

CRACCUM

THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND STUDENT MAGAZINE

ISSUE 12, 31 MAY 2021



What Students Get Out of Budget 2021

Student allowances and living costs increase by \$25, but is it enough to keep up with rising living costs? *Ella Morgan* reports.

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Pot Brownie Recipe

Move over Martha Stewart. *Mary Jane* provides us with a tried-and-true recipe that you can pass down to your grandkids.

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Exam Time Comfort Films

Comfort looks different for everyone. *Thomas Giblin* seeks out the *Craccum* Arts Community's favourites.

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DEBUT SINGLE 'TMRW MAYBE' OUT 28.05.21



DEBUT SINGLE 'BE READY' OUT 28.05.21



DEBUT SINGLE 'IF YOU AIN'T LOOKING' OUT 28.05.21



DEBUT SINGLE 'OUTLIER' OUT 28.05.21

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The People to Blame

EDITORS IN CHIEF **EDA TANG & BRIAN GU**
editor@craccum.co.nz

NEWS EDITOR **ELLA MORGAN**
news@craccum.co.nz

CHIEF REPORTER **JESSICA HOPKINS**
chiefreporter@craccum.co.nz

TE AO MĀORI EDITOR **MAIRĀTEA MOHI**
maori@craccum.co.nz

FEATURES EDITOR **NAOMII SEAH**
features@craccum.co.nz

ARTS EDITOR **MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY**
arts@craccum.co.nz

LIFESTYLE EDITOR **LACHLAN MITCHELL**
lifestyle@craccum.co.nz

VISUAL ARTS EDITOR **SOPHIE SUN**
visualarts@craccum.co.nz




SUBEDITOR **FLORA XIE**
subeditor@craccum.co.nz

COVER **KIKI HALL**

DESIGNER **NICK WITHERS**
design@ausa.org.nz

ADVERTISING **AARON HAUGH**
marketing@ausa.org.nz

EDITORIAL OFFICE
TOP LEVEL
STUDENT UNION BUILDING
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SHADOWS
BAR & EATERY

CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK
KAYE KENNEDY
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WINNER OF \$50 SHADS VOUCHER

TE AO MĀORI EDITOR
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stuff

School's Out, Scream and Shout

What time is it? The time of our lives, *Brian and Eda* think

12 weeks ago, we tuned into an emergency briefing from a stern, tired-looking PM who told us that we, once again, had to Stay Home and Save Lives. By some miracle, we've made it this far: watching excited graduands striding up and down the road through the fogged glass in the library windows. However, for those of us who aren't soaring, flying through our degree, it may seem like a never-ending road to get there.

Kia ora. We're Brian and Eda, co-editors of *Craccum* and all-round charitable people (allegedly), here to remind you that the inter-semester break is upon us. While it seems like a premature thing to say with the remaining hurdle of exams, they'll come and go, no matter how prepared (or not) you are. When the dust settles, it's time to treat yourself to a break.

It's an easy thing to verbalise, but when it comes time, it's hard to put into action. We're all busy people when university is on, and it's easy to lose track of healthy habits and necessary self-care. Sometimes, your organs may be saying "*we're all in this together*," but your brain is like, "*no bitches, I've got to study*."

In all fairness, even though we preach, we can acknowledge how easy it is to let the wheels fall off the wagon. For instance, Brian skipped breakfast trying to catch up on work this morning, and staying in the lab 'til midnight yesterday led to McDonalds delivery as a rushed dinner. Eda has been stressing about (but not arsed enough to actually cook) the raw chicken that's been in the fridge for six days and instead, gone to eat Wicked Wings while publicly crying as a form of escapism. Sometimes you just have to do what you need to see you through those particularly stressful times. (Though, we cannot stress finding proper help if things are taking a toll on your ability to get through the day.)

It's really okay to be a hot mess right now. Everyone has different coping mechanisms and priorities to keep up with their wellbeing, so you do you, boo. We just don't condone shoplifting, drunk driving and having more than five packets of Munch Mart Spicy Squid Snack in a day. But as we all head into the break, it's necessary to turn our attention to sustainable self-care. Having fun is one aspect, but also restoring natural habits and correcting our lives in whatever way (sleep

schedule, for instance) is important, as the next semester is bound to take an equally heavy toll on our body.

As we part ways until the start of Semester 2, we also farewell our brilliant News Editor, Ella Morgan, from the editorial team. We want to acknowledge her tireless efforts in serving information to students where mainstream media could not, particularly during the COVID developments last year, and her contributions to shaping *Craccum's* Te Ao Māori and News sections for the future.

So, we're signing out for this semester. It's time to get ready to take a break, but also restore your blood sugars, vacuum your damn room, and see some sunlight. And if we work, work, there'll be no doubt. We can still save this summer (in the Northern hemisphere), if we work this out.

See you in Semester Two.

Yours faithfully,

Brian Gu (he/him) and Eda Tang (she/her)
Co-Editors of *Craccum* 2021

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Letters to the Editors

Submit your letters by emailing editor@craccum.co.nz with 'Letters to the Editors' in the subject line.

Student Services

In response to Issue 11 editorial, 'Student Democracy', which points out students spend \$962 on average on Student Services Fees per year in their undergraduate degree.

\$962? That's absurd.

Current students may not realise it, but for most of the University's existence the student services which weren't government funded were provided by AUSA. Students set the level of fees and students decided how the fees would be spent.

Then some politicians decided this wasn't responsible self-government but socialism. They had the same irrational attitudes as one of your dating advisers, and they broke the system.

The outcome was just what many of us predicted. The University had to step into the breach, but it couldn't control costs as well as the students. The University's Compulsory Student Services Fee has risen at an average of 11.7% compound over the past 25 years, and students have almost no say in how it is spent.

Time to end this failed experiment and give control of student services back to students!

Regards,

Bob Lack

Short Remarks on Forgotten Exclusions

1. I note that the AUSA AGM on May 31st is being held at Shadows, which has a policy of excluding under-18s. I emailed to enquire about an exception to be made for under-18s to attend a club trivia night, but there were

none.

I presume the AUSA exec will publicise an alternative voting venue for under-18 students? Even if their numbers are too small to make much difference, it's the principle of anti-discrimination and a culture of inclusivity that counts here.

2. With all the dialogue on the false dichotomy of omnivory versus veganism, pescetarianism gets neglected.

I note in [Issue 11] there was a two-pager on veganism with not a single acknowledgement that greenshell mussel farming.

Greenshell mussel farming produces protein:

- which requires much less use of land (allowing more land to grow native forest, or biofuel crops, or houses),
- no fertiliser (no Haber Process GHG then, or Blood Phosphate from Western Sahara),
- does not contribute to freshwater sediment load and low freshwater dissolved oxygen levels like terrestrial agriculture does (I can explain how this somewhat violates the Treaty of Waitangi especially regarding certain Waikato lakes and traditional freshwater fisheries),
- helps improve water clarity, and also locks up carbon in a relatively-inert carbonate form which doesn't reach saturation like reforestation does (most forests that aren't peat bogs will reach a steady-state equilibrium in carbon fixation vs carbon emission) because mussel shells drop to the sea floor.

I offered to write an article for the lifestyle section but the lifestyle editor believed the

issue to be not student-centric enough. I find this laughable now that I read the article in this week's issue.

Kind regards,

Andi

Response to 'Short Remarks on Forgotten Exclusions':

Kia ora Andi, thanks for your letter. It is not our belief that Shadows itself is age-discriminatory, it is merely operating on the liquor laws of a licensed venue. With regard to the implications on under-18 voting at the AGM, AUSA have provided us with the following statement:

"Under 18's will be accommodated for by a seated area just outside the bar where they can hear and see the meeting take place. Questions from this seated area will be taken regularly and they will be treated the same as an audience member seated inside.

For more updates and information on the AGM, the student can follow this Facebook event: <https://fb.me/e/1qitKTKz>."

We see your article idea on greenshell mussel farming making a better fit in a science magazine as you appear to have a lot of specialist knowledge in this field. While the occasional consumption of greenshell mussels may be relevant to some students, we do not believe that it is significant to the crux of student life and would be inaccessible to the average Craccum reader. We saw last week's article on veganism and guilt is an appropriate topic as our generation is faced with the increasing responsibility of sustainable food consumption but may not be able to keep up with such dietary lifestyles for social and financial reasons related to being a student. If you have other ideas that may be more editorially compatible, please do not hesitate to reach out.

Design a Tote Competition

Campus Store, Open until the 9th of August

The Campus Store's annual competition is currently in full swing. After a successful five years of the Design a Tee competition, this year students have the opportunity to have their winning design printed on a tote bag. First place will also receive a \$250 Westfield Voucher. The entry form, as well as more information, can be found on the University of Auckland website.

Free Graduation Photos

Auckland University Students' Association, 11am-3pm on the 1st-2nd of June

The team at AUSA will be offering free professional graduation photos to graduands attending winter graduation. You will be able to grab a five minute slot between 11am and 3pm at Albert Park, but be sure to book in advance using the AUSA's online form. To book, head to the AUSA's Facebook event, or contact engagementvp@ausa.org.nz if you have any questions.

Kiwijam21

Game Developer Guild, 23rd-25th of July

Kiwijam is Aotearoa's own homegrown annual in-person game-jam. Newcomers and veteran game-jammers are welcome to come along and experiment, share ideas and make a game of any type for 48 hours. You'll have a workshop at your disposal to build & craft physical games, and there will be materials and help provided on the weekend. Check out kiwijam.org for further information.

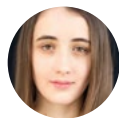
Reformer Pilates Classes

UoA Recreation Centre, Mondays, Tuesdays & Thursdays

Ever wanted to give reformer pilates a go? Here's your chance! The Rec Centre offers reformer pilates classes throughout the week at an affordable price. Reformer pilates will challenge you physically and mentally, and is beneficial for all types of people with different fitness goals. Head to the University of Auckland website for more information.



Auckland Student Takes Out University Trading Challenge



JESSICA HOPKINS

Auckland, Otago, Massey and AUT students recently competed in the eleventh annual CMC Markets University of Auckland Trading Challenge. Third-year Commerce and Science student Karl Peng from UoA secured first place out of more than 150 teams.

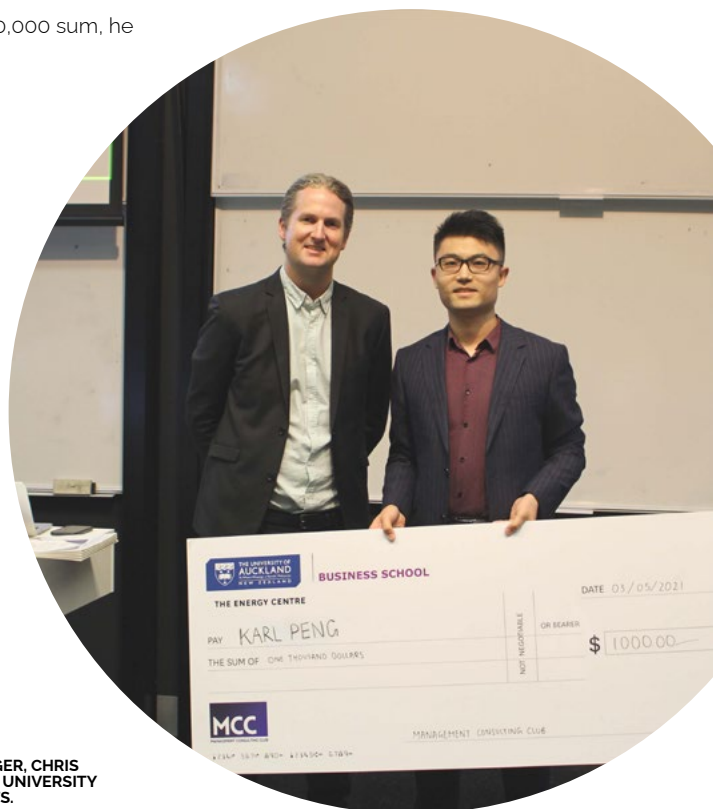
The CMC Markets Trading Challenge takes place over four weeks, and concluded earlier this month. The annual competition, hosted in association with the University of Auckland's Management Consulting Club (MCC), gives students the opportunity to experience real-world trading. Students were given an account with \$250,000 of virtual money, and were given four weeks to maximise tier runs in a risk-free environment via the CMC Markets online trading platform.

UoA student Peng earned the top placing with an impressive return on investment (ROI) of 83.63% and a final account balance of \$450,000. The student coming in second place had a 36.71% ROI, making Peng's ROI 40% higher than his closest competitor. While

Peng didn't get to keep his \$450,000 sum, he did walk away with \$1000.

Peng says the competition was a great opportunity to practice trading tactics in real world markets. "Some of my main strategies included utilising both long and short positions, focusing on highly volatile products and mitigating risk by setting up my bottom line to lose." If you're considering trading yourself, Peng's advice is to invest wisely. "This experience taught me some valuable lessons such as investing in a few products that I really understood, and not being greedy when accepting profits."

RIGHT: CMC MARKETS GENERAL MANAGER, CHRIS SMITH, AND WINNER, KARL PENG FROM UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND. PHOTO BY CMC MARKETS.



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Budget 2021: What Does it Mean for Students?



ELLA MORGAN NGĀTI RAUKAWA KI TE TONGA

Earlier this month, Finance Minister Grant Robertson revealed the 2021 budget. Key priorities outlined in the budget include protecting Aotearoa against COVID-19, stimulating COVID-19 recovery and addressing issues of importance to Aotearoa's future. These are all aspirational goals, and a number of reforms were announced to work towards these, but what does the budget announcement actually mean for students?

One of the key wins for students included increasing the maximum amount students can receive in allowances or living costs by \$25. Currently, students are able to receive or borrow up to \$242.53 per week. The increase will come into effect next April, meaning students will be able to access up to roughly \$268 per week. However, some groups have already questioned whether welfare increases, including the increases for students, will be enough to keep up with rising living costs.

Tamara, a first year student at the University of Waikato, says the increase means she will be able to borrow enough living costs to pay all of her bills, but is unsure whether it's enough to live off in other cities. "In Hamilton, rent is a lot cheaper. I have friends in Auckland paying up to \$300 a week for a room and I'm not sure if this increase is going to help much to ease that burden," Tamara says. "It's great that there's an increase at all, but it's so expensive to live that students are having to work and study to pay for the costs of living which is not ideal."

The 2021 budget also included a large increase in funding for vocational education and training, with \$279.5 million going to vocational educational organisations.

\$150 million will go to Māori education and training, with \$44 million of this going to Wānanga over the next three years. Additionally, the training incentive allowance has been re-introduced, providing support for those undertaking employment-related training.

Student allowances have still not been reinstated for postgraduate students, a promise that was made before the 2017 election but rescinded last year, with Education Minister Chris Hipkins attributing the decision to the financial pressures of COVID-19.

Student groups have highlighted that other areas important to students have been overlooked in the budget. Student allowances have still not been reinstated for postgraduate students, a promise that was made before the 2017 election but rescinded last year, with Education Minister Chris Hipkins attributing the decision to the financial pressures of COVID-19.

"The reintroduction of the Training Incentive Allowance and \$25 increases to Student Allowances from 2022 will benefit thousands of learners. However, postgraduate and mature students are yet again forgotten while they are forced to live on food parcels and charity," says the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations. "The increase to vocational education funding is welcomed, and NZUSA has campaigned for this (over) many years. However, universities, while still seeing significant growth in student numbers, see no increase in funding or support."

The Tertiary Education Union (TEU) also highlighted the lack of funding for universities in the latest budget. "We have told successive governments that the system is stretched beyond breaking point for decades, yet still they stretch us further. Students and staff in the university sector need relief from the constant pressure created by under-resourcing, understaffing and managerialism if they are to improve their wellbeing," says TEU Tumu Whakarae/National President Tina Smith.

Other key areas the budget has targeted include welfare increases, investment in infrastructure, increased PHARMAC funding and the establishment of an independent Māori Health Authority, \$1.5 billion for the COVID-19 Vaccine and Immunisation Programme, and investment in support of climate change mitigation.

Student Entrepreneurs Win \$1000 for Their Innovative Ideas



JESSICA HOPKINS

The University of Auckland's Innovation and Entrepreneurship programme Velocity challenged UoA students to share their innovative ideas for a share of \$12,000 prize money. Craccum talked to some of the Innovation Challenge winners, **The Next Step**, **FistBump**, and **Outhere**, about what they are working on.

The Next Step — Nandini Singh

Nandini Singh's \$1000 winning idea, The Next Step, is a program to help students in low decile high schools get into University. Singh says she was surprised to learn that students from low-income households make up only 6% of UoA's student population. The University of Auckland has several Undergraduate Targeted Admission Schemes and scholarships for eligible students, including those from low socio-economic backgrounds. But Singh says many students are not aware of the help available and that many barriers prevent low-income students from pursuing higher education.

Singh was the first in her family to go to University. 'I was very lucky to have supportive parents that guided me through the process even though they didn't have enough information.' Singh says she applied for as many scholarships as she could to put herself through University. However, she says many of her friends didn't have the same opportunities as her, and that it was disheartening to see them rule out university as an option.

With The Next Step, Nandini Singh wants to share knowledge and resources with students in an accessible way through workshops provided by University students. 'I was very privileged to have that support system, and I want to create that for others.' Singh has begun talks with local Members of Parliament in South Auckland about her idea. Her next step will be to hopefully collaborate with the Auckland Council and the University.

Singh says she would love people to get in touch with her if they are interested in getting involved at nandini_singh@icloud.com.

FistBump — Michael Shaimerden, Peter Goedeke, Shannon Blackhall, and Jiaru Lin

FistBump is a team of UoA engineering students using AI to help students find friends. Team member Michael Shaimerden says they came up with the idea after seeing posts on the UoA Reddit thread and confession pages from students struggling to find friends on campus. 'There were too many of these sorts of posts. We realised there was a problem and thought, let's try to solve it.'

Shaimerden says their matching algorithm is based on research from The Global Matching Project, which found what aspects of personality are essential for determining if two people can be good friends. The FistBump algorithm matches students together based on some of these

interests and personality traits based on answers to a questionnaire.

Like Tinder and Bumble, their app will allow users to chat once matched. But FistBump wants to go further to help facilitate connections. Shaimerden says dating apps have loose compatible thresholds, which don't encourage meaningful connections. The FistBump app pairs you up based on factors like music taste or politics, and that this helps start a conversation (if you read "Dating Advice from Politicians" from last issue, this is good news for David Seymour, who with FistBump can filter out any 'socialists').

Shaimerden says the project is unique to most engineering student startups. 'Engineers don't typically engage in social stuff. I like talking to people, and I'm pretty extroverted. I would consider myself an entrepreneur first and an engineer second.' The social engineering project already has around 200 users, and the app will be released publicly as an open beta in July.

Outhere — Alexandar Majstorović, Sophie Browning, Zac Turner, and Grace McCulloch

Alex Majstorović says Outhere aims to start the 'next wave of deep space exploration' by 'developing the intellectual property for a non-atmospheric celestial objects image scanning product.' If that sounds pretty complicated, it's because it is. Majstorović broke it down so even an Arts and Commerce student like myself can understand it as 'taking photos of asteroids, comets, and moons and using software to analyse it.'

Majstorović says their team met through Piazza and started through the Auckland Program for Space Systems (APPS). Through the program, the team designed a CubeSat (a type of miniaturised satellite for space research). He says that while managing the project and completing a full-time degree is challenging, they work on it to procrastinate between studying. (When I procrastinate, I scroll through TikTok, and send them to my friends, so I can see why they won \$1000).

Outhere is looking for new members to join their team, who are creative and forward-thinking. Majstorović encourages people to get in touch if interested.



RIGHT: WINNERS OF VELOCITY'S INNOVATION CHALLENGE. PHOTO BY THE CENTER FOR INNOVATION AND ENTREPRENEURSHIP.

Dame Cindy Kiro Announced as the Next Governor-General



ELLA MORGAN NGĀTI RAUKAWA KI TE TONGA

Dame Cynthia (Cindy) Kiro will be New Zealand's next Governor-General, taking over from Dame Patsy Reddy in October this year. Kiro will be the first Māori woman to hold the role.

Kiro has an already exceptional list of achievements. She was the first Māori woman to be the University of Auckland's Pro Vice-Chancellor Māori, and has held a number of positions in academia throughout her career. She is a UoA alumnus, having gained an Executive Master of Business Administration in 1992, and holds multiple other qualifications, such as a PhD from Massey University. She is of Ngā Puhi, Ngāti Kahu and Ngāti Hine descent.

Kiro also served as the Children's Commissioner between 2003 and 2008, overseeing major initiatives such as the Taskforce for Action on Family Violence. Her work to address child wellbeing earned her an appointment to a Dame Companion of the New Zealand Order of Merit in the 2021 New Year Honours.

The University reports that Kiro was a major influence on the creation of the Te Reo

Language Revitalisation plan, and was heavily involved with a memorandum of understanding with local iwi and UoA's Vision 2030 and Strategic Plan 2025—*Taumata Teitei*.

The University, as well as a number of public figures, politicians and Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern have congratulated Kiro on her appointment as the new Governor-General.

"I am delighted Dame Cindy has accepted the role," says Ardern. "She has a highly distinguished and lengthy career in academic and leadership positions and has made significant contributions across a number of fields and organisations."



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From Your AUSA President



ANAMIKA HARIRAJH

Kia ora koutou,

We did it! Semester One is (almost) done and dusted and I cannot believe how fast the time has flown. Each year, when we reach the halfway mark, it feels so surreal to look back at everything our team has been able to achieve, whether it's providing meaningful student support, a powerful student voice, or a kick-ass student experience, there is no denying that the team has been working hard!

Over the inter-semester break, we will be working on completing our report on Mental Health as a part of Kōrero mai, kōrero atu — our Mental Health campaign. We have received a lot of meaningful feedback from our students over this semester, and although some of the conversations we've had have been difficult, we are hopeful that this work will result in a range of positive changes for students. We are hoping to present our report, in addition to a set of recommendations, to the University's Executive Committee during our next quarterly meeting.

Although the end of this semester is fast approaching, we also have so much to be excited for in Semester Two! We have Arts & Culture, Sex, and Pride week to look forward to, with each week full of engaging events.

Finally, and arguably most importantly, we will be running the election for the 2022 Executive too! I personally will not be running for re-election, however I am incredibly excited to work alongside our staff and current Executive to host the upcoming election. If last year's election is anything to go by, we're in for an interesting few weeks of campaigning, lobbying, and the opportunity to demonstrate what student democracy looks like.

As always, you can find me and the rest of the team here at AUSA House, on Alfred Street, just across from the General Library and (most importantly) next door to Shadows, our bar! Pop in to say hi when you're around, our where is your where!

From Anamika, your 2021 AUSA President xo

If last year's election is anything to go by, we're in for an interesting few weeks of campaigning, lobbying, and the opportunity to demonstrate what student democracy looks like.

Annual General Meeting

**MONDAY
31ST MAY
2 - 3PM**

SHADOWS BAR

ID is required, members who are under 18 and without ID have been accommodated for.





Young Workers Like You

Predatory employers + oblivious students = profit

LYDIA CHIN

**names have been changed for privacy.*

I'd just landed my first job as a barista at a cute tucked away cafe. The manager was nice, and the atmosphere was welcoming. Brick walls and dark wooden floors gave it a vintage vibe, and they even had a wall dedicated to plants. This definitely made me feel better after getting rejected from Starbucks.

A little backstory: I was spoon-fed all my previous jobs because of family connections.

When I called my Mum about the good news, she sounded proud and was probably surprised that her sheltered kid was taking a small step towards independence.

When I went to the three-hour trial shift, I knew it would be unpaid as they had told me the day before. I had agreed. It sounded fair enough, right? A barista assessed me while making coffee, serving customers, using the cash register etc. I did well, and the barista announced I got the job.

I completed that level and went ahead to meet the final boss on Tuesday to work for another three hours. The manager reassessed me, and reassured me that I got the job. At the end of the day, we had to clean the coffee machine from the inside using boiling running water. I got scared that I would burn myself. The seemingly warm manager shifted his personality, glared at me and made weird clicking noises, flaunting his growing irritation.

"If you can't do this, you don't have a job," he

threatened.

Did I hear right? In the morning, he guaranteed that I got the job and even said I did well. At that moment, I froze. *What did I do wrong?* I thought.

"It's a natural reaction to be scared to get hurt," I weakly countered. "Baristas get burnt," the displeased manager concluded. I couldn't argue against that.

He told me I'd get the contract next Monday and start getting paid then too. But first, I'll have to come back and work another three-hour shift on Friday. I said "okay" and promptly left in fear of exposing my internal sadness. I had expected to get paid on the second day. It was weird to leave with an empty wallet. I started to process what happened. It clicked that he wanted me to work nine hours without pay. Was this normal? Was this even legal?

Nick was 19 when he went through something similar, except he was fully aware he would work in a hair salon without pay for eight hours. Nick had no prior work experience, and was doing a hairdressing course at that time. He said he did it for the experience and didn't mind. In comparison, 17 yr old Jasmin didn't know she would work for three consecutive days unpaid at a dumpling joint. She was asked to come back again after the first and then second day. She was told she needed to improve on her cooking skills to be considered for the job.

It was weird to leave with an empty wallet. I started to process what happened. It clicked that he wanted me to work nine hours without pay. Was this normal? Was this even legal?

I called the Young Workers Resource Centre and asked about my rights. "This is very common in the hospitality industry. It is legal. There is a lot of grey area but it is obviously wrong. The most you can do is ask them for the money you're owed," they pointed out.

Jasmin did her own Googling and found out training periods should be paid. She had already started doubting the management after the first day, but she came back because they were a popular restaurant.

For myself, I was in mental turmoil for the next two days, contemplating whether or not to take the job offer. On one hand, this job really suited me, but not the management. It was made clear the manager had some anger issues. Making someone work unpaid is super unethical. But a thread of hope told me work conditions could improve.

Nick took the hair assistant job offer, and his work conditions worsened. Aside from his usual sweeping, and helping qualified stylists with hair colouring duties, he became an Uber driver who occasionally picked up the manager's rude children after school. He also struggled to fit in five minute breaks between two hours of back-to-back clients. He said his harsh working conditions were "Probably because [the manager] thought I was young and couldn't do anything about it."

"It wasn't the best aye," he continued. "I kinda just did it on autopilot to get through the day."

I consulted many of my friends about this situation and they all agreed this was some dodgy shit. I'm not into dodgy shit so I dropped the offer. I confronted the manager about the unpaid hours via text because I was too much of a wuss to call. It went like this: "Hi Frank, you don't have to threaten me about not getting the job. I don't want this job anymore because I can't see the work conditions improving." I ended the text with: "my friend didn't like your flat chai latte either."

I introduced him to the idea of paid training shifts, and questioned his ethics and personality. I felt this was justified. He would've made \$200 off of me if I went with the flow. I didn't ask him for the six hours worth of pay either because he just wasn't worth talking to. My friend has already called me an idiot multiple times because I didn't drop the job earlier.

Similarly, Jasmin asked the manager for three days worth of pay after her experience. They wanted to compensate her with dumplings instead. The manager made excuses, telling Jasmin they were a small family restaurant with two children, and they had to pay the other workers. Jasmin threatened to call the police. They finally gave in and paid her.

Nick wasn't the confrontational type, but he left the job two and a half years later. He didn't become a professional hairdresser either, and was slightly disappointed. Personally, it was terrifying to hear about Jasmin's and Nick's experience. Who knew the world was scary and bad people exist? I asked myself, *what can we really do? We're just students.*

My friend Angus offered his opinion on the issue. He believes that the culture of service in high school doesn't translate well into the workplace. There was this idea that you should volunteer because you had a duty to your community, and asking for money would be out of the question. *It's good 'experience,'* they told us. Back then, we were taught that labour should be free, always. Or, at the very least severely underpaid (here's looking at you, paper runs). But leaving high school, young people aren't told that they shouldn't do anything for free because people will be making money off of your labour. We need to set reasonable expectations for ourselves, or else we will get exploited.

There needs to be education about the workplace in high school. This topic is just another bullet point on the list of things that aren't taught at school, such as managing money or forming meaningful relationships. High school doesn't prepare you to be an adult, but there is a lot more secondary education that can be provided.

Because this isn't taught, the responsibility falls on us to read the terms and conditions and find out what is legal. Next time, I'll be assertive in the work space, ask how many hours they want me to work if a trial shift is offered again, and ask if it is paid or not. Consider this a formal warning for anyone looking to get a job—don't be like me. Do your homework.

Losing Your Dank Virginity

A Guided Journey

ROSALIE LLEWELLYN

As part of many university students' journey of self-discovery and perspective-broadening, using drugs is near inevitable. I can confidently say that the first drug someone would think of when asked "which drugs do you want to try?" would be marijuana, weed, oiid, the devil's lettuce, ganja, whatever you'd like to call it. For some, it can be done once because "I was just curious," and for others, it can be used religiously. For the rest of us, it's something we see students use in dodgy corners of a party and they all may as well abuse meth.

If you're still reading, you probably have some interest. FOMO? Peer pressure? Boredom? A questionable way of running away from your problems? Maybe you read another Craccum piece that suggested getting baked is fun? Well, look no further. For whatever the reason, I am here to provide the means.

Step 1: Obtaining substances

Thank goodness drugs have won the war on drugs, because most, if not all, students know someone who deals, or at least knows someone who knows someone. You can start by asking a friend—heck, even a lecturer is likely to know someone. Weed dealers are the most lax people on earth. At best, imagine someone who would go to the Burning Man festival naked and give away gifts advertised as God's Forbidden Fruit. At worst, they are as high as the turtle from Finding Nemo. The lowest quantity of kush available is called a "tin," which is \$20. The amount you get varies by how generous your dealer is feeling, so

maybe butter them up a lil.

Step 2: Environment

Preparing for your first dance with Mary Jane is like losing your virginity. Your dank virginity, I guess. You want to prepare for it by having all the necessary tools; make sure the parents are out, and you're with someone you are intimately close with, because of course this experience must be shared. Or, you could be stupidly crippled from 20 standard drinks and do it in a random bush outside a party, Casey. Be warned though: grass before beers, you're in the clear, beers before grass, you'll be on your arse.

Step 3: Administration

Whatever you do, don't eat it directly (unless it's an edible). You will die a horrendous, writhing death. Just kidding! It's merely a waste. There are a plethora of devices available, some of which include bongs, pipes, and rolling papers. For the most low-profile consumption, go to your local Shosha, ask for some rolling papers and paper filters, and you can fill them up with magic broccoli that you tell the shop assistant is tobacco. For the most pleasant experience, use a bong, which can be filled with water for a smoother ride, kind of like lube for your lungs. Though the device itself sticks out like a sore thumb, at least you won't feel like you have cotton lungs.

Step 4: ??

You might feel a sense of child-like wonder, deep relaxation, creativity and sleepiness, among other things. You might also be overcome with an extreme conviction that you're dying. You're not, I promise. It only lasts a few hours—have a nap. Results may vary depending on the strain you have and the person you are.

Whilst I can predict what you will experience, with all things, the only way to truly understand something is to experience it yourself. If you could fully understand what it was like to travel all around the world, you wouldn't need to travel. In some senses, cannabis enables a different kind of travel, probably to Mars.

Step 5: Profit

Congratulations, felicitations and you're welcome for your first successful tangle with Texas Tea. There might be some grogginess left in you, or you might feel on top of the world, depending on how much you've had. You might have had the worst experience of your life, or you could have unearthed a mild dependency—you do you, boo. Just remember: smoking weed isn't a personality, so it probably won't solve all your problems. But hey, it's an experience for sure.



My Strange Addiction: UoA Edition

Y'all weird.

CRACCUM CONTRIBUTORS

Last week, *Craccum* put out a Google Form asking the population of UoA to tell us all about their Strange Addiction. Replies poured in from all corners of the University: contributors on *Craccum*'s community page on Facebook (join us! *Craccum* Community 2021), and some absolute cretins on the UoA: Meaningful Confessions page.

I'm not gonna mince words—you guys are weird as hell. Without further ado, here are some of the best strange addictions in our community.

Yummy Yummy Egggy Lolly:

"Over a year ago, I stumbled across an innocent bag of watermelon-flavoured lollies at the end aisle of Munchy Mart. The moment they touched my tongue, I knew I had found my new favourite snack. Alas, when I returned to stock up, they were gone! I searched fruitlessly for many months, until I finally discovered them again this year. They're called Damels, and they're cheap. I have expanded to their pizza and egg imitation lollies.

I eat them every day. The employees at Munchy Mart recognise me. I'll buy four or five bags at a time, and will easily eat a bag within half an hour. They fill my empty soul during the long hours of essay writing, but at what sugary, processed cost?"

- Luscious Lolly Lover

Creep by Radiohead:

"One time, this guy who didn't know me very well said I was creepy because I always looked at him (Editor's note: side eye emoji). Another time, someone I did know very well said I'm the least intimidating person ever. I wanted to prove at least one of them wrong, so now I hold incredibly long and uncomfortable eye contact with strangers at the Uni who won't look away, in order to

establish my dominance. Join me. Let's make UoA lectures weirder than ever."

- Joe Goldberg

Top Achiever

"In second year, I had a particularly stressful assignment which I handed in on the minute it was due. I had been holding back tears, and I hadn't slept or eaten for at least 15 hours. When it was done, I immediately headed to a free bathroom stall. Unfortunately, tears did not come. I did, however, begin to feel... horny. One thing led to another, and given how late it was no one was coming into the bathroom anyway. That's how I discovered that a quick pick-me-up wank literally makes you the most productive person on the planet for two hours.

As it goes, although I had handed in one assignment I had another due in two days, which I hadn't started. The bathroom wank gave me the power to prep for and write a quarter of the next assignment. Wanking as a study-break is literally life-changing. You can think it's gross if you want, but let's just say my grades are now... at their peak :)."

- Klimax Kid

Gushing White Liquid:

"I find extraction and pimple-popping videos oddly satisfying, so I wanted to try it myself. Fast-forward and I now have a full blown addiction to removing whiteheads from my nose. Not just with pore strips though—right beside my desk, I have a small mirror, some tweezers, and a pair of whitehead extractors. Sometimes, when I'm feeling too overwhelmed by Uni work, I'll put on a random YouTube video and set up a little station so I can clear out my pores one by one. Mmmmm, juicy."

- Dr. Pimple Popper

Rainbow Roadhead

"Once, I had a 2000-word essay to finish in 2 days, and I decided my usual classical study playlist just wasn't cutting it anymore. I tried a bunch of study playlists like Low-Fi Hip-Hop Study beats, rain sounds etc. until I found it: this one Mario Kart Youtube clip titled 'Fast Mario Kart Music | More Productive Work' which I play constantly 'til my ears bleed from listening to the same 5 seconds of sound on loop. I don't know what it is, but nothing got my brain cells PUMPING like Mario Kart music.

The music is so annoying and mind-numbing that it genuinely makes you work faster because your brain is focused on wanting the horrible noise to end. It kinda feels like you're having an anxiety attack which isn't fun but it's oddly motivating when you have a shit ton of work to finish.

I definitely lose a couple of brain cells each time I listen to the 1 hr 30 min video, but hey, who cares when you barely had any to begin with?"

- Luigi



ILLUSTRATION BY SOPHIE SUN



A Definitive Ranking of the Lanes on the Harbour Bridge

AKA the OG Shore Girl



NAOMII SEAH

I have a secret. It's deathly embarrassing. I've spent years hiding it. I didn't want anyone to look at me differently. But now, it's time. I'm sick of living in the shadows.

The rumours are true—I *am* a Shore Girl. And you know what that means... no, not *Shore girl*, *Shore thing* or whatever skeevey moustachioed dudes say when they corner you in the kitchen of a dingy house party. No, what I'm talking about is that, as a Shore Girl, I have to brave the most evil of all terrors: the Harbour Bridge during rush hour.

Some might say the Harbour Bridge is the OG Shore Girl. Before 1959, the most common way to get between the Shore and the City was by ferry. From Birkdale, the commute could take 40 minutes. After the bridge was built, it took 15. The Harbour Bridge is a fan of quickies. She can get you where you need to be, and fast, if you know what I mean.

When it was built, the Harbour Bridge only consisted of four lanes—the ones that are now in the middle. It was predicted

that she would service ~8,500 cars a day by 1965, but the Harbour Bridge was wildly popular from its debut. Like the prettiest debutante at the ball, the Harbour Bridge danced with an average of 13,500 cars a day in its first year. Until 1984, there was a toll to cross the bridge, but that didn't slow us down. We love a #GirlBoss. Hustle, baby.

Wikipedia tells me that in 2019, the average was about 170,000 vehicles crossing the Harbour Bridge each day. Of those, more than 1000 buses carried a third of people crossing. Now that's one slutty bridge.

When it was clear that demand for the bridge outstripped capacity, the Harbour Bridge was graced with four extra lanes. These were manufactured in Japan, and brought over pre-fabricated. This has largely been forgotten now, but at the time, these extra lanes were referred to as the 'Nippon Clip-

Ons,' which has to be the funniest name ever conceived. Additionally,

the Harbour Bridge's nipple clamps were completed in 1969—iconic.

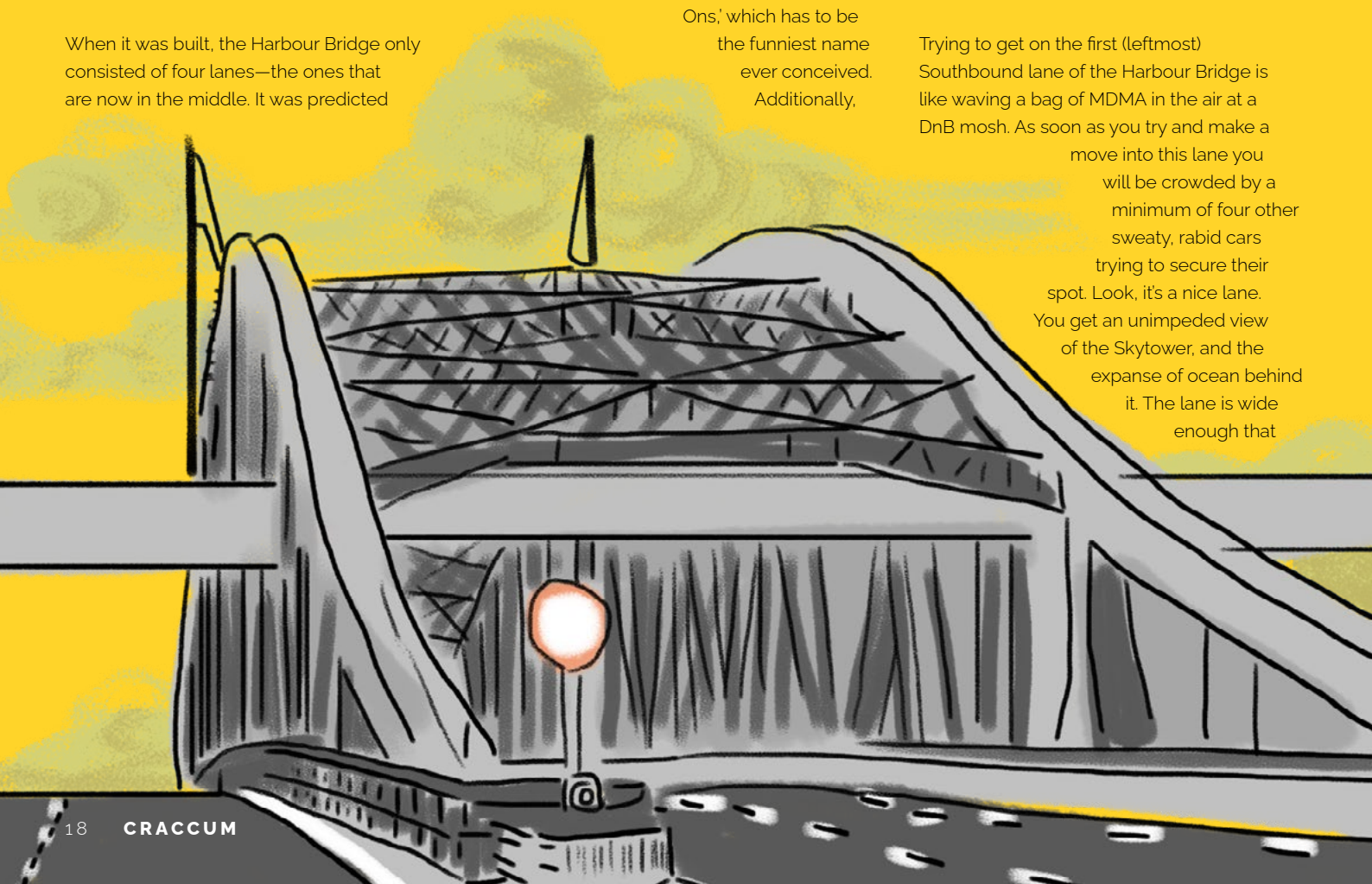
But enough foreplay. Most of us will have visited the Harbour Bridge's luscious curves many-a-time. It's not always a fun experience. High wind-speeds, torrential rain, and soccer moms in their 4WDs all pose regular and significant challenges to driving on the Harbour Bridge. Additionally, the moveable concrete barrier that manages traffic flow during peak hours can make it feel like you're driving through Hogwarts' corridor maze. But after seven years of driving back and forth, and a *lot* of gas money, a gal gets to know the Harbour Bridge pretty well. Which lane is really the best? We're about to find out.

Southbound

Lane One

Trying to get on the first (leftmost) Southbound lane of the Harbour Bridge is like waving a bag of MDMA in the air at a DnB mosh. As soon as you try and make a

move into this lane you will be crowded by a minimum of four other sweaty, rabid cars trying to secure their spot. Look, it's a nice lane. You get an unimpeded view of the Skytower, and the expanse of ocean behind it. The lane is wide enough that



the presence of trucks and buses isn't *that* scary, and all you have to do is hold the wheel straight. However, getting into this lane is sometimes more trouble than it's worth. Stacey with the blonde ponytail and activewear in the silver Jeep *will* clip your bumper to get into this lane. Exercise caution.

Rating: 7.5/10

Lane Two

This is the ugly younger sister of the Southbound lanes. On a good day she can be just as stunning as Lane One. On a bad day, you'll be hemmed in by the NX1. In traffic, it's a good opportunity to make eyes at the passengers. Lane Two is also way easier to get on, while being just as wide as Lane One. Much like a long-term relationship, she can get boring, but she's reliable.

Rating: 8.5/10

Lane Three

Ah, our first middle lane. Honestly, I think this one is just... meh. It's a single lane during the evening rush, but it's not as scary as you'd think because you're mostly driving at a crawl. It can be claustrophobic, but let's be real—most people drive the single lane at, like, 50 km/hr, and it's not *that* narrow. Stop being a little bitch and get over it. Except for when it's windy. Studies of the bridge have shown that wind speeds pick up between its struts, making this lane one of the windiest. Not great when you drive a teeny 2011 Toyota Yaris. When it's a double-lane outside of peak hours, cars on the right will speed past you with no regard for your wing mirrors. Just stop being a pussy and drive closer to the left-hand barrier, is my advice. You definitely have space.

Rating: 4.5/10

Lane Four

Look, only get in this lane if you're on cocaine, or prepared to drive like someone on cocaine. Everyone in this lane is either trying out for a NASCAR rally, or has no regard for human life. If this is your preferred lane you might be a sociopath. You're hemmed in by the moving concrete barrier on the right, and cars on the left who are driving so far to the right they may as well have two wheels in your lane. It is, however, a semi-fun adrenaline rush, especially if you're Goin-Thru-It, which I am. "Honk honk motherfuckers," I scream as I tear down this lane at 110 km/hr.

Rating: 10/10 if you're manic, otherwise 4/10.

Northbound

Lane One

This lane is pretty at sunset, but that's it. Everyone in this lane drives so slowly that I have, at times, been brought to tears. Maybe it's the retirement home energy permeating the air as you move from the City to the Shore. The saddest part is that the view on this side of the bridge is definitely not as good as driving into the city, so there's not even that much to look at. Just that one tiny island in the middle of the harbour. How did you get there? Where did you come from?

Rating: 6/10.

Lane Two

Even more boring and slow than the first Northbound lane, and way more depressing. Especially when double-decker NX buses cruise past you on the left during rush hour at 20 km/hr.

Rating: 2/10

Lane Three

I don't know why cars in this lane drive so much faster than in the equivalent Southbound lane. It's probably an effort to escape the ever-present crawl on the Northbound Nippon Clip-on, but in this lane, I. Am. Speed. Specifically, 60 km/hr, which feels as fast as space travel during a traffic jam.

Rating: 6/10.

The middle-most lane in the middle of the Harbour Bridge, *slaps*, especially if there's less traffic. It's so wide you could probably Tokyo-drift across the bridge using this one lane if you wanted.

Lane Four

This one is a bonus. I'm sure the Southbound side has a five-lane configuration *sometimes*, but I've only ever driven the elusive five-lane configuration on the Northbound route. A 'five-lane configuration' is when there are five lanes in one direction, meaning three lanes in the middle of the bridge. Take. The. Middle (Fourth). Lane. It feels like flying. The middle-most lane in the middle of the Harbour Bridge, *slaps*, especially if there's less traffic. It's so wide you could probably Tokyo-drift across the bridge using this one lane if you wanted. Once upon a time, as a wee Year 11, I got stuck in the City because I left my headlights on during a debating tournament (yes, you can make fun of me), and I had to drive back in torrential rain and wind at one a.m. on my restricted license. There was so much rain that I couldn't see the lanes on the road, and I somehow managed to get onto the middle of the bridge. The wind was going so hard I had visions of being swept off of the side. Obviously I couldn't stop, so I kept driving even though my knuckles were white and I might as well have been blindfolded. I had made peace with death when, at the apex of the bridge, a miracle happened: the rain eased and I could see that I had been in the loving embrace of the middle lane this whole time, which had held me tight even through the swerving. I don't believe in God, but I believe in the middle lane of the Harbour Bridge. Amen.

Rating: Cheating death / 10.





Reviews.



LIVE A NIGHT OF DRUM AND BASS

ELLA MORGAN

Audiology Touring set their sights high with *A Night of Drum and Bass*, wanting to bring a multi-room rave back to the Ellerslie Events Centre. While there's no doubt it was a great night, I'm not quite sure if they delivered on that goal.

UK artists **Inja**, **Bru-C**, **A.M.C.**, **Benny L** and **Turno** all stole the show at the main stage. While each of these performers were exceptional in their own right, the surprise standout of the night was Inja. His positive energy and love for performing shone through and rubbed off on the crowd, even when he was telling us "don't be a prick" and to stop throwing cans. All of these acts were outstanding, and so they should be, as arguably some of the biggest drum and bass acts in the world right now.

The problem is, this event had so many strong headliners at the main stage that there was no point in leaving the stage. I didn't get a chance to check out any of our local talent at the other two stages, because when I'm paying \$100 for a gig, I want to see the five international headliners who have traveled and spent time quarantined to be here. Because no-one really left the main stage, it was very crowded. Even at the back of the crowd I found myself being pushed around all night — I get it, it's part of the experience, but I think a larger venue and fewer stages would have been beneficial.

"My favourite part was when Turno threw his birthday cake into the audience."



FILM THOSE WHO WISH ME DEAD

DIR. TAYLOR SHERIDAN

JAY ALEXANDER

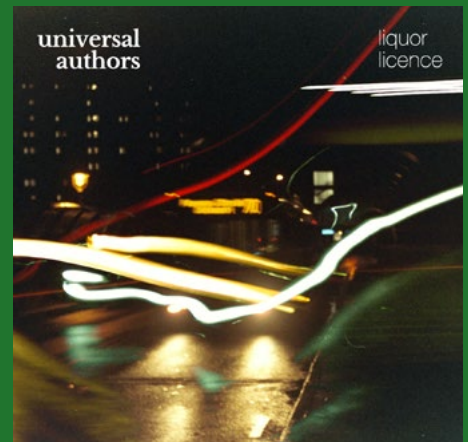
From the good ol' days of henchmen and natural disasters, **Taylor Sheridan's** new release is about as cheesy as the action genre comes. The multi-layered story of espionage, conspiracy and murder thrown together with **Angelina Jolie** as a firefighter is oftentimes messy, but at least initially, promising. Sheridan's good eye for visual splendour and flowy action movements is still as good, as always.

There's no headache-y shaky cam and the eventual action bits are pretty intense. The cast is giving their all too with Jolie, **Bernthal**, **Hoult** and **Gillen** being the highlights. Young **Finn Little** continues to break the child actor curse, consistently being very convincing and emotional. It's a shame then that this movie, while ripe with potential, is absolutely nothing to write home about. I forgot the majority of it by the time it ended and most of it has to do with the screenplay. There are so many clichés, predictable moments and dead gaps between the action that do very little to keep your attention.

Ideas are thrown around with no real thought and it's very hard to tell exactly what the movie

means. Sure, you can say this is a pumped and thoughtless action flick but the confusing thematic push for importance clashes with that mission statement. Flickers of decent action between longer moments of mundane confusion only do so much to make Sheridan's new flick a decent watch at best, and utterly boring at worst.

"Five out of ten, what does that title even mean anyway?"



MUSIC LIQUOR LICENSE UNIVERSAL AUTHORS

MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

Universal Authors, a local Tāmaki Makaurau and Kirikiriroa based band, released a new single on the 28th of May, following up their 2020 EP *Error 404*. The EP, released in January, packs in a jammy summer sound, making for some reminiscent listening deep into the cold and dark exam period of first semester. The new single "Liquor License" keeps up some of that fun jazzy energy from the EP. However, it takes the listener away from the lightness of a beach day towards an exciting night of mischief. There's heavy, tasty bass to draw you into the track and a roaring bit of guitar to carry you through, making for some pretty happy listening. Lyrically, there's a clear Tāmaki influence, the chat instantly recognisable as something you might hear from mates.

It's rare to have a brand new track evoke some kind of nostalgia but "Liquor License" sounds like it's straight out of a coming-of-age flick. You're pretty immediately thrown back to high school or early days at uni, where everything feels big and world-changing. It's like something out of *Ferris Bueller* or *Angus, Thongs and Perfect Snogging* (that's not a dig, there are some serious bops in that film). If you're in the mood for running around with a lover, or giggling over a crush with some mates, then "Liquor License" should be queued for some sweet car listening or a little boogie.

"Kinda fresh, kinda fun."



MUSIC SOUR

GABBIE DE BARON

SOUR is the debut album by **Olivia Rodrigo**. Released on the 21st of May, I personally couldn't wait to hear it as her past three singles teased different genre blends but also such strong vocals. Based on my last review of *deja vu*, we all know J'shua Ba'sett is shaking!

The album starts off with "brutal", an angsty-too-loud-punk track, but as you listen on, you realise that it's a prelude to the real meat. With songs like "traitor", "1 step forward, 3 steps back", and "happier", there's a really melancholic measure to the theme of this album. It's as if she's going through the five stages of grief of her past relationship. Most of the songs really render a folk-like melody. They sound like cotton candy but taste like wine; even if it's bitter you can't stop indulging. There's such a discomfort with how detailed and raw her writing really is. The vividness really puts you in her place, and she's shared this story to the whole world – especially in "favorite crime".

Though, because it is so intriguing, there's only a total of eleven tracks in a debut album, which isn't so bad I guess, but there just seems to be that cliffhanger feeling when the album loops back. There's no privacy in this mixtape, and Rodrigo makes it clear: that privacy was lost once he did what he did (ooof!). Discomfort quickly turns into relief, and you get that feeling through the eleven tracks. John Mayer got one song written about him, and Joshua Bassett got a whole album. Sheesh.

"Nine out of ten. She's so sad omg but go her!"



PODCAST THE MAGNUS ARCHIVES

ARIEN OKAN

If back tingling, spine curling stories sound like your sort of thing, then you should read on.

The Magnus Archives is a podcast like no other. It focuses on the newly appointed **Jonathan Sims**, head archivist of The Magnus Institute, a collection of statements given by people who have experienced supernatural events. Each episode comprises a new sinister testimony, ranging from a WWII soldier all the way to the 21st century university student. With ill-omened books, alleyway lurkers, ghosts and more, it feels like the creepiest Doctor Who episodes compacted in one series.

Jonathan Sims is not only the main character but also the master wordsmith behind the plot. Every season is full of genius writing that keeps you thoroughly gripped for what might happen next. The show had a very humble beginning (the entire first season was recorded under a blanket!), and is now a multi-award winning podcast that would be a crime to miss.

I'd recommend listening in light places. Playing it during the daytime will help to control your horror. If you really want to get your spook on, you could fully immerse yourself alone at night, not a light to be seen.

Some comments from some avid fans note:

"It's got an amazing narrative which unfolds as you listen giving you time to appreciate the characters and grow attached to them. The world is vast and interesting to get into."

"It's like a series of excellently written Creepypastas with an intricate overarching plot."

"Hauntingly brilliant."



PLAYING AT ACADEMY'S \$5 WEDNESDAYS THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION DIR. FRANK DARABONT

MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

Over the last few years, audiences have become captured by Stephen King adaptations. *It* and *It: Chapter Two* were both massive titans of the box office, reigning in favourable reviews, as well as millions and millions of dollars. Following those films were *Doctor Sleep* and *Pet Sematary*, which didn't quite reach the financial success of Pennywise's clowning horrors. Despite that, the marketing of these films centered Stephen King's name to promotional materials, recementing his place as an influential figure for a new generation. The history, however, of Stephen King films is much longer than those released in the 2010s.

While the most famous King adaptation is probably *The Shining* (ever heard of it?), *The Shawshank Redemption* remains one of the most critically respected of the bunch. Though the box office opening was disappointing, the film was nominated for seven Academy Awards, and also earned recognition at the Golden Globes and SAG Awards. Apparently, the film is quite close to our hearts in Aotearoa too, voted New Zealand's favourite film in 2015.

Watching the film now, the cinematography is still pretty captivating and, at points, brutal. Of course, as with any King story there's a generous helping of exploitative imagery, which can be painful to watch. However, the anxieties explored about prison and hopeful resolution are still especially relevant, and make a 2021 rewatch all the more compelling.

To go into the draw to win a double pass to The Shawshank Redemption at Academy's \$5 Wednesday, email arts@craccum.co.nz and tell us about the last film you watched!

Exam Time Comfort Films

Sometimes you can't have a real hug

THOMAS GIBLIN

When the world is all doom and gloom, what do you turn to? What thing gives you a warm hug and lets you know it'll be alright? For some it's music, cooking or painting. More often, it's a film, which is quite possibly the most cathartic of mediums. From the comfort of your bed or couch you can escape and ignore the world for 90 minutes. This world we live in has so recently become indistinguishable from the one we once knew. Free from the pandemic, economic turmoil, civil unrest, natural disasters and, of course, exams, film is the perfect medium to distract us from all that.

What makes a comfort film a comfort film though? Does it have to be lighter in content and less challenging? Are they shoehorned into the genres of comedy and children's films? Some of our contributors reject those stereotypes while others embrace it. That is the beauty of the comfort film. It can be any sort of film as it is less about the content and more about how it makes you feel. It is not about the quality of the comfort film but what feelings they generate inside us. Comfort films are the ones that we choose to watch again and again, the ones we use to soothe our soul when we are stressed and down on our luck. And what soothes us is different for everyone! *Raw* and *Columbus* are films that I watch again and again that soothe me. Although they couldn't be more different... with one being a French cannibal horror and the other being about an unlikely friendship. They serve the same purpose although they arrive in different forms. One is visceral, disturbing and nasty. The other is quiet, subtle and peaceful. However, they both comfort me as they remind me of why I love cinema.

To these contributors, comfort means different things as they are all seeking to feel something different and special to them. The films remind them of someone or something. They transport them to a different time and place, or provide escapism when they most need it. Nothing is more personal than understanding why we choose to seek comfort in what we do. So these films, and

their champions, deserve to be celebrated as they are letting us peer into their souls for a brief moment. That is one of the greatest privileges.

Jay Alexander

To most, comfort will be something soft, bubbly and wholesome to make you all gushy and feel warm. Yet, none of these feelings can be found in the insanity that is *Crank High Voltage*, the high octant **Jason Statham** romp that I'm proud to call my comfort movie. The absurd story of Chev Chelios' search for his missing heart sounds crazy enough. Throw in the fact that he has to keep electrically shocking himself to move and you have a comically stupid blast of fun for 90 minutes. You might think I'm crazy for seeing Chinese mafia and copious amounts of gratuitous sex and violence as comfort, but I'd be lying if I said this movie didn't help me. Uni work has my brain power burning out constantly so an extreme reminder to shut it off is very much welcomed. *High Voltage* wastes no time telling you this, and the building cluster bomb of stupidity and insanity always brings a dumb smirk to my face. It's not for everyone, but if you want to save your brain between assignments then there's really no other way than *Crank*.

Keeara Ofren

Whenever I am sick or sad, I watch *Romancing the Stone* and life is suddenly a little sunnier and filled with more adventure. *Romancing the Stone* follows Joan Wilder, a writer whose weekly highlight is laughing at her own pieces and putting off doing grocery shopping (much like yours truly). Joan is a romance novelist whose life doesn't nearly match the drama of her romance novels, until she is tangled in a plot to steal a Spanish map in her possession as ransom for her kidnapped sister. Her adventure takes her to the heart of Colombia where she teams up with a mysterious bounty hunter. *Romancing the Stone* is a criminally underrated gem from the 1980s, a lovable spoof of *Indiana Jones*-esque action with

quotability and innuendo akin to the *Austin Powers* series. I first heard of this movie as my father once saw this at a university film screening in his varsity days, so to watch this is to see a long lost uni comfort movie treasure!

Arien Okan

Dirty Dancing is my all-time favourite comfort film. Happy, sad, excited, nervous, this one has me covered. There's so much content to enjoy, whether that's dreamy **Patrick Swayze** and his arms, or the inevitable fuming to be had over that asshole Robbie. There is a real emotional rollercoaster to be found in this flick.

Everyone can have "The Time of Their Life" with this film (sorry, I had to). In the process you have an awkward moment, being caught dancing in your lounge with Mr. Pillow Swayze 'lifting' you off the ground. Ahem. Of course, that wasn't me...

This classic will never die. Much like *The Breakfast Club*, the misogyny and gender stereotypes are constantly overlooked with the catchy soundtrack and cultist following. Despite that, I promise you that this is a film that will transport you to a 60s summer resort, full of events to fulfil your heart's delight.

Madeleine Crutchley

Forgetting Sarah Marshall is one of the cosiest flicks of all time, which is quite the feat for a film set in the cheesy, tourist-y resorts of Hawai'i. At this point in the semester, when I'm feeling extra listless and lethargic, the comedy and charm of **Jason Segel** makes for the ultimate chill pill. It has such a comforting outpouring of vulnerability. Segel, who wrote the screenplay, physically bares it all as Peter within the first five minutes, before emotionally exposing himself throughout the rest of the film. This creates such a clear distinction between *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* and other romantic comedies, with an intense and refreshing earnestness spilling over in

every moment. There's no Hollywood gloss clouding the awkward subject matter. The sets feel lived in and real, and even the cartoonish side characters become grounded with Segel's excellent performance. Despite that grounded tone of the film, the exploration of relationships, heartbreak and sex is also consistently super funny. True laughs are pulled out every couple of minutes, adding a much-needed lightness to some pretty painful moments.

There is also such clever parodying throughout the whole film, whether that's the tasteless procedural crime show or the confused politics and religion of Russell Brand's sexually promiscuous superstar. A good comfort needs to supply the audience with a little bit of second hand embarrassment, I think, to truly distract you from whatever is going on to make you feel a bit crap. *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* has that in buckets, with enough earnestness and self-awareness to counteract any cheap jokes.

Annie Kang

The first time I watched *Fantastic Mr. Fox* was on a flight, nearly ten years after the film's release in 2009. Growing up during the reign of 3D animation, I'd never felt drawn to this strange stop motion movie about a fox, his family, and three homicidal farmers, based on a book I'd already read by **Roald Dahl**.

What a foolish swine I was.

Five minutes into the film, on that tiny screen in the back of an airplane seat in front of me, I was smitten.

Directed by **Wes Anderson** (our quirky king), *Fantastic Mr. Fox* is whimsical, warm, and every bit as charming as its titular character. It's a fall-coloured comedy-heist. It's a stunning animation feat (the fur—look at the fur, damn it!). It's some of the best performances from a star-studded cast (**George Clooney** as Mr. Fox, **Meryl Streep** as Mrs. Fox, **Willem Dafoe** as an actual rat).

It's also a beautiful exploration of family, purpose, and belonging. Tiny animal puppets have never made me feel so much.

Fantastic Mr. Fox is—for lack of a better word—kind of fantastic. And it's one of my favourite films of all time.



How Punk Is Failing Itself

A Study Into Punk and Sexism in Aotearoa

VICTORIA NICOLL

If you know anything about the musical history of Aotearoa, it's likely you recognise quite a spectacular record in the punk genre. In the 1980s, Aotearoa was home to Flying Nun, which made waves both in the local scene, and influenced overseas bands like R.E.M., Pavement, and wider British and American shoegaze during the nineties.

So, while we, in Aotearoa, may have this indie music pedigree, where has the scene gone? Is it still going? Who's around? In the post-Me Too era, we have to be more conscientious than ever of making sure that the media we put into the world is conscious and responsible. It only makes sense that music should follow.

In 2014, The Guardian posted an article exploring punk music's problem with women, exploring the riot grrl phenomenon of the 90s. It explained the differences between the reception of riot grrl bands, and more tame (ironic) punk bands, like The Clash. The article

posits the lack of female visibility in punk as a Groundhog Day; womxn-centric punk bands existed but weren't in the same sphere of celebration as their male counterparts. We can see this in the discrepancies between something as simple as a Cotton On graphic tee—how often do you see a Ramones logo? How often do you see a Bikini Kill tee for \$15.99?

Jade Lewis from the band Club Ruby had a bit to say about these issues a bit closer to home. One of the critical points they made was that though Aotearoa, primarily, has an excellent level of representation in these circles, there's obviously room for improvement. By its very definition, punk is a genre representing a movement forward for musicians, a shift away from the status quo and the outright rejection of it, when necessary. Jade explained the number of women they've seen come through 95bFm that have struggled with being welcomed in these spaces—spaces that they thought would be a second home and open to their presence.

Punk was born out of a desire to rebel, to challenge. It's grown to need to feed off this anger, which means the challenge still needs to exist.

It's becoming ever more apparent that we, collectively, need to start listening, watching, and reading local, varied media. We can start with the bands we listen to. The Uni radio station, 95bFm, specialises in showcasing local talent and highlighting voices that have otherwise been moved aside for more of the same. It's time for that to change, and we have the power to make this happen.

We're already pushing forward for more significant change in the industry in supporting punk and local music. We've begun to follow bands that support and highlight LGBTQIA+ voices rather than those old bands we know and love. Look at the genre as a moving medium, as something to be consistently modified. It begs the question of when women will get equitable treatment in punk. It's simple enough to figure out that the theoretical answer is never. Punk was born out of a desire to rebel, to challenge. It's grown to need to feed off this anger, which means the challenge still needs to exist. For a genre born out of cries for progression, it's not very progressive.

That being said, it doesn't necessarily mean we need to accept this (somewhat backwards) status quo. Punk is angry, yes, but that doesn't mean we need to keep the exact reasons for being angry.

In Aotearoa, we're doing pretty well, considering. It's 2021, and we seem to be moving ahead with the times pretty well, but the danger here is that we'll get complacent. I don't want us to get complacent, and I'm

Punk was born out of the want to be better, changing a system that wasn't working for the youth. Until recently, the punk mainstream has been dominated by angry men, disregarding the voices of their female peers. We're moving away from that now, but Jade's words prove that there's much more work to do.

Over the last 12 months, many communities have seen a shift from complacency to frustration to anger. The anger moved from behind closed doors, from within activist circles to being front-page news. In the wake of 2020,



sure the local musicians don't, either. Jade highlighted that there is a lot of casual sexism and toxic masculinity within the local music sphere, despite what it might look like to outsiders. People tend to forget that while we're doing pretty well, we're by no means clear of criticism. We still have plenty to work on, and the first step is to acknowledge this. We've still got work to do and to think we didn't would be completely irresponsible.

Maybe one day we'll be able to rest easy in a dive bar, listening to a band we don't feel guilty for supporting, knowing our money's gone to a few people who will do good with it. That day isn't here yet, though. We're going to need to work to make sure that we get to that day. That means moving into a sphere where people from all walks of life can feel welcomed in the communities where they put their art. Where they can feel like their music's going to be heard, and felt, and not blatantly ignored in favour of the next best classic-inspired punk band.

So, how can we do this? It's a pretty big thing to ask, to take on. But, luckily, I came prepared. To get anywhere in changing punk (and local music on the whole) into something better, we have to invest in those bands/musicians/venues that actively work for progress. Be critical of what media you take in, follow bands and actively support artists that help us move towards a more equitable future, a more welcoming one.

Of course, it's not all as easy as I've just made it sound; a lot of it boils down to us needing to critically rethink what we consume and how we consume it. This is where it gets complicated. More often than not, I'll find myself wanting to sit down at the end of a long day and just watch whatever comes

Of course, it's not all as easy as I've just made it sound; a lot of it boils down to us needing to critically rethink what we consume and how we consume it. This is where it gets complicated.

up first on Netflix. I won't think about what it could have done better, and I'll take the entertainment at face value. Without thinking like this, I'm not pushing myself to be a more conscious consumer, and that's where the complacency sets in. If we want punk to be less of a boys' club, we're going to have to start pushing for this change to happen; it won't happen overnight.

We need to actively open up our local spaces; we need to make them more accessible—less of a boys' club, less exclusivity. We need it to be more welcoming, more open, more accessible. Only then will we be able to move forward and shift with the times. Music isn't benign; it's not something that's stopped breathing. But it can't live on its own; for it to be revolutionary, we need to actively make it so. We need to take ownership.

Jade's interview shone some light on these issues, and I hope that we'll see more of a dialogue on this in the future and what we (as casual listeners) can do to help.

Have you noticed any discrepancies in the treatment of women or other marginalised groups?

In New Zealand, I'd have to say my initial impression was just of the openness and friendliness of Kiwis that I met. This I felt especially within the Māori and Pasifika community and friends that I met, that I figured was universal.

Trigger warning: It was a surprise when I started to experience the culture of toxic masculinity and ignorance that many young kiwis embodied, going hand in hand with the high rate of suicides amongst male men in New Zealand.

However being a woman pursuing the creative arts, as we can see time and time again, has always been difficult. Throughout my time at 95bFm, and just playing in bands here in general, I've interviewed many females in New Zealand who haven't felt welcomed within the gigging scene. Whenever I play, my male bandmates are often acknowledged before me, the lead singer and songwriter of the band. It's just a bit discouraging sometimes, and it almost feels like I'm invisible and not welcome to jam or network without being hit on or ignored. I've gotten some tougher skin now but it's a bit bleh. Conversations around race are also

Often at shows I see a majority of all white male bands, so when putting on shows, maybe keep in mind who you're inviting to play and consider if more diverse perspectives would invite more people to join in!

seldom understood, and I've been told I'm too sensitive and that I can't take jokes seriously.

What do you think causes or highlights these discrepancies?

I experienced a pretty diverse culture growing up in Virginia and moving to Washington, DC, and issues of social acceptance, racial sensitivity and progressive ideals and conversations were almost impossible to ignore.

I'm sure growing up in a more isolated environment would lead to people not seeing many people of color or having these types of conversations, but the lack of openness is kind of frustrating and makes it feel hard for me to express myself and feel understood. I hope that more conversations about cultural diversity, race and mental health can become more commonplace, which can start at the home, schools and between friends.

Where do you reckon the local punk scene can move from here?

Really all a scene can do is to continue playing shows and welcome new artists and bands to the scene. Often at shows I see a majority of all white male bands, so when putting on shows, maybe keep in mind who you're inviting to play and consider if more diverse perspectives would invite more people to join in!

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Once again, Frandson Bahati.

I can see the name Bahati emblazoned on a bag! A lucky name for a designer's future.



GABBIE DE BARON

This is my third time writing about Frandson; I wrote a review of his past two exhibitions: a solo exhibition, *(dis)honesty*, and his group exhibition with his sisters, *Regarde Moi Vol. 2*. Both 2020 exhibitions were stellar, and had so much identity and homage to those around them.

Nineteengg, a streetwear brand consisting of originally designed hand printed screen-prints, is what Frandson Bahati's idea of a side hustle is. For anyone who knows printmaking, that shit's fun, but that shit's hard. The way that *Nineteengg*'s prints come out so clean AND is on fabric, is already such a hard bargain. Plus, they're baptised with original designs that are limited to each drop. So I curiously sat down with the man of a few words.

Tell me the basics about yourself, (degree, sign, etc).

So, I study Fine Arts. I actually started off wanting to be a tradie, like building... but then I kinda decided to go towards my passion. And yeah, So I'm here now. And my name's Frandson—Frandson Bahati. I have four sisters. I'm Burundian, which is in East Africa. My star sign? Leo. I'm not really sure what that's meant to mean aye.

What's Nineteengg about? Like How did it start?

It started from just me. Just liking graphic tees—rock band t-shirts and all that. I just loved the graphics and I wanted to make my own. The brand now just kind of represents experiences—my life experiences, my culture, my background, and everything I'm kinda interested in. It's just about expressing myself, really.

Would you say printmaking is one of your favourite art media?

I don't know what my favourite is aye? I think I just like to create and whatever's the most compelling at the moment, that's what I like to do. I like video making as well. Yeah, I don't

think I can choose, haha.

What do you enjoy most about it?

I like the impression of just creating, having an idea, and bringing it into real life. Just being able to touch it, just something tangible, you know? Yeah, something tactile.

What's your regular process?

Yeah. I usually create designs on the computer and yeah, just trial and error: just making shitty ones 'til you find the one that makes you go *"oh yeah okay this is it,"* then just move towards printing.

What inspires you to continue creating?

My family. Everyone's creative in my family. Everyone just pushes me to keep going. If I didn't have them I probably wouldn't be out here doing this.

Do you think it makes a difference that you're at Elam and you're doing all this - side hustle and all?

Yeah. Of course. I think Elam keeps me focused, because if I weren't here I wouldn't be able to just come and make things everyday. Like I'd have to outsource, ask somebody else to make it, and it'd take time, probably get frustrated... I'd probably lose interest.

Just to expound, why Fine Arts?

There are so many different mediums and different things to try out. There's so much creative freedom. The freedom of the school was attractive to me.. If that makes sense?

Next drop?

I think I'm just trying to develop my style more, to be honest. Just to push it further,

make better designs, use more colour.

Different materials? Maybe elements? Yeah, just to expand.

Where do you see it going?

Hahaha. Shit. I don't know aye? Time will tell, time will tell. I have no clue, I'm just having fun, to be honest. Just having fun, learning new things.

Wait, SO were you born in 1999?

Yep. Hahaha.

I've always watched his work from afar, at the sem-end shows; his pieces never disappoint. As he continues to prove himself as an emerging artist in Aotearoa's Fine Art scene, Frandson Bahati makes the versatility of a Fine Art degree very obvious. He constantly blurs the lines between Fine Art and Commercial art—even though in the institution, commercial art is sneered at, he continues to be an artist that proves why this snobbish ideal hinders art from propelling—possibly—forward.



Ranking Food Offerings at the Auckland Night Markets

From colourful drinks to various takes on Asian cuisine, the options are endless. However, if you're a bit indecisive, you may find yourself agonising over what to get.



FLORA XIE



AUGUSTE HARRINGTON

This week, we set out to rank some of the offerings at the markets to make your life easier. Sampling all of it would've been one hell of a mission, so we picked the most attractive and popular-looking stalls. We bought a lot of food, ate a little of everything, and pretty much had to be rolled out of there. Was it ultimately anything special, though? Debatable.

1. Uncle Tian's Lamb Kebabs: Lamb skewers (4 for \$5)

Flora: It's very tender, lots of flavour going on.

There's really not much else to say;

it's just delicious. Reminds me of the ones from Go-Go

Music Cafe, perhaps better. Definitely our top ranking dish. It leaves you wanting more.

Auguste: Yeah, this is really good. They definitely haven't skimped on the cumin, which is important. Very flavourful, good salt level. A banger for sure. Gets extra credit for being such a simple thing, but so hard to get just right—which this place absolutely does.

2. Elephant Ears: Fried bread with basil pesto, tomato and feta, sea salt, garlic, and cheese (\$12)

Flora: The bread is fantastic. I love the basil pesto on this. I don't usually like tomatoes, but I can get

behind this. The absolute underdog of the market. Gets extra points from me since the lady gave us some free samples.

Auguste: I thought the bread was delicious. The texture was right; the garlicky notes were really good,

a nice bit of salt, not too oily. This definitely vies for first place. Don't get the potato swirls like everyone else, get the fried bread instead.

3. Samurai's Kitchen: Seafood okonomiyaki (\$11)

Flora: This is thicker than other okonomiyaki that I've had. This is good, though. I just feel like I haven't tasted much seafood?

Auguste: Not too thick and not too cakey, but still has good cohesion. Got some good sauce flavour coming through, and the pickled ginger is always nice. There's octopus in here, so that's a checkmark. If you want okonomiyaki at a night market, get this one for sure.

4. Quan Quan Gourmet: Pork bun (\$2)

Flora: Ooh, I love the bun. So soft. Very chewy. Was not expecting it to be this good since I'm assuming it's been sitting outside for a bit with the rest of the food. I could probably eat a bunch of these in a row—an absolute bargain, given its size.

Auguste: Definitely the cheapest pork bun here. Good flavour. The bun is good, and not too bready. Definitely up there with the okonomiyaki.

5. Hong Kong Food: Hong Kong styled shao mai (5 for \$7)

Auguste: Taste is good, but it's cold and kinda pink in the middle. Some heat definitely would've made it better. Probably wouldn't get it again, though.

Flora: Mine's not pink in the middle, but it is lukewarm. It's not bad, but it's nothing special. Gotta say, it's super impractical. Why would they give us a skewer to eat this with?



Honorary Mentions

Tasty House Restaurant: Egg tart (\$2)

Flora: I thought this would be hot, or warm at least, but this is cold. The pastry is nice and flaky; it's light and not too thick. I'd probably like it better if it was warm, but the egg tastes pretty good cold.

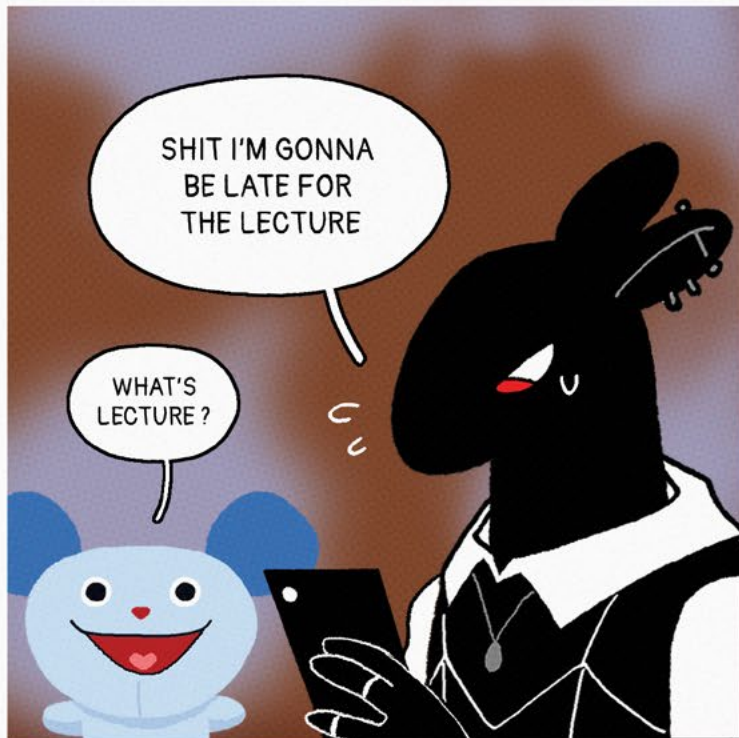
Wendy's Catering: Black pepper pork, sweet and sour pork, and barbecue pork on noodles (\$9)

Auguste: Three selections on dodgy noodles—this is just a classic of the night markets. It may not be authentic, but it's a classic. The sweet and sour pork is cold, and the barbecue pork is very interesting looking. It's fine, not the best I've ever had. Can't say I'd go out of my way to recommend it.

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LECTURE



DIY Pain Relief

To help ease the pain of exams, life and all that other shit.



MARY JANE

With exams just around the corner you're probably high strung and stressed out. Well here I am to ensure that you're only high! Here's a post exam treat from my crystal-obsessed, kawakawa balm-making, 'granola' mom of a sister. My sister has five kids and I've never seen her yell at them once, this must be her secret.

Like any good mommy blog, I should probably preface this article with a long-winded story about edibles and how weed brownies bring family and friends together... JK! I won't do that to you but I will say however, that the first time I did an edible I slept for 2 days. *Absolutely life changing!*

Cannabutter ingredients

1 ounce bud
500 grams butter

Brownie ingredients

7 tablespoons cannabutter
3/4 cup plus 2 tablespoons unbleached all-purpose flour
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon kosher salt
1 1/2 cups of chocolate, finely chopped
3 tablespoons coconut oil
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup packed light-brown sugar
3 large eggs, room temperature

Putting your weed in the oven will stink your whole house up, so I would recommend doing this at night. But once your house starts smelling real good you know it's time for the next steps.

Step 1: Cannabutter Prep

Everything starts with a good base and this concentrated cannabutter is what makes your special brownie, well, 'special.' This is probably the longest and messiest process of making an edible. There are a few steps to be done and I would even pencil out a day or two to do this. But here's the prep:

Step 1a: Decarboxylation - This is a fancy word for heating that good good up!

First you must put your weed in the oven for a bit. It's called decarboxylation and it's important. Decarboxylation is a chemical process that 'activates' weed when heat is introduced. Cooking your weed beforehand turns on the THC and is the reason why you don't get high from eating straight buds. It's the heat that gives you the high.

- 1) Preheat your oven to anything between 50-80 degrees celsius.
- 2) Grind your weed fine and lay it out on a lined baking sheet. You want as much flower as you can get, but cabbage and stems work just as well. So save the stems and leaves after your next sesh so you can use them later. But usually I would recommend at least a 50/50 ratio of bud to cab (cause I know you can't afford a whole ounce just for butter).
- 3) After grinding your bud. (But be sure to avoid a powder situation.) You want to put your lined sheet in the oven. You'll want the weed in there for 20-30 minutes.

Putting your weed in the oven will stink your whole house up, so I would recommend doing this at night. But once your house starts smelling real good you know it's time for the next steps.

Step 1b: Making the butter!

If you own a slow cooker, or even a rice cooker, time to get that bad boy out.



1) Melt your butter in your slow cooker. You want to avoid simmering or cooking your butter.

2) Once butter is melted, put in the weed. Make sure everything is submerged. A little bit of water could help in this process.

3) Now wait 7 hours.

I did tell you this step is the longest. I've seen sources say anything from 6-24 hours on low is correct, but I've personally found success with 7. But if you do these steps at night you can leave your slow cooker, or a rice cooker set on warm and go to sleep.

Step 1c: Straining the butter

This is the messiest step and needs all hands on deck. I would say ask a flattie for help, but then you're pretty much obliged to share.

Line a strainer with cheesecloth, a clean tuffy towel or even coffee filters and pour everything through it into a container. This container is going into the fridge, so if it's glass or ceramic you may want to allow it to cool for a bit before hitting the fridge. Squeeze as much butter out of the cheesecloth as possible. It will be hot and slippery so powder free gloves are really useful.

You will most likely spill or waste a bit of butter. THAT IS NORMAL. I found using coffee filters to be very easy and only a little bit messy. But the greener your butter, the better. If it looks dark while melted, then you've done a good job.

Storing the butter:

Keep in an airtight container and store in the fridge. Maybe it's best to label and hide this one away in case your flatmates try stealing this too.

Step 2: Brownie

With your butter you can make anything you want. I've chosen brownies cause I'm a stereotypical stoner and I love indulging lmao.

- 1) Preheat your oven to 180 degrees. Butter your baking pan and line with parchment, leaving a 2-inch overhang on two sides.
- 2) In a medium bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, and salt. In a heatproof bowl set over a pot of simmering water, melt chocolate and butter with oil.

Keep in an airtight container and store in the fridge. Maybe it's best to label and hide this one away in case your flatmates try stealing this too.

Remove from heat. Add both sugars and whisk for 10 seconds. Add eggs and whisk vigorously for 45 seconds until glossy and smooth. Using a rubber spatula, stir in dry ingredients. Pour batter evenly into the prepared pan, smoothing the top with a spatula.

- 3) Bake for 35-40 minutes until set and a tester inserted in the center comes out with moist crumbs. Let cool in a pan on a wire rack for 20 minutes. Then remove the brownie using parchment and let cool completely on the rack before cutting into squares.

Brownies can be stored in an airtight container for up to two days. So go off and have fun.

Make sure to share with your mates cause a high is always better when it's shared.

Friendship is Hard :((((((

When editing this, I made sure to CTRL+F 'adulthood'—you're good to go, reader!



NANCY GUO

I love friendship. It makes the world go round and is the glue that holds the crumbs of my sanity together. However, friendship is also confusing and complex—especially as a young adult. Friendship dynamics change, forming genuine connections with others becomes increasingly challenging and people inevitably drift apart, whether they want to or not.

The last two years have made me realise friendship is a lot of hard work. Who would've thought you have to put in actual effort through initiating and (more importantly) following through with plans to maintain somewhat of a social life? It turns out that my flaky and lazy self needed to change if I still wanted people to call friends. What's also different about friendship in university is something I've self-indulgently coined as "catch-up" culture. This unresearched and non-academic term refers to the increasing occurrence of interactions we have with others that are composed more of "catching up" on each other's lives, rather than just hanging out. Despite being annoyingly nosy and always thirsty for the latest tea on who's done what, I miss having plans that form new memories. A catch-up over brunch is incomparable to a spontaneous adventure that creates stories you can look back on and cringe over. While that's still definitely achievable, it just requires a lot more proactive

effort from both parties—which can be difficult when everyone's schedules clash. Or, it's the end of the semester and we're unfortunately obliged to prioritise securing that expensive piece of paper over holding a girls' night.

While maintaining friendships requires a lot of work, making new genuine connections is a whole other ordeal. It probably doesn't help that our university is notorious for its "anti-social" reputation. Most of us would agree that the student experience can definitely be isolating and lonely at times. It's pretty hard not to feel like a small fish swimming in a big pond with the thousands of unfamiliar faces we see around campus every day. Sitting next to a stranger in a lecture theatre is always a gamble. They'll either pretend you don't exist, thus triggering your social anxiety and the overwhelming urge to die in a hole—or you'll become besties that never see each other again. Shout out to all the cool people I've talked to for five minutes during lecture breaks—hope you guys are alive and thriving, or whatever!

Don't even get me started on networking, a phenomenon I don't think I'll ever fully understand or enjoy. How is this strange activity of extended and forced small-talk, that is not only fake but purely based in self-interest, so normalised? The only reason I can even make it past 10 minutes at these events without fleeing through the fire escape is the free food. Despite my pessimistic outlook on networking, if you have to gain as many "industry" and LinkedIn connections to secure that internship—fair enough. Sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do for that future coin and I respect that hustle. However, this weird form of adult socialisation does make creating new connections feel disingenuous and like some sort of numbers game. Call me idealistic and naive for wishing that all connections should be born out of pure intentions, but you can't deny that forced socialisation is unsettling and bizarre. Or, maybe I just don't know how to network—that's also plausible.

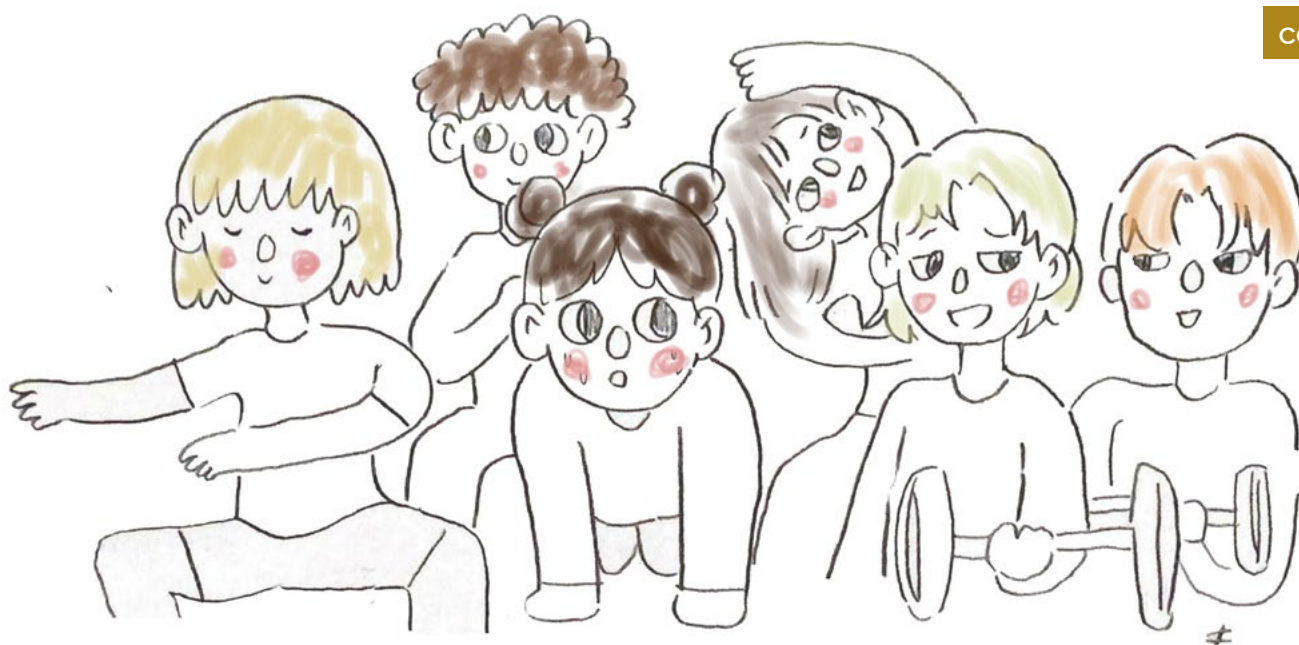
Furthermore, being a young adult is just a really strange period of time in general. Some of our friends are studying, others are working full time jobs. Some may be parents



or not even on the same floating island as us. The vast variation in life stage and location within our friendships often results in people inevitably growing apart, a process that usually occurs completely out of our control. Drifting apart from a friend is honestly a type of heartbreak that needs to be talked about more. It's *sad* watching someone you once knew so well turn into an acquaintance where the conversation never goes beyond small talk. It's *painful* watching that acquaintance eventually turn into someone you smile politely at across the street. This type of sadness is not only appropriate for K-Drama, but also a tough pill we all need to swallow. People come into and leave our lives for a purpose and even though that reason isn't always immediately clear, sometimes it's better to let these people go and move on.

The death of a friendship sucks but it always makes room for another. It also highlights the value and importance of the people we have in our current lives. While those connections may not last forever, what's important is that they matter to you right now—so cherish that and show gratitude for the people you have in your life in this present moment.





Sweat Drops

The term "CrossFit" is trademarked so couldn't be used by the UoA Rec Centre, but I guess they wanted to capitalise on the trend, lol!



MELANIE DUFF

Prior to this evening, I hadn't ventured into one of the Uni's X-fit group fitness classes since my first year. Despite still having a fair amount of residual fitness, having only recently retired from my eight year competitive rhythmic gymnastics career, that had been one of the most difficult exercise-related experiences of my life. Memories that have stuck with me include having to do so many squats that it was three days before I could walk down stairs without clutching the handrail for dear life, and exerting myself so much doing sprints in the cardio portion that I nearly vomited into the Albert Park fountain.

The first thing I noticed upon entering the class was that I'd apparently missed the dress code memo. Everyone else in the class was in head-to-toe black and grey, so in my primary-coloured Thor singlet, bright blue shorts, and rainbow shoelaces, I stuck out like a sore thumb. Luckily, I'd convinced a friend to come along with me, so at least there was one familiar face.

The instructor was, in a word, intense. I suppose you have to be to teach this type of class—the atmosphere revolves more around keeping energy levels high throughout seemingly endless reps of squats and lunges, and much less about cultivating the relaxing

vibes of yoga or barre. Still, despite the appearances of being hard-core, he was very accommodating of different fitness levels, suggesting appropriate weights for beginners that would be challenging but not impossible, and offering alternative exercises to my friend (who had a wrist injury).

The music was also very unique—rather than the usual pop music, there is a specific soundtrack to this class designed to fit the timing of each high-intensity interval of exercise, with the beat indicating the exercise speed and a voice counting down at the end of each interval. It seemed weird at first, to have a disembodied voice essentially controlling the progression of the class rather than the flesh-and-blood instructor that was also there, but I got used to it pretty quickly.

The way the instructor set up the room was interesting. The classes I'd been to in the past mostly had (or entirely had) the class members all facing the instructor at the front, whereas this session had us around the outside edges of the room facing each other for most of the time (we'd do lengths of lunges in the centre). I really liked how this allowed for more interaction between everyone in the class—we could encourage each other as we worked out. This was the

first time I ended up having a spontaneous conversation with someone in the class that I hadn't met before. Afterwards, at the water fountain, we were all too out of breath during the class itself to exchange more than a few words at a time. Scintillating conversation.

The Verdict

Fun: 6.5/10. It didn't have the party atmosphere of Zumba or the chill vibes of BarreFit, but the HIIT-style exercise rotations meant I didn't get bored and—the endorphins were certainly running high.

Challenge: 9/10. Definitely the hardest of the rec centre classes I've tried so far, but definitely doable. I used the minimum recommended weight on the bar for squats and lifts, and I think next time I could go a little heavier, but by the end of class I was dripping with sweat.

Would I go again? Yep! I really liked the intensity, and the camaraderie. [Note from Future Mel: I'd earnestly signed up for the next week's class but then hurt my back at cheer training and decided that lifting heavy things wasn't the greatest idea, but I'll be back!]



WHO ASKED YOU?

Welcome to *Craccum*, where we put the “agony” in “agony aunt.” We’re not qualified to deal with your problems, but neither are you.

What the fuck do I do with my life after I leave university?

Become a bridge troll? I dunno man, everything is so fucked right now. Jobs are like needles in haystacks, or more accurately, like a single needle in the Pacific Ocean. I recommend you just suck it up and enrol in postgrad. Now, you get to push back your future for at least another year.

I hate every paper I've taken this semester and I want to change my entire degree. What do I do???

Uh, join the club. I'd say the vast majority of students change their major in their first year, and a lot also end up changing their degree. Changing your degree is literally not a big deal. It sounds fake, but trust me, it's nothing, especially if this was your first semester. Get your ass down to your faculty's student centre (google it) and tell them that your course sucks and you want out. (Disclaimer: probably ideal to be a little more polite than that.) You'll be out of that shitty degree and into a law course in no time. (Disclaimer: I'm absolutely kidding, no human alive deserves to have law school inflicted on them.)

I have this one class that's so fucking boring I want to fall asleep. How do I pay attention so I don't fail?

- Inject black coffee directly into your veins before, during, and after the class.
- Get one of those prank buzzers from a joke shop and put it on your hand. Whenever you start to droop, stick it on your open eye. That'll wake you up.
- Enlist the person next to you. Take turns to punch each other in the face when you start to fade.
- Just entirely give up and stop paying attention. (Note: you will fail the course).
- Every time you listen to a complete sentence, reward yourself with one (1) salt and vinegar chip.
- Scream whenever you need to. Self care is the most important thing.
- Adderall.

CRACCUM'S CRACKIN' TIP:

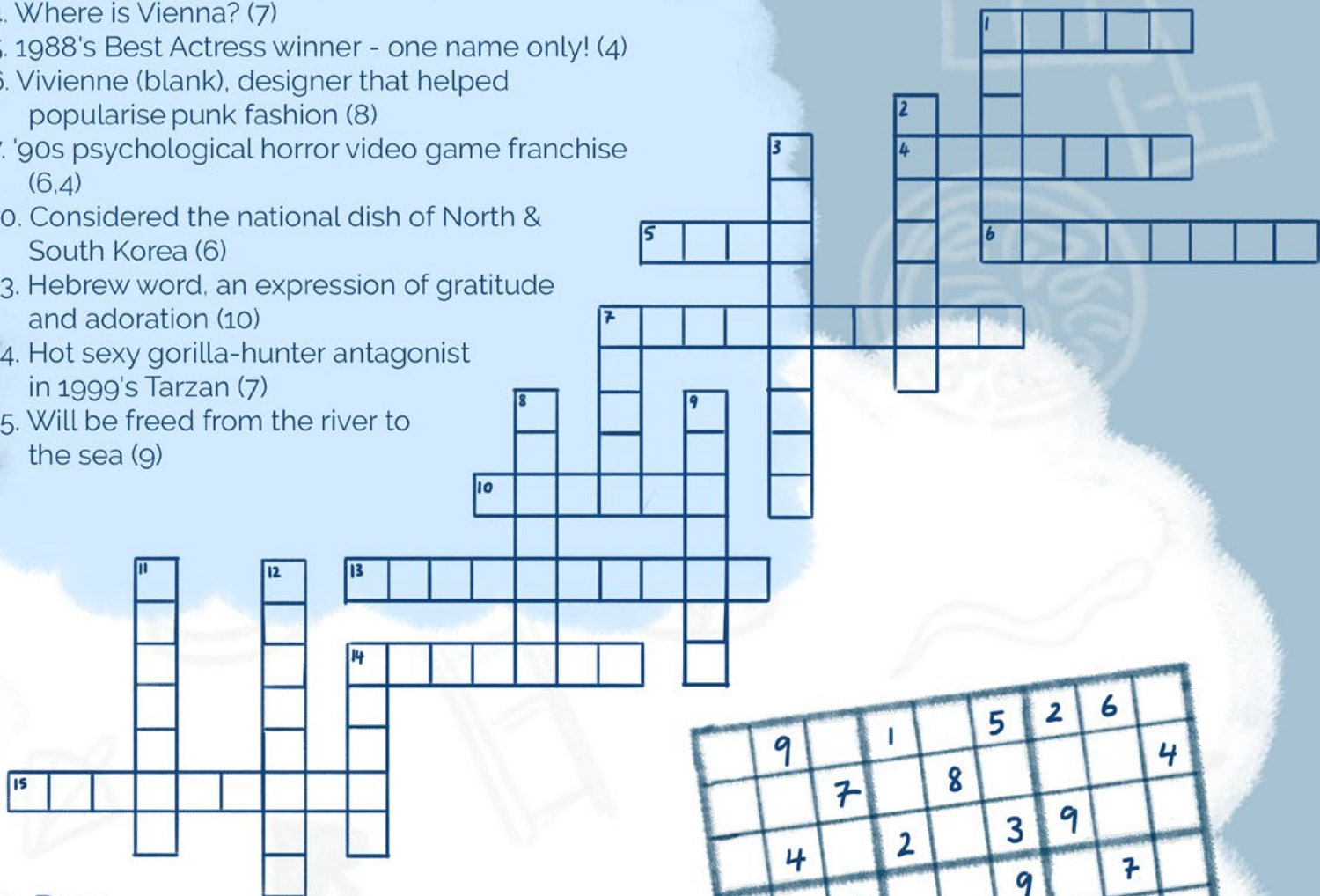
This is less of a tip for you, and more of a request for you to give me tips. How the fuck do I stop biting my nails? How am I in my goddamn twenties and still gnawing at myself like a neurotic beaver? Don't suggest that gross tasting nail polish because it doesn't stop me. Please, for the sake of my bleeding cuticles, someone help me.

PUZZLES

ILLUSTRATION BY SOPHIE SUN

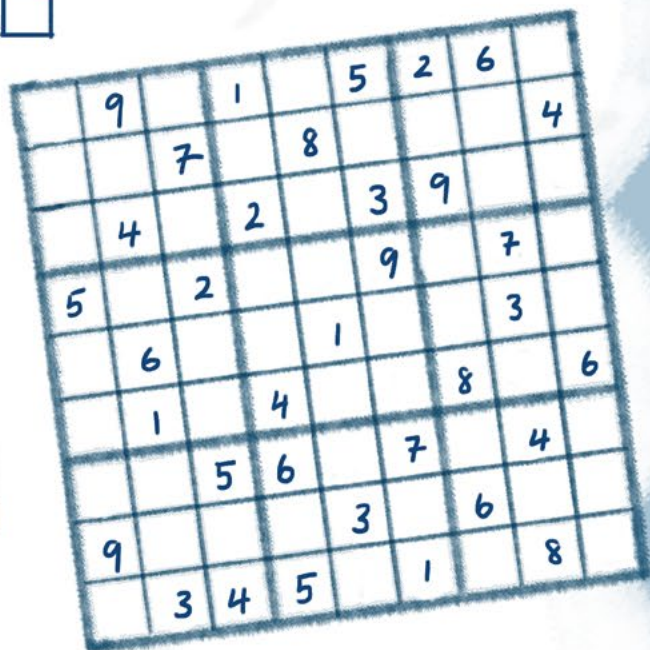
Across

1. Elaine, George, Kramer, (blank) (5)
4. Where is Vienna? (7)
5. 1988's Best Actress winner - one name only! (4)
6. Vivienne (blank), designer that helped popularise punk fashion (8)
7. '90s psychological horror video game franchise (6,4)
10. Considered the national dish of North & South Korea (6)
13. Hebrew word, an expression of gratitude and adoration (10)
14. Hot sexy gorilla-hunter antagonist in 1999's Tarzan (7)
15. Will be freed from the river to the sea (9)



Down

1. The nickname for the killer in the Saw franchise (6)
2. Traditional title of the eldest son of the French monarch (7)
3. National park in Tanzania, savannah considered one of jewels of Africa (9)
7. Gotta go fast (5)
8. A three-pronged spear (6)
9. Domo (blank), Mr. Roboto (7)
11. Formal large meal or feast (7)
12. Māori word for daughter (8)
14. App where you pay celebrities to send you quick videos (5)



HOROSCOPES

This is not sponsored content for the McDonald's brand! *Delma Vinkley* was just craving shit. I promise you that the \$3.10 hash brown, provided at all the fantastic McDonald's locations worldwide, had nothing to do with your horoscope this week.

Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19) *Bacon & Egg McMuffin*

Perennial favourite of the student, you are a blessing to all this week. With your light crumbly bread and your frothy egg whites, you provide total sustenance to all who need it. That is your role as an Aries, and we love you for it. Lucky numbers are 1 and 10.



Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20) *Quarter Pounder*

You're feeling rather proud of yourself this week. And that's okay, rest on those laurels—you have brought much to the table recently. But don't let that pride convince you otherwise, you are still just a quarter of the way through your life. You still have so much more you need to work towards. Lucky numbers are 45 and 91.



Gemini (May 21 – Jun 20) *Chicken McNuggets*

What's wrong, Gemini-kun? Could it be that you're craving... life's mcnuggies? Soon, it will be the semester break. What are you going to do to seize the day at that time? Do you even know what that means? Lucky numbers are 34 and 89.



Cancer (Jun 21 – Jul 22) *Grilled Chicken Loaded Lettuce*

The only people, and I hesitate to say 'people,' that get McDonald's salad are the ones that live a life filled to the brim with delusion. And that's you! You are lost in the world, and I dearly hope that the upcoming break allows you to break that pattern. Lucky numbers are 78 and 95.



Leo (Jul 23 – Aug 22) *Caramel Sundae*

Orange in colour, but deep down, you're feeling a bit blue. Why is that? People just want to eat you up, digging their spoons into your charming exterior and syrupy insides. Take some time to prioritise what qualities about yourself you find important, and what you like about yourself. Lucky numbers are 20 and 24.



Virgo (Aug 23 – Sep 22) *Oreo McFlurry*

You're the Shipooopi in the Music Man's classic track—the girl who's hard to get, not available in every store! But when someone does manage to get you in their life? Head in the clouds, feet on the ground, you're the girl they're glad they found. Irreplaceable. Lucky numbers are 31 and 32.



Libra (Sep 23 – Oct 23) *Hotcakes*

Once, you were an elusive item, only found by those with rigorous schedules or sickos who did not sleep the night before. But now you are available to all, as long as they ask nicely. But are you okay with this? Wouldn't you prefer some privacy these days? Lucky numbers are 22 and 33.



Scorpio (Oct 24 – Nov 21) *Hash Browns*

Be sure to not crumble apart at the slightest hint of criticism. Oh, because you're not melodramatically flailing about like a Libra, you think you're not crumbling over the place. But that anger you fly into if someone doesn't consider your potato goodness to be absolutely desirable? Think about it. Lucky numbers are 11 and 23.



Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21) *McSpicy*

Yeah, a peek behind the veil here, the cosmos usually falls short with telling me how to describe the Sagittariuses of the world. You guys just don't have much to go on sometimes :(But the McSpicy is McDonald's top-selling burger in Singapore, so... the Sagittarius has the capacity to be loved in the extreme by the masses? Lucky numbers are 44 and 48.



Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19) *NYC Benedict Bagel*

Petrified of potentially fucking up an assignment, you've left every important piece of work until this week. You've got to assume the *attitude* of a NYC Benedict Bagel, strutting through the week with confidence, even if your insides are feeling a bit sloppy. Lucky numbers are 2 and 53.



Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18) *Blueberry Frozen Coke*

I'll personally never order you, never come close to including you in any meal I plan to derive any sort of sustenance or joy from, but you know what? I'm sure some people might disagree with me. Wouldn't know who though! Lucky numbers are 27 and 76.



Pisces (Feb 19 – Mar 20) *Filet o'fish*

Oh, everyone says they don't like you. But the numbers don't lie—if no one truly enjoyed you for who you are, even in secret, you wouldn't be on the menu. So let the facts speak for themselves. People, and this horoscope column, say you are a joke. But you're still around. Lucky numbers are 47 and 86.



2 FOR 1
TOASTIES
AND FREE POOL



EVERY MONDAY
BUY ONE GET ONE FREE TOASTIES
AND
FREE POOL

T&C APPLY

BURGER
&
PINT NIGHT



EVERY TUESDAY
BUY A DRINK OFF TAP OR A NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINK
AND
GET A \$5 BURGER AND FRIES

T&C APPLY

SHADOWS
BAR & EATERY

2 FOR 1
PIZZA WEDNESDAYS



EVERY WEDNESDAY
BUY ONE GET ONE FREE PIZZAS

T&C APPLY

COCKTAIL NIGHT
2 FOR \$15



\$1 HOT WINGS

EVERY THURSDAY

T&C APPLY



THE OCEANIA KNOCKOUT

WHO WILL BE CROWNED THE OCEANIC CHAMPIONS?

**TUNE IN AND SUPPORT
TEAM NEW ZEALAND**



SAT 5TH JUNE 2021



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