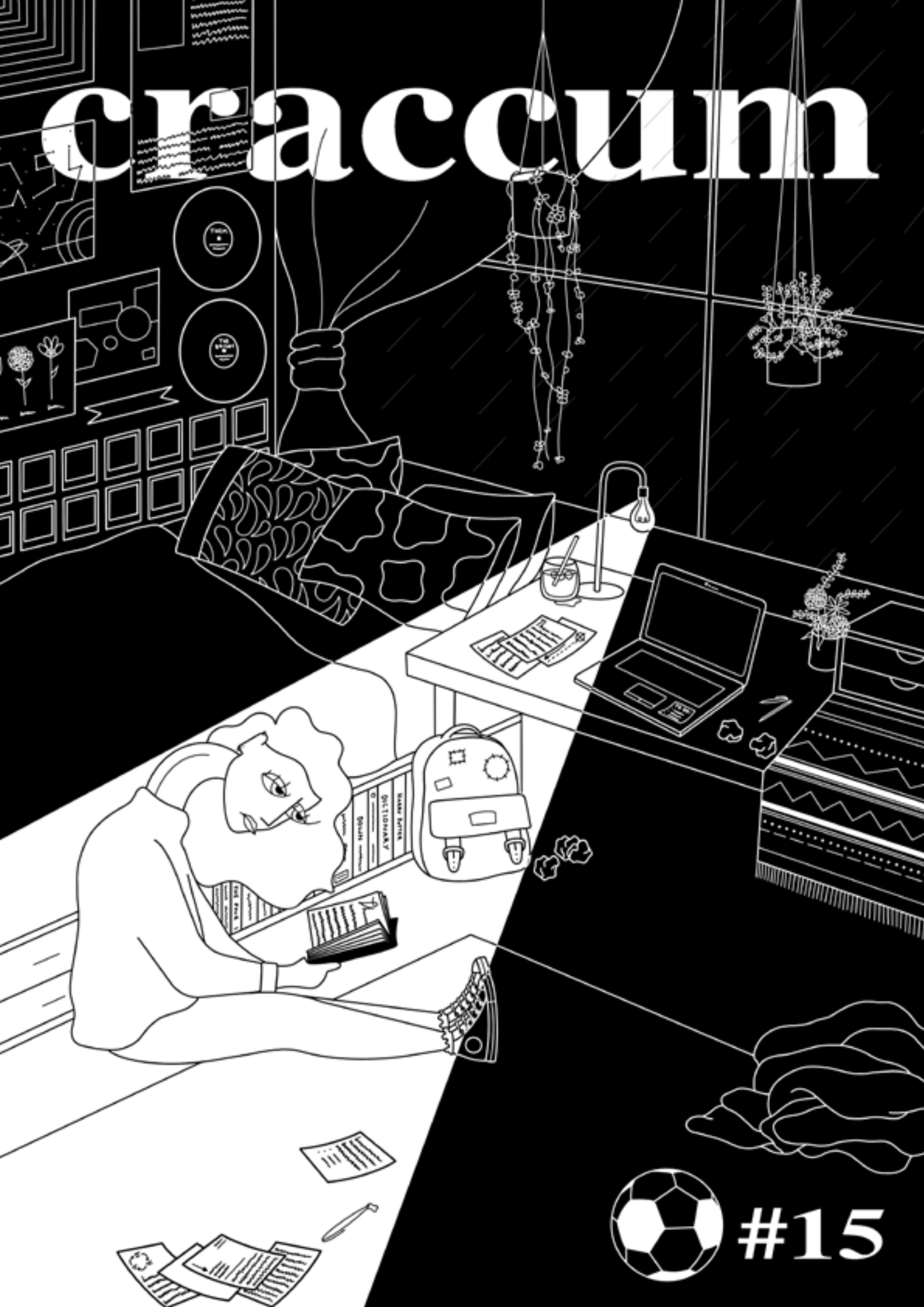


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#15



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WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!
JUST SEND US AN EMAIL!

CORNERSTONES OF CRACCUM

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Haven't you heard? Silence is golden.

Picture this: a timid girl, fresh out of the nurturing cocoon of a kura kaupapa, stepping foot into the imposing world of mainstream schooling. An all-girls school awaited, with hallways smelling of hello kitty underarm and Uncle Ben's pies.

I managed to pass the aptitude test and even talked my way through a Deans interview. But this feign of intelligence disappeared at the mention of my placement in the accelerated stream on the first day of class.

Surrounded by the brightest and most opinionated twelve year old minds of Rotorua, our classroom was often a minefield of political beliefs and personal morals. Teen pregnancy, binge drinking, domestic violence and even the 'immorality' of plastic surgery.

Our different upbringings were evident in the way we approached issues and how we treated those we thought 'against' us. If God was a defence, the rights of man were spat back. We thought of ourselves as champions of change, but at the end of the day we were just mouthpieces for whatever information we received at home.

Our year 9 English teacher, Miss Morgan, a lovely pākehā woman who also took our art lessons often saw us at our very worst. After a particularly heated mock debate on drink driving, in an attempt to get us out of the space of tūmataurangi—of war and words, she played us the 1967 Tremeloes hit, *'Silence is Golden.'*

and understanding the tāonga that is quiet introspection. From that day on the song featured in our silent reading playlist, played during independent study and on occasion welcomed us into lessons.

What I've come to realise is that in this industry a quick reaction and even quicker fingers will get you a long way. We are often at the helm of talkback politics, misguided opinion pieces and morning tv hosts filling air time with ill-considered opinions.

As the mainstream media struggles with the impact of social media on news, they are under more pressure than ever to spew out constant content and keep up. In the fight for your attention, facts and reason are left at the door. Initial reporting is breathless, speculative and by the time the truth becomes clear, nobody is there to hear it.

Before PM Hipkins had even finished announcing the details of Kiri Allan's resignation, we were blasted with armchair analysis. Following the Auckland shooting we've been flooded with speculation and faux concern from personalities who can't even pronounce the names of the victims.

How about we all just shut the fuck up? It'll be tough, we know. Because if there aren't wildly uninformed opinions, what is there?

Cutting regurgitated 'facts' out of topics of conversation will leave a lot of empty air, but it's not as scary as the alternative—transformative conversation.

This election has been dominated by misinformation. Last season's vaccination boogeyman has been replaced with Co-Governance. And Julian Batchelor is the newest conduit leading the charge and raising an army from the nearly dead, apologies Grey Power associates.



He exemplifies the need for all to just shut the fuck up sometimes. What are Julian's qualifications to speak on Māori-Pākehā relations? His degree in theology? His experience as the director of a company he created?

Despite all this, councils, mayors and your uncle with the farm just can't get enough of him. Julian's inability to shut up has attracted a crowd equally unable to do so; Crowds attract the media, and the media attracts more crowds.

It's often said that prejudice comes from ignorance, and yet the information age hasn't made us any smarter.

We're facing a lot of hard problems right now, opinions on co-governance, mental-health, crime and the cost of living; to which there are no easy solutions. Despite this we've all individually decided we have the solution and aren't willing to have them challenged.

Transformative conversation looks like shutting the fuck up and listening. Opening an ear to those most affected, to those most knowledgeable and to those with inclusive innovation.

Remember, talk is cheap.

... ..
... ..

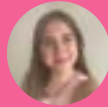


She made a whole show about listening to other people, perspectives

"SLEAZY SCAMMERS"

and the privatisation of competitive course tutoring

For only a few thousand dollars, you too can have your biggest insecurities preyed upon



TALIA NICOL

It was my first ever LAW121 lecture. I sat down in a sea of ill fitted suits, the lecturer entered the room, and we were told two things. One: look around your classmates. For every three of you right now, two of you will not be in this programme at the beginning of next year. Two: no matter how stressed you get, no matter how badly you want to be that one in three, do not fall prey to external tutoring companies. They are, in loose terms, the devil you do not want to know.

They were referring to Momentum Tutoring, a company set up to help "students gain admission to competitive programmes". It offers tutoring primarily in first year law, and is currently flouting an individual tutoring instalment plan of only "\$600 every two weeks for four weeks" (just say \$1,200, I'm begging you). It's a compelling package, providing 12 hours of individual tutorials with someone that has absolutely no faculty association whatsoever. For a slightly less steep price, you can enter group tutoring, which seems to be a lot of paying to write essays under exam conditions in a dingy room on a Sunday night at 7pm.

The Faculty of Medical and Health Sciences has its own even more exclusive, intense programme, known as MedView. For a measly \$3,999, you can purchase the "Complete Package"—setting you up for a lovely summer where you'll learn the first six weeks of (alleged) course content and "get ahead of the competition". You'll then have access to private group workshops throughout the year, touted as a way to "start university life on the right foot, with the right people". I'm assuming by "the right people" they're referring to other trust fund kids who can afford to front up about an additional semester's worth of fees (*in this economy*).

Ironically, both services offer guarantees that are in fact not guarantees at all. In spite of the claim made by MedView that,

"We are your one-stop-shop for getting into medical school", they're clearly not certain enough of their own proviso to actually offer any money-back scheme. Likewise, Momentum Tutoring's claim, "We guarantee that our advice places your best interests first" and you can tell they believe it, with their terms and conditions stating: "We do not warrant that the quality of any products, services, information, or other material purchased or obtained by you will meet your expectations, or that any errors in the Service will be corrected." In other words: you're in safe hands.

Even if such courses work, and indeed, many glorified student testimonials across both websites claim that they do, there's a much more lucrative issue at play in terms of equity. These courses remain inaccessible to the majority of each cohort who do not hail from backgrounds of wealth. Students who attend these programmes climb over the bar of difficult entrance programmes in part because of their effort and diligence, yes, but also because of the hard wad of cash they have to raise their starting point higher than that of an average student.

The ongoing privatisation of educational resources remains a serious problem, and start-ups such as MedView and Momentum Tutoring exacerbate that problem at a tertiary level, a space where inequities are just starting to level out. Though primary and secondary schools covet private education for the wealthy and those who face systemic financial barriers still fall victim to lower tertiary education admission rates, the public nature of tertiary institutions opens up doors for at least some who were locked out before. Private tertiary tutoring providers attempt to overthrow any positive progress in equity, slamming the door in the faces of students without access to financial support.



If you're a first year student in your second semester of MedSci or Law and are contemplating getting involved with private tutoring, a word of advice: don't. You do not need to spend thousands of dollars on these programmes to be successful in admission to second year. Attend your lectures, plan for tutorials and assignments, practise past exam papers both individually and with friends. A little bit of effort goes a long way. Reach out to your lecturers, your tutors, your peers for support. It's free, actually specific to your concerns, and is the best pathway to success.

As for me, I'm doing my bit to end the course of injustice by touting free Law School advice to anxious students on Reddit, and ripping down every Momentum Tutoring advertisement I find on the back of the General Library toilets.



ILLUSTRATION BY FREYA JEAN

UNDER
IN THE MATTER

the Law School on Trial Series 2023

of the STUDENTS
Applicant

AND

the SYSTEM
Respondent

Hearing:

31 July 2023

Appearances:

Craccum Magazine, Torts 2023

JUDGMENT OF NEWS J

CASE STUDY 2 - TORTS (LAW 231) 2023

The Facts

[1] LAW 231, as highlighted in Case Study 1, is a full-year course at the Law School, totalling 30 points of a 480-point undergraduate degree. The course is one of four major courses required to complete part II of the LLB and is predicated on passing or failing the course at the end of the year. As such, its completion rests with higher stakes.

[2] The applicants are current students enrolled in LAW 231, who attended a stream of lectures in Semester 1 taught by Professor Jo Manning, who alongside the wider Law Faculty, forms the case for the respondents.

[3] In Semester 1, several of the applicants reached out to both their class representatives and Professor Manning, claiming that the lectures lacked structure, requesting clarity around lecture topics and weekly expectations. The applicants asserted that the lectures were extraordinarily difficult to follow, and that they were frequently read verbatim from the course textbook, which is already assigned as individual reading. In response to this applicant email, Professor Manning sent one of her own to explain her teaching methods. The section of the email at the heart of this trial reads:

(a) You are asking to be spoon-fed. It strikes me that you haven't made the transition in terms of expectations from high school to university. This is university, not high school, and there is quite a bit of student self-directed learning expected.

[4] This section of the email prompted concern among the applicants of inequitable teaching practices. Notably, the class representatives of the paper were quick to come to the defence of the respondent, entering the Facebook Messenger chat for the course to stand by Professor Manning and use the word "spoon-fed" again in conversation with their peers. The jury should briefly note that the class representatives have been accused by the applicants of failing to represent the views of the entire cohort, and it is alleged further issues at play may have prompted the response of the class representatives. These allegations have not been evidenced to the court.

The Case for the Applicants

[5] The applicants assert that Professor Manning's general teaching was inequitable, and reflective of a larger issue in the Auckland Law School—a long fought unwillingness to ensure that all courses are accessible to all students, particularly those with disabilities. The applicants cite that as of May 2022, 8% of University students disclosed a disability (a number which is likely to be higher), yet the Law School continuously lacks both mana and fair communications in its approach to students with disabilities. The applicants comment that Manning's conduct isolated is unreasonable, but in culmination with broader equity issues, is a failure.

[6] The court notes, upon looking at expected equity conduct required by the Law School, that The University's Disability Action Plan is currently in the process of adopting the UDOIT tool on Canvas, which sets out a minimum standard of structure and accessibility for every course offered in every faculty. A baseline of equity in communications will soon be expected to apply to every course offered by the Law School. Further, the University's website reveals that students experiencing disabilities may choose to disclose these to lecturers to "prevent or reduce barriers [to learning]" so that "support may be put in place".

[7] The applicants highlight that emails like those sent by Manning, whether intended to or not, could be seen as degrading students with learning disabilities who need structure to best learn. One applicant comments, "I identify as able-bodied, and my notes from the lectures are desolate. Rather than walking next to the lecturer, it feels like we're running behind them, always trying to catch up. I can't imagine how much more difficult this is for students who identify as disabled."

[8] Another applicant provides an affidavit that they, “found Jo’s implication that students who wanted a clearer picture of the course structure as wanting to be ‘spoonfed’ uniquely ableist and demeaning. It specifically resonated with a lot of neurodiverse students because we are already facing additional struggles compared to our neurotypical peers. All we want is to be given the opportunity to have the same chances and opportunities to succeed as the students who don’t have to face the difficulties that we do, and to imply that wanting clearer structure and instruction is wanting to be ‘spoonfed’ implied that our needs resulted in our spaces in the law school being considered less valuable.”

[9] The applicants also note that this issue is not exclusive to disabled students. One applicant comments that the email made them feel, “immature and unintelligent.” Another adds, “It’s also concerning that most of us are in third year. So we’ve done the first several law papers, we’ve passed through the high GPA boundary [a 6.5 requirement]. The majority of people are clearly willing to put in the effort, otherwise they would have already failed out. So it’s very invalidating to hear, ‘we’re not going to spoon-feed you’.”

[10] The applicants argue, in short, that refusing to utilise structure will harm many students, but have a disproportionate impact on students with disabilities. By allowing what they describe as “archaic” and “draconian” teaching practices to persist, they ask members of the jury if they might draw the belief that the Law School, by implication, is failing to rise to its equity requirements.

The Case for the Respondents

[11] The Craccum team reached out to Professor Manning for comment. Herein lies the unedited testimony.

Witness for the Respondents: Professor Manning

[12] On the subject of [3] It is incorrect to say I read ‘verbatim’ from the textbook. The course is an introduction to Tort Law. Given the course textbook is also an introduction to tort law it is inevitable that the lectures cover some of the material in the textbook. On a few occasions textbook reading was deliberately drawn on in order to help students contextualise the course material.

[13] In response to [3a] The quotation you cite from my response to the student has been taken out of context from a much longer email in which I outlined that different teachers have different approaches which depend both on the teacher and the subject matter of the course. What I was trying to get across was that learning is a collaborative process between lecturer and student and that in a course of this sort it is very important for students to engage in the primary materials of the cases and statutes that make up the law, and that they take responsibility for the self-directed learning required. These are vital skills in legal practice, and I teach this way because I am committed to students doing well in their degree and as lawyers or whatever other profession they may follow.

[14] I am disappointed if any student found the course difficult to follow, however different students have different learning styles. In addition to the feedback from this particular student, I have also received positive comments from others about the teaching of this Tort Law course. I am always happy to help any student who reaches out to me about any course that I teach, and I am always keen to ensure that students on my courses have a good experience. I will, as always, reflect on how well the course has gone at the end of the year as I engage with the SET evaluations.

[15] Finally in response to an accusation not furthered, it is also incorrect to say the assessment in the class was on content not yet taught in class. It was taught by tutors in tutorials, reinforcing class concepts.

Awaiting decision

[20] Based on the evidence provided, the jury is directed to give a verdict as to whether the faculty response to diverse student equity concerns, is procedurally and substantively unjust.

Next Hearing Set: Monday, 14 August, in Issue #17.



WHAT'S ON AT YOUR STUDENT BAR THIS WEEK

\$3 COFFEE IS STILL ON THE GO - AVAILABLE FROM 10AM EACH DAY

MONDAY

PILSA AND TRT ARE
QUIZZING IT UP FROM
6PM

TUESDAY

THE BIG SHADOWS
QUIZ AT 6.30 - ALL
WELCOME

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT BAR

YOUR HOME OF **FREE LIVE SPORT** ON CAMPUS

WEDNESDAY

IT'S AULSS THIS TIME
TACKLING A QUIZ
FROM 7PM

MAJOR MAJOR STU-
DENT NIGHT WITH LIVE
DJ FROM 9PM

THURSDAY

BABY BACK BENCHES
IS BACK AT 6PM

FRIDAY

AUSA PARTY (+AGM)
WITH LOTS OF GIVE-
AWAYS AND A FREE
FEED AT 1PM

SUPA ARE RUNNING
A SOCIAL EVENT FOR
MEMBERS AT 5.30PM

TITANS AND WARRIORS
ARE PLAYING, LIVE AT
8PM

SATURDAY

UOA HOCKEY CLUB ARE
TAKING A NIGHT OFF
TO ENJOY A CHEEKY
BAR CRAWL AT 8PM

WE ARE HOSTING A
CHEEKY COOK IS-
LANDS NIGHT "STEIN"
FROM 10PM ALL
WELCOME NO TICKETS
REQUIRED!

HELLO CRANKUM!!!

ABOUT ME!



I ♥ PUZZLES ♥

I DON'T LIKE READING

CRACCLE = PUZZLES + PICTURES

~~~~~

First of All, I would like to say I am Loving the double spread of puzzles

BUT THIS IS NOT A LOVE LETTER!!!

THIS IS A HATE!! LETTER!!

1 I CAN'T SEE SHIT!!!!!!!

LOOK AT THIS →

NOW SQUINT!! →

NOTHING!!!!

This is for all my  
Colourblind homies.

IF I CAN'T SEE, COULD

YOU IMAGINE WHAT

THEY'RE SEEING?!?!?

MY PEN DOESN'T EVEN

SHOW ON THIS COLOUR!!

MAKE IT POP!!!!





# 2. CODE CRACKER

community

GOD I LOVE CODE CRACKERS!!!

ALL THAT CODE TO CRACK, WITH MY TRUSTY LETTER BANK, SO I KNOW WHICH LETTERS GO WHERE... OH WAIT!!

CRACKER ISSUE 6 (QUEER EDITION) AND NO LETTER BANK?!?! HOMO PHOBIA

## 3. ANSWERS!!

I AM SO DUMB. I NEED ANSWERS OR I AM JUST LEFT WONDERING 4 EVER  
CROSSWORD so hard... ☹

4.

**LIBRA** - Honey mustard chips. Libras are ruled by an interesting beauty, so you'll appreciate the experimental side of this combo - perhaps even chilli chocolate. Popcorn and marshmallows with a movie night. Long story short, if anyone can appreciate a strange food combination, it's definitely you!



? AM I HONEY MUSTARD? OR DOG FOOD? NO BITCHES? MORE LIKE NO MAKE SENSE

### LIBRA

This month is your time to be social and have a blast! You're more open than usual to others and if you've been putting off an important conversation, now is the time to do it babes. You love love so don't shy away from confrontation like you usually do or wait for someone else's lead, make the first move this time!



(Yes I am a Libra)

Anyway's,

LOVE YOUR WORK! XOXO

CRACKUM CRAYON CRITIC



# REFUGEES AND BILLIONAIRES

## A Statement about Media Coverage and Proportion



SARA MCKOY

\*EVERY TWO WORDS YOU READ IN THIS ARTICLE REPRESENTS ONE CASUALTY [ESTIMATE]

Over a month ago, on the 14th of June, a boat carrying as many as 750 refugees from Libya to Italy, capsized off the coast of Greece. Only 104 passengers survived the wreck while the rest, which included all women and children on board, are presently missing and presumed dead. The Greek coastguard confirmed just 82 of these deaths following the incident; a number which has not been updated in over a month. Officials claim that passengers refused offers of help in the hours leading up to the ship capsizing. However, according to survivor testimonies, the boat sank when the Greek coastguard attempted to tow the overcrowded vessel with a rope, causing it to destabilise. Testimonials also reveal that Greek coastguards did not in fact attempt to save the hundreds of people who drowned as a result.

"[Coastguards] were right next to us when it capsized" reported one survivor—who remains anonymous in fear of repercussions from Greek authorities. "The moment it sank, they moved away from us. They deliberately made us sink."

External inquiries into the wreck have found that Greek officials altered survivor testimonies to suppress their involvement. The Greek coastguard, in their investigation, lays blame of the tragedy on people smugglers, and have since arrested nine shipwreck survivors on allegations of involvement.

The exploitative operation which involves smuggling people across the Mediterranean—often at significant cost to individuals—is certainly at fault for the extremely poor conditions faced by passengers. Survivors of the incident reported deaths due to overcrowding and lack of food and water even prior to the

ship sinking . However on a wider scale, people smuggling operations fill the void of humanitarian intervention, forcing asylum-seekers to utilise dangerous escape routes, as opposed to no escape at all

Dutch sociologist and researcher on migration, Hein de Haas, argues that increased spending on border controls, as a response to increased refugee numbers, is counterproductive.

"While politicians and the media routinely blame smugglers for the suffering and dying at Europe's borders, this diverts the attention away from the fact that smuggling is a reaction to the militarisation of border controls."

In the face of strict migration policies, refugees are forced to rely on smuggling operations to escape unlivable conditions. Many of those onboard the capsized boat were fleeing Pakistan, where an economic crisis has made necessities, like food, a luxury for millions of people. A family member of a man believed to be on the shipwreck describes the heartache of hearing the news. His brother had chosen to take the journey with his 3-year-old son, in the hope of a better future.

"It's not just that 385 [Pakistani] people died, it's 385 families that are completely devastated and hopeless," said Naeem.

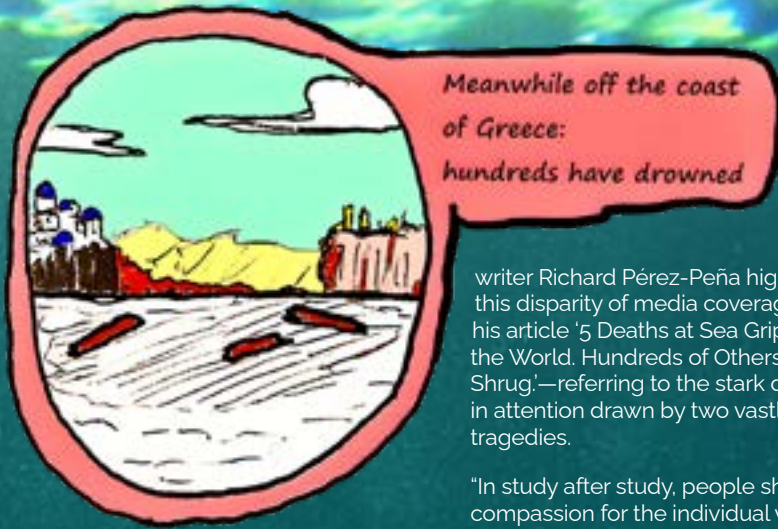
The main issue  
perpetuating  
the refugee crisis  
is the lack of  
accountability

surrounding global commitments to assist refugees. On World Refugee Day, just a few days after this tragic shipwreck, UN High Commissioner for Refugees, Filippo Grandi, urged world leaders to “live up to their responsibility” to the 35 million refugees worldwide.

"I call on governments to increase resettlement opportunities for refugees desperately in need. And I call on states to embrace policies that harness the enormous potential refugees have to contribute to the social, economic and political life of the countries hosting them. We know too well the cost of inaction: a world with the highest forced displacement in recorded history.







"We cannot let this continue."

Currently, the responsibility for refugees is undertaken by a small number of countries such as Lebanon, Uganda, Sweden and Germany, while other countries have offered little to no support at all. Not only does this create undue financial burden for those countries providing assistance to large portions of refugees, it also limits the effectiveness of applying for asylum for individuals. The application process in countries who accept high numbers of refugees can take over 3 years due to extensive backlogs.

In 2013, the European Union introduced the Dublin Regulation—an agreement between European countries surrounding shared responsibility for processing asylum applications. Ineffective implementation and squabbling has undercut the program, with countries like Italy and Greece consuming the majority of refugees, especially those arriving by boat. Greece's capacity to receive asylum seekers has been overwhelmed; and as a result large numbers of people live in overcrowded camps without access to basic humanitarian needs while their asylum applications are processed. The consequence of this, like we've witnessed already, is the more treacherous endeavour undertaken by refugee boats to reach Italy.

This refugee boat sinking is only one of the recent tragedies of this kind. Every year thousands of refugees die during their journey across the sea, fleeing violence, poverty and war. Statistics recorded are merely conservative estimates of the true extent of lives lost. The crisis is only expected to worsen as global wealth inequality increases and climate-related disasters become more frequent. Without proactive efforts by global political leaders to accommodate refugees, or financially support countries who do, the suffering of millions searching for stability is only perpetuated.

The lack of media interest and global action fuelled by this crisis makes it apparent the extent to which the lives of refugees are undervalued and underrepresented. New York Times

writer Richard Pérez-Peña highlights this disparity of media coverage in his article '5 Deaths at Sea Gripped the World. Hundreds of Others Got a Shrug.'—referring to the stark differences in attention drawn by two vastly different tragedies.

"In study after study, people show more compassion for the individual victim who can be seen in vivid detail than for a seemingly faceless mass of people."

Priyamvada Gopal describes this anonymity as the "buffer" between millions of refugees, and the rest of the world.

"Without that buffer, we would have to acknowledge the singularity and worth of the 25,000 human beings—who have drowned in the Mediterranean trying to get to Europe since 2014, and who have become, in our minds, little other than numbers with brown faces."

Undeniably, numbers and statistics on their own are difficult to conceptualise. Our technological world demands that, for a tragedy to become a spectacle, it must be visual. It must sit in front of us like a portrait to gawk at. For us to empathise with the victims, it must include pictures, captioned with names (as long as these names slide easily off the tongue). To really send the message home—to turn a tragedy into something we might actually want to acknowledge, let alone act upon—it also ought to include video footage and documentaries about them, and tear-jerking pleas for support from their loved ones.

It's not enough that many people have died and will continue to die searching for a life beyond war, poverty and climate catastrophe. These deaths must be consumable, digestible, bite-sized. Whether intentional or not, a story with five casualties has gripped the world more than a crisis with thousands of casualties, a story that is ongoing.

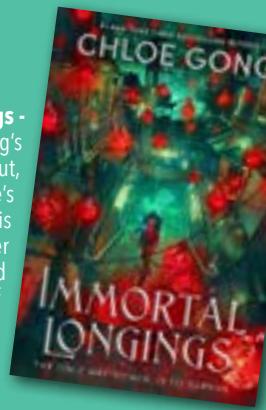
The most just way we might tell the story of hundreds (but really, of millions) of refugees, is to tell it in proportion. To acknowledge that it does not start or end with the single boat sinking that coincided with a more newsworthy tragedy.

To recognise that two words cannot represent an entire life. To emphasise that this is **PRECISELY THE POINT!**

**'EVERY TWO WORDS YOU READ IN THIS ARTICLE REPRESENTS ONE CASUALTY' (EXACT)**

5 casualties confirmed in unregulated multi-million dollar submersible vessel implosion.

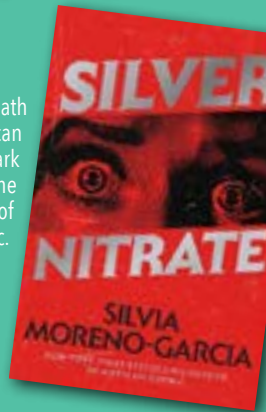
**Immortal Longings** - Kiwi author Chloe Gong's adult epic fantasy debut, inspired by Shakespeare's Anthony and Cleopatra, is a fiery collision of power plays, spilled blood, and romance amidst a set of deadly games.



**Crook Manifesto** - From two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning author Colson Whitehead comes the thrilling and entertaining sequel to Harlem Shuffle.



**Silver Nitrate** - A breath taking blend of Mexican horror movies and dark occultism from the bestselling author of Mexican Gothic.



**Bite Back** - A compassionate guide to navigating eating disorders, for those experiencing them and their loved ones, from someone who has been there.



**Ways of Being** - A mind-bending exploration of non-human intelligence, and how it holds the keys to our continuing life on earth.



# INTERNS

## The Amazing Internship Race has Begun



RAWAN SAADI

The world we're currently living in has given us all a hundred different reasons to be constantly filled with anxiety. Everyone has their own custom set of anxieties, but the one thing almost all university students constantly worry about is how to get a job after graduation.

This fear is especially driven by the knowledge that our degrees alone will most likely not be sufficient in securing us a decent grad role. With so many job descriptions demanding several years of experience, the humble student is left feeling helpless.

The paradoxical situation of needing experience in order to get a job in the field you studied in, but knowing that in order to get that experience you must first get a job, will drive any poor soul mad. Although there isn't a single clear solution, internships have been one of the most popular tools students have used in order to add that desired level of experience to their CVs.

Interning seems like the perfect way to get the so-called 'real-world' experience. That being said, with internship applications opening up and the internship expo taking place last week, it's time to do a deeper

exploration of what the internship application is like for students.

Sure, we're still in the middle of the year and December is months away, but the summer internship hunt is a tedious and competitive one, which means students have readied their weapons and are already applying.

After speaking to a few students across different faculties, it seems that students have mixed feelings when it comes to past and future internships. Almost all the students that I interviewed have started looking into and applying for internships with a mix of excitement and frustration. There was, of course diversity, in people's experiences based on the field they were aiming to get into.

Students from medical or scientific disciplines seemed to be in the process of applying for the Summer Research Scholarship. These scholarships give successful students a stipend of \$6,750 to conduct a supervised research project for ten weeks over the summer break. There was definitely a sense of eagerness from students about this scholarship. Two of the students I interviewed had applied to do research related to their field of optometry

and expressed the high value of an opportunity to do something practical.

The shared experience between students in medical fields seemed to be a desire to step outside a pathway that is often set in stone for them. One student said they were looking into the research scholarship as a way of gaining experience "beyond" their degree as a way of contributing "better care for future patients." A desire that is without a doubt a noble one. Achieving it, however, is easier said than done.

**As exciting as the opportunity to spend the summer researching is for these students, both found that the application process was exhausting and time consuming.**

One student claimed it had taken her and her friends almost four hours just to find the application. After finding the application came the process



# S WANTED!

of answering all kinds of questions, some in essay form. Can you really blame them for then saying that procrastination was an issue? Who wouldn't procrastinate?

The experience of becoming gradually more irritated whilst looking and applying for internships was a unanimous one amongst students. One student studying finance pointed out that the competition for internships makes it difficult to stand out and get ahead. This race for fear of being lost and overwhelmed became even more clear when talking to students that were studying degrees with less rigid pathways, like Arts or Communications.

These students had a unique view on what internships could offer and how they can go about obtaining them. One student in particular, in their final year of a media and communications degree, had spent almost a year doing unpaid internships or volunteer work in order to build their CV before getting a job with Arts+ management, as well as Sephora. Their first internship was with the Chinese NZ Herald, doing social media work. Then they went on to do research for the International office under the Micro Internship program, whilst also working as an Arts+ mentor and being involved in different clubs.

They said the biggest obstacle they had faced in trying to get work was both the competition they faced, and the high level of experience that was demanded of them from applications.

"I spent one semester honing my skills, and eventually, I got myself into this leadership position".

They said this was not only true for them but for most arts students that they mentor through Arts+.

Although the arts is filled with diverse and multi-disciplinary majors, there was a shared familiarity with the need to build connections and create a network. There is an understanding amongst students in these fields that the degree is not enough to get them

started in a career. They are pushed to build their skillset beyond the confines of their degree at every given opportunity.

However, many students, across all faculties, find it near impossible to devote that much time doing unpaid work. For many students, especially during the cost of living crisis, making money is non-negotiable. This means that students would need to study full time, work paid jobs part time and look

for volunteer or internship work part time. There really isn't a Red Bull strong enough to get us through all that.

So what's the answer here? Internships are undoubtedly important. They give us the push that we need to get into a competitive workforce. But at the same time, our mental stability is something worth protecting.

There really isn't a straightforward answer. Every student that was spoken to has their own way of coping with this stressful time. Some find ways to constantly remind themselves of why they are pursuing certain opportunities. Others say that the quest to getting work experience starts not during the internship season, but as early as you can find ways to be involved. It is an ongoing process of getting contacts, while also building your own skill set.

Despite all of the difficulties, there is still a feeling of hope within each of these students. They are, after all, still applying themselves despite the odds and difficulties. It just goes to show that there is no direct path to any ambition but we are all trying, failing and trying again.



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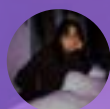
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# accessible aesthetics



HIWA PIAHANA

I tend to ride in my car with the window down, an iced coffee in hand, Taylor and hozier in the wind playing from a spotify playlist named "main character moment".

I spend time in libraries, take a cotton on tote bag reading "feminist", and a planner I fill--more to feel good about myself than to stay organised.

I wear gold and coloured butterfly clips to trap locks of my hair in loops of infinity so that I might forget the teen prefix to my age isn't entirely infinite.

Teenage, never-ending but somehow so humane it's mortal.

My youth is a time-bomb. The stickers at the back of my phone case are already peeling, my iphone is nearly out of season, and alternative music just isn't getting any cooler.

And as much as I laugh with the people around me, I really don't understand the jokes we're laughing at.

So I go home and research dark humour so I can fit in just for this week before the jokes die and the laughter fades away and I have to study ever-evolving high school cliques once again to be included.

I build alternate realities in pinterest boards where I burn scented candles and paint faces and naked women with the sound of rainfall in the background.

I wonder when people stopped hating grey weather and found comfort in storms like I always did.

Now I shape my life into these silicone resin moulds, cut off the corners and shave down the edges, soak it in acidic

peach tea, watch it dilute and dissolve into 4 x 6 frame photographs of our silhouettes behind a sunset.

Let's take turns to catch the view and dodge the honest taste of experience.

We don't really care about the cherry blossoms in that tree but the blooming essence of the need to fit in is essential, so we shove photogenic filters down our throats to emphasise the indie look of our backyard and it's one tree in a hundred million ways for each day that our accounts are active.

Sit on countertops and internalise the ghibli animation lifestyle, learn the piano and play the themes to kiki's delivery service, or howl's moving castle, mist house plants and hanging baskets, trailing ivy and incandescence of sun catchers by the window. It's ironic how we keep this wildlife alive as our inner selves fail to emphasise the lack of need to survive.

And as we expire, wrap wrought wire around seering limbs delocalised from internalised euphoria.

Stack books in the corners of our rooms, let the dust collect and ink fade until the academia sheen of it is dark enough. Not reading the stories inside but letting the name oscar wilde spell out in your caption so that the look of it is raw and bitter.

I wonder, when did an old dead guy's name become aesthetically pleasing.

The teenage dream is a fission reaction of aesthetics in a TV screen and 21st century music, copy and pasted onto my

instagram story.

No, that restaurant wasn't that good but the neon sign reading pasta was good enough for my gallery.

If my youth is a time-bomb then my life is nuclear, as I live and breathe I'm splitting the atom, where my college life blends in with uni, blends in with internships, blends in with a 30 yr career, blends in with retirement, blends in with my death bed.

Where I'll wish explosives weren't forced into my childhood, because even at 16 I was only just a kid, who should've been chasing butterflies, and writing bad songs, and filling journals with the chaotic imaginations of a kid inventing new ways to fly.

Well it was never me flying, but my youth that flew by.

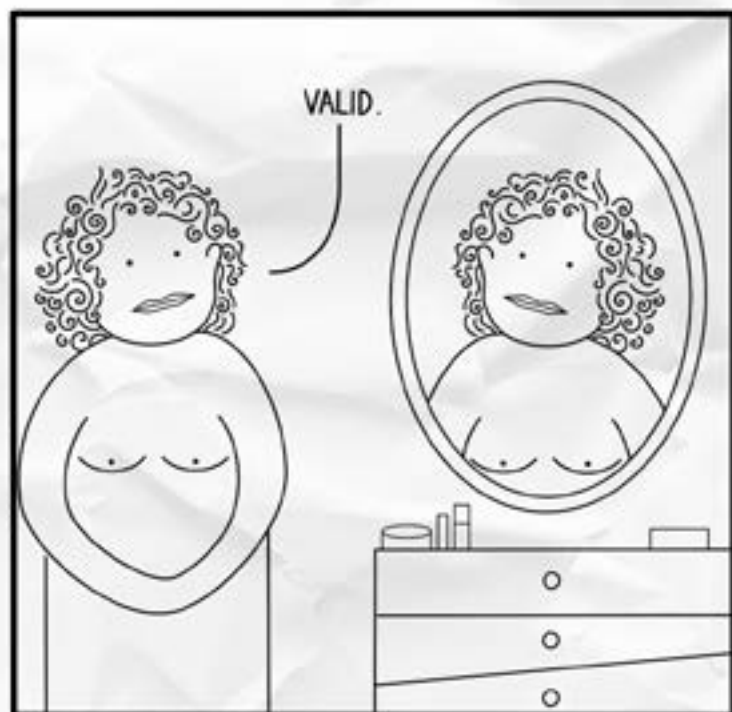
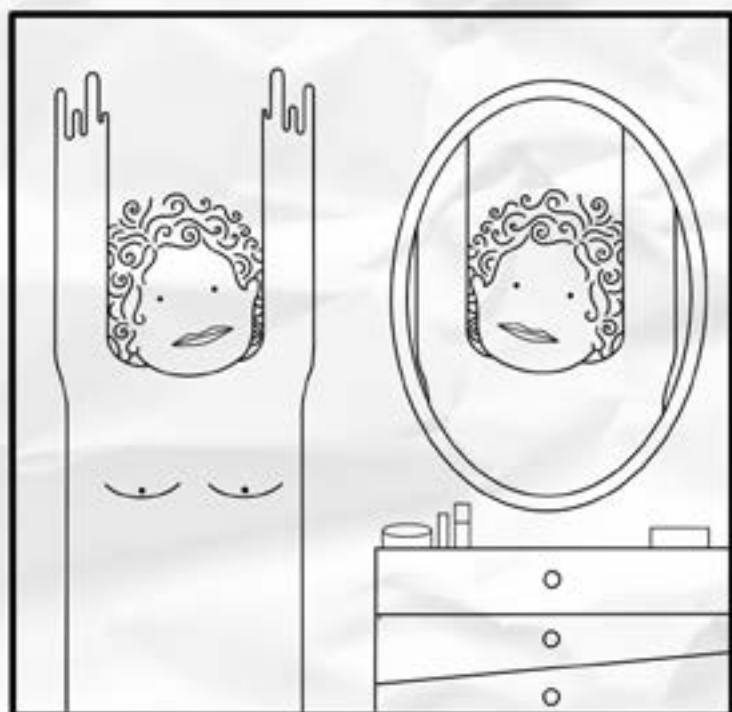
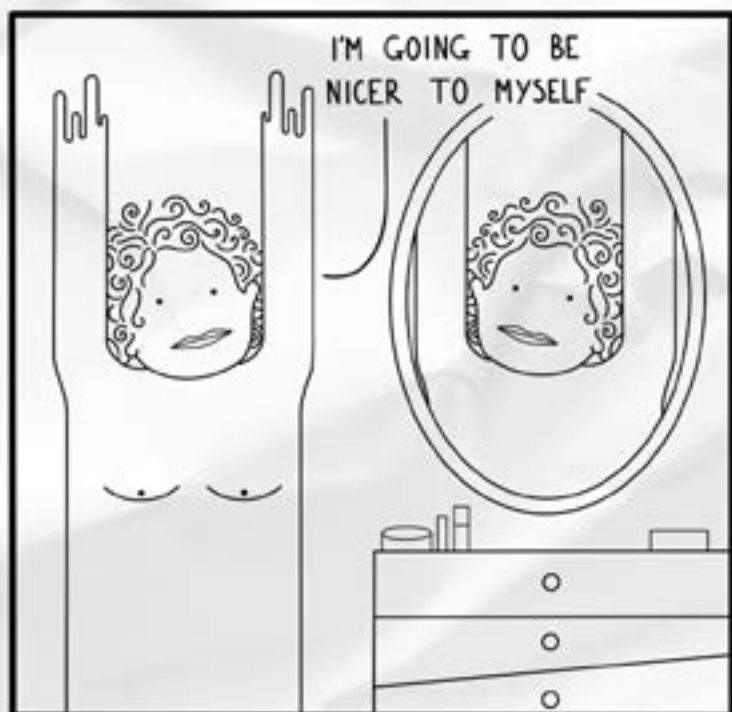
I'd forget that living isn't finding matching pigments among text and images we post, or drinking energy drinks we don't need, because energy is supplied by living, actually living. When we were always just existing.

So yeah, Tim Burton is kinda controversial, and the Barbie movie wasn't that good, and getting caught in the rain is exhilarating, but my youth was always drowning, and I just couldn't fight the tides of vintage film cameras and thrifted jeans.

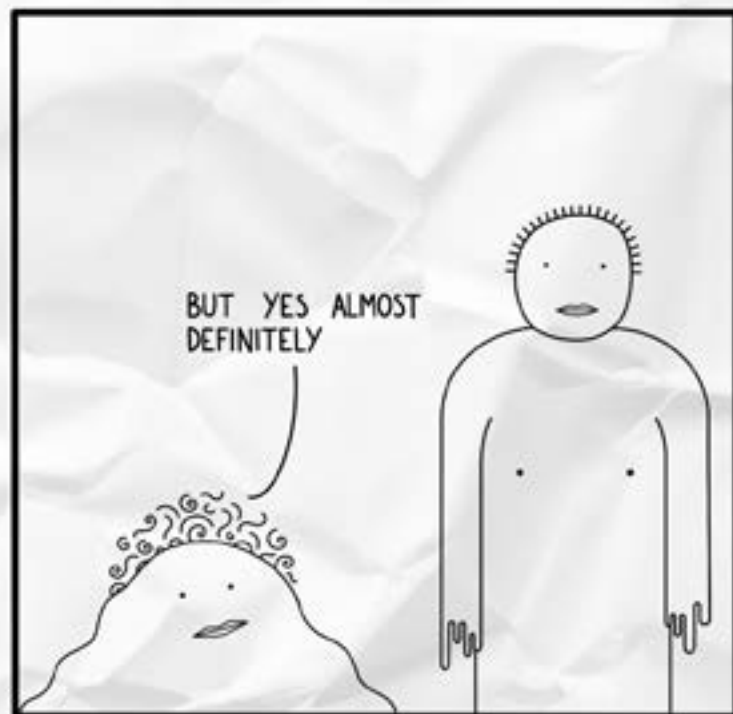
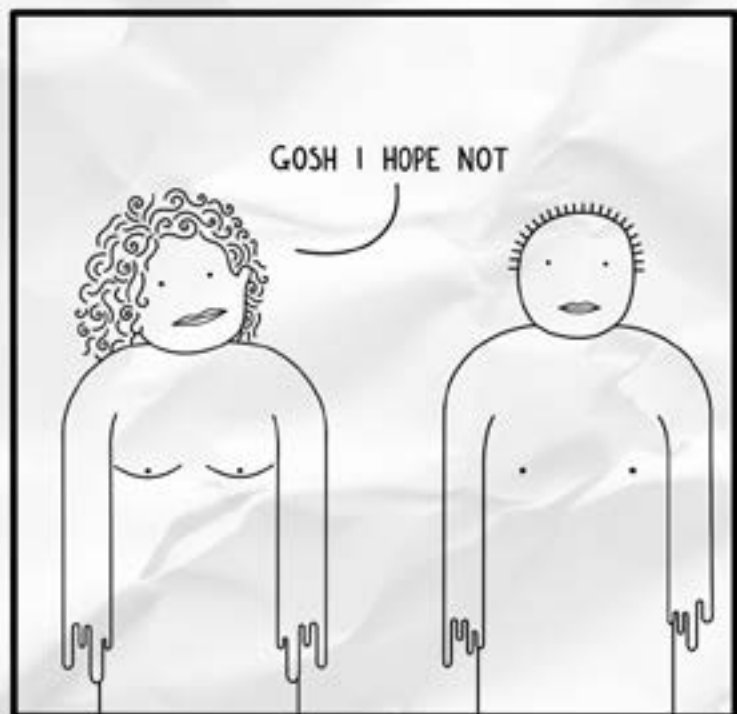
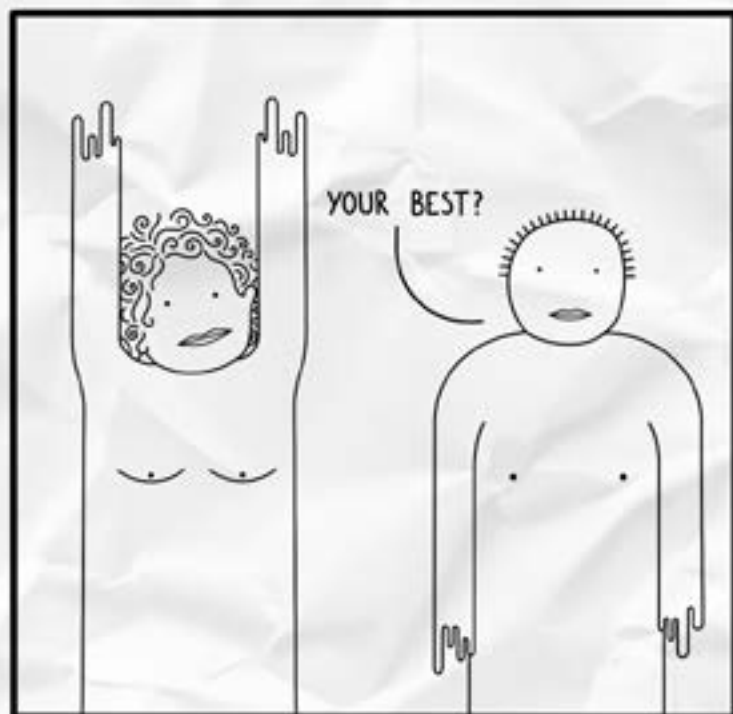
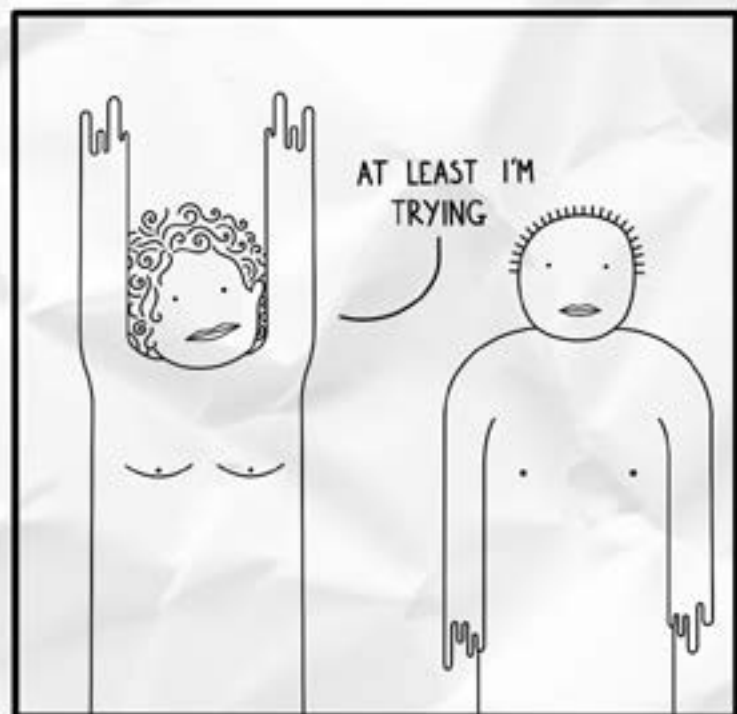
My youth is a time bomb, ready to blow, explosion is set, expiration date met, eruption of the silent placenta of my life prepared, hear the buzzer ring, times out.. now watch me implode.





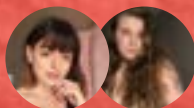






# Your Last-Minute Guide to the New Zealand International Film Festival

Because Barbie and Oppenheimer are SO last week



PARIS AND ABBY

It's already the last week of the highly anticipated New Zealand International Film Festival, meaning your final chance to catch some premium artsy cinema is fast approaching. If you're like Paris and are feeling mildly devastated about missing both *Asteroid City* showings, or if you're like Abby who hasn't enjoyed a single movie since *Breaking Dawn: Part Two* came out, we're here to show you that all hope has not been lost. Over the next seven days, a goldmine of films are still set to be shown at multiple locations around the city, giving you the culture fix you so desperately need to beat the new-semester blues. So grab some popcorn, clear your schedule and settle in for a series of movies straight out of a pretentious art major's wet dream.

## Spotlights

### May December

USA, 2023

An entrancing rumination on scandals, power imbalances and the lies we tell ourselves, Todd Haynes' new dark comedy centres on a woman's highly publicised affair with a younger man. The film begins almost two years after the scandal took place when, in preparation for her role as the older woman in an upcoming film about the couple, Natalie Portman's character Elizabeth begins shadowing her muse. As you would expect, drama ensues.

THURSDAY 3RD AUGUST, SATURDAY 5TH AUGUST

### Perfect Days

JAPAN, 2023

If you're after a more meditative experience, consider *Perfect Days*: Wim Wenders' tranquil exploration of the human condition. This slow-paced masterpiece explores life's simple pleasures, only ever incorporating enough drama to slightly derail Hirayama, the main character's, carefully curated way of life. *Perfect Days* is tender, comforting and ideal

for a mindful evening watch.

SUNDAY 6TH AUGUST

### Past Lives

USA, 2023

Despite not being much of a film buff, TikTok has deemed it necessary to flood my For You page with this film—specifically, people's reactions to this film. If you know the videos I'm talking about, it's likely you've already bought a ticket to see it this week. If not, context: people have been filming themselves before and after seeing *Past Lives*, the after usually involving mental breakdowns, existential crises, *A-Little-Life*-readathon levels of tears. This seems like a reasonable emotional response reading the synopsis of the film: two high school lovers, Na Young and Hae Sung, are torn apart when Na Young suddenly emigrates from Korea to America. What follows is several decades of long distance pining, agonising build ups to eventual meetings, and a story that I'm sure will leave me feeling aching, agonisingly single.

WEDNESDAY 2ND AUGUST, THURSDAY 3RD AUGUST

## Big Nights

### Kidnapped

ITALY, FRANCE & GERMANY 2023

Based on the true story of Edgardo Mortara, a six-year-old who was abducted by the Catholic Church in the 19th Century, Marco Bellochio's newest offering exudes extravagance, emotionality and intrigue. *Kidnapped* examines themes of religious fanaticism and the misuse of power, all captured with the director's highly dramatic flare. While this won't be an easy watch, the tension is masterfully broken up with small instances of deadpan comedy, allowing for a little relief amongst the heavy subject matter.

FRIDAY 4TH AUGUST, SATURDAY 5TH AUGUST

### Fallen Leaves

FINLAND, 2023

On a much lighter note, we present Aki Kaurismäki's wry romance, *Fallen Leaves*. Deemed a favourite at Cannes by crowds and critics alike, the film follows Ansa and Holappa over the course of their whirlwind relationship which begins after meeting at a karaoke bar (the soundtrack is wild, you'll love it). Kaurismäki's charming portrayal



of love is underpinned by deeper themes such as consumerism, toxic work culture and the rising conflict between Russia and Ukraine. The resulting 81 minutes are crammed with astute takes, beautiful cinematography and will leave you with that authentic feel-good sensation.

SUNDAY 6TH AUGUST



## Aotearoa

### Red Mole: A Romance

AOTEAROA, 2023

UoA's very own blaze through the festival with this documentary on the unconventional political theatre troupe Red Mole, who toured New Zealand and the world throughout the 70s and 80s. Directed by Communications Professor Annie Goldson, also a highly decorated filmmaker, accessed the specialty archives of Red Mole's history housed at the university library to tell their incredible story of fame, radicalism, and counter-culture. There's nothing like diving deep into a unique and eccentric piece of Aotearoa's performing arts history—especially if you're like me and had never heard of Red Mole before—a story of deeply passionate creatives told by those who care deeply about the craft.

FRIDAY 4TH AUGUST, SATURDAY 5TH AUGUST

### Bad Behaviour

AOTEAROA, 2023

Wee-woo-wee-woo! Mummy issues alert! This odd, dark film tells the story of inherited flaws through three generations of women, focusing on Lucy, a former child star who goes on a spiritual wellness retreat to reflect on her relationship with the women in her life. However, also attending the retreat is Lucy's nemesis, a small-minded model and DJ who is everything Lucy hates about her mother, her daughter, and herself. With an enigmatic spiritual leader at the helm (played by Ben Whishaw, best known as Adam Kay in BBC's *This Is Going To Hurt*), this is certainly going to be a compelling debut from writer and director (and Jane Campion's daughter) Alice Englert.

MONDAY 31ST JULY

### New Zealand's Best 2023

Do you also wish Event Cinemas would start playing Subway Surfers on the screen so you could actually sit through a whole film? These are the shorts for you! None of these gems top 20 minutes in runtime, and have been selected by expert judge Niki Caro as the finalists of the festival's short film competition. The screening of the six shortlisted films will also give you the opportunity to vote for the winner of the Audience Award. Vying for the prize pool are defiant love story *Daughter of God*, the dating misfortunes of models in *My Eyes Are Up Here*, after-ball-party teen slice-of-life *Gate Crash*, challenging Sāmoan docu-film *Freedom Fighter*, neanderthal comedy *Hey Brainy Man*, and mourning in MIQ in *Anu*.

MONDAY 31ST JULY



## Widescreen



### Inside

GREECE/ GERMANY/ BELGIUM, 2023

This one is for all the pretentious art history students, and I'm one of you so I'm legally allowed to poke fun. Vasilis Katsoupis' *Inside* follows a thief's failed attempt to burgle the strangely high-tech apartment of a New York art collector. When the security system seals him inside, and his team abandons him, Nemo faces the painful reality of complete and utter isolation. Exploring the ways in which art relates to the human condition, this film is a must see for gallery goers (or if, like me, you also have an inexplicable celebrity crush on Willem Dafoe.)

TUESDAY 1ST AUGUST, FRIDAY 4TH AUGUST

### Of an Age

AUSTRALIA, 2022

Show our neighbours over the ditch some love by setting in for this lusty, queer and socially-aware romance from director Goran Stolevski. The film is set in Y2K Melbourne and follows Kol and his best friend's older brother as they flirt their way through a spicy hour-long road trip. With vibrant and complex characters, an enthralling will-they won't-they dynamic and extremely witty dialogue, *Of An Age* serves as a tender reimagining of the classic coming of age film we know and love.

TUESDAY 1ST AUGUST

## Masters

### When The Waves Are Gone

PHILLIPINES, 2022

Also in *Craccum* this week, student and film critic Trevor Pronoso reflects on director Lav Diaz's filmography and how it speaks to growing up Filipino. The auteur of long-form cinema brings a shorter offering to NZIFF this year, but it looks like it will be just as rich in the images it paints of Philippine life and culture as his previous, celebrated works. Following crazed characters, a disgraced detective and a vengeful criminal that he put in prison, this film sounds like it will perfectly balance being engrossingly absurd with real reflections of Philippine political corruption.

THURSDAY 3RD AUGUST





# The Orange Juice Allowance

A short story by Emily Smith

**E**ven though Fridays were perpetually understaffed, somehow they'd always managed to pull through. Tonight was looking like it would put an end to that streak.

Manny navigated through the bustling crowd with the ease of a fish cutting through a stream. Jill suddenly appeared from behind a cluster of customers, her bangs plastered to her forehead with sweat. He narrowly avoided colliding into her; the girl wielded her bussing tray like it was a weapon; as he ducked behind the counter.

"Boss, we gotta problem on Till Four!" Jill yelled as she swiped five glasses onto her tray in one smooth motion. Manny dodged the quick-footed Serena as she darted back and forth from the till and the rack of glasses on the back wall, making it past Tills One, Two and Three before he saw what the problem was.

Of course it's Daniel. Manny kept his groan at bay as he stopped next to him. The weedy kid almost cowers behind the screen, to put as much distance between him and the customer as possible. Manny looked between the two.

"What's the problem here?"

"This idiot is telling me he can't take my card!" the customer snapped.

Manny's irritation rose. "Cash only."

"What kinda bar only accepts cash?" sneered the asshole. He was a hulking lug of a guy, built like a slab of beef. He's the type that could crush a skull between his biceps of steel, and he was grating on Manny's last nerve.

"Whaddya want me to do, whip a card reader outta my ass?" Manny snapped right back. He folded his arms, a 'we're not gonna budge' gesture, and stared the guy down.

The asshole held it for a long moment, but Manny didn't falter.

"Shitface," the asshole hissed, slapped a few bills

on the counter, and sulked through the crowd. Right before he left, he turned back and flipped Manny off.

Manny nudged Daniel and flipped the guy right back. Daniel followed his lead, using both hands like an excited little kid. The guy turned as red as a cut of fresh meat, yelling something that gets lost in the buzz of the busy bar, before he slammed the door and disappeared into the harsh Chicago winter.

Daniel breathed a sigh of relief. "Thanks."

A grin split his innocent face, and Manny can't help but smile too.

"Manny!" Luca hollered from down the bar. Manny clapped Daniel on the back and cut back through his team to Till One.

"Guy says he's 21, but I don't think he even has hair on his balls yet," Luca hissed. He flashed the face of the driver's license to Manny. The guy, this 'Harold Franklin', leaned excitedly on the bar like he was horny for his beer. Manny looked between the license photo and the guy; it checked out. But Luca had a point—Harold Franklin looked 16 at most—baby-faced and pock-marked and unbalanced.

"If you have suspicions, take the card out of the sleeve. You can tell if it's a fake easier." Manny slid the ID out of the man's wallet, glancing at the

expectant customer out of the corner of his eye. Harold paled slightly as Manny ran his finger along the ridges of plastic on the ID. Just as Luca suspected: it's a fake.

"Next time you try to use a fake, make sure it's smooth. Get a younger name, too. Harold Franklin is for twice-divorced-50-year-old-assholes." Manny tossed the ID back at Not Harold Franklin and dismissed him with a casual flick of his hand.

Not Harold Franklin's protests are suddenly drowned out by the shattering of glass across the bar. A collective intake of breath followed, stifling the chatter for one split second. Manny whipped his head up to see Jill standing in a pile of broken glass, her bussing tray tipped downwards. She gaped at the mess at her





feet, like she wasn't sure how it got there. The shards caught in the dim glow of the bar, sending fractured light spiraling across the room.

"Boss!" Jill called. She tiptoed out of the glass pile, shooing away any customers who got too close.

A pounding headache formed between Manny's eyes. "Jesus *Christ*."

He reached down for the broom and the dustpan tucked beneath the dishwasher.

"Hey," a man hissed from across the bar.

The buzz of the bar fizzled to nothing in Manny's ears. He froze.

"Boss?" Jill yelled again.

"Serena," Manny said quietly, his eyes never leaving the newcomer, and Serena immediately understood. She grabbed the broom and dustpan from him and motioned for Jill to get up on the till. The two girls expertly switched positions, but Manny hardly noticed.

"Can I have one tropical orange juice with a straw?" the man asked.

His voice was low and cruel and sharp, the whisper of a knife dancing along the spine, the ridges of vertebrae rough and bumpy under the smooth blade. Manny has never seen this man before, but he knew.

He nodded slowly. He passed through the bar and the guy followed him to the opposite side, hustling another

person over with him. The other guy hung his head low, his hands clasped uncomfortably behind his back like they're bound.

Manny lifted the employee flap of the bar open, and the man prodded his captive through. Even though he couldn't see, Manny knew the barrel of a gun was pressed firmly against his back.

"Through here," he ushered the two men through the back door and into the dingy hallway. They hustled past the lockers and the employee bathroom, all the way to the storeroom. The captive began to drag his feet. Manny allowed a moment of sympathy to pass through him as he studied the bound man. Beads of sweat popped out on his brow. He was already as pale as the corpse he was about to become.

But Manny did not let the feeling stay for long. He shooed it away as he shoved one of the shelves aside, letting the dummy bottles of wine within rattle in their padded boxes. He took the key out from under his shirt and unlocked the hidden door. It groaned as it opened, scraping along the stainless steel floor that Manny worked hard to clean. He held the door open for the others to walk through. What can he say? He's courteous like that.

The first man, the one who ordered the orange juice, turned to Manny. "You gonna stay?"

"Nah," Manny shrugged. "I got a front to run."

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# Batang Tāmaki Makaurau

Slowly reclaiming (my) Filipino history with Lav Diaz



TREVOR PRONOSO

It's a difficult task to write about Lav Diaz, the bastion of Philippine independent/arthouse cinema, whose new film *Kapag Wala Nang Mga Alon* (*When the Waves Are Gone*) is set to premiere in NZIFF in the coming weeks. It's very difficult for me to write about him without resisting the temptation to splay out my entire life's story and the lengthy, ongoing process of self-actualisation and decolonial thinking I've been consciously and subconsciously participating in ever since arriving in Aotearoa as a Filipino immigrant. But first, I've gotta make sure you know who the hell this "Lav Diaz" is, and why he deserves the attention and acclaim you may or may not have heard about.

Lavrente Indico Diaz (mans was named after felled Soviet politician Lavrentiy Beria) was born on December 30, 1958, in Maguindanao—the now-divided province located in the southern islands of the Philippines (Mindanao)—where most of the country's Muslim population reside and operate as an Autonomous Region outside of the Philippines' centralised state. Unlike most of his Filipino filmmaker contemporaries, hell, even when compared to 'traditional filmmakers', I don't exaggerate when I say that Lav Diaz's films are very, very, *very* long and very, very, *very* slow. It's an admission of delight and defeat to say, amidst the consistent quizzical looks received from my close peers and those unassuming persons who are unfortunately trapped in a one-sided conversation with me; as they cannot escape from my petulant fan-boyishness.

To put this in context, Diaz released two films last year. *When the Waves Are Gone* is listed at 187 minutes. His other film, *Isang Salaysay ng Isang Karahasang Pilipino* (*A Tale of Filipino Violence*), is 409 minutes (6 hours, 49 mins). His longest film, *Ebolusyon ng Isang Pamilyang Pilipino* (*Evolution of a Filipino Family*), is 647 minutes (you do the maths).

Before you groan at my pretentious film bro masochistic posturing of naming every single runtime of every Lav Diaz film I've sat through and subsequently stop reading, I want to emphasise that this seeming "barrier of entry"

holds no hidden malice towards the average viewer. In fact, his stylistic and ideological draws as a filmmaker point to his desire to dismantle said barriers and liberate viewers curious enough to look. In the words of Diaz, when asked about his 11-hour epic:

*"In Ebolusyon, I am capturing real time. I am trying to experience what these people are experiencing. They walk. I must experience their walk. I must experience their boredom and sorrows. I would go to any extent in my art to fathom the paradox that is the Filipino... I want the audience to experience the afflictions of my people who have been agonising for so long – under the Spaniards for more than 300 years, under the Americans for almost 100 years till now, under the Japanese for four years, and then under Marcos for more than 20 years till now too. I want people to experience our agony."*

And it makes sense on the surface why Diaz's films have such long-ass runtimes: it's a form of rebellion. His films reject hegemonic film industry conventions of standard 90-120 minute runtimes, commercial distribution (he's started his own independent production company, Sine Olivia), and, most crucially, subject matter. Duration becomes a counter-revolutionary tactic. Diaz chooses to tell stories that eschew forms of escapist decadence propped up by Hollywood and its universal vice grip on filmmaking ideology. In favour of this, his minimalist yet dense narratives span across the vast spectrum of human triumphs and hardships, specifically within the context of the collective Philippine experience.

I don't recall how I first learned about Diaz, but I do remember arriving at an epiphany on how little I knew about Philippine cinema—aside from stray blockbusters peppering the multiplex cinemas back home. Diaz felt like scorched earth, burning away every cinematic convention I'd known and leaving brand new, more confrontational, challenging, and significantly more rewarding ones. "Slow Cinema" became my new obsession, my chapel. It kickstarted my path towards more radical forms of cinema—beyond the "narrative structure" and into more meta-cinematic, self-



interrogatory, avant-garde modes of viewing.

And speaking of 'self-interrogatory', I also came across Diaz during a period of heightened personal strife, alongside my heightened engagement with movies as an art form. I'm a concerning paradox: I was born and raised in the Philippines, but you could say I'm of a specific generation and class of Filipino youth who lived a relatively privileged life without any sustainable capability or interest in speaking my native tongue, Tagalog. People like me have often been lumped under the label *conyo*, a Filipino with western, upper-class sensibilities often derided and identifiable in how they speak: a broken, bro-speak/Regina from *Mean Girls* grammatical orgy of Tagalog and English; Taglish. Moments of my consciously choosing to avoid speaking Tagalog towards my *yaya* (maid) or *manong* driver (manong being a polite honorific) were in abundance, settling instead to reply in full English.

I'm undoubtedly a product of American culture/media oversaturation encouraged by a cancerous national culture that over-prioritised English-speaking proficiency in exchange for the possibility of upward social mobility. What instead resulted was a generation of *conyos* like myself, who have been unintentionally sheltered and alienated from the harsh, impoverished realities of their country, seeking instead to pursue white-collared, English-speaking jobs that further divide the working class that should be benefitting from domestic reform, but aren't.

My journey with cinema, with Diaz, has offered me an awareness that has led me to reconsider the relationship between my Philippine heritage and the diasporic heritage I occupy. I no longer feel inferior

about my national identity compared to my compatriots back home because I know we are together, as a collective, in this ongoing struggle. We all fall under the essence of what it means to be 'Filipino', the name Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan coined for this 7,641-island archipelago, in honour of King Philip II of Spain. Filipinos are invariably defined by their colonial history, but this is only part of our complete history. For Diaz, his films offer a much more robust and encompassing historical representation of the Filipino identity that harkens back to our pre-colonial Malay roots. In fact, Tagalog derives much of its vocabulary from Malay. The word *ako* (I, me) sounds and means the same in Malay, *aku*.

*Ako ay Pilipino* (I am Filipino).

The films of Diaz are an amalgamation of hidden fragments, invisible remnants, and histories of past Filipinos whose presence has been historically ignored and omitted by censorship and violent oppression from Ferdinand Marcos' raping of our sacred land for any "subversives" refusing to kowtow to his authority. Lav's images are haunted by ghosts—by the past—and duration allows the audience ample time and due diligence to engage in the multiple layers of his films.

It doesn't matter how fast or slow, long or short, a film can be. In Lav's own words:

*"Art is free, man. Why confine it to a two hour thing... Be free, man. Liberate cinema—the way you want it. There's no short cinema or long cinema. It's just fucking cinema, man."*



**95FM**

**top ten**

with Annabel and Callum

July 26, 2023

1. deepSTATE - Won't Let You Down [NZ]
2. D.C. Maxwell - Lone Rider [NZ]
3. Babe Martin - Versoix [NZ]
4. Pollyhill & Samara Alofa - Alien Sex [NZ]
5. The Bard - Nothing At All [NZ]
6. Samling - Pappa
7. Geneva AM - IHO [NZ]
8. cc(tv) - Kinnie [NZ]
9. Office Dog - Hand In Hand [NZ]
10. Salt Water Criminals - The Adult (Falls Apart) [NZ]

Real 95bFM with your choice to 100% or visit 95bFM.com/playlist  
The 95bFM Top Ten with Annabel & Callum, Wednesday 26th July 2023

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# LOVE IN THE TIME OF RECESSION

Downbad in a time of economic downturn? Craccum suggests a few budget-friendly winter date ideas.



AMANDA JOSHUA

Cockblocked by the cost of living? All budget, no bitches? We got your back! When it comes to love, all you need to do this winter is take a page out of NZ's GDP—just fall!

## ARRANGE A CLAYDATE

(\$4 - \$15)

You will need:

- 500g Air Dry Clay \$4 (Mitre10 / Kmart)
- Wine (Whilst this is optional, might I recommend the most \$9 dollar-esque bottle they have in store? With notes of grape, paint-thinner and despair, this variety pairs particularly well with broke uni students!)
- A bowl of water
- A flat surface
- 0 skill (art is subjective)

Look up some beginner projects on Pinterest for reference, lube up your clay and get moulding!! If you're looking for a portable, flat surface so you can create in the privacy of your room; chopping boards are ideal—any mess should wash right off! This is a very wholesome activity because your partner can choose something they like and you can (attempt to) make it for them. If your project doesn't turn out quite as hoped—blame the wine! Either way you'll get the twisted pleasure of watching them keep your offering in their room like those 'unique' drawings parents feel obliged to keep on the fridge.

## ROUND 2?

(\$10 - 15)

After your clay has been left to dry for 24 hours, you are ready for date night #2—painting those bad boys! (Suss some paint palettes from The Warehouse—you're not Van Gogh)



## ROLEPLAY

(CAN'T PUT A PRICE ON IT)

You will need:

- To have watched like 3 episodes of Suits
- A safe word

Been having disagreements with your significant other? Arguing about where you want to go for dinner or who they want to vote for this October? What better way to solve it than through rigorous, structured debate! Prepare opening statements, print cue cards, make a night of it! Hell! Make a powerpoint presentation detailing the fact that no, babe—Andrew Tate isn't just being 'demonised by the media' or 'taken out of context'!! You will either:

Break up (it was probably for the best)

Come out on top (who doesn't love a little verbal foreplay?)

## ENGAGE IN A LITTLE LIGHT POUNDING

(\$10 - \$20)

You will need:

- 2 plain white Tee's \$4.50 - \$10 each (Kmart)
- Masking tape (optional) \$4.50 (Kmart/ The Warehouse)
- To stop and smell the roses
- A hammer

Pick each other flowers! Position leaves/ greenery/ daisies to your partner's liking over a shirt, cover it with masking tape, then pound thoroughly (tape is optional, but it's always better to wrap and tap). Once the tape is lifted from the fabric, the colour and outline of the flowers will remain. If you're

not one to wear your heart on your sleeve, switch out the shirts for a canvas—it's a great way to preserve the flowers your loved ones give you! A friendly reminder that you will need to pound harder than you think (so take it to the streets—do NOT do it on the kitchen table!)

## MOOD MUSIC

While you're pounding away, why not collaborate on a Spotify playlist? Add songs that remind you of the other person and tell them what meaning it holds as you cycle through the list.

## NETFLIX & NO-CHILL

Comedy month may be over, but Netflix stand-up specials remain—and prove to be an excellent litmus test for moral character! If you're in the early days of a relationship, go ahead and put on the latest Ricky Gervais. If they laugh at his 15 minute opening tirade against trans people; congratulations! Dinner for one is a lot cheaper than dinner for two (never buy dinner for clowns, call that penny-wise).

## DINNER AND A SHOW

(\$10-\$25)

If they pass the Gervais-test, why not take that shit public? After dinner, nip down to Academy Cinemas on Wednesday nights for \$5 movie nights; they play lots of old arthouse/indie films—and Barbie too! Sneak in the m&m's but buy them that overpriced popcorn combo to show you care!

## EXPLORE HER WINTERGARDEN

With stunning new plant and flower displays every year, the Wintergardens never disappoint. Don't take any for your flower pounding though—they got cameras! To add to your special movie moment; make sure you listen to 'Me at the Museum, You in the Wintergardens' by Tiny Ruins!

## COMMIT CRIMES TOGETHER

The paint swatch sample cards at Mitre 10 are free. They do not specify how many





you can take. Am I saying you should take one of every single colour and make a rainbow wall in your room? [for plausible deniability reasons] No! I'm just saying...it would make a hell of a photo op for those insta pics...

## 21 QUESTIONS

The perfect cover for plain nosiness. Small talk is for losers! Ask them for the worst thing they've ever done! If your love language is words of affirmation—rig the questions so they're forced to compliment you. Go fishing with the classic 'what are my three best traits?' Babe, would you still love me if I was a worm?

## TAKE THINGS TO THE NEXT LEVEL

(\$15)

Give each other tattoos. HENNA tattoos (the tubes are like 15 bucks from The Kitchenwarehouse)

## MAKE DUMPLINGS TOGETHER

(\$36)

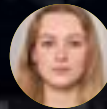
You will need:

- 50 pc Dumpling wrappers (\$5)
- 500 g Pork Mince/ or some vegan shit idk (\$15)
- Chives (\$5)
- Soy sauce (\$3.50)
- Oyster sauce (\$4)
- Chicken / Veg stock (\$3.50)
- Turmeric (optional)

Combine mince, chopped chives and oyster sauce. Add 2 large tablespoons of stock to bind the dumpling mixture and then distribute them into the wrappers. Then, google yourself some better instructions. Making dumplings together is lovely because there's no running around the kitchen or checking the heat on any pans. You can sit together at the table and laugh at the wonky ones you make on your first go—plus there's nothing like the satisfaction of nailing the crimp on a wrapper! It'll likely last you 2 - 3 meals and it'll taste better than Sumthin Dumplin because it was made with love or whatever (gross).

# PROCRASTINATION STATION

## The drama we create by leaving our assignments till the last minute



AYLA YEOMAN

At this rate, procrastination might as well be my middle name. I have been held up at the procrastination station too many times before. As soon as something important comes up, my mind decides to focus on anything else. Got a project?...Oh look, a new season of my favourite tv show. Got an essay?...Wow my room could do with a big clean up. Got an exam to study for?...You know what I haven't done in ages, rollerblading.

We are surrounded by endless distractions and ever-demanding responsibilities. I'm sure this is something that we all deal with. Since when has anyone ever needed to do an essay and decided to start right away? Are we waiting for the 'right moment' or are we just stalling? It's almost as if we have become obsessed with the drama that is created out leaving something till the last minute. Will I complete it in time? We'll have to wait and see.

Scrolling on social media, distracting ourselves with unimportant tasks, or watching 'just one more' episode—we all do it. When our teachers suggest "don't leave this assignment till the last minute" we nod in compliance while thinking "I'm probably going to leave it till the last minute." Procrastination has become a tool for avoiding important or pressured situations. It becomes a delightful escape as we ignore our responsibilities.

However, is procrastination all that bad? Some may suggest that procrastinating gives you a chance to relax and forget what may be stressing you out. As students we are under a lot of pressure academically, mentally, financially, and so on. It can be nice to take a break and breathe before getting back into it.

There is a conception that procrastinating is something to be guilty or ashamed of, avoiding your responsibilities is not often praised. The reason we procrastinate is often because we are putting a lot of pressure on ourselves to do the task to a high standard. By putting this pressure on ourselves we are creating a sort of fear of failure which is paralysing our ability to complete the task. Sometimes it can be easier said than done to 'just do it'. Taking a step back and distracting ourselves with something else can be very helpful in this situation, until we are prepared to complete it.

Procrastinating can be exhilarating and strangely satisfying. When it comes to the point when you have finally achieved the task you almost feel a stronger sense of accomplishment. Instead of completing the task over a few weeks, you did it in a day. It's risky, but the drama it creates can provide a little entertainment in our busy student lives.

# HI Barbie

Life in plastic, it's fantastic! How the Barbie movie analyses the male psyche, reimagines our whole childhood in a feminist lens and WHY it became the movie the entire world is talking about. A movie review if you will.



SANSKRUTI BANERJEE

**'NOTE: SPOILERS ARE IN THIS ARTICLE SO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE THE BEST MOVIE EXPERIENCE RUINED, SKIP (OR READ ANYWAYS, UP TO YOU!')**

## REIMAGINING OUR CHILDHOOD BARBIE

We all played with barbies as kids, or at least had a friend who had a Barbie, right? Over the years Mattel has expanded their Barbie collection and with the introduction of a new movie we are TRULY showing that Barbie is in all of us. Barbie represents women taking a stand and exerting their autonomy of choice. Being a mom, being a politician, being anything really. It doesn't matter what your goals are, how you look or what the people say you should be.

As children we often had one conventional view of Barbie, similar looking to Margot Robbie who herself acknowledged in press interviews that she fits the so called 'barbie beauty standard.' Through the diversification of Barbie's people are now able to look up to these different versions and find solace in representation.

Sure, this movie isn't necessarily a happy go lucky rom com type of beat or the cliché plot line where Barbie ends up falling for Ken...but that's what makes it special. That's what makes Greta Gerwig's Barbie REAL. Barbie doesn't end up falling for Ken. It reduces the watchers to

tears and showcases society in the most heartbreaking yet beautiful way.

## THE MALE PSYCHE AND THE PATRIARCHY

Through subtle humour, wit and sarcasm this movie delves into the male psyche. Why do men...men? In Barbie world, everything is reversed. Women hold positions of power, while the Ken's are the ones who are overlooked. There is only ONE Allan in Barbie world, he represents the fraction of men who have the backs of women constantly. But let's just think for a moment why there's only one of him and thousands of Ken's. A harsh reality. 'There's are no multiples of Allan, he's just Allan.' To the men out there who are walking green flags, we love you, keep being a slay.

The Barbie world holds stark differences from ours. When Barbie and Ken rollerblade into the 'real' world, the difference is unimaginable, yet realistic. While Ken feels empowered, uplifted and strong due to the men surrounding him, Barbie feels insecurity for the first time as she is catcalled, embarrassed and treated more like an object than a human being. The day-to-day bullshit women have to deal with portrayed in the shortest scene.

So what does Greta try to paint about the patriarchy through her film? Well, the film certainly presents the ironies of patriarchy.

Ken grows to love horses and war in the real world, thriving off toxic masculinity and an inflated ego. The real world caters primarily to men, they aren't taught to perceive with as much emotion and the patriarchy is clearly something that needs to be demolished piece by piece. While Barbie finds this shocking, somehow Ken feels 'at home' and to sum things up; becomes an asshole. We then look at Barbie Land, a world where females are more powerful than men. They live at peace, hold roles of leadership and have much more safety and fun than women in the real world ever would.

But, through Ken, Greta beautifully showcases that despite all the Barbie's thriving, the Ken's are lost in Barbie Land with no purpose. Stuck with the belief that Barbie NEEDS him (which she doesn't) and that he has no other purpose in life. The overlookers have become overlooked. There is no patriarchy. As Taylor Swift once very wisely said; fuck the patriarchy. At the end of the film when Ken loses himself entirely going from the real world back to Barbie land, Barbie teaches him he has to learn to identify himself without her. It shows that FEMINISM is good for BOTH men and women, It isn't anti-male, rather it shows that men have always been privileged and society through feminism isn't just uplifting women, it's uplifting EVERYONE. Men too are allowed to cry and need to separate themselves from the toxic ideals



society has built—as Barbie said to Ken, “you NEED to find who you are without me.” Queen shit.

Long story short, the movie shows that there has to be some sort of balance. Barbie is Barbie and Ken is Ken. Every Barbie deserves equal rights and a platform to advocate, slay and girlboss and it's shown too that Ken is KENOUGH!

## **FEMINISM, POWER, WOMEN**

Of course, having been directed by Greta Gerwig, this movie screams everything about feminism, power and women. Gloria's iconic speech about why simply existing as a female is so difficult is a tear jerker for sure. “It is literally impossible to be a woman. Like we have to always be extraordinary. But somehow we're always doing it wrong.” The constant double standards we face day-to-day and growing up knowing these are things we simply have to live with. You can be thin but not too skinny, have some weight but not be ‘fat.’ You should be a mom, oh but you should also be a career-woman...so

on and so forth. Is it really fair that simply EXISTING is so hard?

There's a scene at a bus shelter where Barbie learns to experience emotion for the first time. The tears cascade down her face from her eyes as she absorbs humans simply being humans. The concepts of time, death and reality are all new to her. An old woman sitting next to her smiles and Barbie exclaims; “You're beautiful.” Once again, things society has constructed to be ‘less beautiful,’ such as age, are all foreign concepts to Barbie. We see that women can age, women can look how they want, women can want to be mothers, politicians or anything in between and they still deserve love regardless.

## **WHY EVERYONE NEEDS TO SEE IT**

To the women, mothers and girls out there—this movie will empower, uplift and resonate with you in ways you didn't even know you needed! “We mothers stand still so that our daughters can look back and see how far they've come.” For

the moms who perhaps grew up a little too fast and the daughters who forget constantly that their moms were once little girls too. You know what? That and Billie Eilish's song at the end will do it, it's a tearjerker for sure. And ladies, THIS is the perfect date idea. Take your partner and see how they respond. If they're a man, the ways in which they react will establish truly how much of a green, red or beige flag they are. Dress up in pink, have deep delved discussions or simply sit and laugh with the rest of the audience. Maybe you can pull the classic TikTok trend of ‘the Barbenheimer effect’ and go watch both films back to back. Wear a black suit with a pink tutu underneath.

Seriously, Greta Gerwig's masterpiece HAS to be seen by everyone. You'll get an entire movie theatre of people dressed in pink, sparkles and feathers...embracing their inner child and ready to ride this rollercoaster of a movie known as ‘Barbie.’ Maybe once you walk out you'll have a similar encounter to people around the world where girls look at other girls and simply yell; HI BARBIE!



# Postgraduate Info Evening

Build on your undergrad or explore a new passion. Come along or join us online to find out more about your postgraduate options at UC. Thursday 10 August, 6:30pm.

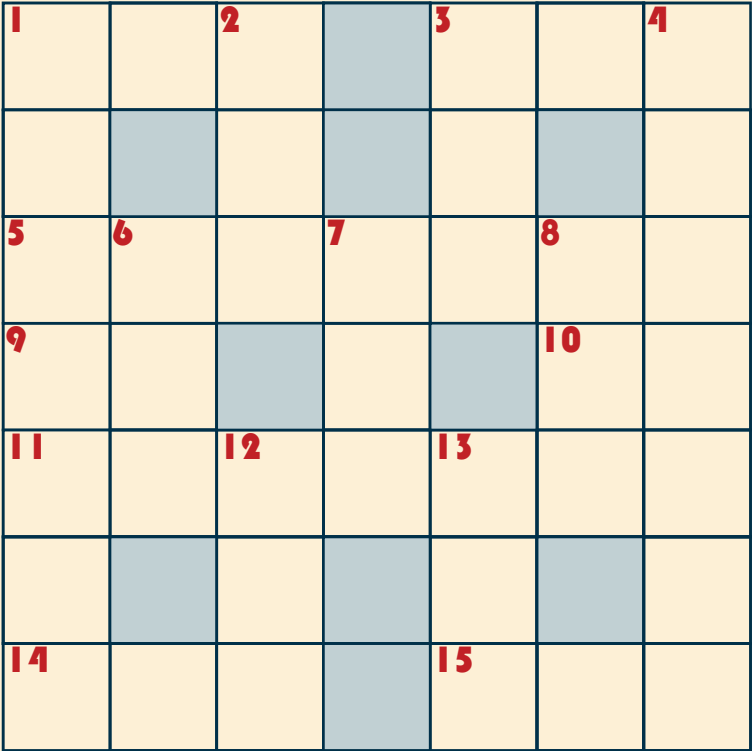
**Register online**

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**150 years  
1873–2023**



# PUZZLES

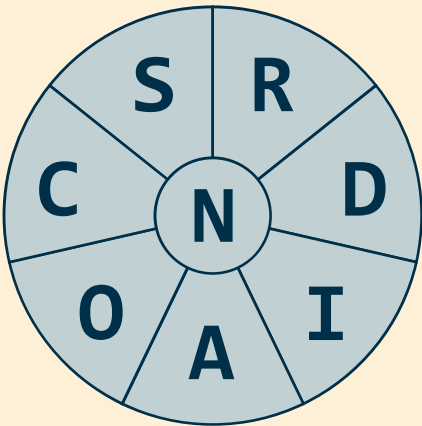


## Across

- 1 Cereal grain
- 3 Bye, text speech
- 5 Went sailing
- 9 Formal host
- 10 Machine learning
- 11 Bother
- 14 Bashful
- 15 Prospector's find

## Down

- 1 Greek gods' mountain
- 2 Pampering, briefly
- 3 Feline
- 4 Loud enough
- 6 High card
- 7 All the rage
- 8 Used for 4 Down
- 12 Start Wars Protagonist, for one
- 13 Sci-fi craft

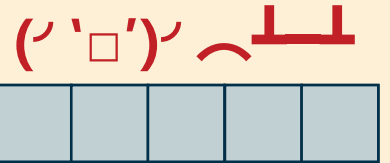
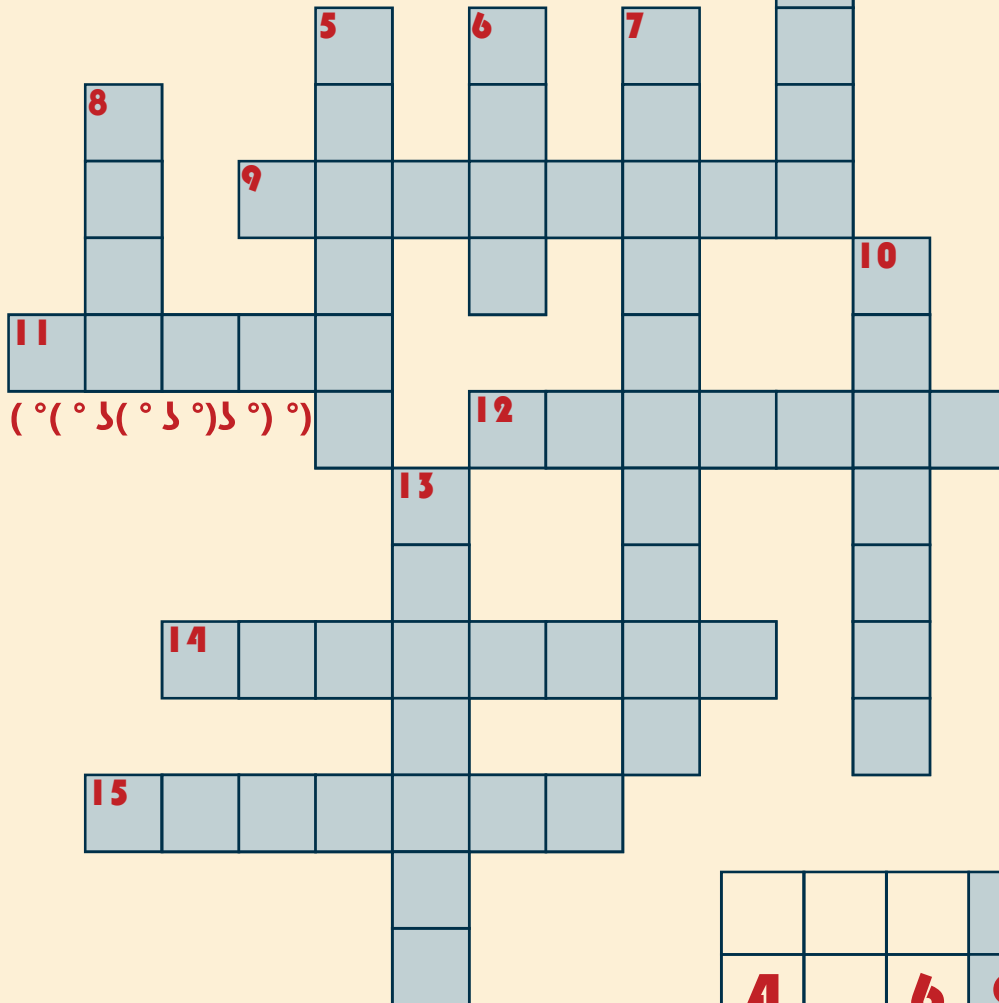


- 8: Thanks for playing
- 12: Not Half Bad
- 16: Pretty Clever
- 20: Downright Genius
- 24: Putting in the Work
- 28. Word Wizard

## Find the answers to the crossword

M I A J U D R U H D N E H A T  
T H D E A N L M A S A S C P T  
M I N N A P A U T E I A N O N  
D I H M I N A O P E S K E R N  
O O R N D H E N N O S T R T I  
C E H A E S R E E A U I F U L  
G L R S N Y G C Z S R A Z G T  
Y I P T I A V P Q W E H Y U J  
N J U A I L I H A W S T A E Z  
W G H Z R L G L F C S U A S O  
J N M Q H A R N A J V E E E I  
Z I H L S P B C E T V Z H N C  
I E A M D V O I T I I C N O Y  
F O Y K E H G L C X Z A N V L  
F M C O L G L Z Y D U T C H N





## Across

- 2 Istanbul
- 4 Noumea
- 9 Nanjing
- 11 New Delhi
- 12 Darwin
- 14 Osaka
- 15 Nairobi

## Down

- 1 Amsterdam
- 3 Minuch
- 5 Riyadh
- 6 Islamabad
- 7 Rio de Janeiro
- 8 Bangkok
- 10 Saint Petersburg
- 13 Milan



|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|   |   |   |   |   | 4 |   | 2 | 8 |
| 4 |   | 6 | 9 |   |   |   |   | 5 |
| 1 |   |   |   | 3 |   | 6 |   |   |
|   |   |   | 3 |   | 1 |   |   |   |
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# HOROSCOPES

*Go with the flow yo*

## ARIES

Your adventurous spirit is like a fearless surfer, riding the gnarly waves of life. Just remember, not every wave is meant to be conquered—avoid wiping out on the tide of impulsiveness!

## SCORPIO

You and the ocean share a similar depth bro, but sometimes we don't need to share childhood traumas on first intro. While your passion burns like a beach bonfire, try to not scorch those closest to you when they ask for lighter topics of conversation.

## CANCER

Like a resilient hermit crab, you're tenacious and resourceful. Build your sandcastles with determination, weathering any beach ballz that come your way!

## GEMINI

Your dual nature is like a mermaid with a split personality. Embrace your inner ocean of contradictions, but try not to leave everyone else swimming in circles!

## PICES

Like the moon's influence on the tides, you feel deeply connected to your emotions. Allow the ocean to guide you, go with the flow and learn to weather anything that comes your way.

## LEO

Oh, Leo, you're like a tsunami of confidence crashing through life. Just be careful not to swamp everyone around you with your bold waves of enthusiasm! There's room for more than one fish in the ocean!

## TAURUS

Stubborn like a barnacle clinging to a rock, you know what you want and won't let go. But remember, sometimes letting go means receiving more in the future.

## VIRGO

Your attention to detail is like a lifeguard scrutinising every grain of sand. Relax a little, not every seashell needs organising!

## SAGITTARIUS

Adventurous like a daring sailor exploring uncharted waters. Just be sure not to sail too far from reality on your voyages of imagination!

## AQUARIUS

you're lost in the ocean of imagination. Embrace your fantasies, but don't forget to step onto the sandy shores of reality from time to time!

## CAPRICORN

Like a resilient coral reef, you weather the storms with ease. But don't be such a workaholic that you forget to soak up the sun and sand!

## LIBRA

Balancing the ocean's vastness and your social life is like trying to ride two surfboards at once. Seek harmony, but don't wipe out in the process!





## HEAT 1

JULY 20TH

THE AFFAIRS  
**EXIT SIGN**  
**STACKED**  
THE GREGORISTS  
BULLET STARS

## HEAT 2

AUGUST 3RD

URBAN OASIS  
PSYCHO GAB  
INFESTED DIVISION  
MULL BRAIN

## HEAT 3

AUGUST 17TH

LOCALS ONLY  
DILINO  
CHANDE ALTAR  
UNCOMMON  
STATE  
JACK BROWNOXB

SEMI'S | AUG 31ST

FINALS | SEPT 14TH

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**NOISE**

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UOA BANDS  
TAKE THE STAGE 8.15PM

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