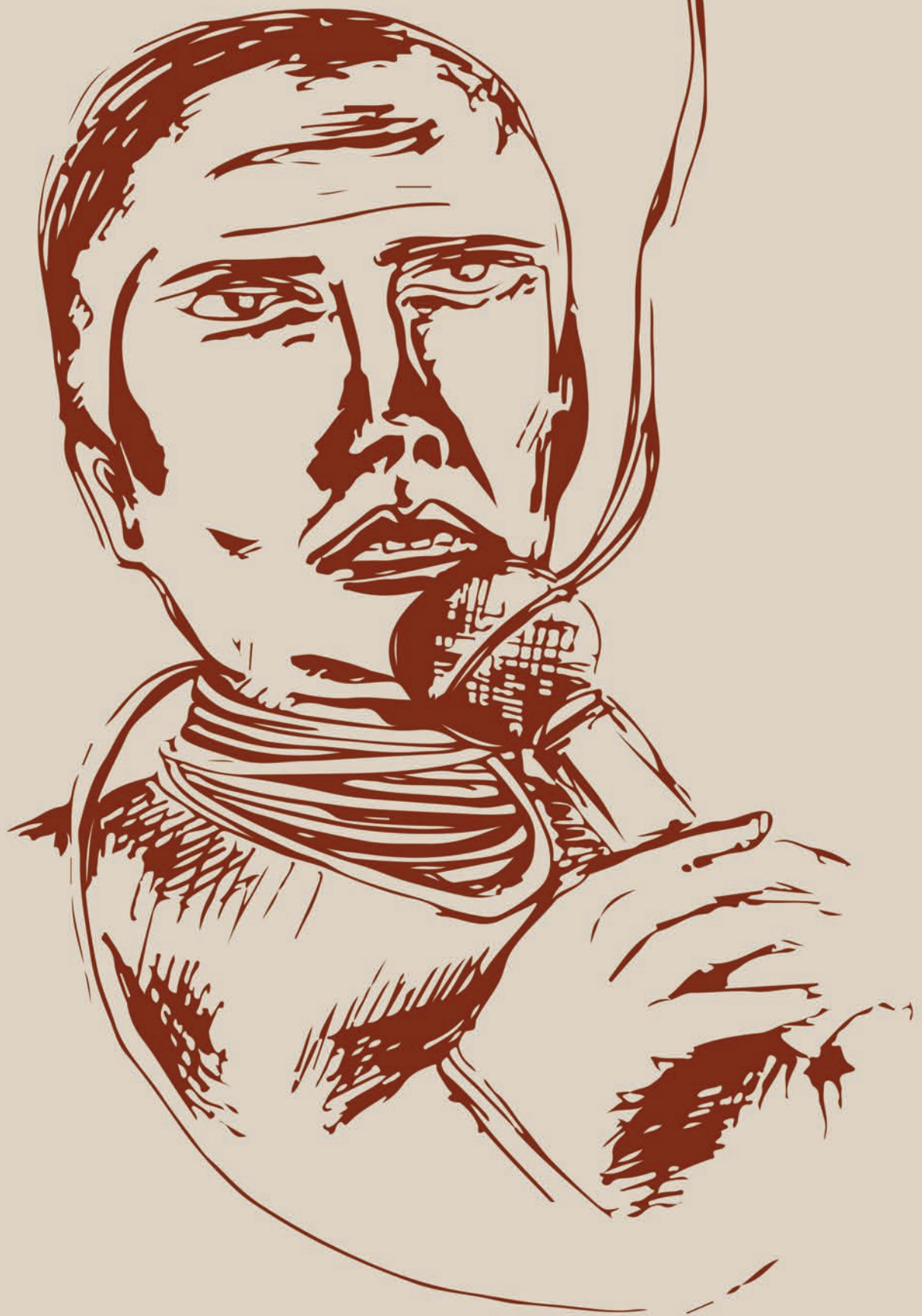


CRACCUM

magazine 11



balls

THE CRACCUM TEAM WENT TO A BALL. CAN
YA TELL? CAN YA? PAGES 5 AND 24.

full of sound and fury

MARK FULLERTON PERFORMS A PRE-EMPTIVE POST-
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a spotlight on spotlight

THE BEST FILMS ON JOURNALISM, AS CHOSEN
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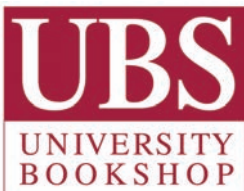
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balls

a collaborative (read: lazy) editorial
wherein we force our unpaid section
editors to do even more work for us.

It's that time of semester. Mark has suddenly remembered he's actually enrolled at uni. Caitlin is somehow performing worse in her stage one papers than in her stage three ones. We've run out of opinions to wank on about in our editorials, so we're reduced to telling you what we did on the weekend. *Valar Morghulis*.

This week we're tackling balls. Can't live with 'em. Can't live without 'em. Lookin' fresh. Feelin' funky. It's ball season. Grab 'em while you can.

FEATURES EDITOR (DRUNK AS A SKUNK. PIDDLER ON THE ROOF):

When you combine alcohol with a small bladder, you're in for a stellar night of never quite knowing when that tightening sensation is going to release itself into a puddle of piss. Is it while you're in line for another drink? While Winstanley spins you round drunkenly on the dance floor? While you put your hand on the speaker because you want to feel the bass vibrations from Fifth Harmony's "Work From Home", but instead it sends vibrations somewhere else in your body? BOY, DOES IT KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES! I convinced (more like whined until they agreed) the gang of *Craccum* gals to accompany me for my first pee during dinner. Navigating stairs to the toilet when your vision is blurred (genetically and drunkenly) and tottering in high heels is not ideal. Three more pees punctuated my dance floor antics and persistent "WOOOOO"-ing. The close call of the night came when the team harassed me from my comfortable, dazed spot at the table to join the line for a photo. They did not have compassion for my poor bladder. Many a time I tried to convince them I could sprint there and back in time, but was consistently denied. I grumbled for the 5-minute wait, desperately thinking about anything but the soon-to-be trickle down my leg. As soon as the photos

were done, I legged it up to the toilet, letting out a "WOOOOO" in relief.

ARTS EDITOR (HARRY POTTER AND THE ONE THAT ALMOST SHAT HERSELF IN THE LINE FOR PHOTOS):

We walked into the joint like the goddamn Reservoir Dogs - if the movie had opened with the titular Dogs already complaining about their feet hurting, arriving three quarters of an hour late due to their Uber driver catastrophically dropping the ball (ayyyy) and slinking into the building to the tune of "History" by One Direction in lieu of George Baker's "Little Green Bag". (Very different tunes. Both absolute fucking bangers). But *just* like the Reservoir Dogs, we were there to commit a heist - we were there to steal the hearts of the all those down to clown at the AUSA Ball. And oh boy, did we absolutely, well and truly, fucking *fail*. Editors ran wild amongst groups of eighteen year olds who were simply trying to enjoy the blissful key changes in "Love on Top", began to do shit breakdancing in the centre of their circle and then aggressively demanded hi-fives from all onlookers. As the band rounded out the night with Coldplay's "Fix You" (massive buzz/boner killer), News Editor Winners took to the floor to spin on his side, more than slightly resembling a cockroach freshly spritzed with Mortein. No patron had their ear cut off to the tune of Stealers Wheel's "Stuck in the Middle With You", which is a plus. The band did not play Stealers Wheel's "Stuck in the Middle with You", which is honestly a fucking travesty.

CO-EDITOR (W/ VAGINA):

I decided on this ball because I've gone to the Law Ball twice. Going to the Law Ball is like being born. The whole time you are surrounded by massive cunt(s), one of the people involved invariably shits themselves, and ultimately you can't remember any of it. We thought the AUSA ball would be better because, although the patrons are quite weird, at least they're not all narcissistic capitalists. This sums up AUSA as an institution. The President spent the night

loudly proclaiming his liberal credentials, and ruthlessly putting ~~hoes~~ respected significant others before bros. He could be heard at any given time announcing, "my girlfriend wants to dance but I can't because I have two left feet - guess I'm left-leaning! Have you heard how much I love minorities?" The Education Vice President promptly ditched the AUSA crowd, suffering under the illusion that sitting with *Craccum* would boost her street cred - realising we were also losers, she set about romancing a young Canadian welder, who was last seen disappearing into her mink stole. The Treasurer was being a classic dad, waggling his eyebrows after every joke. The Administrative Vice President was the only one doing her job (classic) but also may have hired her photographer-boyfriend purely so he could take some classy nudes. The Welfare Vice President got Pene-lippy with a man who had certainly been Graftin' all night. Overall, lower wankstain saturation than AULSS. Would ball again.

CO-EDITOR (W/OUT VAGINA):

WHOOOOO! WHAT A TEAM! WHAT A TIME! WHAT A SIGN! WHAT A NIGHT! *mark stop it* SPEEEEEEECH! HOW ARE YOU! YEAAAAAH! GET IT! CRACCUUUUUUUUM! *mark you are literally the worst* YEAH! HOW ARE YOU! SPEEECH! *mark seriously shut the fuck up* SPEEEEEEECH! WHAT A TIME TO BE ALIVE! HOW ARE YOU! GET IT! YEAH! THIRD WHEEL! *mark please* CRACCUM CLEARWATER REEEVVVVVVVAAAAA! I AIN'T NO FORTUNATE SAAAAAAHHN NO! *mark get winners and catriona we're having a photo* WHOOOOO! YEAH! WINNERS! LET'S GO! SPEEEEEEECH! *mark hurry up* SPOTLIHHHIGHT! HOW ARE YOU! *mark where is catriona* OH FUCK! KATRINAAAAA! HOW ARE YOU! PHOTO! *mark i will actually hit you* WHAT A TEAM WHAT A TIME WHAT A SIGN WHAT A NIGHT! *mark you are actually the worst person in the world* SPEEEEEEECH! *mark for the love of god just shut up* YOU DON'T OWN ME! SPEECH! *mark* CRACCUUUUUUM! *you are just the worst* HOW ARE YOU! *just the worst* ■



CULTS ON CAMPUS?

[News Editor's Note: IPYG and Shincheonji are SECRET ASS ORGANISATIONS. This is probably to be expected, because a) they have been accused of being a cult, and b) most of the information about them is written in Korean. Heck, halfway through writing this article, the group's Wikipedia page was wiped completely clean – allegedly in the interest of “removing false information”, according to the page's edit history. This article represents the best picture we could uncover of the organisation's operations, pieced together from firsthand accounts and various other sources.]

AUSA's Peace Rally, scheduled as part of Politics Week, was cancelled at the absolute last minute last week after revelations that the group that AUSA had partnered with to host the event, International Peace Youth Group was associated with a “cult-like” South Korean religious group.

Craccum understands IPYG approached AUSA earlier this year about collaborating in an event – an offer AUSA accepted, not realising the nature of the organisation. Members of the Executive only then realised their mistake during Politics Week itself, forcing them to call off the event hours before it was due to begin.

The group has apparently contacted other Auckland based organisations, including AUSM (AUT Student Movement) and Amnesty International. Both of those groups turned IPYG down.

AUSA refused to comment on the circumstances of their involvement with the group, or on

the rationale behind the cancellation of the event.

The International Peace Youth Group, otherwise known as IPYG, is operated by a Korean organisation known as “Shincheonji, Church of Jesus, the Temple of the Tabernacle of the Testimony”.

Shincheonji Church, in turn, is run by a man named Lee Man-Hee. Lee Man-Hee claims to have been personally visited by Jesus Christ, who appeared to him in a “Bright, Glowing Image”. Lee's followers reportedly believe that he has been appointed by God as the ‘Second Pastor’ – that is, second after Jesus – and that he has been granted eternal life.

Shincheonji has something of a reputation throughout South Korea. Public events run by the Church reportedly often require private security, in order to stop people from attempting to snatch back family members. There are official restrictions on their ability to advertise through traditional channels. Other churches post signs, forbidding Shincheonji members from entering – a precautionary measure, as the Church reportedly has a reputation for infiltrating mainstream churches and siphoning off members.

Members of Shincheonji Church are allegedly asked to give up their jobs or university studies in order to devote themselves to Lee's teachings. Members are also allegedly instructed to sleep only four to five hours each night, and some branches of the Church reportedly use fingerprint recognition software, to better keep track of attendance.

IPYG is reportedly known for targeting foreigners travelling through South Korea. The group offers free Korean language courses to

travellers as a gateway into the Church.

The group, and groups affiliated with it, have a reputation for attempting to deceive secular organisations. Images from events held by Shincheonji are typically used for propaganda purposes.

In 2012, a Shincheonji affiliate, known as Mannam, organised a “World Peace Summit”, to be held at the Seoul Olympic Stadium, and was advertised to international guests as a secular event with the goal of furthering world peace. The event was actually a “Shincheonji Olympiad”, a quadrennial event celebrating the birth of Lee Man-Hee.

The ensuing controversy led to the dissolution of Mannam. However, in 2014, a *different* group chaired by Lee – known as HWPL, or Heavenly Culture, World Peace, Restoration of Light – advertised a World Alliance of Religions For Peace Summit, *also* to be hosted in the Seoul Olympic Stadium.

Invitees to *that* event ranged all the way from former presidents – from both Croatia and South Africa – to members of international youth and women's associations.

It isn't clear how large membership of the organisation is, in part down to the secrecy of the Church itself. The IPYG website claims the group has 2.4 million members, with almost 600 affiliates and branches in over one hundred countries.

Other estimates claim that the group as a whole has somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 members. It is unclear if even those numbers are correct, however – they seem to be derived from Church documentation. It is also unclear exactly how many countries the group operates in. The group only lists their

TESTING TIMES



TOP FIVE THINGS WE LEARNT THIS WEEK

1. The whole chalking thing is getting out of hand. This morning I have seen several scientific formulas and someone's phone number (or more likely someone's friend's phone number).

2. That Like Mike is a thing. Good on NZME making fun of itself with this funny little skit on their Watch Me service. Also I'm pretty sure that the voice over is Kate Hawkesby (AKA Hosking's wife...)

3. Bernie needs to stop. While I feel the Bern as much as the next guy, it's time for him to stand aside. All he is doing is hurting Hillary and helping the Donald.

4. Politics Week is not an excuse to just speak politics. People still get pissed off.

5. Sport is a great aphrodisiac, a recent scientific study has shown. Then again, you can make a study say pretty much anything. FiveThirtyEight showed that if you drink iced tea, you are likely to believe that the movie *Crash* didn't deserve to win the Best Picture Oscar. ■

Otago University is building a brand-new \$50 million animal testing facility. The centre will consolidate already existing testing facilities across the University campus.

Otago University Deputy Vice-Chancellor for Research and Enterprise, Professor Richard Blaikie, promises that the new centre will not lead to an increase in animal testing at Otago, but it will lead to improvements in animal welfare and husbandry.

Professor Blaikie told reporters that animal-based research is a "vital part" of many major advances in medicine and science, including in finding cures for cancer and diabetes, in finding obesity and fertility treatments, and in neuroscience research.

Existing ethics guidelines will remain in place at the new site, and have always been "stringently followed".

Last year, the Government passed the Animal Welfare Amendment Bill. The bill recognises animals as "sentient beings" under New Zealand law, and put in place new restrictions against animal abuse. The bill bans cosmetic

companies from testing their products on animals in New Zealand laboratories but still allows animal testing more generally.

Details emerged last year of a study conducted by researchers at Otago that involved strapping pigs to operating tables, and shooting them point blank in the head with a handgun. Those researchers were operating in conjunction with researchers from the University of Auckland. The study, published in the *International Journal of Legal Medicine*, involved live pigs and was an attempt to better understand blood splatter patterns after gunshot wounds.

Campaigners from PETA protested the University in response, while scientists associated with the study defended the research used as "potentially vital" in certain homicide cases.

The five storey building is due to open in 2018.■

[News Editor's Note: As always, we urge our readers to remember that our own University's Vice Chancellor, Professor Stuart McCutcheon, completed his doctorate by putting baby lambs into freezing conditions, in order to see how long they would take to die. We offer this information with no comment.]



SMELLS FISHY

New research conducted by the University of Auckland seems to indicate that there has been widespread misreporting of marine catches for the last sixty years.

The report, which provides a “reconstructed” view of marine catches since the 1950s, claims that while 15.3 million tonnes of catch were reported in the period up until 2013, an estimated 24.7 million tonnes were not. According to the report, the difference between those two numbers could be attributed to three main factors: fish that were thrown overboard for being too small, fish abandoned for not being economically worthwhile for fishers, and catches made by fishing vessels operating without a quota. If those numbers are accurate, the New Zealand fisheries catch during that period has been more than 2.7 times what was recorded. The findings potentially speak to widespread dysfunction throughout the fishing industry.

The report has immediately drawn defensive responses. MPI’s Director of Fisheries Management, Dave Turner, has said that his department’s initial review of the report had problems with the methodology employed by researchers.

“The report simply can’t draw adequate conclusions about sustainability, as its authors attempt to, because the measure of sustainability is abundance – that is, the amount of fish in the sea – not extraction as the report attempts to analyse.”

Meanwhile, Tim Pankhurst, Chief Executive of Seafood New Zealand, said that the report used

a “hopelessly biased” sample. “New Zealand’s fisheries management is recognised as one of the best with one of the highest compliance levels in the world.”

The research does massively diverge from the conclusions made by similar reports into the same subject matter. For example, NIWA previously estimated the “discarded catch rate” in New Zealand waters was at about 6 per cent, while this report places it at around 50 per cent.

Russell Norman, the former Green Party leader and the Executive Director of Greenpeace New Zealand, said that the report showed that industrial fishing companies had been under-reporting their catch “for years”, and that the government had been “covering for them”.

Some commentators have asked about the role Māori fishing rights have to play in this debate. Carl Carrington is the Chief Executive of Aotearoa Fisheries, the largest Māori-owned fishing company in the country. Carrington says that the company is planning to introduce cameras onto all of the ships in their fleet, in order to restore public confidence in their operations. Carrington also plans to make his boats available to the Ministry of Primary Industries for inspection. The Greens in particular have pushed for more supervision of New Zealand boats, since the report came to light.

However, Carrington also claims that the report was based on out of date information, and that also most of the information gathered did not cover the Māori fishing industry, as Māori were absent from New Zealand’s commercial fishing scene until at least the 1980s.

Researchers on the project say that their research shows that the Quota Management System has inadvertently incentivized the mass dumping of otherwise completely useable fish, and needs to be reformed.

“A striking finding was the extent of misreporting to avoid deemed value penalties – at sea and on land,” reads the report

“This highlights a weakness of the QMS, which relies on full and accurate reporting, yet, in practice, incentivises misreporting, which undermines the sustainability of fisheries. Fisheries management and stock assessment officials must spend more time talking and listening to the fishers themselves, observers and compliance officers.”

David Parker, Labour’s Environment spokesperson, has called for the government to commission an independent review of the country’s Quota Management System. The current system hasn’t been reviewed for more than 30 years.

The National Party response has been mixed, with Prime Minister John Key saying that under-reporting may have happened in the past, but that that problem has since been resolved. The Minister for Primary Industries, Nathan Guy, pointed to the fact that the number of independent observers on fishing ships as a reason to doubt the findings of the new report.

“There may have been overfishing decades ago, but it is much harder for that kind of thing to happen now with observer numbers doubling in the last decade.”

New Zealand’s annual fishing haul is estimated to be worth as much as \$3.5 billion per year. ■

GENERATION ZERO RECEIVE COMPLAINTS



Generation Zero have reportedly received as many as 1300 complaints from pissed-off Aucklanders about the state of the city's public transport system.

The lobby group received more than 1000 of those complaints in the month of March alone.

March is consistently the worst month of the year for Auckland Transport – the system regularly becomes overwhelmed by the influx of passengers deciding to start using public transport at the beginning of the academic and business year.

The problem seemed particularly bad this year, as Auckland Transport was forced to use

every bus available to keep up with demand for public transport – adding as many as 2000 extra seats per hour on major arterial routes. However, this did not seem to have much of an effect: commuters on those routes reported having to wait for over an hour for buses during peak times.

Auckland Transport has announced a number of initiatives to help mitigate the problem next year, including the introduction of more than 60 Double Decker buses, and more than 17 kilometres of bus lanes across the city. The City Rail Link (CRL), due to be completed in 2020, will massively increase the capacity of the rail network by up to more than 30,000 passengers an hour.

The success of Gen Zero's campaign is despite

the Council forcing the group to pull down posters advertising the campaign earlier this year.

Auckland Council claimed that the advertisements put by the group on bus stops around the city violated local bylaws, as they potentially covered up important information, like bus timetables or route closures.

Gen Zero claimed that the decision to enforce the bylaw was a deliberate act of censorship, despite Auckland Transport claiming to support the campaign.

The group plans to use the information to identify the worst bus routes in Auckland. They will present that data, alongside recommendations for reform, to Auckland Council. ■

POLITICS WEAK

The Politics Week kick-off event this year was, yet again, the ever-entertaining Shadows Backbenchers. And while your pick for winners and losers would depend greatly on which table you sat at, there did seem to be an overarching theme to the evening – talking over each other and bad dad jokes.

The night kicked off with the student leaders' debate, which showed a large contradiction in styles. The Young Nat's Stefan Sunde toed the party line with much aplomb and with an almost robotic precision. He presented the National Party's view of compassionate capitalism, warranted or otherwise. By contrast, Young Labour's Tessa Naden could quite easily

be described as fringe – in fact, one of her fellow party members described her as such. While this may not have presented her party in quite the way they may have wanted, it made the debate the better half of the night. While these two bickered away, the New Zealand First member Connor McFadyen sat to the side, putting forward positions that would almost certainly not increase his party's student vote. The Green's Ricardo Menendez did the whole Green thing of criticizing all of the above.

After this entertaining first act, the main event was a bit of a let-down. It appears that the apparent grown-ups still enjoy yelling over one another. In fact, the winner of the big boys was probably Gareth Hughes, mainly because his plane was delayed and he only showed up halfway through. National's Andrew Bayly was as bland as can be, David Cunliffe (the best of those who turned up) wouldn't have earned any new votes with his abrasive style, and pan-

dering to his base. David Seymour and Tracey Martin, while both entertaining, struggled to make an impact – except making it very obvious that they dislike each other.

Over all the key takeaways were:

- David Cunliffe either does or doesn't have a foreign trust.
- David Seymour (foolishly?) believes that the ACT party have a future with multiple MPs.
- There are still too many Davids in New Zealand politics.
- Cunliffe has a I-don't-give-a-fuck beard (and it actually works).
- Tracey Martin without a mic is just as loud as Andrew Bayly with one.
- Politicians even drink stereotypical beer: New Zealand First had a glass of pinot noir, Labour had Shadows lager, National had Export Gold and ACT had (a few) green ones.
- I really need to find a life. ■

WHAT'S ON 23 – 29 MAY

The **Spanish Film Festival** continues this week at Academy Cinemas with a wide variety of films from the Spanish-speaking world. The headliner is the Penelope Cruz film *Ma Ma*, and with plenty of other films to choose from (many of which are premiering in NZ for the first time), the festival is a great opportunity to gain some alternate perspectives. Visit academycinemas.co.nz for film blurbs and dates.

For the first time ever, artworks shown at Objectspace gallery will be for sale, in **Show_sell_shift**, opening on Thursday at 6pm. While the art itself may be a bit out of most students' price-range, it's a great chance to see what some of Aotearoa's leading artists, makers and designers are up to. And who knows, maybe you will be able to pick up a bargain to start off that art collection!

Speaking of art collecting, the **Auckland Art Fair** is on at The Cloud, bringing together 40 contemporary galleries from New Zealand, Australia, the Pacific and South America. It's a crazy event well worth a visit, if you can front up the \$20 entrance fee. The event is bringing in some new and positive elements this year, including a non-commercial show of emerging artists, *Pacific Real Time*, and a bookstore. Opens on Wednesday and runs until Sunday.

Another of POP's city-wide happenings is on this Sunday – **POP Dogs**. Head down to Victoria Park with your dog for a bit of owner-pooch socialising, or rock up as a solo human to enjoy the sight of other humans trying to get their dogs to sit still for a puppy portrait photoshoot – cute! Guaranteed stress relief from study; you'd be "barking mad" to miss it.

AGONY AUNTIES

Hi Aunties,
Lately, capitalism has really been getting me down. I often find myself feeling sad about the state of the world and freaking out about the future. This whole exploitation thing just doesn't seem to be working, and I want to try to fight it. I'm wondering whether you have any tips to offer?
From *budding radical*.

Dear *budding radical*,
Well done on this critical thought. To feel this empathy and compassion for the planet is a wonderful thing – but it can be difficult from this point to continue to see the positive things in the world. Obviously it's impossible to boycott the system by removing yourself from it – unless you are prepared to start a self-sufficient commune – as most of us need to participate in the workforce in order to live. Start with small acts – talk to your friends about their thoughts, attend protests, read about these issues. You may wish to investigate existing alternatives to find out whether your outlook aligns. Learn about gift-giving and exchange economies. So many people are thinking about this right now – get involved! And remember, we are in a privileged position: as a country we are not bearing the brunt of this system that we have created (while we have obscene levels of inequality, our whole landmass is not at risk of submersion as with our Pacific neighbours, for example). Good luck keeping positive!
Love,

The Agony Aunties XXX ■

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



CRACCUM CRAFT (WELL IT BEATS STUDYING) BOOK SCULPTURES

These are great decorations that liven up table tops or empty mantelpieces. All it takes is a bit of book vandalism.

You will need:

A hardback book that you never want to read again
A Glue stick

Optional:

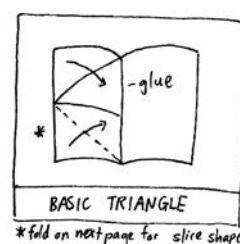
Paint
Glitter

How to do:

1. **Open your book** at centre and lay it as flat as you can (break or weaken the spine) with the pages facing up.
2. **Start folding the pages.** There are several ways of doing this, depending on what sculpture you want

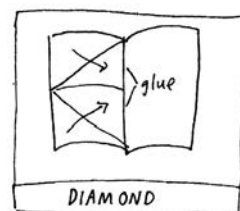
a) The Triangle Fold

This is the basic fold pattern for all these sculptures. Take the top corner of a page and bring it down towards the centre fold so that you get a triangle. Keep them folds neat! That'll make your sculpture look nicer. Glue the folded bit down, making sure you don't get any air bubbles. For a triangle-shape sculpture, simply repeat the original pattern for the rest of the book, and glue the pages.



b) Slice shape

After you've folded the basic triangle, flip to a new page and this time take the *bottom* corner and bring it to the centre, then glue. Carry on with this alternating pattern on both sides of the book, and then glue all the pages together, and you're done!



c) Diamond

On the same page as your first triangle fold, take the bottom corner and bring to the centre. Your page should end up as side-ways pyramid. Do these two folds for all the pages and glue the folds down as you go, then glue all the folded pages together.

d) Flower

This one's a bit different and a bit trickier, but basically, all you do is bring the outside edge of the page into the centre without folding it (i.e. make a tube) and then stick the very edge of the page (about 1cm of it) to the centre of the book, then stick all the pages together, but as close to the spine as you can. This sculpture looks good displayed upright or dangling from the ceiling.

3. **Paint and/or bedazzle with glitter if you wish.**

■ EMILY FREW

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY POWDER ROOM SOCIETY'S TOILET REVIEW OF THE WEEK

The General Library Level Six 'Rooftop' Female Toilets

The most intriguing thing about these toilets is the entrance, which takes you on a journey up a cute little set of stairs and then through an empty space where you can peek out the (alarmed) door to the beautiful library rooftop. All but one of the female toilets in the library look virtually identical and so it is this unusual entrance that really sets this one apart. Though seemingly hidden, don't go here if you're wanting some R&R. They are surprisingly busy even on the weekend when I visited!

These toilets are of that special variety around campus, in that they are particularly Instagram friendly and sun washed. They have a vibe that I can only describe (meaninglessly) as 'dated-freshness'. The mix of different lightly coloured patterned surfaces adds to this vibe and keeps it feeling clean, light and airy. There are grey and blue marbled lino floors, muted green painted walls, off-white cubicle doors, a faint speckled surface, and most notably the peach-flecked Corian which reminds me of the floors in that Spanish café that Wes Anderson designed. The toilets are another example of sightseeing toilets for most of us I assume, because in the fourth year of my degree I didn't even know that the sixth level of the library existed until I ventured up there (via the thirteen sets of stairs) to take photos of these toilets. Well worth the hike, or you could just take the lift.



General information

OPENED IN: 1969

ARCHITECTS: BEATSON, RIX-TROTT, CARTER & CO.

FACT: THIS LEVEL OF THE LIBRARY ORIGINALLY HELD THE FACULTY OF LAW.

WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE: NO

BAG HOOKS: YES

X-FACTOR: YES

AESTHETICS: 9/10

PRACTICALITY: 4/10

OVERALL: 7/10

AUPRS on

FACEBOOK: AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY POWDER ROOM SOCIETY

TUMBLR: [HTTP://AUPRS.TUMBLR.COM](http://auprs.tumblr.com)

INSTAGRAM: @AUPRS



KITSCH GARDEN

My garden is small. Five plant pots that I made myself hang out in the part of my bedroom that gets the most light (not much). They hold two dying plants, two thriving plants, and one plant I'm suspicious is dying slowly and quietly but can't be sure. I look at them every day, I forget to take care of them often. When the plants die, I'm sad, and when the plants grow, I'm happy. It's an emotional gym. A learning ground.

Gardens are not quite nature, but they're not quite not nurture. They are both nature and nurture, and neither. Gardens are performative – nature structured to reflect the gardener's identity. They can serve a utilitarian purpose for the gardener, but they move beyond that purpose and enter the psyche as not 'what you do' but 'who you are'. While a garden can be made for many reasons – self-sustainability, creativity, nurturing and so forth – it becomes a vision of employing these noble attributes.

On a sunny Sunday, out my window I can hear peo-

ple mowing their lawns, see them trimming their hedges and weeding their patch, both growing and controlling their spaces. There is a greater challenge than mine and they rise to it with more determination than I have ever mustered for the activity.

Inside the house I water my plants, watch them grow and fade, and occasionally Instagram the experience.

Elsewhere people hold working bees in communal gardens, pick flowers and rosemary on their way to something else, wander through civic gardens as friends, lovers, family, laughing in the breeze.

Look at loveable me, loveable you, loveable us, doing loveable things.

To commit yourself to a garden, at whatever scale, is to learn something about yourself. Who you want to be and who you are. Make a garden. See what you make of yourself in it. And if you don't like it, try again. ■ CASEY CARSEL

FASHION ON CAMPUS

Jenny: "I like my style to be comfy and cool"



AUSA and 95bFM Present...

The Shadows Sessions

OPEN MIC NIGHT - TUE MAY 24TH 6PM SHADOWS BAR - R18

\$200 in
Shadows vouchers
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Performers must register at
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SHADOWS
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From the President

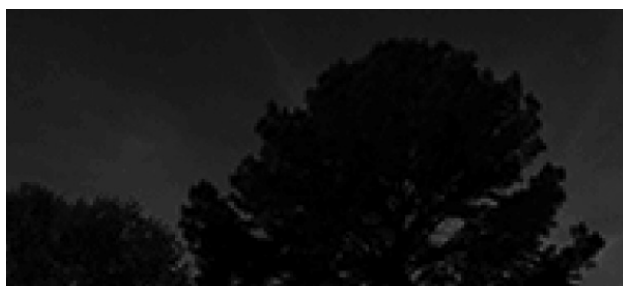
Normally in this section of the magazine, you're lucky enough to see and hear from our wonderful Media Officer Zavara. Unfortunately, she's away this week, so you've got me instead. I can't wait to fill you in on everything I've been doing as President this semester, including a detailed explanation of organising the consolidation of AUSA's accounts, a blow by blow account of our interview process to find a new General Manager and the incredible changes we've made to the structure of AUSA Executive meeting agendas.

I'm joking. That would all be too exciting for me, I might burst.

Instead you get another boring week of boring information on the progress of AUSA's campaign to make Albert Park a safer place, hear about a new position on the AUSA Executive that's opened up, see what we'll be doing for you as part of our Stress Less Study Week, and all of the other services and opportunities that AUSA offers students at this University. There's also an interview with our Tamaki Representative, 'Crazy Aunt' Cervantee Wild. I know, consolidated accounts are much more interesting...



AUSA NEWS



ALBERT PARK GETTING SAFER!

Following the 'Reclaim Our Park' Rally at the beginning of April, AUSA has been working as part of a joint Auckland Transport/Council/Police taskforce to ensure that Albert Park is a safer place for students and all Aucklanders to travel through at night. John Strawbridge, Manager of Auckland Transport Operations Centre, says: "Auckland Transport (AT) will work very closely with our colleagues at Auckland Council over the coming weeks to create a suitable and viable lighting solution inside Albert Park."

One option discussed by the taskforce was a new lighting system that contains voice activated sensors. When these sensors register the sounds of someone in distress, the system will flood the park in light, acting as an effective deterrent to anyone committing a crime.

Concurrent to that work, AT will commence work on improving the lighting in the streets surrounding the park with a view to increase visibility on the footpaths and adjacent roads. At the same time it will look to install some CCTV cameras on the entrances to the park to increase coverage for the Police and allow AT to monitor the traffic activity on the roads.

Says Strawbridge "Although this is not the complete solution we believe it is a solid start to making Albert Park a better amenity for the students and public alike."



NEW CAMPUS RETAIL A M(O)UST(ACHE) TRY!

The wait to find out who would be replacing beloved ice cream vendors New Zealand Natural is over, with the exciting news that the popular Wellesley Street cookie shop (and food bus!) moustache will be opening in the Quad! There are more updates coming out in the next few weeks. When asked for comment, an AUSA Officer who would rather not be named said "look, I was hoping for Ben and Jerry's but Moustache is definitely going to be my new place to go to stress eat those AUSA feelings"



FREE ★ BBQ
HAVE YOUR VOICE HEARD.
TALK ABOUT THINGS THAT MATTER,
★ ★ ★ AND THINGS THAT DON'T.



EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 12PM



What's on at AUSA?



STRESS LESS WITH AUSA!

AUSA Presents **Stress Less Study Week** from Monday 30 May till Friday 3 June!

Stress Less Study Week is an opportunity for students to start the study season on a chilled out note. It's very easy to get over-worked and over-stressed in the exam period, so we want to kick it off with well-being in mind!

Due to its popularity, AUSA will be extending Stress Less Study Week to ALL University of Auckland campuses, including Tai Tokerau, Epsom, Tamaki and Grafton. We are specially starting the week early for Epsom as we know you all have practicum, so Stress Less Study Week on Epsom campus will run from Monday 23 May to Friday 27 May.

We'll be announcing what will be going on during the week on our Facebook event but expect:

- Chill Out Zones with free tea, coffee, milo and biscuits
- Free breakfast AND lunch
- Animals on campus
- Well-being sessions
- You heard us right, Animals. On. Campus.
- Play doh stations
- Adult colouring books
- We will reward those who utilise the library for their study!

On top of all of this, we'll be giving away TEN exam packs filled with all the goodies you need to get through your exams! Make sure you have liked the Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) Facebook page.



CALLING ALL BANDS, MUSICIANS, SINGER-SONGWRITERS TO... THE SHADOWS SESSIONS

AUSA and bFM Present The Shadows Sessions! Once a month, AUSA, bFM and Shadows will bring you a night of performances from students and/or up-and-coming bands.

For our first night of music we'll be hosting a NZ Music Month open mic night special. We'll have shadows vouchers up for grabs for the best NZ covers (1st, \$100, 2nd \$70 and 3rd \$30).

To register, visit www.ausa.org.nz/openmic

Registrations close 23rd May.

For more information email events@ausa.org.nz



broadcast 95 b FM

bFM aka BruceLeeFM aka StudentCentralFM aka Radio Cool here, with some pro-tips about your friendly neighbourhood radio station. This week we're giving you the good oil on our go to spot for brand spanking new music: Totally Wired.

Every Saturday morning from 11 till 2, our blue-haired yass kween, Jess Fu, busts out the week's fresh releases. She also bravely ventures to the provinces in Main Centred, spilling the goss on what's happening in Christchurch, Wellywood, and Dunedin with local experts. And finally on Long Player, Jess spins a recently

released local album in full and chats hard out with the artist. It's a great show with lots going on. Check it out.

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

TOP TEN

1. Juiceroof — Favourite Distraction (NZ)
2. Hex — Witches of Hex (NZ)
3. Affsid Kidjahgiffy — Wallace went walking (NZ)
4. PHF — Loneliness is lame (NZ)
5. The Naenae Express — Dream State (NZ)
6. Kaytranada — Bullets ft. Little Dragon
7. Dave Weir — Sweet Lily White (NZ)
8. Orchestra of Spheres — Rocket #9 (NZ)
9. Mitski — Happy (Radio Edit)
10. James Blake — Radio Silence

Meet the Tamaki Representative

This week, we're interviewing AUSA Tamaki Representative Cervantee Wild. Wild by name, not by nature (this was her campaign slogan, not kidding), Cervantee has the unfortunate honour of having known AUSA President Will and Education Vice President Rachel since 2012 when they all lived together on the 3rd Floor of O'Rourke Hall. This meant that a) Cervantee was essentially destined for the AUSA Executive and b) they know all the good stories about her. We got stuck right into it with our first question

IS THERE ANY REASON THAT WHEN YOU GET DRUNK, PEOPLE FONDLY REFER TO YOU AS 'CRAZY AUNT' CERVANTEE?

Probably because I remind them of their Aunt. I'm a very caring person when I'm drunk. Actually, only Will calls me that.

YOU'RE FROM NEW PLYMOUTH. DOES IT HAVE PHONE RECEPTION YET? IT MUST BE ANNOYING HAVING TO DELIVER LETTERS TO YOUR PARENTS VIA DONKEY.

It does! ... I don't know how to respond to these questions! We've recently upgraded to Pigeons which is a lot faster.

ANY THOUGHTS ON THE RECENT FURORE SURROUNDING THE NEW PLYMOUTH MAYOR'S ATTEMPTS TO CREATE MAORI WARDS IN THE CITY?

I think it's really sad that it turned out the way it did, because he was doing something quite courageous, and it's really sad when people like that get so visibly tired, jaded and worn out.

WITH THE RECENT SALE OF TAMAKI CAMPUS AND THE PLANNED RELOCATION OF ALL FACULTIES AND STUDENTS OUT THERE, WHY IS THE ROLE OF TAMAKI REPRESENTATIVE STILL IMPORTANT?

Because students still study at Tamaki, and while they're still there they need representation. I think the position is needed now more than ever, because students aren't sure about what's going to happen to them or their degree in the future.

WHAT WORK HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ON TAMAKI CAMPUS?

The Tamaki Student's Association has mainly been focussed on re-establishing other groups on campus to allow them to have the capacity to continue when the campus no longer exists. Soon, you'll see Stress Less Study Week on Tamaki Campus, and you can keep an eye out for other events in the future!

ARE YOU NOW, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A MEMBER OF THE LABOUR PARTY?

I have been a 'passive member' for the sake of mailing lists...

WHAT ARE YOUR COMMENTS ON THE RUMOURS THAT YOU ARE THE MOST RECEPTIVE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY LABOUR PARTY MEMBER TO LABOUR EMAILS, WITH A 100% OPENING AND ENGAGEMENT RATE

I like to have a clear inbox okay. Lots of my friends are in the Party and got me into this political thing in the first place and I feel like I need to open their emails!

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE POKEMON THAT WILL ASSIGNED YOU?

I don't really know anything about Pokemon, but from the description it seems pretty accurate. I'm just rolling with it really, so I appear cool.

ANY OTHER COMMENTS?

On what?

ON ANYTHING!



I felt like I needed to provide witty answers to this interview, having read all the previous Exec's interviews. It's a constant battle to be cool...

THAT'S SO SAD...

Well not cool, but, you know... I don't know. Just stop typing.

WE LOVE YOU CERVANTEE



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free support,
advice and
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to all students.**

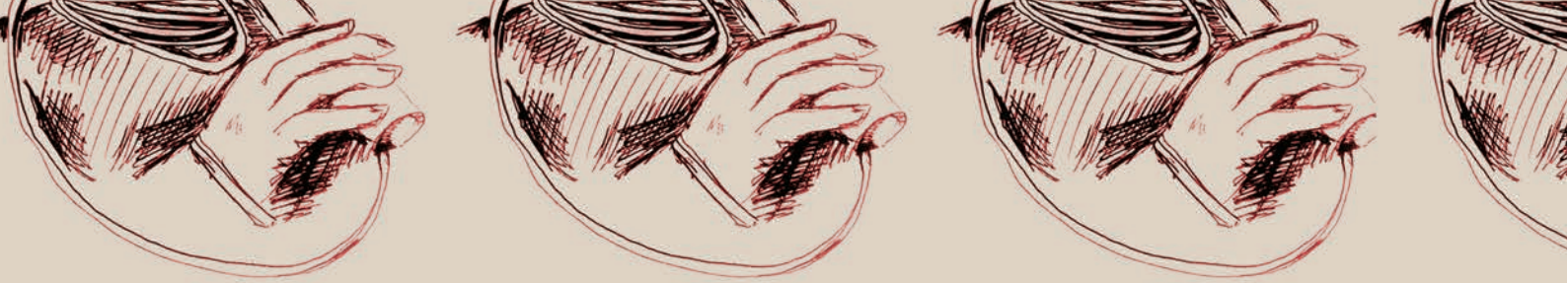
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full of sound and fury, signifying nothing:

a pre-emptive post-mortem on ausa's
student forum, by mark fullerton

1977. The Student Representative Council is deciding whether or not to allocate a portion of their political fund to the Bastion Point protestors. Bruce Gulley, AUSA President, is willing to give \$200 (the modern-day equivalent of \$1,500), but moves from various political factions on campus have raised the total to five times that. Gulley is opposed – AUSA have already given \$200 to the cause earlier in the year, and \$1000 would represent a significant portion of the SRC budget. In an effort to halt the amended motion, Gulley wanders over to the engineering building and quickly rounds up 250 young engineering students to vote in favour of keeping the total down. The manoeuvre is successful, the motion is defeated and the budding engineers drunkenly totter back across the road.

Democracy in action.

Fast forward almost forty years and the campus is an entirely different beast. An unforgiving economic climate and unapologetic governmental policies mean that political engagement within the student population is at an all time low. But on a cloudy Wednesday morning, the Student Forum, formerly the SRC, is slowly setting the wheels of democracy in motion. Of the fifteen AUSA Executive members for whom

attendance is mandatory, only five are present. The free barbecue, an initiative started this year in an attempt to boost attendance, hasn't been lit. "We're not going to make quorum," admits Min Kyu Jung, Student Forum Chair. "There isn't any point." He was right. Two failed attempts and ninety-six seconds later, Student Forum is abandoned.

Democracy in action.

The sprinkling of Executive members trudge back to AUSA House, the barbecue is put back into storage, and the Auckland University Fighting Video Games Club will remain unaffiliated for at least another week. After the resounding success of the week prior, a special Ace/Bi/Pansexuality Forum held as part of Pride Week, this is a massive boner-killer. "It's the AUSA rule," says a high-ranking Executive member mournfully. "You can't have two successful student forums in a row."

Earlier in the year, *Craccum* reported on the first Student Forum of the year, "Lunch with Len," featuring outgoing Auckland mayor Len Brown. The issue was later raised whether or not that particular forum had actually reached quorum, the attendance figures required to declare the meeting open. There should have

been 50. Some said there were 35. Others said that there were 135. While laughed off as a minor fuck-up by some, the miscount was a point of consternation for others. What is the point of having quorum if we're just going to lie about it? Granted, it would have been highly embarrassing to have to turn Len away, but a 100 hand difference is an administrative error that cannot be ignored. By the time the issue was brought to light, it was water under the bridge. Len had come and gone. The matter was put to rest.

The role of Student Forum was again brought up at an AUSA Executive meeting a few weeks later when it came time for the Executive to adopt motions passed at the forum. First came the minutes of the now-infamous "Lunch with Len". After Len had finished talking about how wonderful the public transport system was (loyal readers will remember that he requested AUSA reserve him a car park), AUSA President Will Matthews took the microphone and put forward a motion, supported by Education Vice-President Rachel Burnett, that AUSA would campaign for free public transport for students. Despite initial opposition from a particularly vocal Young Nat member, which was promptly shut down by a heated rebuttal from

Burnett – the closest we’ve come to any form of debate at Student Forum this year – the motion was passed.

This was good news. AUSA is not as impotent an organisation as they may appear, with Matthews fresh off the success of installing extra security lights in Albert Park following the recent spate of attacks. While free transport seemed unlikely from the get-go, an AUSA campaign aiming to improve the state of public transport for students had the potential for at least forgoing the process of filling out sixteen different forms, visiting forty different people and selling the soul of your first-born child in order to claim a tertiary concession. At this stage, any ground gained over AT would have been a step in the right direction.

*Some said there were 35.
Others said that there were 135.
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was a point of consternation
for others. What is the point
of having quorum if we’re
just going to lie about it?*

However, when minutes of the forum were presented to the Executive for debate and discussion, Matthews did a u-turn. “I guess it can be our official position, but it doesn’t mean we have to actively campaign for it,” he told the meeting. “If someone asks, we’ll say that we support it.”

[Update: Matthews now denies this, claiming that it had always been his intention to campaign for free public transport and low-key accusing me of making things up. “I don’t know what the context was,” he says. “It was you saying you couldn’t be bothered,” I say. “I feel like there’s some context that’s been missed somewhere,” he says. “I have my notes and my notes are fucking extensive,” I say. I am not the only one who recalls this – several other Executive members can corroborate my account.]

This was small-fry drama compared to what came next. At a later meeting, someone, perhaps in a last-ditch attempt to make Student Forum mildly entertaining, put forward the motion that “AUSA recognises that cats are superior to their canine brethren”. The motion was successful at the forum and was brought before the Executive for debate. After a brief giggle, shit got real. Such a motion could not stand, they argued. Concerns were raised over how such trivialities may “come back to bite us” with a) no pun intended, and b) no hypothetical situations actually put forward wherein the public support of cats over dogs would significantly

disadvantage AUSA. “It would set a precedent,” was the general consensus.

[The Executive was seemingly unaware of the posters used to promote Student Forum, which are proudly emblazoned with the phrase “TALK ABOUT THINGS THAT MATTER AND THINGS THAT DON’T”. It also seems pertinent to mention here that AUSA has an official ice-cream flavour (it’s hokey-pokey), the mention of which prompted gleeful giggles around the table. The precedent was set long ago, friends.]

At this point Jung, in a very polite way, challenged the Executive over the purpose of Student Forum. He supported the cat vs. dog motion, not out of any particular feline loyalty, but because the very function of Student Forum was called into question if the Executive refused to listen to the students they were elected to represent.

“I think it was a silly motion, but at the same time the point of the Student Forum is to give students a voice,” Jung later said. “If the Executive can shoot down student motions because they don’t agree with them, it delegitimises the forum. The Exec should accept the motions that come to them unless there’s a very good reason not to.”

Only Jung and Administrative Vice-President Isobel Gledhill were in favour of adopting the official pro-cat view. They argued that, after years of disengagement and general irrelevance, this is what Student Forum has become. If this is what students want to discuss and how they want to be represented, then this is what the Executive should be held to. But they were in the minority, and the cats vs. dogs motion was ultimately defeated.

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how such trivialities may
“come back to bite us” with
a) no pun intended, and b)
no hypothetical situations
actually put forward wherein
the public support of cats
over dogs would significantly
disadvantage AUSA.*

And so it goes. Jung is fighting a battle on both fronts, trying to engage both an apathetic student body and an uncooperative Executive. Onions, a near essential addition to any sausage sizzle, are no longer offered at the Student Forum barbecue after the Executive decided that the projected onion cost of \$16.50 a semester was rather frivolous. Jung was told to be more conservative with his

spending. So where to from here?

Matthews concedes that an entire overhaul may be necessary, similar to the transition between Student Representative Council and Student Forum. A move toward online voting, similar to that undertaken by the Otago University Students Association with their weekly online referenda, would result in a firmer democratic process while making it easier for students to engage. After all, what was perhaps most notable about the 1977 manoeuvre was not that Gulley was able to procure 250 engineering students in one go, but rather that 250 was the number required to make sure that the amended motion was successfully defeated. In 2016, in a time where Executive members run around squawking at idle lunchers to raise their hands so that they can make quorum, a count of 25 is far more likely than a count of 250, let alone (at least) 499. As easy as simply existing in the quad at 12pm on a Wednesday is, a click is that much easier. Millennials love the internet, right?

Alternatively, the physical forum could continue to exist, albeit in an adapted form. Gledhill suggests that the forum would work more effectively as a fortnightly event, based mainly around entertaining and engaging club events while still serving as a platform to deal with serious democratic issues if and when they should arise. This idea isn't half-bad, as currently the most common function of Student Forum seems to be club affiliation. After the dismal failure of the first forum at which the Fighting Video Games Club attempted affiliation, they came back the next week with a full set-up of computers and invited forum-goers to challenge each other to *Street Fighter* and *Crash* battles. Quorum made. Club affiliated. Weeks prior, a gladiatorial and slightly vomity "Box War" tournament between clubs meant that quorum was reached with little effort and PhilSoc emerged with a hefty Shadows bar tab. Even the attendance of Len Brown appeared to draw a crowd (but maybe not Len ever again please).

However, if this is the level of effort required to make a successful forum every week, or even every two weeks, then the Student Forum Chair would end up doing far more work than any other portfolio holder on the Executive. In order to maintain such an effort every year, the position would need someone dedicated and hardworking but this isn't something that cannot be guaranteed, especially given the current state of AUSA elections.

If the only motions being put to the forum involve cats and ice cream, says Matthews, then they are making a

mockery of the democratic process. But is there really anything wrong with AUSA adopting an official stance on pet preference? Administrative political shenanigans are at the heart of student politics. The UoA Tramping Club once tried to install a teddy bear as their safety officer, while a construction crane and a cat called Bentley have been nominated for the presidency of University of Canterbury Students Association (the larrikin behind the latter scheme going so far as to enrol the cat in classes so that the nomination would be legit, resulting in a close second place). Despite the cheeky antics of the young Cantabrians, UCSA has the highest voter turnout in the country with 30%. In contrast, the very serious non-antics of the Auckland student population mean that UoA has the lowest turnout, with a shameful 1%.

The direction of our student union is being decided by a handful of indifferent bystanders munching idly on their butter chicken chips.

The fear of a politically impotent student body is not a revelation. In 1977, as a response to the political machinations surrounding the Bastion Point funding scandal, *Craccum* editor Francis Stark wrote that "the obvious indifference of the voters to the issues involved, and the willingness to vote as directed, put severe doubts on the ability of SRC to function as a democratic body." The same issues still exist today. The success of any particular forum depends on how many unsuspecting students decide to eat lunch in the quad, and how many are meek enough to be bullied into raising their hand by an overeager young woman brandishing a ballpoint pen and exercise book. The direction of our student union is being decided by a handful of indifferent bystanders munching idly on their butter chicken chips.

And so it goes. Things are looking dire. The sheer lack of interest by all parties could mean the end of what should be an essential part of AUSA's democratic process. The Executive is staring into an abyss, and the abyss is staring back.

"We made this bed," sighs Gledhill, "and we're going to have to deal with it." ■

Casting Call For University Students

Extras wanted for speaking and non-speaking roles.

Currently looking for a wide variety of individuals who fit the description of a University of Auckland Student.

No previous experience necessary. Other than being outgoing and engaging and pass for being a student.

Must be reliable and available for shoot days and able to independently travel.

All shoots on campus or Auckland.

Media Productions produces professional video content for UOA for the various faculties on subjects of academia, marketing and communications.

Casting of individuals would be for a particular video project and require minimum of half day to 6 hour day of time. Times flexible where possible.

Participants would be paid per shoot \$100.00 gift certificate either from Westfield Shopping Centre or Countdown.

If interested please contact email:
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An anatomical model of a human head and neck, showing internal structures like the brain, nerves, and blood vessels. The model is mounted on a stand and is positioned in the foreground of the image. The background is a blurred indoor setting with warm lighting.

morality: the best policy?

zachary arden gets stuck into a
classic round of ethics vs. science

Good ethics are as important as good science when making good decisions. What's truly "good" is not a matter science can help much with. In political discussion, science-based policy seems to be all the rage, but good policy must be aimed in the right direction, as well as technically accurate and efficient in achieving its desired results. Science should inform what we choose to do as individuals and societies, but it cannot be the sole foundation. Before a nation invests in, say, the geological and engineering studies required to build large walls, it should consider whether it wants to be a society defined by walls in the first place.

Science is good at helping to reach pre-defined ends. If you know where you want to go, science can help you get there. Whether that's flying to the moon or launching nuclear weapons, feeding the world or advancing racist ideology, the amoral assistant of science can certainly help out. Whether it should or not is a pretty crucial question. Science can advance both good ends and bad ends, as well as many ends that are neither obviously good nor bad. The science of psychology can be used in developing more effective torture techniques, the science of toxicology in improving the speed and reducing the incidence of ugly side-effects of euthanasia injections, the science of projectile motion in more swiftly killing rare whales, and so on – none of these activities are made ethical simply by the use of science. "Just add science" is potentially a recipe for disaster on an unprecedented scale rather than societal success. Science is excellent and has enabled many developments in technology and human health, but it has also been misused to enable oppression, war, environmental degradation, and death on a scale impossible to comprehend in its absence.

We need to face the fact that science is bad at choosing the right ends to pursue. In fact, not just bad, but utterly incapable. The only way it helps is when we use it in conjunction with implicit assumptions about human flourishing or well-being, or values more generally. This should be uncontroversial, but let's look at two possible objections – one from brain sciences, the other from evolutionary biology/psychology.

It could be suggested that brain sciences can measure happiness and that since everyone wants to maximise happiness, scientific study of brain states should be the basis for all of our ethical and policy decisions. The "new atheist" writer Sam Harris has advocated something like this as the basis of ethics. The problem is that it simply assumes that everyone is aiming to maximise happiness (or that they should be), and that brain states are a good way to measure happiness. In reality, what counts as happiness is probably a function of various social and psychological conditions, and more importantly, happiness is not always the best thing to aim at. Someone who lives a life of suffering on behalf of the poor has done better in life than a happy socialite. Secondly, evolutionary biology or psychology may give us accounts of what is or has been adaptive in human history. But again, merely being adaptive is not enough to guarantee that something is ethical, let alone worthy of aiming our society towards. It is likely evolutionarily adaptive to have lots of children with lots of different partners (apparently Genghis Khan did well at passing on his genes), but there are probably better things to aim at in life.

But *ethics is hopelessly subjective*, you say. The idea that the results of science are more "real" than ethics or other beliefs about the world is commonplace, but doesn't diminish the role that ethics plays in political reasoning. I believe ethics is objective and related to our real nature as human beings – there is a real thing, "human flourishing", which we should aim at. But even if we are reductionists and deny that there is such a human nature, we can see that there are different preferences amongst humans, and politics will differ depending on preferences. If there is an objective morality (e.g. if we think there is such a thing as "progress" and that praise and/or blame of others can be legitimate as more than just an expression of opinion), then we should be aiming towards it in all that we do. If there's not, then we can still recognise that people want different outcomes, and that different desires will lead to different policies even if we agree fully on the science. Sometimes we hear that, for instance, social conservatives want to push their morality on other people. But let's not be confused – the results of political actions always impose some people's morality on others. Environmentalists impose their views on polluting companies, anti-poverty campaigners impose their views on social Darwinists, and civil rights activists impose their views on racists. Even extreme libertarians subject agents of the state to a moral view, namely that the state shouldn't impose its moral views.

Further, there's not a simple comparison of "science-based" versus "anti-science" policy, as nearly all policy claims are based on some kind of evidence. What is considered to count as "good science" is unfortunately often politically influenced, particularly when brought up as evidence in political debates. In my experience, people care far more about their ethical beliefs than their positions on scientific issues, and this can distort what they see as "evidence", particularly "good evidence". We should be doing good science and trying to weed out dodgy use of data, but being purely data-driven may lead in dangerous directions, or simply mask a more sophisticated kind of abuse. Cherry-picking which ticks a few more scientific boxes can still be cherry-picking, and doesn't answer the central questions about what we're aiming at. Data can and should be used to answer incredibly important questions, and once we agree on important outcomes it can arbitrate between conflicting methods. Better education in statistics and understanding data could be incredibly helpful for our future, but it won't achieve much unless it's used to promote what is truly worthwhile.

We need a new ethical conversation, unafraid to call it what it is. Despite the huge importance of research, the core question for both government, individuals, and other units in society, is "what are we actually aiming at anyway?" This conversation doesn't even have to be divisive – often people across the spectrum will agree on key intended outcomes (e.g. reducing poverty) but disagree on methods. Before we debate the methods we should be clear on what we want. Is it equality or equity? If equality, then of opportunity or of outcome? If equity, then what's the appropriate standard? Can we ever treat people differently on the basis of race, gender, or other attributes? Do animals and the environment also deserve protection? Is maximising GDP something we should aim at? What is "quality of life"? These are the important questions glossed over by a nation-wide focus on STEM subjects and thinking.

The rearrangement of deck-chairs on the Titanic may be facilitated by the best scientific research on the musculoskeletal system or the aesthetics of leisure environments, but where the whole ship is pointed is the key question we as a society should be asking. The age-old question "what is the good life?" is imperative; what better place to ask it than in the universities, considered in New Zealand a "critic and conscience of society"? Dare to be an idealist, and dare to question materialist assumptions about wellbeing, for everyone's sake. ■



Farts Editorial

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

This year's AUSA Ball has been and gone, with many a dance and snog on the dance floor ruined by the heckling of one Mark Fullerton.

As someone who takes pursed sips of wine hoping that she'll manage to swallow it without *actually* having to taste it, I was not going to get my \$95 worth by savaging the open bar. Instead, I took to the buffet with all the grace and restraint of your weird uncle going ham on the mini savouries at a wake, ladling my plate with beef curry and cold cuts. There was a basket of bread rolls. There seemed to be an unspoken rule - one roll per person. I took two. "Got enough bread there?" the man behind me in line chortled. I took a third, in lieu of pulling the finger.

I carried my precariously heaped plate back to the table - cold food mingling with hot, all items of food touching each other so everything you eat vaguely tastes like something else. "Man, this is good curry," I proclaimed as my fork went balls-deep into the scented rice, followed forty-five seconds later by "man, I got way too much curry". I took to the dancefloor with features editor Catriona to shake out the meat sweats, my already tight (borrowed) dress feeling noticeably more snug around the tum. We bopped feverishly to "Waiting on the World to Change", reminiscing on the better times when John Mayer had floppy hair and hadn't ravaged Taylor Swift's heart.

In a beautiful moment of telepathic unison, we realised that the curry and cold cuts had been replaced with sticky date puds and a metric

tonne of rock melon. We raced to the dessert table, picking up caramel chocolate tarts and passionfruit something-or-rathers with the frantic energy of the Flying Monkeys tearing off the Scarecrow's limbs in *The Wizard of Oz*. "I'm getting one of EVERYTHING" I proclaimed proudly to the Sky City staff member witnessing this frenzy, hurrying back to the communal *Craccum* table to eat all eight dessert items with the insatiable energy of someone partaking in a timed "All You Can Eat" contest. But I was only playing against myself. And I played myself for a fool.

As I stood in the photobooth line with other members of the mag team, feeling as fresh and fine as the ham and cheese sandwich you find in the bottom of your school bag at the end of the holidays, the distinct gurgle of a stomach that is truly unhappy you've shovelled so many sundry things into it at once could not be ignored. I began to sweat. I placed my hand on Caitlin's shoulder for purchase (and to let her know through pleading eye contact that I was perhaps about to ruin her 21st dress that she had let me borrow for the evening). Was I about to experience the single most embarrassing moment of my entire life? Would I ever be able to look my friends in the eye again? Would the spanx beneath my dress be tight enough to perform a diaper-like function?

I am overjoyed to report that all of the above questions remained hypothetical. I took some deep breaths, mopped my feverish brow - and I did not poop my pants. I do, however, feel very iffy about putting this story in print. "Do you think writing about nearly pooping my pants at the AUSA Ball will stop me from getting a job in the future?" I asked pleadingly in the *Craccum*

group chat. "Probably," Mark replied.

But you see: everyone poops. There's even a book about it. I find jokes about farts and poops hilarious (and it is an absolute miracle that it's taken me eleven editorials to touch on the topic). However, many labour under the impression that women simply do not poop - that our bodies are pristine lil vessels from which nasty things like farts and poops do not escape. (To any who think like this, I would like you to know that you are in the company of Donald Trump, who said in an interview back in the early 2000s that his wife Melania did not fart or poop. SHAME. SHAAAAAME.)

After years of Fat Bastard taking many a vile shit in the *Austin Powers* series, Ben Stiller feeling the burn (ayyy) of a particularly spicy meal in *Along Came Polly*, and a pooppy pair of vom-inducing scenes in *Trainspotting*, women are slowly getting their chance to ~~shit~~ shine. The scene in *Bridesmaids* where five of the six members of the bridal party succumb to food poisoning, leading to shits in sinks and in the middle of the street, is absolutely hilarious. Melissa McCarthy, the aforementioned sink-shitter, also profusely vomits on a man in *Spy* - really driving the point home that women can be kind of super gross. You hear that, dudes? We're just like you.

I am still a little scared about telling the story of my near-shit experience. But, I must be brave - after all, the only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for women who nearly poop their pants to remain silent. To the women on our screens who unabashedly poop and fart and throw up - I raise a glass to you (filled with wine that I almost definitely won't drink). ■

CWCville and Me

the Dark Reflection in the looking glass

BY JAMES BROWN

I have been writing in *Craccum* for more than seven years. I have always been upfront about my own medical condition, using it as the title for my regular column that went on for four long years. “The Unsane Musings of an Autistic Mind” was a way for me to write about whatever happened to pop into my head that week.

Then I came across someone who both appals and fascinates me in equal measures, and of whom I have an uncomfortable understanding.

Christian Weston Chandler is a person who has become famous, or rather infamous, on the internet. Christian is a high-functioning autistic person and creator of ‘Sonichu’ (a hybrid of Pikachu and Sonic), and someone who has spent years fighting a war with the internet, whom he blames for all his misfortunes. In the course of all this, Christian has revealed himself to be perverse, disgusting, mean-spirited, misogynistic, racist, homophobic, transphobic (even while transitioning from male to female he expresses hate for other transgender people), unsympathetic, ungrateful - the list goes on. The litany of Christian’s faults can fill a library, and indeed there is a massive Wiki entirely documenting his life (if you wish to learn more, <http://sonichu.com/cwcki> is your destination).

Christian is completely obsessed with two things: making his creation Sonichu popular, and getting a girlfriend. The former is hindered by Sonichu being a plagiarized hybrid. The latter has the even greater difficulty of his Autism blocking any attempt at communication and his creepy and off-putting manner, meaning that his many attempts to get girlfriends have all ended in abject failure, sometimes involving the police, mall cops and other authority figures.

Christian uses his Autism as a crutch, a convenient excuse for the fact that he has never

worked a day in his life and lives off of welfare. No matter what he does, he can use his Autism to get away with it, and has constructed his entire being around his Autism, not trying to rise above it. In an unusual twist, he absolutely hates Asperger’s Syndrome for, as he put it, “stealing the limelight from us high-functioning autistics,” ignoring the fact that medically there is so little difference between the two there is a growing movement to combine them.

In short, he is not a nice human being. And yet I understand many of this person’s insane antics and even find myself sympathising with certain aspects of his life, because in them I see the dark mirror of myself. I have a great many traits in common with Christian, much to my own dismay: an autism spectrum disorder, living with parents/family well into adulthood, being a sexually frustrated virgin, having trouble socializing and forming relationships, and having a fixation on what can charitably be described as ‘childish things’.

When I read about his ‘love quest’ and how he believes that he can get a girlfriend by walking around with a sign proclaiming “I am a “X”-Year Old Male, Seeking an 18-“X”-Year Old SINGLE ♀FEMALE♀ COMPANION”, hoping that it will do the trick, I am painfully reminded that I share most of his own frustrations. Autism blocks any serious attempt to begin a relationship. While I have never been dragged off by the police for soliciting girls in shopping malls, I have come close once or twice, and I have brushed the very edge of disaster before. But whereas Christian blamed the Dean of the school he was studying at (turning her into a cartoon villain for his comic series to vent his anger at her), the mall cops who escorted him off the premises and everyone and everything but himself, I know I was in the wrong in that case, though a lack of understanding from both sides made things worse for all involved.

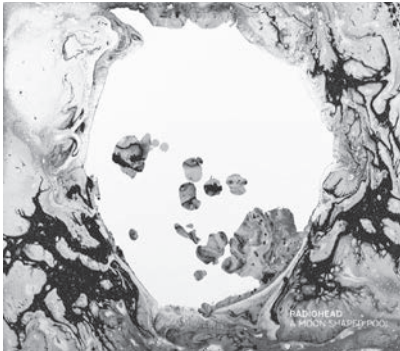
But unlike Christian and his belief that the reason he can’t get a girlfriend is because of a massive troll conspiracy (in his own unedited words: ‘the few who noticed [his sign]...

MOCKED ME AND EVEN CRUMBLER MY EFFORTS AND THREW THEM INTO MY FACE!”), I’m more realistic in understanding that there are very few women who would ever be interested in a crazy aspie who loves watching the worst films made by human hands and who swings from complete silence to inane chatter in a heartbeat. At least I don’t go around with a sign trying to advertise...oh wait.

Autism is a daily struggle, and I can well understand why Christian simply gave up on trying. There have been plenty of times when I’ve wanted to just give up. Why he did and I didn’t is a coin-toss of fate, a very discomforting feeling. For I see so many parallels with him that I can see how I could have become similar to him, someone blundering in the dark unaware of how much damage his wilful blindness and disregard of anyone else is causing, both to himself and those around him, making a fool of himself wherever he goes.

And yet somehow I have not, though I’ve walked the same line he has. He’s become the butt of countless internet jokes, a sick punchline. I’ve developed ways of coping. I go out and mingle with the world at large instead of shutting myself in and cutting myself off from a world I don’t quite understand. I have been fortunate to have many kind and talented people help me out over the years, including a succession of *Craccum* editors who have given me an outlet for my crazed ravings and let me be part of the *Craccum* team.

While I wish that Christian Weston Chandler would be able to better himself/herself the way I have, the track record doesn’t look good. About all I can say is that all those with Autism who are struggling with living in this confusing, chaotic place we call the real world, read a bit about Chris-Chan. After that, you should have an easier time of sticking to it. Because you don’t want to end up as someone who freely admits to drinking his own semen, on camera, to the world. ■



A Moon Shaped Pool

Radiohead

ALBUM REVIEW BY JEAN BELL

Considering their breakout single “Creep” was blacklisted by radio stations for being too depressing, Radiohead have done extremely well for themselves. They now boast three Grammys, a legion of fans, along with a reputation for being cryptic and melancholic. In light of their impressive back catalogue, 2011 album *The King of Limbs* was arguably underwhelming. It seemed like Radiohead had reached the limit of their collective creative capacity, with the electronic focus of the album making the work sound more like a solo project of frontman Thom Yorke than a Radiohead album. *A Moon Shaped Pool*, however, deserves every ripple of accolade it has triggered in the music community.

Songs such as “Desert Island Disc” illustrate the group’s finesse for crafting music in which the beauty is in its mindfulness; the muted bass, the simple percussion, and the unassuming guitar envelopes the listener in a bluesy bubble of sound, with Thom’s mellow vocals almost adopting the role of an instrument itself. Of particular note is the extensive use of string instruments. At times, this makes the album feel excessively theatrical like a film score, but ultimately the execution is impeccable, from the racy and electrifying first notes of the opening track “Burn the Witch” to the menacing closing of “Daydreaming” that genuinely sounds like a beast. The album isn’t exclusively mellow lounge music however: tracks like “Ful Stop” illustrate Radiohead’s talent for creating a feeling of frenzied tension where their music almost hypnotises the listener.

While Radiohead may not be appealing to everyone, *A Moon Shaped Pool* is a rewarding and accessible listen, and particularly reminiscent of their 2007 album *In Rainbows*. Fresh, lush and emotive, this release proves Radiohead has mastered the genre of art rock. ■



Cat Power

CONCERT REVIEW BY ANDREW WINSTANLEY

Cat Power’s performances are famously shaggy affairs - she has a reputation for being rambling, erratic. Her live shows are typically marked by their awkwardness and by the off-kilter asides the singer often makes to the audience, which are sometimes borderline unintelligible.

Her performance at the Powerstation last Friday could not be called an exception. The show had been delayed for more than two months, after the performer was diagnosed with a rare immune disorder earlier this year. But it seems safe to say that fans of the musician probably know what they’re in for with the singer; it seems unlikely that many people familiar with even just her recent health problems would be coming expecting a polished show - and that her behaviour, however strange, was all just part of the experience.

Performing sans opening act, with no accompanying band, and only a guitar and a piano on stage for company, Marshall’s set was an intimate affair, taking the audience straight across her almost 25-year long career. The setup meant that sometimes the performance hurt for variety - it could be hard to distinguish individual songs, with each melody seeming to mingle up against the next.

But then, occasionally, the performance would simply stop for a moment. Marshall would pursue whatever her flight of fancy was at that moment - briefly talking about the “sonic innuendo” of Jimi Hendrix at one point, and about the original retail price of her guitar at another.

The stream-of-consciousness performance concluded after almost two hours, with the singer taking several bows but making no encore. It was an odd conclusion to an odd performance - probably, then, a fitting end. ■



The Angry Birds Movie

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

The Angry Birds Movie centres on Red, a bird who has to attend anger management classes as punishment for accidentally hatching a bird early at its party. There he meets Bomb and Chuck, who help him investigate the motivations behind a boat load of pigs that travelled from a distant island to befriend the birds.

I know exactly what you’re expecting this review to say: while the collective film-loving universe was blown away by the incredible critical and commercial success that was *The Lego Movie*, any new film coming out based on an existing toy or game stinks of cash-grabbing. This *Angry Birds Movie* will surely just be a movie with some chuckles and cute moments, but no conscious effort to tell an interesting story or make interesting characters. And you’re right - except it doesn’t stink that much.

The screenplay was written by Jon Vitti, who wrote *Ice Age*, a film renowned for its fun journey and charming characters. Perplexingly, *Angry Birds* doesn’t bother with either of these. The journey of the trio to look for Mighty Eagle (a mythical bird that can fly unlike those on the island) could have been opportune to learn more about Bomb and Chuck, or make Red’s clichéd back story a little more convincing. The movie did a montage instead, which was a huge disappointment.

That said, this film has its moments. Sift through the juvenile physical comedy (and a *Shining* reference that flopped hard) and you’ll find some neat, cute and clean fun. I felt myself sitting through this film being far from wowed or impressed, but certainly not offended or bored (mostly). I can’t recommend that anybody spend money or time watching *The Angry Birds Movie*, but I can’t get mad either. It’s just fine. ■



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favourite films

we release our film reviewers from the shackles of contemporaneity and ask them to share their all-time favourite movies.



Goodfellas

"The greatest film ever composed," says Craccum reviewer

"As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be a gangster." - Henry Hill

Scorsese - a name flicked around often. Directors are often quoted without reference to the films they created, sculpted, and caressed. It is all too easy to drop names of directors without context to their work. An act of pretension. But by god, if you pick up any one aspect of Scorsese's work, *Goodfellas* is the only prerequisite to film satisfaction. Perhaps you should write it down on that embarrassing list of films you pretend you have seen. Or perhaps preach it upon the lectern and tabernacle of your self-diagnosed film addiction. This film is the bible of all films, the Shakespeare of the Mafia, the wise-guy in a bar brawl.

Cigars, cocaine, sex, guns, and suits frame Scorsese's masterpiece. So do the careers of Robert De Niro, Joe Pesci, and Samuel L. Jackson. The characters follow the acquisition of authority and glamour from the youthful degradation of Italian-American communities in New York. It is the film that essentially consolidated the Mafia cliché, the accents, the prestige, the violence...

No dull moment sweeps your academic brow. Critique is blasphemy in the eyes of this film. Perfection comes not often, but this film defines it. Violence has never been so gripping, the downfall never so tearing - *Goodfellas* calls you to become a 'made' man, and destroys you in the anxiety-ridden, godforsaken moments that arrests the lives of illicit greatness.

■ JACK ADAMS



Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Not your average dudebro's kungfu movie. Spoiler alert: no dragons

When *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* came out in the cinemas, I was six years old. I wouldn't have been able to make it out to one of the showings - truth be told, at that age I was more interested in crayons and the Disney Channel than wuxia films. However, my parents and grandparents made a huge show out of going to one of the screenings, and I ended up watching it with them later that year when it was on the telly one Friday night. My family, usually staunch and rarely prone to expressions of excitement, lost their collective shit in front of me that day. Part of my love for the film comes from that particular moment of unexpected joy - the rest of it is because, as a film, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* is just bloody amazing.

It's a film about love, martial arts, and eternal grudges. There are LOTS of grudges. There's also a bunch of women kicking ass. Set in the Qing Dynasty, it paints a tapestry of imperial intrigue and clashing wuxia clans. Like most movies of the same genre, it relies heavily on flashbacks and lashings of Chinese folktales here and there to turn the fantastical into a useful plot device. Ang Lee has directed a bunch of other movies that have been critically acclaimed but this is definitely my firm favourite. His deft touch is still present here, from the panoramic shots and choreographed encounters to the ill-fated romance. There isn't a dull moment in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, and if you thought that *Ip Man* was all that martial arts films had to offer, pick up a copy of this and prove yourself wrong.

■ EUGENIA WOO



Run Lola Run

Like Forrest Gump, but with fewer leg braces and more Germans

Lola's in a spot of trouble. Her small-time criminal boyfriend, Manni, has just lost 100,000 marks which he was supposed to deliver to his boss by noon. 20 minutes away, Lola must help Manni cobble together the money, otherwise Manni's crime boss will do something particularly unpleasant.

This straightforward plot is unhinged by a nonlinear, spiral narrative which presents Lola's adventure through the streets of Berlin as more of a game than a film. The film consists of the set up and three runs - three attempts to get the money and win the game. Each time Lola loses the game or someone dies, the game resets itself and Lola has to start over again until she can figure it out.

Yet each run is layered on top of each other and narrative elements that don't reveal themselves in one run will become apparent in another - the fun is in comparing runs with others. It sounds complex but director Tom Tykwer does well with visual patterns in order to unclutter such a modulated plot and make sure you're having a good time.

At the heart of *Run Lola Run* is a discussion between chaos and destiny. As Lola's world unfolds around her and she diverts from the path that she took last time, the butterfly effect takes hold and events change, yet the game world repeats itself again and again like it is destined to happen. In the end the film favours the side of chaos and free will over destiny and determinism, as Lola begins to manipulate the game world for her own end. She learns from the mistakes in her past runs and eventually forges her own universe.

But don't watch it for that. Watch it because it's fun, visually exciting, and highly conceptual without it being too much of a strain on the brain. It's just a great eighty minutes.

■ MICHAEL CLARK



Inglourious Basterds

You didn't say the goddamn rendezvous was in a fuckin' basement

Inglourious Basterds depicts two simultaneous plots in Europe to kill Adolf Hitler during World War Two. One scheme is led by Lieutenant Aldo Raine (Brad Pitt) and his band of unprofessional yet deadly Jewish American soldiers. The other is planned by Shosanna (Melanie Laurent), a seemingly inconspicuous theatre owner who holds a personal grudge against the Nazis. Aside from this great set-up, there are a number of reasons why *Inglourious Basterds* is my all-time favourite.

- It is a comical look at Nazism that doesn't overstep any boundaries.
- The script is excellent, setting up many scenes in which no one has to say anything at all to achieve the perfect tension. It's very rare to create a 153 minute film that doesn't drag in the slightest.
- The film achieves a seamless mixture of gore and humour through intelligent, fast-moving shot selection and editing.
- The acting. We all know Christoph Waltz as Colonel Hans Landa was ridiculously good, as recognised by the Oscar he won for Best Supporting Actor. But there was also Melanie Laurent's intricate character (and eyes): a subtle version 2.0 of *Kill Bill's* Uma Thurman. Diane Kruger and Michael Fassbender also played excellent supporting roles. So many talented actors worked together in this film to make an absurd plot effortlessly cohesive.
- The best song montage in a film, ever, has to be Shosanna getting ready for her last night alive to David Bowie and Giorgio Moroder's "Cat People".

These elements culminate to form a film that I have watched countless times. *Inglourious Basterds* is Tarantino's best film, combining all of his signature stylistic elements in his most sculpted effort to date. ■ CHRISTY BURROWS



The Dark Knight

And the villain we deserve

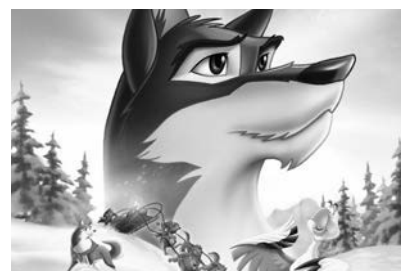
It was a role that was plagued with doubt. How could an Australian pretty boy, known for playing a gay cowboy, transform into one of the most psychotic comic-book villains in history? I didn't think he could. Former Joker Jack Nicholson didn't think he could. The whole internet didn't think he could. But once Heath Ledger showed off his magic trick in the first act, those doubts disappeared along with the pencil; his greatest trick was to squash every single doubt and create one of the most iconic characters of the 21st century.

What makes Heath Ledger's Joker so gripping is the mixture of utter madness and gritty realism. Standard supervillains are born of a separate, alien world where their looks and lifestyles, dress and deformities are extreme and unfamiliar. Yet they are linked to us by their (somewhat) rational motivations for villainy - the pursuit of power, revenge, or simply control over the whole world.

Ledger's Joker is the utter reverse. His motivations are practically non-existent and arise out of sheer madness and inconsequentiality for his actions and their outcomes. He thrives on chaos and sends everything into disarray. Cinematically, this allows him to push extreme and original material, including destroying hospitals because he didn't want a tattler to tattle.

Despite the madness, there is something about The Joker that seems so familiar and realistic. His image, while distinct, could be readily purchased. Anyone could look and become the Joker. His anarchic attitude is a product of our over-regulated and institutionalised society, and the inequality and ridiculousness that stems from it. The Joker sees this and challenges it in a brutal, beautifully visceral way.

Ledger's performance exposed the old supervillain formula as tiresome and predictable. The Joker lamented that Gotham deserved a better class of criminal - and Ledger showed us that we could demand a better class of villain. ■ MATTHEW DENTON



Balto

"I fucking love dogs"

Never has an animal shown so much courage. Never has Kevin Bacon's voice sounded more attractive. Never have I willingly spent years of my life searching for a DVD in shops, both here and abroad.

Balto. Half-dog, half-wolf. An identity crisis that would resonate with any Year 9 English class packed with pubescent, conflicted brats. As an outcast street mutt in the small, isolated township of Nome, Alaska, he's shunned and scoffed at by the town's purebred dogs, barked at by the local people as if he were some sort of feral animal. Honestly! But the town is in crisis! A diphtheria epidemic has incapacitated many of the children and doctors are running short on the serum antidote! The town needs a hero! Someone, please, save the children!

Cue the villain of the movie, a dark, husky-sounding Alaskan Malamute called Steele. He's the best sled dog in town and is picked to lead the dog team to collect the serum on a perilous journey through the snowy wilderness. But Balto is better, and he knows it. Steele will do anything to stop Balto from succeeding in all areas in which Steele claims to be top dog. This includes preventing him from stealing his bitch on the side, Jenna. A love triangle! Tension!

The best characters in this film, however, are undoubtedly the minor ones. Boris is a Russian snow goose and Balto's wingman and caretaker. He's not afraid to serve attitude, but can offer wisdom and comfort to the troubled mutt when he's down in the doggy dumps. There's also the comedy pairing of Muk and Luk, loveable polar bear cubs that look up to and treat Boris like he's their uncle.

Balto is one of the most underrated movies of all time. The characterisation is tops and it's full to the brim with important messages and themes. I fucking love dogs.

■ CATRIONA BRITTON

"Can someone write a Spotlight on journo films that aren't Spotlight?"

Arts Editor's Note: Please be aware, I specifically requested a spotlight that didn't talk about Spotlight. I'd put my foot down, if I didn't love that movie/Mark so goddamn much. You should all also know that Mark added "Mark" to that sentence. I won't love him ever since he refused to touch my hands during our folk dancing lesson in primary school.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN (1976)

It's 2016. Everybody knows what Nixon did, or should do by now. The excessively paranoid little man with his mole-like features and drooping jowls was so terrified of losing to George McGovern in 1972 that he hired a gang of misfits to break into the Watergate Hotel and raid the Democratic Headquarters, alongside other dirty tricks to ensure his re-election. As it happens he needn't have bothered – McGovern did quite well in screwing himself over, losing by one of the greatest margins in US history. But he did bother, and Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein (Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman) were there to put together the pieces and bring down his corrupt administration. It was an unfortunate end to what would have been regarded as one of the more successful presidential terms of the 20th century – Nixon ended the Vietnam War, abolished the draft, poured federal cash into cancer research, lowered the voting age to 18, and, perhaps most significantly, established the Environmental Protection Agency. Too bad he was also a massive cunt.

FUN FACT: THE FILM GETS BONUS POINTS FOR HIRING FRANK WILLS, THE SECURITY GUARD WHO DISCOVERED THE BREAK-IN AT THE WATERGATE HOTEL, TO PLAY HIMSELF IN THE OPENING SCENE.

FROST/NIXON (2008)

Sticking with Nixon (srsly how can you not love that little fuckup) *Frost/Nixon* takes place three years after the *Washington Post* stories and Nixon's resignation. By this stage Nixon (Frank Langella) needed the cash, and talk show host David Frost (Michael Sheen) needed the story. Nixon was aggressive from the outset and fought with Frost to gain ascendancy in each interview, the dramatic highlights of the film. Nixon, having been granted a presidential pardon by Gerald Ford not long after his resignation, would never face trial for what were incredibly serious allegations. These interviews were the closest the American people would ever come to an actual confrontation with the man, and as a result were wildly successful. The film, however, adopted a faux-documentary style which is nowhere near as effective as it could be.

FUN FACT: ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T CONSIDER

HIMSELF A METHOD ACTOR, LANGELLA INSISTED ON STAYING IN CHARACTER ON SET AT ALL TIMES, WITH EVERYBODY HAVING TO ADDRESS HIM AS 'MR PRESIDENT'.

GOOD NIGHT, AND GOOD LUCK (2005)

When Joseph McCarthy decided to go for a spot of Commie-hunting in the 1950s, very few people were willing to confront him. Arthur Miller wrote the long-winded Salem metaphor *The Crucible* and Dalton Trumbo (blacklisted though he was) kept on writing films and winning Oscars as a defiant 'fuck ya'll'. Edward R. Murrow, one of the pioneers of television journalism and presenter of the CBS show *See It Now*, launched an extraordinary campaign against the rogue senator, paid completely out of his own pocket after CBS refused to help, which eventually contributed to McCarthy's downfall. *Good Night, and Good Luck*, named after Murrow's signature sign-off, is slow burning and moody and atmospheric. George Clooney and Robert Downey Jr. round out the supporting cast, the former also serving as director.

FUN FACT: IN KEEPING WITH THE SELF-FUNDED NATURE OF THE SHOW, GEORGE CLOONEY MORTGAGED HIS HOME IN ORDER TO FUND THE FILM.

HACK ATTACK (20??)

Strictly speaking not a film quite yet, but Nick Davies' 2014 book *Hack Attack: How the Truth Finally Caught Up with Rupert Murdoch* caught the attention of George Clooney and is currently being developed with Anthony McCarten, the writer of *The Theory of Everything*. The *News of the World* phone-hacking scandal really only hit our shores in 2011 but began as early as 2006 with the arrest and subsequent imprisonment of a *NotW* royal correspondent. *Guardian* journalist Nick Davies suspected that this was not all, and he was right. He worked with lawyers and hacking victims and MPs to build a case, culminating in the closure of the paper in July 2011. However, the author himself acknowledges the misleading title – despite the minor speedbump of closing a 168-year-old paper, the truth hasn't yet caught up with Murdoch himself, who continues to own and micromanage more newspapers and television stations and film companies than you could shake a stick at. A banger of a book, and should make for a banger of a film.

FUN FACT: IT'S HARD TO HAVE A FUN FACT ABOUT A FILM THAT DOESN'T EXIST, BUT I'M SURE THERE WILL BE MANY. READ IT.

SPOTLIGHT (2015)

Where to begin. Should I tell you how we have a Facebook chat where members of the *Craccum* team have set their names to those of the

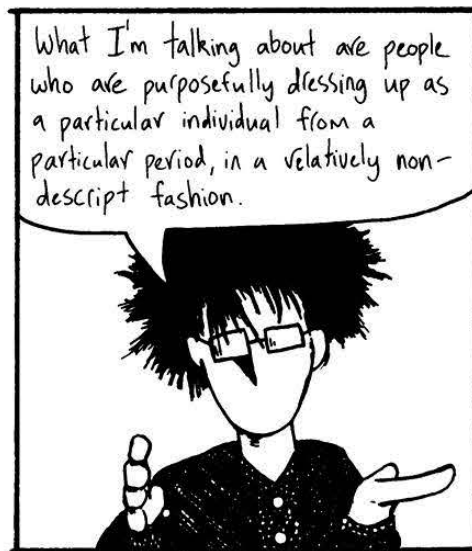
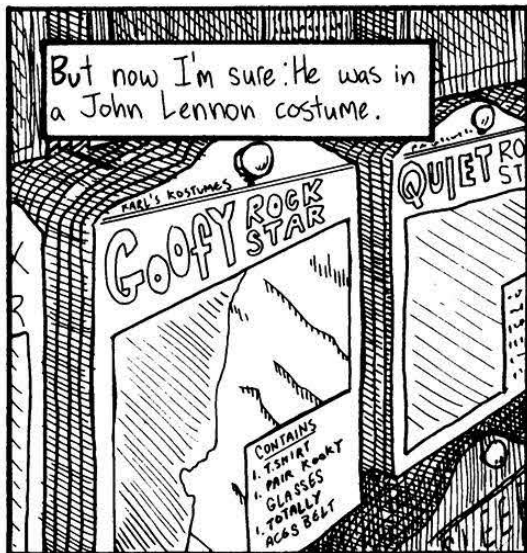
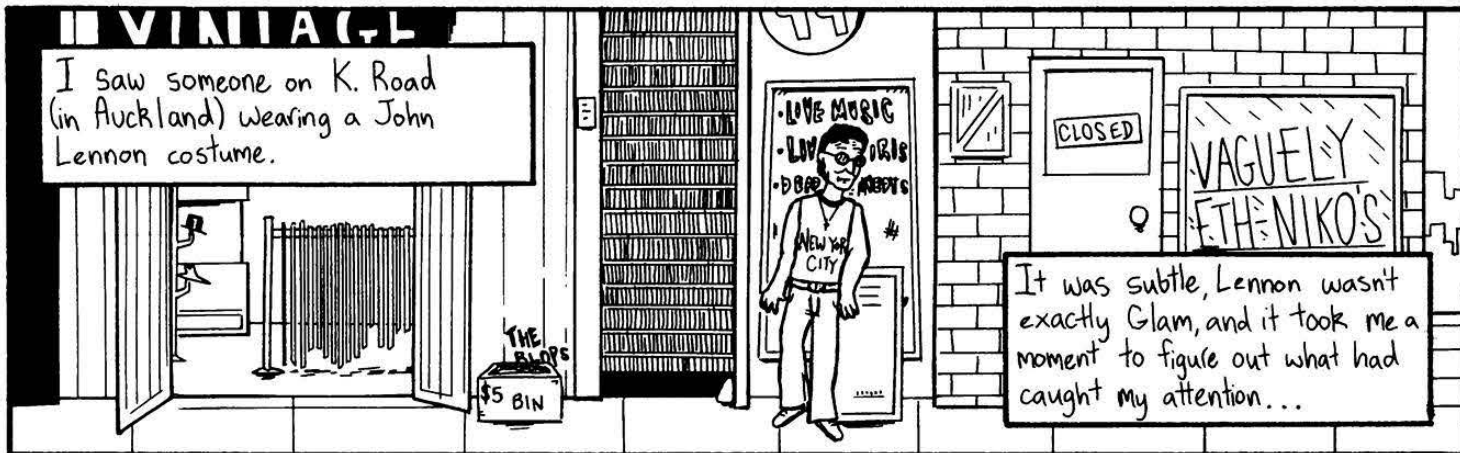
team from the *Boston Globe*? Or that we listen to the official soundtrack to get us amped, or that we watch the trailer together on rainy days when we're feeling down? Or that we have a phone in the office just so we can answer it with "Spotlight?" – the phone may not be plugged in, but the banter is off the hook.

If you've come within farting distance of the *Craccum* office any time since week two (or read our magazine, or looked at our Facebook page, or talked to any of us), our raging hard-ons/massive wetties for the 2016 Best Picture winner (which we now affectionately refer to as 'Spotty') should come as no surprise. *Spotlight* is an extraordinarily affecting tale of (duh) Spotlight, the long-form investigative team from the *Boston Globe* tasked with uncovering allegations of sex abuse by priests in the heavily Catholic city of (duh) Boston. You'll quickly come to admire the team: Walter 'Robby' Robinson and his laconic Boston brogue, Mike Rezendes' awful haircut and passionate outbursts, Sacha Pfeiffer with ever-present pants, and the other guy feat. an oddly attractive Liev Schreiber.

FUN FACT: BEN BRADLEE JR, ONE OF THE EDITORS OVERSEEING THE SPOTLIGHT TEAM, IS THE SON OF BEN BRADLEE, THE EDITOR WHO OVERSAW WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN AT THE WASHINGTON POST AS THEY WORKED ON THE WATERGATE STORIES.

■ MARK FULLERTON

(tbh the only reason I wrote this article was so that I could covertly review Spotlight, which I had been preventing the Arts Editor from doing on account of it being over six months old. Fuck you, Sam.)



What Even Is New Zealand?

WITH ELOISE SIMS

As I'm sure I've mentioned many, *many* times in this column, living in England has never been exactly what I expected.

Customer service does not exist. No one can make Wellington-standard coffee. Public drunkenness is openly tolerated, if not subtly encouraged by most universities. The temperature is nearly always 11 degrees, and raining.

Yesterday, it hit the **unbearable** warmth of 21 degrees Celsius. I looked out my window to witness the British students wearing bikinis to sunbathe in the grassy courtyard.

While I find all of this behavior utterly strange (if very amusing), it made me curious. I wondered how British students would get on in Auckland – with our love of Shadows jugs, funnels, goon, YikYak banter, and otherwise utter lack of student culture.

In fact – what does our Mother Country think of us as a whole? Subtly, I started asking a few questions in my lectures and tutorials.

"Sometimes I read your newspaper to make me feel better about myself," shrugs the first girl I ask, a second-year Journalism student at Exeter.

"... The *New Zealand Herald*?"

"Yeah! There are stories on there – like – you had a cow run down a street or something... I don't know. But it was national news, wasn't it?"

I'm delighted by the fact she knows the *New Zealand Herald* exists, and then realize I'm part of the problem.

"They had to put that cow down, you know." I try to say defensively.

She's polite enough to cover up her laughter. However, crap journalism seemed to be a running theme. One of my British friends continually links me stories about strange things New Zealand's up to. His personal favorite was the BBC article on the sixteen feral goats terrorizing the South Island town of Blackball. But surely we're known for more than that? I broaden my interview group a little to include my two German friends.

"New Zealand. Hm." They think about it. "Uh... *Lord of The Rings*."

"Yes?" I respond. "Anything el-"

"Do you know anyone who's in *Lord of The Rings*?" One of them interrupts, looking excited.

I frown. "Just because I'm from New Zealand, doesn't mean-"

"Do you though?"

"No." This is an outright lie. I once saw Elijah Wood in the Koru Lounge, and Orlando Bloom in the Maranui Café. Peter Jackson lived next to my best friend in Haightaitai for three years. Someone I know even featured in the Twin Towers movie as a baby hobbit.

But I'm not going to admit any of this. They look disappointed. "Well, New Zealand. Is beautiful, *ja*?"

"Lots of sheep." The other agrees, and waggles his eyebrows knowingly. "Lots of sheep jokes, huh?"

"As someone who is half-Welsh, and half-Kiwi, I am *so over the sheep jokes*," I say in a warning tone as they giggle and make "baa-ing" noises.

Perhaps I'm asking the wrong people. I go back to the Brits. More specifically, the Brits who've been around me long enough to know every naff fact about New Zealand. We're gathered at a function in my flat one night when I decide to interview the helpless assembled members.

"You seem to know everyone who lives there." One of them frowns, wagging my profile picture with Lorde in front of my face when I try to argue to the contrary. (*I grew up in Devonport, okay, I'm not a fake fan.*)

"*Top of the Lake!*" Another says with great enthusiasm.

(*Note: I may have forced said person to watch the entirety of this show, as I, bitterly homesick, ate popcorn glumly beside them. "My country is so beautiful." I sighed at least every ten minutes.*)

"New Zealanders have a lot of fights with Australians, don't they?" Someone offers.

"We don't," I say, loyally. "They start all of the fights, to be fair."

"What about?"

"Serious matters. Economy, policy, diversity, immigration."

"Really?" They look impressed.

"Nah. It's about rugby, usually. Or who can drink more."

"We can," my Australian flatmate says, without turning around, as he makes pasta on the hob.

"And we invented Pavlova as well, ya bloody sheep fuckers."

"You absolute-"

A physical fight ensues. Blows are exchanged. Ten minutes later, 5"5 and ultimately victorious, I return to my interviewing.

"What about like, people in New Zealand, in general? What do you know about them?"

"You have ferns on your passport." Someone says sagely. "Australians don't."

This is true. Aussie Flatmate scowls, nursing the bruises on his arm. "What! Why do you have ferns and we don't?"

"You know what else we have? Basic human rights for our native peoples." I respond.

He shuts up abruptly. Everyone else looks alarmed.

(*Note: I am very aware of how crap our human rights record is, please don't send Craccum hate mail. Or do. Spice my life up a little bit.*)

The best comment of the night comes, however, from the American guy who lives below us. Intrigued, I ask for his thoughts when he rocks up, mumbling something about how unfair it is that the US wasn't included in Eurovision. "New Zealand?"

"Yeah, mate. What are your thoughts?"

"Sheet." He frowns and chews on his lip. "In two words?"

"Two words, yeah, that'll do."

Solemnly, he lifts his Coors Light to the ceiling like a prayer. "New Zealanders."

I feel like I have to repeat whatever he's saying. "Uh, New Zealanders."

A pause.

"They're just... Cooler Canadians." He says dramatically.

"I'll take that." I tell him.

After being cruelly stereotyped as LOTR-loving, rugby-playing, sheep-shagging, dodgy-article-writing, Australian-fighting idiots, I'm happy to know there's at least one country we're cooler than in someone's book. ■

ELOISE IS ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO MADE A SHOW OUT OF HATING JUSTIN BIEBER WHEN SHE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD. NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED. SHE LOVES JOHN OLIVER, PICTURES OF LABRADORS, AND WILL BE TRAPPED IN ENGLAND FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS. PLEASE FOLLOW HER ON TWITTER (JOHN CAMPBELL DID IT THE OTHER DAY): @SIMSELOISE.



Break Up The Presses

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

"Freedom of the Press is guaranteed only for those who own one." -A.J. Liebling

Earlier this week, my father The Rev. Rolinson (who's an avid reader of this column, and a perhaps surprising fan of the literary contributions of several other luminaries to this magazine) remarked that by this time next year, *Craccum* might be pretty much the last source of truly independent print-media journalism left on the Auckland isthmus.

Why?

Well, as was reported a few days ago at time of writing, the twin press giants which stand astride our nation's infosphere like colossi, APN and Fairfax, are apparently contemplating a merger. Between them, they control a huge swathe of New Zealand's news media. Everything from radio stations like Newstalk ZB through to newspapers such as the *NZ Herald*, *Dominion Post*, Christchurch's *The Press*, and another thirty-plus regional newspapers on top of that – all of which could soon be under a single thumb. More worryingly for our increasingly online generation, two of the main "respectable" (to use a term exceptionally loosely) sources for news on the internet, the nzherald.co.nz and stuff.co.nz would also thus find themselves under the same management.

Although as some wags have pointed out, considering each of these outlets seem to run almost indistinguishable *Bachelor*-based artificial "news" stories day-in and day-out as priority headlines, perhaps little of value will be lost in the event of an amalgamation.

In any case, there remain a number of media outlets – whether state-owned like TVNZ and RNZ, or in private hands like Mediaworks – which will still serve to provide a counterpoint to this presumptive behemoth; but it's nonetheless rather hard to remain entirely untroubled by the idea of a further tightening of links between our already far too closely interlinked news media organisations.

This perspective is partially the result of personal experience in the field.

Back in late 2013, I found myself embroiled in a fairly mid-grade scandal. The precise details of what happened, we'll save for the autobiography (handily *also* titled *Sex, Drugs & Electoral Rolls*); but suffice to say it was hella interesting to see how modern media works in practice from the 'eye of the storm'.

First, WhaleOil picked up the story thanks to an anonymous tip. Then, a political reporter

from Fairfax contacted me for a statement. What happened next was a bit of a small-scale feeding frenzy, as several other media outlets proceeded to write up stories on the event in question. Interestingly, after the first incident with the Fairfax reporter, they didn't really bother with doing proper due diligence with their 'investigative' reporting. Instead, they merely reprinted reworded content from whichever news outlet it was prior to them in the chain of 'distribution' – with a goodly portion of the wording changed and much of the nuance lost in what they were reporting as a result.

A similar domino effect on an unutterably larger scale also transpired during my major scandal last year, albeit in politically weaponized form. A political adversary from my own Party who was extraordinarily dissatisfied with something I'd penned about her on *The Daily Blog* had her Press Secretary disseminate a sensationalized account of my legal difficulties to a tame journalist at RadioLIVE (said journalist is now one of Newshub's lead political reporters). This reporter then ran the story in an inaccurate and escalating manner; which was followed up – to my mounting horror – with a number of other news media outlets picking up the story either direct from his reporting, or as a result of the outlets in question being co-owned by the same people who run RadioLIVE, and who were thus transparently sharing the story internally so that it might be circulated more widely.

The above anecdotes serve to illustrate that the way our mainstream media is set up in this country is plainly dangerous to the ordinary pursuit of truth.

It may seem like a small thing, and a scant protection from salaciousness or slander, but simply by having more journalistic outlets doing more actual and frank journalism (rather than taking the lazier approach of merely reading, re-reporting and resyndicating the research of others), we tangibly reduce the risk of misinformation making its miscreant way out across the headlines and into our homes and headspace.

Further, in these increasingly complex times, a multiplicity of perspectives is far better equipped to analyze and dissect the issues of the day. What one reporter might miss, five investigative journalists may better pick up between them and shed new light upon.

Greater competition for stories is also unquestionably a good thing for the broader dissemination of truth into the public consciousness. Although if that sounds like 'free marketeerism', it's not – to my mind, the inevitable result

of lax regulation and the state truly getting out of the marketplace in small countries and polises like New Zealand is *less* competition and tendencies towards monopoly, rather than – as is often assumed – the converse.

This is why I'm a quiet fan and advocate for the state-owned (albeit not exactly state-run) broadcasters and their role in reporting and disseminating news. TVNZ and RNZ, by their very and mere existence help to break up the monotony of the privately-owned media hubs reporting endless rounds of Bachelorism.



Meanwhile, 'new media' outlets such as *The Spinoff* and *The Daily Blog* play a key

role in keeping our public sphere fresh and vibrant; reporting on and often breaking stories which for various reasons (at least initially) fall somewhere beneath the larger publishing houses' radar (and yet curiously above their ever-lowering brows). Let's remember that the Ponytail-Gate scandal involving John Key from this time last year was broken by *The Daily Blog*; and that while Andrew Tidball's seedy

behavior might have been vaguely referenced in a *Stuff* piece some months ago, it took *The Spinoff* to cover the story in such a way and with such (human) depth that people actually began to sit up and take notice.

This is why I am such a strong proponent and supporter of semi-professional blogs and other exercises in quasi-citizen journalism. Because, as the Rev. Rolinson pointed out, it's called "The Fourth Estate" for a reason. As it's supposed to be independent from nobility, clergy, government (with some caveats), and most especially from the arms and aims of profiteering Big Business.

I take it a bit further, however, and insist that the Fourth Estate possesses essentialized elements from the other three Indo-European Trifunctionalisms which preceded it. The crusading vigour of the warrior-caste; the knowledge and skill with letters of the priests; and above all the people-centrism and professional guild ethos of the Third.

The present emphasis upon 'reporting' as being something which big (and, lately, bigger) companies do, rather than the individual or small groups of likeminded confederates, is anathema to the true spirit of Journalism.

Developments such as APN's proposed merger with Fairfax ought thus be opposed. And parallel vehicles of more genuinely independent journalism ought to be supported and read in earnest – whether semi-professionalized such as *The Spinoff*, volunteer-run like *The Daily Blog*, or even salient bastions of the up-and-coming wordsmith media like *Craccum*. ■

* * * * A ONE ACT PLAY * * * *

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

**** LIGHTS UP ****

They say that inside every person who writes for a University magazine is a screenwriter waiting to get out. By “they”, I mean me; emboldened by this sentence, I have decided to finally cast off the shackles of tertiary education and head for the Hollywood Hills. When I arrive, I’ll move into a small, sunny apartment near the water. I’ll wear white linen shirts, drink rum from coffee mugs, wear sunglasses everywhere and start rolling my own cigarettes. I’ll find a local bar and make it my own.

In the morning, once the previous night’s hang-over has been remedied by a Bloody Mary and a cup of black coffee, I’ll sit at my typewriter and furiously hammer out screenplays. I’ll write until the cream walls of my small, sunny apartment are spattered with blue-black ink and until my fingertips are calloused. Reams of paper will accumulate underneath my writing desk.

Just as suddenly as I began, I will stop. I will sip my black coffee, rub the bridge of my nose, and conclude that I finally have enough material to be a star. I’ll fill my battered leather satchel with my four finest scripts and order an Uber. While I wait on the kerb for Hashim to show up I’ll nervously scroll through the “notes” on my suitably kitsch iPhone 4 and practice my elevator pitches.

My first stop will be the offices of Universal Studios. I’ll walk through the main gate and tilt back my straw fedora as I gaze, awestruck, at the giant Universal globe. When the receptionist tells me to take a seat, my white linen shirt will stick to the leatherette sofa and I’ll feel my cold sweat. I’ll nervously play with my satchel’s buckle. Eventually, my name will be called and I’ll find myself face-to-face with Michelle Brighton, the most important screenwriter auditioner ever. Her heels will be up on her desk, and she’ll keep me standing awkwardly in her doorway as she finishes her call.

“George, I swear to god – you screw me on this, you’ll never work again. Got it?” I will hear mumbled agreement on the end of the line. “Good.” Brighton will rest the phone on its receiver and look to me. Her eyes will be blue. “Hello.”

I’ll clear my throat and approach her. My handshake will be firm; hers will be firmer. I’ll sit.

Brighton will lean forward in her seat. “I don’t have all day. Let’s hear your pitches.”

I will be nervous – it’s impossible not to be. But as they say, inside every person who writes for a University magazine is a screenwriter waiting to get out. It’s time to let the screenwriter out of his prison.

“I have a few ideas today. The first is a drama.” The clarity and confidence in my voice will surprise me. Brighton will be scribbling on a yellow legal pad.

“Here is my pitch:”

**** GUITAR MAN ****

** LARRY, 43, works at a music store. His marriage to LORI, 45, has fallen apart because of his obsession with playing on stage with the ROLLING STONES (cumulatively 300). One day, LARRY makes a wish to a WIZARD (99) expressing his desire to play with the ROLLING STONES. The WIZARD turns LARRY into a GUITAR (new). LARRY is then bought by KEITH RICHARDS (cameo) and is played on stage at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (theatre). Halfway through the performance, LARRY spots his young daughter ALICE (9) alongside his ex-wife LORI. He immediately realises that we should be careful about what we wish for, turns back into a human, and rejoins his daughter **

After my pitch, I will look up. Brighton won’t be scribbling anymore. As I will raise my hand to ruffle my hair (still flat from the straw fedora), she’ll push the buzzer on her desk phone. The metallic crowing shall rent the air; without needing to speak, I’ll know my time is over.

I’ll walk home from Universal Studios alone. I’ll need every dime to make it back to Auckland.

Maybe there isn’t a screenwriter in every University magazine writer. Maybe there isn’t even a University magazine writer inside this writer.

Maybe this is just overcompensation. For what?

I dunno.

**** LIGHTS DOWN ****

**** CURTAIN DOWN ****

**** SCENE **** ■



Caveat Emptor

WITH ANA HARRIS

Hostels aren't the most appealing form of accommodation. If money weren't an obstacle, most people would opt for a hotel. Even an extended family member's couch offers more privacy and fewer bedbugs than your average backpackers. Still, hostels can serve a useful purpose by providing a cheap place to spend the night on a student budget. Best-case scenario, you book out an entire room with a bunch of friends and get rip-roaringly drunk – as the *Craccum* team discovered after spending the weekend in a particularly dilapidated Wellington hostel for the student press awards last year.

The worst thing about hostels isn't the crowded rooms or the subpar facilities; it's that they're full of *Travelers*. I don't mean visitors to New Zealand, or people in the habit of going overseas from time to time. I'm talking about Travelers in the proper noun sense of the word. We've all met them. The moment they buy a plane ticket, don a 60 litre tramping pack, or post a photo of themselves straddling a camel or some other poor beast, suddenly travel is central to their identity. They constantly repeat anecdotes from "when they were travelling" and joke about how their suitcase is always packed without a hint of irony. They look down their nose at regular folk and share clichéd BuzzFeed articles entitled *31 Signs You're a Traveler at Heart*.

I once travelled for thirty-five minutes by ferry from Auckland to Waiheke. A bit strapped for cash, my fellow common-noun travelers and I decided to stay in a hostel for the weekend. After booking online, I was optimistic. The pictures promised modern rooms, a spa pool, and a covered deck area complete with fairy lights. It even called itself a lodge, which at least sounded like a step up.

The manager, a giant Finnish woman named Johanna, greeted us on arrival. "Shoes off please!" she yodeled in panic as we stepped inside. "The rule here is bare feet only in the house!" Not the only rule, as it turned out. If the freshly painted blue walls and neatly made beds in our room made for a good first impression, our hopes drooped slightly at the sign pinned to the wall:

HOUSE RULES:

1. Max two minute showers.
2. No shoes inside.
3. Spa closes at 9pm sharp.
4. All linen to be returned to reception before checkout.
5. Respect others' right to peace and quiet – no music or loud voices after 10pm.
6. Wash and return all crockery to the kitchen after use.
7. Please note, anyone found breaching these rules will be asked to leave **immediately and without refund**.
8. Above all, relax, have fun and enjoy our magical island paradise.

So Johanna was clearly a bit neurotic, but with the beach just down the road and several bottles of wine in our bags how bad could it be?

We decided to have a few drinks so found a spare spot at the outside table. As we sat down, heads turned in our direction. We chatted amongst ourselves, trying to relax.

"Where are you from?" one of the other guests asked.

"Oh, we're from Auckland," I replied.

"No, I mean *him*," the guy said, nodding in Max's direction.

"I'm from Auckland too," said Max.

"Really? Because you look, you know... Chinese or whatever."

"My parents are Taiwanese."

"Oh."

Conspicuous silence ensued, broken several moments later by the screech of a smoke alarm followed by a hysterical Johanna sprinting across the deck.

"What the f**k?! I f**king told you last week not to burn your food in the f**king kitchen! I'm going to have to ban toast if this happens again!!"

Her impressive frame filling the doorway, she paused for a brief moment at the entrance before barging in to round on the troublemaker. "Sorry everyone," she wailed, "I have never broken a house rule before but right now I need to wear my shoes inside!" After setting things right, Johanna emerged triumphant and resumed her nightly patrol of the premises.

On our way back to the room to finish off the last of the wine, we were intercepted by

another guest.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Just back to our room," I said.

"Oh ok, it's just that, like, at night we usually all hang out together in the common area."

Reluctantly, we followed him to the lounge.

"I'm Nick by the way," our new acquaintance informed us. "So, like, are you guys travelers too?"

"No, we're from Auckland."

"Oh weird. How come you're here then?"

"Just needed a cheap place to stay for the weekend."

"Oh ok. So, like, what do you guys *do*?"

"We're uni students."

"Ergh. I'm going to uni next year in Aussie. It's going to *suck*. I've been travelling all over the place ever since high school – ya know South America, South East Asia, Africa even. Traveling is, like, part of me, ya know. I can't imagine just staying in one place all the time. That must *suck*. By the way, you're not allowed to wear shoes in here." He pointed at my jandals with disapproval.

The funny thing about Travelers, is they think their 'way of life' is somehow a morally superior choice. They act like budgetary legends for staying in humble backpackers instead of fancier digs, all the while blithely unaware that travel is a solely middle class activity (much like people who take pride in the fact they only eat 'clean' meals).

I hope to one day see more of the world. But I might wait until I can afford accommodation far away from other Travelers. ■



Berning Sanders

WITH ADEEL MALIK

My Facebook newsfeed is inundated by Bernie Sanders. People posting Bernie memes and sick burns, about how he is so much better than Hillary. If he could run in the general election, they say, he would destroy Trump. I like Bernie, but I don't like his messiah status; maybe a dose of reality could really help the diehard Bernie fans.

We all like Bernie Sanders and part of the reason for this is the broadly positive media coverage around him. But that positive coverage is not an accident. Not attacking Sanders is beneficial for the Republicans, Hillary, and the media.

The Republicans do not want to attack him because that will make Hillary's life a lot easier. They do not expect to run against Sanders this November and rightly want as much as possible muck thrown Hillary's way during the primaries. Undermining Sanders will hinder his ability to attack Hillary from the left. The Sanders campaign is already paying off for the Republicans; many of

his supporters cannot not even see themselves voting for Hillary, the most progressive person left in the campaign after Sanders.

Hillary will not attack Sanders because the last thing she wants to do is alienate Sanders voters or Sanders. This is not a primary she can lose anymore. Come July she wants an endorsement from Sanders – and most likely in return Sanders would want some sort of policy concession from Hillary. Going after Sanders with negative advertisements does not help Hillary to win the election in November.

The media will not attack Sanders because that would hurt their business plan. Fox, CNN or MSNBC are companies, and more than any ideology they care about their profits. The "game of politics" is much more interesting to report on than looking at substantive policy. Hence the media analyses politics in the way it analyses sports. This means that a comparison of two candidates is often an analysis of their poll numbers. We look at polls and discuss how a candidate can win, or which candidate is winning. But for this to happen, you need two candidates. The Democratic race would have been a lot less interesting to report on if Bernie Sanders was not running, and that would have showed in the ratings, and that would have showed on the profit and loss statement. News



media has a vested interest to protect Sander's campaign, to protect its bottom line.

So what would an attack on Sanders look like? Maybe it would mention his role in the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party, which at the time proclaimed solidarity with Revolutionary Iran or

Sander's attendance at the Sandinista Rally chanting, "The Yankee will die".

His essays mocking taboos around childhood nudity or how "revolution comes... when a girl pushes aside all that her mother has 'taught' her and accepts her boyfriend's love".

Maybe they'd mention his opposition to criminalisation of computer generated childhood pornography or the fact that he has not passed any significant piece of legislature in his 20 years in senate, and although it's easy to see the appeal of his messiah-like purity, it also means that he gets nothing done.

Sanders has been in a fortunate position where no one benefits from attacking him. This has created the illusion of electability. And I am sick of Bernie hacks looking at polls and using them to predict his looming presidential victory *if only* he were given the chance. ■

Columnist's Note: If you enjoyed this piece I encourage you to read Michele Golberg's more detailed analysis on the topic for Slate.

LIFE IS TOO LONG

Crying While The Sky Crashes Down

WITH SHMULY LEOPOLD

I'm sitting outside a K Road café waiting for the Editor. Increasingly frazzled and irritated, the Editor is not pleased. We're meeting because I've done wrong.

We're meeting because I've upset all the most important power-players on campus: Pro Life, a couple of Young Nats, and some law students. I'm the cause of insomnia, hypertension, anxiety, all student suicides, and structural oppression. I'm at Little Algiers, a pretty terrible café at the top (bottom?) of K Road. I go there because they're next to a pretty excellent café that steals all their business with their good coffee and competent service. Cunts.

I see the Editor. She's walking towards me, a frown

like thunder and an expression of abject not-happy on her face. I ready myself. "Hello" I say. "Hey!" she exclaims with a grin. *Well then.* This is how she's playing it. False happy. False friendly. False smile. False face. "How are you?" I enquire. "Oh not too bad, I had an essay due today, barely slept. I hate not sleeping. And I love herbal tea," she responded, fake grin still plastered on her face. Sinister, aggressive, domineering. Two can play at this game.

I wonder how I can get her. How can I let her know I'm not a man to be trifled with? "I fucking hated the cover of *Craccum* this week" I said slyly. "Oh, right, umm, I thought it was pretty good, worked with the theme ya know. Why didn't you like it?" she froths at me. Fuck. I didn't think this through. "I hated the colour mostly." She looks at me quizzically, "You're completely colour blind, Shmulz." Fuck fuck fuck. "Yeah exactly, boring. Exclusionary actually. Did you think to include textures, or sounds, for those of us who are visually impaired?"

Got her.

She walks inside and orders. She buys me a salmon eggs benedict and a flat white. She buys herself a herbal tea. She's being a bitch again, making me feel fat ordering nothing for herself. I have to say something. "Why aren't you having breakfast?" I

scowl. "I ordered granola," she fabricates. I'm on the verge of spitting at her. I shan't be treated like this. I light a cigarette to calm my nerves. "Do you mind if we switch seats?" "Why?" she responds. "Well Editor, because the sun is in my eyes and you have sunglasses on. Also you're downwind of the smoke. Never mind thanking me." I'm getting fucking tired of this passive aggressive nonsense. She's barely smiling. "I don't have sunglasses, you know none of them fit my head. And the smoke is blowing away from me now." I scoff pointedly and roll my eyes. "No worries, we'll move," she says rudely.

After a half hour of shuffling and bullshit as she takes my blazer from my original seat and places it around my new one, we settle into a conversation. She starts coughing. No need to be rude about the smoking. "Look, about this column, we can't publish *Ten Genuine Reasons Why You Should Probably Kill Yourself*. It's completely irresponsible." I wonder why she's being such a bitch. "Why are you being such a bitch?" I say. "I mean, I'm not. I just think you should change the column," she says, unblinking, eyes an unsettling blood red, and frown an unsettling brown-blue-yellow.

A hobo comes and asks for a cigarette. I slap him. The Editor cries. I can't take this. The granola comes out. I get up and walk off.

Women are impossible to talk to... ■



Some Things Never Change

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

An encounter this weekend had my flatmate re-enacting his high school indignities in our living room. There were three generations of Hamilton Boys' High School present. A fortuitous meeting. It was the kind of yarn session that leaves those excluded frowning, yawning, and with the dawning realization that they've always hated Hamilton Boys' High School – even though they'd never thought about it before then. Walk with me down nostalgia lane, and check your cynicism at the door.

One of us was working as an engineer, another was studying as one, a third was still in year thirteen, and the last (yours truly) was labouring under a law degree. But this was the kind of encounter that entailed a complete reversion of personality, of language, of timbre, back to schoolyard garishness. For the elders, it was like the years inbetween high school and the present day vanished. "Bro, Mr. T--- just sat at the front and ate feijoas for that class on polyploidy." "If Mr. D--- shakes that milkshake for much longer I'm gonna stop believing that it isn't just practice for later." "Do you remember how hot that substitute Art teacher was?"

The sort of unadulterated bliss that accompanied this reunion snuck up on me. Not all of us

went to school at the same time (even though some of us did). It was a reunion pivoting on the *idea* of our school and the feeling that there was something continuous about its shape and substance. It was comforting to think that the institution we once were at was still spitting out people we could culturally relate to. We listened to new stories about new teachers and old stories about old teachers and knew, without question, that the soul of the place was the same. The comfort wasn't in some sense of superiority. The place was a total shithouse in some ways and the library of Alexandria in others. The comfort was in the thought that however far away we went, maybe we still belonged somewhere.

I find it odd, on reflection, that I could be overcome by such profound sentimentality for my school when my knee-jerk reaction to nationalism is a sort of glib squint. Being a second-generation immigrant probably engenders a necessary skepticism of 'the nation' as a unifying ideal. Personally, I don't quite look like the quintessential Kiwi, or, if I go back to India, sound like the quintessential Tamilian. And before you shout me down for not having a sufficiently 'multicultural' vision of nationality, just close your eyes and picture a New Zealander (to paraphrase Nazeem Hussain, a Sri Lankan-Australian comic who recently visited New Zealand). What you see when your eyes shut is not me. The nation is just not a unit of identity that works for me. There might be

parts of our national identity I cling to dearly, like jandals or apathy, but it is always smaller units of association that have made me feel at home.

Be part of a group or an institution for long enough and, even if you dislike it, you might find yourself with a network of people who you have to begrudgingly admit share something inalienable with you.

We ended up playing darts in my garage till 2 a.m. on that fateful evening, with no one willing to call it a draw so that we could all just go to bed like we actually wanted to. Stubborn children to the end. Regardless, it was a ripper of a night, and it'll be a warm memory for some time.

My fear is that people will look on this and respond, "but I hated high school". My experiences aren't everyone's. It isn't the place that mattered. It isn't the fact we were nostalgic about high school itself that mattered. It's the fact that we were all willing to get sentimental. If you're anything like me, it is easy to see any institution that is proud of itself through glasses of derisive cynicism; and there are most certainly real criticisms of the blindness that comes with fervor. But to be the sneering cynic doesn't make us happy. Even if we were excluded by others in the past, now we exclude ourselves. To quote Tim Minchin, we need to "be pro-stuff not just anti-stuff" to get the best out of our institutions and the people around us. ■



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Editors

Caitlin Ass-bley and Mark Full-o-shit

caitlin@craccum.co.nz mark@craccum.co.nz

Subeditor

Hannah Bergin

Designer

Nick Withers

Section Editors

Arts & Culture Samantha Gianotti **Columns**

Jordan Margetts **Features** Catriona Britton

News Andrew Winstanley

Lifestyle Felixe Laing & Winifred Edgar-Booty

Writers

Adeel Malik, Aditya Vasudevan, Ana Harris, Andrew Winstanley, Auckland University Powder Room Society, Casey Carsel, Catriona Britton, Christy Burrows, Curwen Ares Rolinson, Eloise Sims, Emily Frew, Eugenia Woo, Felixe Laing, Jack Adams, Jack Caldwell, James Brown, Jean Bell, Mark Fullerton, Matthew Denton, Michael Clark, Patrick Newland, Rayhan Langdana, Samantha Gianotti, Shmuly Leopold, Theo Macdonald, Winifred Edgar-Booty, Zachary Ardern

Cover Artist

Lily Worrall

Illustrators

Auckland University Powder Room Society, Caitlin Ramsay, Emily Frew, Holly Burgess, Jasmine Lim, Jessica Thomas, Lily Worrall, Melody Chen, Patrick Umbers, Shmuly Leopold, Tania Fu

Contributor of the Week

Eugenia Woo



Editorial Office

4 Alfred St, Private Bag 92019, Auckland

Advertising

Aaron Haugh

Ph 021 813286 advertising@craccum.co.nz

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