

CRACCU M

ISSUE 03, 2019



North Shore Not A Sure Thing

Katie Kennedy dissects the clusterfuck that is the North Shore bus service

Subeditor Calls Out Editor

Internal conflict erupts!

Comically Small

Shadz audience gets an eyeful at AUSA comedy gig



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I'm feeling 22 and fucking tired



Each week Craccum's esteemed Editor-in-Chief writes their editorial 10 minutes before deadline and this is the product of that.

This week I celebrated my 22nd birthday, and to the surprise of many, I did not make an Instagram post quoting Taylor Swift's infamous song. Despite being a classic white girl that loves Taylor Swift (don't @ me), this song just doesn't resonate with me. The upbeat pop classic is definitely not representative of my experience thus far, nor my early twenties in general. But because Miss Swift has written a song about an age that has been otherwise neglected in music, she gets all the glory.

I feel that 22 is a very specific time in people's lives. Many like me are still students, trying to crawl to the finish line of their degree. 22 however was written by a someone that had been a popstar since age 16, so we probably have some different experiences. I get that she's had nights where she has forgotten heart-breaks, but has she ever had a night hopped up in 3 cans of Red Bull trying to crank out an assignment that is barely comprehensible, but 3000 words? I think not. For me, "feeling 22" is feeling the slow crushing of tens of thousands of dollars of student debt before my life gets started. But that's just me. Perhaps it's time to get some more student focused '22' songs out there?

Therefore, consider this editorial an official request to the music community to write more songs about being 22 so future generations do not have to suffer every time a basic bitch surpasses 21. But I understand music is hard. You are constantly creating, hoping to get the next

number-one tune, and that's ok. So to solve this, I have graciously provided a list of suggestions of songs that have yet to be written and performed, that I would like to see. I'm no music expert, but I am a Taylor Swift fan, so I think I am qualified to discern what good music is.

Billy Ray Cyrus - "Achy Breaky Back": A nice sequel to his 1992 hit. Would be relevant to me and many others. Could also spark a revival of hoedown music which I would not be mad at.

Post Malone - "Poor and Sad": I don't know much about this "rich and sad" business but I sure know about being poor and sad. Post Malone needs to live for a week on my goreng and then come back to me with his rich people problems. Smh.

Beyonce - "Irreplaceable (No Insurance)": Queen B. She is irreplaceable, as is my Macbook. Please don't rob me as I can't afford to replace it.

Drake - "Degree Plan": There is a plan, you just have to stick to it. The plan, however, is not obligated to stay the same at any given point, and reserves the right to fuck you over from following the plan up until now. Not looking at anyone in particular (UOA Arts Faculty).

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Hamilton Landlord Calls For Intimidation Tactics

DANIEL MEECH

A Hamilton-based landlord made headlines this week for encouraging other landlords to intimidate tenants into voting against Labour.

In a post made in the Facebook group Property Investors Chat Group NZ, the landlord called on property investors from across the country to threaten tenants with 10% rent increases if Labour chaired the next government. "Why should we all do this scaremongering tactic?" the landlord wrote, "If 35 percent of houses are rentals in New Zealand and we can get say half of the tenants NOT to give Labour their vote, we might as a collective help change the outcome of the next election and in doing so send the Labour Party a clear message".

The post has been met with swift condemnation. Renters United spokesperson Kate Day says the post "shows what a farce it is that landlords raise the rent because their costs increase - what this clearly shows is landlords raise rents because they can. The market conditions and political conditions allow it... You've got a landlord encouraging others to raise rents 10 percent regardless of what happens to their costs, and also threatening the increase in order to influence their vote, which is obviously unethical".

Unfortunately for flatting students, Day is correct: the political

conditions do allow it. The Electoral Commission confirmed to Newshub that the landlord's proposed plan was not illegal. Landlords are "allowed to use social media to express their political views," a spokesperson said, adding the landlord's post was "insufficient to reach the threshold required to be considered a breach of the Electoral Act". In addition, there was no law preventing landowners from raising rent prices arbitrarily. "The Residential Tenancies Act does not specify how much landlords can increase rent by, or whether there needs to be a cost-related reason behind a rent increase," said Jennifer Sykes, Housing and Tenancy Services manager of information and education.

Following the post, at least one tenant in Hamilton was served with a letter notifying them their rents would increase due to "the actions of the present Labour led coalition Government". Speaking to Newshub on the condition of anonymity, the tenant said she didn't mind rent increases to cover things like heat pump installations, but thought this price increase was an abuse of power. Renters United say this example "shows how broken our renting system is. Landlords feel they can increase rents when they like, for whatever reason they like. We need reasonable controls so renters pay fair rent, rather than suffer pressure from the improper motivations of some landlords."

Victoria University Accused of Human Rights Violation

DANIEL MEECH

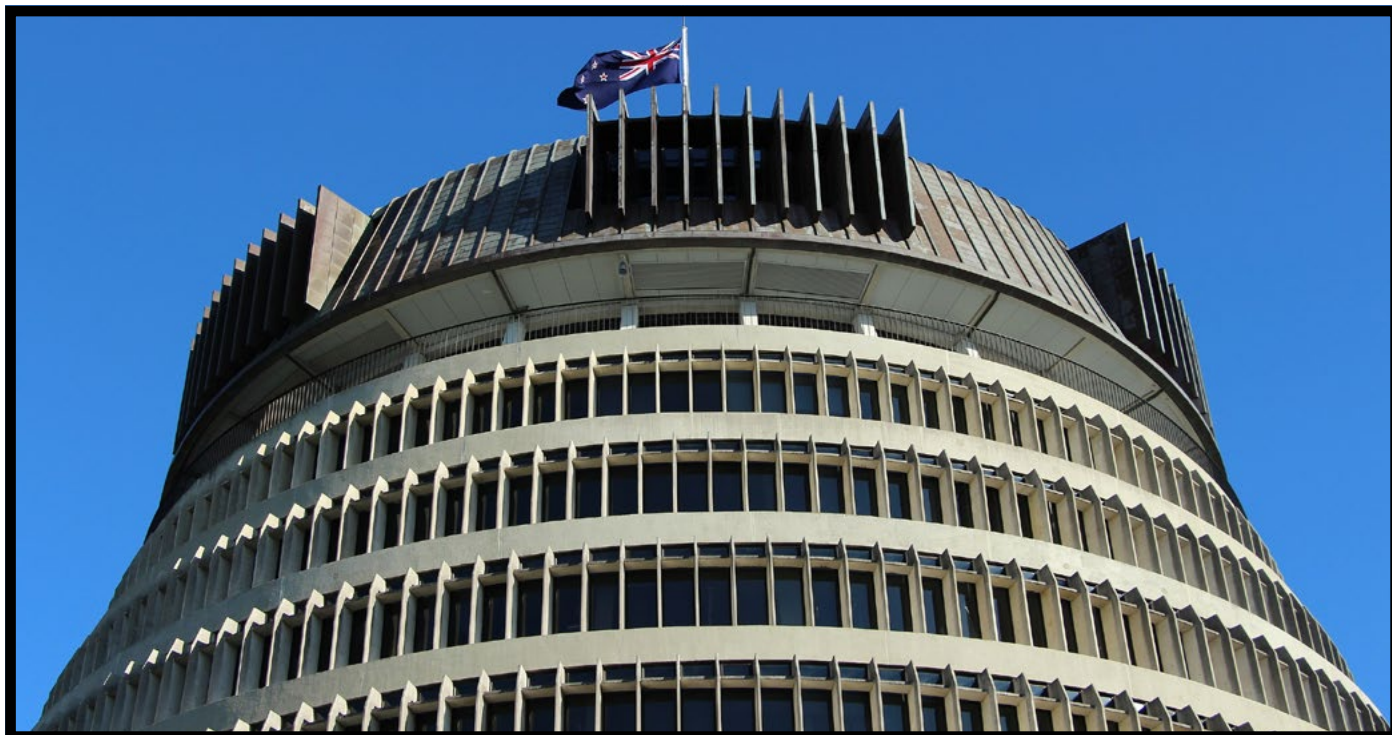
A Canadian student has laid a complaint with the Human Rights Commission over Victoria University's decision to deny her exchange because of her mental illness.

The student, Kristin Legault, alleges the university denied her exchange last year because she suffers from bipolar disorder. "I was offered a place - an unconditional offer - by Victoria University," Legault told RNZ when her exchange was initially revoked. But when she told the university she was on medication for bipolar disorder - something she had not been asked to disclose by the application process, but which she had decided to disclose herself - Victoria University "got their backs up". Legault said she was asked to provide an uncomfortable amount of medical information to the university: she sent through her background information, a discharge summary, what supports she thought she would need, and a recovery plan she had devised alongside a psychologist. "I basically sent through my whole medical records," she said. She felt it was unnecessary since she had arranged to meet with a Wellington-based psychologist and psychiatrist upon her arrival, and planned to pay for any medical costs through her insurance. "I made contacts and support systems outside of campus, so it doesn't really involve them," she said.

Since last year, Legault has filed an official complaint with the

Human Rights Commission over Victoria University's conduct. New Zealand human rights lawyer Frances Joychild says Legault's claim isn't frivolous: it's unlawful to discriminate against someone with a mental illness unless there is reason to believe they would be a risk to themselves or others. "Given that she's very proactive in managing her mental disability and that she already had a psychologist and psychiatrist in NZ, the support of her college back in Canada, her primary parents and her own psychologist to come to NZ for a term, it's very difficult to see how she would have been a risk to herself or others," she told RNZ. In addition, Joychild says the university could not be said to have made an informed decision on the matter, as they did not attempt to seek advice from Legault's medical people in Canada. "You can't make a decision without talking to those people who created her own medical file," she said.

Victoria University Provost Wendy Larner says the university "will cooperate fully with the Commission's process" and "[is] confident [it] made the correct decision in this case and that [its] actions are not in breach of the human rights act". She claims "there is considerable incorrect information in the public arena regarding this situation", but (as of time of writing) has not clarified what information she believes has been incorrectly reported.



New Zealand Union of Students' Associations To March On Parliament

DANIEL MEECH

The New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA) has announced plans to march on Parliament on April 11th to present a petition to reinstate postgraduate student allowance.

Postgraduate student allowance was a weekly stipend which assisted postgraduate students (those studying above a bachelor's degree at a university or polytechnic) with their living costs while they studied. The allowance was disposed of by the National government in 2013. Then-Tertiary Minister Steven Joyce said the cut was made to ensure first-time and low-income students could continue to receive their allowances, and to reduce government expenditure on education-related subsidies. Labour, along with the Greens and New Zealand First, pledged to restore the postgraduate allowance as part of their 2017 General Election campaign.

NZUSA want to ensure Labour follows-through on their promise. "Restoring the postgraduate allowance isn't just good for students, it's good for the country," says NZUSA President James Ranstead, "Across Aotearoa, postgraduate students are studying in fields that are crucial to our country's future – climate change, freshwater, poverty and mental health. The current government is committed to solving these issues, however in order for this work to succeed, we urgently need to be supporting and empowering our people to gain skills in these areas. A postgraduate student allowance is an easy step towards making this a reality".

NZUSA began a petition on the Postgraduate Student Allow-

ance in early 2018. At time of writing, the petition has approximately 2,900 signatures. The organisation says they have been contacted by several students and student representatives across the country: in a press release given to *Craccum*, NZUSA quotes University of Waikato student Nicole as saying "I'm passionate about reducing New Zealand's horrific suicide rate through studying towards a career in psychology. Unfortunately due to the lack of financial support at postgraduate level I've had to put that dream on hold". The press release also includes a statement from the Otago University Postgraduate association. "Postgraduate students are burdened with heavy workloads yet receive little financial support," they say, "Having to work twenty or more hours a week in a part-time job to make ends meet takes a strain on important research, research that ultimately provides benefit to society as a whole".

Alongside the improvement of support for researchers in crucial fields and a government showing accountability, NZUSA believe the reinstatement of the allowance would also make higher education more fair. "Fairness is important to all of us. We need a fair and equitable student support system across all course types, from certificate level right through to a PhD. Education should be upheld as a way of reducing inequality, however the lack of a Postgraduate student allowance stifles student opportunity" says Ranstead.

NZUSA says they will present the petition on parliament lawn to Green MP Chlöe Swarbrick at around midday, and will later speak at select committee.

Shadows Comedy Night Brings More Than Bargained For

DANIEL MEECH AND BRIAN GU

A seemingly innocuous comedy night at Shadows bar organized by AUSA spiralled out of control when one of the headlining acts stripped down into a risqué, loose-fitting thong, donned full face paint, and attempted to kiss AUSA President Anand Rama.

The incident occurred as part of a 'Comedy At Shads' event, which saw James Roque, Melanie Bracewell, Chris Parker, David Correos and MC Brendan Lovegrove all take to the stage for a night of new material, cheap laughs and happy-hour drinks. However, *Craccum*'s sub-editor, who was in attendance for the event, witnessed headliner David Correos being coaxed by a crowd-member into skulling "a whole fucking bottle of wine" early into his set. Having already professed being 'hungover' earlier in the night, Correos was soon (as one observant audience member was heard professing) "fucking out of it".

From there, it is reported Correos became increasingly loud and disruptive throughout his scheduled set, admitting that he forgot his pre-prepared jokes. Correos seemed to focus his ire on AUSA President Anand Rama. When Rama took to the stage to promote AUSA's new pilsner, Correos interrupted, shouting "no one wants that shit it's fucking disgusting". Later, when Rama tried to adjust Correos'

mic-stand, he was told to "fuck off", with Correos further quipping "someone needs to give our president more shit to do".

The farce reached its peak when Correos stripped into a thin and (admittedly) loose-fitting thong on stage, donned full face paint and started to make out with Rama (as captured on AUSA's instagram story). Speaking to *Craccum* right after the incident, a drunk Correos admitted that Rama kissed "nowhere near as good as my girlfriend," also adding "he kisses like he's never made out before". Rama himself staunchly denies any such act occurring, telling our *Craccum* correspondent "[Correos] got paint all over my face, threw my hat and glasses around and shit aye", but did not actually kiss him.

At no time during the event was Correos' behaviour violent towards any member of the audience and, thankfully, everyone in the venue managed to escape fully-clothed. Everyone except Correos himself - unfortunately for witnesses, he was seen exiting the bar in nothing but briefs and full face paint.

White Supremacist Posters Seen On Campus

DANIEL MEECH

A series of posters linked to a white supremacist group have been sighted on campus.*

The posters - which feature slogans like "Family, Community, Nation" and "We Will Remember Them" - were seen in university bathrooms, in front of the Clock Tower, and distributed throughout Albert Park. They display images of white families and colonial settlers fighting against Maori warriors, and direct viewers to the website of a white supremacist organisation.** "White New Zealanders are standing up", the 'About' page begins. "We are forging a new path for young New Zealand men in the 21st Century".

The website appears to serve as a kind of group-newsletter: articles, updates, and membership drives are uploaded regularly. Recent uploads include articles on the renaming of Poverty Bay ("just the latest assault on our heritage by anti-white forces"), the death of Captain Cook ("the hate poured upon Captain Cook by particularly unimpressive people is a sure sign of his excellence"), the Waitangi Treaty ("the mainstream narrative of Maori victimhood is condescending and false"), and a series of chronicles on white New Zealand settlers (who, according to the author, won the country from the hands of "a brutal enemy").

It appears the organisation is a new one: a photograph uploaded in February shows a dozen white men (all with their faces blurred out) standing behind a banner emblazoned with the group's logo to celebrate their one-year anniversary. "The modern world does its best to pacify,

alienate, and crush us and our people", an article beneath the photograph reads, "[but] instead of numbing us, the dark days in which we live have only made us more sensitive". But while this group may be new, their tactics aren't: another white supremacist group made headlines in 2017 after they plastered the university's campus with posters calling on white men to oppose "white genocide". AUSA and the university responded to the 2017 posters by tearing them down on sight.

AUSA President Anand Rama says their stance has not changed. "This shit is not on," he told *Craccum*, "AUSA [had] not been made aware of these posters until we were approached for comment. [But,] as always, we completely condemn any and all forms of racism, bigotry and prejudice. We will be communicating to the appropriate contacts at the University that these posters have been found and requesting that they be removed immediately. The University has an obligation to students to be providing a safe, inclusive and equitable environment for students - our view is that these posters have no place in our University community."

* Author's Note: As a font of journalistic integrity (read: neutrality), *Craccum* has no official opinion on the proliferation of posters. The magazine would never tell readers to tear down the posters, or - god forbid - to piss on them afterwards.

** Author's Note II: The Revenge of the Post-Script: I have decided not to include the name of the organisation responsible. This is because I believe publicising the name would only help to promote and advertise the organisation's cause. If you disagree with this decision you may contact me at news@craccum.co.nz.

Jacinda's 'Institute of Skills and Technology'

BY BRIAN GU

The government have recently submitted a proposal to merge the nation's 16 polytechnic institutes into one, under the title of the 'NZ Institute of Skills and Technology', which the government promises to provide "a unified, coordinated, national system of vocational education and training".

A single governing council would be put into place, and would oversee the standardization of resource management, budget allocation and staffing. "A consolidated organisation would make better strategic use of capital, [and] achieve greater efficiency in programme design, development and delivery," education minister Chris Hipkins believes. "The world around us is changing rapidly and our education system needs to keep up".

The way Hipkins proposes the system will function is that the 'New Zealand Institute of Skills & Technology' will host several 'Centres of Vocational Excellence' (CoVEs). These would provide tertiary training covering NZ's key sectors and industries, either broad or specific (eg. agriculture, viticulture).

The government also proposes "a unified vocational education funding system", which has already been met with disapproval by the

Southern Institute of Technology, down in Southland. Chief Executive Penny Simmonds expressed her concern that the proposal "looks potentially damaging for SIT and Southland," as institute's reputation amongst students brought a substantial inflow of cash to the local economy. "It's a very big game changer for Invercargill," Simmonds recognizes. "For housing, employment, and businesses".

Invercargill mayor Tim Shadbolt also expressed his similar concern; "[they're] punishing us for being a success". He describes SIT being 'thieved' of its cash reserves and assets as being detrimental to the polytechnic, and he believes this is the sole motivation behind the coalition government's proposal. "We were assured when the first round of consultations took place that we would have nothing to worry about. Now we most certainly have something to worry about and I can't imagine anything more damaging to SIT or its distance learning program".

Despite this, Hipkins remains positive that the proposal will bring about beneficial change for all potential mergees involved. "Polytechs that are doing well will continue to do well," he tells RNZ. "This isn't just about solving the financial difficulties of the polytechnics that have been in trouble... but actually there are broad problems with the way they operate".

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Don't Be Fooled: Philip Morris Doesn't Give a Shit About Smokers

DANIEL MEECH

The New Zealand branch of Philip Morris Limited (PMNZ) made headlines this week when they publicly announced plans to pull their infamous Marlboro cigarettes from retailers. PMNZ General Manager James Williams broke the news in a series of press releases, saying “[Philip Morris] is seriously committed to replac[ing] cigarettes as soon as possible [and would] support regulation that accelerates positive change to the benefit of adult smokers, public health and society at large”. The company, according to Williams, would remove their cigarettes as soon as the “right regulations and tax structures were in place”. The news seems good on the surface - surely the death of Marlboro, one of the most recognisable cigarette brands in New Zealand, would encourage smokers to quit? Mike Hosking certainly seems to think so: in an address given on Newstalk ZB, he called the announcement a “practical” offer which would set New Zealand on track to become smoke-free by 2025. But is there more to this than meets the eye? A quick read of recent history suggests Philip Morris might be operating more as profiteers than philanthropists.

Throughout 2017 and 2018, Philip Morris International (PMI) ran a \$6.8 million global rebranding campaign. The campaign – which garnered headlines for its apparent hypocrisy – argued for the regulation of cigarette manufacturers, and called on smokers to give up smoking. Advertisements ran with headlines like “Hold My Light”, and provided links to PMI-run message boards where smokers could talk amongst themselves and encourage each other to quit. The message boards encourage smokers to sign up to PMI’s Smoke-Free Future program, which would send smokers information on how best to give up the ghost. So far, so good.

Shortly afterwards, PMI announced the launch of its new e-cigarette: iQOS. PMI billed iQOS as the best low-risk alternative to cigarettes: perfect for helping smokers wean themselves off the real stuff. iQOS, PMI claimed, heated tobacco without burning it, giving smokers the sensation of smoking without any of the added nasties. In addition, it was cheaper in the long-run, less obtrusive, and more fashionable (at least, that was what PMI advertises – which ran rampant across all their websites – told smokers). So far, so self-serving – but any alternative to cigarettes is good, right?

Wrong. Although PMI aggressively promoted the apparent health benefits of iQOS, many officials disagreed with their assertions. In America, the Food and Drug Administration refused to officially endorse PMI’s health claims after an independent review of the company’s research found PMI had not proven that iQOS reduced harm when compared with traditional cigarettes. The review also found that, while iQOS did have lower levels of some harmful or potentially harmful chemicals than cigarettes, it actually had stronger doses of other harmful chemicals. This review was followed by the publication of a research paper conducted by the University of California San Francisco Center for Tobacco Control Research and Education, which found the levels of nicotine in iQOS could make the pen as addictive as traditional cigarettes. Finally, an investigation launched by the newspaper *Reuters* found PMI’s experiments had been riddled with problems: researchers had not been properly trained; data had been thrown out; some trials had results which were physically impossible; and on at least one occasion a researcher had been excluded from meetings after voicing concern over the legitimacy of the trials.

Despite these setbacks, PMI forged ahead with their campaign to replace traditional cigarettes with iQOS. The company switched tack with their policy-lobbying, which had traditionally called for the deregulation of traditional cigarette manufacturers. Their new demands – which differed slightly depending on which country they targeted – were endless. PMI wanted tax breaks for companies which produced smoking alternatives; PMI wanted to make it harder for competing companies to patent e-cigarettes, arguing (ironically enough) that regulators were unable to verify the claims of many competing and up-and-coming e-cigarette brands; PMI wanted governments to step-up their anti-smoking rhetoric by directing consumers away from traditional cigarettes and towards better, safer alternatives (like e-cigarettes); and PMI wanted large, government bodies, like America’s FDA, to publicly acknowledge e-cigarettes were, in general, a safer, healthier alternative to smoking. In short,

PMI wanted governments to fund and promote their latest product.

All this brings us back to the present. Remember when I said PMNZ were considering pulling their cigarettes from shelves? Unsurprisingly, it turns out they’ll only do this if the government agrees to a certain set of demands. Firstly, they want the government to give generous tax cuts to manufacturers of tobacco-heated e-cigarettes (a category which would cover PMNZ but few other e-cigarette manufacturers). Secondly, they want the government to officially recognise e-cigarettes as a healthier alternative to traditional cigarettes. Finally, they want the government to provide smokers with “access to accurate and non-misleading information about smoke-free alternatives” – which, in the minds of PMNZ, probably involves pamphlets, advertisements and ad-campaigns extolling the virtues of e-cigarettes like iQOS.

Speaking of iQOS, has it gotten any better for users since its launch? Judge for yourself: in an interview given to *Stuff*, PMNZ General Manager James Williams called the company an “experimental hot house for a tobacco product we’re not sure of the research about”. The statement might be legally indisputable, but it isn’t exactly reassuring.

With all this in mind, it’s difficult to see PMNZ’s press releases as anything more than self-serving rhetoric. Perhaps PMNZ truly does believe “the best way to achieve a Smokefree 2025 is [for the government] to encourage all those would otherwise continue smoking to switch to smoke-free products, such as e-cigarettes and heated tobacco products”. Perhaps PMNZ also believes a smoke free 2025 would only be possible if “the right regulations and tax structures [were put] in place”. But I seriously doubt it – it’s much more likely the company sees iQOS as the cigarette of the 21st Century: an addictive, tobacco-and-nicotine based product poised to ensnare a new generation of would-be smokers. Despite the re-brand, PMI’s core message – one of obnoxious government lobbying, misleading health reports, and flagrant profiteering – remains as obvious as ever.



THE UOA WILDFYRE

By MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

You probably caught the popular Netflix doco when it spread like a rash over Twitter and Facebook. Fyre Fest: The Greatest Party That Never Happened exposed the man behind the chaos of the famous festival flop. Billy McFarland successfully marketed exclusivity and luxury to Middle America, using highly persuasive methods of advertising (famous girls in bikinis on Instagram). However, Fyre Festival never quite lived up to the grand boats and butts that the slick advertising included.

After guests landed on the incredibly underprepared Bahamian island, they were left fighting over sandwiches and mattresses, and the island became a sight closer to *Lord of the Flies* than Coachella. Watching the documentary, it's hard to believe how poor the planning of the event really is, in comparison to the Instagram campaign that sold out the event in just a few weeks. The team drinks excessively around talent brought in for advertising, sells tickets to campsites that aren't built 45 days before the intended arrival and then fly guests to an island without having any planes to get them back home. Thankfully, the event lead to some hilarious Twitter moments and a couple of interesting docos, so MacFarland's six years in prison for committing fraud hasn't amounted to nothing. Fyre Fest provides a step-by-step guide to completely fail at planning a festival, the general gist being to over-promise and under deliver. Let's pitch an Auckland Uni Fyre Fest, as amazingly awesome as the original, just to take your sweet Studylink coin and see how it descends into disaster.

LAUNCH VID

We open with the most famous NZ instagirls of all, the ex-Bachelor contestants, all lying amongst the pretty, pink flowers of cherry blossom trees on a beautifully sunny day in Albert Park. The stars are obviously Zac Franich and Erin Simpson, just so we can piggyback off the buzz of their new engagement. The bachelorettes surround the couple and they all giggle and laugh together, sporting outfits that are somehow simultaneously appropriate for the beach and Coachella. Cut over to Mission Bay, with helicopter views of Rangitoto, go-pro footage in impossibly clear water and girls in bikinis, conjoined with taglines promising just a short walk to the water. Back over at the Albert Park festival grounds, we show rows and rows of food trucks set up, with worshipped brands like Wise Boys Burgers, Ha! Poke, Lord of the Fries, Better Burger, & Sushi, Brothers Brewery and Garage Project, strategically keeping the prices

ILLUSTRATION BY YOUNG KIM (@YOUNG.K)

hidden from view. Groups of friends chow down on the delicious 5-star meals slouched over hammocks and beanbags arranged in the shade of the trees, listening to chill acoustic beats from Tash Sultana and Clairó.

Switching to nighttime, we catch amazing views of Auckland City and some even better shots of the Viaduct. Cocktail glasses are cheers'ed together at Holey Moley and super attractive people mess around with golf clubs and pop cultural icons, just cashing in on your nostalgia a little. One squad assembles at Dr. Rudi's, bowling the night away. More footage from inside the thriving nightlife rolls, from the intimate drinks at Caretaker, to the swaying and dancing of Sweat Shop Brew Kitchen. We transition from jumping and singing of the club back to the Park stages, where things are going absolutely nuts, because -holy shit- the actual Jonas Brothers are headlining. They are to play their first show after the reunion at UOA Fyre BABY! Everyone hollers lyrics in sync, closing the night with the best concert of their lives. Everyone retires to beautiful studio apartments, finishing the incredible day with a final craft beer and communal reflection. They enjoyed being part of this moment, better yet, this movement. It's a never-ending party.

UPON ATTENDEES ARRIVAL

Student bank accounts have been wiped clean and drug dealers are sold out; the day of UOA Fyre Fest has arrived. Ticket buyers are already grumpy because the luxury homestays promised basically consisted of mouldy flats in Grafton. But hey, that's an authentic experience available for only \$250 a week in Auckland City. The venue looks pretty underprepared, with Albert Park's cherry blossoms covered by small huts and two out of three stages barely set up. A few attendees stab themselves on loose nails and screws littered around the barely-there infrastructure, and the St John's tent starts to fill. 20,000 people start to pack into the park, which holds about 12,000, so everyone gets cozy really fast. As a result, pushing and shoving starts, and ankles are rolled on the hilly parts of the park. Things are starting to go south pretty quickly.

A few groups decide to head to the beautiful, blue water they had seen advertised, not expecting too much of a hike. They start down the hill of the park and spill out onto Queen Street, dodging guys with Bluetooth speakers and ignoring the endless catcalls they receive. The city seems much angrier in the rain, so, in their lack of clothes and glittery faces, they try to keep a low profile. Finally, after a bit of help from Siri, the groups come to the harbour, glancing down at the brown-green sea in disgust. Dirty fishing/port swims are not quite what they were thinking. Another pledge broken. Luckily, the ever-so-convenient Lime scooters sit along the waterfront. They push on with their exploration.

The brave souls remaining at Albert Park start to get thirsty. Seeking those bright and sweet cocktails and tasty craft beer, they head to the single bar set up and request a few drinks. In return, they are given bottles of Nitro and watered-down Smirnoff cans. This doesn't set them off, alcohol is alcohol, and it takes more than over-sugared drinks to break NZ drinking culture. However, when

they start to get hungry, some real protest arises. Turning to the food trucks set along the perimeter, the crowd gets impatient. Queues are massive, and those at the front of the line reveal the menu... basically three different types of casserole. And of course, the meals are being catered by the UOA hall favourites, Flametree. The staff run for safety when they realise what this means to attendees. The promise of boujee meals broken, accompanied by a whole lot of pre-drinking, finally turns the crowd into absolute animals and things begin to spiral out of control.

Meanwhile, the adventurers push on with their quest, unaware of the breakdown happening at the festival grounds. They Lime their way to Mission Bay, following Google Maps, determined to make the most of the very expensive trip. The dream pulls the group forward and they run from mediocrity, cheering when Rangitoto comes into view, becoming completely delirious with hope. One of the Lime scooters starts to beep, the battery running low. Some have to be torn away from it, crying for their loss. But it's a worthy sacrifice. They've made it. Bursting into happy tears, they stumble down the beach, before realising... it's low tide. The water is a mile away. And the beach is littered with waste. Breaking the silence, someone's phone buzzes; UOA Fyre Fest announces via Facebook that the event is cancelled. And, as if whoever's up above is bored of all that, the cloudy day turns into a thunderstorm. The heavens open up, the thoughts of hope are shattered and the broken group turns to one option. Vengeance.

Following the announcement, riots have ravaged the festival grounds and attendees have turned on each other, dividing out into factions. Dudes in Hawaiian shirts have claimed the mainstage, hoarding food and drinks. A Doc Martens camp has built on the band rotunda, maxi dresses fashioned into battle-wear, ready to attack the supply. One group has created climbing equipment out of their oversized earrings and scaled trees to wait out the mayhem. A bunch of people, who weren't high or drunk out of their minds, just gave in to disappointment and went home. Suddenly, another group is thrust into the mix! The Limers are back, with an offering. They have captured some of the organisers, who were oh-so-close to escaping. The factions come together in peace, meeting their common enemy. The ones who sold them the dream, pumped fantasy into their veins and then stole it away.

"What now?"

One of the festival goers extracts a lighter from their pocket. Another offers up a rope. The group glances at their official wristbands and then towards the cherry blossom trees. Thunderclaps shout from overhead, harmonizing with evil, unforgiving laughs. The noise encircles the prisoners.

"Give people a reason to remember Fyre."

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AT RANT

BY KATIE KENNEDY

I would like to take you back to October 2018. We were gearing up for exams, it was a tough time. My morale was as low as my bank balance, and I had a weird addiction to yogurt raisins. And so, like the post-apocalyptic fresh hell that appears in my nightmares, Auckland Transport decided this was the perfect time to rip the rug right out from under me and change every. single. bus. in. Auckland.

Now here's the part where I admit that I'm a North Shore gal with very little patience and a very big barrier between me and the UoA campus; Waitemata harbour. I don't like sitting on a bus for 55 minutes every day, but when you've tried to drive the Harbour bridge in peak-hour traffic, only to realise you took the wrong turn off and find yourself heading west, buses become more appealing. And yes, that's happened a few more times than I'd like to admit. And unless you've got connections with a free carpark in the city (I envy you), or cash to literally flush down the toilet, parking at uni isn't a reasonable option either. So busing it is. And that was fine; I managed, it was easy peasy lemon tag-on-tag-off squeeze. Until it wasn't.

I like to consider myself an expert on buses to and from the shore. I knew the 879, 839 and Northern Express like the back of my hand, but I deserve a distinguished service medal for

my loyalty to the 881. It was my dear friend. It was there for me at my best times, and more importantly at my worst times. When my car got stuck in the mud at the station parking, for instance. When I was running late for assignment hand-ins. When I'd had a couple too many jugs at Shads and needed my bed and some snacks. It came on time and never failed me. I would know exactly when it would come. I would know it's peak times and it's quiet times. Whether it would be a fresh double-decker with USB ports, or a slightly-smelly old one near retirement. But most importantly, I would know exactly how long I could leave until I left the house, and still make it in time. Until I didn't, until I got a glossy pamphlet in my letterbox and my world changed.

The pamphlet detailed the Rubix cube that was the new bus system. It promised to deliver a simple, more frequent and better connected public transport network. To me, it looked

like a rainbow crashed from the sky, wrapped in and around itself and randomly landed on a map of Auckland. I had hope at first. Maybe they just made a few additions, a few minor tweaks. Maybe I would have more bus options! Maybe it'll make our journeys quicker! Cheaper! Better for all! But alas, like every time I've been ghosted out of nowhere, my hopes rapidly faded. Where was my beloved 881? Nowhere to be found! And Northern Express? You've been cloned and multiplied! And why does the bus now stop just as it gets to the top of Symonds Street? I was outraged. The 881 used to drive the whole way up Anzac Ave to Symonds Street. I used to get off at Anzac Ave and with a hop, skip and a jump, I would be at my 8am law tutorial. But those days were long behind me. Now I would have to make the agonising walk down the length of Symonds Street. That's basically Ninety-Mile beach in road form. I can't even walk properly before 9am!

So, if you're about to write me off as a whiney millennial, and tell me to stop complaining and do something about it. You bet I did. I'm not one to keep quiet, it's got me in some trouble at school, but proves to be quite handy when there's an issue. I already know I'm going to be one of those old ladies who complains about everything to everyone and I can't wait. But back to the issue at hand - my world crumbling down around me in the form of an impossible new transport network. So I call Auckland Transport. I call numerous times. The first time, I was told that the 881 bus was not being cancelled; the buses in the glossy pamphlet were just additions, and the 881 would still be in the network. I even got her to pinky swear! The other phone calls occurred when I realised I had been told LIES and every bus had changed. No 881 in sight. So my stress rash came back and so did my anger. It's hard when you live in a modern day society where you get told your opinion is very important every time you ring to complain, because you stupidly start to believe it. The other phone calls confirmed that the convenient system I had grown to love had been replaced with a network that would force me to walk up through Albert park or all the way down to Britomart after my evening lectures. I told myself this was not the time to advocate for women's safety, and then promptly told myself to scratch that, because there is always time to advocate for women's safety. Auckland Transport should be providing a safe and supportive bus service for everyone. So it's hard to deny that for me, as a gal slightly afraid of the dark when I'm alone, I don't want to be walking miles on my own every night to catch the only bus that would get me home. Call me melo-

dramatic, I call it being vigilant. My new frenemies on the other end of the phone had obviously heard this all before and had tapped out. They told me the best thing to do would be to email the complaints department. So that's what I did. Unfortunately, this is where I admitted defeat. The standard apology email I received included the usual rhetoric of 'your opinion is important to us' and 'we value your feedback'. But there was no solution. I realised, like grandparents with a new iPhone, the times had changed and I just needed to keep up. Sadly, in this instance, I couldn't change the world.

And so the day arrives and the new bus network begins. I stay in bed, for my own sanity. I considered it safer. Stressed students, a new bus network and an already busy traffic morning... It's a no from me. And it turned out I was correct. News articles began sweeping in of bus gridlocks, congestion and utter chaos. Yes, some of this can come down to first day jitters, but I knew this bus system would not bode well when I began seeing posts of my fellow students finding out they now have to take three buses to get to uni. I mean, that should be illegal. My equally pained friend has found herself in a dead zone, lost in the void of the new network. She's now adding onto her already heinous student loan by moving out of home because the new bus network is so appalling. It would take her 2 hours to get into uni and 2 hours to get home every day, and I don't think anyone has that kind of time.

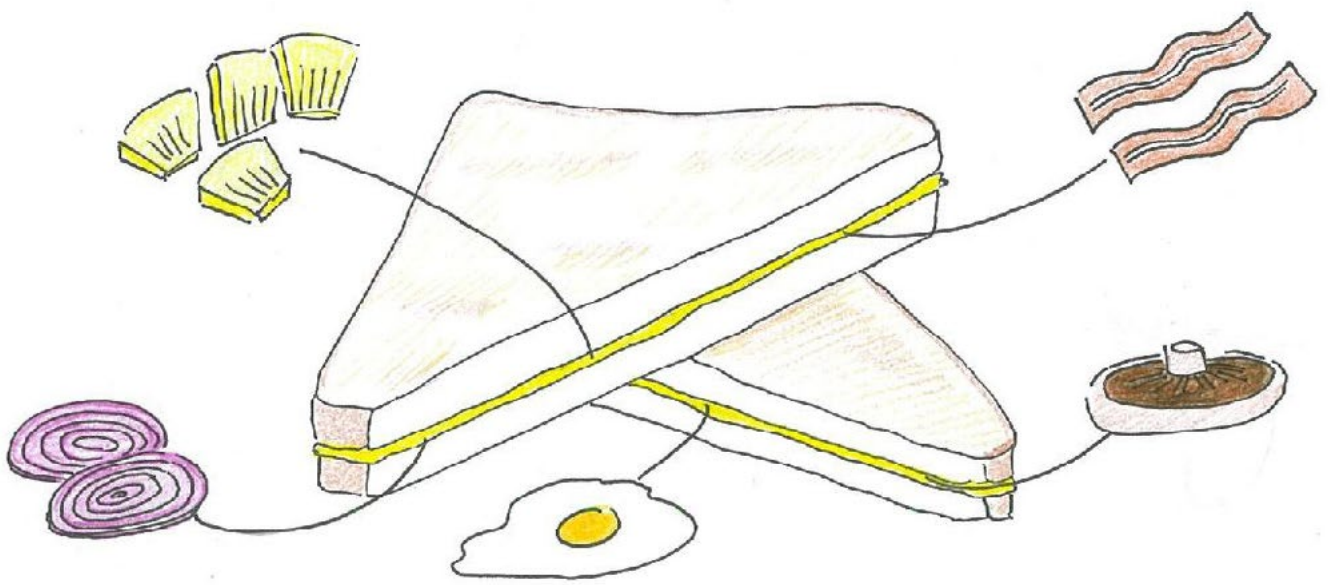
So where does that leave me? The new year has brought a new semester and fresh hope; my bank account looks a bit healthier, as well as my eating habits, and I begin my new life with the new bus network. It's doable, I'm learning to accept the change and embrace the extra steps and new route. But like an ex-boyfriend, I can't help but think about the love story that was myself and the 881. I miss you already. I will never forget you. Thank you for your service. And if you're also struggling with the new network; kia kaha, it's a bumpy ride.

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Shadows Snack Review #1 – Toasted Sandwiches

BY THE CRACCUM EDITORIAL TEAM

Last Tuesday, the Craccum editorial team (minus those in class) had our first official editorial meeting. So naturally, we ventured up to Shadows to grab a jug of Shadows Draught and review their toasted sandwiches. Shadows' toasted sandwiches are truly iconic; beginning at just \$2 for a cheese toastie and with an extensive range of options, they're a solid choice for any mid-afternoon snack, and they do the job of accompanying a Shadows Draught quite well.

For the sake of our review - and because there are endless combination options you could choose - we decided to try one of every option with cheese. This left us with Onion, Ham, Bacon, Pineapple, Mushroom, Egg and just plain cheese. Tomato is normally an option, however there appears to be a shortage of tomatoes at Shadows at the moment, which unfortunately caused some dismay. And now, for your informative reading (and in no way to excuse daytime drinking), we have rated these toasties for you:

Cheese and Pineapple

Cheese and Pineapple was a controversial pick for the team. Especially as our team is not a fan of pineapple with savoury food options, nevertheless we persisted for the sake of journalistic integrity. Pineapple as suspected was not well liked and it was the only one that we didn't finish.

Key Quotes:

Claudia: "it's like a chutney that's gone terribly wrong"

Daphne: "it'd be better with some ham to balance it out"

Bailley "It lacks heart"

Rating: 2/10

Value: If it was \$2 yeah, but it's \$3 so nah.

features.

Cheese and Ham

Cheese and Ham is a standard classic. However, this ham was diced and not sliced which did cause some contention between our writers. There was also an overwhelming sense that the ham was not quite as tasty as the bacon, although bacon is a hard meat to beat.

Key Quotes:

Lachlan: *"The pig didn't want to die for this..."*

Lachlan: *"was it a hint of ham? You needed a guide to find it"*

Lachlan: *"who is this for?"*

Rating: 3.75/10

Value: Nope, not at all. Pay the extra \$1 for bacon and be happy with your choices.

Cheese and Egg (or just plain Egg?)

Egg appeared on the options as a strange choice, but because we are committed to fair and comprehensive coverage, we decided to give it a go. We did however have some later debate about whether there was actually cheese in the toastie. Ultimately, we do not recommend egg in a toasted sandwich; it just doesn't feel right, unless you maybe added bacon and then you've got some sort of breakfast hybrid.

Key Quotes:

Bailley: *"egg carried the team"*

Lachlan: *"The egg is Batman and the cheese is Robin except it's the dead Robin"*

Claudia: *"it's for the gym bros, you've got all your macros there, you can get a whole meal for \$3"*

Cameron: *"butter, cheese, egg and bread is not really a complete meal"*

Lachlan: *"but is anyone coming to Shadows for a complete meal?"*

Rating: 5/10

Value: how much does a single egg cost?

Cheese

Cheese was a standard choice and one that

couldn't be overlooked. At only \$2, it was our cheapest toastie of the lot. Cheese went down a treat with no complaints from anyone. It didn't set out to be a boujee toastie but it did its job well. Ka Pai.

Key Quotes:

Bailley: *"It did what it set out to do, it didn't overpromise"*

Cameron: *"It's dependable, and in this economy, I need dependable"*

Bailley: *"it's a price point I can get behind"*

Cameron: *"it's a lifestyle I can get behind"*

Rating: 5.25/10

Value: Hell yeah

Cheese and Mushroom

Cheese and Mushroom was only \$3, yet the use of Portobello mushrooms added a true touch of class. Our team didn't dislike this toastie per say, but we can't say it was the best one of the lot.

Key Quotes:

Claudia: *"It was kind of raw but it was okay"*

Bailley: *"the fact they used Portobello is well worth its money"*

Claudia: *"adds just that touch of class"*

Daphne: *"I don't have anything to say, it's what it says it is"*

Rating: 6/10

Value: Sure thing, definitely

Cheese and Onion

Cheese and Onion was a moderate option, and at only \$3 still a bargain – as all of these toasties are. Cheese and Onion's likeability was truly dependent on everyone's own personal thoughts about onion. Regardless, still worth a go.

Key Quotes:

Daphne: *"The Onion was undercooked, but if you like crunchy onion it's there for you"*

Claudia: *"better than pineapple but a low bar"*

Cameron: *"it tasted like French onion and I love that"*

Rating: 6.5/10

Value: Hell yeah

Cheese and Bacon

Cheese and bacon is a winning combo. I know it, you know it, and Arnotts shapes knows it. Craccum had high expectations for this toastie and they were delivered on. Cheese and Bacon was the Star of the Show and is our supreme winner.

Key Quotes:

Lachlan: *"should've won best picture"*

Cameron: *"but who was the Olivia Coleman of this toastie?"*

Bailley: *"so much better than Ham"*

Rating: 8/10

Value: Bacon is an extra \$2 so it is more expensive than the rest, however it is also super worth it

Winner: Cheese and Bacon

Loser: Cheese and Pineapple

Honorable Mention: Cheese

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**DON'T FEED
THE POP MONSTER | BRIAN GU**
6/10: *An unsatisfying crunch*

Don't Feed the Pop Monster is a look into the tame, mellow side of Broods, from a duo at the height of their success. With hit single Peach already making waves internationally, Georgia and Caleb are in a golden opportunity to capitalize on the success they have drawn already.

For a start, the album succeeds on delivering its highs: 'Why Do You Believe Me?' is a great track with a haunting refrain, while Sucker is a great upbeat pop anthem that kicks the album off strong. Unfortunately, the second half of falls closer towards the category of a forgettable pop mix that refuses to excite no matter how often it teases.

On Metacritic, the most acclaimed review for the album describes it as "a satisfying effort". But unfortunately this time round we've missed out on all it served to promise. If you need a reminder of what this duo is capable of, go check out their first album Evergreen (my favourites include L.A.F, Mother and Father, Superstar or any other track off that album, seriously).

We've seen Broods create some brilliant tracks, but this sadly falls flat of that standard. Culprit to unimaginative lyrics (which I get is the point of easy pop), experimental reserve, and even just lacking excitement in general, it's another pop album that will be forgotten in a few weeks, if not already. Ironically, what Broods have laboured to create is a king-sized smorgasbord for the pop monster to churn.



**EVERYBODY
KNOWS | EMILY HOLLAND**
3/10: *Apparently they don't*

Following the success of his 2016 film, *The Salesman*, Iranian director Asghar Farahdi returned to the festival circuit last year with *Everybody Knows*, a film set in a small village outside Madrid, starring Penelope Cruz, Javier Bardem and Argentinian actor Ricardo Darin. The film opens with a joyous Laura (Cruz) returning to her hometown for her sister's wedding, accompanied by her children Diego and Irene. She is reunited with the charming Paco (Bardem), her ex-lover who purchased land from her years earlier and has transformed it into a successful vineyard. As the wedding festivities are in full swing, the electricity is unexpectedly cut. Once it returns, Laura discovers that Irene has been taken from her bed. The kidnapping in *Everybody Knows* acts as a catalyst from which familial tensions bubble to the surface and some very big secrets are brought to the fore. It's a solid drama with wonderful chemistry between Cruz and Bardem and excellent performances from an array of supporting actors. Because the film focuses on the relationship between Laura and Paco, the kidnap narrative morphs into something rather underwhelming and underdeveloped by the end, preventing a good film from being a great one. While this element isn't stitched together particularly well, the character arc of Paco is stirring heart-breaking and demonstrates the lengths one will go to when put under pressure in a crisis. While lacking a little pizzazz here and there, *Everybody Knows* is nonetheless an engaging human drama with some unexpected twists and turns throughout.



**PARTY IN
THE PARK | CAMERON LEAKEY**
6/10: *Nandos Spice Rating: Medium*

Party in the Park took over Albert Park once again for its third iteration on Thursday 7th March and once again, it delivered. PIP was headlined by Rüfüs Du Sol with support from Robinson, Bene and Church & AP. The latter opened the gig at an early 4pm time slot, but performed a solid set. Bene's set next started off well. However, she struggled to find a crowd due to performing mostly unreleased material. Her hit single, Soaked, however bought the crowd back.

An inordinately long time followed each artist's set with Robinson finally coming on approximately 30-40 minutes following Bene's set. Robinson's set followed a variety of her hits - despite not having a debut album yet, her set was more polished. However, for a set that was going to be followed by Rüfüs Du Sol, it did at times hit a slower pace. In particular, her rendition of 'I'm on Fire' by Bruce Springsteen felt misplaced.

Rüfüs Du Sol played a consistently great set over their 90 minutes on stage and they kept attendees raving. Their chilled, electronic tones were well performed and well received from the crowd. Whilst the set had no real change in momentum, they kept the crowd going even as the rain poured down.

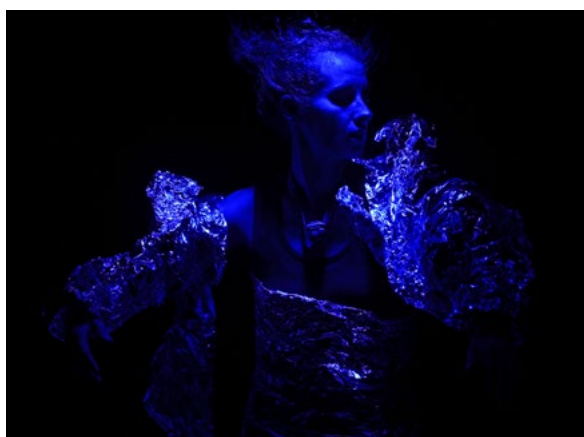
PIPP was ultimately another successful iteration of the event. Rüfüs Du Sol played the Trusts Arena the following night with tickets approximately 2x the price of PIP. Besides, which other gig could offer you free Peri Peri Chips with your ticket.



WILD DOGS UNDER MY SKIRT | LILY HOLLOWAY

9/10: *Uniquely powerful - no pun necessary*

What can I say? *Wild Dogs Under My Skirt* is a powerhouse of a show. As someone already familiar with Tusiata Avia's poetry (off of which the show is based), I was already expecting something brilliant. My expectations were exceeded immediately, and continued to be exceeded for the duration of the show. Incredibly potent, the show empowers language and Samoan culture while staying true to the suffering that has occurred (and still occurs) as a result of white supremacy, patriarchal values, colonisation as well as the experience of diaspora. This show is a mixing pot of spoken word, song, dance, and theatre which successfully balances the horrible, the beautiful, the funny and the powerful. Each of the six (amazing, astounding, undeniably powerful) Pasifika actresses is given enough space and time to fill the theatre and really shine. I was left reeling and with a feeling that I had been a part of something *important* (we even bumped into Jacinda Ardern in the foyer). The performance is an excellent example of how language holds power - language is how sexuality and culture in the show are reclaimed and utilised for self-empowerment. When they are told that their actions, sexuality and culture are that of wild dogs, who can blame them if they teach them how to bite? Unfortunately, as I write this, the show has moved on from Auckland BUT if it ever comes back, do yourself a favour and see it.



WORKING ON MY NIGHT MOVES | LILY HOLLOWAY

7.5/10: *Bob Seger found dead*

Working on my Night Moves is a show you really have to see to understand its power: it is bizarre, unexpected and undeniably necessary. Julia Croft and Nisha Madhan imagine what feminism looks like outside of any particular position in time or space. How does one perform feminism when the world as we know it is gone? What if there is no gravity? What if we are completely isolated? *Working on my Night Moves* is a combination of dance, light show, soundscape and theatre. The audience is invited to be an observer looking from the outside into this evocative, personal and compelling performance. You are invited to stand or sit on the floor around the room, having to move away if the performers push through as though the audience are simply curious and accidental onlookers. Julia is performing entirely for herself. This is a show that also examines the power of music and the audience cannot help but to connect with Julia's musical journey. The sound design itself is incredibly moving. There are several 'eureka' moments during the show, where the images presented become clear. It is in this way that curiosity and confusion are used to draw the audience in and keep the audience engaged for the full hour. There are moments of tension, distress, and laughter. Surprisingly, the finale of the piece nearly made me cry (which is impressive for a piece that contains no words spoken by the performers). If you want to step outside of your artistic comfort zone and see successful boundary pushing, this show is well worth a watch.



RETRO REVIEW: FINAL FANTASY X | LACHLAN MITCHELL

10/10: *Tens across the board*

While everyone and their mother in the Western world had a PS1 copy of *Final Fantasy VII* in 1997 due to it being the Big New Franchise of the time, the series had been going strong in Japan on various Nintendo consoles since 1987. However, while FFXVII was unquestionably the cultural height of the franchise, to the point of Cloud and Sephiroth being gaming touchstones for over 20 years, it was *Final Fantasy X* that perfected the franchise in 2001. It was a game that blended the past and the future of the franchise in a way that was accessible to all - while *Final Fantasy IX* was the love letter to the games of old, FFX was the game that took the love inherent and made it accessible to a new generation of gamers. It's a game that has not been ravaged by the advancements in gameplay in the years since; while undeniably dated, it is not clunky. The graphics, while pixelated, still serve to express the beauty of the world you find yourself in. The story is still able to resonate with each new player; while the voice acting is a product of its time, you can still grasp the emotions being given a voice. The trials of letting go; of forgiveness; of self-determination; of trust and of breaking prejudices are trials that are relevant to anyone today. I just think everyone should hear the *Hymn of the Fayth* and see what I mean.



I'm the Captain Now

MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

Note: Contains massive spoilers.

*Finally, a female-led Marvel movie has graced theatre screens. After 20 MCU films, Brie Larson has been crowned as Carol Danvers a.k.a Captain Marvel, bursting into the universe as the most powerful hero we've seen. Unfortunately, a pimple that had been festering under the Marvel fanbase's skin (since *Black Panther's* release last year) also burst... all over the internet.*

In the lead up to *Captain Marvel's* release, Brie Larson gave some comments in which she expressed her concern towards lack of diversity in the press. Shockingly, truly shockingly, some would-be viewers felt attacked and decided to boycott the film. *Captain Marvel* has gone on to become the second highest grossing of 2019, bringing in \$455 million worldwide at the time of writing. So, Disney probably aren't too worried. Larson had also noted during her press junket that the film depicts the female experience and brings to light stories never seen in the MCU before. There are subversive moments and story beats that hit hard, arising solely from the fact that Captain Marvel is a woman instead of a man. The film also carries some interesting feminist themes and conversations, which seem to (unknowingly) actively engage in the public debate that surrounded the film. This marks the fact that *Captain Marvel* acts as a cultural barometer in gender politics of our time.

Criticism of the film began very early on, with the first trailer

receiving flack for Brie Larson's stoic performance, and more specifically, her lack of smiling. In response to the sexist comments, Larson posted photoshopped images of other Marvel heroes to her Instagram story. Iron Man, Captain America and Doctor Strange all looked goofy as hell, striking their superhero poses with big cheesy grins. Her acting chops and body were also called into question, with "fans" wondering if the Oscar, BAFTA and Golden Globe winner, who later pushed a Jeep at an incline, could handle the role. More kickback came when Larson drew attention to lack of diversity in her press rooms, and submitted that there are certain films where opinions that are not from white men are desperately needed, referring to *A Wrinkle in Time* (which had a cast primarily consisting of women of colour). This comment in particular sparked talk of a boycott, or the #alitachallenge. So, y'know, Twitter shit. Would-be-viewers were instructed by popular American conservatives to go see *Alita: Battle Warrior* instead, so they would not be supporting 'SJW nonsense'.

It's not like sexist criticism of major franchises or progressive mass media is new, not at all. Alicia Vikander was criticised for her *boobs being too small* to play Lara Croft. The 2016 gender-bent *Ghostbusters* remake was threatened with a boycott. Gal Gadot was body shamed; not curvy enough to play Wonder Woman. Major feature films that surround women are so often unfairly subject to hatred and misogyny. These films (including *Captain Marvel*) are nowhere near perfect. Some note that there is no address to intersectional feminism, that minorities and LGBT+ are often not given a place to speak or that the stories seem inauthentic or do not delve far enough into politics. There is legitimate, interesting critique and analysis that these films deserve, criticism that we need in order to progress our representations and stories in mass media. However, so much of the criticism unproductively seeks to destroy the voice these films give to women, to undermine the subversive messages they send. *Captain Marvel* thrives in the context of a misogynistic market, as it engages in the conversation with fierce attitude.

In the opening of the film, the hero is told by both her mentor and the intelligence that controls her society that she will never win a fight without keeping her emotions and powers at bay. Cap doesn't really listen, operating throughout the movie with cheek, sass and strong connection to her tragic past. In the final showdown with her mentor, she is challenged to a battle, told to beat him without her powers, told she needs to control herself. She blasts him straight into a rock, basically giggling at his incompetence. It's pretty satisfying, and sends a poignant message to some in the Marvel fandom, to those who wish to maintain the status quo. Those who could probably do with a shower and a deodorant other than Lynx.

In a holy-shit-was-that-written-before-the-controversy moment, a man on a motorcycle catcalls Carol, and then tells her she should smile. She ignores him at first, rolling her eyes in a way that is all too familiar. Then, she's riding across the desert on his motorcycle. Interestingly, there isn't a lot of weight to this moment, the movie just breezing past it to hit the next plot point. It remains well remembered, getting a good laugh out of the audience, along with some uncomfortable shifting in seats.

In a much more sub-textual manner, *Captain Marvel* delves deep into a feminist journey. The film concerns itself with the journey of one woman, seeking to rediscover the truth of her past, who is exposed to the horrific manipulation and corruption of her society. Her worldview is entirely shaken. Her superiors try to restrain her, to control what makes her different, but ultimately it is her allies, her resistance, her power and her emotion that push her to succeed. She is held down, but comes back every time, against ideology that suggests she shouldn't. Once she is able to fight with both hands, no one is able to stop her.

This film is incredibly important. It is subversive to previous superhero and MCU films, even in the most obvious details of the story; it is an superhero origin story about a woman. The film and Marvel should be open to criticism, but criticism that is fair and productive. It might not go far enough for the time that we are in, but for women and young girls who have been waiting for 20 films to see this kind of hero it is a step in the right direction. Next, that step should be a

massive jump.

Promotional note

Captain Marvel screening for the Mental Health Foundation

Hosted by: Stefan Maday

Location: Event Cinemas @ St. Lukes

Time: March 20th, 7:30-10:30pm

Further information: <https://www.facebook.com/events/243183786587916/>

"Tickets \$22 per person (non-allocated seating + small free popcorn), private message [Stefan] for billing information and [he] will secure you tickets."

“
Major feature
films that surround
women are so often
unfairly subject
to hatred and
misogyny.

”

GUEST COLUMN



KEEARA OFREN

Lessons from Media: Failing the Bechdel Test

Keara Ofren reviews graphic novel 'New York Four' by Bryan Wood and Ryan Kelly

New York City, once dubbed as the 'belly of the beast' is home to many a story of cynicism, grit and forging your own path, *New York Four* is one such novel, but like the heroes of the belly, you can either fail or fly. And I believe that though ambitious, *New York Four* falls flat of its goals to launch representation in the graphic novel platform.

New York Four follows four classmates who become flatmates over the course of their first year at New York University. Telling the story of the Four is the shy Riley hoping to become more independent from her overbearing parents and learn the truth about her estranged older sister. Riley is welcomed into the group of the grades-focussed former private school Lona, the naïve and edgy Ren from the West Coast and the histrionic Merissa from a working-class family. Acting as role of the Greek Chorus, the 3rd person observer and outsider with a heart of gold is Olive, a homeless girl who is a regular on the street the Four live in.

My scepticism of the novel was initially eroded with the stunning art style that's definitely evocative of a fast paced city life. The strength of *New York Four* is in the visual style, setting and look. It's detailed and filled with moments like coffee meetups, tense conversations over dumplings, the subway rush—very film like and unapologetically busy, capturing the feeling of being in the city as a young woman trying to make their way. Every character has a different style, body and look than merely being clones of the same magazine or anime prototype. There's even commentary and factoids as an internal voice but as a cute way to break the fourth wall, evoking the feeling of a journal or when you pretend you're narrating the story of your life or a sad person in a music video. The emotional quality of the art style makes this novel stand out.

But what the art style has, the rest of the novel greatly lacks. Cracks in the frosting reveal a bland filling. The seemingly breakthrough and rich quality of *New York Four*'s storytelling is betrayed by the first crack, the anachronisms. *New York Four* is set on the early 2010s. Ah, the New Tens, a time of a new hope, Obama as president, EDM dominating the charts, a new time where women rocked the entertainment scene. It was also a time with new conversations in the post-racial lie of America, the power and danger of social media, the Occupy movement, the recession, awareness of mental illnesses and a growing wave of feminism on the rise. This is a time ripe for the

picking for a background force that really informs the characters. And yet characters are illustrated with...brick phones? What kind of period piece is this with no reference to any external event or pop culture? It's like the women are just floating in some city vacuum. I may be nitpicky, but to quote the guy on the Ab Circle Pro infomercials...but wait...there's more...

For a novel in the coming of age genre, let alone focussing on young women, it's surprising that there's no witty dialogue or rich conversation. There's no indications of the hallmarks of being a woman in the big city. No talk on reality of the waxing and waning of relationships, friendships, no talk on safety, sexism, politics or how your learning at university impacts you. The Sex And The City/Girls/Friends framework isn't enough to save the novel, in fact, it only scrapes past at a Bechdel test, as in, conversations and things that happen to characters are all about men. This leaves one dimensional and shallow development of characters dependent on external events, even for the most introspective characters. As such, the twists and turns of *New York Four* are akin to cheap telenovela shocks that don't do so much for a well-rounded story.

Moreso, the characters seem to fall into a caricature. It's frustrating when characters aren't given the chance to develop when they have a range of traits that they can adapt as they face their numerous difficulties. Merissa and Lona are the women of colour in the *New York Four*, Merissa is Latina whereas Lona is implied to be Asian. As their arcs progress, they seem to become a racial stereotype of sorts, Merissa acts on emotion and has a hedonistic attitude towards life whereas Lona is serious, meek, academically focussed. This seems a lazy and rushed way to characterise and co-opts a woman's voice into a hasty and hardly progressive story as it makes out to be. Women of colour and women of the world regardless of ethnicity won't identify with a character based on stereotype, but rather shared experiences and meaningful, witty moments in media.

Following the wave of highly stylised action comics, *New York Four* seeks the same grip but has faltered on some key areas of consistency and originality. If I didn't scare you off, it's still worth a look for the storytelling through the art to see the belly of the beast in action.

GUEST COLUMN



BRIAN GU

A Letter to the Editor (and David Correos)

We receive our first 'Letter to the Editor' at Craccum, and frankly, we're too excited to care that it was written by our own subeditor! This letter calls into question the editorial for Issue 2, titled 'What to do when you have already peaked'.

Last week, I had the (unsolicited) privilege of watching Billy T Award winner comedian David Correos run around the Shadows garden in a thong, and make out with our absolutely horrified AUSA President Anand Rama as part of his comedy set. Understandably, you might be thinking 'back the fuck up, that's way too much to load on us in one opening sentence', but that's a story for another news summary (that you can read in this issue funnily enough!).

But before you run off to Daniel's section, the reason I bring up this story is that while watching this grown man leap from table to table in the Shadows garden, knocking over whatever pint glass obstructed his way, in a manner that I can only compare to Shia Labeouf in Sia's *Elastic Heart*, the sudden realization dawned upon me that for David Correos, this was as good as it's going to get. When else in your fucking life are you going to be able to tell someone you ran around near-naked in a student bar, made out with the student association's president, all while wearing nothing but a loose-fitting thong? Then again - if he somehow managed to become an AUSA-sponsored stripper, he would be doing more or less the same thing.

Never mind, because my point is that for Issue 2, *Craccum's* editor-in-chief Bailey wrote an editorial titled 'What to do when you have already peaked'. And for the first issue (after the one where we finally started getting our shit together), that's a pretty terrifying thing to analyse. You, I, Bailey and David Correos are at the beginning of our lives, with everything to live for. But because even I am terrified of my own advice, this isn't a mental health or help piece. This is simply for because you think you've peaked, and I'm here to tell you that you haven't.

1. Reflection: Why do you consider this a peak? Did it involve Shadows bar, a whole bottle of wine and a loose-fitting thong? No? There you go then, you haven't peaked. What was that, you wanted to receive that information in a flow chart format? It's ten minutes until deadline, so just fucking move on to the next bullet point.

Well, what if your peak did involve a drunken Shadows tirade then? Well someone from the future is going to tell you tomorrow that you'll top it. That bottle of wine turn into two, the *Craccum* subeditor

in the audience will turn into a news reporter from *Critic*, and your thong will turn into, well, what thong?

You'll always have another drunker day, so until then recuperate and write the best jokes you can for it!

2. Action: So enough time has passed from when you thought you peaked? Well, what's stopping you from getting out there again and putting on a show! Is it the lack of flow chart in this column? I'm not humouring you.

Well if you're still here, it seems like something is clearly bothering you. You'll never achieve anything you'll envision as great if you constantly live in the shadow of your past. The highest peak in the fucking world couldn't stop Sir Edmund Hillary from driving a tractor through Antarctica.

3. Vent about it on Facebook: Because you're always your best self on Facebook (that's how it works, right?). Delete your outdated 18th photos from your album, take that job you got fired from three years ago off your bio. Purge your likes and your century-old memberships to dead pages and groups respectively. There's no shame in removing an insensitive post from seven years ago, it's a new you! Tell the world the great things you managed to do, and promise them even better for the future!

4. Tick-Tock: Ten minutes till deadline? No. You're staring at ten minutes until greatness. To burst your bubble for a second though, it's "Does it fit your designated gap in Craccum?", not "does it fit you". Get it in for proofreading.

Meet Your 2019 AUSA Exec Team



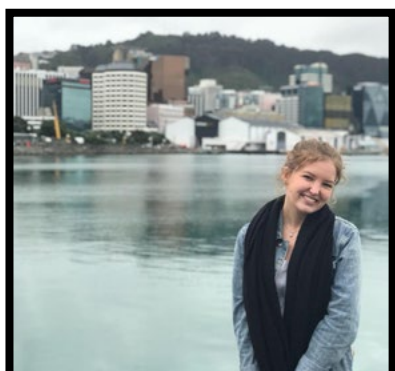
Anand Rama
President
Studies Psychology



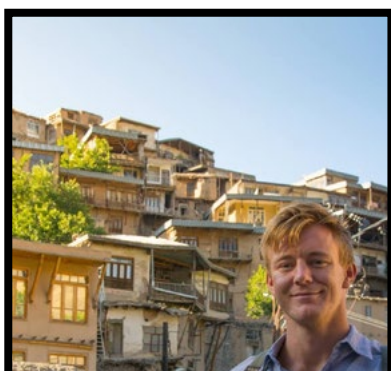
Hugo Thomlinson
Treasurer
Studies Civil Engineering and Finance



Sophie Canning
Queer Rights Officer
Studies English



Emily McDonald
Engagement Vice President
Studies Statistics, Marketing & Commercial Law



Sam Snell
Welfare Vice President
Studies Politics



Anamika Harirajh
Women's Rights Officer
Studies English



George Barton
Education Vice President
Studies Law and Economics



Callum Tokorangi
Campaigns Officer
Studies Global Studies



Jordan TeAukura
Satellites Officer
Studies Medicine



Tegan Allpress
Culture and Communications Officer
Studies Fine Arts



Afiqah Ramizi
International Students Officer
Studies Medicine

Ask Brenda

Hey girl hey, it's your favourite Remuera Mum BRENDA (BITCH)! Just a bit about me, I like drinking too many Frosés' at brunch, lip fillers, pilates and long walks over to Susan's ex-husband's house (hi Peter xx).

My sources tell me that there's some piping hot tea just waiting to be spilled here at UoA- so your girl Brenda is here to answer any questions you have, or any dilemmas that have been thrown your way. From cheating scandals that make Jay - Z and Bey look like amateurs, to having a crush on your Art History professor who is old enough to be your Grand Daddy, ya girl Brenda is here to help! We all know that our campus is full of hot messes (and I'm not just talking about Becky falling down the stairs leaving Shadz after one too many Long Whites,) but I'm here to help you dusty hoes solve your woes!

So babes- send in your questions or issues to itsbrendab1tch@gmail.com and I'll provide the tea and the tissues!

Xoxo Brenda

1 March 2019

Notice is hereby given

for the

AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING

to be held

FRIDAY, 29 MARCH 2019

at 1.00 pm

Waipapa Marae

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

Deadline for Constitutional Changes is 12pm, Thursday, 14 March 2019.

Deadline for Other Agenda Items is 12pm, Thursday, 21 March 2019.

- Association Secretary



Did Simon Bridges Really Say That?

Simon Bridges seems to be a walking answer to the age-old question of "How much worse could that have gone?" So we here at Craccum have thrown together some of Bridges' best gaffes, along with some bound to happen in the future, for you to tell us which came from the man himself.

1. Regarding National List MP and Associate Spokesperson for Children Maureen Pugh, a self-described "fierce advocate for West Coast/Tasman issues", and formerly mayor of the Westland District; "Maureen Pugh is fucking useless."

2. 'It's just a travesty that these people cannot afford those things

in life they've worked hard for, like a boat, or a yacht."

3. "Winston Peters spends a huge amount of time on me, on Paula Ben- Benefit- Bennett."

4. On why Santa Claus should stay male: "I just want a few things I can believe in."

5. "Two Chinese would be more valuable than two Indians, I have to say."

6. Regarding Jacinda Ardern's baby "she should be going to school like in boy's clothes right?"

Answers:

1. Simon Bridges 2. Craccum 3. Simon Bridges
4. Simon Bridges 5. Jamie-Lee Ross, although to be fair, Bridges did agree with this comment
6. Simon Bridges



www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZhCDkVuBDtw

meltdown in supermarket
laughable claim:
baby carrots

are really
big carrots cut down
and rounded

not peeled (baby carrots)
but baby (peeled carrots)
root vegetable semantics

statistically
what is the likelihood
of multiple chunks

of the same mother
carrot ending
together in plastic sack?

humanity makes minions
orange infantilisation
hey, baby, give me a smile!

squished pug faces
sterile bananas
millions of people

remaining blissful
thinking of carrots
harvested in infancy

ignorant of betrayal
sheer deception
miniaturised logging industry

orange infants?
orange abdomens.

The 10 wildest moments on the UOA: meaningful confession page

BY LILY LI

'Our stories hold unique inspiration for one another.' This is the familiar quote on the cover page of UOA: meaningful confessions. The Facebook page is perhaps our most famous claim to fame (apart from the fact that we're closing down our speciality libraries and we're the 'best' university in New Zealand).

Since the page was created on the glorious day of April 30, 2017, it has gained more than 12,877 likes (as of time of writing) and 925 people who are too scared to admit they like the page but follow it.

It's seen posts about breakups to hookups, relationship problems to relationship breakdowns, and other weird shit. But it's also seen posts about triumphs, about overcoming our fears and coming to terms with fucked up things. We laugh together, cry together, sympathise together, vent together and try to help each other. As an avid reader, I've followed the page since I was a high school student in Christchurch. Here are the 10 wildest moments I've seen on the UOA: meaningful confession page:

#382 My sister is a hottie

My friend and my sister never hooked up I don't think- but I thought there was some serious sexual tension going on between them. It was around that time that I got really badly hurt in an accident. It was fucked up. I almost died. But when I was in recovery my sister came to see me, and out of the clear blue sky she started gives me this awesome, slow, passionate kiss on the lips.

Sadly (although, I guess for the best) nothing ever came of it. We spent some time apart... and I started to get really religious, so I tried not to think of her that way. It was actually going well for a long time- like I was totally over her. But I have to say, like a year or so after all that stuff went down, we were out sailing (not like a date or anything romantic like that), and she was wearing like the hottest bikini I've ever fucking seen and it brought back all the old feelings. Sigh.

A little while later she actually wound up with my friend from before (the sexual tension guy). I can't say I was surprised.

But even after she was shacking up with my friend, there was one time we were at a party... my friend was inside, and my sister and I were outside alone. It was a really intimate moment. I think something might have happened, except that I killed the mood when I told her that Darth Vader was our father and that I had to go face him.

Luke

We were probably all thinking the same thing when we saw this one, but probably all secretly intrigued. It really takes you on an emotional rollercoaster. We have the poor motherless boy, to suddenly really sexual thoughts and incest... but we keep reading. AND THEN BAM. 'I killed the mood when I told her that Darth Vader was our father and that I had to go face him.' Like when you accidentally think about all those lecture recordings you've got to do when you're doing the nasty.

This is probably the post which catapulted the page to where

it is today, with 2.9k likes it totes deserves number 1 status. It's so weird, yet such a good read. 10/10

2. #616 What I say vs what I think

Law: "Damn, I thought so, judging by your confident speech and smart clothing"

(Pretentious twat, idk who came up with the term putting "doctors and lawyers" because together because we are completely different, don't fucking try to associate with me. Doctors actually help people and make good money whereas lawyers are just a bunch of arrogant smug cunts and loose-pussy feminist whores who overdress to cloak their depression caused by their gradual realization that both the glamorous lifestyle and big bucks portrayed by the fictional show "Suits" is unattainable to them and their chances of achieving significant wealth and/or respect in life is minimal, no matter how well they understand the significance of the Treaty of Waitangi nor how well they can suck dick)

Civil Engineering: "Yeah man, I heard civil is a really good one, I mean look around, people will never stop building"

(couldn't get into biomed huh? Its ok, I'll keep pretending that I believe you always had a genuine passion for studying how a bridge works)

Software Engineering: "Wow, you're gonna be rich bro, programming is going to be the fastest growing career"

(you are literally the physical embodiment of autism, no amount of money will make up for your severe lack of sexual prowess and personality, and I can't believe I just had a borderline human conversation with you without hearing about how AI is going to change the fucking world)

"When you praise me for being a med student, I act humble and compliment your degree but I love the feeling of knowing I'm better than you and you know it too." What a dick.

Idk about you, but I'd rather sue people who fuck up our society and defend those who can't defend themselves! But of course, that's just me.

3. #375 Grafton Roast

and made an entire campus out of it. If I had a dollar for every pretentious looking chick wearing white converse or cocky guy in chinos and a cheap halenstines shirt I could probably afford a coffee at their campus cafe that plays fucking house music. If only they had more mirrors around so they could look at themselves instead of looking down at me.

Yeah, sorry bro but I doubt much has changed, although do med students even go near Hallensteins? I've heard on Wednesdays they all wear stethoscopes.

4. Every post from biomed/health/yr13 med wannabes

I've kind of grouped these all together because well they're essentially all the same. They start with a tragic backstory, have a climax of wanting to do well, then end with a whole rant about how everything's so unfair, and how hard they've got it. Kids, just wait till MEDSCI 142.

5. #395 Living a less shitty uni life

Tips and advice:

- If you think you've found the best location, there's always better.
- I don't condone selfishness but keep your spot to yourself.
- Make sure you've got strong wifi signal so you can screw around as you push out that Goliath of a shit(me rn)
- Some toilets are designed so badly your cheeks will be exposed to and exploited by Poseidon. A gentle kiss can really add some spice to your day but a slobber will ruin it. TREAD LIGHTLY.
- Give a cheeky smile if you see someone who also shares the same territory as you. Acknowledge them as part of an unspoken family.

Phantom Shitter



4. The 'I'm barely passing uni but I was top in high school and had good grades'

#57 I have always been the smart kid, #634 Big fish

You start to really doubt your capability once you continuously fail your tests and can't seem to absorb anything no matter how much you study and start to wonder if life has been playing some kind of joke on you giving you amazing academic achievements only to barely be able to breathe the moment you get to university. I went from continuous E8s in high school to failing almost every test I've had so far in this first semester, if not, barely passing a test - all the core papers included.

I'll summarise this.

1. Person was dux, an extra-curricular god, and an all-round high-achiever.
2. Suddenly comes to uni where other people are smart too?!
3. Does badly (probably because uni is hard, and NCEA is a bit of a piss-take depending on what subjects).

I realise I'm probably being a bit insensitive, and some of these stories are heartbreaking, but there comes to a point where you're thinking "ffs uni isn't high school."

6. The 'I'm in a relationship but I like someone else, what do I do?'

#318 Want my cake and eat it too, #364 What to do

#318 Want my cake and to eat it, too

I've loved this guy since we were 18. He liked me when I didn't notice him, then I liked him when he had a girlfriend, then they broke up as I got a boyfriend but part of me still likes him. I don't know if he knows, I don't know if it's all in my head, I don't know if I want him to know or not. Regardless, if you think this is you, message me. I'm leaving next year and I'm not coming back. My boyfriend and I are breaking up. I miss you.

Confused

My advice is gonna be shit, but here goes. Tell your significant other, talk to them about it. Try to work through it or break it off. It's not fair to them or really, you for that matter.

7. The other iconic 'I'm not in a relationship but I like someone who's in a relationship'

Oh dear god. Would recommend telling your significant other rather than the entire student cohort.

8.#427 Can people just stop asking where I'm really from?

DONT FUCKIN NI HAO ME BITCH. NO NAMASTES OR KONNICHIWAS. I don't care how great your trip to thailand is. I don't care how great you think our food is. Your joke about us eating dogs and cats is soooooo funny. I'm insulted at the fact that you think that overplayed joke is funny, not even at the fact that you made a joke about my race. Be fucking original at least.

Haha, I can't see. What I can't see is why we are never the demographic that is mentioned in serious problems such as mental illness, but always mentioned in the shitty housing crisis that us nz-asians hate too? We hate the rich cunts too man. Nobody likes immigrants who buy up all the land and houses. Stop blaming us for problems that the extreme minorities created.

I'm so tired of hearing all the same shit on a different day. Bruh. I'm just as a New Zealander as you. Auckland has a huge asian population, the typical new zealander is no longer just a white or polynesian/maori person dude. If anything, whites and polynesians are no longer the majority. Us asians are no longer the minority.

That being said though, fuck mainlanders

Preach!!! Coming from Christchurch (which has very small ethnic diversity, lol I wonder why), it's great to see that there's a wide array of different backgrounds and cultures in Auckland. But this also leads to more ethnic abuse and racial insensitivity, and it's great to see posts like this trying to stand up for what is right.

9. The wholesome posts which provide us a perspective which we're so lucky to read

#132 the life of a 'normal' gay boy, #362 Alcoholism

Gay is a choice? If it was, I wouldn't be here in the first place. "XXX's girlfriend is such a nice girl...Though why aren't you dating anyone?" MUM, PLEASE.

There are sooooo many great posts like these, which means I unfortunately have to narrow it down to a few. However, each of us have probably read one of these posts which touches us, makes us feel a little more human and gives us a little insight into the issues other students face.

10. #LOVECONFESSIONMONDAY

#282 Love conflict between an RA and a Resident, #1308 The freak-ing tutor, #1381 Ooh she's a church girl

her since, so I kinda just moved on. But recently I was at church (shout out to St. Patrick's in the CBD) and there she was, her beautiful self, waiting for the mass to start. I would have gone to sit with her but I was with family and I think she might have gotten creeped out if I did, so I didn't. But man, to me, how cool is that? Not only is she beautiful but she has faith!

I don't know who you are, but you're cute and I'm definitely praying that God keeps crossing our paths lolol.

Catholic boy

A great cure to Monday-itis, these posts just make me feel a bit better about my depressing love life (and don't kid yourselves, they probably do the same for you too) </3

Stuck on the Plate

BY JESSICA THOMAS

Clay listens.

It knows the hands that curl around it; shaping and moulding; guiding it from lump to ladle and clump to cup.

'If you're in a bad mood they'll all turn out wrong,' she says. 'You have to slow down and take your time. You can't rush it.'

Lily is clearly in a good mood; under her hands, mud turns into mugs, chunky clumps into cute wee plant pots.

I watch practised hands whack a new lump onto the wheel and am swallowed by the hypnotic swirl of the clay as it morphs into coffee cups that will transform your average job into something seriously special.

I'm at Lil' Ceramics and under the spell of Lily Weeds - the creative mastermind behind the range of bespoke ceramics in Grey Lynn. I've popped in for a sneaky look and was able to chat with her while she sat at her wheel, pumping out keep cups.

She slaps a new one onto the flat metal plate and as the wheel begins to turn, I get a look-see into how one winds up making pots and plates for a living.

'I went to art school but never quite found my niche. I didn't like painting or photography that much, but really loved sculpture. But at that point, pottery was seen as a fuddy duddy, old people's thing to do. Near the end of my degree, I saw lots of my art school friends go on the dole or be a teacher and I didn't want that kind of situation for myself so I went and got an office job.'

The lump of clay is now rising from the wheel. I marvel at how fluid it is - almost one continual movement from start to finish. Unlike painting, which feels like an accumulation of strokes, pottery appears as one continual transformative motion. I could blink and miss it. She dips her hands in an ice cream container of muddy grey water and depresses the clay with her thumb. It looks more like a bowl than the ten or so cups on the shelf beside her. But then, like magic, the clay follows her hands up off the plate and becomes a perfectly imperfect coffee cup.

It's about now that I remember I'm meant to be listening to her talk and try to look like I'm making notes. Reporter style.

'Then I had kids and life took on a different pace. I found some pottery night classes and I got stuck on it. I just kept going and got kind of addicted. I watched youtube and talked to other potters for extra tips and then found out the place where I originally learned was looking for a tutor. So I signed on and, like with anything, just got better with all the practise. But I was making so much and pretty soon I wanted my own wheel, which turned into a kiln, then the kiln was taking up space in my house and our shelves were filled with pottery.'

The keep cup is done. With a thin piece of wire, she slices it off the wheel and it goes on the shelf beside its buddies, ready to be roasted.

The kiln looks like a giant safe, not the oven in the ground I was expecting but I'm told the indoor variety is much easier to control than its wood fired cousin. However, that doesn't mean pottery is predictable.

'The only thing that's certain in pottery is that it won't be what you think. Stuff explodes or cracks and you have to start again. You have to maintain a bit of distance from what you make so that if it breaks or doesn't work, it's not heart breaking. And you always make extra- especially if it's for a restaurant order.'

Cafés and eateries are among her main clients these days, though she does a lot of commissions for locals and one offs. I ask how people picked up on what she was making.

'Mainly Instagram and art fairs. Word of mouth is another big one. It just happens, really, when you're doing something you love, people will always be attracted to that. You just have to persevere.'

And Lily has certainly done that. From class to kitchen to owning her own store, Lily has found profession from passion and an ancient process that infuses every vessel with a special kiss of magic. They're a bit wonky and quirky but that is all part of their charm. They honour the ground they come from by allowing the imperfections found in nature to remain.

'That's what I love about pottery,' she says, whacking another slab of clay onto her wheel. 'You're using natural materials, there's nothing synthetic and it hasn't been fiddled with or made in a lab. It's just a raw natural material and you're moulding it into something functional.'

So is her work art or practical object?

Apparently it's both. Art is water, mud, and motion. Form made functional.

'I hate art that just sits on the wall, things that you like but can never interact with. People spend thousands on stuff like that and then it just collects dust. I love that with pottery, it's useful so you're interacting with art every day.'

In the corner, an alarm on her phone goes off signalling the start of her afternoon rush to kindly. The transition from potter to mum is seamless and natural- like her creation.

Every piece is unique, some imprinted with a thumb, others with curious spiral patterns, and some have a marbled appearance thanks to a combination of different clays. It's interesting and it's all different. And certainly not fuddy duddy.

HOROSCOPES

[DISCLAIMER, BY THE WAY. DON'T LET THIS INSPIRE YOU TO DO ANYTHING AGAINST THE LAW. IF YOU DO, IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT, YOU PSYCHO.]

ARIES

21 march - 20 april



The plot thickens. Your investigations into the truth behind why Auckland Transport pretends to be so "busy" in March will yield an interesting clue. The whole of ACT is in on it. It's a libertarian plot to try and take down public transport. They're pushing the private transport agenda. Let's just say that "ACT" stands for something. That's right. Auckland Crappy Transport. Dig deeper, Aries. There's more to this than meets the eye.

TAURUS

21 april - 21 may



Your second week of research will be just as challenging as the first. You'll start to feel settled in, but the work will get harder. Don't worry too much, this is normal. Insomnia and momentary lapses in memory is normal.

GEMINI

22 may - 21 june



Marcus Aurelius once said "Despite what the ignorant profess, what really matters is what's on the outside". These words are very true. Get some better clothes, you dork. Also, take a shower.

CANCER

22 june - 22 july



The world still owes you, Cancer. Yeah, you've had some fun, but that does that really make up for all the nights you've spent trying to calm screaming babies? Does it make up for going months at a time without alcohol? Does it make up for all the school projects you've helped your ungrateful kids finish the night before it's due? No! You will start to commit more serious crimes this week. You will, for the first time in your life, shoplift. It will be a rush. You will not feel any guilt. Enjoy the sweet, sweet taste of a stolen chocolate bar.

LEO

23 july - 22 august



Hard to believe that we're this early into the year & you've already dropped out. Anywho, your pursuit of a career as a lumberjack will continue this week. You'll get a job interview up at Woodhill. There's a lumberjack shortage up there. You'll be in luck. Make sure you wear your lucky hat to the interview. It all hinges on the hat. Don't forget it.

VIRGO

23 august - 23 september



Yeah, so last week you entered a beauty pageant. They saw your picture and thought you're good enough to go through to the next stage. There won't actually be any progress this week. Things take time, you impatient git. Just uh... look pretty, get enough sleep and eat your veges. No romantic luck this week either. Obviously.

LIBRA

24 september - 23 october



Libra, the useless chef. Your lack of customers will mean you'll have to let the waitstaff go this week. You'll spend most of your time behind the counter, staring at the unmoving doors. Only one person will come in. A confused tourist, who will try to order a hat. Feeling both sorry for him and excited to have a customer, you sell him your own.

SCORPIO

24 october - 22 november



Luck awaits you this week, Scorpio. You will get even better at making drugs this week and will start to develop a very loyal customer base. The money will start to roll in. You won't know what to do with it all after you've bought lots of Yu-Gi-Oh cards. You're onto a real winner here, Scorp. You can foresee a real long-term career in drugs. The stars only show a week at a time, so who knows!

SAGITTARIUS

23 november - 21 december



Grim news. Grim news indeed. This week, you'll get your pants caught in an escalator. It will take the fire department half an hour to arrive and cut you free. By the time you get out, your pants are almost completely destroyed. Always the optimist, you decide to go to class anyway - bare ass and all. Your optimism pays off, and you are now considered a trend setter by your classmates.

CAPRICORN

22 december - 20 january



You have two arms. You have two legs. You have two eyes. You have two mouths. You have two more arms. You are a sign that science can go too far. Please listen to the instructions the research team gives you. Do not try to escape when they order you to step into the incinerator.

AQUARIUS

21 january - 19 february



You enjoy watching people. You enjoy seeing the things they are up to. You make up little stories to yourself about the lives of the people you can see. You watch them cross the street. You watch them in the park. You watch them through their windows. You convince yourself that it isn't peeping. You try to convince the jury of this too.

PISCES

20 february - 20 march



Once again, it gets to the end & I've lost interest in doing this. Pisces, piss off. Stop being so needy. Why don't YOU write ME a horoscope? Hm? You come here & expect a free horoscope without sparing a thought for the poor sod who's already written 11. Horoscopes are a privilege, not a right.

the people to blame.

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