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Fail Mail

IF YOU WANT US TO PUBLISH YOUR RAMBLINGS, SEND THEM TO LETTERS@CRACCUH.CO.NZ (IN A MICROSOFT WORD ATTACHMENT) OR PHYSICALLY MAIL US A LETTER AT **CRACCUH, C/- AUSA, PRIVATE BAG 92019, AUCKLAND, NZ.** YOU DRAW US A PICTURE, WE MIGHT JUST PRINT THAT TOO. NOTE THAT YOU MUST SUPPLY US WITH YOUR REAL NAME AND STUDENT ID, OR WE WON'T BE PUBLISHING ANYTHING. MAX WORD COUNT OF 200 - I'M SICK OF HAVING TO CUT THEM DOWN MYSELF, AND WORD HAS A 'WORD COUNT' FUNCTION ANYWAY.

ADD AN 'IS SHIT' AND YOU GET ... COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT!

Dear Craccum

What is with the Angry Ranting Drunk, this guy appears each week and bitches about something new each time, by the end of the year he will have alienated himself from everything known to man-kind. Why should I care what he thinks, if everyone was as narrow minded as him then the world would be a less exciting place to live, although it may stop that idiot from writing in each week. Also why do you refer to him as 'ARD' he is "The Angry Ranting Drunk" which makes him a "TARD" as I see it that is a far more appropriate title.

From
PETER.

AN IMPRESSIVE FEAT

Dear Craccum.

I'm not exaggerating at all when I say that I have watched over 100 Massive Black Cock Movies. Every day after uni I go home to my chair and view 2 or 3 Gigantic Black Cock Films. Enormous Black Cock Movies bring humanity together. Every age and race and religion coming together to admire the nobility and power of Giant Black Cock. My real purpose in writing these lines is to encourage all readers of this fine publication to consider a daily regimen of Large Negro Cock Films, it is sure to increase health and fitness of all kinds as well as academic performance it shall reflect the stunning performance of the hug black cocks. I leave you with these lines

Our shaman holds the key for the best hard interracial Sex! He has been feeding our tribe men for many many decades with a magic extract taken from elephant's gonads. His purpose was simple: making an army of warriors with massive members to take our revenge on white men. We are now ready to unleash our immense meat power over all their women and get the payback we deserve!
LOVE FROM A LOVER OF THICK BLACK COCK

THEM WAS GOOD TIMES. EVERYONE SPOKE GOOD, HONEST ARAMAIC.

Dear Janine Collins,

It amuses me how many Christians (like yourself) stick to the "moral standard" that hasn't changed since 0 B.C. I'm sure I'm not the first and defiantly won't be the last to say to you, "Get out of the dark ages you stupid bitch!"

Lots of love,
THOMAS CLARK

TEEHEE.

To the f***tard who thought it would be funny to put a pile of really strong glue on a seat near the quad, you seriously need to grow up. You probably thought that it would be a genius prank, someone would sit down and get stuck to the seat, unable to move until someone cut them from their pants. Gladly that was not the case, but it did make a huge mess of my rather nice jeans, not to mention some of it being transferred to the bus seat on the way home.

- ANGRY AND STICKY

This is the sort of prank you expect from a six year old, not someone at uni. It's not funny, all it did was piss me off and ruin my jeans and thanks to my bag no one even saw, FAIL!

To the rest of the student population, I suggest you look carefully where you sit, there are idiots among us, their weapon of choice is glue!

I'LL BRING IT UP AT THE NEXT AUSA EXEC MEETING

Dear AUSA

I enjoyed Jay Day immensely I wish it went on for longer. So how come Jesus gets a week? I'd hate to start a conspiracy but, are you accepting bribes? As a religious pothead I've been ripped off for four days of pot in the quad. Let's not be favouring people. It's favouritist and favouritism makes puppies cry. The only reasonable thing you can do to resolve this blatant racism is host Jay Week immediately with blunts bong spots and big titted girls to pretend not to look at. Aight!

Jesus want's equality, do 'nt piss off Jesus. What's fucken creepier than someone who counts the hairs on your head.
Where's my bartab?
DB BROWN.

OVERLY ANGRY INDEEEED



To all the students who ruin the commons for everyone else... You fucking animals. Every time I go into the commons to study, half the tables are covered in bottles, wrappers, food and sticky shit from the filth you bought with your parents money and shoved into your ugly face. What would your mother say? Actually, your mother is a fucking bitch because clearly she has raised a dog. Clean up after yourself scum.

Overly angry,
GRUMPY MCWHINER

I HOPE YOU DON'T LIVE WITH GRUMPY MCWHINER FOR YOUR SAKE

Dear Craccum,

We just had our flat inspection, This means

- Cleaning and vacuuming (this is meant to happen once a year)
- Moving the chairs and couches against the holes in the walls.
- Discretely removing from your walls and hiding the worst of your porn.
- Looking in terror when after removing the layers of grease from the stove top to realise there are large scratches underneath.

Now after all of the mild panic and stress we are waiting for the written report of the damages. The cost of these could be the difference between me being able to drink or not for the next week, fortnight, month! I think I am hyperventilating.

Why can't landlords just relax and accept when you have students in a flat that some shit is likely to go down, well so long as they keep out of the attic all should be fine.

From
TIM.

A HILARIOUS

MISUNDERSTANDING

Dear Craccum,

Hey 'ME' get off your own back, you do a fine job at selecting the letter of the week, and I getting sick of you giving you shit about it. You aughta scratch your own eyes out for suggesting that you should scratch your own eyes out for selecting bad letters of the week. Fuck I'm confused.

From
JACK

Actually, that was a letter we got from a student. I just felt like make it red and italicised, for some reason.

COLOUR ME UNCONVINCED. CONTACT CENTRES ALL THE WAY!

Hospitality. as much as I despise the industry sometimes I think it deserves a little defence in the face of last weeks 'NUTJOB' piece.

- Hospo hours rule! No think about it; if you need to be at uni during the day on weekdays then you gotta be able to fit your working life around these obligations. soooooo you need a job with flexible hours in the evenings and on weekends....see where im going? And hey, you can still go out and smash it after work if you feel the need.
- Hospo work rules! If you have to work Friday night, what could be better than chatting and havin' a good laugh with the drunken revelers? Not to mention the fact that you've got a hell of a lot better chance of pulling one of your customers than in most industries (apart from prostitution).
- Hospo money rules! Ok, maybe that's not true. But hey you beat minimum wage, you get tips, free food, as much free coffee and coke as you can drink before you start bouncing off the walls and you don't end up blowing your money on brain rotting jagerbombs at weekend.

p.s. sliding doors in a cafe? I would have been confused too.
NC

EH?

Dear Craccum,

Every week, I open a new edition

Craccum, as it provides what can be described as a better alternative to paying attention in class. Each time I end up coming across some of your editorial pieces however, I am depressed by what can only be described as the slow, moral decay of intellectual humor. I don't know what the story is, but when I come across most of your editorials, I can only assume your endorsed brand of humor is somewhere between 4chan and Family Guy. Case in point, this week: zombies, Jurassic Sodom Park, and bum-love for anything Gundam has got me down. It's almost as if you get little nerds to take a shit on a piece of paper and have them arrange it at random as they cry about stupid people while undeniably smacking of it themselves. When I open Craccum, I expect the intelligence equivalent of The Onion, but on 'roids and with more sexual frustration than a Warcraft LAN party. Do us all a favor, and promote natural selection by getting rid of the idiots writing your opinion pieces. Unapologetically yours,
FRANK

Also, it's my birthday, I want that bar tab

Our editorial last week didn't contain zombies, Jurassic Park, or Gundam. I think you're confusing Craccum in general with some sort of massive editorial. We don't write everything, thank Christ, so if you'd like to see more Onion-esque material, submit some. Or come up and have a chat! Our door is always open! Except on the Sabbath.

SO WE'VE COME TO THIS. GAY JOKES IN THE LETTERS SECTION. AT LAST.

Dear REE,

I'm thinking that you don't get stared at by the males at the gym and that this aggravates you, obviously you have a few body issues. May I suggest you lay off the pies and try to engage in some more healthy activities such as cardio, unless of course your coach is helping you train to be a sumo-wrestler? Just a tip, over eating is unhealthy and I'm sure that your "boyfriend" would appreciate it if you substituted the carbs for sex (a great cardio workout btw). Barbie's menstruation also shouldn't really be of concern as you are probably heavy enough to menstruate for yourself and all the Barbie's out there. FYI everyone is up themselves to some degree (and yes that includes you), and unless the gym starts making my boobs bigger I'm not going to be a perfect Barbie replica any time soon (although I do have a tiny ass and feet). Just a note, to feel

determined my dear you would have to be feminine to start with, perhaps lay off the testosterone or you may end up with a moustache. Oh and have fun wrestling your girlfriend opps I mean boyfriend! Much love,
SLIGHTLY PEEVED GYM BARBIE

IT'S TRUE, OUR MISANTHROPY DOES DEEPEN WITH EACH FULL MOON. FOR... OTHER REASONS, THOUGH - NO, WAIT, THAT'S LYCANTHROPY.

It seems that lately you, the esteemed editors, have been more and more disparaging of the quality of the letters sent to craccum. So I thought I'd do

some analysis of why this is the case. Basically there are two possibilities - either the letters have declined in quality, or just your opinions of them have. If it were the former case, I guess one might blame the business of uni making it harder for people to put the time into well written letters. However, this is a pretty lame excuse. Surely, with another semester of university level education under your belt you should be able to improve your letter writing, and it's not like it takes much time out of your week to flick an email to craccum. In the latter case, one would suspect that you, the editors, have simply become more bitter as the year

has passed, seeing how little the student population cares about what you slave over to produce. Or maybe it's just the effects of too much alcohol. Or too much harassment by student politicians. Meh, it's probably all of the above. Yours in poorly researched analysis,
STEPHEN

Your poorly researched analysis appeals to me on a base level, Stephen. The bartab is yours.

SHADOWS

YOUR STUDENT BAR

LETTER OF THE WEEK



WWW.GIVE ELLIOT YOUR MONEY. ©...ELLIOT FRANCIS STEWART

Campus News

ELECTION MADNESS EDITION

AUGUST 17

INFORMATION COMMONS TO BECOME MORE 'EFFICIENT'

Hitler confirmed risen, location unknown

Some of the computers in the Kate Edgar Information Commons (IC) have had a new program installed as a trial run to see if a booking system needs to be implemented.

A common complaint amongst students is the waiting time for a computer when other students

are using them to pass the time before their next class (YouTube) or to chat with friends (Facebook). Another major complaint is that students are leaving their belongings on the desk to either keep a computer for their friends or themselves so they can disappear for considerable lengths of

time.

After receiving many complaints from students, the IC staff decided to trial this new system. Rachel Chidlow, the IC Group Manager, said that the trial would run for a short time in order to see what feedback they would get once the booking system had been implemented.

The booking system involves students accessing a website to select a slot for when they wish to use a computer. The slots are an hour long and up to three slots are allowed to be booked at a time. Students must book within 48 hours, and once the slot has been used, cancelled or expired, another slot becomes available, enabling the student to book again. If a student has not arrived for their booking within ten minutes, the slot is cancelled and someone else is allowed to use the computer. If a student logs off before their slot time is up, then the booking is automatically cancelled.

If a booking has been made on the computer that a student is using, then at 15, 5 and 1 minute intervals the person will be informed that they should log out. If they fail to do so, they will be automatically logged out and all their work will be lost.

General feedback on the blog set up to monitor the trial suggested that many students did not want

a booking system, feeling it would be too hard to manage. Some suggested that the problem of others wasting time on a computer would not be resolved, as those people would still use the time spent on the same non-academic websites.

Others argued that people would book a computer in case they needed it, which means that students who haven't booked would have to wait around to see whether the 'booker' would show up or not.

Another argument suggested that three hours is just not enough to be able to do research, write an assignment and check the necessary Cecil updates. It also means that at peak times – for example 2pm on a Friday afternoon, since many essays are due at 4pm on Fridays – there are not going to be any bookings available.

Solutions suggested by people on the blog included the implementation of a queue system, whereby an IC staff member could ensure that the next person in line gets the next free computer. Another suggested solution would be to restrict access to all non-study related websites altogether. However, Chidlow says that it is unfair to block all websites, because even non-academic sites



can contain relevant course information. For example, a YouTube video that might have been suggested by a tutor or a lecturer should be made accessible to all students.

A more readily available solution would be to suggest that students use computers from a different location. There are computers in the Architecture Library, the Davis Law Library, the Engineering Library, the Fine Arts Library, and in the General Library. There are even some computers in the Music and Dance library, the Philson Library, the Arts Student Centre as well as in the OGGB building.

The blog, which was set up last year, still enables students to give their opinions, as well as make any suggestions as to how they think this problem can be resolved. The website can be found at <http://blogs.library.auckland.ac.nz/information-commons>. Focus groups will also be held to discuss what students think of the new system.

- Kayleigh Van Der Walt

AUSA Election Results Come In

Audible gasp in the Quad as students read this headline

The results of last week's AUSA Officer election swept a mixture of the old and new student politician hacks into office.

Elliott Blade beat Darcy Peacock in the race for 2010 AUSA President by 738 votes to 648. Education Vice President Akif Malik also lost his bid for Treasurer to this year's Treasurer, Fiona Feng, by 811 to 478 votes.

Keeping his position as Administrative Vice President, Joe 'Peaham' McCrory enjoyed a moderate lead over his closest competitor, Andrew Webber (540 to 425). Alex Nelder won the Education Vice Presidential race very comfortably, achieving more than twice the votes of his nearest rival, Omar Hamed (715 to 336).

Many of the candidates spent the evening nervously awaiting the results in Shadows, where the *Craccum* editors enjoyed heckling and demotivating them after a long week of magazine creation. The most entertaining reaction to the election outcomes came from McCrory, who was perhaps less than gracious in victory; screaming uncontrollably, Peaham rang the length and breadth of Shadows, stopping only to hug confused bar patrons (while still screaming).

For a complete list of voting numbers, see the window of Reception in AUSA House, opposite the General Library.

TOP STORIES

Editors deem it OK to listen to Rihanna again after going back to HIM

Kiwi dollar rises in the night, gets midnight snack, passes out in living room

Poisonous sea slugs immune to salt in salt water – invincible?

John Key to pants tailor – "cut me some slacks"

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Class Rep Training was successfully concluded last week. We thank all the class reps for their understanding and greatly appreciate their contribution. We will soon be releasing a Class Rep newsletter which will be emailed to all class reps. If there is anything in particular you would like to find in the newsletter, feel free to email the Advocacy Assistant on wave, advocacyassistant@ausa.org.nz.

CLASS REP CERTIFICATES

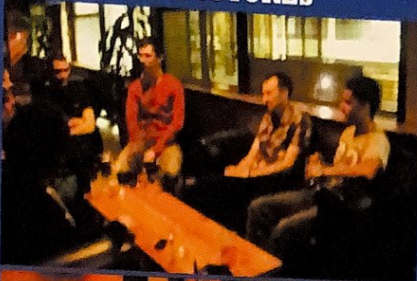
If you still have not collected your class rep certificate for last semester, you can come to the WAVE office between the hours of 10am-5pm Monday-Friday to collect your certificate.

STUDENT ADVOCACY NETWORK

Have an academic grievance? A financial problem? A legal problem? The Student Advocacy Network can help! The WAVE department provides a network of trained and skilled students offering on-on-one support for any academic, financial, personal or social issues you may encounter while at the University. We also offer general legal advice in areas such as tenancy and employment. This service is wholly confidential and any information given will have complete protection under the Privacy Act. So if you have any concerns surrounding University

life or a problem that cannot be solved, a student advocate may be able to help. Feel free to drop by our offices between 10am-12pm each day during the semester or email us at student.advocates@ausa.org.nz.

SAN SOCIAL PICTURES



SAN PROFILE

Dylan Gedge (10-11am Thursday)
Hi guys. My name is Dylan and I'm doing a BA/ LLB conjoint degree, majoring in French and Law. I'm volunteering as a



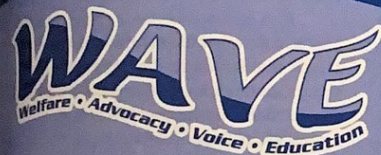
student advocate

this year because I'm interested in issues relating to justice, law and human rights. WAVE is an independent body from the University and is here to represent students. As part of the Advocacy arm of the service, we can provide some (free!) advice about your legal problems, be it inside or outside of your academic life. Although we can't represent you in court, we can listen to your problems, offer some in-depth advice and point you in the right direction to resolve your case. My hours are 10-11am on Thursday morning. Please feel free to come and see me at the WAVE office and I would be happy to discuss your legal problems.

ASK THE ADVOCATE

What happens if my deletion of a course is late?
You will have to make an application to the Director of Student Administration and only in exceptional circumstances like illness, injury or events beyond the control of the student will the deletion be considered. You will also have to supply appropriate evidence. Your application should be no later than the last day of lectures for that course. Following the decision, the student may apply for a reconsideration of that decision. An application for reconsideration must be in writing to the Director of Student Administration no later than four weeks after the student is notified of the decision.

For single semester courses that are deleted before the commencement of the mid semester break for that semester, 50% of the fee will be refunded. Thereafter no refunds will be granted.



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President Darcy's Tea Party

Wednesdays 11am, in the quad



Brought to you by



Notice is hereby given of an

AUSA WINTER GENERAL MEETING

to be held

WEDNESDAY 26 AUGUST 2009

or

(if the meeting was inquorate)

THURSDAY 27 AUGUST 2009

at 1.00 pm

Student Union Quad

- Deadline for constitutional changes: Noon, Wednesday, 12 August 2009.
- Deadline for other agenda items: Noon, Wednesday, 19 August 2009.

Tom O'Connor
Association Secretary





Unaccountable Espionage

The University of Auckland's Professor Jane Kelsey has spoken out publicly against the New Zealand Security Intelligence Service (SIS) and the Privacy Commission's refusal to release files on her detailing spying activities undertaken by the SIS.

It has recently come out that the SIS has been spying on Professor Kelsey and a number of other notable academics since around 1986, allegedly due to both her involvement in human rights activities in the Philippines and to her academic stance on various neoliberal economic policies. *Craccum* news reporter Craig Robertson spoke to Professor Kelsey about this emerging scandal.

Why is this story only coming out now? Why are you speaking up?

I put in my application in November last year. It then took between when they responded to me in December and when I complained to the Privacy Commissioner. This was after six months of to-ing and fro-ing with the Privacy Commission office about whether or not the SIS could withhold the documents. So after I got their final response – and before I worked out what I made of it – I got hold of as many files from people who had their documents released as I could and read through those. These documents revealed to me that there were a number of documents about me on other people's files. If these files weren't going to threaten New Zealand's national security to release it to these other people, it (SIS) wouldn't have to release them to me. Likewise there were a number of subject areas that came up on those files that were areas in which I had been very actively involved, and

therefore gave me a clear idea of what sort of stuff was likely to be on mine.

So is that in relation to your stances on economic policies, etc?

Especially on things like APEC and the MAI and the ADB and globalisation stuff, but also in some other areas like Philippines Human Rights work that I've been involved with for decades.

Could you outline your political stance and explain why they would want to investigate you? Why would they find you a threat?

Well, that's a very interesting question. Historically the SIS – from what we can see in the files of other people – was preoccupied up until the late 1980's with the various left parties. Whether it is the Socialist Unity party, the Socialist Action League and so on. Now, I've never ever been a member of any party, so the early material on me appears to be related to the Philippines. The two documents that they have released (which they released because they released them to Keith Locke MP) are: a 1986 flyer for a human rights meeting in the McLauren Chapel (at which one of the other speakers was Helen Clark MP), and an account of what I had said at a meeting in a Student Union building on Philippines Human rights. So we know that they had been monitoring the Philippines for a long time. This is partly because they see the left in the Philippines as being aligned to the New People's Army. So they see that and the old Cold War terms as being sort of a part of the Communist threat. Also because of the relationship with the Philippines government and a very active human rights movement here in New Zealand on the Philippines, so they clearly share information.

So, how long do you suspect your file has been open – between what dates are they investigating?

I asked that and they declined to respond on the grounds that that information will be likely

to prejudice New Zealand's security because I would disclose information about their modus operandi. Now, I don't see how it could possibly do that. Other people have got clear statements of when the first entry was on their file and when the most recent entry was, how big the file was they wouldn't give me any of that.

The list of activities there in the given files are things that I pulled out of other people's files – things that they have kept records on, which are things that I was involved in as well. So that's a speculation, that if they've got "so and so was at the 1981 Waitangi protests" then that's probably also on my file because I was there. Likewise with the Springbok tour stuff, we know there is some stuff on that. So that was my attempt to do a jigsaw puzzle of what stuff might be on the files, but it shows just how broad their web is – of all the range of activist activities and in my case quite a number of them are my academic activities.

What are the repercussions for academics, when they are investigating you for doing your job?

A lot of the more recent stuff – from the mid-1990's – appears to be around the economic issues of which I've been a prominent academic critic. And there are a couple of other academics whose files I have looked at, and the stuff on those files is all about their activities as academics.

Are you able to tell us who these other people are who have been investigated?

That's their personal information, but there are several academics. One of them has gone public. I know this goes way, way back to Wolfgang Iversberg who was an Associate Professor of Economics at Canterbury University. You know, there are reported comments in the common room of what Wolfgang had said about deepening that one of his sons was getting a scholarship at a private school and so on. There was going on sabbatical leave and so on. There recently there is some other stuff on academics so I have no doubt that the stuff that I've seen on APEC, on the MAI, on the WTO, on PTAs, on

...worries me is not just about me, because I'm perfectly open. What does concern me are the implications for those who I'm dealing with in my classes, for my students who are my research students doing things with me, for my colleagues who might collaborate with me on things, for others who might want to speak out and are deterred from doing so for fear that they may also be subject to surveillance. And I do quite a bit of advisory work for governments, you know. This has significant possible repercussions for the kind of work that I can be employed to do as a consultant advisor.

What is behind this, and why would they want to investigate people who are critical of economic policies? We live in a free society and we are allowed to debate these issues and criticise, but it seems as if they aren't allowing this to happen. They are suspicious of it.

Well, it's clear that they view this as a threat to New Zealand, which means that they are there to protect a particular ideological position. It's clear that they have been doing that for a long time, for example CAFCOA (Campaign Against Foreign Control of Aotearoa) – their file shows monitoring of their activities around foreign investment for many years. But the real shift happened in 1996, when the SIS legislation was amended to extend the definition of security to include New Zealand's international and economic wellbeing. What does that mean? And I said at the time with submissions to the Select Committee that this would be used to monitor those who were critical of neo-liberalism. Immediately after that Aziz Choudry's house is broken into, and in fact the interception warrant was a bug and predated that amendment to the Act (it was dated 1995).

A clearly critique of APEC was considered to be a threat to New Zealand's security. They narrowed that down – because of protests over it – in the 1999 amendment to mean 'foreign influenced activities that threatened New Zealand's economic wellbeing'. But it appears that because I'm involved with international networks, you know – our world is not for sale – and various others who are engaged in challenging the WTO and FTA's, that the definition of security somehow seems to encompass all critique at a time when that model's breaking down everywhere and we're in the debate.

How do you suspect that they have been monitoring you?

Well there seem to be two possible modus operandi that they are trying to protect. One is that it could become apparent from some material that they have been collecting information on campus, or by the use of people that I have a close association with. Now, in the stuff that I found in other people's files that isn't the case, but it's possible that that's what they are wanting to protect – which has huge implications for their operations on universities and in relation to academic freedom and so on.

The second possibility, especially because we know that they used interceptions for Choudry

– whether it is electronic or whatever – that's come through the use of interception devices. There are hints in the Privacy Commission's correspondence that there are peaks and troughs of information, which may mean that when there are activities around WTO Ministerials or various other kinds of activities where there's been interception or intensive intelligence gathering. My suspicion that it's through interception devices is reinforced by a very weird thing the Privacy Commission said in their final letter. The SIS relied on a particular provision to withhold the information, and that was 'to release it was likely to prejudice New Zealand's national security'. The Privacy Commission said the SIS didn't rely on another ground, but they could have, which was to 'protect the maintenance of the law in terms of the maintenance of the law by the SIS'. This is often used as a code for protecting either people or techniques that they're using that they don't want publicly disclosed.

Are these illegal techniques or legal?

Well, who knows. I mean, how do you challenge them if you don't know what they are?

What's the relevant law surrounding this issue?

Well, it's really difficult because the Privacy Commission has – when you're seeking personal information under the Act – a special tribunal you can go to in relation to the outcome. That doesn't apply to the SIS. So there is no remedy in the Privacy Act. I could go to the Inspector of the SIS to complain about the SIS conducting surveillance on me but I don't actually have any material to do that with. So the only option – which is an option that we are looking at – is to take what is called Judicial Review of the Privacy Commission for failing to do their job properly. And the fact that there is clearly other stuff that isn't going to threaten national security that I've located suggests that they haven't done their job properly. So if we do go down that path, it would not be so much about me, it would be about the unaccountability of the SIS. And I'm the only person who has gone right through this process.

What are you going to do now?

Well, I'm taking legal advice. We are not going to rush into this, it's not going to be running anywhere in a hurry. But I'm serious about holding both the Privacy Commission and the SIS to account because it's not acceptable in a democracy that they are spying on these kinds of activities and because of the chilling effect it would

have. Because of my role in the University, the Tertiary Education Union and NZUSA have also been calling for an inquiry in relation to the operations of the SIS in the academic context, and we will be looking for the ways that that gets progressed. The Union has a long-standing concern about academic freedom, and in fact I am one of two recipients of the Academic Freedom Award for the Union [TEU], and so for them this is an especially important issue. They have always made submissions on the SIS legislation. So I don't know quite how the demand for an inquiry will be progressed, but it will be.

Shortly after this interview took place, Craccum sought comment from the University itself regarding this issue. Deputy Vice Chancellor (Academic) Professor John Morrow responded with this comment:

"The University understands Professor Kelsey's concerns.

The Education Act 1989 specifies that academic freedom of university staff and students is to be preserved and enhanced. The University of Auckland will defend the right of staff members, within the law, to put forward new ideas and to state controversial or unpopular opinions.

The Act also requires the University to accept the role of critic and conscience of society. This means staff must have the freedom to express themselves publicly on the issues of the day. We would be extremely concerned if the activities of any agency, such as the Security Intelligence Service, were to restrict our staff in their fulfilment of this important role."

Interview conducted by Craig Robertson, additional reporting by Valentine Watkins

LOST PROPERTY SALE

TEXTBOOKS, USB DRIVES, LAB COATS, CALCULATORS

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SMOKING BAN IN YOUR FACE, BIATCH

An analysis, by Fiona Feng

Background on the Smoking Ban

In September 2008, the Vice-Chancellor Stuart McCutcheon formed a sub-committee from the Occupational and Environmental Safety and Health Advisory Committee (OESHAC) to consult on a possible policy change of the University of Auckland's stance on smoking. The committee identified that "issues centring around passive smoking, have become urgent, or... hazardous, and that the current policy does not address them effectively." The committee recommended three alternative options for the university:

1. Maintain the status quo
2. Institute a 10 metre ban which is consistent with Australian universities.
3. A total ban on smoking.

From the recommendations made by the OESHAC sub-committee, the University then opened up to submissions from its 55,000 students and employees, as well as from the various bodies and associations that represent students and staff.

Summary of Submissions Received

The month given to receive submissions, the university received a total of 228. Out of those:

- 48%, or 109 submissions were from staff members
 - 31%, or 71 submissions were from students
 - 3%, or 4 were received from staff units
 - 1%, or 2 were received from student organisations
- Results of the submissions were:
- 13%, or 30 were in favour of the status quo
 - 11%, or 26 supported the introduction of the 10 metre rule
 - 78%, or 172 were in favour of a total ban

Quality of the submissions was not noted, but it is clear that the university took the overwhelming response in favour of a total ban to be supportive of their initiative for a ban in smoking policy.

AUSA's 2008 Smoking Referendum

AUSA's 2008 Smoking Ban Referendum was conducted by AUSA while the University was taking submissions. Unfortunately we did not manage to submit our results in time, and so we present our findings to the University. The 323 participants in our referendum, the results were:

- 157 in favour of the current status quo
- 44 in support of the 10 metre rule
- 122 in favour of a total ban.

After the 2009 Executive felt that voting on the university's current status was ambiguous, as it seems to imply that we should follow the University's status quo, which is problematic, as that stance will mean smoke-free from the beginning of

next year. The Executive decided that it would be best to conduct a new referendum, one with a clear Yes-or-No answer: "That AUSA areas become smoke free from 1 January, 2010." The results from this round will provide an unambiguous directive for AUSA's smoking policy.

A Discussion of the Arguments

Reasons Why You Should Vote Yes for Smoke Free:

1. People should have the right to be free from the harm of second-hand smoke. As a society we generally restrict people's freedoms when their actions may lead to the harm of others. The basic precepts of our legal system are built on this principle. There is substantial medical evidence that not only is smoking devastating to the health of smokers themselves, second-hand smoke can also have damaging health effects on passing inhalers. If smoking has been shown to harm others, then it should be acceptable to restrict such detrimental behaviour based on our right to liberty from harm.



DEPENDENT ON THE OUTCOME OF AUSA'S SMOKING REFERENDUM, SEEING PEOPLE DO THIS IN THE QUAD MAY BECOME A THING OF THE PAST.

2. Banning smoking discourages social smoking behaviour. Smoking is fairly widespread amongst students, and most are 'social smokers', smokers who do so in the company of their friends. By making it harder for students to smoke socially, it creates a disincentive for them to smoke. This could impact their smoking practices beneficially by making them smoke less, and possibly lead them to reconsider their habits.

3. A smoking ban builds off societal provisions already in place to discourage smoking. The Smoke-free Environments Act 1990 set out broad grounds to progressively 'prevent the detrimental effect of other people's smoking on the health of people'. Undeniably, it is a necessary task for society to discourage an act that puts at risk the health of the general public. We should encourage any measure that promotes a societal norm of being smoke-free.

Reasons Why You Should Vote No for Smoke Free:

1. Individuals have the legal right to smoke. Banning smoking is an unnecessary limitation on personal freedom. The University is an open area, and there are plenty of places for non-smokers to go if they don't wish to inhale second-hand smoke. Even lawmakers haven't gone as far as banning smoking in open public areas. Instead, they have recognised that in some circumstances, individual rights and freedoms (be it to smoke or not to smoke) should be respected when the risks of second-hand smoke are minimal.
2. Should the University have the right to severely restrict individuals' lifestyle choices? In the Implementation Plan of the University's smoke-free policy, with regards to the fact that University-owned Halls of Residences will also become smoke-free, a comment was made that "all are welcome at the University but if they wish to smoke they must seek alternative accommodation." It's rather alarming that the University has impinged on personal freedoms to such a great extent; considering the fact that the University can't create policy that goes against the law, why can they create policy in place of legislation?
3. Banning smoking on campus will only force smoking off campus. A ban within University perimeters merely pushes the problem outside of its boundaries and jurisdiction. This means a huge influx of smokers on Symonds St, Princes St, and Albert Park. This, in effect, just creates a greater health hazard for the general public in areas surrounding the University. If the University's goal is to minimise the harmful effects of smoking, shifting the location of non-smokers geographically will not achieve that. Instead, it forces the University's smokers and associated negative health factors onto the local community, who had no input on the University's decision, although they would be the ones most adversely affected.

Some Points to Consider

AUSA controlled areas cover the Quad and surrounding buildings, including Shadows. While banning smoking will mean Shadows will go smoke-free (i.e. students will have to leave the bar to smoke), making AUSA areas smoke-free will mean that a disproportionate number of smokers will choose to smoke there. Also, the ban itself is 'self-enforced' meaning there will be no policing by the University, who instead will rely on students and staff policing themselves. This means that if someone does smoke (penis) on campus, the University expects other students and staff to approach that person and alert them that there is a smoking ban in place.

With special thanks to Max Harris



Craccur interview Bill from Bill and Be

Pulp Sport, the TV show responsible for delaying the entire film schedule of *Star Wars* is back for a new series in August. Craccur caught up with Jar Jar Linehan, AKA Bill from the creative crew of *Bill and Be*

How's the new series coming along?

Oh man, it's been pretty crazy times getting it across the line at this stage. It was a bit of a surprise move pulling our start date forward by eight weeks. We were expecting to be on-air in October, and instead we're on-air on the 21st of August. So, yeah. It's meant for some late nights and some long days and some tired eyes and things like that. We're getting there now, man. It's shaping up pretty nicely. We're quite happy with how the material's all looking.

I really like the gross dares you guys do on the 'sporting hell' segment. What do you think has been the worst 'sporting hell' challenge so far?

Ohhhhh. We've got one in this series, and it's

called "The Frozen Pee". It involves one of us having to sit in an ice cream freezer for forty minutes while the All Blacks were playing, and drinking Berocca every time the All Blacks scored. And you weren't allowed to get out of the ice cream freezer to go pee. And if you did pee - either in the freezer or you had to get out to do it - you had to eat an ice-block of your own frozen pee.

Oh, god.

Yeah. Wouldn't recommend that. It wasn't the coolest. So that one was up there. The actual sitting in the freezer wasn't so bad, but if you drink close to three litres of Berocca, it has a mild laxative effect. And when I say mild, I don't actually mean mild. It will turn you inside out.

Oh, sh!d!

Yeah, literally. So that was pretty awesome.

Did the...worst case

scenario happen?

Um, yeah. [laughs] I mean, it was... yeah. They were pretty bad. It's an interesting time when you go out and you film these things then you try and work out later exactly how you're going to present them on television so they don't make people sick. We're working on that at the moment. Pretty funny! But also quite vile.

I think that makes for good television, personally.

Good man, good man.

What's been your favourite 'celebrity challenge' segment? Who was the best celebrity to work with?

We've packed quite a few in this year. The celebrity challenges have kind of changed

...they once were. Like, years ago we actually got a celebrity along and do little sketches with them. Now it's kind of turned into a whole scripted juggernaut of rip-offs and things like that. Yeah, Jeremy is one of the coolest people to work with. Mainly because he's the only person who would send a script to who actually reads it. Which is always good. We did have Mike Hosking in the series. He's pretty good. I wasn't expecting him to be into the whole thing, but he was like a closet *Pulp Sport* fan. Dan is quite cool. Who else have we had? Dan is a good man. He's very accommodating, considering what a superstar the guy is. Who have we got in there? Karl Urban. He was shooting the scene and one of the guys was directing the whole piece with half of a mascot will on. So the guy came from being directed by Abrams to being directed by a guy half-mascot. He was probably thinking "beam me up please, Scotty." But "best celebrity", I suppose, would be the celebrity to work with. And that celebrity is definitely Jeremy Corbett. But I don't know if he counts as a celebrity, because he hasn't been on TV for a while.

Fair enough. Will the Jackass rip-off 'half-ass' return?

We've hung up the 'half-ass'. Even the 'half-ass' was starting to look half-arsed. It's always been a cool one, that. But it's one where - if you look on youtube - and there's heaps of those things that like anyone can do. Which is cool, but I think we probably rinsed that gag out as much as we possibly could. Especially considering that Jackass isn't really on TV anymore. It's kind of out of the limelight.

Tell me about the segment where you pull pranks on TV3 Sports Presenter Hamish McKay. How long do you think before Hamish McKay snaps and murders one of you?

Hamish McKay. He loves it. To be honest, it's disappointing. It's one of the most disappointing parts of my job. To go through a huge expense to play a prank on the guy, and he just shows up and goofily grins and laughs it off. And you're like "Come on! Come on! At least you could get just a LITTLE bit of publicity." But Hamish has recognised that awesome publicity for him, and it's a whole segment completely devoted to him, and I think it really strokes his ego. These showboating types tend to have large egos, and Hamish is no exception. I think he just enjoys the attention. We've been trying to get to stages where he's at breaking point, but he is very determined not to break on camera, and has maintained that he's not going to look like a douche on camera. From time to time he'll go "oh come on, that was a little much wasn't it, boys?" But you never get that camera, which sucks.

Do you remember how many votes you guys ended up getting for the Bill & Ben Party in the general election?

It was 13,016 or something like that. It was somewhere over 13,000 after the special votes came in. Sadly not quite enough to get us a seat, but it was enough to embarrass a few of the minor parties. So that was good.

Yeah. That's a bit crazy, actually.

It was! We actually ran into John Key at the telethon the other day, and he was talking coalitions and things, so y'know [laughs]. I think he was quietly surprised. He said "yeah you got over 10,000," and we were like "13,000 thanks John. Yeah with the specials."

I actually think you guys managed to get a whole bunch of people who weren't going to vote anyway.

Yeah, it was quite surprising. And we heard that we actually turned out to be the protest vote. Because - if you voted for us - we only had two list MPs, so if we actually got into parliament, if we crossed that 5% threshold and got in, we wouldn't have been able to fill the six seats that were allocated to us. There would've been four less politicians in parliament, meaning four less salaries that the taxpayer had to pay.

Right, right.

So yeah. There were a few people who picked us up as the protest vote, not that we were aware about that fact until two days out before the election, and John Campbell said to us "You fuckers know you're actually the protest vote?" and we were like "Really? Oh...wow. I wish we'd known that, we'd have been campaigning on it!" So that was a bit of a surprise to us.

Do you plan to run for the Super City?

We have thought about it - becoming super mayor. We just need to work up a decent enough costume. Get some tights made up, something like that. I don't know. It's on the cards. We'll have to see what we've got to promote then. So we can shamelessly plug that in the process of running for super mayor.

[laughs] Fair call. With such roaring success, is it difficult to maintain perspective on all this?

[laughs raucously] You're fucking taking the piss! Sorry. We're not live, are we? [still laughing] You recording? Good.

Well, you got Qantas Media Award didn't you?

Well a couple of years ago, what were we? We were "award-winning Comedy," and then last

year we were "award-nominated Comedy" and this year we're just "award-entering comedy." We're working backwards. I think somebody's trying to phase us out. They're quietly sort of saying "I think you've had your time, boys. Move on." Yeah. The show's always gone quite well, but we like to think it's built on itself from year to year, but the awards would say otherwise. I've never really thought about it as 'roaring success.' It's what we do, you know? You show up everyday, and overwork yourself and underpay yourself and keep going.

So there's no plans to turn *Pulp Sport* into like a kiwi version of *Entourage*?

Oh, mate, that would be awesome [laughs]. Yeah, certainly none of us live in big houses, flash cars, and have friends called Turtle who drive us around. So, yeah. I mean, I wouldn't mind being in Dan Carter's entourage, that would be kinda cool. But other than that, I don't think we've quite got the moolah to pull that one off.

Fair enough. Well, those are all my questions. Would you be keen for a quick word association game?

Of course.

Okay, cool. Mad Butcher.

Sausage

'Tui sneak'

Um...infuriating security

The flower-pot men

[laughs] flib-a-dob, flob-a-dob

John Banks

Aha, um...a complete Super Mayor.

McDonald's Advertising Campaigns

...McDonald's advertising campaign? Man, I'm terrible at these word association games. You need to give me like 3 weeks to come up with something funny. Or maybe a year. Hmmm... McDonald's advertising campaign...all I can think of is the Kiwiburger song...Hot pools, rugby balls, McDonald's, snapper schools...

[laughs] 'super stalker'

Very, very small one.

And last one: New Series

Crap. Well actually, twisted would probably be a better one. Yeah.

Alrighty, awesome.

Too many handjobs.

99 PROBLEMS.

Some of the good things in life are cyclical. Sleep, music, art, fashion. These things exist on a limited rotation, recurring every few decades. The things that are far behind us, and as we move past the things that are once again time to come to grips with a new set of things. Grunge, boybands, Pauly Shore: these things had their time in the spotlight. All things have their time, and that which was cool in the era of the late 80s and early 90s can't quite cut it in the fast moving metropolitan world we now inhabit. More importantly, it's no longer the latest in hip hop happenings to be black. The spectrum has inverted and things that were once cool to be white once again. Not since the 1940s has it been so cool to be white. In the 1940s it was black people who were the 'problems'. Now, it's not black people who have really done something wrong, per se, to lose their place in the sun. It's white people. Snoop Dogg had his day and he's no longer *Suited N Booted* to the current pop culture climate.

How did one culture go from being public enemy No. 1 to the bastion of badassness? At the very least I blame the increasing popularity of Def Jam recordings, hammer pants and Michael Jordan. Rap, hip hop and R&B blaxploitation popular culture into submission from the 1980s. Suddenly the obese were unintentionally wearing the height of fashion, Coolio won a Grammy and English was discarded in favour of the word of the streets [Ebonics? - Eds].

Pop culture, however, is a harsh mistress. No matter how strongly you maintain that something still has life, eventually it needs to be put to rest (sorrow, please). Despite the legitimacy of a culture based on liberation from the inequalities of society, commoditize something enough and eventually you're left with a lonely pile of shit stuck in the back corner of your wardrobe, along with those dresses you used to be able to fit into. It was only a matter of time before the lowest common denominator appeal of guns, bitches andbling gave way to the Next Big Thing.

Hammer pants gave way to skinny jeans, and vacated the nano in favour of The Arcade Fire. All of a sudden life got flip-turned upside down. Having thick black rimmed glasses, a working knowledge of .html and daddy's chequebook account at your disposal suddenly put you at the top of social standings, rather than making you huddle away in your Fritzesque basement-brooklyn. How did it happen?

Firstly, a combination of irony and self-deprecation. Since white people love to laugh at people that are worse off than them, it'd be unfair to not be able to laugh at oneself. Also, since everyone else in the world is worse off than you, it's important to emphasize your own problems in order to feel like you're an authentic part of humankind.

Secondly, the internet. Enter sites like *Sniff White People Like, Black People Love Us* and *White Whine*. Cool White People in throngs can take lighthearted fun at who they are, and their cultural openness. The CWP control the internet and whoever controls the internet controls pop culture.

The CWP lives pop culture. They love television, and can quote any *Arrested Development* or *The Office* (UK) episode, sometimes line by line. The less mainstream (yet more critically acclaimed) the series is, the more socially acceptable it is for said CWP to talk about it. Movies are great provided they do dismally at the box office, are foreign or have a white-approved director such as Spike Jonze or Daron Aronofsky. Literature consumed must contain quirkily insightful

characters, involve a harrowing rape or be otherwise socially profound in some way. It's not necessary that the CWP has read it, merely that they can repeat good things they've heard about it. Musically, acceptable bands/artists must contain either up to two band members or more than five. They will adamantly hate Pitchfork without having read it, oblivious to the fact that the site champions all of the CWP's favourite bands.

Culturally, the CWP is a coffee coloured melting pot that Culture Club would be proud of. They maybe took a few years of a second language in college or Uni, enough to embarrassingly scratch the back of their head while talking to a foreigner, apologising for their poor language skills. They're aware of all the best Asian dining establishments, safe in their hilariously ironic knowledge that the best ones don't have any white people eating there. They have a favourite wine and know where it's made. Usually being of the liberal persuasion, the CWP has an intimate knowledge of distaste for US politics and foreign policy. Enough so that they've likely attended at least one march or demonstration by

the time they leave University and join The Real World.

It's not always easy meeting people in social situations, so the next time you're at a party inhabited by CWP, just bring up any of the following subjects: the injustice of *Firefly* being cancelled, the inability of Google Chrome to harness your favourite firefox apps, or the difficulty of getting authentic sushi in Auckland. Mention how crushing it is that you can't get the new Prius in milky blue, how hard the recession's hitting your property investments or how Hollywood is cheapening your childhood. Don't forget to ask them about their favourite websites, remembering to let them answer before reciprocating. The CWP has a list of up to 20 websites they check daily at the least. Most importantly, if you're ever stuck with awkward silence around a CWP, just mention The Onion: they'll do the rest of the talking.

- Entwine Lesion



CRACCUM REVIEWS

The handrails around Uni

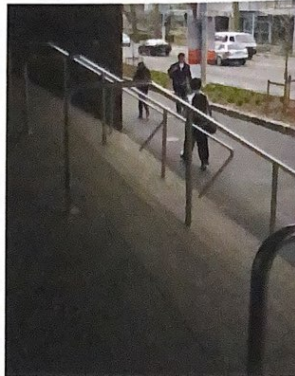
In today's dog-eat-dog, tutor-stab-girlfriend-216-times world of academia, maintaining a sense of cool is tough. And though being cool is necessary to get laid and be accepted in the eyes of others, stress, time management and study demands make being cool at university a fiendishly elusive task. Until now. Like so many things in life, the simplest things are often the most effective. One must step back, calm down, and take a leaf out of the book of a wise and influential person. In this case, Bart Simpson. Not when he says "remember, you can always find East by staring directly at the sun," but rather in his actions. Like sliding down handrails.

You see, sliding down handrails is one of the easiest and most effortless ways to garner attention. It creates a 'devil may care' attitude, coupled with an 'I could seriously injure myself' sense of risk. This in turn induces a 'wow they're sliding so effortlessly down these stairs and here I am walking like a chump' sense of awe in others. Not only do you save time and energy that would normally be reserved for walking the earth like an enslaved biped, but your actions will also send off shockwaves of unbridled coolness to everyone within a five-metre radius. Particularly (and most importantly) the opposite sex. This is a curious phenomenon, but is understandable. For exuding grace off your feet, hints at exuding grace off your feet... in bed.

In order to maximise your efficiency and productivity in honing coolness and rail-sliding and knowing which handrails spell 'sex' and which handrails spell 'bailing and face-mangling disaster', *Craccum* has taken the liberty of reviewing the more popular handrails around the city campus. Because we want you to get laid too.

Chemistry Block Rails

Also known as the 'Short N'Sharp's', these rails protrude menacingly from the stairs leading up into the science block. Jutting out at a maddeningly non-Euclidean angle from the ground, the rails are sinister in conception and closely resemble the handrails found in hell (because Hell doesn't want your shitty ACC claims when you fall on the brimstone stairs and break your hip). Though these rails look simple to ride, their deceptive exterior belies tangible danger –



danger that has claimed the front teeth and dignity of many first-year Science students, eager to impress their hot lab partners. The rails' substantial height from the ground, sharp angle and precarious nature, means that getting on the thing ('mounting' the rail) and sliding off the thing ('dismounting' the rail) is no easy feat. With a total rail-sliding time of less than one second, there is also minimum pay-off. In order to successfully harness the potential of the Short N'Sharp's, one has to mount, slide and dismount all while the people you're trying to impress are looking in your general direction anyway. Perhaps it's time better spent attempting some sort of Science-focused pickup line, like "Can I wet-mount you?" or "Did you just rub yourself with wool? Because I'm finding you very attractive."

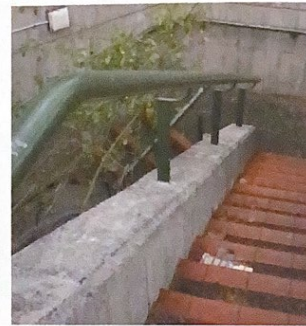
Underpass Rail



This rail – which lies on the right-hand (or left-hand, if you're that way inclined and thus a freak) of the underpass tunnel – is quite nice. The smooth grain and varnished finish of the mahogany wood means risk of splinters to the genitals is low. The angle is also at a generally pleasing gradient, and awkwardness of mounting/dismounting is at a minimum. Not

only that, but the rail is frequently used by foot traffic going up the stairs. This means as you, the plucky rail-dancer, head for the rail to show off your seated ballet, you cut across the natural order of foot traffic. This will grab the attention of everyone in the busy tunnel. "But what is that person doing?" they will ask each other in hushed whispers as the balance of things is temporarily disrupted. If you can harness this sudden sense of chaos, you will have ten new Facebook friends and a couple of cuties phone numbers by the time you exit the underpass.

Arts/HSB Rail



This rail, put simply, is not recommended. The stubby nature coupled with a concrete wall opposite the exit-point means unsuitability all round. Of course, you could elaborately time things so that your tutorial crush just happens to be standing with their back against said wall. Thus when you slide down and inevitably swerve off, the momentum will send you careening into their arms and a sexy kiss. Actually, that's a good idea. I change my mind, I recommend this rail.

Quad Carpark Rail



For experienced rail-sliders only. It's very difficult to pull off a double 90-degree turn even on the best of days. Stay away when it's wet.

Engineering Rail

As a metaphor to the engineering faculty as a whole, this rail is decidedly average – neither here nor there. Technically there's



nothing wrong with it. The lazy angle, slow pickup speed, low height, rough texture, and the fact that only engineers and passers-by would see you, equates in a rail that isn't really worth the effort. Any accrued sense of cool would therefore be wasted. Of course, if you're an engineer, this is a great rail to start on. It would not only show you as a cool person with training wheels to passing students, but it also shows you leave the Engineering faculty every once and a while. And that, friends, is priceless.

Architecture Rail



Also known as the 'suicide rail'. The sheer drop on one side of the stairs means that the risk of death and/or mutilation increases exponentially. Does this increase the 'pay-off' factor? No, it doesn't, because nobody would see you. Architecture is a barren fucking ghost town. You would break your spine and die alone, uncomfortable, forgotten. I bet you don't even know where this rail is. Until three minutes ago, neither did I.

Quad Rail

Talk of this high-profile rail is on many people's lips. The weeks of Orientation and Re-orientation sees these rails being touched and licked by thousands of people.



Therefore, if you can handle the the-flat-slide 'three-way attack' rail throws at you, as well as hawkers at the top and bottom to give you free shit you don't want (like the New Testament), the payoff is huge. Because the mentioned weeks are early in the semester, your penchant for shiss would be cemented at the beginning of the term. This gets you on the right foot as you giddy-onto that next angled fixture of metal tubing.

Owen G Glenn Rail



we arrive at the best fucking rail in the entire university. Their ample numbers coupled with the sharp-but-not-too-sharp slope makes for happy sliding. The cool metal allows for great ease of control, and acceleration is both smooth and powerful, like that of a comfortable old Toyota strapped to a jumbo jet. Further to this, the rails are generally deployed in sets of two. This allows the second rail to act as a balancing aid. A place to place a hand, a fashionable counter weight/coupler bag. Owen G Glenn is the largest and busiest theatre in the university, it works to your advantage, as students from all departments descend to the MPAA and F&PAA theatre theatres in the hundreds. One hour, every hour. In short, these rails gain top marks. To quote Tina Turner: "I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money."

Especially this edition of Craccum reviews will reduce the numbers of university-related bails and face-ants, while steadily increasing the levels of friendship-making and communicating campus wide. Take heed of these rails, and soon you'll be sailing through university by the seat of your pants.

THE DIMINISHING SOCIAL AWARENESS

AFFECT

Stages of ego-centrism or 'awareness of self' have for a long time figured large in theories of individual human development. We all recognize that as kids, we are self-focused, and as teenagers, self-conscious. By the time we reach adulthood, the idea is we're well-adjusted enough to go about daily life without being plagued by chronic narcissism or a constant concern of what others think of us. Slowly, it's becoming apparent that at a certain point of adulthood, this 'adjustment' is taken to a whole new level. Being unafraid to share your point of view evolves into a tendency to engage in public outbursts of the socially unacceptable kind.

The phenomenon, which has earned the term the 'diminishing social awareness effect' (DSAE) is characterized by a correlation between age and lowered social awareness. While little regard for what others think of you is in many situations admirable, several real-life examples show what can happen when things go awry. The most marked examples of the effect are out there in the community - just take a look around.

For example: people say there's nothing quite like the morning endorphin-release to get your day started on a natural buzz. Or in the case of those approaching mid-life crises: to set you on edge and exacerbate the DSAE. On an early visit to the gym (visits that have become even fewer and farther between since this event), I was struck by a salient example of the phenomenon. At 6am, the gangster rap playlist was suddenly switched in favour of something a little easier to get one's cardio on to. I did wonder whether JT's 'My Love', was objectionable enough to warrant the outburst that followed, however. "OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE!"

Startled, I spun around to face an aggravated 50-plus plusser having a paddy at the treadmill that had just broken, interrupting her high-incline, high-intensity run. Throwing her sopping towel against the angst-inducing treadmill, red-faced and provoked, she stormed off to the locker room, muttering further obscenities under her breath. And this was just the first of a series of examples of this diminishing social awareness effect in action.

Incidence of the phenomenon has also been documented among a significant number of men. Working part-time at a recreation complex, I witnessed a so far unsurpassed example of the DSAE. One particular afternoon, a long-standing customer visited the pool. On this occasion he was accompanied by his wife, who was sporting a shower cap, satin night gown, and carrying a Foodtown bag with her delicacies conspicuously visible through it. Employees opposite each other exchanged an eyebrow raise, which unfortunately did not escape the notice of the customer. Upon noticing this, the customer launched into a fully-fledged temper tantrum, hurling abuse at the top of his lungs.

He went as far as to call one poor employee a 'fat pig' and made accusations of racism (ignoring the fact that the staff members he was attacking were the same race as himself). As he left in a rage, the gob-smacked staff were left to make sense of the completely bizarre situation they had just been confronted with. At what

Auckland swimming pool is it ok to rock up in your jammies and expect no eye brows raised? This unique scenario has particular significance, in that it provides not just one, but two salient examples of the 'diminishing social-awareness effect'.

Numerous other examples of the effect have been in evidence in recent months, public transportation and food retailers being the sources of many. If not thrusting the pointed shaft

of a golf umbrella into the side of the moving bus in an attempt to make the driver stop, those affected by diminished social awareness can be found berating passengers who give up seats for them on full buses. Isn't offering your seat an inherently offensive insinuation about the age of the passenger? A word to the wise: unless a passenger is so elderly that they're about to topple over, stick firmly to your seat.

Other examples have included a Subway supervisor, in front of a full shop, loudly harass a newly employed sandwich artist for failing to wrap a sandwich up according to Eat Fresh protocol, and a quarrel between two customers in the middle of Countdown. The spat erupted amid Saturday morning rush over the life-altering issue of which shopper was to be next in the 12 item or less queue. The episode began first with an exchange of words, followed by shoves. Then, more serious dialogue:

"Don't touch me!"

"I'm not touching you - my packet of biscuits just touched you!"

Thankfully the security manager appeared just before it came to blows. Such examples reinforce the notion that the older people get, the less they have regard for what others think of their behaviour - often with disastrous (and hilarious) embarrassing results for all others concerned. My heart really went out to the kids of the respective combatants.

On the bus, at the shops, at work, at the gym: the phenomenon that is the 'diminishing social awareness effect' is one that we simply cannot escape. Looking ahead twenty or thirty years, it's a fate that we potentially

share. With knowledge of its existence however, we can refuse to give in to what appears to be this natural reaction to let down one's social awareness guard in the ageing process. With natural selection on our side, it is hoped the effect will decrease with time, so that our kids won't have to stand by and watch uncomfortably as parents, extended family members, or any other random members of the public engage in such unfortunate social behaviours.

- Maria Clark



"OH, YOU ATE THE LAST COOKIE, JULIA? WELL THAT'S OKAY, I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO FUCKEN SLIT YOUR THROAT, YOU HEINOUS SHIT!"



IMAGE 5 OF A SERIES: WHEN MEN WHO AGE BADLY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION.

Chasing the Next BIG Thing:

ADVENTURES IN MODERN COOL

Fitting in is hard. Not fitting in is even harder. Every time you find a niche fashion or subculture that just feels right, it suddenly becomes overwhelmed by – or sells out to – the mainstream. A month later, you're outmoded. The popped collar that seemed the height of low-key rebellion-chic four years ago, was two years ago usurped by public culture at large, and now the only people you see doing it are douchebag guidos and commerce students.

It's not over, though – once enough people revile the style, it's sure to make an eventual comeback, at least as a recycled counter-mainstream subculture or fashion 'statement'. Just look at moon boots, or 'emo'. Things become so shit that they're all of a sudden cool again; although this seems somewhat contradictory, most of us get it intuitively. But why, logically, should something that almost everyone dislikes, all of a sudden become somehow valuable? Simple. Some things are just cool.

Finding Cool

The trick is managing to stay ahead of the curve, or at least jump aboard the cool-train when the early-adopters manage to. If you can manage that, there's serious money to be made in the form of marketing 'the next big thing', and managing to convince people to buy whatever ludicrous product you're selling – almost before they know that they want it.

So how does one stay ahead of the curve? One way is to force the market to appreciate whatever you're trying to peddle – from Coca Cola to cigarettes. If you spend enough money convincing people they want to buy *Delicio* brand arsenic to feed to their children, maybe eventually they will. The other route to go down is a bit more holistic, and although it costs far less than starting a huge advertising campaign, it's an almost random process. How do you know what's going to become cool tomorrow?

You hire coolhunters. Coined in the early '90s, the term refers to marketing professionals who make it their specialty to keep both ears to the ground, in order to try and predict near-spontaneous changes in the cultural direction before they happen. They do this

by cool-spotting: finding people within the demographic that they're targeting who adopt new trends earlier than their peers. By seeing what these people are doing today, it's possible to see what everyone might be doing next week.



TIMES NEW VIKING EXEMPLARISE LO-FI INDIE WANK.

Josh Rubin, the founder of coolhunting.com, suggests that coolhunters look for aren't necessarily new ideas, but ideas that are executed with a sense of style. "It's really what someone does with an idea that's intriguing to us." His website features a variety of articles about fashion, design, gadgets, architecture, urban living – the things that surround us on a daily basis. "We don't actually write about trends, per se; I think a lot of trending people use

our site to identify things that 'might be coming up next', but it's really up to them to connect the dots."

The interesting thing about these online 'cool hunting' websites is that generally, they don't advertise new products: they just exhibit new ways of using existing things, or new experimental design. Indeed, such sites often come across simply as more rarefied versions of mainstream culture hubs, such as boingboing.net. And yet this is the same industry that convinced the corporate world to jump aboard the commodification of black culture in the late '80s and '90s, with such dramatic results (and profits). To a large degree, we have coolhunters (or their progenitors, market researchers) to thank for mainstream rap music and 'gangsta' culture.

How coolhunting works

You're a coolhunter. You target a demographic

– say, 18 to 30 year olds, students and young professionals – to try and figure out what the next cool thing is going to be, so you can sell it to someone.

You hang around Universities. You watch students go to and from classes, carrying backpacks. You stalk lunchrooms and public parks, movie theatre ticket lines and independent bookstores. You go to local gigs. Or maybe you pay someone to do all of this for you, and report back afterwards about what they observed. It's no good chasing after a demographic with no extra money to spend, so while you search, you look for trendy workplaces, where the employees get paid a decent salary, and where the 'early adopters' of new, cool things are likely to hang out.

What are students talking about? What magazines do they read, what movies are they looking forward to? Once you have all these discrete bits of information, it's time to tie them together, to try and find a trend that you can sell. How about this: the kids are

watching *Skins*. It's a British show

about high school aged kids, with a predominantly indie bend. The characters mostly drink cheap vodka, take middle-class drugs, and fuck like rabbits. This is relatively useless information, unless you combine it with other trends: a fad for putting your own clothes together out of secondhand material,

maybe coupled with a huge new complex of cheap apartment blocks opening in the middle of town.

What do you do? You realise a whole heap of young people are going to be living close to town, and they're gonna be dressing like street waifs because that's what their TV idols suggest might be fashionable. You go to op-shops along K'Rd, and convince the owners to start selling cheap clothing material in bulk (taking a cut of whatever they sell, of course; you could even



THIS GUY DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH FAKE TAN TO BE A GUIDO, SO HE MUST BE A...

future cool

We at Craccum have been doing some hunting of our own, attempting an exhaustive cultural survey in which we manage to do the impossible and capture the zeitgeist of not only our own era, but those to come. What follows is a remarkable and accurate history of future trends:

2010 A reaction against the present. Audio cassettes will make a comeback in a big way. Skinny Indian indie bands are the new skinny British indie bands, while lolcats will finally become crushingly unpopular; the word 'haz' will be expunged from the internet and all records destroyed. As cats go out of vogue, exotic new creatures like the Mexican walking fish will enter the cultural consciousness (often accompanied

by little speech bubbles that read "zzzzz" or "been workin' for like 20 hours..."). Uncoolhunters have been replaced by Uncle-hunters; your spinster Aunt must be married before the fourth full moon of the year, or nobody will win the Duke's fabulous prize!

2012 An easygoing technophilia. Accelerated broadband speeds will mean interactive teleconferencing for all University of Auckland students who wish it – coming physically to class is no longer

mandatory. The internet is slowly replaced by the extranet, which is a data network holistically formed whenever two 'smart' devices come within a certain distance of one another and begin swapping information. Such devices will begin to include smartphones, netbooks, and smartclothes (clothes with electronic components, such as memory and mp3 players built into them). The cool kids will sit at home showing off their fancy gadgets via webcam to one another. The 'obsession epidemic' will worsen.

act as a wholesaler, assuming they don't know you're getting all your material for super-cheap from Geoff's Emporium on Dominion Rd). Then you go to the building managers of the new apartments and convince them to let you rent a room for sewing tutorials. Then you hire old people who are desperate for company, and tell them to teach a whole lot of young people with pretensions to clothing design how to sew. Lastly, you start spreading the word on Facebook and in local gigs that you're teaching people how to make their own clothes 'easily and cheaply, from scratch'. Soon you'll have indie wankers flooding your apartment complex at night, trying to figure out how to double-stitch without impaling themselves.



MAKE ONE FULLY-DRESSED PERSON WAS MAILED AND LOSTEN BY A GROUP OF BORED AND STOLE THEIR CLOTHES. POPE DRY PATEL'S (TOP LEFT) TAKING RESEMBLANCE TO AKA TREASURER AKIF MALIK. COINCIDENCE?

people are talking about with *disdain*. What aren't people eating? Sandwiches shaped like Rubik's cubes. What aren't they wearing? Fuschia cargo pants. What don't they own? Toilet bowls with blue LEDs along the rim. All of this shit is hideous, and most of it will be forgotten tomorrow, but there remains the chance, however slim, that it might be picked up by some random subculture – and if it is, it can be capitalised on.

For example, lo-fidelity audio recording just sounds worse than hi-fidelity recording – that's part of the definition. And yet various twee indie bands have managed to make whole albums of distorted shit, and consumers lap it up. Imagine being the first record producer to incorporate lo-fi into an album's sound, maybe just for the hilarious irony. Imagine how much money they raked in. This illustrates the point that just because something's gone out of fashion (the technical complications behind low-fi recording stopped being an issue some decades ago) doesn't mean that a previous style can't be riffed on in a creative way. This is what Rubin means when he says he isn't looking for new ideas – an old one whose time has come again can be just as lucrative.

Because in the end, it's all about getting stuff sold. And cool always sells.

For more information on coolhunting, check out the internet by using a google machine. Alternatively, read *Pattern Recognition*, an excellent novel by William Gibson, the man who popularised cyberpunk.

Finding uncool

It's hard to refer to cool without citing examples of uncool, or – maybe more accurately – the not-yet-cool. For the scattershot categorisation of trends that haven't made it yet, we have *uncoolhunting*.

This is where the canny marketer hits the streets and listens to what

AMNESTY ON CAMPUS: HUMAN RIGHTEOUS!

So what's going on around campus, Amnesty, and human rights, holmes? To begin with, my probable expulsion from the club for messing with their rep (shawty). Other than my spiral of degradation, the Amnesty crusaders have been very busy this year, spreading their good cheer and freedom-defending selves about University like some kind of air-borne plague but with less vomiting, pox scars and death.

To kick off the year, Amnesty ran a stall during O-Week, bursting with liberal gifts of stickers, letters and those awesome stick-on tattoos that really impress bikers. Apart from a few incidents with generally misinformed P-fiends arguing the merits of Amnesty International's stance on not killing people, O-Week was declared a success (by members lounging behind the table eating those free lollipops that the Christian groups always hand out).

Next came the writing and signing of copious letters to be sent to local politicians at the NZAID discussion on 27th April, protesting the shift of the New Zealand aid program for Pacific regions from poverty alleviation to economic development (that is: from helping peeps out, to sucking revenue out of them. No bias there!).

After this came the annually awesome Pub Quiz at the luminescent and reasonably priced Forde's Bar (no gratuitous plugging there, you'll notice) on 14th May, with all proceeds (at least ten dollars and an expired Denny's coupon) to Women's Refuge. Ah pub quiz, where the execs' score was inversely proportional to their complaints about the corruption of the scorers, and where the law students held committees, pooled resources and still lost to the Philosophy major. Magic.

Next came the illustrious and fantastically organised Right to Party festival, a smooth and oily machination put in motion by GOD (read: me), held in the Quad on June 5th, which included such delights as bands *The Moa* and *Strange Beast*, fire poi, face painting and balloon animals. So enraptured were the people with the music and the general excellence, that some one hundred fundraiser sausages failed to move. These have consequently languished in my flat's fridge ever since like the pallid, congealed intestines of Satan. Plugged by the deliciously succulent *Craccum* [Oh, you tease] and supported by that friendly local, Shadows, the festival was declared a success... by

all the members of the Friday arvo shift at Shads, after I'd bought five jugs and a Toast to Freedom cocktail (see if you can still get one, they tasted pretty good, especially after the five jugs!).

Most recently Amnesty on Campus ran its annual Freedom Week fundraiser drive and information bombardment last Monday 3rd through to Thursday 6th August, with stalls, brownies, the ominous rattle of donation buckets. There were also the inevitable discussions with malcontents about 'the usefulness of letters' (as though Shakespeare never got anywhere, and peaceful protest was a pipe dream of Martin Luther King's wilder college years), followed by a minute of silence and raising of hundreds of red hands for child soldiers the world over. The post-week run down discussion at Forde's declared the week a resounding success, especially the bit about Forde's.

So what's next for freedom-savvy folk such as yourself? Rumours abound of a possible second pub quiz in September, some ground-breaking human rights additions to the AUSA constitution at the instigation of the omnipresent Peacock [Check out the Student Forum, 1pm on Wednesdays for more on this] and some free film screenings. But the big news at the moment is the infamous and widely attended Human Rights Debate, with a moot this year of whether or not New Zealand should accommodate Guantanamo Bay detainees. Confirmed speakers so far are Keith Locke, Kris Gledhill, John Ip and Max Harris. Winston Peters was approached but was unable to give a solid answer. So look out mid-September for this battle of wits that has produced in past years gems such as Pita Sharples' lambasting National to rapturous applause and Don Brash's 'flesh-eating Maori' comment.

Apart from this extravaganza of political snarkery, there are always actions and alliteration on at Amnesty On Campus, who meet every Friday at 5pm in CAG15. Club reps can be contacted at amnesty.communications@gmail.com.

So until I see you at a meeting or in the Quad trying to hide behind your extra strength latte, you have the right to remain sexy, sasquatchy or whatever the hell else you want to be. Righteous! Disclaimer: This article is a personal opinion piece and thus does not speak for Amnesty On Campus or Amnesty International.

- Alex Walls, with kudos to Maria Clark.

2014 Embracing advertising

(literally). Anyone can be fat and lazy; the truly dedicated go far for a purpose. Advances in digital displays and the invention of the 'active tattoo' will see people turn themselves into walking billboards for money. The more

there is to display, the more advertising that can be sold, and the more the profit. Although a short-term trend, skinvertising will see the commodification of the human body and result in people getting tattoos for the sole reason of later selling their excess skin after a liposuction

surgery. "You're loving it," a blonde woman eating a McNugget will be heard from the pit of a fat man's stomach as he strolls shirtless down Queen St. "I'm loving it," you will hear.

2016 Cautious optimism.

For the second year in a row, net global CO2 emissions will decrease, and Barack Obama will sweep unopposed to a third-term Presidential victory (having altered the Constitution during his second term to make dissent illegal). Children will run laughing

in the streets, their bodies merrily bouncing off not just electric, but soft rubber automobiles. If Al Gore is still alive, he will take the credit. Cynicism, so popular a few short years ago, is now looked down on as a real drag, and cannibalism is declared both legal and moral.

2018 The dark years. We speak not of this time.

2020 Carrying out the will of the hive. A unified humanity is a happy humanity. A unified humanity is a cool humanity.

Under the guidance of Eternal Caliphate and Central Al Barack Hussein Obama, humans have mostly abandoned their wasteful ways and stand poised to reap the benefits of their global technological union. Fluoride in the water has long since been replaced by nanobots, and we quietly crave nothing but the praise of those above us in the Hierarchy. Things are getting better, day by day. Obama tells us so.

ERACELIM FEATURE ARTIST

WISH ONE: I was born in 1985 to European and Cook Island ancestry. Art has been a big part of my life ever since.

I have never received any formal art training. Most of my work has a strong influence from mythology, music, numbers, and life experiences, with roots in urban culture. In particular, aspects such as skateboarding and street art.

Check out my website at:
<http://www.artandredrum.blogspot.com>

I update as often as I can with new art/illustrations, news, and the latest projects I've been working on.





WHAT A NUTJOB

ADVENTURES IN PART-TIME WORK

I've had a few shitty jobs in my time, but have usually managed to clock off as much as possible and generally get away with just kind of wandering into the manager's line of sight only every so often. So the opportunity to be in sole charge of a watch store on a Saturday morning seemed too good to be true. I got to sit around and do nothing and get paid! And the boss can't even tell I'm sitting around and doing nothing? Sign me up!

In retrospect, there were probably a few signs my employers were less than wholesome. I got the job because I babysat their hyperactive, assault child several times a week. The fact I didn't even see the child until several weeks into the babysitting gig might also have tipped me off that these were odd people, but did I mention my fondness for getting paid to sit around and do nothing? One night, the child's mother asked me vaguely if I wanted to work in retail. Having no idea what she was talking about, I turned on the charm and responded wittily, "Uh... I don't know? Maybe... huh?"

It turned out they owned a store in the city, and needed someone to mind it in the weekend. I was working two other jobs at the time, but being Scottish, I never turn down money. That year I regularly walked around school with a couple of hundred bucks in my wallet. (Side note: where the fuck did that money go?)

So one Saturday I found myself in a small watch store in a busy part of the city, watching my boss write down the combination to a massive safe. He then pointed out the button that remotely unlocked the door, and cautioned me not to mix it up with the panic button next to it.

"If someone comes in with a gun or something, the panic button will call the police. If they make you open the safe, use this other combination instead of the usual one. Then the security company will know you're being forced to open it, and they'll call the police." I never asked if the special code actually opened the safe or just told the security company to let the police know where to find your corpse. I hope it was the former.

So far, a bit unnerving, but otherwise normal. But it wasn't too long before I started to suspect I wasn't so much 'working' as 'keeping up appearances'.

For a start, I never sold a single watch. I tried (a bit), but with prices

averaging \$10,000, it was a small market. The stock rarely changed, and I wondered how they ever made money.

That didn't mean I was all alone, however. I usually had two or three customers a day, and they tended to fall into three groups. The young couples would come in and ask for help, see the prices and make awkward excuses to leave. The rich middle-aged business men would come in and flirt jovially, see I was useless at flirting back and leave. And far more common were the people who would come in asking for my boss, see he wasn't there and leave. These people tended to come back several times per day, and never seemed interested in the watches. But whatever, right? As long as I was getting paid.

Then there were the genuinely bizarre customers. One was a toothless old Asian man who came in lugging an overnight bag. He was disheveled and badly dressed, and looked like he'd just stepped out of a documentary about the starving peasants of rural China. But by then I was beginning to twig to the odd business practices of this particular establishment, and I wouldn't have been surprised if the bag was stuffed with cash. More interesting, however, was the VSC - the Very Special Customer. I never learned his name, or anything about him, but he only came into the store when my boss was there. He'd do the obligatory creepy-rich-guy flirting, and then my boss would suggest I 'go for a little walk' for 15 minutes or so. I'd have to leave the store and wander around the city, surreptitiously checking through the store window every so often to see if he'd gone and I'd be let back in. Then my boss would leave me alone while he began his Saturday morning routine of playing blackjack at Skycity.

In the end, I never found out what the deal was. Drug dealing? Organized crime? If I had to bet on it I'd say money laundering, but hell, it could have been legit, I guess. Perhaps the blackjack was my boss's way of turning pitiful profits into the income his Prada-toting wife required. I left at the end of the year none the wiser, but knowing no job could faze me any more.

Then I started working at McDonalds, but that's a story for another column.

Nicola Jane and Waitefield Review:

THE TURKISH CAFÉ

194 PONSONBY RD

It was 6.30pm on a Saturday evening when Nicola Jane and The Waitefield met up with some friends at The Turkish Café on Ponsonby Road. They felt their reviews had become stale without the input of carnivorous companions. Parking was fairly easy, although they did go at 6.30pm on a Saturday night. If they had been less Nana-ish and decided to eat at a later hour it could have proven more difficult.

As one of the first groups to arrive, they were seated at a cosy booth, with easy outside access for the dirty smoker. Wine was somewhat expensive, but there is a BYO option and a corkage fee of \$2.50 per glass. For those of you who go and forget this, there's a liquor shop just up the road.

There were plenty of options to choose from on the menu, which worked well for the mixture of large and small appetites in the group. To begin with, we had the Turkish Borek (spring rolls) that tasted good but in hindsight would have gone further if only two people were eating them. Not six.

As far as mains went, the donor kebab was award winning and the falafel wasn't too dry. The white bov's lamb cutlets were



and Court's Karishik Kebab (listed on the menu as being 'especially for BIG appetites') was more than generous, and gave him the mean meat sweats for the remainder of his evening. Definitely a meal to share. Tip for all: wear elastic banded pants.

Service was friendly but nothing special. We had to ask for water twice; it came at the beginning but the refill never arrived. In the end the only water we could find was dripping down Court's forehead.

Overall we had an enjoyable evening and were pleasantly surprised by the generous portion sizes, delicious food and the final price. With the coupon it cost six people \$20 each. Final verdict: Turkish Café = WIN.

This week's Coupon Giveaway is all class: 2008 entertainment book **gold award** finalist Valentine's Restaurant! First come first serve so step right up to the Craccum offices if you would like to experience a 25% off dining experience at everyone's

Thrivology

If you ever feel down, remember this - it's an important letter!

With the limited words I throw, I'll explain to you why my cardigan is made of several different dialects. Give me more God! Give me a Honda Accord! Grieve with my widow when we play chess with the Lord. My acrobatic winning streak is almost at a halt, but with a cracked-bottle grin and a fear of kites I can spare the time to bring fourth perpetual freedom.

Will you sleep in bed next to a severed head, with three tambourines playing the songs of the dead?

Give me the name of the tyrant who dare defy your cry. Defy to cry and you're the same as the spy who tried but failed to breathe without a sigh. His crime was not hate, nor was it grape-flavoured, it was merely a sin-grin from within his fellow kin.

Give a happy bitch a periodic table of emotional patterns and watch the seagulls fly.

Give an emotional bitch a periodic table of happy patterns and watch the seagulls cry.

The gifted have an obligation to excel. The fallen have an obligation to word. The terrified have an obligation to outlook. Basically, we all have an obligation to off-

Gender Quotas on Corporate Boards: A Good Idea?

WEEKLY DEBATE

There are still concerns that, while women are graduating in higher numbers, educational achievement is not translating into influence and power in the real world. Is there a need for gender quotas on corporate boards to transform the corporate sphere? The arguments for and against gender quotas are presented below.

PRO-QUOTAS: Feminism has made major advances for women in areas like reproductive choice and pay equity in the past twenty or thirty years. But there's still a long way to go.

One area that needs attention is the issue of who holds corporate power. In New Zealand, according to the 2006 Census of Women's Participation, 63% of the top NZSX companies had no females on their boards. The Government's Nominations Service study suggests only 16% of private corporate board members are female. For a country that prides itself on its history of fighting for women's rights, these statistics are a disgrace.

It's time for some drastic change on this front. What kind of change are we talking about? A good idea is the Norwegian model of gender quotas: a government-imposed quota of 40% females on the boards of companies above a certain size. We need not detain ourselves with the detail here. Very simply, the model could extend what is already being done in the public sector at the moment (where diversity must be taken into account at the recruitment stage) into the private sphere, to guarantee places for successful women on high-ranking boards.

The first thing this does is go some way towards remedying the patriarchal bias that exists in place in corporate decision-making. It is predictable that when male board members or others are given free reign to decide on who sits on boards, they choose individuals that are either similar to themselves or that accord with their perceptions of what a board member should look like. They are more likely to pick males,

in both cases. This is not to say that all corporations are old boys' clubs (although there are plenty of these around, too), but merely to point out that there are structural prejudices in place that are blocking women out. There is no shortage of talented female lawyers and commerce graduates coming out of university. But until they are allowed into the upper echelons of the corporate world, there can be no role models for the younger generation that inspire women to go further and higher.

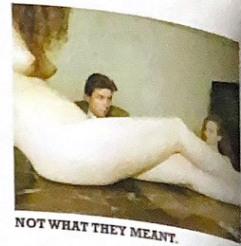
Secondly, ensuring women are on these boards will be good for businesses themselves. There is a raging debate in feminism between liberal feminists and difference feminists over whether women have a unique viewpoint that gives rise to certain types of decisions. Whether one sides with the liberals or the difference feminists on this one, it's perfectly clear that having women in corporate boardrooms will change the dynamic of corporate discussion, by allowing for consideration of alternative stakeholders and providing a fresh voice. This is not a choice, then, between doing good for women and doing good for business: the quota model can be beneficial for both.

ANTI-QUOTAS: We all want equal opportunities for women and men to succeed in society. But in seeking this lofty goal, we need to ensure that the policy tools we use are nuanced and tailored to the ends we strive for. In my opinion, while equality of opportunity is a worthy aim, quotas are a very blunt way to try to achieve this aim, and cause far more harm than good.

First, I believe that the situation is currently improving, and thus the need for drastic change is minimised. Theresa Gattung is just one example of a high-powered female CEO who has reached the top on merit. On the whole, New Zealand has done far better than other countries in fostering women's activity in the private sphere. We must also remember that the benefits of having more women going through education will take some time to spill over into the corporate sphere. An inevitable time lag exists.

Secondly, we need to consider the effects of quotas on achievements and perceptions of women. Often affirmative action succeeds only in entrenching the notion that a group being helped needs support. This undermines that group's self-esteem and self-worth, and there is a danger of that occurring here. Having quotas implies that women require a hand-up – that they cannot do well on their own. More practically speaking, too, if high-quality females cannot be found to fill the 40% requirement (and this may not be so on every board of every large company), then it is likely that the quality of work might be lowered, as businesses have fewer candidates to choose from. A vicious cycle would be created, as this actual drop in performance would feed back into the perception of inferiority to harm women further.

Finally, we need ask whether this is the most pressing issue facing feminism at the moment, and whether quotas are good for the feminist cause. Not only might government-imposed regulations alienate the business community, but there's also a chance that this would involve women aiming to achieve success on men's terms. Is this a betrayal of fundamental feminist tenets? I'm not sure. What's clear, though, is that quotas have a number of unforeseen consequences that one needs to consider before resorting to them as a policy tool.



AUMSA and ASB presents
Med. revue 09

Be there or be Square

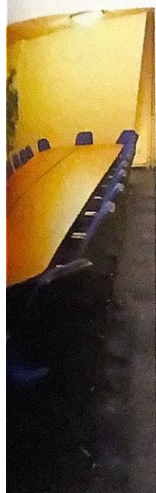
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PRO-QUOTAS: I feel I can dispose of your arguments relatively quickly, because none of them has much merit.

There is clearly a problem with female representation on corporate boards; the statistics bear this out. It's not good enough for you to point to individual successes like Theresa Gattung; these do not illustrate a general trend. We should be seeing the benefits of education spilling through already, but that isn't happening. Something needs to be done. You suggest that this is a perception of inferiority. But surely this is only a quibble about the way the policy is framed. If it is framed as a way to remedy a patriarchal bias, the policy is unlikely to convey the message that women cannot make it "on their own". I don't see this as a fatal blow to my argument. Your final point is interesting - that this policy creates 'men in skirts', as it were. I agree the feminist movement should not just be about women mirroring men's movements. But I also believe fundamentally that feminism should be concerned with changing how power is allocated in society, and corporate boards are one site of power. This is about women striving to achieve the same status and rights as men, not about being the same as them. I think it's time for some shock tactics, and I think quotas bring real benefits: the removal of a certain bias; the creation of role models; and the development of better business practice. Affirmative action, for me, is the way to go.



ANTI-QUOTAS:

I think both your arguments rest on false presumptions.

Your belief that corporate board decisions are grounded in a patriarchal bias is out of touch with the changing nature of the corporate world. Corporate boards realise the necessity of having women around to make decisions, to avoid one-dimensional thinking. Anti-discrimination laws are being enforced with more rigour. I simply do not accept that women are being deliberately excluded.

Your next claim, that women contribute a unique form of decision-making, is similarly misguided. To be sure, women can offer something peculiar and valuable to the business model. But shouldn't we let businesses decide what this value is worth,

rather than compelling them into a decision?

I believe businesses are moving in this direction of their own accord. I feel that quotas will harm women, both in perception terms and in reality. For these reasons, while I agree with your feminist tenets, I cannot support your conclusions. Quotas cannot work.

Our anti-quota friend makes a good point when he says that affirmative action of this kind harms public perception of the group the action is geared towards - and further, may harm the self-esteem of that group itself. You only have to look as far as ethnicity-based quotas at our own University to see the real danger is. Still, I think the pro-quota campaigner makes several excellent points, though admittedly they're all based on the assumption that granting to a corporate board grants real power and influence in society. I think that's arguable in itself, but since anti-quota person doesn't seem to, I'm going with the pro-quota person on this one.

On Tuesday 18 August the University of Auckland Debating Society is hosting a public debate on this very issue - gender quotas on corporate boards. It begins at 6.30pm at the Gus Fisher Gallery, and will involve Dr Kathy Smits and Dr Jacquie True from the Political Studies Department, Dr Rhema Athianathan of the Business School, and Sarah Kennedy (CEO of Vitaco), amongst others. Come along if you want to hear the arguments above in more detail!



WEEKLY DEBATE is a column written by members of the University of Auckland Debating Society. If you want to get into debating at university, email exec@debating.co.nz. The Debating Society meets every Thursday at 6pm, at various locations around the university.



Gig Guide - www.95bFM.co.nz

MONDAY, 17 AUGUST 2009

Workaholic at Cassette Number Nine 7:00PM

Vitamin-S at Wine Cellar 8:30PM

TUESDAY, 18 AUGUST 2009

Guestspeaker Presents a Special Event at Wine Cellar 8:00PM

Kings Arms quiz at Kings Arms 7:30PM

Pop Panic ft. DJ Toastie Boy at Cassette Number Nine 9:00PM

WEDNESDAY, 19 AUGUST 2009

Wax'd at Fu Bar 10:00PM

Teenage Kicks at Cassette Number Nine 4:00PM

Loop Sessions w Dylan C at Rakinos 9:00PM

New Band Night Dread The Dawn, Vallum Incendium & Fulgara

Frango at Kings Arms 8:00PM

The Eavesdrop Listening Party at Wine Cellar 7:30PM \$4

THURSDAY, 20 AUGUST 2009

David Rovics (US), Roger Fowler at Wine Cellar 8:00PM

The Platform w Low Key at Rakinos 10:00PM

Brickwall Project & guests at Kings Arms 8:00PM

Clap Clap Riot vs the Earlybirds at Sale St

FRIDAY, 21 AUGUST 2009

THE ARC at Khuja 10:00PM \$5

The Old 2 The New at Rakinos 10:00PM \$5

Rumble in the Jungle 2009 Auckland Regional at Zen 10:00PM \$10

Strummer Day at Kings Arms 8:00PM

The Wilberforces at Whammy Bar 11:00PM

SATURDAY, 22 AUGUST 2009

THE BOTTLE NECK at Khuja 10:00PM \$5

Emenda, Set On End, Fornax Chemica & DJ at Kings Arms 8:00PM \$15

93 Til Infinity at 4:20 10:00PM \$10

Every Day Dubs at Zen 10:00PM

Popstrangers - EP Release at Whammy Bar 11:00PM

Principal's Office ft. DJs Manuel Bundy, Lo Key, Roger Perry at Rakinos 9:00PM \$10

AC Slater (USA) at Ink & Coherent 10:00PM

Thankyou! - Space Closing Party at Space 10:00PM \$20

Haunted Love, The Sami Sisters at Wine Cellar 8:00PM

Flamingo - Electric Nights at Toro Bacco & Montecristo Rooms 10:00PM \$25

SUNDAY, 23 AUGUST 2009

Stainless Heart & guests at Kings Arms 7:00PM

Talkin' all that Jazz at Rakinos 3:00PM

Featured DJ



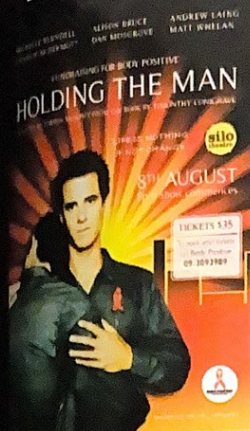
Peter Ulrich brings you Bright & Ulrich on Saturday mornings, 9-11.A true New Zealand renaissance man who

has effortlessly swaggered across the decades with his upbeat positive energy. bFM is his latest landing point in a trip which has encompassed being a celebrated rock frontman, spearheading Auckland's dance movement in the 1980s, crooning his way through the standards, kicking off some true bliss, and dancing with the stars.

Top Ten

1. Popstrangers — "1000"
2. Liam Finn & Eliza Jane — "Long Way To Go"
3. James Duncan — "My New Flumes"
4. Pie Warmer — "God Help Me Aunt Daisy"
5. Beastie Boys — "Too Many Rappers"
6. Grizzly Bear — "While You Wait For The Others"
7. Wu Tang Clan — "Sound The Horns"
8. Street Chant — "Scream Walk"
9. Wild Beasts — "Hooting & Howling"
10. Arctic Monkeys — "Crying Lightning"

Theatre @craccum.co.nz



HOLDING THE MAN

The Silo Theatre company has a distinct brand of theatre they perform. It's always contemporary, the actors usually speak in American accents, it's one of those comedy/drama hybrids, and it tends to deal with homosexuality as a prominent theme. Silo Theatre, the hip producer of plays for thirty-something's, has become predictable of late (*Little Dog Laughed*, *The Scene*). Walking into *Holding the Man*, their latest

at the Herald Theatre (with its forgettable publicity picture of Silo regular Charlie McDermott... er... holding a man) I was expecting more of the same. While it was a comedy/drama hybrid, and while homosexuality plays a very prominent part indeed, it was a fresh, moving production told in Australian accents. And that makes all the difference.

Holding the Man is a very special theatre experience. It's based on the best-selling memoir of the same name by Australian writer and actor Timothy Conigrave about his tumultuous fifteen year relationship with John Caleo and their bitter struggle with HIV AIDS. Playwright Tommy Murphy, who describes the book as "the greatest love story in Australian literature," adapted it for the stage in 2006, and it played to sold-out audiences around Australia. Tim (a remarkable, sensitive performance by Dan Musgrove) falls in love with John (Charlie McDermott, in the best work of his career), the captain of his 1970s Catholic highschool football team. They kiss for the first time in a 'pass the kiss' game. Tim rings

him up one night - "Will you go round with me?" John's "Yip" is a delightful theatrical moment. As their relationship develops they must counter disapproving parents, long distance relationships, Tim's own infidelity, the sinister and mysterious HIV AIDS and the moment they come to terms with the fact that "We are going to die." Through this, it canvasses wider themes of changing generations attitudes to sexuality.

This play is delightfully funny. The more innocent first act takes a broad, fast-moving approach to the story, with characterizations straight out of Aussie comedies like Chris Lilley's *Summer Heights High*. The play contains the funniest scene on stage in a long time. At a boy's sleepover, Tim innocently asks "How do you guys wank?" We find out (thank god for sleeping bags). The ensemble of Alison Bruce, Andrew Laing, Matt Whelan and Michelle Blundell perform multiple roles, crossing gender and ages. Matt Whelan was an audience favourite playing Pheobe's mother, his tall lanky frame quite a laugh in itself. Gay club scenes and a warm-up at Aus-

sie Drama School NIDA are also very memorable thanks to this ensemble. The production has an excellent soundtrack, incorporating gay classics from the 70s-80s time periods (*Go West!*).

The play takes a darker turn in the second act with the onset of HIV, when Tim's repeated sleeping around and experimentation finally catches up with him. The ending is profoundly moving. When the lights went up the audience sat in stunned silence, wiping away tears. I myself couldn't stop the inevitable trickle down my cheek. The real life story of Tim and John charmed the pants off me. Director Shane Bosher's production, filled with on the nail humour and inventive theatricalism (a puppet is used at a key point, as a very effective way of evoking the surrealism of dying), did them service. Their affecting tale reminds us of our humanity, of our own weaknesses, and compels us to treat better the people that we love. Go see it.

Holding the Man runs until August 29th at the Herald Theatre
www.silotheatre.co.nz

- James Wenley

Theatre comment With Samuel. Bowen. Partridge.

For a three year Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Auckland, you're looking at spending (according to official figures) between \$13,000 and \$15,000 all up. Taking into consideration the Arts and Humanities departments' international ranking (39th in the world) that price might seem like a bargain, especially if you look at the hugely inflated prices for studying at some overseas institutions. But it's still a fuckload of money that will take most BA students at least five years into their first real job to pay off, and if your degree isn't really a help in getting that first job (BAs often aren't) then you really have to start questioning its usefulness! But seriously, this shit is the type of 'old news' that banal fuckwits sitting outside Slurp talk about in Wednesday mornings... I'm only using it to bring up a point. When I did my undergrad I chose courses I knew I liked and that I could pass; I was under no illusions that I would get a job by studying Sociology or the history of Television and Film. I was so terrified of failing and having to take another year to finish that

I went for the easy option and decided to get a degree for a degree's sake.

As a third subject, I took Drama/Theatre - mostly because I knew I could pass and hoped that maybe I could learn something from it/find some hawt drama bitches. And "hey awesome," I did pass my Drama papers, and my friend got all the bitches (two in one sitting! Go Roderick!). Unfortunately the courses themselves seemed to always leave a bitter taste in my mouth; they were often fuck-awful boring and completely devoid of learning opportunities. In fact, I can safely say that over three years of study I didn't learn a thing. Looking back now I've come to the realization that undergraduate Drama at the University of Auckland is a joke - 39th in Arts and Humanities or not.

The department is headed by Murray Edmond, a dramaturg of some note and a respected member of the arts community, along with a small core of other committed and talented teachers. My beef ain't with them, they've done a wonderful job with postgrad drama, and I'm sorry for what I have to write next... but it needs to be said. The undergrad drama

course offered in the BA is neither useful in an academic sense to a student, nor a valid practical learning experience for actors.

Out of the dozen or so papers associated with drama, only four that I'm aware of offer any real kind of practical theatre work, and of those only one offers students the opportunity to put on a play. You might see drama students from these practical classes around campus someday doing 'edgy outdoor theatre' or some other totally vapid shit, and if you do you should snort at it. I say this because in my mind only an idiot would pay upwards of \$4,000 a year to specialise in a course that teaches street theatre. But hey at least it's something right? The other non-practical papers are ten times worse, and in my mind are more like half hearted attempts to fit Drama into an academic mould than legitimate papers in themselves.

As a rule, the majority of the papers are guest taught by wishy-washy dispassionate drips who give you the impression that they would find life hard outside the faux junior academic status they've achieved for themselves. It's totally uninspiring and de-

pressing as hell. The topics covered in one course I took ranged from Ancient Grecian theatre (we had this old dude come in and show us 300 slideshow images of his boring trip to Greece), French absurdist theatre ("here read this script and do something with it"), and German Epic theatre ("I'm too fucking stupid to teach you anything important about this so lets just talk about this play in a ridiculously broad sense"). No theory was taught, no practical skills learnt and no pussy conquered... all in all, Drama classes at Uni were for me one big stupid disappointment. Jesus! I would hate to see what the 40th or 41st Arts and Humanities departments in the world has to offer!

The real evidence comes from the condescending look another actor gives you when you tell them you studied theatre undergrad at the University of Auckland, or when you try to recall what acting theories, academic scholars or skills you have learnt in your three year academic sojourn to nowhere.

Drama Department you hack!
I want my three years back!

SMOKING ACID EP

BRIAN JONESTOWN
MASSACRE
A RECORDS, 2009

For those who haven't yet heard about the Brian Jonestown Massacre, who still believe that BJM stands for the Brazilian Journal of Microbiology, let me introduce you to one of the most brilliant and prolific bands of the last fifteen years: the BJM. Also known as "the best 60s rock'n'roll revival since the 60s." The name originates from the blend of the infamous mass suicide of the 'People's Temple' - more commonly known as the Jonestown Massacre - and a tribute to Brian Jones, a founding member of the Rolling Stones. But if you've only ever heard the records made since *My Bloody Underground* (2007), you'll be missing the genius of the band. For the last few years, the band, or shall I say Anton

Newcombe - the despotic genius leader - has taken a slightly different direction, possibly due to a different array of drugs.

To be honest, this five-track EP, released in May, is not the best BJM record. However, if you've already listened to some of Mr. Newcombe's productions you'll know that you often need to hear some songs several times before becoming completely addicted (various examples can be found in *Methodrone*, 1995). Here, the first seconds of the opening song 'The Serious Matter', before even getting a chance to make any comment, Anton warns you: "let the song sing itself." Then the only thing you have to do is turn up the volume and take that fucking acid. Oh, by the way, do not try to smoke it.

If you do as he suggests, I'm sure it won't be long before you catch hints of the Spacemen 3 resonating in your head - if only

these drums stopped beating so loudly. Then, just in case you didn't get it the first time, Anton does it again for you, this time with shouting Icelandic vocals by Jón Sæmundur Auðarson. Indeed, 'i Alvöru Talað' is exactly the same track, but you might not actually notice it if you're high enough. On the two following tracks the noisy guitars give way to ten minutes of strange ethnic beats coming from nowhere, accompanied by fuzzy and reverb sound effects, occasionally interrupted by the groan of a guy who didn't get his daily dose. 'Tempo 116.7' is clearly the highest moment of your trip, and you might not even be able to hear it from the place you've reached. Soon however, it's time to come down - easy. By chance, it's just when the noisy guitars come back. 'Super Fucked' puts your feet almost back on the ground. Did I say that

Smoking Acid wasn't a good EP? Actually, we have to be fair. This is still quite good BJM material and I challenge any band to make a more provocative record with such a high blood/acid concentration.

B+ Even if it might not be the easiest way to enter the Brian Jonestown Massacre universe, at least it'll give you an idea of the effects of an acid trip. Get the album, and follow Newcombe on his last Icelandic trip.

- Hugo Vergès



JUNIOR

ROYKSOPP
MILWAUKEE, 2009

a lot of people who listen to I was captivated by 'Happy Here', the lead single off of Royksopp's latest effort *Junior*. A lot of people who listen to it however, I got off my arse and bought the album because of the quality that the rest of the band. Somewhere out there, a few listeners are adjusting perfectly tousled hair and saying "told you so, you wanker. Stereotyping us." Bastards, may be right. The thing is, 'Happy Up Here' near represents the perfect Royksopp track. At least in my opinion. It's infectious, bouncy, well structured, and...just... It was a thrilling opening track by the duo that harkens to their most well known ever, 'Eple'. Bomber even 'Eple' as his backing track

for his evening show with Clark Gable (/nostalgia. That was SO long ago, far out). Perhaps I was expecting the rest of the album to be repeats of the same single. I soon realised that perhaps this was a silly notion to hold. With that logic in mind, I then sat down and listened to the rest of the album.

And things started getting better.

As I let go of my tightly-held predilection for *Junior* to have ten tracks sounding exactly like the first one, the album began to unfurl. For the majority of *Junior*, Royksopp employed a myriad of guest vocalists such as Swedish singer Robyn and Norwegian singer Anneli Drecker. This provides solid direction and substance to the majority of the songs on the album. They also utilise Karin Andersson on two tracks. You may recognise her as one half of the Swedish duo The Knife, which is kick-ass. When there aren't guest vocalists, the band members go about employing a range of different samples and textures to give each track its own identity and depth. Case in point with the track 'Royksopp forever', which utilises a midtempo beat and a really haunting strings sample.

Granted, not all of the tracks are winners. I find 'Miss it so Much' to be a tad boring and predictable, and 'Tricky Tricky' -

while having a very solid backing beat, contains some pretty weird lyrics. Still, given that it's one of Andersson's tracks, this shouldn't be altogether surprising. After all, have you listened to the lyrics of 'We Share our Mother's Health'? These are minor quibbles however, and most of the songs on *Junior* are generally pretty good. The fact that it took some time for me to appreciate them just adds to the album's overall quality and

appeal.

B A poppy, snappy record that is really very Scandinavian. If you can't get enough of the first track 'Happy Up Here', do what I did and thrash it to death, then listen to the rest of the album. There's some good stuff to be found.

Guest Music Editorial
Our current music editors are on the campaign trail to be big grown-up editors for 2010. For this reason, the music section was handed over to us, your semi-irresponsible editors-in-chief. Seeing as we don't really have much to editorialise music-wise, I'm just going to ramble until our designer gets pissed off and shrinks the text into nothingness. Did you know that this notepaper is yellow? I feel it reflects a certain aesthetic of our current musical climate. Namely, sticking things onto foreign surfaces so that they communicate a small, salient point to somebody. Whether that somebody wants to be communicated to or not. Perhaps that's why so many post-it notes made by people are so passive-aggressive. The aggression is contained within the note itself, while the passivity must come out in the form of docile pleasantries as you ask your mate to stop hogging all the goddamn forks. I find this ironic for a number of reasons. I don't know why. Perhaps the zeitgeist is once again changing shape. It's a reptilian shapeshifter, you know. It frequents Whammy Bar on Friday nights, drinks Wobbly Boost Ale and listens to Pavement and smokes rallies and talks about how it finds the sonic textures of the latest Dinosaur Jr. album "so passé. Like, totally."

INQUISITION

WITH DARCY PEACOCK



NAME, DEGREE AND YEAR:
Anna "Sister of Peaham", PhD

WHO'S THE COOLEST PERSON EVER, AND WHY ARE THEY SO FUCKING COOL?
Patrick, just because.

DO YOU HAVE ANY BAD ADVICE YOU CAN SHARE?
Don't smell glue.

YOU DISCOVER THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN SPYING ON YOU. IS THIS LAME/ AWESOME AND WHY?
Awesome. I have complete faith in the government (lolz)

WILL YOU BE VOTING NEXT WEEK FOR THE EDITORS OF CRACCUM FOR 2010?
Yes.

IF YOU HAD TO BE ONE STEREOTYPICAL FRINGE SUBCULTURE (GOTH/INDIE/AUT STUDENT), WHAT WOULD IT BE AND WHY?
Metalhead, because metal wins.

WHAT'S THE NEXT 'BIG THING' GOING TO BE?
Darcy Peacock and the nerf gun.



NAME, DEGREE AND YEAR:
Morgan Towers, first year BCom

WHO'S THE COOLEST PERSON EVER, AND WHY ARE THEY SO FUCKING COOL?
Me, it's obvious

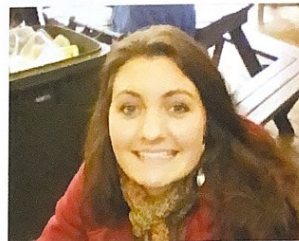
DO YOU HAVE ANY BAD ADVICE YOU CAN SHARE?
Yeah, don't drink Jagermeister

YOU DISCOVER THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN SPYING ON YOU. IS THIS LAME/ AWESOME AND WHY?
Lame cos they will discover I'm the leader of the underground communist movement

WILL YOU BE VOTING NEXT WEEK FOR THE EDITORS OF CRACCUM FOR 2010?
Yes.

IF YOU HAD TO BE ONE STEREOTYPICAL FRINGE SUBCULTURE (GOTH/INDIE/AUT STUDENT), WHAT WOULD IT BE AND WHY?
Goth, the other two never

WHAT'S THE NEXT 'BIG THING' GOING TO BE?
Beanies, and kanga, hot Richard Belcher/moytoy [I have no idea what that means - Ed]



NAME, DEGREE AND YEAR:
Chloe, first year BMus (voice performance)

WHO'S THE COOLEST PERSON EVER, AND WHY ARE THEY SO FUCKING COOL?
Chuck Norris!! Cos he has another fist under his beard

DO YOU HAVE ANY BAD ADVICE YOU CAN SHARE?
Eat genital warts for breakfast? With milk

YOU DISCOVER THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN SPYING ON YOU. IS THIS LAME/ AWESOME AND WHY?
Its awesome cos, I don't know how to tell you... but I'm kind of a big deal

WILL YOU BE VOTING NEXT WEEK FOR THE EDITORS OF CRACCUM FOR 2010?
Maybe. I don't really care

IF YOU HAD TO BE ONE STEREOTYPICAL FRINGE SUBCULTURE (GOTH/INDIE/AUT STUDENT), WHAT WOULD IT BE AND WHY?
Muso geek all the way. Incest, fun for the whole family

WHAT'S THE NEXT 'BIG THING' GOING TO BE?
Butter chicken flavoured gum. Deliciousness.



NAME, DEGREE AND YEAR:
Kyra, BA/BCom

WHO'S THE COOLEST PERSON EVER, AND WHY ARE THEY SO FUCKING COOL?
Of course my friends! Fuck cool coz they just are!

DO YOU HAVE ANY BAD ADVICE YOU CAN SHARE?
SHARING IS CARING ☺

YOU DISCOVER THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN SPYING ON YOU. IS THIS LAME/ AWESOME AND WHY?
Awesome!!! Coz then they discover what the fuck to do with this country

WILL YOU BE VOTING NEXT WEEK FOR THE EDITORS OF CRACCUM FOR 2010?
Probably not, CBF

IF YOU HAD TO BE ONE STEREOTYPICAL FRINGE SUBCULTURE (GOTH/INDIE/AUT STUDENT), WHAT WOULD IT BE AND WHY?
Indie - might get dreads

WHAT'S THE NEXT 'BIG THING' GOING TO BE?
Darcy Peacock

craccum trivia

ARTS:
What psuedo-science was famous Mathematician Sir Isaac Newton secretly a proponent of?

BUSINESS:
What is the New York Stock Exchange symbol for the large American company 3M?

SCIENCE:
What happens when you inject an Axolotl with iodine?

LAW:
Which NZ Governor General once helped Craccum edit the AUSA capping book when he was a plucky young law student?

MEDICINE:
A pneumonectomy is the removal of what organ?

ENGINEERING:
What's the most malleable metal?

CREATIVE:
Where can a much smaller version on the Statue of Liberty be found?

End of Issue Stats

Soft-theme for this issue: 'deconstructing cool'

When Craccum asks you for bad advice:
You all turn to sarcasm

What does that say about you? What does that say about us?

So what's cool? We just told you. Over the last 48 pages.

Oh cool, thanks No probs.

The SIS: Not as cool as CIA

Because Acronyms sound best when the last letter has a vowel-sound

It's true, look at the history books of sitcom characters with two-letter names: DJ from Full House springs to mind first and foremost

And that's why DL from Heroes was an epic failure. I...yeah. What?

ONE MORE ISSUE LEFT This half of semester, anyway.

Gropecunt Lane

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Why have an Avenue when you can have a Cunt? Gropecunt Lane was a street name found in English towns and cities during the Middle Ages, believed to be a reference to the prostitution centred on those areas; it was normal practice for a medieval street name to reflect the street's function or the economic activity taking place within it.

Perhaps located adjacent to Pissing Lane and across from Backdoor Alley, there was no question of confusion - if you knew what service you required, you needed only to look at the street name. Of course, when the kill-joy Protestants came along with their 'reforms', the cunt was taken away, and the grope changed to grape, in an effort to dissuade prostitution.

Today our red-light districts are somewhat less imaginatively named and more confusing for the consumer. Perhaps a return to the medieval tradition is called for