

CRACCUM

magazine 23



guess who's back, back again

KOREAN CULTS ARE BACK, TELL A FRIEND BECAUSE THEY CAN BE DANGEROUS. PAGE 06.

i am woman, hear me roar

ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ TAKES AIM AT, WELL, PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING. PAGE 18.

craccum's best period dramas

LIKE PRIDE AND PREJUDICE AND JANE EYRE AND SHIT, YA PERVS. PAGE 30.

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talent quest

It's around 15 A.D. A bearded dude tells his mates that his mum's a virgin to stop them making "your mama" jokes. He then does a classic switcheroo with a jug of water and a jug of wine to make his drunk dudebros think that he's magic. They fucking love it. Later on, when they're playing the classic drinking game, 'My Parable Is Better Than Yours,' he tells the following story:

'There's this rich guy, right, and he decides to give his servants some talents. The money, not the quality. Mind you, one talent was worth twenty years' wages for these poor fuckers. He gives one guy five talents, he invests it, returns ten talents. The master fucking loves it, he's capitalist scum. The other guys gets two talents, invests it, returns four talents. It's Wolf on Fucking Wall Street here, this Master is just drowning in tasty tasty cash. The last guy gets one talent, buries it in a fucking hole, and returns it to his Master, no interest. The Master loses his absolute rag, goes totally Fight Club on him, throws him out of the house. And the moral of the story is, never keep your talents hidden.'

The tavern is silent for a minute, till the quiet is broken by Homeboy Judas yelling, 'Jesus fucking CHRIST that was a shit yarn!'

Caitlin and Mark have an extensive knowledge of biblical stories, borne out of a combined 26 years of Catholic school education. We met at a Catholic schools' mass (Caitlin's first words to Mark were 'bang me' – a shitty opener in itself, made even worse by the fact that she was quoting the iconic 2008 film, *House Bunny*) and, though we are now decidedly lapsed, by god do we remember our parables. We've always thought this one – the origin of the phrase "hidden talent" – is a total shitter. Jesus hates on the poor dude who hides his talents away. We, on the other hand, think hidden talents are maybe even better than overt, practical ones.

If you read Anoushka's feature article on page 19, you will notice that she sarcastically states

that "women are in tune with the moon and the tides because their insides are filled with stardust, or something." Funnily enough this is the case with Caitlin, who ovulates at the new moon and discharges her mythical lady juice when the moon is ripe and full! However, this is not Caitlin's only hidden talent – in her spare time she works as a cleaner, where she makes excellent use of her ability to get absolutely any stain out of any surface. Tomato sauce on a Persian rug? Don't give a fugg! Red wine on a white couch? Caitlin can get it out(ch)!

What about Mark, you cry? When Caitlin and Samantha purchased from Etsy, and promptly fucked up, cross stitch patterns, it was Mark laughing at them from the corner! Ha ha ha! That's not right! His knowledge of needlework is far more advanced than you'd expect of a long-haired larrikin from the wrong side of Ep-som! That, and he knows the names of all the orc leaders of all the battles in *Lord of the Rings*, but that isn't so much skillful as it is sad!

Subeditor Hannah has a similarly freakish memory. You tell her your mobile number once, and she'll remember it forever! Watch out, boys! This is one Tinder match you'll never escape!

And speaking of Tinder dates, you can always count on Catriona, Queen of Features, to show up at exactly the right place! You see, Catriona has incredible spatial memory and very rarely (if ever!!!) needs a map to get from A to B! You go girl!

Loyal readers (loyal enough to read two issues in a row) will remember last week's 'Mayoral League' cover, an absolute banger featuring caricatures of three Mayoral candidates. Well, would you believe that it was done by our extraordinarily talented (and high-Valyrian speaking) Arts editor, Sam! Not just a pretty face, that one!

The Cross Street flat that Felix and Winnie, our Lifestyle team, inhabit, is always a riot! When Felix isn't whipping up fancy food from scratch (Mayonnaise? Mayo-no-problem! Custard? Cus-just-watch-me-get-stard-ed!), Winnie is entertaining their arty friends with her stilt-walking and hula hoop-ing off three different body parts at once! Guess that's what happens when you go through a circus phase rather than an emo phase!

Is that Kingsley Amis line always on the tip of your tongue?! Are you forever confusing your Keats from your Yeats?! Maybe you are, but over in the Columns section, Jordan sure isn't! This boy knows more books than there are faults in our stars!

Andrew from News is just really really rich!

As we move from school to university to the workforce, a huge amount of pressure is put on us to develop our "transferable skills". At university, it can feel like our entire worth is predicated on our GPA, and then when we're faced with the terrifying notion of graduating, that worth becomes measured by our ability to get the highest-paid job available to someone with our qualifications. It can be easy, especially at this time of the semester, to think only in deadlines and word counts, and to feel completely consumed by academic performance. We think it's really worthwhile to stop and consider what *else* we are good at – outside of uni, what are we good at that is valuable to the people around us? You are worth far more than a grade on a piece of paper. Maybe your stilt-walking makes your flatmate really happy, or your extensive *Lord of the Rings* knowledge really comes in handy at pub quizzes, or you saved *Craccum's* day by submitting a much-needed piece of cover art. Your life is so much bigger than university, so give yourself a break, you talented fool!

Mark: Aren't we doing a conversation this week? ■



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2 CULTS 2 CAMPUS

Jesus Morning Star Church, a South Korean cult headed by a convicted sexual offender, has been targeting University of Auckland students.

The group are mostly targeting domestic students who are members of the various University Christian organisations. It is not clear whether the recruiters are officially enrolled in the University.

The group present themselves as conventional Christians, inviting students to “activity sessions” in order to trick them into getting involved with the group. Recruiters have been pretending to be part of a “Christian modelling agency” in order to attract young women, while offering “bible study classes” and other free activities in order to attract men.

In both cases, recruited members are then exposed to JMS teachings over a number of weeks. Meetings begin with lessons based on fairly traditional Christian teaching, only beginning to divert to the group’s dogma, known as the *30 Lessons*, after the recruit has been successfully isolated from friends and family.

The head of the JMS, Jung Myung-seok, is currently serving out a ten-year prison sentence in South Korea, after he was convicted of sexually assaulting multiple members of his congregation.

The group’s beliefs are designed primarily to facilitate this system of industrialized sexual assault.

The church operates off of a warped version of

Christianity heavily borrowed from the teaching of the Unification Church, a different South Korean “New Religious Movement” that Jung was briefly a member of during the 1970s.

JMS claims that Jung is the Second Coming of Christ. They claim that Original Sin was caused by Eve having sex with the fallen angel Satan, and that having sex with Jung is the only way to regain one’s status as a “pure” being.

As leader of the church, Jung would select out female adherents to be offered to him as “gifts”, calling the sexual assault a “purification ritual”. Further assaults were carried out as part of “routine health check ups” mandated by church doctrine.

The church compels regular members to avoid having sex with one another at all costs, aside from for procreation, and requires members to give the overwhelming proportion of their earnings to the church as a tithe.

It is believed that Jung has assaulted hundreds, if not thousands, of women in multiple countries, during his time as head of the church.

Jung spent eight years on the run in order to avoid the charges, travelling through Japan and China with the support of the church. He is believed to have continued the practices described above during this time. He was eventually caught in 2007, and was sentenced in 2008.

The group have followings in a number of different countries internationally, including throughout most of Southeast Asia, Japan and Australia. Japanese police have raided a number of JMS facilities, and earlier this year a

minor scandal broke in Australia, after it was found that a member of JMS, working at the Australian Taxation Office, had been editing JMS’s Wikipedia page, adding glowing praise of Jung and casting doubt on the legitimacy of his sexual assault conviction.

It is the second time this year that a Korean based cult has been uncovered on campus.

Earlier this year, AUSA partnered with “International Peace Youth Group” (IPYG), agreeing to host a “Peace Rally” as part of this year’s Politics Week activities.

However, less than a day before the event was scheduled to go ahead, it was discovered that IPYG was in fact a front organisation for Shincheonji, Church of Jesus, the Temple of the Tabernacle of the Testimony.

Shincheonji have a reputation for tricking foreign organisations into unwittingly taking part in their religious rituals. Photographs are distributed amongst members of the group in order to encourage loyalty and generate a sense of legitimacy amongst new initiates.

The group also use sleep deprivation techniques, high-tech tracking technology and oppressive prayer rituals in order to track and control the activities of members.

While AUSA acknowledged that they had received reports of the group’s activity on campus, they declined to offer any official comment on the issue, saying only that they were working with the University on a “joint effort” in response to the group. ■



THE NIGHTMAYOR ENDS THIS IS THE LAST MAYORAL PUN YOU HAVE TO PUT UP WITH, WE PROMISE

After a years of speculation, months of campaigning and weeks of us begging you to vote, the 2016 mayoral election is over. While the final results won't be known till next week, voting closed on Saturday and the preliminary results were announced, showing a sizable and expected factory for Phil Goff*. What the early results also showed was an increase in total votes cast this election, to around a whopping 40%**, up from 35% last time. While this does represent a 5% increase, it is still not a high

number and is below the 2010 turnout of 51%.

Due to the closeness of most local races, and the low vote totals, any preliminary results you see in them should be treated with a grain of salt until the official declaration on the 15th.

While calls have come out for online voting to combat this problem, as Australia learned with its resent census, the internet is not always the answer. Until a solution can be found, however, there are few options outside of the status quo,

which is why us at *Craccum* pushed so hard for you to vote, and why we would like to now take the chance to thank those who did***. ■

** Due to print deadlines we actually have no idea if this is true, but we looked at the polling and said fuck it and went out on a limb.*

***Again not confirmed but based on early estimates, using rates of returned votes.*

****Also those who didn't, why not, did you not get the message, there has been at least two articles every week this semester, get with it.*

[editor's note: the time is 4:24 on the 6th of october and, despite writing two articles every week this semester telling you to vote, andrew winstanley has still not voted]

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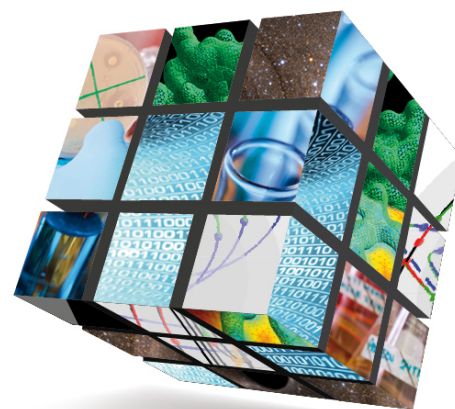
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NEWS EDITOR READS A LENGTHY REPORT. PLEASE READ THIS SUMMARY SO HE DOESN'T FEEL SAD AND ALONE.



The first draft of the “New Models of Tertiary Education Report” was released by the Productivity Commission last week.

The book-length report is intended to be a comprehensive look at the state of the New Zealand Tertiary Education system, focusing in particular on ways to increase the overall effectiveness of the education market.

The Productivity Commission is an independent Crown entity, tasked with providing the Government with independent advice on business, education, and innovation policy.

PART ONE: RETURN OF INTEREST ON STUDENT LOANS

One major part of the report's recommendations is that the Government charge interest on student loans.

The Commission argues that the existing, interest-free system, which had a writedown of \$602 million during the last financial year, both effectively subsidizes students who are pursuing courses that will earn them a high future income, while also disincentivizing policymakers from pursuing reforms that would increase the overall accessibility of Tertiary Education.

The report makes specific reference to two places the money could be better spent: on student support services, including the student allowance [*news ed: as suggested in a child poverty action group report earlier this year*], or on secondary school students, in order to increase the number of students passing NCEA

levels 1, 2 and 3 [*news ed: as suggested by the NZ initiative earlier this year*].

If interest rates are reintroduced, the group recommends that the Government should also increase the repayment threshold to the equivalent of the full-time adult minimum wage, and that the government should introduce a progressive repayment schedule so that lower income students are not disproportionately affected.

Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce and Labour Party Education Spokesperson Chris Hipkins have both been quick to reject the proposal, with Joyce saying “we’ve made it clear that we won’t be putting interest back on student loans. NZUSA have also come out in opposition of the reintroduction of interest on student loans”.

The introduction of interest free student loans was seen as a major factor in the Labour party’s 2005 election victory, and each opposition party has proposed some form of free Tertiary education policy ahead of next year’s elections.

PART TWO: “STUDENT FOCUSED” INSTITUTIONS

The other, slightly more complex part of the report is the Commission’s argument that New Zealand tertiary institutions aren’t adequately responding to student demand.

The 402-page report explores the issue in detail – more detail than we can reasonably enter into here – but, in brief, claims that by pursuing a top-down approach to University governance, the Government has stifled innovation in the education sector.

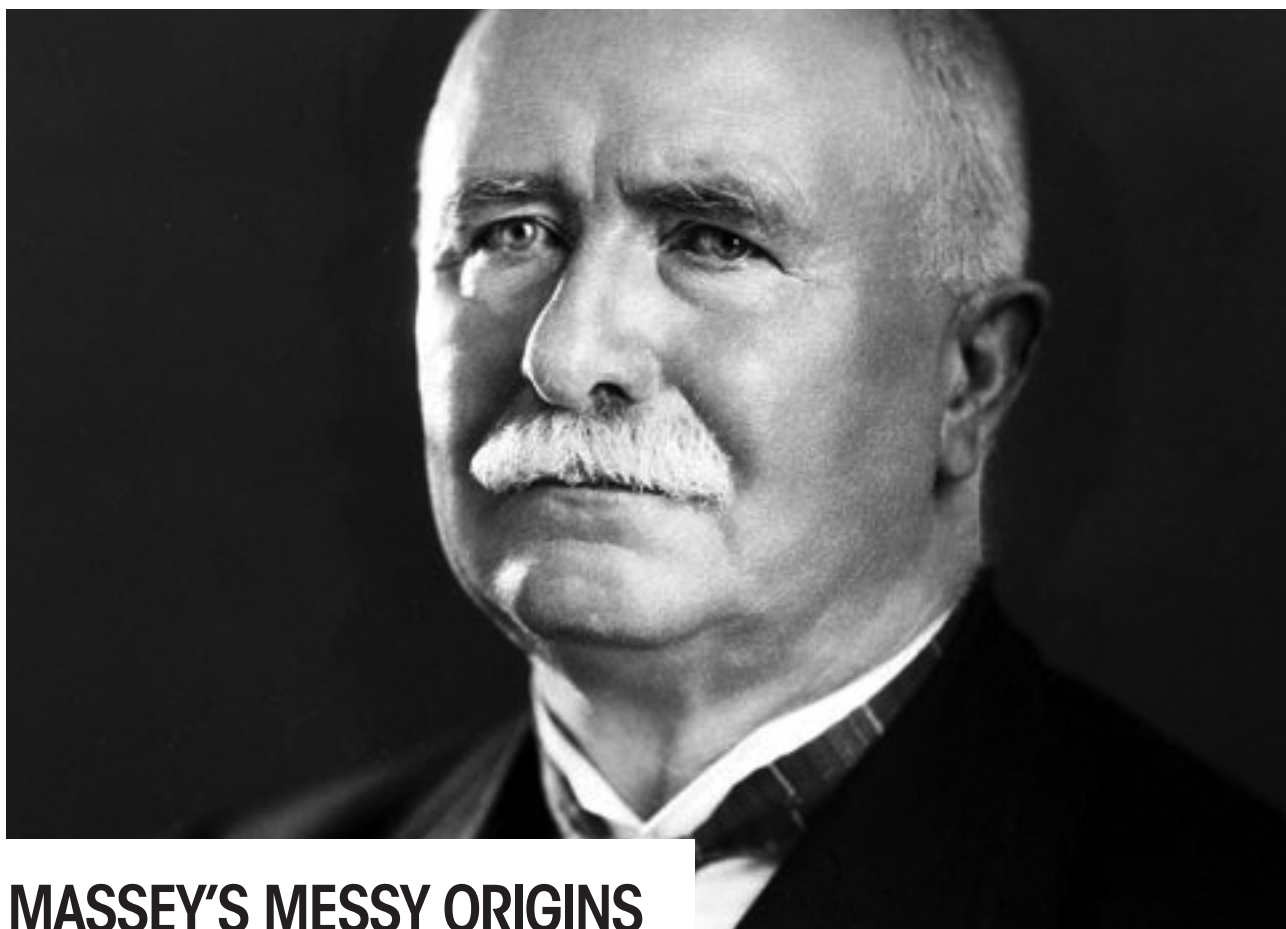
In practical terms, the report says, universities in New Zealand are difficult to interact with, inflexible, and cater far more to their own needs than the needs of their students.

Multiple factors – including poorly constructed accreditation systems, low levels of autonomy, badly designed funding structures, high barriers to entry for new providers, and so on – have contributed to this result.

There are a raft of reforms proposed to help change this result – changing the EFTS system (EFTS stands for “effective full time student”, and is the unit by which the government manages student levels in particular courses), unbundling research and teaching (under the Education Act, all university lecturers have to be involved in research), allowing self accreditation systems for universities with management systems that are proven to be competent, reforms designed to allow students to change their field of study more easily, and so on.

The sum total of these recommendations is the overall theme that New Zealand needs to make moves to turn our tertiary Institutions towards a more “student focused” model – which sounds like a nice buzzword that means more student aid and increased student power in university decision making, but actually means a system designed to support innovative approaches to learning far more comprehensively than some of our major universities do currently. ■

The Commission is currently soliciting public submissions, before the finalized version of the report gets put before the Government early next year. The deadline for those submissions is November 21st 2016.



MASSEY'S MESSY ORIGINS

PhD research into Massey University's namesake has uncovered a history of inflammatory and racist comments directed towards Chinese immigrants. The news has caused some in the Massey student body to call for the name to be changed.

William Ferguson Massey was Prime Minister of New Zealand from 1912 through to his death in 1925. A farmer and a businessman, Massey oversaw New Zealand's entrance into the First World War and was the country's second longest serving prime minister. Massey University – then Massey Agricultural College – was founded a year after his death, and named in his honour.

Massey lecturer and PhD scholar Steve Elers has been studying Massey's career as part of the research towards his doctorate on Māori representation in newspapers. Elers presented some of his findings at a talk at the University's Manawatu campus last week, including the following quotes attributed to Massey:

"New Zealanders are probably the purest Anglo-Saxon population in the British Empire."

Nature intended New Zealand to be a white man's country, and it must be kept as such."

"I am not a lover or admirer of the Chinese race. I should be one of the very first to insist on very drastic legislation to prevent them coming here in any numbers, and I am glad such is not the case."

Elers, a member of Ngāti Kauwhata, said that he was surprised to discover Massey's beliefs, and said any justification that his comments were made "a long time ago" and in another context was "irrelevant".

"I definitely think that the past has an influence on today, but we generally don't speak of it, don't read of it, don't hear of it today."

He noted that the issue was of particular relevance given Massey's dependence on international students – while also noting that the University was in a "very good" and "diverse" place at this point in its history.

As part of his presentation, Elers called on Massey leadership to "engage in open discussion" about the issue.

"I'm not saying we have to do it. I'm saying let's bring it out in the open, let's acknowledge history, because you look at the Massey University

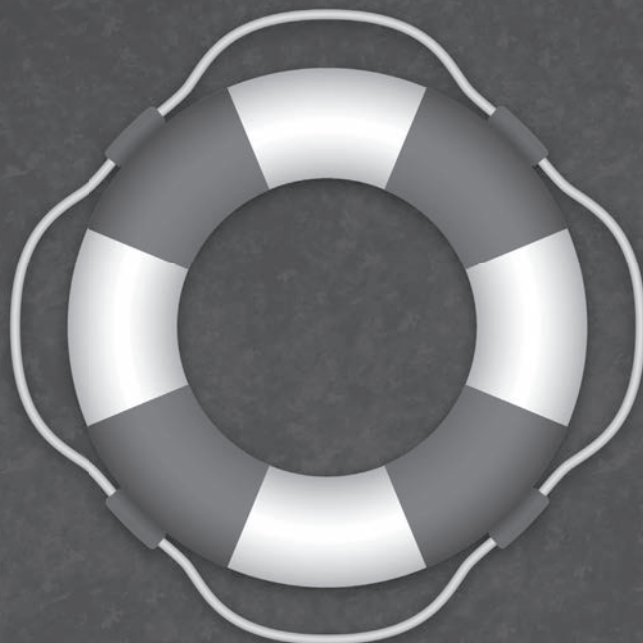
website, the biography of William Ferguson Massey mentions none of this. Let's bring it out in the open."

University staff have been hesitant to make any official comment on Elers' remarks. Massey Assistant Vice-Chancellor Māori and Pasifika, Dr Selwyn Katene, has avoided taking a position on the matter – citing respect for Elers' academic freedom – but said that his attribution of the racist remarks to William Massey was evidentially sound.

"I've got no problem with people debating and discussing. That's what academics do. This has generated a lot of debate in the mainstream media and social media. It's an interesting debate."

Meanwhile, Victoria University's Head of History, Associate Professor Jim McAloon, argued that we should have a "fairly high threshold" for the name change of major institutions, and that we should remember the good and bad parts of history together.

"If we only memorialise the perfect we're not going to have anyone to memorialise. Rather, let us debate the lives and legacies of those who are memorialised and ensure that memorials represent the breadth of our history." ■



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WHAT'S ON SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVALS

To have something to look forward to beyond exam season, we would recommend buying a ticket to at least one of these music festivals:

Laneway is on 30 January this year. Moved to Albert Park, Laneway-goers will be re-introduced to the concept of shade. As much as we loved the urban Silo Park, there is something rather appealing about a tree or two. Apparently there is a great line-up this year, too. Laneway is a great choice for those averse to camping and time commitment – just one day of great tunes under the hot sun. Tix \$160 + booking fee.

Three days of camping and music in the gorgeous Raglan landscape, **Soundsplash Raglan** runs from 20-22 January. A festival with a light ecological footprint, plastic bags are banned and the Soundsplash team will be collecting food waste in biodegradable bags for composting. This sounds like a nice chill festival with mild hippy vibes. There's one catch – no alcohol can be brought to the festival!

Held in the beautiful Tapapakanga Park (just over an hour out of Auckland) from 17-19 February, **Splore** is a "boutique" festival event offering not only live music but also circus, workshops, performance art and costumes galore! Get in quick as one ticket release has already sold out. Tickets are \$275.

For those keen to travel a bit further afield for their festival fix, **A Low Hum** is a good way to see in the New Year. An hour north of Wellington, there's a bunch of different stages and over 60 live acts planned for the event. Camping and parking included in ticket, \$120 + booking fee. It's A Low Hum's fifteen-year anniversary and we'll hope for plenty to celebrate. ■

ROUND TWO: WHAT'S IN YOUR BAG?

Nika Botha Bachelor of Arts (Anthropology): I encountered Nika while she was eating a curry from the quad café and she happily obliged to show me what was in her bag. Nika wasn't carrying much on her at the time (I don't know how people do this): an Italian book, exercise book, diary, wallet and some pens – nice! No wonder Nika only uses a tote bag.



Purushoth Prabakaran Bachelor of Science: Purushoth is super prepared when it comes to what he takes with him to uni. He takes a laptop, charger, pencil case, note books/course books, spare change of clothes in case he goes to the gym, deodorant and some food. On point.



Christopher Oleva Bachelor of Arts and Law: Christopher was probably the most enthusiastic person when showing me what was in his bag. I took this as a sign that maybe he had been asked to do this before... He has 2 water bottles, 2 course books, a pencil case ('if you want to go into detail, I have 2 pens and 3 highlighters.') Yup he's done this before. A social ticket ('maybe this shouldn't be mentioned'), an extra 2 pens. He sometimes brings food but most of the time buys food from Munchy Mart.



Bianca Ibarra Bachelor of Science (Geography and Environmental Science): Like Purushoth, Bianca is another practical person! She carries with her a laptop, course book, notes, drink bottle, wallet, some books, some pencils and pens, keys, laptop and a chapstick.



Charlotte Muru-Lanning Bachelor of Arts and Law: And last but certainly not least; this person might as well call her bags a second home.



First bag: Book, 'healthy snacks', the bag (given to her in Morocco by a man in a store who was like 'you look like you need a bag'), book about Morocco, makeup from London for her cousin in yr13, pair of tweezers 'found on the couch last night, I put them in my bag to take downstairs', a camera, umbrella, apron for work, beret (Charlotte is a very multi-cultural girl), H2go.

Second bag: Reading glasses, 'a purse ruined by boyfriend', 2 phones, one she can txt and call, the other she can go on the Internet (might I add, one of them is an iPhone 3), a lot of keys, chopsticks, another pair of tweezers (so her brows are on fleek), tampons, a glasses case, smints 'pink, limited edition'. ■

THE AUPRS TOILET REVIEW KATE EDGER BUILDING LEVEL 2 TOILETS

I don't have too much to say about these toilets but they're very busy toilets so I'm forcing myself to say something about them. Love it or loathe it, I think we all have to admit that the Kate Edger Information Commons is an incredibly successful building in terms of flow and utility. Its super fit-for-purpose and everyone's favourite 'mart', Munchy Mart, resides in here so it's a shame that these toilets are such a let down. These toilets could have been more successful had they incorporated some of the more positive qualities of the rest of the building, such as its sense of calm and modernity.

Instead, these toilets feature some of the more negative aspects of the Kate Edger building, particularly dullness and ordinariness and, of course, a completely grey colour scheme. The major problem with these toilets for me is that there is absolutely no sign of joy in any aspect of the design. They welcome a large number of students each day and so they're understandably visibly grubby and look a bit like a cluttered and damaged disaster area. Toilets that feel lighter and happier can get away with looking a little messy, but this toilet with its uninspiring grey colour scheme and dark lighting cannot.

Though the Kate Edger Building works as a building to show off the exciting and modern design of the facilities of the University to the outside with its glass cladding, it would be nice if facilities such as the



toilets which were not visible to the outside, were also given some importance rather than just those facilities which are marketable and on display. And while they're busy and convenient, these are the kind of toilets that I encourage you to journey a little further afield from and to try out one of the more interesting and uplifting toilets that our University has to offer. ■

General Information

OPENED IN: 2003

ARCHITECTS: WARREN AND MAHONEY.

FACT: THE BUILDING IS NAMED AFTER KATE MILLIGAN EDGER, THE FIRST WOMAN IN NEW ZEALAND TO GAIN A UNIVERSITY DEGREE IN 1877. (SHE GOT AN ARTS DEGREE!)

WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE: YES

BAG HOOKS: UNRELIABLE

X-FACTOR: NO

AESTHETICS: 1/10

PRACTICALITY: 8/10

OVERALL: 3/10

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

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FLAT OF THE WEEK

Casey, Jordan and Caitlin are three Fine Arts students in the honours program at Elam. They also live together 'on George Street just off Dominion Road – near Billy Apple!'

Felix: How do you know each other? How long have you been flatting together?

Jordan: We've known each other since the start of uni cause we were all on the same floor at Uni Hall, yay. Then in second year we went to the Uni Hall apartments and all flatted together, plus another one of our friends Tullia.

Casey: Shout out to Tullia!

J: The three of us have been flatting together at George Street for two years now.

C: I'm going to go through my first impressions of you guys! I feel like I say this to Caitlin a lot but she really scared me – I thought she was too cool for me but we still became friends. Jordan, I don't remember an exact first moment but I think you gradually, like what's the word for the hair thing? Where the hair changes colour? You ombred into my life! And that last colour on the hair ended up to be a very significant part of it.

Highlights and lowlights of the physical space?

C: My room and the deck have a really nice view.

J: Probably the low light at the moment is the sweaty walls.

C: Yeah the sweaty walls are disgusting, but also kind of funny – like I understand it probably means the space isn't that good for my health but I just kind of look at them and think of them as a comical interlude in my day – rather than like a health risk.

J: It's something that kind of happened recently, we're kind of not sure what to do about it so... We've ignored it.

C: Pretty much. Well, I instagrammed it, we don't ignore it.

J: We talk about it.

Do you have flat roles?

C: I think we tried to do the mother, father, daughter thing at one point but I don't remember who ended up being who. You're the mother?

J: I thought I would be but Caitlin always says I'm the child.

Casey: Aw.

J: I'm the oldest in the flat, and if there is cooking to be done, I do it.

C: I always feel like the child cause I always ride in the back seat.



J: Yeah that's true actually. Casey's like the bread-winner I suppose. Always out, always working.

Any flat traditions?

C: We have this game called Sweetie Snack Time Hider (or Sweaty Snacktime Handler). Someone buys fun-sized candy bars, and hides them among the flatmates' possessions and the communal areas for other people to find and it's really exciting when you find one!

J: It's like a perpetual Easter egg hunt, but you don't have to wait for Easter.

What TV shows are you watching?

C: Jordan and I have an ongoing thing with *30 Rock*.

J: 'cause I haven't seen it before.

C: And I've seen it all the way through.

J: So I'm usually the one who's like 'we could watch *30 Rock*?' And Casey's like, 'oh no I'm not in the mood for that episode.'

C: Because we don't have a collective TV, Caitlin and I often watch things by ourselves and then come back and talk about it together. We both have Netflix now which is great. Jordan, so proud of this girl, she just started illegally streaming things.

J: Ohhh! You don't publish that! Scandal!

C: And she's watching *New Girl*. Also *The Great Pottery Thrown Down*.

Felix: I have heard of this, but what is it exactly?

C: So good – It's *British Bake Off* except with pottery, but I feel for the kiln worker so much because he's like, 'I'm just making sure that nothing goes wrong' and I'm like, 'I love you'.

C: Caitlin's TV shows have just started back up. Her

one true love is *Grey's Anatomy*, I feel like she would want that represented in this conversation.

What do you like about your neighbourhood and do you have any neighbours worthy of a mention?

C: How many food places there are around.

J: Yeah that's pretty good, there's also lots of plants with flowers on the verges. And there's this place called Woolf Mufflers and they've got a really cool sign, it's like a weird little wolf with like a neckerchief holding onto mufflers with its tongue out.

J: Oh, Walker!

C: Walker!

J: He's our neighbour.

C: He's our camp mum.

J: He fixed our door lock yesterday.

C: There's this flat in the same complex as ours, and we don't know each other but I've seen them occasionally and they're pretty much like the boy versions of us – they're like our brother flat but they don't even know it. ■ INTERVIEW BY FELIXE LAING

AGONY AUNTIES

Dear Aunties,
Wtf am I going to do with my life?
Graduand

Dear Graduand,
Your guess is as good as ours, darling! Best of luck!
The Agony Aunties XxX ■

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

What's on at AUSA

Do you drive to university? Struggling to find a park in OGGB?

AUSA and Wilson Car Parking offer a great deal for students at the Kitchener Street Carpark. Unlike most Earlybird options, you can enter the Kitchener St carpark (Mon-Fri) anytime from 6am and leave anytime up to midnight on the same day and, with validation of your ticket, only pay \$14! Bring your ticket into AUSA House during the day before 4pm, and we can validate it for you. Score!

AUSA Presents: Stress Less Study Week

AUSA is excited to once again host Stress Less Study Week during the last week of semester from Monday 17 October to Friday 21 October. Stress Less Study Week is an opportunity for students to start the study season on a chilled out note. It's very easy to get over-worked and over-stressed in the exam period, so we want to kick it off with well-being in mind!

Expect a Chill Out Zone with an adult colouring and play-doh station, free breakfasts, and other well-being activities on offer!

Get SET for semester two evaluations!

SET online evaluations for this semester are open 3rd-17th October. You can give feedback on your course and teachers any time from any device and you could

help improve courses for your fellow students! To see if your course is up for evaluation this semester, check Canvas.

Battle of the Bands

The Battle of the Bands 2016 finals showcased the best of the student bands that we have here at the University. AUSA and Shadows were really proud to host a night of seriously talented and professional bands, playing everything from surf punk to jazz funk. A big shout-out to our very special guest judges: Phoenix Guava from Quinn the Human and Raj Bakker from Those Lethals! It meant a lot to the bands to have personalised comments from all the judges and both Phoenix and Raj now have a great list of collaborations to set up. Huge congratulations to the runners-up, Vertigo, who walked away with \$300 in cash and the crowd favourite, Scared of Girls, who had \$150 at the end of the night for celebratory beers. And, saving the best for last, BewyldabeasT dominated the competition to win the grand prize of a \$1000 RockShop voucher, \$500 cash and a promotional deal with bFM to the value of \$1500. Although we can't imagine anyone bringing more energy than the finalists did this year, we can't wait for next year - bring on the battle! ■



AUSA AND SHADOWS PRESENT END OF DAZE

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- BARREL RACING • MECHANICAL BULL •

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BATTLE *Of the Bands*







i am woman, hear me roar

anoushka maharaj has a completely justified rant about the state of sexism in our society

Since the earth was blown into existence, or created, or painted by a Claymation necromancer, or regurgitated by a magic duck, or whatever you believe about how we came to be – we can all agree that the first words spoken into the black were, “Ay girl, how you doing??”

We are told that women are in tune with the moon and the tides because their insides are filled with stardust, or something. We are also told that, when women become enraged, an evil spirit turns their words into a secret curse. This is why they must be constantly interrupted. It is to save them. It is to save us all.

I have often been criticised for being a “terrible feminist” because I’m not a fan of Beyoncé or Taylor Swift or Hillary Clinton – i.e. that I “dislike” successful women. But in reality, I don’t care how successful anyone is (#edgy) – I just see them as people, whom I dislike,

regardless of their socio-economic standing. It’s kind of that same argument that people have when I rag on John Key, offering a retort along the lines of: “You know he’s a very successful businessman, right?” which is cool for him and everything, but being good at ~~insider trading~~ business doesn’t make you any less of an asshole. Surprisingly, I am faced with just as much backlash when I voice my adamant support for someone who has proven to be, in the last few days, possibly the most hated woman in existence: Kimberly Kardashian-West. If you just rolled your eyes and said, “Not another article about Kim Kardashian”, so help me God, I will rise from these pages and use your body as a conduit to carry out world domination.

Anyway.

If you are a human person who has access to the interwebs, you have most likely witnessed the vehement hatred for Kim Kardashian, wherein keyboard warriors brandish weapons of venomous words, spitting them out in various cyber battlegrounds.

I was sitting in Shaky Isles with my friend when he said, “Kim Kardashian is reportedly held hostage by masked gunmen.” Ripped violently out of my reverie, I yelled, “She’s WHAT?” and did what anyone would do in that situation: abandoned my manic essay-writing and jumped onto #1 news source, Facebook, to see what had been posted about it. As is the case when excavating comment sections for racism and misogyny, I was not disappointed. It was truly a goldmine. Except instead of gold, I found lots of belligerent assholes. Sadly, they weren’t just old white men and Trump supporters. The negative comments came from many women of all colours, shapes and sizes, from the old and the young, all issuing the same grumpy belief that we shouldn’t give a damn about a woman who is “just a porn star” when there are other people in the world who are more worthy of sympathy. (Interestingly, these people all suddenly felt a great affinity toward Syrian children, the only example of suffering people they could summon.) But anyway, it’s good to know that we live amongst so many scientists who are capable of measuring pain

and compassion.

If you attempt to deduce what happened by reading the comments posted by *douchepickle69* or *sexy_gunlover45*, you'll come to learn that Kim K was taken hostage, it's "a shame" she wasn't injured, that the masked men "missed an opportunity" to rape and murder her, and that they "couldn't wait for her nudes to be leaked". Also, what did she expect, they scoffed. She shouldn't have had \$10 million worth of jewellery in the first place, or talked about her life, or owned anything at all, because obviously people will be baited into robbing you at gunpoint and then escaping with all your valuable possessions, while people around the world applaud your efforts. What would they have said if her kids had been in the room with her? That in order to escape harm, they shouldn't have been born? People are absolute bastards.

The actual story, however, is that five men, two of them armed, burst into her apartment, gagged her, bound her hands and robbed her of her valuables and, in a more permanent sense, her autonomy. Of course, this isn't the first time that Kim has been the victim of dehumanisation. In 2003, her ex-boyfriend released a sex tape of the two of them, which was subsequently viewed and shared by many skeazy teenage boys and 48-year-old perveballs in the wee hours of the morn. She is still trying to live this down, in the way that you apparently have to when you are the victim, and not the perpetrator, because it's more enjoyable for society to rip apart the person you were, than applaud the person that you have become.

What is it about Kim Kardashian, or rather, some women, that makes them less than human, less worthy of being supported, cared for or empathised with? If you started to answer this question, please, punch yourself in the face and then reconsider your life choices.

A lot of people took issue with the fact that Kim had once stated she "wouldn't call herself a feminist", and, as a feminist, I have to say – who can blame her? What woman would trust in a movement that is all too often exclusionary; a victim-shaming and blaming community that accepts a few and condemns others, operating by a piously bound playbook dictated predominantly

by white women? The irony of the thing is that Kim Kardashian is all the things that feminism claims to advocate for: being open and honest about sexuality, a fervent preacher and practitioner of self-love, and accepting of all choices and paths that others take. Unless you get plastic surgery, own more than three cars, and would rather spend your money on private jets than charity, that is. Who gives a flying fuck? That she is a multimillionaire, or a mother, or a wife, or a sister, or a daughter does not define her. How she chooses to spend or not spend her money is none of your damn business. How she chooses to display her body does not make her a one-dimensional object to be critiqued. And none of these things make her more or less worthy of compassion.

She is a human being. She exists the same way that you and I do, and she was put in an extremely dangerous situation wherein she could have lost her life, or worse. Kanye West spoke of feeling "utterly hopeless" following the events, saying that he could have lost her and there would have been nothing he could do about it. At the end of the day, neither money nor status matters when it comes to villains – masked strangers or not – who are willing to take what they want from you. When it was discovered that Kim had had to break free of her restraints to yell for help from the balcony, all people could respond with was, "It sounds fishy to me, how did she escape?", despite voicing the fact that immediately before this, she had thought she was going to be raped. But there are no rewards for courageous women.

How utterly terrifying and disheartening it is to live amongst cold, venomous individuals who find ways to ridicule and dismantle a woman who has been stripped of her freedom. In a world that is steadily becoming one narrow, dark alleyway, a society that uses a scale, or a mirror, or a hemline to determine how worthy you are of compassion makes it even harder to believe that you will be heard, protected and supported after being placed in a perilous situation.

The environment within which we live dictates our ability and our confidence to express ourselves, wherever this might be. When the Prime Minister of your country repeatedly harasses a waitress in her place of work, after repeated attempts of her telling him to stop, it makes it hard to speak about your own experiences with sexism in the workplace. When there are little to no consequences after the Mayor of your city has sexual intercourse with his secretary in a sacred room that has significance to both indigenous communities and the

She is a human being. She exists the same way that you and I do, and she was put in an extremely dangerous situation wherein she could have lost her life, or worse.

Spoiler alert, you jabronis – your discomfort is not a warrant to require the people around you to remain silent about things that matter.

very fabric of society, it makes it hard to imagine a place where your experiences with prejudice will be taken seriously. When the leader of a political party is found to have been sexually harassing his press secretary and still manages to get support from the people around him, it makes it hard to express why you would rather go home than stay after hours at your office. When mayoral candidates insult the people around you, propagate hateful ideas and aggression, and escape accountability under the guise of freedom of speech, it makes it hard to trust in a system you are told is responsible for your future.

How do you convince the women around you that they are worthy of being heard? That their experiences are valid, that you understand that the only thing they were “asking for” was to be left alone? You and I, at one point or another in our lives, have been silenced under the implication that it was just a prank, bro. Learn to take a joke. You encounter people who don’t want to be informed, who don’t want to hear how unacceptable it is for anyone to jokingly call you a “slutbag” and who don’t want to hear about how their party theme is actually cultural appropriation. But spoiler alert, you jabronis – your discomfort is not a warrant to require the people around you to remain silent about things that matter, and it is our collective duty to speak up about the injustice that pervades our society.

I will acknowledge that some outrage is warranted over the expansive coverage of the events. Many victims don’t get the same opportunity to be heard. HELP found, in a study on sexual violence in Auckland, that 23% of women who were surveyed had been abused as children, and half of these claimed that it had occurred multiple times. About 10% of sexual abuses are reported to police. Of that 10%, 2% go to court and of those 2%, there’s a 1% conviction rate. Additionally, young people who partook in a study regarding sexual violence were uninformed about what it actually means to be abused, or in an unhealthy or compromising situation. And, equally worrying, many young people reported that they would be unlikely to voice their hurts due to feeling immense guilt, shame and embarrassment. The topic of sexual violence is often overlooked in sexual education (which is terrible as it is), with young people not being given the opportunity to learn what consent is, what a healthy relationship looks like, and that they deserve to be spoken to and treated with the utmost respect and care.

When we stop talking to each other about things that

matter, we lose our sense of humanity. We need to talk and talk and talk some more, because the progression of our society is dependent on the way that we perceive, protect and care for each other.

Kim Kardashian is worthy of your compassion. Not because she has a husband or two children to go home to, but because she is a human being, like you and I. And human beings are worthy of your compassion. It doesn’t matter if she made one sex tape or six hundred. It doesn’t matter if she walks around in a hazmat suit or completely nude. She is a victim, and the cycle of victim-shaming ends when we stop perceiving people as objects, placing their value on a spectrum.

Experiences don’t become invalidated because of gender, skin colour, or how much money is in anyone’s Velcro wallet, house size or academic abilities, or whether you prefer cats over dogs. There is admiration to be found in a woman who lives the way that she wishes to, builds an empire from the ashes that she was left in by a man who betrayed her trust, and not allowing her body to be anyone’s property but her own. If she wants to get naked, then by God, she will get naked.

Harnessing your sexuality, reclaiming ownership of your body, and adamantly refusing to not love yourself are righteous causes of which I should hope to emulate someday. Look, it’s tough being a person. It’s hard to see change when life is blurring by and people are shit and difficult and you’re only one person and nobody wants to hear you talk about the government permeating the air with hallucinogens. But there is hope. Be hopeful. Be passionate. Walk each other home. ■



profiles of the pathetic & the proud

a social commentary by catriona britton

THE DISPASSIONATE COUPLE

In a room packed with conversation, these two sit in silence. The man faces the window, his chin in his hand, eyes following the movement of cars outside. His girlfriend can't get enough of the sourdough bread. She doesn't just dip one end in the olive oil; no, she soaks the whole slice of bread in it so that an oily film covers the tips of her fingers. She licks it off.

"You should get a haircut," she says, reaching for another bit of bread.

"I suppose so," he says.

His hair, an awkward length where it is just long enough to graze the top of his ears, is parted to the left of the middle. One look at this guy and you'll swear he works in IT. A bland polo shirt, tucked into bland shorts that ride higher than Willie Nelson on a flight, moose knuckle bulging from the depths.

Years-old Asics caked in dirt tap away beneath the table.

The waitress comes and sets down their brunch. She's ordered soup, him eggs benedict. His eyes spark into life. Picking up his fork and knife, he leans down closer to the plate and inspects it from all angles, analysing the layers of food. The girlfriend gets out her phone and takes selfies with her food, her long brown hair dangerously close to grazing the soup. After several attempts, she smiles triumphantly and shows her boyfriend. His eyes briefly dart up from his plate and he nods. "Good," he says. She wriggles back into her seat, chuffed. But it is hard to know whether he was talking about the photo or the food.

Between each mouthful, he scrapes the fork between his knife, sticking the small remnants in his mouth, eyes shut in satisfaction. Finally she picks up her spoon and blows on the soup. For the first time, their eyes meet. ■

THE CHRONIC MASTURBATOR

She started before all her friends. As she walked past her older brother's bedroom when she was fourteen, she caught a glimpse of him at his desk, on dial-up internet, with his dick in his hands. She'd stopped, transfixed, not at what he was doing at first, but at the images on the screen. She was disgusted. How was he so into it?

Curious, she'd researched. She didn't like the porn. But she liked the erotic fiction. She'd visit the library after school and browse the shelves, always looking over her shoulder at the sound of footsteps. She'd quickly read a few pages, maintaining the images in her mind, then rush home. She'd do it whatever way she could. In the shower, with her hands, grinding against a pillow.

At sixteen she bought her first vibrator. Wearing heavy make-up and dressed like an adult, it was easy for her to wander into a sex shop and make the purchase. Her friends knew nothing about her quiet obsession.

One day a friend brought up the topic as they caught up over coffee on campus. "Sometimes sex doesn't do anything for me, you know? I honestly think I'd be better off getting off by myself," she said.

"You would."

Her friend put down her coffee and stared at her. "What?"

"It's easy. And fucking satisfying. Fucking isn't satisfying," she said with a shrug. "I do it all the time."

"Come on, you don't do it *all* the time."

"I *literally* do it all the time."

The next day she met up with her again and handed her a few books from her personal collection. "Read these and act on it. It may feel awkward at first, but run with it. Trust me."

That evening she ran a bath and slipped into the bubbles. ■

THE SELF-PITYING CEO

He sits with his back to the desk staring out the large window, hands resting on top of his stomach that he didn't realise was so large until he was having sex with his wife a couple of nights ago. "You seem so far away from my face. Kiss me please," she'd said between breaths. Hot and sweaty in the summer humidity, he'd tried to lean down. He met her lips but noticed the twinge in his neck as he did so. After their session she'd rolled over and said with her back to him, "I think you need to lose some weight, honey."

Clicking his neck at the memory, he spins around on his chair and leafs through a pamphlet he picked up in a local gym on his way to work this morning. A movement across the clear glass panel that separates his spacious office from his employees catches his eye.

His secretary opens the door, files stacked in her arm.

She teeters across to his desk, her skirt not offering long enough strides. He notices the ring on her finger.

"You got some news then?" He indicates to her hand as she dumps the pile onto his desk.

"Is it that big?" she throws her head back and guffaws.

"Yeah it was kind of a shock, I must say." His phone rings so she turns to walk out. A pen she is fidgeting with drops to the ground in her mock embarrassment. As he reaches to grab the phone, he looks at her arse when she bends down, tight and contained in cotton. He sighs and breathes a hello into the receiver.

All he can think about are his wife's saggy tits and his protruding gut while someone on the other end of the line goes over figures and statistics. ■

THE CRUISING FANATIC

As he disembarked the ship, he took a small scrap of paper out of his pocket hastily scrawled with the names of several secondhand bookshops. The port was busy. There was another ship in. People flowed past him as if he was a rock in a river, all heading into the city to make the most of their short stopover.

It was a long way from Texas and the sun seemed hotter, penetrating the layers of his skin with a fierceness he hadn't come across in his travels before. He pulled his cap down hard on to his head, read the names on the paper, then tucked it back into the chest pocket of his shirt.

Making his way to the first shop, his camera hanging around his neck bounced up and down against his stomach, a gift from his daughter last Christmas. He stopped every so often and took pictures of late-Victorian architecture, concentrated areas of greenery, as if it was the New Zealand bush mentioned in all the tourism brochures.

At last he found it. He wandered down a few steps below street level and was hit with the distinct musty smell of pre-loved and now-forgotten books. He strode up to the counter. "I'm looking for any books about Robinson Crusoe. Do you have any?" he asked the woman behind the counter.

"Well, I think so," she looked up from a book.

"Can you go find them for me?" he demanded.

She turned her book over, got up from the stool and shuffled away to a pokey corner of the shop. He drummed his fingers on the counter. Before long she came back, five books in her hands.

"I think this is it," she said.

"That's fantastic!" he drawled. "I'll take them all. I collect Crusoe every place I visit. I have over 600 books to do with him back home." He grinned. She raised her eyebrows as the transaction was made. ■

THE PASSIVE OBSERVER

She's doing the washing up after watching a late-night soap. The water is scolding and she wishes she'd remembered to buy rubber gloves on her weekly trip to the supermarket. The dishes are held delicately, avoiding the water as much as possible. Her mind wanders every night – this time it broods on loneliness.

A strand of her hair falls down in front of her face, so she uses the back of her wrist to smooth it behind her ear. As she does so, two figures in the house opposite appear in the lounge. They're arguing. A dim yellow glow only casts light on one side of the room. The woman stands beside the lamp, her face crumpled with emotion. A larger figure is in the shadows on the other side of the room. She can just make out his silhouette. He is gesticulating wildly.

She loses concentration and drops a mug into the sink, water splashes on to her chest. A glance down in

annoyance is disrupted by a loud bang opposite. Her head snaps up again. The lamp is on the floor and there is only the man in the room. One room over she can see the woman in the kitchen, bent over the sink, like her, but she is heaving, must be gasping, shoulders rising up and down.

The man paces a few times before trying the door. He rattles the knob in frustration. The woman puts her hand over her mouth. She's crying. He shoulder-hits the door a couple of times and falls through making his way straight towards the woman, grabs her tightly around the arms and shoves her hard against the bench.

In her kitchen, she turns away, embarrassed to have watched, and switches off the light. Lying in bed she hears the screech of tyres next door and falls asleep without another thought. ■



...And Justice For All

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

We stand on the precipice of film award show season and the Oscar-bait is rolling out thick and fast. Tom Hanks as a beleaguered hero going up against the bureaucratic bugger of the National Transportation Safety Board? Lit. Viggo Mortensen as a bearded father raising a menagerie of children in the woods? Lit. Michael Fassbender as an emotionally vulnerable lighthouse keeper who perpetually wears undershirts? LIT.

Technically speaking, film awards season begins in November, with studios promoting, publicising and pimping out their films, actors, writers, directors - with the hope of seeing one of their own clasp a wee naked man on the Oscars stage by the time February rolls around. The Academy Awards are (obviously) the most prestigious, as all of Hollywood (pitifully) fights to suckle at the teat of their great, gleaming, golden overlord (says the gal who has watched the Oscars ceremony every year since primary school, dragging the dining room table into the lounge to do Year Four spelling homework while watching *Shrek* win Best Animated Feature in 2002).

The Oscars' track record hasn't been a stellar one, many regularly drawing issue with the fact that the show has largely remained a celebration of the already privileged in the industry. The issue has always been a circular

one - do the Oscars reflect so little in the way of diversity because there is so little diversity in the industry as it stands, or is a lack of diversity perpetuated by the virtual effacement of racial and gender difference from platforms such as this? Platforms with huge power, that cast such a long shadow over who creates and tells stories? Casting such questions of causation aside, the Academy made some changes to their membership and voting criteria earlier this year, with the hope of giving "diverse members" a foothold in the ceremony itself and the esteem that its awards bestow.

Historically, admission to the Academy has been a life-long privilege that members retained. Now, members are admitted for a ten year period; after that period expires, they must be able to show they have been active in the industry in the preceding decade in order for their membership period to be renewed. After three ten year stints, a member gains lifelong status. Taking home an Oscar, or being nominated for one, also grants an individual lifelong membership. This measure taken by the Academy is one set to tackle the incumbency of voters, with the organisation seeming to switch on to the fact that a generation of old, white men lingering about like the ghost of Jacob Marley has probably done little to broaden horizons. These new standards appear to apply retroactively, so those who have thirty years of active involvement under their belt can rest easy that their lifelong membership won't be revoked, like it will for some.

Changes have also been made to the Academy's internal structure. Three new Governor positions have been opened up on the Academy's Board of Governors, the body in charge of

overseeing the organisation's policies and management, in order for the Board to immediately become more diverse. They also plan to open up positions on various committees to those who are not Governors, in order for a greater number of voices to be added to the fray.

The Academy has also spawned, in its own words an "ambitious, global campaign" to bring new diverse members into the inner fold of the organisation, seeking out international talent. The Academy Class of 2016 included 283 new international members, spanning 59 countries.

The results of these moves by the organisation show that the battle is a long one. Gender parity is a long way off, as even with the new admissions women only make up 27% of voters, and people of colour make up an even more paltry 11%. This is only a 2% and 3% increase in each category respectively. But the Academy, admirably, has set its sights on the long term, aiming to double its number of "diverse members" by the year 2020.

Whether it be Common and John Legend's 2015 performance of "Glory", a song written for a film set in 1965 that remains a poignant reflection on the state of race relations in America today, or Marlon Brando's absence from the Oscars in 1973, sending Native American activist and actress Sacheen Littlefeather to accept his award for *The Godfather* and speak on Native American civil rights, the Academy Awards have regularly proved a site for political issues to play out in the very public eye. To see the Academy begin its transition from a passive player to an active agent of change is a swell thing, to be sure. ■



The Magnificent Seven

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

The Magnificent Seven begins in Rose Creek in 1879, a mining town taken over by a corrupt industrialist named Bartholomew Bogue. Denzel Washington plays Sam Chisholm, a warrant officer who is asked to assemble a team to re-capture the town. He declines to help initially, but agrees after he hears of Bogue's involvement.

This is not a particularly complex or ground-breaking Western, and aims only to entertain. By that measure alone, *The Magnificent Seven* is quite the treat. It chops between slow character-building scenes through stunning landscapes, before rewarding the patient audience with a few brilliant battles. There are lots of guns, explosions and bodies flying everywhere, and the film isn't shy about being a little graphic where it needs to be. So long as all that appeals to you, you're going to find this movie a teensy bit awesome.

As the title may suggest, we're here to see seven characters and how they interact, but it's a little misleading since there's really eight of them. Haley Bennett is excellent as Emma Cullen, who is every bit as hungry for revenge as Denzel's Chisholm and refuses to play her gendered role of looking after the children and mothers of the town. Instead, she follows the team and joins in the shooting with Rose Creek's men, who aren't nearly as good as her with a rifle.

Cullen and Chisholm are the most interesting characters, but plenty of attention and fantastic dialogue is given to the rest of the crew. Vincent D'Onofrio and Chris Pratt's characters provide plenty of comedy, while Byung-hun Lee and Martin Sensmeier offer diversity to the cast and a number of technically impressive kills. This is a pretty long, pretty simple Western but it's fun, so just go and see it. ■



Luke Cage

TELEVISION REVIEW BY ANDREW WINSTANLEY

The fact that it is Luke Cage's skin that makes him indestructible - no healing factor, no kinetic shield, no magic aura - has always been the root of his potency as a metaphor. When *Luke Cage* takes that idea and runs with it, it manages to be far and away the most mature and complex product the Marvel Machine has managed to put out so far.

It's a show that wants to take five minutes aside to discuss black literature, or black history, or leadership in black communities, and the obligations these communities have toward their children. However, it's also a show that occasionally has problems fully engaging with current discussions about race relations in America - particularly African American communities and police.

Having Cage stand in a hoodie while bullets bounce off him - an explicit reference to the shooting of Trayvon Martin - is a potentially powerful image. And it's clearly one the show wants to traffic in, with a late season montage having people all across Harlem putting on bullet hole ridden hoodies out of solidarity. But it's less powerful when every single person shooting at Cage on the show is themselves a person of colour.

Similarly, the show has two major sequences depicting police brutality toward minorities, with one of the victims being a completely innocent child, but again, in both cases, the officer responsible is African American. It's an implicit restriction that reveals a lot about exactly how far Marvel is willing to take their brand in the name of embracing diversity.

Now, these issues aren't necessarily damning. The show can maybe be thought of better as a showcase of African American art and culture rather than a pointed contribution to the American racial dialogue. The show's soundtrack is incredible, aided by a series of live performances by prominent African American musicians, and the show itself is beautifully shot, trading in warm oranges, browns and yellows.

Luke Cage isn't a perfect TV show. It's not the high art it very much nearly is - which is a shame. But such a loving and high-profile love letter to minority art is valuable in and of itself. ■



Dreams

Blackbird Ensemble

THEATRE REVIEW BY GEORGIA HARRIS

In classic Politics student fashion, it was an interview on RNZ that caught my attention. Auckland composer Claire Cowan was talking about the orchestral group she'd founded, Blackbird Ensemble, and their upcoming show *Dreams* at the Auckland Cabaret Festival. With just nine musicians instead of the usual twenty-five rotating cast, *Dreams* was to be an intimate exploration of music "inspired by our subconscious minds, dream states, nightmares, lullabies and rituals of the bedroom." It sounded like something cool to say I'd done on the weekend, so I did the sensible thing and got free reviewer tickets (thanks *Craccum*).

The stage for *Dreams* was set up with two beds, a giant cloud floating above, and musicians dressed in pyjamas or nighties sprawled about in varying states of wakefulness. This, combined with an intro of some very slow, sleepy music made me yawn a bit, but I guess that was the intention? The arrival of the two lead singers helped me shake the drowsiness. The lead male singer was good, but the female lead singer was absolutely amazing and dominated all of their duets.

My initial sleepiness did sneak back at times, but can you really blame me when literally all of the songs referenced beds, sleep, lullabies, or dreams? Despite the strictly-enforced dream-motif, the song arrangements were diverse and eclectic; Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds, Radiohead, Stravinsky, Gillian Welch, Nina Simone, The Cure, The Smiths, and Amy Winehouse, amongst others featured in the show.

From what I could tell, *Dreams* was based around a loose storyline of a couple falling in love, arguing, breaking up, and then getting back together again. I'll be honest and say that I'd expected something raunchier (I mean, it is set in a bedroom...) But maybe the fact there was nothing sexual was subversive in itself? Still, I can't help but wish that *Dreams* had been a bit darker, dirtier and deeper. ■



A Seat at the Table

Solange

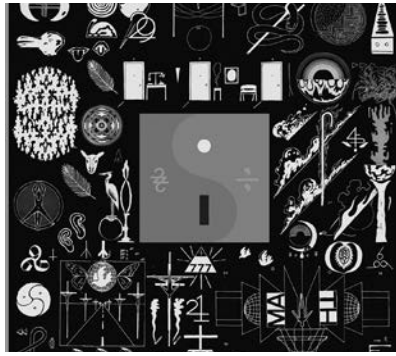
ALBUM REVIEW BY KELLEY LIN

As you listen to *A Seat at the Table*, go ahead and forget that Solange is a Knowles sister, and remember that Solange is a messenger of the soul. This is an album, polished over the period of four years, which Solange herself has described as “a project on identity, empowerment, independence, grief, and healing.” It is packed with star features including Lil Wayne, Q-Tip, Sampha, Kelly Rowland, Dev Hynes (Blood Orange), and more.

Released amidst the Black Lives Matter movement and just about a month before the U.S. presidential elections, Solange proves that she is willing to step up for today’s generation of black American youth. The album’s message is unmistakable: love yourself and love one another. While Solange addresses the individual qualities of self-perception and self-respect, she sings about the exhausted effects on herself: “I tried to dance it away I tried to change it with my hair... But that just made me even sadder”. But when she falls, she stands back up. *A Seat at the Table* is her telling - not asking - the world to see black culture as the beauty it stands for.

Interrupting spoken word monologues reveal Mathew Knowles, Tina Lawson, and Master P as commentators on this war on racism. “Don’t let anybody steal your magic”, sing Kelly Rowland and Nia Andrews in “Interlude: I Got So Much Magic, You Can Have It.” Tracks like “Rise” and “Borderline (An Ode to Self Care)” lull about love, but the kind of the love that turns from hate and radiates compassion. Here, Solange is gentle with us, before going on to warn that love doesn’t come without its tiredness in “Mad”, vigilance in “Don’t Touch My Hair”, and racial magnetism in “F.U.B.U.”.

A Seat at the Table is her reminder that the world is angry, but in-between all the turmoil exists a music so soulful that the world might even just be made a bit warmer for having heard it. Solange begs us to take a seat and listen to the unrelenting, unforgiving, and unashamed voice of black America. ■



22, A Million

Bon Iver

ALBUM REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ

Oh, happy day! It is finally here! Justin Vernon’s masterpiece has descended to Earth to light our collective fire, and is now available to be immediately consumed. *22, A Million* is a collection of tracks that are vibrant, eccentric and laced with trippy sound effects – and underneath all of that, Vern manages to sneak in some beautiful and pensive lyrics. It is authentic, explorative, and a raw account of what goes on in V’s head during this new period of life, reflected through the often chaotic and contemplative sounds.

Here are some more numerical song titles and electronic soundscapes to wrap your brain tentacles around. These fresh noodles of sound hit the (temporal) lobes with as much force as a pumpkin to the chest. Or to the head, I guess.

“715 CRΣΣKS” is filled with warped, mournful beats, ending on *god damn / turn around now / you’re my A-Team*. Personally, “29 #Strafford APTS” is the track that makes me weep uncontrollably, filled with piano, guitar and passionate notes that echo the rise and fall of Vern’s lyrical pondering.

“8 (circle)” is a nostalgic call-back to the Bon Iver we knew, light on the voice manipulation, leaving behind a rich anthem soaked in emotion. “____45____” is a gentle, repetitive, soulful confession, and a perfect track before the haunting, final track “00000 Million”. This track is heavy in its lyricism, Vern reaching a kind of catharsis, accepting the pain and impermanence of existence *where the days have no numbers / it’s harmed, it’s harmed me, it’ll harm, I let it in*.

22, A Million is permeated by existential wondering and self-awareness, and proof that what lives on in this album is Vern’s ability to create songs that reverberate in your soul. Misty at times and in perfect clarity at others, this is him working through emotions and memories, declaring his humanity over fractured, yet full rhythms.

Vernon’s heart and soul have, essentially, exploded onto a musical canvas, and this he has named *22, A Million*. It is evident that J-Vern has navigated the construction of this album with as much care and attention as an ordinary jabroni would devote to a loving relationship. But unlike those losers, Vern is at the helm of something inimitable and magnificent that will last forever. ■



I Had A Dream That You Were Mine

Rostam Batmanglij and Hamilton Leithauser

ALBUM REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ

Rostam leaving Vampire Weekend still stings like a motherfucker, and is honestly a loss from which we (I) may never recover completely. Luckily, our (my) consolation prize is his newest album with Hamilton Leithauser of The Walkmen. Batmanglij has always explored individual projects over the years, collaborating with the likes of Kid Cudi and producing whimsical, electro bangers like “Gravity Don’t Pull Me”, but this new album is a tender and evocative compendium that showcases all of his wonderful talents.

The first track, “1000 Times”, is a throwback to a Bob Dylanesque romanticism and huskiness, with Rostam on the keys delivering little encouraging, mimicking chimes in the background. It’s a yearning start to the album and sets the tone for the theme of nostalgia and loss and eternal longing: *I had a dream that you were mine / I’ve had that dream a thousand times*.

“In A Black Out” revels in an ostinato that appropriately imitates a heartbeat while Leithauser dreamily sings and howls about the loss of her, and the loss of familiarity. The banjo in “Peaceful Morning” is a welcome dynamic, the romantic lyrics and throaty vocals are reminiscent of Mark Knopfler, accompanied by the gentle but persistent plunk of the piano.

All these songs are so pure; so full of love and regret and warmth and are a celebration of feelings both old and new. It is a romantic ode full of longing, and, rightfully so, often apologetic. The duo has literally paired poetry with melodies that are alternately soothing, vibrant and melancholic – speaking to the immense range of Leithauser, and Rostam’s ability to match this musically.

Perhaps emulating the personal situations of the duo, *I Had A Dream That You Were Mine* unfolds as life does, mourning the loss of something special, but acknowledging the triumph in finding something new and uniquely beautiful in its own right. While it finds comfort and inspiration from the musical histories of its creators, it is its own piece of art and should be treated as such; as something to be admired, and as something to behold. ■

Six Must-See Docos

1. Blackfish (2013)

If you're an animal lover, you seriously need to watch *Blackfish*. It's transformative. Directed by Gabriela Cowperthwaite, the film follows the sad life of one of SeaWorld's orcas, Tilikum. Beginning with Tilikum's capture as a calf, we learn of his history before SeaWorld, performing in a rundown sea park where he was bullied by the other whales and kept in a tiny enclosure at night. When he was involved in the death of a trainer, Tilikum was sold to SeaWorld Orlando, where he went on to be involved in two more deaths. Cowperthwaite goes deep to bring to light SeaWorld's immoral and inhuman response to the deaths, defending themselves and refusing to admit that Tilikum's poor treatment was likely the cause of these events. Fact: there are NO recorded incidents of orca's harming humans in the wild. This is a convincing doco which uses found footage and interviews with former SeaWorld trainers to make its argument against whales in captivity.

2. Cartel Land (2015)

If you loved *Narcos*, chances are you're going to love this. But really, who isn't interested in the obscene drug world of the Americas? Winner of the Best Director Award at the 2015 Sundance Film Festival and nominated for Best Documentary Feature at the 88th Academy Awards, *Cartel Land* is a gripping and informative look into the Mexican Drug War. The film mainly focuses on Tim Foley, leader of a group of vigilantes called the Arizona Border Recon who fight against the Mexican cartel presence in America. Below the border, a Mexican physician parallels Foley's anti-drug war efforts by fuelling a citizen uprising. This is one exciting documentary. Watch it.

3. Heart of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse (1991)

A fan of *Apocalypse Now*? Then this is the documentary for you. Depicting the making of the 1979 Vietnam War film, *Heart of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse* uses behind the scene footage and interviews with the cast to reveal the many difficulties the crew faced. Opposition to American involvement in the Vietnam War grew throughout the Sixties, and

it came to be known as the Immoral War. This is an interesting look at an American-made film, created just a few years after the war's end. Whether you've seen *Apocalypse Now* or not, this is a film worth watching. Even if just for those Martin Sheen moments.

4. Virunga (2014)

If you're looking for something to inspire you and also pull at the old heart strings, *Virunga* is it. This British documentary follows the brave conservation efforts of a group of rangers battling to protect Virunga National Park. Located in the Democratic Republic of Congo, the park is home to the last mountain gorillas in the world, and must be protected from poaching, civil war and oil explorers. What this documentary does best is capture in time a rare and beautiful place which might not be around in the near future because of human involvement. It's also a great look at the economic and political issues that poaching, war and oil exploration raise.

5. Bowling for Columbine (2002)

Michael Moore is pretty well known in the film world, and *Bowling for Columbine* is a good example of why. It's confrontational, it's informative and it does the best thing a documentary or film can do: it make its audience think (and I mean really think) about the topic it explores. Moore uses the 1999 massacre at Columbine High School as a platform to interrogate the

growing issue of gun violence in America. Rather than focussing on the actual shooting as such, he examines the possible factors which could have led to the shooting – the culture of violence in the United States, the lack of laws surrounding firearms and the culture of fear he asserts has been generated by the government. A powerful, thought-provoking and increasingly relevant documentary.

6. The Black Panthers: Vanguard of a Revolution (2015)

Anyone interested in the youth and civil rights movements of the Sixties, or American history, will enjoy this. It's a polished piece of work with a lot of emotional impact. Consisting largely of found footage and secondary interviews with Sixties activists, the documentary traces the rise and fall of the revolutionary African American organisation, The Black Panther Party. Covering the group's grassroots organisation, awareness of legal rights, and use of the black power ideology, the film raises questions around racial inequality, assimilation and black nationalism. Taking seven years to make, the film provides a comprehensive look into the life and times of ones of America's most controversial and transformative social change organisations. ■ NIKKI ADDISON



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The Best Period Dramas, Period.

Taking on the task of deciding which period films you should watch is almost incomprehensible, considering the fact that 'period drama' could refer to literally any time period pre-1970s. As time progresses, surely that limit will creep forward until future filmmakers are left with the unenviable task of trying to romanticise Noughties fashion choices. Though works such as *Gladiator*, *Schindler's List* and *Game of Thrones* are technically period dramas, the phrase tends to carry with it slightly more romantic connotations.

As someone whose mother tried to turn her into a lover of the classics at the tender age of six when she gave me a full shelf of classic literature (including *David Copperfield*, which I still have not read), I have grown up watching and falling in love with period films. They are often romanticised and idealised versions of the past; the touching of hands, rolling hills, long glances and selfless gestures. Period dramas bring to life stories of the ages. They are perfect for moments when you just want to escape reality, and daydream about someone jumping into a lake (romantically) because of you.

Pride & Prejudice (2005)

We begin with the ultimate of period dramas, romances and film in general. Whilst the BBC mini-series has more of the specific scenes and information from the book (understandably, considering they had multiple one-hour episodes as opposed to one single film), this adaptation by Joe Wright (*Atonement*, see below) is simply stunning. It brings the magic out of the rural reality of the British countryside, and actually makes you want to go tromp about outside! The film is ridiculously beautiful, in cinematography, acting and story (thanks, Austen), and has an incredible aesthetic. It is a fantastic adaption of the text, and Lizzy is brought to sparkling life by the queen of period drama – Keira Knightley. Matthew Macfadyen cuts a fine figure as Darcy, and has such a great arc over the movie (however, there's no half-naked encounter for Elizabeth in this film). Its ending is iconic, and causes my straitlaced father – every time we watch it – to shake his head in awe and half laugh out that it is best ending line he's ever seen. *Pride & Prejudice* is the epitome of period drama, and this film brings such light to my life it's difficult to describe. And let's not even begin to talk about the HandTouch.

Jane Eyre (2011)

Starring Michael Fassbender and Mia Wasikowska, this adaptation takes Charlotte Brontë's novel in a different direction than most other period dramas. Whilst some can be defined by their exorbitant and

sumptuous production design, this film is pared back to its very bones. As if flayed open, the film is uniquely vulnerable and stark, and stays with you for a lot longer than you can anticipate. Eerie and beautiful, it has the air of a gothic – and leaves you wondering how exactly it left such an understated impact. Unfortunately, it does omit the scene in the novel where Mr. Rochester dresses up as a gypsy woman and comes back to his own house to lowkey probe Jane about her feelings for him, but I suppose nothing's perfect.

Shakespeare in Love (1998)

This is one of my top feel good films of all time. Hilarious from the opening minute, it weaves a witty, charming tale about Shakespeare's struggles in London and in love as he writes and puts on *Romeo and Juliet* née *Ethel the Pirate's Daughter*. Overflowing with British greats, you also get the performances of a quite tolerable Gwyneth Paltrow and Batfleck himself. The interwoven plot is genius, with enough Shakespeare references and imagery to please any fan. Unless they're the type of fan who puts their hands up and points out in a nasal whine "that's not accurate!" Well, that's not why we watch period movies. If you want historical accuracy, watch a documentary. Total fiction, this meta-rom-com is a delight to both fans of Shakespeare and those who felt forced to suffer through him in English class. I know, because my high school English class watched it and it was said to be the only good part of our course that term.



Amazing Grace (2006)

This underrated biopic depicting the life of William Wilberforce, starring the underrated Ioan Gruffudd, Welsh hero and saver of puppies (*102 Dalmatians*) is one you should check out if you're not afraid of a bit of exposition and history. It gets a mention due to the title's use of the pun that has followed this writer throughout her life, and details Wilberforce's efforts as an abolitionist to end the slave trade in Great Britain. If you're a fan of Cumberbatch, take this chance to see one of his early works – as his is one of many fine performances that litter the film. Treading the line between informative and inspirational, the historical film is certainly an uplifting watch on a dreary afternoon.

Bright Star (2009)

Another film my English class was forced to watch, it left me crying embarrassingly in the dark of the cinema surrounded by my classmates on a school trip. Keats has been my favourite poet for years, ever since we studied him, and I have only been able to watch that movie once because I'm an emotional fool. It is heart achingly soft and gentle as it unravels, following Fanny Brawne and Keats' love affair from inception to end. Critics have touted it as Campion's best work, and that includes *The Piano* (a New Zealand period drama that you should definitely watch, but is far too dark for this list).

Atonement (2007)

This ambitious movie stands out from the rest of the list in the sense that this is not a film you watch

to cheer yourself up. Just don't do it. It gets a mention because it is clever, complex, sensual – and almost iconic. The cinematography is amazing, as are the performances by many of my faves. It could be said to be about the love story between Robbie (James McAvoy) and Cecilia (Keira Knightley – again), but the reality is so much deeper than that. It is about Briony (Saoirse Ronan, Romola Garai), art, error and guilt. Although it leaves me crying and feeling – weirdly – physically sick, 10/10 would recommend.

Belle (2013)

A more recent film, it fulfils one of the aspects that period drama routinely fails at. It possesses all the nuanced interactions you expect of a courtly Austen, yet brings to the surface social issues of the time that are often overlooked. Inspired by the real life story behind a famous painting, it follows Dido Belle (Gugu Mbatha-Raw) the illegitimate daughter of Royal Navy captain John Lindsay and an African woman named Maria-Belle, who is treated as both a member of the aristocracy and as an outsider, due to her racial heritage. It has incredibly lush and lovely film-making, combined with vulnerable and intense performances from the lead actors. It breaks the mold, a refreshing breath of air amongst period dramas as it creates both an emotional and political film that does not shy away from issues of class, race and identity in 18th Century England.

Others to look out for:

Becoming Jane: As the master of period drama, it seems only appropriate that Jane Austen herself

should have a highly fictionalised film of her own youthful romance. Considering the fact that its two leads (Anne Hathaway and James McAvoy) were listed amongst my top five favourite actors when I was 13, of course I was going to watch it and then cry about it, as I'm doing right now having watched it again.

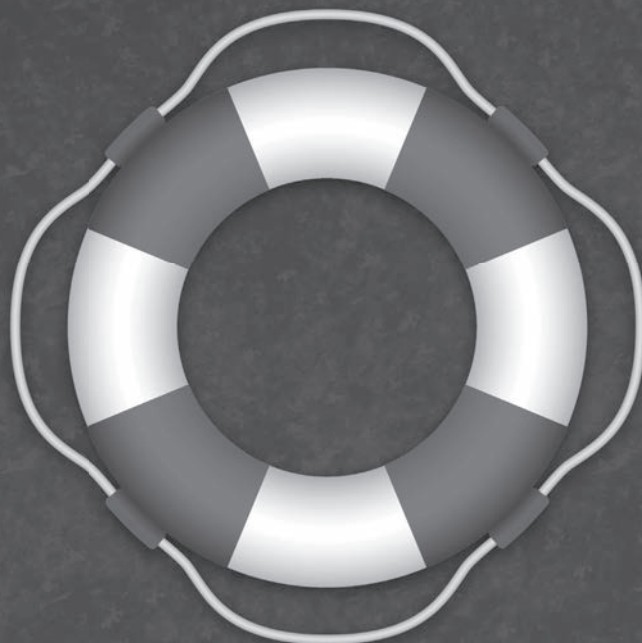
A Little Princess: The story of my childhood, this movie captures the magic and splendour of one of my favourite childhood novels. A definite watch for anyone that loves magic, clever girls and riches-to-rags stories.

Poldark: A remake of the highly successful 1970's original, *Poldark* swept the nation when it was released in 2015 – breaking a ten year BBC record in ratings. With a rugged Aidan Turner (!) and a delightful Eleanor Tomlinson as its leads, we cannot forget the setting of Cornwall itself – which becomes its own character within the show. Set in the late 18th Century, this subtle show really leaves its mark. There were only six episodes in the first season, but I watched them each about five times.

Outlander: A break-out TV show based on the novels by Diana Gabaldon, *Outlander* is difficult to describe as it traverses so many genres and even multiple time periods. It's about a woman named Claire who time travels from 1945 to 18th Century Scotland, where she meets a lot of men in kilts and pretty much runs the gamut of experiences or emotions a person can feel. Odd and addictive, it can be very dark and should be on the list of pretty much ANYONE who watches television. There's something for everyone in this indescribably marvellous show.

■ GRACE HOOD-EDWARDS





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Top Seven Uses for This Column

WITH ELOISE SIMS

For possibly the sixth week running, I am about to hand this column in late. This, of course, is always entirely my own fault. Last week, I watched all three seasons of *BoJack Horseman* to “gain inspiration for writing”, and forgot it was due in until about 1am the next day.

That one was actually better than a few months ago, where I watched a documentary on honey badgers (while very, very drunk) and wrote 1000 words entirely about their general killing/escaping/madman prowess.

“That one was definitely shite,” my little brother commented, encouragingly.

Yet I can't be entirely blamed for the absolute decline in standard of this column (I totally can, but I'd like to make a point). It's not really like I have beautiful sources of inspiration all around me.

When I was in England, I envisaged my return to New Zealand as a sort of Kiwiana Disney movie. The tui birds would sing. I'd eat so much Whittaker's chocolate I'd throw up, then spend the rest of my time playing guitar in the sunshine and writing columns to rival *The Luminaries*.

Yet we're in the eleventh week of term, and I'm continually staring at a blank page every Sunday night – scored by the gentle thud of my upstairs neighbours having sex.

“You could write another column about how awful this flat is,” my flatmate says helpfully.

“That's like... what I wrote the previous five columns about.” I sigh.

Another mate pipes up. “I get a copy of *Craccum* every week, you know.”

“Thanks mate.” I say, genuinely touched. *Mental note – the estimated readership is now four. Not including Mum and Dad.*

She continues. “Sometimes when I'm biking home, I get nosebleeds – and I mean, it's free paper, so-”

“... No fucking way.”

“I mean-”

“Do you mean to tell me,” I begin, in the tone

of someone who's utterly given up, “that you go and pick up my column just so you can shove wedges of it up your nose?”

“Not your column!” She says defensively. “Just the front bits!”

Caitlin and Mark's editorial is really getting a grand reception these days.

“Christ, man, that's...” I trail off, wondering how soon I can go and listen to Radiohead to reflect on this.

“It's not immensely absorbent though.” She shrugs.

It's twelve hours later.

I'm still listening to Radiohead. 450 words to go.

Actually – why not use this bloody column for your nosebleeds (pun intended)? It's a much less depressing thought than seeing the full boxes of *Craccum* in the quad, every week.

In fact, I'll even give you a list of uses for this column – based on actual things people have told me they've done with it.

7) Read it. A couple of weeks ago, one of my tutors nodded at me in class.

“Aunty Eloise.” He began.

I froze.

“I read your column and was like – I know that name from somewhere!”

So – my tutor now knows the exact number of Tinder dates I've been on, because I forgot anyone I know in real life reads this piece of shit.

Brilliant.

6) Papier mâché. I've already talked about how a well-meaning Elam student told me they used *Craccum* for their latest sculpting project.

“But I'm making art!” She defended. “It lived on!”

5) Table mat. I've seen copies of *Craccum* wedged beneath massive bowls of pasta in my flat, slowly wilting with the combined pressure of steam and cheese.

4) Bookend. One of my kind friends decides I've listened to too much Radiohead today, and comes to disturb my tortured-soul ravings with Quad Sushi.

“You get *Craccum*.” I whine.

“Yeah, I do.” She says loyally.

“What do you use it for?”

“Bookends, at the moment.”

“Bookends?”

“Yeah. They hold up my Uni textbooks really well, actually.”

3) Drying shoes. With the recent stormy weather Auckland has been having, *Craccum* has finally found another use. I've been in flats where there's a veritable collection laid out as sodden welcome mats.

2) Make a nifty hat. Guys, I'm running out of ideas, and I was meant to hand this in yesterday. I'm giving up. Can I give up yet? I have 50 words to go. Jesus. Literally nothing interesting has happened in my life. Make a hat. Make art.

1) Paper waste bin. To chuck your other copies into.

“You know those bins outside the Quad?” A mate asked me the other day.

“Yeah?”

“Why are they always filled with copies of that magazine you write for?”

“What?”

“You know, the black rubbish bins.”

“... That's how we distribute.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah – that's the place you pick it up from.”

“Shit.” He said, in the voice of someone who's definitely chucked trash in there before. ■



SEX, DRUGS & ELECTORAL ROLLS

A Rush To (Mob)-Justice & The Other Kind Of Privilege

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

Conversations around me for the last week have been dominated by discussion of the Losi Filipo verdict. Pretty much everyone's seemed to have an opinion about it – and, perhaps quite worryingly, almost all of them (with some notable exceptions) have been almost completely at-odds with the final decision as handed down by the judge.

Why's this a "perhaps quite worryingly"? Shouldn't the weight of public outcry in the court of public opinion ultimately triumph and prevail over the learned legal mind and reasoning of an esteemed member of the judiciary?

Well, I find this disquieting for two reasons.

First up, as police have now received permission to re-prosecute Filipo in pursuit of a different sentence, this indicates that there is a perhaps dangerous degree of responsiveness to a storming not-quite-lynch-mob mentality on the part of our state legal system. Justice is supposed to be above and beyond such temporal considerations.

But the second reason is the possibility that maybe, just maybe, the judge did get it wrong, and we're effectively having to rely upon the backstop of notoriously volatile public opinion rather than the actual judicial system to act in a corrective capacity.

I'm genuinely unsure as to which is scarier – that the fate of the accused must apparently dangle in the wind subject to the swirling morass of moral opinions of the mob, or that this popular outcry might, in point of fact, be the only thing which has managed to prevent a comprehensive potential miscarriage of justice.

I say "potential miscarriage of justice". Some will be aghast at this and insist that there's nothing "potential" about it – noting, perhaps quite rightly – that a man facing assault charges against four other individuals, two of them female, ought to be looking at a significant sentence.

There is a perception, rightly or wrongly, that Filipo has gotten off incredibly easy here. That just because the ordinary starting point for this sort of offending in terms of sentence would be somewhere in the area of one and a half years imprisonment, that that, therefore, "ought" to be what he was lumped with.

Instead, he's received a Discharge Without Conviction (which, in the eyes of some, effective amounts to no sentence at all – notwithstanding the 150 hours of community work Filipo's done and one thousand dollars worth of proffered reparations which he offered his victims; or the ongoing personal effects from having his name bandied about in the media as a rhetorical football – something

which I have a certain degree of experience with. In those situations, you still bear the 'Mark of Cain' til the last link comes off Google, and peoples' memories completely fade – i.e. "Never").

So is this genuinely a case of "Rugby Player Privilege", as many voices have been breathlessly claiming? Did Filipo effectively manage to break the judicial system around him in a truly exceptional way here by avoiding either imprisonment – or, for that matter, any form of lasting consequence whatsoever in the form of a lingering (symbolic) conviction?

This view is rather unlikely.

For starters, there's the inarguable fact that a court is almost never going to sentence a youthful first-time offender charged with a lower-end offence to jail. It just simply doesn't happen (strongly extenuating circumstances notwithstanding). So straight-away, we're working with a far lower starting-point than the "one and a half years imprisonment" proffered so suggestively throughout mainstream media reporting (and subsequent public outrage) on this case. We long ago recognized that young people are not only less culpable than their older peers (impulse-restricting frontal lobes not being fully formed etc.) – but, more importantly, that they have a far greater chance of turning their lives around and doing something different if we give them a second chance.

An opportunity for redemption which, needless to say, would go flying out the window if we were to subject them to the ongoing brutalizing experience that is a substantial stay behind bars in prison.

From there, it's a simple matter of running down the Sentencing Act 2002, and seeing how it affects what Filipo got. I quite like the Sentencing Act, as it happens. It's a wonderfully flexible piece of legislation in some respects – and it allows a positively bewildering array of 'aggravating' and 'mitigating' factors to be brought into play by both prosecution and defence as they seek to influence the judge's decision as to what deserts a given offender receives.

Included among these in the 'mitigating factors' listed in s9(2) are things like age, evidence of previous good character, expressions of remorse, a willingness to make restitutions to those wronged by one's offending, early guilty pleas, and even steps taken by the offender to save the Crown money in the course of legal proceedings. And, importantly, the opening text to the relevant subsection states in no uncertain terms that a judge "must" take these sorts of things into account as considerations (read: 'reductions') when handing down the sentence. Filipo – whether due to sound legal advice, a genuine desire to make amends, or (as is more typically the case) some mixed combination of the two – did pretty much all of these things. The court will also have taken into consideration a pre-sentencing report prepared by Filipo's Probations

officer; and, perhaps rather importantly, the Act's Principles of Sentencing. Of particular interest here would be 8 (g), which mandates that the judge "must" impose the "least restrictive" sentencing outcome appropriate to the circumstances; and 8 (h), which requires a judge to have regard for "particular circumstances of the offender" (such as, I guess, a future career in rugby) which might make a particular form of sentencing "disproportionately severe".

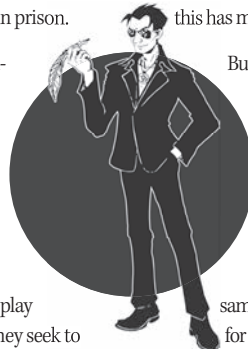
I guess what I'm trying to say is, it's not exactly hard to see how Filipo (and his lawyer) have managed to get down to effectively no sentence. It's not "the system" breaking a whole bunch of rules that has allowed him to get to that point – instead, it's "the system" working pretty much exactly as intended, and largely as it would for many other people in a similar position and with similar factors intrinsic to themselves (such as their age, lack of previous record, available evidence of prior good character etc.).

However, where the suspicions of 'special treatment' *do* perhaps start to hold a bit more water is when it comes to the s106 Discharge Without Conviction which Filipo has been in receipt of. That's a somewhat uncommon gem (although by no means unprecedented – the schoolboys who were charged with first murdering and then manslaughtering aspiring rugbyplayer Stephen Dudley in 2013 were also granted discharges without conviction, for instance); and particularly given the statutory demand under the subsequent s107 that the "consequences of a conviction would be out of all proportion to the gravity of the offence", I can well understand why this has met with increased scepticism.

But even here, there appears to be a certain element of hysteria in the popular response. We don't just do this for aspiring rugby-stars. There's quite a litany of doctors and those seeking to become them who receive discharges for offending (including one relatively recent case wherein the same doctor scored two 106s within a year, for offences including attempting to ram a police vessel with his yacht in one case, and drink-driving in the other) – and I'm even aware of an individual who was given an s106 thanks to his journalistic aptitudes and aspirations.

So quite clearly, this is not just something we do for rugby players, even if Filipo's rugby-playing abilities did play a role in the judge's determination of his eventual sentence.

I don't know whether I'd agree that the consequences of a conviction would be "out of all proportion" to the gravity of Filipo's offending (although I'm a great – perhaps even 'soft-headed' – believer in giving people a second chance). But one thing I do know is how nice it would be for the forces of public-outcry and the media-agitation-machine which inevitably and invariably stirs it up, to actually get acquainted with the law before rushing headlong into condemnation of those who have to dispense it and suffer its sanction. ■



Choose Your Own Adventure

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

Greetings, valiant knight. You have slayed dragons, you have leapt across chasms, you have solved riddles, you have rescued damsels, damsels have rescued you. You have shopped at Munchy Mart and accrued library fines! You signed up to the University Sports and Recreation Centre! You signed up again, twice, until you realised you were never going to go!

Look at you, standing there in your grimy tunic. You haven't cleaned your sword – clearly you haven't read Narnia and therefore have ignored Aslan's advice. Always clean your sword. You look weary, sire. Weary indeed. Haggard, perhaps.

But you are almost done! The quest is almost over! There is but one final task –

WELCOME TO YOUR FINAL ASSIGNMENT.

You have been given your final assignment. You are to complete a 5000-word research trail for a hypothetical essay that neither you nor any of your fellow knights will write. This research trail has felled many far braver and stronger than you – do you think you've got what it takes?

If 'Yes,' go to (1). If 'No,' go to (2).

1. Oooh, you're a brave one! You think you're pretty tough, huh! Well, alrighty then. Here you go – your assignment has been uploaded to CANVAS. Do you wish to start right away?

If 'Yes,' go to (3). If 'No,' go to (4).

2. You're right, friend. You don't have what it takes. Congratulations on realising this early. You are spared a hubristic demise – instead, you are condemned to an anonymous demise. Your assignment has been uploaded to CANVAS. Do you wish to start right away?

If 'Yes,' go to (3). If 'No,' go to (4).

3. You wish to start work right away? BOOO! You are the worst kind of person! You may win the assignment, but you lack honour

as a knight! LEAVE THE KINGDOM! ***You are sent back to the beginning of your University career. You must wait 5 years before you can retake this quest.***

4. You don't want to start right away? Why's that?

If 'Because I hate myself and I wish to suffer,' go to (5). If 'Because I fail to learn from mistakes and I epitomise wasted potential,' go to (6).

5. You *should* hate yourself, knight.

Go to (6).

6. You *are* the epitome of wasted potential, knight. It is now 11:20pm. You have 13 hours in which to complete this assignment. You have done approximately 35% of it. How do you choose to spend the next 50 minutes?

If 'By writing a half-hearted Craccum column that is destined to be read by nobody,' go to (7). If 'By diligently working through Australian case law research to find out their approach to online harassment,' go back to (3).

7. Well knight, I really can't fault your reasoning. After all, it is consistent with your psychological profile as a person who wants to suffer and wastes potential. At least you're not a hypocrite! Your column is almost done. You can exhale. You took a break! It happens! It's time to start working again – what do you do?

If 'Realise that the library closes in 7 minutes,' go to (8). If 'Do not realise that the library closes in 7 minutes, and start working again instead,' go to (9).

8. Aw, shucks! Looks like you're totally out of luck! Just as you cracked your knuckles and decided to get back to work, they closed the library! What's a guy to do! C'mon! Better pack your bags, friend! Where are you going to go now?

If 'Home,' go to (10). If 'I dunno, maybe I'll wander around campus and find somewhere else to study,' go to (11).

9. You ignore the fact that the library is closing. You type furiously with your headphones on. You do not hear the security guard yelling at you to pack up. You do not see that everyone else has left. The guard thinks you are antagonising him. He swipes

your desk, knocking everything to the floor. Startled, you collect your things and run for the door. When you get home, you realise that your laptop was fatally damaged by the guard and that your entire assignment has been deleted. Aw man! Them's the breaks!

Go to (2).

10. You decide to go home! You get on the bus, arrive at your flat, go to your desk, watch Nelly Furtado interviews for 40 minutes, stay awake until 5am, sleep fitfully until 11:30am, make a desperate run for University, and hand in a barely-completed version of the assignment right on time. You feel as though it has been successful until the adrenalin fades and you realise you blew your final chance to redeem years of poor work ethic. Aw man! Them's the breaks!

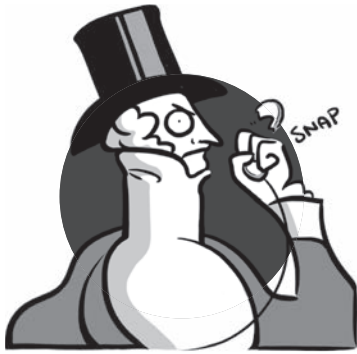
Go to a lifetime of unfulfilling work where each day is more stressful than the last and you reminisce about how fun it was to burn the candle at both ends while you were at University!

11. You wander around campus looking for somewhere to study. You are mugged and your laptop is stolen. You chump! It's almost midnight! What did you expect!

Go to (2).

Thanks for playing! ■





Brash

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

In simpler times people were given names to match their family's profession. Herald's were heralds. Smith's were smiths. And Taylor's were tailors (that last one was a stab in the dark, but anything's possible). Don Brash's sizzling (no, simmering) return to the political spotlight reminds me of that bygone era. Don(ald?). Brash. What's in a name, first or last?

Brash returned to our screens, handheld and otherwise, through his new Remuera tractor, 'Hobson's Pledge', a campaign dedicated to ending "special privileges" for Māori. I think we've heard this one before – as if the infamous Orewa speech in 2004 wasn't enough to cement Brash's record on the wrong side of history.

"Our vision for New Zealand is a society in which all citizens are equal before the law, irrespective of when they or their ancestors arrived in this land."

The salient question to be put here is whose law? The 'Hobson's Pledge' page claims that the chiefs who signed Te Tiriti ceded sovereignty to the Crown. Why, then, did Henry Williams (the translator of Te Tiriti) use the word "kawanatanga" rather than "mana"? The latter would have made very obvious to the chiefs present that they were ceding absolute sovereign authority to the British Crown. Williams either intended a softer form of cession, or intentionally used "kawanatanga" to induce chiefs to sign something they otherwise would not have.

It is historical wobbles like this that has led the courts and Parliament to start referring to the "principles of the Treaty" rather than the text itself. Yes, Don, it is to some extent an artificial, retroactively constructed approach to race-relations (something Hobson's Pledge also takes issue with). But it is necessary only because of the Crown's historical and often ongoing bad faith. It was British law at the time of Te Tiriti that when one colonized territories with existing inhabitants, indigenous laws should be respected by colonial courts

moving forward until explicitly legislated over. Obviously, this was ignored, because Māori weren't civilized enough to have legal or political norms. "Kawanatanga" was taken to mean sovereign authority by the British, and when this faced opposition, the muskets came out. Article 2 protections for lands, forests, fisheries, and taonga were similarly trampled, in some cases unapologetically through confiscations, and in other cases sneakily through the Native Land Court's individualized titles eating away Māori collective ownership. The "principles of the Treaty", if anything, are a much weaker claim than one based on the text of Te Tiriti, and Brash can't even stomach these.

We have imported from Britain most of our common law and our system of government. These things are not value-neutral. They carry with them assumptions about the nature of property rights, about how one should resolve disputes between people, about what the privileges and responsibilities of a leader are. We take most of our structures for granted, but they radically shape our thinking. Things like a public versus a private ballot or an adversarial versus inquisitorial justice system are things we get used to by convention. The USA has a court that can strike down legislation rather than parliamentary supremacy like us; this is because, over time, people have consented to that constitutional arrangement – of the majority not always ruling in every substantive case. If Tikanga Māori had been the guiding structure from the outset of modern Aotearoa's development, people's assumptions would be different. Those values would have infused into our institutions on the historical counterfactual.

Now let me return to this question of "equal before the law". This is not an argument about affirmative action, about remedying disadvantage so that we may then proceed on equal footing. This is about addressing outright illegal action by the Crown against Māori. And when our modern norms and legal systems are founded on that historical illegality (both at the point of Te Tiriti, but in courts and legislatures thereafter), it is a bilious and jeering act of political opportunism to say that "special privileges" for Māori hold us back from achieving equality before the law. ■



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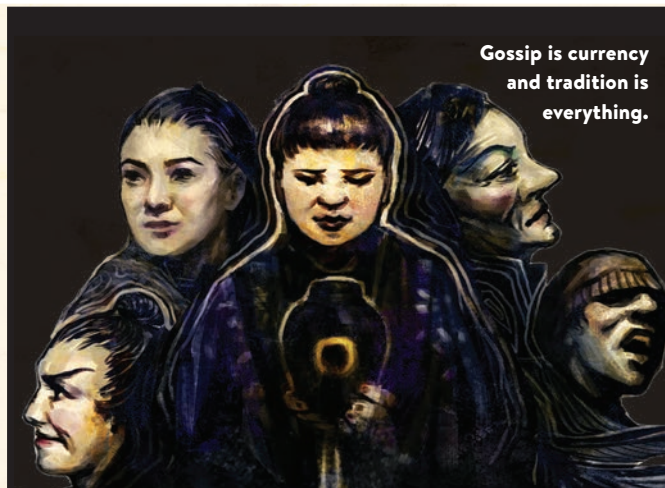
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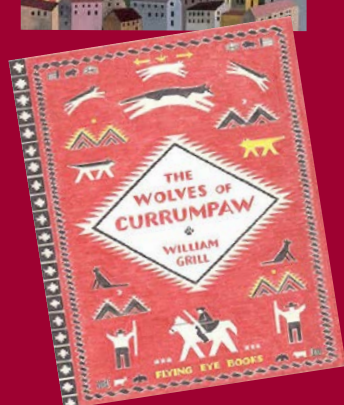
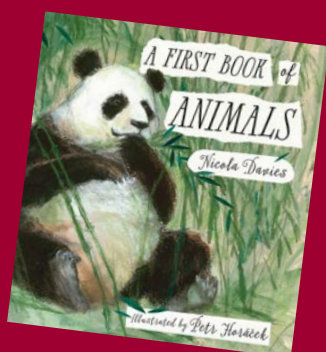
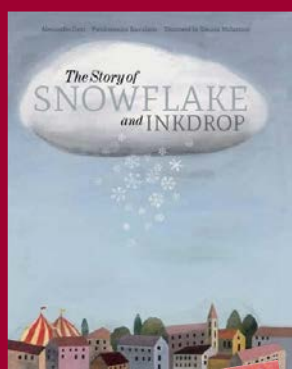
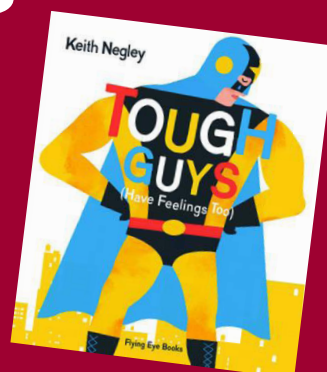
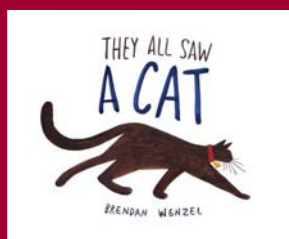
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