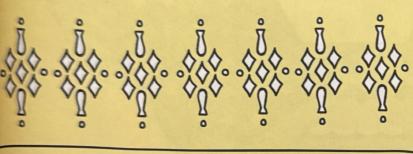


UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND

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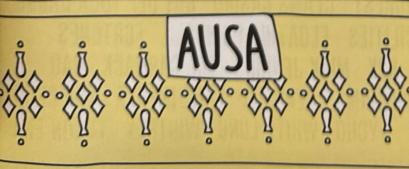
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mayoral streep L LOCAL FLECTIONS ARE A-GO, SO LET CRACCUM BE YOUR GUIDE. PAGE 07.

the ausa-ville horror

WELL. NOT REALLY, BUT WE DID HAVE
GHOST HUNTERS AT UNI. PAGE 18.

auck-some activities



9AM SEPT 21

AUCKLAND · MONDAY JAN 30 · ALBERT PARK PRECINCT
(AUCKLAND ANNIVERSARY DAY)

AURORA - BOB MOSES - CAR SEAT HEADREST - CLAMS CASINO - CUT OFF YOUR HANDS DMA'S - FAZERDAZE - FLIGHT FACILITIES - FLOATING POINTS (LIVE) - FORTUNES GLASS ANIMALS - JULIA JACKLIN - K2K - MICK JENKINS - MR. CARMACK - NAO NICK MURPHY (FACE) - NIKOLAI - PURPLE PILGRIMS - REFUSED - TAME IMPALA - THE CHILLS THE JULIE RUIN - THE VEILS - TOURIST - TYCHO - WHITE LUNG - WHITNEY - YUKON ERA

LANEWAYFESTIVAL.CO.NZ #LANEWAY2017

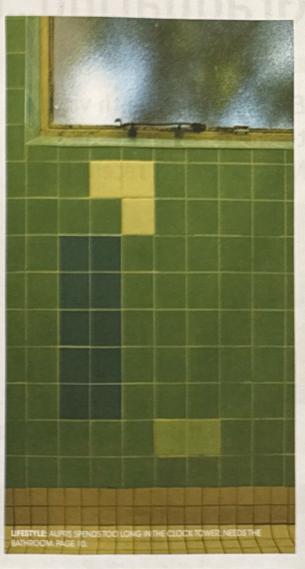
WIDODA GETTE

COLIN

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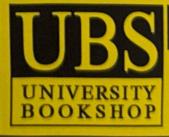
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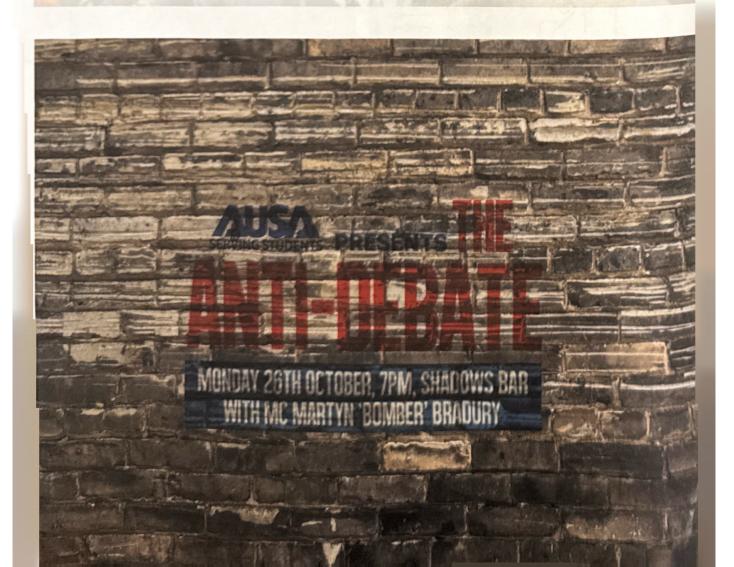
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sperm count

or, donating sperm: by the numbers or, cumming soon or, jizz do it!

or, a jizz in the cup is worth two in the bush or, I gotta fever, and the only cure is more semen!

or, why you should just man up and wank into a container

> CAITLIN ABLEY AND MARK FULLERTON EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

Mark woke in a fit of terror. He glanced over at the clock. The slightly irradiated face stared back, flickering slightly. 2:47. AM? Probably. He peeked out the window but couldn't hear any birds. Yup, definitely AM. He rolled onto his back and stared up at the slats.

Mark: Caitlin. Caitlin, wake up.

Caitlin: Mark, we can't keep doing this. Faux conversation is such a lazy narrative device, we've both used it in different editorials, and the last time you used it you literally started with you waking me up. You've used the exact same opening paragraph.

M: No, but this time it's different. This time we're about to engage in a conversation that will be light-hearted and entertaining but also shine light upon the drastic shortage of sperm donors in New Zealand. You ask me leading questions and I'll reply with important information. I'm thinking that maybe there'll be a twist at the end and it turns out that we're actually sperm, and the whole conversation is taking place inside a testicle.

C: No. I am not a sperm, and I refuse to be cast as such. And twist endings are shit. They stopped being cool after M Night Shyamalan's 2004 film The Village.

M: Funny you should say that, because 2004 was the year the Human Assisted Reproductive Technology (HART) Act was passed, the Act which governs all sperm and egg donations in the country.

C: Don't you fucking dare-

M: Look, the sooner you go along with it the sooner we can sleep. Please Caitlin – if you're not going to write the editorial then the least you can do is help me out with it.

C: ...fine. But can't you just list the things you want to say?

M: h8r. ok

20-45, the age you need to be.

3 initial meetings before you begin donations. First a consultation, where you provide a sample for testing. They test your sperm count, motility, and the ability of your sperm to be frozen and 'washed'. If you're rejected for the last two reasons, no stress. You'll still be able to have kids of your own, but just don't try store your sperm in a freezer (not that I recommend storing your sperm with the Frujus anyway). If you're rejected for the first two reasons, that's not as good, but at least you know now and can save lots of stress and money later on when/if you decide to try for a bub of your own. Then they have a range of counselling and shit to go over, so you do that, then you donate for reals.

6 months, the period over which donations normally occur.

10-15 times, the amount of times you'll donate over those six months.

3 days, the recommended time of sexual abstinence required before donating (not a problem for some of us lol).

C: Do ya reckon that's so you pop real quick when it comes time to donate? They don't have forever, you know. M: Be quiet. I'm trying to educate.

4 families, the maximum amount of families that sperm is given to in order to reduce chances of incest later on.

\$0, the cost of the process for the donor

\$30, the amount paid for each donation as travel reimbursement. While paying someone for their sperm is waaaay illegal, this doesn't apply to travel reimbursements, apparently.

Not much, the amount of donated sperm in the country.

Heaps, both what they need and what you have.

M: Someone with a long term partner needs to get their permission in order to donate their sperm, and the form keeps saying 'we agree' to donating sperm. Is that weird or not weird?

C: Weird weird weird. Like, it would be polite to tell her, but why does she own your sperm?

M: Whatever though. I think I'm going to do it.

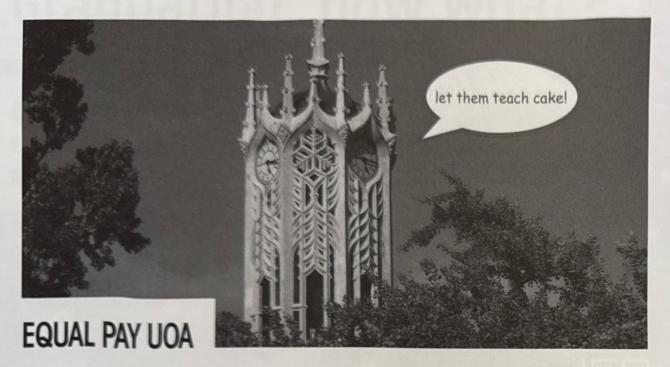
C. But Mark... how can you donate sperm if you are a sperm?

"Mark explodes in an existential shitstorm"

C. Mark that is exactly how I ended my last faux conversation editorial. Do you have no original bones in your body?

M: I am a sperm, and sperm do not have bones. Go away.

If donating sperm seems like a lil' bit o'you, head over to the Fertility Associates website and fill out the form. Go on. Fap for the nation.



University staff briefly went on strike last week, in order to protest extended pay negotiations. The hour-long strike took place from 12pm-1pm on Thursday 22 September. Spokespeople from the Tertiary Education Union (TEU) says that the problem stems from the University's unpopular performance-pay system, "Evolve".

"Evolve" forces employees to compete with each other for a limited number of year-end bonuses. If employees work in a department that has run out of money by the end of the year, they are automatically ineligible for a bonus of any kind. The TEU claims that that system has disproportionately locked staff members out of pay increases and promotions.

According to a Union spokesperson, only about 15 percent of professional University staff have received any sort of meaningful pay increase since the system was implemented. The figures are even lower in the overall University workforce – less than 9 percent qualified in the latest salary review. Compounding the problem is the fact that the University's professional staff salary scales have "the lowest starting rate and the lowest top rate of any university in New Zealand, apart from Lincoln".

The TEU has been negotiating with the

University for reforms to that pay structure since June, as part of an attempt to help staff members who feel that they have missed out. The University has refused to take part in those negotiations, saying that major financial decisions, including pay increases, cannot be committed to until after budgets are completed in October. The University of Auckland is the only major University in the country to have such a policy.

The hour-long mini-strike follows other pieces of minor protest action from University staff.

Last month, staff members attending the University Open Day brought the issue up with potential students. ■

WINSTON WANTS TO WIN YOUR VOTE

NZFIRST ARE PROMISING FREE UNIVERSITY EDUCATION TO STUDENTS WHO STAY IN THE COUNTRY AFTER THEY FINISH THEIR DEGREE.

The proposal would move University education over to a "Skill Debt" system. Students would be obliged to pay back their education by contributing to the workforce, with each year of full employment paying off a year of study.

Students who elect to move overseas can do so, but will have to pay their debt in the traditional

manner, with the associated rates of interest.

The announcement is part of a wider NZFirst policy package, which includes removing parental means testing from Student Allowances, removing restrictions that stop students from accessing accommodation benefits that they would otherwise qualify for under the Social Services Act, and a variety of changes designed to encourage employers to employ new graduates.

NZFirst's policy comes with a price tag of \$4.6 billion per year.

This year has been a big year for the "free tertiary education" movement in New Zealand.

Last month, Labour announced a policy that would wipe the debt of any student that took

Public Service jobs in rural areas. Further, at the beginning of this year, they also made a pledge to offer New Zealand students one free year of Tertiary Education for each election the party wins.

[news ed: that means to get a free commerce degree you'd have to wait TEN YEARS to be able to start, im not going to be at uni in TEN YEARS andrew little].

Meanwhile, the Green Party has committed to both introducing some form of free tertiary-education *and* exploring debt-forgiveness schemes.

The National Party maintain that any similar policy would be both incredibly expensive and ultimately ineffective. ■



They are the second major New Zealand University to make a move on the issue – behind Victoria University of Wellington – leaving the University of Auckland the largest tertiary institution in the country to have not made any major progress on the issue.

The decision was made at last Tuesday's University Council meeting, and follows more than two years worth of campaigning by Fossil Free Otago Uni, Otago's on-campus pro-divestment lobby group. A spokesperson for the University said that the change wouldn't affect existing investments – the University Council has reportedly never invested

in any of those areas, and the change was more intended to clarify existing language around the Council's existing ethical investment policy.

The changes were integrated into a scheduled revision of Otago's ethical investment rules. The updated policy also now explicitly prevents direct investment in the production or distribution of alcohol, tobacco or munitions. The University says that the move was intended to reflect the University's values, as well as help bring the Council's policy in line with the policy of the Otago University's Foundation Trust. The Foundation Trust made the decision to divest midway through last year – after they themselves were the subject of a Fossil Free Otago Uni pro-divestment campaign throughout most of 2014. The Foundation Trust is responsible for managing donations, bequests and sponsorship funds for the University.

As part of that campaign, twenty-four senior academics lobbied the University for the change during most of the previous year. A 1000-signature-strong petition was also prepared and handed to the trust.

Divestment was brought in front of the University of Auckland Council for the first time earlier this year. The policy has the official support of AUSA, with current AUSA President Will "I miss the nicknames" Matthews speaking in favour of the policy in his official capacity as Student Representative to the University Council. The Council ultimately declined to vote on the matter at that meeting. Instead, the Chancellor moved to pass the issue to the chair of the University of Auckland Foundation for "further consideration".

MAYORAL STREEP: CURTAINS RAISED ON LOCAL BODY ELECTIONS

Local Body Elections have started!

Voting opened on Friday 16 September – just over a week ago – and closes at noon on Saturday 8 October. The following article is a primer, for any #millennials who might be #first #time #voters, and who have no idea what they're doing.

Local Body Elections are held through *Mail Voting*. That means that you'll have to check your letter box for voting papers. If you have checked your mail box, and you haven't received your voting papers, you can contact the electoral office by calling 0800 922 822.

If you are not registered to vote, there's still time. Those who register before 4pm Friday 7 October can still cast a "special vote". The voting paper itself is divided into (as many as) five categories.

<u>MAYOR</u> - The Mayor heads the council. [news ed: you go to university, if you conceptually don't understand what a mayor is by this point, perhaps it's best if you don't vote.]

Ward Councillor – Wards are the electoral seats of Local Body Elections. Ward Councillors make up the Governing Body, along with the Mayor and Deputy Mayor, and are the ones making Auckland-wide policy decisions.

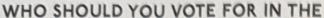
<u>Local Board Member</u> – Local Boards manage #local #issues, essentially serving as a mediator between local residents and the Council.

District Health Board - District Health Boards manage the provision of Health (duh) and Disability services. There are three in Auckland - the Auckland District Health Board services the central city, Counties Manukau services most of South Auckland, and the Waitemata District Health Board services the North Shore.

Licensing Trust – Licensing Trusts are in charge of issuing licenses (duh) for the sale of alcoholic beverages in a particular area. Only certain parts of the city are managed by a Licensing Trust, so not everybody will be eligible to vote for one.

[news ed: we've included generation zero's recommendations for mayor over the next two pages, we've done so because their recommendations are pretty good, and because actually learning about all this stuff is hard, however, their opinion isn't the ONLY opinion on the matter. showyourlove.co.nz (a council website) allows your to compare candidates by their positions on key policy areas - including transport, housing, sustainability, health policy and arts funding, votelocal. nz only focuses on the mayoral candidates, but is incredibly easy to use (just a bunch of sliders). the team over at the spinoff have also endorsed candidates, albeit based in part off the gen zero rankings. if none of THOSE tickle your fancy, the voting form comes with a little booklet filled with little descriptions of all the candidates, you're spoilt for choice.]

#PLEASE #VOTE #THANKS



Auckland Elections?





WE ASKED ABOUT THREE THINGS

AFFORDABLE HOUSING







Every candidate has been interviewed and scored on their ideas and ability to improve Transport, Housing and the Environment in Auckland.

A high grade indicates they match our vision of a liveable low carbon city and are a passionate champion for the big issues of our time.

MAYOR



THOMAS



Chlöe SWARBRICK





GOFF



CRONE



PALINO



BRIGHT

HOWICK







MONTGOMERY







Richard HILLS



NORTH SHORE

Danielle GRANT



Fay FREEMAN



STEWART

Anne-Elise **SMITHSON**



Grant **GILLON**

Devonport Takapuna Beach Haver Birkenhead Northcote

MANUKAU





WAITAKERE



COOPER







Brendan CORBETT



Efeso COLLINS



FILIPAINA





Suburbs in Ward Area: Mångere Bridge Mångere Mangere Ötähuhu Papatoetoe Manukau Central East Tamaki

Suburbs in Ward Area: Mission Bay Kohimarama





WATSON



WHYTE

RODNEY

ALBANT



Penny WEBSTER



GARNER

uveraaie





BRICKNELL

MANUREWA-PAPAKURA

WAITEMATA



PENROSE



WALKER

Suburbs in Ward Area: lomai Sumouth

ALBERT EDEN



HAYNES

HARRIS



CASEY

MCKEOWN



Benjamin LEE

B+



FLETCHER



Greenlai Geom



RALSTON





THOMAS

MAUNGAKIEKIE-TĀMAKI





CUMMUSKEY

HOW TO VOTE IN THE ELECTIONS

-Simply put, here's what you need to do-

1.



If you've already enrolled to vote, you'll receive a voting package in the mail in the next few days.

Tick the candidates (Mayor, Councillor. Local Board Member, DHB) you want to vote for.



Put your voting package back in the envelope and put it in your nearest mail box.

MAKE SURE YOU POST THIS BEFORE THE 6TH OF OCTOBER

FOR FULL SCORECARD DETAILS, OUR CRITERIA AND MORE INFORMATION: www.AucklandElections.nz



lifestyle

WHAT'S ON 26 SEPT - 2 OCT

Tusiata Avia's first collection of poetry is being brought to life again. Wild Dogs Under My Skirt is on this week at Mangere Arts Centre. This work treads along an intersection of Samoan and New Zealand culture and has been toured globally by Avia as a one-woman show. The work is now being expanded by a cast of six Oceanic women. Tickets from Eventfinda \$25 waged and \$20 unwaged, this will be a stunning performance.

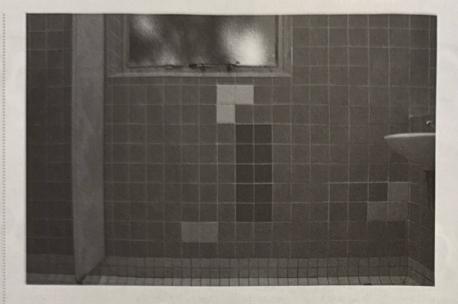
New Perspectives, this year's iteration of Artspace's annual new artists show, is open Tuesday to Friday 11-6, and Saturday 11-4. Featuring a number of University of Auckland students and graduates and curated by artworld hotstuff Simon Denny (also a UoA grad), there will be plenty to get you thinking. A special screening of video work at Academy Cinemas will be shown on Tuesday at 6pm.

From Tuesday until Saturday, you can catch Suits on at the Basement Theatre. I mean, who isn't keen for some feminist cabaret on a Tuesday night!? There is mention of red wine, confessions and some big 80s chart-toppers – all in all it sounds like a mighty good time. 6.30pm show, student tix \$20.

This Friday evening from 7pm, head down to Time Out Bookstore (upstairs) for the launch of Atlas - a literary medical journal.

Honestly not sure how these medical folk had time to pull together an entire journal, but it looks amazing. A meeting of science and arts, Atlas achieves a form that reflects life's complexity, with a shift away from the rigidity that can be present in the medical world. Wine, literature and an appreciation of the human body.

Had enough of all this culture? Do you want to cause yourself anxiety, discomfort and ultimate despair? Great! Why not head along to the grand opening of NZs first H&M store in Sylvia Park. A lovely way to spend your Saturday, but you will need to get up early—the 'Grand Opening Pre-Party' starts at 7am! Good times!



THE CLOCK TOWER FEMALE TOILETS

A few weeks back I noticed that cubicle doors at University no longer had any posters, advertisements or art on them. Instead there were blank walls and tattered paper remains, reminders of a heroic struggle by the posters to stay put. You may not have noticed. But me, being toilet obsessed and evidently having little else to think about, did notice. So I took it upon myself to print some reviews out and stick them in cubicles of corresponding toilets to add a bit of flair. The next morning a friend informed me that they had been removed. I'm not sure whether this is a University decision or the cleaners have decided to be extra meticulous. Either way, it's a shame. Cubicles are a classic little spot for students to broadcast a message, and also notoriously for others to engage with these messages (often by writing snarky responses).

After feeling a bit demoralized for a few weeks about the loss of our toilet cubicle 'art', and perhaps thinking too deeply about this situation as being emblematic of more frightening issues of the marketization of universities, or censorship, or a revitalization of broken windows theory, I decided that I needed to pick myself up and try again. I needed some inspiration. So I decided to go back to my roots, to where the toilet obsession began. I ventured into Uni in the heart of exams and crept through the Clock Tower to my favourite toilets.

I often talk about toilets being 'Instagram-worthy' in my reviews and these are the toilets that I have in mind when I say that. These are not toilets for the faint hearted. As you step in you're overwhelmed by the seemingly endless range of green tones and textures. These are the Emerald City of toilets.

One of the standout features in these toilets is the tiled wall beneath the window which features a design resembling one of the worst Tetris moves of all time.

These toilets manage to subtly reference the recognizable mix of architectural styles of the Clock Tower building; the airiness of the toilets reflects the Gothic architecture, the Art Deco style is reflected in the slightly raised tile work beneath the toilets. Most obvious however is the toilet's reference to the Clock Tower building's Art Nouveau architecture featuring references to native flora and fauna. This is reflected subtly in these toilets through the green tones, bare wooden door and marbled cubicle doors which bring to mind clouds, trees and water. Along with this the giant window connects the inside with the outside nature. These toilets are a delight, full of small yet surprising whimsical details which I highly recommend you see for yourself. Take a moment out of your day to visit; these are really, really nice toilets.

CLOCK TOWER GENERAL INFORMA-TION:

OPENED IN: 1926

ARCHITECTS: ROY LIPPINCOTT AND EDWARD BILLSON

TIPS: BE AMAZED BY THE COOL 'BENDY' DOOR OF THE THIRD CUBICLE.

WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE: YES

BAG HOOKS: YES

X-FACTOR: YES

AESTHETICS: 10/10

PRACTICALITY: 8/10

OVERALL: 9/10

AUPRS ON

FACEBOOK: AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY POWDER ROOM SOCIETY

TUMBLR: HTTP://AUPRS.TUMBLR.COM INSTAGRAM: @AUPRS

FIVE PLACES TO GO WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH

Does anyone really like the second half of Semester Two? We get excited about Spring but it's still raining and there's a lot to do and a lot to stress about. Like most of us, you will be sustaining yourself with a lot of food, alcohol and general gluttony. Personally, I'm mainly coping by eating packets of apricot Fruitli Fingers (grandma biscuits) and KitKat Chunkys (I go for bars or family share size depending on how desperate I am feeling). To help us all through these tough times I've prepared a short list of where you can go when the going gets tough:

Number one, in **your bed** eating your feelings and favourite snacks (as above).

Secondly I would recommend a trip to Sal's for two beautiful greasy cheesy slices for \$10 – dinner done. Hit them up on K Road, Queen Street or a 'burb near you.

My third suggestion is **The Chocolate Boutique** in Parnell – student friendly prices for hard-core chocolate indulgence. On my

last visit I drank pretty much none of my hot chocolate because it was so rich. This is where you go with your best friend when you need to consume a lot of chocolate. To be super clear: this is not a date spot, this is a binge spot. Alternatively go to Cereal Killa on Dominion Road and order a Monster Shake—you will not be disappointed. (Yes, if you were to follow me on Instagram you would think all I do with my time is eat desserts).

If you're still holding onto the facade of classy, got-it-together student, good for you! Go for a drink at Peach Pit on K Road during their happy hour from 5-7pm. Sit by the heater and sip your \$6 champagne out of its 1920s inspired coupe stemware. Their food is also very good.

Lastly if you cannot face leaving campus – remove yourself from the general library and get yourself 50 meters across the road to Waffle Supreme, followed by a trip to Shadows. A drink is a justified study break or a reason to go home after. ■

STUDENT PREP: WHAT DO YOU CARRY WITH YOU?

Jemima Rebello - Bachelor of Arts/Law: "A lot of people have very empty bags. I'm more like Mary Poppins."

First up she takes a laptop – always a laptop and textbooks.

Jemima gets allergies so also always has tissues, lip balm, water and almost always almonds with her. Why? "Cos it's a good snack," packed with energy and "you can grab them really quickly." Sometimes she brings carrot sticks but they take time to prepare. She always takes her lunch and if she spends her money, it's mostly on coffee. Sometimes she will take her eyeliner or face powder, breath mints and always Panadol.

Guy Kennedy - PG dip Wine Science: Guy lives on Waiheke! He takes a stock standard laptop, battery, change of clothes if going to the gym. He's also organised and likes to bring food otherwise he will go to the quad for lunch. I asked him :What's a random thing you bring that is particular to you?" His answer: "Wine bottles."

Jirch Seiuli - Bachelor of Science: Jirch is very practical with what he takes to uni – dependent on what season it is he likes to have a



box of tissues around; he knows when he's about to get sick. Depending on if it's on or off season gym-wise, this affects the type of food he is likely to eat. If he's not worried about what he eats, it's junk food at all the fast food places around Auckland uni. However if it's a strict diet Jireh will go over to AUT to grab a salad (of course they have healthy options there). "It's hard to balance this sort of schedule at exam time, when it all tends to go out the window and it's just junk food." Preach. And if you thought he stopped there in dispelling practicality: He used to bring a phone charger but now he brings portable battery packs.

Indy Poppelwell - Bachelor of Fine Arts: Indy is not only crafty in nature but also in the supplies she brings to uni. Apart from the general laptop and notebooks, sometimes she likes to bring in embroidery: she buys t-shirts, pants or shorts and works designs onto them. She tries to bring Panadol just in case (this seems to be a must have), but never brings lunch, instead going for food at café style places. She brings her phone charger, lighter and – get this – a Swiss army knife, should she need to do her nails or remove nails from walls for art. Nice!

AGONY AUNTIES

Hey Agony Aunties!

I am currently flatting with 3 other people – we all get along great and I enjoy their company. However there is one person in the house that on occasion can say some offensive remarks about minorities. My other flatmates haven't said anything and I don't know what to say because outright telling someone they have said something offensive can be really off putting sometimes and they may be too worried about bringing up further discussions for fear they might offend me again! I find sometimes this isn't a good way to educate someone about these sensitive issues... help!

Dear upset and distressed.

This is a challenging situation and it is also frustratingly common. It is wise of you to consider the outcomes as you definitely don't want to put yourself in an uncomfortable situation. A helpful framework for you to think about could be 'calling in', rather than 'calling out'. When people are 'called out' in anger, they are highly likely to respond in an angry or defensive way, or as you say, become too worried to touch on that topic again. Instead of leaping on their comment as wrong/racist, try to gently suggest a more positive angle, or simply share your disagreement calmly. It seems crazy but often people don't realise that they are saying something racist. 'Calling in' requires patience, thoughtfulness and generosity, but hopefully all that effort will pay off as people respond with the same!

Love.

The Agony Aunties XXX

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

FASHION ON CAMPUS



What's on at AUSA?

Hey AUSA!

There are some exciting things happening for students at the moment, and AUSA wants to make sure that you don't miss out. It's Local Body Election season, and we've been meeting with the mayoral candidates to talk student issues. We're also hosting an Anti-Debate for all the candidates who haven't been invited to mainstream debates.

On the national stage, New Zealand First has just unveiled a new 'Up Front Investment' policy, which will remove your student loan if you spend some time working in New Zealand after you graduate. This means that every opposition party in Parliament has released some kind of free education policy! AUSA welcomes New Zealand First's announcement, and wants to work with all parties who want to create policy to help students. New Zealand First's Tracey Martin will be on campus to talk about the policy and answer your questions.

On the theme of fairness for all, AUSA strongly supports the University's campaign for Zero Tolerance for Discrimination. All students should be able to engage academically and socially without any fear of discrimination. It's our job as a University to continually challenge racism, sexism, ableism, homophobia, transphobia and all other discrimination that would prevent all perspectives from being heard. Remember that AUSA's Student Advice Hub offers free and confidential advice.



YOUNG NZ FIRST PRESENTS: TRACEY MARTIN ON UP FRONT INVESTMENT

Young New Zealand First want to go beyond the headlines and get Tertiary Education spokesperson Tracey Martin in front of students to talk about their new Up Front Investment policy, which will provide free tertiary education to students who stay around to pay off their 'skill debt'.

When: Wednesday October 5th at 6pm

Where: Engineering 423-342

Pizza and refreshments available after the

AUSA AND THE DAILY BLOG PRE-SENTS: THE ANTI DEBATE

Monday 26th September, 7pm, Shadows Bar

There are 18 people running to be Mayor of Auckland for the next three years. Unfortunately, so far you've really only heard from four of them.

AUSA is hosting the debate that no one else will - the Anti-Debate. We are inviting all of the candidates to appear, so you can hear from the 14 who haven't been invited to the major debates.

AUSA & REPAY PRESENT: MENTAL HEALTH CARNIVAL

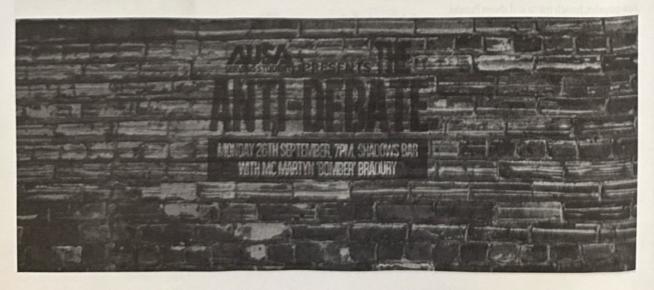
Thursday 29th October in the Quad

Come one come all to the AUSA & Repay Mental Health Carnival! The entire event is FREE - don't worry about bringing any money because AUSA and Repay have got you covered. Jump on the bouncy castle, eat popcorn and candyfloss, play giant jenga or spin the wheel for a prize! We'll also have a BBQ for you to munch on while you rock out to the live music.



Shout out to Jacky and the team at Campuspecs for supporting students with optometry needs!

If you are experiencing vision problems or need new glasses, check out the Campuspecs Optometry Grant. Full details and application forms are on the AUSA website.





CAMPUSPECS OPTOMETRY

If you have vision problems and are struggling to afford an assessment, we can help you out! Thanks to our sponsors at Campuspecs, we are able to offer the Campuspecs Optometry Grant. Successful applicants will receive a free eye examination and glasses, if required.

Apply at AUSA Reception

Questions or Issues? welfare@ausa.org.nz





behind the shadows

interview with shadows manager matt marquet

Is that an All Black serving drinks behind the counter at Shadows? Nope, it's ex-personal trainer and now Shadows Manager Matt Marquet. Since his arrival at Shadows at the beginning of 2015, Matt has transformed our student bar from a dingy shithole we all love, to a brighter, crowded drinking establishment that we all love.

Under Matt's watch Shadows has gone from strength to strength, with features such as the new Garden Bar and the strategic installation of speakers and projectors turning the bar into a multi-functional bustling events venue. Praise has flooded in from all over the student body for Shadows, with a senior AUSA source describing the transformation as 'from the only bar on campus to the best bar on campus', while a high ranking Debating Society member has endorsed Shadows as 'the DebSoc bar of choice'.

AUSA President Will Matthews sat down with

Matt, the man behind it all, to find out how the magic happens.

W: Matt. How do you pronounce your last name?

M: It's French. It's pronounced 'Mar-kay'

W: Oh my god I've been saying it like Markette for the entire time I've known you

M: It's okay, I've heard every variation under the sun

W: Real first question – what attracted you to working in a student bar?

M: Real talk - I know the son of the guy who chairs the Shadows Board. I was "slightly" intoxicated with him one night and he talked me into applying for the job. Beyond that, it's the challenges that a student bar brings. For instance, the number of people at the bar fluctuates depending on what's going on at the University, so we have to work out how to run a successful bar around that.

W: Guide us through a day in the life of Matt Marquet – Shadows Manager

M: I don't really have a standard routine. I have to do a lot of paperwork and emails, which

means I don't get to talk to the customers much. That's a shame because I love working behind a bar, so I try to do it as much as possible. Often you'll see me doing drinks on Friday nights. Otherwise I'm just working out how to improve Shads for students, and trying to have fun with my staff and customers.

W: What are some of the changes to the bar that you are the proudest of making?

M: I'm really proud of the garden bar, but actually the thing I'm proudest of isn't a physical change, It's when my staff hear comments from customers about how much they enjoy coming to Shadows, that kind of positive attitude about the place, that wasn't there when I first arrived. I'm also really proud that we've started hiring students as bar staff again. It's a student bar, and it's great that students can serve students.

W: Just like AUSA's motto #servingstudents. (For those of you who didn't know, AUSA owns Shadows. The operations of the bar are run through a trust and board which AUSA has representatives on, and the bar pays AUSA a dividend each year to make sure we can keep putting on cool events and great services for students)

W: What gives Shadows an edge over other bars?

M: It should be the student culture. Everyone who comes in here has a shared identity as students and that makes it easy to create an atmosphere that customers like. Other than that, if you look at other student bars then Shadows still has that distinctly 'student' feel. You can come into Shadows and be an adult, but you don't feel out of place or like you're going to break anything. Also, where else can you get to see acts like Tiki Tane and PDiggs from Shapeshifter for free? Where else do the staff let you take photos with your ten-high stack of jugs before they make you dismantle it for safety reasons?

W: You caused a campus wide student controversy this year when you raised the price on a jug of Shadows lager from \$7 to \$8. Would you like to comment on this furor? it got to the point where we didn't have a choice. We want to have an affordable range but we also want to make sure the bar can make money so it can continue to exist well into the future.

Plus, it's still the cheapest jug in the city.

W: Students can sometimes get quite rowdy and get up to interesting things. What's the best story you have from your time at Shadows?

M: The cleaning cupboard is a notorious destination for couples. We've found more than a few in there....

W: Where to from here for Shadows?

M: Good question. We're spending a lot of time thinking about that at the moment. We want to continue updating and renovating the bar, and

we're open to any new ideas from students. Other than that we want to bring back the party scene, with some themed parties and steins and other events. Screw Otago, why do they get to be the only ones who party?

W: Any shout outs?

Mr. Definitely to my staff. I've got an amazing Assistant Manager called Karina who does a great job. O'Rorke Hall, you guys are the most loyal hall to Shads! The Meat Club - there's no better club following, I love those boys. And Penny and Conor from AUSA, my best customers. They're here so much I should just put them behind the bar and start paying them.

Whataman





Come one come all to the AUSA & Repay Mental Health Carnival!

When: Thursday 29th September 10am - 4pm

Where: University of Auckland Quad

Cost: FREE thanks to AUSA & Repay

BOUNCY CASTLE, GIANT JENGA AND SPINNING WHEEL ALL DAY

PHOTOBOOTH ALL DAY

Nothing makes you feel better about yourself than the perfect picture of you and your friends!

CANDYFLOSS AND POPCORN 10AM ONWARDS

PUPPIES ON CAMPUS 11AM

Thanks to Canine Friends Pet Therapy, come and get a furry cuddle!

FREE BBQ 1PM - 2PM

Enjoy a free lunch on us! Vegetarian and vegan options available.

LIVE MUSIC 2PM - 3PM

The University of Auckland Concert Band will be spinning some great tunes. Make sure you give them a quick search and like on Facebook to see what they are about!

Our friends from the Student Advice Hub and Repay will also be paying a visit. Make sure you come and grab a freebie!

Keep up to date on the Facebook event: https://www.facebook.com/events/186396258450859/
Any questions email Penelope at welfare@ausa.org.nz

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the ausa-ville horror

BY CATRIONA BRITTON FEAT MARK FULLERTON

It was halfway through Semester One. The Witch had just been released. The Witch hadn't scared some of the Craccum team out of their skin like they'd hoped. Their spirits were low. They craved fear, goosebumps, hair pricking up with every wave of unease. Sensing Murder reruns were only providing so much unexplainable phenomena from psychics. It was time to take matters into their own hands. Old, ghostly university tales needed to be debunked. It was time to call in the professionals.

If there's something strange! In your neighbour-hood! Who ya gonna call?!

Mark Wallbank and the team from Haunted Auckland, and you'd better not sing that song because you are definitely not being original.

"We've had a few times when we'll get a call

saying someone has seen a ghost, so we'll head around and there'll be a whole bunch of people there with wine. We'll be the party entertainment."

Do they mind?

"Not really, but at the same time that's not why we do it. We're not trying to be rockstars."

Haunted Auckland is a group of paranormal investigators who have explored many well-known locations in Auckland and throughout New Zealand. They also do private investigations for people who may believe their house is haunted, as well as public investigations at some of their favourite locations, including Pumphouse Theatre and Puhinui House at Howick Historical Village.

But on a Friday night in September, for the first time, they were investigating a university building steeped in creepy tales. A place that had caused students to run out scared witless. A place that supposedly had long-term residents who had never left. It was time for Haunted Auckland to investigate AUSA House.

The Craccum team arrived unnecessarily early, an hour before the investigators were due. For

most of it, we sat in silence in the corridor on the ground floor of AUSA House. Mixed feelings were in the air. Mark, the Editor (from now on known as Mark 20), was quietly apprehensive, munching on a free One Square Meal bars he had just found in the *Craccum* pigeon-hole. Isobel seemed unusually thirsty, making several trips to the water dispenser – a nervous tick, or low key possession by a water demon? Catriona hadn't eaten anything out of nerves – "If we actually find anything, I think I'll shit and throw up at the same time. All the orifices will get going."

Before delving into AUSA House's spooky history, it's probably appropriate to look at the history of the building. Prior to being occupied by the University, the old building was used as a medical or dental clinic. Upon acquisition, the University turned the building into the Commerce/Economics department before AUSA moved in in the late 2000s.

However, hauntings occurred at the old building prior to AUSA's occupation. The building used to be situated on the opposite side of Alfred Street where the General Library now stands. At that time, current AUSA Office Manager, Darien Pearce (who worked as an



administrative assistant in the building at the time), reports strange occurrences. Often the last to leave the building late at night, shed turn off all the lights only to find, once she went outside and looked back at it, that lights were on in some of the rooms. This kept occurring until the old building was demolished to make way for the library.

In the current building, there have been reports of footsteps, lights switching on and off in locked rooms, malevolent presences, dragging noises, cool breezes when there were no drafts. Things got so bad in 2012, the President at the time called in a Kaumatua to bless the building and immediately the strange occurrences stopped. However, occasionally they still occur. Which is where Haunted Auckland come in.

Mark Wallbank has clocked up around thirty years of paranormal field experience. He's been fascinated by all things spooky since the 80s when he and his mates formed the Auckland Ghost Hunting Group. The group went around cemeteries and abandoned farm houses armed with tape recorders and cameras, but disbanded after three years. After spending years doing solo investigations, in 2010 he formed Haunted Auckland to get team investigations going again.

Barbara Caisley has been fascinated by ghosts since a young age, having held séances when she was a child, and lived in several haunted houses. She has developed her skills as an investigator with new technology and now conducts energy clearing and cleansing ceremonies.

Lisa Ward grew up in a religious household where she witnessed the healing of the sick and casting out of demons. She now looks back on this quite cynically, but with her scientific background (a PhD in plant pathology and editor of the New Zealand Journal of Plant Disease) she remains interested in finding out as much as possible about the afterlife and cryptozoology. Most importantly, she knows the importance of not taking anything at face value.

Sam Collier has always been into the unexplainable. As

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someone who is open-minded, he often tries to think of all possible scenarios when strange things start happening. He is also keen on exploring new techniques for investigations so that the team can strive to achieve the best results they can.

After we gave a quick tour around the building, we started off downstairs in the reception room. We were having a yarn with the members of the team about their equipment whilst they were snapping away on their cameras and turning on their recording devices.

Around twenty minutes into the investigation, a loud door slam sounded from upstairs. Our heads snapped up, our eyes bulged, the team looked giddy. Was it possible? Were we really getting activity so early on in the evening?

We couldn't help but spill out of the room and quickly climb up the stairs to the landing. Isobel had been up before to open and leave all the doors ajar that she had access to. Immediately, Barbara and Lisa isolated which door had closed.

"Ah, the window's open."

Dammit. So simple. But was it? They recreated the door shutting and it did swing closed. But there was no breeze that night. And the door didn't shut with a huge slam like it had when we were downstairs. Could it really be explained away by someone forgetting to close the window? We assured them no one else was in the building.

The door episode had been a wildly exciting punctuation but we decided to move on, half-convinced we had solved it.

In Meeting Room One, the story goes that the General Manager walked in and noticed a figure standing in the left corner of the room by the window. He entered the room the next day and wandered around the room, looking at the photos of the past AUSA Executives dating back to the early 20s, when a person caught his eye. He leaned closer and was immediately taken aback. There was the woman he had seen standing in the corner the day before; she was dressed in 1920s garb.

The team liked the sound of this story. A couple of members got out EMF readers (Electro-Magnetic Field Meters), which beep when they pick up strong fields of electromagnetic energy, like those found near wiring or



powerpoints. Curiously, there was a ball of energy right by the front door that was giving off high readings. They picked it up from above their heads right down to about 30cm from the ground. They moved a metre or so away from it and the beeping would stop, so they tried calling the energy to them. This was unsuccessful. There were no powerpoints around this area, but there may have been wires in the walls. It was strange, though, because the readings were happening just under a metre from the walls.

The ball of energy sparked the team's interest in this room, so they decided to hold a communication session around the large meeting table. We turned off the lights and the team put all their equipment in the middle of the table.

"Apologies if my stomach groans in the middle of this," Catriona said.

"Oh, that's fine! We do have to say when that happens just in case the digital recorder picks it up. Don't be embarrassed by it!" Barbara said.

About five minutes into the session, her stomach growled. The *Craccum* team were tensing their stomachs, desperately suppressing internal groans from their empty stomachs.

For the most part of an hour, the Haunted Auckland team treated us to a whole raft of spooky tales from their investigations. It was like being on a school camp, sitting in a tent with your best buds and telling each other scary stories. They take what they do seriously and all of them are believers in the paranormal due to their first hand experiences.

Mark had a couple of crackers. The team was investigating a house in New Lynn that the owners were convinced was haunted. It had been a brothel and a drug house. Mark was lying on one of the beds by himself with hands resting behind his head on the pillow. All of a sudden, he felt long hair drag across his arms. He jumped up and started taking pictures in the dark, completely on edge. There was no one there. He said it was as if the girl from *The Ring* was looking down at him, hair falling from her face, and he could feel her hair between his arm hairs. This was exactly the kind of image the *Craccum* team wanted to have whilst sitting in a dark room.

Around twenty minutes into the investigation, a loud door slam sounded from upstairs. Was it possible? Were we really getting activity so early on?

Another time Mark was conducting a solo investigation at Puhinui House, something most of the team members have done. He had set up a torch on a chair as a trigger object at the top of the stairs and a video recorder at the bottom of the stairs to film. When he was asleep in a room on the ground floor, the video recording picked up the sound of furniture scraping as if it were being moved, and footsteps on the second floor. Soon after, his torch was flung down the stairs you can see it happen in the video. Mark awoke from the thud of the torch and went to investigate. You see him go up the stairs, drowsy, pick up the torch and call out on the second landing before searching the rooms. There was no one else in the house with him. No one could have been on the second floor, as the windows were all sealed shut.

Barbara and another investigator, Karen, were investigating Puhinui House downstairs together when their digital recorder picked up EVP ("electronic voice phenomena") of a male voice saying something about a pump. The audio is clear. There were no other males in the house with them, After doing some research, they found out that the man who had previously occupied the house had ordered a pump back in the early twentieth century, the first of its kind in New Zealand. Barbara called this a "residual haunting" – something that's stuck in time or place and perpetually repeats itself. This is compared to an "intelligent haunting", which is something that can interact with you as it is aware of your presence and you are aware of its presence.

"We do have to be careful about what we choose to investigate though," said Mark. "We're very upfront about mental illness and ask directly when someone approaches us. We don't want to give weight to any hallucinations or psychotic episodes that they might be having, because that can be dangerous for them and the people around them."

This seemed to be the general approach of the team to paranormal activity. All logical options must be explored and systematically removed before any claims of ghosts are made, including mental illness. According to Mark, sometimes high concentrations of wiring or electronic appliances can cause hallucinations due to the interaction of the brain with electromagnetic activity, which he says quite often accounts for visions. And, of course, there is the influence of other people,

"That's partially why I wanted to do the Puhinui House experiences the way we did," he says, referring to the four nights spent alone by individual members of the team. "When you're with people you can get caught up in the did you hear that? excitement and begin to make something out of nothing. I wanted the Puhinui experience to be untainted."

Every so often, the story-telling would be punctuated by brief sets of questions.

"Can you come talk to us? Come touch one of us if you like"

"Or come touch one of pieces of equipment on the table"

One of the aforementioned pieces of equipment on the table was a device known as a "Spirit Box", essentially a modified radio which scanned through frequencies at a constant rate. The result is a whole lot of static and the occasional snatch of voices, the theory being that ghosts use these words to communicate to the people listening. We turned it on. Admittedly, it was rather eerie. Flashes of words and music and constant static. The mood was building.

"Ooh! Was that a hello?" asked Lisa.

"No," said Sam.

"Oh."

"The public gets a real kick out of the Spirit Box," admitted Barbara.

And so it went. We called into the darkness again and again (using our pleases and thank yous and generally being very polite) and set the Spirit Box on high but it

As if on cue, a loud, distinct tapping sounded in the silence.
All of our heads turned to the same spot – the corner where the woman supposedly had stood.

was all to no avail. There was no response.

Then Mark asked, "Come on, now. If you're there make a noise."

As if on cue, a loud, distinct tapping sounded in the silence. All of our heads turned to the same spot – the corner where the woman supposedly had stood. Mark jumped out of his seat and immediately began finding the source of the tapping. He tapped on the lectern, on the wall, on the chair. Finally he found it. He tapped a photo frame against the wall and it made the exact same noise.

We went through all the possible explanations for the tapping. Every fifteen minutes a bus had driven down Alfred Street, loudly rattling the windows of the building, but not the photo frame – none of us had heard that noise before. It couldn't have been street traffic from Symonds Street, because the stream of traffic had been constant, and again none of us had heard the noise before. A water pipe? Unlikely. At a last desperate attempt to debunk this, one of the team members brought up GeoNet. That same day had been the day of the earthquake off the coast of East Cape. Could it have been a mini earthquake? Turns out there had been a small earthquake eight minutes before the noise occurred and six minutes after it occurred. But there hadn't been one when the noise happened.

This was the only thing that truly stumped everyone. The tapping had caught us all by surprise. Was something really trying to communicate with us? Was it the woman pointing out where she was in the photograph?

"We'd stay here all night if we could to find out," Mark said. The *Craccum* team would've done the same, if it weren't for the growing hunger pains and insatiable desire for dumplings. It was getting late.

We had twenty minutes left of ghostbusting time. The team decided to do a quick communication session in the AUSA staffroom. Rumour has it that a cleaner entered the room and saw an elderly man dressed in a suit sitting at the table reading a newspaper. The cleaner thought nothing of it, as at the time it was used as a general student space. According to her, the man acknowledged her when she entered and moved his feet for her to vacuum around him. As she exited the room, she ran into the AUSA Custodian who'd come to lock up. She told him there was a man in the room, but

when the Custodian walked in to ask him to leave, there was no one there.

The three *Craccum* members squeezed onto the couch whilst the rest of the Haunted Auckland team crowded around the small table. We sat in silence for a bit, apart from the occasional noise created by the hot water dispenser. Catriona watched Mark's temperature reader climb a whole degree over the space of ten minutes, hoping a sudden cold spot would come over the table. Mark asked if any of us wanted to speak to the man or ask a question. None of us were accustomed to asking questions to invisible things.

Catriona finally plucked up the courage with a half-hearted "is anyone there?" Classic. Simple, yet effective. The rest of the *Craccum* team giggled.

"That's all it takes," Mark reassured.

Unfortunately, it was simple, yet ineffective. Neither a groan nor a whisper.

"Why don't you tell us what newspaper you're reading? Anything in the news?" Lisa asked.

"I bet you don't like all these young students coming in here," Barbara chuckled.

It was a rushed job and perhaps we may have come across something if we'd spent more time in there. But there was no spooky feeling in this room, no rustling of newspapers.

And that was it. The AUSA ghosts had had a taste of the professionals, but were acting a little shy. Haunted Auckland went on their way. The *Craccum* team dispersed to home and dumplings. When their report appeared online, it was balanced and rational. And when you think about it, this is the only way they can be taken remotely seriously by the scientific and skeptic community. To produce an exaggerated and sensational report, fun as it may be, isn't the point of Haunted Auckland. Ghosts are out there, they believe, and they want to prove it. While Mark admits their science may be inexact, he believes that the universality of ghosts and ghost stories lends itself to their truth.

"To science, a story isn't going to mean much," he said.
"But it keeps us going."

Ghosts are out there, they believe, and they want to prove it. While Mark admits their science may be inexact, he believes that the universality of ghosts and ghost stories lends itself to their truth.



AFFIRMATIVE

In the same way Mike Hosking's hairdresser giggles while they construct the hair of a teenager in an attempt to disguise his advanced age, I'm not going to take this job seriously. Instead, I'm just going to look at Hosking and why he's a bit shit. Then I'll compare him to Paul Henry and explain why he's less shit. Hopefully, unlike "Mike's Minute", I will succeed in pulling off some intentional laughs.

So what's bad about Mike Hosking? If you've ever watched anything with him in it, you'll find that Hosking's modus operandi is to recycle the National party line of the day and then mask that in blokeishness (Blokeness? Blokeyness?). There's never anything fun or entertaining, just subjective political preferences masked as common sense. People stating opinions like they're objective fact isn't necessarily harmful, but news organisations, including our

own TVNZ, give this man a platform on which people rely as a source of information is.

That's not all though; there's also Seven Sharp, the television programme that showed New Zealand that when you replace your respectable current affairs show with a failing human interest show, the best way to keep ratings high is to give the chief seat to a misogynist who disregards all opinions but his own. Is he really that bad? Does he really do this? To verify his general manner you just have to watch Seven Sharp. For specific instances of misogyny, ask Bernadine Oliver-Kerby if it's still "man time" on the set of Seven Sharp.

Hosking replicates horrific norms for his compliant "Mum and Dad" audience, as well as any poor soul unfortunate enough to tune into his radio show, watch him on TV or read NZ. Herald.

So why is Paul Henry better? Obviously neither side on this motion has an envious task. But where Hosking is just a blatant political hack, Paul Henry is right-wing, although based from this writer's viewings of Henry, he is substan-

tially more confused. It never seems quite clear what Henry stands for given his reliance on popular opinion and the layman – something which makes him basically harmless in shaping any sort of political narrative. Henry also lacks seriousness. Unlike Hosking, whose subtly hostile manner suggests that so called "whiners" deserve to be crushed by the brute hand of government, Henry's aloof manner suggests that those complainers require mere indifference.

What of Henry's racism? While abhorrent moments like the "Dikshit" fiasco stand against Henry, it would be hard to paint Hosking not coming from a similar school of thought where that sort of commentary is acceptable. When you're choosing between two devils, it's probably still worth choosing the one that needlessly expands the scope of what is acceptable and has prominent moments of bigotry, rather than the devil that also expands the scope of the acceptable, tells a story of a "better" New Zealand, and then directs you to fight for that New Zealand.

NEGATIVE

While explicit racism and vulgarity have characterised Paul Henry's rather colourful broadcasting career, at face value it's quite hard for me to see him as the face of Mediaworks in any way, shape or form – unlike Mike Hosking who, for many, is the face of both TVNZ and Newstalk ZB. Henry is not a great guy, but he is likely not as bad. And even if he is as bad as Hosking, at least he can't do any actual damage.

Given there's no point comparing either Hosking or Henry to sane broadcasters and political commentators, here I am trying to argue why I prefer Hosking, of all people. Great: let's get started.

One thing's certain in my mind; both Henry and Hosking bear enormous quantities of ignorance as individuals. Just a few months ago, Hosking commented that we should do away with Waitangi Day celebrations because Ngāpuhi elder, Kingi Taurua, 'drums up the same crap every year'. Well, I'm sorry to say Mr Hosking, but if it's wrong to be upset at unresolved and ignored Treaty injustices, land confiscation, subjugation and alienation, maybe we should do away with the concept of "common sense" too. Despite this. I'm not going to argue my case based on who is "less ignorant" – that's just silly. Ignorance in any capacity is inexcusable.

Hosking is a self-professed right-wing capitalist. Beyond his political ideology though, it's clear to see that he has a genuine interest in politics and the economy, which manifests itself in questions that produce the answers we want (typically from his best friend John Key on morning radio). Whilst he might not write those questions himself, the discussion that follows each develops logically and in a strategic fashion; a feature often absent from the soft-journalism New Zealand typically sees. In stark comparison, beyond the scripted questions they both ask, Henry pales in

comparison; he hides behind a veil of vulgarity and an element of surprise that captures the viewer's attention for all the wrong reasons. If you actually block out his incessant cackle and the demonisation of his co-hosts and really listen to the material broadcasting he does, there really isn't much value in his work. I could arguably find more substantial information on the Auckland housing crisis from TMZ.

Furthermore, if having a laugh at either of their expenses is the objective, I'd like to explain what I find so funny about Hosking. His poorly timed personal anecdotes about stories of lavishness, his First World problems (usually something about his precious bedside table), home, and his wife and children, litter the Newstalk ZB broadcast on my morning drive to university. Whilst one could argue that Henry's impact humour makes one laugh more, I'm happy to laugh at the ignorant bliss Hosking lives in, and the hard-hitting broadcast he provides on the side. Truth.

this house prefers paul henry to mike hosking

The Debating Society has been around since 1887 and meets every Thursday to discuss issues both topical and whimsical. www.debating.co.nz



The Calibre of Comfort

ARTS EDITORIAL WITH SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

Last week, the Stardome Observatory screened Ridley Scott's science-fiction horror classic Alien, with the gore and glare of the Nostromo and her crew canvassing half of the Planetarium's screen. When the titular alien burst forth from John Hurt's chest, there were titters among the crowd gathered. (When his corpse was shot from the ship's hatch like a t-shirt cannon at a Maroon 5 concert, the titters evolved into a communal hearty chuckle). Yet, back in 1979 when audiences knew nothing of the spindly creature that was to sprout from Ollivander's sternum (the alien chooses the chest cavity. Mr Potter), the scene resulted in a swathe of wanton depravity: vomiting, fainting and swift exits from theatres.

Despite this initial upset, Alien has continued to gross out generations of movie-goers, the chest burster scene becoming something of a badge of honour if you manage to sit through it and not squirm (or hurtle your box of popcorn towards the heavens). There is credence given to being able to sit through the unsettling, the upsetting, or the vaguely disgusting. But sometimes this is not what you're after, ya know? Sometimes you need to wrap your heart

in cotton-wool and metaphorically chow down on some chicken soup for the soul. So often we feel the pressure to appreciate the moody, or dark, or despairing works heaped onto our pictorial platter. But there is no shame in scraping those servings off into the bin (like that Shepherd's Pie your mum thinks you really like but you really, really do not). These will make your chest burst in a nice, happy way, not a gross, convulsing on top of the communal dinner table kind of way.

Watch a Mark Ruffalo rom com

Romantic comedies are, across the board, a good time - there is just something about a Mark Ruffalo rom com that elevates your spirits like no other, as you imagine him braiding your hair and teaching you to skateboard and educating you on the dangers of fracking and environmental degradation. 13 Going on 30 is a wise choice because Muffalo's curly locks were at prime volume circa 2004. Just Like Heaven is a close second because you can imagine Muffalo's architect character building you a fancy-ass garden and (spoilers) kissing you back to life from your near-fatal coma.

Watch a Jane Austen adaptation

Jane Austen's works are filled to the brim with characters of all degrees of pep and sass; watching an adaptation of an Austenian work instead of reading it means you have two hands free to wipe your tears as you cry over the fact that no one wears puffy-sleeved shirts or arrives on horseback to propose anymore. Special mention goes to Joe Wright's *Pride & Prejudice* which is actually sickeningly beautiful with a sexually tense argument in the rain that you're not going to find in the 1995 BBC mini-series.

Watch some Academy Award acceptance speeches

To see people (albeit strangers) reach a career milestone is a wild emotional rollercoaster of a time. Bonus points are given to speeches where the camera person cuts to the crowd for a shot of an emotional long-time co-worker or doting, misty-eyed spouse.

Listen to the Soundtrack from O Brother, Where Art Thou?

This soundtrack is straight banger after banger, with no song banging more than The Soggy Bottom Boys' version of "I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow". Even better is the fact that this soundtrack contains three versions of the song hitting you with an unsuspected fresh batch of banger as you move through the tracklist.

Actually, just watch O Brother, Where Art Thou?

The only thing better than listening to the *O Brother* soundtrack is watching the movie so you actually get to *see* George Clooney's smudgy sexy face *while* you listen to "I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow". John Turturro and Tim Blake Nelson are so fucking funny. General shenanigans and stitch ups between a trio of pals. Guaranteed good time. Five stars.



clap clap riot

interview by jean bell

Kiwi rockers Clap Clap Riot have just wrapped up a tour spanning the length of the country to herald the release of their first single in two years, "Help Me". This new single shows the undisputed masters of energetic and lively indie-rock effortlessly incorporating a fresh bluesy sound into their work.

The hard working bunch of lads released their sophomore album *Nobody / Everybody* in early 2014 and whizzed around New Zealand on tour before popping over the ditch to grace Australia with some shows. Since then, they've set to work and continued to work on new material for their album.

Before the group headed off on their recent national tour, *Craccum* had a quick chat to guitarist Dave Rowland.

Originally known as Band Theft Auto, the band was formed by three high school mates in Christchurch. Dave recalls CCR's first gig as having the potential to go either way: "Steve our singer was a real quiet guy and we had no idea what he'd be like when he got on stage. But when we hit the first chord it was great, a pleasant surprise."

While their lives now revolve around music, the guys wouldn't have thought they would end up in music. "None of us took music at school," says Dave, "we kind of fell into it. We decided to play some live shows which went really well and decided to make the most of it."

CCR's upbeat and carefree sound makes sense when Dave names acts like John Lennon and The Kinks as some of the influences of the band. "We like their style of writing – short, snappy songs and really catchy lyrics." Compared to their indie-rock orientated earlier work, new single "Help Me" really shows this Lennon vibe. "We never want to try and pigeonhole ourselves by churning out the same stuff over and over again," Dave says, "You learn a lot more as you go along, learn how other people write. The best way to write is to learn lots of different ways to approach things, so if you get stuck doing one thing you can approach it in a different manner."

The band shares lyric writing duties, with Dave having had a hand in the lyrics to their new single "Help Me". He describes the song as being about isolation, a place where "most people end up at that point and that's what inspired the lyrics." The band is dedicated to delivering a genuine performance. "Steve will be quite particular with performing my lyrics, I understand that because he's the one who has to deliver it. If he doesn't get something he has

to get it before singing the lyrics."

Playing gigs has been an interesting experience, with Dave recalling how the band "did a small show in Hamilton and a sixty year old man up the front did the splits in a pair of jeans... and old man jeans don't have stretch in them." Despite their riotous (puns, anyone?) live shows, the guys behind the instruments are proper gentlemen — "we signed a boob once in Christchurch. It's the kind of thing you don't really want to do it, but it's kind of a bucket list thing. It wasn't a pleasant experience and I wouldn't do it again. I think that when you envisage it as a teenager you think it's going to be the most awesome thing."

For any of yall toying with the idea of pursuing a musical career, Dave suggests you do it for the right reasons: "Do it because you love doing it, not in the context of being rich and famous." As with any career, there are ups and downs, but definitely lasting highlights. "It's awesome as well when you see people who are inspired by what you do."

So, what's next on the agenda for Clap Clap Riot? The lads will continue working towards releasing their new album in 2017 and touring, with another single due to be dropped before then. Keep an eye out for any news on the band, which is sure to come − "everything's lined up and it's all go from here." ■



MY WOMAN Angel Olsen ALBUM REVIEW BY KELLEY LIN

Spiritually born in the 50s, singer-songwriter Angel Olsen has just released her best album yet, despite setting the bar up high in the past. Her new album, MY WOMAN, showcases a gradual move away from garage punk and into a mixture of melodic pop and folk ballad, though she never loses that Olsen way of delicate, retro grunge.

The first five songs on the album are fiercely feminine, created almost with the sole purpose of dancing in your room. "Shut Up Kiss Me" and "Give It Up" are anthems that shock listeners with her ever-growing, room-silencing voice. The foot-tapping rhythms in these tracks are Olsen's best demonstration of her playful self.

In the latter five songs, Olsen slows the pace down to a Sunday afternoon and makes you think about everything you wish you could bring back into your life. It is graceful, and yet full of sorrow. "Sister" is a brilliantly crafted seven-minute track that starts off echoing the finesse of early Bob Dylan, but soon shows off Olsen's uniquely shaky voice, as well as a bit for a guitar solo. Similarly, "Woman" sees to Olsen's quiet gloom, which at the same time never lacks the power to temper a rainy day.



Wild World

Bastille
ALBUM REVIEW BY NICOLE BLACK

Remember Bastille? You know, that kind of alternative British band with that "Pompeii" song you just couldn't get away from a few years back? Well, in case you hadn't noticed their ridiculously catchy song "Good Grief", Bastille are back. After four years, they have released their second album Wild World and man is it a ride.

Wild World has a decent mix of upbeat top 40 hits and darker, more experimental ballads. Songs like "Good Grief", "The Currents" and "Snakes", to name a few, are perfect for summer with heavy drums and catchy hooks. If there's one thing that's certain on this album it's that Dan Smith can write some damn good lyrics. This is even more obvious when you look at the slower songs interspersed throughout the album. "An Act of Kindness" stands out for me as a song of near perfection, creating a far darker mood and setting the scene for later songs like "Fake It" and "Blame". If you're a huge fan of Bastille and have ever heard their series of mixtapes Other People's Heartaches, the music and feeling of these songs will really remind you of that.

If there's any criticism to be made about Wild World, it's that not much has changed since Bad Blood it seems. The music, the lyrics, the whole aesthetic of the band doesn't seem to have developed too much despite it being so long between albums. Again, it's not a bad thing because you know exactly what you're going to get with this album but I would have liked to see a little more variety and development. None of that really matters; it's still a great album and any fan of decent alternative pop is going to love Wild World.



Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

NZ Opera

THEATRE REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

Shit gets dark in this musical (and I'm not just talking about the completely stellar stage lighting). NZ Opera has put on a thrilling, soul-shuddering production of Stephen Sondheim musical, Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

The story follows ex-convict Benjamin Barker (a.k.a. your old man, Sweeney) returning to his stomping ground in Fleet Street where he once was a barber. Todd finds out from Mrs Lovett, who owns the pie shop below his old barbershop, that the judge who falsely convicted him raped his wife (who then poisoned herself) and became ward of his daughter, Johanna. Todd swears revenge the only way he knows how — cutting the judge's throat with his old friend (a.k.a. his trusty sterling silver razor). What ensues is a chaotic and deeply sinister plan between Todd and the manipulative seducer, Mrs Lovett, to feed (ayyy) Todd's vengeance with the hope of being reunited with his daughter.

Things I really liked in this production:

- The chorus line's transition from singing street people to mental patients in Bedlam.
 They stripped out of their clothes to just their white undergarments whilst singing and then proceeded to act deranged whilst the scene continued, and it was just really visually effective.
- The way the chorus line said "fleeT streeT" with EXTRA enunciation because it is a glorious pairing of words (that assonance, amirite?) and gave overall great satisfaction.
- The old, horny beggar woman who couldn't get enough of Anthony Hope (Johanna's love interest) and thrusted her muff at him several times and from several angles.
- Watching Sweeney's victims slide down into Mrs Lovett's basement. It looked like a horrific, but also fun playground for (deceased) adults.
- Sweeney's baritone voice was weirdly seductive. Like an uncharacteristically morbid Barry White. People tend to make a big hoo-ha about the gore. It's not that bad, especially if you have bad eyesight like me. This production is just bloody great. I advise you to see it when you're not in a bad mood! ■



SUILY FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

Sully follows Tom Hanks as pilot Captain Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger and tells the remarkable true story in which Sully landed an Airbus A320 in the Hudson River after both engines failed, saving all 155 passengers on board. The film also follows Sully's experience with PTSD after the crash while battling a media storm and an air crash investigation.

As the blurb read, this story truly was remarkable, yet the film is anything but. Two of its main problems work hand in hand: poor dramatisation and structure. Director Clint Eastwood tries and fails to humanise a selection of characters before they board the plane, as if to say to the audience "Look, this happened to people, you should respond emotionally!" The crash then happens in the middle of the film, with several chops and changes to post-crash events and a lack of musical score making what should be an intense scene into a muddled bore.

But the film's worst crime is its politics regarding the crash investigation team's review of Sully's decisions. Arguing whether or not artist and art are separable isn't black and white, but Eastwood's effort to smear the crash investigation team as smug, evil, cold robots reeks of his, in this case, completely irrelevant distaste for big government bureaucracy. His best tactic was to remind everybody that scientists and engineers doing calculations are not required to solve a problem, and that Sully's decision to land was based on "feelings" and "common sense" (it wasn't). He also used Sully's co-pilot in the film, played by Aaron Eckhart, to remind us every two minutes that humans are good and computers are bad. I almost expected Eastwood himself to appear on screen to point out that children shouldn't play with smart phones so much.

Pardon? Oh, Tom Hanks was terrific.



The Light Between Oceans

FILM REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON

Michael Fassbender. Michael Fassbender wearing suspenders. Michael Fassbender. Just as light separated two oceans, a wide suspender strap separated Fassbender's broad back in two. I promise this wasn't the only highlight of *The Light Between Oceans*.

Derek Cianfrance has adapted M. L. Stedman's novel about an Australian lighthouse keeper and his wife who adopt a young infant found adrift in a dinghy off their shores. Years later, the couple bump into the girl's biological mother, who has been living in distress since her girl's disappearance at sea. Having grown attached to their adopted daughter, the couple face the biggest moral dilemma of their lives.

The most striking thing about this film is its location. The film's lighthouse was that found in Cape Campbell in Marlborough. The unforgiving terrain, stark landscape and wild sea were fitting for the film's drama and Fassbender's character, Tom – a WWI veteran with a heavy darkness in his heart until he meets the light and spirited Isabel, played by Alicia Vikander.

Both Fassbender and Vikander put on commendable performances. You get the feeling that these two make a whole; one without the other and neither of them would function.

Rachel Weisz provides a nice contrast to the dramatic couple, with a quiet determination to find her lost daughter.

However, the melodrama is relentless, bordering on excessive. Every time something sad happened, something else would happen and the emotion would be pushed on to the next thing. This, paired with the length of the film at over two and a half hours, was a little tiring. Cianfrance easily could've cut the film at an earlier point and left it up in the air, rather than coming so predictably full circle.

It's a gorgeous period film with somewhat complex characters, but you better be in it for the long haul. ■



Three YouTube Channels Every Film Fan Should Check Out

So you have more to offer than "I thought The Godfather: Part II was pretty good" when you try to talk to people at parties

THE NERDWRITER

The Nerdwriter, Evan Puschak, creates videos about film, politics, philosophy his Understanding Art series is pretty darn cool, where he shares thoughts about all forms of art across the board. He discusses films in-depth in this series, using individual works as case studies to illustrate theories and thoughts.

Recommended vid: Watch "Children of Men: Don't Ignore the Background" so you can discuss the political implications of Alfonso Cuarón's camera work, rather than the fact that you thought Clive Owen and Nicolas Cage were the same person well into your adolescent life.

EVERY FRAME A PAINTING

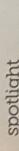
Co-created and narrated by Tony Zhuo, the Every Frame a Painting videos are fkn lit. These self-termed "video essays" canvas directors' styles, film techniques, what filmmakers do well, and what they could be doing a whole lot better.

Recommended vid: "The Marvel Symphonic Universe" is pretty long, but crazy good, taking a look at music in movies and showing how the Marvel films could be even snazzier (even though they are already the apex of human creation, probably).

"REALLYTHAT GOOD" BY MOVIEBOB

With a bunch of content creators focusing on the shitty, unavoidable flaws in films, MovieBob's Bob Chipman has created a series that instead focuses on what we should love about movies, with a "relentless commitment to positivity".

Recommended vid: The Independence Day episode will give you some more solid arguments in defence of your penchant for Roland Emmerich's 1994 classic, so you no longer have to rely solely on the sexual magnetism of 90s Jeff Goldblum.





Cool Places To Go In Auckland

If you lower your expectations and realize that we don't have loads of money to spend on cultural activities because you voted for National

If you, like me, are half-minotaur and do not consider beaches your go-to for a fun time, this is the list for you. And if you, like me, go through patches of feeling severely disappointed by Auckland and the incorrigible smut that it often churns out, this piece is a reminder that – sorry, this is your life and you have to deal with living here, debt and all.

I jest. I am actually capitalizing on my brief infatuation with our boring, extraordinary, lameass, wonderful little city. Here's a list of things that are worth exploring, if you haven't done so already and you aren't a fucking elitist twat:

BASEMENT THEATRE

Despite the occasionally labelled 'problematic play', Basement is home to some pretty rad performances. I went to one called 'Milky Bits' which was actually super funny and cringe-y in a good way. Because it's also a bar, you can chill under the dim lighting where everyone has the same kind of pretty face and wait in anticipation for the inevitable weirdness you're about to experience.

It's just nice because you get to be a part of this cool little pocket of Auckland that is filled with people who are passionate and quirky in their own ways. And it's a reminder that there are people around you who also feel underappreciated in their professions. But luckily, here's a place where they can come alive and be funny and sad and odd and #art. And, bonus – you've just paid money to see people be completely themselves, which is a weirdly intimate, human

experience.

Also, it's really cosy and you can drink mulled wine while wrapped up in cuddly sweaters and no one's going to be annoying about it.

SILO PARK

Don't look at me like that. Just like Laneway, you probably think you're too good for Silo Park. But you and I both know that in reality, you just pretend you like Flume and whiskey when you'd rather be dancing to DJ Snake and drinking \$8 Shadows jugs. Which is so much worse than just admitting that you like DJ Snake and Shadows, by the way.

ANYWAY. You know when you're at that lame-o point in the evening after you've had a fab dinner and don't really want the night to end, but you don't want to hit the clubs, so you're like, what should we do instead? Well, that's when you say, 'hey, let's get an ice cream/hot chocolate/family-sized bucket of chicken and go for a walk down to Silo Park! It's cold as fuck, and I'm avoiding going home to an empty life, BUT MOSTLY I enjoy your company and want to freeze to death with you while we talk about our hopes and dreams and who we would kill if we knew we wouldn't be caught'. I mean, what?

GOLDEN DAWN

No, like, I know. But there are wankers everywhere in Auckland, and at least these ones dress well and occasionally sell you cool books. I don't think I've ever had a boring experience at Golden Dawn – I have a theory that the lighting causes people to morph into their true forms.

Also, you are bound to find true love here. One time, these two guys came to talk to my sister and I, and one of them was telling me about his new café he'd just opened, so I was like, 'cool,

are you hiring? and he was so charmed by me that one thing led to another, and we're now married with four children.

I think Aucklanders – namely, impoverished students – have a love-hate relationship with Ponsonby, because you don't want to suggest going there without sounding like a total douchebag. But it's okay. We all live in squalor. And we all secretly love being able to tell people that we wasted our money on spiced rum and decaying copies of the Bhagavad Gita ('I'm such a mess Imao').

But for trues – they have good fries, groovy gigs, and the little illuminated courtyard is a great setting for good bantz and subtle werewolf transformations.

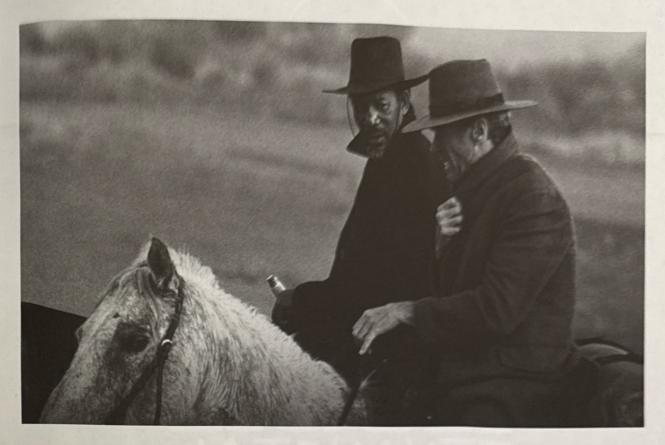
MT EDEN VILLAGE

Do I need to reassess my life? Because I just realized that the majority of great things in my head basically just involve a lot of eating and walking to cold places. I shouldn't be advising anyone, really. But here I am, telling you to go get a coffee with your fraaands, and then go walk up a mountain so you can romanticize watching a ball of fire descend upon your hometown.

But in all seriousness, Mt. Eden has a lot of white cute little shops and things – like Time-Out Bookstore, which has a resident cat; Casa del Gelato, which I recently discovered sells waffles; or the ASB bank, which you can rob so you can spend money on the aforementioned things. Robin Hood that bitch, I don't care.

Look, there's not a lot to do here, alright? Don't be a prat. Enjoy the simple things in life.

MANOUSHKA MAHARAJ



Westerns: Why They're (Still) Great

We have all, I hope, seen a Western or two in our time. The classic American tale of guns and glory, freedom and vengeance, cowboys and outlaws. All set on the open plains and in the dirty streets of the wild (wild) west, of course. Who could ask for more?

There's something about the rawness of the Western that makes it so appealing. These were never intended to be Oscar-worthy films (though many actually were); they were just meant to tell a good tale, show some great action and remind us of a time when things were a whole lot simpler – if a whole lot madder, too. I love Westerns for this reason. They don't try to be anything other than a good old gun slingin', horse ridin', whip crackin' adventure. And even though the golden age of the Western has long since passed, re-watch these old beauties and you'll find they're actually still just as great. If you aren't sure where to begin, here are a few gems.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

So you've probably heard of this one because there's a remake coming out this month starring Denzel Washington, Chris Pratt and other big names. And while it actually looks pretty good for a remake, the original 1960 film is an absolute classic which everyone needs to watch. It's got everything a good Western

should have: contrasting characters with their own unique back story, a theme of redemption, lots of shooting and one seriously great musical score. The film is mostly set in a poor Mexican village which hires seven gunmen to protect it from a violent group of bandits. The gunmen, gathered by Chris Adams (Yul Brynner), are all from different walks of life and have never met. Their banter alone makes the film worth watching.

UNFORGIVEN

Clint Eastwood's last Western, Unforgiven, follows retired outlaw-come-gun-for-hire William (Eastwood) as he takes on one final job. With the help of his old partner Ned (Morgan Freeman), William rides to Big Whiskey, Wyoming, where corrupt sheriff Little Bill Daggett (Gene Hackman) rules the roost. It's grimmer than the usual Western, exploring the violence and lawlessness of the time, but with a solid storyline and strong performances from the lead actors it's no less entertaining. Still not convinced? The film won four Oscars at the 1992 Academy Awards, and was added to the United States National Film Registry in 2004 for being "culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant".

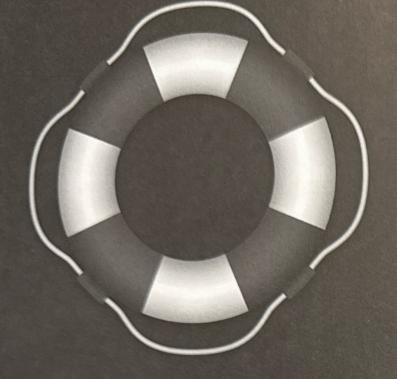
TRUE GRIT

One can't talk about Westerns without mentioning John Wayne. Often viewed as the godfather of the genre, 83 of the 142 films Wayne starred in throughout his career were Westerns. The 1969 film *True Grit*, for which

Wayne won his only Academy Award, is one of them. Wayne plays aging, grumpy Marshal Rooster Cogburn, who is hired by teenager Mattie to find and kill her father's murderer (another classic revenge story). The relationship between these two protagonists gives the film a humorous element, and we become invested in their story. The film was remade by the Coen brothers in 2010, and it's a remake which does the original justice. If you can, see both.

3:10 TO YUMA

My absolute favourite Western, ever. 3:10 to Yuma originally screened in 1957, and was later remade in 2007. While the original is definitely a great movie, it is actually the more recent version I prefer - possibly because it has Christian Bale in the lead role, whom I love dearly. The film follows poor farmer Dan (Bale), a Civil War veteran who lost his leg during the battles and now struggles to survive in the West. Desperate to prevent his land and livelihood from being claimed, Dan makes a deal to get infamous outlaw Ben Wade (Russell Crowe) to the town of Contention and put him on the 3:10 train to Yuma Prison. Joined by several other men, the group begin the journey to Yuma, closely followed by Wade's gang. This film is just one tight unit. It's got strong, definitive characters all played powerfully by the actors, a very clever score, a gripping storyline and is shot beautifully. The changing relationship between Dan and Wade is a highlight, culminating in the final shootout. INIKKI ADDISON



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The 8 Best Songs Ever Written

WITH ELOISE SIMS

When I was twelve years old, I decided I was going to be a drummer.

I was in a band. A band made for a music class, admittedly, but a proper band. We practiced for three lunchtimes solid. The singer frowned every time she hit a high note, like she'd just released a bad smell. A proper band!

The two guitarists became adept at looking soulful to the beat. And the beat! What a beat. I sat at the back, thrashing away at the skins. I felt good. Music. My calling. My passion.

I grinned over the Yamaha set. My God, this was just the beginning. Pub gigs. Stage shows. Autographs. Interviews with Jools Holland. It was only up from here.

Band meeting. I sat down, slightly sweaty and beaming. "How we doing, guys? Wasn't that grand?"

"So we're thinking for the next few songs, Eloise... would you mind sitting them out?"

I sat out those songs. And the songs after those. And our actual performance.

I chilled at the back, drumsticks in my back pocket, grumbling something about artistic license. They felt bad enough to allow me to play the triangle in one song.

Anyhow. From that moment on, my career path had to take a quite dramatic change. I lay in bed that night, mid-existential crisis, staring at the poster of Cristiano Ronaldo on my wall.

"Ronaldo, this whole drumming thing isn't working out," I confided.

"Shut up, twat features," my younger brother muttered in the bunk bed above me.

Undeterred, I reached out to pat Ronaldo on his glossy cheek. He'd know what to do. If he could score from the halfway line against FC Porto in the Champions League, he could give me blindingly good career advice.

And then, it happened. I must have fallen asleep at some point. Or Ronaldo really did appear in my room, dressed only in his Man Utd shorts. I stared in amazement.

"Eloise, the drums are not for you. Go write instead, chica," he said in a soft Portuguese accent, patting me on the head.

"Thank you, Ronaldo," I wept rapturously, forgetting that they don't speak Spanish in Portugal.

"Remember who you are, Simba." Ronaldo added. "You beautiful. Like sunflower."

I wept even harder. He handed me a tissue, and then back-flipped away into a sunset.

When I woke up, I had a brand new plan. Everything was figured out.

I was going to be a music journalist.

Simple. Brilliant. That day, I went out and spent all my pocket money on a leather jacket. Next to Ronaldo, I pasted pictures of the Clash, Oasis, Florence and the Machine, and Snow Patrol.

Noel Gallagher gazed at me in mild disgust as I attempted to light a cigarette I'd found in a park, and burnt my lip in the process.

"I'm doing my best, Noel." I said defensively.

In the weeks forthcoming, I sat at home, writing reviews of every album I could find.

"Every song by the XX reminds me of the Marlborough Sounds. But in a bad way." I wrote.

I'd never been to the Marlborough Sounds.

And I didn't know what Lady Gaga meant by "disco stick", but I was frankly frightened of it.

Anyhow. Seven years on, the dream's fallen a little short. For reasons beyond my comprehension, my delicately hand-written reviews never quite received a reply from every music magazine I sent them to.

But that's all right – you know why? Screw you. NME. You wish you could have me. I'm working for Craccum magazine, and I can bestow my musical knowledge on the good people of the University of Auckland.

So, here we are. I'm putting my years and years of practice to good use – and creating a Buzz-Feed-style, 8 Songs That (Specifically) Make Me Want To Do A Backflip Off Steven Joyce's Enormous Bald Dome. That's what makes them the best.

So, hold on to your hats, delinquents. You're about to get educated.

8) "Kathleen" – Catrish And The Bottlemen. Van McCann! I know what the word simpatico means! Thank you for allowing me to utilize my Level I NCEA Spanish ability to fully appreciate a song about getting a blowjob from a terrible woman!

7) "I Bet You Look Good On The Dance Floor" - The Arctic Monkeys. I once ripped my school tights sliding across the floor airguitar-ing this song. Years on, AM are still the band of choice for every white Shore kid who wishes they, too, were from Sheffield.

6) "Don't Dream It's Over" - Crowded House. People always love to hate on this song at weddings. "Why doesn't Neil Finn just shut the fuck up?" they moan. To the haters, I say – you have never seen a group of Kiwi ex-pats bawling, "don't let them wiiilliillnnn" out at 3am in a London bar. Neither have L But it's the thought that counts. Hey now.

5) "Delilah" – Florence + The Machine. Picture it. You're wearing a white dress, riding on your lover's black Harley Davidson, throwing a Molotov cocktail at the feet of a group of riot guards. Also, you're in New Mexico. That's this song, basically.

4) "The Suburbs" – Arcade Fire. Honestly, Win Butler could just wail the word "consumerism" for three hours, and sell out stadiums. "He gets me," indie kids would breathe, every time he stopped for a durry break.

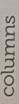
3) "If You Tolerate This, Your Children Will Be Next" – The Manic Street Preachers.

The only band that made Wales cool — until they released that one song for the European Football Tournament. Jesus. Suddenly, it was hard to forget that they occasionally play the mandolin.

2) "Umbrella" – Rihanna. My school had a special penchant for absolutely massacring this song in uniquely excruciating Glee Club performances. One time, they actually brought out umbrellas on stage. I'm sorry, Rihanna. You deserve better.

1) "Heroes" – David Bowie. Please come back. Bowie. It's all gone a bit wrong. Britain's left the EU. Donald Trump might be President, and Colin Craig's love poetry is now a thing. We bloody need you.







False Irony

It has become something of a trend to watch 'bad' television shows ironically, to mock them with increased viewership and endow them with countercultural status. *The Bachelor* set it in motion and *The Real Housewives of Auckland* crystallised it. It speaks of a postmodern generation, too cool for earnestness. Watching shows in this way signifies our place in a social class: educated, hip, in touch with popular culture but not so lame as to actually be participating in it.

This irony is used to mock the high-brow as well as the low. Where one group signals their pedigree by ironically watching *The Bachelor*, another will discuss *Anna Karenina* in tones designed to mock the pretension of academics and philosophers. Here's the catch. In that leering slew of "the abyss", "a symbol of her pointlessness", and "look at how his character arc mirrors hers", there is genuinely high-brow analysis. The social signalling begins to collapse in on itself. The speaker is saying that she is smart enough to have read *Anna Karenina*, but also saying that she is not a person so pretentious as to be discussing the book earnestly.

Let's be honest, this process is a bit of a circlejerk. We signal to others in our social circles – informed, educated, broadly privileged people – that we are participating

in a culture of meta-participation. The act of engagement is not the content of the book, the television show, or the conversation; the act of engagement, and the message being conveyed, is the manner of watching, the mood of superiority and relaxed nonchalance. Often, not always, this practice can strip bare our interactions to the indication of knowledge-bearing rather than the communication of it.

Nobody wins. The culture of ironic watching, of hipsterdom, has made it hard for us to be genuine with each other. To be so is a social faux pas, something laughable. When you're at a party you have to speak in jokes, in allusions and meta-commentary. This is the legacy of a generation of media headlined by shows like 30 Rock and Community. Postmodernism unlocked a smorgasbord of artistic opportunities in media, pushing us past conventional storytelling in a liberating way, but it has pervaded our psyches, our way of being around other people in groups.

Where does it all go? If people don't notice the 'irony' then you affirm the thing you seek to mock. An ironic stance doesn't convey anything. Those who notice what you're doing are the converted. You are not changing their minds or communicating newer, richer ideas to them. It is a culture of negativity and snarkiness. And I don't say this guilt-free. This is a culture I have built, at bars, at flats, at indie coffee shops. Being part of an in-group is fun. It has a kind of schoolyard allure, especially if you've ever felt excluded in your life. Just like all things, perhaps it leaves us a little deader, a litter drearier, and a lot more empty.

Rugby, Richie McCaw, and Chasing Great¹

Anyone who knows me knows that it would be a stretch to describe me as a rugby fan. I spent most of my first 18 years avowedly avoiding the All Blacks and making disparaging, superior comments about people who regularly tuned into the game (i.e. the vast majority of my friends and the vast majority of my family).

Once I came to University and moved into a flat with people who didn't feel the need to ironically hate universally loved things, I began watching the 'footy' (AKA 'code') with some more regularity. Initially it was tough. To the uninitiated, rugby as a spectacle is a mess. Most of the game appears to be played on all fours, with 30 hulking men scrabbling around in the mud for a ball that is shielded from view by approximately 3200kg of mass. Eventually the ball emerges from the quadruple-stacked Big Mac of bodies and is hurled in the direction of someone who carries it for a few seconds before also being felled to the ground. When compared with a sport like basketball, where every second brings a feat of athleticism entirely removed from the realm of possibility for ordinary people, or tennis, where a highwire act of precision is played out at 100 kilometres an hour, it's hardly riveting stuff.

However, watch enough rugby and some beauty will reveal itself. The way the All Blacks peel up-field, passes flying as though the ball is on a string. The way time slows down when a kicker (is that what they're even called?) lines up a conversion or penalty at a tense point in the game. The way players score tries at crucial moments, thus realising lifelong dreams of heroism, and then desperately quell any emotion as their mind flashes back to 25 years of hard-learned, good of fashioned stoicism. The way you can semi-hear the words of the referees as they sternly reprimand the captains who tower above them. It also doesn't hurt that the All Blacks always win – I am nothing if not a fair-weather fan.

With this in mind, I was extremely excited when I saw that Richie McCaw – our Skip, our National Hero-Pilot-Businessman, the Only Man Alive Who Can Get Away With Regularly Pairing Adidas ClimaCool Polo Shirts With Jeans – was going to have a movie about himself released. An entire movie about Richie! A film dedicated to the must unknowable person in New Zealand. We know more about our Prime Minister (i.e. that

he's had a vasectomy because he wanted to continue to lay pipe without fear of unleashing more spawn) than we do about the former captain of our favourite sports team. The movie, Chasing Great, even had a proper premiere. It was the real deal.

I expressed my fervent desire to see the film to many, many people, and the vast majority thought I was joking. There is certainly appeal in seeing a movie that screams "I Will Be Shit" for the value of witnessing a disaster.2 But I wanted to see Chasing Great because I was legitimately intrigued at the prospect of learning more about McCaw. The fact that he consented to the film being made in the first place was surprising for a man who so jealously guards his privacy. Moreover, it seemed strangely commercial and self-aggrandizing for the man who became the first captain in history to win back-to-back World Cups and, when asked how it felt to stand alone on the summit, responded with "Yeah, it was good to get the job done." That guv wanted an entire feature-length film to be made about him? Seriously?

I, along with my two most patriotic friends,3 ignored the hailstorm of condescension raining upon me for buying a ticket. I went along. I sat in my seat. The lights went down. And ... it was kind of ... good ...? Chasing Great isn't a great documentary by any stretch of the imagination. It's probably a stretch to even call it a documentary. because at times it feels as though its makers were paid by the New Zealand Film Commission to canonise McCaw. But it provides a fascinating glimpse into the life of someone who, ves, may be boring, may be quiet and shy, may not have the best soundbites, but undeniably reached the very pinnacle of excellence in his chosen field. McCaw is boring because his story is as advertised: here's a kid from a farm waaay down south who just worked really, really hard every day for about thirty years. He topped a bunch of subjects at high school (where he was also Head Boy). His off-pitch conduct was unimpeachable. We find him boring because unlike Michael Jordan he hasn't used the pain, suffering and doubt of his enemies to fuel his crusade. Unlike Serena Williams, he is not charismatic, fiery, and electric to watch. He's just a good Kiwi bloke who made it.

The quote of the film is when McCaw talks about his decision to settle down. His rationale for entering into a long-term relationship is that: "Well, you know, a problem shared is a problem halved, and all that." A romantic he's not. But an icon he is. Watch Chasing Great. The things you think you'll hate about it will be things you hate. But there's more to like than you might expect.



^{2 @}Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice.

³ Shoutout Nick Fenton and Tim Robinson.

⁴ There are, however, rumours that McCaw's nickname within the All Blacks was "Millenium Man" because he had supposedly been with one thousand women.

I This isn't going to go how you think it's going to go.

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

I'm sitting here writing this on September 11.

A day that I once heard referred to as "The Day Democracy Died".

And yes – it's certainly true that a hazy Wednesday morning in early Spring 2001 represented something of a watershed no-return transition point between the bright, halcyon promise of the 1990s to the gritty, drone-surveilled, NSA-monitored epoch of the War on Terror and today. What had before seemed a zeitgeist of bipartisanship and optimism throughout the Anglosphere, so powerful that a certain political theorist dubbed us to be in the "End of History", was replaced almost overnight by a lingering culture of latter-day McCarthyism (remember "You're either with us, or you're with the terrorists" as a line to repudiate criticism?) and combative recriminations.

History, it seems, wasn't over but was instead freshly on the march. Considering some of the things which ensued over the next few years as the direct and attributable result of that day, it's perhaps not surprising to see it eulogized with such infamy as the semi-mortification of much of the bedrock of our tradition of governance.

But it's not September 11 2001 which was the day I first heard referred to with that particular sobriquet.

That dubious honour instead belongs to September 11 1973 – a date which may be vaguely familiar to some of you as the occasion of the US-backed coup against Salvador Allende in Chile. If you haven't heard of this (and really, it's the sort of historical episode which is often in-fashion and in-vogue to somewhat downplay these days, for a number of reasons), a basic run-down is this:

In 1970, despite considerable external interference, the Socialist candidate Salvador Allende won that year's Chilean Presidential Election. The democratic elevation of a far-left political leader is, even these days, not something which happens easily - and the Americans found themselves outraged at the very idea of a potential Soviet-stooge or independent enclave setting itself up in 'their' hemisphere. So in the wake of Allende's government undertaking serious economic structural reform designed to transform Chile from a quasi-colonial resource-market adjunct to North America into a more fair and self-determining state, it is perhaps unsurprising (albeit unendorsable) that the CIA, Henry Kissinger et al moved to support armed efforts to remove Allende from office (with the CIA's Project FUBELT actually attempting to cause an anti-Allende coup to take place before Allende had even assumed office in late 1970).

The much-anticipated anti-democratic action finally happened on the date cited above (after some

weeks of buildup and an escalating sense of crisis due to a previous attempted-putsch a month and a half before). And the rest, as they say, is history.

Allende made a beautiful final address as the Presidential Palace fell around him – and then, either died by his own hand using an AK-47 gifted to him by Fidel Castro, or was murdered by a confederate of the incoming Pinochet coup-regime.

Following on from this, a chap by the name of General Augusto Pinochet took power and set about establishing a more friendly and amenable economic environment for US-backed interests. This he did by inviting down to Chile a certain, rather prominent economics professor by the name of Milton Friedman, and quite literally letting the new school of 'Chicago Boy' economists write his economic policy for him, as well as dispatching the armed forces at his command to engage in the mass repressive round-ups of tens of thousands of dissidents', both alleged and actual, with the purposes of rooting out any potential indigenous opposition to this impending wave of economic 'rationalization he sought to preside over. The phrase "helicopter rides" as a sort of implied threat (a term of art frequently deployed by some of the more unwholesome militant libertarian folk you might encounter online or at the wrong corners of the Owen G Glenn Building) derives from a favoured manner of execution employed by the Pinochet regime in service of its agenda.

We, here in New Zealand, often think of ourselves as having been the 'guinea-pig' state for (undemocratically imposed) ardent neoliberalism – but as it turns out, our disastrous flirtations with that economic paradigm was evidently something of an epimethean experiment rather than the breaking of entirely new ground.

But one other element from the dark after-events of September 11 (1973) stands out to me, some 43 years later. And that's what happened for some considerable time afterward (some fifteen years, in fact) while

Pinochet ruled.

Being entirely unconfident that they could prevent the forces of the left from once again coming to power via legitimate and democratic means – and also fearful of such a rudimentary thing as mere 'democracy' interfering with the Chicago Boys' ongoing economic machinations – the coup-government outlawed Chileans being able to vote.

This might seem something of a truism. Of course an anti-democratic government or one which has come to power this way and fears losing office via the ballot in answer to the bullet is going to be ill-disposed towards the actual levers of democracy.

But as we head into Local Body Election season here in Auckland – and with the General Election already looming upon the horizon for some time next year – I have found myself confronted on an increasing basis with sentiments which basically boil down to: "if voting actually changed anything, then they'd make it illegal."

My riposte to this has always been: "And so 'they' did - many, many times."

Of course, I am something of a cynic. I have seen enough of the way politics actually works up-close and personal to know that 'mere' voting is only the 'necessary but not entirely sufficient' basis-bedrock for engaging with democracy. But I have ALSO seen how much glee various right-wing forces almost invariably have when low voter-turnout rates help to avail them unto victory. What Pinochet (and other nasty regimes throughout the 20th and 21st Centuries) have sought to do by faux-'legislative' imposition, we have managed to achieve in many local polities by force of (lack of) will alone. There is only a minimum modicum of difference, after all (in some views) between being unable to vote and simply choosing not to exercise the right-and-privilege - as somewhere around 6.5 out of every 10 Aucklanders did back in 2013 (or as more than a million New Zealanders did a year later in the Generals).

In an earlier piece, I put together a quotation from the late, great Hunter S. Thompson – that politics, at its purest, is "the art of controlling your environment" – with one from The Departed: "I don't want to be a product of my environment. I want my environment to be a product of me."

These are both worthy maxims. And it's not hard to see how even with something as seemingly less glamorous as local body politics, they thoroughly apply. Electing people to represent our interests who are directly responsible for the local areas and authorities we live both in and under, is pretty much one of the most direct ways we're able to exercise 'control' over our immediate environment, and make the resultant future a tangible product of what we believe.

But there's another side to it, too – albeit one which probably applies with

more frequency and ferocity at the national level. The reason why Pinochet and all those other autocrats habitually outlaw voting is very simple.

It allows 'the little people' to fight back. To resist. To represent their own interests. Against unelected bureaucrats, ideologues and tyrants.

Hunter S. Thompson called it "voting in self defence". Ironically, an expression he deployed against the W. Bush administration, but one which has obvious and serious import even here in New Zealand.

So when your ballot-papers arrive later this month – and even more so with the General Election sometime next year – do something radical. Vote. Vote in Self Defence. The one thing that Governments fear.



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the people to blame.

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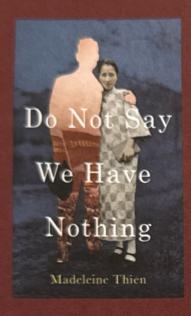
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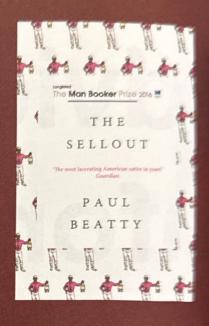
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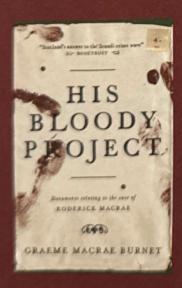
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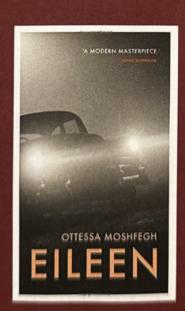
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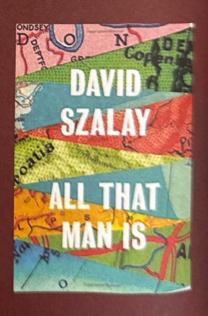


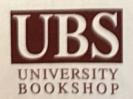












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