

CRACCUM

magazine 07



in praise of the muff

TOO MANY PICTURES OF MARK RUFFALO, AND SOME WORDS ABOUT HIM TOO. PAGE 31.

hotline fling

OSCAR KELLY CHATS TO A FORMER GAY ESCORT AND LEARNS THE INS AND OUTS. PAGE 18.

naked doctors!

MED STUDENTS GET NUDE! PARENTS GET RUDE! CRACCUM GETS CRUDE! PAGE 7.



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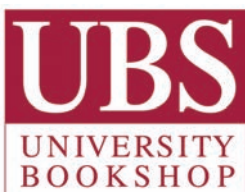
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A Night Under the Stars

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\$95 UoA drinking, \$90 UoA non-drinking,
\$110 non-UoA drinking, \$105 non-UoA non-drinking.

Tickets available from Tuesday 26 May
at AUSA reception.

abort mission

an expression of opinion

The week before break, Pro Life Auckland, a University club affiliated with AUSA, embarked on a self-professed “chalking campaign” at city campus. In barely-legible handwriting, they scrawled slogans such as “abortion hurts women” (original) and “women need love, not abortion” (because they are mutually exclusive, duh). In a predictable backlash against their low-budget, low-brain-cell campaign, a number of students have called for the disaffiliation of the club.

In 2012, AUSA held a special general meeting to vote on whether to disaffiliate Pro Life from the Students’ Association. In a fairly resounding victory, students voted 225 to 117 in favour of keeping the club. Obviously a number of students who voted in the affirmative would have been from Pro Life, but others did so in defence of freedom of speech; to preserve the right of University of Auckland students to express their opinions. This is not something that should be disregarded lightly. Freedom of speech is fundamental to university life. When attending university, we need to be prepared to encounter people with different opinions to us. We can’t disaffiliate a club merely because we disagree with them.

However, surely there comes a point where the debate has been decided at a social and political level. We wouldn’t have a Students Against Same-Sex Marriage Club, even though a number of students do still hold this view. People are welcome to their opinions, but that does not mean those opinions have to be endorsed through affiliation as a university club. Abortion is, in all practical senses, legal in New Zealand. The University is historically a progressive institution, and it is fairly well established that the progressive attitude towards abortion is pro-choice. We, as a society, have decided that women should vote, that Māori

ought to be legal persons, that same-sex couples can marry, and that women can receive abortions if they choose to. We wouldn’t accept clubs that argued against the first three, so why should Pro Life remain affiliated?

It is important to think about the actual harm that Pro Life perpetrates. There is plenty of debate surrounding the use of terms such as ‘harm’, ‘problematic’ and ‘unsafe’. We should always think carefully before applying these terms to something, because their overuse can undermine their efficacy in describing things that are actually harmful. The problem with Pro Life is that they aim to actively convert. They do not meet purely to discuss their views in private and provide support for one another. They take organised action to impress their views on other students. They put up posters, they distribute fliers, they chalk on our walkways. Yes, at university we have to be open to encountering views that differ from our own. But those views do not have to be explicitly endorsed by the University itself. For the women who have made the choice to have an abortion, or those who are in the process of making that decision, it is hard enough to be confronted with pictures of fetuses and brochures with scare-tactic ‘information’ and huge chalk signs screaming “ADOPTION NOT ABORTION”. Knowing that those actions are sponsored by our University – heck, a portion of our Student Services fees probably went towards the chalk – makes matters far worse.

So what can be done? The process of disaffiliation is fairly complicated – and perhaps rightly so, as we shouldn’t be able to easily ban a group purely because we disagree with their policies. The Young Nats are allowed to exist, after all. You can start the ball rolling by gathering twenty students to present a petition to AUSA. The Executive will then call a general meeting, at which a vote will be held on whether to disaffiliate the club. If over two thirds vote to disaffiliate, the matter is then passed on to The University Clubs Support Committee (CSC), who decide whether to uphold the vote or not. If they uphold the vote, the club loses both AUSA affiliation and University recognition. If they reject the vote, the club still loses AUSA

affiliation but *retains* University recognition. If the majority of students at the general meeting vote to disaffiliate, but it is *less than two thirds*, the matter goes to a referendum, in which any AUSA member can vote. If majority of people vote against disaffiliation, the club retains both AUSA affiliation and University recognition. If the majority votes in favour of disaffiliation, it is then passed on to the CSC to vote on University recognition.

This does seem pretty convoluted, but it is important that we think carefully before curtailing freedom of speech in any way. We’d be very interested in hearing your thoughts on the balance of freedom of speech and actual harm with regard to the Pro Life debate. But before anyone lodges a media complaint, remember the following:

Editorial: (noun) a newspaper article expressing the *editor’s opinion on a topical issue*.

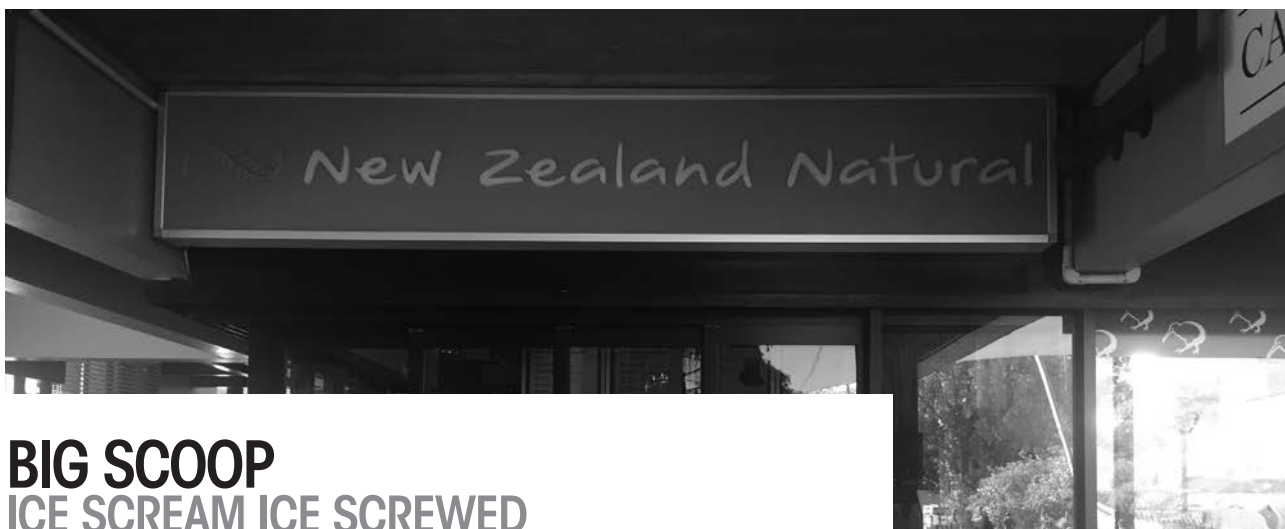
(yes we know we are too old to use dictionary definitions as a rebuttal but what ya gonna do) ■

CRACCUM COMPETITION!

In response to Pro Life Auckland’s chalking campaign at UoA, we’d love to see your pro-choice slogans around campus! Chalk up your wittiest pro-choice sentiments, take a photo, and send it in to editor@craccum.co.nz.

The best entry will win our FEMINIST STARTER PACK: *Mad Max: Fury Road* DVD, Grimes’ *Art Angels* album, Inga Muscio’s book *Cunt: A Declaration of Independence*, and a handmade “Feminist Killjoy” sew-on patch.

Make sure that you don’t chalk in covered areas – the rain has to be able to reach it to wash it away. Keep the slogans pro-choice and positive!



BIG SCOOP ICE SCREAM ICE SCREWED

Campus Life has evicted New Zealand Natural from the University Quad, the latest casualty in a University push to update and revive the Quad shop-front.

The store was given their ten days notice by the University just before the beginning of mid-semester break. Eviction had been on the cards for some time - the University issued the business a three-month notice at the beginning of the year - but communication between New

Zealand Natural and Campus Life indicated that the business still had avenues open by which it could negotiate an extension on their lease.

AUSA has requested meetings with Campus Life to discuss the suddenness of the dismissal, and has lobbied the University to give clearer notice to replaced vendors in the future.

Campus Life is a University Service Division, and is tasked with "creating an engaging campus environment". They've seen a lot of activity in the last few months, with Shaky Isles and

Mexicali outlets both opening on campus since the beginning of the academic year. They are also responsible for event management around the University.

There is no word yet as to which business will fill New Zealand Natural's location in the University Quad, or if New Zealand Natural will open up an alternate site near the University. Craccum has reached out to Campus Life and New Zealand Natural for comment. ■

[TURN TO THE AUSA PAGES FOR MORE ON THIS ISSUE]



CURTAIN CALL? ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE EXCEPT THE MAIDMENT

The lack of any actual visible progress towards reopening the Maidment Theatre (and also the old *Craccum* offices) has led to some groups questioning if the location has any future at all.

The Maidment was closed over five months ago - December 18th last year - so that the building could undergo 'urgent' seismic strengthening. The University released a statement saying that the theatre would remain closed for the foreseeable future, and shows already booked for the venue were moved or cancelled. The venue has since stayed closed, with a noticeable lack of the construction and engineering equipment required for seismic strengthening to take place coming in and out of the building.

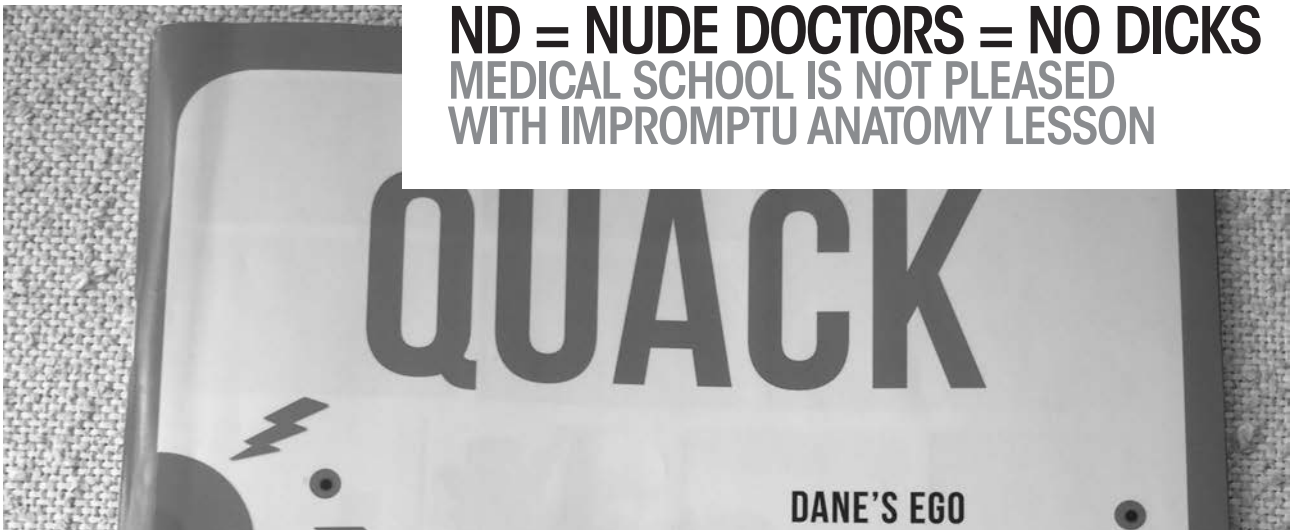
The loss of the Maidment, a mainstay of the Auckland theatre scene, has left a number of different performance groups without a home. For some - like the Auckland Theatre Company, one of the Maidment's biggest clients - there are options. The "Auckland Theatre Company Waterfront Development" is due to be completed later this year, and will be a permanent home for the company - meaning that a hypothetical re-opened Maidment would lose one of its largest sources of revenue.

However, for others the change is not so easy - the annual Med and Engineering revues have all had to change location as a consequence of the shut-down. Many of the productions have been forced into higher cost venues, making it harder for each revue to break even. Each at the very least has been moved from the heart of the University [News editor note: it is bad that these performances have been moved from the heart of the University].

Craccum, the real victim, has been moved to what used to be known as "Activist Space", opposite 95bFM - a much smaller site. The location was filled with old Labour Party brochures and Len Brown posters when we moved in.

The University has declined to comment on the ongoing status of the theatre, or when the hypothetical repairs will be hypothetically completed. ■

ND = NUDE DOCTORS = NO DICKS MEDICAL SCHOOL IS NOT PLEASED WITH IMPROMPTU ANATOMY LESSON



The medical faculty's student magazine, *ND*, had a number of pages ripped from it before distribution last week, in a move intended to limit controversy over the Med Student Camp.

Over recent years, the Auckland University Medical Students Association (AUMSA) has faced an increasing amount of pressure from parents to clamp down on student antics at the retreat. *ND* is funded through AUMSA, and the *ND* editors are part of the AUMSA board.

Med School Camp is full of exactly the disgusting drunken antics you'd imagine Med Students WOULD get up to the moment they stop fucking studying, and as such has developed a bit of a reputation. As a result, parents have

reportedly complained that AUMSA/UoA does not do enough to control student behaviour on the camp.

This is what *Craccum* understands happened:

Med Camp took place. It was probably great. I don't know. I didn't go. People took photographs. Enter the student journalists, stage right. *ND* commissioned a spread of photos commemorating the camp for their first edition, temporarily renamed *Quack* as a throwback to the doctors of old.

Inevitably, because *ND* is a student run magazine, this included a number of fairly compromising photos. The magazine went to print with those photos included. Sometime after that point, someone from AUMSA realised that publishing those images might be a bad idea. However, because the magazine had gone

to print, the offending pages had to be removed by hand. Plebs.

Four pages of the magazine, (pages 27-30, for those keeping track at home) were removed in total. ■

[News editor's note: the version I saw had at least one penis. I'm not sure if this was some kind of mistake, if we had an unedited version of the magazine, or if the ND editors simply had to suffer under a genital quota, but SOMETHING is definitely up.]

[News editor's P.S.: I can hear you asking - "why does UoA have a number of faculty specific student magazines when Craccum (which is NOT faculty specific) doesn't get the resources necessary for it to actually run like a proper student paper?". I honestly don't know the answer to that question, and I think about it every night.]

VICIOUS CYCLE OF CRIME WHEELIE BAD SITUATION AT UOA

Bike thieves are targeting University of Auckland students. Conventional security measures, including CCTV and increased security patrols - set up last year after a spate of similar thefts - don't seem to be dissuading the thieves, who have become increasingly bold in their methods.

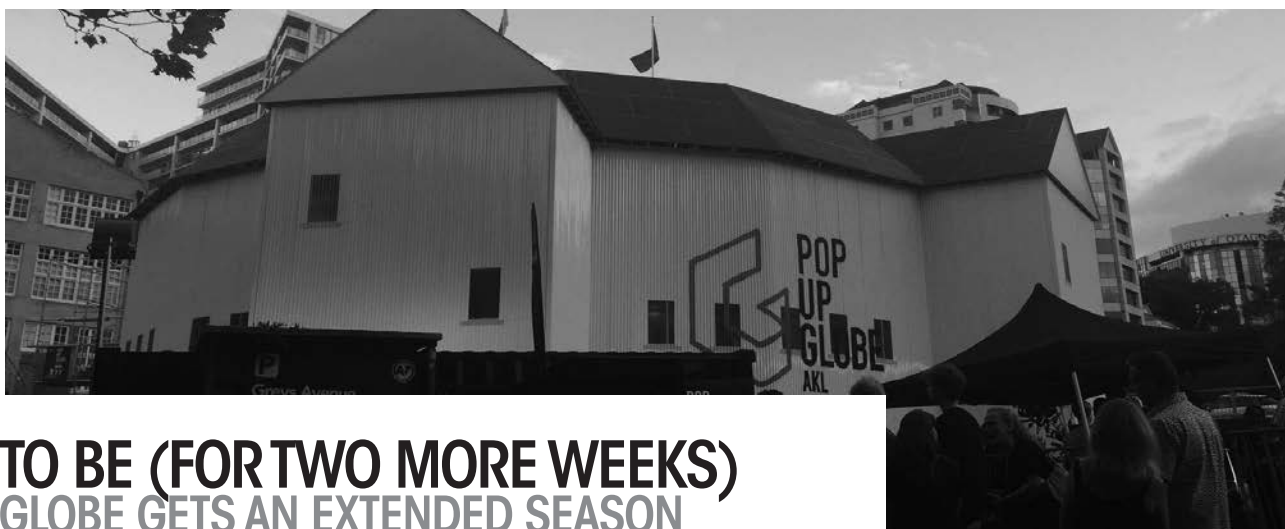
One successful theft took place right in front of a classroom full of students - onlookers,

studying at the Grafton Campus, were unable to get to the bike racks fast enough to catch the criminals, who broke through the bike locks fast enough to cycle away freely. Another theft took place immediately outside AUSA House - one of the busiest places on campus. Campus Security have CCTV footage that identifies the culprits, but appear to have been unable to locate either them or the stolen bikes.

University staff have been facing increasing pressure to step up security measures on campus in recent weeks, in the wake of a number of violent attacks on students in the CBD.

The University offers limited secure bike storage on campus, with a key-card entry compound located between the Recreation Centre and the School of Chemical Sciences Building. The police also recommend that bike owners record their serial numbers at www.snap.org.nz. ■





TO BE (FOR TWO MORE WEEKS) GLOBE GETS AN EXTENDED SEASON

The Pop-Up Globe has extended its run for a second time - an incredible success for the experimental theatre. Another two weeks of performances have been added at the venue.

The brainchild of Shakespearean academic Dr Miles Gregory, the theatre was built in order to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death (or four hundredth and

fifty second anniversary of his birth, because Shakespeare famously died on the same day he was born) - on April 23rd this year. The full-scale replica of the London theatre is the first and only one of its kind, internationally.

Dr Gregory has since called the response to the theatre "astonishing". "We've been overwhelmed by both demand for tickets and the most amazing feedback from many people who, like me, have loved their experience at Pop-Up Globe."

Over 80,000 tickets have been sold so far to performances at the venue, with shows selling out almost continuously since the performances began this February. Organizers have already previously added an extra week of shows in order to meet demand, and have scrambled to organize alternate productions and performances in order to fill the venue.

The additional performances - of *Romeo And Juliet* and *Twelfth Night* - will run until May 8th. ■

IM-PRESS-IVE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY LEAVES COMPETITORS DE-PRESS-ED

Auckland University Press (AUP) has won a prestigious international publishing award. The boutique publisher, incorporated into Auckland University in 1972, has been awarded the "Academic and Professional Publisher of the Year" at this year's London Book Fair, managing to beat out "fierce" competition from a number of international presses, including the Higher Education Press from China, and Teseo from Argentina.

The Fair's annual prize ceremony, held in partnership with the UK Publisher's Association, is intended to award the publishers that are "the best publishing ambassadors" and that promote "cutting edge publishing, and ground-breaking initiatives in the industry."

Currently celebrating its 45th anniversary, the London Book Fair is attended by more than 25,000 publishers and booksellers from around the world. It is held as a part of the city-wide "London Book and Screen Week", and is intended to function as a networking event for international professionals working in the field of publishing.

Auckland University Press Director Sam Elworthy says that the award shows that "we can play a full part in the international life of the mind from our small islands."

"At the London Book Fair, you're surrounded by thousands of publishers from around the world - big to small, trade to education, Africa to America. In the midst of all that great work

going on, it's humbling to have our work at Auckland University Press recognised by the international publishing community."

The Press was founded in 1966. Operating as an independent publisher within the University of Auckland, it publishes books on history, politics, art, architecture, literature and poetry, Māori, Pacific and Asian Studies, science, business and health. They have a long history of local success - they have had more finalists in New Zealand's National book awards than any other publisher in the country every year for the last eight years running.

The press currently produces around 25 books a year, primarily from Auckland-based writers and academics. The press published its 500th book in 2005, and has produced a number of landmark pieces of New Zealand writing, from writers as diverse as James Belich to C.K. Stead. ■



UNWISE COUNCIL

"BANNING THE HOMELESS" BECOMES AN ELECTION TOPIC

Local politicians have been floating proposals to ban homeless people from the inner city in an attempt to shore up votes in the lead-in to local body elections.

The debacle seems to have been kicked off by Sir Bob Jones, who wrote the following in his weekly column in the Sunday Star Times:

"The degrading spectacle of as many as 10, obese, circa 30-year old shameless Māori slobbs lying against shop windows with a paper cup on lower Queen Street is a disgrace, the first mayoral candidate to promise a ban on begging will sail into office."

Beyond his writing career and business

acumen, Jones is best known for punching a journalist in the face in the mid-eighties, not owning a cellphone, and for being kicked off an Air New Zealand flight late last year to raucous applause.

Auckland Mayoral candidate Mark Thomas says that, if elected, he will introduce a new by-law to prohibit begging in Auckland - albeit, he says, in conjunction with "increased pressure" on government agencies to boost support for the homeless. The policy is intended to follow similar bans in cities like Salzburg in Austria and the suburb of Freemantle in Perth.

Auckland Councillors George Wood and Callum Penrose have also come out in support of the ban, and Wellington Mayoral candidate Nicola Young has proposed a similar policy for the nation's capital, promising to ban

begging in the CBD and by cash machines. To their credit, all of the major Auckland Mayoral Candidates - Penny Bright, Phil Goff, Vic Crone, and John Palino - have come out against laws banning street begging. Current anti-begging laws only allow police to move beggars if they are deemed "intimidating" or to be "causing a nuisance".

There are no accurate statistics recording the number of homeless people throughout Auckland, but the annual Auckland City Mission inner-city census - a tally of the number of homeless people living within three kilometres of the Sky Tower - recorded 147 homeless people living in the CBD in 2015. That number is *double* the amount recorded living in the inner-city in 2014. ■

RAIL BIG CHANGES

CONSTRUCTION BEGINS ON THE CRL

Construction workers have shut down parts of the city centre so that work can begin on the City Rail Link. Auckland Transport has begun putting in place a number of measures designed to limit disruption to people attempting to navigate the inner city.

There are a number of immediate changes: Quay Street to Customs Street has been closed off to traffic as construction work begins, and a

number of bus and taxi stops have been moved in order to help ease the flow of traffic. For pedestrians, the Britomart underpass has also been temporarily closed down. Bus lanes have also been put in place up Queen Street and down Victoria and Wellesley Street as part of Auckland Transport's preparation plan.

When completed, the Rail Link will allow for Auckland Transport to manage more than 30,000 passengers an hour at peak times, with trains arriving less than ten minutes apart. The rail link will directly connect Britomart and Mount Eden stations, with new stations being built in Aotea Square and on K' Road.

Construction will begin properly on the project by 2018, and the project will hopefully be finished by 2022. It is projected to cost \$2.5 billion dollars. ■





WHAT TO DO WITH TWENTY BUCKS THIS WEEK

Camping @ the Basement is an over-the-top melodrama with plenty of sexual innuendo and camping puns. If this isn't enticing enough for you, camp out and spot your fav aunties – Phryne and Wilhelmina will be there soaking up the drama. It will be camp. Running from the 23rd to the 30th. Tickets are \$15 for students.

Live music. Live dancers. Trip Stumble Fall are coming to your local lunch spot – Albert Park. **Dances for Small Spaces** is a 'walking tour' of this familiar space, seen through new eyes with a series of non-conventional site specific dance works. A one-off opportunity not to be missed this Friday 7pm. Email info@tsfproductions.co.nz for more info. Tickets are \$20. Rain dates: TBA.

A one-day **ceramic and book sale at Ponsonby Community Centre**, 20 Ponsonby Terrace, on Sunday 1st May, 9am-3pm. On offer will be a beautiful collection of ceramics by leading Auckland makers and a special selection of books from Auckland University Press, Beatnik and other publishers. Accompanying baking, coffee and tea on sale to enjoy while you browse. Pick up something just in time for Mother's Day.

Hit **K Road** this Sunday 12-7pm with your friends 'cause the road is closed and ready to party! Live music, street entertainment and performance art: all free. Spend your money on food, coffee and secondhand finds. Find out more at AT.govt.nz/openstreets.

See **Nadia Reid @ the Wine Cellar** before she sets off on her European tour. Prepare yourself for an intimate show this Sunday night with support act Anthonie Tonnon for \$18 (excluding wine). ■

MY COLLECTION

Hi, my name is Emily, and I am a Book Addict.

I take a deep sniff. It hits me at the core, a profound sense of euphoria. It's the smell of a new book.

When people first hear the word 'addiction', book buying does not often come to mind. Drugs, sex, sure. Books? Not so much. Books are a way to escape, to fantasise, to relax. I love to read all genre: crime, fantasy, contemporary, literary fiction, science fiction, and the list goes on. My collection ranges from the 1999 Mary-Kate and Ashley series to Eleanor Catton's *The Luminaries*.

To date I own 632 books. Obviously not all are works of literature, but I enjoy them all the same. And I enjoy collecting them. Divided between my 'read' and my 'to be read' pile, books are sectioned by author, colour, and genre. Book collecting often leaves me with

a sense of nostalgia, a reminder of the days before JSTOR articles and critical reading. So yes, I am not ashamed to be found reading Nicholas Sparks' books, silently shedding a tear or two. But books can be more personal than that. Like the hours spent at book fairs with my dad building up our Agatha Christie collection. The books I donated to second hand bookshops for others to read. The many hours of watching 'Booktube' and discussing books online with other book lovers. Even as personal as the head librarian award I received when I was ten which only impassioned me more.

So yes, books are my drug. But hey, better than actual drugs, right? Right?

If you have a collection that you would like to share, email us at lifestyle@craccum.co.nz ■



NO LONGER LISTLESS IN LIM'S

On the other side of the St Kevin's crossing on Karangahape Road is a weathered yellow sign dotted with fruit and veg clip art. Past the sign inside, at the back of a decently priced food-court, is the grocer of all inner city grocers – *Lim Chhour Supermarket*. It's no Countdown Metro. The green beans don't come wrapped in machine sealed bags. They do, however, come cheap. With a shrinking budget and impending vitamin deficiency here are my picks from Lim's:

1. The \$1.50 bag of Granny Smith Apples

I know that these are a pretty dry choice, but *this deal is a banger*. Grate some on top of your oats or stew them when they start to decay. Make your mum worry less and eat an apple aye?

2. Sesame Dressing

Found in the Japanese section this dressing is going to impress your flatties or a more promising tinder match. Chuck on some steamed broc and bliss out.

3. The Noodle Section

If you're starting to sweat at the smell of mi-goreng and are looking for a new scent, head over to the back of the store and you'll find some of the best niche flavours. Expand your horizons, *achieve the amazing*.

4. Choy Sum

Beyond broc, carrots and cucumbers, the range of Asian greens offered at Lim's is extensive and rotates seasonally. Choy Sum, a personal fave, can be prepped any way the more familiar Bok Choy would be, while offering your food a new mustardy depth.

5. Peach Shaped Bun

Underneath the sweet custard buns in the freezer section these starchy replicas bear no similarity to their fuzzy twin beyond their well formed and coloured exterior. Instead, filled with red beans these buns are bound to keep you warm in your uninsulated villa, dreaming of summer peaches. ■

INTRODUCING THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY OP-SHOPPING SOCIETY

Imagine a place where Ralph Lauren costs less than Sushi of the Day. Where your sick new flared jeans weren't so expensive you had to pay for them with your course related costs. And where your vintage cardigan is actually from the 50s. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm here to introduce UoA's newest club: The Auckland University Op-Shopping Society.

If you're like me and count shopping as exercise, and possibly one of the 5+ a day food groups, then you know it is a necessity of life. Unfortunately it also costs an arm and a leg to dress the other arm and leg. An oasis in the wasteland of high street

shopping, op-shopping blends cheap prices with cool clothes. Another benefit of op-shopping is that it is good for the environment as it recycles materials and saves on other things such as the fuel to transport new clothes from foreign countries to NZ. Who knows – you might find a steal, a deal or the sale of the century!

The Op-Shopping Society has a range of events and op-shop collabs in the works. Come along and sign up at their Clothes Swap on the 4th of May on Uni campus. For more details, you can find them on

Facebook by searching 'Opsoc - University of Auckland'. ■



AGONY AUNTIES



Dear Aunties

I can't tell if I'm crazy obsessed with one of my best friends, or if I'm genuinely in love with her. For over 4 years, I've thought about her all the time, and 2 years ago I told her I was in love but she said she didn't feel the same way. I don't know if she was truly being honest, because there have been many times she's seemed closer than friends with me. This has been causing me endless misery and confusion. What can I do?

From,

Mr. Stuck in Limbo.

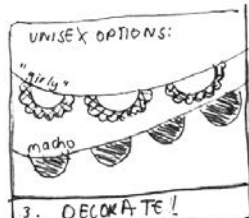
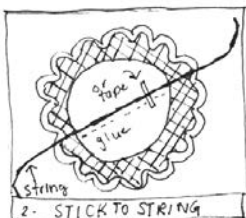
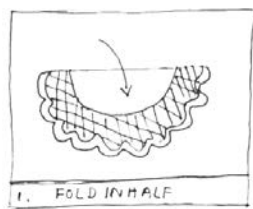
Dear Mr. Stuck in Limbo,

Love comes in many forms, obsessive, long term, fleeting... Platonic. Whatever kind of love you've caught it's definitely time for a change – scary but better than bending backwards under a limbo pole, confused and miserable. This relationship isn't making you happy and you really need to decide how to change that and make it a healthy one or not one at all. Time to be brutally honest. Express to her how you're feeling, find out if your relationship is ambiguously romantic or just plain simple platonic. Say it's platonic, you need to decide to move on, maybe take a break from seeing her- discuss this openly with her so she knows what's going on! She might even have some great advice she does know you, unlike us... If you can't turn this into a healthy friendship it's best to walk away and move on.

Best of luck,

Aunt Phryne and Aunt Wilhelmina xxx ■

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



CRACCUM CRAFT

How to make Simple and Inexpensive Doily Bunting (it's unisex décor, I promise)

What you need:

Paper Doilies
Sturdy string
Strong glue (PVA or a hot-glue-gun) or tape
Scissors

How to do:

1. Purchase paper doilies: They are sold in most \$2 stores, in packs of 10-20-30ish. Usually doilies are white but sometimes they come in gold or silver, which is extra exciting.

2. Fold those doilies: Yup, in half, so you get a semi-circle. Make sure the edges match up evenly.

3. Attach doilies to string: Get your string and preferred form of adhesive, then simply open the doily up again and glue (or tape) the string to the inside fold line – all the way along. (Do not glue the doily sides together, as you want them to 'flutter' a bit.) I usually

space these bad-boys 10-15cm apart but it depends on how many doilies you have and how long you want your bunting to be.

4. Yay, you have bunting! String your beautiful creation along walls, ceilings, banisters, across windows or in any other indoor spaces, but don't hang these outside plz, they will get soggy.

Unisex options: Now fellas, I'm sure plenty of you will dig the doily décor. But for those of you looking for something more on the manly side, try gold/silver options. White doilies are also a great blank canvas, so spray paint them darker, broodier shades for a macho bunting, or simply cut off the frilly edges to achieve those smooth lines. ■

FASHION ON CAMPUS



Florida, Commerce student: *"People have actually tried to use Flo Rida lyrics as pick up lines... 'Oh baby you're a wild one'."*

AUSA
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STUDENT FORUM

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QUAD

FREE ★ BBQ

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TALK ABOUT THINGS THAT MATTER,

★ ★ ★ AND THINGS THAT DON'T.



EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 12PM



FROM THE MEDIA OFFICER

I hope you all had a fantastic break... if you can call it that. Who decided Easter had to come early?! If you're like me and spent the week chugging Red Bull Summer Edition in a desperate attempt to create enough time in the day for those pesky essays and tests (and in a desperate attempt to go back to the tropical flavour of summer), my condolences. Let's make this half-semester a ripper and celebrate our essay hand-ins with jugs of Shadows homebrew and an ice cream from NZ Natural. Oh shit, sorry you can't do the latter (see below). But, you can still get a pint of beer to accompany your reading of this week's interview with the AUSA Women's Rights Officers. Also in these pages is a feature on Pride Week from AUSA's own Queer Rights Officer (QRO) Kate Worboys. Don't forget to get your pride on and check out the awesome Pride Week events.



AUSA NEWS

NZ NATURAL KICKED OUT OF QUAD NO MORE HOBBIT CRUNCH!

Last week, long term Quad ice cream vendors New Zealand Natural were given ten days notice that their lease would be expiring and that they had to move their business out of the University.

Prior to this, University and Campus Life staff had given the business owners three months

notice of their lease expiring. Attempts by NZ Natural to make contact and officially negotiate the decision were ignored. However, in verbal communications with Campus Life staff it was indicated that the University may be open to negotiations. At the time, NZ Natural were under the impression that if they cut down on some of their products, there was a chance for them to continue to operate. This was the only communication had with the University before the official ten day notice was given. Obviously, this came as a shock, given the verbal indications that there was an opportunity to negotiate.

AUSA is incredibly disappointed in the way that the University has treated New Zealand

Natural in the quad. It is hard to believe that the University's Retail Strategy is decided in such a short period of time that they couldn't have informed the owners earlier, or at least engaged in honest and direct communication with the business owners. We hope that if there

are plans to replace more vendors at this University, many of which are family businesses and therefore support entire families, they will have the decency to give owners and employees a reasonable amount of time to find work elsewhere.

AUSA will be requesting meetings with Campus Life staff, and talking to vendors in the Quad, and will continue to inform students of this situation in subsequent issues of *Craccum*. ■



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COMING OUT

A PANEL DISCUSSION

FEATURING CHARLIE TREDWAY, TESSA NADEN,
TANU GAGO, CRAIG WATSON AND PAUL HEARD

TUESDAY 26TH APRIL

6.30PM FOR DRINKS AND NIBBLES

7PM PANEL START

AT THE OLD STUDENT JOB SEARCH OFFICE

PRIDE WEEK IS HERE!

FROM YOUR QRO KATE WORBOYS

Pride Week 2016 is here! I'm really excited to be putting on the third annual Pride Week, celebrating the incredible diversity of our queer community here at the University of Auckland. This is the fourth full year since the creation of the Queer Rights Officer position, and the introduction of Queerspace, and I think that in that time the queer community has gone from strength to strength.

We now have a thriving community in Queerspace, where queer students can come to meet and hang out with other queer students and allies in a safe space. The sexual and gender diversity amongst these students is great to see, and I want Pride Week to be representative of that.

We're kicking off on Tuesday night with the AUSA Coming Out Panel. Held in Queerspace

at 6.30pm, the panel will consist of a number of queer community leaders from the New Zealand Aids Foundation, Proud to Play and even an ex-AUSA Queer Rights Officer! Come along for some drinks and nibbles, and hear the perspectives of a group of leaders in the community.

On Wednesday, we're taking over the Quad for a special AUSA Queer Student Forum. This week, it's all about raising awareness of the 'invisible sexuality trifecta', or ace, bi and pansexuality. We want to hear the perspectives of students who fall outside the sexual binary, and celebrate their courage and diversity. At the forum you'll also be able to meet Rainbow Science, who are doing some great work in making the Science Faculty more diverse, tolerant and representative – they'll have a stall in the Quad.

We're finishing off the events with a bang on Thursday with a MARDI GRAS PARTY in Shadows! Just like Mardi Gras, we expect to see some fantastic costumes, and will be giving away prizes for the best dressed. There will also be drag queens there to help us judge the competitions, and as usual Shadows will be

putting on some of the best food and drinks deals in town.

I've had so much fun organising this week, and I can't wait to enjoy it with you! ■



broadcast 95 b FM

Listen, we know what you're thinking. 'There's hardly any students up at bFM anyway. They're all just old fogies who are totally out of touch with the student lifestyle.' Fact is, it's simply not true. There are at least 5 students who volunteer up here, and we're well in touch. For example: Munchy Mart is cool, eh?

Today we'll be spilling the guts on one of our most esoteric bits of programming: The Weekday 1-4. Every day we hand over the reins to one of our specially trained music psychos and let them go full bore. Sarin, Gin, Bridge, Keria

and Connor dish out a lovely jubbly mix to get the middle of your day popping off. On Friday we'll treat you to the extra special joy of Mr. Murray Cammick, on the decks with a blitzing batch of funk, soul and disco from 1 till 2.

The Weekday 1-4 is on every weekday (duh) from 1 till 4 (duh). Highly recommended.

As per, if you're interested in joining the b team, come say hello and drink some complimentary water or Red Bull. We're on the top floor of the AUSA building, opposite the cultural space and Craccum office. ■

The 95bFM Top 10

- 1 **STREET CHANT**
Insides (NZ)
- 2 **2047**
Capable (NZ)
- 3 **TACOCAT**
Leisure Bees
- 4 **YUMI ZOUMA**
Keep It Close to Me (NZ)
- 5 **DRINKING FLOWERS**
Black Monday
- 6 **PARQUET COURTS**
Human Performance
- 7 **ALDOUS HARDING**
I'm So Sorry (NZ)
- 8 **FAT WHITE FAMILY**
Best Is Yet To Come
- 9 **KANYE WEST**
Real Friends (ft Ty Dolla \$ign)
- 10 **PURPLE PILGRIMS**
Is you Real (NZ)

Interview with the WROs – Diana and Aditi

AUSA's Women's Rights Officers (WROs) are busy women, but I managed to catch them for an interview just before mid-semester break.

We started with the most important question for any AUSA WRO:

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF CUPCAKE?

DIANA: I didn't realize there were types of cupcake...

RED VELVET, VANILLA, VAGINA-ICED, CARROT...

DIANA: Red velvet.

ADITI: Cupcakes have always been a very controversial issue. Red velvet with lemon curd icing.

ADITI. SHOOT. SHAG. MARRY. EMMA WATSON. MALALA YOUSAFZAI. PRIYANKA CHOPRA.

ADITI: Marry Emma Watson, Shag Malala, Kill Priyanka (I love how well she's doing and am proud of her achievements but she recently made some comments condoning abusive relationships).

DIANA. SHOOT. SHAG. MARRY. ANGELA MERKEL. HILLARY CLINTON. HELEN CLARK.

DIANA: Marry Helen Clark – I'm in love with her. I'm not really a Hillary person, so I'll probably shoot her. Shag Angela Merkel.

ADITI: I'd marry Angela too. She understands me on a spiritual level.

DO YOU TWO SUPPORT HELEN CLARK'S BID FOR UN SG?

DIANA: Yes.

ADITI: Yes. I love you, Aunty Helen.

DO YOU THINK YOU WILL RUN FOR UN SG AT SOME POINT IN THE FUTURE?

DIANA: Well this is a hard question right – it's like asking me if I would run for AUSA President. In which case, the answer would be no. But for UN SG the answer is yeah, maybe, if I get the opportunity to.

DO YOU TWO HAVE ANY COMMENTS ON US POLITICS?

DIANA: Since I'm involved in political groups you'd expect I'd follow US politics right, and I do... vicariously. I think I'm more of a Bernie person but I'm not sure whether that's a social statement. But, Democrats hand-down. I think anyone except Trump will be ok.

ADITI: There is a meme titled "Ted Sheeran" and that is the most accurate summary of my emotions towards the current US political climate.

AND NZ POLITICS, ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE EITHER OF YOU EVER BEEN A MEMBER OF THE LABOUR PARTY?

DIANA: No. I'm surprised that nobody has signed me up yet as a troll. I don't know if I necessarily agree with having youth wings of political parties, but it's not a strong opinion. I'm open to being informed and enlightened as to how valuable they can be.

ADITI: No. I probably won't ever be. Although it would mean more time near Jacinda

and that is a very tempting offer.

DO YOU HAVE A COMMENT ON THE POKÉMON THAT WILL HAS ASSIGNED YOU?

ADITI: I asked him to assign me that because it was the password for my neopets account back in the day.

DIANA: Pokémon was a phase in my life that I missed out on. But, I

think looking at other members of the Exec, their Pokémon is their spirit Pokémon. By extension I think that mine was carefully chosen as well. I'm the baby Alakazam. They have spoons – we currently lack spoons in Womenspace at the moment.

CAN YOU TELL ME A BIT ABOUT WOMENSPACE?

DIANA: Womenspace is a designated safe space for women on campus. If you need justification for a safe space, just look at the recent incidents Albert Park. By being a safe space, women know they can go there and be free from misogyny and sexism. It's not an overstatement, a lot of people feel safe in Womenspace. The existence of it generates a lot of conversation. Every WRO has been subjected to the question of why there isn't a menspace/MRO. I personally feel it's great to generate that discussion. AUSA is setting up a space for women that society isn't. It's a good way to address the discrepancy. If you disagree with this, come and see Aditi and I in our office hours. We're more than happy to have this discussion with you. We're not going to get angry – we don't think people are born feminists and we don't think anything productive comes out of shouting people down. Everyone deserves civil discussion.

ADITI: I agree with everything Diana has said. Please send us a Facebook message or email or come and see us. We need a social life outside of each other anyway. ■



DIANA QIU
WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

ABRA
TYPE: PSYCHIC

BIO: DIANA'S ONLY IN HER SECOND YEAR, SO SHE'S YOUNG COMPARED TO SOME OTHERS ON THE EXEC (NOT A BAD THING, GETTING OLDER SUCKS), BUT WE CAN TELL THAT SHE'S FORMIDABLY CAPABLE AND INTELLIGENT. AND SHE WILL KILL YOU WITH HER MIND POWERS. AS YOU KNOW, ABRA EVENTUALLY EVOLVES INTO THE POWERHOUSE ALAKAZAM, AND WE'RE SURE THAT DIANA HAS AN EQUALLY BRIGHT FUTURE WITH AUSA AND IN LIFE! DIANA ISN'T GOING TO TELEPORT AWAY THIS YEAR – WITH HER CO-WRO ADITI SHE'S GOING TO ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN ON CAMPUS WITH WOMENSFEST, FOR MAGAZINE AND A WHOLE LOT OF OTHER EVENTS. SHE'S ALREADY STARTED WORK ON AUSA'S NEW THURSDAYS IN BLACK AMBASSADOR PROGRAMME, AND WE CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT SHE DOES NEXT!

EXEC DEX

ADITI GORASIA
WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

BEAUTIFLY
TYPE: FLYING AND BUG

BIO: ADITI IS ANOTHER YOUNG'UN ON THE EXEC THIS YEAR, BUT WE CAN TELL THAT SHE IS ALREADY VERY CAPABLE AND MATURE – WHICH IS WHY SHE GETS THE FABULOUS BEAUTIFLY! ADITI MAKES UP THE OTHER HALF OF THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER, PROVIDING THE BIG (BUG) PICTURE WHILE DIANA FOCUSES ON THE DETAILS. THEY'RE A GREAT COMBO. JUST LIKE A BUTTERFLY, ADITI HAS GREAT STYLE.

EXEC DEX



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hotline fling

oscar kelly chats to olly about his time as a young gay escort on the auckland scene

Traditional imagery around prostitution dictates a seedy environment. Dark alleys. Drugs. Desperation. Society left these individuals behind. They have nowhere to go and no option other than to sell the only thing they have left: themselves.

When I met Olly, he exuded none of these things. He was tall and slender, attractive and dressed well. He wasn't tinged with sadness, didn't appear beaten down. Instead he spoke openly and confidently. His simple manner challenged the basic construct society has towards these individuals. His attitude reflected that too.

"When I started escorting, it offered me something that was noticeably absent in my life – a strong sense of self-worth. Being an escort empowered me. I became more confident talking to strangers and expanded my social circle."

For Olly, seeking a greater sense of self-worth was vital for him. A career in escorting offered him this, as many people desired him and actively sought out his company. This core reason

was also complemented by some other key practical ones. Olly was particularly attracted to older men, a demographic that he perceived as more commonly engaged in escorting. The job offered the promise of meeting men he wanted to, but wouldn't get the opportunity to normally. It offered exciting experiences he could share with his friends.

All of these reasons were combined with a drive to earn some serious cash. However this financial desire wasn't for the necessity of everyday life, but for something more novel – gaining a tertiary education. Aware of the cost of studying, he saw escorting as a way to get money to pay for his University courses.

"So you wandered the streets then?"

He laughed. The streets were not Olly's style; the internet was. Websites. Apps. All virtual contact first. It was actually someone he had been communicating with online for a number of years who became his first client. They reconnected upon Olly's return home and agreed to a payment for services. One word summed up his first encounter: "Sore". No, he wasn't abusive. He didn't hit Olly. He was just "fucking hung". And to a skinny 18-year-old, Olly *really* felt it. Looking back, apart from that

'big' dilemma, Olly admits it was nice. This man would soon become his first regular.

Now with his escorting cherry finally popped, it was time to get down and dirty. Clients started pouring in, but Olly was selective. He wouldn't take anyone who asked him. He was careful and trusted his instincts. Any doubts and he would say no. If he really wasn't attracted to them, he'd say no. He stayed in control.

For those that passed the threshold, Olly and the prospective client discussed all the details, the desires and the dough. Olly was open to most things, but not to surprises. Everything was always agreed to before they met up, so when they did meet, that's exactly what they'd do. If people sought extra services once they met, Olly would refuse. "We didn't agree to it so I wouldn't do it." A simple rule and another way to maintain control.

Escorting for Olly was mainly sex. He was definitely open to various acts, but admitted that the sexual requests were pretty standard, noting that "New Zealand guys are pretty vanilla". The most 'outrageous' request he recalled was to tie someone up and spit on them during the act. Perhaps this was because most of his clientele were closeted men who were married with

families. These men may simply crave intimacy with a man without outing themselves, rather than desiring an extreme sexual experience that one assumes sex workers do. It is complex dealing with closeted men who are very concerned about their privacy and identity. Aware of this, Olly would always set some time up beforehand to socialise and get to know them better. This personal touch helped settle nerves and make the process less artificial.

“When I started escorting, it offered me something that was noticeably absent in my life – a strong sense of self-worth. Being an escort empowered me. I became more confident talking to strangers and expanded my social circle.”

Olly was aware of more peculiar cases that have happened to other escorts. One fellow escort, whilst working in London, was paid to tie up their client under a glass table facing upwards. They were then instructed to stand above them and poo on the table.

However Olly was often paid to do other non-sexual activities. Sometimes he was paid to be an actual escort to events, once again blurring the definition of an escort. Men would also pay to just talk to Olly or to have some company. Sometimes he'd be asked to wear women's clothing in front of them. One man in particular paid Olly to walk around in heels for an hour, so he could then lick them. For that job, Olly was given \$500.

Registering my shock, Olly admitted that this was higher than his standard rate. This rate fluctuated from (at a still staggering) \$100-\$300 an hour. Various factors would influence the cost of the service. Before reaching a price, Olly would talk to them and gauge their personality, particularly how much money they may have and how much they'd be willing to spend. Special requests, like having zero body hair, would incur special fees. Anal sex always cost more. If they were particularly attractive, Olly would offer a discount.

His most profitable night was \$2,200 from a quick one-hour session, then a night away with a client. My shock turned to utter disbelief.

“Escorting has given me about 8% towards purchasing a house.” I practically choked on my packed lunch. Olly explained that he was strict with his money when trying to save for university. However not long before he enrolled, he realised it was in his best interest to invest the money elsewhere and get a student loan for his studies. Home ownership seems like a mystical beast given the property climate. Yet for Olly, this fantasy was almost a reality. Olly hardly seemed desperate. In fact, his options appear rather plentiful.

With this kind of money available, it's not hard to see the allure of the job. But why is it that there is an assumption that this line of work is so detrimental to those that get involved?

A Rainbow YOUTH spokesperson and former AUSA Queer Rights Officer Tessa Naden both said Olly's experiences are fairly unique in the LGBTQIA community. While some choose sex work out of interest, they found that the LGBTQIA students who were sex workers were often forced into the profession because they were cut off from parental support. Furthermore, job discrimination prevented them entering into other industries. Therefore the only option they had left was sex working. And often this would lead to drug-related issues, worsening their chances of leaving the industry.

Olly can now appreciate the view these two have. After an unrelated life-changing event struck Olly like a *deus ex machina*, he was incapacitated and unable to escort for several months. During this period, he was able to reflect on the way escorting affected him and others he interacted with.

With this kind of money available, it's not hard to see the allure of the job. But why is it that there is an assumption that this line of work is so detrimental to those that get involved?

Olly realised the way it affected his relationships. The deep love he felt for his first boyfriend was noticeably absent in subsequent relationships. Although he wasn't paid for his time or sexual behaviour, he'd start assessing what other benefits he was getting from the relationship. Now he realises that, while it's still

important to know what you are getting from a relationship, you also need to give something back, so there is a balance between partners.

Olly also realised how he was alienating himself from forming friendships within the LGBTQIA community. While escorting, most people he interacted with were those within his “target audience”, and others outside this weren’t worth his time. Now that he isn’t as focused when meeting people, he’s gotten to meet a wider range of people in the LGBTQIA community, something that was a noticeable benefit.

However it was Olly’s self-worth that was the crux of the issue. His self-worth became too inflated and progressively more shallow. He focused too much energy on the superficial rather than forming deeper connections, which resulted in these relationship dynamics. While he was incapacitated he realised that a lot of his memories and experiences with these people were a constructed fantasy without meaningful substance. They lacked the spontaneity and exciting uncertainty meeting new people can offer, and this was something he missed.

He did concede, however, that his selective nature helped stop his self-worth issue becoming too problematic. This prevented him from ever encountering any violent or cruel clients. It was something other escorts didn’t value as much as he did, most likely because they were desperate and didn’t feel powerful enough to make a choice. These escorts were likely to take on clients that were violent or disrespectful, which cheapened their self-worth. This desperation would also cause them to value their self-worth only economically and ignored their emotions or identity. This would be exacerbated by the infrequent demand for escorts. The pay may be good, but it is incredibly irregular and there can be month-long dry spells, making these issues worse for all.

It was these escorts, Olly found, that would turn to drugs regularly. Drugs were their form of escape, but it only perpetuated their self-worth issues. He confirmed the long held belief that drugs and prostitution go hand-in-hand and during the job he was offered “practically every drug under the sun”. Olly kept his drug use to a minimum. However, he did not stop the clients getting high. In particular, a number of clients would shoot up on meth, which affected their sexual performance, giving Olly some easier money on the side.

After recovering from this significant event, Olly still escorts but only with his established regulars. He no longer looks for new clients and instead focuses his energy on his degree. Overall he is glad that he went down that path, but

he is also happy to have moved on. His biggest piece of advice for anyone who wishes to escort is you have to be comfortable with the work and yourself. If you’re hesitant, it simply might not be for you. If you are comfortable with it, then always practice safe sex and follow your instincts. Try and talk to clients beforehand and read them as much as possible before committing to meeting them. Finally you have to know your limits and be firm with them.

His biggest piece of advice for anyone who wishes to escort is you have to be comfortable with the work and yourself. If you’re hesitant, it simply might not be for you. If you are comfortable with it, then always practice safe sex and follow your instincts.

When asked if he noticed any other differences since stepping back so much, he did note one thing. “I really like someone, but don’t think they like me that much. I’ve never felt unrequited love before, but now I’m in the thick of it, I totally understand why everyone complains about it. It’s awful!”

Ah Olly, welcome back to the real world. ■

If you identify within the LGBTQIA community and are interested in escorting or if you are an escort and require assistance, please contact the following:

Kate, 2015 AUSA Queer Rights Officer – gro@ausa.org.nz

Rainbow YOUTH (which can offer access to sexual health services, counselling and free condoms) – info@ry.org.nz or on 09 376 4155

New Zealand Prostitutes Collective – nzpc@xtra.co.nz or on 09 366 6106

OUTline – 0800 688 5463



the echo

excerpt from a novella by dianne starrenburg

The day climbed upwards before it fell down, and Robyn lay at the bottom of a dark pit and remembered it in snatches. She remembered how it began with a train ride that snaked a red path to the hilltop. A boy sat on one side of her and drove his toy tractor into her hair. A girl, with wispy curls stuck to face-paint, leant against her shoulder. The children hummed one of Robyn's songs – a lullaby about a dancing feather that they sang after nightmares. The feather was a soul. It lifted in a light breeze, floated, and all was well.

From deep within the pit, Robyn remembered snatches of railway tracks and lines of skeleton trees stripped back to silver. Their branches, like bones, cracked in the sky. Her husband sat behind them on the train, and the wheels rolled them forwards in syncopated beats, up the steep shoulder of the Tokatea. Her family

dismounted where the cliff tumbled down into the ocean. They trudged up a path riddled with gorse, as narrow as a single footprint. There was a musty smell to the over-cooked bushes and blowflies, disguised as bees, hid in the knee-length blades of kikuyu grass and bumbled out at the children.

The girl said there was a prickle in her shoe. The boy was tired. The husband showed them a concrete sundial to distract them, and Robyn wandered over to the other side of the hill. Distant mountains loomed taller and darker there. She could see their green peaks clothed in a thin gossamer haze.

It did enter Robyn's fractured mind afterwards, from within the black damp of the pit, that there may have been an old wooden sign somewhere in the bushes, warning hikers about abandoned mineshafts. There were usually signs for these sorts of things. Robyn's life was scattered with signs. Repeated numbers on the cusp of decisions, 1144, 1111, 4114. Dreams that played out in reality. Sometimes she received an unexplainable sort of help, a dusting of calm, when she squeezed her eyes shut and asked for it.

Probably, if Robyn had stopped to look closely,

she would have spotted the signs behind the bushes, but she couldn't remember seeing any. Neither could she be dead certain about how the fall came to pass, or the landing. It was as if she'd read about a tumble in a story once and the experience belonged to a character. Bones smashed, skin grated, blood let. Or so a book said, once upon a time.

So Robyn lay at the bottom of a mineshaft, with her eyes half-opened to the darkness, and she felt the life spill out from her lips. She thought she saw a butterfly girl flitter over her and call for help. There was a little boy, too, who pressed his forehead to hers. The boy was soft and the girl's hair danced about on an unknown breeze. They were something like visions, or apparitions. Promises. They weren't the boy or the girl that Robyn knew, because most of what she knew was left behind.

Robyn woke to the rhythmic echo of her heart beeping through computerised speakers and stalactites in place of a ceiling. Florescent bulbs lit up white sheets, IV drips, medical staff who murmured and hovered in blue. A nurse leant close and sounds became words that blew across Robyn's face. Have you decided to wake? You've slept through a month. An identification

card swung from a strap at the nurse's neck. It tapped the bedframe. A face took shape as if emerging from the sea – dripping into vision, pale and crinkled – she wore a practised expression, one intended to comfort, but Robyn could think of more comforting things than masks, or smiles that lie.

In that hospital bed Robyn was sharp with pain, sometimes, and then she floated on the surface of a salty pool of drugs where her ears were muffled and her face was hot under artificial light. There were spiders, here and there, that wrinkled in the foreground of her vision, and she swiped at air to brush away their webs. In moments when the room was a room, the nurse said Robyn had been found by the Sentinels on a pebbled shore not far from the hospital. The staff did not know where she fell, and they had not heard of a shaft from the top of the Tokatea that linked with The Echo.

They brought food, and Robyn asked, through sips of green soup, what was The Echo.

'That's where you are,' the nurse said, 'where you live now.'

She said Robyn now lived in the caves that were linked by shafts and tunnels. She said that those caves threaded, weaved, and swelled through the continental crust like lace. Robyn must have dropped, the nurse said, for hundreds and hundreds of meters through jagged limestone to reach their sandy pits, and their black pools that spread out under ceilings of dripping thorns.

Robyn wanted to know how she could possibly have fallen for hundreds of metres and still be alive. She wanted to know how to get out of The Echo, if that was, indeed, where she was.

The nurse tugged at the tube that connected to a wadding of tape on the back of Robyn's hand. The needle pinched. The nurse hung up a new bag of blue liquid.

Robyn repeated that she wanted to know how to get out.

The nurse adjusted the tube on the bag and said, 'The Echo is a gift.'

Robyn called for her children. The nurse made a hushhush sound. Robyn's throat and eyes and head were filled with a swimming fug while the nurse was talking, telling her about caves. Some extend and extend outwards. Some delve down for kilometres.

Spiders wrinkled and danced in the corners of Robyn's eyes. There were stories, the nurse was saying, of the lowest pits – rumoured places – as close to the mantle as a human body could get without steaming up, and drying out, and shrivelling to a crisped skin, to a husk. ■



Run for AUSA.

Nominations are now open for the positions of **Culture & Arts Officer** and **International Students' Officer** on your student executive.

**Notice is hereby given for Nominations of
2016 AUSA EXECUTIVE POSITIONS
Culture & Arts Officer
International Students' Officer**

- Nominations open on Monday, 11 April 2016 at 12pm.
- Nomination forms are available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street
- Nominations close at 3.00 pm on Thursday, 28 April 2016. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

In accordance with the Auckland University Students' Association's Constitution, nominations are open to currently enrolled students of the University of Auckland, who must be members of AUSA. Accordingly, all nominees must present proof of current enrolment, and any other required information, to the Returning Officer no later than the close of nominations, or their nomination will be ruled invalid.

Voting for the By-Election will be held on 3, 4 & 5 May 2016.

Daniel Haines
AUSA Returning Officer

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

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS



The Douche

[Read title like the name of Jeff Bridges' character in *The Big Lebowski*]

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

Knowing what you're talking about is not a prerequisite for posting your opinions on the Internet. (Doesn't seem like a prerequisite for writing a weekly Arts Editorial either, you're all thinking. Self burn.) Seemingly bolstered by this lack of accountability, shitbags continue to populate the Internet with their shitbaggy opinions.

Last month, such a shitbag posted an article titled "An Open Letter to Rey from *Star Wars*" to a site called Warhorn Media (that also has an Arts & Culture section, the bastards).

I clicked with palpable excitement, confident I would find a rousing letter that praised Rey's character for being both a veritable badass and an emotionally vulnerable snowflake. What I got instead was a three thousand word pile of excrement thinly disguised as a piece of engaging and thoughtful discourse. (Someone should have buried this shit in Metro, amiright? Go see *Spotlight* so you can understand my slick references. Also take me with you. That movie is so good.)

This open letter to Rey was actually an open letter to all women in films and television who are the "empowered fictional female warrior type"; your Imperator Furiosas, Black Widows

and "Feminist Elf-Kate from *The Hobbit*". (Her name was Tauriel. Do a Google search, you fuck). This writer was taking these female characters to task for "behaving, all of you, in ways that do not befit your sex or glorify God". He *really* doesn't want to be patronising, but does wonder why anyone would create stories about strong and empowered women, when women are the weaker sex, physically unassuming, and "more timid and emotionally vulnerable and tender-hearted than men," because - that's right folks - "God made them that way."

You can't make this shit up.

This guy clearly thinks he's serving up some fresh truth pancakes here. It's still not clear whether he is a time traveller from the 1830s, or has ever spoken to an actual human woman in the course of his life. "Why does it matter if these shitbags post about things on the Internet that they don't understand?" you ask. Because words hurt, friends. Words form prejudices and preconceptions that are damaging as all hell. Spouting shit on a topic which you know nothing about is a lot like having a blind crack at opening "The Monster Book of Monsters" that Hagrid assigned his students in third year: you're just going to look like a fuckwit and get your fingers bitten off. It feels entirely hum-drum to roll out the ol' "women are strong and diverse and complex" bandwagon, but when utter tripe like this open letter is still being peddled to the masses, it seems we can't stop

the wagon wheels from turning just yet.

In the words of *The Big Lebowski's* The Dude, "This ignorance will not stand, man." (He actually said aggression, but just let me have this one.) Imagine how disheartening the end of *The Shawshank Redemption* would be if Andy Dufresne actually knew nothing about money laundering, or the intricacies of the Shawshank Prison sewer pipe system and was promptly apprehended, covered in shit. Or if Gandalf knew absolutely nothing about the One Ring and was super chill about Bilbo keeping it and yolo-ing it up all invisible-like whenever the fuck he wanted. HELLFIRE. DEATH. DESTRUCTION. Sauron would have snapped that ring up faster than you can say "Frodo Baggins is a whiny little shit". Misinformed opinions take hold and thrive; we might not have to face the armies of Mordor, but we do get belligerent, flushed-faced bigots vying to be the Leader of the Free World.

Call people out on their shit. Don't be afraid to be a kill-joy. Demand better of those who post their opinions as fact and their baseless assertions as gospel. It will surely take time to change the minds of those who do not want to let go of their misguided manifestos, but if Andy Dufresne can spend nineteen years floss-sicking in the walls of Shawshank with his tiny rock hammer, and crawl through a river of shit to come out clean on the other side - maybe we all can too eh? ■



on pj harvey and being yourself

fucking shit up and not giving a fuck

"When I'm working on a new record, the most important thing is to not repeat myself... that's always my aim: to try and cover new ground and really to challenge myself. Because I'm in this for learning." – PJ Harvey

If you've been lurking around on 'liberal old people' music reporting sites, like The Guardian Music, you might have seen an image of PJ Harvey promoting her latest album.

The one I'm referring to shows PJ with pillock-length hair blowing full strength into saxophone. Yes, this happened – the guitar playing alt rock icon has turned over a new leaf. Or dug up an old one, to be more precise. The saxophone was after all the first instrument PJ ever learned, but she swore adamantly and publicly in the early 1990s that she would never touch it again.

Contradictions like this are really the only thing you can come to expect of PJ Harvey. She's moved from an all-denim country band in the late 1980s to thrashing out 'Sheela Na Gig' in explosive grunge in 1991, Doc Martens stomping to an eager Glastonbury crowd. In 1995 it was dark Captain Beefheart-inspired blues, in 1997, weird electronica. In 2000, it was Spice Girls pop rock. One more for good measure: in 2007 she emerged from the crevasses of Dorset with *White Chalk*, an entire album of gothic piano ballads channelling the spirit of Emily Dickinson. In a way, her music can be defined as a fun game of 'let's do the exact opposite of what people expect of me'.

Over her career, she's been painted as a ball buster simply because she's unashamed of her talent as a musician, and (obligatory and twee, yet true) as a woman. There's often an invasive, sexualised element to media portrayals of PJ, perhaps because of the inescapable fact that she's a female solo artist operating in predominantly male-dominated genres. But I don't want to write one of 'those' articles about her: PJ the

wailing, furious (and kind of sexy) wildewoman who won't take no for an answer, who 'eats men like air' and is of course miserable and dissatisfied because of it.

Nor do I want to write about her 'feminine fragility' in a sexist media world, the woman who talked about dipping sheep balls on her family farm on Jay Leno in 1993, one of her first international television appearances, oblivious of the 'axe-wielding feminist bitch' media image into which she was slotting neatly. The same woman who fell for Nick Cave publicly in 1995, only for it to end in wound-licking for both parties and a shocking thinness in the promotion of her 1996 collaboration with John Parish, *Dance Hall at Louse Point*.

PJ has made mistakes, and definitely burned bridges. But through her numerous contradictions of musical style and personality, she's carved a place for multiplicity, in which she

won't just be remembered as the 'weird feminist who doesn't shave her armpits and writes songs called *Man-size*', or 'Nick Cave's sad girlfriend who tried to copy him and faded into obscurity'. Over her 25 years in the public eye, she has been instrumental in enabling women to occupy simultaneous spaces and identities in music. And she's done so primarily through experimenting unashamedly and making mistakes.

The key to PJ's brand of creative experimentation: sometimes it sounds like absolute shite, and sometimes it sounds awesome. She doesn't write perfect music, she writes honest music, which makes it some of the most life-like music around. Her albums are like chapters in an interesting book in which the protagonist messes everything up and then fixes it, and you end up liking them even more because of it. All hail the Almighty Peej of Dorset: a maker of (self-confessedly average) chutney in her free time. ■

Hope Six Demolition Project

PJ Harvey

I know pretty much nothing about the political issues PJ Harvey has written about in *The Hope Six Demolition Project* (honorary award for least memorable/catchy album title ever?), released April 15th. And I don't like the folky protest genre at all. But it's PJ, so it demands a listen nonetheless.

It's actually not bad. It's not her best, but that's because some of her past albums are pretty much insurmountable, even by her own hand. The melodies are thoughtfully composed, and PJ has pulled together a handful of long-time collaborators who certainly know their way around a shabby handcrafted egg shaker. Everyone knows how to harmonise, which seems important for a folky sing-song.

As PJ has gotten older, her voice has lost some of its power. Or maybe she's chosen to use it differently to 'further her creative vision', or something like that. It wouldn't be surprising, given that folk does have a history of terrible vocalists (looking at you, Bob Dylan) who get away with it by saying they're going to focus on their poetry instead. The words PJ has chosen are indeed poignant on paper, but they're just not emotionally stirring in delivery. That's a fitting summary of the album, and as an extension, of the genre: thoughtfully crafted, but just not quite doing it. But hey, that's PJ – sometimes she strikes gold, sometimes she needs to keep digging. Let's hope we're not waiting another five years for the next one, and dear God, let's hope it's not a third political protest album. ■ CHRISTY BURROWS



The Witch

FILM REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

On the rare occasion I willingly watch a horror movie, I expect a few things to occur: screaming, my body sinking so far down into the chair I'm practically on the floor, maybe a little bit of piss and nightmares for days. The cinema attendant advised us that we were in for it and to not be ashamed of walking out if it's too scary. But we didn't and I didn't piss my pants. So does that mean *The Witch* wasn't as scary as everyone's deemed it to be?

What you get is a beautifully shot and scored, intriguing, slow-burning horror that depicts the psychological torments of a God-fearing, puritanical English family as chilling folklore comes to life. Evil manifests itself not just as a witch from the wood, but also as a demonic goat called Black Phillip. This goat was suss' from the beginning – from the twins baaing into his ear, to his heavy, hot panting and unsettling wonky-eyed stare.

Thomasin, the eldest daughter, becomes the focus of the family's fear as the poor girl is always around when something bad happens. At a pivotal moment in the film, her parents turn on her, accusing her of witchcraft as they watch her brother convulse and recite a Puritan prayer in delirious, religious ecstasy whilst her twin siblings writhe on the ground uncontrollably. This descends into a bloody climax of hysteria that leaves you disturbed, sympathising for Thomasin and what she has been pushed towards committing.

This is a different kind of scary movie. It isn't a movie that will induce screams and shakes. It is a movie that will capture each corner of your mind and make you question just how much our darkest fears control us. ■



The Jungle Book

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

The Jungle Book tells the familiar story of Mowgli, a young child raised in the jungle by a panther and a pack of wolves. Mowgli's presence at the peaceful water "truce" during a drought upsets Shere Khan, a tiger who threatens to kill Mowgli before he becomes a man and endangers the jungle. For his safety, Mowgli must leave the pack and find his people.

No part of *The Jungle Book* was shot on location meaning the animals and the sets were entirely computer generated, which is brave considering that critics believe that CGI is blasphemous and pure evil. In this film, every strand of fur on the animals, every tree and river, everything just feels real. And it's important that it feels this way, because many audiences expected to come to *The Jungle Book* to laugh at silly, talking computer-animals and insist that remakes are pointless. (To be fair, remakes are pointless, but not this one.)

Considering that the child playing Mowgli is not in a jungle but a Los Angeles studio, hopping around green screens for 100 minutes, he was damn near perfect. At no point did his interactions with the animal kingdom seem like a performance. Bill Murray's voice work needs a mention too, as his flawless comic timing and delivery won over the whole audience and redeemed his "biggest regret" voicing Garfield (quoted from *Zombieland*, of course).

The Jungle Book ultimately was decided not to be a musical, but slipped two songs in, "The Bare Necessities" and "I Wanna Be Like You", as sing-along non-performances in the second act. Though the latter seemed to be set up in an otherwise unimportant scene, the "singing" performances of Murray and Christopher Walken respectively were certainly charming.

If you missed *The Jungle Book* over the break, get yourself and some friends into seats for what is yet another Disney treat. ■



Sticky Fingers

CONCERT REVIEW BY MELANIE GIBSON

Sticky Fingers. StiFi, if you're a fan – which, obviously, I am. I'm rad. StiFi were gonna be sick. They were gonna be so fucking chill. Good thing, too, because I'm fucking chill. I was going to wear a bucket hat, and maybe an ironic Hawaiian shirt. Sick. The night came and I thought, you know what would be both rad and chill as *fuck*? Marijuana. The ol' mary-jane. Le wackée tobacckée. The old golden shower. I don't smoke a lot of weed. Bet you couldn't tell from my extensive knowledge of terminology.

By the time I realised I was way too stoned, it was way too late. We got into the Uber XL and I could see the soundwaves of Flo Rida's "Good Feeling" coming out of the radio. I felt them rippling through every cell in my body. *Flo Rida was inside me.*

It was about then that I started to panic. We got to the Logan Campbell Centre – a sweaty groin pit at the best of times – and I freaked my shit. Hundreds of thousands of screeching sixteen-year-olds came teeming out of every available orifice in the building. I could feel my kidneys processing my blood and producing urine. I was totally fucked. In a state of complete distress, I rang my lover-taxi, begging to be picked up. I spent the whole ride home convinced he was going to kill me.

Lover-taxi tucked me into bed and turned on *Chicken Run*. What a fucking film.

These fucking chickens build a fucking plane. All these goddamn chickens are such horny bastards. Dim-witted Yorkshire chicken Babs is perhaps my soulmate. I liked her lines so much I wrote them down on my printed-out StiFi ticket. "All me life flashed before me eyes... It was really borin." "I don't want to be a pie! I don't like gravy." Would definitely watch *Chicken Run* again. Highly recommended. ■



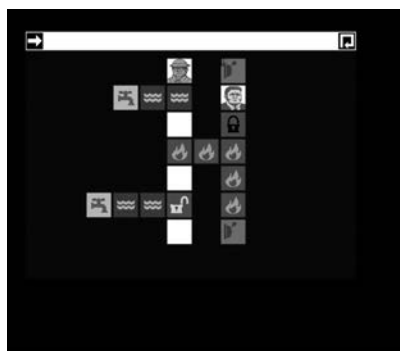
Stardew Valley

GAME REVIEW BY EUGENIA WOO

Eat. Sleep. Farm. Repeat. I've basically summed up the gist of Chucklefish Studios' *Stardew Valley* in four choice words. However, don't be deceived by the quaint background music and the cheery flock of birds soaring over a sunny landscape that appear when you start up the game – it looks and sounds like a farm simulator, but it's so much more than a redux of *Harvest Moon*.

Stardew Valley is, simply put, a gem. Forking out a good \$10 dollars during a Steam sale for it may seem excessive, considering how non-controversial and uncomplicated it is in all aspects, from the quirky narrative to the very premise of the game – you're a farmer whose main priority in life is to kick back, relax, and harvest some parsnips. However, before you decide that your money is better off spent on a pint at Shadows, consider this: *Stardew Valley* is one of the best releases from indie developers to come out of the past year.

Yes, you can take a hoe to your fields (the gardening tool, alright) and spend your days harvesting root vegetables and growing old by the fireside in what constitutes a millennial's worst nightmare. Alternatively, you can stop fiddling with potatoes for a minute and actually take part in the surprisingly engaging quest system and ensuing narrative that's beautifully crafted from the moment you start the game's tutorial. Sure, the game has some similarity to *Harvest Moon*, but the comparison dries up very quickly when you realise that the real villain in the former isn't a bout of bad crops; it's actually the malevolent force of supervised consumerism marching all of humanity into an age of joyless robotic efficiency. Not sure if that's a joke or if I've just got it in for capitalism? You'll have to play *Stardew Valley* to find out. ■



no-one has to die

GAME REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

One of my favourite games ever is a tiny little web game called *no-one has to die*, which you can find by typing it into Google and hitting the first result. *no-one has to die* is a narrative-driven mini-puzzle game that you could probably finish in an hour. It feels like something JJ. Abrams would write because he was bored one day.

The premise is very simple. Four people are trapped in a burning building and you must use the security system which uses a turn-based grid system to navigate them all to safety. Except that you can't. In each level, someone has to be sacrificed in order to save the others. Whoever you kill or spare affects the path of the narrative.

The four characters are questionable and each is suspicious in their own way. What seems like a simple puzzle game quickly evolves into a mystery box story. Who lit the fire? Why? What are they all doing in this building? What's the big secret here? You have to play through again and again killing and sparing different characters to piece together the mystery at the heart of what would seem to be a modest game.

Everything about *no-one has to die* screams of basicness – the boxy flash game aesthetic, the simple but no less ambient soundtrack, even the puzzles are pretty simple to solve. But this simplicity is a front. And each time you play through the game, you notice how smart it really is. Even the repositioning of the characters in the puzzles reshapes the structure of the puzzles entirely.

But the game's biggest mystery lies in its title. Does anyone have to die at all? Is there a way to save everyone? The turn-based grid puzzles aren't the only puzzles in the game. ■



I Will Be Nothing Without Your Love

The Ready Set

ALBUM REVIEW BY NICOLE BLACK

The Ready Set has always been one of those bands on the periphery. Releasing on-trend pop songs for over half a decade, they have struggled to become overly successful in either mainstream radio or the alternative scene, and unfortunately this means their latest effort won't get the recognition it deserves. With its long and ambiguous title, 80s inspired synth-heavy beats and catchy hooks, comparison to The 1975's latest album is definitely warranted, although *I Will Be Nothing Without Your Love* appears to have a greater focus on creating simple catchy songs and experimenting within the electropop genre.

Lead single "Disappearing Act" is an upbeat opener with an insanely catchy chorus that's impossible to get out of your head. The mood continues on stand-out single "Run With Me" that at first sounds like a reject from a 1975 album, but quickly differentiates itself with moodier lyrics and another extremely catchy hook that makes this song work on almost every level. There is a shift on "First" as an R&B inspired beat kicks in over brooding lyrics before building into what could be an underground trap hit. Unfortunately, the whole album isn't this exciting, with the first half suffering from poor songwriting and a potluck of repetitive computer generated beats that don't always work well together. However, in the second half the songwriting changes from contrived and obnoxious to more mature tellings of heartache and growing up, and the instrumentation improves to show off more originality and creativity than we've seen in most recent mainstream hits. Despite some struggles, this album is a great effort, capitalising on the recent rise of electropop while maintaining the mood and general sound long-time fans will remember. ■



MOVIES TO TALK ABOUT AT PARTIES

I Married a Witch

(1942, dir. René Clair)

File under: things my future spouse will exclaim on our wedding night. *I Married a Witch* is a fantasy rom-com, filled with moments that made me laugh and refreshingly little misogyny for the time period. When Veronica Lake's Jennifer decides to seduce the already engaged Wallace in order to mess with his head, it isn't an "other woman" narrative, which makes me glad – besides, it's in the title what is going to happen – then she accidentally drinks a love potion she intended to give to him and slowly falls in love 4 rEaL.

Things to talk about:

Veronica Lake: Ah, a true Golden Age icon. Her hair is probably the most iconic thing about her look, the golden sweep rendered on this movie's poster in a single S curve covering one eye, Veronica's "peekaboo." Her hair was so copied by women that during the war Veronica starred in a film where she changed her hair

to inspire a style more suitable for women working in factories. Sadly, Veronica's career spiralled in the late 1940s, and she died at age 50 from complications of alcoholism. She remained very candid about her Hollywood career, and was very clever, and very funny, describing her typecast as a "sex zombie" rather than a "sex symbol". She was also 4'11½, which is the sort of height where that extra half inch is worth mentioning.

American Witches: Jennifer and her father were executed by fire, something that never happened in America! While people accused of witchcraft were burned in Europe, Salem stuck to execution by hanging, or occasionally by going too far during the confession process. Jennifer is petty and mischievous, but she isn't dangerous. She is also très glamorous, as American witches so often are – I'm guessing that is why Puritans hated them. American witches also seem to be coded with innate power – Jennifer's spells are commands, as opposed to her father's deliberate rhymes.

Timeless Comedy: The film opens with Puritans standing around Jennifer's pyre and delivering a grim sermon about the dangers of witchcraft. The preacher then announces "a short intermission" before the next burning, and a man begins to hawk "popped maize" to the crowd. I laughed so long I missed the rest of the scene. In the same vein, "I invented the hangover. It was 1892... BC." Also, Estelle, jilted bride extraordinaire, threatens Jennifer and Wallace that they have ten seconds to leave the house after she catches them kiss kiss kissing. Jennifer grabs her coat while saying, "oh, we won't be here that long." Deadpanning is going to be funny until the end of time, trust me.

I Married a Witch is over 70 years old, but it is still a charming film. It's quite a short movie, but would be the perfect length for propping your laptop up on a chair and taking a bubble bath where you also drink fizzy pink wine and use a face mask, or on a movie night for people with short attention spans for black and white films. ■ ASTRID CROSLAND

She was also 4'11½, which is the sort of height where that extra half inch is worth mentioning.

comment



WWMRD?

Mark Alan Ruffalo, born November 22nd 1967, is this world's greatest treasure. An actor and activist, with delightfully spiky curls and a heart of gold. Here are five reasons why you too should want to be adopted by the best person named Mark (editor Mark is probably, like, fourth best, after *Bridget Jones'* Mark Darcy and Mark "Vin Diesel" Sinclair):

HIS INSTAGRAM ACCOUNT

There is a real art to Instagram, and Ruffalo has got that shit on lock. His account (@markruffalo if you are a fool and not already following) is rife with adorable selfies of he and his wife Sunrise Coigney, pictures of him hanging out with his children, his attractive co-stars, and most recently, a snap of him trying to steal a human-sized Oscar after losing out on a normal-sized statue for his supporting role in *Spotlight*.

HIS POLITICAL ACTIVISM

From women's rights to environmental

activism, Mark Ruffalo seems to have a never-ending ability to give a shit about things. He regularly attends rallies and makes Facebook posts about fracking and water defence, he gave his support for women's bodily autonomy in a speech at a Mississippi Abortion Rights Rally in 2013, and was protesting with the Survivors Network of Those Abused by Priests just hours before the 2016 Academy Awards. I hope the people in his life give him lots of hugs, because he deserves them.

HE'S A COOL DAD

Mark Ruffalo and his daughter, Bella, both wore tuxedos to last year's MTV Movie Awards, with matching white pocket squares and black and white sneakers. Mark captioned a picture of the two of them saying that he hoped Bella would "forgive him for biting her style". Mark, please.

HE'S RIDICULOUSLY TALENTED

He's been nominated for a swathe of awards, and has starred in everything from dramatic biopics to sickeningly adorable rom-coms. Special shout out to his role in *Infinitely Polar Bear*, where his convincing and considerate portrayal of a father of two with bipolar disorder made my mum whisper to me "he really is bloody great, isn't he" approximately ten to twelve

times while watching.

HE'S A FANBOY, TOO

Just like so many of us love Mark Ruffalo, Mark Ruffalo loves his celebrity friends as well. He regularly posts pictures of himself with *Avengers* co-star Robert Downey Jr, sporting the hashtag #ScienceBros, and posts congratulatory messages to his famous friends on their various achievements. If anyone else did it, it would be name dropping, but when Mark Ruffalo does it, it's just adorable. If you want to see something extra delightful, google "Mark Ruffalo fangirling over Paul Rudd" and watch the video of him accidentally slinking into Rudd's Comic-Con interview, excitedly mouthing "IS THAT PAUL RUDD?" over and over as he is ushered out of view.

Bonus round: Via Twitter, he endorsed a "Mark Buffalo" t-shirt design that had his face shoddily photoshopped onto a bison's body.

I love you so much, Mark.

■ SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

Why Lawyers Are Sad

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

It might be hard to believe, but lots of law students are really sad. I can imagine your surprise. “How can they be unhappy!” I hear you ask. “They have a toga stein *every year*, and even some barbecues!” That’s all true, but melancholy festers in every \$5 drink and in every free sausage.

The sadness – the gradual realisation that your dreams of being Atticus Finch will never materialise – is pervasive. People who have been offered jobs at big law firms are sad. People who haven’t been offered jobs at big law firms are sad. Honours students are sad. Students who are struggling are sad. Lecturers are sad. The librarians even sometimes look sad, despite their access to more legal databases than you can shake a \$30 coursebook at.

Many reasons have been given for this endemic discontent. Law students are, in general, hypercompetitive, meaning that they inevitably fall short of their unrealistic expectations of themselves. Law is a tough degree, and even a few bad grades can torpedo one’s hopes of working at certain firms. There is truth in these reasons, but they omit perhaps the most significant contributing factor to this institutional malaise: being a lawyer frequently requires you to act in a manner that most of society views as immoral.

Legal Ethics (Law 400) is a course that’s compulsory at University if you want to be admitted to the bar (i.e. if you want to have a photo with the black robes and white wig and actually be allowed to give legal advice). The course aims to sketch ethical issues in broad terms, and expose students to the kinds of ethical contradictions they’ll have to internally reconcile if they are to have the stomach for legal practice. There are three pillars to the “standard conception” of the lawyer’s role.

The first is neutrality. This essentially means that lawyers can’t allow their personal views of the morality of client’s case or actions to affect the “diligence or zealousness” with which they aim to achieve their client’s goals. The reason for this pillar is that in our society, we recognise plurality of views, ideas, and moralities (or different conceptions of the “good life”). Because of this, if lawyers were to only serve clients whose actions aligned with their lawyer’s morality, we would essentially be granting a right to a fair trial only to those clients whose actions are agreeable to some lawyers. In practice, this means that lawyers have to defend every client with the same amount of “zeal.” This is why there are defence lawyers out there for every murderer, rapist, embezzler and paedophile – it’s a core part of the justice system. The downside is that defending those kinds of people is probably extremely stressful, and that the general public might view you as a rapacious monster that’ll stop at noth-

ing to rack up billable hours.

The second principle is non-accountability. This means that lawyers should not be judged based on the “moral status of their client’s projects.” It can easily be read as a free pass with regard to the work required by the first principle: given that lawyers have to represent people they disagree with, it is only fair that they shouldn’t be held accountable for the actions of those people. This argument sounds a little flimsy. As theorist David Luban wrote, “Evil remains evil, and loyalty to evil remains just that: loyalty to evil.” He clearly doesn’t think that lawyers should be given a pass because their jobs supposedly require them to support evil causes from time to time.

The final principle, partisanship, requires lawyers to “aggressively” pursue their clients’ interests as far as they can. This principle ‘condones’ the kind of trickery and duplicity that lawyers are often associated with: it forgives the lawyer who deliberately does not bring information to light because it would harm her client’s interests. Combined, these principles excuse – actually, require – lawyers to act in a manner that deviates quite severely from an ordinary person’s idea of what is morally permissible.

So: to be a lawyer is to literally swap your strong internal moral compass for a weaker one whenever you walk through the office doors. It becomes easy to agree with Columbia professor William Simon, who wrote that no job simultaneously “encourages such ambitious moral aspirations” and “so consistently disappoints the aspirations it encourages” as a legal career. Auckland philosophy professor Tim Dare concurs, writing that while many lawyers “begin their careers” hoping to “advance worthy and deserving causes,” few are able to incorporate this aspiration into their daily work.

Don’t be fooled by the beautiful ball photographs and the glittering Instagram feeds. Law students are sad because being a lawyer is sad. Perhaps we should be made to take Ethics in first year, instead of learning all of this so late. ■



Panama Papers

I've been describing myself as a Social Liberal for some time. Now Bernie is rocking his democratic socialist tag and I'm down for his admittedly idealistic cause. Something that has come up during his campaign, and always comes up as soon as the dreaded S word enters conversation, are taxes.

"I don't want to pay more taxes" you say. Neither do I. Truly I'd love to pay no taxes. But the issue is the elite, the one percent, whatever you want to call them, have convinced the middle and lower classes that they have to foot the bill. I don't want to insinuate that tax increases across the board might/must happen, but the idea that the only way to increase government income is to tax every (wo)man to the point of debilitation is both incorrect and sinister.

Quick side note: Twenty One Pilots rocked on Monday night, but hearing a bunch of pre- and barely-teens ~~scream~~ singing lyrics about how the government should be spending 'their' tax dollars made me see red. But maybe that was just the lighting.

I digress. I've retreated from the world a bit in the last few months. Aside from the articles forced to me by my Facebook newsfeed, I've not visited a news site once. I take it ISIS still exists, Turkey supports them and the US supports Turkey. Nothing new there. China is flexing itself around the Pacific, and North Korea has another unconfirmed (read: non-existent) nuclear missile. Bernie is doing well, and bringing attention and outcry to the Democratic super delegate system. Hillary is starting to crack.

The most important news, to me anyway, was the release of the Panama Papers. World leaders, business leaders, 'role models' the world over are implicated. Friend to Big Business \$hillary has been connected to it. Putin has been implicated. D-Cam is having a fun

old time dealing with his father's implication. Xi Jinping has family members implicated. Gunnlaugsson has been forced out of office due to mass protests. This happened days before Brazil's Lower House voted to impeach Dilma Rousseff due to her involvement in Petrobras and the investigation codenamed Operation Car Wash. Leading up to this, America has seen a presidential campaign season unique for its focus on Big Money in politics. Trump and Sanders are GENUINE contenders, and can attribute a large amount of their appeal to the money connections their opponents are wrapped up in. Citizens United might be in danger, especially if we get a less Scalia-ey Justice on the Supreme Court.

It looks like (though this may be wishful thinking) a normative shift is happening. There has been an awakening. People are accepting that trickle-down economics don't work when you build a dam under the first percent. And here is where socialism rears its scary head. Permit me to extend my metaphor. Instead of heavily taxing what little gets through, around, or over the dam, we should be looking at getting rid of the dam. Healthy waterways spread life through their surrounds. Easy access to free flowing water mean benefits to all. As soon as a few lock it away for their own use, the majority suffer. Healthy democracies source their power from the bottom, from the many. Oligarchies and tyrannies work downwards, from a small number at the top. Employers don't create jobs, consumers do. Having a larger number of people spending money on everyday goods is wonderful for the economy. On the flip side, having a few spend obscene amounts of money on luxuries is only really beneficial for the luxury providers. An extremely well off person is still only one consumer (or one household of consumers). Higher wages for a majority means a great deal more consumers spending more money, pushing money back into circulation. I don't know many people on minimum wage hoarding mega bucks in bank accounts accruing interest.

What the Panama Papers show us is there is

a systematic culture of hiding wealth, widely acknowledged among certain circles. Facebook paid slightly over £4000 in tax in the UK in 2014. Between 1998 and 2012, Starbucks only paid \$8.6 million in tax despite billions of dollars in profit. Much like Cameron after the Panama Papers leak, their defence is unerringly some variation on "we did nothing illegal".

And this is the problem. The people making the rules are the same people benefiting from the immoral but legal practices. Meanwhile, you're paying at least a tenth of your earnings, and almost certainly more.

You get less but pay more. They get more but pay less.

That's the neoliberal way. Recently the International Monetary Fund, a third of the Troika that form a key pillar of international neoliberalism, has been caught actively trying to bring about a credit crisis in Greece, playing on Britain's potential exit of the European Union. Any event is a good event to make money. The human cost of life and livelihood is externalised. See Wikileaks while you can. Snowden and Assange are still avoiding the 'justice' of the 'Land of the Free.' These things are not meant to be seen by you or me, and by Jove we'll destroy anyone who sheds some light on these shady practices.

John Locke advised that individuals are entitled to whatever they invest their labour in. Hard work should be rewarded. There was a proviso however. You must leave as much, and as good, as you take. We are running out of stuff. Drinking water is running out, a dwindling oil supply supports international markets.

There are more indigent people in the States than there are people in New Zealand. One percent live like emperors, often with attitudes to match, while others go hungry and work every waking hour. Enough has not been left. What has been left is pretty shit.

The world is sick of it.

The chilly wintery winds of change are coming.

I hope. ■

The people making the rules are the same people benefiting from the immoral but legal practices. Meanwhile, you're paying at least a tenth of your earnings, and almost certainly more.

Kings Arms Open For Housing Development

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

I've got a confession to make: I'm not 100% down with the proposed mass-intensification of housing in Auckland. I think that other avenues to secure the affordability of accommodation for the future citizens of Auckland (i.e. us) need to be considered.

The reasons for this semi-skeptical position finally crystallized in my mind last Saturday morning, when I opened my internet/newsfeed to see news percolating that beloved (dare I say 'iconic') live music venue The Kings Arms had just been designated as a Special Housing area as part of something called the Newton Cluster. Apparently by 2019 or thereabouts, the Kings Arms will be transformed into sixty 'affordable home' apartments.

This struck me as simultaneously both amusing and terrible, because at the same time the local young activist types are running around claiming rather loudly that "MORE INTENSIFICATION IS GOOD! OUR GENERATION NEEDS SOME-WHERE TO LIVE!", rampant property developers operating in concert with both central and local government are moving in to line their pockets at the cost of Auckland's heritage and amenities. The same thing (conversion into yuppie apartments) nearly happened half a decade ago to the St James Theatre on Queen St.

Now before we go any further, let me clearly and unequivocally state that the likes of Generation Zero are absolutely correct in the second part of their contention: young Aucklanders being shut out of the housing market in seeming perpetuity is a travesty. The serious thinking going on about the detrimental costs to users of continuous urban sprawl (whereby we end up paying far more in transport costs and wasted time than we save in mortgage/rent rates for choosing to live far away in deepest darkest Papakura or wherever else in the outer-outer suburbs), is also fundamentally accurate.

But what people who've decided to cast the battle for more intensification - and the squabbles over the Unitary Plan as a whole - as some sort of great intergenerational skirmish of weltanschauung (worldview for the peasants) between people comfortably occupying property and those successive generations uncomfortably renting or leasing it from them often choose to overlook, are some of the manifest issues that simply packing more and smaller housing into conveniently 'available' space throughout the inner and median suburbs might

actually mean in practice.

There seems to be this enduring perception (on both sides of the debate, to be fair) that what is meant by "intensification" is tearing down the spiffy quasi-quarter-acre Mt Eden Villas of the old-money upper middle class in favour of erecting in their place flash, new and ecologically friendly townhouses.

Balderdash. That might be taking place in some areas (and good on developers if they're taking the ecologically more-sustainable route with their constructions), but from what I've seen thus far the areas selected for actually-existing 'intensification' appear to be a little different.

The proposed development on top of the present site of the Kings Arms is but the most recent example. Other developments which I've seen in my lifetime include filling in green areas like the Kelly St Reserve to construct dark, grey and clustered town-houses out of keeping with the character of the surrounding area; and the mass of tasteless, characterless, rotting-teeth constructions that cover the area of the old Sawmill down by the prison and old munitions-works just southeast of Eden Terrace. That last development, in particular, screams of everything that's traditionally thought of as wrong with new-housing developments in Auckland - being constructed with substandard materials that soon began rotting (requiring an ongoing cleanup-renovation process that's still yet to be completed), in aesthetically questionable fashion, and on apparently contaminated land due to the site's previous use as a lumber-yard drizzled with preservatives (ironic considering the lack of treated timber used in subsequent developments on the area).

Prior to this, the Mt Eden Borough Council (which just goes to show how long we've been playing around with suburban intensification - that institution was around some generations ago before eventually being superseded) had itself experimented with implanting 'sausage-block' flats on various locations throughout its demesne. The results, as you can see today, are wildly overpriced granny-flats regularly fetching towards or northwards of a million dollars apiece (so not exactly 'affordable'), and simultaneous slums almost surprisingly in the same block. (As a point of interest, pretty much the first time I'd ever set foot in one of those developments was also the first time I'd ever met a 'proper' drug dealer - who promptly decided he wanted to stab my friend, thus souring our commercial relationship and causing us to want to get the hell out of there pronto. It's a story for another time, but I mention it as prima facie evidence of the sort of effect badly done apartment-intensification can bring with it.)

In any case, while it's patently easy to dismiss much of the opposition to intensification "coming soon to a neighbourhood near you" as being

NIMBY-'Not In My Back Yard'-ism writ large, it does of course behoove me to point out that one's property requires a Back Yard before it's possible to actually object to what does or does not go up therein. Many of the proposed forms of 'affordable' accommodation (such as the aforementioned sixty apartments going up at the Kings Arms) sort of neglect outright to include anything so much as resembling a back yard, unless you count a window planter-box or balcony succulent pot-plant, which causes clear questions in my mind as to whether they're actually suitable for the young families they're supposedly being marketed at. This is particularly the case given the diminishing access to community green-space which appears to be a fellow hallmark of greater suburban intensification.

So from where I'm sitting, the question is obviously raised: if intensification is a questionably effective partial-solution to the issues at hand which often causes associated problems in its own right, what else can we be doing to address the dual issues of housing affordability and availability in Auckland?

One of the most obvious avenues to consider is attacking the problem at its roots. Much has been made of building more houses (or, more precisely, rezoning to eventually allow private property developers to build more apartments and townhouses) and yet if we take a look at relevant figures from 2014-2015 showing migration inflows to Auckland of approximately fifty thousand people, matched with housing construction of a mere five and a half thousand, there is clearly a gap in the analysis going on here. However you choose to phrase it, it's difficult to see how we can just keep building houses in perpetuity for new arrivals, whether foreign or domestic in origin.

Further, the impact of chiefly foreign speculation through huge and expansive capital inflows cannot be ignored. Pretty much everybody agrees that the immense financial returns to be had from playing Auckland's property-bubble have lured thousands of investors to place their cash in our market, further exacerbating housing prices as part of an exceedingly vicious, barbed spiral.

Merely building more houses does not solve these problems, and it seems that decisive action by Central Government will be required to corral the forces behind each issue, both individually and as they interlink.

The creative energies of a generation of young activists may potentially be better put to use attempting to lobby for these changes to take place, rather than engaging in pointless rhetorical shouting matches with extant property-holders and old people.

This will also involve, hopefully at least, less sacrificing of the amenities we, as young people, enjoy on the altar of questionable urban development. ■



The Town Square Problem

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Facebook is our town square. It is a pseudo-public space where we meet, discuss, and disagree. It is not any particular facet of its service that makes it a powerful space, it is simply the fact that everyone is on it.

Facebook, and any town square service akin to it, is necessarily monopolistic, hegemonic, and disproportionately powerful. We need it to be ubiquitous to exploit its benefits, but must then consent to its domination. Instinctively, it makes for a troubling catch-22.

"Hegemonic monopoly" is an evil sounding label; with such a label, how is Facebook so benevolent? The service improves every year. Video calling has been integrated into the chat software. The newsfeed is very much that now: you can link every publication under the sun to your newsfeed and be constantly updated about the world through links, videos, photos and perhaps in the not too distant future, holograms. I don't

feel coerced or unfairly dealt with. While it may be true that Facebook could make me accept unpleasant changes, it doesn't feel as if it has done so yet.

Facebook doesn't face any direct competition in the market, but it does face a constant threat of disruption. Gone are the golden days of MSN Messenger and Bebo (it's only teenage wasteland). Facebook ate them, and now it must prepare for the same threat. This means that Facebook has an incentive to constantly push forwards, to anticipate the next big thing in social media before anyone else does. And on this front it has an advantage. It has huge amounts of capital to invest. It is already a ubiquitous brand. If it gets there first, or even a little bit after someone else, it will probably take market victory. What does this mean for us? Facebook will continue to push forward

and try to capture our imaginations. But it can also force micro-changes down our throat that we don't necessarily want. Without an immediate alternative, we don't really have a choice.

As a company, a private entity, Facebook has taken up an almost democratic mandate (see, for example, the centrality of social media to the Arab Spring protests). Without direct competition, Facebook and its kin are compa-



nies with serious power over our public spaces. As I've noted already, the potentially perverse implications of this premise haven't overtly manifested in our experiences yet. The service still seems good. But this may ignore the subtle ways that Facebook alters our socio-political landscape. It has certainly altered our notion of privacy by incentivizing us to share more and more through psychologically nudging us towards doing so. It has altered activism (see clicktivism, hacktivism, slacktivism etc.). In more explicit power-plays, it has sought to control the way the developing world gets access to internet through its zero-rated services: Facebook offered a lite version of its service for free to people who otherwise didn't have internet. India rejected the service on the grounds that some communities would start to conflate that Facebook service with the internet as a whole. Indeed, this has been the feedback from interviews with individuals in other countries in Africa that accepted it.

We are reaching a stage where Facebook (and Google too for that matter) should be viewed increasingly as public-private mixtures. We can't continue to treat them as purely private actors, free to do what they want in the marketplace. Their influence will only grow. Some assertion of democratic control is warranted over this new breed of transnational, omnipresent, publicly-oriented corporation. ■

Whatever study you read that claimed "such and such happened to those when they did that" is probably horse shit.

WITH ADEEL MALIK

A couple of years ago New York Times reported that people love their iPhone as much as their boyfriends, girlfriends and family members. The article talked about how the author carried out an fMRI scan.

Basically the bits that light up on the fMRI scan when the subjects saw or heard their iPhones was the insular cortex of the brain. This is the part of the brain that also lights up on an fMRI

when you see the picture of a loved one.

Naturally, the article made the conclusion – people are in love with their iPhones. See, the problem is that the above premises don't entail the conclusion, however reasonable they may seem. Brain scans don't allow one to make reverse inferences. This is because there can be many reasons why a region of the brain is activated, hence only forward inferences can be made using fMRI scans.

The above example is one of many instances of a reputable newspaper publishing junk science or making poor conclusions from studies. Every day I read some new study on the BBC or Guardian or whatever claiming that travelling makes me smarter, or googoo beans will let me live to a hundred, expect that those things won't. One study usually means squat in scientific discourse. The study needs to be repeatable, it needs to have its assumptions questioned, and it needs to gain some degree of credibility in the scholarly community before its conclusions can be taken seriously. These things take time, creating



academic consensus takes time. Currently as soon as something is published somewhere that looks interesting, some newspaper will run it as click bait.

For a large part, our faith in science is just faith. We can't go and test the authenticity of every claim about every study we come across. We have put our faith in the scientific community to verify the validity of their claims and for the most part that scientific community does a pretty good job. But somewhere in the reporting, everything becomes so much more ground-breaking. Tenuous claims turn into something more credible.

The real harm this does is it erodes people's faith in science. It leads to constant reporting of often contradictory "scientific" claims.

It means that when scientists do actually warn us about something climactic the layman who has been lied to by the "scientist" before is much less likely to believe them. It means that people fret about things that have no basis in reality. It means denying climate change and fad diets. ■

From Auckland with Suspicion

WITH ANA HARRIS

O-Week. Victoria University. 2010. I'm sitting in a lecture theatre listening to a talk on how to make the most of first year. Everyone is instructed to find someone they don't know and introduce themselves. I smile at the guy on my right. He smiles back. We share some classic small talk. He asks what hall I'm in, what I'm studying, and how I'm finding uni so far. I ascertain that he's from the Hawkes Bay. He asks where I'm from.

"Auckland," I say.

His expression darkens. He visibly scoffs and turns back to the front of the room. Things are tense. He ignores me for the rest of the session.

Several months later, it's mid-year break. I'm chatting to my hairdresser as he snips away. He enquires if I have any plans for the holidays.

"Just going back home to Auckland," I say.

"Ugh! I don't understand why anyone would ever want to go there."

"Have you been?" I ask.

"Well no, but it just sounds so awful."

These scenarios aren't exaggerated. Nor were they isolated incidents. Small-town New Zealanders seem to have preconceived notions of what Auckland is like, even though a lot of them have never actually visited. Outsiders' perceptions are largely negative, the dominant view being that Auckland is a big place full of rude people.

Meanwhile, Aucklanders themselves don't spend much time musing on our hometown. For the most part, we take it for granted – a place to live, sure, but otherwise non-descript. Talk of our 'culture' is limited to snide references about 'jafas'. It was only when I moved away that I realised coming from Auckland doesn't feel like an integral part of our self-identity to the same extent as someone who grew up in Whanganui, or Rotorua, or the Hawkes Bay.

Culture is defined as "the ideas, customs, and social behaviour of a particular people or

society". Figuring out exactly what it means to be an Aucklander depends partly on group consensus about what makes us unique.

Themes occupying our collective conscience are largely things we dislike: traffic, lack of good public transport, or ridiculous house prices. Not much time is spent celebrating the positives, like proximity to parks and beaches, the relatively mild climate, or the fact we're home to world-class baristas. Wellingtonians on the other hand are feverishly proud of their city culture. "Why go to Paris when you can go to Wellington" is a phrase I've genuinely heard on a number of occasions. While Wellington is home to Parliament and 'artiness', Auckland is the commercial centre of the country – but because of its insignificance on a world scale we don't conceptualise it as a hub of business like we do New York or Hong Kong.

Auckland is obviously far bigger than any other city in New Zealand both in terms of population and geography. Growing up in Epsom is a vastly different experience to a childhood spent

living in Pukekohe. As a result, we recognise common tropes and cultural references from different parts of the city.

The significance of being a Grammar boy or a 'Shore Girl' indicates that we associate ourselves with specific areas more than we do with Auckland as a whole.

The fact that Auckland is a better city to live in than to visit probably contributes to the mindset that it's somehow a-cultural. From a tourist's perspective, it seems bland compared to skiing in Queenstown or Dunedin's vibrant student culture. According to the Explorer Bus company, Auckland's 'fourteen big attractions' include St Lukes Westfield and the downtown ferry building, which isn't overly promising.

Perhaps Auckland's culture is just difficult to define because of ethnic diversity. We're the

largest Polynesian city in the entire world, and nearly a third of Aucklanders identify as Asian. Much like 'Central Aucklanders' or 'Westies', migrants have their own cultural hubs within the city – there are plenty of Samoan churches, Sandringham is practically Little India, and Dominion Road has the best authentic Chinese food in town. Interesting that we don't have neighbourhoods with a distinctly 'kiwi' vibe unlike, say, Paeroa – a town marketed around a New Zealand icon.

Multiculturalism isn't the only factor that makes Auckland less homogenous than other parts of the country. We also suffer from a higher degree of income inequality. The social realities of Aucklanders vary massively – from rich farmers in Drury, to Ponsonby socialites, to poor beneficiaries living in overcrowded rentals in Mangere. Since Auckland has some of the wealthiest suburbs in the country, a lot of middle class Aucklanders are perhaps more aware of 'class' and social mobility than more homogenous places in New Zealand. Participating in stereotypical Auckland 'culture', particularly in the central suburbs, involves being seen to conform to a certain image: whether it's shopping at certain stores, going to particular 'lifestyle' gyms, or frequenting cafés with white tiles that serve 'smashed avocado' and 'charred broccoli'. Definitely a city for the monied.

Auckland certainly has its downsides, but progress is being made. We already have a vibrant restaurant culture. There are now a number of cycleways, with more being built, reducing the need for people to drive to work or suffer through the inefficiencies of public transport. There's also talk of an inner city rail link being implemented in the foreseeable future. Intensification provisions in the unitary plan could lead to more affordable housing in central areas, if the Remuera millionaires don't manage to shout them out of existence. Who knows, in twenty years or so it might just be a cool place to live. ■

Small-town New Zealanders seem to have preconceived notions of what Auckland is like, even though a lot of them have never actually visited. Outsiders' perceptions are largely negative, the dominant view being that Auckland is a big place full of rude people.

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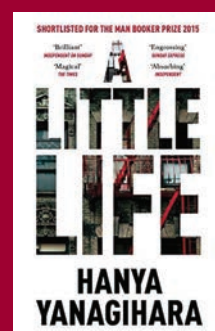
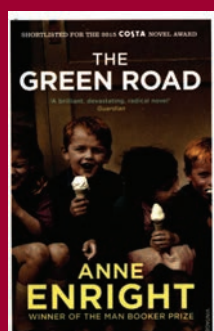
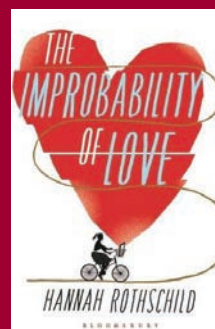
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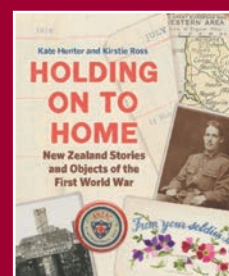
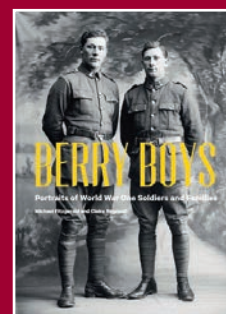
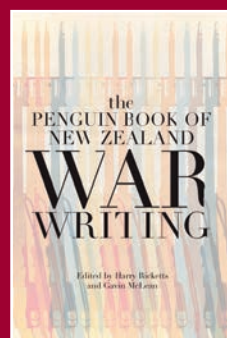
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