

CRACCUM



The Bard is Back

Craccum resolves to stay relevant; recommends you go see a play written in 1599

Making the News Punk

Robbie Nicol chats to *Craccum* about being the Kiwi John Oliver

Movie Magic

Anoushka Maharaj loves Dev Patel; is the voice of her generation

O-WEEK 2017



your student
experience

MONDAY
6 MARCH

HIP HOP DAY
Mai Fm DJ Battle
ALBERT PARK (DAY)

Savage
SHADOWS BAR
(NIGHT)



AUSA ORIENTATION STEIN
Cops Vs Robbers
SHADOWS BAR (NIGHT)

Orientation Talent Quest
ALBERT PARK (DAY)

TUESDAY
7 MARCH

WEDNESDAY
8 MARCH

AUSA AND THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND PRESENT
PARTY IN THE PARK
FEATURING MARSHMELLO
WITH SACHI, KINGS & SUMMER THEIVES
ALBERT PARK



After Party
WITH GEORGE FM'S
BEN WALKER
SHADOWS BAR (10PM)

Chill out in the Park
WITH ELLERY DAINES TRIO, BEWYLDABEAST,
SMALL TRINKETS, HARRY PARSONS.
ALBERT PARK

THURSDAY
9 MARCH



FRIDAY
10 MARCH

AUSA PRESENTS
95bFM Bands in the Park
WITH Phoenix Foundation
AND DICTAPHONE BLUES, DUAL,
TE HUUH, SCARED OF GIRLS.
ALBERT PARK (DAY)



**O-Week
Final Nite
Party**
WITH Drax Project
SHADOWS BAR (NIGHT)



your student
experience

ISSUE ONE

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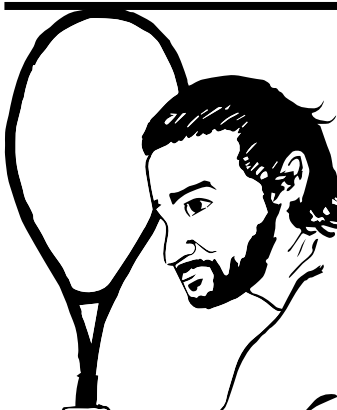
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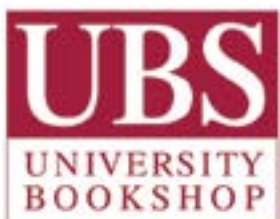
Mark Fullerton full-ishly backs
the Blues



29 ARTS

SONGS TO KEEP US SANE

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possible



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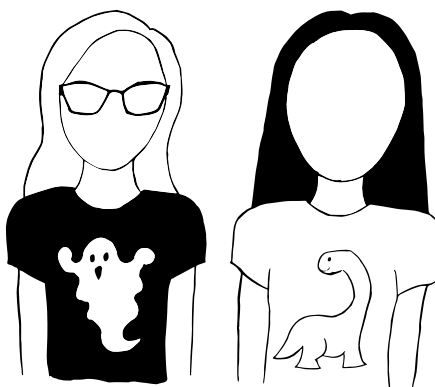
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

La La Land: The University Edition

It's a mad world we're living in. We're telling you, Tears for Fears were on to something. There's no point tiptoeing around the fact that something or someone will always attempt to shatter our idealistic hopes and dreams. While it may seem that these somethings or someones are far away in distant lands, it's becoming all too clear that they are at our very door. Yes, it's a mad world, and yes, there are those amongst us that struggle and fear for the future. But we want to let you know that we are here. We are here, every week, to keep you company.

Craccum must be doing alright. Christ, we've been spluttering our way through the shitstorm that is university since 1927. We started off as a newspaper written by men, an historical fact cleverly disguised in the filth that is our scrambled acronym "CRACCUM" (pointed out aptly by last year's editors as a "charming combination of 'crack' and 'cum'"). Nothing screams gender exclusion more than the now defunct (praise be) Auckland University College Men's Common Room Committee.

Lo and behold! You now have us—an all-female chief-editor duo, backed by a mighty team of women (feat. token male, Mark). We bet the Committee never foresaw the irony that is now in place. And what better way to rub it in the face of our forebears than by keeping the name (because a little pointed passive aggression never hurt anyone).

Student journalism plays an essential role in university life. Not only is it the one place where you can almost go uncensored and write as many fucks, wanks, cunts as you want, it is a place to engage with your peers in an open forum and challenge perspectives, ideas or preconceived notions. All manner of topics can be tackled, equal representation across the magazine is what we strive for, and most importantly, we just want to make your university experience a fucking blast! Whether you want to continue using us as your

flat toilet paper or defacing our editorial images with crudely drawn dicks (but are you really still 15 years-old?), we will feel truly #blessed that at least you picked us up and gave us a go.

Whether you love or hate the movie, life at the University of Auckland is a bit like *La La Land*—it showcases opportunities and potential galore, but there are flaws in its construction, though this shouldn't prevent it from making you feel all sorts of emotion. It's a cliché, but these few years will be some of the best in your life. You're here to work your way towards something greater—a career, a lifestyle, a dream. (Or you're here because you don't know what the fuck else to do with yourself.) University has been presented to you in several ways as a transformative experience, and it is, but perhaps not in the way that you'd expect.

Our university life is nothing like that in America, nor is it necessarily like the rowdy student culture you expect in Otago. The dreams you had about sustaining years of partying and cheap drinks, or having a ripper of a sexy time, or becoming politically engaged may never eventuate. We don't all have the same university experience. You may experience all of these things; you may experience none of them. What you can do is keep an open mind and try new things. Amongst the numerous clubs on offer, the option to try all sorts of papers in your degree in first year, the new people you're going to meet, and the opportunity to study abroad, you have the ability to shape what you want your experience at university to be like. Never will you have as much freedom to do whatever the fuck you want with yourself than during your time at university.

There are some home truths you should be aware of that could tarnish your time here. There is the inevitability of being socially restricted and sticking close to your high school mates; the clear student apathy for student issues; ris-

ing fees; lecturer disengagement; a University Council that seems to veto every opposing voice; the underfunding of the Creative Arts & Humanities. What's more, much like the Oscars' Big Picture disaster this year, when you think you're doing well with your grades, you're more than likely going to be trumped by someone that's better and arguably more deserving. Suddenly, you're a small fish in a big pond.

But just like the two of us at the end of *La La Land* (or *Lion*, or *Moonlight*, or any movie with a dog, really), you will come out of your time here unbelievably happy, though potentially a bit heartbroken and weepy. To complete university is no small feat, and you should be proud of this when you sit back down in your seat at graduation, clutching a bland piece of parchment that cost you an eye-watering amount of debt. As you wipe away the tears that have collected under your chin, and resist the urge to fling your trencher into the air, you will realise that what lies beyond is far greater than you could have imagined; that for all the struggles that may have cropped up during your time here, you have made something for your own—an experience that will never be replicated.

So, it's time to give *Craccum* a crack. We will be writing, ranting, raving, investigating, cumming all year. We will be covering everything student-related, from news and politics to lifestyle. We will have feature articles, arts reviews and regular columnists who'll make you laugh and ponder more deeply than any Philosophy 101 lecture will do. If you're a budding writer or artist and you want to join our ragtag, affectionate bunch of contributors, send us your work or come visit us in our sanctuary opposite bFM. We are sure to be less hip, but promise to make far more cheesy pop culture references than our neighbours. Most importantly, enjoy the ride, and as everyone's favourite everywoman Emma Stone sang, here's to the fools who dream. ♦

“European Students Association” Given O-Week Stall

By Eloise Sims

A group calling themselves the “Auckland University European Students Association” has been granted an O-Week Stall outside the General Library. The group claims on their Facebook page that they have been formed with the purpose of advocating pride in “European heritage and history.”

AUSA President Will Matthews met with Clubs and Engagement staff from Campus Life and the University Proctor on March 1st to communicate student concerns about the organisation’s presence on campus.

A recent statement from AUSA claims that despite student concerns about the group’s “racist material”, the AUESA stall would be allowed to remain at the Clubs Expo. This was permitted on the basis that “while there was ‘potential for offense’, the organisation had not yet committed any directly offensive acts.”

However, postgraduate Sociology student Justine Rose slams Campus Life’s behaviour as “reckless and irresponsible” in granting the group a stall.

“As a Jewish student, it makes me feel very unsafe. This group being allowed to publicly recruit and be legitimised by Campus Life creates a platform for white supremacists.”

“To allow this sentiment and attitude on campus is to allow fascism on campus.”

Speaking with *Craccum*, Associate Director of Student Engagement and Support Anne-Marie Parsons said that it is normal practice for non-AUSA affiliated groups to have stalls at the Clubs Expo.

“The AUSA affiliation process does not typically occur until after O-Week and new clubs often have the opportunity to have a stall at Clubs Expo if they’re organised enough to do that.” She said that a number of groups will be at this year’s Clubs Expo who are also unaffiliated with AUSA.

“This is the long-standing process the University has had in place for some time.”

Matthews emphasised that the group is not affiliated with AUSA in any way, shape, or form, and notes that the application submitted

to Campus Life for the stall was “very vague in its language”. Matthews said that the processes around approving unaffiliated clubs access to campus are to be discussed in light of the group’s successful application for a stall.

AUESA’s Facebook page features edited photos of colonial explorer Captain Cook superimposed over a New Zealand flag, and pictures of Kaiser Wilhelm I’s coronation.

In a statement to *Craccum*, the group stated that they are “simply a European cultural organisation in the sense that AUPISA is a Pacific Island cultural organisation. The issue people have with us is that it is European based.”

On Twitter, Race Relations Commissioner Dame Susan Devoy has said she will be “keeping an eye” on the group.

“I am a Kiwi with European heritage, I’m very proud of my Irish roots—but this doesn’t mean limiting the rights of anyone else.” ♦

IF YOU FEEL UNSAFE ON CAMPUS OR WITNESS A THREATENING SITUATION, YOU CAN CONTACT UNISAFE AT 0800 373 7550.

Safe Zone Returns For O-Week

By Michael Calderwood

The Auckland Safe Zone is set to make a return to lower Queen Street at night from February 24th to March 18th, after its noteworthy implementation last year attracted more than 10,000 visitors.

The Safe Zone is a joint initiative established by Auckland Council, ACC, St John, and Red Frogs NZ, designed to provide a safe space for people who have consumed alcohol or drugs and may be in need of support. It is now in its fifth year of providing support, advice, hydration, and medical attention to people in the central city.

Last year, 71 people were assessed and treated by St John, cutting the number of people

needing transport to the emergency department. The Red Frogs assisted over 10,850 people who visited the Safe Zone for support—the fourth year in a row that visitors reached a record high.

“Auckland is a great city to enjoy at night. I hope people will choose to drink responsibly, drink plenty of water, have a decent meal and make good decisions when trying to get home,” says Council’s Community Development and Safety Committee Chair, Councillor Cathy Casey.

“However, despite the best plans, sometimes people enjoying the late night scene in the city may need a little help to sober up, get hy-



drated, stay safe or get home, or even get medical attention, and that’s what the Safe Zone is for,” she says.

If you are out late in town and need any kind of support, the Auckland Safe Zone will be located in Lower Queen Street, and will be continuing to operate from 10pm to 4am overnight on Friday 10th and Saturday 11th March, and Friday 17th and Saturday 18th March. ♦



OGGB Parking Fees More Than Double

By Nikki Addison and Eloise Sims

In another blow for student drivers, the University of Auckland has announced the removal of early bird fees for the Owen G Glenn Building car park.

Beginning on January 6th this year, prices have skyrocketed from the usual \$12 daily early bird rate, to a record \$25 fee per day—in a 108% increase. This means students who drive daily to university are now looking at paying around \$125 a week for parking alone.

The University has defended the changes, reportedly claiming that the increase in rates was necessary due to increased car park demand. Casual fees for hourly parking have also remained at \$5 an hour.

However, the increase in price pushes the expense far out of a typical student

budget, especially when coupled with the 2.9% increase in student fees as of last year.

For student drivers, *Craccum* has compiled a list of cheaper parking locations available. All are further placed away than the OGGB, but will save the average student driver at least \$12 a day.

These locations are:

- Carlaw Park: \$12 a day for entry before 10am.
- K Road Car Park: \$11 a day for entry before 10am.
- Parnell Rise Car Park: \$11 a day.
- Shipwright Lane Car Park: \$12 a day.
- Kitchener Street Car Park: \$14 a day for entry before 10am with ticket activation from AUSA House (normally \$17). ♦

English Down, Winston Up: We Officially Live In 2003

By Jack Gradwell

The first Colmar Brunton poll of the 2017 election year has the National Party down four points to 46% with Bill English leading the preferred Prime Minister stakes at 31%. Conversely, the progressive Labour-Greens coalition is now up to 41% with Andrew Little's personal popularity still fairly stagnant at 8%.

This poll obviously places pressure on Prime Minister Bill English, who is unsurprisingly less popular than his predecessor John Key. If the election were held tomorrow, he would not have enough votes to form a government without finding new partners. Likewise, these numbers give hope to the Labour-Green coalition, which appears undamaged by the Willie Jackson fiasco and is now a three percent swing away

from taking the lead.

However, before prematurely celebrating the end of nine years of National Government, one needs to consider the elephant in the room. At present, New Zealand First stands at 11% support, and if previous trends are considered, could be on their way to a lot more.

During the previous three elections, the Greens' vote share has consistently remained 2–3% lower than the polls indicated. Conversely, Winston Peters' party have tended to first gain significant support in the few months leading up to the vote (a result of Peters' campaigning ability), and then gain 2–3% more of the vote than the polls would suggest (possibly a result of the same “shy

vote” factor that gave us Brexit and Trump).

If the Greens are polling at 11%, then their true support likely remains stagnant at 8–9%, while if New Zealand First is at 11%, then they're probably closer to highs of 13–14%. Previous trends considered, come election night, don't be surprised if Peters garners a whole 18–19% of the vote.

This poll indicates one thing. Neither a progressive Labour-Greens coalition nor a fourth-term National government will have the support to form a government without the support of New Zealand First. How exactly Andrew Little, Metiria Turei, James Shaw and Bill English intend to gain that remains to be seen.

Prime Minister Winston Peters anyone? ♦

Activism Abroad

It's been two beautiful months now since the USA voluntarily plunged itself into the steam train of flaming shite we call the Trump Presidency. And oh, what a time it's been.

Craccum caught up with Auckland Uni exchange student, Lauren Millington, who participated in the Women's March in San Francisco, and witnessed violent demonstrations against the right-wing speaker, Milo Yiannopoulos, in her exchange university, University of California, Berkeley (UCB).

WHAT ARE YOU STUDYING AT AUCKLAND UNI, AND WHY DID YOU CHOOSE UCB?

I'm in my third year of a BA/LLB majoring in education and anthropology.

I picked UCB because I saw that it has a great anthropology department, and I was planning on only doing anthropology papers on exchange. I didn't know much about Berkeley before I came here—but turns out it's a pretty interesting place!

WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEING IN THE US—AND PARTICULARLY IN UCB—WHEN DONALD TRUMP WAS INAUGURATED? AND HOW IS IT NOW?

There was a huge protest at UCB (among other places). There's a place called Sproul Plaza on campus where heaps of people gathered—even in the rain—to protest and show solidarity. There were a lot of speeches, and then a huge march to Oakland.

The next day the Women's Marches were on and I went to the one in San Francisco

with other international students. It was phenomenal. I've never been part of a crowd of thousands of people who all believe in the same ideas as I do.

In the scheme of things, everyone was actually surprised by how many people actually participated in all the marches all over the world. I think that showed how strongly people want to change attitudes towards women, immigrants, minority ethnic and religious groups, LGBTQ+, and so on.

SO UC BERKELEY MADE HEADLINES FOR STUDENTS PROTESTING AGAINST THE FAR-RIGHT SPEAKER, MILO YIANNPOLOUS, COMING TO DELIVER A TALK. DID YOU WITNESS THESE PROTESTS?

I walked past that protest in its early hours but I didn't stay because I was sick. We were warned via email from the chancellor of the university to stay away because of possible danger!

When I was there the protesters were just chanting, handing out flyers and holding signs. It was a pretty big crowd. Someone had a giant white bird made out of cloth and sticks—I didn't really know what that represented. From other peoples' Snapchats, and watching the live feed on Facebook, we saw that once it got dark, it became violent. A huge fire got lit.

Then apparently these anarchists started smashing the campus Amazon store's

windows—and then moved off campus smashing more windows along side streets. My roommate was there when the masked group of anarchists came, which she found really scary. But then people held a dance party in the place and cleaned it all up!

WHAT IS THE GENERAL MOOD ON CAMPUS TOWARDS THE PROTESTORS? ARE THEY SEEN AS ANARCHIST TROUBLEMAKERS, OR MORE HEROIC FIGURES?

I want to make a distinction between students who were the peaceful protesters and the anarchists. The peaceful protesters are kind of taken for granted here—at Berkeley, everyone protests something, and there is always a protest going on.

The anarchists however, are seen more as troublemakers for breaking the buildings and tainting UC Berkeley's name. They weren't students here—they just came and crashed our protest.

HOW DOES LIVING IN THE US RIGHT NOW COMPARE TO NEW ZEALAND?

You can see a lot more homeless people on the streets and when you take something to the counter to buy, suddenly tax is added and it costs way more. But otherwise California is pretty similar to New Zealand—everyone has been really friendly, and I feel at home! ♦



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Corrections Charges Close To \$10,000 for Official Information Act Request

By Laura Kvigstad

The Department of Corrections is charging \$9,956 for an Official Information Request that was placed by a member of No Pride in Prisons.

No Pride in Prisons' purpose is to advocate for incarcerated people and the end of prisons within New Zealand.

On December 10th 2016, No Pride in Prisons member Ti Lamusse requested "all reports produced by the Ombudsman into New Zealand prisons" within the last 10 years. In regards to detention centers, the Ombudsman typically performs routine investigations annually under the Crimes of Torture Act.

When asked to refine the request by Corrections, Lamusse asked for:

- The name of prison, the date(s) the investigation(s) were conducted, and the date of publication of the report for each of the "more than 50 reports" conducted by the Ombudsman under its COTA authority.
- The executive summary of each of those

reports

- The findings of the "prisoner questionnaire" for each of those reports

Corrections has asserted that the request covers 44 different reports. They claim each report would take a total of 3 hours to find and retrieve the specified information—and cost \$38 per half hour of work.

Deputy Chief Executive of Corporate Services for Corrections, Vincent Arbuckle says the information "cannot be made available without substantial collation or research"—hence the \$9,956 charge.

The New Zealand Herald retrieved four reports of a similar nature in December of 2016. These were performed in Arohata Prison, Manawatu Prison, Invercargill Prison and Otago Corrections Facility.

One documented act occurred within Otago Corrections Facility, in which a man was handcuffed for 21 hours a day to

prevent him from self-harming. This occurred for 10 weeks on end.

The *New Zealand Herald* reported Corrections' reluctance to release the reports, as such a release would impact the prisoners' "safety and security".

Emilie Rakete, the spokesperson for No Pride in Prisons, claims instead that the charge for the reports shows that "Corrections is trying to intimidate those who seek openness, transparency and justice".

The matter was unresolved as of time of print. ♦



54% Of Kiwis Are Pro-Choice

By Eloise Sims

A recent survey has claimed that the majority of New Zealanders think that abortion should be legal if a woman does not want to be a mother, or cannot afford a child.

The survey, commissioned by the Abortion Law Reform Association, found that 77% of Kiwis surveyed backed the current law, which states that abortion should be legal if the woman is likely to die. However, 51% of Kiwis said an abortion should also be legal if a woman does not want to be a mother, and 54% said it should be legal if a woman cannot afford to have the child.

Current law states that a woman seeking an abortion requires permission from two

doctors, who agree on the mental and physical unsuitability to carry the pregnancy to term.

Campus Feminist Collective and Thursdays in Black Representative, Zoé Sigley, says the survey shows how obsolete New Zealand law currently is on the issue of abortion.

"Abortion law is still covered under the Crimes Act which is outlined using outdated ideas and language—like calling mentally and physically ill and disabled people 'subnormal'."

"I think it's fantastic public opinion has swayed, and the timing—although it should have been done years ago—is crucial to granting this human right and medical treatment

among those who need it."

ProLife Auckland, however, have hit back against the idea that the survey is conclusive as to New Zealand public opinion.

"It is somewhat premature to draw conclusions about the degree of public support for abortion based on a survey of only 1000 people," Owen Posthuma, President of ProLife Auckland, commented, noting that the survey "was also about whether abortion should be legal or illegal—not about the degree of public support for a law change."

The survey was carried out by Curia Market Research Limited, and had a margin of error of plus or minus 3.1%. ♦

A black and white photograph of a student sitting on a concrete ledge. The student is wearing a patterned sweater, dark leggings, and sneakers. A large, dark-colored backpack with multiple straps and pockets is resting on their lap. The background shows a paved area with circular drainage holes.

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In Conversation With: Andrew Little

It's election year, so Craccum will be looking to wrangle interviews with as many politicians as we can. Meg Williams had a chat with Labour Party leader, Andrew Little, about Willie Jackson, immigration, and Te Tiriti.

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF DISSENT ABOUT WILLIE JACKSON, NOT JUST ABOUT HIM STANDING AS A CANDIDATE BUT ALSO BEING CATAPULTED UP TO A HIGH LIST POSITION, BOTH FROM THE PUBLIC AND WITHIN THE PARTY ITSELF. ARE YOU UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR CONCERNS? YOUNG PEOPLE WILL, MOST OF ALL, REMEMBER HIS COMMENTS DURING THE ROAST BUSTERS SCANDAL.

Firstly, no I'm not at all concerned about the dissent. There is nothing invalid at all about the concerns that have been raised. Those things were a concern for me for whether I would back him for a place on the list, so I welcome that.

Secondly, having dealt with the guy for a few weeks now, and I know what he did was wrong and unacceptable and inappropriate... He apologised at the time for it, [but] is there anything that he's done to indicate that he *gets* it? He's involved with the Manukau Urban Māori Authority. One of the things they do is run anti-domestic violence programmes targeted largely at men, changing their attitudes and behaviours. He has become a champion of that and has worked with advocates like Kim McGregor. So I think that it's not only [about] words; his actions [demonstrate] that he knows he was wrong. [He also] support[s] young Māori in South and West Auckland and focuses on jobs for them, on good quality housing for people in his community. I think the work he's done reflects Labour values.

Thirdly, is he going to have a high place on the list? Well, that's not for me to say. All I have said is I'm going to back him for a winnable place on the list because I think he has something to offer and I think he will reach a part of the electorate that we don't presently reach. And with all due respect to some of the people who are raising issues about him—not for one moment invalidating the concerns about his conduct over Roast Busters—I'm not sure how much understanding people have about the life of a lot of disadvantaged young Māori in West Auckland and South Auckland, because it's a different existence than [that of] a lot of young people from reasonably comfortable backgrounds. So I stand by my judgement, but I welcome the criticism.

ANTI-IMMIGRATION RHETORIC IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY PROMINENT ALL AROUND THE WORLD, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE ELECTION OF TRUMP. LABOUR'S ALREADY CONDEMNED TRUMP'S MUSLIM-BAN. WHAT ELSE DO YOU PLAN ON DOING IN GOVERNMENT IN ORDER TO COUNTER ANTI-IMMIGRATION RHETORIC?

We're committed to doubling the refugee quota. On a per capita basis, we are behind Australia in terms of refugees we take. We can do more, but after consulting with the agencies who are involved in refugee resettlement, 1500 is [all] we're going to manage given the reputation we have for the quality of refugee resettlement.

In terms of immigration more broadly, the problem we have is that we have a lot more people from overseas settling here in New Zealand, especially in Auckland. It is creating problems for Auckland's infrastructure and public services to cope. We think there is a time for managing that more carefully, if only to give ourselves time to catch up. Auckland is 40,000-50,000 houses behind what it needs to accommodate the population that's here at the moment. We have to work on better public transport and reducing congestion on our roads. [This is] managing immigration in a way that encourages more immigrants and refugees to settle in parts of New Zealand other than Auckland. We're a country that's been built on immigration; we've always needed to get skills in from overseas. At the same time, we need to make sure that those who are born here and have grown up here also get opportunities for training and education so that they get the skills [and] opportunities in New Zealand as well.

POLITICIANS OFTEN TALK ABOUT MIGRANTS IN TERMS OF STRAIN ON INFRASTRUCTURE. DON'T YOU THINK THAT IT'S THE BACKDROP OF THIS INCREASING, SCARILY RACIST ANTI-IMMIGRATION TALK THAT MIGHT NOT BE HELPFUL IN COUNTERING RACISM AND ANTI-IMMIGRATION? SHOULDN'T WE JUST START TALKING ABOUT THE ACTUAL PROBLEMS WE NEED TO PUT MONEY INTO? LIKE MORE INFRASTRUCTURE, HOUSING, A BETTER TAX SYSTEM?

Yeah, I don't disagree with you. We have to talk about what is needed to improve the quality of

living in our biggest city. We should never be afraid; we should stand up to those who want to make racist, prejudiced rhetoric for whatever reason, and we should call that out. But we can't avoid the debate about what we need to do and the reason why we need to do it.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN ON DOING TO HONOUR TE TIRITI Ō WAITANGI IF YOU'RE ELECTED INTO GOVERNMENT?

I have a personal view about having Te Reo be compulsory at levels of our compulsory education system. But the big thing we have to do is build capacity. We need more Te Reo teachers to get into schools, and more schools offering it. I think the big challenge—and that's going to be uncharted territory—is the post-Treaty settlement period. I think that's going to cast the government in a different role. Obviously we've had the long, slow, difficult, but very vital process of coming to terms with our history, achieving reconciliation and whatever partial compensation has been achieved. The next step for government is to stand alongside iwi as they make progress, complement[ing], sustain[ing] and support[ing] what they do, so they can begin to make the best of what recovery they've had—of their land and treasures they've lost.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE BIGGEST ISSUE WE'RE FACING RIGHT NOW?

We have to lift incomes. It's no longer just the bottom 10 per cent, or even the bottom 20 per cent now; they're calling it the bottom 50 per cent. That's not going to change overnight. It's going to take a lot of work. But we have to have an economy where more people are getting rewarded fairly for the work they do. Large chunks of our economy are low-wage. We're a wealthy country—we can do better. If I have that privilege of forming government, I would like my achievements to be measured on [whether I have] lifted incomes materially for the bottom 50 per cent. That's the measure I set for myself. ♦

The Truth On Racism In Aotearoa

Racism matters. Here in New Zealand, we like to pride ourselves on having the best race relations in the world, and supposedly the “good” kind of colonial oppression (as if there were ever actually such a thing). We even have a founding document, supported by a lack of Māori history and civic education taught in schools, which we parade around every February to get a day off work. Obviously New Zealand takes racism very seriously—or do we?

Despite the overarching discourse of valuing diversity and equality of access throughout our society, there still remains a politically correct silence over systemic discrimination and inequality.

If there is one word that epitomises this liberal conundrum, it is the discourse of “multiculturalism”.

Multiculturalism in New Zealand is neither garnering authentic respect for diverse groups, nor is it challenging systemic inequalities and discrimination. Multiculturalism has become an empty jargon word that people are coaxed into worshipping. Drenched in the language of tolerance, at times pro-diversity arguments are really about the dominant class managing the undesirable side effects of unac-

cepted diversity.

The heart of this issue is the fact that New Zealand is racist. Moana Jackson, a prominent constitutional lawyer, spoke at the recent Tino Rangatiratanga Today Public Wānanga at the Auckland City Library (hosted by Racial Equity Aotearoa). During the wānanga, Jackson highlighted that “racism is an ideology that underpins colonisation”. Essentially, how can a colonial state not be racist towards the indigenous population and migrants of colour, when it is an institution founded on racism?

Racism matters, but more importantly, the way we release its tight grasp is vital to the well-being of all New Zealanders.

Recognise

Decolonise

Indigenise

IF YOU'RE KEEN TO LEARN MORE ABOUT RACIAL EQUITY AOTEAROA, HEAD TO THE FOLLOWING LINKS:

FB: [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/RACIALEQUITYAOTEAROA/](https://www.facebook.com/racialequityaotearoa/)

TWITTER: @RACIALEQUITYAO

EMAIL: [RACIALEQUITYAOTEAROA@GMAIL.COM](mailto:racialequityaotearoa@gmail.com)

Auckland Pride Parade 2017

Glitter, rainbows and balloons galore! February 25th was Auckland's Annual Pride Parade. The University of Auckland had their own float! Here's a little bit of the action:



CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

Shakti New Zealand

Shakti was founded by Farida Sultana, a domestic violence survivor and women's rights advocate. Shakti advocates on behalf of New Zealand's migrant and refugee communities by promoting gender equality and overall well-being.

Last year Shakti successfully completed their campaign to criminalise forced and underage marriages in

New Zealand, with changes being made to strengthen New Zealand's Domestic Violence Act 1995.

You can donate to Shakti through their website: <http://shakti-international.org/about-us-nz/>. If you or someone you know needs help, you can call on their helpline at: 0800 SHAKTI (0800 742 584). ♦

Upcoming Community Events

March 10th is International Women's Day! Shakti Youth NZ are putting on an event to celebrate.

When: March 10th, 9:30am – 1pm

Where: Mount Albert War Memorial Hall

Price: Free! (Register at eventbrite.co.nz)

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: “We invite you to join us in solidarity over a catered brunch. The Shakti Youth Unit will be launching the “Break Free” handbook for migrant and refugee youth experiencing family violence, a first of its kind in New Zealand. This event will also feature two panel discussions, one with researchers, followed by a cross-Party panel on the theme of ‘No Equality Without Diversity.’”

Find out more at:

[HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/EVENTS/381126258916061/](https://www.facebook.com/events/381126258916061/)

The Auckland Women's Centre is holding a Feminist Quiz Fund-raiser night.

When: 11th March, 6pm – 10pm

Where: Grey Lynn Community Centre

Price: \$35 (Tickets can be purchased at eventbrite.co.nz)

Age restrictions: R18

Event info: “Fabulous prizes and raffles galore. Cash bar and fantastic food including gorgeous vegan treats from Tart Bakery. Proceeds raised will go to fund the wonderful work of the Auckland Women's Centre to ensure its continued support for the empowerment of women.”

Find out more at:

[HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/EVENTS/380142875664706/](https://www.facebook.com/events/380142875664706/)

What's On

Party in the Park with Marshmello

International DJ Marshmello is headlining Party in the Park this Wednesday 8th March. UoA's orientation gigs are usually pretty sweet, so get yourself a ticket from the AUSA house ASAP.

Auckland Safe Zone

On Friday 10th, Saturday 11th, Friday 17th and Saturday 18th March, Red Frogs NZ and St John will be on lower Queen Street from 10pm–4am, offering help to people who may have consumed drugs or alcohol and providing hydration, support and advice. Stop in and say hey if you're out and about!

Frankie Cosmos at REC

American musician Frankie Cosmos is bringing her sweet indie vibes to Auckland this Saturday night. Tickets available online at Under The Radar.

Auckland Fringe Festival

The **Auckland Fringe Festival** is on till March 12th with over 100 artsy events all throughout the city, many of them free! Check the Auckland Fringe website for a full list of events.

One such event is **The Floating Theatre**, where the actors perform from a 30-foot floating cube on the water, creating a magic lantern silhouette show with music. You can buy tickets to be on board for this quirky experience, or just watch from Wynyard Quarter for free. There are two shows a day at 8pm and 9.30pm from 8th–11th March. ♦

How To Make The Perfect Poached Eggs

A student's relationship with food is problematic. You could be dumpster diving one day, weeping over Munchy Mart prices the next, or hobbling around the Quad like Oliver Twist—grimy hands outstretched in the faces of those fortunate souls tearing off pieces of garlic naan. We here at Craccum understand your (stomach) pain. So, to help you get those gains and protein, whilst having a scrumptious breakfast to set you right for the day, here is our sure-fired recipe to make the perfect poached eggs. NB: this recipe is for one egg only.

Ingredients: Eggs, salt, water, and your choice of toast, crumpet, breakfast muffin, or a bed of leaves.

Get out your motherfuckin' eggs, son. Crack one of those puppies into a separate small bowl.

Shuffle pots around loudly in your crockery drawer until you find a medium-sized pot. Fill that bad boy up with cold water to about halfway.

Turn that stove on and boil the water.

CRUCIAL MOMENT: turn the heat down!! There should be NO, I repeat, **NO** bubbles left in that pot.

Get a spoon. Create a mini whirlpool in the water. Then

quickly and DELICATELY slide the egg into the water.

The egg should cook for three minutes **ONLY!** If you cook for longer than this, you will fuck the egg up. The yolk will not be runny.

As the egg is cooking, pop your bread into the toaster or assemble your bed of leaves.

Once the egg is ready, get the slotted spoon (that's the spoon with holes in it, you fools), and take the egg out, making sure the water drains away!

Plop the egg on your toast or bed of leaves.

You just made yourself the best goddamn poached egg of your life! ♦

Guide To... Surviving Uni

Welcome/welcome back, AUers! Semester One is officially upon us. Whether it's your first year or your last, we have some tips to help you survive dat #unilife.

Liquid Energy: Coffee is the student's ever-faithful, much-depended-upon best friend. It's there to get you through those late-night deadlines and weekday hangovers. Embrace the caffeine.

Take a Break: Sometimes to be productive we need downtime. Give yourself semi-regular study breaks and do something away from your computer so you can come back feeling fresh. Hit a class at the gym, go for a walk or eat your lunch in Albert Park.

Strength in Numbers: Studying with friends can go either way, but when it works, it works. There's nothing like that feeling of group achievement when you're all there getting shit done together.

Sleep: Yay, sleep! Unless you're some kind of superhuman machine, sleeping adequately is the best way to survive uni. 7–8 hours a night, friends (with the odd exception of steins, parties and other alcohol-infused events). ♦

Top 5... Coffee Places Near UoA

eighthirty | 35 High St

A mere 10-minute stroll through Albert Park will lead you to eighthirty's magical, minimalist café. Their delicious organic coffee is made from sustainably-sourced beans and is available in batch brew and espresso form.

Federal Delicatessen | 86 Federal St

If you like it strong, go to The Fed. Offering bottomless filter coffee in your choice of Havana or Supreme (Supreme is where it's at), The Fed'll make sure you don't sleep through any lectures.

Miller's | 31 Cross St

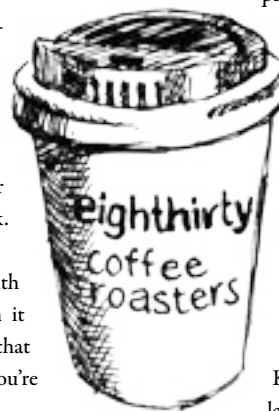
Miller's Coffee have been roasting since 1988 and naturally, the skill shows. This one might be a little more of a mission to get to, but it's definitely worth it.

Scarecrow | 33 Victoria St

Scarecrow is a florist, grocer and café which happens to make extra-fine Kokako coffee. Kokako is Fairtrade, organic and New Zealand-made—plus a straight 10/10 for flavour.

Craven 'A' | 4 Saint Paul St

Just off Symonds St, Craven 'A' is super close to uni and perfect for a last-minute pick-me-up. They serve All Press coffee and make a mean cappuccino. ♦





Starting a new chapter?

AUSA and UBS offer **\$3,000 worth of textbook grants** each semester to students who have persevered with study despite suffering financial hardship.

Applications open
Wednesday March 1
and close **midnight**
Thursday March 16

Apply online at
www.ausa.org.nz/textbooks



EMAIL WELFARE@AUSA.ORG.NZ WITH ANY ISSUES OR QUESTIONS



Thy eternal summer shall not fade

One of Auckland Summer Shakespeare's picks for their outdoor theatre this year is As You Like It, directed by award-winning Benjamin Henson. This adaptation of As You Like It has been described as "bringing Glastonbury to Auckland"; a colourful mix of love, wit, sunshine and live music.

As You Like It is being performed for the next week on the lawn under the Clocktower, an easy walk and a beautiful way to end an evening. So if you've got late classes and are planning on slogging through till 6pm anyway, we would definitely recommend working this into your O-Week plans.

Grace Hood-Edwards had the chance to interview two of the cast members, Lucas Haugh (as Silvius) and Murdoch Keane (as Audrey/Touchstone).

CAN YOU DESCRIBE YOUR PRODUCTION IN ONE SENTENCE?

A celebration of joy, freedom and LOVE.
Outdoor Shakespeare Rave.

WHO DO YOU PLAY? WHAT DO YOU LIKE/DISLIKE ABOUT YOUR CHARACTER?

I've been lucky enough to have been given the task of playing two very different characters! Touchstone—a fool from the court; and Audrey—a simple country girl with a knack for "earthy shenanigans", but a heart of gold. I play Silvius—I like how confident and unashamed he is in love, but I dislike how little he stands up for himself.

TALK ABOUT AS YOU LIKE IT. WHY IS IT IMPORTANT, WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT IT?

To me, *As You Like It* is important because Shakespeare wrote his plays for the society he was in. It is a reminder of the power of love and defiance, against oppressive and restrictive regimes, that I think rings especially true today. I think it's important to see shows that make you happy and make you appreciate the awesome things in life. Drama and seriousness are great, but sometimes you want to just sit back and be entertained. And even though it's a comedy, all the characters are still so rich and interesting to become invested in.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT YOUR VERSION OF AS YOU LIKE IT?

This is anything but a generic production of a Shakespeare show. This is Shakespeare that is trying to address, and represent, a modern audience. I think there's something very special and personal about that. We all know what to expect when we say "traditional Shakespeare", but I can promise you that coming to Summer Shakespeare's *As You Like It* will mean you'll see and enjoy something new! And maybe even see Shakespeare in a completely new light. I like how unashamedly fun it is. It's a strong comedy, but it's also a play about love of all kinds, so it's really a joy to be a part of—and hopefully to watch also.

ANYTHING SPECIAL YOU CAN TELL US ABOUT?

In order to decide which role I will play, I and Bronwyn Ensor flip a coin at the start of the show. So I never really know which part I'm going to be doing. Which is terrifying, but also amazing. I wouldn't want to give anything away.

WHAT'S IT LIKE PERFORMING OUTDOORS, IN AN AUCKLAND SUMMER?

Itchy! Lots of mosquitos. And sometimes a little wet, but all of this contributes to the "music festival" atmosphere of the show. When the weather is good it's a lot of fun, but I get soaked if the stage is wet. It's a great challenge to make the text work in a space like that, and to maintain the connection with the audience while performing in an arena setup.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT SHAKESPEARE, AND WHY?

Sometimes I love him. Sometimes I think he

liked the sound of his own writing a little too much. He was fine. I always say that Shakespeare is only a guideline. And sometimes I mean it. I think anyone who has their work still performed hundreds of years later is probably worth at least paying attention to. Everyone says he's timeless, but it really is the case—you can perform his works today, in just about any context under the sun, and it still rings true.

WHAT DO YOU THINK SHAKESPEARE WOULD BE DOING IN TODAY'S TIMES?

Applying for the sixth time, unsuccessfully, for Creative NZ funding.
Churning out Netflix shows like nobody's business.

FAVOURITE SHAKESPEARE CHARACTER, AND PLAY?

Favourite character? Iago. But favourite play—*Macbeth*.

MK: I love Beatrice from *Much Ado About Nothing*. But my fave play has got to be *Hamlet*.

FAVOURITE AS YOU LIKE IT QUOTE?

"My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal." —Rosalind

"It is to be all made of fantasy, all made of passion, and all made of wishes, all adoration, duty and observance, all humbleness, all patience and impatience, all purity, all trial, all obedience, and so am I for Phoebe" —Silvius

AND FINALLY, WHY SHOULD PEOPLE COME SEE SUMMER SHAKESPEARE'S AS YOU LIKE IT?

Because women are in it! Lots of 'em!!! And women on stage are the best.
Because it's a fucking great show. ♦

As You Like It runs from the 14th–11th March 2017. Student tickets are \$20, with ID.

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FEATURE



Interview by
Eloise Sims

Art by
Josh Hart

Poking holes in the news

Eloise Sims has a chat with Robbie Nicol of the webseries *White Man Behind a Desk*

SO WE DID A BIT OF RESEARCH, AND WE NOTICED THAT STUFF CALLED YOU THE KIWI JOHN OLIVER—DID YOU FEEL A BIT STOKED ABOUT THAT?

I felt a bit stoked! It's funny cause we get compared to John Oliver the most. I think that's probably because John Oliver's hitting the zeitgeist at the moment; he features New Zealand quite a bit. So I feel like people have John Oliver fresh in the front of their minds. That's probably why that comparison [is] made a lot. And, I mean, we both kind of have nerdy voices.

EVEN THOUGH 2016 WAS A HORRIFIC YEAR AROUND THE WORLD FOR SO MANY PEOPLE, WMBAD DEFINITELY WENT FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH. YOU GUYS BROUGHT IN FANCY ANIMATION, AND HAD GUEST APPEARANCES FROM PEOPLE LIKE JOHN CAMPBELL AND ROBYN MALCOLM. HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT?

She is so great! Just the coolest person in the world! What we've found is the coolest people are the easiest to get to be on your show. There's something about people who are at the absolute top of their game. They're organised, they turn up on time—they have their shit together! I mean, John Campbell sent us in multiple takes! Like, we asked him to do it again on a separate day, and he was like “yeah, sure, no worries.” I was like, “he must be so busy...”

WHAT A DUDE.

Just what a guy! We remember when he followed us on Twitter. So we tweeted “Okay, we can retire now. We're done.” And then John replied and said, “Aw no, don't retire”. We were SO overwhelmed! I was cooking dinner at the time and messaged Sally and Elsie Bollinger and the rest of the team—just freaking out.

YOU REMEMBER EXACTLY WHERE YOU WERE AT THE HISTORIC MOMENT JOHN CAMPBELL REPLIED TO YOU.

I remember exactly where I was! I was like, “I don't know what to do. I don't know how to respond to this. We need to be funny...”

“WE NEED TO DRAFT IT THREE TIMES...”

“We've only got 140 characters and that's just not enough for John Campbell!”

WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE THAT SUCCESS WITH YOUR NEW STUFF TO?

A big part of the reason we're doing new stuff

is because we don't know what we're doing and that's kind of a gift. That's why you start making stuff on YouTube—because you don't know what you're doing and there's no pressure to do anything in particular. You can just go “We're gonna try this for a bit and see how that works out.”

I work with Elsie Bollinger and Sally Bollinger, who are two awesome sisters that help me make... this thing! Their background and work is in film. So when you have that expertise and creativity on your team, you kind of think “it's a waste to only do one shot behind a desk”. There's an opportunity to do a full-comedy sketch and shoot from different angles and cut it together and do something ridiculous, silly, fun, and interesting. That's the medium we're working in. You want to push the medium as well as the content.

We set that as a goal and started doing it and it's been really fun. We got to hang out with some kittens AND Robyn Malcolm.

YOU HAVE KITTENS AND ROBYN MALCOLM? WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT FROM LIFE?

You're living the dream at that point.

PRETTY MUCH. SO, IN TERMS OF THE SHOW, WHAT'S BEEN YOUR FAVORITE EPISODE? WHAT'S THE NUMBER ONE TOPIC YOU'VE COVERED SO FAR THAT'S MADE YOU SIT BACK AND GO, “SHIT, WE DID A REALLY GOOD JOB ON THAT”?

There are different indicators of success, and definitely, a big indicator is view count. We did an episode on trade, a sort of two-part thing—one on why open trade is good, or at least the argument for that, and then one talking about why institutions in America often tend to tack things onto trade, so you end up with dodgy things that aren't super related to lowering tariffs in legislation.

That was by far and away our most viewed video on Facebook. For a video that was sort of an “Economics 101” class to reach over 300,000 people was sort of a big deal for us.

IT SAYS A LOT ABOUT HOW MANY PEOPLE NEED THAT ECONOMICS 101 CLASS.

So much of the news starts on the basis of assumed knowledge, and that assumed knowledge isn't necessarily there. So that was one we felt really good about.

I think I get happiest when I feel like we're

saying something no one else is saying. That's when I get excited. One of our least-viewed videos was one I was very chuffed with and I think it was a bit controversial, and therefore less shareable. We did one on Colin Craig calling journalists out for mocking him for things that weren't relevant to public concern or public interest.

Some branches of certain organisations were creating situations that other branches of the same organisations would then report on, and it became this cycle. Taking photos of him lying in the grass, then writing satirical articles on him lying on the grass—and it's all coming from the same organisation.

You think, “This is bullying, isn't it? What's happening here is just straight high-school bullying.” I didn't feel like a lot of people were saying that. We said, “We think Colin Craig should be mocked, but mocked for his policies...” Let's just pass out bullying from important criticism.

IN A WORLD WHERE TRUMP IS A REAL AND TERRIFYING THING—

Yes. I have heard. It's been very hard to miss.

I MEAN, EVERY SINGLE DAY IS BRINGING WORSE AND WORSE NEWS ABOUT HIS PRESIDENCY. DO YOU THINK SATIRE IS BECOMING EVEN MORE IMPORTANT TO SOCIETY IN THESE MOMENTS, OR IT'S JUST CONTRIBUTING TO POPULAR DISILLUSIONMENT AND DISENFRANCHISEMENT WITH POLITICS?

This is something I've been thinking about recently. I really don't like cynicism, and I think a lot of satirists are angry because they're hopeful, optimistic people. They're saps. They think everyone can be holding hands and smiling. Then they get angry because the systems aren't allowing people to do that. What's so frustrating about that is that it doesn't have to be like that, which is why satirists seem so angry.

A consequence of that a lot of the time is that people become bitter about politicians in a way that is unhelpful to democracy. I mean, if you meet politicians, most are crazy, hard-working nice people who think they've got the right idea for the country. It's the absolute minority who are weird, power-hungry, corrupt people.

We did a video about the Global Goals, and talked about how, globally, on almost every indicator, things have gotten better. Crime is down, poverty is down, education and democracy is up.

“Sincerity is coming back into fashion. Everyone's getting a bit tired of sarcastic, ironic, smug people.”

FEATURE

At the end, we said, “Thanks. Thanks to everyone who works in administration and bureaucracy around the world, and who works for the UN, and for charities, and NGOs. Thank you for the fact that things are better now.”

And there were all these comments saying stuff like, “Why would you say thank you to POLITICIANS?” Well, most of them are doing a really tough job!

And it’s always considered cool to criticise, but we think it’s always cool to be subversive and go against the norm of what people are saying. When everyone is saying, “Politicians are dicks”, we think it’s kind of badass and cool to be like, “A lot of them are nice people”.

That angers people. They say, “How dare you say a lot of them are nice people?” and we say, “Screw you—they are nice people.” There’s something fun about that.

Elsie and Sally’s dad is a music journalist, and so, we sometimes think we want to do things that are punk. That means doing things people don’t want us to do and sticking it to the man and all the rest of that. But sometimes the most punk thing you can do is be nice.

WOW.

You know?

THAT SOUNDED LIKE AN AVRIL LAVIGNE QUOTE.

If there’s one fact we can take from this interview...

IT’S THAT AVRIL LAVIGNE IS THE NEW CHRIST?

I’m glad we got there.

But I do think that’s true—what grinds people’s gears sometimes is being a nice person and saying thanks. That’s fun. Sincerity is coming back into fashion. Everyone’s getting a bit tired of sarcastic, ironic, smug people.

WELL, LIKE OUR VERY OWN CHLÖE SWARBRICK UP IN AUCKLAND. IS IT CHALLENGING THE WHOLE IDEA THAT POLITICIANS ARE TERRIBLE IDIOTS?

I think a lot of young people are very excited about that. That’s really cool. It shows young people can actually get excited about politics, and not just in opposition to something—but for something. Comedy is sort of inherently destructive, and the point of it is to poke holes in things. You shouldn’t rely on comedians for news, because that’s all they’re really ever going to do. If I say thank you to politicians, it can be fun for a bit, but it’s not really funny. After that, I have to go back to poking holes in stuff, because that’s comedy.

But journalists do have that ability to say, “Hey, this is really good, we should do more of this.” It’s not funny. But it’s news. And it’s proper news. I think people want more of that. I mean, we’ve got climate change and Trump. Bring on the good news.

SO ARE YOU IN FACT LIVING PROOF THAT STUDYING AT AUCKLAND CAN ACTUALLY GET YOU A JOB?

No. No I am not.

THIS IS GOING TO GIVE EVERYONE AT AUCKLAND UNI SO MUCH HOPE.

I mean, I read more books... and that means I have more interesting things to say. But you can read books and not go to University quite easily. They give library cards away almost for free! I took Mathematics and Philosophy, and ended up doing Politics and International Relations and Philosophy. I don’t understand why universities teach in a way that we’ve learnt—over the last 100 years—is not a good way to teach. Educational theory has moved on from a person standing at the front of a class yelling at people, with everyone taking notes. We know that doesn’t work as a form of education. We’ve shown that pretty unequivocally, yet it’s still how universities work.

I would say without a doubt the worst education I’ve ever received in my life was when I was paying for my education at university. At high school, there are maximum 30 people in a class. Your teacher knows you, cares about you, talks to you, tries and teaches you based on what stage you’re at. That’s all based on good education practice. University, they don’t do any of those things.

I didn’t care for university, and I don’t think you have to go there. But you can if you want! That’s fine.

LIVE YOUR LIFE. IMAGINING TIME, BUDGET AND SO ON WASN’T AN ISSUE, WHAT IS THE NUMBER ONE THING YOU’D LIKE WHITE MAN BEHIND A DESK TO COVER?

Good question. It’s hard because there are not a lot of people saying no to us in terms of things we want to do—if we want to do something, we can just do it. We’re really lucky to live in a time where research is not expensive. It’s just time-consuming. You can go to libraries, and there’s the Internet! And it’s awesome! I think something we want to do soon is on New Zealand’s tax system. We’re excited about that. I do not understand how New Zealand’s financial system works...

NEITHER.

We kind of want to pull that veil back and explain how it’s going and how it works, and whether or not you should be angry. Spoiler alert: probably. Most likely.

If we had unlimited budget, we’d just hire all the investigative journalists, and be like, “Congratulations. You now have a job.” That’d be great. We’d have really fun stories to then take and make stupid.

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM WMBAD IN 2017?

We’ve got a lot of projects coming up, which aren’t just necessarily me sitting behind a desk ranting at you! But there will be more of that.

Don’t worry. I think we’re all desperate for more white men ranting at us. So I can promise that.

WE’VE HAD NOWHERE NEAR ENOUGH WITH BILL ENGLISH.

No, no. Well, we’re going to do a documentary/mockumentary series, which we’re writing at the moment. That’ll be dealing with proper experts and being an idiot in front of them. Lots of fun. We are doing a sort of big spectacle about a third of the way through the year, which will try a lot of our skills—not just saying jokes, but also other forms of entertainment, hopefully. That’s going to be a big event. I am personally terrified about it.

BUT ALSO, OF COURSE, YOU HAVE TO COVER THE ELECTION!

That’s very exciting! It’s a big year for us. We haven’t entirely figured out what we’re going to be doing in the build-up to the election yet. There are a whole bunch of laws about what we can and cannot say. We can’t count as electioneering for any particular party, so we have to be careful and work in tandem with the Electoral Commission so we don’t break the law.

SO MOVING ON—CAMERON SLATER. LET’S JUST TALK ABOUT CAMERON SLATER AND YOUR LOVE FOR HIM.

Just... just rant about my love for him?

JUST LET IT RIP.

I love it! I think I’ve made it clear I’m deeply in love with the man. He represents all that is good and holy and pure about the relationship between journalists and politicians. He’s never had any conflicts of interests. He’s never had any malicious intent in terms of revealing the news in a clear, concise, non-emotive way. He’s never been biased. I think that’s why I respect and love him so much.

Sometimes the most punk thing you can do is being nice, yeah? If we met Cameron Slater we would just give him a hug. Tell him it’s okay.

IS THAT THE NEXT BIG THING FOR WMBAD? FINALLY MEETING CAMERON SLATER FOR A HUG?

We’d just love to bring him in for a cuddle.

I WANT TO ARRANGE THIS.

I think we should. I think more people in the world need hugs, and I think Cameron Slater is one of them.

This is our direct message to Cameron Slater. If he’s ever feeling worked-up—like he needs to take down politicians just for the sake of it, or like he needs to prove himself on the New Zealand stage—he needs to remember that he is enough.

It is okay. His family loves him. And we’re here to give him a hug.

DEAR CAMERON SLATER, YOU ARE ENOUGH.

You are enough. ♦

“Comedy is sort of inherently destructive, and the point of it is to poke holes in things. You shouldn’t rely on comedians for news, because that’s all they’re really ever going to do.”



International
students don't
forget your
spectacle
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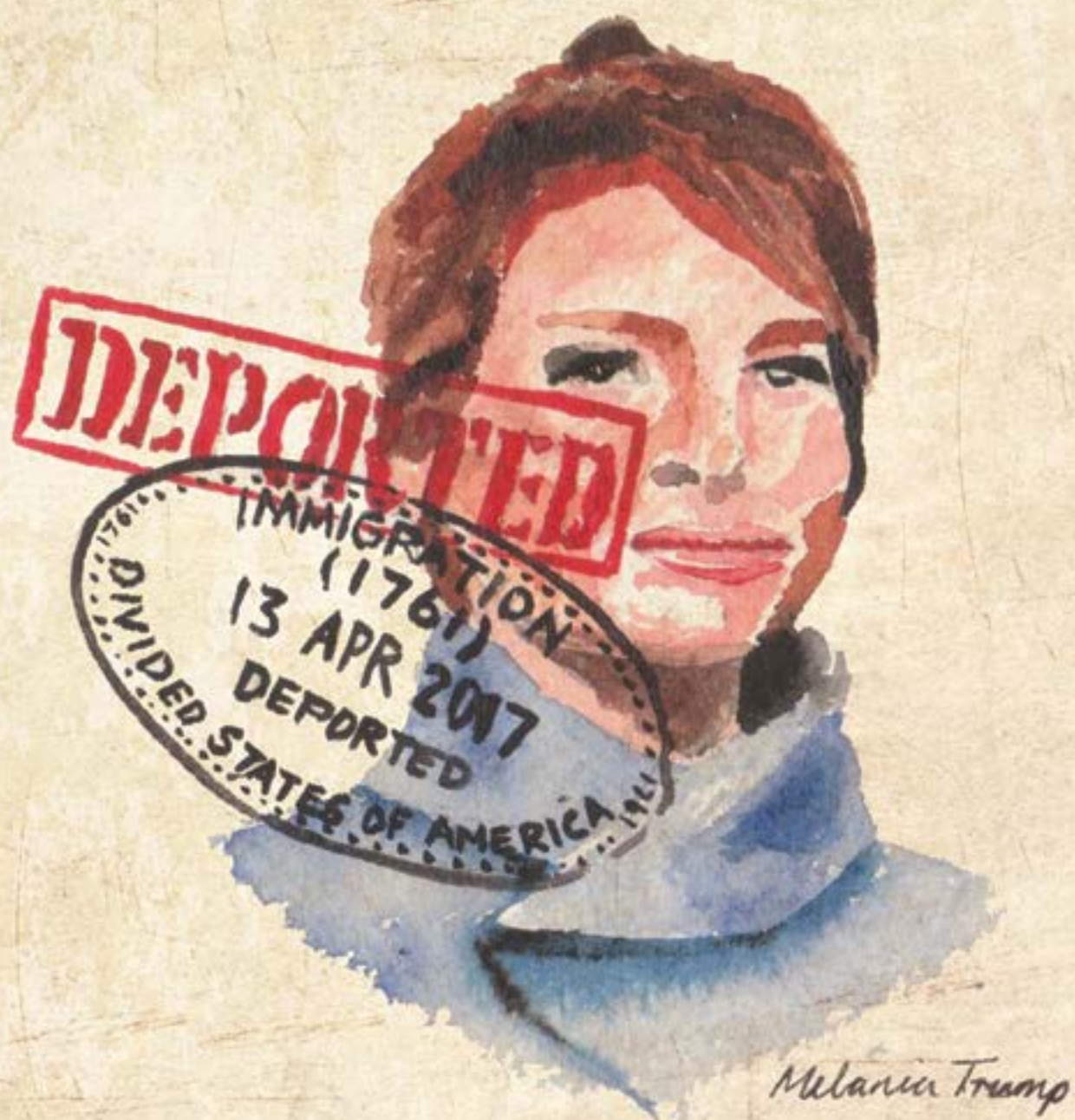
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A satire by
Malinna Liang

Art by
Kate Mitchell

Melania & The Star-Spangled Ban-Non

Steve comes over for dinner again in an off-white cream poncho and oversized trousers, all out of breath and sweaty. Being First Lady now, of course I cannot ask him what I really want to ask, which is “Steve, are you at a FR45 size now or do you need a new tailor?” so I say, “Steve, is that from the spring collection of Dries Van Noten? And what is that funny hat you have under your arm? Donald loves hats.” I point to what had replaced the Wiggins over the mantelpiece, an oil painting of Donald in his sporty little MAKE AMERICA WHITE AGAIN cap, the limited edition for family and friends. He wanted something by the funny man who painted Michelle as a monkey, but Ivanka said no.

Stevie asks me if I am off my contraceptives to ask such a stupid question and I laugh because he is always making jokes. Donald comes back from his little office and wants his pudding. “Stiffy,” says my husband. “What’s that funny triangle hat you have? Can I have it?”

“Early meeting,” Steviekins says. “You’ll get one soon enough, if I have any say about it.”

Donald has his pudding and Stee his steak, and I my five gold leafed almonds; there is really not much to talk about because I am terribly bored by Donald and all his little lawsuits with the documents he scribbles over. It is not until dessert—a bag of gummies for Donald—that Stevie-pie brings it up again.

“Oh no,” Sven says. “No, it’s an executive order, it’s getting signed Thursday.”

I examine my new nails: they are such a nice pearl pink, by my favorite Thaiapanese lady. Perhaps tomorrow I can go back to Manhattan?

“But Stiffy,” says Donald. “I can’t do that. I’ve got a lot—really a lot, coming up Thursday. Huge schedule. Enormous.”

“Oh yeah? What are you doing?”

“Cable news in the morning!” Donald is adamant. “Two whole hours! Then last night’s rerun. I have to know what Anderson is saying about me. Then I have to retweet a sixteen year-old from rural Alabama.”

I sigh—Stefano doesn’t notice because he is waving about, making very loud noises and upset-

ting Donald. “Stephanie,” I say. “You know it agitates him when you use such big words. Why don’t you just say it simply?”

“The travel ban.” Stanley’s robe is slipping. Underneath is a very nice vintage Hugo Boss with an eagle on the lapel and a red band around the arm. It really is so tight. I open my mouth to recommend Steffen my personal trainer but he is still going! “It’s all drawn up and ready, so just take a half hour out after lunch, pop over to Mattis, and sign it.”

“Does that mean I don’t have to see Kellyanne?” “Yes.”

“Esteban,” I say. “What ban?”

But Esteban has moved on now to Jews, and there’s no stopping him once he gets started on that. After dinner I ask Donald, “Honey,” in my most appealing Slovenian accent; the one I used in the interview after Donald’s little tape that everyone got so mad about. “Honey, what ban?”

But he has his bathrobe on, and Anderson is on TV. Donald mutters something about how blue his eyes are and shuffles away and I know I will not get anything out of him that isn’t “But why are they so mean?” until the morning. At midnight he calls Barack and it goes to voicemail again; it blares through the deadlocked door I had them put in between my bedroom and Donald’s: THIS IS BARRY 44, KITESURFING THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. DONALD, BEFORE YOU CALL ME AGAIN, GOOGLE IT FIRST.

In the morning Ivanka drops by to pick out Donald’s jacket and tie, so he can look like a grown-up for his little cabinet meeting. “Ivanka,” I ask. “What is the ban?”

She stands at parade rest and stares straight ahead. “Please clarify your request.”

I clear my throat. “Ivanka Model 423,” I say. “What is the ban? Addendum Steve Bannon, Donald Trump, executive order.”

“Please hold while I scour the database.” Her eyes flash green. “Executive Order 13769, Protecting the Nation from Foreign Terrorist Entry into the United States, limiting entry by all refugees and residents of —”

“Ivanka!” Donald yells. “Is that you? I can’t find my Transformers socks!”

“Residents of where?” I ask. Is Donald trying to get rid of me because I have turned 45? Has he decided that he must now look for a younger Eastern European woman to wed for less than a decade? I have always known that I will be replaced by another Ivanka lookalike before the decade is out, so I have been counting down the days on a calendar, but so soon?

After breakfast I call Kellyanne: “Kellyanne, what is the travel ban?”

“It’s not a ban, it’s extreme vetting,” Kellyanne says. “You’re fake news and that’s not a lie, that’s an alternative fact.”

“What?”

“This isn’t CNN?” Kellyanne is confused. “Oh. Melania? Sorry. I have you and Jake Tapper down as Opposition Party. What is it?”

“What is the travel ban?”

“Oh, you know,” Kellyanne said. Someone on her end shouts: WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE? GET HER OFF THE SET! “I have to go.”

“Where are you?”

“Trying to jump on the broadcast,” Kellyanne said. “They can’t say no to me if I’m already in the green room.” The line cuts.

Can it be that Donald, my semi-faithful, somewhat-loving, sometimes-kind husband of ten years will have me deported? Will I be barred from stepping outside JFK next time I return from a trip to my favorite couturier in Paris? It is horrifying to me that I might have to return to Slovenia and drink goat’s milk and maybe even go back to modelling calico; I have been dairy-free for two decades, and have worn only silks and furs for so long that I fear I may have developed an allergy to any other materials. Surely Donald will not do that to me? Didn’t I make him feel young, once? Maybe too young. At eleven he calls me and says he cannot nap without a song so I trudge back to the office where he is lying down during his intelligence briefing. The suited men have stopped protesting my being there to sing Donald his Slovenian folk song now.

As I sing him the song of my people over the droning of the suits—Russia, cyber, Flynn, treason—I wonder haven’t I been a good addition to this nation? Have I not been an inspiration to poor, fat,

“I point to what had replaced the Wiggins over the mantelpiece, an oil painting of Donald in his sporty little MAKE AMERICA WHITE AGAIN cap, the limited edition for family and friends.”

unhappy American women all over the navel of this country with my photoshoots and magazine covers? Have I not paid taxes? That is an honest question; Donald's accountants handle our finances and I have not seen his tax returns either.

After Donald has fallen asleep in his meeting, I call the driver to make a trip to the Library of Congress. I am escorted to the Librarian, who asks, "Mrs Trump, how can I help you today?"

"Yes, I would like to do research," I say. "I have to show my husband that his travel ban order is wrong."

"His what?" she asks.

"His travel ban," I say. "He is signing it on Thursday. Stevie is being so pushy. I only have a little time to make a case. Can you help me?"

"Holy shit," she says. "Travel ban against who?"

"Refugees!" This woman must be deaf! I am perplexed. "And residents! Of many countries. I am not sure which. But I am afraid."

"So the fuck am I," she says. "You know what, take a seat, Mrs Trump. Let me make a few calls." She takes out her phone. "CNN, please. Anderson? Anderson? Yeah, it's me. You would not believe what the fuck just happened."

After she makes her little phone calls she comes over to me, and proves herself very useful in these book things. She asks, "Do you know what is written at the base of the Statue of Liberty?"

"It was a gift from France." I am proud to know this. "It says: 'Paris, je t'aime.'"

"What the fuck," she says. "No, it says, 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore.' Write that down. You make the toupeed short-fingered orange-utan listen to that until he recites it in his sleep."

She brings me books and articles, passages highlighted; I read them and write points down in my monogrammed Hermes notebook. When I look up again, it is dark outside, and all the stodgy old men have left. "You have been such a great help to me," I say to the Librarian. "I do hope I will never have to drink another glass of goat's milk again. It is so tangy."

She says, "Don't fuck this up."

All through the evening my stomach turns; surely Donald will listen? Once we spent a whole afternoon discussing whether he was stunningly attractive or handsomely masculine—he places a lot of stock in my opinions. At the residence Ivanka is already at the dining table. The butler serves her her favorite motor oil. Donald is eating pizza with a knife and fork.

"Donald?" I say. "Donald, dear?"

"I want to hold a rally," he says. "Ivanka, I want

to hold a re-election rally."

"The next presidential election is not to commence until the year 2020," Ivanka says; the syringe in her arm feeding her the oil pops out a little. I clean it up for her. "I have taken the initiative of collating a topographical map of recent polls and comments made about this Administration over the past week by pundits, anchors, and media personalities. I then calculated the approval rating of a proposed re-election campaign rally against the current publicity landscape."

"What does it say?"

"It concludes that such a rally will be seen as an attempt to soothe your fragile, psychopathic, and childlike ego."

"But I want a rally!" Donald cries and kicks his feet. "I want a rally!"

I cannot bear it anymore. "Donald," I say. "This country is built on the backs of immigrants, isn't it?"

Donald says, "What?"

"Isn't it true that Pilgrims came to this country to escape persecution?" I am desperate. "Just as I came to this country to escape a life modelling sandals! Isn't it the great dream of this country, and countries throughout the West, to welcome immigrants and refugees, to create a grand melting pot of culture so that we may all be, all be—well, stronger together?"

"Ivanka, what's she talking about?"

"Mrs Trump seems to be making a plea against Executive Order 13769, sir," Ivanka says.

"Oh? What do I say to it, then?"

"Sir, you may make the argument that this country is not built on the backs of immigrants but on systematic genocide and mass enslavement, common in European colonies of the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries, sir," Ivanka says. "From the viewpoint of the native population—that is, in this metaphor, the American public—welcoming a people escaping religious persecution was a straight nexus toward their own ruin."

"Well!" Donald says. "What Ivanka said. Thank you, Ivanka. See, that could happen here!"

"It has historically only been instigated by colonial Europeans, sir, to the detriment of natives."

"But Donald," I say. "After Bashar Al-Assad opposed the invasion of Iraq in 2003, the Bush Administration made direct efforts to heighten sectarian tension and funded political dissidents in Syria, and the Obama Administration purposefully ignored reports indicating that overthrowing Assad would lead to immense political instability. Don't you think that given the role we've played in making refugees into refugees, we should take more responsibility and initiative?"

Donald blinks at me. "Hillary?"

"We code your favorite website, Twitter!" I cry. "We work in your think tanks, in Silicon Valley, in Hollywood; we make the pizza that you're eating like an animal!" I wave at his knife and fork. "What about the Iraqi translators who have had their families murdered by terrorists while they wait for a green card, Donald? What about me; I was so beautiful on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*!"

I begin to cry: it has been such a stressful day. Donald pats me on my head with his small, dwarfish hand.

"It appears Mrs Trump believes she falls under the umbrella of Executive Order 13769," Ivanka says.

I sniffle. "I am an immigrant, Ivanka! I want to visit my Parisian couturier without being detained in those horrible fluorescent rooms at JFK!"

"You won't, you won't," Donald reassures me. "But then again, I can't be sure. I haven't read the thing; I can't read. Ivanka—?"

"Executive Order 13769 has a mandate restricted to Iran, Iraq, Libya, Somalia, Sudan, Syria, and Yemen," Ivanka says. "Majority-Islamic nations with whom we have few diplomatic communications, no stake in local oil reserves, and most importantly, no Trump-brand business ties."

I blow my nose. "What? Ivanka, I don't understand."

Ivanka stares at me. She seems as if she is about to sigh, but that is not in her programming. "Brown people."

"Oh!" I gasp. Donald claps like a seal. I am not a brown person! I repeat this with great joy.

"No, you're not," Donald says firmly. "I wouldn't have married you if you were. Oh, good. Good. Fantastic. Is this over? Is it over?"

I wipe my tears away—how silly of me! I had always known that Donald loved me; what could possibly have possessed me to think otherwise? A thought occurs to me. "Ivanka," I say. "Would you mind terribly taking my Hermes notebook when you go, and giving it to a staffer to shred? It has such horrible writing in it."

After dinner I have them put Donald in his big boy jammies and finally I can take a plane to New York, where I am carefree and need do nothing but call Donald occasionally for his Slovenian folk song. On the way there I think: should I call Michelle? I should. I dial.

"Michelle," I say, once her voicemail is finished (THIS IS MICKEY O, WATERSKIING THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. DON'T ASK ME FOR SHIT, MELANIA), "will you and Barack be alright getting back to the States?" ♦

"Have I not paid taxes? That is an honest question; Donald's accountants handle our finances and I have not seen his tax returns either."

Amateur
HourWith
Jordan Margetts

Rhapsodising and Taxonomising

I've come down with a uniquely modern malady. And I've come down bad. You've almost certainly heard of it. Like anxiety, gluten intolerance, and exercise addiction, *Trump Fatigue* (or *TF* as it's known in medical circles) is on the rise in a big way. The worst thing about *TF* is that once you've got it, all you want to do is spread it. I've given *TF* to literally thousands of people. Many say I'm the best at giving *TF*.

But I didn't start up a politics column to give *TF* to all twelve of *Craccum's* readers. Fear not; this is not another "Why Trump?" column. This is more of a "What about us?" column. Because, what about us? We consume constant overseas news. My Facebook page for the last year has been 70% Trump's America; 10% Brexit; and 20% look-at-this-cool-salad/vista/picture-of-me-smiling-with-my-friends-on-the-deck. And from afar, we see some trends emerginwe see increasing vitriol in political speech; we see increasingly isolationist foreign and economic policy (at least being advertised); we see increasing dislike of Muslims and fears of terrorism; and of course increasing attention to the stresses and strains of the white-working-class.

Sir Geoffrey Palmer used the Flynn saga (a.k.a. Muslim Ban) as a jumping-off-point to argue for New Zealand having a written constitution. The article was about half as long as it needed to be (cheers *The Spinoff*), though it did make me think—not so much how our constitution *per se* might cope if a Trumpian figure came to power, but about whether a Trumpian-type movement could happen here?

Because we know that this new trend seems to have a foothold all over the place: Brexit in the UK and Trump in the US look very similar. Marine Le Pen's National Front is a sort-of Frenchified (i.e. colour blind and apparently high-minded) version of a similar thing. Anger. Racism (or, as they call it, "non-PCism"). Anti-internationalism. Do we have the same ingredients here?

Well, we're a majority white country that's getting less so. Our working class never recovered from the neoliberalisation of the 80s. We're increasingly resentful of foreigners. A relatively small elite have a massively disproportionate share of the country's wealth. Plus, we're anxious all of the time. The economy. Housing. Suspicion of elites. The literal globe being set to self destruct pretty shortly. Looming existential fears.

But most of these happen in a uniquely New Zealand way. A laid back, slightly bored kind of way. There's a spot of racism, and it's ugly for the victims. Occasionally some idiot sprays "go home" on an Asian-New Zealander's campaign billboard.

Less than occasionally, jerks in town try for some racial banter. Once our second largest party blamed a whole ethnicity for housing prices. And Winston Peters endlessly yabbers something grumpy and racist to his octogenarian fan base. But this isn't build the wall racism. This isn't "ban XYZ countries" racism. It's just a tad awkward... right?

The money thing is different here too. While in percentage terms we have a higher unemployment rate than the US (it's true, according to the web we're on 5.8% and they're on 4.2%), we're much nicer to our unemployed. As every baby-boomer will remind you, these unemployed are given the bare necessities! We're also better to our students. Despite National steadily decimating the arts, and guilt-tripping students, we do actually still get interest-free student loans. And student allowances for the poor kids. And technically the government already funds 70% of the total cost of our fees before student loan. So be-fucking-grateful.

Much like the Trump voters and Brexiteers, we don't trust educated elites. But the big difference is obvious—we don't really keep them around. Not since Clark's government (remember Cullen and his PhD in History, Clark and her MA in Politics?) have we had academic intellectual types running anything. John Key had a degree, but he was famous for his laid back manner, his "banter", his love of sausages on the barbeque and pulling waitresses' ponytails. Same goes for our media.

And our media sucks. But in the opposite way to the US. It isn't the coastal elite running one side, and blithering tyrades from pudgy demagogues on the other. Our media doesn't lie to itself (à la the Clinton left) about the results of elections. Our media doesn't have to. Our media love the Right (and they *always* win) but in a slow, tedious, artless way. The closest we get to tirades is Mike Hosking, and even he cloaks himself in "common sense" and every now and again chucks a hardball at the PM (to be fair, I've only seen this once).

There's something else too. Something less concrete that seems to have spread about in the US, in Britain, and France. A sort of psychic energy or momentum. A fury and rage at the system—against the so called "political establishment" in the one case, and the elite technocracy of the EU on the other. It wasn't a generic dislike. It was something specific that sent people to the streets, the voting booth, the campaign rally, the web. Venting stopped being theoretical and started becoming a decision-making model. I think this is the key difference. We aren't angry enough for any major transformations or upsets

or system-disruptions in any direction. New Zealand feels pretty placated. Sure there are grumpy protesters, they usually have green hair, spots, and show up in groups of no more than ten. But they lack all momentum. We keep ignoring the housing bubble, but hey, the baby-boomers benefit—that's next decade's problem, right? They say depending on dairy is precarious at best, but we've been OK till now. People are poor and jobs are scarce and increasingly automated, but we have a social welfare net and poor people don't organise here anyway. My point is this: at least for now we're a fairly quiet people, our fights are small, our media talks mostly sports and gossip, and government services pretty much do their jobs. To be clear, I'm not telling anyone to shut-up-and-stop-complaining. But for now there just isn't the rage for change.

With an election coming up, and the media barraging us with eulogies to pre-Trump America, it shouldn't be surprising that we get a little introspective. But I think our introspection needs to go beyond "will *this* happen here?" The thing we should ask ourselves—the thing the American establishment neglected to ask themselves—is simply, "Where are the faults we're ignoring?" Our faults are unique. Number eight wire. But they're there. And maybe our placid little South Pacific nation is more fragile than we think.

"Trump seems the very opposite of a guardian angel, I thank him for this: I've never before imagined America as fragile, as an experiment that could, within my very lifetime, fail..." — George Saunders ♦

Recommendations/Note: Every week I'm going to list the most interesting articles/podcasts I find while scribbling the column. Next week onwards I'll try to be more topical (promise). If you have suggestions, please email *Craccum*!

"Who Are All These Trump Supporters?" — George Saunders, *The New Yorker*

"Donald Trump, Baby Boomer" — Stephen Metcalf, *Slate*

"David Frum on the 2016 election, and the long decline of the GOP" — *The Ezra Klein Show* (podcast)

"A Donald Trump in New Zealand could wreak great havoc. We should act to prevent that now" — Geoffrey Palmer, *The Spinoff United States of Anxiety* — podcast by *The*

How to Talk About Sport

With
Mark Fullerton



The Year Ahead

2017. The *NZ Herald* and their ragtag team of the same very established sports writers are writing the same very established articles that they do every year. Rattue is still being controversial and flip-flopping on whatever sports star it is cool to hate. Cleaver and Paul have analysed the same rugby game since 1903, only changing the names. Dana Johanssen, token female, writes about netball and sailing because that is what token females do.

But you are sick of them! Drain the swamp, you cry! Bring sports writing back to the people, you cry! What will this new rebel and renegade bring to the table? What zany predictions will he make? Why do rhetorical questions always come in threes? What little nuggets of wisdom and information can he offer that the establishment can't?

Probably not too many, sorry. We're all watching the same games. The only difference is I'm not getting paid.

The Blues To Not Do Too Badly (Maybe)

The signing of Augustine Pulu was a coup, the little halfback making the move north and bringing hope to the Blues and hopefully some of the luck of the Chiefs. Sonny Bill Williams should also add to an attacking backline already boasting the likes of George Moala, Rene Ranger and the Ioane brothers, all of whom can be exceedingly difficult to stop. Their absolute rout of the Melbourne Rebels in the opening round lends weight to this prediction, but it is important to remember the Rebels are the only team more consistently shithouse than the Blues. The true test will be/will have been the round two clash with the Chiefs, but because the print deadline is the Thursday before, I can't really comment on that. If they beat the recent Highlander-slayers, the competition will get very interesting. If not, there's no shame in that. Although the vagaries of the fucking impenetrable Super Rugby pool system mean that no matter how good they are,

at least one New Zealand team will miss the playoffs. Smart money would be on the Blues, unfortunately.

The Lions To Wipe The Regional Teams And, In Turn, Get Absolutely Ass-Blasted By The All Blacks

If the Barbarians have proven anything, it is that throwing together a bunch of good players doesn't necessarily make a good team. A team of champions rather than a champion team, amirite??? Of course the top flight team from the British Isles will make short work of the various regional teams and the Blues (note that my prediction above makes no mention of the exhibition match on June 7th because while the Blues will be good they won't be THAT good), but once they come up against Beaden's Boys they will capitulate faster than Vinnie Jones Soccer Squad in a grand final (see below). 2005 was the year of Dan Carter, so it will be interesting to see who the standout player is this time around.

The Warriors To Make The Top 8 (Maybe)

Surely. Stephen Kearney. He led the Kiwis to a World Cup in 2008, and seems to be the most promising coach to have entered the revolving door at Warriors HQ since the departure of Ivan Cleary.

Surely. Kieran Foran. Despite his very recent and very public mental health issues, the boy can play.

Shaun Johnson. Remember that try against the Sharks? 'nuff said.

Roger Tuivasa-Sheck. Even after catastrophic ankle injury in 2016 he still ended the season with one of the highest total running metres (Correct grammar? Correct facts? Who knows) and has been named captain at age twenty-something and after playing like seven games or some shit.

Isaac Luke. I don't really know what a hooker

does b/c I don't really watch league, but apparently he's a really good one.

Surely. That's the strongest spine¹ we've seen since Vesna Vulović.²

But then this is the Warriors we're talking about. So probably not.

Women In Sport To Be Comprehensively Ignored For A Wee While Longer

Abby Erceg ripped NZ Football a new one when she announced her shock retirement a few weeks ago, citing the fact that even after working as a professional football player for a number of years she was struggling to make ends meet and would quite like to make a bit of money before she reached 30 thanks guys if that's ok with you. The Football Ferns have done nothing but improve over the last few years, which is more than can be said for the "We didn't KNOW that our South African player wasn't allowed to play" men's All Whites, yet NZ Football refuses to cover their basic expenses. This means the players are hit harder in the pocket than their male counterparts, despite arguably performing more consistently on the international stage. This is all despite NZ Football declaring surpluses for the last eight years. Do better, guys. And don't even get me started on women's cricket.

The Sunwolves To Make The Playoffs And Finally Justify Their Place In The Super Rugby Competition

kidding lol ♦

¹ "Together with the two half backs and fullback, hooker is one of the four key positions that make up what is sometimes called a team's 'spine.'" Cheers Wikipedia, still don't really know what a hooker is though.

² A somewhat niche reference to the Serbian flight attendant who survived a 10,000m fall in 1972 after the plane she was working in tore apart in mid air.

By Popular
DemandWith
Michael Clark

An Introduction

Art is all around us. It is in everything and it is everything. It thrives in all environments—all political landscapes, all zeitgeists, all cultures. Art is a materialisation of where we are as a species. It begins at the crossroad of human creativity and appreciation, and ends when the last person stops appreciating it. Art can be bad. Art can be good. But at the end of the day, if someone appreciates a work, it is art.

Take for example, an advertisement. A product of capitalist, ever-increasing commercial culture, the advertisement is a work designed to sell something. But it can also be wrapped in this beautiful package that can tug the heart strings in every which way. And a lot of people resent this, especially when advertisers adapt contemporary work for money (see: when memes become commercialised).

We've had some banger ads in our time: the 1984 Macintosh ad, Old Spice, Richie McCaw's Beats by Dre, and movie trailers (see: trailers that are better than the film). Don't tell me we don't appreciate advertisements because every year we come together and watch the Super Bowl ads, celebrating the massive amounts of money poured into each one and marveling at how much bigger the budget was compared to the previous year. Bigger, better—as is the mantra of our culture. And so, this is the art of our environment.

And this doesn't really diminish its status as artwork. King Tut's mask was, after all, designed to be a propaganda piece. As was Trajan's Column. And the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel

was a celebration of God. All these works of art were used in some way to promote an ideology and ultimately keep the rich rich and the poor in their place. They are magnificent. And they are beautiful. And advertisements can be too. They are a response to an ever-growing consumerist culture. They are the lavish cathedrals of our era, designed to be dazzling and flashy and force intent. Some see it as bad, but if there is appreciation, there is art.

And there's no art like the art of popular culture. It is the most talked about, the furthest-reaching, and the most consumed form of art. However, it is often under-analysed and un-criticised. This is not for any particularly malicious reason, but works destined to exist in the popular culture space tend to slip under the radar of higher-level discussion.

So, this is what my column is about. It is an appreciation of works that may not necessarily have been thought about in depth. It is an analysis of pop culture, under-appreciated work, and hidden art that may have fallen through the cracks of high-brow discussion. It is a criticism of all the things that have been deemed unworthy of critique. It is an ode to the art most often not thought of as art.

Each column will come in the form of an essay. Each one will focus on a different film, TV series, game, song, podcast or artist within the framework of philosophical or critical concepts. It makes no difference whether they are massive multi-million-dollar game franchises, cult classic films, or independent podcasts, so long as it ex-

ists within the popular culture eye, everything is important and everything is worthy of analysis and criticism.

So, I have a few rules:

This column is not a review. A review is concerned with how something is. It makes a judgement on the worthiness of a particular work and tries to determine its values in relation to other works. This column is concerned about what and why it is. It accepts the worthiness of all things and runs with it. If you're looking for reviews, you can flip a few pages back and you will find a cornucopia of reviews written by some incredibly talented writers.

This column also need not be contemporary. Because we're dealing with pop culture here, each work will be relatively fresh in the public conscience, but each week will not necessarily be a hot-off-the-press analysis of the latest film, Netflix series, EP, or game. Like a favourite pair of jeans, these things take time and sometimes analysis is better in retrospect. Then again, I might find something I really love, claim that it's my new favourite thing, and write about it—so who knows.

And, finally, these columns are designed to be strange. They take an approach or an angle that you may not have originally thought about and run with it. One week you might not agree with a thesis and in another you may love it, but every essay is designed to make you think. And if I can do just that, then I have achieved my goal for this column.

Right, let's begin. ♦

“...works destined to exist in the popular culture space tend to slip under the radar of higher-level discussion.”

Quarter-Life
CrisisWith
Caitlin AbleySelf-Examination
and Public Masturbation

Last week, I turned 23. I figure, if I'm lucky and manage to avoid Kit Kat Chunky-induced diabetes, I might make it to 92 before heading to the great Nestlé factory in the sky. By this logic, I've reached the quarter-way point in my life and I'm starting to have a minor meltdown—a Quarter Life Crisis. I cried on my birthday because I had far fewer well wishes posted to my Facebook wall and thought it meant that I had lost all my friends. I cried when I overcooked pasta because it made me realise that my parents may die before I ever made them a good meal. I cried when a certain editor-in-chief sent me a 125-page Jesse Eisenberg/Andrew Garfield fanfiction—the first tears came because I was so happy when they boned at the end; the second wave of sobs arrived when I realised I was crying over *The Social Network* fanfic at 2.30am. Essentially, I am a mess. On more than one occasion I have desperately asked my mum, “If you could stay frozen at any age, what would it be?” to reassure myself that I haven't yet reached my peak. Even worse, I keep clicking on those shitty *Elite Daily* and *Buzzfeed* lists that purport to tell you the Twenty Things You Must Do In Your Twenties, or the Thirty Things You Have To Do Before You Turn Thirty Or Else You're Basically A Fucking Failure And Why Even Go On With Life Seriously You Are A JOKE.

I *really* hate these lists. The obvious problem with them, of course, is that they're totally inane. But my real issue with these listicles is that they both buy into and further propagate an incredibly toxic self-help culture that does anything but help. These lists set you up for failure. They'll have you believe that you cannot be truly fulfilled unless you are travelling overseas, but also landing the dream job, while also allowing yourself to be a #wanderer, while getting into a stable relationship, while also having liberating one-night-stands, but also learning how to be single, and making sure to be mindful of self-care while simultaneously living a work-hard-play-harder lifestyle—because if you're not doing these things in your twenties, *when are you going to do them?* These parasitic websites feed on our insecurities and it truly is just all *bullshit*.

So of course, the logical course of action is to make a year-long column out of it.

I've compiled a list of my favourite suggestions from dozens of these shitty articles. My criteria was pretty loose—anything noticeably moronic, or corny, or genuinely appealing made it onto a list that is still being added to. The plan is to follow through with one “must-do” every week, and evaluate how fulfilled I feel after each one. Ultimately, at the end of the year, I aim to make a call on whether or not these self-help lists make any lasting difference on my happiness and sense of satisfaction with the way I am spending my twenties.

First on the agenda comes from *Elite Daily*, which kindly told me that I *must* take myself on a date before I turn 30—and backed this up with an exhausting 12 Reasons You Should Date Yourself Before You Date Anyone Else. In principle, I didn't actually think this was a terrible idea. It's probably quite constructive to learn how to be alone with your thoughts without hating yourself; sure, doing this in the framework of a date is pretty dumb, but I appreciated the sentiment.

I planned the date, banging out the classics: a romantic picnic and stroll along the beach, followed by dinner and a movie. I forced myself to observe date etiquette, rooting out the pretty undies that ride up my ass and making sure my sheets were clean, and set out for Te Henga. And actually, this part of the day was incredibly pleasant. Strolling the length of my favourite West Coast beach, with the sea mist drifting across the cliffs at the end and the sun breaking through the clouds, I felt like I had done something worthwhile with my day. Maybe the clowns at *Elite Daily* were onto something.

And then I moved onto phase two: the film. Prior to my date, I had watched *Manchester by the Sea*, *Fences*, and *Moonlight* within five days. I was cinematically *destroyed*. I really needed to watch something light and fluffy, because if I saw one more child get beaten up, or emotionally abused, or just plain killed, I'd never watch a new film ever again and spend the rest of my days with *Angus, Thongs & Perfect Snogging* on repeat. I wanted cheerful, non-confrontational; I wanted a movie where the characters had no actual problems. *La La Land* seemed the obvious choice, but when I arrived at Reading Cinema in New Lynn, I found that they

weren't screening it anymore. I looked at what else was showing. I'd already seen *Gold* and *Hidden Figures*, and I was feeling way too fragile for *Lion*. Horrifying as it was, my best option was *Fifty Shades Darker*.

Could I do it? Could I really go and watch *Fifty Shades* at three in the afternoon in New Lynn *entirely by myself*? Was this officially rock bottom? A voice came through my head—or rather, a text came through from my editor—“do it for the meme.”

I scuttled to the self-service machine, furtively punching in my order, my fingers fumbling over the touch screen in my sweaty haste. I remembered that this was meant to be a date, and decided to get some food. I slunk up to the counter, frantically scanning the menu, trying not to look like a pervert and in doing so looking exactly like a pervert. When I was a kid, my mum used to send me to the movies with pre-popped microwave popcorn and diluted lemon and barley in a Sistema water bottle, and to this day I've never bought anything at a cinema. I went for the cheapest option—a FIVE DOLLAR choc-top. Lactose intolerance be damned, it was a hot day and in my nervous state I had a serious case of swamp-ass to counteract.

I squelched into the cinema, praying that there would be no one in there—honestly who the fuck watches *Fifty Shades Darker* at 3pm—but was met by four sets of couples, all staring at me as I practically dove for a seat in the front row, feeling every inch the public masturbator. I pretended to be texting during the trailers, hoping the people behind me would think I was waiting for a mate, not fingering furiously in anticipation of some B-Grade BDSM. And then the film started.

I wish I could tell you that I enjoyed it, that I was pleasantly surprised by its sensitive portrayal of alternative sexual lifestyles. Unfortunately, it is undoubtedly the worst film I have seen since literal turd-heap *I Now Pronounce You Chuck and Larry*. Aside from the numerous enormously abusive relationships romanticised in the movie, the plot is all over the show and the sex scenes aren't remotely titillating. To compound all of this, halfway through the ice cream reached my intestines and left me in crippling pain as I held in a tremendous fart for the next hour. Now this was rock bottom. ♦



Don't run across my lawn! My life is full of regret

With Anoushka Maharaj

It is a spectacular thing to be able to look at your life and make sense of it through art, words, film or music. Viola Davis said it best when she said that “we are the only profession that celebrates what it means to live a life”.

In this age of few victories, it seems unlikely that amidst the indulgent nature of awards shows there would be a place where you would find empowerment. Year after year we've witnessed the Denzel Washingtons of the world lose to the Casey Afflecks, and every year you feel a little more resentful that the Academy doesn't feel the shards of broken hearts (and shattered laptop screens) underneath their fingernails.

But this year is unique, in that following on from the most cataclysmic atrocity of last year (we don't say its name), it's looking like Archie Andrews after a summer of working at the steel mill. 2017 is chiselled and beautiful, making blunders that it recovers from quickly, and its triumphs so far are found in the very places where we had once lost faith. These days, the world pretty much feels like being trapped in a bunker in South Carolina, waiting for the tornado/stampede/bigotry to subside while you entertain yourself with cans of wine or the made-for-tv-movie *Who The Hell Just Touched My Leg?*

Awards season has been full of plot twists this year. As is the case with most significant social events these days, they have been set against the backdrop of our current political landscape, leaving plenty of room for sly digs and uplifting anthems urging resistance. A Tribe Called Quest admonished Agent Orange for his fascism; Beyoncé used her performance to tell a story that gives, as she has said, “a voice to our pain, our struggles, our darkness and our history”, and Chance the Rapper

paid tribute to his faith with the accompaniment of a gospel choir.

I have only cried twice in my life—once when I was six and fell over while rollerblading, right after that when my brother made fun of me, and twelve more times when I watched *Lion*. Then only another seven times when I watched *Moonlight* take home the Oscars for “Most Important Film” and “Very Very Brilliant” and “[crying noise] [crying noise]”. It was delightful to note most speeches had the undertone of “fuck you, Trump” and then Viola Davis won Best Supporting Actress and gave another stunning victory speech that made everyone rethink their reason for existence. The organisation represented in the doco *The White Helmets* used their speech to draw attention to the very real and current devastation caused by the Syrian War. Accepting the award on behalf of their entire team, Orlando von Einsidel shared a quote from the Qur'an that the organisation operates on: “to save one life is to save all of humanity.” The White Helmets have saved over 82,000 Syrian lives.

When *La La Land* was called instead of *Moonlight* there was a moment of unsurprised disappointment—until two minutes later when Warren Beatty thought “Oh, fuck” and realised that *MOONLIGHT HAD ACTUALLY WON BEST PICTURE*. And when you saw the chaos, the glorious surprise, the happiness—all you could think was, “Why the hell doesn't it feel like this every year?” To be given the opportunity to tell these stories at their most honest is deeply moving and significant—and to be acknowledged for them is a rarity. Though *Lion* was pretty much snubbed by all awards shows aside from the BAFTAs, I retain the evidence of its profundity in my very soul, damn it. The Syrian war, the forgotten black women of

NASA, the individual stories depicted in *Hidden Figures* and *Fences*—these are all just different representations of the ongoing oppression and pain that has existed long before little metal trophies were being handed out. Another somewhat tragic realisation was that all the people who are suddenly being acknowledged by the Academy have nevertheless persisted in paying tribute to people like August Wilson or Katherine Johnson without waiting for recognition.

In 2017's very short life, we have already witnessed the Women's March and the protest of DT's Muslim ban—evidence of the fact that tragedies elsewhere are prompting change right here at home. We are on the winning side of history. Though I don't think it's going to get any less terrifying to check the news everyday, we can at least aspire to wake up with the confidence of a criminal on international waters and go to sleep with the comfort of a baby being cradled by Viola Davis. We can bask in the few victories we encounter and use our art to tell stories—those that belong to us and those that belong to others.

Everyone has a defining moment in their life when they realise something important for the first time. This truth can be as painful as shattering your kneecaps by falling onto a pumpkin or as delightful as buying a 6 pack of nuggets then finding \$85 at the bottom of the bag. For me, I had this moment as I was watching the Oscars unfold. It was when my devastation for *Lion* melted away and I saw pure, incredible, beautiful joy creep on the cast of *Moonlight* when they realised they had won. There was a strong sense of community, of power, of genuine love and shared history. And it was at this moment that I was hit with the realisation that when one minority succeeds, we all succeed. ♦



Through the smoke and past the mirrors

*Words by
Yasmin Brown*

I don't remember life before Taking Back Sunday. They've been with me for so long that they now sit comfortably in a little drawer at the back of my mind, waiting to offer solace on days where the sun doesn't quite warm my soul. On those days, they completely take over my life; I'll often find myself listening to them on repeat for weeks before tucking them back in, ready for another rainy day.

I remember being thirteen on a school trip to France with my friends, belting out the lyrics to the iconic "Cute Without the 'E' (Cut From the Team)", as though our lives depended on it. At the time, I had no idea what any of it meant, but it sounded cool and angsty, so it was just enough to appease the emo aesthetic of 2006 that I oh so desperately

wanted to fit into. Over the past ten years, as the band has progressed into what it is today, I have followed their ups and downs, while simultaneously experiencing my own, in the process forming one of the longest and realest relationships I have ever had.

Just as I was on the brink of turning eighteen, of becoming an adult, and of believing that I knew everything, I developed depression. Thus came an entirely new way of consuming music. No longer was it something that I based my image around, a reason to wear *way* too much black eye makeup and sport a fringe that was *far* too thick and uneven. Music was now a method of true catharsis, something I could turn to when I needed to hear from someone that

understood, but couldn't quite bring myself to talk to anyone I *actually* knew.

All mental health illnesses are inherently different—even the same illness can manifest itself in entirely different ways from one person to the next—but in some respects, they are also very similar. Each one makes the bearer feel a little isolated, and I think it's this very feeling that is portrayed through music, forming one of the few connections that can stand the test of time.

As far as I know, lead singer of Taking Back Sunday—Adam Lazzara—has never openly dealt with depression, but he has gone through his fair share of battles when it comes to substance abuse. He has been known to describe drugs as a “crutch”, rather than something he necessarily needed, and yet shortly before the release of the band's second album, *Louder Now*, he ended up enrolled in a rehab programme. At this point, two of the original members of Taking Back Sunday had been replaced, and it was the two replacements that staged Adam's intervention after developing worries that he was failing to maintain a schedule and that his substance abuse was beyond his control. Regardless, Adam returned in time to do the tour that would support the new album. Whether he was ready for it at that time is another matter entirely.

Lyricaly, there are few tracks that reflect Adam's past with substance abuse, and yet with the band's history being so easy to read into, fans are provided with an insight that, for me, created a personal connection with Taking Back Sunday long before I started to understand the lyrics. By being so open about their issues, both personally and interpersonally, they became more than just some dudes in some band. They humanised themselves, allowing for empathy and understanding. Upon receiving my diagnosis, this quality became extremely important to me when listening to music, and while we suffered in different ways, I still felt understood and validated.

Taking Back Sunday have now come full circle, since as of 2010, after three album cycles apart, the *Tell All Your Friends* (the band's first full length album) lineup is back together. The knowledge that these five members have been through sixteen years of ups and downs, and yet have still decided that this is where they want to be, indicates a certain strength and togetherness that many other bands lack. Today, there is no doubt that each member is stoked to be there, and that the feuds of the past are long since forgiven. It is easy to relate to TBS, and to love them, because they're so unapologetically human; an asset that pulls fans in, urging us to get more out of the music than we may have done otherwise.

The fact that Taking Back Sunday—and Adam in particular—have come through all of the shit that comes with addiction (the drama, the denial, the fights), as well as overcoming the personal conflict that led to their split in the first place, has been made clear with the direction that their music has taken. Gone are the regular mentions of weapons and slit throats, the bitter subtexts, and the self-directed guilt. Replacing those are a noticeably improved relationship with God, a much adored family, and most importantly, proof that Adam has gone from being dependent to dependable. Sonically, the music has taken a less angry, less angsty turn. While it is still undoubtedly Taking Back Sunday, there is something evidently gentler about them now.

It has been seven years since the announcement that Shaun and John would rejoin TBS, and since then, they have transformed from being an emo Warped Tour band, to a band that has grown enough to be featured in GQ Magazine. It shows maturity, which, I suppose, you'd expect given that all members are in their late thirties... But they've managed their careers with transparency and integrity, bringing them to the place they inhabit now, where they get to play in our little country for the first time in eleven years.

The direction they've taken in the past six or so years tells me that these five members were always supposed to make music together, and that while their music was still totally brilliant during the split (and John Nolan and Shaun Cooper did wonderful things with Straylight Run), in hindsight I think their rekindling was always inevitable. Selfishly I'm glad too, because since the 2011 release of their self-titled record, Taking Back Sunday have given me some of the greatest nights in all my twenty three years.

Originally set to play Mount Eden's Powerstation, the venue was recently changed to the more intimate, and arguably more special, The King's Arms Tavern. Taking Back Sunday thrive off crowd interaction, and so the switch should bring delight to all ticket-holders as we find ourselves getting that much closer to the band—in more ways than one. This might also be the last chance most patrons will have to attend a show at The King's Arms, with its closure sadly being imminent. Having seen Taking Back Sunday a number of times in both club and festival environments, I can say with absolute certainty that years down the line, when someone asks, you'll be glad you can say that Taking Back Sunday was the band that marked the closure of The King's Arms for you. Expect thousands of tears prompted by a multitude of moments, and at the same time, expect to grin so wide that your jaw aches. Their live shows are a force to be reckoned with, and they are so, so important. ♦

Taking Back Sunday's latest release *Tidal Wave* is out under Warner Music now and tickets are still available for their show at The King's Arms on March 15th at www.aaaticketing.co.nz.

Songs to soothe our existential pain

Historically, we've always been fucked. Each generation, each impending decade, has brought about a new cohort of narcissists claiming that last year was definitely the worst. Some years had plagues, others mass genocides. Last year, we had a diseased paintbrush and a Catholic become the leaders of the conservative world. This year we've got to wait for the next season of *Rick and Morty*. The terror never ends!

Anyhow, instead of being politically engaging students and crusading to save society from moral destruction, it might serve useful to distract ourselves from our impending annihilation. I give to you my top 10 songs to rid you of your melancholy:

"Meat is Murder" — The Smiths

The Julie Anne Genter of this cruel world.

Realistically, any of The Smiths' albums would have sufficed. Some upbeat melancholy really gifts itself the cunning edge when distracting our crippling apathy and mental health epidemics. We're the "barrel-rolling" bosom in Morrissey's fantasy, and there's no coming back.

"You've Gotta Get Out of Here" — The Ruts

The Bernie Sanders of our earthly hell.

We all lack a bit of casual rioting that makes up any burgeoning young mind. It's all well and good to proclaim that Netflix beats our post-O Week hangover, but where would we be without the sheer passion of human contempt? We wouldn't be human. We wouldn't have the Arab Spring, nor would we have World Star Hip-Hop. You can't beat a line like "Babylon's burning with anxiety" with the arousing tunes of the Rude Boys—how fucking appropriate.

"Faster than the Speed of Night" — Bonnie Tyler

Winston Peters' social media team.

I'm writing two weeks before university. The sun is fast asleep and the cicadas under my floor boards continue to scream as I lay finishing this. It's a metaphor, I'm sure. Just as Bonnie Tyler's "Total Eclipse of the Heart" caresses my soul in a time where we're living in a powder keg and giving off sparks. Soothe your soul. Triumph the untriumphable.

"Better Off Dead" — Flatbush Zombies

The guy that made the "Mike Hosking Why Don't You Just Shut Up" Facebook page.

Smoke a little palm tree and fuck this world, or so the motto goes. The Flatbush Zombies have a unique commentary on the disenfranchisement of youth. Few groups manage to instil such a sense of hopeless hedonism. A poignant message in lieu of songs that materialise happiness with their Bugattis and trap queens. Sure, Shawn Mendes could treat you better, but why? A white man playing a guitar is a great gimmick, but it doesn't really make things better. Flatbush Zombies make no lies about how things are and how they will be. "Fuck the hood, fuck the jury, fuck the white house... we're better off dead."

"We've Got it from Here... Thank You 4 Your Service" — A Tribe Called Quest

Andrew Little, James Shaw, and Metiria Turei in a revolutionary orgy.

Even after the passing of beloved vocalist Phife Dawg and the demise of the early noughties, A Tribe Called Quest answered the world's contemporary qualms the only way they know how. We The People plays on the punk aesthetic of the rap community and introduces the searing tunes of yester-decade. If you're not in it for the lyrics, it's still a banger, a new-age classic. Distract yo'self.

"Employment" — Kaiser Chiefs

The Young Nats' Facebook page.

I'm struggling to keep this article relevant without getting needlessly angry at the way things are. The Kaiser Chiefs' Employment is ripper after ripper to which you can dance the night away. Unlike the young traitors in blue, which adorn the desperate gaze of a children's sports coach or Milo Yiannopoulos.

"You Don't Bring Me Flowers" — Neil

Diamond

"This is the fucking greatest" — Guyon Espinor.

"Forever in Blue Jeans" is the finest folk tune of all time. Just as investigative journalism should be, Neil Diamond hones the triumph of the working class. Banger, tune, classic. This will be your chicken soup for the anxious soul. This will be the noose to your Nazi, the glass to your chocolate milk.

"American Idiot" — Green Day

Kevin Rudd in a choker.

Green Day, even in the wake of their recent album, *Revolution Radio*, are more relevant in their Bush-era rhapsody. Foreboding our modern state of affairs, this is an album that encapsulates our angst and disease as we're strewn into our disillusioned reality. Still edgy and punk. Spunky.

The Trainspotting Soundtrack

The Book of Revelations (The Bible).

Iggy Pop and Joy Division. Goes well with a can of lager and skag, complementing the disenchanting world that drives us from the acceptable. It's not just Sick Boy seriously lacking in moral fibre. Colonised by wankers. This world is quite shite, but there's always something better like Satan or the apocalypse.

The Wiggles Greatest Hits (remastered 2005)

David Seymour.

Hi! Turns out I grew up like Jeff — incessant sleeping and an academic somnolence became my forte. In the end, we're all the token civilian, but only I can walk like a clockwork nutcracker.

*Words By
Jack Adams*



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Safe In Sound

Lower Than Atlantis

ALBUM REVIEW BY YASMIN BROWN

There are very few occasions in which you find yourself making your way through an entire album, and with each track that passes thinking, “*This* is going to be my favourite.” Next thing you know the album is over and you still can’t say which track you found yourself loving the most. *Safe In Sound* is one of those albums. Lower Than Atlantis’s 2014 self-titled release blew my mind, but *Safe In Sound* incited what felt like nuclear warfare.

In three years, Lower Than Atlantis has come further than any band I can think of, bringing a more mature vibe to their music, both sonically and lyrically. With each song that passes, the record subtly takes you from one genre to another, always pulling from elements of previous material. While before it seemed almost experimental, with *Safe in Sound* each move seems deliberate. The band finally knows which direction they want to be going in, and these ten tracks fully encompass what might finally be Lower Than Atlantis’s signature sound.

The overall feeling that this record creates is darker than its predecessor, touching on uncouth thoughts about hating everyone, being so in love that you might actually kill someone, and—most heartbreaking of all—an apologetic approach to contemplating suicide. For the most part, sonically, it’s heavier than we are used to, and yet not overwhelmingly so, as it’s broken up with the catchy “Boomerang” and the so-painful-I-can’t-actually-listen-to-it “I Don’t Want to Be Here Anymore”. These two tracks in particular might serve as gateway tracks to those who would otherwise avoid rock music, slowly creeping up on them until they found themselves jamming to the whole record.

Three years in the making, it is evident that Lower Than Atlantis have put everything they have into *Safe In Sound*. Their career has been ten years of extreme ups and downs, but I have no doubt that this is going to be the fuel they’ve been looking for that will get them the recognition they truly deserve. ♦



About U

MUNA

ALBUM REVIEW BY CHRIS WONG

Indebted to 80s new wave as much as modern synthpop, *About U*, the debut full length effort from LA’s queer pop band MUNA, reflects a band truly on the rise following on from late night appearances with the likes of Jimmy Fallon and Jimmy Kimmel. Among shimmering synths, glistening guitar and tightly polished production, MUNA sound completely comfortable within the sound they have carefully crafted on the record, tackling a range of topics from the state of the current political climate, to love and failed relationships, and messages of self-empowerment.

Vocalist Katie Gavin’s voice recalls those of years past, in the vein of Cyndi Lauper and Pat Benatar, while still offering her own unique vocal tone and inflection. Lead single “I Know A Place” capitalises on the idea of the “personal is political” and also makes a statement in response to the events of the Orlando Pulse Club shooting with a cry to arms for a safe space for the marginalised and overlooked.

A range of emotions are experienced on the record, from the meteoric highs found in “I Know A Place” to the deepest lows of emotional vulnerability found in tracks such as “If U Love Me Now” and “Crying on the Bathroom Floor”, a track focusing on abusive relationships and traumatic bonding. Previously released track “Loudspeaker” is another highlight, a self-empowerment anthem based on the theme of being true to one’s self. It is not often that an album as accessible as this makes us feel and resonates with us as deeply as one does here, but MUNA successfully navigate into our feelings by reaching deep down into our consciousness with this record, all the while being one of the most politically charged pop albums of the year thus far. ♦



The Orbiting Human Circus (of the Air)

PODCAST REVIEW BY JORDAN MARGETTS

In 2012 Joseph Fink and Jeffrey Cranor put together *Welcome to Night Vale*. If you haven’t listened, do. The best and least helpful way I can describe it is as an American gothic conspiracy film, inspired by *Twin Peaks* and co-written by Thomas Pynchon. Clues leading nowhere. Voices in the night crying out vague woes. World’s decaying into entropy. But it’s also funny, and pro-minority, and showcases little-known indie bands.

But I’m not reviewing that podcast. I’m reviewing the first podcast that comes to us from *Night Vale Presents* (a podcast platform by Fink and Cranor) created outside of the *Night Vale* team. The podcast centers around an eponymously named live broadcast old-fashioned radio variety show, broadcast from a ballroom at the top of the Eiffel Tower (in presumably early 20th century Paris). Julian, a nervous, radio obsessed janitor keeps bumbling about causing trouble. And episode by episode reveals sad details from his past. There are a few psychic twists that I won’t spoil. And while Julian is having a sad and sweet time guests come on the show itself and tell us some kind of story.

It’s sort of *Midnight in Paris* romance meets *Neutral Milk Hotel* kooky (Julian is voiced by Julian Kostner, by the way) meets something that feels a little, I wanna say steam-punk? Which sounds good. And it comes by way of the *Night Vale* platform, so it had to be all kinds of cool and interesting. But it wasn’t.

The central problem with the show is confidence. There’s nothing in the first episode that hooks you to Julian’s story and its potential mysteries. The new character played by a guest telling a new story format only really serves to distract from the interesting bits (hearing about the show itself). The production is good. And the voice acting is good. But there are a million podcasts out there that boast both.

They left me wanting more. But not more of this particular show. More of something better. ♦



Mimicry

Journal Issue #2

JOURNAL REVIEW BY MALINNA LIANG

The first thing you notice about *Mimicry* is how indie it is, from the hipster-cool cover to the short edition notice—that isn't a bad thing. Publication for a young writer is hard: either because you're a young Hemingway or because you've read too much Hemingway and should stop. Most writers find their voice and style publishing somewhere smaller first. *Mimicry* should be applauded for providing that platform, but sometimes the question is: just because it's independent, should it *sound* independent? It's a mode of publication, not a school.

Mimicry shines when it's cutting, and it's cutting when it's young. Domingo's *Cutting Words* is a slice of life of an obnoxious guy who criticises his dad for xenophobia while obtusely practicing a different strain himself, a generation removed. It's good satire; because we all know that guy, because you need to be young and familiar enough with that culture to get it. *Mimicry* is also good when it's personaReid's *Auckland Queers* (a very poetic loneliness), Tamatoa's *Brown Ashes* (work to live or live to work?), Tse's *Punctum* (the invisible good minority). Intricate prose and atmosphere is abound in Gaudin's *The Hum of the Sun* and Scott's *Marimba*.

As a journal, however, there's room for growth. No journal is the sum of its parts; think of the editor as a spinal column, and each piece a vertebra. There's a place and time for each and some pieces don't belong next to each other; some are decidedly epilogue and others climax, and the right bracket can amplify the effect of each piece. There are several pieces that could have benefited from some clever shuffling. *Mimicry* is not without talent; it's not even without an eye for talent, but it is perhaps lacking an ear for rhythm. ♦



Revolt. She Said. Revolt Again.

THEATRE REVIEW BY ELOISE SIMS

"I don't think Alice Birch was hugged enough as a child," my friend murmured to me. We were sitting in a stupor as theatregoers filed out around us—weakly attempting to make sense of the post-suffragette hellfire we had just seen on the stage.

Revolt. She Said. is a Silo Theatre interpretation of British playwright Birch's anarchic magnum opus. Starring Sophie Henderson, Michelle Ny, Amanda Tito Fasitua Amosa (the one bloke) and a shitload of watermelons, it's a series of increasingly dark vignettes that discuss the frank possibilities of sex, marriage, rape, and motherhood in 2017.

The play opens with a terrifically smutty skit on empowering dirty talk.

"I wanna make love to you," Amosa beams.

"How about making love... WITH... me instead?" Henderson suggests wryly.

The play only builds from there. A scene on the idea of marriage as a device of ownership strikes home superbly, whereas another about being a woman in a typical workplace neatly exposes the ludicrousness of the "you can have it all" mentality.

But it would be wrong to take *Revolt. She Said.* as a tidy, comprehensible piece of twee feminist theatre. At the very moment you feel you have a grasp on this play, it slips away from you. I would not recommend it for anyone who has a specific fear of strobe lighting, or actors squeezing water bottles filled with fake blood everywhere, for instance.

The play culminates in an epilogue of utter anarchy—with smashed watermelons, flashing lights, bizarre dialogue, screaming, and even a bloody-mouthed tribute to Bill English's "I wouldn't call myself a feminist" quip. The unfortunate consequence of that was, however, that many audience members were palpably shell-shocked and blinking when the house lights flared back up.

Revolt. She said. Revolt again. But only, perhaps, if you can live without making sense of it all. ♦



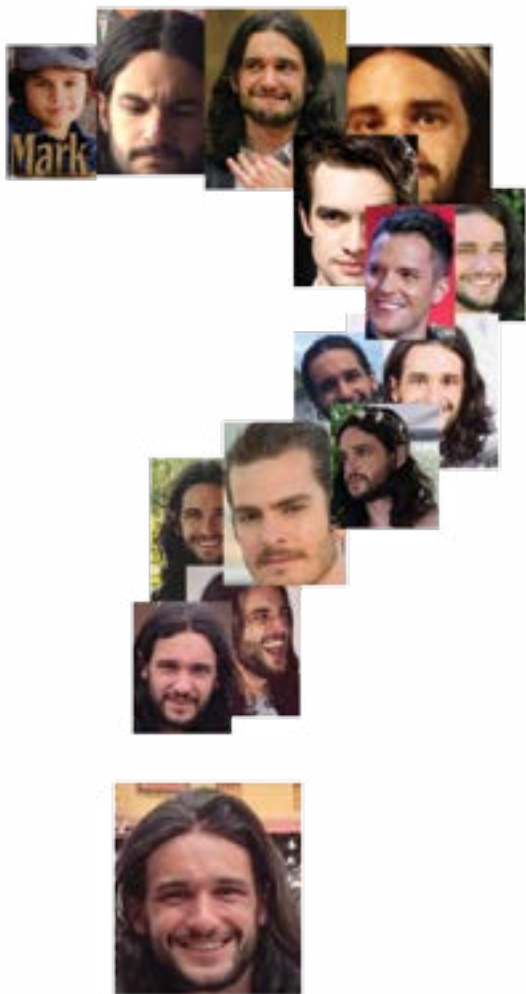
Are You Sure?

THEATRE REVIEW BY ASTRID CROSLAND

It is the perfect time of year to get out into the streets, especially for what was billed to me as a "choose-your-own-adventure theatre experience." Silo Park and the surrounding Wynyard Quarter combine industrial architecture with a surprising number of bars, making it exactly the right setting for the tightly paced, paranoia fuelled, ambitious piece of theatre *Are You Sure?*

Your first choice comes after a quick briefing about the world you are about to adventure into. You join the Seekers, a group dedicated to uncovering and understanding a group called the Watchers. You are given three basic paths: learn; recover; defend. I spotted a cipher in a character's hand and instantly knew who I was going with. The natural show-off in me was ready to play master code breaker/detective/genius. With a map, a cipher and a QR scanner, we were out on the streets and looking for an information drop. Our guide, Kim, had all the frenetic energy of the splintered true-believer. Her attitude was infectious; she encouraged our paranoia, bouncing off everything that caught our group attention with such ease you couldn't help but wonder if one of them was going to walk out and ignite some sort of practised B-Story.

More than anything I was reminded how to play. How to just go with it, have fun, and trust that wherever I ended up would be just as exciting as where I was now. But just like that, it just... ended. I waited around to overhear what had happened to the others when we left the Silo. I wish there had been a scene of reunion with the other groups where we could have learned about the other plotlines and maybe collaborated on some final secret before being released from the fantasy. Perhaps in part because I wish it had lasted longer—I would absolutely do it again. ♦



Issue One Quiz

Easy (one point)

- 1. In which decade was Auckland's Sky Tower completed?
- 2. Which NFL franchise won Super Bowl LI in early February?
- 3. The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand sparked which event?

Medium (two points)

- 4. Who replaced Sir Jerry Mataparae as the Governor-General of New Zealand?
- 5. The Turbos represent which region in the Mitre 10 Cup?
- 6. A signal of impending expiration in humans, by what term are 'terminal respiratory secretions' more commonly known?
- 7. Which actress co-wrote and starred in the 2004 film *Mean Girls*?

Hard (three points)

- 8. If Air Force One is the official plane of the President of the United States, what is Marine One?
- 9. Which seven countries were singled out in the now infamous 'Muslim Ban'?
- 10. Who was the first female graduate of the University of Auckland?

Herald's Heroes

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



This week we have Todd throwing in his two cents on the new *Vanity Fair* photoshoot featuring a topless Emma Watson. Comments were, understandably, flitting between the horrifically sexist and the passionately defensive. Todd falls somewhere in the middle. He defends her right to bare all, citing a previous nude photoshoot (correct, as she posed topless for the 2013 book *Natural Beauty*) and a previous porn film, which we personally don't recall but have narrowed it down to either *UK Nude Celeb Emma Watson Upskirt Pussy And Nippleslip* or the timeless classic *amature emma watson lookalike gets hot facial*, neither of which will be listed on IMDb any time soon but seem to have had a lasting impact on this young history enthusiast from Christchurch. ♦

SUDOKU

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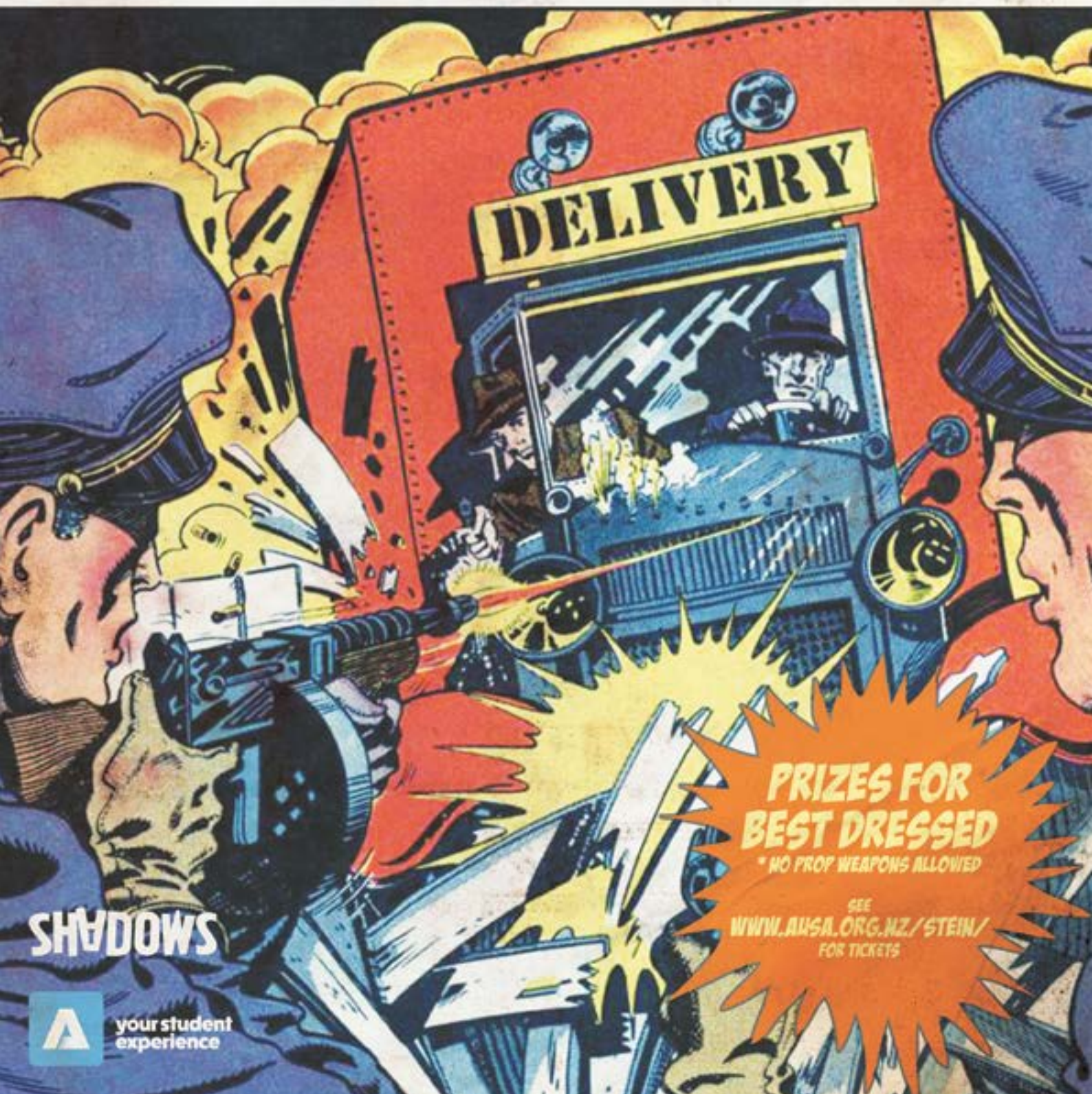
Answers 1. 1990s 2. New England Patriots 3. World War One 4. Dame Patsy Reddy 5. Manawatu 6. Death rattle 7. Tina Fey 8. The official Presidential helicopter 9. Libya, Sudan, Yemen, Somalia, Syria, Iraq and Iran 10. Kate Edger



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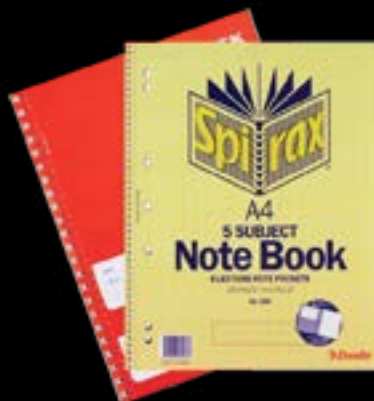


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