

CRACCUM

magazine 04



browntown

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lies on mars?

CHRISTY BURROWS EXAMINES THE DARK SIDE OF OUR ROCK ICONS. PAGE 18.

hugh vs. colin

THE BATTLE OF THE BRITISH BOMBSHELLS. WHO WILL COME OUT ON TOP? PAGE 30.



HARD NIGHT STUDYING?



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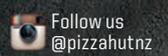
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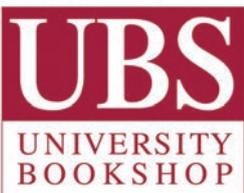
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CAITLIN AND MARK
EDITOR@CRACCUM.CO.NZ

Up until recently, us two *Craccum* editors shared a desk. AUSA, in a rare show of compassion, eventually relented and provided another.

The plus side of this is that we no longer have to bump knees for hours on end – and if you've seen Mark, you'd know his knees are entirely meatless and, by consequence, razor sharp. The downside, however, is that a great divide is now apparent in the office. If you go to Mark's side of the room, you will find a desk covered in rugby jerseys, *Rocky* DVDs, BBQ sauce, and the head of a wild hog that he caught and slaughtered himself with nothing but a sharp pencil and grim determination. Caitlin's desk, on the other hand, is overrun by makeup, *Frankie* magazines, bunting, and the most magnificent range of sanitary products – tampons, pads, liners, douches, all the twat-tools you can imagine, swathes of cotton rising up from the wood laminate, loud pink leopard-print packaging screaming from every surface.

With Mark's exclusively male interests, and Caitlin being such a goddamn *girl*, you can imagine what it's like when we sit down after a long day to watch TV. All poor Mark wants is to wind down by watching sweaty dudes wrestle over a ball, but Caitlin nags nags nags until he switches over to *The Bachelor*, *Masterchef*, or a yoghurt commercial.

In January, TVNZ made a disturbing announcement concerning inequality of the sexes. It wasn't the wage gap (total myth anyway, duh). It wasn't New Zealand's horrific track record of family violence. It was female domination of Freeview television. In a shocking revelation, they disclosed that TV2 had a female-to-male content ratio of 60:40, whereas One and TV3 sat at about 55:45. Prime, the last bastion of gender parity, was 50:50.

To ameliorate this human rights violation,

TVNZ unveiled a new channel which launched last night. Duke's the name, and dicks are the game. It is an openly male-skewed channel, allegedly responding to market research that showed male viewers wanted, according to TVNZ Chief Executive Kevin Kenrick, "more distinctive content". Duke will broadcast such dude things as "movies, comedy shows, and sports". Wait a second... Don't girls watch those too? Oh wait, sorry, we thought you said "being moody, cooking shows, and spray tans". Carry on.

Duke is totally, utterly regressive. This idea that there is such thing as "distinctive" male content is complete horseshit, as is the notion that men need their own channel to escape the tyranny of chick television. Duke's confirmed shows include *The Late Late Show with James Corden*, *American Fringe*, *Gotham*, *Beowulf*, *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, and *Angie Tribeca*. So basically, men like action and adventure and laughing and Rashida Jones. Those sound suspiciously like things women also like. To make matters worse, Duke screens from 6pm to midnight each night. You know, because no men are at home during the day. Too busy breadwinning so their little ladies can live in luxury, right? (Note that yes, we are aware that prime time viewing is during the evening but maybe we're a little hysterical because this is SO FUCKING STUPID).

Of course, TVNZ reps have been quick to stipulate that, while Duke is male-skewed, it is not only for men. In an interview with *The Spinoff*'s Alex Casey (goddess, muse, wrote a far better article than this one, go check it out) Kenrick stated, "There won't be anybody checking gender at the door and saying 'you come in' and 'you can't'." So why do it? Why make the decision to declare it as a Man Channel, if we all agree that anyone can watch it?

The very fact that this is our editorial topic should answer that question. Without this

brouhaha over the bro-channel, Duke would be just another boring addition to an already dull Freeview line-up. From the moment they revealed their new channel, TVNZ have been smirking their way through the criticism, posting quotes from alleged haters on their Facebook page. "So sexist"; "The more you watch the dumber you get"; "Now grunt and scratch yourself"; "Are they idiots?". We have no idea whether these are from real people – to be honest, it doesn't make a difference. The point still stands. TVNZ have deliberately set out to stir up controversy over their otherwise unremarkable new initiative.

Our first thought when we heard about Duke was, "doesn't anyone on their marketing team go on the Internet? Do they know it is 2016?" But it doesn't matter if they alienate millennials – we're already alienated. How many of us watch actual television, with Netflix as cheap as it is, and streamed shows even cheaper? As sleek and hip as Duke's creators are attempting to be in their advertising campaign, their audience will be middle-aged men who will, generally speaking, give zero fucks about Duke being sexist claptrap. We made the mistake of taking Stuff.co.nz's poll, which asked, "A 'male-skewed' TV channel has been described as a 'backward step' - where do you stand?" 61% voted for the option "Separate TV channels for men and women may be sensible", while only 39% selected "TV channels should never be gender-specific". Leaving aside the clear flaws in the wording of the question (see the reasonable-sounding "may be sensible" against the more extreme "should never"), this poll illustrates exactly the kind of viewers Duke is aiming for, though they'd never admit it: Stuff.co.nz-reading, feminist-disparaging, provincial old dudes.

We can't urge you to vote with your remote controls – you won't be watching anyway. The only solution is to wait for the baby boomers to die. ■



MASSIVE FUCK UP THIS KIND OF STUFF IS ACTUALLY NOT COOL, THOUGH.

The editorial team of Massey University's *Massive Magazine* have faced sanctions over their choice of cover image for their second edition, with the magazine being censored across campus.

The offending image – that of a prostitute implied to be midway through a sexual act – was intended to tie into that week's feature article, "Students in the New Zealand Sex Industry: The Land of Tits and Money", a piece examining the myth of the part-time student, part-time sex worker.

Magazine bins storing the offending issues have been temporarily covered up, wrapped with brown paper. As a result, the cover image cannot be seen by passersby. Those bins also come with a large content warning, informing students of the potential harm that might come to those who pick up an offending copy. The cover has also been removed from the *Massive Magazine* website and Facebook page, and on all pages relating to the article the image has been replaced with an alternative, less provocative (although admittedly still risqué) image. *Craccum* understands that physical copies of the magazine were only distributed at Massey's Wellington campus before the ban was put in place.

In a statement posted on the group's Facebook page, *Massive Magazine* acknowledged "that this particular cover may be triggering, or cause harm for some students". However, the group also said that they "feel it is [their] role to raise awareness about challenging topics, and to create a healthy discussion about issues

that may affect students".

The response to this apology has been overwhelmingly negative, with students raising a number of concerns. The majority of the discussion focuses on the fact that for many students the image makes them feel demeaned and unsafe, and that printing it was irresponsible of the magazine, with some calling the entire affair a "publicity stunt". Some have called the decision to immediately apologise and cover up the stands "cowardly" – a deflection tactic designed to help those responsible for the decision avoid responsibility. Others asked the magazine's editors to consider the alienating effect the cover would have on the very student sex-workers they were intending to profile.

This cover is really only the latest example of university magazines pushing the limits of good taste. *Critic Magazine* – Otago University's Student Magazine – ran a piece titled "Diary of a Drug Rapist" in 2005, which drew national condemnation. Eventually, that edition of the magazine was banned by The Office of Film and Literature Classification, under threat of a \$5,000 fine.

Craccum magazine has its own history in this regard. At one point, *Craccum* published what came to be known as the "Porn Issue" – featuring no less than four different images of human vaginas, complete with an actual bona-fide centrefold.

[news ed: one of my professional goals this year is to sneak four penises into the magazine, in an attempt to balance out this bad karma. I'm sure that readers will be saddened to hear that my "NUDE DONALD TRUMP WITH A MICRO PENIS" US Election Special cover has already been rejected].

At the other end of the spectrum, less than a

week ago, *Salient* – Victoria University Of Wellington's student magazine – became embroiled in a censorship controversy of its own, with the Victoria University Vice Chancellor attempting to force the magazine to rescind a satirical piece it had published. The magazine took a strong stance against the Chancellor, and were eventually vindicated by the national press.

As of the print date for this edition of *Craccum*, there has been no word on whether *Massive Magazine* will face further sanctions, either from MUWSA, who fund the magazine, or from the University. Anecdotal sources point towards the magazine potentially losing advertising revenue from partners alienated by the publication's behavior. ■

[news ed again, because I'm editorializing: "let's be edgy" is dumb]

GENERAL MEETING "DEMOCRACY IS GOOD" SAYS AUSA PREZ.

AUSA is holding its Autumn General Meeting this Wednesday at 1.00pm, at the Student Union Quad. General meetings are an opportunity for students to raise issues in front of the AUSA executive board. AUSA, as always, encourages students to attend these events in order to get a better understanding of the way their student association, and their University, works.

For those who are easily bored by grassroots democracy, AUSA will also be holding a sausage sizzle in the Quad, as an added incentive. ■

SPY KIDS

GCSB GETS SMART TO POTENTIAL BABY BONDS



A top-level report to the government, co-authored by Former Labour Deputy Sir Michael Cullen and Dame Patsy Reddy, has made 107 different recommendations as to how New Zealand's spy agencies could reform. The proposals range from a complete structural shake-up of the management of the national intelligence agencies, down to issues of standardizing procedure when multiple agencies co-operate with each other.

The most important part of the paper is the recommendation that the government combine the outward facing GCSB with the more internally focused SIS, essentially removing the current restrictions on the GCSB on monitoring New Zealand citizens. Those policies come after years of increasing controversy about the operation of both agencies, with the government being criticized for its part in mass surveillance in the Urewera raids, and for expanding the powers of intelligence agencies generally. It is not clear whether in practice combining the two agencies and their resources will mean an expansion of power for the resulting entity, but the changes certainly represent a massive institutional shake-up.

However, the most controversial part of the report has been the recommendation that New Zealand intelligence agencies be provided with access to confidential student information. The changes would be part of a plan to monitor and detect foreign agents posing as international students. The reforms would give intelligence

the ability to access "student numbers", which are handed out by the Ministry of Education whenever a student enrolls in a New Zealand school, on a case by case basis. A large amount of personal information is then attached to individual "student numbers", including the bulk of individual attendance records, academic records, and teaching information. When asked the reasoning behind the provisions, Sir Michael said that the government "can't be sure that the large number of overseas students in New Zealand don't include some people who have other functions in life, apart from study."

AUSA President Will 'Serco Presents' Matthews says that he is skeptical of the proposal, and that "someone posing as an international student would hardly find it easy to access sensitive data. I also don't think the government can have it both ways – universities in New Zealand rely a lot on international students for funding, and they make up an important part of the local economies. This rhetoric will only cause students to question whether they do want to come to New Zealand and may lead to a drop in that funding."

Journalist Nicky Hager says that although some level of international operations are likely taking place in New Zealand at some level, "it doesn't mean that it is a huge and alarming threat to the safety and security of New Zealand."

Green Party Co-Leader Metiria Turei is also against the proposal, saying that the report does not adequately establish why giving access to this new information was necessary, saying that "If there is a case for that access, they should be making it to the public."

An estimated 54,000 international students

study at tertiary level in New Zealand. Fairfax Media has previously reported that Chinese intelligence agencies were building informant networks throughout Australia. The majority of the surveillance networks were reported as being at Australian tertiary institutions, including Melbourne University and Sydney University. They are designed to conduct surveillance on Australia's Chinese community, as well as on international students themselves. The Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (ASIO) is said to have built new counter-intelligence capabilities as a result. In the United States, the FBI also claim to have evidence supporting the suggestion that Western universities are increasingly becoming a target of foreign intelligence services.

As a counterpoint, there is also a history of the government abusing power when it comes to surveillance of students on university campuses. Journalist Brian Rudman, currently a columnist for the New Zealand Herald, made his name as a student reporter by exposing an SIS spy embedded on campus, who was monitoring students during the height of the Vietnam War. Rudman's piece triggered a national Commission of Inquiry.

None of the report's recommendations have yet been officially adopted by the government, with legislators free to decide whether or not to enact the report's findings in any form that they see fit. Regardless, the government hopes to pass a bill containing at least some of the changes recommended in the document by July of this year, with bi-partisan support. The full 171-page report, titled "Intelligence and Security in a Free Society", is available to read on the parliament website. ■



MARCH MADNESS PUBLIC TRANSPORT CRUMBLES UNDER THE PRESSURE

Students that rely on public transport to move them to and from university are still having issues with buses, and those problems are likely to continue over coming weeks.

In a phenomenon popularly known as “March Madness”, the Auckland public transport system is annually overwhelmed near the start of the year by the combined patronage of returning university students, secondary school students, and full time workers, all of whom tend to make a renewed effort to use public transport after the Christmas break.

On average, there are over a million trips taken on public transport in March. The problem tends to then settle down over following months as people either give up on public transport all together and arrange alternate forms of transport, or they learn to deal with the inconvenience and begin taking earlier buses and trains.

Main arterial routes are often the worst affected – commuters taking buses from Mount Eden road through to Britomart have reported wait times of over an hour, with as many as fifteen buses passing stranded commuters.

This is not a new problem. March has been the busiest month of the year for Auckland Transport every year. However, the issue is becoming an ever larger one as Aucklanders increasingly begin to defer to public transport as their preferred method of getting to and from work and school. It is a problem which disproportionately affects students, particularly students studying in the CBD, who are more likely to take a bus or a train than they are to pay the cost of upkeep for a car or to pay inner city rates for parking.

This year there have been a number of short-term attempts to address the issue, including adding 2500 extra seats on the worst affected routes. Simplified fares (profiled in our first edition of the year) were also designed to help alleviate the problem, making it easier and more attractive for patrons to transition between multiple services, encouraging HOP card use and making transport more straightforward for commuters. However, neither of these solutions have had a meaningful effect on the problem.

Generation Zero – an Auckland-based, “youth-led,” public transport reform group – have been running a campaign in recent weeks calling for people who have had bad experiences on public transport to submit their stories to their website.

The advertising component of that campaign was recently outlawed by the Council due to the group displaying posters calling public transport “shit”. However, while posters and flyers with the offending slogan are currently being withdrawn, the group are still accepting submissions on their website.

Point is, they have a bunch of suggestions for Auckland Transport on this issue: get more buses! [duh, and already happening] get more bus lanes! [also already happening] get more people on HOP cards! [seriously, fuck you if you're still paying cash] and so on.

Generation Zero told *Craccum* that according to AT, they *are* addressing these issues. Apparently the kind of public transport congestion we're experiencing is only symptomatic of the enormous scope of the issue that the Council faces. It is a problem that has built up over years, because previous generations of Council leadership didn't see public transport as something worth investing in. As it is being addressed now, it may well be something that gets fixed in the near future, particularly as major public transport initiatives are completed.

March will continue to be the busiest month of the year regardless – the social issues won't change – but, uh, hopefully it'll be a little bit less mad? ■

S.H.A.G

Student Housing Action Group (S.H.A.G) held their first public event last Monday, offering free food to students at the City Campus.

The group, formed earlier this year, aims to offer free food on campus to students two times a week – Mondays and Fridays.

They've launched the initiative to help out strug-

gling or marginalized students, and in response to the burdens placed on students by Auckland's housing crisis. It's part of a wider philosophy aimed at helping out students, addressing inequality, and refuting colonialist political paradigms.

The group are working towards holding their first general meeting, and have asked us to invite any interested students to become involved. If that sounds like you, you can contact SHAG through Facebook, “@Student Housing Action Group SHAG UOA”, or via email at shaguoa@gmail.com.

The Group's Facebook page will be updated with

when and where their free lunches will be held, along with other initiatives the group decides to launch over the course of the year. ■



BREAKING 2DEGREES NEW HIGH SCORE ON 'HOW-HOT-CAN-WE-MAKE-THE-WORLD' GAME

At the 2009 Copenhagen climate conference, international governments made an 'if-we-get-hotter-than-this-we-are-officially-screwed' agreement, setting it (generously high) at 2°C. On March 3rd, the average temperature for the northern hemisphere unceremoniously broke that cap.

This data, supplied by bona fide NASA, is not in isolation. Not only was March 3rd a sizzler, but February 2016 was hotter than the average February by 1.35°C. This broke the record for monthly average global temperature increase.

Craccum's sympathies are extended to the previous holder of this record, January 2016, and the holder before that, December 2015. This global data is reflected in Aotearoa, where NIWA data shows our recent February was 2.6°C above average. This increase is second only to 1998, a severe El Niño year.

The world is getting hotter (newsflash). Yes, 'breaking records' is sensationalist talk and doesn't mean much in isolation. Yes, momentarily breaching the 2°C cap is not the same as it being the annual average. However, these statistics are part of an overwhelming trend towards global temperature increase. It is not a trend you can blame on El Niño (cut him a break) because we've had stronger El Niños than this without these levels of change.

New Zealand was at that Copenhagen conference. We pledged to prevent that 2°C increase. But 2°C is no longer some arbitrary number we can fob off to Rhys Darby ads until someone else gets elected. We've crossed the 2°C line, even if only for a moment. We've been to the other side and Adele is not there to greet us. Only sweaty days and droughts and freak storms and climate change refugees and fewer bees.

Meanwhile, UoA is still business bros with the fossil fuel industry. I know you/Studylink/your rich parents thought they were investing in your future but really they are investing in oil. Fossil Free UoA continue in 2016 to campaign for UoA to create an ethical investment policy and divest. ■ CAITLIN LYNCH

BLACK CAPS MIGHT DO OKAY NATION LOSES ITS MIND

After a runaway win their first game of the ICC World Twenty20, the Black Caps have almost instantly become national treasures for the second year running. Our deadlines mean that we can't watch them play against Australia on Friday, demonstrating the reason why print media is dying.

However, assuming they survived Australia (the new tournament favourites) they should now

be almost guaranteed to make the final four, a near impossibility this time last week. The way the competitions net run rate system works means that even a close loss would not have damaged their chances. Assuming that they did survive Australia, I will now put forward my predictions for New Zealand's remaining run though the competition.

Pakistan: This match presents a challenge for New Zealand, even if they have already beaten the Green Shirts twice this year. New Zealand will have lost the element of surprise that they had against India, and Afridi's men will be prepared for a spin attack. This game will probably be a must-win for both teams and will end the competition for one.

Bangladesh: If New Zealand doesn't win this, they don't deserve to make the play-offs. Not

that Bangladesh should be underestimated – just ask England.

Semi Final: Obviously harder to predict. If New Zealand make it however, they will probably go in as underdogs. Pool A may be weaker overall, but South Africa on their day are unstoppable and England beat them convincingly in their warm up game.

The Final: It really is a long way away. Even if we make it, which is a big if, the chances of winning are not great. That being said, even making the final would probably be considered a victory, much like it was in the Cricket World Cup last year. The fact that if they did make it, it would probably be against India (big call, I know) doesn't help. With the home crowd cheering them on, I would have to back India for this one. ■ PATRICK NEWLAND

WHAT'S ON

Farmers Markets: Providing a reason to get out of bed on a weekend morning with their budget groceries and tasty treats!

Every weekend **La Cigale** hosts a French style farmers market in Parnell on both Saturday 8am-1pm and Sunday 9am-2pm. Featuring seasonal fruit and vegetables, breads and pastries, and so much more!

Make sure you visit the **Takapuna Market** early to make the most of the fresh produce and bargains. Head to the beach or local cafe after enjoying the lively atmosphere. Open from 6am-12pm every Sunday.

Parnell Farmers Market has more than 30 stalls which sell seasonal fruit and vegetables and your typical artisan extras like smoked fish and meats and baked goods. Every Saturday from 8am-12pm.

The **Grey Lynn Farmers Market** is a community run not-for-profit market aiming to provide people in the community with an alternative to supermarkets. With all the farmers market desirables they also have a community trading table. Open on Sunday, except the last Sunday of the month, from 9am-12:30pm

Avondale Markets have a strong Polynesian and Asian influence with a huge array of stalls, arts, crafts, clothes and probably the best prices you'll see anywhere in Auckland for fresh produce. Every Sunday from 6am-12pm.

Further afield, the **Matakana Farmers' Market** is one of the attributes giving Matakana the title of New Zealand's first Cittaslow (a modern Italian term for slow town). Great coffee and food with plenty of fresh and artisan produce. Every Saturday from 8am-1pm. ■

AGONY AUNTIES



Dear Agony Aunties,
I have just started at uni and am already having trouble balancing the workload with my social life. I have so many assignments but I just want to go out and party with my new friends! Please help!

Social Butterfly

Dear **Social Butterfly**,
Balancing study with fun sure can be a challenge! It's particularly important to start the year off well – if you neglect your assignments too wholeheartedly the workload can easily run away on you. Try to keep the partying to Friday and Saturday nights, and the week free for uni work. We know you will probably ignore us on this one, just don't come complaining to us in exam week... You can't say we didn't warn you... Best of luck!

Aunt Phryne and Aunt Wilhelmina xxx ■

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

THE CRACCUM GUIDE TO THE METRO GUIDE TO AUCKLAND'S CHEAP EATS: BI WON KOREAN BBQ

"Waiter, there's a fly in my boneless short rib!"

"Oh sorry... Here's free ice cream."

This isn't your typical punchline to a 'fly in my soup' joke. No, this was my experience at Bi Won Korean BBQ. Normally, a fly in your meal is grounds to give a sassy one-star review but I won't because, to be honest, I loved the place. Bi Won is nestled between an op-shop and a Spotlight on the North Shore. At the time it had a B food safety rating. That may have been generous.

Bi Won has a homely vibe thanks to its elderly servers. *Metro* said that dining there "makes you feel like you're at your favourite aunt's house." This is surprisingly accurate, if your aunt happens to be Korean and is fairly liberal with touching your food with her hands while demonstrating how to combine the main with its side dishes. This never felt weird though, and I'm grateful for my surrogate aunt's wisdom.

Metro recommended the boneless short



rib and I have to hand it to them, it was delicious. It would be up there as the best meal I have eaten off a BBQ, usurping the mighty Heller's Chinese Honey sausage.

It's reasonably priced (around \$50 for two people) but when the main is \$19 it's still not what I would call a cheap eat. I have so many reasons not to like it, but I could not in good faith give it a bad review. While I'm not sure how the *Metro* critics came to endorse it, I am glad they did.

Hours of minimum wage needed for two people to eat here: 3.8 ■

PREZZIES ON A BUDGET (<\$20)

Book stores are great for gifts – just think of the person's interests and browse the selections for one that is appropriate. The **Hard to Find Book Store** in Onehunga is the best – they have the biggest collection of books I've ever seen and the place reminds me of Ollivander's in *Harry Potter*. Closer to uni there are two charming second hand book stores in St Kevin's Arcade – **The Green Dolphin Bookshop** and **Second Hand Book + Comic Store**.

If you can't decide on a book that appeals to the person you're after, you can always go for a book voucher at **Unity Books** on High St. That way, the person has the bonus of being able to choose their own.

The \$5 and \$10 dollar vintage store in St Kevin's also has a great assortment of men's and women's clothing from cool t-shirts, dress shirts and dresses.

If you have the luxury of time to find a present don't be afraid to buy something online – **Trade Me** has great deals, as does **eBay**.

Daiso Japan and **Japan Mart** on Queen St – I would recommend the glassware but there are many other great finds including journals and hair accessories.

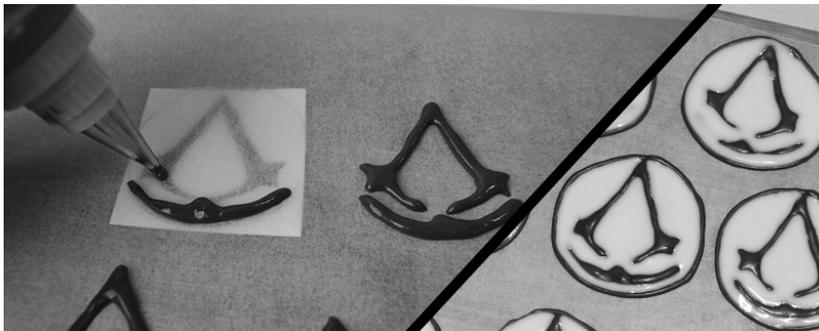
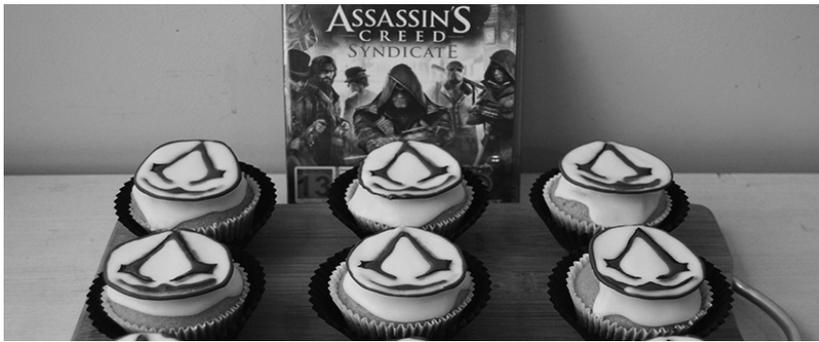
Real Groovy on Queen St has moved across the road to where the Salvation Army used to be. If you have an idea of your present-receiver's taste in music, this is the place to go.

Bhana Brothers on Ponsonby Road and their competitor, a dairy next door, have a nice selection of flowers. A top tip is replicating a nice bouquet of flowers you've seen online – you can always take off any plastic wrapping and tie together using a piece of string or ribbon.

Bake a cake! This is a chance to put your cooking skills to the test. Everyone loves eating so you can't go wrong and investing time is always appreciated.

Good luck and happy present giving.

■ BONNIE HARVEY



ASSASSIN'S PASSION CUPCAKE RECIPE

A new geeky treat from my little fiction kitchen just for you! It's quite a while since Assassin's Creed Syndicate came out, but I just love it so much that I had to make some cupcakes to honour it. This lemon and passionfruit cupcake recipe makes 12-15 cupcakes.

Ingredients:

200g sugar
 200g butter
 2 tsp baking powder
 2 pinches of salt
 A good squirt of lemon juice
 Black and white icing
 Some passionfruit curd (you can buy this at the supermarket)

1. Start with the decorations. Use black icing to draw the Assassin's Creed logo on top of some baking paper. Let it dry completely before you fill the rest with white icing. This needs several hours to set, so make these preferably the day before the cupcakes.

2. Now the cupcakes! Whisk together the

butter and sugar until fluffy. Add flour, baking powder and salt and mix until combined. Nearing the end of the whisking (mixing = good workout), crack all the eggs into the cupcake batter and add a good squirt of lemon juice.

3. Fill the cupcake liners about 2/3 full, and tap the tray on the bench to remove air bubbles. This will make the cupcakes less likely to crack and rise in uneven shapes. Bake at 180C for 20-25 minutes until golden brown. When the cupcakes have cooled completely, pipe some passion fruit curd into the cupcake from underneath. The bottom will now have a hole and be sticky, so place the cupcakes in some new cupcake liners. Use white icing as glue for the decorations and place them on top. Be careful as these are very thin and will break easily!

4. Ta-da! There you have it. Gorgeous, passion-fruit-filled lemon cupcakes waiting for you!

■ MICHELLE LJUNGH
 @MICHELLELJUNGH MICHELLECRAZYSPLASH

UPCOMING EXHIBITIONS

West Gallery, NICA Student Centre. Hipera Kelly and Isabella Dampney's show closes this week. Come along to the closing event from 5-7pm on 23 March, all invited.

Gus Fisher, 74 Shortland St. *Kofukofu Koloa* by Dagmar Dyck and *Korero Tuku Iho: A Traditional Narrative* by Alexis Neal. Showing from 11 March until 9 April.

Last chance to see documentation of a giant surf lesson/ art project coordinated at Piha by Alex Monteith. The video, *Surface Movements Te Piha*, is showing at **Te Uru Waitakere Contemporary Gallery** until the end of the week, 27 March. ■

FASHION ON CAMPUS



Brook - Honours in Linguistics

Photograph by Holly Burgess

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STUDENT FORUM

★ IN THE ★
QUAD

FREE ★ BBQ

HAVE YOUR VOICE HEARD.

TALK ABOUT THINGS THAT MATTER,

★ ★ ★ AND THINGS THAT DON'T.

🌀 **EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 12PM** 🌀



From the Media Officer

Part of my role as Media Officer is to provide an insight into what AUSA does on campus and how we advocate for students. Through these Craccum pages and our upcoming magazine I aim to share these kinds of things with you. However, if you want to know more... why not just come along to Exec? Better still, why not be on Exec?

2016 is my first year on the AUSA Executive and it has been really rewarding so far. As well as getting to immerse yourself in student life at the university, sitting on the AUSA Exec gives you the opportunity to develop a lot of skills that will be essential for you later on in life. In the past few months, I've been involved in event organization and management, project planning and making business decisions about AUSA and its future.

You might have noticed in last week's pages that here at AUSA we're looking for two people

to join our Executive: one as International Students Officer (ISO) and one as Culture and Art's Officer (CAO). If you are interested in either of these positions and interested in being part of the decision-making core of a business with more than a million dollars in annual turnover, consider running at the upcoming by-election. For more information, see our website or contact Isobel, our Administrative Vice-President: avp@ausa.org.nz ■

Noticeboard

BLOOD DRIVE

AUSA is running a blood drive again this week. Head up to the old Clubs Offices (above the quad) to donate blood for people who don't have as much as you!

AGM

Our Annual General Meeting is happening this week! Wednesday, 1 PM at the Quad. Come along to get a free sausage sizzle, hear from some interesting speakers, take part in student democracy, and an EASTER EGG HUNT and FREE HOT CROSS BUNS!

BY-ELECTION

Our initial plan was to elect an International Students' Officer at our upcoming Annual General Meeting at March 23rd. However, following a vacancy in AUSA's Culture and Arts Officer position, we will now instead be holding a by-election to elect both vacant positions. If you are interested in either position, please don't hesitate to contact Isobel at avp@ausa.org.nz!

LOST PROPERTY SALE!

Need a textbook, a USB stick or some new clothes? We will have all of this and more at our first lost property sale of the year! Come to the atrium between 9am-4pm on Thursday the 31st of March. ■

Grab a bargain.

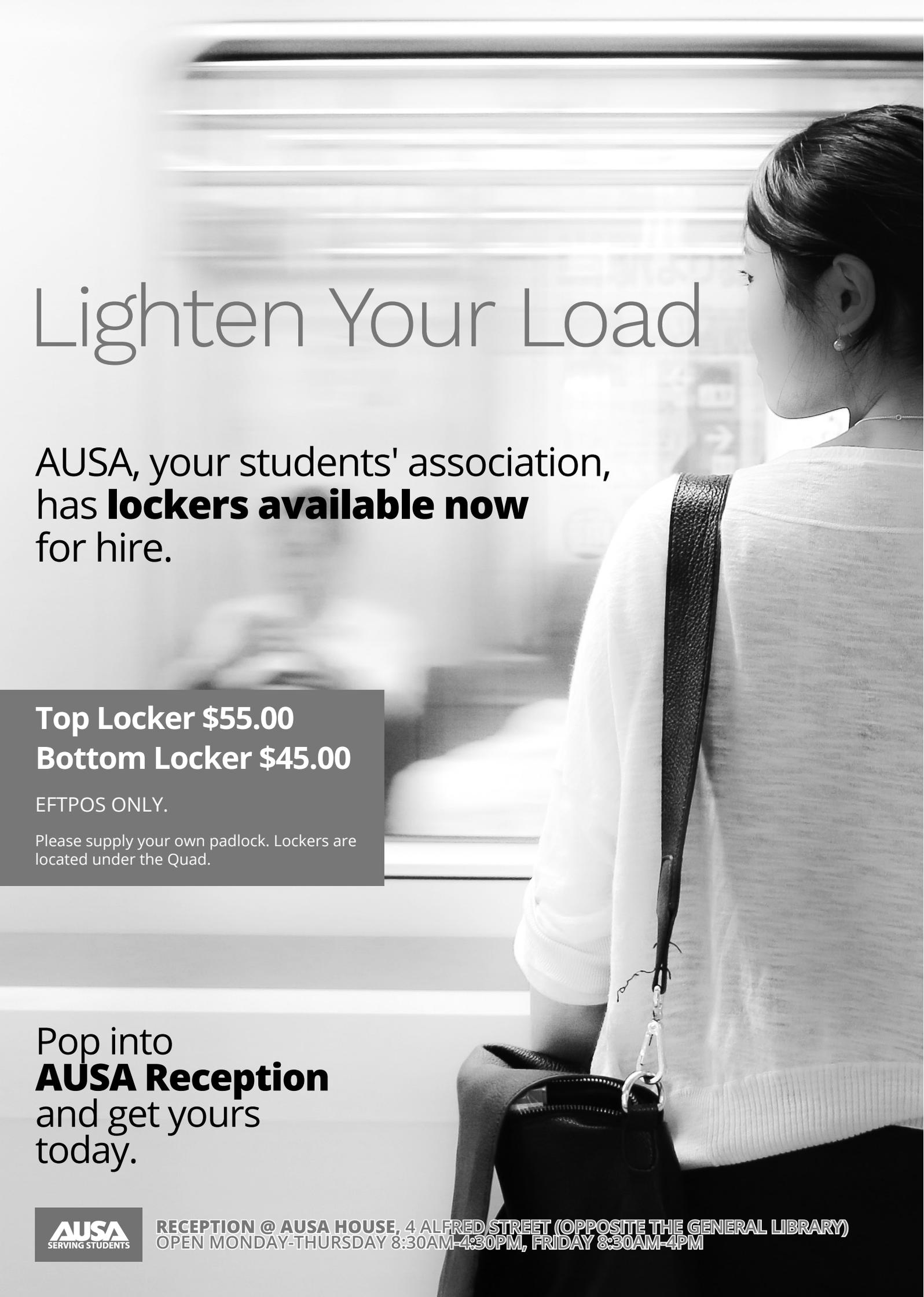
Come and grab a bargain from AUSA's **Lost Property Sale** and help students in need!

Thursday 31st March
in the **Quad Atrium.**

Items on sale have not been claimed for over six months. All proceeds go towards the AUSA Welfare Fund which helps students in need.

EMAIL WELFARE@AUSA.ORG.NZ WITH ANY ISSUES OR QUESTIONS

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Lighten Your Load

AUSA, your students' association, has **lockers available now** for hire.

Top Locker \$55.00
Bottom Locker \$45.00

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and get yours
today.

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RECEPTION @ AUSA HOUSE, 4 ALFRED STREET (OPPOSITE THE GENERAL LIBRARY)
OPEN MONDAY-THURSDAY 8:30AM-4:30PM, FRIDAY 8:30AM-4PM



MIN KYU JUNG - ORIGINAL GANGSTER

The Long Lost Min Q Interview

This week the MO sat down with Student Forum Chair Min Kyu Jung.

Min Kyu once got lost on his own street, and I've been advised to ask Min Kyu about his lost property – what's the latest thing you've lost and how many times have you lost it this week?

It's a bit embarrassing... I lost my wallet three times... but in my defence, I found it again... eventually.

Where was it?

One time it was in AUSA. Another time it was in my bag... and I didn't realize for several days. And I can't remember the other – I think I just left it at the café at law school... actually, I remember – I left it in a lecture and I left without picking it up.

What's your preferred alcohol? Most consumed alcohol?

I'm not cool enough to have a favorite alcohol. I don't know the different between different types...

What about wine and beer?

I just take whatever I can get. Whatever's cheaper... Ok, that makes me sound like a crazy party animal... I'm not.

Do you have a comment about the Pokémon

Will has assigned you?

No, not really. I actually asked to be Quagsire after a long conversation with Will about our respective teams and Pokemon tactics. Quagsire has a special ability called 'unaware', they're really good at countering Salamence, so it filled a big hole in my party,

Speaking of parties, are you currently, or have you ever been a Young Labour supporter?

Yes... but not currently.

Let's move on to American politics – preferred presidential nominee?

Bernie Sanders. I think he's the most progressive candidate running for nomination and I think he's got the ability and credentials to back up what he's saying.

Your portfolio at AUSA is Student Forum Chair.

What's your favorite kind of chair?

The reclining chair, you know the kind of chair

you can rock back and forth and its real fun.

Not fully a rocking chair, but with rocking capabilities... This one's pretty good [it's a partly broken office chair] it's got a bit of a bounce to it.

What can we look forward to at Student Forum this year?

Free BBQ every Wednesday at 12 PM! Heaps of cool themed events, for example – a pie eating contest. ■

GOT ANY QUESTIONS FOR MIN KYU OR ANY OTHER MEMBERS OF THE AUSA EXECUTIVE, SEND THEM THROUGH TO MO@AUSA.ORG.NZ

MIN KYU JUNG
STUDENT FORUM CHAIR

QUAGSIRE
TYPE: GROUND AND WATER

BIO: MIN KYU ASKED SPECIALLY FOR QUAGSIRE. WE'RE NOT SURE WHY. WE GUESS THAT THE STUDENT FORUM CHAIR NEEDS TO BE FRIENDLY AND HAVE A LOT OF PERSONALITY, WHICH YOU CAN TELL QUAGSIRE HAS IN BUCKETLOADS. MIN KYU AND WILL, BOTH EX-PROFESSIONAL POKEMON BATTLEERS, SPENT WAY TOO LONG TALKING ABOUT ABILITY/MOVE COMBOS DURING THE CREATION OF THIS EXECDEX. SO THERE MIGHT BE SOME SPECIAL HIDDEN QUALITIES TO QUAGSIRE THAT NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT...




EXEC DEX

What's Up In the Clubs?

This week in the AUSA Craccum pages we introduce a brand new section: What's Up in the Clubs?! In this space we feature club-related upcoming events and notices!

From the Unichurch Club: To commemorate Easter, the Unichurch club invites you to a free screening of the new release movie – Risen. We will be showing Risen at Event cinemas, St Luke's, at 10:15am on Good Friday, March 25. We think Jesus is the most important person in human history; what better time to check out the claims of Jesus than during a holiday held to celebrate him! Find Unichurch EV on Facebook if you want to know more.

From the Snowsports Club: The University of Auckland Snowsports Club, one of the biggest, most active clubs on campus is celebrating our 50th Year Anniversary this year! With loads of events planned, we would love for you to be a part of it. Coming up is our 2nd Snowplanet Night which is this week on the 23rd of March. Also keep an eye out for our Tongariro Crossing trips. For more info and to keep up to date with all our events, check out our Facebook page at: www.facebook.com/UoAsnowsports/

WANT TO HAVE YOUR CLUB FEATURED HERE? EMAIL OUR CLUBS AND SOCIETIES OFFICER, JESSICA: CSO@AUSA.ORG.NZ

FACULTY OF ARTS presents

5TH ANNUAL

QUEER QUAD

Join us to celebrate with the **RAINBOW COMMUNITY**

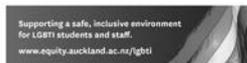
Wednesday 23 March
11.30am-2.30pm

Arts Quad in front of the Human Sciences Building



ALL WELCOME TO ENJOY FREE HOME-BAKED TREATS

Hosted by Rainbow Arts, First Year Experience, Tuākana Arts and Arts Equity



ARTS

broadcast 95 **b** FM

It's your friendly neighbourhood radio station, here with your weekly dose of semi-advertorial blather. This week we'd like to introduce you to our Breakfast hosts: Max & Vince.

Every morning they're up at the crack of dawn, busting a hump to keep the great unwashed entertained from 6 till 9. Both have been bumbling around radio b for a good long while now. Vince (aka The Grinch of Green Bay aka Sugarman 2K) cut his teeth on Mikey Havoc's leathery old butt while producing his breakfast show, and Max spent four years worming his way into the ears of commuters on his Wednesday drive show.

You've probably seen them around campus. Max is most likely snaking durries in the stairwell outside Shadows and Vince is more often than not parked illegally in one of Auckland University's many glorious loading bays.

Catch them on air every weekday morning from 6 till 9 for banter, political interviews and a shit tonne of good music. And if you're interested in joining the b team, come have a perv. We're on the top floor of the AUSA building, opposite the cultural space and Craccum office. ■



The 95bFM Top 10

- 1 **CARNIVEROUS PLANT SOCIETY**
Francoise Hardy (NZ)
- 2 **KANE STRANG**
Things Are Never Simple (NZ)
- 3 **PARQUET COURTS**
Berlin Got Blurry
- 4 **PURPLE PILGRIMS**
Thru Evry Cell (NZ)
- 5 **KENDRICK LAMAR**
Untitled 08 | 09.06.2014.
- 6 **LOST ROCKETS**
Paper Cuts (NZ)
- 7 **RACE BANYON FT TY DOLLA \$IGN**
What Are We Doing (NZ)
- 8 **LOUIE KNUXX**
Dear God, That Don't Exist (NZ)
- 9 **YUKON ERA**
Daily Judgement (NZ)
- 10 **ROKIA TROARA**
Obike

LISTEN TO THE TOP TEN ON WEDNESDAYS 7-9PM ON 95BFM 95BFM.COM/TOPI0



SUNSETS

~ 23RD MARCH - THOMAS ROSE (LIVE) ~

~ 30TH MARCH - AROHA (GEORGE FM) & DYLAN (GEORGE FM) ~

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whole lotta love and underage sex

christy burrows uncovers the truth about
some of your favourite rockstars

“Oh man... I wish I was young in the 70s.”

My friend says this during most listening sessions where we engage with the old legends of rock. It's kind of true. The Vietnam War was fading out, people were groovy, the music was great, men and women were becoming increasingly equal. It certainly defined a specific era in social history that we wouldn't be able to replicate now.

However, something lay behind the great music of the 1970s that may alter nostalgic thoughts on its laid-back expression of social freedom. An alarming number of now “legendary” male musicians in the glory days of the 70s had sex with underage girls and suffered little in the way of media exposition. Their tracks were covered by a management system comprised of adults who should have known better and a social system that resultantly condoned what we would today unequivocally deem sexual abuse. This is an unpleasant truth, but one that shouldn't be brushed under the rug simply because it doesn't fit our common associations with a social and musical era.

In this period, the Sunset Strip in Hollywood

became a centralised breeding ground for exploitative acts cloaked under the guise of glamour. *Star* magazine, a popular tabloid of the 70s, presented young girls as sexual objects, leading to a cycle in which underage desire was based on media glamour and, conversely, media glamour was based on the desirability of underage girls. Thus relationships between grown men and young girls came to be seen as socially acceptable, even though the age of consent in California was 18 at the time. Why was this possible? And why is it selectively muted in our remembering of these rock stars today?

The following anecdotes from women involved in these real-life relationships rely heavily on web-based publications for their minutiae, which prevents them from being presented as 100% factual. Nevertheless, the range of underage girls and musicians that have been implicated in this era of strangeness means that in all of these stories, there's likely an essential element of truth regarding what was going on behind closed doors. In the wake of these retellings, the nostalgia for a period of free love in which the music was boundary-breaking, where people felt included in a communal atmosphere, where feminism became a figurehead of popular culture, seems something of a farce.

Various reports suggest David Bowie “de-virginized” Lori Maddox and Sable Starr, both “baby groupies” involved in the Sunset Strip scene.

Maddox related their night as follows:

“We got to the Beverly Hilton and all went up to Bowie's enormous suite... I was incredibly turned on... Stuey (Bowie's manager) brought out champagne and hash. We were getting stoned when, all of a sudden, the bedroom door opens and there is Bowie in this fucking beautiful red and orange and yellow kimono... Then he escorted me into the bedroom, gently took off my clothes, and de-virginized me.” (Thrillist.com)

This was only the beginning of Maddox's groupie experience. Jimmy Page, guitarist of Led Zeppelin, met Maddox in a dark hotel room in 1972 when she was 14. Their sexual relationship began after Page's manager coerced Maddox into a limousine and took her to meet Page, as Maddox relates in *Hammer of the Gods* (an unauthorised Led Zeppelin biography). For several years, Maddox was kept under lock and key in hotel rooms by the band's management while Led Zeppelin toured, escaping any legal interrogation of the age of consent. But eventually Page dropped Maddox for Bebe Buell – another young woman involved in the groupie scene.

The amount of articles about Led Zeppelin that have referred to Page as a “rock god” are countless and, importantly, fail to mention his participation in a questionable social dynamic that was undoubtedly part of an era. Page has continued to be cast in the role of an infallible Prince Charming by Maddox, and the (very much adult) media and Zeppelin management

has enabled him to stay that way.

Maddox has also implicated a number of the era's musicians in similar events, including Keith Moon, Mick Jagger, and Iggy Pop. For a further example of how pervasive and accepted this sexual dynamic was, take these Iggy Pop lyrics:

*"I slept with Sable when she was 13
Her parents were too rich to do anything
She rocked her way around L.A.
'Til a New York Doll carried her away"*

- Lyrics from 'Look Away'

Even the legal system enabled this strange relationship trend. Articles are vague on Julia Holcomb's exact age when she became involved with Steven Tyler of Aerosmith. Though some suggest they met when Holcomb was 14, it is generally believed that Tyler became Holcomb's legal guardian, and by implication, lover, when she was 16. Holcomb stated in a 2011 interview that Tyler expressed the wish of getting married to her and starting a family, even throwing her birth control pills off their hotel balcony on tour. Under the influence of cocaine, Tyler left Holcomb in an apartment without food or money while she was with his child and coerced her into having an abortion at about five months pregnant – just a week before the cut-off date at the time (in 1975 abortion had only recently become legal). Tyler is still pervasive in mainstream culture, inconveniently popping up as a host on *American Idol*, despite his less than honourable actions as a human during his rock career.

General morality should transcend social fashions, both in how these events happened at the time and the way they are remembered today. Youth inevitably brings naïvety, as with the young woman put into these situations.

Sexual freedom for men and women is another fallacy of the era. Runaways manager Kim Fowley decided to adhere to a 70s policy of "free love" – for the taking and the giving. Bass player Jackie Fox has revealed that he raped her at 16 while she was half-conscious and unable to resist at a band after party, surrounded by her peers. Some of these peers were grown men and some of them were young girls like her, too afraid to come forward or perhaps even admit at the time that something had transgressed. His abuse has remained unpunished by the legal system. In *The Runaways*, a film adaptation of the band's story, Fowley's rape is omitted entirely, focusing instead on the sexual desirability of a "jailbait" girl band. It seems that the damaging dynamic condoned in the 70s has carried over to some representations of that era today.

The "infallibility" of 70s musicians began in a pre-internet age, in which media representation focused

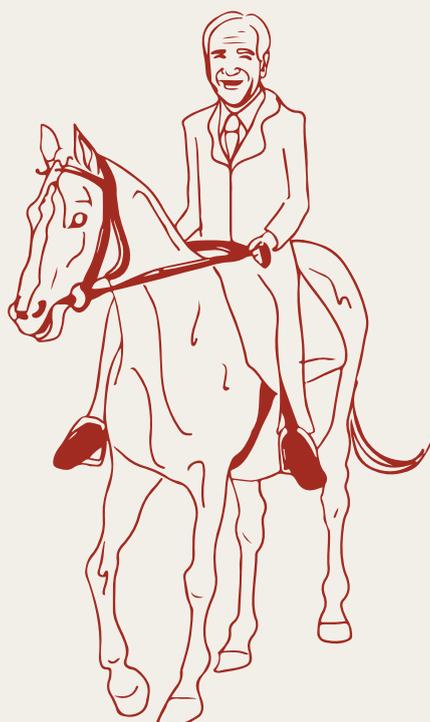
on a smaller group of celebrities and glorified them accordingly, with greater attention and magnification of their achievements. Tabloids like *Star* wanted to present icons, the "romance" of the young groupies and their older lovers. They turned a blind eye to the humans blundering around behind the representations of perfect allure. These attitudes have carried through to the present day in our cultural memory. The inconvenient truth of what went on behind the scenes is often swept aside because it doesn't fit with fans' associations with music and its god-like players in the 70s.

However, let's be "reasonable" in casting moral judgement on these past events. We must, after all, avoid using the eye of the present to view events of the past, and all that PC History Major stuff. It's important to liberate the people involved here, whether through management, media or "rock god" status, from responsibility for their actions. They were just doing what was fashionable after all and who can blame them for that, right?

Wrong. General morality should transcend social fashions, both in how these events happened at the time and the way they are remembered today. Youth inevitably brings naïvety, as with the young woman put into these situations. Some of them remembered the time fondly for the most part, and some clearly did not. Teenagers will "screw around" (pun not intended), unaware of the danger of the situations they may end up in due to inexperience. The power structures that enabled these relationships were led by grown adults with the choice to perpetuate a damaging social dynamic, or to condemn it.

Yet perhaps there is more to this than simply the men "in charge": whether through the media, the legal system (in Tyler's case), or band management. Is it disempowering towards the young woman involved in these relationships to assume that they always lacked agency? That they never enjoyed their lives? That they were only ever victims? Maybe the girls wanted this attention. Maybe they liked it. Maybe it made them feel good about themselves because that's who they wanted to be at the time. Maybe it's like when adults pretend they like old mouldy cheese because they think it means they have a refined palette – an appreciation of the "mouthfeel". Social conditioning can do crazy things to people, as evidenced by the fact that these today-revered musicians were culturally conditioned to find 14-year-olds sexually desirable.

The social acceptance of these unequal relationships was enabled by the media's glorification of pop music icons, turning them into men that could do no wrong, unquestionably. At this stage, independent sources are slowly breaking the strange silence about these corrupt and unheroic examples of men who were idolised as gods, and perhaps began to feel like them too, exempt from what it meant to act like a human being. False idols are created when journalism disregards its ability, and perhaps obligation, to engage meaningfully with discussions of morality. So let's change the trend and write about the grey areas instead of painting celebrities a shade of white they haven't earned. ■



browntown

part i: sausages sizzling, careers fizzling

BY MARK FULLERTON

When Len Brown announced his withdrawal from the mayoral race in October last year, not a tear was shed. Our self-flagellating, assistant-fellating Child Mayor had finally given up the ghost. No one cared for Len.

Despite his announcement coming almost a year before a replacement was to be elected, there was an overwhelming sense of closure. For all we knew, the mayor's chair was vacant. The chains, hanging limp. He was now a non-person. A distant memory. We moved on.

That was until two weeks ago, when Len descended upon the quad and invited us to dine with him. *Lunch with Len*, it was called. Despite the long line of freeloading students looking for a complimentary sausage, the eager bunnies of AUSA still had to zoom around at the opening of Student Forum, directing aimless souls to raise their hands so that quorum could be met and the meeting could be opened. Were there 35 hands, or 135? Was quorum met, or was the prospect of having to cancel Len's appearance

just far too embarrassing? Is AUSA living a lie? Should AUSA exist? And where was Nandó's?

All questions for another day.

Len had come to tell us all about the fun workings of the Auckland public transport system. The public transport system that works so well Len requested AUSA reserve a carpark for him, despite the fact that a) public transport works so well, and b) his office is about 500 metres away. The public transport system that has recently begun a campaign encouraging people to maybe just walk instead.

All issues for another time.

Craccum managed to get a few minutes alone with the man, the mayor, the myth. Our main question – why would a man who has withdrawn from the mayoral race, and has only six months left to serve, want to parade himself in front of students and let them know how great he is?

"You're not *House of Cards*-ing us, are you?"

Len briefly lost his shit and descended into fits of laughter. "No, if I'm out, I'm out," he eventually said. "Nine years is too long. I made a promise to

my wife that this would be it."

Sure thing, Len. Because promises to your wife have meant so much in the past. We were not convinced. But he was adamant, so we moved on. Who does he want to replace him?

"Oh, I really can't say. If I'm out, I'm out."

Come on, Len. Give us something to work with.

"Last time I was here, someone threw a lamington at me. I used to like lamingtons, but not any more."

Oh Christ.

A member of AUSA asked for a photo with Len. She requested he drape himself with bunting that she had prepared earlier. He obliged. As he stood there, framed by bright triangles of coloured fabric, he looked like a low-rent clown. Indeed, his tenure in public service has been comical. Remember when he repeatedly slapped himself in a council meeting over his inappropriate use of the mayoral credit card? His aides tried to pass it off as an ancient Māori custom. He says he just was very emotional. Was it also emotion that led him to introduce Mac DeMarco at Laneway as "our Canadian friend

from the United States”? And then there is, of course, the affair.

He's a tough act to follow. So *Craccum* takes a look at the potential candidates vying for the position of head honcho in New Zealand's biggest and most inefficient city.

Phil Goff: At the moment the race is looking to be decidedly one-sided. Goff has been a public figure since Trevor Chappell underarm-bowled his way into sporting infamy, and nothing can be said here that hasn't been said before. He has the support of PM JK and has won his Mt Roskill electorate seat ten times.

Victoria Crone: The right has a history of fielding substandard candidates (highlights include John "Public Prosecution" Banks), the subsequent defeats leaving the city with rates spiralling out of control and an underground rail link that is yet to exist. Crone, though, may prove interesting. She is the first woman to run for the Super City mayoralty with a semi-decent chance of winning – no other woman has polled more than 3% in the past two elections. She also uses fun business words like "efficiency" and "right-sizing", and may well be the fiscally conservative salve that Auckland business owners so desperately (apparently) need after half a decade of irrational socialist ass-blasting.

He immediately denied having gone into hiding and no, there was no backseat Watergate session, he and Bevan were simply discussing opening a Chinese restaurant. Don't worry John. We believe you.

John Palino: Palino is the name, being pathetic is the game. After the last election, amid allegations of a late-night Mission Bay rendezvous with Bevan Chuang and general chatter of general political espionage, Palino went into hiding. He emerged about a month ago to once again stake his claim. He immediately denied having gone into hiding and no, there was no backseat Watergate session, he and Bevan were simply discussing opening a Chinese restaurant. Don't worry John. We believe you.

Adam Holland: Always the bridesmaid, never the bride. Having stood in three elections and amassed a cumulative 47 votes, Holland is the very definition of a no-hoper. His current policy

is to build a wall around Auckland – so is he a joke candidate? Each time he has entered an election he has forgone his \$300 deposit for failing to reach 5%, so has now spent almost a thousand dollars on running dickish campaigns that no one notices. If Goff wins, Holland will run for his absent Mt Roskill seat, further proving that this young man has far more money than sense.

He was a goofy man-boy, but he was OUR goofy man-boy. He, along with the rest of us, watched as Rob Ford slowly tore himself apart in Toronto. Len liked what he saw.

Penny Bright: Poor Penny "I'm a female Bernie Sanders" Bright. Penny has refused to pay her rates for the last eight years, and is thus currently engaged in a lengthy legal battle with the very council she intends to lead. Her intentions are honest, I'm sure. Don't worry Penny. We believe you.

Come October, one of these people will be blinged out in the mayoral chains and become only the second person to lead the Auckland Super City. But there are rumblings of yet another candidate – a dark horse, as it were – who, according to my friend and colleague Trumbo Galt, is going to blow the race wide open. "Watch this space," he said, "because the goose is loose and it's coming atcha like a wet flannel." After delivering this message, Galt kicked me out of a moving car and told me to leave the country immediately. Cryptic words indeed.

As for Len Brown – no, we needn't worry about Len. Len inexplicably managed to con his way into the mayoralty of the largest city in the country. Twice. He was a goofy man-boy, but he was OUR goofy man-boy. He, along with the rest of us, watched as Rob Ford slowly tore himself apart in Toronto. Len liked what he saw. Len wanted in. The Lenegade, we would call him. The man. The myth. The Mayor. He will go far in this world.

Twenty long minutes later the Lenegade departed, along with his posse of lesser council members and puffed-up interns. Not long after, I was approached by a high ranking member of the AUSA executive.

"When you write about this," she said to me with pleading eyes, "please make it sound cool." ■

browntown

part ii: the mayor and me

BY TRUMBO GALT

Alas, poor Leonard. I knew him well. A chance encounter and a whirlwind adventure at the Boxing Day Races. On that day I saw a side of our Mayor few had seen before – the side that led him to drive the local economy into the ground and accidentally bang a burlesque-dancer-cum-political-assassin. An incurable darkness surrounds that man, and even now I am jolted awake in terror, sweat on my brow, tortured by the thought that such a human controls the city I call home.

Oh God, the flashbacks... Here they come again... Abandon all hope, ye who enter here...

Boxing Day Races, 2015. Tan blazers were in and sensible shoes were out. It was a hot day, but I was required to wear pants. “You won’t get in with shorts,” I was told, time and time again. “Not even fancy ones.”

“Not even with Birkenstocks?”

“Not even then.”

Any event which banned Birkenstocks couldn’t be entirely bad, I thought. I fucking hate Birkenstocks. Yet, as I looked around and took in the multitude of hairy knees milling about in the breeze, toes barely encased in loose straps of brown leather, I couldn’t help but feel jealous. I had been duped, and my sweat glands were paying a heavy price.

I made my way to the bathroom to remove at least one layer and wash the sweat and sunblock from my eyes. Approaching the only vacant cubicle, I stopped short. The door was open, but the stall was occupied. A man, in an ill-fitting brown suit, was standing in the toilet bowl. First I recognised the suit. Then the teeth. The hair. It was the Mayor.

He looked me dead in the eye.

“Flush me.”

“Sorry?”

“Flush me. If it’s Brown, flush it down.”

“Excuse me?”

“If it’s Brown, flush it down. So flush me, you dickless motherfucker, or I’ll deck the shit outta you.”

His eyes narrowed, so I tentatively leant forward and pushed the button. As the water cascaded down into the ceramic hollow he closed his eyes and let loose a guttural moan. After the water subsided he climbed out and gave me a grin.

“Glad we got that out of the way. I’m Len.” We shook hands. “You seem like an upstanding young man. Join me for a drink. Owners lounge. Air conditioned.”

The promise of air conditioning was far too great to pass up so I followed him. The entrance was unattended and we wandered in, quickly claiming a glass of champagne each. Len turned to me, placing his hand on my shoulder. “Now you must be wondering why I’ve brought you along. I trust you. You trust me. We are best friends. And friends help each other. Right?”

I nodded in agreement. With the chilled air finally infiltrating my greasy armpits, I would agree to just about anything.

“Great,” he chirped, “now come with me.” He led me over to a lanky gentleman with yellow-tinted glasses. “Peach, meet Galt.”

‘Peach’ looked me up and down before pulling Len aside and hissing in his ear, “can we trust him?”

Len frowned. “Of course we can. He’s my best friend.”

The next half hour passed in a haze of champagne and muffled whisperings. From what I gathered the two men were in the final stages of a plan that would result in the purchase of the Sky Tower by the Chang Brothers, the notorious Chinese brothel owners, effectively turning a national landmark into a thousand foot whorehouse. The conversation was cut short by the arrival of a mountainous security guard. He asked Len whether or not he was, in fact, an owner of a racehorse. Len replied that no, he wasn’t, and suggested that the security guard politely fuck off, at which point the guard told Len he would have to leave.

“Oh what are you gonna do, arrest me? You couldn’t arrest your way out of a paper bag,” he squawked, lightly slapping the guard in the face.

The guard grabbed him by the neck and turned to me. “You with him?”

“He’s-my-best-friend!” spluttered Len, face slowly purpling.

The guard pulled Len out and motioned me to follow. He dropped him outside the entrance. Len was distraught. Pacing. Twitching. Slapping himself. “I OWN ALL OF YOU,” he would scream. “I AM THIS CITY.”

He turned to me and gave me a wink and a giggle. “Welcome to Brown Town, bitch.”

And so here we were, cast from our air-conditioned castle, back with the peasants. We wandered for hours amongst the shrieking and the vomit and the C-List celebrities. Len, descending sporadically into fits of violent paranoia, was fast becoming a liability. Eventually he declared a need for a piss. Not keen for another public flushing episode or a public urinal breakdown, I suggested we find a smaller, more discreet bathroom. We found one, well away from the crowd. Len insisted on going in alone, to “scout ahead for terrorists.” After Len had evacuated his bowels and emptied his bladder, it was my turn. As I was washing my hands I heard a metallic clanging followed by the sound of metal hitting lino. I turned around. The handle was on the floor.

“Len?” I asked, “what happened to the door?”

“Yeah mate, just going for a wander!” he yelled as his footsteps echoed down the hall.

“LEN!”

“I’ll be back in a minute...”

After three days of nothing but toilet water and urinal cakes for sustenance, my pleas for help were finally answered by a decrepit old man who seemingly viewed saving my life as nothing but a massive chore. I didn’t care. I was a physical and emotional wreck, but I was free.

But that was then, and this is now. The flashbacks are still violent, but less frequent. Come October 8th I imagine they will cease completely. Auckland will no longer be the personal playtoy of the most incompetent mayor our nation has seen. After six bumbling years, the rail link will remain incomplete, Luigi Wewege will remain in hiding and the Ngati Whatua room will never quite smell the same. The long nightmare will be over. ■



Ruff stuff to swallow

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

A handful of the *Craccum* editorial team went to watch *Spotlight* last week, in the pursuit of journalistic inspiration, moral quandaries, and cheap Tuesday tickets at the Lido Cinema. (In case you think this is an attempt to make us sound cultured and cool, I should inform you that Mark hastily consumed a McDonald's double cheeseburger combo alone in his car beforehand #tradge, and Caitlin was giddy with excitement over her \$9.50 glass of wine that was filled over halfway #alsostradge.)

We all left the theatre riding high on the power of teamwork, hard work, and the good work that can come from the two. We lauded the importance of telling stories like the one that the *Boston Globe's* Spotlight team valiantly undertook, deriding various (religious) family members who had professed they would not see the film, as they preferred not to know the details of what had occurred at the hands of a corrupt Church system.

Didn't they understand the irony of what they were saying? Didn't they see that this very same ignorance was what had allowed acts of abuse to carry on unacknowledged, or at the very least unpunished, for so long? *Spotlight* centres around the very issue of those who are willfully blind

and those who actively suppress; the fact that countless powerful individuals, both within the Church and in support of it, knew precisely what was going on, but through cover ups and private deals, allowed a system to persist where abuse survivors were silenced and children were unsafe. The head of the Spotlight team acknowledges his own shortsightedness, and the lives that could have been saved had all the information available been pieced together from the beginning.

It almost felt like a badge of honour as I travelled home from the theatre – that I was not afraid to expose myself to the uncomfortable and the unthinkable just because child abuse and systemic corruption is not the most cheery topic to ponder on a Tuesday evening. My pride sat like a satin sash across my chest, emblazoned with the words "I GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THINGS!" But just like Frodo getting all the credit for destroying the One Ring (Samwise was the real goddamn hero if we're honest), my pride-sash was undeserved. All of us may largely be engaged, mindful students, aware of inequalities and prejudices – and fervently pissed off by both – but we cannot allow ourselves to become complacent. If we are to scorn others for their ignorance, we cannot afford the luxury of being ignorant of our own shortcomings.

I know that the production of clothing is harmful to the environment, and the individuals who manufacture garments for many well-known brands endure abominable working conditions for a wage that is appallingly meagre. I know this because I follow Colin Firth's wife, Livia Firth, on Instagram – but I'm always more excited

when she posts a selfie of her and Colin on the red carpet than when I see her sharing information about her organisation Eco Age. I continue to shop for clothes nonchalantly, my selection process based on bargains with no real consideration of where, and how, such clothing came to be. We all know that various celebrities of note have been accused of fairly awful crimes, many involving domestic or sexual abuse, yet we often find ourselves prioritising our enjoyment of their art over engagement with the issues presented by their actions and their alleged victims. We do not condone their behaviour. But we love *Annie Hall* so much that we don't want to acknowledge the fact that by watching this film and buying tickets to other Woody Allen movies, we financially and emotionally invest in him, and allow his influence to continue. We watch movies, shows, enjoy memes and buy products from people and companies we know, deep down, we really shouldn't.

It can be nigh on impossible to be educated on every issue, all the time. We are pulled every which way by a tangle of shittiness, and it can feel easier to throw your arms in the air and try to switch off your brain as you bop along to "Fuck You" by Cee Lo Green (also, fuck you, Cee Lo Green). But it's okay to acknowledge that you're a bit of a shit every once in awhile – it's just a matter of doing something about it. Write a blog post, start a conversation, write a piece for your student magazine (shameless plug) – inform others and inform yourself. Engage with what you love, but do so thoughtfully. We've got to turn the spotlight on ourselves sometimes, folks. ■



in worship of defecation, dead bodies and all things indecent

BY MICHAEL CLARK

Welcome to Petra, a stone city sunken to the ground, containing the ruins of a lost society. Half-built, half-carved into the rocks, the once-great city sleeps in the cracks and crevasses of a sprawling mountain range.

My first impression of MONA, the Museum of Old and New Art, which is built downwards into the earth of the Berriedale peninsula in Tasmania, was just that – of the cavernous, half-subterranean city of Petra. As you exit the great glass elevator which takes you down to the museum's lowest level, you are welcomed into a large underground hall carved out of rock, complete with bar and an information desk handing out iPod audio guides that double as digital blurbs, pinging to the device whenever you're near an art installation. If you weren't already disillusioned in your belief that MONA was just another art museum, then this great chamber would certainly do it.

From here, we ventured through the museum, featuring collages of photographed genitalia, shit and blood, a wall of anatomically correct vagina moulds, cremated ashes in an hourglass, a bedroom literally packed up into a box, and a complex series of machines that simulate the human digestive system, as we slowly made our ascent back to the sanity of the surface layer.

The entire experience is completely sexualised.

The iPod app that you use to tour the museum is called "The O", short for orgasm, an explosion of art; and the blurbs for different artwork are called "artwanks" with a little doodle of a dick as the button icon. A museum catalogue is called a "Monanism", a combination of MONA and onanism, another word for masturbation. And one of the installations was a tunnel passageway that vibrates when you go through it which was suspiciously reminiscent of a birth canal, although maybe I'm reading too much into it (it was fun though).

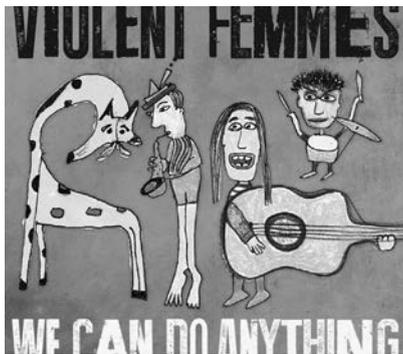
Around every corner, there was something weird but wonderful. David Walsh, founder, owner and God (as per the plaque on his parking spot), calls it a "subversive adult Disneyland." Walsh was never much into the self-elitism of art. In an interview with the *Guardian*, he told them "now I am the bloody institution! Now I'm the arbiter of good taste. The thing I abhor." MONA reflexes such an ideology and it's refreshing. I feel as though the museum is half a joke and half the most honest and sincere expression of art I've ever seen.

The vaginas on the wall are a celebration of the female form but also, they're vags on a wall! (They also make soaps too; I bought one called Casey.) The relentless jest and light-heartedness of the museum acts as a lubricant and allows essential discussion of taboo topics and toilet talk that would never normally be discussed in a museum environment.

Nick Underhill, in *Future Perfect* calls the place

"a shrine to dying and sex and shit and, I guess, Australia" and that's why it reminded me of Petra. MONA is a shrine dug into a rock face. It's a place where people go to worship everything that would go unspoken and unexplored on the surface, without fear of persecution. The place is a giant temple to defecation, dead bodies and all things indecent. There are chubby cars, Hiroshima debris, human burials and a trampoline. God is dead in this place, which leaves us only with ourselves. "Instead of reaching upward like a spire to the heavens," Underhill writes, "a descent into the bowels of the earth is probably much more apt." And it's true. Taking the decadent glass elevator down feels like more of a symbolic descent into the pits of hell than anything else – a cavern of sin and sodomy and humanity. Michael Connor criticises the place as "the art of the exhausted, of a decaying civilisation" which is true, but his condemnation means that he is missing the point. MONA is a museum that broaches topics that other museums, in a holistic attempt to rise above banality, had cut out long ago.

While other museums go up, MONA goes down. Other museums build up in search of ideas that transcend reality, but MONA digs deep, exploring earthly topics that other spaces refuse to acknowledge. Here, in this underground space, attendees can come to terms with the nature of life, death, sexuality, religion and shit before making their way back to the surface to go on with their lives. ■



We Can Do Anything

Violent Femmes

ALBUM REVIEW BY JEAN BELL

Violent Femmes have been around for a fair while, with their self-titled debut album released in 1983. If the band's name rings a bell, this is probably the album you will know: it boasts classic tracks such as "Blister In The Sun", "Kiss Off" and "Add It Up". Lead singer Gordon Gano commands each song with his drawling vocals, delivering angsty lyrics that personify the group's distinctive folk-punk sound. An excellent album, both in its time and of its own right – how would their latest release compare?

It has been sixteen years since the band released a full studio album and they stick true to their trademark sound on *We Can Do Anything*. A range of guitars, an acoustic bass and stripped down drumming are a given on each track, and the group demonstrates their talent for producing jaunty tunes using this simple array of instruments – a prime example being the track "Holy Ghost". The group broadens their instrument use to include a tasteful amount of accordion in tracks such as "Travelling Solves Everything", and the inclusion of some saxophone in "Issues" really tops off the punchy kick of the song.

While the album was an enjoyable listen, it wasn't a particularly memorable one nor really merits a repeat. While old-time fans will understandably be stoked with the Femmes being in the studio again, the album lacks the freshness and youthful vigour of their earlier work: the exact qualities that made the band so great. For any new-comers to the VF game, sticking with the classics is the definite way to go.

Standout track: "What You Really Mean" – soft acoustic guitar flourishing into a Violent Femmes version of a ballad, accented with piano and a saxophone. ■



Post Pop Depression

Iggy Pop

ALBUM REVIEW BY THEO MACDONALD

The Triumvirate, Bowie-Pop-Reed, is canonised by now, even if the core collaborations took place over a slim five years, from Reed's *Transformer* to Iggy's perfect 1977 albums *Lust for Life* and *The Idiot*. By all accounts, *Post Pop Depression* will be the latter's final release, therefore the gang's final work, and it's disappointing that this swan song is such a mess of production and ambition. Bowie's final, *Blackstar*, has already been accepted as almost perfect, and Lou Reed's final, *Lulu*, a collaboration with Metallica, was a massive failure, but at least it was an aggressively awkward failure, far below mediocre.

Post Pop Depression is simply nothing, I blame the producer, Josh Homme. In the mid-70s Bowie dubbed the wave of contemporary white artists appropriating black music as "Plastic-Soul," but it's Homme now who exemplifies this, futilely working funk twinges into rigid instrumentation. I know it's unfair, but every time a dodgily overwritten lyric slips through an otherwise acceptable song ("This house is as slick as a senator's statement") I have to blame Homme, because everything bad about this album is also the problem with everything by Kyuss, Queens of the Stone Age or the ultimate dad-rock band, Them Crooked Vultures.

Iggy's mock-Sinatra growl remains punctual, his wails hurt like ever, but I'm not sure if the album I'm listening to is trying more desperately to ape *Lust For Life's* pop-sheen or *The Idiot's* nihilistic drone. It's stuck somewhere in between, stupid Homme failing to understand that the reason those two albums work is because Iggy split the songs he and Bowie had written across them.

Still, the third song, "American Valhalla," isn't that bad. "Gardenia" is awful awful awful. ■



10 Cloverfield Lane

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

10 Cloverfield Lane stars John Goodman as Howard, a doomsday prepper who has built an underground bunker, and tells his fated captives, Michelle (Mary Elizabeth Winstead) and Emmett (John Gallagher Jr), that the planet has been attacked and the air is no longer breathable. Michelle and Emmett are sceptical of Howard's story, and consider escaping the bunker to uncover the truth.

Much of the talk about this film is its relationship, or lack thereof, to the original *Cloverfield*. *Cloverfield* was a 2008 found-footage monster movie that was either gimmicky, or a thrilling pain-relief for 1996's *Godzilla*, depending on who you asked. *10 Cloverfield Lane*, on the other hand, was built on suspense, not spectacle, and deserves a spot somewhere in classic horror cinema, though perhaps not near the top.

Critics have lauded John Goodman's performance as the best in the film, but I would contend that Mary Elizabeth Winstead steals the show here. Her eyes alone easily tell of her fear and distrust of Howard and his story.

One of the delights of *10 Cloverfield Lane* is that horror clichés, particularly cheesy dialogue and jump scares, were absent. Because of the plot's familiar elements, however, tension was carefully built to convince sceptical audiences, a feat the film executed brilliantly. Nail-biting scenes were filmed mostly through closeups and partial views, depriving viewers of information as a means of building intensity and panic (which was enough to send a viewer at my screening into complete hysterics). The use of suspense also allowed the psychological horror elements to flourish, such as a simple dinner table scene between the three bunker inhabitants transforming into a warzone of mind games and subterfuge.

At a time of year where horror garbage is the way to get bums in cinema seats, *10 Cloverfield Lane* is a tense, gripping and bizarre thriller treat. ■



TED 2016

EVENT REVIEW BY MATTHEW DENTON

TED Talks are essentially the inspiring and challenging lectures you thought you'd get at university, but instead your lecturers read off a slide, punctuated by many an awkward silence. These presentations from forerunners across various industries have amassed millions of views across the world, and this year, for the first time, the opening night was filmed and released to cinemas to extend the audience out globally.

The theme for the opening night was "Dreams", with a plethora of vastly different discussions and interpretations of such a topic. The speakers delivered a unique mix of thought-provoking ideas on what I believed would be a clichéd theme. My highlight was Shonda Rhimes' hyperaware talk about her role as a 'Titan of Television' and her need for work, and the moment she realised she wasn't striking a healthy work-life balance. While this in itself is a rather clichéd topic, her comedic moments and gravitas on stage captivated us all. My fellow (adult family) attendees were amazed by the opening speaker, a ten year old Indian girl, who simply spoke the words their own children have said, and words we've said to our own parents – that children should have a voice in their lives and future. It was a transcendent moment for them all. (Too bad their children are practically adults now.)

That's not to say there weren't some weaker moments. The two performances seemed very out of place, and while interesting, they definitely seemed to drag compared to the talks. And it's definitely not a cheap outing, \$26 for a 2.5 hour show is fairly pricey compared to the price of a movie, especially when you can watch the talks online for free. But nevertheless, for those willing to pay and want to experience a proper TED evening, it's definitely enjoyable! ■



House of Cards

Season 4

TV REVIEW BY EUGENIA WOO

House of Cards is probably the most iconic Netflix original online-only series to have come out of the provider since its creation. The series follows the meteoric rise of Frank Underwood, a Machiavellian congressman with designs on the White House. It has been acclaimed for its polished characterisation and a narrative seething with betrayal, ruthlessness, and biting parallels with our own reality.

Season 4 piles on the scheming and political maneuvering in a bid to attain the glory of its initial episodes. While the third season missed the mark in a shamble of hodgepodge machinations that beggared belief, this latest season's Fincher-esque whirlwind of moral quandaries hits a bittersweet spot. It presents a painful push-and-pull of character growth, particularly Claire Underwood, recovering from an international political blunder and the toxicity of her marriage. While her relationship with Frank is a veritable minefield at the start, she is one of the most venomous opponents he has had to face down in the course of his career. While their dueling was entertaining to watch, their reconciliation that came almost out of left field was almost a disservice to Claire's evolution.

The real beauty of this season is its final narrative arc, which reads like a scathing parody of the skeletons in the Bush administration's closet. All the rumours of how he started a foreign war to deflect attention from critics are played out this season at a breakneck pace. The season balances humour and tension masterfully; as the curtain falls on the final episode with both Frank and Claire nonchalantly presiding over their bloody declaration of America's war on terror, one thing is certain – the show's formula of pageantry and violence has raised the stakes higher than ever before. ■

Check This Shit Out

People/Places/Things



A Live Reel live script reading of *The Princess Bride* (genuine contender for most beloved movie of all time) is happening next Wednesday March 30th at the Basement Theatre. As it says on the event page, it's a "pay what you want, if you want situation" – so whether you're a fan of the film or have never encountered its delights before, missing this chance to acquire some solid pop culture references, and support some hard-working performers in whatever capacity you are able, would be inconceivable.

Tickets for *Captain America: Civil War* went on sale early last week. The comic book storyline from which this adaptation draws its foundations is a tense tale of battle lines drawn and friendships tested, with Spider-Man caught between Iron Man and Captain America's reluctant rivalry. With the chance to finally see what Marvel Studios can do with our web-slinging fan favourite, tickets can be booked through Event Cinemas or Hoyts.

It was recently announced that a collection of Supreme Court Justice (and veritable badass) Ruth Bader Ginsburg's essays and speeches would be published early in 2017. If your feminist loins are itching to get more acquainted with Bader Ginsburg, take a squiz at the biography *Notorious RBG: The Life and Times of Ruth Bader Ginsburg* by Irin Carmon and Shana Knizhnik, a book which celebrates the passion and growing pop culture status of RBG.

Check out The Criterion Collection online. This American-based company licenses classic films, important films, quality-made films, and accompanies said movies with ridiculously good special features and extras. The collection's host of new additions boasts such titles as *The Graduate*, *Inside Llewyn Davis*, *Gilda*, and *The Manchurian Candidate* – and beyond all the amazing technical tidbits you get to delve into, Criterion films have beautiful cover designs that will look super slick on your shelf. ■ SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

MOVIES TO TALK ABOUT AT PARTIES

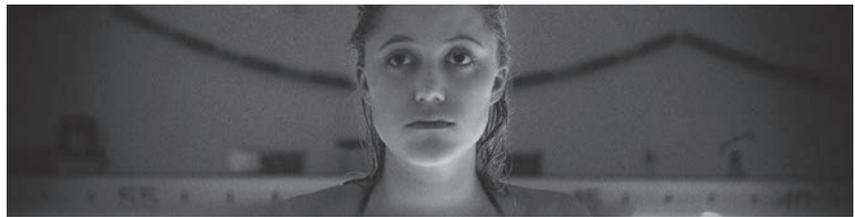
It Follows

(2015, dir. David Robert Mitchell)

From people who love horror movies, from people who hate them, I've heard about this film often. It took me months to get around to watching it, but immediately after my viewing, I started talking about it incessantly too.

Bring it up in conversation and someone will probably be as equally enthusiastic as I am. In case you watched it long ago, here's a very quick recap: Jay (blonde college girl protagonist) has sex in the back of her date's car, is subsequently drugged, kidnapped, and told "The Rules" of a sexually transmitted haunting: it is always coming for you, slowly, but don't let it catch you. And if it does, she dies, and her date is back on the hook. The date dumps her half naked in front of her house, leaving Jay's sister and her friends to try and work out if what happened is a metaphor. (It isn't.)

But now you need tips about *what* to talk about, right? Well, here you go, three points to memo-



rise so you too can sound like you, like, get it.

Intimate violence: the camerawork is a large part of this (remember kids, talk about what a movie *shows* you and not what it *tells* you); using uneasily lengthy shots to make the viewer feel like voyeur, but unlike the traditional voyeurism in horror, there is no sadistic satisfaction for the audience. The camera doesn't cut to Hugh's view while he clamps a rag over Jay's mouth; we settle in the grass beside the action, staring directly at what is happening to Jay, not ever being allowed to imagine the attacker's point of view. We are witnesses for Jay, the people that will defend her when others try and qualify her assault.

Old School - Redux: Oh boy, get ready to name drop. Basically mention any horror film prior to 1980 as an influence and someone will nod along in agreement. The movie itself acknowledges this – Jay's sister (Kelly, in case you forgot) and her friends watch black and white horror

movies on a living room TV. In a living room. On a TV.

The Rules: Who is really having sex? I want an expanded edition of *The Rules*. Does same-sex intercourse count? Just hand stuff? Does someone have to orgasm? Both of you? What about threesomes? Would it spore and everyone gets a ghost or would it walk around in circles forever? This could work – throw down in Lebanon, Kansas, one of you moves to New York, the other to LA, the original infected party gets to swan off, I guess.

There you have it. Talk about those three points, and if anyone tries to get deeper into the conversation change the subject abruptly and talk about the real best movie of all time: *The Muppet Christmas Carol*.* ■ ASTRID CROSLAND

**Author's note: this isn't even a slight at the Muppets I truly believe it is the best movie of all time and if you ask me nicely in person I will tell you why at length.*

The Power of Gower

My name's Olivia and I'm a Gowerphile. I am afflicted with Gowerphilia – a love and borderline obsession with the political reporting superstar that is Patrick Gower.

I'm not sure how this obsession started. Was it Election Day 2014 when Gower added "wagawu beef" to my vocabulary, or was it his Oscar-winning performance in the *Law Revue*? Perhaps it's his perfectly mouldable Play-Doh face? Or maybe when he lovingly declared the Health and Safety at Work Act "a crackdown on worm farmers"? Regardless, Gower is my hero. From waking up early on Saturday mornings to watch him grace *The Nation* (#dedicated), to liking his latest sexy profile pic on Facebook, my case of Gowerphilia is severe. I am yet to meet someone who suffers from Gowerphilia to quite the same extent as I do. My condition has divided relationships, caused breakups, breakdowns, and led to abandonment by my social circle. Many a fight has been witnessed in the Quad between those tragic Corin Dann fangirls and myself. They just

don't understand Paddy the way I do.

I recently travelled to Wellington, affectionately christened the "dying" city by John Key. As a politics major, it was only natural that I venture to Parliament. It was here where my case of Gowerphilia nearly killed me. You see, I had never been in the presence of Gower before. Were I ever to be bestowed such a privilege, I was always unsure of how I would react. Would I tackle him for a selfie à la Dan Carter or would I hyperventilate and pass out from all the excitement?

I was sitting in the public gallery when it happened. I had just raced across town in order to get my desired Question Time spot – staring straight into the soul of Key. I looked to my right and in walked Gower. The room went quiet. The lights dimmed. The earth moved (no lie – magnitude 5.7). I was suddenly breathing the same air as Gower and here he sat, only a few metres away from me. I had to get his attention. I just had to.

This was my chance. I hadn't endured a Jetstar flight only to leave Wellington empty handed. So I took a risk. I leaned over the balustrade, flailing my arms in order to get the source of my madness to notice me. The security guards leapt to their feet, horrified. As I attempted to climb over into the press gallery, I slipped, almost falling straight into

the lap of an unsuspecting Andrew Little. My heroic antics caught the eye of Gower and for a split second, our eyes met. His puffy cheeks. His goober smile. His mushroom nose. It was bliss. And then, just like that, it was over. I was promptly put on the next flight back to Auckland, my claims of Gowerphilia-induced psychosis having fallen flat. Despite my brush with death, I left Wellington satisfied. For I had an encounter with the Gower. I had lived the way of the Gower. I had stared into the eyes of the Gower. As my plane descended into Auckland, I sat content, comforted in the knowledge that I didn't choose the (Gower) thug life, the (Gower) thug life chose me. #Gowerphile. ■ OLIVIA ZAMBUTO





Drum &
Didge:
bwaaaawaah-
waaaah
waaaah-
waaaaaah
ooooooooo-
hooowoom

I first encountered the genre of drum and didge when meandering home through the city on a disappointing, early-to-bed kind of Saturday night. A man was sitting on the street pumping some drum and bass type stuff through shitty speakers: pretty typical for buskers in central Auckland.

But then, to my surprise, he unleashed a very impressive didgeridoo – combining a mysterious, ethereal tone with an immediately recognisable (and danceable) genre of music. Who wouldn't be hooked? The didgeridoo is great. It transforms someone spluttering into a wooden tube into a sound from another planet. It makes no sense, one of these bizarre feats of nature that somehow exists.

So, into bed and onto YouTube for further research into the genre. Drum 'n' didge, it seems, can be performed with either hand drums, floor drums, or pre-recorded electronic drum beats. Add any number of additional percussive elements, and you're good to go. The only non-negotiable factors, it seems, are the didgeridoo and an impressive lung capacity.

After some exploring, I came across a performer called Yogev Haruvi. The kicker? He's from Israel, and seems to be the most famous exponent of drum 'n' didge – which, of course, involves an Aboriginal instrument. Globalisation can certainly lead to some strange amalgamations of culture (within an already peculiar mixture of instruments). I have no

idea how he came across this, and I suspect he doesn't either, given that his appearance suggests he spends a lot of time raving and not a lot of time musing on the wonders of a globalised society. Drum and didge, according to Haruvi, "takes the crowd from wherever they are, on a journey to another space and time where everyone freaks out from the vibration of the didgeridoo and the spiritual power of the drums in one big unity and harmony."

The performance that Yogev Haruvi presented at the Israeli Drum and Didge Festival in 2012 was magical. Who knew that such an event existed? I certainly didn't. YouTube invites us into a professionally shot video, which pans across a barren Israeli desert before entering the festival crowd. The untitled song begins with an atmospheric wind chime that Yogev Haruvi caresses delicately with one hand, while the other vigorously brandishes a Lion King-inspired shaker. When Yogev begins to blow furiously into the didge, he simultaneously drops the beat by slapping a floor drum/wooden box venomously with his palms. It looks like a great workout, and

makes Yogev's website description of him as a "human rhythm machine" quite understandable. Meanwhile, the crowd, clearly interested in a similar fitness regime (and high on a wide array of drugs), dance like loonies. They wiggle fingers in time to the wind chimes, intensely flap elbows, and stomp feet like tempestuous two year olds having tantrums. Muscular Israeli men move their hips like nothing I've never seen before. All things considered, they dance worse than Mark. It would be less amusing if there were more than about fifteen of them spread out on dying grass, while non-involved festival goers walk past gawping. But the people involved are loving it. And in a way, they do express physically exactly how it feels to listen to drum and didge.

Drum and didge is a great example of the weird things that can happen when you combine 21st century technology with the knowledge of ancient indigenous cultures. It's basically an Arts student's wet dream. I challenge you to give it a listen without even slightly bobbing your head. It's like trying to lick your elbow. ■ CHRISTY BURROWS

Hugh will be Granted Firth place?

Two English gentlemen, destined from the moment they were born to be heartbreakers, cinematic rivals, and cause deep divides in opinion the world over. We see their surnames alphabetically (and fatefully) placed side by side.

We see that one has risen to great cinematic triumph, while the other has seemingly lost his allure as an aged, typecast actor, notorious for knocking up women in his later years. But to determine who truly deserves the title of "Craccum's Most Charming Man" (a coveted prize), it must come down to a battle of their most memorable scenes.

The Dance Scene: Colin Firth shaking his ass in a pseudo-guitar solo while wearing leather pants is certainly difficult to beat, especially when that ass is poured into a pair of leather pants (wehey). But if any scene was going to do it, it would be Hugh Grant shimmying down the stairs of 10 Downing Street as the Prime Minister in *Love Actually*. WINNER = Hugh Grant. Mastering the combo of humour and sex appeal, Hugh snags this one faster than you can say "The Pointer Sisters". ■ HANNAH BERGIN

The Declaration of Love: A romcom is nothing without those speeches that tug on your heart-strings. On the one hand, we have Firth (as Mark Darcy) being the bumbling cutie that he is, listing off Bridget Jones' poor qualities only to say he likes her just as she is. Who doesn't like to be reminded of why they're an incompetent human only to hear that's what makes them the fucking best? But if we look at Grant as the lovable Will Thacker in *Notting Hill*, we see a man who is willing to make a complete dick of himself for the woman he loves in the most public setting imaginable. In a live press conference at the end of the film, as his alter-ego journalist from *Horse and Hound* magazine, he begs Anna Scott to reconsider. Answered with a "yes", he grins his dorky grin, tears threatening to spill from his eyes with happiness. WINNER = Hugh Grant for not being afraid to display all the emotion. ■ CATRIONA BRITTON

Austenian Prowess: I have never seen Hugh Grant as Edward Ferrars in 1995's *Sense and Sensibility*. You may cry foul at such an admission. You may even doubt my ability to provide a balanced opinion on this category. But I think the fact that we all had to do a Google double-check to make sure Hugh Grant had even been in a Jane Austen adaptation makes this a home-run for Colin Firth and the BBC *Pride and Prejudice* miniseries. Even if this were not the case, does Hugh Grant enter a lake, dark-locked and sweaty, emerging sopping wet in a billowy white shirt? I didn't think so. WINNER = Colin Firth. The ultimate Mr Darcy, the broodiest Austenian hero, and the subject of at least two generations' Regency Era sexual

fantasies. ■ SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

*Editor's note: Catriona wants you to know that the *Pride and Prejudice* miniseries theme song really builds to a climax. Do with that information what you will.*

On-Screen Kissing Technique: Every time I watch Colin Firth kiss, my goddamn ovaries shrivel up to the size of a tiny peanut and I lose all sexual drive for the next fortnight. I love him dearly, but when he kisses it looks like he has licked an icy lamppost and is desperately trying to extricate himself from this uncomfortable oral situation. The only time I have seen a convincing kiss from Colin Firth is in *A Single Man*, so basically any heterosexual tongue-hockey that he is involved in needs to be censored. WINNER = Hugh Grant wins by default because his pashing doesn't make me want to sew my lips shut. Also his kissing scene with Natalie in *Love Actually* is kind of hot. ■ CAITLIN ABLEY

The "Look at the Ground and Stammer" Combo: Come up to the *Craccum* office and I'll show you my frustrating as fuck impression of Firth and Grant's frustrating as fuck stammer, usually brought about by their character's encounter with a beautiful woman, or their character trying to propose in Portuguese. WINNER = Colin Firth is the best at awkwardly murmuring and staring at the ground. Which kind of makes him a loser. ■ MARK FULLERTON

Grant takes the title with a score of three to two. In the words of Mark Darcy: we like him very much, just as he is. ■

Arts editor's amendment: This is my section so you can all get rekt. Firth takes firth place.



HOBBIT ON TOUR

Becoming Francis from Whangarei

WITH ELOISE SIMS

This column began the day I sat down in my first lecture in England.

We had a lecture beforehand, you see. A pre-lecture-lecture. A lecture to amp us up for the lecture to come. Thrilling. This lecture was called “Befriending The English”. It was two hours long.

I don’t mean to dismiss the necessity of this lecture. Sure, for some, it may have been very helpful. For a Kiwi student, who was born in England, with a Welsh father, it was utterly bewildering.

“TEA!” The presenter shrieks. “TEA!! We love our tea here in England.”

Utter silence. Satisfied, she turns to the board to scribble “TEA” in wonky red capitals. “Tea. Yes! Tea! That is the surefire way to make friends in England. Make someone a cup of tea! Invite someone round for tea! TEA!”

A Finnish guy just below me is ardently sketching a cup of tea in his notebook. He frowns with concentration.

The presenter continues to rant about the merits of “a good old cuppa”. She holds up a bag of Earl Grey for our cross-examination. I glance around the room. The Australian students look perplexed. The Italians look bored. The Germans are taking notes.

I sigh quietly. We’ve already been through “Harry Potter”, “talking about the weather” and “standing in queues” as ways to befriend the Brits in our classes.

I have to wonder whether any of this will come in handy when it comes for us internationals to attempt to talk to the English.

You might have guessed it, but – it absolutely won’t.

Two hours later, I’m sitting in my politics lecture room, listening to the accents around me in wonder. It sounds like I’ve stepped straight into an episode of the Peep Show.

And, oddly enough, it looks like I’m in an episode of Gossip Girl. The girl next to me is wearing a beige Burberry jacket with five-inch heels. She’s chatting away to a blonde guy next

to her, who is clad in Ralph Lauren’s finest blue polo, and an Apple watch.

I suddenly feel self-conscious in my K Road thrift shop jumper. *Christ.*

Their conversation drifts across to me.

“Anyhow, I was saying to Johnny that I simply can’t go on the chalet trip unless I have a gilet, you know? And Jack Wills – if you can believe it – is out of stock at this time of year!”

The guy makes a sympathetic noise. I make a mental note to Google whatever the fuck a “gilet” is later. (*To save you the trouble, it’s both a sleeveless padded jacket, and uniquely pretentious.*)

The lecturer wanders down the stairs, hands in pockets, two minutes later. He stares up at the class in some confusion. He coughs into the mike. “Welcome.” He splutters. He takes a drink of water. “Ahem, welcome. Welcome to Power and Democracy.”

He sips some more water, and swills it around in his mouth. I watch, fascinated. “My name...” He begins. “My name is Andy. Ahem. I will be...your lecturer for this course.”

He pauses. “Just a bit about me... I’m a political scientist professor... Ahem. This is my first time...taking this course. Ahem. Oh...and I’m an Australian.”

This statement is accompanied by a smile of real enthusiasm. I smile back at him. A fellow ANZAC! Excellent. Maybe he’ll make witty references to Tony Abbott in his classes. Or even a sneaky dig at Barnaby Joyce! I’d love it if-

“Oh my *God!*” The Burberry-clad girl next to me whispers. “I can’t believe we’re getting taught by an Australian.”

The Ralph Lauren model next to her makes another compassionate grunt. She sighs. “I just can’t stand their teaching style, y’know?”

He grunts again. “Well, no, Lawrence. But that’s not the point, is it? It’s the accent, really. *I won’t* be able to learn from it.”

I grit my teeth to prevent myself from laughing out loud. I cough. I smother it with a hand. She glances over at me. *Oh shit*, I realize. *Oh shit*. *She’s serious.*

This delightful instance, amongst many others, becomes what I have now fondly termed a “Francis from Whangarei” moment.

It’s a moment that’ll be familiar to any Kiwi who’s spent time living overseas, or in another country.

It’s the fleeting instant in which you are completely and utterly aware of your “New-Zealander-ness”. Conscious. Vulnerable. Quietly embarrassing.

For a minute, you feel totally visible and uncomfortable in the fact that you’re, well, a little different to your peers.

And in that instant I swear, in the eyes of foreigners, we all metamorphose into Francis from Whangarei. Even though he’s a really good boy.

(If you haven’t seen that video yet, please, grant yourself that pleasure. It is a small ray of sunlight in this dark and cruel world).

Going on this exchange, I felt like I knew exactly what to expect. I assumed England was just a bigger, fancier version of New Zealand – with a few less sheep and a bit more rain.

Yet there have been far more “Francis from Whangarei” cringe moments than I was necessarily expecting.

For instance, in England, it’s not acceptable to say “yeah, nah” while answering a question in a group presentation. You will be stared at if you wear jandals to the supermarket.

And you might think “pakipaki” is the Maori word for applause, but it’s *extremely* offensive when you say it to congratulate your British Pakistani friend.

That isn’t to say I’m not proud of being a New Zealander. On the contrary, going on exchange has made me prouder of my Kiwi identity.

In fact, I get downright patriotic every time I see John Oliver rip into the National Government for one thing or another.

But I’ve never really been conscious of the fact that being a New Zealander is something special – or different – until I got the opportunity to go on exchange.

So, congratulations, everyone, from your Craccum writer abroad. In conclusion, I’ve found that we’re all just a nation made up of different incarnations of Francis from Whangarei.

Let’s take pride in that. In the end, we’re *all* really good boys. ■

ELOISE IS ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO MADE A SHOW OUT OF HATING JUSTIN BIEBER WHEN SHE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD. NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED. SHE LOVES JOHN OLIVER, PICTURES OF LABRADORS, AND WILL BE TRAPPED IN ENGLAND FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS. PLEASE FOLLOW HER ON TWITTER (SHE WANTS TO TELL HER MUM SHE’S FAMOUS): @SIMSELOISE



Sacred Cows: A – Z

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

Here are things that people rate really highly that I think are overrated:

Albuquerque, New Mexico: The setting of *Breaking Bad*, a show that forces its viewers to endure suffering and untold grief. For me, TV should be a pleasurable experience. This is why *Friends* and *Everybody Loves Raymond* are far superior to this recent “boom” of TV shows like *Game of Thrones* and *Narcos*.

Beatles tributes: No one can do it like the Fab Four. The Grammy tribute to the Beatles a few years ago forced us to endure Maroon 5 covering the words of Lennon and McCartney. Enough said.

Consulting: WHAT DO THEY DO? Seriously – what do they do? What. Do. They. Do.

Drake: The ‘sensitive Canadian rapper turned gym junkie turned Atlanta fanboy turned BBK signee’ is reminiscent of the shape-shifting X-woman Mystique, but without the mystique. The man with fewer bars than Saudi Arabia has, with a metastatic aptitude, violated so many hip-hop sub-genres it begs the question Started From The Bottom...Where Are We? #FeelMe.

E=MC²: Maybe physics formulae, like CGI, were

just less impressive back in the day. Listen to the J Dilla song instead.

Flag Change: Don’t wanna hear about it. Keep it the same.

Greens: Greens get more excited about telling people they’re Greens than they do trying to think up policies.

Hillary Clinton: Her most authentic moment in this campaign was her coughing fit at a speech in Harlem. It was kind of gross.

IC4: Too hot, desks are always sticky, people eat noisily and it feels like an airport waiting area.

Josh Groban. Massive douche.

Kendrick Lamar: His new albums have been BORING! Don’t lie! You didn’t like free jazz until Kendrick started rapping over it – get off the bandwagon! He says four words where two will do. His best recent verse was on “Bad Blood”.

Love: The band, not the feeling.

Maria Sharapova’s “confession”: She’s essentially complaining that the info on banned drugs was too hard for her to access, and this justifies the repeated use of a heart drug that she probably doesn’t need. C’mon Maria. At least have the integrity to fess up like Señor Agassi, who admitted to doing meth! METH!

New Zealand: *ZING*

Oculus rift: Virtual reality is still shit at the mo-

ment – ask my flatmate, who spent a summer with one on his head.

Penis length: Ask m’girlfriend! Amirite!

Queen Latifah! She gets so much good press and is seen as an establishment figure of the entertainment world – has anybody SEEN *Taxi* (co-starring a young Jimmy Fallon)?! DIDN’T THINK SO!

Richie McCaw: He’s so boring! He said the best thing about winning #RWC15 was being able to “Have a kip in [his] own bed” or something like that. Tie yer bliddy mouf shut wif summa that number 8 wire, mate!

Stephen Fleming: Low batting average, poor win record, possibly tainted by Chris Cairns association, colluded with Cricket NZ to give good ole boy Baz the captaincy.

Trumps: (As in Top Trumps, the card game.)

Underwear: They call it *command-o* for a reason.

Victoria: UNIVERSITY WELLINGTON! **Dunk!**

Water: It’s the least tasty drink there is.

X wives: God knows I have a few! The only thing they haven’t taken is this bloody computer! Amirite!

Yo-pros: Much like hot air balloons, they’re full of gas and you laugh when they explode!

Zucchini: It’s the Blur to cucumber’s Oasis – similar, but not as good. ■



That’s So Arbitrary

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

Collectively we’ve spent the last 20 years in John Rawls’ sidecar, trying to eliminate all forms of arbitrary disadvantage.

You don’t choose your skin colour, your gender, your family’s wealth bracket, or for that matter, your DNA. Rawls thought if people were told they could be born as any person in society, they would design a society which provided opportunities to everyone. People want social mobility. Recent technological advancements, though, have spawned an infinity of thought experiments – designer babies and digital worlds amongst them – about a brave new world where we might have to re-evaluate our liberal ideas.

Promoting tolerance and improving welfare are actions we take to remedy arbitrary disadvantages that people face in this world. If these efforts are like fighting over the rules of a board



game, genetically engineering a person not to have traits that are discriminated against is like burning the board.

The thought of oppressed minorities having to genetically alter their children to avoid discrimination is unsavoury to say the least. What about the same question after birth? If we had medical technology that allowed people to alter anything about themselves, would we let them use it? Perhaps its paternalistic, but the olive branch of choice seems just as coercive as not having a choice. You are essentially telling someone, “would you rather keep your identity or stop being discriminated against?”

None of this is to say that African American people, or transgender individuals, or people with ‘non-ideal bodies’ (i.e. literally everyone!) would actually opt to give up their identities if given the choice. But consider the individual for whom life was so difficult that the option seemed even slightly appealing. It would be more than assimilation; it would be identity holocaust.

The subtler point is this: arbitrary facts that

disadvantage people also mean something to them. It matters to us where our hometown is, who our parents are, what colour our skin is. It is, in fact, more than a matter of meaning. These attributes constitute us. Our ‘identity’, and that thing we like to assume makes the decisions in our head, come from them.

Say that I could plug myself into a computer that generated a seamless digital world. In this world, I can decide everything (my own traits and the composition of the world around me). Contrary to expectation, I wouldn’t reach my long-awaited utopia; I would lose myself. On the one hand, the digital world would be a universe-sized echo chamber for my thoughts. Completely stagnant. On the other hand, the identity I enter with would slowly fade into nothingness as every choice strips me of an attribute while adding nothing new.

We need the arbitrary. Not only is it the foundation for identity and the fountain of all attendant meaning, it’s also an amazing source of diversity. It generates the radical differences between us that we must sometimes fight to tolerate. So let’s contest the rules of the game when they promote intolerance. But why burn the board? ■

SEX, DRUGS & ELECTORAL ROLLS

You Don't Need To Apologize; You Do Need To Understand

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

The vagaries of deadlines and print-schedules mean that about ten days will have passed between the time when I set finger to keyboard crafting this column, and when it turns up in your cold hands and your weary eyes turn to it at some point mid-lecture early Monday morning.

This makes it more than a little difficult to comment upon pressing present issues or current events with any semblance of temporal relevancy, and is one of the reasons why I've instead tended towards more personal musings and reflections in this publication.

But every so often, a flashpoint comes up, and I find myself compelled to write about it.

On Wednesday March 9th, just such an event occurred. Four police officers were shot down near Kawerau. Two – at the time of writing – remain hospitalized, one seriously.

The culprit was a man of Māori extraction. A Māori Police Liaison was sent in almost twenty-two hours after the start of the armed standoff with police to negotiate with the offender. Forty-two minutes later, Rhys Warren peacefully handed himself over into custody. Immediately prior to this, members of Warren's family criticized the Police operation for failing to include Tikanga Māori.

By Friday the 11th, the controversy had well and truly percolated into the commentariat-sphere, with a Māori academic appearing on TVNZ's *Breakfast* programme and stating that "if a cop knocks on the door, he'd better be Māori or I'm shutting the door and asking for an Iwi liaison officer."

The backlash towards this entire sequence of events was predictable. The talkback radio brigade swung into action both out on the airwaves and in their new hunting grounds amongst various media outlets' social networking pages. Twitter expressed a minor flutter of interest. Coming hot on the heels of news stories about members of the NZ Police allegedly racially abusing New

Zealanders of African extraction with terms more commonly associated with rogue (or, alternatively, establishment, depending upon your point of view) members of the LAPD, there was always going to be a conversation about "race", "reverse racism", and relative privilege (or lack thereof) in the enforcement of Her Majesty's laws.

But these specific spikes of media interest are not what this column is about. Instead, they're a springboard, and an invitation for you to re-examine your own perspectives about the issues they've raised. Odds are that many of you reading this column are from reasonably settled backgrounds. You probably don't regularly associate with criminals, and it's highly unlikely that you have ever been arrested, let alone seen the inside of a cell for a protracted period of time, or found yourself subject to the confines of the dock down in the District Court.

From that position, it's quite easy to take what you might call a "colourblind" perspective on reality – one that eschews some important nuances and shading in favour of seeing things as nice, neat and black-and-white. In practical terms, that perhaps means that when issues of "privilege", or what the Police delicately refer to as their own "subconscious bias" come up, you might be tempted to roll your eyes and assume that this is just simply what happens when overserious sociology students get loose in the public consciousness. In other words, not to take the charge or the concept too seriously.

I've lost count of the number of intelligent, caring people I've met over the years who're fine with believing that there's the occasional racist cop (or, more rarely, judge) – but who'll balk completely at believing the justice system all-up actually tends to treat people differently based on their race or class. I must admit that I went into law school thinking along similar lines; that disparities in arrest-rates, conviction rates and incarceration rates along race or class lines were the result of there simply being more crime to deal with in more marginalized socio-economic areas (with their accompanying different populations).

Being arrested – and suddenly working my way through the criminal justice system myself – changed all that.

All of a sudden, I came face to face with the differences between how I'd been treated pretty much all my adult life without realizing it, and how many other citizens of this fair nation experience the long arm of the law on a daily, potentially discriminatory basis.

At every step of the process – from how the cops treated me during my arrest and through to being out on bail within a few hours, and even my ongoing bail applications not being seriously opposed at court – I got off easy.

I know I got off easy, because both my first defence lawyer and an array of my more nefarious associates all told me so. Based upon their own experiences, they'd been expecting a much harsher degree of treatment for me. In fact, I've been told by people in a strong position to know that if I'd been, say, a brown kid from Otara rather than who I am, I'd right now be wearing an ankle at minimum, and otherwise quite likely a guest of Her Majesty.

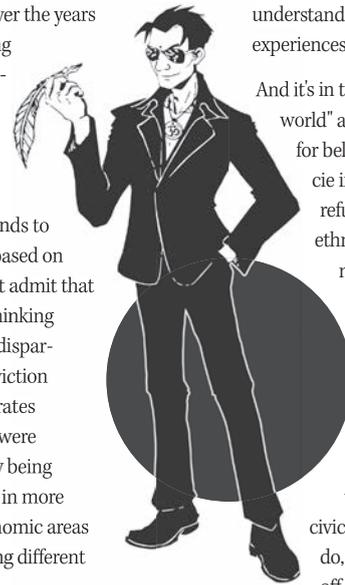
The reasons for this aren't entirely easy to quantify, and not all of them have exclusively to do with what you might term the 'fixed stars of my birth' (i.e. my "privilege"). Some of my choices (amusing every cop I came into contact with with a string of one-liners, and having a positive political discussion with the arresting officers in the back of the cop car) definitely helped. But I wouldn't have been in a position to *make* those choices in the first place if the cops had, say, decided to treat me like a young hoodlum in the first instance rather than engaging with me as an intelligent human being.

Now this isn't me taking half a column to "apologize" for my privilege or condemn other people for being similarly lucky. Because that's not what the concept of "privilege" is for. Instead, I'm using it as intended – as a tool to try and better understand the world around us and my own experiences within it.

And it's in that spirit of "understanding the world" a bit better that I have some empathy for beleaguered academics saying prima-facie incendiary things about how they'd refuse to speak to cops not of their own ethnic group. Because I recognize that for many people, their experiences with the police – and, for that matter, the churning rest of the criminal justice system – hasn't been, and isn't likely to be, so positive or even-handed as mine was.

Once you come to understand that not everyone experiences our civic institutions in the same way you do, it gets a lot harder to simply write off anti-police prejudices or the like as entirely unfounded "reverse racism" or whatever the talkback anti-tumblr brigade's classing attempts at securing equitable treatment under the law are today.

In any case, if we want a better society it first falls to us to see what the one we're already in is actually like for ourselves. Empathy allows us to do that. Handily, as applies to this scenario, without having to be arrested or charged first. ■



CONRAD GRIMSHAW RETURNS

Tonga 016 no Regrets: Part I

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

Anandabaskaran ordered another cocktail. He was terrified. His girlfriend, Ting, green-faced and trembling in the turbulent cabin: ill with Fullblown Nervous Breakdown. The others, strenuously primped and slicked and ranged around a bucking table in the Captain Cook Memorial Drinkery: nauseous, white-knuckled, seething with hatred. Pitbull's *Don't Stop the Party* was just audible over the screaming wind and barman, over the roar, slap and whipcrack of the waves against the tinted windows.

The pokies flickered in the corner. The friends crackled with loathing and embarked on another Kamikaze drinking bout. They all hated each other immensely, and as if hating each other immensely weren't enough, they'd decided to go on a cripplingly expensive cruise to Tonga together, and as if hating each other immensely and going on a cripplingly expensive cruise to Tonga together still weren't enough, their ship, the multi-jumbo-tonned, super-abundantly jacuzzied, extravagantly catered and generally yobbish and fucking enormous *Climax of the Deep* had blithely sailed into the heart of a once in a lifetime Weather Event. Cyclone Winston: a real big-budget production; a real blockbuster; an absolute humdinger of a storm with all the storm bells and whistles.

The buffet ended up in the jacuzzi, the jacuzzi ended up in the buffet. The Instant Finance Winnie the Pooh Water Wonderland Theme Park and Spa (boasting the Southern Hemisphere's longest ship-mounted slip 'n slide) had exploded – taking with it the Herbal Ignite Peter Pan Water Puppet Theatre, the Mad Butcher Arts and Crafts Nookery, and the Woodstock Phantom of the Opera Face-Painting Kiosk – somewhere off the coast of Naru. Three face painters, seven water puppeteers and a paedophile were missing, presumed dead. The jobs were in an uproar, fatly weeping in their cabins or pounding in vain on the door of the infirmary, unaware that the ship's doctor was dead. Winston had done a complete number on Tonga (it had disappeared), so the ship was desperately seesawing towards Plan B: the island paradise of Fiji, where a violent and soggy military coup was in full swing.

And Winston was only just hitting its stride. The Captain was reported to have abandoned ship in the night. Miraculously, the *Climax* remained "afloat", barrel-rolling and back-flipping through the Alpine seascape. But the atmosphere was becoming increasingly desperate. Grogan reflected: he had visited a loan shark and sold all of his chinos to pay for this cruise. He felt ridiculous and sad. He looked ridiculous and sad. And

yet, the *Climax* had promised so much – social media wise obviously – but, like, in terms of real life too. The Free Soft Drink Deal, for example: unlimited Free Soft Drinks! What luxury! Decadence! Networking! Grogan had mortgaged his loafers to raise the \$7 a day needed to pay for it, and had been gleefully, then stoically, then tearfully, mixing Unlimited Free Soft Drink! with vodka, which he had courageously smuggled through customs in his anus. They all knew that the only way to endure each other's company was to get hysterically pissed.

He looked over at Pinot Gris, his girlfriend – one half of Cutest Couple in First Year Law, "Pinogroag" – and fantasised about killing her. He thought wistfully of Anandabaskaran's new girlfriend, small Ting (small, lithe, nimble Ting, one half of ethnically diverse Law School couple "Tingn"), and fantasised about fucking her. "Mate," he shouted at Anandabaskaran, as the ship reared up on its haunches, "your girlfriend's boring. Why doesn't she come drink? Lame." The circus ship plunged forward: it stood on its head. Pinot Gris flew across the room and slammed into one of the faux-Grecoian pillars. Grogan vomited. "Tonga 016 no regrets!" He panted away the chunklets. He took a selfie, and captioned it.

Lunchtime: Grogan perused the menu of chip-centric dishes in the Peter Blake Memorial Chippery. He couldn't afford anything. The deformed waiter loomed malodorously above him. He reeked powerfully, almost visibly, of sewage. He slouched next to the table and scowled. He did not wear pants. He'd been there for the last ten minutes, aggressively fondling his penis as Grogan frowned and pouted at the specials, pretending he could afford everything. The waiter farted pointedly. Grogan apologised and inquired about the Unlimited Soft Drink! of the day. "Fanta!" shouted the waiter. "One Fanta please," replied Grogan. "And perhaps a glass of the house tap water." The light left his eyes. He sighed.

Grogan fired up his creaky Samsung and checked Instagram. 17 likes on his last selfie: two more than its indistinguishable predecessor. Things were looking up. But then the waiter limped back and poured a bucket of Fanta over his head. And no sign of the tap water. Things were no longer looking up. A dejected Grogan decided to take a turn on deck, but as he bowled and flapjacked and screamed across the rain-lashed poop deck, Grogan quickly regretted taking a turn on deck. He crawled and groped his way through the hatch. Slumped in the relative safety of the stairwell, he noted that Ting had evilly endorsed him for "Being a Dick" on LinkedIn. Well. We'll see about that. He made a mental note: Fuck Ting Up. He sniffed bravely. He stood up. He fell down. He lurched and zig-zagged towards Ting's usual afternoon haunt, the Ben Smart and Olivia Hope Memorial Karaoke. He snarled and swelled through the corridors. The storm raged. The waves clawed at the sky. *To be continued...* ■



I MAY BE WRONG ABOUT BITS OF THIS

Money as a Creature of the State

WITH ADEEL MALIK

A couple of weeks ago Labour leader Andrew Little made his way up to the Craccum office. You may have read about it – it was mentioned in the news section. What frustrated me about discussing economic policy with him was the emphasis on the word “fiscally responsible”. Any answer, with respect to any policy, that in any way, could involve government spending had the phrase “fiscally responsible”.

So what does fiscal responsibility mean? It means balancing the budget. That sounds like the responsible thing to do – that’s probably what your mum would do when she is making her budget. John Key is a good guy because he brought New Zealand back into a budget surplus. Sadly, equating a government’s budget to personal finances is a deeply flawed analogy. Your (or my) budget is nothing like the government’s budget unless there is a printing press in your backyard issuing legal tender that your family uses to trade their goods and services. A national budget does not have the same constraints as personal finances. A country with a sovereign fiat currency cannot run out of money, as long as it has the press to print them on. And just so you do not think I am making this up here is a quote, “A government cannot become insolvent with respect to obligation in its own currency”, Alan Greenspan – Chairman of the Federal Reserve. Analogies are useful. They help us understand or approximate something complicated in a quick and somewhat accurate way, but a national budget is nothing like a company or person’s budget.

If governments can just spend money into existence then why don’t they? Because it could cause inflation. When there is more money being spent to acquire a fixed amount of “goods”, the price of those “goods” will inflate. But if the expenditure makes the economy more productive in a proportional amount to the investment then inflation is reduced or avoided.

Right now we have low inflation, and we have spare capacity in our economy due to low aggregate demand. Spending money makes sense. Joseph Stiglitz in his blog claimed “The obstacles the global economy faces are not rooted in economics, but in politics and ideology” advocating for fiscal spending. Paul Krugman, OECD, and the IMF have all argued against austerity as well. Fiscal spending isn’t a panacea. The money still has to be spent well but government spending, in of itself isn’t bad.

In 1950 New Zealand had the third highest GDP per capita in the world, after USA and Switzerland. Switzerland and USA are 9th and 10th respectively – mostly having been overtaken by a bunch of oil rich nations - New Zealand is 31st. Good economic policy has made

a country like Singapore one of the richest places in the world, and bad or *politically unfeasible* economic choices have made New Zealand a poor rich nation. This means we are now used to kids going to school hungry, or beggars on Queen Street. But it doesn’t *have* to be this way.

In 1950 New Zealand had the third highest GDP per capita in the world, after USA and Switzerland. Switzerland and USA are 9th and 10th respectively – mostly having been overtaken by a bunch of oil rich nations - New Zealand is 31st.

It’s annoying to hear the term “fiscally responsible”, when I know it’s bullshit. I know that there is an information gap that politicians are unable or unwilling to bridge. I can see why a politician would market a policy that is “perceived” to be good, rather than one that is actually good. It probably helps in winning elections. But it also makes you a pretty average leader – I mean if you can’t convince people to vote for a good policy doctrine then you’re just at the behest of polls and popular wisdom. ■



Hippies to Haters: why baby boomers are the worst generation

WITH ANA HARRIS

The baby boomers have been described as the first generation of ‘free agents’. Born in an era of immense social change, with the dust of the Second World War barely settling, our parents’ generation is remembered for its youthful defiance of traditionalism. While our grandparents spent their early adult years bound by duty, on the frontline as well as the home front, young boomers protested against wars, took drugs, and expounded free love (“Mum, gross!”).

An American survey conducted in 1966 showed more than one in four university students agreed that freedom from obligations to others was an essential life goal. We millennials have inherited this notion from our parents, taking for granted the idea that we can and should shape the course of our own futures. In certain ways, society has become more liberal and open-minded since the activism of the 60s and 70s. The boomers on the other hand, have curiously reverted to conservatism. With the encroachment of old age, the baby boomers’ strong sense of individuality seems to have become less about social rebellion and more about self-interest.

In the midst of economic recession, the New Zealand government released the 1991 “mother of all budgets”. Welfare benefits and pensions were two of its victims, in an attempt to reduce ‘dependence on the state’. The oldest baby boomers, at this time a few years shy of retirement age, were outraged by the proposed cuts to superannuation. As hardworking long-term taxpayers, they deserved their retirement ticket. Channeling the generational spirit of protest, older members of the public managed to reverse the new policy through collective political clout (despite the fact that the changes had already been written into legislation). Meanwhile welfare cuts were left untouched, and in real terms benefits are still lower than pre-1991.

By the time we’re in our sixties, superannuation may well be a luxury of the past. We’re constantly reminded to ‘save for retirement’. Last year, the National government slashed the \$1000 kickstart payment for new Kiwisaver members, apparently due to financial strain. Nevertheless, current superannuation rates continue to be adjusted (upwards) in relation to the average net wage.

As baby boomers count the months until the big Six-Five, they sneeringly observe millennials, tutting about student debt and remarking on lazy young people. While students are framed as ‘bludgers’ in the media, pensions are viewed as an entitlement. Gaining a university qualification greatly enhances our future ability to contribute to the economy through access to better paying jobs, but student allowances are strictly means tested (unlike pensions, which are universal), turning off those who

aren’t keen on massive amounts of debt. Current policies also disregard the fact that over sixty-fives are much more likely to have savings and investments than the average student who, in lieu of family support, may be forced to rely on juggling part-time work and study in order to get by. Interesting, too, that many of the disparaging comments come from individuals who themselves received a free tertiary education.

The whole “back in my day” shtick is not only clichéd, it’s unconvincing. Following the Second World War, New Zealand had the third highest GDP per capita of any country in the world. Unemployment rates were virtually zero. Our parents grew up in one of the most privileged countries on the face of the planet. They may have lacked some of our swanky technology, but in relative terms they spent their adolescence in one of the best periods in history.

When it comes to topics inciting emotional response, nothing riles a baby boomer up like the property market. As we twenty-somethings contemplate a life of renting, the boomers have a near monopoly on home ownership, sometimes toting multiple investment properties and lavish baches. Despite the ever-mentioned housing bubble, New Zealand is one of just three OECD countries without some form of capital gains tax, despite endless bleating from the government about fiscal constraints.

In recent news, Auckland Council has abandoned its unitary plan zoning proposals, which would have allowed for greater housing density in many parts of the city. At a meeting held before a packed council chamber, property owners opposing intensification *literally booed* as other members of the public gave submissions in support of the upzoning. These tycoons, concerned to protect their hard-earned legacy, care little for others currently locked out of home ownership who would benefit from more apartments and other forms of cheap accommodation.

More than 150 years ago de Tocqueville said, “individualism depose each citizen to isolate himself from the mass of his fellows and withdraw into the circle of family and friends; he gladly leaves the greater society to look after itself.” Climate change is the perfect example: world leaders are slow to react with adequate environmental policies because they won’t be around for the aftermath.

Such an overwhelming level of self-interest is dangerous when it defines the mood of the most powerful demographic in the country. I’m not saying all baby boomers are bad, every generation has its villains and heroes. Still, it’s hard not to notice the direction of the current. Whatever happened to the freedom loving, war hating, LSD ingesting hippies of the past? As Cheryl Russell suggests: “baby boomers ate themselves sick at the smorgasbord of experience. Then they hunted for a safe place to sleep it off. That’s when they discovered – or rediscovered – the comfortable haven of family life.”

They say we inevitably turn into our parents as we get older. For everyone’s sake, I hope that isn’t the case. ■



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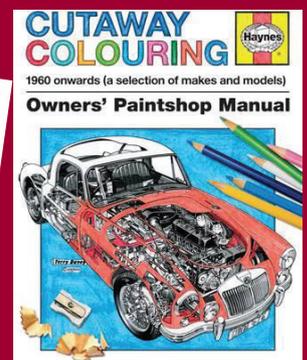
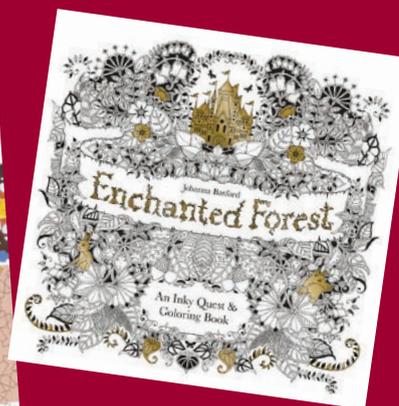
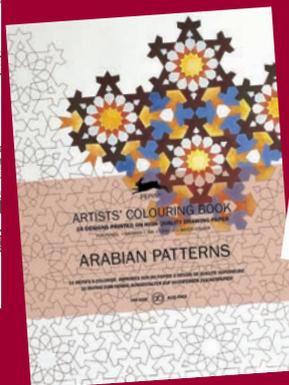
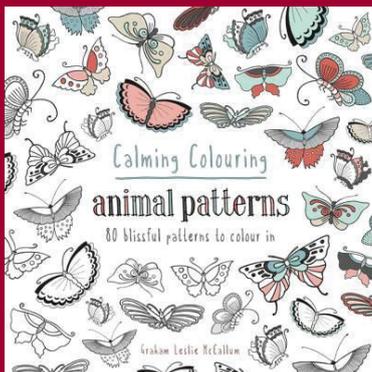
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