

CRACCUM

magazine 01



from metro to meth-head

INTREPID REPORTER SHMULY LEOPOLD EXPLORES AUCKLAND, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO. PAGE 19.

heading in the right direction

IS IT TIME TO TAKE ZAYN MALIK SERIOUSLY? WEN-JUENN LEE INVESTIGATES. PAGE 28.

arts editor gets fierce

SAMANTHA GIANOTTI WRITES AN EDITORIAL. WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WILL LEAVE YOU SPEECHLESS. PAGE 25.



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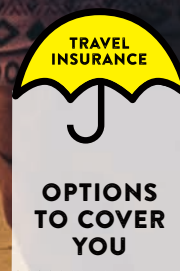
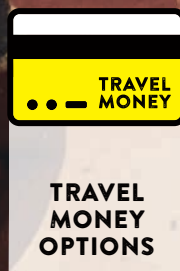
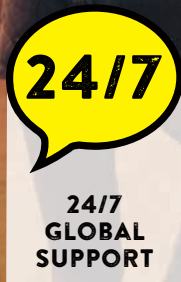
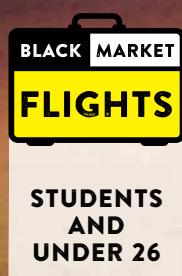
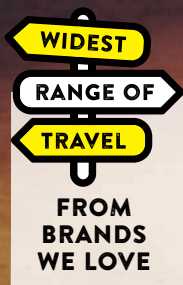
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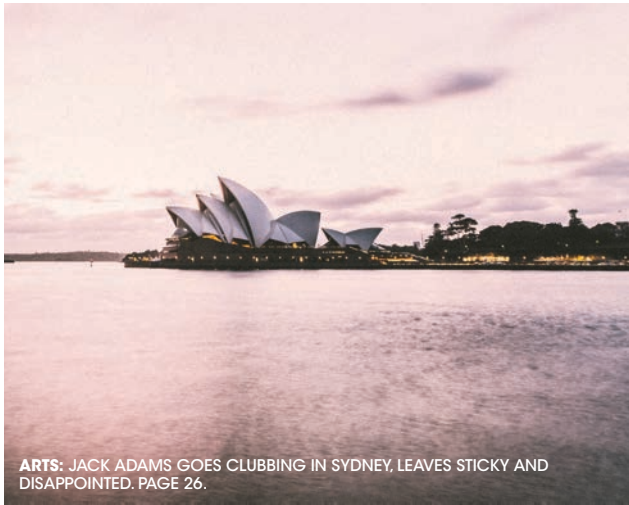
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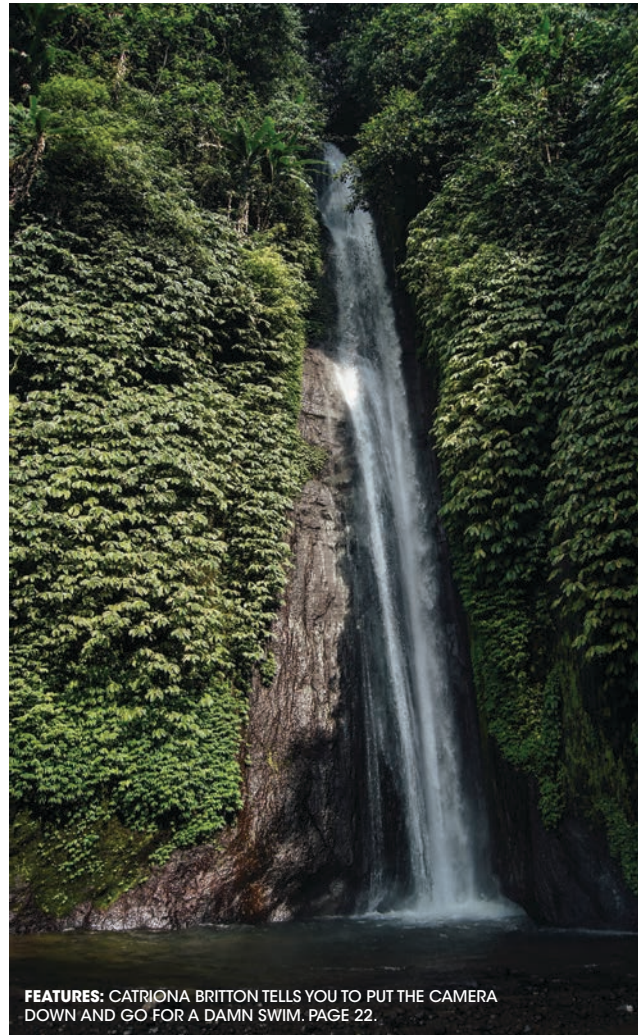
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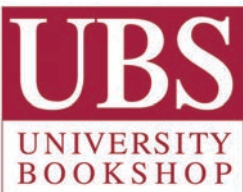
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WHAT DO WE WEAR TO FEEL INVINCIBLE?



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release the craccen

CAITLIN AND MARK - EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

Other student mags in the country have names like *Critic*, *Salient*, *Nexus*, *Debate*. Strong. Vague. Intellectual. We get *Craccum* — not only is it a charming combination of “crack” and “cum”, it is a scrambled acronym of Auckland University College Men’s Common Room Committee. Crack, cum, and outdated exclusionary sexism. We’re off to a ripper of a start.

What *Craccum* lacks in name, reputation and readership, we make up for in other ways. The thing that appears to attract new writers the most is that they can say fuck as many times as they care to in an article. First-years, freshly freed from the confines of itchy school uniforms and repressed sexuality, take absolute delight in dropping shitfuckwank bombs with no consequences. Other than this, writing for the student magazine is genuinely very fun, and may just save your entire university experience.

The majority of students at this university have done the sensible thing and stayed at home to attend university in Auckland. We’ve all been there — sitting at home on a Saturday night, eating our parents’ food at our parents’ house, receiving fucking endless snapchats from our two friends that went to Dunedin on yet another bar crawl, comforting ourselves with the knowledge that we’ll come out of uni with a mere \$50,000 in debt, as opposed to \$100,000.

After the O-Week excitement has died away — if it were ever there in the first place — it’s

very easy to become totally apathetic about our university. We arrive here so hopeful, our expectations of university life shaped by dozens of B-Grade college movies (think *American Pie*, *Pitch Perfect*, *Legally Blonde*, *22 Jump Street*). These hopes are quickly shattered — the quad is ugly, the food is expensive, the university slits the throat of anyone who tries to drink on campus, half the professors don’t give a shit and just read out powerpoints and call it a lecture, and everyone hangs out with their high school friends. We slip into a dead-eyed cycle of lectures, assignments, exams, break, repeat. Before we know it, four years have passed by in a haze of coffee and disinterest, and we leave uni with an unbelievably expensive piece of paper and not much else.

Before you write us off as miserable, grumpy old pricks (fair call), there is a happy ending to this editorial. *All hope is not lost*. There are pockets of culture and engagement and fun spread out across our ridiculously large campus, you just have to work a little harder to find them. If you like shouting and having arguments on Facebook, the Debating Society is one of the few truly thriving clubs left on campus. If you like drinking, wearing a suit at inappropriate times, and fancy yourself a socialite, try getting into Law school and joining the Law Students’ Society. As much as we tease them — we secretly do it because they only pick up *Craccum* when we’ve written about them — there’s no denying that they run some of the most successful events at uni. The Tramping Club are constantly organising hikes and trips away, and the Engineering Society does an excellent job of giving dweebs an active social life (just joking, we’re just bitter because

you guys are the only ones who come out of this tertiary wasteland with a guaranteed job).

And, of course, there’s *Craccum*. Some affectionately call us a ragtag bunch of misfits. Most others say, “What’s *Craccum*?” For the latter, we’re free, we’re weekly, and we actually give a shit about fostering what little student culture UoA has left. We’re pretty realistic — the only way our free student mag can continue is if we carve out a niche for ourselves that hasn’t already been filled by BuzzFeed, Huffington Post or — god forbid — Stuff.co.nz. We want to publish news that directly affects students, things that may not make it into the national newspapers. The “What’s On” column in our lifestyle section will keep you updated with local events and activities — gigs, free festivals, weekly food deals, stuff you can actually afford. In our features section you’ll read articles that you won’t find anywhere else. This week, Shmuly Leopold took one for the team and went on a hunt for culture in Auckland. Though we officially don’t endorse his eventual meth use, we appreciate his dedication to the cause. In our Arts section we’ll be reviewing newshit and commenting on bull-shit in popular culture, and our gaggle of columnists will do their best to rip off *The New Yorker* and give you something to ponder while you’re zoning out of yet another introductory lecture.

Pick up a copy of *Craccum*, get into an argument over one of our articles, write a letter to the editor — or even better, write your own article and have it published. Come hang out in our new office, it’s kind of old and gross but we have a mini-fridge. Whatever you do, just give a shit. ■

JOIN THE CREW

NICKSON, NATE + LILY 6AM-10AM

MAI MORNING CREW





LACTOSE INTOLERANT WHERE ARE THE BREASTFEEDING FACILITIES AT THE SATELLITE CAMPUSES?

Only one of the five university campuses have adequate breastfeeding services, according to AUSA. As a result, student parents are finding it hard, if not impossible, to manage raising children and university study.

The most egregious issues are at the Epsom campus, where the breastfeeding centre is listed on the University of Auckland website as being in the K block — which it was, until K block burnt down in 2013. AUSA says that no alternative breastfeeding sites have been brought to their attention since then for Epsom students. Similarly, the recently constructed Newmarket campus has no dedicated facilities, despite the fact that building work has only recently finished on the site.

Other satellite campuses do not fare much better. The Grafton facility is kept locked, requiring parents to go and fetch a key from reception. Again, AUSA reports that it has petitioned the University to grant parents their own flexible access to those facilities. Tamaki also has an existing but inaccessible breastfeeding room — the doors to the room are not opened by security staff, as the University expects the centre to be locked and unlocked each day by AUSA's Tamaki representative. However, the representative only works at the site ten hours a week, meaning that they're often completely unable to open the site when needed.

The only site with usable breastfeeding spaces is the city campus, with parents having access both to a dedicated room in the Engineering building, as well as having access to ParentSpace if needed.

According to AUSA Welfare Advocacy Officer Penelope Jones, poor access to breastfeeding spaces is forcing students to breastfeed their children in unsanitary or undignified places, including “rooms with glass walls or windows, rooms with no access to a refrigerator, or even worse, the toilet.” Jones says the lack of dedicated spaces is particularly hard on those who find those spaces unacceptable for cultural reasons, but that the lack of facilities affects all parents.

Setting up a breastfeeding facility only requires a few things: a private space — that is, one with a lockable door and no glass walls — a fridge, a basin, a comfortable chair, and a power point. The University is not obligated to provide breastfeeding spaces for students — although they are obligated to provide them for employees, if needed, under the Employment Act. ■

STUDENT UNION UNION GETS NEW PRESIDENT WELCOME TO THE NEW NZUSA HEAD

The New Zealand Union of Student's Associations (NZUSA) has a new president — former two term Massey University Student's Association President, Linsey Higgins. NZUSA serves as a governing body for students associations across the country, including our own AUSA.

Speaking to *Craccum*, Higgins said that her current focus is on NZUSA's “\$15 billion debt day”, planned for March 2nd of this year. The campaign is designed to bring political attention to national student debt levels passing \$15 billion dollars this February. In her words, debt is a “corrosive” force on students in this country, and it is not fair that students are the only group in our society who are forced to borrow money in order to live and study.

Higgins also listed a number of policy platforms she aims to pursue over the next year, including getting bike racks on buses, increasing student access to accommodation and raising the focus on student issues in local body elections.

Controversy dominated NZUSA's operations last year, as both Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) and Victoria University of Wellington Students' Association (VUWSA) voted to withdraw their memberships from the organisation. Both groups cited a lack of value for money compared to membership costs. Higgins says that as NZUSA's president, she will be open to critique from member organisations, but also stresses that her emphasis will be on “members providing feedback, to keep NZUSA relevant to their needs”.

Rory McCourt, last year's NZUSA president, has now moved to Melbourne to take up work with the Trade Union of Australia. ■

GET CHANGE FOR YOUR BUS FARE

AUCKLAND TRANSPORT OVERHAULS TICKETING ON BUSES AND TRAINS



Auckland Transport has unveiled a new pricing system for buses and trains across Auckland, just in time for the new Academic Year. The changes bring with them a new way of calculating fares that potentially means cheaper journeys for Aucklanders, as well as easier public transport use across the city.

Up until this point, fares were calculated by the length of individual trips – each route was divided up into a number of stages, and the number of stages travelled on each trip correlating to a particular fee. Now, the city has been divided up into travel zones, and rides are now calculated by the starting and finishing zone for each trip.

Despite the fact that the fares zones are designed to mimic existing stage boundaries, this change is significant for public transport users

for the simple reason that they will now be able to string trips together, taking multiple rides on bus and rail. Public Transport users will then only be charged for the difference in distance between where they get on their first bus or train, and where they get off the last one.

This system applies for any bus and train journey across Auckland, provided the total time for the journey is less than two hours, and that transfers between services take less than half an hour apiece. Under this system, a trip from Sylvia Park to Grafton by train (which would previously have been a two-stage train fare and then a subsequent one-stage fare), will now only cost the equivalent of a single-stage fare. Also, university students who arrive in the morning at Britomart and are tired of tramping their way up Albert Park now have an alternative – provided they have taken public transport into the city, they will now be able to

take the bus up to Symonds street for free.

It is also important to note that there are a few exceptions to this system. Those who take the ferry across the harbour from Devonport or Waiheke will miss out, as ferry rides will still be charged at a flat rate. The reforms also include the removal of the “inner city zone” – the special rate for trips in and around the CBD. Under the new system, those who take bus trips in the city – even if they’re just two hundred meters or so – will be charged for a full stage trip. In turn, that rule changes does not apply to Link buses, which will continue to have their own special pricing system (specifically, fifty cents for any trip with an AT Hop card on the Inner City Link).

The changes are part of a wider attempt to reform Auckland’s public transport system, aimed at making the system easier and more convenient to use. ■

#ONBREAK NOT PROUD

Pride events across Auckland City have been rocked by a number of protests this year, by groups who believe celebrations are increasingly being co-opted by groups that don’t meaningfully have the best interests of the Queer community at heart.

Prime Minister John Key was “glitter-bombed” – or, if you read the New Zealand Herald, “attacked with glitter” – in protest of his appearance at the Big Gay Out in Pt Chevalier. Days later, a large group of activists organised by No Pride In Prisons marched against the Pride Parade itself, bringing the event to a halt for nearly an hour.

In a statement issued by No Pride In Prisons, they accused Pride Parade of being “co-opted by exploitative corporations and institutions as an advertising opportunity and a public relations stunt.”

The group criticized the inclusion of a number of organisations participating in the parade, including the University of Auckland, for not paying a living wage to employees – a move which they say affects potentially vulnerable queer and transgender people working on the University’s payroll.

Also criticized was the appearance of Department of Corrections and Police staff, who marched in uniform. Last year, reports surfaced surrounding the sexual assault of a transgender woman who had been put into an all-male prison by corrections staff. Nick Davion, Parade Director for the The Auckland Pride Festival, says the sentiment expressed by protesters represents “a perfectly valid message and one that should be heard.” Davion says that No Pride In Prisons “give a voice to a very small minority, who would likely otherwise fall between the cracks”. However, Davion also says that using “disruption rather than co-operation” may not help their cause, recommending the group join the parade rather than “alienating people”.

These protests follow a number of similar but smaller incidents last year – a sequined “GAY-tm” set up by ANZ bank to celebrate pride was covered in pink paint by protestors, who believed that the bank has a history of instituting policies that disadvantaged both queer employees and queer people in general.



Department of Corrections and Police presence at Pride was also protested last year, which resulted in one transgender protester having her arm broken by one of the police officers managing the event. ■

ZONING OUT

COUNCILLORS FIGHT OVER AUCKLAND'S FUTURE



Auckland's Proposed Unitary Plan – the council's blueprint for future development of the city – has become the subject of a renewed pushback from a number of councillors and community groups over provisions now included at a late stage allowing for denser urban development in a number of areas around the inner city.

However, supporters of the plan say that the provisions those councillors and community groups are trying to remove from the Council's submission will restrict the ability of property developers to construct the types of housing that are desperately needed by both student renters and first home buyers across Auckland.

The controversy surrounds changes to the size and shape of the areas that will be granted planning permission. Those changes were

made last minute by the Unitary Plan committee in order to meet the Plan's targets for Auckland's growth – namely, sixty percent vertical growth and forty percent lateral growth. The changes will affect a relatively small proportion of Auckland's housing market, affecting only seven percent of Auckland's 413,000 homes.

However, that has not stopped the plan from drawing the ire of a number of groups, who fear that the plan will bring inappropriate growth and damage the character of the suburbs in question, adversely affecting property values and unnecessarily harming residents. They argue that any changes should be consulted on with affected property owners. Proponents of the reforms say that allowing for houses to be built in the central city means that housing supply in those areas can better reflect demand, while potentially easing Auckland's housing crisis, and are consistent with earlier submissions asking for broader upzoning in central areas. The changes would make it easier for students who want to

live in the central suburbs while they study, and also make it easier for first home buyers to get on the property ladder. Alex Johnston, deputy chair of the Auckland Council's youth advisory panel, says that "Removing the upzoning changes to the proposed Unitary Plan... [gives] greater weight to the voice of a few property owners, at the expense of all the Aucklanders."

Writing for Stuff, Labour MP Jacinda Ardern welcomed intensification and says that those living on limited income should not have to make a "crap" choice between a "poorly designed, poorly constructed apartment, or a house with the kind of commute that will make your eyes water." After final debates conclude this week, council will present its plan to the Independent Hearings Panel, which will collate the Council's report, along with formal submissions from the public, in order to make a series of official recommendations for the council going forward. ■

#ONBREAK LABOUR'S TERTIARY EDUCATION PLAN FREEBIES FOR THE CLASS OF 2019

Labour has made a sizeable commitment to future university students, making a promise during their State Of The Nation speech to introduce three years of free higher education for high school leavers.

The policy, called the Working Futures Plan, covers training, apprenticeships, as well as any other form of higher education approved by NZQA. It will be able to be used for both full-time or part-time study, with students being able to break up the three years of study into segments if needed.

However, the plan will only be available to those who enter higher education after 2019, specifically excluding all current and past students.

It will also not expand present restrictions on living allowances or course related costs, nor will it present any pathway for current students to wipe away their existing debt.

Despite these limitations, the reactions from student association leaders have been generally positive. NZUSA President, Linsey Higgins, says that the announcement "finally addresses what [NZUSA] have been saying about barriers to entry and debt levels on graduation. It will considerably reduce the burden on future post-school students, for all of those undertaking apprenticeships, higher education, and other approved training programmes."

AUSA President, Will "Nando's Presents" Matthews, claimed he was too busy to give a comment to *Craccum* but in a previous release wrote that "the student movement has been calling for a major party to make a commitment to free education for over 20 years. Labour's announcement today is hugely encouraging for students everywhere".

Meanwhile, the Government has reacted to the policy with no small amount of scorn – National's Minister for Tertiary Education, Steven Joyce, tweeted in response to the announcement that Labour "wants to take more than a billion dollars a year more off taxpayers to achieve absolutely nothing #desperate".

Labour's 2005 election campaign promise to make students loans interest free to anyone who remained in New Zealand was seen as a vital part of Labour's re-election in that year.

The policy is projected to cost around \$265 million during the first year, and to eventually cost \$1.2 billion a year by 2025. It will initially be funded with money that is currently set aside by the government for tax cuts.

Students currently only pay around 30% of their University fees, with the rest of the cost covered by the Government. Regardless, student debt passed \$15 billion nationally, during February of 2016. ■

lifestyle

WHAT'S ON

This week, and for the rest of year, we'll be sharing our top picks of each week's events around campus and throughout wider Auckland.

Self-proclaimed 'popular \$5 Wednesdays' at **Academy Cinema** is just that. Under the Central City Library, The Academy is very convenient and has a great range of independent and mainstream films.

In nine locations, at least one each night of the week, the **Auckland Night Markets** will never be too far – eftpos, atmosphere and cheap eats!

With over sixty **Pub Quizzes** on each week, you're bound to find a favorite regular spot with good food, rivalry and a tolerable quizmaster. Check out www.believetonot.co.nz for the full list.

It's Friday night, you're without plans and feeling depressed – hit up **Snort** for a pre-show drink and an hour of laughs with local up-and-coming comedians doing their best improv. Starts at 10pm-ish at the Basement Theatre, concession tickets \$10. ■



AGONY AUNTIES

Hello Sweetpeas, we're your Agony Aunties!

With the New Year and a new start at university we're sure there have been some changes – perhaps some things you need to get off your chest.

Got a dilemma, a social qualm, suffering from heartache?

Send your troubles our way and we will share our aunt-erly wisdom.

Please send your problem in 50 words or less to lifestyle@craccum.co.nz, anonymity guaranteed.

Yours truly,

Aunt Phryne and Aunt Wilhelmina

xxx



THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY POWDER ROOM SOCIETY TOILET REVIEW

The General Library Basement Female Toilets

These wharepaku are among some of my favorites at the University, with a practical yet aesthetically pleasing design.

Though these toilets may not be as Instagram-worthy as some of the quaint, older, pastel coloured toilets at the University, they have a warmth about them which is lacking in the cold and temporary feeling of bathrooms in newer buildings such as OGGB. The friendlier atmosphere in these toilets is helped by the contrasting jewel tones of the purple soap and shiny green walls. What's more, while you're in there you can relax in the knowledge that you have over two million books above you, along with seven floors of hideous architecture. The lack of natural light is probably the biggest downside to these toilets which could be problematic for those with claustrophobia, however they are in a basement so what did you expect?

The true beauty of these toilets lies in the fact that unlike many toilets throughout the

University, the flow of the building means that they are not really going to be on your way to anything unless you have class down there or use a wheelchair, in which case (correct me if I'm wrong) these are the only wheelchair accessible female toilets in the entire building. ■

General Library Information

Opened in: 1969

Architects: **Beatson, Rix-Trott, Carter & Co.**

Tips: **A must see on your trip to these toilets is the beautifully marbled floors, a detail carried through all of the toilets in the library.**

Wheelchair accessible: **Yes**

Bag hooks: **Plentiful**

X-Factor: **No**

Aesthetics: **6/10**

Practicality: **10/10**

Overall: **8/10**

AUPRS on:

Facebook: **Auckland University Powder Room Society**

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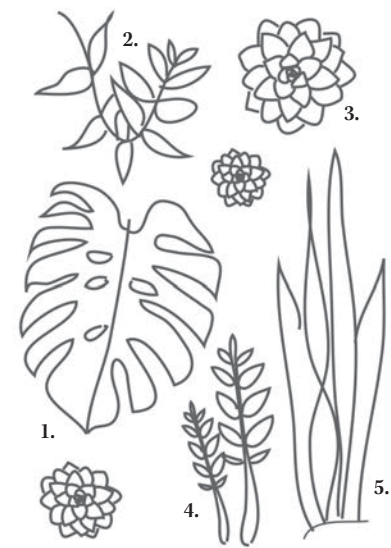
HOUSEPLANTS ON A BUDGET

While we've all heard of the air-purifying benefits of keeping houseplants, not all of us can afford the Fiddle Leaf Fig's \$100+ price tag. Here are our top tips for sprucing up your plant collection on the cheap.

1. While well-established Monstera plants regularly pop up on TradeMe for mega bucks, you are just as likely to find one in the family backyard. Smaller, younger Monstera tend to transplant well. These guys don't like direct sun but do like humidity, so are perfect for Auckland's dark, damp flats – win!

2. Tradescantia (with purple-streaked leaves) is a noxious weed in NZ, but it does make a very hardy houseplant. Low maintenance, fast growing and easy to propagate – just don't let them into the garden.

3. Succulents are famously low-care and incredibly easy to get for free – if you see a succulent that you like, simply snap off a branch or two, pop in some soil and voilà! Brand new houseplant. They like plenty of light and very little water.



4. (and 5.) If you're happy to splash out a few dollars but are more of a hands-off plant parent, go for a ZZ Plant or a Snake Plant. Both will survive with very little care. And who doesn't love those 70s office vibes? ■



CHEAT'S GNOCCHI

If you can mash potatoes and cook pasta, you can make this cheat's gnocchi! Feeds 6 (or 3 now and 3 later)

gnocchi

4 medium/large Agria Potatoes
1 ¼ to 1 ½ cups of flour
2 eggs
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. nutmeg (optional)
Pepper

sauce

½ onion
1 can of diced tomatoes
1 glug olive oil

extras

handful of cheese/parsley
½ small bottle of cream (150ml)

Peel and cut the potatoes into cubes around 3cm thick. Add to boiling water and cook for 10 minutes, or until you can stick a knife through them easily. Drain thoroughly and leave in the hot pan to let them steam – the dryer the better. Mash them with your weapon of choice – a fork will do just fine – and cool. To the mash add salt, plenty of pepper, nutmeg and the beaten eggs.

Slowly add 1 ¼ cup of flour and stir to combine. If you have a dough that is not sticking to your hands – great! If not, add the last ¼ cup of flour one tablespoon at a time until only slightly sticky. Turn onto a lightly floured bench or chopping board and roll into a ball. Divide into 6 and roll into ropes about 2cm wide, then cut these into 2cm lengths (a butter

knife will do). Transfer the gnocchi onto a floured tray or plate and put in the fridge for at least ten minutes to chill. (Alternatively, put them straight into the freezer, making sure they are not touching as they freeze. Once frozen put them in a plastic bag – and they can cook from frozen.)

While the gnocchi is chilling cut half an onion as fine as you can and cook in olive oil until soft. Add the can of tomatoes, warm through, and if you have cream put in half the bottle. Using a large pot bring the water to a rolling boil (full blast) and cook the gnocchi approx. 10 at a time. They should take no longer than 2 minutes and are ready when they float – scoop them out, add to the sauce and cook the next batch. Serve topped with cheese and parsley if you have it. ■



EYE ON THE GRIND: WHERE TO GET YOUR FIX NEAR CAMPUS

We all know you can get a lukewarm brew on campus, but if you're willing to look a little further afield there is some seriously good coffee to be had.

- 1. Running Horse - 25 Rutland St.** This place is constantly changing hands but the coffee is still very good.
- 2. Scarecrow - 33 Victoria St E.** A fancy "urban farmers market," Scarecrow brews with Kokako organic Fair Trade coffee beans.
- 3. Chuffed - 43 High St (down the corridor next to Peter Alexander).** It may be hard to find but this place is popular for a reason.
- 4. Eightthirty High Street - 35 High St (ground floor).** You no longer have to walk to the other end of K'Rd for your Eightthirty fix.
- 5. Grind on High - 51 High St.** Don't let the name put you off! We're not here for the coffee, or for a seat (the place is tiny)... It's the muffins that are truly heavenly.
- 6. Ceremony - 7 Park Rd, Grafton.** If you're happy to walk for more than five minutes to earn your caffeine hit, Ceremony is worth the short hike up to Grafton. Also great for Med Students! ■



FASHION ON CAMPUS

Pia: "Last year I threw out all my ugly clothes... So now I don't have an excuse to dress bad anymore." ■

Photograph by Holly Burgess

From Your AUSA Media Officer

Kia ora! Welcome to the AUSA Craccum Pages for 2016! Yes, we have a four-page spread in every issue of Craccum to provide you with the latest updates and events from your student's association.

If you're reading this and asking - what is AUSA? We have a student's association? Here's your brief: AUSA stands for the Auckland University Student's Association. We are run by students, for students. Led by President Will Matthews, our 18-strong Executive are responsible for putting on events, advocating for students, providing welfare services, and offering safe spaces. AUSA is free to join and the more members we have, the louder the student voice is. For more info about AUSA and/ or

how you can get involved, grab an Orientation mag this week, check out our website, or come have a chat to us at AUSA House.

As Media Officer, one of my aims this year is to increase the transparency of AUSA - that means communicating to students about what goes on within AUSA House and helping to engage as many students as possible in our events, discussions and various other activities. In the coming issues, expect to find out more about the events we run, our Exec Members, the student issues AUSA is campaigning for this year, and reports on our weekly Exec meetings (Monday, 6 PM for a rad time).

Hope you're all having a fantastic O-Week. If you're not... check out the next couple of pages to see what you're missing out on!

ZAVARA FARQUHAR, MEDIA OFFICER 2016

ARE YOU AN INTERNATIONAL STUDENT?? DO YOU WANT TO BE ON THE AUSA EXECUTIVE??

WE ARE CURRENTLY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A NEW INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' OFFICER! THE ROLE OF THE ISO IS TO REPRESENT THE INTERESTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY AT AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY. YOU WILL BE LIAISING WITH THE INTERNATIONAL OFFICE AND KEEPING UP A STEADY STREAM OF COMMUNICATION WITH INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS. YOU'LL BE COLLECTING INFORMATION FROM THEM ON THEIR UNIVERSITY EXPERIENCE AND TAKING THIS TO THE CORRECT PLACES IN THE UNIVERSITY, AS WELL AS KEEPING THEM UP TO DATE WITH AUSA EVENTS AND RUNNING YOUR OWN FANTASTIC EVENTS TOO! PERKS OF THE JOB? YOU GET ACCESS TO AN OFFICE IN AUSA HOUSE, GET SOME FANTASTIC GOVERNANCE AND ORGANISATIONAL EXPERIENCE, AND MEET PEOPLE AND BE INVOLVED IN THINGS THAT WILL COMPLETELY LIVE UP YOUR UNIVERSITY EXPERIENCE! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH WILL MATTHEWS AT PRESIDENT@AUSA.ORG.NZ. NOTE: YOU MUST BE AN INTERNATIONAL STUDENT TO BE ELIGIBLE TO RUN.

Meet the Executive

OFFICERS



Will Matthews

PRESIDENT

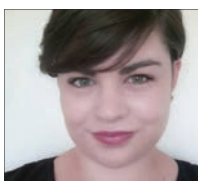
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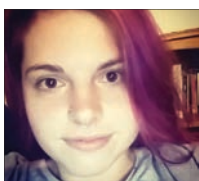
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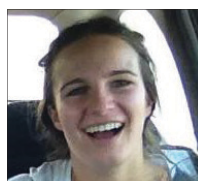
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Nando's PRESENTS

AUSA OWEEK 2016

MUSIC ★ MARKETS ★ FOOD

FEATURING

SHE'S SO RAD ★ HIPSTAMATICS ★ NIGHT GAUNTS
SHAKES ★ PAQUIN ★ FREE MINDS ★ DJs
TALENT QUEST ★ BREAK DANCING COMP

CHECK OUT WWW.ORIENTATION.CO.NZ FOR MORE INFO

After Park

COMEDY ★ LIVE MUSIC ★ DJs

FEATURING

JUPITER PROJECT ★ CORI GONZALEZ-MACUER
JETSKI SAFARI ★ DONAL LEWIS ★ DIRTY SESH ★ DJ LUKAS
JAMES NOKISE ★ JAMES ROQUE
MATT STELLINGWERF ★ FAN BRIGADE
BEAT BOXING ★ HEROES vs VILLAINS STEIN

CHECK OUT WWW.ORIENTATION.CO.NZ FOR MORE INFO



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Bottom Locker \$45.00

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AUSA Notices

Notice is hereby given for the
**AUSA AUTUMN
GENERAL MEETING**

to be held

**WEDNESDAY 23
MARCH 2016**

at 1.00pm

Student Union Quad

For the purposes of:

Electing a new AUSA International Students' Officer.

Deadline for constitutional changes is 12pm,
Tuesday 8 March 2016

Deadline for other agenda items is 12pm,
Tuesday 15th March 2016



Have you ever wanted to volunteer for the world's best university radio station?! Want to be a part of the cool crowd and see how a radio station works, while having an awesome time, picking up a heap of experience and having an all-round banger of a time? Come and hang out with the b-team. Yes, not the A-team, the b-team. It's much cooler!

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AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

Nando's PRESENTS AUSA OWEEK 2016

MONDAY 29TH FEB

AUSA, SHADOWS, AND MAI FM
PRESENT

HIP HOP DAY

DJs and Breakdancing in Albert Park from 10am

AUSA, SHADOWS, AND MAI FM
PRESENT

HIP HOP NIGHT

WITH DONELL LEWIS
AND DIRTY SESH FROM
JUVENILE MUSIC

Plus Beat Boxing Comp and the best hip hop tunes in Shadows from 7pm.

TUESDAY 1ST MARCH

AUSA PRESENTS

BATTLE OF THE BANDS SHOWCASE

Plus Bands and DJs. From 10am in Albert Park.

AUSA AND BARI01 PRESENT

HEROES VS. VILLAINS STEIN

Wear a Costume! Limited tickets available from AUSA Reception and eventfinda.co.nz. UOA Students \$10, Non-UOA \$15. ID must be present on the night. 8PM at Bar101

WEDNESDAY 2ND MARCH

95BFM PRESENTS

A TASTE OF 95BFM

Bands, bands and more bands from 10-5pm in Albert Park.

IT'S THE O-WEEK COMEDY NIGHT

Shadows from 7pm

THURSDAY 3RD MARCH

AUSA AND THE EDGE 94.2FM
PRESENT

TALENT QUEST 2016

\$1000 CASH PRIZE!
To register, visit www.ausa.org.nz/talent

FRIDAY 4TH MARCH

AUSA, SHADOWS, AND GEORGE FM
PRESENTS

JUPITER PROJECT

JETSKI SAFARI

From 4PM at Shadow Bar, Free Entry





culture shock

from metro to meth-head in one afternoon

BY SHMULY LEOPOLD

Summer in Auckland is always hot and sticky. I don't know if it's global warming or pathetic fallacy, but things have seemed unusually oleaginous this year. I look like Colonel Kurtz: lying in bed, sweating, drastically overweight, swatting flies and mumbling semi-incoherently about "the horror". I didn't have a job this summer. No one wanted to hang out. The horror.

Finally, something to break the porn, sweat, and useless-fan marathon. An email from The Editors. They wanted feature articles about "Auckland's culture". They wanted to make *Craccum* hip, and cool, and grungy, and good. I raised my eyebrows. I've lived in Auckland all my life. I like it here, but in the way middle-aged parents like each other. We're comfortable. Sure it's sexless, but we're also too chubby and tired to find anyone new. The idea of a cool grunge culture suddenly materialising without my knowing seemed dubious. Then again, I had been inside for three full months...

I asked for some tips. The Editors told me to check out "the hipster scene". Naturally, my suspicions were piqued. The fake-glasses, fake-second-hand-clothes, fake-grunge-beard, fake-original-hair, fake-opinion brigade? Surely not.

So I ignored The Editors and asked a law student. They told me of the wonders of the Auckland Unitary Plan, the joys of gentrification, and the beauty of shared streets. Britomart is the place to be. Wynyard Quarter is, I'm told, excellent. So down I strolled, barefoot, left-wing bias in tow, to a fancy café called Ortolana. I received a strange look from the wait staff, who didn't take my order. In one corner, a white-haired woman in active wear with a miniature poodle opined the excess apple content of her smoothie. Nearby, an overweight businessman sat alone on his MacBook and Skyped aggressively, drinking rosé. A young metropolitan looking couple discussed their plans for uni this year; he wore tight fitting blue chinos with a white shirt, Ray-Ban Wayfarers (tortoiseshell rims, never black) and an entitled smirk. She wore some sort of floaty dress showing the maximum of her minimal tit. I summoned the sullen and disinterested waiter, and ordered

a heinously priced house made soda. It was mostly ice with a very large slice of cucumber. I drank the liquid, crunched the ice and ate the cucumber. At this point I was \$9 out of pocket and becoming aware that there was nothing 'hip and cool' to be discovered here. The bars were ugly and expensive; I cared for nothing sold in the stores.

Still, I was determined to fulfil my brief, so I followed the middle class trail across our land in search of Auckland's elusive 'culture': from Downtown to Newmarket. Newmarket to Ponsonby. Ponsonby to Takapuna. Takapuna to Parnell. I'm still not sure if these areas are distinct at all. I'm also not quite sure why I pursued them in this order. All shared at least one of the following: a Mexico, a Burger Burger, an overly entitled blond housewife wielding a two-footpath wide pram like a weapon, ramming it against any who failed to leap from her supercilious path.

Weary from my travels, I was near ready to quit. Auckland seemed little more than a vast, over-manicured jungle of tame suburban streets, of liquor bans, of smoking bans, of bargain bans. Populated entirely by identical

“Patrick tapped on the window and asked if we could please have some meth. I would have thought there’d be a cool slang term, ‘rock’, ‘ice’, ‘Walter White’s Surprise’. There was not. ‘Meth,’ Patrick affirmed.”

Stepford mums and identical corporate-hipsters with styled grey hair, dark rimmed glasses, checked shirts and skinny chinos. Miserable, I stumbled back to the *Craccum* office for advice.

“K Road!” The Editors screamed in perfect unison. Skin clammy, eyes dead. I’ve been there before. ‘Cool but empty’ would be my review. “K Road!” The Editors screamed again. Resentfully I agreed. The Editors nodded and murmured something near imperceptible. I could only make out “K Road...rad...Wine Cellar...”

I gathered a few friends: some gays, some slightly musical types (the kind who work full time in retail, but list themselves as ‘musicians’ when asked about their careers) and a mysterious middle-aged academic named Uther.

A quick history lesson: K Road has had an impressive trajectory. Initially an upmarket shopping district resplendent with a Smith & Caughey-esque department store, the ridgeline took a dive once the motorway was built, gutting a perfectly nice area and preventing the city from growing, as suburbs soon became the in-thing. In moved various oppressed types, as well as churches galore (still evident on the side streets). At some point, I’m told, gays were invented. Having not existed prior to 1960, this new breed of person enjoyed dancing, misbehaviour, the right to love whoever they pleased and the occasional spot of sodomy. With gays came other cool types — ‘artists’ (and autists), would-be musicians, students of course (back when students actually flatted) and the odd disreputable alcoholic. More recently, hip wealthy sorts have eyed up the street (think Ponsonby, another of their victims), built posh apartments all around and pushed out (most of) the hookers. And thus K Road has begun the inevitable march to wealth and prestige that epitomises Central Auckland’s mono-culture.

The afternoon began with a few different bars: fair Verona, dingy Wine Cellar — cool or pretentious? — The Station, which is on Pitt Street but still counts. Uther took me for soju. Soju is poisonous evil stuff. At first it’s sweet and refreshing, but soon burns a hole in your stomach and rots the brain. I soon became

profoundly drunk, profoundly unbalanced and profoundly desperate to find culture. The plan was K Road. Uther, however, had other ideas. He set his sights upon a strip club downtown, Penthouse. This was goddamn terrifying.

Fact 1. My only companion at this point was a 50-year-old man, the gays and musos having departed for Family Bar long ago.

Fact 2. Eight out of ten strippers were hideous.

Fact 3. I had no money whatsoever.

Fact 4. Uther knew all the strippers, far too well.

Fact 5. Around midnight he hit it off with a gorgeous Argentinian woman who led him seductively upstairs.

Facts 6 through 10. I waited, sitting in the back, sweating, looking terrible, and refusing to tip the strippers. Mostly because I had no money, but also because many were ugly, and after several hours I began to view all women as consumer products. At 3am Uther was yet to return. I was alone. I stole a cigarette from the bouncer and left. Terrible times.

Despite the full-frontal nudity, the leather chairs, the seedy middle-aged men and my distinct lack of arousal, I hadn’t managed to discover anything hip, or cool, or grungy, or good. Dejected, I decided to re-join my friends on K Road. At this stage of the night I was twelve beers and several sojus deep when it occurred to me that I had to take my investigative journalism to the next level. I needed to venture further into Auckland’s sordid underbelly. Clearly, I needed to sleep with a prostitute.

Now, prostitution is legal, but only in brothels, and I don’t really know how to find brothels. Nervous, I roped a friend into accompanying me along the K Road side streets. It wasn’t long until we found her. Low slung blue dress, low slung breasts, low slung forehead. I was terrified. Working up the courage to approach the scary hooker, I shared a look with my paisley-shirted companion. A look I thought meant “let’s leave and get a burger”, a look which actually meant “I’m about to ask for meth.” Patrick, who despite the paisley seemed to know about such things,

politely asked if we could meet her pimp. She led us down Pitt Street and nodded in the direction of a grey sedan. Patrick tapped on the window and asked if we could please have some meth. I would have thought there’d be a cool slang term, “rock”, “ice”, “Walter White’s Surprise”. There was not. “Meth,” Patrick affirmed. We were driven to a desolate carpark. The windows were rolled up. Out came the pipe, just like in the movies, glass, slightly scary looking. Our pimpish acquaintance packed the brown crystals (no, not blue) into the little wee pipe, readied his lighter. The crystals began to bubble and smoke. We hot-boxed the car. Meth smoke smells like chemicals, and there is nothing natural about that smell; think two parts burnt plastic, one-part cat’s piss. The smoke was smooth and slightly sweet, much easier to inhale than weed or cigarettes. I felt awesome. I felt strong. I also felt surprised. This was not a mind-warping experience. My teeth didn’t fall out. I didn’t sell my stuff, or beat up my children. I just felt pretty awesome. The awful misery instilled by the months of sloth and gluttony washed away. Patrick remarked that he preferred coffee. Apparently uppers aren’t his “jam.”

We hit up Family Bar. Excited. We stood behind the stage and watched drag queens interact with the patrons. Patrick offended a group of transgendered individuals by asking if they were “trannos”. We stole drinks from smokers. And at 4am a billion drunks rushed forth from this and every other bar around Auckland, creating a real problem for the bored police. Our betters in government have banned us from drinking after 4am. Alcohol must be restricted. People must be restricted... I threw up outside the bar and ubered home on Patrick’s account before collapsing into bed to re-watch an episode of *How I Met Your Mother*.

I tried to find culture in Auckland. I tried to scratch beneath the surface. There wasn’t much there. But you can find hookers and meth if you want to.

Rad. Hip. Cool. ■

SHMULY LEOPOLD WRITES A WEEKLY COLUMN, LIFE IS TOO LONG, FOR CRACCUM MAGAZINE. BECOME A READER AND RECEIVE A FREE CRACCUM EVERY WEEK UNTIL YOU DIE.

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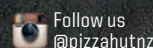
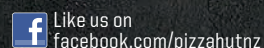


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I'm sure you've noticed it. I'm sure you've been mindlessly scrolling through your chosen social media feed and have noticed a recurring pattern. A blur of blue. A blur of green. A constant stream of pictures involving crystal blue water, lush greenery, scenic waterfalls, sparse beaches. People go to great lengths to get that idyllic gram. It's become almost a competition – who can hunt out the most of New Zealand's picture-perfect spots?

This wasn't always the case. There was a time when such pictures didn't hog social media feeds and it was so good. You could be blissfully unaware of what New Zealand had to offer. There is something magical about stumbling across a hidden wonder in the bush or off the beaten track and knowing in that moment that it's yours, and only yours. You savour the beauty. Breathe it in. You snap a picture as a keepsake and then leave it alone. What happened to those selfish days?

Now all that is to be seen is a parade of bikinis and board shorts and an attitude that borders on bragging. I have news to break to you: there is no hint of exclusivity about what you're doing.

don't go chasing waterfalls

catriona britton explains why she's over people taking photographs of new zealand's 'hidden' gems.

These 'hidden' gems aren't so hidden anymore. With the ability to 'tag' where you've been, everyone is hopping in the car or trekking to them. Take a look at the Te Waihou Blue Springs. *Stuff* was reporting in early January that it was one of New Zealand's "best kept secrets". A month later the headline read – "South Waikato jewel in the crown a successful nightmare". It's foolish to think it was just traditional print media that contributed to this change of tone. Numbers visiting the site have skyrocketed into the thousands, creating a massive headache for the locals who have to navigate traffic, with cars parked and backed up for kilometres from the spring. The number of people crossing the walkway at the spring has raised safety concerns as the visiting population continues to grow. I can't tell you how many times I've seen photos of that almost arctic-blue water pop up this summer.

Some say it's good for business, that local communities are benefiting from the influx of visitors and tourists. It's bringing money into otherwise deadbeat towns. Sure, that's a great perk. Tourism is one of the major industries fuelling our market economy. We need it to keep us afloat.

But there's something that's really worrying. With numbers increasing and more making use of Mother Earth's gifts, our environment is

in real danger. The untainted beauty will surely be spoiled. As more and more people swim in the fresh water, clog up our small roadways, bring along snacks to enjoy whilst ogling the scenery they'd only seen previously through a small screen, these natural wonders won't be quite as wonderful anymore. The Department of Conservation works damn hard to make sure we can enjoy some of these beautiful spots, but it won't be long before some take advantage and abuse them. Litter will hide in the bush, the water will get contaminated. There have been instances when people have tagged the rocks at Kitekite Falls and it's taken rangers a full day to scrub it off. I'm sure these guys, both the rangers and the hoodlums, could use their time far more productively. The 90s called. It wants its vandalism back.

A lot of you may say, "well, I'm respectful of the environment, I'm not going to wreck it!" But you've heard and know the saying well: it only takes one person to ruin it for everyone else. Before long it will be five people, then a large party of people, who will become killjoys and spoil the area for everyone else.

However, the thing is, it would be criminal to refuse public access to these natural features. They are there to be enjoyed, but something needs to be done to monitor the number of visitors. Don't be surprised when restrictions

are put in place at some spots, barriers put up, tolls collected at others. I'm all for this. If places are getting too popular, trashed by idiots, or border on being unsafe, it makes sense to be stricter towards the public. It would mean everyone could still enjoy them and they would remain pristine, untouched gems. There is the argument that places should be free to visit, but in the long-term and at the rate we're going, it is possible that the negative effects on the environment will outweigh the positive reactions from visitors. In fact, it is quite likely that the negative effects would end up having a negative impact on the visitors' experiences. All of a sudden, our supposedly "100% Pure" clean, green image will seem like a con.

The development of technology means we are sharing things faster than ever before. If we are going to continue down this track of regularly exposing to the world where everything is, let's change our mindset. Let's take one for Mother Earth and clean up our act. Think about your priorities – is it really to get the perfect photo to share with all your buds, or are you missing the bigger picture? Take in the visual feast that is before you. Be selfish. Enjoy the moment. We are so lucky to have such varied scenery at the tips of our fingers. We are world-known for it. Let the tourists flock here in their thousands and enjoy it too, but be wary of overexposure. It can be harsher than you think. ■

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P29/CRACUM/23954

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Back in Cracc

ARTS EDITORIAL WITH SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

As inevitable as a middle-aged white man taking home the lead actor Oscar this week, the start of another university year has rolled around, the wheels on the Cracc-bus have started to turn, and we are bestowed with the opportunity to bring you hard-hitting journalism nestled within average puns (and by kicking off this editorial with an AC/DC quip, I'd say I'm off to a roaring start).

In the vein of #newyearnewme, where you convince yourself that you will *actually* read *Lord of the Rings* before December rolls around, this time of year is met with an air of promise, hope, a glint in the eye. Fanciful notions of humanity well and truly evolving, each and every one of us getting cozy in the proverbial melting pot.

But just as you realise it's March and Frodo is yet to step foot out of the Shire, the time comes to look around with a heavy heart and admit that the melting pot is still filled with nothing more than a vanilla fondue. Props to Robert Zemeckis for sticking to prophecies of hover boards and self-lacing shoes in *Back to the Future II*, and hedging his bets on any ballsy statements about the attainment of equality in the 21st century.

2016, and it's still a shit show out there.

Donald Trump amasses more fanatics by the day. Susan Sarandon was reviled for daring to have and exhibit cleavage over the age of sixty

at this year's Screen Actor's Guild Awards. Once again the Academy Awards failed to diversify their interests and instead continued to plume the advantage and influence of the white elite. *Star Wars* fanboys were vocally displeased that fifty-nine year-old (accomplished writer and actress) Carrie Fisher no longer looks twenty-one, tarnishing their ability to jack off to images of Leia in her slave bikini. (Seriously, you guys — *slave bikini*).

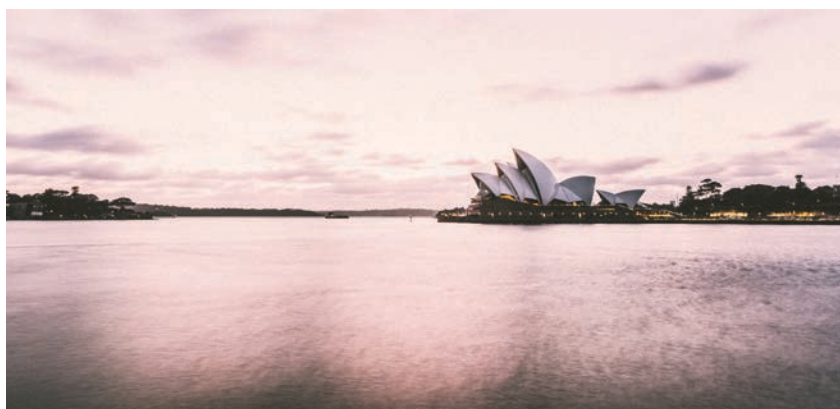
Just recently, actress and model Emily Ratajowski of *Gone Girl* and *We Are Your Friends* fame, was thoroughly reprimanded for having the audacity to possess both a pair of breasts and a political opinion. After traversing to New Hampshire to endorse Bernie Sanders' political campaign, the cretins of the Internet took to parasitically piling on to Ratajowski's social media posts about the event to remind her, with misogynistic flair, that she should keep her pretty mouth firmly fastened. Comments ranged from the downright gross, such as the clever bugger playing on the "sharing" ideals of socialism asking Ratajowski to share with them her tits, to those who discussed where she fit into their masturbatory schedule, to the well-meaning Internet users who, exhibiting flawlessly the art of the backhanded compliment, voiced their genuine disbelief that a beautiful woman could also possess intelligence.

This online petri dish of sexism was a wonderful reminder that there is a pocket of humanity that cannot conceive of women being attractive, intelligent and politically engaged. (Our editor Caitlin should be evidence enough of the

existence of such a woman. You're pretty dashing too, Mark). While supporters may come out in droves to commend your efforts, an online vagrant will always be lurking just asking you to flash him.

We humble students surely feel some empathy for Emily (should I start a hashtag?) in that we young babes often find our voices silenced or devalued by those who believe we have not worked hard enough, or experienced enough of this cruel world, to have any validity or legitimacy behind our words. We meet derisiveness and flippant pushbacks at every turn. And while writing a smack down on the Oscars, or a critical take on the issues of big business can feel like a shout into the void, we should not sniff at this chance we have to write and discuss the things about which we actually give a shit. Cobbling together a few hundred words on an album or film for publication can feel much like being alone on an island in a billowing robe waiting for someone to engage you in conversation a la (spoiler alert I suppose) Luke Skywalker at the end of *The Force Awakens*, but it has been proven many a time that the words we write have power, and we are lucky enough to write the ones we want here.

It may be a shit show out there, but we have the chance to create our own wee melting pot of issues and ideas and discourse in this weekly magazine — a Cracc Pot, if you will. Not to sound too earnest about the whole thing, but I am thoroughly excited by this chance to read about the passions and protestations of my fellow campus-travellers. I sincerely hope you all are too. ■



some cool story about the debauchery of youth

danger wanks and disappointment on the streets of sydney

BY JACK ADAMS

Morbid. Absolutely fucking morbid. I feel obliged to mention that I was only in Sydney because I was visiting family. There was no family trip to the golden beaches, nor was there any intention of adorning my Facebook and Instagram with self-portraits with the Opera House.

Where I did find myself was the centre of Kings Cross (no apostrophe, makes me livid). Don't be fooled, this is not the Kings Cross train station where many flock each year to indulge in their infantile passions of Platform 9 3/4. This is where the King Hit, or Coward's Punch, became problematic in the light of scoop-neck t-shirts and Lebanese gangs.

Not a great foundation for an enjoyable night in the clubs, more somber than a danger wank in your grandmother's bed. Not a great sign that there is an ER show (Emergency Room for the Kanye and Trump fans) based two minutes from the main drag, showcasing the best of Australian teens and travellers being bottled, bruised, and having their stomachs pumped. Alas, I journeyed to the land of sleaze and lights in search of a cultured experience to tell to my friends at parties — "OMG this is not as good as Sydney, TAKE ME BACK!"

We began the night in a pub, the Green Park. We made the rookie mistake of catching the train well before kids were inside. 8pm. Grand. The largely dominant male contingent led us to believe that we had unwittingly wandered into a gay bar. Not awful, but once again, a poor pretence to attracting vague female attention. Malibu and Coke because we're on holiday. Lemon, Lime and Bitters because I'm skint.

As the moon began to proposition us, we went for a journey. Nomadic and romantic. A shared glance between brothers that says, "I'm ready," without openly admitting that they look tragic. For the ninth time that night, we followed the crowd hoping to find some life in this godforsaken area. The point of no return.

Candy's Apartment was our destination. The first club we laid our eyes upon. Star-struck, like Catholic school boys with a female teacher under the age of forty. The anticipation to see if our clubbing gear would pass the bouncer's idea of "well dressed" was shot down as boat shoes and branded shorts seemed like appropriate attire.

Upon entry, we were robbed. Twenty Aussie dollars entry. Too late to turn back, but adolescent excitement took over as a side boob here, and some debauchery over there, seemed to promise us the fountain of sex, eyes widening almost as fast as some "pinged" bastard who

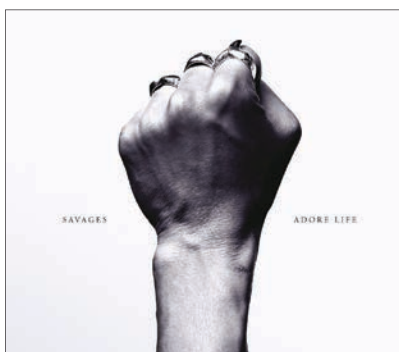
was having a half-seizure/half-rave in the toilets.

The club seemed to promise everything. Bangers to begin with, followed by the ecstasy-induced Drum and Bass. A few laughs saved the evening, laughs with those that were also shunned by the self-diagnosed elite. Between the laughs, a mild sense of satisfaction that I was the only one dancing in tune and others assuming you're trying to hit on them.

My frustration that no one seemed particularly welcoming may have been a sign of male aggression, borne out of the pursuit of sexual encounters. Perhaps it was intrusion — that the two romantic darlings fingering on the couch were rudely interrupted by my own impertinence. Whatever happened, the glass thrown at me, the threats of "fuck off, mate, she's mine," and the stare down that followed didn't exactly reinforce the idea of sophistication that Australia promises on sun-drenched advertisements.

At 3am, with the lock-out laws already constraining me to this amoral wasteland, we sought a kebab and taxied home. Nothing special. I entered this realm of excitement thirsty. I left parched.

"Where the bloody hell are ya?" At home. Deafened, fatigued, yet still satisfied. Bar 101 lacks the diversity of (fungal) culture that Candy's had. ■



Adore Life Savages

ALBUM REVIEW BY CHRISTY BURROWS

Savages is a talented female quartet that toy with empowerment and powerlessness through their belligerent sonic choices. However, some journalists have deemed them 'art-punk', which sounds distressingly pretentious. Their first album, *Silence Yourself*, expressed a balance between punk's roughness and the intricacy of professional musicianship. Their recently released follow-up, *Adore Life*, is an experimental update on this ethic.

Singer Jehnny Beth describes *Adore Life* as an album of extremes. The idea of "adoring life" is reflected in the sometime soppy lyrical choices; "love" is suggested as the answer in the opening track. Personally, that kind of cliché makes me want to grimace and yawn at the same time. Fortunately, this flimflam kind of message is offset by the dark power that the band members embody instrumentally across the whole album, beginning with the oddly-timed guitar riff of "The Answer".

"Sad Person" and "T.I.W.Y.G." reflect key strengths of Savages — the way they culminate as a group enables the individual strengths of each player to be heard. As usual, drummer Fay Milton commits to a style that sounds like physical punishment as well as enjoyable expression. Having been classically trained on the timpani and other orchestral percussion, she consistently needles away across the album with unique embellishments. Likewise, Gemma Thompson adds a necessarily harsh Fender accent at crucial moments, such as in tracks like "Slowing Down the World" and "The Answer".

Savages know who they are and what they want to say through their post-punk attitude. Though I wouldn't personally place *Adore Life* as Savages' best effort to date, I would say that liking everything about it is less important than giving it a try. ■



No Logo Naomi Klein

BOOK REVIEW BY CLARK TIPENE

After an unsuccessful library borrowing, and a lousy attempt at self-redemption through a second-hand book purchase, *No Logo* has sat on my bookshelf for a while. Only now had I really made the time to commit and read this work in its entirety. I am immediately impressed by Klein's uncanny way of expressing detail, revealing causes and impacts, all while maintaining attention. The result is an intelligent discussion of branding through the 20th century, and how private enterprise has relentlessly sought to capture the hearts and minds of the public.

Klein does not lament this conquest; instead she points to the small ways we can, individually and collectively, make known the tactics of corporate America. There is a clear revolutionary undertone which, though admirable, comes across as a bit frantic. Occasionally she drifts off into scathing critique, jarring against the fluid style she typically employs.

Most notable is Klein's balance between an analytical eye and meaningful, accessible prose, the former due largely to her extensive work as a journalist. Her ability to tackle the complexity of the conceptual and render it accessible is commendable. Klein successfully takes what we see in everyday life, situated in the wider lenses of research, policy and activism.

No Logo is a source of solace for the confused but equally one of hope for the daunted — and rightly so, given the similar and equally real challenges we face today. Although it sometimes floats into desperate protest, Klein unapologetically reveals the causes and consequences of big business on everyday life while bravely suggesting that there is still a way out. ■



Dungeons & Dragons

GAME REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

DnD. What could it stand for? Dick and Date? Dangerous and Dastardly? It actually stands for something far more sensual: Dungeons and Dragons. Mmmm. I know what you're thinking. I too scoffed at the idea.

"Is it cool?" *pulls pants up to nipples*

"Yes."

And so it started. I'm writing about it in the Arts section not because I haven't been outside and experienced true art, but because I haven't been outside at all.

Actually, it is an art form for everyone concerned, particularly the Dungeon Master, or DM. The DM has to essentially make up the adventure which everyone follows. They create the monster encounters, Non-Playable Character encounters and booty encounters — both of the treasure variety and the 'standing at arm's length at a social and perhaps venturing below the waist' kind. I am in the midst of crafting an adventure for the lads, and it really aids the creative juices for all walks of life. Improv is a must. For example:

Player: "Is it possible to ask the Dwarven couple mounting the donkey for directions?"

DM: "Perhaps the donkey can take you there; roll acrobatics check to see if you can mount the donkey."

It really is a great way to express yourself. Communities like this are safe and caring, and anything goes, so just go for gold. I'm pretty keen to start up a DnD club at Auckland Uni, gauging the interest of the people interested in donkey mounting of course. Get a solid little community going. Hopefully one day to rival the Young Nats at O-Week.

A good rule of thumb for starting up a 'nerdy' hobby: If it isn't LARPing, you're ok. ■

Zayn: the Artiste

BY WEN-JUENN LEE

In the months after Zayn departed from mainstream boy-band One Direction, it was almost as if he became exponentially cooler. His new Instagram, with the minimalist username @zayn, was filled with monochromatic shots of smoke, art, and brooding headshots of him smoking with art.

On Twitter, he described his upcoming album as “#realmusic.” In an interview with *Billboard Magazine*, he said he wouldn’t listen to One Direction’s music at a party. His recent single “Pillowtalk” is a slick RnB celebration of sex as a “paradise” and a “warzone”. “Pillowtalk’s” music video dripped with edgy shots of – you guessed it – smoke, art AND rumoured girlfriend Gigi Hadid. Yikes.

But people seem to love ‘edgy’ and solo Zayn. *Culture Magazine* described his new music as “dirty RnB” compared to “One Direction’s jolly, jangling, aseptic guitar-pop ... The solo stuff is somewhat different.” Different meaning good. Different meaning superior from the mass-pro-

duced, mainstream garbage One Direction’s music is implied to be. How Zayn has been received in the community, with the release of “Pillowtalk”, and with the lead up to the release of his new album *Mind of Mine* on March 25th, is a reflection of society. Now that Zayn has left a boy-band, where he is no longer making or supporting ‘pop music,’ he has somehow become magically ‘edgy’ and ‘cool’. He is worthy of respect in a way that pop music does not demand, or deserve.

It follows then, that mainstream, pop music is ‘uncool’. Think of our reactions if someone said seriously, “I listen to OneRepublic.” Instantaneous social suicide. Compare that with our reactions to someone saying, “I listen to Alt-J.” OneRepublic has catchy tunes that speak of rejection, love, enjoying your life; experiences we can all empathise and identify with. And yet, Alt-J, home of nonsensical lyrics and discordant hums, are just so much cooler. Now, it is one thing to think of pop music as uncool because of the ethics involved; music company tyrants like Syco and SONY, who dominate and eliminate competition from smaller, home-grown music companies. But it is another to despise, ridicule and write off pop music for the image.

On a rather large side-note, One Direction’s teeny bopper music deserves far more credit than what people have given them. Teeny bopper music, seen in the success of the Beatles, is generally marketed for a feminine audience.

The ridicule given to ‘teeny boppers’ (“Stupid girls of ages 10-14 who squeal and giggle so much that Satan is willing to drag them back to hell ... They like pink and listen to stupid bubblegum pop,” according to the top definition in *Urban Dictionary*) lies in the root of who we are; how we treat and devalue teenage girls, and what their worth is in society. So rather than writing off pop music for the sake of it; think of how music has provided a platform for teenage girls to express their passions, and to negotiate their identities in a society fraught with expectations.

Someone said to me the other day, “I don’t listen to pop, because it isn’t very deep.” Perhaps they expected praise when they said that, that one would congratulate them on their alty, hip lifestyle. But musical integrity should not be determined by what is mainstream and what is not. Alternative music is not ‘deeper’ than pop music, just because fewer people listen to it. When Of Monsters and Men, James Bay, Ben Howard, and Florence and the Machine broke into the mainstream, they did not become lesser artists because of it. Similarly, the dichotomy of pop music (thoughtless, mass produced garbage) and alternative music (deep, thought-provoking high art) should be dismantled. Zayn, as a solo artist, is super fucking exciting. But the ‘edginess’ and respect people have given Zayn should not depend on him breaking out of One Direction. ■

The List

BY MICHAEL CLARK

I have a list. It’s horrible. It’s agonizing. And it’s getting longer every day. Every time I have a conversation with someone, it grows.

I thought it was just me. I thought I was just lazy or I return to things I know are familiar. But while I was talking to my professor about it, he revealed that he has a similar list. My flatmate has the same list as well, but she keeps her list on a separate bookshelf. A lot of my co-workers and most of my classmates have a list in some form or another.

It’s a list of all the novels, films, television shows, video games and comics that you haven’t consumed yet but you will get around to doing so.

It’s a list that grows every time someone offers a suggestion. “Oh, you like *Gravity Falls*? Then you’ll LOVE *Steven’s Universe*.” “Oh yes, her style is very reminiscent of Murakami – — if you haven’t read *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*, then you simply

must.” “Oh, you’ve just listened to *Serial*, you have to get into *Criminal*.” And then there’s the list of classics that you probably should have seen/read by now but feel bad that you haven’t. Hitchcock, Hemingway, Wells, Dickens, Tolstoy, Coppola are all on my list. And that’s just *classic* classics.

And then there’s the insane torrent of new material coming out every day to distract you from your horrible, meaningless reality and the devastating, unjust atrocities occurring both on and offshore. A deathly stream of content that is impossible to consume by a single person at any given time so it spills over to your nightmarishly long list. This is how your list blossoms into a nightmarishly unmanageable guilt flower which you will be tending to for all of your life. At least that’s probably what I will be doing anyway. Any sane person and a little part of me will tell me to let it go. Watch whatever you want to watch, read whatever takes your fancy. But then how will I know what I like until I read it? Or how will I keep up with the conversation about the latest *Game of Thrones* or *Doctor Who* at my nearest watercooler?

But the real reason why I keep a list is that it’s my badge of honour. It’s my shield against (pop)

cultural ignorance. To say something is on the list means I have acknowledged its existence and am in the know about what’s going on. Apparently important and informative Netflix and HBO documentaries that are on the list means that I am informed and up-to-date with the trends even though I haven’t actually watched it. Putting all the classic, early Hollywood films gives the illusion that I have cultural capital. Merely owning the complete works of William Shakespeare makes me feel as though I’m a good person.

But the list doesn’t make me a good person. Looking onto myself, it looks as if my list is a glorified hamster wheel. There really is no point in keeping it going. There’s no end point. It’s not going to get any smaller. It’ll probably get bigger. And while I spin around and around, again and again — collecting and consuming, collecting and consuming — — the rich get richer, the refugee crisis persists, drone strikes continue and mass surveillance gets bigger and better.

I’m trying to get better though.

But I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get rid of my list. ■

#OscarsSoIrrelevant?

BY MATTHEW DENTON



The 88th Academy Awards are on tonight and as an unashamed Oscar/film buff I'll be watching closely. Will Alejandro Inarritu be the first director to win back-to-back Director Oscars? Will Lady Gaga win for Original Song? Will the internet implode if Leo doesn't win again?

However, the calibre of the contenders has not been the subject of discussion this year. Instead, for the second straight year, the Academy failed to nominate any black actors or actresses for an acting Oscar, or any films with a black cast or regarding black culture in Best Picture. It was #SoWhite again, as millions identified. As the controversy exploded it only amplified more of its failings, calling into question how relevant the body actually is.

The Academy itself is hugely out of step with society. They're predominantly a bunch of older white men who pick movies they like about a world that reflects them. This is reflected in the Oscars winners, where in eighty-eight years an acting award has only been awarded to a black person fifteen times. No openly gay actor or actress at the time of writing has won for acting.

No black person has won Best Director (with only three nominated), and only one woman has (with only four nominations). It's the same vanilla group that is not truly reflective of society but reflective of the Academy itself.

This vanilla perspective then limits the type of movies that actually get rewarded. What results is recognition of a specific genre of movies known as Oscar bait, often at the expense of rewarding more daring or dynamic films. Most notable from last year's lineup, *The Theory of Everything* ticked several key boxes: A biopic about a white male (Stephen Hawking) who overcomes a physical disability with the love of his wife to be a success. While still a well-received film, 2014 saw greater critical successes in less 'Oscar-friendly' movies including horror film *The Babadook*, blockbuster *The Guardians of the Galaxy* and thriller *Nightcrawler*, which could have easily replaced the film in its main nominations.

Animated movies in particular suffer. *Inside Out* and *Wall-E*, two of the most critically and commercially successful movies in recent years, failed to receive Best Picture nominations, yet their emotional resonance would be wider and stronger than most of their competitors.

Finally, major blockbuster movies often are snubbed. Most famously was *The Dark Knight*. Despite making over a billion dollars in box office, awards from various guilds and being universally praised (with 94% critic rating on Rotten Tomatoes, beating out every other Best Picture nominee that year), it was shut out from the major categories. In fact it was this omission that caused the Academy to expand their Best Picture nominations to ten, yet similarly acclaimed movies since then, like *Straight Outta Compton*, have been passed over for more Oscar bait.

With this narrow-minded view, it's hard to see what the ongoing point of the Oscars is. It does little to promote or reward varied and innovative movies, or films that actually resonate with the public for whom they should be made. It becomes a party for their own interests, but the party is getting less interesting each year when there isn't enough change. Plus with enough film awards to be found elsewhere, notably those at the Cannes Festival, we definitely don't need to prescribe to this one view each year. Perhaps this second round of #OscarsSoWhite is finally the realization we need that the Oscars aren't as significant as they say they are. ■

The Oscars Race: Will Leo Win?

JACK CALDWELL LOOKS AT LEO'S SO CALLED 'SHOCKER' OF AN OSCAR RUN AND REVIEWS HIS LATEST HIT, *THE REVENANT*.

The internet has waited a long time for their everyman, Leonardo DiCaprio, to finally receive the golden statue that has slipped out of his hands four times. It's easy to see why — Leo wins audiences and critics over with excessively charming performances in just about everything, from *Titanic* or *Romeo + Juliet*, to *Inception* or *Shutter Island*. His Oscar losses were for none of those, they were as follows:

1993: Nominated for Best Supporting Actor in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*. Lost to Tommy Lee Jones in *The Fugitive*.

2005: Nominated for Best Actor in *The Aviator*. Lost to Jamie Foxx in *Ray*.

2007: Nominated for Best Actor in *Blood Diamond*. Lost to Forest Whitaker in *The Last King of Scotland*.

2014: Nominated for Best Actor in *Wolf of Wall Street*. Lost to Matthew McConaughey in *Dallas Buyers Club*.

Now, here's the hard bit to swallow. If you take a look at the winners above, it's unfortunately difficult (with perhaps the exception of *Gilbert Grape*) to argue that Leo's performances were the best of those years. Terrific as he is almost

every year, he's never truly been number one, even if you don't take the Oscars for their word (and you shouldn't).

But this year is different.

The Revenant, a brutal revenge tale of a man left for dead in the forest, is also a smart, gorgeous work of art and quite the setting for an Oscar win. Leo famously takes on a grizzly bear, the winter cold, and endless isolation. He even gets a speech impediment that doesn't affect his good looks — if the successes of Colin Firth in *The King's Speech* and Eddie Redmayne in *The Theory of Everything* are anything to go by, he's in good company.

The Oscars are being announced on the day this goes to print and Leonardo is a shoo-in for Best Actor for his role in *The Revenant*. Really. It's happening. ■

Hobbit on Tour

WITH ELOISE SIMS

The American immigration officer currently scanning my passport is trying to grow a moustache. It's nasty. The hair clinging above his taut upper lip is dark, uneven and clumpy. It reminds me of pubes. God. I probably know what his pubes look like now.

Maybe I should recommend him some hair removal stuff, just to get the whole embarrassing process over with. Then again, I shouldn't be the one to recommend him anything. My last experience with hair removal cream ended with a permanent small scar on my lip.

I told my friends that I'd forgotten it was there. That's a lie. I'd actually been distracted by how much I looked like Joseph Stalin.

The immigration officer's staring at me. Shit. I can't help but focus on his moustache when he speaks. It almost looks sentient. Almost like he has a small, dark and deeply unhappy hamster glued to his top lip. "Sorry?"

"You can go. Welcome to the United States," he says, and shoves my passport towards me.

"Thank you!" I gasp, relieved, and grab it from the desk.

The euphoria at never having to see his sweaty face foliage again lasts right up until I stroll into the departure transit lounge. There's a TV in the corner. I squint at it and realize, with horror,

it's a replay of a Fox News interview with Ben Carson. Jesus.

Even more worrying are the two guys in baseball caps sitting below it, watching intently. One of them is nodding as he sips from a Starbucks cup.

Welcome to the United States.

To tell you the truth, I don't think I've ever wanted to visit the USA. There are so many things about the tub-thumping patriotism of Americans that I, as a sarcastic Brit, cannot comprehend. Let's reel off a few: Donald Trump. Loudness. Hot dogs. Arrogance. American football. Deep-fried things. Donald Trump. Rednecks. Relentless cheerfulness. Most Republicans. Saying "y'all". Spelling things incorrectly. Donald Trump.

That's not to say I hate all Americans. But, if you're an American, and reading this — let's be clear. You left your country for a bloody good reason. Welcome to New Zealand. Enjoy your stay amongst relatively sane people. We're sorry about Invercargill.

But here I am, in the good old U-S-of-A, sitting in LAX as part of a transit through to London. In eleven hours' time, I'll land in Heathrow, ready to start a six-month student exchange through Auckland Abroad, at the University of Exeter.

If you don't know anything about Exeter, it's at the bottom of England, a three-hour train ride away from London. Other highlights include its teeming student population (half of everyone who lives in Exeter are students, or work at the university), a half-decent rugby team, and a fish market. I'm not even kidding.

Fish markets.

But, for now, I am sitting in the LAX departure lounge, thinking about the six months ahead of me. To interrupt my reverie, a middle-aged guy walks past in cutoff jeans and an American flag T-shirt. Jesus. I never thought I would miss Waikato Draught singlets, but it's getting dangerously close.

Of course, the same guy is ahead of me in the

security queue, accompanied by his peroxide-blond wife, who has the longest red-tipped nails I've ever seen. The security guard nods at them as they go through the metal detector. He seems nice. I decide to smile tentatively at him as he checks my passport.

"Hmm. You'll need to go through the body scanner right here, ma'am." He gestures behind him, not looking up.

"Oh!" I say cheerfully. "Really?"

(I'm suddenly reminded of how nasally Kiwi my accent is, compared to his gruff East Coast one. I've been having a recurring nightmare for weeks about my first night in Exeter — involving a handsome British guy bounding down the stairs to help me with my bags.

"Hello, love." He says, grinning, looking remarkably like Prince Harry. "Where are you from, then?"

"....Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa." I reply — and then wake up in a cold sweat.)

"Yes, really." The security guard replies, handing my passport back. He pauses, and looks at me in the eye. "The machines can see everything, so, obey the instructions of the operators."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"Oh, goodie." I say, with a grimace, gesturing to my hips. "Lots to see there, right? Hahahaha-haha."

The dour expression remains firmly on his face. "Right." He says. "Next, please."

There is nothing to do but swallow my manic-bitch laugh, get into the machine, and embrace the horrific realization that another airport official can see exactly how small my tits are.

The next six months should be fun. ■

ELOISE IS ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO MADE A SHOW OUT OF HATING JUSTIN BIEBER WHEN SHE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD. NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED. SHE LOVES JOHN OLIVER, PICTURES OF LABRADORS, AND WILL BE TRAPPED IN ENGLAND FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS. PLEASE FOLLOW HER ON TWITTER (SHE WANTS TO TELL HER MUM SHE'S FAMOUS): @SIMSELOISE



"To interrupt my reverie, a middle-aged guy walks past in cutoff jeans and an American flag T-shirt. Jesus. I never thought I would miss Waikato Draught singlets, but it's getting dangerously close."

Sex, Drugs and Electoral Rolls

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

"If you can't get rid of the skeleton from your closet ... you'd best teach it to dance"

— George Bernard Shaw

♦ ♦ ♦

Sup. My name's Curwen Ares Rolinson – and if developments from the last year or so of my life have been anything to go by, I'd appear to have acquired a walk-in-wardrobe necropolis.

My name might sound vaguely familiar to you. This would be because, over the course of my arguably somewhat less-than-illustrious political career, I've done everything from founding and leading New Zealand's most entertainingly effervescent/evanescent political party youth wing (the organization formerly known as NZ First Youth), to coming to the attention of the counter-terrorism boys from the NZ Police force as an alleged threat to National[s] Security (for which I spent eighteen months under wiretap surveillance thanks to a tip-off from the Prime Minister's diplomatic protection squaddies) and um ... well ... capping off five years of relatively successful media appearances by winding up in the laser-sights of half a dozen major broadcast outlets during a minorly catastrophic fall-from-grace mid-way through last year – courtesy of finding myself in court facing fairly serious cannabis charges.

You'll be pleased to know I beat the three-year prison sentence.

It's that last instance which gave rise to this column. Straight after being released from the cells at Central on bail a few hours after being apprehended, I stumbled in to last year's *Craccum* offices, clad only in my pyjamas and seeking to borrow \$2.50 in bus fare in order to get myself home. The *Craccum* team was good enough to rally round and help a poor mendicant miscreant such as yours truly, on the implied condition that I put pen to paper (or, given the parlous state of my handwriting, finger-to-keyboard) and commit a few of my more *ahem* memorable anecdotes and insights to epistle-if-not-epistolary format as part of a regularly syndicated feature right here in the pages of this very magazine.

As a result, the "Sex, Drugs & Electoral Rolls" column was born.

Best \$2.50, if I might be so bold, that the *Craccum* editorial team has ever spent. Now in terms of what I intend to do and cover in this column, part of it will, obviously, be political punditry

and shining a light upon the issues of the day. It's an area that I have a capacious level of direct, personal — even visceral — experience; as well as a fairly unique perspective to offer that has previously seen my amateur political journalism published internationally and even cited by the Venezuelan government.

But one of the other things I want to do is to pen the sort of print media that would have been both helpful and useful to me as an undergrad going through some of the struggles which a certain sort of late-teenager or duogenarian habitually grapples with. It can be quite interesting, if not outright harrowing, being a student. An experienced voice (or, if I'm being honest, an example of what not to do) can often help. As an example, I dropped out of law school in large part because I quite literally went crazy.

The next three years featured a highly ineluctable odyssey of bouncing around through the mental health system (capping out with spending six months under the care of a certain Auckland hospital mental health ward) in search of both answers, and help. Oh, and it also kinda lead to my whole court case thing. Now it goes without saying that wasting a good nearly ten percent of your life attempting to navigate a vast and cyclopean quasi-bureaucratic medical system trying to get some functionality back is not a particularly productive use of anyone's time. If I'd known then what I know now, I would have been able to shortcircuit the whole process down to a matter of weeks. That's why I believe there's some tangible merit to putting my hard-won knowledge on easily-accessible display in a bid to help people like me – but five-to-seven years further back on the path. I also spent a reasonable proportion of my adult life attempting to self-medicate the aforementioned mental health problems with a fairly capacious, if not outright Sheen-esque, consumption of illicit psychoactive substances. This got to a point wherein, at my worst, I was consuming approximately \$30,000 worth of hard-core and high-end amphetamines over the period of a few weeks in mid-2011. My drug-habits after that were, for the next few years, severe enough that the NZ Police actually declared them to be medically impossible. I'm not even kidding.

University is definitely about trying novel experiences while opening up your mind to new and different ways to understand the world (and that's just the higher education bit). But if you don't know what you're doing, it's also way too easy to seriously screw yourself, your psyche and your physical health up in irreversible ways. I've



seen people who've seriously messed themselves up, not just through the direct consequences of drug-use itself, but also through the lifestyles and patterns of behavior and association it can encourage. Occasionally even whilst looking beyond my mirror.

My journey to full-on sobriety and consciousness unadulterated by anything other than my own recurrent madness has been a frankly unbelievable one. But I can't shake the feeling that it would have been significantly easier in the presence of an elder and more experienced voice able to genuinely tell me what to expect. Not least of which is that things really *do* get better if you stick with it. It's in that spirit that I commit to the public record a small smorgasbord of my insight and experiences with drugs, their addiction, and consequent rehabilitation.

Not to glorify them – although some of the best times of my life have unquestionably had them proximate to me in their influence – but to simply present an accurate perspective which might help a younger me. As a man who both rigorously and religiously believes in applied "harm minimization", attempting to share my knowledge in the hopes that some of the personal pitfalls which befell myself and quite a few of my friends and associates are avoided, is the least I can do. I can't shake my record – but I can certainly make some good out of it.

Finally, one of the things that I think is sorely missing from our national politics is the sense of adventure, meaningfulness, excitement and deriding-do that seeking a more active role in public life can and should entail. Obviously, doing so is not without its risks and its costs. Occupational hazards may include going mad, encountering the detective who was second-in-command of the Urewera Raids in your living-room, and losing an incredibly meaningful personal relationship thanks to always putting politics first. But in amongst all that, I hope to illustrate just how fulfilling — indeed, thrilling — attempting to forge a place in the politisphere can and has been.

If I can help some of you to find that, to maybe even go a bit further than I did, I'll consider this whole 'columnist' business a worthwhile endeavour indeed. ■

Debunking Romanticism

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN



I found this quote on the Internet:

"A remarkable, glorious achievement is just what a long series of unremarkable, unglorious tasks look like from far away."

It was part of a long entry about procrastinating on *Wait But Why* (a cracker of a blog that I found recently while avoiding writing my CV, and yes I get the irony in that). This particular quote set me off on a ponder about how the artistic establishment has lied to us.

Hi, by the way. I'll be your columnist for the year. I'm six foot four with a perennially sore back and a penchant for saying "dear reader" when addressing my audience. That is all. Greet me if you recognise me based on these paltry identifiers (my apologies to the literary-minded basketballers about to be accosted by all two of you readers).

Back to business. We all have a mental image of the perfect poet — languid and lethargic, cooing at the world from behind a puff of cigarette smoke. In other words, lazy. Our collective

image of the ideal poet is someone who does nothing but lounge around and is inexplicably struck by a bolt of inspiration. Eyes glazed over, the poet transcribes what he or she has been given from above like an automaton.

However much the skeptic inside us knows this can't be true, we still want it to be. I certainly do. It means that my next English essay will strike me like a bolt of lightning — I'll barely have to think. There'll be no frantic cheese grating of my face against the desk as I try to brainstorm something of quality. It's unsurprising that the ideals of romanticism remain strong — they're like alcohol without a hangover, utopic, euphoric even.

One way of characterizing the romantic process of making art would be this: *a sculptor staring into a solid block of marble, in an instant, sees a complete mental image of the perfect figure she will sculpt, and proceeds, as if possessed, to unearth that mental image from the marble.* There is no careful plotting and planning, no laborious grinding.

Do yourself the favour of not lying to yourself. Artists may want you to think that their genius is some kind of transcendent gift that they reluctantly accept, but you don't have to believe them. Block it out, and tell them that they're no different to the builder, brick by brick, the boxer, punch by punch, or you and I, boring people who plan things, write them, and occasionally stick to the aforementioned plans.

Don't let ego get in the way either. When you write something good, make something cool, or play something well, *you know* that work was involved. It wasn't as effortless as you'd make it out to be in the hope of being seen as the romantic genius you truly are.

Returning, then, to the quote that started all this — the "unremarkable, unglorious" truth. As in politics or the music industry, it pays to understand when people are running a tightly spun PR web around you. Things are only "glorious" when you don't pay attention to them too closely. The art's in the mundane. ■



Left a Little Disappointed: An Ode to John Stewart

WITH ADEEL MALIK

If you're a bleeding heart liberal and enjoyed the commentary provided to you by *The Daily Show*, you're most likely left a little bit disappointed by what it has amounted to under Trevor Noah. I like Trevor Noah, but it's hard not to like someone who Jon Stewart has picked as his own successor. And all the hopes I had for what *The Daily Show* could have been, especially with the very real prospect of a Trump or Cruz presidency, have been quashed. It's gotten to the point where I have even started disliking Noah's mannerisms — especially, but not limited to, his fake high-pitched laugh after his own jokes.

I think a large part of Jon Stewart's appeal was the relationship he developed with the viewer. He managed to cultivate a sort of cult following amongst his viewers by slowly and humorously exposing the absurdities that seem to define modern politics and media. After watching countless *Daily Show* segments by the same man, we grew accustomed to a certain style of comedy. We grew accustomed to laughing at Fox News using edited clips of Fox News. But building that persona with an audience takes time.

Stewart was also one of the best interviewers in modern mass media. He made guests like

Jim Cramer or Bret Baier grovel in a way few are accustomed to seeing on TV. He was able to expose the "snake oil salesmen" on air, using pointed questions in a way most professional journalists are unable to, his wit keeping the audience engaged.

Lastly, Stewart's commentary felt like the thoughts of a good person. The post 9/11 show where Stewart asked his audience if they were okay felt comforting and genuine. His campaign to help 9/11 first responders, or Maziar Bahari, felt genuine in a world where commercial interest has dehumanised much of mass media. Those acts of kindness didn't feel like they had an ulterior motive behind them, they felt genuine.

I sincerely think that a large number of Trevor Noah's shortcomings are due to our unfamiliarity with him. I keep watching *The Daily Show* expecting Jon Stewart. Stewart was a great comic but for those who watched *The Daily Show* religiously, he was also a person we had grown to like. In time Noah may turn out to be a more charismatic anchor, but it's more than likely that the show will get cancelled long before that happens. ■

The 'Othering' of the San Bernardino Attackers

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

On 2 December 2015, fourteen people were killed and twenty-one wounded in an attack on a party in San Bernardino, California. The attackers were Syed Rizwan Farook and his wife Tashfeen Malik. Their actions were reprehensible. Regardless of what motivated the attack, there is no justification for it.

There are a few more details that are important. The attackers identified as Muslim. The attackers also "looked" Muslim – they had non-Western names, they had brown skin, she wore a hijab. However, Syed Rizwan Farook was born in America. He had forged a career in San Bernardino. His wife was an immigrant who arrived in the USA. Few origin stories are so deeply grounded in the mythos of what it means to be an American. The Immigration Museum on Ellis Island in New York City explicitly acknowledges this fact – that many Americans were immigrants, but when woven into the fabric of American society, became as American as those who had been there since birth.

The fact that the attackers had such close connections to America caused a fear in Western communities. This fear is different to the fear we would feel if they had snuck across the border in a car with blacked-out windows and holed themselves up in an off-the-grid shack for a few months while they planned their attack. We want our attackers to be from elsewhere. We want them to be 'other'; we don't want them to be 'us'.

It appears that the solution to this sense of shock is to 'other' these people as quickly as we can. Shortly after police had finished searching Farook and Malik's San Bernardino home, their landlord invited the world's media in. Farook

and Malik's personal effects were not treated like mundane paraphernalia of everyday life (as they should have been). Instead, their possessions became part of a narrative: People who do *this sort of thing* own *this sort of stuff*. "They had a sticker on a chest of drawers that said 'Praise Be To Allah!'" the world's media breathlessly reported. "And then there were the books," the New York Times ominously intoned, with all the suspense and impending horror of a reporter about to reveal the contents of a cannibal's fridge. What were these books? One was called *"The Characteristics of the Prophet Mohammed"*; the other, *"Common Mistakes Regarding Prayer."*

If a reporter barged into the home of a Christian family, the presence of a crucifix on the wall and a Bible on the nightstand would not be cause for discussion. It probably would not even make it into the article. In a Muslim home, however, it appears that such items of faith give reporters the context they need to paint the picture they want. When white terrorist Dylann Roof killed nine African-American churchgoers with the self-confessed motivation of starting a race war, no one was combing through his bedroom. The media sought to give Roof's actions a different kind of context – he was from a broken home, he had trouble at school, his parents were in debt. It is not wrong to try to understand why killers or terrorists do the things they do by examining the course their lives have taken. It is wrong for our efforts to understand the lives of terrorists who look 'different' to stop at rifling through their bedrooms.

There is not yet evidence to suggest that Farook and Malik were acting as terrorists. However, the attack in San Bernardino terrifies us because it comes so soon after the attacks in Paris, where Belgian national Abdelhamid Abaaoud orchestrated an attack against



concertgoers and city dwellers. It follows the events in Australia last December, where Australian citizen Man Haron Monis took hostages inside a café in central Sydney, and the unmasking of ISIS executioner "Jihadi John" as Muhammed Jassim Abdulkarim Olayan Al-Dhafiri, a British citizen who had lived in Britain since the age of six and even graduated with a BSc from the University of Westminster.

The fear we feel towards 'homegrown terrorists' stems directly from that fact: that they are 'homegrown'. The issue this raises is that there are nationals and citizens of these countries who feel so disconnected from their homes, their compatriots and their adopted culture, that radical arguments like those propagated by ISIS are convincing to them. "No rational person," the argument goes, "would willingly harm his or her home country."

The motivation for homegrown terrorists is not as clear as the fact that they may feel ostracised and cut-off from the rest of society, and it would be wrong to simplify it to that. However, by 'othering' those who look different – explicitly, when something like the San Bernardino attacks happen, and subconsciously, through the prejudices we carry with us when we are out of our homes – we make people feel like they are strangers in their own countries.

There exists an onus on societies to walk the talk of tolerance, multiculturalism and acceptance. If ethnically diverse citizens and nationals are made to feel like they do not belong, the hateful rhetoric of terrorist organisations and radical groups starts to sound a little less perverse. ■

"However, by 'othering' those who look different — explicitly, when something like the San Bernardino attacks happen, and subconsciously, through the prejudices we carry with us when we are out of our homes — we make people feel like they are strangers in their own countries."

PRETENSION BY PERRY

The Stars Are Going Out

WITH NATHAN PERRY



Allow me to begin with the obligatory welcome backs and welcome tos. A new year has certainly arrived and what a year it is. Only a few months in and already a revolution: people are suddenly talking about the news.

This year has started with something of a bang. When I say bang, I of course mean the deaths of several celebrities. Most took that news to heart. Unexpected, given that so few people I know seem to be big fans of The Eagles or Bowie or Alan Rickman or Sir Terry Wogan or indeed Justice Scalia. Yet at the news of each of their deaths, and for weeks after, their names were on everybody's lips. The fans came crawling out of the woodwork, newly lifelong fans. And while we all feel something when a person who has in some way shaped our world dies, these 'heartfelt' reactions strike me as a little disingenuous. If the grieving was genuine then fuck me, do we have a long road ahead of us.

Repeating the same tired drivel that always gets touted out when someone in the public eye blinks out of existence, the public showed that they don't really care about the people that passed away, just something new to make all about themselves. Luckily they all knew where they were when they heard the news that so and so died. This critical piece of information seems to be the only way that anyone can talk about the news nowadays. The pointless bleating about how you were in the shower and the news just sort of crept up on you as you checked your news stream, without the faintest fear of electrocution, has nothing to do with the facts at all. Other than you, who really cares where you were when anything happened?

As it happens I know exactly where I was when

I heard Bowie passed away. I had gone to see Jimmy Carr with my sister (profound socialite that I am). At the end of the show he thanked us for being such an amazing crowd, quite fairly, then added 'especially so' with the news of Bowie's death. This seemed a particularly bad way to end a comedy show. Others' reactions were to talk about the death of this man as if they had lost a life partner. People played songs that they hadn't cared about in twenty years, hung posters that they hadn't found cool in fifteen years and pretended to know lyrics that they hadn't sung ever before. Before the week was out the streets were lined with pizza faced youths singing the praises of the 60s and every moron on Youtube had composed a top ten list of Bowie's greatest crotch shots.¹ Then as news broke about that bloke from The Eagles and that other bloke from Die Hard the world lost its fucking mind.

I recall with dizzying annoyance the way that so many people said "what is happening?" when the tally of dead aged people reached four. It was as if everyone forgot what happens when people grow up; the answer is that they die. If people did genuinely care about the supernovas that recently faded away then I'd hate to think what it will be like from here on in. As I understand it, we are the first generation to fully experience the end of an era of entertainers as large as this one. Celebrities used to be hard to come by but with the cultivation of television and the explosion of the music industry during the 60s, the sheer number of celebrities skyrocketed. The rate of celebrity deaths can only increase from this point. Simple mathematics dictates that the more people who become famous the more famous

¹ Readers, we at Craccum realise Bowie's best and most famous music was recorded in the 70s and 80s, even if Perry does not. – Columns Editor.

people die.

I suspect this isn't so much a profound outpouring of genuine grief as much as it's an attempt to have something to do. We focus on the deaths of people we've never met (many of us having barely thought about them) so that we can occupy ourselves. But how will we respond as the death toll piles up? Will we become jaded and forget that we're meant to make a pretence of compassion? Will we stop Wikipediaing the names when we hear the news to make our friends think we knew what was going on? Will we become more honest or just more callous? Or will there be no effect at all?

What's more troubling than the increasing death of celebrities is the question: how much one ought to pretend to care. The truth is that these people were great. Bowie was a phenomenon. Rickman was amongst my favorite actors and Scalia was the patron saint of conservatives who needed to find a good excuse. We lost them all almost at once. They were all of an age where death isn't massively uncommon. What happens when this generation of celebrities hit the same age? When we start losing the Big Brother winners and the X Factor runner-ups how the world will grieve. Of course there have always been plenty of throw away celebrities, but never quite so many. There have never been quite so many television channels and never quite so many small screen big names and never quite so many no one has heard of. With this generation's celebrity culture, and with there being so many celebrities for us to cultivate, I wonder just how much caring people are going to do in 60 years time when the stars burn out.

All of which leads me to ask, do we really care that the stars are going out or is it simply that another channel has been cancelled? ■

"...with the cultivation of television and the explosion of the music industry during the 60s, the sheer number of celebrities skyrocketed. The rate of celebrity deaths can only increase from this point. Simple mathematics dictates that the more people who become famous the more famous people die."

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LIFE IS TOO LONG

True Crime Part 1: Everything Ravaged Everything Burned

WITH SHMULY LEOPOLD



I'm writing pseudonymously this year so I can reveal deep personal secrets, tell the deep truth, show my soul – real *Woman's Weekly* stuff.

I also need to write with a nom de plume because I'm deep undercover. I'm infiltrating *Life*. Reporting on the profundities of the human condition. Last year my writing was criticised (unfairly of course) for involving too much vomit and too much insult. So let's start properly this year. A magazine to be proud of, a heartbreaking work of staggering genius. I've dabbled in two forms of crime, and tortfeasance once. This is my story.

At age eleven I hit that special socio-economic strata somewhere between working and lower-middle class. Not poor enough to have any legitimate complaints but not rich enough to have any fun(ds). With masturbation as yet undiscovered, I needed things to do with my evenings. My first attempt at crime was simple — I stole ice-cream from the dairy.

We strategized our heist. Curtis and I were library monitors at Pakuranga Intermediate, which meant once a week we tidied the shelves and generally just fucked around being cool. The library had a sort of seminar room, with tables. (I looked Curtis up on Facebook while researching this thesis. He used to be a sweet boy, with baby blue eyes. He now has tattoos [scandal] and a shaved head. Makes posts about cars. Has a very ugly baby and an even uglier girlfriend. I can't figure out which of the two is more pudgy or illiterate. So this story is in part his too: his introduction to the dark side. The Joker's origin story.) So like the Ocean's Two that we were, we set the desks up in the exact form of the local dairy by my brother's primary school. I'm not sure why we did this. The plan was simple: walk in, accidentally knock over the stand with all the chewing gum. While the nice, slightly sad Indian girl who worked behind the counter bent down to pick up the vast untamed pile of gum, we would rifle through the deep freezer stealing Cornettos, Memphis Meltdowns (both caramel and berry), then scamper off. It was genius. But after the third time it became obvious. We stopped going to the dairy once the slightly sad Indian girl made us pick the gum up for ourselves. It wasn't so bad. Our taste for crime was now well beyond mere candy (plus we'd figured out that we could get those fundraiser chocolate boxes from the school and just sign up under another student's name, so our sugar needs were utterly sated).

A few weeks later I was hungering for another thrill, another hit. I was bored. Mum said I should "go kick a ball around". I tried. It was shit. But we did have a family computer, Windows XP,

it was as yet un-introduced to broadband (pornography), so games it was. I loved video games. The hours spent doing something-nothing. So we have three factors — first a listlessness that comes with not-really-poverty, second a deep sense of boredom, and third a mall halfway between home and school. We wanted games, we stole games. Legends. The target was Dick Smith Electronics. First it was just *Zoo Tycoon*, a \$12 game, just warming up. Second, *Mafia*, a rip off of GTA. Third, *Neverwinter Nights*. Now we were seasoned thieves, master criminals at the height of our powers. It was time for a big score. *The Sims 2*. An expensive game. A game that would push our graphics cards to their limits. Hardcore.

I should mention my process: we'd walk in, Curtis would stand beside me (champ) as we eyed up the shelves. My bag, you see, was always slung over one shoulder and unzipped, as was the fashion. Once we'd decided on the game, we'd look at several others, then casually and with great skill knock one into my bag. But this time was different. I was stopped at the door by a bulky Polynesian. Funny how dark people always get cast in these roles. And we always copy America: there they have black guys play the bouncers and security guards, and occasionally cops. Here, since there are so few Africans, we cast Polynesians in the role, but there's a lack of supply so we pay them a little more. I used to see race. Not anymore. I'm like the Act Party, or Winston Peters. Totally colour blind. Anyway, our tough-guy is wearing grey trousers, cheap black sneakers, and a short sleeved shirt common of men from Pakuranga. Curtis ran off, his small part in this tale over; his Ahabian quest for his whale-bride looming in his future.

I was dragged by this behemoth-in-goatee to the upstairs offices. I was yelled at. He demanded my parent's phone number. I reluctantly gave it to him. "You little shits always think you can get away with this, but we a-l-w-a-y-s catch youz." I nodded, weeping. I apologised profusely. I called him "sir" over and over. I showed respect, contrition, my head hung low.

After several thousand years waiting the giant declared my mother was not home. The Dick Smith manager said he'd let me go. I was banned for life from the Dick Smith. I was banned for six months from the mall. He sent me home after making me swear I'd never, ever steal again. So like all white boys involved in minor crimes, I got away with a slap on the wrist, and all my previously stolen games were still available. I would however sit by the lounge window, watching, waiting for the police.

I never stole again. Bigger, better crimes for my future. ■



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