

NOSTA LGIA

The Internet is Pretty Fucked Up

Ivan Merkulov interrogates the dangerous unrestricted nature of internet browsing, and how it may affect the Internet generation.

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Auckland Undead Spirits Association

Claire Voyant goes hunting for ghosts, and picks up bad energy from AUSA house, to the surprise of no one who's walked past that building before.

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Cry Me a River

Helen Clark visited the Te Tii Marae in Waitangi and left in tears. Mairātea Mohi takes us through how other leaders handled it.

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THE NEW ZEALAND FINALS

WHO WILL BE CROWNED NZ'S VALORANT CHAMPIONS?





SAT 22ND MAY 2021



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The People to Blame

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CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK

JAY ALEXANDER

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WINNER OF \$50 SHADS VOUCHER

TE AO MĀORI EDITOR





This week, Brian and Eda get nostalgic.

Inspirational quotes are a mixed bag. In a primary school report Brian did on Lil Wayne (don't ask why), he used the rapper's quote: "that was my first time doing it. I'm trying to get better everyday." Now, without context that might sound motivational, but unfortunately it was said about stage diving.

Luckily, despite the efforts of rappers named 'Lil_', 'Big_' or '\$\$generic name\$\$' there exists quotes worth remembering. Dr. Seuss' "don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened" is a mantra difficult to live by, but ultimately reaps the most reward in our life.

Since we've all made it to University, we don't have to tell you how quickly life goes by. Today's kids don't even know what *Maroon 5* is, let alone Britney. To digest this disappointment, we tell ourselves 'we're old' and complain about constantly nagging back pain, when we've got our whole lives ahead of us. However, despite looking forward, it's also important to take time to appreciate our past, and what led us here, for instance your Moshi Monster you once cared for so dearly, but is now probably dying of scurvy.

This week, we're here to celebrate the good old days, mostly through rose-tinted glasses! Perhaps it's a genuine conversation you had over *Omegle*, despite the ten dicks you were flashed on your way to getting to it. Or, perhaps it's that first date you had with someone you knew was special, despite the ten dicks you had to turn away to get to them.

We rewatch old beloved TV shows and listen to music that got us through our tween crises, finding some sense of old-timey comfort, but also a great deal of awe at how media got away with certain representations 10-20 years ago, particularly around race and sexuality. I mean, Pitbull's song about all of the different kinds of girls he fucked around the globe was the kind of tune that would be played at intermediate school discoes without anyone batting an eyelid.

Boomers in the Newshub comments section will probably tell you it's PC gone mad, and no one can enjoy anything these days without getting offended. For us, it's a signal of progress. If you're not looking back at your year nine video assignments without cringing,

then something is wrong. And if we're not looking reflexively at the celebrated media that once inhabited the space of the early 2000s and thinking that we can do better, then that's probably not good either.

Turns out though, retrospect is a powerful tool, and improvement is a cyclic process. Kids now will look back in 20 years and think, wow, *Ed Sheeran* just wasn't it. But on a more constructive note, they'll begin to question whether the culture of gaming they grew up with encourages toxicity and bullying behaviour, or whether their mainstream media has value outside of being addictive.

Kids these days think nostalgia means stumbling upon Maroon 5 and think, 'wow, old music was pretty good.' They just need their parents to show them a blonde lady in an air hostess costume and say 'That's Britney, bitch.'

Yours faithfully,

Brian Gu (he/him) and Eda Tang (she/her) **Co-Editors of Craccum 2021**



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Grassroots Greatness - How to make your voice heard

Sustainable Future Collective and Generation Zero, Unleash Space 26th of May, 6-7:30pm.

Grassroots Greatness is all about educating and empowering the student community on how to take action and make their voices heard in the political sphere to enact real changes. The seminar includes presentations on the fundamentals of the New Zealand government, guest speakers from the other grassroots organisations, and practical guides on how to take action.

PJ Day

Auckland University Students' Association, C-Space 20th of May, 10am-3:30pm

Roll out of bed and roll up to uni, because the AUSA is organising a PJ Day to raise funds for UNICEF New Zealand's new campaign, Project Champion. Project Champion supports children in the Pacific Islands and Timor-Leste with clean water, sanitation, and education, enabling them to experience a whole range of health and educational benefits. There will be a free Brunch available, plus some awesome prizes for our best fundraisers.

Stand-Up Comedy Show

Comedy Club, Case Room 4/260-009 OGGB, 27th of May, 5:30pm

The Comedy Club is presenting a new wave of comedy, integrating music, dances and visual presentations of jokes that are all innovative in the genre of Stand-Up. Furthermore, there will be no limit on jokes, it's format, and they will be about everything that students usually hate, love or don't understand. Long story short, the whole programme is ruthless, limitless and reckless, and if you don't like it, at least there is free food afterwards.

Get Recruitment Ready - Public Sector Workshops for Māori and Pacific Students

Career Development and Employability Services, 24th-31st of May

The Māori and Pacific team from Career Development and Employability Services (CDES) are hosting a number of workshops for Māori and Pacific students looking to find employment in the public sector over the month of May. This is a great opportunity to meet potential employers, get expert advice on your applications and be supported through the recruitment process by the CDES staff.



Pronouns 101 Project Successful Despite Being Denied Faculty Funding



JESSICA HOPKINS

Last year, The Auckland University Medical Students' Association (AUMSA) established a Rainbow Communities Representative on their executive. Josh McCormack (he/him), the faculty's first Rainbow Communities Representative, has launched their first celebration project for LGBTQITakatāpui+communities in the faculty. Pronouns 101.

The Pronouns 101 project, sponsored by the Medical Assurance Society (MAS), provides free name badges with pronouns for University of Auckland medical students to wear in hospitals. Each medical student also receives an information handout, screened and approved by Rainbow Youth, that offers tips to help ensure their medical practice is a safe zone for LGRTO(Takatāpui+ patients

These badges display third-person singular pronouns (e.g. he, she, they, ia), which tend to refer to and reflect the gender identity of the person being described. McCormack says ensuring the project is safe for trans, intersex, non-binary and takatāpui patients is a priority, which is why participation and pronoun disclosure is optional.

People who are trans, intersex or nonbinary often need to make their pronouns known to ensure they are not misgendered. McCormack says pronoun sharing as a cisgender person helps normalise the practice of sharing pronouns, shares the workload of educating people about them, and signals allyship

McCormack says Pronouns 101 aims to dismantle the cisnormativity and neterosexism in hospitals and help people feel comfortable in a hospital setting. He says queer and gender diverse youth

healthcare system. He says reasons
for this include lack of access to

gender-affirming healthcare and the anxiousness of not having educated or comforting doctors. McCormack says pronoun badges indicate allyship with our LGBTQITakatāpui+ communities, making it more comforting for patients who might be

The Rainbow Communities
Rep believes there is serious
work needed to improve health
and wellbeing outcomes for

PHOTOGRAPHED IS JOSH MCCORMACK, AUMSA RAINBOW COMMUNITIES REPRESENTATIVE McCormack says pronoun sharing as a cisgender person helps normalise the practice of sharing pronouns, shares the workload of educating people about them, and signals allyship.

LGBTQITakatāpui+. *Our queer communities are disproportionately represented in poorer health outcomes, worse mental health and suicide statistics.* A Youth19 (2021) survey led by University of Auckland associate professor Dr Terryann Clark and Victoria University of Wellington associate professor Dr Terry Fleming concluded that a more significant proportion of transgender and gender diverse students reported challenges in healthcare settings and with their mental health and wellbeing than their cisgender peers. *The findings indicate that social and school environments need to change, to address the active exclusion of and mistreatment of these young people.*

The project has been immensely successful, with one in four, approaching one in three medical students signed up, and 101 badges provided so far. However, McCormack says the Faculty of Medical and Health Sciences Equity Committee did not financially support the project, with all funding sourced from external independent sponsorship and grassroots funding from students. "The faculty is more interested now that it has been successful. But what is disappointing is that it almost wasn't. It almost never happened because the faculty didn't have any funding."



Pronouns 101 has a dedicated Give A Little page where you can give a \$14 koha to donate a badge to someone else. 10% of the total proceeds also go directly to Rainbow youth.

Media representative, Paul Pankhurst says "The Faculty of Medical and Health Sciences and University as a whole have been supportive of the Pronouns 101 project, as illustrated by a story on the project [last week on the University website"

The success of Pronouns 101, McCormack believes, shows there is a need and a demand for pronoun badges. He has been contacted by the New Zealand Post and nursing, pharmacy, and University of Otago students to discuss experiences setting up this project and if they could set up something similar. The Wanganui Chronicle also approached McCormack, who is from Wanganui, to cover the project. "It's good to know that this project is reaching new audiences and starting conversations."

McCormack says he is running this project alone and that managing his volunteer advocacy work with being a full-time medical student has been challenging. 'It would be helpful if the faculty provided some

permanent support structures, so it's not all student-driven by students who have fulltime courses and their medical degree."

When McCormack started at the medical school, he says there were no LGBTQITakatāpui+ focused clubs or representatives. However, McCormack says he sees change beginning to happen, stating that Mr Daniel Heke, the student support advisor in the medical school, has been supportive in helping research and advocating for educational curriculum changes. 'Rainbow representation is very new in our faculty. There aren't any dedicated grants for projects like these because they are projects that have never been done before.'

In response to this, Pankhurst confirms there is currently no formal structure to support future projects. "But Josh is an elected member of the Auckland University Medical Student Association's board and that association receives funding from the University."

Above all, McCormack says the goal of Pronouns 101 has been to normalise, educate and encourage people to stand as an ally to their gender-diverse peers. He encourages people to spread awareness of the project's Above all,
McCormack
says the goal of
Pronouns 101 has
been to normalise,
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to stand as an ally
to their genderdiverse peers.

kaupapa and incorporate pronoun sharing into their daily lives. 'If you have a job, ask your employer if you can put pronouns on your existing name badges. Add pronouns to your email signature, social media bios, and introduction when you introduce yourself.'

Learn more about Pronouns 101 and donate here: https://givealittle.co.nz/cause/pronouns101



fig.1

The New Wave of Anti-Indian Racism



KEEARA OFREN

CW: DISCUSSION OF RACISM

The propaganda machine was set. Words and text will be prepared to be distributed for people to accept unconditionally. They would equate an ethnic group to poor hygiene, as people who were ignorant and would spread illnesses in their communities and more. This news would also work against the favour of this community, keeping their working rights precarious, injuring their ability to immigrate and creating a widespread sense that they were outsiders.

This is not the machine of a despotic nation. This is the story of how Anti-Asian racism never went away, despite the relative freedom from COVID-19 that Aotearoa has. Despite numerous new viral mutations from the UK or South Africa, the situation met with the most public disgust and policy response has been the developments in India.

It was a rainy afternoon on the bus to university where I would see this first-hand

That day, I was experiencing heightened hay fever symptoms and also had forgotten to bring my mask from home, but had used a cloth shirt in my bag as a makeshift one.

I turned away to sneeze, attracting the attention of a woman with a megaphone in her throat equivalent to Shrek, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING

Dumbfounded, sneezy and unable to respond, I sucked in my snot louder.

"ARE YOU FROM INDIA? YOU'RE INDIAN, AREN'T YOU?! GET A GOD-DAMN MASK!"

I didn't even know where to start with this woman; the fact that she could not differentiate Asian countries and people, the fact that she equated being Indian to being infectious, or the fact that she had a bag with 'wellness' logos on it, indicating she was of the type to love yoga and Ayurveda, but didn't give a damn about Indian people.

I walked off to leave this woman alone with her hot air, but by the time I came back to the bus, there was a scene which I had only ever seen on Supernanny. But only this time, it was not a toddler screaming their lungs out, it was a woman in her 50s refusing to sit next to any of the 'brown' people on this bus as they were 'Indian'. She demanded that other people get up and give her a seat, to which they refused. The bus driver, who was likely Indian, stepped in to ask the woman to stop this behaviour. The woman told him to "sit down and shut up", which took the fight out of him.

I felt paralysed and frightened by what happened. The whole bus ride, I realised that everything that the woman said to 'justify' her actions were all things that I had heard before, paving the way for people to act upon stereotypes with overt anger and violence.

When was the last time you heard anyone say 'curry muncher'? Or mock an Indian accent? Perhaps your friends have joked about Indians and smells, a perceived lack of hygiene or frequent sexual assault?

These are all things which I can remember happening and growing up hearing, even at university.

The easiest way to justify treating a group as outsiders and to deny them dignity in work or immigration is to employ politics of hygiene. This is a concept I previously raised in "New Zealand's Problem with Anti-Asian Racism", where sociologist Srirupa Prasad claims that assigning poor hygiene to a group can mobilise feelings to shun this group. Indeed, the image of modern India has become one of overrun slums and poor sanitation, and now, of crowded hospitals and masses of mourners. In framing India in only this way, the community efforts and determination to survive are largely omitted.

Geet*, a postgrad Arts student, reports that colleagues inferred that COVID-affected communities in India were unintelligent, as opposed to understanding that these communities do not have proper messaging around transmission. To others, this communicates the message that the people of India are somehow undeserving of our attention and help.

But Geet says that this happened much earlier, mentioning a long history of racist treatment through her education, including one teacher telling her that she would not make it to university because of her apparently 'limited' knowledge of English, and a tutor once asked if she "even [knew] how to read".

Indian people are seen as a caricature of a heavily accented, naïve character of the working class and as a source of comedic relief, almost synonymous with 'dairy owner'. Indian people have been part of Aotearoa since the 1840s. Apu from The Simpsons and Rakeesh from Bro Town are not modern characters; in the 1890s, Indian people were represented as 'alien hawkers', with attempts to prevent immigration occuring. Law student Tulsi's experience gave me insight as to the environment of current anti-Indian racism, stating that Indian communities have experienced everything from light-hearted 'jokes' such as "you're cool and hot...for an Indian", to foreign qualifications meaning nothing, and accents and foreign names meaning everything meaning that many migrants struggle in ascending from entry-level jobs and face workplace exploitation

"One thing I noticed was the unfortunate importance of assimilation. My brother and I were bullied a bit when we were younger and a bit chubby, comments like 'did you eat too much curry'..people think I won't be offended because I have grown up here and don't have an accent".

Tamaki may love shopping at The Third Eye, their mild butter chicken and naan combo, going to alternative festivals and reading up on the Kama Sutra, but the protest cry of 'love our culture, love our people', has never been so true. When we may see people with dangerously nationalistic views and open hostility, there has been a historic stereotype acted upon. But in order to dismantle this racism, we must be open to admitting it.

*Name has been changed

University of Auckland Remains in the Top Ten for Sustainability Rankings

SARAH ALBOM

The University of Auckland has ranked ninth in the Times Higher Education University Impact Rankings, remaining in the top ten for the third year in a row.

The sustainability rankings measure universities globally against the United Nations' 17 Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs). Making comparisons across the broad areas of research, stewardship, outreach, and teaching, the Impact Rankings look at 1,117 universities from 94 countries and regions.

For the first two years of the rankings, in 2019 and 2020, the University of Auckland placed first. The university has now dropped to ninth place overall. Currently, the overall ranking is led by the UK University of Manchester, and three Australian institutions take the next highest spots.

Within specific SDGs, the University of Auckland's highest ranking is sixth for the "peace, justice and strong institutions" goal, which aims to "promote peaceful and inclusive societies for sustainable development, provide access to justice for all and build effective, accountable and

inclusive institutions at all levels.". Their lowest ranking is 101st-200th for the "climate action" goal, which aims to "take urgent action to combat climate change and its impacts".

Another SDG of note is the university's rank of eighth for "good health and wellbeing", which aims to "ensure healthy lives and promote wellbeing for all at all ages." In the current COVID-19 environment, New Zealand's fast and effective response has kept the country out of the worst of the pandemic.

Vice-Chancellor Dawn Freshwater says that the SDGs have influenced their new strategic plan *Taumata Teitei*, which seeks to pursue excellence despite current uncertainty. *Taumata* aims to frame university learning through sustainability, equity, justice, and positive impact, to help preserve and improve the natural world. Its framework will incorporate the fundamental principles of manaakitanga, kaitiakitanga and whanaungatanga, and hopes to bring guardianship of the natural world into higher study.



From Your AUSA President



ANAMIKA HARIRAJH

Kia ora koutou

My name is Anamika and I am the 2021
President of AUSA, the Auckland University
Students' Association. As I write my column
for Issue 10 of Craccum Magazine, I can't help
but think back to my first year here at UOA
(yes it has taken me more than 3 years to
finish my BA, mind your business); I remember
coming in to Uni on a Monday and getting a
copy of Craccum to read during my lectures,
and now here I am... a few years later... writing
to you as the President, very exciting stuff!

May marks the sixth month of our Executive term and I am so proud of everything our team has already achieved. We hosted our biggest event of the year in April when we shut down Alfred Street for our Orientation festival; with food trucks, live music and huge giveaways, O-Week was definitely the highlight of the year so far. We have also been working hard on our student voice projects, our portfolio members have been busy setting up sub-committees for our Student Council to grow our collective voice. We now have committees of students who we can go to for consultation on issues concerning postgraduate studies, International Students, Queer / Rainbow students, students living in Accommodation, and Women on campus too

We have also been supporting the welfare of our students throughout this semester, we have processed nearly 100 Hardship Grant applications and have been giving out up to 15 emergency food parcels every week. We have also launched one of our biggest campaigns of the year with Kōrero mai, kōrero atu: A Call for Compassion - our Mental Health campaign, run by students, for students. We are currently writing a report based on all of the feedback we have received from students across the University, and we hope to present this report to the University's Executive

If you ask anyone who has been on the AUSA Executive before, they will tell you that a month feels like a year here at AUSA and I couldn't agree more. Even though we have accomplished so much already, Semester Two will be packed with events, campaigns, as well as the Election to determine the 2022 AUSA Executive!

I won't lie, the past few weeks have been incredibly challenging. Studying full-time and working at AUSA full-time too has really helped me to realise why the past AUSA Presidents chose to defer their studies during their term. While the 80-hour weeks have been a struggle, I am so incredibly grateful

Semester Two will be packed with events, campaigns, as well as the Election to determine the 2022 AUSA Executive!

to be in the position I am in! AUSA has been such a big part of my life over the last 2 years, and I can't wait to share part of my journey with you through these columns in Craccum.

You can find me and the rest of the team here at AUSA House, on Alfred Street, just across from the General Library and (most importantly) next door to Shadows, our bar Pop in to say hi when you're around, our whare is your whare!

From Anamika, your 2021 AUSA President xo



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Te Whare Whakairo o Waipapa Taumata Rau

Student Carvers Complete Art Residency in Support of the Modern Māori Art Exhibition



MAIRĀTEA MOHI TE ARAWA

Te Whare Whakairo o Waipapa Taumata Rau, a student collective of carvers, have just completed a week long residency at the Auckland Art Gallery. A group from Ngā Tauira Māori at Auckland University and Titahi Ki Tua from AUT have been supporting the last week of the Toi Tū Toi Ora: Contemporary Māori Art Exhibition, by bringing student art to the masses.

Te Whare Whakairo were initially stationed at the keepers cottage in Albert Park as part of the "White Space Gallery." Having been the first Māori residency at the cottage, they caught the attention of the Auckland Art Gallery. Māori public programmers got into contact with the student groups and extended an invitation to come complete a gallery residency.

The student artists had a group of carvers and painters which were in a constant rotation throughout the week. Artists were from all schools throughout the University, except for Fine Arts, surprisingly. Student artist Kururangi

Johnson of Ngāti Porou descent considered the degree of the artists irrelevant as the kaupapa of the residency was to showcase one's culture and present opportunities to the children. He believes young artists should give it a go and pursue their creative outlets through tuākana like himself and Te Whare Whakairo.

In their first official event, Te Whare Whakairo have not only gained valuable experience, but have been presented new opportunities. The Toi Ora exhibition has secured the student artist school visits and chances to talk to people. Johnson stated that, "going upwards means looking downward", in regards to the future generation of Māori artists, creatives and writers.

Student carver Hikawai Te Nahu of Te Arawa believed the best part of the week was to be with the children. "Seeing the glisten and the twinkle in the eyes of our tamariki as they watched with admiration, foreseeing themselves as tomorrow's caretakers of our

The Toi Ora exhibition has secured the student artist school visits and chances to talk to people.

traditional Māori art forms."

Other carvers shared these sentiments saying that being able to share korero and produce something worthwhile in front of tamariki, made their weeks.

The Toi Tū Toi Ora gallery may be their first official appearance, but Te Whare Whakairo do not plan for this to be the last. Toi Tū Toi Ora has only empowered the group of students as they are now seeking a permanent art space on campus.

Kua tahi wiki e noho ana "Te Whare Whakairo o Waipapa Taumata Rau" ki te whare toi o Tamaki hei tautoko te whakamutunga o te Toi Tū Toi Ora whakaaturangata. He roopu tauira Te Whare Whakairo nō ngā whare wananga o UoA rāua ko AUT e kawe ana ngā tikanga me ngā ahurea o te toi Māori.

I ahu mai tēnei tono nā ngā kaiwhakahaere o te whare toi. I te noho ngā kaiwhakairo o Te Whare Whakairo ki te whare o "Keepers Cottage" ki Albert Park hei whakaatu ngā ahurea o te toi Māori. Ki te taha o te whare whakairi toi o te "White Space Gallery" i noho ai ki te whakaharatau, whakapakari ngā pūkenga whakairo. Ko Te Whare Whakairo ngā kaitoi Māori tuatahi ki Keppers Cottage

te tino honore! Nā tēnei whakairi toi i tutaki mai ngā kaiwhakahaere o te whare toi o Tamaki ki te tono ki ngā tauira o Te Whare Whakairo, Nga Tauira Māori hoki hei whakakapi te mutunga o te Toi Tū Toi Ora Whakaaturanga.

I kī te roopu o Te Whare Whakairo i ngā tauira nō ngā kura katoa o te whare wananga, hāunga te kura toi. E ai ki tētahi kaiwhakairo ō Ngāti Porou a Kururangi Johnson, "he aha rā te tohu o te tauira, ko te tino kaupapa o te whakairi toi ko te whakawhanaungatanga me te whakanui i tō tātou ahurea." Ki tā Johnson me aruaru te hunga rangatahi ki ngā mahi toi, ā nā ngā roopu hou pērā ki Te Whare Whakairo he hinonga mō te akiaki i ngā mahi toi, ā ngā

tamariki hoki.

E whakaaetia nuitia e ngā tauira ko ngā tamaiti te tino whakahirihiritanga o te wiki. E tā Hikawai Te Nahu ō Te Arawa, "ko te piari ō ngā karu me te miharotanga ki ngā tuakana. Ko te pohewatanga o ngā tamaiti hei kaitoi ā mua. Koena te whakahirhiritanga."

Nā enei mahi kua tono e ngā kura ki Te Whare Whakairo hei korero ki ngā tamaiti, hei whakamana hoki tō tātou ahurea. Ko te ahua nei ka nui te mahi o Te Whare Whakairo. Ko tā rātou wawata ki te whai wāhi pūmau ki te whare wananga hei mahi toi hei wāhi hui hoki. He rangatira te mahi nei ka tika te kōrero, ehara i te mea poka hou mai, nō Hawaiki mai anō.

Crown Cock-Ups Ranked

MAIRĀTEA MOHI TE ARAWA

The marae is a place to hui, to wānanga and to come together. It has also been a place to criticise, chastise and protest. Analysing the very best of Waitangi Day protests, we take a look back at the best, (by which we mean worst), acts of rebellion against the government and its officials.

S Tier



Steven Joyce

While Steven Joyce was speaking to reporters at Te Tii Marae, a disgruntled nurse threw a dildo at him. The dildo ricochet off his face, and the moment was captured on film. The dildo was protesting New Zealand's signing of the

TPP and the perpetrator shouted, "that's for raping our sovereignty."

Comments: He's been dubbed "Dildo Baggins." That alone warrants him an S

A Tier



Don Brash

It's 2004, February 6th, Waitangi Day. Don Brash is making his way to the lower marae of the Waitangi treaty grounds to start talking to the media. As he's pushing his political agenda to the cameras something flashes in the left of his vision. A wet hall of mud hits him square in the

face. The attack was in protest of his "nationhood" speech in Orewa that insisted that policies such as required levels of iwi representation on district health boards and the allocation of Māori electorate seats in Parliament was "separatist." In front of the cameras and his peers

Don wiped himself off and yelled out, "Good shot!"

Comments: He was a cheeky one for turning up to the treaty grounds after having said all that. The mud was well deserved in my opinion, but if I could suggest something for next time, maybe try horse manure.

Don Brash did throw out the case against the perpetrator Kevin Raymond Duncan. So on account of being a "G" and a good sport, I give him an A rating.

B Tier



Helen Clark

On Waitangi day in 1998, Helen Clark made her way to Te Tii Marae in Waitangi to take part in formal celebrations. Sitting on the front benches, she was perched next to distinguished male leaders on the paepae. She was pushed by these same men to make a speech, but activist and local nanny, Titewhai Harawira barred her from speaking. Nanny Titewhai told her to sit down and asked Helen how dare she, a Pākehā woman, speak before wāhine Māori. This made the Lahour leader burst into tears.

Comments: Helen is getting the real Māori experience here. Who hasn't been growled by a nanny on the Marae? This is the essence of growing up on the pā. But hey, I bet that nanny was nowhere near as scary as the armed cops she sent into the Urevera's

C Tier



Judith Collins

Earlier this year Judith Collins went to Waitangi to sit on the paepae alongside fellow politicians. At Te Whare Runanga marae in Waitangi it is kawa, or marae protocol for only men to do whaikōrero. Jacinda Ardern has been given special speaking rights on the marae because

she is the Prime Minister of New Zealand, an honour she has not taken for granted. This did not sit well with Collins who was denied the opportunity to speak, she called this a sexist decision. She then accompanied her lovely sentiments with some te reo, "It's actually all about all women, wāhine toa, who wish to be able to have their say."

Comments: I would have loved the theatrics of a kuia telling her to sit down, but her annoyed grimace on the paepae was enough. Knowing nothing about marae kawa and then calling our tikanga "sexist" really shows how out of touch she is. In regards to her "wāhine toa" comment all I have to say is, please don't try and use our own language against us. This bad attitude warrants a C.



Queen Elizabeth II

In 1990, Queen Lizzie was in the middle of a royal tour visit to New Zealand which coincided with the 150th anniversary of Waitangi Day. As she sat in a car, making her way through the crowds on the

Waitangi grounds, a wet t-shirt was flung at her. It landed in her car and while it missed her face, it did give her a big fright. The perpetrator Henearoahuea Tepou, was swiftly arrested then sentenced to five months detention. Worth it I reckon.

Comments: This is ballsy and crack up. If she had socked her in the face or even thrown a rock, I would have given a better score.

feature.



Revisiting Omegle

A childhood institution



I don't know about y'all, but one of my defining childhood memories was Omegle. The internet was still young, it was full of possibilities, and full of weird perverts on the internet who wanted to show you their dong.

We would huddle under the blankets at sleepovers, clutching soft toys, lit only by the blue light of a laptop screen, and we would scream as random strangers flashed us their bits. But there was also genuine conversation to be had, and fun things to make up. Going on Omegle as a child was a mystery. Is that why it was so fun?

What's it like on Omegle now? Well, I can tell you, having been on it for this article: it's still full of weird pervs and chatbots. When I asked people why they were on Omegle, most of the replies went along the lines of "bored" and "horny." There

You: Hello

Stranger: M

You: F

Stranger: Are you sponge bob because I wanna see that bikini bottom

You: Hahahhahaha

You: Why are you on omegle?

Stranger: I want nudes obviously

You: Does it work

Stranger: No

was even this gem of a conversation:

But, I also had long conversations about politics. Most of the people who responded

with actual conversation were male, in their early twenties, and from the UK, for some weird reason. Maybe it was because of the time difference, who knows. Maybe there's



an interesting gender analysis here. Most of the "F" respondents either ended the chat quickly, or wanted to send me their Snapchat or Kik. I made the conclusion that these were probably bots.

I also had one conversation with a 15-year-old, who was "bored and wanted to show people [their] dick". Thankfully, we were on chat mode so I did not see his dick. But it still raises some interesting questions about childhood sexuality and curiosity. Most of us would have been minors when we discovered Omegle.

One of the reasons I went on Omegle as a pre-teen is because I was curious about sex and bodies. Back then, being on Omegle was illicit, and I definitely saw way too much explicit content. Speaking to my flatmates, going on Omegle circa-2010 was definitely an exercise in expanding anatomical knowledge. One flatmate said that going on Omegle at sleepovers was an opportunity to laugh at dicks together.

The internet has often raised questions about social interactions. The digital age has changed how people communicate. Omegle is an even more intense social experiment: what happens if you can talk to people anywhere in the world, at any time? People you don't know, people you'll never see again?

The answer seems to be a lot of exhibitionism. However, one person on Omegle (24M, UK) said that he tries to get people to talk about things they wouldn't say in person. Their "fears, hopes, beliefs, etc," as he put it. For him, Omegle is the internet equivalent of telling your hairdresser your life story. He said his wife "grew up on this shit," and she mostly got a lot of requests for nudes from strange men, but she also made internet friends. One time, he told me, he had a three-hour video conversation with a man who never called him after he gave out his number.

In my short half-hour on Omegle, I had already talked to maybe 30 people—not including bots. It was a reminder that there were other people out there living their lives, from all corners of the world. People that had nothing to do with me. It was an existential experience, maybe even a crisis—the world was vast and I was but a small part of it.

I decided I had to go deeper. It was time for the video chat Omegle. There was a lot of flipping through random dudes who were obviously jerking off. Those guys weren't good for conversation. There was also a girl vaping, and some musicians setting up.

I did, however, connect with some kids in Florida, who told me about the test they aced in school, which is super cute. I asked them why they were on Omegle, and they told me that there are still lots of kids on the site. For their sake, I hope the people they found were really kids. They asked me if I thought Black Lives Matter, to which I said a resounding yes, and they told me someone previously had said no. Finding these kids made me feel so warm—they were carrying on the tradition that we began as kids at that age.

The internet was a scary and unfathomable place for them as it was for us back then. Being on Omegle was a minefield for sure—it exposed them to racist ideologies and dudes jacking off—but it also seemed like a platform for genuine connection with kids from other places.

There's not really a deep answer here about why we went on Omegle, or what people on Omegle are doing today. It's the same as when we were kids. There's a lot of sexual stuff, if you're looking for it. There are also a lot of musicians on Omegle video who will just play you a song, which is nice. There are also a lot of people who are lonely. One guy who was just chilling in his car told me that he had just moved, so he likes going on Omegle to see people and talk to them. If you went on Omegle as a blank video, as I did, be

prepared for a lot of dudes who will beg to see your face, as happened to me. That made me supremely uncomfortable, so I left.

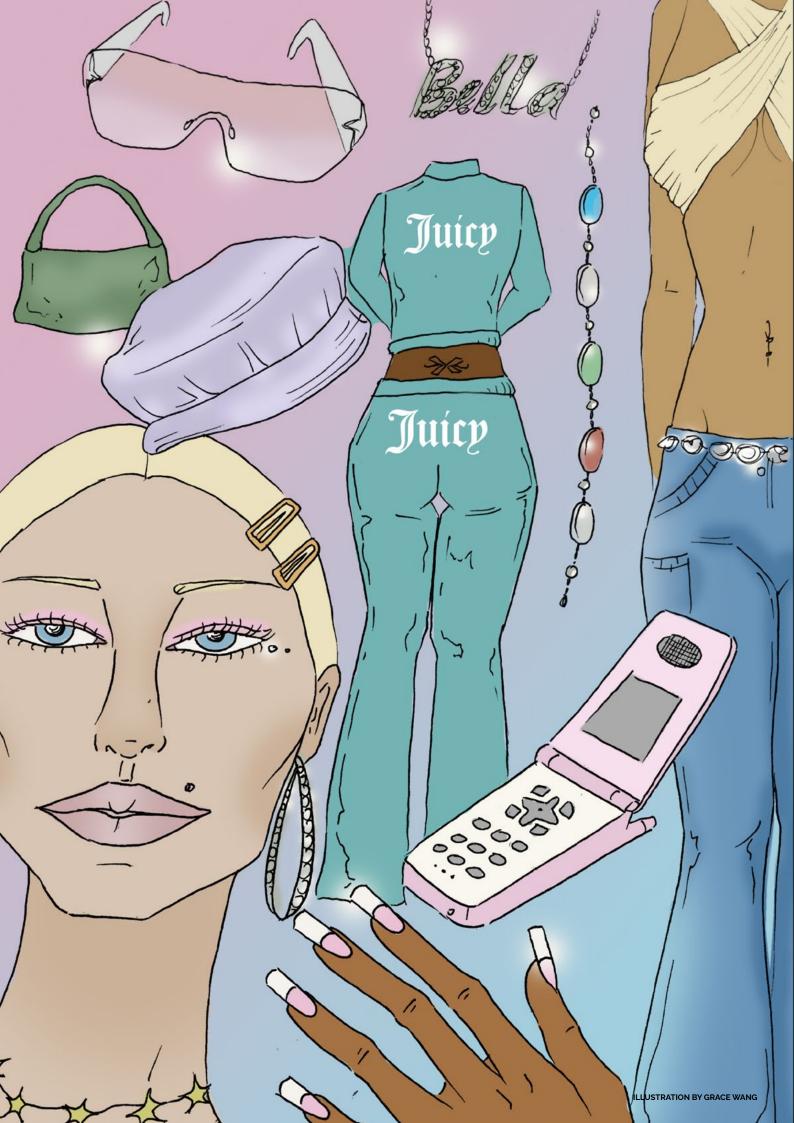
But that's part of the beauty—you're in control even when there's an element of chaos and unpredictability. You can exit the browser at any time, unlike a real-life conversation.

There's no denying it: even after all these years, Omegle is fun. It yeeted me straight back to my pre-teen years. There was a confusing mix of feelings: apprehension, excitement, fear, nostalgia. But most of all, Omegle offers something that doesn't happen in real life—if you don't like what's happening on the video or the chat, you can just leave. Maybe that's why we were drawn to Omegle as kids, when we had little control over our real-life environment. Maybe that's why I'm drawn to Omegle now. Or maybe I'm reaching, and it's just another strange corner of the internet.

Whatever it is, Omegle is an institution in my childhood, and it continues to be an institution for lonely horn-dogs, curious children and intrepid journalists alike. It raises a lot of questions, and creates endless possibilities. It's an enigma, a mystery, a fun adventure.

Or maybe it's just a site of childhood trauma. You decide.







The Y2K Revival

A Feminist Movement?



NAOMII SEAH

CW: THIS ARTICLE DISCUSSES BODY IMAGE AND MISOGYNY

I'm old. Okay, maybe that's dramatic. Let's just say I'm old enough that the original Y2K fits of 2002-2007 are burned into my retinas. From the ages of five to nine, I would longingly gaze up at the teenagers around me in their sparkly lip glosses, low-waisted jeans and stretchy tube tops. Back then, it seemed that those girls in their daringly short skirts, strappy kitten heels and Juicy velour tracksuits had it all.

Y2K fits have made somewhat of a revival. Fashion is cyclical, after all. Many of you will have heard of the 20-year rule. All across Instagram and TikTok, low-rise pants are making a reappearance. Visible thongs are cool again instead of trashy. That one coat with the fur trim that Penny Lane wore in Almost Famous is back in every colourway you could imagine. But although trends are cyclical, the 2020 Y2K revival puts its own spin on old styles. Gone are the pencil-thin brows and the frosty blue eyeshadow. Gone are the uggs, the skinny scarves, the double denim, and the bedazzled everything.

Although I, like many other young adults, have enjoyed the Y2K revival and incorporated halterneck and corset-tops into my everyday wardrobe, I couldn't help but be nostalgic for the trashier side of Y2K. I

wanted low-waisted mini-skirts, too-orange tans, diamante everything and colour-tinted sunglasses. Then it hit me—I may not have been an adult in 2003, but I was an adult now. I decided to tap into my inner Y2K princess.

My first foray into Y2K revival began with a pair of low-rise flare jeans that I found at the Wairau Valley Red Cross shop for \$5. I paired it with a silver chain belt, a blue tank top, and a pair of blue-tinted sunnies from the two-dollar store on K-Road. I frosted the fuck out of my eyeshadow, and put some into my lipgloss for good measure. I felt like Lindsay Lohan transitioning out of her Disney phase... I felt good.

Notable reactions to my fit: many stares of abject horror at the chain belt as I walked down the street.

The next fit, however, changed how I thought about the Y2K revival. At the Red Cross Shop on K Road, I hit the jackpot—a low waisted, denim miniskirt from Abercrombie & Fitch. I paired it with a Penny Lane jacket, a bedazzled tank top, the ever-present chain belt, kneehigh heeled boots and brown-tinted sunnies. For makeup: too-pink blush, a silvery smokey eye and lip liner—no lipstick—under my lipgloss.

Surveying myself in the mirror, I had one thought: I looked like a mid-2000s stripper.

Gone are the pencil thin brows and the frosty blue eyeshadow. Gone are the uggs, the skinny scarves, the double denim, and the bedazzled everything.

I felt self-conscious too, walking down the street with my loud heeled boots. One man in a van hung out his window and gaped at me as I walked to Uni. My skirt kept riding up, and I realised for the first time that I was showing rather more cleavage than I was used to, thanks to my mid-aughts accurate black push up bra.

But I wear revealing stuff all the time, I thought to myself. I'd gotten worse—comments, catcalls, straight-up insults—in my regular clothes. Why was I speaking to myself in this outdated language? It's 2021, destigmatise sex work already. And then it hit me.

What's interesting about the Y2K revival in 2021 is that we seem to have collectively forgotten about the misogynistic narratives that ran rampant in the early aughts. Headlines about Paris Hilton, Kim Kardashian, Snooki and Christina Aguilera would focus mostly

ILLUSTRATION BY GRACE WANG

feature

on how "trashy" these women were. Our diet culture was awful, too. Tabloids would write obsessively about women's weight. I remember fingering their glossy pages in the aisles of the supermarkets while my mum bought groceries. They would speculate on pregnancies and mid-size women would be called fat like it was an insult.

This diet-obsessed culture showed itself in the fashion, too. Early aughts fashion was made to display thinness. Think about our collective obsession with the torso.

Yet at the same time, the 'provocative' nature of early-aughts fashion could be said to stem from the third wave of feminism that came in the 1990s. One of the main focuses of the



third wave of feminism was sex-positivity. The whale-tail and the midriff-baring styles of the early aughts came pretty soon after.

Fashion often reflects social values of the time—Y2K fashion wasn't the first to respond 'provocatively' to positive strides in gender equality. After the first wave of feminism at the turn of the 20th century, flapper aesthetics rejected constructions of femininity in the prior age. In the middle of the 20th century, the "youth-quake" followed second-wave feminism closely, with Mary Quant being widely credited with bringing the mini-skirt into the mainstream.

Since the 2010s, the fourth wave of feminism has begun, a feminism that hopes to look more intersectional, more inclusive, and more diverse. It's a feminism that recognises the diversity of marginalised experience, and looks critically at more aspects of the social structure. It's also a continuation of sex-positivity—like the increasing emphasis on consent. The revival of sex-positivity in fourth-wave feminism is reflected in the Y2K revival, too. Whale tails and daringly short tops are back in fashion, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't think 'tramp stamps' are cool. These trends all say: Yeah I have a body, and what about it?

There's also another crucial difference. The media portrayal of young women during the early aughts was often controlled by the male gaze. The talent management that surrounded those starlets were often male. It's hard to tell what fashion choices were autonomous decisions made by young talent, and what was insisted upon to drive media frenzy. Many iconique fashion moments were used by the media to slut-shame and body-shame these women.

Now, with the rise of social media, more and more content is produced by women, of themselves, for other women. The Y2K revival, in the end, is as much about empowerment as it is about nostalgia. It's a rebellion against the diet culture and the misogyny that was hurled at women in the early 2000s. Women inspired by early aughts fashion in 2021 come in all shapes, sizes and ethnicities. They look good, and they broadcast it with self-made content. But most importantly, they take what feels good to them—the nostalgia, the fun, the fuck-you-thisis-my-body-attitude—and leave the rest.

The timing of the Y2K revival is not only about the cyclical nature of fashion trends. It's also about the socio-political atmosphere. The If there's one thing to learn from the Y2K revival it's that women should wear whatever they want. It's not a new concept, yet it's one that we are still coming to terms with.

Y2K revival is about reclaiming labels like 'trashy,' 'slut,' and 'bimbo.' It's about including women of all ethnicities and sizes, and redoing the fashion of the aughts like it should have been done in the first place—without body shaming, and the rampant cultural appropriation.

That's why I felt out of place in my periodaccurate Y2K fits—they embodied the side of the early aughts that we were trying to leave behind: racism, elitism, classism, fatphobia, the list goes on. Putting on the outfits of my childhood dreams also brought back my childhood insecurities.

This experiment showed me that the reason I can ignore the stares, the whispers and the comments in my everyday outfits, is because I dress how I want—it's an expression of my power.

And yes, some of the things I want to wear are inspired by, or directly copied from the mid-2000s. And there's absolutely nothing wrong with that—go hard on the Bratz aesthetic if it makes you feel good. But it's not 2003 anymore. We've (hopefully) gotten past the idea that you need to look a certain way to wear something.

If there's one thing to learn from the Y2K revival it's that women should wear whatever they want. It's not a new concept, yet it's one that we are still coming to terms with. Society is still uncomfortable with women expressing bodily autonomy. In the early aughts, the 1920s and the 1960s, the expression of agency earned young women endless criticism from all sides.

With the rise of body positivity and intersectionality, maybe this time, it'll be different.







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It's a Friday afternoon in 2009. You're walking home from school listening to Owl City's Fireflies through cheap night market earphones connected to your bulky iPod 4. You arrive at your house, fling your Jansport school bag onto the floor and grab the remote to turn on your favourite show—Sticky TV. Munching away on your delicious snacks of Tiny Teddies and that 50 cent bag of gummy lollies you bought from the dairy on the way home, you sink into the comforting folds of the family couch, looking forward to the fun weekend you've got lined up...

Life was pretty damn good back in 2009. Homework consisted of thrashing your mates at Mathletics on the weekend, friendship drama could be solved by your local playground's peer mediator and the most stressful part of the school term was deciding what leggings-under-shorts combo to wear for Mufti-day. It's strange to remember a life that wasn't dictated by a Google Calendar schedule, numbers of a GPA, or figures in a bank account... unsurprisingly for many of us,

our childhood feels like something from a parallel universe—how was life once upon a time so simple and easy?

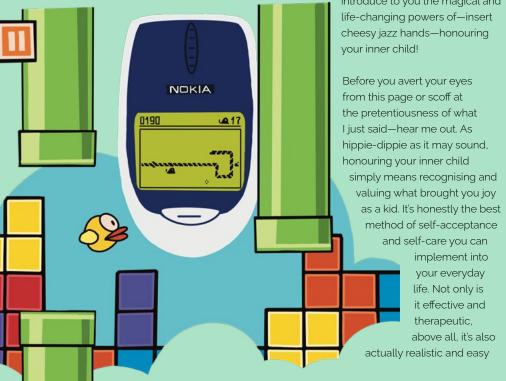
Nevertheless, nostalgia is a double-edged sword. It triggers both fuzzy feelings of longing for the past as well as crushing and spiralling disappointment that leaves you feeling shit about your current life. It's also cunning and manipulative, smoothing out major imperfections and glossing over any undesirable bumps in the past through its deceitful rose-tinted lens. In retrospect, the "good old days" can seem like some faraway paradise that's better than reality in every possible way. Yet, none of our childhoods were ever perfect. For many of us, our upbringing was, unfortunately, the source of a great deal of trauma and suffering.

So what can nostalgia teach us in spite of its romanticising qualities? Are we forever stuck feeling like hamsters endlessly running on their wheel in this game called "adulting"? Fear not friends, all hope is not lost! Let me

introduce to you the magical and

to stick to.

Regardless of how great your childhood actually was, much of the joy we experienced as kids stemmed from engaging in hobbies that truly brought us joy. Not only did these activities make us happy, they also played a crucial role in shaping the passions and interests we have currently and likely continue to have for the remainder of our lives. If you're into art as an adult, it's highly probable that you were also into some form of creative expression as a kid, like finger-painting or peeing pretty patterns in the sandbox. If you're into stonks as an adult, it's highly probable you were either dropped on your head as a baby or you stole other kids' lunch money for fun. Whatever it is that tickles your pickle, hobbies are an important tool for practising self-love. If you have the financial means and the time, get back into that hobby you used to love as a child to re-introduce some of that childlike wonder back into your everyday life. Whether this is trampolining, baking, swimming or eating glue—no activity is too childish as long as it helps you synthesise some extra serotonin! A side note: if you're going to eat glue for fun, make sure to double-check that you're consuming the non-toxic kind or else



you might end up figuratively and literally glued to the toilet seat later.

That saying of "time well spent is not time wasted" is in my opinion incredibly wise in the scary adult world that underestimates and dismisses the value of leisure. If a hobby you used to love doing as a kid brightens your day then it definitely deserves a spot in your daily schedule. A great idea is to modify these hobbies to fit into your current lifestyle. Something I used to love as a kid was playing imaginary games with friends, embodying crazy characters in some whack fictional world for hours on end. While playing make-believe isn't exactly the most feasible pastime, I still allow my hectic brain to run free and entertain whatever absurd and abstract ideas it likes through the underrated hobby of people-watching.

On my what-feels-like-an-eternity commute to Uni, I will observe other fellow bus-riders and any general public I can see chilling through the bus window in order to make up random stories of what lives these "characters" could possibly lead. Before you report me for being a creep, I promise people-watching is not as weird as it sounds and is honestly really fun and a great exercise for your imagination! Also, if you happen to catch me staring at you on the bus, rest assured—I promise I'm looking respectfully and totally not imagining our entire future together.

Furthermore, for those of us that went through some rough patches growing up, while we cannot change the past, it is still possible to take the present into our own hands. Without diving too deeply into the sensitive and deeply personal topic of family trauma, recognising your experiences as a kid allows for self-healing that could take place in the form of self-forgiveness, setting healthy boundaries, working through old emotions or identifying your needs. This encourages past wounds to properly heal in their own time. It also brings attention to any present self-sabotaging behaviours or coping mechanisms that have arisen from childhood trauma. Honouring that kid hiding deep down inside of you is a great opportunity to give yourself anything you wished others had

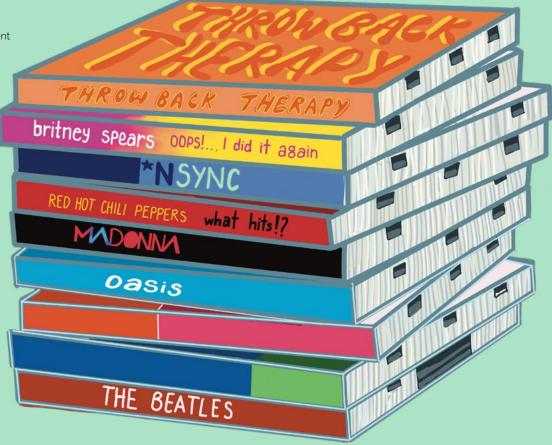
given you during your upbringing, like financial stability or quality time. This shows healing your inner child is not only a great tool for closing up old wounds, but also is a radical act of self-acceptance and self-love.

Another great way to honour your inner child is to embrace the casual everyday magic life has to offer. As kids, every waking day is full of excitement and wonder for everything this world, our playground, has to offer us. I remember when I was younger, a simple trip to Pak n Save felt like a whirlwind visit to Disneyland with its seemingly neverending shelves of groceries of all different sizes, textures and smells. Yes, I was that kid who used to sniff the outside of any and every packet of laundry powder their nose could reach before their mum realised and proceeded to tell them off loudly in public. It's so easy for students to get stuck in their old routines and forget the everyday wonder that lies in the mundane. So why not spice things up every now and then? These changes don't have to be big, you could easily start by taking a different or longer bus route to uni or switching up your coffee order next time you're at a cafe. It could also be bedazzling your planner with cute stickers or studying outside in the park instead of your usual library spot because why the heck not? As much as I don't want to sound like a Pinterest mum, it really is the little things in life that matter. Don't let

So crunch those leaves with your boots! Sing your heart out to that song with a hairbrush in front of the mirror!

becoming an "adult" stop you from cashing in on these small but meaningful moments of pleasure or whiffing Surf laundry powder next time you're at the supermarket! Actually, maybe refrain from inhaling washing powder, you'll probably end up with a restraining order from Pak n Save—uh totally not talking from personal experience...

So, crunch those leaves with your boots! Sing your heart out to that song with a hairbrush in front of the mirror! Treat yourself to that chocolate cupcake because you and your inner kid deserve to be let loose to enjoy all the wonders this world has to offer. Our everyday life didn't lose its sparkle, we just learnt to stop looking for it.





A Definitive Guide to the Oldest, Creepiest Buildings on Campus

The University of Auckland is old. And with being old comes creepiness. This week, *Craccum*'s resident psychic visited some of the oldest historic buildings on campus to see what vibes she could pick up.

CLAIRE VOYANT

UoA has a pretty colourful history. If you haven't noticed walking around campus, we're home to some pretty cool architectural gems. There's even a heritage trail you can walk to see how the University has transformed over time. However, if you're like me, you can pick up some pretty intense energies from some of the buildings at Uni.

Based on my experience, I've curated a short guide to some of UoA's most notable and most haunted structures.

LEAST HAUNTED Old Government House

UoA is home to New Zealand's former Government House. This massive mansion was built in 1856, and the royals have actually stayed there six times. Nowadays, it's used as the Staff Common Room (basically Shads, but for lecturers).

I was expecting this one to have higher levels of spiritual energy, but to be honest I didn't really pick up much here apart from an overall slightly uncomfortable feeling. I think this can be attributed to rocking up to the Common Room in Lululemon tights and a Glassons sweater and looking very out of place amongst all the professors: I'm honestly surprised no one asked me to leave. Maybe the shivers up my spine were just the leftover creepy colonial vibes.

MOST HAUNTED (BY FAR) AUSA House

This one is pretty well known amongst the ghost hunters of Auckland. Multiple ghost sightings have occurred at AUSA House in recent years, including an old man reading a newspaper, a nurse walking the hallways and figures standing in the windows. It makes sense considering that the late 1800's building used to be a doctor's surgery; it's

definitely up there in terms of creepy backstories.

From the moment I first set foot in AUSA house, I could sense multiple energies here. It definitely felt like these spirits were not afraid to make themselves known; others have even reported sensations of being touched or hearing voices. Had I come at a better time when no one else was around, I believe that I would have been able to communicate with them. Good news is, these spirits did not feel like a negative presence, so I don't think there is anything to be afraid of here.

Don't let the ghosts deter you from coming to visit AUSA house there's always free shit here. And more importantly, the AUSA are the centre of representation for students, so come and visit your elected representatives!

CREEPIEST VIBE Old Choral Hall

Old Choral Hall is the oldest permanent building on campus, and is also the creepiest by far. Built in 1873, it was basically a town hall for about 40 years and has also served the University in a number of capacities, so who knows what people have gotten up to in here.

I stood outside Old Choral Hall one night when it was dark and mostly deserted. At first, I didn't feel anything, but then I closed my eyes and really opened myself up to any spirits that might be present. What came next was a really overwhelming feeling of sadness. Whatever spirit was here was very lonely. However, I wasn't sure whether I should trust this spirit. Something was making me feel uneasy. After researching online, I found out others had heard noises or felt similar energies around this building. Going inside was a no from me.

MOST ICONIC BUILDING The Clocktower

We put a photo of the Clocktower on pretty much every *Craccum* article—it really is an iconic UoA landmark.

Designed by the American architect R.A. Lippincott, who also designed structures such as the Queen Street Smith & Caughey's building, it was opened in 1926 and previously housed the University's Arts departments.

I couldn't feel any spiritual presence inside the Clocktower. No spirits here, but everyone should come and check it out it's open to the public for free, and the inside is just as beautiful as the outside.

HONOURABLE MENTION HSB / Social Sciences Building

R.I.P. HSB. I couldn't visit this one since it's currently in the process of being torn down, but it was definitely the creepiest building I've ever set foot in at UoA. Some of the words friends have used to describe it include "Soviet hospital" or "the house I built on the Sims when I was nine." Many of us will have heard the rumours about the fire in the basement, and that they just stuck caution tape over the door of the damaged room. I've also had multiple lecturers tell me there's asbestos in the building, so if ghosts don't get you, the asbestosis will. Seriously, who the fuck designs a building where 90% of the rooms don't have windows.

If you'd like to learn more about UoA's historical buildings, you can check out the Landmarks and Facilities page on the University website. You can also find a map of the University Heritage Trail on the Auckland Council website.







Reviews



FILM **VALIANT**

DIR. GARY CHAPMAN

THOMAS GIBLIN

Children's films are strange beasts. The best ones appeal to both children are the parents, and the worst appeal to neither. *Valiant*, the story of a young British pigeon who enlists in the Royal Homing Pigeon Service, is the worst of these childhood favourites. There are few moments that elicit a chuckle, but a personal favourite is when a french mouse called Charles De Girl says goodbye to our heroes while **Edith Piath**'s "Non, Je ne regrette rien" plays. But that is where the film peaks. Not even a wonderfully British voice cast, including **Ewan McGregor**, **Ricky Gervais**, **Hugh Laurie**, and **Jim Broadbent**, can save a film so tonally inconsistent and nonsensical.

A film meant to rival Dreamworks and Pixar, Valiant falls flat on its face with it being one of the worst animated films ever made. Despite its short length at 1hr 16min, it still feels like it's 1hr 16min too long as it's an embarrassing attempt at making a children's film. It's riddled with clichés, stereotypes and animation that makes you wonder how they spent an estimated \$35,000,000 USD on something that looks so amateurish. The embarrassing product of this questions how one could be such a fan of a film so terrible and whether revisiting your childhood favourites is even

"Why rewatch these films if it only serves to shatter the memory of them you've held onto?"



T∀ COURAGE THE COWARDLY DOG

CHARLIE PARKER

Childhood channel surfing could never be beaten by a show that was quite so soaked in colour, yet utterly terrifying. John **Dilworth**'s Courage the Cowardly Dog was undoubtedly a pastel-colour-packed show that unlocked fears you never even knew you had, yet equally met its audience with a comedic nature. Courage the Dog lives up leaving the small scared purple dog (who is his owners: marginally-confused Muriel and ethically-questionable Eustace. The show provides a variety of creatures Courage has to combat. However, none trump the elegant recurring villain, Katz, whose perfectly angular face and runway-model-ready legs never failed to impress.

Not only did watching continuous episodes provoke a Pavlovian fear experience, it reminded it's audience that our greatest fear isn't the villain but the idea of losing our closest loved ones. It also remarks on the fact that sometimes those who are the most unlike us deserve the most love and understanding, and they're really not that different or evil on the inside. In hindsight, the 90s/early 2000s classic was an exploration of artistic comedic nightmares, with every resolution reminding us that courage is really all it takes. This is the perfect comfort binge for anyone who wants a light-hearted, but eerie show. There's nothing more illuminating than a cartoon that reflects society and manages to traumatise it at the same time.

"Our greatest fear isn't the villain but the idea of losing our closest loved ones."



VIDEOGAME LEGO STAR WARS: THE VIDEO GAME

MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

Star Wars is one of the most influential franchises in Western entertainment. It rakes in millions, probably billions, of dollars and captures countless fans through all forms of storytelling. After the release of the latest trilogy, which faced both valid criticism and the predictable misogyny, there's been great concern about the harm done to the 'precious' brand. However, the beauty of Star Wars is that the transmedia storytelling gives everyone a different instalment to define the brand by.

My first ever exposure to that galaxy far, far away came in the form of a Playstation 2 game. In my childhood brain, Jar Jar Binks was everyone's favourite character (he had a sick double jump) and the prequels were the Bible for Star Wars lore. The game itself was such an immersive experience and I remember sitting down for hours in that world, only pulling my eyes away from the screen when scored by **John Williams** is also pretty cool. One of my core memories is less pleasant. There were 59 playable characters, which felt like endless choice in 2005, and only two of them were recognisable women. Of course, I was happy to play as Yoda, Boba Fett or Mace Windu, using the force, flying, or swinging around a purple lightsaber. But, comparatively, it felt pretty pathetic to run around as delicate Padmé holding a lousy blaster. On the whole though, video games like Star Wars hold a

"I just wish Padmé had a lightsaber."



MADELEINE CRUTCHLEY

This show is one locked deep in the vault. It ran for two seasons, in 2008 and 2009, playing on TV One every Tuesday. For those unfortunate readers who are unfamiliar, *Stars in their Eyes* was a reality competition show, where contestants would transform into famous singers and perform as them on stage. With the few iconic words, "Tonight Simon, I'm going to be..." they would walk into a magical smoke machine, makeover room and then walk out as the spitting image of some mega-star. That transition would blow my tiny mind. Turns out the quick change is edited! I'll never trust again.

It's kind of hilarious to think about how many kids might have had their first exposure mean, I remember my brother becoming obsessed with the guy who performed as Meatloaf, but mistakenly calling him Meatball. It might have taken me a little too much concentration to unlearn that Avril Lavigne the show though, it holds up. Some of the performances are genuinely pretty fun, and it's all a bit of a laugh anyway. There's also something charming about the production, with the makeup, hair and costuming meeting the camera swivels and zooms to create classic 2000s drama. Imagining a version of the show now, I shudder to think of the Billie Eilish impersonators. Maybe this one is better as a time capsule.

"Tonight Simon, I'm going to be..."



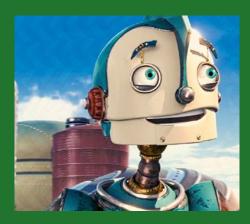
MUSIC IN YOUR EYES KYLIE MINOGUE

LACHLAN MITCHELL

The greatest mistake of the United States will be written down as many different things, all valid in their deliberations on the monstrous follies of that demonic nation. However, I propose one true answer to be recorded in the chronicles of history as thus: "And in its greatest failure, America never truly took up the siren call of **Kylie Minogue**, whose immeasurable gifts passed over that once hopeful nation in 2002, never to return."

"In Your Eyes", chosen to be her representative track on the Singstar Pop selection in 2004-2005, is one of Kylie's best. It embodies the rainbow futurism in vogue at the turn of the millennium, alluring in all of its brightness and sleek production, while still retaining the her career for over 30 years. If that sounds me dial it back a notch. Let me put it in the clearest possible terms. Kylie fucking rules, and in the video for this banger, she is serving cunt in every possible direction, in a way that boring singing-in-italics faux-anaemic little dwarf stars of today can never aspire to emulate, much less surpass. Sweating with all their efforts to synthesise the sheer brilliance of Kylie, the way an alchemist might a homunculus in a flask, they will never

"Wow! Five stars! Ketamine was made for this song!"



FILM ROBOTS DIR. CHRIS WEDGE

JAY ALEXANDER

What is there to say about this gem? Somehow, some way, everyone on the face of Earth I've talked to has seen this, and for good reason. I've easily rewatched this movie somewhere into the double digits since childhood. This makes it quite scary coming back to it now as a sort-of adult. But even now, Robots is a childhood classic and is chock full of everything a kid's movie needs. It's an all-star cast, from Ewan McGregor to the late Robin Williams, with bouncy and colourful animation and some of the most bonkers scenes shown on screen. I have never been more in awe with a two robot ballet against a foot. There's no comparing the high speed race through a transportation ball. And how can I not mention the glorious final battle?

This movie is a barrel full of surprises at every turn while being a hilarious joy ride, with dirty jokes littered throughout. It's fun for the whole family, and I for sure remember all the times glued to the screen at seven years old. *Robots* is also a very easy movie to digest. You can flick this on at any time and rewatch it into oblivion, with how light-hearted and charming it is. Rodney's journey to success is nothing new, but satisfying enough to be joyful, and dare I say inspiring. So why not give yourself a treat and pop this on? Because, yeah, it's exactly as good as you remember.

"Hit me baby one more time."



The One Where I Watch Friends Again

Deconstructing a childhood love for a problematic sitcom



ANNIE KANG

CONTENT WARNING: THIS ARTICLE DISCUSSES RACISM, HOMOPHOBIA AND TRANSPHOBIA

I love Friends.

I remember watching reruns of the show religiously after school, sitting on the floor of our first home in New Zealand. My mum had left behind her complete DVD box set of *Friends* in China when we'd moved. Every night before dinner, she'd switch the TV on in a room halfway across the world from anything she'd ever known, and she'd share something she loved with my brother and me.

I fell in love, too. I loved the charismatic best friends drinking coffee at all hours of the workday: Rachel, Monica, Phoebe, Joey, Chandler, and Ross (FYI I'm a Monica sun, Chandler rising). Every episode had me laughing out loud. Rachel's Thanksgiving trifle haunts my dreams. The 'Smelly Cat' lyrics live rent-free in my head, like the friends probably did in their massive New York apartments. Some episodes broke my heart. Others put it back together with a joke or earnest line. In many ways, *Friends* wasn't just a part of my childhood – it was my childhood.

Then last year, my mum told me incredulously that the *Friends* co-creator had issued an apology for the show's lack of diversity.

"Can't we enjoy anything anymore?" my mum cried

Truth be told, I hadn't watched *Friends* in over ten years. I'd only ever thought about it in passing, like a favourite soft toy or childhood friend. Then, the floodgates flung open. I was left to grapple with the uncomfortable reality of a show that I'd once taken so much comfort in.

Friends is whiter than untoasted bread. It's one thing to have an all-white main cast. It's another to have just three named black characters and one Asian who appear in more than a single episode, out of 120+ cast members. Unconsciously or not, Friends is set in an alternative world that erases people of colour from Manhattan, New York – one of the most diverse cities in the world, with only 54% being white (46% non-Hispanic white) in 2000. Even at the time, the whiteness of Friends was criticised by enough viewers that the "race issue" was addressed—i.e. defended—by the cast in a Rolling Stone interview during its first season.

There's also its similarities with *Living Single*, a sitcom that premiered one year before *Friends* about the lives of six black friends in New York City. *Living Single* never saw the same

promotional push as *Friends*, nor the same financial investment, nor anywhere near the same astronomical success. It's worth noting that the success of *Friends* coincided with the disappearance of gos black sitcoms—a so-called "golden age" of shows like *Family Matters* and *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*—since many were cancelled by network executives who hoped to court white audiences with whiter casts.

Gay jokes and gay panic run rampant in *Friends* whenever there's a hint of gender deviance. Chandler spends a whole subplot insisting he isn't gay. Ross and Joey accidentally nap together and freak the fuck out because... gAY??? Handle this masculinity with care baby - she's fragile. But we also have the lesbian wedding, officiated by Candace Gingrich, the real-life LGBTQ+ rights activist and sister of conservative politician Newt Gingrich. The 1996 episode was removed from air by stations in Texas and Ohio. It was honestly iconic. Even though the actresses weren't allowed an oncamera kiss, and even though the only reason Carol and Susan are seemingly in the show is to 1) emasculate Ross and 2) be Lesbians.

Finally, we get blatant transphobia with Chandler's estranged 'dad'. Helena Handbasket (drag name) was confirmed to be transgender by the *Friends* creators after the show ended. She's only ever referred to in-show as a crossdresser, drag queen, gay man, or—let's drop the pretence—a freak. Upon seeing Helena, Chandler's mum delivers the line: "Don't you have a little too much penis to be wearing a dress like that?" to thunderous audience laughter and applause.

It's all pretty fucked up.

In some ways, it was progressive to have trans representation at all. Helena is funny and gorgeous. She gets invited to Chandler's wedding, although he never stops feeling ashamed of her. It's better than nothing, right? I don't know, y'all. Maybe having nothing is better than portraying and treating queer characters in ways that reinforce harmful attitudes through punchlines that assure cis, straight viewers it's okay—even funny—to deny queer people human decency.

Yesterday, I finally re-watched *Friends* on Netflix – a real glow-up from the box TV in my childhood home a decade ago. I wasn't sure what to expect.

But I laughed out loud. I still got misty-eyed. It was warm and funny and sincere, like driving back to the neighbourhood where you grew up, 27 years later, and realising that nothing's changed. Only you've changed.

Friends will always stay a relic of the past. But we won't. We'll learn and grow and maybe revisit it once in a while, before promoting, creating, and watching new shows that are fairer, kinder, and better.

I still love *Friends*. Except it's different now – and that's okay.

After years of eating trifle, I finally hit beef.









Nostalgia Reads

Yeah, Little House on the Prairie is probably not a paragon of tolerance in 2021.



2020 Was a tough year, and like many others, I found myself craving the comfort of nostalgic childhood media. My sister and I made good use of our Disney+ subscription with several binge-watching sessions (shout out to Hannah Montana & Wizards of Waverly Place), and many Disney Channel Original Movies were watched. As for reading, I abandoned my usual gritty-memoirs-and-SciFi habit in favour of picking up some old childhood favourites that I'd all but forgotten about. Enabled by the stash of books I have stored at my parents' house (where I stayed from the beginning of lockdown in March 2020 until classes started back in-person in August) and supplemented by the Libby app (free ebooks and audiobooks with an Auckland Libraries membership), I took a stroll down a literary memory lane.

First up on my list was **Laura Ingalls Wilde**r's *Little House* series. I didn't actually read these a whole lot as a kid, but the 1970s TV series will forever be linked in my head to warm, fuzzy memories of childhood Saturday mornings piled in my mum's bed with my sister and too many blankets, watching the DVD box set on a 20" CRT screen. The books proved to be, for the most part, just as cheesy and sickly sweet as what I remembered from the TV show.

One thing I wasn't expecting (though, in hindsight, probably should have, considering that the books were published in the 1930s as recollections of life in the 1870s) was the obscene amount of racism. Reading the phrase "the only good Indian was a dead Indian" in a children's book was a shock, to say the least. I hadn't previously put two and two together and realised that the Ingalls' journey to the prairie ("Indian Territory," as they call it), was actually illegal settlement of the Osage Diminished Reserve - they were assuming that the government would soon force the Osage people off their land.

The other focus of my nostalgia-induced delve into my childhood reading habits was **Jacqueline Wilson**'s books. *Tracy Beaker* was

a beloved part of my primary school days, and I even found my well-thumbed copy of *The Bed And Breakfast Star* in a box under the stairs. I even read some volumes that (probably for good reason) weren't available in my intermediate school library - *My Sister Jodie* being one, which starts off as a fairly predictable boarding-school tale and then hits you with the horrific death (speculated to be a suicide) of the main character's teen sister. Not quite the cozy comfort read I was hoping for.

On a more positive note, *Tracy Beaker* was just as fun as I had remembered. Also, since my last reading over a decade ago, several more books have been added to the series so I could further extend my enjoyment. Some realisations I made upon re-reading the books for the first time as a Proper Adult include:

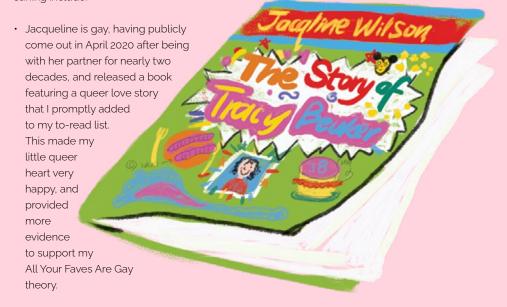
- Cam, Tracy's foster mum, is very queercoded and is probably dating her "friend" (confirmed by the author in an interview).
- Tracy's mum is definitely a porn star. She's a "famous actress," and there are a few other hints that I definitely didn't pick up on as a kid

Some of my favourite related discoveries from late-night Jacqueline-Wilson-adjacent websurfing include:

- The existence of @TracybBeaker on Twitter.
 I love a good novelty social media account, and niche tweets like "My mum said she could fly me out to Dubai first class but I said, no mum...I'm locking down in the dumping ground Cos I'm not a selfish bitch xx" are no exception.
- The existence of the Tracy Beaker TV show

 somehow I entirely missed this cultural
 touchstone despite my obsession with the
 books. It, tragically, was never broadcast on
 New Zealand television and I'm a 90's baby
 who grew up before the streaming era.

I have well and truly enjoyed my deep dive into my best-loved childhood reads. Middlegrade books bring a special kind of comfort, even without the nostalgia factor, but there's a special kind of fun to be had from re-reading old favourites - akin to the first time you watched *Shrek* as an adult and realised what the grown-ups had been laughing at. It can be confronting at times, especially with older books that reflect the racism of the societies in which they were written, but well worth it.



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Watching Nuts Get Crushed and Other Such Blessings

An ode to a truly magical time on the internet, where restraint was a mere suggestion and the algorithm was but a twinkle in our eye.



I can picture with perfect memory one night when I was five years old. My dad came home with a box of Domino's Pizza, and a second-hand desktop computer. He thought that giving me a computer at a young age, as opposed to a gaming console, would better prepare me for the real world. He had no idea that janky old desktop would become one of the most important, constant within my formative years. Many years later, he told me he wonders if he made a mistake in buying me that old desktop; truthfully, I don't know either. What I know for sure is that, for better or for worse, like many of you, the internet was my childhood. The content I'd watch on the internet in my youth shaped me in many ways - this is merely a fragment of the full picture.

With my own computer, and a connection to the internet my life had changed. I was exposed to a world much greater in scale than I had ever known before. My first foray into the internet was through things familiar to me as a kid, video games and animations. For someone who couldn't afford to play all of the expensive, blockbuster video games – the internet had to offer an endless library of free, easy to access games on websites like Miniclip and CoolMathsGames. I must've spent thousands of hours on these pages, it was a wonderful feeling being able to find free entertainment at any time I wanted.

My favourite site was Newgrounds, it contained user created content mostly

With my own computer, and a connection to the internet my life had changed. I was exposed to a world much greater in scale than I had ever known before.

geared towards teenagers. It was edgier, cooler, without the careful consideration of influence that comes with entertainment made specifically for kids. Newgrounds was not explicitly marketed towards children. However, it was easy for a kid to stumble upon it, as on the surface it didn't appear too different from other, more sanitised websites with games and cartoons on them. Much like a parent might *once* have seen their child watching South Park and mistakenly thought that it's just another kids show, without my parents knowledge I was exposed to certain things that would be considered...

Some of you might remember The Torture Game. If you're not familiar with it, you basically have an arsenal of tools to brutalise this hanging mannequin person, complete with low-resolution crappy blood effects that were standard in the Flash games of the time. There's a old, sensationalised Fox News report about The Torture Game with the headline, "Does online video game teach kids how to torture?" And while it's been a long-debated discussion on whether video games do indeed cause violence, I think it's fair to say that while it wasn't likely to cause a kid to go out and kill someone, it could very well have caused desensitisation.

Violent and shocking content was incredibly used to troll unsuspecting people by sending them a misleading link. Do any of these ring a bell: BME Pain Olympics, 2 Girls 1 Cup, 1 Man 1 Jar (If you haven't seen them already don't). Internet trolls, likely teenagers, had no concern who they were traumatising when sending out a link to one of these shock sites. Websites like Liveleak (RIP to a real one!), Rotten.com, and Bestgore had thousands of videos of real and violent deaths available for anyone to see. The effect of being exposed to graphic scenes of gore, mutilation, and fucked-up pornography was numbing. If you were to show me someone getting their maybe I'd even laugh – and that's probably not a good thing.

Of course, not everything was so dark, a lot of the content we had was just plain stupid. Have you tried going back and watching the YouTube videos you watched when you were seven? Try watching Fred, or Smosh, or Ray William Johnson – be amazed at how

"Doin' Your Mom!" was once the pinnacle of comedy. Undoubtedly, our tastes have changed since then. What was truly unique was that these early YouTube icons were independent creators, not manufactured by Disney or Nickelodeon, the time period we grew up in was the first to allow such creators to find a mainstream audience. I think that an essential aspect of the content we grew up with was its independence, its homemade charm – a lot of us to this day hold a distaste for corporations and I would posit that this is in some way linked with the content we

A few years ago I volunteered to help with an event at a primary school and when I went to it everything I heard from the children was just verbatim punchlines from internet memes: Dabbing, Fortnite, Pepe Peepee Poopoo Pewdiepie Piss-shit. There was no modicum of original thought. It seemed absurd, but I realised it was the same for us, just with different memes: we'd joke about Minecraft, and Nyan-Cat, saying DERP! and quoting rage comics, not much better really. Gen Z was the first to grow alongside Meme Culture. Memes of course have been around for a while but they only really started to become widely-accessible in the mid 2000s. The memes of the time were more basic in their structure, more earnest; yet they still hold a place within our consciousness, with memes like Doge and the trollface returning in newer forms.

So much of our culture has become based around memetics. Repetition, references and quotes, in-jokes that reference older in-jokes ironically. Seeing how this abstract immaterial thing we have called the internet was seeping into real life at that primary school really put into perspective how much influence the content we consume affects us on a deep, subconscious level. The media we watch growing up stays with us, relegated to memory in the recesses of our minds – it's as much a part of our development as our childhood friends and teachers, but it's something that most of us think very little of.

The content we were exposed to was unique, there wasn't so much of an ulterior motive to anything that people put out there, little opportunity to make money. The media of the early internet was largely experimental, born out of basements and college dorm rooms, made by individuals who saw potential in the format of new media that was the internet.

The media of the early internet was largely experimental, born out of basements and college dorm rooms, made by individuals who saw potential in the format of new media that was the internet.

They likely didn't even consider the fact that they could have played a role in shaping a generation of young minds.

I wonder what the implications are for future generations. Generation Alpha are growing up in a much more sanitised version of the internet, content for children is now highly regulated by sites like YouTube and parents are (supposedly) more aware of what can be found online. Now that people are a lot more aware of how to use the internet to make money and influence people, I would be wary of the content being put out for children today. Although for the most part, the internet is (supposedly) much safer now than it used to be, though the occasional Elsagate gives one pause.

What happens when you give a young mind unadulterated access to an infinite source of information, impartial, and without any filter or concern for their safety? The answer: it's hard to tell at this point. Even in 2021, we are still grappling with the massive change in the collective pathos of our culture that came with the widespread adoption of the internet. The implications are massive and the full effects on us as the first generation of the digital age will take a lot of time to completely digest. If there's one thing I can say for certain: for the love of God, be a responsible parent. Please pay attention to what's on your children's screens, one generation getting exposed to the gore algorithm is enough.

Craccum presents



BAGS BUNNY









We Love Boomer Memes And They Mostly Love You



You know the images. If you are in a WhatsApp chat with your 56 year old ellipsis-abusing father, or you have any access to a local community group page (shoutout to the Pohutukawa Coast Grapevine!), or your blessed mid-40s mother just can't help expressing how quirky she is, you'll know them. They are the images that follow a very distinct format, and encapsulate the soul of a very specific kind of person, in the same way that the 1978 version of the Phantom Zone will forever have the face of Zod on its crystal hexagon.

They follow a simple formula. First, take a Minion in a maid dress, or a select choice of Disney and Looney Tunes characters. Then find a Comic Sans font or something similar (not Bold Impact - different realm), and distill a simple piece of wisdom about how times used to be, or how you are keeping #real no matter what. Usually with spelling mistakes or the cry-laugh emoji. You will find yourself with an image of, say, Yosemite Sam advocating that real mums always look at life with a glass half full - of wine, that is! Top it up, hubby!

I've stared into the heart of the yummy mummy beast, and its father, the delusional-but-soft-hearted two-time granddaddy. I've figured out all their meme variants. I've also suggested three characters that are the most common examples in each subgroup. I've figured out how to categorise all their Facebook hieroglyphics - the trick is to sort them by intellectual property, not the commentary inside. While the boomer and their mystical imagery may seem to be entirely illogical, their world is a cipher that can eventually be decoded.

Minions - All of 'em, I don't know the difference between them!!!! The one in underwear.

The Ur-example, the codifier that we all know. Usually the realm of the 73 year old grandparent, one who is always reminiscing how today's kids have 'screentime' instead of 'cholera', but with the warmest of intentions.

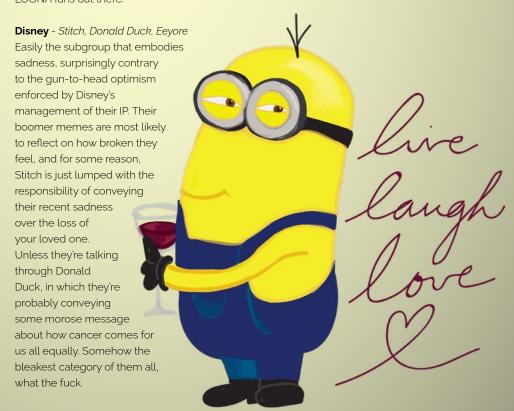
They sincerely mean well for you, they just do not understand why the world has seemingly

moved on without their approval. Of course, there is the other side of things: the absolutely deranged recent retiree, who pairs a naked Minion with something about gleefully farting in public, or how they can't control their bladder when they giggle. They are to be feared.

Looney Tunes - Wile E. Coyote, Tweety, Taz These ones are the bread and butter of the 49 year old mum with empty nest syndrome, or who is totally, TOTALLY fine with turning 50. They run the gamut of volatile, almost-post menopause emotions, mixed with a need to assert their youth and quirky individuality. It's something about Looney Tunes characters that these women just cling to so strongly - Tweety in particular is the realm of the stillhorny wine mum, illegibly spelling out all her sass, with Taz popping up for the slightly older wimmin out there. I don't say any of this with the slightest bit of malice in my heart, as they are by far my favourite subgroup involved - the Odd Eyed Circle equivalent, for all the LOONA fans out there.

Hanna Barbera - *Droopy, Scooby Doo, Fred Flintstone*

The true wild card of the bunch, encompassing all sorts of vaguely threatening boomer auras, while also being the home to the most 'normal' representatives of the boomer mind. Droopy, however, is almost certainly used to showcase the boomer's devastatingly sad view on their current lifestyle. Found one about their kidneys failing, but it's okay, because they're used to failing. Good lord, Droopy. But Fred Flintstone manages to bounce in the other direction -Fred Flintstone is usually used to convey a soft, caring and nostalgic boomer masculinity, something about how chores are bonding activities between FATHER and SON. And also Jesus. You always get a different experience in this category, and I love it so much.



Who Asked You

Welcome to Craccum, where we put the "agony" in "agony aunt." We're not qualified to deal with your problems, but neither are you.

Deep confession time: did any of you actually enjoy Frozen when it came out? Or was it just me?

Absofuckinglutely I did. I DO. Thank you for the opportunity to rant about this because people who hate things when they get popular are the worst kind of people. Frozen is a masterpiece and I will not hear otherwise. It has great characters, subversive plot twists, GREAT music, and it's fun for VIEWERS OF ALL AGES. I will NOT have Frozen slander in this house just because you soulless hipsters hate the concept of children's joy. Oh, you hate it because your little sister wouldn't shut up about it? SHE WOULDN'T SHUT UP ABOUT IT BECAUSE IT'S GREAT, ASSWIPE. Yall need a Grinch triple-heart expansion because I don't understand how you function on literally o serotonin.

Me and my flatmate live with this nasty oldish couple that are awful to us. How do we get them to leave the flat so we can get nicer younger flatmates?

- Take up a diet of exclusively baked beans and tuna sandwiches. Never do your dishes; make sure to let the stench ferment.
- Suddenly discover a deep passion for candle making. The smell and mess will drive them out in a few days.
- Have Friends playing on full volume on every screen in the house, 24/7. When they scream at you to turn it off, chant "CENTRAL PERK" in an increasingly demonic voice.

- Get one of those cats that doesn't have any fur.

 I physically can't be within a kilometre of one of those things if these flatmates are sane, they won't be able to either.
- Give them some pamphlets for retirement villages. Or better yet, move to one yourself. You own house, on-call help, AND you don't have to maintain your own garden? Man, I can't wait to retire.

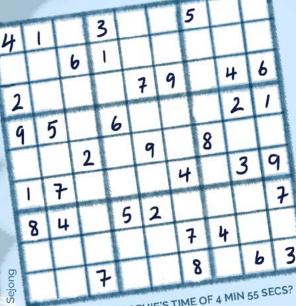
Why can't I have a pet raccoon? They're sooo much cuter than any traditional pets. 10/10 let me buy one again.

...again?

CRACCUM'S CRACKIN' TIP

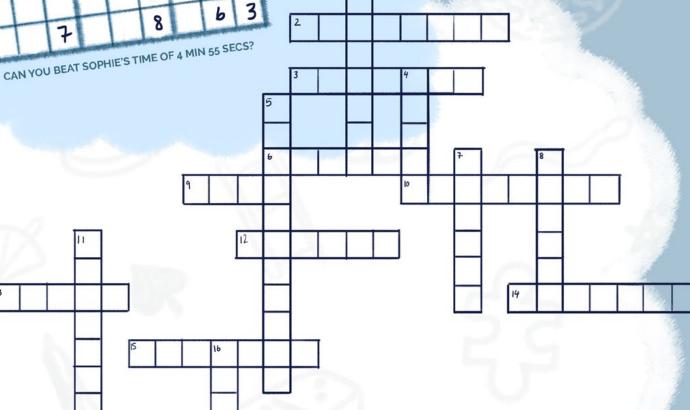
This one goes out to the gym-goers. For the love of Jesus and Joseph, wipe down the fucking machine after you use it! Who raised you?! You think I want to deal with your excretions? I already have to deal with this godforsaken stair machine, the last thing I want to do is slip on your juices and fall to my death. Stop acting like a five-year-old who spilled his Ribena and doesn't want Mummy to know, and clean up your damn mess.

BULL STRATION BY SOPHIE SUN



Across

- 2. Nickname for the group in the titular Mean Girls (8)
- 3. Nikki (blank) from the movie Hairspray (7)
- 6. Egg Pokemon introduced in Gen 2 (6)
- 9. The colour of the eyes of Kaiba's famous dragon (4)
- 10. The exact colour of the blue sweater in The Devil Wears Prada (8)
- 12. Sung "The Boy is Mine" with Monica (6)
- 13. Mr. Krabs' daughter (5)
- 14. Goofy's son full name (3, 4)
- 15. The last name of Angelica in Rugrats (7)
- 17. Earless robotic cat from the 22nd century! Blue! (8)



- 1. Banjo & (blank), legendary N64 game (7)
- 4. Gotta go fast (5)

Down

- 5. Girl, (blank) (1999). Winona Ryder in an asylum. (12)
- 7. Cindy's bestie in the Scary Movie franchise (6)
- 8. Drew (blank), rhymes with leukemia (6)
- 11. Jennifer Garner's party-saver from 13 going on 30 (8)
- 16. Yzma's henchman (5)



Here at *Craccum*, we've been busy gathering the dragon balls to achieve our one true wish: passing on reliable horoscopes every week until the end of time.

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 19) Mr Satan

Leader of Satan City, your exploits are famed across the globe. You killed Cell with one punch! However, do not let your arrogance



take control of you this week - even Mark Hercule Satan must bow to a superior opponent at some point. Learn humility and you will survive. Lucky numbers are 1 and 14.

Cancer (Jun 21 -Jul 22)

Now, bear with me on this one. Goku is not known for his sensitivity, emotional intelligence or, really, any strong nurturing qualities.



But when Goku needed to save the planet, he did so. Cancer, are you willing to go beyond vaguely nurturing people, and really put your money where your mouth is? Lucky numbers are 47 and 82.

Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 23) Frieza

You've never had to try in order to reach greatness. It's all come naturally to you, through some kind of freak mutation or just chance. But



relying on natural skill, you haven't grown in all this time, either - literally, for some of you Libras. Short motherfuckers. So it's time to start earnestly putting some effort towards refining yourself, before Namek blows up in your face.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19) Chi-Chi

Don't berate your loved ones too much. I understand, you just want them to do well, even if



they're not necessarily happy. They cherish you and your well-founded concern for their lives, but they need to be their own people, mistakes or not. Lucky numbers are 66 and 91.

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20) Broly

Broly smash enemies -Broly power level need not bow to anyone, especially Kakarot. Broly use head to deal with problems, but



Broly sure to not use head too much or it will hurt. Broly stand back and evaluate situation before killing Kakarot. Lucky numbers are 34 and 30

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22)

Hard headed, you don't know when the fight is supposed to end. You go on, boasting of your greatness - Recoome this,



Recoome that. But learn to think of someone else this week. You might be surprised by the results. Lucky numbers are 50 and 55.

Scorpio (Oct 24 to Nov 21 Piccolo

You know you're the smartest in the room.
Always the tactically minded one. But what else can you do? For all your



smarts, Mr. Piccolo, you keep slipping behind. What else are you gonna pull out of that big brain of yours? Lucky numbers are 15 and 29

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18) Bulma

Don't change out your friends as often as you change your chair. The stability of a long-term



connection is infinitely more priceless than the rush of joy from a new person in your life. This week, re-enter the adventures of your best friends, you never know where they will take you. Lucky numbers are 57 and 78.

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 20) Android 17 and 18

Which version of yourself do you want to be? Do you want to grow into the kind-hearted and nurturing person you know you can



be, or remain stagnant as vicious and snarky, blowing up whatever you feel like? Choose your future wisely. Lucky numbers are 17 and 18.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22) Vegeta

Prince of all Saiyans, where does that leave you? The second most powerful warrior of all five or six of



your kind that are left? When you are kind, your self-importance nullified, you really do some wonderful things. The world would love you if you became a prince of the people more often. Lucky numbers are 88 and go

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21) Majin Buu

Making new friends is what you're best at - when you're not screaming and having a tantrum, of course. Keep your emotions



under control, and you'll be sure to make a whole new array of besties to receive your boundless love. Lucky numbers are 44 and 48.

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 20) Gohan

You can't stop feeling things, Gohan. You feel the weight of the world constantly. The pressure



to live up to everyone's expectations of you. But you've gotta be you - you've gotta make the choice of what you really want to be, even if people get hurt in the process. Cell might destroy the planet, but that's that. Lucky numbers are 76 and 100.

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BUY ONE GET ONE FREE TOASTIES AND FREE POOL

T&C APPLY

BURGER PINT NIGHT



EVERY TUESDAY

BUY A DRINK OFF TAP OR A NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINK AND GET A \$5 BURGER AND FRIES

T&C APPLY

SHYDOWS BAR & EATERY

2 FOR 1 PIZZA WEDNESDAYS



EVERY WEDNESDAY BUY ONE GET ONE FREE PIZZAS

T&C APPLY

COCKTAIL NIGHT 2 FOR \$15



\$1 HOT WINGS

EVERY THURSDAY

T&C APPLY

THURSDAY 18TH MAY 6.30pm - SHADOWS BAR

REGISTRATION STARTS AT 6PM





SHYDOWS BAR & EATERY