAS A LEGEND AND WROTE US A FEW ANSWERS TO OUR QUESTIONS.

IF JOHN KEY CAME UP TO YOU AND PULLED YOUR HAIR, WHAT WOULD YOU DO? I have about an inch of hair on my head so he'd really be going out of his way.

DO YOU GIVE A SHIT IF ONE DIRECTION BREAKS UP/IS BROKEN UP? No. Are they still around?

HAVE YOU FLATTED? IF SO, WHAT WAS WORST FLAT MATE? The worst flatmate was the flatmate who stopped paying her rent for 3 months and kept dishing out the excuses until a good old WTF intervention happened and the truth came out.

WHAT WAS YOUR BEST NIGHT OUT STORY? Partying at the University marae and then gapping it for the gay clubs with my bestie.

FAVOURITE DRINKING GAME? Red or black. Short and sharp!

HAVE YOU EVER SMOKED WEED? Once. I didn't inhale though. ;-)

ARE YOU MEMBER OF THE MILE HIGH CLUB? No. Never quite understood how you get away with that. I barely fit inside aeroplane toilets by myself.

SENT OR RECEIVED A NUDE PHOTO? Gosh no. My body

is my temple... my covered up temple.

MOST FAMOUS PERSON YOU'VE MET AND FANGIRLED OVER? Dolly Parton. Told her it was my birthday to get her to sing "Happy Birthday". She did. It wasn't my birthday.

BEST THING YOU'VE SEEN GRAFFITIED ONTO ONE OF YOUR CAMPAIGN SIGNS DURING YOUR CAMPAIGN? BALLS ARE LIFE! I still smile at that one!

YOU WON DANCING WITH THE STARS – WHEN YOU GO OUT CLUBBING WHAT'S YOUR ONE DANCE-MOVE THAT YOU ALWAYS DO? The bus stop comes out from time to time. But I didn't learn that on DWTS. Moves from that show aren't conducive to a boozy night at the bar.

WHEN YOU DID POLITICAL SCIENCE AT UNI, WERE THE "YOUNG POLITICIANS" AS WANKY AS THEY ARE NOW?

Yeah pretty much. Young and geeky. Very geeky.

HOW DID YOU ACTUALLY GET INTO TV – HOW DID YOU GET THE WHAT NOW JOB? WAS IT THE PEOPLE YOU KNEW? I had a casting agent at uni for spare cash. She told me to go to an audition. I did. I got it.

WHEN YOU HOSTED NZGT, WHO WAS THE CONTESTANT YOU FOUND THE SILLIEST? Randy old Rooster. Cowboy guy from Nelson with an American accent and a ukulele that he played brilliantly.

IN ALL THE TIMES YOU'VE BEEN ON TV, WHAT WAS THE FUNNIEST UNPLANNED MOMENT? Insert any random Paul Henry moments.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT WORKING IN TV? The environment is generally unstable. Lots of smiles, but lots of uncertainty.

WHEN YOU WERE WORKING ON THE TV SHOWS, WAS IT AS BITCHY AS ANY OTHER JOB? DID PEOPLE DISLIKE EACH OTHER ETC? Yeah. The lefties stick together and the boring right wingers stick together. But lots of people are shagging behind the scenes. Its all very incestuous at times. I wouldn't know anything about it though. My friend told me.



QUEEN ANNOUNCES PLANS TO "NUKE THE POOR" TO CELEBRATE REIGN

WE ALREADY KNEW THE 89-YEAR-OLD QUEEN was an avid fan of corgis and cups of tea, but now we've learnt something else about the eclectic monarch: she wants to "nuke the fuck out of the poor".

Elizabeth, who just made history as Britain's longest-reigning monarch, announced her

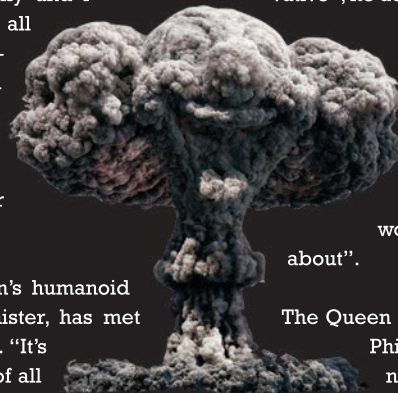
plans to unleash a nuclear attack on the poor of Britain during her annual visit to the Salvation Army in East London. "Don't worry", She remarked on protest over the announced move. "The Royal Family and I have decided this is in all of Britain's best interests. Trust us — we're a family of inbred aristocratic meaningless figureheads. We really do know what's right for Britain".

David Cameron, Britain's humanoid thumb of a Prime Minister, has met the plan with approval. "It's about time we got rid of all

the bloody poor people. They're draining our economic resources", Mr. Cameron said in a statement, lounging on his gold-encrusted futon with a glass of champagne. "Vote Conservative", he added, as an afterthought.

Prince Philip is however said to have been opposed to the proposal, allegedly advising the Queen "Sweetheart — think about this. If we nuke the poor, we won't have anyone to complain about".

The Queen reportedly replied, "Fuck you Philip. I'm a stamp, and you're not".



INTERVIEW WITH TODD BARCLAY

ELECTED AGED 24, HE'S THE BABY OF THE PARLIAMENT (HENCE THE PICTURE). TODD BARCLAY IS THE NATIONAL MP FOR CLUTHA-SOUTHLAND. WITH HIS AGE IN MIND, I'M PRETTY CERTAIN HE'S EYEING UP THE PRIME MINISTERSHIP, BUT WHATEVER HE DOES, HE'S A REAL LAD, AND A REAL DECENT GUY TO CHAT TO.

FAVOURITE CURRENT TV SERIES: He watches *Suits* quite bit, "on Netflix". Netflix and Chill with Todd Barclay?

HOW DEVASTATED ARE YOU THAT 1D ARE BREAKING UP?

"I can't say it had an impact on my day to day life", he said laughing, "but I feel for all the 14 year old girls who must've been devastated".

WHAT RADIO STATION DO YOU LISTEN TO? "If I'm listening to music or something I listen to like, ZM or The Edge. My taste in music sort of changes as new music comes out".

FAVOURITE FLAG OUT OF THE 4? He said he prefers the fern ones, "I'm leaning more towards the blue and black one though".

OPINION OF RED PEAK FLAG? "Well it was narrowed down to the top 40 already. I think [the Red Peak] was only ranked something like 37 out of 40, so it clearly didn't make the cut. I mean, if it wasn't Red Peak it would be another flag wouldn't it?"

IF JOHN KEY CAME UP TO YOU AND PULLED YOUR HAIR, WHAT WOULD YOU DO? "My hair's not long enough".

WILL YOU BE WATCHING THE NEW JAMES BOND? STAR WARS? "Yeah I'm a big fan of *James Bond*. Not so much *Star Wars*, but I'll definitely be going to see the *James Bond*".

DAVID BECKHAM FOR JAMES BOND: "I suppose it veers away from the more conventional James Bond. But we're living in the 21st century I suppose, anything's an option. Maybe I should put my hand up". Lad.



DO YOU LOOK AT MEMES? "I scan Facebook and social media all the time but I don't really, I'm more looking to see who slagged me off".

WHAT WAS YOUR BEST NIGHT OUT STORY?

"Probably not ones that's appropriate for your magazine. A good old

BYO is always fun, they always sort of follow a similar pattern: a nice bottle of affordable wine, an affordable meal, followed by some more affordable...fun". Classic.

FAVORITE CLUB IN AUCKLAND? "I quite like Chapel". Ponsonby Road hipster!

MOST EMBARRASSING TIME YOU'VE HIT ON SOMEONE AND IT FAILED? "Probably actually my girlfriend. I was trying to subtly hit on her and she didn't even re-

alise. And it turned out that one of my colleagues who was with me at the time had to ask for her number for a work-related followup, and then she passed it on to me. It was a failed attempt, which I had to be saved from by a colleague. She was the waitress at the restaurant we were at".

HOW EXCITED WERE YOU ABOUT THE LITTLE BLUE TICK ON FACEBOOK? "Well I suppose it makes you legitimate, doesn't it. I was quite stoked that somebody had found it to be a legitimate page".

FUNNIEST MOMENT WORKING IN POLITICS: "Getting asked for my opinion [by a media person] on New Zealand First and Labour's proposed changes to the age of entitlement for superannuation – because of all the MP's I'm the furthest away from that being affected".

DO YOU WANT TO BECOME PRIME MINISTER AT SOME POINT? "I've only been in the role for less than 1 year, I just want to be the MP for Clutha-Southland for more than one term!" Hmmm.....?

My Life Planner

2013	Work for senior minister		2025		
2014			2026		
2015	Win safe seat in parliament		2027		Third child
2016			2028	Cabinet reshuffle – senior cabinet minister	
2017	Re-elected	Buy second house	2029		
2018			2030	Senior shadow cabinet minister	
2019			2031		
2020	Into shadow cabinet, associate minister	Get married	2032		Buy holiday home
2021			2033	Continue as senior shadow minister	
2022		First child	2034		
2023	Continue as shadow associate minister		2035		
2024			2036	Win leadership of opposition	
2025	Shadow Cabinet reshuffle – minister	Second child	2037		
2026	Cabinet minister		2038		
			2039		
			2040		
			2041	PRIME MINISTER	

AMERICA TO BE COMPLETELY EMPTY IF REPUBLICAN WINS 2016 ELECTIONS

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA MAY BE DEVOID OF its entire population soon – if Republicans have it their way.

This was the startling revelation made after hearing each candidate's platform during their respective campaign speeches, with each of them stating that they would get rid of a certain group

of people at some point – if elected.

For Donald Trump, his concern lies with "Mexicans" that inhabit the southern half of the country.

"They rape our women, take our jobs and don't speak English!" he said furiously.

Trump also cited a survey which showed alarming numbers, "The biggest numbers of Mexicans now come from Guatemala and El Salvador, which just shows how dire this situation has become".

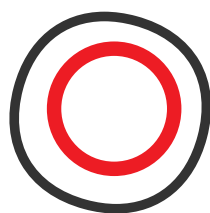
During a campaign rally, "The Donald" also brought up the news of a young Muslim schoolboy who got caught with a homemade bomb recently. He promised to send "all of them" to Guantanamo Bay – if elected.

In Jeb Bush's case, he brings up the "worrying trend" of Asian mothers giving birth in the US.

"Something needs to be done. If we don't do action we might see China take over California and sell cheap ripped-off goods there!"

Meanwhile, Wisconsin governor Scott Walker has said he will get rid of all "union-thugs". This includes anyone who earns minimum wage or asks their employers for a 30-minute break.

To help with the outflow of people who will be evicted if any of them were elected, the Republicans have proposed sending them to the European Union where they will be given free housing and weekly benefits.



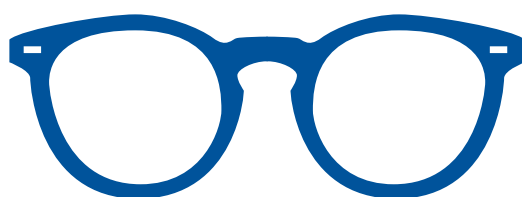
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how you see the world



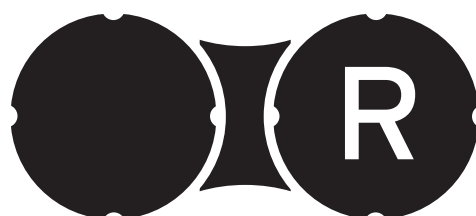
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SHOUTS AND WHISPERS

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

STRESS.

No town last weekend. No fistfights. No incidents. So what now then? There was only this: 48-hour law assignment marathon and complete physiological meltdown. Symptoms: generally: physical degradation and decay; specifically: unstoppable seizing of right eyeball, vampiric hue, huge gastric turmoil, blood-shot eyes of dark circular storms, laser-beam chest pains, rampant acne. On the mental front: paranoia, rage, sexual perversion, intense fear

of death, existential crisis. Brain cancer set in around 11, hot on the heels of Fatal Heart Disease, Total Psychosis, Incurable Doom, Full Blown Aids and syndromes including but not limited to: Downs, Ups, Foetal Alcohol, Alien Hand and Sudden Death. Between the hours of 1 and 3, a smorgasbord of degenerative diseases: Parkinson's, Lou Gehrig's, Multiple Fibrosis, Cystic Sclerosis, Macular Dystrophy. Pale and weak, slumped in my chair around 4, I triumphantly diagnosed Hypochondria. A brief convalescence ensued. Then it occurred to me that, given my Hypochondria, my Hypochondria must be hypochondriacal. Classic case of Psychosomatic Hypochondria. I was right the first time. The brain cancer, the persistent strokes, this ongoing heart attack: all real.

The nervous breakdown continued – hence: “I look Gargolean. I feel distinctly Gothic. I am worried about dying. Death is the only subject. Life is about changing the subject. But the no sleep, the cold, the wind (especially the wind), and the body (most of all the body) won’t

let you look the other way. I saw outside in the quad a gaunt haunted old loony down there shouting down the eerie bFM midnight organ grind. He wasn’t making any sense. “Put the kettle on m8”, I said in the cheap-lit office where the cheap lit gets done. “Death”, I emphasised, to general nodding. Pretension with Perry, also to general nodding, spoke up from under the table. “The ontology”, he remarked, “must be tweaked”. Ambivalent pause, probable agreement, confusion. Perry fetched his spanner and tinkered with the ontology. The Editor looked like he might vomit, vomited, and having vomited, examined the newly fine-tuned ontology, of which he approved, subject to a few minor amendments to which Perry, amenable, agreed. General accord, insanity and harmony prevail.

“Death”, I next held forth eloquently as the ravings of the noctambulant loony came in through the window. General nodding. “Family property opinion causes me angst, which causes me aches, which causes me to think about the body, and once you think about the body, the only idea that matters is... death!” I shouted sobbingly. Hollow, echoed shouts came from the quad. We gathered at the window to examine the loony. Beard. Rags. Plastic bags on his shoes. Classic loony. Nothing to see. “Style”, I whispered, following up brilliantly, “is substance”. He was just shouting. Insanity is boring to look at. At some point in the night, heroically, insanely, adverbially, I finished Family Property: divided the dog, split the children, destroyed the assets, hypothetically raped and pillaged the hypothetical Apple Blossom Farm. Take that Beverly, you hypothetical hoe.

Enter next Cartz in suit in search of Trump-related content. Cartz took a sip of his beer. “This magazine”, said the Editor, briefly inter-vomit, to the room in general and to general nodding, “is going to shit”. It was the night after Family Property, and there was Flame. Cartz chuckled richly. The Editor looked on, full of love. The dusky, sensual Swedish House Mafia throbbed softly in the background. The Editor saw momentarily a whole safe, warm, Cartz-centric future. But only until now, when Cartz yawns, stands up, goes outside for a cigarette and the Editor, crushed, brave, holding

back tears, twists open another Flame, and, gazing at the Cartz-shaped space where Cartz was, and is not, hopes, yearns with every particle of his being for his return. His girlfriend, who, to avoid defaming, we shall call Ana H, peers over the lid of her computer, sees it all and does not mind because on the other side of the lid are naked photos of her international lover, who, to protect his anonymity, we shall call Don X, and to whose consecutive quarters of negative follicle growth she is sweetly indifferent, or even magnetically attracted, his steely eyes and Iron Dome causing her to imagine at this moment steamy tangos, hot summer nights, star-studded Spanish skies and saucy fandangos, which visions are the cause of the rising colour in her cheeks, her racing pulse and her tolerance of the infidelities of the Cartz-consumed Editor, who in his turn knows all about the lithe, nimble, high-foreheaded Don X, and understands, because that is the nature of things in general, and of their arrangement specifically. General harmony prevails.

Meanwhile: “this is low energy stuff!” shouted Cartz, who was busy Making Craccum Great Again. “China!” he yelled, “I love China!” Cartz was getting out of hand. He was flaming out. Enter Charlie Lin. “Chinese!” roared the by-now hysterical Cartz. “I just love the Chinese!” He jumped up on the table, star-jumping, fist-pumping, head-banging. “China! China! Deals! Exports! China!” General nodding, for the sage wisdom of Cartz was received, and understood, and appreciated by all concerned. “Bantz”, sighed the Editor, passionately. It soon became – nothing to do with me: I didn’t touch anything – time to go, so I left. Went home. Watched the All Blacks. Bit rusty lacked execution and clinicism against powerful Puma forward pack real brain explosion from Richie expect better from player of his class and experience knows he let the team down but big impact off the bench got us over the line shows the depth we have in this squad you got to compete for the full 80 you want to beat this All Black team all in all not a bad hit out first up at the end of the day: solid. Say no more, mate. Say no more: bed. Lunch. Dinner. Bed. Then breakfast, finally.

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BANTZ WITH CARTZ TRUMP.

7.15 AM. I wake up. Today is going to be huge. I am going to do so many great things today, so many great things, you won't even believe it.

8.30 AM. I'm at the bus stop. I check my phone to see where the bus is. Did you know they have a smartphone app for buses now? Did you know that? You can actually see when the bus is coming. Isn't that amazing? The bus is six minutes away. Let me tell you, I have been very successful. Like really successful. I don't have time to stand around for six minutes waiting for the bus. So I'm thinking I'll go get coffee.

I go to a place down the street from the bus stop. It's a French place. The guy is very slow making coffee. I see this guy behind the ma-

chine, he's moving so slowly. Like really slow. Like maybe he has all day. Hey, maybe he does have all day, but I'm a very successful guy. I don't have time to wait around for coffee. This is why the French are losers, why their economy is a failure. Now, don't get me wrong. I love the French. I have a great relationship with France, great relationship with the French people. They have a beautiful language, beautiful women, beautiful city. Paris, it's a beautiful city, right? But they're a slow people and that's why their economy is no good.

9 AM TO 10 AM, I'm in meetings. I have a lot of meetings. I'm very successful, I've made billions and billions of dollars, so I have a lot of meetings. It's no big deal.

At **10 AM,** I go get breakfast. I go to a café owned by the Chinese. Breakfast costs \$8.40. Can you believe it? Let me tell you, the Chinese are absolutely killing us at the café game. I love China, I love the Chinese people, but they're killing us on trade and they're killing us on cafes. You know why? Our café owners are stupid.

On my way back I walk past a homeless lady. Okay, I'm a very generous guy. I like to help people. I've helped many, many peo-

ple. But I don't give this woman any money. Every day she sits outside the liquor store asking for money. Every day, right next to the liquor store. You know what? I think people can put two and two together. Maybe try to be a bit smarter. Sit somewhere less obvious next time.

11 AM TO 3 PM, more meetings. Like I said, I'm very successful, I've made billions and billions of dollars, so I have a lot of meetings. And I get a lot of credit for it.

So, after my meetings, I go to the *Craccum* office. These guys pay me a lot of money to write a column. A lot of money. Because I get amazing ratings. Like, really amazing ratings. And there's a lot of very good people there. Really great people.

So I start writing my column. It's going to be really great. I think people are sick and tired of hearing from these other columnists. These guys, they're very low energy people. So low energy that when you read them, you fall asleep. I've actually been in journalism a long time, except I've been on the other side. I've only been a columnist for about three months. Obviously I'm doing pretty well, because I'm number one

in the polls by a lot.

5.30 PM. I go to an amazing event full of really great people. Like, really great people. I know a lot of really successful people here. We had so much fun, you wouldn't believe. And hey, who knows more about fun than me? I wrote *The Art of the Deal*. I've made billions and billions of dollars. Afterwards I take a couple of beers for the road, because why not? I'm a very successful guy. I drink a lot of beers.

You know what this country needs? We need a negotiator, someone who can make really great deals. We don't make good deals anymore. I make good deals all the time. I walked out of that room with two beers I didn't pay for. That's a pretty good deal. And that's what we need in this country. We need to make great deals again.

On the way home, I go to Wendy's. I get a hamburger, Coke and fries. With ketchup. It's been a phenomenal day. Everything I've done has been a tremendous success. And I've done a damn good job doing it.

10 PM. Bedtime. Tomorrow will be a big day. We are going to have so many victories tomorrow. And they're going to be great victories. It's going to be huge.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE HOMELESSNESS WITH TESSA NADEN

LIVE FOR THE COLUMN. BREATHE the column. Be the column. Now, see the column.

There's something we don't discuss very often and that's the economic disadvantage young queer people face. I've helped students with it. Too often I hear "I can't come out or I'll be removed from the house". One student didn't

come out to their family until I promised that if anything happened, I'd be there to pick up the pieces (thankfully it hasn't come to that! Yet!).

Homeless is rife amongst American LGBT youth, and it would not surprise me that the statistics are similar here. Amongst the American statistics, trans people are disproportionately represented, and I'm guessing the same here: given KRd and Hunter's Corner, this is incredibly likely. Of course, we don't talk in the media much about it.

Other students tell me of being terrified of coming out at work, or being unable to get jobs – one trans woman I work with has been unable to find a job since she came out as trans. Another keeps it on the downlow and still uses her deadname at work. The economic

disadvantages feared by queer youth tie in together – if you're less likely to get a job, you're also less likely to be able to be independent if your parents do kick you out.

This is for pretty much every queer person, and yet we don't talk about it at all within the queer community. Most Rainbow Youth material focuses on self-acceptance: I have yet to see much on the economic realities of queerness. Forget about major organisations like GABA or the Pride Parade: a march of homeless queers isn't likely to happen soon with the fees the Parade charges to march. There isn't a formalised support system for something many in the community have had to go through before, and there are no specifically queer refugees if they are victims of domestic violence. This contributes to an ever spiralling epidemic of

economic disadvantage. Studylink for example, will deny support to young queer people who have parents that vindictively insist that their children are still in contact: they are denied accommodation supplement and allowance. It's simply another reason to ditch the Studylink concept that adults are under parental guidance until they are 24. This needs to change: we need to acknowledge the economic disadvantage faced by many in our community and we need to begin to create systems for them that don't disadvantage them any further. Like many issues the queer community seems to not discuss, this is also an issue that affects those who aren't white gay men the absolute most. Those are the issues that we ignore, and they are the biggest plagues on our community: and we need to get to work. Now.



F**KBOY

WITH CHRIS

I'M SITTING IN THE CRACCUM KITCHEN (desolate) at 2:48 (alone) reflecting on my sins. A glass of water on one side (half-empty), a packet of Ernest Adams' gooey caramel slice on the other (terrible, dry, fully-eaten). Reflecting on my sins. This column was supposed to be something. I'm unsure of what, but more than this. To evolve with each issue, gradually refining itself into a clear final form. But like humans, the complexity of actual good writing suggests intelligent design.

Rather than take the time to critically evaluate and plan out a year, I did what every arts student does: Churned most of my writing out at 3:11AM the night before it was due, using an over-stacked (empty) schedule and sleep deprivation as excuses for disappointing my aspirations. Treating as a chore something I agreed to do of my own vo-

lition. Lazily recounting anecdotes or emptily introspecting rather than risk having actual opinions.

But I didn't say swear words! All my life. For some reason. It started, as psychoses tend to, with my childhood. I wasn't sure whether I believed in God, but if He was real then immoral pairings of consonant and vowel sounds weren't worth the risk. Grownups spoke of curse words in hushed tones, broken up with bellowed expletives, followed by obsequious apologies – not for the rage, but the phrasing. The meek would inherit the Earth, so I kept silent.

By age seven or so I'd realised swearwords were probably fine. But I'd never said one, and it felt like too big a leap to take on feeling alone. Self-awareness of vocal purity came with awareness of an equally-blank personality. It could take years to "find myself", so in the meantime I set about constructing an identity entirely of one-note affectations. Avoiding an arbitrarily-selected set of noises ("f**k" and sh**") just 'cause, then various slurs because politically correct self-righteousness was another short-term pillar) occasionally came up in conversation, and made me seem interesting for three minutes. People were

sceptical, then impressed, then envious, offering enormous sums of money (\$15) to ruin my track record. But I held fast. I saved it for marriage. Until one of the cool kids challenged me. He was good at English and knew about punk rock. Had a Che Guevara shirt. I stuttered out a "shit". He wasn't that impressed. I was crushed.

As I got older the reasons I gave for puritanism changed. There's a Marvel character (Black Bolt) who never talks, because his voice emits shockwaves. If I timed it right, surely a well-placed f**k would be equally earth-shaking, breaking through the insincerity of the everyday with extreme prejudice. I made a bet with a friend that I couldn't make it to 18 without cussin'. I didn't

want to make profanity habitual for fear it'd dilute my vocabulary. F+CK is a hell of a word. If I could, I'd use it a lot. It'd be a crutch, and slip out at a job interview, a funeral, somebody's newborn.

It's no longer an active issue in my day-to-day. Self-censoring is a tough habit to break. Occasionally a deliberate misquote will force out an explanation of how youthful righteousness turned into affectation, into a weirdly bland piece of character detritus. An awkwardly hovering metonym for arrested development, unrelinquishable standing in for actual principles or personality. Perpetuating the power of words that don't \$%£*ing mean anything. What a dumbf+ck.

I WASN'T SURE WHETHER I BELIEVED IN GOD, BUT IF HE WAS REAL THEN IMMORAL PAIRINGS OF CONSONANT AND VOWEL SOUNDS WEREN'T WORTH THE RISK.



KANT OR WON'T THE INDIVIDUAL

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

IN A SOCIETY CENTRED AROUND THE fundamental unit of the individual, it's surprising how often the individual is looked over. Ironically, the more that we structure our laws and mores around individual rights and autonomy, the more that people feel comfortable going with the crowd and ignoring individuals when they're in need. We tell people that they have no

obligation to go out of their way to help a homeless person on the street or the alcoholic next door. People erect fences and barriers; create their own patch and stick to it. We're aware that the person across the street is going bankrupt or that some colleague has problems with drugs, yet we're happy to go about our days without taking on the burden of others. This creates a weird situation, because to a large extent everybody is constantly experiencing issues in their lives where the helpful intervention of strangers would be welcome. And so everybody is ignored by everyone else.

But what would society look like if we didn't base all social conventions on the individual? Would it be any better?

On the plus side, modern society might lose its distinct sense of cold-

ness and what might be described as a lack of community. Even if our social mores merely dictated that people generally don't just stand on the bus in silence, the amount of interaction in our lives that takes place outside of our immediate friend circles would completely change how we see strangers. We're so distrusting and reluctant to venture out of our comfort zones that even small talk on public transport is a stretch too far. But a society that actually engaged with itself might find that everyone simply feels better when they're out and about. They feel like they're with people they know, other members of their collective society, rather than in a crowd of strangers.

The downside is of course that we would all have to do stuff we don't want to. Who cares if there are a few people experiencing massive upheaval in their lives? Why

should that mean that I have to make a sacrifice to some stranger I neither know or care about? It would also force us out of our comfort zones and have us interacting with random people that we share nothing in common with. People are highly selective about who they keep as their long term friend circle and for good reason. We can sift through thousands of people as we meet them through work or education and neatly slice out only the most ideal matches to hang around with.

Society has long been centred around the unit of the individual, and it's hard to tell whether this structure is becoming more entrenched or being slowly discarded. Although it creates an odd situation where everyone feels shut out by the crowd and simultaneously shuts others out, there might be no better alternative.



PRETENSION BY PERRY NOSTRILS AND NOTES

I WAS TERRIBLY EXCITED. LIKE PROPER fucktard children excited. The way they get when you mention going to the swimming pool or, I guess with modern kids, watching a video of a swimming pool. The day had started off normally enough. Woke up around seven, had a lecture at ten, lay in bed until eleven. Went into university. Met a friend. Had coffee. Ordered a salad, dieting for no real reason other than boredom and a belief that fatness is ugly. Went up to the drinking spot. Drank. Agreed to do essays. Didn't do essays. Went for a walk. Then it happened. A brilliant shiny beautiful moment. My friend turned to me lustily. Eyes glinting and sense of adventure wearing. "Let's do coke". So we did.

Now illegal drugs, as I'm sure you're aware at your subtle age, are illegal. Sad but true. Also they aren't sold at the supermarket. We

discovered this after we frequented a local milk and breadary and asked the vendor for some "coke" he smiled, nodded and directed us to a wall filled with bottles of fizzy legal drugs. Angered and thirsty we bought the drinks. Then we both remembered that actually illegal drugs were easy to get. You just needed an illegal friend. You'll know the kind of course. The type that you barely know and you hope to keep well away from but are slightly pleasant and also have drugs. We approached one of these friends and got hold of the aforementioned naughtiness. It was my first time being excited about powder and the beer and diet fizzy made me act oddly. I said thank you and treated my illegal friend like a real person, very out of character. They looked at me oddly, not sure if they'd heard correctly. I hit them for good measure and to redress the balance. They felt vindicated and we moved on. My actual friend, the one that's worth my time, and I ventured forward into what was for him the relatively well known and for me the single coolest thing I'd ever done.

We sat outside a not quite restaurant. The type of place that you go when have no money but your friends all want to eat out so you say you know somewhere nice and all sit there having a terrible time. We sat. Ordered drinks. Drank. Repeated. Bantered. I smiled. I liked this nervous anticipation of future druggery. My friend and I ventured

to the bathroom together. He would teach me how to do you see. He went and prepared the area. Then I went in. In my lethargy I rested my arm on the counter. He looked angry. He probably needed more coke. He told me to look at my sleeve. I had a very powdery arm. He definitely needed more coke. I chalked it up to inexperience. He chalked it up to me being a cunt. One thing can be interpreted in so very many ways. He asked if I had a note. I was broke. He was too. He took out a two dollar coin. "This will have to do." We are students. I hadn't seen that much money in one place before. He put the side of the coin next to his left nostril, his right he hovered over the coke and inhaled. It seemed easy enough. I had breathed in before you see.

It was my turn. I lent over the neat line of powder. The coin was cold against my nose. I breathed out. Again we all make these mistakes. I had another go. I did it exactly right. Literally nothing happened. We left the men's bathroom together. I went to hold his hand. He told me that we looked gay enough already in that we were leaving a men's room together and were both dressed rather well. Fair point. We snorted a few more rounds each over the next two hours. It didn't do a great deal and sort of missed my bottle of fizzy. The night progressed and we drank in order to numb the dullness of the stupid illicit drugs. What a waste of speaking to some-

one that little powdery pouch had been. Now I was going to be harassed for the next eight weeks by semi-friend asking if I wanted more coke, if we should meet, if we were actually friends, if I had ever loved him, why we had adopted a child together. None of which I really had the time for. The beer was better than toilet seat powder and I fell into a lovely feeling of banter.

We spoke for hours. Sat silently for days. Grew old together. Then realised we were hungry. We ventured forth and found beneath the sacred and hallowed golden arches disgusting and greasy food. It was far better than what they had been serving at the pseudo restaurant. We walked smokily back to my comrades home. Upon arrival we discovered that we were locked out and that my partner's narcoleptic girlfriend was caught in one of her fits of exhaustion. It was a perilous moment. If we woke her we'd die. If we didn't, we would sit outside and smoke. We woke her. She burst forward and wrenched the door off its hinges. She grabbed a kitchen knife, was about to strike, then from nowhere fell asleep again. We went outside and smoked. Good job we'd woken her up, we agreed.

The night went on. The ineffectual drugs wore off. We went to bed. Separate beds. Poor hospitality. The next morning we awoke to the news that a car crash had killed four. We smiled to each other. The drugs had worked after all.



ASK A MUSLIM A CLOCKWORK VILLAIN

I SAW THE SAM HARRIS-BEN AFFLECK clip about Islam last night (If you haven't watched it, watch it now – you have free Wi-Fi). Don't know why but I thought Sam Harris was a bit of racist the first time I saw it.

Having re-watched it I don't know why I was offended. The notion that anyone can criticise Islam because it's just a bunch of ideas, is just reasonable. Yeah, you can contextualise any question in a racist way, but the act of criticism of Islam or any other religion by itself is value neutral.

Arresting a teenager who makes a clock because he is a Muslim is racist. Why? Because his odd looking contraption only looked like a bomb, because it was in the hand of a boy named Ahmed. His project didn't look like a clock, and I can't say it looked like a bomb (having never seen one) but his teacher only thought of it as a bomb because Ahmed was holding it. That's what is called

racial profiling – when people come to conclusions about who and what you are based on what you look like.

Why is racial profiling bad you ask? Well you sound like someone who has never been racially profiled, so thumbs up on the lottery of birth. It's bad because as a virtue ethicist would say, it's being a dick which is bad. It's bad because you don't choose your race or name and it's unfair to be punished for those attributes. It's bad because only disenfranchised groups ever get profiled.

According to Gallup polls, 49% of Americans are Very to Somewhat worried that they or their families may be the victim of terrorism.

What I interpret that as is "we are scared that some Muslim may kill or injure me or some member of my family". If that is a fear you have, I am happy to inform you that it is unfounded. That's an absurd fear, you're much more likely to be killed by a crazy white guy with an automatic rifle than a Muslim in America. Worryingly I don't feel that this fear of Muslims is just limited to the US.

If you harbour suspicion or fear towards Muslims, please stop. Please don't make us feel unwelcome and unsafe in the communities we call home. And yes Islamophobia is a real thing but be careful when calling someone an Islamophobe, it's not merely the act of criticising Islam.

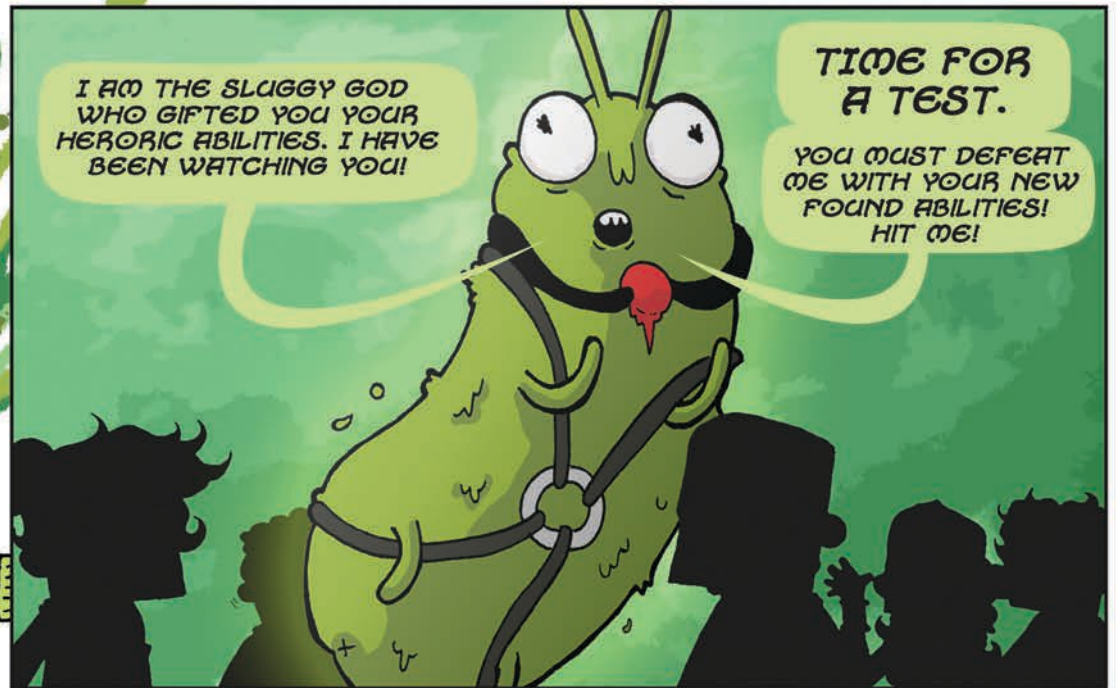
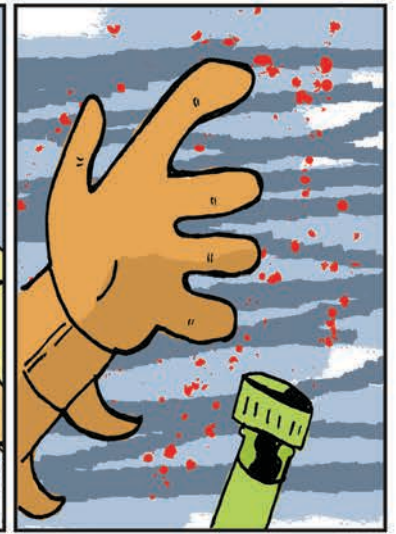
FIVE FRIENDS GOT MAGICAL POWERS THROUGH A CONVOLUTED PLOT INVOLVING A BOTTLE OF ABSINTHE THAT REALLY DIDN'T HAVE ANY CLARIFICATION. HEY IMAGINE IF WE ATTEMPTED TO CLARIFY THAT. IMAGINE.

DRINKING BUDDIES OF JUSTICE



LIGHTSPEED: SUPERSPEED.
ARCHILLIESHEEL: GAINS THE POWER OF A GOD WHENEVER OVERLY EMOTIONAL.
CONNECTWORK: POWERS OF AN I-PAD.
WHITEPOWERS: CAN TELEPORT THROUGHT THE COLOR WHITE.
CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM: SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH WHEN DRUNK.

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON





DUMPSTER



DIVING, OR THE NEAR SEXUAL ECSTASY OF FREE CHEESE

FEATURE BY MARK FULLERTON

THE HOUR WAS LATE AND THE NIGHT WAS A Thursday and I had questions. Will the Editor and the Columnist ever consummate their love? Is Red Peak really that good, or do we just want what we can't have? And what am I standing in?

To the casual observer, the ocular ignoramus, I was standing in a dumpster. To those who require more detail, my left foot was stowed safely within a half-pumpkin. My right foot, desperately searching for a foothold after being so brutally robbed of balance by the rogue squash to my left, had taken up residence inside a small, yet pungent, soft French cheese. As orange goo seeped into my left sock and yellow goo oozed silently into my right, I voiced my very vocal displeasure. This was not the life to which I was accustomed.

The hour was late and the night was a Thursday and I was a dumpster diver.

Long time consumer of edibles.

First time thief.

My companion poked her head over the rim to investigate the commotion, and politely told

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IT WAS OUR VERY
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me to shut the fuck up. I explained the pumpkin/cheese situation. She peered further, examined closer.

"Fuck, that's Le Rustique! That shit is expensive!"

I explained that she was more than welcome to squeeze it out of my sock (along with the accompanying pumpkin jus slowly simmering) as she clambered in next to me and began the ritual rummaging.

Nestled in a dumpster amongst foods in varying states of decay, in the car park of an upmarket supermarket in an upmarket suburb in central Auckland, it was our very own slice of moist fermenting paradise. And they say Auckland has a housing crisis.

This remarkably cosy studio apartment (open plan, easy indoor outdoor flow, well insulated) would not do in the long term, however, as we were not alone. A third companion kept watch at the car park entrance, while a fourth camped out in the shadows with boxes (borrowed from a larger local supermarket) ready and waiting for the veritable avalanche of goods that was soon to trickle forth. Most certainly not the

type of packing and saving that the nameless source of the boxes would like to promote.

Our packing and saving was, technically, illegal. In London in 2013, three men were arrested for dumpster diving and charged under an Act that was 190 years old. Eventually, the justice system came to its senses and let them off. Three students in Dunedin were arrested in 2009 for doing exactly what we were doing now — one received diversion, the other had his charges dropped, and what happened to the third remains a mystery. But we are told in the womb that we are to be tidy Kiwis, that recycling is good, to ReduceReuseRecycle. Yet taking food that no one wants is bad?

The legal situation of dumpster diving, in New Zealand and around the world, is bizarre. We weren't really stealing from the supermarket, because they had thrown it out. They didn't want it any more. It held no value, because it could no longer be sold. It had expired, or fresher produce had arrived to replace it. We were merely trespassing on their property.

You see, our dank, four-wheeled flat was not

DUMPSTER DIVING IS FUN, AND A CHEAP WAY TO EAT, BUT DON'T BE A FUCK ABOUT IT. IF YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IT A GO, KEEP THIS IN MIND:

THE RIGHT SORT: MAKE SURE YOU AREN'T DOING THE DUMPSTER DIVING THAT INVOLVES STEALING PERSONAL INFORMATION AND USING IT TO YOUR OWN ADVANTAGE. THAT'S EVEN MORE ILLEGAL THAN STEALING FOOD, AND YOU'LL STILL BE HUNGRY.

BE TIDY: IF YOU FUCK AROUND AND LEAVE THE AREA LOOKING LIKE THE RAVAGED SITE OF A RACCOON ORGY, THE OWNERS WILL NOT BE HAPPY AND MAY TAKE EXTREME MEASURES LIKE LOCKING THE BIN AND INCREASING SECURITY, AND THEN YOU'VE RUINED IT FOR EVERYONE YOU BASTARD.

DON'T DAMAGE ANYTHING: FOR MUCH THE SAME REASON AS BEING TIDY. IF YOU FUCK AROUND AND BREAK SHIT, THE OWNERS WILL NOT BE HAPPY. THERE ARE WAYS TO RIG LOCKS SO THAT THEY APPEAR TO BE FUNCTIONING AND YOU CAN AVOID HAVING TO CUT THEM OPEN, BUT YOU CAN LOOK ONLINE FOR THAT. THOUGH IF YOU'RE AT THE STAGE WHERE YOU'RE DESPERATE ENOUGH TO CUT LOCKS OPEN, REMEMBER AUSA HAS A FOOD BANK AND WELFARE GRANT YOU CAN ACCESS.

DON'T GO ALONE: IT'S ALWAYS USEFUL TO HAVE FRIENDS. THEY CAN KEEP WATCH, HOLD THE LID OPEN AND EVEN HELP YOU OUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO FALL IN (APPARENTLY CLIMBING INSIDE THE BIN ISN'T NECESSARY, AND I'M SURE MY FORMER SOCKS WOULD AGREE). OH, AND BRING A TORCH.

DON'T BE GREEDY: THE WHOLE POINT OF DUMPSTER DIVING IS TO RECYCLE UNUSED FOOD. IT DEFEATS THE PURPOSE SOMEWHAT IF YOU TAKE SO MUCH FOOD YOU CAN'T EAT IT AND END UP THROWING IT AWAY.

BE REALISTIC: DUMPSTER DIVING IS MORE SUPPLEMENTARY THAN ANYTHING, SO DON'T THINK IT'LL SUSTAIN YOU ON ITS OWN. AND SOMETIMES YOU JUST AREN'T LUCKY.

ONLY TAKE PACKAGED FOOD: IT'S EASY TO WIPE CARROT SLIME OFF PLASTIC, BUT NOT SO EASY TO PICK IT OUT OF A LETTUCE. YOU'RE A HUMAN AND YOU SHOULD EAT LIKE A HUMAN. AND WHILE PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING IN THERE WILL HAVE EXPIRED, WHICH FOR THE MOST PART IS FINE, SOMETIMES IT IS JUST TOO OLD. MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICE.

IN MAY, THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT MADE IT ILLEGAL FOR SUPERMARKETS TO THROW AWAY FOOD, FORCING THEM TO CUT DOWN ON FOOD WASTE AND ENSURING THAT ANY UNSOLD YET EDIBLE FOOD WOULD BE DONATED TO CHARITY OR TO FARMS FOR USE AS ANIMAL FEED.

ours to keep. It was (as most dumpsters are) owned by the most foul of landlords: a rubbish collection company. They saw only a dumpster, and a rag-tag collection of renegades taking what was rightfully theirs. The food was not ours to take, to consume, to power our bodies. The rubbish collection companies see nothing but matter, there solely to be transported to a giant hole in the ground. Without the food we were so criminally taking, there would be nothing for them to collect, nothing for them to deliver, nothing for them to dump. We were literally killing the rubbish collectors.

To be fair, they didn't put the food in there. All over the world, particularly in Europe, governments are taking measures to limit the obscene amount of waste produced by supermarkets every year. In May, the French government made it illegal for supermarkets to throw away food, forcing them to cut down on food waste and ensuring that any unsold yet edible food would be donated to charity or to farms for use as animal feed.

The French Parliament did have motivation. Rather than run the risk of the homeless hanging around their rubbish bins in order to scrounge a cheap snack (quelle horreur!), supermarkets had taken to pouring bleach over the expired products. While New Zealand supermarkets do waste an extraordinary amount of food on a daily basis, many donate to charities such as Salvation Army food banks.

But there is no law requiring supermarkets to donate and, too often, when questioned about their slender commitment to universal nutrition, fall back on the old National Party line: 'we think we're doing quite enough as it is so stop asking for so much you peasants'. They claim that expiry dates are there for a reason, not just legal protection should some fuckwit eat an old pot of yoghurt and get sick. As if the food will immediately transubstantiate into cyanide at midnight.

All is not lost, though, and a number of organisations around the country are dedicated to reducing food waste and helping those in need. In Auckland, KiwiHarvest "collect excess fresh, chilled and frozen meals and food donations from supermarkets, cafes, growers,

cateries and manufacturers in a refrigerated van, ready for charities to serve or provide nutritious meals to their clients". In Wellington a group called Kaibosh does much the same, and claims to have rescued around 30,000 meals from supermarkets or other food donors and distributed them to the less fortunate.

While New Zealand may not have caught up with France just yet, our small island nation remains miles ahead of places with laws forbidding the charitable distribution of food because poor people are homeless and ugly and no one wants to look at them so move along please. At the start of this year, Norway was toying with a law that would put anyone in jail who committed the heinous crime of caring for their fellow man. It is ridiculous bureaucracy like this, coupled with an increased reliance on mass food production (and therefore mass food waste) which has led to the rise and rise of a mixture of freewheeling anarchists and thrill-seeking students more than happy, under cover of darkness, to tromp about in last week's broccoli in search of a free feed...

...which is how I ended up standing in pumpkin and cheese late on a Thursday night. We foraged and we foraged and we tearfully said goodbye to our recently acquired family home and left with a pack of dinner rolls, two baguettes, four bags of bagels, three bags of lettuce, some sprouts and mini carrots, cured salmon, a pack of sausages and three (un-stood-on) soft French cheeses. This was all we could carry, our fetid urban cornucopia had more than provided.

A cheeky recon mission a week later (the thief always returns to the scene of the crime) revealed that our find, had we acquired it through legal avenues, would have set us back almost \$125. The soiled pair of socks had been worth it, not only for the slightly heavier wallet but for the thrill, the rush, and the near sexual ecstasy of free cheese.

We were not eco-warriors on a noble quest of waste-reduction. We were not strapped for cash, desperately trying to provide for our family.

There was food there, so we ate it.

INTRODUCING THE RAINBOW BUSINESS ASSOCIATION

BY ZAC MARTIN AND AARON MAYO-SMITH, RBA.

WHO ARE WE?

The Rainbow Business Association, or RBA for short, would like to present to the world, well, itself. A startling lack of visibility for the LGBTQI+ community has been identified within the great grey Owen G. Glenn Building, so we have formed an all-inclusive organisation for staff and students who are part of the Commerce or Property faculties. Though the group is still very much in its infancy, connections are continuously being formed between faculty members and students, and we are committed to the continuing growth of the organisation over the coming years.

We seek to ensure that staff and students, as well as those looking to study with us in the future, are constantly aware that they are welcome, that they are safe, and that their LQBT-centric needs are met. One of our core long-term goals is raising awareness of, as well as combating, both passive and overt homophobia and transphobia within the Business School, as well as the wider business world. The creation of this group is the first step in the process, and we are using our launch event on October 13th, to which you're all invited, as the platform to establish ourselves as a long lasting association.

WHAT ARE OUR PLANS?

Next year will see an increase in activity from us. We have plans for many more formalised events, including Equity Meetings, social gatherings, fundraisers, and Pride Week celebrations. We are forging connections with organisations such as GABA (The Gay Auckland Business Association), and intend to hold networking events with LGBTQ+ friendly companies from across the nation. Our plans also include reaching out to organisations such as the New Zealand Aids Foundation, and Inside-OUT, in order to create advocacy opportunities for some of the most disenfranchised members of our community. Through a combination of

advocacy and socialising, we hope to create a welcoming environment within the Business School, and to increase the University's reputation in regards to accommodating diversity.

Our launch event in early October will consist of a small talk regarding our conception, goals, and plans for the coming year, followed by drinks, nibbles, and an opportunity for one-on-one talks with RBA members, as well as various guests from the business world. We are a business focused group as well as a social organisation, committed to putting in place support structures to help our members excel in their future careers, so many of our events will have both practical and social components.

Looking ahead, you can expect to see much more colour within the Business School. RBA intends to have a presence next year at both the Auckland and University Pride Weeks. We have tentative plans for a collaborative float with the other UoA Rainbow groups in the Auckland Pride Parade, and will be hosting week long celebrations on campus for the Uni's Pride Week. We'll need a committee for the Auckland Pride Parade Float, as well as people who are willing to design and build the float itself. We'll also be present at the Big Gay Out, with a stall representing all the University's Rainbow groups. Everybody is welcome to take part in this event to represent their faculty and the University as a whole. In addition, we're planning to have two highly visible events each semester, functioning both as an entry point for new members, and a show of support for those within the Business School who may be struggling with their LGBTQ+ identity. Please don't hesitate to get in contact with us if you're interested in becoming involved in any of these events, or the RBA in general.

SUCCESSES SO FAR

Despite the group's relative youth, we have already started to make some changes within the

Business School. Staff and lecturers have reacted well to our requests, and some slight changes have already been made to at least one of the available Commerce papers. A Stage Three Management paper (Management 304 - Managing People) has incorporated ideas regarding the management of LGBTQ+ people, as well as the issues they may face within the workforce such as the rampant homophobia that occurs in the heteronormative and hyper-masculinised business world (the one we're all intending to break into and succeed in after our degrees are completed). We would like to publicly thank Andrew Patterson for listening to our concerns, and accommodating them at a much quicker rate than expected.

JOIN US

To all LGBTQ+ students and faculty members, and to those of you who consider yourselves allies, we invite you to join our group and to become active and engaged members. To get in contact with us you can 'like' our Facebook page, 'Rainbow Business Association', or email us at RAINBOWBUSINESS@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ. We will also have a stand during Orientation Week in 2016, and will be present for the welcoming of new first year students. All genders and sexualities are welcome, and we hope you will join us in our journey towards visibility and recognition.

TIME TO GET CREATIVE!

One of the first opportunities to become involved with our group is helping us to design our logo, which will appear on our Facebook page, any promotional material, and at all the events we host. Our ideal logo will be simple, identifiable, and will incorporate a rainbow element. For inspiration, have a look at the Engineering and Science designs! The chosen logo will win a \$250 Prezzy card. To enter, send your submissions to RAINBOWBUSINESS@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ, and 'like' us on Facebook before **9th October**.



RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARC

OPINION BY ZACHARY ARDERN

ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS, REFUGEE CRISIS, FINANCIAL CRISIS, ISIS CRISIS, CRISIS OF MEANING, HOUSING CRISIS, QUARTER LIFE CRISIS, CRISIS OF FAITH. What is common amongst all of these things? What kind of person would say they had authority to speak about all of them? Perhaps a first year student in a competitive entry program like pre-law or biomed – they say lots of conceited stuff. But is there any person who actually has authority to speak on them all? Last week on campus at UoA, a series of events were run by Christian groups claiming that Jesus has something important to say across the board. This article is a follow-up. Opposition to their claim is often loud and confident, but I think massively over-rated. Let's see why.

Our social world is arguably tormented, demented, and firmly cemented in its various follies and fantasies. It's also, and this is more on point, fragmented. The internet it seems, allows subcultures of various kinds to develop with a special kind of intensity and separation from the rest of the world. Previously isolated weirdos can now join together on nonisolatedweirdo.com. If that silly sentence offended you, it's okay – there's probably a website or Facebook group aimed at you. Society, likewise, is atomised, and plurality is the keyword of the day. The University, too, is atomised. Judging by campus cultures, you might think that someone stuck the UoA prospectus into a Magic Bullet then pasted it back together with the chewing gum under the desks in CT039, just in time for Stu to give it the tick. Some have spoken of the 'two cultures' comprising sciences and the humanities, but perhaps at this university we should speak of the 50,000 different cultures that encompass the staff and students here. Anyone claiming to be able to bring unity out of this tertiary-level diversity is saying something a bit more substantial than your typical between-class banter. It's almost like they'd be claiming to be God.

Life is stormy, normally, for many people. We're looking for something or someone who can calm the storm and end the crises. If that's what you're seeking, you won't find it in the standard options on offer at our campus. Comprehensive Peace is not on sale at Munchy Mart. A Martian visiting UoA might find the situation pretty interesting. It seems we're looking for something like a prophet's authoritative speech, but we've denied the concept of inspiration. There's no reason to hope for a 'word from outside' our current milieu, because the outside, the transcendent, has been ruled out as mythical or inaccessible. All we can hope for is some insight from some human culture or other; and who's to say that it will have

any more answers than our own? Perhaps we've forgotten, or never really perceived, the power of an authoritative word coming from a love undergirding the universe? Speaking peace amidst the rolling waves of world politics, moral confusion, loss of meaning, and the endless frenetic chasing after material gain requires a particular kind of vantage point and confidence. Whether such a point can really be reached is a crucial question for our culture. Statements such as "the arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends towards justice" (Martin Luther King) can no longer be intoned with integrity. They're too appealing and too solemn for most of us to laugh at as we laugh at caricatures of religion, but they're ultimately in the same sunken boat if we buy the materialist story. But do they have to be? Perhaps it is time that we launch an expedition, to be raiders of the lost arc.

The secular university has lost its unity, perhaps not uncorrelated with its loss of theology. There is an unarticulated hope that Science will replace her, but Science when interrogated is of course really just the sciences; and anyone who thinks that, say, mathematics or biology will bring final coherence to the whole human intellectual project is living in a bizarre fairy world indeed. Without God, there is no longer an overarching principle holding this place with all its diversity together. Of course, while there are risks in diversity, there are risks in unanimity too. The unrestrained dominion of the One over the Many is recipe for political disaster and the crushing of many. An old relic from Christian theology might provide hope for an alternative model to both fractured pluralism and a contrived monism – the much maligned doctrine of the Trinity. I won't try to defend it here, though I think it's not too difficult for those who take the biblical texts seriously – instead I'll reflect a little on why we might care about the strange idea of divine unity being eternally expressed as diversity-in-relationship. On such a view, at the heart of the universe there is a place for love. There is a place for community, and there is room made for justice. That probably all sounds rather twee until you look at these values as fleshed out in Jesus, and communicated by him. I think that whenever people speak, they take a little risk in revealing something of themselves. Our speech reflects who we are. The Christian groups' focus on the words of Jesus is nailed firmly to a view of the person of Jesus – that he is the ultimate revelation of the God who spoke the world into existence.

Of course, many reading this will find the whole thing ludicrous. If that's you, thank you

for reading this far! If you continue to explore these things you may yet perceive your own 'crisis of doubt' (the title of an excellent book on 19th Century skeptic leaders who converted to Christianity). You see, as I see it – after a few years studying economics, philosophy, and molecular biology – Western secular worldviews face some pretty big internal challenges. We're told that science is the ultimate and even the only real way of knowing, even though the universe is ultimately a-rational, and its development unguided and our comprehension of it is something of a fluke. We're told that there are no miracles because of the laws of nature, but the laws of nature appear fine tuned to a degree that makes most miracles look quite boring. We're told that there is no direction to history, but we're also sure we're on the "right side" of it when our values triumph politically. We know that there is no immaterial self or soul and free choice may well be a delusion, but the imaginary individual rational agent still holds sway over our ideals and policy decisions. We're told that human rights create an urgent need for political action, but that there is probably no such thing as human nature or purpose. We're told that the environment is incredibly important for more than just the survival or pleasure of the inconsequential human species, but that in the end everything is inconsequential beyond our own fleeting desires and invented goals. Perhaps much of this boils down to the fairly obvious unsustainability of relativism, the difficulty of finding meaning with no fixed reference. A wise man spoke about that once – something about building your house on the sand.

According to a 2013 book published by Cambridge University Press, by computer scientist Steven Skiena and Google engineer Charles Ward, Jesus was the most influential person in human history. As a thinking person at NZ's top university, at some point you should probably work out what you think about the claims of Jesus (at least those claims made about him by his earliest followers), whether you're a confident skeptic who sleeps with *The God Delusion* under his/her pillow, a flower-worshipping hippy, Ned Flanders, or just an ordinary person trying to make it in a messed-up world. Bring out those questions you've been hoarding away since RE class in high school or bible-in-schools back in the 90s. Check out an event run by, say, the Evangelical Union, Student Life, or Unichurch. It's not like Christians haven't heard most of the objections before anyway, and if it's possible that Jesus is the Truth, he might have something important to say.

STOP AND THANK YOUR NOSES

BY AMY MARTIN

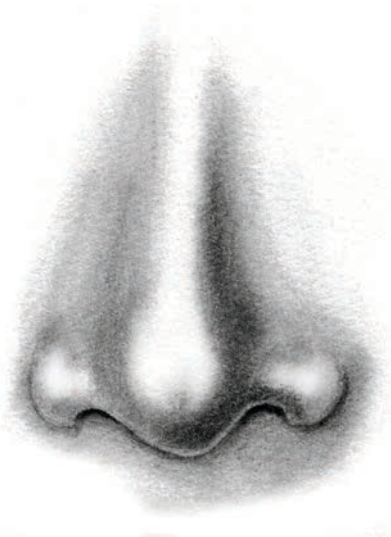
LAST TIME I WROTE FOR CRACCCUM, I WROTE ABOUT life being too short. Today, instead of “The Great Disney Prince-Off” (in which I ask who the best Disney prince is, and why it’s Flynn Rider), I decided to mix it up a bit (while, truly, not really mixing it up – rather extending). Keep posted for the Disney prince thing though, it’ll happen. I can feel it.

Last year some time, I embarked on a quest to unearth the mystery of my missing sense of smell, and today (after numerous distressing scans in big machines and having things jammed up my nose), it was officially announced that I will never have a sense of smell again. You see, for some reason, the olfactory bulbs at the front of my brain had decided to shrivel on up and now they’re useless, undetectable lumps. I was, admittedly, saddened by this. People go on about the smell of old books; they tell you to stop and smell the roses, the rain on the pavement. These are things I won’t ever have the chance to experience. Then again, I can’t smell my boyfriend’s farts (which, I’ve heard, makes me very, very lucky).

But this got me thinking — I wish I’d known I was going to lose this. This thing, that people most definitely take for granted. How often do people — and I know this is cliché — really *stop and smell the roses*? I don’t remember what a rose smells like, and now I’ll never have the chance to find out again. I feel like it’s all the little everyday things that we miss along the way that we don’t realize we’re thankful for. Even if you can’t smell — there are so many other things a person needs to be thankful for. Maybe I’ll be like Daredevil

— only, instead of being blind and having super-human other senses, I’ll just have to figure out ways to super-humanly *appreciate* all the other things that make life really cool. An Attitude of Gratitude, which you, young reader, don’t even need to lose your sense of smell to have. These are the little things I’m grateful for (feel free to add your own):

First up! Flowers, even though I can’t smell ya, you sure are pretty. So thank you for being aesthetically pleasing and smelling nice for other people. On the same embryoph-antastic (look up embryophyte, you’ll get it) note — trees! You’re the best. You give me oxygen, you make paper for books, and you’re lovely



and green! I had a field trip recently where I had to count lots of you, and I’m sorry if I hurt your feelings by saying you were boring. I didn’t mean it.

Taylor Swift, you’re on this list too. Thank you for making wonderful songs that I have enjoyed for years, and I’m looking forward to many more. I’m sure you smell like the candy-floss farts of a majestic pegacorn on a sunny day. J.K. Rowling for thinking up Hogwarts, Stan Lee for making up Spiderman. Good work team, thanks for giving me interests.

I would like to say thank you to all my pets, ever. Fern, you were the best at making me happy — even when you were old. My guinea pigs, your pop-corning made my life. To the new dog, Max, thanks (I guess) for not eating *all* of my socks — yet. Speaking of socks, whoever made those, cheers (from me, and my weirdo dog). They keep my toesies and his tumsies warm. You did me a solid, Mr. Socks, aka Sock guy aka Professor Sockenspiel aka Sockman aka ...the Ancient Greeks...

So, the reality of sock creation is not so exciting. That doesn’t mean the reality of life can’t be! Let this article serve as a means to knock some good olfactory sense into ya! Right now is the only time you’ll ever have to appreciate all of the little things that make up your life. Whip out that attitude of gratitude, and, if you can, stop and smell the roses for me.

PEOPLE GO ON ABOUT THE SMELL OF OLD BOOKS; THEY TELL YOU TO STOP AND SMELL THE ROSES, THE RAIN ON THE PAVEMENT. THESE ARE THINGS I WON’T EVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE.

CONCERT CHECKLIST

BY KYLE SIMONSEN

GOING TO A CONCERT IS LIKE WEARING A CON- dom for a one night stand. If you don’t, you might regret it for the rest of your life. Like, if in doubt, always go. Concerts are gr8, but I’ve compiled a list of seemingly obvious ways to make them gr9.

WEAR THE RIGHT THINGS

As much as everybody wants to be on fleek on the off chance you run into the artist in an alleyway (can confirm this happens) you also want to be comfortable. I recommend the t-shirt + shirt combo. You won’t get a cold from walking home, and you can wrap the shirt around your waist to make sure you ain’t dank. Also don’t wear shorts. I tried it.

It’s gross. May as well wear sneakers as nobody seems to really care about the concept of sneans these days.

GO WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE

This could potentially be one of the best nights of your life — if there is no one getting in your way. I often go with my sister because (a) I’m super cool, and (b) we both fangirl to the same level. Don’t let anyone kill your vibe. If you feel overwhelmed and want to cry, make sure you do that. Savour the experience.

DRINK WATER

Hydrate and stretch during the day, and pee it all out a few hours before the concert. I got dehydrated at Macklemore once and it was fucking terrible. Particularly because a mini pump is \$8 at Vector Arena. Thanks, invisible

hand of the market. Also don’t be that drunk piece of shit that ruins the concert for everyone else.

SINGING

This is a toughie. Drawing the lines on when to yell and when to not *is* difficult. Maybe start with a presumption that if the artist isn’t telling you to sing louder or whatever, maybe don’t ruin the song for those next to you — just mouth the lyrics aggressively. I would also like to apologise to everyone who I have sung next to. Hindsight being 20/20, I probably wouldn’t have done it the same. While I’m here, everyone who talked during *End of the Affair* at Ben Howard last year — go fuck yourself.

I’m sure these are four obvious tips but you’d be surprised how many people don’t do them. You’re welcome.

OUR DAILY BREAD

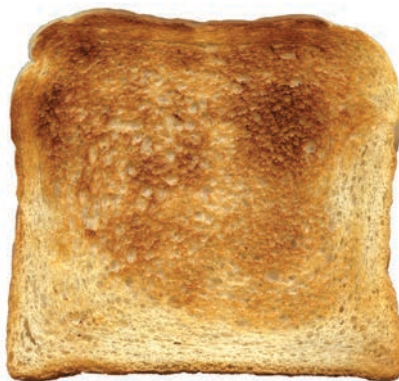
BY ISABELLE RUSSELL

OUR DAILY BREAD, THE BREAD-WINNER, BREAKING bread, earning dough. Arguably the most ancient of dietary staples, bread has lent its yeasty self to an endless list of idioms for daily life. For millennia, it's been the dependable nourishment that has powered armies, sustained pyramid-builders and fuelled the fire in the bellies of hungry revolutionaries. On the tables of monarchs and peasants alike, it has been a leveller of socioeconomic status, gender and race. Sliced bread is the benchmark for greatness.

The low carb crusade may still be persistently campaigning, but let's not forsake our heritage. Give a moment of appreciation to that most humble yet enduring building block of human civilisation. Sure, it was cheap and filling, and we now have the benefit of modern science to better make sense of human nutrition and the perils of 21st century agriculture's refined grains, but we owe our modern existence to our ancestors' appetite for carb-loading.

Whether a golden-crust white leavened pillow, a darker, denser and grittier loaf, or an unleavened flatbread (a snugly blanket for your favourite fillings), in its endlessly varied forms, bread has always occupied a sacred but modest place in the history of human existence. Unfussy, bread can be whatever you want it to be: a vehicle for fillings, mopping up your plate, or

a delightful dipper. Man's best friend is a dog (although as a diehard cat lover, I will always argue this), but man's stomach's best friend is a warm slice of fresh bread. The fact that bread has been a mainstay in so many ancient cultures – Central American corn tortillas, Middle Eastern pitas or Indian naan, to list but a few – is fascinating; everyone had the same primordial inspiration to cook dough over glowing embers.



While grains may not be Paleo-approved, there is certainly something quite primal, to use another health buzzword du jour, about baking your own loaves — especially sourdough. Leavened by natural, non-commercial yeasts that float in the air around us, it's the way our ancestors baked. What's that hovering by your ear? Ah, yes, some wild yeast.

Nearly six weeks ago I got a new pet. When it was younger, I fed it daily. Now that it's more

mature, it's quite happy living in the fridge if it's regularly taken out for a meal and fresh air (so a bit less maintenance for me). This 'starter' is the first step in your sourdough baking. I mixed a cup of flour (high grade white, but I'll be switching to rye soon) with a cup of warm water, left it covered on the kitchen bench for twelve hours and let it bubble. Every 12-24 hours, I continued to feed my hungry pet. After a few weeks of profuse bubbling, the sour-smelling wild yeasts were tamed. So far, I've experimented with two decent loaves and they'll only get better with time and practice. It's quite exciting to peer through the oven glass and see the loaf rise naturally before your eyes. Apparently when the Boudin Bakery caught fire in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake, they rushed to save their now-160-year-old starter. Keep it long enough and it'll become a family heirloom.

The gut-friendly probiotics produced in the fermentation process, as well as the unbeatable taste and chewier texture, have made sourdough a popular addition to café menus for good reason. It seems like artisan bread is having a moment (hopefully a permanent one) with plenty of local bakers selling their wares at cafes, bakeries, market stalls and food stores around Auckland (Wild Wheat stocked at Farro comes to mind), but you can easily bake your own, too.

O Lord who art in Leaven, give us this day our daily bread — with a generous smear of peanut butter on mine, please.

BURGER BURGER

BY CAPTAIN BACON AND SERGEANT SPINACH

WE'VE BEEN PUTTING THIS OFF FOR A WHILE. AS CAPTAIN Bacon and Sergeant Spinach, we've put our palates and wallets on the line in an effort to explore the good, the bad, and the ugly of potential student eats in and around this city. We've done Parnell Posh, we've done cheap and nasty/tasty, we've done coffee and an overload of cute, but until now, we've avoided that most slippery of slopes (culinary and otherwise): Hipster Central. Yep, we went there. *Burger Burger*.

For our own safety we pared it back a little by heading out to Newmarket rather than Ponsonby, first indulging in the nostalgic pastime of tenpin bowling. After two hours soaking in the smell of stale popcorn and reminiscing about the appropriately tacky graphics, we were ready for our straight-out-of-Grease food finale. Off we trod to Burger Burger, just around the corner, but an entire generation away.

On a Friday night, getting a table for eight inevitably meant waiting for a while outside. However with surprising speed and unfalteringly friendly service, we found ourselves settled inside soon enough. We're sure you're all up to speed on this

place, but in case you're not, it goes something like this: fancified burgers. Think free-range meat, brioche buns and the option of having your burger wrapped in lettuce (the "Bunnuce") + kick-arse sides + a drinks list running the gamut from the boozy to the kindergarten-esque.

Around our table sat a mix of Burger Burger virgins and old-timers. Burgers flowed thick and fast: pork, beef, chicken, vege, wrapped in lettuce, adorned with extra bacon (duh), accompanied by 'potato skins', broccoli, and kumara fries. The food arrived quickly and in sync, and was resoundingly praised as delicious. The Redhead sang the highest praises of the pork belly burger, and even the most tank among us left totally satisfied. SS was dumb enough to order a kiddie meal in an effort to get both burger (lettuce-wrapped of course) and broccoli (that famously good, not-like-your-mama-makes accompaniment) and was left still hungry. The only let downs were some of the drinks. Burger Burger offers funky home-

made sodas. There were several between us, but both the Feijoa, and the Ginger, Juniper & Lime varieties failed to impress. Don't let this put you off; the shakes were declared 'amazeballs' (Hipster is infectious). We were only sad we couldn't sample more of the menu.

With weekly specials, an extensive list of sides and optional extras to personalise your burger, this place really has all their bases covered. We did note that the menu was a little light on vegetarian burgers (there's only one), but that being said there's a multitude of enticing vege sides to choose from, plus the specials. Ultimately, this is the kind of place where you don't have to be scared of going to eat. Chances are, even the fussiest will find something they like, health-nuts and your mum included. We are still wary of the Hipster factor, but (let's be honest) we're here for the food, and as long as the I Love Ugly drones at the next table don't steal our Chicken Bunnuce, we're cool with that. We'll be back. Soon. *4.5*.

WE ARE STILL WARY OF THE HIPSTER FACTOR, BUT (LET'S BE HONEST) WE'RE HERE FOR THE FOOD

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YOUR STUDENT BAR

GRAND FINAL

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FEATURING

Dukebox

**Kindred
Vice**

**Paprika
Jones**

Kiva Han

Vertigo

**Scared of
Girls**

www.ausa.org.nz/battle



THE JUDGES WERE TOTALLY OVERWHELMED WITH the talent in the Battle of the Bands heats and had to make some pretty tough decisions to decide who out of the 13 exceptionally talented bands made it into the final this week. However, the results are in and we are (ridiculously) excited about the talent on offer for the inaugural Battle of the Bands Final night.

Make sure you head on over to Shadows Bar on Wednesday 30 September for a night of talent, skinny jeans, and fun to see who will take on the ultimate prize package worth over \$2000!

Check out the bands that made it through:



VERTIGO

GENRE: Rock

MEMBERS: Praveen Krishna, James Coldham, Tim Coldham, Ben Deverell, Mark Bingham

THE LOWDOWN: Founded in the depths of Mt Roskill, Vertigo are in their third year of playing band music far too loud. They may be underage, but we doubt you'll be underwhelmed. Their heat performance totally rocked the stage with an awesome, original sound. Have a listen at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/VERTIGONZL.



KIVA HAN

GENRE: Garage

MEMBERS: James Dalton, Michael Redwood

THE LOWDOWN: Let's hope less-is-more holds true for Kiva Han. The smallest act in the competition, they've nonetheless been hamming it up around the local Battle of the Bands circuit, featuring in the Auckland Battle of the Bands semi

final and the final of the AUSM@AUT Battle of the Bands. They are a two piece band formed in 2014 with James on bass and Michael on drums. Drawing influences from a wide range of genres, Kiva Han prides themselves on their signature bouncing rhythms and heavy hooks. Tune in at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/KIVAHANBAND.



KINDRED VICE

GENRE: Alternative Rock

MEMBERS: Christian Carstensen, Keane Gillies, Ben Shivas

THE LOWDOWN: As a self-described bunch of mongrels growing up on different sides of the planet and listening to different tunes, Kindred Vice say they're a crew looking to do something different. They base themselves within the parameters of the loosely defined Alternative Rock genre, but reckon that they show that subversive lyrics can still be catchy, and a toe tapping beat can be layered with double bass kicks. Check them out at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/BACK14BANDOFFICIAL (we query the use of all those capitals).



SCARED OF GIRLS

GENRE: Alternative Rock

MEMBERS: Daniel Vernon, Angus Blyth, Christian Pianta, Zac Milne

THE LOWDOWN: A self described Alt/Indie band "that writes songs about angst and stuff", Scared of Girls has a cool name and even cooler cartoonified alter-egos. Check out their sound and their look at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/SCAREDOFGIRLSBAND.



DUKEBOX

GENRE: Funk

MEMBERS: Luan Meaker, Joseph Diamond, Jack Diamond, Poppy Pritchard, Mike Booth, Christopher Chatwin-Ward

THE LOWDOWN: Clearly in it to win it, Dukebox has entered three times as many members as some of the other bands. Even if they don't take out the final prize, their lead singer clearly wins best pants of the heat rounds. And their sounds matched her pants, bringing a vibrant and funky sound to the stage. They call themselves a hard hitting funk band with influences from the Red Hot Chilli Peppers and James Brown, able to deliver the funk and get your tail feathers moving! Have a listen at WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/DUKEBOXMUSIC to see for yourself.



PAPRIKA JONES

MEMBERS: Simeon Kavanagh-Vincent, Josh Worthington-Church, Josh Naley, Jamie Martel

THE LOWDOWN: Paprika Jones is the soundtrack to every daydream you've ever had. With a warm, carefree, ambivalence, Paprika Jones tells you to forget about all the worries and stresses of the world, and dip into their comforting, laid back embrace. There was also some sweet shirtless action in the heats from the lead singer, so if that's what you're into then make sure to come along. Check thier music out at: WWW.SOUNDCLOUD.COM/PAPRIKA-JONES sound pretty cool.

VOLUNTEER

FOR THE STUDENT ADVOCACY NETWORK

Attention all Law students

Student Advocates assist and support students to resolve issues and complaints related to study and academic matters on campus. Advocates also provide general legal advice and referrals to any other queries such as tenancy, study link, employment matters, personal challenges etc
- we deal with all types of challenges that arise in the daily lives of students!

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Passionate about helping others?

Reliable and able to deal with confidential information?

A strong researcher?

Able to commit to volunteer three hours a week?

Friendly and approachable?

Do you want to

Improve your communication, advocacy, research and interview skills?

Put the law you have learned into practice?

Become an expert on how the university works?

Do Community Placement for LAW 400?

Help to empower other students?

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14 SEPTEMBER
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The AUSA Food Bank

THE AUSA FOOD BANK DISTRIBUTES OVER 200 FOOD parcels a year to students across all campuses (including Tai Tokerau!) This number is growing and it's no surprise given the rising cost of living for students living in Auckland. There is no shame in needing to collect one, and we are happy to be able to distribute these. If you are in need of a food parcel, you can collect one free of charge from AUSA reception. You can also get in touch with our friendly Welfare Vice-President if you have any queries by emailing WELFARE@AUSA.ORG.NZ

The food bank itself relies solely on donations.

As you can imagine, these can be difficult to source given the quantity we need and we have struggled in recent times to secure donations. We were therefore super excited with the amount of food that we recently had donated from generous students and staff across the University in AUSA's annual food drive. The shelves in the food bank are looking a lot healthier and happier. With your help, the provision of food parcels is made possible so a huge THANK YOU to everyone that donated! If you would like to donate at any time during the year, please do not hesitate to contact the Welfare Vice-President.



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STRESS less

STUDY WEEK
OCTOBER 19TH - 23RD

ROCK 'N' ROLE-MODELLING

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

MILEY CYRUS WRITHES ON SCREEN, SLURPING GLITTER. “I’m going to need some more marijuana”, she says, proudly, before launching into the song “Dooo It!” from her new album *Miley Cyrus and Her Dead Petz*. The interesting thing is, no one really gives a shit anymore. A couple of years ago the sight of Miley repeating “yeah I smoke pot” and saying “fuck” thirty-five times in 4:27 minutes would have had all the conservative out in full force, complaining about her bad role modelling. Now she’s been at it for so long that they’ve given up. Yeah, you smoke pot? Yeah, we bloody well know.

Even though Miley has been ditched as a lost cause, there is still the expectation that certain celebrities have an obligation to be role models for children worldwide. What I can’t quite understand is why some have this mantle foisted upon them, and others are allowed to roam free and engage in as many illegal shenanigans as they desire.

At first I wondered if it was a gendered thing – why can Seth Rogen essentially make a career out of being a stoner, when Miley gets criticised for trying to do the same thing? Is there an expectation that girls will be ladylike and well behaved? I realised quickly that this was my knee-jerk feminist killjoy reflex in action. Rihanna seems to have escaped the role model debate – and actresses Natalie Portman, Jennifer Aniston and Cameron Diaz have openly admitted to enjoying cannabis without being attacked for their lack of moral fibre.

I think it’s more a case of hypocrisy. Perhaps it feels like a betrayal when someone like Miley Cyrus or Justin Bieber, who have made millions off young fans by presenting a squeaky clean image, do drugs. But why on earth do we feel as if we have a right to comment on their lifestyle, or impose a set of expected behaviours on these people we don’t even know? At what point does someone become famous enough that they are fair game for us to comment on the way they live

their life?

I’m currently being followed by the Prime Minister’s son. Everywhere I turn, Max Key appears. You all heard about the palaver over his holiday video this year. You may be one of his 19,500 Instagram followers or seen of his DJ sets at Roxy. Maybe you read the recent news stories about his employment at an academic consultancy firm or about his girlfriend entering a pageant. Scout, the entertainment website, recently named him has the most influential New Zealander under the age of 25.

There is an unprecedented level of interest in Max Key. I doubt many people knew the names of any politicians’ children before him. It’s easy to see the reasons behind the polarity he provokes. The right wing loves him because a) He’s John Key’s son and b) He’s rich. The left hate him because a) He’s John Key’s son and b) He’s rich. The *NZ Herald* wanks over his entrepreneurial spirit. One of the *Craccum* editors (the hairy one) (sorry, they’re both hairy – the hairy smoker) got in trouble for drunkenly calling him a “little shit” on our Facebook page. It seems as though the whole country feels as though they can give their opinion on his lifestyle. I’m not convinced.

Every (sane) person agrees that we shouldn’t dislike him purely for being John Key’s son. That would be ridiculous. But he arguably has made himself a public figure in his own right. He has a carefully curated social media brand, driven mainly by his Instagram, projecting an image of a man-about-town living the high life. Some people maintain that most young people have social media pages, and it can’t be taken as an open invitation to say whatever we want about them. But he has publicised himself for his own ends.

He’s a DJ, and involved with the Fulltimer Society. Both of these positions highly benefit from self-promotion, and Key capitalises on that fact. He makes money off putting himself in the public eye. I don’t think there’s any question that he is a “public figure”, entirely separate from the fact that his dad is PM. The question is why we feel the need to comment on anyone’s lifestyle, regardless of whether they are famous or not.

Obviously if someone is a politician, they open themselves up for criticism. They are offering up opinions, which should always be subject to critical analysis, and they have the ability to actually influence our lives. If a famous person embezzles money, or gets a DUI, or hits someone, they have actually done something harmful, and of course that could be criticised. But criticism of someone’s lifestyle is different. If they’re not hurting anyone, or expressing any controversial opinions, the only reason why we criticise is because we personally don’t like something about them. We don’t like that dress they’re wearing. We don’t like that they seem a bit arrogant. We don’t like that they smoke weed. It’s really easy, when you’re only looking at these people through a screen, to feel as though they’re not real. You wouldn’t take all the photos from the Commerce Ball and organise them into a “best and worst dressed” list; that would be cruel – but we have no qualms doing the same for the Emmys. I think if people cultivate a public image, they open themselves up to criticism and commentary. It’s an occupational hazard that accompanies the benefits of being famous. But – and maybe this is just a namby pamby aversion to nastiness – it seems far more productive to criticise and comment on the people and issues that actually matter. Like Mike Hosking. Shitlord.

BUT CRITICISM OF SOMEONE’S LIFESTYLE IS DIFFERENT. IF THEY’RE NOT HURTING ANYONE, OR EXPRESSING ANY CONTROVERSIAL OPINIONS, THE ONLY REASON WHY WE CRITICISE IS BECAUSE WE PERSONALLY DON’T LIKE SOMETHING ABOUT THEM.

WILD TROYE SIVAN

EP REVIEW

'YOUTUBE PERSONALITY' AND 'ACTOR' ARE A COUPLE

Of the career titles Troye Sivan has successfully kick started and put his heart and soul into, but 'singer songwriter' seems to be the one where his passion lies. His debut EP – or at least, his first after being signed to a music label – *TRXYE* climbed charts and captured hearts, and the same can be said for his newest official EP *WILD*. Sivan already had a growing fanbase before releasing the mini record, uploading snippets of each track to excite his loyal audience. Yes this loyal audience is mostly teenage girls, but hear me out, won't you? While the production of the EP may seem a tad overly commercial, Sivan successfully attempts a more mature alternative-pop vibe with lots of experi-

mental synths and seamless vocals.

The thing about EPs is that there is no room for mistakes. They're such small bodies of work that each track has to be wrapped in slick production otherwise the whole thing falls short. The opening track "Wild" draws on the ever-present theme of delirious teenage love. Featuring a choir to help sing the chorus, its easy pop tempos are a little predictable, but perfect to showcase Sivan's vocal skills. Following this is "Bite" – maybe a bit too quick as the sudden raspy voice and slower tempo snatches you onto a bit of a down buzz, however the electronic production is too good to deny the overall goodness of the track. My personal favourite track is "Ease", featuring New Zealand's own musical duo Broods. The song can be heavily related to Broods' hit "Mother and Father", layering a heavy bass with softly sung lyrics, as well as

drawing on concepts of homesickness as a young creator amongst the fast-paced world around them. The rest of the EP continues the trend of experimenting with EDM, drawing on romantic concepts and balancing thick instrumentals with a range of vocals.

So some tracks fall short of the whole package. However this is only due to a bit of weird tracklist organisation, or a lust for success. And while at first listen, the whole thing seems a little sub-par, once you really listen it feels a lot more than simply well produced and well done. EPs are used to express an artist's abilities and levels of originality, and Sivan has done this to precision, with a side of flawless lyricism that will match whatever he produces in the near future.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

IMAGINE DRAGONS

CONCERT REVIEW

HAILING ALL THE WAY FROM LAS VEGAS, IMAGINE

Dragons played their second show in New Zealand and it was worth the wait to see them again. The night was full of energy and joy as these guys are the definition of everything a perfect live band should be: incredibly catchy sing-a-long tunes and hard hitting anthems, beautiful lighting, and a charismatic front man.

The lead singer Dan Reynolds came out jumping and screaming as the crowd went wild for their first song "Shots", from their latest album *Smoke & Mirrors*. Boy, could you tell the night was going to be wild – or go badly for you if you had epilepsy.

Anthems are what really make a live show great, if you ask me. These are tracks with easy and emotional lyrics that leave room for the singer to extend their mic out to the audience for them to sing their heart out. And for Imagine Dragons one of the first of many anthems they played was the hit that launched them to fame, "It's Time".

It's time to begin... isn't it? Oh fuck yeah it was – the crowd were on their feet, and it was incredible to be amongst the hundreds of other sweaty fans DROWNED in the sound of the whole arena singing and expressing themselves. *Now don't you understand, that I'm never changing who I am*, we all sang. This seemed to hit home to a lot of those around me. I think one even cried. If you've never had this experience, I feel sorry for you because it's exhilarating.

One of the highlights of the show was the little section where they played songs from their old record *Night Visions*. "Demons" was another stadium rocker, and the Coke theme song "On Top of the World" had everyone on their feet as it seemed like the casuals finally recognised another one of their more mainstream songs. However one of the highlights of the night was their medley of "Tiptoe", "Amsterdam", and "Bleeding Out". The latter is one of their best ballads that they rarely perform.

The girl next to me was also there alone. By the time we chatted about the annoying kids behind us who had nothing better to do but had a pissing competition about whose parents had

more money, the lights dimmed and the show started. All night we held hands and sang and danced our hearts out until the finale where she went off to the toilet and I never saw her again. My point is, I love the power of music and how it can bring strangers together, as we put aside any possible differences and had the time of our lives mutually enjoying a live band. Also my other point is, she missed the best part of the show.

All good things come to an end, my concert Juliet was gone and they closed the show off with their folk-rock influenced "I Bet My Life" and the arena thumping "Radioactive". The encore song "The Fall" was an interesting choice. Most bands try to end on a hyped-up song, but Imagine Dragons tried to take us on some sort of drug-induced magical journey through chimes and bells, accompanied by Reynolds' haunting soft falsettos. As the music faded out it felt like I was waking up from a euphoric state, and as the lights came on I realised I had just witnessed one of the best live bands of our generation, and thank god it wasn't a dream.

REVIEW BY TONY SRIAMPORN-ROBERTS



THE BALANCING ACT: INCORPORATING BOOKS INTO OUR TECHNO-HEAVY LIVES.

ARTS COMMENT

OVER THE HOLIDAYS I WENT AWAY TO A DESERTED beach. I was the most relaxed I'd been in a long time and along with the beautiful views and fresh sea air, I can really pin it down to one thing – there was no goddamn technology in sight. No cell phone reception, no internet coverage, nothing. Aside from the immediate reduction in stress that this brought, what struck me the most was that I read an entire book in the two days I was there. I'm an avid reader but to be honest I can't even remember the last time I sat down and read a book for hours on end without pausing to do something else. I'll just start a chapter and suddenly I'm interrupted by a buzzing distraction. My vibrating phone has rudely barged into my fictitious world. I can't help but check it and while I'm there, may as well check Facebook for updates, watch Snapchat stories. Next thing you know it's been an hour and I'm still only two pages in. I've got nothing against technology but I think it's changing the type of art we consume.

While technology is endlessly increasing our

access to information it also seems to be reducing our ability to concentrate. Sit at the back of a lecture theatre and you'd be hard-pressed not to reach this conclusion. The number of students who can't make it through one hour without scrolling Facebook is astounding (no judgement here, I'm as guilty as the next person). Some people even seem to find it a challenge to maintain one conversation without checking their phone. We're constantly connected but also constantly distracted.

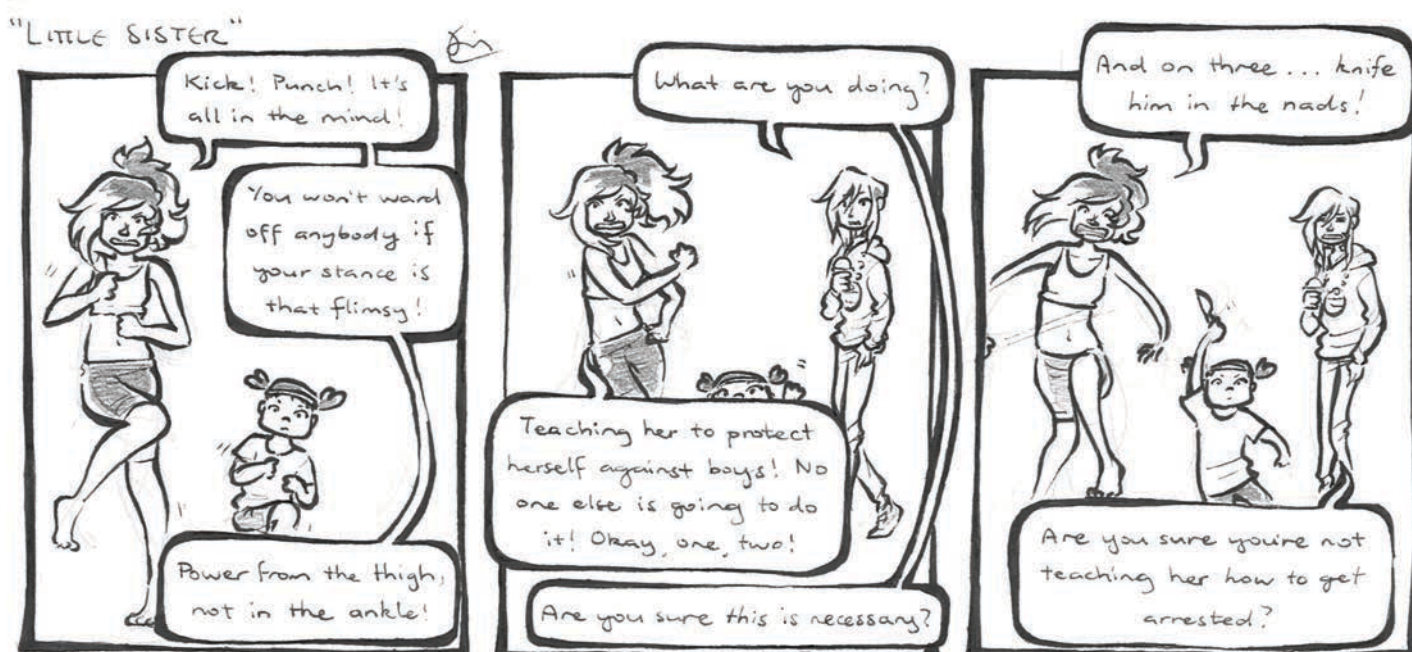
There's a growing sense that books are just too much effort. It seems a lot easier to watch a film or a twenty-minute TV episode than to read an entire novel. The thing is, when you're reading you have to give it your full attention. Apart from eating, it's quite a challenge to do anything else while reading a book (and even then the pages will inevitably end up littered with crumbs). But watching a movie doesn't require quite the same level of engagement. It's easy to watch a movie and scroll through Instagram at the same time. Most people can't even stay focused while watching YouTube videos. While one is playing, you're already scrolling through the recommended videos choosing the next one to cue up.

There's something inherently intimate about reading a book. Maybe it's that sense that no one else knows what you're reading whereas watching a film is somewhat more public. Don't

get me wrong, I've got nothing against movies. There are countless films which have done wonderful things to generate discussion and raise important issues. But I do think that reading a book is an entirely different experience and one that watching a screen can't replace. The increasing prevalence of movies (along with TV shows) ties into a greater trend of distraction and a reduced ability to focus on a particular task for an extended period of time. Almost always, it's going to take a longer time to read a novel than watch a film and I think this is largely why books are perhaps becoming less popular. There's too much going on. Your phone buzzes with a text, or a Snapchat, or a Facebook notification – the constant barrage of communication is endless.

I'm not anti-technology or anti-modernity. I don't think technology spells the demise of humankind or that soon we'll all be mindless Google minions. But I do think that technology is encouraging us away from books and towards snappier, more attention-grabbing forms of art and culture. So maybe, just for this afternoon, you could switch off your phone and curl up in the corner with a good novel. You might be surprised by how satisfying it is to turn a page rather than click the 'Next Episode' button.

BY HANNAH BERGIN





ON INSPIRATION

ARTS COMMENT

INSPIRATION IS PRETTY MUCH THE only thing that keeps me going through my degree/practice routine/appreciating any art at all. Insurmountable debt, subjecting yourself to cave-like practice rooms most of the day and hating whatever you produce on your instrument half the time are pretty fucking annoying things. But inspiration, I believe, helps one to pull through. That smelly, fleshy alley in your brain that harbours the 'there's-no-point' thoughts is about to get a thorough bloody sweep out I'm here to tell ya. All aboard the success train, choo choo MAH-FAH.

Consider your heroes for a moment (Arts based heroes 'cos it's an Arts based column bruv). Ya Janet Frames, ya Lordes, ya Beastie Boys. Whatever the fuck. Consider them *starting* whatever it was they were doing. Even that's a humbling thought. Imagine Frame sitting down for the first time amidst her tragic life, and actually having quality time with her pen and paper, creating (partially) modernist literature. MATE. That could be you. Isn't that awesome, having that thought? And that's like, step one of chapter one of inspiration, like, fuck...

Then imagine them actually practising their craft, honing it, birthing that idea into the world in all its hot, placenta-covered glory. SWEET JAYSUS. What a thought, what a feeling.

Makes you want to practice doesn't it? Makes you wanna get off your arse? Make a difference? Hell yeah. I remember having my first eureka

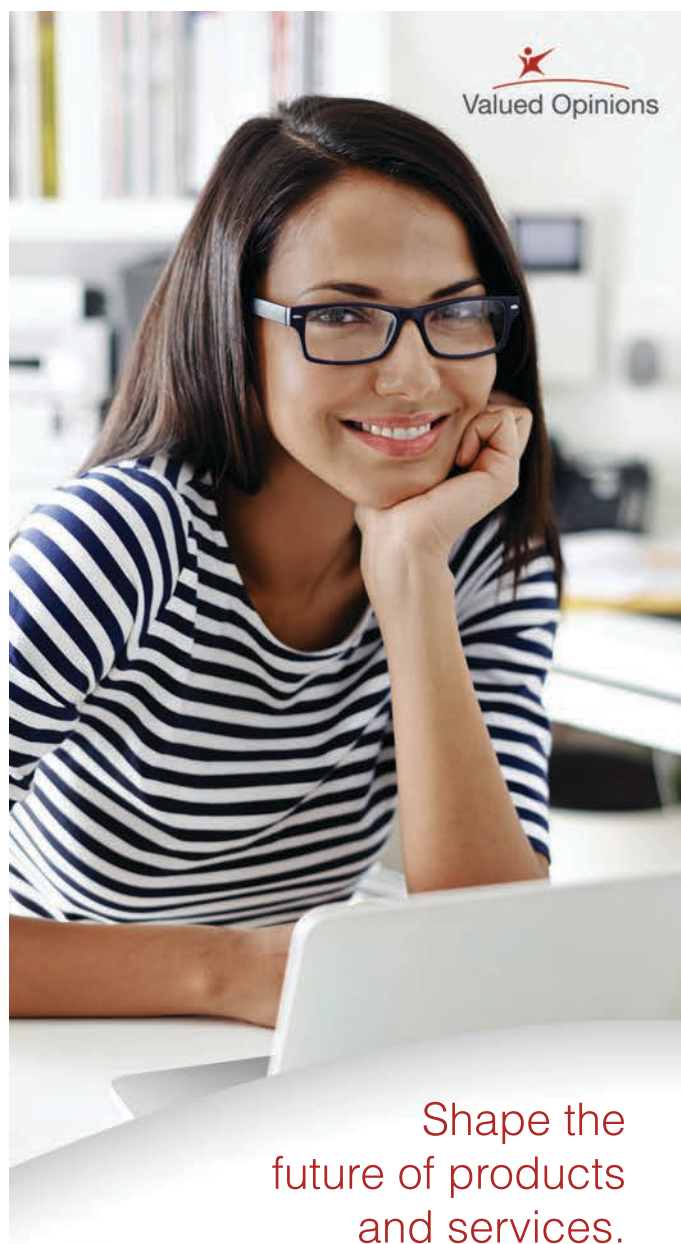
moment. Hearing jazz for the first time. I didn't know it then, but later I'd want to invoke the same feeling in people with my music. That thought always carries me through the darkest moments. That, and crack cocaine.

Then put *yourself* in their place. Imagine yourself, completing a thing that's specific to your art form. We all have to make sure it's within our grasp, maybe even a little bit outside our comfort zone. Now don't get me wrong, nothing is outside your grasp, ya cheeky bastard. But ya gotta pace it. Give destiny a cheeky little tickle under the chin, and just keep at it until you're giving destiny a full on reach around. Going slow, and methodically (about practice, not fondling) is the only way you can become fast and efficient at whatever it is you do. Pick an artist, and go forth and let their success embrace you.

Not only have we got *the* best field in all of uni, inspiration is such a visceral tool when applied to arts. Science, Law, Engineering. They all have wonderful leaders in their craft, but it is much harder to find inspiration from these fields. Arts have a longer lineage, and therefore a longer study, than say, modern science. You can go back as far as you like, get some Gothic Harp repertoire and rip out some sweet tunes on K Road on your keytar or some shit. Mix and match. Different strokes for different folks. Get it down ya, get it in ya. Be inspired.

BY LEWIS WHEATLEY



Valued Opinions


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ON BEING HUMAN: FRIENDSHIPS AT UNIVERSITY

CULTURE COMMENT

THE LAST SIX MONTHS HAVE BEEN REVELATORY. What happened, you ask (or, more likely, don't)? Sit down, be quiet and listen as I recount to you an experience which is so ubiquitous that it really doesn't need articulating. Too bad, you're getting it anyway. Here's the story: I started studying at UoA. What a shocker.

Having dropped out of high school, cut ties with the self-proclaimed "twelvies" and thrown myself into the daring, high stakes life of a first year arts degree, I found myself, for the first time in my life, able to choose my friends. Gone were the restrictions of school, and both the ease and irritation of social complacency had evaporated along with my blazer and tie.

I took it upon myself to go through a reinvention. I struck up conversations with people who would ordinarily not strike my interest. Everyone was spilling with introductions, first impressions bristlingly eager, and anecdotes at the ready. I similarly armed myself with self-depreciation, literary and pop culture references and the odd utterance of profanity to spice it up a bit.

Not having the advantage of my high school cohort to initially shelter me from the foreign surroundings, I took it upon myself to befriend, well, girls. Girls, as I recently explained to a guy, are incredibly easy to befriend. Thir-

ty seconds after meeting a girl and finding three things in common (which can include such rarities as both being female, liking music and hating rugby), it is perfectly normal to proclaim, if jokingly, that you're "Best Friends OMG!" So, I set my sights on girls.

The scramble for a clique which everyone seems to undergo in the first half of the first semester would have been more amusing if I hadn't been a willing, if self-aware, participant. I befriended many, some of whom I would have thought absurd six months previously. My horizons inched outwards. In particular, I made two fantastic friends, both of whom have now unfortunately fucked off. Bye guys.

So, as well as learning about marginal rates of substitution and what John Stuart Mill has to say on goddamn everything, my first year has been an exercise in learning how to be on my own. As I write this, I am sitting in my usual haunt of Pod Cafe, where the baristas start making a

medium cappuccino as soon as I walk in. I am sitting on my own, and I am perfectly content. Gone is the previous anxiety that being seen on your own makes one a pariah forevermore. I no longer glance around awkwardly when I sit on my own to eat lunch or do my readings, for fear that an old acquaintance will spot me and think "God, what a fuckwit". The brilliant thing about university is that nobody gives a shit about your business – they're too enraptured with their own.

Now, having parted ways with two of my closest friends in as many months, I find myself back at square one. One dose of ambiguity, innumerable "sup" nods from passing acquaintances, and infinite Thursday night banter with the Debsoc crowd. Perhaps the stream of temporary people which one famously encounters in the years from 18-22 constitutes these two departed friends, perhaps not. Only time will tell.

BY ANONYMOUS

THE BRILLIANT THING ABOUT UNIVERSITY IS THAT NOBODY GIVES A SHIT ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS — THEY'RE TOO ENRAPTURED WITH THEIR OWN

STUDENT CULTURE IN CANTA: A YARN OF GEEZERS, GAGS, AND GETTING RINSED

CULTURE COMMENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY IS ONLY A ONE hour flight, yet a whole world away. As if we didn't know it already, UoA has a shit (read: non-existent) student culture compared to our South Island counterparts. My boyfriend and I took a few days during the holidays to visit his brother who studies down in Christchurch, and we came back amazed at what we experienced, and annoyed at ourselves for choosing to study in Auckland. What they have down there is truly rad.

We were picked up on a Tuesday evening from the airport. At 5pm there was no traffic to speak of, and it was probably only a 10 minute drive to the flat. So far Christchurch is winning in my books. They all used an adorable ski-bum set of slang, swore like sailors and made a lot of sex jokes – jumping on any opportunity to boast about how loose the student life was in Canta. When we got to the flat, it had everything we don't up here in Auckland. Cheap rent, no water bills, a lax landlord due to earthquake damage rendering the house unsellable, messy-yet-cosy living areas, and an eclectic mix of students from different faculties who had all the important things in common: a love of skiing, and drinking.

Nightly flat dinners with a different cook each night, ski trips, and general yarn spinning were part of daily life, interspersed with the occasional test or study session that was sidelined to other aspects of student life. We spent the first night drinking about 50 beers between 6 of us with a few beer runs to Pak n Save right down the road (we had a sober driver dw). After a day of leisurely perusing the Christchurch sites on bicycle (which everyone apparently

does here), we drove up to Temple, the University ski field the next day.

Those Christchurch people are tough. Well, if I'd lived through sub-zero winters and earthquakes I probably would be too. As it was, my boyfriend and I just about died on the hour and a half vertical walk up a mountainside to the student ski lodge. This hike up to Temple followed a solid two hour drive from Christchurch, which is a weekly event for many CUSSC members. Apparently it's even been known for some to 'slay the pow' for a couple of hours and then head back for an afternoon lecture at uni. Nuts. In comparison, the University of Auckland is fundamentally a serious institution. International students come here because it's where their rich parents know they'll get the most study done, not the most partying.

However I believe that you can have both. UC students are invested in and proud of their University, and the Student Association (UCSA) elections are hotly contested, with 33% of students participating this year. The student election special of their student magazine *Canta* had about 10 pages of election based content, with teams of contestants and their goals for the University. The flatties actually discussed and debated the merits of each candidate, albeit with a fair amount of jibing and mocking of appearances – but it was there! Both Executive and Portfolio positions are paid, with the President receiving \$45K a year. UCSA members are also paid for turning up to student council meetings. You even get \$100 for writing feature articles for *Canta*, the student magazine. We couldn't believe our eyes. Up in Auckland, elections for AUSA executive have less than 1% turnout.

There is more of a club culture than general student culture at UC, and when we went along to a CUSSC (Canterbury University Snow Sports Club) committee meeting with the flatties, it was evident that the 20 odd exec members are not only crazy students rabid for a piss-up, but also passionate about their sport and pretty bloody onto it in regards to organisation. In

an hour they discussed a packed agenda with everyone contributing enthusiastically and intelligently. The club has a few thousand members who regularly pack the CUSSC vans up to the mountain each weekend, so they have no choice but to be committed once they're on the committee.

Canta has around 140 student associated clubs on campus, including sporting, performing arts, department associations, industry (there's even a Forestry Society), and random interests, like the Fish Society. All these clubs actually pull off sick events, such as annual balls, treasure hunts and productions. UCSA fought hard to keep alcohol allowed on campus so that clubs could continue holding events on campus, and to be honest this is probably a big part of what make them so successful. There's nothing like a bit of social lubricant to help get everyone enjoying themselves.

I don't know what bigger clubs at UoA are like, but the ones I'm a member of (admittedly more SJW type groups) can often be quite half-assed, despite there being around 200 on campus. There are a few really amazing individuals leading some of these clubs, but the members are often too far-flung across Auckland, or simply don't have the time to really turn it into a community. For many groups it's totally weather dependent on whether 5 or 50 people will turn up, no matter how well planned the event is.

It does have to be said that the diversity levels at UC are a bit shit, i.e. everyone is white and middle class. Let's face it: to be able to ski, let alone go regularly as well as going flatting you must have a fair bit of financial capital.

To conclude this yarn, what we all need to do is either move ourselves and our University campus to the outskirts of Auckland so we can afford to go flatting (a necessary condition for student culture), or move to Christchurch. I'm seriously considering it.

BY GEORGIA HARRIS



WAYS TO ALIENATE FRIENDS

WANT TO WRITE A TOP 10 FOR CRACCUM? EMAIL MATT@CRACCUM.CO.NZ FOR ANY IDEAS. PLEASE DO IT, HE'S GETTING DESPERATE AND ANNOYING EVERYONE.

AND NO, THIS IS NOT A RIPOFF FROM THE BOOK (AND MOVIE FOR THOSE UNAWARE OF IT'S ORIGINS) BUT WHAT WE'RE ALL THINKING.

10 "MY FAMILY" CAR STICKERS: The disgrace of humanity. Plastered along the rear windscreen much like the clubmaster-adorning, brand junkie that graces the side-lines at children's football games. The white stick-figures fail to offer the much promised sense of family entitlement that two parents, nine children, and a dog plea for. Nothing quite says "look at my family" like an over-priced SUV and coffee whilst doing anything to avoid your kids. Absolute filth, you might as well include the coat-hangers that were no doubt part of the plan.

9 PERSONALISED PLATES: Further offering the fruits of Sandringham wealth comes the creative and unique presentation of personalised plates. Some shit I've seen, Jesus, we get it. Your parents bought that car or you love dogs. Cool fucking story. You know what I could've done with that 2 grand? Fed myself. "4JRDN"? More like "FCKME" and "I LV CUM". Get your life together, entitled prick.

8 BODY KITS ON PEOPLE MOVERS: Really, it is true. Some Honda Odyssey built like the walls of a Remuera Mansion. Similarly, they both look out of place and show that you can't drive without the constant validation that your car isn't a glorified bus.

7 SMART CARS AND HYBRIDS: If I wanted the constant reminder that veganism saves the world and that I'm a fossil fool for driving a car below 500 dollars, I'd choose a noose made of fair-trade leather wound together with the

marijuana that definitely shrinks tumors. Hybrids and smart cars somehow manage to support the delicate balance between "I have no friends", "I don't need friends that ruin the planet", and "who needs a vehicle that's fun"? It's not the car I hate, it's the culture. Go back to your horrid stench of rotting fair-trade bananas and coconut water. Fuck.

6 APPLE LAPTOPS: Sweeping my gaze across the wasteland of my 5-6 stream Law lecture, I spot the criminals and wankers in the making. Some haven't quite developed their "adult teeth" yet but definitely have attained their overwhelming personality that is just irresistible to any individual willing to listen to their utter detritus speech.. What do they have in common? A MacBook. "Oh, but dear Top Ten author, it's just such a good laptop and I need it for design". No, fuck no, in no existence or reality do you "need" a MacBook. It is a metallic and pretentious Facebook-machine. It shines like your superficiality and will not get you to pass first year law. Go buy some proper food for once that isn't salty noodles and donuts. God damn it, it's all a myth.

5 ROLLED-UP JEANS: Call me old fashioned, but I prefer not to see ankle unless it's paired with the few hairs, a calf, and obviously because it's hot outside. What the fuck is this bollocks regarding rolled up jeans exposing the embarrassing skin complexion of the least aesthetic part of the human body? We get it, you've framed your Vans or Pike Air Fucks to prove how lucrative your birthdays are. Roll them back down and jump off the pedestal of your fashion high ground. It's not unique if everyone does it. Oh, and remove the puffer jacket. You look like the Michelin Man's slave child working in a Taiwanese sweatshop.

4 POLITICAL ATTIRE: What would a Top Ten be without some overt political bias. Blue shirts and ties on every supportive opportunity? You're a sycophantic fuck. I don't see the appeal in letting everyone know you're either a) a millionaire and enjoy exploiting communities for your capital gain; b) an uninteresting individual blindly following the modern day trend of your parents or the *Sunday Star Times*. Get a mind and divorce your life from politics for two seconds. You probably didn't vote anyway so you're a wanker any which way or form. *insert image of some banker fellingating the crumbling statue that is John

Key*.

3 CURTAIN T-SHIRTS: Student life... The beauty of being able to complain about how expensive Auckland is, yet being able to fly the flag of fashion... Fashion that costs about the same as Swaziland's GDP and half of Stuart McCuntcheon's entry fee to the Centurion Sauna. Fashion, according to the University of Auckland cohort, that comprises the curtains purchased by a 1950s housemaid and acid dropped in Andy Warhol's drug dungeon. You look like a tosser anyway, why do you need to rebrand yourself like the joke of New Zealand's identity? There are more spots on your shirt than the syphilis-ridden semen spilling from your disenchanted fashion.

2 COCONUT WATER: The fuck is coconut water? I didn't realise they named taps, coconuts. It's a farce. Just open your mouth in the shower and eat a banana. Or go back to the hole in reality known as "Herne Bay". It looks like sewerage water and tastes of the fecal seepings that you experienced after entering Bar 101. So fucking healthy... for your bank account, Christ.

1 FACEBOOK-UNFRIENDINGS AND OTHER SOCIAL MEDIA ATROCITIES: Relationships and friendships exist as a meeting between two individuals, a beautiful expression of emotion through common interests and the vague hope you may get a root one morning (It's okay, sometimes you'll end up jacking off into their soft-toys). Today, many place everything into the intangible data known as "Facebook". One day, you're laughing over a beer. The next, you've unfriended their saggy-fucked girlfriend from facebook because you're sick of staring into those loathsome eyes as they eat your soul and the shares from Buzz-Feed that are "literally me" (Cool fucking story, you found an article dubbed "Top 97 reasons you can tell it's your boyfriend sucking out the semen of your vaginal void"). Grand, I never have to speak to you either. Now, I'm free from your shit excuse for internet-bound relationships. If your friendships have become known by a digital contract in the Young Nat Blue Hue of your facebook feed, reconsider your god-damned priorities. Perhaps people should unfriend you. You're a fuckboy, pathetic, and nobody ought to enjoy the company of someone with a need to have a tangible friendship basis.

JACK ADAMS



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANT TO SEND CRACCUM A LETTER WITH YOUR THOUGHTS ON BASICALLY ANYTHING? SEND THEM TO EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ FOR A BANTERTASTIC REPLY (NO GUARANTEES THOUGH).

DEAR CRACCUM,
People often complain about the lack of student culture at UoA and yet many of the students, or at least those I know, have little or no involvement in clubs. Perhaps getting an insight into what the different clubs around uni do, their quirky traditions and their rich history might fix the issue. Would it be worth doing a bit of actual journalism and showcasing what they have to offer?

Yours sincerely,
CANOE-CLUB-IS-THE-BEST-CLUB

If you think the prestigious magazine that is Craccum would do some "actual journalism" then you are sorely mistaken my friend.

AS I PERUSED RECENT LETTERS TO the editor regarding the prolife poster controversy, I was struck at the extent of the social disconnect in our society and the lack of communication and need for dialogue amongst people of differing social and political perspectives. The letters from pro-abortion choicers were full of assumptions, prejudice and unsubstantiated allegations. For example, one commenter said that in general pro-lifers did not care about freedom of speech and therefore ripping down Prolife Auckland's posters didn't matter. The alleged views of the wider prolife movement, of course, are not necessarily the views of the particular club in question. In this case, however, Prolife Auckland actually supported Auckland Pro-Choice's affiliation as an AUSA club in 2011, which shows this particular point to be all the more absurd. It is pro-abortion choicers, not pro-lifers, who have a history of suppressing free speech on campus.

The commenter in question continues to say that Prolife Auckland's "affiliates in the USA seem to have a penchant for suppressing adequate sex education in schools". The point he/she intends to make is spelled out in the next paragraph, where he/

she says that while the prolife club claims to care about human rights and freedom of speech, its "actions indicate the exact opposite." The reasoning is just abysmal: Prolife Auckland's stance on contraception in schools does not determine whether it has the right to peacefully express its views on campus. In any event, the views of the wider prolife movement say nothing about Prolife Auckland's stance on contraception. In fact the club doesn't have an official position on contraception and its members have a variety of different views on the matter.

The letter also says that the "sheer amount of pain and suffering that we know would occur in your ideal state of affairs suggest that you really don't give a s—t about the welfare of anyone at all." This of course flies in the face of the large number of prolife organisations such as U-Choose or Family Life International which offer enormous support to women facing crisis pregnancies including accommodation, financial support, teaching on baby care and more. Prolife Auckland does its part via an annual volunteer event at U-Choose. I also obviously disagree that stable marriages and a family-orientated culture would harm anyone, whereas I can see plenty of harm in the selfish ideals of the cultural revolution.

The writer of the second letter to the editor on this issue was rather less polite. After more bad language, he proudly acknowledged tearing down posters and claimed that free speech did not apply to people who, in his view, wanted to "stop someone exercising their individual freedom and self-determination", such as proliferers. This is just another way of saying that free speech doesn't apply to people when he strongly dislikes their opinions. He also said "[i]f you don't want an abortion, don't get one", which to me is rather like saying "if you don't agree with slavery, don't own slaves." It completely fails to address the point, which is that proliferers think abortion is morally wrong.

These arguments are simply weak. Thus, the question arises as to why a non-graphic picture of an unborn child has elicited such a vehement response and why certain individuals feel the need to tear down and deface hundreds of posters. The answer, of course, is that in reality these people know perfectly well that abortion is wrong and would rather not be confronted with the reality of what an unborn child looks like because it pricks their consciences.
S.W.

S.W. you did so well until you got to that last paragraph where you just fucked up.

'VAGINA CUPCAKE GATE': A RESPONSE

TO START OFF WITH, I'M ASSUMING that everyone reading this is well aware that transgender folk face a lot more oppression than cis gendered people.

Secondly, here's a quick explanation of trans-misogyny. This is when jokes about trans people are almost always about 'men wearing dresses', or 'men who want their penises cut off'. It's different from trans-phobia, because it specifically shames women who were assigned male at birth. Trans women are regularly mocked, fetishized and reported on in relation to a hate crime in mainstream media. This occurs due to a cultural obsession with the male/female gender binary and a hatred of anyone who doesn't fit in to either side.

"But what do cupcakes have to do with this?" I hear you say. If you browsed through the comment thread on the AUSA Womensfest page before it was taken down last week, it should've dawned on you that this seemingly innocent cupcake icing event has hurt a lot of people's feelings. I'm here to explain why this is **not** crazy, petty or evident of division within the feminist movement.

Womensfest had a chance to normalise trans women, instead

it only alienated them further, during the ONE WEEK where we are meant to wave our feminist flags loud and proud. Vagina cupcakes are not bad in and of themselves. If you want to make some cute vulva cupcakes in your own home, or sell them at a bake sale, fine. But this is Womensfest, and it should include all women. These events, whether the WROs intended to or not, marginalise trans women within an already marginalised group. This is not a one-off thing, but evident of a systemic exclusion of trans women from cis women's spaces. Trans women are excluded from many domestic violence shelters, and some groups such as trans-exclusionary feminists (TERFs) claim that trans women are inauthentic women who are "hurting the movement".

A common reaction to the uproar surrounding the 'pusstails' and 'ice your own vagina cupcake' events has been that 'it's detracting from the big issues'... Um, are we talking about the same thing here? To quote everyday feminism, (an online magazine), "*trans women are not only a reminder to society that gender categories are not fixed, but also that womanhood and feminine gender expression is not something to be ashamed of*". Therefore, having an understanding of trans-misogyny, and the knowledge that trans women's issues are synonymous with women's rights is absolutely imperative to being a feminist today.

One commenter on reddit (where this mess of a thread ended up) explained that a grasp on intersectional feminism is basically a prerequisite for being a WRO today, and it should've been anticipated that the pusstails and vulva cupcakes would be seen as inappropriate for this. Not only should the WROs have realised this, but they were actually warned off these particular events whilst still in the planning stages by several groups and individuals. Still, the events were put up on facebook.

Just to clarify, Campus Feminist Collective was one of the groups

that notified the WROs that we objected to this event prior to it becoming public, and they made the choice to ignore us. This all could've been averted if AUSA and the WROs had just decided to show some empathy and admit they were wrong, *before it even went public*. They had it spelled out to them that the event was fundamentally trans-misogynistic and un-feminist.

Subsequently, this was protested by an even larger pool of people including past WROs, transgender folk, intersex people, as well as UoA Feminists of Colour, and Campus Feminist Collective pulling their events out from Womensfest. This widespread objection received a "sorry you're offended, but we're gonna do it anyway", from AUSA. It was only when TERFs started harassing trans women on the page and the event got linked to reddit that AUSA took down the facebook page. Finally, they got the message and decided to cancel the trans-misogynistic events, but gave no apology to all of the people they hurt.

I was very disappointed to see the *Craccum* editors had jumped on one notably dramatic comment, as this did not represent the well-reasoned and intelligent debate which most people were engaging in. Saying that we all think vagina cupcakes are 'literally killing people' is straw-manning, plain and simple. It misses the point entirely, which is that trans women face enough discrimination in the world already and do not need further alienation in a week meant to celebrate who they are.

What is most frustrating to me about all of this is that it presents feminism as an inherently conflict-filled, divisive topic. There will always be the radical man-haters who revel in causing as much carnage as possible in the name of feminism, but the majority of us just want respect and, you know, gender equality. I think it is now well established that the 'ice your own vagina cupcake' implies that you need a vagina to be a woman, which excludes trans women. Yes, the female body and anatomy needs to be de-stigmatised, but even **more** so does

the anatomy of trans people. This could potentially be done with educational events discussing the diversity of genitalia, which would be far more relevant and welcoming. This is the age of intersectional feminism, and it demands we be inclusive. Womensfest is meant to be a celebration of what it means to be a woman through fostering a sense of togetherness and shared identity.

AUSA's and the WRO's reactions to this whole debacle were severely lacking and disappointing. It would not have been hard to cancel the event, apologise, learn from their mistakes, and move on. Now it has turned into a big thing that makes us look like crazy bitches who can't get anything done. This is about placing others before ourselves, being kind and being inclusive. It's about being a decent fucking human being.

Before anyone else puts their two cents into this topic, please stop and think about the individual people you are disregarding and disrespecting. The trans people I know are not doing this for attention or just to be 'annoying'. They are genuinely hurt and upset by this, and it is totally unnecessary to invalidate their experiences by saying 'it's no big deal', or 'feminism is mostly about cis women anyway'. To be quite honest, the trans activists around Auckland Uni have done a shit tonne more for feminism than most UoA feminist groups. They got trans woman Jade Follett moved from a men's to a women's prison, are involved in rape prevention initiatives, run the No Pride in Prisons organisation, and maintain a high profile in the news media.

So, to conclude, although the vagina cupcake debacle seems to be trivial on the surface, you have to dig a little deeper, and consider it from the affected people's point of view. What it all really boils down to is respect and compassion towards one another. To anyone who actually reads this magazine, hopefully, this little rant of mine has made you think twice before defending that damn cupcake event.

**GEORGIA HARRIS, WITH INPUT FROM
CAMPUS FEMINIST COLLECTIVE**

I read this on Wednesday afternoon and I got really hungry. Would be so keen for a cupcake right now.

I HAVE BEEN AMUSED TO READ THE last two issues of *Craccum*.

In last week's you talked of censorship and a certain tendency to scream "unsafe". I wondered, then, how could anyone possibly be so lacking in self-awareness to not recognise how these things manifested in the issue before that. That is, a fallacious interpretation of a letter followed up by a stfu or we ban you. In this week's, of course, you are faced with a relative lack of discussion about something you feel quite strongly about and are surprised by it. That response, and due to my generally inflated ego this particular letter and its response obviously influences everyone else deeply, also described the letters section as "not actual content".

The general reality that I find is that locations which are mostly dominated by, say, fascist, liberal, communist or whatever viewpoints tend to struggle in creating a source of alternative views. *Craccum*, last week, did write several (four according to Jordan) articles on the so called "trans-cup gate". However, all of these articles had pretty much the same view, and even without this week's Addict and Immigrant section, the magazine as a whole comes across as some sort of clique. Combined with the generally adversarial nature of responses to opinions that disagree (with a tendency to strawman, insult and/or use ad homs, and even the extremely unethical revealing of the pseudonym, you know which one) and a noted ambivalence to the existence of a letters section (see above, one of the first issues with letters in it remarked on this, and despite the odd call for remarks as attached to last week's Jordan editorial, few calls for letters) what picture do you build? Well, it seems to be a *Craccum* that's interested in a specific set of views and, as a consequence, appears unwelcoming to anyone with an alternative point of view. Perhaps, more to the point, no-one who substantially disagrees with the

strong editorial slant of *Craccum* actually reads *Craccum* any more.

One way to try and avoid/reduce this would've been to try and have at least one of those articles on "trans*-cup gate" present an alternative point of view to the other three. Not because you agree with the view, but because you agree that there's a conversation that exists. I did stumble across the topic myself in the form of a Facebook Event (now, it appears, sadly demised so I can't check if I remember it properly), and perhaps you could have told someone, even if they disagree with the position themselves, to perhaps construct a pro-anti-cupcake argument. I think, perhaps, a starting point would be that the cupcakes and the pussytails seem to have both, in the context of a relatively small event, had the same purpose and, in this sense, it looks a bit more difficult to argue that there is no validity in arguing that "the existence of the vagina decorating cupcake event indicates that this year's WROs are trans-exclusionary". Likewise, my memories of said Facebook event suggest that a similar controversy had occurred in a previous year... this is a quite different context. You could have done this like the Sophie Webb letter was, or a more serious version of the DebSoc feature, and then had someone respond with the sorts of points raised in the four articles that we did see, just more specifically attached to the viewpoint being critiqued.

Hmm, maybe this counts as tone policing... am I not suggesting that your tone is at least partially responsible for the lack of discussion? Or was that a point just not attended to in last week's arts editorial? That is, how one tries to approach a discussion has a large influence on the course of the discussion. Maybe that's too broad a definition of tone policing. No matter someone, I am sure, will tell me if they disagree.

Oh, yeah, also it's possible that it's just easier to talk about the Keydashians rather than actually think about what that means. John Key's a PM and should be discussed in that context. For artists and art critics, his daughter Stephanie (sp?) is probably of at least minor interest.

Max and Bronagh should probably only appear in the news in connection to either or the others (and, for the longest time, this was how it was), unless they go out and do something themselves. Or, of course, if they get their names graffitied somewhere and it turns up on Overheard. It doesn't help, of course, that (John) Key's political strategy is far happier with discussion being about him than anything the government is actually doing or intends to do. This also means that the likes of Ponytail gate are just "Our stupid PM doing stupid things, no worries" than a meaningful scandal... whereas where the personal and politics blend together (e.g. flag debate) Key actually has an issue, and a gateway issue to getting more criticism around policy (e.g. refugee crisis).

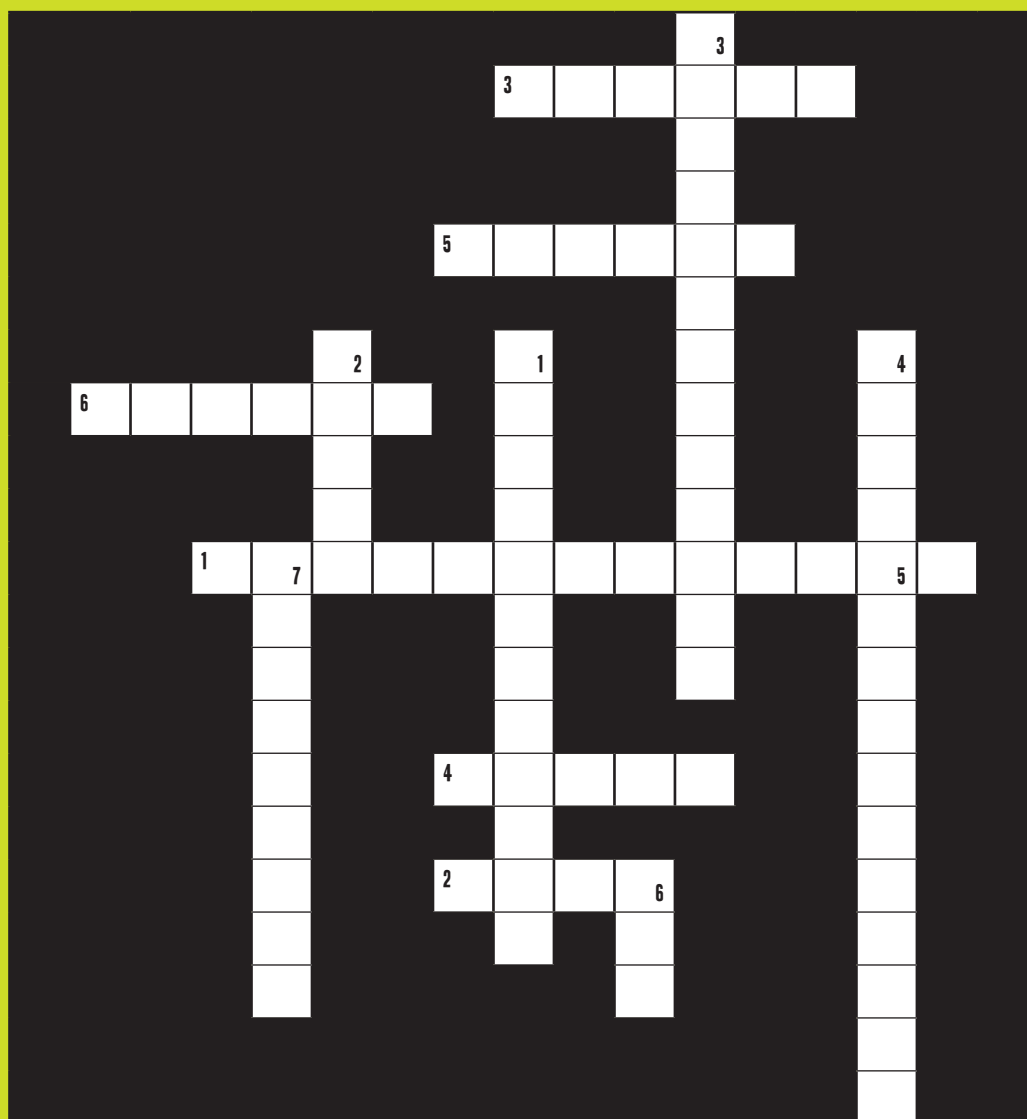
In conclusion, plznobanme.
HARRY EAST.

This letter is confusing. In conclusion, plzmakesensenexttime

I HOPE YOU REALIZE NOT EVERYONE buys into the idea that vulva cupcakes cause the death of trans women. Women, especially lesbians are being put in situations more and more where they can't even just talk about their own bodies. And that's oppressive. I am a staunch trans rights supporter. Hope you take a look at this and reinforce women rights to talk about their bodies AND include trans people at the same time. Many trans activist are becoming so self centered they don't even want that. More and more previous supporters are reaching their "peak trans" moments. Google it if you want more stories. Most trans people have a sense of humor and are nice reasonable people. I hope you will forward this to the person from your school that actually stated they were sorry for supporting this "C*** Feminism" for a different viewpoint.

HTTP://WWW.SAPPHICTASTIC.COM/?P=462

What in God's name is a vulva?! Was there a second cupcake event or something?! I'm still hungry!



ACROSS

- Contributor of the Week
- Which television show won the Emmy for Best Comedy Series?
- Madeleine _____ went missing in Portugal in 2007 when she was 3 years old.
- Which musician just released their new album unannounced through iTunes last week?
- Which editor celebrated their 22nd birthday last Sunday?
- Which editor celebrates his birthday on 9/11?

DOWN

- Which popular NZ restaurant did Captain Bacon and Sergeant Spinach visit this week?
- In a massive upset, which country did South Africa lose to in their opening match of the Rugby World Cup?
- Which television show won the Emmy for Best Drama Series?
- Which animal killed a zookeeper last week at Hamilton Zoo?
- Which All Black received a yellow card for tripping another player over in their opening match of the Rugby World Cup?
- David Cameron allegedly put his "private parts" into the mouth of which dead animal?
- Malcolm Turnbull is the new Prime Minister of which country?

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The People to Blame

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Top 10: Jack Adams

Contributor of the Week

Dana Tetenburg

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