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UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

patent

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The poster features a vibrant yellow background with abstract blue and pink swirls. At the top, the Red Bull logo is positioned above the 'Red Bull' text in red, followed by 'CAMPUS CLUTCH' in large, bold, black letters with a white outline. Below this, the 'VALORANT' logo is centered, and 'AIMING CHALLENGE' is written in white on a black rectangular background. The central illustration depicts a young woman with long brown hair, wearing a white t-shirt with the 'Red Bull Campus Clutch V' logo and large headphones, shouting with her mouth open. To her left is the Valorant character Jett, and to her right is the Valorant character Sova. The bottom of the image shows a crowd of yellow silhouettes.

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WANT TO CONTRIBUTE?

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CRACCUM'S CLOSING CURTAIN



END OF THE DRIVEWAY, BEGINNING OF THE ROAD.

We say goodbye—2024 says hello.

Things are making their way to a close; classes, the three year election cycle, and for some of us, our University journey. As I pen this final item to you all I am travelling on the night bus to Auckland, making my way back from the funeral of a dear high school friend. It goes without saying that deaths, endings, and conclusions hit particularly hard; but the closing of one chapter often leads into the next and so on and so forth.

Being confronted with the tūpāpaku of someone you shared a childhood with during the very last week of your tenure as editor, was one of those strange serendipitous moments that the universe bestows upon us

The world presents a unique opportunity to take stock and reflect on the remarkable journey of growth. While a high school reunion under these circumstances was not what I initially envisioned, it was undeniably wholesome to witness the incredible achievements of the friends I grew up with. As we reconnected, we got to hear about professional accomplishments, the expansion of their families, and the paths they've forged for themselves.

As a cohort of Old Girls, we walked the marae ātea alongside our favourite

Classics teacher. It was bittersweet having her at our first tangihanga as adults. I'm finding that even in our grown-up years, we still had her guiding us through unfamiliar territories. After the pōhiri and while breaking the tapu over food we got to share some laughs and our stories about our friend.

Growth. As university students, we often live in a state of perpetual fight or flight, trying to make it to the next assignment, the next holiday, or the next big party. Rarely do we take the time to stop and appreciate all the hard work we've left behind. It's easy to get wrapped up in your own bubble—I mean I hadn't talked to my friend in five years. I had always thought I would have more time.

Growing up is scary and demands a lot from you. Soon, I'll leave the comfort of student life and enter the workforce. I wish my parents could walk me into the office, just like they did on my first day of school. But in these pockets of fear lies development. Think about the last time you were scared—entering halls for the first time, finding your very first lecture. Now think about where you are now—not so scary right? Don't take anything for granted; find time to reflect and appreciate everything.

When I reflect back I think about how far both George and I have come. I also think about our team members and watching them curate their distinctive styles. I'm so grateful to have had the pleasure of helping develop their talents and allowing Craccum to be a safe place for them to explore any idea.

However in the back of my mind, during every late-night print run, I think about you, the reader! I've never been accountable to so many people before. You have been the biggest source of our growth. We've taken note of your feedback, recognised your improvements, and addressed all your puzzle complaints (hopefully). Thank you; we couldn't have done it without you.

The clock on this bus is frozen at 05:05. And while I can't stop time myself, I can relish these last few moments. Thank you, everyone, for an amazing year.

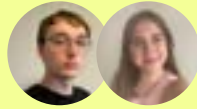
Good luck and goodbye!

Lots of love,

Mairātea and George :)

Catching Back Up

Reconnecting with the Stories



OLIVER COCKER AND TALIA NICOL

With the Battle of the Chris's coming to a head today, and Arise having never shown their face, a lot of news has happened since Issue #1.

Following the publication of a political debate in Civics, most politicians reported on have seen a decline in their career. Michael Wood is no longer the minister for anything, Simon Court was referred to the parliamentary privileges committee, Raf Manji doesn't look like he'll get his party into parliament after all, and the New Conservatives have managed no media coverage. Swarbrick and Bishop are still going strong. There have been numerous debates since this first one, but this was where it all started.

Following a hectic end to 2022, Staff action has been more muted since March. Recently, the Tertiary Education Union got the Minister for Education to sign a pledge to help them, which requires the government to survive the election. All in all however, it seems little major has been achieved at UoA, as cuts continue across the country.

We may not be able to claim responsibility for an alleviation to the Cost of Living across this year—because let's be honest, it hasn't gotten better—but one of our contributors did get one of the first interviews with the grocery commissioner himself. According to data from StatsNZ, prices have grown 8% since the start of the year, and with little end in sight, we're all here riding it out. We're still not charging for the quality journalism that *Craccum* provides, though.

Posie Parker, after being chased off by yours truly, refused to return to the country on her tour in September. The Tomato Pourer, originally misidentified

as paint, is in court at the moment asking for charges to be thrown out. Public opinion seems to have become increasingly less supportive of the efforts made, and anti-trans sentiment has grown too, but a new unity in community has grown in its wake too.

Following much reporting on renters, indeed, one last story published this week on the fact, few gains have been made. The rights situation seems about the same and hostel students will be paying \$25 more a week next year for the same experience. We may have to wait for political action before more gains can be made.

Following the Law School Court series, adjunct Zoe Lawton is no longer with the University. Although the official reason may never be known, we think it at least noteworthy that the issue came out on the Monday, and she was out the door by Wednesday. An official information request for processes has fallen through, and a second one has revealed the possibility of the course, LAW 458, changing to a third-year paper instead. The *Craccum* team will continue to fight for each and every faculty, and encourage you to come forward with any information. Even if we can't fix the mouldy walls, we can have an impact.

Finally, the Student Representative elections continue to go ahead, and the new AUSA executive has been chosen. Neither side is

backing down in their fight over the representative position, so we may see more developments in the next year.

Until then, from both your News Editor and Chief Reporter, continue to seek out the injustices in this world and send them to your *Craccum* team. We will report on them.

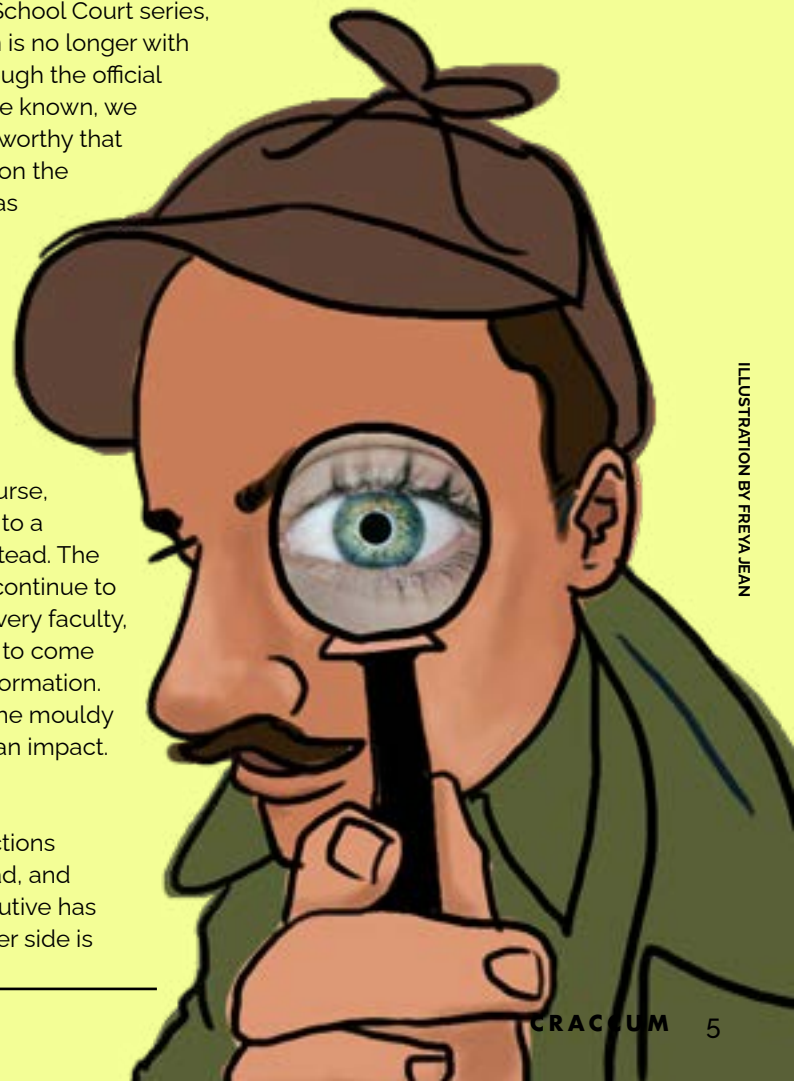


ILLUSTRATION BY FREYA JEAN

STUDENTS DESERVE MORE

The Political Spectrum turns up to the Fair Rent Rally.



OLIVER COCKER

A bench has been commandeered. In twenty minutes, candidates will take to this impromptu stage and attempt to fire up the swelling crowd. Oscar Sims, Labour hopeful for Auckland Central, is the first to arrive, hanging around the edges of the party as people turn up. Mahesh Muralidhar from National, Dr Nina Su of TOP, and Chloe Swarbrick for the Greens all arrive for photo ops with students—Taylor Swift blasts in the background below the Clocktower of the University of Auckland.

Signs are dispersed among the crowd. People abandon their seats and start to gather in front of the bench. Taylor Swift is shut off with a Bluetooth error. A man climbs onto the bench, a banner flying behind reading: Students for Fair Rent. Matthew, the group's Chair, gives brief introductions and reminds everyone of the petition going around the University, asking for a limit to rent increases. Those increases are currently slated to be \$25 across the board at all hostels.

The first speaker, Max, a student himself, takes to the bench. His paper shakes in his hand, audible from where I stand beneath the taraire tree. He speaks of

a class struggle, one that continues so long as there is an Us and a Them. The security guards watch on from a distance. Max goes on, lamenting how the executives are drinking champagne with the student's fees. He begins to effervesce, passion taking into his voice as he encourages the crowd to vote, to make their voice heard in unity.

This message will be echoed once Dr Su takes the bench. Chants of, "Hey Hey, Ho Ho, Rent has got to go" proceeds her. It was quickly amended to, "unfair rent." She asks for a show of hands for how many are considering leaving the country—30%. A recent graduate of the University, class of 2017, she encourages people to look into TOP's Teal card for under 30s before stepping down.

James Shaw is spotted in the crowd, and Matthew rushes to him. He strides back to the bench, revealing that the University was invited to send a representative and collect their petition. But they refused. Too scared, the reasoning is ventured.

Marama Davidson is here too, uninvited, but she and Shaw are welcomed to the bench together by the participants. Davidson speaks first about transferring power from those who have property back into a balance with renters. She reveals that it wasn't until she received an MP's salary at age 42 that she could repay her student loan. Shaw is brief, off a lauded performance at the multi-party debate the previous night, focusing on the many undecided young votes. He tells the crowd that each individual vote could decide the

coming election.

Sims and Muralidhar take the bench, and every political group is in consensus: the system is wrong. Both identify the issue as being housing supply. While Sims focuses on his previous advocacy with the Coalition for More Homes, Muralidhar takes a more personal route. He speaks of living in a car and sleeping in student common rooms. Both pitch to be elected as progressive voices in their parties.

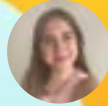
The final candidate to take to the bench is Swarbrick, and she does to the most raucous applause so far. An impassioned speech is given, focusing on the lack of regulation of student housing and celebrating the work she did during Covid with the student body, introducing a pastoral care code for students. She's here to advocate for rent controls, and it won't be the first time she yells it during the rally.

Many students take turns speaking about their experience at the bench, but one rises above the others. "Vote Catherine 2026" became one of the takeaways of the rally. She's being forced to leave her apartment because she can't afford her living, even with 20 hours worked weekly. She's struggling to pass with all that time off, having panic attacks, and probably going to leave for Australia once she can become a Doctor. In all the rhetoric around living this debate, she feels abandoned.

Everyone who speaks leaves the bench shaking a little. Filled with adrenaline, they're pushed further by the crowd. To conclude, Matthew returns, addresses Professor Dawn Freshwater, the Vice-Chancellor, in her ivory tower of an office, and says with the petition's support that they're going to negotiate. Negotiate for lower rent and controls on future rises in line with inflation, wages, and the market rent. His final, direct comment is that, "the university has a moral responsibility to provide for its students," and they are failing.

A break in your regular broadcasting: the good news of the people

The news never sleeps, but sometimes it smiles



TALIA NICOL

As your News team this year, we've been accused of almost every media crime under the sun: printing factually inaccurate content (sorry, John Campbell), accidentally starting a mass email conspiracy chain against an unnamed but allegedly important charitable body, "promoting drugs" to students with no ability to decipher satire, and forcing an adjunct lecturer to stand down (we like to think this one was us, anyway). Being villainised is always fun, but as we sat down to plan our last ever issue, we realised that maybe, it was time to give the people their five minutes of happiness.

So, to avoid further rehashing all of our carnal sins in any significant detail,

we've decided to dedicate this singular page to you, and all your good, happy, exciting news. To be honest, this is really our ploy to avoid having to deal with another complaint in the editor's email.

The news team wants to take this final issue to be a breath of fresh air, and remind you that there's always things to be grateful for. As we move into final assignment and exam season, make sure you take some time to appreciate the good news in your day. Study season gives you the chance to get out and smell the roses in Albert Park on a break, not the ceiling mould in the Gen-Lib basement lecture theatres.

All of this goes to say: while for much of this year we focussed our print run on the darkest, seediest and grimmest news possible, the world isn't always like that. All of this good news is brought to you by your fellow readers and *Craccum* supporters, as well as some less dignified students I accosted outside the lecture theatres who have "never heard of *Craccum* in [their] life".

So, remember that next time you're re-reading our story about the horrors of a faculty that racially discriminated against several of its students, one of your mates might be right next door, having the best fucking free durr of their life. And that, dear reader, is newsworthy too.

I GOT A JOB AS A FLORIST

MY FRIEND SAVED AN HOUR OF MY LIFE BY TELLING ME I DON'T NEED TO WATCH A SHITTY RECORDED LAW LECTURE

I BOUGHT A COOL EGG CHAIR

I'M ACTIVELY WORKING AGAINST MY SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER

I GOT PUT ON A NEW MEDICATION THAT'S HELPING MY MOOD A LOT

I MADE A NEW FRIEND, AND THE NEXT TIME WE HUNG OUT, SHE WORE AN OUTFIT TO MATCH MY STYLE

I GOT DIAGNOSED WITH ADHD AND I DON'T FEEL ALONE IN MY STRUGGLES ANYMORE

I HAD THE BEST ONE NIGHT STAND SEX OF MY LIFE WHILE HE HELPED ME REVISE MY EXAM NOTES, SO NOW EVERY TIME I STUDY THAT MODULE I GET TO THINK ABOUT IT

MULTIPLE OF MY LECTURERS GOT PLAGUED BY THE SAME COLD OVER THE COURSE OF TWO WEEKS, SO LIKE EVERY SECOND CLASS I HAD WAS CANCELLED

MY MATE GOT A SUMMER SCHOLARSHIP, I'M SO PROUD OF THEM

I FOUND A WHOLE PACK OF CIGGIES ON THE GROUND

WE JUST FORMED A ROCK BAND CALLED "OUR LOVELY BONES" (I PLAY GUITAR) AND WE'RE GOING TO REHEARSE SOON

I GOT AN 100 IN MY TORTS MOOT, IT'S THE HIGHEST MARK I'VE EVER RECEIVED IN LAW SCHOOL

MY BARISTA GAVE ME A FREE COFFEE LAST WEEK

FELL ASLEEP LISTENING TO A PODCAST AND FORGOT TO SET MY ALARM, BUT LUCKILY MY BODY CLOCK CAME THROUGH AND I MADE IT TO UNI ON TIME

THE DOWNFALL OF MY ENEMIES IS FINALLY HAPPENING. RECENTLY IT CAME TO LIGHT THAT ONE OF MY COWORKERS IS A COMPULSIVE LIAR

NEW YEAR, NEW ME?

HOW THE CRACCUM TEAM HAS TRACKED WITH THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



NANCY GUO

NANCY

Every January, we're all filled with the delusional conviction that THIS is the year that we will actually change. Researchers have found that only 9% of people complete their New Year's Resolutions. To see if that statistic is really true, the *Craccum* team has taken a moment to self-reflect and report on how well we've progressed with achieving our 2023 goals.

TALIA

SUCCESS: "SUBMIT MY CREATIVE WRITING TO BE PUBLISHED IN A MAGAZINE."

Surely, news writing for *Craccum* was creative in a way...right? In fairness, I didn't have a job at *Craccum* when I wrote that resolution, so I'm gonna tick her off.

FAIL: "SAVE \$1,000 OF MY TINY, TEENY, WEENY, PETITE STUDENT INCOME."

Does it count if I took out the Studylink \$1k course fees loan and didn't use it on books? Nancy has informed me that it does. It absolutely doesn't.

FAIL: "DON'T GO ON DATES WITH MEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING CASUAL."

Look, I've been down this path before, and I'm aware that it always ends the same way (I like to be delulu and think they'll meet me, fall in love with me, and no longer just want something casual). Did I pave the path less taken this year? Unfortunately not, but at the end of the day I'm just a girl, you know?

SUCCESS: "DESTROY THE CLOTHING TOWER CHAIR."

Who knew that if you get into the habit of actually using your clothing hangers, you can easily avoid building the eighth wonder of the world in your bedroom?? Sometimes she makes a re-appearance, but thankfully not to the scale that would have future civilisations deeming it a human engineering marvel.

FAIL: "READ 50 BOOKS BY THE END OF THE YEAR."

My GoodReads app has unfortunately joined the group of apps I actively avoid opening on my phone for my "wellbeing," which also include ASB Mobile Banking and Canvas Student. I started off the year so ambitious and strong, clocking in 24 books by the end of March. But then I went travelling, where I didn't turn on my Kindle once, even though I had ample opportunity to read with the many hours I was stuck on trains and buses. It turns out it's pretty hard to read when you're not very good at staying awake on public transport. Then I came back to full-time study, and having to read hundreds of pages of academic literature every week really dampens your appetite to read.

However, not all is lost! Thanks to the lovely life hack suggested by the *Craccum* editorial team, I can still squeeze in 18 books before Dec 31 if I read a shit ton of novellas over the summer break. Or I might just follow the advice of our News editor Oliver, and read *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* 18 times.

FAIL: "RUN A HALF MARATHON."

Even though I'm probably the least athletic person known to man, somehow the idea of completing a half marathon wriggled its way into my brain this year and stuck. Apart from the bragging rights, I was sick of being a couch potato and lowkey getting FOMO (I come from a family of dedicated runners).

It wasn't until I got consistent with the hobby that I began to understand the hype. As much as I hate to admit that my dad has been right all along, I can't deny that the endorphins you get from runner's high has been really helpful for anxiety management and keeping the dreaded black dog at bay. However, to get that sweet endorphins kick, sweating profusely and turning tomato-red, is unfortunately part of the deal.

For a while, I was actually on track. I'd gotten the hang of maintaining a consistent pace and breathing properly, which really helped me to run for longer distances. But then I got cocky. I started upping my weekly mileage at an overly-ambitious rate, without working on increasing my cadence, which led to me developing runner's knee. Whoops. This meant that not only was I walking kinda funny, but I was out of action for over a month. Hitting the October half-marathon deadline was officially out the window. Maybe I'll be second time lucky next year?

AMANDA**SUCCESS: "BECOMING GOOD AT DOING THINGS BY MYSELF."**

I'm an only child and I used to enjoy my own company a lot, but I feel like you lose it a little when you get older. I think I achieved my goal! I go for lots of beach walks, I've ice skated and even gone to Cornwall Park to watch the sunrise on my own.

SUCCESS: "BEING BETTER AT STANDING UP FOR MYSELF AND ASSERTING MY BOUNDARIES."

I've learned that when you learn how to say no, it's so fun. For example, when you say no to your friends trying to get you to go out, and you're all cosy and content in your bed, you feel so proud of yourself.

I broke up with a man for saying white privilege and racism doesn't exist this year. I feel like I'm on the right track!

THEEPIKA**SUCCESS: "GROW TALLER."**

"It's my only success. I swear I grew like a centimetre or two this year, I don't care what anyone says. I don't have any proof, I just feel that it's true. And it's a permanent centimetre or two. Not one of those centimetres you get in the morning when you wake up, because apparently you're taller when you wake up or something??"

FAIL: "START A GARDEN."

At the beginning of the year, I started a small garden. Then there was flooding, followed by a cyclone, and by that point my garden was dead (even though I also kept forgetting to water it).

ABBY**SUCCESS: "NOT KILL MY LANDLORD."**

Everyone email in to editor@craccum.co.nz with how proud you are of me for not violating the Geneva Conventions over a ratlord money hungry scumbag. Personal growth!

SUCCESS: "DELETE SOCIAL MEDIA."

This one is way easier than you might think! As the black abyss of loneliness grows over time, you get better and better at ignoring it. My friends wonder where I am. My parents have to read Craccum to make sure I'm alive. I'm so far behind on trends that I still think Al Plankton singing literally any song is God's gift to comedy.

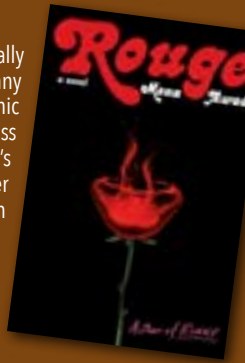
FAIL: "GET INTO WELLNESS"

I don't care what Chloe Ting, or Yoga With Adrienne, or Gwyneth Paltrow have to say—Shakti mats NEVER get more comfortable. You can pry my full-sugar pink Monster from my cold, prematurely aged dead body.

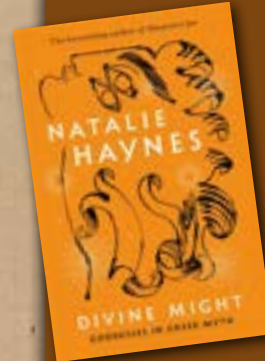
MAIRĀTEA**FAIL: "START A BLOG."**

For the last couple of years I've had big ideas about starting a scathing anonymous blog, think the Disney original television film *Rebel Radio*. Sauced in bitchy and ingenious takes I would be a bastion of hope for all. However, despite all the fucking Wix.com ads that come my way I just can't seem to get this ass up. But hey, isn't that what rambling in the editorial is for?

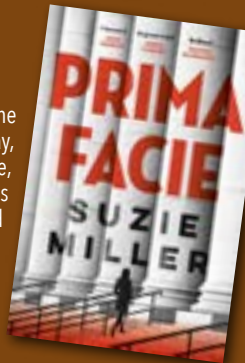
Rouge - From the critically acclaimed author of *Bunny* comes a horror-tinted, gothic fairy tale about a lonely dress shop clerk whose mother's unexpected death sends her down a treacherous path in pursuit of youth and beauty.



Divine Might - Bestselling author Natalie Haynes returns to the world of Greek myth she so wittily explored in *Pandora's Jar* and turns her focus on Olympus itself - not on the gods, but on the goddesses



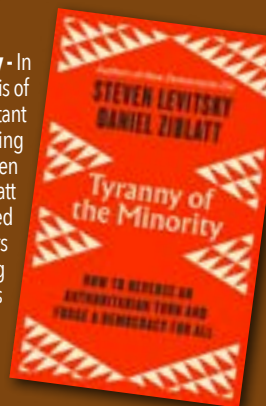
Prima Facie - Drawn from the internationally acclaimed play, *Prima Facie* is a propulsive, raw look at the price victims pay for speaking out and the system that sets them up to fail.



The Forgotten Forest - A guide to the spectacular oddities of the New Zealand forest, join bestselling author Robert Vennell on a walk through this fantastical forest, wandering through tales from history, science, and spirituality in search of these weird and wonderful species.



Tyranny of the Minority - In this razor-sharp analysis of one of the most important issues facing us today, leading Harvard professors Steven Levitsky and Daniel Ziblatt draw on their combined expertise of over 40 years to offer a dire warning about right-wing efforts to undermine multiracial democracy.



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ARTS: FANGING FOR SOME FUNDING

"Underfunding, in *my* Arts faculty?"



HADAS LIVNE

Arts students will be familiar with the frustrating feeling of watching a department they care about struggle with understaffing and budget cuts. Every year, I watch as the courses for my own major, Linguistics, are cut, under-prioritised, and taught by overworked and stressed staff. This isn't an experience unique to Linguistics, or even to UoA—Arts faculties are experiencing drastic budget cuts all over the country. But does that mean that defunding the Arts is the right decision? How are the budget cuts affecting the faculty and the students who study within it?

The Bachelor of Arts is considered by many to be a bad degree choice, whether because of employability, or because the material isn't considered as impressive as other fields. Many students I spoke with felt that this was a key contributing factor in the lack of Arts funding. However, Scarlett, in her first year of a Bachelor of Arts in English and Classics, argues Arts degrees develop crucial critical thinking and media literacy skills.

"Cultural literacy as well," she adds, "that's extremely important for an ever-changing society."

She feels that the University doesn't take the Arts seriously enough, and shared her thoughts on the decline in popularity of Arts degrees:

"The Arts have dropped off and people are more concerned about financial security in terms of their degree and employability. We live in a perniciously capitalist world, but I think that we wouldn't have that response if Arts was respected as a discipline by the University."

Next year, every course in Linguistics—both undergraduate and postgraduate—will be taught by one of two lecturers. All but two undergraduate courses will be taught by one. The department is so badly understaffed that a mandatory stage III course will be removed and waived, since there's no one to teach it.

In my first year, I asked about the lack of teaching staff in Linguistics. I was told that the University wouldn't consider hiring more staff unless one of the current lecturers retired. In my second year, one of the lecturers passed away, bringing the number of teaching staff in the department that year from five to four. The University decided not to hire any more staff.

This isn't an isolated incident. Maddox, who is double-majoring in Mathematics and Philosophy, and Antonia, who is studying Law, History and Philosophy, share similar experiences with Philosophy.

"I think one of the problems in Philosophy is also that several of the lecturers have either retired, or maybe died, and the University has just not replaced them with anyone new," Antonia says.

With only two Philosophy lecturers teaching almost every course, Antonia and Maddox feel that their course options are limited and students end up forced into topics they aren't necessarily interested in. When timetabling comes into play, Antonia's options are even more restricted.

"I've pretty much had no choice in what course I take. It's like, okay, this is the one History course that fits into my schedule, so I guess I'm doing that one."

Jasper, another Philosophy student, shares a similar perspective on the department. Many courses available when Jasper initially enrolled have since disappeared, such as Philosophy of Art and Philosophy for Children.

He adds that it "narrowed the discipline of philosophy here [...] which is a shame, because there were lots of interesting courses that I think would really help people's philosophical development."

Maddox tells me about a postgraduate Arts course last semester in which the lecturer quit halfway through the course. There were no staff to take over, so students were forced to transfer to a new course.

"The University said, you can do [this course] or you can not finish your degree. Of course, they all just took the course. They wasted an entire half a semester [...] and they were pigeonholed into this course that they may or may not have been interested in at all, just to get the credit."

The staff aren't any happier about the situation. Lecturers I've spoken to simply have their hands tied. They want more courses, more variety in content and perspective in the studies they've dedicated their lives to, but the University requires them to keep courses offered to a minimum.

April, who studies English, tells me about a lecturer she had last semester who spoke about the University cutting a lot of her courses.

"She was a bit resigned to it and was kind of talking to us like, the University doesn't really care."

Understaffing also affects the quality of the courses that remain. One Sociology student told me about how understaffing tended to result in lectorials, instead of tutorials. Lectorials, for her, mean that there is less time for one-on-one interaction and discussion. Having fewer staff to contact about the course is also a bummer, as tutors are often less intimidating than lecturers.

Echoing this sentiment was a Theology student, dissatisfied with the fact that entire courses are run only by one lecturer. This often makes the courses feel bare-bones, and classes are often cancelled. He compared his experience to Law, which he also studies, in which he feels there is a lot more support and places to go for help.

While I can't compare my own Arts experience with Law, I can compare it with Computer Science, which I also study. Courses are usually three lecture hours and one tutorial hour per week, in comparison to the two lecture hours and one tutorial hour in Linguistics. A Computer Science help room with paid tutors is open seven days a week, as well as a general Science help room on weekdays—no such service exists for arts. Where in Linguistics, lecturers run their own tutorials and mark all of the coursework themselves, the Computer Science department frequently hires undergraduates to do tutoring and marking for stage I courses, and sometimes stage II courses as well.

Next year, 16 stage III courses will be run in Computer Science, and three will be run in Linguistics. I can't even take an independent study course, because there is no one with enough time to supervise

me. Instead, I've had to brainstorm courses from other departments to take for points. I came to university to learn Linguistics, not random humanities subjects.

There is a clear difference in how the two majors are treated. The Arts faculty is gutted more and more every year. The University puts it at the lowest rung of priority; in turn, the disrespect Arts is shown academically feeds into societal attitudes about it as a degree. It creates a vicious cycle—when Arts education quality is lacking, fewer people study it, the University cuts funding due to low enrolment, and in turn further degrades the quality of the faculty.

The University has a responsibility to its students to do better. Every one of us are paying thousands every year for an education in a field we're passionate about. When that education is lacking in courses, variety, resources and support, it reflects very poorly on the University as an institution.

The Arts have much to offer us. Many Arts students study a conjoint, hoping to broaden their education and add some perspective to their knowledge in tandem with their studies of Law, Engineering, Business or Science. Gutting Arts will only serve to narrow our minds as a society.

The real question we should be asking is: Is the point of a university to increase students' employability, or is it to educate and encourage the pursuit of knowledge? As an academic institution, knowledge and education should be valuable in their own right. We should be getting quality education in any degree we enrol in.

Mental hell: what we go through living in uni halls

Things I wish I'd known about staying ok in first year

ANONYMOUS

Some thoughts from a psychology student who was thrown into the deep end of mental illness the second I arrived at UoA. I have no qualifications (yet) save for my own experience, but from what I've seen and heard mine is a pretty common one.

I went into first year halls with great expectations and absolutely no idea what it would be like. I moved from a smaller city where I was a high achieving student and a happy person in general. I'd say I was fine mentally before moving to uni, but once I got to my hall it took all of a month for me to go downhill. It became an even playing field where no matter our backgrounds, we were all sort of chucked into this hell together. It felt like a really long, really tiring school camp at first—we were just hundreds of kids who hadn't lived away from home before and really had no idea what we were doing with our lives. Then it got worse.

It wasn't all bad; I have plenty of happy memories from my first year. But those are greatly outweighed by the negative ones. I found it very hard to adapt to living with a lot of people and also trying to look after myself, and I know my friends did too. A lot of us struggled with stress or mental health issues throughout our first year. I don't think it was anyone's fault, especially not the hall staff

or the RAs or anyone in charge of uni. This isn't a complaining session about uni accommodation. Instead, I'd like to say some things I've noticed about hall life that might have made my first year easier if I'd known them earlier.

Disclaimer—I'm not an expert and I know so many people struggle with mental illness for so many reasons. This is just about things that in my experience can help your mental health stay good while living in halls, as it's an environment a lot of us have never been in before and that can be hard.

Don't ignore the warning signs!

Whether it's yourself or someone else, it can be so hard to tell what's normal and what's not ok. What I learnt from my first year is that if it's stopping you from functioning in any way, you deserve help. If someone around you isn't eating or sleeping properly, or just seems stressed and unable to keep up with their workload, chances are it's worth looking into. It might seem as little as not being able to focus on studying as well as you might expect. Even the obvious ones like crying a lot are often missed because sadly, we're all so used to seeing and feeling it. If this is happening to you or a friend, it is a good time to ask someone for help. If you're worried about someone, ask if they're ok, then when they say 'I'm fine', ask again.



Get help *EARLY*

There are so many resources out there, and from what I've seen, most of us know about them. I think the problem is knowing *WHEN* to access them—above are just a few of the signs that I wasn't ok which I completely missed. If you're noticing that you're not quite feeling great, don't wait until you're nearly dead to get help. It's not a bad thing to want to be able to function! Even if you think you should be fine, it's ok to not be. The first point of contact in halls is your RA, and usually they are amazing and want to help you (they literally have training so they know what to do in this situation). They can at least refer you on to Te Papa Manaaki (Campus Care) who can help with anything from study plans to hour-by-hour timetables so you have an action plan to try and get back to living, not just existing. Three free counseling sessions with UCHS are available, and doctors appointments hopefully won't break the bank (or at least compared to rent they won't). Knowing when to access help—as early as possible—can make living at uni a bit easier and might stop your mental health getting worse.

Find someone outside of uni to support you

I'm not talking about our peers or even the uni staff; I've found them incredibly helpful and understanding, and I appreciate the lecturers who gave me extensions or recommended aegrotats when I could barely function, let alone study enough to complete my assignments. I found that the scariest thing was trying to tell people outside of uni what was going on. I knew my parents and extended family wouldn't get it, so I hid it from them and as a result lost a whole support system. Despite our generation being very accepting and open about mental health, some people still find it a hard topic to talk about. Try testing the waters with your family to see their views, and have conversations about mental wellness early—this might make it easier for you to tell them if things do start to get tricky. Most people will want to understand and try to help you if they can. Try to find a trusted adult who you do feel safe with, and lean on them. I know we may feel all grown-up leaving home, but nothing makes you feel like a helpless little kid again more than crying alone on the floor with no 'adult' around to tell you what to do.

It gets better, I promise

Moral of the story is, it might be a lot harder living in halls than you expected or hoped. It's not that bad for everyone, but from what I've seen we all at least come into contact with someone struggling with their mental health while at uni. Living in halls just ups the chance of this by a lot, considering you're surrounded by kids freshly out of home who don't know the first thing about looking after themselves (sorry for the generalization, a lot of you are fine). To help people who do go through this mental hell, it's important to know the signs of when someone isn't ok. It's important to get help as soon as we see these signs, because there's no such thing as 'bad enough'. Try to lean on support systems outside of uni if you have them, because it can make life a lot nicer. If you don't have that, or even if you do—the RAs, Te Papa Manaaki, and UCHS are good places to start. Sending help (and sorrows and prayers), and please look out for the little first years coming through next year.

volunteer at 95bFM



Did you know that the best radio station in the entire nation is located at the top of the student union building? Even better, that radio station needs some new volunteers to help with all the sick stuff it does every day of the year! Hit us up if you have an interest in any of these areas:

- 🗣 Journalism, writing + news
- 📸 Events, photography + videography
- 🎧 DJing, visual or audio archive work
- 🎨 Designing posters + anything creative

P.S 95bFM volunteer experience looks really good on your CV



Get involved with 95bFM today! 95.0 FM across all of Tāmaki Makaurau
Visit <https://95bfm.com/news/volunteer-at-95bfm>

VAPING SUCKS. I NEED A DART

Standing up for smokers who face increasing oppression on campus at the hands of Big Vape and Big Lung Health.

BANNA HAXTER

OK guys, I get it, I saw the anti-smoking ads, I grew up with the smoke-free 2025 stickers on the classroom door, I had a lifelong smoker parent that struggled to quit, even the relatives who battled smoking induced lung cancer. Yet at 16 I was nicking mum's ciggies out of her purse because I was a cool-guy-rebel-teenager. We live in a country that on the face of it hates smoking and yet, a lot of people still do it.

I feel like the dart pipeline for many people looks quite similar. It starts with a casual puff at parties or special occasions, not really from peer pressure but curiosity. Then because tobacco really scratches that itch when you're sloshed, you get a pack of your own to take out to events. But after a while you kinda slide into the 'fuck it' point where stress makes you crave that solo smoko and just contemplate life for a bit like that pic of Ben Affleck.

I had an off and on fling with baccy for years, lessened by Covid and the cut off from the party scene, then massively boosted by working in a kitchen and having bartender friends. What really changed my direction from being a casual cig fiend to an actual smoker was an exchange in Europe (lame and typical I am aware thanks).

But, living in a place where there is essentially no stigma around smoking, where all the cool local students you desperately want to be friends with pop out in the 10 min lecture break to have a cheeky rollie—it becomes a lot more appealing. You can smoke in cafes, you can smoke in nightclubs, you can smoke at the airport, and you can even smoke inside on your own sofa if you want to, which I did. Additionally there's no parental-esque government telling you that

smoking is bad and hiking up the prices of tobacco.

So anyway, Euro summer was in full swing but my 6 months were up and I had to get cracking back at uni here in the city of sails. With my tobacco allowance maxed out from duty free I returned. I had a few months balling big, showing off my rolling skills, handing out free ciggies to pretty girls at parties and finally using that car lighter thing that most people put phone chargers in. Then, of course, I ran out. And my ass does not have \$50 to drop on a pack.

I got a vape at the dairy to tide over the nicotine cravings and to my shock found out that regular vaping fucking sucks. My lungs felt more clogged than they ever were as a smoker, and additionally it's just not as satisfying. You can have one cig and feel satiated, chilled, but I can hit a vape through the day and never feel like it's enough. So a few drained disposables later, I started thinking, man, everyone vapes here, no one can quit, and is it really a better alternative to smoking especially

when the long term health impacts are still a bit foggy?

Quitting nic is fucking hard. Not just for the physical addiction, but the existing hole that takes her place. The social hole of not making new friends while begging for durries, the post exam hoon hole, even the waiting for the bus and needing to do something with your hands hole. So while the govt and the 'smoke free' campus are doing their darndest to make us all quit, I see you sexy smokers. The vaping tide has claimed me, but the vibes of cigarettes for those of us who flirt with them remain unmatched. I personally don't think the cherry at the end of our collective darts will be snuffed out by cost or stigma. It's a rooted part of society even if the slice of smokers shrinks.

I guess all this is to say: fuck vaping, even in her grasp I will never stop thinking about the sweet embrace of my true love—rollies. So next time you catch me at Shads, surely give us a puff? (pleading face emoji).



ILLUSTRATION BY FREYA JEAN







FLOODS, FUCKING DICKHEADS AND A FEAR OF WHITE PEOPLE

The Best of the Best and The Worst of the Worst:
A 2023 student arts retrospective.

CRACCUM, ET AL.

ABBY



Best: Dicks in Contemporary Art

There is a synchronicity that I have cherished in sharing the Arts Editor role with Paris this year—that is, being able to cover all our bases. Because outside of theatre, I have no credentials, and more importantly, no fucking clue what I'm talking about. This gratitude peaked at an art gallery opening event we attended earlier this year; where I, heartily wine-drunk and intellectually out of my depth, absolutely lost it at this sculpture for obvious and immature reasons. Paris somehow managed to turn euphemisms like these into a stimulating review—maybe the real arts highlights were the co-editors we made along the way.

Worst: Wayne Brown

Taking inspiration from the ever-wise, all-knowing Hera Lindsay Bird: godDAMN this dry-ass economy, no arts infrastructure, red Chris blue Chris, methane loving, grant scavenging, course cutting, black mould-ed, GST fixated, Pop Up Globe reopening, airport shares hoarding, Grant Robertson's fiscal hole ram-raiding, minimum wage, Tasty



cheese, Give A Little begging, price gouging, landlord loving, artist hating, \$20 a fortnight, tax relief calculator of a government that hates creatives! Give us a break pls!

LEWIS



Best: Engineering Revue: Scooby-Doo and the Dubious Scoop

Remarkably, some Engineering students DON'T spend their entire existence studying. This not-so-rare breed are, in fact, actually highly talented, humorous and social creatures. They crawl out of their lecture theatres, half-dead, into their hand-made cardboard Mystery Machines and scoot on down to the Sky City Theatre to perform live in front of sold-out crowds. This year's show was a non-stop hysterical blast, jam-packed with original skits, dances and even a Jazz band. The experience was made even more enjoyable by their meta-jokes and the heckling of the other faculty Revues, who were rightly jealous of how good Eng Revue was.

Worst: Student Groups

You've really earned this in 2023, you bulwark of bureaucracy. It's hard mahi ~~policing~~ guiding those 250 clubs, and I want to recognise your achievements. That humid tent was so cool at the first club's expo. But you really outdid yourself when your power tripped on

calling security on clubs taking initiative around campus. Next year, try not to exhaust the year's funding for our clubs in 6 months so new semester two clubs aren't screwed off the bat. This author hopes that under new management, you'll consider investing more into our clubs than you do on your nepotistic club awards.

NANCY

Best: Craccum Covers

Obviously, I'm probably biased, but Freya and the Visual Arts contributors have never failed to pump out a banging front cover for every issue. The other week in class, one of my lecturers was telling all of the students about how even though he supports the work of *Craccum*, he's only read one issue during his entire time at the University. But he went off about how much he loves looking at the covers every week, which was received with a series of supportive nods from the class. Pop off Visual Arts!!



Worst: "Flowers" by Miley Cyrus

Not sure if this is considered a hot take or not, but goddamn I want to crush my eardrums with my bare hands every time this song is played. And this is coming from someone who's been a Miley fan since her *Hannah Montana* days. I get that the song is meant to be empowering and all about loving your independence, but

that doesn't negate the fact that this song has me writhing in physical pain every time I hear it blasted in a mall. Miley is a vocal powerhouse, arguably possessing one of the most unique and distinct voices in the music industry today, yet her lazy ass singing on this track makes it seem like she was forced at gunpoint to record this track in the studio.

THEPIKA

Best: The Barbie Movie

I don't care what anyone says, I'm a Barbie girl in a Barbie world, and as a Barbie girl in a Barbie world, Barbie is the best thing to happen to everyone.

Worst: Central Cee Dancing on Tik Tok

LOL.

ALEX

Best: The Writers Won!

A few issues ago, I reported on the then-ongoing writers and actors strike in Hollywood. I'm very happy to report that the writers closed a deal with the studios just a couple of weeks ago—and they got what they wanted! Writers in Hollywood now have better pay, better residuals, better working conditions, and protection against AI, which is a massive, massive win for creatives looking to break into film and television. Here's hoping the actors are able to pull off something similar.

Worst: Commerce Bros Worshipping AI "Art"

I am, to my eternal shame, actually a business student. Pressured by my parents into studying something which would provide a stable career (read: not arts), I signed up for marketing, thinking that it would at least be a creative form of commerce. I have never been more wrong in my entire life. Earlier this year, we had a guest-lecturer talk to us about "the wonders of AI" and show us frankly horrific "art" he'd made in Mid-Journey. On and on he went about how much money this colourful computer-vomit would save him compared to hiring real creatives, seemingly completely oblivious to just how bad his "work" looked. Truly ghastly.

TREVOR



Best: De Humani Corporis Fabrica was the best film @ NZIFF 2023

NZIFF 2023 had some bangers, but De Humani Corporis Fabrica takes the cake for giving me such eye-peeling shivers (literally!) the entire way through. Set in multiple hospitals around France, the film mostly features extremely graphic documentary footage of the human anatomy undergoing surgical procedures (i.e. needles in eyes, metal extraction tubes jammed inside a dude's peen, live C-section childbirth, embalming corpses, etc.). It's horrific, yet beautiful. Repulsing, yet alluring. Incredibly abstract, yet soberingly and physically real. An out-of-body experience primarily occurring within the corporeal human body. 5 "audible gagging of audience members inside the theatre's out of 5.

Worst: Past Lives is overrated 'yellow romance'

I also saw Past Lives at NZIFF, but I guess my first generation immigrant ass knows what a boring hunk of 💩 this A24 indie Korean romance movie set in America actually is. Imagine being such a lonely, heartbroken narcissist to find this story of two bland, heterosexual individuals mulling about doing nothing about their inert "platonic" relationship compelling. This shit has less drama than your average K-drama with lots of unnecessary long takes. Who cares about growing Asian migration and postcolonialism when you can neoliberal girlboss your way through heartbreak? 인연 my ass. Move on.

PARIS



Best: Overcoming My Fear of Old White People

I don't think I can fully articulate the visceral fear I felt when attending my first few gallery openings and realising that I was, by far, the youngest person there. Each of these events were tinted by the belief that I wouldn't be able to fully assimilate until I'd hit 45. Thankfully, repeated exposure to members of Gen X taught me that, while in a gallery setting, they can't hurt me (at least not physically).

Worst: Not Being Able To Include Every Contributor

Yeah, it's super cheesy; I'm not happy about it either. I went into this with the intention of having a funny 'worst' (or ripping on the University for its sub-par arts building) but reading through the pieces we were submitted this year was genuinely such a special experience and one I really want to express my gratitude for. UOA is absolutely brimming with talented writers and everytime we put the call out, we received so many fantastic pieces. Just know if you sent anything in, regardless of whether it was published or not, I am obsessed with you and think you're really cool.

Honourable mentions:

Amanda asking "what's a Mr Beast" during a Craccum meeting

Subsequently watching Mr Beast videos during a Craccum meeting

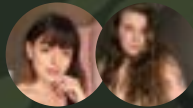
Receiving this email from Abby:





Paris and Abby's Survival Guide

To getting through arts events without having breakdowns.
Or at least keeping them to a minimum.



PARIS AND ABBY

Wonder Why They Invited You To This

Get sent an invitation far above your social standing and writing qualifications. Feel like a #bossbabe who's #killingit at this #biggirlgig doing #juststudentjournalistthings. You're not on Tumblr anymore, now people might actually maybe read your half-baked opinions! Reply to the email, put the event in your Google Calendar, and try and save the breakdown about how little you actually know about whatever you're now obligated to review, until after the deadline. - Abby

Plan Your Outfit

The "I have absolutely nothing to wear" dilemma is something that borderline debilitates me every single morning. Thus, my innate inability to pull together a satisfactory outfit combined with the pressure of attending launch parties, gallery openings, and, in particular, fashion week has contributed to a fair few nervy b's this year. For those of you facing the same issue, here's what the last six months have taught me:

Invest in a nice pair of loafers. This is particularly helpful when the dress code is ambiguous (as it often is), and you don't want to commit to the extremes of heels or sneakers.

Only dress in a manner outside of your comfort zone if you aren't prone to bouts of anxiety or a fear of being perceived. I'm all for self-expression, but going all out for an event that might already intimidate you is a great recipe for needing to leave early.

If all else fails; maxi skirt and long-sleeve top. Boots or loafers.

Thank me later. - Paris

Plan Your Entrance

Redirecting your anxieties in order not to confront your social insecurities is ALWAYS healthy. Just be sure not to channel it into checking the bus timetable, lest you end up at the venue 45 minutes before the show starts with nowhere to turn. Heed my words: they may be third spaces, but that doesn't make them safe spaces. And most of us can't pull off a solitary beer in the corner in a "mysterious and chic arts writer" way, we look like we've been stood up for a date. The infallible option is to loiter in the carpark until approximately seven minutes before the event begins—the perfect timespan to show your ticket, line up for a drink, and get your ass in your seat just before the show starts with no room for looking like a loser. Believe me—I've timed it. - Abby

Pre-Game, But Pace Yourself

I live by the motto that if you're a nervous person, the first drink at an event doesn't count; it just helps with standard social functioning. Pro tip: get it down before you arrive. Am I endorsing drinking as a coping mechanism? Maybe a little, unintentionally, but this is my last issue, and I will face no repercussions. Send through your complaints if you want, I will not be here to read them. When you do roll up, comfortably buzzed, there'll likely be an open bar that I recommend taking full advantage of, though I feel I should clarify that taking full advantage doesn't mean getting sloshed. This is not the place to start shotgunning cans, guzzling wine, and unintentionally raising your 'inside' voice by a few decibels. Save that for the afterparty. Or Shadows. Or just don't do it. - Paris

Be Aware Of Your Surroundings

Look both ways before crossing the road, and make sure your head can swivel around 360° in any room where there is likely to be an event photographer, several of your exes, and/or Wayne Brown. Such is the way in Auckland arts—at least 2/3 of these potential disasters will be at any given book launch, gallery opening, show premiere. Often you'll be forced to pick the lesser evil, and end up with a candid pic of you absolutely devouring a charcuterie board on some director's heartfelt Instagram post thanking everyone for coming out to opening night. Be on your guard. - Abby

Make Sure You Know What The Important People Look Like Cuz Most Arts People Look Exactly The Same

Every venue has a pretty clear-cut vibe. The higher-end joints have a lot of middle-aged women who look ready to yell at hospitality employees and men in cheese-cutter hats with the permanent expression of someone ready to interrupt you mid-sentence with an "Uh, Actually..." Conversely, you have the newer galleries operating with the input of Gen Z employees. Think K-Road chic; Doc Martens, vintage clothing and film cameras functioning as a perpetual appendage. What I'm trying to say here is that a lot of arts-folk dress pretty similar. If you want to network with someone specific, search for them on Google Images before you approach the wrong person. - Paris

Smile and Wave, Bogs

Realistically, you don't have to have even the slightest clue about the media you're consuming until about two hours before the review of it is due to go to print, and you haven't started writing it. That's the time for the real research, but in the moment, you still need to at least look the part. The part being, even vaguely looking like you understand what's going on around you. Luckily, the formula is simple: nod every once and a while, stroke your imaginary goatee, and don't be afraid to throw out buzzwords like Kafkaesque or postmodernism or economy—I can guarantee most people will also be looking for an intellectual liferaft to cling to, and will just agree no matter what you say. - Abby

Have A Tactical Plus-One Pick

I cannot stress the importance of choosing a suitable plus one when attending these events. Pick someone too social, and you'll be left in a corner to watch them mingle. Pick someone too reserved, and you'll be catching yourselves in the backgrounds of event

photos, arms folded and genuine fear in both of your eyes. The sweet spot is someone you're close with, who runs in similar circles and won't abandon you to spend 30 minutes with an acquaintance they met at another gallery. And while it's tempting to show off having your name on the door, these events aren't a potential date spot for someone you just started seeing, especially if you're not comfortable attending them yet. You can brag about it later if you're into that. Bit cringe, though. - Paris

The Aftermath

So you've made it through your first event; you're back home, tucked up with your computer and ready to start on the write-up. The first order of business is to ask yourself, "Would I want to be invited back?"

Yes: Ruh roh! Looks like you've got some actual work to do. Get cracking on those glowing artist profiles, dive into that subtext, really let that historical context linger. Make sure that you tag everyone you want to schmooze with in future in the hopes they like your mention of them in your story and say nothing else. For realises though, unless you're a real

Debbie Downer it should be easy to find enough positives to fill the page—and that's coming from me, who considers herself a hater first and a balanced critic second! But be truthful, be well-rounded, be all the good things so that *Craccum* can't be accused of giving out unethical writing advice. Not that I care, last issue baby!

No: Congratulations! You're now free from the journalistic politics that skew almost every review you see in the mainstream media. Go as hard as you want (within reason); you now have complete liberty to articulate every brutal thought that entered your sceptical little mind. This being said, *please* don't be a dick. I guarantee that the artists behind whatever event you attended have worked extremely hard to produce what's on offer. If you're going to criticise someone, go for the big cheeses—the uppity curators that only platform certain types of artists, creators putting forth work that trivialises big issues or those whose content perpetuates harmful stereotypes. Don't write negative reviews for the sake of writing negative reviews; that's Reddit-scouring edge lord behaviour. Very cringe.

CRACCUM IS HIRING

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO SHAPE AUCKLAND STUDENT MEDIA AS THE CRACCUM EDITOR(S) FOR 2024

We are on the hunt for our next Editor (or pair of co-editors) to lead Craccum for 2024 and set the magazine's agenda for another year of success. This is the chance for someone with a passion for journalism and a strong vision of what a student magazine should deliver to make their mark. This is a paid position.

To find out more and apply scan the QR Code or go to:
<https://forms.gle/AUoAPjtsN9ccivZs6>

Note: To apply you must have been enrolled as a student at the University of Auckland during the 2023 academic year (part-time enrolment is fine). You will need to apply from a valid UoA email account.



AT NIGHT ALL BLOOD IS BLACK

*We would swim all the way to Mahurangi
in my day
run laps of lapped water and return
full cups still young
at the end of it
with so long still until sundown*

*Your brother and you
have turned back before the buoys
every time
run circles of the shoreline even now adult
neck high
so much older than I ever imagined you being*

*I could never make you less afraid of the dark
so you'll damn learn to tread water in it*

*Did you know you can drown on dry land
the water can sit in your lungs for hours
before it kills you
if I sit in the water wrinkling
will it eventually lay down dead*

*a body to bring home in cupped hands
a gap toothed fist full-bloodied sand*

*hard to know where you can stand
when the sea and sky are both
black*

*it keeps me young
dawn swim in the same waters I was raised from
look how you've grown look
so much older than when I last saw you
when I threw you in
how come you didn't float
like me?*



Abby Irwin-Jones

VICTORIA AVENUE

Lemon trees look nicer as shadows.
Sky becomes darker than the people
as the clangs and trills of builders wane.
Scalloped edges, shades drawn. Homes sit still.
Oystercatchers off by two, three blocks;
Orange beaks, eyes like papaya seeds.
No, this is not Victoria Street.
Here, the ocean taunts the avenue;
Sewage summons the sand to a sludge,
And the rancid salt slithers to the tongue.
Lemon trees look nicer as shadows.

Zosia Stevenson



Mundane days dot dead decades,
We wait for hours on end,
For the hours on end we will spend running from
the rat race.
The struggle. The trauma. The unfinished
work which will finish you off if you don't
finish it off.
Finish. Finish. Finish.
But I never asked to start.
I'm just keen to get on it.

Sip. Stay. Play up
But never pay up,
Live life on ICU's
Cause I owe you, she owes me, and you owe her
And between us we could probably buy the bar
With all that 'hidden potential we've got
stashed away for a rainy day'

Run hands through sweaty hair
With whoever else is hiding on the dance floor
From yesterdays problems.
Flick the drops into the crowd of four
Soon to be 5, cause we linking up with the
whole squad tonight,
Smoke green cigs, and red cigs and not cigs
And do nangs, and
Pop pills, mix molly with
whatever our student loan and part time job
will let us,
Ask a bro to chip a buck or two,
Get a box or two or three
To the kicks on, that go on and on and on.

Funnel back fist fulls of double browns
Double down on how much money we're spending
On this extended weekend. Sit with blood shot
eyes on
Flat Sofas we've carved our body shapes into
Leave scuff marks on thrift buys
You hope to sell later

In the heat of the bender,
Break the streak of waking up hungover cause we
still drunk
Realise you've been crashing on the bros couch
for almost a month.
Be the star you are,
Make awkward small talk
"Sorry bro, did you want me to leave?"
"Nah all good don't worry,"
"Got deadlines I need to bury."
"I'll catch you up tonight though aye?"

Don't really have a place
We call home.
We don't really have a place we feel safe,
Which is why
we are out in the first place.
Don't think about it too much
our Uber has arrived

Arrive at the next bar you'll 'study' at
Grin slyly, like the con artists we wish we
were,
Intercepting and exchanging drinks for shit
chat nobody asked for.

Keep finding the trauma you're running away
from
in the filters, between papers and the chop.
Burn it with stolen lighters until all that
remains are ashes and tears.

Throw back a healthy smoothie because the
body is a temple
And we only pillage things that we value.

Repeat the ritual, repeat the ritual .repeat
ritual

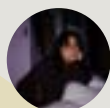
Again. And again. And again.
Until numb is normality
Normal like the trauma you're currently
holding in your bones
Know it shouldn't be there
But it is.
One day
And you'll know when it's time. To stop
numbing find me.
Till then, you're doing your best.

Eric Soakai



COFFEE TABLE ACCUMULATIONS

Unhealthy Clutter



HIWA PIAHANA

Oh, coffee tables, those insidious clutter magnets. The innocent centerpiece morphs into a chaotic collection point. Books, remotes, hair ties, and what else breeds there. A battleground of disarray, where tidiness succumbs to convenience. How did this symbol of living room elegance become a dumping ground for life's oddments? Each item, a reminder of procrastination—a tempting siren call to postpone organization. Alas, coffee table accumulations are a testament to life's unending flurry, challenging our resolve for order and tempting us to surrender to the chaos.

Let's unpack your coffee table.

Glass or mahogany, coffee or tea ring stained, ash or pencil shavings ridden, lay out your coffee table and all of its accumulations. You may take a fancy towards burnt down candlesticks and spilt wax, or maybe letters to your childhood self stacked in infrequent piles. There's a catch dish full of suppressed emotions. A notes app text on self interrogation. Conversation reruns. Romantic delusions. Nights of regret.

Crystals you don't know the meaning to but are somehow "charged". A lighter. Loose buttons. Thrifts hauls that need to be altered. The reminder that your body doesn't fit its findings. The question

to whether it's your fault or the tailors. Leftover stress eating binges.

Unwashed dishes.

Let the cute bits and pieces save your mood and let the mess push you into self doubt.

Look at the scattered mistakes and bumps and errors and moments you felt you had no control until the post-screaming epiphanies.

This is your coffee table. Well this is my coffee table at least. Every day I come home and sit down in front of my coffee table and I add another cup of coffee.



I pick up a magazine that tends to be a summary of my now second-hand embarrassment moments of the day. A recollection. That's what my coffee table is.

A recollection of my life.

Unfortunately I'm bad at organising. So as the dust builds up, as does the pain in my life. I struggle to clear it. To sift through and finally abandon some memories that have already made me what I am. Why hold on to them? That's the point of the bad ones right? To make you who you are, then slowly wither away.

I for some reason trust in myself to gaze at my shit and love it all as one but my



eyes always focus on bits in particular. The way my boobs sag, my nail beds, how quickly my shoes get run down, when my hair doesn't fall how I want it to, when my boyfriend doesn't see my point (ugh men), when my creative output isn't outputting, cold tea and broken acrylics.

So I'd like to say my coffee table gives hot girl, moody jazz, Gilmore girls, downtown scholar, shit together kinda vibe. But only on my good days does my coffee table give genuinely happy, and every other day it gives overthinker.

My coffee table represents my syndrome, whatever it is. I know I feel too much about other people and the world around me. So I catch my hand shoving coasters under other peoples issues and feelings, I don't want the minimal depression to soak into the wood.

So this is your sign to clear your coffee table. Ditch the loose strands of hair, scratched CDs, whispers of people speaking down to you, closet cries, emancipation considerations, dead flies, cobwebs of unintended mistakes, adult roles you've fallen into, teaching parenting therapy-ing, bad friends, good friends you were bad to, dead music, dead relationships.

Clean your table, cleanse yourself.

Or face caffeine withdrawal.





Confessions of a Staff Writer

WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO--FIRE US?? IN OUR FINAL ISSUE, THE EDITORS, WRITERS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF CRACCUM LET YOU IN ON WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE TO WORK FOR THE MAGAZINE--THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE DOWNRIGHT JUICY...



AMANDA JOSHUA

Was keeping a journal one of your New Year's resolutions? Maybe getting paid to do it will finally help you commit!

After faithfully keeping Craccum like my own personal diary for the past year, take it from me when I say journaling becomes a whole lot easier when you're getting paid to do it! Additionally, writing weekly articles will push you to live your life in the most colourful and exciting way possible. Why? Because you need content for that Tuesday night deadline baby!

Being staff writer also comes with the perk of having a built in excuse for all your mistakes! Hooked up with a stand-up comedian who constantly wore his cap indoors to mask that receding hairline? On the contrary--you profited off that loser by writing an article entitled: *'The Trials and Tribulations of Dating Standup Comics'*! It's all a matter of perspective! Suddenly Saturday night starts tasting like...maybe I will go on a bender...and ask strangers in the club about their relationship with their fathers! What an intriguing expose!



THE DARK SIDE...

It's all fun, games and exploiting your friends for content till you find yourself viewing every aspect of your life as a journalistic opportunity. Beware of worshipping at the altar of the content-whore gods! Tempting as it may be to personally berate your ex for their leanings during the Politics Issue, or add in the sordid tale your friend spilled to you last night, don't go selling your soul (or getting sued).

Some things to keep in mind when interviewing friends for your articles:

- People don't like having their secrets plastered all over the internet (huh, weird...)
- Always obtain consent (incidentally, the best established defence to a defamation claim)
- Become familiar with the Defamation Act 1992
- Always change names, refrain from mentioning physical characteristics, and mask any identifying features

My personal Roman empire: Writing a piece titled *'I can't help it, I love the way men love'* for Masculinity issue--the same week I was going through a break up with an Andrew Tate fanboy. Proving beyond a doubt, that in this gig--your own emotions must sometimes be set aside in the pursuit of great reporting! (On the bright side, there's nothing like interviewing UoA students, and hearing the numerous, wonderful ways the men in their lives show them love to restore your faith in the whole ordeal!)

THE DOWNRIGHT JUICY...

Working for us means you have license to go up to random uni students ('Hey there, I'm from Craccum') and interview them (ask intrusive questions/ just be straight

up nosy). After all, snooping (asking someone about the worst thing they've ever done) sounds a lot more legitimate when you add 'it's for an article!' to the end of your sentence.

Some salacious things I learnt about UoA students this past year:

- One of you lost your virginity to 'Mind Mischief' by Tame Impala--banger! (pun intended)
- One of you bullied a kid all through school for being... American (I have to laugh)
- And my favourite response when asking for your go-to coping mechanisms: "having a wank and a cry" (simple but effective)

You will also get access to insane opportunities like backstage passes to NZ Fashion Week or meeting/ writing about your favourite local artists for Music issue. Pro tip: get your name on that run sheet before your teammates snag the interview with Chloe Swarbrick in the Politics spread!

THE GOOD: "TO LOVE IS TO BE CHANGED"

Your co-workers will truly be the coolest, most creative and talented bitches you will ever meet. Their outfit game will make you start frequenting K-road thrift stores. Their niche hobbies will have you up at 3 am attempting to bake your own bread or design your own jewellery. To work at Craccum is to be changed. Amongst our staff this year alone; a NZ comedy fest icon, O'Rorke legend/ self-professed advocate of 'floor-cest', and an editor who can 3D print the solutions for all your shitty student flat problems. From artists to poets, you will be surrounded by inspiring people who will make you want to write, create and be better.

EDITORS - Mairatea Mohi and George Brooker

The good: "Getting accosted outside of munchy mart by overzealous puzzle enthusiasts, it's nice to know you care! We also can't help but love it when a particularly funny complaint comes through (we only got three--do better next year!)"

The ridiculous: "Our boss went missing during O'Week. While it was a pain in the ass, we live for the drama! Huge shoutout to AUSA prez Alan for spending a semester doing someone else's job alongside his own."

The bad: "That one time our budget got cut. And not being able to hire everyone we wanted to..."

SOCIAL MEDIA EDITOR - Theepika Arunachalam

The good: "The joy I get from being mean on social media. I feel so powerful".

The bad: "Receiving messages telling me that the Craccum puzzle answers are wrong. What kind of losers do the Craccum puzzle? (although if I'm being honest gaslighting our readers about said puzzle answers was also a highlight)".

VISUAL ARTS EDITOR - Freya Jean

The good: "Being able to highlight lots of cool local artists and give them a platform."

The bad: "Not hanging out with your coworkers enough."

FEATURES EDITOR - Nancy Guo

The good: "It's cheesy, but the people!! Student media is full of incredible, creative and witty individuals who've always got something to say. I'm super grateful for everyone I've met."

The bad: "Probably writer's block, sometimes it's hard to crank out the words when you're having a no-thoughts brain-empty week."

ARTS EDITORS - Abby Irwin-Jones/Paris Blanchfield

The good: "The ability to buy Minecraft on the Craccum card and dedicate a full article to it!"

The bad: "Not enough weeks in the year to actualise our dream of writing and releasing a song, becoming famous and doing the subsequent write-up. RIP to our vision of becoming 2023's biggest pop-star duo."

LIFESTYLE EDITOR - Sanskruti Banerjee

The good: "Getting to interview and yarn to some super cool people and hype them up in an article!"

The bad: "Random people being like OMG do you write for that magazine, it's not bad just sudden, secretly the hype is nice."

CHIEF REPORTER - Talia Nicol

The good: "Receiving a very *satisfying* [undisclosed] product valued at \$200 in exchange for a review in [undisclosed] issue."

The bad: "Only receiving one free undisclosed product all year. Where are the rest of my brand deals?"

In the interest of being even handed-- sure, joining Craccum may come with its challenges (being hot, illustrious and

published). But it's THE platform when it comes to writing about the things that matter to you. If you want to get educated on policy issues that affect sex workers or our trans whanau or even launch an investigation into the mistreatment of students in your faculty--monetise that urge and get paid to do this important research! Your voice will be truly heard and valued and it will catalyse real change (am I saying Craccum was directly responsible for the downfall of a particularly unethical lecturer this year--that's neither here nor there). Plus--there's nothing quite like the thrill of googling your name and seeing your writing pop up in the results, or having someone mention they read your article last week! Why not bottle your fleeting time at uni in the ultimate time-capsule: a lasting look of what it was like to be inside your head in these weird, wonderful years? I may leave uni behind, but my 'What your Pornhub Search Category says about you' article will live on as my legacy (no regrets).

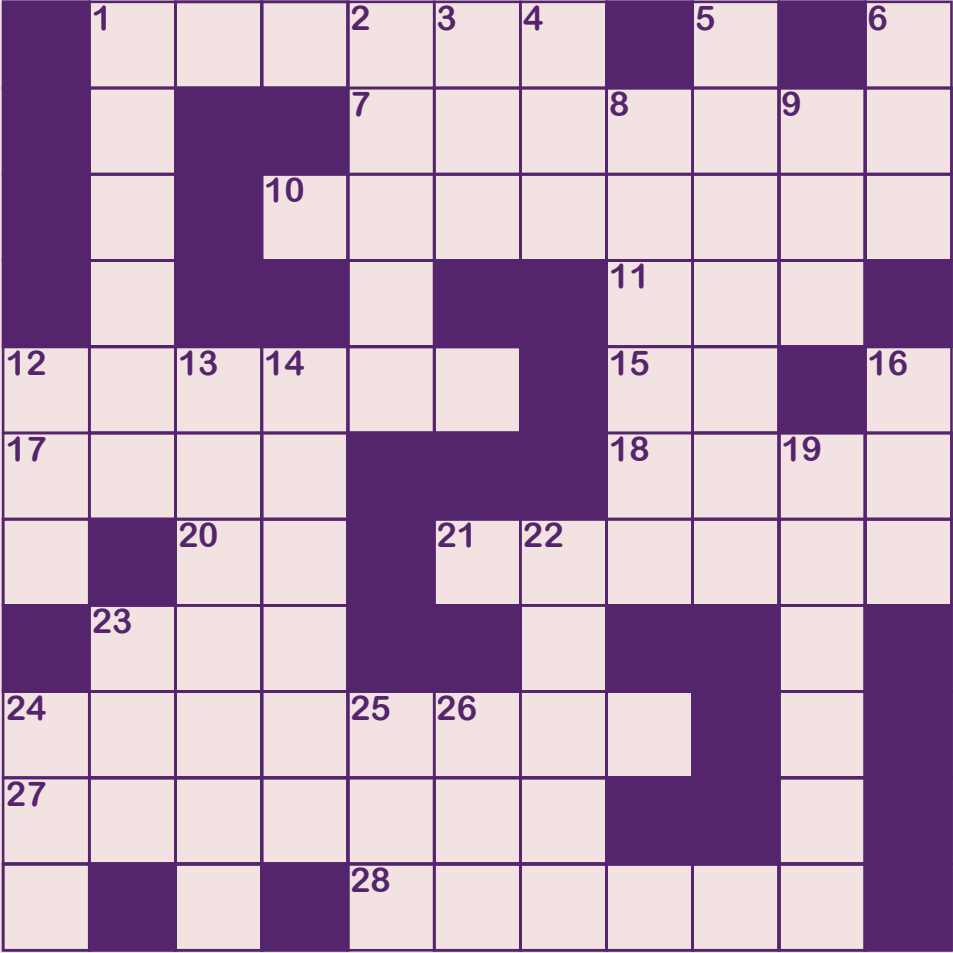
From all of us on this year's Craccum team, it has been a privilege to write for you and badger you with our annoying questions! We can't wait to see what next year's talented bunch do in this incredible creative space! (We're talking about YOU! Go apply right now!)

HOT GOSSIP!



ILLUSTRATION BY FREYA JEAN

BGLLXQE



Down

- 1 Cancelled
- 2 Warning signal
- 3 Understand
- 4 Tic-tac-toe loser
- 5 Would beat this page any day
- 6 United
- 8 Convert to charged particles, in the US
- 9 Stop ___ dime
- 12 Chest protector for babies
- 13 Comfort
- 14 Hawaiian hellos
- 16 Silent talk, in the IJS
- 19 Pearl harborer
- 22 Eight English Kings
- 23 Under the weather
- 24 Skim milks lack
- 25 Text-To-Speech
- 26 Actor McKellen

Hvoby mci tcf pswebu o dofh ct qfoqqia wb 2023.
Ks vcfs mci vojs sbxcmsr hvs dinnzsg gsqhwcb
(sjsb kvsb hvsm kfsf o pwh tiqysr id). Mci qob
hvoby Czwjsf tfca Bskg tcf dinnzs rsgwub
obr Uscfus tcf hvs zomcih
(obr tiqywbu hvsa id acgh ct hvs hwas zcz)
Uccr ziqy tcf sloag!

Across

- 1 Highlight in Code Cracker
- 7 Dictionary
- 10 Desert planet of “Star Wars”
- 11 Code-cracking org.
- 12 Turned into
- 15 Exists
- 17 False god
- 18 Animal parks
- 20 “No”, in Italian
- 21 Actress Ladd
- 23 “Sort of” suffix
- 24 Being buoyed up by the water
- 27 Smash Mouth Hit
- 28 “Justice League” take two, director

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9		2	3		5		7	8

HOROSCOPES



ARIES

As the year wraps up, your energy is at its peak. You'll charge into the final days with enthusiasm and determination. Take this opportunity to accomplish any remaining goals and set the stage for an exciting new year.

LIBRA

It's your season, baby! Relationships will take centre stage. Seek harmony and balance in your interactions with others. Open, honest communication will lead to deeper connections.



TAURUS

Your patience and steadfastness will serve you well during exams. Stick to your study routine, take breaks when needed, and remember to reward yourself for your hard work.

SCORPIO

I'm so sorry your birthday is during exam season. Maybe if you ask Dawn Freshwater nicely she'll give you a passing grade as a B-Day treat?



GEMINI

Geminis, you'll find a sense of completion as the year ends. Reflect on your achievements and consider your next steps. This is a perfect time for setting fresh goals and making exciting plans for the future.

SAGITTARIUS

Sagittarians, your wanderlust is out of control. Remember, you can't travel to every corner of the earth every time you get hurt. Try exploring a new cafe instead?

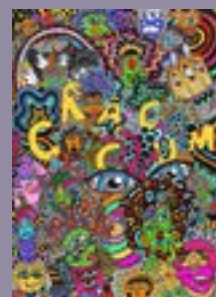


CANCER

Your nurturing nature is in high demand. Focus on family and loved ones. Emotions may run high, so communicate openly and provide the support that others need.

CAPRICORN

Corn. Yum.



LEO

You're the star of the show, and you know it. Just don't let your ego get so big that it has its own gravitational pull. Remember, even the sun takes a break now and then.

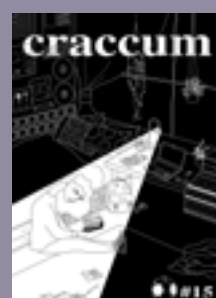
AQUARIUS

Your unconventional thinking is refreshing, but your out the gate ideas are scaring everyone. Normal is nice too y'know.



PISCES

Pisces, you swim through life with a fin-tastic blend of intuition and empathy. Just remember, it's okay to have a whale of a time once in a while!



VIRGO

This exam season, your attention to detail will be your strength. Use your analytical skills to meticulously review your notes and prepare. Your dedication will pay off.

Ways you get exam anxiety to f#ck off.

- ☐ tiktok doom scroll
- ☐ scream out your stress inside the library (then run away)
- ☐ cry a little bit
- ☒ take BraveFace CoolHead stress relief remedy



2 sprays for rapid calm and focus in times of stress or nerves.

Enter code **COOLHEADAU** for \$5 off at **BraveFace.com**

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