

CRACCUM



Royal Flush

Astrid Crosland tells the tale of a mysterious card-carrier on campus

Con Te Partiro

A farewell to *Craccum* with a fair few tears

#metoo

Jordan Margetts discusses sharing on social media

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School of Architecture and Planning

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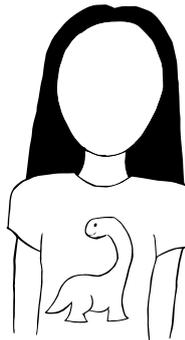
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti



And the Fellowship of the Ring, Though Eternally Bound by Friendship and Love, Was Ended

The final issue of *Craccum* has arrived and we are crying into our keyboards, wiping snotty tears onto our yet-to-be-reimbursed receipts, eating past issues of the magazine so that they will live inside us always like the Holy Spirit doing just fine. Over the past twenty-three issues—or the past three years, to speak more accurately—*Craccum* has provided us with a home, a wee band of loveable larrikins who have always welcomed the ideas, the dreams, the great joys and the low points of their fellow members with open arms. Across the divides of age, choice in degree, and differing levels of love for John Denver’s seminal album *Poems, Prayers & Promises*, this little team has come together to discuss and deliberate and encourage each other with reckless abandon. For that, we could never express enough gratitude.

Much like the formation of the Fellowship of the Ring, banding together before the Council of Elrond, offering their individual strengths and distinct skill-set to the unenviable task that lay before them, the editors, writers and artists of this rag have each brought their own piece to the glorious puzzle of producing a weekly student magazine, on the back of little money or praise, but at the promise of a whole lotta love. (While Tolkien may turn in his grave at seeing his sentiments of courage and friendship and the damning ramifications of war published in a magazine that has routinely said things like “cumrag” and “wankstain” and “cricket isn’t boring it’s actually cool”, at least we didn’t let Orlando Bloom parkour down a river on two barrels in a *Hobbit* adaptation more engorged than Stuart McLuncheon’s paycheck.)

The Fellowship faced down the armies of Mordor, the heights of Mt Doom, and a spiny, greedy, crazed fiend in the course of their venture; the *Craccum* team has had to overcome a slashed budget, Subway Chicken Classic-induced shits, and a spiny, greedy, crazed fiend on their unexpected journey (but Mark is only ever greedy for gobstoppers). As Gimli, Legolas and Aragorn resolved to

hunt down the pack of orcs who held their Hobbit friends hostage, the *Craccum* team resolved to hunt down (less literally, more figuratively) certain members of a certain student association who held their Hobbit-sized budget to ransom (and are certainly *not* being likened to orcs for the sake of this comparison). While Frodo held the One Ring close, carrying the burden alone, those who have worked tirelessly on this 40-page manifesto week in and week out have helped each other carry the load that life oftentimes callously drops on us—this magazine’s name that once inspired visions of butt cracks and ejaculatory ropes now means so much more, synonymous with family and love and having the absolute best time with your buddies.

A day may come when the bonds of the *Craccum* family fail, but it is not this day. While this age of the magazine comes to an end, a new age will begin, and we encourage anyone who has ever thought about writing, drawing or contributing to this magazine in any way, to *go for it*. You’ll get some experience, a reference to put on your CV, sure—but more than that, you’ll find a nook for yourself in this big, all too often all-consuming campus; a foothold to draw yourself up on when times get tough. A place where the tiny thoughts and inspirations you’ve let simmer inside will be puffed from a flighty ember into a strong flame.

As the lava of Mt Doom cascaded around them, exhausted and believing all hope to be lost, Frodo whispered to his truest companion: “I’m glad to be with you, Samwise Gamgee. Here at the end of all things”. For the moment, the end of *Craccum* does feel like the end of all things, as the reason we each had to congregate each week, to discuss what we loved and what we hated and whether it would be worth having sex with Christopher Walken just for the story, has come to an end. But, as we read over the words of this last issue, and look at the faces of the hilarious, brilliant and beautiful team who have buoyed this lil publication for so long, we can safely say that we are so very glad to be with them, here at the end of all things. ♦



“BIRD OF THE YEAR” HACKED (AGAIN)

BY ELOISE SIMS

Forest and Bird’s “Bird Of The Year” competition has been rocked by a fraudulent voting scandal, after a Christchurch resident cast more than 100 votes for the white-faced heron.

The regulations state that people are only allowed one vote in the competition—but last Monday night, more than 112 votes were cast for the heron from the same IP address in Christchurch.

The spike in the number of votes was picked up by a Wellington data scientist, Yvan Richard, who also noted another significant batch of fraudulent votes being cast at 11am on Tuesday.

Kimberly Collins, the coordinator of Bird of the Year, told *The AM Show* that the votes had been cast with multiple disposable email servers to “sneakily increase the number of votes”.

“We’re not mad, just impressed that someone cares enough about New Zealand’s native birds to rig the competition,” she commented.

Richard uncovered the voter fraud by utilising a computer programme he had used

in the US, UK and New Zealand elections to track the votes coming in at real-time.

However, when he noted the large spike in votes for the heron, he alerted Forest and Bird, which has since taken security precautions to prevent further fraud.

“We suspect their plan was to sneakily increase the heron’s numbers by a few hundred each night while we were all sleeping. Thank goodness Yvan was watching,” Collins said.

The hundreds of extra votes have subsequently been deleted—and at time of print, the white-faced heron is far behind its competitors on merely 91 votes.

This is not the first time Bird of the Year has been rocked by accusations of voter fraud. In 2015, the native kōkako received 200 fraudulent votes by two 15-year-old girls who used their parents’ business account to make fake emails to vote with.

The incident made international headlines, with coverage from *The Telegraph*.

However, this year Collins has said they’re still trying to figure out who the white heron-loving culprit is.

“But what we do hope is that the person that made the vote actually makes a donation to ease their guilt,” she said to *Newstalk ZB*.

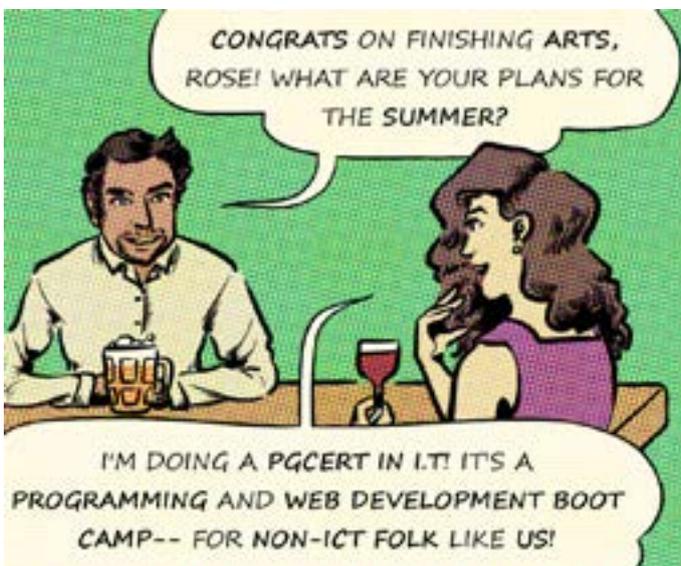
In a further twist, the Instagram account “@gullforglory”, advocating a win for the lowly seagull, has been called out for referring to the kiwi as a “fat flightless fuck”.

When questioned by *NZ Herald* as to their disparaging take on our national bird, account-runner Mike Lane of Radio Hauraki simply examined a picture of said fat, flightless fuck and asked, “Well, what is incorrect about that statement?”

Voting for Bird Of The Year closes at 5pm on Monday 23rd October.

Currently, the kea looks set to take the title on 4492 votes—although the kererū is in hot pursuit with 2419 votes, following an enthusiastic social media campaign conducted by “Bad Memes for Suffering Victoria University Teens” and Patrick Gower. ♦

THE WINNER OF “BIRD OF THE YEAR” WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN RADIO NEW ZEALAND’S “MORNING REPORT” ON TUESDAY 24TH OCTOBER AT 9AM. FURTHER INFORMATION AND VOTING IS AVAILABLE HERE: [HTTPS://WWW.BIRDOFTHEYEAR.ORG.NZ/](https://www.birdoftheyear.org.nz/).



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FEES ARE GOING TO RISE (AGAIN)

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD

The University of Auckland Council has voted to raise domestic student fees by 2% last week.

The New Zealand Consumer Price Index states that 2% is the maximum a university is allowed to increase the cost of domestic student fees by. Along with the increase to student fees, 88 members of staff will be made redundant in order to cut costs.

According to the University of Auckland's Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon, if fees remained the same, 125 jobs would be slashed.

The news of job cuts comes after the University faced heavy criticism for a "discussion hour" format of 147 students for Sociology 203—which the University subsequently defended as being necessary due to the course's "popularity".

International student fees will also see a rise of 4.1%. This is due to there being less government control over the cost of international student fees. International student fees accounted for 10% of revenue for the University of Auckland in 2016.

McCutcheon defended the fee raises and student cuts by saying, "We anticipate an increase in costs of 3.7 per cent, or \$18.6 million."

"The Government has increased the Student Achievement Component funding by only 1 per cent, or \$3.3 million, and the domes-

tic student fee increase will bring in \$3.5 million—so that still leaves us \$11.8 million short."

Since 2014, the cost of a Bachelor of Arts degree has increased by \$600—and even the most inexpensive courses will now cost \$6,000 per year.

The most expensive degree, Medicine, will increase from \$15,083 to \$15,384 a year.

The University of Auckland recently slipped a spot in the QS World University Rankings for 2018 from 81st to 82nd, which McCutcheon believes will hinder the University's ability to attract international and domestic students—and to attract financial support from donors.

According to a presentation to the student consultative group by McCutcheon in July this year, the University had three options:

1. Hold fees constant and have real income decline by \$12.5m (125 jobs);
2. Reduce fees by 4% and have real income decline by \$19.7m (197 jobs); or
3. Make domestic tuition fees account for 16% of the University of Auckland's revenue.

Amelia Berry, a former Philosophy tutor for the University of Auckland, slammed the University for saying there was no other option between raising fees and cutting jobs.

"The way they hire, pay people and oversee, particularly tutors and administrative staff, is not well thought out. They could do with a big audit," Berry said. "When I was a tutor, we got paid a large amount of money with virtually no oversight."

President of the Auckland University Students' Association, Will Matthews, said AUSA naturally opposed the fee rises—but put the blame more on the Government rather than the University of Auckland's administration.

"One of the only stable ways that successive governments have offered Universities to keep up with costs is to raise fees," Matthews said. "We will still be opposing fee increases at this University, but would like to begin raising student awareness that government policy is actually a major contributor to this."

Matthews' new stance contrasts strongly with a previous AUSA-affiliated rally held in 2015 on the topic of the last student fee rises, where the University was told to "grow a spine".

This year, he has reminded students that the University is not "a malevolent entity raising fees for the sake of it"—although this has come under recent criticism from members of his own Executive, who fear the rhetoric change may undermine AUSA's role in the University. ♦

CRACCUM ACTUALLY WON SOMETHING (SO KEEP PAYING US, JESUS CHRIST)

BY ELOISE SIMS

Craccum Magazine has made history by walking away as joint runners-up of "Best Publication" (shared with *Debate*, AUT student magazine) and three separate awards at this year's annual Aotearoa Student Press Association Awards (ASPAs).

The Awards, hosted in Wellington by *Masive* (Massey University's student magazine), featured guest speaker Mike McRoberts and free champagne—understood to be a *serious* step up from 2016's Awards, which was held at Bar 101 Hamilton.

Craccum received its first ASPA of the night for "Best Reviewer", which went to contributor Chris Wong.

It also received the prestigious "Best Cover" award for Issue Two, with cover artist Josh Hart taking away the prize for his creative interpretation of an article written by Sports Columnist and *Craccum* firebrand Mark Fullerton about

AUSA's missing speedboat.

The final award for *Craccum* was for "Best Creative Writing", which went to contributor Malinna Liang for a phenomenal "Day In The Life" satire centred on Melania Trump.

In a Facebook post by *Craccum*, Columns Editor Caitlin Abley was filmed celebrating the runner-up "Best Publication" award by taking off her bra and whipping it around her head.

Subsequent less-than-sober scenes from the editorial team, including threats to jump onto the table, followed: so much so that the host of the awards was forced to remind *Craccum* that the overall winner of the award was yet to be announced.

It's worth noting that Visual Arts Editor Isobel Gledhill also beat Mike McRoberts in a Paper Scissors Rock contest, although this wasn't recognised with an official award.

"We are seriously proud of the team at *Crac-*

cum Magazine," Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) said in a recent Facebook post.

"Congratulations to Sam, Cat and the whole team who have worked so hard to produce an amazing magazine this year."

It's the first time *Craccum* has been named in the line-up for "Best Publication" since 2009, when the magazine came runner-up. *Craccum* last won the award overall in 2007.

Otago University student magazine *Critic* took out the overall award for "Best Publication".

The win comes after the question as to whether *Craccum* section editors should continue being paid was submitted to the AUSA October Referendum.

The question will be voted on by the student body before 4pm on Friday 27th October.

Craccum Sucks was unavailable for comment as of time of print. ♦



OTAGO UNI CUTTING JOBS

BY JARROD FREELAND

The University of Otago has announced they will cut 160 full-time jobs, following a review of their support services that began in mid-2015.

The 1200 staff members that were up for review have said they felt frustrated and demoralised throughout the past two years—yet many will not know if their jobs are safe until early next year.

Otago Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne confirmed the cuts at a meeting with faculty staff last Thursday.

Video taken by the *Otago Daily Times* showed a grim sight as staff left the meeting afterwards. Few opted to talk with the media crowds waiting outside, and some looked very emotional.

Tertiary Education Union spokesman Shaun Scott said he was dismayed by the news, after fighting a lengthy battle assisting staff in making over 600 submissions to the Board regarding the cuts.

"It's a huge hit on the families, the commu-

nities they live in and on Dunedin," Scott said.

"The scale of what Professor Hayne is planning will significantly and detrimentally impact on the work carried out by general staff. This will negatively impact on the service required to deliver high-quality teaching and learning, research and student support."

Professor Hayne said each submission was "carefully read", but the changes are needed in order to keep the University competitive.

Doing nothing was not an option, as staff numbers have grown to levels that were "at best inefficient and at worst unsustainable".

The Vice-Chancellor had initially wanted to cut 182 jobs, but following those consultations with union representatives and members, had settled on 160.

Most of the cuts are to staff in administration positions, which will see 29% of its total workforce laid off.

IT client support and information systems

roles will also be heavily reduced.

"While we are, of course, pleased that there are fewer job losses as a result of the consultation process, the loss of 160 jobs is devastating for affected staff," Scott said. "The process has impacted on the health and wellbeing of staff, with the uncertainty and threat to employment creating a highly stressful environment for them."

The announcement comes as a further blow to the Otago job market and community, especially as the job cut itself will take place at a similar time to the closing of the Cadbury factory in March next year—putting 360 Cadbury workers out of a job.

The University has estimated these staff cuts will save them as much as \$14.9 million per year.

The University of Otago was recently placed 151st in the QS World University rankings for 2018, a significant climb of 18 places since its 2017 ranking. ♦

REFERENDUM PROPOSES STRIPPING SECTION EDITORS OF PAY

BY ELOISE SIMS AND SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

AUSA's October Online Referenda has come under fire after controversial questions were proposed to strip *Craccum* section editors of pay and to disaffiliate the Pro-Life Club once again.

It is understood that the query as to whether *Craccum's* new section editors should be stripped of pay in 2018 has been raised in the Online Referenda after *Craccum* had to fight for their resource pay in an April AUSA Executive meeting, after their budget was significantly cut as the Executive looked for areas to find funding for Portfolio-holders' pay.

Mark Fullerton and Isobel Gledhill covered the issue in Issue 12 of *Craccum*, in a feature called "Money Talks." They found that the motion to remove *Craccum's* pay had been heavily influenced by a successful proposal by AUSA to pay all Portfolio holders \$17.40 an hour—which left AUSA attempting to find \$30,000 spare within their budget.

After *Craccum* arrived to discuss the issue at the AUSA Executive meeting, the motion to restore the magazine's budget passed 12–1—with the Grafton representative abstaining after "grilling *Craccum* over their alcohol spending".

At the time, this alcohol spending totaled \$22.99 for a box of Flame beer for an editorial

meet-and-greet.

If the question were to pass successfully, *Craccum* would face around \$25,000 in section editor pay to be stripped from its budget—so future section editors would have to work on a voluntary basis. It is worth noting that, while the *Craccum* budget has been significantly increased over the past two years, *Craccum* themselves saved AUSA \$50,000 in printing by switching the magazine from glossy paper to matte.

However, the proposal to strip section editor pay was not the only controversial question on the October list.

The motion to disaffiliate the University of Auckland chapter of Pro-Life once again appeared—and according to Student Engagement Officer Penelope Jones, was a question received five times.

The four other reiterations of the question were dismissed due to their substantial similarity, as well as issues with the proposer's AUSA membership.

This motion has already been labelled an "unsuccessful and legally unsound" attempt by the right-wing blog *WhaleOil*.

Issues were also raised by the Pro-Life group themselves, after it was pointed out that AUSA

had rejected a question proposing to disaffiliate the Young Nats—but allowed the question to disaffiliate Pro-Life.

"This is an embarrassment for an academic institution that prides itself on diversity and debate," said Bob McCoskrie, National Director of Family First NZ, in a Pro-Life press release.

Jones said the question to disaffiliate the Young Nats was dismissed under Rule 23C (ii), as it was contrary to the AUSA Constitution.

The Constitution's Rule 5 reads that, "Every alteration, addition or amendment must meet the requirements of the Charities Commission for the objects and rules of a charitable entity."

Family First has subsequently called on AUSA to "reject the repeated and frivolous attempts to disaffiliate ProLife Auckland and to upgrade their rules to prevent this continued abuse of the democratic process."

As at time of print, over 130 students had registered as "going" to a Facebook event to "Vote 'YES' To Disaffiliate ProLife" in the October referendum. 129 had registered themselves as "Interested" in the event. ♦

VOTING WILL COMMENCE AT 9AM ON TUESDAY 24TH OCTOBER AND CLOSE ON FRIDAY 27TH OCTOBER AT 4PM.

SAYING “BONJOUR” TO WEIRD NEW ZEALAND POLITICS

FRENCH EXCHANGE STUDENT ULYSSE BELLIER GIVES HIS PERSPECTIVE ON THE 2017 NZ ELECTION, AND THE POINT OF IT ALL—IF THERE WAS ANY

In New Zealand, there are fewer candidates involved in your national election than French regional elections. However, unlike our local elections, this campaign wasn't entirely boring—it was crazy addictive.

I arrived in Auckland in July, and, as a Politics student, I naturally tried to understand what exactly was going on in New Zealand politics. Firstly, if you have any tips for making sense of it all, please get in touch. However, I've identified a few striking things from this campaign, for me as a Frenchman.

Let's begin with your leaders: you seem to have no qualms about changing them less than two months before the election. In France, our candidate for the right was still running after scandals that would be the envy of President Nixon—such as employing his wife on a civil servant's salary. Coincidentally, no one on earth except him has witnessed her actually doing some work for, err, years.

On the other hand, our equivalent to a Labour (“socialist”) candidate would have seen Andrew Little's poll results as a blessing a few weeks out from the election—as he only got 6.36% of the vote overall.

I found out that in New Zealand, you're forced to step down because you have poor polling results, or you've committed welfare fraud to put food on

the table for your children. In my beloved France, I would love to see literally anyone who was on welfare to run for office—our “disruptive” President is a former investment banker, for instance.

After a few of these sudden about-turns in the election, I tried to follow the campaign in earnest—and watched some of the television debates. New Zealand has this wonderful MMP system for Parliament—but somehow, it is still seen as irrelevant to have a debate between all parties.

Instead, we merely see debates between “the-possible-future-Prime-Ministers” on one screen, and “the-ones-who-struggle-for-the-five-per-cent-threshold” on the other. This seems to me like a perfect solution to avoid any challenging talks and new ideas.

What also struck me is the utter lack of constructive debate about foreign policy and international affairs in this election. North Korea was mentioned for only a couple of minutes in one brief Leaders' Debate, as well as the Orange Guy (I also follow local memes, you know).

Jacinda Ardern worked in Tony Blair's policy team back in the day at 10 Downing Street, but she's never been questioned about this element of the past, or about her former job as President of the International Union of Socialist Youth.

I was in the *Quad* on September 1st when

Jacinda arrived to greet Auckland Uni students, and I understood why “Jacindamania” was meaningful—if the election was about selfies, she should have won. Facing the crowd of students with a megaphone as red as her dress, she knew perfectly how to talk to young lefties fed up with the housing market.

New Zealand's narrow political spectrum produces an image where it's acceptable to stand as a socialist leader, but back down on an ambitious taxing plan to reduce inequalities. At the same time, immigration has turned the entire political divide topsy-turvy—New Zealand Labour is probably one of the very few social-democrat parties to advocate for less immigration than the right (along with the German SPD).

However, the icing on the cake in this election was New Zealand First. In France, our far right makes no mistakes about their views: being xenophobic and populist, with a broadly racist appeal and anti-Semitic background.

Marine Le Pen gathered more than 10 million votes in the second round for a result of 34%, yet she has no power at all.

Yet, at time of writing, Winston Peters is still holding any future government to ransom with his 186,706 votes from around the country—a whole 7.2% of the vote. ♦

“FIVE EYES” PARANOID OVER CHINESE GOVERNMENT INTRUSION IN WESTERN UNIVERSITIES

BY MICHAEL CALDERWOOD

Increasing fears around Chinese Government interference in Western universities has led the so-called “Five Eyes” nations to contemplate a more robust response to spying activities by the People's Republic of China.

“Five Eyes” is a security alliance which includes the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Chinese “Students' and Scholars' Associations” on many Australian and American campuses have drawn criticism for their close links to the Chinese Government.

According to the *New York Times*, these Chinese government-funded groups work with Beijing to promote pro-Chinese views and silence or monitor anti-Chinese speech.

A recent article on *ABC* also claimed that diplomatic figures believe that the Chinese Government is employing similar strategies on New Zealand campuses to those used in Australia.

A senior national security figure in Australia

told *ABC* that the “Five Eyes” nations now have a “like mindedness and shared understanding” about China's growing influence on Western university campuses.

Highlighting the gravity of the situation, the head of Australia's Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, Frances Adamson, recently gave a rare public speech on the topic. She warned Australian universities to be more vigilant about Chinese influence on Australian campuses.

“The silencing of anyone in our society from students to lecturers to politicians is an affront to our values,” Adamson told the Confucius Institute at Adelaide University.

Beijing's increasing influence over Western universities was recently brought to light when, at the request of the Chinese Government, *Cambridge University Press* censored some of its journal articles in China. In August, *Cambridge University Press* announced it would reinstate

the articles after much outrage in the West.

But is this fear of Chinese subversion and influence on Western campuses justified, or is it just anti-Chinese scaremongering?

Dr Stephen Noakes, a University of Auckland lecturer in Chinese Politics, says there needs to be an appeal to reason and evidence when discussing the issue.

“If tertiary institutions are concerned about foreign meddling, then the nature of the problem needs to be made clear and a coordinated plan developed and, above all, consistently applied,” Dr Noakes told *Craccum*. “Without such a clear and consistent policy, frets over Chinese influence appear as little more than scaremongering rooted in passé, Cold War-era understandings of China.”

“There may be risks associated with engaging new global partners, but there are equal if not greater risks attached to our ignorance about them.” ♦



OLDER WHITE MALE HAS A STROKE AT LOCAL K-MART AFTER REALISING THAT IMMIGRANTS EXIST

GINNY WOO ABSOLUTELY—AND I MEAN, ABSOLUTELY—TEARS DUNCAN “MILQUETOAST” GARNER A NEW ONE

This isn't the first piece on why Duncan Garner's irresponsibly racist and ill-thought-out op-ed was a raging garbage fire—and it probably won't be the last.

“Why kick a man when he's down,” you may cry, but you should probably just take a seat and shut up instead. Immigrants have been doing that for centuries in the face of oppression and Garner's response to being called out for his out-of-date attitude was exactly that: a deflection and a desperate plea that everyone should just shut the hell up.

In case you weren't sure why Garner had attracted this much vitriol for blogging about buying undies at K-Mart, I'll make it easy to understand. The long and short of it is that, while no one really wanted to learn about whether he wore boxers or briefs, it could probably have been consigned to a pile of *Stuff's* other inoffensively mundane stories if he hadn't outright blamed a number of government crises on immigrants. Housing crisis? Bloody immigrants. Country seems like it's being run into the ground? Immigrants. Line for checkout at K-Mart too long? Immigrants.

Garner appears to have these epiphanies all in the matter of a few minutes spent at your local bargain goods store, which is a marked improvement on his usual speed of thought and delivery on *The AM Show*. But it sure smells a lot like an unwieldy metaphor used to hide tired racist views.

The crux of Garner's opinion piece was that seeing Asians in line at the K-Mart checkout gave

him a glimpse into what he reckoned was a dystopian, nightmarish future. If you weren't sure whether he was being racist, this pretty much confirms it: “Indians, Pakistanis, Sri Lankans, Syrians, and many others. I saw the changing face of New Zealand at the crossroads, otherwise known as Kmart's self-service counter.”

Garner simply can't fathom the thought of living in a world where people of colour do things like buy undies and have to queue up to pay for them. Shocking! “Let's design our country to make it better for us. Bring in the people by all means but send them to where we need them. Let's not give them what they need from us so easily,” he says at another turn. Yup, you heard that right.

Garner envisions a New Zealand where immigrants have a fraction of the freedom of choice that he would afford to “locals”, whatever that weighted term is meant to mean in an age of globalisation. If we're taking into account the fact that his reaction to seeing multi-cultural people at K-Mart was to assume that we're all immigrants, then that's another barrel of worms in itself, which no one really has the time to unpack.

There are immigrants from Canada, the European Union, America, and even England. They could well have been part of the checkout crowd that Garner was so mortified by, but did they warrant a mention? No. The tunnel vision on Asian-looking immigrants and their subsequent public othering by Garner was disgraceful. The public backlash that he copped

on Twitter was well-deserved.

However, not content with being the racist in the dunce hat, he proceeded to try and paint himself as a victim and made a huge deal about being forced off social media by people with contrary opinions. So much for respecting the freedoms of New Zealand, one of which is the much-touted right to say whatever the hell you want.

We are a proud nation of immigrants. Pākehā New Zealanders are immigrants, and it's no secret that Garner considers them the “locals” that he's fighting so hard for.

Garner thinks that New Zealand makes it too easy for immigrants to get what they want out of the country without giving back. Maybe he should say that to Rez Gardi—our Young New Zealander of the year who came here as a Kurdish refugee, and is now giving back to other refugees resettling in Aotearoa.

Maybe he should say that to Golriz Ghahraman, a proud Green MP who has worked for the United Nations and will play a part in affecting much-needed change in our country.

Maybe he should say that to any other immigrant, past, present and future, who has come here and contributed to the country's infrastructure, agriculture, education, and government. He's escaped accountability somewhat by fleeing Twitter, but someone with his views shouldn't escape critique.

I, too, see the changing face of New Zealand at the crossroads, and it's the face of a nation that has no room for backwards racism in public discourse. ♦

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We Are Beneficiaries

During an election cycle filled with disheartening rhetoric about beneficiaries in New Zealand, the community “We Are Beneficiaries” appeared, visualising the difficulties New Zealanders have faced and continue to face when encountering our welfare system—through pieces of art. Craccum spoke with Sam Orchard, one of those behind this group working to put a face to the welfare system

WHAT INSPIRED THE CREATION OF THIS GROUP?

The project started in response to the treatment of Metiria Turei’s admission that she lied to WINZ. We were really moved by her speech at the Green Party AGM, where she highlighted the broken welfare system, and we were quite horrified by her treatment afterwards—where people were really interrogating her personal responsibility and circumstance, rather than addressing her concerns with a broken system.

When she spoke up about how the social welfare system makes you poor and makes you lie, I felt like I was finally hearing a politician talking about an issue that was really important to me, in a way that finally felt productive. I remember when she resigned feeling really devastated—we had other party leaders talking about how great New Zealand was going, and yet I look at my community and there are people living in cars, people not being able to buy food, I had four friends commit suicide in the couple of months building up to the election—I certainly wasn’t seeing a New Zealand that was flourishing, not for everyone anyway. Then one person started trying to point out the inequality in our country and she was forced to resign.

So I got sad, and angry, and chatted with some friends about what we could do—and we came up with the project We Are Beneficiaries. We wanted to humanise the face of beneficiaries, to show that there are SO many of us who’ve needed to rely on (or are currently relying on) social welfare, and we wanted to show, collectively, our experiences—to highlight the systemic issues, and make it impossible to have

the conversation focus on individuals. Most of my artist friends have been on a benefit at some point or other, and so we decided to tell our stories through art. Then other folks started coming forward, so we started drawing their stories too... and then it just kinda took off!

HOW DID YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH ARTISTS AND THOSE SHARING THEIR EXPERIENCES WITH THE WELFARE SYSTEM? HOW DID YOU PAIR ARTISTS AND THESE INDIVIDUALS TOGETHER?

We realised pretty fast that this was a conversation that lots of people wanted to be having. We did a call out and had a bunch of artists volunteer, and people messaging us through Facebook and Twitter to share their stories. So, actually—everyone pretty much approached us rather than us approaching them. We have a really amazing bunch of admin people volunteering, and helping us to set up systems for keeping track of stories and volunteer artists, and sending the stories to the artists to draw up.

WHAT DID YOU HOPE TO ACHIEVE THROUGH VISUALISING THESE STORIES THROUGH ARTWORK?

I think people really respond to art. I’m a comic artist, and telling stories using pictures and words together is what I know how to do, and I think it’s a really powerful way to tell stories too. Pictures make things hard to ignore; I think humans are drawn to images. And I think if someone is going to tell their story in a vulnerable way, then that needs to be treated with great respect—and I think the gift of creating art for and about them, having an artist sit and spend time

creating something unique and beautiful about them, is a really respectful way of showing them that their story and experience is important and meaningful.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE MOVED OR INSPIRED TO ACTION BY WHAT THEY SEE ON YOUR PAGE—WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST THEY GET OUT AND DO IN RESPONSE?

I think it’s really important to keep this conversation going—to make sure that our government knows that we care about the social welfare system in New Zealand, and that it needs, desperately, to be better. We need this system to be caring and compassionate, and for it not to be cynical and punitive. There’s a whole lot of ways to keep this conversation going. It could be that you simply share our stories, it could be that you donate to organisations that support beneficiaries through advocacy and advice, you could write to your local MP and tell them you want them to work to change the system, or, if you hear someone using boring stereotypes about beneficiaries you could send them over to our Facebook page or Twitter to show them that actually it’s really, really hard to be a beneficiary in New Zealand right now, and we need to change that.

HOW CAN PEOPLE GET INVOLVED WITH YOUR CAUSE?

If you want to share a story with us, or volunteer your art skills send us a message on our Facebook page (<https://www.facebook.com/WeAreBeneficiaries>), Twitter (@webeneficiaries) or Insta (@wearebeneficiaries). ♦

Creating a Fairer, Safer and Just New Zealand

By Emma Barnes

The fact that New Zealand's prison population currently sits at 10,300 is a shameful indictment not only on our prison penal justice policies, but on us as a nation in allowing it to get to this level. Some would say politicians are to be blamed for allowing such a gross anomaly. This glaring and reprehensible abnormality requires urgent attention and a dramatic reduction.

It is the Sir Peter Williams QC Penal Reform League's proposition that the adoption of penal policies akin to those in Scandinavian countries would assist in reducing prison numbers.

Firstly, we already know New Zealand prisons do more harm than good. Secondly, prisons are of little benefit to the community as they fail to rehabilitate prisoners effectively and are breeding grounds for the promulgation of violence, growth of gang membership and gang warfare. Thirdly, the mentally unwell are also housed in our prisons with prison guards providing so-called expert assistance.

Removing someone from society and putting them in a prison in order to teach them how to live within their own outside community is unreasonable. Prisons are largely a Western concept that does not connect with a huge percentage of the Māori prison population. The continued employment of foreign staff by Corrections does not add to the improved panacea we demand either. Expecting Māori to rehabilitate in a system that they do not connect with is inappropriate. We note whenever Māori prison numbers are made public, the female prison population numbers are downplayed to Māori males (50%), when

in fact Māori women make up a much higher percentage of prison numbers. It is much closer to 90%.

Some New Zealanders support harsh penalties and high rates of incarceration because they believe that they make society safer. This ideology we associate with the likes of the Sensible Sentencing Trust—a redneck, right-wing leaning group. Scandinavia's approach towards crime on the other hand, would completely demystify those types of concerns. In the 1920s, Finland had an incredibly high incarceration rate, but was able to lower it dramatically through penal reform.

In Norway, fewer than 4000 of the country's 5 million people were prisoners (as of August 2014). Their low imprisonment rates are not due to low offence rates either. Additionally when people leave prison, they stay out. Norway's recidivism rate is one of the world's lowest at just 20%, whilst New Zealand's is at 48%–49% reoffending within 48 months, and USA is 76.6% (rearrested within 5 years).

The primary way for New Zealand to reduce its prison population is obviously through legislative change. Judges would implement the new laws, with community-based sentencing the norm and only the most high-risk offenders imprisoned. This would ensure more effective rehabilitation and in turn, more productive members of society. The need to build new prisons or add-ons would become unnecessary and would constitute a huge saving for the country.

Our politicians should feel deeply uncomfortable with our high incarcerations rates and it is our responsibility to create change. ♦



CHARITY / ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

This week, please support the New Zealand Stroke Foundation. They do incredibly important work helping those who have suffered from a stroke, and their families. They raise awareness so people know the risk factors for a stroke, and have established

rehabilitation working groups for stroke victims. They've also instituted stroke clubs all over the country, to provide a place of support for stroke victims. You can learn more about what they do at: stroke.org.nz. ♦

UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS

Want to reduce your household waste? Find out about the

Zero Waste Approach!

When: Thursday 26 October, 7pm–9pm

Where: Titirangi Rudolf Steiner School, 5 Helios Place

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: "Join Hannah Blumhardt and Liam Prince, the No-Waste Nomads behind The Rubbish Trip, for an introduction to the practicalities and philosophy of waste reduction. Drawing on their own research and over two years of experience living zero waste, Hannah and Liam will guide you through the whys and the hows of life without a rubbish bin. Zero waste nibbles available for a koha to go towards zero waste initiatives at Titirangi Rudolf Steiner School and in the wider community. Feel free to BYO a plate of zero waste food, if you feel up to the challenge!"

Indulge in some self-care before exams at the

Mt Eden Wellbeing Market!

When: Saturday 28 October, 10am–3pm

Where: Mt Eden Village Centre, 449 Mt Eden Road

Price: Free entry

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: "There's a new Health & Wellbeing Market! There will be Reiki, Indian Head Massage, Reflexology, Readings, Health Checks, Chair Massage, and more! Contact Peace at 0272929699 or info@wellbeingmarkets.co.nz." ♦

What's On

Te Pō

Q THEATRE

Te Pō is here from 25 October–4 November, an investigative play that tackles romance, death and other big issues. It won the 2016 Excellence Award at the Auckland Theatre Awards, so add it to your list for a guaranteed good time. Tickets are \$25–60 from Q Theatre.

Speakeasy

UOA CITY CAMPUS

Stray Theatre Company's main bill *Speakeasy* is on this week from 25 October–29 October. *Speakeasy* is an immersive cabaret performance, set in a world where theatre and performance is illegal. Switch off your phones and your regard for the law. Cut a deal with the hustler, track down the snitch, or just let the music move you. Tickets available on iTicket, where you'll receive a password with the secret location of the show.

Mexfestival

ASB SHOWGROUNDS

Mexfestival, the biggest Mexican festival in NZ, will be running all day at the ASB showgrounds this Saturday 28 October. Sample from the best of Mexican food and drink, with great dance performances, contests, make-up artists and arts & crafts stalls. Tickets available through Eventfinda.

Show Me Shorts Film Festival

CIVIC THEATRE

Show Me Shorts Film Festival will be running from the 28 October–5 November. Sampling from the best of NZ and international film making talent, you will get the opportunity to be moved and motivated by the best short films on offer. The opening ceremony is a red-carpet event at the Civic Theatre on Saturday 28 October at 8pm. Tickets are \$25 for students. Festival screenings will run at Rialto Cinemas Newmarket through the week. ♦



Summer sips and snacks

We can't be with you over summer, so here's a quick rundown of some awesome summer bevies and foodstuffs to get you through those long, lazy days.

Strawberry frosé: *Chilled bottle of rosé, ¼ cup of lemon juice, 2 cups of chopped strawberries, ice, ¼ cup of vodka.* Blend just over half the bottle of rosé, half the cup of vodka, 1 cup of strawberries and half the lemon juice. Add two cups of ice and blend until of slushy consistency. If too watery, add more ice and blend again. When done, use the rest of your ingredients to repeat again! Ready to serve straightaway, and you can sprinkle a few of the leftover strawberries on top as a garnish!

Ultimate guacamole: (Serves 2 if you're being generous, 1 if you're hungry.) *2–3 avocados, 1 tomato, ½ red onion, juice of 1 lemon, 1–2 cloves of garlic, dash of salt and pepper.* Dice the avocados, tomato and onion. Shave or dice the garlic. Mix together. Add lemon juice. Grind a dash of salt and pepper. Mix together till combined. Enjoy with nachos!

Blue margaritas: *¼ cup of Blue Curacao, ⅓ cup of triple sec, ½ cup of tequila, 1 can of seltzer water, ½ cup of lime juice, 2 cups of ice. For the rim: 2 limes (cut into wedges), salt.* Use the lime and salt to rim two glasses. Pour tequila, Curacao, triple sec, and lime juice into two glasses. Stir together. Top with ice and seltzer water. Pop in a wedge of lime and enjoy.

Gazpacho: *2 red peppers/capsicum, 2 yellow peppers/capsicum, 1 green pepper, 1 red onion, 1 bunch of spring onions, 1–2 cucumbers, 1–2 whole garlic heads, 1 bottle tomato passata, ½ cup red wine vinegar, ¼ cup balsamic vinegar.* This incredible dish is the perfect summer meal. For when you crave soup, but need cooling down, this meal is amazing. Slice vegetables into small pieces. Add vegetables and garlic to food processor/blender, and blend. Add passata. Blend together. Add vinegars a bit

at a time, blending in between. Taste as you go till it feels right. Leave in fridge to cool for just over an hour. Serve! Whatever you have left is easily stored and served again the next day.

Strawberry lime-ade slushie: (Makes four.) *2 cups of ice cubes, 2 cups of halved fresh strawberries, ¾ cup of water, ¼ cup of lime juice, 4 tbsps sugar, 4 fresh strawberries and lime slices (for garnishing).* Blend ingredients together until smooth. Pour into four cups. Garnish with remaining strawberries and lime slices. Serve straightaway.

Frozen grapes/frozen watermelon slices: *Grapes and/or watermelon.* One of the easiest and most brilliant snacks ever are frozen grapes. Pop a bunch in the freezer and wait till frozen. These frozen grapes will be like little-mini sorbet bites, and will be absolutely delightful on a hot summer's day. To make watermelon popsicles, cut into slices, trim the rind, insert a popsicle stick (cutlery will do at a pinch), and freeze. Enjoy your fruity treats!

Sparkling blueberry lemonade: *¾ cup of water, ⅓ cup of white sugar (sieve if need to make fine), 1 ½ cups of fresh blueberries, 1 cup of freshly squeezed lemon juice, 1 tsp lemon zest, 2 cups of ice cubes, 2 cups of sparkling water/club soda.* Mix sugar, blueberries, water and lemon zest into saucepan. Heat on medium heat until boiling and leave to simmer for 5–10 minutes until the blueberries start to burst, and the sugar is melted. Remove from saucepan and sieve finely. Let it cool. Add blueberry syrup, lemon juice and ice to blender, and blend until smooth. Stir in sparkling water. Enjoy while cool. Keep some of the syrup separate and cooled in the fridge if you don't want to drink all on the same day. ♦

Restaurant Review: Oaken

130 Quay St, Britomart

Oaken is a sleek, sophisticated establishment with beautiful wooden surroundings and elegant floral arrangements. Fairly new to downtown Aucks, it's managed to hold its own against the multitude of eateries around it.

The breakfast and lunch menu is one and the same, with a mouth-watering array of meals to choose from. Aside from the basic eggs-on-toast option, Oaken offers the usuals with a twist—Scrambled Green Eggs come with feta, broccoli, avo, spinach and herbs; the Brioche comes with maple butter, praline and pears; and the Salmon comes in the form of pastrami and is coupled with sweetcorn and greens.

For lunch (or breakfast if you're that way inclined), interesting dishes include the Crisp Fried Fish Sandwich, Sticky Pork Belly Salad, Tuna Poke with Cauliflower

Rice and Grilled Black Star Sirloin. We were supremely impressed with the Pork Belly Salad. Fresh, exciting and unique—it was a winning combo. For a spice hit, we recommend the Portuguese Bifanas—a hot pork sandwich with mustard onion and red pepper paste. The food is beautifully served, making you feel a tad fancy.

Oaken also does dinner, which is a shared plate situation. Variety is limited, but again, interesting. While we didn't stay for dinner, we'll be back to sample the Beef Cheek Croquettes, Potato Skins, and Roasted and Smoked Bone Marrow.

You can also hit up Oaken for a morning coffee. It's a comfortable setting to enjoy a cuppa with friends, and they serve Supreme coffee in the right way. ♦



Guide to: Summer Break

Lectures are dang near over and before you know it, the exam period will be done and you're free for another three months. So what to do with this excessive amount of time? Never fear. Old Cracc has got you sorted with a range of decent options.

Roadies: A summer roadtrip is an absolute blimmin' must. If you achieve just one thing over summer, make it a roady, dammit. Pick a location, fuel up your dunga of a car, load the chilly bin with cold ones, charge the iPod and you're away. There are tonnes of great locations just a few hours' drive from Auckland—Waipu Beach, the Coromandel, Raglan—take your pick and get gone.

Werk: If you're returning to university next year, it's not a bad idea to get some cash money in your pocket. Why? a) It means you can buy all the necessities for summer—beer and food; and b) It's actually good to have work experience—for the CV, you know. If you can get a job in your field of study, even better.

Festival: We love a good summer festival in NZ, so brush off your most raggedy pair of Vans, slap on some sunscreen (because being sun safe is cool, friends) and get ready to boogie. Day or night, festivals are always a good time. Live music, brews and friends can't be

beaten. Have a look at the Auckland Council website for their Music in the Parks summer series if you can't afford a full-on Northern Bass scenario.

Hobbies: Embrace the fact that you get three months to do as you please and use the time to learn something new. Want to play an instrument, take up dancing, art or a sport? Now's the time! Think of that thing you've always wanted to do, get researching and give it a crack.

Prep/career: So, Summer is also a great time to do some recon for the year ahead (in between the beach visits, parties and more). If you're going back to study, look into what classes you could take, what the requirements are and what the readings are like. It's a good idea to get ahead of readings while you can, so start slowly working away at things if you're able. If you're heading into a job, get organised on what you'll need—stationery, a bag, work clothes and items for your office space. Minimise 2018 stress by getting ahead. ♦

Music Festival Top Tips

Some of NZ's music festivals will be making the best of our gorgeous weather this summer, and festival-goers will probably be making big plans for their big days out. Here's a few festival survival musts that you can work into your planning.

Portable powerbank/charger: Festivals might be offering docks nowadays, but why waste time if you've come prepared?

Ziplock plastic bags: These are an absolute lifesaver. From keeping pre-prepared food good for eating, to protecting your phone and other valuables (keys, licence, medication)—they are invaluable.

SUNCREAM! Slip, slop, slap and wrap. NZ has one of, if not the, highest rates of skin cancer in the world. If you can't stay inside, stay protected. This goes for anything you do this summer. Bring a hat, bring sunscreen.

Eat healthily/light beforehand: I know it's easy to gorge on junk beforehand and during, but try to eat a whole and healthy meal beforehand. It will last you longer (keeping you out of the bathroom lines), and will probably help a bit more with the alcohol you might be drinking.

Baby wipes/toilet paper: Do I need to explain?

Water is life: Keep hydrated! Bring a refillable water bottle, or two! You'll probably be out in the baking

sun, pressed up against a bunch of people, and most likely drinking alcohol. You paid for this ticket. You don't want to pass out and miss anything, or have a killer headache that'll haunt you throughout and after.

Find a spork: Not as a weapon, although that might be interesting. You'll likely find you could use some cutlery, and what's more useful than this ingenious little cutlery-item-that-could.

Ear plugs: If your goal is to be right up front by the speakers, you could help your ears for the next week by bringing some ear plugs. Festival sound is designed to project, so you should easily be able to hear whilst protecting your ear-drums.

Energy bars: Food trucks are expensive. Portable and light, a quick snack certainly can't hurt.

Light rain jacket/poncho: On the off chance it does pull an Auckland and start pouring out of nowhere, you'll definitely be thanking this little, plastic rain-shield. Find one that is light and that will pack tightly, saving room. Can't hurt to be prepared. ♦



TOP 5 SANDWICH JOINTS

Fort Greene
ST KEVINS ARCADE, CBD

Fort Greene boasts "epic sandwiches"—and they ain't wrong. The husband-and-wife-owned company makes all its own bread, cures its own bacon and buys only free range meat and sustainably-caught fish. All five sandwiches are made fresh daily and all packaging is biodegradable.

Hero Sandwich House

NEW NORTH RD, EDEN TERRACE

These guys are the heroes of the sandwich world, proven by their daily sell-out stats. If you want a sammy, get in quick (like, by 10am quick—don't worry, it'll keep in the fridge). The menu offers a range of options, all named after people.

Pastrami & Rye

MAIN HIGHWAY, ELLERSLIE

For gourmet American-style sandwiches, Pastrami & Rye is a must-visit. The menu has seven different sandwiches made to order, though there are delicious cabinet options, too. It's hard to beat a good Cuban, and Pastrami & Rye's is damn fine. Did we mention it's only \$12?

Swanson's Sandwich Bar

SWANSON ST, CBD

Simple, quality food is the name of Swanson's game. Fresh, filling and tasty, you'll be a regular in no time. The menu changes often so you'll never get bored, and they also have a sandwich of the week scenario where you can get a bang for your buck.

The Store

GALWAY ST, BRITOMART

Split in two, one half of The Store is a sit-down café get-up, while the other is a takeaway gourmet bakery. A European-inspired menu offers plenty to choose from, including the Seasonal Vege & Sprouted Bean Sandwich which we love (the hummus finishes it off perfectly). ♦

FEATURE

C R A C C U M

C R A C C U M

C R A C C U M

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HAPPY CRACCUM TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!

A wistful look at the year that was

The only thing we love more than Craccum and each other is a good fat load of statistics. The curating of these statistics come from ex-editor and soon-to-be-ex-sports-columnist, Mark Fullerton (we love you and your stats obsession, thank you kindly).

Below is a taste of all the wonderful folk who have had a hand in making the magazine in 2017. To our beloved Craccum—good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Top 10 Writers Overall

MARK FULLERTON	33555
ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ	33350
NIKKI ADDISON	27546
CATRIONA BRITTON	26281
SAMANTHA GIANOTTI	23051
JORDAN MARGETTS	21364
GRACE HOOD-EDWARDS	21323
REBECCA HALLAS	19439
CAITLIN ABLEY	19073
MICHAEL CLARK	17147

Top 10 Writers Not Editors or Columnists

LAURA KVIGSTAD	9642
HELEN YEUNG	9609
MICHAEL CALDERWOOD	8174
MALINNA LIANG	7630
MARK CASSON	7164
MEG WILLIAMS	7068
PATRICK NEWLAND	6926
ISAAC CHEN	6822
YASMIN BROWN	5989
SAIA HALATANU	5864

The Untouchables aka The Hardy Souls Who Have Written For Every Single Issue

Nikki Addison, Mark Fullerton, Rebecca Hallas, Grace Hood-Edwards and Anoushka Maharaj

FOUR THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE
words, the single largest contribution to a magazine (Anoushka Maharaj, Issue 18).

FIVE
words, the single smallest contribution to a single magazine (Saia Halatanu, Issue 6).

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIVE THOUSAND AND SIXTEEN
words printed in Craccum over the course of the year.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN
uses of the word “shit”.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY NINE
uses of the word “fuck”.

TWENTY-TWO
uses of the word “cunt”, eleven of which can be attributed to the column “How to Talk About Sport”.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE
uses of the word “election”.

THIRTY-EIGHT
mentions of Bill English.

FORTY-ONE
mentions of Winston Peters.

SEVENTY-ONE
mentions of Jacinda Ardern.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN
writers over the course of the year.

THIRTY-TWO
illustrators over the course of the year

TWO
Student Press Award wins between 2014 and 2016.

THREE
Student Press Award wins in 2017.

A MILLION
watts of pride beaming from our little hearts when we were named runner-up in Best Publication for 2017.

The Honour Roll

A Five Star Man, Abraham van Helsing, Aditya Tejas, Aditya Vasudevan, Adnan Ahmed, Adorate Mizero, Aimée Matthews, Al Pacino, Alcoholly, Alphonse Dunand, Amelia Langford, Anoushka Maharaj, Anqui Liang, Astrid Crosland, Atharva Bhide, Auckland Peace Action, AUPRS, Avril McIntyre, Bailley Verry, Beka Atuk, Belle Hullon, Brendan Abley, Brennah Crofskey, Caitlin Abley, Caitlin Watters, Catriona Britton, Chester Jarrat, Chris Wong, Claudia Russell, Conrad Grimshaw, Curwen Ares Rolinson, Daniel Gambitsis, Daniel Vernon, Danielle Maynard, Danielle Parshotam, Daphne Zheng, Dario Davidson, DEBSOC, Elaine Zhong, Eloise Sims, Emma Barnes, Erica Sinclair, Erin Rogatski, Felix Pryor, Frangipani Foulkes, Garling Wu, Georgia Arnold, Georgia Harris, Ginny Woo, Grace Hood-Edwards, Hamish Liddy, Hannah Bergin, Hannah Yang, Hanya Khan, Heidi North-Bailey, Helen Yeung, Hetal Ranchhod, Hilary Barnard, Hope Nobilo, Isaac Chen, Isabella Francis, Isobel Gledhill, J.A. Thomas, Jack Adams, Jack Gradwell, Jack Miller, Jade du Preez, James Halpin, Janna Tay, Jarrod Freeland, Jasmine Liki-Faalenuu, Jasper Lau, Jessica Thomas, John Denver, Jordan Margetts, Josh Hart, Josie Adams, Julia Wiener, Julia Zhu, Kari Schmidt, Kate Mitchell, Keeley Lash, Kimberley Francisca, Krystal Wang, Lana McCarthy, Laura Kvigstad, Lauren Millington, Lauren Watson, Lucy McSweeney, Madeleine Morton, Maggie G. Linhall, Malinna Laing, Marieke Thomas, Mark Casson, Mark Fullerton, Mark Mockridge, Mary-Margaret Slack, Matthew Nickless, Max Wallace, Meg Williams, Meng Kong, Michael Calderwood, Michael Clark, Milly Sheed, Moss Bioletti, Natalie Allen, Nathan Wood, Neil Lindsay, Nick Withers, Nicole Black, Nikki Addison, Niksa Ngampetvilai, NootNoot Maharaj, Olivia Chrisp, Olivia Stanley, Patrick Newland, Patrick Yam, Payton Taplin, Rachel Berryman, Rachel Buckman, Racial Equity Aotearoa, Rebecca Hallas, Rebecca Kanuta, Robert Westall, ROBOGALS, Rox Richards, Ruth McKenna, Saia Halatanu, Sally Fraser, Samantha Gianotti, Samantha Hoyle, Sampling Squad, Sarah Butterfield, Sarah Kolver, Saruman, Smitty Werbenjagermanjensen, Trumbo Galt, Ulysse Bellier, Vaani Rambishewar, Webb Hinton, Wen-Juenn Lee, Wynona Dekker, Yasmin Brown, Ye-Bin Lee, Young Kim ♦

FEATURE

ART BY JOSH HART (@VRIJKOTTE)

GIVE HOPE! LEGALISE DOPE!

Jarrold Freeland offers some anecdotes to shed light on the legalisation of marijuana debate

Through experiencing a great many social groups, subcultures, pub quiz teams and other gatherings of people (like-minded or otherwise), there's one theme which tends to stand out more than the rest. Generally, I find people who smoke pot tend to be less likely to drink large quantities of alcohol, while people who like to drink don't usually associate with any kind of drug-taking whatsoever. Thanks to so many years of stigmatisation coming to an end, and the mainstream acceptance of what used to be even more of a social taboo than over-consumption of booze, there are some pretty strong calls for the full-scale legalisation of marijuana right now.

Following the success of like-minded lobbyists over in the United States, some homegrown surveys have put public support as high as 65% for personal possession, and 55% for growing the stuff in your own home. Jacinda's stance on the issue certainly contributed to Labour's success winning over the youth vote (or at least among the comparatively few youth who did actually show up on polling day), and the issue will only

become more politicised, and perhaps far more crucial to those seeking power in future—the classic liberal versus conservative debate. If the Reds emerge victorious, we might see yet another addition to New Zealand's long list of progressive, world-leading liberal reforms.

While I think it takes a special kind of heartless and inconsiderate person to restrict the use of marijuana for palliative care or medicinal purposes, I'm afraid full-scale deregulation might not be such a good idea. So here are two stories, personal ones chock-full of bias with no scientific rationale behind them, to explain why I believe this to be the case.

Pot smokers point rightly at the immense social harm associated with excessive alcohol consumption. They note how widespread the use of their preferred poison is despite the law (I use the term “poison” as a figure of speech), how harmless its effects are in comparison to booze, and its multitude of health benefits, from relieving depression to spurring creativity and everything in between. Apart from a few oft-repeated claims

shuffled around the internet which stretch the bounds of reality, like weed being a cure for cancer or helping you keep more focused while driving, these sentiments are overall pretty damn valid. Chief among these seems to be a notion along the lines of “how the fuck could something that comes out of the ground, all natural and untainted by nasty chemicals, possibly be bad for you?”

So now we reach the first anecdote, one which played a great role in convincing me that people who smoke weed prefer not to drink. In fact, this person very rarely drank anything apart from L&P, the cans of which were used to make designer ashtrays for his flat, because the landlord might not have approved of seeing Cody's cans fulfilling the same purpose. And his flatmates ensured pretty much all the rooms were full of empty Cody's cans. He worked at a respected firm managing a good 20+ subordinates, and would come home to sit in the lounge with the boys, still wearing a business suit while the rest were in their tradesman attire. Every evening, every day of the week, he'd get stoned out of his

mind with them. The promotions rolled in, the degrees from several years earlier began to pay off. He'd started smoking pot at the university dorms, then moved onto a flat, then from there all the way to NYC chasing a killer job opportunity. The rooms got bigger, the furnishings more expensive, the company dressed more formally... but the routine stayed just the same. Home from work, hit the bong. Every evening, of every day.

Addiction is the appropriate term I suppose, but so is "recreational". It was always done outside of work hours, and from the looks of things he'd always done a bloody good job and deserved to come home and relax in any way he pleased. The man had succeeded, and I wouldn't be surprised if his climb up the corporate ladder ends just a couple of rungs below CEO or something similar. This is the perfect example a supporter of marijuana legalisation can point to in full confidence, living proof that whatever the politicians, naysayers, morally panicked elderly people or drunkards might blurt out to the contrary, no harm whatsoever can come from smoking pot.

Unfortunately, this is a tale of two anecdotes, and this next one plays out somewhat differently. The second hits far closer to home, as he was a family friend for many years, and one who gathered praise from almost everybody who knew him. Sociable, intelligent, with a level of ambition similar to the aforementioned success story. There was a high level of ability, and even after dropping out of school at an early age, he'd gone on to tech and managed to score some far higher qualifications than his peers had got by the time they were just getting ready to start university.

Sadly, there was a propensity to dwell on the negative aspects of life which started to bring him down. It's not that anything particularly serious had happened in youth, but something about the way his mind was wired kept him obsessing over the everyday problems the rest of us deal with all the time. Friends betray your trust, a love interest turns you down—hurtful and irritating parts of growing up, which you'd have to be either incredibly lucky or criminally sheltered not to experience yourself at some point. Nothing out of the ordinary at all... and that's the concerning part. When the weed came along it started off as a social helping hand. The few unfortunate experiences had made him more reclusive, and to inhale was to soothe one's mind while hanging out in social situations. At parties he'd sit in the corner with his bong, and thank the host via text a few days later for having him along to such

an awesome night, despite how he'd sat alone throughout having never said a word to anyone else there.

The last I saw of him I got much the same experience I'd had for the past six months of our friendship, he'd been stoned out of his mind for every minute anyone had seen him. We laugh about having to be a sober driver while everyone around you is sloshed, and the hilarity which ensues as your passengers engage in what they are obviously convinced counts as intellectual conversation. Like sarcasm at the office, it's funny until it's happening all the bloody time and no amount of thoughtful intervention or voicing your concerns can make a difference. We parted ways and the rest of this account was filtered through the grapevine.

In short: there were clouds of smoke always pouring out the bedroom window, neighbours calling the Police because they didn't want their young children inhaling fumes all the time. A reclusive figure, never leaving the house unless it was to meet a dealer somewhere. The addiction progressing into harder drugs, with far more widely acknowledged consequences than the sweet Mary Jane. His partner left him, then the more resilient friends too. After many "sick days", he lost his job as an accountant which had once seemed so full of promise, and the spiral didn't stop there. The Police showed up, then an eviction notice arrived in the mail. Untold stress on his family, including three younger siblings who'd always looked up to their brother as a role model. Years of sitting in the bedroom puffing away, content not to think about the world around him, or how detached his existence had become from it. Every development a rebuttal to any claims those in the legalisation camp hold that their view is the right one. Harm, addiction and the gateway-drug myth become reality: it was all there in plain view.

Like most debates in these modern times of partisan media organisations, fake news, filter bubbles and whatnot, we have two sides who are both extremely convinced their position is the right one, and who tend to treat any opposing voices with utter contempt. Well, I think from this point forth we can stop talking about marijuana, about alcohol, or about any other substance widely used or abused by mankind, because the entire logic behind the argument has nothing to do with the drugs themselves. It never had anything to do with them, because the problem doesn't lie with the substances, but with the

mentality behind the person taking them. Sure, compared to just about everything else you could possibly take to escape reality or make a bad day more bearable, marijuana is virtually the least dangerous in pretty much any metric you could think of. Long-term health effects, propensity to cause addiction, a gateway to harder substances... compared with the rest the danger barely even registers. However, there's a world of difference between a level-headed user looking to unwind, and someone whose depression or anxiety needs the kind of help no kind of substance can provide.

I'd love to see marijuana legalised. Let's stop wasting Police resources on petty crimes, let's make the holy sedative an integral part of palliative hospital care, let's get it all above board and use the taxes earned to research a definitive cure for cancer. Hell, knowing how perfect New Zealand's climate is for this kind of thing, we could even export the stuff and our GDP would skyrocket, probably enough to give everybody three years free education without raising taxes.

Yes, the possibilities are endless and yes, I'm not just a hater who doesn't smoke and refuses to open his mind to the multitude of benefits which will undoubtedly come with the legalisation of marijuana. What I'm saying is that before we open the floodgates and make this staple of student culture available (+GST) from every petrol station, we need to take a step back. Let's invest in more support services for addiction, depression and other festering social issues since what we've got now is already completely inadequate. Let's move on from this unscientific and childish good-vs-evil mantra, and factions who laud the holy weed as if NATURAL = HARMLESS and LESS HARMFUL THAN OTHER DRUGS = HARMLESS.

Of course Anecdote No.2 is a rare exception to the norm, but the possibility of what our American cousins (in wonderfully precise legal definitions) term "clinical dependency" is about 1/10. 1/10 is not ZERO. To ironically and shamelessly borrow a certain political catch cry, "let's do this"—because as humans, we are imperfect by nature and must always take our own weaknesses into account before tearing up the laws designed long ago to protect us from ourselves.

When the stresses of life become too great, and the allure of temporary escapism beckons, not all of us are resilient enough to stay focused upon the things which really matter. ♦

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GIVE IT THE BOOT!

Hamish Liddy on the downsides of National's bootcamp for young offenders

At the time of writing, New Zealand is still waiting to see what the 2017 election has delivered. Another mystery, regardless of who the King-maker taps, is which campaign promises the new government will uphold and which will be quietly shelved. Happily, for incoming ministers, negotiating deals offers the opportunity to blame coalition partners for failing to deliver on any particularly outrageous vote grabbers (see Winston Peter's extensive list of bottom lines). In the case of National's controversial boot camp announcement, it is equally likely that socially conservative NZ First will be the ones demanding fulfilment.

The idea to send serious youth offenders to military training camps has a natural attraction to an older generation of voters, many of whom will recall the days of compulsory military training with wistful fondness. Mostly, it seemed like a calculated appeal to a conservative Christian audience, namely the 4% of voters looking for a new home after the collapse of the Conservative Party following the 2014 election. The fear generated by the recent flurry of headlines about

violent dairy robberies no doubt garnered still broader support.

The plan attracted immediate and widespread disapproval, including from the PM's own chief scientist. Many cited a lack of evidence of effectiveness and the failure of similar plans to deliver anything other than faster, fitter criminals. The support case relied heavily on appeals to general assumptions about how the army is a positive influence on young people. Bill English took a similar line as leader of the National Party. While admitting there is no evidence that a training academy would be successful, he highlighted that in his opinion army culture was the key to turning young offenders around. No comments were forthcoming from the army leaders.

If Gareth Morgan taught us anything this election, it was that you cannot win arguments by shouting evidence at people. A fact that adds further credence to Michael Gove's assertion during the Brexit debate that people "have had enough of experts". That being the case, instead of repeating lists of verifiable facts researched by qualified and respected academics, this article

will rely on anecdotes of its own to persuade you that bootcamps are a truly terrible idea. By drawing on limited individual experience of basic military training, the following points aim to bust some myths about military training.

It is up to the reader to decide if the snapshots provided paint a picture of the perfect environment to turn a young criminal's life around.

[Disclaimer: the part of army training in these reflections is played by navy junior officer training. As far as the author can tell, all basic training in every branch of every military in the world consists of equal parts Full Metal Jacket and the instructor's memories of their own training. Therefore, any two training experiences are essentially equivalent.]

Myth: Military training provides motivation

Reality: Military recruits come equipped with their own motivation, those lacking sufficient quantities are likely to drop out.

The motivation to succeed in the military takes many forms: good pay and benefits, the

FEATURE

chance to travel, cool uniforms, free education and training, prestige, family tradition, a chance to help others and more. A lot of basic training is designed to test that motivation, to weed out those unprepared to face the discomforts of long deployments, physically harsh conditions, and stressful or dangerous situations. In 2015, the Ministry of Defence showed that drop-out rates from army recruit courses was around 10%. If this many volunteers having already passed rounds of aptitude and psychometric screening are unable to last 16 weeks, it is unclear how young people whose only motivation is to avoid prison would fare for an entire year. Importantly, lacking the motivation to avoid prison would be what got them into the programme to begin with.

Myth: Military training promotes respect for authority

Reality: Respect for authority in the military is largely performative and contingent on buying into the system.

Soldiers are more than capable, in fact renowned for, saluting officers to their face and totally disrespecting them behind their backs. Just imagine that incompetent shift manager you have, but instead of just smiling politely at their inane demands you also have to call them Sir or Ma'am. Contempt for superiors is an ancient and celebrated military tradition; what keeps the system running is a combination of fear of consequences and reward for good behaviour. In other words, buying into and accepting the cultural expectations. In training this means learning that paying expected marks of respect, even if not meant, makes life easier. Again, this relies on a desire to succeed in military life, not just an involuntary exposure to it.

Myth: Military training promotes respect for others

Reality: The New Zealand Defence Force has serious cultural issues around interpersonal behaviour, most notably harassment and sexual violence.

These behaviours are certainly not isolated to the Defence Force, nor is it uncommon in militaries around the world, but the situation was bad enough for defence leaders to instigate a special programme last year to deal with it. Dubbed Operation RESPECT, the aim was to tackle persistent sexism and change a culture understood to enable harmful sexual behaviours. Background research identified a hyper-masculine environment, isolation from external perspectives and support, implicit sanctioning of violence and aggression, and the impact of alcohol misuse as contributing factors. The proportion of

women in uniform is less than 15% and retention rates are lower at every stage of their career, no doubt influenced by a toxic masculine environment. It is commendable for the Defence Force to face up to the problem, but it casts doubt on any assertions about the benefit of army culture on individual behaviour.

Myth: Military training develops honesty

Reality: A big part of military training is learning how to get away with things.

During basic training, instructors routinely set unrealistic or unobtainable standards of perfection for trainees to aspire to. Nominally, this is so that recruits do not slack off and continue to strive for improvement, but ultimately encourages a different kind of behaviour. Humans being humans, we are always on the look-out for shortcuts to make life easier. In training, this means hiding a bag of unwashed clothing up a tree in order to meet an inspection deadline or sleeping on top of bedding to avoid recreating a perfect pillow-sized stack of folded sheets and blankets every morning. With growing confidence, it might extend to unauthorised use of vehicles, hiding of illicit cell phones or covering for a course mate's unexplained absence (also valuable skills in another walk of life). A steady stream of tips from previous graduates and the occasional knowing but humoured responses of inspecting officers indicate that a certain amount of shady behaviour is expected if not encouraged.

Myth: Military instructors provide good role models

Reality: A recruit's peer group has a greater influence on personal development.

In a good cop/bad cop paradigm, basic training instructors are nearly always bad cop. A near constant source of impossible tasks, shifting goalposts and arbitrary punishments. It is more than a bad movie trope that getting through training is about uniting against a common enemy in the training staff. Living in close proximity 24 hours a day also means a lot of unsupervised interaction. On one hand this leads to mentoring and encouragement from older or wiser recruits, on the other hand it often means bullying and coercion from peers. The use of collective punishments does not particularly endear weaker or slower members of the group to other frustrated trainees. Failure to improve can result in exclusion and isolation; ultimately trainees who are unable to fit in have no option but to drop out. Considering these dynamics are at play in groups of high-achieving school leavers, the result of assembling a peer group of our most hardened

youth criminals in the same circumstances is easy to predict.

Myth: The military is an untapped resource waiting to be put to use

Reality: The army has enough on its plate as it is.

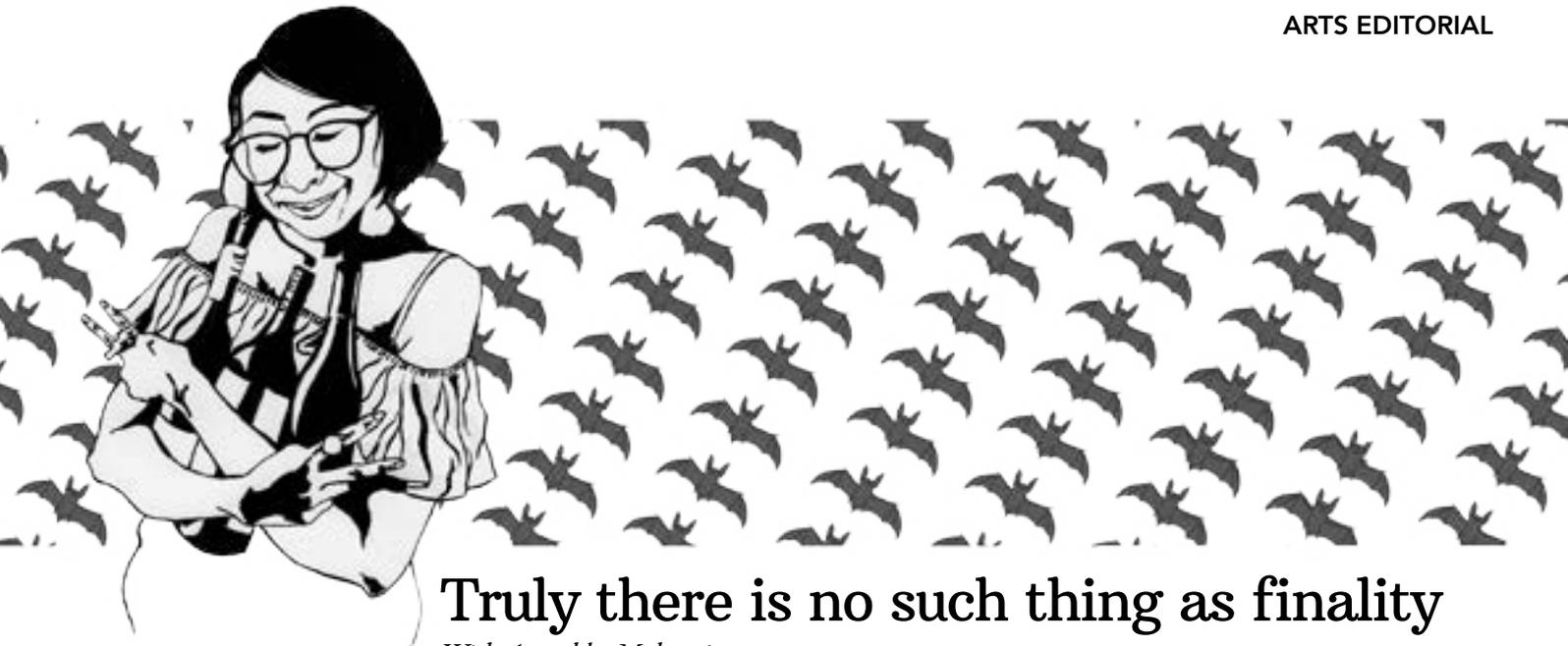
The modern military is a highly trained specialised force of well-paid professionals. The troops and equipment that materialise any time there is a natural disaster or burst airport pipeline give the impression of idle masses just sitting around waiting for something to do. What the public does not see is the essential training, maintenance and deployments dropped from an already overstuffed schedule to make it happen. There may have been a time when the army had more personnel than they knew what to do with, but, like the public service, it has been stripped back to the essentials by rounds of consultation and reviews. The army is under pressure just to provide enough instructors to cover rotations for the present Iraqi Army training deployment on top of replacing 40% of their own staff every four years to keep pace with normal attrition. The addition of an entirely new year-long training course with extensive "wrap around" services could hardly have come as welcome news for army bosses.

Myth: Military training is more than just push-ups

Reality: It is also sit-ups, running, ironing, marching, cleaning, polishing, running, cleaning, obstacle courses and cleaning.

Generic impressions or what basic military training consists of are pretty true to life, except there is a lot more cleaning. The good news stories about new skills and abilities that a military life delivers generally come from professional and on-the-job training subsequent to the generic moulding of induction. The few classroom lessons that do form part of the unending milieu of physical activity and scrubbing are a test of willpower—willpower to stay awake. Sleep-deprived trainees frequently need to stand to avoid falling asleep and attracting the associated consequences of nodding off. It is not uncommon for recruits to actually fall asleep standing up. Although it is a well-known technique to promote compliance, depriving sleep does nothing for learning ability. If the proposed bootcamps will be more than just push-ups, but not include weapon handling or other basic military skills as English asserts, it is unclear what other lessons army instructors could actually provide.

The list is not exhaustive. Evidence aside, there are plenty of straightforward reasons army training is not an optimal environment for hardened young offenders. Not just according to experts. ♦



Truly there is no such thing as finality

With Anoushka Maharaj

As a young person, you are taught all the necessary precautions for venturing out into the world—don't talk to strangers, don't walk anywhere by yourself, don't put your knife into the toaster. As a young woman, you are given twice the advice, and it only gets more specific as you get older. *"Don't talk to strangers"* becomes, *"if you end up in a conversation with someone, just give them a fake number."* *"Don't walk anywhere by yourself"* becomes, *"I'm going to pin drop my location to you in case something happens."* *"Don't put your knife into the toaster"* is...still relevant. Don't do that.

I once went to a bar that had a list of drinks that you could order which were code for things like, *"if you're having a bad date and need to get away, order this."* And while people looking out for other people makes me weepy and grateful for humanity, it made me very sad, too. That we had to cater for an unsafe world, that we couldn't just say, *"I am not interested in pursuing anything with you"* and that instead we are taught to smile politely and lie, rather than risk hurting the feelings—or more likely, incur the wrath—of our dates. Our captors. We must set up alternate routes because a simple *"no"* never seems to be enough. I don't want to sound like a broken record, but I find it incredibly infuriating that boys can disappear at the drop of a hat after spending *literal months* of constant interaction and we just have to take it—but if we make out with a dude for 2.5 seconds and decide that we don't actually want to have sex with him, we've suddenly committed a crime on par with genocide. Give me a fucking break.

Since the initial accusations against human garbage, Harvey Weinstein, a total of around fifty—*fifty*—women have come forward to detail their horrifying experiences with a man whose career has only continued to thrive over the years. While he deserves to have been expelled from the Academy for life, it wasn't necessarily a commendable thing for them to have done.

They didn't do it because they found out—they did it because we did. The film industry has always been shady, with whispered warnings travelling between women the only way they knew to protect themselves and each other. Because that is the way of our people. Even amid personal calamity and fear, we look out for each other—because who else will, in a world that is so quick to label women "liars"?

Meanwhile, Weinstein (and countless other Hollywood men) are protected by men like Matt Damon and Ben Affleck and Russell Crowe—because they are seen as good, and kind, and are admired by their audiences, and because men who are good to other men will always be safe. It isn't until they are personally threatened—*"but imagine if it was your daughter, your sister, your niece?"*—where the detriment of a woman correlates with a man's that these dreadful events are given attention.

Mayim Bialik recently published an essay titled "Being a Feminist in Harvey Weinstein's World"; just one of the many expected think-pieces about sexual assault that has emerged as of late. Amongst other things, it talks about the superficiality of the film industry, and contains the misguided observation that conventionally beautiful women are more at risk of being targeted than the "awkward" women who were not, as Bialik notes, "perfect tens". She advises that, as much as new-age feminists believe in sex-positivity and freedom of choice, we must be wary of the world we live in. A world, she tentatively suggests, that belongs to men like Harvey Weinstein. The essay offers little by way of compassion, and instead, (unintentionally) disparages women who have been seemingly gifted with outward perfection. What Bialik fails to note is that the feminism of today has evolved to the point where we believe that beauty is entirely subjective, and that women should be able to express their self-love

in the ways that they'd like to. Bialik has since apologised for the victim-blaming attitude she appeared to project in this essay—an unfortunate blunder that will probably overshadow all the other good stuff she does for young women. And in all honesty, I get it. It's so easy to become jaded, and so hard to overcome years of ingrained resentment toward a society that, for the most part, doesn't protect its women.

But the world *doesn't* belong to the Harvey Weinsteins. And women shouldn't be expected to concoct elaborate social movements to convince men that we are worth investing in, or have to fulfil a quota of pain before they are given solace.

Why haven't we fostered an environment where women immediately feel safe enough to share their experiences? And, more troublingly, why do we equate a woman's value with how much she has endured?

If you're one of those dudes who says, *"but I'd never do that"*, then are you also actively doing your part to call out sexism in your workplaces, in your households, in your classes? Do you defend the women around you when they are put in uncomfortable situations—do you stand up to your bros if they are the ones responsible for it? Because otherwise, your supposed respect for women means nothing, if it's conditional; if it's only expressed when it's convenient for you. That's the thing about doing something worthwhile—it's rarely easy, and it almost always requires courage.

So, anyway. That's a wrap on 24 weeks, 24 issues, 24 times you've rolled your eyes at my emotional outbursts in these little editorial spaces that have been my home for an entire year. And with that, I will leave you with an oldie, but a goodie. Love yourself. Take care of each other. Speak up for injustice as much as you can, and know that you are not alone. The world belongs to good people. ♦



My Playing-Card Poet

By Astrid Crosland

On Friday, I went to collect a book from the library. I couldn't find it so I plucked another title from a nearby shelf and added it to the pile in the crook of my arm that was growing steadily more precarious. I turned to leave the little nook that houses the collection of folk and fairy tale volumes and turned again when, from the corner of my eye, I spotted a colour-coded anthology, a series I have always thought that when I am old and rich I shall have a whole set of in first editions. I knew I couldn't indulge taking another book home so I set my stack of musts on the table behind me and reached for *The Violet Fairy Book*.

As much as I try to pretend other colours are my favourite, I am drawn to purple like a mermaid is to shorefolk. I leafed through the pages, running a finger lovingly over the smooth black ink of the print illustrations, catching a line or two from each page as they flickered over each other like a sketchbook animation. The pages stopped. The spine fell open. Between a page of text and another ornate illustration lay the Jack of Hearts. I smiled at it, as my understanding of the Jack is that he serves the King, but would do anything for the Queen, a Jack of all Trades—before I noticed a fine scrawl of black lettering around the border of the card.

But she didn't really look for adventure

The final *e* was smudged in a way familiar to me as a frequent buyer and user of gel rollerballs. I turned the card as I read it. What a novel way to take notes, I thought, so many books are scarred by inconsiderate readers. I examined the illustration below the card. No, I suppose being stolen away by a dragon doesn't count as looking for adventure. Charmed by the whole coincidence of it, I angled the card and the book on the table until you could see just enough context from both and took a picture on my phone. I replaced the card and flicked through a few more pages. I closed the book and put

the book back on the shelf. Less than a second after breaking contact with the cloth binding, I took it down again.

Here is where the tale diverges. Either I pocketed the card and subsequently lost it or I put it back in the book again and someone else found it. All I know is that I couldn't find it later when I returned to take the card for myself—as a talisman of a poetic reality—a reminder that convoluted happenstances could be a part of real-life-land too. It was gone.

I don't know how I don't remember. I remember returning on Monday, to see if the book I had originally wanted was finally in place, feeling the warm smugness of knowing a secret bloom inside my chest and creep up my throat as I slid my attention over the volume that had sparked this whole thing. It wasn't until Wednesday that I had convinced myself I deserved to be curator of the card, that I had the perfect place on my wall to frame it between a Biba gift tag and a large metal lobster. So, on Wednesday, I rushed to the library as soon as I had fulfilled my academic duties for the day and snaked through the labyrinth of shelves until I had the faded volume in my clasp.

The folklore section of the library is very nice, there are a good number of windows that open freely, a column that prevents that vertigo that sometimes happens when you look too long down a tremendous corridor, it is far enough from the stairs and computers that there are no distracting mouse clicks or footsteps, and there are gaps on the shelves that allow you to either spy through into other subjects or imagine your own works filling the space. It feels like one of the cosy secret reading nooks only children who read compulsively and cats seem to be able to find, where the sunlight and dust mix and make the air feel like velvet. But I am not the only person who knows this, and it seems there is always someone tucked up in that far corner. The girl wore a red sweatshirt, her blonde hair

half up, and she ignored me resolutely.

I turned on a diagonal so my back was mostly to her in case she looked up and saw my excitement and wanted a part of my discovery. I flared my thumb against the pages so I could feel the break where a card displaced the order of the paper and let the pages fall away until the card presented itself. I smiled softly as I spotted red and black and yellow stuffed between a spread of text. My smile faded as I remembered putting the card very exactly back on top of the Empress and the Dragon. My eyebrows raised as I saw this was not the Jack of Hearts, but the Queen. I snatched it out and snapped it down on the table before remembering I was trying to be covert. I flipped through the remainder of the pages with deliberate slowness before putting the book down and looking at the Queen.

Not like she did when she was younger

I held it close to my chest and tilted my head as I followed the whorls of a partial fingerprint stamped in the ink. I have always held my own writing dear, holding mostly in my head, sometimes in my heart, and occasionally spilling it from my fingers. And here I was not alone. Here, another storyteller had left themselves imprinted in their work.

Working outwards from *Violet*, I checked *Yellow* and barely glanced over what I had found, giddy as I was to have found it. There was another card in *Pink* and a love letter on a dark blue Post-it that I also considered stealing until I noticed it was barely three months old. I wouldn't be able to get to the end of the aisle before convincing myself it had not yet been seen by its intended and I would have clipped their buds for the sake of my own idea of romance. *Grey* had nothing to contribute, which I thought a shame, because grey is the colour of the sea when it is most alive, and sterling Tiffany hearts, and my very first cat, and therefore I consider it to be amongst the loveliest and most romantic of colours. From the Lang books, I managed to produce a total of five cards, all hearts. After lifting the books in chunks and sweeping my fingers across the metal for anything more interesting than dust, I arranged my cards in ascending order and read them.

Five. Six. Seven. Ten. I knew what the Jack said. Queen.

I couldn't help but wonder what the rest of the story was, who had it, and who had written it. The bookshop sells playing cards. If they were the same kind maybe I could show them what I had found and they would be as excited as me and covertly give me a list of all the people who had bought playing cards recently—three months? Six? It seemed unlikely that it would have gone unnoticed longer than that. I leafed through a few books either side of Lang just in case that was where the story was. Finding nothing I tucked the cards inside my coat and left. I didn't make eye contact with anyone as I rushed downstairs because my cheeks ached with smiling and I thought I would stand out too much and I would be forced to share this secret while it was still wet.

The university bookshop does not sell playing cards with red backs. I looked at both sets until I was absolutely sure they were the only options. They were both blue. There wasn't even a tag to show red ones were out of stock. I decided to go home.

My whole chest felt like it was full of television static as I walked down Symonds Street. I felt the edge of the cards in my pocket and buzzed with the thought of having such a precious artefact to touch. Five cards felt lucky. Five cards are a poker hand. This hand wouldn't get me any money, but I still felt like I had won. I went home. I compared the cards with the set that came in my cribbage board and the set I sometimes practise magic tricks with, but they were both bridge-sized and blue. The best match was a set I had bought at Looksharp. They were red, and the right size, but it dashed any hopes of getting a name from purchase records. Still suspicious, I had compulsively stashed the Jack, I fluttered the pages of every book that had been inside my bag since Friday in case the Jack had wormed inside one of them. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Oh. Oh.

It wasn't the Jack. And there was another. Two more cards. Six and Eight. I ran to fit them into my narrative. I had seven cards now. That was, in folkloric terms, much more satisfying. Only when I laid them down did I see how they compared to what I already had. They were Diamonds. They were from a different stanza of this poem.

I tried to think what shelf their book had been on. It wasn't Lang's. It was a shelf away. I was compelled to go back to the library and check every book in 398.21 until I had collated everything that remained there. But it would have to wait until Friday, so I wrote this, and a secret note I would leave as a changeling tithe for what I took. I was divided in my hopes: that someone else would make my same discovery, that the author would leave more cards by my return, that it would stay exactly as it was until I returned to hoard the discovery for myself, that it would start a new trend of leaving little notes in books, and people would fall in love with people because of their words. I tried to fit together a narrative from what I had—a love story—a confession—a creative writing assignment gone awry.

I rose early on Friday, brushed my hair out into fluffy waves, and carefully painted my lips the colour of a ripe damson. I wore my little cat shoes and a brooch of stars on my belt. I wanted to look the part of a discoverer of stories. I certainly felt that I looked like it. Systematically, I stood on a chair and checked every book on every shelf in that section. I found another card, the Ace of Clubs, with another line this time written in red ink. In the book *Breaking the Magic Spell*, I found my last card. The Three of Clubs.

Finally her story began to draw to its narrative end

I worried that my guiltiest Thursday supposition, that this was some sort of suicide message, could be true. I wrote a different note, a rushed, honest thing, in purple ink and tucked it between the pages where I had found my very first card and left the library. I sat outside for a while, my petticoat fluffed out to either side so that anyone who wanted to share the bench would have to sit right at the end. I watched birds, breathed heliotrope, and held the cards in my lap. Nine is also a good number for fairy tales. I flicked through them slowly, I chose the Six of Diamonds, "*Who are you?*" she asked, I whispered a wish to it, and sealed it with a kiss. ♦

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Permanent Vacation Lime Cordiale

ALBUM REVIEW BY BRENNAH CROFSKEY

After waiting for a debut album for fucking ages, it was a blessing when the Lime Cordiale boys finally released a full-scale album, adding to their already brilliant EPs, *Road to Paradise* and *Falling Up The Stairs*.

I've always loved Lime Cordiale's funky, soulful, and bluesy music, but this album certainly blew me away. The album starts with "Naturally", which is a feel-good catchy tune that nobody could hate. "Temper Temper" is the leading single and it soon became one of my favourite songs by the band, mainly because it reflects exactly what could be expected from a rewarding yet tedious relationship. "Risky Love" and "Underground" are also very hard not to like, especially when they are darker, put a focus on self-exploration and are much more raw.

This album seems to have a track to fit any mood and any scenario. Songs like "Up in the Air" and "Top of my List" could be heard in a coffee shop and they evoke dreamy vibes. If you want a bit of a break from the mellow stuff and are after something more upbeat, then have a listen to "Other Way Round", "Giving Yourself Over" and "Can I Be Your Lover?"

If you're feeling a bit sad after a long night in town and that girl you met won't text you back, then listen to "Is He Your Man?" to have something to cry along to. If you're struggling with uni and adulthood, maybe check out some of the band's tips for getting through the day with "What is Growing Up?"

An album's always gotta have a ballad, right? Well, "Walk Over Everything I Do" is definitely up there. In short, this album pretty much meets your every need. It will be all that I end up listening to this summer—and once you give this album a listen, I'm sure that you'll be hooked, too. ♦



MASSEDUCTION St. Vincent

ALBUM REVIEW BY CHRIS WONG

St. Vincent's latest album *MASSEDUCTION* is her most autobiographical album yet, capturing Annie Clark on an emotional rollercoaster which shows her at her funniest and at her bleakest.

Promoted by a series of cryptic, satirical interviews and press conferences, and compared to a "dominatrix at a mental institution", *MASSEDUCTION* possesses a rich and surreal aesthetic. As the title suggests, it discusses seduction on a large scale, whether it be by power, sexual means, chemicals and drugs, or the political, and is the result of a culmination of years of writing from voice memos, text messages and snippets of melodies which had come to her while traveling the globe.

The album continues to carry on the syntheticity of her self-titled record, eschewing her more organic roots in favour of a more experimental sonic palette, while still relishing in being one of her most accessible efforts to date.

MASSEDUCTION starts off powerfully with "Hang On Me", an introductory track which shows off Clark's effortlessly ethereal vocal melodies hovering over sliding bass. "New York", a heartfelt piano ballad, pays tribute to her former relationship with actress and model Cara Delevingne, with Clark regarding Delevingne as "the only motherf**er in the city who can handle me", as well as being a love letter to the city and the relationships she has forged there.

Delevingne also lends her pipes to the nursery rhyme-esque chorus of "Pills", a miniature epic of a song produced by Kendrick Lamar collaborator, Sounwave, which touches on Clark's previous dependency on pills to cope with anxiety and depression. The album ends on a sorrowful note; the last dance of "Slow Disco" and "Smoking Section", with the latter touching on suicide.

The dark lyrical content is also often at odds with the upbeat and over-the-top instrumentals making up most of the record, creating a striking contrast between the two. All in all, *MASSEDUCTION* is an undeniably genuine masterpiece and shows St. Vincent's futuristic pop vision being perfected. ♦



The Foreigner

FILM REVIEW BY ISAAC CHEN

The Foreigner is very much the grim, staunch revenge drama it sets out to be—but is so much more than that, too.

Based on Stephen Leather's novel *The Chinaman*, the film blends two tales of two ex-soldiers who cross paths after a horrific event. Jackie Chan sheds the cheeky grins we've come to expect in his more light-hearted movies (seriously—he only smiles once in the entire film) and plays Ngoc Minh Quan, whose daughter is killed in an IRA terrorist bombing.

When he is unable to get immediate answers as to who was responsible, he utilises his special skills to wreak havoc on Liam Hennessy (played by Pierce Brosnan), a British Government official responsible for diplomatic ties between the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. Hennessy is a former IRA member, so Quan zeroes in on him, convinced he knows more than he lets on. And he's not wrong: Hennessy ordered the bombing for political motives, but is not aware of how the situation escalated. He races to uncover the truth from within the ranks of his ex-IRA comrades in the face of deteriorating political stability, all the while dealing with Quan evading numerous mercenaries and personal guards.

The film in its entirety adheres to an action thriller formula, but the out-of-character performance by Chan is an impressive turn for one of the most iconic screen personas. The fight scenes are inevitably less of a fluid dance, and are structured to show his character's age, but also highlight the gritty techniques expected of a special ops guerrilla soldier who is fueled by grief and revenge. This dramatic role is absent of Chan's brand of "humorous" action, but still retains the creativity of his fight scenes, which include using jacket sleeves and broken branches as tonfa to battle against a knife-wielding assailant.

Additionally, the use of the IRA conflict as the "terrorist" is another welcome departure from the ever-present formula—with Northern Ireland as an unlikely, but effective backdrop to the story. ♦



Big Mouth

TV SHOW REVIEW BY JORDAN MARGETTS

There's something incredibly weird and creepy and juvenile about watching an animated show exclusively about the pubescent dramas of early high schoolers. Especially when those early high schoolers seem to get turned on, and jizz themselves, and look at their genitals *all* the time. Nonetheless being an intrepid cultural journalist—I watched all ten episodes of Netflix's *Big Mouth*.

I have this theory that all (“adult”) animated TV can be split into two broad camps: those which owe their sensibility to *The Simpsons*, and those which owe theirs to *Family Guy*. This is not a perfect theory (the first problem being that *FG* itself is really a bigoted, bastardised version of *TS* anyway). But what I mean is that one sensibility wants to use the easy access to absurdity provided by the form to craft some deeper message: Homer might be a drunk, a lout, a terrible husband, but he's also a poignant picture of the American everyman. *Family Guy*, on the other hand, is gross, with cheap references and a fascination with inter-gender violence and rape jokes.

Big Mouth is most definitely in the *FG* camp. It's lewd. It's aimed at teens. It loves cock jokes, inherent weirdness, and having random creepy characters, with somewhat on-the-nose topical jokes, and random references thrown in for no reason. But the thing that struck me was how far we've come since watching the equivalent ten years ago. For all its cheapness, the show goes to serious pains to be pro-LGB (I'm curious to see how they deal with the T and beyond, perhaps next season), it also deals with female puberty, and spends roughly as much time discussing female sexuality. A far cry from laughing at Meg getting beaten up by her dad, or watching Aqua Man fail to save a rape victim.

My suspicion is that *Big Mouth* is still, really, just aimed at teenage dudes. And I don't think I'd recommend the show exactly. But, kind of *socially* speaking, I think it's great. A crass show that appeals to the comedically immature while toeing the line between maintaining an adequate level of sleaze and eschewing regressive messaging—I'm chill with that. ♦



Lotta Sea Lice

Courtney Barnett & Kurt Vile

ALBUM REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA SAMBERG

After years of admiring each other's music from opposite ends of the earth, *Lotta Sea Lice* is borne of mutual appreciation and is a delightful celebration of two kindred spirits finally finding each other.

We know Courtney Barnett for her gritty indie rock jams and we know Kurt Vile for his fuzzy, lo-fi ones (and from his former band, The War on Drugs), so putting the two together has made for absolute magic with the release of the pair's first collaborative album, *Lotta Sea Lice*.

Opening with “Over Everything”, the trendy (and truly adorable) duo introduce us to their shared sound—a gentle, hazy guitar medley that delicately balances Vile's heavier vocals with Barnett's sweeter ones. It's easy to fall into the lulling of their chilled out millennial tunes, so much so that you might miss the quiet truth of “Let It Go” where the pair share collective experiences of struggling with creativity. “Fear Is Like A Forest” is a rockier track, followed by the discordant “Outta The Woodwork,” while “Continental Breakfast” feels like a call-and-response, casual conversation between two friends (which the whole album kind of is).

“On Script” is my personal favourite, which is a grainy, percussive anthem, preceding the tender and sweet “Blue Cheese”, which features warmer vocals from the pair. *Lotta Sea Lice* ends with the pensive “Peepin' Tom” and “Untogether,” a melancholic farewell where the pair mull over lost lovers and intriguing strangers.

Lotta Sea Lice reminds me of the lovely, lazy tunes that were once doled out by Noah and the Whale in the early 2000s—essentially, the pair demonstrate a call-back to early alternative rock, the modest joys of finger-picked major chords, and the reminder that simplicity is exactly what we need sometimes. ♦



Geostorm

FILM REVIEW BY MORK FULLERTON

Geostorm has been fucked around a lot.

Shooting began in October 2014, but poor screen tests led to a swathe of reshoots with a new director, producer and screenwriter, a recast of the ex-wife and a few additional characters being written in for good measure. Then the March 25, 2016 release was cancelled and *Batman vs. Superman* was released instead. *Geostorm* was bumped from two more dates until finally being assigned October 20—three years to the day since principal filming began. So was it worth it?

Uh, yes.

The basic premise is suitably ridiculous. After a series of escalating climate-related disasters in 2019 (wow sounds familiar), the governments of the world get together and design a super satellite that can control the weather, but, because we have a movie to watch, it starts fucking up.

Luckily, the guy who designed the system is really hot and looks awfully like Gerard Butler. Unluckily, the guy who designed the system once punched a dude so he's stuck on a beach looking hot and only comes back to save the world because his brother asks him really nice. His wife left him a few years ago, because what disaster movie would be complete without an estranged wife and a hokey reunion at the end (here's looking at you, Dwayne “We will rebuild” Johnson and unnamed wife from 2015 b-b-b-BANGER *San Andreas*).

So Gerard heads back up into space to fix the problem, while back on Earth his buddies kidnap the President for reasons that aren't made entirely clear, but seem to be so that they can evade the US military and a catastrophic lightning storm all while delivering sick one-liners. It's rad.

Geostorm took three years to perfect, and they were three years well spent. Coming from the reviewer who has seen *The Day After Tomorrow* approximately twenty-one times and owns the two-disc special edition Blu-ray box set of 2012, *Geostorm* is 110 minutes of pure, unadulterated, absolutely fucking bonkers, world-ending fun. ♦



“F” Is For Friends Who Do Stuff Together, “U” Is For You And Me, “N” Is For Anywhere And Anytime At All Down Here In The Deep, Blue Sea

By Caitlin Abley, Hannah Bergin, Catriona Britton, Mark Fullerton, Samantha Gianotti & Anoushka Maharaj

We here at *Craccum* have a big, raging heart-on for friendship. We love platonic relationships and supportive mates, and pure, unadulterated camaraderie. In honour of the last issue of this sweet, sweet mag predicated on camaraderie, we offer you a run-down of the on-screen groups we'll be turning in the next few months to soothe our existential fears and fill the gaping hole in our hearts.

The TC Williams Titans

In the sweltering heat of 1971, on the back of the Civil Rights Movement, the TC Williams High School was integrated, and so was their football team. The TC Williams Titans, initially at odds with each other, divided by race and uninclined to get to know their newly-appointed teammates, were guided by Denzel Washington to unity, glory, and to the 1972 Virginia State Championship—13 and 0, the perfect season.

The burgeoning flames of friendships are fanned by Marvin Gaye singalongs, all you can eat pancakes, a choreographed dance routine, and a trip to the former battleground of Gettysburg where Denzel commands the players in his charge to learn from the

past and pony up. Gerry Bertier and Julius Campbell (both such tall bois) became the figureheads for the two sides of the team, their own transition from foes, to friends, to family, marking the journey made by each and every member of the Titans team. (The fact that Julius suggests they will eventually grow old together, and the stark absence of a wedding ring on his finger as he clasps Gerry's mother's hand at (SPOILERS) Gerry's funeral suggests that these two may have grown into more than friends, which has spawned copious amounts of tears and ideas for fanfiction from at least one known member of the *Craccum* team.)

The team's bond is shaken by the loss of Bertier before their final game, paralysed and bedridden following a car accident. Yet, the Titans remain steadfast, adapting their game to the newly found challenges, a tense match set to ultimate Creedence Clearwater Revival banger “Up Around the Bend”. The team's Fake 23 Blast With a Backside George Reverse leads them to victory, as they win themselves the game, the state championship, and the hearts of Virginians everywhere. The lesson is clear: sports are pretty boring until they are the vessel by which

a town on the verge of eruption manages to heal a racial divide.

The Boston Globe Spotlight Team

There is truly nothing more beautiful than a group of people unified by righteous anger, which acts as one of the basic tenets of the friendship between the members of the Spotlight team of the Boston Globe Newspaper in the early-2000s. Walter “Robby” Robinson, Mike Rezendes, Sacha Pfeiffer and Matt Carroll, under the tutelage of newly-appointed Boston Globe editor Marty Baron, begin to slowly unpick the loose threads of a huge scandal within the Catholic Church: the sexual abuse and consistent silencing of victims by priests and the Church's most powerful players.

The journalistic nous of the Spotty team is unparalleled, as they dig deep and hit hard in order to shake the Catholic Church to its core. They support one another's leads, they know where each of their strengths lie, and they aren't afraid to speak truth to power (nor is Mitchell Garabedian, played by Stanley Tucci who is decidedly more frantic and less bald than he was in his arousing turn in *Easy A*). The Spot-

light family work tirelessly to speak for those who have been suffocated by threats or calls to silence, and shatter the Church's well-maintained facade. These guys are our heroes. But the best part is: we think they're probably each other's heroes, too.

Woodward and Bernstein

In the early hours of June 18, 1972, Bob Woodward was assigned to a minor court hearing regarding a break-in at the hotel. That hotel was the Watergate, the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee, and when Carl Bernstein was told to help Woodward out, the glorious partnership was born—one which would complete what has been called the single greatest reporting effort of all time. Two men and a paper trail that led to the first (and so far only) resignation of a United States President.

While they didn't initially gel—Bernstein was a prickly character who was initially sent to the courthouse as punishment for being a dick to other staff members, while Woodward was an eager young bunny keen for anything and everything—they spent the following months teasing out the story which would win them the Pulitzer Prize for Public Service in 1973. Together they uncovered information suggesting that knowledge of the break-in, and attempts to cover it up, led deeply into the upper reaches of the Justice Department, FBI, CIA, and the White House. The pair were immortalised by Robert Redford (Woodward) and Dustin Hoffman (Bernstein) in *All The President's Men*, a film second only to *Spotlight* in the investigative journalism stakes, and cutely connected in that the editor for the Spotlight team is Ben Bradlee Jr—the son of *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee, who supervised Woody and B-stein.

Their post-Watergate careers haven't quite reached those heights, although have been no less auspicious. Bernstein has worked his way around the various US news networks as both reporter and commentator, while Woodward ended up spending a whole lot of time with George W Bush and defending the war in Iraq. "I think I dropped the ball here," when it was proven that Iraq didn't have any WMDs, which isn't exactly what you want from one half of the single greatest reporting effort of all time. Woodward and Bernstein each had their strengths and their weaknesses, and complemented each other perfectly. Teamwork makes the dream work.

The 1988 Winter Olympics Jamaican

Bobsled Team

When Junior tripped and fell during an Olympic trial for the 100m sprint, the stars aligned and the fates grinned mischievously. Derice and Yul Brenner went down with Junior in a tangle of limbs, dashing their mutual dreams of becoming Olympic champions. Junior was an apologetic mess, Yul was bitter as heck, but Derice was more determined than ever to get on top of that Olympic podium. Inspired by a photo of his father with an old friend, Irving, who had attempted to recruit members of a bobsled team years ago, Derice persuaded his friend Sanka, a local

champion pushcart racer, to help him find Irv and convince him he had half his sought-after bobsled team ready and waiting to blitz the field. After much persistence, Junior and Yul were recruited and the Jamaican bobsled team was born.

This ragtag bunch of misfits came from all walks of life, much like the *Cracc* fam, but was united in one common goal—to qualify and represent Jamaica in bobsled for the first time. They faced doubters and naysayers. Whilst raising funds for their trip, locals laughed in their faces. In Canada, the East German team told them to go home and leave the sledding for the real men. After Yul's stellar pep talk to Junior ("I see pride! I see power! I see a badass mother who don't take no crap off of nobody!"), the lads were fired up and promptly engaged in a massive bar fight with the slimey slug East Germans—Sanka pulled himself away from line dancing to "yippee ki-yay" launch himself into the middle of the brawl. Fuck, he's cool.

Despite their initial differences and all the shit they put up with, they became a unit—supporting each other and sticking to their guns. They may have lost their identity at one point, with Derice copying the Swiss team's pre-sled ritual—smacking each other on the head and counting down in German—and faced obstacles in the form of Junior's dad threatening to bring him home and facing disqualification from the Olympic Committee, but they pulled through. Even though they didn't win or place, with all the "feel the rhythms, feel the rhyme" and kissing of lucky eggs, the lads came out the other end winning the hearts of spectators and their country. The fates did good. They became best friends. And lived happily ever after.

Dracula's Lament

It was the evening of Valentine's Day and young lovers flooded the streets, but Dracula did his best to calm his beating heart. Of course, that wasn't difficult, because he didn't have one.

Though he had become accustomed to loneliness in over one thousand years, it was the companionship that he missed. Everywhere he went he was surrounded by what people called 'PC nonsense'—which he took to mean perpetual cognisance—and the evil that filled the earth these days was trite. Apathetic. He missed the days when villainy was driven by a passionate bloodlust. What happened to that kind of passion?

His deep reverie was interrupted by the intrusive sound of high-pitched laughter. Women's laughter. Dracula clutched his head in agony. *What in fresh hell is this sound?*

He'd been sober two years at this stage. Not even a drop of stolen blood from the hospital had touched his pale, ice-cold lips. But these women, these environmental *gluttons*, were tempting his sensibilities. Dracula decided to track these women, as he was wont to do. Though he could not slaughter, he still found the rituals comforting.

The four, loud women entered a building that

was filled with music and raucous laughter. The sign on the door said, *karaoke*. But who was Oki, and why were they carrying him?

No one batted an eye when Dracula slipped into the room. The women were gathered around a small table, flicking through a large manuscript of some kind, before they all shrieked—with glee, something he recently learned was a possibility—and went to stand on a small, dirty stage. What happened to old-fashioned shrieking? The kind that indicated you were fleeing something dreadful and monstrous?

The next song started up. It was slow and led by pianos—Dracula's kind of tune.

"Excuse me, servant—what is this melody?"

"It's by Christina Perri. You know, from that vampire film."

Vampire. *Film?*

But before Dracula had time to process the thought that someone had made a film about him, he was struck by this music, this sweet, devastating music—and it was worse than being pierced in the heart by that bastard Van Helsing.

"I have died everyday, waiting for you

Darling, don't be afraid,

I have loved you for a thousand years,

I'll love you for a thousand more."

As though by witchcraft, he saw her face, clear as night. She was standing before him. Elisabeta. And they were together again.

The Hundred Acre Wood Family

The Hundred Acre Wood—home of heffalumps, hunny and the greatest ragtag bunch of mates. In *The Tigger Movie*, Tigger, the bounciest, happiest, most Tiggerish of them all, just wants a friend to bounce with. But nobody is quite as bouncy as him, and none of them can do the Whoop-de-Dooper-Loop-de-Looper-Alley-Ooper Bounce (the sign of a true Tigger). In a slump, Tigger goes off in search of his true family. But where will one sad orange-and-black striped boi find his family? His Hundred Acre pals are so gloomy when he's gone and realise how much they need their boisterous bouncing friend. After a long, adventurous, avalanche-inducing journey, and one perfectly executed Whoop-de-Dooper-Loop-de-Looper-Alley-Ooper Bounce by Roo, Tigger realises the only family he needs is his Hundred Acre family.

A ragtag bunch of misfits wandered through the desolate terrain of Auckland Uni. Heffalumps and Woozels lurked in the shadows. Bees nests filled with angry bees waited them at every corner. Through the woods, the search for a family led them all to the cosy, comfy, hunny-filled haven of the *Craccum* offices. Many hours of laughter, bouncing and friendship followed, but three years later it was time to say goodbye to the Hundred Acre Wood. They knew they would always have a family, made up of friends of all shapes and stripes. Together they had produced the (runner-up) best Whoop-de-Dooper-Loop-de-Looper-Alley-Ooper Bounce of them all. •

By Popular Demand

With
Michael Clark

A Conclusion

Each week Michael, long-time writer and all-round teddy bear, tries to persuade you to take pop culture seriously.

A lot of things have been said in the past twenty essays. Some of it I have been proud of. Some of it I wished I had more time to work on. Some of it wrote itself. And some of it was so lacking in substance I gave up halfway through and started again from scratch. There have been essays that I have written in under three hours. And there have been essays that I have spent nights on going up against the deadline, messaging my editor (who is the true teddy bear here), and telling her that it is going to be late again.

Some of the things haven't been written by me. Some of the things have been written by people a lot smarter than me. The scholars, academics, and essayists that have rooted my argument have been integral in this process. These are essays based on critical theory, so quotes from great scholars and observant essayists are a must.

I also have to thank the people around me for helping me come up with topic ideas—some directly, some just as discussion points in groups or at parties. Thanks to my friend Kimberley Francisca for helping me write the *Hamilton* three-part juggernaut, especially your theory regarding the dark reprise in the musical. Thanks to the Red Leap Theatre crew for the talk during the trip to Whangarei that inspired the two essays on emojis. And to Harrison Palmer for explaining the history and lore of Tolkien's Middle Earth to me. And to the many friends that helped me write the one on suicide, which took all night and a more than a few tears, but ended up being one of my favourites.

I also have to acknowledge the places where I got my own ideals and perceptions from. My friends, family, and community have been major factors in establishing my ideology, but I come from a traditionally Protestant background, raised in a conservative town within a church communi-

ty. My immediate family is the most ideologically diverse family you'll come across in terms of religion or spiritual beliefs, politics, social issues, and economic interests. So how did this happen?

Most of the time, the ideals we keep come from the stories we tell and this no different in contemporary Western world with the stories told on a mass scale. Popular cultures are our stories. And I think that's why we are all different, at different stages of our lives, we have taken on different interests and consumed different things so we have grown up with different perceptions of the world.

I think it would be helpful if I finished up with the three things that have influenced my thinking of the world, and subsequently, the way I have written these essays and the ideas I instil this column with. It'll be nice to end on a personal note, but also a good apology if I was ever biased. So thank you for reading my column, and thank you for your extraordinary feedback—it was a freakin' ride, man!

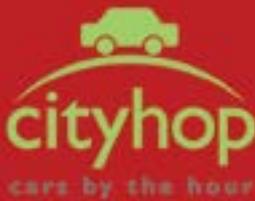
First up is *The Magic School Bus*, which I watched religiously to the point where I memorised the names of all the kids in Ms Frizzle's class. I used to draw little comic books with facts I learnt from the show. I didn't go into any sort of science, but the show helped me think rationally and logically. Everything has to have an explanation and things that couldn't be explained were suspicious. *The Magic School Bus* tended a generation of little nihilists.

The little nihilist thing is why I enjoyed *Futurama* so much. This one I watched with my brothers when we were growing up. We use to sneak up into our parents room and watch the latest episode of *The Simpsons* and *Futurama* from in my parents' bed using this tiny LED television. *Futurama* had this existential humour that is now the cor-

nerstone of *Rick and Morty*. There were limitless worlds to explore, but the characters seemed impassive that they end up having the same mundane problems that we face, and the Professor couldn't care less about the ethical or moral ramifications of his inventions. The show was always one to state that everything doesn't matter, which makes moments of intimacy all the more heart-warming. I think *Futurama* is one show that taught me that the world is meaningless and it's up to you to make it worth something.

The third and final piece of popular culture that made me who I am is probably *Doctor Who*. *Doctor Who* is an old show, but it is always changing and adapting, and at the end of this year, it's going to make one of the most drastic changes in its life and I can't wait to see it. *Doctor Who* is going to be something else, but that's okay because the show and the main character have always been changing and this is what I love about the franchise; it always seems to keep with the times by changing with it. It taught me that I was going to be many different people in my life; I was going to have changing opinions, personalities, and identities, and you know what, that's okay. It helped me accept it before I had any sort of existential crisis. *Doctor Who* helped me understand the importance of willing to change.

This is popular culture's effect on me. This is how it affects all of us. And that's okay. They may be handed down by the gods, but that doesn't mean we can't choose what we take and what we don't want to. They may be made by a thousand people in a studio somewhere, but once it hits us, it's ours to do with as we please. It's a collaboration between them and us. What a wonderful union. There is no art like the art of popular culture. •



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Amateur Hour



With
Jordan Margetts

#metoo

Each week Jordan, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries to impart political wisdom but mainly just cries in the shower.

I was in Wellington over the weekend. The weather, all things considered, was okay. Limited rain. Only minimal wind bruising and hat losing and hair musing. I had traversed the length of the island by car. I went to a BYO. It was nasty, and overpriced, and for some reason turned into a karaoke bar at about nine. Suddenly Wellington singles were awkwardly caterwauling near each other. All pretending to be totally carefree and relaxed and, like, fine with making a mockery of themselves. And all of them, of course, were nervously looking around and being ashamed and hoping the relaxed thing would make them seem cool and self-deprecating rather than nervous and trying really hard. Or maybe that was just me, standing in the corner, wishing I was more sociable.

Eventually the chaps running the BYO/karaoke bar tired of us, started bringing out the portable epos machines and passive-aggressively fetching our wallets and phones and actually bringing them outside to us (smoking) in a not-so-subtle attempt to usher the slightly awkward but mostly intoxicated and significantly annoying 40+ person ensemble out of their restaurant and into the streets of Wellington. And into the streets of Wellington we went. There's a sort of town-goer in Auckland who never ever gets sick of Family bar, no matter how many times you repeat the exact experience, Family it is. We had a few of these along with us; distraught realising we'd never make it to K-Road before the clubs shut, they rushed with a sense of grim determinism to the only gay bar in Wellington, Ivy. So. Of course. That's where we had to go.

The smokers' area (where I spent most of my time, given socially awkward + bodily horrific) was a cage in the parking garage next door. Eventually I had enough tequila to make it inside and dance.¹ It actually turned out okay, I went for a revitalising marlboro red every four or so minutes. On my last trip to the smokers' cage I felt something very strange going on in my groin. Not totally unused to very strange goings on in the groin,

¹ By dance I mean sort of bop awkwardly next to my friends and try not to seriously humiliate myself.

I initially ignored it, assuming it would just go away. It didn't. Upon closer examination a flabby and hirsute hand was grabbing me pretty strongly on the penis. I noted that the flabby and hirsute hand was owned by a flabby and hirsute gentleman (you know how they say dog-owners often look like their pets, I think the same goes for hand owners).² Our eyes met for a moment, he grinned fatly, I looked shocked. And then ran outside to the smokers area so I could repeat an increasingly exaggerated rendition of the story to get some cheap laughs and social acceptance.

So a friend just posted one of these post-Weinstein "#metoo" statuses and it sort of tried to qualify itself in such a way as to, like, support the #metoo movement or whatever you want to call it, while also showing a degree of, like, cynicism about the whole social media-isation and general maybe-corniness or something of the whole exercise. And the post was about as nuanced and self-effacing and trying to be genuine in a non naïve sort of way as it could possibly be. But that didn't prevent raised eyebrows from a whole lot of my friends about the whole exercise. It seemed that the criticism was basically along these lines: that taking serious issues³ and combining them with the now ubiquitous phenomenon of social media makes them cheap and tacky and literally *trendy* in a way that ultimately diminishes and degrades the actual legitimacy of the subject matter. And I think a big part of me agrees with this, right. It does seem cheap. And I object to the way that these big (often sexist run) social media conglomerates get to increase their own part in our lives on the back of real suffering. And I agree that almost no good thinking or conversation seems to come out of these posts.⁴

² In which case my Editor, Caitlin, is like black and really hairy and occasionally humps people on the leg... checks out.

³ E.g. the endless sexual harassment that basically all women (and now me) have to go through on like a weekly basis (okay maybe not me).

⁴ I'm ignoring the reactionary response that goes "also some will just say "me too" for the sake of being "cool" cause, like, fuck those people, and they'd say that about any form of this sort of discussion anyway.

But, it struck me that the cheapness this time actually works out. I think, hear me out, that the central problem with a lot of abuse scenarios is the inevitable hush-hush dynamics which basically come down to a sort of concern about reception. Either a fear of not being believed. Or of seeming over-sensitive. Or in certain circumstances of some kind of reprisal (Weinstein etc.). And I suspect a big part of this is basically pariah fear; it just fundamentally is really uncool to get ya business touched. You feel yuck talking about it and kinda feel skeezy when you do. Which is where I think #metoo is a good thing: it's sort of cool now. Or at least, literally *trendy*. You get to say "yeah, I regularly get molested in clubs" without feeling weird or different or (here's the important bit) like you're being really self serious and dark about it. Because it's fucking social media and nothing there really seems serious.⁵ This sort of seems quite important, right: to totally normalise⁶ the *experience* of so many women on the one hand, while repeatedly and loudly ramming home to offenders/potential offenders, whatever, the ubiquity of of harassment that everyone faces. The Facebook/Twitterisation of this crisis has managed to highlight the farcical extent of sexual harassment in daily life through the very banality of the medium.

Or as a friend who refuses to post a #metoo status said casually: "#metoo at least every year since I was 12".

Last *Craccum* of the year. Heaps of people get sexually harassed. Good luck for exams. ♦

⁵ I'm sure I could get told off for saying that. And you do occasionally see deep and really genuine posts about various hardships on Facebook or Twitter. But, frankly, most of these read as weird or silly (to me). And the responses are generally auto-generated circle-jerk "wow, so brave"-type comments. I guess better put: I think social media is so frivolous and superficial a form of communication that seriousness doesn't have much of a place there.

⁶ "Normalise" is a weird word in this context, this is what I mean: it seems sort of cheap to post about sexual assault alongside pictures of your cat, or lunch, or favourite YouTube video. But the reality is it happens to so many (women) with such frequency that it almost is part of the routines of existence like part of your experiential ontology or something, and so placing it alongside all the banal shit on Fb or Tw is actually kind of profound.

Quarter-Life
Crisis



With
Caitlin Abley

Closing Time

Each week Caitlin, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tackles an item from her list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties and tries to pass it off as journalism.

If you've made it this far into the final issue of *Craccum*, you've probably noticed that we're a tad emotional. The editorial team made our way down to the Aotearoa Student Press Awards over the weekend, and we spent 98% of our time looking wistfully at one another and saying, "It sure has been a wild ride, hasn't it?" We insisted on forming a Mighty Ducks huddle once the awards had ended, heads bowed as we went around in a circle, each saying why *Craccum* has meant so much to us. At the end of the night we held hands and cried to "She Will Be Loved" in the eerily empty Massey student bar; the other student journalists long gone, scared off by our bizarre desire to form a conga line to John Denver. The morning after our gratuitous displays of saccharine nostalgia, Sam decided we should make a trip to The Warehouse. This seemed like a good idea. Anoushka had stolen her t-shirt from a svelte three-year-old, and desperately needed to buy something that would cover more than her pecs. I had just eaten cheese and jalapeno waffles with pulled pork, a poached egg, hollandaise and pickled onions, so needed to unleash a geostorm on the facilities. And Sammo needed to buy a jar, in doing so inspiring my last challenge:

Write your favourite memories down on individual pieces of paper, and put them in a jar. Take a memory out when you need cheering up.

Joining *Craccum* was, without any doubt, the best decision I have made throughout my time at university. I haven't had the easiest of times over the last three years, but the one constant I have had throughout it all has been this scrappy, shitty, kind of great magazine, and its ragtag bunch of contributors. I decided to devote an entire jar

to the dear old 'cum rag, and reproduce the highlights here.

As a seasoned journalist-about-town, I would never stoop so low as to write my column in the form of a listicle (except, of course, in issues nine, ten, thirteen and fifteen). Instead, I'll be utilising the form of true literary greats: the acrostic.

C is for *country road, take me home*, the legendary lyrics of the inimitable John Denver, best enjoyed in a conga line, sweat coursing from your palms into your friend's waist as you scream along in a Scottish accent. *C* is also for *chunky kit kats*, which have made up 34% of my diet for the last two years. Funnily enough, also best enjoyed in a conga line, sweat coursing from your palms into your friend's waist as you attempt to scream in a Scottish accent with slabs of pure chunky glory constricting your windpipe.

R is for *riblet burger*, the unsung hero of the Shadows bar menu—the entirety of which I sampled in just two days. *R* is also for *ramming* one another in office jousts before we cruelly had our office taken away from us #justiceforcraccum. *R* is for *razzing* unsuspecting Facebook commenters who dare to slight UoA's premier weekly student magazine.

A is for *Aotearoa Student Press Awards*, of which we won none when I was co-editor, lol, and to which we may not be invited back after three solid years of being the most obnoxious team in the room. *A* is for *Auckland University Students' Association*, with which we have had a tumultuous relationship—90% lust and 10% pure unadulterated rage. Did you know that President Will Matthews once fed someone by throwing up into their mouth like a bird?

C is for *cunt*, and all the times I have given my mother a *conniption* by writing it in print. On an entirely unrelated note, *C* is also for *chancellor (vice)* and all the opportunities we've had to give ours a metaphorical wet willy because no one reads this magazine and there are no consequences and does any of it matter, *really?* *C* is for *cigarettes*, in which I have never partaken, but might as well have been on a pack a day in 2015 for all the second-hand smoke I inhaled back when *Craccum* was #edgy.

C is for *chocolate mousse pie*, which I ate on our latest team excursion and promptly spewed up like a toddler at a birthday party. *C* is for the *cretin* I have become since starting *Craccum*. *C* is for *complaints tribunal*, to which Mark and I have been taken once—who would have thought the headline "ProLifers are Evil Fuck ProLife: A Measured Opinion" would offend anyone? *C* is for the *cucks* who refused to let us rebrand the Media Complaints Tribunal as Happiness Steaming Pot Media BBQ Tribunal.

U is for *umbrella*, which I nicked from AUSA lost property in January 2015 and never returned. It's purple with a Mickey Mouse motif; if you'd like to reclaim it, email craccumsucks2@gmail.com. *U* is also for *umbilical cord*, which is about to be cut, connecting me, a baby, constantly crying and on the brink of shitting myself, to the warm and welcoming womb of *Craccum*.

M is for *mmmmmmnnwaaaaaab i'm not crying you're crying*, which is what I wail as I contemplate closing this chapter of my life. *M* is for *mates (best)*—the lifelong friends I have made over the last three years, whom I love and cherish.

It sure has been a wild ride, hasn't it? ♦

How to Talk About Sport



With
Mark Fullerton

What Next?

This week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to hold back tears as he pens his final missive for the humble rag he has called home for the last three years.

What next exactly? *Craccum* is finished, and so am I. Seventy-nine thousand, five hundred and sixty-four words later, nine hundred and sixty-two days since a blazing debut in March 2015 has led me here, a washed-up stat-obsessed ex-editor sports columnist on the home stretch. That's a racing term. Why didn't I cover racing more? Where has the time gone? It seems like only last week I was optimistically crowing that the Warriors were sure-fire winners, but really it was eight months and half a country away. I'm done. Where to from here?

It is said that a professional sports player will die twice, the first time at retirement. For people who have spent the best part of their young lives operating at the top of the game, as it is with student magazine writers who have spent the last three years not winning any Student Press Awards¹, the come-down can be hard and brutal. Ian Thorpe, Andrew Flintoff, Sugar Ray Leonard and Kelly Holmes have all spoken out about their struggles with depression once their sporting careers were over. NFL players have similar problems, compounded by horrific head injuries that no one really wants to take responsibility for.

The most recent case would be Wallabies lock Dan Vickerman. Vickerman played for the Brumbies and Waratahs between 2001 and 2011, was part of the Australian team which won the 2011 Tri-Nations and represented Australia at the 2011 World Cup in New Zealand. All in all, he pulled on the gold jersey 63 times before a persistent injury problem with stress fractures in his right leg forced his retirement from the game in 2012 at only 32. After his retirement he worked for the Rugby Union Players' Association, an organisation formed to a) protect the rights of professional players, and b) offer support to players once their careers are over. In February 2016, however, depression won out, and Dan Vickerman took his own life.

Also in 2016, former Scotland player Rory

¹ We were discussing the Student Press Awards the other day, Caitlin and I. "We always have excuses for not winning, don't we," she said, and I agreed. In 2015, we didn't know what to expect. In 2016, we had shit judges. In 2017, we knew what to expect and had quality judges, and still didn't win, which finally led us to the conclusion that maybe we're just Not That Good. *Editors' note: we love you both and that's all that matters.

Lamont shared the troubles he'd been through. "You're thinking: 'I don't want to live like this. I'd rather die. Maybe if I'm lucky I'll get struck by lightning or step in front of a bus.' Coming out of rugby, my world pretty much collapsed." Physical toughness is praised on the field—the ability to play through a broken nose, or a broken arm, or even a ripped scrotum—but the mind immediately jumps to Australian league player Brent Tate in the 2010 Four Nations Final, filmed in the changing rooms following news of a potentially career-ending injury, crying uncontrollably.²

Depression isn't the rule, though. David Kirk went to Oxford after winning the 1987 RWC, becoming a successful businessman. Taine Randell runs a food company with a particularly successful line of yoghurt tubes. Anton Oliver, little stocky hooker Anton Oliver, did a Masters in Biodiversity at Oxford and an MBA at Cambridge before going on tour with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra narrating Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf", which is the coolest fucking thing I've ever heard.

Women's sport doesn't have quite the same issue, mainly due to the shitty discrepancies regarding professionalism between men's and women's sporting leagues, meaning that a lot of sportswomen are required to have other jobs to make ends meet and have some semblance of a career once their body gives out. So while they fly economy (à la the White Ferns cricket team) and don't get parades thrown for them (à la the World Champion Black Ferns)³, they're much better prepared for a life after sport—and after being shat on for so long by the better paid men's leagues, who would begrudge them that?

Two weeks before Vickerman took his life, referee Nigel Owens revealed that he too had at-

tempted suicide due to his inability to see a future in rugby as a gay man. While the two cases are obviously distinct, they are connected by an underlying silence in the sporting world that can hide some very dark truths.

Fuck me, that was heavy. Remember when last week I said I wanted to end the year on a lighter note? I meant to, but, like, that topic I've been sitting on this one for a while, and while I have unfettered access to an institution full of impressionable young minds, I may as well unload.

I've done two prediction columns this year and both were 100% incorrect, so maybe I'll just say what I want to happen next year. I want the All Blacks to lose, and for Southern Hemisphere rugby to become more competitive. I want the Blues and the Warriors to make their playoffs. I want the Silver Ferns to win the Constellation Cup. I want a New Zealand representative handball team—hey, a boy can dream.

I never did get to make an acceptance speech (despite once describing, in print, the Best Sports Writer Award as "very winnable", how embarrassing), but if I did, I would have thanked Sam and Cat for having me around to play for one more year, the Lover who read every column I wrote before I sent it off, despite her not knowing the first thing about sport, and Caitlin, who got me writing for the *Craccum* in 2015, who was with me on our wild 2016 editing spree, and convinced me, atop a windy hill in January, that writing a sports column would be a worthwhile spend of both our time.

What next exactly? Writing for *Craccum* is unlike anything else you'll ever do, and now the end is here and turkey-slapping me in the face. Maybe one day I'll go on to study at Cambridge⁴ and narrate orchestral storybooks.⁵ We'll see.

Thanks for reading, just this week or all this year. Life is a game, but not everything has to be a sport. Go have fun. Look after your teammates. Be confident under the high ball. Keep sport puns to a minimum.

Caitlin is calling me. *Deadline is approaching*, she says. *You have to send it off.*

I don't want to go, I reply. I'm not done yet. ♦

⁴ Unlikely.

⁵ Good GOD I hope I get to do that.

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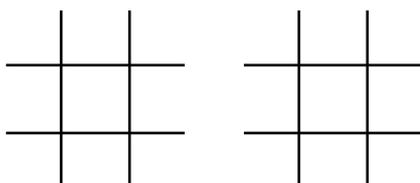


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KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

1. "The Last One" was the final episode of which iconic sitcom, which finished in 2004?
2. *Harry Potter and The Deathly Hallows* did it first, then *Twilight: Breaking Dawn* followed suit, then so did *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay*—what do these filmic finales have in common?
3. "The Final Countdown" was a hit song for which continentally-named band?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. By the end of a game of rugby, assuming all substitutions are made, how many players still on the field were on the field at the start of the game?
5. In the film *This Is The End*, what was notable about the main characters, unusual for a Hollywood film?
6. "I don't want to go" were the final words uttered by the Tenth Doctor—who was the actor?
7. In which 1979 film, set during the Vietnam War, does the music of The Doors feature prominently?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. What was the final album released by the Beatles?
9. In which two countries would you find Ruta del Fin del Mundo—the Road to the End of the World?
10. The signpost at Bluff gets all the glory, despite Bluff not being the southern-most point of New Zealand and the signpost not even being the southern-most point of Bluff. Where does mainland New Zealand really end?

*Thanks for playing, friends.
--question mark*

HERALD'S HEROES

Every week we'll trawl the comments section of the NZ Herald Facebook page to find the hilarious, the repulsive, and the outright absurd.



Je suis Amy. We are all Amy.

...and that's it for Herald's Heroes. For those of you still keen to get your recurring fix of awful New Zealanders saying awful things, go on FB and give 'Real Kiwi Comments On Real Herald Articles' a like. A worthwhile cause.

ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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Answers: 1. *Friends*. 2. They were all split into two parts. 3. Europe. 4. Eight from each team, 16 in total. 5. The actors are playing themselves. 6. David Tennant. 7. *Apocalypse Now*. 8. *Let It Be*. 9. Chile and Argentina. 10. Slope Point. Final fun fact: the distances don't know—the Ministry of Signposts?"

the people to blame.

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