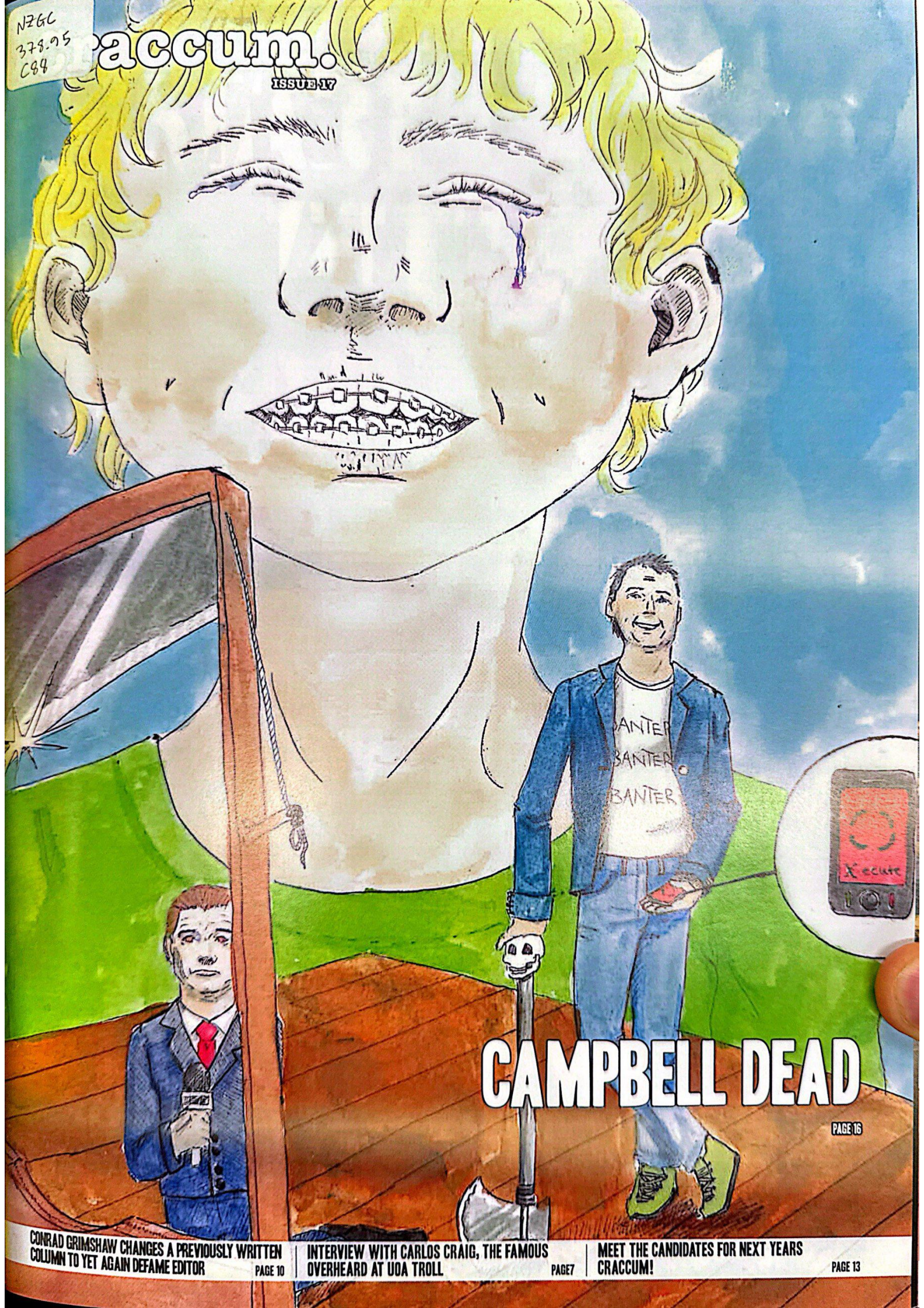


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ISSUE 17



CAMPBELL DEAD

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JORDAN'S EDITORIAL TO PAINT A VERB

I WENT TO A PARTY OF SORTS ON SATURDAY (SOCIAL). It involved being in Grey Lynn, sitting in a uncarpeted lounge, sipping juice, and wishing I had better friends. I made my usual entrance, told a tale of excessive drinking, and hurled some ironic racial slurs. It was a fine entrance, the attention of the room was on me, I was gorgeous, and fully in control of my conversational domain; a behemoth amongst hipsters; a colossus bestriding a narrow room.

Not too long after my arrival the conversation turned as they so often do to *Craccum*. I of course, moving in the upper echelons of the university's 'dropped out of law school', and 'couldn't get into law school' circuit, am known as the editor who inspired a generation. But still I remain humble. I note a few things about the magazine that maybe, if one is being pedantic, are not perfect: the average editorials, the section that rips off *The Onion* all the time, the lack of female columnists, the lack of up-to-date content, the terrible spelling, the neo-conservative letters section.

While I was doing my entirely falsely humble routine about my landmark efforts as editor, some fine-arts student (green hair, shaved sides, 0% body fat, leather pants, denim jacket...) be-

gan to talk about himself and his experiences – you can imagine the sudden lack of interest from the group, bathos. He told me about how "intense really" it is to get into fine arts school, how "complex and difficult" it is to understand first year fine arts programs. "Especially difficult for mature students" he tells me, "they struggle with the idea of having to paint or draw a verb" he says, condescendingly. At this point I'm struggling not verb him in the throat, or verb myself to death.

The artist then turned to the subject of *Craccum*. He feels the covers need to be "edgier", "more out there", "more alternative". I went from receptive (ish) to confused. So I asked what he meant. When told that "alternative means political, different, artistic", confusion became anger.

I had to refrain from really verbing him right in the face. I attempted, politely, to ask how one might pur-

sue this alternative ideal. At this point, at least from memory, he hit the floor with his face. Over and over again he threw his hipster face and hister nose into the ground. Blood spurting from his nostrils. He briefly looks up. Ours eyes meet. He grins, turns his face back to the floor, and continues the ritual reshaping. Floor and face now covered in blood he then gets up, dusts off his denim coat and screams "DO YOU SEE THE VERBS!? – DO YOU SEE!?" I replied that it was hard not to (though at this point I seemed to be seeing a pretty improper noun). He then looks me in the eyes, tells me that pastels are in, that it's about fashion, about art, about originality. I left to have an angry verb alone.

Fake boasting and editorial pomposity aside (Is it self aware? Who knows?) no one should ever use "out there" or "alternative" with a straight face. And after his encounter with the floor the artist's face was never straight again.

"AT THIS POINT, AT LEAST FROM MEMORY, HE HIT THE FLOOR WITH HIS FACE. OVER AND OVER AGAIN HE THREW HIS HIPSTER FACE AND HISTER NOSE INTO THE GROUND. BLOOD SPURTING FROM HIS NOSTRILS."

DENTON'S EDITORIAL CITY OF THE BROKE

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE NEWS, OR READ THE *New Zealand Herald*, or watched any New Zealand produced television content for the last year, here is a public service announcement: Auckland is fucking expensive. I'm not talking about how the Coffee Club charged me \$6.10(!) for the foulest mocha I have ever had in my life, or the double digits to buy a single beer in the city, but just the cost to live in a house.

In the last year alone, the price of buying a house has increased by 17% and the average house price in Auckland city is over 1 million. In my city-fringe home, the CV has doubled in the last two years, despite the only change being the installation of a heat pump. Our suburb has exploded in interest. 1.5 million for a house was unheard of only a few years ago, but it is now the benchmark. While having a villa as a family home is definitely appealing, the prospect of a mortgage over a million dollars is not. Yet demand never stops and prices keep rising.

Rent prices are also godawful on TradeMe. The only places within what I thought was a reasonable price range that aren't in the fucking wopwops are either closets, grimy or have suspicious holes in places that should be sealed.

But despite these prices, people still stay in

Auckland. It's the economic hub of the country, people say, so that means we have to live here for work but pay an exorbitant amount to do so. If only, I hear too many people cry, I could have a cheap yet nice house and work in Auckland. So how can we do this?

New Zealand needs a high-speed rail system between main centres in the North Island. These trains are used all around the world and can go a minimum of 200km/h. Imagine if we had this in New Zealand? Particularly in and out of Auckland. You could get to Hamilton in 30 minutes, Whangarei in 45 or Tauranga in an hour at maximum, a commute which is quicker than getting around Auckland currently.

The benefits of this would help everyone. These smaller centres would get a larger influx of citizens, which would help generate a greater local economy. Auckland won't be as congested, as you won't need to live in Auckland to work here. This would also minimise the demand in the housing market and make it easier to purchase a property for those who want to stay here. Plus building this type of

infrastructure would lead to large amounts of jobs across the country and could lead to large amounts of overseas investment. And if we incorporated WiFi onto the trains you could get work done or use this time for leisure such as read a book.

Because what else does Auckland offer? Yes it's a pretty city and has 'nice' beaches – but how does this compare to Mount Maunganui and Papamoa or the multitude of beaches up north? Hamilton really isn't that bad – it's a heck of a lot nicer than some of the suburbs in Auckland and it has some high performing schools. Plus it's not that this should cause a mass exodus of Auckland, but it can give people more affordable options of where to live as well as working in our economic hub.

I've only ever lived in Auckland (heck even in the same house for almost 22 years) so the idea of living outside of Auckland both entices and scares me. But knowing that I could strike a balance of an Auckland life at a third, even a quarter, of the cost sounds a lot more promising than being indebted up to my eyeballs.

"NEW ZEALAND NEEDS A HIGH-SPEED RAIL SYSTEM BETWEEN MAIN CENTRES IN THE NORTH ISLAND."

WHAT A LOAD OF Crac News

(MAINLY ABOUT D. TRUMP)

ISSUE 17. I CAN NOW HAVE SEX WITH IT (HALF MY AGE +7)! NEWS@CRACUM.CO.NZ

NEWS IN BRIEF

UN: The United Nations has downgraded the USA to a third-world country based on "prevailing attitudes" following the Republican Debate.

USA: CNN melts down in orgasmic delight as MH370 parts found.

UK: Britain considering putting all former politicians in jail as a precaution following latest child molestation allegation.

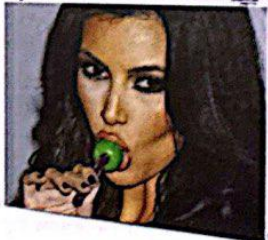
USA: Kanye reveals daughter is not actually named North - she, and her unborn brother, are both called Kanye.

NEW ZEALAND: John Campbell announces he will be joining Radio New Zealand, where he will be hosting a midday programme on what the benefit is like for middle class white males in New Zealand.

THE UNIVERSITY: Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. The government is under pressure from UoA Vice Chancellor to cancel its infrastructure programme. "The government must be responsible with public funds", Professor McCutcheon said. "Something has to be abandoned to pay my salary".

How To Get Famous and Rich!

By Kim Kardashian



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ZAYN MALIK CUTS OFF ARM

IN KEEPING WITH HIS RECENT DECISION TO ditch everything that he was connected to up to this point, former 1D member Zayn Malik has announced he is to amputate his arm.

Zayn's rep told reporters, "Zayn has recently decided to ditch everything that he was connected to up to this point, starting with his band, then his fiancée Perrie Edwards, and now he feels it's time for him to leave his arm as well".

Zayn came out the next day and told the press after having left One Direction to be a "normal 22-year-old", he realised he had really



wanted to be a "22 year old with a missing arm".

He later tweeted out to his followers, "I'm so glad to announce that I've picked out a new prosthetic arm. This will give me an opportunity to show you who I really am #reallake-arm #realme".

The amputated arm has yet to release a statement, but rumours have it that the arm is fuming, upset that it was not considered "real".

UNBELIEVABLE TRANSITION!

LAURA WILLOWS, AN ORDINARY, WELL TONED skinny woman, went from being a mere 50kg to 120kg in no more than 6 weeks!

After watching a documentary of Calvin Harris' transformation on rewind, she realised she too could change how she looked.

Laura told *Woman's Shitty*, "I put in an massive amount of effort, and spent a full five hours each day eating McDonalds", adding that she "had to stick to a very careful routine, counting calories and making sure I didn't eat 1 calorie less than my goal each day".

Her personal trainer, Kim Dotcom, taught her how to play *Modern Warfare 3*, a game which he said increased his laziness and upped his own gain in fat-time ratio, and she was required to play at least six hours a day of that.

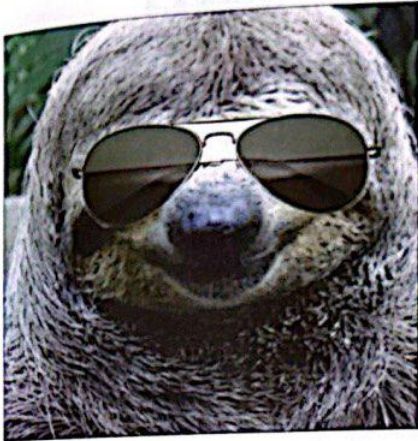
Asked how she could keep up the grueling schedule, she told us, "I just thought of

NEW ZEALAND Woman's Shitty

all the fat I was gaining, and the sex I was going to miss out on, and it kept me going".

Before After





INTERVIEW WITH CARLOS CRAIG

CARLOS CRAIG, THE LEGEND OF THE OVERHEARD @ University of Auckland Facebook group, took time out of his busy schedule of clinging on to a chair in Munchie Mart while spitting at first years, to give us an interview. This is a legit interview. And btw Carlos, we fucking love you.

IS IT TRUE YOU WILL BE LEAVING US NEXT YEAR? Perhaps.

WHAT ARE YOU PLANS FOR THE FUTURE? WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO TROLL? Sleep and play grand theft auto and other shit and sometimes have dinner with Miranda Kerr and Emily Ratajski.

WHAT COURSE DOES THE SLOTH TAKE AT UNI? Gynaecology 719.

DO SLOTHS WANK? If you had claws could you wank?

HAS HIS HIGHNESS EVER HAD SEX? Ask Tyra Banks.

DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND? Ask Heidi Klum.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WANNABE TROLL NAMI VERASCHIE? Who?

YOU HATE FIRST-YEARS SO MUCH - WERE YOU EVER A FIRST YEAR? I WENT STRAIGHT TO SECOND YEAR.

ARE YOU ACTUALLY THE ADVERTISING PERSON FOR MUNCHIE MART? Fuck Munchie Mart they don't even sell gum.

HOW DO YOU THINK UNI OF AUCKLAND COULD BE IMPROVED? Where do I begin, all the douche bags who think they are shit hot can leave. Lecturers can do their job and talk to you and not at you. They can stop increasing the fucking fees, and while they are at it they should put some affordable decent food near students. Oh, P.S., fuck you Owen Glenn car park pricing - what's the whole deal by being out by 6:30? I wasn't aware car parks were busy after 5.

SO SLOTHS CAN DRIVE CARS? Nope, but I got my PPL last year.

WOULD YOU RATHER LIVE IN A HOUSE FULL OF FIRST-YEARS OR HAVE SEX WITH YOUR MUM? Sex with your mum.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF JOHN KEY? His flag campaign is a

good distraction from many... let's say issues.

IF YOU GOT HOLD OF A HIPSTER, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO HIM? Make him eat a bag of sustainable, caffeine free, Nicaraguan, independently sourced crowd funded, raw coffee.

FAVOURITE MEMORY AS A CHILD SLOTH? Falling out of a tree in Compton.

WORST PSYCHOLOGICAL SCARRING YOU'VE EVER HAD? When I got my first boner and passed out from blood loss to my brain.

IF YOU BECAME VICE CHANCELLOR, WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'D DO? Take a shit in the gold plated toilet.

WOULD YOU PLEASE RUN FOR CRACCU? Never.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT REVEALING YOURSELF? What? I'm a sloth.



JOHN KEY SELLS SOUTH ISLAND IN TPPA TALKS

AFTER MUCH DISCUSSION AS TO THE NEW ZEALAND government's involvement in the recent TPP negotiations, Prime Minister John Key announced today that, as part of the agreement, New Zealand would sell off all of the South Island to investors.

"Aw, look mate, it's not really an issue of concern", Key told reporters at a press conference. "What matters is that we're keeping regular New Zealanders financially safe. And we finally got rid of fucking Gore".

The move comes after weeks of closed-door

negotiations, with journalists unable to report anything aside from the frequent cries of "spank me harder, Mr. President" that emanated from the conference room. United



States President Barack Obama could also be overheard asking Key if he'd been "a bad girl".

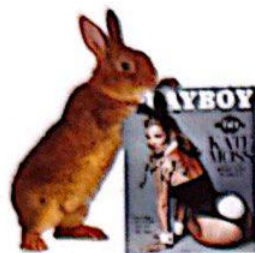
Key also revealed that residents of the South Island would be immediately deported and sold off to buyers as a new labour force for factories - "but only if the buyers have Chinese last names".

South Island resident Jim Walker, when asked as to his feelings on the deal, commented, "Well, at least it'll be an improvement from living here, aye?"

MAN WHO ACTUALLY GETS PLAYBOY FOR THE ARTICLES FOUND

A RECENT REPORT APPEARS TO VERIFY THE claims of a man who says he only gets *Playboy* for the articles. The man, who for his protection is identified only as M, insisted several months ago to his mother that his magazine subscription was innocent, as he only got it for the articles.

His mother was not naive enough to believe him but, unwilling to accept that her son was lying to her, asked a psychologist friend to assess him. With the aid of a number of poly-



graph tests, the psychologist concluded that M was telling the truth however, given the nature of the defense, M's mother took it a step further. She contacted a cousin of hers who worked for GCSB and asked her to verify M's claims.

A four-month investigation confirmed that M did indeed only get the magazine for the articles. The cousin, astonished by the unusual finding, released the full report, redacting the names of the man and his family. *Playboy* has issued a short statement: "See, it is possible".

DONALD TRUMP SAYS SOMETHING OFFENSIVE, MASS HORROR

TWITTER EXPLODED IN CONTROVERSY LAST night after Republican Presidential hopeful, Donald Trump, offended literally every minority group to ever exist in a stunning outburst. The comments came after Trump, a 69-year-old sentient piece of mouldy apple, was asked as to his views on Obamacare, which he described as "hurr durr new-age Satanism".

The comments incited mass frenzy on social media, with many voicing their utter disbelief. "He has actually offended every single group".

Renowned social analyst, Paul Henry, muf- fling a quiet sob, confirmed, "it's completely unheard of. I can only hope to be that much of a sexist and racist asshole in my lifetime".

Trump stood by his comments when ques- tioned further on the *Good Morning America* show this morning. "It's what America need- ed to hear", he insisted, before continuing to exaggerate his net worth, make racist gen- eralisations about Mexico, and produce a copy of his own birth certificate.



FOX NETWORK DEBUTS NEW COMEDY SHOW

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA'S TOP RATED TV news and current affairs network - Fox - recently experienced a spike in its ratings after the airing of a new comedy show this past week.

The show, entitled *Republican Party Presidential Party Debates*, gained millions of viewers from all over the world and earned much positive feedback from entertainment critics.

Film and TV review website IMDB called it "more ridiculous than the *Dumb and Dumber* series", while Rotten Tomatoes hailed it to be "the greatest satirical representation of white supremacy in entertainment history".

Especially popular with viewers was the show's main character, former reality TV host and entrepreneur Donald Trump, who plays a narcissistic, racist bigot on the show. Social media users were abuzz with the Donald's

portrayal of his role in the pilot episode.

Many users on Twitter said his portrayal of an old, angry bigot seemed "realistic" but noted that "no one could be that dumb". Meanwhile, Facebook users also took note of the Donald's eerie resemblance to real life figures such as Nigel Farage and George Bush.

On the other hand, media companies are reportedly suing the Fox Network for their airing of the show. The producers of *The Jerry Springer Show* accused it of "plagiarising their ideas" and "stealing their storylines", with a spokesman calling it as "an exact replica of our show but with more craziness".

JOHN KEY CONSIDERS 'FUCK THE POOR' ACT

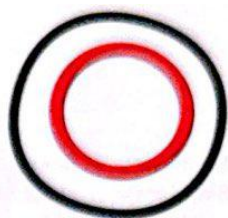
PRIME MINISTER JOHN KEY HAS RECENTLY suggested that he might bring in new leg- islation to ensure the gap between the rich and the poor continues to grow. After an unusually long campaign of three hours by the Rich People's Lobby, which represents a number of corporations and advantaged citizens, Key announced he was working on a new bill called the Fuck The Poor Act (FTPA).

The FTPA will increase taxes on those in the bottom tax bracket, and give the money di- rectly to those in the top bracket. It was ini-

tially reported that this was part of an incentives programme, but the government has clar- ified this claim, stating "this legislation is simply an attempt to screw over poor peo- ple. We have to show that we truly don't care about them".

Key has been labelled "brave" and "con- rageous" by the Billionaires And Million- aires Association, for "taking the necessary steps" to ensure that the wealth gap re- mained increasing.





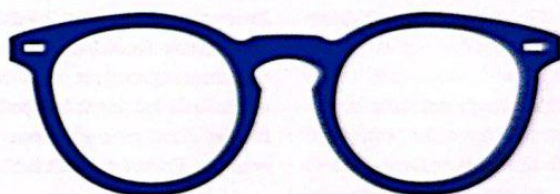
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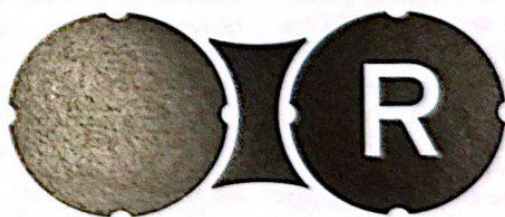
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LAST NIGHT'S PARTY

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

THE EDITOR AWOKE. THE CURTAINS were open to admit the golden Kingsland light and a curtain blew into the room on a fragrant Kingsland breeze. A Kingsland sunbeam found the oil painting of Conrad Grimshaw. In codpiece and chainmail on a darkling plain, Conrad Grimshaw bestrode a black horse and slew peasants with a giant sword. Thatch smouldered, anguished maidens rent their weeds asunder, and, splayed on a cart-drawn haystack, the town minstrel was ruthlessly sodomised with his own fiddle. How he loved that picture. It had taken him weeks. The Editor rolled over. He mournfully chiselled himself out of bed, retched and passed out. Waking again after a lengthy blackout, the Editor penned a column about the experience. Reeking, he pantingly and self-improvingly performed his morning star jump, then, feeling smug, sat smoking for a while in the armchair before realising that he was on fire, whereupon he screamed, stopped, dropped and rolled. No harm done.

The Editor stoically donned his currlily, thailly, aiolily besmirched to the point of near-complete rigidity leisure pants. Thusly – and thus beigely – clad, he frogmarched himself, writhing and remonstrating but sternly ignoring his protests into the bathroom, where he burped fatly and at length. He arranged himself on the toilet and picked up a well-thumbed copy of *Craccum*,

this magazine. It fell open at his favourite column. He read, appreciating its nuance, cleverness and all round magnificence. He had first met Conrad Grimshaw at one of his parties: those famously drunk evenings where *Craccum* writers, the foremost public intellectuals of the day, sat cleverly around the three-legged picnic table, vomited wittily in the living room, chatted copiously into the bushes. He sighed richly. Conrad Grimshaw had been brilliant, magnetic. He lovingly stroked Conrad Grimshaw's column. He shed an appreciative tear. Suddenly self-aware and meta-conscious, perhaps realising that he was featuring in a column and feeling the need to behave symbolically, the Editor self-deprecatingly and own-toughest-critically wiped himself with a copy of his own editorial. Then he re-read Last Night's Party.

Last night's party: another stunner. *Craccum* people only of course. Exalted company. Movers and shakers chatted to up and comers; rising stars vomited on talks of the town; belles of the ball capered with plats du jour; peers of resistance made sweet love to picks of the crop; and the Magnum Octopus, that mysterious bachelor, that stealer of shows, had suavely entangled a giggling octet of voluptuous tours de force on the by now bipedal picnic table. Lives of the party all of them. Simply wonderful. "*Craccum*", he fantasised. "*Craccum*". The only hitch had been Pretension with Perry Or Have You Noticed I've Read Hitchens, who had behaved badly. He ran around the house shouting "Anal", "Faggot", and "Banter" over and over again. The Editor had been forced to intervene. He asked why Pretension with Perry Or Have You Noticed I've Read Hitchens kept shouting. Pretension with Perry Or Have You Noticed I've Read Hitchens gave him a shifty look. "Anal", he shouted. "Meant it banteringly", he said, adverbially, and with a sense of impending coma, eulogistically. In the end, the Editor locked him in the bathroom, where he soon fell asleep in the bath. It is what it is. Apart from that: spectacular.

So you can imagine his horror as he read Conrad Grimshaw's column. It was the usual gritty realism. It even described, sparing no detail, how he and Smol had finished the evening by "jerking each other off over each other's columns". Oh dear. And he had thought they were alone. It was only afterwards, as they somewhat sheepishly re-zipped their chinos and binned the stained *Craccums*, that they'd spotted Conrad Grimshaw hanging from the ceiling, dracularly suspended, watching, pale, his eyes black, taking notes with his cool NASA pen that could write upside down. That was certainly an awkward moment. But to write about it. To publish it? And all that about the hero-worship, the crudely but lovingly executed portraiture, the shrine, the vividly accurate description of his fitness regime? How had Conrad Grimshaw found out? Of course the real question was how on earth had he let it be published in the first place? After all, he was the Editor, wasn't he?

The Editor wept, but through his tears, couldn't help but admire Conrad Grimshaw. The style. The wit. The intelligence. The insight! How did he know, for example, that just that very morning he had sat on the toilet tearfully admiring Conrad Grimshaw's column? Actually, how did Conrad Grimshaw know that he was reading this right now? He cast a nervous look around the room. He'd

heard it said that Conrad Grimshaw was an extraordinary judge of character – some said he was almost like a mind reader. It was creepy, they said, the way he seemed to look at you with those deep brown eyes and see straight into your soul. And of course, he was tremendously handsome. Oh yes, very much. The Editor's eyes glazed over and he toyed with the frayed waistband of his leisure pants. "His adverbs. How I love his adverbs", whispered the editor – quietly. "Editor!" It was Smol, loudly from the garden. The Editor came to his senses. Smol was muscularly wielding his toolbox, hammering away at the by now quadriplegic picnic table. "Mate can you pop down Mitre 10 and pick us up a couple of 4 by 2s and a new drill bit for the Ryobi?" he said gruffly.

Confused and frightened by Smol's request, the Editor flatulently and chaotically gapped the scene. Above, black-cloaked and batly hanging, Conrad Grimshaw watched him go. He unfurled his black wings, which felt decidedly stiff after a long night of hanging upside down, and gave them a good long stretch, yawning. Then he dropped from the ceiling and, uttering a shrill and haunting cry, flew through the open ranch slider and flapped away over Kingsland. A shadow passed across the sun. Smol, the nails poking from his mouth, paused mid-hammer and shivered.

"A KINGSLAND SUNBEAM FOUND THE OIL PAINTING OF CONRAD GRIMSHAW. IN CODPIECE AND CHAINMAIL ON A DARKLING PLAIN, CONRAD GRIMSHAW BESTRODE A BLACK HORSE AND SLEW PEASANTS WITH A GIANT SWORD."



Just Feminist Things

**IT SEEMS TO ME LIKE
YOU'RE THE EXPERT,**
LENA
WITH LAVINIA

AS MANY OF YOU MAY KNOW, Amnesty International has recently proposed that they want to recommend the decriminalisation of prostitution and sex work worldwide. This proposal has garnered much positive feedback, with the most support coming from sex workers themselves. But, unsurprisingly, politicians, celebrities and activists alike have allied to form the Coalition Against the Trafficking of Women (CATW), and wrote a letter to Amnesty stating why they are against the proposal for decriminalisation. Rich, white and privileged celebrities like Anne Hathaway, Meryl Streep, Kate Winslet, Lena Dunham and Emily Blunt, totally unaffected by prostitution, are signees and supporters for the CATW opposition. (I should note that I am really disappointed in Kate Winslet because she was like, my favourite, and now I have to rethink this which is really sad and I can never watch *The Holiday* again the same way).

Sex work and prostitution is a thoroughly complex issue. Those for and against the decriminalisation of prostitution include educated feminists and activists, so how is it that they seem to disagree so variably on such an important issue?

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL'S PROPOSAL

Amnesty International has recognised the high rates of sex trafficking, sex work and prostitution worldwide, predominantly

in countries where sex work is criminalised. The dangers that come along with criminalising sex work are huge, and they include but are not limited to: unsafe and unhealthy working conditions, high risk of emotional and physical abuse, high risk of exploitation, and stigmatisation. As prostitution exists everywhere in the world, they recognise that criminalisation has done nothing to eradicate sex work, but has actually worsened the conditions for sex workers. One of the biggest issues facing sex workers in countries where prostitution is criminalised is that they fear authorities – often the police are abusers themselves and do not provide help when they require it. Amnesty International recommends a policy that decriminalises all aspects of consensual sex work between two consenting adults, while they recognise that underage sex work, non-consensual sex work, sex work by coercion or trafficking individuals are still serious crimes that should remain criminalised.

The act of buying and selling sex, pimping and operating a brothel are the targets of decriminalisation. Amnesty International views this as necessary for the human rights of sex workers as they are some of the most marginalised groups in the world. Decriminalisation will pave way to benefits such as access to health care, access to safe and healthy working conditions, freedom to work on own terms, freedom to leave the industry if one wishes to, access to help and support from police, support groups and other authorities; the ability to report abuse without being arrested or jeopardising your job and more. Granted, decriminalising sex work has been tremendously life changing for sex workers here in New Zealand.

Not long after Amnesty International went public with their objective on this issue, CATW quickly opposed it. Lena Dunham, the leading voice of the upper-class, faux self-aware, self-occupied, privileged millennial girls (who watch *Girls*, myself included), would not stand down from her decision when the negative impacts of criminalisation were pointed out to her, repeatedly, by

sex workers and other feminists alike.

CATW'S OPPOSITION

The reason behind CATW's opposition on this proposal kind of make sense, and I agree to some extent – but definitely not enough to completely ignore the voices of those whose opinion matters most on this issue: the sex workers themselves. CATW's main concerns are that the criminalisation of sex work will increase sex trafficking and will just continue the cycle of exploiting women for sex. They couldn't be more wrong on the sex trafficking front. Sex work and sex trafficking are not the same, and conflating sex work and sex trafficking is extremely problematic.

First of all, sex workers often make the decision to enter the industry, trafficked persons do not. Those trafficked into sex work were lured in by deception, coercion, fraud or force and were done so against their will. CATW argues that trafficking will increase, yet Amnesty stresses that trafficking persons would still be a crime – because, duh, it isn't consensual. Insofar, there has been no reliable evidence that shows there is an increase in sex trafficking in countries where sex work is decriminalised.

Second of all, victimising consenting sex workers as exploited individuals in need of saving further stigmatises them. It assumes that no one would consciously and willingly choose sex work, which is not true. Many choose sex work in order to survive and make money, or simply because they enjoy it. Many rely on sex work to get through life; many do not have other options, and further stigmatising and criminalising sex work further marginalises

these groups. Also, assuming that all sex workers experience the same conditions as trafficked individuals generalises the negative conditions that only some sex workers experience.

The second of CATW's main concern is that because sex work is predominantly female dominated, this further reinforces the patriarchal system wherein women are exploited. Male power, patriarchy, misogyny and male domination are the foundations of prostitution. Understandable, but criminalising it will not eradicate it, ever. It will only place women in positions where they do not have the support and safety they deserve, as sex work exists EVERYWHERE. Sex workers want access to health care, a safe environment and support. Criminalising it will strip them away from this human right. Decriminalising it though, will give them more power and confidence to report any issues, which could be life-saving. It's also important to note that prostitution is mostly illegal in cultures that are rigidly patriarchal, which perhaps reveals something about the way men view the sexuality of women.

CATW also suggest that though sex workers should not be criminalised, the act of buying and 'pimping' should be. This is otherwise known as the Swedish Model, which still proves problematic as women are still unlikely to report cases of misconduct or abuse due to the fear of losing clients or dobbing on someone.

The overwhelming support for Amnesty International's proposal comes from sex workers. And because prostitution will continue to exist, those affected most by this issue deserve to be given the loudest voice and be listened to.

"THE ACT OF BUYING AND SELLING SEX, PIMPING AND OPERATING A BROTHEL ARE THE TARGETS OF DECRIMINALISATION. AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL VIEWS THIS AS NECESSARY FOR THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF SEX WORKERS AS THEY ARE SOME OF THE MOST MARGINALISED GROUPS IN THE WORLD."



KANT OR WON'T? AUTHENTICALLY SCRIPTED

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT characters in emotionally tense situations always know the right thing to say? It's like the appropriate response emanates from their inner being, without thought or mediation. They embody the response in every sense and aspect. It's perfection. And I don't mean they perfectly console their grieving friend, or are emotional saints in their temperament. I simply mean they respond in a way that seems authentic rather than contrived. It's the benefit of being a scripted beast; you don't have to think or reflect on the situation you're in.

Thoughts always seem to get in the way of real life. They interpose themselves between every feeling, telling you how you *ought* to respond in the circumstances, and in doing so, stop you from actually responding the way you would have instinctively. Whether you stand there in earth-shattering silence, averting your eyes, pretending to look affected, pretending to think meaningfully while instead thinking about how to look like you're thinking... you get caught in the death-spiral of rationality. Rational you sits there churning away, but the byproducts become more and more trivial. You don't burn slowly towards some meaningful conclusion, because the things you're reasoning about require you to be connected to your feelings and not away in the clouds.

This picture of the emotionally torn self involves a kind of Gothic doubling. The rational mind – and I use the phrase liberally here – is preoccupied with social pressures and appearance: how will people perceive my response? Will I look bad? Is this what normal people would do in the circumstances? The self doing all this kind of reasoning is pulling your attention away from how you feel, your authentic and

somewhat instinctive response to the situation. You are torn in two, like Jekyll and Hyde, the question lingering, which is which? It's not clear that we should value our emotional selves more than our rational selves. The Enlightenment thinkers would certainly prefer you to value the latter, thinking it the source of all true morality. Many British Empiricists would call this artificial, because it glazes over the true psychology of our decision-making.

It's hard to argue against the detached nature of rationality, though, given Enlightenment theorists themselves regard it as something that allows individuals to transcend into more universal modes of thought. It pulls you out of your-

self, and that is always going to be alienating in some ways. Thinking too much just gets in the way of existence. Give me a script and some sophisticated motivation. I'll play along. Macbeth agrees:

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

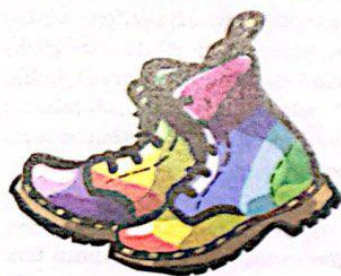
And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Perhaps I just have to live from that script and embrace the attendant nihilism. At least give me a decent part. That's all I ask.

"THE RATIONAL MIND -- AND I USE THE PHRASE LIBERALLY HERE -- IS PREOCCUPIED WITH SOCIAL PRESSURES AND APPEARANCE: HOW WILL PEOPLE PERCEIVE MY RESPONSE? WILL I LOOK BAD? IS THIS WHAT NORMAL PEOPLE WOULD DO IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES?"



GLITTER AND CLUDGE INCLUSIVE POSITIVE MAGAZINE

WITH TESSA NADEN

A QUESTION THAT HAS BEEN ASKED of me, and a question asked of any equity representative in student politics – when does student media go to far?

I mean, let's be honest – student media reflects the views of students, it is a lot more free than general media – and obviously with that freedom comes a large

amount of responsibility. It is not the duty of the student writer to behold the vast vistas of freedom that writing for free in a student magazine offers, and then proceed to pollute those vistas with what I get asked about: Misogyny. Homophobia. Transphobia. Racism. General roundabout nastiness. And I also worry about the Pride Issue – which is not part of the *Craccum* contract as far as I know, and provided via goodwill – would that continue under a bigoted editor, or worse, would we get an issue that does not provide queer students of the University something to read, something that affirms them, something that tells them that they are welcome?

This year's *Craccum* has been remarkable in its tact and ability to communicate to students freely without stooping to shock value or actual bigotry. I hope this continues! However, other student magazines have not been so free,

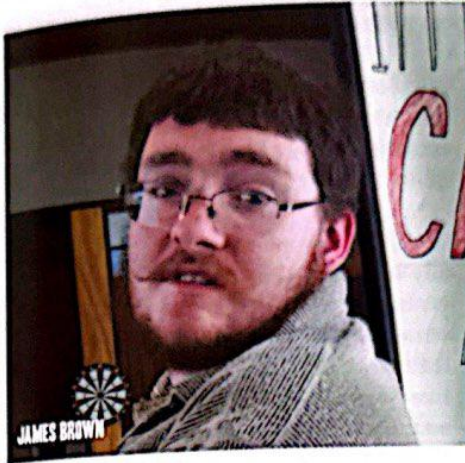
including previous editions of *Craccum* prior, such as the infamous suicide issue, or when misogynistic content graced the AUSA pages a few years ago. And it's important that student media of all things, supports all students.

Catering to all students seems a cop-out lowest denominator strategy, but in truth, I view it as a magazine that would not engage in bigotry and make an effort to reach out to all students, all demographics. I would rather a magazine that attempted this ineffectually than an actively nasty

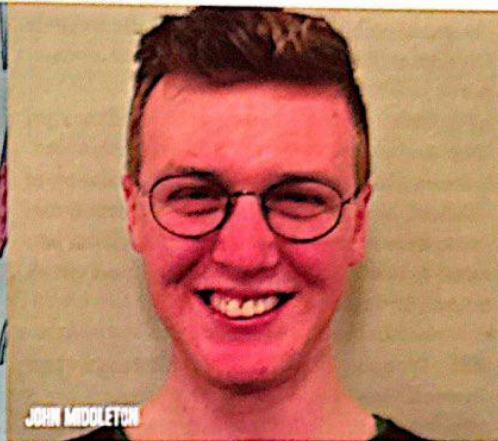
magazine. And it's also something that strikes me as something unintellectual – if you have nothing to say that will engage people, why not resort to shock value or bigotry? That always gets people going, right? I hope to continue column writing next year – I quite enjoy sharing my thoughts with you all and have not yet had to reduce myself to making jokes in poor taste to get my point across or to fill out column space (now, my poor taste in jokes, on the other hand...). And I hope that we continue the trend of having an inclusive, positive magazine.

"IT'S ALSO SOMETHING THAT STRIKES ME AS SOMETHING UNINTELLECTUAL – IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY THAT WILL ENGAGE PEOPLE, WHY NOT RESORT TO SHOCK VALUE OR BIGOTRY?"

WHO DESERVES MY VOTE? AN INTERVIEW WITH THE 2016 CRACCUM CANDIDATES



JAMES BROWN



JOHN MIDDLETON



CAITLIN ABLEY AND MARK FULLERTON

A SHOCK TWIST OF EVENTS, A MAGAZINE WITH a readership of five people managed to be the most contested (equal) position on the portfolio elections schedule. Denton and Jordan, sick and tired of a job they've lost passion for, and a readership they can't seem to find, decide to waste everybody's time with a very long interview. But it's no surprise that these candidates so yearn for the job given the respect, passion, pleasure, and fame that come with the role. But Denton and Jordan would like to remind you that they are still the **STARS OF THE FUCKING SHOW FOR NOW.**

This year we have three candidates running for the position, two individuals and a pair, all of whom have been incredibly involved in *Craccum* this year. We have James Brown, who has written for *Craccum* since 2009 and writes *The Unsane Musings of An Autistic Mind*. We have John Middleton, our current News Editor, who has been a consistent contributor for two years, including weekly banterous interviews with politicians and public figures. Finally we have the pairing of Caitlin Abley, our esteemed Arts Editor and Mark Fullerton, a leading contributor this year in Features and Arts sections. Henceforth – the interrogation:

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO RUN FOR CRACCUM?

MARK: My first year of University was in 2012 with Thomas Dykes as editor. This immediately put me off the magazine, and until this year I hadn't given it much consideration. However this year a group of my friends got involved with the drive to make it better and I got exposed to how great the magazine is, but also how great it could be and I wanted to be a part of that change.

CAITLIN: Working in the editorial team this year, I know how great this magazine is and how much work is put into it. I think this magazine is something to be proud of and I think this year of *Craccum* is a turning point for the magazine in a positive way and I trust that Mark and I can carry this forward in that direction.

JOHN: I've been involved with *Craccum* both the last two years and noticed that readership this year has dropped and the balance of content has changed. I noticed that many first years didn't know about the magazine or wanted something more light they can enjoy in lectures. This inspired me to create something that can both appeal to this group as well as continuing more thought provoking material for those who want a more serious read, which for me is important aspect of student media.

JAMES: I'm the old veteran here and know what *Craccum* was like prior to the 'Cracopolypse' of 2012. I have firsthand experience of the greatness *Craccum* was like and want to restore it. I've seen it when it's been good and when it's been bad. But now it's declining and not many people even know what it is and I want to fix that.

WHAT IS YOUR VISION FOR CRACCUM?

JOHN: I want to strike the right balance of content for the magazine. There will be light, jokey material that is unique to student humour and UoA, which you can enjoy when wasting time in lectures, alongside serious and thought provoking pieces which can enable discussion and debate.

JAMES: I will create a synthesis of the strongest aspects of *Craccum* from the past and present for a better future. I have an archive of material since 2009, which I can use to achieve this. But in particular I want to create a brighter and more colourful magazine, currently it is too black and white and looks dull. It needs to be injected with life to make people read it.

MARK: With the explosion of access to the internet, times have changed and this means that prior expectations of *Craccum* need to change. While we definitely want light and funny pieces in our magazine, the internet will always do it better and faster and people know this. Plus content gets outdated by

the time it gets to print, so we can't just rely on humour for pick-ups. Therefore we should think about what *Craccum* can do what others can't.

CAITLIN: Mark is right, and what *Craccum* is lucky to have is a specific audience and no agenda or financial obligations to make money. Therefore *Craccum* should be focusing on student life in Auckland, including raising awareness of the exciting aspects of the city you can get involved in. I, like many people, thought Auckland was pretty dull but if you know where to look, there are some amazing things out there for students and that's what we want to do for our readers.

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ABOUT THIS YEAR'S EDITION OF CRACCUM BEING "TOO SERIOUS"?

JAMES: I think the biggest problem with this year's magazine is that it is too black and white and lacks pictures. It looks as if it is lecturing you. So while I don't think it's too serious, it looks like it lifeless with the colour scheme.

CAITLIN: I think previous editions have been completely light so this year caused a shock, but it also brought some legitimacy back to the magazine. Let's not forget readership was still low last year when it was incredibly light, so having serious content isn't the main problem and there are plenty of people who are more interested in serious content. However I think more serious content can be created that is more accessible to student interest.

MARK: It is definitely about striking a balance. This year may be too serious, but it also counterbalanced the fluff last year. But it has definitely allowed us [Caitlin and I] to understand where this balance lies.

JOHN: *Craccum* this year definitely has its funny bits and serious bits. Often there was a lot of serious content, which wasn't something you could read in your downtime. Now you can't

have totally light stuff, but you need more fun stuff that is Uni related. Yes there is the internet for general funny material, but there is the Overheard page which is about UoA, and we need more of this content in Craccum alongside perhaps funny snapchats of antics around the University. So we do need serious stuff, but also need more of this light content as well.

HOW DO YOU PLAN TO GET GREATER STUDENT INVOLVEMENT IN THE MAGAZINE?

CAITLIN: The main way is through student engagement, particularly our writers. They are our greatest form of advertisement as they proudly share to their friends that they have been published. This really allows us to spread the magazine. I think there are more pieces Craccum could do such as blind dates or flat of the week which could encourage more people to get involved.

MARK: A lot of it is also about increasing readership and actual pickups. One way to do this is to just put the magazines in the lecture theatres and force it on people at the start. Or we could do lecture bashing and stalls at O week.

CAITLIN: One thing Mark and I want to change is the pickups of the magazine. You have to go out of your way to pick up Craccum and we want to make it easier for them to get it. Instead of the underpass, we were thinking of having more in OGGB and even near bus stops where there is more foot traffic.

JOHN: From my experiences in the hall, none of the first years know about Craccum. These groups are the best ones to get involved, as they will be excited to get into university life. We just need to go to the halls and advertise to them what it is and the freedoms associated with it, such as being able to say "fuck" and have it get printed. Within the magazine, for the first few issues at least make sure that there are explanations of where to get the magazine and how it works to make it easier to get involved. Plus if we have covers which really stand out at you featuring really student material or exciting content, this should help.

JAMES: A lot of my initiatives are what the others have already said which is effectively increasing awareness. Too many people don't know what Craccum is. The editors this year spend too much time out of this office or not engaged, while I will be here almost all the time or out in the quad talking to people and hearing their thoughts. The editor can't be a man high in his castle but out with the people. The editor is also the slave to the magazine and it's people, not the master.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHETHER YOU'D MAKE CRACCCUM THEMED OR UNTHEMED?

JAMES: Themes offer opportunity for more fo-

cus, while unthemed lacks the same drive. However I don't want such rigid themes like politics or capitalism in the past, but more exciting ones like 'Choose Your Own Adventure' theme they had a few years back or 'Pieces under 300 words'.

JOHN: Would consult with previous editors on this, but probably look to the structure employed in 2014 where there was a balance of themed and unthemed issues. Themes can make issues more fun and interesting, but you want to have the balance of unthemed which allows for greater flexibility.

MARK: Probably balance of unthemed and themed. However would want themes around issues coming up. Next year we have the American Presidential election as well as changing the New Zealand flag, so you'd want themes that match what is going on and relevant, rather than just for the sake of having a theme.

CAITLIN: As Arts Editor, I've had people say to me that they wish there were themes as it allowed for greater direction. So themes are good for that and making it easier to pick content. However I believe all the pieces that are unthemed are of a higher quality because of the passion coming through behind it as you can write what you like.

YOU'VE ALL SAID A LOT SO FAR ABOUT HOW YOU PLAN TO "IMPROVE" THE MAGAZINE, BUT WE HAVEN'T HEARD MUCH IN THE WAY OF PRACTICAL PLANS TO IMPLEMENT YOUR POLICIES. SO (A) HOW WILL YOU GET WRITERS, AND (B) HOW WILL YOU ENSURE THESE ARE TO THE STANDARDS YOU'RE AIMING FOR?

JAMES: I have already got in touch with some people, including someone at SkyCity who will write weekly. As well as the current columnists. I see myself as the rock that all of Craccum can centre itself around. Despite my autism I will work with anyone, old or new. New people will definitely come along at the beginning of the year and over summer. I will spend summer finding new people, unlike the current editors who just went on holiday to America.

JOHN: Much of this year has already been high quality writing, and I will use many people from past Craccums if I can. I know many of my news writers will carry on. I also plan to have an O-Week stall to sign up a large number of new writers, these may not be good, but it gives us more options. I also want to access things that are more relevant to students, for instance Nexus has a full snapchat page which publishes snapchats they are sent. I think it's about getting both the name and the accessibility out. People are unlikely to send letters to the editor, but are likely to send a text or a facebook message.

CAITLIN: I have been very fortunate editing the arts section this year, which is the largest sec-

tion with around thirty writers, and twenty or so regular writers. So obviously I'm keen on keeping good writers, but also realise many of the columnists are leaving, or not writing again, so we'll also focus on attracting new writers.

MARK: For instance large first year classes, like Media, or English, are filled with first year students who are likely to be keen to have a go.

CAITLIN: Getting more writers and readers really feed into each other, the more readers we have the more people will write, the more writers we have the more they'll encourage their friends to edit. For example Salient have a decent number of articles sent their way, because it's cool, and the more articles we get the more chance we have to choose the good stuff. In practical terms we realise that the editor's role is largely setting things up and administrating, giving the contributors the chance to be creative - so we want to build up an experienced editorial team of people we can trust to make this happen is essential.

A MAJOR FOCUS OF THIS YEAR HAS BEEN ORIGINAL CONTENT, IN TERMS OF ART, COVERS, AND ARTICLES THEMSELVES - WE HAVEN'T FOR EXAMPLE PUBLISHED PRE-WRITTEN INTERVIEWS (LIKE LAST YEAR'S EMMA WATSON INTERVIEW, WRITTEN BY OTHERS), AND HAVE TRIED TO AVOID STOCK IMAGES AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON ORIGINAL CONTENT?

JOHN: Any content not by students is pointless, we are a student magazine, representing students. Written material must be original. In terms of art I know you've had trouble getting original artists, and this year the pages are often without pictures, which are really essential for catching the eye. So I wouldn't be against non-original images, but ideally we'd keep everything made at the uni.

JAMES: Obviously original content is ideal, and this year has struggled. Good old Craccum used to have many people offering art. I want to have students taking pictures for Craccum. This year's Craccum just seems so lifeless.

CAITLIN AND MARK: Quite obviously we fucking want original content, we're a student magazine, that's the point. One practical step is to have a dedicated visual arts editor who communicates with the rest of the team and gets artwork made up well in advance. So in that way we can learn from the difficulties this year and try to improve in terms of illustrations and artwork.

ONE ISSUE THIS YEAR IS PERHAPS HAVING LESS OF A SOLID FEMALE VOICE, PARTICULARLY THE MALE DOMINATED COLUMNS SECTION, AND THE GENERAL TREND OF MALE EDITORS, WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON HAVING A MALE/FEMALE SPLIT ON THE EDITORIAL TEAM?

CAITLIN: I honestly think the fact we have a 50:50

gender split is majorly in our favour. I think the magazine, not just this year, but historically, has had an issue with being male dominated. Women tend to write about being a woman, but don't often get the chance to just voice their opinions as they stand. Part of this is socialisation, women just aren't taught to say 'hey this is my opinion, this is what I think'. I also wonder if a more female tone, and seeing a female editor will attract more women writers.

MARK: I think female perspectives are what is important, they don't just need to write about being a woman, or about sex, female views should contribute to the magazine in general, rather than as a token or stereotype.

JOHN: I totally agree. In the News section this year for example half the team are women, there's no differentiation, they all write, they're all funny. This goes for all groups, we need different perspectives, that's the point of a university magazine. Women are half the population, so of course they should have half the voice in Craccum. Yes I'm male and will be the editor, but this has been made up for in past years, for example Dan Sloan's [female] subeditor had a significant say in the magazine. So I'll make sure that any team I have has women represented.

JAMES: Do I really count as a man? I am a man but an autistic man, and have never been treated as a man. I agree with all of you, there should be far greater avenues for women. I'll be completely honest, the endless tide of just pushing feminism everywhere kind of annoys me, there's much more to the world than just that. I've never been able to speak to women, whenever I speak to women I start stammering, I will certainly do everything I can to make every avenue open to women to write, it needs to be balanced. Though pushing feminism may annoy me personally, as editor I would remain objective no matter what, the opinion of the editor is not important. For example there was no need for a rebuttal to the homophobic article this year, anyone would know this was homophobic nonsense.

WHAT DO YOU OTHERS THINK OF THIS? DOES THE EDITOR'S PERSPECTIVE MATTER, OR IS THE MAGAZINE MERELY A CONDUIT FOR STUDENT'S OPINIONS?

JOHN: While obviously I don't want a bunch of racists and homophobes writing for the magazine, if there are two sides to any debate I'd try to show both. The Craccum I'd look for would be very objective.

CAITLIN AND MARK: We don't entirely agree, it's inevitable that the editor's perspective will shine through - you can't publish everything, and just where you place an article will make a difference, there's no choice but to affect the direction to some extent. Yes Craccum has been historically left-leaning, this is mainly

about the sort of (arts) students who tend to write. But either way all it comes down to is harm, as long as something is well written, and doesn't cause harm, then it should be published. So Sophie Webb's letter for instance, this was actually harmful, it is so hard for so many young gay or bi people to come out, and if the magazine presented this as an actual opinion of the magazine itself it would cause upset and harm. However of course if someone was arguing that, say, John Key's fiscal policy was great, this wouldn't be a problem, no one is saying 'oh it's so hard for me to come out as Young Labour'. What's important is that we don't give people a soap-box to spread hateful things.

JAMES, HOW WILL BEING AUTISTIC AFFECT YOUR ABILITY TO PERFORM THE ROLE?

It is both a positive and a negative aspect. Being autistic I find it difficult to operate with people and make friends. So meeting people at first will be difficult, but I can easily communicate with people once I know them. It will help me because it has allowed me to be incredibly driven and extremely dedicated towards bettering the magazine. Plus I'm always honest so can say what needs to be said which others may be uncomfortable doing.

JOHN, AS A SECOND YEAR, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE EXPERIENCED OR MATURE ENOUGH TO RUN THE MAGAZINE?

Yes definitely. Next year I will be 21 and a third year which has been done in the past. Plus with two years experience with the magazine, I have been able to see the inner workings of the magazine and how it runs. I also have the benefit of knowing a younger group of students, particularly through the halls, who can bring a younger perspective to the magazine.

CAITLIN AND MARK, WHY DID YOU CHOOSE EACH OTHER?

MARK: Ever since Caitlin came up to me in Catholic school Mass in 2011 asking "can you bang me", I knew we'd be great friends. But in all seriousness, we've been friends for over four years now and we have very similar interests and ideologies so it seemed like a good fit. Plus her choices and direction in Arts this year are exactly how I would have done it myself so that made me comfortable thinking of her as a partner.

CAITLIN: It's been easy working with Mark this year since we have a similar vision for how a magazine should be. Plus he is such a great writer so I jumped at the opportunity to work with him. Also there is no sexual tension between us so that helps [laughs].

RUNNING AS A PAIR, HOW WILL YOU HANDLE IF YOU TWO DISAGREE ON MAJOR PARTS OF THE MAGAZINE?

CAITLIN: We've talked about this a lot and we

both agree that the worst thing that could happen is if we aren't friends by the end of the magazine. So we are both invested in keeping that friendship alive. But because we have such a similar view for the magazine, we think most of this would be minor and easily resolved.

MARK: Plus we're adults and if things do come up, we will talk about it. Plus we see Craccum as our 'kid' - when the parents are fighting or they divorce, they never bring the kid into it or let their issues affect them.

JOHN AND JAMES, WHY HAVE YOU DECIDED TO RUN BY YOURSELF?

JAMES: I have no friends.

JOHN: I think the magazine is strongest when there is one editor. You see this with Dan Sloan, who ran twice because he was so successful. I think with two editors there is the opportunity for conflict and tension could arise which would be detrimental for the magazine. Instead I'd prefer having one leader with a strong team behind me.

IN SHORT, WHY SHOULD PEOPLE VOTE FOR YOU?

CAITLIN: Because we care and we're doing it because we're passionate about the magazine.

MARK: I went down to Otago this year to experience their culture but also to write a piece for Craccum about it. When I told them I was writing a feature about them, they were so excited to be involved and they treated me like a god. As a result I had a great time writing the piece and I want as many students at UoA to have that experience, to be really proud of their magazine, to be excited about it.

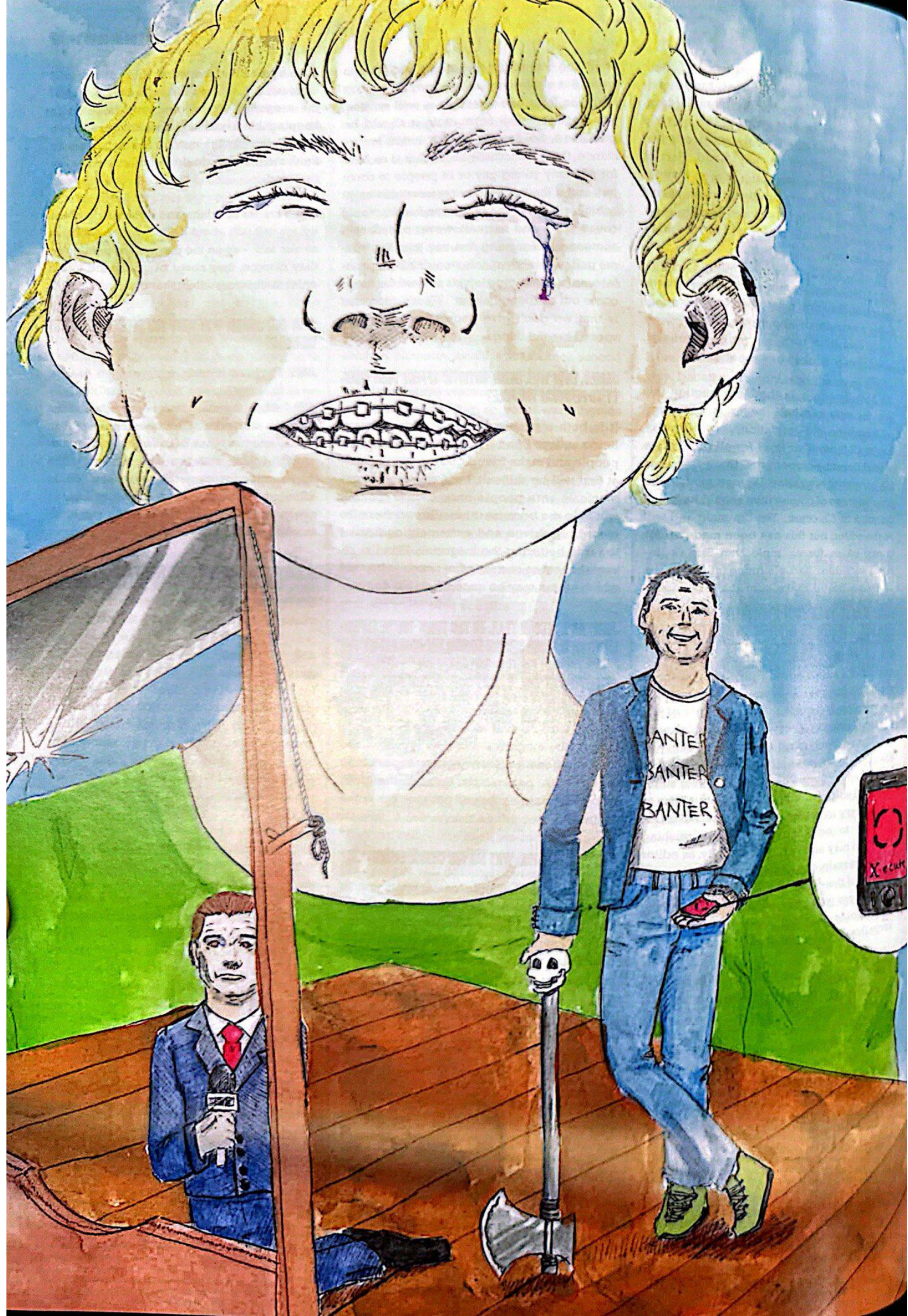
JAMES: Craccum doesn't need a bandaid but a shot of adrenaline and I am willing to give it that.

JOHN: We need to fix the balance of content back to what it has been and think I can do that. I've also got the Harry Potter glasses which makes me somewhat sophisticated? Plus I'm mainly running to impress the first year girls at Bar 101.

JORDAN: Ah yes, we have many people fawning over us being editors.

DENTON: I have pulled so many bitches through this role.

VOTING FOR ALL AUSA PORTFOLIO POSITIONS OCCURS TUESDAY TO THURSDAY THIS WEEK IN THE QUAD AND VARIOUS SPOTS AROUND THE UNIVERSITY. MAKE SURE YOU VOTE AS ALL THESE CANDIDATES CAMPAIGNING ARE FIGHTING TO MAKE UNIVERSITY A BETTER PLACE FOR YOU!



CAMPBELL DEAD

THE PRIME-TIME ASSASSINATION OF CURRENT AFFAIRS

FEATURE BY MARK FULLERTON

ON THE 20TH OF MARCH 2015, *CAMPBELL LIVE* celebrated 10 years on air. Bubbles for all as John Campbell and his team celebrated a decade of taking on parliament, fighting for the struggling city of Christchurch and yelling at Winston Peters. Happy days.

Less than two weeks later on a rainy Saturday afternoon, MediaWorks announced that the show was under review — corporate code-word for imminent cancellation. The uproar was immediate and violent. Comedy hosts Jono and Ben were said to be the likely replacements, but quickly jumped to defend Campbell themselves. No one from either side was talking. Speculation ran rampant. Confusion reigned.

In the days and weeks following the announcement of the review, political bloggers

**"IF DIRTY
POLITICS TAUGHT
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IT'S THAT
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LIKES TO PROTECT
THEIR OWN."**

went into overdrive. The right lambasted him for being a left wing mouthpiece while Martyn Bradbury and co at The Daily Blog leapt to Campbell's defense. In the wake of the *Dirty Politics* scandal, political espionage was on the mind of the nation. MediaWorks CEO Mark Weldon, a man with minimal media experience, was reported to have had a long-time personal relationship with John Key. Julie Christie, the self-styled 'Queen of Reality TV' and MediaWorks board member, has had a fractious relationship with Campbell, after he accused her of trashing a Fijian beach while producing *Celebrity Treasure Island* in the early years of the century, as well as maintaining close ties with the National Party.

Then there was Campbell's dogged approach to Pike River and Christchurch. He refused to let the issues go and sought to expose gov-

ernment shortcomings in the reaction to the tragedies. Not that the private sector were immune to Campbell's investigations, with Solid Energy forced to admit they had lost \$60 million in a bizarre attempt at entering the biofuel market which ultimately led to the axing of hundreds of mining jobs along the West Coast. And if *Dirty Politics* taught us anything, it's that the National government likes to protect their own. Here was John Campbell, shutting over everything they and their mates held dear. He had to go. A quick word in Mark and Julie's ear and the deed was done. Besides, the show was 'just entertainment'.

This was the narrative constructed by the left wing political bloggers. On the right we had David Farrar calling Campbell a "talented broadcaster" although he "disagreed with his obvious politics", and Cameron 'Level-Headed' Slater calling him a "sanctimonious twat".

The most convincing argument against a right-wing conspiracy, although harsh, is that John Campbell just wasn't good at interviewing politicians. He would ask impossible yes or no questions and talk over his guests whenever they tried to elaborate. After all, who can forget John's infamous RKO-outta-nowhere of Campbell over the GCSE Bill? After weeks of interminable hot air spouting from both sides around the highly controversial bill, Key finally accepted the invitation to appear on *Campbell Live* where, without breaking a sweat, he took Campbell to the cleaners. Key was calm and clear, while Campbell got increasingly flustered and lost himself in the vast piles of papers he had spread across his desk.

A few weeks later Campbell sought to re-assert his dominance over inexperienced and hot-headed energy minister Simon Bridges. Campbell won that round. It wasn't hard. An entertaining back-and-forth yelling match of twisted facts and figures resulted in the audience coming out knowing nothing.

So, as appealing as these theories are, there seems to be very little, if any, substantive evidence to back them up. To dislike a television show is not, under any form of New Zealand criminal law, illegal. Personal politics may have played a part in MediaWorks' decision to cut Campbell, but it seems unlikely (although not impossible) that Key's long arm is directly controlling the MediaWorks board puppets.

But Campbell has been in the TV game a long, long time. He, of all people, should know the stark reality of the television landscape — if you don't rate, the advertisers will leave and if the advertisers leave, the gig is over. Why, then, did he feel the need to hire Linda Clark, an experienced media lawyer and Radio New Zealand host, to represent him? At the

time of writing, his reasons are unknown. In the face of such a passionate public backlash, Christie and Weldon went to ground, refusing to comment on anything and everything. So did Campbell, refusing any interviews while his show was under review and having given only one interview to a morning radio show since the demise of his own.

Not that he remained entirely silent while the show was on death row. He thanked viewers every night for bothering to tune in. He changed the theme music to Robbie Williams' "Let Me Entertain You" after comments by the PM that his show was simply entertainment. He did a segment on a local fish and chip who had, for the last two years, been playing a DVD of a segment done on them by *Seven Sharp* — "We need the viewers more than they do", he said. Unashamed self-promotion, all in vain. He was to be off the air within the week.

But even after the show finished the talk of conspiracy refused to die. In mid-June Herald 'reporter' Rachel Glucina announced that she was to take up a position with MediaWorks. This prompted yet more outrage from the left, with claims that this was yet more political prodding and stacking of TV3 with right-leaning board members and journalists.

(For those of you unfamiliar with the work of Ms Glucina: she worked for years as the *Herald on Sunday* gossip columnist, posed as a public relations worker in order to get an interview with Amanda Bailey — John Key's favourite waitress — and generally hovers around the fringes of journalistic integrity).

As fun as conspiracy theories are, and as easy as it is to dislike our PM, the simple fact remains that Campbell just wasn't getting viewers. The average viewership of 2014 hovered just under 200,000 viewers, far outstripped by *Seven Sharp* and eclipsed by *Shortland Street* (because apparently *Shortland Street* is still cool). *The Simpsons* on FOUR and *The Crowd Goes Wild* round out a notoriously

tough 7pm timeslot.

It may well be that Campbell's obsession with human interest simply got boring. One can only watch so many children getting braces before they flick over to Springfield for the thousandth time.

After weeks of prolonged torture, Campbell signed out to the highest ratings in the history of the show. He was to leave TV3 for good, having turned down the opportunity to take on a female co-host and front a revamped show à la *Seven Sharp*. In an unfortunate coincidence, the highlights of the farewell show were virtually identical to the highlights of the ten year anniversary show broadcast a few weeks earlier. Instead of being an emotional end to an iconic show, the final episode was stale and repetitive.

For the next two weeks, *Road Cops* ruled the 7pm slot.

And the 7:30 slot.

And the 8pm slot.

Then came *Come Dine With Me* and the torrents of abuse directed at host Guy Williams. The poor boy provided only a voice-over, but was accused of 'killing off Campbell'. Calls came for a boycott of the network.

One needs only to look back at the last three years to recognise how tough it is to produce a daily current affairs show that rates. *Close Up* lasted eight years before the New Zealand became sick of Mark Sainsbury and exiled him to the badlands of television, having since only appeared on *Jono and Ben*. *Seven Sharp* started with a hiss and a roar before replacing their entire presenting line-up and hiring Mike Hosking, King of Paritai Drive, to take over.

It's a small wonder that TV3 are backing the *Campbell Live* replacement in the first place. Mark Jennings, head of news at TV3, has ad-

"THE MOST CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST A RIGHT-WING CONSPIRACY, ALTHOUGH HARSH, IS THAT JOHN CAMPBELL JUST WASN'T GOOD AT INTERVIEWING POLITICIANS."

"HE, OF ALL PEOPLE, SHOULD KNOW THE STARK REALITY OF THE TELEVISION LANDSCAPE- IF YOU DON'T RATE, THE ADVERTISERS WILL LEAVE AND IF THE ADVERTISERS LEAVE, THE GIG IS OVER."

mitted that the network only shows news content "because it rates". As was so clearly demonstrated by the decline of Campbell and co, it just wasn't happening.

It didn't have to be this way. When the government announced the nationwide change from analog to digital broadcasting almost a decade ago, both MediaWorks (or whatever they were at the time) and TVNZ received hefty sums in order to establish new channels to entice people to digital providers. And so began the golden age of New Zealand current affairs programming.

TVNZ created channels 6 and 7. While 6 was aimed at children, TVNZ 7 included two original, year-round current affairs shows. *Media7*, hosted by Russell Brown, was a "media commentary and review show that chews through the week's media news and reviews new media developments". The notorious *Back Benches*, hosted by Wallace Chapman, was an informal and often irreverent political interview show hosted in the pub across the road from the Beehive.

TV3 took the money and created TV3+1. Same shit, different hour.

Then, in June 2012, TVNZ27 ceased to exist. TVNZ6 had shut down the previous year and turned into U, a youth channel that soon became One+1. TVNZ7 became 2+1. *Media7* was picked up (in an amazing display of journalistic acumen) by MediaWorks and was broadcast early Saturday morning as *Media3* until (in an entirely expected display of foolishness), it was dropped, before being picked up by Māori TV where it remains. *Back Benches* was picked up by Prime in 2013 and holds a steady fort in the pre-midnight slot, after *Game of Thrones*, re-runs of *QI*, and a show about sheep shearing.

What New Zealand lacks is a dedicated,

non-commercial, public service broadcaster. Australia has ABC, the UK has the BBC — virtually every civilized country other than New Zealand has a government funded television station based on the BBC model to "inform, educate and entertain".

TVNZ is the state broadcaster and was intended to consolidate this role through the ill-fated 2003 TVNZ Charter, which set the company a mandate to provide "programming across all genres that informs, entertains and educates New Zealand audiences", to "maintain the highest standards of programme quality and editorial integrity" and "to provide shared experiences that contribute to a sense of citizenship and national identity" — in short, to not be shit. This dual responsibility, to serve as a public service broadcaster while also remaining commercially viable, proved too much for TVNZ and the charter was abandoned less than a decade later.

The closest New Zealand has now would be Māori Television, which delivers a steady roster of news and current affairs as well as locally produced educational and entertainment content, with weekly screenings of classic and festival films. Unfortunately, like the Māori Party, the station struggles to be recognised as anything other than a channel dedicated exclusively to Māori affairs, supposedly alienating non-Māori viewers. Other than ANZAC Day, Māori Television is

an afterthought for anyone planning a night of viewing.

In this age of infotainment, listicles and *The Bachelor*, advocacy journalism falls at the wayside. The two most prominent remaining media personalities, Hosking and Henry, aren't well liked and give off the impression that they don't much like people either. It is hard to imagine Hosking going to battle for anyone other than the National Party, or Paul Henry going into battle for anyone but himself.

The problem with Campbell was that his advocacy journalism focused too much on the personal. Children with bad teeth took up far too much screen time while 75% of his show since the end of 2010 has been Christchurch sob stories. This is not to say the people in Christchurch have nothing to sob over, but repetition is a death sentence in the ratings game. Maybe JK wasn't sick of Campbell taking on his government. Maybe he was just sick of that kid with the braces. Maybe Campbell signed his own death warrant when he took on yet another child with an unfortunate smile.

In late June it was announced that TV3 had finally settled on a replacement for Campbell. The show, boringly named *Story*, is to be hosted by Duncan Garner and former TVNZ reporter Heather du Plessis-Allan and will screen four nights out of five, with no word yet on what will take over the Friday night slot. Probably *Road Cops*.

It's fair to say that in terms of gritty, interesting primetime television, TV3 is looking pretty shithouse at the moment. Julie Christie is thrashing the reality TV roster and Mark Jennings is slowly whittling down the news content until all that remains of the TV3 newsroom is a cardboard box labelled 'Hilary Barry's hopes and dreams' and a shadowy figure in the shape of Mike McRoberts in the corner sobbing uncontrollably in his velvety tones. Dark times indeed. In the meantime, at least we can turn to TVNZ. Our state broadcaster, the bastion of quality apolitical programming, the last hope of an increasingly uneducated nation.

Ka kite ano, current affairs, and a very good evening indeed.

"WHAT NEW ZEALAND LACKS IS A DEDICATED, NON-COMMERCIAL, PUBLIC SERVICE BROADCASTER"



STATE OF THE WEB

'RAILING AGAINST THE SYSTEM'

FEATURE BY ARTHUR GUY

THE OTHER NIGHT I WENT TO WATCH THE NEW *Terminator* movie. I paid the theatre's exorbitant rates, and sat in the dark as the big screen let the (spoiler) time travelling, gun toting, robot fueled mayhem unfold. I must admit that I'm not terribly familiar with the *Terminator* series. I can't honestly even claim to have seen the first one in its entirety. I enjoyed it. But striking was its portrayal of Skynet. It moved away from the military industrial complex and towards social media. A reflection of the time in which we live. And it was scary. It was scary to see similarities between the eponymous Genisys and certain technological giants of our very own. I sit in my lounge tapping away on the screen of my very own node to the increasingly interconnected and data collating social network. I sat there thinking about how dangerous all the data I make easily available and the access I provide to my gadgets is. I sat there thinking all of this as the credits rolled, and then used my thumbprint to unlock said techno-device.

And I think about this shit all the time. I have installed on my computer Tor browser and the like. I have silent circle apps installed on my phone, and eagerly await the drop of the Blackphone, something that promises to meld

"FOR A GENERATION WHOSE ENTIRE LIFE IS CHRONICLED ON DEVICES AND CLOUDS, WE SEEMINGLY COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE TRULY INVASIVE MEASURES 'OUR GOVERNMENTS' TAKE TO RECORD EVERY BIT OF INFORMATION ABOUT US THAT THEY CAN."

the security and privacy I desire with the convenience that technology provides. I have all these measures to protect my data but very seldom use them. Tor slowed my browsing speed like an absolute bitch, and who has the time or patience? To use my super cool privacy protecting smartphone apps, the party at the other end of the communication needs to have the app installed and use it. Understandably my friends can't be bothered. And so with this bevy of protection available I still end up pouring data into the ether, ripe for the picking while our loving and caring overlords in various intelligence agencies come along to collect, collate and lock it away forever.

It worries me that the veritable flood of information from 'martyrs' like Julian Assange, Edward Snowden and Pvt. Chelsea Manning (I name these three because they are, or should be, well known to everyone) goes un-reacted to. Each time I sit behind my monitor I think this must be it. This last scandalous revelation must be the proverbial straw. Watch out establishment, you have screwed with the masses one time too many. And nothing much happens. I despair of everyone, as I sit there actually doing sweet fuck all about it. I'm part of the problem, but everywhere I look I see

"LEAK AFTER LEAK SHOWS US THE EXTENT TO WHICH THESE PROGRAMMES ARE OPERATING OUT OF LEGAL AND ETHICAL PARAMETERS, AND STILL NOTHING."

apathy. That seems like a cliché. 'This generation, they don't care about anything but themselves! Whiling away their lives seeking pleasure and staring at screens'.

This is far more problematic than it seems. To start, it's becoming clearer and clearer that we actually DO care about a lot of things. And yet not this? We are a generation of digital natives in a way that wasn't possible for previous generations. And yet, for a generation whose entire life is chronicled on devices and clouds, we seemingly couldn't care less about the truly invasive measures 'our governments' take to record every bit of information about us that they can. Clearly fraudulent lines about our safety seem to ease most concerns. We aren't looking at you, we are looking at THEM. The baddies, and we can find the baddies by sorting through all this metadata. Except it isn't all metadata and it isn't just 'them'. BigData is a massive force, working with governments and corporations to market and manoeuvre the citizens they claim to protect. This all sounds like a conspiracy theory, but I'm not talking about aliens or Illuminati/Freemason/9/11 plots. Leak after leak shows us the extent to which these programmes are operating out of legal and ethical parameters, and still nothing.

Julian Assange remains hidden in an embassy in the middle of London. In the interests of fairness it should be said that the current charges laid against him don't stem from the leaks but from sexual offence allegations. These should definitely not be discounted, but it also needs to be said that there are some at least slightly significant concerns about the allegations. I don't think anyone can fault Assange for believing that returning to Sweden would leave him completely open to being snatched by the States and being dropped in some deep dark well somewhere. Abu Ghraib, Gitmo, or some other as yet unheard of dark hole. At the same time, Snowden found sanctuary in Russia, the supposed enemy of the 'free world'. If that designation doesn't make you cringe, I'm not sure what will.

HERE COME ANONYMOUS

Here comes the kicker. These institutions

appear to be FUCKING useless to catch the omnipresent evil that is 'them'. We call them terrorists for the moment, but insert any bogeyman here. 'Criminals' 'pinko-liberal Soviet/chi-coms', whatever seems to scare the populace. All this data there for the mining, and they still seem inefficient at actually doing anything in line with their stated claims. Don't get me wrong, I understand that numerous and unspoken neutralisations have resulted from the data. The military seem to get their target every so often (alongside a fair few 'civies'). After all this ranting and raving, I will still argue that intelligence agencies have a role and a mandate in at least trying to stop acts of terror before they happen. If they would operate within this mandate things would be peachy.

And yet, with the DISGUSTINGLY vast resources at their disposable (Snowden left behind a salary of 200,000), the weekend warriors seem to out do the job at no cost to the taxpayer, and without the pesky intrusions into our day to day lives. One of the most resounding experiences I've had in the interwebs was when Anonymous tracked down some absolute scumbag who abused and killed kittens, all publicised on the world wide web. As police sat with their dick in their hands unable to even start finding this person, Anonymous tracked him down from data encrypted in the images he uploaded.

In the face of Isis/Isil/IS, an organisation deemed to be more competent online than most corporations and businesses, Anonymous are the ones waging a digital war

to dismantle their propaganda machines. This is not to be underestimated, one of IS's strengths lies in their ability to recruit mind boggling amounts of individuals.

BACK TO THE ENEMIES, I MEAN, CRIMINALS

The idea of anonymity online was a given for a while. But in the age of social media and government slowly catching up to kids in their garages, a slow but methodical attack on anonymity has paved the way for very little privacy protection. I can't recommend enough that you read Snowden's address to the Internet Engineering Task Force. And we come back full circle to government agencies keeping tabs on everything you do online. Every link clicked, every key typed. Think that through a little.

HERE BE TROLLS

A massive pet peeve of mine is the conflation of the idea of trolling and the idea of bullying. Bullying is nasty, and it's about putting others down. Trolling is about intentionally acting stupid or uninformed to get a rise out of people who can't help but know everything and advertise the fact. There is an important distinction here. The former is Party A doing their best to put Party B down. The latter is about how Party B feels like they should react to Party A. Trolling is, and you may disagree here, hella funny. When done properly we get to watch someone make a complete arse of themselves.

I write this, because recently the Harmful Digital Communications Bill became the Harmful Digital Communications Act 2015. The Bill came about after the Roastbusters scandal. But they weren't trolls, they were just nasty arseholes. This all seemed to happen without significant discussion or coverage. This was noticed and commented on around the world. Foreign newspapers seemed to do a better job at covering the new law than our own.

Luckily for the public, the *New Zealand Herald*, hallowed be its name, did offer some coverage. It was an opinion piece in the technology section, as opposed to the politics section. As good journalism would demand, an explanation of the term was provided by Mrs du Plessis-Al-

"TROLLING IS, AND YOU MAY DISAGREE HERE, HELLA FUNNY. WHEN DONE PROPERLY WE GET TO WATCH SOMEONE MAKE A COMPLETE ARSE OF THEMSELVES."

"THESE INSTITUTIONS APPEAR TO BE FUCKING USELESS TO CATCH THE OMNIPRESENT EVIL THAT IS 'THEM'."

len. This explanation read: "For the benefit of the less-tech savvy folk, trolling is defined by the Urban Dictionary as "being a prick on the Internet because you can"." For the benefit of the less tech-savvy readership, Urban Dictionary is an online repository for defining the slang of the day. It has less content control and oversight than Wikipedia, and allows as many entries for any word as people are willing to write. It's an awesome tool for understanding slang that you see or hear around you, but it is not exactly what I want my legislative discourse based on. Mrs du Plessis-Allen seems to have chosen the simplest and frankly incorrect, definition that would serve her interests in this particular piece. Stellar! A good half of the article was a personal anecdote of 'these two women I met this one time'. So at least her article was in line with normal journalistic practice these days. "Your tears will make my case far better than any actual evidence ever could". That's in quotes 'cause I stole it from some meme that was floating around somewhere lately.

The other half of the article was largely taken up by quoting mean comments MPs have received via the Internet. A few of these were just stupid nasty comments, but what particularly caught my eye was Mrs du Plessis-Allens' sympathy for the venerable Judith Collins. A so called Twitter 'fiend' wrote of peoples' champion Collins: "Judith Collins showing piss-poor judgement again I see. You never fail to disappoint". Conversely to Peter Dunne's hair or Jacinda Ardern's teeth, this seems like a valid airing of disappointment in an elected representative. When we can't tell politicians they're doing a bad job because it's 'nasty' and

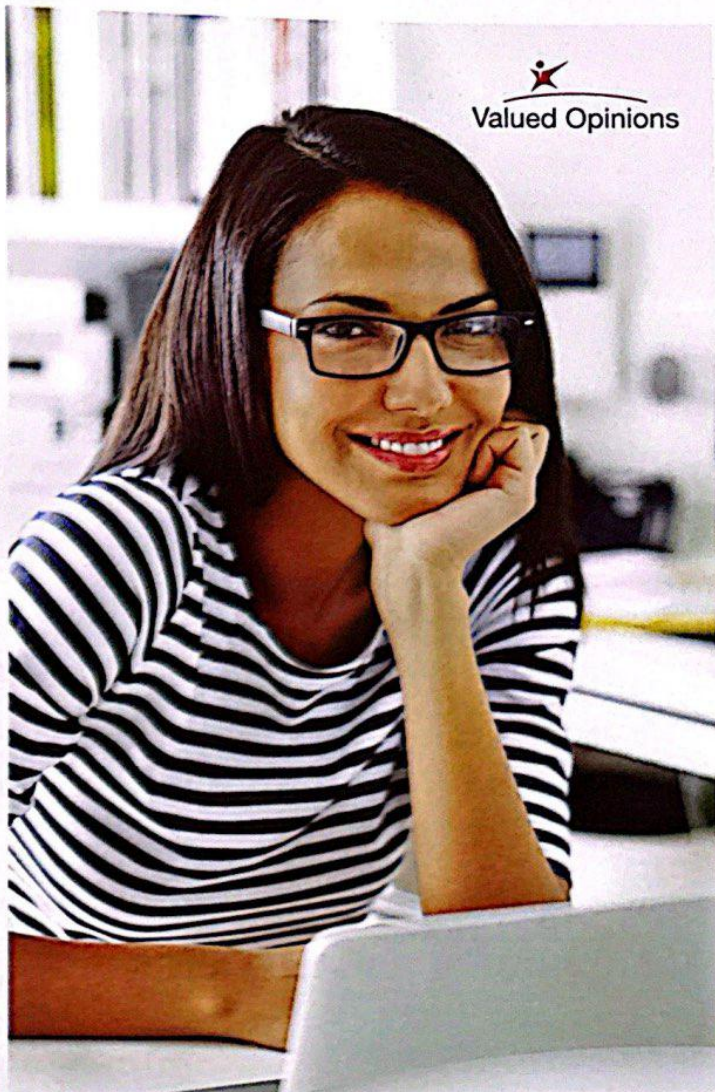
'bullying', we as a society and a democracy have fucked up.

It is important I note that the actual text of the legislation does not use the word 'trolling'. This may be because they couldn't find a definition anywhere outside of Urban Dictionary. The problem is, all the coverage of the Bill focused on trolling, as opposed to anti-Internet bullying (the purpose of the legislation). Once more we see 'bastions of the people's voice' completely miss some pretty serious nuance. It is important because it informs the context of how we deal with online interaction. Anything we don't like is bullying or 'trolling' ('cause they're the same thing, riiight?) and ought to be stopped. Bring in the heavy hand of the law, with all the two year prison sentences and fines in the tens of thousands you can muster.

It's about time to wrap up, I've already rambled enough to give my editors a headache, and I haven't even touched the subject of net neutrality. But to summarise, your government seems more than happy to increasingly intrude on your privacy and life online, and at the same time tell us what we can and can't say. Or, to employ the phrase used by the Greens when voting against the Bill, which has also been thrown around in foreign press, the government limits your "freedom of speech". For the less democracy savvy Members of Parliament out there, that's a basic human right.

P.S. As I write this, articles have been published about Weaponised Artificial Intelligence systems and their imminence, more drone attacks, and facial recognition that works in pitch black. Food for thought, I hope.


Valued Opinions



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THE DEVALUATION OF 50 CENT

FEATURE BY
CURWEN ARES ROLINSON
AND KHYATI SHAH

THE RAPPER CURTIS JAMES JACKSON'S — BETTER known as 50 Cent — declaration of bankruptcy last week was as sneaky as National's selloff of state housing. Except we all heard about it. Largely through the inevitable cavalcade of cringe-worthy quips across the Twitosphere which then ensued. "50 Cent's value now literal". "50 Cent says he's outta change". "50 Cent wishes he had 50 Cents". And our favourite, the puntastic "50 Cent has filed for bankruptcy — that makes no cents".

All through social media and the popular presses, people seemed to queue up in their thousands to make light of what's ultimately a pretty sad situation.

But why?

In a musical genre which lauds the pursuit of fame and riches (the title of Cent's first album — *Get Rich or Die Tryin* being the archetypal exhibit A), what is it about failure that appears to be so exceptionally appealing for ringside commentators to mock?

More worryingly, why is it that the harpies and harridans who're hounding Cent through the hunnet stacks appear so singularly unconcerned about fiscal failure elsewhere in the business world — like investment banking, for instance? Or the personal (and political) life of Donald Trump?

What, in a nutshell (or, if you prefer, mixtape) does this tell us about our society? And should we even be concerned — either about Cent's personal circumstances, or about the fact that we seem to be singling out failure and holding individuals profoundly responsi-

ble for their own biographies?

But before we leap into the deep sociological critiques and commentary, let's wind the clock back and retrace how we got here in the first place

Our story begins in the early 2000s. People everywhere are answering phones with directives to find them "In Da Club". A much younger version of one of us (we'll leave it as an exercise for the reader to guess whom) is enthralled by the idea of being taken by 50 to an entirely and un-abstractly literal "Candy Shop", and is singing along accordingly. Cent himself was yet to "Self Destruct" himself down to being a mere "Window Shop-

per", and was in the phase of his career where "Straight To The Bank" was a hit single rather than something he had to do in order to refinance his debt obligations.

Instead, he'd navigated a meteoric path from bullet-ridden obscurity through to an enviable — if brief — position as arguably the world's most popular rapper, selling somewhere in the region of ten million albums a year during the first phase of his career.

Success outside the musical realm soon followed too — making the transition from MTV-screen stardom to a semi-fledged (if small-scale) acting and television career.

But it was the rapper's non-musical business dealings which propelled him towards true financial prosperity. First, by commodifying the G-Unit brand (replete with clothing lines, \$2.99 ringtones, sneakers, and other accouterments) ... and then, much more bizarrely, by going into the Vitamin Water business. Hawking a product called Formula 50, and with a ten percent stake in beverage company Glaceau, 50 Cent hit the half-billion mark in terms of his personal wealth when Coca-Cola bought Glaceau for \$4.1 billion dollars in early 2007.

Now, call us old-fashioned, but we can *vaguely* remember the days when rappers used to attempt to get rich via the more traditionally musical means of record sales and concert revenues — or, in past lives and sotto-voce, drug-dealing. The idea of men from underprivileged backgrounds first selling big and then selling out in pursuit of, as Kanye West puts it "hood dreams — big fame, big chains" is not especially controversial.

"THE LIFESTYLE, IN OTHER WORDS, WAS ALL AN ILLUSION — CREATED, AS 50 CENT TOLD A PACKED COURTROOM RECENTLY, FOR 'ENTERTAINMENT' PURPOSES AS PART OF HIS BRAND."

"WHAT IS IT ABOUT FAILURE THAT APPEARS TO BE SO EXCEPTIONALLY APPEALING FOR RINGSIDE COMMENTATORS TO MOCK?"

And as applies moving from album-sales to selling hoodies and sneakers with one's face on them ... well that's arguably just musical promotion by an altogether other means.

But Vitamin Water? Stock trading?

That seems less deal-with-Ecko than outright Gordon Gecko.

And yet, for all that jarring quasi-cognitive dissonance between the way he got rich and his previous lifestyle of "die tryin'", it wasn't that which caused Cent's career and personal finances to suffer.

Instead, this newly corporate savvy approach to securing wealth served to propel the last of his notable hits. On 2007's "I Get Money", he obliquely spells it out: "I took quarter water sold it in bottles for two bucks / Coca-Cola came and bought it for billions - what the fuck".

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen. Gangsta rap about setting up a Vitamin Water brand and selling stocks.

Truly an appropriate soundtrack for the health-conscious stock-market apocalypse of the late 2000s.

At first glance, this may reek of inauthenticity. Here, after all, is a man whose initial career was largely built upon an extensive and semi-stereotypical "street" resume: shot nine times, three convictions to his name, and with the only thing approaching 'shrewd business competency' being his adolescent experience as a drug dealer. And yet whose stretch through stardom seemed to have more to do with pursuing more conventional opportunities as a 'legitimate business person' rather than engaging in acts of crime.

Somehow, "Get Rich Or Go Bankrupt" doesn't have *quite* the same ring to it.

Still, instead of looking at Cent as a sellout or a betrayer of the hallmarks of the musical form, we instead prefer to view him as what he actually was: a genre-defining artist.

While the intersection of money-making and rap music is not new (consider the Notorious B.I.G. "countin' them benjamins" with the Bone Thugz - albeit in less salubrious surroundings than the "restaurants with mandolins and violins" which Cent now presumably

frequents) ... the manner and enthusiasm with which Cent embraced clear and naked capitalism - even using it as a literal selling point - definitely was. Big L might have been "out buyin' the finest shit money can buy [...]" while y'all be on the corners bummy and high" ... but he certainly didn't do it through investing in a high-end premium underwear venture. (Yes, 50 Cent's also done that).

And, as the true mark of a genre-innovator, instead of it dying away, it's become the new normal. Consider, for instance, Lil Wayne's hit "A Milli". Or, for that matter, the name of Weezy's record label: Young Money. Hell, where did we think Chamillionaire got his name from? And for that matter, how much money has Dr Dre made off headphones recently?

With this in mind, rather than undermining it, 50 Cent in all his musical and business ventures has instead expanded the mass understanding of what it means to be a hip hop artist. And as a mark of empowerment, we have to admit (despite Curwen's crypto-socialist distaste for the end result) the idea of a black man rising from poverty to not only entice the masses with his music but also carve a unique niche for himself in the fiscal/business world has a certain potency.

Critics love to tell us what "real" hip hop should be - that it should be stern, intelligent and political. "Bandz Make Her Dance" is no match for this criterion.

But political content and critical reflection has never been the exclusive preserve of the lyrics of a song themselves. In redefining what it means to be a successful rapper - as well as the public's image thereof - Cent has left a large metaphorical footprint in the archives of hip hop history. We may not personally agree with the idea that becoming a suc-

cessful businessman represents the apex and apotheosis of what it means to live an influential and meaningful life ... but by successfully making the transition from street-corner to Wall Street, Cent has arguably helped to put a chink in the bullet-proof glass ceiling of aspiration for many subaltern listeners.

Whether you agree that capitalist aspirations - and, hell, the phenomenon of Capitalist Rap all up - is a desirable thing is, of course, another matter altogether.

Unfortunately for Cent's financial status, however, along with his mainstream economic success he'd also kept one of the oldest traditions in hip-hop alive as part and parcel of his career and stardom.

THE FEUD.

The precise ins-and-outs of Fiddy's feud with Rick Ross don't need to be expanded upon here; except to note that it all escalated when Fiddy released a voiceover'd sextape of Ross' ex-girlfriend, Lastonia Leviston.

This is what's resulted in the bankruptcy filing, given the demonstrable shortfall between Cent's \$4.4 million dollar net worth and the \$5 million dollars worth of damages he's been ordered to pay to Leviston.

Wait ... what?

"I thought you said 50 Cent's net worth was in the hundreds of millions?"

Yeah, we did. And so did *Forbes* magazine. They'd had his net worth pegged at around \$155 million dollars earlier this year. A figure whose credibility was bolstered considerably by his ostentatious displays of wealth. We've all heard, for instance, about the \$1.6 million dollar bet on Floyd Mayweather Cent allegedly made; and he's often taken great pains to show off his car collection and taste in bling.

But it turns out that this has all been an illusion. The fancy cars were rented or traded in. The diamond-studded gold chains were "borrowed". The lifestyle, in other words, was all an illusion - created, as 50 Cent told

"INSTEAD, HE'D NAVIGATED A METEORIC PATH FROM BULLET-RIDDEN OBSCURITY THROUGH TO AN ENVIABLE - IF BRIEF - POSITION AS ARGUABLY THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR RAPPER"

a packed courtroom recently, for "entertainment" purposes as part of his brand.

The pervasive impression we're left with, then, is that of an inverse-Macklemore. Somebody who raps about wealth yet finds himself having to take his peacocking items back to the thrift shop.

This is probably the biggest reason people are queuing up to cast aspersions in Cent's direction right about now. Nobody likes a failure – but when one's image is based so excessively and overbearingly on financial success and wealth, the sudden revelation that it's all been for show is especially jarring.

Worse, the idea that we've all been fooled about this for some time evaporates our sense of sympathy. Nobody likes feeling duped.

On top of this, there's a certain sense of karmic justice about what's just happened to 50 Cent. The lawsuit which brought him low financially was, after all, the act of a woman justifiably and deservedly seeking retribution and remuneration for the exceptionally ugly way in which Cent had dragged her – as an innocent bystander – into his feud with Ross.

We hardly need to state our revulsion and anger at 50's indulgence in revenge porn to try and tangentially slur a rival.

And yet, that doesn't seem to be quite what's motivating many of the armchair-bound keyboard-manipulating LCD-tanned aspersions-casting commentators on this issue.

Instead, there's a certain sense of satisfaction in some quarters that a figure from outside the respectable trappings and upbringing of the financial elite has tried and failed at playing "their" game. Those former crack-dealers can't be Armani-clad multi-millionaire

"THERE YOU HAVE IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. GANGSTA RAP ABOUT SETTING UP A VITAMIN WATER BRAND AND SELLING STOCKS."

shrewd investors, and that 50 Cent's fall into (presumably temporary) financial ruin represents a "setting right" and reasserting of the natural order of things.

If you don't think there's a pervasive strain of racism, classism, or some other form of arbitrary discriminatory sentiment against an "other" inherent in this; ask yourself one very simple question:

Why did people react so differently when, say, Donald Trump filed for bankruptcy?

Possibly because Trump's popular name doesn't lend itself so readily to lampoonery; and maybe due to the fact Trump's pop-culture presence and image was already so self-evidently ridiculous that nobody in or out of their right mind could take him seriously enough for there to be a noticeable transition in his social status on any of the four occasions he filed for bankruptcy.

Or, more likely, deep down we all implicitly recognised that bankruptcies are something that happen to modern businesspersons – and, more importantly, that they're often only temporary setbacks which allow their sufferers a breathing space to re-organise their affairs and get back on their feet.

We're not used to thinking that way about rap-stars.

On a certain level, we still seem to think the logical result of a flame-out in a rapper's pursuit of fame and fortune is the "die tryin'" bit, rather than something that gets mediated by accountants.

Fortunately for Fiddy, however, (and we can't believe we're saying this) Trump's example is instructive.

Trump himself has declared corporate bankruptcy no fewer than four times – and yet today sits on a personal fortune measured in the billions of dollars, while leading the Republican pack as its most popular presidential candidate. (Not, of course, that that may be saying much).

Bankruptcy is merely a financial statement on a bit of paper. It's not actually some woe-ful or deep-piercing indictment of who or what you are. You don't suddenly lose your creative attributes, your force of personality, or your panache thanks to dire financial circumstances.

Now we're not suggesting #FiddyForPrez as the right man to take on Trump by any stretch of the imagination. But here's hoping Cent gets his life and career back on track as a result of this.

Only this time, without the fake lifestyle and revenge porn, please.

"LITTLE SISTER"

...So I was real pissed off of course, threw my bra out her and called her a slut, and she still gapped it with my chicken.

What's a slut?

... How long have you been standing there.

Go look it up.

What's a 'promiscuous woman'?

Someone we should respect for their bodily autonomy.

Please can we stop having this conversation.

HAPPINESS (HOUR) ECONOMICS 101

BY KYLE SIMONSEN

I LOVE SHADOWS IN THE SAME WAY MOST PEOPLE love their Commerce degrees: it's pretty economical (\$7 for a litre of "beer") and you don't have to go to the Human Sciences Building. I am, however, convinced that a higher level of utility can be gained by trading off against the price of beer, for décor, decent music, or light. Anyway, here are some *beergeoisie* places which have good specials.

SPITTING FEATHERS (R2D)

On Thursdays you can get a bottle of bong water (Heineken) for \$4, as well as cheap chips and pizza. It is spacious, warm, has a space for smokers, and always shows American sports. Downside: you have to be

over 21, so it is likely that about 3 of the people who read *Craccum* will benefit from this honourable mention.

ATTICA (NOT ATTICUS)

Located on the 13th floor of the Mercure Hotel, definitely don't go here if it's not during the stated happy hours (5-7pm) because it's like \$14 for a glass of house wine, but between those hours it's actually so beautiful and you can look at all the pretty lights. In all honesty I bought a hot chocolate and sat there for 3 hours with a friend a couple of weeks ago, so just go take advantage of the view and the zen. You're welcome.

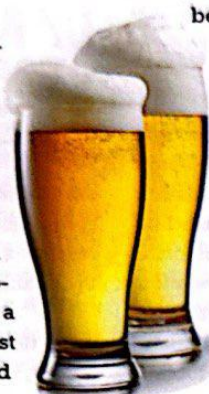
THE BLUESTONE ROOM

Commonly used by DebSoc as a place to

tell inside jokes (disguised as a fun representation of what they do) the Bluestone Room may be intimidating. Maybe you think it's where libertarians hang out. You were probably trying to avoid them, let's be real. Have no fear, Heinekens are also \$4 on Thursdays here so you'll have a good excuse to yell at them. More importantly, there is a shady bottle store down the road and I think we all know that means. A stonewall interior makes it a great place to hang.

VULTURES LANE

If craft beer is your conception of the good life then definitely go here. All the time. You can trial a bunch of brews before you buy, and there are free chicken wings that come around on Fridays after 5pm. Which is nice.



A NEW FISH?

BY AUGUSTA CONNOR

MOURNING AT THE PYRE OF MY FATHER'S OTHER broken dreams stands Swimming, frail, near to death and missing long-gone friends Hockey, Guitar, Keyboard, Tennis, Golf, Public Speaking and Medicine. Obviously every other one of these vicarious aspirations met a grisly demise at the hands of this lamentably talentless child. However, swimming has undergone a strange renaissance.

Perhaps it is merely the better of two evils, alongside a uniquely untantalising instruction to join the university waterpolo team. Perhaps its shoulder-broadening, unsexy swimsuit-necessitating and non-calorie-burning qualities smack somehow at-

tractively of a triumph against vainer exercises.

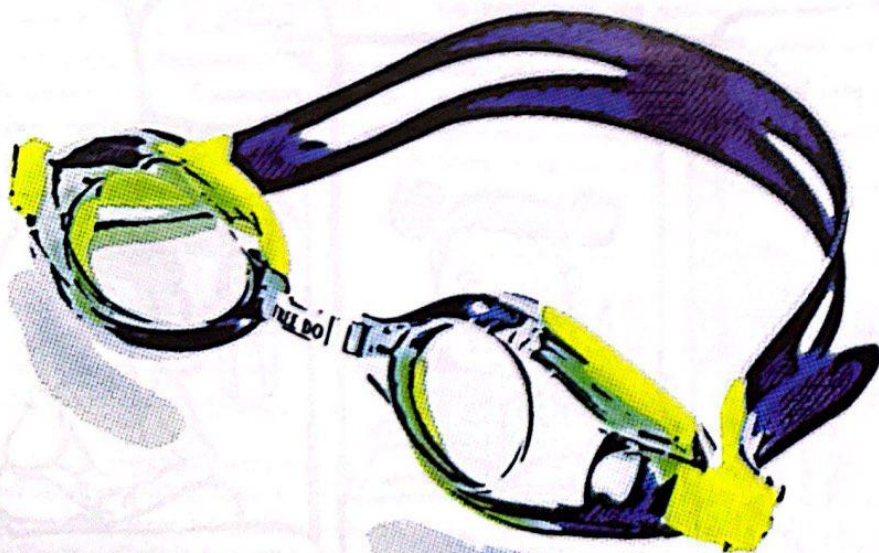
One certainly vanity-inducing calorie counter app which I humoured for a day disapproved most vocally of its failure to undo my biscuit sins. But it also refused to be impressed by avocado chocolate mousse and reminded me to eat less sugar after a laudably honest account of my caramel slice consumption, which seems to me a poor moral reward system.

Anyway though, the swimming attempt began in the fast lane and was indecently exposed because I could not read the lane speed limit signs without my glasses and because I was wearing an ancient one-piece tog bereft of many of its fibres. I was not alone there, and my lane companions delivered a fiercely exaggerated impression of

the average Auckland swimming pace today. I sort of kept up for about thirty minutes, which seems fabulous, obviously, but I paid for fabulousity with my breath in this instance.

One merciless pace-setter once (and only once) mistook me for a native on his ten-laply pause (and my lap-ly one) and asked how far I was swimming. I mean firstly, this was as great a compliment as the time some guy yelled out of a car window that I was 'an eight' while I was running, and secondly, I was pretty much suffocating with exertion so was yet less coherent than usual. As a result of these handicaps, I gasped and said that I was new. I hoped that this explained away the distance query and any future questions concerning the hue of my cheeks, my regular collisions with the skill-segregating plastic strings and my keen uncertainty about lane-sharing etiquettes. The last of these demanded the most forgiveness, I suspect. Although I am unsure of how obvious it is when somebody sets off too quickly after you and tickles your toes as they catch up to your breaststroke with their freestyle.

Honestly though, after a few such episodes, (my post-pool scent causing a scare about a possible bleach spill in the supermarket, a new pair of pink goggles and many more nudges against the togs-undies frontier), I may really be reaping the rewards of swimmer-dom. My lung capacity has potentially improved, I don't hate it yet and I have learnt my lesson fast-lane-wise. I may even have utterable distance goals in the not-so-distant future. So all in all, I would definitely recommend taking up swimming indoors for the season-less mind and body benefits which promise never to be tainted by less healthy aspirations.



MY CHOCOLATE DAYS ARE OVER

BY LOREN MCCARTHY

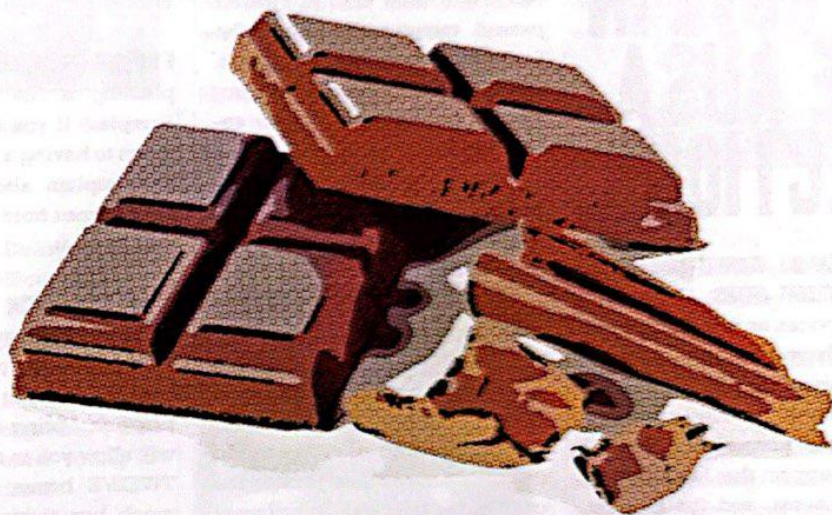
SO, I'VE MADE A MASSIVE MISTAKE. IT HAS TO BE one of the worst mistakes anyone living in the vicinity of the university can make, and I've gone and done it. I didn't even realise until a few days ago when I went to pay for my chocolate bar at the counter and the staff member said it was nice to see me again and asked how my degree was going. But then I realised; he recognised me. I go there enough that he recognises me. And then it all came flooding back — that time I dragged my half asleep self to the mini mart for some chocolate to pull me through an all-nighter and the guy at the counter winked and said "not surprised to see you here again". Or the time the staff at the dairy down the road rang up my not-yet-purchased purchases as I walked through the door. Or the fact that the guy at Starbucks always spells my unusually spelt name correctly and I swear I've never told him how to spell it? I have screwed up big time. It has gone too far.

I thought I had made an effort to not always go to the same dairy at midnight to get chocolate whenever I needed to stay up

all night, but apparently my efforts were in vain. I am now a regular, recognised chocolate-buying customer at several local establishments and feel I can never show my face there again for shame. Perhaps it's a positive thing in the long run, my pockets and my diet would certainly approve, but think of the loss to the local economy. I'm pretty sure the closest dairy only stocks Whittaker's hazelnut because they know it's my favourite, and I probably contribute to 20% of Munchy's yearly revenue. But there's no way I can go back now; maybe it would be better if I was wearing gym gear and buying

lettuce or something, but I am invariably in sweatpants and a hoodie buying something sugar filled.

So it's settled; my days of being a corner store regular are over, I will fade into nothing but a distant memory for proprietors and move out of the city to a place where the nearest food outlet is more than 100 metres away from my front door. I will buy lettuce and embrace a lifestyle of health.... but let's be honest, you'll probably still find me on assignment night at the nearest dairy searching for the comfort of chocolate.



RESTAURANT REVIEW

NGOPI

BY CAPTAIN BACON AND SERGEANT SPINACH

THE HOUR BEFORE A TEST IS NEVER AN EASY ONE, stuck somewhere between the apathy that stopped you cramming and the compounding stress that causes sudden and violent leakage of any and all relevant information out of one's ears. Never ones to suffer on an empty stomach, we always spend this last hour in search of food.

On a cold evening, in a glossy-eyed, pre-test daze, we wandered into Ngopi, a Malaysian restaurant tucked into an ambiguous cavern on Anzac Ave between a sketchy food court and an internet café. It was here that we recently drowned our pre-test blues with hot-lipped fervour, and tried to avoid the sense of impending doom.

On this occasion, we were accompanied by two similarly revision-addled friends. We grabbed a table near the front, right next to a big bookshelf with all sorts of old-school treasures. As we were a bit stretched for time, we wasted none in ordering the food. At a moment's glance, Captain Bacon ordered the Mamak Mee Goreng — spicy Indian-style noodles with seafood and chicken. Sergeant Spinach went for the classic, Beef

Rendang. General Scotsman copied Captain Bacon, and Major Sass, out of respect for the essay-writing marathon we were about to endure, went for the fried rice.

As we waited for the food, our eyes wandered to the bookshelf above the table. We descended into nostalgia as we leafed through second hand books, read instructions to strange old board games, and thought about the homes they had come from. We considered taking out one of the chess sets, but unfortunately we no longer indulge in anything that is not Wizard's Chess. For obvious reasons.

Before too long the food arrived, each plate steaming as it was set down. CB's noodles were slick with oil but still fresh, vegetables crunchy and just spicy enough for

lip-smacking to ensue.

SS's beef was perfectly tender, packed with flavor, and had the rest of the table drooling with #foodenvy. GS and MS were equally satisfied with their meals and, once again, food proved the perfect solace for our pre-test nerves, awarding a few precious moments of peace before our descent into the depths of despair.

As for the best thing about Ngopi? All the profits go to Habitat For Humanity or the A21 Campaign, and the staff are all there as volunteers. How cool is that? Why aren't there more places like this? This is something that we can — and you should — get behind. Eat here and you're helping support people in need — the food-happy euphoria is just a bonus. Moreover, the pricing is excellent. You can enjoy a substantial, well-spiced hot dinner or lunch for about \$11-13. The coffees are also standardly priced and are as hot and strong as you would want. The only catch is that this place isn't always open when uni is — give it a quick Google if you're making a plan.

On the whole though, Ngopi is the place to find cheap, delicious food, and support a good cause in the process. You might not be able to pronounce it, but there's no downside to checking this place out. 4/5.

SS'S BEEF WAS PERFECTLY TENDER, PACKED WITH FLAVOR, AND HAD THE REST OF THE TABLE DROOLING WITH #FOODENVY.

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

TOP 10 REASONS TO VOTE IN THE AUSA ELECTIONS

YOU THINK CAPABLE STUDENTS SHOULD BE IN CHARGE OF STUDENT AFFAIRS: AUSA provides services and opportunities that the University doesn't. These things have a large impact on every student: the kind of events that are run across the year, the welfare support that helps struggling students, and the Student Advice Hub that provides free and independent advice to all students are just a few of these things. Voting in a capable candidate can be the difference between a well-run O-week and or not.

YOU, AS A STUDENT, CONTROL AUSA: That's right! The entire point of AUSA is that every student member controls it. And this isn't the non-control control that every citizen has over central government policy. AUSA has total accountability to students. Any member can turn up to an AUSA meeting and request a motion. Any member can come propose a motion at AUSA's AGM. Any member can organise an SGM and pass a motion and AUSA is bound (fun fact: the rowing club at Victoria passed motions that made the Students' Association buy boats, and they did). Voting in the elections is an exercise of your accountability.

YOU WANT TO HAVE A SAY ON THE KIND OF SERVICES AUSA PROVIDES: Check out the candidates and see what they stand for. What kind of services to they envisage for students? What kind of Craccum do they intend on writing? How do candidates think Queerspace could be improved? What political events do they want on campus? Talk to the candidates about what they want to see happen on campus, and then, vote accordingly!

YOU'RE A MEMBER OF A UNIVERSITY CLUB: AUSA historically oversaw and funded clubs from the compulsory levy that students paid to us. Though

we no longer receive the funding for this, we still have a great deal to do with the clubs funding that is provided. We also provide a range of services to clubs including free room-bookings, a PA system for a nominal charge, a projector, advocacy services, and much more! If you think the services we provide to clubs are important, and want to extend them, then quiz the candidates on what they'd do to help, and vote for who you think would be deliver.

IF YOU DON'T VOTE, YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN: Complaining is fun. BUT you can't complain if you don't vote. Your ticket to having a legitimate right to complain about what AUSA does comes from voting, so make sure to do it.

TICKING BOXES IS FUN: General elections are once every three years. That is hardly enough to fulfil a person's need to democratically box-tick. Voting in this election will allow you to not tick one, but TWELVE boxes. It's almost too much box ticking for one day, but not quite. It should at least tide you over until the next general election, or if you are around next year, until the next AUSA election.

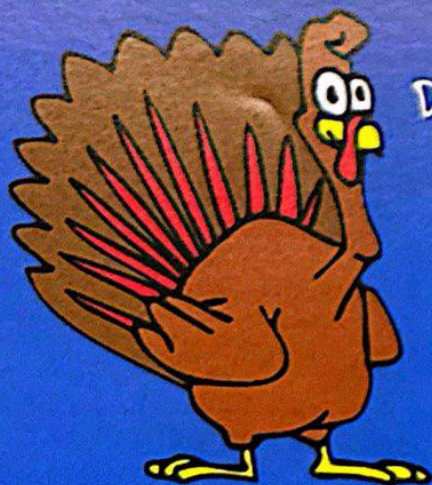
YOU LOVE STUDENT POLITICS: If student

politics is your cup of tea - then you have probably already voted by the time you are reading this. Congratulations. Give yourself a pat on the back. Now that you have voted, you should go and convince other people to vote. Then you can pat yourself on the back again. If you are a real student politics nut, you could even get involved in a campaign for a candidate you like!

YOU HATE STUDENT POLITICS: You can vote for the candidate that will bring about the change you want to see within AUSA. Even if a position is uncontested, you can cast a no vote or a vote of no confidence so there is something in it for everyone!

YOU ARE INDIFFERENT TO STUDENT POLITICS: AUSA runs Thursday Market days. If you like hot dogs/churros/donuts, then you shouldn't be indifferent. Or if you like our great free events. Or if you are in any way affected by the University policies that we give our input to (hint, that's all of you). Vote.

THE CANDIDATES WILL STOP HASSLING YOU: Election week means being unable to walk into the quad without being pounced on. The easiest way to defer this pounce is three simple words: "I've already voted."



DON'T LET A TURKEY REPRESENT YOU!

VOTE

IN THE AUSA ELECTIONS

WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ/ELECTIONS

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

INTRODUCING: YOUR AUSA OFFICERS TO-BE!

PRESIDENT-ELECT



NAME: Will Matthews

DEGREE: BA in Politics and History
(I just started Honours in Politics too)

AUSA HISTORY: Media Officer 2014, Administrative Vice-President 2015 (IAO candidate 2013, was beaten by some guy called Paul Smith...)

WHAT HE'S EXCITED ABOUT: I'm really keen to run a large campaign for the local body elections based on student issues. Students at this University make up a large voting bloc, which is spread all over Auckland. If we can get local board and council candidates to realise the importance of this, and pledge to support issues that are important to students then we could make a real difference in the governance of

Auckland.

FUN FACT: I love Bruce Springsteen - If Rachel thinks she's going to get me to stop playing him then she's dreaming.

ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT



NAME: Isobel Gledhill

DEGREE: Law/Arts

AUSA HISTORY: AUSA Delegate 2013, Cultural Affairs Officer 2014

WHAT SHE'S EXCITED ABOUT: I'm really keen to help the Executive keep on track with all the exciting events that they organise. I also want to bring online voting to AUSA - it's about time!

EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT

NAME: Rachel Burnett

DEGREE: Pharmacology / English
(weird mix, I know)

AUSA HISTORY: I'm currently a Student Representative on University Senate, and on many other committees as an AUSA representative

WHAT SHE'S EXCITED ABOUT: A particular focus of mine is the AUSA ar-



ups would help stop any costly surprises for those regularly skipping their appointments.

FUN FACT: I'm an expert on where to go on campus to get the best Eggs Benedict.

TREASURER (CURRENT AND ELECT!)

NAME: Dean Cutfield



DEGREE: BA/BCom in Economics, Commercial Law, Accounting and Philosophy (yes, I have been here for a long time)

AUSA HISTORY: Treasurer 2015 (that's right, I'll be back!)

WHAT HE'S EXCITED ABOUT: I'm looking forward to being able to help out in as many of our projects as possible. Most of my assistance will be via coordinating a budget and our spending throughout the year to ensure we can most effectively provide services for students. What I'm most excited for is being a hand to assist our incoming Executive with their projects and a sounding board for ideas and potential directions for the Association.

FUN FACT: In a Game of Thrones quiz, you want me on your side.

WELFARE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT



NAME: Penelope Jones

DEGREE: Law/Arts

AUSA HISTORY: Women's Rights Officer 2014

WHAT SHE'S EXCITED ABOUT: I am particularly interested in exploring the possibility of a dental grant. A fair number of students skip their yearly check-ups due to the absurd dental prices, and having access to subsidised/free check-

Notice is hereby given of an AUSA WINTER GENERAL MEETING

to be held

WEDNESDAY, 26 AUGUST 2015

or (if the meeting was inquorate)

THURSDAY, 27 AUGUST 2015

at 1.00 pm

Student Union Quad

Deadline for constitutional changes: Noon, Tuesday, 11 August 2015.

Deadline for other agenda items: Noon, Tuesday, 18 August 2015.

- Association Secretary

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

A WORD FROM THE WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT

THE NEW ZEALAND UNION OF STUDENTS' ASSOCIATIONS recently conducted a survey on student well-being, and the results make for tough reading: twice as many students are in financial distress compared with 2012. The same survey revealed that 44 percent of students do not have adequate income to meet their daily needs.

Now is the time, more than ever, to have an open and frank discussion about student hardship.

Once upon a time - when student loans existed only in the fantasies of Phil Goff's dreams and rent costs were a fraction of what they are now - students had it easier. Yet the country has not yet come to grips with the reality of being a student today. Whilst some students are able to get by just fine, many struggle. This is particularly true in Auckland where it is impossible to get by on government support alone, and bloody tough even with the addition of what employment a student may be able to find that fits around a University timetable.

Student hardship is an issue that ricochets across an entire society. A student who faces hardship is less likely to make it to class, more likely to be working long hours, and less likely to be able to afford textbooks. What is most concerning, is that those who foresee these struggles, don't make it into University at all. When well off students are more likely to make it into University and are given a natural leg up in terms of achievement, student hardship is a society-wide equity issue. Suddenly student policy becomes what makes this country egalitarian, or not.

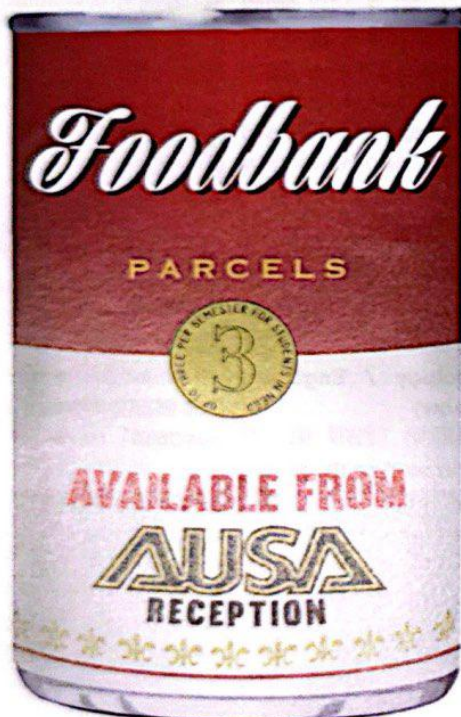
AUSA has always offered an important safety net of support. Our support services include hardship grants for emergency situations, optometry grants, textbook grants, childcare grants, and food parcels. Although this support is by no means a long term fix for students, it makes a difference where it can. The

introduction of financial "micro grants" in a Northeast Ohio college, for example, boosted graduation rates by 2.8% in one year. While this short-term support, and the short term support we offer is by no means a solution to student hardship, this safety net is often crucial to students making it through the week.

If you find yourself in a situation where you need short term support, make sure you know about what AUSA can offer. We can sure as hell guarantee that we also advocate for long term, and more sustainable, solutions:

FOODBANK

Any student is eligible to collect up to three food parcels per semester. Each food parcel contains pasta, cereal, spaghetti, and other assorted canned goods (contingent on stock). Those with dependants may also col-



lect family sized parcels upon request. Food parcels can be collected from AUSA reception at 4 Alfred St.

HARDSHIP GRANTS

AUSA offers hardship grants to those facing a short-term and unexpected situation that threatens study and cannot be alleviated by any of our other services. Grants are up to \$250, or \$400 for those with dependants. Hardship Grants can be used for assistance with food, travel, accommodation or medical issues. Applications are processed, and approved or denied within two working days. Apply online through ausa.org.nz or collect a form from AUSA reception at 4 Alfred St.

TEXT BOOK GRANTS

AUSA, in conjunction with UBS, grant \$2,500 worth of UBS credit each semester to students facing financial hardship. Online forms can be found at ausa.org.nz at the start of each semester.

PARENTSPACE

AUSA provides a space for parents to relax and study in. There are two parentspaces in Old Choral Hall. One of these is accessible from 8.30am- 4.30pm. A second one is also available but is secured with swipe card access. Please contact welfare@ausa.org.nz to register for a card.

STUDENT ADVICE HUB

The Student Advice Hub offers a free and confidential advocacy and advice service for all students. The Hub can help you with a wide range of issues such as academic issues, employment disputes, tenancy problems and more. Students can visit the Hub in Old Choral hall or email CITYHUB@AUSA.ORG.NZ

"WHEN WELL OFF STUDENTS ARE MORE LIKELY TO MAKE IT INTO UNIVERSITY AND ARE GIVEN A NATURAL LEG UP IN TERMS OF ACHIEVEMENT, STUDENT HARDSHIP IS A SOCIETY-WIDE EQUITY ISSUE. SUDDENLY STUDENT POLICY BECOMES WHAT MAKES THIS COUNTRY EGALITARIAN, OR NOT."

**We offer
free support,
advice and
information
to all students.**

Student Advice Hub

Free // Confidential // Experienced // Independent

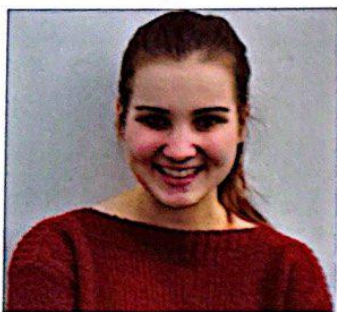
Old Choral Hall
(Alfred St Entrance)
cityhub@ausa.org.nz
09 923 7299

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

www.ausa.org.nz

AUSA PORTFOLIO

CLUBS & SOCIETIES OFFICER



PALAIRET, JESSICA

NOMINATOR: PAUL SMITH
SECONDS: WILL MATTHEWS, JESSICA STOREY

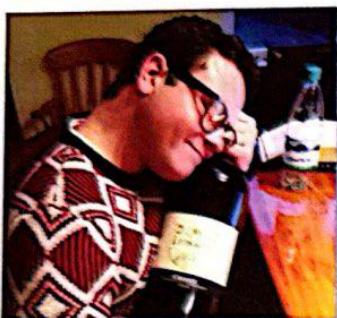
AUSA is important. We organize events, represent you on boards and committees and make decisions that are important and impact you every day.

That's why you need student representatives that are experienced, dedicated and know what's up. I've been involved in AUSA for one year now and am your outgoing Media Officer. I've loved it so much that I'm putting my name forward to be involved again, but this time around as Clubs and Society's Officer. Having experience is important as it means I can really hit the ground running next year. I'll make myself the go-to person for clubs wanting to talk about funding, our spaces they can use on campus, advertising for events and representation on any sorts of advocacy they may need. I want AUSA to do what you want us to do, not just what we think you want, so a big priority for me is making sure we hear your thoughts before we launch into campaigns and events.

It's because AUSA is important that you should vote and make sure that vote is for someone who cares.

It's common sense. Vote positive for a brighter future and vote Jess.

CULTURE & ARTS OFFICER



MARGETTS, JORDAN

NOMINATOR: JESSICA STOREY
SECONDS: PAUL SMITH, ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Student culture is, let's be honest, pretty much dead. At time of writing the votes cast for the paid portfolio positions are at 220 people. Public lectures put on by various departments are largely attended by the staff of those departments, and the odd mature student. Attendance at plays, readings, recitals, and performances around campus are as a rule dismal. The student magazine is barely read. If elected to the position of Arts and Culture Officer (formerly Cultural Affairs officer) I will liaise with various groups attempting creative and cultural endeavors, get the word out to students and hopefully see attendance and engagement which what is at least potentially a vibrant and incredibly creative staff and student body.

My goals for the position are:

- To increase student awareness of events, exhibitions and public lectures at the university
- To utilize the resources of AUSA to support cultural and artistic endeavor by students
- To increase communication between cultural and artistic clubs and AUSA and to represent their interests to the university
- To help increase readership and interest in the student magazine and any other products which might help to better student cultural engagement on campus

In order to achieve this I plan to set up a series of goals for attendance and interaction with various cultural events on campus, and report to the executive on whether such goals are met.

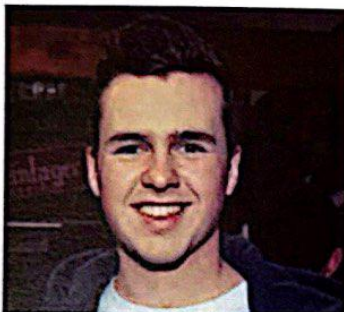
ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS OFFICER

HOARE, BRODIE JEAN

NOMINATOR: GEMMA PLANK
SECONDS: WILL MATTHEWS, DEAN CUTFIELD

No blurb recieved

GRAFTON REPRESENTATIVE



O'HANLON, CONOR

NOMINATOR: JULIA SHEARER
SECONDS: GEORGE SIKHARALIDZE, TESS RUTLEDGE

Do you ever feel like the rest of Auckland University and AUSA forget about us up on Park Road? My name is Conor and I am running to be your Grafton Representative for 2016 and my goal is to bridge this gap! I will work within our campus through the Medical, Pharmacy, Optometry and Nursing student associations (as well as others) to create a better university environment and experience. Grafton students in particular can be bogged down with stress, so if elected I will help organise ongoing activities and support for students as well as the dedicated Welfare Day. One issue affecting Grafton students in particular is the TEFTS cap. There has been vast media attention and movement to remove this cap and I want to keep this momentum going. I will support staff and students and will work for increased involvement from AUSA to lobby for this important change. Most of all I am interested in what Grafton students want! Have a great idea? Want to run an event Grafton? Need AUSA's help for something? Talk to me and we can make it happen. Vote Conor to be your Grafton Rep!

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' OFFICER



HAMIDA, RANA

NOMINATOR: MIRIAM BOOKMAN
SECONDS: CALLUM LO, ZACHARY PENMAN-CHAMBERS

Hello! My name is Rana and I am super excited about running for International Students' Officer. A little bit about me: I am from Palestine and have lived in Egypt, Syria, and Dubai so I certainly have the "international" experience to bring to this role!

The number of international students at the University of Auckland is growing at an increasing rate. It is therefore more important than ever to ensure these students are represented in what AUSA does and the decisions it makes. I am fully equipped to bring this perspective to the executive team.

Auckland University is a great place to study and I want to make sure that international students are able to access services and enjoy student life to the max during their time of study. A vote for me is a vote to make this happen!

ELECTION BLURBS

MEDIA OFFICER



FARQUHAR, ZAVARA

NOMINATOR: PAUL SMITH
SECONDER: JESSICA STOREY, SEBASTIAN HARTLEY

Hey! I'm Zavara and I'd love to be your Media Officer for 2016. As a first-year arts and law student, I have a passion for media, politics and student voices! With previous experience in student representation, public relations and organising roles I will bring clarity, commitment and enthusiasm to AUSA media.

As Media Officer, I want to know how AUSA can best communicate with you and to demystify the association's workings and services. By continuing and growing AUSA's social media presence (AUSA Snapchat anyone?), I will ensure you know about the awesome events AUSA runs and provide a place for student engagement. I will also look to AUSA TV (that's our YouTube channel) and how this can be made a fun and informative forum.

A media role is about collaboration and I look forward to the opportunity to collaborate with you!

POLITICAL ENGAGEMENT OFFICER



PENMAN-CHAMBERS, ZACHARY

NOMINATOR: SEBASTIAN HARTLEY
SECONDER: JESSICA PALAJRET, PAUL SMITH

Hey friends,

My name is Zachary Penman-Chambers I'm a third year law and politics/philosophy student and I'm running to be your political engagement officer. I have previous executive experience as the Administrative Vice President for AUSA and Administrative and Communications Officer for Philsoc. From the moment I started university I have loved politics, from the basic intrigue of political decisions to the competition of ideas that defines politics on its largest scale. Politics also affects our lives. That youth turnout remains strikingly low - especially in council elections - is a shame, and I will address this issue.

As political engagement officer I will look to raise awareness of national issues by using AUSA's resources to arrange debates on pressing social issues of the day. AUSA has previously done this for the same sex marriage debate, with Colin Craig analogising same sex marriage and civil unions and rugby and football. Something that could have been included this year was a debate on the pressing issue of a "right to die". Furthermore, I will look to raise awareness of local council elections in 2016 by providing multiple opportunities for open debate and candidate information in a hope to boost election turnout and participation. Lastly I will look to maintain the excellent quality of past politics weeks with great events such as youth backbenchers and the politics pub quiz.

MAIER-GANT, DANIEL



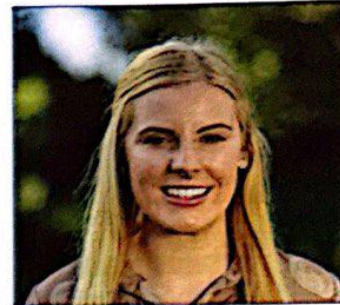
NOMINATOR: JESSICA STOREY
SECONDER: MIRIAM BOOKMAN, RHIANON MARTIN

Informed and objective: the two primary attributes of student political engagement. While they certainly have the passion, I want to ensure that Auckland students continue to have opportunities to engage in the weird and wonderful world of New Zealand and International politics.

Having moved to Auckland just this year from the sunny hills of Christchurch, I am currently studying a Law and Arts Conjoint Degree, majoring in Political Science and English. I don't just inflict on myself the studying of politics, however - I have a wealth of experience in the administrative and educational aspects of civics education. I have spent three years volunteering with UN Youth New Zealand, am an active member of the University of Auckland Debating Society, and this year fill the role of Equity Officer with the Auckland University Arts Students' Association. Not only do I understand the material, but I also have the organisational capacity to make sure that events and opportunities run smoothly.

While the University of Auckland has a very strong tradition of political engagement, I think there is room for greater inclusion and expansion - especially in regards to students in residences and halls. I hope to make a difference, and will work hard for these goals.

BUTTERFIELD, SARAH



NOMINATOR: SEBASTIAN HARTLEY
SECONDER: MIN KYU JUNG, ISOBEL GLEDHILL

Sometimes I lie in bed at night and worry about my teeth...

I worry that I will get a toothache or chip a tooth.

I worry because I don't know if I could afford to go to the dentist.

I don't know if I'll ever be able to afford a house.

I don't know if there will be a job for me when I leave uni.

But I do know that I'm not alone in asking these questions.

As YOUR political engagement officer I will actively encourage discussion between students and political figures and lobby for political decisions that benefit us. I will hold regular events, including forums about relevant student issues. I will invite political figures to university and hold them accountable for their promises. I will put on a worthwhile, entertaining and inclusive politics week and work with the exec to make sure politics is well-represented ALL year.

Politics can be daunting. But I'm coming to this role with a fresh perspective and will do my best to include as many people in the discussion as possible. I am an approachable, friendly and motivated person and I care about engaging students in political discussions.

Vote Better. Vote Butter.

QUEER RIGHTS OFFICER

WORBOYS, KATE



NOMINATOR: TESSA NADEN
SECONDERS: PENELOPE JONES, MATTHEW SOKOLICH

Hey Fam!

Kermit the frog said "life ain't easy being green" and it's sure not easy being rainbow. As your queer rights officer I will push for what the queer community thinks is right. I will continue to ensure that our university is a safe and inclusive experience for those identifying as queer and everything else in-between. I will also continue to maintain Queerspace as it is an important safe place for queer students. I intend to help facilitate wider connections within the universities queer community by wholeheartedly embracing Pride week and holding various other events throughout the year. Most importantly I want to be available to provide support and advice to anyone who has queer related issues.

Anyway, vote for me... Pls.

STUDENT FORUM CHAIR

JUNG, MIN KYU



NOMINATOR: SEBASTIAN HARTLEY
SECONDERS: NOLEEN NICHOLAS, DEAN CUTFIELD

Kia ora, I'm Min Kyu, and I'm running for Student Forum Chair. If

you're reading this, you probably have no clue what the Student Forum actually is. I'd like to change that!

The Student Forum takes place at the quad every Wednesday at 1pm, and allows students to have their say and pass resolutions for the attention of the AUSA executive.

I'm passionate about student culture - I think it's important that all students are engaged with what's happening around campus. As an AUSA delegate, I've attended several Student Forums and it's a great and underused opportunity for students to engage with the rest of the student body. We've all heard complaints that AUSA is out of touch with students, and the Student Forum is the perfect avenue for you to raise your concerns.

As Student Forum Chair, I'd work on increasing attendance to the Student Forum. I think the most important part of my role is to make sure that students are aware that the Student Forum exists in the first place, which I'll make my main priority. I'll also work on incentivizing students to attend with free food, fun activities and prizes!

TAMAKI REPRESENTATIVE

WILD, CERVANTEE



NOMINATOR: WILL MATTHEWS
SECONDERS: KIERAN GAINESFORD, CAITLIN WATERS

WILD FOR TAMAKI

Tāmaki is not just a remote campus which breeds health science students - Tāmaki is for everyone! You'll also occasionally find students studying psychology, audiology, biosecurity, sports and exercise science, and engineering (rare treasures).

This is why students at the Tāmaki Innovation Campus need a strong voice on the AUSA Executive in 2014. As students at a

satellite campus, you need academic support and advocacy. You need career guidance and opportunities. You need a wild social calendar.

As your Tāmaki Representative for 2016, I will make this happen.

Wild by name (not by nature), I am friendly, reliable and committed to ensuring Tāmaki students get the support, resources and good times you need. You deserve a TSA which will help you navigate the ups and downs of your unique experience as a Tāmaki student, offer more degree and career assistance, and help forge a vibrant campus culture in collaboration with other student groups.

Answer the call of the Wild.

VOTE CERVANTEE WILD FOR TAMAKI REPRESENTATIVE

WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

SIMMONDS, BONNIE & SACHS, JUSTINE

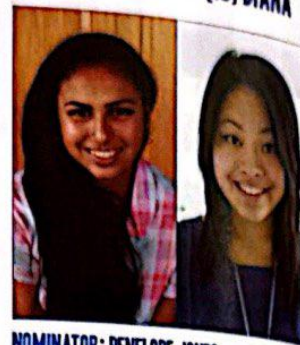


NOMINATOR: RACHEL BURNETT
SECONDERS: CAITLIN WATERS, ELOISE SIMS

Hi we're Justine and Bonnie and we're running for Women's Rights Officer for 2015. Together we come to AUSA from a long background in activism and politics, including university politics, queer and student activism, and Young Labour, and want to bring this knowledge into our duties as potential WROs. We hope to contribute to AUSA and its ability to help empower women at university on a material level.

We are both passionate about feminism, celebrity gossip, and cats, and are in the 3rd years of our undergraduates here at Auckland University.

GORASIA, ADITI & QIU, DIANA



NOMINATOR: PENELOPE JONES
SECONDERS: TESSA NADEN, JENNIFER MUIR

We'd love to be your voice in AUSA to help you feel happy and healthy, and shun everything that doesn't.

With "Am I a workaholic?" being a commonly uttered question, Diana will work endlessly to make sure that we do justice to your ideas and concerns. She's always smiling, but underneath lies a fiery personality and a passion for women's issues.

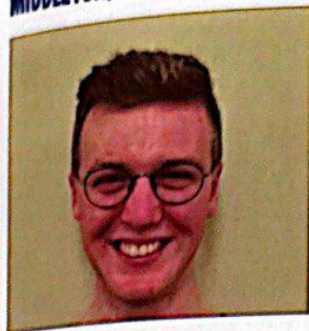
On the opposite end of the spectrum, Aditi will completely empathise with your needs to hibernate with Netflix and candy. If you need someone to have a yarn with when things are dull, or to cuddle with while upset, she can be your go-to during weekly office hours at womenspace.

In 2016, we want a more comfortable womenspace: a place where you can come to showcase your ideas, opinions and artwork. We want a greater support network with other areas of AUSA (Queerspace, Parentspace), and, most importantly, we want to improve how the University treats our concerns as women.

We can't promise to magically eradicate sexism in a day (we're not Emma Watson, as much as we'd like to be), but we can promise that we'll try our best to make sure your concerns become the University's concern too.

CRACCUM EDITOR

MIDDLETON, JOHN



NOMINATOR: SUSAN MIDDLETON
SECONDER: SARAH VERGEER, DANIELLE CHRYSTALL

I have a dream.

I have a dream that we can waste an 8am lecture reading embarrassing uni confessions, reviews of blind dates, and doing shit-loads of puzzles.

That Craccum could be hilarious distraction mixed with more in-depth content you wouldn't mind reading when it gets to Thursday and your stuck on the toilet with no battery left on your phone.

That we'll get back to doing lots of awesome Facebook giveaways.

I have a dream that I'll be able to abuse this position to get with hot first years in Bar101.

I'm John Middleton and I'm News Editor this year. I've interviewed

peeps like The Bachelor (day-mmm that guy is hot), Stan Walker, Winston Peters, as well as Carlos 'sloth' Craig this week.

Craccum relies on having all sorts of voices to make it a truly representative student magazine, so I will take all the help I can get. I want it to be inclusive, with lots of perspective, even if that pisses people off.

And I'm a BA student - I've got loads of time to waste on this shit.

Finally, so few people vote it will actually mean something if you do :).

BROWN, JAMES

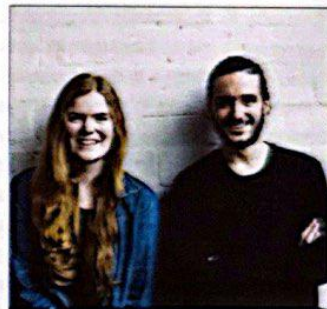
NOMINATOR: SYLVIE AMERICH
SECONDER: BRANDON LUONG, AMAN REDDY

Hi, I'm James Brown. Some of you might remember me as a deceased Black American singer. Others might know me for the four years' worth of crap I have written for this magazine. So here I am, trying to convince you that someone who, by his own admission is not quite sane, should be the next Editor of Craccum. Where to start?

I believe honesty is the best policy, so I'll be straight: I have been writing for Craccum for four long years, and been involved with them for three years before that. I remember a time when the Craccum boxes were empty every Monday afternoon, when we

had great editors like Matt and Val, Sloan, Rhys and Spencer who delivered witty and insightful commentary, satire and humour in equal measure every week. However you only need to look at the Craccum boxes throughout the week now to see how far Craccum has fallen. Hardly anyone reads it anymore. And I feel that I can turn that around, or at least improve the mag, using my experience and knowledge from past successes. With no friends or social life at all I can devote myself entirely to Craccum as well!

ABLEY, CAITLIN & FULLERTON, MARK



NOMINATOR: BERNARD VELLA
SECONDER: JESSICA STOREY, NICK FENTON

A ginger and a man of questionable ethnic origins walk into a magazine office. The bartender says, "How dare you enter this sanctum? You're a woman, of sorts, and I suspect your companion may be a high-ranking

member of a Colombian drug cartel. Get out." But they don't get out. They stay, and make the best goddamn student magazine you've ever seen.

Overshadowed in the realm of time-wasting by BuzzFeed and Elite fucking Daily, Craccum has become a flaccid beast who can't quite get it up long enough to satisfy potentially lusty readers. We'll turn Craccum into a genuinely alternative magazine that does what the Internet can't: provide content that is interesting to you *specifically* as a UoA student. We'll give Craccum its mojo back.

Caitlin is the current Arts Editor, and Mark has written more articles than there have been issues in 2015. We know our shit. Plus, in the last twenty years there have only been three female co-editors. Caitlin and her vagina would love to remedy this, as would Mark and his high regard for women and their opinions.

Vote for fucking fresh content. Vote for jokes you'll actually laugh at, vaginal or otherwise. Vote for us.

Notice of Polling Booth Times for 2016 Portfolios' Election

Will be held on Tuesday 18th, Wednesday 19th and Thursday 20th of August 2015

TUESDAY 18TH

Quad 11-4
Kate Edger /Information
Commons 11-4
Owen Glenn Building
10.30-11.30
Med School 10-12

WEDNESDAY 19TH

Quad 11-4
Kate Edger /Information
Commons 11-6
Owen Glenn Building
10.30-11.30
Epsom 1-3
Law School 11-1

THURSDAY 20TH

Quad 11-4
Kate Edger /Information
Commons 11-4
Owen Glenn Building
10.30-11.30
Tamaki 11-1

- Only current AUSA Members may vote.
- You must present your Student ID card (with 2015 sticker on) to the polling staff when you vote.
- You must be an AUSA member as of 3pm, 31 July 2015.

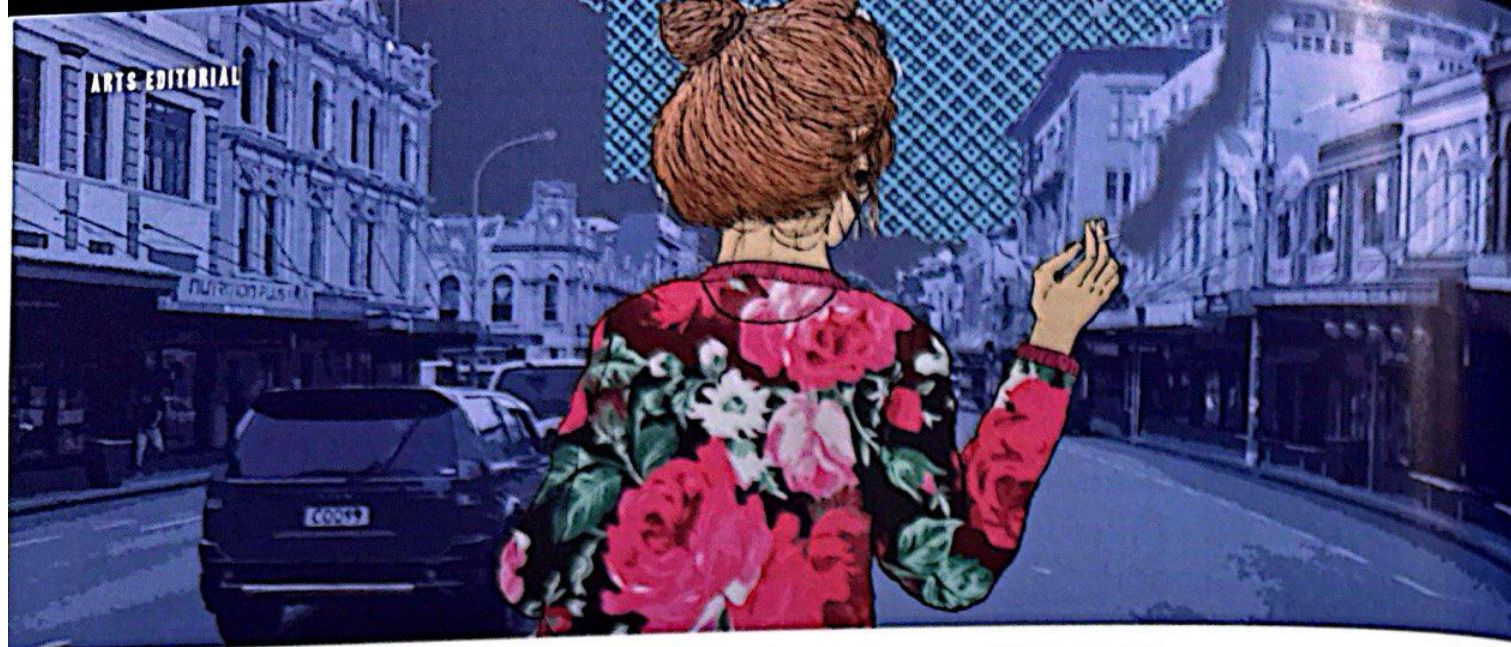
• Bob Lack, AUSA Returning Officer

VOTE

IN THE AUSA ELECTIONS

WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ/ELECTIONS

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS



HERALDING THE END OF THE WORLD

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

I HAVE SEEN THE END OF THE WORLD, THE DAWNING apocalypse. It is plastered in the pages of the *NZ Herald*. It is in their endless front-page discussion of the weather. It is in their sinister, sneakily-xenophobic pieces about foreign investors. It is in their fucking awful articles, aimed at what the editors obviously think is a brainless reading public: "Guilty dog has destroyed the couch", "Guilty dog dobbed in by mate", "Does this cup say Corey or Greg?", "Mum accidentally fake tans baby".

The problem with the increasing shitness of the *Herald* is we don't have another option. In the UK, the newspaper you choose to read says something definitive about you as a person. You read the *Guardian*? You're an over-apologetic leftie. You read the *Daily Mail*? You love gossip and may be a mild racist. You read the *Sun*? You probably think that equality for women means loving tits and ass equally. It is common knowledge that each newspaper has a distinct bias. The *Herald* is really all we have in Auckland – unless you rely on the *Central Leader* for your news, but that would make you a lost cause anyway. This is a real problem because it isn't explicitly obvious that the *Herald* operates with just as much of an agenda as any of those British papers. This means that, to the reading public, the *Herald's* articles are presented as news, as fact, as opposed to biased articles.

The *Herald* shapes public opinion every single day, by what it chooses to report and what it chooses to omit. We've been told for years that John Key is charismatic, that he is an everyman, and that is why he enjoys such comprehensive popularity. "Charismatic" and "down to earth" would not be the first terms that come to mind when describing an ex-foreign exchange trader who is now a millionaire and frequently says twatty things, but when it's written down enough times peo-

ple take it to be true without any evidence to actually support it. The fall of the Labour party has been massively exacerbated by the *Herald's* depiction of them as bumbling old hacks who have lost any sense of a cohesive political identity. Because we don't have other mainstream print news sources, these are seen as infallible facts as opposed to political opinions. So this doesn't turn into yet another commie rant, it must be said that the *Herald* doesn't just have it in for the left. Someone on the editorial team obviously got their boxers in a twist over Max Key, because they dragged out condemnation of his holiday video for weeks. Perhaps there should have been a small headline one day stating "Rich white kid is obnoxious, no one is surprised", but instead we got double-page spreads questioning whether John Key should apologise for his son being a bit of a prat, like all the other white boy DJs on Instagram.

All publications operate with an agenda, but it's hard to see what the *Herald's* is. In the last few years they have certainly shown a certain degree of support for National and disdain for Labour, but more recently seem to have been more willing to point out the majority party's cock-ups. What the *Herald's* agenda seems to be is anaesthetising the masses. Flicking through the paper and one would

think that housing prices are the only problem New Zealanders face, and global issues don't exist whatsoever. They run tabloid-esque shit-nuggets like "Model admits she licks the cheese off Doritos to limit carbs" (August 12th) and "A step-by-step guide to celebrity divorces" (August 10th). The front few pages are littered with human-interest pieces like "Swimmer distraught after gear stolen" (August 13th). Visitors from overseas often comment that, judging by the newspapers, New Zealand appears to be a crime-free, poverty-free paradise. I'm not necessarily suggesting that the *Herald* ought to follow the UK's suit and adopt their doom-and-gloom sensationalism, but they could start by focusing on the hundreds of thousands of New Zealand children living below the poverty line, and looking at the state of prisons beyond the headline-grabbing "fight clubs". They could look at discussing important parliamentary decisions such as the TPPA in the main body of the paper, rather than relegating them to the back pages of the Business section. They could put something that *isn't* related to the property market and mortgage rates on the front page.

Or you could use *Craccum* as your main media outlet. Though the apocalypse may seem a little bit closer.

"YOU READ THE GUARDIAN? YOU'RE AN OVER-APOLOGETIC LEFTIE. YOU READ THE DAILY MAIL? YOU LOVE GOSSIP AND MAY BE A MILD RACIST. YOU READ THE SUN? YOU PROBABLY THINK THAT EQUALITY FOR WOMEN MEANS LOVING TITS AND ASS EQUALLY."



THE WOLFPACK

FILM REVIEW

THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL has just come to a close. Pretentiousness aside, these films deserve to be held in high regard. They're carefully crafted and they demand discussion – a unique change from the sometimes cliché and conventional everyday cinema experience. One of the films that demanded the most attention was Crystal Moselle's documentary *The Wolfpack*.

The Wolfpack details the true story of six brothers who are locked away by their parents in their Manhattan apartment for fourteen years (yes, fourteen years – told you these films demand discussion). Without any learned socialisation from the outside, they discover the Western world through watching films and re-enacting scenes from their favourites. These parts of the film are

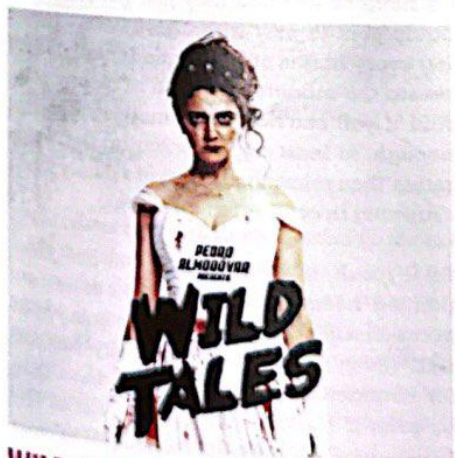
The Wolfpack's main selling point, as they connect the audience to the boys on a level other than sympathy. It's amusing, relatable, and it immediately elevates you to the close-knit silliness of childhood and siblinghood. Quickly enough, this gratifying enjoyment is taken away in order to resolve your many unanswered questions.

The backstory that reveals as the film progresses is kind of expected. Poor family. Submissive mother. Strict, lazy, power-hungry, fanciful, overprotective father turned alcoholic who's very shut-off and occasionally abusive. What other kind of scenarios could you think of where someone would think it's a good idea to confine kids away from the world? There's obviously something not right going on behind closed doors here. And just like all films that explore bizarre results of socialisation, we're given tastes of underlying personal life in tiny fragments.

These fragments seem to become gradual-

ly more fragmented, as we enter the story where the boys are progressing with a phenomenal sense of control and individuality. One of the boys decides to disobey the father's instructions and leaves for a walk around the neighbourhood. Thankfully, abuse is not what results from this. Instead, we see a thriving of a will for the rest of the boys, the wolfpack, to begin exploring the outside world. What you'd expect from this are more amusing scenes of uneducated teenagers disregarding common social conditions, but what we receive are scenes that are rather liberating, teasing our fascination and curiosity with the lives in the film. As a result, we're left with a sense of hope, and also a sense of wonder as to how the boys survived and thrived amongst their mysterious circumstances. Moselle received the ultimate scoop upon meeting these boys, and created a compelling portrait of a family who put a haunting twist on everyday urbanised life.

REVIEW BY DAMA TETENBURG



WILD TALES

FILM REVIEW

WHAT A CHAOTIC BLOODY FILM, FAR OUT. SO juicy though, like a fat ol' steak (or tofu, I'm cool like that). Dripping with imagination, anger, revenge and a huge sense of momen-

turn, *Wild Tales* comes straight from the seething heart of Argentinian director Damián Sziffrón, and delivers six short films in one sitting that follow a wavering contour of rage and madness, with a soupçon of hysterical horror. All the stories are about 15-20 minutes in length, a really great way to digest a movie to be quite honest; it keeps you on your seat the whole time, as opposed to watching people meticulously eat the chocolate off their choc top ice cream, then proceed to dip their ice cream in their popcorn. Mad men.

Anywho, the movies themselves all have a heart of darkness at the core, like said popcorn defilers *shiver*. A man forever abandoned and critiqued seeks revenge, the consequences of road rage, parking fines, hit and runs. Cheating, deceit. Pretty miserable stories really, but imagine an apple with a few rotten sections peppering its outside. Sweet, funny, and enjoyable. But a few bites are very uncomfortable, and make you ques-

tion the apple's worth. The apple, the movie presents, is human emotion. The rotten parts, are, well, the rotten parts. What drives someone to do something to someone else. And it is in fact funny, the depths that people will go to hurt other people and to attain revenge. Completely ludicrous shit! And that's what makes this black comedy film so great. It laughs at the horrors of human nature, and perhaps hopes to undermine them and make them known to the public in a horrid way. If I was to stab said popcorn defiler, that wouldn't be funny. But if I saw a movie about it, and laughed about it, then realised I was laughing at it, I'd be like "It's just popcorn and ice cream mate, fuck..." and then the movie would have done something great. Overall, a great set of films that really drive home an Argentine perspective on the fragile human psyche, that also prevents deaths of snack food fiends. Stoked.

REVIEW BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

DÉJÀ VU GIORGIO MORODER

ALBUM REVIEW

GIORGIO MORODER, UNASSUMING DISCO KING OF the 70s and 80s, has re-launched himself into the music scene at the age of 75. The man behind big tracks like Donna Summer's "Bad Girls", Blondie's "Call Me", as well as collaborations with music legends David Bowie and Freddie Mercury, has released his seventeenth studio album, *Déjà Vu*. That number is a clue in itself as to how ridiculous this album is going to be.

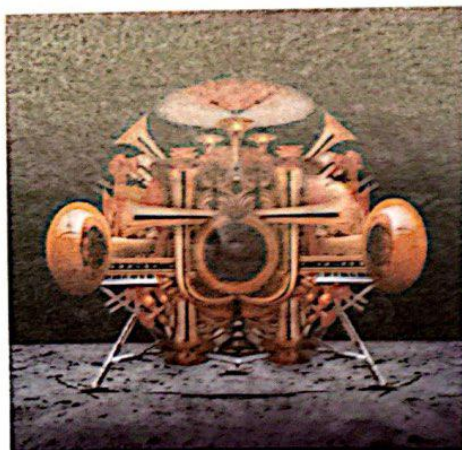
As an album, it doesn't make sense. The songs don't complement each other in any way – a similar feature of many solo albums made by producers. "74 is the New 24" is just cringe-worthy, and as much as I admire the man for keeping it real and hip at his age, it really doesn't do anything for the album and

is, frankly, not something anyone wants to dance to. It's an irrelevant and unnecessary statement, bordering on pretentiousness. Like, good on you for still going, but it's time to unplug the Moog, put those mixing fingers to better use – like for completing paint by numbers. The majority of these tracks contain dated rhythms that are uninspiring and the songs come across as more formulaic than anything. Disco music is known for minimalism, but Moroder has left his imagination back in the 70s. Not even the relatively commendable line-up of feature vocalists can save this album.

However, if you want to give this album a crack, rather than listen to it as a whole, I'd recommend picking out these standout tracks. After all, Moroder is more of a singles-man. Eponymous track "Déjà Vu" featuring Sia contains wicked, throwback 70s disco strings. Music's it-girl of the moment, Charli XCX, features on the pulsing, bass-heavy

track "Diamonds". Although it sounds like Charli had far more input in it than she should have, given it's Moroder's record. However the undeniable highlight of this album is lead single "Right Here, Right Now" featuring fellow club-wonder Kylie Minogue. It's classic. It's timeless. It's everything you want from a big club, disco smash. Plucking electric guitar grooves, synths galore in the pre-chorus that builds and builds until Minogue hits her high notes and the funky groove returns. You can hear the Daft Punk similarities in this track (Moroder collaborated with them on *Random Access Memories*), or rather Daft Punk took a page out of his book. The only difference is Daft Punk did it right in creating something new with old influences. Moroder didn't. He has created something old, desperately trying to incorporate new influences and it doesn't work.

REVIEW BY CATRIONA BRITTON



MOBILE ORCHESTRA OWL CITY

ALBUM REVIEW

IN ALL HONESTY, I THOUGHT SOLO ARTIST OWL CITY had given up on his music career. I mean, it's been a good three years since anything new has been released. His previous works were ethereal dreamscapes relentlessly used

to escape the so-called problems that being a young teenager presents. However, present day me isn't too interested in cutesy pop music anymore, so I was hardly thrilled at the news of an album. But I gave it a listen anyway.

The first track is the album's single – "Verge", featuring Aloe Blacc. I instantly recognized the vocals as the guy who sang in Avicii's "Wake Me Up". That's basically what "Verge" is, and what later track "Unbelievable" is too – just more collaborations between producers and good singers, making those cliché upbeat songs for pop radio. They get played, they get paid. It's cool for a while, but not if you do the same thing twice in one album, and certainly not if you grow up and realize that all these songs follow a bland and generic electro-pop formula. Give me a break, please. We see right through your fake spirit.

The rest of the tracklist is a bit of a mess. It's the recognizable delicate electronica of Owl City, mixed with a weak attempt at a con-

temporary sound. Beats and tones vary, but it's more or less like they just got some new equipment to play with. News flash – pressing every button on your soundboard doesn't create the modern vibe you're clearly after. And if you can't create something dynamic enough, at least try to switch up the lyrics, rather than refusing to let go of a dainty world drowning in counterfeit romance.

As a result, it all falls short. I'm not disappointed because I didn't expect to enjoy it in the first place, but I doubt it's going to do well (even though it's practically begging for commercial success). The saddest thing is, even if you haven't heard much of Owl City before, it's still going to fall just as short. Some you hit, some you miss. Owl City's had its triumph on the charts, and now I think it's time to settle down. Especially since he felt the need to throw a country pop song in a midst of subpar electronica – now that's just asking for criticism.

REVIEW BY DANA TETENBURG

MR. ROBOT

TELEVISION REVIEW

YOU WON'T FIND ANOTHER TELEVISION SERIES AS blunt as Sam Esmail's *Mr. Robot*, at least not on network television. With such a candid criticism of 21st century capitalist culture, I'm amazed at how supportive USA Network (a network owned by NBCUniversal, the biggest mass media company in the world) has been with the show so far. They've even gone and ordered themselves a second season already. I ain't complaining though.

The show follows the life of Elliot (Rami Malek), a security software programmer by day and a Batman-esque vigilante by night. But instead of a mask and a utility belt, Elliot fights crime donning an inconspicuous hoodie and a genius-level computer hacking ability. He tends to stick to individual criminals – traffickers, child pornographers, identity thieves, etc. – but he yearns to take down

the transnational corporate big shots that are running the world. He gets the opportunity to do just that when he is approached by a man called Mr Robot (Christian Slater) who runs 'fsociety', a hacker group bent on taking down corporate America.

The show pays homage to the hacktivist culture and isn't afraid to show us a bit of malicious coding in the same way *Breaking Bad* isn't afraid to show us the meth-making process. Besides its massive assault on neoliberalism, Esmail works in a lot of other disillusionments from topics such as 21st century morals to online privacy. The best faith-in-humanity-destroying moments are the ones where Elliot (who is also the narrator) introduces characters to the audience. Elliot hates not knowing everything about someone so he hacks everyone that he meets and creates a character profile based around the contents of their email, Facebook, search history etc. So when he introduces someone, Elliot never fails to mention their intrinsic flaws and ques-

tionability, tarnishing the images of characters before we get to judge them ourselves.

Despite Elliot's harsh treatment of the people, the series is quite humanistic. The small humane moments that are sprinkled into every episode counteract the cold and sterile bureaucratic and formula-driven world that Elliot paints for us. Elliot believes that people run like programs. We are driven to perform a task and any flaws in our character are bugs that need to be fixed. But the show contradicts Elliot by showing us that flaws are fundamental to humanity. There's a nice scene near the end of the first episode when Elliot and his childhood friend Angela (Portia Doubleday) embrace in a moment of emotional and psychological turmoil. In a moment of forgiveness, the two acknowledge each other's faults without a single word. It's moments like these that thrive in this series and if they keep this up then I'm a happy guy. Also fucking up the system. That's fun too.

REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

PLAYSTATION EXCLUSIVE

GODZILLA

VIDEO GAME REVIEW

IT WAS 1954 WHEN GODZILLA FIRST STOMPED HIS WAY onto the silver screen as a rubber suited actor, tearing through cardboard box cities personifying the nuclear scars on the Japanese psyche. Now imagine if you will, someone who saw this Godzilla back in the 50s was somehow cryogenically frozen, re-awoken 60 years later and sat down to play Bandai Namco's latest interpretation of the franchise, you'd forgive them for asking why things had regressed.

It is incredibly disappointing that a game where you play as a giant radioactive lizard that fights evil monsters in city-destroying battles that would rile up Zack Snyder is so frustrating and dull. The aim of the sin-

gle-player game is to destroy a series of giant generators spread across the landscape and gain power by leveling buildings. Standing between you and this arbitrary objective is the military task-group "G-Force", who while annoyingly numerous, have about as good a chance of stopping you as a fly has of stopping a semi-truck on the motorway.

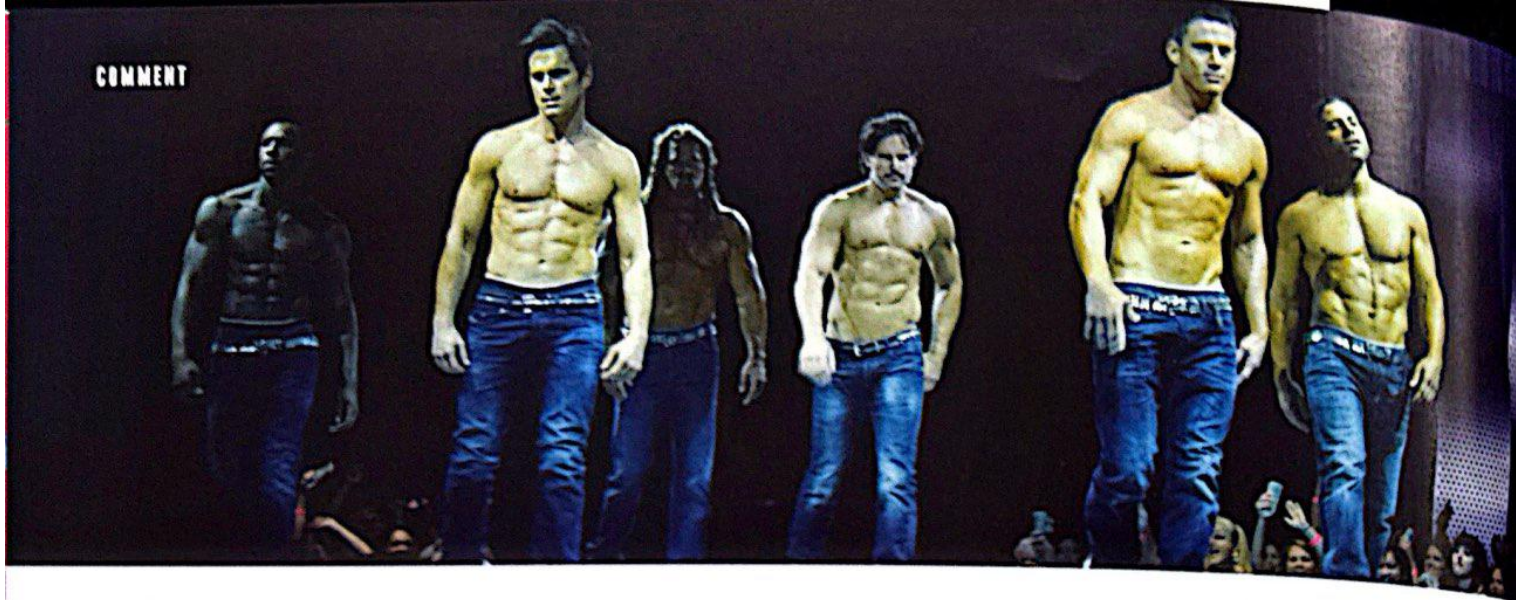
The only remote challenge to your merry romp through the apartment blocks comes when one of Godzilla's trademark schoolyard rivals shows up. However even the likes of Mothra or Jet Jaguar are not your biggest threat, that honor rests with the game's horrific control scheme and moves system. Combos are painfully repetitive and the lack of a block or targeting mechanism makes fights unbearably drawn out, the player being forced to ration their stamina bar between using Godzilla's knock back and his super attack (arguably the only thing that will

inevitably bring your spiritless sparring match to a close this side of the 21st century).

On a technical level, *Godzilla* is a poor excuse for a next-gen game. The graphics and visuals certainly resemble special effects of the 1950s but not in a manner that is charming or intentional. Environments are colorless and bland, characters models are ugly and the animation is clunky and crude. Bandai Namco has attempted to defend their choice in visuals, claiming they were trying to capture the look and spirit of the old films, but this does nothing to answer for such genuinely flawed design. Combined with an unimaginative story and uninspired multi player results in a game that feels dated and like its namesake, would probably make everyone happier if it was at the bottom of the ocean.

REVIEW BY ALEX VAINERITUA

GAMES



MAGIC MIKE AND THE DOUBLE STANDARDS IN POPULAR CULTURE

CULTURE COMMENT

THE REAL HOUSEWIVES TV SERIES SPANS CONTINENTS, and as far as guilty pleasures go, this one is probably the most shameful. Despite the abundance of fake tans and false eyelashes, this show does surface some real issues; the attitudes towards a woman's rumoured past as a stripper being one pertinent example. Two of the series' cast members, one hailing from *The Real Housewives of New Jersey*, and another woman from the show's Melbourne equivalent, found stories being spread that they had at one point in their lives been strippers.

The truth of these rumours is irrelevant. What is infuriating and upsetting is the vehemence with which both of these women felt they had to deny the rumours about the alleged salaciousness of their past. The very notion that they had ever taken their clothes off and/or danced to make a living was bandied about, fiercely refused, and felt to be an impugnation of their honour.

The fact that Channing Tatum was a stripper before lucking out on the acting scene, however, is something that has proven to be an ingratiating point of discussion on late night talk shows. Divulging this did no discernible damage to his career; rather, he has now starred in a film franchise that was partly inspired by this very experience. For a man, it appears that a past stint as a stripper is something that can be embraced, endearing, and grant you a starring role in a pair of films that have made \$278,481,080 worldwide.

This is not Channing Tatum's fault. He seems to be a lovely and talented guy. No, I'm shak-

ing my fist like a crotchety old man standing on his porch at you, society. And *Magic Mike*, in between jigglng butt cheeks and montages of lively pelvic thrusts, offers us an insight into society's shittiness, in the way that it illustrates – in bright lights and leather chaps – that the sexualisation of men and women is treated completely differently.

The characters' provocative pursuits are seen as something amusing, and it seems that in general the sexualisation of men does not inherently lend itself to assumptions of promiscuity, or conundrums of integrity. Women cheer themselves into a frenzy as they watch the men of the Xquisite Strip Club take it off to



COMING SOON

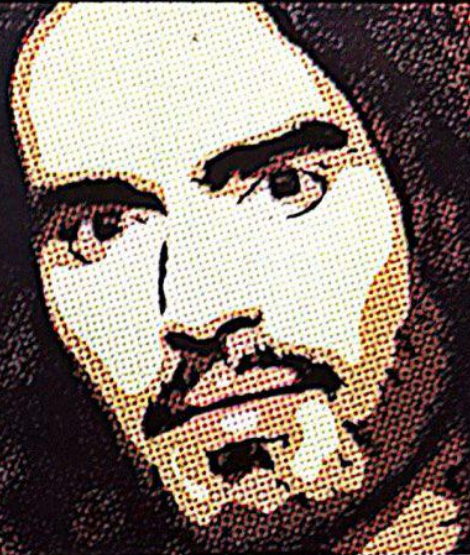
tunes by The Weather Girls, signifying that this is all a bit of a laugh. In the trailer for *Magic Mike XXL*, Channing Tatum grinding a power tool to the bleating intro of "Pony" by Ginuwine, and Joe Manganiello spurting a water bottle in a highly suggestive fashion feel like moments that are meant to be more ridiculous, than elicit a reaction of "wow so hot".

Plus, the moves the characters in *Magic Mike* pulled on their customers were a little dicey. One of the dancers holds a patron face-to-face with his crotch as he writhes on stage, and in a jiffy *Magic Mike* himself has a woman doubled over and grinds behind her like his life depends on it. The sexualisation of these men posits them in a position of power, and still manages to objectify and undermine women, in a movie for which they are largely the target audience.

These double standards are surely not news to anyone. The celebration of men in a sexualised profession is simply a sad reminder of the fact that we live in a culture that demands and commodifies the sexualisation of women, and then condemns them for it. In the immortal words of Ginuwine's "Pony", "my saddle's waiting, come and jump on it" – but you'll likely be judged if you do.

COMMENT BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

"FOR A MAN, IT APPEARS THAT A PAST STINT AS A STRIPPER IS SOMETHING THAT CAN BE EMBRACED, ENDEARING, AND GRANT YOU A STARRING ROLE IN A PAIR OF FILMS THAT HAVE MADE \$278,481,080 WORLDWIDE."



RUSSELL'S NEW BRAND

ARTS COMMENT

WHEN YOU THINK RUSSELL BRAND, YOU THINK SEX, drugs and rock 'n' roll. At least, that's what we used to think, but now he's taken on a new challenge. Releasing several feature-length documentaries, countless interviews, a published novel and a global tour, it's clear Brand has really created a new identity for himself. His recent transition from comedian to social activist is bizarre to say the least. It's not uncommon for celebrities to voice their objections to certain social problems but usually this is done with a brief expletive-ridden tweet or a polite response to an interview question. Not many go to the lengths that he has to try and mobilise the masses. But in the past couple of years, Brand has taken it upon himself to start a revolution and change 'the system'.

You can't help wondering who Brand is to be starting his own revolution. To be a leader of the masses you need some kind of credibility. Sure he's funny and sexy but Brand just can't seem to shake the comedic, sexual identity that he crafted for himself in the earlier days of his career. Even when he's not in character, you can't help remembering his role as Aldous Snow in *Get Him to the Greek* and wondering whether he really is just an egocentric, fun-loving guy, who just wants to be the centre of attention.

Brand's latest documentary, *The Emperor's New Clothes*, urges us to throw off the shackles of capitalism and revolt against the elite. Not in quite such dramatic terms, but that's the general idea. He analyses the fallout of the global financial crisis in England, focusing on the everyday struggles that so many face, compared with that of wealthy bankers (most of whom are still being paid their bonuses). It was certainly informative. For instance, I now know that David Cameron keeps his family trust fund in an off shore tax haven. That's right, the Prime Minister of England doesn't even pay taxes in his own country! If that doesn't get your blood boiling I don't know

what will. You leave the film ready to rage at the patriarchy, the hierarchy, whatever -archy you can, only to realise he hasn't really given us much directive instruction.

There have certainly been criticisms that he's all talk and no action. Brand is notorious for taking the piss in interviews, particularly when he's seated across from someone he doesn't particularly like. *The Emperor's New Clothes* didn't offer any solutions we haven't heard before, and certainly nothing particularly practical. But I don't think that's the point he's trying to make. Brand makes a refreshing change from the usual legion of academics and politicians who we hear discussing the political and economic state of things. Sure, Brand is often irreverent, immature, and sometimes downright rude, but he also seems a hell of a lot more authentic than most. Certainly his struggle to overcome his drug addiction, and his subsequent battle to decriminalise drugs in England (another important strand of his social activism) give him an authenticity that can't be faked. Despite what people say, you get the sense that he really isn't doing this just to fuel his own ego but because he's experienced what it's like to be down and out. The reality is that he really doesn't have to care anymore. He's a rich, white male with no glass ceiling in sight. But he doesn't try to deny his wealth or privilege. In fact he's using his status to start a discussion, and sometimes you need to be 'some-

one' before people will listen. Brand's potential to create change comes from the fact that he appeals to a totally different group of society, one that academics and leaders might be slightly out of touch with.

His wealth does make you want to second-guess him though. Brand is coming to New Zealand later in the year. I eagerly went online to buy a ticket to his show, only to realise it would set me back \$80. What kind of disenfranchised, downtrodden member of society has \$80 to spare to listen to someone talk about how awful everything is? He seems to have missed the mark there. If he really wants to raise awareness and rally the troops, maybe he should make his shows slightly more accessible. Then again, he's spreading the word through almost every different means of communication so most people can find at least some way to hear his arguments. I don't think his wealth should be grounds for dismissing everything he has to say. The reality is, he's using his wealth to open up important discussions and if it makes even one person stop and think about how things came to be the way they are, then that's at least a start.

Maybe he is self-centred and arrogant but I also think he's genuine in what he says. Surely everyone deserves a chance to re-brand themselves.

COMMENT BY HANNAH BERGIN

"BUT HE DOESN'T TRY TO DENY HIS WEALTH OR PRIVILEGE. IN FACT HE'S USING HIS STATUS TO START A DISCUSSION, AND SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO BE 'SOMEONE' BEFORE PEOPLE WILL LISTEN."

TOP TEN

CONVERSATIONS OVERHEARD AT AUCKLAND UNI

WANT TO WRITE A TOP 10 FOR CRACCUM? EMAIL MATT@CRACCUM.CO.NZ FOR ANY IDEAS. PLEASE DO IT, HE'S GETTING DESPERATE AND ANNOYING EVERYONE.

1 "I DIDN'T DO THE READING BECAUSE IT WAS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS LAST YEAR; IT'S SO EASY"- Sitting in the back row of the Law lecture in your \$400 coat and suede shoes whilst discussing your heart-felt critique of the lecture content, sees the pretensions of your overtly superior knowledge of the course content that you think is appropriate. The sweat glistens above your forehead like the pube-infested ceramic urinal where you should've left your opinion. Jesus Fucking Christ. There is no goddamn way you have a better knowledge of what you should be learning than those who set the course. Put that MacBook aside and take off those Ray-Ban frames; you're a first year, not a lecturer. Sit down, you obnoxious prick, literally no one cares that you did Cambridge Thinking Skills.

2 "I DON'T LIKE THIS LECTURER, HE'S TOO BORING"- You claim that your lecturer makes a 50-minute lecture into the tragic void of your decaying youth. Your opinion has made less sense than the crowd flailing mercilessly to the detritus of shitty club music in Bar 101 on a Wednesday. Wow. You don't like the lecturer? You must be Christ reincarnate to be such a special individual. Clean the fuck up and marvel at the brilliance of education. It's been around for centuries and you're the one that's bored? Maybe you should change your degree to a Bachelor of Commerce and complain about minorities instead of your chubby high horse lecturer, fuck.

3 "MAN, I'M GOING TO BE UNEMPLOYED"- No shit.

4 "LITERALLY"- I'm quite literally drowning in your despair and branded, fluorescent "running shoes", which are used for literally everything except running. Literally. It's not literal, you're not dying, and you're sure as hell not achieving anything in saying it. Literally.

5 "I WAS THINKING OF CHANGING MY MAJOR TO SOMETHING THAT REALLY CONNECTS WITH ME"- Hold the fuck up there, Culture Casey. I thought it was best left to the movies: the quaint and sophisticated glasses, laptop (obviously in some sort of case) perched in one enlightened hand, and overpriced Arabica Fair-Trade quarter strength decaf soy cream cappuccino. The age of a cultured and unique university is over.

Don't pretend that we are some exotic institution where you can "discover yourself".

6 "DEFINITELY GOING TO GET SOME CHEAP FLIGHTS THIS WEEKEND FOR A QUICK GETAWAY"- Cheap fucking flights? How'd you go from professional lecture critic to your weekend excursion to Tunisia? Who the fuck goes to Tunisia? Somehow, you're only cultured by the diverse fungal growth perspiring from the excrement of your speech. Fucking Tunisia, Jesus.



7 "FEMINISM IS SUCH A JOKE, THEY JUST NEED A ROOT"- You inbred fucker. Your conservative hatred spreads like the stench of your single-use white Flux Sadidas and your own patriarchal filth dripping down your throat. Under the puffer jacket vest shit (the one you adorn happily amongst your sizzling insecurities) lies the bastard essence of your inability to hold onto any individual for two seconds. Listen, read, or fucking wrench close the gaping anus of your mouth. Welcome to the real world, fuckwit.

8 "POLITICS IS JUST NOT MY THING"- In joining the ranks of the beloved uni student, you feel elated at the thought of being able to

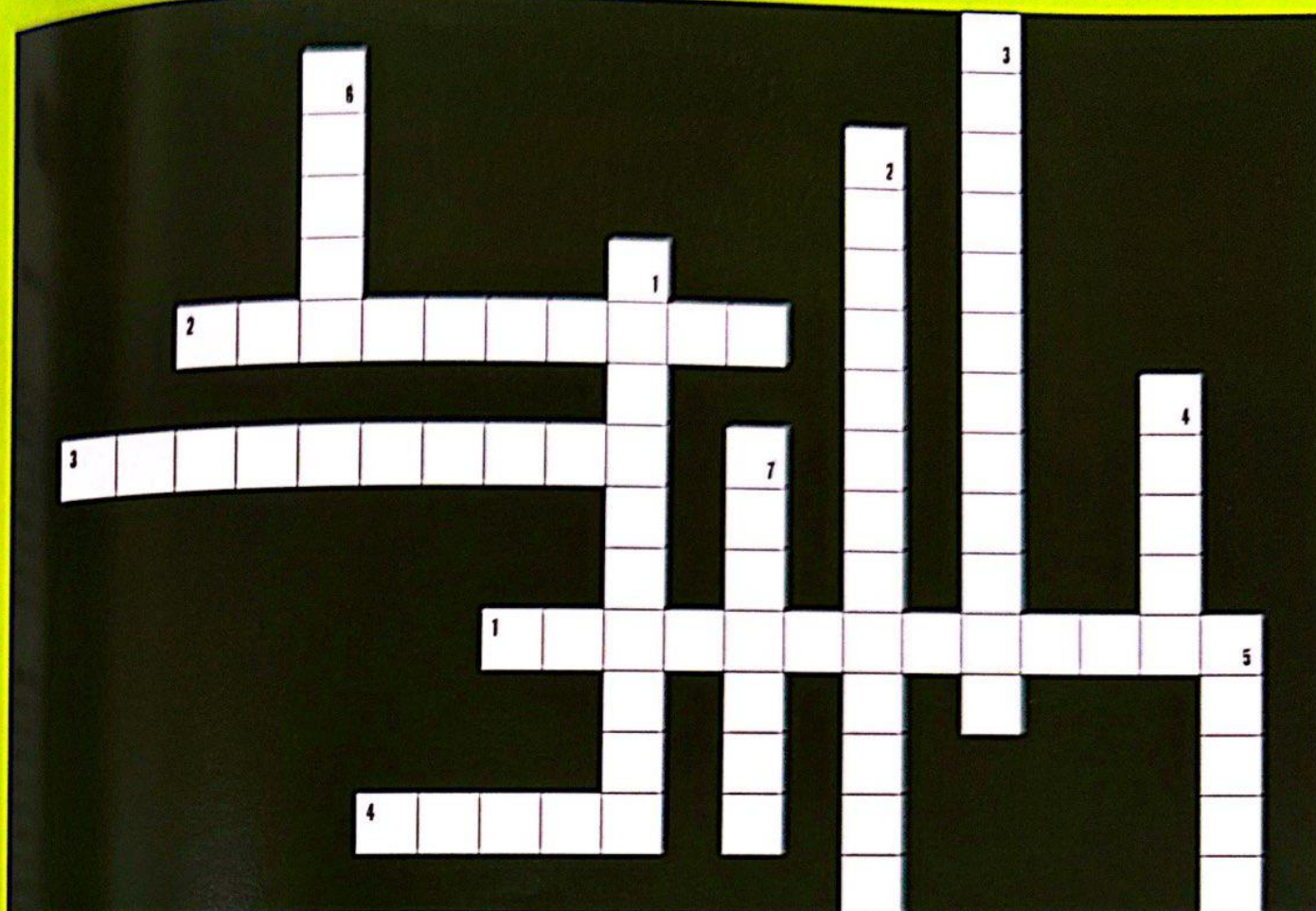
experience the intellectual rambles of the professor, or lay in the innocuous hue of grey draped over the walls in the library, as you enjoy the fashion of sophistication and java... No? Oh right, because you're still rolling in the vapour air of your double bed and inspirational wall prints. Before you get a job as a theologian or an accountant, at least do the rest of civilisation a favour and tie a noose out of your umbilical cord, fuck.

9 "EW, YOU ONLY FLAT IN SANDRINGHAM? THAT'S LIKE NOT EVEN KINGSLAND. EW"- The dawn of your longed independence stands in front of you, teasing through the jail cell of the Auckland property market. As you attempt to seek the key to freedom (or your part-time call centre job for Vodafone), you scrape enough pennies to purchase a coffee in some over-priced joint in the CBD. The issue is that you can't enjoy your \$5.70 flat white over the stench of people who can actually afford the over-foamed delicacy. You take a glance left... A glance right... And you settle on the beastial eyes of those who actually try to discern between Sandringham and Kingsland. Fuck off, it's all Auckland and we are all pricks. Don't try to be more of a prick. We're all hated the same.

10 "HOW DID YOU FIND THE ASSIGNMENT? I GOT AN A+ AND I THOUGHT I FAILED!"- It's been said before, and it'll be proclaimed once again. There must be a club for those who want to be hated. Or is that Law school? Just because you see your BA fucking 2-percent essay as the definition of your existence, doesn't mean we are all willing to document our entire academic records for you, you sycophantic kindergarten project bastard (Sure you "did it yourself"). You must be fun at parties.

BY JACK ADAMS

THE SWEAT GLISTENS ABOVE YOUR FOREHEAD LIKE THE PUBE-INFESTED CERAMIC URINAL WHERE YOU SHOULD'VE LEFT YOUR OPINION. JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.



ACROSS

- Contributor of the Week, and *Craccum* Editor Candidate
- The name of the man who recently stepped down from hosting the *Daily Show* after a 15 year run
- The name of the commune on the West Coast of the South Island
- The Script sing the song Paint the Town ____?

DOWN

- Which columnist is running for position of *Craccum* Editor?
- The male member of our editorial team who is running for *Craccum* Editor
- The female member of our editorial team who is running for *Craccum* Editor
- Capital of Egypt
- Where did Captain Bacon and Sergeant Spinach go this week for their review?
- Which country first used the high speed trains Denton talks about in his editorial?
- The name of the small Australian Island that is fighting the takeover from it's mother country

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The People to Blame

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Shadows Contributor of the Week

Mark Fullerton

SHADOWS
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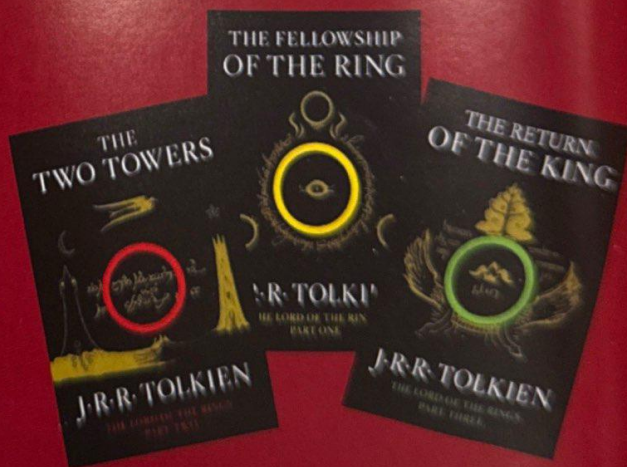
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