

CRACCUM

magazine 03



flag fiasco

OLD FLAG, NEW FLAG OR NO FLAG? CRACCUM ASKS THE \$26 MILLION QUESTION. PAGE 18.

auckland city limits

INTERVIEWS WITH BROODS, MAALA, SHAKEY GRAVES & GANG OF YOUTHS, PLUS AN ODE-TO-KENDRICK. PAGE 22.

controversial film festival

IS THIS LEGAL? YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT FILMS THE ACADEMY CINEMAS ARE SHOWING! PAGE 26.

JOIN THE CREW IN LA



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



contents



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: PEOPLE ACTUALLY READ CRACCUM. PAGE 6.



ALLIED PREOCCUPATION: ANA HARRIS NAVIGATES IDENTITY POLITICS. PAGE 33.



GOOD WILL HUMMING: SAMANTHA GIANOTTI PROBES INTO PORN. PAGE 25.

NEWS

07

FEATURE: FLAG DEBATE

18

ARTS & CULTURE

25

LIFESTYLE

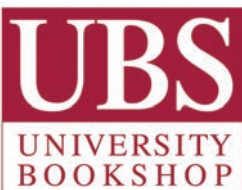
12

SPECIAL:
AUCKLAND CITY LIMITS

22

COLUMNS

31



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



GRANT SAVES MONEY FOR THINGS HE LOVES

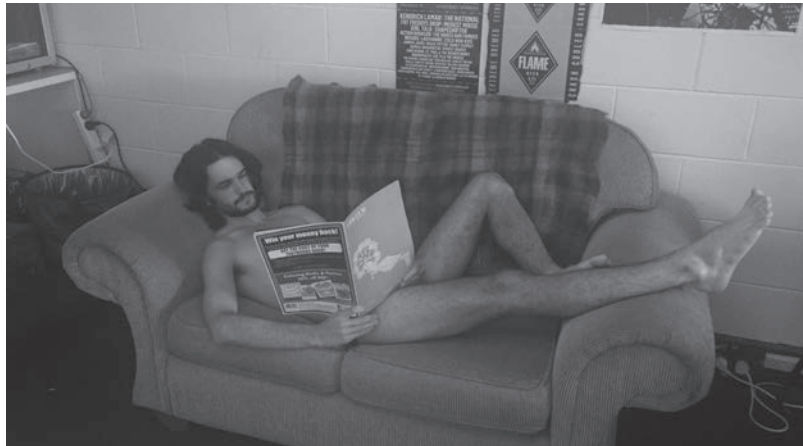
- WITH HIS AT HOP CARD -

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

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

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





mark vs. kim k

who wore it better?

CAITLIN AND MARK
EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

"I never understand why people get so bothered by what other people choose to do with their lives."

- Kim Kardashian

Last week, Mark posed nude for a magazine. His own magazine, which was a bit odd, but we'll let it slide. The photo was posted on Facebook where it generated much positive feedback and very little controversy – two unlikes of the *Craccum* Facebook page (you bastards).

Last week, Kim Kardashian posed nude on twitter. Being Kim Kardashian, and having a slightly larger following than *Craccum*, the response was somewhat more pronounced.

Bette Midler weighed in, tweeting that "If Kim wants us to see a part of her we've never seen, she's gonna have to swallow the camera," but, after an accusation from Kim that she was a fake friend, came back and basically said wow Kim can't take a joke silly girl. Then Chloë Grace Moretz accused Kim of being a bad role model, and that she should be teaching young women to set goals rather than rely on their

bodies. Piers Morgan once again proved himself to be the wankstain of the Western world by first engaging in a low key twitter war with Kim, offering to buy her some clothes, then posting a semi-clothed picture of himself from a Burger King shoot, then asking why exactly Kim felt the need to post nudes in order to be successful, then writing a column in the Daily Mail (a publication slightly less prestigious and slightly more shit than *Craccum*) about how much he didn't care about Kim's body. As if he hadn't spent the last two days of his online life commenting on Kim's body. But he's right. Clearly he doesn't care.

It would be nice to say that this response was unprecedented. That it was unusually vitriolic. That this was an isolated incident in an otherwise progressive society. But we can't, because whenever anyone tries to be remotely proud of their body in a public forum they get body-shamed and slut-shamed and every other type of shamed within the realm of human possibility. The online world is full of raging perverts determined to have their say.

(Unless, of course, that body belongs to a dude. Then it becomes sexy. Hot. A lol-worthy clickbait promotion of a floundering student publication. No one cares.)

Again, it would be nice to say that this a prob-

lem limited to the States. Something that only happens online to famous people that we don't know. Something that doesn't happen on our small island in the South Pacific.

But we can't, when *Woman's Day* publishes paparazzi shots of 17 year old Lorde going for a swim because "people are interested in her life." We can't, when (throwback) Helen Clark is slammed for using touched-up images on campaign posters. We can't, when even we have our fair share of fuckos writing into *Craccum*. Like the guy who was "appalled" that we wouldn't publish his philosophical argument that trans people don't exist (not that they shouldn't exist, that they DON'T exist), or that guy last year who told Caitlin, in a letter to the editor, that if she didn't want to get attacked when walking home at night then maybe she should walk a bit more confidently. Remember that, friend? We do.

Sheryl Crow knew what was up. If it makes you happy, it can't be that bad. If you catch yourself having negative thoughts, stop and think of Sheryl. If it makes someone else happy, and has absolutely no impact on the way you choose to live your life, it can't be that bad. You come to university to get educated, so get educated. If that seems like too much effort, then just get fucked. ■

letters to the editor

LETTER OF THE WEAK

Dear Editors,

I had high very hopes for *Craccum* this year. I expected the publication to soar to new heights under your skillful editorship. But already, in the wake of the very first issue, my hopes have been shattered.

To explain why, I must invite you to remember back to the day in early September last year, when the candidates running for Craccum editor addressed an audience in the quadrangle, outlining how they would confront the slings and arrows of editing a student magazine. Recall how, after the allocutions had run their course, members of the audience were invited to respond with questions on the periodical's management.

The first question to be asked was on the subject of sudokus. It had become well known at this time that due to careless transcription, these supplementary puzzles would often be rendered unsolvable. This reduced the lives of many readers to whirlwinds of gloomy frustration, and one such reader had come to ask how this crisis could be undone.

In answer, Mark bounded upon the podium, fuelled by a deep grievance for the maltreatment of his readership. He eloquently declared that if elected, such a disturbing violation of editorial integrity would never be allowed to pass again. Upon hearing these impassioned words, the sudoku enthusiast's heart swelled with hope. He cast his vote for Caitlin and Mark and prayed for the day when they would be put into office. When that day at last came, tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, as he imagined the error-free sudokus that the future would surely contain.

I was the sudoku-enthusiast who begged for a solution to this unbearable situation. But it now seems strange to me, to think that I was once held such a naïve belief that true change could be effected by the corrupt, bureaucratic labyrinth of student politics. For upon the yestermorn, as I once again entered the quadrangle in which I had once been so inspired, I picked up a copy of the reincarnated periodical and my world was shattered. As I leafed through its treacherous pages, a dread rose from the depths of my viscera. The dread quickly morphed into a horror, and then an abject existential terror as I realized that the new Craccum did not contain a single sudoku.

Thus I now write to you in search of answers. How could you have done this? Do the promises you make to your readers mean nothing? I may never understand how a human being

could sink to such betrayal and cruelty, but I might sleep a little better in the knowledge that you are now aware of the toil you have wrought.

Yours faithfully,
A FORSAKEN READER

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS IN RESPONSE TO?

dear editor,

your writers have only skimmed the surface, neglected the impact of steroids and protein gorging in delaying stool delivery. mens toilet left hand side as you go into recreation centre is DISGRACEFUL. worst in uni. one approaches the lid with trepidation, hyperventilation then holding the breath. inevitably there is always something in there or rather half in there. axolotl congregate intertwined they will not move until three flushes. one leaves to gather more air returns as cistern fills. other items found cellphone immersed, condoms, bloody t-shirt, its the last resort.

CRANIUM??? [TIM ALLEN HOME IMPROVEMENT NOISE]

Dear Craccum,

Please can we have a Cranium pick up box at the NICAI Student Centre? You'll probably have to check your campus map to find it given it isn't in the quad (shout out to Warren and Mahoney for those sweet buildings) or Arts or Law buildings but it's a beautiful piece of work designed by KRTA in 1978 that clearly engages with late Brutalist and early High-Tech architectural styles of the time period. If you could make that happen, and just generally make more architectural references in your magazine, I'd be happier than Louis Khan in a brick factory.

Much love,
FRANK LLOYD ALRIGHT WE'LL GIVE YOU A CRAC-CUM BOX

KISS MY CANV-ASS

I miss the old Cecil, the always broke Cecil

Gave me the grades Cecil, gave me the rage Cecil

I hate the new 'Cecil', the how to use 'Cecil'

The always rude 'Cecil', the bad news 'Cecil'

I miss the sweet Cecil, the nice and neat Cecil

I gotta say, at that time I HAD to use Cecil

But I believed Cecil, man I NEEDED Cecil

And now I look and look around and now

there's NO Cecil

I used to love Cecil, I used to love Cecil

I even had the phone app, so I had more Cecil

What if Cecil had a song, about Cecil?

Called "I Miss The Old Cecil," man that'd be so Cecil!

That's all it was Cecil, we still love Cecil

And I love you like I love Cecil
#BRINGBACKCECIL

DAVID SEYMOUR RUNS OUT OF DOORS TO KNOCK, WRITES TO CRACCUM

Dear Caitlin and Mark,

I read this week's 'This House' article and became deeply concerned about the standard of debate at my Alma Mater. In the age of the twitterati, *Craccum* is the last great hope for highbrow intellectual discourse. You can imagine the despair I felt reading this:

Contrary to the strawman ("Bangladesh, India, Pakistan") and scaremongering which Seymour used as examples of intensification, there is a causation problem in his logic, as these places (which are actually whole countries, but never mind) are actually characteristic of limited planning and many of their problems can be attributed to their stage of development.

A 54 word sentence that starts out making one argument and finishes arguing the opposite. They appear to be responding to my Sunday Star Column: *The world's densest cities are either really poor (the top five are in Bangladesh, India, and Pakistan), or were built centuries ago when everybody was poor (think London).*

Never mind that I clearly describe them as cities within countries, or that I went on to make the very point this marathon sentence finishes with:

As my friend and urban geographer Wendell Cox shows in his Evolving Urban Form series, cities actually get less dense over time. When people get richer they spread out and enjoy the space, mainly because they can afford better transport. Densification policies are against the tide.

I could go on, but if you would like a reply piece I'm happy to write one for my beloved *Craccum*.

Kind regards
DAVID SEYMOUR
MP FOR EPSOM, LEADER ACT NEW ZEALAND

PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD HELP ME

You may have noticed that the tone of the news section has changed a little bit this year.

We've made a move this year to focus less on satire, with a push towards journalism that focuses on local and university news.

It's an attempt to make *Craccum* cool and interesting! And also funny and important and well-liked.

We're looking for fresh faces to get involved. Writing for *Craccum* will make your fellow stu-

dents think you are also funny and important and well-liked.

If you've enjoyed the past few weeks' worth of coverage, please get in touch.

news@craccum.co.nz

Editor's note: Please get in touch. This one-man show cannot continue, Winstanley.



WELCOME TO THE VAPING ZONE (READ HEADLINE LIKE IT'S TOP GUN THEME) AUSA LOVES DAT VAPE LIFE

Vaping Auckland University students have been repeatedly escorted off campus over the last couple of weeks – ostensibly as an extension of Auckland University's smoking ban.

Vaping, a casual term for the act of inhaling the vapor from an e-cigarette, is a distinct practice from smoking. It does not involve tobacco or the ignition of any sort of organic material, meaning that there's no tar and no obviously harmful second hand smoke. These distinctions are important, because university policy doesn't actually regulate the use of e-cigarettes.

The university smoke-free guidelines uses the definition used in the Smoke-free Environments Act 1990 – a definition which doesn't specifically extend to e-cigarettes. Confusion about both the policy and a deference towards

precaution on behalf of university security seem to be the root of the problem – however, we've been unable to reach campus security for response before this article goes to print.

The second concern, raised in the AUSA executive meeting last Monday, was that the e-cigarette ban potentially undermines people trying to quit smoking. The use of nicotine vapor as a way to quit smoking is controversial within the international medical community. The Ministry of Health tentatively states that there isn't enough information to conclusively decide whether or not e-cigarettes have any associated health risks, or whether they're useful tools for people trying to quit.

However, preliminary research conducted by the National Institute for Health Innovation (NIHI), a branch of Auckland University's own research department, has found that e-cigarettes have a higher efficacy as a tool to help

people quit smoking than nicotine patches do. The law on the issue is also complicated, with New Zealand suppliers being prohibited from purchasing nicotine cartridges for retail resale, while individuals are allowed to import them for personal use.

E-cigs do have their proponents, however – as recently as last week, the Act Party's David Seymour lobbied for their legalisation.

Regardless, it is a problem that has generated some level of concern from AUSA. The executive has resolved to do follow up research of its own, in order to consider pushing for a designated "vape-zone" on campus, designed to provide a safe space for students who want to use e-cigs – for any reason.

Craccum will follow up this report as more information comes through. ■

SALIENT SHOWS UP CRACCUM, YET AGAIN

WELLY STUDENT MAG MANAGES TO CREATE HUGE STOUGH WITHIN FIRST WEEK

Expect some increasingly sensationalist news work from your trusty *Craccum* news team over the next few weeks.

Salient, *Craccum's* partner in crime down south at Victoria, has successfully managed to create national news after a satirical piece run in their orientation issue ignited a censorship row between the magazine and university staff.

The piece, a faux-interview with the university's Chancellor, Sir Neville Jordan, prompted outrage from its subject, who objected to its depiction of him as a sweaty hands loving, Kylie Jenner stanning, Cliff Richard listener. Sir Neville brought the matter up as "urgent business" at the next meeting of the University's Council, railing against the magazine.

After being made uncomfortable by the chancellor's reaction, and under some pressure from VUWSA, editors at *Salient* offered a private apology to Sir Neville. That apology was rejected, with the chancellor demanding a full retraction of the piece and a published apology,


providing a the magazine with a stipulated list of phrases to include therein. The magazine *did* do so. But not without publishing their own commentary on events.

To offer our own commentary on events: the independence of student media is vital to the health of student culture. Allowing Sir Neville and VUWSA to interfere in this – particularly in a matter as trivial as this one – is exactly the sort of thing that student publications ought to furiously resist, both as a matter of principle and as part of an aggressive defence of their autonomy.

Since the resulting furor and national media coverage, Sir Neville backed down from his stance, referring to the incident as "historic" – showing himself up as not really knowing what "history" is.

The Auckland University Vice-Chancellor, Professor Stuart McCutcheon, once conducted a scientific experiment involving slowly freezing baby lambs to death – ostensibly for science, but possibly for fun. ■

**Sir Neville Jordan -
Chancellor of Victoria University**



How long have you been Chancellor?
I was elected in December 2014

What's the best part of your job?
Shaking lots of sweaty hands at graduation ceremonies

What's the worst part of your job?
Shaking lots of sweaty hands at graduation ceremonies

So what do you actually do?
Shake lots of sweaty hands at graduation ceremonies

**Kanye West or Kendrick Lamar
Cliff Richard**

Any parting words of wisdom?
To quote my favourite Kardashian/Jenner child - Kylie, "stop sippin' on that haterade" and "don't listen to what people say because they don't know the truth." Word.

OUR ONE HEADLINE WITHOUT A DUMB JOKE

Last week, a balcony dropped on students attending a Six60 concert held behind a flat in Castle Street, in Dunedin. As many as eighteen students were injured in the collapse, with injuries ranging from light bruises to broken backs.

Those attending have described horrific injuries, including "legs going totally different ways" and "crooked" limbs. Multiple students have come away with broken bones, while others have accrued a number of minor injuries, including bruises and sprained wrists.

The most seriously injured was Bachelor of Science student Bailey Unahi. Ms Unahi broke her back after the collapse, and may never walk again. She is currently undergoing intensive

treatment at Christchurch City Hospital. A Givealittle page intended to raise funds to help support her family financially and cover the costs of her treatment has already raised more than \$25,000 dollars.

The surprise concert, held in the backyard of a Castle Street flat, was intended to be a return to their roots for Six60, before their next tour. The band members all met while attending the University of Otago, with the band being named after the flat the four band members lived in, 660 Castle Street.

The concert was originally going to be held at that address, but ultimately had to be moved in order to accommodate for the large crowd. The concert was attended by as many as fifteen hundred people

Attendees were reportedly warned at the start of the show to get off the balcony by opening

act Re-Greta-Bull, who says she noticed the balcony going "up and down" under the weight of excited concert goers. That request was initially followed, but the balcony refilled as the concert went on, leading to the eventual collapse.

To make matters worse, police claim that they were blocked from entering certain flats in order to help people standing on the balcony by other people attending the event. Others reportedly refused to move off a nearby roof, despite police requests.

The central government has opened an official investigation into the collapse, to be conducted by the Ministry of Business, Innovation, and Employment. That investigation will be matched by another report conducted by the Dunedin City Council. Footage of the concert, taken by the band, has been handed over to the police. ■

TRANS-PACIFIC PARTNERSHIP DISAGREEMENT

CRACCUM NEWS EDITOR MAKES EASIEST JOKE POSSIBLE IN HEADLINE

The first of sixteen roadshow conferences focused on the Trans-Pacific Partnership, intended to help inform the general public on the finer points of the trade deal, took place in Auckland this Monday.

Craccum wasn't there – the thing was held first thing on a Monday morning and who has time, honestly – but we've brought you a report compiled of feedback from people who were.

The meeting, held in the Rendezvous Hotel opposite Aotea Square, was divided up into two parts: a series of presentations held by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade, designed to talk up the benefits of the deal, and then after that, with a question and answer session, a "more technical" workshop session was held.

Obviously, given the controversial nature of the

deal, this process came under some scrutiny. Primarily, the event was criticized for being a "sales pitch" – something that a number of anti-TPPA activists felt was particularly galling after the lack of public consultation on the deal before it was signed.

Auckland University Law Professor Jane Kelsey, a noted critic of the Trans-Pacific Partnership Agreement, called out MFAT for only inviting people in support of the trade agreement to speak at the event, relegating any critical voices to the Question and Answer portion of the discussion. Kelsey also criticizes the fact that the majority of the roadshows will be held after select committee submissions on the agreement close on March 11th.

Her sentiments were echoed by Albert-Eden Local Board member Graeme Easte, who called the meeting "one sided" and "more of a show and tell".

Other criticisms of the event by people on the

ground – gathered entirely on an ad hoc basis – include a severe age imbalance in the audience that was largely older, while the Q&A session was held with more of a regard to managing time than it was for allowing individuals to ask complex questions.

On the other end of the spectrum, proceedings were disrupted by groups of protesters, some of whom dressed up like clowns and loudly giggled away at proceedings, and other who loudly popped balloons. Those protestors were eventually removed from the event.

The next Auckland event will be held on the 13th of April, and will focus on explaining the issues to mostly Maori audiences. There are no events focused on engaging with university students in general, to the best of *Craccum's* knowledge. ■



PRO LIFERS ARE EVIL FUCK PRO LIFE

A MEASURED OPINION

A pro-life group operating on university grounds is looking to make a second attempt to partner with AUSA in order to launch a scholarship programme, despite the last attempted partnership ending in controversy.

ProLife Auckland are a university based organisation that aim to "raise awareness about the effects of abortion". They are a part of the wider national group, ProLife NZ. Over the last year, the organisation have run a ribbon-based awareness day on campus, a national speaking tour, offered internships, as well as running a campaign against the Green Party – who they call "the abortion party of NZ", as well as also lobbying against euthanasia and assisted suicide..

The scholarship would help one single mother per semester to cover course costs and to help with other financial difficulties. The organisation have called the endowment part of a "holistic"

approach to anti-abortion politics, as they acknowledge that "financial circumstances can be pretty difficult following the birth of a child."

AUSA declined the partnership last year, citing a sense among the executive board that partnering with ProLife Auckland would run counter to their responsibility to advocate for students, particularly women.

An existing scholarship with a similar purpose also already exists at Auckland University, formed in coalition with a staff donor group. That scholarship offers aid to multiple students each year. There were some fears from the AUSA executive that forming a partnership with a pro-life group would potentially alienate AUSA's relationship with that group of donors.

The rejection email received by ProLife was then leaked to Kiwiblog, the personal blog of right-wing political activist David Farrar. David Farrar is a lifetime member of the Young Nats, and has worked in four generations of National government. Kiwiblog proceeded to publish the leaked emails, along with its own commentary and commentary from ProLife Auckland,

condemning AUSA for refusing an offer to help vulnerable students.

Former AUSA President Paul Smith was singled out, having participated in a debate last year arguing for "the absolute right to freedom of expression".

This is not the first time AUSA have had disagreement with the ProLife Auckland. In 2012, AUSA held a special general meeting in order to discuss whether or not to disaffiliate the group, having received complaints from students about the organisation's activities. The complaints centred around fliers distributed by the group that claimed that abortions posed medical risks to women. After a "lengthy" public discussion, students voted 225 to 117 to allow the club to stay associated.

Despite the fraught history between the two organisations, ProLife have decided to make a second attempt to partner with AUSA, rather than offer the scholarship independently.

AUSA will meet with representatives from ProLife at some point in the coming weeks. ■

THURSDAYS IN BLACK - RĀPARE KĀKAHU PANGO MAKE RAPE CULTURE UNFASHIONABLE



A new grassroots campaign with a long history in the feminist and peace movement has been launched at the University of Auckland. “Thursdays in Black” (TIB) is an anti-rape and violence campaign, the primary aim of which is to raise awareness of campus rape and sexual violence, and challenge a culture which silences survivors.

This awareness is raised in the most visible way possible; by wearing black clothes on Thursdays as a symbolic gesture of grief for sexual violence victims. TIB also sells merch (tshirts and badges), the profit of which goes to TOAH-NNEST (National Network Ending Sexual Violence Together organisation). If the country can do it for a sports team, surely a campus can do it for our survivors.

Although recently relaunched, TIB has a long international history. Coined by World Council of Churches in the 1980s to respond to rape as a weapon of war, TIB was adopted in the 90s by NZUSA, Tertiary Women New Zealand, and campus feminist groups. Over the last year TIB has been undergoing a relaunch with collaboration and support from the sexual violence sector.

For the 2016 relaunch, inclusivity is a priority. TIB National Gender Equity Officer Ella Cartwright says there is “not a one size fits all solution for sexual violence”. Acknowledging how factors such as gender identity, race, sexual identity, able-bodiedness and socio-economics intersect and impact someone’s likelihood of victimisation is fundamental to TIB. UoA am-

bassadors are working on creating paces and discourse which have room for victims/survivors of various identities and communities, in effort to support the particular needs of different groups. In the past, mainstream anti-violence movements have often excluded those who are most silenced and most vulnerable to sexual violence. By educating its ambassadors in concepts of privilege and power and stressing the importance of meaningful consultation with communities, TIB is dedicated to the inclusivity firmly stated in its kaupapa.

Accountability is also a huge focus. Rape culture is formed not just by perpetrators of rape, but by a bystanding society which sweeps sexual violence under the rug. Rape culture can manifest in many ways including normalising sexist language, only recognising a small niche of the spectrum of experiences that count as sexual assault, and treating sexual violence victims with overwhelming levels of suspicion. As Ella puts it, “sexual violence is a cultural/social problem that needs cultural/social solutions”. We are all part of the problem, but more importantly we all have a unique and valuable role in the solution.

There is no doubt TIB is responding to a very real, very immediate, very personal issue for UoA. Statistic from Rape Prevention Education NZ tell us that 16-24 year olds (majority of UoA students) are at highest risk of sexual assault. However, rape culture isn’t just about isolated events of rape, but how we as a society to respond and talk about it. Despite the fact that an estimated 90% of rape perpetrators are familiar to the victim, we persist with the ‘stranger in a dark alley’ narrative, to avoid accountability for acquaintances, peers and even friends, partners and family who are violating others. A culture which encourages

the silencing of discourse on sexual violence is a culture in which only 9% of rape cases get reported to the police. It is this culture which has us ranked worst of OECD countries in regards to sexual violence rates (UN Status of Women Report, 2011). TIB understands sexual violence as a spectrum, in which subtle sexism and aggression contributes towards a culture which isolates survivors and makes perpetrators comfortable. When some ‘lad’ from your hall shouts over the dinner table “aw bro i got raped in that exam”, they grossly invalidate the traumatic experience of rape victims (who RPE stats show are likely to also be sitting at that table), and weaken social sanctions against rape by likening it to something trivial. UoA needs to establish a culture in which that table would express even more unanimous disgust toward that lad’s comment than to the gluggy mac and cheese they are eating.

A culture is formed by its members. As members of the student community we have the collective power and responsibility to decide if the culture we want to belong to is one of support and empathy with zero tolerance for rape and violence. Whilst policy, legal procedure and education curriculums are important, awareness and peer to peer dialogue is intrinsic to real social change.

To participate in TIB and show your support for the movement, don your blacks, go wild on the #ThursdaysInBlack hashtag and like the Thursdays in Black Facebook page. If you’re interested in further involvement add yourself to the TIB UoA Ambassadors Facebook page and contact the AUSA women’s rights officers, Diana and Aditi at wro@ausa.org.nz, or the National TIB coordinators, Ella and Izzy at nwro@students.org.nz. ■ CAITLIN LYNCH

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

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

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

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

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS
www.ausa.org.nz

Lighten Your Load

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

Top Locker \$55.00
Bottom Locker \$45.00

EFTPOS ONLY.

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

Pop into
AUSA Reception
and get yours
today.

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

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

Clear things up

The **Campuspecs Optometry Grant** helps those with vision problems who are struggling with financial hardship.

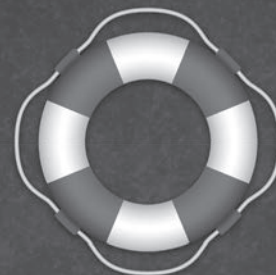
Successful applicants
will receive a **free eye examination and glasses**, if required.

Apply online at
www.ausa.org.nz

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

CAMPUSPECS
your eyes are the world

EMAIL [WELFARE@AUSA.ORG.NZ](mailto:welfare@ausa.org.nz)
WITH ANY ISSUES OR QUESTIONS



AUSA FINANCIAL HARDSHIP -GRANTS-

If you are struggling financially we are here to help! The AUSA Financial Hardship Grant provides up to \$250 (or \$400 if you have dependants) to students experiencing unexpected financial difficulties. Money is granted to assist students with food, accommodation, medical or travel costs.

We can also help you with optometry costs thanks to Campuspecs.

Apply at AUSA reception or online at
www.ausa.org.nz/hardship

Questions or Problems?
welfare@ausa.org.nz

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

WHAT'S ON: 14-20 MARCH

Silo Cinema is still going throughout March!

Get your Wes Anderson fix this Friday with the showing of *The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou*. Be sure to head down early to nab a good spot, check out the markets and have dinner from a food truck. Markets and food stalls open from 5pm, film starts at 9pm.

Academy Cinema presents the **Controversial Film Festival** which kicks off on the 18th with an opening night screening of *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom* (1975) or catch the \$5 Sunday deal at 2:30pm for the film *Freaks* (1932). Having been previously censored and banned, these films challenged the norms of their time and still continue to do so in the present day. Just remember, no refunds once the film starts.

Just a reminder to those without a ticket and still wondering if it's worth \$200 just to see Kendrick Lamar at **Auckland City Limits**, it's on this Saturday the 19th – better make a decision ASAP.

Enjoy a lazy Sunday afternoon of jazz at the Domain Band Rotunda as a part of the **Music in Parks** series. A good excuse to have a picnic and listen to Auckland Jazz Orchestra and La Luna and the Gadjos from 1–4pm. ■



AGONY AUNTIES

Hi Agony Aunts!

I have a question regarding break-ups and knowing how to deal with them when you have an essay or exam due. I know it's really hard to make the sadness go away completely but some helpful tips would be appreciated.

Yours truly,

A Worried Pupil

Dear **Worried Pupil**,

We've all been there and unfortunately heart-break is never convenient! Our advice would be to find a close, trusted friend to study with you. Having company will help you to focus on the exam or essay – you can motivate each other and it will also keep your mind off that broken heart. Once you've made it through the exam, you can both reward yourselves with a well earned ice cream, chocolate and wine fix. Hang in there!

Aunt Phryne & Aunt Wilhelmina xxx ■

PLEASE SEND YOUR PROBLEM IN 50 WORDS OR LESS TO LIFESTYLE@CRACCUM.CO.NZ, ANONYMITY GUARANTEED.

“OH BOY! A SPOOKHOUSE”

No one can claim they've never tried to build a haunted house. It's a desire that strikes deep. Unpredictable, like puberty, but difficult to articulate, like puberty. My desire struck four years ago. However, it wasn't until the end of two-thousand-fifteen that I knuckled down and plasticised this dream. It took three months to build, and existed proper for four days.

One of the difficulties of building a haunted house is the lack of existing literature on how to do so. Jason Surrell wrote a book about the construction of Disneyland's Haunted Mansion, and my mother offered time-worn wisdom as per usual, but neither were as comprehensive as I'd have liked. I thought it might be valuable to transcribe some of the lessons I learnt along the way, for the benefit of others who never received “the talk.”

- First things first, the amount of space you've designated for your haunted house is too much, and you'll realise you're unable to fill it with frights five days before opening.

- Abandon grand plans for a water feature. Nothing you can afford is truly waterproof, and you shouldn't waste time mopping up ink and tap water when you could be working on false ceilings.
- Food is gross, stale food is worse, and mould is tacky.
- Decide early whether you want to guide people through, or let them guide themselves. When choosing the latter, halve the time you expect them to spend in each zone.
- Patience is a virtue, and if they're going to a spookhouse then they aren't interested in virtues. Consider safety from the start.
- If you fail to pass an inspection you'll have to restructure in time you don't have. Hammer all nails flat. Finally, anything you leave out will be stolen, and people are harder to surprise than you'd expect.

I hope this has been helpful, and please tag me on Instagram [@theodorecracy](https://www.instagram.com/theodorecracy) when you build your own haunted house. ■

EASY VEGE LASAGNE

This vegetarian lasagne recipe takes some time to put together, but is easy, cheap (you can use whatever vegetables you have in your fridge) and super delicious!

Ingredients

1 onion
A few cloves of garlic
Glug of olive oil
1 carrot
1 kumara
1 cup red lentils, washed
1-2 cans chopped or diced tomatoes
Herb/spice of choice – I used garam masala
Salt and pepper to taste

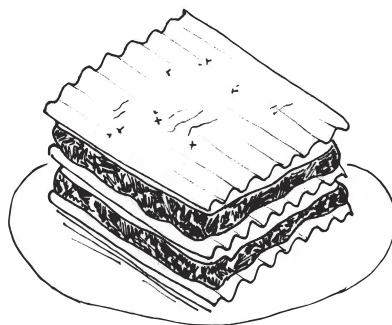
For the cheese sauce

2 Tbsp butter
2 Tbsp white flour
1 cup milk
Handful of grated cheese
Salt and pepper to taste

To assemble

Lasagne sheets (make sure you get the type that don't need pre-cooking)
A handful of grated cheese

Finely chop onion and garlic and fry in olive oil until clear, in deep frypan or large saucepan. Add, herbs, spices, kumara and carrots and fry until the veges are getting soft. Next add the lentils, followed by the canned tomatoes – you may need two cans to ensure the mix has enough liquid. Simmer on low for



approx. twenty minutes or until the vegetables are soft – the smaller you chop them up to begin with, the quicker they will cook.

While the vegetables are simmering, make the cheese sauce. Melt the butter in a saucepan, then add the flour and stir until frothy. Slowly pour in the milk, stirring constantly until the sauce thickens. Remove from heat and stir in the grated cheese, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste.

To assemble, cover the base of a medium-sized baking dish with a layer of vegetable mix. Next add a layer of lasagne sheets, and top that with a layer of cheese sauce. It is important that you make sure each entire sheet of pasta is touching some of the wet components to ensure that it cooks properly. Continue layering in this way until the veges and sauce are used up. I tend to add an extra layer of cheese sauce to the top layer and sprinkle over with plenty of grated cheese and a generous grind of salt and pepper. ■

HAPPY HOURS, HAPPY WALLETS

Freeman & Grey, 43 Ponsonby Road

Daily \$4 happy hour pizza between the hours of 12-2pm and 5-7pm. According to their website, if you text 'FREEMAN' [space] your email address to 4664 you can receive a free pizza!

Coco's Cantina, 376 Karangahape Road

From 5-7pm Tuesday to Saturday. Coco's makes a great date spot and they have a good sides menu if things are going well. Their happy hour drinks are a bit different too – \$6 sangria, prosecco and beer.

Ironbar Cafe, 150 Karangahape Road

Often a quiet spot on K Road, Ironbar offers the best deal on the street with \$5 beers and \$6 wines all the time.



Molten, 422 Mount Eden Road

Molten Monday offers \$7 pizzas. Without this deal your wallet might hold you back from experiencing this restaurant – make the most of this gourmet deal. ■

UPCOMING EXHIBITIONS

George Fraser: *Elam Students Association Art Fair, 14-20 March.* This is your chance to buy or submit artwork, with proceeds going to both the artists and to the Elam ESA.

Also opening this week in wider Auckland:

Objectspace: *Martin Poppelwell: A Storage Problem, 5 March-9 April.* An interactive ceramics exhibition by Hawkes Bay artist Martin Poppelwell.

Artspace: *THE BILL with Fiona Clark: For Collective Unconscious, March 12 - 22 April.* A performance and discussion-based programme investigating the history of LGBTQIA identities in Aotearoa.

Last chance to see *G.G Talk that Talk* at **Fresh Gallery Otara**, closing on 19 March. ■



FASHION ON CAMPUS

"I like rock 'n' roll, 70's vibes- y'know?"

@mzwetwo just released his song *You Got It*

Photography by Holly Burgess ■

From the Media Officer

Another week gone! We hope you enjoyed Maala and our Game of Thrones pub quiz - keep an eye out for more performances and pub quizzes in the coming weeks. In our pages this issue, we feature an interview with the EVP of AUSA - Rachel Burnett.

During our Exec meeting last week, we had a visit from Linsey Higgins, the President of the New Zealand University Students' Association (NZUSA). NZUSA promotes the student agenda at a national level through campaigns, research and media communications.

Many of us on the Executive wanted to find exactly what kind of benefit we, as students, derive from being part of NZUSA. Our greatest advantage is being part of a collective voice. Allied with other students' associations, student concerns reach a wider audience. For example, when news of the accommodation situation at Victoria University of Wellington hit the headlines, NZUSA was among the first to speak out against the fact that students who had paid for private rooms would have to share rooms with bunk beds. Following the outrage, students

affected were offered free accommodation until private rooms were available.

AUSA chooses whether or not to renew its membership to NZUSA each year. Our decision for 2017 will depend on how effective NZUSA is at representing our students.

We want to hear your thoughts - got any questions for Linsey or any comments about NZUSA? Send them to mo@ausa.org.nz! ■



Noticeboard

BLOOD DRIVE

AUSA is running a blood drive this week (Week 3) and next week. Head up to the old Clubs Offices (above the quad) to donate blood for people who don't have as much as you!

BY-ELECTION

Our initial plan was to elect an International Students' Officer at our upcoming Annual General Meeting at March 23rd. However, following a vacancy in AUSA's Culture and Arts position, we will now instead be holding a by-election to elect both vacant positions. If you are interested in either position, please don't hesitate to contact Isobel at avp@ausa.org.nz!

LOCKERS!

Sick of lugging your books around campus already? Buy a locker from AUSA! It costs just \$55 for a top locker, and \$45 for a bottom locker. Better yet - this cost is for the entire year! Just head into AUSA Reception to pick up yours today!

AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given for the AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING to be held WEDNESDAY, 23 MARCH 2016 at 1.00 pm, Student Union Quad. Deadline for constitutional changes is 12pm, Tuesday, 8 March 2016. Deadline for other agenda items is 12pm, Tuesday, 15 March 2016. - Association Secretary ■

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

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

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

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

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

www.ausa.org.nz

Interview with Rachel Over 10 000 Bottles of Coke Life

This week I had the opportunity to sit down with Education Vice-President (EVP) Rachel Burnett. We met in her office, beneath the leaning tower of Craccums. In a cruel twist of time, a Craccum digest from 1979 props up the '80s, '90s and today.

The weirdest sense to ask about seemed like a good place to start... what's her favorite smell? It's the Strata vegan loaf – *'Is it committing diet appropriation when you eat it and you're not vegan?'* She asks thoughtfully.

Favourite alcohol?

8 Wired Sour Side of the Moon ('I've only ever had two')

Most consumed alcohol?

'Epic Armageddons... Wait no, Liberty Citra'

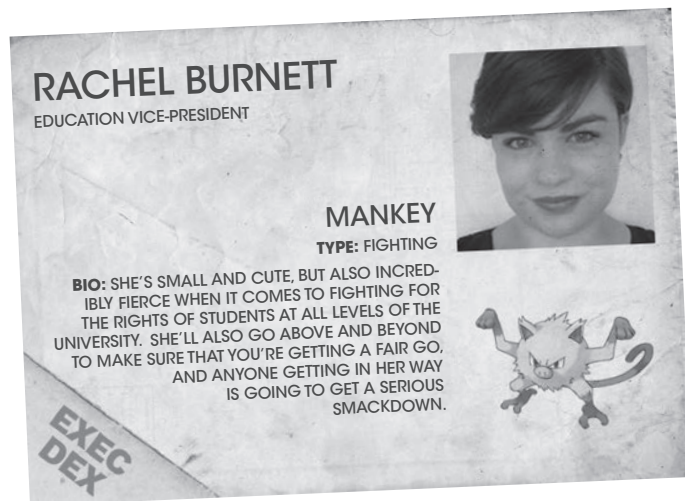
Favourite sound? : *When Dean (AUSA Treasurer) comes up with a new song for a stage musical and samples it to me.*

Is an AUSA musical on the cards?

The thing is, the five of us [the President, Vice-Presidents and Treasurer] are musical...



RACHEL BURNETT: BEANIE BABY



although Penny nearly killed Will and I when we played musicals in her car all the way up to Tai Tokerau Campus at the beginning of the year.

So maybe an Exec musical in the future? She reacts to this question as if it's not just a possibility but something that she's already thought about.

It should be called Witted, instead of Wicked, and the final song should be 'Defying Apathy' and instead of a fly system carry Will off, just all the past AUSA banners lifting him up into the heavens.

So Will's an angel?

Will's the wicked witch of the West Wing.

...Rachel, are you now or have you ever been a member of the Labour Party?

I'm still a card-holding member of the Labour Party but ironically I couldn't handle the campaigning

You do a lot of advocating for students around the University - what's your favourite committee?

That's the toughest question so far... I'd say Academic Programs Committee. Everyone told me I'd hate it because it's going over calendar specifications. I fucking love it - you learn so much about what other people are learning and you realize how much diversity the brains on campus are holding onto... how is there actually that much knowledge in the world?

Who is your favoured US Presidential candidate?

Ben Carson. His autobiography has more neuroscience in it than anyone else's...

As one of his many important acts as President this year, Will has assigned each of the Exec members a Pokémon. Rachel is Mankey. Do

you have a comment about the Pokémon he's assigned you?

Only that it's typical that Penny and Isobel get to be the pretty little feminine ones and I get to be the psycho little monkey thing. It's not only ridiculously offensive, but it's incredibly true.

Here's your chance to get back at him. What's the best Will Matthews conspiracy you've heard... or made up?

He says he has an 'at-rest-tremor' I'm pretty sure it's just because he's always excited about politics... But my least favorite is that he's a bigger Bowie fan than me. That's not true, I'm the ultimate Bowie fan...He gets the words wrong!

(Will's note - it's a 'Benign Essential Tremor', which is a harmless but sometimes irritating shake that I inherited through my maternal side. Annoying sometimes when putting sugar in tea)

(Will's note - never challenged Rachel on Bowie, but if she even tries with The Who or Led Zep-pelin she'll definitely be Dazed and Confused)

Shoot. Shag. Marry: David Bowie. Jimi Hendrix. Bob Dylan.

Shoot Bob Dylan for releasing a Christmas Album. Shag Jimmie Hendrix. Marry David Bowie.

Even Rachel's favorite YouTube video is music oriented. She describes it as *'these two kids, they're really stoned and they're eating rice cakes and they parody Alt-J but they actually sound like Alt-J'*. I don't believe her. We spend the last three minutes of the interview watching these two kids, who are really stoned, eating rice cakes and parodying Alt-J.

GOT ANY QUESTIONS FOR RACHEL OR ANY OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXEC? SEND THEM THROUGH TO MO@AUSA.ORG.NZ ■

Are you that someone?

Test yourself in these situations:

- What would you do if you saw someone at a party, in a bar, at a concert or in a crowd being hassled or touched by someone, and you can see they don't like what's happening.
 - How do you react when your gut is telling you a situation is dodgy?
 - Do you call out your friends if they make rape jokes, cat-call women, slut shame or victim-blame?
 - Would you intervene if you saw or heard something that you knew wasn't right?
- Are you that someone?

When we don't step up we are sending a message that this sort of behaviour is OK.

We can all do and say things to prevent sexual violence: we can step in during an incident, or we can challenge ideas and behaviours that support sexual violence – whether we know the person or not. **We can all be that someone - but will you?**

Why Bystanders Don't Act

1. They're worried about what others think
2. They fear retaliation
3. They doubt themselves
4. They think someone else will do it

Four Steps To Bystander Action

Here are our four steps to taking action and being that someone.

1 CHECK IN.

Ask the person if they're OK with what's going on.

2 CALL IT AS YOU SEE IT.

Tell them what they're doing is not OK.

3 GET INVOLVED.

If you can do it safely, cause a distraction or split them up

4 GET HELP.

Grab your mates or others to join you in speaking up.

If a situation is escalating and it's not safe, **find someone in charge like an RA or bouncer. Call the Police on 111.**

If you or someone you know has been the victim of a sexual assault check out the Toah-Nnest website for a full list of services around the country.
<http://toah-nnest.org.nz/>

SOUNDS DODGY, LOOKS DODGY?



DON'T HORSE AROUND.
CALL IT AS YOU SEE IT.

To learn more about healthy sexuality
check out the website

www.familyplanning.org.nz

or for more tips on bystander interventions check out
Are You That Someone?

<https://www.facebook.com/AreYouThatSome1/?fref=ts>

 **/AREYOUTHATSOME1**



flag debate current flag

BY NICHOLAS KIRKE

Let's admit it: the reason for a flag change has nothing to do with its resemblance to the Australian flag, and everything to do with the avid interest some people seem to have in expunging all traces of our British heritage.

I, for one, am rather bemused at the antipathy that some Westerners seem to have for the West. I think a reminder of what exactly the United Kingdom stands for and what it has brought to the world might be timely.

I write this article from an English pub in Guildford. I love the richness of the culture I have seen here while on holiday. There is a castle just up the road that dates back to 1066. The streets are cobbled, the buildings are old and made of brick, and even the supermarkets and cafés are mostly converted from buildings that appear to be around two hundred years old. Over the past couple of weeks I have also seen great cities. I saw Buckingham Palace; I saw Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament; I saw Westminster Abbey, St Paul's Cathedral, and the Globe Theatre; I saw the dreamy spires of Oxford, the extraordinary stone architecture of the colleges and the barges on the canals. And I realised that as a New Zealander I was extraordinarily proud to have a historic connection with this nation: the land of William Shakespeare, John Locke, Jane Austen, William Wordsworth, Charles Dickens, Isaac Newton, J.R.R. Tolkien, Herbert Spencer, and more.

What else? The United Kingdom fought Germany in both the First and the Second World War (wars which, by the way, New Zealand

also fought in alongside the British, forging a bond written in blood) and was instrumental in destroying Nazism. Its history is unsullied by neutrality or surrender, which is more than France or the United States can say. Its cities were bombed, its historical buildings and heritage destroyed, its gold reserves exhausted, and an entire generation of its young men slaughtered to stop Hitler. I don't have some idealistic view that the UK was acting out of entirely virtuous motives in going to war with Germany, but I think it should get some credit for its war against Nazism. It was in post-Enlightenment Germany that the Holocaust occurred, not the UK.

When the Second World War ended, Winston Churchill made a famous speech denouncing Communism and the Iron Curtain, and spoke out for the captive countries of Eastern Europe that were under Stalin's control. It is less well known that Churchill even considered plans for a European-led land invasion of Russia, but the Western powers, especially Britain, were seriously weakened by World War II and they simply didn't have the manpower to fight the Russians. However, the UK went on to be the USA's greatest ally in the Cold War, from 1945 to 1989, and was a safe haven to thousands of political dissidents.

For much of the twentieth century, millions of people in countries like East Germany would have given their right arm to get out of the Soviet Union and live in the UK. Why? Because the British have a tradition of political freedoms, stretching back to Magna Carta, which are simply absent in most of the world. England was the birthplace of democracy and saw an extraordinary legal apparatus emerge to protect the freedoms of ordinary people, including the separation of powers,

the common law, constitutional limitations on the monarch, secret ballot, and more. (If you don't know what these things are, they're really worth looking up).

It was the British who spread democracy around the world with their colonies. (Contra what I was taught in the French Revolution history paper – that the French Revolution sowed the seeds of democracy. On the contrary, democracy had existed in the UK for one hundred years before the French Revolution occurred, whereas the French Revolution turned into a bloodbath). And it is the British to whom we owe our legal system and the extraordinary political freedoms we now enjoy.

I found it interesting to read in the coverage of the 2014 Umbrella Revolution in Hong Kong, that a wrongfully arrested protester and student leader called Joshua Wong Chi-fung was able to exercise the right to habeas corpus and be released because of the historical British influence on the Hong Kong legal system. As CNN remarked, he would not have been able to exercise that right on the Chinese mainland. (Habeas corpus is the legal right to come before the courts and require them to provide a reason for your arrest, rather than putting you in prison for no reason.)

This is what the Union Jack represents to me. Our flag is an expression of our identity as a property-owning democracy and constitutional monarchy in the South Pacific. Exactly what would a new flag symbolise? Moral relativism and identity politics? Spare me. I am proud of the Union Jack and all it represents, and quite frankly I think Westerners who hate the West don't deserve to live here, and are extraordinarily ignorant of what it is like to live in fear in a totalitarian dictatorship. ■



flag debate new flag

BY JACK ADAMS

Ostensibly, a flag means nothing. It's something we see distantly dangling upon a pole, a precarious remnant of one's location.

Sometimes we see it above the bustle of a sports game. In the same arena, we're heard feigning some kind of emotion when we hear that god-awful anthem. "God save our free land" we drone endlessly. During our primary school assemblies, some of us had singing practice to belch out the horror of words that no longer relate to us; words that never related to us. No matter our pretence, we stand behind some kind of effigy of our nation, whether a flag or a song.

This national pride will always be an integral part of our beings. We may ignore it and try to distance ourselves from the embarrassment of being a Kiwi, isolated and really rather dull. But we'll forever stand true to our position as New Zealanders. Whether it's travelling Europe or commenting on Facebook threads, we'll always have a slight urge to distance ourselves, not from our heritage, but from the international crowd.

National redefinition is not news to any nation, contrary to what a conservative will try to tell you. In 1954, Sydney held an international competition to design a building that would grace the harbour. Twenty-odd years later, the Sydney Opera House was eventually erected. A building which, despite its early years of public resistance, is now deeply embedded in the Australian psyche. The Opera House is a literal front to incoming ships, it graces teaspoons and tourist advertisements. National redefinition allows for a connection to our community.

Our national anthem is the one that begs

the question: am I capable of tying my own goddamned shoes or should I just pray and hope for the best? It represents nothing but our public subservience to the Crown. Our economy, once booming with a socialist ethic, was only such because of Queen Elizabeth's tit presenting us with the milk of her labour. Since then, we've crumbled under our perceived ability to do it ourselves. Our flag is made of the fibres of the same era. But it's this stubbornness that represents us in the realms of agriculture, or the board meetings in a union building.

Many people are quick to defend our flag. It is the flag that our forefathers fought under! This national unity for which our Pakeha and Maori brethren died! Emotion deems opinion. Grand. Even this stubbornness is part of our Kiwi nature. A stubbornness that isn't shown in a flag of our captors.

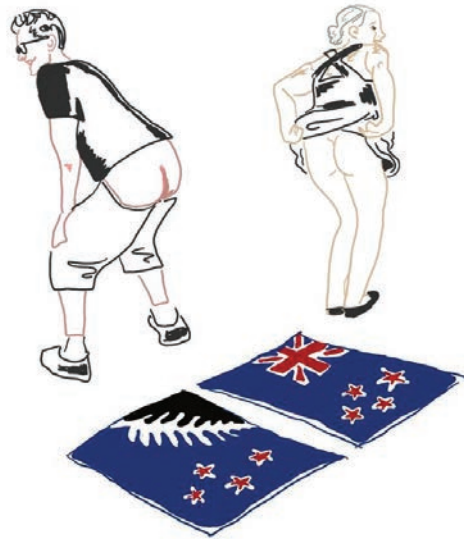
New Zealand, in the eyes of the empire, was fodder. Sheep, wine, and milk. The corpses of our labour. We traded our image for a protected economy. This is grand. Good life, stay low. We can only suppress national pride for so long. Many went to war as a soldier of the British Empire. "Soldier" being ever so slightly tenuous, often sending troops as the first wave, testing the battlefields. Bait for the Nazis. A lure for the Kaiser. Lamps to the Koreans. We've been defecated upon in our history. We went to war: by uniform, we were British; in spirit, we were Kiwis. Cultural Stockholm syndrome swept upon a nation.

Now we are faced with a ubiquitous issue. We're told we must be different. A flag is an integral part of how we view each other. The union flag is made up of three crosses and a set of stars. Canada changed their flag in 1965. It represents Canada in every way imaginable, not in design, but by association. The maple leaf is instantly rec-

ognisable, a symbol most Canadians are proud to follow. Four out of the fifty-three remaining nations in the Commonwealth have changed their flag. Ignoring the political ramifications, it allows for any individual to instantly swell with a sense of national duty. This includes severing any sense of association with Britain, bar politically. This was the nation that systematically influenced the religious genocide in the Indian partition and in Kenya. The nation that invented concentration camps during the Second Boer War. The nation that can only lay claim to a sort-of large navy and Burberry coats. The nation that still adheres to strict social class titles. The nation that birthed, bred, and upheld Margaret Thatcher. This is what our flag symbolises.

This nation isn't Kiwi. Our heritage is our sense of moral duty. We all buzzed ecstatically in Year 10 humanities when David Lange fought American nuclear policies. We are all edging on tears when videos of John Walker breaking the 4-minute mile flood our screens. This is the history we celebrate. We don't celebrate because everyone deserves a participation certificate. We celebrate because that's being a Kiwi. The kind of person that grew up with fish and chips on a Friday. When bare feet was a sign of hanging out, not poverty. The kind of person that understands what it's like to eat Weetbix with warm milk or get up at 3am to watch the All Blacks. Together, we are New Zealand. A union flag doesn't represent us. We are a nation, not a foreign advertisement.

During the next referendum, a change must be had. We may be the tested generation, but we shouldn't be the steadfast generation. A change will not necessarily define ourselves, nor will it define the phallic size of the sell-out government. A change will be a step forward in our efforts as Kiwis. ■



flag debate no flag

BY AVIGAIL ALLAN

It's O-Week – at one end of the General Library courtyard, past the Food Appreciation Society stall and some Sustainability Committee, stand Young NZ First (they exist!) handing out the "old flag" on T-shirts and leaflets with desperate urgency, as if it's an endangered species from the rare *stinky old rag* genus.

Again it's John Key versus Winston Peters; Kyle Lockwood's Kiwiana tea towel versus the triumphs of Her Majesty's Empire. Even Dan Carter, Justin Bieber and John Oliver stepped into the ring, proving yet again that New Zealand politics in 2016 is just another season of celebrity *Big Brother*. Can you tell that I'm a disillusioned politics major? Good, congratulations. I'm glad you have an eye for university sub groups. Now prepare for some more cynicism!

Why do we care so much about the flag and not hungry kids? Why are we pumping millions into referendums, flashy PR campaigns and panels of "designers", while we can't "afford" to fund mental health care or facilities in earthquake-ruined Christchurch? Why is it that we can vote for the uniform of our Olympics and have no say in the signing of the Trans Pacific Partnership Agreement? Ok conspiracy theorists, take a cold shower please. To me it doesn't seem strange at all. John Key could very well be using the flag to cover up a sneaky lil' plan to starve our children and sell off our whole country to a fat-cat American, but maybe we need to calm down and adopt a broader focus.

Yes, our flag looks like the Australian flag. John Key wants to change the flag so New Zealand can be distinguished as "not Australia". "Around the world

people get terribly confused. You can see pictures of me in the newspaper where they are talking about me and actually behind me, behind my shoulda, they're not even trying to take the mickey, thiv got me in front of the Australian flag" At the centre of this debate is a piece of fabric symbolizing what New Zealand is and is not. For flag change supporters, New Zealand is one hundred per cent *not Australia*, while advocates for our current flag feel our relationship with the Crown and the ANZAC legacy is betrayed. Meanwhile defeated Red Peakers bemoan that with the current rise of Grey Lynn, Ponsonby, great kiwi flat whites at \$5 a pop and sleek design principles, New Zealand is ready to take on a cooler, more urban identity.

So, the flag is a symbol of our "national identity" and what the hell is that? Britishness?? Rugby?? The ANZACs?? Why are we so desperate to cram a single idea of New Zealandness under one flag? Imagining our country as a single, cohesive unit and imposing that New Zealandness, or Australianness or Britishness, is not an evolution or redefinition of nationhood, it's Nationalism.

As isolated as our little Island nation feels, the flag debate isn't happening in a vacuum. It's occurring in a context of a global resurgence of Nationalism – a desperate grappling of who is truly "American" or "British" or "European", who belongs where, where one country ends and another begins, who belongs in America, who belongs in Australia, who belongs in Europe and who has to sit on the Greece/Macedonia border.

Flags are part of the 19th century combo meal of the nation state; part of the expansion of Empires and colonies that drew straight lines between people and lumped others together; part of a national identity thrust upon millions of people like a puzzle piece that will never fit. The flag symbolizes New Zealand's values right? And who has the power and resources to decide those values?

This is an important question in our Post Colonial context where most of our country's power is concentrated amongst a group of successful white blokes. Blokes who stand tall behind their rugby team, spend weekends at the bach in Omaha/Paunui/Whangamata/Mt Maunganui, clink their craft beers and thank their lucky stars that New Zealand is so cute, small and squeaky clean that all we have to worry and fuss about is our flag!

The conclusion of this debate of national identity can only be an assumed whiteness. And this is extremely dangerous. Today we're seeing more and more racist categories of nationhood, identity and citizenship being drawn and aggressively imposed in grandiose and macho acts of patriotism, ranging from sports games to anti-immigration rallies. And what do we see flying at all these events...? *The fleg!*

New Zealand, like the rest of the world, is changing around us, becoming more colourful, vibrant and diverse as we take in more refugees, immigrants, lifestyles and ideas. A flag can no longer define who we are, but what does it whether we follow the Camerons and the Trumps and the Keys who view our shrinking, globalizing world as a threat and in a paranoid rush decide on "us" as opposed to "them".

Flags have a bleak background. As symbols of Nationalism and Colonialism, their history is of exclusion, xenophobia, war and violence, so scrap 'em! If it *were up to me* there wouldn't be any. Or passports or borders or even countries too but I'll end it simply. John Key, Winston Peters, their youth wing army, Red Peakers, Justin Bieber and John Oliver may seem to be battling it out from disparate corners of the field but in reality they're sailing in the same boat of old-world Imperial politics when they could be saving themselves all this embarrassment by letting go of the flag debate. And the flag too. ■

Auckland Clinical Studies is looking for:

Fit, healthy males

to participate in clinical trials that involve new treatments



Are you:

- ✓ Are you a male or a surgically sterile or postmenopausal female?
- ✓ 18-55 years of age?
- ✓ BMI 18-30
- ✓ A non-smoker?
- ✓ Not taking ANY medications?

**The study involves a 17 night in-patient stay.
You will be paid for your time and travel at the
end of the study.**

Email: rimu@clinicalstudies.co.nz

Or call: 0800 788 3437 ext. 144





kendrick lamar

untitled unmastered

ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Late on Thursday the 3rd of March, Kendrick dropped a surprise album. The question on everyone's mind was, "do we actually have LeBron James to thank for this?"

The basketballer sent this tweet after Kendrick's blazing performance at the Grammys:



LeBron got his wish. *untitled unmastered* features everything from a track Kendrick debuted on *The Colbert Report* in December 2014 ("Untitled 1") to the new verse he spat as part of his performance at the Grammys ("Untitled 3"). The secret notebook for *To Pimp a Butterfly* has been published, and it's awesome.

untitled unmastered illustrates how long and fertile the nascent period leading up to *To Pimp a Butterfly* was. Each song on the album is adorned only with a date. "Untitled 3", we are told, dates all the way back to 2013. Most of the others are 2014 compositions. The songs make references, both musical and lyrical, to themes in *To Pimp a Butterfly*. From the unifying chorus of "Pimp pimp, hooray!" that opens and closes the album, to the examination of duality reminiscent of "u" in "Untitled 6", this album is very much a companion piece. The song opens, "These metamorphic supernatural forces dominate what I see/A Gemini, duality personalities always conflict in me." One of the more com-

plete songs on the album, Cee Lo Green's eerie vocals guide you along. In *untitled unmastered*, you can happily immerse yourself in the same melancholy but funky vibes that made you fall in love with *To Pimp a Butterfly*.

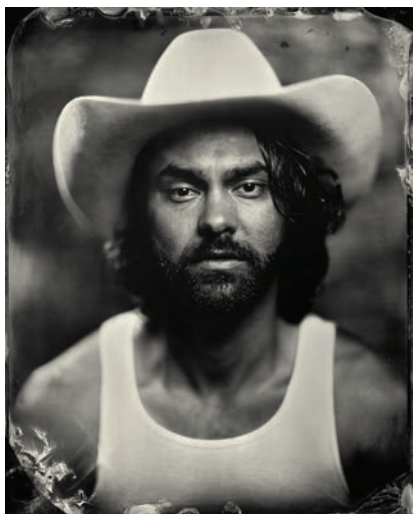
Kendrick's music, as with many rappers, draws highly on his personal story, like his ascension within the industry from humble Compton roots. And it is this that makes *untitled unmastered* more than just an album of outtakes. It's part of the meta-theatre that animates "i" and "u" on *To Pimp a Butterfly* — a personal struggle with the guilt of being successful and famous while the bleakness of black American life persists. Kendrick reprimands himself in "u" that "a friend never leaves Compton for profit", pitching raw survivor's guilt against the image of a "third surgery, they couldn't stop the bleeding for real."

What makes Kendrick's 2014-2016 creative period more poignant is the fact that it follows on from the success of *Good Kid, MAAD City*, an album that plays like the personal diary of a kid from Compton. Banter with the boys on the street is woven throughout. "The Art of Peer Pressure" essentially ends with the narration of a robbery. But Kendrick can no longer speak directly as that kid. There are echoes of him in *untitled unmastered*, for example, when a school child sings, "Co-ompton is where I'm from", backed by music that sounds uncannily like a church hymn. K Dot is now Kendrick fucking Lamar. He's not on the street anymore and can't pretend that he is. There is a nostalgic yearning to the way this school child is placed in "Untitled 7".

In some ways, Kendrick sees himself as a

prophet for the black community. One of his early albums, *Section.80*, is unified by the crackling of a campfire and stories being told around it. This sets the scene for K Dot to play with some lofty rhetoric in songs like "HiiPower": "So get up off that slave ship/Build your own pyramids, write your own hieroglyphs/Just call that shit HiiPower." Self-doubt and fear creep into this clear message by the time we reach *To Pimp a Butterfly*. "Mortal Man" on the one hand sees Kendrick compare himself to "the ghost of Mandela", but on the other sees him fret over whether "when shit hits the fan is you still a fan?" It is the earnestness and transparency with which Kendrick approaches being a spokesperson for Compton (and the black community more broadly) that make his lofty claims of leadership bearable. He ruthlessly examines himself, his own motives — whether he is, in fact, being pimped by the music industry — while trying to unify African Americans. "Pimp pimp, hooray!"

Social and political claims aside, Kendrick's wild success is most definitely warranted. In his interview with Stephen Colbert he reiterates that he sees himself not as a rapper but as a writer. To take one particular example from *untitled unmastered*: "Untitled 1" is a vivid reimagining of the Book of Revelation (judgement day) told through dark images of contemporary urban life. It is not the product of someone simply trying to display lyrical mastery. It is a conceptually thoughtful offering. Kendrick delivers his rhymes with a biblical gravitas, and leverages religious imagery to tell his stories. This is a man at the top of his game, and he's got a bone to pick. ■



Shakey Graves

INTERVIEW BY JACK ADAMS

At Western Springs this weekend, the trends will emerge. The mainstream will go to see Kendrick Lamar. The self-diagnosed hipsters (god bless them) will say they're there for The National. Everyone else will say they're going for someone apart from Kendrick Lamar. Avoid being this guy. If you're heading to Western Springs for the Pseudo-Big Day Out, Shakey Graves is going to be rolling out folk-blues melodies on the back of his not-so-new album *And the War Came*.

FIRST OFF HOW'D YOU GET THE NAME SHAKEY GRAVES?

Me and my friends had been drinking around a campfire one night and this dude came up to us tripping his ass off on LSD. He was warning us about something like 'spooky wagons'. We thought it could be quite a cool name, kind of like Speedy

Wiggins. We all kind of made up these campfire names for this festival, and I was given Shakey Graves. So it started from there when I was asked about my name during performances.

I NOTICED THAT THE TONE OF YOUR LATEST ALBUM, *AND THE WAR CAME*, HAS CHANGED SINCE YOUR FIRST ALBUM, *ROLL THE BONES*. WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT THIS CHANGE IN STYLE AND ETHOS?

I try to focus on not believing my own hype. If I tried to continuously make the same music I'd become an insane person, so I'm always trying to develop my sound and keep it interesting for myself. The single Dearly Departed (with Esme Patterson) was definitely part of this change. Some people are always going to be disappointed, but that is just the way it is. It is finding the balance between what created that original spark and what you want to do. I'm not trying to follow the feel of studio music all the time, but I'm also not trying to stay stubbornly low-fi. It's finding that happy medium. There's a time for both studio music and a live sound that you can never reproduce.

YOUR BLUES-FOLK HYBRID MUST HAVE HAD SOME INFLUENCES OVER THE YEARS. IS THERE ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR YOU LISTEN TO NOW, OR HAVE LISTENED TO, THAT INSPIRED YOUR SOUND TODAY?

Yeah, absolutely, I spent a lot of time listening to old blues and folk along with Alan Lomax recordings. I also focused on John Lee Hooker, Lightnin' Hopkins, and other old time Texas guitarists. But now it's all changing. Now I often listen to a lot of psychedelic rock.

AUCKLAND CITY LIMITS HAS ITS ROOTS IN MUSIC FESTIVALS IN TEXAS.

Auckland City Limits is based off of Austin City Limits, which is a festival based on a TV show. It used to have guys like Johnny Cash go on it, and we'd see it on PBS. But this developed into a city-wide thing. The festival in Texas is huge, and this is the first time we've had a City Limits outside of Austin. It's an honour to be part of this experiment.

THIS MUST'VE CHANGED OVER THE YEARS. NAMES SUCH AS SHAPESHIFTER AND KENDRICK LAMAR ARE FAR FROM THE BLUES OF THE NATIONAL AND YOURSELF.

The show began as folk and country music. But what the kids these days want varies so much. People who have played there range from Skrillex to Alabama Shakes, really whatever is going on at the time. But this is just how it is now. Festivals these days are just a smorgasbord of what people want to listen to. If you tried to have a blues festival now, you'd really be scraping the barrel to get people to come. In America, most of the music festivals are just a great excuse to get high in public. Kids popping molly and standing in the sun all day. Though, in fairness, I've turned up to festivals and popped molly and danced all day and had a great time. Don't knock it 'til you try it.

THIS CAN'T BE A POSITIVE DIRECTION FOR MUSIC? IS IT NOT ABOUT THE MUSIC THESE DAYS?

It isn't great sometimes. I've seen some kids licking dirt at noon. All I'm thinking is "what are you doing, kid! You're barely 17." But this is what 90s rave culture has become. You look at EDM and it's so big. If you don't have an EDM tent, you're not going to get anyone to come. I don't get it. I saw Major Lazer play, who's just Diplo, and there was no one on stage. It was just an MC in a suit with two girls with fire extinguishers moving around while a DJ pressed a button. There were 15,000 kids losing it to no one on stage. It was the weirdest shit I've ever seen. 100-300 US dollars to get high to see no one. But this is mainly for the Major Lazers and stuff. The upside is that in these festivals, you can see acts that you would not normally pay to see for a special concert. Sometimes you'll think "man, this is great" or other times, it isn't so great. Like I saw Drake play and I just thought it sucked so much. He doesn't even have a live band. But then again, I saw Kendrick Lamar play with the same set-up and it was spectacular. ■

Q&A With Caleb from Broods

YOU'VE PLAYED AT SOME INCREDIBLE FESTIVALS OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS. WHICH ONE HAS STOOD OUT AS A FAVOURITE, AND WHY?

It's so hard to pick one! So many of the festivals are amazing for different reasons. But one of the most recent ones in Hong Kong has got to be one of my favourites (Clockenflap). It was on the waterfront looking over the harbour and the sun was setting. It was just a little bit magical.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE YOU'VE PLAYED IN NZ. WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE NZ MUSIC SCENE? WHAT ARE THE DOWNSIDES OF IT?

I love how DIY the music scene is here, everyone makes it themselves rather than sitting in a room

with multiple producers that do it for you. It's just really organic here. I think the only downside is exposure for Kiwi artists, although that is becoming less and less of a problem with sites like Soundcloud which make it easier for Kiwi artists to put their stuff out there.

AT THE END OF LAST YEAR YOU TOOK YOUR TOUR TO ASIA - WHAT WAS THAT LIKE? HOW DID THE CROWD COMPARE TO OTHER PLACES YOU'VE BEEN?

The crowds were completely different depending on the country you were in. Like Hong Kong everyone was going nuts, then in Japan no one made a single noise until the song was completely finished! So polite.

YOU'VE CHEEKILY HINTED ON FACEBOOK THAT WE MIGHT GET TO HEAR SOME NEW SONGS AT ACL. IS THERE A NEW ALBUM IN THE WORKS?

The new album is well in the works, and there should be a few songs coming out on the day at ACL for sure.

HOW HAS BEING ON THE ROAD, TOURING ALL OVER THE WORLD, AFFECTED THE LYRICS/SOUND OF YOUR NEW MATERIAL?

I guess being on the road and playing shows every night affects the writing in the way that you naturally write more upbeat songs, because they're the most fun to play.

WHO ARE YOU EXCITED TO SEE AT AUCKLAND CITY LIMITS?

I'm gonna be really biased and say my mate Jarryd James because he is just incredible live - if anyone is a fan (or not yet a fan) you will not be disappointed! ■



Dave Leaupepe from Gang of Youths

INTERVIEW BY CAITLIN ABLEY

Dave Leaupepe really fucking hates music festivals.

This is a great way to start the interview. I'm already kind of flustered, because the person who was meant to talk to Dave, the frontman of Australian band Gang of Youths, bailed at the last minute. I had half an hour to listen to their singles, read through their Wikipedia page, and pillage questions from previous interviews. The publicist calls – ten minutes early. Shit. I get put through to Dave, and before I know it I am blathering about Australian politics and making a joke about their horrific track record with immigrants. Double shit. I try to steer the conversation back on track: Auckland City Limits. Is he pumped? Will it be a rager?

To my surprise, he is totally frank in his response. "I've only ever had a profoundly negative experience

of music festivals. I actually get really grouchy about them... There's not enough space. People are all over the place trying to fellate each other. Music festivals are fun if you're a sociopath or a networker or you really like MDMA." He goes on to explain that he is far too "petty and competitive" to engage in any of the backstage camaraderie between artists and roadies, and that he'd much rather "be fucking left alone". I tell him about the proud Kiwi ritual of crapping in chilly-bins and torching tents at RnV. He snorts. "Exactly my point. It's like, do you even care that Kendrick Lamar is up on stage spinning the most beautiful lyrics? I just have the most tragic frustration with festivals."

I mention that as much as I appreciate his honesty, Sony – the band's label – will hardly be thrilled to read it in the lead-up to Gang of Youths' gig at City Limits. Honesty, however, seems to be Leaupepe's policy. The frontman is alarmingly forthcoming in all his interviews. He seems to be almost abrasively open about the inspiration behind the songs on the band's debut album, *The Positions*. The lyrics deal with some pretty heavy shit, namely his relationship with his (now ex-) wife, her struggle with melanoma, and his eventual suicide attempt. The song "Magnolia" was written about this last topic, with Leaupepe singing, "In braving the last of this terrible wine/I've savoured the last and I've kissed it goodbye/There's no kind of right way to do what I'll do". Every interview with the singer seems to recount tragic events in his life – I ask him whether this is information that he freely offers up, or whether journalists coax it out of him. He says it's the latter, and that "journalists don't really care about you as a person. The narrative arc is really important for them, for their story." In a bid to distance myself from the scum-sucking grief junkies, I

don't ask for any particulars, just whether it bothers him that the world – or, at least, the readers of *Rolling Stone Australia* – know his most intimate struggles. He thinks about it for a moment, then tells me that he believes "wholeheartedly in full disclosure", and that if there is anything that can be learned from the "shitshow that is my personal life", then he wants to share it with people. His overall aim, he claims, is to "say as many true things as possible". Perhaps sensing my scepticism, he acknowledges that he may "not only be pissing into the wind, but shitting and cumming into it as well", but he has to try to stay honest in both his interviews and his music.

Gang of Youths has drawn a number of comparisons with artists such as Bruce Springsteen, U2, and fellow City Limits performers The National. This seems a little odd at first, because these three artists sound nothing like each other – but you can kind of hear it when listening to tracks such as their cover of Bowie's "Heroes". I ask Dave whether he welcomes these comparisons as compliments, or whether he is embarrassed by them. "I like the U2 comparison." I cringe. That's so uncool. "–because it's so inherently uncool," he finishes. Phew. "I just love the idea of hipsters in their fucking garages not listening to our band because of a U2 comparison. That gives me a hard-on the size of the Eiffel Tower." He loves The National, and we share an unironic verbal erection over the thought of seeing them at the upcoming festival. I ask him who would headline his dream festival – on the basis that all the MDMA-taking, compulsive fellators were banned, of course – and he lists Feist, Springsteen, Tom Waits, Wilco, Talk Talk, Slayer, Wu Tang Clan and Public Enemy as his top picks. "You could just name it 'Clusterfuck'", he laughs. ■

Q&A with MAALA

YOU KIND OF EXPLODED ONTO RADIO AND INTERNATIONAL BLOGS LAST YEAR. WHAT'S IT BEEN LIKE CRACKING INTO THE NEW ZEALAND MUSIC SCENE? WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF STARTING OUT IN NZ?

It's awesome – I mean it's a special thing to be acknowledged for something I've worked hard for, to any extent. Being from NZ obviously presents difficulties as far as taking the live show around the world. But in saying that, I'm working alongside a great bunch of people here in NZ. It feels like there's a sense of supportiveness here, which doesn't make this music thing feel totally impossible.

THERE ARE SOME VERY AESTHETICALLY-PLEASING PICTURES ON YOUR INSTAGRAM THAT HAVE BEEN HINTING AT NEW MUSIC. WHAT IS YOUR WRITING PROCESS? DO YOU WRITE ALONE OR WITH OTHERS?

I certainly am! I'm working towards an album at the moment. Most of this project is written

with two other guys: Josh Fountain and Jaden Parkes. Collaboration has really come to play an important part in MAALA's sound. I've personally found it important to play to my strengths, and let my co-writers play to theirs – I think we've struck a good balance.

WE'RE VERY EXCITED TO SEE YOUR SET AT AUCKLAND CITY LIMITS, AND HOMEGROWN LATER ON IN THE YEAR. DO YOU APPROACH A FESTIVAL SET DIFFERENTLY FROM A SOLO GIG?

I'm pretty new to this live thing. I've only really played a handful of shows but I'm starting to pick up on what's working and what people want to hear. At a solo gig, where it's more intimate, I feel like you can afford to put a few more of the slower numbers in the set. For the festival shows coming up you can expect a bit more pace.

WHO WOULD HEADLINE AT YOUR DREAM FESTIVAL?

I can't wait to see Kendrick Lamar – he'd be

on the list. Kanye West would be killer also. Rounding it off would be local heroes, Unknown Mortal Orchestra – I loved their set at the St James a couple months back.

JUST BECAUSE WE'RE CURIOUS – WHERE DOES THE NAME MAALA COME FROM?

It really came down to the look and sound of it. I'm a sucker for capital letters with straight lines. I just wrote out the alphabet and picked letters I thought would compliment each other. Naming a project is far too stressful for my liking. ■





One in the hand, two in the bush

SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

A friend who once worked in a video store had to call a customer multiple times to ask them to return an overdue film. This does not seem like an irregular occurrence, you say. Please sit down and be quiet, I reply. For this was not your run of the mill *Love Actually* or shithouse Katherine Heigl rom-com that was racking up the late fees.

"I'm just calling to remind you that the film... *Cum Beggars 5* is overdue."

"Why would someone subject themselves to such humiliation, when a frighteningly vast swathe of pornography exists on the Internet?" you ask.

"What would *Cum Beggars 5* even be about?" you enquire further, with a greater sense of intrigue.

Good friends, I am here to tackle such a pressing question with nothing but my imagination – through pure plot guesswork, and absolutely no clue, nor any intention of finding out, whether my plot direction and cinematographic choices in any way align with the director's original vision for this cum cravin' extravaganza.

Come (ayyy) to think of it – was there a consistent director's vision throughout all five installments in this series? Or was this a *Harry Potter* franchise sort of deal, where the earlier innocence of *Cum Beggars 1* and *2*, following closely to the source material but lacking artistic flair, transitioned into a flourishing third chapter punctuated by dark and

decisive film making?

And so we press on.

Cum Beggars 5 (probably) opens upon a desolate wasteland. The cum famine has struck once again, leaving women desperate, devastated, unfertilised. The elderly women, their knowing eyes have seen this despair before. Wrapped in shawls on every street corner, they rattle their empty cups as you pass.

"Cums for the poor?" they cry. Your eyes remain downcast.

There are no cums to give.

Just as it seems many of us have no shits to give about the shitshow faced by those behind the camera in such an industry.

That transition was smoother than a freshly-waxed chest.

Many people a lot smarter than I have turned their hand to probing (ayyy) the harmful effects of pornography – for those involved in both the creation and consumption of a product that objectifies and manipulates. Bodies, particularly those of young women, are partitioned and quantified. This is evidenced in the way these films are titled, with ample references to tits and asses, terms like "whores" and "sluts" bandied about like classification codes in the Dewey Decimal System.

And so, in anarchic resistance to the sultry air that the (presumably mustachioed) porn executives want us to buy into, we must appreciate the delights that pornographic titles have to offer, and collectively have a hearty laugh at their unsuccessful attempts at allure.

We can finger through (ayyy) such delights as *Sixteen Hours of Teens Taking Dicks*. In a film that's length is assumedly on par with an extended Lord of the Rings marathon, roguish youths (perhaps) lark about stealing dicks from unsuspecting victims. The ante is then well and truly upped in what can only be described as the best title ever given to a sequel – *Sixteen Hours of Teens Taking Big Dicks*. Said roguish youths, (possibly) unsatisfied by their meagre takings, move onto bigger and better things (ayyy).

Or for those tickled by a good pun, movie-based porn plots may be just the ticket. One need not look much further than *Shaving Ryan's Privates*, an epic war-time film where Tom Hanks and his band of soldiers stare death and devastation in the face as they travel the French countryside to (I guess) tenderly teach a fresh-faced Matt Damon the ways of manscaping. (Note that *Forrest Hump* is a thing that also exists, if you want to have a Tom Wanks double feature). Or *Fatal Erection*, a very smart play on the film title *Fatal Attraction*; it is extra clever because it doesn't even rhyme which means you have to think even harder to figure out what the fuck it's supposed to mean.

Special mention must be given to *In-Diana Jones: The Temple of Poon* for even daring to suggest that any Indi incarnation could possibly be more sexually enticing than 80s Harrison Ford. Amateurs.

Further honourable mentions go to *Schindler's Fist*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Breast*, and *Cum Fart Cocktails* (the latter for completely disregarding the value of mystery or intrigue). As aforementioned – many have discussed such a topic with much more finesse. Take a geez at *Hot Girls Wanted*, or even *Lovelace*. Masturbate responsibly. ■

the controversial film festival at the academy cinemas

warning: subject matter lives up to "controversial" title.

BY GORJAN MARKOVSKI



OPENING NIGHT:

Salò or the 120 Days of Sodom

DIR. PIER PAOLO PASOLINI
FRIDAY MARCH 18TH 8:30PM

The festival does not start off easy, opening with the film boasting the most lengthy rating specifications of all the titles: "Strong Violence, Sexual Violence & scenes of torture and degradation". Centred around four fascist libertines who kidnap 18 youths and subject them to 120 days of physical, mental, and sexual torture, it was conceived as a metaphor to criticise the passive acceptance of fascism's rise from the aristocracy and elite of Italy. Locating the film in Salò brings symbolic significance as it was the area that Mussolini's government essentially set up as their capital, and was also where Pasolini's brother was killed. The stomach-churning scenes of torture and humiliation in the film offended viewers to a degree that it resulted in bans across the world: in 1976 West Germany the film was seized by the State Attorney at its premiere screening in order to ban it, in the US owners of a bookstore renting the film were arrested for 'pandering', in the UK a cinema playing it was raided by police and Australia actually ended up reinstating a ban on the film five years after they revoked the last one. More unnervingly, the director himself was murdered shortly before the film's release, sparking suspicions as to whether it was connected with the outrage caused by the film itself. ■



\$5 MATINEE:

Freaks

DIR. TOD BROWNING
SUNDAY MARCH 20TH 2:30PM

Marketed with such lurid and exceedingly uncomfortable slogans as "Can a full-grown woman ever love a midget?", Tod Browning's 1932 *Freaks* seemed bound and determined to offend and upset from the offset. Little did the director know the extent of the damage the film would have on his successful Hollywood career (he directed the successful 1931 *Dracula* starring Bela Lugosi). Chaos ensued in disastrous test screenings with one woman apparently threatening to sue by claiming the film disturbed her to such a degree it caused her to have a miscarriage. 30 minutes of cuts followed (with a third of the film excised) to try and purge the film of its more disturbing content. Contemporary audiences however were still horrified not only by the use of real circus performers (several famous actresses including Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow refused parts in the film because of this reason), but also by the fact that the film seems to be sympathetic towards them. ■



Kids

DIR. LARRY CLARK
FRIDAY MARCH 25TH 8:30PM

Daring to show under-18 city kids drinking, drug-taking and having unprotected sex, while casting actual, non-professional street kids in the roles, writer Harmony Korine and director Larry Clark's film debut was bound to generate controversy – and between getting slapped with a crippling NC-17 rating, featuring on outraged reports on CNN, while also being accused of child exploitation and pornography, it certainly did. The situation was not lessened by the film's uncomfortable story of HIV infection (in the mid-nineties at the height of the epidemic), nor the fact that some scenes involved sexual violence between youths and that actual drugs may have been taken at the time of shooting. The film itself was picketed at screenings, particularly in the UK where the British Government itself denounced the film. ■



CENTREPIECE:

The Holy Mountain

DIR. ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY
FRIDAY APRIL 1ST 8:30PM

If you were to rank which film of the line-up would be the most 'likely to have been conceived on LSD', *The Holy Mountain* would top the pack, because it actually was. The director Alejandro Jodorowsky approached guru Oscar Ichazo, was given LSD and subsequently 'initiated' for 8 hours, an experience that produced images for Jodorowsky that would inevitably make up *The Holy Mountain*. Among them you will find people bleeding animals, an old man plucking his eye out and gifting it to a little girl, thirty naked boys chasing a man with leaves painted on their genitals and also faeces turning into gold. *The Holy Mountain* was limited to midnight screenings in the States, and only had a wide release 30 years later. The film was called "the scandal of the Cannes Film Festival" where it premiered, but had the support of John Lennon and Yoko Ono: they put up \$1 million in production money towards the film. ■



I Spit On Your Grave

DIR. MEIR ZARCHIR
TUESDAY APRIL 5TH 8:30PM

Made in response to the awful treatment (even by police) of a woman whom the director had helped after she was subjected to a violent rape, Meir Zarchir's film (originally titled *Day of the Woman*) about an abuse victim taking bloody revenge on her attackers, was heavily polarising upon its release. Its main point of contention? The graphic 25 minute rape scene in the first half of the film, which provoked debate over whether it foisted the film into exploitation. Renowned film critic Roger Ebert certainly had a firm opinion: he called it the "worst film ever made". Banned in Canada, Australia and Great Britain (where it had the infamous 'video nasty' label) it nevertheless has a number ardent defenders including feminist Julie Bindel who picketed the film upon its release, but now considers it a 'feminist film'. ■



CLOSING NIGHT / NZ PREMIERE:

The Devils

DIR. KEN RUSSELL
FRIDAY APRIL 8TH 8:30PM

X-rated in both the States and the UK, *The Devils* portrays hysteria in a 17th-century French city after a sexually repressed nun accuses a Roman Catholic priest of witchcraft. The iconoclastic imagery in this film ranges from a mother superior fantasising about making love to Jesus, to exorcisms involving the violent insertion of enemas. The film caused such offense that critic Alexander Walker publicly derided it on public television, calling it "monstrous indecency, simplemindedness and harping on the physical", leading director Ken Russell to apparently swat him with a rolled-up *Evening Standard* in response. Ruthlessly edited and suppressed by Warner Brothers well beyond its release, the film to this day has not been allowed a DVD release in the States, while only an incomplete cut was permitted on DVD in the UK and not in high definition. This screening marks the first time the film will be played in New Zealand, and we ask viewers to show their support towards a full director's cut release by including the hashtag #freethedevils in their social media. ■



Eye in the Sky

FILM REVIEW BY CLARK TIPENE

In the face of disastrous and horrific casualties, *Eye in the Sky* follows the ethical dilemmas of a drone mission to target Al-Shabab terrorists in Kenya. Upon identifying a young girl as a possible casualty, drone pilot Steve Watts decides to postpone the mission until he can be assured of her safety. The biggest standout was the film's ability to keep me literally on the edge of my seat, wondering what was to come next. The moral implications of drones remain fresh in your mind as you leave the cinema, but unfortunately, it all came together a little too predictably for my liking, and interest was lost at times.

What is meant to be a serious and grave mission to save innocent lives turns into a comedic account of the realities of bureaucracy in the 21st century. I wasn't sure what to make of this – on the one hand, it was hilarious the number of times someone had to refer up to someone to confirm something to somebody else. I'm not sure whether this added anything substantive to the intrigue of the film; it seemed strange when juxtaposed against the plight of the innocent girl selling bread by the roadside, who could very realistically be killed in minutes.

The film manages to straddle the boundaries between the predictable and the unexpected. This isn't your everyday political thriller (surely that genre exists), but it certainly wasn't extraordinary in my opinion. Without doubt, there were moments where I was laughing out loud, or tersely invested in the tension, but the rest of the time I was a little... unimpressed, frankly. Drawing you in and leaving you hanging, *Eye in the Sky* was good. But not great. ■



Gods of Egypt

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

Set in alternate, flat world Egypt, *Gods of Egypt* begins in a peaceful kingdom ruled by Osiris, who is about to turn the throne over to his son Horus (Nikolaj Coster-Waldau). Osiris' brother Set (Gerard Butler) then kills him, seizes the throne and turns the "mortals" (read: human-sized non-deities) into slaves who must now pay him with riches to enter the afterlife. Horus, with the help of a mortal, Bek, plots to stop Set from inciting the destruction of the kingdom – and of creation itself.

This film makes its poor quality clear in the first five minutes. Bek decides to help Horus in pursuit of a better life for him and his lover, Zaya, whose acting skills include jolting her head in all directions six times in the course of a single sentence. Appropriately, Set's architect is referred to as the "master builder", a fitting Lego Movie reference since the film's artificial set and goofy premise has the look and feel of a 10-year-old's Lego project.

Gods of Egypt is most noted for having no Egyptians in the cast, and regardless of your view on Hollywood's whitewashing, Egyptian gods with British and Scottish accents comes across as nothing but comical when watching the film. Horus' lover, Hathor, calls upon canine man Anubis, who has a British accent that left me expecting him to ask Hathor if she saw the football last night. Oscar winner Geoffrey Rush plays Ra, god of the sun, and opens with pure poetry: "Birds that fly past my ship get killed before they can take a shit".

If, like the British group in front of me at the cinema, your only requirements for a good film are abs for the ladies and breasts for the lads, this film is for you. Otherwise, give it a pass. ■



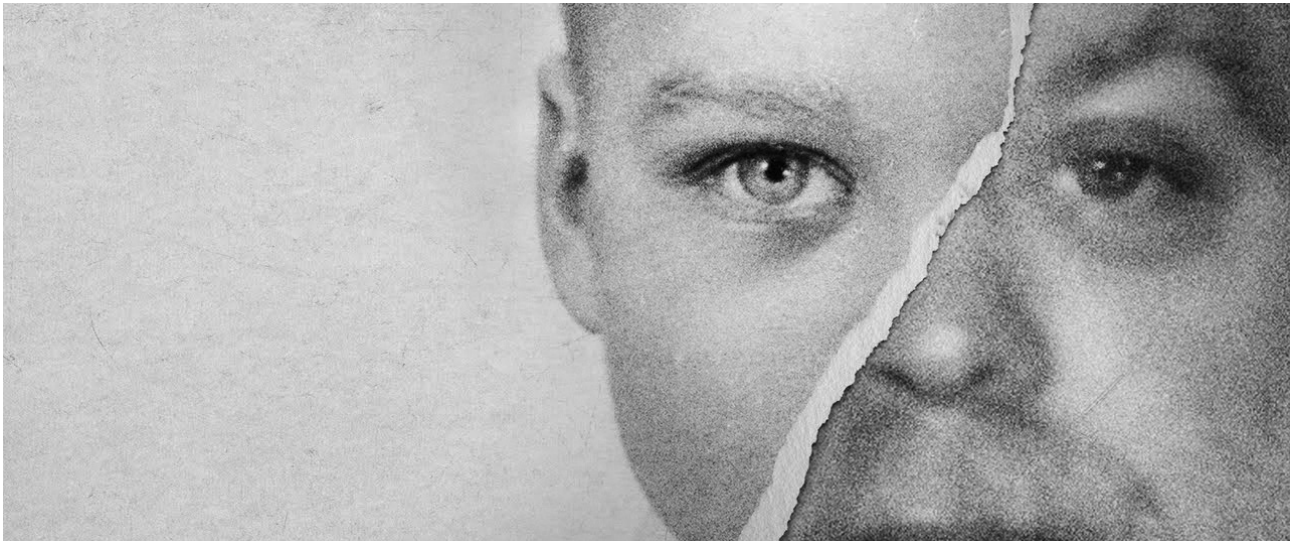
George in the Park

CONCERT REVIEW BY NIKKI ADDISON

Being a student, free stuff is important. So when George FM announced that they were bringing back George in the Park this year, I was more than stoked. First held in 2002, George in the Park is a free music festival, the brainchild of George FM host Thane Kirby. New Zealanders like music, sunshine and parks, so what could be better than a (free) combination of these three things?

Beginning at 1pm on Saturday and going until 6pm, George in the Park took place in Ponsonby's Western Park. This was a good location because the surrounding hills allowed families to enjoy the music from afar without having their view impeded by drunk teenagers (yes, you could drink there – Western Park's alcohol ban doesn't begin until 10pm). Another bonus: the trees. Saturday was hot. Very, very hot. The trees lining the edge of Western Park were perfect to spread your picnic rug and chuck your chilli bin under, meaning you could kick back and watch comfortably. The main issue with the set-up would have to be the lack of shade by the actual stage – if you wanted to dance or get close to the action, you were in fully-fledged sunlight. Lots of people braved the heat and did just that, of course, but some kind of sunshade or gazebo would have been great.

The event was hosted by Thane and Kara from the George breakfast show, and they introduced the acts – Valkyrie, Aroha, Weird Together, Dan Aux and The Black Seeds. The line-up was pretty sweet, the highlight being The Black Seeds and their authentic Kiwi summer vibes. A selection of stalls provided some good food and drink options, including a delicious-smelling Miss Moonshines stand. All in all, a fun free way to occupy the day. Here's to next years'. ■



Making a Murderer and the Role of the Documentary

MICHAEL CLARK

When *Making a Murderer* came out on Netflix, the entire flat binge-watched the series within a few days. We watched all the drama, all the action, all the dramatic to-and-froing of the lawyers, but especially, we watched as a poor family was ripped apart by a corrupt legal system that convicted two innocent people to life in prison.

We sat at the edge of our seats during the lead up to the ruling (even though we could have just Googled the results) and we sank back in disappointment when they were both handed down a life sentence. It was a maddening roller-coaster of a ride and it divided the flat for days.

One of my flatmates was relentlessly against Steven Avery. He thought there was, beyond doubt, no way that Avery and nephew Brendan Dassey were innocent. Was I missing something? It was completely obvious what happened. Avery was framed by the Manitowoc County police department and Dassey was completely out of his depth, caught up in the whole affair.

But were they?

At my friend's insistence, I listened to a podcast called *Rebutting a Murderer* which told another

side of the story. And that's when I realised that *Making a Murderer* had crafted a narrative for me. It told me a few facts about the case which allowed me to join the dots and cement an idea. The conveniently placed keys, the hole in the vial of blood, the eerie presence of Sergeants Lenk and Colborn throughout the affair all pointed towards the interference of the Manitowoc police. During the scene where they were uncovering the vial of blood with the hole in it, I thought it was too perfect. Like in a detective novel. There was a giant vial-of-blood-shaped hole in the narrative, and the metaphorical smoking gun fit so perfectly that it was unbelievable.

The documentary manipulated that vial-shaped hole. It bent the facts and created a story so that all that was needed was a vial of blood with a hole in it. And that's just what we got.

Except that the hole in the vial was supposed to be there. It was created by the needle that pushed the blood into the vial in the first place. A fact which the filmmakers found out later and never really bothered to bring up. There's all sorts of evidence that counter the *Making a Murderer* narrative that are never mentioned in the documentary. The fact that victim Teresa Halbach had been to Avery's salvage yard on six previous occasions in the last year and that he specifically called her to come out the day she went missing, the multitude of death threats Avery sent out to different people while he was in prison, and the notable bleach stains on Avery and Dassey's clothes during the day Halbach disappears all indicate a counter-narrative to *Making a Murderer*'s story.

It frustrated me. I felt lied to. I put my trust in this documentary only to find out that it wasn't telling the entire truth.

Whether or not Avery is innocent is an entire debate in itself and the corruption of the Manitowoc police is a whole other discussion (both

that I feel I have no prerogative in judging); my true conflicts are with the documentary itself.

A lot of documentaries are argumentative or expository. They try to persuade the viewer to their side of a certain issue. Which is absolutely fine as most viewers know that they are being coaxed to believe a single side. Sometimes they even enjoy being persuaded.

The problem with *Making a Murderer* is that it presents itself as objective from the outset. The tagline in the trailer quotes Avery confidently, "the truth will come out" which compliments other catchphrases such as "the truth will haunt you" and "where will you stand when the unravelling begins?" This lead me to believe that this documentary would lay all the facts out on the table before making a judgement call. Instead we get a narrative patched together, including a steadfast underdog, an obviously corrupt villain and a far-reaching conspiracy which is presented as truth. Only facts that aid the narrative are included or emphasised and there is no point where the documentary even alludes to its one-sidedness.

Partly it is our own fault. Or maybe it's my own fault. I'm used to listening to documentaries series like *Serial* and *The Jinx* that are honest with their audience. Host Sarah Koenig is in favour of the accused but constantly reminds the audiences of this and that her end goal will always be the truth of the matter.

Making a Murderer was a little too conniving for me, presenting its own epic narrative as truth and not an argument. This is especially important when documenting a legal case as the truth should have priority over all. The malicious foregoing of certain facts and their lack of subtle suggestion that this documentary is an argumentative piece – this is the source of my frustration. If it laid all the facts on the table and then speculated an appropriate narrative, then I would have been more forgiving. ■



Shefita: when you find what you didn't know you needed

CHRISTY BURROWS

Shefita in one sentence: a Middle Eastern singer backed by traditional instruments parodying alt rock hits of the 90s. The problem with sentences however, is that they use words – and words simply aren't enough for Shefita. She is a sonic and visual masterpiece, guaranteed to make you laugh without knowing exactly why when you're overtired on the internet at 2am.

There's something beautifully bizarre about the first song you hear. "Lithium", her Nirvana cover, begins with a gently plucked mandolin/lyre type instrument that keeps beat with a giant tambourine (seriously, it's huge). Until the lyrics begin, you have little idea that this song used to belong to Kurt Cobain and his angst setup. In the video, Shefita lounges, delicately using her

fake nails to pluck pills from the convenient ledge on her hookah pipe stand. She is fanned by a man in a tuxedo (his fan is huge too!). Then the chorus hits. It's an even more off-kilter version of the original, the mandolin/lyre joined by a cello playing a lot of minor chords, and Shefita hitting a lot of grunge-inspired notes with Middle Eastern flourish.

Then comes the outfit change. Instead of heavy gold accessories and a summery wrap, Shefita now melodramatically caresses a bouquet of fake flowers in a black funeral dress with a really long trail. And we learn that the video is a tribute to Kurt Cobain! How poignant. She kneels at an altar devoted to him in a shimmery, glittery, and very see-through dress. So, Kurt ended up writing his own funeral song and Shefita performed it in devotion to him. It kind of works?

"Karma Police" is even more of a treat. In her characteristic cat eye glasses, Shefita and her band travel through the streets of Tel Aviv. The mood is sombre, faithful to the original tone. The dress code is a bit more casual, with the

band members in understated gold-clad celebratory garb. But wait. They're performing it on the back of a rickety old cart drawn by a rickety old horse! With no acknowledgement of the comedic value of the situation, just deadpan.

As for her covers of "Bittersweet Symphony" and "Personal Jesus", they're better experienced firsthand.

I listened to an interview with Shefita, and in answer to the question "who is Shefita?" She replied "First of all, a very sexy woman, as you can see". So it didn't help much, given that I already knew that. When asked what she does about people offended by her style? Word for word: "I am giving him a tissue. I think what you really need is a tissue and a psychologist, and this is it from me".

I love Shefita a bit too much. I have no idea what's going on with this combination of Israeli tradition and the alt rock of two decades past, but I like it. The best part of the Shefita experience is trying to figure out if she's fucking with you or not. ■

J.D. Salinger

THEO MACDONALD

Catcher in the Rye is empathetic for a novel featuring a protagonist of nihilistic sentiment. Holden Caulfield is willing to brand every passing acquaintance as "phony," but questions his ability to do so.

This may be the reason *Catcher* is such a ubiquitous classic, passed between teens as an antidote to the self-righteous alienation of *Perks of Being a Wallflower*, and every band whose lyrics can be summed up: "Parents just don't understand". Despite the book's enduring popularity, it can be difficult to know where to start with the remainder of J.D. Salinger's softly melancholic output. Here's some tips for plugging up that Salinger-sized hole in your heart.

Nine Stories

Salinger's control of direct language suits these forays into short fiction, appearing in publications from *The New Yorker* to *Esquire*. The stories are mostly character moments, straying

into melodrama, and highlights include "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," with its spooky twist ending, and the well-articulated adolescence of "The Body". *Nine Stories* might be the best place to start because it introduces several of the characters Salinger would return to throughout his career, as well as his home state of Maine.

Raise High the Roof Beam, Caretakers and Shining: An Introduction

Fair warning, if you're not interested in failed writers, symbiotic relationships, or characters who live permanently at hotels, J.D. Salinger may not be the author for you. Split into two halves, RHRBC:SI is about a novelist's attempts to work while plagued by substance abuse problems and ghosts from the past. The climactic reveal of writing on a mirror sent chills down my spine, and you'll never look at topiary lions the same way after.

Annie and Sheldon

To simply rip the band-aid off, *Annie and Sheldon* is also about a writer, also split into halves, and features a co-dependent relationship at its core. Salinger takes these subjects in a different direction though, perhaps due to the point he

had reached in his career, as the public clamored for more Holden even though his interests had long ago moved on, into Eastern spirituality.

Rage

Continuing his desire to avoid stagnation, in the late 1970s Salinger began working under the pseudonym "Richard Bachman," moving through a variety of genres including multiple works of dystopic science-fiction. Although his secret was revealed in 1985, the books were popular, particularly the school-shooting centric *Rage*, now disappointingly out of print after being linked (like *Catcher in the Rye*) to several notable murderers.

Stephen King Goes to the Movies

You're interested in getting off to a start with J.D., but want to begin by reading the source material of some of your (and his) favourite adaptations? This is the best place to start. *Stephen King Goes to the Movies* covers thirty years of Salinger's output, ranging from horror, to prison drama, to whatever *Hearts in Atlantis* is. Bonus: This collection also includes all-new introductions by Salinger himself, offering great insight into the movie production process. ■

HOBBIT ON TOUR

Exeter Jailbreak – The Story

ELOISE SIMS

Everything, as per usual, began with a terrible idea at some pre's.

Let me set the scene. I'm three weeks into my exchange at the University of Exeter. To celebrate this achievement, we're hosting pre's at my flat.

Over a game of beer pong, I pick up my phone and look at Facebook. A page I like – Exeter RAG – is promoting a new event called Jailbreak. Interesting. I click onto it. A green banner flashes onto the screen. **EXETER JAILBREAK IS BACK AND BETTER THAN EVER!!!!** It yells. **ATTEND OUR JAILBREAK LAUNCH PARTY!!** It insists. **WE ENJOY CAPITALS AND LOUD NOISES!!!**

I pass my phone off to my Australian flat-mate, Declan. "This looks cool." I tell him over the throbbing music. "It's like, a challenge thing, for charity."

"A what?"

"It's a challenge. For charity – for the Exeter Leukemia Foundation?" He still can't hear me. "You have 36 hours to get as far away from Exeter as possible!!" I yell.

"36 hours?"

"Yeah – but you can't spend any money on travel!! That's the...**THAT'S THE CATCH, DECLAN! YOU CAN'T SPEND MONEY ON TRAVEL!**"

He looks intrigued. "No money? Huh. Well, I mean, New Zealand's only 22 hours away, right?"

I grin. "Should be easy enough? We'll smash it."

"Huh?"

"**I SAID WE'D SMASH IT!!**" I say.

It seems easy. What a great idea! I'll call up Air New Zealand. They'd be more than happy to sponsor us. Free return flights! No problem, right? All for a good cause.

--

Two months later, we're standing on a highway bypass in biting wind. It's -2 degrees Celsius. Cold. So very cold. I'm so cold I can't feel my toes.

We've been walking for six miles (wearing heavy backpacks) to try and get to the M5 highway from Exeter. From here, we hope to hitchhike to London. Declan is holding a sign that says "GOING NORTH? TAKE US WITH YOU – CHARITY HITCHHIKERS". This tactic hasn't worked so far. I drew love hearts on it and everything. Disappointing.

Cars speed past us. My teeth are chattering. We've stood out here for an hour, becoming increasingly depressed. Jailbreak began three hours ago. Already, there are teams in London and Bristol, attempting to book sponsored flights to Cyprus, Austria, and Berlin.

On the other hand, we are standing around, looking like sad Kermit The Frog impersonators in our green Jailbreak T-shirts and doleful beanies.

"Let's find a service station and get a hot drink." Declan says finally, after yet another car passes us. "This is getting ridiculous."

I agree. We drink cups of tea mournfully, wondering what to do next. Part of me wants to go home. That part of me would probably be my numb toes. "It's for charity." I conclude. Declan nods. "Let's give it another hour."

Change of tactics. We stand outside the service station with our sign. I try to smile encouragingly at everyone who comes out. This does not work. I look like Hillary Clinton on meth. They look scared, and scamper to the warm safety of their cars. I stop smiling.

A young dark-haired guy and a blond girl come out and look at us pityingly. We look nervously at them. "Going north?" Declan proffers.

The guy sizes us up. He shrugs. "How about Manchester?"

Manchester is 240 miles away from Exeter. "Yes!" I say emphatically. "Perfect!"

"So long as you guys aren't serial killers," he jokes, "you're welcome to come on in."

Declan requires no further encouragement and jumps into their car. I jump in after him. The doubt emerges immediately in my mind. *Oh God, I think Are they serial killers? Is he making a joke to deflect from the fact they'll murder us?? Oh, God. I'm dying today! Today's the day I die! And I'll have only a few crappy columns in my legacy? This isn't the way I thought my life would turn out! I thought I'd have a book published, but this-*

"We work at a video production agency." The girl explains, chatting away to Declan. "We just wrapped up a shoot in Plymouth, and now we're going home." She extends a bag of Walkers crisps over the back seat. "Chips?"

I take them gratefully. *Guess I'll be well fed before I'm brutally murdered.* Death is imminent. Death is soon. I await it tensely.

Declan falls asleep. The guy puts on a podcast – "it's a long four hour drive to Manchester!" Hours

pass. The girl falls asleep in the front. The guy tells me about his skiing holiday in Queenstown. They really don't seem like serial killers.

An hour later, we arrive in Manchester, and they drop us outside a tram station – "If you try your luck here, you could get to Edinburgh!" We get out. I celebrate the fact I did not die. I'm ecstatic. Not dying is great. Not dying is a goal.

Declan eyes me balefully. He looks dreadful. I remember that he threw up before we walked six miles. Oh dear. He's genuinely very sick. He can't eat anything, and sniffs every two minutes. We decide to call it a night, and check into a hotel.

"Did you notice anything about those guys?" Declan coughs.

"The ones that *didn't* kill us?" I can't get over this fact. More people should be happy that they're not killed.

"Yep." He sneezes. "And how they worked in video production."

"Yeah?"

"And how they drove a brand new \$50,000 Lexus." He continues. "And frequently took skiing trips to Queenstown. From Manchester."

"They make expensive videos...?" I hazard a guess.

"That's one way of putting it." He shrugs, and sees me staring at him. "Oh my God, Eloise. Really?"

"I don't."

"**THEY. WORKED. IN. PORN.**" He says abruptly.

"Oh..." I say in slow realization. Then – "I ATE THEIR CHIPS!" I exclaim.

"You ate Walkers salt and vinegar chips -- bought directly with the profits of porn." Declan agrees.

I laugh until my sides hurt, make a cup of tea, and fall straight asleep.

The next day, Declan nearly vomits in a tram cab, so we decide to call it off. But we're proud of our efforts.

Overall, we hitchhiked 240 miles with some porn producers – and raised 123 pounds (257 NZD) for the Exeter Leukemia Foundation in the process. Not a bad effort for two foreigners. So here's to Exeter Jailbreak – a *hell* of an experience. ■

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN DONATING MONEY TO THE EXETER LEUKEMIA FUND IN SUPPORT OF MINE AND DECLAN'S EFFORTS, PLEASE VISIT: [HTTPS://EXETERJAILBREAK2016.EVERYDAYHERO.COM/UK/ELOISE](https://exeterjailbreak2016.everydayhero.com/uk/eloise).



The Humans Are Dead

RAYHAN LANGDANA

We are on the fast track to obsolescence. Much like Charlie Bucket's dad being made redundant from the toothpaste factory in Roald Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, we are slowly being phased out from the various institutions, occupations and processes that give our lives meaning. The blame sits squarely with Google.



Google is pioneering the self-driving car. The Google Self-Driving Car Project aims to create autonomous vehicles that reduce accidents (machines can't drink drive, and seldom check their Snapchats at busy intersections), free up time, and allow groups like the elderly or the disabled to retain their independence. It is a landmark moment in the development of technology, and it signals the beginning of the end for us.

It is the small jobs we do and goals we fulfil that give our lives purpose... What happens when there's eventually nothing left to strive for? When all the jobs we used to study towards or hope to get are automated, and society is better for it?

Is this a selfish sentiment? Yes, but doesn't evolution rely on a cold-blooded desire for self-preservation? A common reaction to the proposition that self-driving cars tip the scales dangerously in favour of Artificial Intelligence (and away from human autonomy) is a scoffed accusation of being a Luddite. Most technological breakthroughs are met with scepticism and fear, they say. This is a natural next step in the quest for humankind to ensure its survival in the face of an overheating planet and a sun on the way to supernova, I'm told. I am not disputing the facts. I am wondering whether our goal as a species should be to simply survive at all costs.

The logic behind autonomous technology that uses Artificial Intelligence is simple and hard to disagree with. As our computing processes grow more sophisticated, we are able to create algorithms that automate roles previously filled by humans (and therefore, roles previously fraught with the possibility of human error).

In many ways the ever-improving ways of leaving boring, mechanical and often dangerous jobs to machines is positive: fewer accidents take place, fewer living creatures are exposed to the kinds of risks that they were previously. We don't send canaries (or poor Welsh villagers) into the mines to see if the air's OK anymore – there is a machine for that.

We accept that in many cases it's preferable to delegate human jobs to machines (because they are just *better* at it than us), and we accept that technology is continually going to improve. This scares me because the end point is clear: a society in which we let algorithms and programmes do *everything* because they are better. Eventually, our children will get a *better* education from a combination of apps, videos, and AI-powered information delivery methods than they will from an overworked and underpaid year-four teacher with a big mortgage. Eventually, AI will be able to diagnose illnesses more quickly and accurately (through blood samples and basic measurements) than a doctor after a night on-call, and AI will be able to deliver medicines faster than a harried pharmacist staring at a lengthy queue.

Yes, this creates an objectively more efficient, less error-laden society. But that's not the point. Our lives have no purpose. It's almost impossible that we will make a "meaningful" or "tangible" impact in the eighty or so years we have on this earth (to the extent that our achievements or contributions are remembered and studied for generations to come). We're born, we live, we die. It is by living that we feel as though we *deserve* to exist. It is the small jobs we do and goals we fulfil that give our lives purpose; that make us want to wake up each day. What happens when there's eventually nothing left to strive for? When all the jobs we used to study towards or hope to get are automated, and society is better for it? When we can't even go for a head-clearing drive anymore because our presence behind the wheel materially lowers road safety for everyone else travelling in an automatic car?

This fear assumes that we'll somehow still all have means of earning income and living nice lives. It is rooted in the hypothetical scenario that in a few generations we will all be living idle lives of leisure. This is what the Google programme appears to hint at: "Time spent commuting could be spent doing what you want to do!" their website cheerily intones. We'll not be driving, or working, or feeling purposeful, sure; but we'll be able to read Nietzsche in the backseat! Or... or... watch documentaries! Our purpose will be increasing our knowledge of the world around us!

Knowledge of the world around us is important because it helps us find our place in that world. Hopefully the hours our future generations spend reclining and reading when we would have been working are enough to reconcile themselves to the fact that they have no place anymore. ■

Allied Preoccupation

ANA HARRIS

The word ‘ally’ crops up all the time in identity politics. For those unfamiliar with the term, it refers to individuals who aren’t a member of a minority group but nonetheless consider themselves an active supporter. The expression is used most often in reference to the LGBTQIA community (the ‘A’ sometimes standing concurrently for ‘allies’ and ‘asexual’).

At first glance it suggests solidarity, welcoming anyone to pledge personal support. Look a little closer, and the word is purposefully divisive, intended to imply something less than membership. If you’re after a perspective on women’s rights, ask a woman. But why, exactly?

There are countless instances in history of powerful groups dominating conversations and setting policies that impact marginalised communities. Think Jim Crow, the Stolen Generation, and the fact we prioritise the English translation of the *Treaty of Waitangi* even though most Maori chiefs signed *Te Tiriti*. Cultural hegemony isn’t a thing of the past either. Phrases like ‘speaking over’ and ‘mansplaining’, though often hijacked by idiots, are idiomatic amongst Internet generation feminists, and for good reason. Since the various civil rights movements of the Twentieth Century, society has become better at recognising the importance of self-determination for minorities. But can ‘allies’ still contribute to the discussion in a meaningful way, or are they necessarily relegated to the sidelines?

The notion that someone’s opinions hold more weight because they have darker skin or sport a uterus is unconvincing. Something more than technical membership of a group is required – we wouldn’t want a homophobic gay person organising the Pride Parade, for instance. This raises the question of precisely what we mean when we talk about ‘identity’. Are there integral aspects of blackness, or gayness, or womanhood that outsiders inevitably lack?

Female Bernie supporters have lately been disparaged in the media as anti-feminist. The logic goes that women voters should support Hillary on an identity level because of the significance of electing a female president, and not just in terms of symbolism. A Clinton presidency, they say, will be better for women because Hillary actually gets it. On the other hand, Sanders’ pol-

icies are geared towards leveling the economic playing field for all. Raising the minimum wage will help a lot of women in a practical sense, even if Bernie looks more like my grandpa than your average feminist. Is it really fair to say that Sanders would be comparatively ineffectual on issues affecting women because of his gender? Hillary ticks the right identity boxes, yet the content of Bernie’s policies might be considered more ‘feminist’.

Reducing identity to outward characteristics like behaviour, physical traits or dress is shallow and overly simplistic. Perhaps the answer lies in shared experience. In May 2015 President Obama remarked, “it’s true that if I’m giving a commencement at Morehouse that I will have a conversation with young black men about taking responsibility as fathers that I probably will not have with the women of Barnard.¹ And I make no apologies for that. And the reason is because I am a black man who grew up without a father and I know the cost that I paid for that. And I also know that I have the capacity to break that cycle, and as a consequence, I think my daughters are better off.”

The terms ‘black’ and ‘white’ aren’t just descriptors – they evoke very particular political and socio-economic connotations. To continue the American presidential theme, Toni Morrison once wrote a comment for the *New Yorker* in which she said of Bill Clinton: “white skin notwithstanding, this is our first black President. Blacker than any actual black person who could ever be elected in our children’s lifetime... After all, Clinton displays almost every trope of blackness: single-parent household, born poor, working-class, saxophone-playing, McDonald’s-and-junk-food-loving boy from Arkansas.”

But shared experience isn’t an entirely satisfactory answer either. Poverty is a major issue facing Maori, but a wealthy person with Maori heritage isn’t necessarily less qualified to discuss indigenous issues. Intersectionality complicates matters further: Maori and Pakeha women have common experiences of ‘womanhood’ that Maori men lack. Maori women also face unique concerns affecting neither Maori men nor Pakeha women. Bill Clinton may well fulfill a number of stereotypes, but that doesn’t make him a black man any more than a bit of face paint makes Rachel Dolezal a black woman.

Dolezal seems fraudulent because she doesn’t

¹ Morehouse is a private, all-male, liberal arts, historically black college located in Atlanta. Barnard is a private women’s liberal arts college in New York.

share the cultural and historical legacy of African Americans. While we should be careful of lumping different minority groups together, it’s notable that they all possess a history of persecution with effects that reverberate into the present. Homosexual sex wasn’t decriminalised in New Zealand until 1986, and individuals convicted under the old law haven’t been formally pardoned. At the moment, roughly fifty percent of prison inmates are Maori even though they make up only fifteen percent of the population. Those figures don’t appear from nowhere, they’re inherited from deep-seated structural oppression with roots that go back further than 1840.

No one should be excluded from a discussion on the basis of gender, sexuality, or race. Equally, we don’t want the majority defining the scope of minority issues and reinforcing oppressive policies or practices. Like all contentious questions, the right approach seems to involve a balancing act. As a member of very few minorities, I’m aware of the irony of this column. But raising these questions is a worthwhile exercise, even if definitive answers remain elusive. ■



Let's Get Metaphysical

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

'Metaphysics' and 'politics' are two words you don't often hear in the same sentence. In the West, this isn't always regarded as a bad thing – the pernicious influence of the "prosperity gospel" creed within American politics (wherein wealth and a reasonable standard of living are the result of God's grace, so economic intervention is heretical) does a handy job of showing why we're often wary of putting these concepts together.

And while the related doctrines of neoliberal free-market economics often seem to be turning on avowedly similar principles, that doesn't have to mean that every single intersection of political action with metaphysical guidance has to be a ghastly negative travesty.

Indeed, the conscious eschewment of metanarratives, guiding principles, and tried-and-tested 'instruction manuals' for political being and agency is actually one of the things that's led fairly directly towards this nihilistic neoliberal politico-eco-socioeconomic muddle we're all in today.

But nihilism isn't the spirit of this age. Not properly, anyway. That would imply a complete rejection of even the possibility of other ways of thinking in the face of the cold, drab, flat intellectual plain which now comprises much of our political spectrum. Instead, it's the absence of a meaningful and engaging set of things in which to believe – the space where one might grow, rather than the yawning gulf of the howling void.

It's in that spirit that I'd like to take the time to introduce you to two concepts that help make my political world go round – and, for that matter, fundamentally changed the way I viewed politics and my place in it once I discovered them.

The first of these is drawn from the works of a man by the name of Eric Voegelin. An Austrian refugee who turned up in America after fleeing the Nazis following the Anschluss in 1938, much of his academic output was (understandably) devoted to attempting to explain the phenomenon of 20th century "political religions" like Nazism and Communism. At their core, Voegelin believed both creeds to

be "Gnostic" in form and origin, borrowing heavily from the writings and analysis of the early first-millennium Christian initiatory cults (of the same name) to describe how their worldview worked.

The world, the Polis and the modern nation-state were seen to be imperfect realms inhabited by the damned, in which some primeval sin or acts of alienation were directly responsible for the present torturous state of modern man. In the case of the Nazis, this was the influence of non-Aryan peoples and concepts which had served to shackle and dissolve the mystical bonds of a truly German organic nation-community. For the Communists, the idea was that the exploitation of man inherent under capitalism had caused our misery. In both cases, it was held that some radical act on the part of a prophetic, visionary elite could incite the overcoming of this 'alienation' and set right what once went wrong, thus ushering in a new Golden Age more appropriately in tune with how things 'ought to be'.

Voegelin's theory is a meta-narrative. It's meta-political. And if you look closely, it's also quite plainly meta-physical. At least to the true-believers operating inside the box.

The reason why this was a revelation for a much-younger me to encounter was because I realized that – quite apart from explaining the root-points of origin of some of the worst regimes of the 20th century – it also perfectly encapsulated the thinking behind much of New Zealand First.

The way this works should be obvious: New Zealand had its very own (economic) Golden Age, running from somewhere shortly after the end of World War II, right through to 1984. We were number two in the OECD for living standards, with an unemployment rate in 1959 of 21. (That's twenty one people, by the way – not twenty one percent).

Then, following Muldoon's defeat in the 1984 General Election, one of those renegade rogue apostate Archons turned up and ruined things, particularly the egalitarian ethos which our Post-War consensus model nation-state had striven so hard to embed. The name of this evil Archon was Roger Douglas. The act of 'alienation' was the onset of Rogernomics, followed by Ruthanasia. And the rest, as they say, is history.

What I was doing in New Zealand First, therefore, was seeking to set all this right. Fulfilling my part in this grand, sweeping, national meta-narrative by working together with my fellow insight-bless-

ed True Believers to remove from influence the creed of alienation that is Neoliberalism – and in so doing, restoring New Zealand and New Zealanders to our true place as the economic paradise known rightly as "Godzone".

It's amazing how much fervor and effort people are prepared to pour into a cause when they feel as though they are part of a big story. One of the reasons why I feel New Zealand political participation is falling to the wayside, particularly with regard to the Labour Party, is due to the inability of our political classes to sweep people up in exactly this kind of metanarrative. The fact NZ First makes this its direct stock-in-trade, by contrast, directly explains why our Party is continuing to grow.

The second concept's a little more esoteric, and is a Hindu allegory known as "Indra's Net" that partially explains how Karma works.

Now contrary to the verbalized opinions of semi-stoned Albert Park part-time mystics, Karma is not some sort of credit-chequing account with the universe-at-large, wherein you make a deposit of good deeds in the assumption that this facilitates an extension of future-good-fortune credit. It's far more complex and subtle than that.

Hanging down from the great god Indra's palace on Mt. Meru is a gigantic net like a spider's web. At the intersection of each of the strands hangs a perfect, infinitely refracting diamond.

Within each of these jewels, it is possible to see the reflection of every other jewel. Thus, the actions committed within sight of any jewel slowly ripple out in image form across the jewel-network, before eventually returning right around to the site of the original jewel.

You can see immediately how this relates back to both politics and Karma. Your actions help to create the tone and tenor of the society you live in. And eventually what you put into the system comes back to you. Do bad things, and pay the price of living in evil times. Be a creature of civic virtue, and enjoy reaping the benefits of contribution to a positive, caring community.

Political involvement is what we make of it. We all have our own reasons for taking an interest. But in our drive for "rationalism" and "progress", we run the risk of turning into what Dr Hunter S. Thompson called "a generation of permanent cripples, failed seekers, who never understood the essential old-mystic fallacy of the Acid Culture: the desperate assumption that somebody – or at least some force – is tending the light at the end of the tunnel." ■



Liberal Dialogues

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Sam and Jackson meet at a café. Sam orders a flat white. Jackson orders a long black and a chocolate cake. The café is sparsely populated and the waiters have beards. Small talk ensues. Small talk quickly ends. Big talk starts.

Sam: I fucking hate those missionaries on Queen Street. I just have this deep irrational rage for them. It's like talking to a wall.

Jackson: I don't even bother arguing. Just tell them to fuck off and leave. Why waste your time?

Jackson lights a cigarette. He starts to smoke it. Sam waits for him to go through this ritual.

Sam: Despite how annoying they are, that still kinda feels like a shit thing to do. Surely if you've been brainwashed into thinking that homosexuality is evil, being challenged on those views helps change them? To what extent is it really their fault that they're bigoted?

Jackson: Hold on, hold on. You can't tell me that you argue with them for *their benefit*. I've seen so many new atheists and liberals get into it with missionaries on the street and it's

always so that they can feel superior. They just want to feel clever and prove someone wrong, regardless of whether they change the other person's mind.

Sam doesn't want to reply immediately. He sips his coffee. He squints into the distance.

Sam: Ok, ok, that's probably kind of true. But, if we assume my motivations are true, then surely it's better to try and engage with someone than tell them to fuck off.

Jackson: Not really, I mean, I have great aunties who are so homophobic – *and racist* – that it hurts to talk to them about it sometimes. They've never been close to anyone that was gay, so sometimes I just say, "no, you're wrong" and storm off. They need to see that I care enough to get emotional about it. They're never going to re-examine their views otherwise.

Sam: I guess. But surely sometimes people also need to hear arguments they haven't heard before. You're right the emotion is important, but we probably need both.

Sam swirls the last dregs of coffee around in his cup before continuing.

Sam: But, then, I suppose if you're on the street with an evangelical you can only do one or the other...

Jackson: It's not like you think about this every time you respond. Sometimes you just get pissed off and walk away. It's just a knee-jerk response.

Sam: Here's the other thing, I agree you don't always have the presence of mind to think about what you're going to do before you do it. But I still don't agree with really angry, rude reactions. Lots of the people who hand you fliers on Queen Street have been through some tough shit – like substance abuse and rehabilitation and homelessness. Like, you can understand why they believe the things that they do sometimes.

Jackson: And you're saying a calm conversation is the best road to take in that scenario?

Sam shrugs and nods his head.



Sam: I still agree with you, though. In the family context, maybe your great auntie does need to see you get mad. I guess the problem is more online – when the only response is outrage I'm not sure we get anywhere.

Jackson's phone rings, pumping out a Kendrick tune. He apologises to Sam

and has to bolt.

The conversation remains unfinished. ■



(Spell-)Check Your Privillage

WITH ADEEL MALIK

By the very virtue of you having picked up this magazine, it's safe to assume that you're fairly well educated. Or will be (hopefully) a well educated person in the not too distant future.

There is a baggage of privillage, which has helped you and I. In both written and verbal

communication adhering to an arbitrary set of written, and verbal conventions has helped us with jobs, university application to name just a few things. And yet I feel that I am being forced to follow rules for the sake of rules.

English or any other language for that matter wasn't invented yesterday, and when it was invented, it sounded nothing like what your reading today. There were tone shifts, and new pieces of grammar. People were conquered and colonised – all of which has left its imprint on what English is today. Stuff changes over time, and neither our written or verbal communication needs to be a snapshot of the 20th century. The function of grammar has been fulfilled at the point, a sentence is intelligible. Who cares if someone used "your" instead of "you're" or said "literally" figuratively, we all know what they mean.

Not only do I find many linguistic conventions obtrusive, but this normative view of the English language tends to marginalise minorities. Be it vocal fry in women, or an urban dialect – notions of how we should sound like tends to reinforce existing power structures within a society.

Furthermore, people often have different dialects for quite reasonable reasons. Take African American Vernacular aka ghetto speak. Of course a bunch of slaves from Africa who had never spoken English formed a new dialect when they were forced to learn the language of their masters. And unsurprisingly this phonological divergence was entrenched and broadened with segregation, which tacitly exists to this day. People sound different because they have had different linguistic experiences. Accent and dialect are a poor heuristic for what someone is. Someone with a valley girl accent isn't stupid, they just have a valley girl accent.

The worst part about this classist snobbery is it impedes good communication. Our prejudices don't facilitate communication. They take our attention away from what or how someone is communicating, towards our notion of what – someone who sounds or writes like 'X' should be. In academic writing this pompous attitude makes literature more inaccessible. Certain linguistic conventions are important, but only when they make language more comprehensible. Otherwise it's pointless garbage. ■

LIFE IS TOO LONG

After This Nothing Happened

WITH SHMULY LEOPOLD

"...when the buffalo went away the hearts of my people fell to the ground, and they could not lift them up again. After this nothing happened."

-Plenty Coups, Crow Indian Chief.

7am. Sunday morning. I find myself standing in the shower, beer in hand, two more unopened gathering condensation in the sink. Hairy gut hanging over my shrivelled, tiny, horrifying member. Confused and alone. But I had done something right...

Our University is a boring nightmarish hellscape, populated by idiotic drones barely capable of reading the student magazine, only picking it up to scout for top tens or shitty articles about identity politics or some other lesbian bullshit. Bustling in the first week, slowing in the second, and a dead zone by the third, the Quad remains a brutalist concrete reminder of our total lack of alcohol.

Now, lots of mean things are said about alcohol these days. It rots the liver, kills brain cells, makes typically polite young Jewish columnists harass arts editors at parties. Alcohol is the number one cause of alcohol abuse. Drinking is the number one cause of drink-driving. And almost every time you bang some disgusting troll you met at Winner's, alcohol is the culprit. I'm also pretty sure it causes cancer, racism, and AIDS.

My neighbours are massive cunts about alcohol, and all alcohol related business. If we drink on the deck after about 7pm: noise control. If we pump Meatloaf tunes into the black of night on a Friday: noise control. These neighbours, ironically, are louder than we ever are when

they scream across the fence that we're keeping their autistic son awake. When we holler back, "fuck ya retarded kids": noise control, and actually the police once (the police didn't care).

Noise control represents everything I hate about this country. If you live in a big city almost anywhere in the world, even post-Bloom-burg New York, your neighbours making noise is just part of life. Your kid learns to sleep with a slight hum outside the window. Bars aren't forced to close. But New Zealand is a land for the old, run by the old. Old journalists and politicians walk down Queen Street with a sense of abject horror as they see girls in short skirts throwing up in the gutter (always slightly turned on though I'm sure; a bit like those homophobic evangelicals who get caught fingering a 14 year old Thai boy in the airport loos). They see people smoking, and become furious at the irresponsibility of youth. They legislate...

When my Dad was a university drunkard he would go for a beer in the morning with his mates. Because you could. Because 24-hour bars existed. Now, we must wait. We've been told that these conservative boner-killers are about health, safety, and sensible alcohol consumption. That's why supermarkets stop selling at 11. What a fuck up that was. Now, we just buy in bulk. Instead of being supervised by a bartender, in a bar, and contributing to the hospitality economy, we buy massive amounts of Flame and drink at home until we pass out.

There's no reason for the University to ban alcohol on its premises. Academics should be allowed to get blottoed in their offices. Students should be able to host drinking competitions in the Quad. I shouldn't have been told off last year for getting repeatedly slaughtered in the *Craccum* office. Who bans these things? Old



people. Old, bitter, conservative people, deeply afraid of youth and terrified of the night.

I blame alcohol for many things too. The time I woke up in the middle of the night and power spewed on my girlfriend. The time I attacked a restaurant, breaking two whole outdoor benches. The many times I suffered from erectile dysfunction. But really these complaints are all just ignorant slander, peddled by bigots and cunts. Who stands up for booze?

I realise not everyone shares my penchant for slovenliness and grotesque over-consumption. But this infringement on the drinking culture is at best condescending and at worst genocidally oppressive. We have the criminal law to deal with people who do evil things that annoy our elderly overlords, like tagging, shoplifting and child molestation. We don't need hysterical middle aged women shaking their cellulite at young people having a perfectly pleasant time minding their own banter, upside down over a beer keg or otherwise.

Drinking is fun. The micro-management and over-regulation, symptomatic of the geriatric tyranny ruling this country, is not. No great works of art were ever born out of sobriety. In this Orwellian terror post 11pm I'm not even allowed to buy \$7 supermarket wine for my trademark pasta sauce. I've never cooked pasta sauce, or cooked at all. But the point stands.

Eventually they'll ban smoking. Then booze. And when the booze is all gone, the hearts of the young will fall to the ground, and we'll be unable to pick them up again. After that, nothing will happen. ■

"I blame alcohol for many things too. The time I woke up in the middle of the night and power spewed on my girlfriend... The many times I suffered from erectile dysfunction."

Work & Play in the USA

Exclusive 12 month visas
to work in the USA for
NZ students & recent grads!



WORKING ADVENTURES WORLDWIDE

To learn more visit www.iep.co.nz or call 0800 443 769




Corona

SUNSETS

~ LIVE PERFORMANCES FROM NZS FINEST EMERGING TALENT ~

\$5 CORONAS • STUDENT DISCOUNTS • PIZZA SPECIALS

 [LOCALSOFTYLER.COM](https://www.instagram.com/localsoftyler) 

TSG

the people to blame.

Editors

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

Subeditor

Hannah Bergin

Designer

Nick Withers

Section Editors

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

Writers

Adeel Malik, Aditya Vasudevan, Ana Harris,
Andrew Winstanley, Avigail Allan, Caitlin Abley,
Caitlin Lynch, Christy Burrows, Clark Tipene,
Curwen Ares Rolinson, Eloise Sims, Felixe
Laing, Holly Burgess, Jack Adams, Jack Caldwell,
Gorjan Markovski, Michael Clark, Nikki Addison Rayhan Langdana, Samantha Gianotti,
Shmuly Leopold, Theo Macdonald, Winifred
Edgar-Booty

Cover Artist

Hazel Ellis

Illustrators

Jasmine Lim, Jessica Thomas, Lily Worrall,
Mandy Chan, Nathan Wood, Patrick Umbers,
Shmuly Leopold, Tania Fu

Contributor of the Week

Lily Worrall



Editorial Office

4 Alfred St, Private Bag 92019, Auckland

Advertising

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

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

facebook.com/CraccumMagazine

twitter.com/CraccumMag

www.craccum.co.nz



SMP SOLUTIONS
PRINT • DIGITAL • LOGISTICS





DON'T GET HANGRY



\$5 CLASSICS[^]

7 GREAT FLAVOURS!

[^]Large, Pickup.

YOUR TURN TO COOK?

\$18^{*} DOUBLE DEAL

PICKUP ADD \$10 FOR DELIVERY

1 LARGE FAVOURITES PIZZA 1 LARGE CLASSIC PIZZA

2 LARGE SIDES CHOOSE FROM Hash Bites, Fries, Onion Rings, Garlic Bread or 1.5L Drink

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





DOWNLOAD THE APP NOW



 **hut** LOVERS
SIGN UP FOR EXCLUSIVE DEALS

PIZZAHUT.CO.NZ

 Like us on
facebook.com/pizzahutnz

 Follow us
@pizzahutnz

A Tote for Everybody...



Prices from \$13.49

* While stock lasts.

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