

# CRACCUM

magazine 19



the heroine we deserve

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAYORAL CANDIDATE  
CHLOE SWARBRICK. PAGE 24.

live laugh lummis

CRACCUM'S QUEST TO FIND  
A LOST IDOL. PAGE 18

lip-stick it to the man

SHAKE-UP YOUR MAKEUP WITH THE  
BEST INDIE BRANDS. PAGE 34.

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# LAW

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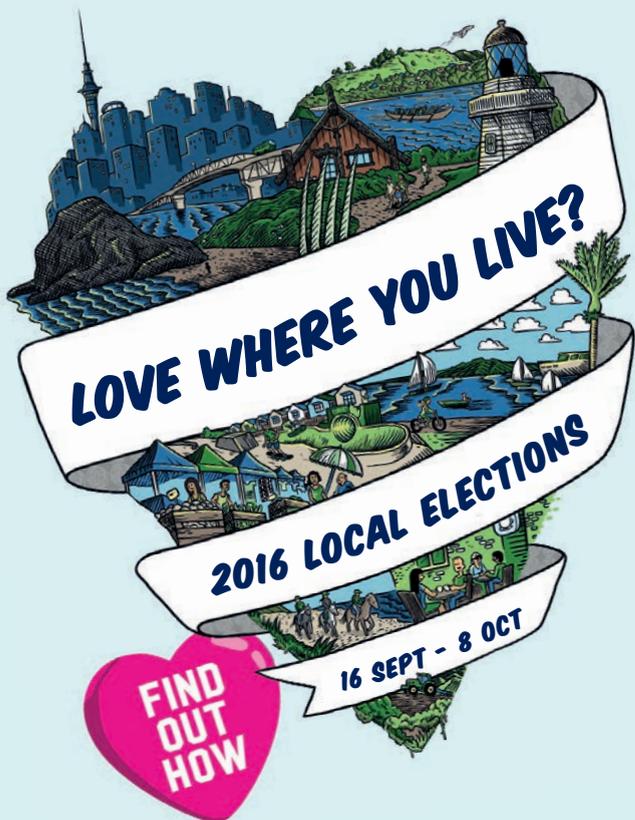
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**LIFESTYLE:** FASHION ON CAMPUS BRINGS YOU FASHION OFF CAMPUS WITH NZFW HIGHLIGHTS. PAGE 17.



**DEBATE:** THIS HOUSE SUPPORTS KANYE 2020. PAGE 22.



**COLUMNS:** AUNTY ELOISE TALKS TINDER, GYM JUNKIES, AND THE ONE TIME A GUY FINGERED A SEX DOLL WHILE CHATTING HER UP. PAGE 35.

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# BATTLE

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# bureaucrats, bureaucrats, everywhere, but not a drop to drink

*In 2016, the Craccum editors fought fervently to get a water cooler in their office. The search for hydration quickly spiralled into a much bigger fight. It came to represent the editors' quest for knowledge within a University doing everything in its power to commodify learning, to parch its students of critical thought and knowledge for knowledge's sake. This is their story.*

2010

The University forces AUSA to go to court to defend its right to the Student Union Building, saying that though it was built by the Union with student money, the University owned the land and therefore the building on it. They subsequently pressure the Students' Association to hand the building over to them, leaving the Association in a constant state of anxiety over when (not whether) they will be kicked out of the building that they built, with students' cash.

Meanwhile, Caitlin and Mark are in their second to last year at their respective Catholic High Schools. They are never thirsty. There are plenty of water fountains around their schools (more at Mark's 'cause he went to Sacred Heart, what a toff).

Meanwhile, Stuart McCutcheon gets a salary increase.

2012

The University forces AUSA to relinquish control of the Quad, buying it from them for the exact price of a one dollar bag of lollies (\$1). The state of the Association, and of student engagement in University culture, becomes more precarious by the day.

Caitlin and Mark start University, their heads full of dreams and their pockets halfway full of small change. They have enough faith in their respective degrees – Caitlin's BA/LLB (#overachiever #obnoxious) and Mark's BA #humble #saltoftheearth) – that they buy water from Munchy Mart every time they get so much as a tickle in their throats. Because their degrees mean something, right? They'll be able to retrospectively afford all this bottled water once they join the workforce and become valuable contributors to society... Right?

Stuart McCutcheon gets a pay rise.

2013

The University instigates the Faculty Administration Review, which Stuart McCutcheon predicts will "substantially reduce numbers" of administrative staff. As a result, Arts departments such as English are forced to let go of virtually all

of their admin staff. Lecturers are forced to pick up the slack, diminishing their already dwindling amount of time available to spend with students.

Caitlin drops out of uni, suddenly realising that not only is her Law Degree boring, hard and filled with Law students, but also that the University churns out way too many graduates each year for all of them to get Law jobs. She suddenly regrets all the money she spent on h2go flavoured water in first year, when she should have been saving to put a deposit on a house, which looks like she won't be able to afford now anyway so what's the point of even trying. And so begins The Great Thirst.

Stuart McCutcheon gets more money, probably.

2014

The University evicts History, Classics, and Ancient History from their buildings on Wynyard Street. The core of the History building was built in 1896. The University demolishes all three buildings, claiming the land will be used as a "greenspace". Rumours circulate that it will be used for Stuart McCutcheon's private All You Can Eat Barbeque Ribs Restaurant. The Arts Degree becomes an increasingly endangered species.

The University raises fees by the maximum amount allowed (4%), despite the administrative cuts designed specifically to prevent fees from rising.

Mark enters his final year of his English and FT-VMS Major. His faith in future financial stability in tatters, he is driven mad with thirst, and only studies water-based texts: *Into the River*, *Top of the Lake*, *Ocean's Eleven*.

We assume Stu Mac gets paid lots?

2015

The School of Humanities buckles under ferocious budget cuts, and is forced to let most of its tutors go. This means lecturers now fulfil the roles of tutor and administrator, as well as their actual lecturing duties.

Caitlin and Mark join *Craccum*, allegedly because they want a creative outlet, but secretly because there's a sink in the *Craccum* office and they can drink till they throw up, like the Ancient Greeks.

The University raises fees by the maximum amount allowed (3%).

McCutcheon likely gets richer (god this is such a lazy narrative device).

January 2016

Caitlin and Mark turn up to their first day as

*Craccum* editors, kind of excited to be a mandated voice of the student body but way more excited to have a consistent supply of water *on tap*. AUSA President Will "Water-Withholding" Matthews calls them into his office and announces that they have been evicted from the *Craccum* suite because the neighbouring Maidment Theatre needs "earthquake-proofing" and if it collapses "the offices will come tumbling down with it" and apparently that's "a bad thing". They get moved into a musty old cupboard with a hole in the window, and worse, no fucking sink. A water cooler is, in AUSA's words, "yeah nah probably too expensive aye, maybe just fill this big fucking bottle up every time you want water and carry it 60 kilometres to your office?"

The University raises fees by the maximum amount allowed (2%).

Stuart McCunney gets a cap emblazoned with C.R.E.A.M.

July 2016

Halfway through the year, no work has been done on the Maidment. Not one piece of equipment has gone in or out. Not one high-vis vest has been spotted in the vicinity. Rumours are that the University plans to use the land for Stuart McCutcheon's private day spa, complete with personal masseuse and anal bleaching station.

Caitlin's right arm becomes alarmingly muscular from carrying 5 litre bottles of water from AUSA House up to the *Craccum* cupboard. A few drops every couple of weeks is the only payment she and Mark can offer their overworked subeditors.

Stewey McMuffin remains the third highest paid public servant, making over \$600,000 a year. He bathes in water cooler water twice a day. Still none to spare for *Craccum*.

September 2016

AUSA President Will "What A Joker" Matthews organises a SURPRISE WATER COOLER for the dehydrated editors. However, the surprise is ruined by the University's incessant need for a paper trail, and the editors have to submit a formal request for one. Killjoys.

Having procured their hearts' desire, Mark and Caitlin are forced to turn their attention to their futures: where can two Arts graduates go, when not even their own University wants them? They may have water, the fundamental necessity of life, but what if their qualifications aren't fundamental or necessary... For anything?

They won the battle, but the war was lost long ago. ■



# LET'S GET MAY-O-RAL, MAY-O-RAL

## Issue One: Debates

The RNZ/AUT Auckland Mayoral Debate took place last Wednesday – the first major Mayoral debate of the 2016 race.

The debate featured the four highest-polling candidates: currently former Labour Party leader Phil Goff, former Xero CEO Vic Crone, American restaurateur [*news ed: and all-round shady character*] John Palino, and former councillor Mark Thomas.

*[news ed: there has been some controversy around the selection of these candidates. activist candidate penny bright has been polling higher than mark thomas in some polls, while some media commentators have questioned the exclusion of young buck chlœe swarbrick, given rock-bottom youth engagement in the election process (full disclosure: i know chlœe, chlœe is cool)]*

The debate itself was hosted by journalist Guyon Espiner, and filmed at the AUT campus.

As has been the case during much of the Mayoral campaign, there wasn't much disagreement between candidates on many of the key issues. Each candidate emphasized that fixing Auckland's transport and housing issues needed to be a top priority for the council, as was increasing efficiency, managing rates and developing public confidence in Council effectiveness.

In many cases, candidates dodged giving truly substantive responses to some of those questions – particularly egregiously, despite the fact that every candidate on the panel was willing to acknowledge that Auckland has a housing “crisis”, none of the candidates were actually willing to come out in support of actually deflating housing prices.

The most substantive portion of the debate in terms of outlining new policy material came as candidates were grilled on their attitudes towards the Southern Initiative – a council programme designed to support the ongoing development of South Auckland.

While none of the candidates had anything that could be called meaningful policy response – Phil Goff called for more central government support, while Crone called for better work from council-led groups – the questions asked of the candidates represented a nice change from the fairly well worn discussions around transport and housing that have come to define this election.

As noted by the RNZ panelists after the debate, South Auckland has been left out of much of the dis-

cussion surrounding the Mayoral race so far. This in part due to the higher concentration of residents and ratepayers organisations in other parts of the city.

Goff used the debate to come out in support of replacing the [currently unelected] Māori Statutory Board with elected Māori councillors. Thomas immediately called the move a “step back” towards “ring-fencing” Māori voters.

Also worth paying attention to: the continued exchanges between John Palino – who supports creating “satellite cities” and freeing up the use of land outside of Auckland as a way to ease the housing crisis – and Mark Thomas, who has spent much of the last few years working to develop the broadly pro-intensification Unitary Plan, and spent much of the debate discussing ways to improve Council outcomes through procedural reform. The pair offered the biggest ideological contrast of any two candidates taking part in the debate.

Those who are interested in watching can find the debate on YouTube, or on the RNZ website.

## Issue Two: Policy Announcements

The mid-semester break has seen a number of policy announcements by each of the major Mayoral candidates.

*On the transport front:* Phil Goff has promised to institute a \$1-1.3 billion dollar Light Rail system connecting Wynyard Quarter to Dominion Road. Goff wants that project signed off before the next long-term Council budget, which will be completed in 2018. The completed track will go up through Queen Street, Symonds Street, down Dominion Road, finishing at Denbeigh Ave.

Meanwhile, Vic Crone came out in support of building a second Harbour Crossing – with a commitment to a “public rapid transport” lane. Crone committed to making \$150 million available from the Council budget to help begin work on the project, which would be completed in concert with Central Government.

*On the housing front:* Vic Crone and Phil Goff have spent much of the last two weeks fighting with each other over housing.

Goff has faced some criticism from other candidates for taking so long to release his finalised housing policy – his eventual announcement, which took place in the middle of the mid-semester break, was held less than three weeks from the

beginning of voting.

Crone has immediately said Goff's policy “shows he's out of original ideas”.

Goff's policy – readable in full on his campaign website – supports the Unitary Plan, supports limits on property speculation [*news ed: listing a number of policies, without committing to any of them*], includes policies designed to disincentive land banking, a streamlined consents system, commits the council to finding new forms of income outside of rates, and [*news ed: in what is perhaps goff's most distinctive policy*] includes strong opposition to high levels of immigration to Auckland.

Crone's policies are very similar to Goff's in a number of areas. The similarities are closest on the topics of land-banking [*news ed: specifically, targeted rates for land bankers and time limits on developers managing land freed up by council for housing*], and the proposed system of streamlined consents.

Crone's policy announcement back in July had many media commentators claiming that she had “outflanked” Goff on housing, producing a platform that seemed far more left-wing than was expected from the centre-right, National-groomed candidate.

A number of commentators have also criticized the pair for lacking distinct visions for Auckland, often taking very similar positions on the problems facing the city.

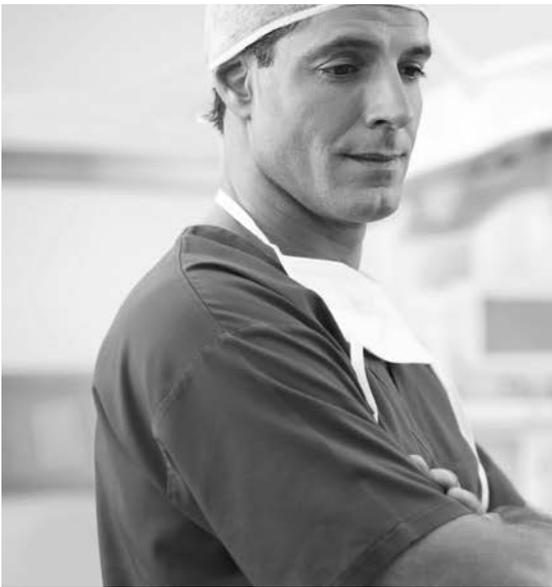
Minor candidate Rob Thomas has criticized Goff on similar grounds to Crone; Goff has made a commitment to plant more than one million native trees in locations around Auckland, a policy first announced by Thomas. The policy has been promoted by both candidates as a way to help support biological diversity, as well as livability, across the city.

## Issue Three: Voting Soon

*News Ed:* Craccum will be taking a one week break, in order to make way for next week's issue of Kate magazine. That means that by the time the next edition comes out, we'll be into voting season. This is obligatory from me at this point: pleeeeeeease vote lol.

*Voting begins on 17 September, and continues until October 8. If you want to vote, remember: voting in the local body elections is done through the mail, NOT through voting booths. Turnout in 2012 was 35% – I'm pretty sure we can do better. ■*

## RESIDENT DOCTORS IN TALKS FOR ROSTER CHANGES



The New Zealand Resident Doctors Association (RDA) has scheduled talks for September 12 with District Health Boards around the country to reduce consecutive working days as part of the Safer Hours campaign.

The Safer Hours campaign is seeking a change of 144 affected rosters for resident doctors from the current pattern of seven consecutive night shifts and 12 days in a row, to four and 10 respectively and four days off a fortnight.

Dr. Powell, National Secretary of the RDA states that the current roster schedules cause doctors to suffer from "significant levels of fatigue on these long stretches and are a risk to themselves, their patients and members of the public."

Some of the regions have already begun implementing roster changes to the new safe rosters with Tairāwhiti DHB improving all their rosters for resident doctors. Northland and Taranaki DHBs have also improved at least half of their affected rosters.

However, there is ongoing concern in the Auckland DHB, the largest employer of resi-

dent doctors in the country, with 18 rosters deemed to be unsafe. ADHB has been slow to implement the proposed changes due to cost, with 19 more doctors needed to be employed in order to improve their roster schedules without compromising care in Auckland hospitals.

Dr Tim Hopgood, Executive Secretary of the RDA says they "applaud ADHB for improving some rosters, albeit only partially," and would like to push the DHB to work towards implementing new rosters "for the health and wellbeing of the doctors, the care of their patients and the safety of the public."

■ NICOLE BLACK

## NIKKI KAYE TAKES LEAVE AFTER BREAST CANCER DIAGNOSIS

Nikki Kaye, Cabinet Minister and MP for the Auckland Central electorate, has been diagnosed with breast cancer. The 36-year-old minister will be taking extended sick-leave in order to undergo treatment for the disease.

Roughly 3,000 women are diagnosed with breast-cancer each year. Less than one in thirty diagnoses involve women aged between 35 and 39.

Kaye first joined the National Party in 1998, eventually working under then-Leader of the Opposition Bill English. After a short period working in the United Kingdom, she returned

to New Zealand in 2007 to run her first campaign.

Kaye then entered Parliament in 2008, as the first-ever National politician to capture the typically left-leaning Auckland Central seat. She became a minister in 2013, managing the Food Safety, Civil Defence and Youth Affairs portfolios, as well as associate education and immigration roles.

One of the National Party's more socially liberal MP's, Kaye was part of a cross-party group in favour of legalizing same-sex marriage in 2013, and also led a campaign to keep the alcohol purchase age at 18 years old in 2012.

Currently 19th on the National Party List, she now holds the ACC, Civil Defence, Youth Affairs and Associate Education portfolios.

She has received support from both sides of the house after coming public with the news.

Jacinda Ardern, Kaye's Labour opposition for the Auckland Central seat, tweeted: "This is gutting news Nikki. Thinking of you and wishing you the speediest recovery."

Meanwhile, Green Party co-leader James Shaw called the diagnosis a "real personal tragedy for Nikki Kaye and for her family".

"I just want to wish her all the best of luck and the best for her recovery... and I hope that she gets all the support she needs."

During her recovery, Nathan Guy will serve as acting ACC minister, Gerry Brownlee will manage Civil Defence, Anne Tolley will take over Youth Affairs and Hekia Parata will manage the Associate Education Portfolio. ■



## UNIVER-SHITTY UPDATE CRACCUM BRINGS YOU ALL THE TERTIARY FUCKERY FROM AROUND THE COUNTRY

### Part One: Lincoln University

Deans at Lincoln University have been asked to identify and eliminate “unpopular courses”, in a desperate attempt to balance the University’s budget.

According to Lincoln’s annual financial report, the University faced a \$6 million budget shortfall during the 2015 financial year – around 10% of the projected budget.

University Vice Chancellor Robin Pollard told members of the Lincoln University Council that the cuts were a “matter of urgency”, saying that the University “[does] not want students starting next year to find that things were not as they expected.”

The cuts are yet another blow in a series of morale-damaging upsets at the University. Former Vice Chancellor Andy West left the University midway through last year, after growing controversy over his willingness to spend University funding to hire “consultants” – part of the 2015 budget blowout. Further, five of the University’s Deputy Vice Chancellors have resigned over the last twelve months.

Tertiary Education Union organizer Cindy Doull says that the cuts only stand to hurt Lincoln further.

“[It] has nothing to do with giving local people better access to quality tertiary education, or helping Lincoln to become a creative successful land-based university. It is simply about saving

money by taking away people’s jobs and students’ opportunities to learn.”

More than 100 staff working at the University lost their jobs during restructuring in 2013 and 2014.

### Part Two: Unitec

Staff at Unitec are being stretched thin by a toxic work environment, according to a leaked report.

Wei Loo, President of Unitec’s chapter of the Tertiary Education Union, said that according to the report, only ten percent of Unitec staff would recommend working at the institution.

In the overall staff support survey, scored from 100 to -100, with zero being neutral, the University was graded at -56.

Loo says that the result is simply not good enough.

“If we were talking about an organisation or a corporation in the business sector, -56 would warrant drastic intervention or action.”

The Union blames the results on a number of changes Unitec has implemented over recent years, saying that the changes have come too quickly, and that management are not listening to teaching staff about which of the changes are working and which are not.

These changes include a move to replace some face-to-face teaching with technology-based approaches, an initiative to create home-room style groups of students studying different

subjects in broadly similar disciplines.

Unitec has also pushed a number of reforms designed to bring the academic environment more in line with the workplace – students now enter placements with employers for some of their course, and industry experts are invited to act as lecturers or tutors on a part-time basis in some courses.

Unitec Chief Executive Rick Ede said Unitec was trying to create an education system “fit for the 21st century” but that the school was willing to listen to the concerns of staff.

“The feedback we’re getting is that we’re probably going as fast, or in the view of some staff, faster than people can cope with right now. And that’s why in response to that feedback we’re stepping back a little bit where we think it can help.”

Dr Ede also stressed that student satisfaction levels had not changed by any significant amount since the institute started changing its course structure.

### Part Three: University Of Canterbury

Women are now a minority at the University of Canterbury, for the first time in over a decade.

Women comprised only 49.5 percent of UC’s student body in 2015.

The three biggest Universities in the country all



have significant majorities of women, with Victoria University at 55.9%, University of Otago at 57%, and the University of Auckland at 55.4%.

Overall, 57.8 percent of all Bachelor's degrees held in New Zealand are held by women.

Canterbury's Vice Chancellor Rod Carr says that the decrease is a result of higher enrolments in subjects that are traditionally male dominated, such as engineering, and science based subjects.

"In our College of Education for instance about 70 to 80 per cent of those students are typically female and in the College of Engineering typically 80 per cent of those students are male. What's happened over the past five years is the proportion of engineering students has risen and the proportion of arts and education students has declined," he says.

The decline has also been connected to the Christchurch earthquakes. The school has seen fewer women enrolling year-on-year ever since 2012.

Worth noting is the fact that UC's neighbour, Lincoln University, began this year by celebrating the first time in their 138-year history with more female enrolments than male. As a specialist Agricultural School, Lincoln has often struggled to attract female students.

Mr Carr says that those trends are temporary, however, and that they will be reversed in the coming years. ■



## UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND IS RANK(ED HIGHLY)

The University Of Auckland has reaffirmed its place as the country's premier international tertiary institution, as the only New Zealand University to be placed in the top 100 Universities in this year's QS rankings.

Auckland was ranked 81st place overall, up one place from last year. In second place was the University of Otago, ranked 169th, and the University of Canterbury, at 214th.

Lincoln University made the largest improvement, moving 30 places from last year's ranking, up to 343rd.

The QS rankings are produced by Quacquarelli Symonds, a British company that specializes in helping students study abroad.

The QS score isn't necessarily intended to describe strength of particular Universities as places of learning. Instead, the score is a representation of that institution's attractiveness to students from other countries looking to study abroad.

The rankings are devised through a set formula, taking a number of factors into account. These factors include the results of an international academic peer review (worth 40% of the overall score), the University's faculty-member-to-student ratio (worth 20%), the number of citations per faculty at each University (20%), the reputation of the University as an employer (10%), the proportion of international students to local students [5%], and proportion of international staff (5%).

The University of Auckland uses the QS rankings heavily in both domestic and international marketing, citing the results as proof that it is New Zealand's "World-Ranked" University.

Vice-Chancellor Professor Stuart McCutcheon says the high rankings will help attract international talent.

"We are focused on achieving a high level of excellence and this is a great result for the university and the country." ■

# From the President

Hey AUSA!

I hope your holidays were good! Coming back to Uni after spending two weeks in bed binge watching Gilmore Girls can be a bit of drag, but eventually you'll be glad to stumble bleary-eyed out of Stars Hollow and give your brain a bit of a workout.

There's some big stuff happening in Auckland over the next little while, and at AUSA we want to make sure that you're up to date and can take part! ■

## INTRODUCING YOUR NEW AUSA EXECUTIVE!

At the end of the last half-semester, you elected a brand new Executive team to lead AUSA in 2017! It was inspiring to see such enthusiastic and energetic candidates competing for your vote, and it bodes well for the output that you will see from AUSA next year!

Your AUSA Executive for 2017 is:

- President:** *Will Matthews*
- Administrative Vice-President:** *Sebastian Hartley*
- Education Vice-President:** *Jessica Palairat*
- Welfare Vice-President:** *Sarah Butterfield*
- Treasurer:** *Daniel Bradley*
- Craccum Editor(s):** *Samantha Gianotti and Catriona Britton*
- Maori Student's Officer:** *TBA*
- Pacific Island Student's Officer:** *TBA*
- Clubs and Societies:** *Fiona Wu*
- Culture and Arts:** *Caitlin Watters*
- Environmental Affairs:** *Paht Satjipanon*
- Grafton Representative:** *Conor O'Hanlon*
- International Students:** *Yi Xin Heng*
- Media Officer:** *Alana Misselbrook*
- Political Engagement:** *Anna Cusack*
- Queer Rights:** *Isabella Francis*
- Student Forum Chair:** *Penelope Jones*
- Tamaki Representative:** *Alishba Ali*
- Women's Rights:** *Noelle Dumo and Melissa Castelino* ■

## EYE ON AUSA - WHAT HAVE YOUR STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES BEEN UP TO RECENTLY?

**Meeting the Mayors:** The Auckland local body campaign has been heating up recently. To make sure that the student voice was heard, and that candidates took student issues seriously, AUSA released an open invitation for mayoral candidates to come and meet with us. At the time of writing, we have met with Phil Goff, David Hay, John Palino, Chloe Swarbrick and Mark Thomas for some open and honest discussions about public transport, housing and the future sustainability of our city.

We also gave the candidates an opportunity to talk directly to students. Our Political Engagement Officer Sarah Butterfield and Student Forum Chair Min Kyu-Jung organised a 'Milo With the Mayors' event, attended by David Hay, Mark Thomas, John Palino, Chloe Swarbrick and Penny Bright.

We'll be ramping up our coverage on what these candidates are offering students from now until election day - make sure you engage with the candidates and get out and vote for the one that you feel represents your vision for Auckland! ■



# What's happening on campus?



## WOMENSFEST 2016 IS COMING!

Womensfest is a week-long festival of events dedicated to raising awareness on women's issues and experiences. This year, Womensfest will take place in Week 8 and will feature involvement from a rich array of clubs on campus!

For more information on all of the events, panels, quizzes and more that will make up Womensfest check out 'AUSA Presents: Womensfest 2016!' on Facebook



## BASIC INCOME NEW ZEALAND PUBLIC MEETING!

Hear Basic Income New Zealand Lowell Manning speak on the matter of New Zealand adopting a Universal Basic Income (UBI) for every Kiwi whanau/family, student/children rich or poor, or whatever the household income stream(s)

When? Wednesday September 21st, 12pm-1pm

Where? Conference Centre Lecture Theatre - 423-342



## WELCOME BACK THE BUDGIE MEAL!

Access to nutritious and good value meals on campus is so important when you're working and studying. Now the majority of retailers will offer at least one wholesome meal for \$6.50 or less. Look out for the budge around retail on campus! All feedback welcome, [retail@aukland.ac.nz](mailto:retail@aukland.ac.nz)

University of Auckland says NO to discrimination - a message from the Vice Chancellor

The University of Auckland has zero tolerance for discrimination. Racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, ableism and other "isms" share one key feature: they ascribe negative characteristics to another group, and assume that those characteristics apply to all members of the group. I encourage anyone who experiences such behaviour to seek resolution via the appropriate processes, including if necessary

complaints procedures, so the University can act appropriately. I also encourage anyone who witnesses unacceptable discrimination here to challenge those behaviours and support those who are being discriminated. The Equity Office has developed a range of resources including a poster, door sticker, e-screen and PowerPoint slide to support our Zero Tolerance campaign. Visit [www.equity.auckland.ac.nz/zerotolerance](http://www.equity.auckland.ac.nz/zerotolerance)

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[www.equity.auckland.ac.nz/zerotolerance](http://www.equity.auckland.ac.nz/zerotolerance)

# Where Is Your Money Going?

Earlier in the year, AUSA asked you to help us in our report to the Student Consultative Group and the University Council on the allocation of the Compulsory Student Services Fee. This is a portion of your fees that the University takes and earmarks for various student services and other projects intended to enrich the life of students on the University of Auckland campus. Based on your feedback, these are the recommendations that AUSA has made to the University.

## SUMMARY

As in previous years, the majority of students that completed the survey feel that the fee is too high for the correlating services provided, and feel they have insufficient knowledge about the fee. Furthermore, those surveyed that more students should be involved in the CSSF-setting process, with many suggesting online communications through Canvas, e-mail, or more widely distributed surveys.

The majority of students who were surveyed rated each of the ministerial directive categories (advocacy and legal advice; careers information, advice and guidance; counselling services; employment information; financial support and advice; health services; media; childcare services; and clubs and societies) as of moderate to high importance, except for media, which was generally ranked lower on the importance scale. Most students preferred that money in each category be spent on already existing services and when asked which services in each category they had used in their time at University, most of those surveyed showed a strong engagement with existing services.

Those surveyed felt that spending the CSSF on services for students in difficult situations (e.g. advocacy, welfare, health services) or information-based services (e.g. careers and employment information) was more worthwhile than spending on "student life" services (e.g. clubs and societies, sports and recreation).

Areas of strong student support:

- Further subsidies for doctor and nurse appointments
- Expanded counselling services (i.e. further subsidies, increased limit for number of sessions)
- More widespread budgeting advice services
- Increased availability of CV and interview workshops
- Student Job Search
- AUSA advocacy services

Areas of strong student criticism:

- Lack of widespread communications about the CSSF
- The amount charged

- Funding being used for capital charges rather than services to benefit current students
- Lack of focus on faculty-delivered and faculty-specific services
- Evidence of under-funding health and counselling services (e.g. waiting times, level of care given to each patient)

## RECOMMENDATIONS

Consequently, AUSA makes the following recommendations:

**Recommendation 1: The CSSF should not increase from \$754.80 in 2016.**

**Recommendation 2: The amount collected in capital charges from each student should be decreased.\***

**Recommendation 3: Consult widely with students about future capital projects funded through the CSSF.\***

**Recommendation 4: The large proportion of the levy currently spent on sports and recreation should be decreased, and further gym membership subsidies should be prioritised within this decreased proportion.**

**Recommendation 5: That Campus Life and the University support AUSA to increase the availability of events to increase student engagement and social awareness.**

**Recommendation 6: More funding should be allocated to health services. Additional funding should be used to decrease the fee and waiting times for doctor and nurse appointments.\***

**Recommendation 7: More funding should be allocated to counselling to allow for a more flexible cap on appointments and shorter waiting times. \***

**Recommendation 8: Residential Assistants and Advisors should be funded through a user pays system and the funding re-allocated to counselling and health services.\***

**Recommendation 9: Careers and Employment Information should be prioritised, especially services that offer direct advice to individuals.**

**Recommendation 10: Faculty delivery of careers information should be prioritised and equally required across all Faculties.\***

**Recommendation 11: The Student Job Search levy paid by AUSA to allow all University of Auckland students to access the service for free should be funded through the CSSF.\***

**Recommendation 12: CSSF spending for student-led media should be increased, and directed towards existing student media forms, including Craccum and 95bFM.\***

**Recommendation 13: Each Faculty specify an amount of funding for clubs and societies, with a focus on Faculty associations.**

**Recommendation 14: A University-wide budgeting service be established and funded by the CSSF.**

**Recommendation 15: The proportion of CSSF funds allocated to each faculty should be reviewed and rationalised.\***

**Recommendation 16: Feedback should be provided to Student Consultative Group members on how their feedback has been taken into account.\***

**Recommendation 17: In future, the consultation document and information provided to Student Consultative Group should provide clearer alignments between services and ministerial categories, as well as compare proportional allocations from year to year. ■**

*\*Recommendations marked with an asterisk are in line with those made in 2015.*

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## WHAT'S ON?

Come along to an **afternoon of writing together** (and a cup of tea, from a collection of vessels handmade for the exhibition) in the **Symonds Street Junction Community Garden**, for the fun of it. Meet at Black Note, 223 Symonds Street, 1pm, Sunday 23 September. (If it's raining we will still write but can stay inside).

There will be a **trading table** running for the entirety of the show. Make sure you bring an item along when you visit, so that you are ready to trade if anything on the table calls to you! There will be instructions on the table, and each trade will be archived so you can trace back through the table's history.

On 28 September, Daisy Wells and Robyn Jordaan will collaboratively present a **live performance piece, BedLam**, from 6-8pm (performance starting at 6.30pm). A live streamed dance parallels the performance of sound. Through dark and light repetitive contradictions, distortion of play becomes bodily.

The upcoming **roaming working bee on bikes** culminates at the **Symonds Street Junction Community Garden**, on 1 October. A festival for spring – there will be tree planting, herbal teas and karakia at sunset. This coincides with the final day of the exhibition, so come along to celebrate with us all! ■

## EXHIBITION

### What do I want? Where do I stand?

A report (and blatant advertising) from Elam's about-to-be grad artists on their off-site exhibition.

*When the proposed idea of an offsite exhibition was initially pitched to our year group at Elam, collectively we were doubtful that it could be done. Find a free space in Auckland City? We snorted. By the second meeting the group of students leading the initiative told us: get excited – it's happening. Let's party.*

Over 50 Elam students in their fourth and final of their undergraduate degree are a part of the exhibition which, being in our final year, represents our transition from the art school institution to the 'real world'. Through collaboration with Auckland Transport the exhibition is being held in an amazing venue at 223 Symonds Street, formerly Black Note, a Māori music bar.

The three-story building presents many opportunities for site-specific work, as each floor is vastly different to each other and offers an infinite array of nooks, crannies and architectural intricacies that traditional gallery spaces often lack. The exhibition itself includes works from a range of mediums, forms, and disciplines, with the unifying theme being to embrace the diversity and the challenge of being an emerging artist.

Prepare yourself for the three-tiered show; salon style upstairs, bar-meets-install on the ground floor and a grungy basement with lots of video work. The exhibition also has an online component – a web-hosted space for viewing art works, accessing content available only online as well as a platform for hosting a pdf version of the catalogue and an archive of the show upon its closing.

Although we have made it happen, the planning of the exhibition has not been without its challenges! What began as an opportunity to exhibit collectively with our peers somehow became a trip through Dante's nine circles of bureaucratic hell, a Herculean feat of small proportions just to get artists with strange paintings through a door, up the stairs, then onto the wall.

The problems that we faced in the planning and execution of the exhibition are repre-

sentative of the wider issues currently faced by Auckland and New Zealand, in relation to creative enterprise. It seems talk of making Auckland a cultural hub is just that – talk.

The scale and effort required to mount exhibitions, or free public gigs, or cultural *whatever* mean that the will can be lacking. This, compounded with the fact that few people own buildings (*something something housing crisis*), doubled with the fact that those who do own property are not often willing to lend their spaces where there is little opportunity for profit, make for a tough going.

Thankfully both Auckland Transport and Auckland Council were open-minded and supportive. They are strongly encouraging creative enterprise fostering community engagement, however they did at times seem very unsure how to go about that. The release of the Unitary Plan forecasts significant changes for the city, and the current gentrification of the fringes of the Auckland CBD has the potential to quell creative initiative.

Despite these challenges, this has been an opportunity for our peers to connect outside of the institutional framework and has encouraged a sharing of skills, knowledge, time, and resources. Collaboration was always a key goal of this exhibition, and has taken shape through collaborative works both within the peer group and also with outside groups such as the Symonds Street Junction Community Garden, Auckland Transport, the City Bee Collaboration, and with our other sponsors such as Phantom Billstickers.

By occupying and responding to the area, we are filling the spatial and cultural void between community and institution. Rather than putting us off with its challenges, the whole experience has proved to us that pursuing these projects is more important than ever if we want to make Auckland an enjoyable, open, and livable city. After all, what could be more liberating than art?

■ HOLLY GILLARD AND FELIX PRYOR

WHAT DO I WANT? WHERE DO I STAND? IS OPEN FROM 16-30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 11AM TO 4PM, WEDNESDAYS TO SUNDAYS, AT 223 SYMONDS STREET, AUCKLAND. OFFSITE.ORG.NZ

## FASHION OFF CAMPUS

Fine Arts student Holly Burgess has been bringing you Fashion on Campus all year. Her photographic pursuits are by no means limited to the University – she photographed New Zealand Fashion Week for *Miss FQ*. You can check out more images at [fq.co.nz](http://fq.co.nz), including street style for each day of the event, and see more of Holly's work on Instagram, @hsburg. ■



## HOW TO DRESS FOR SPRING

Spring has sprung – the birds are chirping and the flowers are blooming. It's a wonderful time, one which would previously be spent digging out crochet halter-necks, gladiator sandals and gypsy skirts. But, sadly for those raiding their Baby-Boomer parents' wardrobes, the seventies are dead and the eighties currently reign supreme. We've had a winter full of thigh-high suede boots, patent leather mini-skirts and faux fur in every form. To help you transition this trend into the summer months, we have provided our top five eighties essentials for spring – FYI it comes 100% leg warmer and neon spandex free.

### 1. Denim Mini

This is basically the eighties version of last season's off the shoulder boho top. A denim skirt can go with basically anything you already have in your wardrobe, so if you were going to include any of this list's items on your Christmas wish-list this would have to be it.

### 2. Satin Bomber Jacket

Living in Auckland, a list of what-to-wear would not be complete without something to keep you warm and snuggly. I'm sure that we've all learnt the hard way that the coming of Spring does not necessarily mean the coming of warmer weather.

### 3. Anything Sequinned

Whether it be a booty-huggin' gold ball dress or a slinky black camisole, sequins are the perfect way to zhuzh up an outfit.

### 4. Slip-On Vans

Cool but comfy, these beauties made their first resurgence in the early 2000s à la Avril Lavigne so surely if they come back now, they're here to stay.

### 5. Hoop Earrings

The bigger the better. The eighties were all about statement jewellery and what better way to encapsulate this than with a pair of hoops. Anything 3 times the size of your earlobe that reaches to just above your shoulder will work though. ■

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# befriending ben: a snap story

a quest to rival the holy grail

BY MARK FULLERTON

Where were you on the May 10, 2004? Where were you when the musical landscape changed forever?

I was in the back of a car, dodging wind gusts on the Harbour Bridge and awkward conversation with an equally awkward parent of a friend. I was at a 10th birthday party, but had feigned injury in order to make it home in time to witness, live on TV2, the battle of the century.

Two men facing off for the ultimate accolade. Their weapons? Their voices. Their objective? Our texts. The prize? Can't remember. There could only be one. And when that name was announced, and when he held that impossibly long note (thirteen seconds – I checked) in the middle of his triumphant winner's single, that man had catapulted himself into New Zealand musical history.

His name was Ben Lummis, and he was our first New Zealand Idol.

"They Can't Take That Away" remained in the number one spot for an unprecedented seven weeks, boosted by the release of his debut

album a month later. It was called *One Road*, but his journey had been far from an easy one. Three times Ben found himself in the bottom three, whereas finals rival and charming schoolboy Michael Murphy had cruised through, the darling of the nation, with legions of young female fans and an entire school of text-happy teens backing him. Maybe it was his red-tinged hair, or perhaps his Blink-182-esque fashion, but it was not to be for young Michael. That night in May belonged to one man and his spiderwebbed scalp.

But then we grew up. Ben faded from the national memory, relegated to humorous 'New Zealand Bangers' playlists on Spotify with the likes of Dei Hamo and Elemen P. Ben Lummis: New Zealand's first fallen Idol.

Twelve years later, and the pattern was well established. Beau Monga disappeared from our lives as quickly as he'd entered, as had Jackie Thomas, Rosita Vai and whoever it was that won season three of NZ Idol. It became clear that if you wanted a career in music, you should do everything in your power to NOT win a singing show.

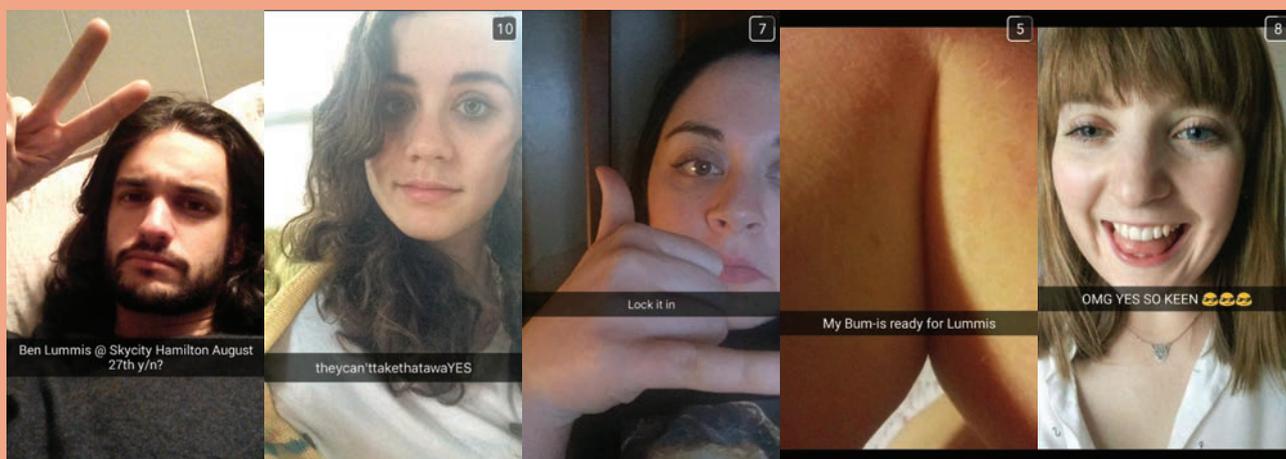
And then. One night I was sent a Snap of an

old CD collection. *One Road* was there, and the floodgates opened. The memories – oh, the memories!

*What is Ben up to these days?* I wondered. I looked him up on Facebook. Turns out that what Ben was up to was joining Snapchat. So I added him. And would you believe it – his Snapstory revealed that that very night he was performing! I must have watched that story at least sixteen times. It had been so long. It was like catching up with an old friend, except you'd never actually met that friend and they didn't actually know you were catching up. Just like that, the fever took hold. Every update, every gym selfie, every adorable video of his three children, I lapped it up. I wanted more Lummis. I needed more Lummis. There was only one thing to be done.

I would become his friend.

A quick Google search revealed an upcoming show at SkyCity. Excellent, I thought. Gather the troops, head off to the pokies, have a drink and Uber home before bedtime. A closer look revealed that it was, in fact, SkyCity Hamilton. *Fuck*, I thought. *This could be difficult*. Nevertheless, the call was made.



The gang was back together. TrueFan, the one who started this venture with that fateful snap: (ForeverIn)BlueJeans, who didn't finish work in Auckland until two hours before the show started in Hamilton; Babs(FromChickenRun), who didn't get the 'no ripped jeans' memo and had to borrow some non-ripped blue jeans from BlueJeans; and Hannah, who didn't want a nickname and really only came along to help propel the plot and provide opportunities for character development. Five companions. The Fellowship of the Ben.

The trip down was uneventful. BlueJeans finished work on time, Babs was her usual mum-driving self and TrueFan made us listen to the entirety of *One Road*.

"Every song is a carefully crafted masterpiece, we have to listen to the whole thing," she espoused. "'They Can't Take That Away' gets all the glory, but there are so many hidden bangers. 'I Love You, Love Me' is such a fucking tune. It does things to my body."

So we did. When it finished and Babs tried to put on the Creedence Clearwater Revival classic *Bayou Country*, TrueFan grabbed the wheel and tried to run the car off the road and wouldn't let go until we played *One Road* again. So we did.

We arrived at our accommodation and quickly set about getting rekd. Taxi time came, and Babs got roped into a conversation about our evening plans with the man on the other end.

"What exactly is Ben Lummis up to these days?" enquired the voice.

"Look mate," replied Babs, adopting her most

## *But then we grew up. Ben faded from the national memory, relegated to humorous 'New Zealand Bangers' playlists on Spotify with the likes of Dei Hamo and Elemeno P.*

effective Waikato drawl, "that's exactly why we've come to find him."

"You should really aks him. I see him on Insta with my friends all the time!" her new friend said excitedly, and logged our request.

The taxi arrived, the call from the driver was made to us, the call from the driver was missed by us, the taxi departed without us and we decided to brave the elements and just walk the 500 metres by ourselves. As we passed a lonely Irish pub, a drunken patron leaned out over his table and hurled at us a garbled string of words.

"Yes, we ARE going to see Ben Lummis," cried TrueFan in response, gently slapping him in the face with her copy of *One Road*, "and nothing you can say or do will stop us!"

We continued on our journey, with Babs noting that if she were to reach similar levels of incomprehensible babbling that night then she could consider it a night well spent.

If you ignore the oversized casino chips adorning the façade, and the fact that it lies opposite that square they play on the weather camera that NEVER has anyone in it, SkyCity Hamilton is quite nice from the outside. We entered. This was a big step for all of us, as not one of our number had ever set foot in a casino before.

As you would imagine, losing your casino virginity in Hamilton is not the best. It was quiet, uncomfortable and just a little bit sticky, and by the time we got in it was already over. Ben Lummis wasn't even there. Our dilly-dallying with the taxi company meant that we had missed his first bracket of songs, but, in our state of panic, we naturally assumed we had missed the whole thing. Drinks, we decided. That's what we need.

Behind the bar was a cheerful young chap named Sam. He assured us that yes, Ben would be returning in a matter of minutes, so why don't we wile away the time with a few tequila shots?

Sam was jumping the gun. He had the tequila, he had the salt, but he had no lemons, so we waited like goons with salt slowly trickling off our fleshy side-hands while he got chopping.

"Scuse the fingies!" he chirped as he plopped a handful of lemon slices onto the bar. Stay classy, Hamilton. Any concerns about dubious hygiene went out the window, though, as I noticed we were not alone. A man was pouring himself a glass of water. He was shorter than I had imagined, his trademark hair lines were absent, but there was no mistaking it.

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I was standing next to Ben Lummis.

Given the precarious state of our salt and shots and lightly fingered lemons, and the uproarious reaction I knew his presence would inspire in the Fellowship, I kept this information to myself until we had finished. By that time Ben had retreated backstage, but the excitement was palpable. We were so close.

Sam lied. Ben was not minutes away. But he came out again and this time was accosted by two drunk women asking for selfies. We spotted our chance and swarmed. We introduced ourselves, told him that we had come from Auckland to see him (“for reals?”) and asked for photos. He was quiet and polite and just really, really nice. Everything you would expect in the champion of the people, in a national musical ambassador. TrueFan got her CD signed and wouldn’t shut up about it, BlueJeans reminded him of the time that she met him at St Lukes Mall (“HOW CAN YOU NOT REMEMBER ME?”) while Hannah hung on the fringes. The plot was progressing nicely.

Ben excused himself. He had a job to do. Finally, we were going to see Ben Lummis perform. Already cutting shapes on the d-floor were an older couple, performing a simple stepping routine and motioning for us to join. The woman counted to four and pointed forward. BlueJeans went left. Babs went right. Hannah went back. TrueFan ended up somewhere on State Highway 25. We clearly had some work to do. The woman smiled and kept on going.

“Where did you learn to dance?” asked Babs.

“I’m South African darling, it comes naturally!” she replied with a cheeky smile.

Banger after banger. Ben and his mates sure knew how to get a crowd, albeit rather small, going.

“WOOOOOOO!” I screamed obnoxiously after one song.

Ben looked up and smiled. “Thanks Mark!”

I died. I couldn’t go on.

I checked my phone, and died once more.

One new Snap.

From Ben Lummis.

It was a video of us dancing taken from the stage. And not only had he sent it to me – we were now on the Snapstory of a New Zealand Idol. I would have happily called it a night. I had achieved what I set out to achieve. But I was having too good a time. Ben was killing it. We danced the night away. Lionel Richie, Frankie Valli, Bruno Mars. Any song, any genre, any time – Ben was doing it all, and he was

making people happy.

Later on Hannah, in an effort to get the plot moving, decided that Sam the Barman and BlueJeans would make a nice couple and set about setting them up – a move thwarted when Sam sheepishly admitted that he wasn’t allowed to set foot outside the confines of the bar and subsequently was unable to groove the night away to “Play that Funky Music”.

“SO MUCH BOOGIE,” exclaimed Babs, while TrueFan noted that Michael Murphy had performed this very song in Week Four of Season 1, and that maybe Ben was suffering from survivor’s guilt and it had taken him twelve years to rid the song of the painful memories.

The night went on. We sang. We danced. We lived, we laughed, we loved, we Lummised. As with all good things, the night had to come to an end, but Ben assured us that he was performing in Auckland in a matter of weeks and that he’d love to see us there. We said tearful goodbyes to Avril, our South African dance instructor, Sam the Barman and, of course, Ben. Our Idol.

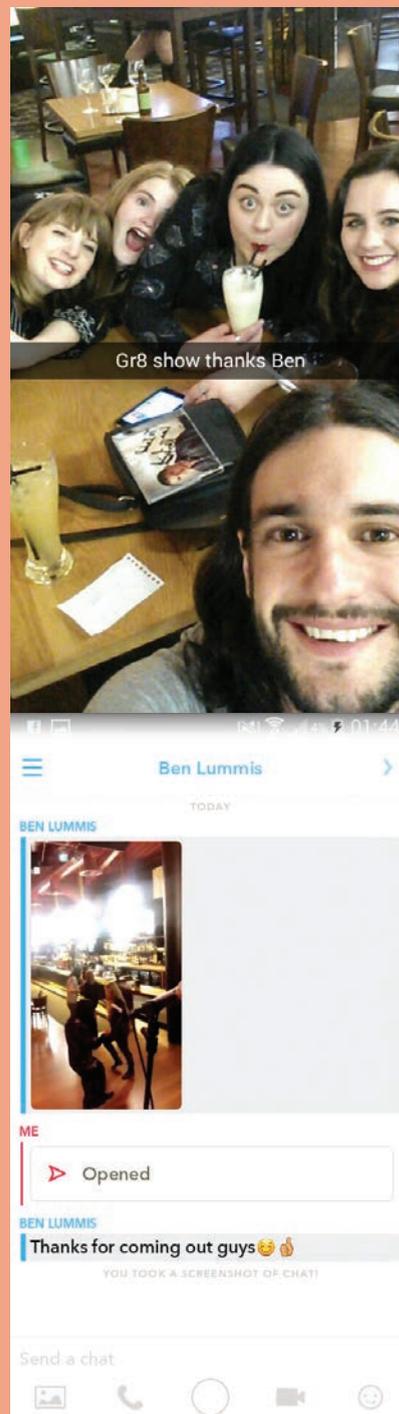
As we traipsed back through the mellow night to our suspiciously solid-floored accommodation, not even the dead town could bring us down. Even Calendar Girls was closed, and if a strip club is closed at 1am on a Saturday morning, when IS it open? BlueJeans said that she loved Ben Lummis, she loved her friends, she loved this town (questionable) and that she loved the song “Oh What a Night (December 1963)”. Babs said that seeing Ben Lummis gave her more joy than watching a golden-haired toddler embracing her family dog. Hannah said that she felt like her heart was going to explode out of her chest because she was so happy and she was bursting with laughter and wanted to cry. TrueFan offered no words, because none were adequate. If any one of them had been tasked with writing this article, they would have probably described me like this:

*“He sat, quietly, a small smile of satisfaction spreading across his face. He had done what he had come to do. He had befriended Ben.”*

For one glorious night, Ben Lummis had lit up a small part of New Zealand. Hamilton was his town. Lummilton. Through the power of music, dance, Snapchat and by sheer virtue of the fact that every song he played was an absolute fucking banger, Ben Lummis had managed to bring together a group of strangers from different countries, cities and with with an age spread of around fifty years.

“Anyone could join in,” Avril had said. “All you had to do was count to four.”

And then he snapped me again.



The next morning. We packed, ate, then headed back home. As we wound our way onto State Highway 1 we passed a sign.

‘Farewell from Hamilton!’

*Silly people*, I thought. *They spelled Lummilton wrong.* ■



# this house supports kanye 2020

the debating society has been around since 1887 and meets every thursday to discuss issues both topical and whimsical. [www.debating.co.nz](http://www.debating.co.nz)

## Affirmative

Trump's run for the Presidency isn't exactly as out-of-the-box as people perceive to be. A wealthy individual who has navigated the political landscape for years and tends to know more about Government's backdoors than anyone else – sounds rather Bush-esque, but it's believable enough. But is Kanye West's bid for the 2020 Presidential election more, or less, extreme than Trump's? Does America really benefit under the leadership of an unabashed and unapologetic hip-hop icon?

The first argument in favour of Kanye's enigmatic campaign is quite simply his genius; the man has engineered more hip-hop anthems than Bush engineered clandestine operations. For a country in need of desperate debt relief, and seemingly endless torrent of race relations issues, it appears as if mainstream political think tanks and traditionally trained politicians don't hold the legislative answers. But there's a high chance the depths of the polarising, yet widely worshipped, dark and twisted mind of Kanye holds the

solution to these. Whether it be building a wall around Times Square so that America need not see the national debt figure emblazoned across its economic heartland, or abolishing the human metric and conception of "colour" in order to target systematic racism, Kanye will almost certainly venture where no politician dares to tread – that's exactly what the country needs. Whilst it's arguable that the House will attempt to leash his ingenuity, it's highly likely President West will utilise the function of Executive Orders at his will; and by that, we mean injudicious and generous use of it. For example, we don't see any harm in Kanye appropriating the Air Force's drone program to pump his beats from the skies; it's a win-win situation. The ears of America are better off and less innocent lives are lost.

The second argument for Kanye 2020 is premised on the hilarity we've all enjoyed during the Trump 2016 campaign. Should Kanye run under the Republican banner, the world is almost guaranteed a spectacle worth seeing. A black

liberationist who actively criticised his Christian upbringing would be the perfect antithesis to the Bible belt's pickup truck driving voters; given his pseudo-country & western efforts in "FourFiveSeconds", it's arguable that Kanye is the moderating agent the Deep South never had. A bridge across the border dividing Alabama and Sanity. Whilst the GOP's faithful have been disenchanted with the Democrat's run of success over the last eight years (which may extend to sixteen), it is fair to say that American conservatism may need a shot of Kanye to maintain relevancy in a progressively liberalising political sphere. It is for this reason that Kanye's campaign not only will benefit from a strong and stoic voter base that'll most definitely see him for the Christ-like figure he is, but also will act as a lifeline for a group of voters struggling to stay afloat in a country that seems to value personal liberties more and more.

Meanwhile, we get to sit back and laugh at the irony of it all. ■

## Negative

Opinions on Kanye West may be polarised, but that does not mean they are all valid. The reality is that Kanye is a visionary, the voice of a generation, a genius, a revolutionary, a poet, an icon, a fashionista and more. To take such a talented figure away from entertainment and place him in the sphere of politics would be to silence his vision and deprive our generation of one of its great icons. It would be a significant waste of talent to give Kanye the presidency.

So why can't Kanye be a visionary whilst he's in politics? Instead of being surrounded by his loving producers, record executives and entourage, Kanye would instead be in an environment of hostility, pressure and chaos. As a Democratic president Kanye would have to struggle with the mantle of being the second black president. To a trendsetter like Kanye, this would mean having to pour all his efforts into the presidency at the expense of his other endeavours. To the Republicans, the initial confusion of an African American man spouting

a hard line faith agenda, low taxation and off colour comments about Muslims would likely be too much for any Republican congressman or senator to handle. The time spent explaining to his Congress that he is just as conservative as they are would be immense.

What ideas are we missing out on then? (A question we've all raised at one point or another after Kanye's request to Mark Zuckerberg). The reality is that we don't exactly know what's inside the mystery box that is Kanye's mind compared to the visionary presidency he would provide, but we can speculate. Maybe it will be a line of affordable Yeezys that maintain their image despite a lack of scarcity. Maybe it will be a cloud distribution system that freely distributes Kanye's work. Maybe it will be the same idea but for a nominal fee (like Spotify, but Kanye ... so better). Maybe we'll finally get an update as to when we can fucking expect Turbo Grafx 16. Either way the possibilities are endless, Kanye's ideas are limitless, and so

too are the gains we as a community reap. In contrast, a presidency is just a presidency, but ideas are ideas, clearly you should choose ideas.

Finally, though, we lose the voice of a social activist. Deep down Kanye is the sort of person that can't let injustice go unchallenged and the gagging order of the party whip – the dirty taint of being a "politician" will haunt Kanye as he tries to achieve any social change. Think about what we'll miss out on: there will be no Kanye to orchestrate a music video of Taylor Swift and numerous other celebrities, which she consented to but said she didn't, to promote a message about... Hollywood... or something. Who will be there to make colourful comments about races being good at certain activities, write a book whilst denouncing autobiographies or provide a counter-narrative as God's voice to the Vatican and the Pope?

I know what your final thoughts are, what if he loses? Doesn't all of this mean nothing? He wouldn't lose, clearly. ■



# the heroine we deserve

anoushka maharaj interviews mayoral candidate chlœ swarbrick

*Auckland needs a fresh perspective, and this tenacious mayoral candidate is here to deliver. Read on for a smack down of her ice-cold, bureaucratic insight.*

## WHAT ARE YOUR FIVE FAVOURITE THINGS, I.E. ALBUMS, BOOKS OR MOVIES?

Frank Ocean's *Channel Orange*, *Fight Club*, Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*, *Fable* (O.G. Xbox), *The Breakfast Club*.

## WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE NOT DOING THIS?

In addition to this, I'm still working full-time. But as soon as I finished my Law degree, which was actually the week that I announced – I ended up watching all of *Game of Thrones* in about three weeks. I don't get all too much downtime, maybe an hour in the evening, and that's when I hang out with Alex (my partner), and we just watch something.

## YOU'VE PROBABLY BEEN ASKED THIS SO MANY TIMES, BUT WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO RUN FOR MAYOR?

For the past several years I've been working as a journalist, and working within the community, predominantly with artists – and I love working with artists, because there's such a visceral change I feel you can make, in terms of giving them a platform and showing them that they can really achieve something. I've also started a few different businesses with Alex.

It's been a recurring joke since I was a kid that one day I would end up being Prime Minister or whatever, which I think is the case with any nerdy kid that's interested in politics. Towards the end of last year, at bFM, I was reporting on local body elections, and my producer suggested that I run for Mayor. We laughed it off at the time, but I kept looking more and more into it,

and I couldn't figure out why only 34.7% of people had voted in the last election, and that even though 66% hadn't, the system kept running. A lot of people were saying they didn't know what the council even did! I waited for a while, and nobody addressed [the voter turnout] and that got me quite riled up.

So, I got to the point where I just thought, nobody's going to talk about this, nobody's going to try and get more people engaged, and things are just going to keep being the way that they are... And I can continue to complain about it, or I can do something about it.

I really struggled with announcing it, because I didn't want to put myself forward as some kind of martyr – if anything, ego was holding me back, because I don't really want to be in the public eye. But I saw this as a chance to really change things, as opposed to remaining a journalist and producing these really in-depth reports that I cared a lot about, and giving them to an audience that, for the most part, already agreed with me. Instead, I'd have a platform – and potentially a position – to action things that can be a little contentious; to say, 'we need to make changes', and actually acknowledge all those differences, and opinions, which I think is really lacking in politics, currently.

## YOU'VE MENTIONED KEEPING PEOPLE ENGAGED. A LOT OF PEOPLE, YOUNG PEOPLE ESPECIALLY, ARE DISENGAGED WITH POLITICS. HOW DO YOU COMBAT THIS?

It's an interesting one, hey. The way that I've been reported in mainstream media, I have been put forward as 'the youth vote', and every single headline has declared that I'm 22. In that respect, I think that gloss simplifies what I'm trying to do here – I'm not solely going for the youth vote. There aren't all too many electoral statistics which address demographic breakdown – the only ones we've got are from 2010, which was actually our spike in local body engagement, due to the Supercity conglomer-

ation. In those 2010 stats, 34% of those aged 18-29 voted, whereas 90% of those aged over 70 voted. There was definitely that disparity between age groups, and just talking to people, you can see that it's still there.

I think that it really has to be a process of educating and communicating. It is getting away from the rhetoric, as well; we have seen internationally that there's a climate, politically, of people feeling disenfranchised and unhappy with the 'system'. It's also comprehending that the general populace is intelligent, and inviting them to join the conversation. [Politics] is so often propagated as this high-level thing that is reserved, in some sense, for the rate-payers – but this is something I've been trying to break down as well – all renters are rate-payers! It just has to be a process of really, truly communicating with people, recognising their agency and autonomy, and uniting them in some sense.

## OF COURSE PEOPLE BRING UP YOUR AGE ALL THE TIME. WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH OLD PEOPLE?

I had my first debate in Howick, and the audience was not very diverse. There were a lot of populist ideas put forward, so when we were talking about leaky buildings (which is something I studied in Law School), people were talking about 'Asian' workers who come over and then leave 'without a trace of liability'. We asked also about 'unelected' members having a say in what the council does – very much in reference to the Māori Statutory Board. I just had to be quite honest with them, because I'm not going to water down my views for them in that respect, and said, look, we have the Māori Statutory Board because the echoes of colonization are still very deeply felt. There is a disproportionate representation of Māori in negative statistics in society, and a lack of representation on our leadership and in general representation positions.

So, the interesting thing after that debate was

that I had a lot of people coming up to me and saying that they loved my passion, and they loved the way that I spoke, and they'd really like to see me remain in politics – but all insinuating that they wouldn't vote for me this time around.

The general consensus has definitely been that I am too young, and a lot of people aren't willing to truly get into a dialogue with me to get us beyond that premise.

### WHAT'S THE MOST VALUABLE LESSON THAT YOU'VE TAKEN FROM THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE?

It would definitely just be the fact that people do want to engage – if you give them enough credit to involve them in that conversation. So often it's taken for granted that young people, or people who don't own homes etc., just don't care, and I think that painting it with the brush of apathy is to gloss over the problem. What we've really got here is, first and foremost, a dearth of civics education in our schools, in the same way that we have a dearth of education about the Treaty of Waitangi.

People do have agency, and as voters, they're not just numbers. That was never an assumption that I walked into this with, but it has been surprising how much people really, truly do want to talk about these things. I expected it to be a bit more of a fight, in that respect, to try and get them to that point, but people are really coming to the table.

### HAVE YOU HAD ANY PARTICULARLY STRANGE OR AWFUL ENCOUNTERS?

Everything's been predominately online to date, so there have been some interesting things there. My friend, the comedian Tim Batt, posted a status after I had just launched with my first video. Some guy commented, and went off on this tangent saying he wanted to run me over with a Prius.

That's the thing, though; a lot of the criticism has been quite ad hominem, which more than anything just illustrates that face value roadblock – rather than getting into my policy, or who I am, or what I represent – which, to me, is totally fine. Yell at me all you like. At that point it just becomes an unproductive clash of dogma, and I won't fight about my characteristics that I can't change. I don't really care if people want to slander me – but if you want to talk about our city, then let's talk. There have been a few comments on Reddit, with someone talking about my chin, or something like that, and another comment about how they wanted the mayoral contest to be a bikini contest [*collective groan for eternity*].

But, overwhelmingly, everything has been extremely positive.

### AH. SO IN TERMS OF GETTING RESPECT, HAS THAT BEEN A BIT OF A STRUGGLE?

Walking into a debate recently, nobody recognized me, so I walked up to the man who had organized the whole thing and introduced myself. And he said, 'oh, you're that girl from the paper' and then he said something along the lines of, 'you looked really scruffy, but you look better now, so well done!' [*she laughs*] [*but I cry*].

It's that face value thing. I think that when I do really manage to talk to people, and show them that I have the utmost respect for them – because I do, I have the utmost respect for everyone. You know, except for ardent racists, homophobes and sexists – but, beyond that, I still have respect for all human life, difference of opinion, and freedom of speech. It's just showing that initial respect, and then oftentimes, it does get reciprocated.

### HAS ANYTHING ABOUT AUCKLAND SURPRISED YOU THROUGHOUT THIS PROCESS?

How I ran this campaign initially, in trying to get people really engaged and act as stakeholders in their future, I opened the floodgates and had everybody submit their ideas on Auckland. That set the agenda for how I would address policy. Even if I disagreed with certain things, I would address the fact that I disagreed with them. I'm actually still replying to all of the submissions that I got in that first week!

Everybody is aware of the fact that Auckland is changing, and that we need to accommodate that change and that we need to grow as a city. But people aren't necessarily open to that change. I think that's a matter of really facilitating that conversation, and acknowledging all of those perspectives and just being as transparent as humanly possible about how these changes are going to come into effect.

The opposite is unfortunately kind of how it works with politics in New Zealand at the moment – it's to ignore that discontent, or otherwise work within a managerial status quo; to not acknowledge dissent; even to not acknowledge directly the people who you are making happy. Again, that just comes from institutionalising politics, and making it something which is inaccessible to the everyday person.

### IT SEEMS TO BE THAT EVERYONE IS UP AND LEAVING FOR LACK OF OPPORTUNITY – IT KIND OF FEELS LIKE WE HAVE CREATIVITY ON ONE SIDE, AND EMPLOYABILITY ON THE OTHER.

So many of my friends, a lot of whom are artists or actors or musicians, have left for America, or Europe, or Australia to follow their dreams – the perspective is that there is more culture and

more life there, and more room for opportunity. Our leaders can facilitate a culture change here, and retain our talent. I am looking into how we can make Auckland more colourful, in that sense. I do think that a vibrancy is lacking, at least in obvious places, in our central city – oftentimes it's forced underground. That kind of community-led project isn't something that would cost exorbitant amounts of money, either, but it would make people feel more like they belong within our city, and identify a lot more with it. It currently feels as though we have the opposite of that in Auckland – a lot of people who drift around, not much unity.

The thing is, I feel like if we solve this voting issue, and we get more people voting, all of a sudden we have more citizens who become stakeholders in their future. But more than that, the issues that the council faces right now with contention surrounding its final output decisions – that wouldn't necessarily exist, because more people would be engaged from the beginning!

The world can be very different if we let creative people see how they can make their dreams financially viable – and that innovation does make the world a better place.

### FINAL THOUGHTS ON THE TITLE OF 'MAYOR', AND WHAT IT MEANS TO BE 'FOR AUCKLAND'.

It's acknowledging what a leader actually is, and the role of a public servant. In my launch campaign video I released, I didn't feel the need to say I was running for 'Mayor' – that title alone means nothing to me – I said that I wanted to work for Auckland. First and foremost, it's removing that ego from it. You are there to serve Auckland, you're not there to prance around and 'be Mayor' and wear the chains, or be regal.

To take it broadly, and talk about politics, and our 'system'... There are over 7 billion people on Earth, and it's simultaneously everyone's prerogative and no one's responsibility to do anything about the barrage of problems that we know exist in the world. It's so much easier to dig your head in the sand. So the two options I see that we have are to disrupt the system – individually, where we can – or to hold the system accountable. The system is not being held accountable when only one-third of voters are voting. That's where we end up with a lot of these problems – but the whole reason we have a representative democracy is to solve them. These representatives are supposed to be tackling these issues, because they stepped up to the mark to do that for you, which is why they have the resources to do it. They're not being held accountable, nor are they truly representing, when you aren't voting.

Whether you're angry or you're complacent, it's as easy as voting for someone who will work for you – for us, and for our future. ■



## The Other Barone Boy

ARTS EDITORIAL BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

1996 was a year of contest and conflict: the 53rd United States Presidential election had Bill Clinton and Bob Dole vying for the Oval Office, *Babe* lost to *Braveheart* at the 68th Academy Awards, and CBS broadcasted the very first episode of *Everybody Loves Raymond*, birthing a sibling rivalry the likes of which we had not seen since Anne and Mary Boleyn both routinely tried to bone down with King Henry VIII five hundred years earlier.

Just like in Philippa Gregory's novel *The Other Boleyn Girl* (where ol' Pip was as loose with the historical details as a certain sixteenth century monarch was with his wang), *Everybody Loves Raymond* probes the relationship between two siblings - one lauded, loved by all, the other dejected, rejected, living a listless existence in the other's shadow. Just like Mary Boleyn, Robert Barone was regularly outshone by his younger sibling - Anne Boleyn found favour with the quick-tempered crowned head, Raymond uniformly adored by the Barone family matriarch Marie. Over its two hundred and ten episodes, *Everybody Loves Raymond* played out much like a Tudor England drama, marked by rivalry, disdain and meatballs.

Everybody reportedly loves Raymond. But Raymond is a bit of a jagweed. Described by veritable source of wisdom and accuracy, *Everybody Wikis Raymond*, as "never seen try-

ing to do anything around the house other than sitting around watching TV or trying to get Debra to have sex with him", Ray Barone kind of fucking sucks. But on the sitcom's sidelines stands a brooding suitor, a gentle giant who would definitely help you around the house, and definitely has interests other than sitting around watching TV and trying to get Debra to have sex with him. Robert Barone. Forgotten at a New Mexico gas station as a child by his asshole parents. Convinced he continued to wet the bed into teenagehood by his asshole brother. Just as much as was made of Anne Boleyn's life and libido, and little is known of Mary Boleyn's hijinks, Ray Barone gets a TV show about his objectively lame life, and Robert Barone gets zilch. The superior sibling who only wishes to feel love. The older, overlooked, ousted brother. The Other Barone Boy.

Raymond would complain that you only ever have sex with him on his birthday. (This is probably because he is a selfish lover who once made a snarky comment about the fleece pajama sets you wear to bed).

Robert wouldn't be the slightest bit put out when you weren't in the mood and would instead rub your back until you fell asleep, commenting on how he truly cannot tell whether or not you wear makeup to bed because you always look so flawless.

Raymond would make you read his shitty sports column for the shitty local newspaper and you'd have to act as if you thought his references to Tom Cruise's monologues in *Jerry Maguire* were really cool even though you know in your heart of hearts that Denzel Washington's speeches in *Remember the Titans* are

obviously superior and offer far greater insight into the complex tapestry that is the history of American Football.

Robert would come home at the end of a long day on the job as an officer with the NYPD; you'd ask him about his day, but he would offer only a wearied smile, not wanting to worry you with his concerns about the institutionalised prejudices infiltrating the police force and the increasing shades of grey making it harder to tell the bad guys from the good.

Raymond would tell his mother that her lasagna is better than yours whenever she fished for compliments about the superiority of her pasta-based dishes.

Robert would believe that pitting the women in his life against each other is an unproductive venture that only serves to make women resent and compete against one another in a systemically sexist contest that no woman he loves should ever have to be a part of.

Anne Boleyn was a Machiavellian nightmare, Mary Boleyn a soft-spoken angel face. (All character evidence is drawn from the 2008 film adaptation of *The Other Boleyn Girl*). Ray Barone was entitled and coddled, Robert Barone a spurned son with a heart of gold. (All character evidence is drawn from my having seen every episode of *Everybody Loves Raymond* three times).

Anne Boleyn's final words before her execution were these: "to God I commend my soul."

I commend my heart to Robert Barone. My life. My body. To the Other Barone Boy I commend my soul. ■



# king's cross and the stripper's scowl

BY JACK ADAMS

Last time, I vowed to never return (I believe the correct quotation was “absolutely fucking morbid”). One would think that getting bottled, ripped off, and shunned for being seen as a sex offender might inhibit the urge to return to the land of sophistication: King's Cross, Sydney.

It doesn't take much to go from 'quiet drink' to 'strip club'. And so I found myself, merely a vile memory away from drowning out the agony, in a hostel. At 10 PM, both of us lay incapacitated on hostel bunks, the sheets already a tapestry of urine, sweat, and semen. The German tourists were already three songs into NWA, full volume, and full Caucasian. It didn't take much to grind away at our boredom until we decided to head out, get some fresh air, and meet up for a 'quiet drink' as the text read. And so our venture began.

It's only a two minute walk from the hostel to a local establishment dubbed '80 Proof'. The experience was grand, eighteen screens played six games of football. My acquaintances purchased some bourbon and so our 'quiet drink' began. The crowd was intriguing. So many males, all dressed in largely the same attire. Football jersey, fur-lined jacket, and chinos. I couldn't bare to gaze at shoes; the stereotypes had already rid me of any original thoughts. Another bourbon and coke. A bag of crisps, a bag of Nobby's Nuts. Appropriately named. The night was still young, 11:34 PM taking me by surprise, the couple in the corner consumed each other on the couch. Brilliant, I thought, maybe a precursor for the evening ahead?

As midnight approached, the words of the lockout laws slurred from one acquaintance's mouth. Intriguing, the night only just beginning, but the government already trying to oppress my fun. Ludicrous, it shan't happen! Seconds later, there seemed to be discourse about a strip club; equally as quickly, the Uber pulled up. The various grabs may have been bouncers or an acquaintance. The only thing that seemed to make sense was the Honda logo.

As always, the Uber seemed to staple together the fragments of the evening. Akshay said hello. We obliged and continued small talk until it was clear that we were too eccentric, too foreign, to ever relate to the locals. Naturally, the discussion took the form of crabs, scabies, and the best treatments. The experience of crabs seemed terrifying, distracting me from the promise of breasts in mere minutes. Two of the four in the car had crabs, as the driver confirmed. I now know that insecticide based cream is the best treatment - just make sure it's applied to the underarm.

Jovial goodbyes set us off on the next stage. Two bleary-eyed messes joined me in search of the purest pleasures known to man. It didn't take long for us to be ushered into a nearby dive that had a godly eloquence: DreamGirls. Stumbling over the mess of passed out individuals on the footpath, complemented by the delectable sight of glares from local clubbers as they sensed a foreign entity. A relief and a fresh scent of male odour (the one that you could swear died and wasn't found for weeks) blasted the face. My heart racing, eyes wide with the perceived arousal of a young male, we were greeted, and subsequently ridden of 20 dollars, arguably the most exciting robbery of the night.

Whilst ordering drinks, we sat down. Relaxed, acting cool, trying to follow the social etiquette. Our plan of copying others seemed futile once we worked out that the rather portly young gentlemen that sat opposed wore trilbies and sat cross-legged. The epitome of fashion, some might say. The death of masculinity, others might implore. Regardless, a dancer graciously met the pole with elegance, determination, and capitalist wit. Each rotation was met with the dead gazes of men that have given up. Handfuls of 'stripper cash' flowed into the brassiere of the woman in front as she indicated a space under her nipple to place the pieces of paper.

There was a guilt heaped over the three of us. Staring, vaguely perverted, even a shower couldn't ensure a thorough cleaning. Though, this was all swept aside by a dancer named Bianca (I'm sure it was Karen, but I also can't see that being a best sales name in the

entertainment industry). I was reluctant, 100 dollars for ten minutes seems a tad exorbitant. My acquaintances were more enthusiastic, and somehow I consented to the second mugging of the evening. The clock read 2:45 AM. Jesus, even the night was fleeing. I pulled out my credit card, Bianca/Karen conversing, I couldn't believe my luck! This attractive, Russian goddess wanted to dance with me alone! Just as easily, the money left my bank account.

It wasn't until now I came to my senses. Christ almighty, fifty dollars could've bought me many things. Perhaps five pints, perhaps, some t-shirts. Hell, even a harmonica would've sated my 3 AM depression. But of course, it's a rite of passage. A shit rite of passage. Ten minutes. Motionless. Emotionless. Effectively broke. And this is just my half-strength boner that would disappoint all.

"How are you enjoying this, baby?" Bianca asked, biting her lip in an effort to seduce, perhaps arouse.

"It's alright." I replied. This didn't seem like proper etiquette. The ensuing scowl was affirming. Fuck.

I was led out. The scowls were drawn to me by the other dancers as I sat down. Was it remorse or fear that flooded my veins? Neither, as one would have it. Only the excitement of witnessing two gentlemen be escorted off of the premises. I had been saved from the stripper's scowl.

The remainder of the evening was a sheer disappointment. My acquaintances became increasingly more intoxicated, and I decided it was time to leave when "white Australia" became the topic. Regardless, the walk home was equally as disturbing. Urinating on a Range Rover seemed like a good idea. So did walking from King's Cross instead of the reasonable investment in an Uber. My phone read 5:30 AM. A 'quiet drink'. Scantly clad women, overpriced liquor.

Sorry to the poor hostel staff that would eventually service the sheets. ■



## The Wheat Bix Kids

The Pocket Bar & Kitchen  
GIG REVIEW BY JACK ADAMS

It's seldom that I can enjoy the company of the Grey Lynn bourgeoisie. Perhaps, it was the churlish engagement party; perhaps it was the digressive friends that made the Pocket Kitchen seem like a homely essence. But of course, I cannot ignore the superbly luscious tones of the jazz group, The Wheat Bix Kids, allowing white people of all walks of life to enjoy the cultural unity jazz has to offer.

The location is far from the point. The Wheat Bix Kids, performing at one of their early gigs, played like it was their last. All three members enjoyed the rhythm as much as they relished the craft beer that graced their tables. In any case, the music is far too difficult to describe, other than a social facilitator, a cardiac sedative, guitarist Lewis Wheatley being particularly influential in mediating the harsh softness of the drums and the nonchalant bass guitarist.

The set, split up into three (though, to be honest, it all flowed into one beautifully crafted track) featured a variety of classic tracks, mixed with a more original spate interluding. Once again, this is from what the band members told me later under the haze of yeast and long hair.

There's something to be said about a band that can play without notice. I have seen this group play before, and I found it largely, and pleasantly, divorced from the more upbeat structure of their organist. But this is a small detail. The band read the situation well, a leisurely Sunday Session providing a well needed break from the exorbitant menu and unappreciative children.

The Wheat Bix Kids should be on your gig radar, playing alternatively at a club near you. ■



## Kubo and the Two Strings

FILM REVIEW BY JACK CALDWELL

*Kubo and the Two Strings* is a stop motion animated film set in ancient Japan following Kubo, a young boy who tells stories with his magic guitar-like shamisen and moves origami for a local village during the day, before returning to his cave to take care of his sick mother at night. She urges her son not to be out after dark, warning him that her sisters and father will come for Kubo to take his remaining eye.

Much like some of Studio Ghibli's classic films, *Kubo* is certainly made with older kids in mind. Some scenes have dark, intense imagery and dialogue delivery that could easily frighten younger children, followed often by quiet exchanges between characters that may bore them. This is because Laika, the studio behind *Kubo* and other winners such as *Paranorman* and *The Boxtrolls*, respects the ability of children to respond to a simple story told well rather than pretty colours and toilet humour.

What surprised me most about the film, other than that a Western studio could show such a loving embrace and appreciation of Eastern spirituality, is how funny *Kubo* was. Expecting a more mature and serious film, I was pleased to see some lighter moments in which the characters bicker and clash with one another. At the same time, the supporting cast were not just plot devices or comic relief, and everybody played a key role in Kubo's quest.

The craftsmanship that goes into making a film like *Kubo* is recognisable on screen, and it really does pay off. It allows the film to double as a hand-crafted work of art and an image quality that challenges that of Pixar. Laika is struggling as a studio, so it's critical to skip the *Minions* sequel and instead get as many bums in seats for wonderful movies like this one. ■



## War Dogs

FILM REVIEW BY JACK STEPHENS

I was never the biggest fan of Jonah Hill. I think it was his emergence from low budget college comedies where he played the same generic, annoying character. It was with this mind frame that I entered the cinema one cold (but cheap) Tuesday night to watch *War Dogs*. I was, however, pleasantly surprised at how much I enjoyed the film, directed by Todd Phillips of *Old School* and *The Hangover* fame. There is a certain charm about Jonah; I suddenly feel like we could be mates, and if I went to the gym and actually knew how American football worked, then I could replace Tatum in the next *Jump Street* film as Jonah's new BFF.

*War Dogs* tells the tale of two childhood friends who take a chance at making the big bucks by becoming international arms dealers during the Iraq war. The two successfully establish a company which exploits a government initiative, allowing them to bid on U.S. military contracts. Although small at the start, the business soon grows, and the two are soon living the high life. (Think Jonah Hill in *The Wolf of Wall Street*, but rather more aggressive. If you've watched *The Wolf of Wall Street*, you can basically relabel this one *The Wolf of War Street*). It's not until they land a \$300 million deal to supply arms to Afghan forces, a slightly dodgy (and dare we say illegal) deal, that all their fortune and success begins to unravel.

Miles Teller's character narrates the film's events, meaning that feeling of leaving a politics or war-related film and having zero idea of what happened is no more. For a pleasantly enjoyable war film, go along to *War Dogs* the next time a cold cheap Tuesday presents itself. ■



## 22, A Million

Bon Iver

ALBUM TRACKS ONE, TWO AND THREE REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ

Since that glorious day in 2011, when “Holocene” lit our souls on fire (and that one girl in your class claimed she loved them since *For Emma, Forever Ago* and you wanted to punch her in the face), the sun has risen again – Bon Iver have announced a third album.

As heartwrenching as it is significant, Vernon debuted his entire album at the Eau Claire Music Festival in Wisconsin; if the three tracks currently available are any indication of what is to come, we are in for a killer new era of Bon Iver. Despite this being a new musical landscape, there is comfort to be found in the return of Vernon’s distinct, rich vocals, a heady dose of auto-tune, and lyrics that read like blended whiskey. Or something equally pretentious.

The first track, “22 (OVER S<sub>∞∞∞</sub>N)”, is hopeful and fulfilling. Wistful female vocals musing “it might be over soon” is a welcome dynamic, lifting the overall mood of the piece. In essence, it is coloured by a familiar romance, encouraged by the dreamy saxophone and the light, warm introduction of the guitar.

The second, “10 d E A T h b R E a s T”, is more of an electronic dream piece, driven forward by intense percussion and heavy auto-tune. JV transcends in this track; the lyrics “I’ve been sleeping in a stable, mate” and “fuckified” are sung with so much conviction that you know it was worth waiting five years for this.

The third track, “33 ‘GOD’”, propels off of the narrative of the first two. It is whimsical and dreamy, with a dominant piano reminding us of Vernon’s dedication to classic undertones, overlapped by his fondness for trippy electronica.

So grow your beard and stock up on your flannels, because Vernon drops the entirety of *22, A Million* on 30 September. ■



## Total Depravity

The Veils

ALBUM REVIEW BY ANOUSHKA MAHARAJ

Co-produced by El-P and Veils frontman Finn Andrews, *Total Depravity* embraces darkness, jarring melodies, and introduces us to a whole host of ghoulish tales and characters (including L. Ron Hubbard and Ingrid Bergman, naturally).

*Totally Depravity* is The Veils navigating new terrain, with Andrews doing a fine job of showcasing his ability to create rich, moody tracks that retain his distinct sense of style. Additionally, this album could totally feature on a film about indie kids trying to escape from Dracula’s castle.

The synthetic sounds in “Axolotl” bears the result of Andrews’ and El-P’s collaboration, but is not representative of the true tone of the album. Following from this, “A Bit on the Side” and “Low Lays the Devil” become a little more soulful and heavy on the electric guitar, an excellent demonstration of The Veils’ musical vehemence. “King of Chrome” tells a story about a truck driver with sinister intentions, heavy percussion adding to the danger and urgency of the narrative. (Maybe he is on his way to Dracula’s castle?)

“Swimming with the Crocodiles” is a softer piece, reminiscent of The Veils we know and filled with Andrews’ odd and wonderful romance: *you’re all I’ve ever wanted, and there’s not remedy / hold me like a child, you swollen crocodiles, hold me under until I drown*. At this stage, the indie kids would have dodged creatures in the mire and are likely to be hiding and waiting for death.

“Here Come the Dead” is a delightfully devilish piece. The sixth track, Andrews has constructed a narrative of dangerous creatures that are now clambering out of their respective dungeons and lairs. The percussion builds and ambles violently through the track as Andrews warns, “here come the dead!” (The indie kids are running for their lives). “In the Blood” is quiet, eerie, and builds to become a percussionist dream piece.

“Iodine and Iron” is a romantic and melancholy track to give us a break from the death and gore. Thanks, Finn. It still has a beautiful darkness, encouraged by violins and piano, as Andrews’ haunting voice muses, *I feel as mad as the moon, and twice as scarred*. Similarly, “House of Spirits” is a fitful and rich track, an ode to the loneliness that comes from having your house stolen by ghosts and whatnot.

“Do Your Bones Glow at Night?” is a strange, layered piece, with a chorus of lady voices adding a welcome bit of texture to the track. “In the Nightfall” is wonderfully soft and filled with an ache that Andrews is best known for. It is somewhat mournful, leading the album to the its close. “Total Depravity” is filled with synthetic beats overlapped by Andrews’ impassioned cries, an ominous fade, leading us to believe that everyone has been murdered in Dracula’s castle.

Andrews has meticulously crafted something original, beautiful and indicative of the new wave The Veils is now riding. Stay tuned for Andrews’ work featuring on the revival of David Lynch’s *Twin Peaks*. ■

# ten pieces of media that everyone should consume

anoushka maharaj acts as your tour  
guide to cinematic nirvana



## Howl's Moving Castle (2004)

Hayao Miyazaki

How do you describe the most beautiful movie ever made? Essentially, a young girl gets turned into an old woman by an evil witch, and ends up travelling inside the moving house of a handsome wizard. Other lovely and significant aspects of the film include: Howl's heart being kept by a fire demon, the surprisingly relatable Wicked Witch of the Waste, and the natural tragedies that occur when you are incredibly flawed, yet incredibly in love. If I had to choose one movie to watch for the rest of my life, it would be this. It is classic Miyazaki. It is poetry come to life. ■



## Bram Stoker's Dracula (1992)

Francis Ford Coppola

Nothing compares to the literary genius that is the novel, but this filmic adaptation does a fair job at conveying the tragic and magnificent story of Dracula. Despite how evil and manipulative he is supposed to be, you can't help but feel sorry for Drac. He's lonely and lives isolated in his cold and creepy castle, unable to even see how pitiful his reflection is. All his vicious antics are in the hopes of being reunited with his long lost love, and his violent, sexy trek across Britain is followed by the angsty Keanu Reeves and (naturally) Anthony Hopkins. Gary Oldman is a wonderful Dracula, portraying both the predatory and romantic aspects very well and ultimately creating a full, vibrant character. If you're a fan of gothic horror, you'll appreciate Coppola's distinct effort that goes into bringing the artistic and appropriately monstrous villain to life. ■



## Kill Bill (2003)

Quentin Tarantino

Tarantino and Thurman are equally responsible for this masterpiece of a film. In addition to its cinematic brilliance, the soundtrack and cleverly constructed characters are incomparable to much else. It plays out like a graphic novel – gore and excessive violence included – and watching The Bride's vehement journey of revenge is, honestly, life goals. It is rare to listen to/read/watch something that doesn't remind you of anything else, and this is one of those things. It doesn't try to be one type of film; it incorporates all of them, and becomes its own genre altogether. Tarantino manages to bring to life all the funniest, goriest, most powerful aspects of humanity, exaggerate them by ten million, chuck an awesome soundtrack over the top of it and call it film. ■



## Mean Creek (2004)

Jacob Aaron Estes

The film is quiet, deliberate and low-budget, relying on each character to pull their weight to make it interesting. Centred around a group of kids seeking revenge on a school bully, they end up alone in the Oregonian wilderness in a situation that quickly becomes too big for them. There are no adults present for the majority of the film, leaving us to instead fall into the void of adolescent fuck ups, palpable dread in the air. The cruelty and complexity of children is unlike that of adults, and we see them confront the morality of their decisions by working through their own deep-rooted issues; what happens after the villain is gone? Is evil vanquished forever? The film acknowledges the sheer difficulty of being a child trying to make the right choices in the face of peer pressure, and ultimately proves that the most dangerous thing that you can be in the world is alone. ■



## Be Kind, Rewind (2008)

Michael Gondry

This film has everything you need to be propelled back into 2008, when everything was simple and it was enough for cinema to be coloured by simple comedic mishaps. It unwittingly becomes one of the best quirky romance comedies of the 2000s – because, my friends, true love is when a magnetic field destroys all the videos in your best friend's store, so you remake all of them with him to keep his business afloat. It's funny, sweet, and pure-hearted, and you get to see Mos Def and Jack Black run around in different iconic outfits. What more could you need? ■



## Mad Max (1979)

George Miller

Apart from *The Patriot*, this is my favourite Mel Gibson film. He was such a badass, you guys. (*Arts Editor's note: we acknowledge that Mel Gibson is now pretty much just an ass*). While the newest version is fantastic, the original was made with a teeny tiny budget that utilised 1970s action tropes and unique artistic direction in the only way that you can when working with such a random group of people in the middle of an Australian desert. What is most awesome about this film is how badly it was received at its time of conception. It was condemned for how dark and grotesque the themes were, but it became the most profitable film made at the time. Now, it is admired for how strange, shitty and alluring it is – teaching us that we must never give up on our dreams, no matter how many people tell us that we are gross and unappealing. ■



## The Darjeeling Limited (2007)

Wes Anderson

If I could, I would list all of Wes Anderson's films as must-sees, because, you guessed it, I am an asshole. But if I have to choose one to live on a list forever, it's this. Aside from the outstanding chemistry that Adrien Brody, Owen Wilson and Jason Schwartzman share, Anderson's chic cinematography and nuanced humour is worth the watch. It is vibrant, witty, and smattered with colourful characters. Trekking across the burly landscape of India, you will simultaneously chuckle your emptiness away and get in your feels as they learn the true meaning of love and family and all that shit. ■



## Super Size Me (2004)

Morgan Spurlock

While certainly not the sexiest or most stylish documentary to impress your friends with, it is, amongst other things, extremely horrifying and upsetting. However, the lead's tenacity and humorous journey is reason enough to watch on. Spurlock courageously dives into the challenge (pff) of eating McDonalds everyday while simultaneously attempting to loosen the conglomerate's iron-tight grip on society's balls. You would think that this would put you off going back to McDonalds, but it won't (because nothing ever will, you animals). Additionally, the scene where he vomits outside the window of his car is an excellent conversation piece at dinner parties, or while you're trying to get it in with a Tinder date. ■



## The Royal Tenenbaums (2001)

Wes Anderson

Just kidding! Here's another one. This is one of my favourite movies of all time, because it was well before Gwyneth Paltrow became truly unbearable, and because Wes made dysfunctional families seem hip and integral to the aesthetic of a cool genius. Their backstories are rich in peculiarity and ambiguity alike and Stiller is vaguely tolerable in his role as paranoid widower. Despite projecting his obvious daddy issues, Anderson creates a beautiful and hilarious ode to romanticizing quirky, fucked up people that make clever mistakes. Moreover, Anjelica Huston's portrayal of Etheline is gentle and elegant and God I just miss her so much. ■



## Going Clear: Scientology and the Prison of Belief (2015)

Alex Gibney

If you feel like watching a horror movie without actually watching a horror movie, this is it. Alex Gibney constructs a narrative that perfectly constructs how utterly fucked up and creepy human beings can be, and does it by combing through unintelligible testimonies of the dozens of individuals who managed to escape the church. And, Hubbard bless the man, he somehow pieces together what Scientology actually is! Look, I'll be honest – it's only two hours, but it will feel like an eternity. It is worth the watch if you like to learn about things that won't benefit your life in any way, other than knowing to avoid free personality tests and men that have written the same book sixty times. ■



## Indie Makeup Brands to Support with Your Dollar

There is a common thread of truth held amongst Kiwi makeup wearers - makeup in New Zealand is way overpriced. Drugstore brands, as the Americans call them, cause me physical pain, a \$6 USD Revlon lipstick retailing for close to \$30 NZD. I started investigating indie makeup to avoid the dreaded NZ markup.

I love makeup, but I'm also spiritually connected to Ebenezer Scrooge after a séance incident from my childhood involving an injured VHS of *The Muppet Christmas Carol*. Cheap does not mean good value, nor does expensive mean good quality, but there is higher pressure for independent cosmetic producers to formulate products that knock it out of the park every time because of the inability to reabsorb lost customers through inferior products. There's no cabal approved definition of whether a brand counts as "indie," so I chose three companies that are not owned by parent companies and make products with pop-cultural appeal.

### Shiro Cosmetics

Shiro fills orders in small-batch processes, meaning there is a delay before your order is shipped out, but the products are *being made* in that time. I've tried a number of their shadows over the years, including the meme-ascended *Nic Cage Raking Leaves on a Brisk October Afternoon*, and they have always been smooth and richly pigmented. *Adventure Time*, *Harry Potter*, and *Game of Thrones*, all have Shiro

collections - and while this naming tradition can be used to inspire consumer-lust in fans, Shiro is careful to blend shades that represent their namesakes, unlike so many repackaged MAC collections. Shiro offers samples of most of their shades, and includes samples in every order (as well as weird American lollies). Each full size product is stored in a screw top jar with original fanart labels. I do wish the stickers were glossed instead of the paper stock on my current products, because the stickers do attract dirt and stray eyeshadow particles, but it's not a deal breaker. The product art is always beautiful, especially on the new Eevee inspired "Elemental Glow" cream highlight series. Shiro is also the only company I'm featuring to offer flat-rate international shipping, a plus for us living at the ends of the earth.

### Bésame Cosmetics

Bésame is not cheap on a global understanding but still averages two-thirds of the lipstick prices in NZ. They branded themselves as luxury vintage reproduction cosmetics, stuck to their niche, and do it damn well. A huge amount of research went into forming the company, some of which is published as *Classic Beauty: The History of Makeup* by founder Gabriela Hernandez. Bésame are famous for their lipsticks in recreations of authentic 20<sup>th</sup> century shades, so feature quite often in period TV shows - Peggy Carter wears *Red Velvet* throughout *Agent Carter*. In the fourth season of *American Horror Story*, Elsa Mars sits at her vanity and does her makeup using almost exclusively Bésame products - *Cherry Red* lipstick, Cashmere powder, and a now redesigned cake mascara activated

with spit. The Countess also uses Bésame in *Hotel*, applied from the distinctive chisel shaped bullet. I own three of their lipsticks, and *Red Velvet* is the creamiest, longest-lasting, most comfortable red lipstick I've owned in forever. *Tango Red* also holds up well, though is slightly drier in formulation. *Red Noir* is a perfect plummy red for 20s starlet turned vampire looks. Make sure you order from the Australian site for the lowest shipping to NZ!

### LBCC Historical

If you love history and like your makeup to have natural ingredients, boy do I know how you can take that to the extreme. LBCC uses exclusively historical cosmetics recipes with only as few substitutions as are required to not get arrested or poisoned. I'm fascinated from both an academic and a makeup enthusiast point of view, as LBCC puts in a huge amount of research behind the scenes. The products are more of a novelty or for serious reenactors, and due to the lack of preservatives I would stick to their powder products, maybe a tinted wax. Like so many things from history, we got better at them. The products do work, aren't priced outside the point where you will be bitter if they don't work for you, and the historical packaging is pretty enough to sit empty on your vanity - just don't expect to get a full coverage effect from anything they make. The *1772 Rose Balm* is a standout formulation, and the *1772 Burnt Cloves* are a fascinating idea even though I'm just going to raid my own spice cupboard to try it out. Tangentially, their steel hair pins are unbreakable and let me do that dramatic librarian transformation thing. LBCC Historical sells through Etsy. ■ ASTRID CROSLAND

# Relationship Advice with Aunty Eloise

WITH ELOISE SIMS

Two weeks ago, I wrote a piece titled “My Obituary”.

In it, I described my beautifully well-lived life so far, highlighting all my major achievements and proud moments. As well as a shout-out to some exceptionally disappointing guys I have dated.

I thought, personally, this was hilarious. Seeing as some of them are engineers and would therefore never read *Craccum* (don't judge me), I would merrily avoid consequences by talking about their various ineptitudes because... well, #banter.

Having exposed my mistake-ridden soul to the lovely readers of *Craccum* in column format (and being told, kindly, by one lass that she used it for papier-mâché), I felt the urge to do it again. So, here you go. If you're single, if you're after someone, or if you're in a happy and fulfilled two-year relationship – drop everything now. I mean it.

Aunty Eloise is here, in a stance reminiscent of the Second Coming, to disperse outstanding relationship advice. All will be taken from personal – and true - experience.

With merely three Shadows jugs to aid me, I graciously turn my innumerable skills to helping sort your relationships out. With advice like this, who needs therapy? (Probably me.)

Right-o. First up on the list, one of my flat-mates.

**Aunty Eloise,**

**... You haven't paid your rent this week.**

That's not a relationship question.

**But you need to –**

I'll get onto it! Jesus. Do you actually want advice?

**Yeah, all right then. My last two relationships have ended with both guys dumping me for the main woman in their lives – the gym.**

**They cared more about getting swole than getting me off.**

**How do I stop this happening in the future?**

Oh, flat-mate. I was once like you – young, foolish, and dating an absolute gym junkie.

I thought it would make me healthier.

“Yeah!” I told myself. “You'll actually go for runs now! You won't eat the entirety of that Cookies and Cream tub in one sitting! You won't – don't even look at it. Don't even *think* about it – aw Christ...”

Anyhow. I knew it wasn't going to work out, right from that one time he popped a boner on the weight rack.

**... Was this-**

Hush. A man has no name.

Anyways, the only thing you need to know is that, with gym nuts, there is only one way to their heart. And that is the weights machine.

Essentially, just manage to bench press more than that tanked-up inhuman 'roid freak, and you'll be fine.

**But I-**

You'll be fine! Right. Next person?

**Aunty Eloise,**

**I'm about to go on a Tinder date and I'm really not sure about it. What should I do?**

I've met people from Tinder three times in my life.

The first showed me videos of him doing slow-motion taekwondo kicks for about an hour until I said I needed to go home.

The second blew smoke in my face in a “sexy way” and liked horses a *little* too much.

The third was an English lad who offered to “wear a sheep mask” when “we did it” if it made me feel “a little more at home”.

Essentially – don't go on Tinder dates.

**Aunty Eloise,**

**A guy at a party asked me out and I gave him my number. The only problem is, I don't remember him at all. What do?**

I think I got asked out at a party one time. I'm not sure. All I can remember is crashing a house party with my first-year friends, and encountering the guy whose house it was.

“Sorry for crashing,” I said sheepishly. “Cool party.”

He looked up, grinning, while repeatedly fingering a sex doll that was tied firmly around his waist. He winked.

The sex doll trembled.

“Christ,” I said, and left.

**... Um –**

No, you're right, that wasn't relevant at all to your story. I just wanted to tell it. You should look your guy up on Facebook.

**Aunty Eloise,**

**My boyfriend doesn't like Bon Iver's new stuff –**

Dump him. Next?

**Aunty Eloise,**

**This guy won't leave me alone. We had one bad date, it didn't work out, and now he keeps bombarding my phone. I'm worried he's going to turn up at my house. How should I handle it?**

Oh boy. This happened to me once when I was 16 years old. We were good mates, hanging out in Te Papa together like all the cool edgy Wellington teens.

Then came a 1000 word fan-fiction about me, written under the pretense of being an “NCEA internal”.

A shark ate me in the end of it. Afterward, the main character shot up a school. Great read.

Anyhow. I am a calm, rational human being. I told myself I would go to him, explain politely I wasn't interested – and then depart with a word of kindly advice not to write such articles in the future.

Upon our meeting in Te Papa, he pulled out a guitar, and played “Little Things”.

“I'm in love with you.” He crooned, winking. People stared.

I panicked.

“I... I, erm, I'm gay.” I squeaked.

His face fell. I ran.

Would highly recommend the strategy. ■

ELOISE NEVER UPDATES HER BIO BECAUSE SHE QUITE SIMPLY CAN'T BE BOTHERED. ALSO NO OTHER COLUMNIST HAS A BIO AND SHE FEELS SELF-CONSCIOUS. THIS STARTED OFF AS A SHAMELESS TWITTER SELF-PROMOTION, AND NOW IT'S A JOKE THAT'S GONE TOO FAR. PLEASE FOLLOW HER ON TWITTER TO MAKE UP FOR IT: @SIMSELOISE. GOT YOU THERE.



# A Fair Go For Unsafe Convictions

WITH CURWEN ARES ROLINSON

Earlier this month, supporters of flimsily convicted double-murderer Scott Watson held a number of rallies up and down the country in support of his innocence. What surprised me was not the fact that people were prepared to turn out on a cold and dreary mid-winter's afternoon to protest the outcome of a nearly two-decades-old court case (the evidence, after all, is reasonably clear-cut that several somethings went wrong with Watson's conviction); but rather the image which stole much of the media attention from the marches – that of a seriously and sulphurically vitriolic counter-protester shouting and swearing at Watsonites in opposition to their cause.

I penned an article on the subject a few days prior, and the reaction it got was much the same – dozens of softly positive responses that the case against Watson simply didn't stack up, and the occasional adamantly convinced accusatory personage dead-set and dead-convinced that Watson was, indeed, the killer.

What underpins these occasional anti-iconoclasts is twofold. First up, that certain people become absolutely hidebound in their opinions when they feel challenged in them (a regrettable fact of political psychology which makes rational, reasonable pugilistic discussion a vastly overrated tool of public discourse); and second, a growing unease in the minds of many at the very idea that we might live in a society and a situation wherein the Justice System *can* get things quite severely wrong – potentially with fairly active police conspiracy and coagulation assisting to bring about the perverse outcome in question.

Particularly in scenarios such as Watson's wherein the only real way for the case to be re-examined with any serious chance of a different outcome eventuating is to have the Government of the day directly intervene, it's not hard to see why Elite-intransigence as to the system they preside over being potentially iniquitous represents a fundamental barrier to hoped-for justice occurring.

But that's just the thing. We've already seen in several high-profile cases that the Police and Courts *can* and *do* get it wrong from time to time. Teina Pora stands out as a substantive modern example of both in action. Earlier, Arthur Allan Thomas was something of the Ur-Instance of same – except in his case with fairly active Police malfeasance in the planting of evidence to secure a manifestly false and repugnant conviction.

Instructively, in Arthur Allan Thomas' case, despite his conviction in two trials he was eventually exonerated when then-Prime Minister Sir Robert

Muldoon (who had taken a personal interest in Thomas' proceedings) ordered an inquiry which eventually uncovered the manifest deficiencies in the case and conviction against him.

But the fate of a man facing potential life imprisonment ought not hang largely if not entirely upon the mere fact of whether or not a Prime Minister is favourably disposed towards him.

Whether in Thomas' case, or the more recent set of proceedings surrounding David Bain, it would appear that in many cases the only thing standing between a potentially flawed or faulty conviction and the utter finality of a lengthy jail-term is the forthright and strident efforts of Concerned Citoyens prepared to do a considerable amount of heavy lifting – both legalistic, journalistic, and financial – in order to fight their chosen man's corner against the overwhelming might of the State. If you're lucky, you get a crusading All Black or other high-profile celebrity as your advocate-in-chief. If you're not, relative obscurity and maybe a few talkback callers shall comprise the decidedly rag-tag forces available to you.

There has to be another way.

And in the United Kingdom, there is.

There, they have something called the Criminal Cases Review Commission set up explicitly for this purpose.

Since its inception in the late 1990s, the Commission has referred literally hundreds of serious criminal cases back to the English judicial system, with the vast majority of these (somewhere around seventy percent) having a substantially changed outcome due to the resultant appeals. Obviously, in New Zealand, with our relatively smaller population, the numbers will hopefully be substantively lower. Although even so, it wasn't that long ago that former High Court Judge Sir Thomas Thorpe estimated that as many as twenty innocent men could presently be wrongfully imprisoned.

So why don't we have such an independent review body here at present?

Well, part of the argument against having one is that many people view the New Zealand judicial system as being sufficiently above reproach when it comes to corruption, incompetence or simple intransigence that such an alteration would be simply unnecessary. This is a dangerous attitude to have, particularly in light of a number of well-publicized instances of judicial, police and prosecutorial mishandling at every level up to and including the New Zealand Supreme Court. The small and highly interconnected nature of the upper echelons of New Zealand Society can also make it far harder to establish true independence of verdict on appeal cases – you're almost inevitably going to have at least some degree of

connection to other actors who've had a substantive influence over the course of proceedings elsewhere in the community or legal system.

This represented a somewhat smaller problem back when New Zealanders still had access to the Privy Council located over in England (which potentially helps to explain why David Bain managed to get a better semblance of justice by going there rather than relying in exclusivity upon the New Zealand system); however since we've ditched that for the far more localized NZ Supreme Court, that avenue is obviously now lost to us.

In its absence, we have the situation as it presently stands with Watson. A lack of serious judicial options to pursue, and high hopes for political intervention to be brought about by mounting public pressure.

I wrote the aforementioned article about Watson in large part because I wished to add to that pressure. Even a cursory examination of the evidence in Watson's case reveals sufficiently large holes in the official narrative to be able to sail a two-masted 40-foot ketch through.

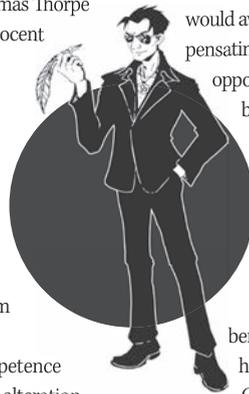
But while it's great to see a growing and mounting sense of momentum behind efforts to overturn the Watson verdict, the fact remains that a potentially innocent man has languished behind bars for a period of almost twenty years. In this instance, as with a number of others, quite a length of time and an insurmountable amount of suffering could have been largely avoided had there been an alternative pathway towards exoneration and review of problematic cases.

It therefore seems, particularly in light of the National-led government's far more risk-averse approach to political involvement in the judicial process (c.f. then-Justice Minister Judith Collins forum-shopping for a favourable report which would avoid the fallout associated with compensating David Bain), that the force of public opposition to the status quo cannot simply be channeled into individual cases if we are to genuinely seek change.

Instead, alongside advocacy for individuals, there must also be a substantive push to change the system itself by adding an independent and politically and socially unencumbered review body capable of doing what hitherto only Prime Ministers and Privy Councils have been able.

That is, fixing the mistakes which fairly inevitably crop up from time to time in an imperfect justice system administered by and catering to actors and arbiters who are ultimately only human, all too human.

People-power is great, but we deserve to live in a system which doesn't require such heavy weighing-in of public opinion in order to secure the right outcomes. ■





## At The Show

WITH RAYHAN LANGDANA

In the Auckland Law Revue 2013, there was a skit that featured people on crutches, people in wheelchairs, and people crawling on all fours making their way across the stage. The lights went down, and a voiceover intoned that the skit showed the "Boston Marathon 2014." The audience groaned; the heavy silence lingered until deep into the next skit.

The joke was about the Boston Marathon bombing in 2013 that saw 264 injured and 3 dead. Other jokes in that year's show included a stab at Cory Monteith, the Glee actor who died after a heroin overdose. In the same show, I played several Indian characters. You knew that they were Indian because they wore turbans and had thick accents – I was making myself the butt of a race joke for a largely white audience.

It seems like offensiveness and student comedy are inextricably linked. The idea that for students to create valid, relevant 'art' they need to be provocative, edgy and LOUD pervades so much

student activity. We see it in each Faculty's revue, we see it in *Craccum*, and we see it on Facebook. It reached its peak in this year's Medicine Revue, which I saw at SkyCity on Saturday night. In the Med Revue, every straight white male played a straight white male. Other observations:

- Every female character seemed to be named (or referred to) as some variant of the following: 'Sugartits', 'Clitface', 'Bean Flicker', 'Good Bitch';
- Many non-white characters donned accents and portrayed caricatures of ethnic stereotypes;
- The worst insult that a Med student can possibly direct to someone else is that they are a virgin (being a Law student or an Engineering student closely follows).

I'm no saint. I've made jokes like this. We all have. However, we've reached a tipping point where the audience for this kind of stuff is bigger than ever. Articles can be shared rapidly on the Internet, such as the Massey University student magazine's rape-themed cover earlier this year; these revues are now being put on as professional productions at SkyCity, whereas they were previously shown at the Maidment where they were firmly grounded in the venerable student tradition of chaotic amateurism.

One approach going forward is that students should toe the PC line and quadruple-check every joke they think about making; that they should consult HR experts about the effects of these jokes on future employability, or that they should caveat jokes or hide behind anonymity.

I don't agree with this. This is one of the last times in our lives we're able to get away with speaking the unspeakable – one only needs to see the middling, staid "Professionals Revue" to understand this. Moreover, the culture of offence that is spreading across campuses from the USA to New Zealand is entirely toxic to the ability of students to think freely and to challenge. We need not overreact.

Instead, I think students need to be more aware of what tertiary education signals today. Fees are increasing, rent is high, degrees are competitive and jobs are scarce. To some extent, even entering into tertiary education signals a huge degree of capital – both in terms of the ability to afford a degree and the ability to be upwardly mobile in the future. With this in mind, student 'jokes' that ignore the immense privilege of study simply widen the possible class gap between 'us' and 'them'. We look out of touch, and we – the supposed teachers, politicians, doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists of tomorrow – look insincere.

Chris Rock recently said that the worst thing about being a stand-up comedian in this day and age is that there's the possibility for one of your less-thought through, rougher jokes to be filmed in the dark, half-empty comedy club you're practicing in and broadcast to the world before you're ready for it, making you look like you constantly espouse the views you were trying to joke about. Students who make shitty jokes are not their views. But they shouldn't be surprised if they're held to them further down the track. ■

## Trump Tower

WITH ADITYA VASUDEVAN

We enter the building at the heels of some woman's stilettos. The brushes at the hinges of the revolving doors stop poverty from coughing its dust inside. On the right a receptionist says, "sure, I'll put you through to him right now." Clack, clack, clack. Squares on a touch screen indicate floors in the building to be reached by elevator and periodically disperse for a full-screen advertisement of a man's face. He doesn't smile.

The lifts open at both ends and only ever seem to go up. Either the building's so large it spans the entire curvature of the earth or people only have the need to go up, never down. The floor and ceiling are mirrors, the walls gold. Look up or down and see only an endless El Dorado.

This is a conservative establishment. We re-join the woman on the 68<sup>th</sup> floor. Like all the women in the building, she's got anime legs, a pencil skirt and a face so expensive you shouldn't look at it too long for fear of being stopped and searched. The men all have that tapering figure that makes their silhouette look like a rounded triangle balancing an egg – beneath the striped suits are bod-

ies that probably produced smoke when created from ergonomic body chambers. Those who aren't cis-gendered hold their peace. It's a conservative establishment. She stops at a door.

Inside, the lights are out. Inside, body parts lay akimbo like lego pieces. Inside, something clicks, and a magnetic force pulls the disparate limbs together. A face falls from the roof. Assembled like the pieces of a sketch artist's imagination – a caricaturist to be more precise – the form comes together, in jerky fits of lines drawn and rubbed out, wisps of forgotten strokes jutting out. This process is fast. From the wall a plastic surgeon emerges, followed by a tanning specialist, a pedicurist, and a wig-maker, in procession like toy soldiers. This process is slow. And somehow the product is so hideous that it clicks and stops and hisses and spits.

A spotlight from above. The woman enters at her scheduled time to see Chief Executive Father for her marching orders. She's to be wed, she's told from behind a mahogany desk. A marriage of convenience. The contracts will be drawn up along with the necessary resource consents – appropriate donations will be made, threats for the unwilling. The woman's protestations are swallowed by the spotlight and all we see are the practiced

smiles of a health brochure. You know, the ones for uncomfortable illnesses like erectile dysfunction or vaginal thrush. Uncanny valley smiles.

A vacuum tube takes the CEF to the top floor of the building. The rooftop is decked out like an amphitheatre. Electric guitars boom "Born in the USA" while cheerleaders scream racial slurs from makeshift rafters. Somehow it all sounds in sync. A pedestal inches its way out of the floor just as the CEF steps onto it and takes his place. Far, far below, beyond the golden elevators, smiling receptionists and secret dungeons, the people stand. The distance is so great that all they see is the projection of the man from the spotlights. The building sports a screen for a close up. There is no direct line of sight – never that.

The people, white, fed and wearing their stars and stripes look into the reflective glass of the building and spy their reflections: they see children in rags, old men with their mouths duct-taped shut holding cardboard signs; they see festering disease, squalor, a people left behind.

And then they look up. The distance requires a monstrous effort of vocal projection by the CEF. He's a man who came from the dirt, just like them. He's a man who can make things happen. He's a man, dare I say it, who can make America great again. ■

the people to blame.

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Caitlin 'never gives anyone funny names' Abley  
and Mark 'couldn't think of any this week'

Fullerton

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AUSA PRESENTS...



# WOMENSFEST

19th-23rd September 2016

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