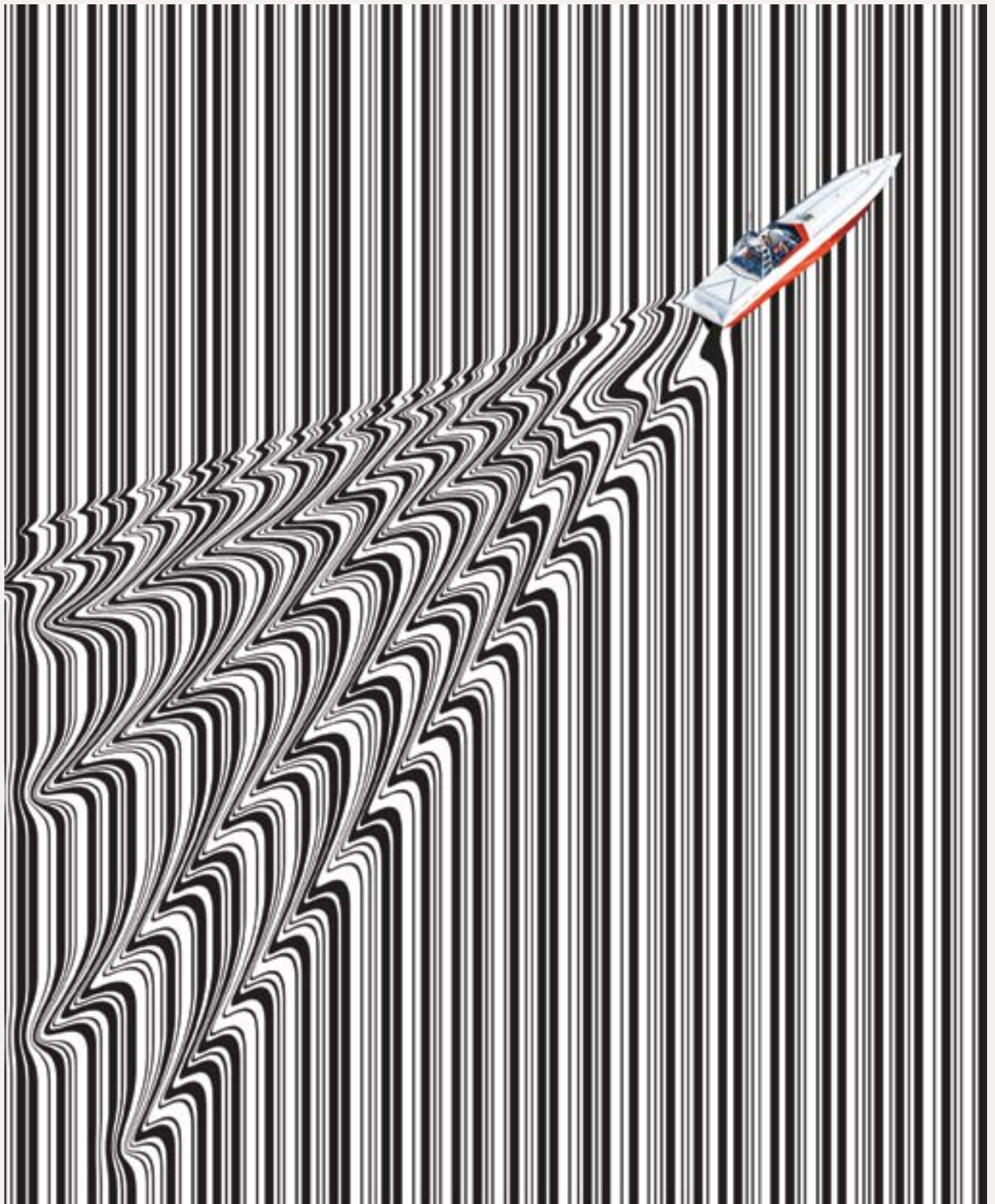


C R A C C U M



The Boat that Rocked a Union

Mark Fullerton investigates AUSA's mysterious missing speedboat

The Bloody Truth

Daniel Gambitsis exposes the ongoing discrimination in donating blood

Risk it for the Biscuit

Caitlin Abley attempts to be a rebel without a cause; fails categorically



AUSA Rewards
is back for 2017



Bevee



DEVONCHÉ



little
India.



SHVDOWS

More partners added each week

Checkout ausa.org.nz/rewards for more info

ISSUE TWO

CONTENTS



6 NEWS

STRIKE!

The Tertiary Education Union is going on strike



12 LIFESTYLE

SUMMER ROAD NOSTALGIA

We wish we were still on holiday



25 COLUMNS

PEDESTRIAN POLITICIANS

Jordan Margetts laments our lack of political pizzazz

10 COMMUNITY

FAST FASHION

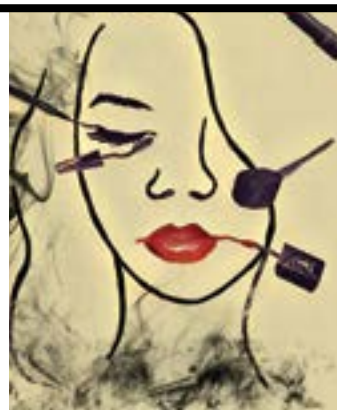
Investigating the ethics behind your favourite brands



18 FEATURES

POWDER TO THE PEOPLE?

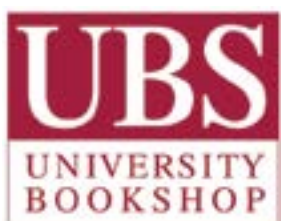
Exploring the link between feminism and makeup



29 ARTS

RIVERDALE REVIEW

Craccum loves Riverdale. Get used to it



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

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

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

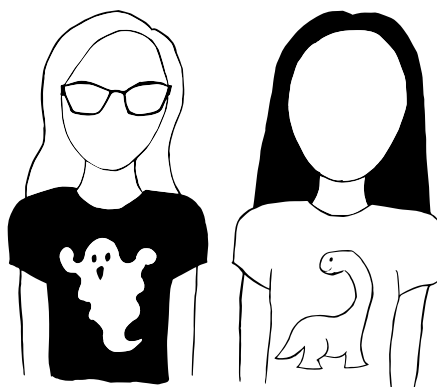
Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Indepen-

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



Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

Out, out, brief candle

Just before first semester began, an Auckland University European Students' Association was established. This is undoubtedly no longer news to anyone, as every major media outlet in the country picked up the story—a fact that ruthlessly ripped the wind from beneath the *Craccum* news team's wings, as they envisioned themselves chasing down leads and breaking the story à la Mark Ruffalo and Michael Keaton in the 2015 cinematic masterpiece *Spotlight*. Also just before first semester began, the AUESA disbanded. This, too, left the *Craccum* news team crestfallen, after spending almost two full days seeking comment and going over their piece with a fine-toothed comb à la Rachel McAdams and Liev Schreiber in the 2015 cinematic masterpiece *Spotlight*. Mere hours after the magazine was sent to the printers, news of AUESA's conscious uncoupling broke, with poor timing and print deadlines leaving us feeling as useless as someone trying to serve soup with a slotted spoon.

Irrespective of the fact that our story was ultimately less timely than your period arriving on the day of your school's swimming sports, we started the year with a reminder of what a student magazine is supposed to do—namely, do our utmost to keep abreast of the happenings across our campus. (Not, however, to keep abreast of M. Night Shyamalan's 2008 shitshow *The Happening*, which is a nightmarish hellscape.) Student publications have a responsibility to hold their University and their representatives to account, to keep students informed of the issues that have an impact upon them, and

(perhaps most importantly of all) to foster discussion about these issues.

In this political climate, there is no person who holds an ideal road map as to where we go from here. As we see the rising success of those who have cut their teeth deriding the rights and identities of many, it is more important now than ever that we don't shut ourselves off from the thoughts and perspectives that filter through the minds of those around us. *Craccum* is the University of Auckland student magazine (have we mentioned that enough yet?), which does present a duty to offer the viewpoint of the entire student body, rather than just the viewpoint of those who inhabit our space on a daily basis.

We do not propose or intend to publish hateful things—a student magazine is not a platform for groups cloaked in shrouds of bigotry or discrimination to spread their manifesto. (Unless that discrimination is directed towards M. Night Shyamalan's 2008 fuckfest *The Happening*, which is a hellish nightmare.) But, there is value in dispensing views that perhaps push us a little outside of our wheelhouse. This week, we have tried to do just that. We may not agree outright with everything contained within these forty pages, but we do believe that there is value in putting these pieces forward. We do not claim to have the knowledge or the nous (or the narcissistic inclination) to know the right way forward—in these weird and wild times, we are on a journey as much as everyone else, and we're working to figure out how we move onwards in positive ways that promote progress.

In saying that, we hope to engage with views

that we do not outright agree with, it cannot go unnoted that a certain level of privilege is attached to such an endeavour. The call for liberals to burst the bubble they have become immersed in, and engage with views that err on the conservative side of the spectrum, seems to ignore the fact that asking this is to (in some instances) ask people to sit at the table with others whose views may invalidate their very existence, circumvent their rights, or undercut their identity. And with that, we must recognise a duty to wholeheartedly commit ourselves to working towards a campus that is safe for all who set foot onto it. If we open ourselves up to opinions that oppose the steadfast values we hold, it's time to pony up and call people out on their shit and be willing to put our voices on the line in favour of working towards that thing we call progress. We want to engage with views that challenge us—we hope the feeling is mutual. But we are also deeply passionate about working towards building a campus and a community and a political climate that is absent of malice and bigotry in all its forms.

Big dreams for a little magazine, we know. But if *The Happening* taught us anything, it's that by working together we can survive—an apocalypse brought about by all of the world's plant life losing their goddamn minds or something honestly who the fuck knows achieve great things. Send us your thoughts—your musings, your affirmations, your disagreements. Like we said—no one has the road map to steer us foot-loose and fancy-free out of these trying times. We're willing to ask for directions. ♦

“We do not claim to have the knowledge or the nous (or the narcissistic inclination) to know the right way forward—in these weird and wild times, we are on a journey as much as everyone else”

UNIVERSITY STAFF TO STRIKE ON MARCH 13TH

BY ELOISE SIMS

Around 1,200 academic and professional staff members are estimated to take part in a half-day of strike action at the University of Auckland this Monday.

The strike is in protest of the University's refusal to introduce a flat pay increase in 2018 and their proposal for a 1.2% pay increase, which the Tertiary Education Union says will unfairly victimise lower earners at the University. It follows seven months of negotiations between the TEU and the University on the subject of pay increases.

According to Josanne Blyth, co-President of the TEU's Professional Staff, a flat pay increase will put more money into the pockets of the lowest paid workers at the University.

"We are not asking for more from the University. We are simply asking for the pay increase they are currently offering to be

packaged differently."

The strike will feature a rally, food, speakers, and culminate in a march to demand "a fair and equitable boost in pay" for the lowest paid staff, according to TEU organizer Enzo Giordani.

TEU academic staff will not be available during the University-wide strike to give lectures or tutorials, and lecture cancellations are widely anticipated. Libraries and student centers will also be short-staffed during this time in the City, Epsom, Grafton, and Tamaki Campuses.

Students are, however, encouraged to come and engage with members during the strike to learn about the campaign, and what the TEU wants to achieve.

"The reality is with Auckland's rising living costs, some of the lowest earners are seeing their purchasing power slowly disap-



pear," commented Giordani.

"Our proposal will ensure everyone gets the same pay increase, no matter how much they earn."

The Vice Chancellor's office was unable to comment at time of print, due to having not been "advised of the date of the proposed strike." ♦

POLICE INVESTIGATE BURGER KING ASSAULT

BY MICHAEL CALDERWOOD

A Burger King employee claims her manager hit her on the back of her head and verbally threatened her, in an apparent retaliation to monitoring the restaurant's kitchen temperature.

Abby O'Brien, 18, has worked at Burger King's Lincoln Rd restaurant since September 2015. The alleged assault occurred on February 19th and was reported immediately to West Auckland police.

According to O'Brien's police statement obtained by *Craccum*, Burger King employees borrowed a temperature gauge from staff at the nearby Burger Fuel—after they had allegedly worked for up to five hours, without a break, in 33°C heat. After O'Brien checked the temperature in the kitchen, her manager attempted to "snatch the thermometer out of [her] hand," according to the police report.

O'Brien claimed in the report that after a dispute about pay, another manager then start-

ed shoving her in the back and pushing her out of the kitchen.

"Then she smacked me in the back of my head with one of her hands."

O'Brien turned around, when the manager allegedly said to her, "Do you want me to hit you again?"

O'Brien claims the incident occurred in full view of both her colleagues and Burger King customers.

Speaking as O'Brien's representative, Unite Union organiser Gary Cranston said she was "deeply upset" by the incident—and has since been verbally threatened by another co-worker.

"The day after the assault, she was told to stop speaking out—and unless she did so, she would be 'slapped up.'"

Both West Auckland Police and Burger King have confirmed they are investigating the incident, and that the manager in question has "been moved on" from the store. The incident

was also captured on CCTV, which Unite Union have seen footage of from a partially damaged camera inside the kitchen.

This is not the first time that the Lincoln Road Burger King has faced allegations of unsafe working conditions. In 2015, workers at the same Burger King reported fly infestations in the kitchen, as well as having to work in temperatures as high as 34.5°C.

Cranston also claims this is not the first time a worker has been assaulted at the restaurant, citing a 2012 case where a male manager violently assaulted a young female worker.

In her police statement, O'Brien said she didn't understand why the assault had occurred.

"I feel scared to go back to work there."

"All I was doing was looking after myself and my colleagues by checking whether the temperature was acceptable for working conditions." ♦

FORGET SALT AND VINEGAR—LET'S TALK ABOUT COMPUTER CHIPS

BY DANIELLE MAYNARD

With modern technology, we all want better. Smaller. Faster. Computers have progressed from filling a whole room to tucking inside your pocket. But there is a physical limit to how small these components can become. As we approach this boundary, the question then becomes—in what other ways can we increase speed and other capabilities?

A group of New Zealand scientists from the University of Canterbury are on track to finding the answer. Leading the study are Dr Saurabh Bose and Professor Simon Brown, whose team have created an intelligent computer chip—one which is bringing us a step closer to having technology with processing power that rivals that of the human brain.

Essentially, the team found that they could mimic the synaptic connections of nerve cells through collisions of nano-sized particles.

These pathways in the brain are created whenever a new skill is learned or memory is formed. Recreating this behaviour in the chips gives them the ability to recognise patterns, much like we do.

These processes are happening at the nano level, and it can be difficult to fathom just how small this is—for scale, a sheet of paper is 100,000 nanometers thick.

This technology can lead to many exciting possibilities where efficiency is vital, from medical imagery where specific components need to be picked up on a scan, to security measures.

The team's research has been funded by both the MacDiarmid Institute and the Ministry of Business, Innovation and Employment, helping them to file for a patent for their technology.

The neuro-chip industry continues to

expand, with well-known companies such as Hewlett-Packard and IBM also investing in the development of this technology. However, New Zealand is proving their worth and competing with these tech giants.

Also making great strides is Professor Nikola Kasabov and his team at the Auckland University of Technology and their brainchild: the NeuCube neurocomputer. The Neucube has accurately predicted events based on analysing patterns around previous events of the same nature, including Christchurch earthquakes.

While there is still much work to be done across all teams, Dr Bose said to *RadioNZ* that a product should be hitting the shelves in a few years.

"It's going into areas we haven't gone before, and it's pushing the boundaries of what's been done before, but that's where the fun is." ♦

FOREIGN INVESTORS VERSUS GRADUATE STUDENTS: THE FIGHT FOR A HOME

BY MARK CASSON

The housing market in Auckland is becoming too much for graduate students and first-time house buyers. With record numbers of residents leaving Auckland for a cheaper lifestyle, there's certainly a clear insight into the future of the City of Sails.

Students graduating from University are often caught up in the process of paying off their student loan debt—yet there isn't much hope for local residents in this situation to purchase a house.

According to *Stuff*, housing prices in Auckland are going up by 15.9% at an exponential rate annually. But with this housing price boom, more foreign investors are buying Auckland

land properties as assets.

Recently graduated student and renter Andrew Duff said, "The owner of the house I currently live in doesn't really care too much about what we do or who stays."

"The owner of the house lives in China and barely does house inspections—only when he is here."

In 2013, Statistics New Zealand's Century of Censuses report stated that 64.8% of household homeowners had dropped. This meant that more people were either renting instead, or had left the country entirely.

The numbers reflect a New Zealand-wide change where foreign investors are buying

more houses, causing the market to rise at a staggering rate.

Homeowner Jeremy Brown said, "The buying of our house—compared to prices now, we got ours for a real treat."

"When we were first buying it, there was a fixed price, and we were getting phone calls here, there and everywhere. At one stage, the price did jump by \$50k due to pressure from a foreign investor."

"It really depends on the assets of what the individual has, whether they can afford it or not."

"The competition from foreign investors is rising." ♦

CONSERVATIVES IN CONSERVA-TIFF WITH DEBSOC

BY ELOISE SIMS

The Conservative Party has launched a blistering attack on the University of Auckland Debating Society (“DebSoc”), after it claims it was unfairly removed from a debate scheduled for March 9th.

In a recent press release, the Party accused the University of preventing the formation of a “diversity of culture” by uninviting the Conservative Party representative, calling it “saddening”.

“Surely the University should be one place that welcomes educated debates—and life experience is the best education.”

In response, DebSoc has claimed that the change occurred simply due to some late inclusions to the debate—which now features Chris Bishop, Chris Hipkins, James Shaw, Hone Harawira, Marama Fox, and Peter Dunne among its nine speakers.

“Unfortunately, it’s simply not practical for us to have every one of the dozens of parties in the country represented at our O-Week Election Debate,” said Callum Lo, President of DebSoc.

“We can assure the Conservatives this isn’t



about shutting out any particular ideology.”

DebSoc has reportedly received several abusive emails due to the spat, one which labeled the University as a whole a “nest of vipers.”

One threatened, “Enough of your BS [sic], you better find room ASAP for the CP to participate...your commo/progressive/racism agenda is not working, the people of NZ are waking up.”

The Party’s press release also went on to

say that DebSoc’s explanation was simply not good enough.

“At the last election, the Conservative Party polled 5th highest, higher than Act, higher than the Maori Party, higher than Mana/Internet, higher than United Future, all of whom have representatives in the debate.”

At the time of print, the debate was set to have gone ahead on the evening of March 9th. ♦

BUSINESS SCHOOL GETS \$2.6 MILLION INVESTMENT

BY PATRICK NEWLAND

Sir Owen Glenn, long-standing business school benefactor of the University, donated \$2.6 million to the Business School last week. The funds are designated for brand new entrepreneurship initiatives—including the creation of a new innovation hub.

The new area, inspired by Ivy League colleges among others, will be designed to help nurture ideas and inventions within the University.

It is believed that giving young entrepreneurs the ability to discuss and develop ideas will lead to the creation of new and successful businesses in the Auckland area. This in turn is designed to help university

graduates find quality employment.

The remainder of the money is coming from accounting firm PWC and engineering consultants Beca. Another donor is the Li Ka Shing Foundation, a Hong Kong-based charity that specialises in investment in higher education around the Asia Pacific region. Its founder and chief backer Li Ka-shing is Asia’s single richest person, and has previously donated over USD \$2.5 billion to educational causes.

Glenn has previously donated over \$13 million to the University—despite never attending.

In speaking to the *New Zealand Herald*

in 2010, he described how he had left school at fifteen and watched students attending the University of Auckland with envy.

“I’d see all the students and really have a heart attack about it. I’d think, ‘God, I’d love to be increasing my education.’ That stuck in my craw.”

Later, Glenn sent himself to Harvard School of Business and afterwards became one of the University’s most generous backers.

The Business School building was named after Glenn because of the \$7 million that he donated for its construction in 2002. ♦

THE AUESA SCANDAL: A REFLECTION

James Halpin offers an opinion on the lack of democratic processes behind the O-Week drama

If you needed any more proof that what is happening in the (dis)United States is affecting New Zealand, look no farther than the AUESA spectacle.

Debate concerning freedom of speech, safety and inclusivity has arrived on Auckland's shores. And while the topic of what should be considered free speech is nothing new at Auckland University (ye olde pro-life debate), in the Trump-era world with the rise of the alt-right there is more at stake.

Tied intrinsically to politics because of the current Western political climate, this could become an election issue in itself later on in the year.

Firstly, I must acknowledge that I'm a pretty left-wing guy. I'm all for most of the basic tenants of the left: social justice, economic and social equality, and government intervention in the economy.

Many people who also agree with me on these issues have voiced their concerns over the Auckland University European Students Association—and rightly so. Racism, in any form, has no place on campus.

However, the caterwauling of a minority of very left-wing students and members of faculty is almost as dangerous, if not equally.

My worry is this: after all the victories we achieved through offering compassionate equality to ethnic and sexual minorities, it is hypocritical of progressives not to offer those same rights to conservatives.

I'm disappointed not by the result of AUESA shutting down—I'm disappointed by how it happened.

Progressives were calling out the University's decision to not shut down the club too early. When the University decided there was not enough evidence, it was not public knowledge who the organisers of the club were.

There was no racist policy that AUESA put forward; nothing suggested about trying to suppress other cultures or ethnicities. The red flags when the University decided to let them have a stall were the pictures used and the slogan. While a translation of the Nazi slogan and imagery associated with extremism

would suggest they are racist, that is not always the case.

My step-mum has a Celtic cross in our house because she associates it with her family's Irish roots. On campus the International Socialists often use imagery associated with Communism such as the hammer and sickle. Should we ban them from campus because of all the abhorrent things committed in the name of Communism? No, because they are actually a relatively moderate socialist group who believe in many values shared by the student body and value discourse.

There is always discrepancy between imagery and what different people associate it with because communication is subjective. Until such point when the evidence overwhelmingly suggested the club was going to be a racist organisation, they should have been given the same treatment as any other club and be subject to AUSA's processes.

AUSA's policy to have voting on whether each club becomes affiliated is a powerful tool in offering the best of both worlds between democracy and free speech, and a safe campus. Not only is it democratic—giving the student body a chance to vet a club which it deems unfit—it also gives the clubs a chance to present who they are.

A public university is about challenging ideas in society, about exposing people to advanced thinking, and different ways of thinking. When that thinking becomes too extreme, and in this case racist, it should be dealt with in a way that respects the democratic processes that AUSA has in place.

We should not be skirting democracy for the purpose of safety, as it could set precedent, which could be abused. What if the shoe was on the other foot?

Ostracising this group from the student body while debate over whether they were racist or not seeks to martyr the students and their values. Just as we are stopping the "othering" of people of different ethnicities and sexualities, we should not "other" people with regressive social views, we should bring them in and debate with them and persuade them

why they are wrong.

Not engaging in discourse with the group alienates people who share sympathies with both sides.

I believe that ambivalent middle students would rather have a racist club on campus but withhold their right to free speech than giving up free speech for a "safe" environment.

Unfortunately, the students who now represent free speech to these middle students are alt-righters. If they had been democratically shut down with the student body deciding in one voice to end them, then the mantle of free speech at University would be retained by non-racists.

How are we preparing students for the real world by skirting democratic processes? The public domain that we will work in is not one big safe space where we can simply shut down something we find offensive; in the real world it has to be beaten back with discussion and democratic processes.

This was the perfect example for students to learn about how to combat racism in an institution in a constructive and democratic way. Instead we have learnt that if you don't like the name of something or the images they associate themselves with, don't challenge them intellectually, just get outraged and demand they be shut down.

Students hold free speech as a treasured right. We have been at the forefront of social change and we have not been persecuted for pushing this change. However, we also want an environment that is conducive to learning and being able to be safe while doing it. By demanding the end of a club that had not proven itself to be out-and-out racist only alienates middle students who hold free speech as foundational.

By alienating middle students, it only creates more alt-righters. AUSA and the Clubs Office should require clubs to offer more information to students if they suspect sinister intentions; information that they can impart to the student body, so the body can make an informed decision; information that the University can use before stupidly deciding to grant a stall to racists. ♦

"We should not be skirting democracy for the purpose of safety, as it could set precedent, which could be abused. What if the shoe was on the other foot?"



Is Blood Thicker Than Prejudice?

BY DANIEL GAMBITSIS

In the wake of the despicable shooting in the Pulse LGBT nightclub in Florida last year, the special treatment of gay and bisexual male blood donors once again came to the fore. Due to the Food and Drug Administration rules, gay and bisexual men could only donate blood if they had been celibate for one year, even if they had been in a long-term monogamous relationship. This resulted in the deplorable situation where a gay/bisexual man could not donate blood to his own husband, boyfriend, partner or friend. Is it right that the New Zealand Blood Service also requires a deferral period of one year for gay and bisexual men who have had anal or oral sex with another man?

The current New Zealand Blood Service policy states that, if you are male, you must not give blood for 12 months following oral or anal sex with or without a condom with another man.

According to the New Zealand AIDS Foundation, the logic behind having such a deferral period is that men who have sex with men have the highest risk of HIV transmission, and have higher levels of HIV prevalence. The deferral period will thus “protect” the blood supply, which is important because blood is often necessary in situations of medical urgency. Although detection methods are improving, the virus can be difficult to detect in its early stages, so the deferral period allows for greater protection of the blood supply. Men who have sex with men are indeed at a greater risk of HIV infection, due (among other reasons) to the nature of receptive anal intercourse, the higher prevalence of HIV and other STIs (often asymptomatic) among the group, as well as continued discrimination against them.

Nonetheless, some argue that the policy regarding gay and bisexual men is a legacy of the homophobic backlash towards men who have sex with men in the 1980s AIDS epidemic. Indeed in New Zealand (and in many other countries), gay men were originally banned outright from donating blood, which was then cut to 5 years in 1998 and to 1 year in 2014.

Outright bans were only ever arguably justifiable when there was a lack of effective screening technology for HIV. However, today’s science has allowed detection which “can identify the HIV virus within just a few weeks of exposure”. The current policy, regardless of its intentions, indubitably stigmatises gay and bisexual men, who are grouped together with addictive drug users, sex workers and those who have lived in a country with a high risk of HIV infection.

The fact that men who have sex with men even with condoms are prohibited from donating for one year is justified by the explanation that even consistent safe sex, while “sufficient to end the sexually-transmitted HIV epidemic” among men who have sex with men, simply does not meet the 100 per cent threshold necessary to protect the blood supply. While the need to protect the blood supply is not in doubt, this logic seems to imply that men who have sex with men cannot be trusted to know their status or to practise safe sex consistently, amongst other concerns. Slate writer Mark Joseph Stern notes this paradox: “Straight people who frequently have unprotected sex with multiple anonymous opposite-sex partners face no deferral at all.”

The New Zealand Blood Service, like the USA’s Food and Drug Administration, assumes that heterosexuals will not lie about their HIV status, and only disallows heterosexuals from donating blood if they “think” they need an HIV test because they have engaged in HIV high-risk activities. After all, even if heterosexuals are unaware of their status and are HIV-positive, the blood screening process will sort out the infected blood anyway. There is no blanket ban preventing heterosexuals from giving blood unless they are celibate for an entire year. But men who have sex with men, even with condoms or in a monogamous long-term relationship, are banned from donating blood. Why, if men who have sex with men can be trusted to reveal the very fact that they have sex with men,

should society then distrust their capacity to protect themselves?

An oft-suggested alternative is to develop individual risk assessments for all people seeking to donate blood. For example, this would involve asking a gay man whether he has had unprotected sex. The factors that expose men who have sex with men to the risk of infection are applicable to heterosexuals as well: unprotected sex, lack of knowledge of HIV status, and multiple sexual partners. Rainbow Wellington acknowledges that this questioning would be intrusive and would require more work, but opines that such an arrangement would avoid the discriminatory aspect of the current “blanket ban” approach to men who have sex with men. Rainbow Wellington suggests that the current policy discourages such men from donating and would encourage more regular testing. Due to progress in screening, errors occur very rarely, and this calls into question the argument that the safety of the blood supply would be endangered by removing the deferral period.

Multiple countries such as Argentina have already ended deferral periods for men who have sex with men, moving to a system that bases its assessments on risky behaviours rather than on at-risk groups and sexual orientation. This demonstrates that there is a viable alternative arrangement which recognises the risk posed to all groups by HIV and other ailments.

Gay and bisexual men do face a greater risk of HIV infection than the wider community. However, although a one-year deferral period is progress compared to the previous lifetime ban, there is a serious argument for individual risk assessments rather than subjecting the group to undue stigma. It seems frankly irresponsible and illogical given that the nation faces a shortage of blood, to deny willing and uninfected donors the opportunity to save lives, and to demand that gay and bisexual men remain celibate for an entire year with no equivalent penalty for heterosexual donors. ♦

*This article was originally posted at equaljusticeproject.co.nz.
Check out their website for more content like this.*

Fast Fashion: Quitting The Habit

BY REBECCA HALLAS

Technological advancements have opened up a world of opportunity to us. Online shopping allows us to have items flown to us from overseas in a matter of days. Retailers previously only available overseas are increasingly crossing the ditch to make their mark in little ol' New Zealand.

But these developments come with a deadly price. Across the world, so far from us that it is difficult to even conceive of, are men and women just like us, working long hours for pitiful pay, painstakingly making the clothes that we buy. A cheap shirt can come with a hidden cost of slave labour and atrocious working conditions.

In addition to the rampant human rights abuses in the fashion industry, the environmental impact of fast fashion is staggering. Cheap clothing is made from cheap materials; thus, the short shelf-life of these items, as well as the continual urging from advertising agencies and fashion magazines for us to consume more, more, more, means we are buying clothes destined to be worn for only a handful of months before being tossed and moved to a landfill. Further to this, an increasingly global economy means items are flown across the world, contributing to our carbon emissions problem.

Op shopping is Green Party MP Marama Davidson's favourite way to reject the fast fashion industry. She had a chat with Meg Williams about her personal beliefs on fast fashion:

"My favourite fast fashion is shopping at op shops. It's how my mum clothed us all our lives. But my adult decisions on how to do 'fashion' are also my response to clothing waste that is generated by the fast fashion industry, which creates incredible pollution. I'm also aware of the human rights and workers rights that are breached throughout the process such as low pay and disgraceful employment conditions. These breaches disproportionately impact globally on indigenous peoples, people of colour, and poorer communities. There are different ways to reject fast fashion. Op shops is an easy one for me." ♦

How can I reduce my impact?

Vote for fair working conditions with your dollar:

If you must purchase from large retail outlets, aim to purchase clothes from stores who have been given A-grades by Baptist World Aid, an anti-poverty agency who ranks stores based on their treatment of workers.

Buy from fair trade companies: You can buy from stores like Kowtow and Trade Aid, and feel good knowing that your snazzy new outfit was crafted in safe working conditions by fairly-paid employees.

Have a clothes swap with friends: "One man's trash is another man's treasure" and all that. Who needs ca\$h when you can shop your mates' wardrobes?! A clothes swap is a great way to get rid of your old clothes while simultaneously building a brand-spanking new wardrobe.

Donate your old clothes to charity: Don't abandon them to a landfill! Give your clothes a second chance at life by donating them to charities like the Red Cross or the SPCA, who run secondhand clothes shops to raise funds. But please make sure you wash your clothes before handing them over, and definitely ensure the clothes you are donating are in relatively good condition: anything badly stained and ripped should be biffed. Giving charities clothes which they cannot sell is a drain on their resources, as they will need to transport the old clothes to the dump.

Buy from op shops: In the words of Forrest Gump, secondhand clothes shopping is like a box of chocolates: you never know what you're going to get. Secondhand clothes have a history to them. Plus, the older the item of clothing, the less likely it is that anyone else you know will have the same thing. ♦

Upcoming Community Events

If you're tech savvy, check out the

Art+Feminism Wiki Edit-a-thon

When: March 18th at 10am; 19th March at 2pm

Where: Mairangi Arts Centre

Price: Free!

Age Restrictions: All ages

Event info: "Join us at Mairangi Arts Centre for a day of communal updating of Wikipedia entries on subjects related to art and feminism. People of all gender identities and expressions welcomed and encouraged to attend. Bring your laptop, power cord, and ideas for entries that need updating or creation. Throughout the day, we will provide trainings for the beginner Wikipedian, reference materials, childcare, and refreshments."

Find out more at:

[HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/EVENTS/425038694516194/](https://www.facebook.com/events/425038694516194/)

Still have some pent-up anger about Donald Trump being elected? Then the

Takapuna Free Outdoor Screaming

is the event for you!

When: March 18th, 7pm–10pm

Where: Smales Farm

Price: Free!

Age Restrictions: All ages

Event info: "That's right everyone the FREE outdoor screaming is coming to Takapuna! We will be screaming together at Smales Farm. Food trucks on site from 6:30pm. We have lots of giveaways provided by O'Neill, Corona, Damaged Goods, Skinnies! Including a \$600 O'Neill wetsuit! So come on down for your chance to take some goodies home with you. Come on down for an epic night of screaming!"

Find out more at:

[HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/EVENTS/1284766528282321/](https://www.facebook.com/events/1284766528282321/)

Charity/Organisation Of The Week: HELP

HELP is a charity aimed at providing support for sexual abuse survivors. Active for over 30 years, HELP has been assisting women and children affected by sexual violence in regaining control over their lives.

You can call HELP on their 24-hour line: (09) 623 1700.

You can learn more about sexual abuse in New Zealand, plus volunteering with and/or donating to HELP through their website: <http://helpauckland.org.nz>. ♦



What's On

Thelma and Louise SILO CINEMA

This Friday Silo Cinemas are screening that 90s beauty *Thelma and Louise*. This is one Silo Session you don't want to miss. There's something nostalgic about Ridley Scott's classic tale of two badass female runaways. The fashion, the car and the script are so on point. Also: young (very hawt) Brad Pitt cameo.

As You Like It POP-UP GLOBE THEATRE

Designed to replicate the actual Globe Theatre in England where you sat according to social status, the Pop-up is a fun experience for all. This week the comedy classic *As You Like It* is showing from Thursday 16th-Sunday 19th. Tickets begin at \$1 (use the promo "GROUNDLINGS")!

The Encounter ASB THEATRE

Travelling from the United Kingdom, this solo performance has been on Broadway and is now making its way here for the Auckland Arts Festival from Wednesday 15th–Sunday 19th. It depicts a true story of a *National Geographic* photographer who travelled deep into the Amazon in 1969. 3D audio is used to immerse the audience and transport them in an intense and intimate theatre experience.

Power Plant AUCKLAND DOMAIN

As part of the Auckland Arts Festival, international (and Kiwi) visual and audio artists have come together to turn the Auckland Domain into a fantastical wonderland of light and music. The show runs from 8pm from Wednesday 8th–Sunday 19th, with groups leaving every 15 minutes. Book online for tickets. ♦

How to Make Sweet Corn Fritters

In this week's edition of Craccum recipes, we teach you an easy meal for two using our in-season vegetable of the moment, sweetcorn. Gotta love those pops of sweet, sweet juices in your mouth.

Ingredients: 2 corn cobs, 2 eggs (separated), ¼ cup flour, ½ tsp sugar, splashes of Tabasco sauce, salt and pepper, cooking oil

1. Get ready and husk those damn cobs.

Lay them in a good-sized pan (not an omelette pan, you knobs) and make sure they're JUST covered with COLD water. Bring those bad boys to the boil, then simmer for a few minutes (use your brains here, please).

2. Drain to cool those beasts down.

3. Get a big fucking chopping board and slice those kernels off downwards (so ya don't cut yourselves, clumsy nuggets). (Karate) chop half the kernels roughly; leave the rest whole.

4. Chuck the kernels, eggs yolks, flour, sugar and sea-

sonings into a big bastard of a bowl. Stir well, goddammit.

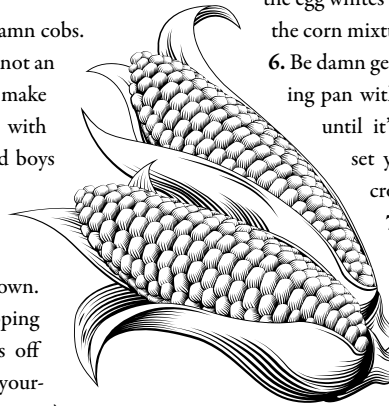
5. In a separate jug, whisk the living daylights out of the egg whites to form soft peaks, then FOLD into the corn mixture.

6. Be damn generous covering the base of your frying pan with cooking oil and heat that shit up until it's MODERATELY hot (do NOT set your pan on fire, stone the flamin' crows!).

7. Plop in damn generous spoonfuls of the corn batter and fry those puppies like Spongebob Squarepants would until the underside is golden brown.

8. Flip(pin' heck) and brown the other side.

9. Serve motherfuckin' hot. ♦



Guide To... Free Things to Do in AKL

One of the many woes of the student is money. Namely, a lack of it. The Cracc team is here to help you out, by sharing some of the FREE things to do in our grand city.

Silo Park: There are lots of things to do in Silo Park. Every Friday during Summer there is Silo Cinema, a free outdoor movie experience where a film is projected on one of the silos for all to watch. There are street vendors, market stands and just an all-round great vibe. If that's not your thing, other ideal Silo Park activities include: biking, basketball, skateboarding and eating.

Nature, nature: We have so many wondrous hikes around Auckland! This is possibly the best free activity you can engage in. With dozens of tracks in the nearby Waitakere Ranges, Hunua Ranges and Shakespere Regional Park, there are options for everyone. Whether 1-hour strolls or 5-hour slogs are your thing, you'll be able to find it.

Get Cultured: A fact possibly unknown by some: the Auckland Museum and Auckland Art Gallery are both free to enter. (Note: you must show proof of being an Auckland resident to gain free entry to the Museum.) Both of these gorgeous buildings are worth a trip (slash multiple trips). So much to see! If you make the trip to the Museum, be sure to check out the nearby Wintergardens—also free, and also amazing.

Beached: We are VERY lucky to be surrounded by some insanely beautiful beaches. Forget Takapuna or Long Bay—there are some wild and wonderful beaches all within an hour's drive of Auckland City. If you want to avoid the crowds at Piha and Muriwai but still get your black sand fix, head out to Anawhata or Karekare. If West Coast beaches are a bit hardcore for you, try Orewa. It has non-terrifying waves, but is still stunning. Prefer lakes? Lake Ototoa is a stunning and secluded freshwater lake up Kaipara's South Head. So. Many. Options.

Markets: Okay, so markets are only technically free if you don't buy anything—but let's be honest, looking around is the best part anyway. An absolute must for ALL Aucklanders is La Cigale, which is a-happenin' every Saturday and Sunday morning in Parnell and Britomart. The best French food you will ever eat (in NZ). Plus, many other food options. For a taste of the country, there's the Coatesville Markets. Held on the first Sunday of every month and just a 20-minute drive from the CBD, they've got a great array of secondhand goods, homemade food, clothing and jewellery. ♦

Textbook Tips & Tricks

To paraphrase Frank Zappa—so many books, so little cash. The first week of uni has passed, and by now you have probably (maybe...) got round to looking at a syllabus and realised your professors would like to bankrupt you. In reality, buying textbooks generally feels like it plays into some huge conspiracy—and it's true. Since the 80s, like most costs, textbooks have gone up in price—by over 800%. Students are always going to need these books, so suppliers can jack up the prices as much as they want. There's a lot more behind it than that, but to avoid looking like Charlie Kelly in the mail-room I should probably stop talking about it.

We have some helpful tips that will hopefully lessen the stress, on your minds and wallets, of textbook buying.

Wait. Give your classes a few weeks, and see if you really need the texts your professors are prescribing. It's common, particularly in first year, to go out and buy every book on the syllabus and realise at the end of the semester that most of them weren't necessary. You will probably need the compulsory coursebook for your readings, but you may find that you can get by without the 10 individual paperbackbacks of Shakespeare plays. Your professors will generally be understanding for the first few weeks of classes, so don't be afraid to take your time and evaluate whether a textbook is a necessity or not.

To the internet! If you're serious about saving money, do your research and have a look online before selling your soul to UBS. Use a search tool, like Bookfinder, to give you an idea of which online retailers stock the book and to compare prices. A few sites that will probably come in handy are Amazon, AbeBooks and Book Depository. Be careful though to make sure your seller is reputable, and double check any suspicious drops in price.

E-books. If you're not averse to this immensely convenient medium, definitely see if your book is sold online as an e-book. Amazon Kindle, Kobo and Apple/Android stores are a good place to start. You won't even need an e-reader, and can simply download an app onto your phone or computer. E-books are far cheaper, and can be delivered instantly. They're a complete lifesaver if you're doing an assignment and realise halfway through that you need to analyse another text with actual quotes and it's due tomorrow—not that I'm talking from experience.

Secondhand socialism! This is possibly my favourite option to arise in textbook buying, simply because of the ingenuity and modest rebellion behind it. A bunch of student Facebook groups exist

where students will be searching for and selling textbooks within New Zealand. The most popular for UoA students would be "Second Hand Books - Auckland Uni", but there are plenty out there so be creative with your keywords ("buy", "sell", "UoA", "textbooks" are good ones to start with). As students, we all know we're in the same boat and people in these groups are generally helpful, honest and may even have a few good tips for their companion-consumers.

Used books. Both online and at UBS, used books are available to buy. Maybe not as nice as your fresh-from-the-press, shiny book, but a lot more affordable. Who knows, you might even find some fascinating notes in the margins from previous owners.

Short Loan. At a pinch, the university keeps a stock of texts that are in high-demand from required reading lists. If you just need to check something out, or need a bit of last-minute help with an assignment, the short loan library may be for you. You can only hold onto these books for a few days though, so be ready to make copious notes.

Know yourself. It's all about your personal preference. For some people, flying by the seat of their bookless pants works. Others might just want the physical feel of a book in their hands. Be aware of your budget, and make plans to purchase. You won't necessarily need every textbook right away, so think ahead. Double check what you're buying and make sure it's for the right class. Don't let your professors pressure you, and know that it's alright to figure it out for yourself. It's your money and your education, after all, and you get to decide what to do with both. ♦



Top 5... Nostalgic Summer Roady Songs

"Reverend" KINGS OF LEON

Don't listen to what anyone says; KOL's latest album *Walls* is grand. If you like KOL (or even if you don't) you will like "Reverend". Note: the lyrics are actually "just like the reverend on the radio"—not "rhythm".

"1955" HILLTOP HOODS FT. MONTAIGNE

"1955" is an upbeat tune with some actual historical relevance, all about—you guessed it—the post-war consumption and conformity of the year 1955.

"This Girl" KUNGS VS COOKIN' ON 3 BURNERS

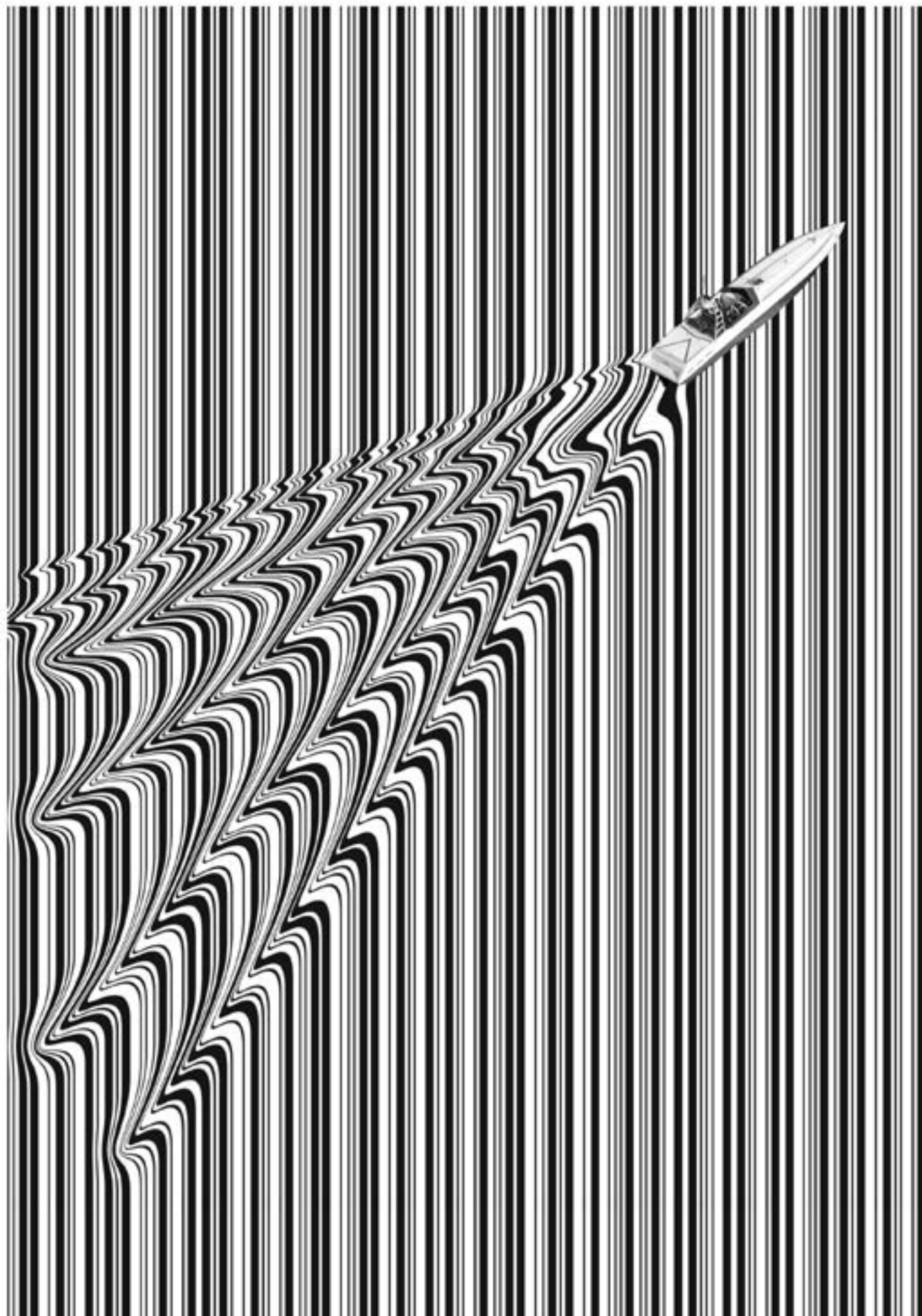
Most people cranked this gem at some point over summer. It has a solid beat, a different sound and the words are sufficiently difficult to understand.

"More than a Feeling" BOSTON

An oldie but a goodie. This song will never die!! It's super feel-good and makes for a grand sing-along. And when that guitar breaks down... dang, son.

"Higher" THE NAKED AND FAMOUS

There are far too many great Kiwi summer roady songs (Fat Freddy's Drop, anyone?), but the Naked and Famous' latest single is pretty up there. "Higher" has all the elements that made us love "Young Blood" and "Punching in a Dream". ♦



ART BY JOSH HART

THE BOAT THAT ROCKED A UNION

Mark Fullerton looks at the speedboat that almost sunk AUSA, and how we remember it now

Godwin's Law states that the longer an online discussion continues, sooner or later someone will compare someone else to a Nazi. The corresponding rule within the Auckland University Students' Association states that, given enough time, someone will mention the speedboat.

Someone will (inevitably) complain about their lack of funds, at which point their eyes will glaze over and they'll stare right through you and into mists of time—when AUSA was simply rolling in it and had a spare few thousand to drop on a boat, coz why the fuck not. Those were the days, they'll sigh wistfully, when protests were productive and unions were united, before snapping out of their reverie and facing the reality that it is 2017 and the glory days of student unions were over approximately five years before they were born and now there's barely enough money to sufficiently pay the staff of their magazine, let alone buy a boat.

This is the true story of the AUSA speedboat—where it came from, where it went, and how the rose-tinted glasses of nostalgia have sanitised a dark past.

That first part is true. It's hard to go any more than a few weeks without the speedboat being dropped into conversation one way or another. That second part is true, too. Craccum is grossly underfunded, but that's another story for every other issue of the magazine.

As an organisation, AUSA is a veritable breeding ground for urban legends. The Executive is largely replaced every year with only a few

hardy souls staying on, and these few hardy souls pass down the tales of the past in an ongoing chain of Chinese whispers.

There are a number of stories surrounding the wealth of AUSA in the 90s, promoted largely by the contemporary *Craccum* writers. The purchase of a corporate box at Eden Park for the 1992 Cricket World Cup was a prank, as was the building of a rooftop swimming pool—a slow-burning banger which culminated in a photo spread in the final issue of the year depicting the *Craccum* staff swimming in the supposedly illicit pool. Also sneaking into conversation from time to time is the story of AUSA purchasing a tank for the Việt Cong. This isn't entirely true—that was VUWSA. However, telling these stories in 2017 is limited to the realm of AUSA Alumni Facebook pages, where crusty old sea dogs join to reminisce. For some reason the speedboat is the only one which has any lasting power in the current Executive—probably because, in the words of Han Solo, it's true. All of it.

Either way, picking the brains of the crusty sea dogs on the AUSA Alumni Facebook page seemed the logical place to start. Initial enquiries were shut down quick, with an Exec member from the late 2000s claiming that it was little more than an urban legend and that he had, in his time, searched for evidence and come up blank. Current AUSA President Will Matthews wasn't sure of the exact details but seemed to think that the boat was bought by AUSA and subsequently loaned to a club at some point in the 80s or 90s. Eventually those in the know came forward and shared what they knew.

The basic facts of the speedboat case basic-

ly follow the rumours. Matthews was correct in that Executive meeting minutes from 1993 show a successful motion "that the Waterski Club be granted \$22,620 from Sports Grants to buy a skiboat (17ft long, 150-200HP outboard motor)." According to records, this was later revised down to the oddly specific \$19,789 and the sale went ahead.

These days, to drop twenty grand on one item is unthinkable for AUSA, but not so in the early nineties. The Clubs Grant fund was flush and was spending money like there was no tomorrow because they had it, so why the fuck not? Sports clubs require expensive gear, and AUSA was aiding clubs like the Snow Ski Club by subsidising a Ruapehu ski lodge. Even in the nautical realm it wasn't unheard of—the Dive Club had boats funded by AUSA for years. AUSA once played a major role in the organisation of university sports, and it was only in 2015 that the position of Sports Officer on the Executive was deemed unnecessary.

In amongst a series of significant purchases for clubs, the spend of a mere \$20,000 on essential sporting equipment for an AUSA affiliated club was peanuts. Executive meeting records from May 1995 (less than two years after the boat was initially approved) show that a motion to sell the boat was defeated, with a note: "It was felt that while the initial decision was not sound, other clubs also had large capital purchases, and it would be unfair to penalise the club while it was acting responsibly."

This was fair. The Auckland University Water Ski Club had never acted irresponsibly. The Auckland University Water Ski Club had never

"For some reason the speedboat is the only story which has any lasting power in the current Executive—probably because, in the words of Han Solo, it's true. All of it."

acted in any way, at all, ever.

It couldn't, because the Auckland University Water Ski Club didn't exist.

Not really, anyway. The club was a sham. It was reportedly started by mates of the president at the time, Richie Watson, who took advantage of a cash-heavy student union for their own personal gain and used the boat exclusively among themselves. The two largest outdoors clubs currently on campus, the Tramping Club and the Canoe Club, boast about four hundred members each. At its peak, the Auckland University Water Ski Club had twelve.

But even this was not enough to inspire mass outrage. Former President and unofficial AUSA Historian Joe McRory believes that the speedboat non-scandal was the result of far more controversial issues around the same time. Student Forum minutes from the 90s reveal a number of attempts to roll President Mark O'Brien, for reasons including an "accidental" vote for a tuition fee increase and his being complicit in AUSA overcharging membership fees. "The bigger stink at the time was the ongoing saga about the correct AUSA membership fee," McRory explains, "which in retrospect put off more people than the boat."

So the speedboat went under the radar for years, until the contentious 1999 referendum on voluntary versus compulsory union membership. Those fighting for compulsory membership (CSM) argued that membership fees were necessary to maintain a strong student union, while those arguing for voluntary membership (VSM) claimed that students were irresponsible and not qualified to be handling such large wads of cash, forcibly taken. Julie Fairey, current member of the Puketāpapa Local Board, was involved in the

1999 referendum campaign. The boat was a cornerstone of the VSM argument, she recalls—"the annoying thing was that it was Ritchie Watson using the purchase against AUSA as an example of misspending under CSM."

The 1999 VSM referendum campaign was spearheaded by AUSA stalwart Graham Watson. Watson (no relation to Richie) was a controversial character—a charismatic character who served three terms as AUSA President, the kind of man who would regularly stack the lunch tables in the quad into pyramids then deny any involvement, despite being president of the Auckland University Table Stacking Society. The Watsons were relentless in their campaigning and cited a number of monetary scandals in their pursuit of victory—conveniently neglecting to explain that most of those scandals, including the purchase of the speedboat, had in fact occurred on their watch.

And so it goes. The VSM movement snuck home with the victory (a margin in the double digits) and AUSA went voluntary. In 2010, when the Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Bill was put before Parliament, supporters of the Bill once again cited the speedboat as an example of irresponsible spending by student associations in submissions to the Select Committee. Furthermore, considering they are the largest student union in the country, the fact that AUSA had voluntarily gone voluntary around a decade earlier lent significant weight to the nationwide VSM movement. The Bill passed, and student unions around the country were suddenly forced to scramble for secure funding streams. Not all succeeded, and a number of student unions at smaller institutions were

decimated.

The highly contentious nature of the 1999 VSM referendum campaign, further defeats for the CSM movement in two more referendums in the early 2000s, and the subsequent long-lasting effects of voluntary membership for AUSA [read: very poor for a very long time] means that few people today are willing to dig up old bones. This is compounded by the death of Graham Watson in 2012 in a car accident, and an unwillingness to talk shit about someone who was, by all accounts, a charming yet relentless political force.

And what of the boat itself? Despite the best efforts of eager historians over the past twenty-five years, the boat itself has never been found. Rumour has it that it ended up on the front lawn of somebody's flat, rusting away in the inclement Auckland weather. Without that final piece of catharsis, it seems unlikely that the story of the AUSA speedboat will ever die. "I'm not surprised it's a joke now," says McRory. "It shows you how completely successful the VSM campaign was at Auckland; that their campaign lines are now the accepted version of history."

As an AUSA legend it is second to none—a cheeky wee tale of excess to share through the generations. Those who bother to dig a bit further will reveal a small yet important slice of AUSA history—a fractious time when referenda were run and unions were divided. Interesting and important, but not very fun.

And it's in the past. President Willy Matthews wanted it noted that "AUSA now has strong financial practices that makes it real hard to steal shit."

"Just drop the story," he said. "For the sake of the myth." ♦

"Without that final piece of catharsis, it seems unlikely that the story of the AUSA speedboat will ever die"

Notice is hereby given for the
AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING
to be held
WEDNESDAY, 29 MARCH 2017
at 1.00 pm
Student Union Quad

All motions for this meeting must be handed in to the AUSA Office Manager by the following dates:

Deadline for Constitutional Changes is 12pm, Tuesday, 14 March 2017.

Deadline for Other Agenda Items is 12pm, Tuesday, 21 March 2017.



**your student
experience**

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION AND THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND PRESENT...

PARTY IN THE PARK

FEATURING

MARSHMELLO AND SACHI, KINGS, SUMMER THIEVES



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN LIU



your student
experience



THE UNIVERSITY OF
AUCKLAND
Te Whare Wānanga o Tāmaki Makaurau
NEW ZEALAND



WINGIN' IT

Rebecca Hallas wants to open up a dialogue on makeup and the performance of feminism

ART BY KRYSTAL WANG & ISOBEL GLEDHILL

I met a friend for coffee the other day. *I'm on my way! Don't judge me when you see me! I look like shit today*, she messaged me.

I meet her. "You look fine!" I tell her.

"I didn't have time to put on makeup," she explains.

I first developed an interest in feminism when I was 13-years old, stumbling across a now long-forgotten feminist blog. In the years following that discovery, my eyes were opened to the sexist double-standards I saw in our society; my conceptualisation of issues of race and sexuality were broadened, and I developed into a fully fledged, capital "F" feminist.

Alas, feminism was not "cool" when I was in high school. I don't even remember when it became "cool". All I know is that in the time I've spent at university, feminism has entered mainstream consciousness and become trendy, fun—the "in" thing to do. And I don't mean to sound like a patronising hipster—feminism has experienced waves of popularity, so this surge of mainstream consciousness may well have been inevitable in the lifecycle of feminism. But I am concerned about where exactly we're heading. Feminism has always been a serious political movement; the fight to secure votes for women in New Zealand was a hard-fought battle by pioneers like Kate Sheppard. Right now however, feminism seems more like a stylish accessory for the new age millennial, with the likes of Ariana Grande, Miley Cyrus, and Katy Perry all hopping on board the F train.

Indeed, if anyone knows about what's hip on social media, it's Kim Kardashian. When Kimmy came under fire last year for posting a naked mirror selfie, she hit back at her critics, claiming that she was "empowered" by her body and her sexuality. Look, I'm all for ladies doing what they want; taking naked mirror selfies, and throwing up a middle finger to their critics. But I'm pretty sure Kim wasn't thinking *Goddamn, I feel so empowered in my body and sexuality right now* when she posted that selfie. I think she just uploaded the picture because she knew she looked hot, and she wanted to share this with the world. Which is totally fine! This need to respond to criticism however, by saying she thought the image was "empowering", struck me as an odd utilisation of political and feminist terminology—as a shield of sorts.

I go back and forth on this Kim K debacle. I was swayed somewhat by real-life Disney princess Rowan Blanchard (from *Girl Meets World*) who defended Kim. In a sassy response to Kim's #haters, Rowan tweeted out images of artwork depicting naked wom-

en, all alongside Kim's photo, with the caption: "Girls being nude publicly isn't new:but [sic] isn't it nice when they can be the subject of the image, &the [sic] portrayer too?"

This is a damn good point. Men have been depicting women naked for their own pleasure for centuries, and yet, when a woman decides to act as both the photographer and subject of the image, she's slut-shamed for it? Maybe Kim's selfie *was* an example of empowerment, a "fuck you" to the historically misogynistic field of art, traditionally dominated by men.

What *is* empowerment though? I fear the concept is getting lost in the mainstream; used as a marketing tool by brands and advertising companies, not only to sell products, but also to place themselves as champions of the feminist movement, thus attracting more customers. CoverGirl Cosmetics released a #GirlsCan campaign targeted at telling young girls that they can do anything. And yeah, they can! But the cynic in me cringed when Ellen Degeneres finished a #GirlsCan advertisement with: "Make the world a little more easy, breezy, and beautiful", as CoverGirl Cosmetics' logo was splashed across the screen. I felt uncomfortable at the idea of a make-up company, whose entire goal is to profit off of the insecurities of women, turning around and again profiting off of a movement promoting women's liberation from misogynistic expectations.

Which brings me to another uncomfortable question: can makeup be empowering? Is wearing eyeliner with a ~wing so sharp it could kill a man~ "empowerment"? Maybe. I should note that for trans women, the very act of wearing makeup can be an act of defiance against our society's strict categories of sex and gender roles. So there are certainly circumstances in which wearing makeup is empowering, and the use of makeup can have different personal meanings to different people.

However, an area in which all women suffer is our society's system of reward and punishment for performing femininity. Women are often *expected* to wear makeup and high heels at work, as a part of "appropriate" work attire. UK Parliament is currently considering legislating on this issue, after Nicola Thorp, a receptionist, was sent home for wearing flat shoes. We are living in the twenty-first century! And a woman was just sent home for wearing flat shoes! Don't even get me started on high-school dress codes, which always seem to target the bare shoulders or navels of teenage girls. To this day I am unsure how an exposed shoulder blade renders students incapable of getting on with their work.

And while there are many women who love make-up and enjoy wearing heels, I would hazard a guess that the vast majority of these women don't feel like performing femininity *all* the time. For the most part, I love makeup—I think it's fun, an adult version of finger painting or arts and crafts. But there are two things about my relationship with makeup that in recent years I have felt it necessary to acknowledge:

I started wearing makeup not because I felt like making my lips pinker one day, but because I knew it was expected of girls, and I wanted to be a "pretty girl".

I do not always feel like wearing makeup: but I will often wear it on these days anyway.

Even on those days when I don't feel like wearing makeup, and I *gasp* *don't wear any makeup*, my decision is not made without an internal struggle. I went to a bar with some friends recently, and actually became concerned that I wouldn't meet the expected dress code simply because my face was bare. I thought to myself *Is this where I'm at now? Worried that my natural face isn't acceptable enough to exist in public?* Apparently so. There are, in fact, many situations in which I would feel uncomfortable to be bare-faced. I would never show up to a job interview or a formal event without makeup. The application of makeup is perceived as a form of grooming, in the same category as wearing tidy clothes or brushing one's hair. Why?

I used to parrot the "it's my choice" narrative. For years, I would say that I wore makeup for myself. But after some soul-searching, I have to admit that this is mostly a lie. While I enjoy applying makeup, my enjoyment predominantly comes from the end result. Of course, this isn't necessarily bad; it's probably human nature to want to look attractive, *especially* in a society in which we benefit from looking more attractive. There's even a social phenomenon called the "halo effect", where perceiving someone as attractive will actually make us more likely to view other aspects of them in a positive light. Truly. Just by virtue of the fact that we like their face.

But I do think mainstream feminism is getting a little bit lazy, and failing to address the pressures on women to perform femininity, choosing to adopt the much easier "choice" narrative instead. It's easy to say everything we do is feminist, solely by virtue of the fact that it's our choice. It's harder to think about why we make certain decisions that align perfectly with what patriarchy expects of us. It's harder still to evaluate our own honest feelings about why we wear makeup, or why we shave.

I should say that I don't want to position this as a black and white issue: I don't think that either choosing to wear makeup, or choosing not to wear makeup, is inherently feminist or anti-feminist. I will support women either way. I just want to abandon the narrative of "*but it's my choice!*" Because yes, wearing makeup is a choice. But it isn't a choice the same way that choosing between apples and bananas is a choice. The decision to wear makeup is overshadowed by societal expectations in a way that other, more innocuous decisions, are not. The choice to wear makeup and heels, to shave, to diet, to primp and to preen, in a society which *demand*s this of women, is a very pressured "choice" indeed. And the fact is, our decisions don't exist in a vacuum. Advertising, magazines, pop songs, music videos, television shows, movies, the modeling industry—all around us are our influences impacting every decision that we make, encouraging us to look a certain way. And, as seen with Nicola Thorp, there are also punishments for not "choosing" to present ourselves in a certain way.

I want every woman to be able to wear whatever she wants, whether that be a shit tonne of makeup, or a bare face, whether it be heels or flats, whether it be dresses or baggy T-shirts. But I'm also desperate for a more honest discussion surrounding "choice"—desperate for acknowledgement that I am not alone in my internal conflict surrounding the performance of femininity and those gender roles expected of women. I want to talk about how my interests in makeup and fashion are probably not inherent, but more likely a result of internalisation of gender roles. I want to talk about the days where I don't feel like wearing makeup, but do so anyway, because I feel ugly without it. I want to know why something as silly as putting a black line on my eyelid makes me feel good about myself. And why I sometimes can't feel good about myself without it.

Laverne Cox, a producer, actress, LGBT+ advocate, and all-round goddess, recently attempted to entertain this balance of a passion for makeup as well as self-love. While the post was made to dispel rumours about her having a nose job, Cox also made a moving statement about her thoughts on beauty.

"I try to love, embrace and accept myself everyday, filter or no filter, makeup or no makeup, weave or no weave. Filters are fun but they are no substitute for me waking up, looking in the mirror and seeing the unfiltered me as beautiful and worthy of acceptance and love." ♦

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION AND THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND PRESENT...

PARTY IN THE PARK

FEATURING **MARSHMELLO** AND SACHI, KINGS, SUMMER THIEVES



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN LIU



your student
experience



OUT OF LEFT FIELD?

Saia Halatanu examines why the left is responsible for the rise of the right

"TRUMPED!" proclaimed the headline on the front page of the *New Zealand Herald* the morning after the 2016 US presidential election. The accompanying photograph displayed the winner. His neck pouring out of his collar and his porpoise-like visage feigning the smile of a swindler who has just pulled off a well-calculated piece of deception. He is the new leader of the Free World. The subheading reads: "The unthinkable has happened".

You have to look back to Harry Truman's presidential victory in 1948 to find the last time prognosticators and pollsters got it so wrong. Weeks before the '48 election a cartoon was printed in the *Washington Star* depicting Truman reading a noticeboard littered with headlines forecasting his defeat. His opponent, New York Governor Thomas Dewey, had been depicted standing behind him with a speech bubble over his



head: "What's the use of going through with the election?"

What's the use? Truman wins the election with 303 electoral college votes and two days later poses for a photo with a copy of the *Chicago Tribune* which had already gone to print, before the polls had closed, with the headline "Dewey Defeats Truman."

Donald Trump's win will be remembered as the most jarring political event of 2016. A year in which the Western world saw a leap towards the political right, evident by such phenomena as Trump's election win in the US, the Brexit vote in the UK and the rise of the "alt-right" movement. But why this leap towards the right? Has the left failed? If so, can they stage a comeback?

The rise in popularity of Nigel Farage's United Kingdom Independence Party and Trump's win have already been well documented, but these political sways were not isolated to these states. The sentiment was felt across many developed nations. In Germany, France and Spain, support for the dominant social democratic parties fell steeply and in Greece's case, the fall was so dramatic that the term "pakosification" was coined to describe the erosion of centre-left

parties.

Towards the end of 2016, the political events that had transpired generated a global head-scratch amongst journalists, politicians and educated liberal types. To them, sense could not be made of the year's occurrences and, to many, comprehension is still out of reach. What was evident was that the "left" had lost its stride and dropped its supporters and the "right" was standing by to pick them up.

With the benefit of hindsight, it appears that the answers to this collective confusion can be found with those at the forefront of the movement—people like Trump, Farage, Yiannopolis. Ostensibly, they were more attuned to the needs and desires of the middle and working classes and had been telling us all along. The backlash against the left, came from those feeling the pressures of economic insecurity and also as a rebellion against the mental grip being asserted by the liberal consensus over the ordinary person. In both the United States and United Kingdom, people employed in traditional labour industries were on the edge of losing employment. Changes that had been brought about with influxes of immigration were occurring faster than the growth

of institutions and infrastructure and many were exhausted by the political correctness that Liberals had employed to beat people over the head with. Moreover, elected officials forgot to whom they owed their allegiance to, and patronising Hollywood celebrities and liberal intellectuals preached to people they had nothing in common with.

Considered in isolation, the recent developments in the West have been described as a political shift towards right-wing politics. In reality, the perceived starboard shift is only a result of the backlash against the predominantly left-leaning socio-political climates that have dominated these countries. Ironically, this so-called shift to the right shows many elements of traditional leftist rationalisation. Look at the policies forwarded by Trump and Farage—they advocate for the renegotiation of trade deals, a tendency towards protectionism and a more isolationist foreign policy. These echo a traditionally leftist sentiment and bear a resemblance to strategies advanced by another political phenomenon—Bernie Sanders.

Rather than a resurgence of the right-wing, the movement can perhaps be more accurately



described as a populist movement. Populism is not necessarily a divide between the left and right; rather it replaces this horizontal left-right divide with a vertical one. To use an old platitude, populism is a tangible manifestation of the divide between the “have” and the “have-nots,” the “elites” and “masses” or “the establishment” and “the anti-establishment”. Aspects of nationalism arise because populism overlaps the divides between those who benefit from globalisation and those who are victims of it. The foible of populist movements, however, is that they also tend to attract the most deplorable sorts of radicals and fundamentalists. The presence of racists and misogynists amongst Trump supporters is obvious, if not overstated. Conversely, the arguments of immigrant and minority groups in favour of the Republican candidate, which turned out to be fairly cogent and nuanced, went by undetected.

Instead of looking for these important stories, activists, academics and journalists (particularly on the left) were too occupied with stroking their egos, pouring over outrage-porn and looking down their noses at Trump in anticipation of his failure. Had they taken the time to do their jobs, they might have found that many ordinary folk who had become disillusioned by the status quo were willing to lend Trump an ear. For example, immigrants, who had been through the rigorous process it takes to be legally recognised in the US, felt that others should do the same because it was these working-class minorities who stood to lose the most due to illegal immigration.

With economic pressure and financial instability to worry about, there was little room in many people's lives to focus on other social issues. Again, the left forgot to search and receive, and instead it over-transmitted. It appeared to have slipped the minds of those who purported to be fearless advocates of diversity that minority groups contained a diverse range of opinions and ideas within themselves. One did not need to have participated in the circle-jerk of a Sociology class to pick up a resentment for merchants of victimhood who have fallen into the trap of treating minority groups as monolithic entities.

Many individuals within minority groups,

which the left had once purported to represent, no longer wished to be treated with the overbearing paternalism which they were now becoming subject to. When all sorts of people, both those making up the majority and those in the minority, share in the struggle for the same basic needs—affordable housing, stable employment, quality healthcare and access to education—some social battles become relatively frivolous. Looking towards the left for these basic needs was fast looking to be a lost cause. It had been hijacked by self-righteous, condescending narcissists who favoured authoritative commands over well-reasoned persuasion. Many were driven away by the left's mindset that told people, without irony, that they were some form of dogmatist or bigot if they were apathetic about gendered pronouns, safe spaces or micro-aggressions. College-educated intellectuals and truth-to-power reporters didn't realise that they were the people in power and so they consequently failed to appreciate the old adage regarding power and responsibility. Instead it seems that with great power, comes great elitism.

Despite such a cataclysmic failure by the left, many Liberals and progressive media outlets still appear immune to learning and continue to attack unscrupulously Trump and Brexit. *The Guardian*, for example, painted Trump's withdrawal from the Trans-Pacific Partnership Agreement as a dismantling of Obama's legacy and also coupled it with an unrelated smear attempt regarding the contentious issue of abortion. What they forgot to mention was that the TPPA was widely acknowledged as a threat to many American jobs, and its dismantling was an elbow in the ribs for big business. Bernie Sanders had even congratulated Trump for this move and issued his approval by offering to work with him on trade. To their detriment, it looks like the media have developed an obsession over Trump's petty idiosyncrasies such as the size of his hands or some negligible glance between himself and Melania.

The fact is, many on the left are so blinded by their resentment of the right that their only stance on any issue is the anti-Trump one. They've made opposition to Trump the main objective and in doing so, they have left the working

and middle classes to be swept up by the right. As Trey Gowdy put it, “It is precisely that kind of hyper-partisan conclusion designed to cut off debate.” Rather than become relativist in the face of Trump, the left would do well to reflect, refocus and learn from him.

The interesting thing about populist movements is that because they undermine the left-right divide, they usually display elements of both. Farage and Trump appealed to the economic insecurities of the working and middle classes by campaigning on economically left-wing policies. Right here, may be the key for a leftist resurgence. It might be useful to note that Trump was heavily disliked by the Grand Old Party establishment and was, at one point in time, a registered Democrat. Boris Johnson previously said Trump was “in many aspects a liberal guy from New York.” Trump himself told MSNBC, “I identify with some things as a Democrat.” These are indicators that there is still political terrain for the left to capture.

Essentially, if the left refocused their efforts on the economic struggles that are widening the gulf between the rich and poor, they might well resurrect their voter bloc. This is especially encouraging since the overwhelming demand that gave rise to Trump and Brexit was for an economic reform that proposed job security and opposed free market capitalism. In addition to this, there is some benefit to be acquired in the social sphere. If the left cease their attempt to funnel trivial social issues down the throats of voters, people may be willing to hear them out. The left have a chance to redirect the current populist rhetoric if it chooses to engage and listen to what's coming out of it instead of pushing back against it uncritically.

Of the many things that could be said about the current political climate, the major idea appears to be that it is a wake-up call for everyone in general and the left in particular. It proves that college-educated idealists, romantic intellectuals and the media are very much susceptible to becoming “out of touch” in much the same way that politicians are often accused of being. This political shift is saying something important; disregard it at your peril. ♦

“The backlash against the left, came from those feeling the pressures of economic insecurity and also as a rebellion against the mental grip being asserted by the liberal consensus over the ordinary person.”



Amateur
HourWith
Jordan Margetts

Trying to Fill the Charisma Gap

Each week Jordan, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, attempts to reinvent himself as a political pundit.

Okay, so bear with me here; this is sort of nebulous, but I've been trying to figure out what makes Labour so ineffectual when it comes to convincing the public they're actually on the right track. Or, put differently, why is it that some leaders are compelling and others aren't? Cards on the table, I vote Labour. But I also scoff at every Facebook post they make, and feel overwhelmingly bored and disaffected whenever I listen to Andrew Little (or the young Labour kids, or the Davids). My pet theory today is that it all just comes down to personality power.

Last year, a friend and I were present for *Craccum* day one. First day of *Craccum* is hectic and fun and sort-of invigorating. You get lots of politicians in the office. And lots of random first-years wanting to write. There's usually booze present. Exciting times.

Andrew Little came in and was interviewed by the News Editor, and us. We were fairly drunk (RTDs) and fairly on his side. Here's a very short extract:

Me: So if you get rid of policies because "the New Zealand public don't want them", then at what point does the Labour party stand for anything other than vote chasing? What policy of yours would you absolutely not change?

Andrew Little: The three-years-free tertiary education policy.

Me: So your most fundamental policy is your latest policy?

Andrew Little: I can see you're cynical...

Of course, there was more to the interview. And it was a while ago. But the point is that he totally failed to respond in a way I found even slightly convincing. It felt like an admission of confusion. Worse, an admission that all he wanted was to be elected. John Key didn't have a particularly cogent ideology, and he was willing to do the job for no pay; a couple of awkward mumbling responses and we could have painted him as a power-hungry business-jock. Instead, he was unprecedently popular. Aside from all the usual major factors behind political viability—media representation, brand management, policy marketing, maybe now and again even actual policy—I suspect that just the ability to control a narrative is the essential skill of a successful politician.

Key was definitely an inarticulate dork. But a dork in a totally convincing way. In Parliament

he was like a snarky drunk uncle at a BBQ, not taking you seriously, bluffing, but sort of fun. It made him seem down to earth. He barely ever apologised (he even cited "banter" as an excuse, respect). Ultimately Key wasn't a good speaker (not in the classical sense), nor was he humble or down-to-earth, or honest, he wasn't even great at keeping control of the more difficult members of his cabinet (Collins). But my theory is that he has that special quality that influential types often do; a sort of *auctoritas*. I'm kind of misusing the term, but I mean something close to mana, or power, or the ability to shape the world. In Key's case, he did this very indirectly, while seeming chill and disinterested. He had this ability to impose his will on the room, to frame the discussion. Who really thinks that pulling a waitress' hair is fine? In the last election their policy document was about four pages, but Key controlled the discussion. It isn't charm as much as it is force of personality.

Neither Andrew Little nor Bill English have this personality power. Andrew Little hops around trying to out-triangulate the Nats. His attempts to control political discourse are tragic. Take a look at the Facebook posts issued by his office. They shared a picture of three former Labour PMs and Little, asking commenters to "name three past Prime Ministers and one future Prime Minister" (or something). It was sort of tragicomedy-made-post. Similarly, Bill English is prone to word-vomiting; blaming potheads for unemployment, and announcing that he'll raise the pension age... In seven election cycles. The first was a patently moronic move—despite Hosking defending him on *Mike's Minute*—as anyone who agrees with the statement will already vote for him. Everyone else just walks away with a bad taste in their mouths. The superannuation thing is tricky; we like pensions, and young people don't like being told they're the only ones who'll miss out. Both of these were awkward, and obviously not just about English's charisma. But he also failed to control both of these discussions—he came up with stupid ideas but also released these stupid ideas into the public without controlling them.

This election looks like a charisma drought. The Nats, confident in their near-decade of rule, aren't worried. Labour, however, are making moves. Not with Little; god forbid they change leader *again*. But Jacinda is the only figure I can

think of in the entire Labour caucus that has managed to generate any positive energy in recent memory. And yes, sadly, some of that has been the wrong sort of attention—remember the "Battle of the Babes" fiasco? But still she has a kind of charisma; magazines like to say positive things about her, and she knows how to use Facebook in a way that's millennial-appropriate and charming, but also vanilla and political and wouldn't ever alienate anyone. See her cute "awkward" photo with Julie Anne Genter of the Greens during the Mt Albert by-election.

Here's the point: I can't really name what Jacinda stands for at an ideological level. Genter was very clear on her prescriptions for Auckland (and just clearly more qualified and knowledgeable). Jacinda was sort of bland and pleasant and fun. Now she's risen to the second highest role in the party. Hosking (our greatest political commentator) claims loss of Annette King's experience will damage the party. And *prima facie* he isn't wrong—what does Jacinda bring? Not great public speaking. Not institutional knowledge. Not even a good win-rate (though we can't blame her for un-strategic voting from Lefties in Auckland Central). But she's convincing... Just as a person.

Will this make a difference to the election outcome? I suspect not. But watching the public respond to this new combination of leaders—that will be interesting. ♦

Recommendations

I'm not gonna lie to you friends, most of this column was from my head. Sorry. NZ media coverage is terrible. Worst media ever. Sad! The failing *NZ Herald*. More Trump jokes...

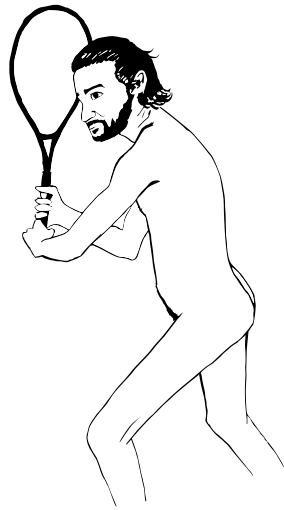
Check out Jacinda's Facebook page, then check out Andrew Little's. You'll see exactly what I mean.

"And just like that there was a vacancy after all: Annette King makes way for Labour's rising star" by Toby Manhire (*The Spinoff*).

"The nailbiter in Mt Albert! Or, why the by-election on Saturday is more important than you think" by Simon Wilson (*The Spinoff*). Note: This one was a bit crap.

Facebook Page: Mike Hosking Why Don't You Just Shut Up (because we need to improve the class of our political commentators). ♦

How to Talk About Sport



*With
Mark Fullerton*

The Black Stats

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to win a Student Press Award by entering the very winnable Sports Writing category.

The best thing about cricket is the stats. When a game goes for at least three hours, most likely seven, and possibly up to five days, television broadcasters have to think of something to fill in the time and keep the masses happy. And the masses—when somebody’s idea of fun involves watching a game that can go for five days with the very real possibility of a draw at the end of the THIRTY-FIVE hours of play, you can see why they smack their lips and wipe the drool from their chin as they encounter a juicy new stat that distracts from the fact that they’re spending an entire working week watching twenty-two grown men throw balls at each other.

This is unfair. I love cricket, and I love cricket stats. There’s nothing more relieving than seeing the batting averages and strike rates of a New Zealand side (Williamson 45.91, Taylor 43.57, Guptill 43.66, Anderson 29.something) on a good batting surface, and then waving goodbye to that relief as a South African attack bundles them all out for 149, the most heartbreaking betrayal since the ending of *Of Mice and Men*.

Kane raised the bat and his hand shook, and he dropped his hand to the ground again.

“Go on,” I said. “How it’s gonna be. We gonna get a defensible total.”

“I’ll get a half-century,” said Kane. “An’ we’ll have maybe a 70+ score from Guptill... an’ later on in the innings we’ll have a... little period of loose bowling-”

“For Corey Anderson to get the fastest ever ODI century!” I shouted.

“For Corey Anderson to get the fastest ever ODI century,” Kane repeated.

Maybe not quite as sad, but still. Since the advent of sports broadcasting, and the need to fill every audible moment with commentary,

and the fact that watching a game of test cricket is literally watching the same thing happening two and a half thousand times, cricket stats fill the void and provide a limitless source of inane trivia to trick people into thinking they are being entertained.

There’s an entire academic field devoted to cricket stats. The Duckworth-Lewis method is used in rain affected matches to calculate the likely total a team would have scored according to a whole bunch of complicated maths things. It isn’t perfect, for lots of reasons that get old cricketers’ heads hot under the collar. But I don’t really care because it was rain that put a halt to AB De Villiers and the DL method that meant that Grant Elliot could chase down a reduced total in the 2015 World Cup semi-final.

Take, for example, the method used to calculate a bats(wo)man’s batting average.¹ It should seem straightforward enough—runs scored divided by innings played, yes?

NO.

Take Trent Boult. Batting at no. 11, there is a (slightly more, but not much) 50% chance that Trent will end the innings not out. So while he may end on 2 or 16 or whatever, there is no telling how many runs he could have scored had he been able to continue. Remember, Lovely Trenty has a test half-century to his name.

S. Das’ 2011 banger of a piece, “On Generalized Geometric Distributions: Application to Modelling Scores in Cricket and Improved Estimation of Batting Average in Light of Not-out Innings” has the answer. “If their scores have a geometric distribution, then total number of

runs scored divided by the number of times out is the maximum likelihood estimate of their true unknown average.”

Which is cool.

I tried for a long time to find a cohesive thread to link this column together, but there isn’t one. I just fucking love cricket stats. Here are some of my faves.

The decision by Kane Williamson to open the bowling with Jeetan Patel and Mitchell Santner against South Africa in Hamilton was, according to CricInfo, the first time that a team has opted to open with two spinners in 3843 ODIs.²

Ishant Sharma has the dubious honour of being (somewhat) responsible for the three highest test scores made against India—Alistair Cook’s 294 in 2011, Michael Clarke’s 329 in 2012 and the most famous test innings in New Zealand history, Brendon McCullum’s 302 in Wellington in 2014. All three of these batsmen were dropped by Sharma early on in their innings.

The most impressive stat of all, though, belongs to the Australian Jesus/the Boy on Bowral/Sir Donald Bradman, who ended his career with an average of 99.94. It would have been 100 if he had managed to score just four runs, but he was out for a duck in his first innings and an England collapse meant Australia didn’t bat again, denying him the chance to grab that hunnid.

Kumar Sangakkara scored four consecutive ODI centuries and is a Sri Lankan national hero, which is cool, but White Fern Amy Satterthwaite did the same thing the other day and no one gave a shit. ♦

¹ This is a sports column, not a maths column, so if you want to wank over formula and numbers go somewhere else.

² I found this particular stat hard to believe, considering the spin-friendly wickets of India and Bangladesh, but someone said it on CricInfo and no one ripped him a new anus so it must have been true.

By Popular
Demand



With
Michael Clark

Ode to Pokémon: Pokémon as a Product of Post-War Japanese Trauma

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

So, you're playing a bit of the original *Pokémon* games, going about your business catching Pokémon, challenging Trainers, collecting badges, beating Team Rocket. But you start noticing strange things along the way. Cities seem very empty. You have no father; Blue has no parents. There are surprisingly few middle-aged adults. Everyone is either very young or very old. And you, as one of the young ones, are on a journey around the world for no real reason. There's a big theory in the *Pokémon* fandom that tries to explain all these phenomenon: The Kanto War Theory.

The rundown is that Kanto (the region that you explore in the original games) was involved in a massive war with another region (region unknown—there's a comprehensive blog post by Insightful Panda, arguing that it was with neighbouring region Johto after Kanto tried to annex them). Every able person and their Pokémon went to war, including your father and Blue's parents and they perished, as did so many others. You were among the first generation of people to live in post-war Kanto. The reason Professor Oak sent you on a quest to collect all the Pokémon is to document the ones that managed to survive. Lt. Surge, electric-type Gym Leader and one of few adults you encounter, even mentions a war, stating "I tell you what kid, electric Pokémon saved me during the war!" And the reason why a war isn't mentioned or alluded to more often is that you play through the lens of a 10-year-old kid, oblivious to the socio-political situation at the time. Yet, this child-like innocence allows you to be the embodiment of peace and progress in a tense, recovering region.

Of course, this theory, much to many fans' dismay, was never confirmed. Much like most fan theories, The Kanto War Theory is a way of tidying up the strange, disjointed world that we find ourselves in. Much like fan fiction, it's born out of love for a piece of literature, filling holes, creating meaning, and explaining away any of its shortcomings.

Yet, I think the theory has more grounding to it than simple gap-filling. The reason why *Pokémon* can so easily be recontextualized into a post-war narrative is because Japan is a post-war culture. Elements of post-war Japan have seeped into the game either accidentally or intentionally.

While Kanto may seem like a fantastical world, game designer Satoshi Tajiri was just basing the setting and mood of the game on his experience of the Kantō region while he was a kid. After all, Kanto is modelled off the Kantō region of Japan (surprise, surprise), which homes Tokyo. Both are the most industrialised, technologically-advanced regions of their respective universes. A lot of Pokémon in Kanto's Pokédex, such as Voltorb, Porygon, and Mewtwo, were created by technological intervention. The soil of the Kantō region is volcanic, which is referenced in the in-game Kanto region's inability to grow crop. Unlike their neighbouring regions, they aren't tradition-heavy and they have by far the largest urban landscape.

Tajiri enjoyed bug-catching as a child and he would go around the Kantō region in the early '70s catching and documenting insects, which is where he got the idea for *Pokémon* from. His interpretation of his experiences as a little kid in a big city allowed a lot of Japan's post-war trauma to seep into the game itself. What may

seem like a strangely empty, oddly tense world is Tajiri's interpretation of the Japan that he lived in. You never see your father in-game because he is an overworked, white-collar salaryman in a now corporate, industrialized nation; same as Blue's parents. In fact, it's the reason why no middle-aged adults feature in the game.

Lt. Surge is obviously a caricature of the patriotic American soldier, complete with dog tags and commando pants. Described as "The Lightning American", he fought in Vietnam, a war that ended in 1975 when Tajiri was ten, the same age as us when we play.

Team Rocket is a critique of Japan's thriving commercialised, corporate culture. During Japan's economic boom in the 1970s, many of the parks that Tajiri visited to look for insects started getting bulldozed for high-rises and commercial spaces, paralleling the anti-nature, profit-hungry sentiment of Team Rocket as "Steal Pokémon for profit. Exploit Pokémon for profit. All Pokémon exist for the glory of Team Rocket." Team Rocket's leader, Giovanni, dons a business suit and makes money commodifying Pokémon.

What may seem as a strange world to us is, in fact, just a cultural barrier alluding to a place that has been affected by war itself. The unusual characteristics of the game which led fans to believe that a war directly preceded the events of the game are just echoes of what Tajiri observed and experienced during his childhood growing up in a nation undergoing massive socio-political changes after the recovery of a war. In more ways than one, *Pokémon* is the story of a child's journey through a post-war world. •

Quarter-Life
Crisis

With
Caitlin Abley

Risky Business

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

I have never been a risk-taker. When I was little, I refused to join my friends in eating raw two-minute noodles because I was convinced they'd give me stomach cancer. When I was overseas, I memorised all the landmarks I passed when I caught taxis, just in case I got taken and needed Liam Neeson to locate my whereabouts. In my teenage years, this always served as a source of embarrassment. I didn't smoke weed because Harold the Giraffe mentioned that it could trigger schizophrenia; I didn't have sex because my Catholic education told me that pregnancy could still occur even when using the pill *and* condoms. This last one is a lie. No one asked me to have sex with them. But the point stands; I felt like my fear of risk made me a bit of a loser. Even now, at 23, the social pressure to "loosen up" and "break a few rules for once" and "not worry so much about stain removal" makes me worry that I've wasted my youth being a bit, well, *boring*.

With this on my mind last week, I looked over my bespoke list of Twenty Things To Do In Your Twenties, and tried to find one that would help me unleash my (deeply) hidden rebellious side. The *College Times* told me to "quit your job in a blaze of glory at least once," but since I clean the communal areas of an apartment building, no one would notice if I threw my mop to one side and told the stairwell to go fuck itself. *Cosmopolitan's* suggestion, "buy some decent pillows," didn't quite say "edgy" in the way I was looking for. Another recommendation caught my eye—"gatecrash a concert". This was too good to be true. Months ago, I bought flights to Wellington with the intention of going to Homegrown Festival. Unfortunately, some expensive car repairs and an excessive number of days spent mini-golfing meant that I couldn't buy my ticket to the festival at the same time as my flights. I put off the hefty \$130 purchase, and before I could say "middle-class problems," the

concert had sold out.

When I saw "gatecrash" on the list, I knew it had to be fate. All my friends in Welly were going to be at Homegrown all day on Saturday, and I couldn't risk being alone in Wellington—the city dredges up memories of a very angsty long-distance relationship, making me self-indulgently emotional every time I visit. Last time I was left alone in Wellington, I found myself sitting in the sand at Lyall Bay with an increasingly damp butt, listening to Sufjan Steven's "Death With Dignity" and tearing-up over the fact that Johnny Cash loved June Carter *so much* that he died *a mere four months* after she did. There couldn't be a repeat of this. And so, it was decided. I, compulsive rule follower and sworn enemy of danger, would sneak into Homegrown by any means necessary.

I flew into Wellington, already on edge. Not even the James McAvoy/Michael Fassbender fanfiction sent to me by a certain editor-in-chief—this one was set in a seaside bed & breakfast—could distract me from the fact that in two days I would be *breaking the law*. As I wandered the narrow terraces of our nation's capital, I began to question the morality of my week's assignment: wasn't I cheating the nation's already struggling music industry by attending a concert without paying? The whole reason they had a maximum numbers of tickets available was for everyone's safety, right? Was I creating a stampede risk by pushing the crowd over-capacity? More importantly, the likelihood of even making it in was miniscule. I struggle to push myself up out of a pool; how was I meant to haul myself over a chainlink fence? And that would only be the first hurdle; after that I would have to rely on sheer agility to dodge any patrolling security guards—a laughable concept for anyone who has ever witnessed me running for the bus, tits flaccidly wobbling, every goddamn morning.

The day before The Great Heist, I made my way down to the waterfront to get the lay of the land. I scoped out the boundaries of the festival, marked out by fences in various stages of erection. I tried to make a plan of attack: perhaps I could scope out a drunk concert-goer, convince them to head home, and steal their wrist band? Felt a little creepy. Maybe I could flirt with a ticket scanner and exchange entry to the concert for the ultimately unfulfilled promise of a one night stand with a certified 6/10? Alas, my long-suffering boyfriend probably wouldn't appreciate it. MAYBE I could SWIM from Oriental Bay to the edge of the festival and wear lycra for quick-drying efficiency? Was *Craccum* worth drowning for? I text the editor-in-chief: *is Craccum worth drowning for? I feel sick*. A response came through: *check fb heaps of ppl selling tickets*.

And so there were. And so I bought one.

Some people aren't cut out to take risks, and you know what? That's okay. This weird notion that rebellion is a key part of youth is outdated and boring. If you want to do MDMA and break into an abandoned warehouse and have an impromptu foam party, that's cool and I'm sure it'll look great on Instagram. If your idea of a good time is getting a Sara Lee Bavarian, watching *Remember the Titans* at your best friend's house and then driving home to *The Essential Bob Dylan* then you fucking do that. Don't spend your twenties judging people for making dumb, reckless decisions; similarly, don't spend them judging others for being fiscally conservative and unwilling to drink more than a couple of shandies. And if the thought of gatecrashing a concert makes you anxiously poo four times in one day then maybe just don't do it. Just be kind, take as many—or as few—risks as you like, and do whatever makes you go to bed at night thinking "today was good". ♦



Running for cover: a list of lies valid excuses to get you out of any situation *With Anoushka Maharaj*

Once you tell people you're doing a BA degree, their eyeballs roll out of their heads and all they can hear is "Send Me On My Way" by Rusted Root. But whatever your degree, every lecturer has one thing in common, and that is the interminable need to subject students to social torture and public flogging. *Every goddamn class* we've had to use our \$30k worth of brains to think of "Two Truths and A Lie" or "Two Lies and A Truth" or "Somebody Bash My Brains In, Negan-style." But today was the last straw. I held a knife to my friend's neck as I whispered feverishly, "*quick, tell me something interesting about myself*" before angrily scribbling down the same boring truth about myself—"I am actually a dog in a human suit."

If you, like me, develop the same manic look in your eyes every time someone tries to coerce you into situations that you have absolutely no business being involved in, here is a handy list of lies excuses to get you out of any of them (and film suggestions to pair them with). Onwards, my sneaky, mendacious, but understandably socially anxious, pals:

"Sorry, a moose has gotten itself tangled in my Christmas lights so I need to go and deal with that" — *Christmas with the Kranks* (2004)

Because you have lied, and held Christmas as a hostage in this lie, you must be punished by watching this awful film. However, Jamie Lee Curtis and Tim Allen are national treasures and should be treated with respect. Also, they spend this entire film trying to hide from everyone. The holiday period is stressful, dude! Not everyone protests capitalism, so they'll still expect you to meet up for, like, mojitos and circle-jerking at La Zeppa. *No thanks*. While this isn't an excuse that you can use year-round, you know that it'll be

good from the start of December till about the first week in January. Nobody has their Christmas lights up for longer than a month unless they're a straight-up pervert.

"I just think brown people are so racist towards white people" — *Avatar* (2009), or later, *Ghost in the Shell* (2017)

What?! *Avatar*, the most embarrassing and pointless film ever made, listed under *racism*?! Yes. Shut the fuck up. It's such a shit film, oh my God. Another way to get yourself eternally uninvited from all social events *and* lose the respect of everyone around you, is to say something like, "*if brown people are allowed their own space to gather, then why aren't white people allowed their own group? [expletive] [expletive] *gunshot noise**". But I guess if you really want to save time and seal the door behind you on your way to ostracisation, you could just use something simpler and more to the point, like, "*Heil Hitler*."

"I'm literally right in the middle of dusting these dinosaur fossils!" — *Jurassic Park* (1993)
Obviously. Not only does this film feature *Craccum* editor Gianotti's lover, Jeff Goldblum, but it also makes you reconsider your career path. Like, maybe I *could* just drop out of Law and become an Archaeologist. Maybe it *is* possible to start a theme park filled with giant mutated lizards. Who cares, anyway? The only person who would question this excuse is either a murderer or, worse—an uncultured monster. If they question its legitimacy, call the police immediately. I would save this one for an exceptionally boring and insignificant event that you have no interest in attending—like a wedding, or the christening of your racist cousin's demon baby.

"I've been shrunk down to the size of a walnut by an evil wizard!" — All Eight *Harry Potter* films

While nobody has been specifically shrunk down in these films, you can *feel* small about the fact that you haven't advanced enough in life to find comfort or wisdom in films outside of those about wizards and dragons. I'm afraid that this excuse has been used *way* too liberally by liars unlike yourself, so you'll have to tread carefully. The only possible way to use this excuse is if you are surrounded by drunk and/or dead people who will either believe you or won't care enough to argue. But, fair warning—do not use this excuse in front of someone who you suspect to be either a walnut OR a wizard. Or scientists, I guess.

My personal favourite: the classic "holy shit, what's that over there?" and then GTFO of there — *Zodiac* (2007) or *Eat Pray Love* (2010)

Because who knows better about skipping town than murderers and recently divorced white ladies? While you may not get joy out of either of these films, you can watch them with the knowledge that it's easier to become a killer and evade capture than it is to embark on a self-actualising trip around the world. I don't have very fast reflexes, nor do I know how to run, so it's only fair that I pass this very, very clever method on to you. I sort of only imagine this being possible if you're either on a boat (*motherfucker, take a look at me*), allowing you to leap swiftly overboard—OR, at a horse's house, where you can jump on top of one and gallop away. However, riding a horse at its own house is extremely rude and thus presents its own set of problems. Do as you will.

So, there you are. Go well, my friends! Until we meet again. ♦

Wake Up, You Need to Make Money

Words By Yasmin Brown

With university rolling back around, and the inevitable stress imminent, it's important that we find ways to prevent ourselves from throwing our laptops out of the window and stabbing people with our newly purchased stationery.

Debates will ensue, and not all of them are likely to be levelled and mature, as we no doubt find ourselves on opposite sides of the political spectrum to our peers, or fighting lecturers for that much needed extension. It is important that throughout the semester, we find ways to soothe our souls and lower our dangerously high cortisol levels. I find that music does just that.

Here's a list of tracks you can listen to that will help you maintain a certain level of sanity when faced with the various turmoils that you'll face throughout the year.

"Don't Fuck With Our Dreams" — The Smith Street Band

At the end of season three of *The O.C.* (aka the best show of all time), Taylor Townsend quoted some philosopher, basically saying that there's no one as young as a college freshman. As I was recently re-watching the series as a postgraduate student, it resonated with me deeply. We have so

much to learn, and it is university that teaches us to handle the world beyond the spoon feeding environment of high school. It allows our dreams to really manifest and take true form. As a student, there's no better time to take road trips and drunkenly talk about our hopes with people we've only just met but already love *so much*. This one's for when you're *"driving around singing songs, about driving around singing songs."* When you're finally taking a break from learning, and letting your imagination go wherever the hell it wants.

"Nobody Really Cares If You Don't Go to the Party" — Courtney Barnett

Your phone vibrates. Again. You groan. Again. It's Friday, and your pals are pushing you to join them in getting totally wasted, but you're tired, right? You're faced with an evening at Shadows, downing those super jugs when you'd rather be literally anywhere in the world, but you don't want to let your mates down by bailing. Again. Let me tell you a secret: they're not going to die if you don't go. So get into your PJs, order a pizza, lock yourself in your room, and gear up for a night of uninterrupted Netflix. Life is *way* too

short to be doing things you don't want to do, and you'll be the one laughing in the morning when they're all nursing their hangovers, and you're chilling with your leftover pizza.

"Even My Dad Does Sometimes" — Ed Sheeran

We've probably all been in that place where we've been staring blankly at an empty Word doc for like, six hours, that little line flashing with judgment, taunting us until the tears start flowing and simply will not stop. It's fine to cry though. Really. In fact, I've found having a good old ugly wail eventually makes me more productive because I'm not holding anything in anymore, and I'm ready to attack whatever it is with fresh (albeit red and puffy) eyes. Have a bawl, listen to Ed, blow your nose, and get back at it, you little warrior, you.

"I'm Not Okay (I Promise)" — My Chemical Romance

I know you groaned reading this. If I'm honest, I groaned writing it. You can't deny, though, that you love a throwback to 2005 when emo



reigned supreme and Gerard Way and Pete Wentz were our almighty kings. Put your books down, grab your buddies, and scream the lyrics dramatically until your throat is sore. Embrace the angst, let out the seemingly endless stress, and make a real moment of it. No one is going to judge you if you maybe wanted to overdo it with the black eyeliner either, because chances are they're watching with green-eyed envy, wishing they were you.

"Hold Me Down" — Halsey

Do you ever just feel like a total masochist for even applying to uni in the first place? Like, why didn't I just knock myself out with a brick because, let's be honest, it'd be less horrific. I'm not sure that's *exactly* what Halsey had in mind when she was writing this, but the lyrics can be manipulated to fit any situation, and right now, this is yours. This one's for the moment you realise you've got twelve assignments due in the next two weeks and your AUSA yearly planner is so full you can't actually read what you've written. I promise it'll make you feel majorly strong and righteous and you'll be able to tackle any of the shit that's thrown your way.

"Viper Strike" — Highly Suspect

There's something about university that brings out the dormant politician in people. Viper Strike was leaked early by the band themselves after the election of Tr**p as President. At the time, it worked as a kind of comfort blanket for fans of the band who were less than stoked about the result. Now, though, it gives us students the validation and motivation we need to speak up and say exactly how we feel, even if it sometimes feels a little scary to do so. Stand your ground and don't let the heartless bastards get you down.

"Could Be Worse" — Lower Than Atlantis

It can feel as though being so overworked that you've had to say no to every social invitation for the past month is the biggest injustice you have ever faced. It isn't. Yeah, it's definitely lame having to go through your Snapchat stories and see all your friends together, having a ball without you, but they've all been in that situation, too. Not to invalidate your raging jealousy, but it'll be over so soon, and your mates won't even remember what they were laughing about in that ten second video come tomorrow. This is a track to put life into perspective.

"Alphabet Boy" — Melanie Martinez

There is arguably nothing worse than putting your heart, soul, and time into an assignment, test, or exam, getting a super average mark and seeing someone you *know* left it until the night before the due date get an A+. It's MADDENING. Let Melanie show you that your wicked personality is worth heaps more than a GPA of 9.0, and that the lazy asshole with a better grade than you will end up metaphorically flat on their face while you, my friend, will take over the world with your badass, hardworking attitude. There is more to life than education, and you're going far, kid.

"Art School Wannabe" — Sorority Noise

There is nothing to be interpreted with this one. It's all about that period of time that we've all been through. The one where showers are a thing of the past, and you've pulled so many goddamn all nighters that the days just run into each other. You're living off a policeman's diet of caffeine and doughnuts, and your ability to give a shit has diminished beyond revival. It's cool, we feel you, and so does Cam Boucher when he describes his morning routine: *"Wiping my eyes of sleep, drinking yesterday morning's coffee / Slam my head against the wall, put the same black jeans on / Wear a hat so you can't see my hair."* It'll pass, but in the meantime, jam to some pop punk, and at least maybe *try* to eat a salad?

"Ode To Sleep" — twenty one pilots

Picture this: it's three weeks before the end of the semester and you can't remember the last time you slept. Gone are the nights when your smart phone's sleep tracker happily informed you that you got nine hours and forty seven minutes of sleep last night. If you're honest, you're lucky if you get even forty seven minutes, and when you do sleep, you dream of giant homicidal ball point pens, or your phone going off in an exam leading to that hefty fine. So on those nights where sleep just won't take you, learn the rap to this, get your friends to do the same, and *jam*.

"Free" — Broods

If none of the above works, and you've reached the point where you're seriously debating just giving up and dropping out to become a recluse in the Australian desert, this is the one for you. You might be sitting there contemplating what your life may be without a degree, and it might seem bleak, but a sound mind is important and taking a break might be the best way to achieve that. *"If I lose it all, at least I'll be free."* ♦



Starting a new chapter?

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

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

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



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



Give ‘em the ol’ razzle dazzle

Words By Rachel Buckman

When it comes to the Oscars, I have a tendency to over-invest. I blame my Year 11 Drama teacher for getting my hopes up about my acting career.

Pre-show predictions, awkwardly cheesy red-carpet interviews, the entire three-and-a-half-hour ceremony—I watch it all. I’m dedicated to the experience. So from the perspective of someone who isn’t relying solely on the internet for my opinions, I can’t help feeling annoyed that all people are likely to remember from this year is that final muck up. Yes, it was probably the worst mistake they could have made. Yes, it’s ridiculous it happened. However, if you attempt a little perspective, hard as it is, it took up only a fraction of the night. Two minutes, three max.

Yet it’s natural, isn’t it? When it comes to something as commercialised and money-drenched as the Oscars we much prefer to complain about the negatives than give it a five-star rating. It makes sense. Those stupid accountants are a much better talking point than a winning documentary about the White Helmets in Syria. All this disapproval puts obsessive devotees like me in an awkward position. Sometimes I feel as though enjoying the Oscars is more controversial than admitting you liked *La La Land*. Like it’s some dirty secret I should avoid bringing up at family gatherings for fear of offending Great Auntie Joan.

We all know that Hollywood is flawed—the movies are sexist and lack diversity. Yet movies are still so popular because they still have the underlying magical ability to capture universal

feelings. A good movie brings out the inner emotional side we keep hidden deep below an outer sarcastic crust. If that’s not Harry Potter-level magic, then I don’t know what is.

From my perspective (that of a girl on her couch in her pyjamas on a Monday afternoon), all the glitz and glamour of the Oscars doesn’t ruin this, but celebrates it. However, it’s a well-known fact that pretty people make us mere mortals feel... Well, grouchy and cynical. When it comes to an event where perfect bone structure is almost a prerequisite of attendance, the level of cynicism rises to the point where we forget that these are real people with real talents that deserve to be acknowledged. It’s not their fault their chosen field’s highest achievement is broadcasted around the world. Find a picture, or better yet a video, of Dev Patel’s mother at the Oscars. Not only will she make your heart swell, but it will remind you that these are real people with proud mothers.

The Oscars can easily be mistaken for a moment that only commemorates gods like Ryan Gosling. The issue is few people bother to look past an award where they know the names of the people nominated. Case and point being New Zealand’s very own John Gilbert who won Best Film Editing for *Hacksaw Ridge*. It’s unlikely he reads *Craccum* so the shout-out may be unnecessary. I just felt personally wounded on his behalf that no one paid attention to his category. Yet if you actually take a moment to consider the logistics of cutting together all the clips in a freakin’ war film like *Hacksaw Ridge* where everyone is

running around shooting each other and things are going boom all the time (I’m paraphrasing the plotline), it’s an impressive achievement.

Even if you can’t get past feeling that those attending the Oscars live in some other world—the stories their movies tell aren’t. Viola Davis said she was thankful to be an artist, “the only profession that celebrates what it means to live a life.” The Oscars reward not only technical skills, but they commend the movies that have done the best job at capturing *life* in all its forms. The ups, the downs. Those feelings we can’t put into words, but we don’t need to because they’re expressed perfectly in two hours’ worth of moving pictures. Consistently we see films grounded in real stories, like *Hidden Figures* or *Lion*, attracting critical acclaim because they capture true life struggles. But a story doesn’t need to be true to capture something real we can relate to. If you don’t feel emotionally invested in *Moana* then there is something wrong with you. No matter what goes on behind the scenes, there is something good in this.

We can always find negatives in Hollywood. As with any popular culture powerhouse, movies have the potential to do great evil—but that doesn’t mean that they always will. The Oscars can be a time where we remember the positive influences movies have—their ability to teach us lessons about family, friends, ambition, love, hope, and all that heart-warming stuff that will transcend time. Even million-dollar budgets can have some pure motives. ♦

“When it comes to an event where perfect bone structure is almost a prerequisite of attendance, the level of cynicism rises to the point where we forget that these are real people with real talents that deserve to be acknowledged.”



Sweet/Vicious

TELEVISION REVIEW BY REBECCA HALLAS

CONTENT WARNING FOR
MENTIONS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

Sweet/Vicious has just finished its first season and is currently waiting to hear if it will be renewed: here's why you should support it in this goal.

Sweet/Vicious is centred around crime-fighting duo Jules (Eliza Bennett) and Ophelia (Taylor Dearden). Jules, a survivor of on-campus rape, begins cornering and attacking known rapists, as a form of punishment that traditional avenues of redress often fail to provide. *Sweet/Vicious* takes aim at the failures by both the police and universities in addressing rampant sexual assault.

It is sometimes dark, and painfully honest about the horrors that survivors so often have to keep to themselves. This hopefully provides those viewers who can relate to Jules' struggle with some kind of validation and a sense of catharsis. But amongst the darkness, the show is also able to work in a witty and sarcastic sense of humour, with comedic relief provided at just the right moments.

Jules: I just... I can't believe he's ruining a vigilante plan.

Ophelia: I know. It's like, let a bitch live, right?

Of course, it wouldn't be an MTV production without a kickass soundtrack. *Sweet/Vicious* features the sounds of Kendrick Lamar, Tove Lo, and Charli XCX, as well as a truly incredible carpool karaoke session where Jules and Ophelia sing "Defying Gravity" from *Wicked*.

In the context of the potential first female President being cast aside for a man who has openly bragged about sexual assault, a show like *Sweet/Vicious* is vital, now more than ever. If you're interested in 45 minutes of unadulterated kick-assery and female empowerment, give it your support, and encourage MTV to renew it for a second season. ♦



Riverdale

TELEVISION REVIEW BY REBECCA HALLAS

Remember *Archie Comics*? The old-school comic book series which brought us the glory of Sabrina Spellman and Josie and the Pussycats? Well, Archie and his friends are all grown up in The CW's *Riverdale*, where the plot revolves around the mysterious murder of golden-boy Jason Blossom. I love this show. A lot. Here's why you should watch.

In a glorious hit of nostalgia, Cole Sprouse, one of the twins from the *Suite Life of Zack and Cody* (or Ross' son in *Friends*), is a main cast member in the show. Sprouse plays the sardonic wannabe-detective, "Jughead" Jones. Also, he's hot now. Who knew what a bottle of hair dye and a hipster beanie could do for ya boy?

Riverdale is edgier than the Archie Comics you likely remember. In the pilot episode, we see Betty and Veronica (Lili Reinhart and Camila Mendes) lock lips in a heated kiss mid-cheerleading tryouts. I know, I know, I'm clutching my pearls too. A same-sex kiss?! God, this is one spicy drama. The show, thankfully though, is self-aware, with mean-girl Cheryl (Madelaine Petsch) observing that "faux-lesbian kissing hasn't been taboo since 1994". It's the twenty-first century people! Keep up!

The all-American Archie Andrews is being played by our very own KJ Apa. You might remember him from the New Zealand masterpiece that is *Shortland Street*. In *Riverdale*, Mr Apa is far from his New Zealand roots, playing the handsome, popular football player, with a dark secret. And he does New Zealand proud; Apa's American accent is so good I did a double take when I initially heard his true accent in an interview. Plus, his performance as an aspiring musician will make you want to root for him and his big puppy-dog eyes.

The mystery behind Jason Blossom's murder, the sharp wit in the dialogue, and the main cast's complicated love lives will leave you hanging every week, desperate for the next development. Episodes are uploaded weekly to New Zealand Netflix: check it out! ♦



Logan

FILM REVIEW BY NICOLE BLACK

SPOILERS AHEAD

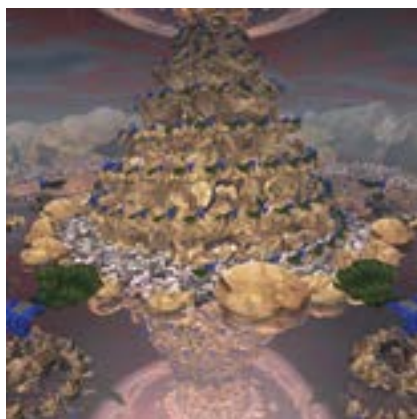
After the disappointment that was *X-Men: Apocalypse* last year, the franchise needed something amazing. With its graphic violence and intense story, *Logan* is the perfect film to end the current series.

Logan is dark, showing off parts of the remaining X-Men we've never been shown before. The barren future setting adds to this sombre mood and we feel like we've been dropped in the middle of a very desolate and depressing future. Although the story isn't overly complex, brilliant writing reveals just enough at every turn to keep you interested.

Another major plus of *Logan* is the freedom the R16 rating allows. Awesome graphic fight scenes that rival the bloodiness of *Game of Thrones* made me feel like I was watching Wolverine in his true form. The fight scenes were easily some of the best I've seen in a movie.

If there is one thing *Logan* fails at, it is producing a convincing and complex villain. I came out of the movie not even remembering the main antagonist's name. Although it's all very ominous and clear that the people behind everything are very powerful, I found the face of the bad guys to be forgettable. Things also get a bit ridiculous when they use a clone of Wolverine against Logan towards the end of the film. Although it makes for an intense fight it seemed a little pointless and didn't add to the story.

Overall, *Logan* is brilliant, easily the best movie in the franchise. It ended these characters' stories in a way that didn't feel rushed or wrong, but also helped set up a possible new series of films I am very excited for if they are anything like *Logan*. ♦



Whareama — Moses

ALBUM REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

The second album from Wellington-formed six-piece band, Moses, is an ambient, transportive endeavour. After settling into their sound through an array of singles, two EP releases, and a self-titled album released at the end of 2016, *Whareama* is an affirmation of just how comfortable Moses have become in their signature psychedelic style.

However, to say they are comfortable is not to say that they have slowed in their creative endeavours. No, sir; this album is a testament to the band's ability to find new and inventive ways to combine, layer, and unify six individual musicians into a musical unit that consistently produces *tunes*. Moses may have found their lane, but they've certainly left plenty of legroom.

The album was recorded at Golden Downs Cottage in Whareama, and the setting seeps into the record both literally and thematically. The surrounding sounds introduce the album, blending into the opening of the album's title track "We Wander".

The instrumentation is rich and warm, even when the subject matter sways a little more to the melancholy side. The saxophone that weaves throughout each track is a lot like the chocolate sauce that used to run through the middle of a Tip Top mint Trumpet: so enjoyable as just one part of the bigger whole, but when it takes centre stage (you know, when you'd get to the bottom and it was literally just chocolate sauce in the cone), it's so good and you'd definitely eat a whole ice cream filled with just that. The tracks "You're Lonely" and "Peacocks", nestled in the middle of the album, are prime examples of the dreamlike, atmospheric joys that Moses' music has to offer.

Whareama can be found at mosesnzb.bandcamp.com. Listen to it with headphones to ensure you don't miss a single note, beat or layer of the songs that this band have so carefully crafted. ♦



T2 Trainspotting

FILM REVIEW BY JACK ADAMS

Danny Boyle returns for another encounter with the Skag boys, Renton (Ewan McGregor), Spud (Ewen Bremner), Sick Boy (Johnny Lee Miller), and Begbie (Edward Carlyle). Based twenty years after *Trainspotting*, the original cast rendezvous to satiate fans of the original. After years of getting clean and "choosing life", Renton returns to Scotland on the tail end of a divorce to visit old flames and reconcile with the washed up remnants of the heist. The tale sees a new opportunity, and a new betrayal, set forth as their heroin-soaked ambitions take them back to their childhood roots.

The film balances, rather superbly, the original context behind *Trainspotting*, with contemporary social commentary and popular culture, developing a profoundly hilarious and captivating story. Welsh's writing is represented in much the similar fragmentation and surrealism that Boyle employed in his original instalment. Continuation of previous sets recreates a nostalgia from when we first met the Skag Boys, only embellishing the remainder of the journey. The story, just as harrowing as it is a tragicomedy, is a true partner to Irvine Welsh's *Porno*.

Smaller appearances from Kelly MacDonald and Irvine Welsh prompt a greater sense of nostalgic irony. We are, indeed, tourists in our childhoods (God forbid anyone have actually tasted Welsh in their innocence) and dwelling on the past. A past too delicious to give up. It'll have you craving your next hit. I'm hard pressed to find any movie in the last ten years that compares with such fervour as this. A true masterpiece, and a classic well before its years.

I give this film nine syringes out of Mother Superior. A top rating for a top film. ♦



Their Finest

FILM REVIEW BY PATRICK NEULAND

I'm really not sure about *Their Finest*. The British romcom is definitely entertaining. I would recommend seeing it, if only for Bill Nighy's stand-out performance. But it's also not very good. The period piece, set during the Blitz of the Second World War has all the trimmings of a classic modern British comedy. I really wanted it to be another *Best Exotic Marigold Hotel*, but it wasn't.

At no point was I surprised by the storyline. Every act of the story was clearly telegraphed and while at points the execution caught me off guard, the story was formulaic the whole way through. Yet I enjoyed it. There is something great about Bill Nighy playing a Bill Nighy-like actor: gruff, upper-class, but soft and loveable. The film was also laugh out loud funny at points, with Nighy again doing most of the heavy lifting.

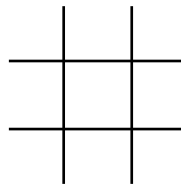
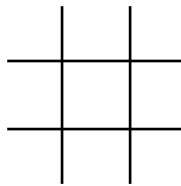
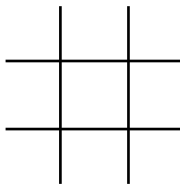
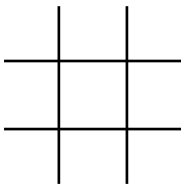
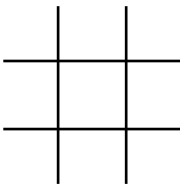
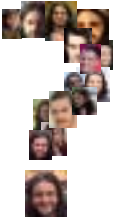
The film also explores the changing gender roles that the Second World War was famous for. From the female protagonist, played well by Gemma Arterton, being "paid less than the boys", though to the women's dialogue, the movie explores how the world was and what it could become.

Yet this film about a book, about a film, about a true story that wasn't actually true is kind of a missed opportunity. For all its talk about the transformation of the world from one which is male dominated, to one with equal opportunities, there seems to be a lack of memorable women characters. The film is so close to being great, but it also misses the mark by such a long way. But do go see it—I did walk out smiling, and Bill Nighy was really good. ♦

THEIR FINEST COMES OUT IN CINEMAS APRIL 13TH

EASY SUDOKU

			3	4	6			
		6		8		7		
	2						1	
	8	2				5	9	
7								2
3		5				1		7
1			4	5	2			6
				1				
	6		8		7		4	



HARD SUDOKU

	7	3			4		9	
2			9					8
			7	6				4
6						4	1	
		5				3		
	4	9						5
4				1	6			
8					2			1
	2		4			6	5	

KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

1. Anjelica Huston played a dictatorial early childhood educator in which 2003 Eddie Murphy comedy?
2. How many female Prime Ministers has New Zealand elected?
3. What is the chemical symbol for lead?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. Who wrote *Footrot Flats*?
5. Which symbol of the zodiac is represented by a ram?
6. Which singer has pulled out of headlining Coachella due to her recent pregnancy announcement?
7. Who was the Virgin Queen?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. How many of the top five ODI scores by a New Zealand player belong to Martin Guptill?
9. What connects the directors of *Goodbye Pork Pie* and the 2016 remake, *Pork Pie*?
10. Which two countries share the world's longest land border?

HERALD'S HEROES

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



A few days ago, controversial [read: out of touch and enough of a dickhead that even David Seymour tweeted a sassy comeback] chief economist of BNZ Tony Alexander said that if young people wanted to buy a house they should cut down on coffee. Sue wholeheartedly agrees and criticises wayward youths for calling Alexander out on his shit (at around the same time as BNZ distanced themselves from his comments), gently explaining that Alexander was exaggerating. We haven't been locked out of the housing market due to unsustainable property speculating, or rabid baby-boomers protecting their own investments, or because the government is too weak to impose a capital gains tax. We just don't understand hyperbole. Exactly the kind of attitude you'd expect from someone who posts a photo then shares that same post to their own page.

Answers: 1. Daddy Day Care 2. One — Jenny Shipley was not elected 3. Pb 4. Murray Ball 5. Artes 6. Beyoncé 7. Queen Elizabeth I 8. Three — 237°, 189° and 180° 9. Matt Murphy is the son of Geoff Murphy, the director of the original 10. USA and Canada

**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 // Indepen-

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



the people to blame.

EDITORS

Catriona Britton & Samantha Gianotti
editor@craccum.co.nz

SUBEDITOR

Hannah Bergin

DESIGNER

Nick Withers

SECTION EDITORS

News Eloise Sims **Community** Rebecca Hallas
& Meg Williams **Features** Ginny Woo **Lifestyle**
Nikki Addison & Grace Hood-Edwards **Arts &
Culture** Anoushka Maharaj **Columns** Caitlin
Abley **Games** Mark Fullerton **Visual Arts**
Isobel Gledhill

WRITERS

Caitlin Abley, Jack Adams, Nikki Addison,
Nicole Black, Catriona Britton, Yasmin Brown,
Rachel Buckman, Michael Calderwood, Mark
Casson, Michael Clark, Mark Fullerton, Daniel
Gambitsis, Samantha Gianotti, Saia Halatanu,
Rebecca Hallas, James Halpin, Grace Hood-Ed-
wards, Anoushka Maharaj, Jordan Margetts,
Danielle Maynard, Patrick Newland, Eloise
Sims, Meg Williams

COVER ARTIST

Josh Hart

ILLUSTRATORS

Mark Fullerton, Isobel Gledhill, Josh Hart,
Vaani Rambisheswar, Krystal Wang, Nathan
Wood, Julia Zhu

SHADOWS "CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK"

Yasmin Brown

SHADOWS


Head to Shadows to redeem your \$50 bar tab!


CALL FOR WRITERS AND ILLUSTRATORS!


Flick us an email at editor@craccum.co.nz if
you're interested in contributing.

FIND US ONLINE

www.craccum.co.nz

 Craccum Magazine

 @craccummag

 @craccum

EDITORIAL OFFICE

4 Alfred Street,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland

ADVERTISING

Aaron Haugh | advertising@craccum.co.nz

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



**your student
experience**

SMP SOLUTIONS
PRINT • DIGITAL • LOGISTICS



**your student
experience**

Lighten Your Load

**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

New Selection of Paperblanks

Now in store



From \$22.49

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