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ISSUE 13

TALL POPPY SYNDROME

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ART AND ITS PROBLEMS - WITH CAITLIN ABLEY

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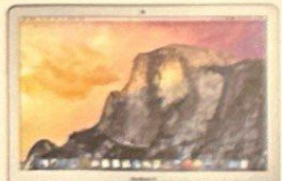
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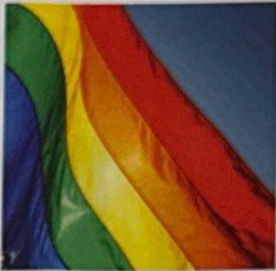
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MY DAD'S FIFTY YEAR OLD FRIEND DRAGGED ME TO A STRIP CLUB AND LEFT ME THERE

BY JORDAN

HE WAS ALMOST FIFTY. SIX FOOT FIVE. A CLASSICIST WITH AN IMPRESSIVE LATIN VOCABULARY, A SCARY SKIN-HEAD, AND AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR STRIPPERS. I was an under-average under-graduate editing an under-par magazine. We agreed to have drinks. We sat in a rather small apartment. I looked at the photos on the wall. One was a classy black-and-white shot of a Korean couple. I asked who they were. He replied he found it on the street, and thought they looked nice. He began to tell me about his PhD – something about Caesar – I tried to contribute to the discussion, I mentioned a philosophy paper, I mentioned Foucault. He replied "Foucault? Look Foucault, you're a poof, no one minds, you don't need to keep writing stuff to try to justify it". This seemed problematic, but he was old, and I showed due deference. I suggested beer. He suggested soju. It was a mistake, sweet yet flavourless, pungent yet colourless. At two shots he told me he'll never eat with a knife and fork again. "chopsticks are just superior". At four shots he told me that "Doc Martens are the only shoes for a real man". At ten shots he told

me he once slept with my mum. "Not in the biblical sense", he said. I didn't enquire.

At a certain point of inebriation I lose the ability to speak, and the ability to look up from the table. Suddenly I have the social skills of a Young Nat. At a certain point of inebriation my dad's friend begins to lust for strippers, and apparently, more soju. He has the social skills of John Key at a Parnell café. He suggested we go to a strip club. I wanted to impress. I wanted to hide the fact that I'm secretly a bit squeamish about naked bodies, especially my own, but other people's are also scary. I wanted to hide the fact I was too drunk to speak. A quick tactical vomit in his bathroom (I ignored the smell). A quick brush of the teeth (bamboo flavored toothpaste). Off we went.

The club – dark, scary, unappealing. I don't know if these places are problematic, but I can't believe anyone would want to be leered

at by this particular audience on a quiet Thursday such as this. All male. All over the age of forty. I counted at least five wedding rings (no judgment). None of customers/audience/middle-aged-chubsters were even remotely attractive. But anyway, we sat, we drank overpriced Sols, I attempted to sober up. I got scared when asked by a stripper if I wanted to place what looked like Monopoly money between her breasts. I declined, mostly out of fear, partly out of a concern that I still smelt of vomit. A South American woman came to see my dad's friend, they chatted, he said they knew each other. They went "upstairs". It was 11pm. I waited for his return. I watched the lineup of strippers go through a full cycle at least twice. I refused offers for private lap dances. I tried to sound as gay as possible. I sobered up around 1am, still sitting alone. The place shut around three. I bummed a durry from the bouncers. Still no sign of my aged companion, I walked home. Sobering.

"HE WAS ALMOST FIFTY. SIX FOOT FIVE. A CLASSICIST WITH AN IMPRESSIVE LATIN VOCABULARY, A SCARY SKIN-HEAD, AND AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR STRIPPERS."

DENTON'S EDITORIAL

ADMISSION ADJUSTMENT?

BY DENTON

LAST SEMESTER I HAD TWO TESTS AND HAD TO write two essays and three reflections for three of my five courses. All of these I started studying or writing the day before. I'd like to say this was unique to juggling Uni and Craccum, but that would be a lie.

This attitude shows coursework simply as a means to an end to passing the course, rather than developing a passion or interest in the topic. You do what you need to do to pass the subject, to get the degree and get a job. This is the life path our parents told us, what high school told us, and what society told us. That's why we are at university. We care about our degree insofar that it relates to grades and job prospects as opposed to self-fulfillment or developing passions in an industry.

The problem that comes with this is that so many of us learn that our chosen area of study is not what we want to do as a career. In fact, only 27% of students are in careers that relate to their major. Another survey said that over half of students would have changed their degree had they had their time again.

Part of this problem is that we are choos-

ing our career path age at the ripe age of 17 when we apply for university admissions. At 17 you have little understanding of who you are or your role in society. But even then, 17 is pretty optimistic. Schools brainwash you with "pre-requisites" to enter into Level 2, then Level 3, then University. So the reality is we have to make some of the biggest decisions in Year 10, when we're 14/15 years old and going through some of the biggest changes in our lives. Then at 18, the first years bounce into university with a life plan sorted after doing all the "right" subjects at school, but no proper understanding of the degree or the industry. Fast-forward three years later to find yourself crying in the shower because Engineering is destroying your soul. And let's face it, UoA doesn't have the student culture that allows us to find ourselves.

I think university needs to be restricted to those 20 years old or above. The main reason for this is to give high school students more time to really think about what they want to do with their lives. That could be university or it could be something else entirely. In those

two years, students could work or travel or whatever they like, so they could make more informed choices about what they want to do. This way, university no longer becomes the next 'step' but one of many options available. Then those that do go to university would value their degree more, care more about their coursework and ask questions in tutorials rather than sitting around in unbearably awkward silences.

The major difficulty to this is that this would need to be a global change, so New Zealanders aren't the awkward old bunch at the party. But age might not be important if people are more passionate about what they're working in. Surely that's what's important? In both a personal and financial standpoint. You will receive greater personal fulfillment doing something you're passionate about, but also being more passionate will make you work harder which would result in greater financial reward.

What do you think? Should university be R20? Email us your thoughts!

"I THINK UNIVERSITY NEEDS TO BE RESTRICTED TO THOSE 20 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE."

What A Load Of Crac-News

(Mid-Semester Review)

NEW CONTRIBUTORS FOR SEMESTER 2 WELCOME. EMAIL NEWS@CRACCIUM.CO.NZ

NEWS IN BRIEF

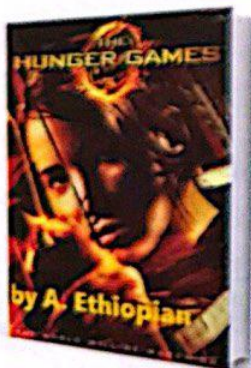
Auckland: Pebbles Hooper's offensive tweet that rocked the nation was met with stony silence by her employer, NZ Herald, and thus her career came crashing down like a brick wall.

Middle East: Isis changes its flag's colours to rainbow stripes - America is panicking after checking Facebook and realising half the population are Isis supporters.

The UN: World leaders have announced that Isis is no longer their worst enemy, and have stated they will now be moving their anger towards mass murderer George RR Martin.

NZ: Epidemiologists are worried about nation-wide amnesia as people are shocked that in winter, it gets cold.

The University: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. John Key has been phoning his donor list to help the government fund the most recent increase in Stuart McCutcheon's salary, which brings the Vice Chancellor's earnings up to \$500m a year.



Send in your News In Brief suggestions and be in to win a FREE copy of *The Hunger Games: Potato Famine* by A. Ethiopian RRP NZ\$32.

EMOTIONAL MOMENT WHEN JUDGE REALISES DEFENDANT IS BLACK

IN AN EMOTIONAL SCENE DURING A COURT CASE IN Florida, the presiding judge, Mindy Glazer, appeared stunned when she realised the defendant, Arthur Booth, was black.

The heartbreaking viral video shows the judge recognising the defendant, and expressing shock that she'd "gone to middle school with this man", and "all along, didn't realise he was black!". An eyewitness said the judge then broke down in tears, telling the court, "I was a middle class white girl, how can they have put me in the same class as a black man?". She later expressed surprise that "the American police hadn't shot him yet!".

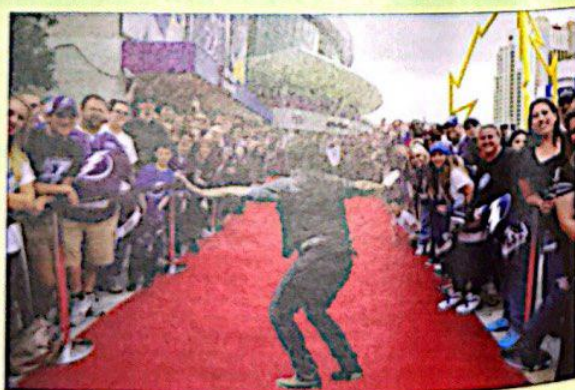


While she was obviously disgusted that anyone of colour attended her school, she pragmatically told our reporters, "oh well, if he wasn't black he'd have been some other oppressed minority like gay or transgender or a woman - everyone is nowadays".

CHRIS PRATT VS THE FANGIRLS: NEW MOVIE

NEW ZEALAND
Woman's Shitty

CHRIS PRATT TODAY confirmed he will be appearing in a sequel to *Jurassic World*, with fangirls replacing the dinosaurs as the film's monsters. Chris Pratt will play Chris Pratt, an island theme park employee, who must elude thousands of escaped fangirls.



Leaked plot points have emerged, with the revelation of a relationship between fan favourite Jennifer Lawrence and Pratt cumulating in an explosion of the fandom. In the film, Tumblr fans and Twitter activists collide in an epic battle - with a few T-Rex's thrown in because the animators wanted something to do.

Pratt's popularity has soared in recent months, so much so that Kim Jong-Un has recently ordered a rewrite of North Korean history books to include Pratt as his own son, who has been sent out to the Western world to show that North Korea is the best country in the world.

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GREEKS SET TO PATENT DEMOCRACY

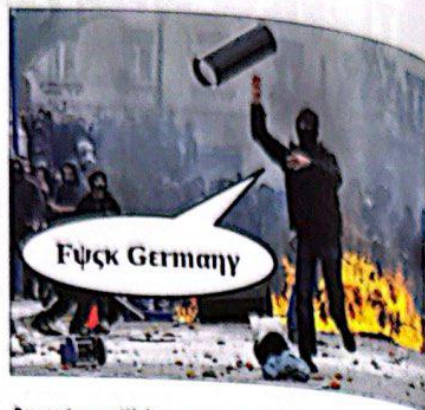
WITH ITS DEBT THREATENING TO BRING THE Greek economy to its knees, Greece is planning to retrospectively patent democracy.

Under the precedent set by the recent free trade agreements – including the TPPA between New Zealand, the United States and ten other countries – inventors can patent techniques, which would require people to pay royalties for using them. Alexis Tsipras, the Greek prime minister, has claimed that

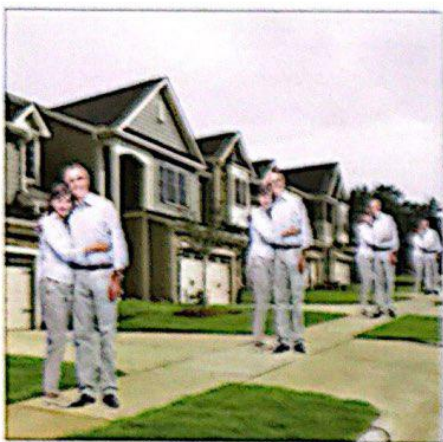
democracy is a “technique of government”, which means that countries like France, Sweden and Canada will owe the Greek people several millions of Euros for their continued use of this system of ruling.

Tsipras also claimed fines for using democracy without permission would be applied but said the Greeks were happy to negotiate. “We are only asking for our fair share. Germany won’t owe us any royalties for before 1989, and countries like North Korea, the Vatican and the United States will be let off altogether”, the Greek foreign minister, Nikos Kotzias, said.

However, the Greeks made it clear that



America will be expected to pay the cost of exporting democracy to Vietnam, Iraq, Kosovo, Grenada, Beirut, Somalia, Bosnia and Haiti.



WHITE ANGLO-SAXONS INFILTRATING THE AUCKLAND HOUSING MARKET

REAL ESTATE FIGURES LEAKED TO THE LABOUR Party and published yesterday reveal a worrying dominance of apparent white Anglo-Saxons in the overheated Auckland

housing market. In a press release this morning, Labour’s housing spokesperson, Phil Twyford, confirmed that he had obtained secret figures from a real estate industry insider. These figures demonstrated what Twyford termed a “worrying preponderance” of purchasers with names such as “Smith”, “Wilson” and “Jones”, buying houses in fashionable Central Auckland suburbs such as Ponsonby, Freeman’s Bay and Parnell.

Twyford confirmed that he met with ‘Sore Throat’, as the industry whistleblower has been dubbed, some three weeks ago. Sore Throat proceeded to scrawl the “top five or so names he could remember off the top of his head” of people he had sold to “in about the last five months” onto a paper serviette for Twyford to investigate.

Sore Throat’s disclosures have confirmed what many have long suspected – that white people of Anglo-Saxon origin are likely to appear more often than other ethnicities in New Zealand data such as lists of house buyers, enrolments in private schools, and the census.

“We’ve had a very close eye on this issue for some time now”, affirmed Twyford. “We now have the hard facts to prove it”.



PONSONBY PREVENTING CHINESE INVESTMENT

AFTER NZ HERALD’S DISCOVERY OF DAMNING information of overwhelming Chinese influence in the Auckland property market, Ponsonby Real Estate agency ‘Be Bourgeois’ issued a statement today ensuring that they will not recognise any bids from Chinese investors. President of ‘Be Bourgeois’, Augusta Ferrero, had this to say, while sipping from her double shot decaf soy flat white in her environmentally conscious mug and lazing in her full-body Nike outfit. “We’re not racist, we’re just trying to stop those who come from overseas and try to take control over the land from true Kiwis”. When asked whether true Kiwis included Maori, the property agent responded saying “Umm no, you clearly haven’t studied the Treaty of Waitangi”.

AMERICAN DRUG COOKS OFFENDED AT BEING LABELLED MEXICAN

AFTER DONALD TRUMP’S SPEECH ANNOUNCING his presidential candidacy in mid June, there was mass uproar from the American Pro-Drug Association (APDA) for Trump’s implications that drug cooks and distributors are

‘Mexican’ and therefore not true Americans.

Members of the APDA have been protesting outside Trump Tower for the past month waving American flags and wearing various forms of drug cooking equipment. APDA’s President Snoop Dogg made a statement today saying, “How dare Trump label those who have drugs as Mexicans. I bring drugs into my community and I’m a red-blooded American! How dare he undermine my citizenship like that!”. Snoop Dogg further went on to say that Trump is clearly out of step with America, since there was the famous “white meth cook on TV” who was “definitely not Mexican”.

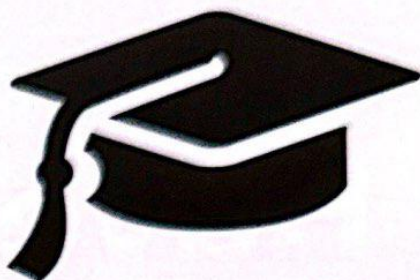


APDA sought fellow Republican nominee Jeb Bush’s perspective on Trump’s comments. Jeb initially refused to comment, citing he needed to check what his dad’s opinion on the issue was first.



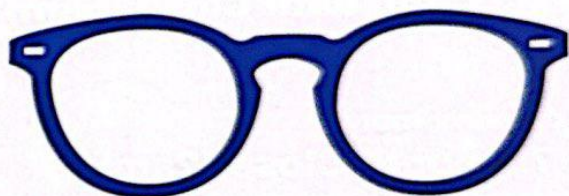
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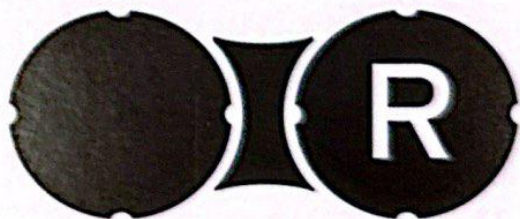
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FLATLINERS

WITH CHRIS

I'M THE LOUDEST WALKER EVER AND I FEAR FOR my life. I have been for six months of flatting. Every morning Ana is woken up by my calamitous footfalls, and late into the night Jono's 700-decibel speakers are interrupted by the relentless pounding of my feet. Nobody told me this. They resented my easily-correctable behaviour, but feared asking me to change it. They tiptoed around the issue, while I clodhopped around their bedrooms.

We've been friends for a year and a half, flatmates for five months, and I still haven't figured out how to communicate either of those things. I like my flatmates (borderline love) and 97% of their behaviour, and they (I think) like me and tolerate most of mine, but any time either of us opens our mouths to suggest or request an improvement, it comes out as passive-aggressive. One night a flatmate and some friends came back late, and I got woken up by their entry. It was like they were walking in tap shoes. Moderately loud. It was outrageous.

Not to worry, I thought. It wasn't a moral issue. I could ask them to be quieter next time, and they just would. They could be loud in the lounge, and feel pleased by how considerate they'd been in the hallway. I could lie asleep

in my room, and feel anxious about whether I was needy.

I was definitely needy. I began to stress. Bringing up the fact that I'd been woken as a topic unto itself would sound resentful. The next time my flatmate Facebook chatted me I saw my opportunity. We were talking about *Gone Girl*. The acting. The camera angles. The possible sexism. "Oh also," I threw in, parenthetically, "could we be a bit less loud when coming through the front door at night?" It was a seamless transition. It was subtle, and jokey. It definitely didn't look like I'd been stewing over the late-night wakeup for hours since it happened, or like my subconscious umbrage was finally overwhelming my fear of conflict.

He explained that it seemed hostile. I explained that it definitely wasn't. He explained again. Fair enough. In future I would address problems explicitly. Failing that, I would never raise them, silently compromise, and regret. People who address problems head-on get into collisions. Axiomatic. There's a precarious balance to be struck. I'm risking it by writing this column, but also wouldn't be writing a column in *Craccum* if I didn't want to maintain relationships with my flatmate who edits it. Had any other friend asked for 700 words a week I would've immediately sacrificed the friendship, ignoring Facebook messages and avoiding them in class, but you can only pretend hide from someone in your bedroom for so long. Particularly when there are two of them, because they date.

Jordan and Ana. The monolith. Common law married. They've been at uni since Muldoon was in government, and dating for two or three years longer than that. They practice collective cabinet responsibility. All declarations have the full force of both wills behind them, except for sometimes when they don't. They sit in the garden, inhaling durries and wine (but never carbs), and emitting dicta, chores rosters, and the occasional winking

reference to the fact that they DEFINITELY F+CK IN MY HOUSE. If you alienate one you've alienated both, and two's a majority in a four-person tribe.

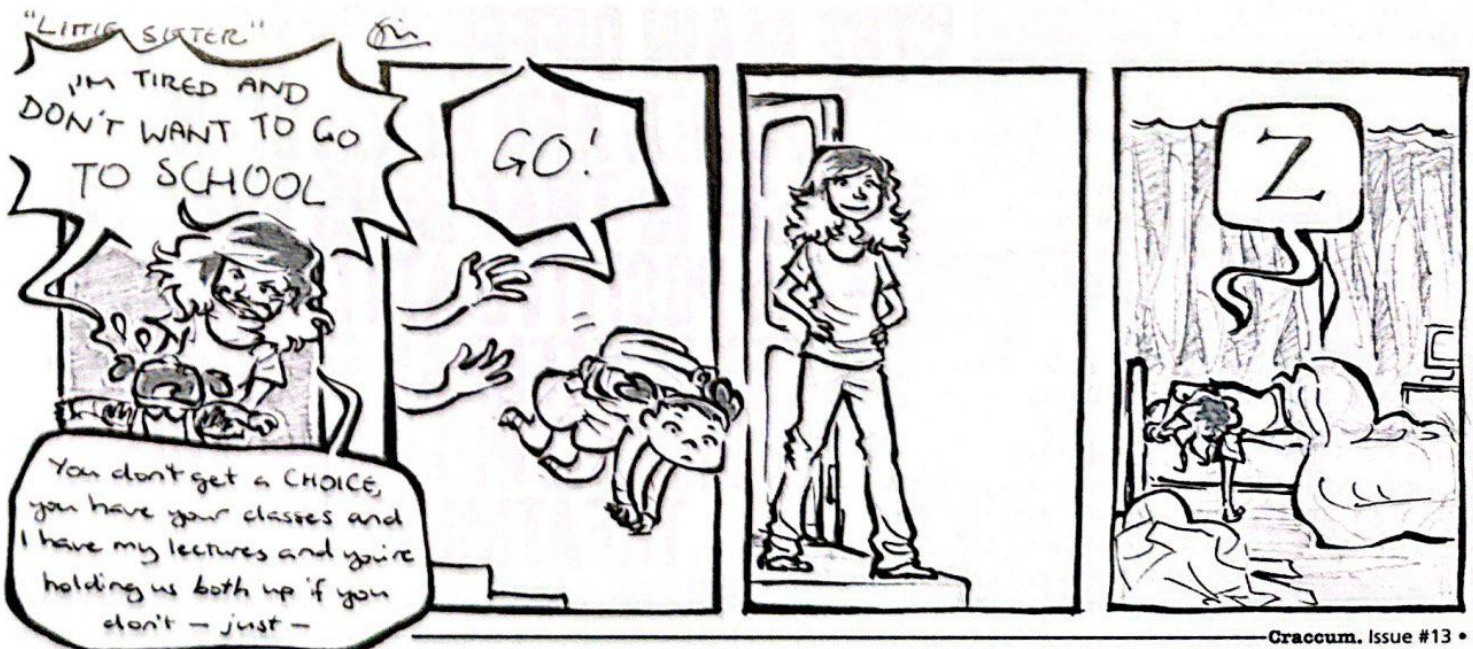
Jono, my other flatmate, is fairly quiet. He sits in his room, drinking from an enormous thermos of butter chicken, watching *Archer*, and sometimes, late in the night, crying to pornography. We all hear you Jono. He's technologically savvy but shy. The ideal cohabitant.

They've flatted before, so they know what they're doing. And the firm hands are appreciated, particularly after the tragic commons of my apartment last year, with its understocked kitchen full of flies, and overstuffed bathroom flush with mould. I'm incompetent, which is not appreciated. Willing to learn, but unable to do so.

We don't share meals yet, because we don't have a dining table. They periodically get sad about the things I eat (or the smells they make), and try to teach me to make less sad food. I refuse to cook properly because it's hassle, and domestic. Every night I eat flavourless mince and lettuce on microwave rice, proud in my masculine tradition. I melt plastic utensils on the stove, to assert my dominance.

I snapchat pictures of these banquets to my friends who live at home, as a guilt trip. Everyone who lives at home should feel guilty. I chose to move out, but by staying home they're the student 1%. They're the reason student culture is failing. There's no incentive to hang on campus or stay out late when you have a bedroom to return to that isn't miserable and no conflicts to avoid. Your dad bought you coffee this morning. I had toast for dinner. I bought chicken, worried about salmonella, didn't want to wash dishes, and ate toast. Alone at my desk. And it was your fault.

But Ana waking up at 7AM is my fault. Gotta tread lightly.



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CHIVALRY IS BS

WITH LAVINIA MACOVICUIC

MY FEMALE FRIEND AND I APPROACH our table with more drinks. "This round's on us!" we say, and we begin to pour ourselves beer. James, some English dude we just met that was staying at the same hostel as us, was clearly uncomfortable. He informs us that a girl has never ever bought him a drink. "It's only fair", we tell him. "You got the last round". He's still a bit awkward and said that we shouldn't have. He tells us that ladies don't pay for guys' drinks. He tells us he likes doing nice things for girls. He tells us that some guys don't. Well he's a proper gentleman and he wants to treat girls nicely.

We've all met guys like James. The nice guys who like to think they treat girls nicely. "I am a true gentleman", I can hear them all saying in unison, as they support a smirk on their face that is to say "Praise me for thinking you are worth respecting".

Chivalry, especially in New Zealand, is supposedly dead. Women across the country are walking into doors, freezing to death and paying for their own coffees. The chivalrous gentleman has become a rare breed, leaving women to fulfil tasks only their male counterparts have been capable of doing over the past thousands of years. Without the extinct species that is the true gentleman, what are we to do? Be crushed under the weight of a pile of miscellaneous heavy stuff? Die from over standing while on the bus? I don't think so.

Chivalrous acts and respecting women are believed to go hand in hand. James, like so many other men I have met in my life, believed that if you love women, you have to treat them nicely. When I pointed out that chivalrous acts are inherently sexist he exclaimed "I'm not sexist, I love women!" But there is a difference between treating a wom-

an 'nicely', and treating her with respect. To me, chivalrous acts are nothing more than an exercise of the deeply ingrained ideology that women hold less power both physically and financially than men, and deserve to be protected and taken care of simply because of their inferior gender.

The logic behind chivalrous acts can easily be challenged, but despite that, I can hear the scowls of the readers who disagree with me. I understand that they're carried out because men try to seem 'nice' and 'respectful'. But if people show respect by holding doors, paying for dates and giving others their jacket when they're cold, then why is it that it makes men feel so uncomfortable when it is carried out in reverse? I can't tell you how many times men have awkwardly swayed side to side at the entrance of a door when I am holding the door for them because they thought they should be holding it for me.

Although chivalry is extremely flattering and I agree, it's really nice to feel as if you are 'taken care of', they are still acts of sexism masked as a socially appropriate way of exercising gender inequality. Chivalry is a sign of benevolent sexism. It is done on the basis that women are too fragile or sensitive to carry out certain tasks. The term benevolent sexism (which I will appropriately abbreviate to BS) stems from the ambivalent sexism theory that states there's two different types of sexism: hostile and benevolent. Hostile sexism is what we initially think of when we think of very sexist behaviour. It is crude, it is angry and it is hostile. An example of hostile behaviour would be the exclusion of women from the armed forces on the basis that they are physically weaker and less capable than men.

Benevolent sexism, on the other hand, is much harder to detect and to the oblivious eye may appear as protective or simply prosocial behaviour. The way in which benevo-

lent sexism is carried out makes it seem as if women benefit from it. The exclusion of women from the armed forces on the basis that their more gentle and sensitive nature is more suitable for something less violent would be an example of BS. The main difference between hostile and benevolent sexism is that BS is framed as a positive attitude; it makes it seem as if women are benefiting from this treatment. Women are exempt from carrying out harder tasks such as lifting heavy things or from paying on dates, and are praised when they conform to stereotypical gender behaviour and expectations.

The reason why BS is a problem is because the underlying attitudes beneath it are extremely sexist. Women are praised and reinforced for sticking to their traditional gender roles as kind, meek, fragile and weak. The impacts of BS are less visible, but much more harmful and longer lasting. Because it is framed in a positive way, women are more likely to put up with sexist treatment and to conform to their gender stereotypes when they are being praised for it. What's more, is that the difference between BS and HS is not so large anyway, however they are very strongly linked. Which makes sense; they both support the notion that men and women are separate, different from one another and that one sex is inferior.

So, where does the fine line between chivalry and respect lie? Chivalry's a very gendered phenomenon. Men are the active participants producing chivalrous behaviour whereas women are on the receiving end. I don't see what would be so wrong if supposedly chivalrous behaviour was reciprocal. Basically, treat people how you want to be treated regardless of gender. Because if you really love women, you'd treat them as equals, not as incompetent and delicate flowers. And yes, that does mean that if you go out on a date, you can expect her to pay as well.

"THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HOSTILE AND BENEVOLENT SEXISM IS THAT BS IS FRAMED AS A POSITIVE ATTITUDE; IT MAKES IT SEEM AS IF WOMEN ARE BENEFITING FROM THIS TREATMENT."



KANT OR WON'T?

LIBERALISM AND ITS DISCONTENTS

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

THERE'S BEEN A WORRYING TREND ON THE internet recently (controversial, I know), of oppressors appropriating the language of the oppressed to make their point. The particular example that caught my notice was a video on YouTube called *Not Alone*, posted by 'catholicvote'. It consisted of light but emotional music to stir your empathy, a black and white filter to provide a sense of gravitas, and a never-ending refrain of, "we're not bigoted because we have gay friends". The video progressed like a carefully orchestrated victim statement. The faces were of shyness and modest anguish. They said (and I'm paraphrasing here), "We are scared to speak out against same-sex marriage because we feel like we're going to be discriminated against. Society is oppressing us. We have become voiceless. Our values have become taboo". The whole thing progressed in the same way as a 'coming out' narrative, but for Catholic puritanism.

It would be easy for me to simply spout outrage in response here, and I believe that would be warranted in response to what is clearly just well made propaganda, but if it's anti-discrimination and liberalism that are being in-

voked, then let's start by giving 'catholicvote' the benefit of the doubt. If they really feel like their views are being oppressed, what's the difference between them and someone in the LGBTQIA* movement? The *Not Alone* video is in response to same-sex marriage, so let's start there: intolerance of same-sex marriage is indeed becoming more unacceptable, and those who seek to take that stance are being socially sanctioned. The important line here is that, despite this, the institution of marriage doesn't discriminate against them. They are able to have Catholic marriages of 'one man and one woman' even with the safe passage of same-sex marriage in America. The institution, now, does not explicitly discriminate against either group.

The ethos of liberalism, of "all views are sacred", of "you have your views, and I have mine", is possibly the cause of catholicvote's tactics. Michael Sandel, someone who has criticised this hollowed-out way of looking at public debate, puts it like this: liberal states take on a very thin conception of 'the good' in order to facilitate a plurality of viewpoints. The state, though, is not neutral. Sandel asks us to consider abortion as an example. The liberal view that a woman ought to be able to decide (based on her own views about a foetus's sentience) does implicitly take a po-

sition. Even if not a strong position, it does say that an unborn foetus is *not* as alive as a baby once it has been born. The state policy of letting women apply their own values to the situation does take the side of the woman who chooses to abort her child in terms of the inherent value of a foetus. Sandel's point is that what may seem like neutral state positions are rarely ever so. He supports a woman's right to abort a foetus, and same-sex marriage; he just thinks we should be arguing their positive merits rather than deferring to 'tolerance' as the golden virtue.

Sandel's critique of the way we talk about issues in a liberal society does shed light on the 'coming out' of catholicvote. It does not in any way legitimate the method being used. People suffer immensely in trying to make their friends and family come to terms with their sexual or gender identities. The belittling of that struggle by a group who empirically do not in any way face the same difficulty of personal expression or self-actualisation is distasteful. But Sandel's ideas do provide some sort of background rationale for why this sort of thing exists. Perhaps we need to be less afraid of conflict, less afraid of angering those who disagree with us, and leave 'tolerance' as the liberal clarion call at the door in some cases.

"THEY ARE ABLE TO HAVE CATHOLIC MARRIAGES OF 'ONE MAN AND ONE WOMAN' EVEN WITH THE SAFE PASSAGE OF SAME-SEX MARRIAGE IN AMERICA."

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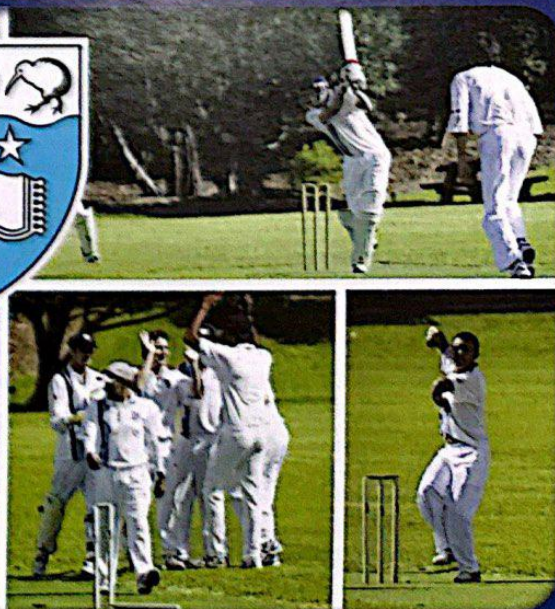
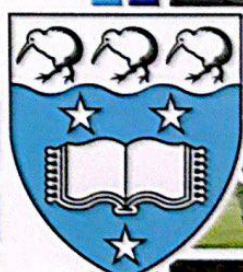
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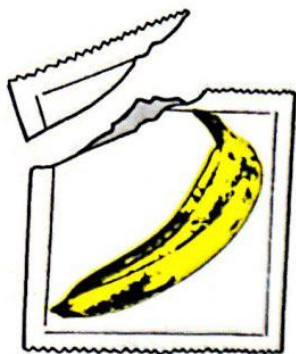
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TAKING THE PUSS BIG SPENDER, SACHET OF SPLENDOR.

WITH MONA DAHL

THINGS TOOK A TURN FOR THE ABSURD LAST week. I bought an elaborate e-cig and an overpriced hat from St Kevin's Arcade and spent a long afternoon in Mezza Bar sipping apple tea by the pint. Then I read an article about the shackles of student debt and despaired. Happily, at this point, fate intervened. Here is the mad story of Studylink, a seventeen-year-old and a sugar daddy.

I can sense your pursed lips forming already. There is little more unsavoury than sugar. However, all began with class and glamour, like a Lana Del Rey music video — break-

fast in Ponsonby (a delightful name derived from the portmanteau of 'poncey' and 'snob-by'); pretentious little pastries in paper 'lunch bags'; random between-lecture drives around the bays in the sleek and sexy Audi. I wondered if this was what being a Dio girl is like. *St Cuth's*, I corrected myself — a better-publicised record of stripping.

Things got a little strange further into the week. Bored with the unrealistically glittery lifestyle, I took challenges from friends for 'least enticing' dares. Wednesday morning, 9 am, I was wearing a bunny onesie from Marks & Spencer. Now *That's What I Call Gregorian Chanting* was turned up to 11. Knock knock. "Nice music" he said, groping my cotton tail. Damn.

He carried me downstairs in the throes of leporidae-just talking more about Playboy than pyjamas. The real Hugh Hefneric moment came though after nature had taken its course, and your correspondent was down to a pair of a friend's dad's socks (dare number three), watching the gentleman shrug on his leather jacket. Pausing on his way out, as if remembering to ask me some small favour, he pulled out of his pocket a wad — a wad, reader — of red and purple notes. "Want some pocket money?" he asked, airily.

Honestly rather shocked, I could only laugh

and break into LA gangsta vernacular. "Life ain't nothin' but bitches and money", I mocked, miming an expensive rainfall. His stammering response revealed his benevolent intentions. "It's not for the sex eh... I'll buy you... food...later?" he blushed, hastily returning the cash to his coat pocket and grabbing my protruding scapula. "Look at this. Eat something". Marvelling at the peculiarity of my existence, I sent him off, wallet intact, pleased with following the business tip of my employer: "Never do something you're good at for free".

Fortunately for this Pol major, that Friday's lecture on Wollstonecraft was inoculation against any further 'sugar daughter' (as a friend formally described it) ridiculousness. My living allowance having been deposited by our beloved WINZ department, I was once again able to buy my own long blacks and think straight about this dalliance with 'Daddy' (dare number four — he did not recoil at the name, damn), a benefactor with twice my years and twenty times my salary. On our final encounter, roaring through gentrified countryside, I thought a fitting way to end a *Craccum* piece on the experience would be a well-timed Lana quote. "Where shall we go?" he asked. "Take me to Paris", I replied, dreamily. Instead of sharing a comradely laugh, his brow furrowed. "I will", said he. Damn.



THE UNSANE MUSINGS OF AN AUTISTIC MIND

WITH JAMES BROWN

IHAVEN'T COMPLETELY DESTROYED MY REPUTATION (though that implies I had one to begin with) yet, so to start the new semester and hopefully get a few people talking, this time I'm going to talk about something big. So to betray my own prejudices and hopefully outgrow them, this time I'm going for the unusual suspects.

The social justice movement is a loosely aligned movement of leftist, liberal and progressive people on the internet, most notably on the picture blog site Tumblr and the 'site' (I can't think of what the hell to call it) Reddit. It stands (and claims to stand) for many things,

for gay marriage, gender issues such as the unfair discrimination against transgendered people, feminism, racial issues such as the unequal slant in minority crimes, and probably others I've missed. All of these are good issues and ones that need — no, demand — attention. But the way the social justice warriors, or 'SJWs' as they are commonly called, approach these things is what is at fault.

I'm now going to make a claim about the social justice movement, and then elaborate on it, lest people take me the wrong way (which the three people who read this probably will anyway).

Social justice warriors are the white man's burden of the modern era.

Now, before you all start complaining, hear me out. I don't just say that out of misplaced spite. I have absolutely no problems with SJWs. Hell, I've been a SJW myself in regards to the lack of women and realistic female miniatures in Wargaming. The 'white man's burden' was the name given to the school of thought espoused by white liberals at the turn of the century before last, named after a famous poem by the great visionary of Empire, Rudyard Kipling. It espouses that 'enlightened people' — in his case the white colonials — had a sacred duty to rule over and 'improve' native people who were behind

the west socially, economically and arguably, morally. This idea is now considered outdated and highly racist, that because one group of people are more privileged, they have to give their ways and means to others whether they like it or not.

That is pretty much what the modern social justice movement is all about, enlightening the masses from a position 'on high'. The SJWs consider it a sacred duty to make everyone else see their point of view, regardless of their own issues with it. Anyone who isn't of their creed is a racist, a bigot and in some cases, a Nazi. That's not a word you want to throw at just anybody. It's both the same, and the antithesis of the 'white man's burden', for here it is that burden partially turned inwards. The privileged elite, feeling guilty in some cases about that, feel they have to improve the world, and those who actually live the struggle are sidelined. It's like the fall-out of white people working in the black civil rights movement that eventually split it. SJWs divide as much as they unite.

And yet they do a good service, exposing injustice. However anyone can be brave behind a computer screen. The true test is whether they would be willing to live the injustices they preach.

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29 KATANA | DYLAN CHERRY
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANT TO WRITE CRACCUM A LETTER? SEND THEM TO EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ SO WE CAN WRITE SOME SEMI-WITTY AND SLIGHTLY PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE RESPONSES AND FILL SOME PAGES.

TO LAVINIA (JUST FEMINIST THINGS),

I just read the horrible letter to you that was published in this week's Craccum. I find it very difficult to understand how anyone can think like that, and wanted to show you my support. Please don't stop writing the Just Feminist Things column, and NEVER stop fighting for equal rights. Each and every one of your columns has resonated with me, and I look forward to reading your thoughts each week. We may be a lot better off than women in other countries, but we still experience inequality and so we still need people like you! So thank you.

Yours,
JEN

You know who seem to have it the hardest? Men who make complaints about feminist writers. They're always subjugated by evil liberals smearing their correct conservative views. Poor, poor men.

DEAR EDITORS,

I felt that Harry brought up an interesting point last week about the glass ceiling becoming more of a bottleneck in modern society. Although he doesn't go into too much detail, probably because it isn't a full article, it seems fairly evident that he might very well have a point.

There is certainly much less discrimination against women in modern times, both day to day and in the workforce but recently it has just blown up in proportions as the hip thing to talk about. Words like "cis" and "misogynist" are thrown around at every man, woman, and child that doesn't agree to the views of the neo-feminists of our generation. But that's not the point.

The point is that you completely pass off everything he says as not true and saying that he likes to "delegitimise the struggle of women".

You're doing the exact same thing that whatsherface miss-controversy did a couple issues ago and saying that he's wrong and you're right and not listening or even remotely trying to understand his point of view.

Being a business student, I occasionally get the treat of researching real life companies in New Zealand and around the world so let me assure you, these companies are definitely trying to decrease any possible discrimination that is present within the workforce and have incentives in place to get women into the higher up managerial and CEO positions.

Harry makes the point, that whereas before women weren't given these opportunities because there was a social view that women were inferior to men, now it is simply because women are psychologically and physically different to men and therefore have different needs. We can't overlook these physical differences because they are essential to survival.

The change that needs to happen and which companies are trying to achieve, is that we should stop thinking of men and women as equals in every way, and instead understand and take into consideration the differences to allow for necessary changes in the job to suit both men and women so that women leaving to have babies will not be a detriment to the women's success.

We hate the idea of strawmanning you. But also, it's more fun than engaging with you. "We should stop thinking of men and women as equals"...."take into consideration the differences". Separate but equal. A great policy. You're a great person. Thanks so much for the thoughtful defence.

DEFEEND THOUSELFF NOT THY MUCH APPRECIATED scribes and wordsmiths!!

I started a Post Grad last year and found the magazine flaccid to say the least. Quelle surprise 2015 saw a completely reanimated organ and just like the days of old at Otago Uni when the weekly Critic Mag was a cause for celebration so Auckland's Craccum steps up to the mark.

Apart from Humanities and Arts..Craccum is the only representative of critical-thinking university discourse that I have encountered at this sprawling needs-provider that calls itself a university, overshadowed by the Kafkaesque spectre of the Owen Glenn Building intent on disgorging disciples into a world already choking on fiscal fascism.

Thanks too for the privilege of holding you in my hands as I don't read online unless I absolutely have to AND I recyle the paper I use.

The University Bookshop in Dunedin supports the university magazine with a \$20 gift voucher for Letter(To the Editor) of the Week. Would UBS consider such a gesture do you think?

Happy Monday!
READEROFWORDSONPAPER

An excellent poem. All of your points are true. We've created a literary landmark. We've become famous. We're celebrated intellectuals.

No. But write for us and we'll give you a bar tab. Alcohol is the same as books. Both of which are inferior to hard drugs. Which you should take. On campus. In UBS.

WANT BETTER GRADES THIS SEMESTER?

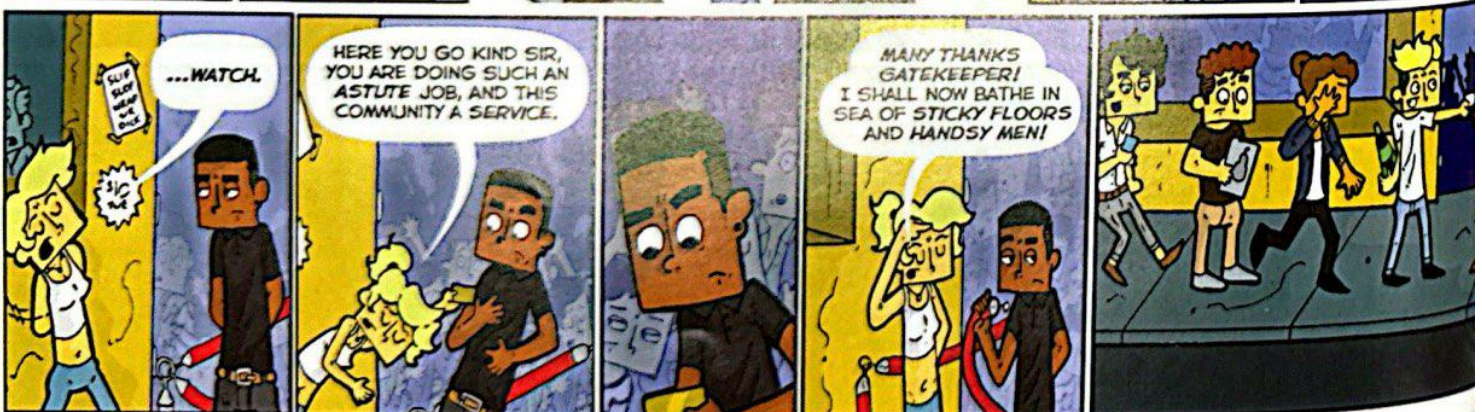
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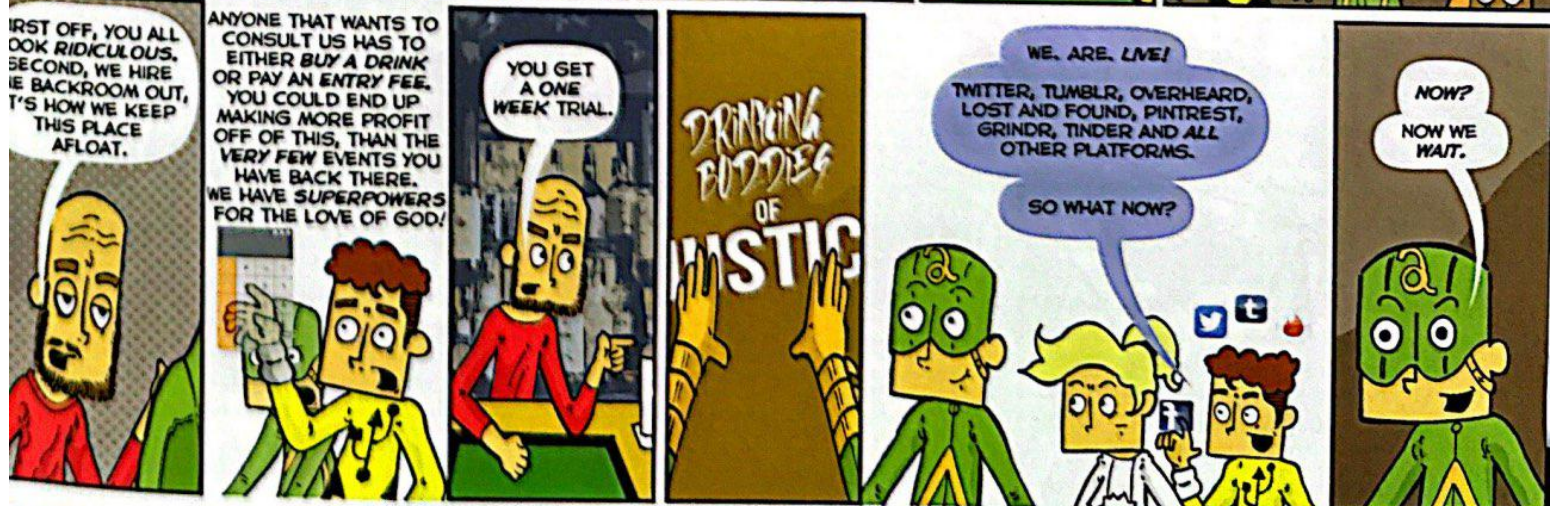
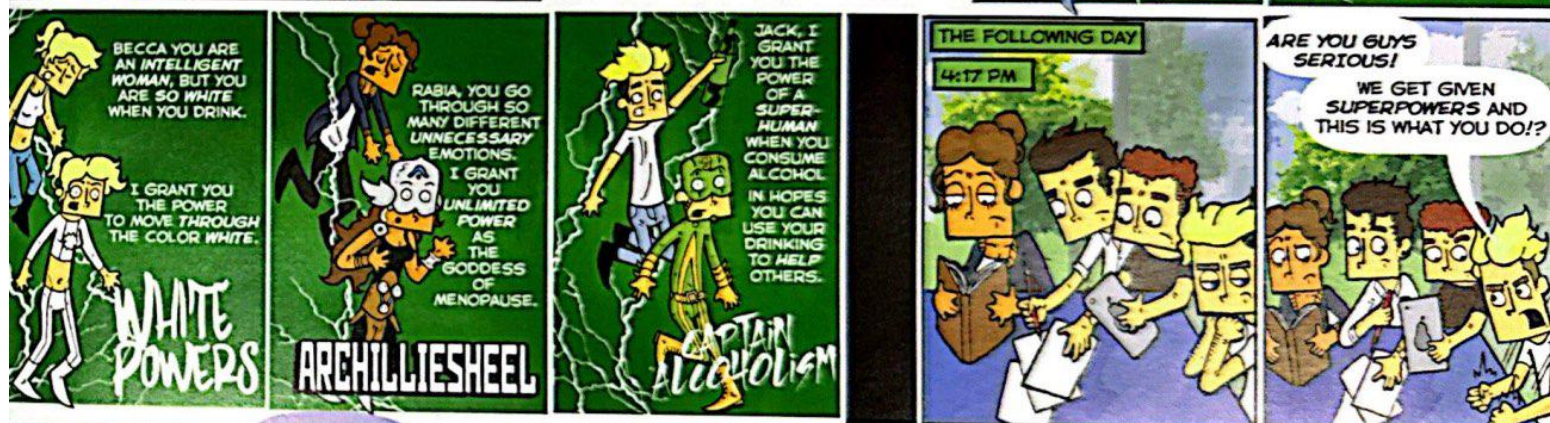




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TALL POPPY SYNDROME

BY LEXI FINUCANE

DISCLAIMER

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE CONTAINS SEVERAL REFERENCES THAT MAY MAKE THE AUTHOR APPEAR PROUD OR BOASTFUL. WE AT CRACCUM DO NOT CONDONE ANY OF THIS HUMBLE BRAG BUSINESS, BUT ASK THAT YOU BEAR WITH US THROUGH THE VARIOUS INSTANCES OF NAME DROPPING, ANECDOTES OF OVERSEAS TRIPS, AS WELL AS THE EQUALLY HORRIFIC ADVICE PUT FORWARD. ALRIGHT EVERYONE? PITCHFORKS AND SLURS AT THE READY.

NEW ZEALAND HAS SOME AMAZING CULTURE; the classic hokey pokey, rugby = life, No.8 Wire go getters, and some cheeky ponytail pulling banter. However, one thing that makes Kiwis truly Kiwi is our ability to ensure that no one ever gets too big for their boots. You know, nothing really grinds our gears more than when someone gets a bit too smug or arrogant. Not only are they doing well, but they're bloody telling everyone about it too. Luckily we're here to take them down a notch, and show them that we won't have a bar of this sort of confidence and pride. How dare they imply that they're better than us, by mentioning that they've won an award? Cheeky little shits.

Tall Poppy Syndrome (TPS) afflicts most New Zealanders. Whether you're the particularly beautiful poppy being cut down, or the one sharpening your pruning shears – this 'syndrome' is found everywhere from the schoolground to the boardroom. Having done a bit of research on the issue for this article (read: Googled it), my thoughts on TPS seem to differ to Wikipedia's. Yes, there is a Wikipedia article on the subject. Wikipedia states that TPS occurs when people of genuine merit are resented, attacked and cut down because their talents or achievements elevate or distinguish them from their peers. So, the idea here is that we all genuinely hate on

“NEW ZEALAND HAS SOME AMAZING CULTURE; THE CLASSIC HOKEY POKEY, RUGBY = LIFE, NO.8 WIRE GO GETTERS, AND SOME CHEEKY PONYTAIL PULLING BANTER.”

people that do well, precisely because they do well. While pessimism seems to be a theme in my writing, as well as my everyday life, I do like to think that we New Zealanders are better than that. There are times we will look at people who seem to have 'made it' and sneer, or roll our eyes at the businessman driving his Audi (pretentious prick), or tell our friends that we didn't think so and so was that great. Nicknames such as teacher's pet, and snarky remarks about 'Ponsnobby', fulfil the task of conveying that we don't think that other people or places are superior.

I'm not so sure that we resent people for having genuine talent, instead, my understanding is that we resent them for having genuine talent and telling us about it.

There's a funny juxtaposition in the way we celebrate success in New Zealand. We are an extremely proud country, convinced that we punch above our weight in many different areas — especially given the size of our population. And of course we'll happily brag about this to anyone who will listen, especially ourselves. The New Zealand media takes great pleasure in plastering the front page with the All Black's results, or the achievements of Lorde, Lydia Ko and Peter Jackson. We constantly #throwback to Sir Ed, and that time ages ago when we won the America's Cup. Anytime an Australian dares to

compete with us we will shut them down with a single mention of the theft of Russell Crowe.

We love other Kiwis who do well — particularly those on the sports field. The thing is, while we love to tell the world about other people's success, we consider it to be arrogant or boastful if the person in question brings up their own achievements. With a slight roll of the eyes, we take great pleasure in ensuring that they don't get too big for their boots. I think, and have had confirmation from a real life psychologist (thanks Mum), that perhaps the idea behind the TPS phenomenon is that we like to be equal, and by cutting others down, they are at our level, and we are at theirs. We don't like to feel that others are better than us, and we'll try our hardest to make damn sure they don't feel the same. Now, Psych 101 and Sociol 100 aside, this is perhaps a childish way of looking at things. Playground notions of "well if I can't have it, then you can't either" spring to mind.

This attitude has had a massive impact on our culture. We may come across as humble and modest to the outside world — preferable to the supposedly arrogant and ever confident American or Australian. TPS affects the way in which we speak about ourselves. While overseas last year, I was surprised at how openly people would talk about the positive achievements in their life. Following a test, instead of folding the paper and tucking it away regardless of the result, I had friends who would bound over and show me their A or A+. They didn't downplay their success in the way Kiwis do. They accepted compliments with a smile and a thanks, rather than the classic "Yeah, nah, it's not that good". And while there is a thin line between arrogance and confidence, many seemed to walk it well.

Unsurprisingly, TPS affects our interviewing

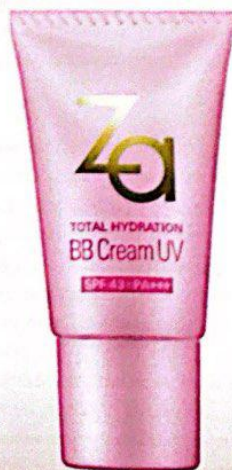
skills. Having recently had the chance to interview high schoolers for a programme to go overseas, it was a real eye opener listening to the ever present mumble and grunt from candidates when asked about their experience and skills. For Kiwis, responding to questions about their positive qualities, or times when they have shown leadership, is difficult — even embarrassing. The fact is, we avoid telling people what we like about ourselves, or what we've done well in, to avoid the effects of Tall Poppy Syndrome. We would rather cut ourselves down, than have the awful experience of someone doing it to us. So, in response to our questions, the candidates would stall, pausing to think, digging deep to find something, or sometimes just pretending to think, fearful that a fast response might come across as overconfident. We would go round and round in circles, coaxing the students into giving answers. Having been asked about times they showed teamwork or leadership skills, the candidate might mention they played rugby. Rugby? We ask them to elaborate, squeezing blood from the stone. After five minutes, the fact that they have been First XV captain for a couple

of years, and play for reps, will be wrestled out. Finally.

Although the idea of everyone suddenly yelling their Law 121 results from the rooftops makes me want to chunder, perhaps we ought to take a leaf out of the Americans' book, albeit toning it down just slightly. We shouldn't feel embarrassed about our achievements. We certainly shouldn't insult ourselves every time someone pays us a compliment. We need to be able to tell our friends about our successes without fear of being shat on (metaphorically speaking of course). It's not bragging, it's sharing. It's not arrogance, it's confidence. Being proud of ourselves shouldn't come across as thinking we're better than others. Imagine if we could talk up our exam results as much as we talk up Sir Richie McCaw. Let's just try to chill out, be proud of ourselves, just as much as we are proud of others. Let others have their successes, and let us have ours. Except those Audi twats; if you're driving around in a car that's as expensive as three university degrees, then you're just a dick.

"EXCEPT THOSE AUDI TWATS; IF YOU'RE DRIVING AROUND IN A CAR THAT'S AS EXPENSIVE AS THREE UNIVERSITY DEGREES THEN YOU'RE JUST A DICK."

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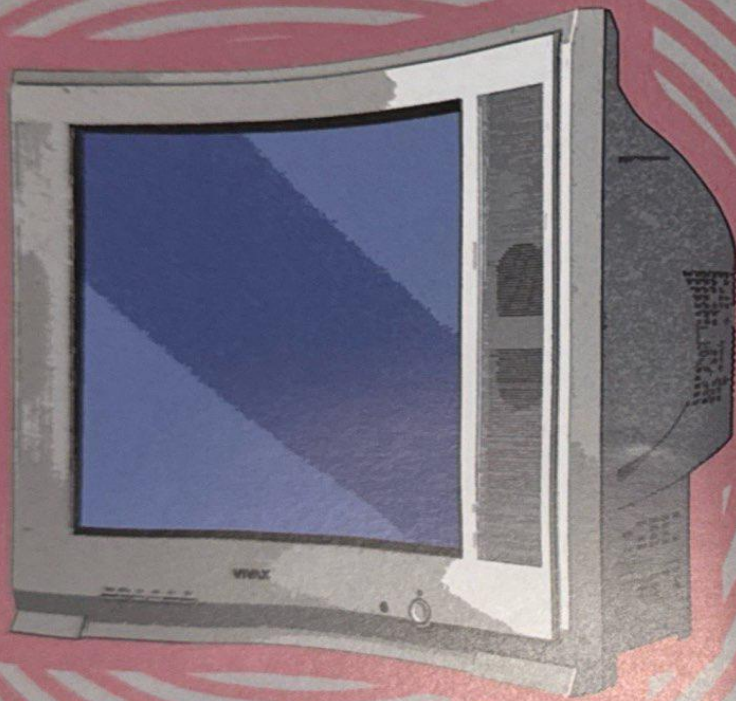
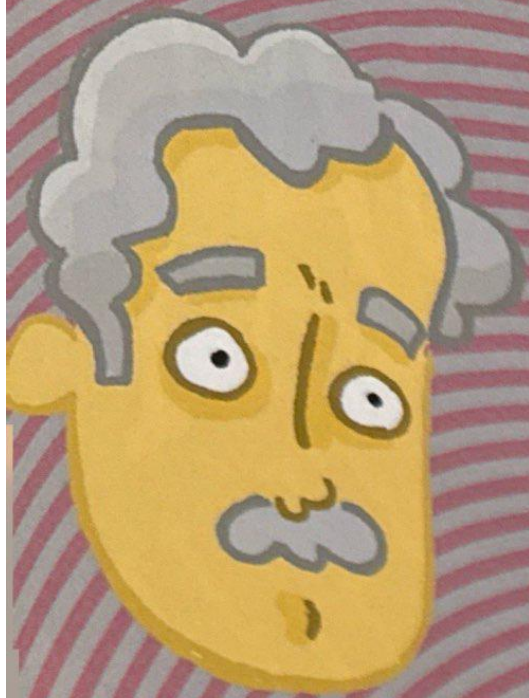
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MAORIDAY

WEDNESDAY 22ND JULY



TE KAPAHANA HANATEIPO DEBATE
DAY 130PM @ UNI QUAD [FREE] NIGHT 745PM @ SHADS BAR
JIMI THI ARDIAH
JACKSON 2015 MUSIC



PLOT TWIST:

WATCHING TV ISN'T REALLY THAT BAD FOR YOU

BY LAYLA DARWAZEH

IF YOU'RE A SERIAL TV SHOW WATCHER LIKE I am, you'll know the beauty of the internet and how readily accessible all kinds of television shows are these days. I can grab my laptop at literally any time and watch anything I want. Whether 'illegally' or not, there are so many ways that we can watch television shows: stream, download torrents, TVNZ on demand and now the magical phenomenon that is Netflix. We have such a wide range of ways to access TV and there is so much content coming at us that we don't know what to do with it all. I know myself and the majority of the population of the world are able to sit and binge-watch entire seasons of a show within a week or less. There are so many negative attributes attached to spending our time watching television shows; articles repetitively remind us that it's bad for our health or our lifestyle, and overall not a good way to spend time. I think that it's nonsense to shame binge-watching or watching TV at all, because it is now part of modern day life. Furthermore, isn't it amazing? I can watch a show, here in New Zealand, in my bed, just after it has finished airing in America, which is on the other side of the world. Technology has won, the computers have taken over. This is the future!

I remember being 13 and making my dad a timetable of how late I wanted to stay up each night to watch certain shows on the TV I had in my room. About two years later this was completely unnecessary, because obviously I was 15 and could sleep when I wanted to, but I also could record the shows or find them online and watch them at my convenience. When I look back at that, I realize just how amazing modern technology is. TV has changed so much in my lifetime alone: from watching whatever my parents put on for me, to picking a few nights a week to watch different shows, to binge watching whatever I want on my laptop. That's all happened in less than 10 years. Yes, maybe the TV industry is making too much money, companies like SKY and Netflix are probably having too much fun with the cash we throw at them, but the quality of television now is impeccable. An episode can now be compared to an entire movie in the way they are so filmic and detailed in their production. This is the time to be alive.

Since the 1920s, television has brought people together. When it was first introduced to the world, it was something completely different to what we have now, and it has been rapidly changing since its beginning. One thing I know is that it still brings people to-

gether. TV shows create fan bases, communities and an event for people all over the world to sit down and enjoy together. Television was made to create a community, it was the new fireplace that everyone would gather around. There would be one or two different channels and limited variety of content, so that everyone in every household would be watching the same thing at the same time. Timing was everything, as it was based around when TV networks expected each family member to be home and watching television, for example, cartoons after school time.

Technology has grown massively since the introduction of the television and this has changed what we know of the traditional TV. Television sets became more affordable and now almost every household has one or more. Also a number of TV networks emerged, creating more channels and more content and competition. We began watching different things at different times; each household had more options of what to watch, so the idea of everybody coming together to watch the same thing began to fade away with these new developments. Now it seems that the whole family no longer sit down in front of the TV every evening. Now we can access the TV we want, when we want and how we want.

Each member of your stereotypical heteronormative family probably don't like to watch the same shows and probably cannot fit into their timetables watching them at the scheduled time. I know that, at least in my family, there are certain shows that you can set a time to sit together and watch. Isn't that the purpose of the television set? The TV is still central to the home, but it has developed. We download episodes so we don't have to sit through ad breaks, we are able to start and stop whenever is convenient to us; everything is designed to make us more comfortable and enjoy watching these specific shows as a family.

It's not just the family that is brought together through this readily available watching, it is a worldwide thing. If I watch the new Game of Thrones within two days of it coming out I'll be able to engage online with others who have watched it. The internet also encourages this; almost immediately after a show airs, spoilers can be found basically anywhere online and so it's always better to be up to date with current big shows, so it's not ruined by inadvertently reading something. There are even YouTube channels set up solely to recap and discuss an episode after it has aired. That

is what is called a global community. We are linked to people around the world through the television we watch. It's not only global, but also locally, where, if my friends have all watched the new episode of Grey's Anatomy I want to watch it as well, otherwise we can't all talk about it and I'm left behind.

Easy and efficient access to TV shows shouldn't be seen negatively. It's a good thing, we don't spend time waiting around for something, we watch it when we want then move on with our lives. When I watched The Bachelor NZ twice a week at 7:30pm, I probably sat in front of the TV at around 7pm, watched random, pointless other shows waiting for it to start, then once it finished at 8:30pm, I watched another show and then another and another until it's time for bed; these are shows that I'm not even interested in. Comparatively, if I go to watch it online, on demand, I would only watch The Bachelor NZ and then continue on with something else. Let's not forget I'm also skipping all the ads online.

I do get why TV nowadays has all these negative connotations, as it seems like it doesn't bring us together in the way it was designed to. It also seems as if we are 'wasting' our time in front of a screen. It is presented as pointless. TV could be seen as just as pointless as reading and why is reading so favored anyways? If we're all worried that we spend too much time looking at screens, then things like the Kindle shouldn't be around. My argument is that we're going to be staring at screens either way; that is how society is set up now. I could be scrolling through all my social media for an hour or watching the new episode of Mad Men. Yes, maybe it's bad for your posture, and you probably eat too much sitting in front of the TV, but if you're still out in the world, doing other things like working, or at university or taking care of a family or, you know, genuinely anything else, then sit down and binge-watch as much as you want. I'm not judging you and you shouldn't let anyone else either.

Maybe it's just me, maybe this whole article is based around my life and my probably unhealthy attachment to shows, but to be honest, it's cheap, it's fun and I can do it from my bed. What's better than that? What do other people do in their free time anyways? There's only so much time you can spend outside. If one of my courses at university is called 'Watching Television' and is based around TV, then it's obviously something worth doing. My hobby is watching television shows and I'm not even ashamed.

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WEDNESDAY 22ND JULY - 1.30PM QUAD - 7.45 PM - SHADOWS

MĀORI DAY

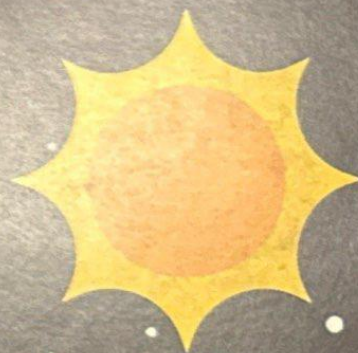
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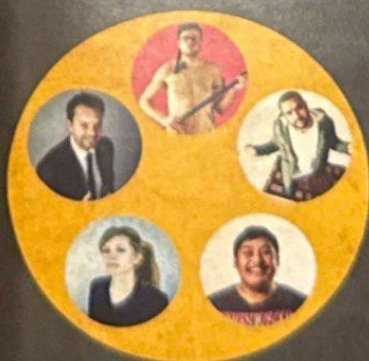
MC NICK RADO
(2014 NZCG BEST MC WINNER)

PAX ASSADI
(2013 BILLY T NOMINEE)

LOUISE BEUVINK
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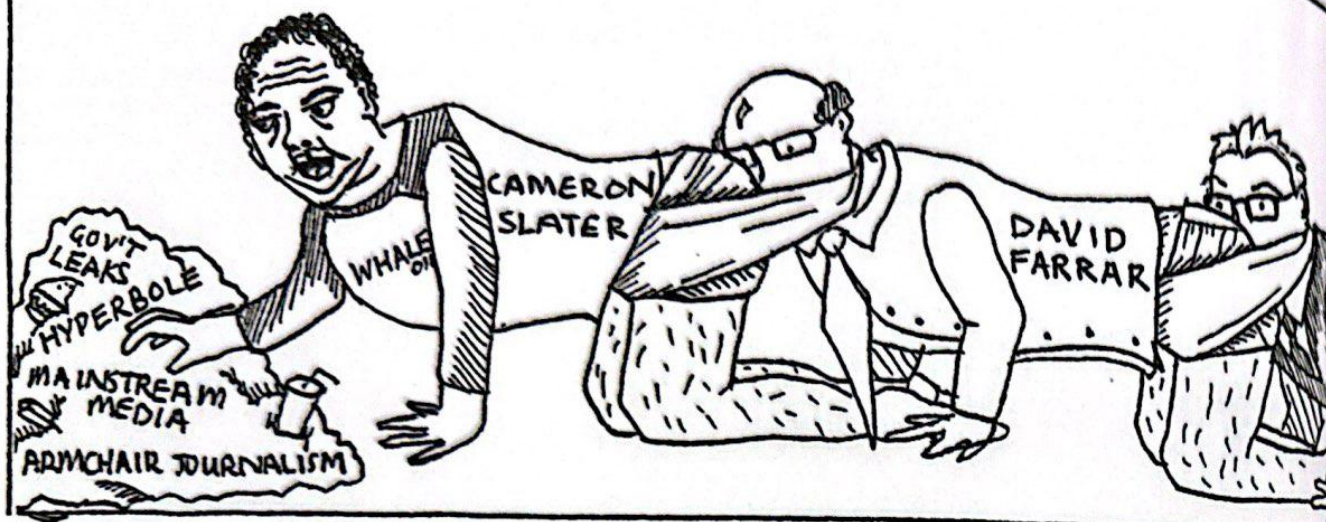
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"DIAGRAM 1."



A GUIDE TO THE NEWEST CREATURES OF DR HEITER A "WHO'S WHO" OF POLITICAL

A COMMON OBSERVATION MADE BY FUNDITS, politicians, and hacks of all shades is that the news media is constantly changing — and constantly change it does. The information age is nigh, people. Gone is the pre-eminence of the gin swilling news anchor dancing to the tune of the teleprompter, or the Pulitzer winning journalist with a groundbreaking revelation and an establishment to shake. Now anyone with a router and a rudimentary grasp of grammar (Cam Slater, I'm thinking of you, buddy) can enter the glorious fray of political discourse. A new tech savvy generation of minds is just waiting to be ideologically pollinated in the online arena as traditional news media begins to dwindle by comparison.

In this brave new age feeds must be ambushed, enemies trolled, and page views gained. The conditions of the game have changed. And with new conditions arise new forms of life.

Emerging from this chrysalis of the information age, opportunity is a new breed of political careerist — *politicus hackus falsatus* — more commonly known as the political blogger. While far from resembling any sort of butterfly, they can be noticed distinctly by the smartphone protruding from their cranium. Falsatus can often be found in dank underground conditions located close to their spawning pool. Diet consists largely of insider gossip and the broken dreams of actual public figures. Parasitic of nature, they often congregate inside of larger political organisms and are fiercely territorial, especially towards oth-

er falsatus belonging to a different ideological genus.

Now this is all well and good, but probably already somewhat familiar to you fine university educated extraordinaires. But where the unseasoned observer, otherwise known as anyone with a life, can be unfortunately tripped, is in seeing where this all interrelates and what the emergence of political bloggers means for political discourse as a whole.

One thing about bloggers is that they can actually break stories. Unlike the traditional news media however, they are not compelled to ask the other party for a statement before publication or bound by the usual norms of journalistic ethics. They are after all, just nerds with a website.

In short, if you hate journalists already, then bloggers are the special kind of scum that gutters only dream of.

But for good or ill their growing importance is undeniable. The *Dirty Politics* revelations brought to light last election demonstrated the potency of bloggers in framing the news media around a certain issue. As a platform for smear campaigns they are ideal, as information revealed on a blog becomes public given its accessibility and added lack of aforementioned oversight. This information can then be picked up and reprinted by the mainstream media faster than you can type the word "defamation".

As Danyl Mclauchlan astutely observed

during 'ponytailgate', part of the reason the National Party spin machine was caught so off guard was that the story was broken on Martin Bradbury's *The Daily Blog*. The dirt was away and galloping before so much as the first "yeah nah" retort was penned; which would not have happened if it was picked up by a mainstream news outlet that was obliged to contact both parties.

While anonymity and accessibility can create a platform allowing participation to greater numbers of people, it also allows actors to launch attacks on political opponents with less culpability. The thing about information is that once it becomes public it tends to remain that way. Add some petty partisan people looking to score points with an easy medium in which to do so and we have a rather diabolical concoction.

That is not to say that political blogging is all bad. Our glorious leader's bizarre attempts at horseplay with an Auckland waitress was certainly newsworthy behaviour not becoming of a Prime Minister — there was a legitimate claim to public interest and enough absurdity to make the story interesting. Blogging could prove to be a potent medium for holding the powerful to account. Furthermore, it can give voice to a greater range of views on the political spectrum who are free from editorial controls or influence.

On the flipside, we can expect more mudslinging in the daily headlines as papers continue to pick up stories from an increasingly influential blog sphere. News is interconnected, pundits feed off one another, views change, and



BY ADAM OSBOURNE SMITH

LOGGERS

stories evolve. Political bloggers are now firmly embedded in this gossip-go-round which is well depicted in the sketch that accompanies this article. They also possess a penchant for attack narratives and have a proven potency at framing the media around them — so we should expect political discourse as a whole to become more strategically focused if they continue to gain influence.

Another thing about blogs in this country is that all of the major ones are exceptionally partisan. The two most regularly visited, Whaleoil and Kiwiblog, both have (or in the instance of Whaleoil "had") direct ties to the National Party. Their centre-left counterpart The Standard is strongly connected to the Labour party; while The Daily Blog contains a pick and mix of far leftist views. These blogs dominate the scene attracting more site views than the next two hundred recorded blogs combined (check out the website Open Parachute for site meters at <https://openparachute.wordpress.com/category/nz-blog-rankings/>).

So, as well as being a perfect platform for attack politics, the blogging scene in New Zealand is exceptionally dominated by well established partisan interests.

At this point I feel compelled to urge caution. Just because a website gets a large number of site views doesn't mean that it's reached a large audience. The kind of people most regularly drawn to the *Gossip Girl* equivalent of politics are the supine hacks themselves; to whom the insider musings of Cameron Slater or David Farrar produce similar effects to

crack. The point being driven at here is that it is perfectly plausible that the readership of these blogs is more of a circle jerk of politicians as opposed to a broad vehicle of ideological participation.

Regardless, the indisputable power of political blogs can be seen in how they influence the rest of the media around them. Why I would urge caution in dealing with them is that many of the largest blogs can often write stories with an objective in mind, which is blindly obvious if you read them regularly.

Most people tend not to go this far — even the journalists that frequently use political bloggers as sources show a scant knowledge of their personal agendas. But fear not, people. In order to help you navigate the puerile bile of blogging commentary I have developed a quick and easy guide of the most commonly sighted specimens.

We begin, of course, with the blog that is written by the man who looks like what blogging would take the shape of were it to manifest in a physical form:

WHALEOIL

Written by Cameron Slater, Whaleoil is the undisputed heavyweight of the New Zealand scene, usually topping the sitemeter rankings. Ugly, harsh, and bigoted, this site represents the true depths of the human condition. Slater achieved infamy last year when his role in the Len Brown affair and outing of public servant Simon Pleasants became a focal point of the election. While not easy on the eye, this far-right blog gained influence due to high up connections in the National Party involving, most notably, Judith Collins.

While Whaleoil has suffered due to a loss of connections from the ensuing *Dirty Politics* scandal, its influence has continued proving the cliché "all publicity is good publicity". One thing Slater does begrudgingly well is find the information that hurts.

KIWIBLOG

Brainchild of National Party spin-doctor David Farrar, this blog was one of the first to emerge in 2003. Kiwiblog's tone is of a thoughtful and measured centre-right alternative, focusing on finer points of policy and maintaining crucial connections in the Key government. Although Farrar himself looks straight out of a Dilbert cartoon, he has wrought unbridled damage on the left.

Farrar's other hackish hobby is operating as National's pollster. Kiwiblog continually feeds out the stats that shows us guess what? National's ahead in the polls, once again. The constant reiteration of this point is largely thanks to David Farrar, as journalists are given a one stop

shop on the horse race to power. Cheers mate.

THE STANDARD

A combination of Labour Party and trade union views, The Standard is a centre-left blog that publishes on a range of economic and social issues. If you're all about making capitalism a little bit kinder, then this is the blog for you. A spinoff of the typical left wing newspaper, this blog offers a decent opposition to the policies of our government at present.

The writers of the Standard are varying, and as such it lacks a key personality, just like Labour (apologies). This probably makes it a little more honest; although its pro Labour/Union agenda is clear. Good points, but on the whole a little sterile — no decent inside government leaks makes it hard to compete with the right wing equivalents.

THE DAILY BLOG

If we needed a response to Slater (we shouldn't), then Martin Bradbury's The Daily Blog is it. Responsible for the international story that cemented in the mind of the world that we have more perversions than just fucking sheep, Bradbury demonstrates that the left can play dirty too. With a failed foray into the Internet/Mana party fiasco, his demographic is the oxymoronic broad far-left.

While sometimes a little lacking in decent analysis, this blog contains a decent rundown on the inside political manoeuvrings to the left of the spectrum — for the few who actually care.

This guide is by no means comprehensive, but covers the largest of New Zealand's political blogs. In this post-Campbell era of New Zealand reporting, expect to see them featuring more frequently in political discourse. Much of the criticism here has been undoubtedly scathing, but we always have a tendency towards nostalgia of the past, with a view of contempt for the future.

In many ways the emergence of *political hack-ius falsatus* is just a newer form of the fourth estate, which has always had a certain degree of sycophancy — sprinkled — with rare flashings of courage.

While the emergence of blogging has allowed for different people, from different ideologies to compete against the well established traditional media, it too is far from being a haven of input from the broader community. Much of the problem is that the internet is beginning to be dominated by a vocal few that wish to propagandise the majority towards their particular sect. Fortunately, the ease of access to this smorgasbord of views means that they can be easily compared and charlatans revealed.

As per usual, all it takes is a little effort.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN OF AN
AUSA
SPECIAL GENERAL
MEETING
 TO BE HELD ON
 MONDAY, 20 JULY 2015
 AT 12.00 PM IN THE STUDENT UNION QUAD

The SGM has been called to consider the following motion:

CHAIR

THAT the following Constitutional amendments be adopted:

That rule 2(i) be amended by, after the definition of "Female Member", deleting the phrase "a Female member of the Association", and inserting the phrase "a member of the Association who identifies as female" in its place

That rule 2(i) be amended by deleting "or takataapui" and inserting: "takataapui, or who identifies with any other queer identity"

That rule 2(i) be amended by inserting, after the definition of "General Meeting", the phrase "International Student" shall mean "Any person enrolled as an international student of the University in accordance with the University's regulations."

That rule 26 be amended by deleting the word "Autumn" and inserting the word "Winter" in its place.

That rule 27 (iv)(b) be amended by deleting the phrase "Cultural Affairs" and inserting the phrase "Culture and Arts" in its place

That rule 27 (iv)(d) be deleted, deleting the "International Affairs Officer"

That rule 27 (iv)(e) be amended by deleting all words in parentheses and inserting the phrase "(who shall be either: (a) an international student, or (b) a student born outside New Zealand and who immediately prior to enrolling at a university in New Zealand was a resident of a country other than New Zealand)"

That rule 27 (iv)(g) be deleted, deleting the "National Affairs Officer"

That rule 27 (iv) (i) be deleted, deleting the "Sports Officer"

That rule 27 (iv)(k) be amended by deleting the words "a woman or a group of women" and inserting the phrase "female member or group of female members"

That rule 27(iv) be amended by inserting a new sub-rule after 27(iv)(i) reading "Political Engagement Officer"

That rule 27(v) be amended to read "Every position set out in rules 27 (iii) and (iv) must be held by an individual member of the Association, subject to the exceptions in rule 28."

That rule 43 (ii) be amended by deleting its contents and inserting the words "The Culture and Arts Officer shall be responsible to the Executive for such matters that concern the Association that are connected with cultural and artistic activities and pursuits."

That rule 43 (iv) be deleted

That rule 43 (vii) be deleted

That rule 43 (ix) be deleted

That rule 43 be amended by inserting a new sub-rule, after 43 (xii), reading "The Political Engagement Officer shall be responsible to the Executive for promoting the engagement of members with all matters that concern the Association connected to domestic and international political affairs."

That Rule 1 of the Second Schedule to the Constitution be amended by inserting a new sub-rule that reads "That in the case of the International Students' Officer, they shall also be an international student"

That rule 5 (i) of the Second Schedule to the Constitution be amended by deleting "and a separate roll of the female members"

That rule 5 (ii) of the Second Schedule to the Constitution be amended by deleting the word 'each' and inserting the word 'such' in its place

That relevant paragraphs be re-enumerated accordingly.

That the content of the Sixth Schedule to the Constitution be deleted.

- Association Secretary

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN FOR
 NOMINATIONS OF
2016 AUSA
EXECUTIVE
PORTFOLIO
POSITIONS

Nominations will open on Monday, 20 July 2015 at 4pm

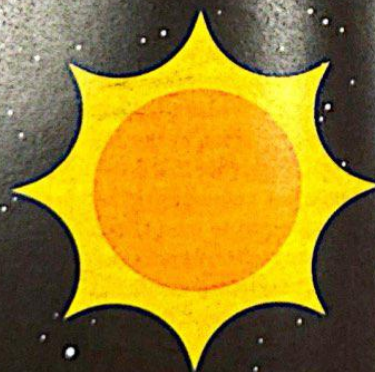
Nomination forms will be available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

Nominations close at 3.00pm on Friday, 7 August 2015. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

In accordance with the Auckland University Students' Association Constitution, nomination is open to currently enrolled students of the University of Auckland only and must be members of AUSA. Accordingly, all nominees must present proof of current enrolment and any other required information, to the Returning Officer no later than the close of nominations, or their nomination will be ruled invalid.

- AUSA Returning Officer

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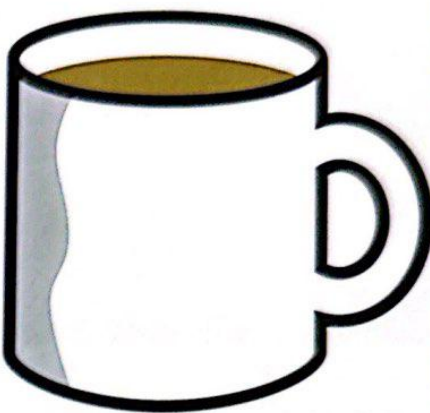
CAN I HAVE A LARGE MOCHA WITH A SIDE OF EMBARRASSMENT?

BY MATTHEW DENTON

I AM NOW A COFFEE-A-DAY DRINKER. IT TOOK A while to get to this stage, but my taste buds and brain have now wired itself to crave a barista coffee each day. Part of it might be that all my other friends are addicted, whilst the other part might be lack of energy to stay awake in any of my classes. It's an expensive habit that I barely manage to cover, but my desire for it has deterred me from entering the world of instant coffee.

However, I feel I should say the word coffee loosely. When coffee is mentioned, thoughts spring to mind of either the dark brown espresso shot or a light brown flat white. This is what all my friends drink — 'real coffee'. I don't drink this. I drink a mochaccino. It's the coffee equivalent of the trying-to-be-cool uncle at the party, dropping all the cool new lingo in front of you, but doesn't quite get it. People smirk at this uncle and entertain him, but don't take him seriously. This is the life of a mocha drinker. We are judged, ridiculed and embarrassed.

There are the passive aggressive comments of "How's your hot chocolate?" or "Omg mochas were just so great when I was 14!" (Side note: You drank coffee at 14, who are you?!). There are the raised eyebrows at seeing a grown-ass man dropping



"THIS IS THE LIFE OF A MOCHA DRINKER. WE ARE JUDGED, RIDICULED AND EMBARRASSED."

marshmallows into his mug, as well as the scoffs when you comment the milk is burnt, because you clearly can't be a coffee expert if you need chocolate and marshmallows to finish your drink. It doesn't help either that mochas are more expensive than your average flat white.

I have tried to move away from mochas. I drank cappuccinos for a while when one of my catch-up coffee spots with someone didn't make mochas (probably to make it more exclusive to true coffee snobs). But the taste always fell flat and I craved that extra chocolatey goodness. People tell me to persevere with the drinks, as you will (slowly) become acquainted with the taste. They say think in the long term and you can join the cool kids coffee club.

As fun as scrutinizing other people's drinks sound, why should I spend months spending money on something I don't like when I enjoy the taste of my current drink? Surely the annoyance of stomaching something you don't like is worse than enjoying something that some other people belittle. Maybe I'll slowly change, but for now I'll take the slight embarrassment of drinking something I like, rather than put up with something I don't.

EDEN NOODLES

BY CAPTAIN BACON AND SERGEANT SPINACH

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT DINNER COMES WITH A warning, but this is yours, to be consulted and noted next time you're in the mood for cheap eats to put a fire in your belly. Domunion Road's Eden Noodles is the kind of restaurant where the tables are always slightly sticky, you have to grab your own utensils, and you make sure you pee before you go because the toilet situation is a bit sketchy, but which somehow also manages to continuously have a line that extends out the door and onto the street.

Eden Noodles is your purveyor of choice for Chinese food in the Sichuan style. We're no experts, and Sichuan to us basically means that they use lots of fiery, peppery Sichuan chilli peppers that collude to make the food delicious and make this place a terrible-first date destination. This isn't your food-hall or corners-hop Chinese. It is so much better.

The menu is long and dominated by noodles: hand-pulled (the best, don't miss the dan dan variety), kumara, hot, cold, in soup, with veges. Grab a bowl or two to share and slop and slurp your way into numb-lipped, full-bellied ecstasy. Beware the spice lev-

el; we've only ever ventured so far as medium and it packed a punch. For the less spice-tolerant amongst us, the meat + rice options are hot and tasty, but somewhat less exciting. Also not to be missed is the "vegetable in spicy/garlic/ginger/sweet + sour sauce" — go for cucumber and you'll never look back. The dumplings are also to die for. Better than Barilla, better than New Flavour. Spicy, slick with oil, and utterly delicious, these will melt in your mouth and leave you

"SICHUAN TO US BASICALLY MEANS THAT THEY USE LOTS OF FIERY, PEPPERY SICHUAN CHILLI PEPPERS THAT COLLUDE TO MAKE THE FOOD DELICIOUS AND MAKE THIS PLACE A TERRIBLE-FIRST DATE DESTINATION."

wanting to come back again the next day.

The 'Chinese Pitas' on the other hand are definitely missable; dry pita breads with interesting-ish fillings just aren't worth it when you could be in a dumpling coma. We also ordered a delicious looking dish titled "sloppy chicken". Cold, slathered in spicy sauce, it was good but riddled with sneaky chicken bones that had us fearing for the safety of our gullets. The menu is light on vegetarian dishes and vegetables in general, also be warned that the meat content is much higher on the menu than it is in the food. For the diehard carnivores out there, this may be a problem, but trust us, this is not what you're there for.

What you're at Eden Noodles for is undoubtedly that addictive spice, the bee-stung lips and tongue that come from your 20 minutes in heaven. Arrive early, queue at the door, pay at the counter, and be out with 45 minutes. This place ain't flash, but it'll fill your belly, unite you and yours as you bathe in your fiery gluttony, and no one will bat an eye if you talk too loudly about your awkward sexual encounter/lunatic mother/dodgy neighbour. Plus, it's cheap. We went with four people (which was good because there aren't any tables for more than that) and left full, happy and only \$13.75 poorer.



PICKING UP THE PITCHFORK

BY CAULIN ABLEY

CRACCCUM HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING – OR praised for being, depending on who has said it – a bit of a communist rag. This is unsurprising, as what kind of self-respecting Young Nat would be caught dead doing hours of work for free? The enriching of one's CV is attractive, of course, but hardly worth having to spend so much time interacting with a team of minority-loving, BA-learning champagne socialists – or Lindauer socialists, more realistically. I think it's natural for student magazines to lean to the left, but I am frequently worried about anything I write coming across too preachy. The social justice warrior trope has a time and a place, but I think it can be an alienating approach at times. Recently, I have been thinking a lot about being an ethical viewer and listener. Some artists have done morally objectionable things, but the art they create is not in itself morally objectionable. Some artists create reprehensible art, but they themselves have never committed any crimes (to the public's knowledge). The last thing I would want to do is ram my opinion down readers' throats as to what art they should be consuming, but I do think the way in which we decide which artists should be condemned, and which should be let off the hook, is concerning.

There are a disturbing number of artists who have committed crimes, particularly domestic and sexual abuse, yet are still flourishing in popular culture. Though information about their crimes is widely available, in a number of cases the public seems to either not know about it or have conveniently forgotten. People are often surprised when I tell them that Sean Penn, lauded for aid efforts following Hurricane Katrina and the Haiti earthquake, was charged with a felony domestic assault in 1988 against his then-wife Madonna. The details of the assault are available online and are truly harrowing.

But most of people wouldn't have any qualms over watching *Milk*, *Fast Times At Ridgemont High* or *Mystic River*, would they? Perhaps this is a case of viewers not being informed of the charges laid against Penn. But movie-goers seem to demonstrate a similar compartmentalising of artist and art with Roman Polanski, who pled guilty to engaging in unlawful sexual intercourse – a plea bargain made in order to dismiss five more serious charges relating to his sexual abuse of a 13-year-old girl – in 1977, fled the United States and has remained a fugitive ever since. Yet he is known as one of the most influential directors in the world – he has been awarded the César Award, the French national film award, for Best Director four times (three of them post-1977) and his 2002 film *The Pianist* won three Academy Awards. When he was arrested on the outstanding charges in Switzerland in 2009, 138 people in the film industry signed a petition demanding his immediate release, including Martin Scorsese, Wes Anderson and – grotesquely – Woody Allen. The latter has also been plagued by controversy after he, at age 56, left his long-term partner Mia Farrow for her 20-year-old adopted daughter. This may

“THE ENRICHING OF ONE'S CV IS ATTRACTIVE, OF COURSE, BUT HARDLY WORTH HAVING TO SPEND SO MUCH TIME INTERACTING WITH A TEAM OF MINORITY-LOVING, BA-LEARNING CHAMPAGNE SOCIALISTS – OR LINDAUER SOCIALISTS, MORE REALISTICALLY.”

be icky, but it is not illegal. However, Farrow's other daughter, Dylan, has maintained allegations since 1992 that he sexually abused her as a 7-year-old. It is important to tread lightly in the realm of allegations, but in the midst of the custody battle between Farrow and Allen, Judge Wilk found that the latter's behaviour towards Dylan was “grossly inappropriate and that measures must be taken to protect her”. So does this mean that it was hugely irresponsible for Allen to be awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award at the 2014 Golden Globes? Should we be boycotting his films for ethical reasons?

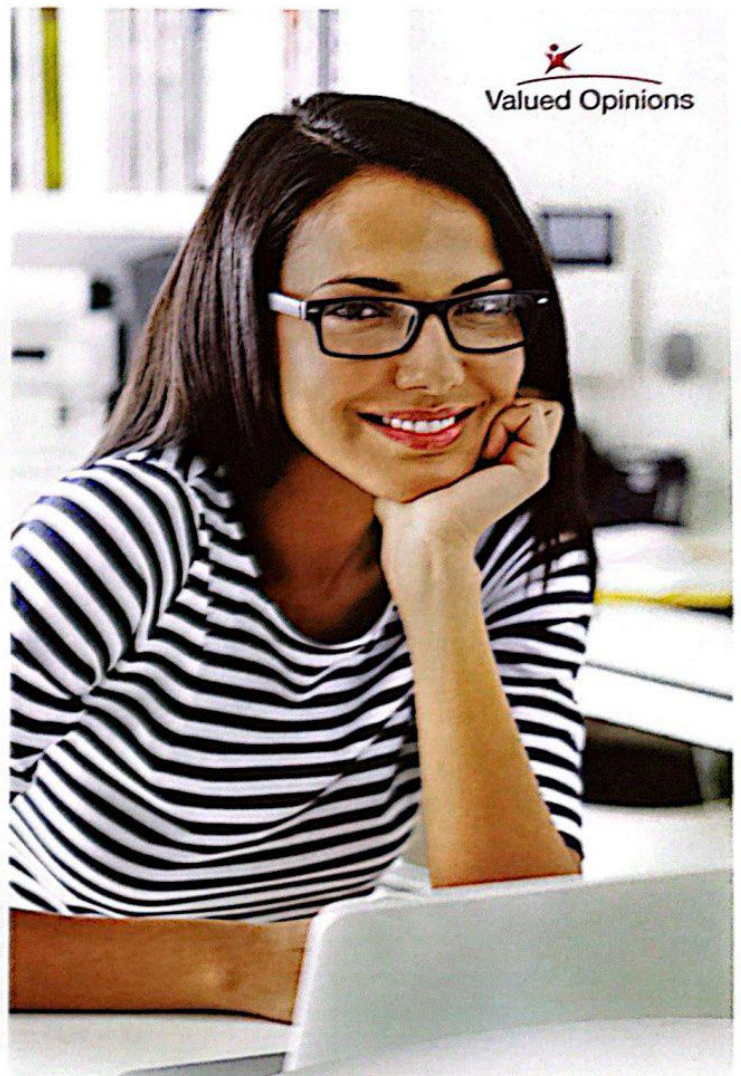
The question comes down to whether an artist's actions should affect our choices when it comes to consuming their art. I think it's easy to say that we should enjoy their art in isolation, and their crimes have nothing to do with their capacity to create great art. I for one would actually really like to see Woody Allen's new film *Irrational Man* – Emma Stone and Joaquin Phoenix star in it, and it looks pleasantly quirky. But I do think that people – myself included – can be hypocritical when making these decisions. I think we adopt an out of sight, out of mind approach. Artists who create films or music about murder and abuse are frequently hauled over the coals. Odd Future was banned from entering New Zealand last year partially due to the efforts of Stop Demand, an organisation that aims to reduce sexual violence, sexual exploitation and sexual denigration of women and children. Stop Demand, and many others, object to Odd Future's homophobic and sexually violent lyrics. I myself have been extremely wary of Eminem since listening to his song “Kim”, in which he raps about killing his then-wife. Lyrics such as “I wanna crush your skull ‘til your brains leak out of your veins” in the song “Still Don't Give A Fuck” make me feel equally queasy. But neither Eminem nor the members of Odd Future have actually acted out the violence presented in their songs. To move away from the world

of rap, Nabokov's *Lolita* has been a subject of censure and revulsion since its publication due to the narrator's obsessive lust for "nymphets", specifically his 12-year-old stepdaughter. It was banned by New Zealand Customs in 1959. Decades later, in 2013, a St Petersburg stage show based on the novel was postponed for months due to threats to those involved in the production. The producer was beaten up; "pedophile" was painted across the walls of the city's Nabokov museum.

I am absolutely not saying that this art is ethically okay either. I think we do need to be hugely wary of how films, music and art may be contributing to troubling social trends, particular a pervasive rape culture. There is certainly an argument to be made that freedom of speech is to be preserved as much as possible, and that art is actually the best forum to begin discussions of these issues. But it needs to be done in a considered, deliberate way – Odd Future seems to border on using references to rape for their shock value.

But my question is more whether it is acceptable for me as a consumer to boycott and condemn the artists whose art is reprehensible, but continue to consume the art of those who themselves have actually committed crimes, purely because what they have created is more palatable? We are constantly being told that we as consumers have the power. I seem to have subconsciously developed an ethical purchasing approach in which I pay for movies and music of those artists who I support, and download the products of those who I don't. As with seemingly all things, we end in a grey area. Is my moral compass pointing due north at all times? It is perhaps wildly presumptuous of me to assume that I can make a moral judgement on artists to the extent that I feel justified in infringing on their property rights. I'm not advocating that we pick up our pitchforks against anyone; the important thing is to think and be critical of what we're consuming. There is much to be gained in contributing to the discussion – it isn't just us Lindauer socialists who have a right to an opinion.


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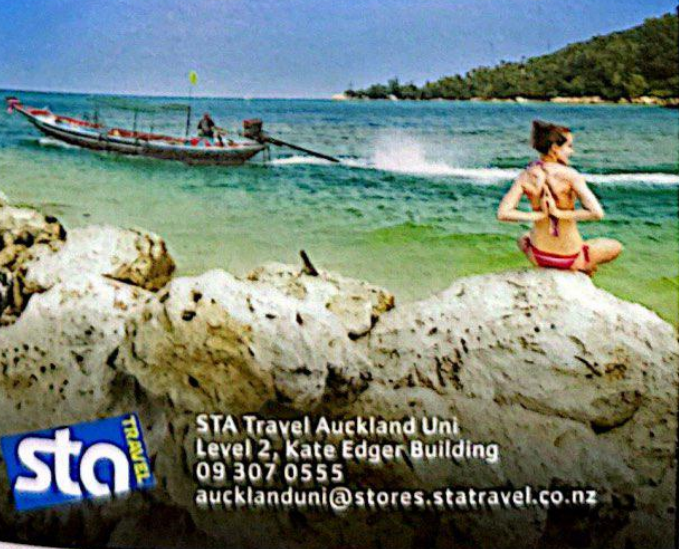
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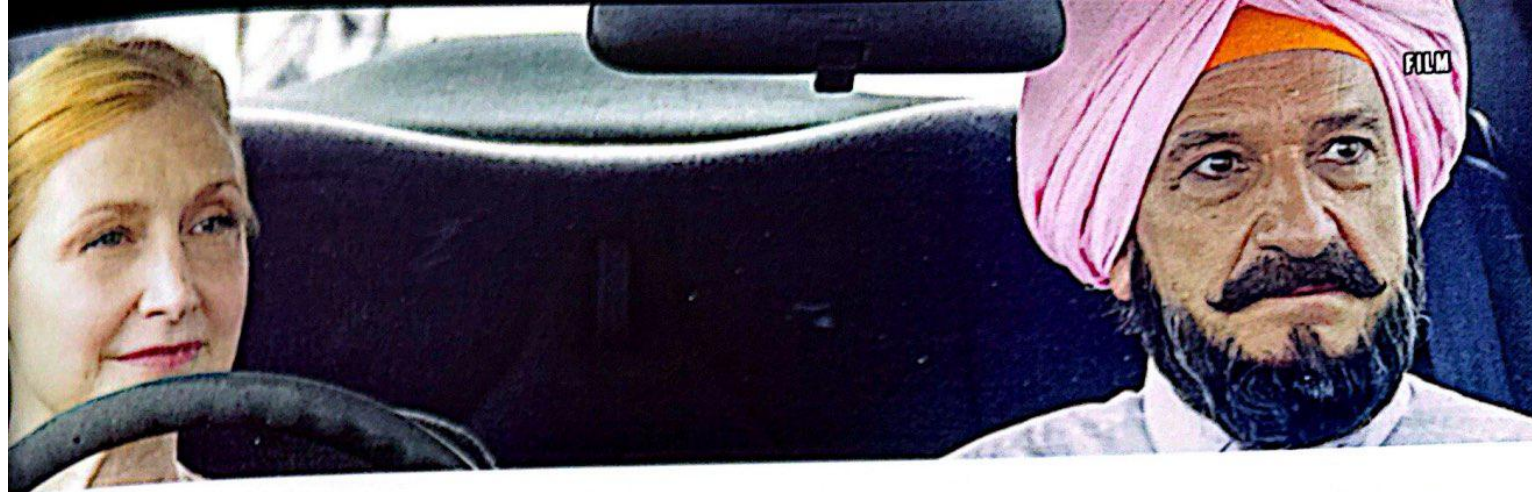
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LEARNING TO DRIVE

FILM REVIEW

A GOOD FILM IS ONE THAT LEAVES YOU ASKING questions. What was in John Travolta's suitcase? How did the Joker get his scars? Who ya gonna call? *Learning to Drive* posed no such philosophical quandaries. It did, on the other hand, raise a series of its own questions. Why, for example, did Ben Kingsley (Oscar winning SIR Ben Kingsley) think that doing this film was a good idea? And who taught Patricia Clarkson how to cry? And why weren't they fired? And why is this film a thing?

Patricia Clarkson is Wendy, a literary critic who can't keep a hold of her husband. Her daughter is learning how to become a farmer in Vermont (because why not, ya know) and Wendy decides to learn how to drive so she

can go visit her. Ben Kingsley is Darwan, an Indian driving instructor preparing for the arrival of his arranged wife. They meet, and the stage is set for the most predictable film of the year.

As is expected, car metaphors abound. Forced, cringeworthy car metaphors. She has a problem, she breaks down. She doesn't want to go driving. But Darwan makes her go, and she ends up learning a valuable driving/life lesson about patience and determination. Unfortunately the dialogue is awkward ("He wants the house? I am the house! Asking me to leave the house is like asking me to leave me!"), the editing clunky (Wendy stands and sits three times in a sentence), and the constant dream sequences dull and disruptive. To use a filthy car metaphor of my own, the film never gets past first gear.

The film has a serious case of the first world

problems. Darwan is a political refugee, but this point is merely touched upon. Wendy's daughter's boy trouble occupies a good ten minutes of screen time, while Darwan's new wife struggles to adapt to a culture into which she has been forced against her will for about thirty seconds.

Learning to Drive has an immense amount of feel-good potential and if all you want is to switch off and smile, it's perfect. But the calibre of the two lead actors suggests something deeper, with the potential to deliver a touching and relevant commentary on mid-life crises and racism, which it just doesn't.

And please, for the love of God, someone teach Patricia Clarkson how to cry.

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

TED 2

FILM REVIEW

TED 2 IS THE LATEST BRAINCHILD OF SETH MACFarlane. A sick, crude and deranged child – but what else do you expect from the creator of *Family Guy* and *American Dad*?

This is a story about an all-living, all-talking teddy bear named Ted (voiced by Seth MacFarlane) his human wife Tami-Lynn (Jessica Barth), and his best friend John Bennett (Mark Wahlberg). As the odd couple tries for adoption, they run into legal battles as Ted fights for a human right alongside their pop-culturally unaware attorney Sam Jackson (Amanda Seyfried). This topic naturally addresses the question of what makes someone a human. Emotions? Friends? A last name? However the film did not answer the question – and came across as overly preachy at times.

I love Seth MacFarlane. I love *Family Guy*. But by the half an hour mark you could tell MacFarlane is running out of ideas. You could call the references to popular recycled Internet memes an homage, but literally reusing jokes from *Family Guy* gags is simply indolent. This included Samuel L. Jackson as the 'black guy', unfortunate accidents at the sperm bank (this

was also used in *American Dad*), Ted performing the same sultry rendition of Billy Vera's "At This Moment" that Brian also did in an episode of *Family Guy* in the same setting – and that's just the start of the list.

There were a few shining moments in this edition of *The Best of Family Guy Vol. 2*. Without giving too much away, the scene at the improv Comedy Club was genuinely hilarious... and that was about it. The plot was all over the place and could have been split into three separate stories, a few golden one-liners but mostly misses, long and distracting awkward tangents, oh and we get it, you smoke weed. MacFarlane should stick to short sketches; feature length films are not his forté.

This was silly, pointless, and self-indulgent. A bit cringey? Yes. Did I laugh throughout? Debatable. Is this worth rushing to the theatres for? I would wait for it to come on TV so you and your family can awkwardly sit through watching a teddy bear smoke weed from a dick-shaped bong. *Ted 2* is for those who have never watched an episode of *Family Guy*, never heard of Seth MacFarlane, and wouldn't mind entertaining the idea of hunky Marky Mark hanging out with a cute but crass teddy bear.

REVIEW BY TONY SRIAMPORN-ROBERTS



ted 2



INSIDE OUT

FILM REVIEW

PIXAR HAS REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME. ANY UN- student who thinks they're too old for 'kids' movies seriously needs to get off their high horse and go and see *Inside Out*. Even though it's animated, this film is far from juvenile. It will make you laugh and cry, and I guarantee your life will be better for it. I even know a guy who claims he had an epiphany while watching it.

The movie mainly takes place inside Riley's head. She's the main character and we're with her right from birth. Inside her head are five characters: Joy, Sadness, Fear, Anger and Disgust. They have a control panel and essentially control Riley's behaviour. How Riley reacts to a situation depends on which of these five characters is sitting at the control panel. Basically *Inside Out* personifies emotions and Pixar has done this incredibly well.

The film jumps between the outside world and the world inside Riley's head. It's an interesting examination of the relationship between our perception of the world and our behaviour in certain situations. After a sudden change in Riley's life, Joy and Sadness have to leave Headquarters to retrieve a certain memory that's lost in Riley's mind. Suddenly she can't respond with joy or sadness to anything. She becomes irrational, scared and short-tempered. Her family and friends don't know what's come over her, and can't understand her uncharacteristic behaviour. Riley becomes isolated because she can't feel the appropriate emotion in response to a situation. Who said this was just a film for kids? While being a funny film, *Inside Out* also emphasises the importance of different emotions. As much as Joy wishes she could control Riley all the time, she eventually understands that Sadness, Anger and all the others also have an important role to play. These are valid emotions, with a time and place to be experienced. A combination of all the emotions eventually leads to

a richer experience of life.

As well as being insightful, *Inside Out* is witty in a way that animated films often are. Joy and Sadness catch the Train of Thought which is unpredictable and often detours, travelling down completely unimportant paths. They journey into Consciousness, a prison where the 'bad guys' are taken to witness the memory-removal team clean out Riley's long-term memory, hoovering up unused memories (including President Obama's time in the White House). It's a fascinating and enlightening journey into the human mind.

Of course there are laughs and cute characters; it's still a Pixar film after all. Riley's fluffy, pink imaginary friend will definitely keep the kids happy, while adults might be more amused by the brief visits we get to Mum and Dad's heads. *Inside Out* is poignant and definitely a must-see of the year.

REVIEW BY HANNAH BERGIN

MUSIC

WE ARE FOR THE WILD PLACES

ALBUM REVIEW

MY LASTING MEMORY OF SOLO ARTIST DAVE Baxter, known by the world as Avalanche City, was when he performed on a tiny stage in Kingsland for Music in Parks a couple of years ago. I thought Baxter's debut album *Our New Life Above The Ground* was cute, but I practically gave up on being a fan. The majority of the track list was a bit too soft and low-key, which can only last for so long in the growing world of pop music. Nonetheless, it was a lazy summer day, so I sported a fan persona, had a nice time at the gig, and then moved on. This hype-that-quickly-dies process is what I expected when I heard about the release of Avalanche City's new album *We Are for the Wild Places*. However, I think I've been

proven wrong.

Baxter has come out of nowhere and shaken up the New Zealand music charts. My question is – where has all this hype come from? Maybe it was the sneaky performance slot he scored on the X Factor as a classic promo method. Maybe it's the generic yet gentle contemporary pop hooks of the album's single "Inside Out" that has enchanted mainstream radio. Either way, fans are thrilled at the sound of new content.

Being a pretentious over-evaluative music junkie, I like to predict career paths by way of comparison. So I'll save you the trouble of going back and forth between albums and let you know that *We Are for the Wild Places* is indeed significantly different compared to Baxter's previous hits. There is a lot more vocal exploration, and each lyric

is sung with a strong articulation and a varied tone. Combined with a mix of powerful instrument use, each track packs a genuine punch. Some are subtle, upholding the precious nature of Avalanche City, but punch nonetheless.

Baxter has created a game changer for the life of Avalanche City. Long gone are the days of lightweight guitar strumming and phones that sounded just too fragile. Gone are the days of track lists that slip past your ear, as if each song is a purposeful fill-in used to liven the hit singles that grab the attention. Baxter has found an ideal of creative confidence, and has favoured us with some brand new tracks that help us to grasp more than bored and broke teenagers at Music in Parks.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

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TRUE DETECTIVE (SEASON 2)

TELEVISION REVIEW

IN A REVIEW OF AN ANTHOLOGY SERIES — IDEALLY — one shouldn't look to previous or subsequent seasons as comparison. Each should be its own standalone gem (or pebble) up for inspection. This is how I came to the sophomore season of Nic Pizzolatto's *True Detective* (I'm purposely labeling it Pizzolatto's but we'll get to that later). I tried my hardest to dissociate myself of all the notions, the criticisms and praise, I had of that quite glorious debut season. I failed. I did more than fail even, it actually amplified all of the flaws I saw in the first season and made me somewhat dislike it. The lazy philosophizing seemed more lazy, the ill-conceived female characters became more prominent and the author's ego became unbearably insufferable. If Pizzolatto's wish was to become the auteur figure, then it

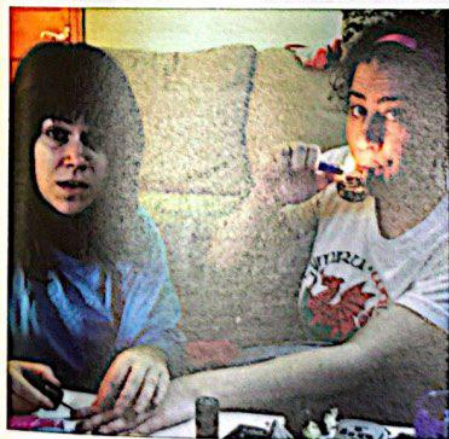
is to him only that I have my gripes.

We of course are only three episodes in, but this season already stinks of the stale tropes we were introduced to in the first season. Rust Cohle and Martin Hart (Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson) worked well only because there were two of them. Each laden with their own personal downfalls and drama, they played off of each other well because Rust seemed to think too much and Marty seemed to think too little. A synergy. For every meandering existential rant there was a humorous quip or doubtful grunt to diffuse it. It came close to, but never reached, a level of stifling gratuity. To say the least I was disappointed with the finale of that season and after watching these first few episodes I feel justified and have a sense of clarity as to why Pizzolatto loves the sound of his own voice.

It's the reason why last season ended with

that pseudo-philosophical Nietzsche-lite™ resolution to the Rust-Hart dialectic. It's that same bullshit that *The Da Vinci Code* and *I fucking love science* does, makes Middle America think they're smart by serving them watered down click-bait. It's condescending as hell, and it only shows how highly Pizzolatto thinks of himself not only as a writer but as an "intellectual". If all you can do is work off of references and tropes then I'm sorry matey but you aren't much of a thinker! Case in point, Rachel McAdam's character is named Ani, short for Antigone, with a sister who is a sex worker named Athena. Okay... if that isn't heavy handed then I don't know what is. I'm going to continue watching it, but only because I fear I'll tire of *The Honourable Woman* if I watch it a sixth time (that's a low key plug to watch the greatest television series EVER MADE) (do it).

REVIEW BY CAMERON AH LOO-MATAMUA



BROAD CITY

TELEVISION REVIEW

WHEN *Parks and Recreation* came to an emotional end earlier this year, the absence of female friendships, general positivity, and ridiculous antics left an Amy-Poehler-shaped hole in my heart. What was I to do without Leslie Knope raining compliments down on Ann Perkins at every available opportunity? Without wonderful characters,

who genuinely cared for each other, built each other up, and shared breakfast food whenever the chance presented itself?

Fortunately, another show exists that began to fill such a hole — *Broad City*, created by Ilana Glazer and Abbi Jacobson (and funny enough, executive-produced by Amy Poehler herself). *Broad City* follows the outlandish antics of two best friends, also named Abbi and Ilana, and their day-to-day lives as young women living in New York City, navigating the trying experiences of romance, pursuing your passion, and whether you can afford to spend more than \$12.99 on a bottle of wine.

Wisdom teeth removal, the struggles of filing taxes, and severe seafood allergies are some of the more commonplace concerns that Ilana and Abbi battle with. Yet a deep appreciation for *Bed, Bath, and Beyond*, a 1930s nightclub performer alter ego, and hallucinations in the cereal section of a Whole Foods serve to push this show into a realm that is entirely more surreal (and often more ridiculous) than most shows that track the lives of young people finding their way in the big city.

But the clincher in *Broad City*'s pre-eminence is the value that it places on platonic female friendships. These relationships are never central enough in the shows we see on our screens, but *Broad City* has lady love at the forefront of both its comedic moments and its more poignant scenes. Abbi and Ilana seem to have nothing figured out beyond the knowledge that they can wholeheartedly count on their best friend, a certainty that is proven beyond a doubt in the season one finale as Abbi carries a very off-color Ilana out of a restaurant in her arms (in a pose that resembles Michelangelo's *Pietà* in no small measure).

Broad City manages a perfect union between the relatable and the outrageous, and Jacobson and Glazer are crushing it. The uninhibited Ilana and the more reserved (yet equally as offbeat) Abbi are #friendshipgoals, and the love between these two women will have you embracing the urge to call all your friends "Queen" in the wake of watching just a handful of episodes.

REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI



PUTTING A PRICE ON ART

ARTS COMMENT

THEN WILL, AGAIN, START IN THE BELOVED CREATIVE Jazz Club, watching my old lecturers go HAM at a gig, gracing the audience with some sick as tunes, all for \$5. Days later, scoping the internet, having recovered from said jams, I see that Madonna and AC/DC are coming to NZ. That's all fine and dandy, I love a bit of "Papa Don't Preach" and all that malarky. But then I come to what the artists deem their financial worth to be, also known as... tickets. Madonna's maximum was roughly \$450NZD, whilst AC/DC tickets were still a hefty \$170NZD.

Now, imagine if we were to base their financial worth on the same set of criteria on which we base the monetary value of visual art. The artists' lives, for one, and how they affect the context of the art. So, the value of one's life:

Madonna had a Papa that preached, and she'd been losing some sleep due to that. Fine. AC/DC just did many drugs, tried to deal some (and failed), and sounded really fucking loud and brash. Also fine (what wasn't fine was that I used the word brash... just reminds me of Don Brash... Then I get all hot and bothered).

Next on ye olde checklist would be what era they grew up in. Both roughly the 70s and 80s (AC/DC is a tad older). Nothing too amazing. Tweed jackets, *Knight Rider* and *Samurai Cop*. Luck is also a huge factor in visual art, almost like bidding (roughly of course, I am not a painter salesman's arsehole) ahead of the game. A rich producer probably saw Madonna out of the blue and made a gut decision to fund her. And the Lord knows that Madonna just keeps on going (not "Like A Virgin", but more like an old crippled slug). AC/DC probably caved the heads in of a few producers until one got the hint and gave them some money (the Young brothers are actually my

heroes, just putting it out there in the ether).

Finally, the most important factor of all, we people deem the price to be in relation to: above three points (materials used and so on don't really count for music as much as it does for visual art). So, it ends up being that we, the curators. We deem the price. In my mind as wonderful as Madonna is (was) and how epic AC/DC are (were), I think they have been bled in their evaluation of their prestige in recent years. The fact that, bitch, she is Madonna, is not really making a mark on me. As Phil Rudd is dealing some meth, surely it can be AC/DC's primary source of income and they can bring the tickets down? CJC \$5 as a member. They're all just as talented (I'm quite PC here, they are fuckloads more talented). So maybe, we all need to sacrifice a goat to the Ticket Gods, and hope superstars get their shit together.

COMMENT BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

GAME

HER STORY

VIDEO GAME REVIEW

YOU'RE SITTING IN FRONT OF AN OLD 90s COMPUTER monitor. The program running is a police database. It looks pretty simple to use. The only real function is the search bar. Already typed in the box is the word "murder", so you go to click the search button. The database returns four results. They are videos - tape recordings, to be precise - of interviews with a woman about her missing husband. The videos are fragmented. About fifteen seconds long. You only get a glimpse of what's going on. But by the end of the fourth video you understand that she is the suspect of her own husband's murder. This is the beginning of *Her Story*, a game carefully storyboarded and developed by Sam Barlow.

What follows is a twisted tale about deceit, love, lies, and tragedy all woven together into a completely unconventional yet beautifully crafted narrative. Using only your detective

skills and the database's search function you must dive into the archives of this long forgotten murder case, piecing together fragments of taped interviews in search of the truth. The game is simply searching for words or phrases and the database returns videos containing those words. It's like a jigsaw puzzle, but you can only gather pieces about the ones you already have. Slowly but surely, a complete picture is crafted.

Her Story craftily gives you the corner pieces first. The initial four videos contain enough information to set you on at least one path. For me it was the husband's name which resulted in a few videos of his background which gave me a few more leads to follow. People, places, significant objects. Multiple leads expand from one lead which then expand again, overlapping and intersecting to form a non-linear web-like narrative.

The best parts of this murder mystery game are the Eureka! moments when you find a phrase or a word that returns something

good. For me it was when the woman uttered something softly to herself (I had the subtitle off so I had to lean into the speakers to hear it) which, when I searched the key word, most immediately solved the mystery.

That being said, this game is short. It took me a few hours to complete. But it could also be needlessly long. The credits scroll if you've discovered and watched all the hundred or so videos. It really doesn't take that many videos to find out what's going on and video collecting can be a tedious task if you're looking to finish the game.

However, the two or three hours that I spent getting lost in this mystery, following leads and piecing together videos, were some of the most fun I've had playing a game in a while. It's amazing how much joy can emanate from the confines of a stale, old police database. A true testament to Sam Barlow's talent as a storyteller.

REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK



AN EVENING WITH HARUKI MURAKAMI

IN MAY THIS YEAR, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST ELUSIVE AND ENIGMATIC LITERARY GENIUSES GRACED OUR SHORES FOR AN EVENING OF CONVERSATION AT THE AOTEA CENTRE FOR THE WRITER'S FESTIVAL 2015.

I'M MOMENTS AWAY FROM GETTING THE RARE chance to see a self-professed "hermit" of the literary universe emerge from the shadows. He doesn't appear in public often; in fact he once took 18 years off before, out of the blue, turning up at a literary festival in Kyoto. So as I take my seat, I have to say I am left feeling a bit daunted. We are asked to retire our tech to our pockets and immerse ourselves for the hour; to engage, to be present. It begins as any other lecture or conversation with a literary celebrity would: a simple exchange of questions and answers between Murakami and U.S. author and literary critic, John Freeman. The mood quickly turns to gentle banter, to quaint humour, and eventually, I am laughing in concert at Murakami's bizarre responses (predictable) to John's probing questions. Whether as a best-selling author, or a Japanese dude who likes tofu and donuts, it is difficult to describe Murakami in words, partly because he is someone who is so damned good with words to begin with. So I have compiled a few pithy thoughts from the evening with more extensive elaboration.

HE KNOWS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

Murakami is quirky, but that's what we love about him. For newcomers, orienting yourself within Murakami's work can be disorienting and difficult to navigate. In some ways, this is what characterises him and sets him apart from the pack. For example, he rarely (if ever) provides concrete answers in his work, as anybody who reads Murakami will attest to. Rather he presents a set of puzzles which combine in novel ways, allowing the reader to create his or her own resolutions. I highly recommend *Kafka on the Shore* on this point, a fitting introduction to Murakami's style in general. Reading Murakami can be a strug-

gle (it is for me!) but it doesn't have to be. Part of the fun is getting lost, forging on and holding on for the ride.

SOMETIMES, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON EITHER.

Murakami described his writing process as organic, fluid and unplanned. And this isn't just unsubstantiated rhetoric. For example, when writing his latest, *Colourless Tsukuru Tazaki and his Years of Pilgrimage*, the original "plan" was for it to be a short story. But as characters "made their own decisions", things went awry and it turned into 380-page book. We know this wandering of loose links comes part and parcel with Murakami's final product, but it's interesting to note it forms part of the writing process too.

HE IS EXTRAORDINARILY ORDINARY.

You'd expect an author as big as Murakami to give elaborate answers to questions, well-considered, erudite responses which reinforce the well-deserved honours garnered upon him. Murakami's fame may be extraordinary but as a person, he is decidedly ordinary. And I mean that in the kindest possible way. In a world where promotion and sales numbers determine how great your work is, he is a breath of fresh air. When asked by a member of the audience what spiritual meaning cats have in his books, he replies:

"I just like cats", chuckling with polite naivety. That's it: cats are cats. So even though his literature is bizarre by common standards, you get that strangely comforting feeling that even Murakami wouldn't be able to pass Scholarship English.

IF YOU FEEL LIKE A LOSER, YOU'RE NOT ALONE.

I'll finish with a story, one which Murakami fans will know well. At 29 years of age, Murakami was supporting his favourite baseball team, Yakult Swallows, against the star team, Hiroshima Carp. At the moment Dave Hilton batted a double, it clicked: *I can write*, he thought. What ensued was a battle between two forces: the desire to write, and the (in)ability to write. So Murakami remains fascinated with the one who never comes out on top, who is told they are nothing and that they are worthless. A young lady in the audience that night asked what tips he might have for young writers starting out, to which he wisely responded that he could only recount superficial anecdotes and experiences, and that would be a waste of our time. Though he did say this: being a writer is tough... but if you love it and you're alright at it, you've gotta do it. And I'm inclined to say that's the best advice for any writer.

COMMENT BY CLARK TIPENE

"A YOUNG LADY IN THE AUDIENCE THAT NIGHT ASKED WHAT TIPS HE MIGHT HAVE FOR YOUNG WRITERS STARTING OUT, TO WHICH HE WISELY RESPONDED THAT HE COULD ONLY RECOUNT SUPERFICIAL ANECDOTES AND EXPERIENCES, AND THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF OUR TIME."

TOP TEN

BEST FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS AT AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY

THE LIFE OF A STUDENT THESE DAYS ISN'T easy. There is the overwhelming student debt, the insane rent prices in Auckland, and the shockingly high unemployment rate for students once they graduate. Our degrees aren't nearly worth as much as they once were and this is a major problem for every student. But let's face it, there are a lot of problems that us university students have that are classic first world problems. They bother us so much and so many of us complain about them, but in the scheme of things they are rather ridiculous. Here are a selection of some classics.

10. THERE AREN'T ENOUGH PLUGS IN THE LECTURE FOR MY MACBOOK PRO SO I CAN'T GO TO CLASS. To be fair, this is a rather legitimate concern – assuming you are using your laptop strictly for University purposes. This is however a first world problem in the sense that you can still listen, take notes and actually do the course without your laptop. There is still the classic pen and paper so citing a low laptop battery as your reason not to go to class is pretty first world of you.

First world problem rating: 3/10

9. THE QUEUE AT MUNCHY MART IS SO LONG AND I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WALKING TO FOODTOWN. Munchy Mart is a pretty sad, smelly place. Most of the food is overpriced, and what is cheap probably isn't food. Despite this, everyone will shop from them and brace a long queue instead of taking a 5 minute walk to Countdown where they could get the same food for half the price. But hills and laziness win out, and Munchy Mart still exists.

First world problem rating: 6/10

8. THE SLOW INTERNET IN MY LECTURE IS STOPPING ME GOING ON FACEBOOK. Well this is immediately first world because problems about internet and Facebooking pale in comparison to sickness and starvation. But it gets particularly first world when you can't access Facebook in a room when you're supposed to be learning and getting educated.

First world problem rating: 7/10

7. THE SLOW INTERNET IN MY LECTURE IS STOPPING ME STREAMING MY FAVOURITE SHOW. University is a place which is supposed to enhance education, expands knowledge and act as a setting to critique society.

One way to do that is through the internet and the many sources it brings. Instead of using the internet to do this, people decide to use it to watch *Game of Thrones* or *Orange is the New Black* for free. But oh no, the internet service made to help research doesn't allow for HD screenings or uninterrupted viewings, life is so tragic. Maybe just watch it at home instead?

First world problem rating: 7.5/10

6. THE HILLS MAKE IT HARD FOR ME TO WEAR MY HEELS. Auckland Uni is anything but flat. There is the steady rise of Symonds St to the near vertical rises at Grafton Road, Albert Park and to Law School. While the hills satisfy the cardio workout, it does limit the shoe choice. So say goodbye to your fancy heels and embrace the sneakers. Yes sneakers aren't as flash, but neither is twisting your ankle or rolling down the hill.

First world problem rating: 8/10

“LET'S FACE IT, THERE ARE A LOT OF PROBLEMS THAT US UNIVERSITY STUDENTS HAVE THAT ARE CLASSIC FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS.”

5. A STRANGER IS SITTING NEXT TO ME IN MY LECTURE. There is nothing weirder than in a largely unattended lecture filled with free seats for some random to come and sit right next to you. It then poses many issues: Do I move from my seat so that I have a gap between us and not sit so unnecessarily close to a stranger, but point out just how awkward it was. Or do I sit so close to someone and feel like someone is in my (rather large) personal bubble. Compare this to the high density places overseas and this seems like such a trivial issue, but still a very real first world problem.

First world problem rating: 8/10

4. MY TUTORIAL IS SUPER AWKWARD. Tutorials range from a group of 10 students all sitting around in a meeting room that effectively sits 100, to a small tiny room that sits 5 but 20 people turn up and has poor air flow. While the sizes all range, they all are cornered by how awkward they are, mainly because barely anyone talks. People sit around with all their notes and highlighted readings and sit around in silence. The point of a tutorial is for discussion on the topic, not for you to sit there in the most arduous awkward silence known to man. Do us a favour and talk.

First world problem rating: 8.5/10

3. MY LECTURER EXPECTS ME TO DO READINGS.

“Omg fml rn my lecturer talks about the readings in class like I know what it means but I don't and she is asking me question only because life is so avg”. What. You are at university do the work and get the degree. This includes the readings. Readings are definitely shit, but since they are a part of uni life, it is rather stupid to complain about something that is expected of you.

First world problem rating: 9/10

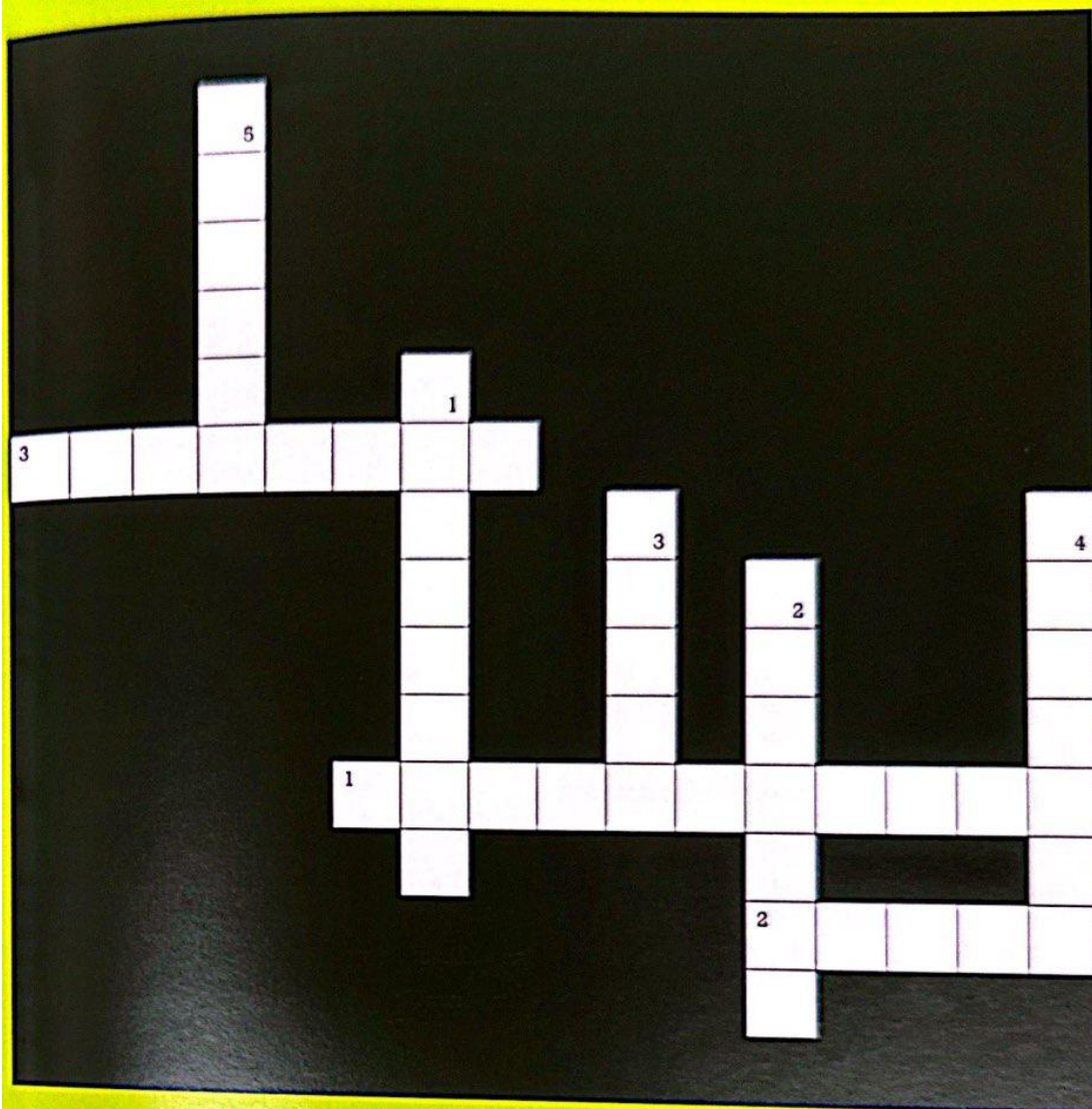
2. I CAN'T GO TO AN 11AM LECTURE BECAUSE I WILL BE SLEEPING. In what world would you be missing your 11am lecture regularly because of sleep be ok? The odd time because of doing an all-nighter would make sense but consistently is lazy. Some people have to work 12 hour days to live, but you're sleeping all day and find that hard.

First world problem rating: 9.5/10

1. MY SUMMER HOLIDAY IS SO LONG I'M BORED. University is the only time in your life you can get a 4-month holiday on the regular. Everyone else is busy working through the heat while you can get a third of the year to chill and do whatever you want. So complaining that you're bored in it is not only first world, but also pretty ridiculous. Perhaps use that time to work, learn something new or just enjoy the holiday. It's great, don't waste it.

First world problem rating: 10/10

Want to write a Top 10 for Craccum? Email matt@craccum.co.nz for more information

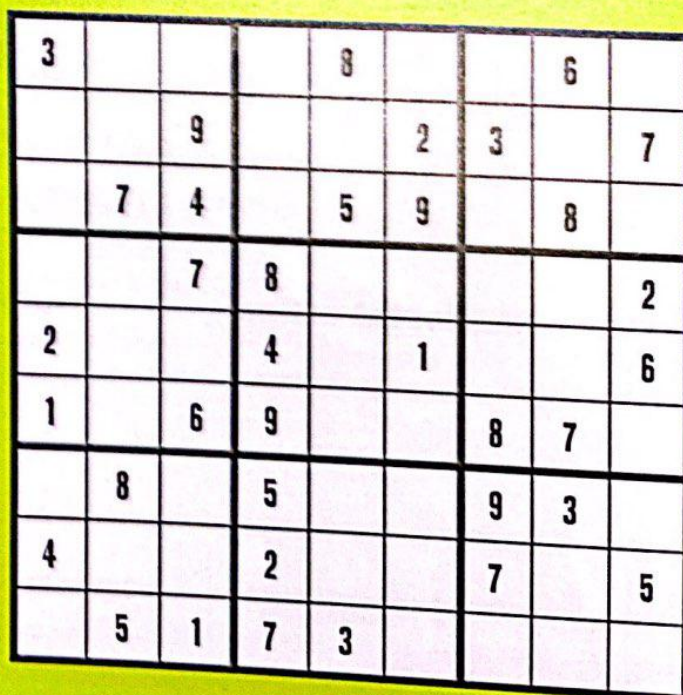
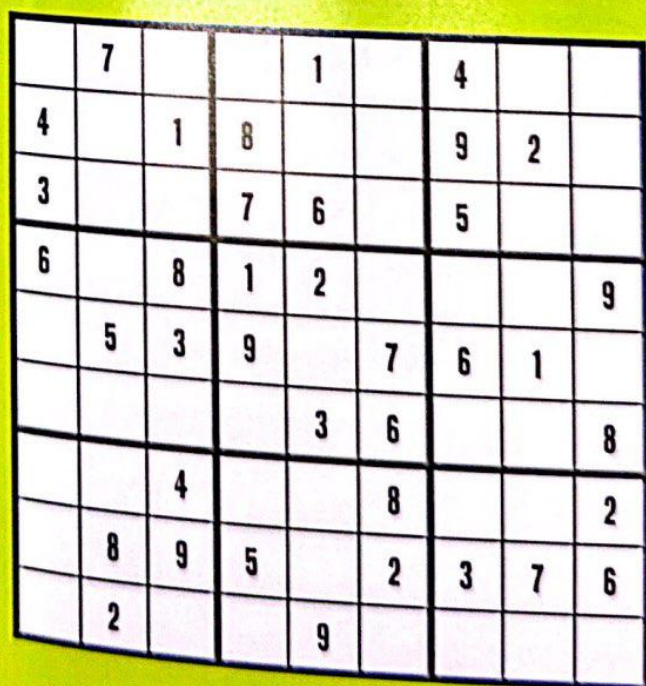


ACROSS

1. Winning team of the Super 15
2. All Blacks played in which country for the first time early in July?
3. Which Kardashian went through a serious relationship break up recently?

DOWN

1. Which icecream is the new flavour of Whittaker's chocolate?
2. NZ Herald identified which race as influencing the Auckland "overheated" property market?
3. Capital of South Korea
4. Country where over 37 people were killed at a resort
5. Last name of famous singer who bared his butt on instagram for over 2 million likes



The People to Blame

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The Shadows Contributors of the Week

Charlotte Agnew-Harrington and Rekha Patel

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BAR 101

REOWEEK 2015

Back To
SCHOOL
Party



MONDAY 20TH JULY

FREE ENTRY
FOR THOSE IN THEME
HEAPS OF GIVEAWAYS



PIRATE
PARTY



TUESDAY 21ST JULY

FREE ENTRY
FOR THOSE IN THEME
PRIZES FOR BEST DRESSED

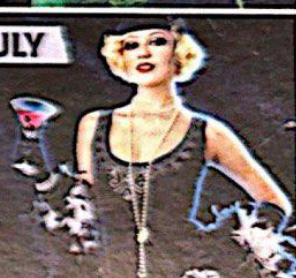


GATSBY
LADIES
NIGHT



WEDNESDAY 22ND JULY

FREE ENTRY
FOR THOSE IN THEME
FREE GIFT BAGS
FOR THE FIRST 100 CUSTOMERS



WINTER
ONESIE
LAND
Party



THURSDAY 23RD JULY

FREE ENTRY
FOR THOSE IN THEME
BEST ONESIE RECEIVES A
\$500 PARTY



WHITE
OUT
party



FRIDAY 24TH JULY

FREE ENTRY
UPSTAIRS
HEAPS OF FREE GLOWSTICKS

PLUS
LIMITED EDITION REOWEEK T-SHIRTS
ON SALE FOR JUST \$5



Jägermeister
Party



SATURDAY 25TH JULY

\$10
JAGERBOMBS
HEAPS OF Jägermeister PRIZES
UP FOR GRABS
FREE ENTRY UPSTAIRS



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