





CALLUM ROBINSON



IRINA SIZOVA



JULIAN CUADROS



REVI SAMIN



Red Bull Doodle Art was recently held at Auckland and AUT universities. With over 500 entries it was almost impossible to choose a Top 40. Here's an epic selection of the Auckland Uni students representing in fine style. Big ups to all the artists that got involved this year, see you in 2012!



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JESSICA WINQUIST



HANNAH POWELL

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SPENCER'S EDITORIAL

You think you know me. I'm the Cult of Personality.

Hello, students of the University of Auckland,

So. Here we are. The last issue of the year. It's absurd to me that we've done twenty-five issues of this magazine. Who'd have thought we could keep our shit together for that long? Not me, that's for sure. I thought I'd probably have murdered Rhys and have his body sitting in an acid bath somewhere by the time the Comedy Festival was over. Miracles can happen after all.

There were a lot of things I considered writing this editorial on. Given that it is my last, I wanted it to be special. Therefore, it had to be a topic I knew a lot about. Of course, there's my long-standing beef with fancy baby and overall fame parasite Lady Gaga – I could have even brought back *The Things I Hate* for that one. Or there's professional wrestling, a topic that is very near and dear to my heart – but knowing Rhys, he'll have talked me into putting something about that somewhere else in the magazine. Traditionally, the final editorial is used to talk about *Craccum* itself – the nature of the magazine, the role it plays in our all but annihilated student culture, the type of paper it is printed on etc. Most importantly, editors in the past have just loved to talk about how **fucking difficult** this job is, and how we should all praise and respect their mighty talent for having the selfless courage and amazingness to undertake this task in the first place. But the thing is, we didn't find this job that difficult. At all.

Which got me thinking. Why has this job not left me an emotionally crippled, pathetic shell of a person, like it has to countless others before me? It's not because I'm great at every part of the job, far from it. It's because, from start to finish, we've had an amazing bunch of people helping us. When you read *Craccum* this year, it wasn't just me and Rhys who did this job, and it wasn't just me and Rhys who deserve the credit. So I thought I'd take the time to thank the people who've had a major role in this magazine. There are a few, so I'll do it chronologically. Here goes nothing.

My *Craccum* journey properly began with former two-time Editor and weight-loss icon **Dan Sloan**. Him and his (unofficial but very legitimate) co-editor **Elisa Brown** welcomed me onto their *Craccum* team with open arms, and did everything they could to show me the ropes of the magazine and hook me up with as much free review stuff as possible. Without them, I'd have never have had the confidence to run for the Editorship in the first place and my game collection wouldn't be anywhere near as impressive. Thanks guys.

Working for Dan made taking the reins of the magazine all that much easier. What made it even easier than that was the other two members of team *Craccum* – the dudes behind the scenes making *Craccum* a reality. **Nick Withers**, our designer, is a hell of a dude, and one that I'm pleased to call my friend. **Aaron Haugh**, *Craccum's* advertising manager, is one pretty slick cracka, and did his best to work with us, and around our potential blunders.

Finding section editors was the first chance Rhys and I got to feel like big-shot editors. These are the people with the fuego to make a weekly commitment to an unpaid job, and all of them followed through better than we could have ever imagined. So, to **Elisa Brown**, **Josh Ling**, **Claire Shove**, **Pippa Neels**,



May-Lee Wong, **Liam Mitchell**, **Craig Robertson**, **Kate Dowson** and (for a regrettably brief time period) **Freddy Woodhouse**, thank you so much. You guys did an amazing job.

Two people who really deserve a special pat on the back are our two ultra-diligent sub-editors, **Alice Jacques** and **Sophie Buchanan**. These are the people who really make sure the magazine comes out on time each week – if it wasn't for them, the entire thing would be grossly unreadable, with words like handjob formatted all wrong. I, for one, am glad we don't live in that world, so I owe you guys both one. Not a handjob. That would be weird.

And then, obviously, there are all the people who contributed to the magazine and made it what it was. **David Farrier** and **Stephen Bier** bought their own weekly musings to the magazine, while people like **Andi Garnett**, **Gayathiri Ganesan**, **Mandy Lomonaco**, **Steven Boyce** and **TJ McDonald** contributed full articles on a regular basis. Special thanks to **Wondermark Comics** and **Mark Bond** for trying to fill the void left by Siege 3vnt comics. And to all our wonderful reviewers, artists and proofers: we couldn't possibly thank you all individually, but your contributions have been vital for getting us through the year. Special thanks to **Jia Luo** and all the **ELAM** people for getting us covers for the second half a year.

The second most important people to thank are those who didn't actually do any work on the magazine itself, but helped keep me sane. Firstly, to my Mum, **Anna**, and Dad, **Tim**, who encouraged and supported their son basically throwing his degree away to sit in an office all week with his best friend making dick jokes. Secondly, to my amazing and beautiful girlfriend **Gen**, who has tolerated my crankiness, my early starts and has basically done anything she could to keep a smile on my face. Also, she laughs at all my jokes. I love you guys.

Most importantly, of course, is my best friend **Rhys**. Our silver-screen quality bromance has been through some adventures before, but never one this awesome, taxing or long, and I'd like to think we came

out on the other side having learnt a little bit more about each other. Sure, most of it is stuff that we'd probably rather not know, but hey. That's friendship for you. I love you, bro, and I doubt I'll ever have this much fun working in an office ever again.

And to you, the reader. You've been awfully kind to us this year, and about 90% of you have supported what we've tried to do entirely. If you were around last year, you'll recall that this is the exact percentage of people we were aiming to please, so I think we've done quite well.

It's going to be weird not making a magazine next Monday morning. Cheers, Spencer.

Editors: **SPENCER DOWSON** and **RHYS MATHEWSON**
Designer: **NICK WITHERS**
Advertising: **AARON HAUGH**
Cover Art: **IGNUS FERREIRA**
Sub-Editors: **SOPHIE BUCHANAN**, **ALICE JACQUES**.

Section Editors:
Music – **JOSH LING**
Film – **ELISA BROWN**
Books – **CLAIRE SHOVE**
Theatre – **PIPPA NEELS**
Games – **SPENCER DOWSON**
News – **CRAIG ROBERTSON** AND **KATE DOWSON**
Food – **MAY LEE WONG**
Sports Editor – **LIAM MITCHELL**

Contributors: **DAVID FARRIER**, **TODD LIVINGSTONE**, **BUCK HEATLEY**, **SCOTT STANFORD**, **SAM BROOKS**, **SAM FINNEMORE**, **JAMES COOPER**, **RICHARD FAIRGRAY**.
Proofers: **ALICE JACQUES**, **SOPHIE BUCHANAN**, **TONI TIPPETT**, **JAMES COOPER**, **GEN GILCHRIST**.

Person of the week: **Spencer Dowson**. He is the most deserving and everyone else can go and fuck themselves in their fucking eyeballs.

Correction: *Craccum* would like to withdraw all corrections and apologies it has made over the course of the year. We realise now that we are always right. We are omniscient and omnipotent. Fear us.

RHYS' EDITORIAL

The Execution of All Things

We're finally at the end of the year, and by we I mean me. You guys have exams and shit to do. Not me. I am as free as a bird, and I couldn't be happier. Shame on all of your respective undies. Or panties. Is that creepy? It's probably creepy. But I haven't got time to go into that. We have a lot to talk about!

Firstly, the thank yous. I'm not going to save the best 'til last, I am going to flop it out right now. **Spencer Dowson** is an incredibly talented man, and I'll be forever grateful for this. His determination and commitment are far beyond my own, and without him this magazine wouldn't happen. Without me, it did for a few weeks. He is my best friend, my platonic soulmate, and I want to fuck him. What?

A big thank you to our subeditors, **Sophie "Buchanan" Buchanan** and **Alice "I am literally related to Brian Jacques" Jacques**. They actually know how language works, which is an important feature of the magazine. More importantly, they taught me to be a better person, which is something someone needed to do. Another massive dollop of thanks goes to our section editors: **Music, Film, Books, Food, Sports, News** and **Theatre**. I'm sorry I never took the time to learn your names, but you've created enough content to fill our pages, and we gave you free stuff, so fuck up.

Thanks to the biggest thug that I know, **Nick Withers**. He designed our magazine with aplomb and skill, and put up with our ridiculous requests for photoshopped things. **Aaron Haugh**, for being very good and letting us run so many competitions for you guys. To the rest of our regular contributors like **Steven Boyce, TJ McDonald, Andi "Geeeee you guys you forgot to put my name in the magazine!" Garnett, Mandy Lomonaco, David Farrier, Stephen Bier** and **Gayathiri Ganeshan**. Thank you so much for making it so that Spencer and I don't have to write all the content every week.

Cheers to my family for being awesome and being okay with me not seeing them as much as I should because I was busy at this job. I'm not sure if you know this, but my brother **Simon Mathewson** is quite the alpha male, and he knows how to treat a lady right. Women, form an orderly queue. Lastly, thanks to my girlfriend **Toni Tippett**, for putting up with me when



I'm grumpy and for staying at my place more often than hers to allow me thirty minutes extra sleep in the morning.

Now, since it's the last week and I've stopped caring about what you all think, I can finally get something off my chest. For the most part, you students are a bunch of apathetic cunts. And most of the ones that aren't apathetic are whiny activist douchebags. With regards to the whole VSM thing, I genuinely couldn't care less about what happens to you all as of 5pm Thursday when this magazine goes to print. But I think you deserve what you get, for not being interested enough in what's going on, and for making the most vocal student voice a bunch of people who just seem like MASSIVE tools. Student politics is the absolute worst, and you've done nothing to make that any better. But whatever, it's not my problem any more.

Rhys' Editing Track: Wow, the last one for the year. It's been quite a rush. Before we get to the final editing track of the year, let's have a look at the back catalogue of stonking tunes I've offered up for your aural pleasure. Starting with: "Cecilia" by Simon and Garfunkel, "Digital Love" by Daft Punk and "U Turn" by NoneTreeHill, "Selfish Jean" by Travis, "Rolling in the Deep" By Adele (Jamie XX Remix) feat. Childish Gambino, "Good Luck," "Do Your Thing," and "Plug It In" by Basement Jaxx, "All Day Long I Dream About Sex" by JC Chasez, "Fuck Shit Stack" by Reggie Watts, the entire album *All Day* by Girl Talk, "Lisztomania" by Phoenix, "No Pause" by Girl Talk (again), The Sound of Wellington being pretentious, "Run On" by Moby, "Jump Your Bones" by Liam Finn, that Saturday Night Live redux thingy, "Make Some Noise," by the Beastie Boys, the sound of NYC, "Civilization" by Justice and the entire *The Muppets: The Green Album*, "We Gon' Ride" by Dei Hamo, "Out of Touch" by Uniting Nations, "Do You Like A Truck" by Geo Da Silva, "Every Planet We Reach Is Dead" by Gorillaz and "Fel Del Av Garden" by Movits. And finally, to round up the year and complete the set, another entire album. *Metals* by Feist. It is very fucking good. Like seriously good. From the first track, "The Bad In Each Other," I got hooked in hard. So er, that's all folks. Thanks for reading, thanks for listening, and maybe I'll see you again some time.

Seacrest Out.

Apology: Sorry to the readers of Craccum next year. ZING!
Want to contribute? It's not our problem any more! Woohoo!

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I'M DAVID FARRIER!

In which our hero discusses a fat lady.

Oh, students, what a year it's been! Remember that guy you pashed at that party? Remember that time you urinated outside the med school, angry they didn't let you in? Remember that lecture you fell asleep in! Gosh, what great fun. Certainly worth all those fees, all that study, all that hard work... and all that *stress*! Pat yourself on the back, and tell yourself, *yes, all that stress has really been worthwhile.*

When I was 14, I would stress about school more than any nerd could stress about anything. I was the king of stress, the supreme being of fretting. Leading up to an exam, I would lose sleep and stop eating. During the exam I would have panic attacks, realising that a wrong answer would send my life off the rails. I would miss out on the university I wanted, the career I wanted, and the babe I was going to one day marry.

It got to the point where I was so stressed out, I went to see the school counsellor, who was also our woodwork teacher. That fact always seemed a bit weird to me. Anyway, Rod told me "Don't stress out, David, God has it all under control." I attended a Christian school, by the way. "Just pray about it." I did some praying, but God didn't seem to give a shit about my stress - he was clearly more worried about starving kids in Africa and AIDS (turns out he didn't give a rats arse about that either. For some reason he preferred to help Bono make lots of money touring U2 around the planet).

Then one day I was sitting in fifth form math, trying to keep up with the equations being written on the board. My math stress wasn't helped by the fact that I always sat next to Harshvarden, who was a genius. An actual genius. He didn't even need to write notes down. He skipped that bit, and just wrote the answer. Not even any workings. This meant that:

- a) I couldn't copy off him properly.
- b) He stressed me out.

Then something marvellous happened that changed my life forever.

Our math teacher was a woman called Miss Cribbs. She was really good at math, but was also terrifying. She screamed at me in the playground once when I let out a terrible swearword ("shit"). She also got really mad if you didn't understand something. This was bad for my stress. Another thing about Miss Cribbs: She was massive. She was huge. She was enormous. She wore clothes that tried to disguise this; big, flowing garments that flapped about in the wind. But there was no disguising her weight. It sort of scared me, to be honest. All that weight. I knew that if the day came where I'd ever have to physically fight her, I would lose. She would pummel me with her arms and take me to the ground. She would grind her massive knees into my spine and crush me.

She represented everything that scared me at school. Somewhere, deep in my mind, she was stress.

And then the day came. She entered the room, booming on about trigonometry and triangles. She ranted at my friend Paul for not doing his homework, then glared at a girl who was talking too loud. She was about to say more, when she decided to lean on the corner of her desk. Her desk was held up at each end by a panel of wood, but the corners were curved at the bottom instead of hitting the floor at a 90 degree angle. It was pleasing to the eye, but more importantly it meant that when the table was greeted with a big object on the corner, it simply, well... tipped.

It tipped, and it was glorious. It started slowly, a little movement. A more graceful creature perched on the edge would have sensed what was going on,



and nimbly stood up. Miss Cribbs may have known math, but Miss Cribbs was not nimble; there was too much fat between the desk and the nervous system, and the movement wasn't detected. And so the motion continued, and Miss Cribbs went flying to the floor. An array of papers, a stapler, and some math books thundered down around her, as her clothes billowed in the wind of her impact. And she made a sound, too. A sort of "gufmph".

I felt a laughter and joy well up inside me like never before. I didn't feel stressed about anything. All my worries went away, and I laughed and I laughed and I laughed.

And I never got stressed about school, uni or work ever again.

The end.

Afterword: Be well, students. It's been fun writing for you. I hope some of you have enjoyed what I've written. Spencer and Rhys have done a glorious job with the magazine (they tell me this, I've never actually read the bloody thing; I'm sure it's filthy).



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POSTGRADUATE CONT.

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Notice is hereby given of an AUSA SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING to be held on WEDNESDAY 19 OCTOBER 2011 at 1.00 pm in the Student Union Quad

The SGM has been called to consider the following motion:

ALANA CHANG/

THAT the following amendments to the Constitution be made:

THAT Rule 2(i) be AMENDED by the alphabetic insertion of the new Interpretation:

2. "Queer Member" shall mean "Any member of the Association who identifies as lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, intersex, asexual, fa'afafine, or takataapui";

THAT Rule 27(iv) be AMENDED by the insertion of the following:
27(iv) (h) Queer Rights Officer

AND THAT the existing Rule 27(iv)(h) and the remainder of Rule 27(iv) be renumbered accordingly;

THAT Rule 43 be AMENDED by the addition of the following:

- 43 (viii) The Queer Rights Officer shall be responsible to the Executive for all matters that concern the Association that are connected with queer rights.

AND THAT the existing Rule 43(viii) and the remainder of Rule 43 be renumbered accordingly;

THAT Schedule 2 Rule 1 (iv) be AMENDED by the insertion of:

- 1 (iv) That in the case of the Queer Rights Officer, they shall also be a queer member.

AND THAT the existing Schedule 2 Rule 1(iv) and the remainder of Rule 43 be renumbered accordingly.

Tom O'Connor
Association Secretary

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS



LETTER OF THE WEEK: THE ULTIMATE CALLBACK

Dear Craccum,

I'd just like to thank you for the advice at the beginning of the year. I found my poo toilet. It gave me a goal in my first week of university, and has served me well ever since.

PRaises & PRaises.

P.S. Served me well except for one awkward moment, when I realised it was also someone else's poo toilet. It was then I knew I had found a good one. And we never met again.



Because this is the best callback in history, and shows you've been reading the magazine all year, you win the final Shadows bar tab! Well done, you true legend.

FOR A DOG, HANK IS A PRETTY COOL CAT.

Last week at the Flybuys Trolley Challenge I had my awesome 'puppy' *cough pony* Hank there as a mascot for our team 'Hank's Heroes'. Like every other time I have taken him out, everyone went ape shit wanting to pat him, take pictures with him and ask annoying questions about how much he eats, weighs/argues with me that he can't only be 8 months old etc. When opening up my Craccum this morning, I was overly excited (and somewhat disappointed in myself) to see a pic

of Hank with Spencer and Rhys! How the hell did I not realise that a mere mortal like Hank was getting a pic with these epic celebrities?! If I had realised, I would have asked for a photo with them myself or at least an autograph (and probably wouldn't have sighed when they asked the same questions as everyone else that day...). I only have one question, does Hank's Craccum fame technically make me a celebrity too??

Oh and feel free to steal Hank whenever you want for any sort of Craccum promotions! But be careful; he eats small children.

Cheers!

NICOLE

ADORABLE!

Dear Craccum. I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy reading your magazine, that is, whenever I get my little hands on a copy that my boyfriend has brought home. You see, I do not go to university yet for I start next year. Pretty much every article, review and hint of information for young people is really interesting and helpful. Although I can't relate to most of the inside humour within UA, I still like reading about the nifty tricks that some of the students get up to. One day I want to be a writer for Craccum. You guys are awesome, signed

LITTLEREADER(

EDITING THE EDITOR.

Dear Craccum, the true Craccum: Oh my dear lord god, that ad for Craccum 2012... I fear for the life of my children who do not yet exist. The sheer lack of English skills displayed in that advertisement - the lack of full stops and childish overuse of exclamation marks - makes me wonder about the state of contemporary education. And my god, as a photographer I weep at the sight of a stretched, disproportioned,

pixellated and badly Photoshopped image.

God help us all.

#IUSEFULLSTOPS.

THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG.

Dear Craccum,

I was annoyed by the advertisement for 2012's Craccum in last week's issue. It wasn't the run-on sentence that offended me, but the fact that once again that Dykes guy has gone and crudely shopped a white man's face onto someone else's body as a poor joke. He campaigned with a cartoonishly curvy and scantily clad cutout of Wonder Woman with Len Brown's face on it. One of his poster designs featured his face superimposed over John Carlos' during the 1968 Olympics Black Power salute. For someone who promised me thoughtful political content and an alternative to a comedy-based student mag, I expected a bit more awareness of issues around appropriation. As a white cis man, he needs to be careful not to co-opt others' marginalised identities for his own ends.

Actually, the run-on sentence does worry me too. Is next year's Craccum all going to look like that? Because, um, pass.

Sincerely,

DIANA OF THEMYSIRA

AND ANOTHER. SOMEONE SHOULD START A PROTEST.

I would just like to say, that using commas, excessively, makes a sentence, look, really, really, really, disjointed, also there is no reason, for a comma, to replace, a full stop, I hope craccum next year, will look into, removing all commas, on keyboards, just for, the lulz,

If you would, like to, contribute, to the, "no commas in Craccum" fund, get in touch, with me, unless he's

(Yes, im referring, to myself, in, third person,) still occupying K' rd!!!!!!

Contact: My fist, with your face, hard enough to put you in to a comma. Sorry, coma.

Regards,

DR FEELGOOD.

I LIKE FARRIER'S PIECES TOO.

Dear Craccum,

Thanks for the year. Some issues were great, some were crap, but you brought some good stuff to the magazine (loving the Farrier pieces) and I think a lot of people will be sad to see that stuff go. In some ways I think it could have used more thoughtful pieces but I appreciate that you guys never really tried to force stuff down our throats and left the political discourse to AUSA where it belongs. Essentially what I am afraid of is next year's Craccum, where we will likely be subjected to opinionated 'pieces' by people who know little of what they're actually talking about beyond 'yeah, like, it's like, wrong, you know?' The plug for occupy queen street (p23), a divisive situation where a future editor should exercise parity towards issues, was beyond sanctimonious.

In short, I appreciate that your weekly was a good way to inject some humour into things when we are barraged with strong opinions from all sides just going to class. Others likely join me in wishing you all the best. We could all do with some laughs given all the shit we have to deal with.

WELL, THAT'S ALL WE HOPED TO ACHIEVE FOR THE YEAR.

Dear Craccum,

Thank you for your AWESOME support of the Manu Samoa rugby team! Since Issue 18 when you declared your love for da Manuuu, you converted me totally. And my Samoan mum. Who didn't listen to my palagi dad when he said "That's just a stupid extremist student magazine" after both read another issue I casually left open, that stated other teams "don't have the raw talent, sex appeal and plucky underdog-ness" of the Manu. For some palagi peeps, your efforts are as legitimately Samoan as John Campbell's sausage sizzle against the IRB's \$10,000 fining crusade. I heard Eliota Sapolu wants to have a joint twitter account with you aswell. And too right no one can beat Samoa without cheating! We may not have thousands of red cross volunteer supporters like Tonga, but Samoa has Craccum. Winning! GO THE MANU! TK

Thank you for your kind words. It's an honour to be inducted into the best Rugby

nation in the world. We'll see you guys in four years time, when the Manu crush all challengers. Gooooo Samoa!

MAYBE WE SHOULD INSTIGATE SOME SORT OF BROAD BAN. WORDPLAY.

I'm not sure if pictures are allowed in letters of the week, but look at this shit!

Now, I'm an Arts student "everyone laughs" and we get a hard time, and yes we probably deserve it to some degree "call that a degree?". But, this year it would seem that even the University is starting to take the piss. Look at Arts 2 for example, it's honestly the fucking same paint job as my old kindergarten! However when I saw this in the Arts computer labs I was angry, DIAL UP??? WTF are you serious? Does that even exist anymore? Don't wanna waste your data cap on Arts students ay? Fuck this shit I'm going to Shads.

P.S. Rhys and Spencer you haven't been all that insulting to us in the mag this year (much to the disappointment of my commerce friends) therefore if you give me the bar tab ill share it with you at End of Daze :)

Signed,

MGOO'SMUDGE'

THANKS?

Dear *Craccum*

I have been at Uni since Semester 1 of 2006. This is a very long time. I can safely say, in this time, I have only missed about a handful of your publications. While others have been perplexed by my love for you, I take one home every Monday night and read it. It makes me happy.

You have had your ups and downs and the first issue of every year is always the same, but I have enjoyed it none-the-less.

I am now leaving Uni. This makes me sad. I will miss reading you every week. But I thought I would write in to thank you. Thank you.

xoxo

NG

OH WELL, LET THE NEW GUY DEAL WITH IT.

Dear *Craccum*,

Congratulations to ACT and their National party bum-buddies on the irreversible damage they have done to NZ's students associations through VSM. Through the fucked up personal freedom tinted glasses they like to don when talking politics, they have failed to see that in giving students this apparent freedom to choose whether or not they join an association, they are taking away the freedom to choose where student services go, how much students pay for them and

have destroyed students associations ability to negotiate with the university on behalf of the entire student body. AUSA has survived despite VSM but many associations won't. The fact that Auckland held the largest protest even though we already have VSM really speaks volumes. Let's just hope the people of Epsom don't allow the ACT candidate (John-homophobe-Banks) to win that electorate so we can be rid of them. I once overheard the ACT on campus people trying to hook members in with, "Do you think there should be a dole?" Just casually questioning the cornerstone of our welfare system. Their facebook page both the funniest and scariest thing you will ever read.

TOM

THAT WASN'T THE POINT AT ALL.

I thought about being clever and trying to win your money, but then I thought I'd just say what I think, 'cos it's always easier just to say what you think and I'm lazy.

A lot of people think *Craccum* is a worthless rag of a student magazine, full of innuendos, slander and useless craft. I think they are correct. However, it is also a forum where many important things can be said, many important issues raised, and many important jokes told. The best articles are the satirical ones, which make a strong statement under a cloak of humour. That is what I think *Craccum* does best: Strikes to the core what is important, without taking itself too seriously. Cheers.

JOKE AND DAGGER.

I DO IT LIKE A BUS.

Hey *Craccum*.

First of all, love you guys. You are awesome, with a splash of Chuck Norris.

Now for the story.

A couple of days ago, after I'd sat down on the bus for my morning Uni commute, I happened to look down and lo behold, an empty condom lay in the foot area. My first thought: Seriously? On the bus?

The fact that this was directly behind the driver at the FRONT of the bus confounded me even more. Since then, my rational mind has tried to come up with some innocent reason as to why it was there. So far I have failed. Any ideas??

CHECKING-CAREFULLY-NEXT-TIME-I-SIT-DOWN

p.s. I WILL MISS YOU DURING THE SUMMER!!

You're all very welcome and we wish you the best of luck with everything you do in your lives. How's that for a send-off?



SUMMARIES

Right, it's down to the business end of the year, which means that most of you will be studying for your exams. As such, you probably don't want to read verbose passages where I wax lyrical about this, that and the other thing. So this week I present my column in bullet point form, seeing as that's the format you'll likely be wanting from lecturers and everyone else.

- 8wired brewing was the best NZ brewery this year.
- Seriously, go try their beer, you won't regret it.
- Their barrel aged imperial stout was particularly tasty.
- As the days have been getting slightly warmer, I've been drinking more lager. Unusual for me, given my preference for ale.
- Mostly Krombacher and Pilsner Urquell. Both are good.
- The Belgian Beer Cafes appear to have put their prices up again, at least for the tap beers. You may as well drink their fancy bottled ones instead.
- Cooking with beer is both fun and delicious.
- It even goes well in desserts!
- Especially well, in fact.
- Boundary Road brewery produce the worst beers I've ever tasted.
- If you like their beer, there's something seriously wrong with you.
- It could be that you've been brainwashed.
- Pizza and beer remain the world's greatest culinary combination.
- Beervana > Liquorland Beer Festival.
- Both were enjoyable, but one was far more focused on the quality of the brew than the other.
- I need to get back into homebrewing.
- The Editors actually included me in the contributor list at the front of the magazine last week, unlike most of the magazines this year. (Sorry Stephen. At least you got your name in the title all year? - Eds)
- Ironical given that last week's column was the one column of the year that was ghostwritten.
- If you're a regular reader, you could probably tell.
- In reality I don't bottle hipsters over the head, as tempting as it may be.
- That said, sometimes the hipster methods regarding beer appreciation irritate me.
- But don't let that stop you from going out and enjoying nice beer.
- When it comes down to it, the best advice I can give is this: Eat, drink, and be merry.
- Especially if the drink is a decent brew of beer.

- Stephen Bier





RWC TEAMS EMBARRASS THEMSELVES AND THEIR NATIONS.

In a shocking twist of fate, *Craccum* has received exclusive reports of Rugby World Cup scandals that other, less awesome media outlets have failed to pick up on, perhaps due to their incompetence or incontinence.

Whilst less reputable news writers have been distracted by Dan Carter's alluring groin, maverick reporter Buck Heatley has been pounding the streets, angrily demanding news stories from passers-by in a (likely drug-induced) Hulk-like fashion.

Buck's aggressive efforts eventually led to a tip-off that a number of rugby players from different teams were all drinking together at a bar. For legal reasons and the fear of defamation, *Craccum* is unable to print the name of the bar or the names of the players involved, but we can say that their names rhyme with Shade Pooper, Lames Oh Bonnor and Loby Blood.

The players were seen to be ripping the heads off chickens in an apparent act of aggression against the French rugby team who were drinking nearby. The players then proceeded to drink the blood of said chickens whilst wildly exclaiming: "We are the lords of the game of the ovulated ball! Verily!" One onlooker described the entire process as "pretty disturbing, but still somewhat arousing."

Such loud incantations are reported to have offended other patrons in the bar who

were heard to yell back: "Tell your mates to shut up, you Justin Bieber twat!"

A bar fight promptly ensued, with the three unnamed players variously crouching, touching and engaging with bar patrons and employees in hostile combat. The players reportedly used the decapitated chickens as bludgeoning weapons whilst loudly proclaiming that they could never die.

The three players were promptly arrested and the bar returned to normal. Sensing there was more to the story, Buck followed the French team out of the bar and tracked them back to their hotel. There he witnessed a retaliatory ritual, with French players both physically and verbally abusing illegally imported kangaroos in the hotel lobby. They could be heard crying:

"You like this very much, do you not? You like us touching you in your special places!"

On the street a number of players drunkenly attacked parking meters and jumped on cars in a Doug Howlett-esque fashion.

The IRB has expressed its disappointment in this recent bout of drunken escapades, saying it was only appropriate for players to abuse human beings and that to abuse animals was "totally abhorrent". *Craccum*, on the other hand, feels this is perfectly acceptable behavior given that these men are paid to take head wounds for a living.

JIZZ IN YOGHURT NOT A CROWD-PLEASER, SURPRISINGLY.

An American supermarket worker recently handed out semen-yoghurt sample to a female customer, apparently to gain her attention.

Anthony Garcia, who was working at a store in Albuquerque, New Mexico, admitted he tainted a sample of the yoghurt he was handing out at the Sunflower Market in January. He also admitted putting some of his semen on a plastic spoon that he placed with the yoghurt.

Garcia then approached a female customer and offered her the sample.

The woman told police that after tasting the sample, she gagged and spit on the floor several times, similar to women everywhere. She then wiped her mouth on her sleeve to get the taste out of her mouth, after immediately identifying the taste. Investigators collected samples of the woman's spit from the floor and took the garment she was wearing as evidence.

Garcia was then linked to the yoghurt through DNA samples, although he did try to lie to police saying that it must have been by accident. In court, Garcia, who is 32, pleaded guilty to charges of adulterating food and making false statements to federal investigators.

Some have suggested Garcia's actions may have been in rebellion from his girlfriend's refusal to swallow, and reflect a world-wide phenomena towards spitting.

"The criminal conduct to which Anthony Garcia pleaded guilty today is completely outrageous," US Attorney-General Kenneth J. Gonzales said after Garcia's appearance in federal court. "No one should have to endure this type of experience simply because she or he accepts a food sample while shopping for groceries."

Garcia faces up to three years of imprisonment, where he too may also get to learn the "yoghurt taste." At the very least, hopefully someone will shit in his pillowcase. That happens in prison, right?



CRACCUM EDITORS VOW TO BURN ALL REMAINING BRIDGES.

In their final week of publication, the editors of *Craccum* have decided to declare war on all those they have thus far failed to criticise, humiliate, abuse and mock. In an interview, during which the editors demanded to be called Sir Spencer and Obsert Rhys, they stated their reasons for declaring this late war.

"We have no reasons," said Obsert Rhys.

"Shut up, Rhys," interjected Sir Spencer, before adding, "We have reasons. We just don't know what they are yet. Maybe I could think if Rhys stopped watching videos of turtle sex."

After a brief argument between the two including numerous profanities, the editors returned to the subject of their war.

"Everybody needs to know something about themselves that somebody hates. It keeps us all human – all on a level playing field," said Sir Spencer. "We want to make our voices heard. Our loud, judgemental voices. We can't

leave *Craccum* without successfully offending everyone we set out to offend."

When asked about how they intended to go about their war, Obsert Rhys stated:

"Basically we're just going to run up and down Symonds St, abusing people based on their appearance. We plan to make a few, scheduled attacks, particularly on the students at the music school. We feel we haven't adequately taken the music students on and told them how truly pointless their degree is. I mean, you have more chance getting into the music industry by putting a shitty video on Youtube. And who plays cello? Come on. That's just an overweight violin."

Sir Spencer added:

"We've covered the Business school and AUT pretty well. I don't know if we've covered Science but just to be sure: I blame you all for Pluto getting demoted. I hope you rot in shallow graves, you heartless people. Pluto was my life!"



On whether or not the two editors were afraid of liability for defamation, Sir Spencer said:

"Defamation who? I heard you killed a hooker last night and buried her body under the lemon tree in

your parents' backyard. How's that for defamation? Plus, I hate you. Just so you know. You piece of shit."

Have a great summer, everybody!

QUEEN STREET OCCUPATION CURTAILED BY EVERYONE USING QUEEN STREET.

The Occupy Queen Street, a copycat protest demonstration modelled on the ongoing Occupy Wall Street protests in New York, has resulted in widespread disappointment. Not only did the occupation not really have the same significance as its New York counterpart, the majority of the hipsters and political students ended up being dragged unwittingly into Party Central.

Planning the demonstrations on the same weekend as the Rugby World Cup semi-finals proved a massive oversight, with the resulting mass of rugby supporters drowning out the protesting crowd – a group which seemed to be comprised mainly of hipsters seeking to be involved in a protest they didn't entirely understand.

Many were swept along with the crowd into Party Central on the Viaduct, where they were forced to watch hours of excruciating sports footage.

Craccum talked to one hipster who told us of his traumatic experience:

"I just wanted to come into town, sit around and just be angry at the corporations. I mean, I was trying to impress my friends at the same time by being non-mainstream, but then all these people came and ruined my buzz. Honestly, they were like badly dressed Neanderthals. And having to watch hours of sweaty men tackling each other while I was

squashed between two fat bald guys reminded me way too much of this one really bad night at Cassette. Oh my god."

Another described her night as "like that scene in that movie – you know the one where there's that girl who's trying to tell everyone about why they should be vegan and they won't listen to her. You probably haven't seen it. It's a French New Wave film that they never released in New Zealand."

The Occupy Queen Street protests aimed at opposing "corporate power" and the "rampant forces of capitalism" – issues relevant more to the capital of world finance, Wall Street, than Queen Street, a street famous for having over twenty fast food restaurants. The events of the weekend left many feeling like they had been cheated, however, as many protesters were swept up into the capitalist, corporate-funded major world sporting event.

Some of the protesters attempted to fight back against the tide, calling out inflammatory remarks at police and security guards such as "bourgeoisie scum!", "corporate tools!" and "rugby has no economic benefits!" but they were reportedly met with confused stares and polite requests to not get too drunk. The police then went on trying to calm down brawling rugby fans,

ignoring the pleas of the hipster protesters for attention.

The media similarly ignored the protesters, paying attention instead to the rugby and continued speculation about groin injuries.



A YEAR IN SPORT

2011 has been an intense year in sport and even though the past three months has been nothing but Rugby World Cup, there's been the usual mix of amazing performances, terrible behavior and even a scandal or two. As a special treat today, *Craccum* is going through the best of the best, just for you.

The Hero

Andrej Lemanis has had his fair share of critics over the years. But that meant nothing when he coached the Breakers to the ANBL title, in the process giving New Zealanders our first ever title in an Australian league. He was the surprise choice to take over the team in 2005 and right from the outset, he overhauled the team and it slowly worked. With every season, the team's record improved from 9-23 in 2005-06 to 18-12 in 2008-09. They only just missed the playoffs in 2009-10 but last season, everything clicked. They lost just six regular season games before beating the Taipans in an enthralling three-game series. He may technically be an Australian but he's still a Kiwi hero.

The Villain

No surprise here who the villain is. Heinrich Brussow (*YOU PIECE OF SHIT* - Eds). The South African flanker robbed Samoa of their influential fullback for the final ten minutes of their World Cup game. How, you may ask? By being a little fucking wimp and falling on the ground after he got a bit of shove to the face from Paul Williams. Yes, Williams was holding him off the ruck but Brussow was hacking away at Williams' arms and head so an open-handed shove to the face was the least of what he deserved. How dare he roll around like Williams had done irreparable damage. Maybe Brussow is in the wrong sport? Manchester City are keen to get rid of Tevez...I'm just saying.

The New King

Nobody has been as dominant this year as Novak Djokovic has in the tennis world. This year, the Serbian took out the Australian Open, Wimbledon, and the US Open, beating the former world number one Rafael Nadal in the latter two tournaments. Upon winning those titles, he became only the sixth player in history to hold three major titles in the same year, in the process collecting in excess of US\$10 million in prize money. His singles record through to the 18th of September was 64-3. Two of those losses were in the result of Djokovic retiring through injury in relatively unimportant tournaments. With Federer beginning to show his age and Nadal's joints appearing like they can't handle the force his muscles generate, Djokovic is starting to look like the new dominant force in world tennis.

The Rising Star

Born in Afghanistan, Omar Slaimankhel wasn't always a league player. In fact, he was a very

talented union winger at Auckland Grammar. But one day, while at Mt Smart doing sprint training, Slaimankhel saw the Junior Warriors training and thought he'd chance his arm and ask for a trial. After one game he was signed and now, two years on, he's one of the most talented players in the under-20 competition and has just been announced, for the second time, in the Junior Kiwi's squad. His raw speed allows him to elude tacklers with ease and he's got a nose for the try line, with 27 tries in 25 games this season – the most in the Junior competition. Look to him to be a big talent in the future.

The Horrific Decision

For years, anyone who has tested positive for drugs has been banned from competing in the Olympic games by the IOC. That changed a few weeks ago when the Court of Arbitration for Sport decided that American 400m runner LaShawn Merritt could compete at next year in London (Merritt tested positive in 2009 for using what he said were penis enlarging drugs - I shit you not). Now that Merritt can compete, any convicted athlete can now represent their country if they make the qualifying mark. It's a disgusting move from CAS because it detracts from the spirit and prestige of the Olympic Games. If you cheat you should lose any right you have to compete for the most coveted of prizes. If it were up to me, they'd never compete at the top level again.

The Clutch Performance

When you have money on the line, the pressure is always intense and when it's US\$11.4 million, the stress levels can get pretty high. So, when Bill Haas overshot the second playoff hole at the Tour Championship and the ball ended up in half an inch of water at the bottom of a 15 foot hazard, it seemed clear that the pressure of the situation had got to him. But then, Haas did something amazing. He hit the ball to within two feet of the pin without even being able to see the flag, forcing one more playoff hole, where he won the FedEx Cup with a simple three-foot putt. That, my friends, was ultimate clutch. Check it out - http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PRXKH_mfQJ8

The Choke Artist

This year's title of biggest choker goes to LeBron James. Throughout the playoffs leading into the NBA Finals, James was on fire. Everything he touched turned to gold. While the opposition were trying to wrap up almost certain victories, James came onto the floor and started dropping threes like he wasn't even trying. He was the king. But when it came to the Mavericks in the NBA Finals, it all went pear-shaped. James averaged three points through the fourth quarter of all six games and the Heat lost



LIAM MITCHELL: THE TRUE FACE OF KIWISPORTING EXCELLENCE. SHINE ON, YOU CRAZY DIAMOND.

the title when it so clearly should have been theirs for the taking.

The Scandal

Sepp Blatter. What a man. No matter how far up shit creek he paddles, he just keeps on going. When will he learn that if you're caught taking bribes, it's best to own up, admit you've done wrong and take the punishment. But that's not the way Sepp wants to do things. Sepp wants power and money. So, when he was challenged during his re-election this year, he took it upon himself to pressure his competitor into withdrawing so he could run unopposed. And of course, Sepp was never going to be tried for taking bribes because, miraculously, there wasn't enough evidence. Blatter's behavior meant that the already tattered reputation of football has been dragged further through the mud to the point where it's almost unrecognisable. Well done.

The "Oh-So-Close"

When the World Cup draw was made in March 2009, Samoa would have been a little disappointed. In order to progress, they needed to beat two of either Fiji, Wales or South Africa and hope that other results went their way. They beat Fiji but were unlucky to lose a closely fought match with Wales and were robbed of what could have been an historic victory against South Africa when the ref made several decisions that could have turned the game in their favor. Had they been drawn in a different pool, things could have been different. But here's to hoping that they'll make the final eight in 2015. They certainly deserve it. (*One last time, a very somber GOOOOOO SAMOA! - Eds*)

And that concludes Good Sports for 2011. To all of you out there who take the time to read my 1200 word articles every week, I thank you. It's been a pleasure sharing my knowledge with you. We should do it again sometime. Can I call you? No? Ok, well I had my fun anyway. Go the All Blacks. Tamaki for life.
-Liam Mitchell

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LONELY HEARTS

JOE MCCRORY SIGNING OFF...

Kia ora, nga mihi maioha ki a koutou katoa.

What were you doing on September 10, 2007? That was 1497 days ago, by the time this issue of *Craccum* will be distributed. My journey as a student representative began that day, when it was carried with acclamation that I be appointed as interim Clubs and Societies Officer. Just over 4 years and 7 elections later, I sit here as the President writing my last column for this magazine.

It's difficult to know what to write. I understand completely that no one will be as sentimental about this as me – but it is my last column, after all. It's very close to the end – my term officially expires on December 31st, but this is the last week that I will write to you in my capacity as your student president. The work I have done for this association has truly consumed my life for the last four years. Friends, family, my degree(s), have all been pushed onto the backburner at various points throughout the past 214 weeks. Often, the day-to-day trials of a complicated job have been overwhelming and I have stumbled many times, and seen others stumble also. There have been times of absolutely exhilarating excitement and happiness; and times of absolute despair and loss.

What has kept me and many other people at AUSA motivated and active in the midst of so many distractions and complications has been the hope that what we are doing will make a positive difference for you, the students of this university. What AUSA does is for everyone, and our actions and the stances we take must therefore be in the interests of everyone. I have never accepted that the beliefs or opinions of a few should take precedence over the interests of the many. The question then is how to determine what the interests of the many are, which is obviously a difficult task. It falls then to the elected representatives of students, the AUSA Executive, to determine what this voice should be – which is why electing competent student leaders is so important. The AUSA elections really are the best chance that students have to influence the political environment at this campus, and the traditionally low turnout of students reinforces the politics of abstention that have crept into Auckland University.

I think students who choose to withhold a positive or negative opinion, rather than expressing their opinion through the democratic apparatus, are the main reason why many representative organizations such as AUSA are perceived to have low engagement with their members – the members themselves have a low engagement with expressing their ideas. Obviously this will never be fully solved; such is the challenge of a true democracy – but this is the challenge that the next generation of students to hold the reins of AUSA must face.

The way that people respond to the ideas of others and challenge their own ideas is changing, and increasingly led by digital means. Old ways of organising people are evolving. Social networking is a great example – as I noted last week, it shows how new methods can increase community involvement and debate. The relevance of these musings for AUSA is that the way we engage with students must

also change. Technology will be a big part of this, but it cannot end there. I hope that the work that I have done this year has got the basics right, and laid the groundwork for what must follow. This is not to take away from the achievements we have made, but to stress that there is so much more that must be done.

There have been many highlights throughout the last four years. Some have been very obvious to students – such as the many fantastic Orientation events we have seen, the growth of WAVE into a fully functional, independent, and effective welfare and advocacy service, and the many campaigns for increased access to education. Some have been more a bit less obvious, such as the distribution of financial grants and food parcels to students in dire need, the policy wins, achievements, and concessions wrung by student representatives on University committees, the lobbying and input that has ensured a decent level of student service provision on campus.

Voluntary student membership has been, and will be, devastating for students and it is very sad that ACT's bill was passed. VSM is a last gasp from a dying party – and I will be glad to see it replaced in time with a legislative framework that allows students to decide what works for them, rather than reducing student community and student services down to a misleading binary option on a ballot paper. There will always be students who reject the collective needs of everyone, in the same way that there will always be students dependent on the representation and support of their peers, so it's high time that students' associations are no longer used as the political football they have been for the last 20 years, and allowed get back to doing what they do best. AUSA has coped with VSM for a long time, as other universities will also be forced to. In the end, it is students that will suffer as representation and services are lost and fees are increased.

It's also good to have some perspective. It's vital to remember that there is always going to be something more important in life. Having perspective has meant that I have had fun and enjoyed the opportunities that this job has presented. I have always tried to not take things too seriously, which has helped when times have been tough. Obviously there have been critics and cynics, those who have been difficult to work with, and some motivated by some agenda or another to tear me or AUSA down. To quote Ray Smuckles of *Achewood*: "I believe it was Voltaire who said, well, then fuck them."

There are a few people that must be thanked: the various members of the AUSA Executive I have served with since 2007 who have tried their hardest to serve students, the tireless AUSA staff who work so hard for us, everyone at Nga Tauira Maori, AUPISA, and NZUSA, and the alumni and staff of the University who have supported us over the years. Personal thanks must be given to a few people. Alex Nelder went above and beyond the call of duty in 2010 as EVP, his principled stance on so many issues was invaluable, his general good



humour, taste in sports and whisky was essential. Sam Durbin took over from me as AVP at the start of the year, having done the job twice I know how hard it can be. I thank him for letting me constantly remind him of this, and for being a fantastic adviser, supporter, and friend. In Darien Pearce AUSA has a true treasure, I have relied on her talents and unflagging cheerfulness so often I will be unsure of what to do next year. Without Albie Mawdsley I would never have been able to organise anything, a campus legend and rightly so. I have no idea how Tom O'Connor has managed to do as much for AUSA as he has, but through very challenge he has never failed to managed to find a solution – his skills and advice have been much appreciated. Finally, but by no means least, thanks to Sophia, who encouraged me to run for this crazy business in the first place and has supported me throughout everything, including the insanity of campaigning. No words can express my gratitude, or love.

I think back to that first AUSA meeting I attended in 2007, now so long ago, and reflect how much has been achieved since then. There is always more to do, and to those who try and make a difference I wish the very best of luck.

I leave you with what Robert Kennedy said to the National Union of South African Students on their Day of Affirmation in 1966: "...each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centres of energy and daring those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

Hei kona mai i roto i nga mihi,

Joe McCrory

PRESIDENT

Email: president@ausa.org.nz

Phone: 09 306 6573

Mobile: 021 792 587

This house would occupy Mayfair and Park Lane.

Affirmative: There's been a lot of occupation of things recently. From Wall Street to Sesame Street, shit has been going down. The upshot is that there are a handful of people who make all the money and exploit the rest of us to do it. It's actually quite surprising that nobody crucified Marx, in retrospect. He's a bit of a prophet here. Monopoly is often the first interaction that children have with a bank. It's important that they learn the evils of corporate greed; that by building those houses on Mayfair, the residents of the brown and light blue areas are no longer able to feed their children. With the cost of a single house on Mayfair, you could be housing the impoverished on Old Kent or Whitechapel Roads. The people on Mayfair and Park Lane make too much. They told us that it would 'trickle down', I guess the joke was on us.

Negative: Isn't that the object of the game though? Accumulate money? Bankrupt everyone else? Pay no heed to social consequences because who the fuck cares as long as you have an unlimited supply of cocaine, and Brazilian hookers to snort it off? Humanity is fickle. It's easy to get vicarious highs from hearing that Osama is dead, or get mad about Troy Davis, though we never met him. Why can't you be happy that someone else is banging their secretary on the 98th floor of their latest building? Or refurbished an aircraft carrier to be a private yacht, complete with a scale model of the Monaco Grand Prix circuit? Ultimately, it shouldn't matter who does these things. When the All Blacks win on the 23rd, we'll all be happy, though our contribution to the competition was probably just universal heckling of Colin Slade. Just because it's someone else achieving our dreams, that's not reason to be mad. Get the fuck out of Mayfair, unless you can afford to pay the rent of my overpriced hotel. Who knows, maybe you'll win free parking.

Affirmative: Old Kent Road is a safe investment. Even if you're living off the "pass go, collect \$200" benefit, you're still likely able to cover the rent. Investing here means you're almost certain that the people you're swindling are at least going to be able to make good on their investments. Mayfair and Park Lane don't enjoy that advantage. People can't afford to stay there. They mortgage their properties for money from the bank, BUT JUST CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THAT SWANKY HOTEL. NEEDS MOAR HOOKERS AND COKE. This is the very essence of subprime lending. We need to stop this. Invest in such ways that we don't force people into needing the helpless bank to bail them out. So gather your dogs, top hats and boots. Get to Mayfair. Let's have a bit of a riot. We proved how fun this could be in the OGGB

just the other day.

Negative: It's in our nature to look after ourselves, and there's nothing wrong with it. Just because I'm born with the swag of Mick Jagger doesn't mean that the onus is on me to use that for good. If I don't want to wingman for you, I don't have to. Additionally, just because rioting is fun isn't a good reason to fuel misguided beliefs; it can lead to real policy shifts sometimes. New Zealand is nuclear free because a bunch of drugged up hippies thought that protesting against something safe would be fucking good times. Didn't see them protesting against sharing needles. The only advice I can leave you for this cutthroat world is this; "don't get mad, get even." Sure, I've taken your money and invested in all of the train stations. Sure, this costs you an inordinate amount of money. What do you do about it? Rob the bank. Better yet, find another set of Monopoly and rob their bank, or exploit their poor people the same way I'm exploiting you. If the people at the bottom have been bankrupted three times and are too poor to fight back, we've fought the good fight and won.

Affirmative: What is the perversity in the human soul that causes people to resist so obvious a good? There are pretty well established principles of helping other people; why shouldn't they extend to the Monopoly Board? There's still plenty of money to be had in Old Kent Road; it just needs investment. You start to get pretty reasonable turnaround once the residents have four houses or a hotel to live in. Then you can go and invest in Mayfair or Park Lane, knowing that you've done good for the world. Concepts of tax, and moreover, of progressive tax, are in place in order to try and bridge the divide between rich and poor. I'm sure we've all been hit hard by the progressive taxation system in Monopoly, paying up to 10% or \$200. Redistributing wealth is well within the rules, so as conscientious human beings, we should be maximising our potential to be good by investing in these poorer areas. Invest responsibly in Old Kent Road so that we can all reap the benefits, because unfortunately, a rising tide doesn't lift all boats.

Negative: What is the perversity in the human soul; my opponent (and his shitty economist friend J.K. Galbraith) asks? There isn't one, because helping other people isn't an obvious good. There is nothing outside of the Monopoly game. You play it, you play it to win. After the game is over, there is nothing. No matter how many people you may have bankrupted, none of it ultimately matters. Your hotels will fall down, the dog will die, and that fat dude will probably keep making money somehow. At the end of



the day, we need to maximise utility. Do drugs. Have wanton sex with packs of wild animals. Do whatever makes you happy. Board games aren't fair, but neither is occupying my street just because I won the dice roll. Just fuck off before I use this money to really make your life hell. I'll buy all the competition and make sure that rolling doubles becomes your nightmare, bitch.

- Todd "lol allegories" Livingstone.

VERDICT

Spencer says: The fact there is no mention of the little dog in this debate saddens me deeply. You Baltic Avenue DebSoc fat cats have done it again.

Rhys says: Always been more of a Cludeo man myself, but Affirmative win, on the basis that occupying *Monopoly* makes more sense than this occupying Queen Street nonsense.

Sometimes to be seriously awesome you have to be just a little bit serious. Join DebSoc next year. We debate, have bar tabs, travel the country, have bar tabs, have awesome public events, and just sometimes, have bar tabs. Sign up during O-Week next year, or email us at exec@debating.co.nz to be added to our mailing list."



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Blowing the story wide open!

The photos we weren't allowed to print.

Craccum reporters have a lot of freedom. You might even say, complete freedom, because we're not so much reporters as volunteers who bash out words and then send them through to the Editors. As a result, people generally don't pay attention to the things we do, say or report – and with good reason. Even with this complete lack of responsibility and power, once in a while the *Craccum* investigative journalism team will somehow manage to stumble upon something juicy. Usually these get disguised as jokes, slipped past the tyrannical Editors and hidden in the magazine, in the hopes that some more discerning students will be able to pick out the life-altering knowledge we've been laying down. Once in a while though, we crack upon a scoop so immensely controversial that we have to try and get it published legitimately. On more than one occasion we've been told by the Editors to absolutely bury a story for a number of suspicious reasons, but we knew better than to ask any questions, and we just did it.

However, with this being the last edition of *Craccum* for the year, we implored the Editors to print the tasty, juicy scoops we'd spent the year plucking from the journalism tree. After consulting their contract, their lawyers and almighty Allah, they agreed. Prepare to have your mind blown.



Cartoon villain recruited as racist icon.

Earlier this year, we stumbled onto a story so prolific and unimaginably intense that we scarcely knew what to do with ourselves. It turns out that the Klu Klux Klan has bought the rights to Yosemite Sam off Warner Bros. Animation and were in the process of completely rebranding him, with the goal of making vile hate and general human evil more appealing to children. The character was to be known as 'Anti-Semity Sam'. We managed to snap a quick photo of the early prototype of the character, before KKK security captured us. We were released, but were threatened with death if we were to release the character to the public before they did.



Shocking linguistic animal modification!

A few months ago, a team of linguists and scientists working deep beneath the Pentagon discovered that by ripping open a gateway to a parallel universe, they could theoretically completely change our world by making modifications to the English language. The first practical application of this theory was busting open a hole in time to add an 'O' to the word 'mongoose'. In response to this complete ignorance of the laws of time and space, a caged mongoose at the lab immediately transformed into a goose with mono. It was pretty depressing. We wanted to publish the photo we took, but Spencer and Rhys didn't want to risk more catastrophic adjustments to the universe.



Local editors gain super powers!

Following a freak electrical storm, reports indicate that two local magazine editors were imbued with god-like powers. Now the two are immensely powerful super-beings, spitting lightning and death from their fingertips, editing existence at their very whim. We were about to go to print with this juicy scoop, but an unnamed source ordered us not to, saying, "What are you doing? That didn't actually happen. That's just posters we had made."



AUSA President in leaked photo scandal!

Much like Bill Clinton before him, Joe McCrory is a terrible leader who's no stranger to controversy. We've buried countless stories for Joe over the course of the year (mainly because he's apparently yet to use his two free presidential assassinations). The juiciest, however, was the contents of a tweet that he claims was the result of 'malicious hacking'. Several months ago, Joe tweeted a shirtless picture of himself in a hotel room, along with the tweet: "About to have sex with Hayley Westenra. #imthepresident #bangthat-gavel #hourofpower". Despite the fact that Westenra has declined to comment on the incident and was not featured in the leaked image, *Craccum* cannot confirm whether or not she was actually involved, but it seems like she'd be down to fuck.



Lomu caught using performance enhancing souls!

Ever since the confirmation that the World Cup was to be held in New Zealand, Jonah Lomu has been making media appearances, making bold claims about how he was ready to return to the field and represent the nation. The nation was overjoyed, paying more attention to how fucking hard their rugby boners were than the fact that Lomu is now 41 and has spent years battling with kidney disease.

We were suspicious, so we spent a few days following Lomu around to see how he was doing it. Turns out he was buying human souls at a local graveyard, whisking them into a fine paste and ingesting them through a voodoo straw, increasing his virility and giving him superhuman rugby powers. We told him we were going to publish the photos he took, but he told us we'd better not or he'd "Fully smash us".



Kiwi Nerf tells nation it's too soft!

In early January, before *Craccum* began its print run for the year, the Nerf Airsoft Gun Corporation launched a campaign to advertise their new line of toy weapons to our country. The tagline was 'Harden up, New Zealand. You're too soft'. This explains why the accompanying 'toys' were actually just fully functioning rifles crudely painted yellow and orange. When the Commerce Commission got wind of this, they shut it down immediately and Nerf did as much damage control as they could to keep the thing under wraps. They told us if we reported it, they'd shoot us, but we're pretty sure all their guns have been seized now.



Jay-Z's mysterious secret album!

A few weeks before the world got the joyous news at Jay-Z had gotten Beyonce 'well up the duff, yo', allowing Mrs Z to add boobylicious and bellylicious to her anatomical liciousness, Jay-Z released a mysterious new album onto the iTunes store. The album, entitled *Gotta Get that Cheese*, was available for only 20 minutes before being pulled from the website. To this day, we're not sure if this is a sex fetish, a joke, or Jay Z's life mantra, but the album is something that Roc Nation Records has formally ordered us not to mention the album ever.



Mayonnaise Hand Mutant terrifies everyone.

This one speaks for itself. You can see why we didn't end up publishing it. Frankly, we're still unsure. But the people have a right to know.



Phil Goff fails to get any attention whatsoever!

A week ago, while out on the pre-campaign trail, Labour leader Phil Goff worked a six-hour shift at Britomart McDonalds. The day started out well, with at least two different media outlets (including us) showing up to cover the event. However, as the day progressed, people lost interest and Phil Goff got noticeably angry. In a *Craccum* exclusive, we are reporting that Phil Goff spent the majority of his shift jizzing into over 700 burgers. We didn't report this, though. Not because we were told not to, just because it still doesn't make Phil Goff interesting.

Nevermind Baby dies in ironic drowning.

Almost exactly twenty years after the iconic album hit the stores, the baby that featured on the cover of Nirvana's *Nevermind* has drowned in the very same pool that the photo was taken in. The media was immediately alerted to this tragedy; however when we all arrived, Dave Grohl begged us not to tell anyone "Because the last thing Nirvana needs is another tragedy." However, we're beginning to think that Grohl's appearance and 'innocence' around both these so-called 'accidents' is a little bit suspect.



Kevin James commits other atrocities that aren't *The Zookeeper*!

After the *Craccum* Film Editor fell into a state of deep emotional shock and anger after seeing *The Zookeeper*, the *Craccum* Investigative Journalism Team began to feel that Kevin James couldn't be that awful by accident – something smelled fishy, and it wasn't just Kevin James' legendarily unwashed scrotum. We tailed him for a few days and we're absolutely floored by the evil carnage he created, taking any opportunity to be terrible. We captured as many as we could on film. When he realised we were following him, he threatened us with both legal action and waterboarding. After what we'd seen him do, we thought it would be best to obey him.



The Craccies

Student journalism is an industry full of a rich complexity that might go totally unmissed and unappreciated. Indeed, if the ASPA (Aotearoa Student Press Association) Awards this year taught us anything, it's that even people who like to think they have some personal insight into the media will still enjoy Salient (Eugh!). We'd go so far as to say every award ceremony in human history has been inherently flawed. Not only because they all fail to recognise *Craccum* as the serious media powerhouse that it is (we spit the truth and people can't handle that), but also because they fail to directly pander to you, the students of the University of Auckland. Please note, that due to the nature of student journalism and the recent confirmation of VSM, the *Craccies* have been forced to take on a series of sponsors. We're just as legit as the Tuis!

Best On-Campus Personality. Brought to you by Tui.

Our University, as we all know, struggles to be anything more than a giant degree factory. When student culture occasionally tries to raise its voice and do something, the National Party and student apathy are quick to smack it with the proverbial jandal of cold reality. With that in mind, we as students should really take the time to recognise the people in and around our campus that make our lives all that more interesting just by being there.

And the nominees are:

The Enrol To Vote Guy: Everyone on campus will recognise the stern, hunched figure of the Enrol to Vote Guy.

AGM Hoody Guy: A little-known hero, this socialist legend stormed the Autumn General Meeting and attacked pretty much everyone and everything with his heated rhetoric.

The Staff at Strata: Although perhaps not seen by most students on a daily basis, the staff at the well-hidden Strata Café are a constant delight.

Albie the Building Manager: Managing to be both an incredibly lovely person and an amazingly hard worker, Albie seems to single-handedly run the day-to-day workings of the AUSA.

And the winner is:

The Enrol To Vote Guy.

Congratulations, Enrol To Vote Guy! If you've been on campus for more than a couple of days, you'll almost certainly have been approached by

this iconic wandering figure. He has been around this University daily for at least the last four years, trying to rip you out of your conversations to make fucking sure that you have a voice when it comes to matters of democracy. For many people, his skeletal form and grim, soulless determination was more than enough to guarantee they would never be actively involved in democracy, but that doesn't matter to the Enrol to Vote guy. Once you're enrolled, his job is done and he moves on to his next target with ruthless efficiency. Well done, Enrol to Vote guy, for grinding out the win with your sheer 'won't leave you alone' attitude.

The 2011 Willy Wonka Best Faculty Award.

A lot is made in *Craccum* about which faculty and/or school is the best. Why is this important? Can't we all just agree that everyone needs to follow their own heart and do what appeals to them? No. That's a weak sentiment. Weak like a Philosophy major. Intense and needless competition is what keeps this university running, damn it.

And the nominees are:

Engineering: The Engineering Department is, traditionally, a massive fan of dick jokes. We like that.

Arts: Both Spencer and Rhys are (technically) Arts majors, and that's got to count for something.

Fine Arts: Not only have the Fine Art school tolerated our jokes about them being a gay bar, but they contributed most of the covers for the second half of the year.

Science: Mainly nominated for the Biology building (or as it is commonly known "The Hall of Stuffed Nightmares").

And the winner is:

The Fine Arts School.

Way to go, Fine Arts! You nailed it! Yeah...OK, look. We know you guys didn't really deserve this award. But there was just so much pity we had to take into account. No one knows where you are. No one knows what you do. No one really understands why you're a part of our uni and not AUT. But we think you're pretty... OK? Hopefully this largely meaningless award will look aesthetically pleasing next to your largely meaningless degree, taped to your empty fridge in your studio apartment you share with four other creative types.

Chronic News Story of the Year.

Although *Craccum* doesn't necessarily believe that news is an important part of our lives, we are sort of aware that it is out there happening. We even decided to give it an award, because we think that giving an award to a piece of news – which is more of a concept than a human being or animal capable of receiving an award – is just silly! How delightful. It's not like it's a news journalist or anything. You can't physically award it anything. Where would it even keep it?

Nick Cage arrested in Paris: Just like his many movie characters, Nick Cage took actions into his own hands, verbally assaulting his wife in public in a vain attempt to get back in print.

Abstain for the Game: Telecom and Saatchi & Saatchi's well-publicised blunder made us all wonder what the fuck the CEO of Telecom thinks satire is.

Happy Feet the Penguin: A penguin apparently got lost up here and we named it after a movie about penguins. Genius.

Christchurch Quake leading to long overdue Scribe remix: The silver lining in the Christchurch Quake was Scribe's powerful, clever and not at all exploitative remix of his classic track 'Not Many'.

And the winner is:

Nick Cage arrested in Paris.

Nicholas Cage's life may not always be the Best of Times, especially when he drinks a bit much and finds himself a wee bit Moonstruck. What can Nick do though? He's Wild At Heart. He can't help that. But one thing that could spell the Kiss of Death for Nick's career (and indeed, his place as a National Treasure) could be the aggressive Face/Off he had with his wife a few months ago. We should all be thankful this Ghost Rider wasn't carrying his 8mm or things could have got really Bangkok Dangerous. You deserve this award, Nick. It could be your last. National Treasure 2.

Most Offensive Joke, Proudly Sponsored by Mitre 10.

We love jokes here at *Craccum*, and the edgier they are, the better. But sometimes people go too far. Sometimes they dive over the line of good taste like a rugby player scoring one of those 'tries' we've been hearing so much about. That's not to say that they're good jokes, but by golly,

they're offensive. These are the sorts of jokes that make a jaw drop, a nun blush and a priest get a hard-on. And if you thought that was a bit rude, strap the fuck in.

ACT on Campus and the rape joke: If you haven't heard about this, basically, ACT on Campus love to do awful things and not properly apologise for them.

Voluntary Student Membership: What started out as a hilarious stupid idea the government was putting forward has become a reality. Joke's on us.

AUSA President Joe McCrory "Shamefisting": Less of a joke, more of an actual proposition Joe left with us. We're not exactly sure what shamefisting is, but it does not sound pleasant.

Craccum's 'Racist Toys' article: Throughout the year, *Craccum* has always struggled to see the fine line between comedy and hate speech, and last week we might have finally crossed it.

And the winner is:

Craccum's 'Racist Toys' article.

Because what's the point in giving out awards if we go home empty-handed? But seriously folks, *Craccum* would like to thank you all from the bottom of our hearts for giving us this award. There have been a lot of times over the course of this year where we've had to keep our terrible personal views in check, because we wanted to keep our jobs. But last week's freedom of having only one issue left meant that we broke down the walls of good taste and made the naysayers and the hippies and the corporate fatcats lick our buttholes.

The Cash Converters Award for Best Use of the Word "Fuck"

The word fuck is probably the most important word we know here at *Craccum*; it is the pepper on the food of language; it is the word we seek in times of sadness, pain, happiness and ejaculation. Used on an almost minute-by-minute basis, it seems hard for some of the times it's been said to stand out. That being said, here are the nominees!

Co-Welfare Officer Sam Bookman: He just says it *weird*. He really puts the emphasis on the ck when he says fucking, which is more often than you'd think.

Most of the players in the RWC: The beauty of the word fuck is that it is easily lip-read, and those brutes have been throwing it about with abandon.

The Mysterious Stranger: We were working late one night, and we heard it singing out from the Quad. It was borderline poetry.

John Key: Our Prime Minister has a habit of ending parliamentary media swarms with a 'Fuck, yeah!' once he thinks the cameras are out of earshot. The video montage on Youtube is incredible: tinyurl.com/3wnv2n9

And the winner is:

The Mysterious Stranger.

Imagine the scene: it is late one Wednesday evening, we're trying to get our magazine ready in time. Suddenly, out of the Quad, we hear loud, clear and full of pain: "FUCK my ass with a piece of broken glass from the Holocaust, then the wound gets infected, then a spider gets in there, then the spider starts making racial slurs out of my ass and I get blamed for it!" By the time we went to check who it was yelling this amazing sentence, they had disappeared into the night. We don't know you, good stranger, but thank you.

Most pointless press release, proudly brought to you by the Vodafone Warriors

Every time we check our emails, there's more than likely another press release sitting there from a PR company. Sometimes it's awesome, and they want us to review a book or a game or give us stuff to give away to you guys. But most of the time it's from a PR person or a group that wants to know if "we'd be interested in covering" something, which is another way of saying they want free advertising. We've been diplomatic all year, but now is our chance to say: Fuck all of you. We're almost never interested in the boring, shitty things that you've got going on in your lives. Here are some of the more pointless ones.

Robbie Williams to release entire back catalogue: He used to be the biggest thing in pop music. Now he's a douche with too many tattoos for someone who sings swing music. You are not relevant, Mr Williams.

Everything Bill Williams sends us: Bill Williams is the Senior Communications Advisor at Auckland Uni. Every now and then we get something from him that literally bores us to tears. You are not relevant, Mr Williams.

Robin Williams Stand Up Show: Comedy geeks know Robin Williams from his brilliant performances in the late 70s and films like *Good Morning Vietnam*. Nowadays, he's just the dude who made *Bicentennial Man*. You are not relevant, Mr Williams.

Topless Sonny Bill Williams: Yes, the rugby player. It looks like they were taken in his bathroom. We're not sure why he sent them, but we decided not to publish them because it's not really journalism. You are not relevant, Mr Williams, but my god are you hotttt.

And the winner is:

VOTE OF NO CONFIDENCE.

Because the premise of this particular award has long outstayed its welcome.

The Just Juice Person of the Year Who Looks Most Like A Sex Offender

Some people just have the look of a sex offender. It has nothing to do with anything, certainly not their actual propensity for offending with their sex. We have no grounds to accuse any of these

people of being actual sex offenders, and we do not intend to. But these dudes just look creepy, and we'll never know for sure.

Marc Ellis: Maybe it's the rugby culture, maybe it's the fact that he probably has a pinball machine in his house, but Marc Ellis acts like a young lad, and it's weird.

Green MP Gareth Hughes: It's just his face. The skin is too tight, the eyes look like the night sky. He just looks like something he's done has broken his soul, and the souls of others.

The Election Guy: It's the glasses and the leering that earned him multi-category nominations. Not a credible candidate, since he's here every day, and we feel like we'd know about it by now.

Mike Puru: Media personality and Maori, Mike Puru is short, portly, and loves a laugh. *A little too much, eh, Mike?*

And the winner is:

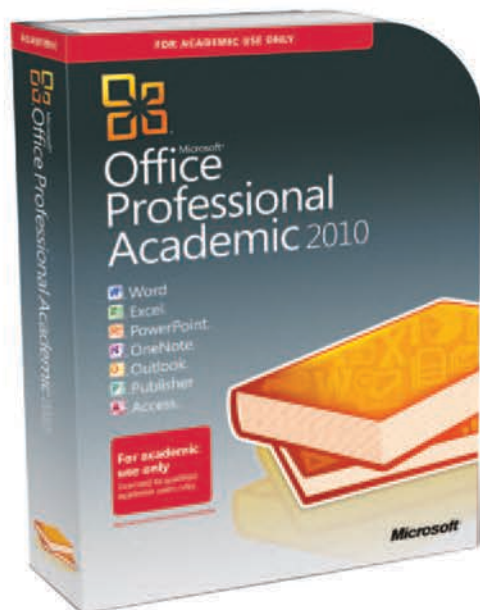
Mike Puru.

We've learned to be suspicious of people who are that nice. They always want something. What do you want from us, Mike? Your teeth are too white - it's clear that you whiten them. It's unsettling. I bet you have a very strong musk that you cover up with cologne. But your pheromones aren't helping you here, Puru. We're onto you.

Congratulations to all the winners! To the losers, if you're going to kill yourself, at least do it in a bathtub. See you next year!



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Buck Heatley 3:

THE ABDUCTEES' FALCON

So, it'd come to this - kicked off the magazine staff and shackled up like some brain-dead palooka at the Grafton Rehab Centre. The doctor was staring at me with her cold, heartless eyes. Like all women I seemed to find myself at the mercy of, she was beautiful - beautiful like the first hit of meth at sunset. The cuffs around my wrists and the unwanted erection in my pants were a cold reminder she was in charge.

Not my finest day. But then again, not many good days start with shitting on your editor's desk and tackling somebody's grandmother. Meth-stacy kept you on a short leash, and when it felt like tackling pensioners, it was a rollercoaster you had to be on.

The skirt with the clipboard looked over at me. Everything was washed out, like I was looking through the bottom of a glass.

"How are you feeling today, Mr. Heatley?" the blonde said. Usually I had something witty to say about the way her breasts were large and her legs were long, but clean living had, shall we say, ruined my ability to formulate interesting sentences.



The Doctor seemed pretty, sure. But I had a pretty strong pair of sober goggles on and my interpretations were all screwed up.

"Well, dollface, it's getting easier. I just take it day by day, in here."

The blonde wrinkled her brow, but I didn't understand what this meant. Body language and social cues had gone out the window with my prize-winning collection of meth, ecstasy and Peruvian licking toads.

"Mr. Heatley, this is your admission assessment. You've been here for 40 minutes."

I raised an eyebrow and flashed the crazy broad some of the winning Heatley smile. She recoiled in disgust. Or was it arousal? Again, I couldn't read people in my

disturbingly lucid state. "That's crazy, kid. I've been here for days."

"Mr Heatley, police arrested you this morning. Given your background of intense drug abuse, they decided to keep you here rather than a holding cell until they can get you to trial."

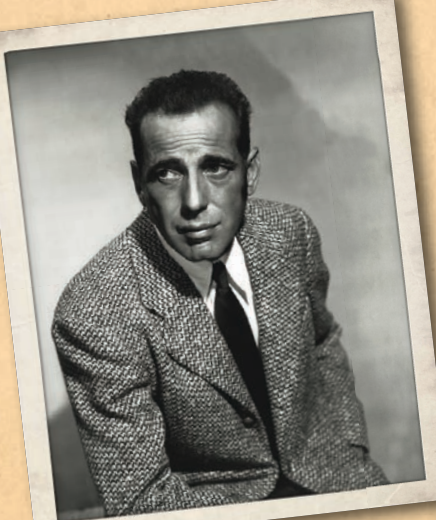
I tried not to react, not to give away my hand. This was clearly a conspiracy. At the moment, two things were very clear. One: I had to get out of this place, to clear my good name. Two: My tongue was so fucking itchy. Ah. So itchy.

This wasn't the first time this had happened. They'd tried to make me go to rehab, but I'd said "Maybe this controlling attitude is why your wife left you and your sister killed herself." The crack had made me snap. I snapped, crackled, and then popped another pill. But that was long ago. I returned to the matter at hand. Based on her face, it was clear that my thought process had been a slow one. When I glanced at the clock behind her, I realised I'd been sitting in silence for 15 minutes. And that I'd crapped myself.

The broad sighed, craning her neck to the guard behind her - Jesus! Where'd he come from? Fuck me. "Go clean him up, then put him with the others."

So this was what it was like on the inside, I thought to myself as I was dragged down a corridor and thrown into a shower block. The tepid water washed away the grime and shit that had been built up from 30 years of tough-knocks journalism. Sure, I'd only been a reporter for 15 years, but the crack, the meth, the K and the heroin had added a few years on. Oh well, I had no problem with living 15 years longer than most. And they say there's no upside to drugs.

I was yanked out of my shower time epiphany and thrown into a padded cell. I tried to gather my thoughts, but they were bouncing around the room and flying back at me like a game of squash with an anti-Semite. I wasn't sure how I was going to get



I was alone in that padded room, forced to deal with my encroaching sobriety. God, was my face itchy.

out of here. One thing was for sure: sobriety was doing wonders for my impotence. I still had this raging chub-on that didn't look like it was going to shrivel up the minute something touched it. After thrusting for a few minutes between some of the wall cushions of a convenient height, I was ready to make my escape.

Lucky for me, I'd always been prepared for the day they tried to institutionalise me. It was easy to sneak something through a strip search if you were clever. I reached for the ecstasy tablet I kept between two of my smaller toes and popped it in my mouth. It had a slight zing to it that only comes from spending months nestled between various fungi. As the chemicals started to hit my body, I could feel the cogs starting to move again in my brain and my concealed flesh pistol shrinking back into his chemically induced coma. I had maybe 72 hours before my trial. I searched the room for any point of weakness or anything that could be of use if the opportunity to make a break arose.

After a few hours of digging (both at the wall and at my itchy skin), I found that one of the corner floor pads near the door had a hollow ring to it. Sure enough, it swung upwards, and a slightly sullen face welcomed me to what seemed like an underground community.

"So you're the new guy. Name's Heathrow," the face said, "Like the airport I tried to blow up because it was contro--"

I punched him in the face. No one gets the upper-hand on Buck Heatley.

"LET ME INTO YOUR LITTLE LOVE SHACK or you've got another thing coming, fella."

"Dude, what the fuck? I was going to let you in anyway."

I slid down the tunnel and found that almost every inmate of this loony bin had access to this network. It reminded me of when I was covering the Viet Cong in the 70s. My suppressing fire saved the lives of dozens of freedom fighters, and hopefully I took out a few of Uncle Sam's nephews along the way. After a long winding crawl through the dimly lit caverns, I met the leader of the operation, a man who was dressed head to toe in mole hides. He had the head of a lizard and fingers the size of giant novelty pencils. He called himself Agathor, and-

The door to my cell opened, and I snapped back to reality. Who needs acid when you're coming down off heroin, I chuckled to myself as I slowly stood up. This wasn't the same burly man-nurse that had thrown me in here in the first place. He looked unsure of himself.

"Alright, Mr Heatley, I'm to walk you to see Dr. Phelps, OK?" the nurse stammered.

"Sure, kid. First week on the job?"

"I'm not allowed to converse with patients, Mr. Heatley."

"Come on, kid, I'm just a harmless former addict who's going to stomp all over your junk."

"Wha-?"

BAM! Kick to the nuts. He doubled over in pain. BAM! My second nut kick felled the weak little man.

"Don't you know drugs make you impotent, Mr..." I realised my pithy line wasn't going to come off, because I hadn't bothered to learn this poor fellow's name. To cover this journalistic faux pas, I threw in a few more nut-shots to pepper the rib kicking he was suffering. Taking his clothes, I managed to walk out of the facility with zero hassle and as many meds as I could carry.

I went to one of my many hideouts and started getting my thoughts together. Of course, the only way to do this was to restore my body to the levels of toxification it was used to. It took the better part of the evening to get me back to match-fitness, and I could feel my instincts humming again. I briefly reflected on my career. How interesting that I'd found a job that relies so heavily on English, when at school I'd always been better at meth. I ran off into the night, lungs and veins as black as the night sky.

I thought back. "Just one more story," I'd said to the Chief. I just need that one last hit, that one last rush of journalism-grade heroin, and the only way I could pay for it was with the only skills I had. He'd told me that I'd been fired months ago and that they had another reporter on the payroll as my replacement. Chief always had a knack for jokes.

I slumped back into my offices, trying to find my rolodex of contacts, snitches and heroin informants. But everything was wrong. New chair, new desk, my wall of torn out FHM photoshoots was missing completely. Something was wrong here, and it wasn't just the feng-shui.

I started snooping around the desk when the door opened.

"What the hell are you doing in my office." Ah. My successor. What a convenient heroincidence. He was a short, little weedy prick of a man. Based on his size, I'd say his feet and head were in an intense romance, and they wanted to be as close together as possible.

"I think a better question is what the fuck have you done to my office, you cunt." Aggressive, but I had to get him on the back foot.

"Sorry, but I've been assigned to this office for two months now. Wait, you're not Buck Heatley are you?"

"You're damn right I am. The Chief called me in to give you some pointers." The lies dribbled out of my mouth like vomit during an overdose. "Apparently your work hasn't been up to scratch the past few weeks."

There it was. The flicker of self-doubt in his eyes. Any reporter worth his salt has the self-confidence only brought by a full-time cocaine habit. But he was a newbie. I pounced on his unsureness.

"The Chief said my work was of a high stand."

"The Chief is saying what he has to to make you keep bringing him content. But you're green as my glans, kid. What's your name?"

"Fred Dangerfield," he replied.

"Well, you sack of- Dangerfield? Really? That's a great reporting name. Well, you sack of shit, what have you got at the moment?"

"Er, this Voluntary Student Membership thing's gonna take effect soon, the prices have been going up around campus, and the bookstore is grossly understocked in critical areas," Fred replied. He hadn't realised I'd been asking if he had any drugs. Rookie methtake.

"Jesus Christ, kid. Alright, well I've got something for you that's better than all three of those weak-ass stories combined. We're leaving."

"But I have an Econ 203 assignment due in an hour, I can't ju-"

"GOD DAMN IT, FRED, do you want to spend the rest of your life with a crippling addiction to most narcotics or do you want to give up on your dream of becoming an ace reporter? Now get your coat, and let's crack this case! Stick with me and you can go from zero to heroin!"

"Did you say hero-?"

I cut him off, signalling to the door with my flaccid member.

As we drove in his Nissan Lucino (lame) back to the mental asylum, I filled him in on how someone had framed me, wanted me out of the picture. I may have fudged the details a little bit about spear-tackling some geriatric bitch. But this guy was a nothing. I could tell he didn't have the substance to make it as a journalist. The illicit, class-A substance. I'm talking about meth.



I didn't know this Dangerfield kid, but unluckily for him I had no qualms about punching strangers. I've done it before, and I'll do it again.

I waited in the lame car while Fred went to reception to get some information on the people who had admitted me. A few minutes later he returned with a name and a location: Dr. Phelps, in her office, with the information I needed.

"Cluedo," I said.

"Did you just say 'Cluedo' like 'Bingo'?"

"Hey, Fred?"

"Yeah."

"Fuck up."

We snuck around the grounds of the rehab

centre, and found the window of Dr. Phelps' office. The light was on. We were in luck. I dove through the window, the glass shattering at my feet like my first trip to a meth lab. Fred entered through the open window to my right, and picking broken glass out of my face like it was my last trip to a whorehouse, I confronted the buxom doctor.

"What's up, whore?"

Fred cut off my train of thought, which was also the train that delivered the drugs to my brain. "Are you trying to be Bugs Bunny or are you just-"

"GOD DAMN IT FRED, NOT NOW."

"What's going on here? I'm calling the nurses." Dr Phelps screeched like a howler monkey on meth. Good memories of my last trip to the zoo flashed through my head.

She reached for the phone, but my heightened meth senses had predicted that something like this would happen. I jumped over her desk and ripped the phone out of the wall.

"And now, Doc, time for a taste of your own medicine," I grumbled pulling out all the meds I had stolen from this very facility at an earlier time. Wait, what day was it? I always lose a few when I'm cranking a crack buzz. My toes felt blue. Regardless, I took a fistful of pills and rammed them into Dr. Phelps' mouth. "Now," I said, "You have about five minutes to tell me who the hell is after me. Talk."

"WHAT THE FUCK, BUCK? THIS IS NOT REPORTING!" Fred had that terrified look in his eyes. What a pussy. Not only did his whining irritate the fuck out of me, but it meant I couldn't hear what the doctor was murmuring. All of a sudden her eyes went wide, she started shaking violently, and there was a light frothing at the corners of her mouth. Death took her like I took meth - quickly and completely. She must have slipped a cyanide pill when I wasn't watching.

"Holy fuck she's dead. You killed her - you killed her - you killed her. Oh my lord, what have we done?" Fred fell to the ground shaking like the disco ball in the bedroom of that disco van I owned in the 90s. I missed that van, but I didn't have time to dwell. Tearing through the filing cabinets, I finally found the papers that had led to my



Turns out she was beautiful. But all the beauty in the world couldn't save her from a mouthful of pills and a deranged reporter out for revenge.

admittance. While the caller had been anonymous, it did mention that I showed a strong feeling of antagonism towards birds.

And suddenly it all heaved into focus like an adrenalin shot to the heart. I jumped out the window, and as I raced back to the car I heard the sounds of Fred being arrested for, at an educated guess, murder two with a side order of breaking and entering.

It was time to go back to where it all began.

I kicked in the door of my editor's office. A look of fear shot across his face before being replaced with practised calm.

"Buck, I thought I banned you from this office."

"A strong feeling of *antagonism* towards birds."

"What are you talking about?"

"How many people do I know who own birds, Chief?"

"I don't know what's going on. Is this the meth again? The H? You need help, Buck." His eyes shot over to the pet falcon he had caged on his sideboard.

"And you thought you'd be the helping hand that got me arrested?"

"You shit on my desk and then scooped it up using a picture of my dead mother and threw it at my falcon's face."

"He was cursing me in his native tongue!"

"You were shitting on the- Look. I'm going to ask you nicely to leave. If you go now, I won't call the cops."

"You call the cops, I will molest this falcon."

"What? Your dick looks like fresh roadkill, we've both know that. Only one of us wishes that he didn't."

"Make that two," I said, becoming stern.

"What? I don't... I'm calling the police now." The Chief said, picking up the phone and putting his hand on the keypad.

"Curveball!" I shouted, as I whipped out a packet of the one drug I hadn't tried.

"You wouldn't."

"Oh yes I would," I said, as I downed four of five Viagra pills. The heroin made it a little hazy, but the meth made it kick in like a motherfucker. I reached into the falcon's cage and heard it squawk and scratch as it tried to resist my ever tightening grip.

"OK! OK. What do you want?!"

"Full salary pension. And my office back. But don't expect me to do work."

"You couldn't work here if you wanted to. But fine, you'll get your god-damned pension."

"And I want the bird."

"I can still call the cops, Buck."

"Fine. In that case, I'll need two cushions."

"Deal. Now Buck?"

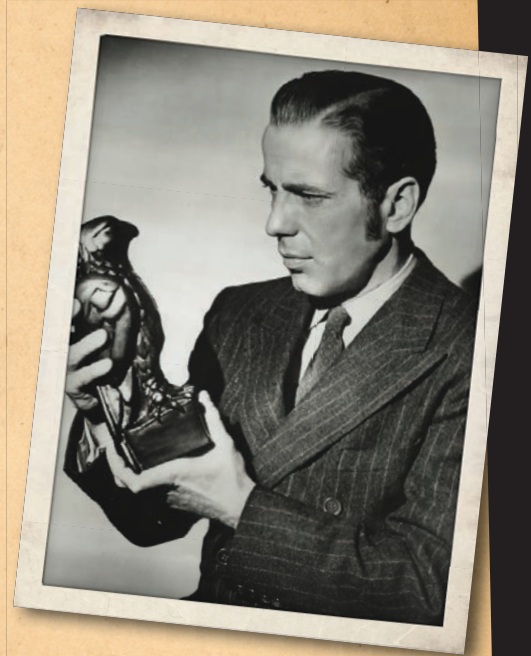
"Yeah, Chief?"

"Get the hell outta my sight."

As I walked down a darkened alley, away into the night, I thought of the chief and the year we'd shared together. I momentarily wondered if he'd miss me, but that thought

disappeared as quickly as my bladder control when I jumped back on the H horse and rode away forever.

Buck Heatley, Former Ace Reporter, Current Drug-Fucked Pensioner.



I fucking hate falcons. But they are pretty erotic.

ADVERTORIAL

PROFILE: LADI6

A sultry voice with razor sharp wit and a stage show to match, Ladi6 is New Zealand's leading hip-hop soul artist and in her own right, an emerging international star.

Highly decorated at home and abroad, Ladi6's career, beginning with seminal all-girl crew Sheelahroc, is embossed with industry awards, considered critical acclaim, countless support slots alongside a who's who of respected local and international music icons and tellingly, gold certified New Zealand sales of her 2008 debut long player *Time Is Not Much* (now available internationally via BBE Records). And having completed over sixty tour dates across Europe and the UK during the second and third quarters of 2010, with a view to return in 2011, she can now count amongst her friends and contemporaries Mayer Hawthorne, Masta Ace and Gil Scott-Heron.



Having developed her lyrically introspective smoky soul soundworld over years of consistent touring and considered features alongside an Antipodean elite including the likes of 50HZ, Shapeshifter, Fat Freddies Drop, Scribe amongst others, while *Time Is Not Much* represented a

lucid summary of her career to date, her new album *The Liberation Of...* is a game changer. Recorded over two months in Berlin with production duties shared between her producer and DJ Parks and German beat auteur Sepalot, *The Liberation Of...* represents a logical continuation of the Ladi6 sound –

deeper, denser and immaculately considered in sound and message.

As a statement of intent, *The Liberation Of...* clearly grounds Ladi6 and her collaborators as willing to dive headfirst without fear into the



sea of creativity. At the same time, it issues a clear assurance that regardless of where the rollercoaster takes her, Ladi6 physically isn't capable of forgetting where she comes from, who she represents and the concept which her music represents to many listeners – unity.

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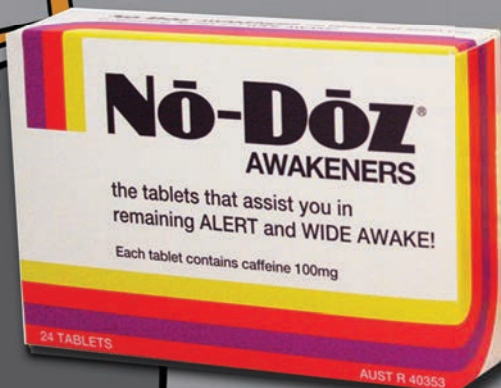
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Man or Myth?

The Story Of Native American Pan Pipe Man

It was a Thursday night last year. Not just any Thursday night, but the night on which the elections for AUSA positions had closed and the winners would be announced. Spencer and I were sitting in Wendy's on Queen St (Spencer would later start going to the gym and minimising the amount of fast food he ate. I continued to eat my feelings throughout this year and grew a terrible beard to attempt to hide my double chin) awaiting the news, when something happened that changed our lives. Like Joseph and Mary we got visited by something that logic and science cannot explain. This was my first introduction to Native American Pan Pipe Man.

He was stocky but not fat, had leathery skin and hair that had been braided. What set him apart from a similar looking homeless man fingering his dick on the other side of the room were his eyes. These two dark pools had seen the centuries unfold amidst the rise and fall of nations, and they saw beyond flesh straight to the soul of a man. He was silent for a time, his calmness flooding our table. He had every ounce of our attention, and not just because he had sat at our table and helped himself to Spencer's chicken nuggets. Clearing his throat, he began.

"Here's one for you," he said in that earthy accent, "My sky-brother and I were talking about Chief Running Bear the other day. Boy, has he gotten fat lately. Pretty soon he'll be called Chief Running Over Short Distances, Followed by a Rest Period Bear!" And with that, he began to furiously play his pan pipe for no more than five seconds. *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!* The burst ended as abruptly as it started. I wasn't sure what had just happened. I think he had told a joke. And my suspicions were confirmed when my nervous chuckle was met with a serene smile. "A good joke, aye? I am the Native American Pan Pipe Man, and I am here to bring smiles to your dials."

Genesis

The Native Americans have a long history as a people of storytellers and musicians. The pan pipe, also known as the pan flute, was believed by their ancestors to somehow connect to the spirits of the world. They were of course entirely wrong in this belief, but the connection between the pan pipe and Native American storytelling had been forged. Each tribe had its own piper, and each piper had to learn the stories of his predecessors. Over the years, despite the corporate mergers of tribes like the Sioux and the Jumano, these pipers still maintained the heritage of their people.

"I was chosen by my tribe to be the carrier of our history. It was 800 years of narrative. Needless to say, my arms became quite strong!" *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!* Again, his pan pipe seared through the silence that had followed his punchline. It appeared that he could not help but make his 'jokes'. When I asked about how he made the leap between storyteller and comedian, a solemnness came over him, and he played a solitary, low note. He seemingly disappeared from our table, yet he did not vanish – one moment he was there, and we'd never noticed the transition to him not being there. We were focused on how that note had chilled us to our very cores. I thought that would be the last time I saw Native American Pan Pipe Man.

Exodus

A laptop, some free wireless and a googling later, we were no closer to finding out anything about this man. As it turns out, typing "Native American

Pan Pipe Man" into a search engine isn't going to provide results that can be described as specific. But the image search proved for some interesting results. What came up were not pictures of pan pipe bands, nor Native Americans, nor pictures of Amerindian porn, after we'd turned Safe Search on. Instead, what we were faced with were pictures of major world events from the past fifty years. The Berlin Wall, The Camp David Accords, Nixon's stepping down from office – there was no linking text or anything, just the idea that somehow all of these images were related to someone or something similar to the man we just met.

"Sorry about that, I had to go to the john. My people have a saying: if a bear is hunting by the stream, maybe move to another urinal." *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!* Native American Pan Pipe Man sat back down at the table, scooping up a handful of my fries as he descended. "Don't worry, I washed. What was your question again?" And so the tale of his comedic birth unfolded.

Native American Pan Pipe Man had the duty of storyteller thrust upon him. Not wanting to disappoint his father, Sitting Duck, and wanting to finally get his hands on a quality pan pipe, Native American Pan Pipe Man accepted his duty. He felt the desire to make people laugh simmering within himself, and it was only with the death of his father in a hunting accident that he began to question his choices. "My father died while we were shooting deer for our family. With guns, of course. I was so sad. It wasn't even duck season!" *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!* "But seriously, it was a devastating time for me." Deciding to pursue his dream of making the world laugh, he chose to tell the stories of his people through the medium of comedy.

The elders of his tribe saw this as an affront to their ancestors, and got their traditional medicine man, Greying Thoughtful Bison, to place a curse on Native American Pan Pipe Man. "I had wanted to bring the world peace through laughter, and they had said that only when I had made good on my claim would the curse be lifted. Talk about a dick move!" *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!*

A plot thickening like corn starch

The curse, it seems, was that Native American Pan Pipe Man was forced to wander the earth, never dying, until his goal had been reached. I wasn't sure how old our mysterious visitor was, due to his youthful skin and avoidance of directly answering my queries as to his age. But based on his ever-mystifying anecdotes, he had been around for quite some time.

"I remember when I first gave Dreaming Lion his spirit name. Amongst my people, it is called a spirit name because there is usually a lot of rum involved!" *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!* I laughed, but my concentration was on searching the internet for anyone by the name of Dreaming Lion. As it turns out, there was a man known as the Dreaming Lion for a time in the late sixties. I better knew of him as Martin Luther King. My mind was spinning. How on earth did this man know ML motherfucking K?

As it turns out, Native American Pan Pipe Man's curse has also been somewhat of a gift. He proposed that due to his extra-temporal nature, the universe had decided to use him as an agent for good. "I don't know how it happened, but I always ended up in the right place at the right time. I think it was largely due to my part-time catering job. You know what they say, you gotta go to work to get food on the



table!" *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!* This catering job allowed the man who claimed to be a pawn of Fate access to some of the most powerful people in the world. And when they needed guidance, or even just cheering up, he would tell them his jokes and play his pan pipe. Suddenly, it was all starting to make sense. "I'll tell you the joke I told Menachem Begin back in '79. Chief Crazy Horse walks into a bar. The barman says 'Why the long face?' And Chief Crazy Horse says 'Because I have just come from the Battle of Little Big Horn, where I watched my brothers-in-blood lay down their lives for the good of my people.' " *FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!*

The secret to his power

We sat there stunned as this pleasant, humble man continued with his subpar humour and unparalleled pan pipe skills. There was no way that this man could be anything but genuine, I knew that from the bottom of my boots to the top of my top hat as a universal truth. And since I had discovered the why of his existence, I was only left with figuring out the how.

Native American Pan Pipe Man soon explained that the usual source of inspiration for his jokes was peyote. A quick trip to Wikipedia revealed that this was a type of cactus that led to some pretty intense psychedelic journeys. When asked how often he used the drug, Native American Pan Pipe Man replied "I'm actually on it right now, and let me tell you, this desert plain has had more fluorescent lights and actual food than any of my other trips. Thank you so much for sharing with me. You guys have been the nicest desert lizards I think I've ever talked to." And with a final blow on his pipes, this mystery man fell backwards out of his chair, stumbled to his feet, took out another couple of tables, and then wandered off into the night, perhaps never to be seen again.

To this day, I will never be sure if Native American Pan Pipe Man was real, or a fatigue-induced hallucination after a hard week's election campaigning. What I do know is that he changed my life forever, and sometimes, if I listen hard enough, I can still hear on all the colours of the wind, the distant sound of

FWEET-HOU-CHOO-TEE!

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THE LAST LAUGH

Given that *Craccum* has spent an entire year trying to make you laugh and help you avoid doing work in your lectures, it seems completely unfair that we're being yanked from your clutches just before the study break. Procrastination is hard enough, even when our amazingly hilarious magazine is around to keep you from listening to that fifty-year-old lecturer droning on about god-knows-what (seriously, I have no idea what degree I'm even doing at this stage).

Craccum hears your agony. We're good like that. In an effort to tide you over, we've compiled a comprehensive list of all things hilarious to keep you from having to crack open that study book and actually do some work. Ugh. God. That sounds fucking awful. If you've liked what we've done this year, in terms of the jokey-jokes all the time, chances are that everything on this list will be right up your comedic alley.



MAGIC HUGS.

Magic Hugs are the first online sketch comedy group we're going to mention on the list, primarily because they have a similar dynamic to Spencer and Rhys. This American duo have done a whole range of sketches with their mates, usually with a pretty decent level of production value. What makes Magic Hugs so fucking hysterical is their complete willingness to try almost any idea on the off chance it'll elicit some form of laughter. The combination of the manic,

aggressively loud and funny Scott Blair with the comparatively laid-back, quiet Tim Wilkerson always leads to comedy gold. Head on over to magichugs.com and let these guys fuck up your shit with laughter.

Worth checking out: The entire *How to be Tight* series – a short webseries spoofing every MTV show ever, with an almost endless supply of words like 'chill', 'tight' and 'pfffft'. Fucking gold, especially if you hate MTV shows as much as any normal person should.

If you only have time for one: Watch *Hot Dogs*; the one sketch that manages to encapsulate everything Magic Hugs are about in a single three minute video. If you don't find it funny, walk away from it and watch it again in about a day. Keep doing that, and it's only a matter of time until there are tears streaming down your face.

Procrastination Bonus Tip: Magic Hugs also run a comedy video sharing site called LaughGrandma.com. This is a lot like funnyordie.com or CollegeHumor.com, except the stuff on here is always hilarious.

CRACKED.COM

Existing fans of Cracked.com may have noticed *Craccum*'s countless references to their website throughout the year, or the interview Spencer and Rhys did with [Cracked](http://Cracked.com) columnist Michael Swaim last year. Needless to say, we love Cracked.com. Imagine, if you will, a *Craccum* that was updated with three or more wonderful things every day. Most of the time these things are articles, but once in a while you get a funny sketch video, a Photoshop competition, a comic or a humorous infographic – it's sort of a lucky dip. Whatever you get though, bound to be funny and in list form. Topics and tones of the articles range from being entirely silly and comedic ('4 Reasons Zooley



Deschanel Can Stop Pretending She's a Dork') to surprisingly interesting and informative ('5 Sci-Fi Ad Techniques That Are About to Make Life Creepier'). The great thing about [Cracked](http://Cracked.com) is that it has something for everyone so, fair warning, once you enter this comedy labyrinth, you may never escape.

Worth Checking out: Pretty much all the regular columnists on the site are excellent. Dan O'Brien never ceases to amaze with his faux drunken nonsense and Soren Bowie's delusions of grandeur typed into a column never fail to incite some serious laughs.

If you only have time for one: Anything with Michael Swaim in it. This dude is brilliant. Check him out in [Cracked](http://Cracked.com) TV, [Agents of Cracked](http://Agents of Cracked.com) and [Does Not Compute](http://Does Not Compute.com).

Procrastination Bonus Tip: [Cracked](http://Cracked.com) does a weekly web round-up of all the awesome stuff on the internet. It's basically just a whole bunch of links to other procrastination websites with awesome stuff on them.

DERRICK COMEDY

If you've watched *Community*, you'll already be well aware of how talented of a person Donald Glover

(Troy Barnes) is. What you might not know is that the reason Glover was able to get that role in the first place is because of the sketch comedy work he did with his two mates: DC Peirson and Dominic Dierkes. These guys, quite simply, do comedy right. Tackling each of their crazy ideas with a truly unmatched level of enthusiasm, nothing they've ever posted on their website has ever failed to elicit at least a handful of belly laughs. These guys haven't released anything in quite some time, but they've got a flawless back catalogue that will easily east up an entire afternoon of time that could be better spent studying for your pointless degree.

Worth checking out: The Derrick Comedy guys always do their best work when Donald Glover's front and centre doing his intense faux-desperation or worrying about race relations. With that in mind, it's worth checking out 'Jerry' – the unfortunate story of a high school



student who has an accident in class –and ‘Spelling Bee’, which focuses on a rather unfortunate final word in a spelling bee.

If you only have time for one: ‘B-Boy Stance’ is an absolute classic. That’s hip-hop.

Procrastination Bonus Tip: The Derrick Comedy guys also did a feature-length movie called *Mystery Team*, about three boy detectives (like the *Hardy Boys*) who just never grew up. Most video stores will have it. Definitely worth a watch.

BRITANICK

We love internet sketch comedy. This is a fact. BriTANick are the cream of the internet crop, not just because they’re profoundly talented, but because they’re pretty much the nicest people in the world. Brian McElheney and Nick Kocher collectively form BriTANick, a quirky duo of madness, humour and a sometimes surprising level of intelligence. BriTANick are that special kind of delightful that only comes with comedians managing to be exceedingly clever without seeming snobby about it. Definitely worth checking out, especially if you want to learn what a ‘chickenfaggot’ is.

Worth checking out: ‘Academy Award Winning Movie Trailer’ is one of BriTANick’s most outstanding

sketches, both in terms of production and comedy, and is the one that earned them the most mainstream success. ‘A Monologue for Three’ is also worth a look, for the awesome cameo by *Community*’s Abed, Danny Pudi.

If you only have time for one: ‘Pillow Talk’, in which the BriTANick boys try to cram as much silliness as possible into one post-coital session. Brilliance.

Procrastination Bonus Tip: BriTANick have also done two short films and they’re both great in very different ways: *Sucker Punch* focuses on an attempted date rape, while *Eagles Are Turning People Into Forces* focuses on the single most elaborate break-up lie in history. Both excellent.



Season 3, Episode 3
Aired: October 6, 2011
Competitive Ecology

The gang must pair off for a biology assignment but can't decide how they should split up. Elsewhere, Chang keeps an eye out for trouble while patrolling the campus film-noir style

Season 3 Episode 1
22 September 2011
Biology 101

Season 3 Episode 2
29 September 2011
Geography of Global...

Season 3 Episode 3
06 October 2011
Competitive Ecology

Season 3 Episode 4
13 October 2011
Remedial Chaos Theory

Airs on 10/13

Search Links

SIDEREEL

If there’s one thing we hate, it’s New Zealand television being about sixty years behind the rest of the world (Really looking forward to the latest episode of *The Dick Van Dyke Show*). Throughout the course of the year, we’ve done our best not to tolerate it through torrenting and downloading the shows we wanted to watch, because we’re impatient and don’t like going outside. But with this new, bullshit law we don’t really understand in place, we’ve taken to streaming, just to be safe. If you haven’t heard of it, Sidereel is essentially a giant, nicely maintained and organised collection of links to thousands of TV shows. If you’re looking for American comedy that isn’t on here yet, Sidereel should be the first port of call.

Worth checking out: Sidereel has entire back catalogues of so many good comedy shows, but beware, for a lot of American TV comedies are terrible. If you’re not completely up to date, we recommend *The Office*, *30 Rock*, *Archer*, *American Dad* and *How I Met Your Mother*.

If you only have time for one: Above all others, the hot show at the moment is *Community*, which is currently three episodes into its third season. New Zealand will take a painfully long time to catch up and this show is far too good to wait for.

Procrastination Pro Tip: Once in a blue moon, Sidereel will let you down with things like links being removed and the like. If this happens to you, you can check out TVDuck.com, which will usually have an alternative.

THE ONION

If you’re a fan of our absurd and silly fake news section, you’re probably already aware of The Onion. The two are pretty much exactly the same, except The Onion is about a million times better and update their site about as often as any other media

outlet. The people at The Onion have been cracking jokes for years and they’re very good at it. Unfortunately, they’ve become aware of just how god they are and ask you to get a membership after viewing thirty free articles in a month.

Worth checking out: Anything that appeals directly to your interest – The Onion is pretty comprehensive, especially when it comes to celebrities and sport. Articles about American political failings are always spot-on too.

If you only have time for one: The Onion TV news on Youtube is a fantastic example of what straight-faced satire, when combined with outlandish concepts, is capable of. Made especially funny by the character of Brooke Alvarez, played by former FOX news anchor Susanne Sena.

Procrastination Pro Tip: When you inevitably reach the end of your allocated thirty free articles, don’t be discouraged. The Onion has an iPad app where you can view all their content for free, so just go steal an iPad.



Hopefully there’s more than enough stuff to tide you over – not just for the next few weeks, but for the next twelve months. Go forth and be amused. And seriously, am I doing Accounting now? This bitch is throwing way too many numbers at me for this to still be an Arts degree.

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AUSA End of Year Report Card

We've said it many a time over the course of the year: by and large, we don't think all that much of the AUSA. But the more we thought about it, the more we felt our constant blanket the 'AUSA is terrible' policy isn't really specific enough. With that in mind, we thought we'd actively grade all the members of the AUSA who have done their jobs well (or badly) enough to warrant our attention.

Joe McCrory PRESIDENT

B-

AKA: *The Sexual Arachnid, Park and Ride.*

Notable Achievements: Only President in history with IQ low enough to plank, juggled three new-born babies as an election tactic, once got into a fistfight with a parking meter.

Joe McCrory, the AUSA's Commander-in-Chief, has had an interesting year to say the least. After being AVP last year, Joe waltzed into the role of President with a depressingly vast knowledge of inane and awful AUSA protocol. However, even with ever-moving explanatory hands and a serious face that could rival that of Winston Churchill, Joe's organisational skills left a little bit to be desired. Not only did a vital clerical error mean that the motion to add a Queer Right's Officer to the Executive did not get added to the Winter General Meeting, he dicked around when it came to reimbursing Craccum's roadtrip gas money. Not good enough, McCrory. Sort your life out.

Sam Durbin ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT

A+

AKA: *Downer Durbin, That lanky dude with the face and hair.*

Notable Achievements: Being the only Exec Member to actively apologise for not running for re-election, sole member of the University of Auckland Lonely Heart Club Society.

Sam Durbin has showed the patience of a fucking saint this year, putting up with everything Craccum has thrown at him and returning with a sad smile for yet another round. On top of that, apparently he does admin. We've seen no evidence of this, but based on how the AUSA hasn't fallen apart entirely this year we assume he must be doing a pretty decent job. Well played, Durbo. You've earned your spot on the cover.

Tania Lim TREASURER

B+

AKA: *Moneybags, The Tattooed Treasure Hoarder.*

Notable Achievements: Rode through the desert on a horse with no name, walked the line, built this city on rock and roll.

Although Craccum's experiences with Tania this year have been unfortunately brief,

they've always been undeniably pleasant. Not only is Tania an awesome person, she seems to have not been made aware of the unwritten 'never give Craccum any funding' rule that the AUSA has been so proud of in the past.

Arena Williams EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT

C

AKA: *President Elect, Queen of the Damned (Students' Association)*

Notable Achievement: Won the presidential election despite the noticeable disadvantage of being a woman and pretty Maori, laughed that previous sentence off because she's a good sport (pending).

We didn't really deal with Arena at all this year, but despite her title, we received barely any education about Vice from her. Frankly, that's a bit of a disappointment. Rhys completely misunderstood what her name meant and spent the first half of the year challenging students to death fights, hoping to get to the 'arena', which led almost exclusively to tedious mediation.

Sam Bookman and Kelsey Carter WELFARE OFFICERS

A

AKA: *Israel and Tauranga, Starsky and Hutch.*

Notable Achievements: Tolerated Spencer's questions about Judaism for two whole semesters, turned one loaf of bread into many, only Exec member to badly hurt themselves in their office.

It takes a special kind of person to not only care about other people in need, but to actually do something about it. Sam Bookman and Kelsey Carter not only managed to take care of student needs all this year, but also managed to look damn good while doing it. But let's be honest, the reason for their grade is based entirely in their willingness to tolerate Spencer and Rhys making jokes about them non-stop. Did you know Kelsey is from Tauranga? I know! Gross, right? And I don't know if anyone told you, but Sam Bookman is pretty gosh darn Jewish. It's actually really interesting.

Sophie Buchanan and A. Chang WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICERS

C+

AKA: *The Trans with the Plans and The Vegan Shegan, World Warriors, Those chatty cats from down the way.*

Notable Achievements: Womensfest, doing everything they could to make the Craccum staff aware of, and

uncomfortable about, menstrual periods, 2011 Womenspace Pillowfight Tag Team Champions.

If we were grading the Women's Rights Officers purely on their contribution to the Students' Association and how much good they did for the group they were supposed to represent, they'd get an A++. We're not going to do that though, because that's boring. Instead, we've had to average out their grade based on their individual contributions to Craccum over the course of the year. Sophie Buchanan, tireless sub-editor and overall hardworking Craccum staffer gets an A+. Unfortunately, walking distraction A. Chang's entrance to the offices usually grinds work to a screeching halt, due to the lofty and intense conversations about masturbation cramps, genital modification and armpit lactation. This sort of behaviour earns an F, bringing the overall grade to a shocking C+. Sorry team.

Antonia Verstappen TAMAKI REP

F-

AKA: *What? I've never heard of this person, Huh? Where?*

Notable Achievements: Being the only person to care about Tamaki enough to run for rep more than once, being the only person to hear about Tamaki at all.

Antonia the Tamaki rep is someone that we've never dealt with, but who apparently has beef with us and our magazine. Really? Complaining about Craccum? You're the Tamaki Rep. People who live in glass houses, Antonia. Come on now. Apparently there's a co-Rep as well, but we stopped caring about this midway through writing it. Tamaki, right?

If you didn't make the list this year, that's probably because your position is irrelevant and you didn't really make an impact on the University in any way. Except you, Victor. We don't know anything about sports so it wouldn't be fair to judge you. The rest of you, be better.



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The Complete Guide to Social Media Etiquette.

Study break is coming up, a time when we are to break from our studies and just chill out for a couple of weeks. What? That's not it? Oh. Let me start over.

With exams coming up and people desperately trying to cram knowledge into their brains so as to justify spending \$500+ on a course they didn't really bother to attend, only two things are certain. Firstly, if you study at the University or with a group of friends, you're going to be around computers. Secondly, because of the nature of study (i.e. all lame in the membrane) these computers will not be used for study, but rather to procrastinate through the use of everyone's favourite social media site: Facebook. This is excellent for a number of reasons, the main one being that it allows a break in the monotony and seriousness of academic rigour. It also provides you with endless opportunities to cause hilarious mischief, should others leave their computers unattended.

This act of posting comments or tweets through another person's account, in the hopes of embarrassing them and entertaining yourself, has been called a number of different things. Most of these things are wrong. Some people call it hacking, which is just ridiculous, because hacking is a skill that requires more knowledge and technical understanding than simply waiting for someone to walk away. Calling your friend a knob on his Facebook doesn't make you *The Matrix*. Some people call it Facebook rape or frape, which is equally wrong and absurd, not to mention much more offensive. Some

people even go so far as to call it hijacking, which frankly, gives the person far too much credit – hijackings are something that cowboys and terrorists do, and if you're using Facebook or Twitter, you're probably neither. Well, not post-9/11, anyway. Good luck plotting your attacks on your friend's wall, buddy. The CIA is watching.

The correct term for this action is, in fact, **winfiltrating** – a simple, but exquisitely clever portmanteau of the words 'win' and 'infiltrating.' This excellent portmanteau shouldn't need explanation or justification due to its mastery of language, but can be simply explained through the sentence: "When I infiltrate your Facebook page, I win."

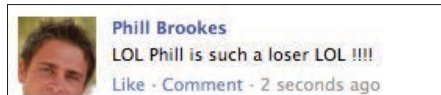
But winfiltrating, be it on Facebook, Twitter or merely on someone's computer, isn't as easy as all the Hollywood fat cats make it out to be. It's actually monumentally important. Here you have been given a chance to make a friend of yours – someone you care about – look like a fool in front of possibly hundreds of their digital peers. What should you do? What is appropriate? What is funny? What is too far? How do you even go about doing this? These are some of the points we will address today, so that you are well-prepared come that time when that friend you sort of get along with but don't really like all that much leaves you alone with his computer while he goes to get one of those awful new Mountain Dew's. What a dick.

General Rules, Guidelines and the Basics

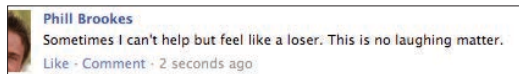
Any good winfiltration begins by discovering the computer. Note that word, discovering, because it is important. There are times when someone will lend you their computer, perhaps so you can check emails or transfer money across, and you'll perhaps find that one of their social networking sites has been left open, or is their home page. This doesn't count. The emphasis of the ritual of winfiltrating is on the *infiltrating*. Doing that makes you awesome. Posing as someone who has loaned you their computer out of the kindness of their heart makes you ungrateful, unpleasant and a terrible person. You know who you are, and yes, you should be ashamed of yourself.

Once you've gained control over the Facebook, it's important not to get too excited. If you do, you may rush out something that isn't your best work, and

end up inadvertently embarrassing yourself in the process. Consider the following example:



In this image, we see that Phill Brooks has been winfiltrated, as made clear by the negative comment about Phill. The winfiltrator is understandably excited by this, but in his haste, has not taken the time to ensure his winfiltration is of a high quality. Here we see three rookie mistakes. Firstly, the winfiltrator has forgotten to post a comment in the first-person, immediately making clear that Phill Brooks did not post this comment. Secondly, he has preceded and concluded his comment with 'LOL', an acronym that, frankly, has no place on the internet. Thirdly, the multiple explanation marks are needless and crude. A much better winfiltrate would have been:



Here we see the winfiltrator has taken the time to ensure good spelling and grammar, and replicate the correct tone of an actual self-deprecating Facebook comment. Good job!

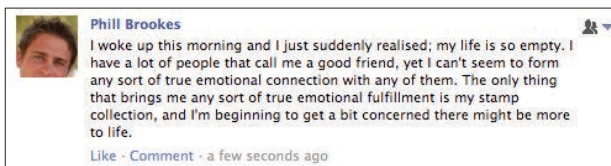
Advanced Winfiltrating Techniques

Once you have understood and mastered the basic art of winfiltrating, you're ready to move on to the lofty heights of advanced-level digital subterfuge. Despite (obviously) being very funny, using winfiltration to call your friend a loser or comment on the odour of their genitals will eventually stop providing you with the same intense rush it initially did. What is now required is a level of greater psychological insight to make your friends uncomfortable and make the people who they know through Facebook uncertain of their sanity. Here are some of the better techniques that are worth trying.

The Weeping Willow

There are a distinct subset of people in the online world who use Facebook as a place to express and admit deep personal, emotional musings. These people are the worst. If you can trick people into thinking the person you're winfiltrating is having one of these hyper-needless emotional splooges, they

will look ridiculous.



The best part about this particular winfiltration is that, if done correctly and with the right amount of tact, there are some people that might actually believe your victim is coming clean to his digital amigos. Bonus points if any of their friends come to the aid of their bizarre emotional problems with tips or life-affirming pep-talks.

The Enthusiastic Acquaintance

Go through your victim's Facebook friends list, until you find someone he or she clearly doesn't know that well. Some good ways to judge the level of actual, real-life friendship are with things like the number of photos the two share, whether or not there are any comments from your victim on the person's wall and whether or not the two are in a relationship (side note: if you don't know the person you're winfiltrating well enough to know who their partner is, you probably shouldn't be winfiltrating them). When you've found someone who is the appropriate level of acquaintance – not a complete stranger, nor a good friend – that is when you strike. One by one, scroll down through their page and retroactively like every comment, post or picture they have uploaded to Facebook in the last six months. This will make the person you are winfiltrating look insane, and as if they have a sudden, intense admiration for this person they barely know.

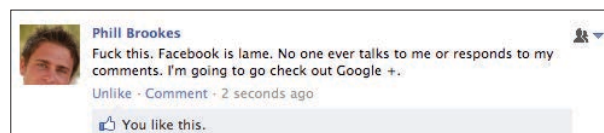
The Change Up

These days, there seems to be a common misconception that for a winfiltration to be successful, it must be seen and appreciated by a large audience. While an audience of people to appreciate your handiwork is undeniably a great thing, sometimes the best winfiltrations come in the form of actively making Facebook a more difficult experience for the user. The easiest way to do this is to change the language in the Setting menu. Tip: Make sure you change it to a language your victim doesn't speak – this will make changing the language back to English very difficult indeed.



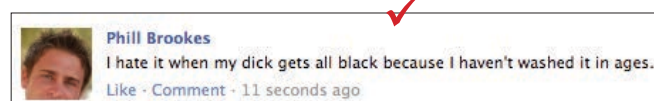
If you are likely to have more than one chance to winfiltrate someone's Facebook page, try deleting one good friend at a time, so that they begin to think these people are ditching them. Just make sure to delete yourself either first or second – this will shift the blame to someone else if you are caught.

One more thing to consider is altering their privacy settings so that your victim is the only person that can ever see any of their posts. This one is a slow burning winfiltrate – while not immediately noticeable, the digital loneliness it causes over time will slowly wear away at the victim, making them less and less likely to ever use Facebook, making you the undisputed winner of Facebook.



The Don'ts

Like any good society, Facebook is a place with rules. Rules based in respecting your fellow man. It is easy to be absolutely corrupted by the power that comes with wearing someone's Facebook page as if you were wearing their skin, but there are some lines you must not cross when mucking about online. Firstly, never resort to hate speech. This is really uncool, and in the scheme of things, will have a far greater negative effect on you than your victim. Plus, there's no real need for it. Jokes about the person being terrible in some way are far more entertaining than being hateful.



Here we see two winfiltrates: one using unpleasant racism and one using dick humour. As always, the dick humour is far more entertaining.

One important rule to follow when winfiltrating is that if what you are saying or doing has any consequences beyond slightly annoying the person in question, you've taken it too far. Don't reveal personal information or anything that is likely to legitimately upset the person, especially if they have family members or the like on their Facebook page. Consider these two examples.



The winfiltrate shown here, regarding the friend's girlfriend, is both inappropriate and uninspired. In fact, it's this sort of post that is likely to end in feelings getting hurt, which is the last thing we want. The second, by contrast, is light-hearted and outrageous. A classic 'crapped myself' joke that everyone is likely to enjoy.

With all these tools at your disposal, I trust that your study period will be as fruitless and pointless as mine, thus bucking the grading curve and giving me a better chance of passing. I'd love to give you more tips, but Phill will probably be back with his Mountain Dew soon and I'd hate for him to catch me.

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Something on Your Mind?

Contribute to Craccum in 2012!!

Calling all artists, writers, cartoonists and people with opinions, something to say or something to share, as promised Craccum will be an inclusive resource next year, a dynamic forum for community discourse and a place to find plenty of laughs, if you want to contribute get in touch with the future editor Thomas Dykes, unless he's still occupying Queen St!!! Contact: mrtded@inbox.com

THE AVP WRITES...

As I searched for inspiration in what will be my final Craccum column ever *in my life* I decided I would look back at the few times I have written so far this year and see just how things went. It started out well enough, I suppose, with a few hundred words spilled on what music, film, and games I spent my sweet but few days of holiday with.

I then progressed through the whole "you don't really know what I do and you're probably not reading this anyway" thing, all the while pretending that the last bit wasn't really that true (it is). I tried to explain the direction we had hope to take your student association in this year while constructing some sort of narrative that we knew what we were doing and we were good at it (mostly true but you still weren't reading anyway, right?).

I got on my high-horse and spoke about the importance of pay equity, the importance of education. I complained about the government and racism and people not reading shit before clicking "Like" on it on Facebook. I got mad. I called people monkeys and drank whiskey. I self-indulgently attempted to encourage you to make good choices when voting while again attempting to justify my own existence. I was lambasted by the editors for daring to do so.

I wanted to be funny this year, but I wasn't. I wanted to keep interested readers (all one of you) up to date with all the many things I was going to get stuck into fixing this year, but I didn't. Because to be honest, I haven't managed to achieve most of the goals I set myself for the year.

To be frank: this has been a shit year. On our first official day in office, our co-Women's Rights Officer took her own life. A short time later, Christchurch's big one struck. Later still, the VC wielded his power against the teaching staff of our university and the ensuing battle has yet to be resolved. Other university management people who shall remain unnamed then attempted to wield their power against us, at times resorting to underhanded manipulative tactics to destroy us for no other reason, it seems, than jealousy.

AUSA battled financial woes whilst huge amounts of money owed to us by said university middle-management bureaucrats nit-picked small details in tomes of reporting, simply to further their own selfish goals. Dysfunctional national bodies purporting to represent the interests of students wasted large sums of money, fought us when we were right and then resorted to petty school-kid behaviour when they ran out of options, all the while going behind our backs to undermine us further.

The government, not content with destroying opportunities for students after graduating, attacked us further by continuing to keep investment in education low, then by supporting the utterly defunct and morally bankrupt ACT party on VSM. Then to add salt to the wound, the Minister decided that students and universities cannot be trusted to spend their money wisely and that he would control everything for them by controlling their universities. To make matters worse, he and his National party decided to do this at the beginning of last year. It was a forgone conclusion.

The list of shit things that happened this year could continue for a very long time; this is barely even scratching the surface. Craccum and others routinely poked fun at my generally negative demeanour, but it was due to nothing more than facing incredibly demoralising obstacles while loving the fuck out of my job and getting up every day wanting to do it right and do it well. But all of this will become but a footnote in AUSA history now.

So it was a shit year, yeah, but we're still here. We will be for a very long time yet. I would love to be around for a few more years to see how things work out and to get through some more of those goals, but students' associations are about one thing: Student Control of Student Affairs. Next year I'll still be a student, but I'll be 26. I'll be doing my third degree, my second postgraduate. I was last an undergraduate student in 2009 - some people reading this will have started, finished, and be about to leave in that same time. It would be hypocritical of me to hang around any longer; I can't just pretend to still be as connected with the people who I need



to represent and I am disgusted by the speciousness of people who do. It's time for new people to step up and take the charge; it is the natural order of things.

I want to say thanks to you as students in general. Being a student is not cruisey ride in luxury like the government tries to say it is; we put in hard work and get severely indebted because we want to be better in ourselves, but also because we want the country to be better. Education is the silver bullet and we are routinely chastised for wanting to participate. We are further criticised when we have the audacity, the gall to stand up for ourselves. For our troubles, we get our voice destroyed and our funding cut by a government with no morals, no plan, and no regard for the people who live here.

So that's it, the very end of the last thing I will ever write for this magazine. I didn't want it to happen and it came altogether too quickly, but here we are anyway, my friends. On the precipice. The great unknown below. If you're in the FTVMS department next year I might see you around. If not, good luck taking that step off.

Yours in grateful service,
Sam Durbin
Administrative Vice-President 2011
National Affairs Officer 2010

Notice is hereby given of an AUSA SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING to be held on WEDNESDAY 19 OCTOBER 2011 at 1.00 pm in the Student Union Quad

The SGM has been called to consider the following motion:

ALANA CHANG/

THAT the following amendments to the Constitution be made:

THAT Rule 2(i) be AMENDED by the alphabetic insertion of the new Interpretation:

2. "Queer Member" shall mean "Any member of the Association who identifies as lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, intersex, asexual, fa'afafine, or takataapui";

THAT Rule 27(iv) be AMENDED by the insertion of the following:

- 27(iv) (h) Queer Rights Officer

AND THAT the existing Rule 27(iv)(h) and the remainder of Rule 27(iv) be renumbered accordingly;

THAT Rule 43 be AMENDED by the addition of the following:

- 43 (viii) The Queer Rights Officer shall be responsible to the Executive for all matters that concern the Association that are connected with queer rights.

AND THAT the existing Rule 43(viii) and the remainder of Rule 43 be renumbered accordingly;

THAT Schedule 2 Rule 1 (iv) be AMENDED by the insertion of:

- 1 (iv) That in the case of the Queer Rights Officer, they shall also be a queer member.

AND THAT the existing Schedule 2 Rule 1(iv) and the remainder of Rule 43 be renumbered accordingly.

Tom O'Connor
Association Secretary

AUSA
SERVING STUDENTS

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

BEN SAYS...

This year has been an amazing year to be an International Affairs Officer with AUSA. It's been a very short year. We hosted a number of wonderful events this year, invited you to dozens more on campus, and ran a very successful first ever Human Rights Week at the University of Auckland. Over Oxfam Coffee Break, the Oxfam on Campus club and all you students who donated for coffee and delicious baked goodies raised over \$800, and I hear the med students raised a similar amount. But the task is formidable. Around the world, tens of thousands are dying as you read, almost un-noticed, in a terrible famine in East Africa. Martyrs for freedom fought across the Arab world, in Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Syria, and other places to win the democratic rights we take for granted. Now, American protesters are occupy Wall Street, asking "What about the 99%?" I hope the biggest inequalities - that between nations of people who have enough to eat and those who don't - aren't swept under the carpet while we deal with our own very real first-world problems.

Now, this year, thanks to a hard working bunch of ordinary students unaffiliated with AUSA, who just wanted to make a difference, we're seeing an explosion of activism right here on campus. Not long ago, while supporting those students, myself and two other students were arrested for trespassing on our own campus. As you read this, there should be a group of people down in Aotea Square, camping out and asking why the gap between the rich and the poor has only widened in the last 30 years; why increasingly economies seem to run for the benefit of 1% of the people with no regard for the other 99%. Please jump onto facebook today to type "Occupy Auckland" into that little search box, and see what's going on all over NZ. Poverty and inequality are signs of a broken society. Fighting those evils is something that concerns us all, whether we take a "right-wing" National or "left-wing" Labour approach come the elections.

It's been a year which has drained me to the bone and right now I feel I have nothing left to give! You have no idea how hard it is running around doing all this stuff, making sure the notifications go out on time, getting up early to distribute fliers, and balancing all that with study and work as well. Actually, I lie. Perhaps I shouldn't bitch like that, because many of you know exactly how that feels because you've worked even harder and sacrificed even more for what you believe in or for achieving your personal goals this year. For this you have my utmost respect.

Don't work too hard. Enjoy life. Fight to the end for what you believe in. Respect yourself. Love your friends and your enemies. Always speak the truth. THINK. Do one thing every day that scares you. And if you think all that is bullshit, then at least listen to this: this summer, WEAR SUNSCREEN. All the other stuff might be mere verbal diarrhoea I project forth in an effort to sound wise. But wearing sunscreen - that's scientifically PROVEN to be good for you. Kia kaha. Lots of love, Ben



DAN SAYS...

Fine ladies and gentleman, sadly this is the final time you will hear from me this year as your official International Affairs Officer. It has been a pleasure. Needless to say the long and lonely evenings writing to you has been somewhat of a rewarding experience. Perhaps you, my delicious audience now feel like you have befriended your favourite IAO. I certainly have made some friends over the year. It has been a long and dangerous journey but we have finally come out on the other side, everyone is closer for the experience. I have certainly been touched by some of you, and some of you have certainly touched me. You have changed me. Where once the room was dark and I was gasping in front me, now I can see. It is as if I now look upon the world with new glasses.

But seriously my kind and gentle friends, I wanted to thank a few of you personally for being there for us over the year. Although I was elected to serve you, I would have been paralysed if not for the dedicated hard working people that I engage with on a daily level. So for the people who have to put up with me constantly, I am eternally grateful.

Thanks to **Michael Lai**, who was always there for a good fondle. His wisdom as the previous IAO has been invaluable. **Vivian Gan**, for always supporting me. **Chanelle Lim** and **Antonia Verstappen**, total friendship. **Lark Davis** and **Kim Porter**, I love your work. **Rotem Hochman** a really decent guy. **Hala Nazareth**, revolutionary what?. **Hela Rahman**, the most sincere. **Curwen Rolinson**, a roller coaster. **Hemanth Nair**, great ideas. **Nick Withers**, for you are a colossus. **Mohammed Hassan**, a flavour in my life. **Sam Durbin**, a good friend. **Joe McCrory**, a living boss. **Cameron Adams**, coolest radio host I know. **William Pollard**, for giving us a chance despite being amateurs, **Annalucia Vermunt**, you have humbled me. **Darien Pearce**, the great helmslady. **Anna Duckworth**, my AUSA love. **Sally Wu**, the hardest working. **Lisa Dryer**, my internet crush. **Albert Mawdsley**, you are my AUSA father. And finally thanks to **Ben Smith** for making this year what it is, you carried me when my endurance ran out. And else I have not been able to mention, thank you kindly.

There isn't anything that we cannot do. The past has no bindings on the future, our forefathers were not wiser then we are now, there is nothing that has not been made, that cannot be remade. It is our duty as students to be the critic and conscious of society. We need to ask the hard questions, to go to the places that people shy away from. We are all people. We live and laugh. Friendship and love will go a long way to healing the wrongs that exist. Nothing is perfect. It only takes small changes now but over time we can make a huge difference. Nothing is predetermined; we are the masters of our fate. We are the captains of our soul.

Lastly, if anyone was mildly interested in keeping in contact with what is happening within the International Affairs portfolio please message **Martin Graham** our very capable successor. He is a good man, very passionate about his beliefs and a hard worker. I have not asked permission to publish his number, but I would love if every person was to text him, its: (0226531583). The IAO email will stay the same so don't hesitate to contact him about anything you like.

The most warm and sincere regards
Much love always
Daniel Haines

TAMAKI SEZ...

Hey boys and girls,
This will sadly be our last column for the year as your co-Tamaki reps. It has been an interesting year, with huge highs and unfortunately equally as huge lows. Sometimes you try everything to do what is in students' best interests, but don't always succeed.

In the words of Roosevelt: *"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; because there is not effort without error and shortcomings; but who does actually strive to do the deed; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least he fails while daring greatly."*

Without getting too sentimental on you all, we would just like to say it has been a pleasure working with the AUSA Executive this year; you are all stunningly passionate, hard-working and inspirational people. You all have very amazing things in store for you.

Antonia will be taking over the Tamaki reigns next year, for the third year running (because apparently she loves you all too much to ever leave), but Chanelle will still be on the TSA exec. Lastly, we would like to thank our TSA executive, you guys are all troopers. And thanks to our support staff Anita for making our lives just that much easier.

Finally, we will leave you with our brand spanking new Tamaki campus anthem:

**It's Tamaki, Tamaki
Gotta get down at Tamaki
Everybody's lookin' forward to the Satellite,
Campus
Tamaki, Tamaki
Gettin' down on Tamaki
Everybody's lookin' forward to the Free. Bus.**

**Partyin', partyin' (Yeah)
Partyin', partyin' (Yeah)
Fun, fun, fun, fun
Lookin' forward to the Satellite Campus**

**8:05, we're drivin' on the highway
Cruisin' so fast, think I might die
Crash, crash, think we might crash
You know what it is
I got this, you got this
My friend is by my right, ay
I got this, you got this
Now you know it**

**Shit forgot my bus pass
Should I skip my Tamaki class?
Gotta make my mind up
Why is it so far away?**

**It's TAMAKI, TAMAKI
Gotta get down at TAMAKI
Everybody's lookin' forward to the Satellite,
Campus
TAMAKI, TAMAKI
Gettin' down on TAMAKI
Everybody's lookin' forward to getting far away
from here**

**Partyin', partyin' (Yeah)
TAMAKI, TAMAKI (Yeah)
Fun, fun, fun, fun
Lookin' forward to getting back to the City.**

Yeah, that was a little bit lame.
Anyway, good luck for exams and we hope you all have a great summer!

Love,
Antonia & Chanelle.

THE WROs WRITE...

We would like to thank the following for making our job easier and our lives more enjoyable this year:

Erina, Nick and the other people who keep the building from collapsing under our feet, for being lovely and helpful in every way. We're still sorry about the feathers on the floor from the burlesque class.

Albie, for being an awesome person, for always having a smile and a helping hand, and for encouraging us in our work for Thursdays in Black. (And Axing our shoes!)

Darien, for always knowing where the string is, and being generally great.

Caroline and Anna, who are both excellent in their own way, and too cool for school.

Denise, for her enthusiasm and help around our events and campaigns.

Spencer and Rhys, for the Women's Rights issue and making a non-misogynistic magazine. *Craccum* isn't always so hot in that respect, but it was good this year. Also, thank you for tolerating the office invasions. At least we didn't shit on your floor?

Nick Withers, magician, thug, thugician.

The officers and other exec that we've worked with closely. We're not in any of the office hubs with you, but we think that absence, physical distance and isolation make the heart grow fonder.

The Campus Feminist Collective, for being a great women's group on campus to liaise with. It's part of our job description, but we would have done it anyway. Also Auckland Pro-choice, for standing up for the rights of those at this university with uteri against those who would harass and marginalise them.

Womenspace users, for their notes and suggestions and not stealing the carpet. Whether they came in once or daily, we hope the space was helpful to them.

Our successors, Angela and Jia, who we are confident will do a stellar job next year, because they've tirelessly helped us this year and unless we've burned them out, they'll be bringing that energy and experience. Anything we didn't have the time to do this

year, we will pass on to them, and you know they'll do it, and do it hard.

(To Kristy for encouraging me to stand with her to do this job and inspiring me all year, especially when it got tough. To Sophie for stepping up to the plate and doing this job with me when Kristy was no longer able to. - A.Chizzle)

(To my great co/bro. I learned a lot from A-Chang. Some of it, I... didn't want to know. But I know it now. And that's pretty cool. - Sophie)

It might be the final week but we still have stuff going on!

LOVE YOUR BODY DAY, CUPCAKE PARTY, MONDAY 17TH OCTOBER, 10AM - 1PM

To celebrate Love Your Body Day we are hosting an awesome Cupcake Party! Have a bite and give a donation to EDEN (Eating Disorders Education Network), learn how to decorate some cupcakes yourself (gloves will be provided) or take part in some of the awesome Body Acceptance activities we have planned! Feel free to bring along your own cupcakes to contribute! You should also check out EDEN at www.eden.org.nz

SGM, WEDNESDAY 19TH OCTOBER, 1PM

A Special General Meeting is being held on Wednesday to create the position of Queer Rights Officer on the AUSA Student Executive. You need to be there to vote at 1PM. As with last time there shall be sausages and muffins to be had once the voting has occurred but unlike last time there shall be fun and games from 12:30! LETS MAKE IT HAPPEN THIS TIME! Tell your friends. Come along. Vote on whether or not you think there should be queer representation on your students' association's executive.

Look for the event page link on the AUSA Facebook page.

Thank you so much for the awesome year!
A.Chang and Sophie B

ENVIRONMENT

DO YOU WANT TO INTERVIEW YOUR ELECTORATE CANDIDATES ON CLIMATE CHANGE?

Generation Zero – the youth movement that is quickly gaining momentum has launched its ELECT WHO campaign.

We want to raise awareness of climate change as a political issue. One aspect of this is being really loud and visible and writing press statements to raise the profile of the issue in the public eye. Another is making our own policy recommendations and technical overview of what change looks like.

In this election, we need to make sure that the public are informed about which candidates care about climate change. At the same time, we want the candidates to know that having a position on and understanding of climate change will get them support!

That's why we're arranging for locals from electorates around the country to conduct interviews with their local candidates. The plan is to place all the interview transcripts on the website so people can make informed decisions about who they want to vote for. Get involved and get in touch with Generation Zero if you want to do some interviewing! Materials provided :)

Check out the website and facebook page for more info!

<http://generationzero.org.nz/>

<http://www.facebook.com/GenerationZero>

OXFAM 2011 CLIMATE CHANGE ELECTION DEBATES

In the face of climate chaos, where do our political parties stand?

What: Dr Nick Smith (National), David Parker (Labour), Dr Kennedy Graham (Green) will be debating and taking your questions on what is their party's political stance on climate change

When: November 2nd, 6-7.30pm

Where: OGGB4, University of Auckland Business School

Visit www.Oxfam.org.nz/election to submit your questions and RSVP to attend.

CRITICAL MASSACRE

Critical Mass is a global urban cycling movement that celebrates urban cycling by meeting every last Friday of the month and going for a mass cycle ride. Do you have a bike, because this month's critical mass is going to be awesome!!!

When: Friday 28 October, 5.30pm

Where: meet at Fountain in Albert Park

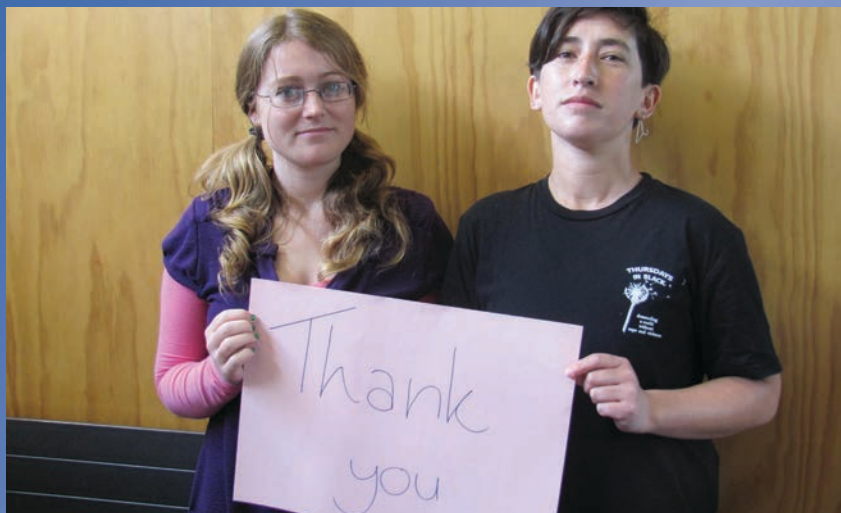
Theme: Halloween!

Elections are coming up, do not forget to enrol to vote and vote on the day. If you support minor parties, definitely vote MMP for a fair and proportional system. Under the old system FFP, National would get more seats but Labour got more votes. How wacked is that???? Make sure you make an informed decision about who you want to vote for. Many parties have put out policies that you may see as idealistic or unachievable. This may be true, but at least that party had the guts to make the policy and their voters can now hold them to account on that.

On October 28, there will be political broadcasts on TV 1 from 7.30pm from all the major parties. Don't worry if you miss this, they'll be on the websites after.

This is my last column for the year, I've really enjoyed being your EAO this year, thanks for all the support. Enjoy the summer and all the best for exams!

Annie Cao –environmental affairs officer, eao@ausa.org.nz



Wouldn't have it any other way

An interview with K One.

Kaleb Vitale has risen from humble rural beginnings to his current state as one of the most hardworking and productive hip-hop artists New Zealand has to offer. Seated in Warner's prestigious conference room, Craccum had a chance to catch up with what the young and talented rapper has been getting up to.

Fosh: So what's been new on your plate?

K One: Heaps of album promo, time in the studio, and then there'll be a decent number of gigs lined up next month. Hella busy. Can't complain though, I wouldn't have it any other way.

It's kinda sink or swim in this industry, eh?

Weeds out the ones who can't hack it.

Then I guess you're doing well! Now, let's hear your story.

I moved up from Masterton (in the Wairarapa region) a while ago, and Auckland's a huge shift from a really small town. I actually didn't like it at first, to be honest. You can imagine the change from a rural area; there's a pretty heavy contrast. But I've started to adapt, I'm fitting in now and I've been paving my way here ever since.

Apparently you used to work as a silviculturist?

Yeah, I worked in forestry for about seven years. It was a job that I got straight out of school, and stuck with for a while.

So what exactly prompted the change?

Let's go from the start. I never really was involved in music at school, never played in any bands - but I did enjoy jamming with a couple of mates. It started off with freestyling, and then developed more into

song-writing, and I was more interested in lyricism than the beat-driven West Coast stuff that I was listening to. Then it all took a backseat when I had to deal with reality -

Getting a job, earning some cash, that sort of jam?

Yeah yeah, you know it. I still had my dreams, but someone had to pay the bills. It always was at the back of my mind, and I always had a lot of support from my boys and my family. They were saying stuff like "I don't know why you're not pursuing this, your stuff's as good as anyone else in this country." I needed a lot of reassurance, 'cause it took a lot before I was confident enough to put my heart on my sleeve, music-wise. I was quite protective of it, and didn't really take criticism well at the time. But I finally took the plunge in a 'now or never' moment, and gave it my best shot. I put out an EP, Illegal Musik signed me, and the tickets to Auckland arrived at my door.

Tell me about your music.

The lyrics I write are storytelling-style, and a lot of it comes from the heart. I write on the spot in the studio - 'cause if I took it away to work on it, I'd keep tweaking with it and never let it go. Rappers like Nas and Saigon were very influential on my music, and I worked well with that style. It was really hard at first, putting your feelings out in a song, but it helps create a bond with the listeners as they have something to connect to. And with a background like mine, a lot of people can connect with coming from a small town and dealing with the big lights.

We're always supporting the underdog.

Yeah, and with that, you have to give back to the fans. You can't get diva-ish, start denying photos or that shit, especially not in a small place with



good folk like New Zealand. You can be up on top today, but you could vanish into nothing as soon as tomorrow. Plus I like getting to meet new people and hearing new stories anyway.

Pirates or Ninjas?

Ninjas. I'm a huge martial arts movie fan. Ninjas all day bro.

K One's album Far From Home is out in all good record stores now!

Quick-fire Q&A with Disturbed

Oh come on. It's Disturbed. Metal legends in every right, they barely need any form of introduction. Let's get to it, shall we?

Do you remember your first gig? You two were in Brawl together, how was that?

Dan: Actually, we were both playing in bands together even before that - around 1992. Brawl came about and was missing that vital component, I guess. When we were playing together, we knew there was a spark there.

Mike: So when Brawl came apart after about a year, and we had exhausted our list of friends, we put out a local ad for someone to do vocals.

And that's when David Draiman came along, right?

D: Yeah, that's what happened. After a full day with little success, he came in and just asked us to jam while he came up with some impromptu vocals. At first, we were raising our eye-

brows, y'know, but then he started coming up with some amazing stuff, and we knew we'd found our guy.

Back then, did you ever imagine yourselves getting as big as you are now?

D: I doubt I can really say that - not at least to the extent that we're at now, but even back then we knew we had something special. Even as a small-time group, we sold out shows back in Chicago when we were starting out. Yeah, there was definitely something there.

So Dan, you've got your Washburn 'Maya' guitar and Mike the signature Vater drumsticks, do you feel that it validates your musical accomplishments in any way?

M: Sure, endorsement from companies is great. I mean, we're not letting it get to our heads or anything, but it's definitely nice to have your work and all of the effort you put in get recognised.

So what's the story behind 'The Guy'? (The Disturbed mascot, so to speak)

D: He started off as a symbol that we could associate with ourselves, and we decided it would look great on our album art. Things snowballed, and before you know it people locally were getting it tattooed on themselves - they must have just seen it as something that they could connect with, and it clearly was something that they could identify as meaningful to them too.

How do you feel about the virtual avenue the music world is heading into?

M: That's just the way it is. It has its own set of advantages, and we're not gonna fight it.

Band's drink of choice?

Jagermeister.

Straight?

Straight.

Any quick tales of inebriation to inspire



the student base?

D: I can remember stumbling back to the van on our first tour - I could barely stand. We partied with the likes of Dimebag Darrell and Rex Brown. Without going into too much detail, we did them proud, and we've been keeping up the legacy. I'll always remember that though, it was our first real tour and there was more alcohol than you could imagine.

Aaaaand we're at our final question: Pirates or Ninjas?

[Pause]

M: Hmm. I'd say ninjas. We don't wanna get mixed up with butt pirates. Definitely ninjas.



Gravity Critics Choice Awards

@ Kings Arms, 6/9/11

The Critics Choice Awards have evolved into something of a prestigious nature since their inception just last year. Bands duke it out on stage; some rise and others fall as they compete for prizes that only seem to get better as the years come by. This time Popstrangers, The Unfaithful Ways and Kimbra made it to the finals, all vying for the prize that would be awarded later

that night. Let's get down to what happened.

As the doors opened, the line outside the Kings Arms filtered into the room. The crowd split as some headed outside for a casual chat and smoke, while others secured their places right by the front of the stage. With their instruments in place and sound levels at the ready, Popstrangers took the lead. Playing an impressive set, especially with crowd favourite 'Happy Accidents', these lads gave it their all. With a more-than-hearty portion of distortion and raw, unmarred energy, the trio's enthusiasm was well received by the crowd, toe-tappers and dancers alike. Guitarist and vocalist Joel Flyger's screeches, 'ooooos' and wild flailings definitely set the tone and level of energy of the night, alongside the enthusiasm of bandmates Adam Page and Elliot Rawson. "We played a fun gig and we did what we came here to do; gave it our all. Expect nothing less from us", they said.

Next up were The Unfaithful ways, shuffling on stage as a very dapper crew, charming those present even

before their instruments were in hand. With a tip of his cap and a cheeky smile, Marlon Williams announced the title of their first song: 'Yesterday I Loved You, But Today I Just Don't Care'. A quick peek around the room showed that their country twang was out of the regular listener's comfort zone, but many, if not most seemed converted by the end of the set. Worthy of note was the mic stand kerfuffle, where Marlon squatted, crouched and crooned (whilst still performing masterfully) as it refused to stay in place - garnering the applause of the crowd for smooth sailing under pressure. The skilful vocal harmonies, crisp and clear sounds and flawlessly executed solos helped sway the hearts and ears of those present by the end of the set.

Finally, chants from an eager crowd called Kimbra to the stage. This starlet stole the show with her charmingly chic and musically tight ensemble. With heart-stopping howls from lips to rival Mick Jagger's, this siren was met with cheers, claps and excited screams throughout the set. The roars were deafening as she sang the tunes people were waiting

for all night, particularly her singles 'Settle Down' and 'Cameo Lover'. Her supporting band was impeccable, in senses both sonic and sartorial. The little diva scampered off the stage to an explosion of resounding applause.

It was a tough decision for the judges to make with such a variety of music and talent present that night. Tensions ran high as the suspense filled the air. After swift but clearly difficult deliberation, the judges crowned Kimbra the victor. With a grin from ear to ear, she exclaimed "It's wonderful to be back in my homeland, and be acknowledged for all the hard work I've been putting in. This is so exciting!" Kimbra walked away with the \$10,000 recording and music video grant from NZ On Air, \$2000 Rock Shop voucher and a 'Band Box - Pumped' CD Replication and Poster combo from Forge Media, alongside mentoring from some of the biggest names in the industry. This event has quickly shaped up to be one to look out for, and you'll be hearing a lot more from all three of the finalists as they take over your television screens and airwaves.

- Josh Ling.

I'll pick up anything and play it.

An Interview with Funkommunity

Isaac Aesili and Rachel Fraser have combined forces to create Funkommunity, a soul and funk inspired powerhouse of sound. Having played, toured and collaborated with big names in the industry (Aaradhna, LadiB and Crowded house to name a few), this sound-smithing duo is swimming in talent. With his signature 'fro and charming smile, here's a snippet of the chat with Mr. Aesili.

So what have you been up to lately?

Isaac: I just played at Late at the Museum recently, it was really cool.

Right! That's the one with the discussion panel, DJs, and if I heard right... Tranny show?

Yeah! It was awesome actually; really really cultural. It's really entertaining, they know how to put on a show. Heaps of sparkly costumes, shiny headpieces, the whole nine yards!

Sounds fantastic. Anyway, on to Funkommunity, shall we? What made you pick a genre like funk/soul in such a heavily commoditised, pop-driven market?

I guess it chose me. I kinda gravitated towards it of my own accord, and not because of my musical background either. I'm a classically trained trumpet player who listened to a lot of jazz growing up. I guess it came from my highschool band called Sola, and we were influenced by a lot of early drum n bass and trip-hop which we wanted to fuse with jazz... so it just naturally made its way to funk and soul.

Given the classical training, are you also a multi-

instrumentalist? From the record, it sounds a lot like Rachel sings and you kinda do everything else!

You're pretty much right! [Laughs] The trumpet's my main instrument, but I also play variations like the cornet and euphonium. I've recently become more confident with playing percussion, particularly with live jams. Singing isn't exactly my forte, but I do throw on some backing vocals from time to time. Otherwise though, I'll pick up anything and play it.

Listening to Chequered Thoughts, a lot of the drums and sounds seem like they're done with virtual programs. How do you feel about how music is so heavily digitalised these days?

I'm rolling with it. I think it's important to try and understand what that means for the sonic nature of music production. Personally, I try not to rely too heavily on it because I'm a huge fan of analog sounds. I do things like recording tape hiss on my songs, chucking a layer underneath so that it doesn't sound too digitally clean.

It's funny how you're going out of your way to make digital music more authentic sounding.

But then again, think of the 70s or 80s when they tried to make everything sound as digitalised as



possible. Music changes and evolves.

Bam. Drink of choice?

After living in Germany for a while, I'd have to say I'm a fan of a good, European beer.

Pirates or Ninjas?

Pirates. I dig the way that they're full-on rebels, where ninjas usually follow the line.

Funkommunity's album Chequered Thoughts comes out next Monday, with a release gig at 1885 on Saturday the 29th. Doors open at 9pm and entry is \$10. Go on, treat yourself to a great night out.

For more music reviews and interviews, all the way through to the end of the year, keep an eye on craccum.co.nz.

FROM THE PRODUCERS OF
DAWN OF THE DEAD

THE THING

A person wearing a full-body white snow suit and a hood with a fur trim stands in a snowy, desolate landscape. The person's face is obscured by a dark, featureless mask. Their hands are outstretched at waist level. The person is positioned within the large, white, blocky letters of the word 'THING' in the title. The background is a bright, hazy white, suggesting a snowy or icy environment with falling snow or ice particles visible in the air.

IT'S NOT HUMAN. YET.

IN CINEMAS NOVEMBER 3



www.thething.co.nz

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God of War Origins Collection (PlayStation 3) ★★★★☆

Every Playstation owner loves *God of War*. This is just a fact. And after all, what's not to like? It has everything. Bloody, gruesome action. A mythic and engulfing storyline. Countless boos everywhere all the time. Gaming perfection, if you ask me.

Until now, however, your average PS3 owner may have missed out on some of the more interesting chapters of Kratos' life. If you didn't happen to be the owner of a PSP, you won't have experienced the awesomeness of the two portable iterations of series: *Ghost of Olympus* and *Chains of Sparta*. Both of these games were incredible PSP titles – inarguably, both are in the top ten greatest PSP games ever. Not only were these titles a heck of a lot of fun, but they really explored the character of Kratos in far more depth than any of their console big brothers did. In the spirit of current trends, Sony has decided to crank these PSP titles up to eleven, remaking them as HD titles for the Playstation 3 on a single disc. Sounds like a plan.

Chains of Olympus picks up during Kratos' ten years of service to the Gods of Olympus, protecting the city of Attica from an invading army, flanked by a Basilisk and all manner of Mythic Greek monsters. After cutting a fucking swathe of destruction through these chumps, Kratos notices that the sun falls from the sky and the world plunges into a deep, foggy darkness. What follows is Kratos trying to hunt down Morpheus, the God of Dreams, in an attempt to free the world from the grim, dark dystopia it has become. Add to the mix a few characters from Kratos' mortal life, and you have a recipe for

another excellent *GoW* romp.

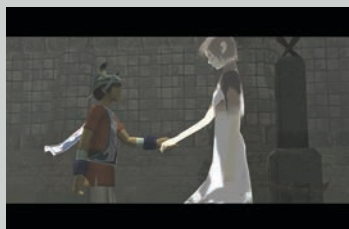
Alternatively, *Ghost of Sparta* plunges back even further into the world of Kratos, focussing briefly on his childhood. It seems as though the downfall of the Gods has been prophesied several years prior to the *God of War* trilogy, and was said to have come at the hands of a Spartan covered in red-markings. As Kratos and his brother Deimos, at around the age of eleven, train in Sparta, the Gods kidnap Deimos, mistaking his existing red marks for the ones that would eventually adorn Kratos. As you can imagine, when Kratos discovers that his brother isn't actually dead, violence ensues.

But chances are that plot isn't all that concerning to you when you're playing this series. At this stage, you're probably more interested in how the graphics handled the leap across the console chasm. The answer: pretty well. You have to remember that these were games designed to be played on the bus, so comparing it to *God of War 3* isn't exactly fair. But they look nice enough, fitting in comfortably with the high-def medium.

For \$70 on MightyApe, the *God of War Origins Collection* is a steal. Both of these games are about as long as their predecessors, with all the violence and gore you've come to expect from the series. If you can get past the occasional lazy character render, you'll enjoy the hell out of it.

ICO and Shadow of the Colossus Collection (PlayStation 3) ★★★★★

Nostalgia is a hell of a thing. *ICO* was the first Playstation 2 game I ever owned, and to this day it holds



a special place in my heart, with its uniquely quiet, soulful and powerfully sweet nature. I never thought another game would even come close to the special way it made the twelve-year-old me feel, but then a couple of years later *Shadow of the Colossus* came along and taught me how to love again. Well, maybe that's a bit dramatic. Like I said, nostalgia.

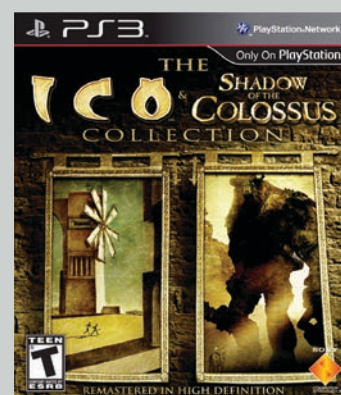
If you never played *ICO*, you really missed out on something amazing. In a fittingly silent and disturbingly peaceful cutscene, young Ico – a boy with horns – is taken away by a group of knights. Apparently, his horns represent a bad omen for the village he lives in, so he is to be imprisoned in a sarcophagus in a castle on an otherwise deserted island. Shortly after Ico is sealed inside one of the mysterious chambers, a tremor runs through the island, knocking the stone box off its ledge and freeing Ico. What follows is a story of Ico and Yorda (the mysterious girl he meets within the castle) and their bid to escape the confining walls of the castle.

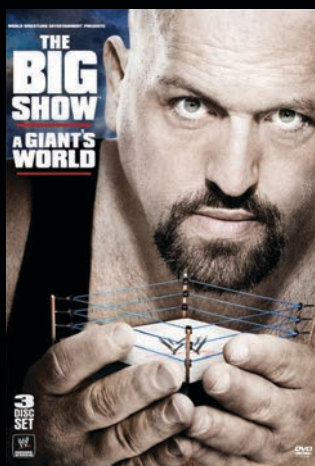
Just as mysterious and hauntingly beautiful is the follow-up title, *Shadow of the Colossus*. These two titles always felt like they were cut from the same cloth, and while doing the research for this review I found a quote from the creator of the two, stating that *Shadow* was actually a prequel to *ICO* set in the same game universe. In *Shadow*, you

play as a young man named Wander, seeking to bring a woman he cares for back to life. In order to do this, he is entrusted with finding and slaying sixteen massive – and I do mean massive – colossuses. Obviously, this is one of those tasks that is easier said than done.

Last year, when movie critic and douchebag Roger Ebert tried to ignorantly claim that video games could never be art, the people that were arguing with him would often cite these two titles as evidence to the contrary. And rightly so. As anyone who has ever played either of these amazing games will tell you, they are works of art, both visually and emotionally. The HD medium works wonders for these games, and it makes you wonder why Sony waited so long to commission them. As for the emotional side of things, the stories still hit home with just the level of depth and surprising clarity.

The *ICO and Shadow of the Colossus Collection* is a great little way to relive a chunk of your childhood. Frankly, of all the games that could be remade in HD, this is third only to the original *Halo* and the *Metal Gear Solid* series. Oh, they're doing those two? Just around the corner? Thanks HD, you're awesome.





Big Show: A Giant's World

★★★★☆

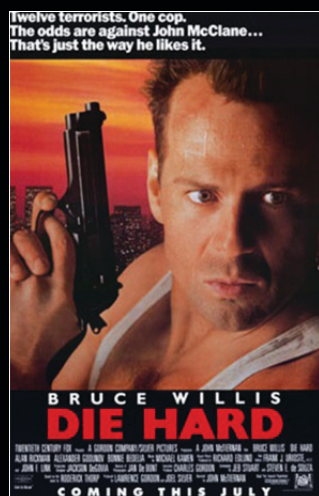
Fact: The Big Show is an excellent wrestler. Fact: He is underused in

the WWE, and has been for quite some time. So it's nice to see that, after his pathetically short match at Wrestlemania 27, The Big Show is finally getting some credit for his work. And when you compile all his best matches into one place, it's kind of hard to see why The Big Show isn't a bigger (no pun intended) player in the WWE.

In the current style of the WWE collections, the first disc of this three disc set focuses on The Big Show's life, through a series of clips and interviews with the man himself. I'm not really a huge fan of this particular way of doing things (I'm more into just watching matches) but it's a reasonably quick and interesting way to get a good understanding of everything Big Show's done to get to where he is now.

But if you're a proper wrestling fan, you'll mainly be in this for the matches. Let me tell you, Big Show has been in some fucking doozies. The collection goes back as far as Big Show's humble beginnings as The Giant in WCW, with matches pitting him against the likes of Ric Flair and Sting – for all those of you with a hankering for that classic, old school wrestling sort of flavour. Jump forward to the Attitude era, and you've got guys like Stone Cold, The Rock and Kurt Angle in the mix. Jump forward even further to basically now, and you also get a good wee collection of people like CM Punk, and some of the better matches from his tag-team runs with Chris Jericho and the Miz. It's a pretty good reflection on Big Show's skill that he's only gotten better over time, and doesn't show signs of slowing down any time soon.

As always, this DVD will only apply to wrestling fans who are in it for more than just watching the stuff that they can see on TV every week. If you're a fan of the Big Show and you like great classic wrestling matches, this one is definitely worth a buy.



Die Hard

★★★★★

Die hard is unquestionably the greatest movie ever made, and I am not just saying that because I want to post this review onto the *Craccum* website so that I can finally have the "citation needed" to impart my wisdom onto the Wikipedia entry

for this amazing movie. It really has everything you want from a movie: action, comedy, an evil German, explosions, Christmas, Bruce Willis, Alan Rickman, fists with your toes... t he list goes on.

But what makes this movie so much better than other movies made during the golden age of action is the incredible balancing act that Director John McTiernan is able to achieve between the actual realities of the world we live in and the suspension of reality that is required from the audiences of action movies. So for example, when Rambo bursts into the room and guns down a shitload of dudes and the only blood on him isn't his – John McClane takes out "terrorists" one at a time, awkwardly, with bloodied feet (because he took his shoes off just before shit started to get real, and then the only terrorist he managed to kill had feet smaller than my sister).

The character himself is more realistic – a good cop but a lousy husband, not super athletic... the reluctant hero.

And the bad guys? Well, they aren't on an almighty national or political crusade – they are just a bunch of dudes (black, white, Asian, European) who are good at picking locks and shooting people. Even when the head bad guy, Hans Gruber is called out by John's wife when she says "After all your posturing, all your little speeches, you're nothing but a common thief". He simply replies: "I am an exceptional thief, Mrs. McClane. And since I'm moving up

to kidnapping, you should be more polite." Perfect.

My brother and I watch this movie every Christmas, and if your family is void of any bad-ass traditions, then I advise you to adopt this one as your own. The only problem with *Die Hard* is that it is so awesome that fan-boys feel the need to keep making more of them, which don't really work in this day and age, so the magic of 1, 3, and to a much lesser extent 2 are lost and you end up with the half-arsed piece of piss that was *Die Hard 4*.

- Elisa Brown



The Year In Review

Being the film editor for *Craccum* in 2011 has been an absolute pleasure, made all the better by working with some awesome people. So if I may take a moment of your time, I would like to thank some of the volunteers for their exceptional effort and commitment that they have made during the year. In this day and age it is hard to get students to do anything, let alone unpaid work. Firstly, thank you to the Editors, Spencer and Rhys – they put up with me providing

content late, and were sympathetic to the special needs of a practically dying film editor. Plus, as far as I am aware, they didn't edit out any of my crazy hate-speech against Julia Roberts or the many shit comedy movies that I have had to endure and then waste readers time by writing 300 word reviews about.

And of course, because the magazine runs on the blood of contributors, here are a few people that went over and above the call of duty to produce one of the best film sections the world

has ever seen: Alex, Mandy, Andrew, Finn, Ella, Ed, Hamish, Hilary, Kara, Nicola, Pasan, Rachel, Sid, Tian Yang Li, Tom Anderson, and Tom Augustine. You guys rock! And to Nick and Aaron – may the force be with you always.

★★★★★ - Elisa Brown

(And a special thanks to you, Elisa, for being so amazing. Also, for creating a film section with movies people have heard of.)





Daughters of Heaven

★★★★★

My biggest issue with live theatre in this country? The price. I love going out to watch a play, but if I can get three movie tickets for the same price as one theatre ticket, my financial destitution wins out over my love of thespianage (excellent made-up word, go forth, use it) every time. As you can imagine then, when I saw that our very own post-grad Drama students were putting on a production of *Daughters of Heaven* and tickets were only \$10, I was thrilled. A part of me was steeling myself for the inevitable 'you get what you pay for' reality of cheap theatre – the faded memories of many a terrible Summer Shakespeare or school musical running through my head. To say that I was pleasantly surprised by the production would be an understatement of epic proportions.

Daughters of Heaven is a play that most of us are more likely to know as *Heavenly Creatures* – both being adaptations of the Parker-Hulme murder case of 1954, wherein Pauline

Parker and Juliet Hulme murdered Pauline's mother with a brick in a stocking, after she grew concerned with the increasingly paranoid and obsessive relationship the two shared. The play jumps seamlessly back and forth between the trial and the events that warranted it, giving us an insight into the flawed and deeply dangerous mindset of the two girls.

And make no mistake. In every sense of the word, the two girls are the heart of this production. Juliet Hulme's madness and manipulation is so perfectly embodied by the immensely talented Toni Tippet that I found myself noticeably tense when she was on stage – such was the power of her radiating madness. Jordan Foulds' Pauline Parker was just as impressive, managing to somehow be both the sidekick in the whole scenario, while clearly just as damaged, paranoid and co-dependant as her cohort. The rest of the cast were equally impressive in their roles – I could easily spend hundreds of words harping on about each of their own unique talents, nailing the role they'd be given.

Also worth mentioning were the set and lighting design. Very rarely does a production in which the audience encircle the performance work quite this well. A bare set – made entirely from a desk, a table, a couch and a handful of chairs – only serves to put more focus on the talent of the actors involved. That's not to say the set isn't used well – far from it – but rather that the set is only used in moments of great intensity, like confrontations.

The run of *Daughters of Heaven* was painfully too short. Given the quality of this production, I can only hope (for your sake) that they extend the season.

- Scott Stanford



Crims

★★★★☆

The new play by prolific writer-director-actor Thomas Sainsbury is a hilarious light comedy that wickedly details – with some affection – the lives of two people on the lower rungs of society. Ryan Richards and the writer himself play the two protagonists, Willy and Louis, who are thrown into community service after their shoddy lives make them turn to petty crime. Along for the ride in a multitude of roles is Katie Simmonds, rotating between characters such as the pretty, pea-brained Chanel to the "Poly-dyke" Brenda.

The actors all switch from character to character as the plot calls for it, and it's one of the play's most compelling aspects. Sainsbury briefly plays the security guard who catches Willy in the act and also Willy's uncle. Richards plays Louis' douchey younger brother and favoured child Jeremy. It's Simmonds who has the most roles and is the real highlight of the show. Willy's apathetic aunt stood out among her huge repertoire of personalities, as well as the hilarious role of Willy's non-starter love interest with "mental eyes". Each character is played so comically that it nearly tips into caricature, but this is to her credit. She gives the play a boundless energy and makes it impossible to not laugh. Richards and Sainsbury have great co-protagonist chemistry and their shifting relationship is believable and at times moving. All three actors need to be commended on making the switches between characters almost seamless and never jarring.

Sainsbury's script is absolutely hilarious. He is tuned into his protagonists' lives and what drives them, making this clear throughout. He knows how to utilise comedy so that it draws us into the characters and their situation, evoking essential empathy. I also give him kudos for playing on a level field with his characters. He doesn't vilify them – he lets their dilemmas play out for the audience to judge. My only criticism against the script lies in the ending, which felt a little too neat and rounded off for the less sympathetic of the protagonists. Also, the plot is very bottom-heavy – it takes a while to build up and then starts progressing swiftly.

But on the whole it's a pretty damn decent comedy that penetrates a bit deeper than you might expect. And honestly, it's been a long while since I laughed this much in a single hour.

- Sam Brooks

SIEGE BVNT COMICS

Presents:

"Special Sauce and
a Sesame Seed Pun"

Presented by:
Spencer Dowson
Rhys Mathewson
Ignus Ferreira

Tonight on Hammond Burger, Private Eye:

Evening, Officer. I'm Hammond Burger, P.I. This is my assistant, Patty. Now tell me, what happened here?

Chicken Nugget, white meat. Poor kid, barely out of the fryer. Some sick bastard drowned him in his own sauce.

Looks like things round here are getting a bit saucy...

HAMMOND BURGER PRIVATE EYE

Featuring:
Jeff Goldblum
Meryl Streep
The Wayans Brothers

O.K. That's it. We're never ever coming here to write comics again.

A Year in Review

The end of another academic year is almost upon us (unless you're stuck doing summer school, in which case, shame), and with that comes the archetypal compilation of best foods and flavours encountered this year. As the great A.A. Gill, restaurant-reviewer extraordinaire once said, "There's nothing worse than writing about food that's mediocre. Yes, there isn't much wrong with it, but it isn't that great either". This year's list shuns such mediocrity and will hopefully reveal some secret places you didn't realise had good kai. And then there are the places that you'll never hear the end of from me because they're just so good. Without further ado, here are some of this year's best, in no particular order:



Best falafel pita/post-pump class protein pita

The Chilli Factor, every Saturday at the City Farmer's Market, Britomart and Saturday and Sunday at La Cigale, 69 St Georges Bay Rd, Parnell. Ph. 021 141 7348

Yinon Shimi makes some fine, fine falafel, tahini and hummus. In fact, everything he makes is good. It's all home-made, and his falafels are teeny golden nuggets of joy. You can also buy his fiery harissa hummus, salsa, chilli-pesto, feta and pita-bread, all divine, and it's only \$6 for a full-to-groaning falafel pita with the works. The best part of eating his falafel pita is wiping the flour off your satisfied grin afterwards.



Best late night feed

New Flavour Restaurant, 541 Dominion Rd, Mt Eden.

There are, unfortunately, very few places of substance open in the wee small hours, but if you're ever down that way and in need of a good feed, *New Flavour* aka *Midnight Dumplings* is the place to go. The sight of women hand-making dumplings at the table next to you may give off a bit of a sweat-shop vibe and be a little off-putting for some, but they are nonetheless delicious. One of the few places open 'till 4am, \$10 buys you a steaming-hot plateful of dumplings in an infinite number of flavours (my favourites include the mutton and carrot, beef and fennel, and the pork and chives). It is mandatory to eat them with lashings of black vinegar or red chilli oil, or both, and there are often enough leftovers for breakfast later that same morning.



Best for hard-to-find ethnic cuisine

Auckland International Cultural Festival, Mt Roskill Auckland War Memorial Park.

The *Auckland International Cultural Festival* happens every year around March (look out for signs in bus-shelters everywhere next year) and plays host to a number of international food stalls, including the esoteric Ethiopian cuisine. *Injera* is a spongy pancake with a uniquely sour flavour, topped with all sorts of delicious curries, stews and vegetables. How do you eat it? Simple: rip off pieces of injera and scoop up the toppings. It rained the day we went and things can get messy, so it pays to take another person with you: one to hold the umbrella and the other to hold the plate whilst you both gorge. The plates are big, but trust me when I say you might not want to share. You can also partake in an Ethiopian coffee ceremony: it was seriously some of the best coffee I've ever tasted, which makes sense, given that Ethiopia is the little-known birthplace of coffee.



Heart attack waiting to happen (but so worth it)

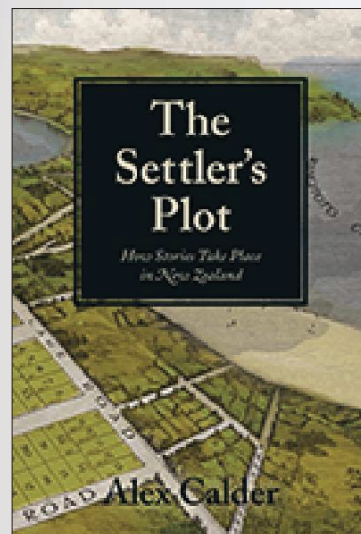
Little and Friday, 12 Melrose St, Newmarket or 43C Eversleigh Rd, Belmont.

Being a medical student, I often feel a mixed sense of self-loathing and pleasure when I'm at *Little and Friday*. Much akin to smoking, I know that it is bad for me, but why then does it taste so good? Their rosemary cheese straws are the butteriest things to have ever passed my lips, and their cream and raspberry jam doughnuts are an icing-sugared time-bomb, but who cares? Not keen on all that sugar? How about a leek and haloumi tart topped with roasted vine-tomatoes? The devil is in the details here, with antique cutlery in communal jars, mint and cinnamon flavoured water (quirky but it works) in old-school milk bottles, and individual sticks of butter resembling pieces of yellow taffy twisted in waxed paper (because apparently you need more). Plus instead of order numbers, they have giant animal figurines instead, how cute is that?

Best fancy dessert-date

Mikano, 1 Solent St, Mechanics Bay.

Everybody has an *Entertainment* card. Even if you don't have one, you'll know someone who does. And one card is all you need to open up a world of



The Settler's Plot: How Stories Take Place in New Zealand

Alex Calder (Auckland University Press)

★★★★☆

If you spend much time reading New Zealand literature, the whole issue of place and belonging becomes so familiar it's easy to take for granted – one *Lis-tener* critic recently described it as the most reliable hobby-horse of local literature. So to learn, by way of Alex Calder's new book, that a whole critical toolkit of 'settlement studies' exists to interrogate this great New Zealand preoccupation is a nice jolt to the system. Of course, taking any topic or theme for granted is a dead end in any kind of study – things get much more interesting once someone picks up the right tools and pries the door open.

In fact, calling the results of Calder's work in *The Settler's Plot* interesting would be damning it with faint praise. The first chapter, in particular, is an absolute gem – an examination of nature and the Pakeha search for 'a place to stand' which takes in Blanche Baughan, James K Baxter, the *Formyula* and a Discovery Channel tourism special – it's nearly worth the asking price alone. And it rarely flags the rest of the way through; Calder's critical reading of these texts is a model for anyone writ-

finer things. *Chocolate Boutique* is great, but often overrun with tourists, and Mt Eden charges inexplicable prices for pretty average slices. So next time you're planning a late night date with the girls, or a girl, consider the dessert menus of fine-dining restaurants everywhere. My personal favourite is *Mikano* next to the Port, an incredibly chic place with fabulous views of the waterfront and helicopter take-offs and landings. The service is impeccable, and the dessert delightful. The menu is constantly changing, but the chocolate fondant I had was pure luxury, and

ing about literature to follow – precise, rigorous, yet down-to-earth and entertaining, the kind of critical writing that has you scrambling to read the original texts to share in the critic's exploration. Prepare to have any lingering mental images of snore-inducing literary criticism taken to pieces.

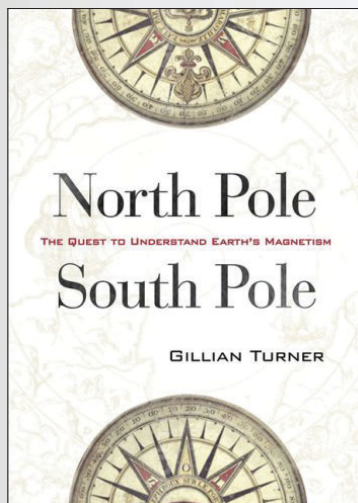
Four main themes shape the book – belonging, landing, settling and 'looming', that last being the presence of distance and the 'overseas' in local writing – and the book follows from early colonial times through to the mid-twentieth century. Calder's focus is on the texts that best illustrate and explore the swirling, complex issues of place and belonging, rather than on a fixed local canon, which is also partly what makes the book so entertaining – the standard great names of local literature (Curnow, Frame, Sargeson) are examined, but Calder equally takes in lesser-known, slightly creaky historical fiction and non-fiction settler narratives of the nineteenth century along the way. As a work based on 'settlement studies', the focus is on Pakeha writing, as Calder flags early in the book; but the presence of Maori itself defines Pakeha identity and the shape of these stories, as that first chapter confirms.

Despite the huge range of writing covered, this is a book that knows exactly what its focus is and where it's headed, and the route it plots – from seashore to sheep station to suburb – is a hugely enjoyable trip to take. Moreover, *The Settler's Plot* gives valuable insights and ways to explore local literature that will enrich your reading experience well into the future – precisely what a top-notch critical work ought to do. Students of English Literature: trust me, you need to own this. The rest of you who've read through this far: just pick this one up the next time you're in a bookstore, have a look at that first chapter, and my bet is you'll be sold. Highly recommended. - Sam Finnemore

North Pole South Pole

Gillian Turner
★★★★☆

Back in August, TVNZ7 ran a short



documentary series which briefly covered the history of the discovery and classification of the various elements that make up the Periodic Table. It was done well, in such a way as to make it interesting and accessible to a broad audience. This book, *North Pole South Pole* attempts to do much the same, discussing the history of scientific discovery about magnetism, focused in particular on the magnetism of the Earth itself.

The author, Gillian Turner, is well-qualified in the field, holding a PhD in Geophysics, and having been a lecturer in Physics at Victoria University Wellington since 1982. Apparently she's also won awards for teaching excellence, but unfortunately she hasn't fully managed to bring that excellence to bear on this book.

There are really three major problems with the book. Firstly, the author tends to get just slightly too technical. Secondly; the book is written as a timeline but keeps jumping back and forth, and third; the subject just isn't made all that interesting. Turner sometimes gets a little bogged down in the technical details of someone's experiment or the like, which is a little odd since she's clearly been at pains to ensure she kept the writing simple enough for a general audience. One ends up feeling a bit like the idiot politician in the movies who apparently never took a science class in their life, and needs the scientist predicting doom to stop talking detail and give them the conclusion in toddler-friendly terms instead.

Owing to the fact that she's describing the history of something, it is logical that Turner would essentially write in chronological order. But because chapters discuss different topics and their historical development, there's a tendency to suddenly refer again to someone who hasn't been mentioned for a couple of chapters like it was just in the last paragraph, meaning that it is all too easy to have completely forgotten who they were or what they did. Turner can't really be blamed for it though, since the historical discoveries weren't made in a simple linear fashion. The problem is also partially alleviated by an inclusion of short bibliographies of some of the key historical figures at the front of the book, and a glossary at the back, making it easier to be quickly reminded of details without having to go through half the book trying to find the relevant page.

At times the book becomes a touch dull. Again, there's probably not much Turner could have done to avoid this without losing some of the informative value of the book, since she's reporting history as it happened. It's nothing to make you want to put the book down, but not everything is terribly exciting. Fortunately there's been enough happening in the history of humanity's understanding of magnetism that no one point is lingered on for too long.

The book is definitely not all bad though. It's clear that Turner knows her subject well, and has done a lot of research on it. Pleasingly, the book doesn't simply stop at some arbitrary point in the past, but continues describing the progress at learning more about Earth's magnetism right up to the present day, covering developments from within the last decade, and includes some conjecture on what could be yet to come in an epilogue. The quibbles described above are noticeable, but they certainly don't stop the book from being readable.

If the mere mention of science sends you into a coma, this book isn't for you. But if you want to learn more about the Earth's magnetism, this book is recommended. A small bibliography included in the back should give you plenty more to read once you've finished *North Pole South*



the accompanying espresso ice cream with liquored crumbs was a match made in my mouth.

Best dang Lebanese and pita for pittance

Shefco Cedar Bakery, 827 Dominion Rd, Mt Roskill.

I've said it once, and I'll say it again. I love *Shefco*. In much the same way that Tom aka Joseph Gordon-Levitt loved Summer's smile, hair, knees and heart-

shaped birthmark, I love *Shefco's* astringent spinach pastries, the generous herb-crust of their za'atar bread, their complimentary baklava with hot drinks and their freshly-baked pita for next to nothing. I feel joyous for how much I get for so little money, and wrong at the same time. *Shefco* is an Auckland institution that must continue long after our bellies are full and we are tired of pita (like that could ever happen).

- May-Lee Wong, Food Reviewer Extraordinaire.

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VINES

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TO BE AT THE
BIGGEST NEW
YEARS FEST
IN NZ!!

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91.0
Today's Hit Music



Back to the Drawing Board

Craccum's Rejected Idea of the Year

This was submitted to us as cover idea about two days after the earthquake and tsunami hit Japan, as the damaged nuclear plant was spitting out fire and radiation. Funny, but as you can imagine, it would have been too soon.

ACTIVITY FUN BOOK



Which Elements did
Aang use to defeat the
~~Fire Nation?~~

JAPAN

- | | |
|-------|-------------------------------------|
| Earth | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| Air | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Fire | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| Water | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

Life is a complex, tricky and foamy thing. University is a place for learning, but what about those delightful parts of life for which there is no department? No course reader? No snotty tutor with an undeserved sense of importance? That's where we come in...

The Great Craccum How-To Guide

How to be Editor of Craccum.

Alright then! After seeing Spencer and Rhys do it for a year, you've decided that being Editor of *Craccum* could be a lot of fun. You're right! It could be! But you can't just waltz into this role like it's some sort of waltzing competition. It takes preparation. It takes know-how. It takes spunk. And, above all, it takes the self-respect to wash that spunk off yourself and get to work.

☞ Contribute to the magazine, regardless of what you think of it. This helps you in two very important ways. Firstly, it helps you understand what it takes to write articles on a weekly basis, and the feedback students will likely give you in the letters section will give you a feel for what people like. Secondly, it'll get your name out there.

☞ Be prepared to suffer. Even if you have the organisational magnificence and people skills to breeze through a 40-page magazine every week, you're still going to have to go through the election.

☞ Not everyone knows that *Craccum* elects Editors every year, to prevent the magazine from being ruled by one pretentious clique and being the same every year *cough* *Salient* *cough*. The election week is a horrible one for *Craccum* candidates because, unlike all the other roles in student elections, this one actually matters. If you're running against even one other person/duo who actually wants the job, be prepared to bring it. Starting well before dawn, hanging banners where banners have no place being, talking to strangers as if they were your best friends. If you want this job, prepare to work for it.

☞ Be prepared to spend some of your own money. If you are elected editor, you can expect to start the year with pretty much nothing. If you're lucky, you might get a computer that was top of the line in 1991. But if you want something capable of running pretty much anything, or a

wireless router, or a printer, you're going to be buying that yourself.

☞ People will want stuff from you. Be prepared to tell them no.

☞ Be prepared to bring something different to the table. Even if you completely agree with the kind of magazine an editor in the past did, don't ever try and just repeat an idea - it never really works.

☞ Give it a crack. This job isn't actually all that hard. If you've got something to say, like working with people and think you know what students actually like, run for *Craccum* next year.

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK

Facebook's power should worry us all

JULIAN LEE

Last updated 05:00 11/10/2011

2 comments

Text Size

Print



Finally, someone willing to call Zuckerberg out as the Hitler-like threat that he truly is.

SHADOWS

YOUR STUDENT BAR

YOU SHADOWS & THE RUGBY WORLD CUP...

We will play as many of the games as we can! Check out our giveaways and the kick arse sh*t you can win as well! So get up here, grab a Steinie and enjoy the games.

Monday to Saturday
Nights during exams...
we have all your favourites!

Still open after
exams through
November

Open
Monday to Saturday
during Study/Exams
including
Monday 14th NOV
when we can help
celebrate it's over!

SHADOWS
EXTENSION &
TOASTED BAR &
CAFE AVAILABLE
FOR PRIVATE
FUNCTIONS.



Open for
Summer School
January 2012

SHADOWS

YOUR STUDENT BAR

**BAR OPEN
MIDDAY DAILY,
7PM ON SATURDAY**

MONDAY INFAMOUS SHADOWS PUB QUIZ

HOSTED BY MR MARK!
FROM 7PM. CHECK INTO THE
SPEIGHTS INFAMOUS SHADOWS
PUBQUIZ HOSTED BY MR MARK
USING FACEBOOK PLACES
AND GET A \$5 OLD SKOOL
OF SPEIGHTS GOLD! JUST
SHOW YOUR CHECK IN TO MR
MARK AND THE BAR STAFF TO
ACTIVATE YOUR DISCOUNT!

TUESDAY POOL COMPS

MIXED DOUBLES FROM 7PM
& SINGLES POOL COMP...
WINNER TAKES ON CHOPS FOR
BRAGGING RIGHTS (AND A BAR
TAB)

Get your PRETTY
ON for the games
with a STEINLAGER
"UNCONDITIONAL
SUPPORTER" SCARF

Buy an Old Skool of
Steinlager on tap AND ITS
YOURS!

WEDNESDAY KARAOKE DICK

KARAOKE WITH COOLER SONGS
AND CHOICER VIDEOS! FROM
7PM. "POOL COMP" FROM
7PM. \$2 ENTRY — FIRST PRIZE A
\$50 BAR TAB.



THURSDAY LIVE & NOT-SO LIVE MUSIC

FORGET OUR FAMOUS
SHADOWS CHEESEBURGER! TRY
A "\$13 POWER LUNCHBOX"
(FISH 'N CHIPS W/ A VODKA
REDBULL)

WIN IT WITH
STEINLAGER



Buy
2 for \$10
Steinlager Classic
Bottles
and go into the draw
to win a STEIN-
LAGER COOLER
CHAIR.

You could take it
home with you on the
night!

FRIDAY FRESH FRIDAYS DJ NIGHT

FROM 7PM DJ CK1(UK)
SPINNING THE DECKS TO
PHATTEN UP YOUR FRIDAY!
ALL DAY: SHARE A \$15
MAC'S GOLD SUPAJUG!
FROM 7PM: \$5 HOUSE
SPIRITS!

GET YOURSELF
SORTED WITH
STEINLAGER!



But a Supajug of
Steinlager and go
into WIN! -

A Steinlager Beanbag,
A Steinlager Chilly
Bin, A Steinlager
Adidas All Blacks
Polo & A Steinlager
Adidas All Blacks
Supports vest

valued at \$900

SATURDAY LIVE MUSIC

DOORS OPEN @ 7PM. LIVE
MUSIC FROM 9PM. CHECK US
OUT ON FACEBOOK, MUKUNA.
CO.NZ & AT THE BAR FOR
WHAT'S ON!

\$3.50 BOTTOMLESS
COKE

FREE FILTER COFFEE

All gigs... Always free! w/
Auck Uni ID (term time)



YOU'VE GOT IT...
NOW USE IT FROM
OPEN TO CLOSE!

VODKA BULL @ \$8.50

JAGER BULL @ \$9.50

TASMAN BITTER or
ICE BEER @ \$5.50 OLD SKOOL,
\$8.00 JUG & \$14.50 SUPAJUG

ISSACS PEAR CIDER @ \$5.50

ALL BOTTLED BEERS FROM
\$6.50

SMIRNOFF RED RTD @ \$6

SMIRNOFF BLACK RTD @ 6.50

TRINITY HILL SAV GLASS @ \$7
or a BOTTLE @ \$34

TRINITY HILL "THE TRINITY"
GLASS @ \$7
or a BOTTLE @ \$34

LINDAUER BRUT
GLASS @ \$7
or a BOTTLE @ \$34

\$1 introductory pint no longer available
New or Replacement Cards available
for \$5

Register at
www.campusworks.co.nz

NOW AT SHAD-
OWS... BUY "THE
RED BULL ROUND"
FOR \$25!

USE YOUR
LOYALTY CARD
WITH ANY &
EVERY PURCHASE
BECAUSE LUCKY
RANDOM MEMBERS
WIN PRIZES!

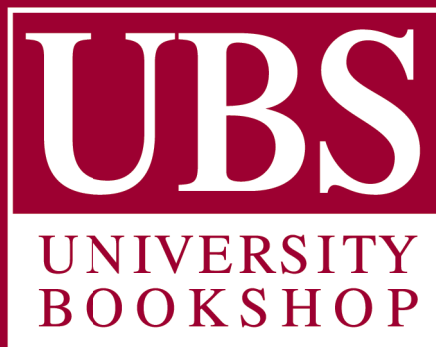
2 for \$10 Jager
Tuesday & Wednesday
nights from 7pm



Jägermeister

LEVEL 3, STUDENT UNION BUILDING
OPEN MIDDAY DAILY & 7PM SATURDAYS
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WWW.SHADOWS.CO.NZ

R18



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