

CRACCU M



Movie Magic

Samantha Gianotti has a thing for John Cazale; wants to tell you all about it

Swing Votes

A columnist's take on the various political parties partying down

To The Bone

A rallying call for better on-screen representation of the realities of mental illness

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ISSUE SIXTEEN

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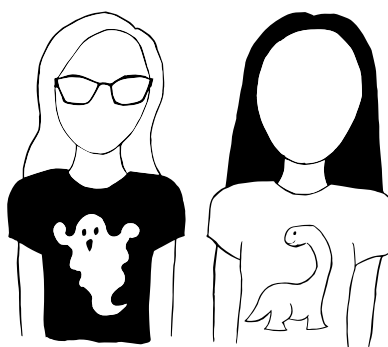
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Catriona Britton



Samantha Gianotti

Balls Up

With a crisp breeze whipping up the thigh slits of our dresses and shrinking our nips down to the shape of frozen peas, the *Craccum* editorial team entered Shed 10 dressed up like a goddamn advertisement for every political party: three in black, two in red, two in blue, one in green, one in white (Anoushka, so angelic as to take one for the team and be the “I don’t like to disclose my political affiliation” person for the night).

What followed was a merriment of head-banging, dabbing, dashing to the bar, dashing to the loo, dashing for dessert, dashing through the bros in a drunk-filled lad display. Oh what fun it was, laughing all the way.

Keep reading for some of our editors’ experiences of their night.

They started with a mix of Disney songs, which was fine, but it was not “Mr Brightside”. They included a song from Monsters Inc, but it is not a Disney film, as Disney purchased Pixar five years after the film was released, but Disney also doesn’t own “Mr Brightside”, so the fact that “Mr Brightside” wasn’t played at this stage of the evening was to be expected.

For Whom the Belly Tolls by Samantha

Online shopping is always something of a risk. Sizing is difficult. Sometimes the fabric isn’t too crash hot. Sometimes you buy a black wrap dress off Boohoo.com that has a slinky leg opening that let’s you feel like you’re emulating Angelina Jolie à la the 2012 Oscars but your already-pale complexion and the fact that you’ve avoided sun for the last 11–13 months means your leg looks more like one of those toothy penis monsters that ate Andy Serkis in *King Kong*. Sometimes, you don’t realise when you try on your dress with the slinky leg opening that when you sit down, said leg opening opens way, way up, exposing your long-neglected midriff. Children scream. People cry out for God’s swift and merciful release from their mortal coil. Use fashion tape, folks. Be safe out there.

Then they played “Sunday Morning” by Maroon 5, which was fine because that song is a banger, but it

is not “Mr Brightside”, and it is also the same song they started with last year and, in fact, the entire first bracket of songs was the same as it was last year, so we held out hope that they would play “Mr Brightside” later. They played “Mr Brightside” last year.

The Dessert Diaries by Hannah

Some people go for the dancing, others for the drinks. I went for a night of merriment with my *Craccum* pals, and the dessert (mainly the dessert). Last year there were cakes—so many cakes. Cupcakes, cheesecakes, round cakes. We all remembered the cakes. “Dessert will be served at 10:30pm.” At 10:25pm, I watched the tables being rolled out (under the pretence of dancing, but really I was just moving my lips and waving my arms, having positioned myself on the dance floor so that I had a perfect view of the dessert station). Others meandered towards the dessert bar; I bounded over the tables. There were no cakes—only a “build-your-own”, “D.I.Y”, “chefs are too lazy to cook so now we just make the guests do it and market it as deconstructed”, ice cream sundae table. Dessert let me down, but my *Craccum* pals never do. What a night of merriment!

*Then they played “Gold Digger”, and the singer said “n*****” in the lines where Kanye said “n*****” and he didn’t even attempt to self-censor, which wasn’t fine, and it still wasn’t “Mr Brightside”.*

Shed 10 in Rain Monologue by Isobel

“You’re quite old, aren’t you,” says the security guard. I laugh, deepening the crow’s feet, and snatch back the shameful proof of my 1994 birth. Somehow, the *Craccum* team hobbles up the Shed 10 stairs without crutches.

In preparation for a rapidly approaching future as someone’s embarrassing mum, I’m up to dance as soon as the band starts. One Night Stand have barely updated their repertoire in the time that I have become a grizzled veteran of four AUSA balls and their tunes take you right back to the good old days of 2014, 2015 and 2016.

“I’ve seen things you people wouldn’t be-

lieve,” I start reminiscing to a crowd of 1999ers after a few wines. “An afterball that actually went off. I watched that car park glitter in the dark last time the ball was held at this affordable, I mean, fancy and atmospheric, venue. All these moments will be lost in time, like the leftover alcohol is ‘lost’ by the AUSA Executive. Time to die.”

As my boyfriend who spent the following 16 hours emptying bowls of my vomit can attest, this last part is only a slight exaggeration.

Then they played “Everlong”, and then they said that it was their last song, and we all thought they were joking because no one apart from the Foo Fighters themselves would end a set with a Foo Fighters’ song, but it was their last song, and we had to go. They never played “Mr Brightside”.

Agnes by Anoushka

When they took me, I was doing water aerobics with Susan. A man caught me in a giant net and screamed that “they” needed “hot, steamy vegetables.” I was frightened. “Wh-who needs them?” I asked, nervously. “The children,” barked the man. He was very angry. But if I was honest with myself, I was into it. No one had asked me for hot, steamy vegetables in 20 years—not since Richard left me for that whore, Ethel.

But all I had in my refrigerator were the vegetables I was married in, 67 years ago. “We can’t use these,” I told the big, handsome man. “No, no, no, no, no!” he shouted. “What you have here is exactly what we need!” And then he pulled out a giant pot filled with—no—it couldn’t be—

“Yes. Now boil these vegetables in my piss, Agnes. It’s what they deserve.”

So, for ten hours each week, I sneezed into a pot of vegetables that would be served in what they described as “hell, but freezing cold.” When they came to take the vegetables, they punched me in the tits, and handed me a crisp \$10 note.

“Keep the change,” they said. “We’re being reimbursed.”

They never played “Mr Brightside”, so we sang it ourselves. •

THE (UNOFFICIAL) HISTORY OF AUESA

AFTER THE REMAKE THAT NOBODY WANTED THIS SEMESTER, PATRICK NEWLAND TAKES US THROUGH THE AUESA'S RECORDED ACTIVITIES TO DATE

After sparking hot-tempered controversy around their potential regulation at the beginning of the year, the self-described “Auckland University European Students Association” made itself known again in the first two weeks of this semester, leading to a confrontation between some of its members and an informal group of university students at Shadows Bar a week ago Friday.

While witnesses described the altercation as little more than a “heated debate” between the two parties, around ten Police officers arrived at the scene to separate the two groups.

The altercation was prompted by a recent declaration on the AUESA Facebook page, which called for its members to meet at Shadows in order to “celebrate” what they described as “European pride”. However, in recent weeks the Facebook page had promoted several images considered by many to hint at white supremacy.

While originally claiming to be a group similar in mould to the “Kiwi Asian Club”, there was deep scepticism at the beginning of the year as to the group’s motives—particularly from groups such as Auckland Students Against Hatred. Popular fears stemmed from the rise of the alt-right around the world, the experiences of other universities in New Zealand, and some of the people involved in the organisation.

One notable apparent member included Adam Holland, a former Auckland mayoral candidate, who arrived at the AUSA Mayoral Debate last year in Shadows in an intoxicated state, creating a brawl while wearing a Kafftan and brown face paint. He has previously described himself as New Zealand’s Donald Trump and recently created a video posted to the organisation’s Facebook page that drew a comparison between former Prime Minister Helen Clark and Hitler.

While at the time the organisation’s President claimed that the group was not “white supremacist in any way”, the group’s posts over the last month have sought to attack the Māori and Pacific Admission Scheme in particular.

They called for Dame Susan Devoy to

stand down as Human Rights Commissioner, claiming “ANZAC heroes did not go to war so their children and grandchildren could be treated like second class [*sic*] citizens,” in apparent reference to Māori and Pasifika University scholarships.

After the confrontation outside Shadows—in which group member Nick Chen appeared to be escorted away by Police—such controversial posts were removed from the Facebook page, with the group claiming it had “appointed new leaders”.

When asked as to why the posts had been deleted, they claimed they “were not particularly relevant to our organisational objectives.”

“We are after all a cultural club that is planning a goal of affiliating with the University.” ♦



PHOTOS: SAM SMITH, 95bFM

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTS WANT TO MERGE WITH AUSA

BY LAURA KVIGSTAD

The Post Graduate Students’ Association (PGSA) and Auckland University Students’ Association (AUSA) are in the midst of discussing a possible merger between the two organisations.

Approximately one month ago, PGSA President Amir Rastar approached AUSA President Will Matthews to discuss a formal merger.

Rastar discussed giving AUSA access to the PGSA membership list and various committees in exchange for AUSA providing additional funding and space in the AUSA house.

Associate Director of Campus Life Ann-Marie Parsons had come to Matthews the week before on the same subject.

Campus Life currently manages the funding for PGSA.

Matthews believed the process would need to be “more integrated and formal than just access to their mailing list.”

“We know that this could be beneficial for both sides,” said Raster. “I guess we can be the postgraduate sector of AUSA, exclusively dealing with postgraduate students.”

“This is a shared purpose between us as AUSA serves all students including postgrads.”

Comments from the AUSA Executive echoed concerns about PGSA’s current efficacy, with one Executive member saying that postgraduate students “could have better representation.”

Criticism of the PGSA structure also emerged within the AUSA discussion, with the Association being labelled as “convoluted” due to their policy of electing executives mid-way through the year.

Connor O’Hanlon, Grafton Representative and one of two postgraduate students on the AUSA Executive, expressed concerns over how much postgraduate students actually en-

gage with AUSA.

He claimed postgraduate students were far “more likely to engage with PGSA, as it’s directed towards them.”

This comment was rebutted by another Executive member, who stated that it was because AUSA has never been directed towards postgraduate students and that it would be good to unify the students more.

Rastar’s final comment on the matter was that “a merging process might involve changing our constitution, and therefore it could happen only in [the] long term.”

“Moreover, we haven’t exactly understood the requirements, expectations and ramifications of such action ourselves and may need more discussion.”

Talks are expected to continue among Campus Life, AUSA and PGSA in the following weeks. ♦

NAME-DROPPING FEMINISM: THE WOMEN'S CHOICE ELECTION FORUM KICKS OFF

BY BAILEY VERRY

The battle for the September election continued last week with the Women's Choice Election Forum held on campus in partnership with five women's organisations, including AUSA's own Women's Rights Officers. The panel format had female representatives from six different political parties weigh in on women's issues: Erica Stanford (National), Carmel Sepuloni (Labour), Jan Logie (Greens), Cinnamon Whitlock (Māori Party), Tracey-lee Repia (Mana) and Tracey Martin (NZ First).

There was no time for man-hating as these women were there to get down to business for their fellow wahine—having a good old chat about women's issues including pay equity, domestic violence, abortion and representation in STEM fields.

Within five minutes of starting, the “F-Bomb” had already been dropped, but it was only Erica Stanford that dropped “I’m a feminist” immediately into her speech.

This blunder was the start of a rough hour-and-a-half for National. Despite a front row of enthusiastic Young Nats (with

a record turnout of three females total), the remainder of the audience was less than impressed.

Stanford was entrusted with the difficult role of defending the Government's track record to the room—a job better suited to a more experienced candidate, as her flustered statistic-reading responses did little to appease the critical room.

However, this is not to discredit her standout moment. When asked what National had done to address the drivers of violence against women, an uproar was caused by the position that providing “funding for locks and alarms” was the Government's best course of action to stop domestic violence in the home. Stanford rejected the premise of the Women's Centre Auckland's question and stated that “The Government shouldn't be reaching into people's lives”—a sentiment that was not shared by the audience.

Positioning themselves adversarially to the Government, Tracey Martin, Carmel Sepuloni and Jan Logie were by far the most outspoken.

Martin was in full force bringing her sassy brand of politics—because, let's be honest, you have to if you have any hope of being heard over Winston—with particular passion and outrage over Stanford's comments on domestic violence intervention.

Logie proved to be the most knowledgeable on current legislation, having recently passed her own bill through parliament, managing to explain comprehensively the current challenges to pay equity in parliament.

It was Sepuloni, however, that took the opportunity to run with Labour's new party direction (and leadership) in an effort to continue the momentum of the previous week's extremely gendered media coverage. Sepuloni was quick to oppose any and all “successes” put forth by Stanford in efforts to defend National, and pushed Labour policies, meeting agreement from the audience and the rest of the panel.

However, Labour policies are generally not a hard sell to youth and academics. The true test will be which champion voters will choose on September 23rd. ♦

JOURNALISTIC FREEFALL? HOW “CLICKBAIT” NEWS IS TAKING OVER SOCIAL MEDIA

BY MARK CASSON

Facebook has announced recently it will be cracking down even further on clickbait media on its servers, in an effort to support a more “informed community” online.

The solution is a response to media and news organisations increasing their use of clickbait and controversial headlines in recent years, in order to generate views.

In an age where newspaper circulation is declining, some organisations have switched to generating revenue through the medium of “clicks”, which translate directly to readers viewing relative advertising content displayed on the screen.

In a 2015 investigation by the *Columbia Journalism Review*, they found one publisher-platform, *Slant*, was paying its writers \$100 per month, with an additional \$5 for every 500 “clicks” on the article.

The pay policy was constructed in order to encourage writers to create a “clickbait” title to draw in the attention of readers.

Alex Veeneman, Director of the Society For Professional Journalists in the United States, said *Slant*'s policy was a good idea, as “Journalism students need to try and stand out in this age because of so much competition for jobs.”

Yet in more recent years, *Slant* has come under hefty criticism for what some, such as former Managing Editor of CBC Radio, Jeffrey Dvorkin, have called “the death of journalism”.

But the problem goes far beyond *Slant*, with many news companies, like *The Sun*, *Metro UK*, and the *NZ Herald* appearing to take up similar policies of “clickbait” production.

For instance, *The Sun* was recently lambasted for running the headline “Naked Girls Wrestle In Muddy Water And Straddle Each Other” for a story on a Polish music festival.

Similarly, *Metro UK* ran a story in July with graphic footage of a couple engaging in sexual intercourse in public in Berlin—criti-

cised by many as overt pornography.

However, the *NZ Herald* seems to have recently fallen into the same trap, posting stories such as “Ancient Humans Had Sexual Intercourse With Non-Humans” and “The Worst Way To Get Dumped”.

Such stories, due to their eye-catching headlines, can sometimes even make millions of dollars' revenue through advertising.

However, the issue has become of serious concern for Facebook.

“People tell us they don't like stories that are misleading, sensational or spammy,” said Arun Baby, a Facebook engineer, in a recent interview with website TechVibes.

“That includes clickbait headlines that are designed to get attention and lure visitors into clicking on a link.”

It's yet to be seen, however, if Facebook's new anti-clickbait policies will affect established media institutions such as *The Sun* and the *NZ Herald*. ♦



NZ AND UK UNVEIL NEW ANTI-CLIMATE CHANGE TRANSPORT PLANS

BY DANIELLE MAYNARD

A recent study at the University of North Carolina predicts that the global death rate caused by air pollutants will increase to 60,000 by 2030 unless major efforts are made now to reduce humankind's impact on climate change.

The increase in global temperature associated with climate change speeds up chemical reactions that produce pollutants, including ozone. Areas which are becoming drier are also at a larger risk due to a lack of rain to remove pollutants, windblown dust, and an increased fire risk.

To reach the emissions targets agreed upon in the 2016 Paris Climate Accord, many countries have begun phasing out petrol and diesel vehicles and incentivising the use of electric cars, with a large source of air pollution being transportation.

In most urban areas in the UK, nitrogen dioxide levels from diesel emissions have far exceeded legal limits for the past 7 years. In response, a ruling by the British High Court in late July initiated a far-reaching plan to reduce these levels.

From 2020, parking surcharges, car tax, and charges for driving diesel vehicles into central areas in the United Kingdom will be installed. A proposal to ban diesel vehicles completely during peak times on busy roads is still being discussed.

From 2040, a full ban on the sale of new petrol and diesel cars will be enforced, which will drive the switch from combustion engines to electric motors ruling the roads.

The New Zealand Government, in contrast, is opting to take a far gentler approach to shifting the country's vehicle usage to electric. This does not include a full combustion engine ban, but does involve enticements for electric vehicle owners, such as an exemption for paying road user charges.

New Zealand Transport Minister Simon Bridges told the *NZ Herald* that "The Government has an ambiguous electric vehicle programme with an aim to double the size of the electric vehicle fleet in New Zealand every year to reach 64,000 electric vehicles by 2021."

A World Health Organisation report published in 2016 supports New Zealand's less drastic approach to maintaining our "green" image. The report compared the PM_{2.5} concentration in the air of over 100 countries to their rates of death and illness related to air pollution.

New Zealand came out in the top five nations with the best results, but this does not make New Zealand insusceptible to the future effects of the global phenomenon of climate change.

PM_{2.5} are a classification of microscopic particles under 2.5 micrometres in diameter (i.e. 3% the thickness of a strand of human hair). Because they are so small, they are easily inhaled and can penetrate deep into lung tissue and into the circulatory system, causing a plethora of health issues.

Climate change policies are set to be a pressing issue in this year's election, with all major parties declaring detailed environmental policies as part of their manifestos. •

HOUSING COSTS NOW TAKE UP MAJORITY OF KIWI WAGES

BY JARROD FREELAND

Housing costs now account for 51% of New Zealand's poorest earners' income, according to a recently commissioned report by the Ministry of Social Development.

The report, issued to trace trends in indicators of inequality and hardship from 1982 to 2016, showed that the average proportion of wages being used for accommodation increased the most for lower socioeconomic groups—up from just 29% in 1990, to now over half their income.

However, all groups have seen increases, with over-65s reaching 21%, up from just 14% in the late 1980s.

Rising demand driven by foreign investment, overpopulation of major centres, and the construction industry's failure to build enough new houses over the past three years has led to New Zealand now having the most unaffordable housing in the developed world.

This rise in house prices has boosted New Zealand's economy and delighted many

homeowners who have seen their capital increase exponentially, but has also widened the gap between rich and poor to unprecedented levels.

Executive Director of NZ Initiative Oliver Hartwich decried rising house prices as having "made homeowners richer while those in poorer socioeconomic groups are having to pay an increasing share of their income on housing."

"This is causing real hardship for too many New Zealanders."

Lacking the means to move out of major cities and find other employment, poorer citizens are finding themselves stuck in ever-worsening living conditions.

10% of all Kiwi children now live in a house with damp or mould problems, and a further 13% in homes without adequate heating—with 70% of those reporting both of these issues living in rental accommodation.

Unlike several European countries, in-

cluding the United Kingdom, New Zealand has not officially recognised housing as being a direct contributor to adverse health effects among the population.

Apart from laws requiring smoke alarms to be installed near every bedroom, and that both plumbing and electrical systems are in working order, there is little in the way of a "Warrant of Fitness" for rental accommodation.

Former Green Party Co-Leader Metiria Turei said the figures prove how the housing crisis is hurting the poorest the most.

"It's clear that to solve the housing crisis we need a new government that will build thousands of affordable homes, crackdown on speculators, and tax property fairly," she said in a July 25th press release.

Just four days prior, Deputy Prime Minister Paula Bennett had admitted "in hindsight" that the Government's response to the housing crisis had been too slow—addressing what is set to be a key issue in this election. •

JACINDA ARDERN COULD MAKE THE DIFFERENCE FOR LABOUR, BUT ONLY IF THE PARTY CHANGES WITH THE LEADER

MICHAEL CALDERWOOD ANALYSES IF—AGAINST ALL HOPE—QUEEN JACINDA COULD ACTUALLY SWING THIS ELECTION

Labour Leader Jacinda Ardern is charismatic, young, a woman, and impossible *not* to like. She effortlessly responds to questions from the media, comes off as relatable and personable, and has a knack for communicating with people.

Her claim that she is “relentlessly positive” certainly shines through. She’s savvy with social media and has 70,000 followers on Twitter—more than triple Prime Minister Bill English’s follower count. Essentially, she’s an effective, popular, and media-savvy party leader—much like former Prime Minister John Key was.

Ardern’s unanimous installation as Leader by the Labour caucus has fixed Labour’s leadership and image problem, transforming it from a bland, aimless party under former Leader Andrew Little into something shiny and fresh. Ardern’s leadership makes for a stark contrast with boring Bill English and National.

But this, however, does not address Labour’s rot, which comes from deep within the party. Ever since former Prime Minister Helen Clark departed, people haven’t known what Labour stands for or what its policies are.

By trying to be everything for everyone, they ended up standing for nothing.

Labour needs to ditch their centrist, cautious messaging and embrace the fact that a majority of voters want change from the Government and are seeking a true alternative. This means changes in both policy and rhetoric. Labour could learn a lot from the successes of Independent Bernie Sanders and UK Labour Leader Jeremy Corbyn.

Part of Corbyn and Sanders’ successes involved historic levels of turnout and participation by young voters. They both ran on a populist platform that stood firmly against special interests, promised free tertiary education, and offered real action on climate change. Their

campaigns made people feel like they were a part of something bigger than just themselves.

Little’s Labour got a lot of things right on policy, but too often offered cautious, centrist watered-down rhetoric that dampened all the enthusiasm one might feel for those policies. We have already seen some changes in the policy area under Ardern’s leadership, with her announcement of Labour’s ambitious Auckland transport policy exciting many voters.

Ultimately, the Sanders and Corbyn platforms promised to end the anxiety felt by voters. Anxiety around student debt. Anxiety around access to healthcare. Anxiety around whether they will be able to buy a home. Anxiety around whether their wages will be high enough to live on.

Voters are anxious in New Zealand, and Labour is in a perfect position to build a strong coalition that can tap into that anxiety and offer bold solutions, unlike NZ First Leader Winston Peters, who tells people to channel their anxieties towards immigrants.

During the 2016 Presidential primaries, Sanders earned more youth votes than Democrat Hillary Clinton and President Donald Trump *combined*, so he clearly tapped into something among young people. Up against Clinton, he bested her by more than 50 points among young people in some states.

Craccum got in touch with Melissa Byrne, a national staffer from the Bernie 2016 campaign, to see if she had any advice for Ardern and Labour. Why did Sanders’ campaign resonate so much with young people?

“Young people are facing a huge economic crisis of student debt, falling wages, high health-care costs. They are willing to do the work of a political revolution so they showed up, knocked [on] doors, made phone calls, tweet-

ed, snapped, and eventually [voted] for Bernie,” Byrne told *Craccum*.

“The campaign was also incredibly exciting. Folks wanna be part of something exciting.”

A major debate among New Zealand political commentators and academics tends to revolve around whether or not personality trumps policy. Have we transcended to a purely presidential politics where personality trumps all, or does policy truly matter?

Byrne said that for young people, policy trumps personality.

“Policy comes first. [Young people] want the sincerity, the mission, and the vision. Then comes excellent organising. You can’t win without organising. Finally comes the personality,” she said.

And with a campaign to win the youth vote, digital and social media are extremely important. Byrne said that the Bernie campaign even ensured to use only progressive-run digital tools, “not competitors who helped out Trump.”

But even if you have an excellent digital operation, the core message remains important. An excellent social media operation, even if the memes are great, can’t make a difference without a solid message behind it.

“None of the excellent digital work would have done any good at all without [Bernie’s] message.”

With just a few weeks till the election, Labour may need to change a lot in a very short amount of time. They need exciting policy combined with a clear message and a popular leader at the top.

Under Little, that golden triangle was not there. Under Ardern, it might be—provided Labour matches their popular new leader with equally exciting policies, and an excellent outreach campaign. ♦



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Tackling Rape Culture at University

Milly Sheed addresses the major problems she has with university rape culture and ways we can strive to fix it

CONTENT WARNING: THIS ARTICLE DISCUSSES SEXUAL ASSAULT

University is a time of independence and spontaneity in the life of many young adults. There is no longer anyone to answer to but yourself, and the myth of non-stop partying and alcohol over-consumption literally becomes a lifestyle. Uni can feel like you are in a bubble, so far removed from the rest of the world—all that you do and all those whom you interact with are within the university sphere, and the common pressures and ideals can imprint on the way we act. It is scarily easy to dive headlong into a way of life that dictates societal norms to which we are not ordinarily accustomed. However, this abrupt sense of newfound freedom can sometimes be a rude culture shock and invariably dangerous in the hands of some.

WHAT ARE THE PROBLEMS?

THE UNIVERSITY ENVIRONMENT

Rape culture finds its home in this environment, and it is no secret that it is a reality that goes hand in hand with the university way-of-life. Concepts such as camaraderie and attitudes dictating that “boys will be boys” contribute more so in the justification of sexual acts of violence. These are concepts that we should no longer shrug off with a sigh and a smirk. The culture of alcohol and casual sex is seen more as an opportunity—not the cause—and is therefore treated as a competitive game where there are winners and losers.

LENIENT SENTENCES

Over the past five years we have been hearing more frequently about college rape. Perhaps what is most shocking about these cases is the justice (or lack thereof) served to offenders and the alarming trend in lenient sentencing.

Brock Turner. Yes, you’ve heard of him, and it is as hard to type his name as it is for you to

read it. Convicted for the sexual assault of an unconscious woman with intent to rape in 2015, he was only sentenced to 6 months in a county jail for his contemptible treatment of an unconscious girl at a Stanford college party, behind a dumpster. Despite the jury finding him guilty on all counts, the judge exercised leniency when sentencing due to the rapist’s potential for a successful athletic career. I wonder, did the judge turn his mind to the potential career of the victim and how it has likely been irrevocably damaged by Turner’s act? It would seem not.

Austin Wilkerson. A Colorado student who, in 2016, was handed a similarly light sentence, despite a jury finding him guilty of raping a half-conscious “helpless” female student, whilst masquerading as her rescuer. Wilkerson was sentenced to 2 years imprisonment, but at least he is going to prison, unlike Turner, right? Wrong. A condition of his sentence, imposed by a sympathetic judge, is that he is only to serve his time in prison overnight and is able to pursue education and other activities during daylight hours. ‘Cos rape only happens at night, doesn’t it?

WHITE MALE PRIVILEGE

It is difficult to understand where these arbitrary sentences come from, when the minimum number of years for sexual crimes is generally between 12–16 years in America. The grievous truth is these judges are feeling sympathy towards the offenders and openly sacrificing their judicial impartiality to do so. But where does this sympathy come from? The short answer: white male privilege. As horrendous as it is to admit, we live in a society where the powerful players are willing to disregard the voices of female victims in favour of protecting the interests of the young, white, athletic male perpetrators. This is fundamentally wrong. The justice system should do what its title suggests—provide justice. In this

case, it is meaningful punishment for purposeful behaviour, no matter what their status, colour, or potential career goals.

SPEAKING UP

As unjust as these light sentences are, they do represent a glimmer of hope in victim responses to sexual crimes on campus. The cases demonstrate a slowly increasing trend in female victims willing to come forward and advocate for their bodily integrity, as deserving prioritisation by the State, more so than the protection of privileged white male athletes. Despite the bravery of the women who do speak up, the current sympathetic sentences given to the men responsible simply do not satisfy serious concerns about one of the most profuse and consequential acts of violence in our society today. It is 2017 and yet there are milestones to be covered in creating a truly equal justice system for rape victims, male and female alike.

THE STATISTICS

If we look at the maths, a study done by the Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network (RAINN) in 2014 shows that among undergraduate students in the US, 23.1% of females and 5.4% of males experience rape or sexual assault, and women are twice as likely to be sexually assaulted than robbed. Of this, only 20% of female students go so far as to report these sexual assaults to law enforcement. This speaks only to the horrifying effects of sexual violence and how it impacts the mental welfare of the victims. This is to say nothing of cultural and religious barriers that restrict young women from coming forward.

We have to wake up, as a society, to the reality that rape and sexual misconduct is more common than we ever thought it was. It occurs in the very fabric of our society—in halls, at loud parties, even behind dumpsters. Cases like Turner and Wilkerson are only a fraction of the problem.

UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS

Learn about indigenous rights at

Fighting the Dakota Access Pipeline and Indigenous Justice!

When: Wednesday 16th August, 6.45pm–8.45pm

Where: OGGB, Lecture Theatre 260-098

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: “Ngā Pae o te Māramatanga is hosting Associate Professor Kyle Powys Whyte (Potawatomi) from Michigan State University, at the University of Auckland for a public lecture on the events surrounding the Dakota Access Pipeline (DAPL), the protests which were led by the Standing Rock Sioux Tribal members and what the future holds for Indigenous peoples fighting for their environmental rights.”

Keen to learn more about protecting the environment? Head along to

Plastic Diet Boot Camp!

When: Friday 18th August–Sunday 20th August

Where: University of Auckland

Price: Free!

Age restrictions: All ages

Event info: “Plastic Diet will be hosting an educational hui from 18–20 August. Come along to boost your campaigning and petitioning skills, learn more about the zero-waste world and hear from some awesome guest speakers. The hui will kick off with a zero-waste potluck dinner on the 18th August, with details of the rest of the weekend to be confirmed in the coming days. Make sure you’re there to meet new friends, attain new skills and eat great food! Sign up on the Facebook event.” ♦

What about the female victims who do not feel they are able to come forward? These perpetrators get an even lighter sentence—they are essentially *getting away with rape*. Doing something once, with no consequences, only justifies the behaviour in our minds. Ate too many donuts without gaining a single kilogram? Okay, maybe you can get away with it again! And next time, try eating even more! Can it hurt?

WHAT CAN WE DO?

THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM

It is important to understand that this is a rape *culture*; standardised and systematic. Individual intervention and awareness is not enough to battle it. The fundamental rationales behind rape culture are issues such as gender inequality, the objectification of women and the promotion of a common image of men as dominant over females. These basic societal ideals need to change in order for rape to become something intrinsically against our moral code. Violent masculinity needs to be re-examined, to create a society of equality and respect. As long as we use half-naked women to sell products, or pay women less than a man for doing the same job, then rape culture will continue to be validated. Regulatory policies to reduce female objectification in the media, and severe government regulation on the porn industry are mere starting points.

CONSENT EDUCATION

It is all about consent. Affirmative consent education should be an essential component of any school curriculum in order to ingrain its meaning into our young people. We need young men growing up understanding that consent is the most important element of any sexual experience, and young women knowing that their consent *will be respected*. Here is a starter for you in Consent 101: a lack of resistance does not equate to consent. Proactive education is a far better mode of tackling rape culture than banning hard liquor at college parties. Yes Stanford University, I am talking to you.

STOP VICTIM BLAMING

Victim blaming cannot be used as justification for rape culture. Defence counsels in rape trials take pleasure in arguing that drinking and a casual sex lifestyle

on campus encourages the sexual appetites of male students. This creates a gross double standard. If a victim-focused solution is condoned—that the way women dress and how much they drink will affect the way she is perceived as a sexual target—then the feminist movement may as well just take 100 steps back. Feminism allows women to wear what they want and act how they choose without receiving prejudice for doing so. “She was asking for it” is not only a disgusting representation of the offenders attempting to “pass the buck”, but is entirely irreconcilable with our progressive society.

THE LAW

Our Government needs to advocate for the bodily integrity rights of female victims, to take account for the irreparable damage sexual assault can have on a person socially, psychologically, financially and academically. Funding needs to be directed towards the response to university rape, as well as support for victims going forward. The law needs to evolve a lot faster than it is presently, which can only be achieved by law enforcement acknowledging allegations with due diligence. Rape victims need to be provided with easier access to justice so that their voices are heard and validated by a State that is meant to protect them.

Brock Turner’s father lamented that his son should not be branded a sexual offender, as it was “a steep price to pay for 20 minutes of action”. Oh, how wrong you are, Mr Turner. *She is someone important*—she has a name, a family, hopes and dreams, a future. *She has an identity*. Until women cease to be objectified, and until universities all around the world take it upon themselves to address the shocking statistics and implement education and policies to battle this prolific rape culture, sexual assaults will continue to go unreported and the perpetrators will continue to escape just punishment. ♦

HELP IS AN ORGANISATION THAT PROVIDES SUPPORT FOR SEXUAL ABUSE VICTIMS: [HTTP://HELPAUCKLAND.ORG.NZ](http://HELPAUCKLAND.ORG.NZ). YOU CAN CALL THEM ON THEIR 24/7 CONFIDENTIAL PHONE LINE AT: (09) 623 1700.

BETTER BLOKES SUPPORTS MEN WHO HAVE EXPERIENCED SEXUAL TRAUMA: [HTTP://BETTERBLOKES.ORG.NZ](http://BETTERBLOKES.ORG.NZ). YOU CAN CALL THEM AT: (09) 889 2553, OR EMAIL MANAGER@BETTERBLOKES.ORG.NZ.

THE TU WAHINE TRUST PROVIDES COUNSELLING, THERAPY, AND SUPPORT TO MĀORI WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND FAMILIES AFFECTED BY SEXUAL ABUSE. YOU CAN CALL THEM AT: (09) 838 8700.

CHARITY/ORGANISATION OF THE WEEK

This week we’re bringing your attention to the FGM (Female Genital Mutilation) Education Programme. Developed in the mid-90s to assist an influx of Somali refugees at the time, the FGM Education Programme is an invaluable resource, which educates the public about FGM and assists health professionals in their treatment of victims of female

genital mutilation. The FGM Education Programme has a number of resources available on the negative health impacts of FGM, statistics on FGM in New Zealand, and resources for healthcare professionals treating patients who have suffered from FGM. To further educate yourself on this issue, check out: <http://fgm.co.nz>. ♦

What's On

Albion Place REC

Dunedin-based indie rockers Albion Place are playing at REC this Friday 18th August to celebrate their recent single, "Easier". Have a listen to their unique, energetic sound, then grab your tickets from Eventfinda starting at \$15.

The Pickle King Q THEATRE

Running every night this week is the hit comedy *The Pickle King*. Winner of the Fringe First Edinburgh Award, the play looks at love and death in a comical, pickle-related way. Interested? Check it out at the Q Theatre. Tickets start from \$30.

Italian Short Film Night KINGSLANDER

Show Me Shorts is ramping up to their world-famous film festival with their Italian Short Film Night at the Kingslander on Tuesday 15th August. They'll be showing a collection that celebrates Italian cinema, on the same date as the Italian national holiday of Ferragosto. Tickets \$10 at door. The event is R18.

Fa'aafa BASEMENT THEATRE

Fa'aafa is a new show coming to the Basement Theatre celebrating Samoan oral traditions, costume, sound and movement—featuring famed poet Tusiata Avia. Combining digital projection with incredible performance *Fa'aafa* recreates the traditional Samoan fāgogo (fable) for young, modern polynesians. 15th–19th August. \$19 student tickets are available online.

Auckland Law Revue: Case in Pointe SKYCITY THEATRE

UoA Law students are back for their annual *Auckland Law Revue: Case in Pointe* from 17th–19th August at SKYCITY Theatre. Student tickets are \$21 so check out their Facebook page for tickets and more details. ♦

GUIDE TO... Boho-ifying Your Room

The boho-hippy trend has been hanging around like a bad smell, so much that it's kind of grown on us. We've got your Boho Bedroom Starter Kit sorted with this handy dandy guide.

Blissful Bunting: Bunting is fun, colourful and very boho-y. If you want a super unique touch, make your own using rad fabrics from op shops. Otherwise, Trade Aid have some gorgeous and not too expensive options.

Cut a Rug: An Aztec, paisley or crocheted rug will help complete that boho vibe. If you're lucky enough to have a gorgeous wooden floor, we suggest a small-ish circular rug. If you have carpet, get a larger one.

Hung Up: Wall hangings are becoming more and more popular and can be found in a number of stores from Typo to Freedom Furniture. Or get creative and

make your own! It's really not that hard. We like the white wall hanging style, but whatever floats your boat.

Spreads: Your duvet is a big part of your room, so find one that fits with everything else. Spotlight has a huge range of colourful, patterned duvets that are perfectly suited to the boho-hippy trend.

Greenery: Last but not least, plantlife. A heap of greenery will finish the look and turn your room into a hippy's dream. Go for a mixture of big, leafy, green plants like Peace Lilies, or small succulents and cacti. ♦



Helping out with your hangover!

The *Craccum* team made its way to the AUSA Royal Fairytale Ball a couple of weekends ago where we danced (dabbed) up a storm and closed down the house with an a capella version of "Mr Brightside". As I sit writing this one day later, I'm realising how many people may be in need of the much mythologised hangover cure! You've probably heard it all before, but whether you're suffering now or preparing for the future, here are some quick tips and practices to help hang your hangover.

Water. Water. Water. Aqua de vita—the water of life. No matter how many cures you may try or have in your back pocket, none are as proven or as useful as the simple act of hydration. The first thing you should be trying to do is to re-hydrate after a big night out. If you want to be doing that without a splitting headache, it will—unfortunately—need you to be a little more prepared the night before. Alternate between alcohol and water throughout the night, then right before you go to sleep you should try to chug around 1.5L (6 cups) of water. I force myself to do this most nights, even when sober, and doubly so after drinking. This is my go-to technique and I've never had a hangover greater than a light headache.

Salt it up: Your personality might have enough already, but it's always recommended to get electrolytes (sodium, potassium and chloride) back into your system.

Drink a Powerade/Gatorade to give your brain a fast fix! The sugar in it will also help give you an energy kick. If you're looking for another option, coconut water gives you the electrolytes with less sugar. For a more solid alternative, try combining bananas and pretzels. They'll give you the same potassium and sodium as electrolytes, and will help line your stomach.

Sleep: If you have the luxury of doing so, sleep in! Your body is amazing and will usually try to take care of itself. But if you've had a little bit too much, or a friend has, be sure that there is someone there to check up on the intoxicated party. Passing out due to drinking can lead to asphyxiation as those left on their own can choke on their own vomit. Horrid, but true. So look out for one another!

Painkillers: A good resort if you're still feeling the aches and pains of the eve before is an over-the-counter painkiller at the *recommended* dosage. Ibuprofen is the best one, as aspirin will only treat a headache and not the inflammation that comes along with more bodily pains. However, if you drink too much too often, throwing in painkillers may cause even greater damage to your liver than what you've already subjected it to. It can also, like over-drinking, become dangerous. I feel like a police advert for constantly reiterating this, but remember to stay safe! ♦



ALCOHOLLY

Holly is a postgraduate student in UoA's Wine Science Programme. After being held hostage on Waiheke Island for a semester, she has returned to the mainland with more to say about the what's and why's of wine. #youhearditfromthegrapevine

The cold snap is real! It's time to get that alcohol blanket wrapped on nice and tight. This week we'll skip through the four most common red varieties grown in NZ, so you're a lil' more clued-up for your next booze-run. They can seem daunting initially, but if you like coffee or tea you're predisposed to a good glug of red!

Two defining aspects of red wines are the acid and tannin profiles. Acid is what makes it taste and feel juicy, whereas tannin dries out your cheeks. Super strong tannin is that feeling when you suck a teabag (re-latable?) or bite the pithy bit of a mandarin (the white part). A full-bodied wine will have medium acid and high tannin.

Pinot Noir: This grape is a fickle one to work with and requires a particular climate with long hot days followed by cold nights. There'll be no night sweats with our classy pal, Pinot. It's the grape of Burgundy. You can swirl, sniff, sip, and claim "mmm very Burgundian" if it has herbal (dank bud) aromas and, even better, if you catch a whiff of potting mix. It will always be high in acid and low in tannin. In NZ we are famed for our fruity styles. Generally the flavours sit between strawberry hubba-bubba and boysenberry ripple, with some so lip-smackingly juicy you want them chilled by the pool. *Try: Cir-*

cuit by Black Estate Pinot Noir, Waipara, \$27.

Syrah: The grape with another name. Here in NZ, Syrah makes a medium-bodied, pretty wine with powerful plum and cherry flavours, always perfumed with alluring pepper and exotic spice. You'll know it's NZ Syrah if it smells like you've stuck your nose inside a pepper grinder! When grown in hot parts of the world it changes, adopts the name Shiraz and shakes off all elegance to reveal the full-bodied, jammy juice inside. Syrah grows really well on Waiheke Island, but for a bottle you can almost afford, look to Hawke's Bay. *Try: Elephant Hill Syrah, Hawke's Bay, \$31*

Cabernet Sauvignon & Merlot: These two are bffs—they ride or die. Each are successful on their own, but become superstars together. Both are thickish-skinned grapes that need maximum energy to ripen. They come from Bordeaux, but enjoy spending time in California. They're also known to have some fun in Hawke's Bay, with the occasional Waiheke weekend. Depending on the ratio of Cab to Merlot, the flavours are always bold red berries and chocolate, generally medium to full-bodied with lotsa tannin. If you love Ribena or fruit and nut chocolate; this is the style for you! *Try: Vidal Estate Merlot Cab, Hawke's Bay, \$13 •*

Summery Sangria

Summer's coming and we've got just the refreshing alcoholic bevvie for you to sip on the deck as the sun goes down. Ah, Sangria. Strong, fruity and delicious. Here's our Lifestyle Co-Editor Nikki's personal recipe (note: this makes a shite-tonne).

What you need:

Half a bottle of Seager's Lime Twist gin
1 bottle Pukeko Grove Boysenberry wine
1 bottle Light Ginger Beer
2 litres Homegrown orange juice (low pulp preferable)
2–3 lemons
2–3 oranges
2 limes
Handful fresh mint leaves

What you do:

1. Measure gin and pour into a big ol' jug.
2. Pour entire bottle of wine in (don't that smell

good).

3. Pour entire bottle of ginger beer in, carefully, so it doesn't fizz over.
4. Pour all of the juice in.
5. Slice fruit.
6. Take half the fruit and squeeze the shit out of it (into the jug).
7. Add the remaining unsqueezed fruit to the mix.
8. Pop the mint between your hands and add to the jug.
9. Stir her up and have a taste test. If all is good, pour a fresh one. Or if you really want that fruity flavour, leave in the fridge for 30–60 minutes to brew. ♦

Top 5... Places for Brunch

L'Assiette

BRITOMART

For delicious French pastries, galettes and crêpes, L'Assiette is not to be missed. The food is rich and authentic, and every hot drink comes with a Hershey's Kiss. You can't beat this joint's buttery, melt-in-the-mouth croissants and pains au chocolat.

Circus Circus

MOUNT EDEN RD

Despite a host of poor reviews, Circus Circus is worth a visit just for the novelty. The interior is as fun and unique as the red, festive exterior, and the menu is also circus-themed, with meals like the Big Top Breakfast. Plus, it's open 7 days.

Remedy Coffee

WELLESLEY ST

Remedy is a quirky, rustic café that's been brewing fine coffees for years. The setting and friendly staff creates a homely vibe. A well-priced menu offers a small number of scrumptious goodies, including smashed avo on toast with chorizo, feta, lime and coriander.

Oaken

BRITOMART

This fairly new downtown café is beautifully minimalist and perfect for a Sunday brunch. The menu includes all the usuals with a few different spins on things, and ranges in price from the \$7 eggs on toast to the \$19 salmon pastrami and poached egg.

Scullery

K RD

Scullery is a simple café with solid food. Enjoy a coffee and bagel and watch the morning street life go by. The menu isn't fancy, but they cook the basics well and you can go here assured that you're going to walk out full and satisfied. ♦



I KNOW IT WAS YOU

Samantha Gianotti takes a look at the irreplaceable spark of an actor at their peak

In the early months of 1971, principal filming began for what is now considered to be one of the greatest films of all time. At its inception, however, the adaptation of Mario Puzo's 1969 novel *The Godfather* was shrouded in disagreement, studio pressures pushing a young Francis Ford Coppola (then only 32 years old) towards breaking point. With only a handful of films under his belt, Coppola did not carry much clout—he recounts his constant sparring with those in charge, and the great distrust that was placed in his ability to cast and helm the Paramount Studios picture.

As the passage of time often leaves us wont to do, the 45th anniversary of *The Godfather's* release this year has had many pause to reflect on the film's legacy. A further two instalments followed to round out the trilogy (though we do not mention *The Godfather Part III*, a product of Francis Ford Coppola's precarious financial position and the only film of the three not to be selected for preservation by the US National Film Registry)—a sweeping franchise that cemented careers for the likes of Al Pacino and Robert De Niro, and drew out a career-best performance from Marlon Brando.

One actor whose film career found a foot-

hold through the series was John Cazale, cast as Fredo Corleone: the long-overlooked second son of the Corleone family, desperate for the admiration and trust bestowed so freely upon his younger brother, Michael. Cazale was an extremely well-regarded stage actor at the time, but it was his turn as a spurned sibling, played out with such unprecedented sympathy, that ultimately opened up a short, but stunning film career, bookended by Cazale's death in 1978 following a diagnosis of lung cancer a year earlier.

Cazale only starred in five feature films during his brief kinship with cinema, but each would go on to be nominated for the Academy Award for Best Picture, and his effortless impact upon those who worked alongside him was never undersold. Following the first *Godfather* instalment, Francis Ford Coppola wrote a role for him in his 1974 film *The Conversation*, and greatly expanded the role Fredo would play in *The Godfather Part II* (his actions ultimately yielding what is arguably the franchise's most tragic arc). His on-screen brother Pacino would go on to recommend him for a part alongside his own character in Sidney Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon*, a casting decision the director admitted he had not envisioned, but

one that, after Cazale's audition, he could not picture the film without. Pacino described Cazale, who he had met while the two were both still fledgling actors, as his "acting partner", the man whom he wished to work alongside for the rest of his life. At the time of his death and for two years prior, Meryl Streep had not only found an acting partner in Cazale, but a romantic one. The two fell in love following their onstage pairing in *Measure for Measure*, and worked together once more in the harrowing 1977 film *The Deer Hunter*. Cazale's illness meant that his scenes were completed first. He died before the film's release.

Others' admiration for John Cazale is founded in his meticulous nature, which manifested in a deep commitment to fully fleshing out the characters he undertook, breathing life and meaning into words and small gestures that created a person out of what was presented to him on a page. Take, for example, the boathouse scene near the conclusion of *The Godfather Part II*, where Fredo is confronted by Michael for his thoughtless betrayal of his own family. The pain of Fredo's undoing is predicated on Cazale's ability to have us see past Fredo's disloyalty, into the eyes of a long-suffering man who is clawing for any sem-

blance of recognition, unable to step outside of his father and brother's enduring shadows. We are galled by Fredo's eventual death because we did in fact put stock in his life—owed in no small part to Cazale's talent.

Veneration of Cazale's career is oftentimes followed by the hypothetical musings of what else his career may have held, had his life not been so unceremoniously cut short at age 42. The question that is slowly beginning to present itself to us is whether we want to pave careers for John Cazale and others like him—those who proffered a spark that was lost, and that we wish to reignite. The developments of motion-capture mean that such an option is within reach, illustrated most recently (and most effectively) by the resurrection of Peter Cushing and 1977-Carrie Fisher for *Rogue One: A Star Wars Story*. Peter Cushing passed away in 1994, but the digital effects employed to bring Grand Moff Tarkin back to our screens for the *Star Wars* prequel were swish enough to have one *Columns* Editor's father remark on what great shape the Cush appeared to be in in 2016. Long gone are the days where *The Polar Express* was the cavernous pit of the Uncanny Valley, as visual effects company Industry Light & Magic found within *Rogue One* an opportunity to push the envelope of what could be achieved through motion capture. Combining the motion-captured performances of actors Guy Henry and Ingvild Deila with digital reconstructions of the iconic characters, they ensured that facial expressions and mannerisms matched up seamlessly with that which audiences had seen in *A New Hope*, bringing to our screens a man who

died in 1994. It's a brave new world.

The digital reconstructions of actors who have passed offer a salve for the incompleteness their death can often leave behind. It can allow for a franchise to continue without having to excuse an actor's replacement or absence, as with *Rogue One*, or provide the tools for a farewell to be carried out for fans and cast members alike, as was the case with the tribute to Paul Walker's character at the end of the seventh film in the *Fast and Furious* franchise. Yet these examples are small roles, born out of necessity. As such, the suggestion of having a digital reconstruction continue in an actor's stead in a larger capacity has been met with disdain (despair, profanities), witnessed recently after the rumours that Carrie Fisher's General Leia Organa would be digitally recreated in *Episode IX* following Fisher's unexpected death. While the rumours were ultimately unfounded, fans gathered together around the rallying cry of Carrie Fisher's inimitability, placing no faith in the ability of a computer generated version to succeed in replacing her.

Therein lies what digital effects cannot replicate. We come to love characters and actors for their defining attributes, both the small moments and grand gestures that they imbue with meaning through their own specific movements and ideas. To assume to know how a character would or should be played, creating specific motions and mannerisms through digital rendering, is to suffocate storytelling and deny the necessary role that performers play in crafting a character, not just transitioning someone from script to screen, but infusing a role with ideas of their own.

When we lose those whose talents have come to mean a great deal to us, it seems only natural that we would seek out ways to keep their legacy alive. However, as we witness the burgeoning growth of digital rendering and computer-generated resurrection within the film industry, we must realise that to anchor an actor's legacy to a mere digital iteration of their living, breathing self is a disservice. As it currently stands, were more actors cast and recreated by the technology available to us, we would likely see nothing more than a paint-by-numbers, watered down version of a performer's talents, serving not to comfort us, but instead drive home the significance of what we have lost. We may look for ways to prevent the premature extinguishment of a performer's light—whether they are a respected general in a science fiction juggernaut, or a brother seeking forgiveness for the deepest disloyalty. Yet it seems that clinging to waning light pales in comparison to simply appreciating just how fortunate we were to bask in their bright glow in the first place.

At the stroke of midnight at a New Year's Eve party in Cuba in 1958, Michael Corleone, having realised his brother was the root of his betrayal, kissed Fredo and held his face close to his own: "I know it was you, Fredo." So much we come to know about Fredo, about John Cazale's characters, or those inhabited by Carrie Fisher or River Phoenix or Heath Ledger, is owed to the ideas and identities of these performers themselves. There is an essence that we cannot copy—an iridescence that can be immortalised by film, but never replaced. ♦



A person is sitting on a concrete ledge, wearing a yellow patterned sweater and black leggings. A red backpack with orange straps is resting on their lap. The background is a grey concrete wall with circular patterns.

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WEET-BIX IS FUCKING GREAT

Jack Adams lives for the wheaty bricks of many a Kiwi kid's breakfast bowl

I stole my brother's Up & Go the other day. It was the choc ice flavour—the finest flavour. A flavour only comparable to Dante's lyrical flow or the money shot in a Fake Taxi clip. It was also the last one left. Completely unsatisfying, but equally delicious. Two hundred and fifty millilitres of dairy delight. I am the master of my own nutritional destiny.

My anecdote then takes me to the bathroom. Something about the sweet quasi-breakfast goodness took me to expiate my bowels in a sin akin to Cain killing Abel, or Jesus choosing red wine for communion. Coincidentally, I also left my phone in my room. Terror. It's a difficult sensation to explain, leaving your primary source of entertainment away from the one place where it has a substantial effect on relaxing the sphincter. Desperate times. Mother, come back.

I groped my pockets in the hope of finding something that would distract me from the fact that I haven't consumed fibrous material since I last opened an email from StudyLink. Excruciating. Excavating, I managed to find a receipt for eggs and chocolate milk, half a muesli bar wrapper, and the remains of my Up

& Go. The dilemma persisted until I found myself invested wholly in the contents of the blue carton. Close call between that and the thread of lint I found in my hoodie. It has 143 twists.

First went the ingredients, then went the nutritional index, followed by another two cracks at the ingredients. Fascinating, only 4% cane sugar. Captivating knowledge. True pub quiz material. Also, apparently the goodness of two Weet-Bix and milk. Two!

I follied and frenzied over the idea that my favourite obesity-inducing façade of a 4PM breakfast might be associated with another fabled fibrous brick. The nostalgia kicked in. Saturday morning rugby, homework comprising addition and subtraction, pretending to know what was going on in *Hey Arnold*. We must go back.

Weet-Bix were a magical food. Yonks ago, my mother poured hot water over the biscuits where I'd proceed to add too much cold milk. Wheat islands formed. I colonised them with my hopes and dreams. The porridge fraud would then set on my teeth like

a plasterer's radio. Hindsight tells me any breakfast food encouraging you to eat as many Wheat Biscuits as possible might not be the most satiating meal. But goodness, nonetheless, was a mere Weet-Bix every 3–4 hours. Tana Umaga and Dan Carter were on the packaging eating it too. What legends. I am a Kiwi man.

Sanitarium's website might have some answers to the mystery of my Weet-Bix. Sanitarium.co.nz meets me with "It's what's on the inside that counts". But a sin-less upbringing taints the grain equivalent of gum on your shoe. Inspired.

The company began out of the Sanitarium movement in the United States proposing and practising the introduction of "simple, unprocessed foods" into the diets of patients. The same movement that brought us our favourite anti-sex cereal, Corn Flakes. Nutrition, well-rounded and healthy, was viewed as part a holistic perception of human health. Mind and body start with "healthy" foods, I'm told. Enough buzz words to convince Auntie Sharon to satisfy her Instagram yoga phase. Enough goodness to feed thousands of Kiwi kids. Bastards, inviting a positive lifestyle with the allure of All Blacks and spiritual guidance.

The New Zealand offspring of the Australian-originated Sanitarium Company began in 1901, the website tells me, with the tale of one baker. Baker and Seventh-day Adventist Eddie Halsey conjured muesli and bread in Papanui for patients from his barn in Christchurch. The Sanitarium Health Food Company took off when patients began demanding these foods after their stay. Terrifying.

Fuck, I could do with a bowl now.

Weet-Bix hasn't always been a Sanitarium gem. Originally, a company by the name of Grain Products made a sweetened flake biscuit called Weet-Bix that competed with Sanitarium's own biscuit dubbed "Granose".

In 1930, Sanitarium bought out Grain Products and has been made at the Sanitarium factory in Christchurch ever since. Marmite, too, was eventually brought to New Zealand. Since the 1970s, the Christchurch factory has produced all the marmite consumed in the South Pacific.

The mineral value of Weet-Bix, too, helps it stand

out as God's choice of primary school fuel. The thiamine quantity helps stave off B1 deficiency. The folate found in Weet-Bix also represents something to help the pregnancy process, bringing stronger Kiwi kids onto this godforsaken planet. These alone have helped New Zealand's mothers pop out All Blacks from their folate-supported cervical cages, ready to take on the safe and testosterone-inducing struggle cuddle known as Rugby.

However, this grainy cement goes beyond its consumption. The Weet-Bix name is synonymous with a history of intracontinental union. Soldiers in the World Wars ate Weet-Bix on the battlefield, fuelling victory and minds just as kids inhale this vaguely satisfying snack with bananas, milk, and orange juice. Just as these oral dehumidifiers were initially produced in Perth, other foodstuffs considered central to Kiwi identity originate from our colonial predecessors. Marmite, the champion yeast spread and infinitely superior product to Vegemite, was invented on a whim by Justus Liebig, German scientist and all round loose boy, when he figured that brewers' yeast could be concentrated and eaten. Despite being German, Marmite was named by the French (after a fish stew called "marmite") and fed to the Allies in two world wars, being included in official army rations. In 1908, Sanitarium bought the rights to use the Marmite name, adding caramel and extra sugar to give Britain's favourite yeast delight a sweet overtone, more palatable to the Kiwi taste palette. The transition can be likened to other bastions of colonial history from HP Sauce to Bovril. All delightful renditions of methods of preservation from pickled fruits to yeast, fats, and sugars.

Unlike products with more dubious origins, such as the pill's eugenic intentions or Corn Flakes' anti-masturbatory purpose, Weet-Bix remains wholesome, its own meme, and a staple in our collective Kiwi memories. The sheer quantity of this biscuit's importance is immeasurable and today stands as the most popular cereal in Kiwi and Australian diets, the latter eating 1.4 billion a year. Weet-Bix is not only fuelling victory, but fuelling minds, ideas, and, of course, the future. A visceral snack, the berm of the Kiwi kid. ♦



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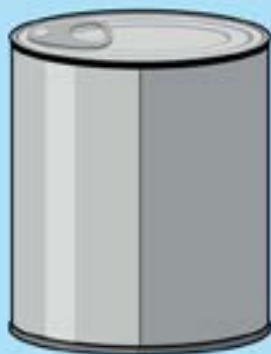


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ALL HAIL THE GACHA REVOLUTION

Isaac Chen examines the rising popularity of gacha games

I am trash. More specifically gacha trash.

To all those who don't consider themselves even the slightest bit of weeaboo, the term "gacha" originates from the Japanese word "gachapon", which are toy capsule machines that often contain little collectables of various anime or game franchises. What draws kids and adults alike is the chance to be able to obtain their favourite characters and spend a bit of coin (or a shit-tonne) due to the limited availability and exclusivity of each series or character. This "pay to win" mentality has permeated the realm of mobile games—to the point where popular movie, anime, and game franchises have partnered with mobile game developers to create mobile games based on their franchises—and gacha is a crucial element of such games.

I must confess, I never really consider that I'd fall under the "gamer" stereotype. Early mobile games going way back to Snake through to 2048 to Angry Birds were my only ways to pass time on the bus home. They also gave my fingers something to twiddle with when I got dragged out shopping by my Mum. However, these gacha games are different. Having only started to play gacha games as an adult, I found that these games although "childish in nature", are very much geared towards a much older consumer. As a result, I regularly play two mobile gacha games: One Piece Treasure Cruise (developed by Bandai Namco Entertainment) and Fire Emblem Heroes (developed by Intelligent Systems in part-

nership with Nintendo).

One Piece Treasure Cruise follows in a still-frame format a condensed version of the entire story in the anime, separated into the locations or "islands" where the events occurred. Fire Emblem Heroes, however, is based on a non-canon story where the player a.k.a the "summoner" comes into the world to aid in a conflict by "summoning" characters from across the franchise as allies. Both games have a constant stream of new content that gets released: be it new characters to obtain, new story-mode chapters, alternative game modes which allow lower-tier characters to be obtained for free, or harder content to help players obtain in-game currency or stronger and useful characters. However, what stands atop all of those factors are the gacha exclusive characters.

The premise behind is simple: it's all about exclusivity. This means that limited edition characters (be it because of time, holidays, seasons, or a roster of highest level), usually chosen because they're the most popular of the franchise, are made available in a lottery-style fashion. Players get offered an amount of the premium in-game currency which they can purchase for real money, and they're essentially paying for the chance to obtain entry to gacha lottery and obtain said characters. The gacha element is always integrated into the mechanics of its respective games, with gacha including just enough lower-tiered characters to frustrate, but it keeps you conscious

of the fact that it is the only place where you're able to obtain top-tier characters, which usually define the meta (i.e. what the strongest strategies are). As such, these are the most sought-after characters. Since the in-game currency that you need to participate is often dished out in very small amounts throughout the content (if at all in some cases) for players to accrue, developers bank on player impatience by selling up to hundreds of units of currency that are accessible as soon as you spend some money on the App Store.

To contextualise the costs: summoning in One Piece Treasure Cruise once costs 5 "gems" and the real-world price for one orb is USD \$0.99. Players can also have the option to summon 10 times at once for 50 gems, and the game uses a free 11th summon to make spending that \$10 more tempting. Getting 50 gems at once also includes a very slight increase in percentage to obtain those top-tier characters. Recently, the Japanese version of the game (released earlier than the global English version with slight differences in content) has tweaked their gacha system to give out guaranteed top-tier exclusive units, but as always with monetisation initiatives, those units are only obtainable as the 11th summon of the third batch of a mass summon. As to how much this would cost in the real world, I'll do the math for you—\$30 a pop, for a chance. Fire Emblem Heroes' summons also cost 5 "orbs", but this game utilises a different system where players, upon summoning, get to see a

preview of 5 potential summons with the colour type of the unit shown. If you select all 5 in that session, you get a discount with each successive summon totalling 20 orbs for the full session. If you're unlucky enough to get summons that are inadequate, the game "pities" you by increasing your rate of encountering a top-tier unit. That rate increase, however, is pretty small. Once you get a couple of mid-high tier units, the game ups your chances of getting a great one by 0.25%. You get a base rate of a 3% to get something good, at least according to the game, but I know of people who have never gotten a single top-tier unit even after a hundred summons. And how much does that chance cost, you ask? \$20. While both those games may also have events that increase the summoning rate of certain characters or certain types of characters, or even have free chances to get new units for sharing the game on social media channels or beating certain content, the fact remains that if you haven't got the time to spend an inordinate amount of hours playing said games, you're strongly compelled to spend real money.

I'm going to be honest. I have probably dropped close to \$200 on One Piece Treasure Cruise and Fire Emblem collectively. By no means are my spending habits ridiculous, but they are what I'd objectively recognise as borderline gambling. There are some who spend vast amounts to obtain certain units, either for team building or simply because they like that character—some of who broadcast their joys and sorrows on Twitch or YouTube. Similarly, my own reasons for participating in certain banners often fluctuate. I tend to only pull on banners that either have brand new, or on certain milestone banners where the chances to obtain top-tier units are higher than usual. Another reason why I pull is the beautiful art. The gacha games I have continued to play have all have a commonality in the amazing artwork that they put out of limited edition characters, opting to use art that either depicts certain stages of the story as in One Piece, or through getting different artists to draw characters from different games. Fire Emblem Heroes and One Piece also include the voices of the characters to some degree, which some might not think essential, but I believe that it's a nice interactive touch that adds to the user experience. When comparing these gacha games to other ones like Final Fantasy Brave Exvius—where the units are only pixelated—it's clear that the games which now hold my interest are a tier above the rest in terms of art, design, and replayability.

All of this begs the question: why do people continue to play gacha games seriously? Because

of the fact that they're casual games, "hardcore" gamers would be quick to dismiss these games as lacking in story, graphics and complexity. Even the owners of these movie/game/anime franchises have only recently been interested in the gacha-ification of their fanbases and the creation of content to let the game just plod along as a kind of "side dish" to the "main course" (that only the most loyal and hardcore people would participate in). However, I would argue that gacha games have developed into their own sort of sub-culture, and they're clearly capable of drawing people in who may not have the time or funds to invest in a multiplayer online battle arena requiring hours upon hours of mechanical grinding.

Speaking to some of my friends who play the Fire Emblem Heroes gacha game, they often cite the sub-culture as being pivotal to their long-term interest in certain games. There is an active community that can be found on reddit for Fire Emblem Heroes and there are constant updates on new content as it comes out (or even before thanks to dataminers), theorycrafting for the hardest content, guides to help newer or F2P players, memes, and shitposts. People will also be very vocal about their journeys in obtaining and levelling up their characters and their gacha results, salt and all. Another interesting aspect that players cite is the franchise itself. Some people had not played a Fire Emblem game before, but Heroes gave a soft introduction to some of the plethora of characters and the wider mythos of the game's huge world. Conversely, for those who had played before, they were correspondingly more receptive because of the chance to obtain some of their more favourite characters, regardless of usability. Gacha games are the perfect games to exploit the "sexy" side of a franchise's characters, and summer banners and swimsuit events are often chock-full of waifus and husbandos in their beach finery—much to the delight of the players who are into that (I'm still trying to obtain a swimsuit female version of Corrin in the summer banner after almost 60 orbs, which is about the price of a Wicked Wing meal from KFC).

No matter which way you want to slice it, the widespread of gacha is undeniable. Since they're exclusively available on smartphones, they directly appeal to those who live through their phones and those who have a busy life. Also because they're in the skin of a simple mobile game, there is less stigma behind the sort of spending habits that these kinds of games encourage—frankly, no one gives a shit. The portability and prima facie simplicity of such games suggest a non-disruptive and non-ob-

trusive sort of entertainment that doesn't require a large commitment. It CAN be played without paying money, and the game makes that very clear—it's just that people CHOOSE to do so. Even certain countries like Japan and China have taken steps calling for certain games to disclose the odds to get units in order that players know what the probability is, because they've become incredibly aware of the fact that gacha games are essentially socially acceptable gambling. It's an analogy that makes sense; you spend chunks of money at a time, slowly but surely, in the hopes of getting a chance at winning something that you're only likely to actually get your hands on 0.01% of the time. The odds aren't great when it comes to gacha gaming, and as I've demonstrated, it's easy to throw down \$200 at a time and get absolutely nothing out of it, which is uncomfortably close to the spending habits of a drunk tourist at SkyCity on a weekday night. Therein lies the half-hearted stopgap measure that Japan and China are engaging in: perhaps if their players know that getting that perfect bikini-wearing waifu would only be a reality after spending a couple hundred dollars, that might curb some of the community's irresponsible spending.

As to whether or not those strategies work, well, let's walk through some of the figures. As of July, Fire Emblem Heroes has announced over \$100m in revenue from 10 million downloads, with the largest portion of money and players being from Japan, and the next largest being from the United States. Doesn't sound at all like people have stopped spending money in Japan despite the developer's best intentions at transparency. Despite the simplicity of the premise of such games, and varying degrees of quality in the art and UI, what is interesting is the fact that mobile gaming is clearly at the forefront of the big game developers' minds. Games like Fire Emblem Heroes are constantly developing, thanks to a vocal player base, and their developers actually listen to players about quality of life improvements. However, this interest in mobile game spin-offs compared to their main franchises is objectively minimal; if you consider the staggering amount that they've made, you can see that there's a clear desire and interest in games based on popular franchises made for smartphones that include these lottery-style mechanics.

Gacha games promise, and offer, endless potential. Anything is gacha-able! What remains to be seen is whether the next big franchise will come out with a gacha that is casual yet complex, fan-servicey yet original. However, if anything even close appears on my App Store, all I'll be able to say is: "Shut up and take my money." ♦



I'm a lot of fun at parties

With Anoushka Maharaj

In an increasingly raw and polarised world, the conversation around censorship is, most of the time, pretty boring and circular. There are always going to be the same it's-just-a-joke dudebros arguing for the right to create offensive content under the guise of being “edgy” and “artistic”, and you're going to have the same melting marshmallows on the other side bawling their eyes out and struggling to put together the sentence: *“Jokes at the expense of another person's identity is not okay.”* In my humble (and correct) opinion, creating content that incites anger isn't particularly clever or interesting, and it's the mark of a lazy writer if you rely on clickbait or controversial opinions to reel people into reading your shitty column.

Before the world started to descend into an almost unrecognisable hellscape, I used to love winding up other people and expressing opinions that I knew would make them angry, even if it was not how I genuinely felt. I'm not really sure why I did this; I suppose that we all have evil and sociopathic tendencies within us that we learn to use for the right moments. But my point is that now I'm incapable of humouring “opinions” that are harmful, because it's a waste of my time, and most terrible things aren't really that far from being another person's reality. This tweet summarises it well, I think: *“Opinion: I don't like mayonnaise. Not just an opinion: I don't believe marginalised groups of people deserve human rights.”*

When *Game of Thrones* veterans David Benioff and D.B. Weiss announced that they would be working on a show reimagining post-Civil War America—as in, that slavery had never been abolished—it sparked expected outrage. Ta-Nehisi Coates covered this subject pretty eloquently, pointing out that while there are shows that reimagine parts of history—*The Man In The High Castle*, for instance—the difference is that the entire world openly condemned Nazi Germany for their actions and it is illegal to fly the

Nazi flag in Germany, whereas the Confederate flag still flies high, and quite proudly, in Southern parts of America (justified as being “part of the history”), and racism as a reality is still regarded as a matter of difference in opinion.

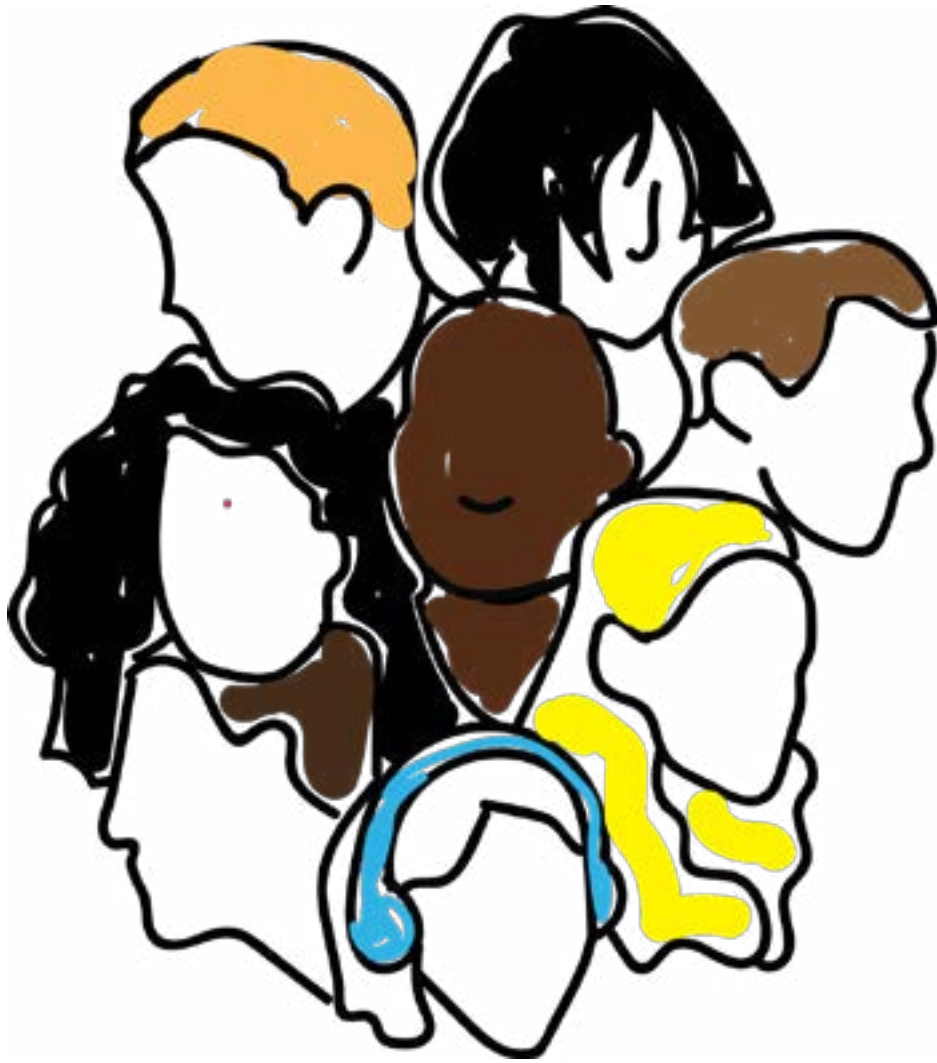
This reimagining of a world where the dehumanisation of others had triumphed is, at best, offensive, and, at worst, fetishisation for those who genuinely believe the world was better that way. It's also incredibly belligerent for a couple of white guys to create this content and label it as artistic expression. As much as I love Judd Apatow, he is guilty of enabling this mindset. His argument that *“to criticize work before it exists is dangerous to all expression”* is an easy aspersion to cast when the content being created doesn't have the slightest chance of hurting you; where your family wouldn't have to relive the worst part of their history; or, even now, have to deal with the remnants of it in the foundations of modern society. And it's even easier to argue that it's “censorship” than to admit that a part of you wants to enjoy something terrible that is never going to affect you on a deeply personal level. It's irresponsible and it's cowardly to dismiss the pain that something causes simply because it conflicts with your own interests. The best, and arguably most important, point that Coates makes is this: *“Confederate's creators don't seem to understand—the war is over for them, not for us.”*

Fighting for representation in the media is an ongoing battle, and an endlessly important one, if it helps even one person to feel less alone. I am often filled with pride when I see fellow POC recognised for their work, and in the case of *Master of None*, we've been lucky to see several triumphs come from the creation of this one show. Nominated for several Emmy awards, the show's cast is comprised of over 50% people of colour, created by Aziz Ansari (borne of Muslim-Indian, immigrant parents) and Alan Yang (a Taiwanese-American actor and director who

has just directed Jay-Z's latest music video). Additionally, Lena Waithe, who plays the brilliantly candid Denise on the show, has become the first ever African-American woman to be nominated in the Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series category for her work on the remarkable and touching episode, “Thanksgiving”. Before this, Mindy Kaling was the first WOC to be nominated, and that was only in 2010!

What I hope has been learned from this process is that it's incredibly vital to give POC artistic autonomy and the space to determine their own narratives. Everyone deserves to tell their own story, on their own terms. Issa Rae is currently dominating comedy with her HBO series *Insecure*, which she has said is “an Obama show”—because having a black president made being black the norm, and made it possible for shows like *Insecure* or *Atlanta* to prosper in a predominantly white environment. But Rae has no inherent interest in making her show a political one—something that is often expected of POC, especially in the era of Trump—or, as she says, about the “dramatic burdens of being black.” Instead, she has created a show about how she exists within the world as a person, while giving fullness and individuality to a community that is often overlooked in mainstream media. POC are all too often the face of “the struggle”, and are the ones expected to educate others on injustice, and embody these symbols in spaces where, surprise, we actually just see other POC as human beings.

I suppose it's morbid curiosity, on some level, that inspires the creation of shows like *Confederate*. But this sense of “wonder” doesn't have the same innocence that might surround fantastical shows about mythical creatures or dystopian societies. Everything that existed pre-Civil War still exists today. These monsters are real, and they exist long after the lights come on and the hour is up. ♦



The Cluster Will Live On

In which Rebecca Kanuta mourns the loss of Sense8, and celebrates all the things that it gave us in the process

SPOILERS AHEAD

I am one of those people that can never truly let go of something once it's run its course, been cancelled or died—I'm still reading Harry Potter like I don't know the stories inside and out. But with the recent cancellation—around two months ago—of *Sense8*, I have to admit, the wound of this announcement is still very fresh and very much bleeding everywhere.

Firstly, a somewhat quick rundown of the plot. *Sense8* follows eight different characters—Sun Bak, Nomi Marks, Kala Dandekar, Riley Blue, Wolfgang Bogdanow, Lito Rodriguez, Capheus Onyango and Will Gorski. We follow them on their journey to discovering both themselves and their psychic connection with each other; a connection that allows them to physically communicate despite their geographical location, share knowledge, language and skills. Though, of course, they are not allowed to live happily and are soon hunted by the Biological Preservation Organization and a man called Whispers.

Now, I'm not an "overly" sensitive person, but I can say with all honesty that every single episode of *Sense8* had me in tears and not just because of how tragic it was at times, but also because of how relatable it was. It's like when you meet someone who has the same favourite band or food as you and that weird, warm feeling spreads through your chest and the isolation that you feel on a daily basis begins to slip away and is replaced by the feeling of interconnection. That is what brought me to tears—the powerful, almost sinful, intricate and beautiful telling of eight people struggling in the modern world—and I say modern lightly because, let's be honest, the world still doesn't accept everyone. But their lives, their stories, their struggles and their connection were so beautiful and heart-breaking that it all just seeped through the screen and into my soul, reminding me that you are not alone.

How many times do we need to tell ourselves this in life? Everyone feels lonely, everyone feels isolated, everyone craves connection in some way—but even with these statements it is extremely difficult to not feel alone. And, I suppose, in some way we need something to remind us that we are not alone and I am extremely positive that this show is one of them.

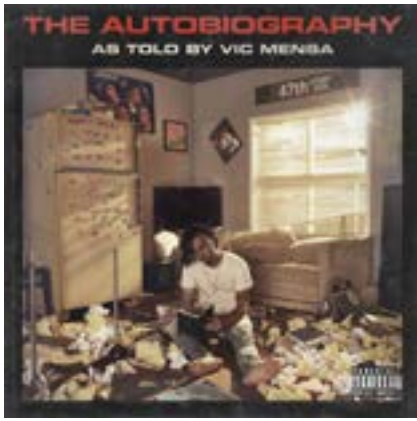
Interestingly, *Sense8* explores lobotomy and the threat that it imposes on the sensates' lives. This exploration not only applies to the surgical procedure, but also acts as a threat to sever the connection between oneself and identity. Nomi Marks, formerly known as Michael Marks, is unfortunate enough (but not alone in this, of course) to have a family that do not accept her for who she is and they completely eradicate her transition from their memories. She is forced into a surgical lobotomy by her mother who still calls her Michael, therefore disregarding her identity and its importance. I think almost everyone can understand the importance of identity with or without transitioning—we all battle with the idea of our perception of personal identity or even cultural identity and to have someone try to dictate or ignore this perception is violating. Nobody wants to feel disgusting or uncomfortable in their own skin, but it seems like so many people in this world have made it their mission to not stay in their lane. And we fight and fight every single day against those people, but in the end, those people can never hurt us as much as we hurt ourselves.

This idea is explored through all the sensates, but particularly Lito Rodriguez. Lito is gay and remains in the closet out of fear of society's conception of sexuality and fear of rejection. He hides behind the idea that coming out will ruin his future as an actor and has his boyfriend, Hernando, agree to keep their romance a secret, but the consequences are dire. He has, in a sense, lobotomised himself by hiding his sexual identity

out of fear which, to be quite honest, is probably one of the most relatable experiences in one's life if you don't conform to society's conception of normal attraction. He can't feel or act or be himself and has to continue to conceal his sexual identity and therefore is continuously severing the connection between himself and his identity. Of course, you are not just what you identify with sexually, but I definitely think it's a part of who you are—just like the colour of your skin and your cultural background is a part of who you are.

While all of the sensates have a place in my heart, Sun Bak has a very, very special place and this is due to her character's exploration of loneliness, isolation and complicated familial relationships. While she is the strongest member physically and emotionally of her family, she is completely ignored and taken advantage of, which has continued from childhood. Now as a grown woman, Sun has never really experienced a lasting connection. She admits in an episode that she has always been alone and is afraid that she will always be alone because she does not know how else to be. Thus, the connection between herself and her family has been severed by both inside and outside forces. While she had no real control of these outside forces rejecting her, she allowed them to influence how she perceives connection as being coupled with rejection. Relating to others, connecting with others, being vulnerable with others—most of us struggle with this idea and eventually come to the point where we don't do it out of fear and previous experience of how painful it is to not only be rejected by someone, but to be used and abused.

While I could barely cover every aspect of this show, I hope you understand the powerful messages that it explored and I hope that despite its cancellation, you will watch it and fall in love as I did. ♦



The Autobiography Vic Mensa

ALBUM REVIEW BY HETAL RANCHHOD

Since releasing his EP *The Manuscript* back in June, Chi-Town rapper Vic Mensa has finally dropped his highly-anticipated album *The Autobiography*.

The album includes 15 tracks with special features from Pharrell, The Dream and Ty Dolla \$ign, just to name a few. In light of the album release, Mensa dropped the video for the bonus track “Rage” which is said to lay down the foundation for the entire album. What stuck out most to me about this album is the fact that it stays true to its title. This album has authenticity written all over it and each track is delivered with the same amount of passion, robustness and unapologetic rawness.

With tracks like “Heaven on Earth”, “Rage”, “OMG” and “Wings”, there’s no doubt that Mensa has something to say and he’s not afraid to speak out about the struggles he’s personally facing, and those struggles which black youth face. In spite of being active in the rap game since 2009, this album is a perfect introduction to the Mensa’s music and personal journey as fans get a behind the scenes view of the toughest and happiest times of his life.

This album is a perfect balance between light and dark. The darker tracks like “Down for Some Ignorance” is twined with lighter, more amusing, tracks like “Card Cracker-Skit” to show that, like life, this album is all about balance. I’m happy to say that Mensa lived up to the anticipation of this album—I mean, the title alone lives up to the expectation of delivering the purest illustration of himself. The whole album doesn’t disappoint, giving fans an insight into Mensa’s thoughts, struggles, and childhood stories in a soul-enriching, edgy yet melancholy kind of way.

The features, stories and production of each track displays Mensa’s strength so well that it’ll leave you wanting more. *The Autobiography* is just the push Mensa needed to prove that he’ll no longer be seen as just another underrated rapper. ♦



Super Dark Times

FILM REVIEW BY NIKKI ADDISON

One word springs to mind when thinking of Kevin Phillips’ new teen thriller *Super Dark Times*: harrowing. This is a real movie experience, as film festival ventures often are. And on that same trend, it’s also very good—just be prepared for a deeply unsettling hour and forty minutes.

Due for official release in September, *Super Dark Times* mixes a taut storyline with some impressive acting, played out in a mid-nineties setting. The film opens with childhood friends Zach (Owen Campbell) and Josh (in an exceptional, chilling performance by Charlie Tahan) making fun of people in their yearbook and discussing which girls are hottest. It’s winter, and there’s nothing to do in the teenagers’ small town. Phillips expertly conveys their sense of restlessness with moody shots of the naked woods and bare suburban streets.

Spurred by their boredom, Zach and Josh meet up with some other guys and decide to fool around with Josh’s brother’s samurai sword. One angsty teenage argument later, and the group’s lives are irrevocably changed.

From here, you think the rest of the film is going to be about the boys coping with what happened. And it is—in part. We watch their different reactions unfold, from seriously disturbing nightmare sequences to vehement denial. Zach and Josh’s friendship becomes strained as paranoia sets in and Zach begins to unravel some alarming details. The film’s atmosphere suddenly darkens and an overwhelming sense of suspense carries it to the shocking conclusion—which is pure horror at its best.

Super Dark Times is a startling and clever film, part Bildungsroman and part thriller with an extra layer of depth—it delves into the psyche of both “normal” teenagers and teenage killers. Set in the years prior to the Columbine High School Massacre, one can’t deny the film’s exploration of youth murderers in the age of early violent video games and films.

In sum: if you liked *Mean Creek* (2004), *Stand by Me* (1986) or *Donnie Darko* (2001), add *Super Dark Times* to your list. ♦



The Killing of a Sacred Deer

FILM REVIEW BY PATRICK YAM

There are many words to describe this film. Boring is not one of them. I thought about stringing together a lot of heavy obscure words to describe the nature of this fucked-up piece of art, before settling for one word that captured it all: unsettling. *The Killing of a Sacred Deer* screened during the New Zealand International Film Festival, garnering much attention for its lead acts and ambiguous plot.

Colin Farrell plays Steven, a surgeon whose life descends to shrill insanity after a damaged teenager tries pulling him into his dysfunctional family unit. It is loosely-based on the Greek myth of Iphigenia, whose father offended Artemis after slaying a deer in her sacred grove. He is then forced to sacrifice his daughter as atonement. That’s where the title comes from, and it captures the essence of the film—the careless mistakes of one man leading to the death and trauma of innocents.

Yorgos Lanthimos skilfully weaves a draconian tragedy that leaves you on the edge of your seat. From the beginning, we are dropped without preamble into the bloody, visceral heart of this film. We only resurface, out of breath, once the screen goes black and the title flashes for the second and final time. A variety of elements unite to create this experience: a hypnotic, dizzying score; Kubrick-inspired cinematography; bleak, absurd dialogue that is startlingly funny; and exceptional acting from Farrell, Nicole Kidman and Barry Keoghan.

Film is classified as an art form, and *The Killing* proves this point. The entire movie is a macabre display of art, a theatrical representation of horror, dread and sex. It has a runtime of almost two hours, but feels much longer. Plot progression is slow and methodical, dragging out the audience’s discomfort as much as possible.

Sitting through it can be an ordeal, but it’s definitely worthwhile. This isn’t a “good” movie, in the traditional sense. It isn’t pleasant or uplifting. But, it’s a must-see for lovers of independent films. ♦



Dunkirk

FILM REVIEW BY HETAL RANCHHOD

It has become a well-known fact that when things become over hyped, they don't necessarily live up to that expectation. *Dunkirk*, directed and written by the brilliant Christopher Nolan, focuses on the real-life story of World War II soldiers who were trapped on Dunkirk beach and eventually rescued by your everyday, ordinary people, despite getting into potential danger and risking death themselves.

Through this film, Nolan perfectly captures the essence of gut-wrenching suspense as he places most of the emphasis on the experience of the war and the soldiers, instead of on how the war was strategised. This film doesn't only demonstrate the effects of the war to the new generation, but it also takes back those who have experienced the evacuation of Dunkirk. Recently, Sturdy, a 97-year-old veteran who served with the Royal Navy at the time of the evacuation, stated "*it was like I was there again*" while watching the film. It's no wonder this film has been receiving a major amount of buzz, as Nolan perfectly captures the chaos and loss felt by actual war heroes.

Alongside Nolan's brilliance, Hans Zimmer composed the music for the film, which played a significant role due to the lack of dialogue in the movie. The visual cinematic craft, intertwined with the powerful composition of the music created a sense of assault on one's senses; it felt as though you were being thrown into an impeccable silent film as the music guides you through to the end of the story. Although the time-looping narrative makes the narrative somewhat difficult to follow (as we get multiple perspectives from various characters), Nolan still manages to weave together all the war stories and the history in a concise fashion.

Overall, this film is another reminder that Christopher Nolan can do no wrong; the messages of bravery, sacrifice, loyalty and loss conveyed through the film leave you with a sense of satisfaction and a memorable, visceral experience. ♦



My Year With Helen

FILM REVIEW BY RACHEL BUCKMAN

My Year with Helen could be seen as two interwoven, but distinct stories.

The film follows the year former Prime Minister Helen Clark campaigned for UN Secretary-General. This unavoidably made her part of the "campaign to elect a woman SG", a movement headed by Dr Jean Krasno that predated Helen putting her hand up for the role. When women run for powerful roles, gender at some point dominates the conversation—just look at Jacinda Ardern. While it can be frustrating, this film captures how systematic inequalities require us to keep talking about it. The UN was created in 1945. As you see how the election of the Secretary-General played out, you can't help but wonder how much of the "old men's club" mentality of that era has lingered in the way the UN is run.

And yet the depiction of the great strength of Helen Clark stands apart from these fundamental issues. She isn't just an amazing woman, she is an incredible leader and person—full stop. Helen mentions how the election process for Secretary-General is not necessarily about who is best for the job, and the interviewer asked her if this was disappointing. Helen says no because "that's just life." Watching her response, you could tell she wholeheartedly believed it. She has a non-complaining, buck-up-and-face-the-challenges-in-front-of-you kind of ethos. Aggressively Kiwi in her demeanour, Helen comes across as normal in character, but extraordinary in attitude.

This is a woman with experience, vigour, popularity, but she still received discourage votes from three veto nations. The way the film ended on this point was profoundly disheartening. This film obviously had its own opinion, so maybe we don't see the entire picture. Regardless, it makes you question the way the system is run, and how much faith we should have in the international diplomats tasked with solving the disaster that is the modern world. ♦



Black Marks on the White Page

BOOK REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

To call this piece of text a "book review" does little to convey the scope of what Witi Ihimaera and Tina Makareti have compiled in *Black Marks on the White Page*. The name is something of a hint, with the Editors in the foreword underscoring "the disruptive act that Māori, Pasifika and Aboriginal writing constitutes in the worldwide literary landscape—still the page is white, and still the marks we make upon it are radical acts of transgression."

But again, to suggest that the pages contain only words and sentences is also an injustice to the collection. Also included is a range of indigenous artwork from New Zealand, Australia and the Pacific, including Lisa Reihana's visionary living wallpaper in *Pursuit of Venus [infected]*, displayed at the Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki in 2015 and shown at the Venice Biennale earlier this year. *in Pursuit of Venus [infected]* is accompanied by an essay exploring the genealogy and whakapapa of wallpaper written by Ihimaera.

There are too many highlights to list, covering virtually every literary form possible. "Matariki All Stars" is a touching tale of single fatherhood by veteran Patricia Grace. "Rush" is a fantastic satirical take on the land rights so cruelly stripped from the Australian Aboriginal people, particularly potent given the contentious context of Australia's ruthless pursuit of valuable minerals for export.

A special shout out, though, to UoA's very own Selina Tusitala-Marsh for her story "Pouliuli: A Story of Darkness in 13 Lines", which isn't so much a story of her own as it is someone else's (namely Albert Wendt's 1977 novel *Pouliuli*), taken to with a thick black marker so that only sporadic words and phrases remain. In the introduction to this "story", a letter to "Al" is written in Tusitala-Marsh's trademark fast-talking, alliterative prose, serving as a counterpoint to the eerie, transgressive, constructed sentences that are to come. "The void," she highlights, "heard brave footsteps." ♦

A Bone To Pick With *To The Bone*

By Mary-Margaret Slack

CONTENT WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSION OF EATING DISORDERS

Here is something I can tell you about when I had anorexia: I didn't just obsess about what I ate, I *could not* eat.

Mental illness continues to be misunderstood, because we talk about mental diseases as if they are different to other diseases. Think of it like a nasty virus. If you have a nasty virus, it takes a lot of antibiotics and treatment to fight off the strong infection. When I was sick, the illness took over my brain. It took a lot of treatment to fight off the disease taking over my brain.

Becoming so sick that I could not eat meant every moment in a day was filled with trauma. All I could think of was food, and the thought of food left me in a state of anxiety. I had fallen down a hole, and letting the health system and my family pull me out of that hole was hard. After being admitted to hospital, it took me three years to recover fully.

It is the complete dominance of the illness I had that Netflix film, *To The Bone*, trivialises and glamorises.

The film is about 20-year-old Ellen who has been struggling with an eating disorder for some time. We see her family life, admission to an inpatient treatment clinic and battle with recovery in that clinic.

The first thing that struck me as off is Ellen's portrayal as sassy, even cool. She has little faith in society, so she carries a defiant attitude and is almost audacious when she interacts with doctors.

When I was an inpatient, with other very sick anorexics, we were not sassy. We were broken, helpless and terrified. We were not defiant, we just could not eat.

When I went to treatment appointments, I was impassive while doctors talked at me. Every ride home from those visits, I was curled up in the back of the car, crying.

Ellen befriends the other clinic patients, whereas I found just being in the presence of other anorexics extremely triggering. We eyed each other up, our illness whispering we weren't as thin as them, we weren't sick enough. This is an illness that preys on every opportunity for you to hate yourself.

Being an inpatient was not fun. There was no friendship, or laughter. There certainly weren't visits to an arty indoor waterfall with the doctor and other patients, as in *To The Bone*. If recovery involved dancing in a waterfall art piece with my first crush, I would love to get sick again.

In a scene near the end, Ellen falls asleep on a mid-night walk up a hill, and has a dream of sitting in a tree with a boy, wearing an elegant dress. She is disgusted to see the embodiment of her anorexic self, lying thin and frail on the ground. This realisation supposedly prompts her to recover, as the end of the film insinuates she wills herself to commit to her treatment. If recovering only took a dream to see how ugly my life had become, I wouldn't have spent years trying to push against every last trigger to relapse.

But it is the way Ellen's body is portrayed that concerns me most.

Lily Collins, the actress who plays Ellen, has struggled with an eating disorder in her past. For this role, she lost a lot of weight. Her thin figure is a key focus of the film, an image that is all too familiar for me. When I became sick, I became obsessed with images of extremely thin girls that are readily available online. I longed to look that sick. You could even consider it to be pro-anorexia. These images are scarily visible, commonplace on social media and in the commercial film industry. Like *To The Bone*, they fetishise the suffering as tragic beauty.

This is not a call for censorship. In the time of an epidemic, I am so glad we are starting conversations. But perhaps there are risks when the messages are being told by money-driven film companies that have an inclination to make the story and characters loveable and romantic.

There is no value in depicting how thin some anorexics are. There is success in conveying the complete trauma you feel when you live in that trap, and how we can help people out of that trap.

The last thing I would want to do is ridicule Collins, another recovered woman. Because I hope that losing weight for her role does not send her down another horrible path. But I also hope that the images in this film do not spark dangerous ideas in viewers. Or perpetuate the conception that this only happens to white girls, or beautiful movie stars like Collins, or upper-middle class girls with access to clinics with waterfalls.

Because here is another thing I can tell you about anorexia: it is in my genes. Anorexia nervosa is medically proven to be a genetic illness. Some people are born with a biological predisposition to it, and if something is to trigger that susceptibility, a switch to self-starvation is inevitable. Anorexia doesn't only happen to slim white girls, or beautiful movie stars, or upper-middle class girls with access to clinics with waterfalls.

It is only in the last decade or so that the treatment I received—Family Based Treatment—was invented. It is the most effective treatment available because it focuses on restoration from self-starvation and nurtures your relationship with food to be normal again.

The only reason I received effective therapy is because I live in a city, close to the only places where these services are available. Hundreds of young people go through Starship with this every year, but that's just the people who can reach the services.

Anyone who is struggling does not have to look like Ellen, and anorexia won't make you look like Ellen.

Anyone who is struggling deserves recovery, and they deserve to hear that the best time to recover is now. ♦



AUSA was Ballin'

Saturday 5th August saw 632 guests pile into Shed 10 for the 2017 AUSA Royal Fairytale Ball. Although the guest experience lasted for approximately just five hours, the ball has been a project which the organisers had been working on for several months. Several months of work passed us by in a matter of hours. And it was well worth it.

THE ORGANISERS

Rosalin McKenzie, AUSA Events Manager
Aaron Haugh, AUSA Sponsorship and Marketing Manager
Daniel Bradley, AUSA Treasurer
Penelope Jones, AUSA Student Engagement Officer (myself)

THE TEAM BEHIND THE ORGANISERS THAT NO ONE EVER ACKNOWLEDGES

Volunteers: Alana Misselbrook, Katie Cammell, Simran Chadha, Caitlin Watters, Kathryn Aucamp, Conor O'Hanlon, Anna Cusack, Sarah Butterfield, Min Kyu Jung, Hasib Deendost, Isabella Francis, Jess Jones, Raveena Nand, Yilong Wang, Jessica Palaiet, Matt Bartlett, Will Matthews, James Morse, Jamie Manning, Konrad Phillips and Fiona Wu.

Staff: Amy Laing, Nick Withers, Sharon Zhang, Harry Zhang, Darien Pearce, Nick Ele, Armel Chou and Rob Mawdsley.

It's important to recognise those who put in the work. We love and appreciate you all!

SATURDAY 5 AUGUST - IT'S THE DAY OF THE BALL

8am: according to the Snapchat filter it's 3 degree celcius, but we are awake and collecting a hired van out in West Auckland

9am: the long process of creating the fairy light ceiling begins

11am: the stage, dance floor, sound gear and additional lighting installations begins

11:30am: ferocious driving for last minute table centre decorations

1pm: time for the 64 tables and 640 chairs

2pm: it's taken an hour to move all the decorations from AUSA House to Shed 10

2:30pm opps we forgot to buy some other table centre decorations

3pm: when can we go home to get ready?

4pm: the magical photo backdrop arrives!

4:30pm: One Night Stand arrive, but aren't there for a one night stand unfortunately

5:30pm: everything is meant to be done by now

5:45pm well we never intended to keep to our runsheet anyway...

6pm: our friends at Red Frogs are thankfully self-sufficient

6:45pm: it's a circus

7pm: doors open. There's a queue

8:10pm: important AUSA announcement about fire exits, alcohol, dinner service, photography and thank yous. No one listens

11:45pm: where did the night go???

12pm: AUSA volunteers pack up. Everyone has been drinking

12pm: the afterball at Underpass is actually good

2am: lol we haven't left Shed 10 yet

And just like that the night was over.

- Penelope Jones

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BECOMING AN AUSA VOLUNTEER, WHERE YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO VOLUNTEER FOR COOL EVENTS LIKE THIS ONE, HIT US UP AT AVP@AUSA.ORG.NZ. WE ARE ALWAYS ON THE SEARCH FOR NEW VOLUNTEERS!

DO YOU THINK AUSA SHOULD RUN A COCKTAIL EVENING IN THE SEMESTER WHICH THE BALL ISN'T PLANNED? WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER SOCIAL EVENT? LET US KNOW AT SEO@AUSA.ORG.NZ

AUSA Online Referenda

Submissions for referenda questions are now closed. There will a Student Forum held in the Quad on Wednesday 16th August to discuss all referenda questions at 1pm, and AUSA is even throwing in a free BBQ! Flex your democratic muscles and grab a free feed.

Voting will commence at 9am Monday 21 August on the AUSA website, and will close at 4pm Friday 25 August. We will be giving away an Instax camera to one lucky voter! You gotta be in it to win it. ♦

Amateur Hour



*With
A Five-Star Man*

Political Party, or A Cheap Shot

Each week A Five-Star Man, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries to impart political wisdom but mainly just cries in the shower.

Gerry woke up fat and tired. The first Cheezel of the day is always the worst. You don't even want a Cheezel at 07:30—they dry out your mouth, you can't get the processed cheese and salt and MSG odour out of your fingertips. Gerry knew all that, of course, but he opened the bag anyway. Overcome with a coughing fit he spilt Cheezels all over the lap of his size XXXL Young Nat-themed pyjama pants.

Have to get myself up. If the Swedes can do it, I can. My thighs hurt. Is that rotten meat?

With a groan of pain and a hefty fart, Gerry rolls himself arseward from the super king four-poster. Flat on his behind, Gerry rocks back and forth, increasing momentum from second to second and giving the servants in the room below their standard seismic wake-up. Gerry was excited or at least less furious. Today was *the day*. Chris Hipkins' yearly pre-election party. Things were promising. Maybe Gerry would finally get to screw Nikki. Ever since she fucked him on the whole Great Barrier thing he'd been planning a serious revenge bang, for once he'd be on top, asphyxiation or not.

Around twelve hours later and Chris is shitting himself. Last year's party was a total disaster. JK (as usual) showed up out of his mind on crack, pulled Jacinda's ponytail and shat in the sink. Hekia Parata and Rodney Hide (who's never invited, but always shows up) of course decided this was "sexist" and SJW'd all over the place, eventually locking themselves in the loos

hollering operatically about trans-rights. And that wasn't even the worst of it: the cops showed up after Andrew Little and Phil Goff tried to kidnap the neighbour's four year old to trade for bourbon and blow. No charges were pressed, the neighbours were pretty chill once Phil said he could help them get their speakers back from Noise Control.

This time Chris took precautions. Chris hired Rodney to work security, Don was bringing the weed, which usually managed to get JK at least calm enough to stay away from the coiffures for a few hours, and the new kid on the block Chlöe was rumoured to be a total legend at beer pong (Chris had no time for Gerry calling her "dirty Chlöe" though, it just seemed a little on-the-nose or something).

By 18:00 the canapés were in full circulation (Chris hired the Māori Party to do waiting and bar work) and Gerry was on his seventeenth Do-Bro and Big Mac. Metiria was flirting with him again. He had very little time for Metiria, but he had to respect her ability to do tequila shots from his belly button without tickling. Fuck, what a good body-feeling, her tongue circling his trembling hole, replacing the moisture of the tequila with her tongue's own essence.

By midnight JK was off his high and had the munchies big time. "Bullshit I've got the munchies, munchies for puss maybe," he barked at a now terrified Chlöe, who despite leaving home so very young and being so very real-world

was not prepared for any of this. It seemed fine at first. Seeing Gerry win a hot-dog eating contest and vomit onto Steveo's shiny head was the first hint that things were not at all normal. Her suspicions were piqued when Winston, off of his mind on poppers and bearing a raging erection, began offering "nip, clit and dick" tattoos for five bucks a go.

02:00: Andrew and Phil start a "who can shelve more Panadol" contest. Jacinda has to cradle a traumatised Gerry after he got naked and saw himself in the mirror—she wasn't exactly sure what was wrong, but between the heaving sobs she made out the words "balls, can, Nikki" and "not in there". Chlöe is sword fighting with Pete-D, David Seymour has the knuckle dusters on, and Bill English is making passionate anal love to a now senile John Banks.

04:30: Andrew killed himself (noose, loo, handy). Metiria roughed up Taxpayer and stole his money; overcome with guilt she threw herself off the third floor. Winston is calling himself "King Pin", and is shouting about building a wall into the loudspeaker he stole from a police car. Jacinda, grinning maniacally, is standing with her boot on Bill's throat.

The police show up with the riot gear about fifteen minutes later. Chris greases a few palms. De-greases Gerry's arse.

Another election begun. Another party over. The years go on.

Fin. ♦



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50% off all games online
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**By Popular
Demand**



*With
Michael Clark*

Ode to *Lord of the Rings* | How PTSD Started a Genre

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

I understand that this isn't a new idea. There are about a dozen books written on the subject and a good many more papers, but it is one of my favourites because J R R Tolkien, father of the Orc and the modern-day Elf, invented an entire genre because of his mental health condition.

Tolkien was an English World War I veteran and took part in the Battle of the Somme, seeing two of his best friends killed during the conflict. Like many soldiers, Tolkien came out of it with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. Back then, it was called "shell shock" and the images of soldiers with their thousand-yard stare or being triggered by army helmets or sirens is something that you can never get out of your mind. Many because of the ineffability of it and how helpless you are to fix it. It is simple enough to describe how and why PTSD occurs but it is another thing to describe the experience itself.

The definition of trauma has been much debated over since its conception, however it is agreed upon that a common characteristic of trauma is, as Cathy Cahuth names, its "inherent latency": trauma is a delayed reaction to a past event. This separation of event and experience produces a numbing effect; a feeling of disassociation. I studied this when I did a bit of film and one of the most common and poignant ways of representing this onscreen is through what Joshua Hirsch calls "afterimages"; showing the effect before the cause. It's the feeling you get when you watch someone wander through an abandoned city—you can feel the density of the situation before you know what it is.

For Tolkien, he wrote his books based on this concept. Intentional or not, it doesn't matter. As a PTSD sufferer writing books to simmer the effects, his writing comes under "trauma fiction", which scholars have used as a tool for understanding the feeling of trauma. It's easy to see it within the "there-and-back-again" story arc of *The Lord of the Rings*. As Frodo says after his traumatic adventure: "How do you pick up the threads of an old life? How do you go on, when in your heart you begin to understand... there is no going back? There are some things that time cannot mend. Some hurts that go too deep... that have taken hold."

But Tolkien's trauma fiction goes deeper and I'm willing to argue that this is where a particular trope was created, changing the face of fantasy forever. Not all fantasies employ this, but most of what we now call "High Fantasy" do. Along with the epic struggle against good and evil and a very active geo-political world, we have the trope of the "magic in decline", which is key to Tolkien's trauma fiction.

One of the important things to note about Middle Earth is that the world was winding down. Tolkien saw Middle Earth as a historic Earth. In his letter clearing up everything Middle Earth-related, he writes "I imagine we are actually at the end of the Sixth Age, or in the Seventh." For him, the end of *The Lord of the Rings* book series ended the Third Age and ushered in the Dominion of Men. Magic was, sadly, ending.

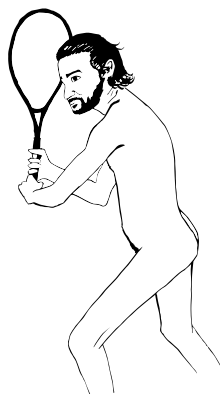
You can see this setting feature occur in plenty of other High Fantasy series. In *A Song of Ice*

and Fire, dragons had been presumed to be gone; the Children of the Forest, the indigenous magical race of Westeros, were also presumed to be extinct; the White Walkers were a myth. In video game epic, *The Elder Scrolls*, you are able to get glimpses of the ages that preceded the one you were playing in and it seemed more magically orientated than the current age. There are plenty more examples where the plot strand is an ancient evil force returning to take over a now magically-inept world.

Tolkien's world and subsequent all other worlds of High Fantasy, was a world in trauma; a world returning home from an epic, mad, ineffable, war. Gone were the days of gods, demons, and chaotic magical forces. Here we are living in the age of man. We are walking through the remnants of a beautifully lit, magical age; its history now fables and myth, not quite believed. We are walking through an afterimage of what the land was. We can see the age of men come like a freight train. Good for them. But we can also see what was left behind in their domination.

This is how I believe Tolkien was communicating his trauma to us; by showing us his world falling to flatness. His magic slowly withering away to nothing in the ushering in of the industrious, wonderless man. The world spins and the magic runs out. And gods die and demons, also knowing their demise, try to plot away to return. And we are left with this numbing sensation. The same Tolkien maybe feels after his experience with the scarring extraordinary. ♦

How to Talk About Sport



*With
Mark Fullerton*

Sadboi Savea, And Other Sporting Jokes That Went On Way Too Long

Each week Mark, disgraced former-editor-in-chief, tries desperately to justify his need for column inches with his genuine respect for Julian Savea as a player and disappointment that the powerful winger is likely stuck three tries away from the All Black try-scoring record, all the while knowing that it's way easier to rag on the guy than offer genuine analysis.¹

Another year, another announcement and another bunch of haters come out of the woodwork. "Kick him out," they cry over Savea. "He's a has-been! Fuck Sonny Bill! This joke has gone on too long!"

Maybe they say that, maybe they don't. But there are a lot of things in sport that should have been culled years ago, and it was a handy segue.

THE WARRIORS

How to Talk About Sport loyalists will notice that I have devoted very, very little time to rugby league over the course of the year, despite New Zealand hosting the international tournament in a little over two months time. This is mostly down to the fact that the single side we have rep-pin' us in the NRL are JUST. SO. SHIT.

SERIOUSLY. SHAUN JOHNSON. ROGER TUIVASA-SHECK. ISAAC LUKE. KIERAN FORAN. How is it that a team stacked with international talent can be so consistently shit for so long? The Warriors have the opposite problem to the Australian sides. While this side of the Tasman is all about the fifteen-man code, in Australia rugby league is king. Lack of coverage generally means a lack of attraction for young

talent who would rather have an all-black jersey and a positive winning record than a black and white one with a captain who uses his nose more than his brain.²

To this end, the Warriors have always seemed to adopt a backs-against-the-wall siege mentality. This always seems to work for the French³ except when it doesn't,⁴ but the Warriors seem to take it a bit too much to heart and have played with their backs against the wall so that they have now become the wall. Not in an impenetrable-defence way, in a "I cannot believe I am watching seemingly inanimate objects every week" way.

ANY GAME OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL EVER

This one didn't make the cut in last week's "Things That Are Called Sports But Are Not Sports" because at its core, gridiron is a sport, and a tough one at that. It's also a sport that requires two teams within each team and takes approx. three decades to complete. Only in the country that voted for the Annoying Orange⁵ as their President could this ever be allowed to happen.

GOLF IN NEW ZEALAND

Fuck Michael Campbell.

THIS COLUMN

Two listicles in two weeks. Oh dear.

JUSTIN MARSHALL

What has been said about Marshy's broadcasting career that hasn't already been covered by Super Rugby Memes for Severely Concussed Teens? It's best just to let the man speak for himself.

- "He is a pretty good kicker, this kid, he seems to make more than he misses."
- "You see, what he did there is, as he is coming down, he places the ball over the line and that is a try!"
- "The third half in Otago last week was brutal."
- "North Harbour want to score in the middle of the field, because that's where the posts are."
- "GO BOY!"
- "GO BEAUDEN!"
- "Ben Smith has caught that!"

If these quotes tickle your fancy, you can hire him through celebrityspeakers.co.nz, a site which describes him as "a dynamic speaker [who] entertains with his many anecdotes from his years as a top level rugby player," but funnily enough doesn't advertise a price. •



¹ Seriously though, Savea could very easily reinvent himself as a centre. We currently have a glut, but Crotty is a walking injury and Sonny Bill is getting old, man. What's to separate Savea physically from the Ma'a Nonu's of this world? I remember the first time I saw Nonu do a grubber, which I swear was around 2012, which is a VERY long way into his career to not be using his feet, so I'm sure Savea will figure it out. Although maybe the reason Savea plays exclusively on the left is because he has a limited skillset in the passing realm. I was always put out on the right wing when I played rugby, partially because I am a zippy winger in the pace and footwork of, say, Nehe Milner-Skudder, but mostly because I can only pass in one direction.

² A reference to the Jesse Bromwich/Kevin Proctor cocaine scandal a.k.a the only other time I've mentioned league all year.

³ À la the comeback from the brink of implosion in the 2011 Rugby World Cup to take the All Blacks to the brink, plus 2007 and 1995 at the same tournament.

⁴ À la quarter-final 2015 when they got fucking bulldozed by none other than Julian Savea, who scored a try arguably far more impressive than the Jonah Lomu/Mike Catt number in 1995 because Savea bumped off three players on the way to the line, one of whom was a fucking PROP.

⁵ Remember that video lol it was the fucking worst

Guest Who



With Guest Columnist
Aditya Vasudevan

The Dunkirk Dialogues

To celebrate Craccum's 90th birthday, we've convinced a bunch of past contributors to come back for one column, and one column only.

Someone who will remain unnamed came out of *Dunkirk* and said to me, "I hated that, what was the point?" I took umbrage with that view. The movie so effectively put you on the beaches, made you feel afraid—channelling all the might of a blockbuster's bellowing budget to fire every shot, actually explode every explosion. Christopher Nolan's penchant for physical rather than digital effects, in my opinion, paid off.

Then unnamed person said, "I have a headache."

Unnamed person, sensing my grief, tried to explain: "I know war is shit. I grew up while there was a civil war going on. Why do I want to pay to sit through that experience?" Unnamed person massaged her temples. She was also hungover.

Unnamed person had thrown up two quandaries. Why pay to have negative experiences? And does doing so dim our moral outrage? Her simple point was that she knew enough to empathise and didn't see the point in staying in the water long enough for her skin to wrinkle.

I had enjoyed the movie. My soul therefore required the most common kind of justification: after-the-fact. There had to be an intellectual answer to the brute fact of unnamed person's headache.

First, the intuitive straw-grasping: "You pay for an experience, to be put in someone else's shoes for an hour or two." Second, the extrapolating, the desperate rationalising: "and that is about being able to *feel*, to remind yourself that you're human like everyone else." Finally, serendipitously, the accidental argument: "but this is not like a *real* negative experience; in film, you

remain in control. It's your choice to suspend disbelief, to not leave the theatre."

Turns out my serendipity was based in truth (somewhat). Dr Mathias Clasen, a psychologist of horror fiction from Aarhus University in Denmark, has studied this phenomenon. Channelling evolutionary biology, he has argued (amongst other things) that we watch horror films out of a desire to demonstrate our survival skills. Hundreds of self-reported people with anxiety issues have come out online to support this theory—horror has helped them. The fact of your ultimate control over the experience means that you can challenge yourself, survive it, and never feel existentially threatened. The goal is quasi-fear, quasi-trauma, quasi-experience.¹

The result is a sort of achievement, a proof to yourself.

In the context of *Dunkirk*, this theory feels uncomfortable. Thousands of young people didn't quasi-experience war, they experienced it. It makes me think of Maximus' defiant cry in *Gladiator*; after slaughtering his way through the Colosseum, Maximus screams to the roaring crowd, "Are you not entertained!"

Our vicarious experience is voyeuristic. However the problem is, so is all film. The point is to peer into other people's lives, happy or sad, and inject their feelings. Voyeurism is the price we pay for empathy and exposure. Without it we'd cut ourselves off from all history and civilisation and live hand to mouth.

¹ For those interested, Noel Carroll has also written a book on this called *The Philosophy of Horror, or Paradoxes of the Heart*.

And with that, enter quandary two: does overexposure numb our moral judgment? Most people walk past a homeless person every day. Most people probably felt ashamed for our society the first time they walked past. Most people probably still felt the injustice of it the second time, and the third. But after a while, unfortunately, it becomes part of the background noise.

We have a startling ability to make things feel normal, to make abnormal circumstances seem commonplace in our minds. Trevor Noah often speaks of fearing police sirens behind him (as a black man in America) not as a frustration, but as a habit, a part of life. The fucked-up can come to seem pedestrian quite easily.

Some would say we've got more of an appetite for graphic violence as modern consumers of HBO shows. Media certainly has the power to desensitise us to images. It remains a longstanding debate whether our real-world behaviour is affected by this process. As always, I'm just here to pose well-placed questions and not answer them (the ordained right of an ex-Editor guest columnist); the rest is for you to research.

Ultimately, even though I've seen *Saving Private Ryan* and *Full Metal Jacket*, *Dunkirk* ruffled my feathers. It made me feel under siege, shot-at, shell-shocked. And knowing that my cinematic experience pales in comparison to the reality—while consciously appreciating the triviality of my attempted empathy—I stand by *Dunkirk*'s visceral method.

That said, it doesn't hurt to question our reasons for watching stuff every now and then. Thanks unnamed person. •

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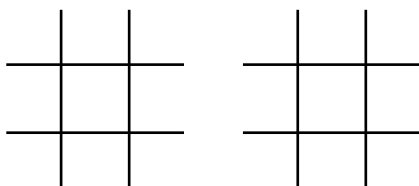
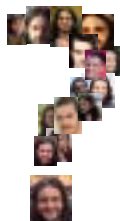
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BABY'S BOTTOM SUDOKU

1		4	5	6	8			3
								7
6				3	2			
5					3	1		9
3		1			9		8	
9		2	1	5			3	6
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KISSES AND QUIZZES

EASY (ONE POINT)

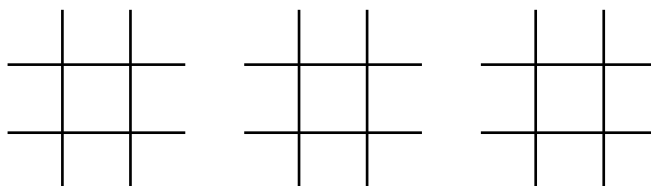
1. Which All Black back was a notable exception from the Rugby Championship squad, unfortunately announced on his 27th birthday?
2. Where in New Zealand would you find Bethlehem?
3. In 2006 the 5 cent coin was removed from circulation, but which other coin had a significant facelift?

MEDIUM (TWO POINTS)

4. Which New Zealand politician was referred to as "the Double Dipper from Dipton" following an MP housing allowance scandal?
5. Which model and actress stars in the film *Valerian and the City of a Thousand Planets*?
6. *The Magician's Nephew* is the prequel to which classic children's book?
7. Who will replace Metiria Turei as co-leader of the Green Party in the lead-up to the election?

HARD (THREE POINTS)

8. Who is heading up the investigation into Russian interference in the 2016 US Presidential election?
9. What word can be used in conjunction with Tonkin, Persian and Hauraki?
10. True or false—Mt Cook is approximately a kilometre taller than Mt Ruapehu.



ROCK SOLID SUDOKU

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

Answers: 1. Julian Savva 2. In/near Tauranga 3. 20c, changing from a kiwi to a koruru (Gulf of Tonkin, Persian Gulf and Hauraki Gulf) 10. True—3.754m compared to 2.797m—no one—the leadership contest will be after the election 8. Robert Mueller 9. Gulf design 4. Bill English 5. Cara Delevingne 6. *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe* 7. Metiria is gone, just like our hard-earned taxpayer dollars from 1991 amirite????? Luckily, the *Herald* community reacted like normal, compassionate humans to the news of her resignation. Well, apart from those who I wouldn't be able to reprint without a lil trip to the Media Complaints Tribunal.

HERALD'S HEROES

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

Well, yes, in 2009, but don't you DARE bring Dwayne Johnson into this.



Well, yes, in 2009, but don't you DARE bring Dwayne Johnson into this.



Well no, not really, it happened approximately 35 minutes ago.



Please? The NZH would fuckin' cream.

the people to blame.

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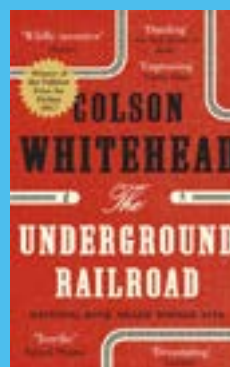
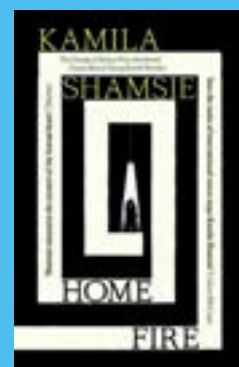
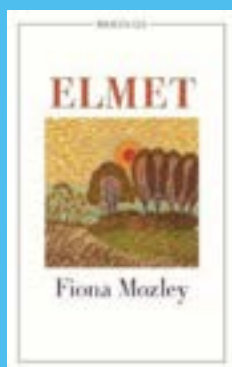
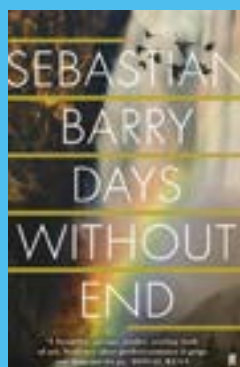
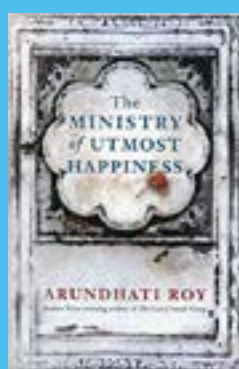
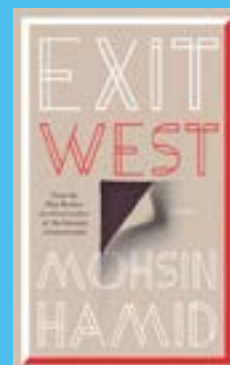
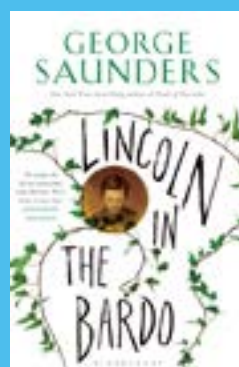
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