

ISSUE 05, 2020

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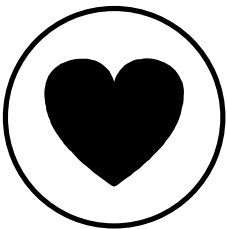
Got a cute tutor but don't know how to flirt over Zoom? Never fear! Flirting experts* Cam and Dan share their top ten tips for hitting it off over a webcam. PAGE 26

Bored? Looking for something to do? Why not find a sugar daddy in IMVU? Lachlan Mitchell shows you how. PAGE 28

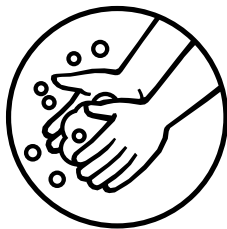
You've got loads of time on your hands - why not spend it judging other students? Tara Mok rounds up the best (and worst) of UoA: Meaningful Confessions. PAGE 30

We can all slow the spread

We all need to work together if we want to slow the spread of COVID-19. Unite against the virus now.



Be kind. Check-in
on the elderly
or vulnerable



Washing and
drying your hands
kills the virus



Cough or sneeze
into your elbow



Stay home
if you are sick

Find out more at
Covid19.govt.nz

New Zealand Government

Unite
against
COVID-19

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Go Home, Stay Home

Cam says:

Welcome everyone to the first ever online only edition of Craccum! In our ninety-three year history as the University of Auckland's student magazine, this is the first time that Craccum hasn't been published in print.

This would be a monumental occasion if it wasn't for the fact that this change has only been brought about with the closure of campus for the foreseeable future and the shift to online teaching for the rest of the semester as the country enters an Alert Level Four lockdown and we all prepare to stay home for the next month or so.

This time we're living in is completely unprecedented. I know, we hear that a lot in the media at the moment, but it's true. This is unlike anything we've experienced before. We're only at the beginning of it, and while the novelty of it all is fine for now, it isn't going to get much easier.

Take this time for what it is. Yes it can be frustrating, but it's also a time to be at home, spend time with your family (until they drive you crazy) and to take self care to the maximum. I'm talking lots of Netflix, sleeping in, and a fair bit of snacking (maybe do a couple of two-metres-away-from-others walks around the neighbourhood to account for that)

Take care folks, look after yourselves and one another and see you on Zoom!

Cheers,
Cam



Dan says:

Is it wrong to say I'm enjoying this?

Not COVID-19, obviously, but the lockdown. It's kind of nice having an excuse to lounge about in my bed all day, doing nothing but reading, watching videos, and chatting with friends and family.

I spent yesterday clocking The Order: 1886 for the second time this year. Today, I'll probably potter around the park with my dog, dust down my bedroom, and spend a couple of hours napping on the couch in our sunlit living room.

The apocalypse isn't as bad as they made it sound.

Granted, I'm writing this having spent only one day in full lockdown mode. I expect things will get harder later down the road. I've already chewed through all my lockdown snacks (there's more popcorn packets on my floor than carpet), I forgot to buy some new video games before the beginning of the lockdown, and I'm already a little sick of having the same conversations over and over again with my family.

But for now, things are okay. I might go insane at some point - expect my editorials to be written in shit smeared across my wall as we draw towards the end of the lockdown - but I can't see that happening for a while.

For the next few days, I'm just gonna enjoy it. I hope you do too.

Cheers,
Dan

From the President

When I agreed to Cam and Dan's request to have a weekly column in Craccum I had hoped to – and yes, perhaps even fancied myself as someone who could – say something meaningful each week.

And yet, in the context of a global pandemic that has now rendered us homebound, I'll be honest with you when I say I don't know what writing something meaningful means. That's what Cam and Dan's editorials are for anyway.

So for me, it's just a simple message. A message of thanks to those incredible people among us – our health care workers, our supermarket store workers and all those other essential workers – for doing what you're doing, a message of reflection on how grateful I am to live in a country with a Government that has been proactive in dealing in this all-encompassing crisis and such devoted and competent public servants to guide us through this (Dr Ashley Bloomfield, you're our hero) and a message of hope that we will get through this together.

And, because this is far more meaningful than anything I could ever say – a reminder that there is an incredible amount of support available, both here at AUSA, at our University and from a whole range of different organisations. Here's just a few of them:

- Healthline – 0800 611 116 and 111 if you have a medical emergency
- AUSA Advocacy – senioradvocates@ausa.org.nz – your 'go to' source for help if you have any issues with the University.
- AUSA Hardship Grants – emergency funding to help you if you've faced financial hardship – <http://www.ausa.org.nz/support/grants/hardship-grant-application/>
- UoA Student Emergency Fund – the University's dedicated hardship fund for students who have faced significant financial pressures from Covid-19 – <https://uoa.custhelp.com/app/student-emergency-fund>
- We Got You UoA – Covid-19 Student Response – our AUSA Facebook Group dedicated to bringing updates and building community while we're in lockdown
- Studylink and WINZ – where you should be going to if you've experienced a loss of income and need to apply for the student allowance or other income support

- Citizens Advice Bureau – for helpful information about your rights as an employee and tenant
- University Health and Counselling Services – if you need to talk to a counsellor or want University-based medical support – call 0800 698 427
- Lifeline – if you need anyone to talk to, call Lifeline on 0800 534 354
- Updates and questions from the University – studentinfo@auckland.ac.nz or 0800 61 62 63.

And finally, please, I genuinely mean this – if there's anything I can do, just flick an email through to president@ausa.org.nz.

Look after yourselves, download House Party, make those Tik Toks and reach out to who you need to among your mates (without bursting that bubble of course) for a yarn about anything. Stay safe whānau and lots of love.

Two Students Confirmed Positive with COVID-19 as University Closes for Lockdown

JUSTIN WONG

The University of Auckland has confirmed that two of its students have been tested positive for COVID-19.

In an email to staff last week, both students, with one from the Business School, were on exchange overseas before returning to New Zealand. The two students had not been on any of the University's campuses since returning to the country.

They are now in self-isolation with their family, and those who are considered 'close contacts' of both students have been identified and contacted.

The University will be closed for the next four weeks as part of New Zealand's national lockdown to contain the spread of the coronavirus.

Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern announced last Monday the national response level for COVID-19 was raised to level 3, then to level 4 after 48 hours. A state of emergency had been declared last Wednesday afternoon, and as of last Thursday, New Zealand had 283 positive and probable cases.

While most cases were directly related to overseas travel, Director General of Health Ashley Bloomfield said there had been cases of community transmission already identified and more being investigated. These cases include connections to Marist College in Mount Albert, Auckland, and a Hereford cattle conference in Queenstown.

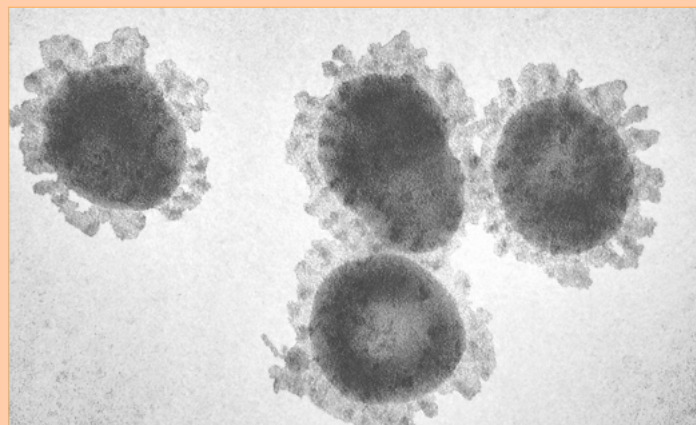
Under the national lockdown, only essential services, such as supermarkets, banks, GPs and service stations will remain open. Police will patrol the country's streets to ensure compliance with public health measures.

Auckland University Vice Chancellor Dawn Freshwater said in an email last week that teaching for Semester One has been moved online, while tests and examinations are replaced by off-site assessments. This will apply to students who have been studying on campus and those who are in China who have been now covered by a pre-discussed study plan.

Semester One will also finish on the 6th July, instead of the 29th June, while Semester Two will start on the 27th July.

During the next four weeks, all students and staff are required to stay away from campus, except authorized staff who are required to support essential services. Students can only go into campus to access health and counselling, or getting food or medical supplies.

All university facilities will be closed, except University Health & Counselling Services (UHCS), the Pharmacy and



Munchy Mart, which are all located at the Kate Edgar Building. UHCS clinics at Grafton and Epsom campuses will also remain open.

While Health and Counselling will continue to operate, those who want to visit the clinic must call ahead of time to be triaged by a nurse before coming onto campus.

All non-essential appointments will be cancelled, but consultations for essential appointments will be conducted by phone, Zoom, or face-to-face if deemed appropriate. Counselling services will also be delivered by phone or Zoom unless it is determined that a face-to-face meeting is required.

Staff and students who are over 70, have compromised immune systems, or with carer responsibilities in a household whose members have COVID-19 symptoms or a compromised immune system, should stay at home.

Access for residents of university accommodation will continue during the lockdown. The University said meal times in catered accommodation will be extended for social distancing, while communal areas of all residences will be cleaned more regularly. An alcohol ban has also been issued indefinitely.

However, it is unknown if residents will be given rent holidays or reductions during the lockdown.

The University library has said its digital collection will be accessible online, and all fines occurred during the lockdown will be waived.

If you believe you could have the coronavirus, stay at home and contact Healthline's dedicated Covid-19 hotline on 0800 358 5453 (+64 9 358 5453 on an international SIM).

Students Report Thefts Around Campus

ELLA MORGAN

Students have reported a number of incidences of theft in the areas around the University of Auckland's city campus in the past month.

Residents of Carlaw Park Student Village reported on the 10th of March seeing two people running past the complex followed by police, who subsequently arrested the individuals in the walkway leading to the Parnell Train Station.

Acting Inspector Rachel Dolheguy, Auckland Central Area Prevention Manager, confirmed the incident to *Craccum* and said that police were aware of multiple reports of theft around the Auckland CBD area.

Dolheguy confirmed that two youths were arrested in relation to this incident near Parnell Station.

"In general, Police encourage students to be vigilant around their own personal security and to be aware of their surroundings and keeping themselves safe when moving around campus," says Dolheguy. "Never leave your bags unattended and always remove valuables from your vehicles. We ask anyone who witnesses suspicious activity to contact Police immediately."

Two University of Auckland students also reported wit-

nessing a similar incident on the 15th of March, in which two people ran across the intersection of Alten Road, Stanley Street and Nicholls Lane after taking a bag from a pedestrian. In addition, multiple residents of Carlaw Park Student Village reported another police callout on the 14th of March following suspicious activity in the building's basement.

Auckland Central Police would not confirm these incidents, however in response to inquiries Dolheguy said that "Auckland Central Police are aware of a few recent reports of theft around the Auckland CBD area."

Craccum encourages students to follow the advice of the police around preventing crime around campus, and to get in contact with police if they witness an incident or suspicious behaviour. The University of Auckland also encourages students to "report any suspicious behaviour on campus to Campus Security, regardless of how minor it may appear." Campus Security can be contacted by calling +64 9 373 7599 extension 85000, or by dialling 85000 directly using an internal university telephone. You can also report theft or other incidents to Campus Security, who will attend and investigate the incident and can advise you on any further steps to take.

Studylink Payments to Continue During Lockdown

ELLA MORGAN

Studylink will continue to make payments to students following the start of the COVID-19 lockdown, which will last at least four weeks.

Last week, Studylink announced that enrolled students will continue to receive their student allowance and student loan living costs payments, despite changes to study.

As of the 26th of March, a banner on the Studylink website reads "Our phone lines are overloaded. Please only call us if absolutely necessary. No payments will be stopped."

Studylink also communicated to students around New Zealand that they may be able to assist if students are facing urgent or unexpected costs in light of the COVID-19 lockdown.

As all non-essential businesses close in line with the shift to Level Four of the COVID-19 Alert System, many students have lost their primary source of income. One student, who is a University of Auckland accommodation resident, spoke with *Craccum* and expressed that they were unsure of how they were going to pay their accommodation fees.

"I pick up extra shifts to make more money, so now I'm getting paid way less during the lockdown. We still have to pay full fees to stay [in university accommodation], so I honestly have no idea how that's gonna work but I'm stuck here now because the lockdown has started."

The university offers hardship support to students facing unexpected financial difficulties. In an email to all University of Auckland accommodation residents, Associate Director, Campus Life (Accommodation) Micheal Rengers acknowledged that students are facing challenges due to the lockdown, and that "If you are facing financial hardship because of coronavirus, additional support has also been put in place, which may be able to help you meet your essential day-to-day living expenses."

Students can complete the Student Emergency Fund Application Form online via the University of Auckland website. The website also directs students to the Auckland University Students' Association's advocacy webpage for further help for those who may have lost their job as a result of COVID-19, and advises students they may be eligible to be paid for their notice period or for annual leave.



Pregnancy Clinics Supported by Pro-Life Organisations

ELLA MORGAN

A number of organizations in New Zealand claim to offer pregnant people advice, support, medical care and counselling. However, many of these organizations leave out one important fact to prospective clients; they are supported by pro-life causes.

According to their own website, Pregnancy Counselling Services is “registered with the Charities Commission as a non-profit, non-religious and non-political organization”. Despite these claims, multiple women have reported representatives from Pregnancy Counselling services expressing anti-abortion sentiments.

April* contacted Pregnancy Counselling Services after she became pregnant with her second child. Her partner had just left her and she was feeling unsure about continuing with the pregnancy.

“When I went they definitely didn’t want me to get an abortion,” April says. “They told me if I did it, it would be with me for the rest of my life and I might regret it. It made me really scared.”

“I don’t think they are unbiased, they don’t want women to get abortions and basically that’s the message they gave me.”

In 2015, Otago student magazine *Critic* reported Pregnancy Counselling Services staff expressing the popular pro-life belief that life begins at conception, and listing a number of negative arguments related to abortion.

Radio New Zealand reports Pregnancy Counselling Services has received over \$300,000 through the Department of Internal Affairs’ Community Organisation Grants Scheme, despite regulations of the scheme that outline funds should not be allocated to religious or political causes. The organization has also received funding from anti-abortion group Voice for Life, and in the past expressed support for a petition calling for the notification of parents for people who receive abortions under the age of 16.

Gianna’s Choice, a self-proclaimed “pregnancy options and support” service, offers a number of services to pregnant people. According to their website, these include “free pregnancy tests, confidential advice about pregnancy options, support after an adverse prenatal diagnosis, free confirming ultrasound, practical help and support, adoption, post abortion recovery programmes, life skills and parenting programmes”. Nowhere on their website is it mentioned that any pro-life interests would be represented in these services.

Craccum contacted Gianna’s choice earlier this month, seeking pregnancy advice and support. We were given an appointment time and directed that this would take place at an address in Mount Roskill. At this same address is the John Paul Centre for Life, operated by Family Life International New Zealand. We were also notified that upon arrival, a pregnancy test would be performed for their records, and were assured that “we are not a government organisation and we offer com-

plete confidentiality". Due to the COVID-19 situation, *Craccum* was unable to attend the appointment.

Family Life International New Zealand describe themselves as a "pro-life, pro-family" organization on their own website. It is made clear that Gianna's Choice is a program run by Family Life International New Zealand, which they describe as "a service which aims to reach abortion vulnerable women throughout New Zealand".

The organization also organizes prayer vigils outside abortion centres in New Zealand, claiming that "six babies have been saved from abortion" due to their actions. They encourage those participating to engage with the public, and in an information pamphlet state that "only trained side-walk counsellors should approach women."

Earlier this month, a provision banning pro-life protest within 150 metres of an abortion clinic was scrapped in a voting mix-up during the second reading of the Abortion Legislation Bill. Abortion is now completely legal in New Zealand, however without this safety-zone provision it is likely we will see organizations such as Family Life International New Zealand continuing such action.

It is clear that both Pregnancy Counselling Services and Gianna's Choice are both deeply connected to the pro-life

movement in New Zealand, despite both initially seeming to provide genuine support to pregnant people.

In the United States, 'crisis' pregnancy centres have been accused of representing themselves as clinics offering counselling or medical advice, and in actuality pushing a pro-life agenda. These centres are so widespread in the US that some reports claim there are 2,752 of them compared to 1,671 abortion clinics.

The question arises as to how organizations like these affect women and pregnant people in New Zealand. Family Planning offers counselling to women considering abortion, and abortion.org.nz recommends talking to your GP, Family Planning or Youthline if you want to discuss your options. However, when researching options online, it becomes difficult to tell whether you are accessing a truly unbiased, impartial service. For someone who may be considering an abortion, or is weighing up their options after discovering they are pregnant, access to a free pregnancy test or someone to talk to may seem like an appealing option; especially when many organizations seem to hold no pro-life or pro-choice bias on paper.

**Name has been changed to protect the identity of the person interviewed*

Abortion Legalised in NZ

ELLA MORGAN

Abortion is now legal in New Zealand following the passing of the Abortion Legislation Bill on the 18th of March.

The bill passed its third reading in Parliament with 68 votes to 51. Abortion will now be removed from the Crimes Act.

The bill also makes a number of changes to the way in which individuals can access abortion. People are able to self-refer to abortion services and pregnant people will be able to self-determine whether to undergo abortion up to 20 weeks.

Previously, women were required to obtain the approval of two doctors before accessing abortion. The abortion had to be deemed necessary in order to protect the health of the pregnant person. Approximately 98% of abortions performed in New Zealand were attributed to the pregnancy posing a danger to the mental health of the pregnant person.

The Royal Australian and New Zealand College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists (RANZCOG) has welcomed New Zealand's abortion reform.

"This historic change will ensure that women are able to access and receive the health care that they need in a timely, professional, compassionate and respectful manner," says RANZCOG Vice-President Dr John Tait. "I want to acknowledge the people who have worked tirelessly over many years, as well as those who have introduced and campaigned on this bill. Politicians, lawyers, doctors and consumer advocates put

women at the centre. Their selfless dedication removes the stigma of criminalisation of a healthcare right from the next generation of women."

A number of New Zealand organisations have supported the reform, including Family Planning New Zealand, the Abortion Law Reform Association of New Zealand, the National Council of Women New Zealand and the New Zealand College of Midwives. They were amongst 35 organizations who published an open letter in support of the bill earlier this month, calling New Zealand's former abortion laws "out of date and not fit for purpose".

Those opposed to access to abortion in New Zealand have been disappointed by the passing of the bill, with Family First New Zealand claiming that "while the world and its leaders focused on responding to coronavirus, our government used parliamentary time to vote in an extreme abortion law."

One provision that was not included in the act was the establishment of 150 metre safe zones around abortion clinics, which was lost in a voting mix-up. The safe zones would have meant that anti-abortion protesters would have been unable to harass those seeking abortion or other medical treatment from these clinics.

People will still be able to access abortion services during the lockdown as the country heads into COVID-19 Alert Level Four, as healthcare is classified as an essential service.

Hearsay! News Without the Facts.

The Warehouse Expands Catalogue to Remain Essential Service

BRIAN GU

Following the Prime Minister's announcement last week that the nation would move into alert level 4, non-essential businesses across the country have prepared and since moved into closure. For some of these companies, the unfortunate truth is that this nationwide lockdown spells financial turmoil, with the most prominent name in this category being The Warehouse.

Across New Zealand, our big red superstores are in disarray, as despite initial public belief, it was made clear by Jacinda the chain would not be exempt from a trading halt. Realising the loss of jobs and financial damage this would cause to the already bruised and battered company, their executive refused to go down without a kicking and screaming fight. In a desperate effort to get the place where everyone gets a bargain recognized as an essential service, The Warehouse has announced drastic changes to its catalogue, which *Craccum* can outline for you today.

Revamp the jewelry section

What remains one of the oddest mainstays of their bargain stores, The Warehouse has never shied away from wanting to be highbrow for 10m² of its entire floor plan, with an out-of-place jewelry section a consistent fixture in most stores. However, with jewelry not being an essential purchase, the chain needs a new high-end product to sell. Under mounting pressure, the company decided to trade their entire stockpile of jewelry items in for a fresh shipment of toilet paper to every store. The new deliveries are being watched 24/7 by a security guard you could have sworn you saw on *New Zealand Idol*.

Use the entire DVD section to build a fortress

Evidently, during this difficult time for the nation, the utmost priority of the chain is keeping their employees safe throughout this time of crisis. If The Warehouse were to remain open, social distancing rules would be difficult to enforce inside such a large facility, and thus further measures would need to be taken to prioritize safety of workers. With no one having purchased anything from the DVD section in the last 10 years, the entire collection will just be stacked to

form a social distancing fortress, where workers can only be reached through confusing intercom messages. Staff are confident this fortress will be impenetrable as no-one would ever pick up a DVD from The Warehouse.

Hire an Air New Zealand staffer to water the garden section

With the airline business in the middle of a rapid decline, many employees are out of work at the New Zealand airline giant. By taking their staff temporarily under contract, The Warehouse can not only help keep one of New Zealand's (traditionally) strongest performing companies solvent, but also keep their plants fresh for whenever the next person chooses not to buy them. It's a win for everyone!

Air New Zealand survival kit

With the recent frenzy of domestic flights transporting New Zealanders home prior to and during lockdown, The Warehouse have made it their duty of care to keep all passengers in the air safe. Therefore, they have rolled out their '*Air New Zealand survival kit*' across stores nationwide. This comprehensive travel kit includes a little whistle from the toys section, a Dan Carter autobiography you never asked to read, and also a tent you can pitch to socially distance yourself from other passengers. A kit that's sure to make any Health-line call-centre worker jealous when they contact-trace a confirmed case back to you, it's only available at The Warehouse while this corona thing lasts.

Just burn the whole thing down

I mean, look, the whole thing is a mess anyways. I know The Warehouse used to be a New Zealand institution, but then Kmart came along and we all stopped giving a fuck. We don't need the negativity of a store closing at 8pm in our lives, 24-hour Kmart can have all my money. Send a tradie with a blowtorch up there and let's just bulldoze it down and open a new drive-thru testing clinic in its place.

The views expressed in this piece are the opinion of the author, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of *Craccum*

Opinion: How Does the Lockdown Make You Feel? Imagine If It Was Your Permanent Reality

ELLIE WERNHAM, COORDINATOR OF STUDENTS FOR JUSTICE IN PALESTINE

The reality of self-isolation, border restrictions, financial instability and the fear of losing loved ones is weighing on us all hard. It's something our generation, our parent's generation and even some of our grandparents' generation has never experienced.

Up until now we have been blessed with the freedom to move as we please, to travel, to access food and medicine with ease. We generally expect that our loved ones will live long and healthy lives. With the global threat of coronavirus, these day to day securities are being threatened.

This article is not about coronavirus, but I can't help but feel that this pandemic has brought us the closest we have ever been to sharing the day to day reality of what Palestinians have faced for decades. But, on top of this, Palestinians land is being illegally taken, their homes demolished, their children harassed, pepper sprayed and shot at, and civilians are being illegally detained. Most importantly, they are being killed - in attacks that are illegal under international law.

Those living in the West Bank are doing so under what can only be described as deeply racist conditions. Governments are elected based on blatantly racist policies with Prime Ministers consistently and openly flouting racist statements. Past Prime Ministers have repeatedly dehumanized Palestinians. Current PM, Benjamin Netanyahu, described the wall being constructed at the border of Gaza as necessary to "defend ourselves against the wild beasts". Friends who have visited Palestine and come face to face with the Israeli defence force soldiers describe their inherent racism, where soldiers as young as 17 simply see Palestinians as inhuman.

How else could they pepper spray children?

Palestinian cities, towns and villages are separated by close to 500 'closure obstacles', which the Israeli defence force use to control Palestinians movements. In 2000, construction of a massive wall began. It is now more than 712 km long and directly affects more than 78 Palestinian villages where people have lost access to their means of survival - fields, businesses and jobs. It is deemed illegal under international law. There are over 150 illegal Israeli settlements, housing half a million settlers on Palestinian land in the West Bank. There are 300,000 illegal settlers in East Jerusalem. Israel continues to move into Palestinian land, forcefully evicting people and demolishing homes. There are Israeli roads, joining illegal settlements, that Palestinians are not allowed to use. Shockingly, even coronavirus has not slowed Israeli demolition of Palestinian homes - daily reports of such continue.

Life is worse for Palestinians in Gaza. Despite Israel removing its settlements, Gaza has remained under siege. Most of the 1.8 million citizens have never left its 360 square kilometre border, a third of the size of Auckland. Gazans cannot move between Palestinian territories without permits granted by the Israeli Government. These are only granted in exceptionally rare circumstances, splitting families. Elec-

tricity is limited to between 5.7 and 12 hours per day. Half of all Gazans seeking exit permits to treat essential medical conditions are denied, causing needless death. Essential drugs are not allowed in, and the UN estimates that 46% of essential drugs are at zero stock levels. Fishing, a major source of income, is highly regulated by the Israeli government with an allowance of fishing only six miles from the coast. There were 593 access-related shooting incidents by Israeli forces towards Palestinian fishermen in 2018. Unemployment sits at around forty percent.

On top of all of this, Gazans have faced multiple attacks from Israel, killing thousands of Palestinians. At least 1500 Palestinian children have been made orphans. Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, and the UN have all documented war crimes committed by Israelis forces in these attacks. For example, the illegal firing of White Phosphorous and the dropping of one tonne bombs into densely populated neighbourhoods. Rebuilding has been seriously hindered due to the ongoing Israeli blockade. An Oxfam report indicated that due to ongoing siege, it could take more than 100 years to rebuild what was lost. Gaza is known as the world's largest open air prison.

If the rapid global spread of coronavirus has taught us anything, it's that the world is no longer divided. We live our lives

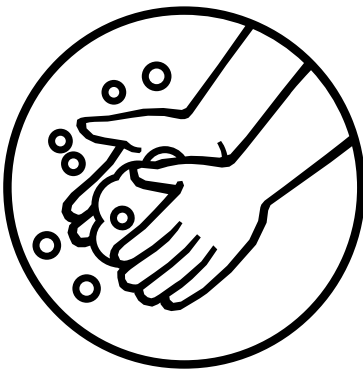
surrounded by different cultures, and we have assimilated parts of these cultures into our daily lives. Our campus is diverse and our international friends here are no different to the people living in countries that often feel very far away. To stand back and know that an entire country of people are being violently oppressed by colonial powers, motivated by racism, is not okay. Doing so is being complicit.

It's not until we feel empathy for those affected by such oppression that we act. Please think about how the current global pandemic and its implications is making you feel and consider the permanent reality for Palestinians.

Wash your f*cking hands



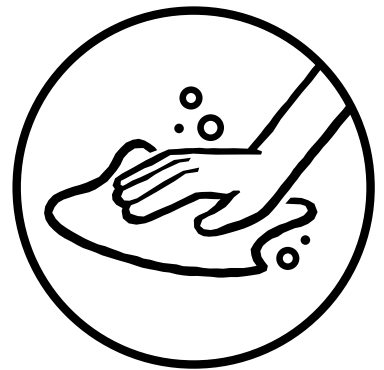
Protect yourself and others from COVID-19



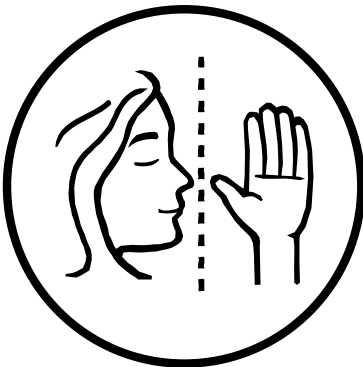
Wash your hands
with soap and water
often (for at least 20
seconds). Then dry.



Cough or sneeze
into your elbow or by
covering your mouth
and nose with tissues.



Clean and disinfect
frequently touched
surfaces and objects,
such as doorknobs.



Don't touch your eyes,
nose or mouth if your
hands are not clean.



Put used tissues
in the bin or a bag
immediately.



Stay home if you
feel unwell.

For updates and more information on
keeping yourself safe, visit **Covid19.govt.nz**

New Zealand Government

Unite
against
COVID-19

stay with you
until we can
your best friend
do not go
outside

REMEMBER, WHERE
YOU STAY TONIGHT
IS WHERE YOU MUST
STAY FROM
NOW
ON.

and your hands
stay with you
stay with you



Welcome to the End of Days

MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

*So, things are getting a little hectic. The panic-shopping, endless breaking news announcements, and skyrocketing sales of gloves and masks is enough to keep me in bed for days, where I can play out a much happier version of my life in **The Sims 4**. In that universe I'm married to Johnny Zest, work as a successful, famous artist, and absolutely nothing is going wrong.*

However, try as I might, I can't actually live in that world. We all have to face up to the pandemic and do our part in halting the virus in its tracks. Obviously, as we have all heard a thousand times, that means staying inside and staying away from other people. The four-week lockdown will hopefully give us some control, not only over COVID-19, but also over the overwhelming amount of anxiety and unrest the crisis has caused. Obviously, staying the fuck inside means that the internet will be getting a massive workout in the next few weeks. Very much like *Ready Player One*, we as a society will retreat into our homes and plug ourselves into the Oasis to avoid the on-going chaos outside. This means the communities formed and discourse happening online will be completely key to forming our understanding of the lockdown period.

In online communities, especially youth-oriented ones, anxieties and fears are channelled into jokes and memes. Humour is a strong coping mechanism that arises in times of crisis, so it has been pretty consistently active in the West since 9/11. Existential humour is nothing new, but having to live out what will eventually be a pressing historical event seems to have people expressing their anxiety more liberally. At the moment, the apocalypse seems to be a popular topic to poke some fun at. TikTokers are planning their apocalypse 'fits, and Twitterers are calling for a less cliché (!) end of the world. I mean, is the current state of things so unrecognisable? I've already compared our lockdown period to a sci-fi film. Dystopian science fiction films involve tropes that I feel like we are living out; breaking news alerts, deserted streets, a mysterious virus that we are racing against to find a cure. I'm half expecting zombies to come wandering out at some point.

Our cultural imagination of 'the end' is largely built from science fiction films, with dystopian settings and themes. These movies are often filled with desolate landscapes, trashed cities, and abandoned houses. *28 Days Later* displayed deserted tourist attractions in London, *World War Z* portrayed the shift from sick to monster, and *I am Legend* showed us the effects of long term loneliness and trauma. Even in the beginning of the 2010's, right at the moment many of us were in our formative early teen years, there were endless teen dystopias to be seen: *The Hunger Games*, *Divergent*, *Maze Runner*. These films told us that, when the end inevitably came, young

people would have to bravely rise up and solve the crisis. I'm sure seeing those kinds of stories *over and over again* has triggered no anxiety at all. We have seen the apocalypse occur repeatedly, and the setting is filled with trauma and sacrifice. Obviously these stories are a reflection of concerns present in the time of production, but they do produce a way of thinking about the future. Often these apocalyptic films have a hopeful ending, but the human struggle is the main component. How are we supposed to see another way, when dominant Western representations of the apocalypse are so often filled with fear and rejection? Is there an alternative?

The hopeful endings of apocalyptic films offer a place for us to start. In Bong Joon Ho's *Snowpiercer* two children emerge from the manipulation and wreckage of their previous society to start something new. In *Shaun of the Dead* two best friends manage to maintain their relationship despite one's zombie identity. In feminist masterpiece *Tank Girl* the titular character liberates the world by destroying corporate control of resources. The struggle of the characters within the apocalyptic setting is shown to be noble and necessary, in the effort to bring about positive change. This kind of storytelling gives us the chance to imagine a new future and project the possibility of a utopia after times of intense hardship.

The understanding of utopia is often quite simple, but it doesn't always amount to a perfect society without complication. The ideal of utopia can give us something to strive towards, and it's an opportunity to think about alternative pathways into our future. Utopian thinking presents the chance for us to prioritise different issues, such as climate change or equality, and use our resources to build something better. The stories we tell now about the future are largely dystopian, revealing the uncertainty and fear we hold for our current and future society. This four-week lockdown gives us plenty of time to start thinking about how we might start to move in a direction that we feel better about. If we start to swap some stories about utopia, and try to understand how we can rebuild our structures, we might start to feel more hopeful. If this really is the apocalypse we all joke about, it gives us a fresh start. Maybe we could change our thinking and our actions to produce a society we all want to return to.

COVID-19 and Our Ugly Side

MILLY SHEED

Early March; Mount Eden, 1.30 pm

Karen, wearing her Lululemon leggings and beige merino cardigan, is marching towards the entrance to Countdown with unwavering purpose. The keys to her Range Rover jangle in her hand. She reaches the trolley bays and pushes a young married couple aside in order to seize the last trolley in line. Frantically wheeling it through the produce section, she makes a beeline for the canned food aisle. Eyes wide, alert, ready – she begins to pile tins of baked beans, tuna and chicken soup into her trolley. Nearby, an elderly gentleman strains his arm upward, in attempts to reach a single tin of asparagus tips on the highest shelf. "Will he get out of my way?!", thinks Karen. Right, on to the dried goods. Pasta, rice, noodles – she reaches to the back of the shelf to harvest the remaining eight packets of basmati rice. The boys love rice. Bread? Ten loaves should do it, the chest freezer in the double garage will be large enough. The almond butter is dwindling though. How inconvenient. Now – frozen food. She gathers up packets of frozen stir fry veg, frozen fish, frozen fries. One by one, she slaps them into her trolley. Last stop – the hygiene section. Nappies? She doesn't have a baby, but you never know what this national pandemic will throw at you. Fifteen tubes of toothpaste should cover it, I mean – you can never have enough toothpaste. Delicately, Karen balances five extra-large packets of toilet paper atop her year's supply of pantry goods. The trolley groans under the weight of all this food, as Karen struggles around a corner towards the checkout. \$680.78 gone with the flick of her AMEX, she heads home.

Mid-March; Mount Eden, 10.00 am

Finally getting the kids off to school, Sarah struggles through the Countdown entrance. Her back has been giving her trouble since her car accident last month. At least she doesn't need to use the crutches anymore, she thinks to herself. Mum is looking after the baby today, thank god, so she can get the grocery shopping done quickly. After picking up some bananas and apples for the kids, Sarah heads to the canned food aisle. Empty shelves line the aisle where normally stood baked beans, tinned tuna. A nugget of panic brewing inside her, she moves on to the soup section. The kids love soup, and it tends to go a lot further than most meals. Hang on – only a few cans of spicy lentil flavour left? The kids won't stand for that. But it's the only flavour left, so Sarah begrudgingly places them into her basket. That'll cause an argument this week. Mentally calculating how much the food in her basket will come to, she carries on to the dried goods. The shelves stand empty.

Bread – one measly gluten-free fruit loaf remains. And it costs \$7.30. Moving on to grab some nappies for the baby, Sarah reaches the empty shelves and stares at them in disbelief. She frantically tries to remember how many she has left at home – 3, maybe 4? That won't get her through the next few days, let alone the entire week. A lump forming in her throat, she observes that the toilet paper and kitchen roll aisle is also bare. Taking a deep breath, she heads towards the checkout, wondering how her three kids will make it through the upcoming week.

COVID-19 has finally hit our shores, with full force. As our schools, libraries, gyms, cafes and restaurants close – it is easy to see why the public are anxious. It causes us to act out in ways that are ridiculous and difficult to understand. It isn't an exaggeration to suggest that we are living through a defining moment in our historical memory. It seems like, at one point, this virus was a distant beast – entirely detached from the day-to-day reality we lived in little ol' Aotearoa. All too soon, this very real and very persistent virus was on our doorstep, and the stance of "this won't happen to me" just couldn't hold up anymore.

When the politicians began addressing us in sombre tones day after day; serious frowns and deliberate nodding – then we knew we couldn't sit back anymore and simply watch this unfold from our television screens. Now the onus has suddenly been lumbered onto our shoulders – our weary, selfish, ego-centric shoulders – and it's hard to know how to react, or how we ought to behave. As hard as it is to fight our instinctive impulse to only care about ourselves – do I have enough food? Do I really have to stay inside? What about my birthday drinks this weekend?! – this is a time for the human race to show up and take active steps to protect our fellow humans.

There is no doubt that this pandemic has caused us all to look entirely inwards at our individual wants and needs. If that means buying the supermarket out of hand-soap or trotting off to grab a cocktail on the viaduct, then so be it – and I'll be damned before anyone ruins my week. Rather than looking inwards, we should, and must, look outwards at a time like this. This virus has the ability to have a grip over our planet for a good long while. The question is not what we can do for ourselves, but what can I (as a, presumably, fit and healthy young person) do for those who perhaps don't have as much access to resources or healthcare as I do.

I'm sure I'm not the only person who has been left shocked

at our common human response to something that presents such monumental consequences to our modern civilisation. As much as we would like to think that the community pulls together during times of global panic, this simply has not been the case. Not only has an ugly, deep-rooted class differentiation bubbled up to the surface in the form of stock-piling – but the stench of our individualistic tendencies has reached into every corner of our society.

As those employed in a comfortable 9-5 – who lounge in an air-conditioned office scrolling through Facebook for most of the day – pack up their company laptops and head off to work from home, let's keep in mind that there are some who don't have that luxury. Either its full time childcare, the prospect of no wages, or a mortgage that will run them out of house and home – there is something each and every one of us is struggling with. Unless you are Karen. Karen lives in a smart suburban home with three cars with full tanks. She has two pantries overflowing with long-life food, a hefty savings account, and a husband who will continue to receive a huge salary even if the office is closed. The pool has just been cleaned too. For those of us who can't afford to pile up food, or work in a crappy retail job which is now closed, and the prospect of a pay-check to pay the rent seems elusive – it can be hard to know how this will all work out in the end.

So how can we, proactively, be a little less selfish during a time of imposed, intensive community alliance? A checklist for you to consider:

1. I've been to the supermarket and only purchased what I reasonably need for a week of meals. I have not emptied the shelves of items that are pivotal to those less fortunate than myself – such as toothpaste, toilet paper, pasta, baked beans. I listen to the government and believe them when they tell me that I will always be able to access food throughout this time of isolation and uncertainty.

2. I have checked on someone I know who is in a vulnerable position – either a neighbour on my street who is elderly and lives alone, or a friend who is immune-compromised. I have offered to buy them some essentials and leave them on their doorstep. I have organised a time every few days where I get in contact with them to offer empathy, support and an ear to listen.

3. I have made a concerted effort to not let racism, rooted in fear and misinformation, drive how I perceive the events going on around me. I recognise that every person, from every culture and every ethnicity, is in the same position as me right now.

4. I have ensured that my behaviour and actions will not add

unnecessary stress or strain on my community's resources, or the health and wellbeing of its members. I will wash my hands properly, even if it seems like a drag.

5. When the government asks me not to leave my home, except for food purchasing, medical reasons or daily exercise – I take this seriously and don't justify reasons why these rules do not apply to my situation. I will realise that there is always someone in a worse off position than myself.

Collaboration is the only option. While the boomers scream at the millennials and gen z to, for once, do as we are told – let's just shut up and do it. I am certain that not one of us wants to be stuck inside with our hygiene-deficient flat-mates, or our stepdad who chews too loudly, or our teenage sister who weeps over not being able to see her boyfriend for a whole four weeks. Or perhaps, if you live alone, the prospect of remaining alone throughout this time is daunting for you extroverts out there. It is times such as these when we can acknowledge the immense power the community holds when we work together. That is the only way we are going to regain our freedom of movement and the ability to grab an almond milk flat-white whenever we please.

So, stay at home. Re-watch Friends or Games of Thrones if you have to and get to know your couch a little better. Take a second to reach out to make a positive difference for others (from a distance, with well-sanitised hands), rather than letting our unique human ability to be selfish take us over. And for god's sake, stop buying the country out of loo roll.

Collaboration is the only option. While the boomers scream at the millennials and gen z to, for once, do as we are told – let's just shut up and do it.

The Lockdown Clowns

CRACCUM EDITORIAL TEAM

The Craccum team makes their plans for the next few weeks. Outside of our uni work, blowing up the group chat, and keeping you all entertained for a couple minutes with quirky listicles, we are most likely going to have some time to kill. We just love productivity culture, so let's lean in. Who will rise and grind? Who will sleep and eat?

Daniel Meech

Co-Editor in Chief

Plan: Boss Monopoly

I'm not one to brag (I'm the humblest guy I know, after all), but I've always been unnaturally good at Monopoly. I don't know why. Maybe it's luck. Maybe it's because I was a wanky, aristocratic industrialist in a past life. Maybe it's because I frequently steal from the bank. Whatever the reason, I've never lost a game. Not once. I've never even come close - most of the games I've played with friends and family have ended somewhere in the first hour and a bit, after my economic stranglehold has squeezed the life out of the other players and turned the boardstate into a Jeff Bezos wet dream. So it shouldn't be any surprise that, contrary to popular opinion, I fucking love playing Monopoly. Now that everyone is trapped inside, I'll be dusting off this classic good-vibes killer a lot more often.

Cameron Leahey

Co-Editor in Chief

Plan: Houseparty!

Before any of you read this and go and snitch on me, I'm talking about the app, okay? I got told to get **Houseparty** and now every single person in Auckland has joined it too. Honestly thank fuck for that, because not seeing my friends (and some of my family) for four weeks is a really sad prospect. Houseparty is the ultimate time waster, it's basically just Skype or Zoom - video conferencing is not a new concept - but they've made it cool for the kids! It has a cool icon, games, and you can use your bitmoji! Instantly, I've fallen for it and I'm all in. Otherwise, yes, I will be staying at home or running around my neighbourhood, crossing the road awkwardly to avoid those coming towards me.

Brian Gu

Sub Editor

Plan: Raid the alcohol shelf

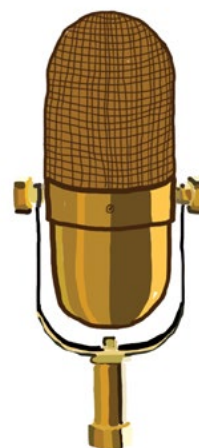
Continuing my theme of setting low expectations for myself, I have a shelf of alcohol in my room which I expect to be gone by the end of lockdown. I've decided I'll take a drink each time Ashley Bloomfield tells me not to panic.

Ella Morgan

News Editor

Plan: Learn how to chill the fuck out

I've controversially (according to my parents) decided to stay in the peace and quiet of my empty flat for the lockdown in search of inner peace. I've always hated yoga because I can't seem to switch my brain off for longer than five seconds and I get bored way too easily. My idea of relaxation is a full-out retro dance fit session at the Rec Centre. So during the lockdown, I'm gonna try to learn how to clear my mind, meditate and just chill out for longer than a few minutes.



Madeleine Crutchley

Features Editor

Plan: Start a podcast about movies

Listen, if there's one thing that the world needs during a complete lockdown, it's more comedy podcasts about film, run by a white person. I've got to use my film degree for something, and ensure I monetise all my hobbies. It's going to be a tough economy people, NO ENJOYMENT LEFT JUST \$\$\$\$. It's important to Be PRoDuCTiVe. I will grace all movie fans with my opinion, which is always correct, to ensure that no one wastes their quarantine time on Marvel movies. I will only review A24 films that were shot on real film. None of that digital shit. Once I gain some loyal fans, who also wear pants slightly too short for them, I will make stickers and

feature.

send them to my Patrons. We will have Netflix parties, and laugh at anyone who genuinely enjoyed *Joker*. That shit is ~ so derivative ~. In the event of an apocalypse my cult will rise. We will make sure that Martin Scorsese's legacy lives on, and burn every last copy of *Avengers: Endgame*. Only the good half shall live. Oh shit, isn't that what that Thanos dude says? Well, he seemed like a nice enough guy. Kinda thicc.



Lachlan Mitchell

Arts Editor

Plan: Animal Crossing :)

I'm gonna fuck Tom Nook.



Sherry Zhang

Lifestyle Editor

Plan: Steal the neighbourhood fruit

My flatmate and I probably bring out the worst type A in each other. We are now trying to PB our runs around Sandringham. This activity also includes scouting out the nearby fruit trees and egging each other/boosting each other the fence to steal limes from the Central bowling club (\$50 per kg I'm telling you). Our road is laden with three feijoa trees, and a mandarin tree!! There used to be two avocado trees in full bloom but some mother fucker on the street tied ribbons around all of the fruit to baggy it?

Anyways, is this trespassing? Is this theft? Is this in violation

of self-isolation rules? We're just exercising like Jacinda told us, keeping 2m from other people and seeing what's out and about. (We also picked up a mirror someone threw out yesterday... fingers crossed it ain't haunted.)

Justin Wong

Staff Writer

Plan: Develop a nuclear arsenal- Enrich my knowledge on science

Let's face it, these are fun times. The world will be in a bad state after the pandemic. A looming global recession (Finance Minister Grant Robertson warned it will be even worse than 2008 and some economists even said it will be even worse than the Great Depression) and rising nationalism means these are the perfect conditions to graduate and find a job. That's why I am preparing for these challenging times by putting some effort into physics and building my own nuclear missiles during the lockdown. What a way to spend time because you can acquire the knowledge to keep your competitors in the cruel world awake at night, knowing someone could be launching a 100-megaton nuclear bomb on their heads.

Dr. Siouxsie Wiles made science look cool again during this mess and I should pick up on my science knowledge where I had left it.



Eda Tang

Visual Arts Editor

Plan: Heal my sacral chakra and try not to get the shits

After watching a threatening video titled, "8 Signs You Have a Weak Sacral Chakra", I learnt that I should surround myself with the colour orange and practise more emotionally cathartic activities. Sadly, my quiet and conservative household will place limits on appropriate noise levels, so perhaps catch me chanting mysacredbodyisavesselandI treat it with respect instead. Now that I have time to think about what I'm eating, I am also dedicating the next four weeks to finding out if I am dairy intolerant. I've only been putting off this experiment because I want to believe that I can stuff myself with bocconcini without feeling guilty on the bad days.



28 Days Later: A (Fake) Memoir

Brian Gu *dusts off his old diary from the Spanish Flu outbreak, or travels in time for his four-week memoir of isolation from coronavirus. Idk, whichever's more believable for you.*

Day One: So it's the first day of being locked within the confines of my room, and I have to say, it actually refreshes the mind to be away from the intense distractions of the outside world. It feels nice to sleep in without the burden of having to wake up for a lecture. It relaxes me to know I can work from the comfort of my home office.

And so begins a long four weeks. But, instead of launching myself straight down into the dumps, I have every intention of being sanguine and optimistic during these difficult times. It'll be a good opportunity to catch up on all the work I missed, all the sleep I gave up in the early days of semester and all the family time I lost.

It's going to be a great four weeks. Who knows - I might even take the opportunity to read a book.

Day Two: Heading into day two of lockdown, I admit the thought of prolonged isolation is becoming very quickly daunting, but I insist on remaining positive.

So that's why I've planned my four weeks jam-packed with events! So many lectures to rewatch, friends to catch up with, and video games to treat myself to playing. There's honestly so much to do, that four weeks might not even be enough! That's just as well though, as it hardly looks like this mess will wrap up by then.

Perhaps best of all though, today I realised I had the rare and exciting prospect of being afforded the time to read. With a book in my hand, and no other thoughts in my mind, I was in a state of pure relaxation. That was when I fell asleep.

Day Five: Today, I tried studying despite these difficult circumstances. Unfortunately, I was forced to abandon my stoic efforts after I was distracted by a video of a dog chasing its own tail.

It's been a tough five days. My productivity rate has plummeted, things I had down for Day One haven't even been attempted five days later; needless to say, things haven't been going great in Casa de Loner.

But with the end of a working week means new goals to be set for the next. Stop binge eating all that food you've saved for isolation... fine. Cut down from two times a... yep. Pick up that book you've been meaning to read?

Working on that.

Day Twelve: Today, I got a bit lonely, so I tried bringing back the

2005 AOL instant messenger dating game. Pretending to be a friendly neighbour checking up on whether 'strangers' have COVID-19 isn't the most conventional of methods, but obviously desperate times call for desperate measures.

So yeah, if you needed the tip, these AREN'T great pick-up lines to try during this harrowing time of crisis:

- "Girl, you're hot enough to put your whole neighbourhood on Alert Level 4."
- "We don't need this virus to make things hot and sweaty between us."
- "This is the Ministry of Health. We can confirm you've been identified as a close contact with Jesus because Christ you're looking fine."

So yeah... this is probably why I'm being kept away from people. If only someone had written a book on how to master the instant messenger dating game. I'd add that onto my list of books to read, right behind this current one that I still need to start.

Day Twenty: Today, I watched a Together at Home concert by OneRepublic. I didn't wake up wanting to see OneRepublic, nor did I leave the stream wanting to hear any more of them. They kind of sounded like Chris Martin with a cold. A literal cold-play (*if there were other people in the room, they would be laughing*).

A power outage happened at 1pm, and I was seriously forced to re-contemplate the events in my life that had led me to that singular point of being stranded in my room, disconnected from the spiralling outside world. Ultimately, the power came back at 1.30pm, after which I went back to thinking about OneRepublic.

As always, I tried to pick up a book today, but at some point I must have tripped and had it fall out of my hands. Strangely, I never picked it up again during the day.

Day Twenty-Eight: So it's the final day of mandatory lockdown and God I feel alive. I'm ready to run outside and hug my neighbours. Or drive to the nearest Pak'n'Save and start a fight that'll be shared all over Facebook. All the things that a free human being can do! But for my final test, I have a short five hours to wait out before I am afforded that freedom.

In the meanwhile, I have resorted to reading a book, a harrowing example that desperate times call for desperate measures. Turns out it's actually a pretty good read and I can't put it down. Oh well, guess I'll just have to leave it till the next lockdown.

How to Flirt With Your Tutor Over Zoom

CAM AND DAN

We know what you're thinking: now that physical classes have been scrapped, I'll never be able to get with my cute tutor. Never fear! Craccum's got you covered. Flirting experts Cam and Dan share their top ten tips for taking your student-tutor relationship to the next level:*

** We both have partners, so clearly something worked.*

1: Play with your hair

While your tutor's giving you feedback, start subtly using your body language to show your interest. Try twirling hair strands between your fingers, biting your lip, and winking. When they give you a bad grade, just laugh and tell them how *mean* they are ;) If they say they like your work, say "Thanks **Big Boy**" and giggle incessantly. Keep giggling for a few minutes. You can never giggle too much.

2: Compete with other students in the Zoom call

Any idea that anyone else in the call has is trash. This is a competition and you've got to win. One-up every idea anyone else proposes. If someone did the reading, you've done it twice. If they thought the reading raised good points, you thought it raised GREAT points. Subtly find ways to make yourself look good. See if you can position your screen to be next to someone ugly, you'll look better by comparison.

3: Speak in ASMR

You'll need a headphone cable with a microphone built into it for this one. Start by moving the microphone up to your mouth. Slowly - ever so slowly - begin whispering. The wetter and grosser the whispering sounds, the better. It doesn't really matter what you say so long as you say it staring straight into your webcam. That way, when the tutor glances up at the screen wondering where the fuck that noise is coming from, they'll find themselves locking eyes with you. As soon as this happens, deepthroat the microphone a little and raise your eyebrows. Guaranteed to get them hot under the collar.

4: Bust out the cardboard signs, Taylor Swift style.

For all of you who haven't seen the video for Taylor Swift's seminal song *You Belong With Me*: shame on you. All you'll

need to pull this one off is a piece of paper and a sharpie. Scribble down something really romantic ("I wanna bone"? Or "I'd shave my legs for you"? Something along those lines), and flash the card up on screen every couple of minutes. Even if the tutor doesn't actually read the card, thanks to the powers of subliminal messaging, they're 100% guaranteed to fall in love on the spot.

5: Get yourself a wingman.

What this lockdown takes away with one hand, it gives with the other. Sure, you're locked inside, and that means you can't go out to find your love. But - assuming you're isolating with family or flatmates - you've now got access to a support network of wingmen and wingwomen who literally couldn't get away from you if they tried. Try roping a couple of these people into your next flirting attempt. Convince a flatmate to walk past your webcam every once in a while and say (loudly), "Wow! I still can't believe you're single, what with that eight pack of abs you have". Pay a family member to walk into your room and tell you off, mid-call, for risking your life to save those puppies in that burning orphanage that one time. Have a mate come in and inform you that he has to, absolutely *has* to run the washing right now so you better strip off *immediately* and chuck your clothes in the washing basket. You get the idea.

6: Angle the webcam up your nose

Trust me. This works! I saw it in a nature documentary. Apparently, gorillas flare their nostrils to attract partners. As Darwin famously wrote in *The Origin of Species*, "gorillas and humans are like 99% the same basically" - so that means it should work on 99% of humans too. Don't believe me? Try it out for yourself! Next time you're killing time in your tutorial, whack your webcam up a nasal cavity. Really get it in there, the more hairs on screen the better. You can thank me later.

feature.

7: Hold up a picture of a much hotter person

Hey, I know what you're thinking: how am I supposed to get my tutor's attention when my face looks like a bruised ass cheek? Answer: replace your face with someone else's. Google "hot guy face" or "hot girl face" and a couple hundred images come up. Download one, print it off, and tape it to the front of your webcam. Boom! Problem solved. Just remember to wiggle the photo around every couple of minutes to make it look like you're a real human being.

8: Start mirroring them

According to Wikipedia this is one way of flirting. And I don't know about you, but I trust Wikipedia to tell me how to flirt. When they rest their face on their hand, you do the same. When they smile, you smile. When they tell you to stop being so creepy, you tell them to stop being so creepy. Wear a wig to match their hair style. Change clothes so you both are wearing the same thing. Wow isn't that so crazy, it's almost like you're meant for each other. Like you two should be together. Forever.

9: Leave your webcam on while you get changed

Oops. Guess they just saw you naked. What an accident. You *totally* didn't mean for that to happen. But did they like what they saw? Did they want to see more?

10: Let your assignments do the talking

Keep it spicy by making your assignments that little bit more sexy. Insert emojis and winky faces into the essay where you think it gets a bit frisky. Use adjectives like hot, moist, and wet to describe concepts. Refer to all authors as 'Daddy' or 'Mistress'. Refer to your last body paragraph as the 'Climax' of your essay and in that conclusion, you 'cum' to some **sticky** conclusions don't you?

**Use adjectives like
hot, moist, and wet
to describe concepts.
Refer to all authors as
'Daddy' or 'Mistress'.**





BATMAN V SUPERMAN: DAWN OF JUSTICE, DIR. ZACK SNYDER

ROBBIE DELANY

2/10: Surprisingly, still shit

Batman v Superman opens to the climactic events of 2013's *Man of Steel*. Superman (Henry Cavill) in the midst of destroying Metropolis while Bruce Wayne (Ben Affleck) observes from afar with hatred. This set-up is a lukewarm attempt to change Batman's historic cinematic crime-fighting motives fueled by revenge, rather than for armistice. The film struggles to bring genuine interest to the viewers eyes from this point. The tone confuses 'darkness' with 'murkiness' whilst replacing 90s quality visual effects with story-telling. Batman's practice of branding villains, and serving as judge, jury and executioner made it feel as if I was watching a twisted *Passion of the Christ* rather than a superhero film.

Here, Superman is exhaustingly impotent. A portent-heavy script fills the screens, endlessly forecasting the dangers of Superman without thinking of the repercussions of the tiresome dialogue with which the audience must listen to. While the costume design is stunning, my awe quickly fell flat by the character's lack of intimacy with the world around him. Such a shallow range of emotion even extended to the wooden on-screen chemistry with Lois Lane (Amy Adams).

The film was so busy racing across storylines that it forgot to present quality to any on-screen moment - not even 30 seconds between characters at times. The result is a failure in emotional connection. Ironically, for a film two and a half hours in length, *Batman v Superman* still felt rushed. I emerged from *Batman v Superman* in a confused state of mind, weak in the legs and disappointed in heart.



THE INVISIBLE MAN, DIR. LEIGH WHANNELL

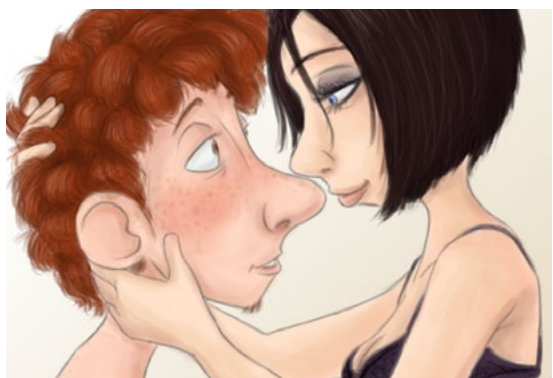
LACHLAN MITCHELL

8/10: Incredible how she can't... see right through Scientology

What is it with Elisabeth Moss and picking roles that so emphatically and without subtlety echo the abusive & controlling nature of Scientology, while still going to bat for the cult and going after those that dare to leave it? This doesn't really detract from the movie, but I couldn't get it out of my head while watching it - she was raised within the church, so I get it, but I hope she wakes up soon.

The *Invisible Man* is one of those movies that will probably be forgotten because of the quarantine crisis, but not because it is bad. No, it is far from it! It's a powerful movie about abuse, female agency, gaslighting and subverting the revenge fantasy trope, to sum up its key themes. The titular invisible man was written as an unbalanced criminal in the original story, which holds a key place in early sci-fi canon, and the way Leigh Whannell has updated the villain to a very realistic idea of 'villainy' is very smart.

Elisabeth Moss goes in on the realism as well - there's no attempt to glamourise her character, nor is she treated as pitiful, nor is she some kind of Tarantino superwoman. She's a woman whose trauma has changed her, but further trauma through the movie's plot blows back hard against the person responsible for it.



RATATOUILLE

MAX LIM

6/10: This was the Laserdisc box art

The time is 2007, a simpler time period when movies about talking animals were still cool. I mean, one of the most profited movies the year before was *Happy Feet*, so naturally everyone wanted their piece of the talking animal cash grab. 2007 was an..... interesting year for animated films and to name a few, we had the infamous *Bee Movie*, *Shrek the Third* and *Alvin and the Chipmunks* in this year alone.

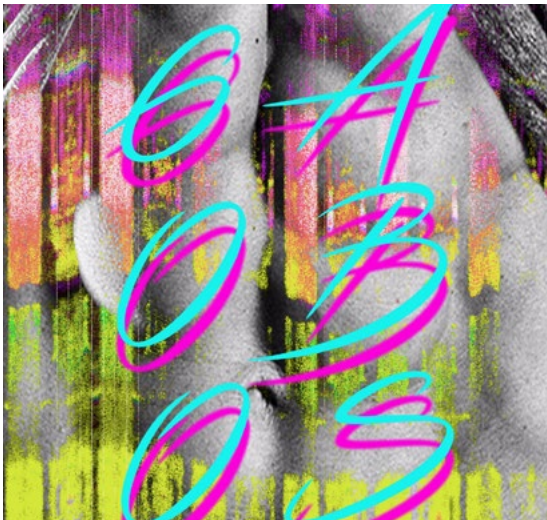
Everything about this movie was charming, the music and the background were absolutely gorgeous as I remembered from a long time ago. But I did forget how the human protagonist is the carbon copy of Michael Cera in every way possible. From the character design to the speech pattern and even the body language. Whenever he was on the screen I felt my body shivering from experiencing the uncanny valley just from this character. Even the romance in this film felt like any movie Michael Cera has been shoved into. I found the lack of personality of the protagonist quite understandable as he is just a plot device, a puppet rather than, y'know, a protagonist. He's just Michael Cera. No one in the movie theatre in 2007 was there to see this man, they all wanted to see the talking rat.



PAPER CASTLES ALICE PHOEBE LOU
KATE

What I love most about this weird little recc I get to write each week, is that I just get to gush about who I love. I love... love! Anyway, seeing as we all probably feel as though our worlds are somewhat closing in on us at the moment, Alice Phoebe Lou's album *Paper Castles* gives us a breath of fresh air, offering a window into the worlds of ourselves. Which, I consider to be rather important right now.

Alice Phoebe Lou is South African born, yet found her musical feet in Germany. She began busking on the streets of Berlin, post attempts at a fire-dancing career, filling public spaces with her enchanting blues yet indie-folk style. Her songs are doused with shrills, shrieks and sweetness. 'Something Holy' is truly something holy, celebrating the true bliss of being touched by a fellow beautiful human (probably a bit too nostalgic in our current social climate, sorry!). 'Skin Crawl' exists at the other end of the spectrum, it's a 'fuck-off-ratty-hands-don't-touch-me' angry kind of song. And, as it should be. Finally, 'New Song', captures the true bliss of living big within the ordinary. As a wise flat-mate once told me, happiness exists in the mundane. I think *Paper Castles* will bring you immense pleasure if you listen, but mostly I want it to bring you hope for the wonderful, delicious and magnificent moments we will experience beyond this uncertain time.



600 ABS CRAP DATE
JUSTIN WONG

Self-proclaimed "Tāmaki Makaurau's romantic catastrophists", electronic group Crap Date is the project of Jamie-Lee Smith (Princess Chelsea), Marcel Bellvé (Battle Circus) and John Ropiha Silvsgaard, and '600 Abs' is the third single they dropped since last year, after 'Ephemera' and 'Genoa City Blues.'

Like the previous two, this didn't disappoint. This '80s-influenced synth pop single made me feel like that I'm watching a three-hour, action-packed movie from the start to finish. It's a very positive song, starting low and slow, but the soaring vocals by Smith are uplifting and I was mesmerized by the synthesizers. To make it sound even more cinematic, the video for the song is an edit of a scene in 2016's *Ben-Hur* (yes, yes, I know it can't hold a candle to the 1959 one), with the track paired to a sequence showing title character's near-death experience, when the Roman warship he served as a galley slave was sunk by the Greeks.

But to make this wonderful song even better, after beloved K Road venue Whammy Bar said earlier this month it is shutting doors for 12 weeks to figure out a way to stay viable after Covid-19, Crap Date is one of the many local acts to announce that all proceedings from their music sales will be donated to Whammy.

There isn't anything much nicer than this during the lockdown, when you can enjoy yourself to some lovely local music and actually support them as well.

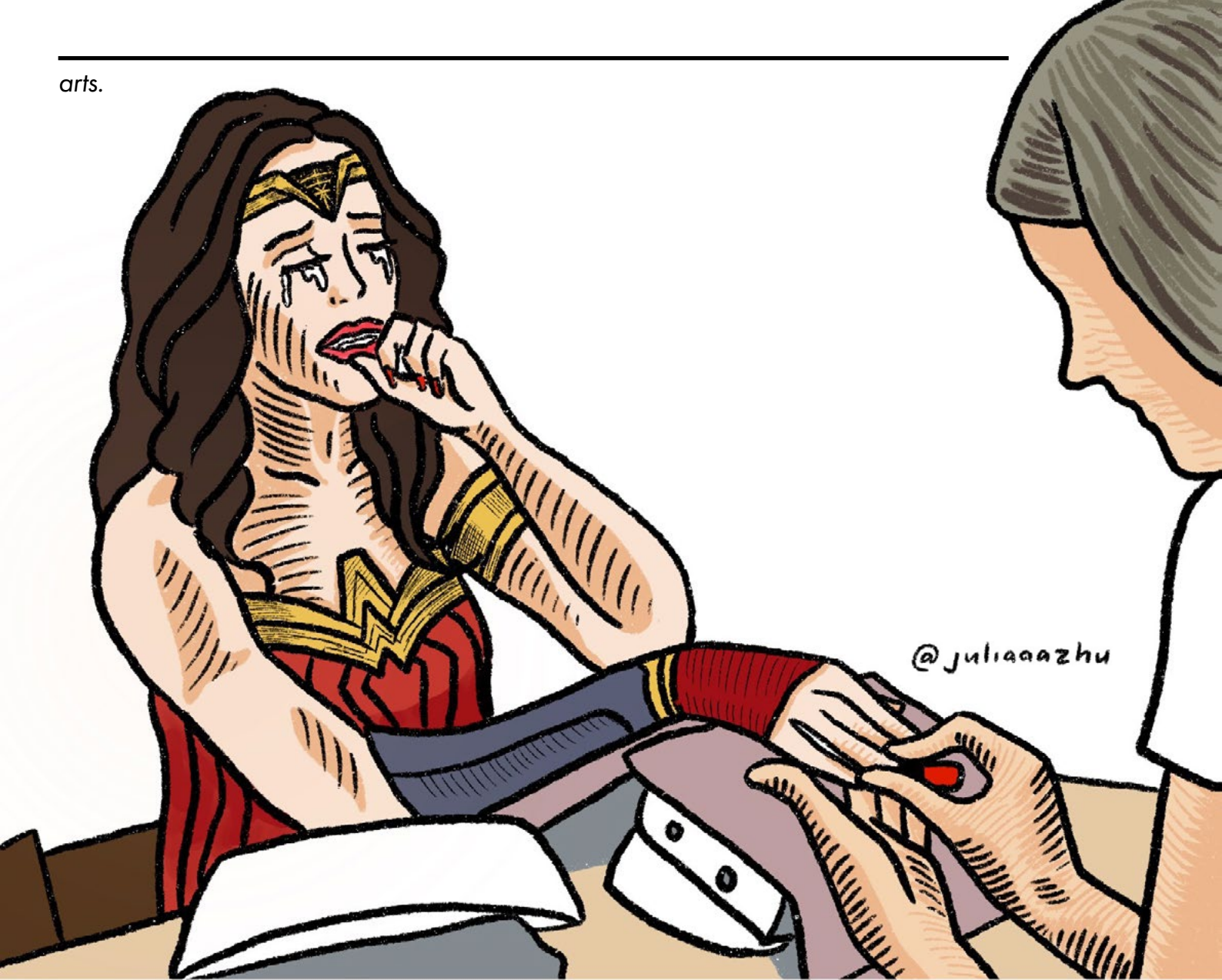


RECOMMENDATION THE SIMS 4
MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

In my second year of uni, I took a video games course (yes, Arts is a ridiculous degree, and, yes, it was one of my favourite classes of my whole undergrad). As a novice gamer, I downloaded *The Sims 4* so I would have some essay content. I had religiously played *The Sims 2* on my Mum's phone when I was young, so I figured I'd like the contemporary upgrade. The couple hours I intended to spend in digital suburbia turned into days, and my essay took a serious quality hit.

Right before the lockdown started, my email started to blow up with long lists of sales from Origin. Knowing that I would be insanely bored by Day 3 of the lockdown, I decided to skydive down the deep, dark hole I had discovered a few years ago. I splurged on three new game packs for *The Sims* and the rabbit hole reopened under my feet. I've been tumbling ever since. There's this weird connotation that *The Sims* is not a real video game series, that it's a casual, easy game, primarily for women. There is absolutely nothing casual about my relationship to the Sims.

Once I click play, nothing else in the world matters. The focus on pleasing aesthetics and huge realm of possibility within gameplay keeps me strapped in for hours at a time. I have started to bring a large bottle of water to my desk, because if it is not in front of me, I will not get up to stop myself from becoming dehydrated. If you miss the days of playing in the sandbox as a kid, it's likely *The Sims 4* is for you. If you're looking to use lockdown time productively, it's definitely not.



Imagine No John Lennon, It's Easy If You try

Lachlan Mitchell just gets mad. Won't even try to say otherwise.

In New Zealand, we've been pretty lucky to not have the imminent collapse of society hanging over our heads - many of us have lost and will continue to lose our jobs, and by no means are we in the clear or have even seen the worst of this, but we have a chance of keeping our head above the water that the failed state of America simply does not. My anxiety and general fears have felt like they were exponentially increasing, but in context, I am aware of the relative luck I & many others have in this global meltdown. In my paranoia, I have very sparingly left the house in over a week, over two by the time of publication, aside from a secluded swim or a walk or what have you. I'm being responsible, but I'm already getting a little antsy and a little agitated. However, I am generally of a calm persuasion,

able to channel my feelings into a nice long round of Civ V and exacting a fair but restrictive rule over my Russian Empire via Catherine the Great, with enough Great Wonders that my state could be considered the cultural centre of multiple worlds.

That was until I saw the 'Imagine' video as started by Gal Gadot. Now I'm just mad.

I can so easily go on a socialist rant on a dime, but it feels almost superfluous when these people are doing the job for me in a way that does not necessitate any addition. That's not to say that I won't go on said rant anyway, however. Like, let's get fucking real here.

My literal job at *Craccum* currently relies on the perpetuation of celebrity culture, and I am far from innocent in holding up the power of pop culture like it's the Ark of the fucking Covenant, but does anyone here give a shit about what these people are saying? Do we truly give the tiniest atomic-level fuck about the empty well wishes of these insipid little Malibu residents? What joy, what emotional sustenance were we supposed to take from an utterly tone-deaf proclamation of 'we're suffering too!', sung to the spineless ballad of John fucking Lennon? There's a grand blowback on social media, which is great. It's cringe beyond anything else, but it's cringe to a level that we so rarely see played out in public. It's beyond played out to focus on the utter hypocrisy of 'Imagine', so I won't. And you might be thinking, 'wow, they're a little worked up over a harmless video that meant well'. I understand how such a thing can simply be handwaved as mere cluelessness.

But, like, Imao. This is the sort of thing from the wealthiest of the wealthy that does so much more than annoy or create feelings of cringe - it's such a perfect encapsulation of why people are so *mad*. Demonstrably, furiously mad. The world is facing quite literally the crisis of a generation, an existential fear that climate change has not quite summoned up in the masses - an unseeable virus that could incapacitate you, and has struck the global 'economy' down with a fury not seen since Kratos impaled the Olympic Pantheon on his blades. And it doesn't even care! Virus go brrr haha! And in the context of such a black swan event that millions will *not* survive, does it not inspire the slightest bit of radicalisation in one's moral fibre to see fucking Natalie Portman sing about 'imagine no possessionssss' while they are holed up in compounds that could see the Rapture happen with little adjustment to their lives? We don't care about the well-wishes of Mark Ruffalo - he's a nice guy, but Jesus, really? You could *bottle up* the class consciousness being created right now.

I don't honestly quite know where I'm going with all this - I never do when I'm in one of these moods. I don't wish to focus solely on the sheer ludicrousness of the *Imagine* video, it's just such a keenly visual method of the uber-wealthy practically scrambling to offer themselves on the altar for public vengeance. We've all internalised the joke of 'thoughts and prayers, thoughts and prayers' about American shootings, and like, we know how empty-headed and empty-willed it is. We, as a collective, know that. But there's something so viscerally *laughable* about the total delusion of 'deigning to help the povos' in this crisis that I think is truly waking a lot of people up on a level that simply couldn't have been imagined before. It's not the kind of laughter you sustain any true sense of mirth from, but it's laughter nonetheless.

I'm not trying to tar all with the same brush. I'm being incredibly mocking and critical, but it would be unfair to not highlight those that are earnestly seeing the problems inherent here.

For example, Britney Spears is paying hundreds of people's bills - no questions asked, either - and posted a photo calling for redistribution of wealth. She even directly identified with the socialist movement! Maybe the red spandex suit in *Oops* was a hint we were too foolish to recognise all these years! The immediate thought of many has been 'well, she's Brit Brit, she doesn't really understand what it means'. Hell, I won't lie, I adore Miss Spears and that was one of my initial feelings. However, that's so... callous. Calling myself out for that one. Does her idea of what 'redistributing wealth' means really matter? Does it matter how dumb people think she is, lol? She's clearly understood what people need during a time where we're likely going to see the largest rate of unemployment ever seen in the history of her country - direct action, stepping beyond Being Britney Spears and being a good person in a way that directly impacts a person's daily wellbeing. So it doesn't matter what she thinks about wealth redistribution when she's internalised the principle of it in a way these aforementioned fucks haven't even bothered to try doing. Maybe it's because her experience of fame and Being Rich has been one of our generation's cautious tales of abuse, and that her fight for autonomy is gearing up to be a landmark court case in mental health rights in her homeland. Maybe it's to do with having all of her material wealth kept in the hands of people who didn't earn it, and being subjected to Being Treated Like An Idiot for 15 years. Maybe she's just as mad as the rest of us. No matter the cause, she is a transparent example of how even someone we can so easily stereotype as an airhead has enough sense to recognise what the people need. I've always gone to bat for that woman, and I really hope it all works out for her.

In the context of such a clear-hearted show of generosity, you can see why many are so cynical, so ready to laugh without joy at the cluelessness of the rich that don't have any idea what they are doing. Like... it's so fucking LAUGHABLE to see Lionel Richie, in all of his wealth, suggest that 'We Are The World' should be brought back to help save the people during this crisis. Is that not one of the bitterest laughs you've had in a long while? That mocking anthem of abject tomfoolery? No, please Lionel, bring back Diana Ross and Huey Lewis. Please, we're crying out for it. On God, give us that fated (and feted!) reunion of The Supreme and The News.

Please Gal, please Lionel. Don't bring yourself to actually imagine why poor people can't go get themselves tested, or could be financially destitute from not being able to work. Or knowing they're sick, but living so close to the wire that missing work would leave them homeless. And will leave them homeless. I know money is a blinder, but Christ, it's not fucking glaucoma. You can take off the sunglasses to see the gallows if this sort of sheer cluelessness towards an increasingly frightful, an increasingly furious people, doesn't abate.

Imagine that, Wonder Woman.



Becoming a Sugar Baby on IMVU

Bored? Horny? Why not dust off your IMVU account and try it on with some freaky cyber daddies. Lachlan Mitchell shows you how. Or you could just get an Only Fans, I guess.

So, we're in for the long haul. Miss Rona just hasn't taken her heels off our necks. Shit's fucked! Shit's getting locked up! You're getting locked down! And while the government has considered many things, from the supply chain of food to public transport being relegated solely to the needs of essential service workers, there is something the government has not considered. They may have taken the nation's alert level to Level 4, but they will need to be on Level 14 if this is not critically managed - picture Chernobyl, picture Fukushima, but localised entirely within your bedroom. However, this is something they cannot regulate, something they cannot provide. I'm talking about safely engaging with your horny levels.

They will be rising. You will be in an enclosed space - if it applies, away from your significant other. Likely with family in relatively close quarters. Constantly. Your horny levels will be reaching pressure levels not unlike the stresses submarines feel in the depths of the ocean - you are but a passenger on Captain Nemo's *Horniness*. While it could be easy to simply resign yourself to the monotony of Pornhub or Blacked.com or whatever your shit is, or scrolling

through Instagram and absentmindedly fingering yourself to whatever #baddie does the trick for that session, maybe it's time to get a little inventive. A little niche, a little... pixelated.

And now, what I'm about to say won't be easy. But if you truly wish to escape the trappings of *ennui* that quarantine will rain down on us all, you will have to make some... moral adjustments. You will have to be a sick little freak. You will have to consider giving your devices a virus that will far outlast the physical and economic impact of Miss Rona. But, like Virgil guiding Dante through the rings of Hell, I will be in your navigator in this realm of eternal punishment.

The Sims gave the world an opportunity to truly manipulate your surroundings, to exert your *Übermensch* will on the world. Only the limits of Electronic Arts could constrain your vision. And without access to mods, EA constrained the possibility for horniness to levels that only mods could seek to fix. But The Sims gave our society a collective dream - to truly roleplay as a three-inch slim thicc pixelated bad girl with a gorilla grip pussy and a stable income. Or

anyone with genitalia that gives off that sweet, sweet back of the PS4 warmth. Aslan once spoke of the Deep Magics 'from beyond the Dawn of Time' - IMVU and Second Life are from an era that has faded into a shared memory, but like the deep magics, have not disappeared from reach. With IMVU, I present you an option to truly manage your horny levels over the coming quarantine period, no matter how long it lasts.

As someone who spent most of their teen years gleefully scamming the monstrously lustful dwarven denizens of IMVU out of their credits, I am intimately familiar with the realities of that site, even more so now that the site has irreparably crumbled to resemble but a shadow of itself. IMVU was once the go-to for the curious and the bored, the desperate, the socially exiled. They all moved on to greener pastures, or went to prison. Those that remain are... changed. They have not seen the light - they were born in it, molded by it. But they are who run IMVU now; the korea-boos, the furies, the sado-masochists unable to find physical satisfaction with traditional implements. They scraped up the bones of their forebears, and built a calcified empire out of what was left behind. They, above all, are the true guardians of horny.

'Okay, you've sold me. I'm that kinda *freak freak*. But should I proceed?' However you wish. But you will need finances. Very few will so much as talk to an avatar that isn't utterly dripping in garishly rendered stripperific fits, nor will they even consider approaching one lacking H-cup milk wagons or an atrociously lengthened & pixelated magnum cock. But you do not need to pay. That's too easy. Rather, there are far more *active* ways of attaining wealth. I recommend you listen to *Next Level Charli* for this part.

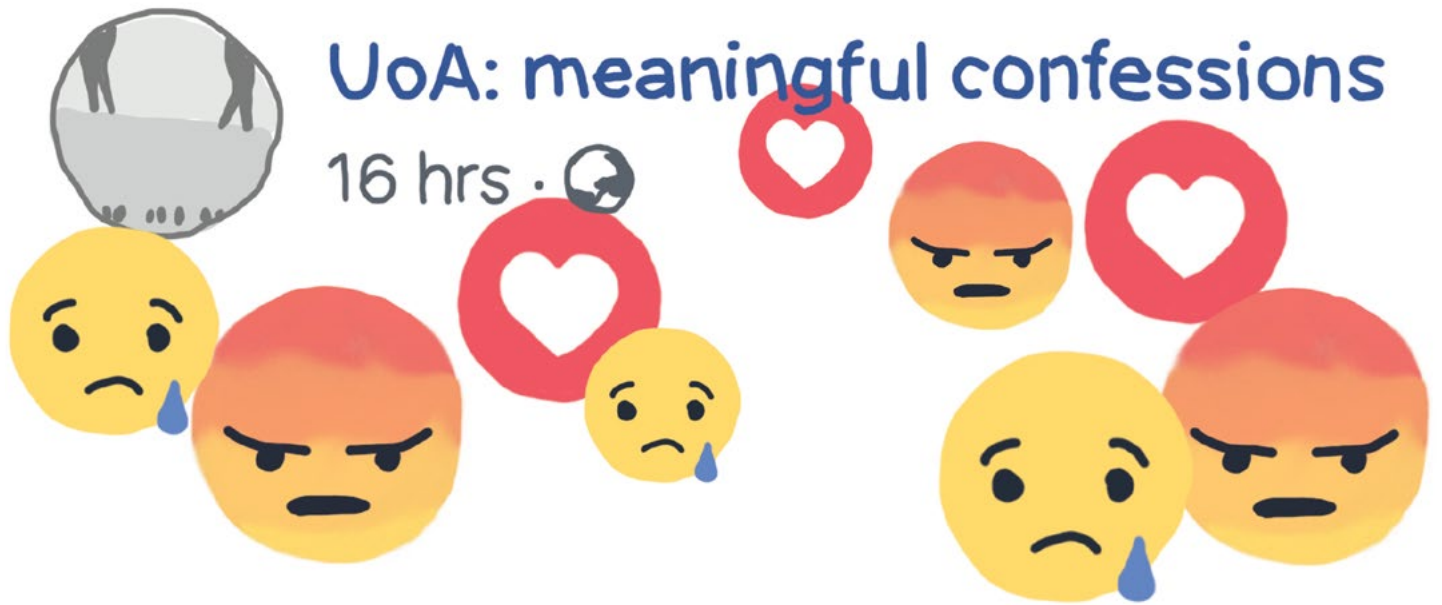
1. With the minimal free credits IMVU sends your way after making an account, find an outfit that reveals as much as your non-Adult Pass account will allow you to do. I recommend knock-off Versace.
2. Find a chatroom that serves any fetish you may be interested in, or one with crowds you think will be particularly desperate for human (or non-human) interaction.
3. Idly chat, or as is far more likely, roleplay with the Nazgûl that walk these halls. Invariably, one of them will make their character walk up to you, even if you look like poverty, and will remark on your beauty. Also invariably, they will either ask you to follow them to a part of the chatroom where you can dance to a horribly degraded MP3 of Super Bass, or they will invite you to their avatar's private room for 'more lol :Y.
4. Sit down, and talk about yourself, or your character's backstory. Whatever works. Send them a friend request

out of the blue. Get them close. While they are incredibly horny, they are surprisingly receptive to the 'hooker with a heart of gold' trope. Say you'll click on the fuck animations in a minute, but you just want to feel special, and really look like someone that'll satisfy their needs. Or, y'know, "haha I wanna fck but my av is Not looking very sexy.....". If it sounds too easy, it's because it *literally* is.

5. Now, some of them will offer to gift you the clothing directly. If that works for you, good. But we're not Holly Golightly - we want our own money, our own resources. Describe what you want, and slowly work up to asking them for the credits to buy it. Go for something around 1-1.5k in credits, or about \$2.00 in NZ currency. Talk about whatever their fetish is - if they're a furry with a butt plug so deep in their arse that they haven't farted in a moon cycle, talk about it. As I said earlier, you're going to have to make some adjustments to your life.
6. Once they're suitably horny, and you don't think they've cum yet, go for the final push. Ask them to gift you the credits so you can buy what you want, and a little more to surprise them. If this sounds too easy, *it literally is*. Only one of every 20 marks is ever wise enough to call you out, so you'll likely be fine. Once the credits have been wired to your account, leave their chat and block them. You're done. You've succeeded.

For what it's worth, when they're not the kind of sicko that solely wants to spit on you and make you submit to their six-frame 'pissin' on your azz' animation, most of them are relatively nice people. You might feel guilt. However, it's just business. Do you want to feel guilt, or do you want to feel *hot*? Until this gets too much, repeat the six steps ad nauseum. It almost always works. I won't guide you on what to do once you are satisfied with your clothing collection, or you have attained enough credits to become the target of another dear reader. What chatrooms you peruse in order to get what you need, that's your business. I'm just here to hold the door open for you, to sell you on the premise of being a little more than what horny whispered into your ear previously.

On IMVU, you can be anyone you want to be. But many games sell you on that premise. What is unique to IMVU is not what you want to be, but what you're willing to do in order to cum. If you're willing to mess around in the polygon polyamorous hell-dungeons of stink, flesh and sweat known only to the pigs from 2001's *Hannibal*, then you have entered a new plane of being that no level of quarantine can take away from you. Safe travels, voyager. We'll see you once the lockdown is lifted.



Craccum's Top Picks from UoA: Meaningful Confessions

TARA MOK

UoA: Meaningful Confessions is a great invention. Talk to a bunch of students in the university and the conversation will somehow wind itself around to mentioning a meaningful confession that one of you read the other day. It's somehow assumed that every student knows what the meaningful confessions are and has probably read whichever one you're referencing. And 9 out of 10 times, that assumption is correct. Isn't this the closest thing us UoA students have to student culture?

However, go onto the Facebook page today and you will see a sea of COVID-19 posts and scroll a bit further down to see people trashing biomed and general IC4 angst. While all very real issues (to varying extents), it can be hard to find the true gems of confessions that make the page the treasure that it is. So, I read every meaningful confession so you don't have to! All (as of today) 2146 of them. You're welcome. Here are my top ten picks (in no particular order). Look them up for some laughs, escapism, or tips that just might save your life and/or dignity.

#669 The Irresistible Jelly. *"Whenever you would look at it ... world peace would fall over the world for a split second."*

While everyone is out there confessing their crush on the cute girl at the OWeek stall or the boy sat in front of them in the lecture theatre, 7Anon writes a poetic love letter to jelly. An iconic moment in the history of Meaningful Confessions.

#1873 Sex? Not for me thanks. *"Some people say they're saving themselves for marriage and I say why stop there? Think bigger. Think death."*

With everyone at uni and many now living on their own and others with more time on their hands because of the COVID-19 situation, many of you might be thinking of having sex. May I direct you to this confession and see if I can convince you not to do such a heinous deed.

#1031 Dear Mrs Potato. "You are crazy. If I had to describe you in one sentence with an adjective, that would be my answer."

This confession wins the award for the most wholesome sappy love letter. Despite the mixed messages, insults, and intense focus on the recipient's sister, it will still pull on your sappy heartstrings.

#2035 Pre exam shooley. "So you know that unspoken fear all girls have when they go into the bathroom somewhere and the toilet seat lid is down?"

This one's for all you readers who get off on other people's pain.

#2001 and #1999 Goodbye shadows. "Shadows worship is not a substitute for a personality."

This is what happens when you insult Shadows. Watch the drama of this Shadows duel unfold.

#1872. My wisdom teeth. "I have been waiting all my life for a saucy spicy dripping hot French lad to come over and shove his baguette right into my pumpkin soup and out of all the fucking timeline that a human being could ever exist in, my wisdom teeth decided to fuck my jaw up on a random Thursday"

Best Tinder date story ever.

#1639 Listen up, kids. "It drives me crazy when people are like "oh yeah, I've pretty much finished, just have to do my references." NO YOU FREAKIN' DON'T!"

Read this before you graduate.

#1611 Universe telling me something? "I have seen you every. single. day. for the past 5 weeks. Sometimes you don't see me, sometimes you do and it's happened so much that I think you've noticed it too."

Is it the Universe? Is it Joe Goldberg? Read it and find out.

#1529. Dear All Years Above First Year.

Take pity on them, y'all.

#1527 why u always lyin. "I lowkey calculated the minimum grade she needs to get into 2nd year(i think the minimum gpa is 6 right?correct me if im wrong) which is a 9 for all courses this year if her existing gpa is 4.725."

If you thought you were petty, watch this person obsess over whether their friend is really a law student. My only question is: why do you care?

#1230 WHERE THE FUCK YOU AT DUDE. "So sometimes your boy here gallivants in OGGB looking for that one meat I wanna eat."

There's a lot of love confessions on this page but this one takes the cake for really making me want to find this boy the meat he wants, no matter what it takes goddammit, and I think you might feel the same too.

#731 LIFE. "I wake up at 6, no wait I wake up at 7...actually I set my alarm for 5:30, because that's when I think someone who is doing biomed should wake up."

Read for an accurate "day in the life" of a student. Might be depressing but this is also realism at its finest.

#511 90s child stuck in a society to which he doesn't belong. "While everyone else jams to hip hop music, with words filled with no meaning other than talking about drugs and "bitches", I can't seem to move away from the deep dark meaningful words of Linkin Park which gave me reason to live through my teenage years."

He's not like other guys. We all know someone like this.

If you thought you were petty, watch this person obsess over whether their friend is really a law student. My only question is: why do you care?

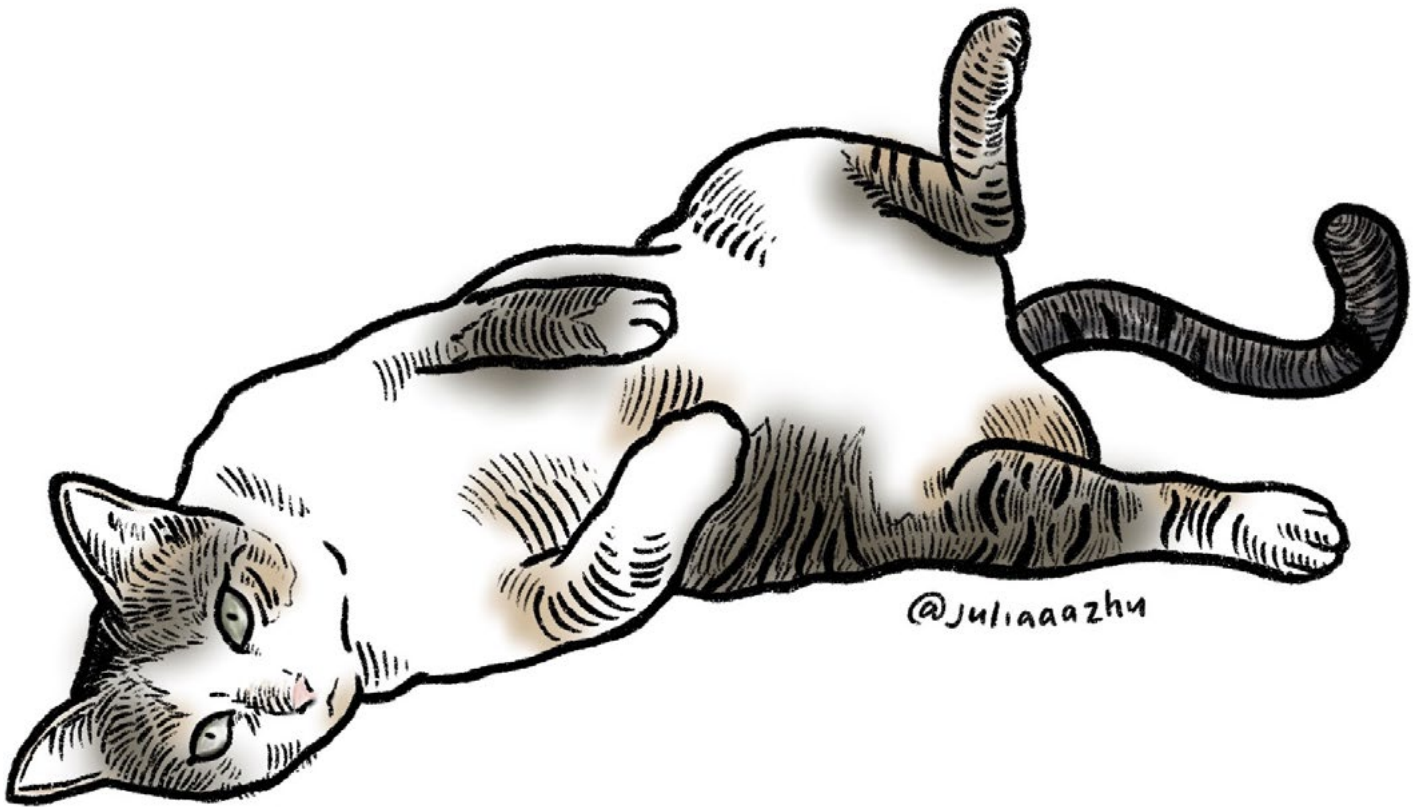


a conversation

my mother is not the type
and to soften
fluffy with concern
each state is only a
dip into another
to be over
they bled during childbirth
told her to be quiet
reinforced the division of
from propriety
son
from solace
trying to hold up
I never understood this
saw her coolness as
grasped how
lines deeper than
away until
felt myself feeling nothing
an attempt at survival

to witness crying
to rush over
because she knows
liquid
she sits there and waits for it
like how she bit her lips until
because the nurse
how years of family
expressiveness
daughter from
solitude
holding a book from
the world.
divide always
distance never
childhood grafts
a well of years can wash
last week when I
in order for something to pass
in lieu of feeling the edges

modi deng



How to tame a pussy

SAMANTHA PUTT

I didn't intend to adopt a cat. But one day early last year, as I was putting my potato peels into the bin, I saw the sweetest angel run across my yard. She stopped to stare back at me. I immediately knew what I had to do. It took me nearly an entire year to train my cat from a skittish, skeletal, scaredy cat, to the sassy BFF who lets me lift her into the air Simba-style on the daily. It has been so, so, worth it. With a lil bit of salami and a whole lot of patience, you can get a cat for free- even if it breaks your tenancy agreement and has to be top secret as a result!!

Prerequisite 1- Live in an area that has a population of stray cats- usually a highly populated area near nature that has a fast turnover of tenants (abandoned cats, dumped kittens, etc.).

Prerequisite 2- This guide only works for stray cats as you cannot socialise feral cats, although you can feed them to be nice!

Step one- Locate cat- although often, the cat will choose you!

Step two- Leave food outside for the cat and go back inside. Repeat this daily at the exact same time, so the cat knows

when to come back.

Step three- After a couple of weeks, leave the food and sit beside the cat at a distance, if the cat shows discomfort, go back to step 2 and try again in a week or so.

Step four- While doing step 3, hold out a hand and see if the cat approaches you. If yes- touch their nose and scratch their cheeks gently- do not overstep boundaries. If no- go back to step 3 and try again soon.

Step five- Once you're at a place where the cat lets you pat them- do this properly! If you have the means, take the cat to the vet or the SPCA and see if they're chipped- they could

be lost- not abandoned! If not- watch the cat's behaviour, do they return to a house? Does it seem like they've recently had social interaction? The SPCA also has these cute paper collars that you can print out, and you put your phone number, and if the owner sees it, they can contact you.

Step six- Place food inside the kitchen or door closest to where the cat usually eats- allow them to come in and sniff everything!! Encourage them with treats and chin scratches. This is often becomes the longest step; I fed my furry bestie in the kitchen for 2 months before anything progressed. It's usually at this point that you name the cat and start bragging that you have a cat now.

Step seven- Make appearances around your house at random times- so the cat knows that you're there for more than just feeding times, and they can come in whenever!

Step eight- Slowly introduce your cat to more places in your house- always keeping a door open so the cat can leave if they want. This is usually an agonising inch by inch ordeal.

Step nine- Show your cat your bedroom! Teach them how to get inside through your window!

Step ten- Depending on where you're at- your cat may be at a stage where they appreciate pats and physical affection from you- if so- pick up your cat (gently!! And only if there's no resistance!!) and teach them how to get in and out of your bedroom window.

Step eleven- Teach them how to jump onto your bed and let them stay the night- always mindful to leave the door open in case they must dash. You'll find that cats crave routine and will often show up at your window at the same time every night and leave at the same time in the morning. It is at this stage that you should already be de-fleaing and deworming your cat.

Step twelve- Start leaving little things for them in your room; a scratching post, a water bowl, and a small plate of non-stinky biscuits- so they know they can return in the day to hang out! Also, litter boxes are instinctual for cats- if you put a litter box there, they will just use it instinctively, no need to train. Do not attempt to make them into a fulltime indoor cat, strays are naturally outdoor cats, and keeping them inside is cruel and keeps them away from their cat besties.

Step thirteen- Buy your new little friend a collar to claim ownership, and if you have the means, go to the vet and get them chipped, registered and vaccinated. It also gives you a chance to ask the vet questions regarding age, sex, breed, and general health. It's way harder to tell than you'd think.

Step fourteen- Let your cat meet your friends to widen their social circle. Tough love often works here by keeping them in a room with your friends and allowing them to slowly get comfortable. This is vital for when you need to move flats with your cat, to get them used to new people early on.

Step fifteen- Buy a pet hair glove and find a place to stash your cat memorabilia (cars are great) for when your landlord comes.

Step sixteen- Sit back and watch as your cat begins to trust you more and more every day. Every time I think it's reached the peak of befriending my cat- she always surprises me- she's only gotten playful recently, and even though my legs are attacked when I roll over in bed, it's adorable.

Tip one: If you don't have any stray cats in your area- go to the SPCA and adopt one- it's the same premise. It is, however, way harder to introduce a cat to a no pets flat that it is to slowly acquire one.

Tip two: Do not adopt a cat if you don't fully intend to look after them for the rest of their life! I recently found out that my small stinky daughter was one year old when I met her- which means we'll still be hanging when I'm in my mid-thirties- bring it on! But looking for a cat is more than just the commitment- it's also doing the mahi and being prepared to take on extra responsibilities or costs when necessary. If you want to have a cats-with-benefits relationship, stop at step four!

Tip three: Be super patient. It was often frustrating when I'd spent months trying to befriend my cat, and she'd cold-shoulder me. Never yell at your cat, and never withhold food or affection as a punishment. Give it time!

Be super patient. It was often frustrating when I'd spent months trying to befriend my cat, and she'd cold-shoulder me.



Craccum's Guide to Remote Club Events

During this lockdown period, while the university will continue to deliver remote learning, the disconnect from student life and culture will definitely be felt by all our students. If you're ever feeling lonely, our clubs invite you to take part in these amazing remote events where you can continue to meet new people and have fun in between studies. Remember that you're not alone during this difficult time! <3

Biztalk Toastmasters

Are you after the public speaking grace of our Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern? Well then, you (and Simon Bridges) should sign up for Biztalk Toastmasters. This club will continue to host online weekly meetings every Monday night @ 6pm over Zoom, with discussions on how to effectively communicate in video conferences and rotating table topics. Visit their Facebook page for weekly meeting links and more. All welcome!

Auckland University Chess Association

Ever since I started seeing giant garden chess sets everywhere, I've been reminded of what a banger this game is. Just because your body is under lockdown doesn't mean your mind has to be! Prepare for intellectual warfare as the chess club continues to hold Wednesday night activities, and host members on a Discord server. Links up on their Facebook page.

Filipino Students' Association

Are you Filipino and wondering where your lockdown brethrens are at? Or plot twist - maybe you're not at all and you just want to experience a different culture. FSA have informed me they're running a jam-packed schedule of remote events: from FILIPIKNOW (culture discussions), to FSA YOUTUBE streams and even their Friday night virtual watch

parties FILIKULA. This is a club that refuses to let this lockdown slow them down, so check out their Facebook page to take advantage of this awesome schedule of events!

Poetry Club

Roses are Red,
Violets are Blue.

This lockdown is killing me,
Hey beautiful, wbu?

Channel the wordsmith within you and join a like-minded collection of artsy individuals as they shape their way around words during this tumultuous time. They will post daily poetry prompts on their Facebook page to inspire members to stay positive, and have an online poetry event in the works too! From prompts to write about household objects to sounds to humorous challenges, this gets our recommendation as a top activity to occupy your lockdown time with.

Velocity

Perhaps you see this lockdown as the perfect opportunity to tackle that e-scooter startup you've always wanted to do. Maybe you're a social innovator, and have ideas to tackle the global pitfalls of this spiralling pandemic. If so, then Velocity is the club for you. Take your idea to the next level with Velocity's Innovation Challenge, where this year I'm told there are two special prizes reserved for COVID-19 related enterprises.



SELF-TORTURE

Just Keep Running

GABRIELLE MCCULLOCH

Three weeks ago, blissfully unaware of oncoming COVID-19 restrictions and the danger of over 100 people in a single location, I started training. Running (away from other people) has become a more valuable skill than I then realized. Physical distancing works. Since then, I've been opening my laptop, checking my emails, waiting for the notification that, like a third-rate YouTuber, the Rotorua Half Marathon has been CANCELLED. The email has yet to come.

Fortunately for me, I've told the entire university of my fitness plans. So, coronavirus or no coronavirus, I will run this race. Twenty-one kilometres alone in the bush, or down suburban roads, in circles around Albert Park (17 and a ¼ circles to make it to 21km, I did the math). Hell, I might even run the race route in Rotorua – just without the finish line.

Last week, I went home to visit my family and came back with a pharmaceutical company in my backpack. It's easy for me to run when home, something about the familiarity of the streets, or the knowledge that a family friend could drive by any time and damn-it-if-they'll-catch-me-walking. But I think it's the views. Running over the peninsula's ridge with water on either side. It's different from running in the city. I feel like I'm going somewhere.

Don't get me wrong, running is still hard as hell, yet the reward becomes more than an endorphin rush or a feeling of productivity – it's something as simple as Being Outside. If university turns virtual and we all flee the crowded city, at least I know I have those views to return to.

I was home when I finally smashed my 5km mark and made it to a whopping 8km. According to online training manuals, I should be at the 10km point, but I'll take what I can get. What does the internet know, right?

I stopped halfway through, at the top of a hill overlooking Scandrett's Bay. That way I could disguise my break as a romantic moment – looking to the open ocean, the New York Times Fiction Podcast speaking profound one-liners into my ears, and me – puffing, red-faced, sticky with sweat.

I felt good on that run. Like, I actually felt good about my body, about my weight. My weight has not changed, by the way. I think I may have even put on a kilo. But blood pumping, and high on the self-satisfaction of achievement, I felt

changed.

Objectively, I know I looked exactly the same as the day before. Maybe I looked worse. Sweat curled my fringe outward, like two devil horns on my head. Yet running seems to give me a feeling of control over my body. Now, I'm no philosophy student, but Plato totally screwed us over with his whole "mind over body" bullshit. It's not my body that running has changed; it's my mind, my mental health, my perception of self as well as my physical self.

I'm coming to believe that, with gyms closing, and recreation centres shutting their doors, fitness now is more important than ever – for mental health as much as for physical health. Just because things are shutting down doesn't mean we should be. Yes, follow the government's safety guidelines. Be careful. Be safe. But even if (when) my race gets cancelled, I'm going to keep running.

TLDR: Fuck Platonic Idealism, wash your hands, and go for a run. Promise it'll be worth it.

***But blood pumping,
and high on the
self-satisfaction of
achievement, I felt
changed.***

The Boys are What: Auckland Club Review (Queen street edition)

Auckland bars may be shut-down, but that doesn't mean you can't reminisce about the good ole days. As self-proclaimed town rats with extensive knowledge of the Auckland nightlife, The Boys are What have decided to give you a review; going through the good, the bad, and the absolute creatures that you'll find in each of its clubs.

BAR 101

Right, there's no two ways about it, this place has the shittiest playlist out of any of the clubs on this list. This is where you'll find the same top 50 songs from 2012 on repeat, mixed in with the High School Musical and Hannah Montana soundtracks. Despite being an absolute assault on the ears for anyone with taste, it's hard to resist the \$3 cruisers and multitude of freshers that frequent this club.

MUSIC: 3/10 TALENT: 5/10 DRINK PRICES: 9/10
FLOOR STICKINESS: 10/10 OVERALL: 5/10

IMPALA

If you enjoy long waits for entrance, getting bounced when you've only had two drinks, and house music on loop all night, then this is the club for you. More commonly known as 'Siftpalä' thanks to the endless stream of high school boys looking to get lucky on their first night in town, this is the place to go if you're after a club with considerably more boys than girls, and occasionally bearable music. P.S. I'm in love with every bartender that works there, so if you're reading this please DM me.

MUSIC: 6.5/10 TALENT: 7.5/10 DRINK PRICES: 6/10
BARTENDERS: 11/10 (I'm not kidding please DM me)
OVERALL: 7/10

AV CLUB

A personal favourite of ours, this is probably the only club where you can get silly with the boys to some filthy Drum n Bass. This is the natural habitat of a creature who is a slave to the doof and can often be found with their high beams

on full blast, known as the 'Sesh Gremlin' (Gender neutral). Despite having the best music, it's usually hit or miss and can often be kind of empty, which can be blamed on the Gremlins scaring away the (people too sober to enjoy its full potential) less twisted people.

MUSIC: 9/10 TALENT: 6.5/10 DRINK PRICES: 7/10
CHANCES OF REMEMBERING YOUR NIGHT 0/10
OVERALL: 8/10

CASSETTE

An underrated club, with a little something for everyone. They usually have a good mix of all types of music, and there's usually a half decent ratio there. Another big selling point is the teapots on offer that you can use to get your mates proper twisted for a reasonable price. However, be careful, as after a few too many teapots you might find yourself tumbling down the stairs on the way out, which are annoyingly narrow for some stupid reason.

MUSIC: 8/10 TALENT: 6.5/10 DRINKS: 7.5/10
THOSE STUPID FUCKING STAIRS: -2/10
OVERALL: 7.5/10

Even though we act like we know what we're talking about, we're just a couple of muppets who've been to town a few times and think that gives us the right to judge these clubs. You're going to have to get out there and experience them all yourself to have a real opinion. These aren't all the clubs/bars out there though, so keep an eye out for part 2.

Like us on Facebook: The boys are what
Follow us on Instagram: kian.houston_ & adam.dryden
(Impala bartenders especially)

~~YOUR BIG GIG GUIDE~~

FOR 30TH-5TH (FOR UOA & BEYOND)

HOT LOCAL TRACKS!!!

Looking for some funky tunes to sambal up your cabin fever? Or are you keen to get the noggin juices flowing with a bit of reading? Whatever you're after, *Craccum* rounds up the hottest tracks and thinkiest books to keep you occupied over the next couple of weeks because - let's face it - you're never going to do your course readings. May as well Kindle it up while you can.

Also if you and your Balmoral garage band are mad that there ain't enough Tāmaki Makaurau content featured here email us at lifestyle@craccum.co.nz with ur bandcamp deetz.

Olympic Girls Solo by Tiny Ruins

Tiny Ruins is melancholy, wistful and emotional in the best kind of way. All acoustic and folky, this Auckland trio's 2019 album is best suited for some gentle daydreaming out the window. Maybe as you position the teddybears in the window for the kids to spot on their government sanctioned walk. Favourite tracks include: *My love Ieda* (solo) and *How much* (solo).

All those who live on islands by Rose Lu

I met Rose Lu a few years ago: we were standing in the line to get a book signed by Jenny Zhang at the Auckland Writer's Festival. She told me she was writing a novel, and I was like sure. I just met you, but that sounds cool. Two years later her book pops up at Unity Books and it is a breath smashing text on growing up as a young Chinese-New Zealander in the 21st century. A collection of essays that throw you in deep with frank honesty between the multi-lingual space of mandarin and village dialect. A personal favourite.

On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous by Ocean Veong

This book is beautiful, haunting and visceral. I have to pause every other page because it brings tears to my eyes. It's a difficult read but worth it. The non-linear narrative is a series of letters a gay Vietnamese-American son writes to his illiterate mother. The poetic language captures the pain and the complexities of growing up in an abusive home, and one of my favourite lines includes "I kicked my shoes, gently at first, then faster. My sneakers erupted with silent flares: the world's smallest ambulances, going no-where."

My neighbours over the fence

Fuck if you don't have spotify premium. Don't even worry about it. My neighbours in Sandringham have been playing some mean as bangers. I swear every night is doof night in self-isolation. An eclectic dj mix of funk and jazz in the mornings, shifting to rap in the arvo. My other neighbours are between the age of 7-12 so *Senorita* by Camilla Cabello has also been popping off. I've been having a kanikani in the lawn to these fusion sounds. If you get the chance to go outside for a stroll, listening to the bird song and the neighbourhood sounds is a really free interesting ambient experience.



1	Bird of Ill Swallow The Rat (NZ)
2	So Good Amamelia (NZ)
3	Sick of This Louisa Nicklin (NZ)
4	I Love My Wife Soft Plastics (NZ)
5	Waking Up Down Yaeji
6	47.48 Childish Gambino
7	Low Down [Live] Dog Power (NZ)
8	Nobody Moving [Live] Te Huhu (NZ)
9	Carousel Avant Glass (NZ)
10	Man After Man Ripship (NZ)

WHO ASKED YOU SELF-ISOLATION EDITION

ISSUE #5

Welcome to Craccum, where we put the "agony" in "agony aunt."

We're all dealing with the hailstorm of shit that 2020 hath wrought, so here are some tips to stay sane in self-isolation before COVID-19 kills us all.

1. Don't panic. I know I just said we're all going to die, but the point of me is to make jokes, alright? That's what Craccum doesn't pay me to do. They're bad, sure, but they are technically jokes.
2. Do your fuckin laundry. This is mostly aimed at me. I have one pair of underwear left, so why am I watching Orange is the New Black instead of doing washing? Because I'm a disaster. Don't be like me, kids.
3. Do the fuckin vacuuming. See above.
4. Call your bloody grandparents. Those guys are really going through it at the moment. Call them and tell them you love them. NOTE: they may have a heart attack from sheer joy. Be prepared to call 111.
5. Watch Brooklyn Nine-Nine. Oh, you've already seen it? Watch it again. Then watch it two more times.
6. Write all the due dates for your assignments in your calendar. I'm not dumb enough to suggest you start working on any of them – we all know that's not going to happen. But for god's sake, at least figure out when you need to start them (i.e. the day they're due).
7. Look out the window. Study the outside world. Long for its embrace. Realise you are just loosely-connected carbon atoms drifting through a soulless void. Eat salt and vinegar chips.
8. Clean the fucking bathroom. See 2.
9. FaceTime your friends. Isolation can be rough. Stay connected. Or use this opportunity to drop that friend you secretly hate. Either way, your time inside will be very rewarding.
10. Try needlepoint. I don't really know what that is, I just wanted this list to be an even 10.

How you'll kill time this week

Well it's been a week or so now since Jacinda announced the Big Stay in Party Bonanza.

PISCES

FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20

Now is the perfect time to practise your online flirting. Who needs IRL Casanova when you could slip and slide into DM's left right and centre. Online dating is the place to be (not like there's really an alternative dating scene ATM). Consensual nudes plz!



ARIES

MARCH 21 - APRIL 19

Hack Zoom, and start plotting how to become a global social media influencer megastar. NOW IS THE TIME to finally start that Youtube vlogging channel. We know you watched Danisnotonfire. We know you've got a 'rawr means I love you in dinosaur' t-shirt hidden in the closet.



TAURUS

APRIL 20 - MAY 20

Perfect your sangria recipe. Chuck a cinnamon stick in it baby. If that's too much, get out a goon bag, it's day drinking time ~ some dancing in the lawn/ driveway, bust out those three chords you know on the guitar and get that 2m distance sunshine gig popping off with your neighbours. Liquor stores are an essential service.



GEMINI

MAY 21 - JUNE 20

Baking time, except you've got all the times to make marzipan and delicate floral piping. Hopefully there is some yeast left (fuck off panic buying!) Otherwise, learn how to decarboxylate cannabis. Def don't have to worry about your landlord walking.



CANCER

JUNE 21 - JULY 22

Shakespeare wrote King Lear during the Bubonic Plague. It's time to revive your Wattpad days and finish that full length Harry Styles fanfiction. Or Brechtian inspired post-modern novella. Or script for a brand new viral sex tape. Let out your inner creative hot stuff.



LEO

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

You used to be so busy separating your laundry from white to coloured was a fantasy. Now is the time to take care of yourself. Yoga with Adrienne has got 28 day challenges, and @tanee_mete has live streams every morning 6:30 AM. Or Crack into a 10 step skin care routine, and figure out all the ins and out of you boo. It's masturbation month.



VIRGO

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22

Hello gamer. Let's see you climb the leaderboard. Sims, poptropica, animal crossing, and club penguin are calling you. If the social intensity is too much, pull out solitaire. Otherwise up it a notch, and start training to become a spy with Geoguesser: be an expert at pinpointing locations from just a few blurry road signs.



LIBRA

SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22

Finally learn the language we really all ought to know. Massey uni is offering free Te Reo classes. It's immersion time so gather your household and patua te taniwha o te whakamā, don't be shy. HOROIA Ō RINGARINGA, ā ko te mea nui: kia atawhai. WASH YOUR HANDS and most importantly, be kind.



SCORPIO

OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 21

Gradient puzzles are very calming. Crochet and knitting. Darn a sock. Read some magazines, wallpaper your toilet door? I've been told board games such as Risk takes 6 hrs... Catan can also stretch it out as you become a dirty coloniser. The ultimate doozy gotta be Dungeons and Dragons though.



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER 22 - DECEMBER 21

Read the Matike Mai Aotearoa report by Margaret Mutu and Moana Jackson. Reimagine a truly bi-cultural constitutional framework that is based on Te tiriti o Waitangi. Start mobilising and question the powers that have upheld the white, wealthy and able-bodied. Start questioning racist legislation, and how this has been framed as a 'chinese' disease. .



CAPRICORN

DECEMBER 22 - JANUARY 19

Remember to water your flatmates plants please they've left cute labels and everything. Also Definitely start that shed DIY project and green growing... team up with Gemini (over the web if they aren't in your household bubble).



AQUARIUS

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18

Your mum freaked out and gave you three cartons of Milk and Eggs at the flat. Figure out when and how you're going to finish all that before it goes off. There's a science to it. I don't have the answer. I'm hoping you do. I have 58 eggs and the only other person in my flat is Vegan.



the people to blame.

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