



Kieran



KALA ♥



BEN



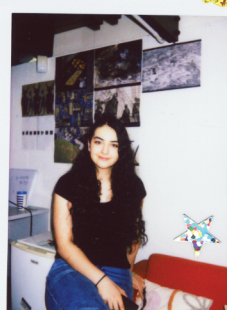
Oliver



IATUA



Lee ♥



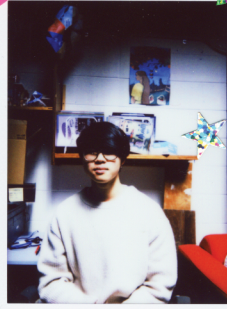
Reema ♥



Younsoo



Tim ♥



Alan



Kaavya ♥



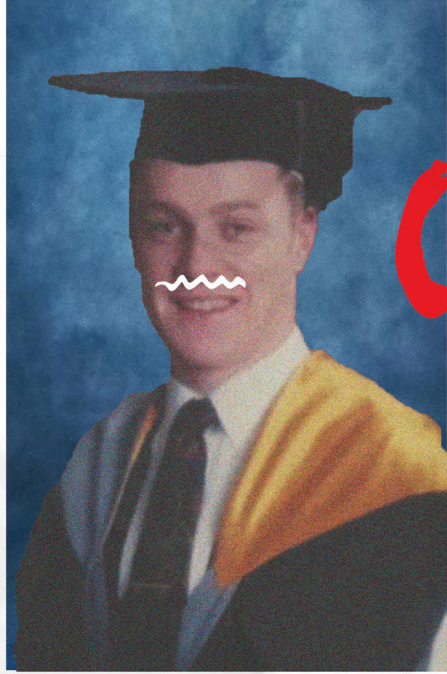
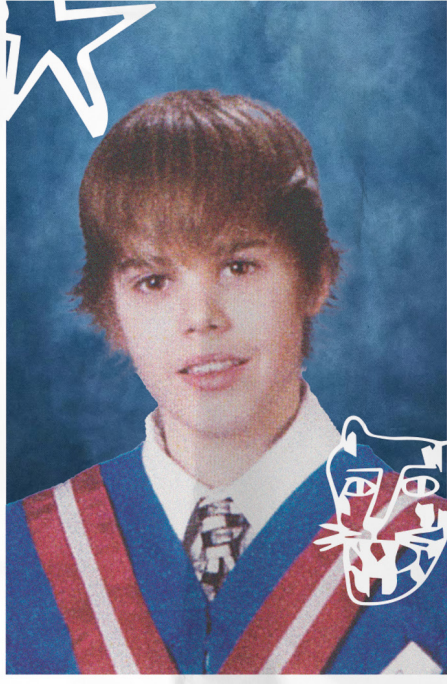
Mike



Blaze



LIVE MUSIC-DJS-FREE CANDY FLOSS AND ICED COFFEE- PHOTO BOOTH-GIVEAWAYS-INFLATABLE GAMES



AUSA PRESENTS  
**CLASS OF**  
**2024**  
😊



17 OCTOBER - GRAFTON CAMPUS QUAD - 18 OCTOBER - JOHN HOOD PLAZA + MAIN LIBRARY - 10AM-2PM



# CONTENTS

<b>EDITORIAL</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>NEWS</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>SWANSONG - THREE YEARS OF CRACCUM</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>LOOKING BACK - ONE YEAR AND 75 MORE</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>ARE YOU LIVING IN THE PAST? I SURE AM</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>THE DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD OF NOSTALGIA</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>REVISITING BRO' TOWN</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>REMEMBERING A GREENER PAST</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>LA BELLE ÉPOQUE</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>BEACH BUM'S WETTEST HITS</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>REMINISCING AND RECKONING</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>FASHIONS FLASHBACKS</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>THE SOUNDTRACK OF OUR LIVES</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>PUZZLES</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>HOROSCOPES</b>	<b>34</b>

## STAFF

**EDITOR KIERAN PANUI (HE/HIM)**  
editor@craccum.co.nz

**ASSISTANT EDITOR KALA BURGESS (SHE/HER)**  
subeditor@craccum.co.nz

**FEATURES EDITOR OLIVER COCKER (HE/HIM)**  
features@craccum.co.nz

**ARTS EDITOR LEWIS CREED (HE/HIM)**  
arts@craccum.co.nz

**LIFESTYLE EDITOR KAAVYA GHOSHAL (SHE/HER)**  
lifestyle@craccum.co.nz

**NEWS EDITOR ALAN WU (HE/HIM)**  
news@craccum.co.nz

**VISUAL ARTS YOUNSOO KIM (SHE/HER)**  
visualarts@craccum.co.nz

**ASSISTANT VISUAL ARTS BEN LUO (HE/HIM)**  
visualarts@craccum.co.nz

**SOCIAL MEDIA LEE LI (SHE/HER)**  
socials@craccum.co.nz

**PASIFIKA EDITOR IATUA FELAGAI TAITO (HE/HIM)**  
pasifika@craccum.co.nz

**MĀORI EDITOR BLAZE WEBSTER (SHE/HER)**  
maori@craccum.co.nz

**ENVIRONMENTAL EDITOR MIKE CROSS (HE/HIM)**  
environmental@craccum.co.nz

**DESIGNER NICK WITHERS (HE/THEY)**  
design@ausa.org.nz

**ADVERTISING**  
advertising@ausa.org.nz

COVER **YOUNSOO KIM**  
CENTREFOLD **SOPHIE HENWOOD** IG: @SOPHIE\_ARTTT\_  
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS **EZEKIEL AH CHING-LAVA**

HOROSCOPES **CLARICE DE TOLEDO (SHE/HER)**

INTERNS **TIM EVANS (THEY/THEM) (ARTS),**  
**TREVOR PRONOSO (HE/HIM) (NEWS),**  
**REEMA ARSILAN (SHE/HER) (FEATURES).**

### EDITORIAL OFFICE

TOP LEVEL

STUDENT UNION  
BUILDING

34 PRINCES STREET

**f CraccumMagazine**  
**@craccum**  
**@craccum**  
**@craccummag**



**WANT TO CONTRIBUTE?**  
**WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM**  
**YOU! JUST SEND US AN EMAIL!**





# Our's for a year; your's for a lifetime



KALA TAKEBE BURGESS & KIERAN PANUI



We can't believe it. It's already the last issue. After pumping out 22 issues for your entertainment, our chapter as the editors comes to an end.

As we bring this special Nostalgia issue to a close, there's a peculiar warmth in flipping through the pages, revisiting stories, memories and moments of the past.

Nostalgia, as a feeling, is often bittersweet. It tugs at our hearts with a longing for days that seem simpler in retrospect:

Looking back, we remember the stress of handing in the article by deadline and then the satisfaction when we see the new Craccum issue on the stands scattered across uni the following Monday. Not to forget the great friendships and memories formed throughout this experience.

In an era moving away from publication and journalism, we are so glad to be able to experience this before it perhaps "disappears" in the near future.

**Kala:**

With no prior experience in this field, I honestly don't know how I got this job. Nevertheless thanks to Kieran for hiring me to be the deputy editor. Throughout the year I got to write basically whatever I wanted ( perks of being the deputy editor, not having a

specific label to write about each week ) and whether they were good or not, I know that I had fun writing them for sure. My writing style changed significantly from the past, and it's safe to say that this is not a path I will be pursuing anytime soon. Despite the endless daunting moments I had every Thursday when we had to have everything done by, I will miss this job and cherish the memories I made in the process, I mean how many people get to say that they worked for the universities magazine?

**Kieran:** I can safely say that this has been one of the most enjoyable, adventurous, and impassioned years of my life. Leading Craccum as the 125th Editor has given me the opportunities to collaborate and work alongside the university community to strengthen a diverse voice of students on unique issues facing us.

It is of course lamentable that our tenure together now is expiring, but such as all things good, it must come to an end. This role has forever enriched my perception of the world, and I have many to thank for that. Primarily my family, my amazing colleagues here at Craccum, the always-willing team at AUSA, and of course the student body of UoA. I walk away now a year older, a year wiser, and a year happier.

In this issue, we've tried to capture the many faces of nostalgia—personal stories, defining

moments, and reflections. It's a reminder that while we may grow older, move away, or take on new roles in life, a part of us will always remain tied to this community.

As we close this chapter of our magazine, we hope that the stories within these pages have sparked your own memories, that they have brought a smile to your face or perhaps even a tear to your eye. Most of all, we hope they remind you that your time here, while in the past, is never truly gone.

With each glance backward, we take a part of our past forward. And as alumni, students, and faculty, we will forever carry with us the lessons and memories that were born here.

Thank you for being a part of this journey. Here's to the nostalgia of today, and the memories yet to be made tomorrow.

This editorial taps into the emotional reflection that often comes with looking back on one's university days and offers a heartfelt conclusion to the magazine's theme.

Don't miss us too much.

xoxo

- Kieran & Kala





**WED 16 OCT**  
**5 – 7.30pm**

**HOLY TRINITY**  
**CATHEDRAL**

**LIVE**  
**MUSIC**

**The Burtones**

**Variety**  
**of food**  
**& drinks**



The above event will proceed if there is light rain as there is undercover seating.  
However if the event is cancelled due to severe weather, the rain date is Thursday 24 October, 5–7.30pm.  
For more info go to [Parnell.net.nz/parnell-food-truck-nites/](https://Parnell.net.nz/parnell-food-truck-nites/)

This event is sponsored by the  
Parnell Business Association



# Supercharge your savings!

**It's time to upgrade your financial health.**



Scan the QR code to register  
for a free financial health  
check-up with a MAS Adviser,  
and be in to win \$3,000.



Visit [mas.co.nz/grad24](https://mas.co.nz/grad24) to register  
Terms and conditions apply\*

**mas**



**Be in to win \$3,000**



# NEWS



ALAN WU

## SEPTEMBER STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

### STUDENT CONSULTATION: NAMING NEW FACULTY

A survey concerning how the new combined faculty of the CAI, Education and Social Work, and Arts faculty shall be named has been returned. Benchmarking has been a practiced worldwide within similar faculties for names and proposals of the new combined faculty. Several similar names were provided: Humanities, Arts, Humanities, and Social Sciences, among multiple variants.

Staff preferences were similar to those of students. However, staff emphasised greater inclusion of the word 'Education'. Three hui workshops were held this month as part of the naming process. Approval will be sought from the senate on the 11th of November, after which the University Council will consider it in December.

### RESULTS FROM THE LEARNING AND TEACHING SURVEY AND THE GEN AI SURVEY

There has been an overall increase in student satisfaction with the learning and teaching provided by faculties. Each faculty has been provided with their academic quality report, and the data will now be used to determine how each faculty member can improve and why they might have received their particular feedback.

Regarding Gen AI, students are most concerned with breaching academic integrity in their AI use. The majority of respondents expressed that they approach AI first in their studies, with 60% expressing its importance for the future. Only 5% supported its use in assessments.

### COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE ELECTIONS

There was discussion concerning using endorsements for the Council elections following the endorsement of candidates in the recent AUSA executive elections. The issue lies in whether the endorsements are being placed on candidates or their policies; the Student Council will need to consider the future usage of these endorsements.

### CFT UPDATE

Per the special senate meeting, it was voted that the Curriculum Framework Transformation (CFT) be paused. This motion was passed and recommended to the University Council. However, anxiety surrounding the course cuts continues. Course optimisations have now switched gears from a broader, university-wide optimisation to one completed by individual faculties.

## YOUTH UNION EVENT FOR YOUNG WORKING PEOPLE AT UOA ON OCTOBER 17TH

**WHEN: 17TH OF OCTOBER, 6:30-7:30 PM**

**WHERE: 10 SYMONDS ST, SOCIAL SCIENCES BUILDING [201-440]**

*Justine Sachs is a member of the New Zealand Nurses Organisation (NZNO). She is the Auckland Organiser for Stand Up, serving as the convenor and representative for NZNO to Stand Up and the New Zealand Council of Trade Unions. Currently, only 15% of workers are unionised, and they earn, on average, 20% more than non-union workers, with better terms and conditions. Stand Up seeks to socialise the importance of unions in your move into the workplace. Below is an excerpt from Justine.*

"Stand Up is the NZCTU's (New Zealand Council of Trade Unions) representative structure for young workers, encompassing individuals up to the age of 35. Formerly known as the Youth Union Movement (YUM), Stand Up serves as your voice within the trade union movement.

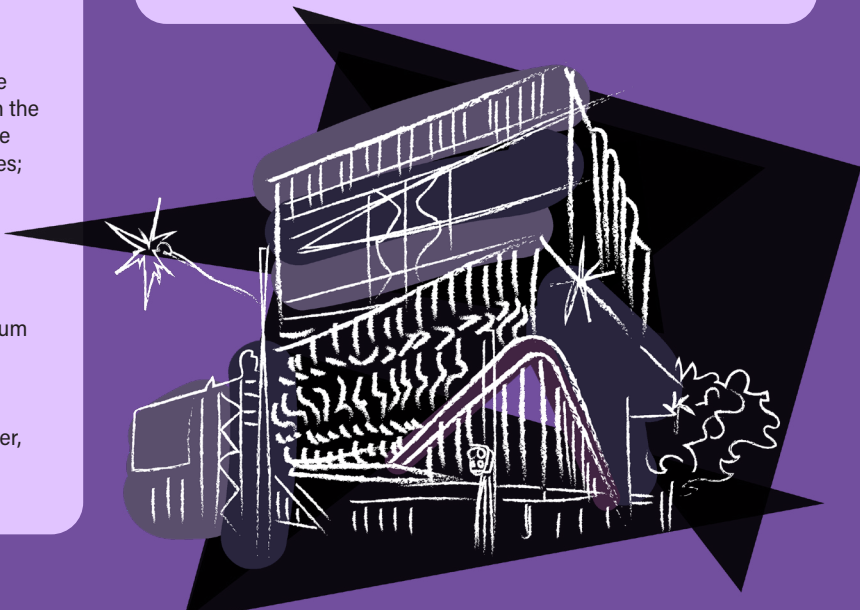
We represent young workers not only within the NZCTU but to the government and various other stakeholders. Formally, Stand Up consists of members representing each union affiliated with the NZCTU. More broadly, it acts as the voice of young workers in the union movement, advocating for issues and activities that are particularly relevant to young working people.

Unfortunately, young workers are often unheard, deprioritized, or not taken seriously. This is a tale as old as time, but it is particularly acute in our current moment. Aotearoa, New Zealand, is a country marked by a generational divide. Young people face significant challenges regarding housing security, wages, equality, education, healthcare, and the climate. Regrettably, we are set to be worse off than our parents and grandparents.

This is the inherited mess that we must confront.

We know if we continue down the current trajectory of prioritising profit over people and the planet, our future looks bleak, but we are not prepared to accept this. We are hosting hui across the motu as part of the NZCTU's Reimagining Aotearoa project. This project aims to build a policy platform from the grassroots with Kiwi workers helping imagine what a better, healthier and more equal Aotearoa might look like.

We invite young working people at UoA to attend our hui, tell us what your aspirations and dreams are for yourself and Aotearoa and be part of this project."





# MY REFLECTION AS A STUDENT JOURNALIST

Some of you may already know who I am by now, but I suppose it wouldn't hurt to reintroduce myself and share a few more things. I'm a third-year law and art student who dropped his commerce degree and finally settled on what my arts majors would be in my fourth semester (politics and theology). I spend much time completing side quests with my friends, working, and serving God and my church. I love talking and meeting new people, and I love twice as much listening and learning from the people around me. I'm just trusting the process and fighting for my life before my Part II law exams.

My journey to university began when I graduated high school, unsure of what I wanted to do. I thought about going to Australia, changed my mind, moved out, moved back home, and finally entered back into full-time study in my second year. If I were to describe myself, I would say that I was an average student figuring out my life and what I wanted it to be. It's mostly the reason why I found myself studying law, too. With this issue being our last, I certainly wanted to share a few things about my university life now that I've reached what I hope to be my halfway point for my degree. My biggest struggle at university has been a lack of purpose and connection with people around me. I think these are generally universal problems that a good portion, if not a majority, of our 46,000-strong student body faces. I hope my reflection, which will be quite different from the news reports I write, will be helpful, even encouraging to share with others. If not any of those, I hope it is entertaining for the reader.

I entered Craccum on a whim, having zero background in the news and media field. As far as the Editor-in-Chief was concerned, I'd written some creative writing and essays, which was my experience. I put my foot in the door not because I was some groundbreaking writer but because I had gotten sick of some of the content being produced. If I, a non-writer, could dream up better content, why am I not doing this? And, of course, the news editor job has its perks. The role would force me to engage with the people and community around me whilst I did my best to produce interesting and informative writing for Craccum readers, something close to real, tangible information. I, or some people, might even dare go as far as to say sharing the truth and not just opinion. But that was what drove me.

It's certainly a miracle that I found myself here. The biggest thing I pulled out of this has been figuring out where my life fits into the wider school community. I went from being disconnected to meeting all kinds of people within the university that I never would have had the chance to encounter. I learnt about food and dieting from members of SOFAD. I also got to learn some fashion tips from the Fashion Society sneakily. I know I will give the powerlifting competition a go next year. I have gained much useful knowledge about the University's bureaucracy and how students fit into its decision-making. Were these encounters uncomfortable? Certainly. I was crazy introverted when I arrived at university, and I certainly did not intend to make the university more than what it was,

getting a piece of paper. But letting go of those constraints I held tightly to my chest has been what paved the way for these fun experiences. Learning to take what life gives you and explore things without expectation has led to a greater appreciation of not just things, people, and everything else you encounter.

So how does this fit into finding purpose and where I fit in at university? Why hurry to define it is my question. Someone smart once said, "if you know what you want to be, then you inevitably become it – that is your punishment, but if you never know, then you can be anything." Why confine ourselves to our expectations and preconceptions of the world around us? Of course, we can't just let ourselves be blindly led around. Sometimes, it takes one to give themselves the space and time to reflect and grow more aware of their qualities and nuances. Holding principles and or a higher calling, something a motif I've tried to leave in my writing, will certainly do that for you. Why confine yourself to a black-and-white decision between a passion and a career? Or only associating with groups or friends you're comfortable with? Nothing certainly will come from you giving nothing. It is when we allow ourselves to become adventurous, seeking purpose and authenticity, that we gain our greatest satisfaction. It is through our uncomfortable journey moving into an unknown arena that we meet friends along the way and find connection. Just give things a go and look beyond the limits of what the University has to offer. There are plenty of opportunities here, but that doesn't mean you should feel overwhelmed or consumed by them. If educators are correct in saying that learning is a life-long journey, then make your life open to making mistakes and new experiences. Such a life isn't the only option, but it will certainly begin to expose you to the pleasures of the soul, regardless of life's highs and lows.





# Swansong

## Three Years of Craccum



OLIVER COCKER

March 28th 2022. The Ukrainian War had only just begun. University was being held online due to the latest COVID-19 outbreak. And, some foolish eighteen-year-old published a 1200-word article in a little-known magazine that would change his life. Somehow, it made it into the annual University of Auckland Yearbook, possibly an even less well-known publication.

*Playground Politics* was not particularly clever. The jokes could have used more work. And with the benefit of hindsight, I should have been nicer. Not only because I now work with one of the subjects of the article but primarily because I now work with him. Small world.

But it was, if I dare say, something different. It was everything I knew about journalism, everything I knew enough to comment on, and nothing I thought anyone would typically care about. It was the start of who I was. I take an issue that is tiny on the outside and show you why it's immense on the inside. David is Goliath, and perspective is illumination.

I was just a contributor back then. I did a little editing for Flora and Naomi. Then, I was the paid News Editor for George and Mairatea. Finally, I managed to claw my way to the coveted features role under Kieran, in charge of anywhere up to five pages of content in a week. I made the puzzles for 2023 and wrote an article for every magazine section. With *Swansong*, the final word count for all my work is 68,752. That's a professional doctorate thesis or *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

Some of my work is better than others. *Interview with a Drug Dealer* almost won an award. I can still recall getting that no-caller ID flash up. That's the sort of thing I thought only happened in the movies, and I will never know who he really was. He was someone with experiences in a world I've never touched but spoke about it so casually.

On the other hand, a news bulletin for Tech Week simply never saw the light of social media. Talia, the Chief Reporter last year, and

I spent hours trying to get a succinct script and comedic timing down, and also work the tech we were given. We used a door as our backdrop that was found halfway to the dump. Alas, it was not to be.

You can tell when something is intrinsically good. I think you can hear it when speaking in any written writing. Good work has this dance across your tongue and lips when you speak it. Like an incantation, it should want to be finished.

On the other side, comedy is impossible to judge. A few times, I have plastered an article with jokes until they form the foundation of the message itself. Any Craccum writer appreciates it when readers tell us that something is hilarious. I wrote about *The Definitive History of Music* and had to inform you of things before they could be funny. I thought there was every chance that on first reading, and I know people don't often return to Craccum articles, it would fall flat, and that would be it. Little did I know, someone in my English class would approach me and ask if I believed Swift's *Evermore* was the last great album.

I never listened to it. I told them it was undoubtedly the best. Then I ran away.

There's a Creative English course at the University of Auckland. I took it to get better at what I do here. Paula Morris, the lecturer, rightly informed me that the kind of creative non-fiction produced at Craccum is rather sterile at its core. So we tried a few things. I was part of the team that created the three-week series, designed to look like a court case regarding issues with lecturers in the law school. Neither of the lecturers teaches those classes any more, and one resigned soon after.

Then, in the interests of the most outstanding work of journalism possible, I entered the AUSA elections under the guise of desiring a vice-presidential position. If I started this career by reporting on two people going head to head in a student election, I would put myself in the middle so I could share the secrets of the election with the world. To anyone not in the know, the culmination of

the election was so fraught with controversy and allegations that I cannot do it justice in reporting with what I am allowed.

The greatest irony to me is that back in *Playground Politics*, I wrote:

Yet there are some allegations, plus some (dubious) evidence of each campaign party removing the posters of the other campaign.

In the context of election fraud, police activities, and everything else, this is small. But it happened. I did not say it then, but I will say it now. That is infantile. If the strength of your claim to position falls at someone's stray glance at another's poster, you possess only impotence. According to my research of the campaign, posters generated very little connection to votes.

If you want to win an AUSA election, future reader, align yourself with an enterprising president. 14% of the University votes, and most people are just there to vote for one person. If you capture the no-vote that someone intended to give your position, all because their friend says that you should support the two of you together, you win. The power of friendship is the ultimate political strategy.

I have seen student politics from all sides. I have heavily followed Students for Fair Rent, and you might have met me at their events. I've been to every political debate on campus since I started getting paid to attend. I've been to Palestine vigils, which shouldn't be a political issue, yet here we are. The course cuts meetings? TEU rallies? That time we chased off P. Parker? I'm always there.

Covering student issues is not about headlines; it is about weaving our experiences into one tapestry. Craccum is a platform to share voices and remind everyone that what matters to you is not buried. When you see these religious groups being shown for what they are, I hope you feel brave enough to tell your own experience of them. Everything we do, it feeds the greater change we all want.

Today, last Wednesday for you, I was



even there when a group of protesters occupied the Great Hall of the Clocktower. It was intended to be a protest against the University Council, but they had the foresight to meet over Zoom from their homes. But I was surrounded in my time by people who truly cared about making this University a greater place, and the mock meeting they held rang true to that under the bell tower.

Student Politics has not changed in the last three years. It deserves the bad reputation that it has. There must be some level of frustration that comes from being at the end of the pecking order in the societal organisation we've built. We are a ball to be kicked around for our parents' votes. It is not that you don't vote: if you go to University, you're more likely than someone who just graduated. It is just that everyone thinks they know, and no one does.

Everyone over the age of 52 benefited from free University and probably won't give it back to you. Anyone who is about 42 years old paid an average of 1200 for all the fees for a year, not just from one course. And anyone currently about 32 paid about half as much in rent as we do now. And they had their struggles. No transport is available to get to class. No houses that didn't have biohazards. The global financial crisis. We all have inherited tertiary education in an equally terrible time. There's not a single year of Craccum that doesn't tell you that.

The world is terrible. As you would have

known it even five years ago, the media is dying. This book will no doubt be mostly online next year and possibly entirely two years after that. What a way to celebrate 100 years of Craccum in 2027.

And we can't do anything. The University has told lecturers never to use the word Palestine. Fees will go up about 6% next year, and we will have fewer classes to choose from. Memorandums of Understanding with our educational overlord are becoming increasingly common.

But that's a lie. Not the rest of the paragraph, but the first line. I have seen protests and witnessed occupations in front of our ivory clock tower. I have heard retractions, apologies, and repeals. The government will not give them enough money, so they need ours. The bad press pushes people down to Canterbury. It pushes international students abroad. For the last century, students have been the ones who started societal movements.

And not just dull white men like me. Your identity is the start of your story. It's an unshakable fact that propels you into life. The world's doubt is meaningless in the face of Queerspace, The Fale Pasifika, Womenspace, Ubuntu, Taumata Rau, Kate, Tuākana Rooms, and you. Every one of your lives, readers, is worthy of a mention in the University's history— and future. I hope you leave your mark.

Craccum will be online, so what? Its voice won't be quieter. The digital shift gives us space to grow, to extend to more than just 1000 people each week. I know our mission will always be the same: to entertain and challenge.

It's a Craccum staple to end an article without concluding and finish with a joke that could lead to more. But this article is selfish, and it is for me. If you read this far, thank you. Even if this is the only thing of mine you've ever read. Whatever you do, don't stop it. Endings are disguises for people who want new beginnings. I'll still be out there. This accursed law conjoint has two more years.

I'll keep watching, and I hope one of you will take my job. You can do it justice. Tell jokes, tell stories. Lend your voice to bolster others. Don't be afraid. Courage, Resilience, Adaptability, Curiosity, Communication, Understanding, and Meticulousness. Craccum, in other words.

Your Editor,

*Oliver Cocker*

## BE PART OF THE CRACCUM STORY!

2025 is going to be an exciting year of change and growth for CRACCUM, and we are looking for two new Editors to help guide the next evolution of Auckland's leading student media.

We are seeking a **PRINT EDITOR** and an **ONLINE EDITOR** to work together to lead CRACCUM and set the standard and agenda for students at the University of Auckland next year.

If you have a passion for journalism and a strong vision of what student media should look like, this is your chance to make your mark and help shape the conversation!

To apply, provide a brief summary of your vision for CRACCUM next year, and email through with your resume to [gm@ausa.org.nz](mailto:gm@ausa.org.nz)

These are paid positions. Applications close 1 November. You must be a student at the University of Auckland during the 2025 academic year to apply.



# LOOKING BACK

## ONE YEAR AND 75 MORE



REEMA ARSILAN

On Wednesday, students and staff gathered outside the clock tower and marched down Symonds Street in a protest in support of Palestine. It has now been over a year since the October 7th attack which triggered Israel's relentless campaign of ethnic cleansing in Gaza. On the anniversary, anti-genocide protestors outside TVNZ were met with a counter-protest from Destiny Church members. Not that it should need to be spelled out, but taking Brian Tamaki's side on any issue makes you wrong by default. Regardless, the same day a joint press release from Luxon and Peters unequivocally condemned Hamas in the strongest terms possible and half-heartedly called for a ceasefire. This stance comes as no surprise and follows the Government's pattern over the last year; only acknowledging Hamas' actions with no mention of Israel's blatant disregard for international law and human life.

Over the past year, as I have written for Craccum, I have focused in on this issue over and over, because there always seems to be some fresh horror perpetrated by Israel, usually largely ignored by mainstream media in Aotearoa. I have offered updates to the growing death toll, numerous examples of war crimes and breaches of international law, unpacked the hypocrisy and lies of Israel's narrative, and detailed the failings of our Government. Despite pressure from students and staff, the University of Auckland still refuses to disclose financial ties and divest from Israel, or even to take a formal stance against genocide and apartheid. And in the Middle East things are getting worse while the world continues to allow Israel to act with impunity, as bombs rain down on Lebanon, Syria, Yemen, and the West Bank.

It is with enormous frustration that I hear both side-isms from people who haven't taken the time to look into the issue properly, or who only became conscious of it in the last year. There is absolutely no possible justification for Israel's actions, not just currently but throughout its entire history

as a state. The establishment of Israel was achieved through massacres, ethnic cleansing and expulsion in 1948, known as the Nakba, or catastrophe. Since the Nakba Palestinians have been either subjugated in their homeland or unable to return at all. The ethnic cleansing of 1948 and ongoing Israeli colonisation, apartheid, settler violence and frequent other human rights violations are not irrelevant details here. Nor is it just a problem of a bad leader, because as undeniably evil as Netanyahu is, these issues are an inherent part of Israel as a country. The way to fix this is not to spout gentle platitudes about international law and then maintain support when those principles are breached. As small and far away as our country is, New Zealand should still take a principled stance, and so far our leaders have failed in so many ways. The conflicted, confused and spineless approach needs to be replaced with one firmly rooted in equitable and just solutions. While I don't have any faith in our current leaders, social pressure has the power to enact change, and with growing public awareness I hope that in the future subsequent governments could do what is right.

What we've seen over the past year is horrific, and the tragedy and injustice cannot be understated, but there's a lot to be said for holding out hope. It's the only way we can find the strength to keep taking action. One of the major symbols of the Palestinian cause, the key, represents hope for the right of return. Refugees from the Nakba held on to the keys to the original homes they were expelled from, and now pass them down through generations, with the hope of one day returning. The Nakba is not a historical event. It is an ongoing process of displacement which hasn't stopped, whether due to encroachment and settler violence in the West Bank, or the 1.5 million people whose lives have been destroyed in Gaza. But the people hold out hope for return to their homeland, and an end to the occupation.

Palestine will be free, from the river to the sea.





**What if things didn't suck so much?  
A better world is possible!**

**Join us to hui and develop the union  
movement's 2026 election  
demands. Young workers need  
your voice!**

**The youth union movement invites you  
to reimagine Aotearoa:**

**Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland:**

**When: 17th of October**

**Time: 6:30PM-7:30PM**

**Where: 10 Symonds Street, Social  
Sciences Building, Lecture Room 201-440**

**stand up**  
youth union  
movement



# Are you living in the past? I sure am.

HANNAH JUDD

**N**o matter how hard I try Nostalgia is like a virus that seeps its way into every crevice of my being. I'm nostalgic for the 80's and 90's, even though I was born at the turn of the century, I'm nostalgic for parts of my life where I know I was unhappy, I'm nostalgic for 15 years ago and last year alike.

100 Years ago, this would be worthy of a formal diagnosis with the sickness of nostalgia. But nowadays aren't we all living in a state of perpetual nostalgia? Spend 10 minutes online and you can find endless posts of 'nostalgia-core' where grainy posts of tamagotchi's, Littlest pet-shops and empty lollipops playland's are accompanied by nostalgic gen-zers commenting 'I miss this eraaa'.

Arguably nostalgia is a natural human phenomenon, we've all heard our parent's reminisce of 'back in the day'. Nostalgia operates on a romanticisation of the past, when life was better, and the planet wasn't burning and the internet hadn't ruined everyone's attention spans. But this experience has been around for centuries, no matter how wonderful the present was and how awful the past was. People love to idealise, it creates a perfect comparison to aid our complaining of the current state of the world.

But why is nostalgia becoming chronic and more common at a younger age? Gen Z have been discussed as 'the nostalgic generation' in the media, with some of Gen-Z taking to tiktok feeling nostalgic

ALREADY for the american apparel wearing, pastel stained. 'Soft grunge' 2014 Tumblr 'era'. Amongst this content is Gen-Z nostalgia for early 2000's, coinciding with the return of Y2K fashion, Vinyl, cassette and CD Nostalgia, Gen-Z polaroid and film camera obsessions, and the list goes on. New's outlet Digiday coined the term 'early onset nostalgia' to describe this younger experience of nostalgia for times that really weren't that long ago.

I find myself being nostalgic for times that I never got to experience, and have only lived vicariously through my phone screen. Our constant exposure to footage, music, and media from the past in an instantaneously accessible way makes it easy to create our own little vision of what that past would look like. Nostalgia is exacerbated by access to endless information on the past to aid our immersive imaginative visions of a simpler time.

Gen-Z has been raised in one of the most transformative times for technology. Born in 2001, I grew up on the very tail end of VHS tapes, with CD's on the rise, only for the wave of smartphones and streaming to completely reconstruct the media consumption market as I hit the age of 8 or 9. Since smartphones have found their way into every hand, and the bombardment of social media intensifies. We all walk around constantly stimulated, unable to focus for more than 3 minutes, inundated with headlines of how our planet turns to sh\*t more and more everyday. Begging for

an escape, times without the internet and iPhones become increasingly appealing.

The incessant stimulation and obsession with self observation and branding that comes with social media is leaving Gen-Z in post modern exhaustion, alleviated by nostalgia. Especially for Gen-Z where our memories of the joys of life untouched by social media and the comfort of childhood are intertwined. And with that the collective nostalgia bug comes crawling back.

If you want to sound like my mum, you could argue 'why not just put down your phone?', and maybe we should. But it's not that simple when to afford the unplugged pleasures of the past you have to isolate yourself, when everyone you know is bonding over that recent tiktok audio and that thing Chappell Roan did at the VMAs. If only I could force everyone else to get off their phone when I decide to put mine down and live in the present.

The mass intoxication with the past that fuels Gen-Z and our 'early onset nostalgia' isn't inherently bad, but if you spend all your time longing for the past, it makes it hard to invest in your future, or enjoy the present. Although nostalgia hasn't been considered a sickness since the 19th century, if we want to alleviate our symptoms it's worth unplugging and focusing on our own lives right now.



To many, the word 'nostalgia' connotes peaceful bliss. The word lilts right off the tongue and gives us an excuse to sink into plush grass and dwell in our memories as the sun shines down and birds tweet merrily in the distance. But wait. Storm clouds are looming, and thunder is brewing in the distance. No way. Gen-Z has come to rain on your nostalgia parade.

We have all heard our parents say the infamous phrase, "Back in my day ..." as it swoops right in and turns the conversation into a lecture. But maybe we should let them relish in their memories just once. At this period of our life as young adults, it is arguable that we don't understand the true meaning of nostalgia, we do not feel the emotion as intensely and wholeheartedly as you do when you have so much life to look back upon. As we have indeed been told, we are living out the 'good old days' of our lives. While we may long for the carefree nature of childhood, with no pressure and no looming assignments, this is superficial. We cannot truly conceptualise the feeling of longing for a period in the past that you can never get back.

Hence, we arrive at the double-edged sword of nostalgia. It is presented as a happy emotion, which I suppose it is. We should count ourselves lucky to have experiences where we feel such intense positive emotions that we will long to get them back decades later. Nostalgia is simply a nudge, a reminder to replay those memories and let those emotions flood our minds again. However, as with most things, nostalgia and the devastating construct of time go hand in hand. The more experiences we have, the more time whittles away in our trail. The understanding that time and experiences are something you can never get back is excruciating to consider. Thus, it is fair enough that Gen-Z avoids it.

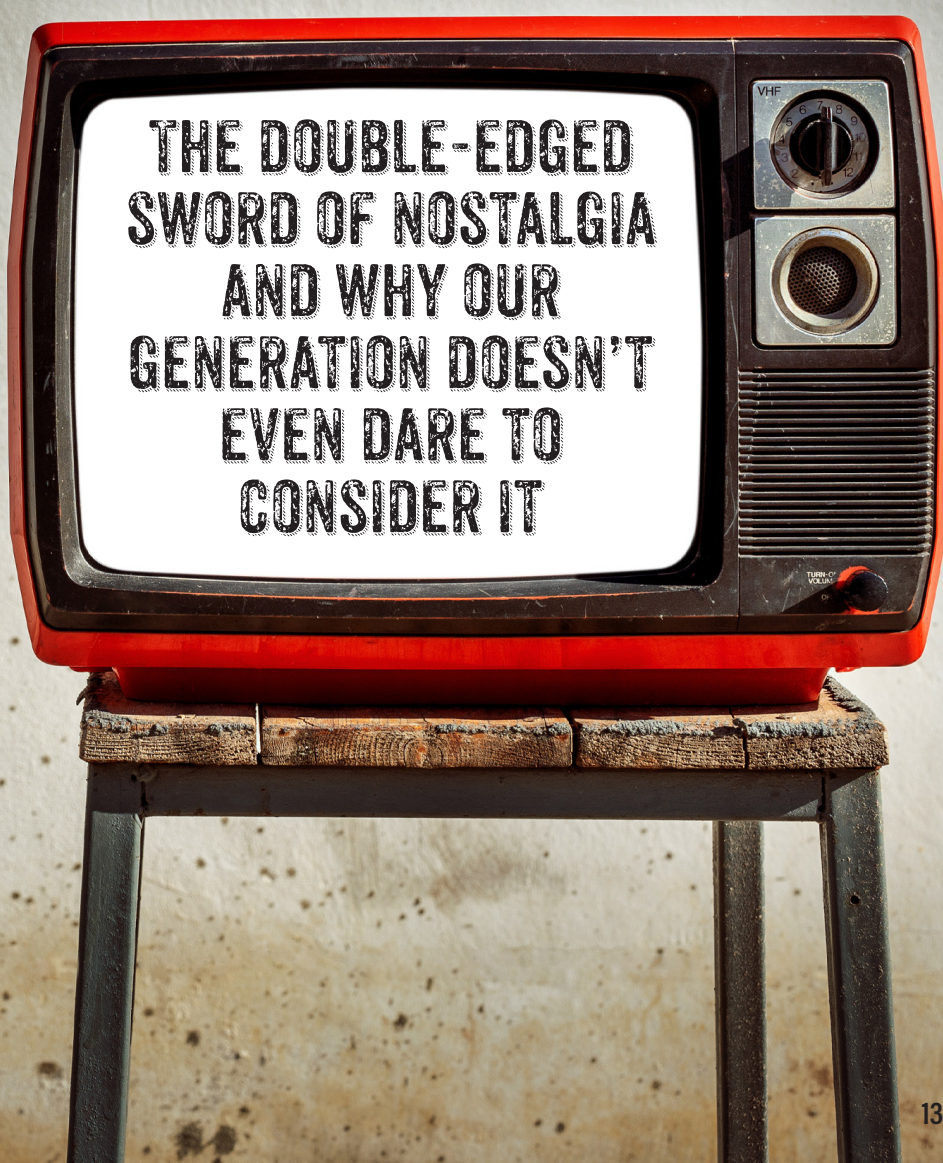
We associate nostalgia as an emotion of the future, something that we have yet to experience, and find it difficult to pinpoint when it is occurring. For our generation to experience nostalgia, our future and past must be certain. Now shall we consider the future of our generation and the various factors that could upheaval our future survival: war (and let's not even get into

nuclear war), climate change, cancer (1 in 3 of us), global pandemic, the list goes on and on. It is entirely fair to say that our future is not certain. Unfortunately, neither is our past. Not to be that bitch about social media (or a hypocrite as an avid user myself), but I wouldn't dare to calculate how much of my day is spent staring at my phone or my laptop. It's hard to imagine being nostalgic for a screen. Our generation avoids nostalgia like the plague. We don't want to wallow in regret about how much time has been wasted and how fleeting the time ahead of us could be.

Alongside this, nostalgia presents us with another emotion to battle, a little something I have coined "preemptive nostalgia." It is a common emotion, when an experience is so enjoyable that you fear for the future when it ends, when that time has passed and you cannot get it back. Now, nostalgia, it's not very nice of you to make us feel so sad about happy moments. Our generation can even feel nostalgia for moments that we have

never experienced. Through social media (the devil objectified as it seems), we convince ourselves that we experience other people's lives so fully that we are nostalgic for moments that we have never personally experienced. Take me right now for example, I'm nostalgic for luxuriating on a beach in Italy with the sun beaming down and a book in my hand. I have never stepped foot in Italy in my life (but I shall soon if my prayers are answered).

Therefore, I conclude with mixed feelings about nostalgia. As a Gen-Z, I will continue to dabble in preemptive nostalgia but refuse to acknowledge it at any point in the future for fear that I will truly come to terms with how much time has gone by in my wake. But I will forever appreciate the beauty of nostalgia, how it sucks you back to sometime special with a simple scent or scene.







# Revisiting Bro'Town

It is NOT like what I remembered



BLAZE WEBSTER

**W**hen I think of nostalgia, I think of media I've consumed, enjoyed, and remembered. What is an "old" form of media to the modern adult? Cartoons! And the majority of Kiwi kid used-to-be's experience nostalgia when they hear of the show Bro'Town.

Bro'Town is a show aired in 2004 with 5 seasons; seasons 3, 4, and 5 are available to watch on TVNZ+, and a YouTube channel has all episodes and seasons in a playlist. Due to the horribly aged comedy of the early 2000s, this show is actually 18+. This is mostly due to the nature of the jokes/humour, but many kids were exposed to these jokes as being 'relatable'; since airing on TV3 and NZ On Air during day/afternoon slots -typical of high youth viewership- many kids certainly would have jumped to watch it.

I remember when I stayed home from primary school, flick on TV and Bro'Town and watch it without realising what most of the jokes actually meant. I had thought it was a charming and silly cartoon that had some jokes for the adults, but I was wrong. After years of forgetting this show existed, I revisited it and rewatched a few episodes. Oh boy. I'm glad I don't remember what my 7-year-old self saw and heard...

Bro'Town follows the journey of five 14-year-old boys (4 Samoan and 1 Māori) in their life living in South Auckland. Vale, Valea (Vale's brother), Sione, Jeff da Māori, and Rodney are the main protagonists. This show demonstrates many stereotypical, homophobic, and racist jokes catered to the humour of teens of the period. Bro'Town is satirical and edgy and is labelled as not PC (not politically correct). However, I am still trying to figure out how it was aired and continued airing for multiple seasons following several complaints filed following the pilot issues airing and subsequent first season.

Most episodes start with "God" talking to Jesus or someone else about an issue, then looking down at the five boys whom Jesus learns the moral of the story/what not to do from them. The boys explore horniness, abuse, sexuality, gambling, financial issues, and more; sometimes all in a single episode.

Bro'Town was ahead of its time because it was the only show with Pasifika and Māori representation at that time in the cartoon media form. Yep, the cartoon that shows negative stereotypes and the 'norm' of Pasifika and Māori culture was the only representation available. This depiction

became an exaggerated reference to many people's lives, exploring the relthere was a comedic truth to many jokes and situations that are seen throughout the episodes. Some scenes are heartfelt and talk about a serious issue but are then followed up with the cringiest and dumbest of animated moments.

An example of the more 'tame' jokes. In season 5, episode 2, "This is a parent's worst nightmare. Why can't you be gay? That would be so much easier to handle." - Pepelo (Two of the boy's dads) when he heard that his son, Vale, was becoming a vegetarian. Season 3, episode 5, "Ah yeah, giddyay. Australians are a little bit like your cuddies- you can blame them for stuff you and your brother did. They're quite useful like that." - Fred Dagg, a stereotypical NZ farmer, comments on the good side of living next to Australia.

This is far from the worst jokes and situations from the show, but do you still find this type of comedy funny? Is it still acceptable to laugh at this humour? Bro'Town has aged like milk with inappropriate jokes and amplified references. It certainly likens to a wilder Kiwiana version of Family Guy and American Dad.



# NOSTALGIC DIARY OF WHAT I PONDER ON DEEPLY

## RECLAIMING AND REMEMBERING OUR PACIFIC WAYS OF BEING



IATUA FELAGAI TAITO

I reminisce about the days where colonisation didn't rob Pacific ways of being. Thinking of our Indigenous dance practices & cultural protocols that were forcibly suppressed and ultimately made to be extinct due to missionaries deeming it as being immoral and heathen like. The effects of colonialism and capitalism have shifted the communal and cultural ways of being of Pacific cultures. For instance, the village or nu'u aspect of living being shifted & changed to a church as the village, and when giving offerings of food & culturally tangible gifts to being replaced with money shows the huge ramifications of capitalism and colonialism. Colonisation shifted the way we viewed gender and sexuality where queerness or gender fluidity was normalised and even celebrated as a spiritual gift. To now with Christianity being so prevalent with our Pacific cultures changing the outlook on queerness and making those that are gender fluid or a part of the Rainbow community as the outcast hanging on negatively at the brink of society. I reminisce our Indigenous methods of collating stories, holding and storing knowledge where institutions like Universities did not challenge our knowledge systems and force us to translate our terms to English. Which makes it difficult on Pacific Indigenous communities as some terms being translated can lose the cultural nuance by trying to find the English word that cannot encapsulate the entirety of what that term truly means as it shouldn't be translated to a watered down word to make it palatable to the coloniser. I reminisce the days where my ancestors were not raped and killed for their beautiful brown skin and cultural features being fetishised and having

photos of them without their permission in books and in research where it still exists now online. I reminisce about the days where our cultures were untouched by these 'explorers' who state that they 'discovered' our Pacific Island countries yet we have existed and have been prosperous in our own systems of operating in the world. I reminisce about the days where Western nations and countries came onto our Pacific Indigenous lands and didn't bring influenza and other diseases to our shores as it killed a lot of our communities rapidly. I reminisce about the days where stereotypes of our Pacific Indigenous people weren't heavily portrayed in film and using it as a form to make profit and to project inaccuracies of our authentic representation in the world. When I think of Nostalgia I think of our Pacific past and to be quite frank I feel angry, because historically and even now we go through a lot. We go through a cultural change of assimilation, we go through a cultural identity crisis, we go through diasporic or transnational struggles, we go through 'living in two worlds' which can be exhausting and we go through racism in all forms and prejudice which makes it hard to thrive and succeed especially within a tertiary context. I think about the actions of the past and our history to how it influenced what Pacific people go through right now and it shows we all have work to do to re-indigenise and decolonise our minds within spaces that are colonial that has caused the intergenerational struggles we go through today. I am hopeful and confident that we need to be the ancestors for the upcoming generations coming up.



# Home Through My Eyes

DA WAN

When I was a child, home meant sitting at a small dining table and eating the simple meals my parents cooked. Though the meals were not fancy, the warmth and contentment they brought were irreplaceable by any gourmet feast. Home was also a harbour of comfort and protection when I felt aggrieved. At home, I could let down all my defences and cry freely, knowing my parents would soothe me with their warm embraces and words, healing my soul completely. Home was also found in the ordinary moments of life, like the laughter we shared as a family while watching TV together or the excitement during sports games. For me, home was the time spent under the same roof with my parents.

As I entered university and began living independently, the concept of home changed. It was no longer that small house but a phone number, a string of digits that held my emotional refuge and spiritual connection. Occasional calls with my parents became the new thread that linked me to home. Though this sense of home became more virtual, it remained just as warm.

Later, my understanding of home deepened when I left my country and ventured to more unfamiliar places. In Japan, where the language, culture, and food initially felt foreign to me, home became less about a specific place and more about familiarity and comfort. Whether it was enjoying a bowl of local ramen or finding solace in quiet moments at a nearby park, I gradually realised that home was no longer tied to my childhood house but to the feeling of belonging, no matter where I was.

When I moved to New Zealand, the meaning of home shifted once again. Here, home became the connections I built with new friends, the laughter we shared over meals, or the peace I found in nature. It manifested in simple things, like learning to navigate the changing seasons or celebrating holidays that blended old traditions with new experiences. I once thought home was a fixed place, but my experiences have shown me that home can take many forms. It is no longer confined to geography but found in the moments and relationships that make me feel secure and cherished. Whether sitting around a family dinner table, chatting with them over a video call, or exploring unfamiliar streets in a new city, I've realised that home is wherever my heart feels at peace.

Home has taught me how to love and be loved. No matter where I go in the future, I will carry with me the warmth and strength that home has given me and move forward courageously.



# REMEMBERING A GREENER PAST



MIKE CROSS

Nostalgia is a funny thing, isn't it? How we can be transported back in time instantly to a fond memory, seemingly wrapped in a warm sepia filter of happiness in the mind. But there's trouble with nostalgia. It's a rose-tinted perfect moment, blissfully untrue. An endless warm summer of childhood that bore no hint of sadness.

We often long for 'simpler times,' remembering the mid-20th century when the world felt slower, quieter, and somehow more sustainable. Our grandparents reused glass bottles, patched up clothes, and grew vegetables in their backyards, not because it was trendy, but because it was necessary. We've become nostalgic for this eco-friendly way of life, but they also drove cars with terrible mileage, fueled by leaded petrol, coated their homes in lead based paint, and filled ceilings with asbestos. The eco-friendly life we look back fondly on was anything but.

Then came the 1970s, a time of upheaval, not just socially and politically, but environmentally. Something had shifted. In 1968, the Apollo 8 mission gave the world a gift: the "Earthrise" photograph. For the first time, we saw our planet from space. A small, delicate sphere against the infinite black. That image sent back to Earth, changed the way humanity viewed its home. Suddenly, we were aware of our planet's fragility.

"We went to space and discovered Earth—perhaps for the first time." - Neil deGrasse Tyson

This awakening helped spark the First Wave of Environmentalism. Earth Day, first celebrated in 1970, was part of a global response to a world starting to feel the impact of industrialization. Truffula trees grew and the Lorax protected them, DDT was banned, and Greenpeace acquired the famous Rainbow Warrior. There was a sense of urgency, protests, new laws, and a recognition that our environment needed protecting. But as the years passed, some of that momentum has faded, replaced by a society more concerned with instant gratification than long-term survival.

Looking back, the nostalgia for those early movements can feel bittersweet. The world felt on the cusp of real change, but here we are some five decades later, still facing the same challenges, only now there's some new ones too.

In many ways, the idealized past we long for never truly existed. Yes, some things were better, but many were not.

Somewhere along the line, we managed to turn this hope for a better tomorrow into a little plastic tchotchke of a tree with "please recycle" emblazoned across it.



Can we recapture the spirit of that movement, not just as a memory, but as a blueprint for the future? Some argue it never went away; many strive to embody the ideals of this period and build upon the ripples it made in the public consciousness. But, as they strive to revive, social media's rise has only further complicated our relationship with nostalgia. Platforms like Instagram and TikTok often showcase a curated version of eco-friendly living, perfectly arranged gardens, minimal waste lifestyles, breathtaking landscapes, and try to spread seemingly forgotten knowledge of "the lost ways". While these glimpses inspire, they also set unattainable standards for many. The pressure to live sustainably can lead to feelings of inadequacy, as individuals struggle with the messiness of their own lives. The narrative often shifts from collective action to individual responsibility: "This is your fault! You eat too much red meat, you drive your car instead of walking, and you buy too many things!" I mean yeah we definitely do, but this creates a dissonance between our

personal choices and the systemic changes needed to address environmental degradation, scapegoating the individual and shifting the blame from the industrial apparatus exploiting the world we call home.

Despite the challenges, we need to remember the lessons of the past. The early environmental movements were rooted in community and collaboration. People came together, sharing knowledge and resources to create change. This spirit of cooperation is essential today. Grassroots movements, such as community gardens or cleanup events, embody the same ethos that drove past movements. Environmental stewardship is not just a personal endeavor, it's a collective one.

The elders among us should find hope in the new generation of environmental activists. Young voices, armed with the power of social media, are mobilizing movements that demand change on a global scale. Little Swedish girls skip school to participate in sit-ins and call out the boomers appropriating their future. They are unafraid to challenge the status quo and call out the superficiality of tokenistic gestures. This resurgence of activism echoes the energy of the past, revitalizing it with fresh blood and perspectives.

Looking back at past environmental movements, it's clear that nostalgia can be a powerful motivator. It brings to mind the passion and dedication that once drove change. However, we need to be careful not to let this nostalgia cloud our judgment. The world has evolved, and so must our approach to environmentalism. The real challenge is turning that longing for a better past into practical steps for the future. We can learn from what worked and what didn't in earlier movements, adapting their lessons to tackle the urgent issues we face today.

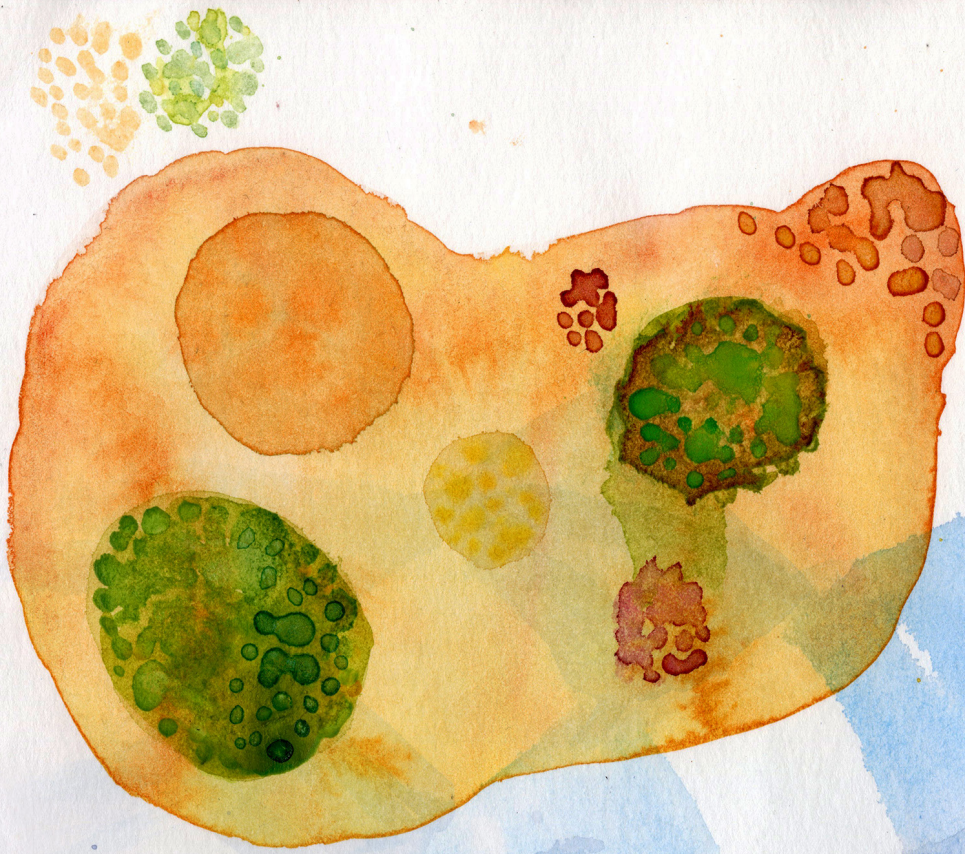
*As this is the final issue for 2024, I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for the opportunity to contribute so many articles to this long-running institution. A huge thank you to my wonderful colleagues for putting up with my deeply flawed sense of humor who have journeyed alongside me; it's been a strange and rewarding ride getting to this point. I'm glad to say I've made it!*

*A special thanks to Kieran, our editor, for corralling my insane ideas and helping me transform them into usable articles. And of course, a shout-out to the four people who actually read my articles, I'm genuinely thrilled that someone out there reads my ramblings!*











# La Belle Époque

PAIGE TURNER

Somewhere in this world there exists a party that never ends. A party in the furthest reaches of memory; a thing clad in dazzling robes, unreachable by any mortal hands — a party that finds its guests instead of the opposite. If you are invited, you must come; once you are there, you won't leave, for it would be rude to deny your hosts the pleasure of having you. It is paradise — tantalising, exclusive, eternal; a paradise where ball-gowned women flit between glass halls like bejewelled dragonflies, and men in crisp tuxedos slug champagne like water.

They say this Elysium is the brainchild of a pre-war socialite, she who stopped time — or, at the very least, managed to slow its incessant war march by the tiniest fraction — worshipped as a goddess in her transparent temple, praised beyond all reason, raised to the highest pedestal. Still in the very dress she wore as the first bombs fell, donning a set of timeless curls, she stands at the greenhouse's entrance to greet all and sundry that enter. She checks every invitation, you see, sending them out herself, rigorously cross-referencing name upon name in her dutifully handwritten list. Once you've been approved, she waves you in for the next round of the infinite festivities. If you're lucky, you can catch a glimpse of the wan skin beneath her shoulder-length gloves. Perhaps, just perhaps, her lovely alabaster complexion owes itself not to creams and lotions but to rot and mould.

Best not to think about that. Onward and upward, or, in this case, sideways — sideways, through the glasshouse. Here, as we stroll through the building, time seems to peel back in onion-thin layers, sloughing off like dead skin. With every room it feels as if the ravages of the outside world are undone, and a profound quiescence makes itself known with every step further inward. Conversation pits give way to elegant tiling and richly decorated rugs. Like wallpaper pasted over gaping cracks, no amount of decor cannot hide the age of this place; still, the venue takes pride in this — it is a welcoming place, and all good hosts want to please their guests — there is something for everyone here. Everyone worthy enough to be selected, that is.

Through the window panes you can see the clear blue sky outside, voluminous cumulus clouds fixed in their positions hovering above the horizon line, the infantry of a war unfought. Reinforcements won't arrive — the cavalry of

the storm-clouds will never come. Peacetime has no need for soldiers.

Isn't it strange? There's something wrong with this place. Well, of course there is, isn't there? But what is it?

Does the problem lie with the guests? No, the guests are polite. They won't pry into your reasons for coming — your reasons are theirs too. You're here because you want to be, you're here because you simply had to attend; a prison of voluntary participation, a guilty plea for an eternal sentence. Instead, they trap you in idle conversations and superficial chatter, drowning your ears in a meaningless stream of shallow words. You are their entertainment — they wouldn't mind if you used them the same way, for what fun is there to be had at a party where you won't talk to the others?

Is the problem with the architecture? No, it is stylish. But something about it is simply wrong. What is it? Something about it feels stuffy. What is it?

You look and look and look, but not once do you see an exit to the outside world, nary an open window nor even a crack in the glass. The skylights are shut tight, too. It makes you feel like a specimen under a glass slide. A perfect, indestructible glass slide.

What will happen if a fire breaks out? If there comes a sudden need to evacuate, what will happen to everyone inside? That dear hostess said nothing of emergency protocols, but in the event of one, will she know what to do? She seems a capable woman. Of course she'll know, won't she?

The windows develop a yellow tint as you stalk deeper and deeper into the greenhouse. They show their age oh so easily. Still, still, there is a grandeur to them that not even the tint can obscure — a grande dame with head held high despite her sagging spine.

All through the greenhouse grow plants of every shape and size, every hue and height. They cover the floor in some places, a light carpeting of grass here and a miniature palm there... Light scatters through the foliage of baby-doll maple trees, dappling the floor with radiant sunlight. Flowers bloom everywhere, jewels in the greenery.

Tropical plants sway in the breeze, dancing to the rhythm of a live band's muzak —

probably the liveliest things around when all is considered. Bright pink-and-orange flowers, dark green leaves, crawling creeping vines across the vaulted ceiling, twisting roots below.

This, this must be what the garden of Eden was like before the serpent infiltrated it. That socialite — Eve; her Adam, yet to bite the apple — the descent of man into war yet to happen. Idyllic infinity, with no God to overlook it.

Oddly, despite this variegated array of plants, neither fruits nor vegetables grow here. The only food is what the host serves. It would be an insult to the host and the caterers to want anything more. This sunlit heaven will give you everything you want. All you have to do is stay.

Stay, please, for one more dance. The ballroom floor is smooth and polished; it goes on for as far as you want it to go. Your partners are many, ready to take your hands and whisk you off your feet into another dance. You won't get tired, you simply won't.

A ballroom inside a greenhouse inside a little bubble of summer. An achingly beautiful memory — not yours. The socialite's. It's all hers.

What does she want? To live out the rest of her days in sublimity. To preserve the last dregs of a world that no longer exists. A greenhouse of eternity — built to withstand forever.

What's wrong with that? It's her choice. It's the guests' choice to join her. The staff, too...

Is there something wrong with the waitstaff? No, they've been nothing but polite as well. They only speak if they have been spoken to — has anyone spoken to them? Butlers in neat swallowtail coats, darting about like birds in the evening sky, always ready to serve any attendee that might have the slightest of wants as they swan around in flights of fancy.

Yes, there are refreshments aplenty; servants doting on guests hand and foot with canapes, hors d'oeuvres, shrimp cocktails, whatever one may have need of... little treats atop silver trays marching like tin soldiers...

How curious that these refined guests eat these tiny nibbles with their hands like disgusting wild animals, though of course they'll do anything to put themselves above it, acting graceful and delicate as they wolf



food down their opened maws, mouth then oesophagus then stomach, down down, down, into the small intestine, then the large —

After they finish eating, their faces seem to slip, twisting back into their preened and polished smiles, masquerading once more as the highest of high society. They waltz the same waltz as ever, dancing the same steps they did an eternity ago, drunk in their mindless enjoyment.

It's sunny outside, as it always is. You're waiting for a twilight that will never come; a night that will never arrive. This is the best and only day of the rest of everyone's lives.

This most beautiful of lies hides the most painful of truths — this haven cannot last forever.

The guests act as if they've been there all along, fixtures of the scenery just like the plants and the servants and the socialite herself, all permanent, all unchanging, all talking and laughing and reveling in the eternity of it all. An all-consuming, all-encompassing bliss, untouched by the ravages of time.

But... this warm, fuzzy feeling is not without a cost. Everything has a cost. Even the socialite knows that she cannot turn back time; this suspension, this slowing down is only delaying the pain, the inevitable crash after the high, the hangover after the drunken bliss...

If you ask her why she wants to preserve time in amber like a fossilized insect, she'll have an answer ready and waiting like a loaded gun.

"Those were the happiest days of my life," she'll say. "What's wrong with wanting to relive them forever?"

Those were the days, those days. Those days that, by all rights, should never return — will never return — those days that can only be grasped at like an hourglass grasps grains of sand within its waspy, pinching waist.

The bygone days, those grand old bygone days — the glory days of our grandparents' youth.

The socialite smiles, and anyone can see in the curl of her rouged lips that she was truly happy back then. Every shiny tooth radiates purity, honesty, innocence; the sheen of a pearl necklace, of a diamond earring, of peaceful days before spikes of violence spread stabbing pains through the world.

Yes, those days were happy. She was happy too. Her and everyone else. And they are happy still, yes, full of happiness. Endless, hollow happiness.

To the guy I danced with,

I know I never stood a chance, what would a 22 year old want with a just 18 year old, still at high school. You didn't know any of that.

But you were hot and you could dance, I mean really dance, unlike most other people there.

Being in the Navy didn't hurt

The naive, dorky 18 year old virgin wondered what it would be like to have you show an interest, wanted a guy to kiss me

But there was also the one I went to the ball with, the one with the curls, natural curls women would probably kill for

Yes, I remember that you mentioned your partner, And Yes, I know you probably meant girlfriend

But the version in my head can still mean dance partner and nothing else

Or did you think I was a lesbian? Apparently others seem to.

Rose Taylor-Meade

## CIGARETTES

"AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BLACK SUMMER, WALKING AROUND SYDNEY WOULD BE EQUIVALENT TO SMOKING 37 CIGARETTES IN ONE DAY."

I grew up in a world  
They taught me was ending.  
In primary school we had two hundred years;  
Bananas go extinct in fifty.  
"Global warming", "sea level rise"—  
I guess I won't buy a beach house.  
I never planned to reach fifty  
Anyhow.

But the grass doesn't crunch on winter mornings, now.  
And the news articles are full of warnings, now.  
And the children after me, they're mourning now.  
And realisation's dawning  
Generations too late.  
Procrastination sealed our fate.  
And I'm writing this from a world away,  
But back home the air's thin  
And the sun's red,  
And my neighbours in Aussie  
Are breathing cigarettes.  
Depression's a trend  
We've been buying for a while,  
Because those with voices  
Are denying it loud  
That we're dying,  
So we laugh about it,  
It's better than crying.



ILLUSTRATION BY EZEKIEL AH CHING-LAVA

Meth



# CLUBS COLUMN GRAND FINALE

THANK YOU TO ALL THE CLUBS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE CLUBS COLUMN THIS YEAR, YOUR ENGAGEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM MADE THIS COLUMN POSSIBLE! WE HAD SOME GROWING PAINS BUT I HOPE THIS PROJECT HELPED BRING SOME NEW PEOPLE TO YOUR CLUB AND EVENTS! TO ALL THE CLUBS WHO DIDN'T MANAGE TO GET A SPACE, BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE RETURN OF THE CLUB COLUMN NEXT YEAR! TO DO THIS, SPAM MY SUCCESSOR AND THE NEXT EDITOR AROUND FEBRUARY-ISH :) ~ LEWIS



## ARYA

Arya is a student association that promotes inclusivity and empowerment of youth, through events centred on networking, advocacy and community engagement. This is done through offering opportunities such as LinkOut, a programme which allows students who have successfully applied to connect with people already working in the industry to learn from their experience.



## AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COMMERCE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION (AUCSA)

We run most of the social and professional development events for Commerce students as we are the overarching Commerce club for the Business school. A few events AUCSA has hosted include steins, speed networking events as well as our main event being the commerce ball. This year our theme for the ball is F1! The goals for our club include student growth and providing events that benefit our students wellbeing, professional development and connect students with each other through social events.



## AUCKLAND UNI FASHION SOCIETY

AUFS is all about embracing the alternative and celebrating diversity and creativity through fashion. We host events like clothing swaps, fashion workshops and speaker panels. Our biggest event was on 21 August: a speaker panel with industry professionals answering questions about their careers and pathways into fashion.



## UOA BRAZILIAN JIU JITSU

Are you looking to try out a new sport? Think grappling, self defence and choking out your friends! We at UoABJJ prioritise the creation of community and are always looking to make sure we have a diverse and safe environment where people can share the love of Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. We absolutely welcome beginners and all levels: whether you've never done it before or have trained in BJJ for years. Come check us out at the club expo next semester! For more information head over to our IG page: @uoaabjj



## UOA SWIMMING CLUB

Hello everyone! We are the new swimming club, bringing competitions and weekly events to our university! Swim with us. You can be any swimming skill level to join our club. Sign up for a fun, social swimming experience. Follow us for more info: @uoa.swimming



## ARAB YOUTH CLUB

Discover the Arab Youth Club at the University of Auckland! We're showcasing Arab culture and building a vibrant community. We held a special event 'Arabian Nights' on August 2nd which had delicious Arabic food and music. Everyone's welcome, so bring your friends and experience the richness of Arab culture! Keep updated: @ayc\_uoa.



## UOA VR CLUB

VR is a rising technology that can make an impact on our education, healthcare, entertainment, and social gatherings. UoA VR Club is where technologist enthusiasts can gather, hosting events to enhance VR understanding. Upcoming events include VR development, socialising, and Esports.



## AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY FENCING CLUB

Step into our Fencing Club, where athleticism meets artistry! Sharpen skills, forge friendships, and duel safely—Friday, 7:30PM-9:30PM at the Sports Centre. Enjoy beginners' courses, personalised coaching, and thrilling competitions. En garde! Embrace the challenge—Pret! Join us for a fun fencing journey—Aller!



# BEACH BUM'S WETTEST HITS

## CLASSIC SUMMER FAVOURITES TO THROW IT BACK TO



TIM EVANS (THEY/THEM)

Spring has officially sprung here in Tāmaki Makaurau and all you frisky little uni students can't wait to get your rocks off in the dunes of your local beach. Or at least, you want to have a relaxing time in the sun. Don't worry, your resident hornbag with a UE Boom is here to craft your perfect slaggy summer throwback playlist. Vampires and otherwise cool-weather inclined readers, feel free to consider the following playlist an attack on your lifestyle choices.



### Here Comes The Sun by The Beatles

Here Comes The Sun is an absolute staple of the sunny morning in the household of every 50 something year old white woman. However, read a little into the lyrics and you'll find the ice slowly melting is the perfect metaphor for getting so wet the ocean is jealous. Use this banger as a warm up for your summer outdoor fun. People won't ask questions of it and who doesn't love the dulcet tones of George Harrison.



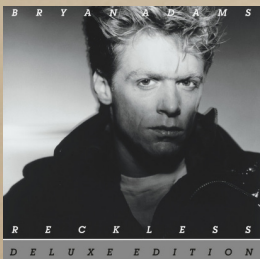
### Lovely Day by Bill Withers

Wanna know a surefire way to have a lovely day? Sloppy toppy on the bay. Staying on theme of waking up in a bright and sunshiny mood, this iconic staple of the clear blue morning is perfect for romantic and cutesy foreplay. If your beach fuck is with a casual partner, perhaps steer away from this not-so-subtly romantic music choice and lean heavier on the next option.



### Suga Suga by Baby Bash and Frankie J

It's a fair question, "Suga, how you get so fly?". Baby Bash and Frankie J are definitely being flirtatious in this R&B classic and I think it's fair to say that this song will set the mood pretty overtly for some extra steamy summer fun. If you're ready to kick things up a gear, then *Suga Suga* will be that sweet addition to your already saucy recipe.



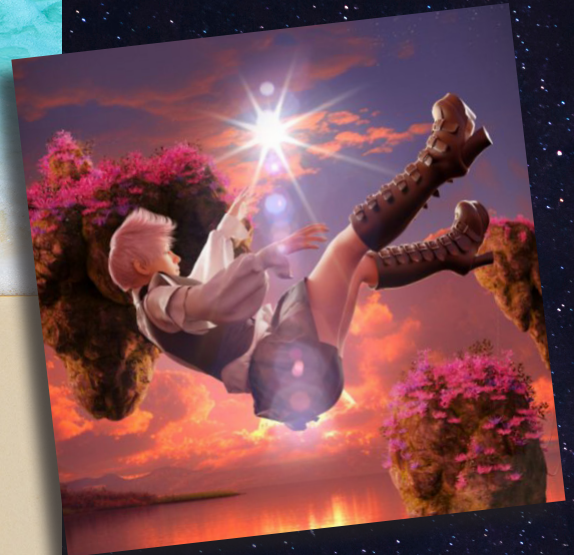
### Summer of '69 by Bryan Adams

As obvious as it is by the name, it's time to make your summer of 69ing happen. This song sets a great rhythm and is probably loud enough to hide the wet slaps coming from the dunes as you really get into the heat of the summer (if you know what I mean). Make some memories you won't forget anytime soon with this song and maybe one day you'll be singing along about your epic '69 adventure.



### Cake By The Ocean by DNCE

A more modern throwback track, Cake by The Ocean is exactly what we're after this summer. Sweet, refreshing, and absolutely tantalising - this track doesn't beat around the bush when it comes to getting freaky in the bushes. And on top of it all (well, in any position you want it in, really), Joe Jonas can really sing. This pop track will have you popping it back in every time it slips out.



## Nexttrasterrestrial

### EP Review

Welcome To The Next Level with upcoming Kiwi artist Frau Knotz



LEWIS MATHESON CREED

If you've followed my articles over the past year, you'd know I have a passion for synths and my ears perked up immediately when I heard Kiwi artist Frau Knotz's science-fantasy themed debut EP, *Nexttrasterrestrial*. My personal highlights include the intro-track, which gently lifts you into outer space with cutesy chiming keys and a tense drum click-track. Once you've answered the call into the final frontier, you're treated with 'Other Futures', a song which takes you beyond the exosphere with beautiful vocals, chip-tune embellishments and captivating vocoded scatting, which invokes in my mind Glados covering the Crazy Bus theme, which I had no idea I needed before. Deeper into the EP there is also 'The Heart of Spring', a track which nails that sought-after synth-wave faux-nostalgia vibe, sounding like a lost auto-tuned collaboration between *Home* and *Björk*. If this soundscape sounds intriguing to you too, I recommend giving *Nexttrasterrestrial* a try. Frau Knotz is definitely a local artist to watch, and I'm excited to see what galaxies she explores next.





# Reminiscing and Reckoning

The weeping memories of Isao Takahata's cinematic nostalgia

MADELINE SMITH

Nostalgia is the key force guiding Isao Takahata's cinema. Takahata was the co-founder of Studio Ghibli, and was the artistic equal of his better known colleague Hayao Miyazaki. Takahata's films are (for the most part) more grounded and melancholic. Many of his films centre on a point in time where their characters have to leave behind their bubble and assimilate into society. We see this in *Grave of the Fireflies* (1988), where the cruel indifference of a wartorn society puts a premature end to the protagonists' childhoods. They spend the movie refusing to assimilate, and desperately try to maintain their innocence even as it becomes increasingly unsustainable to. *Pom Poko* (1994) depicts a happy-go-lucky group of tanuki whose home is under threat of destruction by humans. While the film begins as a straightforward and comedic

environmentalist fable, it later becomes clear that this destruction is inevitable. This turns the film into a more complex allegory of losing one's cultural identity in the face of assimilation. His final film *The Tale of The Princess Kaguya* (2013) depicts the protagonist's joyful childhood. As she grows into a teenager, her parents try to force her into marriage against her wishes. While the basic premise of these works follows the model of a coming-of-age story, Takahata does not represent the coming-of-age as a positive force.

This makes him something of a thematic opposite to Miyazaki. In Miyazaki's coming-of-age films, the young characters have to face some kind of unfairness or indifference in the adult world, yet they manage to hold onto a sense of kindness that the adult world has lost. The protagonist has a clear path to maturity, but there is also a sense that the selfish adult world learns from the child. There is a mutual "coming-of-age" for both. Takahata's work is much less optimistic in this regard. In all of these films, the coming of age forever destroys the world that the characters once lived, and the world that they dreamed of. It is an inevitable and inescapable loss, but one that also brings a sense of disillusion and corruption. The obsession with the past is an attempt to come to terms with this loss. However, even this obsession comes with a recognition that it can only be returned to in memory.

The writer Svetlana Boym provides a valuable lens in which to look at nostalgia in Takahata's work. Boym creates a distinction between restorative and reflective nostalgia. Restorative nostalgia is a reactionary kind of nostalgia, driven by the belief of the past's superiority and positioning a return



to the past as a solution for our problems in the present. Reflective nostalgia is a type of nostalgia that reckons with the impossibility of returning to the past, and which accepts the possibility that memory idealises the past. This is a mournful nostalgia, but it is not a kind that comes with a prescribed solution or any illusion that the imagined past is a real one.

My favourite film is Takahata's 1991 film *Only Yesterday*, which is his work that is most explicitly concerned with memory. The film focuses on Taeko, a 27 year old office worker who takes a trip to the countryside. She finds herself overwhelmed with memories of her 10 year old self, and as the film goes on it becomes increasingly clear that these are not happy ones. *Only Yesterday* aligns itself very closely with Takahata's overarching themes across







his films, but with some key differences. His films typically have a linear structure. The point where childhood is destroyed is also aligned with a particular event, though in each film the placement of this event is different (the beginning for *Grave*, the middle for *Kaguya*, and the climax for *Pom Poko*). The obsession with the past is a concern in all three films, but *Only Yesterday*'s flashback structure heightens it. In *Pom Poko* and *Kaguya*, we experience the idealised 'past' (and its subsequent annihilation) as our only frame of reference throughout, but in *Only Yesterday*, the 'past' is placed in direct conflict with its diegetic 'present.' Takahata creates visual distinctions between the unusually realistic present day scenes, and the stylised watercolours of the flashbacks. The backgrounds are faded, indicating that Taeko's memory cannot fill in all of the details. The true experience of the past in *Only Yesterday* is always out of reach.

At the beginning of the film, both the viewer and Taeko are uncertain as to why she is so fixated on these memories. Initially, nostalgia appears to be the main source. Her memories first emerge when she goes on a trip to the countryside, driven by the knowledge of it being a childhood dream that she never had fulfilled. Her initial memories radiate with warmth - she remembers her crush on a boy, and imagines herself flying into the air out of excitement after her first kiss. But these warm memories are more about the promise of good things than the actual experience of them. Similar to her darker memories later on, these promising memories fail to resolve. As we continue into Taeko's home life and witness her being treated coldly by her parents and bullied by her sisters, her past seems less and less like a desirable one to return to. So why does she obsess over the past? Is it nostalgia, or something else?

Returning to the concept of reflective nostalgia, Boym stresses that it is primarily a form of mourning. But unlike protagonists Princess Kaguya or Seita in *Grave of the Fireflies*, Taeko is not necessarily mourning for the past itself. It is not necessarily about the desire to re-experience her childhood, but about reckoning with a loss of agency that happened in those years. It is a search for something she never had. When we see Taeko in the present, she is an unusually 'empty' protagonist. She does not present a particularly strong or defined personality. She differs from most obsessive characters in that her obsession remains largely internal. Her child self is resistant, cheeky, and has a direct idea of what she wants—all traits that the adult Taeko lacks. The adult Taeko is uncertain, lost in her own thoughts and passive in her response to everyone around her. There's a strong sense of disconnect between them. Takahata starts to draw less direct parallels between past and present throughout than one would expect. While at some points he leads into a memory with a match cut, in others Taeko's memories appear very abruptly, suggesting their presence is involuntary. Here, he suggests that Taeko's childhood has a stronger psychological impact than she herself realises.

Throughout the film, Taeko does not come off as empty in a tortured sense, but instead smiles through each day. When she recounts her memories to other people, she quickly shrugs off any worries that they might have about them. This is most obvious in an extended sequence about not being allowed to pursue her dreams of acting. Taeko recounts how her short performance in a school play led to offers of bigger acting jobs. Her father stubbornly refuses, crushing Taeko's dream. We see this episode in much greater detail than the other memories in the film, suggesting that it is a particularly sore spot for her. However, when Taeko finishes the story she says that she didn't enjoy the drama classes she later took in high school, putting the weight off the story. Do we take this as sincere? I think Takahata suggests that this isn't the case. Taeko initially appears peaceful and content, but the overwhelming nature of her memory and the kinds of memories she fixates on suggest a greater internal struggle. Her passiveness is not so much the product of someone at peace, but rather someone who has been worn down.

Boym writes that nostalgia is as prospective as it is retrospective—that our nostalgia impacts the way we see our future just as much as it does our past. The nostalgia

in *Only Yesterday* cannot be restorative because Taeko is not really looking to restore a past that was, but a past that could have been. She scavenges her memories in search of an agency that she never really had, and discovers the only way to find it is through the future, rather than restoring the past. *Only Yesterday* acknowledges that this past cannot be returned to or changed. But the little girl that Taeko once was still exists somewhere within her, and Taeko can still do something to make her happy. I think at least part of why *Only Yesterday* resonates with me so much is because I also have that sense of reflective nostalgia for a girlhood I never had, and that I know I'll never be able to live. All I can do is look forward, and hopefully get to a point where I can let go of my obsession with the past as Taeko does in the film's final shot.





# Poem I

*Padriac O'Leary*

Greeko roman nose  
 Gracile  
 Elfin  
 Steely  
 In white peasant cotton  
 And black  
 On her BOys arm  
 Possesion or love?  
 Tell me the difference  
 And the ratatat of spanish  
 Soaks my ears  
 While indie rock plays  
 A sea of sound  
 Fashionista glides by effortlessly  
 Elegant  
 Or is it Portuguese?  
 I can't tell  
 And the poet slumps alone with  
 Friends  
 And the crowd cackles  
 And the bar johhny clears  
 And Acho's ticks over  
 On the road  
 Always  
 The road.

# Poem II

*Padriac O'Leary*

There is a pain under my right rib  
 No eve to show for it  
 No eden  
 No angels at the gate  
 No tablets  
 No burning bush  
 Just a mountain turning into a giant wearing the  
 sky for a hat  
 Just a chattering fire saying burn burn burn  
 Just the bush pushing with silence leave leave leave  
 And saké over it all  
 Hitting softly  
 Lifting momentarily  
 Sole surfeit in a fitful world.



FAIR • SUPPORTIVE • INDEPENDENT • CONFIDENTIAL

**We offer  
advice about  
your rights,  
university  
procedures,  
tenancy  
and more.**



**student support hub**

📍 AUSA house, 4 Alfred St, Opposite the Main Library  
☎ 09 309 0789 🌐 [www.ausa.org.nz](http://www.ausa.org.nz) ✉ [advocacy@ausa.org.nz](mailto:advocacy@ausa.org.nz)





Iirangi Te Motu  
NZ On Air



THE SRN IN ASSOCIATION WITH NZ ON AIR  
PROUDLY PRESENT

# THE MIGHTY AOTEAROA ALTERNATIVE AWARDS 2024



SATURDAY 2 NOVEMBER, 7PM

TUNE IN LIVE TO 95.6FM  
STREAMING LIVE AT SRN.NZ



# A Poetic Fusion

## Maya Angelou's Collection in Te Reo Māori



BLAZE WEBSTER

I was given a book called He kupu nā te māia He kohinga ruri nā (A Word of Courage, A collection of poems) by Maya Angelou that was translated into Te Reo to review. Unfortunately, I am not fluent in Te Reo and do not know anyone personally who can read Te Reo fluently. But as the title suggests, this book is a collection of some of Maya Angelou's greatest poems. The QR code has the Te Reo versions!

Maya Angelou (1928-2014) was known as an American memoirist and poet; She was also a civil rights activist and contributed much literary. Angelou's legacy still reaches many hearts and inspires them due to her commitment to social justice and her artistic expression. Maya Angelou's collection of poems was translated by 34 wāhine Te Panekiretanga o te Reo (the Institute of Excellence in the Māori Language) graduates from across Aotearoa.

I am grateful for more Te Reo representation and proud for those who can fluently speak and read Te Reo. It has to be said that the way this book has been formatted allows those learning Te Reo to follow the English version, and it is very easy to look across to the next page to see the immediate translations. I have chosen two poems I enjoy reading, and want to share a more youthful perspective on the poems' content; these poems do not have any Māori relevance, other than it was translated in Te Reo, but I believe many students can relate to these poems.

The first poem is *Phenomenal Woman* (pages. 34-39).

Translated by Ruth Smith

*Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.  
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size*

*But when I start to tell them,  
They think I'm telling lies.*

*I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms,  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
That's me.*

*I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.  
Then they swarm around me,*

*A hive of honey bees.  
I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing in my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.*

Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.  
They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.  
When I try to show them,  
They say they still can't see.  
I say,  
It's in the arch of my back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing,  
It ought to make you proud.  
I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
The palm of my hand,  
The need for my care.  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

As soon as I read this poem, I knew I wanted to feature it in my article! I wanted to share this poem because of its influence on me. I felt empowered, and when I first read this poem, it became my favourite poem. I saw this poem as just being me is enough.

The second poem is *Just for a Time* (pages 26-27)

Translated by Beth Dixon rāua ko Rauhina Cooper

*Oh, how you used to walk  
With that insouciant smile  
I liked to hear you talk  
And your style*

*Pleased me for a while.*

*You were my early love  
New as a day breaking in Spring  
You were the image of  
Everything  
That caused me to sing.*

*I don't like reminiscing  
Nostalgia is not my forte  
I don't spill tears  
On yesterday's years  
But honesty makes me say,  
You were a precious pearl*

*How I loved to see you shine,  
You were the perfect girl.  
And you were mine.  
For a time.  
For a time.  
Just for a time.*

I liked this poem as a contrast to the prior one. I enjoy the peace and calm that comes with this delicate poem. Angelou has an elegant way with words and phrases that evoke emotion in her audience, or at least me.

My overall opinion about this book is just WOW! I recommend reading this book for all university students, not just because it is in two languages and gets your brain thinking, but because both poems have heart and wit to them. There are some sad, humorous, serious, small, and large, but all of them were written with soul. I would have loved to share so many more, but due to the existence of a word limit in this article, it is up to you now to discover the rest...





# FASHION FLASHBACKS

## LOOKING BACK AT TRENDS OVER THE YEARS



KALA TAKEBE BURGESS

As the (self-proclaimed) beauty/fashion editor of Craccum, I have to end this year's last issue with yet another fashion article.

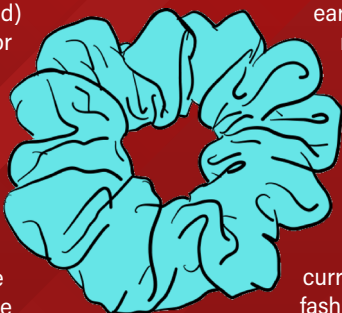
We all know that fashion cycles back and trends come and go. So, let's have a look at the trends over the years.

For readers who may be older than the average Craccum editor, do you remember the time when everything was accentuated more? Because bigger was always better in the 90s. (Except for jeans. That was quite tight.)

Oversized sweaters were practically everyone's uniform. Understandably so; who doesn't love an oversized sweater for that ultimate comfort but also stylish look?

Let's not forget the scrunchies. These scrunchies were huge, not like the scrunchies in the early 2000s, these were massive. And they are making a comeback. Rightfully so.

For the readers who may only be slightly older, do you remember what was once thought of as a fashion terrorist look: The Low Rise Jeans and Layering Confusion? Just three years ago, the fashion scene collectively thought that layering was NOT coming back, but we all know it has returned. Very successfully. Who would've thought? The



early 2000s where low rise jeans revealed a bit too much when you sat down, and the era of layering pieces over pieces for no reason at all. Arguably, the hottest trend currently is the early 2000s, and now it's not so much a nostalgic era but more of a

current wave of fashion cycling back.

Now, for the readers who grew up in the mid-2000s, did you guys have no care in the world of how you dressed? You would walk

around in your very, VERY skinny jeans, probably cutting off blood circulation in your legs, which you had to hop around your rooms to fit into. Also, those horrendous tights with graphic patterns plastered on them, as if you couldn't get more clashes happening with your already busy tops. Why were you obsessed with Galaxy Print? I actually cannot comprehend the science behind that. Not to mention the side bags/ side parts that you convinced yourselves would make you look more mysterious and edgy, but in reality, you were constantly having hair in front of one eye, limiting your vision throughout the day.

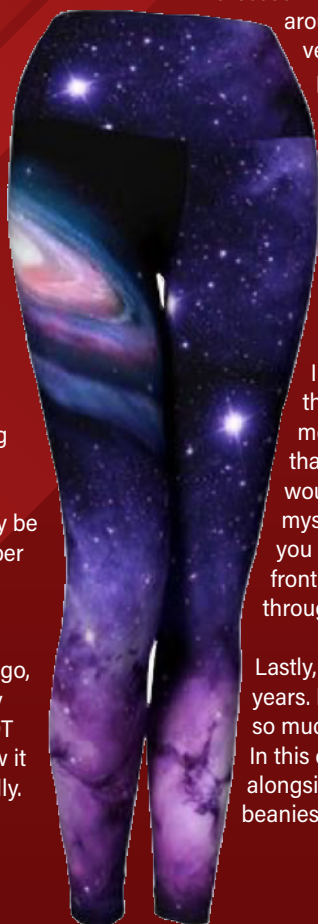
Lastly, the 2010s. Ah, my teenage years. Looking back. Horrid. But not so much as the mid-2000s. (sorry). In this era, the hipster look was born alongside normcore. Flannel shirts, beanies, and vintage everything. Thrift

shops were flooded with teenagers hungry for vintage items. The thing was to look like you didn't care, but in reality, you spent 3 hours searching in a thrift store to find that item.

Norcore also emerged, which usually consisted of Birkenstocks, mom jeans and fanny packs, all to look like your dad on a laundry day. Distressed jeans were also the thing. I'm sure your grandma asked why you would spend money on something that is torn already. And yes, my knees were cold.

Looking back, I see all these fashion items and trends as nostalgic. (even if I'm not from that time). We definitely have gone through questionable trends, but they were fun at the time, and that's what matters. They seem to all come back into style anyway, like how capri pants are making a comeback. (I don't know how I feel about this) So enjoy the nostalgia while you can because I guarantee you that in the near future, they won't be nostalgic anymore, but perhaps the hottest new trend.

P.S. I may come across as a mid-2000s fashion hater in this article, but I swear I'm not.





# THE WORLD WE LIVE IN TODAY.

LET'S SEE  
WHAT'S ON TV.



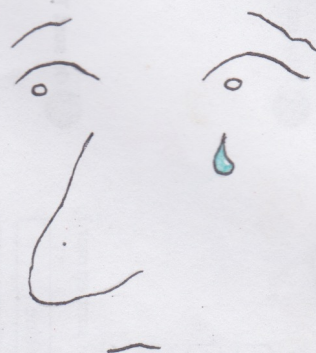
ONE OF THE  
GREATEST  
THESPIANS  
OF OUR AGE  
MAGGIE SMITH  
HAS PASSED  
AWAY TODAY  
AGED 89.

SHE WILL  
BE MISSED...



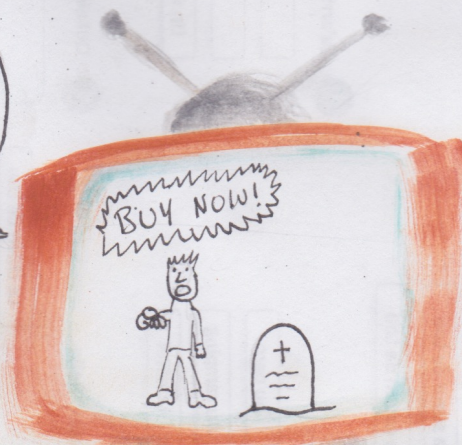
OH GOODNESS  
IT'S A TRAGEDY  
SUCH A GREAT  
PERSON LOST.

WHAT A LOVELY  
OBITUARY WITH  
MOVING MUSIC  
FROM DOWNTON ABBEY.



ANNOYING  
INCONVENIENCES  
LIKE DEATH!  
CAN STRIKE AT  
ANY MOMENT!

OH DEAR...



NOW IS THE  
TIME FOR YOU  
TO GET YOURSELF  
LIFE INSURANCE!

PROTECT YOUR  
FAMILY AND YOU  
FROM DEATH!

FIN.



# The SoundTrack of Our Lives

## Music that takes you home



KAAVYA GHOSHAL

I woke up to a text from my best friend that said "You know, I never realised, but music is perhaps your most important love language."

And then I got to thinking—she's absolutely right. I got to thinking. I love to write, and clearly, words mean a lot to me. And yet, somehow, music means more. I tend to connect music to moments in my life. It's almost as if I live my life through soundtracks, and have assigned a song to every moment.

I get possessive over music sometimes; which is weird. Now I realise that it's not the music that I'm protecting, but the memory that comes with it.

You see, I grew up surrounded by music. Not just *any* music, but songs that my dad would sing to me. My dad used to sing Beautiful Boy, by John Lennon to me, every night. That song was, and will always be my lullaby (he would change the word boy to girl, don't worry). When I hear Lennon now, I'm transported back to my childhood bedroom, where a little girl dozed off to the sweet hymn of her dad's voice.

Or, when I hear Hallelujah by Jeff Buckley, I start to giggle. It's not a giggle worthy song, really, but the memory that I associate with it is my dad and I competing to see who can hold onto that last note the longest.

When I listen to Dark Horse by Katy Perry, I can't help but remember my childhood friend whispering to me, "I get why men like women." We were 11. She's gay now.

When I listen to Chasing Cars, all I can think of is sitting in my dad's car, where we'd drive for hours and hours, relentlessly, for the sole purpose of belting the chorus on top of our lungs.

This is also why sharing music can be scary. At least, it is to me. There are some songs that are too precious to share. The fear of a memory attaching itself to a song, and then ruining it forever, is a risk that I am *not* willing to take. Dancing with my first boyfriend ever, when I was 13, to Perfect by Ed Sheeran is one thing—I can *never* listen to that song without cringing, but I'm probably better off for it.

I attach music to happiness and heartbreak,

to joy and suffering, to the moments I want to relive forever and moments that I would do anything to forget.

The connection between music and memory is deep-rooted in our brains. Studies have shown that the part of the brain that processes music also interacts with areas that store memories and emotions. This is why a song can trigger a flood of memories, some of which you may not have thought about in years.

Nostalgia, in this sense, is more than just sentimentality—it's a biological response. Music taps into the core of our memories, bringing out both joy and longing. It allows us to reconnect with parts of ourselves that may have been buried under the responsibilities and complexities of adulthood. For a moment, when you hear that song, you're not just reminiscing—you're there, in that memory, feeling it all over again.

Nostalgia has a bittersweet quality, and music perfectly captures that duality. Perhaps that's what makes it beautiful—this ability to travel through time, to hold onto pieces of the past, all while moving forward into the future.



1. MĀ - Pūhā me te Poroheua [NZ]
2. Wiri Donna - Stop Charades [NZ]
3. Neive Strang - A Sweet Dive [NZ]
4. Theia - BALDH3AD! [NZ]
5. The Bemsha Swing - Empty Leather [NZ]
6. Revulva - Herion Chic [NZ]
7. Womb - One Is Always Heading Somewhere [NZ]
8. Jujulipps - Good Guys [NZ]
9. Snivelling Swineheards - Deathbubble Aneurysm [NZ]
10. Flea Miller - Wasting Time [NZ]

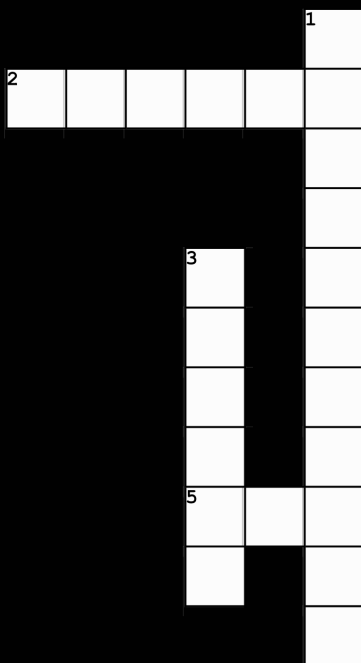


LISTEN  
HERE TO THE  
SPOTIFY  
PLAYLIST



Text VOTE with your favourite song to 5395 or visit [95bfm.com/vote](https://95bfm.com/vote)  
The 95bFM Top Ten, every Wednesday from 7pm





# CROSSWORD

## Across

- 2. What's yet to come
- 5. Early years
- 7. Recollection of the past
- 8. Time that's gone

## Down

- 1. Reflecting
- 3. What's left behind
- 4. Longing for home
- 6. Visions during sleep

# SUDOKU

7	1					3	2	5
		4	5	7	2	6		
	8					7		
6								
			6	9				
	4		2	3			6	
		1	7					
		3	8		9			
	7							

9							5	3
8			9	4	3			1
		7		6	1		4	
	9			5	7			4
	2			9	4	5	6	
			2	3				
3				7			9	2
6	7	2					8	
		9			8			6

# WORDSEARCH

Y I G G G Y Y K J G Q C L W A H C U S  
 B N N O I T I D A R T K Q O U O F D W  
 Q U M B L S  
 T E O U Y F K C O I C L P E M R T  
 J Y Y R Z Y R U H R N C O C H E F  
 K T L U Q T O G L U  
 I K I N O N J P K H J M E I L  
 T R R B R Q G G O I A I K V O  
 C J S Y T Z H N H H N A I R  
 Y V L O E E S F M K G S N U  
 M Y Z K R X S K Q P G R  
 A C N Z R G G U K S M J J E N E  
 F A F M L G T O T Q Q M D E B V  
 W G P J R K V I  
 I E F C U W R A Y T A M D P A I V V  
 Z L N D Y K C A B H S A L F A Q T A  
 O D U L  
 T H R O W B A C K M T N E M I T N E S G  
 A L J T E E W S R E T T I B I E S W O U

SENTIMENT  
FLASHBACK  
TRADITION  
LEGACY

BITTERSWEET  
RETRO  
HOMECOMING  
RELIVING

KEEPSAKE  
THROWBACK  
REVIVAL  
WISTFUL



Continue with present

Go back to the past

New game ... ?

ILLUSTRATION BY DAW PARK



# HOROSCOPES



LEARN MORE



CLARICE DE TOLEDO

**S**o we reached the last week of the semester! And we're closing up with a big full moon in Aries taking place this Thursday! Full moons are a period of completions, release and when the energies are at their highest. This full moon in Aries can bring in a lot of urgency, pushing us to act and take charge of situations. But it can also make us feel a bit impatient or frustrated throughout the week, which totally makes sense that some of you will probably be putting a lot of effort to complete your final assignments and classes for the year! With that being said, see how this full moon is likely to impact your sign!

**Please read your Rising sign as well for more accuracy.**

## ARIES

This full moon will be happening in your sign, Aries! It's a time of personal reflection and letting go of anything that's holding you back from stepping into your full potential. Expect to feel a surge of energy that pushes you toward bold decisions, especially about themes regarding your self-image, goals, or personal projects. Trust your instincts and take action, but be mindful of how your actions affect those around you.

## TAURUS

This Aries full moon will be highlighting your hidden emotions or subconscious fears. You might feel more introspective, as this is a time for healing and closure. Pay attention to your dreams, and don't be afraid to let go of what no longer serves you. You're preparing for a fresh start, but first, you need to clear out any lingering emotional baggage. You could also be more in touch with your spirituality and turn to practices that bring you a sense of peace.

## GEMINI

This full moon will bring focus on your friendships and community. This is a great time to reassess your social circle and long-term goals. Are the people you're surrounding yourself with supporting your growth? There could be some endings or realisations regarding group dynamics, or it could just be a good time to celebrate with friends your accomplishments.

## CANCER

The full moon will be influencing your career and public image. It could be that you'll be feeling more in the spotlight, feeling seen by people, seeing a project come to fruition, or you might receive recognition for something you've been working on. You could be spending more energy

thinking about the future, your career endeavours and what path you might wanna choose in your future. What is a passion for you might be more evident as this full moon in Aries takes place. On another hand, it could be that you're making a bold move in your professional life already.

## LEO

This Aries full moon will bring light to themes like expansion, travel, and higher learning. You might be feeling the urge to broaden your horizons, whether that's through travel, education, or spiritual pursuits. If you've been seeking clarity about your life's direction, this full moon could bring an "aha" moment. Just be careful not to act too impulsively, take time to consider the long-term impact of your decisions.

## VIRGO

This full moon will be activating your area of shared resources, intimacy, and transformation. You may experience an intense emotional release related to finances, partnerships, or deep inner work. It's a powerful time to let go of old fears or hang-ups and embrace vulnerability. Financial matters could also come up, so make sure you're clear about your shared responsibilities with others, or any debt that you may have.

## LIBRA

The Aries full moon will highlight the themes of relationships, bringing partnership dynamics to the surface. This could mark a turning point in a close relationship, it could be romantic or platonic, but you could be learning how to set better boundaries or communicate your feelings better. Be mindful of how you approach conversations during this time, as you'll tend to feel more heated and impatient. Since this moon is more likely to shine light to any unresolved tension between you and someone significant. Balance between thinking about your needs as well as the other person's needs is key right now.

## SCORPIO

The full moon will activate your area of work, health, and daily routines. It's a good time to check in with your habits, are they supporting your well-being, or do some things need to change? This lunar energy is encouraging you to release unhealthy patterns and create space for more balance in your life. You could be thinking more about eating better, exercising and doing more self-care practices. There could also be a lot of energy surrounding work, and your work environment and daily responsibilities.

**Sagittarius:**

This full moon is highlighting the themes of creativity, romance, self-expression and fun. It's time to express yourself and do things that bring you pleasure. You could be putting more effort in a creative project, feeling more extroverted, or even experience a turning point in a romantic relationship. If you're single, it would be great to go out and meet some new people, or just go out to have fun, dance and experience things!

## CAPRICORN

The full moon will be activating your area of home and family, and your private self. There could be some changes happening to your home life, or your living situation, or issues surrounding your family members. You could also just be feeling more low-key, wanting to be in a quiet space or with close friends, focusing on yourself and your own sense of security.

There could be a lot of nostalgia coming up, lingering emotions from the past that are being asked to be released.

## AQUARIUS

This full moon will be bringing focus to communication, learning, and local community matters. There could be important conversations taking place this week, or eventful things happening in your siblings, neighbours, or friends lives. You could be exploring projects that are related to communication in some way like social media, newsletter, podcasts, or teaching. This is a good time to share your ideas with a community, or speak your mind more and embrace new ways of thinking.

## PISCES

This Aries full moon is lighting up themes in your life of finances and self-worth. You might experience some shifts in how you manage or earn your money, or you could gain clarity about your values and what truly matters to you. This is a great time to let go of any insecurities about your resources and focus on building a stronger foundation for yourself. Trust that you have the power to create the abundance you seek.



# SHADOWS

YOUR STUDENT BAR

EVERY TUESDAY

## \$10 BURGER & FRIES NIGHT



ALL DAY

Buy a drink off tap and get a \$10 burger & fries

Terms & Conditions apply

ALL DAY | 2•4•1 PIZZAS  
EVERY WEDNESDAY



BUY ANY PIZZA ON THE MENU AND  
GET THE SECOND ONE FOR FREE

Terms & Conditions apply

EVERY WEDNESDAY

## STUDENT NIGHT

ALL NIGHT

\$5 BETTER BEER  
\$5 SHADOWS TIKI PUNCH  
\$6 SHADOWS SHOTS  
\$8 SCAPEGRACE RTD  
\$10 SHADOWS JUG ALL NIGHT  
2 FOR \$15 RED BULL VODKA

HAPPY HOUR 9PM - 11PM  
DJ FROM 9:30PM

CHEAPEST BEER IN AUCKLAND AT  
THE BEST STUDENT BAR IN AUCKLAND

EVERY THURSDAY

## 2 FOR \$25 COCKTAILS

ALL DAY



CHOOSE 2 COCKTAILS FROM OUR SELECTED RANGE  
FOR ONLY \$25

Terms & Conditions apply

ALL DAY

## \$5 NACHOS EVERY FRIDAY



BUDGET MEAL SORTED  
GOES WELL WITH A MARGARITA OR BOTTLE OF SOL

EVERY DAY  
3pm - 5pm AND 9pm - 11pm

## HAPPY HOUR

\$8 WINES  
\$10 SCAPEGRACE G&T  
\$11 HAZY OR TIGER CRYSTAL  
\$12 MARGARITA OR ESPRESSO MARTINI  
\$18 BETTER BEER BUCKET



EVERY TUESDAY

## QUIZ NIGHT

\$10 BURGER AND FRIES COMBO • BAR TAB PRIZES • GIVEAWAYS



FROM 6PM

REGISTER VIA INSTAGRAM @SHADOWSBARNZ

SHADOWS BAR - OPPOSITE THE MAIN LIBRARY • OPEN MIDDAY TIL LATE • MONDAY - FRIDAY



SHADOWSBARNZ



EVENTS@SHADOWS.CO.NZ



# KIINGI TUHEITIA PORTRAITURE AWARD

URU MAI  
INĀIANEI!

ENTER  
NOW!

Taumata Toa  
\$20,000

First Prize  
\$20,000

Ka mutu te  
20 o Maehe  
2025

Closes  
March 20  
2025

