

TAUMATA RAU

THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND STUDENT MAGAZINE

ISSUE 1, 26 JULY 2021

“They Call Me Bunga”

Allyssa Verner-Pula bites back at racist rhetorics with a punchy piece that could knock your teeth out.

PAGE 30

Trying my very last nerve

Is your hookup hitting every nerve but your favourite? In 'Clitoracy', Francy Sulikosky teaches you how to use *that* voice in bed to get what you want.

PAGE 34

That's sus.

Who are the real imposters of this university? Hint: It's not you! Ashley Vaotuaa explores imposter syndrome among Māori and Pasifika students.

PAGE 22

Tai
NIMO

A watercolor-style map of the world serves as the background. The continents are painted in various shades of green and blue, while the oceans are a deep, textured blue. The overall style is artistic and hand-painted.

arts & cultural week 2021

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PRESENTS



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Contents.

| | |
|----|---|
| 4 | Editorial |
| 6 | Kaingārua |
| 8 | News |
| 11 | Pounamu |
| 14 | Angry Samoan wife experiences |
| 16 | A Mission to Connect |
| 22 | Dealing with the Imposter |
| 24 | Reviews |
| 26 | Indigenous Samoan Dance as Therapy |
| 32 | Leadership Through Learning |
| 34 | Cliteracy |
| 37 | Poly-Slang Dictionary |
| 38 | Puzzles |

The People to Blame

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SHADOWS
BAR & EATERY

CONTRIBUTOR OF THE WEEK

ASHLEY VAOTUUA
PAGE 22

WINNER OF \$50 SHADS VOUCHER

TE AO MĀORI EDITOR
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stuff

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Taumata Rau #LevelUP

E ngā mātoru nau mai, whakatau mai rā. He mihi māhana, he mihi māhorahora tēnei nō te whānau ō 'Taumata Rau.'

Nau mai, haere mai i runga i te taurā nui o Awatea.

Mālo e lelei, fakafeiloaki, hia orana, ni sa bula, fakaaalofo lahi atu, tālofa lava. *Fa'afetai i le Atua i le ola ma le mālosi. Mālo le soifua maua. Mālo le onosa'i a'o tātou folau ai i galuega ma a'oa'oga i lenei tausaga. Usi lau maimoa ma lau faitau i tusitusiga a tama ma tama'itai Māori ma Pasifika i totonu o le lunivesite o Aukilani e ala atu lea i le lomiga o le Taumata Rau.*

To our readers; this is an acknowledgment of appreciation and warmth as you read the work from our whānau here at Taumata Rau.

Welcome on the broad back of daylight!

Just like how our tūpuna stopped the sun and fished up the land, we as indigineous people have always had superpowers. We see our writers as the superheroes of tomorrow and as champions of change. Here in this whakatauki daylight stands for peace, happiness, wellbeing and openness. An openness that we as editors have kept pushing and urging within our writing. An openness to discuss ngā take honu, the deep stuff, ngā take rama, the fun stuff and ngā take tautohetohe, the contentious stuff.

In a culmination of love, sweat and tears our village of writers, illustrators and supporters have come together to celebrate all that is indigenous!

What a year it has been!

2021 has been a year of many firsts. From the creation of a Te Ao Māori editor to now the very first special student magazine issue at the University of Auckland written and created solely by Māori and Pasifika taura. This has been a long time coming.

However, the timing for this special issue could not have come at a better time. Earlier this year, we partnered with Stuff Media as part of an initiative to support and bring up more young Māori writers. Last month, we also celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Polynesian Panthers at the University of Auckland Fale. With this, the Government will soon be issuing an official apology for the Dawn Raids in August. *The Panthers*, a television show depicting the Polynesian Panthers is also soon to be released shedding light on a dark part of New Zealand's history.

The year has been a time of prosperity, growth and cultivation for our Māori and Pasifika families. Watching our communities grow in pride, mindset and support has been humbling.

From strangers to now whānau. 20 years ago, a magazine issue like this would have been something of a myth. It is with confidence we can attribute our efforts to the giants, whose shoulders we stand on: young visionaries like Ngā Tamatoa, Polynesian Panthers, and other prominent leaders and individuals who fought for the voices of Māori and Pasifika to be heard.

We are excited to be part of the next generation of fighters, activists and writers. Working alongside future leaders has been awe inspiring and empowering. We see where the future is heading and we're excited. The time spent together has only amplified the saying, "My culture is my superpower."

We hope this issue will be the first of many.

Just as we started in the language of our atua, we must also sign off in the tongue of our ancestors.

He hono tangata e kore e motu; ka pā he taura waka e motu.

Unlike a canoe rope, a human bond cannot be severed.

Soifua ma ia manuia,

Lots of love,
Aria Ite and Mairātea Mohi <3



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29 AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY

30 MASSEY UNIVERSITY ALBANY

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Kaingārua.

It's no secret that University wasn't made for us. We, the Craccum team, have traversed the University Campus to find out how our Māori and Pasifika students have made this place their home away from home: their kaingārua.



Top left: K & T "on a crusty day"; top right: Yvonne & Chad; bottom left: Tainui; middle right: Ezekiel, Kauri, Raymond, Sarah, Taine, Elisha, Marihi; bottom right: Mafi





Top left; Jimah & Te Waru; top right: Tanya Samu; middle left: Hikawera; middle right: Malia & Kolini; bottom right: Eternity; bottom left: shoes left behind from Haerenga 2021.

Culturally INcompetent



MAIRĀTEA MOHI, TE ARAWA

Māori students are starting to understand their place in a system that was not inherently made for them, and they're rightly mad. Talking to Māori taura and staff across campus, it has been found that the performative nature of practising tikanga is just not cutting it; they call for better access to Māori equity initiatives, better resources to help disenfranchised taura and practising authenticity when dealing with tikanga.

An issue for Māori that arises at the forefront of learning within the current pākehā curriculum is that te reo Māori is not given its proper recognition as an official language. This is most evident in the mispronouncing of place and students' names which in turns affects the inherent mana of the name. Butchering names has led students to losing confidence in self and culture, manifesting in self hate. One student recalls, "I internalised my own identity as being an inconvenience for other people. It came to the point that it no longer sounded wrong when people mispronounced my name." This taura struggled for a long time with her identity and it wasn't until she began working with tikanga-led initiatives like Tuākana did she start reclaiming the mana of her name and correcting any mispronunciation. "It is a gift passed down from my ancestors and I am old enough to understand its significance."

Not giving te reo Māori the mana it deserves is said to have a ripple effect on taura as it sets out the undertones of being second best from the very beginning. Mispronunciation shows a lack of care. This lack of care is said to have manifested itself into more performative

'Names have been anonymised for their own privacy

Not giving te reo Māori the mana it deserves is said to have a ripple effect on taura as it sets out the undertones of being second best from the very beginning.

rather than authentic use of tikanga. A noticeable example is the beautiful saying, "he waka eke noa" losing its meaning in the sea of good intentions and performative reo. An ancient proverb that champions kotahitanga and in its purest form tells everyone, "we're in this together." However, it lost its significance by its overuse. It was echoed that while we may all be in the same waka, for some of us we never even had a paddle to start with. It is the responsibility of the University to recognise these inequalities and remedy them.

Sentiments of impersonal actions have not only been felt by students but staff also. A member of the administration team here at the University believed te ahurea Māori, or the Māori culture to be one of our greatest strengths. "Our mission statements aren't that different from the University of Melbourne or Sydney. Why not ground ourselves in our culture and make our Uni stand out from the rest?" He often wonders why our culture receives better reception abroad, than it does here at home.

Students also believed that cultural competency encompassed cultural wellbeing. However, there is great frustration in the limited resources for Māori, the inequitable access to these resources and lack of Māori funding and Māori focused schemes.

A frustrated Māori Law student claims that, "there are people within the university whose role is to help navigate Māori students through the institution. However, the spaces allocated are not big enough and there aren't enough people within the space to give adequate help to all of our taura." These sentiments are only amplified in the absence of a Pouāwhina Māori at the Law School. A position that Māori Law students deemed essential for not only their academic success but their cultural wellbeing also. "Our Pouāwhina were expected to help out every Māori student within their faculty when there's only a small team of them trying to help - they're stretched so thin."

Cultural awareness has become a huge issue for students when it comes to official processes and cultural understanding. One student states, "There's a huge issue with the lack of understanding and sympathy in regards to practising cultural competency. Like having to produce a death certificate when applying for an extension." A lack of support in regards to students taking leave to participate in tangihanga, koroneihana or kaupapa Māori at home has left taura having to pick a side. Whānau or school?



The distraught student who had just been denied an extension for a tangihanga continues, "we are expected to jump through hoops to prove eligibility for these extensions but are shown so much insensitivity and very little aroha and support around the actual kaupapa, which is the loss of a loved one." She calls for better systems and believes it would not only benefit taura Māori but all students as this is an issue that is not only Māori-focused but needs to be addressed for all students.

It was said that the people trying their hardest to incorporate tikanga into the school are unsurprisingly the Māori staff members. The institution's tuākana facilitators, pouāwhina and teaching staff make less than 7% of staff but have had the sole responsibility to incorporate Te Ao Māori in the University. Tuākana mentors who play the role of both staff and student, have found that they have been taking on the responsibilities of incorporating and upholding tikanga all on their own. It's unreasonable to expect these students to lay the foundations of tikanga and culture in the University.

There is a huge individual effort with student leaders facilitating Te Reo Māori lessons with staff members on campus. While they commend the individual efforts of University staff they are often left wondering where senior staff members are. These students call for more leadership from the top and urge senior members to lead by example.

...there is great frustration in the limited resources for Māori, the inequitable access to these resources and lack of Māori funding and Māori focused schemes.

Māori need to keep in mind that the education system was not built for us, we do not fail within the system, the system fails us.

They have seen the first hand effects of culture in the University and believe the institution to be more prosperous when the ideals of tangata whenua are at the forefront. They attribute the doubling of their class in just one semester as the success of culture in the University. Stories of self fulfillment, lost and found whānau and better reception with students have come out of these spaces.

The University has recently been making steps towards including tikanga into the curriculum from having karakia begin important meetings to student made waiata for the faculty. However, it must be reiterated that these initiatives are often student initiated and led. To stray away from the potentially performative nature of practising tikanga, students believed that the University must keep the ideals of kotahitanga and authenticity at the forefront and ensure they are acting inclusively. Frequent references to the teaching resource 'Tātaiako' were made and it was believed that the University should use this as a baseline for cultural competency around teaching with taura Māori. It has been mentioned numerous times that a good starting place would be to engage with more professional development staff to educate the institution about what tikanga looks like in its purest form, then go further into its facets and see how it is already within the University and where we can go from there to see tikanga's better integration.

Māori need to keep in mind that the education system was not built for us, we do not fail within the system, the system fails us.



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OMNI ARONA (NGĀ PUHI, NGĀTI WAI) POSTGRADUATE IN PSYCHOLOGY AND BIOLOGY

Waiheke island has become a flash point for Ngāti Paoa iwi members because of a marina development they were not fully consulted about. Protect Pūtiki, led by the Ngāti Paoa Trust Board is being supported by iwi members, locals and many others. The group is currently occupying land and sea space at Pūtiki, also known as Kennedy Point.

The dispute for Ngāti Paoa arose due to the consultation of only one of the two iwi representative groups, Ngāti Paoa Trust Board and Ngāti Paoa Iwi Trust. While considering the marina development, Auckland council engaged with only the iwi trust, ignoring the trust board. The trust board said the blame falls with the Auckland Council.

Kennedy Point Boat Harbour Limited led by Tony Mair, who failed to win consent to build a marina at Matiatia on Waiheke, said it is following the process as was required of them through the Resource Management Act (RMA).

But the RMA has been heavily criticised since its inception.

Green Party MP Chloe Swarbrick said on Spinoff, "The RMA doesn't place enough emphasis on relationships with mana whenua".

Former senior University of Auckland lecturer Te Kipa Kepa Brian Morgan notes in his paper, *A tangata whenua perspective on sustainability using the Mauri Model*, "Robust methods for effectively incorporating the social and cultural impacts of a particular development activity have yet to be created." Indigenous perspectives of the tangata whenua suggest that this will continue to be a problem until our collective cultural paradigm matures.

In the Spinoff article, Protect Pūtiki spokesperson Emily Māia Weiss said Pūtiki bay is an important place, "a space we whakapapa to ..." where their ancestral moana and mātauranga are threatened with a potential marina development they were not consulted on. Protect Pūtiki not only seek safety for the land they whakapapa to but also for the protection of the Kororā (little blue penguin). There also exists frustration due to the privatisation of a public area."

The fight has been ongoing since 2017, with the residential group Save Kennedy Point (SKP) fighting the proposal through the environmental and high court. Recently, the supreme court has terminated SKPs submission for appeal, leaving SKP with no legal avenue of resistance. SKP has since disbanded, setting the stage for Protect Pūtiki and their movement.

But the occupation has been marred by ugly scenes of violence and sometimes, a heavy police presence. On the 15th of July, 70 officers assembled on the site. Three Pūtiki protectors were arrested with videos showing police carrying kaumātua away from their land.

Land occupations have hit the headlines across the country recently, such as Pukeiāhua and Ihumātao, giving reason to question the current model in which New Zealand handles indigenous land disputes.

Both the Ngāti Paoa iwi trust and trust board are working to resolve the issue while the development continues.

All eyes on Pūtiki.

Outrageous Fortune: All Eyes on Government after Mongrel Mob Funding



OMNI ARONA (NGĀ PUHI, NGĀTI WAI) POSTGRADUATE IN PSYCHOLOGY AND BIOLOGY

ANALYSIS: A \$2.75 million dollar drug rehabilitation initiative funded by the Government has caused a heated national debate.

The National and Act parties have accused the government of mispending tax dollars by backing the Hard 2 Reach Trust (HR2) which will support the drug rehabilitation of gang members in Hawke's Bay.

Police Association President Chris Cahill told the NZ Herald, officers have likened the funding to "money laundering." He raised concerns they take risks to police armed and dangerous gangs only for the money to be returned back to the gangs.

But the debate has muddled the facts about where the money has come from, who is actually getting the funding, how it will be administered, and who will benefit from it.

The money isn't taxpayer money; it is drug

seized money.

The money has not been given to the Mongrel Mob but to Hard to Reach (H2R), a consultancy that seeks to access marginalised groups. Previously, they have worked on suicide prevention initiatives in poor communities. Harry Tam, a life member of the Mongrel Mob and a former bureaucrat, is a director of the H2R programme. Tam has worked alongside public agencies, preparing cultural reports. He has also conducted research for Corrections, at one point he was employed by them.

The Kahukura programme was first started by Mahinaarangi Smith, wife to Sonny Smith, who runs the Mongrel Mob's Notorious Chapter. The initiative seeks to treat methamphetamine addiction amongst gang members. Mahinaarangi Smith will still be a part of the initiative in a facilitator role.

The initiative was praised by the Ministries of Health and Social Development, Corrections, and Police.

Assistant Commissioner Sandy Venables told the NZ Herald, "Police recognise the need to work with different groups in our communities to develop lasting solutions that will reduce harm ... it is clear that the programme has strong support locally." It has been recognised by various public officials the Trust is in a unique position to connect with individuals usually excluded from getting the help they need.

Much of the public debate has dismissed the merits of the initiative, comparing what they received to a lack of funding for other programmes such as Mike King's Gumboot Friday.

Realising the programme's signs of success, Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern and her ministers are continuing to back the programme despite backlash. There is no doubt, because of the public and political debate the programme will be heavily scrutinised by everyone.

Pounamu

I clutch my pounamu
When I enter this place
Clinging to my mana as the stares
Ripple through ashen waves
Of faces
Bathed in blissful ignorance

Faces that do not know
The kisses of Papatuanuku
Upon the soles
of their feet
Faces that do not recognise
The tears of Ranginui
As he weeps
For his separated lover

Nor the wailing
Of the whaea
Who sits wrapped in chains
Of the colonial nine-to-five
As she mourns what she could have had
But never had
The whaea is
My looking glass

Day by day
I scale a paywall
Of a trickster's whare wananga
To claw back what was taken
From me
And just like Rangi
I lament for my separation
Of what I will never fully return to

I fear the shackles
that my people lock themselves into
Every day
To preserve their fractured wairua
Greenstone shattered,
The sharp blue eye
Of their manaia
Crushed in a sea of white footsteps
An accessory to their ivory tower

And so,
I clutch my pounamu
When I'm in this space.



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Kentucky Fried Conversations

RUBY MACOMBER (OINAFA IN ROTUMA, TAVENUI, NGĀPUHI) STUDYING A BA/LLB

pigeons poop from our power lines
 catch the Honda Civic, windows down
 vulnerable
 we chuck jandals
 with too-much-coffee-not-enough-Colgate
 smiles, scare the neighbours
 whose houses are marked
 by Chuck's hanging with knotted laces

what wicked, wicked birds

inside, aunty paces
 shaking wicked wing in hand
we could all be like Elon Musk if we work hard enough,
 one day
 let us be winners
 with pristine windscreens
 unexpired regos, waving haere rā to WINZ,
 Pepsi in plastic wine glasses
 our plates
 filled with fleshless bones

but until then
 we'll throw jandals
 and buckets of washing water
 at the pigeons pooping from our powerlines
 and wonder
 if pigeons catch Teslas
 windows-down
 vulnerable



Angry Samoan wife experiences: the substandard care of Māori and Pacific peoples



ANTONINA MIRIAMA SAVELIO (ULUTOGIA & LEULUMOEKA, SĀMOA)

"Thank you for this. Do you know Māori and Pacific people do not complain? They do not lodge official complaints," said Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Margaret Wilsher in a meeting for the Auckland District Health Board (ADHB).

She shared this waving a hard copy of my email complaint in her right hand. As stunned as I was by this statement, it didn't surprise me at all. For over 10 months, I just could not let go of the deep sense of injustices experienced by my Māori husband, Jonathan, within the public health system. I knew I needed an outlet after re-telling my husband's story with the fantastic staff at Dove House Hospice earlier this year. So, with my 'angry Sāmoan wife' persona, I lodged a complaint on his behalf. You see, being a highly educated, skilled, and mature Pacific woman equipped me with the confidence to start this journey for my husband. Ultimately, this process was about uplifting him, giving a voice to his story, and more importantly to heal and restore his mana.

While there is a growing number of research and media articles on inequitable health

While there is a growing number of research and media articles on inequitable health outcomes for Māori and Pacific peoples, the statistics remain grim.

outcomes for Māori and Pacific peoples, the statistics remain grim. It all reads towards racial discrimination at individual (micro) and institutional (macro) levels. Despite decades of multi-million dollar government spending to address these, the statistics have barely shifted. Hence, the establishment of the Māori Health Authority is a pioneering step in the right direction. Here I agree with Minister of Health, Andrew Little, that the existing system does not work and it's time to rip it up and rebuild. More to the point, this system was built from colonial roots to cater for the predominantly white population. This antiquated framework was not designed for us.

I want to add some real-life examples of what a lot of us experience. Although reports include correct terms such as 'lifestyle advice', this does not sit comfortably with me. For instance, hands up those that have been told without explanation to lose weight, cut down on our food intake and do some exercise? We are told to go away, sort this out, and then our medical complaints will be taken seriously and treated. This is like a standard script memorised and read to Māori and Pacific patients when we seek medical help. I find receiving this 'lifestyle advice' patronising and victim blaming. For me, these messages are received with a sense of shame and with some puzzlement. In that they don't think I already know I'm big. That I cannot see the obvious looking back at me in the mirror every day.

According to the newly released report, 2021 Bula Sautu A window on quality 2021: Pacific health in the year of COVID-19, high weight is a contributing factor where the Pacific population that from suffer high levels of gout, diabetes and cardiovascular disease. In the same way being labeled as 'big', Midwife

Shifting the focus to really listen to what patients are sharing would have made my experience different.

Fa'afana Temese experienced barriers as a mother herself in maternal health care. Dr. Sirovai Fuata'i hit it on the nail. 'We should roll out programmes that support people and help them understand that they still can enjoy life, live socially in a way that their communities naturally happen, but support them in a way that we can say, 'These are the things you can do, that you can manage and control. And we'll support you if you reach this end point.' This approach is both practical and realistic.

Shifting the focus to really listen to what patients are sharing would have made my experience different. I spent over two decades trying to deal with women's health issues. Back and forth I went to the doctors. Back and forth I went to get ultrasound scans done. As you can guess, I was given countless instances of 'lifestyle advice' and told to go on the pill. After years of experiencing these indifferent responses, I just sucked it up and got on with life as best as I could.

However, by 2015 I had had enough. My ordeal was becoming stressful and untenable. I was in the middle of a six-month argument with my gynaecologist over my request for a hysterectomy, when an ADHB quality survey arrived in my email inbox. I thought, 'Wow!

I am actually being asked about my recent experience with the health system.' So I took full advantage and filled out all the questions. Right at the end, there was an option for my complaints (or "unsatisfactory experiences") to be followed up by a staff member, which I agreed to. In short, the survey provided an opportunity to lay a formal complaint and I was subsequently re-assigned to a senior specialist.

During my first appointment with her, there was no 'lifestyle advice' given at all. The senior specialist took the time to explain to me the different scenarios that were playing out with my health. She even drew pictures and walked me through all these. It was a first for me to be shown a tangible link between weight gain and my condition. Can you imagine how incredulous I was to find out exactly what was happening to me? I was never informed that my reproductive health problems were in fact not normal. The term "shock" is an understatement. This news was more bittersweet because my own teenage daughter was beginning to go

through the same thing. She was on the verge of needing a blood transfusion. As a mother, I was devastated because I had no idea our predicament was a problem. Since then, I have shared my stories with many others. I know for a fact that this is not unheard-of in our communities. These are all sad but reoccurring themes.

By sharing my 'angry Sāmoan wife' rant, I hope to help others to no longer accept substandard care. I want this story to give our whānau, our 'aiga, our families, our friends, and our communities clear transparent pathways to voice their unsatisfactory interactions within the health system. To empower them with tools to address situations that don't sit quite right, situations that are uncomfortable or unsafe, and situations that feel were culturally inappropriate. I am hopeful our story and the following links to our local DHB will start the kōrero, talanoa, dialogue for us to voice our angst so that substandard care is no longer acceptable. Preferably, a thing of the past.

LINKS FOR TĀMAKI MAKAURAU

Auckland District Health Board

<https://www.adhb.health.nz/contact-and-feedback/compliments-and-complaints/#ConsumerLiaisonContactDetails>
feedback@adhd.govt.nz or phone 09 375 7048

Waitematā District Health Board

<https://www.waitematadhb.govt.nz/patients-visitors/tell-us-what-you-think/>
Phone: 09 486 8920 extn 43153

Counties Manukau District Health Board

<https://www.countiesmanukau.health.nz/contact-us/feedback-form/>
feedbackcentral@middlemore.co.nz or phone 09 277 1660



A Mission to Connect

Overcoming an identity crisis through the power of linguistics, and God too!



LAKI TIATIA (LELEPA, AVAO AND NOFOALI'I, SAMOA) BACHELOR OF ARTS (HISTORY AND SOCIOLOGY)

'You're Samoan, but don't speak Samoan?'

'He's *pālagi* (European) but knows Samoan better than you?'

When I was a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Samoa, these were questions I was constantly asked by confused people. No longer could I get away with '*ua?*' (how's it?) or '*seki uce*' (algood bro). It was like my identity as a self-proclaimed 685, Samoa mo Samoa diehard was now openly exposed as a lie like a band-aid ripped off an open wound.

Three years ago, I had put work and uni on hold to serve as a missionary. As part of my missionary training in Provo, Utah, I was taught basic grammar and vocab in the Samoan language. Here I was, halfway around the world, being taught my mother tongue by others when I had my mother speak to me in Samoan my whole life.

Asked often by others I finally came to seriously ask myself, why. *Why hadn't I learnt my language?* The excuses of 'my parents didn't teach me', or 'I didn't really grow up around it' gave way to the only real reason - I

was *mā* (embarrassed). Too embarrassed to give it a go. Past experience taught me to only say one word and pronounce it properly. Enough for people to know I was Samoan, but also enough so they couldn't figure out I was 'plastic'.

But now as a missionary in Samoa I was expected to talk with everyone, teach, and give sermons - all in Samoan. Slowly, most of the time painfully awkward, I started. First, I began with words. Then, sentences.

'Today, all you gotta do is say that one line' my missionary trainer would tell me. We'd go from *fale to fale* (house to house) and I would say my one line at each. Over time, line by line, sentences were weaved together.

Six months in, I could say pretty much whatever I wanted to. Although I could express myself I could not always articulate exactly what I was thinking or feeling. Even now I struggle at times.

As with all things, people often see the finished product removed from the intense processes needed to shape it. Being immersed in language, culture, and faith for two years in Samoa meant that I came home 'fluent' but if only you could hear the '*kalofaes*' (poor thing) and the "*ea lou tala?*" (what did you say?) I would constantly get as I attempted to expand my vocab.

Through the battles of awkwardness and embarrassment came the victories. Through my one liners I could ask people how they were and what they did that day, what they were interested in and liked doing. Slowly, the one liners progressed to full conversations. Looking back now I see how those one liners were the foundations of my conversations which in turn deepened my relationship with the people I lived amongst. As weak as my Samoan was, the one liners kept me within



range to stay connected with the people and culture.

Understandably, not all of us have the time to live in the outbacks of the Pacific for two years but we can and must make the effort. Start by listening to Pasefika jams! Take a language class. Visit Māngere Town Centre, to hear the noise of Pasefika people laughing and speaking their mother tongue. Start with your own one liner, even.

These one liners strung together can help fasten us to a greater sense of connection to culture. As part of the diaspora we, and future families, will eventually grow further from the roots of our ancestral trees. Would your kids be able to go back to the islands and stay in the village? To play on the *fanua* (land) your ancestors worked? Or will they be segregated by the resorts and restaurants, robbed of an opportunity to experience the true Island life? For me, New Zealand may be a place of milk and honey, but my Samoan taste buds will always naturally crave *fa'alifu* (coconut marinade) and *koko* (cacao).

Start the journey to connect, regardless of the mockers and those that call you plastic. Your culture is yours and so is the language. Although on the tongue it may be second, in the blood it runs first.

U'umau lou tofi.

Ia, manuia.



The Alley where Holy Weeps

THOMAS. O. DANEÓ

In the beginning. No day, no night.
No time, no space. Let there be light

Great creators of a time. A time of unknown
From where they came? Everywhere they roamed
Destroyers and time-keepers. Lords of sea, thunder and war
Underworlds of wrath and pain. Trees with worlds and bigger lore

Tareā mai tea o katoa. Too many to count
Sumerian. Aztec. Many more. Impossible to climb the mount
Two feet step in the sands. In the hand is a tool
Rocks are the first material. They carve out the shapes. Bow down and
worship the face
Angel of Death. Lord of the Flies. Civilizations start and then they rise
Millenia stayed. The Fall. Sad cries. Metal statues. Industrialize.

E 'akarongo mai meitaki kōtou. I received a vision. The path I will show
As it gets longer, we will survive. I promise you I do not lie
Financial gain. Promises made. Some are true. Others are stained
Emptiness is everywhere. In strange and mundane
This is not what was meant to be

It rains from above. Tall buildings all around
You hear it from rooftops and the streets
The cries in the Alley where Holy Weeps

Starving. Scavenging. Scrounging. Slaying
All days are filled. No time for praying.
Mud may metamorphosise. From liquid to solid
A single to a line. A new age to a new time

Yet soon there too many. Lost without a guide
Holy sees they are in need. A good way to survive. Come. Take heed
Holy teaches and protects. Goals from the very start
Teaching love and peace. Warmth made from fleece
Great Walls are built. None can keep them out
Inside they arise. Bursting upwards like a waterspout

Mata kakā. Matā kai. Stomachs for food
Skin for comfort. Genitals for flesh

Speaking not for Holy. They speak for only them
Saying they speak for Holy. The start of a cataclysm
Rhymes and hymns woven. Some don't even rhyme
They sweeten with sugar. They spice up with thyme.
Now they see thy neighbour. Te 'ākara atu nei rātou i te aro
They see only the difference. Tuatua rātou "Aere ki raro"
Many extended their hand. But others raise their fist
Holy cannot understand. Holy did not want this

Many hate Holy. Directionless Blame. Holy walks through the dark
It always knew it was inside. But it balanced it with light
How much light shall hide?

It rains from above. Total darkness. No sleep. Just the cries from the
Alley where Holy Weeps.

Things written by people. Words of whom?
Changed for self-purpose. Sweep the truth away with a broom
So often they are used. Sentences will repeat
Clones meals served to eat. Sayings of an endless looped street
Learn on the day of the sun. Many have learned none
Disobeying the rules. Raising false daughters and sons

A stone carved star. A plastic statue
Sitting since when unknown. Fragments forever, or dull?
On the road ahead. What covers the way?
Pō? Maru tōputapata? Ē te vero o te rā?

A new path ahead. Will Holy walk along it
Another one. Many there are
What lies ahead cannot not be seen. For it is afar

Will there be war?
Will there be truth
Will there be unity?
Will there be peace
Or will there always be The Alley where Holy Weeps?

Foki Mai Ki Api

KAT TAUFALELE (VAVA'U AND FANGA 'O PILOLEVU, IN NUKU'ALOFA TONGA) STUDYING A BA/LLB

The first time i tasted *plastic*
Was at age six
Playing pick up sticks next to brown boys with bird bones
Heard the crack of their laughter as they spat *it* at me on asphalt.
At fourteen being force-fed a double hand in the diaspora
"You're *plastic*."

My identity reduced to a single word, laced with disappointment. As if assimilation is something to be embarrassed about.
Hide it under the bed, create our own monsters in our head and wonder why we're afraid of the dark.
Stark memories of my homeland hidden beneath the shadows cast by the Long White Cloud

If 'home is where the heart is',
then mine is tethered to the thickened
blood washing out the
water of the womb

Your culture
isn't something you can just hold onto with wide eyes and open palms- trust me, I
know.

It'll
slip through the cracked pavements it grew up on,
down to the buried bones of forgotten ancestors.

Could you still call a place home, if your words tastes like oil on the seas of tradition your mother tongue embracing English at the airport.
Would it still be home? If you've never heard a voice saying
'Ofa'anga, foki mai ki api.

Darling, come back home.

What?

I'm Samoan and No One Believes It

Sob story no more. I'm grown now <3



ANNDI RAM (MATAUTU AND LEFAGA, SAMOA) FINAL YEAR STUDYING AN LLB/BCOM MAJORING IN ECONOMICS AND MARKETING.

A year ago, I was at an art show when someone asked if I was *really* Samoan. Before I could answer, I was interrupted by a friend who chuckled and responded, "you don't want to know man, it's her greatest sob story." For months on end, I thought about this comment. Was it really my greatest sob story? Were my struggles and experiences being Indian-Samoan really nothing more than just a sob story in my head?

For as long as I can remember, walking into a room full of Samoan people was something I dreaded because it was always one out of two interactions. Stares, silence and then the word *Initia* (Indian) followed by laughter or stares and the brutal questioning of why I was there *if I'm Indian*.

However, it was not these interactions which made my experiences as an Indian-Samoan person a 'sob story'. Rather, it was always having my Indian cultural identity being pointed out, this questioning over my history overshadowing a large part of who I really was. No matter where I went, I always felt

there was a large chunk of my people who failed to see my mum in me, excluding her inclusion in my life entirely. The only thing I could blame was my Indian passing looks.

My Samoan-passing sister had a breezy life. I thought as a kid. No one doubled back to look at her (or rather, doubting her 'Samoan-ness') or called her out for being Indian. Growing up though, as I tried my hardest to fit into our Samoan community, my sister did the opposite, giving herself solos in her Indian dance groups, putting on Indian accents at the shopping mall and full blasting Punjabi music in her car.

All these things would consistently embarrass and anger me because she was undoing all my work. I was bending backwards to bridge the gap between people seeing me as 'just' an Indian girl and what I really wanted them to see me as, a **Samoan**. And there she was... undoing it all with all her Indian things.

We clashed for years until I read about

intersectionality at the University. It changed my perceptions of our relationship entirely. It was then, I realised that her Indian-Samoan identity was in fact *a sob story that we shared*. While I cried throughout my childhood for being Indian-passing and wanting to be seen as Samoan, she cried for wanting to be recognised as an Indian.

For me, making this realisation was a huge step in my cultural identity and putting the sob story in the past. I was able to use my sister's experience as a way of looking at my experiences from a new light. To me, she was my sister, and I knew who she was; we grew up the same and she was just as Indian as I was. That was enough for me to accept my own looks and realise I am who I am, my ancestors and my culture. I am Samoan - and that's that.

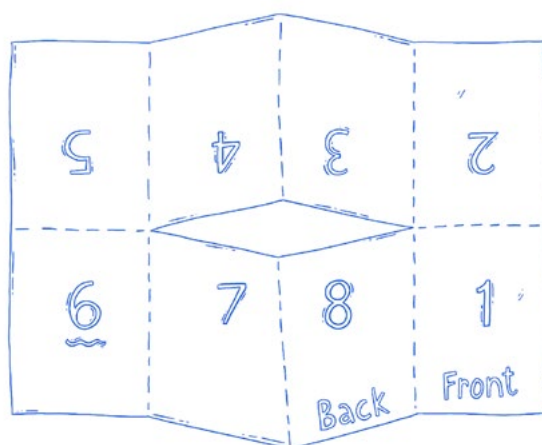
If I know my sister should not have to prove her cultural identity because I know her, then why should I? We know who we are and if someone wants to question it - that sh't is on them.

STUDENT DEAL

\$10 for 15 Credits!

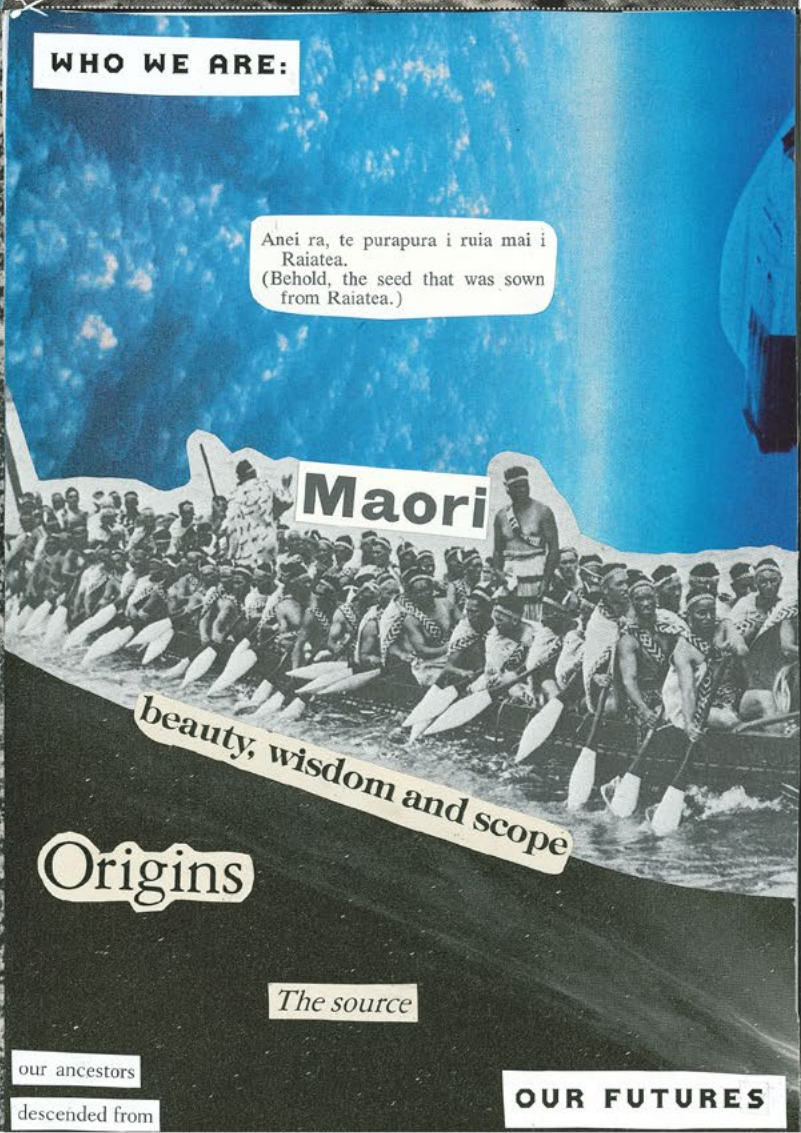
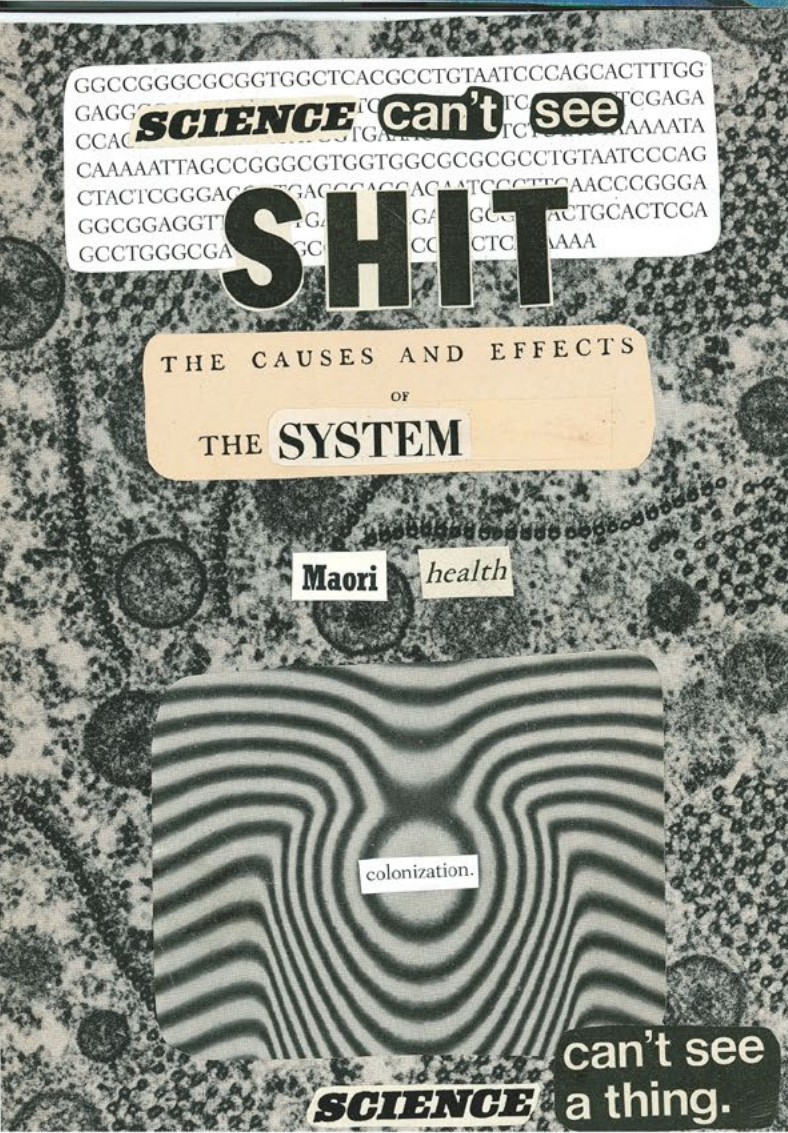
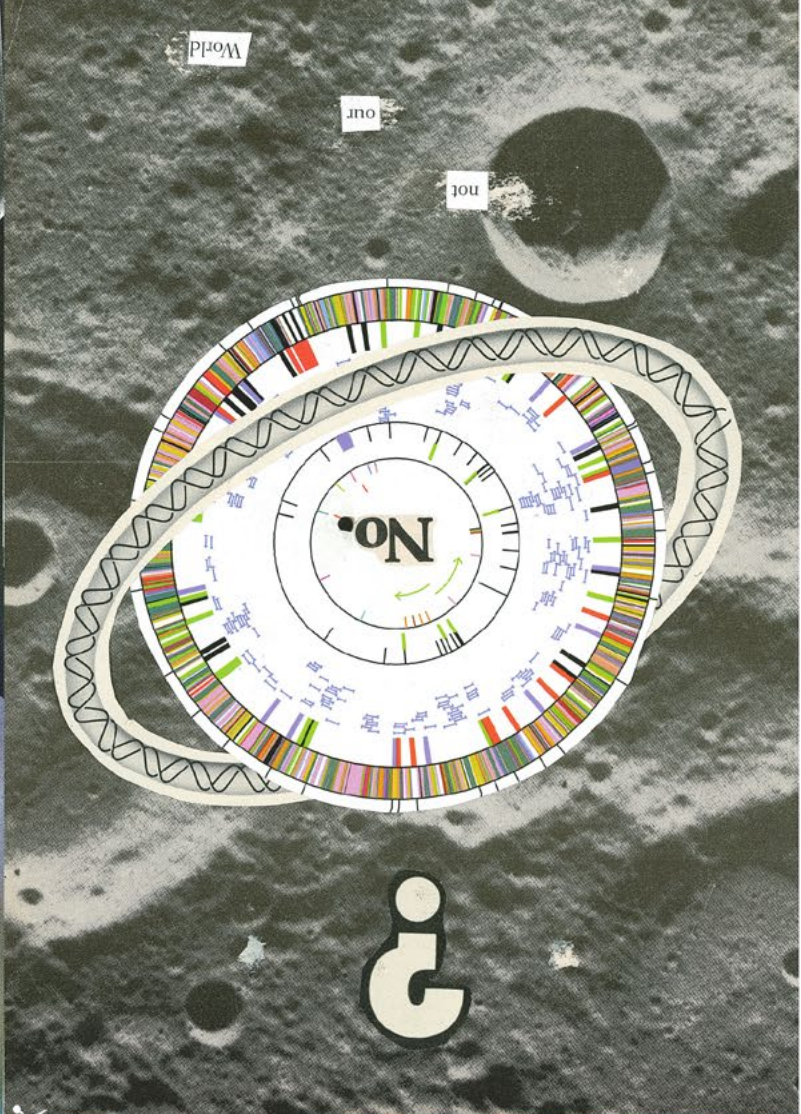
@ SkyWorld, 291 Queen St. Student ID required.
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GAME ON



cut along the dotted line on
the zine between the two
middle pages and fold so
that the pages correspond to
the illustration on the right

ZINE BY HANA BURGESS NGĀPUHI, TE ROROA, TE ĀTIHAUNUI A
PAPARANGI, NGĀTI TUWHARETOA
@HMPAUA



ALL TYPES OF INADEQUACY

DNA, Dollars, and Drugs

Gene Hunting

genetics

ractism

fascism

ACT1 ACT2 ACT3 ACT4 ACT5 ACT6 ACT7 ACT8 ACT9 ACT10 ACT11 ACT12 ACT13 ACT14 ACT15 ACT16 ACT17 ACT18 ACT19 ACT20 ACT21 ACT22 ACT23 ACT24 ACT25 ACT26 ACT27 ACT28 ACT29 ACT30 ACT31 ACT32 ACT33 ACT34 ACT35 ACT36 ACT37 ACT38 ACT39 ACT40 ACT41 ACT42 ACT43 ACT44 ACT45 ACT46 ACT47 ACT48 ACT49 ACT50 ACT51 ACT52 ACT53 ACT54 ACT55 ACT56 ACT57 ACT58 ACT59 ACT60 ACT61 ACT62 ACT63 ACT64 ACT65 ACT66 ACT67 ACT68 ACT69 ACT70 ACT71 ACT72 ACT73 ACT74 ACT75 ACT76 ACT77 ACT78 ACT79 ACT80 ACT81 ACT82 ACT83 ACT84 ACT85 ACT86 ACT87 ACT88 ACT89 ACT90 ACT91 ACT92 ACT93 ACT94 ACT95 ACT96 ACT97 ACT98 ACT99 ACT100

ALL TYPES OF INADEQUACY

DNA, Dollars, and Drugs

Gene Hunting

genetics

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ACT1 ACT2 ACT3 ACT4 ACT5 ACT6 ACT7 ACT8 ACT9 ACT10 ACT11 ACT12 ACT13 ACT14 ACT15 ACT16 ACT17 ACT18 ACT19 ACT20 ACT21 ACT22 ACT23 ACT24 ACT25 ACT26 ACT27 ACT28 ACT29 ACT30 ACT31 ACT32 ACT33 ACT34 ACT35 ACT36 ACT37 ACT38 ACT39 ACT40 ACT41 ACT42 ACT43 ACT44 ACT45 ACT46 ACT47 ACT48 ACT49 ACT50 ACT51 ACT52 ACT53 ACT54 ACT55 ACT56 ACT57 ACT58 ACT59 ACT60 ACT61 ACT62 ACT63 ACT64 ACT65 ACT66 ACT67 ACT68 ACT69 ACT70 ACT71 ACT72 ACT73 ACT74 ACT75 ACT76 ACT77 ACT78 ACT79 ACT80 ACT81 ACT82 ACT83 ACT84 ACT85 ACT86 ACT87 ACT88 ACT89 ACT90 ACT91 ACT92 ACT93 ACT94 ACT95 ACT96 ACT97 ACT98 ACT99 ACT100

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know your world...

remember.
something new

extend your possibilities.
purposeful imagination....in form

the
FUTURE



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remember.
something new

extend your possibilities.
purposeful imagination....in form

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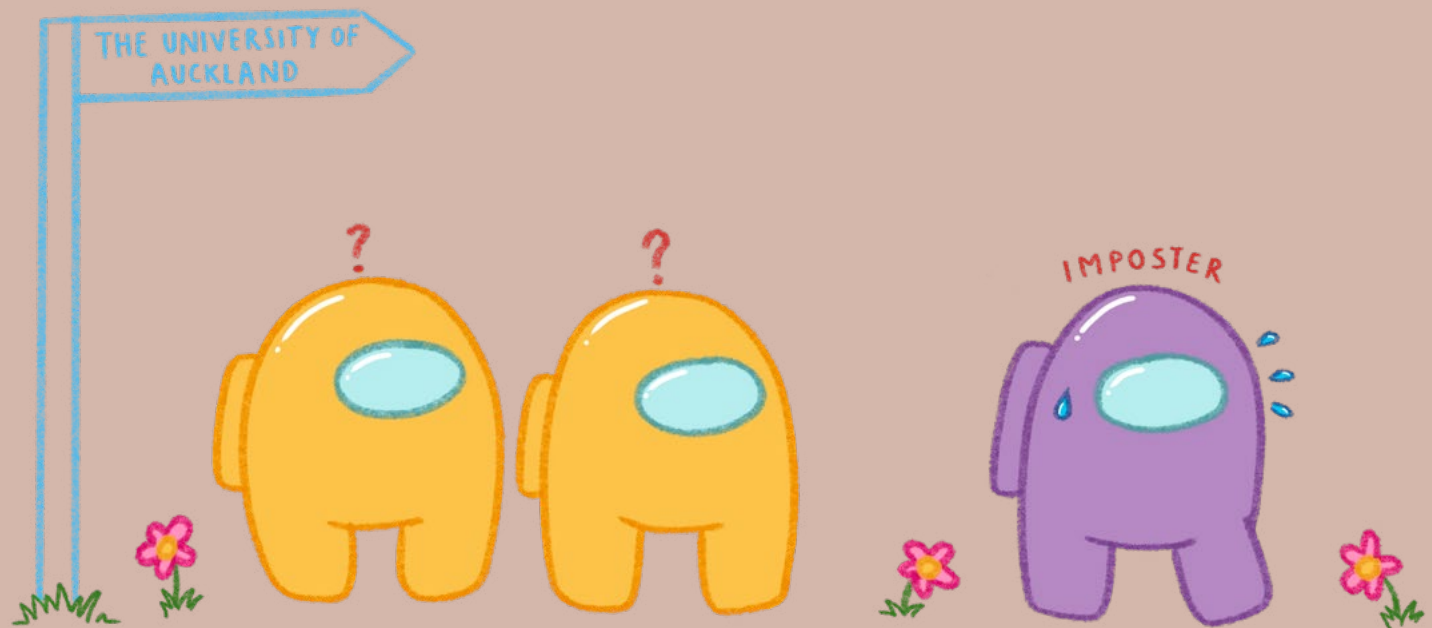
extend your possibilities.
purposeful imagination....in form

the
FUTURE

A collage featuring a woman in a white dress against a starry space background, with a DNA helix and a chemical structure in the top left. Text elements include "beyond genomics" and "deep excitement in today's scientific world."

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Dealing with the Imposter

It's time to squash out your self-doubt



ASHLEU VAOTUUA

In a space where you cannot see yourself, it's easy to feel that you don't belong. Or to think that you're undeserving of an opportunity, a voice, or success. These feelings of fraudulence have been defined as the imposter syndrome. It's everywhere but nowhere at the same time, because while it's something that is felt by so many, it is rarely talked about or recognised. In essence, you feel like an imposter within your own life.

Lack of representation forces one to feel as though certain spaces are not meant for them, even when those are the spaces they are needed most. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that imposter syndrome is most common amongst minority groups and women. This means that for Māori and Pacific women in this institution, the imposter is a deafening reminder of how different they are to the majority. I spoke to three female students from the Māori and Pacific group here at the University. I asked them: "What does your imposter tell you?" Lanna is an undergraduate student who talks about how being brown has intensified the voice of her own imposter.

Lanna Tuanai Rafael

Samoan, Chinese

"Being part of the Pacific minority group, where only speckles of brown can be seen amongst University environments, the imposter syndrome is more prevalent. The voice at the back of my head towers above my ambitions and clouds my vision to success. Sometimes to the point where I am reminded that if it weren't for the scholarships and achievements under my name, I wouldn't have set foot in University in the first place. But who can blame a student entering a facility that is not specifically designed for them? I understand my people are held at a disadvantage compared to others, and our imposters consistently drag us down, but there's also beauty to it. To break barriers, to eradicate stereotypes, and to be one of many brown generations to succeed."

I spent my primary and secondary school years in South Auckland. Every day I was surrounded by people who looked like me and shared the same background as me which was a huge benefit to my success. I was not prepared for the culture shock I

would experience in my first lecture being one of five brown faces in the theatre of over 100 students. Only then did I begin to notice the small voice in my head telling me that I didn't deserve to be at the University, that I was perhaps the dumbest person in the class, and that my voice and thoughts were not valid because they were different.

The imposter targets people to think that differences are not only weaknesses, but barriers to success. This brings to light one

Lack of representation forces one to feel as though certain spaces are not meant for them, even when those are the spaces they are needed most.

of the most harmful effects of colonisation, the colonisation of the mind, to think that Western ideas and ways are superior. Hence, anything different is not worthy of success leading minority groups to undermine themselves compared to the majority. These histories of oppression provide the foundation for imposter syndrome to be a harder battle for people of colour.

Faaiuga is an undergraduate student who has also established her own photography business *Ugas Lens* and founded the group *UmotivateU*. This group aims to raise the statistics of Pacific youth attending tertiary institutions and break stereotypes. However, she also battles her own imposter that at times makes her question her success.

Faaiuga Vaialia Talitonu

Samoan

"My imposter says to me that sometimes I am undeserving of my success. When I get rewarded for something, I sometimes don't feel completely happy and start to question whether I worked hard enough or if it was just given to me because of my kindness. I tend to doubt myself and will force myself to work harder than I did before. As a result, I end up being mentally drained or really sick. It's an everyday battle because although I believe I am doing great things, my imposter will always find a way to change it. Being brown intensifies these feelings, and while it's beautiful, at times, it's scary too. When I walk into spaces where I'm the only brown person, I immediately get

anxious because I feel like I don't belong in that space. I categorize myself as an outsider, and I am reminded of all the stereotypes that exist upon brown people."

One of the most helpful ways of dealing with imposter syndrome is to talk about it or find role models of success that represent who you are and where you come from. Zoe Henry is a PHD student who has also worked in various roles such as a GTA and student advisor, educating and providing support for other students coming through University. She gives insight into changing the conversation around imposter syndrome.

Zoe Henry

Niue, Māori, Pakeha

"My imposter second-guesses every decision I make and makes it twice as difficult to feel good about the work that I do. My imposter always has an alternative reason as to why something went really well and downplays the things that I'm good at or know about. As a Māori-Pacific woman in this institution, the imposter always points out how different I am to everyone else. Whether it's based on appearance or research differences, or even simple kaupapa, it is all these differences that are magnified and add to the self-doubt."

"I'm really lucky to be in a space where I can work with our student communities. When I see other students experience and talk about going through imposter syndrome, it kind of shakes me up a bit. Our students are brilliant and brave,

Whatever your imposter tells you, it's important to realise that these things are not true and that the people around you are battling their own imposters too.

and to see them undermine themselves or not see that brilliance really gets to me. It forces me to step up and out from the shadow of my own imposter so that the conversation between me and our students change, we're no longer talking about all the ways in which we're not good enough, but we're focusing on the things that we bring to the table and the things that make us great and feel great."

Whatever your imposter tells you, it's important to realise that these things are not true and that the people around you are battling their own imposters too. While you may never fully eliminate your imposter, dealing with it means convincing yourself that you are worthy of success. And if you're a Māori or Pacific woman reading this — you descend from a long line of revolutionary, strong, brave women who broke barriers for you to be present in this very moment. Your imposter could never compete with the power you hold in your gafa/whakapapa. You'll be okay, sis.

AUMSA Presents

LET'S NOT GET SICKENING

Charity Drag Show



Hosted by Anita

Tues 3 August • 7pm • Phoenix Venue • 258 K' Rd

100% of profits will be donated to the New Zealand AIDS Foundation & Auckland Pride

Reviews.



IG REVIEW @KAPA_HAKA_MEMES

CARL DOOR

Fan cams of kapa haka performers, Wendy William edits and iwi anthems. What else could you want? The instagram page **Kapa_haka_Memes** is a one stop shop for the modern Māori memelord.

Hilariously Māori the memes crack a smile from all generations with nan's and koro's alike chuckling to a bit of Ngāpuhi slander. Memes shitting on the tutor and videos of women 'fighting' for the front row middle position, it's everything a 'haka freak' could ever want. A page for the haka fanatic, watcher and weekend supporter **Kapa_haka_Memes** presents marae banter in a digestible way. You don't have to be a pā kid to get the humor. Choosing to put a Māori twist on the latest Tik Tok trends is refreshingly different while also being knowingly familiar to the modern Māori.

Speaking of Tik Tok, the page presence resembles that of a stan account. Choosing to use K-pop idols' images and editing thirst videos of younger kaihaka (no complaints here) the page looks like that of a fangirls account.

Kapa_haka_Memes is a Māori youth response to culture, social media and the changing landscapes of tikanga. Acting as a place to wānanga the page holds frequent Q&A in an attempt to bring forward issues currently being debated in te ao Māori. No topic is off limits; the use of kirituhi on non-Māori, upcoming haka leaders and what the future of te ao maori could look like are discussed at length. The responses are often fresh and differ from the opinion of older leaders. And unlike at the hui table youth voices and opinions are appreciated.

This page is fresh, niche and all encompassing. It's managed to bring not only me closer to my cousins but to my culture also. It gives me hope that as the times progress so do we te ao Māori.

Culturally centered, youth focussed and crack up.



LISTEN NUKU WOMEN

MAIRĀTEA MOHI

3 years, 100 indigenous women and a thousand stories. The **NUKU Women** podcast is a 100 episode series exploring the extraordinary lives of one hundred Indigenous female change-makers and leaders. The brain child of award-winning journalist and visual artist **Qiane Matata-Sipu**, the project focuses on interviewing, photographing and filming kickass indigenous change-makers.

With just over 70 episodes, interviews are released every Wednesday. From interviewing Tā moko artist to chatting with 70 year-olds about sex, there's a wide variety and you'll find your own story in at least one of these women. In trying to portray the diverse realities of wāhine taketake here in Aotearoa **NUKU Women** interviews some of my personal heroes like Tina Ngata and Stacey Morrison while also trying to provide a space for up and coming wāhine leaders.

The range of stories is incredible with every woman managing to leave some sort of wisdom with you before her hour of honour is up. I listened to a story about a 14 year old with a successful business and kicked myself stupid because I can't even make it to my once a week 2pm lecture.

The podcast came to my attention at the news that Matata-Sipu had been collating the interviews into a book and was in need of help. At her call I applied and was given access to stories published and unpublished and began to write. What I didn't expect was to leave so empowered. I had entered this space with no previous knowledge and a working mindset, but by story three I had ugly tears. So I listened, I broke down and I picked it all back up again multiple times within a single interview. This is the power of **NUKU**.

So whether that be through book, ear or right here we hope you give NUKU Women a try.



TV THE RING-INZ

JOE KING

Documenting the highs and lows of Kapa Haka drama, **The Ring Inz** is a modern-day Māori comedy for the kids raised on the marae. Filmed in the style of a mockumentary, the show follows the journey of a rookie kapa team gearing up for their national competition campaign.

As a haka kid who barely made it to the stage this series really calls me out. From failing double hand poi to trying to avoid wharepaku duty, the authenticity was felt throughout. Characters also shared my struggles in hitting the high note of the waiata-ā-ringa and remembering lines.

However, for a show about kapa haka they failed to cast some actual kaihaka or performers. So while the kapa haka may be teetz (check page 37), the humor, drama and even te reo make up for it. Filled with hilarious one liners in both English and Te Reo Māori it's best watched on Māori television as the subtitling is some of the most natural, snappy translations I've seen in recent years.

The series feels like attending a hui at a marae you've never been to before. Filled with haka politics, grumpy aunties and a questionable sneaky link in the mattress room, it feels like a wild weekend away at noho. A must watch for haka fanatics and supporters.



FILM SIONE'S WEDDING

WILL UMAREMI

If you were looking for a light-hearted comedy to distract you from the stresses of uni life, then look no further, because the Duckrockers from Sione's Wedding have got you covered. Co-written alongside **James Griffin**, Sione's Wedding is the 2006 cinematic work of the comedy group, Naked Samoans - Oscar Kightley, David Fane, Robbie Magasiva, and Iaheto Ah Hi (remember bro'Town? Yeah, they were also the masterminds of that).

With good ol' Auckland Central as its backdrop the movie features your hilarious thirty-something best friends with the mental ages of 16. These guys are so renowned for causing madness at weddings and celebrations that their soon-to-be-married best friend bans them from his wedding. They are offered an ultimatum: find dates to the wedding - and not just any girl stupid enough to go for free food - but girlfriends or risk being abandoned. The Duckrockers then head out on their mission full of hilarious struggles, failed hook up attempts, and parties gone wrong.

This movie is so freakin' funny, I can't count how many times I've come back to it when I needed a mood-lifter. The whole movie is topped with hilarious skit after another displaying each of the boys' struggles in finding a girlfriend. My favourite part was when one of the mates, meets with his party line hookup who doesn't look what he expected:

"Latisha? You said you were a size 14!"

"Pfft, I am!"

"Aw, your feet may be!"

Free to watch on NZ On Demand, Sione's Wedding is guaranteed to make you laugh your tits off.



COMFORT VIEWING BRO'TOWN

MICHAEL JONES

When it came to New Zealand television in the 2000s era, the Naked Samoans were in their bag. Written and voiced over by Oscar Kightley, David Fane, Shimpal Lelisi and others, bro'Town made its way to people's television screens in 2004. Although likened to satirical shows such as South Park, Family Guy, and The Boondocks, bro'Town deserves its own spotlight. Bro'Town was a pioneer as not only New Zealand's first adult animation television show, but by the fact it was spearheaded by a group of Polynesian film writers.

Bro'Town follows the antics of five teenagers growing up in Morningside. The first episode "The Weakest Link" started out with a bang introducing the main characters: Sione, Mack, Jeff da Māori, Vale, and Valea who represent their school in a quiz competition. It doesn't take long to reveal the boys are utter thickheads but extremely loveable. The characters embody stereotypes of different groups of people, but that's what makes the show funny. And no one is left untouched - everyone is satirised in the show. You have your immature brown boys, gambling single parent on a benefit, snot-nosed rich white people, dodgy pastor, Indian dairy owner and much more.

Bro'Town is silly, outrageous, crude, and topical. In the first episode when the Pākeha organisers of the quiz competition told the Māori show host to prevent the Morningside boys from winning, the host exclaims, "You're asking me to cheat, like your people did at Waitangi?!" Another one of my favourite moments was in "Go Home Stay Home" where Vale and Valea are taken away by CYFS, and their alcoholic gambling-addict father tries to get them back when he finds out he no longer qualifies for a benefit without them in his care.

Overall, bro'Town is not for the faint or sensitive-hearted. But, if you have a dark or self-deprecating sense of humour, you may want to kick back to this. This show is definitely not something for intellectual viewing, but for light, crack-up entertainment.

"Morningside fo' life!"



WEEKLY TOP TEN

1. GET TO WORK

Grecco Romank

2. SPISSKY

Phoebe Rings

3. DALLIANCE

Grawlixes

4. CAT DOOR

A Blunt Jester

5. REDUX

Deepstate

6. QUEEN OF THE UNDERGROUND

Goat

7. BEAT UP, BULLIED AND DUNKED ON

Mazbou Q

8. HOPEFUL SYMPHONY

Proteins Of Magic

9. GRAVEYAR

Treenurse

10. CROSSING

Sulfate

ILLUSTRATION BY NIRVANA HALDER



Indigenous Samoan Dance as Therapy

How fa'afafine use indigenous dance to reach resilience and healing.



IATUA RICHARD FELAGI TAITO. QUEER ADVOCATE. (LANO, SALAILUA IN SAVAI'I SAMOA, WEST AUCKLAND-BRED). BACHELOR OF ARTS (DRAMA AND PACIFIC STUDIES), STUDYING MASTERS IN DANCE.

Dance has always been a universal language but with some members of a minority group within the Pasifika community - it's been used to heal intergenerational trauma, garner confidence and reconnect with a culture that hasn't been fully acceptive of their identity.

Mario Faumui calls fa'afafine using dance as making "noise with our bodies". Faumui is a gay Samoan, with mannerisms and energy like a fa'afafine.

Fa'afafine is a gender fluid role in the Samoan culture, often considered a third gender.

Fa'a means to be in the manner of, and *fafine* means woman.

They are biologically male Samoans who have effeminate mannerisms.

In Samoa's culture, fa'afafine are accepted and considered a part of the society but when Christianity arrived, the narrative flipped and they were viewed as comedic relief.

Colonisation labelled them as morally abominable.

It was in Bible verses like Leviticus 20:13, condemning the practise homosexuality and its detestable sin, that left fa'afafine feeling suppressed, even though they were a renowned third gender in Samoa.

In Samoa's culture, fa'afafine are accepted and considered a part of the society but when Christianity arrived, the narrative flipped and they were viewed as comedic relief.

It's this complexity that leaves fa'afafine in a confused state of their spirituality or religious affiliation.

Same-sex marriage in Samoa is illegal. This means fa'afafine are often caught in the margins of being tolerated culturally but shunned for their sexuality.

For some fa'afafine, it's become a journey of acceptance and emotional trauma, trying to find a place in both worlds.

A fa'afafine public servant, Simeonica Tuiteleleapaga, was asked by a Samoan male colleague if she was a woman, subjecting her to harassment asking her to prove she was a woman by telling her to take her skirt off.

These types of experiences can trigger trauma reactions, ranging from numbness, self blame and feeling ultimately helpless.

This is a common struggle that transcends fa'afafine but other queer groups in the Pacific, including MVPFAFF+, a term coined by Phylesha Brown to create a Polynesian twist on "LGBTQ+." MVPFAFF+ means Mahu (Hawaii), Vaka sa lewa lewa (Fiji), Palopa (Papua New Guinea), Fa'afafine (Samoa), Akava'ine (Cook Islands), Fakaleiti (Tonga) and Fakafifine (Niue).

For some fa'afafine, the medium of dance has been used to garner healing from emotional trauma of being who they are.



Dance has been a way to heal intergenerational trauma, a portal that can revitalise lost dormant histories within colonisation.

It's been used to garner confidence, an emotional outlet to move trauma in the way one can *se'e* (glide), whilst doing the *siva Samoa* (traditional graceful Samoan dance)

It's in the way one gracefully moves one's hands, putting them together to *pati* (clap) and *po* (closed clap) to create an abstract story of internal struggle and strife creatively.

Dance is viewed as healing evoking spiritual connection, as well as reconnecting and gaining a form of cathartic nature that can ultimately connect one with their deceased loves with movement.

Dance has been so important for fa'afafine.

It heals, it feels good.

The siva Samoa allows one to align with their tripartite selves: *fa'aleagaga* (spiritual), *fa'aletino* (physical), and *fa'alemafaufau* (mental).

For me, my journey in finding healing with dance has been a way for me to connect with my ancestors and deceased ones, an unspoilt moment before Christianity and colonisation.

There are many ways to garner healing from emotional trauma, but I know dance can be that first step forward into healing for the mind, body and spirit, so that you can forgive, understand and move on.

Siva Samoa is one of those integral dances that has been least affected by colonisation and one I enjoy performing.

It is a language of decolonizing and indigenising my experience.

Dance reaffirms queer identity for fa'afafine, and creates a safe space for affirming intangibly that I find words cannot. Every movement is one of healing, reawakening my indigeneity.





The Private Letter Becomes Public: The 1620 Collection, 2019 – 2020.

Mixed medium: Feta'aki (undyed barkcloth) & pepa koka'anga (vylene paper) screen printed and stamps with black ink. Clothes that belong to family members. Wooden pole with silver wire and a wooden box with contemporary kupesi engraved on top of the lid with engraving wooden stamps.

About the Exhibition

The Private Letter Becomes Public: The 1620 Collection, focuses on personal interpretations of lea mu'a (proverbs) and lea Faka-Tonga (Tongan language), which I have translated into kupesi symbols to produce a contemporary/traditional Tongan ngatu. My research utilises the visual language of ancient Tonga and today's lea Faka-Tonga to portray tala tukufakaholo (oral traditions) with my family, collections of knowledge about the history of my hingoa fakafamili (family names), tupu'anga (ancestors), and manatu (memories) about my Nena and myself. This tala tukufakaholo tātānaki (collecting of oral traditions) reflects the past tala tupu'a (myths and legends handed down from ancient times) and the space the ngatu occupies. It is present in my art practice and relates to the notion of learning through listening, observing, and doing. The focus within my making explores how this mode of practice

can position itself in a contemporary space of artmaking.

This particular work was created in Tonga, at my grandma's house in Pelehake, using contemporary methods and processes on traditional material. This work talks about the notion of time and space. The relationship between people and the past and materials and the lands. The first part of this work is a stamped and screen-printed feta'aki (undyed barkcloth) and pepa koka'anga (vylene paper) with traditional and contemporary kupesi. I borrowed the practice of tautau pe tauaki (to hung or to dry) as a process that my ancestors used as one of the methods of ngatu making. The process of tauaki is known as one of the methods used after beating the mulberry paper to its size and letting it dry by hanging it onto the clothing lines. This particular work references the concepts of

labor and freedom. As you hang up the final piece of feta'aki, you feel relief because you are done after a long day of labor. Each piece will story-tell their individual stories about their relationship to the maker, the materials, place, belongings, and most importantly, time. The second part of this work is a small puha fakafamili (family box), a copy of a puha fakafamili, which belongs to my great great-grandmother, Manu Tu'ipulotu. This family puha has been passed down through 5 generations and is now with my generation. I have spent 13 years with this family puha, as it was handed down from my Nena's mother, 'Uhila Lahi. The puha will act as a component used to deliver the work from home, Pelehake Tonga, to their new space, Aotearoa, New Zealand.



Artist Bio



I am 'Uhila Moe Langi Kanongata'a Nai, a Tongan New Zealand-born artist, who emigrated to Tonga with my Nena (Grandmother) 'Ana Va'inga Pautā in 1999. I lived there until the end of 2011, when I immigrated back to New Zealand. I was 13. I grew up watching my Nena making Tongan traditional arts and crafts, especially the crafts of ngatu and kupesi making in the small village of Pelehake on the East-Side of Tonga. The traditional practice of ngatu and kupesi are the central focus of my practice. My research forms a personal path of knowledge as I learn more about their history. My practice seeks a way to generate a new space that has the potential to allow the work to exist on its terms; without having to fit within a contemporary Western art framework.

I completed the Bachelor of Visual Arts in 2018; and then Master in Visual Arts (First

Class Honours) from Auckland University of Technology (2020). I have also received multiple awards, including the BC Collective Indigenous Award, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki Award for high achievement (one-year gallery membership), AUT Research Masters Scholarship, Va Moana Pacific Spatial Postgraduate, and the Adobe Creative for Creative Use of Software Award. In 2015, I received first place at MAGS Art Students Exhibition, Pat Hanly Art Student Award and The Ara Lodge Fine Arts Award.

I have exhibited extensively in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland:

2020: *The Heart Athletes at Demo 3.0; Meld, the continuous line* at AUT; AUT Matariki Master of Visual Arts Exhibition.

2018: Tautai Tertiary Exhibition, *And Then What?*; AUT Talk Week, *Tauaki pea Tapelu*;

AUT Pilot Show Exhibition, *Mag Pie*.

2017: AUT Post Pilot Show Exhibition, *Founga Tatai Mea Tatau (Same Method Different Material)*, Raynham Park Studio Shared Space, Karangahape Road.

2014 – 2015: Mount Albert Grammar Students Art Show, Mount Albert

Memorial Hall, Mount Albert, Auckland.

They Call Me a Bunga



ALLYSSA VERNER-PULA SAMOA, LEPEA

Te Papa Museum defines the term 'bunga' as a 'racist expression for a person of colour, especially a Pacific Islander.'

The term has heavy racist connotations and was commonly used during the 70s and 90s. Now the term has become more of an urban myth, with many younger Pacific peoples in New Zealand unable to recount a time when they were called a 'bunga' – which is a very good thing. As it becomes a less and less popular term to use, the definitions of such a word are contested, though as Tagata Pasifika puts it, 'bunga' was created with intent to 'emotionally harm and demean Pacific people.' The term carries an all-consuming and painful weight; a weight that I am all too familiar with.

Growing up, I have always been called a 'bunga' by my palagi family members. The earliest instance I can remember being when I was three years old, the most recent being just a few months ago. Despite it probably coming from a place of love and genuine ignorance, being called a 'bunga' elicits a palpable emotional response. The word sits in the air, it hangs over my head like a grey cloud, heavy and confronting. Five letters that pack a punch, tasting bitter and sour, creating a lump in my throat. Despite any achievements I may attain, this is how I will always exist: I will always be a bunga.

My ethnicity enters the room before I do. My Samoan-ness is my most important identity marker, I carry my cultural pride and ancestors with me wherever I go.

My ethnicity enters the room before I do. My Samoan-ness is my most important identity marker, I carry my cultural pride and ancestors with me wherever I go. However, this has also meant that I have been at the center of uncomfortable, racially motivated situations, where my ethnic identity has come under fire. Carrying your culture with dignity and reverence does not make you immune from negative stereotypes, which can often result in you being excluded from certain opportunities or treatment. Wider social discourse may counter this, telling you that it is important to not care what other people think, but what happens when those thoughts are racist and wrong? What happens when those thoughts have ultimately hinder access to certain spaces? How does one even rise above such stereotypes and painful pictures of our people? How does one ditch the gifted 'bunga' label, in exchange for something better suited?

Being a 'bunga' means a lot of things, all bad. It unfairly passes judgement based on ethnicity and encompasses negative stereotypes of Pacific people. For those who use the term, it creates a severance between them and you, intended to remind you that Pacific people are inherently less than. The term indicates that in the eyes of the ignorant, being a 'bunga' is what we have always been destined to be.

While it won't solve every inequity or resolve negative projections pushed onto us, I believe reclamation may be the answer. My personal 'bunga' reclamation story started when SWIDT released visual piece *Bunga* in October 2019. The piece itself reconciles with every oppressive narrative pinned on our people: that we are all gamblers, abusers, addicts, criminals, etc. and only of interest to the general New Zealand population when we utilise our natural athleticism. In my mind, SWIDT's *Bunga* is an act of reclamation, speaking to the Pacific experience in New Zealand, while retorting back against such ideas, subliminally highlighting the inaccuracies and falsities of these fabrications about Pacific peoples.

While it won't solve every inequity or resolve negative projections pushed onto us, I believe reclamation may be the answer.

Conclusively, *Bunga* helped jumpstart my journey of dismantling how I reckon with being labelled a 'bunga'.

To point out the obvious, Pacific people are complex. We know we are more than 'bungas' and we should not have to spend our precious time proving to ignorant people that we are. Only existing as a 'bunga' tramples on the mana of our ancestors, our communities and ourselves. Through the act of reclamation, we take the power away from the word, allowing us to decide what we want 'bunga' to mean. Thus, I am trying to make more of a considered effort to let the word float away on the breeze, rather than sitting thick in the air. Allowing it to roll right past me, rather than cut like daggers. A word so redundant in my mind that it can't phase me anymore, so loose that I get to pick whatever it means. *"Oh, I am a bunga – and what?"*

I'm not there yet, but I am getting there. I hope that one day the word 'bunga' will cease to exist, with the generations that follow mine able to live a life free from subversive and poisonous labels like 'bunga'. I hope their Pacific-ness is seen as the treasure it is, rather than a hinderance.

Until then, in the words of SWIDT, *'We the minority, who should be government funding priority, but they perplexed about a flag, only to raise it sky high on stolen land. I'm speechless, they really be calling us leeches. The audacity, but I guess it is warranted, until they need us, bungalas.'*



Leadership Through Learning

MARINGI MARSH & JAEMEN BUSB

Leadership Through Learning

is a free leadership development programme for Māori and Pacific tertiary students, run by Te Tumu Herenga – Libraries and Learning Services at the University of Auckland. This programme is designed to help students lead, empower and transform through normalising their leadership and learning success.

Maringi Marsh and Jaeman Busby, two students who have completed the programme, share how their experiences with Leadership Through Learning has impacted their student leadership journeys at the University of Auckland. They detail how the programme encouraged a more holistic engagement with studying and reflect on their personal development.

Maringi Marsh | Facilitator

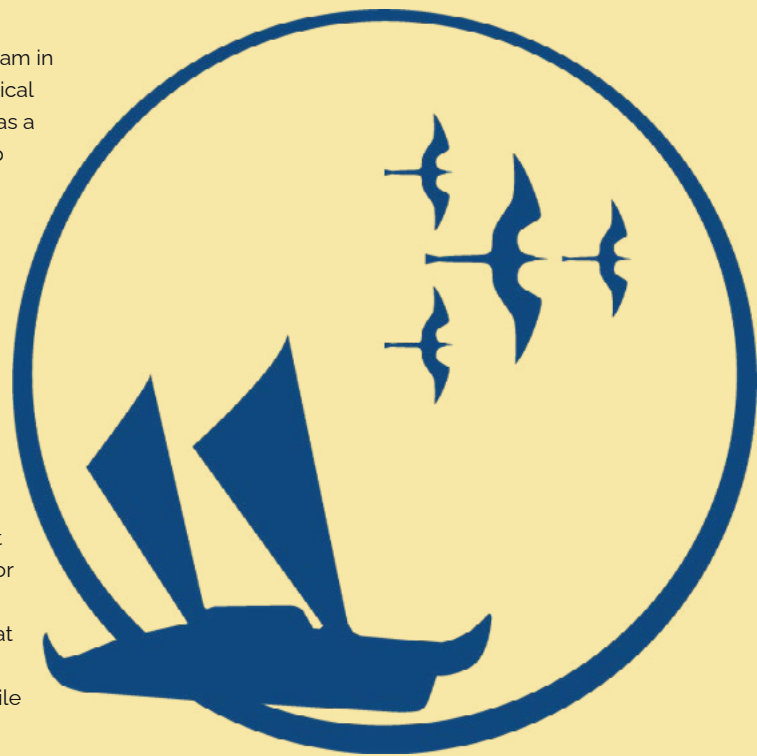
Ko Te Maringi Mai o Hawaiki tōku ingoa. He uri ahau nō Te Arawa whānui. He akonga ahau i te Matai Hinengaro i ngā tau e whā. He kaitono nō te mahi Leadership Through Learning ahau.

I come from Te Arawa. I am in my Honours year of Clinical Psychology, and I work as a facilitator for Leadership Through Learning.

I remember being in my first year of university and feeling like something was missing. I was mostly enjoying my studies, and I had made some great friends in Halls – but there was still an element of belonging at uni that hadn't clicked for me. I realised that I was missing a safe space that allowed me to be my authentic, Māori self while I was studying.

I thought that joining Leadership Through Learning would be a nice place to start. But at the time, I didn't realise how effective the programme would be. Each week, I spent time with incredible and inspiring Māori and Pacific students who helped build my confidence in uni. We celebrated each others' successes, leant on each other when we needed support, and motivated each other to achieve. I had found the sense of community that I was missing.

An important lesson I learnt from Leadership Through Learning was that my culture didn't have to be neglected in my studies – I could find ways to connect my studies with the values, beliefs and worldviews of te ao Māori. This programme allowed me to align my mahi with my passions, my goals, and my whānau. It helped redefine my definition of success to include our everyday achievements as Maori and Pasifika students. It reminded me of why I came to university and who I was doing this for. Leadership Through



Learning became a huge reason why I'm still at university today, striving to achieve and succeed for my whānau back home.

Leadership Through Learning provides the incredible opportunity to connect with and give back to like-minded, outstanding Māori and Pasifika students. And no matter how many times I run through this programme, I will never get used to the inspirational magic that happens when Māori and Pacific students come together.

Ehara taku toa i te toa takitahi, engari he toa

Leadership Through Learning provides the incredible opportunity to connect with and give back to like-minded, outstanding Māori and Pasifika students.



takitini.

My strength is not as an individual, but as a collective.

Jaemen Busby | Completed Leadership Through Learning Semester One, 2021

When I started Leadership Through Learning, I was riding high from a successful first year of study in the Bachelor of Education programme. I was awarded a 'First in Course' award and a three-year scholarship. The year had just begun, my wife had just started her first year of tertiary study, and our daughter had just turned two years old. I was excited to pursue new opportunities. Before I knew it, I had enrolled in weekly Korean Language classes, selected as a scriptwriter for a filmmaking mentorship and started a podcast. I had received a leadership calling to serve in my church ward, and I was working part-time. All of this, amid lectures, assignments and a looming six-week practicum. I juggled them all pretty well, or so I thought. I rode a massive wave of momentum...

...And crashed on the jagged rocks of the practicum. The workload piled up every day. The teaching between school hours was manageable. But the meetings, planning, marking and feedback that happened outside of school/work hours? It all seemed impossible. Work consumed many late nights, early mornings and weekends to keep my head above water. Maybe without children, a partner or any other commitments, this would be achievable, but I didn't have that option available. Nor would I want it. I tried my best to do it all but quickly realised I didn't have the time, energy or mental fortitude to cover all my bases. So I made cuts that pained me—no Korean class, no

work, no scriptwriting. No new endeavours, only the essential ones remained.

Leadership Through Learning was one of those essentials. It was a safe space. Authentic. Genuine. Accepting. There was nothing like it. Each week was a checkpoint, an opportunity to take stock and refine your focus. Throughout my time, I have gained knowledge that I know will benefit me beyond the programme. Some knowledge is practical, such as study habits to help with exams. Others are bigger picture, helping to develop leadership qualities. All of them are seeds that will bear fruit in the future.

My key takeaway came toward the end of the programme when we created and presented our vision board to the team. I had never made a vision board before, and as luck would have it, the presentations would coincide with my practicum. As my vision board came together, I was compelled to reflect on my journey. From past to present to future. I learned two things.

First, 'Sic Parvis Magna,' which translates to 'Greatness from small beginnings.' A reminder that although your journey is small, it is just beginning and destined for greatness however you choose to define that.

Second, the answer to a question I have never been able to answer. Do something you are talented at or do something you are passionate about? My answer: Talent without passion is an ocean without waves. It's just a lake. Follow your passions. Eventually, your talents will get in line and find glorious purpose.

Leadership Through Learning runs as a one hour per week session, plus a full day Wānanga during mid-semester break. Each week includes different discussions about leadership and academic skills that help



students to succeed in their studies and goals.

If you are of Māori or Pacific descent and are interested in a free leadership programme that provides a culturally safe space where we build community together and are transformed as a result? Please register your interest at www.auckland.ac.nz/leadershipthroughlearning or email ltl@auckland.ac.nz.

Ngā mihi nui; Ma le fa'aaloalo lava,

Leadership Through Learning Team 2021:

Whena-Maria Puaula – Learning Adviser

Te Hau Theodore Baker-Jones, Te Maringi Marsh, Veronika Iloilo & Keiana Arona – Learning Assistants

Kaita Sem – Team Leader

Abigail McClutchie – Strategic Leader

Whāia te mātauranga hei oranga mō koutou; mō tātou katoa hoki

Seek after learning for the sake of your wellbeing and the wellbeing of us all.

Leadership Through Learning was one of those essentials. It was a safe space. Authentic. Genuine. Accepting. There was nothing like it.

Cliteracy

FRANCY SULIKOSKY TE ATIWA

The majority of people with vulvas only orgasm through clitoral stimulation. Thousands of words will have been printed on this topic already, however it still doesn't seem to have fully penetrated the cis, straight mindset in Aotearoa. Faking it is an old and, frankly, boring trope, but you know what's even more boring? The main site of sexual pleasure — the vulva — being ignored and taboo.

My first time happened because another boy planted a condom in my room to help his dipshit mate make a move. The note was written in glitter glue. I remember it being wet and sticky, not even dry yet. It had been placed on my desk while we were out at some horrible Queen Street first-year bar. He was... nice enough. Not hugely inspiring in retrospect, but he was present, and persistent — the two sexiest 'p's in romance. Plus, the neon 'virgin' sign on my forehead blinked constantly and made it hard to see clearly.

Despite the obvious message of the glitter glue note that night, I still don't think we were able to verbalise the word 'sex', just a combination of "Well... here's this note... should we maybe... you know...?" I probably gave my consent by way of a nervous giggle, as I had been taught by my early-noughties 'feminist' icons, Mia Thermopolis and Viola Hastings. I anticipated enjoying it, right up until I realised that the sex finished when he ejaculated in

And so, I began my double life as an outspoken feminist during the daytime, to someone who could barely speak come the nighttime.

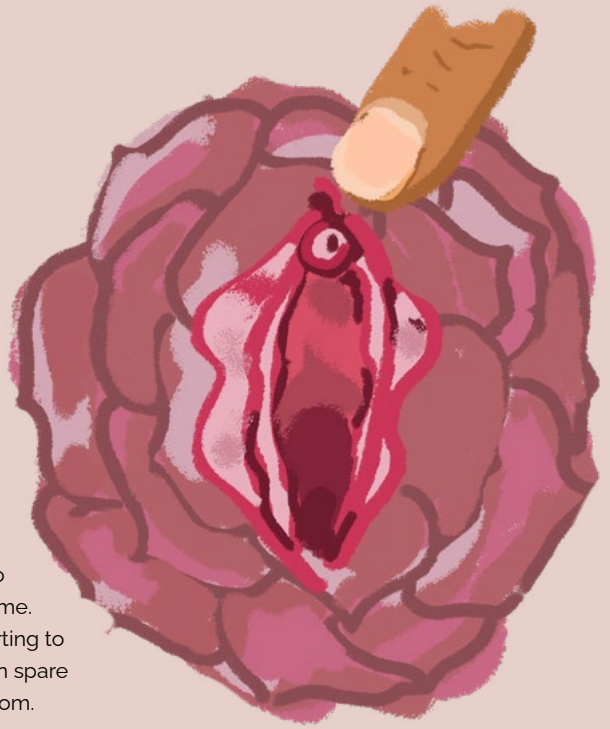
our donated condom and pulled out. It was not wet or sticky, and I still got my first UTI.

I was initiated! And so, I began my double life as an outspoken feminist during the daytime, to someone who could barely speak come the nighttime. Only eight years later am I finally starting to break that habit. My hope is that I can spare you all this self-discovery and boredom.

This boy fucked me that night and continued to do so for the next year. I was frustrated to tears at times afterwards as we lay in bed, because I could not articulate my desire, and he seemingly had no idea about what would actually get me off. He would flirt with touching my clit, as part of our very brief foreplay. But I didn't know then that I could say yes, or no, or stay there, or like that... or not like that.

I did know what I wanted him to do, I just didn't think I was allowed to want it. I had started masturbating during high school, on high alert behind my childhood bedroom door. But 'girls don't masturbate,' and I was taught to believe that proper sex involves a penis, in a vagina and a bit of mess at the end. That is what I had been shown on screen. I don't think I even knew the names of my own anatomy. Nobody talked about the clitoris, nobody talked about female orgasms. I didn't have the language to talk about my experience with sex, which was so different from the representations I was fed by pop culture.

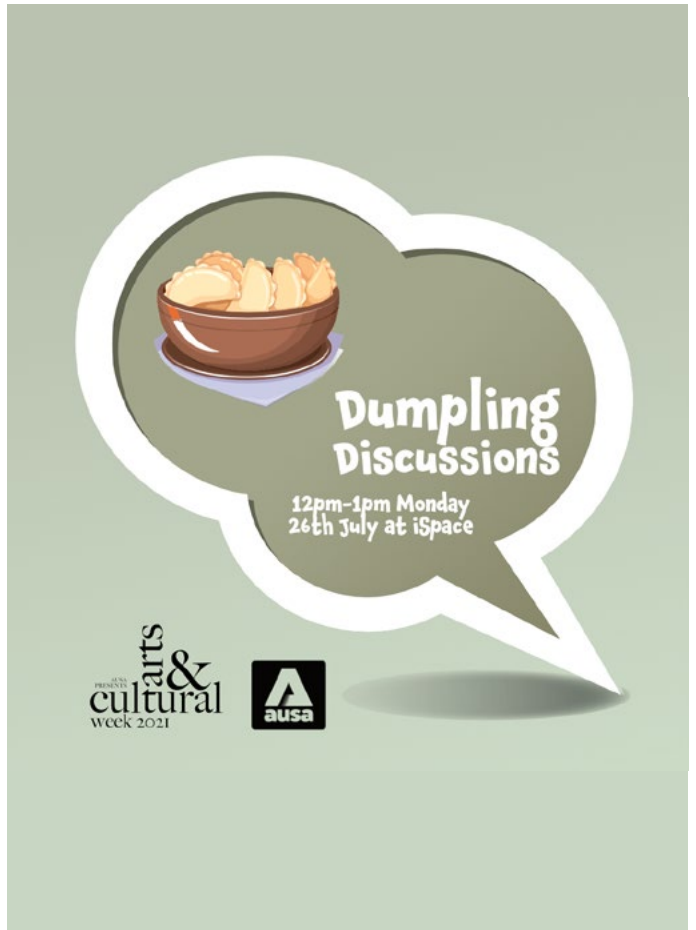
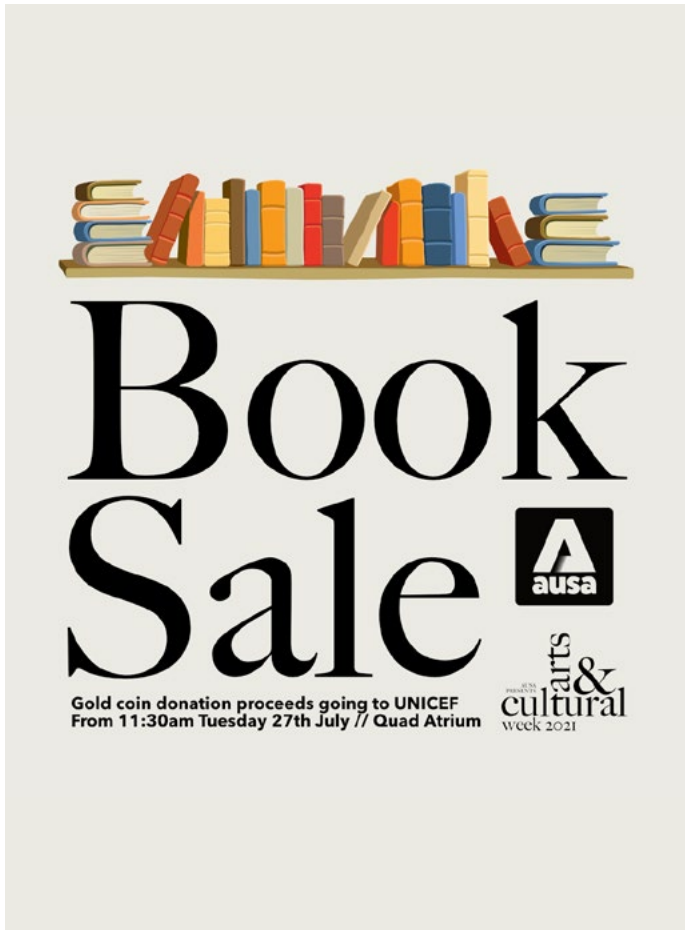
Similarly disappointing experiences stacked up over the years. One-night-stand after one-night-stand of pumping away; me mute on instructions for my own pleasure, and the boy either unaware, or uncaring. Perhaps this is the unifying experience of young womanhood in Aotearoa: the vague and noncommittal affirmations you offer up to the guy on the other side of the penis inside you, just to just get it all over with.



Even when I have had a long-term relationship, my lack of vocabulary compounds with a crushing shame about my desire, and I find it impossible to talk about sex effectively. I tried with my first boyfriend, dancing around the scary word (CLIT — AGHHH!), but he just became increasingly confused, his eyes wide and bulging as he tried to supportively nod and agree his way towards comprehension of something that I didn't even understand myself. When we finally got into bed, he was so nervous and unsure about what I wanted from him that he nearly started crying himself.

Over the years, I have slowly learnt how to ask for what I want. I finally thought to google it and discovered that I am not the only one that needs clitoral stimulation to come — most people with vulvas do. Maybe you already knew this, or maybe, like me, you came of age believing anything outside of the male-centric 'p in v' script was abnormal. If I can save even one person the angst by declaiming so publicly that it really is not, and help you remove the icky sex-shaming stigma around your own sexual encounters, then the awkward interactions with future employers who take the time to check my online persona will be worth it (I think).

'What do you like?' a boy recently asked me. I was floored — could I just say it? No, of course I couldn't! CLIT — AGHHH! So, I decided to publish an extremely personal piece about one of my most intimate hang-ups instead. But the next boy... watch out!



Garage Drink Up Essentials

Originating from the beautiful islands of Tonga, 'otai is a refreshing summertime concoction. Blending coconut, milk, water, and fresh fruit, this drink is bound to be a hit amongst the crowd. Drink it down while listening to the *Piss Up Playlist* (scan the QR Code).

Watermelon 'Otai

Ingredients:

1 Ripe Seedless Watermelon halved and sliced

1 can of Crushed Pineapples or one whole pineapple chopped

1/2 cup of shredded coconut

1 can of Evaporated milk

1/2 cup Sugar

Water

Ice cubes

1/2 a fresh lime squeezed

Directions:

In a large bowl grate watermelon with a fork making sure the melon is not in huge chunks. (Remove seeds)

Add Pineapple and it's juices, Coconut, Evaporated Milk, and two cans of water using the can of milk. Stir.

Add sugar to taste, but the recipe may be sweet on its own.

(For an alcoholic twist, add some malibu to taste!)



Poly-Slang

DICTIONARY

Uso/Uce/Toko/Dox

Samoan and Tongan translations of "bro".
Used to refer to anyone who is a friend or a brother.

Friend 1: Up2 uce?

Friend 2: Sup dox, nothing much.

F1: Uso, wanna hang?

F2: Yo that's us

By [TokoUso4Life](#) July 20, 2021

When?

Used when the person you're talking to tells you something unprovoked, usually something you don't care about. When they continue, interrupt with, "when did I ask?".

A: Bro, guess what, I'm getting married!

B: When?

A: On Satur-

B: When did I ask?

By [megatron246](#) July 15, 2021

Bots/Botsing it

Derived from the Samoan word, "fia poto", is used to refer to someone who is a "know-it-all" or thinks they're right when they're actually wrong.

"Tara fully botsed it at the pōwhiri yesterday."

"What happened?"

"When she shook the chief's hand she leaned in for a hongī. The chief ended up kissing her eye. Don't she know women don't hongī lol."

"Hahaha what a bots."

By [MeganT](#) July 21, 2021

Skux

When someone is a skux it means they look and act cool.

"Oi that guy is such a skux".

By [SkuxMaster410](#) June 16, 2021

One-outs

To fight.

"Oi, did you call my girlfriend a sasquatch?"

"Yeah and what about it?"

"Aw you gonna pay for that. One-outs after school eah."

By [Vale2020](#) July 27, 2020

Hundy

One hundred percent. Usually said when someone puts a hundred percent effort in what they're doing.

"My son went hundy on the rugby field yesterday and wasted all those boys."

By [DanielCarter](#) July 1, 2021

Mean

Another way to say great or awesome

I got my tax return yesterday, how mean!

By [BrotherJohn](#) July 21, 2021

That's us

A verbal affirmation of plans.

Bro, keen to get a feed?

Yo, that's us!

By [YourDad](#) July 22, 2020

Lēmafs

Derived from the Samoan phrase, "lē māfaufau." If someone is lēmafs, they are reckless, or don't think before they act.

You know Sione? He punched the security guard at Shadows and got knocked out last night.

Aww that's so lēmafs.

By [BigD246](#) July 12, 2021

Teetz

A stupid person.

Hey, can I have a chip?

No. Get your own

Ngoh, don't be a teetz cunt. Giz us one.

By [TeetzPene](#) August 12, 2019

Hangi Pants

A Hangi Pants is someone who has slept around with many people. Hangi is used because it can feed a nation.

Oi did you hear about Rangī and Mere getting caught in the mattress room last noho?

Omg no?! Ew Rangī is such a hangi pants.

By [Mere](#) Feb 14, 2021

Clown

Also see: spoon

Spoon

Something your mum calls you

Mum, can I microwave this.

No, you spoon!

By [Millars](#) Feb 14, 2021

PUZZLES



Down

1. Island near the coast of Paraparaumu (not Param) (6)
2. US island territory in Micronesia (4)
3. Samoan beer (7)
4. Green, leafy veggie used in boil up (10)
5. Island chain that includes the infamous Bikini Atoll (8)
6. Suburb where Bro'Town was set (11)
8. Easter Island (4,3)
13. Pasifika fabric/article of clothing (8)
17. Phosphate-rock island (5)
18. Largest island in French Polynesia (6)
19. Ten in Te Reo (5)

Across

7. Micronesian nation in all four hemispheres (8)
9. Maori dining hall (8)
10. Honlara is the capital of these islands (7)
11. S. American nation, Pacific Island slaves taken there via Blackbirding (4)
12. Rock of the Pacific (4)
14. Resource that powers 100% of Tokelau, a world first (5)
15. Chelsea Sugar Company set up a plantation on this island (4)
16. Third most spoken language in Aotearoa (8)
18. Art of creating permanent markings on the skin (5)
19. Mate Ma'a (blank) (5)
20. Te Reo name for Hamilton (11)
21. Who fished up the North Island? (4)

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AND FREE POOL



EVERY MONDAY
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

SHADOWS
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