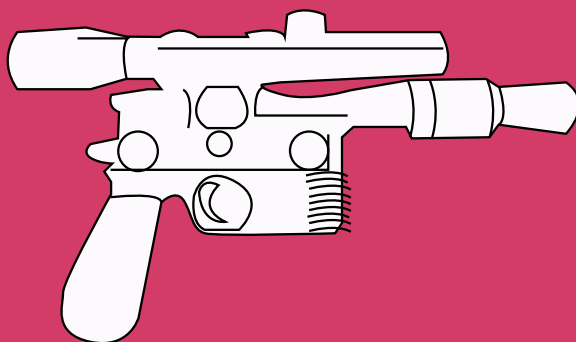
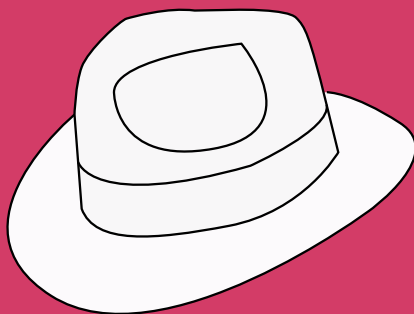
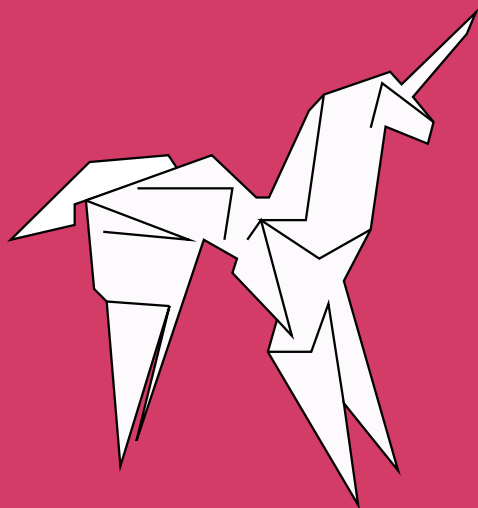


CRACCU



Ford Thinking

Nikki Addison waxes lyrical about everyone's favourite space smuggler

Neck Minnit

Olivia Chrisp discusses the good ol' turtleneck; Editor resists making *Austin Powers* reference

Time Has Come Today

Caitlin Abley answers Brad Pitt's age-old question, "Ohhh, what's in the box?"



AUSA Rewards
is back for 2017



It's Crunch Time!

Bevee



DEVONCHÉ

little
India.



SHVDOWS

Checkout ausa.org.nz/rewards for more info

ISSUE TEN CONTENTS



6 NEWS

PARKING UP THE WRONG TREE

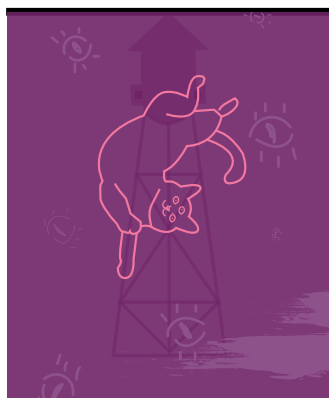
Green walkway proposal hits
pothole with University



15 LIFESTYLE

STIR CRAZY

Craccum has you sorted for the
simplest of student meals



30 ARTS

FANNING YOURSELF

Jordan Margetts welcomes
you to the world of *Night Vale*
fanart

12 COMMUNITY

PREJUDICED PETERS

Calling Uncle Winnie out on
his racist rhetoric



23 FEATURES

MEAN MEMES

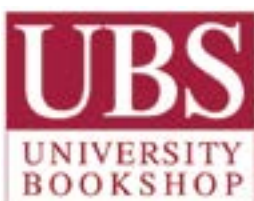
The toxic relationship between
memes and journalism



35 COLUMNS

WHITE HOUSE WHACKOS

Rachel Berryman on Trump's
Twitter & Spicer's statements



www.ubsbooks.co.nz

- Great discount off the RRP on most items in store*
- We buy and sell second-hand textbooks* - instant cash if you sell
- Over 100,000 books in stock* - no waiting weeks for books to arrive
- Open Monday to Saturday or buy securely from our website 24/7

100% Student owned - your store on campus

*See in store for details



Student Exclusive Deal

OPPO x AUSA

oppo



Scan me!

*Delivery included

AUSA Members get **15% off**
Any OPPO Device



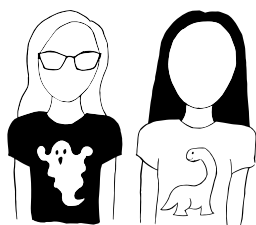
R9s | F1s | A39



limited to 100 devices per model,
While stocks last

Visit facebook.com/opponeewzealand/notes to find out more.
All rights reserved by OPPO New Zealand

Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

“Kiwi” Confusion

We want to put an end to all the rumours surrounding the meaning behind Harry Styles’ absolute banger of a track, “Kiwi”, from his eponymous debut solo album. Rumours were rife that this song may be about a secret romance Styles had with a Kiwi lass. Well, let us clothe you in white, dunk you in the Waikato River and wash away your thoughts tainted by parasitic internet rumours. Follow our certified line-by-line analysis of the track that makes us dab in the office with such heavy metal, head-banging force, our pretty necks get a little bit of whiplash.

“She worked her way through a cheap pack of cigarettes”

Clearly, this woman has not called Quitline. If she’s working through a pack of cheap ciggies per day, she probably has a hacking cough. Smoking seems to be her future.

“Hard liquor mixed with a bit of intellect”

Obviously her drink of choice is 42 Below. We’ve never ordered a vodka and intellect before. We usually go for vodka and mum-dancing-at-cousin’s-wedding, or vodka and non-stop-pee-train.

“And all the boys, they were saying they were into it”

LADS, LADS, LADS.

“Such a pretty face, on a pretty neck”

Either Styles has his beer goggles on, or he has never watched Shania Twain sing “She’s Not Just A Pretty Face” in a bumblebee-yellow Body Glove rash-top.

“She’s driving me crazy, but I’m into it / It’s getting crazy, I think I’m losing it”

Styles is experiencing the negative side effects of infatuation, which we call “One-Directioneritis”, named after the fans who too stepped blindly into the sinking sands of unwanted seduction.

“I think she said, ‘I’m having your baby. It’s none of your business”

At this point, either the woman is pulling ol’ Styles’ leg (classic surprise baby gag), or they’re playing a game of Chinese Whispers and Styles is so unbelievably pissed that he mishears, “I’m smashing your Baileys and one of your Guinness” because she’s a drink-stealer and a fucking tank.

“It’s New York, baby, always jacked up”

Styles, or maybe this woman, do drugs sometimes in New York (read: that one time in Auckland—you can’t hide from us when you call your song “Kiwi”, bro).

“Holland Tunnel for a nose, it’s always backed up”

Sounds a heck of a lot like someone’s snorting a lil bit of cocaine, if you ask us. Styles uses a clever metaphor here to describe the state of their noses and keep us off the scent of his true whereabouts (again, not very effective). He compares traffic jams in the Holland Tunnel—the highway tunnel that runs beneath the Hudson River between Manhattan and Jersey City, opened in 1927 and renamed in memory of the chief engineer, Clifford Milburn Holland, whose untimely death in 1924 meant he never saw the tunnel completed—to their blocked-up nasal cavities. We can only imagine their noses are bunged up like when you play that children’s party game where you stick your face in a mound of flour and pick Jaffas out with your teeth (just us?).

“When she’s alone, she goes home to a cactus”

Sometimes we go home to pricks as well. She ain’t nothin’ special, Styles.

“In a black dress, she’s such an actress”

We too feel like different people when we wear black dresses. One time, we both wore black dresses on the same day and immediately started taking turns re-enacting Samwise Gamgee’s speech at the end of *The Lord of the Rings: the Two Towers*.

“She sits beside me like a silhouette”

That’s probably because she’s wearing a black dress and pretending to be a silhouette, Captain Fucking Obvious.

“Hard candy dripping on me ‘til my feet are wet”

Styles and the mystery woman must be in a hot location, like the grimy portal into Hell that is Code. In her sweaty palm, outstretched over poor Styles’ Yves Saint Laurent heeled boots, is a cluster of an old person’s version of Eclipse mints—sticky Werther’s Originals, which she usually keeps in a little ziplock bag just in case she has to converse with an elderly person in a supermarket checkout line. She’s probably swivelling one round in her mouth, pretending like she has all gums and no teeth. *So seductive* (sung like 50 Cent in “Candy Shop” ayooo).

“And now she’s all over me, it’s like I paid for it”

At this point we think Styles may be insinuating that this woman is acting like a stripper. We have never known Chinese Whispers to descend so dramatically into this kind of comparison. It’s more likely the woman is conducting a frisk search, because she dreams of her fifteen minutes of fame on *Police Ten 7*.

“It’s like I paid for it, I’m gonna pay for this”

Stop insisting on paying this woman, Styles! It is not her intention, we’re sure. Let us tell you how plausible it is for a Kiwi woman to dream about being a cop. We have never missed an episode of *Dog Squad*, *Women in Blue*, *Police Ten 7* or *Motorway Patrol*. We understand you’re a kind chap, but this is not the time to be paying for something.

And there you have it. The rumours can be put to bed. When Styles returns to our shores in December, we suggest you keep your peepers open around Code. He’s a sly old dog, but dogs mark their territory and he’s sure to frequent this location again to piss or get pissed. ♦



Editwrite
Text Editing Service
www.editwrite.co.nz

Expert Editing and Proofreading of:
Essays, Theses, Research reports, Dissertations,
Proposals, Reviews, or any other academic writing.

Visit our website: www.editwrite.co.nz
email: editor@editwrite.co.nz
ph.: (021) 732-360 or (09) 521-1658

Approved proofreader: Auckland University School of
Graduate Studies



AUCKLAND UNI LOBBYING AGAINST GREEN PROPOSALS

BY ELOISE SIMS

Environmental group Generation Zero have claimed both Auckland Transport and the University of Auckland are lobbying against a proposal to create a new park in the inner city, apparently due to fears over the impact the park would have on bus lanes.

“Linear Park”, a project proposed by Generation Zero, Greater Auckland, and Bike Auckland, is a design to link Albert Park and Victoria Park via a green walkway and cycleway.

Leroy Beckett, Auckland Director of Generation Zero, said in speaking with *Craccum* that the proposal is “a key part of giving the city back to people.”

“Our CBD is dominated by roads and car parks designed to serve people in cars—but the number of people who drive to the city is dropping, and the number of people who bike, walk and take public transport is skyrocketing.”

“We need to redesign the city around the changing ways it’s being used, and encourage more of that positive change.”

While Linear Park has attracted some prominent backers, such as Mayor Phil Goff, recently the plans have been thrown into turmoil by Auckland Transport’s decision to open consultation on their Midtown bus route.

Greater Auckland claimed in a recent blog post that if Auckland Transport were to go with their preferred option out of the available bus routes (which enters via Wellesley Street and exits via Victoria

Street), Auckland Transport would “openly” defy the Council by making Linear Park “impossible” to construct.

Auckland Transport note on their website that such an option “will make it difficult to reduce the number of lanes on Victoria Street, as part of a planned future upgrade of Victoria Street” (referring to Linear Park), but still claim it is their first choice due to its “excellent access” opportunities.

According to Greater Auckland, senior leadership at the University of Auckland has caused Auckland Transport to “ditch” a second bus route option that would save Linear Park—having been lobbied by the University from behind the scenes since late 2013.

As part of a Local Government Official Information and Meeting Act request, six previously confidential letters between Auckland Transport and the University of Auckland have been made public.

In a 2013 letter obtained by *Craccum* through Greater Auckland, Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon voices his concern for a bus route proposal that would save Linear Park—claiming increased bus traffic on Wellesley Street would “significantly adversely impact our science research programme” due to the “sensitivity of the equipment involved e.g. to vibration.”

Professor Jennifer Dixon, the Deputy-Vice Chancellor, voices further con-

cerns in a letter dated November 2013, by insisting the University of Auckland was “not consulted” in Auckland Transport’s formulation of the proposals. In the letter, Dixon directly addresses the Linear Park proposal—claiming it would impose “unacceptable impacts on the other parts of the CBD.”

“It undermines the CCMP (City Centre Masterplan) to the Learning Quarter, and threatens major adverse impacts on our operations.”

Yet Generation Zero have called the claims “confusing”—particularly, as they have pointed out, a bus route option that is outbound on Wellesley Street (Option Two) would actually provide “the most direct route for students.”

In response, they have launched a campaign to save the proposed CBD Green Space, called #SaveLinearPark. In a matter of weeks, nearly 1700 Generation Zero members made submissions to Auckland Transport using an online form—so many, in fact, that Auckland Transport have said they will take 4–5 weeks to report on the feedback.

Beckett is delighted by the response, but warns both Generation Zero and students at the University of Auckland need to act now if Linear Park is to be saved.

“In 4–5 weeks, we will know if our efforts have worked.”

“[However], there is still a lot of work needed to save the park in the long term, even if we dodge this bullet.” ♦

TOP COUNTRIES FOR MIGRANT WORKERS CAUCASIAN— NZ HERALD DATA

BY MARK CASSON

Migrants from Asia have copped a lot of criticism in recent years, not only for travelling to New Zealand to work, but also for housing market price increases (despite a mere 2% of Chinese property investors buying houses in Auckland).

However, a *New Zealand Herald* investigation of immigration data has recently concluded that most immigrants with a working visa are not actually from Asia. According to the data, the top five migrant countries were the United Kingdom, Germany, the United States, South Africa and Australia.

Although Australians don't need a working visa to work in New Zealand, the United Kingdom and Germany made up a huge proportion of migrants with working visas—with 16.6% for the UK and 8.8% for Germany.

According to *The NZ Herald's* analysis, the number of migrant workers has increased significantly in the past 12 years. The study shows that in 2004, 16,787 working visas entered the country, whereas just last year, 41,576 working immigrants arrived in New Zealand.

The NZ Herald interviewed Massey University sociologist, Paul Spoonley,

who believed the gap in work visas was due to migrants from China and India tending to favour other visa options.

"They are more likely to transition to permanent residence through temporary work and study visa routes using options such as the transition to work provisions."

The question still stands on whether migrant workers are causing a problem within New Zealand's society.

With migrant workers travelling all the way from the UK, United States, Germany, South Africa and Australia, parties such as New Zealand First have begun to question if New Zealanders are losing their jobs to foreigners.

Yet University of Auckland student, Lovely Maralit, says migrant workers bring more benefits than harm to Aotearoa.

"I feel as though migrant workers do shed light on our society."

"They may be providing competition for students studying here within the working world, but employers wouldn't pick anyone out of the ordinary. Because they are from overseas, employers would select potential workers based on their experience and what they can offer."

"It doesn't bother me where they're from. New Zealand is an open country, and I believe we can benefit from working migrants."

Bruno Martis, an Indian migrant, agrees with Maralit that diversity is crucial to New Zealand's development.

"If migrant workers have the right skill and experience, companies in New Zealand can benefit a lot from it."

"They bring in a different culture, and ways of thinking, which can help improve things that can work for any company."

Martis is highly opposed to scaremongering anti-migration political rhetoric—as epitomised by Winston Peters' latest attack on the "immigrant reporters" working for *The NZ Herald*.

"In terms of migrant workers taking up jobs for recently graduated students, I don't think it's fair for them—but again, migrant workers are important to New Zealand as they contribute to the economy."

"There are still a lot of jobs out there, so I see no problem with migrant workers."

Migration is still certainly set to be a hot issue for this year's September elections, with both National and Labour promising cut-backs if elected. ♦

AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTY SLAMMED FOR "RACIST" ADVERT

BY MICHAEL CALDERWOOD

The Australian Labor Party's (ALP) new TV campaign ad—which promises to "employ Australians first" and features Labor Leader Bill Shorten standing next to a group of mainly white people—has been slammed as racist by critics.

Key Australian Senate crossbencher Derryn Hinch said the ad was stupid, telling *ABC Radio* that "the ad could [have been] for the Ku Klux Klan."

Shorten also received criticism from within his own party about the ad, which was set to air in marginal seats. Speaking to reporters in Canberra, frontbench Labor MP Anthony Albanese called the ad "a shocker".

"Anyone who sees it will know exactly what's wrong with it," Albanese said.

Despite being a member of the ALP National Executive, Albanese claimed that he "hadn't seen [the ad]" before it was shown. Many Labor MPs represent some of the most multicultural electorates in Australia.

Shorten responded to the criticism while speaking to reporters in Canberra, saying that he did not believe the ad was racist, but would seek a review of it.

"I am not in the business of making ads," Shorten told reporters.

"We have too many rorts in the visa system. I had a look at the final product and

I think we need more diversity and I will speak to the Labor Party about that."

Later, on Twitter, Shorten admitted the comments were a "fair cop".

"Some people have pointed out the lack of diversity in the ALP's video about local jobs... A bad oversight that won't happen again."

The advert was premiered on Channel Nine in early May, as part of the ALP's overall campaign to "Employ Australians First".

This is not the first time the Party has faced accusations of racism, after former Northern Victoria candidate, Imran Syed, lost his endorsement from the party due to his controversial social media posts in 2015. ♦

OTAGO UNI STUDENT CONVICTED OF UNDERAGE SEX OFFENCE

BY ELOISE SIMS

CONTENT WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSIONS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

A former University of Otago student has lost his bid to keep his name suppressed, after being convicted in February of procuring sex from a minor.

Dan William Benny, 26, paid \$50 to a thirteen-year-old girl for oral sex services on March 11th 2016. The offence occurred when Benny, then a high-school football coach and Law student at Otago, was getting money out of a South Dunedin ATM at 11:30pm.

The victim approached Benny and his male companion with her fourteen-year-old friend, “clearly drunk” and requesting money for food, according to High Court Justice Rachael Dunningham. After “some negotiation”, Benny agreed to pay \$50 for the minor to perform oral sex on him, which took place in a nearby car park.

In February, Judge Kevin Phillips sentenced Benny to three months’ community detention and 100 hours community work for the offence, which he accepted.

However, crucially, Phillips ruled Benny did not qualify for name suppression—a

decision that Benny then appealed in the High Court. Benny’s counsel, Campbell Savage, said he fought against Benny’s name being publicised out of fears it would negatively impact on his “career prospects”.

However, Justice Dunningham ruled that while the conviction would certainly “prompt surprise and inquiry from a future employer and client”, such a situation was not tantamount to extreme hardship—and therefore dismissed the appeal.

“With the passage of time, [the conviction and publicity] is likely to be overshadowed by his level of professional expertise,” Dunningham concluded.

The University of Auckland branch of Thursdays in Black, a student movement against sexual violence, have welcomed Benny’s sentencing—but say his case epitomises the common refrain that sexual offenders’ future careers will be “marred” by their convictions.

“In this case especially, the career prospects of Dan Benny are irrelevant,” Harriet Winn, Thursdays in Black spokesperson,

said in speaking with *Craccum*.

“He clearly committed an illegal act, which saw him taking sexual advantage of a child, and must be held accountable for this reprehensible action. There is no ambiguity surrounding this case.”

Winn also claimed Benny’s case raised serious questions as to how tertiary institutions respond to sexual assault—after details emerged that one of Benny’s professors wrote him a court affidavit calling him a “top student” with an “impressive academic record”.

“It is... necessary that influential institutions like universities who hold immense power show they, genuinely, have zero tolerance for sexual violence within student communities.”

“Thursdays In Black work towards a world without rape and violence, which we believe is possible by changing dialogue from a grassroots level.”

IF YOU FEEL PERSONALLY AFFECTED BY ANY OF THE CONTENT IN THIS PIECE, RESOURCES AND SUPPORT SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH THE THURSDAYS IN BLACK WEBSITE: [HTTP://WWW.THURSDAYSINBLACK.ORG.NZ/SUPPORTSERVICES](http://www.thursdaysinblack.org.nz/supportservices)

BILL ENGLISH: THE MAN RAN-WALKED AWAY WITH MY HEART

GINNY WOO OFFERS SOME THOUGHTS ON OUR PRIME MINISTER’S FRANKLY BIZARRE VLOGGING HABITS

Being Bill English must be tough. I mean, being a stand-in Prime Minister is no easy gig when your predecessor was a bad boy who disregarded copyright laws and let China drop fat stacks of cash on some extremely idyllic dairy farms.

Some might think that good ol’ Billy’s way of running the country bears little similarity to John Key’s. But the naysayers are likely operating with alternative facts—you’d have to be blind not to realise that Bill and John are equally mediocre in relating to the average public, and therefore equally ineffective.

Sure, the two have their differences. John Key had a much more flamboyant and metropolitan approach to appealing to Kiwis—he focused on big business relationships and trickle-down economics.

The jury is still out on whether Max Key is remembered as a campaign-ruiner, or some much-needed comic relief. John Key’s “doddering dad struggling with raising both his kids and the nation” schtick was fun to watch, if frustrating.

On the other hand, it seems as if English’s handlers have been counting on him having much more of a rustic appeal.

Forget the days of being shoulder-to-shoulder at parties with foreign property investors; Bill’s impassioned appeal to those in the heart of the nation has been equal parts sheep shearing and inoffensive [*News Editor’s note: very, very, very offensive—and I’m English*] Kiwi cuisine.

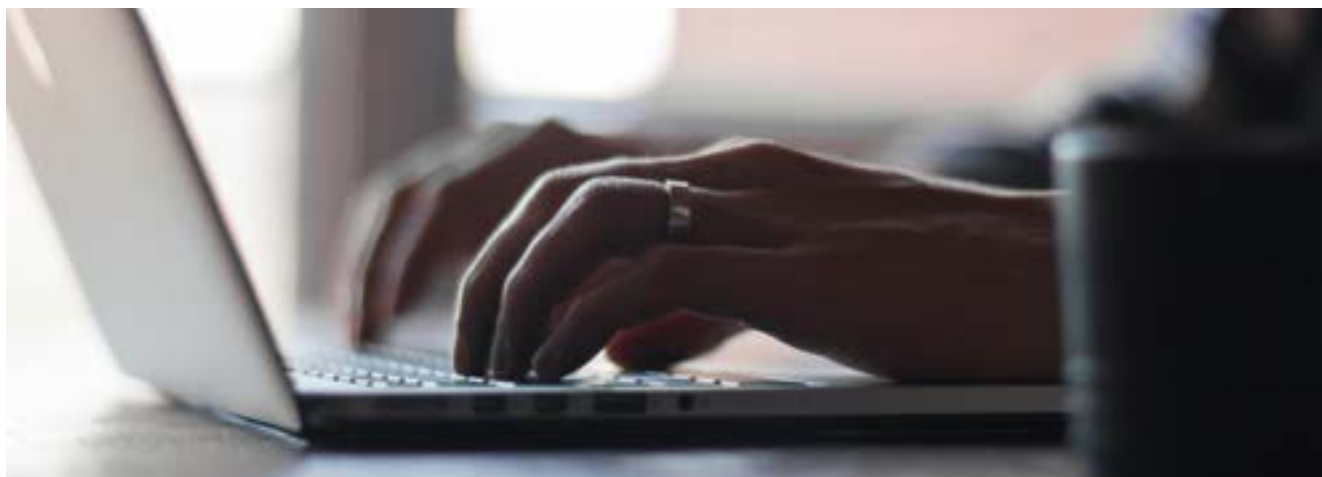
The latest of his good-natured attempts to endear the people to him has been to record (via video) his morning routine, like

some kind of Instagram influencer, but without the constructed charm.

The result? Bill English has owned up to being a “run-walker,” the sort of man who jogs lightly down small hills and pants convincingly enough to garner little sighs of sympathy from those forcing themselves to sit through his vlogs.

The sheep shearing was admittedly a little niche, but Bill being too unfit from months of cheap pints to make it up a slope is one that should strike at the heart of every Kiwi.

Whether this ministerial vlogging is going to make a difference to National in the polls remains to be seen, but at least we can all be momentarily comforted by the fact that running a half-marathon is as unattainable to Uncle Bill as it is to the average millennial. ♦



MINISTER SHUTS DOWN CALL FOR MENTAL HEALTH REVIEW

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD

Minister of Health, Dr Jonathan Coleman, has shut down political organisation ActionStation's recent appeals for a comprehensive review of mental health services in New Zealand.

ActionStation, which campaigns and fundraises on political issues, recently released the "People's Mental Health Report" on the state of mental healthcare in New Zealand. The report detailed the personal accounts of over 500 individuals who accessed mental health services or worked within mental health.

Of these, 464 accounts focused on challenges they had experienced receiving or providing care.

Following the report's release, over 12,800 people signed an open letter requesting for the Government review of mental health care. Dr Coleman claimed he did not want to discredit the voices that were within the report—however, insisted members of ActionStation were "left-wing anti-government protesters".

Dr Coleman also suggested ActionStation had a hidden agenda to change Government.

The report's author, Marianne Elliott, responded to the critique saying "we are pro-democracy, and we think in healthy democracies there is space for debate, critique and, yes, protest."

Director of Campaigns for ActionStation, Laura O'Connell Rapira, stated that the report's power lay in the fact that "it activates your empathy" for mental health patients. The report claimed that in February 2016, \$140 million was cut from the mental health budget.

However, Dr Coleman stated that this is not the case, and instead claims that mental health funding has risen by \$300 million under National's leadership.

A survey conducted in March of 6,000 employees in healthcare services found that nine in ten people working within the healthcare industry felt they did not have the staff or resources to provide New Zealanders with the healthcare that was necessary.

82% of the participants in the survey claimed the Government's current level of health funding was affecting their workload and work pressure.

Mental health teleservices such as Lifeline, a 24-hour suicide prevention helpline, and Youthline, a free counselling support service, faced serious government funding cutbacks in 2016.

This has resulted in these organisations relying more heavily on fundraising rather than government funding in order to keep their doors open—and nearly led to the Auckland branch of Lifeline closing entirely, if not for the work of an anonymous benefactor.

Currently, Lifeline does not receive any government funding, but continues to manage an average of 15,000 calls every month.

Since 2008 there has been a 60% rise in New Zealanders accessing mental health services. This is estimated to continue rising, with the World Health Organization stating that by 2020, depression will be the second leading cause of world disability.

Both Labour and Green parties are in support of ActionStation's proposal for a review, with Labour proposing a \$43 million increase in funding towards mental health services over a two-year period. ♦

DEVONCHÉ

Free tie and
pocket square
with \$349 suits.
www.devonche.com



NEW POLICIES, NEW LOOK—NEW LABOUR?

BY LAUREN WATSON

The Labour Party held its National Convention in Wellington last weekend where it discussed plenty of proposed policies, with a dash of banter and a whole lot of subtle shade at National.

Important new policy platforms include a mental health initiative put forward by Deputy Leader Jacinda Ardern, and the grant of \$2000 towards insulation coming from Labour Leader Andrew Little, off the back of him closing a speculation tax loophole.

These two initiatives—with their main appeal to young renters—were the clear focus of the conference.

Ardern explained her mental health initiative with emotional conviction, talking about her very close family friend who ended his own life.

"Behind every single entry in the suicide statistics lies not only a life lost, but a community shattered," she explained—citing that over the past nine years, the number

of mental health patients has increased by 60%. In comparison, the funding for these services has only increased by 18%.

As Ardern explained, Labour intends to invest \$40 million into increased access to counselling, increased interventionist powers for GPs, and the tag line, "A nurse [in] every secondary school". In current Government policy, nurses are currently only funded for decile 1–3 schools, and some "special" cases.

This initiative stands in clear contrast to National's previous reduction of \$1.7 billion of funding to the Health Budget, which Labour intends to reverse entirely.

While some have argued creating a greater need for nurses will create a staffing crisis, the New Zealand Nursing Association stated in a press release this year that many new nursing graduates are struggling to find a placement.

Young Labour has taken much credit for the Party's renewed focus on youth

mental health, with Young Labour President Matt van Wijk citing his "pride" in the new initiatives.

"Since 2013, youth mental health policy has been a stated priority of Young Labour. We have consistently pushed for increased support through the party conferences, and by lobbying MPs," van Wijk said in speaking with *Craccum*.

"That, along with strong caucus advocates and strong public support, is what has won this policy. We're proud to have consistently led the internal party debate."

New Zealand currently has the highest rate of youth suicide in the OECD, yet decreases in funding have meant mental health charities such as Youthline and Evolve are struggling to keep their doors open. If elected, Labour's mental health policies will not directly affect students at the University of Auckland, as new mental health programmes are likely to be rolled out directly into high schools themselves. ♦

WORLD NEWS WRAP

PATRICK NEWLAND TAKES US THROUGH WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED IN THE PAST FEW DAYS OF WORLD NEWS

"You're fired."

President Trump surprised many last week when he fired the controversial Director of the FBI, James Comey. Comey had been heavily criticised in the lead-up to last year's Presidential election, with many Democrats calling for his resignation over his handling of the Clinton email scandal.

Trump's decision was apparently based on recommendations made by Deputy Attorney General Rod Rosenstein, who explicitly called out Comey on his very public approach to the case—which was celebrated by the Trump campaign at the time.

Despite White House Press Secretary Sean Spicer insisting this was the key reason for Comey's dismissal, Trump himself later stated that he had already made up his mind to fire Comey before Rosenstein's recommendation.

There has been speculation that Comey's removal was in response to the FBI's

ongoing investigation into the Trump campaigns ties to the Russian Government. While there is no evidence to support this theory, the timing has been called suspicious—coming just days after Comey requested the White House for more resources into the investigation.

Back Up In The Air

Stock in United Airlines has hit a record 5-year-high, only months after a video of a passenger being forcefully removed from one of their aircraft went viral—causing the stock to go into free fall.

Investors interpreted this as a buying opportunity, however, as low fuel prices and a stronger US dollar have helped the carrier significantly improve its profit margins.

The stock has now corrected—and while the incident may have been seriously bad publicity for the airline, it has not af-

fected the value of the business.

Football

Chelsea Football Club has won the Premier League in one of this year's great sporting roller coasters. After winning the League in 2015, the club finished mid-table last year—only to finish back on top of England.

Last week also confirmed that Arsenal F.C. would fail to make the Champions League for the first time in over two decades. It is still unknown if Arsene Wenger, their coach of 21 years, will be back next year, with his contract up for renewal.

At the bottom end of the League, Middlesbrough's short time in the top flight appears to be over, along with Sunderland and Hull. *[News Editor's note: the indomitable Swansea City have also avoided relegation after a thrilling victory over Sunderland, which we can all be thankful for #uptheswans.] ♦*

**Struggling to pay
your bills?**

**Got a legal problem
e.g. Tenancy or
Employment?**

**Dissatisfied with
your course or
grades?**

We can help!

**Have a dispute
with a student or
staff member?**

**Facing a
disciplinary
meeting?**

**Having a
personal crisis?**

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

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

📍 Old Choral Hall (Alfred St Entrance) ✉ cityhub@ausa.org.nz ☎ 09 923 7299 🌐 www.ausa.org.nz





Winston Peters' policies are racist; so why are politicians so afraid to say it?

By Ginny W

Winston Peters' stance on public policy is racist. It's senseless to mince words here; anyone conveying his numerous (bordering on slanderous) remarks made about race, under the pretense of being hard on immigration, as anything other than racism is being wilfully ignorant about the reality of politics in New Zealand. I'd be willing to take the criticism down a notch to "racially biased", but that's just the more politically correct way to say that someone has openly shitty ideas about the intersection of race and government.

Whether or not you're a Winston supporter is immaterial. You probably remember the comments that he made just shy of a month ago insinuating that the ethnicity of reporters for *The New Zealand Herald* was grounds to discredit their work relating to immigration statistics. The gist of his accusations was that the fact-based article drawing on numbers from Statistics NZ was essentially propaganda because it posited that Asian migrants weren't the top concern for local jobs, and the reason for that conclusion was because the article was written by reporters of Asian descent.

Sure, everyone and their mother was quick to condemn Peters, but there was a damning lack of his critics telling it like it is. Dame Susan Devoy and Bill English made thinly-veiled comparisons between NZ First's head honcho and Trump, but they only went as far as labeling him "sensationalist". Mainstream reporting trumpeted the fact that Peters was out of touch, and that he was buying into the tried and true "Alternative Facts" method of discrediting his opponents in an election year. Winston Peters—your harmless, old-fashioned uncle. The fact that anti-Asian immigration sentiment had been a popular rallying cry for politicians across both the left and right spectrums made it even easier to dismiss Peters' diatribe as the knee-jerk reaction of someone whose biggest crime was being resistant to change. "He's just

doing what everyone else is doing. He's just pandering to what the New Zealand people want," has been the general attitude, and while I can see why that's the most convenient solution to come to, I have to ask: why?

Let's ignore the elephant in the room a.k.a the fact that the above statement only works if what Kiwis want is to foster uninformed and racist attitudes. There's a lot to unpack about that statement, but this is about Peters and why his political counterparts have found it so hard to decry his words as what they are—racist. Interviews with both the Labour Party and the Greens resulted in an incredibly forgettable pat on the wrist: Jacinda Ardern refused to comment when asked if Peters was a racist, and Metiria Turei barely let the R-word escape her mouth before asserting that Peters' attitude was hardly a deal-breaker. Turei is certain that the Greens are in Parliament because they're committed to working with people that they stand in ideological opposition to, but surely modern members of the party (like the admirably forward-thinking Chlöe Swarbrick) are tired of the low-hanging fruit of preying on racial tensions?

It's interesting that the Greens wouldn't welcome Donald Trump to our fair shores, but they seem more than happy to allow the populist attitudes that led to Trump's election to fester uncriticised. Yes, politics is about compromise, and the reality painted by Turei where everyone is all smiles despite their differences, is hardly one that is unreasonable or unrealistic. However, politicians have long thrown barbs at one another in the form of clandestine affairs and accusations of foreign bribes that have far more sticking power than the word "racist", and everyone's ended up back in bed with one another as soon as the status quo demanded it.

It's telling that ACT's David Seymour has had the clearest, verbal criticism of Peters—he called him an "old-fashioned racist", which is

both a pleasant surprise and an indictment all in one. ACT is the only party outside of the bland inoffensiveness of National's non-stance that has commented on the xenophobia that is rearing its head in New Zealand politics, and for once, this political outlier has taken the high road. Therein lies the problem, really: that the unpopular opinion in politics this year is one that is openly critical of populism, and that the parties with the largest proportional representation in Parliament are choosing not to speak up.

Refusing to hold Peters responsible for the evidently racist nature of his comments is symptomatic of a bigger problem with the attitudes and policies being marketed this election year. Yeah, the parties are happy to go through the motions and take the requisite jabs at one another on everything from Bill English's ill-fated spaghetti pizza monstrosity to discussions about minimum wage, but an openly criticised and objectively-maligned set of remarks from a politician framing his rhetoric in Trump's signature style has been largely met with radio silence. "He's just doing what everyone else is doing. He's just pandering to what the New Zealand people want," sounds a lot less convincing when the public backlash to Peters' commentary has been decisively fierce and principled.

I'm not going to tell anyone to throw the baby out with the bathwater. This isn't some sort of character assassination of Winston Peters. The man's had enough shit slung at him over the past few weeks, and maybe a little bit more selective shit-slinging is what our other politicians have to be on the receiving end of before they start choosing to bench policies on immigration that deal with absolutely none of the nuances of race. Hell, one of Ardern's responses to Peters being called racist was to say, "He knows what he's doing." What does it say about us New Zealanders when outward racism is seen as some sort of intelligent political manoeuvre? I'll tell you what, it's bloody embarrassing. ♦

The Birds & The Bees

Rebecca Hallas looks at our lacklustre approach to gender and sexuality in NZ schools

While here in New Zealand we've made great strides in our support of the Rainbow community and issues surrounding sex and consent, we still have a long way to go. In a 2014 report by the Greens regarding the experiences of Rainbow youth in schools, some of the findings were disturbing. It was found that education on gender and sexuality does not form a part of the core curriculum in high schools across New Zealand, and almost half of the principals surveyed were unwilling to address whether or not they were aware of homophobic bullying in their school. Furthermore, only 10% of principals responded affirmatively that their school had a support group for Rainbow students.

What can be done? While there is a clear need for implementation of mandatory education on gender and sexuality within all New Zealand schools, in the interim it looks as though it falls to volunteers in the community to keep fighting the good fight. This is where you, dear reader, can step in to help.

If you're interested in educating young people about issues of gender and sexuality, care about informing the younger generations, or just generally want to make a difference in the lives of teenagers across New Zealand, then joining Birds & Bees could be perfect for you.

ABOUT BIRDS & BEES

Bird & Bees is an organisation that provides sex and wellness education to high school students in Auckland. Their mission is to provide education about gender, sexuality, consent and healthy, loving relationships that is LGBTQ+ friendly and promotes diversity. Students who participate in their programme gain a deeper understanding of their own and others' sexual and gender identities. Their

programme challenges conventional dichotomies of gender and gives students the opportunity to analyse social norms critically. They talk to issues of consent and agency so that students are able to engage in healthy intimate relationships with others founded upon respect.

They aim to empower high school students to implement their own initiatives within their schools to ensure that every student feels valued and included. Their job is to coach the students in developing these initiatives and challenge them along the way. Their programme is delivered by university students who are fun and engaging and who understand the struggles teens are facing during this formative time in their lives. Ultimately, Birds & Bees aims to instil a sense of empathy so that every member of their community feels that they matter.

THEY WANT YOU!

Birds & Bees are seeking expressions of interest from anyone wanting to be involved in this team! What experience do you need? None! This group is perfect for you if you want:

- Students to celebrate diversity;
- To challenge rape culture;
- To instill in students the ability to critically analyse social norms;
- To help young men express themselves fully and challenge conventional ideas of what it is to be a man;
- To give back to your community; and/or
- To get some sweet cred on your CV!

If any of this sounds like you, please email Libby at libbyzandbergen@gmail.com ♦



CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

World Wide Fund for Nature New Zealand, or WWF New Zealand, is on a mission to stop the degradation of the planet's natural environment and to build a future in which people live in harmony with nature. This is achieved by working on the ground

with local communities, and in partnership with government and industry, using the best possible science to advocate change and effective conservation policy. To support them, check out their website: www.wwf.org.nz ♦

Upcoming Community Events

Guess who's back, back, back, back again? It's

AUSA Backbenches!

When: Monday 29th May, 5:30pm–8:30pm

Where: Shadows Bar

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: R18

Event info: "Run as part of AUSA Politics Week since 2012, AUSA Backbenches is a staple of the AUSA events calendar! Come to Shadows Bar to see some of your favourite MPs battle it out!"

More info at: www.facebook.com/AUSAStudents/

Unleash your inner Tarzan in an evening spent with

Dr Jane Goodall

When: Saturday 1st July, 6pm–9pm

Where: Logan Campbell Centre, 217 Greenlane Road West, Epsom

Price: \$59 student tickets!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: "When we ask ourselves 'what separates us from other animals?' we question both our differences and our similarities – a challenge to which the famed ethologist Dr Jane Goodall has devoted her life. In 2017, Dr Goodall tours New Zealand to help us revisit this eminent yet elusive question and how we can all transform hope for our planet into action that is positively impactful for all. This event will consist of a 20-minute lecture by Dr Goodall, followed by a 40-minute conversation between Dr Goodall and a special guest host, and an audience question and answer session."

Tickets available at: eventfinda.co.nz ♦

What's On

Sampha STUDIO THE VENUE

British singer-songwriter Sampha is playing at Studio The Venue this Wednesday 24th May. Making waves in the soul and electronic music world, Sampha's tunes are captivating, reflective and trance-inducing. Catch him before he makes it big.

Like Sex BASEMENT THEATRE

Exposed Theatre's *Like Sex* is an award-winning show—a crazy carousel that tears into the tropes of teenage sex and sexual politics in a witty and sharp manner. It runs from 24th May–3rd June, and tickets are available from iTicket. Check out our article in the Arts section for a promo code just for *Cracum* readers!

The Stolen Flowers of Auckland RAILWAY STREET STUDIOS

Artist J M Henderson's latest exhibition is showing at Railway Street Studios until June 6th. Each piece in the collection incorporates collaged flowers that have been picked and "borrowed" over the last three years. Admission is free, so get there!

Stir Fried IX VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Stray Theatre Company's annual short comedy festival is back with *Stir Fried IX*. With eight original plays written, acted and directed by students, this R18 show has everything—from musicals and puppets to toddlers and Trump (not mutually exclusive). This year *Stir Fried IX* is a travelling show: Kings Arms Wednesday 24th–Thursday 25th May, The Tuning Fork Friday 26th May, Shadows Saturday 27th May. Tickets are available through their FB page.

Tiki Taane Mahuta ASB THEATRE

In celebration of NZ Music Month, catch the amazing Tiki Taane Mahuta at ASB Theatre on Monday 29th May, combining aerial theatre, hip-hop and kapa haka, and award-winning music by Tiki Taane and Shapeshifter's Sam Trevethick. Tickets are \$50–\$60 for students. ♦

GUIDE TO...

Why K Rd is the Best Part of AKL

Most students have ventured up to K Rd at one point or another, but this diverse and multifaceted street has so much to offer that it's impossible to be taken in all at once.

Food: K Rd is home to many of our finest eateries. There are great cafés, from the quirky Revel to the trendy Bestie, and delicious lunch options (see: Fort Greene and Lord of the Fries). For those with a bigger budget, be sure to pay Coco's Cantina a visit for Italian food that'll knock ya socks off.

Fashion: K Rd is known for its vintage stores and while they may be on the expensive side, the selection is good. For seconds of contemporary brands hit up Paperbag Princess, the Red Cross and Thriftway. For true vintage, check out Vixen and The Bread and Butter Letter.

Nightlife: When the sun goes down, K Rd really comes to life. The street transforms at dark, with crowds milling on the footpath smoking, drinking

and just having a grand ole time. With a heap of bars to choose from and some simply fab clubs—Family Bar and Neck of the Woods, anyone?—you're bound to have a good night.

Architecture: Make sure you look up next time you stroll the street and take note of the beautiful pink and blue building on the corner of Pitt Street and K Rd. Saint Kevin's Arcade is another gorgeous addition, with tiled floors and huge windows looking over Myers Park. The more mod side offers the minimalist Ironbank. Take a peek inside this gem and discover a hidden garden.

Vibes: It's the vibe on K Rd that makes it the best. Just far away enough from the CBD to lose that sense of urgency and busyness, K Rd is relaxed and chill. It boasts a creative vibe, with art, music, tattooing and fashion being integral parts of the area. It's a place you can go to escape the bustle of Queen Street and be free of judgement and pressure. ♦

An Ode to the Turtleneck

By Olivia Chrisp

All rise for the honourable turtleneck, making its annual return as a wardrobe staple this winter. A favourite of art students and cold necks alike, it seems like the buzz around these long-necked loungers just won't let up. Time travellers in their own right, there is a turtleneck to be found in every era. They just didn't want to miss the party. Don't worry turtlenecks, I get FOMO too.

Gone are the days when turtlenecks were the staple of your grumpy Year 1 teacher who looked about 100 years old. Now you're more likely to see them warming the neck of an Elam grad, often paired with a set of well-worn Doc Martens. They're like something out of an Osh Kosh catalogue that we might've worn in the mid-90s. Enter the mustard yellows and millennial pinks to make us all look like the 5-year-olds we act like.

But there is another type of turtleneck floating around right now. One for the "minimalist" girl. Yeah—the one you see at your 8am lecture with an obscene heavenly glow around her. You know if you see that girl, wearing a thin black turtleneck, that she likely has an artisanal candle she burns on the reg, and can be found drinking prosecco mid-week in low-lit bistros. Her turtleneck is code for "Yeah, I'll peruse an art gallery with you, or perhaps you'll join me at this new boutique coffee shop", while autumn leaves fall in slow motion around her.

A casual flick through Instagram will reveal these turtleneck-wearing goddesses in their natural habitat, posing for polaroids in front of white walls. (While

you sit at home with spaghetti bolognese on your I Love Paris t-shirt from 2008.) The bonus for us lazybones out there is that the turtleneck of 2017 is understated, everything about it says STOP APPLYING THAT FOUNDATION AND JUST WALK OUT THE DOOR, YOU FOOL. However, the actual achievability of that laidback look is up for debate.

Fair warning to those potential turtleneckers out there wanting to dip your feet into the promised land, stay well clear of the trap laid by a brilliant yet fashionably lacking Steve Jobs. A turtleneck and baggy jeans does not a perfect couple make. Other honourable turtleneck mentions go to Rick Astley in his "Never Gonna Give You Up" vid—a black turtleneck with a trench coat, looking only slightly like you might find him in a dark alley saying "Hey, do ya wanna buy a watch?" Iconic. Nor can we forget Ron Burgundy who famously brought us to the joys of rich mahogany so now you too can feel like a "big deal" whilst repping your turtleneck this winter.

A rare gift from the fashion gods, it is an item that is both practical and stylish. With endless possibilities for actual warmth and the successful elimination of scarves from any outfit (which are the widely accepted nemesis of this weird Auckland humidity). THANKS, TURTLENECKS. We'll try and do ya proud. ♦

Lifestyle Editor's note: Additional turtleneck pro—has the word "turtle" in it.

Editor's note: May we not forget Colin Firth's gloriously chunky turtleneck in Love Actually. We would like to bury our faces in it.

CAFÉ REVIEW Misters

12 WYNDHAM ST

By Nikki Addison

If you're into organic, free range wholefoods, you're going to love Misters. Tucked away from the madness of Queen Street, Misters is a lovely place to enjoy a healthy breakfast or lunch and grab a quick snack. The café itself is beautifully decorated, with exposed brick walls, polished wooden floors and an entire wall of plants (YAAAS). The service is friendly and professional, the coffee delicious and organic, and the range of house-made juices and smoothies to die for.

The food doesn't disappoint, either. Based around a series of "bowls", Misters' menu allows for a lot of variety. Eaters can choose from five different bowls—at the moment Lebanese, Italian, Mexican, Japanese and Lao, though they change seasonally—which all contain a delicious assortment of fresh, nutritious ingredients. You

then have the option to add meat, tofu and other accompaniments, as well as choose from a range of scrumptious sides. I chose the Lebanese bowl with chickpea and herb falafel, and it was 10/10. The bowls might seem expensive—\$15.90 each—but they are big, and can be taken away thanks to their compostable containers.

All of the bowls have a vegan option, and a good vegan option at that—no token single item to appease vegos here. Additionally, the cabinet is full of raw sweet treats, most of which are vegan too. I sampled a raw mint chocolate slice, which was divine.

If you're looking for somewhere that has healthy, unique meals and isn't too far from campus, definitely give Misters a try. You'll be a regular in no time. ♦



A Simple Veggie Stir-Fry

In honour of Stray Theatre Company's annual *Stir Fried* comedy show, we're going back to basics with a quick and easy stir fry recipe. A stir fry is the essential student meal and perfect for all those only just braving the kitchen. Healthy, fast and delicious this recipe should be one of the staples of a student diet—and it has far more nutritional value than a simple pack of two-minute noodles.

If you want to add meat, double check instructions online, but generally you should cook the meat first and set it aside before cooking all the vegetables. Then you return the meat to the wok, and throw it all together.

The vegetables for this meal can be prepared and refrigerated for 24 hours, before chucking them in the wok and stirring them up for a no-hassle, end-of-day meal. Similarly, stir-fry can be saved for the next day's meal.

Ingredients

2 tbsps sunflower oil (you can also use rice bran, canola or olive oil)
40g peanuts or cashews
4 spring onions, diced
1 carrot, cut into small sticks
1 red pepper, cut into sticks

1 green or yellow pepper, cut into sticks
100g baby sweetcorn, cut into halves
1 piece of ginger, grated and peeled
2 tbsps hoisin sauce
2 tbsps soy sauce

Method

1. Heat a wok on high heat and add the oil.
2. Take the onions, ginger, garlic and stir for one minute, before turning down the heat. (Don't burn/brown the vegetables.)
3. Add carrot, red pepper, nuts and baby sweetcorn and stir-fry for around five minutes.
4. Whilst the ingredients are cooking, toss them in the pan—moving them around with a wooden spatula. Don't clutter up the wok, and chase the ingredients around the pan—always moving.
5. Add the hoisin, soy sauce and 1 tablespoon of water and cook over a high heat for a couple more minutes. It may be earlier, simply check to see that the vegetables are cooked, but aren't too soft.
6. You can experiment with the liquids and include other sauces and flavourings, such as sweet chilli sauce or even lime juice.
7. Pair your stir-fry with rice or noodles (even the two-minute kind), or eat it by itself. Enjoy! ♦

Top 5... Local Musicians to Embrace

Sal Valentine and the Babyshakes

SALVALENTINEANDTHEBABYSHAKES.COM

You have to see a live show to understand just how talented these guys are and experience the raucous energy their performances create. A ten-piece jazz band with a committed 1940s aesthetic, Sal Valentine and the Babyshakes will transport you to another time and place.

Raiza Biza

RAIZABIZA.COM

Rwandan-born rapper Raiza Biza blends introspective lyrics with soulful music to create one damn fine sound. He made waves in the underground rap scene with his early single "Pyramid", and is keeping that shit up with the more recent pearler "Dream Something".

The Gramophone Band

THEGRAMOPHONEBAND.COM

Ever wish you were born in the Roaring Twenties? The Gramophone Band are like something straight out of Fitzgerald's decadently described decade, with a sultry blend of swing, ragtime and jazz.

The Miltones

THEMILTONES.COM

For a foot-stomping good time, check out The Miltones. A mixture of Americana, blues and Seventies rock, their music is fresh, invigorating and authentic. Led by the gutsy vocals of frontwoman Milly Tabak, these guys will bless the ears of Fleetwood Mac, Ryan Adams and Neil Young fans.

David Dallas

DAVIDDALLAS.CO.NZ

Former UoA student David Dallas has been a key player in the NZ music scene for about ten years now. With the recent release of his fourth album, he deserves a fresh listen. If you loved his old stuff, mellow hip-hop tune "This Is It" will have your head nodding in no time. ♦



YELLOW PERIL, YELLOW FEVER

Helen Yeung and Wen-Juenn Lee have a chat about what it means to be an Asian woman in New Zealand, both past and present

Helen: Hey WJ, one of the perks of growing up as a woman of colour in New Zealand is the number of conversations we're able to have whenever it comes to stuff like racism and sexism right?

Wen-Juenn: Yup, people can't get enough of being honest about racism and sexism. That's New Zealand politics for you, definitely not sensationalising race or immigration!

H: It's so frustrating! I mean, it's obvious that these problems are huge in this day and age. And like you said—look at the state of New Zealand's politics right now. Everyone wants to talk about people of colour, but none of the coverage is positive. It sucks. That's why I think it's really important to uplift the voices of women of colour right now, and to be honest, it's great that you're here chatting to me about this topic.

WJ: Yeah, I second that! I guess to start things off, I think it's easy for others to treat my experiences as an Asian woman in New Zealand as these small, isolated incidents. "Maybe it wasn't race," people say. "Maybe it wasn't gender." But when I compare my experiences to yours, it's cool to see that our experiences as Asian wom-

en are both familiar and different. It's clear that they're part of a bigger narrative of the fetishisation of Asian women, a fetishisation that is often laughed off and dismissed, but which affects you, me, and other Asian women today. This brings us to the burning question, I guess: what were your experiences as an Asian girl like growing up in New Zealand?

H: So, when I was 14 and hopelessly crushing on a boy that skateboarded on weekends, my teenage girl heart was obviously shredded into a million pieces when I heard him say to a friend, "Asian girls are ugly as fuck, I'd never date someone Chinese." When I was 18 and made the decision that I was into long-haired boys that, mind you, probably showered once a week (which I totally regret) his friend told me, "He only likes you because he has yellow fever." I mean these polarising comments probably have little shock value to some people, but they were definitely defining experiences for me when I was going to a predominantly white high school on the Shore.

It was already bad enough that I was being treated like the holy reincarnation of Knives Chau from *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*. That 2010 cult favourite every "alternative" kid was into? (For those of you following our conver-

sation that are unfamiliar, Knives was a Canadian-Chinese Catholic high school student who was so unbelievably innocent, passive and desperate that she did anything for her love interest. Who, surprise surprise, was a white male of course.)

WJ: Innocent, passive and desperate—I think that's accurate. I guess that's also where the intersection of race and gender come in? Women are seen as passive, but Asian women are especially passive. I was waiting at the crossing one day when an older man came up to me and asked, "Do you want to come back to my house? It's just across the road." Of course, this operated on the basic level of a man's skewed sense of entitlement to a woman, in the same way a man would catcall—"It's just a compliment!" But I also think it operated on the level of what kind of woman I represented to him, a woman that was subservient, passive, and sexually adventurous. Would he have asked someone that looked like him, someone that looked like his sister or mother?

A few years ago, my mother came back from a tramp in the Marlborough Sounds. I asked her how the walk was, and instead, she told me that an elderly man patted her, and her Japanese friend's head. "It was weird," she said. "I

"Look at the state of New Zealand's politics right now. Everyone wants to talk about people of colour, but none of the coverage is positive."

don't think he would have done it to a Pākehā woman. He kept on patting my head, and saying how lovely I was. I'm a fully grown woman for goodness' sake." The indignancy, the anger; this was something I could identify with. East Asian women are lovely, and cute, and passive, and kawaii. My mother can be patted at, I can be propositioned on the street; I think the stereotypes, both gendered and racialised, have a strong influence on how people perceive and treat Asian women.

H: You're totally right about this, I've seen many grown East Asian women being treated as "passive objects". When my mother used to be a volunteer helper for my primary school trips, even the younger kids treated her differently—they would come back to me and make fun of the way my mother talked, all in all they just never took her seriously as they would to a white woman. It's crazy how these racial stereotypes are perpetuated by children at such a young age. I mean, I know a lot of people think that these stereotypes aren't as relevant anymore, but really they've infiltrated all parts of New Zealand society. Which is really the reason I decided to publish this conversation in *Craccum*.

Anyway, fast forwarding to 2017 where I've moved on from the traumatising encounters

I experienced as a teen. I'm scrolling through Facebook one night and I see a swarm of white boys I used to go to school with not only liking pages like "Aesthetically Pleasing Asian Girls" and "I'm dead inside and I like Asian girls", but tagging a bunch of random Asian girls in them. You know, it really took me back to a time where I was extremely afraid of being alienated and never had the confidence to bring up in conversation how I felt towards this issue—the fetishisation of East Asian women, and women of colour in general. This time I knew I had to speak up about it! But I was super disappointed really, because all I was welcomed with were multiple comments that could easily pass off as verbal harassment, plus being slammed with the fact that I shouldn't be the spokeswoman for all Asian women. So there I was again, brought back to a time where I felt belittled and invisible. Did you have similar experiences growing up?

WJ: It's interesting that you bring up personal experiences in which being an East Asian woman had made you feel both undesirable and fetishised in different instances. I feel the same way. When I was in Christchurch, my crush, in all his seven years of masculinity, asked me, "Why do your people eat dogs?" Of course, this isn't the same as someone telling you that Asian girls are ugly as fuck, but it's reminding you that you are different, that someone—and even worse, that someone you admire—sees you first and foremost for your race, for what your race means (Chinese barbarians who eat dogs? I have no idea), for your representation of a group of people, and not for your individual worth as a person. While I had learnt to know him, and grown to like his charisma—potent at age seven—and his intelligence (Spelling Bee champ); what did he see when he looked at me?

When I was older, my friends told me a boy liked me. And I thought it was funny, and I probably felt flattered, but then they

said, "It's because he's into Asian girls," and I didn't feel so flattered anymore. It wasn't that he liked my humour, or my taste in corduroy; it was the fact that I was Asian, that I represented to him his wildest, anime dreams. Southeast Asian women are objects of desire or disgust. We are objects to be looked at, to be critiqued; to be seen primarily for our race, and what that race represents.

H: So true! I mean a lot of people perceive categories of race, ethnicity, gender and sexuality in distinct groups, when in reality these markers are always intersecting and playing a part in our personal experiences. I got to a point in high school where I just stopped dating anyone because I constantly felt like I was devalued and objectified as this hypersexualised, fragile "oriental" doll.

WJ: We are either hyper-sexualised, or completely sexless. There is no in-between. My sexuality, your sexuality, a woman of colour's sexuality is inextricably tied up with race in a way that cannot be undone. Many people think that the fetishisation of Asian girls is a compliment—it's just a matter of preference, as pages like "Aesthetically Pleasing Asian Girls" probably claim. But fetish and undesirability are two sides of the same coin. What were people's responses when you decided to speak up against the Facebook page?

H: The response to my Facebook status was better than I imagined to be honest. I received a lot of support from my friends and people around the Auckland community, which I'm so grateful for! Putting that aside though, it made me think how good it would have been if I had this kind of support in high school; if schools actually made an effort to address how dangerous these two words were in the everyday lives of East Asian girls—yellow fever. I remember how commonly this term was used by students back in high school. If any boy liked an Asian girl, it was yellow fever, obviously. Honestly, teachers were lurking around 8/10 times during these conversations yet they did nothing to put an end to it. I think we need to stop normalising this idea in society. I mean can someone tell me what's so appealing about using a term which compares the obsession

"It wasn't that he liked my humour, or my taste in corduroy; it was the fact that I was Asian, that I represented to him his wildest, anime dreams."



men have with Asian women to a viral disease carried by mosquitos?

On top of all the responses, I noticed lots of people had the misconception that fetishising East Asian women was something based on “natural attraction” and having a “preference”. Which is completely not true—as if all of this appeared out of thin air! People should realise that this racial fetish is built entirely on a colonial sense of entitlement. It’s like an East meets West narrative where the woman is always seen as an “oriental mystique”, so gross. We’re practically reduced to stereotypes. Tiny almond eyes, petite figures, long black hair, drinks green tea, you name it.

WJ: Exactly—it’s not a preference and it’s not a compliment when it comes from a long history of the Orientalisation of the East by the West. We are products of white male fantasies that have no bearing on reality. Your comment about yellow fever reminds me of something I heard the other day. Someone said, “I have jungle fever.” And it’s not the same thing, I understand, but it’s the idea that people of colour are fetishised; the myth of the black and potent male body (it’s just jungle fever!) and the passive Asian female body stem from the sexual demonisation of the “other”. You don’t get a “preference” for white people because that’s the hegemonic norm—it just remains unnamed and invisible.

H: While looking up some articles last week, I actually came across this stand-up on Comedy Central with Amy Schumer. The description being “Amy Schumer explains why she can’t compete with an Asian chick”. She lists reasons like they’re good at maths, they have silkier hair and I’m like, okay I’ve heard this before. But what came next was quite uncalled for. Not only commenting on how Asian women cover their mouths modestly when they laugh “because they know men hate when women speak”, she talks about how they “bring it home for the win” with the “smallest vaginas in the game”. Well, then again, I guess there’s no surprise that something like that

can come out of her mouth. You know what, I sleep better at night knowing my vagina did its part in the world by elevating a racist, white woman’s career as a comedian. Thank you, Amy Schumer, for using people of colour as stepping stones to your fame.

WJ: And she’s lauded as a feminist icon! It’s insane. It’s like Lena Dunham, who wrote about her visit to Japan in a super Orientalist essay called “Sayonara”. One thing I remembered was how she described a Japanese girl with her “hands like paper cranes.” Nice. We’re so delicate and fragile. And we have tight vaginas! It’s comments like these that are harmful to an Asian woman’s perception of herself, and to people’s perceptions of her. We’re never well-rounded, complex or contradictory characters. We’re simplified to exotic tropes, to a fantasy of subservience and passiveness that Lena Dunham and Amy Schumer perpetuate. The danger of this single story, to paraphrase Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie’s Ted Talk (she is my idol), is that stereotypes are not only incorrect, but incomplete.

H: I’m actually in the midst of reading her book *Americanah* right now, Chimamanda is such an inspirational writer! Getting back to what you were saying, Asian girls practically have little to non-existing roles in popular American culture. We’re supposedly in this “feminist” era of TV where breakthrough shows like Lena Dunham’s *Girls* or last year’s release of the final season of *Gilmore Girls*, are meant to provide strong, empowering voices for women. As much as I support the increasing representation of women in the media, it’s sad to say that both shows offer barely any empowerment for women of colour. They practically feature an all white cast! Safe to say both shows offer a menial representation to women like us; we’re ditzzy personal assistants, the maid that doesn’t speak English, the obedient girlfriend or we’re some “ethnic mystique”. Just like how you mentioned before, we’re packed into a single narrative and made into two-dimensional characters.

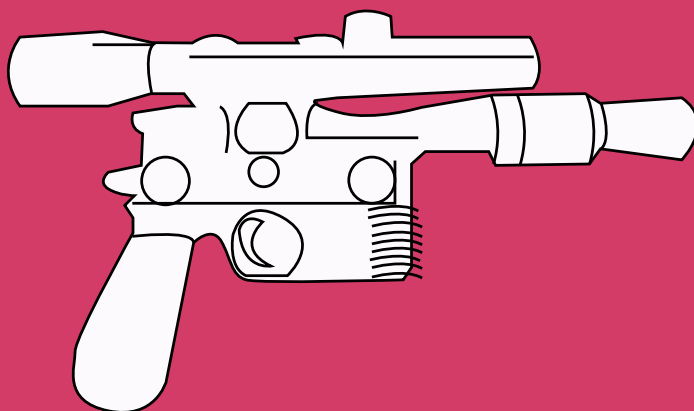
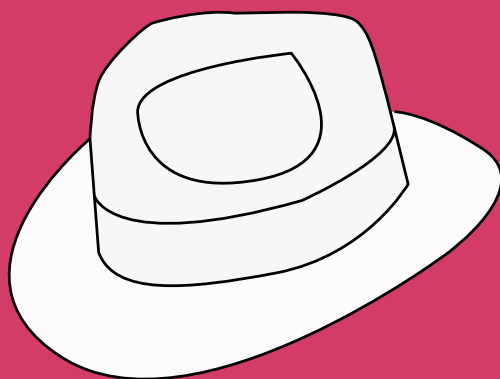
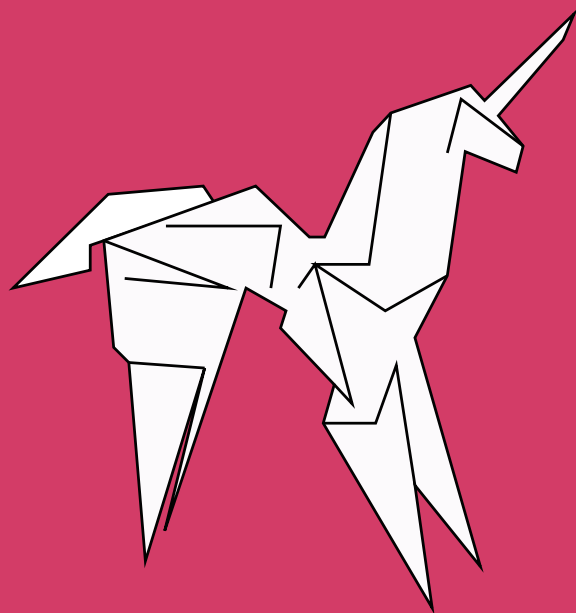
WJ: You never hear about the dreams, the desires and the downfalls of a “token” Asian female character. She’s just the stressed and anxious nerd like Jill “Mouse” Chen in *The Carrie Diaries*, or *Glee*’s Tina Chang, who is afforded little to no solo performance, or plot to the same level of intricacy that is offered to the other main characters. What popular culture is teaching me is that I am a background character. I will never have the same complex story as my other friends; my story is limited to the appreciation and fetishisation of the colour of my skin, and for what it represents to Western, male fantasies and desires.

H: Exactly what you say, it’s like the colour of my skin, my body and my facial features define me as a whole. Being racially fetishised is dehumanising and degrading not only to us East Asian women but all women of colour! It’s crazy that we can be reduced down to a visually pleasing aesthetic or even a single ironic meme. I hope there’ll be more open conversations in future about these issues, especially in schools. Because I’m not going to lie, being labeled as a “submissive, oriental doll” for the majority of my teens really made me doubt my self worth for the longest time. To all the people out there who have said to me “Fuck, you’re annoying”—fuck, I’m hardly annoying for finally having the courage to speak out about my identity. I hope all women of colour in future can feel safe speaking about similar issues and feel empowered to reclaim their identities! ♦



Simply login to www.cityhop.co.nz
join up and enter in the code
AUSA2017 to receive \$10.00 off
the sign up price.





AVOIDING THE GLITTERATI

Nikki Addison on Harrison Ford's hearty and ongoing career

Harrison Ford is 74 years old. 74 years old and still acting, still flying planes and—dare I say—still looking rather handsome. Ford's career as an actor and producer has spanned over five decades, beginning with his first uncredited role in the 1966 film *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round*. He is now one of the most respected actors in Hollywood and one of the finest of his generation. In 1997 Ford was ranked number one in *Empire* magazine's "Top 100 Movie Stars of All Time" list, and in 2016 he was named the highest-grossing actor in American box office history. Harrison Ford, people. He's not just a once-great actor now deemed irrelevant as so many are. Far from it. Ford is a legend, proving that a love and talent for the art can lead to a long and healthy career. He also shows that it's possible to circumvent becoming mere Hollywood glitterati (a.k.a. being famous only because you are rich and/or attractive) by upholding his career and maintaining dignity as an actor. On top of all this, Ford seems to be just a grounded, upstanding human. Without further adieu, I look at his admirable life from past to present.

Ford was born in Chicago and became involved in the Boy Scouts of America from a young age. Achieving the organisations' Life Scout ranking, he laid the foundation for a "do it yourself" attitude and passion for the outdoors. In high school, Ford's interest in the media grew as he became the first student to broadcast on the radio system. It wasn't until he took a drama class in his final year of a Philosophy degree (sideline: smart) at Rippon College, however, that Ford realised he had a natural talent for acting. The reason he took a drama class? To overcome shyness. Oh bless.

After college, Ford moved to Los Angeles and got a job playing uncredited bit parts in films for Columbia Pictures (bit parts involve interaction with lead actors and less than five lines of dialogue). He struggled to find bigger

acting roles because he displeased the producer after playing a bellboy. When the producer instructed him to perform his bellboy duties like a movie star, Ford said he felt he should perform them like a bellboy. This is just one small example of Ford being badass and sticking to his guns.

In 1967 Ford finally received a credited acting role in the western film *A Time for Killing*. Signing a contract with Universal Studios, he appeared in several television roles and films into the 1970s. Still dissatisfied with the roles he was receiving, Ford trained himself to become a professional carpenter so he could provide for his wife and two children. During his time as a carpenter, he worked for various celebrities and even became a stagehand for blues-rock band The Doors (again, badass).

Thanks to the attention of producer Fred Roos, Ford managed to obtain an audition with George Lucas for the 1973 film *American Graffiti*. Lucas took a liking to Ford and hired him to play the part of drag racer Bob Falfa, forging a relationship that would greatly influence Ford's acting career. Keeping up his "stick to your guns" attitude, Ford only agreed to the role on the condition that he wouldn't have to cut his hair to the flattop style outlined in the script. After some discussion, Lucas allowed Ford to wear a Stetson, which became his character's trademark feature. A coming-of-age film focusing on the antics of post-World War II baby boomers in the Sixties, *American Graffiti* follows a group of senior-year teenagers over one night as they cruise around their local town. The film was a box office success and garnered broad critical acclaim, receiving an Academy Award nomination for Best Picture. Writing for the *Chicago Sun Times*, film critic Roger Ebert called the film "a brilliant work of historical fiction", stating that "no sociological treatise could duplicate the movie's success in remembering exactly how it was to be alive at

that cultural instant."

Ford's connection to Lucas led to the role which made him a superstar: the sexy, arrogant smuggler-slash-pilot Han Solo in *Star Wars* (1977). Shockingly, Ford was never actually supposed to play Han Solo—Lucas hired him to read lines for actors auditioning for the part, but ended up liking his readings so much he cast him in the role (praise Jesus). Ford played the anti-hero perfectly, proving that underneath his independent, tough-guy exterior—"I take orders from just one person: me"—he really did care for his new friends. Ford won the hearts of people all over the world with his deep voice, classic good looks and patronising "Kids", and the film solidified his face and name in the acting world, giving his career the recognition it deserved.

Having witnessed Ford in *Star Wars*, director Francis Ford Coppola gave him a small part in his seminal film *Apocalypse Now* (1979). The war epic is notorious for the various issues it encountered during production, including sets being destroyed by extreme weather and lead actor Martin Sheen suffering a severe heart attack. Despite the problems it faced, *Apocalypse Now* is commonly regarded as one of the greatest films of all time. It was nominated for Best Picture at the Academy Awards and Golden Globes, and was awarded the seventh place on *Empire* magazine's "500 Greatest Movies of All Time" list (FYI, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* made number two—but I'll get to that later). Set during the Vietnam War, it follows Sheen's character Captain Willard as he embarks on a mission to assassinate renegade soldier Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando). Ford plays Colonel Lucas, a member of the military intelligence who gives Willard his orders. While the role is minor in comparison to Sheen's, it showed that Ford could hold his own among A-grade actors and established him as more than a one-hit-wonder.

After *Apocalypse Now*, Ford returned to his role as Han Solo in the sequel *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980). Like its predecessor, the film was a box office smash. A year later, Ford starred as archaeologist and professor Indiana Jones in Lucas' epic creation *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981), directed by Steven Spielberg. Indy is the ultimate hero: gorgeous, intelligent, witty and a great fighter. He can ride horses, uncover ancient artefacts, stand up to Nazis and enrapture a class of college students all in a day's work. Such talent. Ford's portrayal of Indy saw the character become one of the most famous and beloved film heroes in history. With his signature leather jacket, fedora and bullwhip, completely rational fear of snakes and great lines: "It's not the years, honey. It's the mileage", it's no surprise that in 2003 the American Film Institute named him the second greatest hero of all time (after Atticus Finch in *To Kill a Mockingbird*). While *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is my personal favourite of the original trilogy, follow-up films *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (1984) and *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (1989) are definitely worth watching. Because, Harrison Ford.

In 2008 a fourth film was added to the franchise. *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* focuses on a much-older (but still fabulous) Indy and his archaeological explorations during the Cold War. What could have been a potentially disastrous addition is actually an enjoyable and exciting watch. Known for doing most of his own stunts, Ford didn't disappoint, showing that, at 65, he's still got it. In 2016 it was officially revealed that a fifth *Indiana Jones* film is in the works, due to be released in 2019. Ford is set to return as Indy, which will put him at the ripe old age of 77 upon the premiere. But who else could play Indy? Just Ford, people. Just Ford.

A year on from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* saw Ford play another iconic character in Ridley Scott's sci-fi hit *Blade Runner* (1982). Set in a dystopic future, *Blade Runner* follows Rick Deckard (Ford), a special police operative known as a blade runner, who is tasked with hunting down rogue replicants (manufactured robots banned from Earth after being deemed dangerous). Ford is perfect as Deckard: weary, focused and uninterested in the grimy, futuristic world around him. The film is complex and cinematographically stunning, earning it a name as one of the best sci-fi films ever made. A sequel, *Blade Runner 2049*, is due to be released later this year with Ford reprising his role as Deckard and Ryan Gosling taking the lead as LAPD Officer K. Gosling and Ford... who could image a better pair? This is one to watch out for.

After *Blade Runner*, Ford starred in the third instalment of the *Star Wars* franchise, *Return of the Jedi* (1983). Two years later, he played the lead role of Detective John Book in the successful 1985 crime thriller *Witness*, and in 1997 he starred as the President of the United States in hit action film *Air Force One*.

As his career progressed, Ford continued to star in a number of films. Taking a look at his work in recent years, it's clear that his age hasn't slowed him down at all. In 2011 he starred in sci-fi western (yes, that's a thing now) *Cowboys and Aliens*, and in 2013 he played the baseball team executive who signed Jackie Robinson in *42*. The following year, he had a small role in Sylvester Stallone's "gun fun" film *Expendables 3*. In 2015, he returned as Han Solo for *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*, and also appeared in romantic drama *Age of Adaline* (let's just mention the actor who plays young Harrison Ford in this movie—a truly uncanny resemblance).

With a host of films under his belt and more in the works, it is evident that Ford is an actor who is here to stay. We can still talk about him in the present-tense. Rather than saying Ford was a legend, as we say about so many older actors, we can say Ford is a legend. And he isn't just still acting—he's still killing it. As well as the old actors who are remembered for their great roles but deemed irrelevant in modern Hollywood, there are those who continue to act, but in bad parts in bad films. Ford has managed to escape both labels by choosing a range of roles, from intentionally silly (*Expendables 3*) to serious and complex (*Age of Adaline*). He won't just be remembered for portraying Han Solo and Indiana Jones, but for acting—and acting well—as long as his health allows him to. It is this drive to continue showcasing his expertise as an actor that has enhanced the longevity of Ford's career and garners him so much respect. He could easily live comfortably for the rest of his days without acting, yet chooses to continue doing so. That is true passion, and that is admirable. In the scheme of aging actors, Ford, along with other greats like Morgan Freeman, Anthony Hopkins and Robert De Niro, holds his head high.

Ford's personal life also deserves recognition, because not only is he an incredible actor, he is an incredible person too. As mentioned earlier, Ford flies planes. As in, currently still flies planes. He began training in the 60s and is a licenced pilot of both helicopters and airplanes. Ford owns several planes and has provided rescue aircraft on numerous occasions during his duty time with the Teton County Search and Rescue and at his personal ranch and nature reserve in Wyoming when hikers became lost or dehydrated. Yes, he's also a re-

al-life hero. In 2004, he became chairman of the Young Eagles, a programme created to provide children with flight experiences and aviation education. The programme is funded by volunteers and has flown more than two million children. Ford did have a frightening crash in 2015 when his plane suffered engine failure, but thankfully came out of it with only a broken ankle and pelvis. Earlier this year, he also landed on a runway in California, jokingly admitting his mistake: "I'm the schmuck who landed on the taxiway".

As well as flying, Ford is a philanthropist (again, bless). He is the Vice-Chair of non-profit environmental organisation Conservation International, whose goal is to protect nature, and a spokesperson for non-profit group Restore Hetch Hetchy, which is committed to rehabilitating Yosemite National Park's Hetch Hetchy valley to its original condition. He has publicly encouraged involvement in EarthShare, an association of American environmental and conservation organisations, for over two decades. Ford also serves as a trustee on the Governing Board of the Archaeological Institute of America, supporting professional archaeologists and increasing public awareness of the importance of archaeology.

On top of all that, Ford is a lifelong Democrat, claiming that he and his brother were raised "to be liberals of every stripe". He publicly criticised the Iraq War in 2003, telling the Australian Associated Press that "I don't think military intervention is the correct solution. I regret what we as a country have done so far." In 2015, Ford called out Donald Trump, responding to the presidential candidate's comment that he loves Ford in *Air Force One*. "He stood up for his country," Trump told the New York Times. "Donald, it was a movie," Ford said in an interview with Studio 10. "It's not like that in real life. But how would you know?" Yes, Ford. Yes.

It's rare to not have a celebrity pussyfoot around their stance when it comes to politics. Rarer even for Hollywood's aging elite set, lacking loud and proud modern agitators, to openly condemn the actions of a man who indubitably is acting in their interests. Harrison Ford isn't the only one to have spoken out against Trump, but when those inundated with fame have been mostly content to wait it out and to try and find the good in policies that target society's most vulnerable, it's refreshing that at least one of the glitterati's older generation hasn't completely lost touch with reality.

So, to sum it all up, at 74 years old Harrison Ford is still the shit. He acts, he flies planes, he sasses out the now-President of America. Ford is, and always will be, very relevant. ♦



TOXIC MEMES FOR JOURNALISTIC TEENS

Hamish Liddy looks at the sinister side of memes and clickbait journalism

WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSIONS OF SELF-HARM AND SUICIDE

The NZ Herald recently published a cautionary article in response to a Police Facebook post warning parents about the danger of a menacing new app. Allegedly, there is a social media game originating in Russia, now sweeping Europe and targeting at-risk teens around the world. The game, Blue Whale, supposedly challenges teens to complete a series of bizarre or grotesque online and real-life challenges before culminating in encouraging victims to take their own lives.

If this sounds like a good-old fashioned urban legend or an episode from the new season of *Black Mirror* (great show btw), you're not alone. As always when the internet confronts me with something fishy, my first port of call was fact-checking website *snopes.com*. Digging deeper than the tabloid reporting on the issue, Snopes found out that the story first popped up on a Russian language news website back

in May 2016. The article then focused on the apparent high suicide rate amongst teens who were members of a certain group on VKontakte (a Facebook-like Russian social media site), a meme-style association of blue whales and an apparent connection to self-harm.

Despite failing to demonstrate a causal link between teenage suicide and social media use (come on!), the Russian tabloids ran with the story. By November 2016 one outlet claimed that a man named Philipp Budeikin had been imprisoned after confessing to encouraging depressed teens, who he referred to as "biomass", to kill themselves. At some point this month, these details synapsed across western Europe and found their way via the United Kingdom onto the Waikato Police Facebook page.

Searching for "Philipp Budeikin" returns hundreds of results mostly from tabloid, blog and social media sources along with a few

mainstream news outlets. The stories, all published in a single week in a range of languages, carry almost identical content as published in a follow-up article by *The NZ Herald*. The handful of pictures of the accused all show a young man apparently photographed on the same day; he is wearing the same outfit in every image. *The NZ Herald* did not respond to my tweet request to cite their information sources or to provide video evidence of the supposed confession.

One explanation for the spread of this idea is like-farming. Picture this: a brand-new and near-empty profile pops up in your feed asking you to like share and comment to be in to win an amazing prize. Most often, due to the nature of your social network, it will be something that appeals to you. Tiny houses were the latest to get my hopes up. The pages' creators profit by selling them on once they have hoovered

ART BY JOSH HART (@VRIKOTTE)

up enough gullible clickers. It turns out that opportunists in Russia and elsewhere have exploited the notoriety of the Blue Whale story to achieve the like-farming goal.

In the way that millennials are drawn to avocados, brunch, free-range Kombucha and 90s throwbacks, vulnerable teens have interests in common too. Disturbingly, copycat pages and apps will disperse most readily amongst the very people the Waikato Police and *NZ Herald* are trying to protect. The viral spread of ideas seems an unstoppable force and the kind of awareness campaigns intended to curb harmful information are often patently counterproductive.

When Richard Dawkins first coined the word “meme” in his 1976 book *The Selfish Gene*, he imagined it as a replicating unit of information (the term is from ancient greek “mimeme” meaning “imitated thing” and shortened to match “gene”). Like a gene is a unit of genetic information transmitted from one organism to the next with high but imperfect fidelity, a meme was proposed as the equivalent for human ideas—the only other replicating entity Dawkins had observed in the world. The theory has its critics, but it serves a purpose in this argument and like all good memes, it has passed its only test: survival and reproduction.

The original idea was more broadly applicable than what we now construe as memetic. The smallest unit of transmissible information not being the image itself, but elements of the image that together make up its message. It operates much like a spore carrying genetic information to a new host. The smaller elements may also confer reproductive advantages if they mean they are more likely to be liked and shared. The proof of this lies in how elements from successful memes frequently recombine with others to spread further and faster yet. In the span of a few years, memes have evolved from a few black-bordered imitations of motivational posters to entire pages dedicated to categorised memes with a memetic naming formulae like “X Memes for Y Teens”.

This phenomenon of cultural transmission is by no means limited to social media and occurs whenever people form social networks. When advances in food production technology first enabled people to live en masse, many of the advantages of living in early cities were the same as we now seek in online social networks. Cities offered friends, romance, economic opportunities, entertainment and a sharing of ideas in arts, culture and technology. Ideas suddenly spread and developed more rapidly than ever before, but so did disease. The proximity of thousands of humans created the perfect breeding ground for pathogens.

Fast forward a few thousand years and people in the developed world have mostly stopped shitting directly into their drinking water. Sanitation systems and healthcare advances have made living on top of each other much safer, but technology continues to bring us ever closer together. Where cities promoted physical density of thousands or millions, online communities now bring billions of brains together into a near telepathic web of unfiltered sharing. We blurt feelings and opinions that normal barriers would prevent us from telling our neighbours; we pick up and run with ideas we would laugh off if we heard them from a bloke at the pub.

Like pathogens in the city, the ideas that spread best on social media do not spread for any reason other than how good they are at spreading. The qualities that make certain memes likeable and shareable apply to all content, of which there is no shortage. As of May 2013, 4.75 billion pieces of content were shared daily on Facebook alone. The extremely short generation time means that ideas adapt rapidly and those that evoke extreme emotions like love and hate profit at the expense of the average.

Social media has captured our attention so completely that traditional media outlets struggle to compete. News agencies embed their articles in our feeds, they design headlines to compete with viral content. The reliance on clicks for advertising revenue over reputable information drives a race to the journalistic bottom. Articles that attract comments are valuable whether positive or negative—both is better. Media outlets can even save on content generation by repackaging existing social media stories with a proven track record of engagement.

When national institutions republish shocking viral conspiracy theories without fact checking (also known as fake news), it threatens the very nature of democratic discourse. This is on top of the polarising of public opinion by the love/hate social media effect and removal of politeness barriers. The question is how to reverse the alarming trend; what is the sewerage system and handwashing equivalent for malicious stories?

Well-funded public interest journalism would be a start, freeing outlets from the cycle of producing maximum clicks for minimum cost. Artificial intelligence (AI) holds some promise too. An AI system could soon be designed to identify and remove fake news by monitoring patterns of engagement and tracing the point of origin, but intervening in the spread of ideas represents a hazard to free speech. Any potential system would be prone to bias and open to manipulation. That said, it

does not take a supercomputer to do some basic source checking.

The image that *NZ Herald* published with their latest article about the Blue Whale phenomenon was taken from an English language Russian news website called *The Siberian Times*. UK tabloids *The Sun*, and *The Daily Mail* ran the same image. I decided to check out this reputable news source. Two of the first headlines read “Get out of my puddle: angry otter attacks tractor in funny video” and “Ancient Mummy ‘with 1100 year old Adidas boots’ died after she was struck on the head” (when *The Daily Mail* published the same story twelve months earlier, the boots were 1500 years old). Perhaps calling it a news site is being generous.

The Blue Whale meme seems particularly good at invading police social media pages—police posts prompted news coverage in both New Zealand and the UK. The pattern is reminiscent of parasitic lifecycles moving through one type of host to the next. Speculation on whether the game has reached our shores is pointless now—sharing the details of game play via every major news source in the country means it is here now whether it existed in the first place or not.

If nothing else, these stories serve as a warning to digest news more carefully, consider the sources and think before sharing. There is no doubt a sad kernel of truth in a story about young people being harmed by online content. Maybe the mythical Philipp Budeikin really was arrested—since I started writing this article he has now been blamed for a death in Kenya. Sometimes raising awareness might be the most sinister form of slacktivism that functions only to encourage the spread of harmful or hurtful information. So, cover your mouth when you cough, wash your hands and keep your nasty memes to yourself. ♦

If you want to talk through concerns or struggles in your academic or personal life, the University offers free counselling sessions for enrolled students, and reserves slots for urgent on-the-day appointments. The number of appointments students may need ranges widely, and by contacting the Health and Counselling Services you will be assisted in finding the right help. All counselling is confidential. For urgent on-the-day appointments, phone (09) 923 7681. To book a free counselling appointment, fill out the questionnaire on the Counselling Services page on the University website.

Lifeline also offers a free 24-hour helpline 7 days a week for counselling services and those that may be at risk of suicide: 0800 543 354.



Are you even an Indian if you haven't been pinched by your mother while at a dinner with family friends?

With Anoushka Maharaj

Of the many magnificent things about *Master of None*, one of them was Aziz Ansari's impeccable ability to portray the joy received from consuming delicious food, and another (arguably more important) aspect was the tender yet profound depiction of family and relationships.

Aziz often abstains from being overtly political, which is no easy feat for an Indian with Muslim immigrant parents living in current-day America—but also one of the best things about his original work. Because when he *does* delve into these tricky waters, it isn't gratuitous; it is done with care, nuance and creative insight. One such moment is with the episode "Religion"—a possible elaboration from the wildly popular "Parents" from season one—in which the episode opens with child-Aziz learning that it's forbidden to eat pork, before he takes a bite of bacon anyway with Tupac's "Only God Can Judge Me" serenading this iconic rebellion.

Later, we see Aziz attend events with his parents who are being overly cautious because their family friends are in town (classic). When he later tries to admit to eating pork and not being "really religious", his mother pinches him, they leave, and he is treated to a lecture that actually holds a lot of significance. While his parents simply don't understand why he would renounce the religion that they are so devoted to, Aziz mentions that his relationship with Islam is marred by the public perception it is given—*"like being called a terrorist, or being pulled out of line at airports"*.

While Aziz shouldn't be expected to represent all Indians, or Muslims (or all children of immigrant parents, for that matter), he does a remarkable job of depicting Islam in a way that it is so often denied, but more than deserves—as the centre of a community filled with friendship, love and unity. It is also worth commending that Aziz is candid about who he is—his life is void of strict religion, so the parallel narrative depicted while his parents attend mosque is

Aziz meeting with his friends. Rather than engaging in prayer, where his parents find their centre and their meaning, Aziz finds his own sense of unity and culture in his friendships—and that is just as significant and beautiful, because our relationships are a huge part of what makes life meaningful.

There is an inevitable frustration that comes with being a minority who has broken new ground in film or television, because as Hasan Minhaj so aptly put it during his monologue at the White House Correspondents Association dinner—*"everyone is going to expect you to be the mouthpiece for the entire group."* During a SXSW panel, Mindy Kaling was asked why there weren't more women of colour on the show, to which she responded, *"I'm a fucking Indian woman who has her own fucking network television show, okay?"* which, while an enormous accomplishment, does not mean that responsibility should fall on her alone to incorporate more women or people of colour into television. *"I have four series regulars that are women on my show, and no one asks any of the shows I adore—and I won't name them because they're my friends—why no leads on their shows are women or of colour, and I'm the one that gets lobbied about these things."*

What makes *Master of None* so insightful and brilliant is that it allows Indians to transcend cultural barriers placed on them by white folks. It gives them the chance to dictate how they want to be seen—including perceptions of microcosms like religion or family. This doesn't mean completely disregarding their history or background, but is a unique way of incorporating these aspects of these realities into what has, for so long, been considered "the norm". The focal point of Aziz's relationships are not that they are interracial, but that they are as possible and complex as any other part of life—and despite the fact that we all have our own ethnic histories and cultural ties, their existence doesn't have to

mean separation from others.

The "Thanksgiving" episode, for example, is dedicated entirely to people of colour. It is possibly the warmest and most intimate episode, where we see Denise and her family of powerful black women struggle with coming to terms with her sexuality. The inclusion of Dev, who has been sharing Thanksgiving with them for the last 15 years, is kind of funny and sweet, but mostly is a celebration of shared culture and illustrates the diverse concept of family.

Some actors take their heritage with them into any role (like the late Om Puri), and there are some who are less obvious about it (like Mindy or Aziz), but their celebrations manifest in different ways. We should not expect a successful person of colour to save their entire community, though it is fair to expect them to be responsible with their representations—and this is owed in part to the fact that we impose a lot of what we are missing onto our film heroes. I didn't know that I was lacking a unique sense of comfort until I saw lives similar to my own depicted on-screen—and this comfort is owed to people like Mindy Kaling and Aziz Ansari, who manage to balance rich cultural significance with a depiction of lives that are multifarious.

Mindy is one of my heroines—not just because she smashes the "women aren't funny" stereotype into dust, but because she is unapologetic about her accomplishments and who she is as a person. It's the opposite of what you are taught to believe as a woman—let alone as a woman of colour—to *acknowledge* that you are beautiful, funny and successful, and have made great strides in a field that has been dominated by men.

Ultimately, though, the responsibility to change the world does not lie with one person—it's up to all of us. And in order for us to see our histories celebrated, we must celebrate them first, with as much honesty, affection and courage as we can muster. ♦



The Kids Aren't Alright: An Interview With the Director of *Like Sex*

Grace Hood-Edwards chats to director Chye-Ling Huang about her upcoming show at The Basement Theatre.

CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE PLAY?

Like Sex is an exploration of sex and social politics. It's about the messy way we are thrown into these experiences without the tools to navigate sex in a healthy way. The play is reflective of this—it's wild, messy, chaotic and naughty. We play a lot with games, tropes and soundscapes.

IT'S EPISODIC. WHAT EXACTLY DOES THAT MEAN?

The characters are based on stereotypes, and they each have a sexual encounter with the person before and after each scene. It doesn't follow a strict story structure like the hero's journey. It's more about how the characters bounce off one another and are influenced by these interactions and pressures from the group as a whole. So as opposed to following one or two main characters, we see slices of seven different characters equally that spark a wider conversation.

CAN YOU TALK ABOUT WHY A SHOW ABOUT SEX AND SEXUAL POLITICS IS NECESSARY IN TODAY'S TIMES?

New Zealand's toxic masculinity and rape culture is something that has a growing awareness, but is still way less talked about than it should be. There needs to be a radical change in the school system at an early age that deals with teaching consent in and out of relationships and sexual health that isn't dry and skewed towards a cis, hetero narrative. Sex-ed should cover pleasure, masturbation and positive experiences instead of being a scare tactic where abstinence is the answer.

Culturally we're not great communicators—men aren't allowed to have feelings, and women's pleasure and Queer sex dynamics aren't taught at all. Wellington High and "Roast Busters" are the worst end of the spectrum, but those are only a couple of well publicised instances—where no repercussions happened anyway. We can't get better without conversation, and there's a lot to cover in an hour show. I hope that this show will spark confronting, awkward and open chats about sex and sexuality.

SO THIS IS A PLAY BASED AROUND HIGH SCHOOLERS, AND TEENAGE PERCEPTIONS OF SEX. WILL IT RESONATE WITH STUDENT AUDIENCES?

I hope so! Nathan Joe's script is based on real experiences and the cast have investigated deeply into their own experiences too. We're obviously not high schoolers anymore, but my hope is that our research and honesty will resonate, not only with young people, but with any human who comes to the show. Sex is a pretty universal force in anyone's life whether you're engaging actively or not, which is why it's always compelling and interesting.

HOW DID YOU GET INVOLVED IN *LIKE SEX*?

Nathan and I know each other from workshops and general theatre work. I was asked to direct, partly based on the kaupapa of Exposed Theatre this year for supporting grads from drama schools. Nathan and I are both interested in discussion around sex with our work currently, I'm writing about it in my own play and also directing a short doco called *Asian Men Talk About Sex*. It's a good fit.

SO AM I RIGHT IN SAYING THIS IS YOUR DIRECTORIAL DEBUT? WHAT IS THAT LIKE?

Yes! It's fun. It's a challenge but I feel confident in my cast, and I'm really happy to be able to experiment with them. I'm still figuring it out, but the unknown is also thrilling. What might work in the room might die on stage, and that's exciting. It's learning, but in front of three weeks of audiences.

WHERE DO YOU HOPE TO GO FROM HERE?

To create more works with POC creatives and to fill the landscape of theatre and film with POC narratives and characters. I'm a writer and an actor and these have always been my goals. We need inclusivity, representation and to upskill POC creatives so that we can no longer be ignored. Decolonise theatre and storytelling in general.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU AS A DIRECTOR? WHAT STORIES DO YOU WANT TO TELL?

POC stories—especially Asian New Zealand narratives. By this I really mean empowering and enabling Asian creative to tell their stories, whatever they may be. There is no "Asian narrative" as such. Narratives around sex also interest me—the things we're missing are joyous, healthy sex stories

as well as conversation revealing rape culture in New Zealand and general misogyny.

YOU'RE THE FOUNDER OF PROUDLY ASIAN THEATRE. WHAT IS THAT, AND WHY DID YOU CREATE IT? WHAT DOES IT DO, AND WHY IS IT IMPORTANT?

PAT was created by James Roque and me a few years ago to enable Asian creatives to tell their stories in theatre. Theatre in New Zealand is dominated by white stories and practitioners and we saw a massive lack of representation for Asian actors and storytellers. Being Asian actors ourselves, we were compelled to create our own opportunities as we knew they would be a struggle to find in the existing landscape of New Zealand theatre. We put on shows, run workshops, do play-readings to connect Asian creatives and empower them through this platform, to create great work and represent our talents with the goal of a more inclusive theatre community as a whole.

SO EXPOSED THEATRE IS ALL ABOUT OFFERING OPPORTUNITIES TO NEW GRADUATES. WHAT IS THE CAST LIKE?

We cast from a group of about 30 auditionees, and it was tough. After juggling the basics of availability etc., I've cast based on a warmth and openness to delve into the topic of sex, a group who can really project each other and also be silly and supportive. Theatre makers and people with great ideas or the ability to run with an idea without layering judgement, and people unafraid to give feedback.

AND FINALLY, WHY SHOULD WE COME SEE *LIKE SEX*?

Sex is fun, interesting, weird, confusing and always great to have a yarn about. The show is very alive and theatrical and fun, and hopefully confronting, too. Our sound designer has some bloody great games for us to play and the cast are gold and run with it all the way. As the audience we have some things for you to contribute with too—come along and be part of the conversation! ♦

USE PROMO CODE "SEXCODE" FOR A DISCOUNT ON TICKETS. ONLY 50 AVAILABLE.



Get Out

FILM REVIEW BY NIKKI ADDISON

It's been talked up as the best horror movie of the year, but don't let that scare you—*Get Out* is more psychological thriller than pure terror. This is one of the most important films to come from either genre for a long time, and its difference is immediately made clear.

We meet Chris (Daniel Kaluuya), a young African American photographer and Rose (Allison Williams), his white girlfriend as they head “upstate” to visit Rose’s parents. “*Do they know I’m black?*” Chris asks, instantly signalling his awareness of colour. Rose reassures Chris that her parents aren’t racist, but something is clearly amiss when they arrive. The family is too friendly and the African American staff are robotic and cold. Things get weirder when family guests begin eyeing Chris up like a prize.

Revealing more will spoil the film, but from here the tension builds until it’s deeply unsettling and, at times, downright creepy. The film keeps things fresh by avoiding common horror film tropes and predictability. By positioning an African American as the hero, not the comedic sidekick (there’s one of those too; he’s damn funny), *Get Out* breaks one of the biggest tropes of all. There are some definite scream-worthy moments though, so if you’re a horror fanatic, don’t lose hope.

The acting alone puts *Get Out* above other horror films. Kaluuya is completely convincing as the sweet boyfriend and Catherine Keener is chilling as Rose’s soft-spoken mother. Where it really shines, however, is in its relevance. The film has a real message to share, one which is increasingly pertinent to contemporary society. We are physically confronted with racism as Chris is othered by every white character. But not only do we see the whites’ othering of Chris, we feel *his* constant consciousness of being black.

A socially relevant film that speaks to our time, *Get Out* makes its point in an original and effective way. Two words: WATCH IT. ♦



Common Kings

GIG REVIEW BY BRENNAH CROFSKEY

I listen to Mai FM on a regular basis, and I’m usually struck with shitty songs featuring Lil Wayne—but every so often they decide to gift me with an old school jam, or even perhaps a reggae beat.

After the release of Common Kings’ “Lost In Paradise”, I was honestly hooked. The ability for one song to make me feel like I was destined to leave my phone at home and go to the beach (okay, maybe not that extreme in motivation) in such shitty, cold-ass weather was addicting. When I arrived at the Powerstation for the gig, I was cringing—mainly because the band was performing at the same place Lil Yachty was going to play. Overall though, the venue was nicely set out with bars on both levels of the place and a decent-sized stage.

The whole space came alive when some random rapper came out and decided to show us some of his “cool” jams alongside remixing some massive hip hop hits. Then, as we were all still waiting for the actual good music to come on, another guy showed up and decided to play us more songs that were just totally unnecessary but somehow still giving me mad festival vibes.

When Common Kings finally decided to come out onto the stage I knew I had spent my \$60 well, especially when they played some of their crowd pleasing songs like “24/7” and “Alcoholic” before smashing out massive hit singles like “No Other Love” and of course, the jam “Lost In Paradise”. Apart from missing out on hearing a couple of their other tunes like “Kingdom Come”, the concert overall was definitely a good one, especially because it was an inside venue that brought everybody together in a melting pot of reggae, funk and even carried some elements of hip hop when they played their own cover of “The Next Episode” on the bass guitar.

Ultimately, really talented musicians and great cheap booze—what more could you want? ♦



Master of None Season 2

TV SHOW REVIEW BY GINNY WOO

Master of None’s second season picks up where the first season left off—Aziz Ansari’s affable and cynical main character, Dev, is happily transplanted to Italy, where his biggest worry is swilling grappa and nursing a puppy-dog crush on a beautiful, wholesome woman. However, where the first season excelled was in its frank, almost intimate, portrayals of life in New York as a 30-year-old adrift. I’m pleased to say that the episodes set in Modena serve as an entrée of sorts to the main course of the show, but whether or not the meal satisfies is another story altogether.

The entire season has a strong focus on food, whether it’s in the form of Dev’s new job as a host on a British Bake-off type gig, or in the use of food as a metaphor for reconciliation. Dev and Arnold (played by the bumbling and aptly-casted Eric Wareheim) bro out over a rustic cheese factory, a montage of Thanksgiving dinners gives us an insight into Denise’s coming out and the thawing of her relationship with her family, and at the centre of it all is Dev—a grinning, aimless reality TV show host, mooning after yet another romantically-unattainable woman.

There’s a lot to unpack in the show. While it often suffers from the Netflix curse of trying to invoke a sense of old-school nostalgia that never really existed in a shiny, bingeable form, it tries incredibly hard and that effort results in a predictably successful emotional pay-off.

Master of None hits all the right notes when it isn’t too bogged down in making us dig deep about the meaning of love, but the flashes of genius that made its first season so memorable are few and far between. ♦



Comedy Fest 2017 (May 3rd and May 10th)

GIG REVIEW BY GEORGIA HARRIS

As part of my long-postponed New Year's Resolution to engage in more of Auckland's arts and culture scene, I decided to attend some Comedy Festival shows. Overwhelmed by the number of options and the layout of the festival programme, I decided to just pick a night and go. My SO and I got advice from an infectious enthusiastic Comedy Club intern, who insisted we attend Comedy "Seminar", *Success With Women*, at Basement theatre.

The three comedians—Scotsman Ross Mills, Fijian-born Inosi Colavanua and Kiwi Harry Thomson-Cook—shared their "tales of dating disasters, underwhelming approaches and examples of what not to do". A mix of deadpan and slapstick delivery made the show cringey, original, awkward and hilarious.

The following week, we went to the Classic's festival edition of Big Wednesday, which featured 10 comedians from across the festival. Chris Martin was the vibrant host, and had the audience in the palm of his hand from the get-go. We made the amateur mistake of sitting up the front, and experienced firsthand his sharp wit and off-the-cuff comedy style (although he did make one unoriginal Colombia-cocaine link my date was unimpressed with).

Big Wednesday was a roller-coaster ride of comedy styles. Humour varied from high-brow, to dark, to incredibly crass (willies and vaginas, anyone?). It's impossible to condense into this review, but content included intimate revelations, alternative perspectives on topics like colonisation, and plenty of the outrageous, taboo-filled material Kiwis love so much. Standouts included UK comedians Lou Sanders and Chris Martin, as well as the local acts who were unbeatable for relatability.

Although I only attended two shows, for about \$30 I saw 14 comedians from all around the world, perform some incredible stand-up comedy. The Comedy Festival isn't just about the laughs—celebrating our own and overseas comedians is important for our country's cultural health, and it also makes for a great atmosphere on a night out. ♦



Powerplant Girlpool

ALBUM REVIEW BY HELEN YEUNG

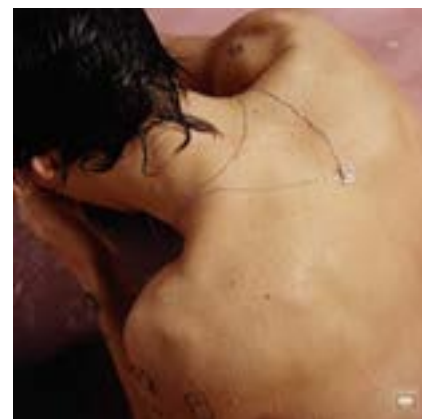
Los Angeles folk punk band, Girlpool, consisting of duo Harmony Tividad and Cleo Tucker, has since developed from a DIY band to one that is renowned in the independent music scene.

Their first self-titled debut EP was released on Bandcamp in 2014, with debut LP, *Before The World Was Big*, released the year after. In the LP, Girlpool showcases a range of songs radiating common themes of identity, feminism, friendships and the frustrations of growing up as a teenager. In the track "Cherry Picking", the two lament about a young relationship that's drifting apart. In "Ideal World", the duo continues to showcase the realities of entering adulthood, with lyrics such as: "I took a walk down the street / found nothing / beneath my feet" and "I was taught what to believe / now I'm only certain / that no one is free"—referring to the skepticism one experiences as they start looking for themselves in the world.

This year, the band's world has definitely become bigger as Girlpool released new album *Powerplant*. Although it still has a common theme of navigating through life and a journey of self-discovery, as shown in the track "Corner Store", with the lyrics: "I get lost at the corner store / I'm picking up things I've never seen before", the duo have entered a more mature world, as reflected in the album's consistent tracks and instrumentation.

Moving on from their teenage selves, age has definitely contributed to Girlpool's ability to articulate emotions and the realities of the world. Self-defined through the title of the track "It Gets More Blue", they sing of: "The nihilist tells you / that nothing is true / I said 'I faked global warming' / just to get close to you"—reflecting the truths we are exposed to and how we are often deceived by people in the adult world.

Ending with the track "Static Somewhere", Girlpool sing of their hopes and aspirations: "I wonder what it's like / to sit and watch the sunrise"—perhaps wondering what will become of them in the future and all the things that might come along with it. ♦



Harry Styles Harry Styles

ALBUM REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ

Who'd have thought that seven years after the formation of baby boy band, One Direction, and one year after the announcement of its permanent hiatus, that I would be reviewing the solo work of certified "hottest in the band", Harry Styles?

Our first introduction to the new and improved mop-God came in the form of the poignant and vaguely reflective "Sign of the Times" and the aptly titled romance of "Sweet Creature" (which sounds suspiciously like "Blackbird", but whatever). After a stint on *SNL*, and an expansive interview with *Rolling Stone*, it was evident that he was confident in his eponymous debut and ready to assume this new independence.

Thankfully, this LP is a solid piece of work—it has been constructed with care and courage and is a miscellany of classic influences. Obvious gems include the slick, vibrant "Carolina" and "Woman", which reminds me a little of Arctic Monkeys with its cool, rock and roll vibes.

It isn't flawless, of course—outside tabloid-fuelled analyses of tracks like "Kiwi" or "Ever Since New York", you'll find lyrics that are strewn together haphazardly. But it doesn't diminish the allure of tracks like "Meet Me in the Hallway" or the closing track, "From the Dining Table", which are the gentlest and most contemplative tracks (and therefore my favourites). The lyric, "We haven't spoke / since you went away / even my phone misses your call / by the way" was so earnestly sung that it had me swooning and simultaneously broke my stoney, spellbound heart.

While this album couldn't be dubbed "original"—because he sort of just replicated music that he likes—it is undoubtedly sincere, a triumph for an artist whose beginnings were in the rigidity of a competitive music show. It might seem reductive to call this LP "exuberant", but that's the feeling it seems to invoke—Styles, whatever his musical failings, is proud and happy to have created something that is purely his own, graceful and indicative of a delightful musical future. ♦



ART BY CAITLIN WATERS

Fanfare: Art and Inclusion in *Welcome to Night Vale*

By Jordan Margetts

It's 4am and I've been surfing the web for like 5 hours. I work the graveyard shift at a sad call centre (you know the kind: concrete walls, cubicles, broken chairs, bovine colleagues, BYO milk for your instant coffee). I usually try to do something vaguely productive—read books, finish essays, write my *Craccum* articles on time. I usually fail.

I'm not sure if you do this, but sometimes I kind of start obsessing about some person/show/thing and just google them for *ages*. I once spent about thirty straight minutes looking at pictures of Stephen Fry's face. Once I just googled "famous people smoking." That was about an hour of my life. Another time it was "Allison Janney young".

This time it was *Welcome to Night Vale* (WtNV). A podcast I've definitely written about before. The basic contention is something along these lines: imagine the kind of Stephen King-esque small American desert town where things go bump in the night. Imagine that any conspiratorial, supernatural, scary, spooky, or just weird goings-on that a jumpy teen (or jumpy writer of airport novels) might imagine, turn out to be true. Then package this world through the sonorous voice of a charmingly oblivious radio host giving weekly "community news". There's something spooky, and charming, and Pynchon-esque about a world where every conspiracy theory is true, and leads only to further, weirder and more fantastical theories. I'm far from the only fan. In fact, *WtNV* has been outrageously popular since about its second season (2013).

WtNV has been so outrageously popular that a phenomenon usually reserved for *Harry Potter*, or weird porn, has cropped up: fan art. I've spent maybe five hours browsing this fan art. There's everything: from an incredibly detailed map of Night Vale (fictitious titular town in which the podcast is set), to picnics where the narrator and his boyfriend (the show is made by elite New York liberals, and is *very* inclusive—Figure 1) sit about sipping purple wine and kissing, to terrifying Ralph Steadman-like sketches of librarians terrorising teens (you'd have to listen to the podcast for that one to make sense).

This browsing orgy raised two thoughts:



FIG 1: BY "DEVILEATSCAKE"

(1) there are a whole lot of immensely talented people online who do not have enough to do, and (2) that internet fan art has this weird sort of collaborative potential that I haven't thought about before. That second point is pretty vague, here's what I mean: the narrator of *WtNV* is a specific actor after whom the protagonist is named. The actor, Cecil Baldwin, is pretty particular looking—tall, thin, completely bald, with deep set eyes and a weak chin. This is well known. The podcast troupe, after all, have toured the globe giving live performances (I got into it literally ONE WEEK after they visited Auckland). But the internet doesn't care—the narrative voice has been given dozens of visual personas. Cecil has been a Native American with a long braid and broad set shoulders, an anime-ish drawn Asian guy (you know the angular, extremely unrealistic eyes we all remember from *Dragon Ball Z* and *Pokemon*), a hugely tall African American in a green waistcoat, an Albino whose face isn't attached to his head (Figure 2).

The internet community has crafted whole extra-narrative scenes and icons. Cecil is almost unanimously depicted with a third eye in the middle of his forehead (the Illuminati one). Carlos (his scientist lover) is almost always ethnic, sometimes Latino, sometimes black, sometimes Jewish. And while the advent of fan

art isn't new, the way the original podcasters have accepted it is. They've bought fan art from Deviant Art patrons—one particularly cool set that's now merchandised is "Night Vale Tourism Board" postcards depicting various scenes from around the town.

Now I haven't done any kind of longitudinal research, but outside of *50 Shades of Grey* this must be one of the most successful fan enterprises ever. Any hysterical fan of a series madly scribbling illustrations in the dead of night and hoping for a few seconds of approval from the internet has got to be drooling over the idea that the creators of the show might actually, in nerd-lingo, "make it canon".

And I think there's something especially cool about this idea. Podcasts barely existed when I was in high school. And even a fictional one was bound to be a minor affair. Internet art has existed for ages (and it's nice to see it isn't just "Jessica Alba nude" sketches)—but the fact that a new medium is combining with fans to advance a project, to flesh out a world, is kind of exciting. With all our talk of the internet making us bored and distracted and probably dead on the inside (looking at you Facebook), there's something beautiful and charming about watching a community of fans actually create something. Anyway. Google "Night Vale Fan Art" if you have a spare hour. ♦



FIG 2: BY "KINOMATIKA.TUMBLR.COM"



PRIDE WEEK

What a week! Pride Week has been and gone and it was amazing - we had an awesome Rainbow Expo that showcased the variety of clubs for queer/rainbow students on campus, a fantastic night at Drag Queen Bingo with Shavron and Yurii, and our Mardi Gras Party at Shadows featured the incredible Auckland City Scoundrels! We also held a small poetry slam, where we heard from some truly moving poets.

Overall, it was an awesome week of events. Lots of our on-campus groups got involved and ran their own events - on Tuesday, UniQ put on a games night and Trans On Campus held a symposium with one of our own Masters' students (Hannah Rossiter) presenting her work on trans communities in Aotearoa and also an interesting presentation from Catherine Powell about her work on gender diverse students in tertiary institutions. Hidden Perspectives (previously Rainbow Arts) screened the classic *Carol* for us, complete with popcorn and a panel discussion - if you haven't seen it, you should definitely procrastinate

that assignment and devote two hours of your life to it! All of these awesome groups can be found on the UoA website in the clubs section.

Two other groups who helped out tons were Ending HIV and EquAsian. Ending HIV came in and did free HIV testing during the Rainbow Expo, and also put on two really informative classes about HIV treatment in Aotearoa and safe anal sex. Check out their website at endinghiv.org.nz for more info on staying safe and getting tested! EquAsian came along to the Rainbow Expo and also supported our Global Queer Students' Coffee Group.

We also popped out to our satellite campuses to spread some cheer! At Epsom and Tāmaki, we held free morning teas, and at Grafton we held a free afternoon tea (and gave away all those Easter eggs left over after the cyclone no-show!) to show our support for the queer communities out there!

Also a big shout-out to the lovely feature writers who submitted pieces for Pride Cracum - you all did fantastic work and I hope everyone enjoyed reading your articles as much

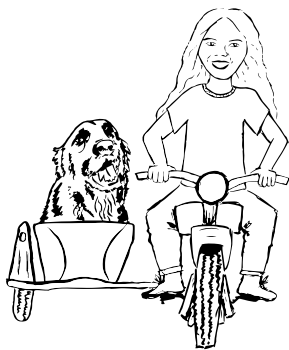
as I did.

Don't forget to check out Politics Week for more awesome events run by AUSA!

Isabella xo •



Quarter-Life Crisis



With
Caitlin Abley

Time After Time

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

Last week I accidentally re-watched the 2015 clanger *Terminator: Genisys*. Two viewings down and I still don't really get the plot—Jai Courtney from *Suicide Squad* (Pooicide Squad amirite) goes back in time and bones Emilia Clarke from *Game of Thrones* (Game of Poos amirite) and defeats evil-Google while Matt Smith from *Doctor Who* (DOCTOR POO AMIRITE) looks on and doesn't really get that involved and then maybe Jai Courtney from *Divergent* (Diver-shit amirite) becomes the father of Arnold Schwarzenegger from *Jingle All The Way* (shan't defile this perfect movie) in some mindfuck time warp. I may have some details wrong, but the movie isn't worth understanding, I promise. What it *did* make me think about, in a convenient-word-count-wasting-prologue kind of way, is the fickleness of time, and how I can feel the sands of my youth trickling through my fingers like... Well, like sand through my fingers. Hence, for my challenge this week, I chose:

Make a time capsule. Bury it. Dig it up in ten years.

Because I hate that I'll have to wait ten years to rummage through the capsule, I decided to pull a *Terminator Genisys* and mess with time in a way that doesn't really make sense, but everyone just goes along with it anyway. I'm making a time capsule as my current 23-year-old self, to bury and recover in ten years, but I'm also putting together what I think my 13-year-old self would have buried to be uncovered by me now, at 23.

1. A ticket stub from your favourite movie of the year.

13-year-old me: *HOT FUZZ* WITHOUT A FUCKING DOUBT. DON'T JUDGE ME, YOU'RE NOT JUDGE

JUDY AND EXECUTIONER.

23-year-old me: *EATE OF THE FURIOUS* WITHOUT. A. FUCKING. DOUBT. I WILL BEAT YOU LIKE A CHEROKEE DRUM IF YOU DIS-AGREE.

2. A photo of your celebrity crush.

13-year-old me: Gerard Way from My Chemical Romance, but specifically when he's dressed as a HUNKY World War Two soldier in the video for "The Ghost of You".

23-year-old me: Cole Sprouse as Jughead in *Riverdale*, who now that I think about it could *definitely* front an emo-revivalist band and I am *very* on board.

3. The song you want played at your funeral.

13-year-old me: "The Ghost of You" by My Chemical Romance, stored on a blank CD-ROM. Bury me with a picture of the Way brothers cut out from *Dolly* magazine.

23-year-old me: "We'll Meet Again" by Johnny Cash, stored on a Spotify link. Bury me with a picture of Johnny, inked into my own flesh.

4. A favourite item of clothing.

13-year-old me: My grey Chucks with the plaid patches sewn on, and my Kathmandu long-johns that I tried to pull off as black jeans, with very little success.

23-year-old me: My beloved fluffy dressing gown, the one that's the colour of a ball-sack.

5. Something you made.

13-year-old me: The absolutely terrible "comedy" magazine I made in English class, called *Kaboodle!* Contains such "jokes" as:

"What's Forrest Gump's Bebo password?" "1FORREST1"

23-year-old me: The marginally less terrible magazine I've been making for the last three years, with an equally terrible name.

6. Favourite work of fiction.

13-year-old me: *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen.

23-year-old me: A printed and stapled PDF of *Carry It In My Heart*, the staggeringly beautiful Jesse Eisenberg/Andrew Garfield fanfiction.

7. A treasured object.

13-year-old me: My carefully curated CD collection and the digital camera I got for Christmas—bet they'll be *really* valuable ten years from now.

23-year-old me: That top that I borrowed from my mum and got nail polish on and now need to hide in a time capsule to delay her finding it.

8. A brilliant invention.

13-year-old me: A colour-coded flowchart detailing exactly how every single Adam Sandler movie is connected.

23-year-old me: A colour-coded flowchart detailing exactly how every single Adam Sandler movie is connected.

9. A description of where I want to be in ten years.

13-year-old me: A successful music journalist on tour with Fall Out Boy, with a house, a fiancé (preferably Sawyer from *Lost*) and a border collie waiting for me back home.

23-year-old me: Alive. ♦

**By Popular
Demand**



*With
Michael Clark and
Kimberley Francisca*

Ode to *Hamilton* Part II: Why *Hamilton* Wouldn't Exist Without Hip-Hop

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

Watching videos of *Hamilton* in preparation of this article, I told my friend who is helping me write this that the stage show is a bit more chaotic than I first imagined. I expected visual elation through elegant patterns; backup performers obviously placed to highlight the star or a point of focus; a non-rotating stage, and a bigger space. Yes, she said, it was chaos, but it was a “carefully constructed chaos”.

Hamilton isn't neat. There is no single focal point in the play. The story jumps from Aaron Burr to Alexander Hamilton to Eliza Hamilton and back again, allowing you to sympathise with each of them. Leitmotifs and lyrical repetition are used at irregular times to signify the notion of the past as a random assortment of events rather than a constructed narrative. In short, *Hamilton* disrupts. It was designed to disrupt. And this urge to disrupt runs right through *Hamilton's* essence all the way to its core; the music and the culture of hip-hop.

The hip-hop movement is a collection of expressive forms of art—rap, DJing, breakdancing, and graffiti art—that stemmed from the South Bronx district of New York in the 1970s. Each of these forms have since evolved beyond their roots, but during the time, they shared the connection of being the artform of the shared black experience. It is a movement pulled to motion by the aftershock of racial discrimination laws in the '40s and the systemic racism that bled through to the late '70s and beyond. The subculture solidified as a pushback against the institutions that intentionally or systemically silenced minorities.

Many people have described hip-hop as an anthem of defiance, against the police and against the un-atoning authorities that put them in a poor position without help. Michael Eric Dyson calls it “pavement poetry”; it “vibrates with commitment to speaking for the voiceless”. Denis Wilson says it has an “us-against-the-world profile”. Hip-hop is, as our man Lin-Manuel Miranda describes it, “the music of ambition, the soundtrack of defiance, whether the force that must be defied is poverty, cops, racism, rival rappers, or all of the above.” Hip-hop was born out of the fires of sociopolitical defiance and will remain a force of rebellion and disruption.

So when Miranda uses the music of hip-hop and a predominately non-white cast in his historical musical, you know he's not doing it just for the novelty. Certainly, we can relate the character Alexander Hamilton back to that of a hip-hop artist; an idealist who struggles with authority, who wears his me-against-the-world badge with pride, and never accepts failure. Discriminated against due to the circumstances of his birth, he only uses this as fuel against his detractors. He is rarely sitting; he is, literally and metaphorically, on his feet. He is always in a rush in writing, talking (think the song “Guns and Ships” which clocks a tremendous 6.3 words per second), politics, and war.

The always-moving-forward, fast-paced nature of hip-hop music fits perfectly with *Hamilton's* disposition. *Hamilton*, on average, contains just over 20,000 words over the course of two and a half hours clocking in at a resounding 144 words per minute, pinning

Hamilton down as the fastest musical on Broadway. This reflects *Hamilton's* own determined urgency and his ability to talk and write fast. Hip-hop is the perfect genre for this as it is fast paced, and requires fast talking (the faster, the more impressive). As Miranda says “the story would have been impossible to tell at a more conventional pace: It would have to be 12 hours long, because the amount of words on the bars when you're writing a typical song—that's maybe got 10 words per line.” Using the mode of hip-hop music as vocal lubricant, we are able to get a sense of who the character of *Hamilton* is.

If *Hamilton* is the hip-hop artist then the rest of the dancers are the street party that he is DJing. In the '70s, street parties were a big part of the solidification of the hip-hop movement. DJs would set up their equipment on the street powered by siphoning electricity out of streetlights, letting people dance and gather in a tight, packed, space. The “carefully constructed chaos” that we saw was a recreation of a street party with the small, revolving stage packed with dancing cast members used to emphasise the chaos of a dance party space. Each step is loose yet passionate and with the intention of servicing the music. Each movement is to serve the benefit of the street party and not the main character.

The examples continue but there is one that Kimberley has spent most of her time researching: the duplicitous nature of *Hamilton*; incongruity theory, setting up patterns and then breaking them. Next time on *By Popular Demand*. ♦

Wired In



With
Rachel Berryman

Stop in the Name of Love

Each week Rachel, social media enthusiast and online lurker extraordinaire, keeps you in-the-know about what is topical and trending across the world wide web.

I'm sorry. I tried. I did. For five long weeks, I've been suppressing the urge to wax irate about Tr*mp. But—to my profound dismay, not to mention the detriment of my mental health—he's unavoidable. Without fail, each time I log into Twitter, he's managed to surpass the absurdity of his last digital tirade, publishing something even *more* nonsensical, offensive and/or incriminating for the world to see.

Which isn't to say a bunch of other, exciting things *didn't* happen online last week. Eurovision 2017. The *Riverdale* finale. The largest international cyberattack in history (okay, that last one's not exciting so much as *terrifying*, but bear with me). But, both online and off, each of these events was overshadowed by the incredible drama currently unfolding at the White House, sparked a couple of weeks ago by Tr*mp's abrupt firing of the FBI Director, James Comey.

It came as a surprise to practically everyone involved—not least to Comey, who learnt of his own redundancy from the TV screens that flashed the news as he addressed a room of FBI staff in Los Angeles. According to the official letter of dismissal, Tr*mp's decision was shaped by recommendations from the Attorney General and Deputy Attorney General, who both felt that Comey was no longer “able to effectively lead the Bureau”.¹ By echoing this sentiment, it would seem Tr*mp also felt that Comey wasn't up to the task of *leading the federal investigation into the Tr*mp administration's possible collusion with Russia during the 2016 election*—even though, as he noted in the

dismissal letter, Comey had, “on three separate occasions,” informed Tr*mp that he was “not under investigation”.

Jeepers.

One need not look far to see just how severely the announcement frazzled those at the top rungs of the administration: according to the *Washington Post*, on Tuesday 9th May at 5.40pm, White House Press Secretary Sean Spicer leant out his office doorway and belated the news of Comey's dismissal at the journalists skulking around outside, before promptly returning to his desk to send out the official press release. As reported by Julia Glum at *Newsweek*, “At 5:41pm, reporters began to tweet the bombshell, and by 5:44pm Spicer's statement explaining that Trump's decision came at the recommendation of Attorney General Jeff Sessions and Deputy Attorney General Rod Rosenstein had arrived in inboxes.”

What strikes me about this account is not only the dichotomy it evokes between the alacrity of social media and the sluggishness of y ol' electronic mail; but also its reproduction of a motif that has come to characterise the administration's relationship with its staff, the press, and the millions across the world unable to take their eyes off the terrifying headlines they incite every day. Directly after Spicer told the White House correspondents the news, he immediately returned to his office, followed by aides who locked the doors behind him. What better illustration of the lack of transparency and accountability repeatedly exhibited by a cohort more than willing to take to the microphone, but adamantly against answering those who dare to interrupt their script?

It is this highly calculated act of avoidance,

so perfected by the current administration, that problematises recent comments from Twitter's creator, Jack Dorsey, about Tr*mp's frequent use of the microblogging platform. Though he wields the power to disconnect Tr*mp from the Twittersphere, where his presence is often decried by users panicked about the potential repercussions of his erratic tweets, @jack told *Sunday TODAY*:

I believe it's really important to hear directly from our leadership. And I believe it's really important to hold them accountable. And I believe it's really important to have these conversations out in the open, rather than have them behind closed doors. So if we're all to suddenly take these platforms away, where does it go? What happens? It goes in the dark. And I just don't think that's good for anyone.

What this optimistic rationale overlooks, however, is the marked *lack* of transparency and accountability exhibited by Tr*mp's Twitter activity. Indeed, the only direct response authored by Tr*mp over the past two weeks was directed to comedian Rosie O'Donnell, when he retweeted a tweet of hers (“FIRE COMEY”), commenting, “We finally agree on something Rosie.”

Tr*mp isn't logging into Twitter to begin a dialogue with the American people. Rather, his use of the platform is largely unidirectional; a waiting podium where he can immediately, internationally broadcast any thought that enters his mind, all the while ignoring those in his @ mentions demanding evidence or explanations. That isn't a “conversation” befitting a healthy and prospering democracy, Jack; it's the monologue of a demagogue. And I just don't think that's good for anyone. ♦

¹ Later, the Tr*mp administration would cite Comey's (mis-)handling of the Clinton-Weiner emails as specific evidence of his incompetency, but even that mangled justification begged the question, *why now?*

Receive a 10% Discount when you use
the code AUSA2017 plus gain access
to VIP only nights.
www.sprintfit.co.nz

SPRINT FIT.

A
rewards
ausa.org.nz/rewards

How to Talk About Sport



With
Mark Fullerton

Here's How Bernie Can Still Win The Presidency!

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately not to add to the interminable string of Super Rugby articles but ends up writing an interminable article about Super Rugby.

No, he can't. He couldn't, and he was never going to, but that didn't stop Facebook news feeds being clogged with the same headline, the same shit about electoral colleges and such. I guess once he lost, and then once Hillary lost, they didn't have too much else to write about. It was a done deal. She went into hiding, and Bernie bleated on for a few more weeks before also fading away. The people writing things just ran out of things to write about. Boomfa!

Much the same is happening right now with the coverage of the Super Rugby.¹ At the time of writing² the New Zealand conference is fairly open. The Blues, however unlikely it is, could jump the Highlanders and make it to the playoffs for the first time since 1875. But overall the coverage has gone stale. Once-respectable sports journalists have resorted to bizarre "what-if" scenarios, particularly concerning the potential rise of the one-win relegation-doorstep Melbourne Rebels. Mathematically this is possible, if one discounts the fact that one of their five remaining games is against the Crusaders juggernaut and another requires a fifteen-hour flight across the Pacific Ocean, neither scenario particularly lending itself to a victory.³ Boomfa!

These are fairly harmless hypothetical articles that really only serve the purpose of POINTING OUT HOW SILLY THE CONFERENCE SYSTEM IS HAAAAHA LOOK AT THE SILLY PEOPLE YES OK WE FUCKING GET IT. What is truly offensive, and reeks of arrogance,⁴ is the other new favourite topic of *Herald* and *Stuff* writers the country over—the idea that the Super

Rugby competition will once and for all throw itself into the abyss of unrespectability should the Lions win. Boomfa!

*"With all due respect to the Lions, who play a nice brand of football and aren't a bad team at all, it will be ridiculous, bordering on wrong, should they end up being crowned Super Rugby champions in 2017."*⁵

Honestly, Gregor Paul, *Herald on Sunday* rugby writer, get cunted. His argument, greatly flawed and grossly unfair, is that the Lions have a much easier run to the finals than any other team due to their avoiding playing any New Zealand teams in the entire regular season which should, apparently, render the 46 points they have accumulated (second only to the Crusaders on 50) completely irrelevant. Boomfa!

What not-so-young Gregor has left out is the fact that in the 2016 iteration the Lions DID face all the New Zealand teams and STILL finished the regular season atop the Africa 1 conference and second in the overall standings, defeating the defending champion Highlanders in the semi-final and falling to the Hurricanes at the final hurdle. So, as not-so-wee Greggles so nicely put it, the Lions are not a bad team at all and play a nice brand of football. If the Lions have proven themselves able to finish on top of the conference while also having to face New Zealand teams, how can you argue that just because they're topping the table without having faced New Zealand teams they don't deserve to be there? The best of a bad group is not necessarily the worst of the best group. Boomfa!

The other key oversight from the Greasor Strangler is that to make the quarterfinals is not to win the entire competition,⁶ and the way it's shaping up we're looking at 50% of the final eight being from Kiwiland. According to the Paulpoise, the Lions won't meet a New Zealand side until the semi-finals (see above) and, if they win that, will almost definitely go on to face another New Zea-

land side in the final (see above). Boomfa!

After the demolition of the Hurricanes' scrum at the hands of the Crusaders, Chris Rattue wrote an article criticising the way New Zealand rugby commentators refuse to criticise their own teams. Maybe he should take a look at his colleagues, who have quite spectacularly run out of things to write. Maybe that's what happens when you write a "This Is How The Finals Would Look If The Competition Ended Today" piece EVERY. FUCKING. WEEK. BOOMFA.

but while all this shit is going on women's sport has received a fairly major boost yay!

Women's sport has always had a pretty shit deal. Abby Erceg left the Football Ferns because she wasn't being paid enough, and then there was the utterly humiliating experience of the women's T20 team on their way to the T20 World Cup last year, forced to schlepp it in economy class while the men got to go business. ON THE SAME FUCKING FLIGHT.

Thankfully, the ICC has recognised the importance of the women's game to an extent that should leave rugby and football crying in shame.⁷ As the White Ferns prepare for their tilt at World Cup glory, they can do so safe in the knowledge that the ICC will stump up for business class and Suzie Bates and the team can proudly turn right upon boarding, all memories of the left-turn to povoville cast from their mind. Furthermore, the World Cup prize money has been increased from a pitiful \$290,000 to \$2.9 million—still not quite the \$3.2 million for the men's Champions Trophy held a few weeks later, but a tenfold increase is fairly notable.

It is worth noting that these changes are via the ICC, not NZ Cricket, which is a load of shit.

Remember the last time the Black Caps won the World Cup? Never.

Remember the last time the White Ferns won the World Cup? I do. The year 2000.⁸ ♦

¹ This isn't another article about how shit the Super Rugby conference system is. It can't be, because I, like the entire western quadrant of the galaxy, don't know how the fuck it works.

² Wednesday last week—damn the vagaries of student deadlines, amirite!

³ The Rebels are almost certain to get cut, but the Southern Kings are making that decision a tad hard—the Kings have now won more games this season than they have in their entire history, including a rousing take-down of not-long-ago-champions the Waratahs on their home turf.

⁴ but not really coz kiwis are humble and shit right.

⁵ Important phrases to note: "Nice brand of football", "Aren't a bad team at all"

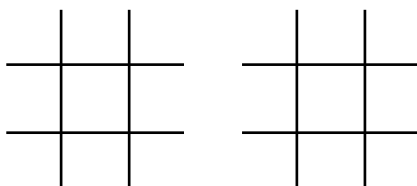
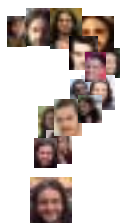
⁶ This Is How Bernie Won The Presidency!

⁷ These developments even have their own name, the Velvet Revolution, which is fucking badass.

⁸ I didn't. I was only seven. I hated cricket. I didn't watch my first game of cricket until 2015. I am a fraud.

BABY'S BOTTOM SUDOKU

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



KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

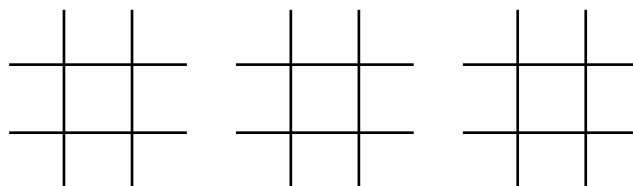
- French President Emmanuel Macron met his wife in a rather unusual fashion—how?
- U-boat is another term for what type of vehicle?
- Camp Rock* saw which two Disney stars come together in a wondrous tale of music, love and friendship?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

- Kendrick Lamar released an album on Good Friday—what was it called?
- Yemen borders which two countries?
- “O for Awesome”, the infamous *Wheel of Fortune* gaff, was said by whom?
- “Unobtainium” features prominently in which 2009 science fiction film?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

- Algeria is the largest country in Africa—true or false?
- “Lose Yourself” has been pumping in a Wellington courtroom for the last few weeks, but what was the name of the supposedly plagiarised track that the National Party used in their election ads?
- Lacrosse was first developed on what continent?

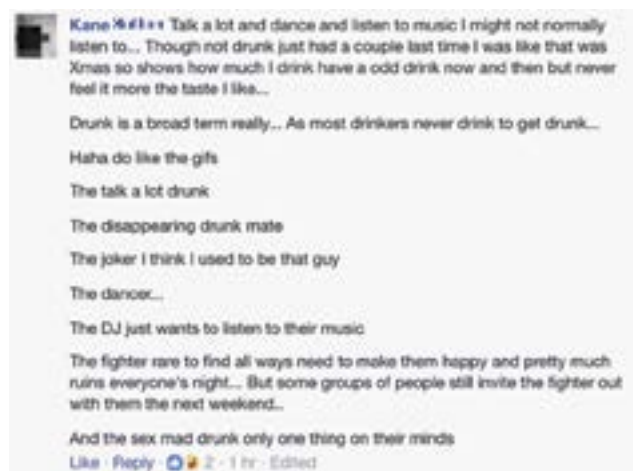


ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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

HERALD'S HEROES

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



The “what the fuck are you talking about and why are you doing it in a very public forum” drunk.

(also why is it that such a vast number of facebook commenters insist on using ellipses instead of full stops... it must be an old person thing... still... it's annoying and shit... and there's really no reason for it...)

Answers
1. She was his drama teacher at high school 2. A submarine 3. Demi Lovato and Joe Jonas 4. DAMN 5. Saudi Arabia and Oman 6. David Tua 7. Avatar 8. True 9. “Eminem-esque” 10. North America

the people to blame.

EDITORS

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

SUBEDITOR

Hannah Bergin

DESIGNER

Nick Withers

SECTION EDITORS

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

WRITERS

Caitlin Abley, Nikki Addison, Rachel Berryman, Catriona Britton, Michael Calderwood, Mark Casson, Olivia Chrisp, Michael Clark, Brennah Crofskey, Mark Fullerton, Rebecca Hallas, Georgia Harris, Grace Hood-Edwards, Laura Kvigstad, Wen-Juenn Lee, Hamish Liddy, Anoushka Maharaj, Jordan Margetts, Patrick Newland, Eloise Sims, Lauren Watson, Ginny Woo, Helen Yeung

COVER ARTIST

Caitlin Watters

ILLUSTRATORS

Sally Fraser, Mark Fullerton, Isobel Gledhill, Josh Hart, Caitlin Watters, Nathan Wood

SHADOWS "CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK"

Ginny Woo

SHADOWS


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


CALL FOR WRITERS AND ILLUSTRATORS!


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

FIND US ONLINE

www.craccum.co.nz

 Craccum Magazine

 @craccummag

 @craccum

EDITORIAL OFFICE

4 Alfred Street,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland

ADVERTISING

Aaron Haugh
advertising@ausa.org.nz

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



**your student
experience**

Do You Need Urgent Dental Care?

AUSA and Alpers Dental are working together to provide urgent dental care to students who cannot afford it.

AUSA and Alper offer ten grants a year. A dental grant includes a free exam, free x rays, a free hygiene and up to \$200 towards dental treatment.

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



Look at our Troop bags! Aren't they great?



This week only*

15% discount
on all Troop bags in store

* May 22 – May 28 2017

UBS
UNIVERSITY
BOOKSHOP

UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP
Kate Edger Information Commons
Corner Symonds & Alfred Streets, Auckland Central
Tel: 306 2700 Fax: 306 2701 Email: enquiries@ubsbooks.co.nz
Web: www.ubsbooks.co.nz
Open Monday to Saturday or shop securely online 24/7



www.facebook.com/UBSAKL



@ubs_auckland