

CRACCUM

magazine 02



risqué business

JACK ADAMS STRIPS BACK THE ART OF BURLESQUE, ONE LAYER AT A TIME. PAGE 18.

four hours of labour

FOUR LABOUR LEADERS WALK INTO A ROOM. YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. PAGE 6.

the straightwashing of *carol*

CHRISTY BURROWS LIKED THE BOOK BETTER. THINKS YOU SHOULD TOO. PAGE 26.



GRANT SAVES MONEY FOR THINGS HE LOVES

- WITH HIS AT HOP CARD -

As a full time tertiary student you could save **at least 35%** off your travel.* Apply for a tertiary discount on your AT HOP card now!

CHECK OUT [AT.GOV.T.NZ/TERTIARY](https://at.govt.nz/tertiary)

*35% savings are off single trip adult cash fares and exclude NiteRider, SkyBus, Waiheke ferry services, Rakino Ferry and Waiheke Island bus services. Terms of use and registered prospectus for the AT HOP cards are available at at.govt.nz/athop or at the Transport Information Centre, Britomart. The obligations of Auckland Transport under the AT HOP cards are unsecured.



contents



LIFESTYLE: SAM LYNCH WORKS FIVE HOURS FOR A BURGER. PAGE 11.



COLUMNS: RAYHAN LANGDANA DISCUSSES IDENTITY AND BELONGING IN POPULAR CULTURE. PAGE 35.



DEBATE: DEBSOC INSPECTS INTENSIFICATION. PAGE 22.

NEWS

06

FEATURE:
RISQUE BUSINESS

18

ARTS & CULTURE

25

LIFESTYLE

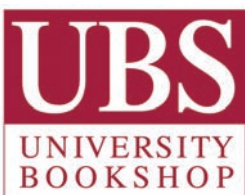
10

CREATIVE WRITING:
VICTORIA

16

COLUMNS

32



www.ubsbooks.co.nz

- Great discount off the RRP on most items in store*
- We buy and sell second-hand textbooks* - instant cash if you sell
- Over 100,000 books in stock* - no waiting weeks for books to arrive
- Open Monday to Saturday or buy securely from our website 24/7

100% Student owned - your store on campus

*See in store for details



25% off glasses for students

when purchasing 1 pair from the
\$169 range or above

**Attention all international students! Please visit www.studentassist.co.nz
for more information on spectacle allowance.**

Auckland CBD:

155 Queen St
(corner of Queen & Wyndham Sts),
303 1364.





meet the fuckers

CAITLIN AND MARK EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

When people want to get married but one of them is a foreigner, immigration officials make them answer questions about each other to make sure they aren't just trying to sneak into the country. We know this from the movie *The Proposal* with Sandra Bullock and Ryan Reynolds.

We decided that editing *Craccum* was kind of like getting married – sexy and alluring at first, but ultimately leading to fatness and tedium. So we asked readers – and by this we mean our poor harassed friends – to supply us with questions, and we sat down to see how well each of us really knew our journalistic spouse.

WHERE WOULD YOUR CO-EDITOR TAKE SOMEONE ON A FIRST DATE?

CAITLIN: I think Mark would not want to be to seen to try too hard on a first date, so he would take them somewhere low key like a noodle bar and then he would forget his wallet, but it would genuinely be an accident, and then he would pash them for ages afterwards but then fade into the night on a 274 bus, creating enough mystery to make them forget that they had just paid the entire bill.

MARK: Caitlin is a ruthlessly efficient yet spiritually holistic soul, and would only ever take on a similarly spiritual partner. A first date is the perfect time to weed out the fakers so Caitlin would probably start out with a brief questionnaire in order to establish their birthstone,

star sign, Chinese zodiac animal (rabbits are a perfect match, don'tcha know) and the state of their chakras. They would discuss the healing power of various crystals and the universal hilarity of poo jokes before finishing the night off with a calming tantric sex workshop.

WHAT IS YOUR CO-EDITOR'S MOST IRRITATING HABIT?

C: He is unbelievably competitive at pub quizzes. Like, 'sharpen a pen into a shank and stab you in the throat if you change his answer but end up being wrong' competitive.

M: Caitlin always buys me lunch, which is annoying because then I have to get my mum to buy her lunch as well.

WHAT IS YOUR CO-EDITOR'S MOST USED SWEAR WORD? (IF PUBLISHABLE)

C: Definitely "wankstain". He loves it.

M: Often the most effective swearing comes from the one you least suspect and Caitlin, despite her gentle ginger demeanour, has one of the filthiest mouths in the developed world. Favourite phrases include "ya fuckin' bastard", "ya fucker" and "fuck you, Mark". But when something really annoys Caitlin, she will tilt her head up, throw her hands in the air, open her eyes wide, and let loose with a loud "CUUUUUUUUUUUUNT".

WHAT WOULD YOUR CO-EDITOR DO IF THEY WASHED UP ON A DESERT ISLAND?

C: Mark already looks like Mowgli, so he would fit right in with the singing bears on the island. His

Thai beer singlet, bought on a lads trip, would suit the climate perfectly, and his nimble yet sinewy frame would allow him to scale coconut trees with ease. Mark would very quickly become King of the Island, and all the creatures would bow down before him. Eventually he would become drunk on power, shouting in an unintelligible mixture of English and meerkat shrieks, and he would be overthrown and viciously murdered by a renegade group of spider monkeys. Gareth Morgan would then buy the island and drop a shitload of 1080 poison on it to make sure no one but his family could survive on its shores.

M: Caitlin would immediately find a water supply and fashion a bucket and rag and set about cleaning the place up, corralling an army of animal workers to aid her in her quest for a spotless habitat. If help was delayed she would source alcohol and assault her animal army with a barrage of questions about their hobbies.

WHO WOULD BE YOUR CO-EDITOR'S CELEBRITY HALL PASS?

C: I would say Judi Dench, for the prestige.

M: A weird mix of Andrew Garfield, Antonio Banderas and the animated Mowgli. Probably.

WHAT IS THE MOST EMBARRASSING THING YOU HAVE EVER WITNESSED YOUR CO-EDITOR DOING?

C: Probably *Craccum*, to be honest.

M: a) Pantsing herself while falling down a set of hotel stairs, b) losing her bikini to a rogue wave and subsequently naked-body-slamming an eight year old boy and c) *Craccum*. Can I go now? ■

LABOUR INTENSIVE

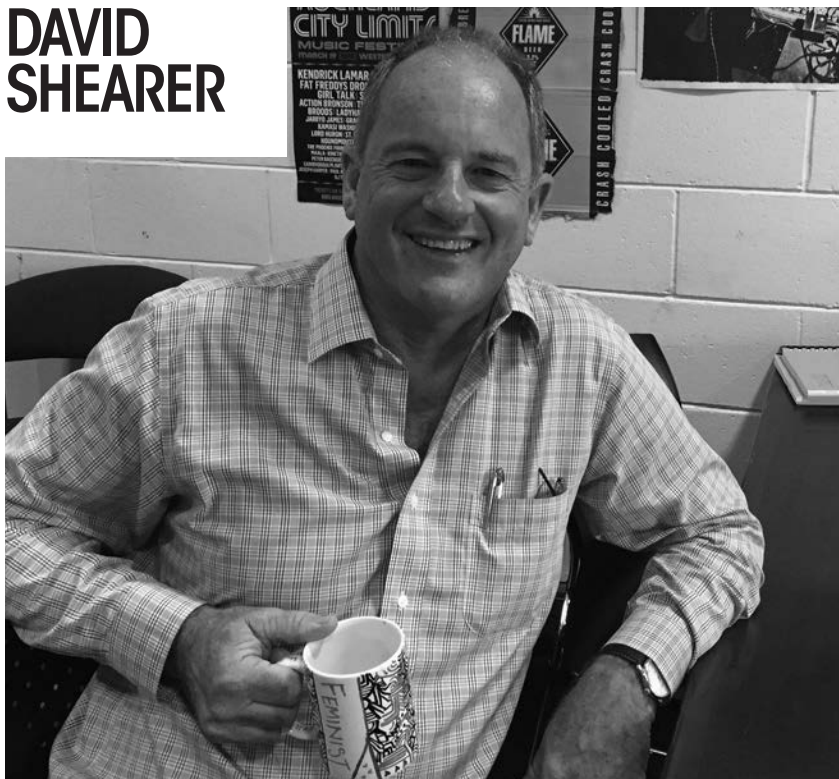
O-Week provides easy pickings for eager student journalists. The plan for this edition was as follows: *Craccum* would invite several Labour MPs up to our office. We would enjoy

a brief yet polite chat while they were arriving on campus. Then we would all go on our merry way. What resulted was a sprawling, mostly impromptu, four-hour long drunken marathon of a gang-interview session with four generations of Labour Party leadership – most of whom we either grabbed off the street or simply turned up to the office unannounced.

The following represents the lightly edited highlights of those discussions. ■

MEMBERS OF THE *CRACCUM* INTERVIEW TEAM PRESENT AND VAGUELY INVOLVED: Adeel Malik, Andrew Winstanley, Caitlin Abley, Catriona Britton, Hannah Bergin, James Brown, Jordan Margetts, Mark Fullerton, and Samantha Gianotti.

DAVID SHEARER



The rain was heavy but our spirits were high as we embarked on the first interview of the day: former-former leader David Shearer. Naturally we were nervous, so made a quick detour through Shadows for a calming brew. Or two.

Shearer's Drink of Choice: Coke Zero.

Craccum Beer Count: Two.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST GET INTO POLITICS?

DS: I was always sort of interested in it. I think it was when the Lange government came in in the mid-eighties. It was so awful under Muldoon, and I remember sitting around the radio in the flat... Lange was such an inspiration, he was just so articulate and just captured the moment.

That was when I first became solidly Labour.

In the nineties I was working overseas, with the Save the Children fund and the UN, and whenever I came back to New Zealand I would just feel really depressed. I realised that I had to do something about it, rather than becoming this endless complainer, so talked to Judith Tizard and Phil Goff. I came into the Labour party at the bottom of the list in 1999.

YOU'VE CAMPAIGNED STRONGLY TO PUSH THE GOVERNMENT TO DOUBLE THE REFUGEE QUOTA. WHAT MAKES 1500 REFUGEES A YEAR THE CORRECT UPPER LIMIT, AS OPPOSED TO 2000, OR 4000, OR EVEN 8000?

It's a good question. Even at 1500, Australia would be taking three times more per capita than New Zealand would. As a small country, our ability to absorb new refugees is actually a really important thing to think about. I also actually think it's really

important that we maintain a high standard of care for the refugees we do bring in.

But Auckland is one of the most diverse cities in the world, and a great amount of that diversity comes from refugees. There's a bit of a conflagration between refugees and terrorism and other problems, and I think it's really important we think about that. I think that what we'd do is raise the quota to 1500 and see where we can go from there – I think having a review of the quota every three years is a really good idea.

WHAT DO YOU THINK NEW ZEALAND'S CURRENT ROLE IS AS A POLITICAL BODY WHEN IT COMES TO CONFLICTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST?

Well, currently, New Zealand has a really big role when it comes to the Middle East, because we're on the Security Council. We fought really hard to get on there as well – we won almost a record number of votes in a contested election in order to get that spot. I think we've got a responsibility to tell New Zealanders what we're doing. Last week, we put a resolution up with Spain to open up the path to a town called Mediah in Syria in order to get aid through. There hadn't been a path there for two years, and people were literally dying of starvation. So we've got a really big job there, to be the conscience of the UN.

I also think the aid we provide is really important. I used to work in Lebanon – it's a country about the same size of New Zealand, and it's currently housing 1.1 million refugees. You can't get your head around those kinds of numbers. I think we have a humanitarian responsibility to shoulder that burden. ■

Time is up. David poses with a mug and signs a copy of Craccum.

"You look like my dad," says Caitlin. "He always gets mistaken for you when he goes out."

"Thanks," says David.

"I voted for you," says Caitlin.

"Thanks," says David.

Caitlin giggles.

DAVID CUNLIFFE

After Shearer, we wanted more. More specifically, we wanted Jacinda. Our news feeds told us she had been floating around the quad so in a mad rush we sprinted down (after another quick detour through Shadows) and found not future leader Jacinda Ardern but former leader David Cunliffe. DJ Jacinda had left the building. Cunliffe was keen to talk to us though, or maybe he was just keen to get out of the rain. Unfortunately we were so caught up in the heat of the moment that it wasn't until we had him cornered in the office that we realised we actually didn't have any questions prepared for him.

Cunliffe's Drink of Choice: Coke Zero.

Craccum Beer Count: Five.

C: I ACTUALLY DON'T HAVE ANY QUESTIONS PREPARED FOR YOU.

DC: I could talk to you about the Labour Party's new education policy.

TALK TO ME ABOUT LABOUR PARTY'S NEW EDUCATION POLICY!

Within budget, we are bringing in three years of free tertiary entitlement, which will cover everything from trades training and apprenticeships, straight through to university education. Importantly, it doesn't have to be taken consecutively, and it

doesn't have to be taken straight out of school. So you can take a one year diploma, get into a job, and then retrain later and take another job later on.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO PEOPLE LIKE MINISTER FOR TERTIARY EDUCATION, STEVEN JOYCE, WHO DISMISS THE PLAN AS ESSENTIALLY BEING A VOTE BUYING SCHEME?

I would say Steven Joyce is an expert at vote buying, and that is one of the most hypocritical things I've ever heard.

UH, COULD YOU SUBSTANTIATE THAT A LITTLE BIT?

Well, I believe he is famous for the quote "How to do politics: you ask people what they want, you give it to them, and then you tell them that you gave it to them". He's a master of polling and campaign tactics, he's not a belief driven politician. He's effective at what he does, but for him to accuse us of vote buying... that is the pot calling the kettle black, to a ridiculous extent, and he should be going home to mummy to have his bottom smacked.

NATIONAL STUDENT DEBT PASSED \$15 BILLION DOLLARS THIS MONTH...

Not all of which will be recovered by the way, so that's another problem for the Crown.

IF THE POLICY ONLY COMES INTO EFFECT IN 2019, AND ISN'T AVAILABLE FOR CURRENT UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, AREN'T YOU ESSENTIALLY ASKING PEOPLE ATTENDING UNIVERSITY NOW TO BOTH PAY FOR THEIR OWN DEBT AND THEN PAY THE DEBT OF INCOMING GENERATIONS OF STUDENTS?

Not really, because as Universities New Zealand's extensive research has proven, the taxpayer makes a profit off of virtually every university graduate, because over their lifetime they earn more and pay more tax. It creates value, it doesn't just redistribute it. So it's not true that today's university students will be paying extra, because the more students we get the better economy does, the better we're going to do. ■

Cunliffe signs a copy of Craccum and exits, leaving a stack of Labour flyers on the desk. Cheeky move, Cunliffe. You should be going home to mummy to have your bottom smacked.

"David is a bit DILFy, don't you think?" says Caitlin.

"Cunliffe?" says Mark.

"No, Shearer," says Caitlin.

"A bit weird you saying that, don't you think?" says Mark.

"I need a beer," says Jordan.

"Let's go find a Nat," says Andrew.

PHIL GOFF

Former-former-former Labour leader Phil Goff arrived unannounced. Half the CIT was at Shadows and the other half at the Young Nat tent, unsuccessfully trying to solicit an interview with PM JK while successfully soliciting goodie bags without having to sell their souls. The jellybeans were disappointing and the Nat-Banter draining, so it was no small relief to receive an urgent text from the office: "PHIL GOFF IS HERE. COME NOW."

Goff's Drink of Choice: Coke Zero

Craccum Beer Count: Eight

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE MOST IMPORTANT ISSUE IS FOR PEOPLE RUNNING FOR MAYOR?

PG: The first big issue facing Auckland at the moment is transport. What we're faced with is gridlock. The Productivity Commission says we're losing one and a half billion dollars a year in lost time alone. The Council for Infrastructure Development says the aggregate costs are more like \$3 billion dollars a year. The City Rail link has to be a part of the solution. I'm somewhat disappointed it took the government five years to figure that out, but they got there and now they'll fund half of it, leaving Auckland ratepayers with the other \$1.25 billion. Light rail is part of the solution, in

my opinion. Symonds Street currently deals with 140 buses an hour, considered internationally to be bus congestion.

The second big issue is housing. The Minister of Housing has said that we've got up to 9,000 consents being processed each year, but we need up to 12,000 extra houses a year, so each year we get further behind. That means it's unaffordable. In my electorate, Mt Roskill, an old state house sells for \$1.5 million. We have to improve the supply of housing, we have to have intensification – not everywhere, but in the appropriate areas, such as along arterial routes, town centres, and transport hubs. I'm also firmly of the belief that if you have property investors coming in from overseas buying up existing housing, all that does is push up the price of houses. It doesn't add any more units, it just creates massive opportunities for capital gains that are tax free for foreign investors, and I don't think we should do that.

The third major issue is environmental sustainability. We love our harbour. The port can't continue to expand into it, and we should be looking at relocating the port. Our water quality is also an issue. At 20% of the beaches around Auckland, if you put your head under the water, you have a moderate to serious risk of becoming ill. This is in the city that we love to think of as sustainable,

beautiful, and clean. Our air quality isn't bad, but our water quality is shit.

The last issue is law and order. I ride a motorbike, occasionally. This time last year it got stolen from outside the University during O-Week. When I asked the cops about what percentage of stolen vehicles they recover, they told me that it's 6%. The crime resolution rate in Auckland is the worst in the country and it's getting worse every year. I've been hammering the Police Commissioner and the government, who are constantly saying that they are focusing on prevention. What better method of prevention than nailing the professional criminals?

What we need to be doing for Auckland is to plan fifty years ahead, not ten. ■

Having spent forty minutes answering a single question, Phil needs a nap. He signs a copy of Craccum and prepares to leave.

"My family uses the mechanics under your office," says Mark.

"Oh are you a Roskill boy? Yes, they're very good," says Phil.

"I voted for you," says Mark.

"Thanks," says Phil.

Mark giggles.

ANDREW LITTLE

The Craccum Interview Team were positively frothing by this stage in the afternoon, and also positively hungry. As we picked at a container of leftover Chinese there was a knock on the door. This was zero hour, and we were caught unawares – ironic, considering this was the only interview to have been arranged in advance. We quickly munched our broccoli and mystery-meat and slurped the sauce off our fingers and welcomed the Leader of the Opposition to the Cracc-Den. We were drunk and the room was stifling. This could get messy.

Little's Drink of Choice: Coke Zero.

Craccum Beer Count: 12+

C: GIVE ME A SALES PITCH FOR LABOUR'S NEW POLICY FOR THREE YEARS OF FREE STUDENT EDUCATION.

AL: The driving motivation is that the future world of work is changing. The skill level that people are going to require to participate in the workforce is going to be higher than we expect now. So we need to make sure that access to post-school education and training is open to everybody.

What it means for those who come straight out of school and go on to university or polytech is that they will have less of a debt burden when they complete their undergraduate degree. The benefit of that is that it's easier for those people to make some life decisions without being held back by debt. But equally, for people who leave school and don't do any post-school educational training and go to work, they've got the

opportunity to, ten or fifteen years down the track, go to a polytech, go to a private training establishment if they have to, and they can get their next set of skills that's going to let them get back into the workforce.

EVEN IF LABOUR GETS IN, MY UNDERSTANDING IS THAT THIS POLICY IS ONLY GOING TO APPLY TO STUDENTS WHO HAVE THEIR FIRST YEAR OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING AFTER 2019. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO CURRENT STUDENTS IN ORDER TO SELL THEM ON THIS POLICY?

This policy has to have a starting point, and that will be 2019. In terms of the issues affecting current students, or for that matter, former students who graduated twenty years ago but still have student debt, we are thinking hard about those issues that generation faces and what we can do about that. So we don't have any specific policy promises to make at this point, but the issues we're looking at is what can we do to reduce, write-off, somehow alleviate some or all of that debt burden.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THIS BILL WILL POTENTIALLY BE STAGGERED OVER THREE TERMS OF LABOUR GOVERNMENT. I HAVE TWO QUESTIONS. FIRSTLY, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO PEOPLE WHO WOULD CALL THAT A VOTE-BUYING TACTIC? AND SECONDLY, WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENS TO THIS POLICY IF YOU GET THROUGH SAY, TWO TERMS AND THEN NATIONAL COMES BACK IN THE THIRD?

The reason we've set it out that way is for affordability and fiscal responsibility. I think if we can accelerate the implementation, we will. We know that when the government does a budget, they effectively budget four years out. So we know that in the next four years, there's roughly \$1.5 billion that is currently unallocated. So we've taken some of that money for this policy for the first year of free fees. But we've got other issues that we've got to address as well and costs we've got to meet. But I'm confident that even after two terms, we will have reprioritised government spending overall which means that this is affordable long-term.

WHY SHOULD THIS MONEY GO TOWARDS STUDENT LOANS WHEN OBVIOUSLY THERE'S A PLETHORA OF ISSUES FACING NZ. HOUSING IS AN OBVIOUS ONE, AND THEN THERE ARE GENERAL WELFARE ISSUES – SO WHY DOES STUDENT DEBT TAKE PRIORITY?

All those issues are important, but the benefit of investing in education and investing in people is that it's long term and the benefit of investing in someone in their 20s or 30s is that you're going to get a forty-year benefit from it, in terms of their contribution to society. That's why this is also a priority and it's an area that we've made a particular policy around. We're still yet to say what we're going to do about health, housing and some of those other social policies because they are important too.

IF INVESTING IN INDIVIDUALS REALLY DOES INCREASE THEIR PERSONAL WEALTH-GENERATING ABILITY, WHY IS IT THAT WE'RE ONLY EARNING BACK 55% OF THE STUDENT LOAN INVESTMENT THAT WE'RE MAKING? WHY AREN'T ALL LOANS BEING PAID OFF CURRENTLY?

Yeah, that's a good question. We're not because it's interest free and obviously there's a cost associated with that. There's a huge number of write-offs – people who don't meet the threshold, people who the government just decides it's too hard to chase up for the money, or the return is too slow so eventually they just write it off. That begs the question, what is the real value of this current scheme? Because it doesn't look very efficient in terms of the way we spend our money. ■

Andrew signs a copy of Craccum and takes his leave, along with his posse of lesser MPs. The Craccum Interview Team breathes a collective sigh of relief. It is done. It is over.

"What a day," says Andrew.

"What a time to be alive," says Mark.

"Teamwork makes the dream work," says Caitlin.

"I'm hungry," says Hannah.

"Shadz?" asks Jordan.

"The driving motivation is that the future world of work is changing... So we need to make sure that access to post-school education and training is open to everybody."



THE NAME GAME

The University's new student hub, Canvas, gives students the ability to use their preferred names when dealing with University apparatus – a long fought for reform directly targeted at making transgender students more welcome on campus.

Preferred names have long been a contentious issue at Auckland University. Until this year, the University used students' legal names on all documentation, including class lists and student identification. This policy meant that transgender students who had not obtained a legal name change risked getting outed by University staff at the beginning of each semester, particularly in tutorial settings.

Because of the cost and difficulty associated with legal name changes, groups of student activists across the campus have pushed for the University to put systems in place that would allow students to use preferred names within University infrastructure for a number of years.

There has been some measure of reform on the issue in the past. Most notably, in 2014 the

Equity Department briefly instituted a change that allowed students to set their names in the Enterprise Person Registry – the University's central registry – through Cecil. This is essentially the same method that the university is using to institute a preferred names system now. However, after the 2014 change, negative staff feedback and fears about the stability of the system, particularly around the time of final exam marks, meant that the changes were quickly scrapped.

As a placeholder policy, the University has been subsidizing the cost of name changes for affected students – the only University in the world, as far as *Craccum* is aware, to have put such a policy in place.

The new system should also allow transgender students to get University ID cards under their preferred names. ■



DR RANGINUI WALKER IN MEMORIAM

Dr Ranginui Walker, one of New Zealand's most prominent Māori academics, has died, aged 83.

Walker's list of achievements is long: made professor and head of department in Māori Studies at Auckland University in 1993, he went on to become the first Māori pro-vice chancellor at the University of Auckland. He was a member of the Auckland District Māori Council, a founding member of the International Council for Indigenous People, and was appointed to the Waitangi Tribunal in 2003. A Distinguished Companion of the New Zealand Order of Merit, Walker turned down a Knighthood in 2009. As recently as last year, he made the shortlist for the KiwiBank New Zealander Of The Year awards.

Initially trained as a primary school teacher, Walker taught in schools for almost a decade, before going back to study and completing a Bachelor of Arts at the University of Auckland in 1962. Walker eventually took up a temporary lectureship

position at the University, which proved to be the beginning of a 28-year long career in academia. He specialized in anthropology, education, and Māori studies. In that position, he taught and influenced a number of current national political leaders, including Hone Harawira and Te Ururoa Flavell.

His writing, particularly his history, "Ka Whawhai Tonu Matou – Struggle Without End"

is acknowledged to have had an outsized influence on the way that an entire generation of New Zealanders thought about their history.

Tributes have flooded in for Walker since his death – Former Prime Minister Helen Clark has called the professor "one of New Zealand's finest people", while Green Party co-leader Metiria Turei has praised Walker for being "incredibly well informed, highly opinionated, and always willing to have an open conversation".

Prime Minister John Key called Walker "not only an insightful commentator on important historical and contemporary issues, but... a tireless and passionate advocate for Māori." ■

UN-BEERABLE STUDENTS PROTEST RORT

Shadows has chosen to mark the beginning of the new semester with a price hike, pushing the cost of a jug up a dollar. The change has provoked predictable widespread outrage.

A change.org petition to reverse the price increase gathered over two hundred and fifty signatures within the first two hours of being active. The \$7 jug is a student staple, according to many posting on the page.

AUSA President Will "Pizza Hut Dine-In Presents" Matthews hastened to point out to those complaining that the jugs at Shadows are still \$1.80 cheaper than at Vesbar, the AUT student bar, with Shadows jugs being cheaper than almost anywhere else in the city.

Craccum reached out to management at Shadows, but have been unable to get a response before print time. We will bring you any updates on the story as and when they occur. ■

AUCKLAND HAS SHIT WEATHER, SURPRISE

Wet weather disrupted the first days of Orientation last week, providing an excellent insight into Auckland weather to those students who had just arrived in the city.

Rain, particularly through the first few days of Orientation, put a dampener on a number of O-Week festivities. According to MetService, Auckland suffered through 36mm of rain during the first Monday of semester – more than double the next biggest rainfall of this February.

As a result, those attending live performances in Albert Park were repeatedly washed out by the bad weather, and those who had to fend their way across campus between classes inevitably found themselves soaked.

Even AUSA found themselves victim to the weather. A combination of wind, rain and shoddy gazebo construction meant they were forced to move their signups into the shelter of the Student Union Building in order to protect electronic equipment. The movements caused no end of logistical chaos outside AUSA House. Despite this, early reports say that AUSA signups for this year have been at a record high.

The weather for this week, the second week of Autumn, is expected to be relatively mild, with low humidity and no rain predicted. ■

WHAT'S ON 7TH – 13TH MARCH

Watch a few trailers and book tickets to the **French Film Festival**, running until the 13th at Rialto Cinemas in Newmarket and Berkeley Cinemas in Takapuna. \$14.50 for a student ticket. For more info see www.frenchfilmfestival.co.nz.

On Tuesday the 8th, walk down to the waterfront after uni for the **Queens Wharf Drawing Club**. From 5 to 7pm unwind and have the chance to draw live models with unique backdrops, with an accompanying live DJ set. Totally free but BYO drawing supplies.

Why not find out what all the hype is about and see some Shakespeare at **The Pop-Up Globe**? Embrace your student status and get a 'groundling' (standing) ticket for \$15.

On Friday the 11th from 5-7pm, hit up Ima Cuisine for their last **Fort Street Friday** to see Soul Samba Circus perform. Take them up on their \$7 drink special – you should stay for dinner too, the food is pretty amazing.

On Saturday the 12th Auckland's version of the Parisian festival 'La Nuit Blanche' – **White Night** – will take over the city with visual art, performances and cultural events for one night only. With 300 venues, including the CBD but also as far out as Papakura, Titirangi and Northcote, there is bound to be something happening near you. All events are free and we recommend you plan your night at www.whitenight.aaf.co.nz. ■

AGONY AUNTIES



Dear Aunties,

With the new year came new year's resolutions and one of mine was get off Tinder and reflect on my previous faulty relationships. Live the single life for a while. However, I've found myself with a very charming and rather persistent suitor. I know it's only March but should I abandon my resolution? Rules are there to be broken, right?

*Please help, **Pursued**.*

Dear **Pursued**,

Honey, we all know new year's resolutions tend to be destined for failure but the new year isn't the only time to be reflecting and goal setting. We think you should reflect on why you wanted to be single, whilst YOLOing it up with this cutie patootie. Try to see change in a positive light – one of opportunity.

Your loving aunties,
Aunt Phryne and Aunt Wilhelmina

xxx ■

PLEASE SEND YOUR PROBLEM IN 50 WORDS OR LESS TO [LIFESTYLE@CRACCU.M.CO.NZ](mailto:lifestyle@craccum.co.nz), ANONYMITY GUARANTEED.



A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO: 1+ HOUR TIMETABLE BREAKS

Instead of going to the General Library to study or chill out, why not diversify? The NIC-AI Libraries are particularly interesting: the Fine Arts Library has carrels (small solitary study rooms) that are great for people who get distracted. The Music and Architecture libraries are also good. Smaller libraries around uni have the perks of being more relaxed and friendly.

The Auckland Art Gallery is free and close by and you don't have to be an art nerd to enjoy it! Containing a variety of artwork, it is designed for many different audiences.

Auckland University has many great spaces to wander through. I recommend the Biology building or the Clock Tower (especially the toilets). Exploring different areas is a great way to discover interesting places in the rest of the university.

If it's a nice day, go to Albert Park. A great spot to eat, nap or study.

If you're over that way then there is also a LookSharp store off Queen Street. I never get bored visiting and always seem to walk out with the most oddly useful purchases that I never knew I needed in my life.

If you just want to go to a café, don't go to the same one. Try a different one every now and again, they're there if you know where to find them!

Read about the art in the Window space by the General Library.

Get a membership for the Tepid Baths in town and next time you have a break go for a swim.

Read *Craccum*.

And last (but certainly not least) the Audio Visual Library. Located in the same building as Uni Safe security and beside Architecture, this library contains hundreds of movies that you can rent out and watch FOR FREE. You can do up to a 3 day loan or watch movies on the computers provided – what's better than that?! ■

DIY NO-SEW CARRIER BAG

Here's a quick and easy way to create super-cute reusable shopping bags from old t-shirts – you'll never need to use a plastic bag again!

You will need:

An old t-shirt

Sharp (preferably sewing) scissors

First, cut off the t-shirt sleeves. If your scissors are sharp enough, cut through the front and back of the t-shirt at the same time, to ensure the bag handles are even. If you're working with more blunt scissors, no biggie, just line up the first cut with the second.

Next, cut around the neckline to make the handles longer.

Finally, cut the bottom hem of the shirt into a minimum of ten tabs, lining up the top and back of the shirt. Then tie the front tab to the back tab with a double granny knot.

And voilà – ready to hit the market! ■



FASHION ON CAMPUS



YEBIN, FINE ARTS
PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLY BURGESS

UNIVERSITY GALLERY EXHIBITIONS



West Space (NICA Student Centre, Architecture Building)

Hipera Kelly and Isabella Dampney, 24 Feb - 22 March (Pictured above).

George Fraser Gallery (25a Princes St)

Summer Scholarship exhibition, 1 - 11 March.

Gus Fisher Gallery (74 Shortland Street)

Alexis Neal and Dagmar Dyke's joint show *Korero Tuku Iho: A Traditional Narrative*, 11 March - 9 April.

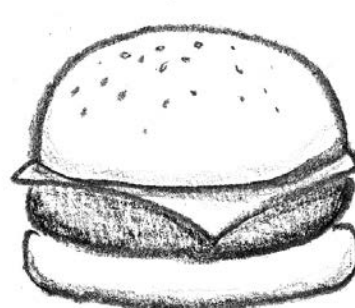
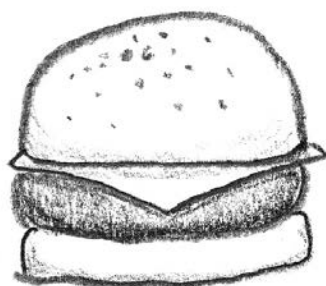
Also check out the projects by students from Elam School of Fine Arts at **White Night**, Bus of Tales and dorf collective. ■

THE CRACCUM GUIDE TO THE METRO GUIDE TO AUCKLAND'S CHEAP EATS

With lists from Buzzfeed, The Urban List and the Herald constantly inundating our newsfeeds with places we should be eating, it seems pointless for Craccum to create its own. So, with no chance of Turnitin catching him, Sam Lynch has decided to embrace plagiarism and copy from Metro Magazine.

First on the list was Burger Burger. It seemed like an easy start, as I had encountered it before. *Metro* recommends the beef burger with truffle oil potato skins and charred broccoli. Being a thrifty uni student – not your typical upper-class *Metro* reader – I opted for the burger with fries. Minimum wage will not afford the decadence of two sides. Though I did splash out on a peanut butter and chocolate milkshake, which turned out to be the highlight of the meal.

While Burger Burger is yet another in an increasingly long line of gourmet burger restaurants, I can't argue that it is entirely out of place on this list. But is it affordable? I would have to disagree. To eat here, you're looking at a five hour work day, assuming you have an unpaid break. Certainly a place like the White Lady Food Truck or Better Burger is more deserving



of a spot on a list of cheap eats.

While Burger Burger is definitely a treat worthy of that extra shift, it doesn't inspire any true sense of discovery. It's safe – like doing a BCom because you thought philosophy wouldn't get you a job. The food is decent, it's nestled

in a trendy area and will look great on your Instagram but it all feels rather familiar and the lack of significant savings making its inclusion in the list questionable. ■

Hours of minimum wage needed for two people to eat here: 4.6

From the Media Officer

Hey friends, hope you all had an incredible Orientation Week - nothing like a cheeky Nandos on a day pouring with rain, am I right?! Still searching for a fix? Come along to Maala on Wednesday 9th.

As we settle into the year ahead, we also settle into some regular features you can expect for

AUSA in these Craccum pages (side note: doesn't the new magazine look flash!?) We have our AUSA Noticeboard which is here to keep you up to date with the upcoming events. These pages are also a place for you to get to know the Exec better. Over the course of the semester, you can find profiles on all of our Executive members (and their Pokémon alter-egos). Some have opted for an interview, for others we had to do some sleuthing... This week, our President was kind enough to answer the important questions in life. ■

Are you an international student?

Do you want to run amazing events, advocate for other international students and develop some great skills?

If yes, you should run to be the next ausa international student's officer!

WHAT IS THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT'S OFFICER?

The ISO holds an important position on the AUSA Executive as the primary representative for international students. With a focus on student issues and wellbeing, the ISO is the liaison between the international student community and AUSA. The ISO takes note of issues and concerns, then reports back to the AUSA Executive via AUSA's internal Equity Committee and Executive meetings. Working alongside the Welfare and Education Vice Presidents, the ISO is in a position to improve on any issues that arise and advocate for international students at all levels of the University. The ISO sits on the Student Consultative Group with some of the University bigwigs, including the Vice Chancellor. In addition to this, the ISO gets to organise fun events targeted at international students. These events have the full support and resources of AUSA which ensures they are well publicised in the international community at the University of Auckland.

WHO CAN RUN TO BE INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' OFFICER?

We figure that the best person to communicate with international students and understand their needs is an international student themselves! Therefore, the position is open to all international students at the University

of Auckland, although you need to sign up to AUSA first in order to be eligible to run.

WHAT'S THE PROCESS FOR BECOMING INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' OFFICER?

Normally, AUSA would hold a by-election. But, we're trying something different this time. We will be appointing the new ISO at our upcoming Autumn General Meeting on March 23rd. All you need to do is come along with proof that you are an international student, make a speech to the students gathered there and answer any questions they may have. Then, there will be a voting process.

WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!

If you're really interested in running, then please don't wait until the 23rd to make yourself known. Get in touch with us at AUSA with any questions that you have about the position of the voting process. If you send us a bio, what you'd like to do in the position, and a photo of you we can before **March 16th** we'll be sure to get it published in that week's Craccum for all to see!

If you are interested in the position, please contact AUSA Welfare Vice President Penelope Jones at welfare@ausa.org.nz ■

AUSA Noticeboard

AUSA and Shadows present MAALA (and special guest LarzRanda)

When: Wednesday 9th March, 6pm

Where: Shadows - Your Student Bar (Student Union Building, Level 3)

How much: UoA Students \$10/Non UoA \$15

Tickets available from EventFinda!

At AUSA, we love Orientation so much that we've decided to extend it into another week! We're really excited to be bringing up and coming New Zealand musician MAALA to Shadows to banish the midweek blues away! Since releasing his self titled EP in 2015, MAALA has gone from strength to strength, playing gigs across Auckland and at festivals like Auckland City Limits.

Maala will be supported by geek-rap phenomenon LarzRanda, who will rock Shadows with hits like 'Rangers' and 'Frankenstein' before the main event starts! ■

Blood Drive

AUSA will be running a blood drive in Week 3 and Week 4. Head up to the old Clubs Offices (above the quad) to donate blood for people who don't have as much as you! ■

Become a Class Representative!

AUSA thrives on grassroots support from students. As a Class Representative you will be providing vital feedback to AUSA, running surveys and collecting other information that we will use in our endless quest to make the University a better place for students! If they haven't already, your lecturers should be asking for volunteers soon - so make sure you put your hand up! ■

Notice is hereby given for the AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING to be held WEDNESDAY, 23 MARCH 2016 at 1.00 pm, Student Union Quad

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

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

Association Secretary ■

AUSA AND
SHADOWS
PRESENTS **MAALA**
LARZ RANDA & GUESTS
9TH MARCH FROM 7PM SHADOWS BAR



\$10 UOA STUDENTS **\$15** NON UOA TICKETS FROM AUSA HOUSE AND ONLINE AT EVENTFINDA.CO.NZ

AFTER
OWEEK

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT BAR

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

**We offer
free support,
advice and
information
to all students.**

**Grade disputes // Academic complaints
Tenancy issues // Harassment and bullying
Debt and funding issues & more.**

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

Old Choral Hall
(Alfred St Entrance)
cityhub@ausa.org.nz
09 923 7294

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

www.ausa.org.nz

Interview With The President

Our MO sat down with President Will Matthews the other day over coffee to find out who this figure really is.

OK, FIRST THINGS FIRST: SHOOT, SHAG, MARRY. HILLARY CLINTON. DAVID CUNLIFFE. JUSTIN TRUDEAU.

Shoot Hillary, Shag Justin, Marry David.

SINCE YOU'VE STUDIED A LOT OF HISTORY, FAVOURITE HISTORICAL MOMENT?

I hate to completely meet expectations, but probably the creation of the welfare state in New Zealand under Michael Joseph Savage.

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE STUDENT ADVOCATE... SPEAKING OF, WHICH BEER DO YOU ADVOCATE FOR?

Sol.

OK, BUT MOST CONSUMED?

That'd be Double Brown. I've got a wizard's staff taller than me in my bedroom still.

WHO'S YOU FAVOURED US PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE?

I know I said I'd shoot her, but Hillary. Hillary over Bernie.

IS SHE WHY YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE AN AMERICAN IN THE ORIENTATION MAGAZINE? Haha, I thought the O-Mag question was 'what *did* you want to be when you grew up?'. I wanted to be an American because I wanted to be a cowboy.

WHAT DO YOU RECKON IS THE MOST CRINGE-WORTHY DONALD TRUMP MOMENT?

His failure to disavow the KKK. It's completely and utterly ludicrous that this man has been allowed to get to where he is today, and is a sad indictment on a country struggling to prove that it is still important.

NOW FOR THE SERIOUS QUESTIONS... HAS YOUNG LABOUR ACTUALLY TAKEN OVER AUSA?

Yes. Every night we get together in my office and form a circle around a photo of Michael Joseph Savage. We chant and dance around it, and then choose a young student to adopt into the Communinati by ceremonially applying for a WINZ benefit.

SPEAKING OF CONSPIRACY, I HEARD



WILL MATTHEWS - CUTTING EDGE FASHIONISTA SINCE AGES AGO

YOUR MIDDLE NAME WAS NORMAN-KIRK ARDERN?

It's actually Alexander Thompson. You can tell that I'm English.

SURE IT IS, OK NOW ONE FOR THE KIDS... FAVOURITE MEME SERIES?

Can I have three?

YOU ARE THE PRESIDENT.

Edgy Egyptian Memes. Sassy socialist memes. God Save Our Gracious Meme. ■

GOT ANY QUESTIONS FOR ANY OF OUR EXEC, SEND THEM TO MO@AUSA.ORG.NZ AND GET THEM ANSWERED HERE!

Lighten Your Load

AUSA, your students' association, has **lockers available now** for hire.

Top Locker \$55.00
Bottom Locker \$45.00

EFTPOS ONLY.
Please supply your own padlock. Lockers are located under the Quad.

Pop into
AUSA Reception
and get yours today.

RECEPTION @ AUSA HOUSE, 4 ALFRED STREET (OPPOSITE THE GENERAL LIBRARY)
OPEN MONDAY-THURSDAY 8:30AM-4:30PM, FRIDAY 8:30AM-4PM

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

LUNCH
with **LEN**

☆☆☆☆☆☆ with ☆☆☆☆☆☆

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS
STUDENT FORUM
* IN THE *
QUAD

COME ALONG FOR A
FREE LUNCH AND
HEAR FROM THE
MAYOR OF AUCKLAND
AT THE YEAR'S FIRST
STUDENT FORUM!

Office of the Mayor of Auckland

1-2PM WEDNESDAY MARCH 9

victoria

BY J. M. HAMMOND

Here he is again. Standing in the middle of my fucking office. On my desk there's a half-drunk long black, in a half-chewed takeaway cup, going cold. The remains of a breakfast wrap twisted into a ball. An empty can of Red Bull in the trash. Thanks to all the ethanol I consumed last night, my head wants to take leave of my body.

Steve still hasn't said anything. I am still drunk. This much is clear. But I know Steve is not here about that. It's an awkward wait for the caffeine to kick in, for the aspirin to take hold, watching my phone spaz out. Someone is texting me. I switch it to silent.

"Steve," I say. It's Friday. The office is dressed smart casual. Steve is wearing an eye-wateringly bright orange polo, tucked into try-hard jeans, pulled up to his armpits.

"Adam. You look guilty," he says, hands on hips, his huge white head a shiny ball under the light. "You thinking about screwing my wife?" I can't believe I ever used to find this funny. Steve gives me a half smile. I laugh, but it sounds like someone has king hit me from behind, it's so strangled and forced.

"I'm just messing with you," Steve says, looking towards my window. Victoria: Steve's wife. Part trophy, part possession. Skinny, fake blonde with a rough mouth and different coloured eyes: one blue and one brown. It's a thing Steve does, around the office, at drinks. He jokes about her, but in a way that you know it's not actually a joke, some kind of subterranean threat. With his bald head and his hook nose, he reminds me of one of those Muppets, the ones that always heckle from the balcony box. Statler? Waldorf? I can never remember which one. Cheryl bustles in wearing a tartan, old-fashioned skirt. She flashes a fax under my nose. I've got five settlements today.

"I've cancelled your 9.15," she says without looking at me. Cheryl can probably smell last night's tequila on me all the way from her desk. She's my secretary but treats me like a nephew. Like she's my aunt. My exasperated, disappointed aunt. *So much potential*, I can hear the click of her heels tut-tutting, as she bustles back out again.

I glance at my phone. I watch it jiggle. Urgent. Insistent.

"How did the night end up?" Steve says. Drinking is accepted in the firm. Expected, almost. Last night we ended up at The Forum, as usual. It was dark and shiny and packed full of law-

yers, insurance brokers. Steve slunk off around midnight, thank Christ. I wasn't surprised. He's a busy man. He's on every board, every community committee. I sometimes fantasise about bailing him up, telling him that charity begins at home and all that. But I know I don't have the balls. Even after a skinful.

Steve is glaring at me and I remember the question. "Um," I say, because I can't think of anything else. I run my hands through my hair. It's thick and greasy, smelling of last night's Big Mac. I rummage in my desk for another aspirin.

Steve stalks over to the window. He opens it. The noise from Flint Street rushes in. Someone is swearing. A car blasts its horn. One of those long, extended, pissed-off honks. While Steve is checking out the action I flip over my phone. There's a text from Jane: *Bonehead. We have to talk.*

Jane got hired the same time as me, three years ago. We've bonded like platoon buddies, witnessing the self-detonation of fellow newbies, speculating on the probable combustion of certain partners. But not Steve, he's one of a kind. Indomitable. Feared. Vaguely repulsive.

My phone trembles with another message from Jane: *NOW!!!* I feel a sudden wave of panic. My heart beats faster. I might vomit into my rubbish bin.

Jane looked nice last night, silky in a forest-green top. Last night, at the bar, Jane and I had talked. Really talked. I'd felt melancholic, sorry for myself. Called myself a stupid prick.

"Is this about your parents again?" Jane had asked. "Stop being such a dickhead," she said, and I remember wondering when did she start swearing so much? When did her olive skin start looking like it was melding into her hair? Like sweating plastic.

"Didn't you ever want to do something else?" I asked her. "Like what?" she said, almost aggressive, her eyes blazing at me. "Stop complaining. You make enough money," she said. And that's true. There's no denying that.

And that's when we started doing shots. When she told me about Nina.

"They finally got rid of her," Jane said, laughing into her mimosa. "That's an interesting choice for a chaser," I said, watching her guzzle it back. She whacked me hard on the arm. "That's why they've put on the drinks tonight, Dumbo. In celebration of her leaving," she said, downing another shot.

Nina: smart, fat, mousy. Good at her job, but the partners hated her. Jane joked it was because they didn't like to see *that* when they arrived in the morning. Nina didn't even drink to make up for it. A law geek. Not in the club. Acted like she was above the club. So they got rid of her, somehow, eventually.

I listened to Jane explain the whole thing, talking fast like she was flying on something. Maybe she was high? I didn't dare ask her. Her face, in the half-light, was an angry, melting mask. She went on to inform me I was a fucking loser, a cry baby. That I should be glad of the private education my parents had forked out for, giving me a leg up, the right contacts in life. And I remember thinking, it's true, I don't need a shrink to tell me it's not my parents' fault. They didn't make me screw Steve's wife.

I watch my phone buzz with silent irritation.

It had felt good to get it off my chest. To tell someone how Victoria had emptied me out. First with her eyes, then by fucking me on the kitchen island at their Epsom mansion, six months ago, on Christmas Day. Right beside the spicy prawns and kale salad. Right after Steve had left to pick up his mother from the rest home.

I look at my phone. Fucking thing.

I didn't want Jane to hate me for it. I wanted her to feel sorry for me, as sorry as I feel for myself. I'd expected her to look aghast when I told her, horrified, but she said, "So Adam had sex with Victoria." She looked at me, then said into her empty Champagne glass, "Who hasn't?"

I sat there in disbelief for a moment, trying to process what she just said, when she spat, "But you, you stupid moron! You're so special. So entitled. You had to go and talk about it."

Jane didn't say much after that. We finished our drinks in silence. Our arms had been touching, propping each other up. But she shuffled away, like I was contagious.

"You can't tell anyone," I said, before she scooped up her handbag, turning to leave. "My life, my career would be over."

Steve coughs. I'd almost forgotten he was there. I'd been thinking about Jane's feral, dead eyes. Her rueful, empty expression. Her hissing voice ringing in my ears.

I want to throw something at Steve's head. He is still staring out my window, arms crossed.

My phone vibrates. ■

JOIN THE CREW IN LA



**WIN A TRIP TO LA WITH
THE MAI MORNING CREW**
LISTEN WEEKDAYS 6-10AM





risqué business

jack adams on stripping the ecdysiast

Sex is axiomatically hilarious. From a young age, boys develop a curiosity for phallic drawings. Drawings that adorn the likes of books, cars, even the foreheads of unsuspecting blackouts. Middle-aged women bond over fermented grapes and giggle over the ripe old notion of “size matters”. Even the most mature of men will laugh over their pornographic obsessions, whether it’s the niche of midgets or the finesse of gimp suits.

It’s this humour that separates us from our ancestors, apes, and those who complain about vaginal cupcakes. Being able to experience emotions that are so often in their separate realms is just part of the human condition – I can’t imagine Robin Williams producing the works of an 80s porno, just as I couldn’t imagine masturbating to Rowan Atkinson’s expressionist comedy.

The art of burlesque is, perhaps, the point where we conflate laughter and arousal.

Burlesque is derived of the Italian verb “burla”, a word which refers to joking around, pulling off a prank, or (funnily enough) to tease. This teasing has lost its meaning over the years of debauchery and scandal. Today, ask any one person what burlesque is, and the likely response will be “it’s a wee bit shit”, or “isn’t that the one where you strip, but it’s, like, classy?” Such an art has, as many have, lost its power to inspire and lead, or even to arouse. But its history is a far cry from our modern desensitisation. A history divorced from its lascivious assumptions. It’s an art of rebellion and deception, a form of empowerment, and a sign of the liberal revival.

“Burlesque” as a phrase is first seen in the seventeenth century. Its first mention was in an opera by Francesco Berni, titled *Opere Burlesche*. Apparently, this was a particularly bawdy piece and was representative of political satire and other particularly sexually charged parodies. Not quite the contemporary classics *Schindler’s Fist* or *Titanic Orgy* which graced the screens in the 80s and 90s.

It’s also important to give some credit to burlesque as a genre, which has come about fairly gradually. The term “burlesque” has been applied retrospectively – some say Chaucer was an early burlesque author, while titles such as Shakespeare’s *As You Like It* convey a similar message of sexual ambiguity in the light of comedy.

But why stop here?

Aristophanes, who isn’t quite the household name of the true classics, wrote in a burlesque style (as it is known today) in almost every sense. His play *Lysistrata* tells the story of women withholding their sexual desires in order to end the Peloponnesian War. Women controlling a male audience with a tease and a laugh.

Modern burlesque has been built on this idea. Sexual excitement is sold as a show, a commodity. And as early as human beings have bought excitement, we’ve been presented with male subservience and entrancement. Prostitution is said to be the oldest industry, after all.

Victorian burlesque is the form we know today. It's the burlesque of the elite, the sleaze of the societal underbelly. It's desire that no one talks about, but everyone wants. It's a mammary gland or two. This old-style Bar 101 is rooted in the social structures of sixteenth-century France. No matter how the camp drama kids praised it, cabaret began as the breeding ground of artists looking for informal entertainment, copious amounts of alcohol and new keys to unlock the male creativity. Shows involved acrobatics, song and dance. This eventually developed into the class and sophistication associated with contemporary France, such as the Folies Bergère and the Moulin Rouge. Two icons of French culture. The birthplace of the beloved can-can dance.

Similar forms of comedy grew from this original form of burlesque. Between the 1830s and 1890s, London theatres were inundated with comedy. Performances offered a risqué side to well-known musical displays or popular literary titles.

"In America, burlesque took off just as alcohol became illegal. The harder the government cracked down upon booze and moonshine, the more ankle one could see – followed by neck, shoulders, and eventually the nipple."

International fame accompanied some of these acts. Lydia Thompson and "The British Blondes" flew to New York in 1868. The troupe performed acts that were familiar to the British burlesque scene, which were quite unlike that to which North American audiences were accustomed. Instantly, the art spread. To some, burlesque was butchered. This transition is seen as the death of Victorian burlesque, and the sleazy commercialisation of the female form – strip clubs.

Of course, this new bohemian underground was not without its contenders and dissidents. It is the trope of the "seedy" establishment which saw modern burlesque take shape into the voluptuous siren we see in the media. As fast as authorities tried to suppress this newfound exposure, people flocked to the erecting institutes of striptease and cabaret. In America, burlesque took off just as alcohol became illegal. The harder the government cracked down upon booze and moonshine, the more ankle one could see – followed by neck, shoulders, and eventually the nipple.

These conservative ethics have always seemed to prevail in our society. This hasn't helped any stereotypes of female promiscuity. Even within the university environment, the timely joke about stripping and prostitution being a back-up plan for those without ambitions still lingers in the pre-exam group chats. The K Road legend lives on as being a place where the scum of society parade their winnings, a culture of the worst of the worst. It's this rhetoric which has continued in the burlesque setting for much of its existence, especially in its modern form – striptease and neo-burlesque

As conflict arose, the burden of promiscuous labels flourished. However, burlesque is far from the morally corrupting allure of Satan and the drunk. Far from the assumptions that burlesque is for the low-esteemed or impoverished, burlesque has been one of the few industries where women have been able to succeed outside of domesticity; where women have been able to challenge the very foundations of society and sell a product so demanded by the eternally aroused and married.

Often, burlesque troupes were run by women with female-only casts, playing male roles or doing activities that were considered outside of female capabilities. Thompson's "British Blondes" captivated the American audience, all from her marketing beliefs. The infamous Gypsy Rose Lee, along with her mother, were able to generate publicity through the construction of flowers and packages backstage from "anonymous" members of the audience. For others, burlesque and the marketing of sexuality allowed them to transition class boundaries, accessing new realms of society. Jeanne Florentine Bourgeois, also known historically by her stage name, Mistinguett, was associated with such wealthy names as King Alfonso XIII, and the not-so-wealthy Oscar Wilde. Even performing in average establishments was incredibly lucrative, demanding massive salaries for performers.

Josephine Baker continues this trend. Beyond her enormous wealth and fame as a French-American woman, and ability to impress despite racial tensions of the era (anyone named by the media as "Black Tarzan" or "Creole Goddess" isn't going to be welcomed with open arms), Baker managed to acquire some extraordinary accolades. Her involvement in the Civil Rights movement has been noted, rejecting offers to perform to segregated audiences and being a prominent member of the NAACP. Baker has been congratulated for her assistance to the French Resistance throughout World War II, receiving numerous official awards.

The American scene began its imperial descent upon the art early in the twentieth century. As alcohol prohibition took hold of society, burlesque adopted a much more lascivious twist. The political satire lost its influence just as quickly as middle-class men erected their fascination. As famous as the Moulin Rouge is to fans of cabaret, Minsky's Burlesque House became the place du jour for the ever-so cultured men captivated by the gradual undressing of the female form. Minsky's was the original Las Vegas Strip Club on K Road. A supposed raid in 1925 paved the way, not for the highway to Sunday school, but the covert and amoral establishments that came to be. This raid was also the basis for jokes around the transformation of venues upon police presence (a literary cliché which ranges from *The Night They Raided Minsky's* to *The Simpsons* and *Family Guy*).

This tone continued beyond the end of the prohibition, 1933, with a brief hiatus during World War II. This is notable in the transient insurrection of the Wintergarden nightclub (Civic Theatre) in Auckland as a venue for exotic dancing and cabaret – a saucier step up from the popularity of jazz at the time. The Auckland Wintergarden was also the home of Freda Stark, whose popularity was attributed to the American troops stationed in Auckland who frequented the place, demanding this modernised, shamelessly arousing display of burlesque. All in the ripe young years of the 1940s.

Burlesque was eventually outlawed entirely in New York in 1937 after a performer was seen to be performing without any garments at all, prompting changes to legislation. However, part of its revival and evolution was due to the popularity of film during the fifties. Gypsy Rose Lee moved from the depths of New York nightclubs to the height of the silver screen. The pin-up era during the 1940s and 1950s was part of the post-war burlesque revival. The war's end led to a catharsis of American cultural celebration, similar to the idea of baby booming, and just as sexually driven. Burlesque, in its corrupted American format, became so ingrained into American culture that it prompted a shift in fashion trends and film. This new-era burlesque developed from the previously underground and anonymous stardom, and shot it into a new era of self-confidence.

Actresses such as Marilyn Monroe epitomised this trend, which became evident in the performances of these burlesque artists. This film medium offering everything American – Bigger, Better, Sexier. The female form exaggerated to its sultry extremes. The corselet known as the Merry Widow shifted female fashion from slimming to enlarging. It focussed on the separation and protrusion of the breasts, instead of the compression of the female waist. Clothing attempted to inflate the hips and bust; film attempted to inflate a new class of female superiority.

Since the 1990s, burlesque has been promoted within the "Neo-Burlesque" trend. The aim is to bring the tradition of burlesque, a re-creation of Minsky-esque burlesque and post-war burlesque, in a way to promote one's self-confidence. The World Buskers Festival, hosted in Christchurch, has been showcasing a fairly rare display of burlesque in New Zealand for the last few years. The performances are often eclectic, featuring the traditional comedy of a clown as a brief interlude during intensely sexual performances. The new genres of burlesque have become more defined as burlesque evolves from its politically charged satire, to its position as an art form today. Boy-lesque, another burlesque genre, generates a humorously lascivious performance. The role of Drag Queens drawing upon this humour and gender fluidity, challenging the basic human instinct and identity.

Today, burlesque continues to impose its impression of stylistic redefinition of dances. Acts adopt elements of calisthenics, acrobatics, striptease, cross-dressing and comedy. The Burlesque Hall of Fame in Las Vegas (Nevada, not K Road) is a testament to the broad history presented to us by burlesque. The accolades of "King and Queen of Burlesque" uphold more than the ability to tickle, but the ability to captivate and amaze an audience.

"The Auckland Wintergarden was also the home of Freda Stark, whose popularity was attributed to the American troops stationed in Auckland who frequented the place, demanding this modernised, shamelessly arousing display of burlesque."

World-renowned burlesque artist Perle Noire once told me that "one's imperfections are what makes us perfect". Burlesque is about neither arousal nor money. It isn't about the awards or the fame. Burlesque is very much an art, a form of self-expression. It is a key to a brave new world. ■



AFFIRMATIVE

ACT Party Leader David Seymour recently wrote a piece in the *New Zealand Herald* arguing against the intensification of Auckland. A week ago, a majority of councillors also voted to reject the most recent form of the Unitary Plan, which would have allowed for greater housing density. The Unitary Plan is a major development plan for Auckland in the next 30 years, part of which includes re-zoning the type of use that a piece of land can be used for. This is fundamental in ensuring that Auckland is well equipped to deal with issues such as housing, infrastructure and public transport going into the future.

Interestingly, intensification is not a strictly left-right issue, but an inter-generational one. It is ironic that the ACT Party, which is committed to the free market, has come out so vehemently opposed to the changes. If anything, the zoning from “single housing” to terrace and apartments means that land can be used more efficiently to address the supply and demand issue facing Auckland. “Right-wing” people in the media often complain about regulations “getting in the way” of development, yet when it happens in their backyard, they suddenly become the biggest proponents of development restrictions to try and maintain their property value. You will no doubt hear from the opposing side that these individuals have “built” or “invested” in their house. This may be true to some extent, but a significant proportion of the value of their house is nothing but economic rent that has been stolen from the rest of the population who are locked out of the property ladder, mainly young people and individuals from lower socio-economic backgrounds.

Then there are those who oppose the intensification for the alleged fear that this will damage the character of the community – such as its “culture” or “leafy” areas like parks. MP Jacinda Ardern defended this quite well by saying that intensification would be able to preserve or even enhance these things. Contrary to the strawman (“Bangladesh, India, Pakistan”) and scaremongering which Seymour used as examples of intensification, there is a causation problem in his logic, as these places (which are actually whole countries, but never mind) are actually characteristic of limited planning and many of their problems can be attributed to their stage of development. Better examples would be places like Singapore (often held to be a libertarian utopia where, in fact, 90% of its citizens live in public housing with access to public transport and spaces) and Barcelona, which have urban planning, designs and public transport that provide green spaces and accessible community spaces. Even his example of people in London who “responded to the Tube” by living further out is an example of public transport that required coordination and long-term foresight to resolve collective action problems arising from the nature of public goods.

this house supports the intensification of auckland

the debating society has been around since 1887, and meets every thursday to discuss issues both topical and whimsical. www.debating.co.nz

Finally, and perhaps most disappointing of all, are 'left-wing' councillors like Cathy Casey who voted against the most recent Unitary Plan. These individuals claim to support intensification, but contend that recent changes should be opposed in the interest of natural justice because they are "out-of-scope" and constituents have not been able to submit on them. She claimed it was a "win for democracy" on her Facebook page (but has subsequently deleted the post). There are a number of issues with this. First, it is simply regrettable that someone who cares so much about progressive causes let politics get in the way of what they themselves and many experts consider as not only a good but necessary policy outcome. The amendments have been proposed to address "spot zoning" issues arising from the submission process. Second, it is simply not true that these individuals did not have a chance to submit. The nature of the consultation process is that the plan can and probably will be changed (shock horror!). Moreover, notification is given on submissions so that further submissions to those submissions can be made. The logic of apologists like Casey is essentially to require an infinite series of consultations that would make both the consultation process meaningless and implementation of a good outcome impossible. Finally, let us not forget that there is a democratic deficit in terms of the representation and agency of young people and those who do not own a home. Many of these individuals cannot vote or are not even born yet, but their interest should also be considered instead of the voices of the loudest people in the room.

Unfortunately, very few young people are engaged in local politics. The Unitary Plan is probably the policy of greatest significance that the Auckland Council will implement in the foreseeable future. Many criticisms of Auckland Council are actually criticisms of the central government over laws or issues that the Council

does not control, but this time it is something Auckland Council can do. Therefore, it is absolutely important to get it right.

Many young people would have little idea about what the Unitary Plan is or how it affects them. This is ultimately to our detriment. Comprehensive resources that are accessible are also few and far between. If you are interested, I would urge you to look up the work of Dr Sudhvir Singh as a starting point. Become engaged in the one of the biggest decisions Auckland Council can make that will affect your city's future. ■

NEGATIVE

In 2010 a number of local councils in the wider Auckland area were folded into the new Auckland Council, as part of National's super city project. The aim was not only to reduce some of the inefficiencies of the older fragmented council structure but also to give elected councillors from the Auckland region a guiding hand in leading Auckland's development. Given this power, it is a shame that Len Brown's leadership team has sought to attack the hard earned gains of Auckland City residents, whilst simultaneously depriving them of a voice with this Unitary Plan. The negating case will mostly consist of these issues with a particular focus on adjustment to housing zones.

For a great many people a house isn't just a dwelling place or convenient location for schooling. It is an economic asset built by Auckland residents over many years. Their houses are a physical representation of their hard work in fastidiously paying down their mortgages from years of personal earnings. Unfortunately the Unitary Plan adjusts development zoning, meaning their neighbourhoods are approved for more intensive development. Consequently, their time and labour is wasted when housing prices plummet due to the real (or even perceived) threat that their urban neighbourhood will lose its character and value to high rise monstrosities.

There are also regrettable harms to the communities themselves. Mt Eden, Ponsonby and other communities imminent to the Plan, have developed, over the course of a century, a unique communal identity drawn from its urban residents and Victorian aesthetic. Beyond the very real economic harm to residents themselves, our cities lose an element of their beauty and value as unique locales by an increasing spread of the homogenous sprawl.

This is not to say that housing new generations isn't a valid concern. In city planning, and politics in general, we often impose a cost on the community at large via mechanisms such as taxation to fund certain necessary social services for economic security or things like law enforcement, from which every individual draws a benefit. This side doesn't contend that we can identify certain social goods we ought to pursue, but it must be noted that we should find the most specific solution possible that best appeases a wide field of competing interests. For housing it would seem sufficient that our council, at the same time, is trying to expand public transport, reducing the proximity issue between places of dwelling and commercial hubs.

Lastly, the actual process behind the Unitary Plan has been problematic at best. In a democratic society like New Zealand, participation isn't valuable simply because people have the ability to vote on proposed policy. It's valuable when the community at large is the source and inspiration for regulation with consistent consultation. In that way, people have greater control of their own affairs and by extension, are participating in a more democratic system. In the case of the Unitary Plan, proposed boundaries have largely been developed in secrecy with no public consultation. Ignoring the communal impact of the Plan, and avoiding basic consultation in such a glib manner, is an affront to a democratic society. ■

50% more Data



50% more Mins

With the Skinny Student Shout, you'll get a sweet **50% more minutes and data** on any \$9, \$16, \$26 or \$46 Monthly Combo until the 30th of June 2016.

Plus, we'll even give you a **FREE SIM!**

e.g: Normal \$16 Combo

with Student Shout!

Free
SIM

ROLL
OVER

Data 500MB
Mins 100
to NZ & AU

ROLL
OVER

Data 750MB
Mins 150
to NZ & AU

Unlimited Texts to NZ & AU
Unlimited Skinny to Skinny Mins

Unlimited Texts to NZ & AU
Unlimited Skinny to Skinny Mins



Sign up at skinny.co.nz/studentshout
and enter the promo code: **STUDENTSHOUT**
before March 31st 2016.

Legal stuff: Available to NZ tertiary students who are new to Skinny Mobile. Offer available until 01/04/16 and bonus quota ends 30/06/16. Bonus quota available on selected Monthly Combos only. Combo renews every 30 days (unless cancelled). Unused Rollover Data remains valid for 12 months and can be used only with an eligible Combo. Person to person standard NZ calls & texts only. Premium rate numbers excl. Use in NZ only. Bonus may be withdrawn at any time by Skinny without notice. For terms and extra charges see skinny.co.nz



P29/CRACCUN/23984

**THE HOME OF PIZZA
BY THE SLICE, TASTY
COCKTAILS AND ICE COLD
BEER IN BRITOMART WITH
STUDENT SPECIALS EVERY DAY
AND NIGHT. SEE YOU SOON!**

39-41 TYLER ST, BRITOMART, AUCKLAND

@TYLERSTGARAGE /TYLERSTGARAGE

TSG



All the men and women merely players

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

Reading a work of Shakespeare's can sometimes feel like having a conversation with someone that has a mouth full of marbles – you can't always understand them, and it's a little weird and confusing. Yet brooding statements such as "life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage" were not to be engaged with on paper; Shakespeare's soliloquies were to be shouted, wept, the iambic pentameter comin' at ya like a rhythmic wet flannel. Even if you don't understand all the words, you feel them.

This, minus the wet flannel analogy, is precisely the sentiment that performer Lisa Harrow conveyed to me when I had the great honour of meeting her. Lisa is an exceptionally talented actress, who has been amid the works of The Bard most of her life. After an invitation to join The Royal Shakespeare Company in her early twenties, Harrow has continued to teach and perform Shakespearean works and tackle both stage and screen (with a handful of exceedingly impressive co-stars along the way). She discussed the "curse" that can be placed upon Shakespeare by virtue of deeming it literature. A play needs to have life breathed into it by the stage, the actors, the vibration of a watching crowd.

I asked Lisa to share her thoughts on the ongoing relevance of William Shakespeare today, a playwright who has been something of a keystone in her career. In the eyes of many, the Elizabethan language is impenetrable, the characters and their convictions outdated, and it is no longer a necessary component of high school education. Lisa offered a perspective that is very hard to disagree with – the power that resides in Shakespeare's writing, the emotional capital that he had within his words, is still deeply relevant today for the reason that we are indeed the same species, possessing the very same emotional peaks and troughs as our counterparts living four hundred years ago. (Though we should breathe a collective sigh of relief that we are presently less likely to contract the plague).

Beyond this notion of our connection with humanity's forerunners, Lisa also offered her perspective of the power of words and art to alter and impact. She described a performance piece created alongside her husband, Roger Payne, a marine biologist, originally titled "Lessons From Copernicus". This project brought their two passions together as they intertwined scientific conclusions with the sensitivity of poetry to drive home facts about the need for sustainability, and the devastating effects of ignoring such a need. She discussed how the scientific aspect engages the brain, but it is the poetry that engages the heart, and it is entirely necessary to have both of these things open if you are to motivate people with your message. Even outside the sphere of performance, Lisa poignantly described the pow-

er that art has to heal and affect. Shakespearean works have been used as a form of therapy for individuals struggling with the pain of post-traumatic stress disorder, helping those who have lost the ability to communicate to engage with language once more.

After seeing Lisa's performance as Prospero in *The Tempest* at the Pop-up Globe, I still wholeheartedly agree with her point. The emotions witnessed on the stage, that of a protective father, a forgiving brother, are ones that resonate still. While the emotions in Shakespeare's work remain constant, the relationships and interactions as poignant as they ever were, they do not remain static. Watching a powerful actress take on the part of this protective father illuminated the capacity within Shakespeare's work for change and adaptation. In a male role written for a male actor, Lisa Harrow commanded the stage, not through shouting or aggression but through presence, through confidence, mingling emotional vulnerability with immense power and strength. Shakespeare likely would not have ever imagined a woman taking upon this powerful sorcerer's role, and this in itself articulates the power of his plays to remain relevant and refreshing still. Art and emotional creations leave a legacy, and it is within our power to build upon such a legacy, to create structures upon the shoulders of those who have gone before us. We have the licence to change and create. I thank Lisa for her time, her wisdom, and commend her for doing precisely this. ■

THE TEMPEST IS SHOWING AT THE POP-UP GLOBE IN AUCKLAND UNTIL THE 13TH OF MARCH.



the price of adaptation

todd haynes' bulk-catering *carol*

BY CHRISTY BURROWS

As an overly-enthusiastic undergrad, intent on reading outside of the prescribed list for a paper that included the work of Patricia Highsmith, I picked up *The Price of Salt*. This is the alternative name for *Carol*, a novel published by Highsmith under the pseudonym Claire Morgan in 1952.

As a quiet person, unknown by many of my peers at the time to be gay, I loved everything about the novel. The title itself is a clever metaphor: you have no qualms about how much something costs if you buy it so irregularly, much like the heterosexual world had little idea of the masked struggle faced by a lesbian minority in the 1950s.

Carol is essentially a story about two women, Carol and Therese, who fall in love after meeting in a department store during the Christmas rush in the 1950s. Carol, the older of the pair, has a small daughter and a complicated relationship with her ex-husband. After learning of Carol's affair with the much younger Therese, said husband turns ugly and begins a cruel legal battle over the custody of their child. Nonetheless, "love wins" after a period of difficulty, and there is a hint of a happily-ever-after for Carol and Therese. This may seem a conventional romance today but at the time of the novel's publication, pulp fiction plots in which women who 'transgressed' heterosexuality met their deserved demise were more readily accepted, enforcing a cultural silence around the female/female romantic sufficiency displayed in Highsmith's novel.

This kind of background information about the story's origins will be familiar if you have been following the hype in queer and non-queer publications surrounding the film adaptation directed by Todd Haynes, released in New Zealand earlier this

month (the screenplay written by Phyllis Nagy based on the novel). I have. I have been waiting for this adaptation for years, following it from its contracted beginnings in 2013/2014 to the present, eagerly awaiting casting decisions and release dates. The film version of this story had the potential to continue Highsmith's queer legacy. In fact, it had more than just potential. Highsmith's creation was already one of those rare 'perfectly imperfect' novels. But in true blockbuster, mainstream-cinemas-showing-it-every-day fashion, they minced it. They took a fine cut of meat, and twisted it into something processed and tasteful to every single palette, easy to swallow for all. They turned a story that kept me awake all night until I finished it at 5am the next morning, into something that made me laugh at its contrived romance.

Espionage and paranoia were the centre of Carol and Therese's escape in the novel. These traits are characteristic of Highsmith's writing, as shown in the film version of *The Talented Mr Ripley* (also adapted by Nagy, and done quite faithfully). While Haynes played homage to Highsmith in the recurring train set motif, he largely missed an opportunity for an action-based thriller that would showcase a success against the era's silent distrust of marginalised happily ever-afters. Haynes preferred sensuality over the cold realities faced by the pair in maintaining their (at the time illegal) relationship. To do so, Haynes downplayed the novel's 'weirdo creeper Tom Ripley' persona in Therese. He replaced Highsmith's fragmented, flawed, and characteristically obsessive narrative style with artsy blurred shots, and 'cute' episodes of Therese perving lovingly at Carol in her awful hat.

That's not to say there weren't glimmers of the original tale in the film. The phone calls between Therese and Carol retained their crisp poignancy, the sounds of their voices over the phone perfect for the atmosphere of late-night confused ruminations, both in times of falling in love and falling apart. Likewise, Sarah Paulson executed her role

to perfection as Carol's former lover Abby.

Given Paulson's queer identity and her success in executing a queer role, why were straight or 'not out' actors privileged to play these openly 'not straight' roles? Cate Blanchett and Rooney Mara are admirable actors. And perhaps it's true that an actor's job is to embody an identity other than their own. But even accepting this, Blanchett turned out to be incredibly odd as Carol. Reviews have lauded over her elegance and radiant persona, but to me, she was a vaguely predatory stereotype. My girlfriend, who I watched the film with, whispered to me that she looked "kind of awkward" when she proposed Therese visit her at her lonely house in the middle of nowhere. In the novel this was touching and poignant, in the film it was rushed and uncomfortable. I know it sounds like I mentioned my girlfriend just to show off I have one, but my point is that as queer viewers, we felt outside of the film, which was the opposite purpose of Highsmith's novel. We audibly smirked at the lesbian stereotypes being continued on screen for a straight audience by straight actors, joking about 'u-hauls' and aggressive older lovers.

Carol was turned from a delicate, fragile, aching sort of book that satisfied an isolated feeling in my burgeoning identity, into a watered-down queer movie for the straight eye. And in a way, this was bound to happen. Taking a 'secret' novel published for queer women trying to make their lives a little bit more liveable in the 1950s, and turning into a cinematic 21st century showcase meant it would change from its original purpose into something that could be sold and consumed by audiences who haven't felt marginalised in that kind of way. It wasn't adapted as Highsmith wrote it, but as the current popularisation of gay identity demanded it. In that sense, neither Haynes nor Nagy are really at fault. It's a product of the current socio-political American landscape, just like Highsmith's novel – an adaptation hollowed by the price of mainstream compromise. ■

Don't Cry, Work.

BY THEO MACDONALD

"DON'T CRY, WORK." It's a mantra taken from the walls of Andy Warhol's Factory, a short manifesto. Easy to retain and worthwhile, too. As our young semester matures, hold this manifesto between your calves and everything could be okay.

You may think it's naive, perhaps take offence. "The University is a neo-liberal murder-machine – a viper trained to permeate the life-work-death cycle of the capitalist goblin king." Yes, it's hard to be idealistic in light of budget cuts, layoffs, and the recurrent use of the term 'degree factory'. The University's prime directive may not be to educate, but it isn't solely to profit either. It's somewhere between those two extremes. The intermediate is, perhaps, productivity.

Productivity doesn't have to be the enemy.

The photography collection *The Velvet Years*:

Warhol's Factory 1965-67 showcases images from the period of time in which the band The Velvet Underground was based at Warhol's studio. If the celebrity thrill of the scene can be discounted, the book offers a sentimental view of youth with which it is easy to identify fifty years on. The Factory was a monument to productivity, as The University is now. Within satellite silver walls, Warhol collected artists, theorists, inventors, filmmakers and models, all under the manifesto: "DON'T CRY, WORK." Warhol expected those present to utilise their community, utilise their environment, create solutions to non-existent problems, and do so day-in day-out, without fail. *The Velvet Years* documents parties, co-workers fighting for an attentive camera lens, and moments of respite within social collusion, yet what matters is that inside this community, work is always present. The relationship is symbiotic and, because symbiosis benefits both parties, the residents of The Factory know that they are lucky to participate in it.

The University is a far simpler form of productivity. There are clear goals, defined turning points through which individuals can situate themselves within a system. Yet even with this simplicity the reward for productivity can be great. Even as your parents insist you pursue a commerce degree you can sit in on literature

lectures, buddy up with alt-bros, score course readings. As students we are privileged in our freedom to engage with contemporary thought, be it in biology, philosophy, or the literature of the sea (ENGLISH 727, offered in 2018). Yes, you are just another cog, but you're a cog who can choose to skip class, choose to ignore your lecturer, tutor and classmates, as long as you're willing to apply yourself somehow, take advantage of your luck. There's an industry trying to suck the marrow from your bones but you can ignore that marrow-sucking. Some of the members of Warhol's Factory had breakdowns, others never talked to each other ever again after it ended. These things are also true of The University, and are not resolutely positive or negative, they just exist.

Work can be hard. Employment necessitates hierarchy, prejudice is conditioned, that retail job took its toll on your sense of self, but don't return to education post-summer with dread between your calves. Return with this mantra: "DON'T CRY, WORK." You just need to work. Summer's over. Finally. And now we can do stuff. Big stuff, interesting stuff, absurd stuff, efficient stuff.

Don't cry. ■

arts comment

broadcast 95bFM

That music & talk you're hearing through the big speakers in the Quad each day? That's 95bFM. We've been Auckland University's (eventual) official radio station since 1969. Since then we've grown into Auckland's leading and most infamous independent radio station.

Over the years we've launched the on-air and off-air careers of hundreds of this country's most exciting broadcasters, such as Marcus Lush, Mikey Havoc, Jeremy 'Newsboy' Wells, Graeme Hill, Sir Vere, Noelle McCarthy, Camilla Martin, Nick D, Charlotte Ryan, Gemma Gracewood, Wallace Chapman, Paul Casserly, Rebecca Wright, Matt Heath & Kim Choe.

In other words, it's not something you just need to passively listen to, you can be *part* of it – we're on the top floor of the AUSA building (next to Cultural Space and Craccum), we're welcoming, and won't make you do anything

lame with a cucumber.

bFM is not particularly interested in the top 40, or shock-jock announcers who shout at the audience. We're there to nourish a community of independent thinkers to help shape a more interested and interesting Tamaki Makaurau.

In today's media climate of networked everything, and more music online than can realistically be consumed in a lifetime, bFM's role is more important than ever. Come up the stairs and find out more, or tune in at 95bFM.com/live if you need more convincing.

Our on-air schedule is full of practitioners of the best in new and interesting music, including some of the most long-running specialist shows around, and you can dip your toe in the water at 95bFM.com/live or find us on the TuneIn radio app. ■

The 95bFM Top 10

- 1 **KANYE WEST FEATURING KENDRICK LAMAR**
No More Parties In LA
- 2 **HEX (NZ)**
Albatross
- 3 **ASTRO CHILDREN (NZ)**
While I Appreciate Your Concern
- 4 **KANE STRANG (NZ)**
Things Are Never That Simple
- 5 **BATUK**
Reya Congo
- 6 **FANFICKK**
Shreds
- 7 **PAQUIN (NZ)**
Crushed By A Disco Ball
- 8 **PRINCE**
XtraLoveable
- 9 **GOLD PANDA**
Time Eater
- 10 **PANTHA DU PRINCE FEATURING QUEENS**
The Winter Hymm

Listen to the top ten on Wednesdays 7-9pm on 95bFM 95bFM.com/top10



I Like It When You Sleep For You Are So Beautiful Yet So Unaware Of It The 1975

ALBUM REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

In an eclectic and eccentric fashion, The 1975 have released their 17-track sophomore record, *I Like It When You Sleep For You Are So Beautiful Yet So Unaware Of It*. The considerably long title acts as a daring move in an attempt to prepare you for the rest of the album's unapologetic take on pop vibes. The 1975 have departed from the signature black and white alternative melodrama that made them famous – the result a sleek experimentation with the pop genre.

The singles and teaser tracks released since mid-October created an expectation of fun-loving synth-pop. However, both the album and its bold title refuse to stick to a theme. A mix of chill wave, electronica, acoustic, funk and 80s pop form a windy road that detours to every corner of the band's spirit and abilities. Frontman Matt Healy is a phenomenal songwriter with a tight grasp on language and a hazy view of the world. Each track audaciously explores classic cathartic topics of love, fame, sex, drugs, religion and death. They're not always relatable, and it does make for a bit of an all-over-the-show record with tracks that can be hit or miss, solely depending on your mood. Not all of it is amazing, but all of it is ambitious.

Yes, it may be a bit conceited to think you can make headway for a new lane of music just by outlandishly refusing to centre on one genre. However, exploring one's psyche through a variety of pop lenses fosters a record filled with unique and expressive cinematic tracks with flourishes of colour and ready to take critique as it comes. ■



Family Dinner: Volume 2

ALBUM REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

Family Dinner: Volume 2. It's sexier than socks on a rooster, and it's Snarky Puppy's latest album/collection of works. This album is *the shit*. The Pups, at their roots, are a globally influenced improvised music ensemble. Basically, they just do whatever the hell they want, really well, all the time.

This album requires multiple listens, due to the vast amount of cultural input applied to the songs on an individual level. Of course, there are a few 'staple' Pup tracks in there (funky as fuck) but even these don't feel tired at all. "Don't You Know" feat. Jacob Collier and "Liquid Love" feat. Chris Turner are these so-called 'Puppy Trademarks'. Rhythm section = worthy of the Gods.

You've got guys/gals from Sweden (Väsen), Peru (Susana Baca), Brazil (Carlos Malta) and England (Jacob Collier). They even brought on board sub-cultures from the United States, such as Appalachian folk star Becca Stevens, funk-pop up-and-comings Knower, and pop superstar David Crosby. It's pretty sweet.

Top songs super quick. Dabbling into St.Vincent-esque realms, "I Asked" feat. Becca Stevens. The rhythm section on this makes me get my 'stank' face on. And my 'stank' face continues when the percussionist from Väsen solos at the end (hnnng). A basic tie with 1st/2nd is "Molino Molero" feat. Susana Baca and Charlie Hunter. Skip to the middle of the track to hear Charlie Hunter (a hero) and Marcelo Woloski. Dip me in milk and frost me with flakes the pocket is real. 1st place... is... the David Crosby track "Somebody Home". It is heart-wrenching, and Snarky Puppy still amazes me by being able to tap into any vibe ever. *Ever*. David Crosby loves them, I love them. You will love them. Give it a hoon on YouTube all for free. 10/10. ■



Much Ado About Nothing

THEATRE REVIEW BY JULIA WIENER

On the most intolerably hot day in February, I saw a production edgy enough to be cool, yet old enough to be cultured: gender-swapped *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Auckland Pop-up Globe. The replica, built four hundred years after Billy graced us with his soliloquies and dick jokes, sits in the carpark behind Aotea Square. The building is impressive, although smaller than expected (that's what she said). The historical accuracy is overshadowed by the smartphone-wielding audience and exposed stainless-steel scaffolding, but you can't help but be impressed by the theatricality of the pre-cinema entertainment world. Standing in the plebeian area below the stage, you have to appreciate how integral to human civilisation mosh pits are. I bet shit got crazy in the Elizabethan era when Shakespeare dropped the hottest dialogue of 1598.

The play was phenomenal. Flipping the comedy on its head by reversing genders gave every part a fresh face: gender politics aside, watching a towering twenty-something guy play one of literature's most snarky female characters was brilliant. Don Jon, conniving villain extraordinaire, was played by a voice major at UoA – evidenced by her bursting into a haunting soprano melody halfway through the fifth act. The whole performance pushed that talent comes in every shape imaginable. Sometimes that form is an evil dudette with slicked-back hair. Sometimes it's a six-foot guy in a wig bending down to kiss a girl with a drawn-on beard. And, rarely, it's a director willing to fuck with the most famous rom-com in English literature. Shoutout to the girl who played Claudio for confusing my sexuality even more than it already is. Shakespeare's Globe: Original. Hysterical. Bloody hot if you're standing in the pit. ■



Concussion

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

Concussion tells the true story of Nigerian pathologist Dr. Bennet Omalu, who uncovers that repetitive head trauma was responsible for the suicides of a number of American football players. He reveals that the NFL had concealed such cases for years with fake studies that protected their sport and their product.

The most fascinating part of *Concussion* is that it insists the conflict is far more complex than the “Man vs. NFL” battle we witness in the movie’s trailer. After Omalu releases his findings, the arguments for and against him are two-fold. On Omalu’s side, the need to assert concrete scientific evidence goes hand-in-hand with the human desire to prevent the suffering of athletes. The NFL has the backing of the American people, combining their immense corporate power and control with an honest appreciation of why football is just so ‘fantastic’. This poses the question: can this devastating damage be mitigated without getting in the way of America’s most popular sport? Even Omalu’s associates feel the burden of potentially taking away a sport that, without knowledge of head trauma, is a net good for the country.

Concussion gives Will Smith a chance to thrive, exorcising the demons of late to remind us of his dramatic abilities (looking at you, *After Earth*). Smith should have been nominated for an Oscar for his convincing and powerful performance; his moral conviction and scientific passion made him impossible not to sympathise with. The film does fall short at times as dramatic scenes deviate from the unfolding true story, such as Omalu’s relationship with a Kenyan homestay. However, *Concussion* is worth the watch, if only to get some background on a tussle that is still dominating the headlines. ■



The Expanse

TELEVISION REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

Battlestar Galactica, which had its series finale in 2009, was the last great spacefaring sci-fi. Everything after that never really escaped its shadow. *The Expanse* almost very nearly does that.

Based on the novels by James S. A. Corey, *The Expanse* is set in a desperate future where humanity reached for the cold depths of the solar system in search of vital resources, colonising planets and asteroids along the way. There are three stories to follow here that, for better or worse, intertwine with one another, centring around the disappearance of Julia Mao, who has gone missing under mysterious circumstances.

The Expanse is quite a difficult show to handle. There’s no handholding. They throw you into this complex narrative and force you to piece together a backstory tandem to the current story.

In this regard, it is almost as if it’s trying to be a *Game of Thrones* in space. You can sort of see the similarities; most notably, the sprawling, highly-active political landscape (spacescape?) inhabited by morally ambiguous characters who are as relentless and unforgiving as the plot itself.

The Expanse is not a bad series. It is confident in its plotting and lore and it is confident that its viewers can piece together a backstory with the tiny threads it offers. But you come to wish that confidence extended to its characters. You can sense their moral ambiguity, they just lack a bit of heart.

The first season set up a great story. It’s now up to the season two to pick up what the series currently lacks. And if it does, who knows, it might end up giving *Battlestar Galactica* a run for its money. ■



It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia

Season 11

TELEVISION REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

Paddy’s Pub and the associated gang of miscreants are back again. Frank is still gross, Charlie is still illiterate, Mac is still in the closet, Dee is still the punching bag (or bird) and Dennis is still slowing edging towards ‘serial killer’. Unfortunately, this has been the formula for the last eleven seasons and at this stage it seems like the gang are running out of ideas. There is a definite sense of repetition. To be fair, that is part of the joke. At one point Frank believes himself to have awoken in 2006, giving the gang the chance to start over and naturally make the exact same mistakes. But we’ve seen this gimmick before in season eight, and it was used to greater effect. Recycling the recycled jokes has an air of desperation. The ‘gang in court’ scenario is also one which has been done before, and done better. That Charlie believes himself to be an expert in ‘bird law’ is funny. His often unintelligible ramblings have become as much of a hallmark of *It’s Always Sunny* as his glue-sniffing habit or cat food meals. But when the inbred leader of the McPoyle clan suddenly develops psychic powers and commands a bird to maim the opposing legal counsel, that is not so funny. *It’s Always Sunny* is ridiculous, but generally believable. Psychic birds, not so much.

Of course even Paddy’s Pub has loyal customers. The Gang are just as repulsive and appealing as ever, constantly backstabbing, forming alliances, breaking alliances, willing to sacrifice Dee at the drop of a hat, manipulating an amnesiac Frank, or having Frank manipulate them while he secretly fracks a mountain. In a television environment saturated with progressive and single-word-titled shows like *Girls* and *Love*, *It’s Always Sunny in Philadelphia* is a breath of politically incorrect, multi-worded fresh air. ■

My Top 5 Renditions of Movie Themes

BY EUGENIA WOO

If you're on the street, try humming the *Indiana Jones* theme song. I can't guarantee that the people passing by are going to join in and create a giant flashmob of equal parts nostalgia and disregard for 'stranger danger', but I can guarantee that at least one passerby will have a flashback to Harrison Ford in a Fedora tangoing with a bullwhip. That's the power of an iconic movie soundtrack. If a blast from the past is what you're looking for, check out these movie themes we know and love, with a twist.

Harry Potter Music (Indian Tribute) - Tusher Lall

The *Harry Potter* series was beloved to us all once, and whether you loved or hated The Boy Who Lived, there's no denying the fact that it has one of the most recognisable themes of all time. Keyboardist Tusher Lall has combined themes from the franchise into an arrangement uplifted by a mix of traditional Indian instruments and orchestral staples. With the signature flute and violin combination of John Williams' original vision supplemented by atmospheric tabla percussion and the twang of a santoor, you'll feel as

if you've Apparated to South Asia.

Howl's Moving Castle Theme (Murtagh Remix) - Joe Hisashi

Howl's Moving Castle is one of Studio Ghibli's most popular films, and the English version of the film pooled the talents of well-known Hollywood favourites like Christian Bale and the indomitable Lauren Bacall. Murtagh, hailing from Dublin, layers Hisashi's already whimsical waltz with synths and sub bass cuts that turn the atmosphere from ballroom to ball game. By the time the drop kicks in, listeners will already be well down fantasy lane.

Indiana Jones Theme Song (8 Bit Remix Cover Version) - 8 Bit Universe

I know I said earlier that no one was going to start a flashmob over the *Indiana Jones* theme, but this remix from 8 Bit Universe will definitely get feet tapping at the very least. The march is made twice as triumphant in this new incarnation, with the percussive chips lending a sense of urgency to rival the original brass. If this were the backing track to a *Raiders of the Lost Ark* arcade game, you bet we'd be raking in the tokens.

Jurassic Park Acapella (Feat. Peter Hollens) - The Warp Zone

Part of the appeal of this particular arrangement

was its accompanying Youtube video. With vocalists dressed as various characters from the original movie, this cover all but bludgeons us over the head with childhood nostalgia. While some may argue that acapella covers lack the musical power achieved by a full symphony, the charm of this is in its ability to take the majesty of the original and transform it into a warmer, cheerier chorus - fitting for the fond memories we now have of the badly-rendered CGI dinosaurs of days past.

Editorial note: Samantha would like to make clear, should Steven Spielberg or Jeff Goldblum deign to pick up this issue of Craccum, that Jurassic Park is the best film of all time.

He's a Pirate (Remix) - DJ AG

While more of us are likely familiar with the DJ Tiësto remix of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* theme, I'm pretty sure that we want to leave that in the dust for straying too close to Taking the Hobbits to Isengard territory. Instead of a club hit with two minutes of filler unrelated to the original Zimmer composition, try on this remix by DJ AG for size. Described as 'tropical house' by the producer, it's an auditory soundbite of lapping waves and stuttering snare that never quite gets boring. Forget the kraken - the only Sea Monster you'll be thinking of after taking a dip in these waters will be one of equal parts rum, vodka, and pineapple juice. ■

The Best of the Coen Brothers

BY JAMES BROWN, SAMANTHA GIANOTTI, CAITLIN ABLEY AND MARK FULLERTON

As *Hail, Caesar!* and its sizeable cast arrive in theatres, we at *Craccum* thought we should take a crack at hailing the best of the Coen Brothers.

No Country For Old Men is a dark film about fate, conscience and circumstance, all tied into a drug deal gone wrong and the lives of the three men whose stories revolve around it. A veteran named Llewelyn Moss finds several dead men and a vast sum of money, and absconds with the small fortune. Soon he finds himself the target of a hitman who views himself as the hand of fate, Anton Chigurh, and Sheriff Ed Tom Bell, who pursues them both. A film dripping in symbolism and layers of meaning, *No Country For Old Men* is bleak, draining and emotional.

The Big Lebowski is possibly the deepest stoner comedy ever made. A fusion of two unlikely themes, comedy and detective fiction, with

many layers beneath the surface. The many dick jokes in the story mask a sense of male insecurity and a fear of castration, both physical and figurative as shown in several dream sequences. Women are shown in positions of power over men (The 'Big' Lebowski's Trophy Wife and Daughter), adding to the 'castration' fears shown in the movie of men who fear the loss of what makes them men. Both a funny comedy and a deeply layered story.

If you watched *Star Wars: Episode VII* and thought "I really want to see more of that sexy buggin' in the X-wing", *Inside Llewyn Davis* isn't a bad place to start. Mired in the Greenwich Village folk scene of the 1960s, the Coen Brothers do a bang-up job of translating the lyrical, aching quality of folk music into a damn beautiful film. Llewyn Davis carries a burden greater than his guitar as he battles the harsh New York winter, a floundering career, and the inescapable grief brought about by the loss of his musical partner and friend. For anyone dealing with rejection or dejection, this film and its music will have wisdom to offer - plus staring at Oscar Isaac's face for an hour and a half really isn't a raw deal.

Look, what's not to love about bloody good bluegrass, a prison break, KKK members being

killed by burning crosses, and a moustachioed, grubby-yet-sexy George Clooney fleeing through corn fields? *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* is maybe a little naff, but it's a loopy little film set to absolutely excellent music. Set in sepia-toned 1930s Mississippi, the film is loosely based on the *Odyssey* - complete with a bible-thumping Cyclops and perfectly harmonised sirens. Probably not the most alternative choice if you want to wank on about a Coen Brothers' film, but it will make you happy. At least listen to the soundtrack.

A film that has mostly flown under the radar in terms of the Coen Brothers' canon, *A Serious Man* is a darkly humorous portrait of middle class Jewish life in 1960s Minnesota. Larry Gopnik is the least appealing of all the Coen Brothers' leading men and a modern-day Job, dealing with divorce, teenagers and blackmail with a mournful melancholy. Made on a small budget and with no real starpower, *A Serious Man* is a slow burning masterwork, a labour of love and the sort of undercover hit you could only make after a string of successful releases. Probably the most alternative choice if you want to wank on about a Coen Brothers' film. ■

Designer's Comment: You're all wrong. The correct answer is always Barton Fink.

HOBBIT ON TOUR

South Australian Wine, Republicans and Pet Sheep – The First Week in England

“Ye’re from New Zealand?” The taxi driver asks, swinging the steering wheel in a savage right-hand turn.

“Yes!” I smile amicably. My backpack is clutched so tightly to my chest that my jaw is digging into the top pocket. “Yes, yes, I’m a New Zealander. Yeah. A Kiwi.”

“Huh.” He considers this for a moment. “Ye’re the only New Zealander I’ve ‘ad for your hall.”

It’s 7pm in Exeter and pitch black. Accordingly, I am trapped in a taxi that is speeding down a narrow bricked lane at a pace that’s making me wonder if my best friend ever read that email about my funeral playlist (entitled “Weepy Bangers” on Spotify – look it up. I have great taste).

I will pay five whole quid (\$10.95 NZD) for this pleasure.

“Lots of Australians.” He notes, as we hurtle across a zebra crossing, the frightened face of a pedestrian flashing by in the headlights.

“Australians?” I mumble through gritted teeth. “Really?”

“Lots of them. About twenty today.”

“You can’t tell me that.” I joke weakly. “I’ll pick fights with them. There’ll be carnage.”

He gives me a condescending look out of one eye. I resist the urge to scream at him to keep his eyes on the road. “Orright.” He says slowly.

“We have this rivalry – you know, rugby?”

“Nae. I watch football.”

“Ah.” I say, and then lapse into a petrified silence for the rest of the journey.

Much to my relief, we soon pull up outside an enormous brick building. This is James Owen Court, described on the housing website student.com as “the Exeter building that always stinks of weed”.

It’s the hall designated for 2016 Study Abroad students at the University of Exeter, and my home for the next six months.

It’s -2 degrees outside, and I’m shivering as I attempt to lug my suitcase up four flights of stairs. I think enviously of my friends in Tauranga, who’ve been sending me Snapchats captioned “27°C :)” all day. Bastards. Those *bastards*.

Lounging on the beach like they have a summer to enjoy. Unbelievable. How selfish. While I’m wearing three sweaters at once, and unable to feel my fingers, they have the *audacity* to put bikini photos on Instagram like –

“Hello?”

I find myself at the top of the stairs, facing a girl who looks distinctly alarmed that I’ve been hissing “*bastards*” to my suitcase. “Hello!” I say, startled.

A guy appears behind her, curiously looking at me. “Are you moving in?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m in room D408!” I grin, extending my hand to shake. “Er, nice to meet you. I’m Eloise.”

The girl shakes my hand, smiling. “Do you drink?”

“Uh, yes?”

“Come get CRUNK with us.” She holds aloft a bottle of white wine like a trophy. “Look at this! South Australian, right? It only cost me eight pounds.”

The guy nods, giving a thumbs-up. “You’ve got ten minutes to get alcohol. We’re going to a party in Block A. I’m Declan. That’s Georgie. Move it, mate.”

This is how I meet my new (and unabashedly Australian) flat-mates. Three hours later, we forge an unbreakable bond, after I discover that my en-suite toilet has no loo roll in it, and Georgie is forced to desperately feed great wads of paper to me under the door.

And so begins my first week in Exeter – an absolute blur of antics, people, and insanity. I drink my first pint of Guinness, in a pub filled with toothless men playing pool. I join twelve different societies, before being emailed for a membership fee, and ceremoniously “forgetting to reply” to all of them.

Friday rolls around. It’s our first weekend night – a good night. I’m determined to socialize, and find myself in an “exchange socialization” party. There are Aussies, Canadians, and Italians – even an American dude. *You know what?* I tell myself. *I’ve been plagued by this anti-American*

sentiment for far too long. Let’s make friends, I reason. They can’t all be that bad. Craccum would want you to.

“You’re from the US?” I smile, sitting on a table in someone’s flat. He nods his assent.

“Okay, so – Trump or Clinton?” I take a big gulp of cider. I’m ready for his answer. I’m prepped. I have it down in my head. He’ll say Clinton; but make a witty joke about her emails. We’ll rip into Trump’s absurdism for an hour or so. Then we’ll hi-five. It’ll be incredible.

“Are you kidding?” He snorts derisively. “Trump, all the way.”

I inhale my cider in surprise, and stifle a ten-second coughing fit in a truly heroic fashion. “What?” I rasp.

“Well, I’m a Republican, man.” He shrugs, and then imitates loading a rifle. “Ain’t nobody gonn’ take our guns away!”

“You have *a gun*?” He looks about seven years too young to own a gun.

“Course!” He says cheerfully. “My parents have about five apiece between them. I got a handgun for my 18th birthday, like to take it out to the range every now and then.”

He catches onto the fact that I’m staring at him with an expression of mild horror. “Aw, man, c’mon. Do you not get guns when you’re 18 in New Zealand?”

“No, we don’t.”

“What do you get when you’re 18, then? Like, in terms of big gifts? You get like, sheep or some shit?” He sniggers.

I glare at him. “You SO DO! Aw, a little sheepie? What’d you call yours?”

“Jesus *Christ*.” I sigh, as he bursts into hysteric laughter.

(Side note – no, I did not get a pet sheep for my birthday. I don’t know anyone who got a pet sheep for his or her birthday. Is that a thing? I feel like it could possibly be a thing, but I didn’t want to admit that to someone who VOTES DONALD TRUMP).

Anyhow, look, readers. I tried to make friends for you. I did. And look where it got me. I’m never taking your advice ever again. Thanks for nothing, Auckland. ■

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



The Number 7 Wire

WITH ANA HARRIS

In his 1952 essay *Fretful Sleepers*, Kiwi academic and writer, Bill Pearson, declared New Zealand a conformist, fearful, ignorant country. He wrote, “in public morality the New Zealander’s guiding principle is: do others do it? I doubt if a New Zealander has any other moral referee than public opinion”. “Few of us,” said Bill, “have the guts... to uphold any moral principle... when it is flouted by a party of greater number than ourselves.”

His review of the New Zealand character is somewhat jarring, even today. In our short history as a post-colonised nation, we Kiwis have become accustomed to praise. We hope that others think of us as a progressive place filled with beautiful trees, if they think of us at all. We see this in events we’ve designated the defining moments in our collective conscience: the Springbok Tour, the nuclear free movement, the fact that white settlers weren’t *as mean* to the indigenous people as they were in Australia.

The various buzzwords and imagery that arise when we discuss our ‘culture’ all fall somewhere on a continuum that starts at neutral and ends at good: ‘the number 8 wire’, ‘Kiwi ingenuity’, the silver fern, hobbits. We don’t mind being associated with the humble jandal because it signifies we’re laid back. The familiar scene of the corner dairy on a hot summer day makes us feel nostalgic. When John Oliver pokes fun at our ponytail pulling Prime Minister, or our Education-Minister-cum-dildo-victim, we don’t mind too much. Sure, it’s a bit embarrassing but these incidents seem harmless compared to, say, the various indiscretions of Republican presidential candidate Donald Trump. We won’t elect a reality TV star to lead our country, though we’re more than happy to let the investment bankers have a go.

Yup, we’re a nuclear free, swastika-free, GE-dubious nation – so what was Bill Pearson complaining about? Whilst aspects of his argument are dated, and possess an overriding pessimism befitting an ex-pat who, like many of his generation, endured the drudgery and horror of war (did you study any poems by Siegfried Sassoon or Wilfred Owen at high school? They were not happy people). But is there something to it? Are we really a nation of conformists and simply failed to notice?

Part of the reason Pearson’s biting review of the New Zealand ‘character’ is so unexpected is that it’s a topic we avoid – or maybe just ignore. It requires an uncomfortable degree of introspection. It reflects on us and invites debate – something which, in my experience,

many New Zealanders find not only unpleasant but often downright offensive. I was reminded of this over Christmas with my extended family in Rotorua. The day involved several hours of strained chitchat with various Aunts and elderly acquaintances, punctuated by the odd *snap!* of a Christmas cracker.

“How did you like the scallops, Auntie Mary?”

“They were alright, though I generally prefer them crumbed or battered.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Isn’t the table cloth just lovely?”

The only real conversation of the day consisted of a brief discussion about whether rote learning in primary schools is outdated. Auntie Roz’s ears, sensing a differing of opinion, pricked up from the kitchen. “I’m sure that’s very interesting, but how about a less heated topic that *everyone* can talk about,” she said pointedly. After an awkward silence, someone commented on the loveliness of the paper napkins.

The University raises our fees every year, and student living costs haven’t gone up in decades, yet the majority of the student body remains silent. What’s more, the public seems to look on people who vocalise their opinions with varying degrees of scorn. TPPA protestors were apparently all unemployed lunatics or radical extremists. John Key dismissively used the phrase “rent-a-crowd”. Bill Pearson wasn’t far wrong when he said, “The New Zealander’s idea of social reality is the way things are... any talk of changing the status quo is met with resistance. The government can do it by quiet legislation without anyone noticing the implications of a new law, because the government is part of the status quo and bigger than anyone who may object.”

When it comes to dinner table discussions, a dislike of debate seems relatively harmless. But applying the same inertia on a larger scale is actually slightly scary. Early last year, Key remarked that the decision to send troops to Iraq was the necessary price for being “part of the club”. I wonder where he’d draw the line when it comes to seeking approval and protection from powerful states like America.

Failure to accept criticism makes it difficult to develop any guiding principles other than majority opinion. Have we somehow lost sight of our ‘Kiwi’ values through our aversion to differing opinions? Perhaps we never had any to begin with. Pearson certainly didn’t think so, instead characterising New Zealand as a country “caught between the mountains and the sea, never far from the silence of the bush and the stars... we haven’t created a social convention strong enough to reassure us.” ■



SEX, DRUGS & ELECTORAL ROLLS

Why We Fight

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

When it comes to politics, there is a large emphasis, amongst both politicians and the 'civilian' general public, on *how* we fight. Universities such as this one teach courses in political science, or communications and media management; and the large-scale interest in works like Nicky Hager's *Dirty Politics* show a capacious interest in the way the political game is played.

But not a lot of talking is done about *why* we get involved and take an interest in politics. In large measure this is because it's assumed that just about everyone who already is involved – or wants to be – has some sort of pre-existing burning-passion-overriding-reason for joining the melee in the first place.

This misses the point. Even the grandest inferno has to have some spark of inspiration to set it alight. And so too, with people incandescent with political fervor.

In many cases, the initial impetus isn't particularly hard to find. We all experience (or, at least, perceive) injustices of various kinds on a daily basis. When they affect you and yours personally, you might find yourself getting sufficiently irate about it to start campaigning on it – or yelling at various decision-makers until they finally start to listen.

Other people find themselves involved and embroiled because they enjoy the drama and the pageantry of it all. If you've ever watched *House of Cards*, you'll know what I'm talking about.

This also helps to explain the composition of many of the various parties' youth wings and student union organizations. They're often the sort of kids who were bullied at high school and are now enjoying living out power-fantasies – either over their fellow man (in however limited a capacity), or enthralled themselves at the thought of being able to do so in the big-leagues once they make it on their inexorable way to the top.

Even though that might sound callous and risible, there's certainly something to be said in favour of politics as a social pursuit. I've never really found the time nor excitement for video games or television series, purely because the sense of achievement and enjoyment which one might derive from, say, leveling a WoW character or working one's way up an MMORPG guild/FPS clan's hierarchy seems rather dull in comparison

to my life in politics. The difference between building up a base in a cellphone-based strategy game and fostering a political support-base with your cellphone, is that one of these things has some real-world contribution and significance, and lingers after you switch the phone off.

There's also something arguably quite cool about executing a stand-over operation of a Party President in a car-park while dressed like the Mafia – or any of the other at least vaguely cinematic things entailed by a career in active-service electoral entanglement.

But there's another, far more important side to political involvement.

Dharma. Duty. The sense that the responsibility for building a better world is on each of us and all of us, both as individuals and collectively.

Politics may once have purported to regard itself as the 'Sport of Kings and Emperors', but today it seems instead to be sliding toward a status as the semi-exclusive preserve of billionaire businessmen and pretentious focus groups.

Plato once said that the penalty for not getting involved in politics is being governed by your inferiors. As a denizen of David Seymour's Epsom electorate, I feel like I'm living proof that ain't always the case. But the fact I was single-handedly unable to prevent Seymour's election and ACT's re-entry into Parliament again misses the point. People such as me who actively get involved in our nation's politics make it *that much harder* for idiots, liars and the broadly incompetent to get away with mis-governing unmolested.

If they remain unchallenged, that's pretty much tantamount to an invitation to misrule.

This is why elections in New Zealand, whether General or Local Body, are consciously marketed by the ruling elite as something other than exercises in crisis, or moments of profound transition. Because those sorts of moments stir up the passions of a people, and thus represent the danger of a change to the way things are by risk of inducing their involvement.

The idea is that if the stakes seem lower, we'll be less inclined to care – and therefore less inclined to get out and vote or take an active interest in the political process between elections. That's dangerous, because nobody ever said there had to be an actual and tangible sense of crisis underway in order for crisis to be happening.

Even leaving aside the big, climactic events like the full-blown assault on

our economic sovereignty that was signed at SkyCity earlier this month, small and creeping changes which affect your life are taking place every day.

Sometimes, as with National's proposal to strip-mine the Great Barrier, or Labour's attempted imposition of tertiary fees in the 80s, these objectionable events boil over into simmering popular discontent, and the chartered course of the mighty ship of state is briefly, temporarily altered. On other occasions, as with the aforementioned TPPA signing, we aren't quite so lucky.

But even immediately unsuccessful protest actions or outreach exercises have tangible, rippling effects. What we do echoes out and is refracted – rather like the Hindu parable of Indra's Net – ultimately helping to shape and even become the future political terrain upon which we joust.

Sometimes, a dildo makes international headlines, or a dying cancer patient changes the tone and tenor of the cannabis law reform debate.

Everything that we do affects our environment. Even, and perhaps especially, nothing at all.

Politics is no different. Indeed, the great Hunter S. Thompson was of the opinion that politics, at its purest, is "the art of controlling your environment".

So if, like Frank Costello in *The Departed*, you "don't want to be a product of my environment" but instead "want my environment to be a product of me" then your choice is clear. There is simply no substitute for the profound power of exercising authorial choice over one's own existence. It is, after all, theoretically exactly why you're at university in the first place.

But even if you're ambivalent about that core question – and don't mind living in what's ultimately someone else's world – you nevertheless have a duty of care to try and improve the place.

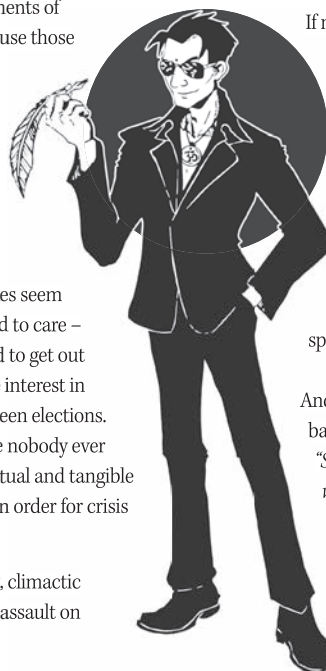
If not for others, then at least for yourself.

In any case, taking an interest, or getting more directly actively involved in politics, remains in my estimation one of the most engaging, enthralling and enjoyable pastimes known to man. As we say in the industry, "we're the sort of people who spend Sunday afternoons plotting". Instead of 'watching the sportsball', we're out making the play.

And if all else fails, we cast our minds back to Ronald Reagan:

"Some people spend an entire lifetime wondering if they made a difference in the world..."

But us politicians don't have that problem. ■





LIFE IS TOO LONG

The Straw-Man Cometh

WITH SHMULY LEOPOLD

I got to read Rayhan's column early (you get to read it a few pages down the line). I also read an online magazine called *Spiked*. *Spiked* is awesome, because its writers are just like me. They are white. Moderately educated. Moderately angry at SJWs, or 'the new left', or 'the regressive left', or whatever it is we want to call those roaming hoards of furiously alienated, passionately disenfranchised trans-bamboo-kin-pansexual-imps and their mates.

Spiked is especially great because they care more about how annoying PC culture is than they do about rape on campus. They care more about the fact that language is policed than they do about racial slurs. They care more about me, and people who look like me, than they do about trans-bamboo-kin-pansexual-imps and their mates. One such level-headed, reasonable article written by Cambridge educated philosopher and conservative legend Roger Scruton, announced the following:

"...the National Union of Students' protests on behalf of minorities do not extend to those like myself who have the disadvantage of being white, heterosexual, English and conservative."

I love everything about this sentence, and enjoy nothing about Rayhan's column. A column that suggests that movies should make people feel good, and like they belong, and that identity is an important part of film-art. Rayhan's column forgets that we live in conformist times. Where no one can write, or think, or discuss anything at all without having S-J-bloody-Ws telling them they are murdering trans-women, or 'doing violence' or 'speaking over' them. So why not salute the Oscars? Institutions like the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, or *Spiked* online magazine, or the ACT party, are amongst the very few who allow freedom of speech to happen. Without them no one would get to express an opinion, unless that opinion is "I love blacks, trannos, gays-but-not-the-really-posh-ones, and ladies with hairy legs."

Now yes, I'm sure it would be lovely if more movies were actually made by and about black people. And even lovelier if an actual

trans-person played Eddie Redmayne's character in *The Danish Girl*. But what's more important is that we white men can't recount our artistic feelings. We can't tell jokes about rape, my right as a male, without being god-dam booed. And we can't tell you what I did last weekend:

I wandered North up Symonds street from Eden Terrace. I had been having a go on the pokies at Edinburgh Castle. I was very drunk, and had lost about \$40. Everyone was fat, brown, and popping out to smoke every three and a half minutes. So I basically fit in. But weirdly, this particular Saturday, I felt anxious, bored, unsexed. The usually pleasant and hushed world of the Edinburgh Castle was dark and frightening. Off I went. At the corner of Symonds and K-road a man was chasing a woman across that sort of grassy patch with the ugly sculpture. I shouted something. They both ignored me. I assumed they were playing tiggy or something. I turned down K-road. I saw a trans-woman, or is it ok to call them trannies if they're hookers? I don't know. Anyway, she was six foot eight. In a tight pink skirt and a crop-top. Her hair was dyed blond. Her lips puffy. Her breasts unencumbered by a bra, or the normal shape of a breast. I realised I could not pay. I hate shoplifting, so I knew nothing fun was going to happen. So I stood there in the shadows, pleasing myself. Then I realised: I was drunk, there was no way I could consent. I shook my head, assuming that tomorrow morning I'd be cool with it. I quietly raped myself to completion in the alley.

You could never publish that sort of thing in this PC era. Certainly not in the campus magazine. Go you *Spiked*. ■



If people could fly, they'd call it exercise and never do it

WITH ADEEL MALIK

Homo Sapiens are the fastest long distance runners on the planet. Faster than horses, deer and wolves. In anything but arctic weather, we will come out on top in a long distance race.

Right now you're in a suit which enables you to radiate heat better than any land mammal. Covered in tiny sweat glands that disperse a cooling mist all over you as you overheat. Elasticated tendons in your legs and feet that facilitate a pendulum-like motion, allowing you to use up to 50% of your previous stride's momentum. Some call it the Bugatti of distance running. But most people never break the speed limit. Sitting there, behind the pedometer, unwilling to let themselves run.

Running is as innate to us as language, or art or tool-making. Millions of years of evolution have crafted the perfect runner, and running itself has had a profound impact on who we are. If God did it, your sedentariness is defying God's plan. Not to mention the myriad of health benefits that come from simply putting one foot in front of the other. This isn't kale. The health benefits of running are quite clearly substantiated. Have a history of heart disease in your family? This fixes it. Have a history of depression, cancer, diabetes or a dozen other things in your family? This will help fix it. The best part is you don't need to cross the seven seas (or join the gym) to be able to have access to this wonder drug. You just need to go outside.

And yet, most people I know loath running. Running to me is as human as flying is to an eagle, or swimming is to salmon. Try it consistently for a month or two, you might like it. ■

GHETTO

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

The phrase 'Urban Music' was coined in the late 1980s to denote music produced by black artists without calling it 'Music Produced By Black Artists'. Ignoring the myriad problems with that name (are black people the only people who live in urban centres? What aspect of 'urban' life does 'urban' specifically refer to?), more offensive is the fact that the category was specifically created for the 2013 Grammys.

Kanye West has often spoken of the industry's prejudice against black artists: significant awards like Best Rap Album, Best Rap Song and Best RnB collaboration are all presented in the pre-show (nicknamed 'The Shammys' and according to Forbes, not televised at all). This may have been understandable thirty years ago when rap and RnB was a subculture. But in today's musical landscape such work occupies so significant a share of the market that to consign it to a mothballed pre-show is offensive.

The Oscars has no 'Urban Film' category. Sure, this means that black stories aren't only lauded during a non-televised pre-show. It also means that they're not lauded at all. It's not an original point to note that the paucity of people of colour being nominated this year is a symptom of a broader illness – the fact that in Hollywood, people are only going to make your movie (or, in fact, Oscar voters are only going to watch your movie) if you have lots of friendly, familiar faces in them. Not 'familiar' as in 'famous', but 'familiar' as in 'non-threateningly similar to me'. *Creed* is a movie about a black boxer. It's funny that its star, Michael B Jordan, has been overlooked while Sylvester Stallone has landed a nomination for playing a role that black actors usually play – the wise-talking, inspirational, mystical sidekick/guru – for no recognition.

Is it this simple? Is this just racism? There's a compelling – but unsavoury – case to be made for the fact that the entertainment and sports industries are essentially lotteries. We don't expect our Lotto winners to represent the diverse makeup of society – it's blind luck. Similarly, it can be argued that to 'make it' in showbiz you essentially need to win the Lotto several times over. It's so lonely at the top that it can never be considered statistically worthwhile to expect it to reflect ordinary society. Perhaps.

The counterargument is that there exists a duty on those responsible for telling stories (whether through song or on screen) to ensure that their casts look like a

society in 2016. If storytelling is supposed to hint at universal truths, this argument makes sense. Diversity (in gender, race, sexual orientation) is part of our universal truth today. If it is to fulfil this goal, the art our society is producing should tell these stories too. If, however, the goal is to keep the industry of storytelling alive (by greenlighting innumerable superhero movies, the massive profits of which will be used to fund "indie" films), from a business perspective, familiarity and sameness is a good move. This is the tension at the heart of the issue, and one that isn't as easy to resolve as Academy president Cheryl Boone Isaacs hopes it is: I doubt that mandatory diversity among Academy voters is going to result in more minority stories being told.

The anger over this issue has largely been concentrated on the slap in the face the lack of nominations for black movies dealt their storytellers. It is obviously troubling that a movie that tells a black story isn't viewed as capable of being prestigious in the same way that a white movie is. I think there's a bigger issue, though. I'd never really thought that it was all that important to feel 'represented' on screen; to feel as though 'your story' was being told. I could understand why it was important for the transgender community to see Laverne Cox star in *Orange Is The New Black*, but I didn't personally feel the significance until I started watching *Master of None*. In that show, Aziz Ansari plays an Indian-born American who lives in NYC. While he's Indian, he's not reduced to a curry-munching caricature. He's also not completely whitewashed – he has grown up in a Western place, sure, but his parents reflect more 'traditional' Indian values and behaviour. I don't know if there's anything more to say about this than that it made me, an Indian-born Kiwi, feel nice to see someone like me on screen. That's important.



"Is it this simple? Is this just racism? There's a compelling – but unsavoury – case to be made for the fact that the entertainment and sports industries are essentially lotteries."

This is why it's time for minority stories to be planted in the mainstream rather than ghettoized. It's nice for people who experience being 'othered' more frequently than the white majority to be celebrated, whether it's by having a protagonist that looks like them or seeing movies they really like get mainstream recognition. Art can be an incredibly validating thing. ■



One Layman's Skepticism of Psychology

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Why Are We Here?

It all started with a blog post by a medical student doing his rotation at a psychiatric hospital. He said:¹

As you may have guessed, I do not very much like inpatient work. You can adjust to having to treat someone having a seizure. You can adjust to somebody banging on the window and screaming. But it's really hard to adjust to constant moral self-questioning.

It was such a frank disclosure that it hit me in the nuts like a water-blast. His post set me off on a manic binge of psychology and psychiatry related material – articles, memoirs, studies. The whole experience has left me rather embattled, confused, and well, skeptical.

I'm not a student of psychology or medicine. I'm also not as yet a patient. This may consign my thoughts to the dustbin of speculation, but I would venture that psychology is a field where the ordinary person's doubts matter. Human behaviour is a topic that is deeply personal. We all have our own mental lives, our struggles, and may know friends who have suffered in worse ways. Shouldn't the process of diagnosing and treating behaviour be intelligible to us?

You may say that doctors help us with problems we have no deeper knowledge about. Or, by analogy, that I don't need to know how my computer works to be able to use it effectively or to have it fixed by technical support. The problem is that my beliefs about the computer don't change its functionality. By contrast, my anxiety about my own behaviour affects how I continue to behave. How others perceive me does the same. The act of diagnosis alters my behaviour even prior to treatment.

So, What Do We Know About Therapy?

Psychoanalysis burst onto the scene in the late 1890s, guided by its cultish messiah, Sigmund Freud. A couch and a deconstructed dreamscape later, Freud and his troop of psychoanalysts were

shoved off the stage and out of the spotlight. This happened, on the one hand, because of Freud's lack of credibility (for example, in his distortion of findings or in the plying of patients for financial contributions). On the other hand, it happened because of a fundamental questioning of the scientific assumptions behind psychoanalysis. The "unconscious mind" was the subject of Freudian analysis, and it is a veritable wonderland of metaphysical speculation – stare into the abyss and you can choose what to see. Any claim a therapist makes about your unconscious mind is largely unfalsifiable – you can't argue with the therapist over his or her interpretation because there's no way to prove it wrong. If you do, it may be regarded as 'resistance' and itself be interpreted as a sign of repressed feelings.

Despite the dark shadow cast over the discipline by Freud, not all psychoanalysts are Freudians. On a broader, more charitable interpretation, psychoanalysis treats a person's symptoms as manifestations of a deeper personal affliction that needs to be accepted and worked through. It's a thought that has long captivated artists and philosophers.

Cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT) was the approach that received the torch on the decline of psychoanalysis. It is an umbrella term that refers to a range of cognitive based psychotherapies that developed from the merging of behaviour therapy and cognitive therapy around the 1960s. The roots of CBT go all the way back to the Stoic philosophers, and the idea that we should identify and discard false beliefs which lead to destructive emotions. *The Guardian* recently ran a long piece on the subject, and the author described CBT in these terms:²

...you need only identify and correct various thought-glitches, rather than decoding the secret reasons for your suffering. Symptoms such as sadness or anxiety aren't necessarily meaningful clues to long-buried fears; they're intruders to be banished.

It is a pretty widely used methodology in today's medical landscape: mastering suffering by controlling your behaviour or by taking targeted medication. Leading practitioners recognise that this approach isn't perfect, but they make that concession in the context of a profession where no standard model will be able to help everyone.

Positivism and Beyond

We are prone to hearing the word science these days and treating whatever follows as objective truth. Most of the time this is just out of pragmatic necessity, because we're not experts in everything. But it's important to remember that every time we do, we are making a decision involving risk, and that it is important to cast our minds to that risk. If there is uncertainty in the way we diagnose behaviour, then it's all of us that suffer. Our differences and idiosyncrasies are up

for grabs in this process – our melancholy, our attention spans, our tempers.

A recent and important initiative by The Open Science Collaboration, coordinated by social psychologist Brian Nosek, was to replicate studies published in three top psychology journals (*Psychological Science*, the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, and the *Journal of Experimental Psychology: Learning, Memory, and Cognition*). The purpose was to ensure that the profession's empirical findings are reliable, and to remind people, professionals and citizens, that published studies are not always gospel.

Here's the rub: 97% of the original studies stated that they had statistically significant results, but when replicated only 36% were found to bear that out – and this is using the same measures of statistical significance. The informed skepticism that the Open Science Collaboration sought to induce has, at least in my book, been spectacularly achieved. I am having doubts, and at the same time, am worried that I'm going to come across as some kind of spiritual naysayer.

The status we give to empirical data also has to be investigated. Scientific positivism is ubiquitous in modern science. It is the idea that sensory data, mathematically analysed, is the single authority for all knowledge. There is no doubt that empirical inquiry is a cornerstone of how we ought to make decisions. But we should never forget the assumptions that underpin our experimental knowledge. For example, in quantum physics, the question of uncertainty is deeply divisive, and goes to the heart of whether we should embrace positivism. One camp thinks that uncertainty in experiments (like slit tests that look into the wave/particle duality of light) arise because we have imperfect information. The other camp argues that uncertainty may be more fundamental to the universe, that even with perfect information it would persist. For psychology, it could mean that a negative emotion is more than just something to be eliminated as CBT would characterize it.

Our beliefs often have shaky foundations, which become clear the more we decide to ask questions about them. I'm not here to pick sides between CBT and psychoanalysis, just to ring the alarm. Anxiety, depression, attention-deficits: these are all things that come in degrees. Psychological diagnosis is about determining when such traits become pathological. At least for a doctor diagnosing diabetes, he or she can spot high blood sugar and recommend insulin to regulate that. Diagnosing what constitutes 'normal behaviour' is hardly so formulaic. If you add the fact that pharmaceutical companies exert their influence over the medical profession (particularly in America), it's hard not to be suspicious that we're over-diagnosing people merely for being different. And when this is how we do things, we create anxiety. People feel more and more insecure about their way of life. For the uninitiated, feeling normal is a scary prospect. ■

¹ From "Reflections from the Halfway Point" on *slater-starcodex.com*

² "Therapy Wars: the revenge of Freud" by Oliver Burkeman, *The Guardian*, 7 January 2016.



AUSA OUTDOOR SUMMER SHAKESPEARE PRESENTS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

THE TEMPEST

THIS SUMMER, KICK UP A STORM!

DIRECTION

BENJAMIN HENSON

STARRING

LISA HARROW

AS PROSPERO

LIVE
AT THE



BOOK NOW AT: WWW.SHAKESPEARE.AC.NZ

the people to blame.

Editors

Caitlin Abley and Mark Fullerton
caitlin@craccum.co.nz mark@craccum.co.nz

Subeditor

Hannah Bergin

Designer

Nick Withers

Section Editors

Arts & Culture Samantha Gianotti **Columns**
Jordan Margetts **Features** Catriona Britton
News Andrew Winstanley **Lifestyle** Felixe Laing
and Winifred Edgar-Booty

Writers

Adeel Malik, Aditya Vasudevan, Ana Harris,
Andrew Winstanley, Auckland University De-
bating Society, Bonnie Harvey, Christy Burrows,
Curwen Ares Rolinson, Dana Tetenburg, Eloise
Sims, Eugenia Woo, Felixe Laing, Holly Burgess,
J. M. Hammond, Jack Adams, Jack Caldwell,
James Brown, Julia Weiner, Lewis Wheatley,
Mark Fullerton, Michael Clark, Patrick Newland,
Rayhan Langdana, Sam Lynch, Samantha
Gianotti, Shmuly Leopold, Theo Macdonald,
Winifred Edgar-Booty

Cover Artist

Avigail Allan

Illustrators

Jasmine Lim, Jessica Thomas, Lily Worrall, Na-
than Wood, Patrick Umbers, Shmuly Leopold,
Tania Fu



Contributor of the Week

Jack Adams

Editorial Office

4 Alfred St, Private Bag 92019, Auckland

Advertising

Aaron Haugh
Ph 021 813286 advertising@craccum.co.nz

The articles and opinions contained within this
magazine are not necessarily those of the staff, AUSA
or printers.

facebook.com/CraccumMagazine

twitter.com/CraccumMag

www.craccum.co.nz



SMP SOLUTIONS
PRINT • DIGITAL • LOGISTICS



YOU DON'T NEED
AN ECONOMICS DEGREE
TO SEE THE VALUE



\$5 CLASSICS[^]
7 GREAT FLAVOURS!

[^]Large, Pickup.

YOUR TURN TO COOK?

\$18* **DOUBLE DEAL**
COMBO PICKUP ADD \$10 FOR DELIVERY

1 LARGE FAVOURITES PIZZA 1 LARGE CLASSIC PIZZA
2 LARGE SIDES **CHOOSE FROM** Hash Bites, Fries, Onion Rings, Garlic Bread or 1.5L Drink

*Conditions apply. Pizzas shown are Pepperoni and BBQ Hawaiian.

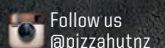
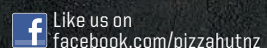


DOWNLOAD THE APP NOW



 **hut LOVERS**
SIGN UP FOR EXCLUSIVE DEALS

PIZZAHUT.CO.NZ



Win your money back!*

Simply purchase your textbooks at any of the four University Bookshop stores and be in to win one of 25 chances to

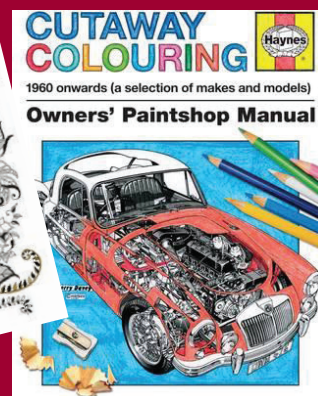
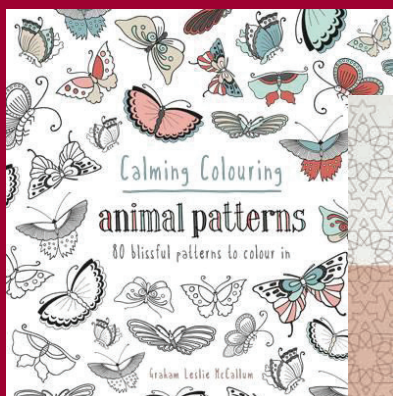
GET THE COST OF YOUR TEXTBOOKS BACK!*

It's easy:

1. Purchase your textbooks before the 13th of March
2. Complete the entry form given to you by your UBS staff member ensuring you record the receipt number
3. Put the entry form in the box by the entrances
4. Hold on to your receipt

Prizes drawn on the 2nd & 16th of March 2016.
Winners will be notified by phone & in store advertising.

Colouring Books & Posters 20% off RRP*



* While stock lasts. No further discount applies.

UBS
UNIVERSITY
BOOKSHOP

UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP
Kate Edger Information Commons
Corner Symonds & Alfred Streets, Auckland Central
Tel: 306 2700 Fax: 306 2701 Email: enquiries@ubsbooks.co.nz
Web: www.ubsbooks.co.nz
Open Monday to Saturday or shop securely online 24/7



www.facebook.com/UBSAKL



@ubs_auckland