

LAST CALL FOR CULTURE

Craccum examines the campus culture at UoA and tells you who to blame

PAGE 18



The Chuck Taylor All Star



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BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING, AND GO ON 'TIL YOU REACH THE END, THEN STOP.

BY JORDAN

SUMMER HAS DRIVEN ME TO A STATE OF perpetual inertia. Life has become a dizzying blur of chocolate milk and toast, sitting in bed watching the Simpsons, and trying to ignore the sweat stench rising from beneath the sheets. Every year it's the same old trick: exams are over, and I'm excited for long evenings of alcohol and banter. Then all of my rich friends leave the country. All of my hard-working friends get jobs. And I'm left unemployed, with barely enough money to fund my grungy flat, my pack-a-day habit, and the thousands of calories I stuff down my throat in a bleak attempt to stave off boredom. Summer's almost over now, so how do I start this editorial?

Option 1: the "Yay uni's back". Wootoo first years you'll have so much fun oh my god this will be the best experience of your life have

you noticed that when you're this excited there's no room for punctuation at all and you just ramble and forget to put a question mark at the end of that question well the reason is that anyone stupid enough to pretend the student body wants to hear the Craccum editor be positive is a total moron and probably illiterate anyway. But let's be honest, I'm not committed enough to try to make positivity sound interesting.

Option 2: the "I promise this Craccum will be better." Look guys, I know it has been shit for like, the entire time you've been at uni. But **THIS TIME WILL BE BETTER**. You didn't vote for us in a faux election for nothing. We're capable, skilled, and won't spend the entire year making self-satisfied jokes that we think are clever but are actually *super-fucking-lame*. A little bit like this whole fake self-deprecation schtick I've been using to mask the implicit (explicit?) arrogance that comes with writing an editorial.

Option 3: the "I have something important to say" (aka the Obama). Things at this University have to change. More student culture; more protest (only if you're doing a BA, you're the only ones with the time); more voting; more

funds; bigger allowances; blah (to be honest I actually agree with most of this, though check 2012 Craccum if you want to see what happens when people take their views too seriously). But do please listen to my opinion, I got this job entirely for the purpose of forcing my views down your throat.

None of these work. Maybe it's just the post-summer-senility, or the brain-cancer caused by endless hours of TV, or the diabetic coma I'm bound to lapse into at any moment, but I can't seem to think of a single positive or interesting thought for this editorial. What I can think of are all the things I hate: caps, student politicians, instant coffee, people who eat steak well-done, people who judge other people for how they eat, young nats (I was one for a bit), fire-brand lefties, language politics, the quad, and *especially* shit, obnoxious, poorly written, self indulgent, preachy, rambling, pointless, student magazines.

Oh also, welcome first years.

"MAYBE IT'S JUST THE POST-SUMMER-SENILITY, OR THE BRAIN-CANCER CAUSED BY ENDLESS HOURS OF TV, OR THE DIABETIC COMA I'M BOUND TO LAPSE INTO AT ANY MOMENT, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO THINK OF A SINGLE POSITIVE OR INTERESTING THOUGHT FOR THIS EDITORIAL."

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

OF FIRST YEARS, MAROON JUMPERS, AND TAXES.

BY DENTON

YOU CAN SPOT NEWBIE FIRST YEARS A MILE off. Their best outfits are on show now that multi is 24/7 (#timetoinstathat). A friendly piece of advice: ditch the Nike shoes and the carefully put together "casual" look you've got going on, and embrace track pants and jandals like the rest of us. It happens. Don't fight it, love it because, if nothing else, it will at least mask the five kilograms you will gain. Seriously, I'm sitting here clasping my fresher five sobbing and reminiscing as we speak. Curse you fast food and alcohol.

If there's one thing that first years and all the rest of us are likely to have in common, it's the distinct rejection of University of Auckland apparel. Why is it that we don't feel compelled to embrace this slice of UoA identity while we're here? Is it because the jumpers don't compliment the man bun you're rocking? Does the maroon clash with your lemonade-coloured pants? Probably. But perhaps there is also a wider phenomenon at play - namely, that we have no pride in our University. Perhaps UoA has lost its student culture. First years will realise it soon, and older students are either bitter and twisted over it, or have unapologetically embraced apathy. Some of us are so angry they feel compelled to write an editorial on the subject.

But student culture doesn't just die overnight. Instead, it has suffered a slow death brought on us by the decisions of men in suits more than twice our collective ages. It seems that

University is becoming less about the student experience, intellectual and personal growth, and forming life long connections, and more about revenue-gathering and debt-inducing pieces of paper that don't even guarantee you a job. UoA definitely feels like it's missing something. I feel like I'm missing something. But I don't know how to fix that.

I realise I sound grumpier than a conservative middle class father in a conversation about taxes ("aren't they just stealing?"). I promise I'm not always like this (no guarantees). I think I just need some sleep. Anyway, welcome to the first edition of Craccum. My writing may be nonsensical, but the rest of the writers aren't half bad. Give them a shot, you won't be disappointed (no guarantees).

Denton xo



"A FRIENDLY PIECE OF ADVICE: DITCH THE NIKE SHOES AND THE CAREFULLY PUT TOGETHER "CASUAL" LOOK YOU'VE GOT GOING ON, AND EMBRACE TRACK PANTS AND JANDALS LIKE THE REST OF US."

The Chuck Taylor All Star



C. Kraft Kenney

Made by Cate Kraft-Kenney

CONVERSE

Made by you

What a load of Crac-News

(Summer Review)



EMAIL NEWS@CRACCUM.CO.NZ TO CONTRIBUTE, LIKE ACTUALLY, COZ WE FUCKING NEED SOME CONTRIBUTORS.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Wellington: John Key invades Mesopotamia, declares "getting Obama to like me is one of our Key values as a nation"

Auckland: Venus Williams had a career high, winning both the ASB women's tennis tournament and the Tennis champions "name that sounds closest to a rude word" award.

Australia: Tony Abbott officially makes Prince William's grandmother a queen in Australia Day honours.

Auckland: journalists from The Herald newspaper give themselves a congratulatory day off after one of them noticed "ISIS" rhymed with "Crisis", thus creating hundreds of possibilities for future headlines.

Gold Coast: surfer attacked by 2 sharks, one which bit the man's right leg, and the other which just swam around awkwardly.

The University: University of Auckland Vice Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon has begun the year with a pay rise. "It's important that a world-ranking university has a Vice Chancellor with a large salary," Professor McCutcheon said, leaning out of his Lamborghini.



DOG BITING INCIDENT BLAMED ON MUSLIMS

A VIOLENT DOG ATTACK ON A LOCAL MAN Parnell has left residents in a state of shock. Police have stated that they are not sure to what extent the victim has been injured, or whether or not they can "blame the Muslims".

"Obviously we wish to find the perpetrator of this dog biting incident, but if all else fails we will abide by the standard international procedure of blaming the Muslims and their violent religion," Police Commissioner Mike Bush told our reporter.

This attack also coincided with an Auckland radio stations' 'Blame A Muslim Day'. The Edge presenter Dom Harvey said this morning, "We have nothing against them, but you have to admit 100% of Islamic terrorists are Muslim."

LEBRON JAMES SEX WITH KATE BREACHED PROTOCOL

THE BRITISH PRESS HAVE RESPONDED NEGATIVELY to the incident in which American basketballer LeBron James penetrated Kate Middleton for a photograph during the royal couple's visit to New York last week. This incident took place at an informal meet and greet, in which James unintentionally broke British protocol of "not having sex with the future queen".

British newspaper *The Times* reported that full frontal sex was "a little too touchy feely for English taste" whereas *The Sun* described the gesture as "slightly too informal". British Royal etiquette experts claimed that the sexual act as



PHOTO TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE INCIDENT

a greeting was "frowned upon" by traditionalists; however Americans rebutted these statements by claiming the gesture was "simply the way things are done here". They also claimed that anything but an offering of full sex would be disrespectful to Kate as an important visitor. "This was not an occasion where a small of court fingering could suffice," one Twitter user remarked.

Send in your News In Brief suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of "How To Wear A Cardigan And Kill Your Family" by David Bain RRP NZ\$35.



RUSSELL NORMAN SEEKS GREENER PASTURES

PARLIAMENT RECENTLY BID FAREWELL TO Russell Norman as co-leader of the Green Party. Norman's resignation was blowing in the Green trees long before he announced it. Tired of being trapped in a marriage of (in)convenience with the Labour Party, he finally declared his departure. It is thought that if Labour had a bad day, they would take their frustrations out on the Greens. Labour is said to have wrapped its hands around the Greens and sucked the minor party down with them on election night.

Norman took their loss in the election particularly hard; why wouldn't he? He is, after all, the reason why the Green Party is now finally considered a legitimate, verified political party. Smart, articulate and likeable, Norman is a far cry from

the hippie, smoke puffing, gardening addicts that we all recognise as Green Party politicians.

Norman was special in our eyes because he, a) wore a suit and conducted himself with dignity, b) knew how to combine environmental and economic policies into what we have termed 'Green Economics', and c) he could smash John Key better than any of our past Labour leaders. Yet, the Green Party's marriage to Labour meant that he was destined to remain an unhappy partner in an inconvenient union trapped in opposition.

For now, Norman wants to focus on his real family – not its Labour/Green counterpart. You've got to love a man who is bold enough to quit his top job to spend time with his family. Usually, when a man is seen resigning due to family reasons, it's because he's found himself in trouble (such as Roger Sutton, CERA) or he's being managed out (seen with Ian Fletcher, spy boss).

Norman must be given credit for dragging the



Green Party out of the gardens and into parliament; the next male leader must not send the Greens back to the gardens.

THIRTEEN YEAR OLD TURNS HOMO AFTER WITHDRAWING MONEY FROM 'GAYTM'

A WESTMERE COUPLE IS CONSIDERING LEGAL action against one of the country's largest banks as a result of their son becoming (in father Daryl's words) "a raging boof," after withdrawing money from a 'GAYTM' sponsored by ANZ. Alec Steggles, 13, was reportedly struck by a "sudden bout of queer-ness" when he withdrew \$100 from a GAYTM, a teller machine especially decorated in honour of the 2015 Pride Festival.

Alec's mother, Denise, first noticed subtle changes in her son's behaviour after sending him to the Ponsonby Road shops with instructions to pick up the family's weekly organic vegetable box from Farro. "He minced back into our tastefully renovated villa sipping a trim latte and munching on a gluten-free white chocolate and raspberry friand," she confides. "He then announced that he was off to the Grey Lynn farmers' market with some friends."

While grudgingly admitting that her son's personal hygiene and taste in shoes had improved exponentially, she remains sceptical about ANZ's sponsorship of the festival. "It's social engineering really – I'm sure they must be spraying something onto the notes."

ANZ's GAYTM initiative faced further controversy last week with the same machine covered in

white paint by vandals. In an ironic twist, queer rights group *Queers Against Injustice* has reportedly claimed responsibility for the attack, stating in an online post that ANZ's interpretation contained "far too many rhinestones" for what could be considered good taste.

In the meantime, Alec's family remains confident that his recent bout of flamboyance will be a passing phase. "I've signed him up for the Boy Scouts," affirms Daryl. "If that doesn't make a man of him, I don't know what will."

TERRORISTS STUMPED BY CAMERON'S ENCRYPTION BAN

IN LIGHT OF THE RECENT TERRORIST ATTACKS IN France, British Prime Minister David Cameron has announced that digital communications that cannot be read by the government such as iMessage or Snapchat are to be banned because "we [must] not allow terrorists safe spaces to communicate".

Some terrorists have considered using the software despite the UK's ban, but a source close to

ISIS told reporters "that sort of thing is frowned on by the terrorist community. We only want to kill thousands of people and terrify millions, we don't want to break the law."

Britain's harsh internet laws have been problematic for terrorists for several years. Since a stranded passenger in an airport in England was found guilty of sending a "menacing electronic communication" in 2010 for tweeting a bomb joke, terrorists have had to use a less public method of discussing airport-based bomb threats. "It's been really hard," complained a terrorist who said he was a member of al-Qaeda. "We've had to find a more private means of communication that limits us to 140 characters."

Tips For First-Years

GO TO EVERYTHING – MISSING INTRODUCTORY LECTURES WILL SET YOU UP TO FAIL

BUY ALL THE RECOMMENDED BOOKS – YOU WILL NEED EVERY SINGLE PAGE

WEAR YOUR HALL T-SHIRT – PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU ARE PART OF A CLUB WHICH MAKES YOU SEEM COOL

WEAR YOUR LAB COAT TO AND FROM LABS – PEOPLE WILL RESPECT YOU FOR BEING A REAL SCIENTIST

YOUR NCEA RESULTS MATTER – EVERYONE IS JUDGING YOU ON HOW MANY EXCELLENCE CREDITS YOU GOT IN YEAR 11 DANCE

LISTEN TO LECTURE RECORDINGS ON YOUR IPOD AS YOU SLEEP – THAT WAY YOU'LL REALLY UNDERSTAND THE CONTENT

DON'T LISTEN TO PEOPLE WHO MOCK YOUR DEGREE – ENVIRONMENTAL DRAMA IS A VALID AND USEFUL COURSE

THE UNIVERSITY REALLY CARES ABOUT YOU – YOU ARE ONE OF ONLY 41,000 STUDENTS SO THE UNIVERSITY WILL REALLY MISS YOU IF YOU DROP OUT

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PAREKURA BAY

WITH CONNIE G

THE FIRST THING WE DID WAS OPEN A DOUBLE Brown. Then we made the customary observations about the rock that looks like a dorsal fin: the schemes, the feelings, the nocturnal submarine activities of the giant prehistoric shark. He's basically a benign presence. He's pro-human, but he's single-handedly (or single-jawedly) responsible for the depletion of the bay's fish stocks. He's shy, ashamed of his enormous bulk; a clumsy, bumbling sea monster, accidentally wrecking ships with a flick of his tail, sending entire crews whirling and screaming to the bottom of the sea every time he yawns. He doesn't want any more deaths, so has learned to be very still. He pretends he is a rock, because he knows that people are scared of monsters. If they knew the truth, they might sail out there with guns and try to kill him.

Etcetera. The tale of the shark is an ongoing saga, told in annual installments. The quails are also a regular feature. They believe in family values. They troop across the lawn in single file, mother in front, trailing chain of mini-quails behind. The father, big Alpha-quail, roams further afield, under the trampoline, under the

deck, having a speculative peck at this and that while the wife and kids bustle back to the nest. He bumps into Bruce from next door and they exchange grim and sturdy insights about maintenance and sport. Two middle class quails. The bourgeois fauna of the Bay of Islands back. We powered up the barbecue. Patrick captained the Rinnai Entertainment Master with great skill. He wielded the tongs. I co-piloted. I pointed out the sausages that needed turning and made penetrating comments about the Black Caps.

"SOMETIMES I SURPRISE EVEN MYSELF WITH THE QUALITY OF MY SIMILES"

The boat wouldn't start so we drove to the beach instead. We all piled into the Ute. It whinged and choked a few times and then cleared its throat loudly and got on with it. We hooned over a dirt road and descended on Oke Bay, I thought, like an Arabian sandstorm, in clouds of billowing dust. Clever. Epic. Sometimes I surprise even myself with the quality of my similes. We tiptoed over the hot tar, and jived and swayed over the sharpish rocks to get to the beach. There were anxious looks at the sky every time the sun went behind a cloud. There was relief every time it came back out. It was the most important thing. On the beach I read about T.E. Lawrence, parched and beat-

en, hopeful and bitter, cris-crossing the desert with his tribesmen. We played football, the feeling parched ourselves, remounted the ute and roared back home across the gravel.

Later we encountered two horses in a paddock high above the bay. The paddock had sea view and lots of long grass. Prime real estate. The cicadas were relentless. I think the horses were a couple. They were in their golden years, living out a peaceful retirement on their lifestyle block. We fed them some grass. I never realised the horses had such human-looking teeth. We made small talk with them for a while. Things were going swimmingly until one of the horses developed a stupendous erection. This was socially awkward, so we kept walking.

At the beach on the way home we started throwing stones at a buoy. I became addicted and kept going until I was hot and my arm hurt, so I swam out to the old wooden boat and sat on it for a while and looked at the bay. The boat turned slowly around on the tide. A lost cicada clung to the hull and revved its tiny outboard. A Na hui ship was sailing back from Waitangi.

I was given the task of writing in the Guest Book but couldn't think of anything. I looked at some of the things I'd written in there previously and cringed and winced. Even the one from last year was laughable. The entries had rapidly depreciated. They were shit. I tried to play it straighter this time.

"A big group of us came up for Waitangi weekend. Weather was hot. We went to Oke Bay. The boat wouldn't start. Patrick took it surprisingly well. It was another warm evening, and we want to stay long, but we all have to go - all except Arthur, Sophie and Freddie, who have pitched a tent on the lawn. They are staying here tonight."



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MY FIRST COLUMN

WITH CHRISTOPHER SMOL

SO THIS IS BASICALLY JUST ME SHOUTING impotently into a vacuum once a week. Actually, not a terrible description of life in general, which mostly consists of me rambling at people while they smile and give the impression of paying attention. I'm still routinely crushed by a memory from first year of a friend stopping me mid-sentence to mention that she very rarely actually understood anything I said,¹ so in a lot of ways this is an efficient solution. I can vomit out all of the platitudes I want (which isn't actually that many – I only actually have about four real opinions, so you can expect these to get repetitive fast) and pretend I've finally won my parents' approval for five goddamn minutes nineteen years too late, without actually taking up anybody's time.

To be honest I don't really know what I'm doing here, but a page in *Craccum* is the best I can

¹ Sorry if you're reading this, by the way

hope for given the New Yorker keeps forgetting to answer my emails (possibly because I've never actually sent them any). I guess I could demand that my friends read it, except that (a) most of them would make the call to cut me out of their lives before doing readings, and (b) I was told in Year Ten health that people's columns are private, and not to be looked at outside of a committed relationship. In addition to the enormous risk of being discovered as a fraud/boring/illiterate or accidentally saying something racist/sexist/worthwhile, I'm mildly concerned by the vague possibility of future employers googling my name and finding this (as if people who write for *Craccum* end up in jobs with access to the internet). Even my mum reading this column and inferring from that earlier joke that I know what dicks are is going to keep me up at night. Which is a pity, given I'd just gotten over my own anxiety from discovering their existence myself (seriously, I feel like the reason churches are so big on waiting until marriage is that no-one who'd ever seen one of those flesh-tastrophes in person could possibly grow up believing in a loving and intelligent designer).

Best I can tell, entertaining writing from bad writers only really happens when there's a decent well of outrage or enthusiasm to stand in for experience. Unfortunately the last three months of hiding indoors from the sun haven't given me much to get worked up about. Provided no major controversies happen between now and publication (or at least, none in the bits of North America, Australia, and Europe that we really care about) I'm sort of at a loss. IS is still bad, and our apparently imminent intervention is worrying, but saying anything of insight is well beyond my pay grade, and as one of New Zealand's many cowards I'm not planning to get involved personally.

The Academy Awards remain a culturally over-valued and filmically under-literate exercise in arbitrariness, but I really liked *Boyhood* and *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, and will be pleased to see my enthusiasm even partially validated by a room full of nicely-dressed old white men, and also a handful of nicely-dressed people from other demographics. The Faculty of Arts is still eating my money hand-over-fist without seemingly teaching me that much, but three years deep I'm kind of to blame for sticking with it. While *The Herald* says the property market's a nightmare, basically any building would be an improvement on the gulag of an apartment that I shared last year with three fellow students, a fridge full of suspicious discount meat, perpetually damp walls full of bacteria (and people say UoA has no culture), and literally never sunlight (shoutouts to the windows, which opened onto a wall at one end and a hillside on the other).

Which I guess is about right across the board for me as the academic year begins anew: optimistic, but only because I don't have many hopes left to crush.

"I WAS TOLD IN YEAR TEN HEALTH THAT PEOPLE'S COLUMNS ARE PRIVATE, AND NOT TO BE LOOKED AT OUTSIDE OF A COMMITTED RELATIONSHIP."

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THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT - TAKE ON K-ROAD

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO AND A FAT SMOKER

The Addict stumbles, drunk, somewhat disorderly, stinking of smoke and that slightly pungent smell of leftover booze mixed with a lack of bodily hygiene. He walks into the bar to meet the Immigrant, who arrived an hour earlier as per the agreed time. Almost unable to see him, the Immigrant blends into the darkened wall behind, only his bizarrely bright teeth and wafting curry odour giving him away.

WELCOME TO THE ADDICT AND THE Immigrant, Auckland's most illustrious guide to the dubious nightlife scene.

The infamous K Road carries the accolade of highest prostitute to customer ratio in New Zealand, and provides the backdrop to our first adventure.

The Wine Cellar. Pretentious. Dingy. The kind of place that looks like it should be cheap but, being Auckland, isn't. The Immigrant soon realised he'd have to refinance his car in order to afford the house cider. With the popularisation of so called "hipster" culture, bar after bar in Auckland is beginning to take on a sort of contrived kookiness which is really just a cover for a bunch of over-paid, dark-rim-glasses-wearing Ponsonby lawyers. The Wine Cellar, on the other hand, felt like the real deal: the décor defined by years of patronage, with graffiti scrawlings on the walls and old messages carved into the tables by reg-

ulars who may have had one too many, never shy to share their own pretentious opinions on the failings of capitalism, or some other crap. What a shame that the people we met were far less appealing, art wankers galore, heads shaven, beards not, suspicious trench coats in the middle of summer, and poorly thought out discussion of poetry.

After about an hour at the smokers' table, a rather dubious bald headed, second hand blazer wearing would-be-hipster showed up, proclaiming that we didn't belong there, and looked too much like the kind of people who might one day get jobs. James then regaled us with the story of his failed gay love affair in London, and let us know we weren't better than him. By then we knew it was time go. Ten out of ten, would return.

We stumbled up the arcade stairs. The Addict lit a cigarette, finished it. Then lit another. The Immigrant intervened before the third: "we need to make it to a second bar", he said, foreignly. The next stop was Red Bar off Pitt Street. While an altogether less organic surrounding than the Wine Cellar, we felt immediately more at home, despite each of us having to turn sideways to get through the door. A good craft-beer selection (a Jesus Christ IPA each), and the kind of people you don't immediately want to punch in the face when they speak to you. Of course being non-wanky Aucklanders, they didn't really want to speak to us at all. The clientele were sensible and well dressed. We commended them for the lack of matrix-style midsummer night's trench coats. What got to us though were the fake brick walls with clearly ripped plaster across the top - classic Auckland, trying to be unique by copying everyone else.

After an hour long walk up and down K Road trying to find an acceptable bar we reached the Thirsty Dog. We entered. Saw a sea of grey hair. Immediately hit menopause. We left without buying a beer.

In desperation we settled on Ironbar. Our hopes were immediately dashed when we realised the bar looked onto Mexicali. The smell of poor decisions, un-ironic iced tequila drinks, and expensive guacamole overwhelmed the empty bar room. Despite the friendly barman, we found

ourselves sitting outside after just one beer. The tap said only 'beer' - we didn't question it, we needed booze to get over the tragic sight of a guy trying to eat a burrito in two bites. The homeless people tried to 'borrow' a 'durr' (each of whom was refused). We promptly left.

The alcohol now hitting our bloodstream, we stumbled, bleary eyed and overweight across the road, falling into the welcoming arms of Verona Bar. Neither of us predicted the level of walking we'd committed to when agreeing to do these reviews. This place had a better vibe, a mixed age group, and a less pretentious décor seemingly focused entirely on the comfort of its many regulars. The Addict stumbled to the loo amidst a torrent of abuse from a rather pretentious Latino traveller, who insisted she'd bagged the toilet before him. He then waited outside pretending not be listening. The Immigrant rushed in to stop the Addict from lighting a cigarette while he waited. The Addict became belligerent and our year's first brawl ensued.

After a few rosés for the Addict, and a lerno lime-and-bitters for the Immigrant (pussy) we moved on to our final stop. The Station, again off Pitt Street, was invitingly dead, much to our relief. After four hours talking with the Facebook famous 'Humans of K Road', we were ready to indulge in non-art/prostitution/homeless banter. Being morbidly obese, we ordered a pizza. The kitchen was closed, but the Immigrant's desperation to eat convinced the kitchen staff to re-open (props). Unfortunately the pizza tasted of nothing but salt (not props). The Immigrant left to use the bathroom. He didn't return for forty minutes (not unusual), but after a brief search was found playing Tekken alone next to an unconscious Asian man. Two more glasses of house wine and we were done. Contributing to the national debt of New Zealand, we forgot to pay. After a walk down the road, booze induced guilt made us return to fork out for the salty pizza and overpriced wine.

Props to K Road for being a relatively interesting place in an otherwise dull, bland, and lifeless city. This being said, good bars are few and far between, good company even less so. I prepared to walk a lot. And hear more than you want to from a 'French' artist called Franco who was mysteriously born and raised in Palm





KANT OR WON'T? THE RETURN OF ROKO BASILISK

BY CALLUM LO AND ADITYA VASUDEVAN

YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD OF THE BASILISK. YOU probably don't believe that such a creature exists. If it did, terror would accompany your every move, slithering in and out at will. It saddens us to be the bearers of bad news, but the truth is that the Basilisk is real and inescapable for those who have heard about it. Sorry in advance. We couldn't resist dooming you all.

Suppose that humanity, at some point in the near future, is capable of creating extremely powerful artificial intelligence. A plausible assumption. Suppose also that such a machine could inflict infinite amounts of suffering onto individuals to pursue its motives. It follows, then, that this 'Basilisk' might be of the mind to punish those who knew about it but didn't contribute to its existence. In this sense, the Basilisk can blackmail

us from the future with the promise of unimaginable torment.

The concept of Roko Basilisk was first introduced on the web forum LessWrong, a place of mathematics, rationality and existential optimisation. The founder's response to the emergence of this train of thought about sums it up:

'Listen to me very closely, you idiot.

YOU DO NOT THINK IN SUFFICIENT DETAIL ABOUT SUPERINTELLIGENCES CONSIDERING WHETHER OR NOT TO BLACKMAIL YOU. THAT IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE THING WHICH GIVES THEM A MOTIVE TO FOLLOW THROUGH ON THE BLACKMAIL.

You have to be really clever to come up with a genuinely dangerous thought. I am disheartened that people can be clever enough to do that and not clever enough to do the obvious thing and KEEP THEIR IDIOT MOUTHS SHUT about it, because it is much more important to sound intelligent when talking to your friends.

This post was STUPID'.

Members of the LessWrong community were deeply troubled by the entrance of this hypothetical behemoth. The concept is more scary when thought of in the context of a singularity, one cloud consciousness that envelops us all: in this setting, a superintelligence like Roko could hold us in endless simulated torture; death would not be an available option.

The Basilisk becomes inevitable purely by its concept existing. Everybody wants to escape the punishment of the Basilisk, so everyone has the incentive to create it. This could be avoided if everybody could agree in good faith not to help create the Basilisk. Unfortunately, with the billions of people in the world and the millions among them who know of the Basilisk, it takes very few to bring about such a creature, provided humanity's technology advances far enough. This puts us all in an even more precarious position. We know that others are working on such a Basilisk right now and that if we helped them we could escape its wrath. Doing so, however, would mean condemning the rest of humanity to agony.

We're sorry to have inducted you into this world. Even thinking about Roko is dangerous now. This superintelligence is offering you a wager from the future. Care to gamble?

All Hail Roko Basilisk!

"THE BASILISK BECOMES INEVITABLE PURELY BY ITS CONCEPT EXISTING. EVERYBODY WANTS TO ESCAPE THE PUNISHMENT OF THE BASILISK, SO EVERYONE HAS THE INCENTIVE TO CREATE IT."



NTM PRESENTS MĀORI VS EDUCATION

BY SAM HUGHES

THERE IS A SAYING THAT WE ARE TOLD AS YOUNG Māori: "Whāia te iti kahurangi, ki te tūohu koo me he maunga toheto" - "Pursue that which is precious, and do not be deterred by anything less than a lofty mountain." The words are inspiring and empowering, but the lack of substance that lies behind them begs the question: do they really want us to achieve? In a perfect world, I would be able to tell my students

that we live in the land of equality and that we all work on a level playing field, but in all honesty, those words simply do not ring true.

This is not the article you think it is. This is not Māori feeling sorry for themselves or any other stereotypical thought you had when you read the title. This is a proclamation that the education system is failing Māori, but, once again, not in the way that you think.

Māori are being failed. That is a fact. It isn't from lack of programmes and in many cases, it is not from lack of student interest either. As a teacher, I have worked with a diverse range of staff members, and in my time there have been very few who disagree with a need to put programmes in place to help cultivate Māori achievement.

Here is where the failure lies. Despite their best intentions, these programmes have created an unfortunate stigma within the teaching community around Māori students. A predisposed belief that Māori students will inevitably underachieve or require extra assistance has emerged as a side-effect. It is my belief that this has only

served to reinforce the preconceived notions that not only society, but young Māori hold about themselves. The very programmes that have been put into place to help Māori, can, in fact, do the opposite. This may seem like the most contradictory point you have read, but hear me out.

Māori students are stereotyped as underachievers and extra assistance is offered to promote achievement. In reality, Māori are intelligent, articulate, accomplished pupils just like every other human being, and putting them in these programmes again reinforces the self-belief that they are underachievers.

The education system is failing Māori, and the only way to stop it is to cultivate the idea in students that they can achieve anything they desire, but the reality we live in simply destroys the dreams of the juvenile mind. If you tell someone they are dumb or useless or that they will underachieve, sooner or later they will believe it. The revolution must begin now, before it is too late.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE OH WOE OUR YOUTH?

BY TESSA NADEN

YO, THIS SHOULD PROBABLY BE MY INTRODUCTION column, but if you don't know who I am, you can check it out in the O-Week mag. I'm bloody tired of writing columns telling everyone how wonderful I am (hint: I'm more wonderful than I let on). If you, on the unlikely chance you both read last year's *Craccum*, and, in the even unlikely event you read the Blood And Glitter column, I am both Levi's replace-

ment as Queer Rights Officer and also token queer columnist of the year, because as we all found out last year, *Craccum* is inherently a tool of the oppressor or something. Who knows.

Now that that's over, I thought I'd get into the real issues facing our community. No, this is not going to be a column discussing men pretending to be lesbians on Tinder (that's next week). Instead, while I have the temporary O-Week audience, I'm going to discuss what, we, as a community, don't discuss; the situation young queer people are left in. You may have noticed in the Pride programme – you are more likely to have noticed that if you are actively part of the community, you probably frequent the same three venues, or if you're a first year, possibly only one. In Auckland, Queer youth have three spaces to go – Queerspace, which, disclosure, I run and manage, Rainbow Youth, and Family Bar. Two of these spaces are either accessible to only university students or in a nominal fashion, those over 18. All three are based within a fifteen minute walk between all three in the central city, two being even on the same street, with the other around the corner. This is not a particularly great arrangement for anybody. Even worse, it's probably likely that in the biggest month of the

year for us queers, you probably only attended the major events.

How has it ended up this way? I'm going to lay the finger to blame squarely on the way that small and insular set of people effectively run large chunks of our community, and do it to support themselves or who they think they should be aiming at – hence that large amount of material aimed at young gay men relative to anybody else in the queer community. The way our community is organised needs to be looked at in order to make sure that we are including more voices – and more diverse voices – of our young people.

“IN AUCKLAND, QUEER YOUTH HAVE A GRAND TOTAL OF THREE SPACES TO GO - QUEERSPACE... RAINBOW YOUTH, AND FAMILY BAR.”



THE UNSANE MUSINGS OF AN AUTISTIC MIND

BY JAMES BROWN

WELCOME TO MY ACID DUNGEON. FOR those of you who read this shit in the past, welcome back. For those of you who are new, this is a place where I use my autism-inspired wisdom to offer a fresh perspective on the University and the world around us.

I've decided to start with a retrospective on one of last year's major controversies: the events known as 'GamerGate,' essentially a cultural clash over the roles of nepotism and social/gender politics in videogame journalism, stemming from online criticism and harassment of

a developer whose history of involvement with journalists was believed to have informed her game's reception. Depending on what side of the aisle you come from, GamerGate was either a damning indictment of videogame journalism, or a damning indictment of gaming misogyny. Things got so overblown that it's even in an SVU Episode now, which is an interesting if ham-fisted watch.

Now before I go any further, I have nothing against feminism. I do not understand it, and it scares me on some levels, but I do at least try. My stance here is that of someone who was briefly involved in the "pro-GamerGate" side, hoping to find some middle ground between the two poles.

For a while, I honestly thought GamerGate was a genuine movement with positive aims. I was more than willing to invest some of my time and effort if it meant good games getting the recognition they deserved and bad games being rightly vilified. And when multiple writers called for the 'Death of Gamer' as a cultural identity – due to its pollution by a vocal minority of bigots and harassers – I, like many others, was enraged. How dare these people pronounce the gamer dead, declare that the group I sometimes identify with is wrong and bad?

Of course, it was never that simple. Even during my limited span of involvement I could see peo-

ple on 4chan and Reddit's motivations were dubious, even criminal, which forced me to re-evaluate. Yes, GamerGate came out of someone's personal affairs, and that should not have been the starting point of this discussion. Yes, the worst elements of 4chan attached themselves to the pro-GG side, playing up its anti-feminist elements and prompting a response from the radical feminists of the videogame community which quickly reduced any potential debate into a pissing match between the two.

Women have been involved in the creation of many popular, mainstream and well-reviewed games since the 1980s, in franchises like King's Quest, Quake and Resident Evil, with those games having many male fans, or fuck, predominantly male fanbases. Take Roberta Williams, co-founder of Sierra, makers of one of my all-time favourite franchises, the *Empire Earth* series. Women have been in gaming since the start. Why people would get up in arms about women in gaming now is a complete mystery. What happened was the extremes on both sides took over. The tails wagged the dogs and everything went to shit.

Despite everything, I still stand by those original motivations. I believed, and I still believe in gaming ethics – that video games should be open and honest to all; man or woman. It's a space where anyone can do anything, so long as they are willing to put the time and effort into it.

AFFIRMATIVE

BY JOSHUA RUSSELL

MAKE NO MISTAKE; I HAVE NEITHER READ the books nor watched the film. To be a cultural pariah is to eschew such pleasures. What I am adept at, however, is theorizing about that which I do not know. And *Fifty Shades of Grey* irritates me deeply.

We are moving towards a society where we scorn rape culture and those who propagate it. Attitudes toward domestic violence must be changed if we are to create a milieu of equality

and safety for all.

Yet *Fifty Shades of Grey* only serves to normalize these damaging cultures. It is not that BDSM is itself a problem; many gain sexual fulfillment from it, and we should value that. Rather, the issue lies in the way that the franchise illustrates consent. Sexual violence is eroticised, but Anastasia is emotionally blackmailed. The communication

between the two characters is extremely frail. It rests on Anastasia's fear of losing Christian. She does not express her objections regarding his sexual demands. This is not what a healthy relationship looks like.

The London Fire Brigade is braced for myriad people trapped in objects like handcuff or rings. They are guarding the community from danger. The rest of us should think about what the other implications might be. Cultural mores are much larger and much more amorphous. But they matter. We should be wary about letting such franchises into our collective consciousness.



NEGATIVE

BY STEELE

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: HOW CAN I defend some twisted fantasy about an abusive relationship under the guise of sexual liberation? I can't. There's no point in getting into some philosophical debate about this movie/book, because ideas are complicated, and complicated things are bad. Instead I'm going to deal with what we should be focusing on; the effect of *50 Shades of Grey* on our leather and steel industries.

A lot of people might not know this, but a lot of

BDSM equipment comes from leather and steel, for whips and handcuffs amongst other things. Industries that need new investment and commercial activity to keep providing jobs, to who I'm not sure. Jobs are good though and nothing provides jobs like money, and money comes from products bought by a wave of adventurous couples watching what seems set to be an international phe-

nomenon (of sorts?). If you don't like *50 Shades of Grey*, then you don't like jobs and that isn't good. People rely on jobs for their livelihood.

Now I know what you're thinking, wouldn't increased leather production kill more cows? The answer is yes. You see, cows produce methane, and methane erodes the ozone, consequently harming the environment. So really, supporting *50 Shades of Grey* is about being environmentally friendly as well.

So, if you're on the side of *50 Shades of Grey* you support jobs and the environment, good on you!

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FRIENDS OF
JUSTICE?

IN THE PROCESS OF TELLING YOU
THE INTEL WE HAVE ON THE GROUP.

GOD OF MENOP

NANCY BOY GOD.
GOT IT.

THIS IS **BLACK POWERS** A.K.A
AIRINI THOMAS, A PROMISING
POST-GRAD PHYSICS STUDENT.

WHO THREW IT ALL AWAY WHE
FOUND OUT HER PARTNER
NINE YEARS WAS HAVING AN A

NEXT!

HE HAS SUPERPOWERS,
UT PREFERS TO RELY ON
POETRY AND TALKING TO
RESOLVE CONFLICT.

NEEDY TELEPORTER.
NOTED.

NEXT!

*HER STUDIES WANED AND SHE
SOON DROPPED OUT, FALLING
INTO A DARK PLACE IN HER LIFE.
LITERALLY.

*SHE FOUND SHE COULD MOVE
THROUGH THE COLOR BLACK,
AND BECAME A HERO TO
WIN BACK HER EX.*

THIS IS
AMERON
MILLER.

MAN-FRIDGE. SIMPLE.

NEXT!

BOTCHED EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY MADE HIM A
HUMAN MAGNET. WHICH IS HIS ALTER-EGO.

MATTHEW WHITE.
EX-SOLDIER.

DROPPED OUT TO LOOK
AFTER HIS SICK FATHER
TO HIS DYING DAY.

MATTHEW DISCOVERED HE GAINED SUPER STRENGTH AND
INVULNERABILITY WHENEVER HE HAD ALCOHOL IN HIS SYSTEM

HE BECAME
ALCOHOLIS!
USE HIS ABILL





LAST CALL FOR CULTURE

BY JORDAN MARGETTS

DAY ONE OF UNI FOR 2015, FOR SOME this will be your first experience at our dubiously reputed institute. Images from a million college films, TV shows, and our own obnoxious prospectus, all attest to a friendly, bustling, culturally and intellectually vibrant place. We go in imagining a centre resplendent with multicultural friendship building, grass-squatting-laptop-holding (while grinning and pointing at textbooks), flirting with attractive fellow-undergraduates, being inspired by articulate professors shouting lofty ideas into a packed room, raucous drunken Fridays, charming-if-dingy flats, and a general excitement about life and the future.

Well sorry freshers, that's total bullshit. After the excitement of O-week subsidies, you'll find a divided, disinterested, unsocial, boring, cloistered cohort. You'll be lucky to make even a few new friends (degree depending of course, you may well be getting drunk-and-virginal with the engineers, or drunk-and-over-privileged with the lawyers, or sober-and-pimpily with the classicists, or drunk-and-grumpy with the Craccum team, or drunk-and-shouty with Debsec). But not to worry, you'll shortly learn to ignore classmates and just hang out with old high school friends. There'll be very limited sitting on the grass, generally you'll just walk over it on the way to the bus. Your professors (for the most part) will be like your colleagues: bored and repetitive, but also there to do a job and "earn" a pay cheque. You'll probably never learn where (or what) the student forums are. The Quad will be nothing more than a depression-inducing,

perpetually-darkened, gum-stained, empty oblong of concrete that would make the least inspired of Soviet architects shudder, leaving McDonald's feeling like a tantalising locale.

And don't worry, by the time the student elections roll around the freshers amongst you will care as little as the rest of us. Likely you'll forget to vote, you almost certainly won't remember the president's name, or ever set foot in AUSA house. You'll probably have tried Shadows and given up on it promptly (fair, it is pretty damn grim). And the closest you'll get to being involved in the student magazine is making in-jokes about how shit it is (you'll suspect the letters to the editor are all just made up...who would actually waste time on that?).

**"THE QUAD WILL BE
NOTHING MORE THAN A
DEPRESSION-INDUCING,
PERPETUALLY-DARKENED,
GUM-STAINED, EMPTY
OBLONG OF CONCRETE..."**

Let's just look at student voting figures for a second. Since 1996 the greatest number of votes cast for the AUSA executive was 5142 people voting in 1996. The lowest, last year, was 324

people. Not wanting to misrepresent the numbers too much (Mark Twain wasn't wrong when he said "lies, damn lies and statistics"), those figures can partially be put down to a lack of competition, with many of the positions going uncontested. Nonetheless even this is symptomatic of the same problem, when people don't care, they don't tend to run for elected positions.

Aside from just bitterly ranting (though there's plenty of that too) I want to have a crack at figuring out why it is that student culture here is so lacking, why it is that no one seems to mind, and what we might be able to do about it. By way of an excursus, I should add that I am fully confident that no one, including myself, will do anything at all to solve the problem- and that's okay, not too long 'til I graduate.

First off- the internal factors, or what it is that's going on to create this unenviable cultural wasteland: it's an awful, grimy, ugly place to be. The administration of our University, far from wanting to fix the problem, are doing their best (if unintentionally) to perpetuate it.

What places are there to hang out? Well, sort of four: the Quad, Kate Edger Commons, Shadows (shudder), and Albert Park. To start with the easiest, Albert Park is quite out of place on this list. It's pretty, often full of people looking happy, and seems to function well as a public space. Interesting that it's the only one of the above not in some way managed by the University.

Our other three options are all equivalent glimpses of the same nightmare; bleak, grey,

sad, what population there is seems to consist entirely of the greasy, the pimply, and the badly dressed (not to imply that these are distinct categories of course). I wonder if there's an entry requirement? The problem with these spaces comes down to poor planning, bad decorating, and cynical disinterest.

To make a public space nice, you need it to be one that (a) people pass through, and (b) people want to stop and spend time in. Imagine if the Quad, instead of the McDonalds-esque seating arrangements and an increasingly tatty year-round shade (sort of reflecting the mood of the University: dim, boring, and unenlightening), were instead populated by useable tables, friends and acquaintances sipping beer and eating pizza, maybe even pointing photogenically at the odd text book. Almost immediately that's a place I may actually willingly spend time in, and with forty thousand students imagine the money the food and beverage merchants might make. But unfortunately, the powers that be have painted the place grey, chucked in some token seats, removed the old compulsory lunch hour and, in a not uncommon display of puritanism, banned alcohol and smoking. Our Queer Rights Officer, Tessa Naden, has summarised the problem far more tersely than I:

"[The Quad needs] better wifi, cafes in some of the empty spaces, maybe a ground floor bar, and probably a dash of paint – it is a really, really depressing place to hang out, and the sunshade and the prison grey paintjob do not help the place's case as a 'cool space to hang out'. If the University is serious about the student experience, then we should have a Quad that looks more like one of the downtown paved spaces or Cuba Street in Wellington than a prison exercise yard with an ice cream store."

Shadows suffers from a similar, if starker, iteration of the same problem. Massive and dark with limited seating options, terribly loud music, and, let me stress this, just the ugliest clientele. I risk repeating myself here, but what does this most horrific of bars need? Well, a good interior decorator, easier street access, to let me bloody smoke on the balcony (I got kicked out for this once and have not returned), to turn the oppressive "beats" down a touch, and, frankly, to advertise a little better. I have promises from AUSA that "Shadz will be better this year". Well it can't be any worse.

Kate Edger needs no introduction: often unpleasantly full, usually smelling of instant noodles and despair, aggressive competition for tables with power outlets, and no natural light to be found. Yet it's one of the busiest places on campus; surely it's a matter of the lesser-of-three-evils? Frankly I can't even be bothered discussing potential fixes for the space, other than suggesting that for a University of our size it's bizarre that it is essentially the only undergraduate common room. The reason I raise the

point of Kate is simply that it's bad and that this is the most socially central location on campus.

I'd wager many of our forty thousand students are deeply dissatisfied with UoA, or at least deeply disinterested. For instance, a poor BA lad whom I cornered and interviewed in the Quad, John Franklin, stated begrudgingly: "I dunno, it's boring here. Like it's not a place I'd want to be, apart from class or the gym." While not really sharing John's sentiments about the gym, this seems to be the vibe about UoA in general, bleak pragmatism, but surely if everyone thinks things are going poorly – and if they don't, they should – then there ought to be relative motivation to make a few demands of the University. Or better yet, surely the institution should at least recognise the problem, and spend some of their millions on fixing it.

“...UNFORTUNATELY, THE POWERS THAT BE HAVE PAINTED THE PLACE GREY, CHUCKED IN SOME TOKEN SEATS, REMOVED THE OLD COMPULSORY LUNCH HOUR AND, IN A NOT UNCOMMON DISPLAY OF PURITANISM, BANNED ALCOHOL AND SMOKING.”

Well no, the University doesn't care. This is a result of the policies enacted under the current Vice Chancellor; the over-paid, profit grubbing, administratively obsessed, stuffily boring, hypocritical, bullet-proof-glass-in-office-demanding, veterinarian and douchebag Stuart McCutcheon.¹ To be fair, as a source close to AUSA pointed out, McCutcheon is not directly responsible for the plight of AUSA, or student culture more generally. Rather the administration-heavy, student-and-academic-hating attitude of this tedious miser flows down to the relationship with

¹ In the interests of integrity, and not being sued, I should probably justify that slew of insults. Last year, writing for the Equal Justice Project, I interviewed McCutcheon on the Education Amendment Bill. The Vice Chancellor (quite rightly) criticized fat-version-of-Hannibal-Lector Steven Joyce for aggressively eroding the academic integrity and self-governance of New Zealand Universities, claiming that the University needs to be a "critic and conscience" of society. Aside from being entirely correct, surely it's hypocritical then to aggressively cut funds for academics, particularly in the arts, and accrue a seemingly unending army of bureaucrats. Note his \$700,000+ pay cheque could easily be halved, leaving him with a pretty bloody good lifestyle, as well as paying for another four full-time academic staff. Or like, an actual budget for AUSA. Banter.

the lowly consumers, us.

Discussing this lack of financial support as the potential plans the student association. AUSA President Paul Smith says the following:

"It's difficult at the moment given the funding constraints and diminished control that we have, but we plan to keep holding the biggest and best events we can, and we also plan on revitalising the student spaces we currently have to make them better and more attractive places for students to hang out. We're also working on better spaces for clubs and other groups to use, so stay tuned."

The admin-is-king attitude is best exhibited in the role of twat central, Campus Life. Aside from the dubious treatment of AUSA, their "management" of campus culture has been utterly dim. With an endless stream of bureaucratic management and PC-ism around club activities – we really need to jump through hoops like required membership numbers to start a club. Should they really get a say in which clubs are allowed? Not to mention the endless difficulty of actually trying to book and organise events. One Craccum related incident: last year's editor (bless them) tried to organize a "Craccum Live" event, a sort of UoA version of the Hay Festival which involved a series of speakers, bands and live interviews in the Quad. Naturally they had to deal with lord-and-anal-retentive-master Campus Life, whose response was that if they were going to help Craccum with this, in return they'd require promotion for their own events in the magazine. Excuse my French, but *fuck right off*, isn't your whole job to nurture campus culture? Surely an actual mini-festival, with actual events, would be exactly what we'd need. And yes I admit I'm dubious about any event held in the Quad having a better vibe than an execution and am equally dubious about Craccum being capable of managing such an event (let's be honest, we barely manage to put out a serviceable magazine...side note, Campus Life gives no money either, surely the student magazine at least theoretically, is a solid part of "campus life"). Nonetheless, when this corporatised attitude to student culture comes from the very organisation which is officially supposed to be fostering it – unofficially they're there to diminish student control – then it's hardly surprising that it's so mundane. I'm almost tempted to stop this rant here, this stuff is Campus Life's job; the lack of any discernable student atmosphere isn't the fault of the students, the academics, or even AUSA. Despite all the other reasons in this article, when it comes down to it, the blame for our terrible campus culture can be rested squarely on the shoulders of these bureaucratic bores.

Having said this, the problem is still more complicated, when asked what the possible cause of our decimated student culture might be, Tessa Naden (again) replies:

"While [the attitude of the University

and Campus Life in particular] is certainly a factor. I'd also blame a government that loads us with debt and doesn't provide adequate student support. Students can't have a culture if they are expected to do 40 hours of study a week, and then often work 18-20 hours at minimum wage in order to maintain themselves, as neither student allowance or living costs come anywhere close to the actual cost of living. I've tried adding 'being in the student culture' to that - my role is nominally 10 hours, but can require far more than that. I'm not paid. You do the math as to how that works out. We don't have culture because our current economic and political climate doesn't allow for students to create that."

Without getting too political, this summarises the external issue. It's all well and good to blame the University, but the fact is Auckland is not a cheap place to live. With a majority of undergraduates living at home, largely due to massively inflated rent prices, the ingredients for a strong student culture simply seem to be missing. Most students who study at, say, Otago, are living out of home, largely in sub-par flats, with all the time-freedoms and lack of parental restraint this permits.

Students living in Auckland tend to be cooped up in suburban homes, living near the same people they went to school with, and spending their time practically-if-boringly building their CVs (provided you're middle class of course, those not are facing the far greater burden of working to help with the home while also struggling through varsity, props). Is this a problem? Surely living at home is ideal? Well, sort of, you can save money. Yes as Tessa points out Auckland renting is painfully expensive, and yes it gives you spare time to, say, be president of this

or that nonsensical-if-CV-bulking club (or, e.g., editing *Craccum*).

"KATE EDGER NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION: OFTEN UNPLEASANTLY FULL, USUALLY SMELLING OF INSTANT NOODLES AND DESPAIR..."

This engenders a bizarre reversal of the young-adult experience, where you face none of the financial burdens of flatting and working, but jump straight into the *too-busy-running-stuff-and-collecting-leadership-titles-to-hang-out* stage. Our University is plagued with pre-pro YoPros. When you're busy bulking the CV, and student concerns don't affect you because mum's always got dinner ready, then you're not likely to care much about student culture. And of course, as Tessa noted, on the other side of the coin, if you are struggling through the Auckland rental market and cooking, then you're probably having to work and really don't have the time or privilege to moan about student culture. Paul Smith thinks that the central problem is the placement of the University and the development of the city- I wouldn't be quite so generous to the University, but hey I'm not the one who has to work with politicians.

The inevitable, if unsolvable, question becomes- what shall we do? Well, to give credit where it's due, there are some really fantastically run clubs here. Debsoc is massive, fairly well reputed, and its members seem to be going on

endless trips (I have to be nice to them, they're writing half the magazine). The Queer community at UoA is fairly small, but very vibrant, as is the Maori Students Association. AUPSA is far less small but equally active. However, club joining won't fix the culture, it doesn't help the culture at large and, despite providing friends, doesn't seem to solve the problem. When discussing the Queer community at UoA Tessa notes the general tone of cliquy-ness. This I suspect applies to most clubs around campus. Debsoc, UN-Youth, and P3 all seem to serve their long term members very well, but generally fail to include the outliers.

So, assuming that joining clubs alone will not solve the issues, and further assuming that no one plans to move out of home and pay astronomical rent, the solution seems simple. Complain. Our Uni, dubious as it is, corpulent and obnoxious as the administration is, profit-motivated and soulless as it is, is after all a business, and businesses respond to their consumers. Have a bitch, demand, ideally *en masse*, that some funds be thrown at the student association; that *Craccum* actually writes things you want to read; that academics get more money for courses; and clubs get more funds; and that McCutcheon puts his money where his mouth is when it comes to the second 'c' in "critic and conscience". But most of all, for god's sake, demand that they put some money into the bloody Quad.

As I've said from the outset, I don't expect anything will come of this article, assuming anyone reads it at all. In all honesty, the best solution is probably to pack off to Vic or Otago, things are dull here.

P.S. *Craccum* is considering bringing back the UoA Drinking Club (not through Campus Life of course, 'cause screw them), so stay tuned.





WORST FEARS OF FIRST YEARS: STRAIGHT FROM A FRESHER'S MOUTH

BY "REMEMBER TO GIVE LEXI A PSEUDONYM BEFORE PUBLISHING" - ED.

UNIVERSITY LIFE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER experienced it is quite a daunting concept. For some, it's their first time away from home, others, their first real challenge, and for the remaining few, their last chance to drink to excess before it's deemed socially unacceptable. Here's a compilation of the common fears of a fresher, from someone who has never even set foot on a university campus.

MAKING A DICK OF YOURSELF. This is the number one fear of all freshers and can occur in a variety of ways, like writing an article for Craccum having never actually read a single issue before. Others may include the inevitable early coma before town during O-Week, being the complete fool wandering around campus absolutely lost whilst wearing your school leavers hoodie (blatantly marking you as a fresher) or even being "that" kid in class who asks the lecturer if they can go to the toilet.

Having these fears realised can severely ruin any chances of social prowess, and are things people will tease you for mercilessly for the next three years at least. I'm sure you can bounce back from this to some degree, but it's a tough hole to get yourself out of.

MONEY. Now this is, of course, not just a fresher fear but a life long one. Especially when it's going to take 30 years to pay off not only (a) your drinks tab at Carpark (b) the Macbook Pro you just had to have, and (c) the growing supply of Karen Walker to keep up with the CHCH law kids, but your student loans loans themselves.

\$175.96 is a deceptive little number. It's one that can buy a hell of a lot of Doritos, but not so many bedrooms in Parnell. In any case, it sure adds up quickly. The idea of finally getting to sit at the big kids table is great, but it freaks me out that there's such a big buy in.

Figuring out how to budget whilst attempting to learn all the rest of the stuff needed to pass PHIL 101 is going to do my head in. How am I meant to be mature enough to decide that I shouldn't buy a coffee each day from the Quad because that's \$20 a week I could save for flatting?

FRIENDS AND MORE THAN FRIENDS. Although this list is about fears that freshers have, I'm hoping that no one actually fears friends themselves, just the thought of the painfully embarrassing few weeks where you have to cling to people you've only known for a blink of an eye in order not to feel like a lonely loser. This first month will of course entail the repetition of your story ("I'm from down south, studying a BCom, and love to play the guitar"), as well as the stress of remembering about fifty new names and faces. Everyone knows, and have all been told, that these are the people you will tend to stay friends with for life - your mum met your godmother at uni, and your brother met his five groomsmen there too, so this just adds a whole new layer of stress and worry. How are you supposed to make sure you're picking the right ones, and won't be left regretting moving in with these people halfway through second year when you're all buying separate milk and bread - 'cause it's just unfair if someone uses too much!

"\$176.95 IS A DECEPTIVE LITTLE NUMBER. IT'S ONE THAT CAN BUY A HELL OF A LOT OF DORITOS, BUT NOT SO MANY BEDROOMS IN PARNELL."

Making friends, I'm sure, won't be the worst of our problems, but the next stage - having to deal with all this 'romance' stuff - might be. By romance, I mean the drunken make outs in Shadows that lead to the awkward avoidance of "Creepy Stalker" who also happens to be on the floor below you. Not to mention attempting to swap streams when you realise that your latest Tinder match is your tutor, and having to come to grips with the fact that 99.999% of the guys you meet at uni will, just as your mum told you, "have one thing on their mind". But let's be honest, you probably do too.

So the fear of having left your safe bubble of high school friends who you've known since just

"like forever" and having to make new friends is one that is, unfortunately, an unavoidable nerve-wracking yet also exciting concept.

UNI CLASSES. Having watched 22 Jump Street and Legally Blonde, my research for what university classes are actually like hasn't been successful. I mean, I am still slightly confused to what *actually happens* at university - you know the real reason we're all here. Don't even get me started on the differences between a tutorial, lecture, lab, paper, gen ed, and computer course, or how I'm supposed to add up all the points to make sure I actually pass my degree. A website that actually works would be a great start, though I'm beginning to suspect that creating the website itself is the greatest of all - not knowing how to enrol could be a fear that you're not really meant to.

With up to 1000 people in a course I struggle to understand what happens if you have a question. Surely you can't just stick your hand in the air and hold up the entire group of people gathered in the OGGB lecture theatre. Plus what do you do if you have a lecture at 10am then the next one at 4pm? Since I'm paying god knows how much to attend, and don't actually have a clue how I'm doing and how it all works, these aren't exactly relaxing thoughts. I just can't get my head around the day to day stuff. I mean primary school, that was easy: naptime, food, hanging out with your friends, maybe even the occasional act of learning thrown in, but uni? Surely it can't be as good as all that.

By the time this is published, I'm sure that at least one fresher will have been forced to face any one of these fears. The first evening at the Freshers' event has already provided opportunities to embarrass yourself and begin the process of putting hundreds of names to faces. The first morning doubt involved an excruciating search for someone to sit with at breakfast, and the first class allowed an insight into the next three to five years of note taking and attempting to decipher what on earth the lecturer is even on about. So here we are, the Freshers of 2016. We, like ever before, have begun promises to be one of the most rewarding, challenging and terrifying years of our lives. Just hope we can all get to the end of the year with our grades above a C and our dignity intact.

AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

AUSA WELFARE UPDATE

MIRIAM BOOKMAN, WELFARE VICE-PRESIDENT,
WELFARE@AUSA.ORG.NZ, G17, OLD CHORALL HALL

WE KNOW BEING A STUDENT IS TOUGH, which is why we're here to help. 44% of students live in financial distress at some point during their studies, unable to make things stretch to cover the basic necessities. AUSA provides services to try and make things just a little bit easier.

AUSA/UBS Textbook Grants (CLOSING SOON): AUSA and UBS provide textbook grants

to students who have persevered with study despite difficult financial situations beyond their control at the beginning of Semester One and Semester Two. Applications are open now, and close at midnight on Sunday 8 March. To apply, fill out the form from www.ausa.org.nz.

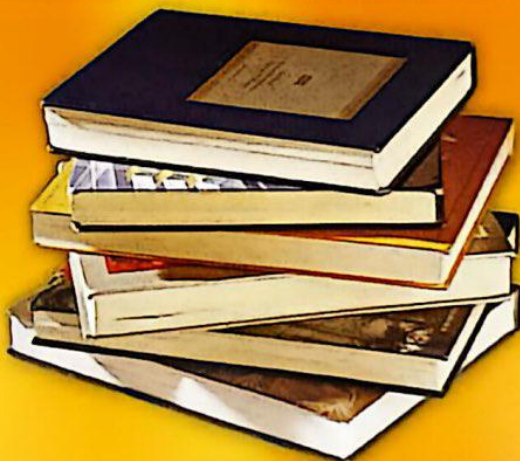
UoA Staff Giving Circle and AUSA Child Care Scholarship (CLOSING SOON): AUSA has teamed up with a group of generous University of Auckland staff members to provide a child care scholarship for up to two University of Auckland student parents during 2015. If you are studying and struggling to meet the costs of child care, apply online at www.ausa.org.nz. Applications are open now, and close at midnight on Sunday 8 March.

Food Parcels: Cupboard looking bare? Visit AUSA Reception to pick up a food parcel. All students at the University of Auckland are entitled to up to three food parcels a semester. The parcels contain enough to keep you going for a couple of days until you sort out a more permanent solution. Parcels can be collected from

AUSA House Reception at 4 Alfred St.

Hardship Grants: If your situation is urgent, short-term, threatens your study at university, and cannot be alleviated by any of our other services, AUSA administers monetary grants of up to \$280, or \$400 for those with dependents. Hardship Grants can be used for assistance with food, travel, accommodation or medical issues. Fill out the form at www.ausa.org.nz or collect one from AUSA House Reception. Your application will be processed, and your request confirmed or denied, within 48 hours.

Optometry Grants: AUSA and Campuspecs provide support for students in need of optometry assistance. If you are experiencing vision problems or are in need of new glasses, but are struggling to afford optometry services, you may be eligible for an Optometry Grant. Successful applicants will be entitled to an eye examination and a free pair of glasses, if required, from Campuspecs. Collect a form from AUSA House Reception or apply at www.ausa.org.nz.



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FRIDAY 8:30AM-4PM

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

16 February 2015

Notice is hereby given for the AUSA AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING

to be held
**WEDNESDAY,
25 MARCH 2015**

at 1:00 pm
**STUDENT UNION
QUAD**

**Deadline for constitutional
changes is 12pm, Tuesday, 10
March 2015.**

**Deadline for other agenda items is
12pm, Tuesday, 17 March 2015.**

Association Secretary

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

ORIENTATION -IN THE- PARK

MONDAY IN THE QUAD

HIP HOP DAY -
BBOY/BGIRL
BATTLES, BEAT
BOXING AND
SPOT PRIZES
FROM 11AM

TUESDAY IN THE PARK

DJ & BANDS
WITH 95.6FM -
ESTER
HEAVY
SUPER VILLAINS
RMC
FROM 10AM

WEDNESDAY IN THE PARK

DJ & BANDS
WITH 95.6FM -
EVIL TWINS
NEW GUM SARN
THE ECHO OHS
MUCUS KIDS,
THE CAYEMEN
FROM 10AM

THURSDAY IN THE PARK

DJ & BANDS
WITH 95.6FM -
DJS LUCY
CLARKE
KERMATH
MILLOUX
FROM 10AM

TALENT QUEST
\$1000 PRIZE -
APPLY AT
WWW.AUSA.
ORG.NZ
FROM 2PM

THURSDAY AT BAR 101

WHEN I GRAD-
UATE... ORIENTA-
TION STEIN FROM
8PM
\$10 PRESALES
FROM AUSA
RECEPTION

FRIDAY IN THE PARK

CLUB PERFOR-
MANCES FROM
10AM

TALENT QUEST
PRIZE GIVING
AT NOON

COMEDY
FROM 1PM

THE PARTY
CONTINUES ALL WEEK AT
SHADOWS BAR

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TUES MARCH 3RD - FRI 6TH
11AM - 4PM DAILY



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Lebara Talk



AUSA PRESENTS...



ORIENTATION
IN THE PARK

COMEDY IN THE PARK

FEATURING
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2015 BLY T-WINNER
TIM BATT
2015 BLY T-WINNER
GUY MONTGOMERY
2015 BLY T-WINNER
MELANIE BRACEWELL
7 DAYS APPROXIMATELY WINNER
ELI MATTHEWSON
2015 BLY T-WINNER



FRIDAY MARCH 6TH 1PM-3PM · ALBERT PARK



AUSA PRESENTS...

ORIENTATION
IN THE PARK



TALENT QUEST

\$1000
PRIZE

THURSDAY MARCH 5TH 2PM · ALBERT PARK
APPLY AT WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ



AUSA PRESENTS...
SERVING STUDENTS

hip hop day



MONDAY MARCH 2ND 11-3PM · THE QUAD
BBOY/BGIRL BATTLES · BEAT BOXING · SPOT PRIZES

ORIENTATION
IN THE QUAD



- GENERAL WASTE BIN
- RECYCLING BIN
- CARDBOARD BIN
- WATER
- SUNSCREEN
- FIRST AID TENT
- TOILET
- ENTERTAINMENT ZONE
- CHILL OUT ZONE
- MARKET STALLS/FOOD
- AUSA STALLS

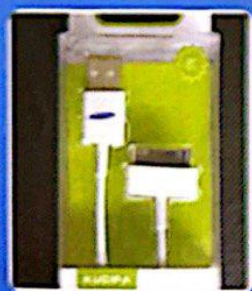
WHEN I GRADUATE...

ORIENTATION STEIN

THURSDAY MARCH 5TH 8PM · **BAR 101**

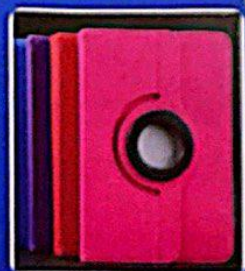
\$3 DRINKS · \$10 PRESALE TICKETS FROM AUSA RECEPTION

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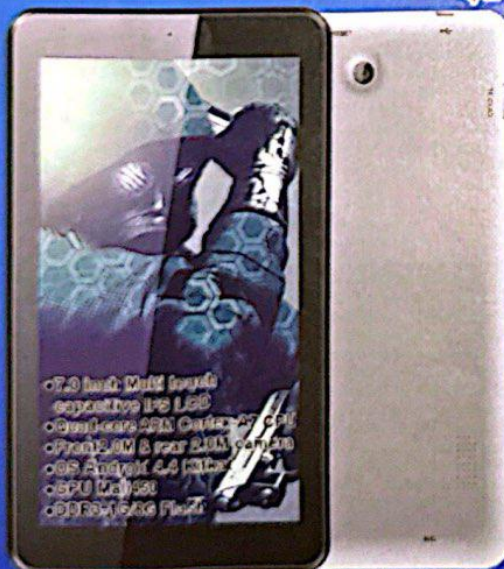
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CHATS ABOUT MENTAL HEALTH AND INFLATABLE GOODS WITH 'LIVE MORE AWESOME'

BY ANA HARRIS

IF YOU WERE TO WALK BY NUMBER 30 CUSTOMS Street East, you probably wouldn't pay it any attention. And yet, tucked between upmarket stores and cafés a hive of activity is taking place, through the inconspicuous grey door and up the stairs. Unlike the workers in the surrounding retail district, the team at number 30 is working for no pay. Their mission: to build the world's biggest waterslide. But not just for the hell of it. The chief goal of the charity known as Live More Awesome is to reduce the stigmas around mental health problems in New Zealand, and to encourage people to ask for help.

On arrival, I was offered a spotty pink chair to sit on and introduced to the team. Jimi Hunt and Dan Drupsteen are the brains behind the massive fundraising event, where the top 600 participants will get to ride 600 metres down the biggest inflatable waterslide the world has ever seen (and I mean literally, the top fundraiser is going to get the Guinness World Record in his or her name).

We immediately got down to chatting about the various initiatives of Live More Awesome, as well as about mental health more broadly. One of Dan's comments really struck me:

"If I were to ask you right now, are you depressed? You'd in all likelihood say no. But how about if I asked you, could your stress levels be reduced? You'd probably give me a different answer altogether."

And that's what is different about the team at Live More Awesome. They don't just target depression, but mental well being in general. Mental health isn't static. Hence why 'depression' can sometimes be an unhelpful term, as our mental health will inevitably be higher at certain times in our lives, and lower at others. Yet unfortunately, the notion that someone is depressed can lead others to the misconception that they are

"a bit mental".

Jimi believes that the biggest barrier to reducing the stigmas surrounding mental health issues in New Zealand is our culture. The harden-up-tough-guy-do-you-even-lift Kiwi mindset, especially among men, makes mental health difficult to talk about. It's not just men of course—women who are struggling often don't feel safe to talk about their struggles either. Hence why raising awareness is key. Unlike cancer, which you can point to and say "there's the problem, I can see it", depression has no pinpoint, which is often why friends and family might tell someone they just need to get over it and soldier on.

"...UNFORTUNATELY, THE NOTION THAT SOMEONE IS DEPRESSED CAN LEAD OTHERS TO THE MISCONCEPTION THAT THEY ARE 'A BIT MENTAL'"

Jimi and Dan stress that mental health is equally important to physical health, yet massively undervalued in comparison. Plenty of people go to the gym three times per week, for health reasons as well as to look in the mirror and flex. Imagine the results if we all set aside the same amount of time to improve our mental health. Becoming more active and improving nutrition are some of the better-known methods, but did you know that simply doing things a bit differently in your day-to-day routine could work wonders? For instance, research suggests that going to a new café or driving a different way home

creates new neural pathways that can improve your mood. Meditation and yoga are also recommended to reduce stress, and are no longer so alty that you'll only find vegans and hippies in the class. Moreover, although prescription drugs may help some people who suffer from depression, the team at Live More Awesome is much more focused on holistic methods for improving mental health that everyone can relate to. Hence the 54,537 likes on Facebook.

So, what does all this have to do with a waterslide? Well, as Jimi and Dan point out, they can't really do much to tackle the widely held, and often misguided, biases towards mental health problems without any money. The funds raised from the event will go towards other initiatives the guys have in the pipeline—such as the Awesome Audit: a service for businesses which helps employers target areas where their workplace is lacking in terms of mental health. The better the employee's overall well being in terms of stress levels, nutrition, exercise, and so on, the better their output. Perhaps the fact that this is likely to be an employer's key motivation in addressing staff mental health is a sad reality of the capitalist world we live in—but hey, if the service can help Kiwis to "live more awesome" in their work lives then I'm all for it.

I urge you to sign up for the event; it's easy, just visit www.worldsbiggestwaterslide.com before 8pm on Saturday 21st March. Remember, the top 600 fundraisers get to slip and splash their way down the inflatable waterslide that will make your inner child throw down their floaties and cry in envy. Not to mention all of the bands, DJs, food trucks, yoga, smoothies, inflatable activities, and mental health resources available to enjoy on the day. With around 300 people signed up so far, even if you raise only a dollar each you'll probably still get a turn on the world's biggest waterslide (though preferably try and raise more). You can't really argue with that.



50 SHADES OF WHEY: MY GYM FANTASIES

BY CARLA BONIOLO

GOING TO THE GYM IS A MIND F*CK. Literally. I spend half my time there imagining all the sweaty, endorphin-filled things I would do with the men in the weights area. The bulging biceps, the heavy breathing, the virility... if self control was a muscle, mine would be insane because I have to exercise it constantly when I'm in the gym. Although I appreciate almost every male specimen who walks through the door at my gym, I do have my isolated favourites.

THE PERSONAL TRAINER. He's a little bit short, but I have analysed his shoe size as he parades across the floor and I deem him satisfactory. His shoulders consistently burst out of his tight black uniform and each time he goes to pick up a dumbbell for his client, I swoon at the sight of his triceps popping out under his rough tanned skin. Just hearing him talk about achieving a new personal best in 'thrusters' causes my mind to wander. He also has the most titillating coverage of facial hair nestled atop his chin, cementing his status as the hottest caveman that ever lived.

THE DILF IN SPIN CLASS. This silver fox has legs of steel. Watching him climb those imaginary mountains to a blasting soundtrack of 'Black Velvet' is one of my favourite pastimes. There is



nowhere else I'd rather be at 6am on Thursdays. It's easy to overlook the wedding ring and the teenage sons when all I can focus on is his scintillating quadriceps sneaking out of his skin-tight lycra shorts. If only he'd take me for a spin.

THE YOUNG ACCOUNTANT.

He always arrives in work gear: slim cut pants, tight collared shirt, tousled hair from a hard day at the office. He's well over six foot and never brings a drink bottle, so he can be spot-

ted from afar traversing the gym in search of hydration. When I watch him bend over to sip from that water fountain, I am reminded that God is real. Those perfectly pert glutes, that broad meaty back... He is the principal reason I wear overtly too-tight shorts that barely cover my thighs. I fervently hope that one day he will notice me squatting in extreme proximity to him and grab me up in his arms, whisk me away to his office and slave over me like a tax return submission.

"I'M GOING PALEO"

BY NIDHA KHAN

THE PALEO DIET, ALSO KNOWN AS THE 'Caveman diet' or the 'Primal diet' is one of the hottest trends around. It constantly pops up on Facebook news feeds, gets mentioned in magazines, has entire books dedicated to it, and is followed by celebrities, such as, Miley Cyrus, Kobe Bryant, Megan Fox, and Matthew McConaughey. So what exactly is the Paleo diet? Well, the core principle of the diet is that if a caveman didn't eat it, then neither should you. This means saying goodbye to grains, dairy, legumes, salt, alcohol, processed foods, and refined vegetables oils and sugar. Instead, your diet revolves around lean meats, seafood, nuts, fresh fruits, and vegetables. The basic theory behind this is that our prehistoric ancestors were fitter and healthier because they lived only on these staples. Then, once the Agricultural Revolution began and grains, legumes, and starchy vegetables like potatoes were introduced into the normal diet, our health began to deteriorate. So naturally, the Paleo diet

is surrounded by claims that it can eliminate the 'diseases of the modern civilisation' like heart disease and diabetes. However, there is little scientific evidence which shows that the Paleo diet can live up to these claims. There are also many other valid criticisms of the diet a few of which are quickly summarized in our list below.

CONS OF THE PALEO DIET

1. It is socially disruptive. Can you imagine a life where you weren't able to enjoy a nice meal outside with your family or friends? If you aren't able to (or just don't want to) then you will struggle with this diet.
2. Living on the Paleo diet means eating a lot more meat and fish which doesn't come cheaply - so expect a heavy dent in your wallet!
3. If your diet isn't planned properly there is a higher risk of developing nutritional deficiencies, particularly, in calcium because of the elimination of dairy products.
4. It cuts out food groups like legumes, grains, and dairy products all of which can be a healthy and enjoyable part of our diet.
5. Meat contains saturated fat, which in large amounts can lead to high blood cholesterol.

The Paleo diet is surrounded by criticism, however, this doesn't mean that we can't take a few notes from the diet. In fact, many of the Paleo principles align with the nutritional recommendations made by the World Health Organization, Ministry of Health, and the New Zealand Nutrition Foundation. We've listed our top five simple lessons which you can incorporate into your diet today:

LESSONS LEARNT

1. Consume more fruits and vegetables, it will decrease your risk of heart disease, cancer, and diabetes.
2. Eat real food, if you don't recognize the ingredients labelled on the box then don't eat it.
3. Opt for healthy fats from nuts and avocados instead of nasty saturated fats from, for example, chips.
4. Lower your salt intake, this will reduce your risk of developing high blood pressure.
5. Cook for yourself, this way you'll be able to keep track of everything that's going into your body!



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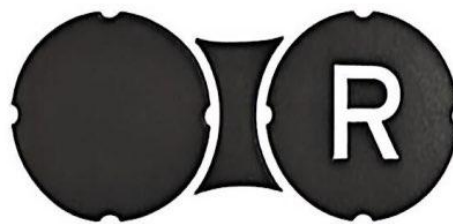
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THE FOODIE LITTLE BLACK DRESS

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

IT SEEMS NECESSARY IN THIS HOUR OF GLITTERY superfoods that somebody expose afresh to your tired eye the Little Black Dress of ingredients, before it undergoes hydrolytic degradation in your refrigerator. This ingredient can unlock the dusky back gates of any love's heart while ensuring that you fill your sartorial Little Black Dress snugly enough to positively ooze from it.

Yet somehow, we find ourselves languishing in a world besieged by kale and quinoa, which exude pragmatism and lack sex appeal in a manner similar to that of thermal undergarments (which are sexy in some situations, I amend under literary oath in this final draft – as buttered kale might be).

However, like ye olde LBD, butter is the steadfast companion of those wooling at short notice. It provides lubrication in any tight spot if employed with abandon, sugar, heat and cocoa.

Some of butter's finest work is arguably as the cornerstone ingredient of the Afghan biscuit. I am fairly certain that Afghans are God's favourite (if my endorsement was not enough). They neither quench the appetite so absolutely as to bestir unbecoming pleasure, nor are so insub-

stantial as to leave one with a case of gustatory depravity. These but chastely graze both pinacles. Even Aristotle would surely have acknowledged so golden a mean in satisfaction, was he ever a morning tea guest of mine.

“YET SOMEHOW, WE FIND OURSELVES LANGUISHING IN A WORLD BESIEGED BY KALE AND QUINOA, WHICH EXUDE PRAGMATISM AND LACK SEX APPEAL...”

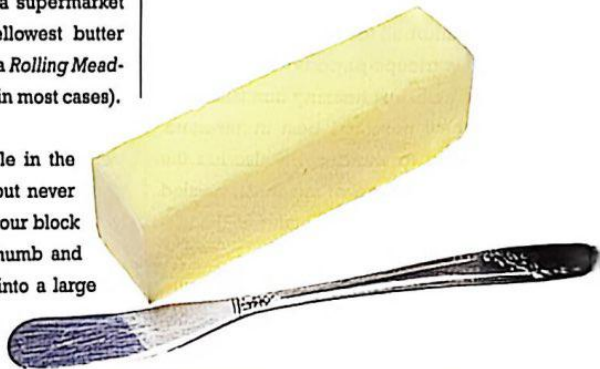
But sustained failure to provide cold, hard recipes must make me frigid by some culinary criterion, enforceable by wooden spoon, so here I will deliver. The first and most inevitable step in conceiving Afghan biscuits is to find yourself three ounces short of the requisite portion of butter. So dash barefoot to a supermarket near you in search of the yellowest butter block around (which hails from a *Rolling Meadow* somewhat farther from you, in most cases).

Your butter will become supple in the heat of backpack or vehicle, but never soft. Sever seven ounces from your block and slice it into sticks. With thumb and forefinger, pinch small knobs into a large bowl, and cover them in white

sugar (two ounces).

Now, renounce all previous tenderness and crush the butter in a few places before *croaking* it like a zealot. Your ingredients will *argue* against you, immediately before *bending* to your will. Persevere. Add six ounces of *un*remarkable flour, two ounces of good, *dark* cocoa and three ounces of cornflakes *which* long since gave up yearning for a purpose. Amalgamate. Cook flat spoonfuls of dough in a 180°C oven until a spot of black appears on the hottest biscuit.

Melt together half an ounce of butter and *four* tablespoons of cocoa. Add a little milk to form a monochromatic paste and load this with as much icing sugar as the mixture can bear. If it becomes dry, add a little more milk. Continue to add a balance of icing sugar and milk if you fear richness. Ice once your biscuits have *endured* forty minutes naked on your benchtop. And revel.



THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

BY AMY MARTIN

THE GROOVY LIFE OF A JUVENILE HUMANOID, am I right? Skipping! Eating! Tag! Napping! Napping. Kids have it the best. They are the best proof I can offer you that us big humans take our lives far too seriously. It's true: I know, because as I'm writing this I'm also glancing over at my student loan forms and the parking ticket I got last week. I am no longer embracing the fun – I have been thrown into adulthood, like a lamb to the slaughter. In the olden days, Kids were Kids for a while. Heck, my dad (a distinguished professor) is still a Kid – giggling when the dog farts, and picking his nose. Nowadays, there's almost no activity in the whimsical “Kid-like” department. I mean, of course I still take naps, but they're usually on the bus into Uni, and often an attempt to rid myself of the headache that resulted from staying up too late the night before.

The problem these days is a lack of good ol' fashioned fun. It's only ‘fun’ if it's accompanied

by a mature dinner party and discussion concerning the latest diet fad. Because that's the lifestyle now. I'm supposed to be a grown up. The boat in the marina, the fiscal cliff, the perils of eating carbs after 6pm.

“...LIKE JUDY GARLAND ONCE SAID, I DON'T CARE. AT LEAST, I DON'T THINK I CARE. NOT RIGHT NOW, WHILST I SHOVEL CHOCOLATE CAKE INTO MY MOUTH”

But it's like Judy Garland once said, I don't care. At least, I don't think I care. Not right now, whilst I shovel chocolate cake into my mouth (it's ok, I'm having it with *lite* yoghurt, and there was coconut sugar in it instead of regular sugar.) I wish I could go outside and throw mud at my next-door neighbour without the cops coming. Or run around with the dog outside for seven hours before crashing in a heap

on the ground and making a pillow out of dirt-mound, because I consumed not one, but five bags of sour snakes. Those were the days when you collected skinks outside and kept them under your bed, because they were your BFFs; or when you protected the cockroaches from the cruel death sentence handed down by your mother.

Those days are gone, and thanks to a whole big heap of mind-boggling technology, we might never see them again. I have a five-year-old cousin who won't touch grass with his bare hands or feet. There's one in every family.

I don't want to get you down, no, no, no. Instead, you need to get (apple) juiced up for a KID DAY that you can plan anywhere or anytime at all. I'm putting you in charge of this. Go forth. Everybody probably already thinks you're crazy. Why not swallow some paste, eat some crayons and throw glitter on everything. Eat the candy! Jump off the roof in a Spider-Man costume, using rope for webbing. Who cares what Mum says? Oh, how exhilarating! Once or twice a year, wrap a towel around your neck and call yourself Captain Awesome.

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ARTS AND CULTURE EDITORIAL

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

ONE SUMMER DAY, I FOUND MYSELF HANGING out with two friends, and nothing to do. It was a rare day in which none of us had work or another fucking 21st to go to – we had the whole day at our disposal. We had just been to a café for brunch so the usual go-to crossed off the list. The weather was shit so we couldn't go to the beach. I kid you not, we sat in near-silence for *forty-five minutes* trying to think of how to fill our day. That's when we realised: There Is Nothing To Fucking Do In This City.

1.4 million goddamn people in this goddamn city, and here we were, with seemingly no options. For reference, in our desperation we ended up going trampolining in East Tamaki. As fun as this was, I came out of it with a sore neck, \$17 out of pocket, and only a pair of special trampoline socks in exchange for my hard-earned-at-minimum-wage cash.

When I meet tourists travelling through New Zealand, the first thing I tell them is to get out as soon as humanly possible. Go to Wellington

if you want culture. Go to the South Island if you want nature. Go to Hamilton if you want HPV. Wherever you go, it will be more exciting than here. But recently I have started to think that this is surely being too harsh on my hometown. A

city this sprawling and diverse simply must have more on offer.

These thoughts were already languidly stewing in my brain, and then I got offered the job of editing *Craccum's* Arts section. Since I've started, I get at least three emails a day with

press releases for films, exhibitions, festivals, comedy nights, album and book launches, and street art conventions.

It has genuinely floored me. This stuff exists – so why the heck does no one know about it? No one that I speak to, anyway. It seems like there is some sort of cultural elite in Auckland, who swan from one event to another, in a sea of complimentary tickets and Sav Blanc on the house. And no one else is going

to the party.

These events are perfectly accessible for university students. Most of the shows I have heard about are independently run and affordable. I realise that I – and more than likely you, too – are not blameless. We contribute to our cultureless lives by, frankly, being straight-up lazy. We don't make the effort to find out about the fun things because it's just too hard and we're just too busy and it's far easier to come home from uni and binge-watch *The Mindy Project*. Yet we will still complain about Auckland being useless and boring.

That's where *Craccum* comes in. In an ideal world (and if you met the Editorial team this year, you'd quickly see that we dabble exclusively in ideals and inexperience), *Craccum* can

be a magazine that sits around at home, and when you're bored you can pick it up and find something decent to do with your day. We put a moderate amount of effort into finding cool shit so you don't have to. That's what I'm here for.

And also to make sure the magazine isn't over-run by law students. Dicks.

“WHEN I MEET TOURISTS TRAVELLING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND, THE FIRST THING I TELL THEM IS TO GET OUT AS SOON AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE...”

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LOOKING BACK - THE SUMMER FESTIVALS

BY MARK FULLERTON AND HANNAH BERGIN

RAGGAMUFFIN, DECEMBER 13, TRUSTS STADIUM

The move from Rotorua to West Auckland proved a raging success, with the exception of the weather. Rain aside, the venue was just right for an event of this size - minimal queues for food, water and toilets, but not so big that the festival looked empty. A healthy space-to-person ratio.

Highlight: A slightly understaffed Cypress Hill and an Ice Cube with on-point eyebrow game each delivered punchy sets of weed-laden 90's rap classics, much to the delight of the red-eyed audience.

Lowlight: While UB40 are legends in their own right, the arrival of torrential rain mid-Ice Cube meant that droves of fans made the decision to leave early. Ali Campbell's gum chewing was just as much part of the set as his music, an incredibly distracting big screen experience.

Improvements: One must question the wisdom of holding a 'summer festival' in the ever-unpredictable December. It was a gamble, and it did not pay off. Move it back to February, when the Rotorua event was traditionally held, and Raggamuffin will be perfect.

RHYTHM AND VINES, DECEMBER 29 - 31, WAIOHKA ESTATE

Rhythm is Rhythm. New Zealand's largest New Year's festival delivered (as it always does) three days of heavy drinking, thumping music, and behaviour socially unacceptable beyond the bounds of the camp. Plus, BW had a riot, so that was something.

Highlight: Chet Faker drew one of the largest crowds of the festival and didn't disappoint. Hits like 'Drop the Game', 'Talk is Cheap' and a cover of Blackstreet's 'No Diggity' set the crowd off.

Lowlight: Technical issues during Broods' New Year's set meant that the brother-sister duo had to resort to acoustic covers. While musically sound, the amped up New Years crowds were not in the mood for Tom Petty.

Improvements: Arcadia Afterburner - lose it. The stunted bastard child of the Glastonbury stage was a spectacle, but an awkward one. Crowds were unsure of where exactly to stand amongst the sprawling arms. A cool experiment, and should remain as such. Bring back Vines.

ST JEROMES LANEWAY FESTIVAL, JANUARY 26, SILO PARK

The alt kings and queens descended on Auckland's waterfront for the sixth Laneway Festival, a festival known as much for fashion as it is music. The lack of a festival alternative guaranteed a sell-out, and man-buns and undercuts were plentiful.

Highlight: Five years and two albums later, Swedish act Little Dragon finally returned to our shores and it was entirely worth the wait, front-woman Yukimi Nanago electric and in complete command of the audience. Props for incorporating Crazy Frog's 'Popcorn' into the final song.

Lowlight: Len Brown and his prolonged introduction for Mac Demarco, "our friends all the way from Canada, in the USA." Sort your shit out, Len.

Improvements: The miniscule amount of shade provided meant that by mid-afternoon festival-goers were taking refuge under bench dumpsters and shrubs. Unusual staging choices also meant that the small Cactus Cat stage was sometimes packed while the two main stages had a (relatively) minor smattering of fans.

WANDERLUST, JANUARY 29 - FEBRUARY 1, WAIRAKEI RESORT

Yoga by day, music by night. Wanderlust is more than your average summer festival; it's a lifestyle festival. Held at a resort in Taupo, Wanderlust combines an eclectic combination of music and yoga teachers.

Highlight: Xavier Rudd's music was phenomenal and his passionate speeches about the environment would've inspired even the laziest environmentalists. Nahko Bear and Medicine for the People deserve a mention for being the grooviest band we've seen in a while.

Lowlight: Without a doubt Shane, (false name who volunteered from the audience to play bongo drums for Nahko Bear and his band. Lacking rhythm, social cues and general self-awareness, he insisted on staying on stage for the performance.

Improvements: Holding the festival at a luxury resort makes for a great time for the wealthy. The lu-Lemon-wearing yoga mums among us. The slightly more strapped for cash would appreciate a cheaper camping option of some kind. Although stumbling across a heated pool at night made for an exhilarating nighttime swim.



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QUEER RESISTANCE

12 FEBRUARY – 28 FEBRUARY, RM GALLERY, 307 K ROAD

DOWN A QUIET LANE AND UP A NARROW FLIGHT of stairs hangs a self-portrait by Molly Rangiwai McHale. The artists unflinching gaze is a fitting introduction to **QUEER RESISTANCE**. The exhibition unapologetically explores the nuances of queer identity as it crosses with race, class and politics.

Portraits by Pati Solomona Tyrell, an artist whose work examines the intersection of Pacific culture and sexuality, are simple in their execution, but find their force in the knowing, confident expressions of his subjects. This same sort of quiet power emanates from Léuli Eshraghi's photography. The photos show men in 'ie lavalava, brown bod-

"WITH AUCKLAND BEING ONE OF THE MOST CULTURALLY DIVERSE CITIES ON EARTH AND WITH THE CURRENT ATMOSPHERE OF PROTEST AND REVOLUTION REVERBERATING WORLDWIDE, QUEER RESISTANCE, WITH ITS MULTIPLICITY OF PERSPECTIVES AND REPRESENTATIONS, IS EXACTLY WHAT IS NEEDED RIGHT NOW."



ies at peace among the native greenery and running rivers of Narrm, Melbourne. Through this reconnection to the natural and the sacred, Eshraghi presents an antidote to the violence that European patriarchy, colonialism and capitalism inflicts on indigenous conceptions of sexuality, masculinity and culture. Cecilia Kawara Verran's vibrant illustrations encourage the viewer to "Unlearn History"; an empowering mantra of queer people of colour whose stories continue to be left out of the textbooks.

Also featured is David Roil's work, his up-cycled garments hanging from chains. Suit jackets symbolise the corruption that stems from wealth built on the backs of colonised Pacific peoples. These are taken apart by the artist, cut and stitched for a

new purpose - a new kind of corporate takeover.

This exhibition, tucked away in a quiet city backstreet, is home currently to one of the most spirited and important collections of art I have seen recently, and it is puzzling as to why it is not an official part of the Auckland Pride festival. With Auckland being one of the most culturally diverse cities on earth and with the current atmosphere of protest and revolution reverberating worldwide, **QUEER RESISTANCE**, with its multiplicity of perspectives and representations, is exactly what is needed right now.

REVIEW BY EDEN OTT

BOOK

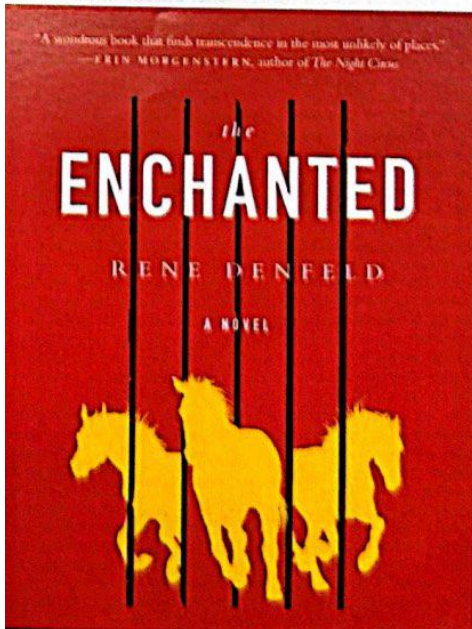
THE ENCHANTED

BY RENE DENFELD

ON DEATH ROW, THE NARRATOR OF RENE Denfeld's debut novel never reveals what his crime was. We never learn his name or what he did to warrant a death sentence. Instead *The Enchanted* gives us a glimpse into the escapist fantasy world. He calls the prison 'this enchanted place' and observes the people who come and go on a daily basis, imagining what their stories might be. Given that this could clearly be a plot-driven book about the gory details of his crime, it's interesting that Denfeld chooses instead to focus on the irrelevant happenings of everyday prison life. Denfeld herself is a death penalty investigator, so a lot of what she writes about is

from personal experience, giving an authentic tone to the story. She paints characters as so much more than terrible people who did terrible things. Through the language she uses, the prisoners become real people. The story explores how these characters have been hardened over time and how they live with the consequence and weight of their choices. Denfeld addresses horrible and harsh truths using poetic and lyrical language, which creates an interesting contrast. *The Enchanted* exposes beauty and truth that exists even within the darkest places. Definitely a novel for those who love language and stories - English majors get amongst.

REVIEW BY HANNAH BERGIN



MICHAEL HURST, DIRECTOR OF SUMMER SHAKESPEARE

INTERVIEW WITH CAITLIN ABLEY

MICHAEL HURST IS EVERYTHING YOU WOULD want from a New Zealand theatre stalwart: loudly-patterned shirt, a beer in hand, and an ejaculatory enthusiasm for Shakespeare. We only have fifteen minutes, but he fills every inch of conversational space with his grandiose musings on love, sex, age – transcribing the interview comes with some difficulty as gestures form half of his impassioned, charmingly manic responses. Before we spoke, the idea of seeing yet another staging of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was not one that really got my thespian juices flowing, but it's hard to resist being infected by his excitement (just look at all the adjectives I've used).

Why should our readers come along to Summer Shakespeare this year?

You should come along because it's totally accessible, really fucking cool and has got really great performances in it. It is perfect for this time of year and if you have anything in your heart that is to do with love, you will love it. And it's not because of just the production, it's because Shakespeare was pretty clever and he's written something that's funny, and immediate.

This performance isn't just fairies in the forest – it's very modern and very now. At the core of the play are the King and Queen of the fairies, who are more like Tolkien's elves than fairies, I think. These are powerful deities who are not sleeping together, because they've had an argument. It's like the rich sexy middle-aged couple who can't keep their hands of each other, but they're both

stubborn. Because they aren't having sex, the world, the seasons, don't know what to do – it's all mixed up. The fairies have lost their vitality, and that's why I've cast them with actors all 65 years and older. They have no sap, no "love juice" to sustain them. Over the years we've been made to think that *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a frothy, light play and it's not at all. Take the relationship between Oberon and Puck. It's a very sexualised relationship – think about what Puck rhymes with. If Oberon can't have his Titania then what does he do with his "love juice"? He has Puck. [The play] is powerful and it's about what's at the centre of our lives, which is sexuality.

Is it necessary to modernise Shakespeare? Do contemporary audiences need a contemporary interpretation?

No, because audiences aren't stupid. When Shakespeare did his plays, they were wearing the clothes the audience wore. He said in *Hamlet*, "the purpose of a play is to hold a mirror up to nature." We're not reflecting Elizabethan people, we're reflecting people now. I think it's important to modernise it in terms of making the characters visually accessible. You don't have to modernise the

language. I have let the actors ad-lib some of the lines in modern vernacular to sort of shoe-horn the audience in. The focus for me was getting a clear interpretation, because if the audience can't hear it then they don't care.

You've cast the Marvellous Troupe, a company of actors over the age of 65, as the fairies in the play. What do they bring to the table?

The first idea I had about the play was "what am I going to do with the fairies?" And then I thought, "old people", and everything went from there. The only qualification is 65 or older. If you're 80, you've probably got enough to be going with to be interesting. I said to them on the first day, you have to present "rancid charisma". I don't want



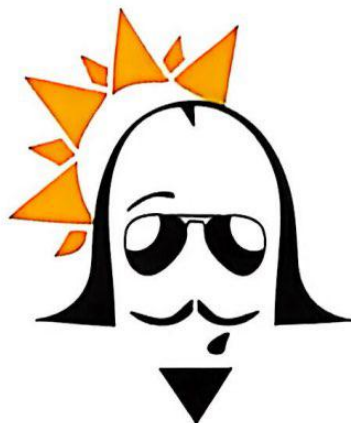
them to be the old people that come on stage and everyone goes "aw". I told them to tell the audience to fuck off. If they're 70 now, they were 30 in the 1970s. They're not Victorian. You can assume they're prudish, quite the opposite. Anything that makes people sit up and go "Shakespeare's pretty cool, and those senior citizens are pretty cool" – that's great.

Why is Shakespeare still relevant to modern audiences?

Because he cuts to your heart like *that*. You think of any famous line. "To be or not to be", for example. Do I exist or don't I? Do I live or do I not? He is so specific and so pithy, and the reason that he is still around is that no one else does it. Why other play is there about jealousy that beats *Othello*?

What other play studies a man knowingly waging mortal war on his own soul, like *Macbeth*? *Richard III* with his scheming – we come close to it with *House of Cards*, but *Richard III* character is the quintessence of that. The issues that Shakespeare brings up, to me, are real.

"THE FIRST IDEA I HAD ABOUT THE PLAY WAS 'WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH THE FAIRIES?' AND THEN I THOUGHT, 'OLD PEOPLE', AND EVERYTHING WENT FROM THERE."



A Midsummer Night's Dream runs until 7th March. Performances are outdoors, next to The Clocktower at University of Auckland's campus. Tickets booked through www.maidmnd.ac.nz.

SOMETHING CREEPY THIS WAY COMES

A REVIEW OF GIBBS' FARM

FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T HEARD of Gibbs' Farm allow me to set the scene: beautiful rolling hills, miles of sand banks twisting around the pseudo-agrarian Kaipara coastline. Nestled in a perfectly manicured multi-acre section lies what has become a kiwi cultural landmark: a sprawling farm, filled with Alice in Wonderland-esq gargantuan sculptures, fascinating zoo animals, and the occasional livestock.

Gibbs' Farm is a momentous piece of real-estate populated with one man's extensive collection of specifically commissioned sculpture art, and specifically collected safari-fodder. Generously the wealthy benefactor, Mr Gibbs, opens his private playground (his own phrase) to the public a few days a year. For free! No doubt an act of amazing kindness, to let us, the meek and grateful public in on his fairytale paradise.

My tone may have given away my feelings on the whole circus prematurely: despite enjoying the sheer magnitude of the collection (and the opportunity to feed a giraffe up-close!), I found the exercise really rather creepy. A gut reaction, which began with my intrusion through the massive automated gates, and stayed with me long after I left. Why this reaction to something ostensibly so lovely? Well, I think it was this: being allowed, after booking of course

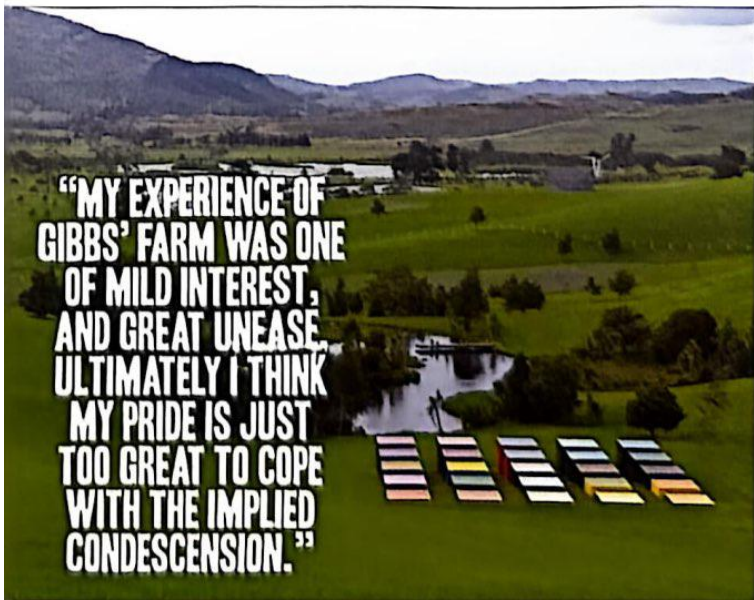
tickets in are strictly limited, to enter this rich man's paradise. To observe the sorts of toys people from my (and your, and let's be honest everybody's) walk-of-life will simply never have. To wander about freely, but only between designated posts; to look but not to touch- all had the distinct air of self-delighted, benevolent, aristocracy.

I can't help myself but to react with slight annoyance when someone exceedingly privileged spends insane amounts of money on pieces of rather showy, if admittedly breathtaking, art; and further spends so very much that he can skirt laws which apply to the rest of us- it is after all illegal to own giraffes, zebras, and buffalo as pets in New Zealand...but apparently, if one has enough money, and can pay staff to care for them, and can pass the whole thing off as a gift to the public, then suddenly such rules aren't so important.

My experience of Gibbs' Farm was one of mild interest, and great unease. Ultimately I think my pride is just too great to cope with the implied condescension.

Having said this- I would certainly recommend that anyone and everyone go, why not, it's free.

REVIEW BY KARL INGLES



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The Shadows' Contributor of The Week

"remember to give Lexi a pseudonym before publishing - ed."

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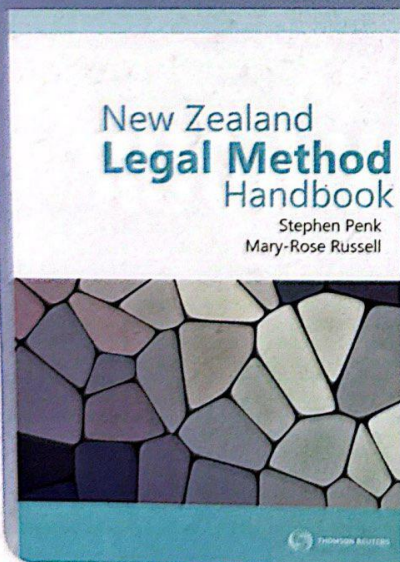


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