

CRACCUM

magazine 13

the exec-ution

CRACCUM DISSECTS THE EXEC, AND YOU SHOULD CARE BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONES WHO PAY THEM. PAGE 12.

face/off

DEBSOC INVESTIGATE THE MURKY MORALS OF COSMETIC SURGERY. PAGE 18.

film festi-full of fun

CHRISTY BURROWS SAVES YOU TIME, PICKS YOUR MOVIES FOR YOU. PAGE 27.

“IT GIVES US THE FREEDOM TO EXPLORE”

Dylan & Chris



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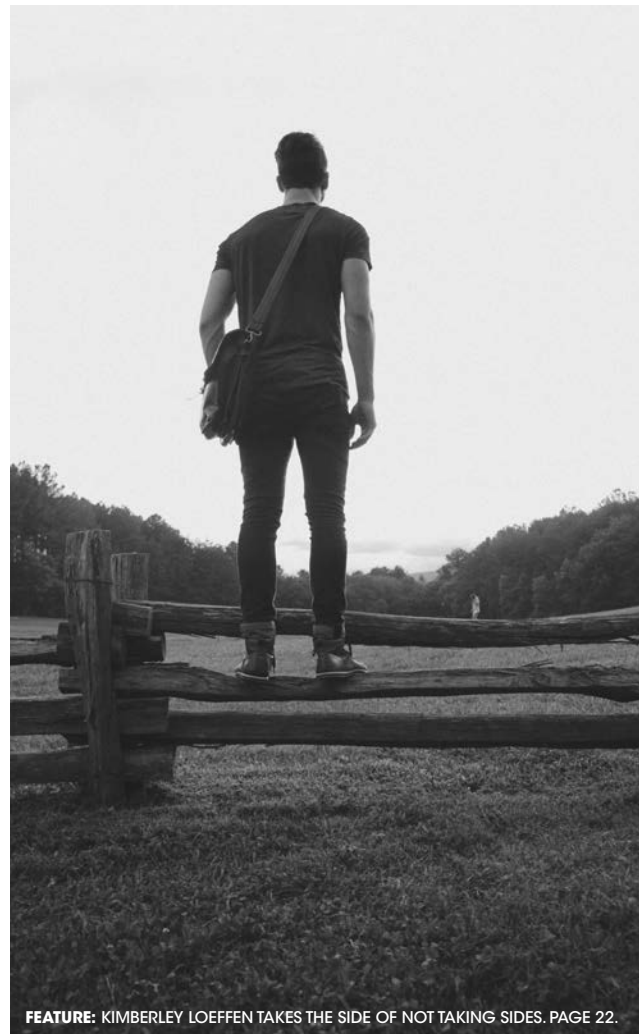
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NEWS 08

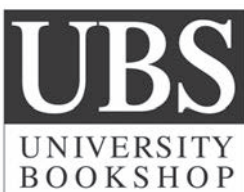
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RE
O-WEEK

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YOUR STUDENT BAR



semYESTer two

a lesson in footnotes

CAITLIN AND MARK EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

Sometimes the second round is better than the first. *Shrek 2* blew the original out of the water, as did *The Dark Knight*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Ice Age 2: The Meltdown*. Second helpings of meals are excellent because we're allowed to take meat and only meat, leaving that fart-flavoured broccoli to rot in the compost. Our second relationships will be better than the first because we're far less likely to ask "what shall we name our kids?" after two weeks of dating. And quite often our second semester will be better than the first.

First and foremost, it's no longer summer. We don't have to be cooped up in the swampy depths of the Human Sciences Building while the sun taunts us from outside. We don't have to spend our few breaks desperately catching some precious rays in Albert Park while dodging the slackliners and fingerbangers in the bushes. We don't have to negotiate the wedge-inducing combination of wearing shorts and a backpack. In short, we don't have to feel like we're missing out on epicsummerfun. The weather's shit, so why not be at uni? Second semester is a prime opportunity to rug up in winter layers¹, buy a shit-ton of recommended reading material from Book Depository and behave like the douchey intellectuals we always imagined we'd be at university.

The benefits of semester two extend beyond the weather. We've only had four weeks off², not four months, so our brains haven't been able to totally atrophy. We won't get cramp when we hold a pen, and the trauma of exams hasn't quite left us so we're more likely to frontload our work. Really, the only downside of semester two is our rich friends have just returned from a month in the European summer with their parents, and it takes a few weeks for them to scrub the wankstains off of every anecdote³.

Lucky for you, the weekly Craccum-rag is the ideal tool for removing those pesky conversational semen invasions⁴. We're here⁵, we're free⁶ and we'd really like to tell our mums that people read our magazine without having to lie. Some⁷ affectionately call us a ragtag bunch of misfits. Most others⁸ say, "What's *Craccum*?"⁹ Well, by virtue of reading this, you know that we're a magazine, but you may not be aware that we're the top student magazine in the country¹⁰.

This week your overpaid and underworked

editors thought it would be fun¹¹ to wade through the turgid horrorshow of the AUSA executive reports and report back to the people who (albeit indirectly) pay them¹². But with the next round of uncontested¹³ and soul-crushing¹⁴ AUSA elections approaching like wildfire, we feel like it's worth sharing what exactly this ragtag bunch of bureaucratic rascallions have been doing¹⁵, and what they're planning on getting up to for the next twelve weeks.

For something a bit more lighthearted¹⁶, flick ahead to Samantha Gianotti's emotional ride through the *1001 Films You Must See Before You Die*, or Rayhan Langdana's terrifying yet satisfying journey into the land of the jock. The lifestyle section will tell you what's good¹⁷ in Auckland¹⁸, while our news team¹⁹ has been working around the clock²⁰ to bring you unique²¹ and cutting edge²² stories.

And, as always, we're ready and willing for anyone to come join the CracFam in any capacity. Drop us an email²³ or just drop in unannounced²⁴ to our office, there's bound to be someone home! ■

² Everyone, that is, except for co-editor Mark "One Paper" Fullerton.

³ For those avid readers who are rejoining us from semester one, you can probably go now. We're just going to copy and paste what we said in the first issue of the year, and hopefully con some newcomers into working for us for no pay and minimal glory.

⁴ While Craccum is not an effective method of contraception, you're pretty much guaranteed to never get laid if 'I get paid less than half of minimum wage to edit a magazine!' is your pick-up line. We speak from experience.

⁵ Yes, still.

⁶ Find us in the big black boxes dotted around campus!

⁷ Mainly Mark.

⁸ Mainly Caitlin.

⁹ That 'copy/paste' line may have sounded like a joke, but wasn't.

¹⁰ When members of the Aotearoa Student Press Association are arranged alphabetically, discounting any magazines from Christchurch.

¹¹ Spoilers: it wasn't.

¹² You, if you didn't guess.

¹³ Most likely.

¹⁴ Almost definitely.

¹⁵ Or who, amirite???

¹⁶ Read: something actually fun and interesting.

¹⁷ Like the blog, ya know?

¹⁸ But shit you can actually afford, ya know?

¹⁹ Currently one very lonely young man. Send help.

²⁰ Read: hours before print deadline.

²¹ Only occasionally stolen from Newshub.

²² This week he tried to submit an article breaking down Budget 2016, two months after it was even remotely relevant.

²³ editor@craccum.co.nz, or caitlin@craccum.co.nz (if you want a reply) or mark@craccum.co.nz (if you don't).

²⁴ We would tell you to call in advance, but AUSA cut our phone line as a cost-saving measure. thx guys.

¹ Also ideal for swaddling the healthy food baby we've been nurturing - everyone, that is, except for co-editor Mark "Surely Has Worms" Fullerton.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL REJECTS DIVESTMENT



The University of Auckland Council effectively tabled a motion to move the University's investment portfolio away from industries linked to climate change. The lack of progress is a blow for climate change activists operating within the University - even as the fact that the policy was even up for discussion represents a massive step forward for climate campaigners.

The meeting itself was held at the beginning of the University exam period - Monday the 13th of June. Fossil Free UOA and Aotearoa 350 have been the driving forces behind the campaign; the two groups presented the council with a 3000 signature strong petition before the meeting began, as well as hosting a rally in support of divestment in Albert Park. The motion was the first time that the Council has officially discussed adopting divestment as University policy.

Somewhat unusually, the Council elected to avoid holding a direct vote held on the proposal.

The Chancellor instead chose to 'pass on concerns' to the chair of the University foundation. Fossil Free UOA said that the move was an attempt to "avoid confronting the issue head on", and claimed that the Chancellor was "shirking responsibility".

The Council is a distinct organisation from the University Foundation, who manage the University endowment funds. Because of that distinction, any vote that the Council may have made would not have been binding on the Uni-

versity Foundation - doing so would have only sent a "strong indication" to the Foundation Chair.

There is currently only one designated Student Representative sitting on the fourteen member strong Council - compared to two Student Representatives on the then twenty member Council in 2014. The University Council are directed to set overall University policy.

Other major New Zealand Universities - including Victoria University of Wellington, Otago University, and the University of Canterbury - have opted to divest, as have other institutions around the globe.

The University Foundation manages an endowment fund with a last recorded value of \$80.2 million.

There are currently no rules dictating where that investment can be placed, meaning that the fund can be to financially support indus-

tries the University has taken stances against as a research institution.

A letter of support, signed by ten different students associations from around the country, was also handed in.

AUSA President Will Matthews spoke out in support of the campaign, calling it "an important opportunity for us to take leadership on sustainable investment"

"Fossil fuel divestment is in line with the University of Auckland Strategic plan, which says that we cannot plunder the future in order to pay for the present... We owe it to the donors whose funds we are stewarding for the future that their money is not being used to fund climate change."

In his role as AUSA head, Matthews serves as the sole student representative on the student council. ■

ELECTIONS OFFICIALLY BEGIN A CHEERFUL REMINDER THAT LOCAL POLITICS ARE IMPORTANT

Last week saw the first two major milestones of this year's local election race - public notice of the election was first issued last Wednesday, while candidate nominations opened last Friday.

What does that mean?

The issuing of public notice is the official starting point of the election season. Advertisements soliciting candidates are placed in major newspapers each day for the next week.

Candidate nominations, which can be made until the 12th of August, are the process through which candidates officially begin their campaign. Each candidate needs two nominators in order to run - that's for any position, not just for major council of mayoral seats - and candidates may need to offer a \$200 bond.

Public notice of successful candidates is offered between the 17th and the 24th of August. Election signs can be put up a little bit before that - on the 6th of August. The election itself will take place on the 8th of October.

Nine candidates have announced their candidacy for the Mayoralty so far - Penny Bright, Victoria Crone, Phil Goff, David Hay, Adam Holland, John Palino, Tyrone Raumati, Mark Thomas, and UoA's own Chlöe Swarbrick. ■

DOUBLE DIPPED HAVEN'T STUDENTS SUFFERED ENOUGH



UniKebab, a stalwart of the University Quad, has elected to raise their price for a large serving of fries up to \$4.00 over the mid-semester break - a price increase of almost 15%.

Students buying a weekly serving of chips throughout the academic year will now find themselves \$12 out of pocket as a result of the change.

It is also not the first time that students have

been hit by similar price rises.

Earlier this year, Shadows increased the price of their cheapest jugs from \$7 to \$8 - provoking an immediate response from students. A petition asking for the changes to be revoked earned more than 300 signatures within an hour of the petition being launched.

Business in and around the Quad has become more competitive over the last year, as the University has made a push to increase the quality and profitability of the various leases it maintains on campus. ■

FLU SHOT

The severe lack of flu vaccinations being offered this winter at Otago University has provoked some concern from Otago students, who believe the current Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) president has failed to live up to the promises she made during her election campaign.

OUSA President Laura Harris campaigned on a promise of free flu vaccinations for the entire student body.

However, this year, only 150 free flu jabs will be made available to the 20,000 strong student body - enough for less than 0.7% of the student population. That number is per an agreement OUSA has forged with student health services.

Both OUSA and Otago Student Health Services have described this year as a "pilot" programme for future flu vaccination campaigns, as similar schemes have failed in previous years.

Young people are generally unlikely to contract the flu virus, but the Government has stressed that healthy young people can still get seriously ill from the flu, with some cases even proving fatal. ■

UNIVERSADY UGHKKFDHSDKFH

[news editor: i am currently writing this at 6:23 am, on wednesday the 13th of july.

in about three hours i will actually be at uni, watching and evaluating helen clark's performance in the UN secretary general debate, so i can deliver a report about it on student radio. honestly, god knows why i am doing that. meanwhile, i am up at this ungodly hour because i decided that doing absolutely none of this work until a day and a half after my deadline would be a really good idea, and then not even starting it until, like two am??

i know that this whole situation is indicative of poor life choices on my behalf. leave me alone. that's not very constructive advice.]

University of Auckland has reconvened after mid-semester break.

GHOST-BUSTED

Posters intended to promote the work of notable New Zealand poets have been graffitied over as part of a marketing campaign for Sony's *Ghostbusters* reboot.

The posters in question were placed on the slip-road connecting Beach Road to Anzac Ave. The poetry posters were the only ones on the strip that had been covered by the graffiti.

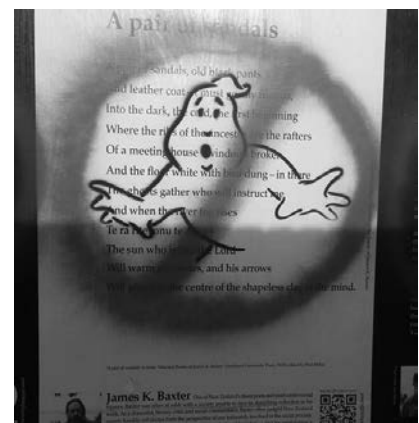
Phantom Billsticker's "Poetry Posters" have been a relatively long running and successful campaign for the agency. The posters in question have been posted in spaces up and down the country by the organisation, as well as in various cities across the United States.

The affected posters featured the poetry of James K. Baxter. The Baxter posters are a new design for Phantom, and have only been up

since the end of June. Baxter died in 1972 of a heart attack, and is one of New Zealand's most successful and critically acclaimed writers.

The posters were intended to celebrate what would have been the poet's 90th birthday.

The agency is also a major sponsor of the NZ Book Awards Trust, helping in particular to fund "National Poetry Day". ■



WHAT'S ON 18 - 24 JULY

The **Auckland Zinefest** is bigger than ever this year – held at Auckland Art Gallery's North Atrium, the yearly Zine Market is happening from 11am - 4pm on the 24th, with plenty of other interesting (and free!) events happening throughout the week. Now's your chance to be part of the World's Biggest Zine, attend a panel on trans-activism, or get an insight into local zine-makers' Zines-in-progress. Head to <http://www.aucklandzinefest.org/events> for full details.

If you can't get enough of the grassroots photocopy movement, artist-run space Inky Palms is offering their own programme of events, **Zine Zone**, alongside the Zinefest. Open from 11am - 9pm daily, with a great range of cool stuff to get involved in. Check out their Facebook page to find out more info.

Auckland Theatre Company's **Next Big Thing Festival** is on at the Basement Theatre this week. With three shows, *ANGELS(Re:Born)*, *Shoulda, Woulda, Coulda* and *Bravo!*, the series celebrates up-and-coming performers and is not afraid to challenge its audiences. From 16 - 30 July, student tickets \$16.

Fancy one more festival to complete the week? Check out the **New Zealand International Film Festival**, taking over cinemas in Auckland from this week until the 31st. Showcasing films from all over the world (including plenty of films from home too), this year's festival is also celebrating female filmmakers – you can find their films in the genre section 'Women Make Movies'. Check out *Craccum's* picks this week in the Arts and Culture section! Student tickets \$15.50, full info at nziff.co.nz. ■

WHENEVER I WAKE UP

I have been approaching people on the University of Auckland campus asking what students' typical morning routines are. Here's what I found out.



Antonia Faria: Antonia is a carefree person who doesn't like to fuss about the specifics and prefers to get on with business in the morning.

Firstly, she gets up about 8am, which she says is early for her because her brother goes to school. Then she goes and washes her face and sensibly will have a mocha for breakfast. In terms of choosing her clothing she will put on whatever she can find in her wardrobe – she isn't too fussy about what she wears. She will also wash the dishes, then pack her gear. Her usual mode of transportation is the train but sometimes she drives.



Noah Aiono, Arts (Linguistics and Media): Noah is as cool as a cucumber when it comes to a morning routine but also knows what's what.

Knowing that he'll probably hit the snooze button, he sets his alarm a little bit early before eventually making it out of bed to have a shower and breakfast. His breakfasts are well thought out as livin' the student lyf he doesn't know when his next snack will be. From a taste perspective he says he's tempted to buy marmite but dismisses it because it's really just salt so opts for a nice thick layer of peanut butter and chopped banana on toast. (I would recommend).

He describes his style as a bit scruffy or dirty in an intentional way and tries to wear a lot of second hand clothes, seeing it as a point of difference and a political statement to not contribute to all the shit that's out there. By this point he's probably going to be late but will occasionally have time to head to Ralph's for a coffee and a smoke.



Emma Zhan, Arts (Music and Film): Emma is probably the most organized student I have ever encountered so listen up on how she gets ready in the morning.

Being a morning person she is in bed usually around 10pm so she will get up about 8am (THAT'S A 10 HOUR SLEEP!) All up it will take her around 30 minutes to get ready. If she's being generous with her time she will put more effort into her makeup.

She gets up, brushes her teeth, washes her face and has a simple beauty routine of using moisturizer and toner. She'll then draw her eyebrows and add some lipstick. She used to eat breakfast – now she prefers to have more sleeping time (don't we all) but will occasionally run to Munchy and buy some bread.

Her outfit depends on what kind of mood she's in. If she's having a casual day she might just wear what she's wearing right now (grey jumper and white denim jeans). If she's wanting to be a bit more pretty she will wear dresses... And then she's off!



Zeeshan Shaikh, Engineering (Civil and Environmental): Zeeshan is a pretty swag guy who has an enthusiastic approach to getting ready in the morning.

First up is coffee – he likes to have it very milky with not too much coffee – before a shower. He then looks at the weather and will coordinate his outfits (normally will wear 2 layers – *always* trousers). Occasionally he will put wax in his hair but only when he feels like it.

For breakfast he's a big fan of noodles and likes to have them once or twice a week – the indomie ones to be specific or the really spicy Korean ones in a *red packet*. If he's still hungry he will have eggs with it. His top tip is to not have sweet things in the morning or you're more likely to crave sweet things during the day! ■



POEM BY BRONTE HERON

Speckled seeds run across the flat of a palm
and rest in the crevices.
Sustained by sweat and exaltation
they grow to be tall and strong
and allow you
to hold a brilliant sun ■

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY POWDER ROOM SOCIETY'S TOILET REVIEW - THE ARTS 2 GROUND LEVEL TOILETS

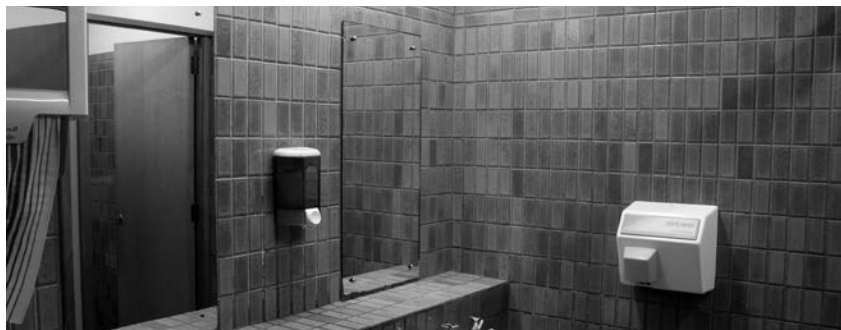
I'm writing this review drunk in Verona, three bottles of house red in. Just for journalistic reasons of course, let's see how I go. These toilets have sentimental value to me as I have spent some of my best times at uni on the couch chatting in the Tuakana office which is right by these toilets. These toilets are the holey [sober note: I think I meant holy] grail of tiles if that's what you're into, with tiled walls AND floors. The speckled tiled floors are especially interesting as they bring to mind a cloudy sky. The mismatched industrial tap handles at the basin are unintentionally trendy and give these bathrooms a more personal feel. This is quite comforting amongst the functional and predictable norm of toilets around campus.

There has never been anyone else in these toilets when I've visited them so they are a great hiding place.

I really like how the toilet light turns on when you walk in. Very eco friendly.

And this is where I gave up at Verona.

This is where I begin again sober, in my bed at 12:20am two weeks later. What I appreci-



ate the most about these toilets in my more rational, sober mindset is the tiled countertop which runs along the wall ABOVE the two basins. It's a great design decision to have the countertop above the sink as it means that the countertop avoids being covered in puddles of water from the sinks. I'd be very grateful if more bathrooms at the university catered to the fact that I like to carry my books around sans bag, hugging them to my chest to give off an American high school vibe. Therefore, I need somewhere clean and dry to rest my books while I wash my hands and maybe even touch up my lip-gloss like the true American high school student that I am. ■

Arts 2 Information

OPENED IN: 1984

ARCHITECTS: JASMAX

TIPS: A REALLY GREAT PLACE TO TOUCH UP... HECK, EVEN TO START FROM SCRATCH WITH YOUR MAKE-UP. THERE'S PLENTY OF (DRY) COUNTERTOP SPACE TO MAKE USE OF AND LIKELY TO BE EMPTY AND THEREFORE LOVELY AND PRIVATE.

WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE: NO

BAG HOOKS: YES! SUPER HIGH INDUSTRIAL ONES

X-FACTOR: NO

AESTHETICS: 6.5/10

PRACTICALITY: 9/10

OVERALL: 8/10

AUPRS ON

FACEBOOK: AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY POWDER ROOM SOCIETY

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AGONY AUNTIES

Dear Aunties,

I recently joined Tinder and went on a date which felt a lot like an interview for the position of his new dance partner – let's say physical boundaries were crossed. Needless to say I didn't feel a connection but he has texted me asking if I would like to go out again. Some friends are telling me to ignore him or to fade him out with 'I'm permanently busy' excuses until he gets the message. I need some auntie wisdom – help!

From Tinder Texter



Dear Tinder Texter

Honesty is the best policy.

Treat others as you would like to be treated.

I haven't heard any modern proverbs along the lines of "The ghost and the catfish are the best catch." Although being honest and polite is difficult to master in a single text it will save everyone's time and feelings in the end. A succinct (and uncondescending) message will do: 'Hi Sam I had a nice time the other day but I didn't feel a connection.' I've had a look and the internet hasn't come up with anything better so best of luck... I mean happy dating... erm have a good life?

Love, your aunties

Aunt Phryne and Aunt Wilhelmina xxx ■

PLEASE SEND YOUR PROBLEM IN 50 WORDS OR LESS TO [LIFESTYLE@CRACCUM.CO.NZ](mailto:lifestyle@craccum.co.nz), ANONYMITY GUARANTEED.

FASHION ON CAMPUS

Antoine Ogilvie

"Powerful colours. Monochromatic spectrum. Like to look calculated." ■



FROM THE PRESIDENT

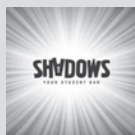


Hey AUSA!

We hope that your holidays have been great, and that you all got the exam results that you wanted! We've had a bit of time off in the AUSA Office while some of us charged around Wellington looking for Pokemon, but everything has been steadily ticking away for the beginning of Semester Two, where you can extend your holiday with AUSA Re Orientation! It's also a really exciting time for AUSA, as nominations for the election of the 2017 Executive have opened! Check it out, you never know - you could be the next Women's Rights Officer or Welfare Vice President! Read on for more information about Re O-Week and all the other opportunities coming up with AUSA. ■

AUSA NEWS

Get 10% off at Shadows! There's been a lot of change in your student bar this year, and we want to share it with you. Beginning in Re O-Week, all AUSA members will get a 10% DISCOUNT off EVERYTHING at Shadows! Simply show your AUSA 2016 Membership sticker at the bar when you're ordering to get the discount. Sweet!



It's our birthday! Over the holidays, AUSA turned 125! 125 years ago today 27 Auckland students and graduates met to discuss growing concerns over a lack of a communal spirit as well as social and cultural life, with no organised voice or official representation in college affairs. 125 years later the organisation that they founded is alive and well, and fighting every day to make the University of Auckland a more interesting, vibrant, safe and supportive space for everyone in it. Happy birthday AUSA!



Spotted at AUSA... A friendly Hitmonlee and Venomoth came to check out AUSA House, which is also home to a steady stream of Eevee. We've been getting a few rare Pokemon hanging around, so make sure you stop by! Shadows has also become a Pokestop, so head up to the bar, grab a drink and put down a lure! ■



RUN IN THE AUSA ELECTIONS!

Nominations for the elections for the 2017 AUSA Executive have now opened! For the next few weeks, students will be able to be nominated to fill one of 17 positions and take part in leading AUSA in its events, campaigns, advocacy and other initiatives for 2017. We'll have a much more comprehensive piece in next week's Craccum, but for now we will leave you with some key dates and information to get you thinking!

WHAT POSITIONS ARE AVAILABLE?

There are two types of position on the AUSA Executive - the Officers and Portfolios. The Officers consist of the President, who is paid full time, and the Administrative, Education and Welfare Vice Presidents and the Treasurer, who are paid part time. The Officers take a lead in managing the Executive and running the core parts of the Association.

The portfolios consist of: Clubs and Societies, Culture and Arts, Environmental Affairs, Grafton Representative (who must study at Grafton), International Students (who must be an international student), Media, Political Engagement, Queer Rights, Student Forum Chair, Tamaki Representative (who must study at Tamaki, and Women's Rights (who must be a woman, or can be held by two women). These roles each take on a unique portfolio and run related events and other projects. They are expected to volunteer for ten hours a week.

Check out the AUSA website for more information on these positions, or pick up Craccum next week, where we'll be back with more information and key dates. Alternatively, flick Administrative Vice President Isobel Gledhill an email at avp@ausa.org.nz if you have any questions. If you've already decided that you're keen, then come in to AUSA Reception and pick up a nomination pack! ■

STUDENTS AND STAFF FROM REFUGEE BACKGROUNDS

The 20th of June marked World Refugee Day - a week after the NZ Government raised the refugee quota. The Equity Office is working hard to accommodate students and staff from refugee backgrounds, with scholarships, alternate pathways and campus visits for secondary school students from refugee backgrounds.

Recently, New Zealand Red Cross recognised the fantastic efforts of the Equity Office. To find out more about the range of support services that the University offers, visit the Equity Office website or contact the Director of Student Equity, Terry O'Neill on t.oneill@auckland.ac.nz.

AUSA is proud to be helping to set up a club for students from refugee backgrounds. This club aims to help students with similar experiences to meet, share their stories, and support each other in adjusting to new social norms, while having fun together as well! The role of this club is not advisory to the University, but is rather a social club and aims to raise awareness of tertiary study opportunities for newly re-settled young people. If you're interested in joining the club, e-mail its founder, Nosia Fogogo at nfog003@aucklanduni.ac.nz. ■

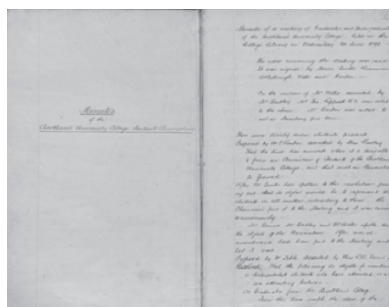
AUSA CELEBRATES OUR 125TH ANNIVERSARY

The Auckland University Students' Association (then the Auckland University College Students' Association) had its first ever meeting in 1891. 125 years later, the meetings and student events are still going strong, but quite a bit has changed. To take us back to where it all began, Leah Johnston and the Special Collections team in the General Library put together a display. If you were too busy studying for exams, or partying after finishing your exams, here are a few highlights from the display.



AUSA has always been proud to be at the centre of student activism. This photo shows a packed quad in Capping Week. Capping ceremonies were scandalous affairs, with elaborate pranks and shows throughout the week. As you can see from this photo, racism at the University has always been vehemently protested, but Tim Shadbolt (an ex-Craccum editor and now the characteristic Mayor of Invercargill) is no longer around to talk about it!

PHOTOGRAPHS OF STUDENTS. UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND, DEPT OF EXTERNAL RELATIONS, PUBLIC RELATIONS DIVISION PHOTOGRAPHIC COLLECTION. MSS & ARCHIVES 2007/10. 9/1/2/2. SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND LIBRARIES AND LEARNING SERVICES.



The minutes of the first ever AUSA exec meeting - apparently, "much time was wasted" due to the enthusiasm of the students who attended.

MINUTE BOOK COVERING THE PERIOD 1891-1902. AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION RECORDS. MSS & ARCHIVES E-9, 1/1/1. SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND LIBRARIES AND LEARNING SERVICES.

These rooms were the first spaces built specifically to be common rooms in 1926 - you might recognise them now as part of the Clock Tower, previously the Arts building. Originally common rooms were allocated for men and women separately, and smoking was only allowed in the mens common room!



STUDENT COMMON ROOM AND SURROUNDING AREA, 1950S. UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND HISTORICAL COLLECTION. PART 1. MSS & ARCHIVES E-8, BOX 7, FOLDER 3. SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND LIBRARIES AND LEARNING SERVICES.

Notice is hereby given for Nominations of 2017 AUSA EXECUTIVE

OFFICER POSITIONS:

President, Administrative Vice-President, Education Vice-President, Welfare Vice-President, Treasurer

PORTFOLIO POSITIONS:

Clubs and Societies Officer, Culture and Arts Officer, Environmental Affairs Officer, Grafton Representative (Must be a Grafton Student), International Students' Officer (Must be an International Student), Media Officer, Political Engagement Officer, Queer Rights Officer, Student Forum Chair, Tamaki Representative (Must

be a Tamaki Student), Women's Rights Officer, Craccum Editor

Nominations open on Friday, 18 July 2016

Nomination forms are available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

Nominations close at 3.00 pm on Friday, 5 August 2016. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

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

Please Note: To run for the Treasurer's position you must have passed at least two Accounting papers at the University of Auckland and show proof of this.

AUSA Returning Officer

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS



the exec-utioners

the Craccum editors, in a last ditch attempt at making student politics interesting, spend a week reading through exec reports and compiling their own... wait, why are we doing this?

WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS?

At the end of the semester each member of the AUSA executive is required to produce a report outlining what they've done over the last twelve weeks, and just how much they deserve to have loaded on their Prezzy card. Rumour has it that the Class of 2016 weren't at all keen to have the *Craccum* editors getting their dirty satirical mitts over their pristine self-appraisals, and our initial request to have a looksie was met with a firm 'no [sad face]'. Luckily for us, the reports were all contained in the minutes of the previous exec meeting, and the minutes of each exec meeting are public, so there was sweet fuck-all they could do about it.

...AND WHY SHOULD I CARE?

It's no great secret that AUSA is far from a sexy organisation. They don't have a zany acronym like the AUT association (AUSM, pronounced 'awesome') nor do they have the funds of OUSA in Dunedin or the general wankery and five-panels of VUWSA in Wellington. We could wax lyrical about the value of students' associations and democracy in action and the need to combat student apathy, but we get that we'd be fighting a losing battle. So why should the average student, who has just come to university to get a degree and hopefully scrape a job in order to get a deposit on a house, care? Because *you are paying for AUSA*. AUSA works on a budget

of \$1.6 million per year, and \$650,000 of that comes from the University. The University gets its money from your Student Services Fee – that cheeky \$377.40 that gets slapped onto your student loan every single semester. At the end of your Law and Arts conjoint you'll be an extra \$3774 in debt – so don't you want to know where some of that money goes?

AUSA's mid-year report is 69 pages in total – which is fitting, because it involves a lot of sucking each other off and the process of reading it is a bit like having a bumhole squished up on your face.

WILL MATTHEWS

PRESIDENT

7 pages/3009 words

Overall emotion while reading: Student politics would suit Will to a T... if he were born in 1952.

The general theme of these exec ratings are that every single one of them is fighting a losing battle. No one typifies this sentiment more so than President Will 'Willow Smith' Matthews. Young Willy uses the words 'attempt' and 'engage' so frequently he may as well add them to his already too-long name (William Alexander Thompson Matthews, for those in the cheap seats). His single-minded devotion to AUSA means that he has maybe picked too many battles, from fighting the University Council on fee rises to changing the AUSA constitution to battling rogue ProLifers to keeping bFm afloat to trying to improve NZUSA (?) and CDES (?) and SJS (?) to finally hiring a general manager to becoming best buds with Campus Life to campaigning for (in no particular order) fossil fuel divestment, a safer Albert Park, free public transport (supposedly) for students and general local body political involvement. Oh, and did we mention how liberal he is?

Furthermore, Will was very concerned that we would abandon our journalistic values and resort to making things up for the sake of cheap laughs. In fact, it was such a rousing and passionate speech that in the interest of honesty and full disclosure, we decided that it is our duty to make these Willy-facts known:

- Will isn't entirely sold on the concept of gravity.
- Will can only count to six.
- Will always asks for his McDonald's burgers to be steamed.
- Will genuinely believes that he was the millionth visitor to RedTube.

Most wankstained statement: "It's time to look to the future of AUSA and be ambitious and optimistic for our Association."

Level of 'takes-himself-too-seriously': That guy on school mufti day who wears flared jeans and dirty white sneakers but is so sweet and sincere that no one wants to say anything.

Rating: 7 David Cunliffes out of 10 overpriced cars.

ISOBEL GLEDHILL

ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT

4 pages/1088 words

Overall emotion while reading: Would bang.

It's fairly difficult to ridicule Isobel because she pretty much has her shit together as AVP.

Isobel and Dean make up AUSA's common-sense quota, and can often be found sighing at meetings as they try to get a roomful of student politicians to stop talking about themselves and get back to actual decision-making. However, during her campaign for AVP, Isobel said she'd consider herself a failure if she hadn't installed online voting for AUSA. Guess who hasn't installed online voting for AUSA. #everybodyhurts

Saddest statement: "AUSA is basically my life".

Level of 'takes-herself-too-seriously': That fun babysitter that gets you into your PJs and lets you watch TV till your parents come up the driveway and then distracts them so you can run to your bed.

Rating: 9 golden snitches out of 10 *Craccum* editors.

PENELOPE JONES

WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT

8 pages/2053 words

Overall emotion while reading: Oh, so THIS is what you do!

There's a rumour around the House that Penelope spends more time on her fringe than on AUSA work, which, on evidence, is not entirely inaccurate. Aside from her flair for hair, the thing she is proudest of so far this year is that she has only failed to reach quorum for Welfare Committee "a couple of times", despite quorum for Welfare Committee being only three (including herself). Loses points for acting as director of the board which oversaw the controversial rise of Shadows jugs by a dollar.

Most wankstained statement: "I sit on TKL [the Shadows board] as a director. I actively contribute to the board. I believe my relationship with the board has developed and they now value my contributions."

Level of 'takes-herself-too-seriously': Head Girl of a rural school who once attended a luncheon with the Prime Minister.

Rating: 7 cupcakes out of 10 expensive Shadows jugs.

RACHEL BURNETT

EDUCATION VICE PRESIDENT

9 pages/3817 words

Overall emotion while reading: PLEASE WHEN WILL IT END.

Rachel writes a lot of reports and sits on a lot of committees and writes reports on committees and holds committees on reports. She also likes

acronyms, Google calendar, and writing almost four thousand words for poor overworked *Craccum* editors to struggle through. Rachel has a total wettie for bureaucracy – but she has tirelessly campaigned for greater access to breastfeeding spaces on all campuses, and is genuinely interested in improving student representation throughout the University.

Most wankstained statement: "Every issue in every corner of the University impacts on education, as education takes place in the entire institution, rather than purely in traditional teaching spaces."

Level of 'takes-herself-too-seriously': That lecturer who makes you address them as "Doctor" in emails but is otherwise really nice.

Rating: 8 fluffy handcuffs out of 10 subcommittees.

DEAN CUTFIELD

TREASURER

3 pages/556 words

Overall emotion while reading: GOD we love you.

Resident dad of AUSA House, Dean and his waggling dad-brows is hard to criticise. His semester report, laden with straight-talking non-wank statements, was the shortest of the officers' – and, indeed, the entire exec, being half as long as the second-shortest. Generally quiet at meetings, Dean speaks up only to put a stop to any unnecessary committee formation (AUSA's favourite pastime) or to inject a bit of common sense into proceedings (AUSA's least favourite pastime).

Hardest 'trying to take it seriously' statement: "I think that ultimately the useful participation in such discussions is what differentiates the treasurer role."

Level of 'takes-himself-too-seriously': The dad at parties who tries to breakdance. Somebody spin his legs!

Rating: 9 *Die Hard* films out of 10 leaf blowers.

SARAH BUTTERFIELD

POLITICAL ENGAGEMENT OFFICER

6 pages/1556 words

Overall emotion while reading: Bless your heart, but chill the fuck out!

Oh, Butters. We first ran into her last year when we were campaigning at the same time, and Sarah was even more desperate to win than us. We may punch her in the throat if we ever hear the words "vote better, vote Butters" again,

but she is totally devoted to her role. She ran a great Politics Week – except for that one time she unwittingly partnered with a Korean cult for a Peace Rally (vote better, vote But-they-seemed-so-nice!) Sarah is in our good books after sassing Vice Chancellor Stuart “Silence Of The Lambs” McCuntcheon in her report, saying, “to be honest I think that the VC is very sneaky... We need to take him down.” Props for being the only exec member not to lick serious University butthole.

Most whingy statement: “I think if you look at all of these events and consider all of the little things that I had to do you will understand the sheer magnitude of the task that I was faced with and the huge amount of hours that I put in.”

Level of ‘takes-herself-too-seriously’: Hermi-one Granger.

Rating: 8.5 Gloriavale escapees out of 10 bunting strings.

DIANA QIU & ADITI GORASIA

WOMEN’S RIGHTS OFFICERS

Combined length of 11 pages/2989 words

Overall emotion while reading: I wish I could remember but Mark DELETED THIS WHOLE SECTION because he is a spiteful harpy.

It would be a real dick move to make fun of the WROs, considering they have one of the hardest jobs on the executive. Aditi and Diana both admit to dropping the ball a bit when it comes to organising events, but the main role of the WRO is actually to be a “carer” and provide support for women on campus. It is utter bullshit that the WROs are unpaid. They have to deal with some seriously difficult stuff – this should not be a volunteer’s role. The WROs should be paid, trained extensively, and ideally have some sort of background in providing support to women. Aditi and Diana are doing a good job. They’re running a great Womenspace (Public Service Announcement: They restock it with pads, tampons and condoms every day!) and they seem genuinely committed to helping women in their office hours. However, they are students and, as noted in their reports, their studies occasionally get in the way of their duties. They are only committed to 10 hours a week, in which they hold a combined 4 office hours. This isn’t enough to provide the women on campus with the necessary opportunities for support. The WRO job *needs* to be a properly paid, properly trained position. Shame, shame, shame AUSA.

Most whingy statement: “Cleaning up disgusting sinks is not what we signed up for and is a complete waste of our time.” (Women – all they do is nag nag nag, amirite?!)

Level of ‘take-themselves-too-seriously’:

Arya Stark. Pretty serious but, after all, she has seen half her family brutally murdered. And she’s been blinded. And hit with a stick, a lot. No wonder she’s serious. Similarly, Aditi and Diana quite rightfully take their roles seriously. *Valar morghulis* – all catcallers must die.

Rating: 7 mooncups out of 10 Gloria Steinems.

JESSICA PALAIRET

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES OFFICER

6 pages/1050 words

Overall emotion while reading: ...so what part of your job do you actually do?

Jess is an eager little bunny, despite admitting that she doesn’t actually do 90% of what she expected her job to be. Her report is a catalogue of ‘was-going-to-but-Campus-Life-did-it-first’s, including a supposed ‘clubs section’ in Craccum, a section of which neither editor was remotely aware until now. Despite having her responsibilities poached across the board, Jess manages to bulk up her hours with other fun activities like occasionally managing the Student Forum BBQ, being a necessary thorn in the side of AUSA’s bureaucratic wankery during exec meetings and deleting porn off the AUSA Lost and Found Facebook page.

Most ‘dgaf’ statement: “I think I have covered this already,” in regards to plans for the rest of the year.

Level of ‘takes-herself-too-seriously’:

Over-involved mum who runs the PTEA and has a “yummy mummies” social netball team.

Rating: 6 chirpy interjections out of 10 debating societies.

ZAVARA FARQUHAR

MEDIA OFFICER

6 pages/1896 words

Overall emotion while reading: She’s deffo House-of-Cardsing everyone to be AUSA President next year.

It’s probably unfortunate for Zavara that she is the chair of the Media Complaints Tribunal, because she is effectively in charge of making *Craccum* apologise just so AUSA can save face – so, naturally, we often sit at opposite sides of the table passive-aggressively hurling the words “offence” and “subjective” and “freedom of speech” at one another. She also *hates* when we answer her serious Facebook messages with GIFs of grown men sobbing in showers. And she refused to let us change the name of the Media Complaints Tribunal to Happiness

Steaming Pot Media BBQ Tribunal. And for some reason thinks it’s “inappropriate” for us to suggest that “the complainant is a wank” is a good reason to deny them the right to a tribunal hearing. Zavara rivals EVP Rachel with the size of her bureaucratic hard-on. She loves policy. Any kind of policy. We’re not quite sure even she knows what kind of policy. Policy.

Most vague statement: “I found not so much that I need to re-define the role so much as to simply define it.”

Level of ‘takes-herself-too-seriously’: Somewhere between Stalin and Mussolini.

Rating: 6 steaming pots out of 10 apology letters.

MIN KYU JUNG

STUDENT FORUM CHAIR

5 pages/1643 words

Overall emotion while reading: This is the most entertaining AUSA report ever committed to print.

Poor little Min Kyu was always going to have his back against the wall, and this is very much reflected in his report. “We have still yet to see a student (who is not an executive member who has been bullied by me into saying something) come up and propose a motion,” he bemoans. The one light of his life is his free BBQ initiative, which registered an astonishing nineteen mentions in the five pages of his exec report. The absolute highlight of his report, however, comes from the transcription of conversations with a battle rapper: “He’s very enthusiastic and has messaged me at 3am to say things like ‘this uni event gives us a good shot at taking over New Zealand hip hop’, ‘I want to save up to buy some primo equipment for the event’ and ‘Seeing some uni cunts battle rap would be sick haha.’” Keep fighting the good fight.

Saddest admission of defeat: “I think there is utility in an activity that makes student lives 0.0001% better.”

Level of ‘takes-himself-too-seriously’: The Leslie Knope of the exec – doing his best but being foiled at every turn by belligerent townspeople.

Rating: 7 Mad Butcher sausages out of 10 unhelpful executive members.

CERVANTÉE WILD

TAMAKI REPRESENTATIVE

6 pages/1471 words

Overall emotion while reading: Fuck you’re

cool.

Cervantée provides a rare ray of sunshine amongst the bureaucratic gloom of the AUSA meetings, mainly because when she disagrees with someone she looks as if they have taken a literal shit in her nostrils. Though she isn't that vocal in meetings, when she does speak it's always reasonable which, in the context of AUSA meetings, is somewhat of a marvel. The Tamaki Rep is really pushing shit uphill – engaging students on City Campus is hard enough, let alone out at a satellite campus which is just waiting to be sold off – but Cervantée seems to be doing a good job at running events and speaking in acronyms. PLUS that's her ACTUAL NAME. She's destined to be a Bond Girl.

Most ludicrous use of acronyms: "The relationship which I am building with AUPHSA (in particular their president) has been hugely successful, with regular communication, advice, collaboration, sharing of resources, and the establishment of a new role on the AUPHSA exec – the TSA-AUPHSA coordinator role."

Level of 'takes-herself-too-seriously': That high-school P.E. teacher who is meant to make you take the beep test but instead lets you play dodgeball.

Rating: 8 eyerolls out of 10 Pussy Galores.

CONOR O'HANLON

GRAFTON REPRESENTATIVE

5 pages/1207 words

Overall emotion while reading: At least 50%

of these acronyms must be made up.

After blazing into office on an astounding 33 votes (total, not margin), Conor locked himself away in Grafton and spent most of his time dealing with med students and an ever-increasing list of acronyms.

Most superfluous statement: "The focus of my activities this semester have consisted of a variety of work directly related to my portfolio and general AUSA work."

Level of 'takes-himself-too-seriously': He spent the above 23 words saying 'I did my job'. You be the judge.

Rating: 6 drop-crotch pants out of 10 Welfare Vice-Presidents

HAUTAPU BAKER & TE AMORANGI RIKIRANGI-THOMAS

MAORI STUDENTS OFFICERS

Aside from being the most attractive pairing in AUSA, these two are up there with Cervantée in terms of exec meeting entertainment. From being the only ones who refused to kiss the crusty asshole of Campus Life ("Tell us what we need to do to get more money from you and we'll do it") to the promise of the world record funneling attempt, these two are just the tits. They didn't have to write a report either. Go you.

Rating: 8.5 people who actually do their job out of 10 University staff members who refuse to give them money.

CYRUS LUI

PACIFIC ISLAND STUDENTS OFFICER

Like the Māori Student Officers, Cyrus was not required to write a report so we don't have the best idea of what he gets up to. However, we suggest that you search 'Cyrus will have one milk', the infamous clip of that time Cyrus was on Family Feud.

Rating: One Milk.

LARA CROFT, ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ, YILONG WANG

Due to a range of retirements and resignations, this trio of eager young things have been in their respective roles (Queer Rights, Culture and Arts and International Students Officers) for all of five minutes so weren't required to produce reports, which was cool because then we weren't required to read them. They seem nice, though.

Final thoughts: This article may have a lower readership than the report itself. ■

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The Veda Club



this house would ban all cosmetic procedures to alter one's racial appearance

the debating society has been around since 1887
and meets every thursday to discuss issues both
topical and whimsical. www.debating.co.nz

AFFIRMATIVE

Procedures to adjust one's racial appearance come in many forms: some are invasive like shaving cheekbones or adjusting eyelids, whilst others are non-invasive like simple whitening cream. The point to all this would hopefully be some way to correct some naturally occurring dysphoria in one's identity, but often times this is not the case. The overwhelming majority of cases where cosmetic procedures are used to adjust racial appearance are those where people of non-white ethnicities attempt to transition to whiteness. To this writer it seems abhorrent that the State should allow the proliferation of these procedures and the continued fetishisation of whiteness. That is therefore the primary benefit of a ban – a mechanism that eliminates perverse narratives of superiority and empowers people regardless of ethnic make-up.

Is it okay to restrict individual choice in this way? The best way to answer this question would be to look at the nature of the choice being undertaken itself. Normally choices like what food you purchase or what clothes you decide to wear are ones we leave to individuals; the reason being that people obtain value from knowing they are decision-makers whilst their choices often have a minimal impact on other

people. We also take note to temper choices by assessing their autonomy and whether they made a choice free of duress.

There are two reasons why then we ought not to allow these cosmetic procedures.

Firstly, by taking this choice it actively encourages other people to adjust their ethnicity. At the point certain cultures value whiteness as a heuristic for superiority then you have an incentive, for both social and economic gain, to adjust your ethnicity not only because you could live a more successful life, but also that other members of your community could be taking that opportunity from you. The harm here is twofold. It's an attack on individual well-being when people are forced to undergo invasive procedures solely because the community, by valuing whiteness and allowing people to access these procedures, has perpetuated the myth that whiteness is good. Furthermore, it's clearly an area where the autonomy of the individual involved is questionable. If I put a gun to someone's shoulder and threatened to shoot them unless they gave me all their money, we wouldn't then consider them handing over their money an autonomous choice. In the same way we shouldn't consider decisions to alter ethnicity autonomous when it is likely

people believe the alternative is a very real harm.

Secondly, it reinforces narratives that ethnicity matters. For some people it may be true that they would feel more comfortable being African-American instead of Asian, but the small benefit of allowing people to adjust their ethnic identity ignores the fact that a large number of cases are about transitioning to whiteness. Consequently, one of the key harms is to poorer ethnic minorities that don't have the money to access the most profitable ethnicity via surgeries or routine use of cream. On a wider level, people in general suffer when an active upswing of non-white people begin to transition to whiteness. It only signals to white people that their ethnicity is superior and that those who don't take steps to conform to the majority ethnicity should be ashamed.

The negative side may tell you all about the value of matching your physical body to your aspirations, that we should treat this situation the same way we do transgender issues. This "choice" is deeply coercive though and we shouldn't prioritise a select few at the cost of entrenching the fetishisation of whiteness. ■

NEGATIVE

People do not choose to undergo cosmetic surgery lightly. It is not a frivolous decision made by incapable people. Much opposition to these types of operations is based off a moral intuition that people will always be happier if they embrace what is natural – that to be truly fulfilled requires us to abandon the scope to define our identities and rather release ourselves to the whims and vagaries of the circumstances of our birth. But let's be very clear with what banning cosmetic surgery affecting racial characteristics is actually about: paternalism. The belief that people of minority ethnicities who want to change some of their characteristics are somehow less able to make informed decisions about their appearance and identities than white people getting other forms of cosmetic surgery. This belief isn't just incorrect – it is harmful.

There are three points on the negating side.

Firstly, people of colour will be better able to decide what makes them fulfilled than a blanket judgement by a government and society dominated by white men. There are many different reasons why people get cosmetic

surgery. We do not need to agree with all of their reasons for their reasons to be legitimate. If someone has faced discrimination because of their appearance, it is not our place to deny them a potential remedy if they think it is best for them. People of colour talk to each other and can seek out the experiences of other people who have made the same decision. Race is incredibly complex and only people experiencing it for themselves can decide how they want to define that identity.

Secondly, being allowed to make decisions regarding your identity is valuable even when you do not always make the correct decision. Depriving people of choice is a slight against their dignity. Minority ethnicities are often treated as though they need protection from themselves. We should extend to them the same degree of freedom to choose as we do to any other group in society. If we do not, we are continuing a tradition that denies people of colour their autonomy.

Finally, black markets in surgery already exist. If people really want these surgeries, they will seek them out illegally and there will always

be surgeons willing to provide. These black markets will completely lack consumer protections, compounding the negative experience we want to avoid.

All this is not to say that some of the underlying structural reasons that drive people of colour towards these surgeries are not painful and regrettable. However, we should not gloss over our guilt by banning the consequences of racism – rather, we should pursue solutions to the causes. If we think surgery to change your appearance is harmful, that means addressing problematic beauty standards, not just in terms of race but with any characteristic that people want to change. It means calling out sexual racism, and reminding people that personal decisions can have deeply political consequences. Banning these surgeries is a quick, lazy and dirty fix to a complex problem. The solution will never be to further remove the autonomy of individuals of colour. ■



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in defence of the fence

kimberley loeffen examines the media's
role in polarising public opinion

Did you vote for the new flag?
Are you a Trump or Hillary sup-
porter? Are you for or against
gun control? Do you think the
UK was right in leaving the EU?

So many major decisions have been or are being made this year, it is difficult to keep up. The issues are incredibly convoluted and complex, requiring in-depth understanding of their context and consequences – not only for the immediate present, but also for the time long after our generation is gone – as they will affect the global population. However, the media almost always simplifies such significant issues by presenting two sides – you know it

when you see it: “new flag
vs current flag”, “Trump

vs Hillary”, “stay or leave the EU”. You could argue that this oversimplification allows for our brains to categorise complex ideas and make sense of what is happening around us, but that is not all that's happening here. Watching the intricate struggles of real people being condensed down and misrepresented in such a careless way is incredibly frustrating because it is effectively stripping away the humanity of the issue. When we are presented with two options, we often forget there is a hidden, third option: none of the above.

This “for or against” mentality is so ingrained in our culture, we do not even pause to think about it. I bet you had a straight answer for every one of the questions posed at the beginning

of this article, even if you've only vaguely heard of what has been happening. The first question that springs to mind is *why*? Where did it come from, this innate need to be on one side of the fence? Let's start at the beginning – as in, the very beginning. With the overwhelming support of LGBTQ+ rights becoming stronger every day, religion (in particular the Bible) has, as of recent years, been put under a magnifying glass – with some hilarious and eye-opening results.

It has always been a point of tension, that things in the Bible are considered good or bad just because it says so – mostly it comes up when the teachings are deemed outdated and inapplicable to today's culture. Sometimes it is the innocuous, small things we forget about or deliberately



ignore, but, in fact, they affect a whole subculture of people – a double standard that is often critiqued. Like shrimp and oysters? Yes? Well, Leviticus 11:12 says “anything living in the water that does not have fins and scales is to be regarded as unclean by you.” Sorry! According to the Bible shellfish are bad. Oh, you still eat them because they are delicious and not at all evil? You monster!

Nice jumper you got there. Except Deuteronomy 22:11 tells us “you shall not wear cloth of wool and linen mixed together.” Not that the Bible gives us reasoning for this, mind you. It just seems mixing wool and linen is somehow inherently bad. These seem like silly little things to talk about. Obviously we have progressed since these Bible verses were written, but here’s the thing: the same logic can be applied to Bible verses outlining that loving a person of the same gender as you is a sin. Leviticus 18:22 specifies that “thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination” and Leviticus 20:13 says “if a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be upon them.” But... *Why is it so bad?*

This argument against homosexuality in the Bible makes just as little sense as the argument against shellfish and mixed fibers because it has the same “bad, but only because the Bible says so” rationale, which lacks substantial reasoning. This presents us with the same “for or against” mentality, for if you eat shellfish or wear mixed fibers or are homosexual, then you are against the Bible. Of course, we all know that is not even close to being true. It is perfectly possible and acceptable for someone to participate in every one of those things –

sometimes all at once. What’s interesting is the heavy manipulation or complete disregard for issues that *just so happen* to be in tune with certain modern political agendas. Though the importance here is in the Bible’s construction of such arguments, the oversimplified narrative of “good vs bad” and “bad because it is bad” has ingrained those parts of our culture heavily influenced by Christianity with the expectation that we do not need to provide logic or reasoning for things we consider bad.

This binary thinking has seeped into our culture, politics, institutional foundations, personal beliefs, news, and entertainment. How many times have you heard these phrases: hero vs villain, organic foods vs chemicals, Democrats vs Republicans (or in New Zealand’s case, National vs Labour)? This metaphorical line-drawing promotes an “us against them” mentality that allows powerful individuals with large support to easily and effectively manipulate situations, influencing or alienating those with differing ideologies, gender, race or socioeconomic status.

Donald Trump will be facing off against Hillary Clinton in the US general election this November. As days go by, Trump inches one step closer to becoming, potentially, the next president of one of the Earth’s superpowers, which scares a lot of people (with good reason). Thanks to the two-party system, many people see the only option to not support Trump is instead to support Clinton. Such voters that decide to do so are voting “against Trump” and do not need to know or understand any of the historical, political or current campaign context of Clinton in order to vote for her. From this we can see how easy it is to be against something: you need well-reasoned and rational arguments to explain why you throw your support behind something, but the same can’t be said for when you are against something. After all, nobody is asking, “so, why aren’t you

voting for Trump?”

This problem rings closer to home than you may think. This gross two-pronged oversimplification could be seen with the recent referendum on the New Zealand flag. The whole idea of a referendum is for the outcome to be by popular vote of the people. However, the choice of flag options were not decided by us – there was a go-between panel of judges buffering the submissions from the voters. Maybe they were worried we would all vote for Laser Kiwi? This panel of judges meant any genuine choice was taken out of the equation when we were presented with four options to vote for, only to narrow it down to two options later. This sounds awfully familiar. Our questioning and rediscovery of our national identity was sacrificed for over-simplicity.

I am often uncertain about a lot of big issues facing us, such as the ones mentioned here. I used to think this was a bad thing, but it is now that I realise this was due to a perception of a false dichotomy. Arguably, it is a lot more logical to be ambivalent. The media has constructed this conflict to make it oversimplified and misleading. Mainstream media creates two sides of the fence for every argument and convinces us that we must take a side. I am not convinced; in fact you could say I “sit on the fence”. Just because someone has the loudspeaker and is allowed to talk does not mean what he or she is saying is any more important or even correct. The more I learn about an issue, more often than not the rug gets pulled out from under my feet as I realise how truly difficult and complex the issue is, how it affects real people. So how little justice are we doing the people affected by these issues?

Understanding that the lines drawn and fences built on issues by the media are fictional is much like learning that time only exists within your perception of it – just like taking the red pill in *The Matrix*.

So, the question is – will you join me on the fence? ■





Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

In a thinly veiled dick-measuring contest, a handful of members of the *Craccum* team decided to tally up how many titles we'd each seen on the "1001 Movies You Must See Before You Die" list. The whole thing had the air of when I used to verse my cousin in SingStar – it's all fun and games, and it doesn't matter who wins, until someone fucks up the breakdown of "This Love" by Maroon 5, only gets ranked 'amateur', cries, and refuses to play for the rest of the day.

It was all fun and games as I began to peruse the list's twenty-nine pages. Who even makes these lists, ya know? What do they know, huh? I scrolled through the first fourteen pages with considerable speed. *These are, like, one hundred years old, no one watches this stuff*, I lied to myself as I left veritable classics like *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Citizen Kane* unchecked. It wasn't until the we reached the 80s and 90s that I gained some traction. The Princess Bride? *Duh. Tick.* Jurassic Park? *I've seen that banger of a film like forty-eight times. Suck it, list. Tick.*

People began revealing their scores. Most fell in the two hundreds. I got to the final page and scrolled to the top; haughty, vain, foolish. A paltry 93/1001 met my gaze. I scrolled back through frantically; surely I'd missed a section, surely there had been some glitch in the matrix

(see? I know movies) that was preventing me from receiving a *deeply* impressive score. I began to reason with myself in a Gollum v Smeagol-esque exchange:

Maybe we have seen The Fly?

No, we haven't, you stupid, fat hobbit.

Didn't we watch at least half an hour of The Piano?

Wicked, tricksy, false. That doesn't count.

"Aren't you the, like, the queen of movies?" Mark asked once I swallowed my pride and shared my score. I thought so too, Mark. I thought so too. I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender. (This is a reference to 1954 film *On the Waterfront*, a film that I have never seen, perfectly exemplifying my skill of coasting through life parroting quotes I've heard from other parties. I ride on people's coat tails; a parasite, a tapeworm getting cosy in the pop culture capital of others). Now, I am nothing more than a barefaced charlatan. Mark makes jokes to friends that I have only seen three movies. I am stricken with guilt as I sit down to watch *A View from the Top* for the fourth time (why has TV2 played this movie so often during my life?), knowing that I will not find this Gwyneth Paltrow shitshow within those twenty-nine pages that haunt my fucking dreams. Every time I watch a movie, I scroll through the list in a euphoric fury, pumping the air like Bender at the end of *The Breakfast Club* (SEE? I KNOW MOVIES) when I can tick off another title.

I am consumed.

I meet up with friends. They talk. I do not

listen. I am simply waiting for a lull in the conversation when I can interject, with a mien of nonchalance, "hey, have you guys seen *The Godfather?*", or for a chance to inspire a frenzied debate with my analysis of the ending of *The Graduate*. Friends entertain my fancies. But I know they do not care.

I send snapchats of my TV as I watch movies from the list. If a tree falls in the forest and no one is there to hear it, does it make a sound? If you watch a Francis Ford Coppola film and don't tell anyone about it, did it really happen? "Lol. Godfather Part II so long. Send help." Witness me.

I am at war with myself. 1001 Movies You Must See Before You Die? It is too late. I am dead inside. The Smeagol/Gollum showdown continues:

People know The Godfather is a good movie. No one cares if we've seen it. Stupid, fat hobbit.

You don't understand. I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender.

Stop talking in movie references.

You talkin' ta me?

Filthy hobbitses.

Send help. Send rations. Send Hitchcock DVDs. ■



Let's Talk About *That Episode*

(Spoilers for *Orange is the New Black* season four follow).

MICHAEL CLARK

I'm going to start with a eulogy before I move through to something that I hope is substantial. I'm Pakeha by the way.

Orange is the New Black's multi-season arc about the privatisation and subsequent mismanagement of Litchfield Penitentiary piques but definitely does not culminate with the death of long-term character, Poussey Washington. We've seen her grow and develop. We've seen her love and lose. We've seen her past and her potential future. She was good. She was kind. She was never an advocate for confrontation or violence. She preferred words to fists. And if it weren't for a few subtle hints in the penultimate episode of this past season, it felt as though she was just ripped from the series. In the grand scheme of things, she was collateral damage in a brewing plot that was completely separate from her own.

But this wasn't just collateral damage. Nor could this death simply be attributed to a case of 'wrong place, wrong time'. Poussey's nature, her desire to aid her fellow inmates in times of need (in this case, Suzanne's breakdown) was one of the many, many factors which led to what happened. This is precisely why Poussey's death had so much weight to it. She was simply being herself and happened to bisect a plot bigger than herself. A plot that most of the inmates had no idea about but we as viewers were privileged to know. There was no justice to it. There wasn't a price to pay. It just

happened.

And this is both a good and a bad thing.

There's no secret that this season of *OitNB* intended to parallel the Black Lives Matter movement. Series creator Jenji Kohan was adamant in having this season reflect the recent breaking of the floodgates in regards to racial profiling by people in positions of authority which is, of course, another major factor in Poussey's killing. Litchfield's poor management and untrained guards are important to the instigation of this event, yet systemic racism is where the deal becomes sealed both during and in the aftermath of Poussey's death. In his review of the season finale, Myles McNutt posited that if Piper were the one to rush to Suzanne's aid, Bayley and the rest of the guards would have been unlikely to react in the same way as they did toward Poussey, in a nightmarish portrayal of racial prejudice. Similarly, Caputo's statement reflects the media's downplaying of racial issues. The parallels of the two narratives are brutal and Poussey's death is an attempt to set up a necessary pedestal for meaningful discourse.

Yet, Poussey's death scene was written predominantly for a white audience. It was written by white people for white people like me to explore and to come to terms with an evidently racist system at a distance. Ashleigh Shackleford calls Poussey's death amongst other things in the series "trauma porn written for white people". She writes a stark critique of *OitNB* as a show written to placate our white guilt. We

feel good about ourselves because we feel bad that our favourite POC was murdered. White guilt then becomes this cultural capital; if we have more of it then we are a better person. Blogger "What Does Your Chair Do?" notes that it is already a reality for POC, so why subject their favourite characters to this treatment as well? She writes, "Sandra Bland is real. Eric Garner is real. All the Black trans women who are murdered and get no justice are real. There is plenty of real video footage of Black women and men being brutalized and murdered by the police. In fact, many Black folks are trying to get a reprieve from that reality when we turn on shows like *OITNB* to see happy, smiling Black WLW". For her, *OitNB* feels as though it is trying to teach her something she knows all too well by killing off a character she holds near and dear. Representation of black characters on screen becomes second to their politicisation.

I'm at a loss as to what to say next. When I first set out to write this piece, I imagined myself exploring the relationship between this season of *OitNB* and the Black Lives Matter movement completely in support of the show's justification to kill off Poussey in order to open up a dialogue about racial prejudice, and maybe I still am. But not without acknowledging that I am a white guy writing under a white lens from a distance. I feel as though I'm like Bayley – young, naive, and just trying to be kind. But in the end, if I can't be aware of the subtle systems in place to create racial discrepancy, then Poussey's blood is on my hands, too. ■



The Neon Demon

FILM REVIEW BY EUGENIA WOO

Some people are endlessly obsessed with the relationship between fashion and cinema. I think the two function a bit like awkward exes - whatever spark there once was in the 70s, when fashion houses sent their best and brightest to liven up Hollywood's movie sets, has long since been extinguished. Film is the creepy ex that just won't leave you alone; every other attempt to capture the fashion industry that hasn't been a biography has been voyeurism disguised as a "witty" critique. *The Neon Demon* falls squarely in the latter category.

If this were any other director, reading one of their interviews would give you a pretty good idea of a) what the movie was about, and b) whether you should actually pay money to go see it in a cinema. Because it's Nicolas Winding Refn, all I got from any press surrounding the movie was that it'd be an incredibly self-absorbed excuse for fetishism partially hidden under stunning couture worn by beautiful women. I wasn't wrong.

The Neon Demon is cinematically brutal, aurally engaging, but thematically flat. The film shrouds itself in the hypnotic, menacing work of Cliff Martinez and the camera work is an exercise in beautifully-executed symbolism, but the rather unsatisfying and clinically violent climax is ultimately disappointing. Winding Refn's latest venture is beguiling, much like the caricature of fashion that he's determined to ironically satirise, but peel back a layer or two of Givenchy and all the glamour and mystique starts to smell a lot like unpalatable pretentiousness. ■



Finding Dory

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

Finding Dory begins a year after the events of *Finding Nemo*, Dory playing a role in raising Nemo with Marlin. Dory has a revelation about her family and urges Marlin and Nemo to help her find them. Along the way, she struggles with her short-term memory loss as she tries to recall important memories of her past that will aid her search.

It ought to be made clear just what it was that made *Finding Nemo* such a hit 13 years ago. Not only did it deliver breathtaking underwater scenery and a heartfelt story of ocean-size scale, most importantly it delivered much of its humour with a great supporting cast. From the swordfish that sarcastically gave Marlin and Dory directions, to the "righteous" 150 year-old turtles and their kids, *Nemo's* supporting cast usually got a scene or two and just a few lines, but gave the film so much of its charm and memorability.

This is where *Dory* gets a box tick but not an A+. It utilised Hank the octopus and Destiny the whale shark well and didn't recycle too many *Nemo* supports for cheap nostalgia, but the smaller, less funny cast gave the impression that this sequel wasn't made to top *Nemo*. Some may appreciate this as a safe call, but should the computer animation champions, Pixar, really be making tame, easily profitable sequels all the time?

That said, *Finding Dory* is always sweet and never dull, with Ellen DeGeneres repeating her 2003 home-run voice performance as the forgetful lead. Marlin and Nemo seem to recycle the same trust issues, but Dory's journey home is gripping and likely tear-jerking for some. It's an easy sequel to nitpick when compared to one of the all-time great animated films, but it still thoroughly deserves a recommendation. ■

Let's Marathon

Read title to the tune of "Let's Get it On"

The weather is colder, the trackpants are thicker, and the pressure to partake in the outdoorsy fuckery of summer is all but a distant memory. And what better to do whilst wallowing in your Warehouse trackies than have a movie marathon? Here are a few pairings that should give you a thrill despite the chill. (Mild spoilers ahead, proceed with caution).

Ex Machina and *Gone Girl*: Two (fairly grisly) psychological thrillers, each with a brilliantly eerie score, and a shrewd, beguiling female lead who you're likely to root for, even when you probably shouldn't.

Casablanca and *The Holiday*: Watch *Casablanca*, witness the romance, and finally get some context for all those famous lines. Then watch *The Holiday*, hear some of those famous lines again, and basically have the time of your goddamn life because *The Holiday* is the best.

The Intern and *Danny Collins*: Pacino and DeNiro have both been in their fair share of shitters in recent years (here's looking at you, *Dirty Grandpa*), but 2015 provided a slight reprieve, with a couple of endearing films that involved neither of them being surly or angry. 10/10 would watch and weep again.

The Godfather and *Heat*: Realise that you kind of prefer it when DeNiro and Pacino are surly or angry, and treat yourself to a couple of (fucking brilliant) films where they're at their most vexed.

The Mummy and *George of the Jungle*: Brendan Fraser in his hey-day is not a sight to be sniffed at. Largely sweaty and/or shirtless for the duration of these films. Fun action and romance. Disappointing racism and reductive stereotypes sneak into *The Mummy*. Adorable campfire dance scene in *George of the Jungle* should help to counteract bad taste in mouth.

Mulholland Drive and *Anomalisa*: A pair of bizarre, unsettling films that will have you calling into question what it means to be sane, what it means to be in love, and what it means to be alive, man. *Anomalisa* is perturbing, *Mulholland Drive* is, at times, downright disturbing; both provide for great discussion and debate post-viewing.

Spotlight and *Spotlight*: Just watch *Spotlight* twice. Thrice, if you fancy. ■



The New Zealand International Film Festival

WITH CHRISTY BURROWS

What makes a great NZIFF experience? Careful research and planning. That may sound dull, but I learned my lesson when I spontaneously decided to go along to *Stranger by the Lake* in a previous year and was bombarded by gigantic penises on the screen of the Civic Theatre for two hours. It's good to know beforehand that you're not going along to a gay male erotic film set on a nudist beach (unless you want to). Trust me.

Beware the Slenderman

DIR. IRENE TAYLOR BRODSKY

Beware the Slenderman is a documentary about how information is transmitted through the internet, and the influence this can have on younger and more impressionable people. I'm going to see this for two reasons: firstly because it appeals to my sense of nosiness, and secondly because it's bound to make me feel better about myself and my life by virtue of the fact that I've never stabbed my best friend. In that sense it's a "feel good" kind of film.

The Handmaiden

DIR. PARK CHAN-WOOK

This is a South Korean film based on the novel *Fingersmith* by Sarah Waters. *Fingersmith* originally tells the story of a young heiress and her maid in Victorian-era England who fall in love beneath an overt plot of heteronormative romance, deception, and crime. In this film version, the writers have updated the setting to 1930s Japanese occupied Korea to add an intriguing layer of complexity. The film is an exciting premise for the NZIFF, because there is very little around in current cinema to depict South Korean perceptions of female same-sex relationships.

Apple Pie

DIR. SAM HAMILTON (NZ)

This is likely to be very arty: the kind of film you see so that you can brag about your viewing experience at future hipster gatherings. I'm intrigued to know what it will be like regardless of its pretentious undertones, as it seems difficult to place in a single genre

or mood, other than being vaguely about space and physics and existence and all those transcendent things. Due to its range of settings in New Zealand and Samoa, it's probably quite beautifully shot. Be prepared to feel 'intelligent' and 'empowered as a human being' at the end.

Certain Women

DIR. KELLY REICHARDT

Three 'intimately observed' women? Yes. A quiet yet powerful look at small town life? Double yes. K-Stew trying out another edgy arty role? Every yes in the world. The film is based on three short stories written by the director about the lives of three different women living in a small town. With its vast Montana setting and a sensitive representation of what it takes to live a mediocre life every day, I have high hopes for its success.

High-Rise

DIR. BEN WHEATLEY

Jeremy Irons proved his ability to portray unnervingly unhinged characters in the 1980s with *Dead Ringers*, in which he acted evil twins and switched between their personas effortlessly. He followed up as Humbert Humbert in *Lolita*, and now I'm unable to see him as anything but very weird. He plays a role alongside Tom Hiddleston and Sienna Miller in this film, set in a high rise apartment complex in the 1960s and examining the varied lives of its inhabitants.

A Quiet Passion

DIR. TERENCE DAVIES

This film has received mixed reviews so far for its tenuous faith to the life actually lived by Emily Dickinson. But let's face it, who really knows what she did all the time anyway? It stars Cynthia Nixon as Emily D, and charts her early days as a school teacher and her growing reclusiveness in later life. Fans of hers, or just those curious to find out more, have something of an obligation to see this regardless of what it has to say, simply because Emily is usually so underrepresented in poetry's history.

Midnight Special

DIR. JEFF NICHOLS

This could go two ways: it's either going to be an unoriginal knockoff of Lars von Trier's *Melancholia*, or Kirsten Dunst will pleasantly surprise everyone again by pulling off another great and unique dramatic performance. It's about an estranged family and a road trip, and involves a cult leader and some supernatural powers, so it fits the brief and has the potential to deliver. ■



The *Cracc*-sters Send Their Regards

WITH CAITLIN ABLEY, MARK FULLERTON & SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

As *Game of Thrones* concludes its pen-penultimate season, the show's elementary question is soon to be answered: who should *actually* end up on the Iron Throne? *Craccum* investigates this deeply contentious issue, ranking potential contenders with a claim to that (fucking uncomfortable looking) place of power.

1. SANSA STARK

The women of Westeros have been perennially mutilated, murdered and mindfucked, and Sansa has been the figurehead for such fuckery throughout the series. Her father's decapitated head paraded in front of her by her fiancé, twice an unwilling bride, and a victim of rape and gruesome abuse by her second husband (a certifiable shitcunt). But this Little Dove has spread her wings, and ho boy, is it glorious. Sansa's time being manipulated and manhandled at King's Landing was not for naught – while she was treated as a lowly pawn by those vying for the Iron Throne, our girl was observing, learning how to survive and succeed at the game being orchestrated around her. A persuasive force with the support of Littlefinger, Jon Snow and Brienne of Tarth – a golden crown atop them auburn locks is well likely, and well-deserved. May she take the Iron Throne, and cast current crowned head Cersei Lannister aside – and may the opening riff of “Immigrant Song” play as she does.

2. DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Breaker of Chains, Mother of Dragons, and perpetual focal point of the term ‘girl crush’, Daenerys has remained the wellspring of womanly power from the moment she stepped out of the flames of Khal Drogo's funeral pyre: unclothed, unburnt, and unbelievably badass. It's just a bit shit that showrunners D&D never really gave Dany her dues, with later seasons reducing her to the archetypal ‘strong female character’ who stares smirking into the distance and offers up obtuse catchphrases. Dany has worked harder than anyone else in Westeros and Essos (Southos? Northos?) combined to prime herself, her posse to take back King's Landing and the Seven Kingdoms. But if we peruse her monarchical track record, shit's pretty fucked. This Stormborn saviour tends to incinerate anyone who crosses her, and under her reign Meereen turned to homicidal hellfire. Khaleesi will have to cool it if she doesn't want to go the same way as Papa Aerys.

3. TYRION LANNISTER

Tyrion is the ideal candidate for Hand of the King/Queen. He's smart, politically savvy, and not a total whackjob like the rest of his inbred family. But surely these qualities mean he's fit to

actually rule, rather than just advise? It's about time someone competent was on the throne, after blathering philanderer Robert Boobatheon, maniacal lizardboy Jerkfrey Baratheon, and ultimate soggy biscuit Tommen Boringatheon. Theory on the street is that Tyrion is in fact a Targaryen (son of Aerys Targaryen, not Tywin Lannister), and that he, Daenerys and Jon will conquer Westeros together. Though we'd quite like to see him on the throne, he's probably got too much competition to ever get there.

4. GENDRY BARATHEON

O Gendry, where art thou? One Battle of the Bastards is over (lol fuk u Ramsay), but we could well be gearing up for another if Jon ‘Wet Blanket’ Snow gets his sweet behind on the Iron Throne. Gendry is, in theory, more in line to the throne than anyone, being the true child of Robert Baratheon. Growing up as a peasant in Fleabottom would mean that he'd have the sympathy and street-smarts to be an effective and compassionate ruler. Problem is, no one knows where he is. After finally getting his dick wet courtesy of a 500-year-old megababe redhead, he was popped into a dinghy by Ser Davos and sent on his merry way, despite not knowing how to swim and never having rowed a boat before. Not your finest moment, Seaworth. We can only assume that he either made it to dry land, or got his dick even wetter by drowning. Even if he did survive, unsupported claimants to the Iron Throne have a habit of dying rather rapidly, kingsblood or no. Will he? Won't he? Well, we have to find the fucker first.

5. JON SNOW

While we're all keen to see Jon get his brooding booty on the Iron Throne, it's important to remember that the last time he was put in charge of anything his first decision was so incredibly unpopular that he was killed by his mates. In all the hype that surrounded his imminent resurrection in the inter-season break and subsequent re-living, audiences seem to have forgotten that not only are we dealing with a man who has a *Batman vs. Superman* style breakdown every time someone mentions his uncle, but also that this man was the first democratically elected leader we'd seen in five seasons of Westerosi primogeniture, and he was murdered after, like, three weeks. Good luck in King's Landing, White Wolf.

6. CERSEI LANNISTER

Witnessing Cersei's journey to the Iron Throne has been a lot like tickling someone with diarrhea: it's pretty entertaining to watch, until things end in an explosion and a big ol' mess on your hands. Cersei has been a lightning rod for intense love and virulent hatred from fans and characters alike, and now that she's Queen, there's surely only a bigger shitstorm to come. Dissent in the ranks is already palpable, as Jaime Lannister's usual “fuck me, Cersei” gaze was replaced by a “fuck you, Cersei” glare at her coronation. Whether or not the Kingslayer will be the one to end the reign of this Mad Queen remains to be seen, but a monarch who lacks the support of those closest to them doesn't have a show of holding onto power for long. While Queen C is surely to be soon replaced by another, the words of Maggy the Frog ringing true, her inauguration outfit will go down as one of the flyest in *Game of Thrones* history. Them shoulder pads were lit.

7. PETYR Baelish

Littlefinger, Littledick, Littlemorals. If this bastard sat on the throne, he would be King of WORSTeros. At least Cersei's motives are clear – protect her children (oops) and now take revenge on those who killed her children. We don't know what the fuck Petyr wants. Is it really just power? Was it Catelyn and now Sansa? He's sneaky as fuck and we can't trust any of his motives. Christ on a cracker, he's basically the one that started the War of the Five Kings by persuading Lysa to kill Jon Arryn and tell Ned and Catelyn that it was the Lannisters AND he arranged Joffrey's death AND he married Sansa off to Ramsay AND he gave Olenna Tyrell the information that led to Cersei's arrest by the Faith Militant. He's a slimy little gremlin who only cares about his slimy little self. Boooo.

Honourable mentions for characters that *should* be on the Iron Throne but don't have a snowball's chance in hell because Westeros, like the modern world, is an unfair fucking wasteland where justice will never prevail: Brienne of Tarth, Lady Olenna Tyrell, Ser Davos Seaworth, Podrick Payne, Lyanna Mormont. And we think everyday of the progressive, sassy, sultry king we could have had in Oberyon Martell. *Shekh ma shieraki anni.* ■



Editors' Essentials

THE MUSIC AND MOVIE RECOMMENDATIONS NO ONE ASKED FOR.

What was the first album you ever bought?

CAITLIN

Justin Timberlake - *FutureSex/LoveSounds*. This album could not have come at a better time for a chubby pubescent Catholic schoolgirl. 2006 marked first pube, first bank account, first time I bought an album with my own money, and – most importantly – the first time I heard “LoveStoned”. This album marked my transition into my teenage years, and what better soundtrack could I have asked for? I was so passionate about this record that I created a storyboard for a *FutureSex/LoveSounds* musical... I did this in 2014. At the age of 20. JT's second solo album is sonic *perfection*. The preludes and interludes surrounding each track blend the whole record together not as an album but as an *experience*. Justin taught me more about sex than seven years of Catholic education ever did. He's freaky, but I like it.

ANDREW

Los Campesinos! - *Hold On Now, Youngster*. Some guy recommended it to me so I bought it blind. I'm pretty sure I found that dude insufferable.

MARK

Maroon 5 - *Songs About Jane*. Long before they descended into a wankfest solo project for Adam “preying on you tonight” Levine, Maroon 5 were a fresh and funky sex-driven force of nature. Not in the rapey “Animals” way that would come to define their later years, but in the sultry seductiveness of “Sunday Morning” and “Shiver”. *Songs About Jane* is simply banger after banger, covering the whole spectrum of human emotion in a tidy 46 minutes.

SAMANTHA

Anastacia - *I'm Outta Love*. I got this single at the tender age of six, and I loved it so much that I took it to school for show and tell. And I got in trouble because the cover featured Anastacia shirtless, from behind, baring her lower back tattoo. Then I shoved my lunchbox into my schoolbag after morning tea and cracked the CD case in the process. This grief was just a glimpse into the heartbreak and romantic turmoil that Anastacia tried to teach me about. This song remains a 10/10 banger. The way she rips up that fuckboy's number at the end of the music video remains a 10/10 boss-bitch move.

WINIFRED

S Club 7 - *Sunshine*. I don't remember the first CD that I actually bought for myself, but this was the first CD I was ever given. It feels like a very predictable but still fab first album. I also got the S Club style magazine (thanks

mum!) and was a lil bit in love with Brad – who apparently was able to fall asleep standing up, according to the magazine. Good stuff.

CATRIONA

My first musical purchases were bought at Sounds (#RIP): Madonna's “Hung Up” because after watching the music video, I aspired to be that fit and flexible heading into my fifties, and My Chemical Romance's “Helena” because after watching the music video, I learnt that it is perfectly possible to do a dance number not only at your wedding, but at your funeral too.

HANNAH

Kelly Clarkson - *Breakaway*. At the fresh age of ten, I had reached double digits and it was time for me to start dreaming of the future. If *Breakaway* doesn't get you singing into your hairbrush and choreographing inspirational dance routines then nothing will. The song “Breakaway” also featured on arguably the best movie of the 2000s, *Princess Diaries 2*, so it must be a banger. Kelly also taught me how to sass the pants of any heartbreakers out there, with my personal favourite “Since U Been Gone”. Anyone who breaks your heart most definitely does not deserve you wasting your time writing words out in full for them.

JORDAN

Gorillaz - *Gorillaz*. Because I liked that they were cartoons. ■

R18

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BEER PONG
TOURNAMENT
6PM THURSDAY JULY 21ST, SHADOWS BAR



Brexit: Lies, Idiocy, and A Lot Of Things Being On Fire (All At Once)

WITH ELOISE SIMS

Perhaps it was apt that I was listening to the Sex Pistols on the day of the EU Referendum. I've loved the Pistols since childhood, my father being a reformed Camden punk. Lullaby suggestions always included his treasured yellow copy of *Never Mind The Bollocks*. Maybe I was feeling nostalgic as I searched for "God Save the Queen" on Spotify.

*There is no future
In England's dreaming
No future
No future*

For you

Two days later, the comedian Bill Bailey tweeted those exact lyrics. Sign of the times, perhaps. When the Pistols penned them, they were voicing sympathy with a disenfranchised British working class. Nearly forty years later, they express the intense psychological distress sweeping across Britain in the wake of Brexit.

Before the referendum, we had discussed our result predictions with quiet certainty. Everyone I spoke to was convinced Remain would win. Even Nigel Farage, pro-Leave leader of the anti-immigrant UK Independence Party (UKIP), believed Remain would "edge it out" in the end. Apparently, this is the reason why thousands of people voted Leave, as a protest vote against the bureaucracy of the EU.

One prime example included a casual acquaintance of mine. "I didn't actually want to leave the EU." He whined. "I thought if Leave's numbers were high enough, the EU would sit up and pay attention to what we needed. How was I meant to know that we would leave?"

"That tends to be how voting actually works." I said acerbically.

Yet as we woke on a panicked grey morning, we realized how many of the British public had failed to realize how many crucial things *actually worked*.

For instance, my beloved Wales had voted to leave in a stunning majority. 52.5% of all

enrolled Welsh voters backed Leave.

Good! Some said. They're taking their country back! They're voting to free Wales from EU bureaucracy, from all the money it takes from them!

However, this would be failing to recall that their Wales received 747 million euros in funding from the EU annually. While Wales contributed about 630 million in 2010, it certainly received more than it lost from being in the European Union. Indeed, on average, 117 million euros more. This money, desperately needed in many post-industrial Welsh towns, gave students exchange scholarships, subsidized Welsh farms, and created employment-training workshops.

However, Wales is perhaps merely a tiny instance in the enormity of a picture of what the UK has just done.

And that picture seems like this – an imaginary scenario that's currently circulating Twitter in a way to explain Brexit clearly.

You wake up one night, and hear a burglar in your house.

Worried that the burglar might be Polish (and here for your job), you pick up the gun, and shoot yourself in the foot.

From that, it's easy to characterize the majority of the British public as absolute morons who shouldn't have been trusted with the ability to decide in the first place. I'm sure that this is the mental image that the majority of New Zealanders possess. From the outside – our island nation – it seems easy to see how efficiently and stupidly Britain has sacrificed their future. But this scene misses many, many key elements. These elements are the true tragedy in a Brexit story that's dismal enough to begin with.

Those who voted Leave did so based on a lot of promises made by politicians such as Nigel Farage, or Boris Johnson (former Mayor of London; current shit orangutan). And they promised a lot. Immigration would be slashed. Border controls would go up tenfold. The UK's economy would prosper without the EU. There would be more jobs. The money supposed to go to the EU would go to Britain's National Health Service instead.

People believed them.

20 minutes after the votes were finalized, Farage admitted immigration would not change.

A day later, Johnson denied having ever made the claim that EU money would instead fund the NHS.

That morning, the pound dropped a record 11% to levels unseen before Black Monday. In

paying for a parking ticket that day, I used my New Zealand card. 10 pounds – typically 22-25 dollars – that day, was 19.5 NZD.

So, yes, Britain has certainly royally screwed up. There is little doubt leaving the EU has the potential to be an unmitigated economic disaster. The UK stands to lose its main trading partner, and the alliances, aid, and ear, of many powerful nations. But it's important to remember that people voted to leave not based out of stupidity and ignorance.

They voted out of real (if occasionally racist) concerns over immigration, the economy, employment, and the National Health Service. Both Farage and Johnson manipulated these concerns. Now, with the result they apparently wanted, they refuse to be the ones to clean up the years of shit-show deluge that are going to come.

Johnson has quickly ruled himself out of the race for the Conservative (like National, but more right-wing) leadership. Later, Farage stepped down as leader of his party, claiming it was time for the "real me to shine" (one can only assume he will be shedding his outer appearance to embrace his true form as a lizard man).

Both of these men fell on their own swords. Seems fitting, doesn't it?

After all, haven't they made their country do the exact same thing? ■



Undercover With The Jocks

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

You see them everywhere you go. Tall. Wearing shorts despite the cold. Caps worn backwards; socks at half-mast. Often holding protein shakers or wearing New Balance shoes.

Sports fans.

For years I have longed to join their clique. I have observed them exchange handshakes in public spaces and share good-natured memes to one another's Facebook walls, pleasantly deriding their friends' allegiances. I have seen them slowly gather at parties (like sediment settling in the bottom of a bottle of premium ginger beer) to loudly question Steve Hansen's lack of faith in Julian Savea and bemoan the mid-2000s rotation policy that Graham "Ted" Henry so ardently defended. At a function where everyone's a stranger and everyone's slightly on edge, sweating lightly in their suits, sports fans utter their secret passwords and form a loud, handsome, tanned crew that draws all attention and dominates all conversation.

I don't hate them. In fact, the opposite is true – I've always wanted to be one of them. I envy their ease. I was thirsty for the Kool-Aid.

I've had a couple of false starts. In 2012 I decided to watch the Olympics. However, being a Usain Bolt fan doesn't get you much mileage. An event that lasts under 10 seconds and only happens meaningfully once every four years (and I'm not talking about my sex life with my first wife! Amirite!) is hard to chat about. I tried watching football, but then I realised that it's

boring and on at weird times. I got into the Cricket World Cup in a big way, but because the Black Caps did so well it became a national obsession and therefore conversationally akin to talking about other great New Zealand things, like *Lord of the Rings* and the housing crisis. It didn't give me the opportunity to show the kind of specialised knowledge that gets you into the sports fans club.

Then, this year, my salvation arrived. My golden ticket. It was six feet and eight inches tall. It had a receding hairline, giant hands, and a charitable foundation dedicated to improving the education system in Northeast Ohio. It was a part-time actor, sometime fashion icon, and bona fide megastar (the kind that comes along once every twenty years). In short, it was the kind of person it's easy to root for. It was a he, and he was LeBron James, a man who will go down in history as one of the top three greatest basketball players of all time.

That last sentence is one I'm allowed to write now, because during the course of this year's NBA Finals I became a basketball fan. I watched games! I called DeAndre Jordan a choker at the free-throw line, and criticised the Clippers for conclusively proving they are a bust of a team! I prayed Kyrie would stay healthy! I yelled "LET WESTBROOK BE WESTBROOK!" to anyone who'd listen! I even shouted myself hoarse as LeBron led Cleveland to a historic upset victory over the reigning champions, the Golden State Warriors, and brought the kind of glory to Cleveland that the city hadn't seen since the mid 20th century.

If that last paragraph meant nothing to you, it's because you're not a sports fan. You're not

in the club – you're cold from standing in line, and you're full of righteous anger because the bouncer just pretended to look at your ID before turning you away. You feel how I felt until a few short weeks ago. You might see me walking through campus – I've traded my chinos for shorts, and my sensible shoes for lightweight running shoes that lack the ankle support my lumbering frame desperately needs. I'm the guy wearing a hat even though it ain't sunny; heck, wearing a hat even though he's *indoors*.

Suddenly, things started changing. I was added to group chats I never knew existed. My Facebook statuses began resembling an American middle-schooler's: I offered my hot takes of games as they unfolded. I even Instagrammed a basketball player with a new nickname I'd just created (Carmelo "Smooth Stroke" Anthony © Rayhan Langdana 2016).

I'm a sports fan now. I live and die by the whistle. I think about trades, free agency, and whether I should buy a Michael Jordan Chicago Bulls Jersey. Anyway, I'd better run – the NBA summer league is on and despite being exhausted, I have to go and form some opinions about it if I wanna stay in the club. ■



broadcast. 95 **b** FM

We're already halfway through the year and crazily, bFM is still a radio station that lives at the top of the quad. It's like the place in Harry Potter where *SPOILER ALERT* Dumbledore gets gunned down by Severus Snape in an act of complicated heroism. But instead of dead old wizards, our halls are filled with the ancient bearded spines of good music. And a Street Fighter machine!

We have staff who come in a trudge through the working week, filling out spreadsheets and cleaning computers. But the real heart and soul of 95bFM is its platoon of volunteers. You

probably see them around campus, shaving their heads and scampering to Shadows at the earliest convenience, then rushing back into the studio to do a glorious and stammering news read or play something long and weird from Korea. They're excellent and they make our little station good.

If you're interested in joining the b team, come say hello and drink some complimentary water or Red Bull. We're on the top floor of the AUSA building, opposite the cultural space and *Craccum* office. We just got new carpet!

TOP TEN

1. The Echo Ohs — You Don't Mind
2. Invisible Threads — Memorax
3. Badbadnotgood — Lavender ft. Kaytranada
4. Aporia — Stereomoon
5. Kip McGrath — Out of Control
6. Miss June — Anxiety On Repeat
7. Te Huhu — Over Here
8. Bacao Rhythm and Steel Band — P.I.M.P
9. Blood Orange — Best To You
10. De La Soul — Pain ft Snoop Dog



The Five Stages of Staring

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Don't think about staring, especially during interviews, first dates, or, to be completely fair, ever. It's like manual breathing, as soon as the thought crosses your mind, you can't stop doing it and peril ensues.

You begin by confidently looking your counterpart in the eye to demonstrate your engagement. A twinge of panic then hits you as you realise you've been looking for too long. *Fuck, fuck, fuck, what do I do now?* You can't blink.

You can't think. So, you move your focal point – the nose, an ear, anything but the one eye that you'd been concentrating your efforts on (and yes, by this stage you've moved from the nonchalant comfort of both eyes to the heady cyclops approach). Perhaps after a successful mental tug-of-war you can pull yourself to stare at a bookshelf in the background, but you'll never be free of staring until you get sufficiently distracted by other matters. Just 'looking' is a privilege easily lost.

Staring can become a hypersensitive delirium, a blank canvas on which you project what I like to call 'liberal guilt'. Take my daily bus commute into university as an example. On certain days, the staring bug infects me and I end up scrutinizing an old man with wrinkles I thought looked cool or a girl with a particularly eccentric colour for her frosted tips. Depending on who my stare-ee is on a given day, my anxieties shift. Last week I found myself looking (I thought subtly) at a young middle-eastern guy who had an epic novelty shirt on. The usual stages of staring shifted: *stop staring at him. He probably thinks you're profiling him. Fuck, he knows I'm staring. I'm not a racist, seriously – I'm not looking because I think you're a terrorist.* You try to convey this with your eyes. *I know old white people probably do this all the time, but that's not me man. I just liked your shirt. Fuck, now he's pissed off with me.*

The situation is worse still if it is a girl (woops, heteronormative). It's like voluntarily picking

up all the historical baggage that comes with the male gaze. A few seconds too long inspecting her amazing shoulder tattoo of the White Tree of Gondor and the staring spiral begins. Because after you enter the stages of staring, the thing that initially caught your attention isn't even your focus anymore. You can't stop staring because you know you need to stop; and you need to stop because otherwise you're the asshole who can't resist the eye candy.

The real perversity is that even if you began staring for benign reasons, through the anxiety of the staring spiral, you end up carrying out the harm that causes your anxiety. Here are the stages:

Stage 1 – the look: interest piqued by odd quirk.

Stage 2 – the turn: transition from looking to staring.

Stage 3 – realization: knowledge of staring by both parties.

Stage 4 – anxiety: liberal guilt applicable to particular target of staring.

Stage 5 – the forbidden fruit: we all know what happens here.

By Stage 5 you are staring with knowledge of the target's discomfort, and the liberal anxiety is making you stare for the sexist or racist reason rather than your innocent Stage 1 reason. You're fucked. ■

Mayorly Interested

WITH ADEEL MALIK

I think for the first time in my life I might actually vote for the right wing candidate. As the Auckland mayoral race is gathering more momentum it is clear that one candidate is thinking about the issues Auckland is facing – predominantly the housing crisis – and the other is pandering to Baby Boomers.

So far Phil Goff has not only opposed the Unitary Plan, being the advocate of the rich and enfranchised – limiting Auckland's housing supply for 20 or so years – but has pretended like there is no issue to solve. There has been no press release or coherent plan about the in-

creased number of people living in cars, streets and cramped housing.

So what does Victoria Crone, the former Xero MD, offer? Firstly, an acknowledgement that there is a housing crisis, and that the council has a responsibility to do something about it. In her interview with Radio NZ, Crone mentioned how Auckland is 20,000 houses short.

This is a stark deviation from what National is claiming which is – crisis? What crisis? If there is a crisis we are not responsible for it, we are making way more homes than Labour did and why blame us, only the Council can solve this anyway.

Crone also deals with the issue in a substantially more nuanced way than Goff, who wants to build more houses on the outskirts of one of the largest cities for its population in the world, and turn the golf course in Remuera into a housing development. Suffice to say Goff's plan is a bit of a turd sandwich, with extra shit.

Although one should not read too much into a single radio interview, Crone proposed –

potentially – higher rates on land and empty dwellings. The idea is that such taxes would incentivise home owners and property developers to rent out or develop the property they own, rather than just accumulating wealth through increases in property prices.

Lastly and most importantly, please vote in the council election. The greatest generation may have given birth to one of the worst and you might not vote but grannies in Grey Lynn will. Old people vote, but they also don't give a fuck because they will be dead soon. ■



SEX, DRUGS & ELECTORAL ROLLS

The Newest Political Weapon

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

Isn't it funny how conceptions in politics change? Thirty years ago, National was the party of state ownership, the command economy, and fervent, ferocious opposition to the onslaught of Neoliberalism.

Two years ago, what you might term to be 'Euroscepticism' was a pretty common left-wing position. Especially in light of what the E.U. Troika was doing to Greece, as well as the austerity agendas being meted out in Spain and other Mediterranean member-states, this seemed entirely concordant with what we'd conventionally understand as a 'progressive', 'left-wing' or even 'socialist' position. And presumably explains why the reaction to these forces came *from* the left.

But flash forward a mere twenty four months – or possibly even twelve months given the somewhat disappointing SYRIZA 'last stand' against austerity in Greece was carried out about this time last year – and you find a very, very different picture.

I wrote an article mere hours after #Brexit became reality in which I passionately argued that the referendum result represented a striking blow against one of the world's foremost and most powerful ardent-neoliberal institutions. I pointed out that the same supernational structure directly responsible for the present economic chaos in at least a half a dozen countries – and who repeatedly forced less well-off economies to embark upon a series of quite frankly ruinous and anti-worker fiscal implosions – was now in panic mode. That ordinary people, many if not most of them working people and other less well-off voters, had managed to take back some measure of control of their own economic and political destiny from nefarious forces ranging from Goldman Sachs and J.P. Morgan (who donated handsomely to the Remain campaign) through to the collected might of many of the most reactionary elements inside the UK Conservative Party.

It was shortly after that that I was told I was defending and equivocating racism – nothing more, nothing less.

And to be fair, there has been a marked and well reported upswing in race-based conflict in the UK since the vote came in. There's a clear link here, and there ought to be an even clearer condemnation.

But if you can count on one thing in politics, it's

the steadfast reduction of a substantial set of diverse elements which go into making an event into a single-dimensioned one-issue soundbite which is far easier to disseminate and much simpler to understand and internalize for external observers.

This is how you wind up with things like the Iraq War: an extraordinarily complex and multifaceted situation is reduced down to "we're fighting evil", and suddenly ten million rednecks are up in arms clamoring to invade a former US client-state which had absolutely nothing to do with 9/11.

The above example also helps to elucidate another important truth about this kind of reductionism in politics. It's not just a function of the sixty-second news-cycle; nor even the much-vaunted declining IQs and attention-spans of voters. Instead, it's an actively weaponized tactic and technique frequently deployed by right-wing forces who know they're on shaky ground with an issue, yet want to lure in outside support for whichever deleterious agenda or policy they're pushing.

We've seen it repeatedly recently with New Zealand politics. If you opposed the TPPA, it wasn't because you were sketchy about surrendering our sovereignty to US-based multinationals; it was because you were a xenophobe. On Auckland house-prices, the same thing happened. Never mind that bastion of unreconstructed Marxist ideological revolutionary insurgency, the Reserve Bank, coming out and openly stating that immigration flows were having an impact on housing affordability (or a simple number-crunch with a pocket calculator noting that the net migration inflow into Auckland was almost ten times the number of new houses built might indicate something of a demand-side problem) – if you were leery about something that's quite clearly going on right before our collective eyes like the steady stream of foreign buyers pushing up house-prices, it was quite clearly because you were racist and more specifically Sinophobic. Same deal if you were uneasy about the escalating foreign ownership of our nation's farmland and other assets.

As you can see, the line that criticism of a neoliberal policy thrust is somehow axiomatically racist in both impetus and ambit is now a favoured tool of the Right. This is for two simple reasons. First up, it's a nice way of securing the moral high ground from which to mount vigorous counter-attacks (because nobody likes a racist nor wants to be affiliated with them in public – at least in theory and in polite company); and second, because concern about racism has historically been very much a left-wing and progressive demesne.

Making solidly economic issues into unbearably racist ones is therefore a most efficient form of 'culture-jamming' for our Neoliberal Overlords, because it manages to divide the Left against itself through pitting two strongly left-wing concerns

against one another in the minds of activists.

We thus wind up with the present situation wherein it's not even possible to have a legitimate debate, in the eyes of some, over what Brexit might mean, or how we do something about one of the lead drivers of housing unaffordability, without a certain crew customarily domiciled down in the intellectual peanut gallery self-righteously taking it upon themselves to call a halt to the whole thing because it uncomfortably intersects with their thought-plane in a jarring manner.

Now you'll note I used the word "debate". That's because I genuinely believe that it's perfectly possible for a reasonably intelligent human being to hold several different thoughts in their head at the same time without suffering from an intellectual migraine and having to collapse everything down to a questionably true singularity.

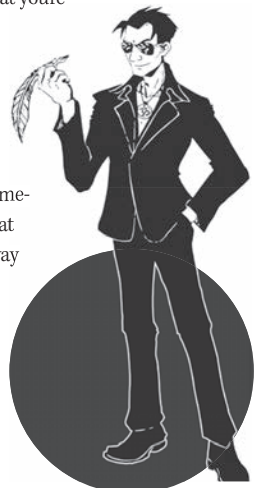
In that spirit, it is therefore not just possible but *outright desirable* for concerned citizens to believe that some of the people who voted for #Brexit did so out of xenophobic or outright racist motivations, but that the referendum result might also nevertheless be something of a Good Thing from a left-wing perspective.

It's exactly the same sort of logic which allows us to concede that a certain portion of the Green Party's vote comes from chemtrail enthusiast anti-vax crystal healing weirdos (to a sufficient extent that one of their own MPs felt compelled to advocate homeopathy as a serious solution for Ebola), yet at the same time recognize that the Greens' presence in Parliament is, arguably, something of a serious victory for science and technology in many areas and that they have a meaningful contribution to make when it comes to, say, evidence-based environmental policy.

We don't throw out the conclusions or the impact they can have simply because some of the people who've helped to make it happen are, to put it bluntly, scientifically objectionable outlier wingnuts.

And yet, that seems to be exactly the sort of false equivalency we're being asked to draw with movements like Brexit. That you're either mad-down for antidemocratic neoliberal austerity-boots-on-her-face-forever, or you're with the racists.

Somewhere out there, I am convinced, Crosby-Textor or somebody is dramatically overjoyed at having finally found the ideal way to use leftist-logic against us in a bid to force us to side with the Right and vote or agitate against our own political interests. ■



LIFE IS TOO LONG

Chekhov's Hobo

WITH SHMULY LEOPOLD

Shmuly, famed columnist, identity warrior, and figure about campus woke early and bitterly. The taste of old garbage and stale vomit fermenting in the sides of his cheeks and under his tongue. His head hurt. The alarm rang in his ears. So too did the obnoxious and probably semi-fallible third person narrator. *Why today*, he wondered. Why this sudden break from form? What does this suggest? Is this canon? And more such questions flung themselves against the walls of Shmuly's increasingly enfeebled (but no less aggressive) mind.

Shmuly was off to meet the Ponse. A disgraced former columnist and philosopher (faithful readers will recall his first week's contribution, and no doubt have been begging for more since). He and the Ponse had not spoken in some months, presumably a result of *The Unpleasantness*. A classic incident between Shmuly and the Ponse, the kind of event that looms over a friendship and works as a helpful framing device in columns.

The Ponse, having recently left university to pursue sartorial career, had developed a quick refreshing morning routine. Grinning he'd leap from his single bed and jog to his dresser. He'd quickly exercise his abdominal muscles by way of an eight-minute coughing session (the Ponse, like Shmuly, smoked cigarettes, and motifs are important when writing). After this duathlon of bedroom exercise the Ponse would selected his favourite suit (a Lord Georgio Chen designed five piece which communicated supreme breeding, piercing intellect, and severe debt). Ponse would then proceed to the bathroom. Commit his ablutions. Spend forty minutes attempting to shave with an expensive straight-razor before bleedingly quitting and selecting his finest Bic. The Ponse looked in the mirror, face developing fine lines around the eyes and hoods over them. The Ponse thought about *The Unpleasantness* and frowned.

The freshly suited and haphazardly shaved Ponse emerged from his apartmental-womb. The local homeless Stench showed up. Stench was one of those gross fat Queen-Street-MacDonald's hobos, not those sexy slender K Road

hobos. Stench requested two dollars. The Ponse had no interest in giving Stench two dollars. "I have no interest in giving you two dollars, Stench," proclaimed the Ponse. "My name is James. The ads say I'm homeless not worthless." The Ponse, not caring, walked on.

Shmuly arrived at the Station. The one on Pitt street that is a bar. Not the one by law school, that is a crappy restaurant filled with crappy law students. Shmuly ordered a beer. "We don't serve beer before 11am" replied the bartender, rudely. Shmulz, our hero, settled down with a long black and waited for the Ponse. Not wanting to smoke his own cigarettes he left his pack unopened in his bag, fully aware the Ponse would provide. Shmuly mulled over *The Unpleasantness*, concerned and frankly a little awkward.

"Blanche!" screamed the Ponse on arrival. Shmuly looked up. The Ponse sat down, ordered a flat white, and began to converse. They talked of many things, of the decline of the Simpsons (a topic about which Shmuly was deeply passionate), of House of Cards (Shmuly hated it, Ponse loved it for its deep philosophical content), and of course they spoke of The State of Things.

"Umm, how are you?" asked Shmuly. "Well, ok" sighed Ponse. "That's good" Shmuly replied to the reply. A brief moment of eye contact before the Ponse proffered a cheap cigarette (Rothman blue). Shmuly accepted and thus five full minutes were consumed with lighting and sucking and blowing and coughing and eventually stubbing. Back to the rip-roaring conversation. "Look, I think we should talk about, you know, things..."

"I've long wanted to discuss *things* with you Shmulz my dear" noted the Ponse, with an air of genteel sadness laced with a hint of forgiveness.

"I don't really think about things you know, just don't care much, never did. Never will. Just me" lied Shmuly.

Sensing a lie the Ponse lit a cigarette and refused to offer one. Shmuly naturally took one without asking. Assuming he was owed that much. "Is that Stench over by the loos?" Asked Shmuly. "Oh yeah. What a smelly cunt." The Ponse proceeded to list all the people he thought were smelly cunts: "the right wing, the SJWs, the government, Trump, Clinton, other Clinton, the media, the establishment, bullies, *Craccum 2016...*" "Well sure, I get your perspective on the matter. But I prefer to approach all things with a certain cold aloofness" noted Shmuly. Stench drew closer.

"If anyone is aloof here it is I!" replied the Ponse. And just as Shmuly was raring to enter this very same argument for the hundredth

time (he planned to use his favourite rebuttal "fuck off") Stench, James that is, drove a serrated steak-knife into Ponse's left hand. The Ponse let out a cry. Stench, James, ran away as quickly as his fat little legs could carry him.

The Ponse promptly fell to the ground in agony. "Today I die!" he cried. "Look you're fine" muttered Shmuly, aloofly. "A horse, a horse..." Ponse began to respond. "We need to discuss *The Unpleasantness* before you die mate" responded Shmuly, again cool and disinterested. "Rosebud" gasped the Ponse before shutting his eyes, and burying his face in a pot plant. ■



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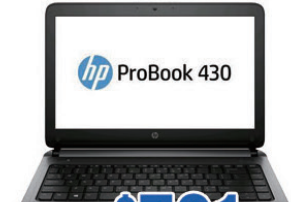
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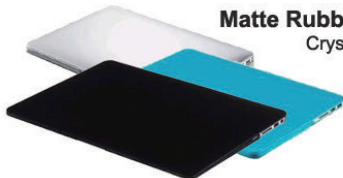


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