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STACCU

SUMMER SCHOOL EDITION



All You'll Ever Need For Anything Ever

**A Guide to the Underbelly of NZ Music
Class vs. Arse
News - Reviews
Hitchhiking through the Dark South
Pulp, High Art, Sweaty Sex Advice: Everything a
40 page mag can give you**

HELP US FUCK THINGS UP



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TRID OFFICES, WHERE PIMPS AND THIEVES RUN FREE AND GOOD
EN DIE LIKE DOGS. THERES ALSO A NEGATIVE SIDE"

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CRACCUM 05

Fuck the Revolution

THE NEW ZEALAND MUSIC SCENE GOES DEEPER THAN C4 OR JUICE TV, AND CERTAINLY A FUCK LOAD DEEPER THAN WHAT YOU FIND ON THE RADIO. THE MAINSTREAM WILL DELIVER YOU ONLY THE TIP OF AN OTHERWISE MASSIVELY UNEXPLOITED ICEBERG — MUCH OF WHICH HAS BEEN RANDOMLY SELECTED BY MARKETING EXECUTIVES. THE BODY AND TALENT OF REAL NEW ZEALAND MUSIC LURKS ELSEWHERE. IT HIDES IN THE CRACKS AND SEEPS FROM THE DOORWAYS, LINGERING AGAINST LAMPPOSTS OUTSIDE DARK PUBS IN THE HUMID AUCKLAND NIGHT...

In the sultry depths of a K' Rd bar you'll find the scene any night of the week. It's assembled from a lost multitude: bands comprised of students, accountants, engineers and dole greasers. They've never recorded; some of them never want to. They gather for the sheer love of melting down on stage in a barage of sound, insanity and stupidity, and they break apart for the sake of weekday promotions, marriage, and the monotony of menial labour. They are the life-blood of New Zealand music, and in most cases, will never get heard.

"Our influences stem from bands like the Pixies," says Chris, bass player of Lunavela. He's drinking heavily in the early afternoon at Shadows celebrating the completion of an exam. "Hey dude, can I bum a rollie?" He's wearing a Motorhead tee-shirt and eying up a girl across the bar. "Your round or mine? I think it's yours."

It's now late on a Thursday at the Edens Bar on K. Rd. Lunavela is setting up. They're the opening act of the evening, but still won't begin until at least eleven. That's the way the scene appears to work. Nobody plays early — just let everyone have enough time to get drunk or do what ever they have to do... When they finally start up the bar is half full. Smoke is thick in the air. There's still another week before the law's set to kick in.

Lunavela: three-piece thrash rock, loud, intricate, intelligent, and emphatic. Steve, the front man, bounces around the small stage, already sweating after the first song and it's less than two minutes long. Their set is short, many of their songs too succinct to be as good as they actually are. It's like ADD caught and bottled and re-released in tiny packages on stage for all of twenty minutes... It feels good. It's impossible to be bored.

Search the music stations, the corporate radio of this country, and the only thing you'll find is bland, homogenous sounds compiled into culture-demographics and coupled with the appropriate advertising. Lunavela, comprised

of a lowly bunch of students and ex-students, grabs the disparate strings of a globalized music industry and ties together a distinctive sound.

When the band finishes their set they hit the bar, apparently making it their duty to hit on anything with legs. The next band up is a two-piece named Photonic. They're rough and complicated at the same time, ripping away with an abrasive punk sound. But the crowd doesn't enjoy it. It's too jumpy. There aren't enough pop hooks or melodies to pull the apathetic drinkers out onto the dance floor. But it all changes with the next act, Motocade. I talk to the lead singer before he goes on. "Kind of sound like the Strokes," he says.

"User friendly," says the bassist. He's wearing a Joy Division shirt, which makes me think he's lying.

And then the band starts. The people previously looking bored and leaning over the bar are suddenly out on the dance floor, moving and writhing like the weird indie animals they are. The songs are fast and catchy. The atmosphere perks up and I realise I'm drunk and dancing, too. It's the first time I've heard them, but by the end of the set I already know the words to each chorus. They've burned into my frontal lobe. They're as catchy as the Strokes, but they don't sound like them. Not even close. The singer continues smiling his way through the lyrics.



Instead of conforming to international trends, this elusive scene creates its own, cutting out strains of original sounds from what is otherwise a black hole of marketing ploys and dollar-oriented music. The only places you'll find them are at shadowy gigs or on low-budget local web sites... And then the gap closes and the group breaks up. Aside from the obligatory single random recording — usually done in a garage with low budget equipment

— they return to obscurity.

A few weeks later I was at the Kings Arms following my case study, Lunavela. They were up first, to be followed by Nova Echo, This Night Creeps, and Die Die Die. When they started their set the place was less than half full, the crowd made up of slightly confused looking bohemians with suit jackets and satchels.

Before going on I spent some time talking to Lunavela's drummer, JP. He told me he didn't know half the songs they were about to play. However, when they actually started it didn't seem to matter too much. Steve began screaming into the mic and sweating his way through the short ballads. In the middle of one song he broke a string, then used it on his remaining strings to make some kind of experimental sound. When the song finished he began looking for another guitar while Chris tried to keep the crowd entertained with adlibbed stories about his life. But it seemed as if the crowd was actually sucking his energy away, and the stories quickly degenerated into a desultory dialogue about the weather. With that, the tone had been set. The overwhelming indifference of the crowd would be the biggest challenge for each of the bands to come.

It appeared the singer of Nova Echo had been watching all this and trying to think up way to get the audience started. As soon as he was up on stage he began pleading with them to dance, but his Mick Jagger impersonations didn't help. Besides, nobody likes to be told what to do — especially by a guy wearing a tight silky red shirt and skin-hugging black jeans. His dancing made the effect worse: manic gyrations mixed with flamboyant stomping. It was so distracting that I actually forgot to listen. About halfway through his set he pulled out a paintbrush and told a story about how it used to hold up his microphone stand or something. When he was done with his tale a new song kicked in and he flung the paintbrush into the crowd. It flipped its way through the air in my general direction, but lacked the velocity to make it the whole way. Instead it ended up crashing



95bFM Summer Series Line-up Announcement

95bFM's legendary Summer Series returns to Albert Park for 2005 with some of the country's finest musical talent coming together for a live music extravaganza!

Sunday, January 30th in Albert Park

Tha Feelstyle
SJD
Jakob
The Fanatics
Batucada Sound Machine
The Unusuals
Fang

Sunday, February 20th in Albert Park

Concord Dawn
Phoenix Foundation
Pine
RES, Savage and Alphrisk
The Checks
The Boxcar Guitars
Farmer Pimp

Summer Series is the complete sunny Sunday afternoon experience. Whether you're enjoying the sounds of New Zealand music, strolling around the gardens, or lazing on the grass – there is something for everyone. Entry is free to everyone, and the show runs from 12pm – 7pm.

The liquor ban has been suspended for the duration of this event... and Summer Series is licensed. Access to bar with photo ID only. No glass.

See you all there!

craccum

NATIONAL NEWS

MICRODOTS AVAILABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER



The Government is making costly vehicle security measures compulsory from mid 2006.

Justice Minister Phil Goff launched the Government's Vehicle Crime Reduction Programme last week, saying the measures would reduce the yearly cost of vehicle

thefts- amounting to around \$110 million.

All imported cars, new or used, will have to have microscopic identification dots and engine immobilisers installed- a cost to be met by dealers, some \$400.

Microdots of vehicle identification number would be installed throughout various car parts. Attempts to remove these parts will result in "fingerprints" leaving a mark, visible under ultra-violet light. Immobilisers prevent thieves from hotwiring vehicles by shutting down the car engine if a signal, contained only in the car key, is not received.

These crime prevention measures will apply to all new and used vehicles less than 15 years old imported when the regime comes into effect in about 18 months.

Phil Goff believes that the combination of immobilisers and microdots are likely to hit professional car thieves hard. He stated last week that "[Vehicle theft] imposes on thousands of ordinary New Zealanders significant financial costs, involves major inconvenience, and adds to the cost of insurance premiums for every motorist."

"Professional car crime usually involves taking a vehicle identification number from a deregistered car and putting it on a stolen vehicle of similar make, to give it a supposedly legitimate identity for re-sale."

Between 1999-2001, the number of vehicles in Western Australia with immobilisers increased from 45-70%, and vehicle theft fell 34%. Vehicle theft fell 23 per cent in the United Kingdom from 1998 when immobilisers were made compulsory in new vehicles.

Marking the whole of a vehicle by a means such as microdots was a proven deterrent in other countries, Mr Goff said. And in New Zealand, where Subaru began marking its cars last March, none had since been stolen.

Other initiatives of the strategy include changes to New Zealand's deregistration system to make it harder for criminals to use deregistered vehicle information and a secure parking scheme to recognise facilities with manned barriers and high surveillance levels.

BAR-B-QUEER Pipe dreams of a \$100,000 insurance payout

At approximately 11:15pm on Tuesday 28 December 2004 the O'Connell St entrance of

Auckland's premiere gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender/takataapui/fa'afafine/queer club, FLESH, exploded in a cloud of flames and shattered glass.

Immediately an automatic fire-door closure caused 20 staff and customers to escape through an upstairs emergency exit. Many more patrons had (literally) bugged off prior to the excitement, and no casualties were reported.

Although fire-fighter crews were on the scene within two minutes of the fire's detection (as well as other members of the Village People), the entire bottom floor of the three story building was destroyed, as was a car parked clear across the road. Damage was estimated at between \$50,000 and \$100,000. It is understood FLESH carried insurance on their premises.

Club owner Nicholas (who refused to give his surname to the media) immediately declared that "homophobes" had "definitely... [used] a firebomb." No support for the proprietor's assertions was reported, although unpublished recitations of witness accounts describe a "pig ugly" heterosexual Pakeha man being ejected from the club, before returning twenty minutes later to lob a Molotov cocktail through the front door.

The vitriolic nature of leading homophobe groups such as the Destiny Cult, Maxim Institute and others religious zealots were well documented during the Civil Union Bill's passage in 2004. It should not surprise that the fanatics' anti-gay-family campaigns would incite some of their stupid(er) disciples to violence. The few mainstream media reports about the fire all give significant credence to the bombing theory.

And yet the gay community's reaction is surprising; there has been almost none. Instead of loud protestations of "see, this is why we need legislative protections from those monsters", silence reigns. Community conjecture talks of debts, drugs, insurance claims and fire codes, and none speaks up while the rumours fly.

The day after the incident itself, Detective Sergeant Marie Costello described the fire as "suspicious" and announced that the police would review the pending fire safety report. Reinforcing her gang's deserved reputation for being simpletons, she said the police were "unaware of any threats to the gay community."

FLESH continues to operate in temporary locations around Auckland, whilst the damage to its O'Connell St premises is repaired. Other gay establishments report a recent upturn in till receipts.

DISCLAIMER; Key facts in this story were sourced from the NZ Herald, and leading gossips in the Auckland gay community. Therefore much of the article's contents are probably shit.

By Dave H.

SMOKING BAN IMPACTS UNI LIFE.

The age old university pass time of lighting up around Uni and affecting a level of cool has been severely curtailed by the new Anti-Smoking legislation, which came into effect in December last



year.

At first unsure how it would affect them, AUSA has decided to opt for safe over sorry, banning smoking everywhere in the quad circuit isn't directly under the main sail. This ban includes the common room and culture space balconies as they are considered enclosed spaces

The area of the quad leading to the Alfred St steps has also been included due to its glass roof. While currently there are few around to protest, and even fewer to enforce it, there has been little trouble. One AUSA member, who did not want to be identified, gave his point of view: "I don't mind the ban for offices and stuff. It just means I'll get some work done. But let's be honest. If some c**t asks me to put of my smoke then I'm just going to tell him to fuck off. It's law of the jungle."

AUSA president Greg Langton commented that the sweeping ban was in a 'trial period', and that it may come under review later in the year.

It remains to be seen how the ban will impact on the ebb and flow of student life here at U of A. The full effects will not be known until the 28th of February when the general semester begins. We here at Craccum wait with baited breath and a full pack of smokes.

CRACCUM SCOOP! THEATRE RENAMED.



This is about as far as our journalistic wings will carry us: downstairs.

There we discovered the Maidment Studio Theatre (different from the Maidment Theatre, which is the larger one) had been renamed the Musgrove, in honour of a retired and possibly deceased professor.

Musgrove was an inspirational pedagogue, teaching at the University from 1947-1980. Shakespearean scholar, academic, actor, producer, Head of the Department of English, and more than worthy of having this privilege bestowed upon him. Posthumous or not, we're sure this is a great honour.

We decided that in the interests of accurate reporting we should establish whether he was in fact still shuffling along this mortal coil. AUSA President Greg Langton could not be reached for comment, his secretary claiming he was in a meeting. Convenient. However Maidment staff were able to confirm that he is "not."

Here at Craccum our thoughts are with another man. John Maidment. Where is he? Who is he? And how does he feel about the renaming of the Studio Theatre? If he's dead he's probably spinning in his grave; if he's alive, maybe he was the bum in the white overalls sleeping in the doorway. Either way, we're pretty sure he's disappointed.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

PALESTINE SETS AN EXAMPLE



In the first fully democratic election ever in the Arab world, moderate Mahmoud Abbas was elected Palestinian president last week. The election was one of the first in the world to be

undertaken by a militarily-occupied people, in a land of extreme poverty – where around 80 percent of Palestinians are unemployed.

Following the death of leader Yasser Arafat, many observers were predicting that Palestine would descend into chaos, violence and possibly civil war. But the campaign and election were notable for precisely the opposite – there was virtually no violence during this period.

Abbas won by a landslide in an election in which 70 percent of eligible voters turned out. This dwarfs the figures for turnouts in many Western countries such as Britain, Canada and the US. Some observers commented that turnout could have been even higher if not for an Israeli requirement that Arabs in East Jerusalem vote in the suburbs.

Abbas' main opponent, Mustafa Barghouti, won 20 per cent of the vote. Such a victory lends much legitimacy not only to Abbas' democratic mandate, but also to the claims of the Palestinian people in search of their own state.

Israeli PM Ariel Sharon has already called on Abbas to immediately dismantle Hamas and other military organizations, although such a hasty move may lead to civilian reprisals if infrastructure is not in place to deal with the vacancy left by Hamas. In recent years, with the declining efficacy of the Palestinian Authority, Hamas had begun to provide social services to the Palestinians in addition to its military operations.

US President George W Bush has already extended to Abbas an invitation to the White House, although such a move is likely more symbolic in importance. Some might say that Bush and the US need Abbas and Palestine to prove that Bush's desire of 'extending democracy' is a legitimate foreign policy tool that is able to deliver peace in the Middle East. And others might simply view this as neoconservative hawks seizing on an opportunity that had little to do with their own making, and much to do with the death of Palestine's former leader. In truth, it is probably a little of both.

SALACIOUS GOSSIP!!! BRAD AND JEN'S SHOCK SPLIT!

Hollywood's "it couple" Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston have split! Shock! Horror! Mass hysteria!

Plebian citizens across the world sobbed as a spokesperson for the couple confirmed last week



that the pair had formally separated, following rumours that their relationship was on the rocks.

In the heartfelt form letter delivered to the media, the pair confirmed: 'We would like to announce that after seven years together we have decided to formally separate.

'For those who follow these sorts of things, we would like to explain that our separation is not the result of any of the speculation reported by the tabloid media.

'This decision is the result of much thoughtful consideration. We happily remain committed and caring friends with great love and admiration for one another.

'We ask in advance for your kindness and sensitivity in the coming months.'

Awww.

The couple wed four years ago, but busy filming schedules and constant prying from tabloid press caused undue stress on their relationship.

Insiders say the cause of the split was a combination of Brad's desire to become a father and Jennifer's will to put her movie career first, not to mention claims of an affair between Pitt and Angelina Jolie, his co-star in the new movie Mr And Mrs Smith. Scandal!

But really, who cares? What bearing does this have on your day-to-day living?

In other shocking news, TV3 is scraping the bottom of the January-slow-news barrel by airing this story in their 8th minute of programming the day the story broke. Sad.

SENIOR OFFICERS RESPONSIBLE FOR ABU GHRAIB PORN



CIA operatives and US Army officers condoned the beating and humiliation of prisoners at Abu Ghraib

prison whilst actively praising enlisted soldiers who engaged in such acts, a former guard testified last week. As the first military trial of US soldiers stemming from the abuse got underway, Private Ivan L Frederick gave evidence as a special witness for the prosecution against Spec Charles A Graner Jr, the alleged ringleader of the abuse.

Frederick, a staff sergeant who was demoted to the rank of private following his guilty plea to charges of abuse, told the jury that he had conversed with six senior officers – ranging from captains to lieutenant colonels – but was never told to stop the abuse. Frederick also testified that he had been ordered by a CIA operative, identified as Agent Romero, to "soften up" a sus-

pected terrorist for questioning in any way he saw fit, so long as he didn't kill the suspect.

Frederick's testimony contradicts official statements by Boy George Bush and Donny Rumsfeld that the abuse was merely the actions of rogue enlisted soldiers, and that officers higher up the chain of command were neither complicit nor aware. No officers at the prison or further up the chain of command have been charged.

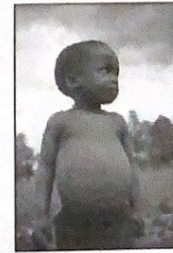
Meanwhile British PM Tony Blair faces a dilemma about what to do with four Britons held at the US's international entertainment centre in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Feroz Abbasi, Martin Mubanga, Richard Belmar and Moazzam Begg are due to be flown back to Britain in the coming weeks, having been detained at Guantanamo Bay by the US for almost three years without charges. What will happen to the British nationals upon their return is still unknown.

Having recently passed tough new anti-terror laws, police will decide what to do with the men and if they are to be charged with any offence. None of the men were wanted in Britain before their capture in Afghanistan. It is highly unlikely the British government will allow four former terror suspects to walk free when terrorism and national security are set to be big policy issues in the forthcoming British election, expected to be held in May.

Attempts to press charges against the four would be difficult, as evidence extracted at Guantanamo Bay, where the four claim they were tortured, is legally inadmissible.

OH, AND SOME PRIME SURFING IN THAILAND...

Well, we had to mention it, but who cares now? You can only report the same event so many times, and it seems the media reached saturation point with this story perhaps three days after it occurred. It's a pity that there's generally not much in terms of news around at this time of the year, so rehashing the same old story as lead items in both print and television media is the norm.



What about the poor and starving people in Africa - Eritrea? Malawi? Ethiopia? Sudan? The list goes on. Some are beginning

to question why the response to the tsunami was much greater than the lack of aid given to poor and starving African nations. Because it was a purely natural disaster not augmented by Western trade policies? Or perhaps because one of the worst affected areas just happens to be a prime holiday destination for rich western tourists? Bob Geldoff must be immensely pissed off right now.

So, instead of giving you a picture of a Thai man playing Macgyver with trees in the tsunami, here are some photos of poor starving children in Africa.



TE ATATU STU'S Sex, Love and Advice

Over the past six weeks we've received letters from a lot of fucked up/miserable people out there, asking Aunty Peach for advice. Unfortunately Auntie Peach is holidaying in Latin America, working as a hooker for rich Americans to subsidize her life of high-living, hotels and cocaine. We had been taking the letters and dumping them over the back of Alec's fence, but to our surprise, after a couple of weeks they were returned to his doorstep, answered. Turned out his neighbour, a bit eccentric, had taken it upon him to write all the answers. Truth be told, the guy's a P addict, and, cool as that is, the basic fact of the matter is that after being awake for two days straight watching TV in West Auckland, you tend to get a bit bored. So we took pity on the fucker and decided he might as well keep writing. Sometimes his replies seem a little bit scattered, but humour him, he's a nice enough guy. So with no further ado, we introduce, Te Atatu Stu.



Dear Te Atatu Stu,
I am really really confused. I met this guy at a nightclub and he seemed really nice. He had a nice body and so after I got a bit drunk I slept with him. Unfortunately it all went wrong - he'd had too much to drink (well, that's

what I surmised) and couldn't get it up. I even ended dancing in my underwear to Britney Spears's 'Toxic' to get him in the mood, but it didn't work. Then he started to cry and told me to leave and made me take his number out of my phone (I still remember it, though). What can I do? I really like him and I'm sure it's not normally like that. And even if it is, it's easy to find drugs that will fix it - you don't even have to see a doctor, you can buy them on the internet and shit. My cousin has been trading Viagra with high school kids for their talin so it's really no problem. I really want to fix his guy. How can I?

- Michelle, Howick

Hi Michelle,
What the fuck are you doing worrying about sex for? Some cunts are just useless. It's abundantly clear he's a fag, and he's just ashamed of that's all. I bet you he pees sitting down. We used to have a bunch of fags at high school. They all had girlfriends, but you knew it was a ruse. We live in un-accepting times, you see. I bet this guy was wearing a tight white shirt. Anyway, out west we don't need Viagra. If you can't get it up and someone finds out, you get tied up and beaten with sticks. Just stay away from posers that drink monkey piss.



Dear Te Atatu Stu,
I am a computer science student and am desperate to meet girls. They just don't seem to be interested in talking about Linux. Things have got so bad that I have even used a

pink vivid marker to draw crude female genitalia around my floppy-disk drive. I even added pubic

hair with a black vivid. I tried to fuck it. Help me, please.

- Graeme, Takapuna

Oi Graeme,
If I met you on the street I'd probably punch you. But you've caught me on a good day and I actually feel like helping. Let me tell you a story about my mate Darren. Darren's got one of those medical conditions where you don't have a bone in your cock, so even when it's hard he's like an inch long. Instead of letting it get him down he just tells people about it. Like this: 'Hey, bitch, my cock is tiny!' Then they all think he's a hilarious ironical mother-fucker, so they fuck him anyway. Now he's got a reputation for being a man-whore amongst his mates, and nobody believes the stories about his miniature dick. If you want to get laid, Graeme, find a bar and tell some skank that you're a nerd who likes to fuck his disk drive. She'll think you're joking, and she'll respect you for making fun of yourself. Dog it, bro. Go out an' fuck.



I have a problem. For the last two years, based entirely upon fallacious stories of my own invention, I've maintained a glorious image amongst my fellow engineering students. There has been many an

occasion in "Shadows" where I have been congratulated by my friends for crudely and falsely telling of yet another ho who had fallen for my rugged engineering charms. I am, I suspect, by no means alone among engineering students in possessing a long line of non-existent female conquests.

The real issue, however, has stirred only recently. I began experiencing perplexing changes. My libido was fading into oblivion. Previously, when confronted by a comely young lass in a boob tube on campus, it felt as if the blood flowing through my veins was transformed into liquid lightning. How I wanted them! But now I felt nothing. My abundant sex drive had become a barren desert. I felt particularly confused after one Friday evening at "Shads", where, in the crush in at the

bar, the breasts of a voluptuous young woman pressed against my back and right arm. Once upon a time I would have felt gratified at this encounter with a woman's tits, preserving it in my memory until employing it in aid of smearing my bed sheets with my jism. But now what had once seemed to be the most exciting act in the world had been reduced to two slabs of meat grinding against each other.

Then one week ago I was lying in bed. I tried and failed to jerk off. I was without hope. My sheets unsoiled, full of the agony of defeat, I fell asleep. But then! A dream vision of light and sound! A muscled young man lying naked on a bed, calmly gesturing me towards him! At first I felt unsure, but slowly a feeling of great tranquility flowed through me. I leant down and caressed his taut body. He groaned softly with pleasure, my organ swelling...

I woke with soiled sticky underpants. Since that moment I have felt a strong attraction towards men. When a particularly handsome young man sails into view my eyes follow him around, despite my desperate attempts to maintain sexual interest on such women as those who appear on the front of FHM and Ralph. I drink in His every contour, literally worshipping at His shrine. I need to be fucked against a chain link fence.. I want him behind me. I want young men - virile and sporty. I want men just like my fellow engineers. I can almost feel my hands and knees pressing against the cold concrete surface while I writhe in ecstasy.

What is to be done? I risk losing all!

- Anonymous Engineer, Mt. Eden

P.S. I'm not a faggot.

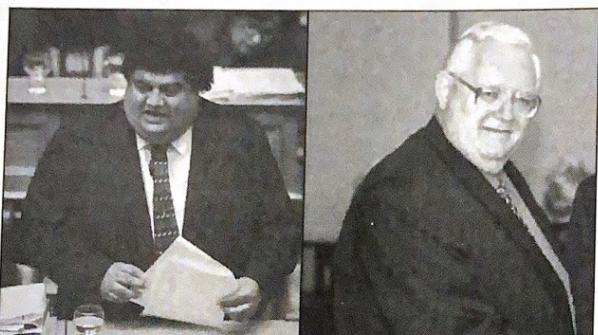
You ever feel like taking a samurai sword and cutting off people's hands? What? The fucking cops are hiding in the trees I can tell better get the samurai sword and start full on wasting cunts you better fucking believe it they're tapping my phone as well. Fucking prison's too fucking good for the likes of you. There you'll get fucked hard every fucking day. Everytime you bend over, everytime you're alone in your cell, you'll get fucked. My mate Gaz was in for a while and he knows what it's like. So take a sword and cut some cunt good. That's 15-20 years of anal pleasure right there.

fashion and Politics

I INTENSELY HATE FASHION. I HATE LITTLE WHITE BELTS, KAREN WALKER, WORLD, AND MEN'S "VIADUCT" SHIRTS. I HATE NEW CLOTHES TO SUCH A DEGREE THAT MY PRE-CHRISTMAS EXCURSION FOR NEW SHORTS WAS THE FIRST TIME IN TWO YEARS THAT I HAD BOUGHT ANY NEW CLOTHES.

This level of disdain for fashion can only be matched by my utter contempt for all politicians – irrespective of ethnicity, gender, sexuality or party. But fashion and politics go hand in hand – whether it be Helen's fabulous crimson power suits, Winnie's wonderful 1930s gangster-inspired pinstripe garb, or simply some ridiculously overpriced sunglasses. So, it is with utter glee that I accepted the task for providing you, the reader, with this instalment of Fashion and Politics.

Picks for 2005



How will fat be worn this parliamentary season? My picks are for the usual – in multiple rolls hanging over the collar, and abundantly spilling over the belt. This is considerably disappointing, considering the length of time fat has been prevalent in the debating chamber (Muldoon anyone?). When will someone come up with some new and innovative ideas? Surely Rodney Hide and Parekura Horomia can afford to employ some fashion consultants to hide their ghastly waddle. Fortunately, parliamentary rules on dress forbid the display of muffins. On the upside, at least "He who must be obeyed" Speaker Jonathan Hunt (known affectionately among Labour backbenchers as "Big daddy"), will no longer be waddling up to his high chair within the chamber's hallowed walls. The big man is shipping off to London where he takes up his new job as NZ's premier plus-sized model to Britain.



We here at Craccum are very disconcerted with the lack of bling being displayed in our nation's highest forum. Given the success – both internationally and locally in recent times – of the ubiquitous hip hop formula of "bitches and bling", it seems as though our "representatives" are not that in touch with all of those whom they represent. But a well-positioned friend tells me that two MPs are seriously considering decking themselves out in such a fashion. 'Man's man' John Tamihere is said to have taken just this suggestion on board, and is rumoured to have told his secretary that he will "definitely get da bling if 'dem fags get more rights, fo' schizzle...my nizzle." Tariana 'down with the homies' Turia is also considering this same strategy to draw support for her newly-formed Maori Party. Far-fetched? This is an election year...



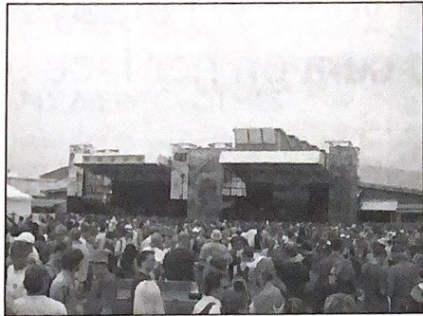
Nothing says "I love you" like a big rock, but it now seems highly likely that ACT MP Deborah Coddington, wet dream of many lonely and conservative first-year politics students (male and female alike), will not be sporting one from business leader and self-proclaimed moral authority Roger Kerr. Coddington has had little luck in love over the past couple of years. From her break up with publisher husband Alistair Taylor (during public allegations that he had never shipped orders for which he had received payment) to this, an amorous tryst with Business Roundtable Kerr,

which could well end with a restraining order against the latter. Rumour has it that fiscally-conservative Kerr, besotted with Debbie's golden locks and anti-welfarism, presented her with a diamante, not a diamond. What a faux pas! No more beastly business on the round table for those two. In tears, and being consoled by a parliamentary worker after being stalked by Mr Kerr late last year, Coddington reportedly told the staffer that she may include Kerr in her next index of NZ paedophiles and sex offenders. This is certainly something Roge would not want to wear this year!



Nothing complements an outfit like a tasteful pair of sunglasses. As a general rule, they must be subtle, match the outfit and accentuate the face. Parliament has known some flashy wearers in recent time, but none more high-profile than former 'fat club' president Donna Awatere-Huata. But, thankfully, neither Parliament nor the public in general will be force-fed that terrible visage anymore. Thanks to a little bout of the "loan without approval" disease from her Pipi Foundation – no, Donna, it was not koha – Donna has not just lost her parliamentary seat but may also be forced to sell all her cherished pairs of Prada lesbian glasses in order to pay her legal fees. Good riddance to bad fashion and bad politics.

OPINIONS



BIG DAY OUT FUNDAMENTALLY GAY?

September brought along some pretty exciting rumours for the Big Day Out. I was told Modest Mouse and even The Pixies might come, furthermore Interpol and The Libertines were said to be virtually confirmed. Usually rumours like this are pretty reliable so I anticipated the October announcement eagerly hoping this could be one of my most enjoyable Big Day Outs ever.

I tried to take the first announcement in my stride making claims like "The Streets could be interesting", "the new Beastie Boys album isn't too bad" and even "That Chemical Brothers song with Wayne Coyne is great". However the sad truth was the line up was pretty uninspiring. None of the bands were particularly interesting. Still there were two more announcements to come, therefore still hope.

The second and third announcements made me think this may be a bearable day after all. It would be great to see The Polyphonic Spree and

Le Tigre could be a lot of fun. I'm not a particularly big fan of John Spencer Blues Explosion or The Hives, but still thought I would quite like to see them. There was, however, Slipknot. Usually bad bands being announced don't really matter because you just don't see them, but Slipknot are terrible enough to break this rule. Slipknot fans will be everywhere talking about how much they hate their parents and how much fun it is to hurt animals, do I really want to pay money to be in that kind of environment? The third announcement brought with it an impressive list of hip-hop DJs with Money Mark, Kid Koala and RJD2. Looking over the line up it seemed The Polyphonic Spree were the only band I was excited about seeing, some I was quite interested in, and a lot I was very keen to avoid.

What little excitement I had about the day was quickly ruined when the timetable was announced. Were the organisers on a mission to make this the worst Big Day Out ever? Or were they just idiots? Firstly Le Tigre and Kid 606 are playing at the same time on different stages. These two artists are similar enough to be playing a sideshow together the night before, now people who aren't going to the sideshow are forced to choose. At the same time there is also The Hives playing on the main stage and RJD2 on the hip hop stage. It is not improbable to think that for many people these were their four favourite acts playing that day, yet due to pathetic organisation they can only see one of them. Then there was the huge blunder, one that it is just impossible to work out. The Polyphonic Spree in the Boiler Room. This was the main act I really wanted to see, but learning they are playing in the Boiler Room put me off completely. Not only

is it sweaty and disgusting in there, you will hardly be able to see the band and will just ruin the atmosphere they try to create. Considering how popular The Flaming Lips were last year and how similar The Polyphonic Spree are to the F-lips, I assumed they would have them headline the second stages. Just to top it off The Streets are play-

Slipknot fans will be everywhere talking about how much they hate their parents...

ing at the same time as the Spree, while these two artists are quite different their fan base does cross over quite a bit.

This announcement made me come to the conclusion I won't be going to BDO this year. I always liked to think my music tastes were diverse enough to mean I could always like enough bands to warrant going, but not this year. Maybe I'm becoming more narrow minded. Or more likely BDO is moving further towards playing Channel Z style gimmicky rock and the intensely boring sounds of The Rock. Less and less smaller acts that are not big enough to come on their own are making appearances at our only festival and that is making it redundant.

(Ed note: Gay refers to twee 1950's shitness, not homosexuality)

INTERNATIONAL POLITICAL LUNCH

The result of the major event in British politics this year, the General Election, seems beyond doubt. Labour, under Tony Blair, will retain power with a reduced majority. It is also likely that voter participation will fall to a new low, with record numbers staying away from polling booths. The main debate over who will rule Britain takes place not between Labour and the Conservative Opposition, but inside the Labour party itself – between Blair and Chancellor of the Exchequer (UK equivalent of Minister of Finance) Gordon Brown's respective supporters. The General Election will not settle the decisive matter of when Blair will step down as leader of the Labour Party, and who will replace him.

Why so? Since Tony Blair's landslide victory over John Major's Conservative Government in 1997, the dynamics of British politics have undergone significant realignment. With the Conservative party having been trounced again in the 2001 election, and having resigned themselves to yet another defeat in this year's General election, their role as Labour's opposition has to a large degree been taken over by the media. The widespread acceptance of Labour as the party of government for the near future has concentrated attention on Labour's internal struggles.

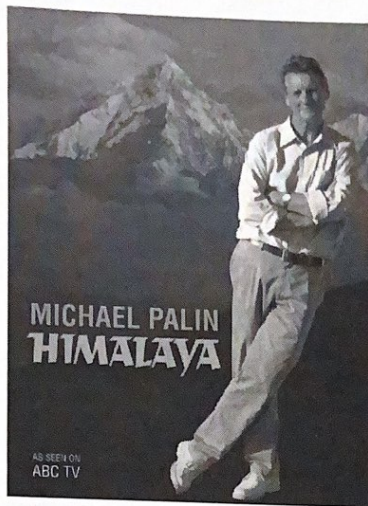
Blair's government has taken a battering from

both left and right elements during his reign – most recently from the left on the issues of Iraq and increased tuition fees. Each time, media commentators have predicted the downfall of Blair, only for his leadership and his party's poll ratings to remain intact. The attacks on Labour, instead of lowering its support and increasing other parties', have only fed into increasingly pervasive public cynicism about the political and media worlds. Labour is still popular, and has demonstrated considerable skill in governing Britain – which is why much of the criticism of Labour is based around its alleged fixation with 'spin', rather than issues such as the economy and unemployment. If Britain's economy started to decline, then so would Labour's poll ratings. Since Labour has ensured a steady economy (like its NZ equivalent), its parliamentary opponents have little chance to gain public favour. The Conservative Party, currently irrelevant, seems destined for a long period in opposition. Now onto their fourth leader since Tony Blair became head of Labour, their current strategy of waiting for Labour to fall apart is not working. Labour has delivered stable, reliable government, and is therefore electorally dominant. It is likely that such dominance is partially responsible for the current trend of low voter turnout.

However, the crisis of public confidence in political institutions, heightened by both the UK's politicians and media's treatment of political events, may be an impossible problem for any British government to fix. Whether the endlessly debated replacement of Tony Blair by Gordon Brown would lead to greater trust in politicians, and therefore improved political participation, is a moot point. Certainly, Brown has skillfully avoided Blair's tarnishing over the issue of Iraq. Although still in favour of close ties with the USA, Brown is probably not as likely to fall into step with the likes of Karl Rove and Donald

...criticism of Labour is based around its alleged fixation with 'spin'...

Rumsfeld. In this matter at least, with Britain's crucial relationship with Continental Europe now in some level of difficulty, Brown would arguably prove to be a more responsible leader than Blair.



HIMALAYA

MICHAEL PALIN
(Weidenfeld & Nicholson)

Michael Palin's latest epic travel venture, involving 6 months of travelling the entire length of the vast Himalayan mountain range, is not a journey for the faint-hearted or the physically unprepared. *Himalaya* beautifully documents his amazing journey, following the line of the mountain from the West in Pakistan, East to Bangladesh. At the end of another vigorous day of promoting his book, a rather tired (and yes, very nice) Palin, recognized that "a lot of people don't realize that the Himalaya actually extends from Pakistan through China, Tibet, Nepal and parts of Northern India". And besides, after filming in the Sahara, he admits he was ready for a somewhat cooler climate.

Adorned with spectacular photography *Himalaya* is a fascinating read, combining Palin's conversational, diary-like notes with geographical, historical and cultural facts. It's a book which can be read from chapter to chapter, taking in each region as you go, or randomly opened up at any page, each filled with gems of the traveller's observations and experiences. There are also many references to the humour Palin is renowned for, which he notes is a "universal emotion". "It's a good way to break down barriers when travelling".

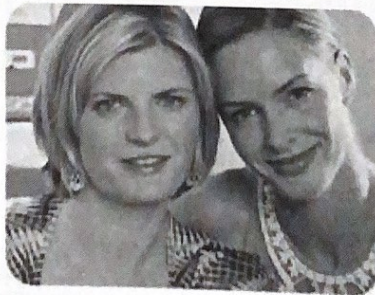
Finding it difficult to comment on the Chinese / Tibetan political situation, after China invaded in 1949, Palin admitted that he did indeed notice tensions although he said it was definitely getting better. Monasteries are open again and monks are allowed to re-build the temples. Visiting the Dalai Lama, where he has lived in exile since 1959 in Daramsala, India, he was offered some encouraging words. A regular viewer of BBC documentaries the Dalai Lama said to "keep making your documentaries". "They are important for trying to bring people together," he said. "And to get people to communicate with each other". Some pretty sound advice coming from one of the wisest men alive.

A journey such as this is not, however, without its misfortunes. Although having travelled to high places before, Palin found the length of time at altitude tough. Reaching 4080 metres in the Annapurna Mountains in Nepal and up to 5180 meters in Tibet, he wasn't the only one to experience the symptoms of altitude sickness. While in Lhasa, the sound recordist developed pulmonary oedema, (fluid on the lung). The replacement, a local from Beijing, was also affected and it became the job of the cameraman to ultimately fill in.

Reflecting on the personal impact the mammoth journey had on him, Palin's overall perception is that "for people less well off life can often be less complicated and more satisfying". "Having the amount of choice we (in the West) have can often breed insecurity". He went on to say, "It is more important how you communicate and how you feel about life and other people's lives" and after a pause added "and trying to extract yourself from the consumer treadmill". Clearly *Himalaya* has affected him deeply, which is reflected in this fascinating insight into the rich diversity of the people and mountains that make up the Himalaya.

JENNY LING

READ THIS REVIEW- IT WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE!



The increasingly rapid spread of globalization is widening the already enormous gap between rich and poor nations. Global warming is on the rise. Cultural spheres which were once dominated by beauty and imagination are now occupied by corporations and brand power. On a worldwide level, millions and millions of people die from starvation and malnutrition every year.

But DON'T WORRY! Because *what you wear CAN change your life!*

Trinny and Susannah have once again taken it upon themselves to do a little charity work. Picture the scene. Tsunami victims lie listless and despondent in an overcrowded aid camp. The smell, as so many journalists tell us, is unbearable. Trinny and Susannah are heralded only by their sloaney cackle of good-meaning as

they sweep onto the scene and take on the terrible destruction in a single glance. 'Um, no!' Trinny brays as she observes a woman huddled in the simple rags she managed to salvage from the wreckage of her home. 'What your doing wrong here is COLOUR! Every woman needs to be a little bit more ADVENTUROUS! And have you completely forgotten about ACCESSORIES!!?'

'Quite so,' Susannah chimes in. 'Mud and blood are SO dark ages! What about handbags? Even a simple flower in the hair can draw attention away from those UNSIGHTLY festering wounds!'

Yes, I'm fictionalizing. You'd sooner see George Bush at a mosque than you would Trinny and Susannah anywhere than the all embracing comfort of their upper-middle class circle. However, they have taken it upon themselves to cure every woman of the wardrobe related malaise many people were unaware – at least until Trinny and Susannah told them – they were suffering from.

What you wear can change your life is the ladies fourth book and here lies their first point of credit; it does take a certain amount of skill to repack the same information and – here's the impressive part – continue to sell books. Of course, the due have a surprisingly solid fan base after years as fashion columnists for the Daily Telegraph, presenters of a shopping show produced by Granada and their BBC show *What Not To Wear*. Previously, Susannah worked for Harrods and the fashion designers Alistair Blair and John Galiano while Trinny worked in PR and marketing, and as the BBC website puts it, 'the meager salaries paid by those industries taught her how to dress on a budget'. This tells you all you really need to know about Trinny, Susannah and the BBC.

Their introduction is shameless self-flagellation which they call their 'beauty biography', 'the closest anyone will get to seeing inside the minds of Trinny and Susannah'. If this doesn't scare you into slamming the book shut and throwing it out the nearest window, what follows certainly will. Trinny and Susannah seem to believe that what a woman wears has the largest impact not only on her self-confidence but also on her psychological welfare and should be completely central to anyone's self image. They preach about the poor, confused women they have 'helped' (read: bullied and belittled) on their television show and promise a solution to any corrosive self-doubt through a rigorous wardrobe refitting.

The book itself is divided into twelve simple and easy to follow sections. The first, defining your shape, operates on the premise that you will be unwilling to do so because

you are obviously heinously flawed and observing your body objectively will make 'you want to reach for the nearest plastic bowl to vomit in'. Here we see Trinny and Susannah's high opinion of their readership. Added to this is the fact that the only two models shown to help you define your body shape are, unsurprisingly, Trinny and Susannah and if you – like the majority of the population – look like neither of them, this section is rendered a complete waste of time.

The next section is underwear, a subject the pair are clearly passionate about and they do impart some useful advice concerning issues of both practicality and appearance. 'Underwear,' they comment somewhat haughtily, 'like all fashion, can fall foul of trends. There was a time when women were encouraged to burn their bras. God forbid'. Social symbolism and the entire feminist revolution has clearly flown over the heads of the pair.

What is possibly my most favorite section is 'Colour'. I can understand why wearing the right colour for your skin shade and hair tone is important. However, 33 pages of colour charts may be, I feel, a little on the excessive side. Obviously someone who suits bright emerald and bright turquoise would not do so well with olive green or light khaki, but there you go. Given the current body beautiful and image orientated climate, I can almost imagine droves of women traipsing around shopping malls, tightly clutching their oversized and overshy Trinny and Susannah manuals, desperately trying to distinguish between which clothes are peach and which clothes are pale mushroom.

The following sections – culling, no cost wardrobe, accessories, storage, beauty, hair, makeup, travel and pregnancy – are all so hopelessly inane that it really isn't worth analyzing them in any great detail. However, here is a selection of handy tips I gleaned from the self-proclaimed queens of style and generally sum up everything they have to say: Never wear a baseball cap. Own only ten t-shirts. Throw out the clothes you don't wear. If accessories suit you, wear them. Pose in flattering positions for holiday shots because 'the camera can be the most dangerous beast that you encounter in dangerous climes'.

In all fairness, Trinny and Susannah are as harsh on themselves as they are on everybody else which leads me to believe they were completely and utterly taking the piss. Unfortunately, many women treat them – and the fashion advice they impart – as utterly serious. Also on the positive side, the pair don't extol the values of labels and expense and if there is a cheaper method of image

adjustment, Trinny and Susannah are there with bells on.

Buy this book if you believe other people judge you on your appearance; if you believe that not wearing your underpants on your head and being able to put your top on the right way is the epitome of good dressing, don't bother.

Book Review; Trinny and Susannah's 'What You Wear Can Change Your Life'

SPECTRUM. I

Edited by Elsbeth Hardie,
Lynette Leong, Fiona
Robertson and David Scott
Reed
\$25.00

Auckland University is fast developing its creative writing department and *Spectrum* is the first to be published, proving it is well under way. A collection of short stories written by students of Witi Ihimaera and Kapka Kassabova's 2003 class, the development means students will no longer have to relocate to Wellington to gain advice from some of New Zealand's top writers.

Spectrum accurately reflects the title it refers to – that is, it is a diverse spectrum of writers and their stories. Stories written by housewives, teachers, engineers, electricians and physicians, all students whose subject matter and writing styles span a field of literary delight. Aged 74 and one of the more mature students, David Scott was instrumental in the establishment of the collection. He looks forward to *Spectrum* being the first of a series of annual editions and perceives of his fellow class-mates that, "All have in common a love of literature, and a desire for self discovery and self expression...there is a spectrum of life experience which we have brought to our stories."

Like any wide-ranging collection there will be some great stories and some which are not so good, depending on the nature of the audience. And this is okay, because we all like different things, which is one advantage of an anthology. Another advantage

of this particular assortment, is that as these writers are not known, a reader brings few expectations to the story and can therefore read for the pure enjoyment of it, discovering uncharted and interesting territory along the way. Some stories do, however fall short and waffle unconvincedly, taking too long to get to the point. And yet it is recognized that the short story can be a deceptively difficult genre to write in, especially as the writer must capture audience attention and develop characters in a relatively short space.

Witi Ihimaera delivers an eloquent introduction to *Spectrum's* tales stating, "The light refracting from them is often radiant, often dark. The shapes they offer are varied, sometimes simple, sometimes complex, and written in a swirl of various styles that is always fascinating. The stories offer, indeed, a spectrum. They are prisms which reflect our world and the ways it can be seen."

For a sheer variety of fresh and innovative work, this little gem deserves a read – who knows, you may be reading the material of a future prominent New Zealand author.

At present books are available by emailing spectrum_anthology@hotmail.com.

JENNY LING

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK 2005

KING JOHN

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Genuine Shakespeare – True to Text and Period
COMEDY OR HISTORY – OR BOTH

BOOKING INFORMATION

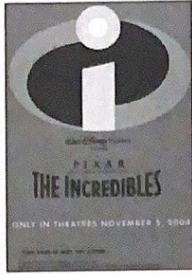
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THE INCREDIBLES



The plot of *The Incredibles* showed a lot of promise. A couple of Super-Heroes are forced into early retirement because their daring stunts cost the city too much money. Said Super-Heroes take on menial jobs and raise a family in

Suburbia- while performing good deeds in secret. This basic premise had a lot going for it, and there is so much that could have been done with it. But sadly the film lacks a certain something. Put it down to the fact that *The Incredibles* is essentially a Disney film, or the fact that I'm a cynical, jaded film reviewer, but this movie is no *Monsters Inc* or *Finding Nemo*. Sure it looks kinda cool but *The Incredibles'* fatal flaw is that it tries too hard. The film is nowhere near as funny as Pixar's previous efforts either; the comedy is mediocre at best.

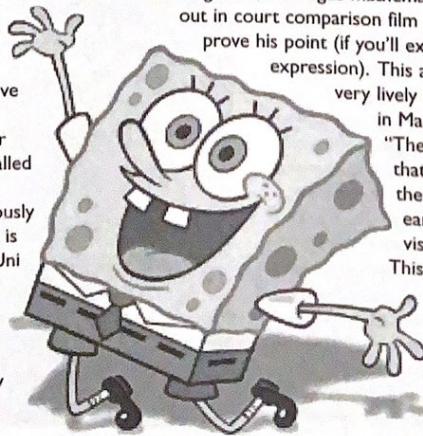
Perhaps the main reason I didn't enjoy *The Incredibles* as much as I should have is the fact that it almost made me hate being a film student. Is it so wrong to go to a kids movie with the flatmates and try to point out the Political subtext to them, only to have them yell "Dude, it's a fucking cartoon!" at you? Anyone who passed Film 101 knows what I'm talking about...

SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS: THE MOVIE

The Funniest yellow cartoon character since Homer Simpson gets his own movie. Is this a good thing? Yes. Mr Squarepants has a huge adult following, (a fact that was verified by examining the cinema audience when I saw the film) but kidnap a younger sibling or cousin if you need the excuse to see it. It is worth it.

The plot of the Spongebob movie involves an evil plankton's diabolical scheme (called "Plan Z") to control the underwater town of Bikini Bottom. After Plankton steals King Neptune's crown, the King sends Spongebob and Patrick on a dangerous quest to recover it from the aquatic dystopia of Shell City. On their hazardous journey the pair has to survive giant fish, bad-ass bikers, a Cyclops who runs a souvenir shop and a bounty hunter called Dennis.

While the movie is obviously aimed at the youngin's there is a lot of stuff that "mature" Uni students will appreciate. The Surreal humour that made the TV series successful translates well onto the big screen and the supposed gay undertones occasionally go



past the point of being subtext.

That's not all. *Spongebob Squarepants: The Movie* also contains possibly the best cameo I've EVER seen as none other than David Hasslehoff makes a surprise appearance. Plus The Flaming Lips perform the closing credits song. What else could you want in a film?

If you're a fan of the show, then the movie is a must-see. If you hate the show, avoid the movie like the plague. If you've never seen the show, watch one episode and you'll be converted, then go to the movie. Literally the best kid's film I've seen in ages.

And now- the shortest review I've ever written...

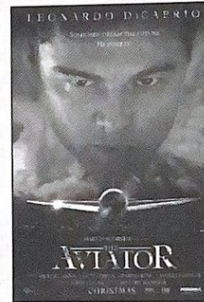


SAW

Three words. See. This. Film. That's all I'm saying...

Films editor: Craig the FilmGeek

THE AVIATOR



Kindly raise your hands if you know anything about Howard Hughes, the wildly eccentric American billionaire, fast-living builder and flyer of faster airplanes. He was the maker of ground breaking movies such as the World

War I fighter film "Hell's Angels" and the most potent gangster flick of the '30s, "Scarface," which tested the limits of public morality forcing him to sue the censors to get it released. He was also designer of a cantilevered bra worn by busty Jane Russell to emphasize her cleavage in 1948's pseudo-erotic western "The Outlaw," just before she was pushed into a pile of Hay by Billy the Kid.

Again, the censor's of the day closed their eyes and crossed themselves but were finally forced to give the film a certificate after Hughes had a bogus mathematician measure out in court comparison film star breasts to prove his point (if you'll excuse the expression). This adds up to a

very lively and funny scene in Martin Scorsese "The Aviator," a film that fills in most of the gaps on the early years of the visionary tycoon. This is a film you'll either rave about (as some did at the Preview I attended,) or agree with

me that it's a lavish, overblown production posing as a personal epic, but in final reality a "caricature" of people and events.

Leonardo Di Capro, in a 'really try hard' youth to middle age, and Scorsese permit him to dominate the film (as he always does with De Niro). The young actor must have studied newsreels of Hughes for countless hours to get his expression just right, especially the distracting furrowed eyebrows in the lively Senate War Hearings sequence about some shady Government wartime contracts.

Super-talented Cate Blanchett, looks and talks like Katherine Hepburn, but finally ends up being a mannerism cartoon of the late great actress. Kate Beckinsale, as Ava Gardner, just flicks her hair and throws smoldering "aren't I sexy" looks at the camera. Both work well, but blame it on Scorsese's direction they just do not come to life.

The production is enormous, including recreation, enhanced by CGI of Hughes' famous flying boat, "The Spruce Goose" which he did manage to once briefly lift into the air. Today it resides like a beached whale as a tourist attraction in Long Beach California.

So is "The Aviator" worth seeing? Overall, Alan votes yes, despite being at least ten minutes too long and my stated quibbles about the performances. It's Big, Colorful, full of fascinating detail about Hughes' continual bizarre behavior, hypochondria and obsession with germs (all staff, office, home, bodyguards had to wear white gloves), his continual washing of his hands and refusal to touch an object previously handled by someone else. This is at first an eye-opener but ultimately become boringly repetitive as you get to know his every reaction.

The Miramax Weinstein Brothers, who are past masters at this kind of thing, will see that almost everyone gets an Oscar nomination. DiCapro, who has importantly paid his dues in Movietown could win "Best Actor".

SAD FOOTNOTE (If you care) When he died Hughes left Two Billion Dollars (at the 50's rate remember) which was contested by no less than 400 prospective recipients. The sure loved the man!

"The Aviator" release in N.Z. is on February 10.

- ALAN SMITHEE. (Remember if you would like to agree or disagree with Alan, email him at smartarsecritic@xms.com)

BARBARELLA: SEX, SPACE AND DURAN DURAN



I don't know about you, but I have completely had my fill and then some of realism. It has entered in to every medium of art. The obsession with realism can be single-handedly

possible for the slow-poke television producers ing on to a 'good thing' which starting rolling in the 0's. This has resulted in low cost television produc- manifesting in god-forsaken reality television shows 1 saturate television programming like dirty bacon napkin, just due to sheer quantity. Even in litera- in looking to a definitive 'Great American Novel' aps, bien sur!), the focus has been on the realism chael Chabon, Jonathon Franzen, and Jeffrey nides. This concentration on realism means that it netimes harder for one to suspend their disbelief : that strays away from the laws governing reality. where to go to get away from yourself and your ses when they are reflected back to you in cellu- orm? Once you've gone through the predictable ies of looking for mystical reality by reading Garcia- uez where else to look for mysticity? For beauty? came in the most unlikely of places. I went to Video. And I found it in the cult section. It came in orm of *Barbarella*. We pretended that the world deal, and ignored our obvious feminist objections e film as Jane Fonda is virtually naked the whole she is in space, or else is in some sort of fetish- Yes sir! This is a sci-fi soft core! But the thing is, as atched it, we realized there were parts of this film were beauty. The film was made in 1968 under the vision of legendary producer Dino De Laurentis. remise is that *Barbarella* is searching for a man attempting to stop a new weapon from destroying niverse, she crashes her spaceship, and then weird- his term is not used liberally- things occur. The dia- : is horrible, but for the fact that the man rella is searching for is none other Duran Duran, mably the band's name inspiration. There could be d drinking game going to how many times 'Duran n' is said throughout the film. It soon becomes ent that the words Duran Duran are such weird ding words- as is any word said repeatedly, and the 's do indeed say it enough for it to sound like an y note of a clarinet. The plot involves a lot of sex- and sexual machinery which is amusing in and of Enchantment can be found in the introduction ostumes. The very first scene is the introduction : which is a short-film, like a music clip. These mini- nces, usually with themed music would not be led in realistic films because of their distraction, iding the audiences that this is indeed a film. I've s inexplicably loved them. Think of the lovely intro- ons in *The Pink Panther* or in the *James Bond* films. this one starts with *Barbarella* in a space capsule fur-covered walls, stripping off a space-suit. Fusing ology with the primal, and at the same time show- gorgeous Jane Fonda. he plot provides for wild children, leather robots, arnivorous parrots. *Barbarella* gets it on with an l angel who lives in a nest. Like a bird's nest. There lue rabbits. In one memorable scene, the people on et have to eat orchids to stay alive. Tell me that images aren't as beautiful as Remedios flying up to he angels in *100 Years of Solitude* and I may call you My suggestion to those of you who need a devia- or a distraction from realism, is that you should try rella. It takes the fantasy of fairy tales and space es of our youth and fuses it with pubescent sexuali- d mystical elements. re quality of DVD makes it a more practical choice spending \$14.00 (\$14.00!) at the movie theater eing forced to sit through a preview for a vehicle ng Lindsay Lohan. And I do mean the word vehicle ll its connotations. However, *Barbarella* comes to a ping \$3.50 which if you split it three ways is \$1.16. g you plenty of dosh for the tequila, lemons and salt. Have you seen Duran Duran?

- Erika Duffy

ARE YOU A FILM GEEK?

BEING A FILM GEEK IS NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. SURE YOU WILL PROBABLY BE A BORE TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND HAVE DECREASED LUCK WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX (I TRIED TO PICK UP A FIRST-YEAR IN SHADOWS ONCE, USING THE LINE "SO WHICH IS THE BETTER SCORSESE FILM, TAXI DRIVER OR RAGING BULL?" - I WENT HOME ALONE THAT NIGHT). HAVING SAID THAT THOUGH, BEING GEEKY ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE FILM IS A LOT BETTER THAN BEING, SAY, A DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS OR MAGIC: THE GATHERING NERD. SO, DEAR STUDENTS, TAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST, SEE HOW YOU STACK UP, AND EMBRACE YOUR INNER FILM GEEK. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.

QUESTION ONE: Complete the sentence: "Fassbinder is..."

- A genius.
- A pretentious wanky European Director who made pretentious wanky European films.
- A brand of German Paperclip.

QUESTION TWO: Which of the following films would you most like to be trapped on a deserted island with:

- Aguirre: The Wrath of God or Bergman's Strawberries.
- Pulp Fiction or Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.
- Billy Madison or The Hot Chick.

QUESTION THREE: Which of the following films are the funniest:

- The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeois-social satire at it's best.
- Monty Python and the Holy Grail.
- The Waterboy.

QUESTION FOUR: Who is Takashi Miike:

- A sensationalist One Trick Pony.
- The coolest fuckin' Japanese director since Kurosawa.
- The Asian that owns the dairy at the end of my street in Te Atatu South.

QUESTION FIVE: Who deserves a lifetime achievement award at the next Oscars?

- I don't class the Academy Awards as a legitimate ceremony, but if I had to choose I'd have to say Bernardo Bertolucci.
- Robert DeNiro.
- Daymon Wayans.

QUESTION SIX: I enjoyed *The Matrix* because:

- The Freudian and Nietzschean references were interpolated into the narrative and Neo's quest parallels the life of Jesus.
- It was a sci-fi film I could watch without feeling like a complete nerd, the best of its kind since *Blade Runner*.
- Cos of the fighting and explosions and shit. Also Carrie-Ann Moss in PVC gave me sticky wet dreams. I had to hide the soiled underpants from my mum.

QUESTION SEVEN: *Quentin Tarantino* is...

- An Over-rated Revisionist who bastardises every genre he looks at.
- A Living Legend. God.
- A Dork with a huge chin.

QUESTION EIGHT: *The Best Horror movie in this list is:*

- Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens or *Flesh for Frankenstein*.
- The Exorcist or Kubrick's *The Shining*.
- I Still Know What You Did Last Summer or Exorcist: The Beginning.

QUESTION NINE: *Subtitled Movies:*

- Are a necessity- I don't watch anything else.
- Are godd most of the time- but I wouldn't watch them exclusively.
- Why would you watch something that wasn't in English? Or not from America? Let's be honest, everything else is just shit.

QUESTION TEN: *The Best Film of 2004* was...

- The Battle Of Algiers re-release at the International Film Festival or when the Academy played Visconti's *The Leopard*.
- Kill Bill (both of them) or *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*.
- Day After Tomorrow or *Man on Fire*.

SCORING:

MOSTLY A's: You wear a lot of Black, are a member of the Auckland Film Society, spend your student allowance on Criterion Collection DVDs and probably go to Elam. You don't go to any movie that doesn't play at the Academy or Lido and wait all year for the day that the Film Festival programme is made available. You're a pretentious wanker. Nobody likes you except the black, turtle-neck-clad folks who you see in the cinema, then bitch to about how Truffaut's later works were sell-outs as you gently sip flat whites after the movie.

MOSTLY B's: Just for the record, the correct answer to all of these questions was B. If you got them all right then you're just like me. (Yes, this is a good thing - put the razor-blade down or give it to a Mostly C). It shows that you are a healthy, well-adjusted film-goer... and I am a self-indulgent tosser. You agree that a lot of foreign films are better than their American equivalents, hold a general distaste for sequels and remakes and would watch just about anything with Edward Norton in it. Good for you. Because you have such excellent taste I want you to write for me. You get to see a bunch of movies for free! All you gotta do is write a half-assed review of them. Email craccum.editor@auckland.ac.nz to get in touch.

MOSTLY C's: You are the reason that dumbed-down cinema has become the new opiate of the masses. You are also the reason Rob Schnieder makes more money from one film than I will in my entire life. 90% of the dreck that comes spewing out of Hollywood's festering anus is your fault, yet you continue to lap it up like a rabie-infested dog. You're a moron, a philistine and a dunce, but worse than that, you encourage the money-hungry studio executives to keep making bullshit movies. You keep Adam Sandler and Jerry Bruckheimer in business. For Shame! I have a few spare razors. You can have them. You know what to do.

A FEW FILMS TO 'CROW' ABOUT IN 2005.

Alan's Chinese friends are looking forward to celebrating the Lunar year next month (February). It will be the year of the ROOSTER. Which gives a very appropriate editorial lead-in to some of the movies scheduled for showing on New Zealand screens, which you may possibly "crow" about. "Other" publications have already chronicled a few of these but only Alan is able to give you reliable (well damnit, almost reliable) release dates which you can include in your 2005 Student Diary.

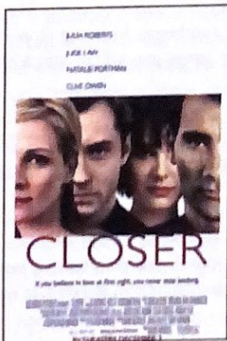
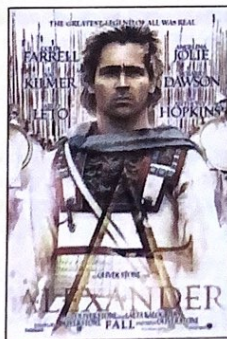
There is also a chance to win a "collector's" film poster at the end of this, so read on:

A fitting lead in is the Feb 17 release of HOUSE OF FLYING DAGGERS. The new film from Zhan Yimou, set in the Tang Dynasty of about 900 AD, is a kind of follow up to his wonderful "Hero." However like the latter, DAGGERS is startlingly spectacular in action sequences, and elaborately conceived settings but lacking any true feeling in the story line that Western audiences could relate to. There have been battles staged on the tops of bamboo trees before, but never before so many trees and so many flying daggers zooming around the foliage like miniature fighter jets. Definitely one for fans of "Crouching Tiger" and "Hero."

Backtracking to Jan 6, Liam Neeson gives yet another outstanding performance as the 40's controversial author Alfred KINSEY who put sex under the scientific microscope, and sold millions of "how to" manuals, read sneakily by torchlight by masturbating school boys seeking to improve their technique.

It is bound to infuriate Civil Union opponents as Kinsey preached that homosexuality choice is unlikely to resurrect another Sodom and Gomorrah. Also - shock, horror - there's a very frank scene where Neeson kisses his male costar.

They're talking "Best Actor" Oscar here, not because of the mouth-to-mouth buss, but most likely as an Academy consolation prize for missing out as Oskar Schindler in '93. Alan thinks he won't stand a chance against Jamie Foxx's RAY (Charles) due



Jan 27. During filming, Foxx evidently spent 14 hours a day with his eyes glued shut to portray the totally blind "genius of soul" - now that's something they don't teach at the Actor's Studio!

While we're talking about "Oscars," don't write off Johnny Depp in FINDING NEVERLAND opening Jan 13, in which he brilliantly creates the character of "Peter Pan" author J.M. Barrie. Again a late consolation prize for missing out with his eccentrically camp Captain Jack in "Pirates of the Caribbean."

U.S. Critics have danced in delight at damning Oliver Stone's epic 'ALEXANDER' at the moment opening January 20, but Alan is here to tell you that it really is not that outrageous. Far too long at nearly three hours, but as spectacular as you can expect from a 200 million dollar budget. If you wonder how they disgraced Colin Farrell's heavily Irish-brogued accent for 300BC Macedonian. They didn't. Everyone else also adopts an Irish sounding lilt!

By now you may already have seen OCEANS 12 which opened on Boxing Day, and observed Brad Pitt, George Clooney, Matt Damon et. al. spending their big salaried vacations skylarking around "wish I could be there" European locations for the benefit of the cameras and the utter boredom of movie-goers. If it looks to you, as it did to Alan, that they were in it just for the money, you'd be right, they have publicly admitted it was FUN in the making. You may also have got to wonder why they actually paid Julia Roberts for playing Julia Roberts playing Julia Roberts in one of the silliest cameos of any year.

Also opened on Boxing Day, Jean-Pierre Jeunet's A VERY LONG ENGAGEMENT, a truly hypnotic love story that journeys through the mud and madness of World War I "in a relentless quest for a lost love," (at least that's what it says in the advertisements). Sound trite? It isn't, not with Audrey Tautou the young star of Jeunet's "Amelie" in the lead. A MUST SEE! Incidentally Jeunet was the man who directed the truly awful "Alien Resurrection" in 97, unable to speak a word of English. It looked like it. However he makes amends with "Engagement"

THE MOTORCYCLE DIARIES should also now be screening so if you have not pulled on your Che T-shirt yet, do so and join Ernesto and buddy as they

motorcycle 8000km through South America. At first the screenplay meanders as much as they do, but once the guys total the old Norton 500 and hit solid ground in a remote colony of outcasts, the film takes on heart and warmth, thanks to the top line performance by Gael Garcia Bernal. Yes, the screenplay does tend to idolize the revolutionary, but it also sensitively shows the overall humanity of the man.

If really, really obscene language offends you, then take your ear plugs should you go to see "CLOSER" from Feb 10. Based on a London Stage play it gives Clive Owen the chance to cement in the talent hidden under costumes in last year's not-so-bad "King Arthur."

If you can wait patiently until May 19, or are lucky enough to know someone who knows someone who can get tickets to the Preview the week before, then you'll join the rest of the world in the simultaneous (to prevent Piracy) Premiere of STAR WARS Episode III Revenge of the Sith which is the final link in the prequel trilogy to the 1977 original. III concludes the saga as Anakin Skywalker (Hayden Christensen) finally transforms into dastardly Darth Vader. By the way, if you have friends in the U.S. get them to send you a now on-sale Vader Mask, complete with James Earl Jones-sounding voice. Pop it on during your first 2005 lecture, they will undoubtedly toss you out, but you'll sure as hell scare the wits out of everyone!

NOW FOR OUR COMPETITION.

The kind people at 20th Century Fox have given Alan, one only, authentic, first edition STAR WARS III poster which goes to the first person to solve the following conundrum and email the answer to craccum2005@auckland.ac.nz



One of the first Star Wars films originally included the word "Revenge" in its title. Lucas eventually changed this after a loyal fan rightly pointed out that Jedi Knights could never take "Revenge." Which was that film?

NOTE: Dates listed are those supplied by New Zealand Cinemas and Distributors and may be subjects to change.

Alan cannot be held responsible.

ALAN SMITHEE

If you would like to agree or vehemently disagree with Alan, email him direct on smartarse-critic@xtra.co.nz

MUSIC

What you should've got for Xmas, but probably didn't

Christmas is a time for giving they say. And what we all wanted were the albums we've been too p or lazy to buy ourselves. Here's what the music reviewing team found in their stockings on Christmas morning, or, as it happens, sometime later in seedy pubs and second hand record shops...

IN ALEXIS' STOCKING:



THE BEACH BOYS – SUNFLOWER

I wanted this album after hearing tracks from it at Brian Wilson's spectacular performance at the Aotea Centre just before Christmas. Although recorded in 1970, it's filled with the intricate harmonies and orchestral productions of their classic 60s sound. Ok so it's not *Pet Sounds*, but how do you beat perfection? Some tracks come pretty close, including 'Deidre', 'Tears In Morning' and 'Forever'. If you're keen to hear Beach Boys at their best, then go for *Pet Sounds* but *Sunflower* is still wonderful.

Best track: 'Add Some Music To Your Day'



THE DELGADOS – UNIVERSAL AUDIO

They're from Scotland, they play indie pop, they coo gently about twee problems. No! It's not Belle and Sebastian! It's the Delgados. *Universal Audio* is a sometimes melancholy but mostly upbeat, smart pop record. I was introduced to them through a mix-tape with the song 'Everybody Come Down', a summery and stylish pop single with Emma Pollock's vocals and clever rhyming lyrics mixing for the ultimate sing-a-long combination.

Best track: 'The City Consumes Us', a ballad which showcases Pollock's voice exceptionally.

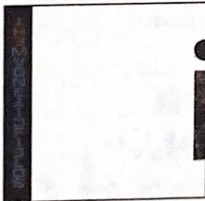


BELLE AND SEBASTIAN – STORYTELLING

As I'm a huge fan of Belle and Sebastian's ironic and oh so twee pop music, it was a must for me to get this album. Traditionally it's not an album but an album/soundtrack because it features on the film with the same title. It's not quite as fantastic as Simon and Garfunkel's soundtrack for *The Graduate*, although tracks like 'Black and White Unite' and 'Wandering Alone' seem to pay homage to the sound of that film. Again, like with the Beach Boys, I wouldn't start with *Storytelling* but would go for *Tiger Milk* or *You're Feeling Sinister* for a more charming and adequate introduction to their sound.

Best track: 'Scooby Driver', coz it's so fun that I have no choice in whether I want to dance or not, it makes me.

IN CHRIS' STOCKING:



THE MAGNETIC FIELDS – i

'i' has been pretty roundly condemned by indie snobs for being an over produced attempt to break into the mainstream. While there is some truth in these kinds of statements they seem to ignore the fact that something can be well produced pop and still very good. In my opinion 'i' is catchy, clever, a heap of fun, and one of my favourite records of 2004.

Best track: I Don't Believe You



SLOAN – ONE CHORD TO ANOTHER

From what I can gather this 1996 album was their comeback record after a hiatus of about four years. It broke them into America as everyone started to forget about that whole grunge thing and began listening to pop music again. It's full of catchy hooks and wonderful melodies; this is a great power pop album. Some songs can sound just a bit too The Beatles-ish, but that doesn't stop them from being good, really good.

Best track: Good In Everyone

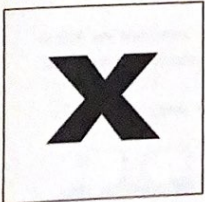


THE GIFT OF GAB – 4TH DIMENSIONAL ROCKETSHIPS GOING UP

After being pretty disappointed with Blackalicious' live show at the beginning of last year I wasn't too excited about the Gab's solo debut, so my eventual purchase of this album was long over due. It is what is best described as a "solid" release; much more of a conventional hip-hop album than any of the Blackalicious records but is still progressive enough to be interesting. It is however far from perfect, it can sound a bit sedated at times and while the production is good, it mostly sounds like they are copying Blackalicious' producer DJ Chief Xcel.

Best track: Welcome Back

IN STEVE'S STOCKING:



THE SKELETON KILLERS

A couple of Sundays ago I was doing a graveyard on B with my friends Steve and James, and as I was a guest and there was already another Steve, I was introduced as Steve Mathieson. A guy who was listening in, whose name was Ross Mathieson, called up and asked if we were related. It turns out we weren't. He asked if I had heard of The Skeleton Killers, I hadn't, so he offered to burn me a copy and I told him to bring it to the Lunavela gig last Friday. I didn't expect him to show up, but he did with a burnt CD and a band bio, which I left behind at Eden's Bar. I tried finding out about them on Google to no avail. Only 4 songs but very nice stuff. The tracks were 'Lavender', 'Le Cuvio', 'Love Ain't Right, It's Wrong' and 'Sign Your Heart Over To Me'. The Skeleton Killers would be the perfect band to see at The Wine Cellar in St Kevins Arcade, Krd. dimly lit with candles and the room sparsely populated.

Best track: 'Lavender', starts off with nice gentle chords and a distant crackling record sound, then eases into sweet Jeff Buckley-like vocals.

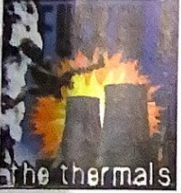
JOSEPH'S STOCKING:



THE SHINS – OH, INVERTED WORLD

Best known as the band that Natalie Portman promises will change lives in *Garden State*, The Shins first rose to acclaim in indie circles with this enigmatic yet catchy and instrumentally ornate debut in 2001. I came to this via their second, *Chutes Too Narrow*, which boasts better production, but there's still a whole heap to like in the more muted and synthy compositions here. I'm actually occasionally reminded of classic local stuff like The Chills and 'Vehicle'-era Clean. And they're coming to the Kings Arms in February. You should all go. (Tickets have since sold out. If anyone wants to sell theirs to me I'd pay well – ed.)

Best track: 'Girl On The Wing'



THE THERMALS – FUCKIN A

Hailing from Portland, Oregon, recent Sub Pop signees The Thermals are as impossibly cocky and full of bravado as the label's original ethos. They were coaxed into a real studio for this sophomore sophomore effort, but stay resolutely lo-fi. Much like Guided By Voices, they manage a minimal but fairly dynamic formula, arising from unexpected chord changes and Hutch Harris's breathless, earnest delivery. The Pixies are another good ref point, but anyone looking for alternately immature and political pop-punk would do well to grab this.

Best track: 'How We Know'



MINUTEMEN – DOUBLE NICKELS ON THE DIME

My personal discovery for the summer. 'Corona' is used as the *Jackass* theme, but it's a shame more people don't remember them for more than that trivia footnote. Released in 1984, this sprawling double-album contained 43 songs – we're talking Gang of Four style post punk beer anthems, furious bass jams, succinct nostalgic ballads, leftist polka, Creedence covers....this band just sounded unstoppable, and it's a shame their frontman D.Boon died in a van accident just a year later. Essential to track down, and also a thoroughly inspiring band to do some background reading on.

Best track: 43 songs!! C'mon



BLOC PARTY – BLOC PARTY (EP)

The UK hype factory makes a post-punk three from three. Bloc Party will remind keen listeners of the angular melodic senses of Franz Ferdinand and the Futureheads, but show the potential to outdo both based on this 5 song (plus a slightly monotonous remix of standout 'Banquet') EP. Lead singer Kele Okerke comes off as a more soulful Damon Albarn while the band packs three minute songs with enough hooks for a couple of full-lengths worth. The murkier production acquits itself well, giving more of a Sonic Youth feel than that of 'Take Me Out'. This is thoroughly solid.

Best track: Download 'Little Thoughts' and 'The Tulips' – only available on a Brit 7-inch but an excellent addendum to the songs on offer here.

OTHER



SNOOP DOGG - RHYTHM & GANGSTA: THE MASTERPIECE

I was reading *The Herald* last weekend and came across a picture of Snoop Dogg and a review on his latest effort, *R&G*. Who was I kidding, a full review of a gangsta rap album in *The Herald*? Upon closer inspection, I realised that this was not a review, but ten lines on how Snoop Dogg has changed his style. Fuck *The Herald*, this is my own review on the album.

R&G does not necessarily show a new Snoop style, but rather a rejuvenated one. The album starts with "I Love to Give you Light", which is produced by Alchemist and samples "I Come That You Might Have Life" – a churchy, funk song, which not only surprise fans, but also sets the platform for the album. It is followed by "Bang Out", which has an eerie piano loop, with a hook, and contrasts with the first song. At this point I had no idea what I was in for because of the dramatic change. The beat is nothing special and gets annoying at times, but Snoop's voice takes control just like the following "Drop It Like It's Hot," produced by Pharrell. This song is one killer track, from the mouth clicking, to the deep bass and catchy chorus; overall this is one of the best songs on the CD, regardless of how many times its been played on the radio. "Can I get a Flicc Witchu" featuring Bootsy, is an alright track and is followed by the Begees-sampled "Ups & Downs," which carries the same tune as "Best of Both Worlds." This time round it sounds better because Snoop's flow, whether rapping or singing, is as smooth as silk and he dominates this track. The next five songs gave me a very good idea about Snoop's meaning of *R&G*, with "The Bidness," a track where Snoop raps and settles some scores. It has one funky beat, reminiscent of Ice Cubes "Jacking for Beats." Dogg Pound veteran Soopafly produces this track and works well matching beats with Snoop's laconic style. "Snoop D O Double G" is yet another 'my name is' song, which is one helluva track. Sha Money, a G Unit producer, lays down a smooth and subtle beat behind lazy drawled lyrics. The next track "Let's get Blown" is hit material. A sexy Pharrell hook, on a sexy track, mixed with Snoop's raps is dynamite, with potential as another hit record. Lil Jon makes an appearance in "Step your Game Up," but it's his appearance that kills that song. He's too repetitive and the contrast of voices doesn't work.

Perfection follows in a beautiful part two with Snoop's pal Uncle Charlie Wilson (Snoop's upside ya head), again a nice blend of rhythm & gangsta on this Neptunes track, which looks like hit number 3. W Ballz returns, and leads us into "Fresh Pair of Panties On," which is quite a soft, mellow track, but somehow works. The same goes with "Promise I." However, "Oh No," featuring 50 cent is a solid gangsta piece, collaborating with Sha Money again. Snoop's verses on this track are so fucking dope this song may not be released as a single, but is one hot track. "Can You Control Your Hoes?" is a sassy pimps anthem, with a strong g-funk sound and catchy tune, which is followed by another killer track, "Signs," featuring Justin Timberlake. Yes, you may wonder why he's on a Snoop track, but this song sums up the meaning of rhythm and gangsta. It's a song that will soon be all over the place. It has a fine hook from JT and ingenious lyrics from Snoop. Charlie Wilson adds five cents that make this song the 'shiznit' – in Snoop's own words. "Im Threw Witchu," is a laid back cut which fills in space for another hot Neptunes collabo. "Pass It Pass It," again is about smoking the green, in typical Neptunes production style. "Girl Like You" is a smooth jam, featuring an ok Nelly, and "No Thang On Me," concludes the album in style.

Overall the CD is a must-have. The songs, production, and vibes from the album are all banging. Cop this shit now if you want to have good music before the teenybopper crazes and the flavour of the month thingy get the album. Program your favourites into a stereo and jam it on repeat. 9.5/10

Emak Starr

WHAT'S your XCUSE?

Dissent vs. Consent

student interest we have inserted a graph showing the average levels of dissent at universities in various countries across the globe. As you can see, and as with most things, we are again right at the bottom. Your pot-smoking, protesting, bad driving, ex-hippy parents would be very disappointed in you.

Consent vs. Consent, in universities around the world, as measured by the Dwight Hewey Foundation For Advanced Understanding of Complicated Problems

Country	Response
Al Apathy	Sedition for Breakfast
Dissent	100% Dissent
via	Firebombing obligatory for graduation.
u	Let's all join a militant organization.
entina	You gave me a B?! But I have a gun!
ti	Let's ransack the city. You rape, I'll pillage.
zil	Let's rob a bank, steal some guns and die like martyrs. Maybe we'll get a plaque.
mbabwe	I want a cow.
akistan	University?
ia	First we conquer dysentery, then we make revolution.
ina	Quiet! They've got guns. Lets go to New Zealand.
erica	I hate my dad and want to cut my shrink
land	It's dark and cold. Fuck this, I'm going inside.
ustralia	I'm white, why should I care?
iba	Healthcare, cigars, and really old cars. This truly is a socialist paradise.
eden	Docile like lambs
adi Arabia	This one time, in class, I put my hand up, and they cut it off.
ew Zealand	Telecom or Vodafone?

1. Are you here because you failed?
2. Obligatory question: Did you get laid over New Years?
3. IF YES: Would you introduce that person to your friends? If not, why not?
IF NO: What's your excuse?
4. What's your biggest goal of the year?
5. Do you think communism is a utopian pipe dream?



CONOR, AVP, 23YRS OLD.

- 1.) I'm an employee, you idiot. You know that.
- 2.) Yep! Twice... No that's untrue. An exaggeration. Cut it out.
- 3.) She's my girlfriend... You know her.
- 4.) Do you want the truth? To improve time management skills and develop my taste for single malt.
- 5.) Communism's on the way, buddy. Just around the corner (winks).

DAVE & JAMES, DRUG ADDICT & BUM, 23 & 24.

- 1.) Dave - Certainly not - bow down to my superior intellect and study prowess. // James - Um yes. But I'd be here anyway.
- 2.) Dave - I have no genitals. // James - I'm not a sexual machine.
- 3.) See above.
- 4.) Dave - Find some genitals or a bit fat fitty bag - call 021733312 // James - People are ugly.
- 5.) Dave - No! The unstoppable wave of worker emancipation shall soon wash over us, never to recede. Those who fail to adjust to the new superior reality shall fall victims to the revolution. Be warned vile capitalists.
James - Communism is the new way. Kill the bourgeoisies.



DAVID, MA, 23

- 1.) I work at Bfm
- 2.) I did believe I was a chicken briefly, and laid two eggs.
- 3.) I introduced the eggs to my friends and we had eggs benedict. It was wonderful.
- 4.) To finish my Masters.
- 5.) No, but communists are good at making utopian pipe bombs.

ALEX, BA/BX, 24

- 1.) Yes, I am failing.
- 2.) Yes. I mean, does wanking qualify?
- 3.) I do all the time. I shook your hand just a moment ago.
- 4.) To use this hand for writing down notes.
- 5.) As a wanker, I think it is the height of optimism.



ANNA, BA (3RD YEAR), 21

- 1.) Because I want to get \$150 a week to pay rent and buy drugs.
- 2.) No.
- 3.) I didn't even realise it was New Years. I was quite drunk.
- 4.) Improve my spelling.
- 5.) It is pipe dream when I'm rich, when I'm poor it's all good - go the socialists.

