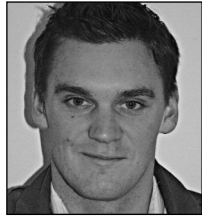


RU 4Real? 4Fks sake

By Ross McNaughton



"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," Shakespeare

famously wrote.

I wonder whether the Bard would have penned the same words if he had heard of a child being named 4Real.

A quick recap for the uninitiated: new parents Pat and Sheena Wheaton are battling for the right to name the fruit of their loins 4Real.

They have been knocked back by the registrar-general of Births, Deaths and Marriages.

But unbowed the plucky couple have vowed to fight on.

They have even said they will officially

register the child as Superman but around the house and to his friends (if he ever gets any) he will be known as 4Real.

All this of course begs the question, why on earth would you want to call your child 4Real?

Do they want his name to sound like a text message?

Do they want his name to sound like a personalised number plate?

Do they want him to spend his entire childhood in misery as he suffers the relentless barbs of his less "originally" named peers?

Now I'm not condoning teasing but, if I was at school with someone called 4Real, I would tease him. A lot.

I would tease him until he

went home and begged his parents to change his name.

It would be the socially responsible thing to do. And I'm sure I wouldn't be the only one.

Children, despite what doting parents believe, are vicious pack animals who prey on the weak.

And branding a child with a weird name is just the scent of blood they would need to launch into a feeding frenzy.

The unfortunate thing is the Wheatons aren't the only ones who are intent on scarring their progeny with bizarre monikers.

The *New Zealand Herald* reports another baby called Bus Stop, and twins named Benson and Hedges.

While these people may think they are being original, they are sentencing their children to a lifetime of social exclusion.

I'll admit I have strong views on this issue. Maybe it is because I came perilously close to being named Donald.

The prospect still sends a shiver down my spine.

Luckily my dear mother, wise woman that she is, realised I would be forever known as Donald Duck, and persuaded my father to name me something marginally more normal.

Perhaps nappy website *Treasures* has the most apt commentary on this issue: "The name you choose will say more about you than it does about your baby."

Quite.

Ross McNaughton is an AUT University Graduate Diploma of Journalism student.

"If I was at school with someone named 4Real, I would tease him. A lot."



PHOTO: DYLAN QUINNELL

PHOTOFRAME: In each issue, *Te Waha Nui* will showcase the work of photojournalism students.

OPEN PLAN: Indoor/outdoor flow.

Welsh language lessons

By Joanna Davies



Another Maori Language Week has come and gone, barely noticed by the general population.

John Campbell attempted to teach us to sing the national anthem in Maori but, for the most part, the week made little difference to awareness of the language.

One week to celebrate our national heritage is not enough to encourage use of the language.

One week will not make high school students choose Maori as one of their option subjects. One week will not see bilingual public services.

Apart from English and Welsh, every spoken language throughout the world is declining in fluency. With international trading and relations, travel opportunities and accessibility, the need for one language for general communication is seeing the native languages of our homelands die out.

According to the 2006 Census only 4.1 per cent of people speak

Though foemen have trampled my land 'neath their feet

The language of Wales still knows no retreat

The muse is not vanquished by traitor's fell hand

Nor silenced the harp of my land

Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau - Welsh National Anthem.

Maori in New Zealand. This has decreased from 4.5 per cent in 2001.

Fortunately, there is a cure and for that we must take a leaf out of the Welsh book.

The principality tacked onto the west of England may be small but, in terms of increasing the use of its language, Wales is a shining example among small nations.

Welsh is an old language, dating back to the sixth century.

It has struggled to survive upheavals of Welsh history and the widespread availability of English media. In the late 19th century, all schools in Wales taught lessons in English and children were beaten if caught

speaking their native language. How times have changed.

The 1988 Education Act saw the Welsh language become a compulsory subject, in all schools, for students between the ages of five and 16.

In 1993 the Welsh Language Act came into play, giving English and Welsh language equal standing. Therefore, not only do all librarians and councillors speak Welsh, but supermarkets have bilingual aisle signs, and all road signs are in Welsh and English.

And it appears that the steps taken in Wales are paying off.

The 2004 Welsh Language Use Survey, carried out by the Welsh Language Board, showed daily Welsh speakers represented 21.7 per cent of the population, a rise from the two previous censuses. Fifty-eight per cent of those speakers considered themselves fluent.

Looking at the Welsh model, one thing is clear - Maori Language Week won't achieve these results. If we are intent on preserving Maori it should be taught as a core part of our curriculum from a young age.

Joanna Davies is an AUT University Bachelor of Communication Studies student.

No pruders please, we're Kiwis

By Sarah Mason



On August 8 an international "sucking marathon" kicked off in New Zealand and it really got me thinking about breastfeeding in public.

In the 21st century you would assume this natural and necessary act would be accepted in our modern culture - but unfortunately that's not always true.

A large proportion of the public has no real problem with public breastfeeding. However I find it unnerving that a small per-

centage of New Zealanders are opposed to it.

Breastfeeding provides vital nourishment for newborn babies so it's something that must be done.

And the children are often the ones who dictate when and where they want to be fed.

Mothers may not want to breastfeed their children in public places, but when the situation arises they may not have a choice.

It's disgraceful they feel the need to hide in a corner or have to feed their baby in a grotty ill-equipped toilet.

There are a number of parents' rooms with breastfeeding facilities available in malls. However there are simply not

enough.

Mums should be given the freedom and confidence to be able to feed without having to deal with disapproving glares or snide remarks.

I can see, though, where these negative thoughts towards breastfeeding come from.

In today's society, there are two prominent depictions of the female breast - the glorified and commoditised breast and the functional, lactating, baby-feeding breast.

If we are being honest, we all

know which one most of us prefer to see.

But God gave women breasts to provide milk for babies, not to provide pleasure and satisfaction for men.

"God gave women breasts to provide milk for babies, not to provide satisfaction for men."

Some women have been known to flop out their boob in full public view - something I don't personally object to, but isn't really necessary.

In places like restaurants and department stores, women

should be discreet but not ashamed of what they are doing. There is a subtle difference.

Regardless of where you stand on the boob-baring spectrum, if Labour MP Steve Chadwick has her way legislation to protect the right to breastfeed in public will be passed by Parliament. Breastfeeding mums being kicked out of cafes, shops and Te Papa will soon be a thing of the past.

So those of you who disapprove should get a head-start by taking off your archaic, prudish glasses and embracing the naturally functioning breast in all its wonderful glory!

Sarah Mason is an AUT University Graduate Diploma of Journalism student.