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Craccum



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STREET COUNCIL

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EDITORIAL OFFICE

TOP LEVEL

STUDENT UNION
BUILDING

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WANT TO CONTRIBUTE?

WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!
JUST SEND US AN EMAIL!

CRACCUM'S CHILDREN <333

All Friends Photos White Board Blog Comments Quiz

Welcome to my editorial xD



It's pretty easy to remember your mistakes. Questions solved seconds after the deadline, embarrassing mistakes in the dreaded group project, ill advised pickup lines and even worse dates. For those of us who haven't mastered deeply repressing our memories from high school the problem is even worse. But what about those seemingly elusive good memories? While they may be sandwiched in between vivid memories of truly awful karaoke solos and the terrible sex that was absolutely your fault, maybe the last 18-80 years did have their moments after all?

We'd even go as far to say that if you're not cringing when looking back. You haven't lived enough (or are just really boring). If looking back on your younger days leaves you with disdain and a scrunchy face, it reflects a great period of growth; maybe you didn't peak in highschool after all! It's easy to beat down on cringier moments, but we all have to accept that maybe the cringe is what made us who we are today. Without that Young ACT phase, how would we now know that it's equally not a good idea to rebound into Young TOP. And your future partners are sure to appreciate the lessons learned before their time (pro tip: remember to clean your toilet!)

So this week we're embracing the cringe along with those treasured memories we often forget to remember. Log into your Neo-Pets account, download minecraft, get into a vicious argument online with an Ideahoan and take some time to do those things you don't have time to anymore. In lockdown many of us 'reverted' to childhood comforts during what was a time of uncertainty; Mairātea got back into vocaloid, George went back and finished the games he probably shouldn't have been playing in intermediate, and it looks like you got back with the ex you probably shouldn't have started dating anyway. While we cant condone all of these, we'll let you get away with them, this week only.

Remember the time you put way too much effort into a highschool school project, the night you spent losing ranked match after ranked match because you just had to end on a win, the smutty fanfiction lost on a long dead Wattpad account, Skype, and the first time you really pissed your parents off. But most of all, remember that you can actually still do all these things, writing smut is much like riding—a bike and disappointing your parents actually gets easier with age! If you thought they didn't like who you were hanging out with in intermediate wait until they find out who you're planning on moving in with. Much like a fine wine, the best mistakes are expensive and very difficult to clean.

While you're thinking about the past, don't forget to appreciate your everyday. One day those late night assignments and extremely healthy Munchy Mart lunches will be memories almost as distant as corporate cat and insanity wolf.

So while you work on your main character moment: go and bust out your old dusty playlists, take advantage of the on campus gamerzone, remember when craccum had forty pages, get removed from the campus gamerzone for screaming at your teammates, and then peruse some classic maymays to make yourself feel better (this week you can haz cheeseburger), lastly remember when doge wasn't the mascot of everyone's favourite ponzi scheme. We'll go listen to nostalgic 2000s Nightcore remixes with no shame. We're instantly transported to a simpler time, where our biggest worry was deciding who to give our daily allotted hearts to on Bebo.

'RAWR' (it means we love you),

Mairātea & George



Today's New

SOME THINGS TO BE EXCITED ABOUT INSTEAD

ISSUE 09

MONDAY 8TH MAY

FREE

IN AN ISSUE DEDICATED TO THE OLD AND THE AGEING, THINGS TO BE SAD AND NOSTALGIC FOR, HERE ARE INSTEAD A FEW HAPPENINGS TO BE EXCITED ABOUT. WE ARE THE N-E-WS, AFTER ALL.



OLIVER COCKER

On the healthcare front, Pharmac has just made it a whole bunch easier for people with ADHD to get access to their medication. Now allowing for three months' prescriptions for Ritalin and other restricted medicine, this should save both time and money and hopefully boost adherence in the process. ADHD NZ chairman Darrin Bull says it is a good step towards normalising the condition in society. It remains to be seen what impact this will have on the Ritalin drug trade that seems to flow as undercurrent with it all.

Shifting to equitable access, the proposal for a national hub for transgender care has been put out by the Professional Association for Transgender Health Aotearoa. This would standardise the care that our trans whanau receive, with a pre-covid survey revealing 20% did not obtain access to hormonal treatments, and long wait times for affirming treatments. On the back of wide support following the unfortunate visit of one English transphobe, the future is starting to look a little more positive, even if there is a long way to go.

In the same vein, Fofonga, a platform created in April by UoA, plans to increase Pacifica research. Headed by Seuta'afili Dr Patrick Thomsen (Vaimoso, Vaigaga), it reflects a commitment to get Pacifica peoples involved in research about their own communities and allow their voices to be heard. It should allow for more transdisciplinary research and more full-time positions. A step in the right direction for addressing inequities.

Moving a little to the side, the Auckland University Bioengineering Institute has an upcoming showcase at the Cloud from the 9-14 of May. This is on the back of work done by Dr Peng Du, awarded the 2022 University of Auckland Research Impact Award for his part in creating a non-invasive biomonitor: Gastric Alimetry. Used in hospitals around the world, it monitors gut activity without having to have needles or other items poked into you. For first years who drink too much and find themselves in emergency care, this could save them serious discomfort.

Jumping right into the realm of regular engineering (stay with me), Dr Enrique del Rey Castillo, Dr Rick Henry, and PhD candidate Victor Li have discovered a method for strengthening buildings against earthquakes. Less applicable to Auckland, who instead opted for 53 volcanoes, but for the hundred-year-old buildings at Victoria and Otago, their teams will be secretly envious when they employ our fix. By wrapping weak spots with carbon-fibre strips, entire buildings can exceed the requirements for the building code. There's a suggestion it might save rents in apartment buildings due to lower maintenance costs. Knowing landlords, who really knows?

On the sustainability front, UoA has become the first university to qualify for a sustainability loan, which will be used to fund the refurbishment of B201; moving the Faculty of Education and Social Work from Epsom to the City Centre. Calculations show that it will save up to 60% of the environmental impact of building a whole new complex, and the University plans to make it more accessible for students. Simon Neale, Director of Property Services, writes that the infrastructure will serve "students, academics, researchers and the University community for decades to come." Though when the same students, academics, and researchers ask why they decided that \$60 million was better spent moving people around rather than paying them a fair wage, I am sure many other questions will be raised.



EXTRA EXTRA

WHAT DOES PRINT MEDIA MEAN TODAY?



OLIVER COCKER

WORDS, MORE WORDS, AND A FEW MORE WORDS. NOW THAT WE'VE SEPARATED OUT THOSE THAT ONLY GLANCE THROUGH, IT IS TIME TO CONSIDER WHAT THIS MAGAZINE, WHAT THIS SECTION— PRINT NEWS— MEANS TODAY. SO WE PUT IT TO YOU, BUT FIRST, A HISTORY LESSON.

Craccum was founded as an 8-page paper back in 1927, and readers today might be surprised to learn that it had to be purchased. For 3 pence (\$1.50 today), the students of the day learned of the plans for the creation of a new student's union for their association. Indeed, the very same AUSA that we know today. Of course, now Craccum is free to all who happen to wander to one of the many drop-off boxes and collect one of the many copies that are distributed 24 weeks a year.

And yet, with Stuff becoming the latest major newsgroup in this country to announce plans for subscription-based content, it seems the world is reverting. Since television was invented, print media has been in decline, the internet and its modern explosion of usage have only accelerated that. If you can find exactly what you want when you want it, why pay for yesterday's news the following Monday? The world moves faster than even daily circulars can keep up with, and people are used to knowing the moment an event happens.

Have no fear; Craccum has no plans, as far as this reporter is aware, to even consider paid journalism at this point. It will change as situations change. Indeed, the 8-page cut this year and reduction of printed copies, reflect instability in this area. The way you can help? Keep picking up a copy, week after week.

Compounded by this is an increasing distrust of the media around the world. PR company Edelman reported that in New Zealand, six

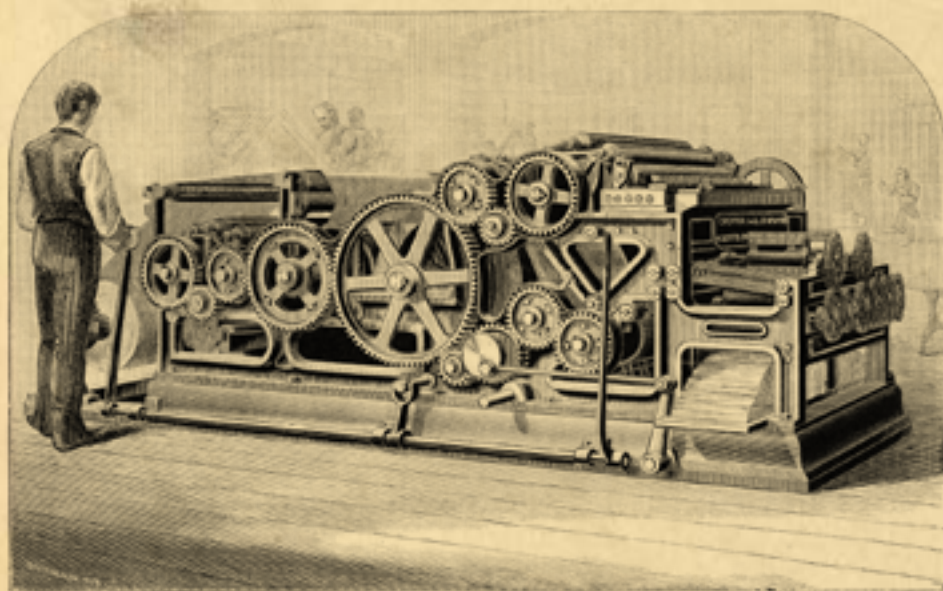
out of ten people believed that journalists intentionally report things they know to be false. Research out of AUT revealed that just under half of the respondents "trusted the news most of the time." A lack of trust in where people get their information leads down dark avenues, beneficial for no one involved.

AND SO THE CRACCUM TEAM ASKED ITS SOCIAL MEDIA, AN ADMITTEDLY SMALL AND BIASED SAMPLE, HOW FAR IT TRUSTED US.

The general consensus was "more than mainstream media icl" as one submitter bluntly put it. The Craccum team can rest assured, knowing that most people willing to follow the Instagram page are willing to trust them most of the time. There were some reservations, and some trust with a "grain of salt," which is a healthy critical perspective for any reporting. All people bring their own backgrounds to the pieces they write, and although others are consulted and research done, history flows into the present.

ANOTHER RESPONDENT THOUGHT THAT CRACCUM WAS "LOWKEY VERY POLITICALLY BIASED." SO AGAIN, WE PUT IT TO THE PEOPLE TO ASK WHAT THEY THOUGHT.

Though the answers of "Very" and "Pretty far" give nothing on their own, in conjunction with "Left with a capital L," most are able to get the picture. The magazine has mellowed from ten years ago when under the tenure of editor Thomas



Dykes, guides were written about how to occupy buildings on campus, excerpts from radical works, and responses to letters to the editor would cover whole pages in red text. Concerned about falling readership and the rhetoric, AUSA held a vote to depose Dykes, which failed, and in subsequent years there was a reigning in of content and topics.

James Brown, an undergraduate at the time and subsequent Craccum writer up to 2019 identifies this as the start of a trend of abstaining from the same sort of politics and light-heartedness. Since the editors were separated from the AUSA board in 2018, this liveliness has started to rekindle itself. Today, one respondent says the magazine is “just the right amount of left while still holding the left accountable. Chefs kiss.” And that seems a healthy niche to occupy.

In comparison to other media outlets, per the Curia Media Bias Poll, this would put us somewhere near Stuff or The Spinoff, probably a little further, as they both had submitters suggest they had right-wing tendencies too. Inevitable in large organisations, there will be a variety. In fact, the news is seen to be more left-leaning, with only talkback radio stations like Newstalk ZB listed as “to the right,” which may reflect the individual hosts and audience more.

Where to now? Some say online. Discard the pulpy flesh and shift to the website. Tech issue, #14 of this year will be an online experience only. For one week, the red boxes will lie empty. The only issue is a vast majority of even long-term readers do not seem to know the website exists. The blood of the paper is ink. 1400 trees a year give their lives to feed this machine. Those I have spoken to, particularly people who live in halls, grab it because it is convenient. Lunchtime entertainment with puzzles and horoscopes, with articles to pass around after. A sacred bonding that will be forgotten about the moment that it disappears from in front of their eyes.

Craccum must always adapt to the world. From a magazine in the 1970s that took a stance against hiring



women to a paper whose team is predominantly women, necessary and positive changes have been made over the years. The move to online readership does not appear to be of the same urgency and importance.

So the people were asked one final question: what do they like about Craccum today? Discounting the staff writer's submission that she likes the staff writer and also the individual who responded only to say that they had not read it in a long time, a few consistencies stand out. The first is that it is physical and accessible. The work can be turned into posters, and it's everywhere that you could want to find it. Others praised the mixture of tones, that hold over from the post-2012 revolutionary phase combined with the revival of well-natured jokes.

And finally, Craccum has to ask itself what niche it fills, what it means for the university. Whether it can put out information that people might not know they want or need, that they can not receive from anywhere else. If any readers do not

think it does, want to complain or suggest an avenue to pursue. Email, get involved. This magazine is made by students, in the end, and always is looking for more contributors.

IF YOU'RE A STUDENT, THE UNIVERSITY HAS EVEN MINORLY INCONVENIENCED YOU, AND NO ONE ELSE WILL HELP, THE CRACCUM TEAM WILL LOOK INTO IT.

Overall, the only complaints received were that we “weren't radicalising the business students” and that one respondent wished that we provided more critical judgements of university decisions. To the first, I say that the cost of providing high-quality news is that sometimes you have to focus in on certain topics, and if business students are the audience we leave behind, I am unsure if that is much of a loss. To the second, I say watch this space.

THE REVIVAL OF THE POWERPUFF GIRLS EMPIRE

The cartoon embodiment of early 2000s feminism is alive and well



RAWAN SAADI

Sugar, spice and everything nice... or so they seem with their big eyes and colourful clothes. But that's not all that the Powerpuff Girls were. After all, let's not forget about Chemical X, the accidental chemical added when Professor Utonium was creating the girls, that turned them into the crime-fighting feminists we've come to know and love.

Cartoon Network's *Powerpuff Girls* was without a doubt an unforgettably empowering cartoon for many of us born in the late 90s and early 2000s. The original cartoon ran from 1998 to 2005, and was then rebooted in 2016 on Cartoon Network, along with re-runs throughout the years on several channels. It was and still is beloved for more than its entertainment value.

The trio became a sort of intro to feminism for most of us young girls. Ironically, one of the main creators of the show, Craig McCracken, has admitted that the original idea was not meant to necessarily be something feminist. It was, after all, something he came up with for his film class, while he was studying at the California Institute of Arts. He said in a 2018 article "I just really like that idea, that contrast of three little girls beating up giant monsters."¹

Whether McCracken intended it or not, that idea of three little girls being more than just three little girls, ignited the feminist flame in a lot of young women. It was a unique form of feminism as well—one that was simple in its premise, diverse in its representation, and subtle in its delivery.

This is not to say that they were perfect feminist idols, but the girls were pioneers in pop culture and in particular, the superhero genre. They were one of few superhero groups that were composed of female members who were not sexualised, nor did they play sidekicks, or love interests to a more superior male hero.

It wasn't just their presence or symbology

in greater media, but also the dynamics of the characters and the way they represented what feminism meant to a younger generation. Its heroines—Bubbles, Buttercup and Blossom, were different in personality and interests. Bubbles—blonde, pig-tailed, and as her name suggests, the bubbly member of the team, was perhaps the more traditionally feminine Powerpuff Girl. Meanwhile, Blossom was the reliable leader of the group, providing direction and an organisational



¹ [HTTPS://WWW.REFINERY29.COM/EN-US/2018/11/216683/POWERPUFF-GIRLS-CHARACTERS-FEMINISM-20TH-ANNIVERSARY](https://www.refinery29.com/en-us/2018/11/216683/powerpuff-girls-characters-feminism-20th-anniversary)

system for any problem. Then there was Buttercup, the tomboy with the badass skills and the “don’t mess with me” vibes.

In doing this, they showed us that girls can be girly or not. Have long or short hair. Wear bows and dresses, or pants. Be kind, strong, organised, happy, angry, or whatever the hell they want to be. At the end of the day, no matter what, girls can go out there and kick some ass. It was definitely a simpler way of framing feminism, conveying ideas that persist today, despite occurring at a time when feminism was more heavily debated.

Wonder Woman and Cat Woman are still heavily sexualised. So how far have we really come?

This is perhaps the reason we saw the 2016 reboot of *The Powerpuff Girls*. Despite many criticising it for falling short of the original, it gave everyone, especially the younger generation, a much-needed dose of simple, wholesome, girl power energy.

This is not to discredit these other female superheroes. Despite the flaws in the structure of their message, they still play a critical role in the overall feminism movement.

But the Powerpuff girls are just that—girls. They’re still kids, which means that all of the questions surrounding the sexualisation of women, and what a woman’s role is in society falls away, presenting a more simplistic, yet humanising version of feminism to us.

One where these girls can defeat enemies from harming Townsville, and at the same time, experience the typical frustrations of school, friendship, and family.

Although we think we’ve come far in terms of female representation in pop culture, there are still not enough original, positive female superheroes. Sure, Natalie Portman is the new *Thor*. The 13th Doctor in *Doctor Who* may be a woman, but do women only redeem themselves when they take the place of a man? Do they not also have a unique and diverse place of their own? Not to mention most female superheroes like

Masking experiences such as fighting with siblings, or the difficulties of starting a new school, under superhero action, wasn’t a particularly new tactic for a kids’ show. What did make it unique was the representation young girls received within this trope. One of the head writers on the show, Amy Keating Rogers, spoke many times about her desire to provide children with female characters that were empowering, both in their heroism and relatability.

This is a theme that still seems to persist in several forms no matter the political climate of feminism. We see it in the little things: clothes, ads, posters, plushies, and other merchandise. The Powerpuff girls themselves still feature on clothing sold in many of the fast fashion stores. For example, Cotton On has a line of shirts and caps with the Powerpuff Girls, the logo, and phrases like “Go Girl!” and “Girl Power” printed on them. H&M had a line of brightly coloured hoodies with a similar design and message. This trend doesn’t just apply to the Powerpuff Girls, but also other female cartoons, like Minnie Mouse, which has also been associated with the “girl power” message.

There also seems to be this call for unity amongst girls—a friendship theme that advocates for girls to come together and be nice to each other. This idea is especially obvious with representation of Disney princesses, that went from representing princesses either alone, or with a man, to showing them with other Disney princesses, as a group of friends. This has also been marketed on clothing, both for kids and adults, toys, and other merchandise. The message of friendship amongst young girls, albeit a little too cheesy most of the time, is still a way of introducing the same girl power ideologies that have been growing since the late 90s.

There is a hunger for innovative ways to preach the same Powerpuff Girl ideas to the new generation. It is a hunger that has at times resulted with cartoons, films, and advertisements that are a little too pointed, lacking that delicate balance of everyday issues with subtle reminders saying you “go girl!”. This is perhaps why we are seeing a return of shows like *The Powerpuff Girls*, both on air and in merchandise.

In many ways, the *Powerpuff Girls* did contribute significantly to building that active and powerful, yet vulnerable feminism we came to grow up with. For a while it seemed like vulnerability and simply being human was creeping out of the equation, leaving this idea that women had to be superheroes, and only superheroes. But it seems like we’re slowly realising the harms of this, and recognising that our cherished Powerpuff Girls raised us better than that.

TRENDS

THAT

DEFINED

THE

2010s

Analysing everything our teenage selves deemed as cool



NANCY GUO

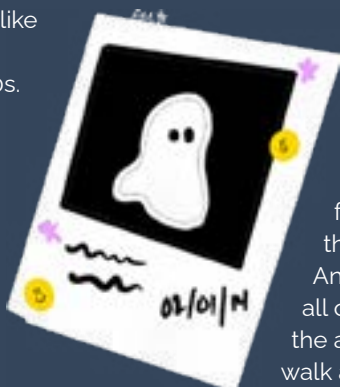
If you're a geriatric Gen Z like me, you'll vividly remember the chaos that was the 2010s. From planking, colourful skinny jeans, Vine, fidget spinners, British beauty vloggers, to Tide Pod consuming—the decade that marked our adolescence was full of some truly strange and unforgettable trends. As the low-rise jeans and butterfly clip filled Y2K craze begins to flicker, it's both startling and nostalgic to see some of the 2010s' fads trickle into society again. Before you scavenge for your tattoo chokers and ripped jeans from the back of your closet, let's analyse the decade's trends and collectively decide whether or not they should make a comeback in the 2020s.

2013 INSTAGRAM

Instagram was at its prime between 2012 and 2014, and you can't convince me otherwise. The app was fun: people posted grainy photos and thick-bordered collages of whatever their heart desired, like their lunch, an image galaxy-print unicorn you stole from Pinterest or We Heart It, or a cool building. You could put your hobbies in your bio, or to start drama, the names of all of your bestest friends in your bio with strategically-chosen coloured hearts. Life was simple. Bring back low-res, sepia-toned Instagram!

SHARPIE EYEBROWS

This is a trend we all wish we could erase from our collective memory. All evidence of my 2016 Angry Bird



brows, which were etched on with jet black eyebrow pencil and outlined in minion yellow concealer, has been scrubbed clean from my camera roll. I also think that James Charles, Anastasia Beverly Hills, and all of my friends that had the audacity to let me walk around with Nike ticks for eyebrows deserve to be held accountable in criminal court for their actions. Let's not let this injustice repeat itself in the 2020s.

JEGGINGS

This genius invention was genuinely the only type of pants I wore until about age 15 and for very good reason. They blend the best of both worlds: the chic aesthetic of denim jeans and the function and comfortable embrace of leggings. Gone are the days of chafing, fretting about your fly being open, or having to loosen a few buttons after eating good—with jeggings, you can transition from the office to the gym in mere moments, and if the occasion arises, these bad boys can be whipped off in seconds. I can't wait to see Kaia Gerber strutting in these on the catwalk next season.



SUPERFOODS

The 2010s was the peak of weird health food crazes, filling the pockets of Gwyneth Paltrow and green-juice-powder-promoting YouTubers.

Every month, a new "superfood" would arrive on supermarket shelves, claiming to provide some secret healing power, from quinoa, spirulina, acai, goji berries, to blueberry kombucha. I think we can agree that society has moved past idolising kale, and just accepted that food is food, and everyone should just eat whatever they feel is best for them.

OMBRE HAIR

Every girlie went feral for this trend. We would spend our weekends dipping the ends of our hair in lemon juice, before sitting underneath the sun so that they could become naturally "bleached" with varying levels of success. Since Olaplex hadn't yet been invented, everyone's hair would be left crunchy and oddly scare-crow like, especially when paired with a flannel—the 2014 Tumblr Girl essential. You know what? Having healthy hair that's not the texture of instant noodles is pretty nice, let's keep it that way.



SILLY BANDZ

I had a friend who had a jar the size of my head full of these things. What sacrificial rituals did the marketing genius behind these glorified rubber bands perform to get children, and even celebrities like the Kardashians, hooked on these things? These violations of consumer law should be eternally barred from ever becoming cool again.



feature.



DYSTOPIAN FICTION

Before the BookTok and Colleen Hoover era, there was YA Fiction, which saw the skyrocketing of Whitcoulls' dystopian novels and nearly every film production company cashing in on the craze. This era gave us the masterpiece that is *The Hunger Games*, decent works like *The Maze Runner* and *The Selection*, and cash-grab flops like *Divergent*. If you weren't religiously wearing your mockingjay pin or Katniss' side braid, you were missing out big time. With the upcoming release of *The Ballad of the Songbirds and Snakes*, I'm unashamedly ecstatic to be reliving my Hunger Games obsession along with everyone else that grew up on Suzanne Collins.

MOUSTACHES

Why were we all collectively possessed by this form of facial hair and the need to plaster it on every form of merchandise possible? I'm still waiting for an academic to explain the reasons behind this absurd sociological phenomenon.

TUMBLR

This microblogging and social networking platform was not only the crossover between Millennials and elderly Gen Z, but also the foundation of the 2010s Tumblr culture and aesthetic. Think Acacia Brinley, holographic aliens, Halsey's blue hair, Lana Del Rey

flower crown edits, and re-blogs of "inspirational" quotes like "normal people scare me."

Beyond its cultivation of a distinct aesthetic many of us look fondly back on, there were many great qualities of this platform. It served as an important hub for young people and marginalised communities to connect and express their identity, as well as advocate for important political issues. Many Tumblr users utilised their blog as a moodboard, curating and representing their identity anonymously. The platform was also the birthplace of the absurdist qualities of late Millennial and Gen Z humour, even if we think the memes are cringy in retrospect.

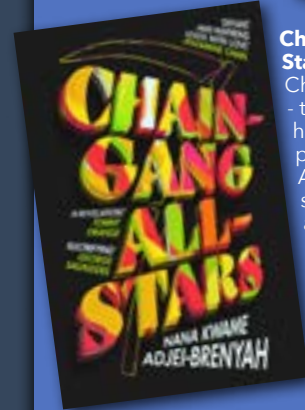
But I'm also not surprised that Tumblr eventually fizzled out of the mainstream. While its relaxed moderation of content allowed for the posting of NSFW content, which was often beneficial in promoting healthy conversations about sexuality and sex work, the platform also saw the circulation of hate speech, bullying, and child pornography. Let's not forget that a significant chunk of Tumblr's content romanticised mental illness both overtly and subtly. Blogs that glorified eating disorders and self-harm were often unregulated and allowed to maintain a significant presence on the platform, harmfully portraying mental health struggles as desirable, deep or beautiful. Niches like the Lolita aesthetic fetishised grooming and violence, with the circulation of content featuring italicised quotes from Vladimir Nabokov's novel and "dreamy" stills from film adaptations of *Lolita*. Considering that most of Tumblr's users were young and impressionable adolescents, this type of content was especially impactful and detrimental, and not something I hope will return anytime soon.



Honeybees and Distant Thunder
- Deeply compelling and compassionate, Honeybees and Distant Thunder is the unflinching story of high-level competition, love, rivalry and friendship from a bestselling international voice.



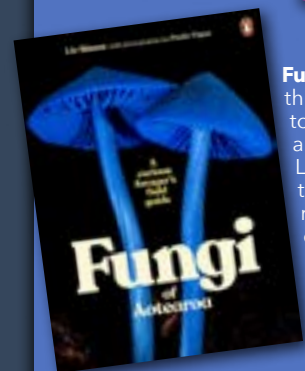
Chain-Gang All-Stars - Welcome to Chain-Gang All-Stars - the popular and highly controversial programme inside America's prison system. In packed arenas, watched by millions of live-stream viewers, prisoners compete as gladiators for the ultimate prize- their freedom.



Bunny - A darkly funny, gothic novel about a lonely graduate student drawn into a clique of rich girls at a New England university.



Fungi of Aotearoa - In this practical and up-to-date guide, forager and fungus enthusiast Liv Sisson shares her top tips and takes the reader on a journey to discover the unique and diverse fungi Aotearoa has to offer.



Ultra-Processed People
- Ultra Processed People is a fast-paced and eye-opening book which reveals the true cause of both obesity and poor health; ultra-processed food



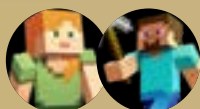
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LEVEL 1, KATE EDGER COMMONS



Floating Trees, BOTTLED MEMORIES

Let's go back to a place where everything is made of blocks.



EMILY SMITH AND SEBASTIAN ZALKALNINS

Long gone are the days of eagerly anticipating the theatrical release of *Madagascar 2*. Instead of counting down the days to when your mum will drive you to the cinema, you're trying to stretch them out as the last assignment before mid-sem break looms; due in two days, worth 60% of your grade and a determining factor in whether or not you graduate. Now there's talks of an HBO live-action remake of *Madagascar* with Chris Pratt voicing Alex the Lion. And what you thought were deeply personal childhood experiences—hiding under bed sheets with your Nintendo DS pressed up to your face, getting a virus on the family computer while trying to install a custom sparkly mouse cursor, or the distinct sound of *Kim Possible*'s notification tone—are all being exploited by men in boardrooms, repackaging your memories and selling them back to you.

In the media, we've seen the rise of tactically trying to pull on the "hey, remember when?" chord of our heartstrings. And it works. Because especially in times as volatile as now, we find ourselves trying to find gripping on an era of youth when things felt so much easier—where our biggest concern was building a dirt shack before night

fell in Minecraft. And that's partially what draws us into attempting to relive parts of our past—simplicity and comfort from something familiar. Which leads us to 2:34AM, on a Friday, mere hours before the previously mentioned 60% of grade assessment is due, and I get a message from Emily that reads: *"bitch idc what you're doing, we're starting a minecraft realm."*

birch wood floors

Honestly, I'm not too sure where the Minecraft realm idea came from. The game itself has been on my desktop ever since I got my computer. The little grass-dirt-block icon sits above Chrome and Spotify; in a position of the utmost importance, yet I haven't touched it in years. If I squint, I can imagine little motes of dust gathering atop green pixels. At 2:34AM on a Friday, when I have work in six hours, I lie in bed on my phone. The idea springs from browsing an old Instagram highlight. Sometime in 2018, I was playing Minecraft with high school classmates I no longer keep up with. But there is one I still do, and I know he's cramming a 60% assignment due in the morning. So I sent him the message mentioned above. (It was not that illiterate, either. Seb calls it artistic licence, I call it insulting.)

Seb replies immediately.

"They cost money though."

"Yeah, but it'll be fun. We both already have the game anyway. Not like we're buying it again." "Literally when do either of us have the time?"

I'm already whipping up a good defence for Emily's Council of Minecraft when he unhelpfully points out that it took us about a month to meet up at our favourite sushi place because we were both busy. We live three streets away from each other, by the way. Then he adds it's taken me three business days to reply to his last message (something unimportant and along the lines of him being audited by IRD) and I'd again ignored it in favour of the realm.

As if to prove him wrong, I boot up Minecraft right then and there. I tell him that, too. "Have fun," he says, "I have another 2000 words to write." Then he goes offline.

My little Macbook Air flares up with the intensity of a NASA rocket as Minecraft automatically downloads years worth of updates. After I finally get on (and my laptop burns a hole through my desk) I create a world to play around with the new updates.

First of all, what the hell is a warden? Allays? Since when were frogs a thing? It gives me whiplash. I used to eagerly follow along with every Minecraft update. Every new feature was revered, like God had high fived us from the heavens. Minecraft was the fireplace of family gatherings in my year six classroom. We'd all come to school early to play Minecraft on our class-issued iPads, exploring each other's survival and creative worlds alike. Then it got banned because I snitched on one of my classmates who stole my world and passed it off as her own with the 'Copy World' feature of 2012 Pocket Edition Minecraft. (I'm still bitter. Fuck you Olivia.)

So goes the early morning Minecraft sessions. On my thirteenth birthday, I hound my father for his credit card so I could buy the big, shiny PC version that always seemed \$40 out of reach. When Seb and I are fifteen, we play on a server with our friends for hours, and it's defunct long before we turn sixteen. I'm twenty by the time I find the Instagram highlights, sandwiched between a valley of smiling faces of people whose birthdays I have long forgotten.

headaches in backseats

I spent a lot of time as a child getting headaches in back-seats. Especially on long drives south to see family during the school holidays. My head would often find itself turned upward towards the roof lining, wishing the car sickness away, as the world—a blur of blues, greens, and the occasional powerline would rush past outside.

Arguably, I brought it on myself. My eyes would usually be fixed to a book larger than my head, or a

second-hand DVD player that would overheat, burning my legs while watching the same 4 episodes of *Peanuts* on loop for the whole trip.

One time, I managed to smuggle the DVD of *Harold And Kumar Go to White Castle* onboard—stealthily taken from a CD wallet case filled with white discs with movie titles written on them in marker, containing an array of raunchy comedies that my parents forbade me from watching. *Superbad*, *The Hangover*, *Borat*, and pretty much anything else you could think of—the El Dorado of what my mother would describe as “filth”.



Somewhat recently, I decided to rewatch a few of the “classics.” Finding that, unsurprisingly, times have changed. But aside from a plethora of poor taste jokes, the main thing I've noticed is that white people no longer say “bow chicka wow wow” anymore. Instead, they say “w rizz.”

The End, Part 1

How do you sift and churn through years worth of memories to determine which ones are as

interesting and defining to be written about? Sebastian and I back and forth argue through an Instagram audio call over whose memories take precedence in our article. I suggest a story of my long family drives from Auckland to Tauranga; visiting my nan, my sister and I stuffing the backseat with duvets, our old dog Rosie plodding between us to find the comfiest spot, the shared iPad 2 blasting Train's *Drive By* and other *Now 40* Hits. Seb, being a closeted narcissist, claims that his story of watching movies on car-rides and then rewatching them as an adult “fits more with the article's themes” and delegates mine to a sentence. Even now he kicks me off my designated conclusion paragraph and writes his own.

The End, Part 2

It's difficult to compress the experience of growing up and all the nostalgia that comes with it

Especially when trying to be faithful to entire years of youth, summers that used to feel endless, late nights with friends and time spent alone. But I think it's important that sometimes we stop and take a look at the road behind us. Which is why I'd recommend you return to something that brought you comfort when you were much smaller than you are now. If it had any grip on you, or you haven't played in a while, I'd suggest Minecraft. Or if there's something else that comes to mind, maybe give it a go. Boot up that old world, feed that Tamagotchi, dust off that novel or play that one song. I don't know you, but hopefully whatever it is acts as testament to how far you've grown.

Now that I think about it, I wonder if my Neopets are still alive?



IN MEMORIAM!!

KING CHARLES YOU'RE NEXT

NZ Classic Cinema

A RUN THROUGH



Growing up in a Māori environment, it was classic Māori films that dominated the screens in my Kura (alongside the best of kapa haka) and reverberated within the walls of my home. I can proudly exclaim that one of the biggest throwbacks for me and my whānau is none other than the classic opening scene of the film *Boy* brought to us by our strange and beloved Taika Waititi ebbing in the waves of Patea Māori club and cow pad perfume drowning the staple tangihanga gumboots.

Aotearoa cinema has produced some truly remarkable films over the years, and many of these movies have become classics in their own right. In this article, we will take a look at the iconic staples and nostalgic screenings of Aotearoa's finest, including "Boy" and other standout films.

ONCE WERE WARRIORS

"*Once Were Warriors*" is a 1994 film that explores the lives of a Māori family living in urban New Zealand. The film follows the story of Beth, a mother of five, and her husband Jake, a violent and abusive man who is struggling with his own demons. The film explores themes of poverty, domestic violence, and the impact of colonisation on Māori culture.

The movie was directed by Lee Tamahori and stars Rena Owen and Temuera Morrison as Beth and Jake. "*Once Were Warriors*" was a controversial film that sparked debate about the portrayal of Māori culture in cinema. However, the movie was also a critical and commercial success that has become a classic of New Zealand cinema and burnt Jake Da Muss into the minds of our society.

BOY

One such film is "*Boy*" by Taika Waititi, a heartwarming coming-of-age story that captures the spirit of New Zealand in the 1980s.

Released in 2010, "*Boy*" is a comedy-drama film set in rural New Zealand. The movie follows the story of an 11-year-old boy named Alamein, who lives with his grandmother and younger brother. When Alamein's father and namesake, whom he idolizes, returns home after many years away, the boy is thrilled. However, he soon learns that his father is not the heroic figure he had imagined. The film explores themes of family, growing up, and the reality of life in rural New Zealand.

The film, whilst written and directed by Taika Waititi, also starred him in the movie as Alamein's father. Waititi's eccentric sense of humor (Māori ake nei) and unique storytelling style have made "*Boy*" a favorite among moviegoers around the world. The film was a critical and a commercial success and won several awards at international film festivals.

All in all, "*Boy*" is a heartwarming coming-of-age story that captures the spirit of Aotearoa in the 1980s and life in the wopwops within a Māori populated and village-like town.

WHALE RIDER

"*Whale Rider*" is a 2002 film that tells the story of a young Māori girl named Pai, who dreams of becoming the chief of her tribe. However, her grandfather, who is the current chief, believes that only a male can lead the tribe. The film explores themes of gender roles, tradition, and the clash between modern and traditional ways of life.

The movie was directed by Niki Caro and stars Keisha Castle-Hughes as Pai. Castle-Hughes was just 13 years old when the film was made and earned an Academy Award nomination for her performance. "*Whale Rider*" was a critical and commercial success and helped to put New Zealand cinema on the world stage.

In conclusion, New Zealand cinema has produced some truly remarkable films over the years, and "*Boy*," "*Whale Rider*," and "*Once Were Warriors*" are just a few examples of the country's rich cinematic heritage. These movies capture the spirit of New Zealand in their own unique ways and have helped to establish the country as a major player in the world of cinema, as well as establish their own seat in the corner of the mind labeled nostalgia in every New Zealander.



HIWA PIAHANA



Sweet Navel Orange

FLAVOURED BEVERAGE MIX

RA fa



ARRO favourites

with Vitamin C



Too ROOR FOR THE LUCKY BOOK ~~FAIR~~ FAIR



ABBY IRWIN-JONES



BURY ME WITH MY BEYBLADES

AND BAKUGAN BRAWL ON MY GRAVE

I HOPE THE AFTER LIFE IS A WAYBACK MACHINE

WHERE THE CLUB ~~MEMBERS~~ PENGUIN SERVERS
ARE NEVER FULL

& FIRST FRIENDS RUN LIKE CHEAT
CODES INTO 4 EVA



WE'RE ALL JUST ~~SYNTHETIC~~ CYSTIC
CETAPHIL AND CLEARASIL

LOADING SCREEN DRIPPING FROM OUR
EARS

DRAGGING OUR ~~PS2~~ PLAYSTATIONS
OVER BUS LINES LIKE
CYBERPUNK HEROES



ITS FIREARMS THE WAY OUR LIMBS BURN FROM CONTROLLERS
TREMBLING LIKE SUNRISES IN SLEEPLESS FINGERS

PUDDLES OF CARTILAGE DUST THE GRISTLE OFF THE GAME CARTRIDGES

BLOWN UNTIL THE SAVE FILES REVIVE
& OUR CHILDHOODS HAVE THAWED
ENOUGH TO SWALLOW



NINTENDO DS SCREENS THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE BACK OF THE CAR
MOORING US IN THE BLACKNESS

LEAVE A MARK LONG AFTER WE
SPILL OVER OUR BOOSTERS
LIKE A DESK UNDER BELLY

BURN THE SHINE ON OUR BABY
TEETH INTO THE LEATHER SEATS

ETCHED WITH INITIALS TATTOOED ON THE
WRINKLED SKIN OF A TOMBSTONE

Because sometimes growing up MEANS Trying not to Scream in the middle of the Supermarket



Eloise Yallop



do you ever wish you could fit back into the clothes you wore as a kid? on my 17th birthday i was gifted an oversized jacket of loneliness that nobody ever assured me i would grow into. i found some old clothes in the attic so stained with longing it wouldn't wash out no matter how long i soaked them for. sometimes growing up means forgetting about the pebbles you'd put in your coat pocket on walks with your parents.

the ache of 18 is stored in intangible things, and i think this makes it hard to diagnose. 'growing pains' takes on a new meaning typing it into the search bar yields no solutions i'm scared that if i type in my real symptoms google will tell me i'm dying. sometimes growing up means scratching at your skin in the darkness of 2am wondering when you outgrew it.

nobody warns you as a kid that nostalgia is a life subscription from the moment you start feeling it. then again, when i was a kid i always used to pretend i was older. time doesn't exist at that age, until suddenly it does, and it comes on so strong like someone's taken that friendship bracelet i wore for months and knotted it tight around my lungs. remember when we were 12 trying to catch ourselves looking 15? when did that impatience turn to yearning? when did we get so turned around that instead of looking forward we look back?

i want to be myself again to be 10 and barefoot and timeless. i want the blinders of childhood put back on me like training wheels so i can look straight again. sometimes the yearning is so fucking nauseating i might shrink back into my inner child and throttle myself to death. is she not the one radiating longing from my stomach and the back of my throat? is she not the one pressing bruises into my heart like an overripe peach?

remember when we had to set alarms to wake up for midnight snacks? now it's hard to fall asleep before 2 and i know this emptiness isn't hunger anymore so the only midnight snack i'll have is two hours of doom scrolling, a side of whispered affirmations that don't convince anybody no, i will not brush my teeth when i'm done





What Masks Have You Been Given?

Queen Fiapoto: Switch, Code, Reverse and the Exploration of Self



PARIS BLANCHFIELD

Brought to life by Malae Collective, Tautai's most recent exhibition is a collection of nostalgic works examining the multifaceted nature of Sāmoan identities. The work is grounded in community, which spilled off the walls and throughout the space in last week's Garage Sale—bringing market stalls, food, and music in to disrupt the typically sterile art gallery vibe with childhood memories of garage parties—somewhere to host, gather, and create.

The gallery was pressed with people the entire time I was at the Garage Sale, filling it with a humming warmth against the autumn rain. We browsed thrifting pop-ups, second-hand books, and handmade treasures, then grabbed food while taking in the artwork. Tautai seems purpose-built for togetherness, with a library of art books and long tables filled with people working, laughing, trying on their new gear—kava and music flowing around them. Highlights included trinkets and jewellery by @nila_by_louisa, plus-size streetwear by @lzo.clothes, and a limited edition merch drop from UoA's very own VAA Pasifika Arts Association (vaauoa and vaastorageroom).

Every inch of the space is adorned with the works of one of the five Samoan multidisciplinary artists belonging to Malae Collective; their diverse representations of identity contrasting and compounding to create an amalgamation of vibrancy and culture. Karita Siakisini's series of three paintings

reframe the everyday, depicting the likes of garage haircuts, smoking cigarettes on a fala mat and aunties prepping food in the kitchen. Created with strong textural sections and collaged elements, these works highlight the multifaceted nature of Sāmoan identities, seamlessly blending themes of both tradition and modernity.

On the opposite wall sits a series of five photographs by Elena Folau. The same model, Folau's sister, appears in every frame, with her appearance drastically shifting from one to the next. On the far left is a close-up in which the model is cast in a hazy, sunset glow. She stares down the barrel of the camera, chin tilted up and eyes piercing those of the viewer. Another depicts her from a low angle, clad in a leather jacket and brimming with power.

As you make your way to the back of the exhibition, you'll come across a hidden space. Furnished with couches and beanbags, the screening room shows the profound videography of Lokelani Folau. The film presents three versions of the artist's self; the first is clad in a full face mask, adorned with seashells, denoting a more guarded presentation of self. The second depicts Lokelani in a seashell necklace and bold red lip, representing an increase in outward confidence yet maintaining a sense of mystery. The third depicts the artist clad in a commanding red look, signifying the emergence of complete confidence.

Lefaataualofa Totua's contribution populates a corner of the gallery with

a medley of elements, ranging from furniture to weaving to collage. Bringing to mind works such as Tracey Emin's 'My Bed', this installation serves as a window into the artist's life. A brown set of drawers is adorned with baby photos, glassware and books. And hanging above is a series of collages made from elements such as Bongo chip packets, LCM wrappers, beaded necklaces and newspaper clippings. These collages represent the assortment of elements making up one's identity; a vibrant assemblage demonstrating the complexity of the self. Three more works hang below, each resembling a kind of bingo card pertaining to masks and emotions that hold personal significance to the artist.

Finally, the remaining corner is enlivened by Eseta Le'au, the wordsmith of the collective. Le'au presents a series of poems, examining the roles of Samoan women within their communities. Shown alongside a home video, this collection of work illuminates the power of these women, both paying homage and celebrating their impact.

The amalgamation of works by each member of the Malae Collective comes together as a poignant exploration of Pacifica diaspora. The exhibition is immersive, vulnerable and empowering, calling upon viewers to critically examine their own sense of self through vibrant art, interactive features and a custom-built sense of community.

The Complicated Nature of Being-Ness

The Double Bill Show You'll Be Sorry You Missed



PARIS BLANCHFIELD

In 'Stage of Being', The New Zealand Dance Company (NZDC) presents a double bill featuring works by established choreographers with a rich history of collaboration with the company. The production marks a significant milestone for NZDC, celebrating a decade of boundary-breaking contemporary dance.

The performance begins with Tupua Tigafua's '*LittleBits and AddOns*', transporting the audience into an ethereal realm in which the line between comfort and unease becomes blurred. Set to a folky composition by David Long, the piece evokes a sense of nostalgia, bouncing between themes of novelty, memory and mortality. The cleverly presented metaphors used aren't lost on the audience either; even I, someone who was essentially kicked out of my hip-hop troupe in year 6, could grasp the messages the movements were designed to convey.

The dancers embody the personalities of their characters entirely, moving

with a sense of serenity before launching into animalistic displays. We see chicken impressions (amongst those of other animals that I couldn't quite identify) and dancing sacks, tackling themes of consumerism and industrialization. Yet even with these heavy themes, the performance remains personal, almost like a stream of consciousness, and consistently captivating, even to (and I can't stress this enough) someone with no knowledge of dance whatsoever.

The tension established in '*LittleBits and AddOns*' reaches fever pitch in the following '*Made in Them*,' which examines the ways in which we're shaped by our environment. Choreographed by Xin Ji and Xiao Chao Wen, the piece opens with a potent solo by the talented Katie Rudd. The lighting rig is lowered during this section, embedding the performance with a dystopian tone. Dancers are clad in black jumpsuits and glistening black helmets, virtually identical; conforming.

Their movements become erratic, as if the dancers are beginning to glitch under the pressure of the modern world. It's an evocative display; distressing yet somehow familiar. It poses the question of whether we're able to establish an authentic sense of self or if who we are is simply pre-determined by the systems, people and objects that surround us. To be able to capture the high emotionality of being caught between opposing forces or the desire for authenticity vs conformity is a great feat, speaking to the incredible talent of Xin Ji and Xiao Chao Wen.

The enchanting performances on this double bill signify a new era for The New Zealand Dance Company. With equal homage paid to past, present and future, they expertly push the boundaries of contemporary dance, establishing meaning and showcasing great talent while still proving accessible for dance novices like myself.

Artists On Artists

After an incredibly successful first year, Artists on Artists is set to return to Tamaki Makaurau from the 10th of May, and it's an event you won't want to miss. Like links in a chain, each artist in the exhibition is the subject of another artist's work; a concept that allows artists the opportunity to step out from behind the frame and be celebrated as the subject.

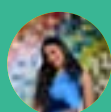
Artists On Artists highlights the importance of interconnectedness in the art world, of collaboration and of homage. Audience members will also have the opportunity to take part in the 'draw and be drawn' event, in which each participant will take on the role of both the artist and the subject.

Artists On Artists Will Run From May 11th to June 8th at Studio One Toi Tū



AMANDA'S BOOK CORNER

NOSTALGIA EDITION



AMANDA JOSHUA

Tag yourself as a novelist from your childhood for a personalised book recommendation !



THE 'ROALD DAHL'

- whimsical af!!
- strong moral compass but you are guided by your own law (you think road rules are just suggestions).
- chaotic good; you talk shit about your friends to their face bc you want them to become well-rounded, self aware individuals.
- you fuck with Louis Theroux documentaries.

Quote you relate to:

'If you are interested in something, no matter what it is, go at it full speed ahead. Embrace it with both arms, hug it, love it, become passionate about it. Lukewarm is no good. White hot and passionate is the only thing to be.'

[From Dahl's 'My Uncle Oswald']



THE 'JACQUELINE WILSON'

- somehow both mommy AND daddy issues??
- you're excited to get into bed so you can make up silly, little scenarios in your head to put you to sleep (last time you won all the arguments you've ever lost in your life).
- very blase about your own trauma; uber compassionate about everyone else's.
- you think Fleabag is the best work of television the world has ever known (and u are correct).

Quote you relate to:

"Dad said his new girlfriend was a godsend. If that was so, I wasn't surprised. God was probably very happy to have got rid of her."



THE 'RICK RIORDAN'

- himbo energy.
- genuinely funny but never at anyone else's expense.
- can't do basic math but knows a lot of fun facts; you can likely explain all the Greek myths in great detail.
- you like the way Death was personified as a snarky, lovable asshole in 'The Book Thief' (you yourself are a snarky, lovable asshole).

Quote you relate to:

"With great power..comes great need to take a nap."



THE 'STEPHENIE MEYERS'

- the submissive and breedable meme personified.
- there were 500 red flags in their tinder profile but red is your favourite colour.
- horny beyond belief.
- you probably write Y/N fanfiction in your notes app at night and delete it in the morning.

Quote you relate to:

"I decided as long as I'm going to hell, I might as well do it thoroughly."

(No seriously, find God or a good therapist)

IF YOU ARE A 'ROALD DAHL'

I recommend **'The Painted Drum'** by Louise Erdrich. In *'Matilda'*, Dahl urged us to "never do anything by halves. Be outrageous. Make sure everything you do is so completely crazy it's unbelievable". The message he was aiming to instil in our young minds was essentially: grab life by the balls. Erdrich's novel promotes the same message but does so impenitently, without shying away from the realities of adult life. Following the main character's quest-like journey to return an ancestral painted drum to the Ojibwe people, the real meat of the novel lies in the exploration of what happens when we shut ourselves off to the possibility of feeling grief. Being Native American herself, the author illustrates the multifaceted Ojibwe culture in great detail, so you can learn something whilst she's ripping your heart out! The narration is simple, frank and cutting and the main character (despite her weird obsession with ravens) is someone you will root for wholeheartedly.

A spoiler free quote to whet your appetite:

"Spiders make me wonder about my own purpose. What is beautiful that I make? What is elegant? What feeds the world?"

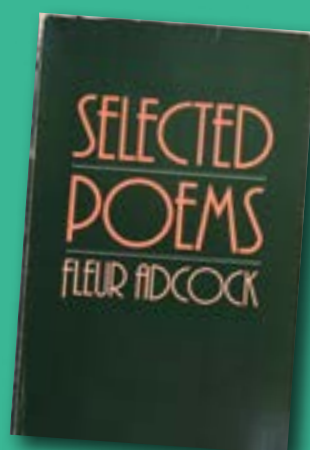


IF YOU ARE A 'JACQUELINE WILSON'

First of all, did Wilson realise she was writing for *kids*? Was there any particular reason every single protagonist was being neglected by their mother, passed from orphanage to orphanage or straight up *dying*?? Anyways, you grew up well-accustomed to the complexities of human relationships so I suggest you peruse **Fleur Adcock's 'Selected Poems'**. (Additionally, the brevity of the poems will let you get back to maladaptive daydreaming a lot faster). Similar to Wilson, Adcock's writing style is intimate and honest - without being precious about it. She acknowledges flaws whilst finding beauty in the commonplace. I will let this little poem speak for itself:

For my 5 year old
A snail is climbing up the
window-sill
into your room, after a night of
rain.
You call me in to see, and I
explain
that it would be unkind to leave
it there:
it might crawl to the floor; we
must take care
that no one squashes it. You
understand,
and carry it outside, with careful
hand,
to eat a daffodil.

*I see, then, that a kind of faith
prevails:
your gentleness is moulded still
by words
from me, who have trapped
mice and shot wild birds,
from me, who drowned your
kittens, who betrayed
your closest relatives, and who
purveyed
the harshest kind of truth to
many another.
But that is how things are: I am
your mother,
and we are kind to snails.*



IF YOU ARE A 'RICK RIORDAN'

I know for a fact you've already read *'The Song of Achilles'* by Madeline Miller, you absolute simp. To satisfy that never-ending itch for Greek mythology (you delightful little nerd, you!) I suggest **'Grief Lessons'** by Anne Carson. This work transcribes four old Greek plays into digestible, modern (and beautiful) language. The heroes are never afraid to take the piss out of the life-threatening situations they find themselves in and the relationships between characters are sincere and timeless.

A quote:

"Pylades: I'll take care of you.

Orestes: It's rotten work.

Pylades: Not to me. Not if it's you."



AND FINALLY, IF YOU ARE A 'STEPHENIE MEYERS'

Girl, have your friends ever liked a single person you dated?? Who could blame you when the first piece of romantic literature you got your clammy little hands on in your formative years, brainwashed you into thinking it's cute when dudes climb into your window at night to watch you sleep?? Anyways, (this scathing indictment is as much for me as it is for you) please read **'Paul'** by Daisy LaFarge. LaFarge walks us through a seeming love story that is actually a subtle and brilliant excavation of toxic relationships. Our main character Frances is a graduate student with her whole life ahead of her...if only she could get over her shite taste in men. Rather than romanticising the hell out of mean, gaslight-y, controlling male protagonists, LaFarge's portrayal evoked this one goodreads review that I am particularly fond of: "3.5 I would have killed Paul in the first ten minutes of knowing him. Good book though". Get to decolonizing that mindset ladies!

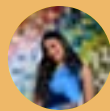
A quote:

"He was often told he had a 'firm grasp' on the language, and always took this as a compliment. It made me think about the phrasing. Why 'firm'? Why did understanding have to come with so much grasping, and force?"



NOBODY FORGETS THEIR FIRST

Music is one of the fastest and easiest ways to induce nostalgia. This week Craccum is on a quest to exploit this emotional weakness and expose the wildest memories UoA students associate with the songs of their youth.



AMANDA JOSHUA

If I ever wanted to know what my state of mind was like in the June of 2021, the first thing I'd do is scroll back to the demarcated section of my liked songs on Spotify. Musical nostalgia is more than just a cultural phenomenon - it is a neuronomic command. (Btw I had both the Bo Burnham and Phoebe Bridgers version of 'That Funny Feeling' saved—stellar taste aside, I was definitely going through something). If you've ever wondered why songs have such a chokehold over triggering weirdly specific memories, it's because music stimulates numerous areas in the cortex of your brain at once. Not only does your mind recall the sound of the song, but all the visual and sensory memories you attached to it. Add in a dangerous sprinkling of dopamine and it might help reassure you that you're not still into that dude from intermediate with the Justin Bieber-esque haircut—you're just relistening to 1D's 'What Makes You Beautiful'.

Kesha 🍌 bra shopping stopping ppl from coming out

Sonia* remarks that "whenever Kesha's 'We R Who We R' starts playing" she feels 'vaguely embarrassed' for the rest of the day. "I've realised it's because it was playing over the speakers the first time Mum and I went bra shopping. She got the really pretty attendant

to come in and check if the bra fit me properly and not to be dramatic—but I was 13 and I did contemplate killing myself. If it took me an obscenely long time to come out—I blame Kesha".

If there's something we can learn from this, I say that we should immediately find out what songs our enemies associate with embarrassing memories. Psychological warfare at its finest? Make it your mission to blast that shit around them old-school boombox style and you can successfully ruin someone's day; all before 9 am in the morning! Idk man, this is Craccum, I sure hope you didn't come here hoping to actually learn something.

Researchers from the University of Leeds note that the songs we listen to in our formative teen years till the time our silly, little brains finish developing (around 25), are the ones that stay jammed into our subconscious forever.

To all my DnB lovers: I'm begging you to fix your shite taste in music right now!

(you only have like 2 years left to do it)

Because of all that spicy neurological development, this period known as the 'reminiscence bump', is when the connections we make to songs and the associated memory traces are strongest. Thanks to all the extra hormones sloshing around in there, convincing us that everything is either incredibly embarrassing, heartbreaking or important: these are the times you'll remember more intensely than any other phase of your life. So I guess make really good memories? And set it to a banging soundtrack?

Nobody forgets their first

Ethan* recalls that his first time doing the deed was set against the backdrop of Tame Impala's 'Mind Mischief'. "I feel like a BOSS when that song comes on!! Also on edge because I remember listening past the beat for a door being opened downstairs or something—I was shit scared my parents might come home from dinner any moment. I played 'I Just Had Sex' by Lonely Island for her afterwards" (It must be noted that Ethan* looked extremely pleased by his own comedic genius after telling me this).

Neuropsychologist Amee Baird found that couples with "a special song" signifying an important moment in their

relationship had strengthened bonds. Listening and reminiscing with this song often evokes the excitement and intensity of the initial moment. In cases where one partner had dementia, the song could even alleviate its effects and trigger memories, allowing the couple some precious time together. Take this information as a sign to listen to as many songs as possible with your S.O. If it works out: great! If not, I hope you ruin entire albums for that motherf*cker!! May you make all their playlists painful, amen!

A *trip* down memory lane

Dylan* describes a day that he spent in the Domain (whilst on LSD), that he remembers every time he listens to 'Space Song' by Beach House. "In a way I think I knew I would remember the feeling when I re-listened to the song so I wanted to make sure it was a good one. It's crazy because I feel high when I listen to it. I remember how the trees moved and how the moss and grass felt. I had a conversation with this lady for like 45 minutes by the herb garden. She was pointing out different plant names and stuff—I have no idea how that conversation started and I have no idea how she didn't clock onto the fact that I was rolling".

Nothing spurs emotional reactions from the brain like music (aside from drugs probably). Neuroimaging shows that

our favourite songs stimulate the brain's pleasure circuit, releasing influxes of serotonin, dopamine, oxytocin and a cocktail of other neurochemicals that make us feel good. The more you like a song, the more pleasure you get.

Fun fact: the neurotransmitters that get released while you listen, are the same that cocaine chases after!

The 1975 is not my favourite band yet 'Paris' never fails to make me cry. I unabashedly play 'Witch Doctor' and 'The Coconut Song' at full volume in the car because it makes me feel like nothing bad has ever happened to me and my biggest worry is whether mum put the strawberry rollup into my lunchbox or the blueberry one (foul). (I was indeed a Jump Jam leader and I should indeed stop keeping Craccum like a diary). Anyways, neural nostalgia is powerful and pretty fucking cool. It's exciting to think that the music we listen to right now, will be bringing us back to these moments for the rest of our lives. If you can, try to pre-empt that shit like Dylan*; if life's one massive playlist the least we could do is "make sure it's a good one".

Names may vary because for some reason, people don't seem to like having their personal memories plastered all over the internet?? Huh, weird.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMMIE STROUD





top ten

with Annabel and Callum

May 3, 2023

1. Totems - devilman69 [NZ]
2. Jujulipps - Saucy [NZ]
3. Ringlets - I Used To Paint [NZ]
4. Rose City Band - Porch Boogie
5. Jazmine Mary - Seagull [NZ]
6. A Blunt Jester - So Below [NZ]
7. Grecco Romank - Piss Baby [NZ]
8. Ingrid And The Ministers - Half Life [NZ]
9. Kieran Tahir - You might not be alone [NZ]
10. The Circling Sun - Kohan [NZ]

Text VOTE with your choice to 5295 or visit 95bfm.com/vote
The 95bFM Top Ten with Annabel & Callum, Wednesday's from 7PM

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Falling down the rabbit hole of NOSTALGIA

And the 'classic' rebranding on all of my favourite childhood games



VERONICA ZUO

When I found myself spawning in the middle of Jamaa Township with people to my left and right yelling "TRADE ME BE FAIR!" and "CHEAP SHOP MY DEN!" The flashbacks hit me like a ton of bricks.

Buried within the crevices of my childhood, I hadn't thought about the game in years. I played Moshi Monsters probably twice and Club Penguin had its memories, but with Animal Jam it was love at first click. If there's one thing I remember, it's begging my mum to let me extend my computer time so I could continue hanging out in my favorite virtual world. My buddies and I would hang out in someone's den or go exploring for secret rooms on the map. One of them even had a YouTube channel with the goal of achieving Animal Jam stardom, whatever that was. Every Monday I would hunt in shops for the weekly rare item. My additional fascination was with the game's lore, which revolved around a group of heroes, or Alphas, who saved the game world of Jamaa from the

phantoms. Nine or ten-year-old me even emailed AJ headquarters asking them to bring one of the Alphas back when everyone thought he died in an adventure (spoiler: he came back).

When I logged in for the first time in a long time, I was surprised at how much progress I had made in the game. Whether it was my collection of items from trading or the achievements from minigames and going on adventures, it reminded me how much time and money (*cough* one-year membership *cough*) I spent on it. However, as I kept playing, something felt off..

With most regular players gone and the amount of servers only a fraction of what used to be, the game has definitely changed since its establishment in 2010. One example of this would be the diminished popularity and presence of in-game roleplays, such as in a school or cafe.

Apart from going on adventures with people you'll never see again and chatting with others hoping they think you're cool enough to buddy, there's not a lot to do - especially if you're a non-member. That being said, some things have stayed the same. The weirdest things and the best conversations can arguably still be found in the pillow room and recently I met someone from NZ there (hey 123dinogirl <3).

Rediscovering nostalgia can be strange. The sense of community that used to be so prevalent might



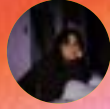
not be the same anymore, but with the game's history it was probably bound to happen. In 2020, the original version of the game was rebranded as Animal Jam Classic, while the newer, mobile-friendly version of the game, known as Play Wild, was officially changed to Animal Jam. This caused a lot of backlash as attention would be directed away from the original game that so many people knew and loved. With the further shutdown of Adobe Flash, the original version could only be played through a desktop app. A data breach that same year didn't help either. My own trial of Play Wild gave me headaches from the graphics so I'll be sticking with the original.

It's safe to say now that the classic version of Animal Jam is mostly populated with those who play purely for nostalgia, such as myself. The game might not be what it once was, but it's still nice to log on and relive part of a bygone era every once in a while.



A BARBIE WORLD

WHY ARE THE CLASSIC BARBIE MOVIES CLEARLY SUPERIOR?



HIWA PIAHANA



In honor of the upcoming Barbie live action, let's recount the good old days of classic Barbie cinema.

Barbie has been a beloved icon since her debut in 1959. Her image has adorned countless products, from toys to clothing, and has been a source of inspiration for young girls around the world. In addition to her physical presence, Barbie has also made a name for herself in the world of entertainment, particularly in the realm of cinema. While many of the more recent Barbie movies have been well-received, there is a special place in the hearts of many fans for the classic Barbie movies. In other words, it is well established that the old Barbie is simply better.

These classic Barbie movies, produced from 2001 to 2010, are known for their enchanting stories, memorable characters, and stunning soundtracks. The first of these movies, "*Barbie in the Nutcracker*," was released in 2001 and set the tone for what was to come. The movie tells the story of Clara, a young girl who is transported to a magical world where she helps the Nutcracker

defeat the evil Mouse King. The movie is a classic tale of good versus evil, with a touch of romance and plenty of magic.

Since the release of "*Barbie in the Nutcracker*" many more of some of arguably the best Barbie movies of all time came onto the scene in the near following years including my all time favorite, "*Barbie and the Diamond Castle*".

Some may disagree but I strongly stand by the fact that this movie had the most goated soundtrack of all movies and ultimately had my favored plot line, as a child and to this day.

Whilst every young girl had their favorite, each movie ultimately had its own unique quality that adamantly stood out above each other. There was the peacock gown of the *Island Princess*, the monarch wings of *Mariposa*, the dreamy underwater aesthetic of *Mermadia*, a magical paintbrush that let Rapunzel paint herself outside of the tower, and bibble (among others).

Another supposedly more heartfelt reason as to why the classic Barbie movies are superior is because of their positive messages. Each movie has a strong moral lesson at its core, teaching young girls about the importance of courage, kindness, and perseverance. For example, in "*Barbie as Rapunzel*," the movie teaches girls to believe in

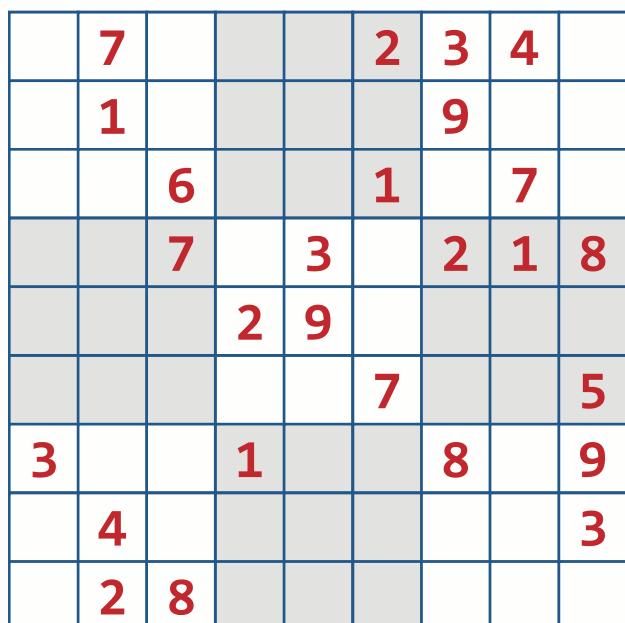
themselves and to never give up on their dreams. In "*Barbie and the Diamond Castle*," the movie emphasizes the importance of friendship and working together to achieve a common goal. The more recent movies have flat storylines and predictable endings and especially a lack of emotional connection linking to a strong moral.

All in all, the classic Barbie movies are timeless. Despite being released over a decade ago, these movies still resonate with young girls today. The stories and characters are just as engaging as they were when they were first released, and the messages are just as relevant. In a world where trends and fads come and go, the classic Barbie movies have stood the test of time.

Finally to note in summary, despite the horrible graphics and animation quality, these movies are still gorgeous and beautifully crafted, with stunning and memorable music. They have positive messages that inspire imagination and ethics. To this day they are captivating young audiences more than a decade after their release. If you're looking for a movie that will inspire, entertain, and enchant, look no further than the classic Barbie movies. I still happen to find myself staring longingly at my old dvd and vcr collection of these Barbie wonders.

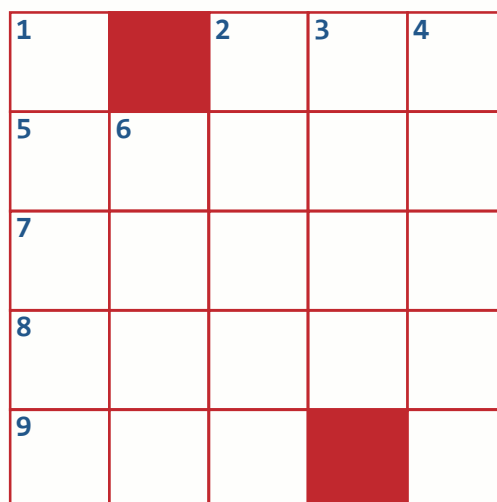


PUZZLES



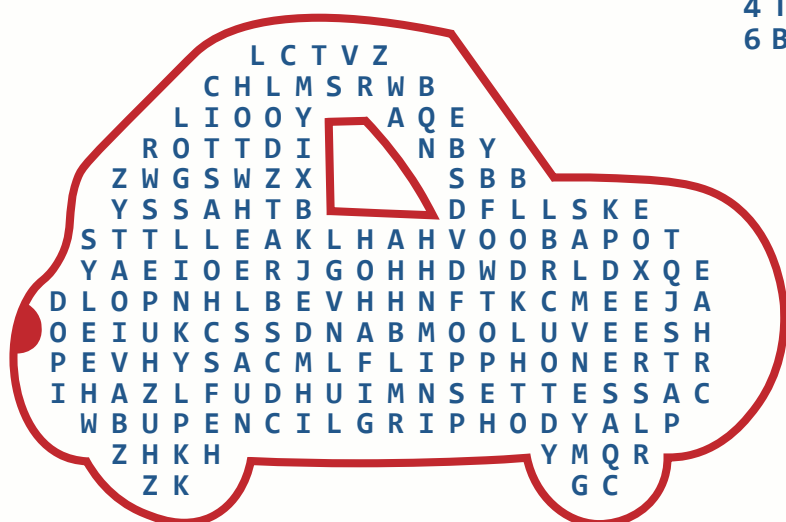
Across

- 2 Mrs, for spanish speakers
5 Singers Hall and _____
7 Someone into books instead of sports
8 Rub Out
9 Plant seeds

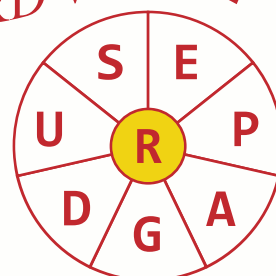


Down

- 1 Femur and fibula
2 That's it, that was the final _____
3 Crimson and Maroon, for example
4 To this point
6 British Aircraft Prefix



WORD WHEEL



- 10 Thanks for Playing
15 Solid Effort
20 Clever
25 Genius
30 Expert
35 Wizard

Scholastic
Zhu Zhu Pets
Cassette
Bratz Doll
Playdoh

iPod
Heelys
DVDs
Pencil Grip
Slinky

Loombands
Flip Phone
Beyblades
Transformer
Hotwheels

Across

- 3 1997 - Director James ____'s film about a different crossword answer is released
 6 1907 - The first fully synthetic plastic ____ is developed
 8 1929 - The Great ____ begins after a Wall Street crash
 11 1932 - The Great ____ War fails in Australia
 12 1979 - China's ____ policy comes into effect
 14 1912 - The unsinkable ship ____, sinks
 17 1986 - The ____ Nuclear accident occurs in the USSR
 18 1962 - The ____ Missile crisis
 19 1947 - India and ____ are partitioned

PUZZLES

PUZZLES

Down

- 1 1922 - James Joyce publishes ____
 2 1973 - The First Space Station ____ is launched
 4 1918 - WWI ends in the month of ____
 5 1955 - The first vaccine for ____ is announced
 7 1969 - The ____ uprising, clashes between LGBTQIA+ and Police
 9 1982 - Micheal Jackson's ____ becoming the best selling album of all time
 10 1940 - Winston ____ becomes UK Prime Minister
 11 1953 - First Recorded Ascent of Mount ____ by Edmund Hillary & Tenzing Norgay
 13 1993 - Velvet ____ between Czech Republic and Slovakia
 15 1939 - WWII with the invasion of ____
 16 1904 - Construction on the ____ Canal is started

HOROSCOPES

Which fashion essential does your sign need?



LIBRA

A nice warm winter scarf! It really is getting to that time of year where we need to bundle up and stay warm so why not invest in a patchwork, crochet or wool scarf to be a raging style icon but also avoid all the random little flu's going around.



CANCER

A bag, any bag. A tote bag, a cute designer bag if you're willing to invest, just anything to carry all your shit around in. I feel like you've been a bit of a chaotic mess lately so now is the time to step back a little bit.



AQUARIUS

Long flowy skirts or just flowing clothes in general. You're trying to encompass the themes of letting loose and being more free this month so this is the perfect choice to reflect that in the clothing which you are choosing to wear.



ARIES

Something hot and sexy. A black mini skirt, a pair of nice sunglasses or that dream dress you've always wanted to buy but never invested. Now is the time for you to get out of that drowning pile of mid-sems and get an actual social life.



TAURUS

A crown or tiara. As Taylor Swift once said; best believe I'm still bejewelled, when I walk in the room, I can still make the whole place shimmer. It's your freaking birthday season so live it up, stay shining and let loose because you so deserve it.



SAGGITTARIUS

A winter coat. Definitely an investment but a worthwhile one. Looks chic, put together and classy, all three of which you've struggled to embody lately...so why not fake it till you make it?



SCORPIO

A bucket hat. No particular reason why, the thought of a Scorpio in a cute little bucket hat makes me cackle so there you go. AS Colour has some pretty affordable and cute ones so go ham bro.



LEO

A real good pair of shoes. Whether it's some night out six inch heels, daily sneakers or anything between, you are in need of a solid pair of shoes right now.



PISCES

Jeans, jeans jeans! There is nothing a new piece of denim cannot solve. Low rise jeans have been super trendy lately, maybe some fitted ones or skinny jeans if you're completely psychopathic I guess.



GEMINI

A piece of jewellery, rings, necklaces, chains and so on. It could be a cheap piece from somewhere like Lovisa or perhaps you're willing to invest in something a bit more expensive and statement like.



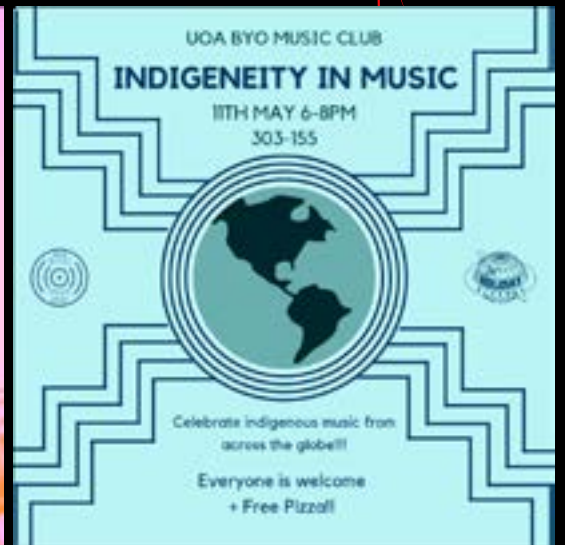
CAPRICORN

Something black or white. Very much giving yin and yang, since your chakras have been seemingly all over the place and imbalance the past few weeks or so. Grab something staple or classy to help recentre yourself and rock the stage.



VIRGO

Glasses. I get the feeling you're blind and in denial, do yourself a favour and go to OPSM or Specsavers instead of squinting around all the time and then proceeding to experience near death encounters in the middles of roads.



INTERNATIONAL WEEK



NEED A NEW STUDY BUDDY?



RED BULL GIVES YOU WIIINGS. 