

CRACCUM

magazine 24



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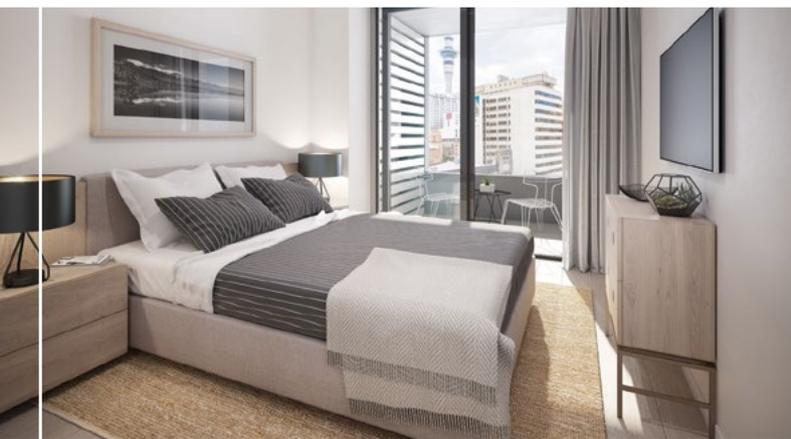
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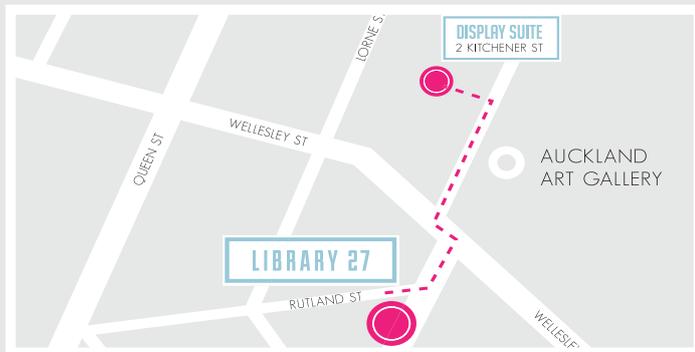
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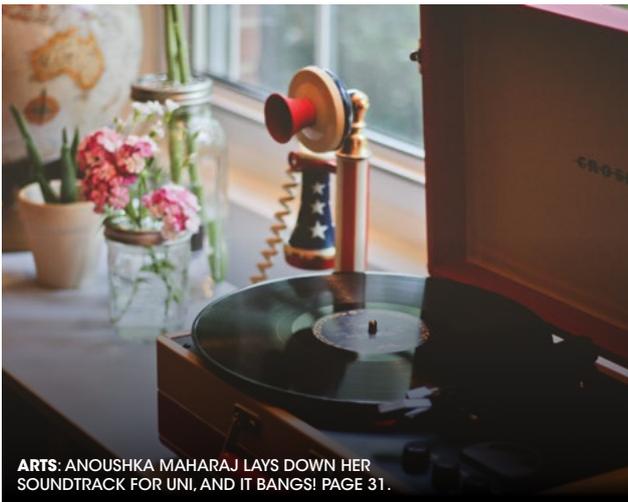
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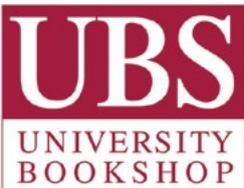
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i am not afraid to keep on living, i am not afraid to walk this world alone



Mark woke in a fit of terror. He glanced over at the clock, but there was no clock. He peeked out the window, and saw only the bleak nothingness of a terrifying and empty future. He rolled onto his back and stared up at the slats.

Caitlin was sleeping peacefully when she felt a gentle nudge through the mattress. She ignored it. Classic Mark. Perennial sleep-poker. Thank goodness we decided on bunk beds. She rolled over, congratulating herself on her fantastic hostel choices. Then she felt a timid hand creep up and shake her elbow. Fuck, she thought, opening her eyes. What does he want?

'Caitlin,' she heard from the bed below, 'Caitlin, I'm freaking out.'

'Mark, shut the fuck up,' she replied wearily.

'No, Caitlin, this is serious. We're finishing with Craccum next week, and I have no idea what to do next year.'

Caitlin's eyes snapped open. Shit, she realised. The year had flashed by in a haze of deadlines and Coke Life and sexual tension and now they were in a dungeon of a hostel in Hamilton, after a long night of not winning any Student Press Awards. Job prospects in 2017 were not looking great. She flopped out of the ladderless bunk and squatted next to Mark, dabbing away his tears with a Burger Fuel napkin.

'There there, my sweet, she crooned. 'We'll be fine. Everyone is good at something.'

So they made a list.

Neither of them could ride a bike with any confidence, so they ruled out the possibility of becoming a dynamic duo of rural milk distributors. Just as well, for a milk distributor who could not tell their lefts from their rights (as neither of them could without forming hand-Ls) was not going to be of much use at all. Mark suggested Caitlin become a professional speed-typer. Caitlin knew that this too was to be a doomed venture, as she had never learned to use the 'shift' key while typing, instead relying on the 'Caps Lock' button any time she wanted a capital letter.

Mark rejected Caitlin's suggestion that he become a dental hygienist, because the sight of people brushing their teeth made him want to barf.

Soon enough, Caitlin was curled in the foetal position on the suspiciously solid hostel floor, as Mark dabbed away her tears with a Domino's pizza box.

'There there, my sweet, he crooned. 'You're pretty good at writing sentimental things about the mag, so why don't you just do that for a bit?'

So she did.

Flashback. It was a friend's 21st. Caitlin was having what can only be described as a decidedly shit time. Although her speech had banged, her friends were drunk and she was not. Her contact lenses were drying up and she just wanted to get home to watch *Great British Bake-off*. She found herself talking to Mark, the pretty hot but pathologically competitive guy on her pub quiz team. He clasped her by the shoulders, looked deep into her eyes, and said, "let's run for *Craccum*." That night, while some asshole puked in the potted yucca next to them, a glorious alliance was born.

We promised ourselves that we wouldn't get sappy in our final editorial, but look – Caitlin frequently cries over videos of dogs taking baths, so we really had no hope. Here we are, 11pm the night before we submit our final issue, and we are total fucking wrecks. Mark, notorious affection-withholder, just looked up from his computer and said, with total sincerity, that this has easily been the best year of his life. This year, we have been lucky enough to have 92 writers and 36 artists contribute to the mag, every single one of them working for free. We are just overwhelmingly proud of what we have managed to create together, but that is not what is making us ugly-cry right now. What we are really upset about is the fact that, after five years at uni, we have managed to find ourselves a home, a cosy little nest in this bland, impersonal university. That nest has been filled with kind, creative, supportive people who have made us feel as though we can

leave uni with more than just an overpriced piece of paper. We have a year to treasure; a year to tell our children about. *Craccum* is the stressful-yet-indefinitely-rewarding adventure we never knew we needed, and it will leave a little hole in our little hearts when we say goodbye.

The writing had been therapeutic, and Caitlin pulled herself together enough to return to her bunk. As she clambered up, she created an awful racket. But this was no ordinary racket – it was a racket of fate.

'I have an idea,' said Mark, his brain spurred into action by the screeching above. 'People throw away mattresses all the time, right?'

'I guess,' replied his co-editor, struggling to find a comfortable angle.

'And mattresses have springs, right? So what we do, we go out, find old mattresses, rip them apart, and sell the springs for scrap metal. Think about it. It's pure profit.'

Now this, thought Caitlin, this was an idea. No need to type, or ride a bike, or have a rudimentary understanding of human direction. And pure profit – she liked the sound of that.

'And we could get a phone number that is like one digit off the Sallies, so people call us by mistake!' she replied excitedly. She rolled over, a goatish smile of satisfaction spreading across her face.

'You know, said Mark, yawning, 'there hasn't been one single moment I've regretted choosing to do Craccum with you.'

'Same, best friend,' she replied. She hung her hand off the side of the bed and Mark reached up, their fingers interlocking.

'Goodnight, sweet prince,' she whispered.

'Goodnight, fatty boom-bah,' he whispered.

And then they closed their eyes, their hands fell apart and they were soon borne away and lost in darkness and distance. ■



MASSIVE MALARKEY CRACCUM DOESN'T WIN ANY AWARDS, BUT AT LEAST WE DIDN'T CALL ANYONE A CUNT

Craccum has been awarded runner-up places [news ed: but no wins lol] in seven different categories at this year's Associated Student Press Awards [news ed: hosted in sunny hamilton].

The winners included Rayhan Langdana, runner-up for Best Columnist, Curwen Ares Rolinson, runner-up for Best Political Writer, as well as our own esteemed editor Mark Fullerton, for both runner-up Best Feature and runner-up Best Education Feature.

The magazine as a whole then won runner-up Best Headline [news ed: for "Flag Flop: Nation Changes Union-Jack-Shit"], runner-up Best Website [news ed: note that our website hasn't been updated since week three of this year, and we also did not submit for this category]. Finally,

we also won runner-up Best Small Publication.

The awards also briefly became the latest backdrop in the ongoing *Salient* (Victoria University) and *Massive* (Massey University) feud.

Carwyn Walsh, editor of *Massive* magazine [news ed: best known for publishing a cover featuring a prone, distressed, naked woman being handled by an unseen assailant – a move which got that issue of the magazine immediately censored from public display] took to the stage to deliver a drunken rant directed at the *Salient* editors, who have repeatedly criticized him for misogyny.

[news ed: (me doing my carwyn walsh impression) "i grew up in flaxmere on the fukn dpb, you salient cunts probably don't even know what that

is with your fucking skim lattes" (that's an actual quote lol what an idiot)].

Later in the night, Walsh attempted to grab *Salient*'s in-house designer. There hasn't been any clear action taken against him or the magazine by Massey University.

Walsh's behaviour is not the first time that the awards have played host to minor controversy.

Last year, our own Conrad Grimshaw was awarded runner-up in the Best Columnist category, despite that year's judge, journalist David Slack, saying afterwards that he chose Grimshaw for the prize. Neither Slack nor *Craccum* have received any explanation for the changed result. ■

YOU AND ME GOT A WHOLE LOTTA HISTORY

History Societies have existed at the University of Auckland stretching back to the 1950s, although most of them have been short lived. The new University of Auckland History Society (UOAHS) are hoping that they will be more successful, as they solicit new members in a drive to help rejuvenate the University's History department.

Seeking to attract new History students and to retain them at a postgraduate level, the group is in part a response to ongoing funding cuts in the department, as well as broader concerns about the isolated experience of being an Arts student at the University of Auckland.

University funding is determined on a basis of EFTS (Equivalent Full-Time Students) in the relevant disciplinary area, and the hope is that by attracting more students to the department, overall funding might be increased – allowing tutor numbers to be boosted, and the discon-

tinuation of cost-saving measures, such as combined lecture-tutorials.

Universities across the country have been shrinking the allocated budgets for the humanities and related departments, in the face of increasing pressure to maximize STEM and Commerce departments. Earlier this year, the University of Otago implemented major budget cuts in five humanities subjects, as part of an effort to cut costs throughout the Arts department. ■

BUILDING BOTCH-UP



The new Science building has now been open around eleven weeks, with departments such as the School of Environment taking up permanent residency at the beginning of September.

While the building itself has been scooping up design awards left, right and centre, there have been questions raised over its readiness, and whether or not the University should have held off its opening until construction was fully

complete.

As it stands on 12 October, it is currently impossible for a wheelchair-bound student to make their own way to a lecturer's office in Building 301. The only set of lifts in 301 are currently closed for maintenance, and the only lift with cross building access from 302 is being used for hazardous material transfer.

Despite the University being informed of these problems, no action has yet been taken. This is in addition to key card problems, which are

leaving lecturers locked both in and out of the building, repetitive fire alarms disrupting everyone, and a lack of printers, as only a few will work at any one time. Most of the communal postgraduate areas have also not been fitted out, leading to overcrowding in the computer labs. While hopefully these problems will be worked out by the start of next year, in the meantime students and lecturers alike have little choice but to work through the problems.

■ PATRICK NEWLAND

SEXUAL ASSAULT IGNORED IN AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES

Please note: This article contains descriptions of sexual assault.

Australian universities are taking almost no action against students accused of sexual misconduct, according to an investigation by Australia's Sunday Night news programme.

Only fourteen suspensions and six expulsions were handed out for 575 reported cases, according to Freedom of Information Act requests into 27 Australian universities. Of those nearly 600 cases, 145 were for rape, including a number by repeat offenders.

Other cases included sexual assault, attempted rape, sexual harassment, indecent behaviour and filming without consent, occurring between 2011 and 2016.

Some documents detailing assaults were

almost completely redacted by universities before being supplied.

The documents that were not redacted often included horrific details of the offences. At one university, a victim described fighting off an attempted gang rape by three men. Another university allegedly gave the perpetrator of a sexual assault a master key to access all dormitory rooms.

Professor Barney Glover, Vice-Chancellor and President of Western Sydney University, has come forward defending Australian universities in light of the report, saying that university campuses are "very safe".

"One of the challenges I think we experience on campuses right around Australia is a very difficult circumstance where a student has experienced the devastating result of sexual assault or violence and for whatever reason they aren't prepared to go to the police," he said.

"There's no place for perpetrators of sexual violence in Australian society, there is certainly no place for them in Australian University

Campuses, they should get out."

It's a viewpoint echoed by End Rape on Campus Australia (EROC), an organisation dedicated to ending rape culture at Australian Universities. The group has particularly called attention to the difficulty that many students have trying to navigate the reporting system for sexual assault.

"It's a no win situation – you report to the police, or the university can help you; but once you've reported to the police, the university can't help you... They are difficult for someone to navigate who hasn't suffered any trauma".

"When you've got trauma on top of that it basically becomes impossible."

Thursdays In Black Aotearoa, a group dedicated to combating rape culture on New Zealand campuses, completed their first Sexual Assault Survey earlier this month. They are planning to release a full report documenting their findings during early November. ■



TO FEE OR NOT TO FEE

The University of Auckland Council are set to increase fees again this Wednesday. The decision will be made at the University Council's fourth and final meeting for the 2016 year.

The University Council has raised fees by the maximum possible amount allowed under the current caps system every year since the system was first introduced. In 2013, fees at Auckland University were increased by 4%, the maximum possible amount. In 2014 there was a second 4% increase. In 2015 the maximum possible increase was 3%, which the University met.

This year the maximum increase has been decreased to 2%.

In 2014, University Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon defended regular fee rises, saying that they were the only way to keep our univer-

sities internationally competitive if the Government did not want to increase funding. During this period of fee increases, the University's place in the international QS World University rankings has dropped more than 20 places.

In recent years, both Australia and the UK have moved towards deregulating university fees, with students responding through mass-protest in both cases.

The University of Auckland has seen a 26% increase in Central Government funding over the last few years – the largest of any New Zealand university. The funding increases are part of a long-term plan to increase university funding. Simultaneously, the University just announced that it has already generated \$152 million worth of grants and donations for research fellowships.

The University is also in the middle of a long-term dispute with the Tertiary Education Union over their refusal to reform a new payment

model that University staff say unfairly deprives them of the performance pay that they would usually be earning.

AUSA are planning to demonstrate against the decision, and will hold a protest on the Barracks Lawns outside the University Library as the Council hold their meeting. In previous years, students have been locked out and arrested as a result of anti-fee rise protests.

According to the 2014 NZUSA Tertiary Income and Expenditure survey, up to 70% of students think their student loan will have an impact on their ability to buy a house. 36% of students say it will affect their ability to have children.

Also recorded in the survey was a 26% increase in students seeking help for mental health issues like depression and anxiety – related to, among other factors, the increasing pressures of study and the mounting pile of debt that students have to take on. ■

OPINION: PATRICK'S SPORT SOAPBOX

New Zealand sport sucks – or at least, Auckland sport sucks. Over the last month, we have seen the pinnacle of the Australian sports calendar with both of the footy finals and Bathurst. The Australians know how to do sport. They have production values to rival the American networks, they have the hype, the coverage and they have the experience. Going to the local game is considered a family trip.

Now, this is when you say that they have bigger crowds and higher interest, and that's because they have more people. But it's not so. The AFL is a Melbourne centric league with

12 Melbourne teams, and it averaged over 30,000 people for all Melbourne-played games, a city of around 4 million, or 500 thousand less than New Zealand. And of those four million, 100,000 went to the AFL final at the MCG, on the same weekend as 83,000 went to the NRL final and only a week before 200,000 journeyed to Mt Panorama. I can't imagine 30,000 people going to the NPC – sorry Mitre 10 Cup – final, let alone over 100,00.

Furthermore, the problem isn't the quality of the product. If you take the time to actually watch it, most of our top tier sporting competitions are more than up to scratch. Our cricket is entertaining, the rugby is free flowing and the football is of a deceptively high grade. Yet every time I turn up, there are three men and

their dogs watching and not much else.

We need to reinvigorate our sport. Let's get Auckland a proper cricket oval, let's mothball Eden Park unless it's going to be at least half full, and let's have free entry to build up the crowds and some interest. You need 18,000 at Eden Park to break even, so surely it would cost less to have the games with free entry at the Trusts out in Henderson, or at Western Springs post-speedway. That, and introduce the free-to-air Friday night game. Get one match on Prime each week and start every broadcast with the message to come down next week and watch the match for free. Because even as our country keeps growing, the sporting culture is shrinking. ■ PATRICK NEWLAND

HOMELESSNESS INQUIRY ISSUES REPORT



The cross-party Homelessness Inquiry released its final report early last week, summarising more than a month of public hearings and hundreds of official submissions.

The inquiry, run by Labour, the Greens, and the Māori Party, was called earlier this year, after the National Party voted against holding a select committee hearing on the issue. The panel heard from over 500 different groups, including anti-homelessness agencies, local community organisations, the recently homeless, the currently homeless, and a number of academics.

The primary goals of the inquiry were to establish the size and scope of New Zealand's homeless population, establish whether the official definition for homelessness needs updating, and evaluate possible policy responses.

The panel used 2013 census data to measure New Zealand's homeless population. The number they arrived at – 41,207 people – is around 1% of the total population. Of those, 4,197 were living rough or in a mobile dwelling such as a car, 8,447 were staying in emergency housing, camp-grounds, boarding houses, or marae, and 28,563 were staying in severely crowded or

unsuitable dwellings, such as garages.

Other metrics painted a similar picture. This year, the Auckland City Mission annual rough-sleeper survey – measured in and around the Auckland CBD – found a record 228 people either sleeping rough, in temporary accommodation, or in hospital due to homelessness.

Meanwhile, the Citizens Advice Bureau received 3,000 enquiries for emergency housing in 2014/15, up from 1,500 in 2010/11. 3,877 people are currently waiting for social housing – an increase of almost five hundred people since June 2015.

The panel came down on the side of the current definition of homelessness – which includes people living in boarding houses or emergency housing.

“When the Government has criticised this definition as too wide, it has missed the point... by international standards the definition is actually modest and conservative. Every person caught by this definition is in severe housing need and we need to provide them with a safe place to call home.”

The 18-page report offered 20 recommen-

dations on how to best deal with increasing homelessness across the country.

Many of the recommendations produced by the inquiry are fairly straightforward – creating a “national strategy” to help combat homelessness, “build more affordable homes”, or “more support for homelessness workers”.

However, there are some more specific suggestions.

The report calls for income-related rent subsidies for existing community housing tenants, for guaranteed homes for people leaving state care, for the creation of targeted Pasifika homelessness services, for the permanent removal of the Housing New Zealand dividend, and for relevant agencies to be granted the authority to undertake needs assessments and refer tenants to emergency housing.

The inquiry has also called for the government to increase support Kāinga Whenua housing, and to “develop greater flexibility to recognise multiple owned property title”. Kāinga Whenua is a loan scheme developed between Kiwibank and Housing New Zealand designed to help Māori achieve home ownership on papakāinga (multiply-owned ancestral Māori land). ■

WHAT'S ON 17-23 OCTOBER

AUSA has your back this week with their **Stress Less Study Week** events. Head to the Chill Out Zone (in room 312-398) for free tea, coffee and lego. There will be free brunch outside AUSA house on Monday and free fruit on Tuesday. Thanks AUSA for making sure we don't go hungry! Then on Friday, experience Shadows as a "Garden Bar" in the Quad for **End of Daze**. Apparently the plan is for a chill day and a rowdy night. You can find further deets on Facebook.

Enjoy some planned procrastination this Sunday, courtesy of UoA **Opshopping Society (OpSoc)'s Savemart trip!** That's right, destination op-shopping! What better way to distract yourself from how much work you have to do than immersing yourself in the wonders of Savemart? There will be pick-ups available from Uni and Grafton, and the shopping venture will be followed by the **OpSoc AGM**, with free food and drinks for those who make it and get involved! Check out the OpSoc Facebook page for full details.

If you prefer to get your stress relief/support off-campus then check out the **Stress Less Film Festival**, the first of its kind hosted by the Waitemata Youth Collective. Held at the Rainbow Youth offices, 11 Edinburgh St, the festival will be an hour-and-a-half-long showcase of movies made by locals. On Monday from 6.30pm, the event is free and there will be popcorn!

If you're of the sort that likes to de-stress by boogying on down, then you can't go past **Sal Valentine & The Babyshakes**. They are releasing their new single and will have support from SoccerPractise, Ijebu Pleasure Club, Charlie Freak and DJ SHRIMP EMOJI. The team from Stolen Rum will be serving up some serious drinks. Sunday night from 8pm at the King's Arms Tavern, tax \$20 on the door. ■

WHAT'S YOUR SCENT?

Following on from the "What's in your bag?" series, I have asked students what perfume or cologne they are currently wearing and a few extra details about the types of scents they like...

Danielle Taylor Bachelor of Arts/Bachelor of Commerce:

Danielle is currently wearing a perfume by the brand Givenchy (pronounced "jzhiv-on-shee"). "I don't know which one I put on." The most detail she could give was that it contained mandarin – Danielle goes for the citrus scents. She doesn't "really like florals, they are kind of overpowering," and tends more towards vanilla, fruity and cherry tones, trying to keep the price under \$80.



Lindsey Boyle Bachelor of Science (Geology):

This girl loves her apple fragrances. She was wearing a fragrance from Bath and Body Works back in the States called Harvest Apple. Lindsey says there's definitely strong apple tones, "like sweet apple, there might be another scent like honey, but predominantly an apple scent." She said a lot of the fragrances she liked weren't being produced anymore, and when I asked which fragrances those were, she replied: "mostly they are apple scents, oddly enough." Lindsey bargain hunts all the time: "anything over \$100 makes me choke a little." She goes to stores when there's a clearance sale instead of shopping online because "online, you have to buy a certain amount to get the clearance price, I'm like, I'm not gonna do that" – fair point!



Gabriel Despida Bachelor of Science/Bachelor of Commerce (left) and Carlos Diaz Bachelor of Commerce (right):

Gabriel is currently wearing a Georgio Armani perfume called Aqua Di Gio – I asked him what it smelt like and he turned to his friend and said



"this is gonna sound odd but, smell me?" "The scent is not that strong – it depends on how much you put on." Gabriel knows his perfumes, saying he goes for everything but Calvin Klein, "the smell doesn't last that long, if you use the toilette it's really diluted." So he tends towards a stronger cologne, but not too strong like Prada or Hugo Boss.

Carlos is low maintenance when it comes to cologne, "does deodorant count? Lynx, that's about it." Carlos likes tropical scents – fruity and citrus – but mostly opts for the deodorants, "I don't go for cologne, I'm not as rich as this guy."

Krislaine Brown Bachelor of Commerce:

Krislaine always sticks with Victoria's Secret sprays, whatever smells good to her is what she wears. Krislaine was currently wearing a Victoria's Secret fragrance with a floral and fruity scent. She described how she imagines the fragrance looks – "it's pinkish purplish" – so not only do these perfumes smell good but look cool too.



Denzil Brokken Bachelor of Commerce:

Denzil usually wears Issey Miyake (woah) but he's run out and he needs to buy another – he just buys the one perfume and goes through it, "yeah, student life." Denzil describes it as more of a masculine smell: "that's what appealed to me the most, the others are more floral. In a sense I'm kinda loyal to the brand but not so much the product, I can jump from product to product but I just like the overall smell of the brand." I asked him if there is a particular one he's after for his next cologne: "yeah, I don't really know because they all have French names so I don't really know how to pronounce them" (and I think that most of us can relate to that!) ■



AGONY AUNTIES

Dear aunties,
My essay deadline is at 4pm and it's 2.30pm and I'm still not finished but I'm starving, what should I do lol???

Hangry

Dear hangry,
You have a few viable options here, the first of which would be to run to the nearest vending machine and buy chips. If you're in the general library, the nearest one would probably be at the quad so you're looking at around a 5-minute dash there and back, praying that there is no queue. Also, if the quad is quiet, you could consider grabbing some sushi as it

will provide better sustenance. If you can't spare the travel time, you could phone a friend and ask if they can bring you something – maybe you have a geeky friend that has already handed in their essay – hey, maybe they will even do a bit of proof-reading for you. Final option – hang in there, battle through the hunger pains and get food after you have finished the essay! At least you have something extra to look forward to!

Love,
The Agony Aunties xXx ■



MAGIC NO-RISE BREAD RECIPE!

We just discovered this recipe that will get you beautiful bread in just over half an hour. That's right, half an hour! As this is quite obviously life-changing news, we thought it only fair to share with you here.

We wouldn't recommend that you use this bread to make a loaf, but it's good for everything else, especially pizza dough and bread rolls (for burgers or to have with soup).

Ingredients:

- 1 tbsp active dry yeast
- 1 cup warm water
- 1 tbsp sugar
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 2 ½ cups flour

Instructions:

1. Preheat the oven to 180 degrees Celcius.
2. First up, proof the yeast. This means adding the yeast, sugar and water into a bowl and setting aside until frothy (usually around ten minutes). It's important to get the water to a suitable temperature – if it's cold the yeast

will proof too slowly and if it's hot, you might kill the yeast. Tepid/lukewarm is a good description. Often I will heat up the bowl I am using with some warm water beforehand to make sure that the bowl doesn't cool the proofing water. If you are struggling with proofing the yeast, consult a recipe book or hit up Google.

3. While the yeast is doing its thing, sift the flour and salt into a large mixing bowl.
 4. Once the yeast has proofed, pour it into the flour and salt bowl and add the oil.
 5. Mix well and then turn out and knead until a dough forms. Continue kneading for a few more minutes until the dough becomes elastic.
 6. Pop it back into the bowl, cover with a clean tea towel and set it aside to rise a little bit, just for around ten minutes.
 7. After this time the dough is ready to bake! Make little buns or roll out for pizzas.
 8. Pop in the oven for 15 minutes or so, until nice and golden on top and cooked through.
- Enjoy! ■



DO CYCLISTS KNOW THEIR PANTS ARE SEE THROUGH?

Second to that question, do they care? In recent months the controversy of lycra bike pants has been brought to my attention. The bike pant is undeniably a practical piece of attire. Prioritising function over form, they have been described by some as, 'ghastly' and 'obscene'. Earlier this year a Rangiora hotel banned lycra pants, expressing that they felt that such inappropriate bulges were simply not 'family friendly'. It seems unfair to disapprove of such a practical piece of clothing, yet I am suspicious of the integrity of the see-through bike pant.

What happens when your lycra pants are getting a little older, and maybe the elastane has started to wear thin and you're left with pants which can hardly be described as covered pants at all? And does the wearer of these pants know!? Or are they oblivious? Why hasn't someone told them? What about the person cycling directly behind them?? Perhaps there is a point where you can become toooo transparent? At what point do you give up on wearing see through pants all together?

I'm all for nudity in public places, and I do think that you could definitely justify that a cyclist moving at great speed is a whole different kettle of fish on the togs/undies front. However, this new 'devil-may-care' attitude that many cyclists



appear to be adopting seems to reflect a somewhat impetuous regard for everyday decency.

I'm a little concerned. At first I thought of a new line of mesh lululemon athleticism, or perhaps even an ode to Kylie Jenner's exposed-bottom jeans. Yet after some brief investigations I concurred that cycling is no fashion show. Some felt that bike pants were acceptable so long as the cyclist in question was in close proximity to their bike. Something similar to it being acceptable to wear togs at the beach but not to dinner. All in all, the sheer bare-bottomed cyclist, conscious or not, is evidence of further reckless ground breaking hooliganism in everyday life. And at the end of the day, concerns aside, I'm all for that.

■ UMA TUFFNELL

FASHION ON CAMPUS

Felixe Laing, Fine Arts (hons): "No bra, keep it comfy."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLY BURGESS

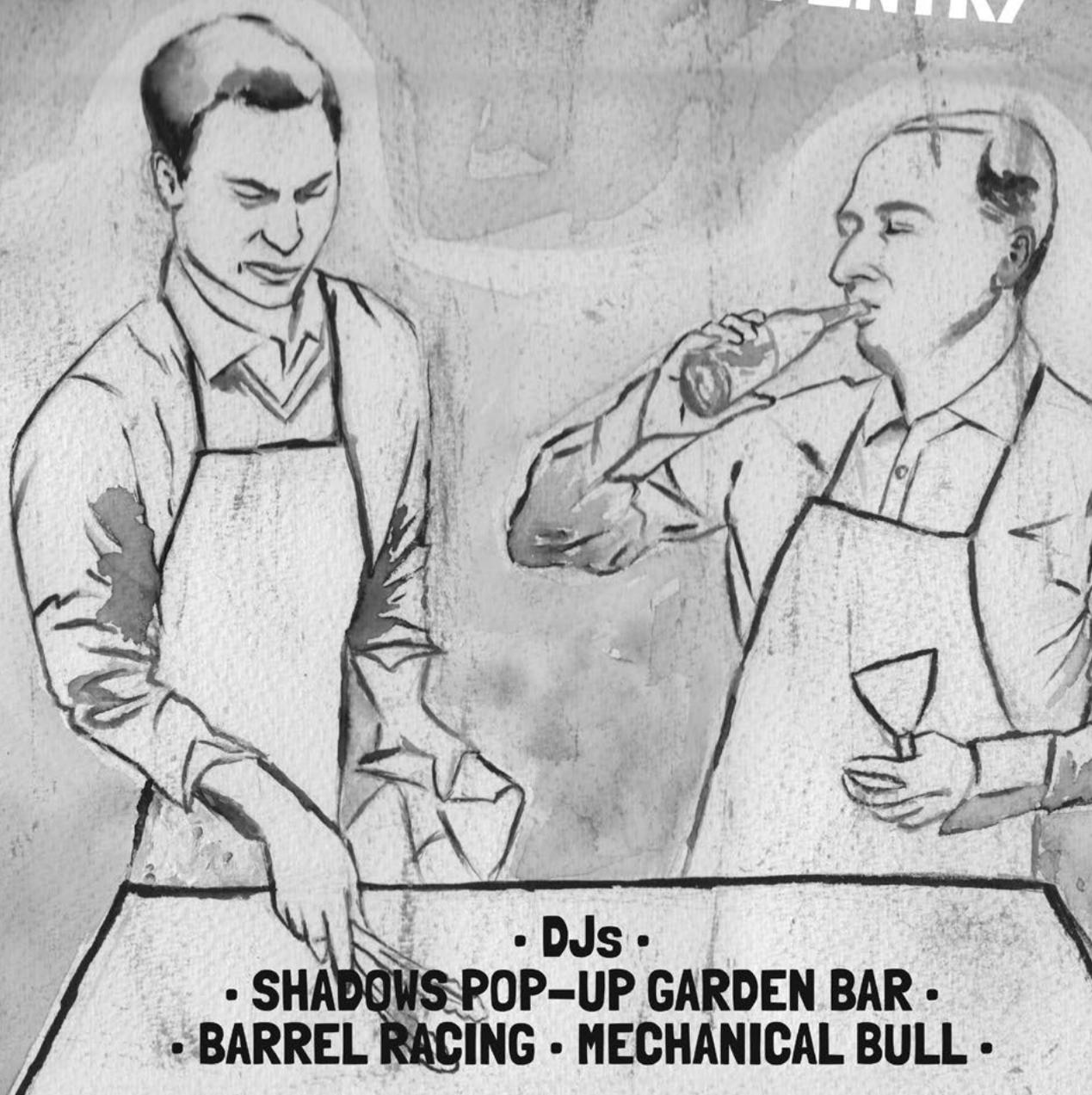


AUSA AND SHADOWS PRESENT

END OF DAZE

**OCT 21
11-4PM**

**THE QUAD
FREE ENTRY**



AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT BAR

- DJs •
- SHADOWS POP-UP GARDEN BAR •
- BARREL RACING • MECHANICAL BULL •

AUSA – 2016 In Review

FROM YOUR OFFICERS TEAM

2016 has been a year of significant change for AUSA. After three or four years in which AUSA turned in on itself to sort out a series of serious internal issues, we began to step back into the University community in 2015. At the beginning of this year, our focus was on continuing that work, and showing students at this University what AUSA could do for them.

The most obvious way that we have done this is by expanding our services. Previously, AUSA's focus has been on providing services to do with Advocacy, Welfare and Representation to students. However, we've found a niche in events too. This has led us to running two successful Orientations in Albert Park, a much bigger Re-Orientation, Battle of the Bands and some huge pub quizzes. Another highlight of the events calendar is End of Daze, which is coming up on the 21st of October and promises to be huge. The AUSA Executive has also been integral in running amazing events throughout the year too. Political Engagement Officer Sarah Butterfield worked like crazy to produce our best Politics Week yet, and Women's Rights Officers Aditi Gorasia and Diana Qiu put on a huge Womensfest. Shout outs need to go to Kate Worboys for her Pride Week, and Anoushka Maharaj and Yilong Wang who put a great Cultural Week together despite only being elected to the Executive halfway through the year!

We have had a fantastic group of volunteers this year who have made all these events possible by putting their hands up for everything from marking quizzes to sorting through lost property to dressing up as Cookie Monster and terrorising the Kate Edgar building! Some of these volunteers have been with us right from Orientation Week and they are truly indispensable to AUSA. Many thanks to everyone who has helped out.

We've also made a big effort to increase our campaigning presence. This doesn't just involve protesting fee increases (although we're doing that) - we wanted to be heard throughout Auckland and New Zealand. Early on in the year we ran the 'Reclaim Our Park' campaign, aimed at increasing awareness about safety in Albert Park. The outcome exceeded all our expectations, with Auckland Central MP Nikki Kaye getting behind us to get AUSA a place on a community safety working group. Following on this, the Council agreed to provide the funding for more lighting and CCTV in Albert Park. We've also just finished our campaign to increase student turnout in the local body elections (and managed to start a fight between two mayoral candidates). We're also proud of the work we did with Fossil Free UoA to encourage the University to divest from fossil fuels, and this partnership will continue into the future.

On the Advocacy side, we've really focussed on expanding our offering. During this year, it became clear that the Student Advice Hub was facing overwhelming numbers of students. Because of this, we hired an additional Senior Advocate, which has allowed the team to cope with the numbers of cases, as well as giving them time to effectively organise their internal operation. We're really committed to providing free, confidential legal advice to students, and ensuring that our Student Advice Hub has the capacity to do this.

We've not been quiet inside the University. AUSA has a pretty solid line of representation, from class reps re-

Some of these volunteers have been with us right from Orientation Week and they are truly indispensable to AUSA. Many thanks to everyone who has helped out.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: PRESIDENT WILL MATTHEWS, ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT ISOBEL GLEDHILL AND WELFARE VICE-PRESIDENT PENELOPE JONES, EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT RACHEL BURNETT, TREASURER DEAN CUTFIELD



porting issues to us, all the way through academic, equity and services committees to Council at the very top. We've been so proud to weigh in on everything from the new Communications 'super-major' to increases in Part II Law intake, shorter Masters degrees to the online evaluations system. Although representation on a dozen committees (plus subcommittees and working groups) means a lot of reading and a lot of completely overwhelming jargon, we're proud to say that formal representation of students is at an all-time high and relationships with academic, professional and strategic staff members are strong and (dare we say it) harmonious. A huge thanks to all the committee representatives for reading your papers (sometimes 700 pages worth), speaking up in often intimidating company and fighting for students to be at the centre of every decision made.

We've been busy on the Welfare side of things too. With 130 hardship grants, 20 optometry grants and thousands of dollars of textbook grants given this year, as well as often up to 10 food parcels a day, we've done our very best to support students in tough times. We've also brought you therapy dogs, a bouncy castle, free breakfast, sex toys and mindfulness activities through our Stress Less Study Weeks (keep an eye out for next week!), the Repay Mental Health Carnival, and Sex

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Week! On the equity front, we've been so delighted to have been involved in the newly formed Equity Community of Interest and Equity Leadership Committee, as well as the LGBTI students and staff network and Students from Refugee Backgrounds Advisory Committee. This involvement has led to breastfeeding spaces on Newmarket campus, the opening of a discussion around blind marking, improvements in the aegrotat system (watch this space!), a joint University and AUSA presence at Pride events and the establishment of a social club for students from refugee backgrounds. We're so proud to work closely with the Equity Office and are looking forward to the great opportunities this relationship brings next year. ■

SOME PEOPLE TO THANK

Last issue of Craccum eh... It's pretty safe to say that this magazine has been great this year. A few of us at AUSA can still remember the Great Craccum Revolution of 2012 when Communists took over the magazine. While the secret socialists among us loved this new, *Pravda* style publication but unfortunately not many other students did...

To the Editors: Mark and Caitlin - for a couple of barely-communists you guys have put together a really fantastic magazine. Thanks for only provoking students a few times and keeping the Media Complaints Tribunals to a minimum. Thanks also for not (only) spending your budget on alcohol. Sorry about the office. Enjoy your watercooler.

To the unsung heroes: Nick Withers - thank you so much. For putting the entire magazine together, sometimes from a sofa in Wellington while you're on holiday. For putting up with us getting our pages in late, and for those pages sometimes being nothing but photos. We're sorry we can't afford an assistant for you, but we can afford more Garage Project beer. You're the best.

Aaron Haugh - without the work you put in to get advertising for *Craccum*, we wouldn't be able to print it each week. ■

AUSA AND SHADOWS PRESENT

END OF DAZE

OCT 21
6PM-LATE

SHADOWS BAR

FREE ENTRY

R18

FEATURING...

KINGS

LAUGHTON KORA

AND DJs



AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

SHADOWS
YOUR STUDENT BAR

On the 19th of October your fees will rise.

On the 19th of October the Council of the University of Auckland will be meeting to set fees for domestic and international students in 2017. Every year since caps on fee increases were introduced, the University Council has raised fees by the maximum possible amount.

This year will be no different.

In 2014 the cost of your education was raised by 4%. In 2015 it was 3%. This year it's 2%. It doesn't sound like a lot, but any increase in fees just adds to the immense burden that we take on to get an education in New Zealand.

We are starting to see the long term impact that fees have on students. It affects all aspects of our life after University. Surveys* show that up to 70% of students think their debt will impact their ability to buy a house. 36% say it will affect their ability to have children. We have also seen a 26% increase in students seeking help for mental health issues like depression and anxiety relating to, among other things, the increasing pressures of study and the mounting pile of debt that students have to take on.

In a world where a tertiary qualification is becoming increasingly vital in having security in life, it's not right that the cost of a degree can saddle students with debt for decades after graduation.



It's not right that the only way to cope with debt is by declaring bankruptcy.

It's not right that we are being arrested at the border.

It's not right that the only thing our degrees will do for us is reduce the size of our mortgages.

It's not right that our fees increase as the University's international ranking drops 20 places in 7 years. **

It's not right that many of the University Council benefited from free education yet condemns us to a life of debt.

It's not right that despite all of this, the Univer-

sity of Auckland Council will once again vote to increase the cost of our education.

Tell the University that you have had enough. At 2.30pm join AUSA to FIGHT THE FEES. Hear from academics, politicians and other figures about why you deserve better from this University and this system, and then come and watch the live stream of the Council meeting, to ensure that you hold those responsible accountable. ■

*All data taken from the NZUSA Tertiary Income and Expenditure survey 2014

** QS World University Rankings 2016/2017

“The editor is always right.” Put another way, to write is human, to edit is divine.



On Writing: A Memoir of the Craft / Stephen King (ital) / en

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Stress Less Study Week

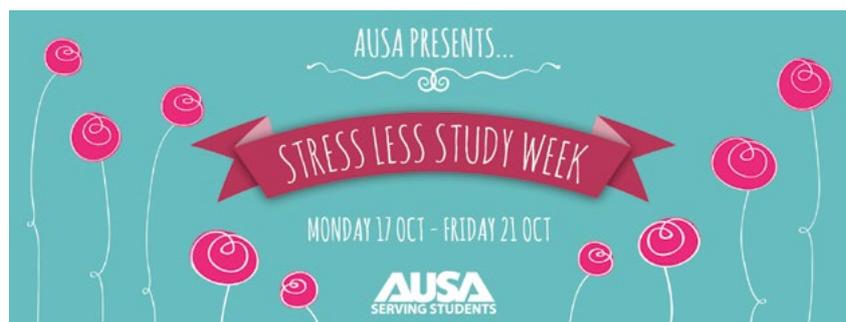
Stress Less Study Week is an opportunity for students to start the study season on a chilled out note. It's very easy to get over-worked and over-stressed in the exam period, so we want to kick it off with well-being in mind!

CHILL OUT ZONE

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY 9AM - 4PM
312-398 (THE ROOM UNDER SHADOWS BAR)

The room will be open with free tea and coffee all day. There will be a play-doh station, an adult colouring station and best of all, a lego station to help you power off!

Free breakfast will be available in the Chill Out Zone on Monday, Wednesday and Friday between 9AM - 11AM. Score!



FREE BRUNCH

MONDAY 17TH OCTOBER 12PM
OUTSIDE AUSA HOUSE

With the purchase of a new BBQ, we thought we would spice things up! We will have baked beans on toast, scrambled eggs on toast, sausages and a few veggies so you don't study on an empty stomach!

FREE FRUIT

TUESDAY 18TH OCTOBER 12PM
OUTSIDE AUSA HOUSE

Great study snack!

FREE COOKIES

THURSDAY 20TH OCTOBER 11:30AM - 3PM
QUAD

Our friends at AIESEC are taking the stress out of your study and providing free delicious cookies and some good old banter! Come one come all.

END OF DAZE

On Friday 21st October we are hosting END OF DAZE in collaboration with Shadows! Kick off the day with the pop-up Shadows Garden Bar in the Quad - think beanbags, outdoor games, barrel racing, a mechanical bull, and of course a sweet range of beer and cider. ■





CRACCUM
CLEARWATER
REVIVAL

craccum 2016: a year in review by the numbers looking back in retrospect

we look back at the year with a range of statistics that would make the most wearied cricket commentator proud.

At the recent Student Press Awards, *Craccum* was repeatedly accused of being too text-heavy and not committing to enough research. We were also accused of not being funny at all and being halfway there to being a good magazine (so clearly the judges were morons, because we're fucking hilarious). In response to the biting criticism, *Craccum* has researched the shit out of themselves and present their findings in a text-light article with lots of pretty pictures.

NINETY-TWO contributors over the course of the year.

THIRTY-SIX artists to whom we have come begging at the last minute.

SEVEN writers who have written for every issue; Andrew Winstanley, Curwen Ares Rolinson, Samantha Gianotti, Felixe Laing, Winifred Edgar-Booty, Aditya Vasudevan and Jack Caldwell (the only one who is not a section editor or a columnist).

NINE HUNDRED AND TWENTY pages of content over our twenty-three issues.

FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX words printed in *Craccum* this year.

NONE, the amount of money for which our contributors work.

SIX complaints from students about mean things we said.

ONE trip to the Happiness Steaming Pot Media BBQ Tribunal because of a mean thing we said.

ONE not guilty verdict from the Happiness Steaming Pot Media BBQ Tribunal in regards to a mean thing we said.

FIFTY-FOUR mentions of Hillary Clinton.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE mentions of Donald Trump.

FORTY-TWO mentions of Bernie Sanders.

TWO Aotearoa Student Press Award wins since 2014.

EIGHTEEN Aotearoa Student Press Award runners-up since 2014.

SEVEN runners-up at the 2016 Aotearoa Student Press Awards, the highest number of second places on the night without a single win.

THREE THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FOUR words, the largest contribution to a single magazine (Mark Fullerton, Issue 11).

NINE words, the smallest contribution to a single magazine (Catriona Britton, Issue 16).

THIRTY-FIVE, the average number of articles per magazine.

A WHOLE LOTTA history, what you and me got.

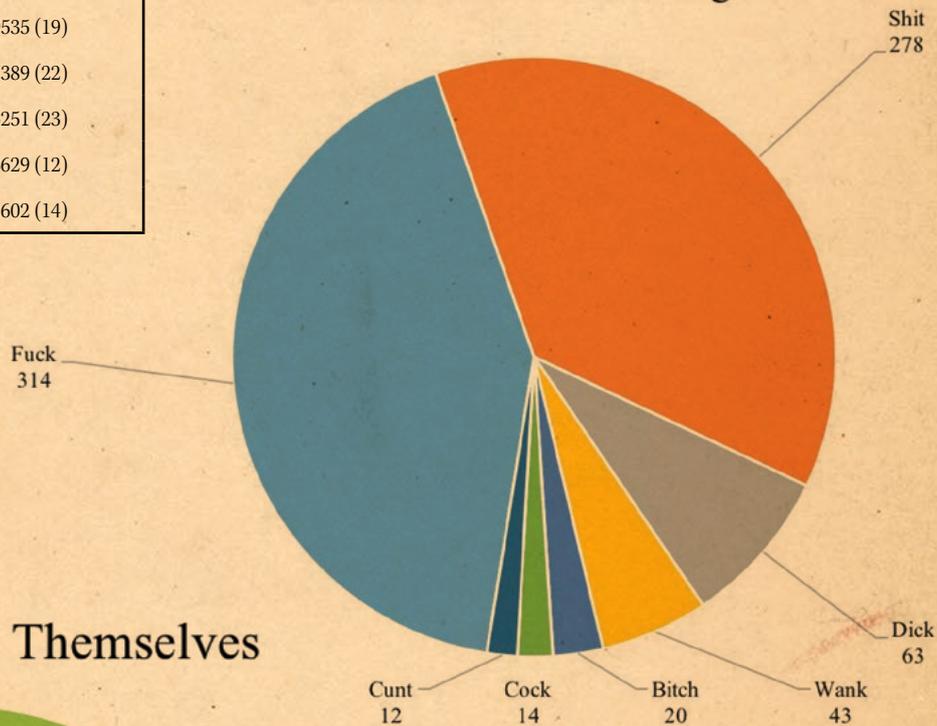
A WHOLE LOTTA *Rosie* by AC/DC, a song Lewis Wheatley claimed is a banger to bang out when you're learning guitar in Issue 12.

A WHOLE LOTTA love, what the editors have for their writers and artists and, of course, our readers.

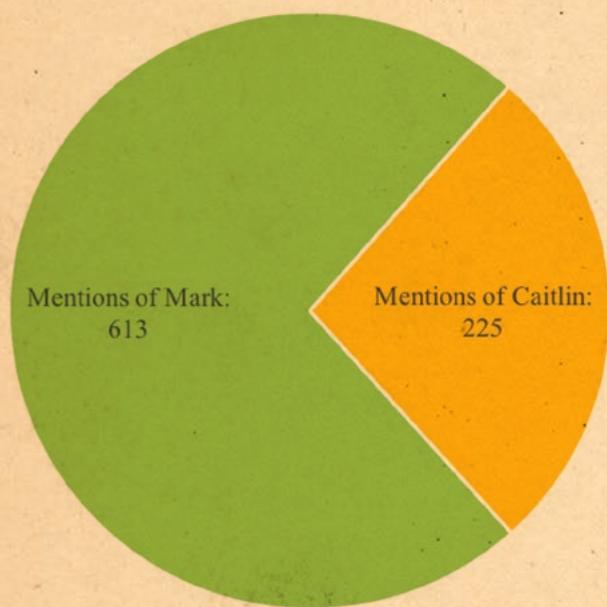
thxx from mork and ketlin --editors xx

<u>Top 10 contributors (overall)</u>	<u>Words (Issues)</u>
Andrew Winstanley	46280 (23)
Curwen Ares Rolinson	28792 (23)
Samantha Gianotti	24963 (23)
Mark Fullerton	23036 (20)
Eloise Sims	20380 (21)
Caitlin Abley	19535 (19)
Rayhan Langdana	17389 (22)
Aditya Vasudevan	15251 (23)
Shmuly Leopold	13629 (12)
Catriona Britton	11602 (14)

Craccum Loves: Swearing

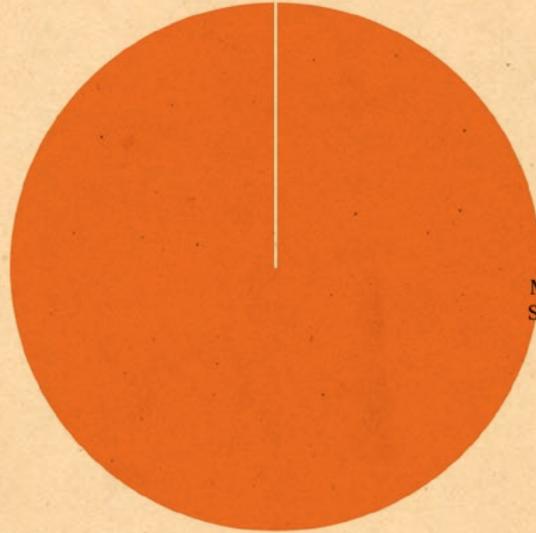


Craccum Loves: Themselves



<u>Top 10 contributors (that aren't editors or columnists)</u>	<u>Words (Issues)</u>
Eugenia Woo	13312 (17)
Patrick Newland	9982 (15)
Christy Burrows	9555 (14)
Jack Adams	9476 (10)
Jack Caldwell	9463 (23)
Anoushka Maharaj	7385 (6)
Michael Clark	7276 (13)
Jean Bell	6841 (9)
Nikki Addison	6248 (9)
Saia Halatanu	3961 (3)

Craccum Loves: the Oscar-winning film *Spotlight* (d. Tom McCarthy, 2016)



Mentions of the Oscar-winning film *Spotlight* (d. Tom McCarthy, 2016):
86

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wicked games

eugenia woo just really wants e-sports
to be considered legit, dammit



Please don't throw this copy of *Craccum* in the trash just because you think that there's no way an e-sport could ever be considered legitimate in any sense of the word. That having been said, I'm not exactly expecting to change your mind, nor am I going to try to. As someone who historically hates being on the losing (read: unpopular) end of anything, I've had to come to terms with the fact that I often find myself defending what seems to be an illogically unpopular opinion: the idea that competitive e-sports like League of Legends deserve legitimacy.

Okay, I've probably heard every single reason under the sun as to why e-sports aren't considered legitimate. Some claim legitimate sports are about physical prowess and throwing balls around with a bunch of dudes in the mud. I actually have a lot to say about the future of e-sports and how it has a future that looks brighter without the shade of basketball and football hanging over it, but that's a story for another time. I just want people to take e-sports seriously and to realise that the sports moniker is probably just adopted to make the activity more accessible. We don't actually want to be like physical sports, but they're the most accurate analogy in terms of describing the strategy and teamplay element that's a crucial part of these games.

Most people also follow up the first statement with, "Why would I want to watch people play a video game when I could just play it myself?" Well then, why do you watch people play rugby

when you can just go down to Victoria Park and set up a casual game with your mates? I don't think the spectator element of sport diminishes the legitimacy of the actual activity at all, and we sure have a lot of that going on in the e-sports scene.

"It's not the same, it's because we can't play rugby to that calibre and it's exciting seeing how the pros do it." Is that not how it works in e-sports? "There's no prize money. These athletes are playing for REAL MONEY." That \$250,000 per player that your rugby union gives you if you win the World Cup isn't quite as substantial as you thought it was. In fact, it's peanuts compared to the DOTA 2 International 2016's prize pool of almost \$21 million. I don't think legitimacy is about money at all when it comes down to it.

Even though I could get incredibly salty about all the hoops that League of Legends is having to jump through to be considered legitimate



The hard truth may very well be that despite the game growing immensely in popularity, the e-sport's biggest barrier to legitimacy is in fact those who wish to facilitate its success.

despite the likes of ESPN broadcasting its matches and events, I'm not going to approach this like a Knicks fan. The hard truth may very well be that despite the game growing immensely in popularity, the e-sport's biggest barrier to legitimacy is in fact those who wish to facilitate its success. I'm talking about Riot Games – the developers of League of Legends, the ones behind every competitive tournament organised for the e-sport, and their in-house judge, jury and executioner.

Even if you don't follow football, you may have heard about "Deflategate". Tom Brady was investigated by the National Football League for conducting a match-fixing attempt to do with underinflating balls used by his team in games. As a result of that, they suspended Brady for four games based on an allegedly substantial body of evidence that he knew Patriots staff were deflating footballs. The team was also fined. Even though Brady appealed multiple times, with the case going to the US District Court and even to their Court of Appeals, he was ultimately unsuccessful in having his suspension overturned. With people questioning the transparency of the NFL's processes left and right, it seemed like everyone could generally agree that having your only way of appeal be through the very person who meted out punishment to you wasn't fair. Even if you aren't a sports fan, that has to seem fucked.

If you've ever been on the receiving end of a League of Legends competitive ruling, however, you've probably been desperate for a ruling like Brady's. All the red flags that came up during Deflategate? We'd gladly take 'em and all the accompanying controversy. Anything is better than the system that Riot Games has perfected over the years. The problem with monitoring and enforcing in LoL isn't the fact that we have one decision-maker who is also the body that decides whether rulings are worthy for appeal. The problem is much more dire: we don't have commissioners or rights of appeal. We don't have public judgements or a well-documented evidentiary process. We don't even have a players' union. Worst of all, we have no guidelines or consistency when it comes to penalising the behaviour of teams and players, whether it's match-fixing, elo-boosting (training other people's accounts up for a price), or being horrifically racist to your teammates.

For all my griping and grumping about people taking LoL more seriously, it may very well be that the game's developers take it too seriously to enact the best or most necessary practices. Now, I know this seems to run counter to my argument that there aren't enough efforts made to legitimise the e-sport, but hear me out. It's easy to ruin a good thing out of love. Maybe you coddle it and protect it because you hate the thought of others influencing what you've created. Or, you mercilessly exploit it and control its every thought and movement and make others pay to watch you yell at it. For some people, that's what Riot is doing to its game. Riot has its own idea of what it means to be legitimate – it looks a lot like flashy, high-value productions at its tournaments, pro basketballers buying their own teams, and a worldwide empire built on cosmetic in-game transactions. However, behind all the glitz and the attempts at glamour, the practices that go on behind the scenes make the e-sport a risky investment, and at least in a corporate sense, incredibly difficult to legitimise.

Maybe it's easier to conceptualise the melding of LoL's competitive scene and the product itself as a house that is owned by Riot Games, who plays the part of the grubby neighbourhood landlord. Riot's house is nice. It's got all sorts of bells and whistles built into it, and it's painted up real good, and he starts inviting people around. These people take one look at their old houses and go, "Damn, those are shit compared to what you've got going here" and Riot's response is to smile and offer to rent it out to them. These people bring their kids, and more often than not, these kids do chores around the house and spread the word to others about their cool new place, bringing more and more tenants into the fold.

Now, Riot's house is starting to look a bit more like a motel. He's got a regular revolving door of people mov-

We don't have public judgements or a well-documented evidentiary process. We don't even have a players' union. Worst of all, we have no guidelines or consistency when it comes to penalising the behaviour of teams and players.

ing in and out, and kids to take care of all the repairs. His oldest tenants get a little bit of a discount now and again, and some McDonald's vouchers out of respect. One day, a tenant is found to have been saying some weird things to another tenant's kids. The community is horrified, and he's evicted. Soon after, a new guy on the block arrives wanting to rent a room. He rents one, until it's discovered that he knew the guy who was saying weird things to the kids in the house. Before he can even tell Riot how he knows this guy (maybe he met him on the street once, or this guy lent him \$5), he's evicted. Out on his ass. It doesn't matter that some of the tenants are engaged in shady money-lending schemes between each other, or if they too have said the wrong thing to a kid at some point. Riot hands out a fine to them, retracts the McDonald's vouchers, but otherwise lets them go about their lives.

The scenario above sounds bizarre, but that's exactly what happened to Christopher "Montecristo" Mykles, the unlucky guy who was banned from ever owning a team and occupying any Riot-recognised position with any team in a Riot-sanctioned league – he was kicked outta the Riot funhouse all because Chris "Doombang" Badawi (allegedly) lent him some money and was (allegedly) promised dirty corporate favours. Montecristo asked Riot for evidence of any misconduct or tampering, and wanted the chance to provide information of his evidence contrary to their accusations, but he was met by silence then slammed by the banhammer. After releasing chat logs and making vlogs about his ban that are publicly viewable on YouTube, it is clear that Montecristo has given the e-sport his side of the story. Riot, however, are stewing in a silence that starts to seem guiltier by the day, especially when they recently let a legacy e-sports organisation off with a slap on the wrist after discovering similarly "unsavoury" loans. It's hard to have people take the industry seriously when it recently made headlines for handing out arbitrary judgements left and right to future investors. Riot wants to have an iron grip on everything that goes on behind the scenes in its motel, and for most potential owners, that's some next-level nosying around that deters them from getting involved.

Riot Games has complete control over the competitive scene, over the game, over the players' involvement, and even over things like sponsorship. That may sound alright at first, but it gets downright stupid when you consider that Riot slaps team sponsors with huge marketing restrictions. An ad promoting HTC smartphones in tandem with a North American professional team was taken off YouTube recently because Riot alleged that it was promoting a different game. Similarly, there's a restriction on product placement at tournaments and

The legitimacy the industry craves is the only way forward, and it's not society's tokenising of video games that is the problem, but the fact that we need to take ourselves a little less seriously.

events, which smells a lot like Riot wanting to have its cake and eat it too. The company wants to ensure that the e-sport is noticed, lauded, and that it encourages investment from both sponsors and wealthy team-owners. However, it wants to make sure that at the end of the day, the most important product advertised is the game, even if that seems to go against the nature of sponsorships – if you've ever seen a Superbowl ad, you know that sponsorships involve endorsements, big deals (usually manifesting in cold, hard cash) for the players, and if you take those opportunities away then what's really left? What mogul wants to own a team or even contemplate investing in one with Riot looking over his shoulder and possibly bugging his phone? It's hard to breed legitimacy without corporate investment and involvement, and for what was once a tiny start-up, Riot's practices are more discouraging than daring.

Maybe it's because Riot still thinks of itself as a tiny game development studio, new to the city, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and happily sustaining itself off the goodwill of its passionate players. The Riot we know today is a powerhouse that speaks at length about legitimising e-sports and committing to initiatives that raise positive awareness about the industry; things that cannot happen without more quality control and accountability. In your old B&B, you could probably forget to add bacon to someone's buttie and still have them come back for more the next time they were in town. However, now that Riot has gone from motel to hotel to Holiday Inn, it's going to have stop with the idiosyncrasies to ensure that everyone from avid fans to pro players are getting the recognition and acceptance that they deserve. The legitimacy the industry craves is the only way forward, and it's not society's tokenising of video games that is the problem, but the fact that we need to take ourselves a little less seriously. ■



Here's looking at you, Cracc

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

I hate goodbyes. I would rather shank myself than watch Sulley slink back into the closet as Boo looks on crestfallen, or eat a chunk of my own hair going on twenty-three days unwashed than see Dobby die in Harry Potter's arms. But as Andrea Bocelli, Sarah Brightman and Will Ferrell have each informed us - there comes a time to say goodbye. Con te partirò, my friends.

I do not want to say goodbye to this year of *Craccum* under the brilliant, kind-hearted, generous stewardship of Mark and Caitlin. I have cherished every second spent with these loveable larrikins; they have produced a magazine that they should be so very proud of, and created a place that so many have wanted to be a part of. In order to distance myself from the sadness that threatens to send me the way of Anne Hathaway in *Les Misérables* (endlessly sobbing, shaving my head in despair), I offer tribute to our dynamic duo in the form of famous filmic farewells.

Caitlin Abley and Mark Fullerton star in *E.T. the Extra Terrestrial* (dir. Steven Spielberg)

Caitlin and Mark stand in the doorway of the Craccum office after a long day of editing and consuming copious amounts of water from their in-house water cooler. Caitlin lingers, waiting for Mark to turn to face her.

Caitlin, pointing to her heart: Ouch.

Mark, visibly disinterested, raises his hand and points to his own heart: Ouch.

Caitlin pulls Mark into a tight embrace, then pulls back to look him in the eye. She raises her index finger and places it against Mark's forehead.

Caitlin, tearfully, her finger still pressed to Mark's head: I'll be... right... here.

Mark, sighing: Caitlin, do we have to do this every time we leave the office?

Caitlin Abley and Mark Fullerton star in *Casablanca* (dir. Michael Curtiz)

The date is October 13th 2016, the final issue of Craccum for the year has gone to print. Caitlin and Mark have packed up their belongings to part ways for the final time.

Caitlin, surveying Symonds St, gathers the strength to farewell her co-editor: We'll always have *Craccum*. We didn't have it, we lost it when you accidentally deleted the whole issue off Google Drive yesterday... But we got it back last night.

Mark, trying to interject in Caitlin's swansong: Caitlin, are-

Caitlin, ignoring the interruption, continues: Where I'm going, you can't follow. What I've got to do, you can't be any part of. Mark, I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of two little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that.

Mark tries to interject again: We're both-

Caitlin, softly, cupping Mark's face: Now, now.

Caitlin smiles, wiping a non-existent tear from Mark's cheek: Here's looking at you, kid.

She strokes his beard, nods her head, and turns to walk off into the misty night.

Mark, wearily trudging after her: Caitlin, wait for God's sake, we're both catching the 277 home.

To everyone who has contributed to the Arts section this year, I cannot thank you enough. To Jack Adams, Christy Burrows, Jack Caldwell, Ginny Woo, Anoushka Maharaj, Kelley Lin, Nikki Addison, Jean Bell, Astrid Crosland, Dana Tetenburg, Grace Hood-Edwards, Catriona Britton, Hannah Bergin, Michael Clark, Julia Wiener, Theo Macdonald, Matthew Denton, Wen-Juenn Lee, James Brown, Clark Tipene, Lewis Wheatley, Olivia Zambuto, Alexander Ansem, Georgia Harris, Shmuly Leopold, Ricky H. Kings, Nicole Black, Victoria, Kimberley Loeffen, Andrew Winstanley, Patrick Newland, James Halpin, Jack Stephens, Gorjan Markovski, Felixe Laing, Winifred Edgar-Booty, Will Matthews, Melanie Gibson, Maria Forte Ramos - thank you. I would kiss you all gently on the forehead a la Frodo farewelling Samwise at the Grey Havens in Return of the King, given half the chance.

Caitlin Abley and Mark Fullerton star in *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* (dir. Peter Jackson)

Mark lies beneath a pile of drafts for his feature article that is due in just a few hours. Caitlin wrenches Mark's body from under the masses of paper, but Mark, in his frail state, having subsisted on nothing but long-lasting gobstoppers and cans of vanilla coke for days, is so weak; he is unlikely to survive the impact.

Mark, in a whisper: Forgive me. I did not see... I have failed you all.

Caitlin, leaning over Mark's near-lifeless body, wiping a strand of hair from his fevered brow: You fought bravely.

Mark, coughing: It is over... The world of men will fall... All will come to darkness... My magazine to ruin...

Mark grasps at Caitlin's face desperately; she recoils from his fingers that smell vaguely of Munchy Mart sausage roll.

Caitlin, with a tear: I do not know what strength is in my blood, but I swear to you, I will not let *Craccum* fall, nor our next issue fail.

Mark, a death rattle echoing in the back of his throat, a latent gobstopper lolling about in his mouth: Our next issue, our next issue... I would have followed you, my co-editor... my captain... my king.

Caitlin removes the gobstopper from Mark's mouth, places it in his hands and crosses them over his chest. She closes Mark's eyes, placing a fresh gobstopper from the pack lying beside Mark's lifeless body on each eyelid: Be at peace, Son of Gondor. ■



Westworld

TELEVISION REVIEW BY EUGENIA WOO

Westworld is a beautifully-packaged bite out of the kind of dystopian novel that Kazuo Ishiguro would have sold his right nut to innovate. This may be because it was actually based on a film that was written and directed by bloody Michael Crichton, but it's mostly because calling it "visionary" wouldn't necessarily be an exaggeration.

People think it's the next *Game of Thrones*, which doesn't do *Westworld* any justice at all. It's got nothing in common with the former, and to say that *Westworld's* use of nudity, violence and sexual themes is enough to draw the comparison really cheapens the execution of the show's narrative. Yes, there's an abundance of murder and nakedness but it's not gratuitous. What kind of a show about rich people paying handsomely for Wild West fantasies would it be without a shoot 'em up and damsels in distress? There's a lot going on in this JJ. Abrams production, and even in the pilot alone (which they cut down on for broadcast), we're drip-fed an addicting concoction of cruelty, humanity, and moral murkiness.

Evan Rachel Wood shines as one of the show's main characters, a beautiful Host in the *Westworld* theme park, an integral part of the hundreds of narratives bringing an eerie, life-like quality to this Elon Musk-esque wish fulfillment exercise. They're careful to remind us that there's more to the existence of the park than meets the eye – sure, the bulk of the income is probably from tourists paying to get drunk with a hot sheriff but there's a lot of talk about the shady, secret interests that are the real purpose of all this. Whether they're corporate or scientific interests is currently unclear, but *Westworld* asks us these existentialist questions without coming off as ham-handed or pretentious.

Yes, there's a healthy dose of Shakespeare, and an immense effort is made during the staging of every important shot. However, instead of detracting from the beauty of the cinematography, it only serves to emphasise that *Westworld* itself is artificial. There's nothing organic about the way that the narrative seems to unfold, but maybe that's a good thing. In *Westworld*, androids definitely don't dream of electric sheep, but there's a possibility that they'll give you nightmares. ■



Scorpion

TELEVISION REVIEW BY PATRICK NEWLAND

Full disclosure, I love crappy TV. And I'm not talking about the *Real Housewives*; I'm talking about American scripted dramas that don't go near the Emmys. I love a low budget SYFY show, and I'm a sucker for a happy ending. I think that's why I love *Scorpion*.

In order to enjoy the show, you do have to suspend belief for a while. It is filled with pseudoscience, and questionable logic. In the season three premiere it took less time for four people to fly from California to Bulgaria than it did for two others to drive across town. But if you overlook the show's shortcomings and ignore real world logic, you're in for an exceedingly pleasant hour of entertainment. The show's fast pace moves the story along before you have a chance to think about it anyway, and the episodic "crisis of the week" formula is a welcome reprieve from the incredibly in-depth stories you get from some of the 'better' shows around. The show does not require you to give it your full attention - you can just watch, enjoy and forget. It's the *The Fast and the Furious* of TV shows.

The show is not perfect, however: while the overall character development is fine, as it enters its third season it seems to be falling into the classic American TV trap of the "will they, won't they" relationship. While not necessarily a problem in and of itself, it is being given far too much screen time considering everyone knows how it will end. But that is what this show is about. No one watching for a second believes that the team will fail and World War Three will breakout. It's not about where they're going, it's about how they get there, and sometimes that's all TV should be about. ■



Revolution Radio

Green Day

ALBUM REVIEW BY WILL MATTHEWS

I picked up *Revolution Radio* with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation. Anticipation because I love Green Day. Trepidation because I wasn't sure if they would rise above the disappointing 2012 *Uno, Dos, Tre* gimmick. Thankfully, I wasn't disappointed.

The best thing about *Revolution Radio* is that it *matters*. It doesn't reach the political heights of *American Idiot*, but in its own way *Revolution Radio* is as much an anthem of 2016 as *American Idiot* was of 2004.

It is rooted in police brutality, mass shootings, the Black Lives Matter movement, and a creeping despair about social media and 'reality' TV sucking the reality out of our lives. In "Revolution Radio" and "Somewhere Now" the album focuses on the media, lamenting the growing focus on the lives of celebrities over things that actually matter. These themes come together in "Troubled Times" which questions how happy we can be in this kind of world, and "Forever Now" which urges listeners to change it.

The highlight of the album is "Say Goodbye", a sinister, stomping anthem which evokes a dystopian vision of a "city of damage control". Another very strong track is "Bang Bang" which pummels you with fast-paced riffs and catchy yelling, akin to "Holiday". Also worthy is "Still Breathing", where the band show us that they are in their forties but still have plenty to say, and "Outlaws", a love song which can best be described as 'anti-establishment power balladery'.

There is unfortunately a bit of filler. I didn't care much for "Bouncing Off The Walls", "Youngblood" and "Too Dumb To Die", which jar with the political anxiety of the rest of the album and would be more at home on *Uno, Dos and Tre*.

Otherwise, *Revolution Radio* is a highly charged and evocative offering that settles for pointing out the worrying signs in a world just minutes away from electing a sexist, racist, demagogue as President, rather than leading the charge a la *American Idiot*. It shows that in the 21st century, Green Day are at their best when they move beyond love sick pop-punk and say what they really think. ■

local tunes

jean bell chats with some kiwi folk making their mark on the music scene

Graeme James

Busker turned studio artist Graeme James has just released his debut album, *News From Nowhere*, consisting of a gorgeous collection of upbeat and string-focused folk. Having recently been in Auckland filming for TV show *7 Days*, Graeme will be back in the big smoke soon and is booked to perform at The Wine Cellar on the 22nd of October.



What have you been up to lately on the music front? Well, I have just released my debut original album, *News From Nowhere*! Excitingly, it entered the NZ Album Charts at Number 5, and we are currently touring it around New Zealand and Australia.

How did you get into music? What was your first record purchase? My first record purchase was a cassette copy of *Californication* by the Red Hot Chili Peppers which I rocked on a prehistoric Sony Walkman when I was about 11. I first started playing the violin when I was 7 years old. It's a terribly unforgiving instrument when you are starting out so my parents had to put up with a lot of terrible practice noises for years.

Did you ever imagine yourself being a musician? Yes and no - as soon as I first picked up the violin I wanted to play professionally as a classical musician. I practiced for 1-2 hours a day for a long time but gave that dream up when I left highschool due to some shoulder issues. I can honestly say that I never thought I'd end up coming back to music as a career; in fact I tried a whole bunch of other things before I ended up right back where I started.

What musicians do you admire? Why? There are a few musicians whose work consistently amazes me - Sufjan Stevens, Jeff Tweedy (from the band Wilco) and Josh Garrels stand out in particular for their ability to create album after

album of incredibly clever, thoughtful songs. I think in general I'm inspired by music that has a real visual element to the songwriting - a good lyricist will write music that you can 'see' if you close your eyes.

What are your main inspirations and why? What feelings/experiences inspired the lyrics? I try to take inspiration for songwriting from a wide spectrum of life experiences. My favourite albums are ones that have a whole variety of themes and emotions running throughout them. The trouble as a songwriter is that you often feel like songwriting when you are experiencing intense negative emotions and it can be a genuinely cathartic experience. It's a bit different when you're feeling happy - you tend to want to go and hang with people and pat some dogs. But if you only write songs when you're feeling down then when it comes to releasing an album it can end up being a whinge-fest. So I try to make sure I'm taking inspiration from all sorts of life experiences. I'm also pretty interested in philosophy, sociology, theology, history - basically the ways in which we frame our reasonably short existence - so those themes sneak through every now and then as well.

What was the experience of busking like? Did you ever imagine you'd end up doing that? My dad actually took us out busking when we were pretty young, and initially I was petrified - how terrible would it be if someone I knew saw

me! In the end that experience was incredibly helpful - it got me out there and giving things ago. The good thing about busking is that you don't really need a lot of things together to start and there's not a whole lot of planning to do - you just get out there! So in that way it was a great entry into the musical world as a solo artist who was just working it all out. I do still do a spot of it, and it is still one of my favourite ways to perform. It is entirely unpredictable - no two days are the same, and you meet some amazing people. A real highlight was the street parties that developed over summers in Queenstown, playing under a lamp down by the lake - they were absolutely magical.

What do you find most rewarding about performing/making music? By nature I'm a performer so it's really helpful to have a legitimate outlet for that. I also find it especially rewarding having the opportunity to meet great people and make genuine connections all around the world.

What's your writing process like? A lot of the album was actually written on the street - I'd come up with a jam on the loop pedal while busking and then record it on my phone. That worked well for me because I tend to start with the music and then slowly develop the lyrics over time. The street is also a great place to test ideas - people's reactions to songs are always pretty clear - they either hang around or keep walking!

What advice would you give to your 18 year old self? Think more about other people - you are not the centre of the universe.

What musical advice would you give to anyone interested in pursuing music? I'd say that having the right expectations helps. Shows like *The X-Factor* make people think that if you stand up and make a noise all the world is going to fall at your feet in adoration. The truth is that there are so many genuinely amazing

albums produced every year that get little to no attention. So if you do manage to build a following, no matter how small, don't take that for granted. Also do your best to try and treat people nicely - obviously your fans but especially other musicians. The music industry in New Zealand is far too small to be sowing a lot of bad seed.

What future plans do you have? As I mentioned earlier, I am currently on tour around

New Zealand and Australia which is really fun. I will be playing in Auckland on October 22nd at The Wine Cellar with Albi and the Wolves. Over the summer I will be playing at a number of festivals around New Zealand and Australia including Rhythm and Alps, and all going well, we will head over to Europe next year for a few shows! ■

TICKETS TO GRAEME'S GIG ON THE 22ND OCTOBER AT THE WINE CELLAR ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH EVENTFINDA OR WWW.GRAEMEJAMESMUSIC.COM.

A Girl Named Mo

How did you guys each get into music? How'd you come to be in a band together? I've been playing guitar and piano since I was 10. I come from a very musical family. I'd started writing my own music at 14, started putting music to SoundCloud when I was 23... So I guess making music has always been a favourite pastime. Two years ago I met Slade through his then girlfriend (now fiancée oooooOoooo!) Olivia and when it was just Slade and I we had kind of a weird set up with a loop pedal and guitar. Very strange. It wasn't the live sound we wanted. So Slade brought on Marcus who played an Octopad Electronic Drum Kit and once Marcus was in the mix everything fell into place.

Mo, how would you describe being a woman and the lead singer of a band? Let's just say Slade and Marcus have very good partners who have trained them well to work with me. Jokes. It's different for every band. To me, being a family is very important to me. We keep each other in line - we are honest and upfront. We challenge, annoy each other at times but for me I feel like one of the guys - and actually - there are times where they feel like two of the girls! Anyways, I love those boys. Disagreements are only ever over the music itself. Nothing personal, strictly business. Also, perhaps, as a woman (and I use that term loosely), I am very nurturing. Health and wellbeing and happiness is very important to me. I try to look out for the boys in that sense. I prioritise that.

What's your creative process like? How do you guys get from having an idea to a finished song? Two times out of three I write the music. Words, melodies, phrases, beats appear in my head all the time. I bring that to the group. Slade and Marcus will have their ideas about it - usually I will have the borders of the puzzle and Marcus and Slade fill it in. Other times Slade writes a beat that Marcus will learn and I



write lyrics over.

Tell us a little about your lyrics... I write all our lyrics. I love to write. I just love it! It's my favourite part of songwriting. I love to read a lot too. I have a wonderful boyfriend always giving me interesting books. From 19th century Russian Literature to *Scar Tissue*, that Anthony Keidis biography. I'm always remembering phrases that pop out for me. In that way I'm a bit of a literary magpie. Books, theatre plays, articles inspire the lyrics.

What's on your mind when you're performing? I'm trying to feel what I wrote. I'm trying to take myself to that moment.

How has it been working with the Fly My Pretties collective? It's been scary and intimidating to be completely honest. At times it's been overwhelming. After shows sometimes I need to go for a walk by myself just to clear my mind. The lights, the glitz, the attention along with the creative demands and the high standard - it's incredibly demanding. It's no

walk in the park - but having said that it's a riot and I have to pinch myself sometimes just playing with my New Zealand musical IDOLS. Lots of fun.

What is your intention when making music? I want to make music people can swoon to. I hope to create conscientious music that will take people far away without ever feeling homesick. I want to make music that is true to something I felt at whatever moment. Truthful music.

What are your future plans? The world. Just to keep playing music and to stay grounded while being on the up and up! And also building really good side-careers outside of music is important for the future. And having families and strong relationships. Yeah, but a fulfilling career especially when no one cares anymore is in the plan. I'm an actor. Marcus finished his masters in Public Health. Slade is into computer engineering. We're pretty smart cookies. The future is bright. ■

Ills Winter

How did you get into music? I've been writing & playing music for as long as I can remember. It's a true obsession.

Where does the name "Ills Winter" come from?

Well, it's quite simple, I was very ill and had some long winters. Kind of melancholy but what art doesn't come from a bit of deep valley pondering? I'm much better now.

You've worked quite a lot with your husband

Emile in the past – what was this experience like?

Do you feel it had any impact on your music? The first day I met my husband he went out and bought a guitar, I didn't know he wasn't a guitar player or a singer - he wrote me a song and sang it to me, it was beautiful. I booked us a gig at some place a few days later, poor guy, it was a hardcore kind of straight edge gig & we were a bit out of place but everyone was lovely and we performed and it was cool. I didn't know he was winging it. I think I fell in love with him straight away, he's a brilliant musician and a wonderful producer and a man of many talents, so yes of course he's influenced me as I have him.

How would you describe Duchess of Whispers?

It's a piece of my psyche from a dreamer's perspective. It's about being an artist and what artists go through.

Your music feels very emotional and the lyrics are quite intimate. Who or what inspires you, both musically and lyrically? I'm inspired mostly by

people. Most I meet that have made an impression on me find their way into a song. Actually, I just wrote a song inspired by an odd woman who came up to me in Newtown the other day. She wanted to lean on my shoulder when I was standing in the rain waiting at the traffic lights. She had an air of angry, so I let her. I look forward to sharing that song in the next album.

How do you find performing and singing your lyrics? I really love performing, but it's also kind of terrifying if I'm honest, I get ridiculous stage fright sometimes, not because I don't think I can play or anything. I think it's because I can see all the things that could go wrong. That all disappears once I fall in love with the people in the audience and anyway that's the nature of live performance. I'm just a bit shy but I'm working on that; I'm a tiger underneath.

What's your creative process like? Do you write lyrics then music, or what's the process when you write a song? I write lyrics and music at the same time, that's why I like to always have the studio ready to record so the song doesn't fly away before I've trapped it.

What is it like being a female artist in the music industry? Has this had any impact on your work?

Well some people think having a vagina really affects my guitar playing, did you know that the vagina controls how much practice one puts into shredding licks?

How has it been working with the Fly My Pretties collective? Wonderful! It was cool seeing all the songs come to life in just a few days. I've made



some good friends and looking forward to the summer tour.

If you could give your past self any advice, what would it be? Don't bother with Tom, Dick or Harry.

What is your intention when making music? To make something good musically, that's honest to my state of mind at the time and interesting. Sometimes I'll write a song to comfort a friend even if they don't know it.

What are your future plans? Travel the world playing music with my band. Work hard, keep doing what I'm doing until the jig is up. Also learn how to play a medium sized harp. ■



Bailey Wiley

How did you get into music?

Apparently as a kid I was always singing or humming away at something. I began singing lessons when I was six. Musical theatre and music in general played a big part in my upbringing.

You've spent some time in Berlin - has it changed the way you make music? What's the Berlin music scene like? Of course Berlin

changed me. How could it not? The music, the people, the environment was the change I needed as an artist and as a person. Being in AK for too long can make you feel stuck sometimes. Berlin is the Electronic Music Capital of the world - that's what really caught my heart. The scene is alive over there. House music ain't never felt and sounded so good.

Who or what inspires you, both musically and lyrically? Everything and anyone. I like to think I have a broad perspective when it comes to what inspires me because I'm constantly evolving too. My friends and family inspire me - I like to have prolific, hard working people around me because they keep me on my toes.

How do you find performing and singing rather personal lyrics? It's all part of it right? That's what I believe being an artist is - we call it how it is. Dig into our darkest memories and share them with people we don't know, in the hope that they'll feel something too. It's about channelling a moment or an emotion and putting it into words or a melody. I often find that if I don't give my whole self to a song, I won't make it through vocally. Because, real talk,

it's the emotion that gets you through. I ain't afraid to be vulnerable in front of an audience because they are my memories and my songs and I'm telling the story.

How would you describe being a solo female artist? Do you think this has had any impact on your work? I love being a female artist, I've had a very positive experience so far. I feel this is a trick question, in saying that, if you manifest negativity then that's what life will throw you. Male or female. Ultimately it's about work ethic and wanting something enough to make it happen.

How would you describe your creative process? I'm still processing that.

How has it been working with the Fly My Pretties collective? I've certainly learnt a lot about myself. I feel honoured to work alongside all the FMP legends. You have to remember I was in high school when they were dropping records left right and centre. So it's pretty surreal.

What are your future plans? Music. Travel. Evolve. Repeat. ■

Now That's What I Call Debt

A soundtrack to life at university

In which the author realizes that, at the end of this degree, university has just been a combination of making questionable choices, and being broke, drunk and sad, with intermittent periods of overwhelming joy (and studying). Christ, it's been a monumental year. Goodbye, *Craccum*. I love you. Here are some bangers, both new and old new, which hopefully incite some kind of emotion in your cold, dead hearts:

"Hot in Herre" – Nelly: Farewell to ill-advised journeys to Bar 101, rest in peace to those who ate the free sausages, and shout-out to broken promises of 'fun and crazy steins' which were actually just a bunch of gross, sweaty, teenage boys dancing to terrible remixes and getting wasted off of watered-down shots.

"I Walk the Line" – Johnny Cash: At some point during your time at university, you probably decided to stop drinking, or stop eating shitty food, or stop taking the elevator one floor up in HSB, and this song is for all of us who failed miserably. Stellar song, though.

"Uptown Funk" – Bruno Mars feat. Mark Ronson: Um, obviously. This song will live on throughout the ages, partly because it absolutely refuses to die, and partly because there is always that one person who, when you first put it on, will complain about how it's really 'over-rated' and 'shit' and then ends up dancing and singing along to it by the end of the night. Let us celebrate those who have finally pulled the sticks out of their asses!

"Kill Bill Ironside Siren Sound" – Quincy Jones: The sound that you hear during every exam, the sound that you hear when you're

calculating your GPA, the sound that you hear when you check your bank account after a night out, and the sound that you hear when the lecturer says, "it's time to play two truths and a lie!"

"Love Yourself" – Justin Bieber: Rest in peace to all the relationships that did not survive the arduous terrain of double degrees and emotional growth. Luckily, there is a white boy who knows exactly how you feel, and has written these jams to speak directly to your waxed chests. You should follow this song with "Jealous" by Nick Jonas and then just go right ahead and get some douche tattoos and shave the sides of your head.

"I Don't Fuck With You" – Big Sean feat. E-40: A truly wonderful ode to fuckboys everywhere OR an anthem to accompany all the group projects that have fallen apart over the years. The deeply nonchalant "I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck" works on many levels. When you repeat a lie enough times, and all that.

"Midnight Train to Georgia" – Gladys Knight and the Pips: For the last three years, people have refused to sing this with me at karaoke. I just wanted to share this tragedy with you. IT'S SUCH A FUCKING BANGER.

"Idiot Wind" – Bob Dylan

The song we wish we knew when we are in the midst of berating ourselves for making poor decisions. Why the fuck did I take Sociology? Why did I engage in debate with that Young Nat in Law 121? Because "you're an idiot, babe / it's a wonder that you still know how to breathe." Thanks, Bob. You always have the answers.

"Life on Mars" – David Bowie / "I Wanna Be Your Lover" – Prince : No explanation needed, because they'll always remind you of 2016, whatever stage you're in, whatever degree you're doing.

"The Marriage of Figaro (Overture)" – Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart: When you read that article talking about how good it is for the brain

noodles to listen to opera and shit while you study, so you give it a try when you're hysterical and it's 4am and you're trying to gather enough sources to explain what in the hell is so braggadocious about intergenerational bipartisanship and you give up and decide to listen to Robbie Williams instead.

"On Melancholy Hill" – Gorillaz: No specific reason except that they're back, jamokes. They announced their return in 2016, so that triumphant moment always and forever belongs to us.

"Time of Our Lives" – Ne-Yo feat. Pitbull: The anthem that John Cusack would play outside your window whenever you have a five-minute break from essay-writing and you feel free enough to abandon responsibilities, like forgetting that your apartment is on fire and you haven't eaten a proper meal in 2.5 weeks and you also forgot to cite that one source. But it's all good. Jugs are \$8.

"I Hate Myself and Want to Die" – Nirvana: Why did you start your dissertation the night before it was due? Why did you spend so much money at Shadows? Why did you eat so many packets of Shin Ramyun? Why haven't you turned up to work in two weeks? Why do you have such bad taste in men? Why did you punch your tutor in the face?

"I Try" – Macy Gray: Thinking that you are 100% ready to say goodbye to 15 years of institutionalized education, before you realize that you actually loved university and you don't know what you're going to do with your life and now you are clutching the ankles of McCutcheon, asking him why, why are we eternally bound by the chains of capitalism?

"Oops! I Did It Again" – Britney Spears: At which point you decide that another year couldn't hurt, and you enrol in postgraduate study. ■ ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ



My Favourite Albums Of 2016 (So Far)

Honorable mention: **Kendrick Lamar - untitled unmastered.**

Best songs: "untitled 06 | 06.30.2014", "untitled 02 | 06.23.2014", "untitled 07 | 2014 - 2016"

I couldn't begin to go through this list without at least mentioning the true flair and intellect of king Kendrick Lamar, proving time and time again to be the gift that keeps on giving. It's too short (more of an EP) to be considered an LP, but I will say this with utmost emphasis: For Kendrick, *untitled unmastered*, is his *scraps*. He'd recorded these songs, didn't like them enough to release them alongside generation-altering album *To Pimp A Butterfly*, and so he didn't even bother naming the tracks. *untitled unmastered*, is no lesser; it is filled to the brim with old-school g-funk samples and that iconic Kendrick gusto. Hell, every track and verse from the king is, as always, a masterpiece.

15. Frankie Cosmos - Next Thing

Must listen to: "Outside with the Cuties", "Fool", "Too Dark"

Frankie Cosmos has got that uninhibited, taught-myself-how-to-play-guitar and quiet voice that you would see in open mic artists at your local coffee shop, except she is so much more improved than that. Her songs are short, but incredibly sweet - often one or two minutes long. Have a listen and you might just let her charm captivate you. Without doubt, *Next Thing* is far from the last Cosmos creation.

14. The Monkees - Good Times!

Must listen to: "You Bring the Summer", "Love to Love", "Terrifying"

For the 50th anniversary of beloved American pop rock band, The Monkees released *Good Times!* with two of the four original band members. The band, which evolved out of the era of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones, should first be commended for creating music for five decades into the 21st century, before being applauded for bringing back the sound of 60s rock. If you'd like to reminisce the

years of *Surfin' U.S.A.* or *Magical Mystery Tour*, then The Monkees can show you a good time.

13. Isaiah Rashad - The Sun's Tirade

Must listen to: "4r Da Squaw", "Tity and Dolla", "Park"

In today's era of contemporary hip hop, few remain as standout artists, but one thing's for sure: Isaiah Rashad is on the up. *The Sun's Tirade* is Rashad's debut studio album, and it proves to listeners that he's got range as a rapper. Even aside from the superb beat production and features from Kendrick Lamar, Syd tha Kyd, Jay Rock, and SZA, Rashad's rhythm stands alone in songs like "Park" and "Free Lunch". Rapping publically about depression, anxiety, drug abuse, and becoming his own person - "I can admit / I've been depressed, I hit a wall ouch" - each verse by Rashad is just as amusing as it is important.

12. Sticky Fingers - Westway (The Glitter & The Slums)

Must listen to: "One by One", "Westway", "Angel"

While Australian rock/reggae band (and Auckland-raised lead singer!) Sticky Fingers may seem to have quieted its reggae sound, rest assured, it is not gone. Their most recent album *Westway (The Glitter & The Slums)* is just as loveable, albeit with newly matured sounds that make you wonder if it is the same Sticky Fingers from *Caress Your Soul* and *Land of Pleasure*. That's alright though, because listen closely and you can still hear those old sounds of experimental rock from a band that's simply growing up.

11. BADBADNOTGOOD - IV

Must listen to: "In Your Eyes", "Speaking Gently", "Hyssop of Love"

Jazz hip hop group BADBADNOTGOOD has been working a lot with artists along the likes of Frank Ocean, Ghostface Killah, and Odd Future, but this year's studio instrumental album *IV* is stacked with instrumental genius. Don't let the album cover fool you - BADBADNOTGOOD is more than four half-naked white boys, and they know their rhythms and blues. To your surprise, slow, classical jazzy numbers like "Chompy's Paradise" will work so well alongside the darker illumination of "Speaking Gently" and "Structure No. 3". It's an album to have a drink and conversation to, that's for sure.

10. Rihanna - ANTI

Must listen to: "Love On The Brain", "Desperado", "Yeah, I Said It"

If the world could one day erase the horrendous song that is "Work" from history, then I can say this: RiRi goddamn kills it here. *ANTI* is undoubtedly her newest career-defining album since the banger-filled *Good Girl Gone Bad*. If you were once a Rihanna-hater as I was, then I beg you to give "Love On The Brain" and "Higher" a well-deserved chance. *ANTI* shows the mainstream industry that with brilliant production, an incredible Tame Impala cover, and the raw performance of blues and ballads, Rihanna is completely capable of proving

to the world that she can sing above and beyond deadbeat top charts.

9. KAYTRANADA - 99.9%

Must listen to: "LEAVE ME ALONE", "ONE TOO MANY", "LITE SPOTS"

KAYTRANADA is bringing the funk over and over again in his long-awaited debut album, *99.9%*. Hardly a DJ, KAYTRANADA has exceeded electronic music of this day and age, reviving sounds of 70s and 80s, while also spawning his own. If the banger features with Anderson .Paak, BADBADNOTGOOD, AlunaGeorge, and Goldlink don't make you see the guy's talented ear for music, then instrumentals like "BREAKDANCE LESSON N.I" and "DESPITE THE WEATHER" will show you the perfect mix of electronica, dance, funk, and hip hop.

8. Kevin Morby - Singing Saw

Must listen to: "Ferris Wheel", "I Have Been to the Mountain", "Drunk and On a Star"

This is the only tale of band member to solo artist that matters in 2016. Moving from two separate bands, The Babies and Woods, Kevin Morby is acting out the indie decade's Bob Dylan. His sound may lack the standout factor, but *Singing Saw* is crafted with intense precision and perfection. The album stands well by itself, full of guitar bars and self-reflective lyrics.

7. Blood Orange - Freetown Sound

Must listen to: "E.V.P.", "Love Ya", "Desirée"

Freetown Sound marks the start of this year's albums that must, must be listened to in order. Dev Hynes, under the pseudonym of Blood Orange, has had a prolific year, but this album is a force to be reckoned with. Dedicated to the weird individual, tracks like "Best To You" and "Love Ya" preach messages of loving yourself and the embrace of individuality. Watch Hynes perform live and you'll see how he fearfully presents himself to the world.

6. James Blake - The Colour In Anything

Must listen to: "My Willing Heart", "Points", "fo.r.e.v.e.r."

The production in this album is incredibly crafted—with patience and that same James Blake touch. As his third full studio album, *The Colour In Anything* is just as eerie, shapely, and impressive as the last. Listen and you will hear the sounds of losing grips with love: "Don't use the word 'forever' / We live too long to be so loved". The entire album, but most especially tracks like "My Willing Heart" and "Timeless", are a showcase of both Blake's production skills and his unique vocals.

5. Solange - A Seat At The Table

Must listen to: "Mad", "Don't Wish Me Well", "F.U.B.U"

Much like Blood Orange's album, *A Seat At The Table* demands to be listened to in full and in order, with an open heart. The album is deeply personal, to both Solange herself, as well as the audience to which she dedicates her songs to: fellow black Americans and women. It is a collection of songs ringing strongly of residual anger, sadness, and

table turning hopeful. Dare I say this – Beyoncé's *Lemonade* falls short to her sister, forcing the Queen Bey to hand over this year's crown to the loving soulfulness which Solange radiates from *A Seat At The Table*.

4. Anderson .Paak – Malibu

Must listen to: "Heart Don't Stand a Chance", "Your Prime", "The Waters"

Anderson .Paak is one of those well-rounded artists who can credit his immediate popularity to charisma, musical talent, and moves. *Malibu* is not a standstill album – it demands you to get up and sway, if not dance. Paak is the master of detail: every beat and articulation of a lyric is crafted by himself, even percussion and keyboard. You can hear it in each complex drum solo in "The Waters" or "Am I Wrong", and you would not be wrong to call each and every song on *Malibu* a banger.

3. Whitney - Light Upon the Lake

Must listen to: "No Matter Where We Go", "On My Own", "Golden Days"

With a debut album and full tour schedule,

Whitney is blowing up, and with good reason. *Light Upon the Lake* is everything nostalgic – both the lightsome in "Golden Days" and the wistful in "Dave's Song" – that makes you look back on road trip mixtapes and drinking sodas in the summer. Even the instrumental track "Red Moon" is a genuine portrayal of the duo's musical talent, featuring an impressive array of instruments and melodies. Whitney is the 2016 indie lover's simplicity dream come true.

2. Angel Olsen - MY WOMAN

Must listen to: "Sister", "Those Were the Days", "Never Be Mine"

Angel Olsen is the evolution of the singer-songwriter, proving once again that music can in fact travel the decades. *MY WOMAN* is a perfect orchestration to those falling in and out of love, and yet at the same time, *MY WOMAN* rocks out. The album quickly moves from one of punk pop towards a kind of genre resounding of a heartache which lives in a woman. As the pop single "Shut Up Kiss Me" pairs with ballads like "Sister" and "Pops", Olsen's depiction of love does a hauntingly sincere job of

making heartbreak sound like a feeling she's herself invented.

1. Frank Ocean - Blonde

Must listen to: "Nights", "Self Control", "Pink + White"

Blonde is unbelievably different from *channel ORANGE*, yet it retains the same track-to-track gospel which preaches this: Frank Ocean knows what he's doing. This is an album which proves to the world that Ocean has deserved all the hype and respect he's been given over the years. Every song – from the splitting ballad of "White Ferrari," to the remarking intro to "Self Control," all the way to the heap of emotion that is "Godspeed" – feels like a humbled, stripped-down epic poem of those four years Ocean kept away from the world. But this album is stronger-standing and more intimate than the last. *Blonde* makes us all lucky witnesses to the short-lived magic of Frank Ocean releasing yet another beautifully composed album.

■ KELLEY LIN

2016's Best TV Shows

With easy access to streaming platforms like Lightbox, TV has begun to consume a bigger part of our lives than ever before. Netflix and chill, amirite? This year we've been treated to a fantastic array of shows, each seemingly more exciting and dramatic than their predecessors. No, I haven't seen every show to come out of 2016. But I have seen a lot. Here's a list of this year's greatest offerings (or at least the greatest out of those I've actually seen).

Narcos Season Two: Oh *Narcos*, where have you been all my life? Season one was a wonderfully wild ride through the cocaine underworld of Colombia and into the life of infamous drug lord Pablo Escobar. It ended VERY tensely, leaving viewers bewildered, stressed and irritable (just me?). The announcement of a second season was a big relief to said anxious fans; lucky for them, season two was an honourable follow-up. Much like the first season, this one feels almost as though you are watching a documentary about the real Escobar and the American DEA agents who hunted him. Picking up right where the show left off, we watch as Escobar's violence escalates and agents Steve and Pedro close in. Again, Wagner Moura is polarising as Escobar, changing from the caring, generous hero of Medellín's poor to a chilling, remorseless murderer and back again in a flash. The action and suspense is 10/10, and you'll be hooked right up to the final episode. This is a tight unit that won't disappoint.

Stranger Things: The motherload. The show with it all. The greatest. Goddangit I love *Stranger Things*. Predominately because of those serious Twin Peaks vibes I spo-

radically got while watching, but for several other (very valid) reasons as well. One: the setting. Who doesn't love the Eighties? That fashion, that music, those hairstyles and those sweet American cars. Need I say more? Even if you weren't alive in the Eighties, you'll be getting nostalgia hits just one episode deep. Two: the casting. Those kids, seriously. It wouldn't be the same without them. They're amazing actors, 100% convincing and give the show a fresh perspective and wider appeal. David Harbour is great as the local chief, and the rest of the cast are solid too. Three: the music. I literally can't think of better theme music since *Twin Peaks*. So simple, yet so creepily supernatural and intriguing. The sound effects also deserve a nod. Thanks for all the fear! In sum: as near-perfect as a TV show can get. Even sci-fi and supernatural haters will love it.

11.22.63: J.J. Abrams and Stephen King - you can't go wrong. If you read and loved the novel, you won't be disappointed with the series. It's tense, exciting and has that subtle sense of humour that King instills in all his non-horror works. James Franco is surprisingly good as divorced high school teacher Jake Epping, who is sent back to 1963 to prevent the assassination of JFK. The supporting cast are also great, most notably George MacKay as Bill Turcotte. The best part of this show is, like the novel, its suspenseful atmosphere. Running throughout is the 'the past doesn't want to be changed' theme, which adds some scary moments and keeps you wondering how the hell the damn thing is going to pan out. Second to that is the soundtrack and setting. So on point. Being young sheltered Nineties kids, we can't imagine what life was like during the pivotal Sixties, but the foot-tapping, hand-clapping music and pristine streets of 11.22.63 sure make it look grand. ■ NIKKI ADDISON



And the Oscar goes to... who?

Jack Caldwell takes a closer look at the favourites for the 2017 Academy Awards

In the lead up to February's award ceremony, a number of questions have been circulating about the potential winners: Will people of colour get better representation like they did at the Emmys? Is it a year for an animated film to take a Best Picture spot? Has anybody even heard of the current top picks?

This first question is always on the tip of the tongues of die-hard Oscars fans like myself. The Academy started the 21st Century pretty well in recognising African Americans in particular, with Jamie Foxx, Forest Whitaker, Denzel Washington and Halle Berry winning acting awards after the year 2000. But the last couple of years were shockers, and not for a lack of choice. In 2014, the civil rights epic *Selma* received no recognition for directing, writing or acting, despite all critics (and me) acknowledging *Selma* as one of the year's best films. 2015 was arguably less criminal on the part of the Oscars, with a number of award ceremonies noticeably guilty of snubbing people of colour, but the two year streak of twenty white acting nominees was still a bad look.

Of course it's not all the Oscars' fault; movies simply aren't as interested in telling stories of people of colour as TV is, which gave the Emmys plenty of choice. With films like Denzel

Washington's *Fences*, upcoming actor Trevante Rhodes' drama *Moonlight* and Nate Parker's controversial *The Birth of a Nation* in the running, perhaps 2016 will help blow the winds of change.

The Oscars' record on animated films isn't flash either. Films like *Wall-E* and *Inside Out* will be remembered as among the best of their decades (the latter was easily my favourite film of 2015), and yet neither were nominated for Best Picture. In the 20th century, animated films didn't even have their own picture category, though it's arguable that the Best Animated Feature award we have now only guarantees that the Oscars will continue to respond to critics on this topic with "But we gave them their special award!"

So will 2016 be different? The best bet released so far is Disney's *Zootopia*, which used cute animals to explore race relations in the US, as you do. Critics adored *Zootopia*, and it made a lot of money, which could give the Oscars ceremony some much needed attention if they pick it. Laika's stop motion *Kubo and the Two Strings* and Studio Ghibli co-produced *The Red Turtle* are certain for Animated Feature nods, but fringe bets for Best Picture. Since *Zootopia* is likely to miss in the end, as will Disney's coming Polynesian tale, *Moana*, it seems our only hope to buck this trend is to make an animated movie more stirring and delightful than *Inside Out*. Yeah, I give up too.

Let's have a look at what the best bets are. You won't have seen any of these movies because virtually nobody has. Films vying for Oscars are typically released in November or December

so that the Academy doesn't forget about them when they vote. New Zealand then gets many of these movies across January and February, so this is the last you'll hear of them for a while.

The current favourite to take Best Picture is *La La Land*, a musical directed by Damien Chazelle, whose debut *Whiplash* blew away critics and audiences. *La La Land* stars Ryan Gosling and Emma Stone, and is nostalgic for old school MGM tap dance musicals, and that alone explains why critics are raving (see *The Artist*).

Acclaimed director Martin Scorsese, most recently Oscar-nominated for *The Wolf of Wall Street*, is taking a crack this coming Oscars with *Silence*. *Silence* is a historical drama starring Andrew Garfield and Adam Driver as Portuguese Jesuit priests that face religious persecution on their trip to Japan. Scorsese is known best for crime dramas like *Goodfellas* and *The Departed*, so expanding his horizons could either be a flop or a massive success.

Skipping over the boring Oscar-bait dramas, we should all be talking about *Arrival*, a thinking person's sci-fi starring Amy Adams, Jeremy Renner and Forest Whitaker as a team investigating the landing of a mysterious spacecraft. If that doesn't excite you then I'm not sure what your problem is, because aliens are cool. All that aside, critics have walked out of *Arrival* impressed, so we can only hope the Academy chooses it. As usual, the Academy can either go down this route and pick less conventional films like *Arrival* and *The Jungle Book*, or just go for boring dramas you've never heard of. (You'll never guess which one usually happens). ■

A Massive, Filthy, Furious Brexit Rant

WITH ELOISE SIMS

Today, I am more pissed off than I have been in a very long while.

This is a big deal. I have yelled a total of two times in my life – once at a bloke who said Kanye West was terrible, and once at a bus driver who actually hit me with said bus.

I barely ever get properly, stonkingly, unapologetically furious at people.

Yet today, I am in an utterly filthy mood. And it's directed at the entirety of the British government – and all those who voted for the utter bullshit known as Brexit.

I was beyond relieved to leave the UK when I did. The Brexit vote had just taken place, and the pound had slumped to an all-time low. Massive demonstrations were taking place in London.

Walking down a street near Westminster, I remember looking up to see workers repainting a row of buses with the famous Brexit promise on them: "We send the EU 350 million pounds a week – let's fund our NHS instead!"

The government had just denied they had ever made such a specific promise.

Everything was tense. Even Brexit voters I talked to sensed it.

"We have no idea what comes next," one admitted. "It could get ugly, now."

"Britain's changed overnight." I messaged my friends. "Can't wait to get out of here."

I was right to want to leave.

The day I got back to New Zealand, the Telegraph published a story saying hate crimes had surged by a whopping 42%, post-Brexit.

My friends in the UK started sending me stories.

Racist graffiti about Poles and migrants had appeared on community centers close to them. They'd heard of people receiving death threats and fliers telling them to leave the UK.

One of them was even told to "get out of my country" by a white guy on a bus, five minutes from where I lived in Exeter. She later told me a Polish friend of hers had been spat on in the High Street.

My stomach turned.

Yet, at least, I thought to myself, the great majority of British people wouldn't actively ever do such a thing. These incidents – for all their shocking nature – were one-offs, or hearsay.

That was until today.

Last night (NZ time), British Home Secretary Amber Rudd delivered a speech on immigration that made my blood run cold. She unveiled sweeping new measures to limit migration, including actively "naming and shaming" businesses by legally requiring them to reveal how many foreign workers they hire.

Go and re-read that sentence, now. Let it sink in. Slowly come to terms with what, exactly, such a law would entail.

And Rudd wasn't finished. She announced a new, harder labour market test that companies have to pass before hiring employees from overseas. Next up were massive crackdowns on overseas students, including limiting scholarships and available visas.

Now, I don't necessarily believe in open borders. I'm of the opinion that immigration does require a degree of control and measure, and every applicant should be screened beforehand. After all, that's exactly what my family had to do when we moved to New Zealand.

Yet Rudd's moves, in a post-Brexit environment, are literally just government-sanctioned racism. I can't take any comfort anymore in knowing that incidents that my friends have been through are one-offs. Their own government is now advocating their removal. And they're frightened. Of course they are.

Rudd has just given tacit approval to the "get out of my country" sentiment that's been lobbed at their head for so long by neo-Nazis and nationalists.

Encouraging employers not to hire foreign workers is just straight-up discrimination. There's nothing subtle about it.

Shaming employers who do hire foreign workers – in today's diverse society, for Christ's sake – is even worse.

"Maybe they [foreign workers] should wear yellow stars next." Alastair Campbell concluded on Twitter (one of the few times I've agreed with him, as the ex-Communications Director of Tony Blair's government).

Employers are already refusing to comply with the new law. Galley Beggar Press, a Norwich independent publisher, has already said they would rather go to jail than release a list of their foreign workers.

"Brexit shames us," they summarized.

I couldn't agree more.

I've been a proud Brit all of my life – in nature, in culture, and in character.

I still get embarrassingly choked up talking about "the valleys" where my family is from in North Wales. (Do not ever watch *Pride*

with me. I will weep as soon as that journey sequence with the Millennium Bridge appears).

Yet I am utterly disgusted with what a post-Brexit Britain looks like today.

I wouldn't even consider returning home to such a blatantly racist and divided nation, where fascist ideas are given government influence.

"Fascism's a bit strong," I hear you say. And maybe you're right.

However, I'd like to draw your attention back to 1970, when the British National Front released a leaflet detailing its policies.

They included getting Britain out of the Common Market, stopping property speculation, ending immigration and beginning repatriation, banning the IRA, and installing preferential housing policies for British residents.

Sound familiar?

All of those policies are now being implemented under the new Conservative government.

Fuck Brexit.

Fuck isolationist, right-wing politics that has no room for diversity.

Fuck the legitimization of fascism and exclusionary nationalism.

If this is what Britain is in this century – I don't want to be British any longer. ■



SEX, DRUGS & ELECTORAL ROLLS

Post-scripts, Postludiums, and Electoral Post-Mortems

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

This has not been a particularly easy column to write. Not due to any lack of subject-matter or intellectual wherewithal, mind – there's tonnes going on in the politisphere at present; and despite the fact that I'm nearing the end of a ten-day fast, my brain still yearns to trammel through all of it here with you.

Except that's the problem. We've got far too much to discuss for it to all fit inside a single thousand-word page (even allowing for my ongoing habit of stretching out the word-limit on my pieces as far as I possibly can every week, much to the irritation of my editors). And the fact that it's a *single* thousand-word page (as in, the final installment of Sex, Drugs & Electoral Rolls for the year) is seriously weighing upon my mind.

I've come to thoroughly enjoy penning a column every week. It's quite a change from the usual staccato pace of sub-twelve-hour turnaround times for my more usual journalistic endeavors, and there's definitely something to be said for the comparative freedom of a more long-form format in which to better explore a few thoughts.

But enough introspective navel-gazing (a practice which, with an additional 'a', can often leave one all at sea).

One of the themes I've tried to both explicate and illustrate through the twenty-two previous episodes of this piece is that getting involved in politics – whether because you passionately believe in something you wish to push, or even simply because you're a part-passive proponent of what I call 'voting in self defence' – is something that everybody can do. And that even if you're not an uber-hack, you can still make a substantial degree of difference via that decision to stand up, be counted, and make your voice heard.

The best example of this from the last two weeks is probably the Hamilton mayoralty – wherein a mere fourteen votes separated the top two competitors. (On a related note, I'm also told that if New Zealand First had had somewhere about the same number of additional Party Votes in 2014, we'd have gotten an extra MP – and the National-led Government would have been denied its majority, thus forcing a change in administration. On such small things do the fate of worlds turn).

But even here in Auckland – a city of more than a million people – there's tacit and tangible evidence that even up against such electoral behemoths as Phil Goff and the combined might of the local (arm of the) National Party, 'the little guy' can certainly make a difference.

By now, just about everybody's familiar with the rise to some form of prominence of Chlöe Swarbrick (who successfully parlayed a position of limited resources and effective mainstream-media shutout into a noteworthy strong 'third' placing in this year's Mayorality contest – beating even a known and moneyed previously somewhat successful candidate like John Palino). This certainly gives allegorical force to the idea of even seemingly unlikely folk from outside the 'established' political machinery being able to Influence Things (tm).

But from where I'm sitting, the true story of 'ordinary people' having a tangible effect upon the surface-fir-ment of the politisphere is the somewhat less commented upon one (largely because it doesn't necessarily have easily identifiable/sympathizable protagonists) which played out in dozens of local body races located in and around the isthmus.

Here, as previously presented, there was not one – but at least three – Vast Right Wing Conspiracies to attempt to take over (or, if you prefer, 'take back') Auckland. And you know what? They were largely stopped. The four year plan to install Bill Ralston as Mayor now lies in (admittedly somewhat restitchable) tatters. The now somewhat oxymoronically named 'Auckland Future' ticket succeeded in securing only a single Council seat – and even that came about through defection of a previous C&R councillor. At least nominally left-wing (or 'center-left', although I maintain that this is not the same thing – in a manner arguably similar to the subtle yet important linguistic distinction between "jacket" and "straight-jacket") councillors and local board members have made impressive (albeit somewhat incremental) gains across Auckland.

And all of this happened, in no small part, because tens of thousands of Aucklanders decided to do the deceptively simple thing of ticking a few boxes on a bit of paper (hopefully after taking a modicum of trouble to bother to inform themselves at least a little bit first), before marching up to their local post-box or library and chucking it in the slot.

It's not exactly 'the stuff of which revolutions are made' – but it has a tangible, positive impact on the world around you. And in some ways, that's sort-of the same thing.

So the next time somebody attempts to pooh-pooh taking an active interest in politics to you, perhaps by insinuating that a few people pushing their personal beliefs is likely to have an all-up null effect upon the course of political affairs, remember that that's pretty much the main thing that's *ever* had an impact upon politics in the first place.

And sure, these transitions can take time. Especially in FPP electoral contexts, wherein the immediate-ultimate outcome can occasionally feel more like a coin-toss between two almost-equally indifference- or militant-apathy inspiring candidates.

But that's the thing about coin-tosses.

Flip them often enough, and with enough force, and you'll be surprised at how many times they land on their sides.

Or how many coins, taken together, are swiftly exchangeable for actual-and-desirable paper-money.

I guess that's why so many of us persist with our politics. Some, like me, are struck down by an almost compulsive avarice. The only way we'll stop pursuing the coins of politics is when two of them are laid upon our eyes to pay the ferryman in grave imitation of Greek funerary rights. But others are waiting for their promised paydays. And those do, eventually, tend to come around provided you work long and hard enough for them.

In any case, when I first set finger to keyboard way back in February to pen the first installment of Sex, Drugs & Electoral Rolls, I outlined a number of objectives which I wished to achieve with my writing. Obviously, I wanted to entertain; but I also

wanted to inform, inspire the occasional bout of critical thinking, guide, educate, elucidate, and perhaps even ensnare the interests of the passing reader in putting themselves forward for more ardently political pursuits (that is to say: making the whole thing seem fun).

From a cursory inspection of the steady stream of feedback I've received for these pieces over the previous almost eight months, I'd have to say that for a certain demographic of you out there in the literary/social media wilderness, it would seem I've somewhat succeeded.

For that, and the treasure of having an appreciative audience as I've prognosticated and propounded both week-in and week-out for the last two semesters, I should like to say thank you.

I'll leave you now with a poem I found on the morning of one of my court appearances. May it positively guide and inspire your actions in politics as much as it has done mine in life.

*"Somewhere in the universe a coin flip lands on its side.
Somewhere in the universe a drop of water saves a life.
Somewhere in the universe a pebble stops a landslide.*

*Maybe it is because someone believed hard enough.
Maybe it is because everything is secretly fair.
Maybe it is because the universe is a vast place.*

*Yesterday, I was very cold.
Yesterday, I was very hungry.
Yesterday, I wanted to run away.*

*Today, I am going to believe hard enough.
Today, a pebble will stop a landslide.
Today, I am not going anywhere."*

And remember: "When the going gets weird ... the weird turn pro." ■



The Last Column

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

I'll spare you the clichés about how 2016 has flown by. I'll verbalise your thought for you – it *is* crazy how each year seems to go by faster and faster.¹ I'll nod in agreement as you tell me how strange it feels to have finished university after so long, and to finally be ready (or close to ready) to enter the 'real world', whatever that is.

I've been around the block a few times now. I'm old and haggard. I've endured 10 semesters at this place. I've taken close to 50 papers. I've been rejected; I've been loved. I've been healthy and hungover, sometimes within the same week. I've tried stand-up comedy. I've stopped stand-up comedy. I was in a band, I was in a show, I wasn't in class that often. Occasionally I did really badly, most of the time I did pretty averagely, and once or twice I did myself proud.

It's hard to sum up half a decade of emotion. It is a challenge to distil the various ways I was emotionally damaged during this period into one short article. If only there were a famous list of lessons! Oh... there is.

Here are the 10 Commandments reinterpreted to suit my purposes.²

1. You shall have no other gods before Me. What is "me"? Is it University? If so, I disagree. Our time at

1 I heard an interesting theory about this phenomenon. Basically, it's the idea that each year represents a smaller proportion of your life as you get older, meaning that the relative length of a year decreases over time. For example, when you turn 5, the year that has just passed represents 20% of your total lifespan to that point. When you turn 25, on the other hand, the year that has just passed represents 4% of your life. Makes you think.

2 Sorry. It's getting late and this is my last column.

University should be a polytheistic one, where we worship at several altars. An important altar is that of our studies. Neglecting this God is a surefire way to be condemned to the worst kind of purgatory – the prison of self-hatred that is built from bars of self-inflicted stress. Make sure you show up every Sunday and break bread. Or whatever. But there is more than one God! Adopt a Hindu (or Ancient Greek) mindset: there are heaps of Gods, each dealing with different aspects of our lives. Pick a few that you like. Maintain those relationships.

2. You shall not make idols. When you start at University you'll want to reinvent yourself in the image of whatever you're currently not. For me, it was the image of the hard-partying, elegantly wasted aesthete. Very quickly, I learned that hard partying is fundamentally incompatible with feeling good about yourself, and that elegantly wasted isn't really a thing. Be yourself.

3. You shall not take the name of the LORD your God in vain. Don't be a catastrophiser. No one wants to hear you talk about how it's all falling down around you. Guess what, buddy – it's all falling down around everyone.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. There won't be a single hungover Sunday that you honestly believe you deserve to rest on.

5. Honor your father and your mother. CALL YOUR PARENTS. Talk to them heaps. Reply to texts. Send texts yourself. I doubt we will *ever* know how important it was to stay in regular contact with our parents until we have kids of our own; once we do, I imagine that we'd all wish we could



quadruple the number of conversations we had at Uni.

6. You shall not murder. That stupid thing you're about to do? That risky bet? That drunken dash across the street? That thought about not paying the taxi driver? That invitation to jump in the boot 'cos the car's full, even though the driver's had a few? Don't do it. Mistakes you make now can haunt you forever.

7. You shall not commit adultery. General life rule. Don't do it.

8. You shall not steal. Plagiarism will ruin your life. Better to hand in a crap piece of work than to fail a course and be labelled a cheat.

9. You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor. Gossiping is fun until you realise that screenshots of your group chat are being sent to all the people you're bitching about. Think twice. And then a third time.

10. You shall not covet. One time, I was lucky enough to be invited out onto a friend's parent's boat. It was a beautiful day and a few of us sailed across the harbor to Rangitoto. I'd never been on someone's private boat before – I felt like James Bond. I thought "wow, this is what a life's hard work can get me". Anyway we pulled up at Rangitoto and immediately next to us was a boat that was at least thrice the size of ours, populated exclusively with people younger than me. Moral of the story: there's always a bigger boat.

All the best for exams and for life.

Rayhan. ■



We Need to Talk About the Clowns

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

In Hamilton last Saturday a young woman was attacked by clowns. As *Stuff* put it, this event comes on the heels of "clown sighting outbreaks in the US, UK and Australia". Perhaps this violent insurgency is driven by its fringe members – radicals without moral compasses – or perhaps it is generated by the very dogma of clown culture itself.

Painted Faces, Painted Lives

What lies at the heart of the clown ideology? What dark thread pushes lonely older men – because they *are* predominantly older men – to don red

noses and shoes, paint their faces white, and create balloon animals? The colours themselves speak of a sinister romanticisation of White America, the afros a culturally appropriative touch. They craft a poodle, a cat, squeaking as they go, to demonstrate control, power over lesser creatures. A sharp object and they can send their creations into oblivion – walking that omnipotent line of creation and destruction makes them wild.

The clown community requires you to be one thing in private and another in public. Once you hit a child's birthday party, you can't let yourself show through. You must be the paint, the garb, the eccentricity. That is what the culture demands of you. In these rituals we see an insidious celebration of falsehood, of duplicity. For people in these bubbles, normal morality is easily eschewed, basic instincts of empathy are switched off for the sake of the performance. Get the gasp, the laugh, at all costs.

Whilst some commentators have remarked that the problem of extremism is confined to certain clowns, isolated individuals with violent and psychopathic tendencies, it is the culture, I believe, that drives the atrocities we've seen. And

it is the responsibility of every clown to push back. Every clown must look for the radicals in their community and report them to the police – work with the authorities to safeguard our population. Every clown who fails to do so can be presumed to be frolicking in their homes as their agenda is executed.

Some have argued for even stronger steps. These people believe that the clowns cannot be salvaged. Paint and skin cannot be separated. Plastic noses around the country are stained in martyr's blood. These pundits have called for undercover operations, stronger policing of clown communities, perhaps curfews. Whether they will have their way, only time will tell.

Atrocities are always followed by powerful reactions of fear. These are understandable, but over-reach must be avoided. It is clear that something twisted lies at the heart of clown identity, and we must recognize and critique that. What must not be forgotten is that brute force will only help their recruitment efforts – it will not stamp out their noxious ideas. The clan of white face and fake hair is a wily one. ■

the people to blame.

**“You and me got a whole lot of history ,
We could be the greatest team that the world has ever seen,
You and me got a whole lot of history,
So don't let it go, we can make some more, we can live forever.”**
One Direction, 'History'

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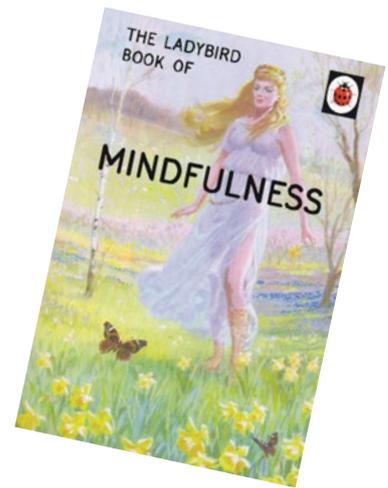
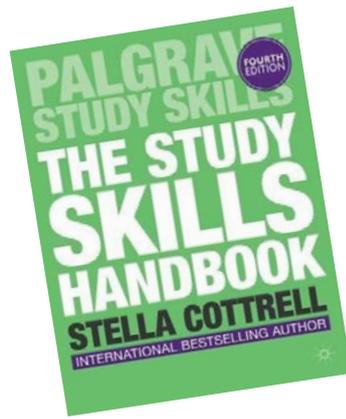
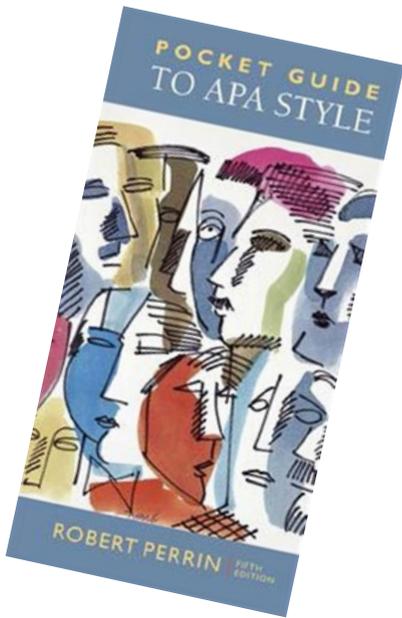
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