

# Kate 2018

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*Wednesday:* 1:00PM  
5:00PM

VEGAN SUFFRAGE BRUNCH - QUAD  
WHAT IS YOUR FEMINISM? - COMMON ROOM

*Thursday:* 3:00PM

CFC CRAFTERNOON - COMMON  
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(ABOVE QUAD CAFE)

6:00PM

MOVIE NIGHT - THE DIVINE ORDER - WOMANSPACE  
(ABOVE HOLLYWOOD BAKERY)

*Friday:* 6:00PM

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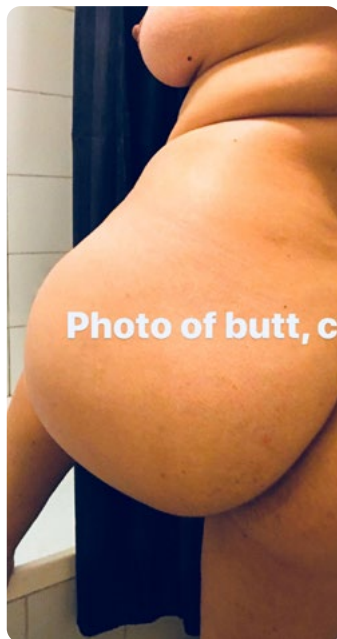
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# Suffrage

## DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AND THE MODERN DAY

BY CHARLOTTE HAWKINS

1893: Prominent Suffragist, Kate Sheppard, stands determined in front of Richard Seddon, Parliamentarian. "I present you with this petition signed with 32,000 signatures supporting the cause for women's fundamental right to vote". Kate then unrolls the 270-metre-long piece of paper amidst shocked responses. "I leave it in your..." glancing around the room "...capable hands." She turns on her heels and leaves parliament.

2018: Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern hands baby Neve to her partner Clarke Gabel before heading out the door to a press conference.

- "Prime Minister! How is baby Neve doing?"  
- "Prime Minister! How are you coping with being a mother?"  
- "Prime Minister! Do you think your political career will suffer now you're a mother? Or do you think that time with your child will suffer?"  
Jacinda replies, "excuse me, I am actually here to discuss the current leak of the MP spending to the press. No further questions about my family or personal life will be asked or indeed answered. Now, this leak..."

125 years ago, Kate Sheppard and the other suffragists gained the vote, the major success of what has been dubbed "First-Wave-Feminism." New Zealand was the first self-governing nation to grant women the vote, and the first nation to grant "universal suffrage," meaning it gave the vote to all people not incarcerated and over a certain age. Pakeha men were the first (of course - insert eye roll here), with Maori men gaining it soon after, followed by Maori and Pakeha women gaining the vote at the same time in 1893 (1). This is a big step, given that other nations such as the USA, did not grant the same voting rights to people of colour equally. When women received the vote in 1920, it was officially granted to all women. In reality, only white women were allowed anywhere near a polling booth (2). Even when African American's voting rights were protected by law, many states made it nearly impossible for them to vote, until the passing of

the Civil Rights Bill in the 1960s (3).

First wave feminism and the fight for the vote was the first major step towards improving women's lot and make their lives better. Before they had the vote, their lives were practically outside of their control. Every choice and decision that was made by the government was made for them, women had no say in the way things were done, and the way the world they lived in was run (4). Suffrage sought to change that. As Kate Sheppard said, "we are tired of having a sphere doled out to us and being told that anything outside that sphere is unwomanly" (5). Most of the western world at this time saw a woman's main sphere as in the home, so fought for rights pertaining to that (6). The main issues New Zealand women wanted to vote and fight for were: the age of consent being raised from 14 to 21 (note - it got raised to 16 in 1896); for the prohibition of alcohol; for equal rights in divorce; for "battering" or family violence to be taken seriously and for husbands to be brought to justice for beating their wives; and for their children to have better access to education (7). For those women who worked, they wanted access to better, equal pay, they also advocated for access to higher education, and to be taken seriously in these areas. The vote, they said, was just the beginning. When we look at the things that women wanted in this time period, with a few exceptions, there doesn't seem to be much disparity between what women wanted in 1893, and what we want in 2018. Equal pay, equal rights in divorce, to be taken seriously in higher education, and for family violence to be taken seriously. Strangely enough, despite the 125-year time difference, we are still fighting for these things.

One of the major problems that the suffragists were fighting for was to have domestic violence taken seriously. In the 1890s domestic life wasn't talked about. If you were beaten by your husband, you kept quiet about it. This was unacceptable to the majority of women who felt

# "IN SOME WAYS, WE'VE COME SO FAR. IN OTHERS, I WONDER, HOW FAR HAVE WE REALLY COME?"

trapped in marriages where they were beaten on the daily. However, very little was being done about it, as it was felt that one should not interfere in another person's marriage or personal life, especially in another man's marriage – after all, in the 1890's "a man's house was his castle". The stigma of not interfering in people's domestic affairs was prominent until the 1970s when the first Women's Refuge opened. Women fleeing violent partners and fathers were ostracised for "abandoning their families and duty" (8). But, throughout the 80s, more refuges opened, and it became more acceptable. However, it wasn't until 1995 (102 years after the suffragists were advocating for it) that the Domestic Violence Act was created, which can legally protect victims of physical, sexual or psychological domestic violence (9). According to the New Zealand Women's Refuge, between 33% and 39% of New Zealand women will experience physical, sexual, or psychological violence from an intimate partner in their lifetime (10). They also state that people "in violent relationships often have trouble holding down jobs or accessing enough money to feed their children or provide them with other necessities. These difficulties often compound when she [sic] leaves the relationship" (11). How can we say that we've come a long way in 125 years if domestic violence is still plaguing people in New Zealand?

Is domestic violence taken seriously enough? From my own personal experience as a survivor of a psychologically abusive relationship, which, under the Domestic Violence Act, counts as domestic violence, I would say no. We still blame the victims. We still ostracise them for leaving, for breaking up the families, or for making the mistake of being with the abusive partner in the first place! The number of times I have heard "why didn't you just leave?", while explaining my traumatic experiences and how broken I was, has been infuriating. I can only imagine what other people have to go through. We aren't taken seriously in 2018, our experiences today are downplayed and gaslighted. It isn't enough! 125 years ago, suffragists were arguing for their cries for help to be taken seriously. We have moved

forward somewhat, but we are nowhere near where we need to be. It is time we ask ourselves why. Why are we not being heard? Why is domestic violence, rape and psychological abuse in relationships happening again and again? Why do politicians continually ignore us? We've had more than 125 years of asking them to listen, but they've only sort of done so. Whistle-blowers are treated like they are causing trouble. Like a parent giving their naughty child a lollipop to shut them up for a bit in the hope they'll not ask for more, they only offer an appeasement. But we will not be appeased so easily! Domestic violence isn't something you can hush and hope it goes away. Issues such as these take so long to find movement because of the incredible lack of diversity in parliament. Although domestic violence is not strictly a women's issue, it seems that women are the people willing to talk the most about it. Apparently, in 2018 there was a record number of women members of parliament – 38%! That means that over 60% of parliament are still men. If 38% is our "record high" then it is unsurprising that traditionally women's issues haven't been high on an agenda.

While New Zealand may have been the first country in the world to give women the vote, something we should be very, very proud of, we are by no means out of the woods. We have our own issues to fight: reproductive rights, the gender pay gap, rape culture, equity for race, gender, and sexual difference, and so much more. But, we are still fighting the battles started by the suffragists! Domestic Violence is still a battle we have to fight, a battle faced every day by people all over the country and the world. It shouldn't be this way. In some ways, we've come so far. In others, I wonder how far have we really come?

## Notes:

(1) Heritage Te Manatu Taonga. "Voting Rights – Te Ara Encyclopedia of New Zealand." Te Ara Encyclopedia of New Zealand – Te Ara Encyclopedia of New Zealand. September 02, 2016. Accessed August 17, 2018. <https://teara.govt.nz/en/voting-rights>

(2) Gordon, Ann D., and Bettye Collier-Thomas. African American Women and the Vote, 1837-1965. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1997.

(3) Ibid.

(4) "Women and the Vote." New Zealand History. March 13, 2018. Accessed August 17, 2018. <https://nzhistory.govt.nz/politics/womens-suffrage/national-council-of-women>.

(5) Bate, Marisa. The Periodic Table of Feminism. Seal, 2018

(6) "Women and the Vote." New Zealand History. March 13, 2018. Accessed August 17, 2018. <https://nzhistory.govt.nz/politics/womens-suffrage/national-council-of-women>.

(7) Ibid

(8) "Our History." Aviva Family Violence Services. Accessed August 17, 2018. <https://www.avivafamilies.org.nz/About/Our-History/>.

(9) "Domestic Violence Act 1995." Education Act 1989 No 80 (as at 30 March 2018). Public Act 9 Special Education – New Zealand Legislation. Accessed August 17, 2018. <http://www.legislation.govt.nz/act/public/1995/0086/latest/DLM371926.html>.

(10) "Domestic Violence." Women's Refuge New Zealand. Accessed August 17, 2018. <https://womensrefuge.org.nz/domestic-violence/>.

(11) Ibid

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# Twin Peaks



A PERSONAL RESPONSE BY SAPPHO AURELIA



(CW: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS FRANK DISCUSSION OF RAPE, SEXUAL ABUSE, BDSM AND MAJOR SPOILERS ABOUT THE SHOW)

As a feminist, I feel I should experience a fair amount of antipathy towards David Lynch's iconic 90s television creation, *Twin Peaks*, and to a certain extent, I do. Its glorification and/or mythologising of sexual abuse and rape, its veiled encouragement of a romance between a grown man and a barely of age teenager, and its general portrayal of women as troubled, manic-pixie-dream-girls who crave sex that is inappropriate or hurts them are very problematic, and should give any viewer pause for thought.

In watching *Twin Peaks*, however, I developed a feeling of connection with some of its more intensely portrayed female characters, for reasons I cannot openly talk about among my family and friends. Our world is full of taboos around sexuality, despite sex being more visible and present than ever, and I turn to the written word to discuss as honestly as possible my relationship to the characters of Lynch's show. I'm aware I'm walking into potentially murky territory, where appropriate sexual acts and desires can be seen as ill-defined and where only a fraction of people might want to go. The rules of consent, safety and sanity surrounding any kind of sex, in any case, still apply.

Laura Palmer is the most problematic, manic-pixie-dream-girl-esque character to have ever possibly graced American screens. Routinely sexually abused by her father, or rather, a demonic entity called BOB who possesses her father, Laura writes in her diary of the pain she feels as a result of her abuse, but also – and this is where things get murky and the path unclear – her resultant masochistic sexual desires. I am intensely sceptical of the idea that abused individuals may develop a desire for sexual experiences similar to those perpetrated on them by their abusers, and I think it was irresponsible of Lynch to contribute to a stereotype of kink-oriented sexualities as the outcome of abuse. Sexual abuse and BDSM are not the same thing and do not have an inherent relationship to one another. Despite popular

belief, individuals with sado-masochistic sexualities do not want violence or control enveloping their whole lives with consent ignored and their personal safety compromised. This conflation of kink and misogynistic violence, which I see in Laura Palmer's characterisation, has its origin a very patriarchal and ultimately dangerous belief in an inherent female desire for pain and lack of control, itself a justification for total male sexual dominance over women irrespective of their actual desires.

Moving beyond these initial feminist analyses of Laura, I find myself drawn to her. She represents a truth about myself that must remain hidden, at least for the present. I can't really remember seeing any other female character in a television show that talks about her desire for sexual pain and submission. In hearing Donna Hayward recite Laura's words about her feelings of depression, helplessness, and her wish for masochistic sexual release, I felt a profound sense of solidarity. Here was a girl who was supposedly brilliant, popular and happy, but was incredibly sad, and wanted things she felt were beyond her reach, or wrong. I've experienced ongoing dysthymia (long-term moderate depression) and anxiety since I was around six years old. Since I was about fifteen, I've known that I'm interested in kink and the idea of sexual submission. I've gone through high school and university juggling mental illnesses of varying severity, several extra-curriculars and good grades.

I watched *Twin Peaks* earlier this year and found a girl reaching for sexual domination by others in order to relinquish responsibility and control, to turn over all the weight of the world onto someone else, and to feel, if not safe, at least freed. Oh my god, I thought, that's me. That's me. Laura's relationship to kink is undoubtedly unhealthy, and I don't want to mislead the reader of this article into thinking BDSM is simply just another outlet for emotional pain, like drugs or alcohol can be. I can't deny, though, that I do see kink as a haven from responsibility and stress to a certain extent, which has prompted numerous anxieties and internal debates on my part – does this make me a bad feminist? Does this just mean I need more uni counseling sessions to



get to the root of the problem? Indulging in kink is not a bad thing, though, if it truly is kink, that is, safe, sane and consensual sadomasochistic sex. I'm sick of self-doubt and self-hatred just because I happen to be both mentally ill and into masochism. When I heard what Laura had written in her diary I wanted to hug her and tell her she didn't need to seek out abusers in order to process her pain I knew that her needs were genuine, and just seeing a female character talk about how she was struggling and also happened to crave kinky sex was incredibly validating.

Damn, I've talked way too much about Laura already. I want to move on to two characters in Twin Peaks who've also really captured my imagination – Dale Cooper and Audrey Horne. Not again, the defensive feminist on my shoulder groans. She's only eighteen and the sexual tension Lynch creates between her and a certain FBI agent nearly twice her age is creepy and gross!

### "SEXUAL ABUSE AND BDSM ARE NOT THE SAME THING AND DO NOT HAVE AN INHERENT RELATIONSHIP TO ONE ANOTHER"

The more radically accepting yet fairly confused feminist on my other shoulder sighs, because of course, everything is so much more fucking complicated than that. The sexualisation of a teenage character by Lynch is undoubtedly problematic, though, especially so in a context of Hollywood sexualisation and idealisation of young female bodies (looking at you, *American Beauty*). But there's just something about Audrey. I love the flirtatious confidence she displays around Cooper, not merely because I've had many a daydream myself about older men making love to me (not that Cooper's particularly old), but because as someone who exists as a nervous and depressed wreck about seventy to eighty percent of the time, Audrey's self-assuredness is inspiring. Seeing her own her sexuality as she sways to music in the Double-R diner and probably thinks about Agent Cooper's dick is magical. In watching this show I found myself hanging on to every bit of chemistry David Lynch allows these two characters to have. And though I half-hated myself for it, I couldn't help but fantasise about Cooper and Audrey as a dom-sub pairing. What could be better? Audrey – an intelligent, headstrong and (really) horny young woman who feels like sex with an older man would free her of the uncertainty of late teenagehood – would make the perfect sub. Cooper – the most morally wholesome man to ever exist, who is unafraid of giving orders and (it's about ninety-nine percent certain) would have a clear understanding of consent and the physical and romantic needs of his partner – is the perfect dom. There are, of course, problems with this fantasy.

The first is that kink personas may (and in most cases should) have zero relation to the real personalities of the people that take part in kink, so imagining Audrey as sexually submissive and Cooper as dominant based on their actual personalities (I mean, they're fictional, but we know I'm in too deep at this point to consider that) is flawed. The second, and more important issue is that the dynamic that Lynch creates between Audrey and Cooper, at least early in the series, is based on too many predatory and misogynistic tropes of the young woman who's "too mature" to date men of her own age, and needs an older man to "break her in" and "fulfil" her – bonus points if she's mentally ill and/or troubled like Laura was. For all her confidence, Audrey isn't ready to be with Coop – her getting into trouble at One Eyed Jack's is proof that she's still just a kid. It's a credit to David Lynch that he doesn't let Audrey and Cooper end up together. In the show, it's Cooper who courageously yunks the rug out from underneath this potential storyline by refusing to sleep with Audrey despite their obvious physical attraction to each other. Somewhat paradoxically, this reinforces his aptness for a dom role (or just, you know, a good boyfriend), given that he puts the emotional needs of a potential partner first. Audrey's later "warning" to Cooper in the second season that he'd better watch out for her when she's older, and his genial acceptance of her words, is cute. If the timing was right, they'd be an equal match for each other (fuck you, 2017 reboot, for not making this happen).

(Side note: although I knew it had to be, I was still heartbroken that Audrey and Cooper didn't get to sleep together, so props to David Lynch for getting Audrey the dick she desires and deserves in the form of an only-slightly-older millionaire hipster-cowboy boyfriend who fucks her in his private jet. Forever in your debt, John Justice Wheeler.)

That's my Twin Peaks, then. It's messy and wonderful and frustrating and David Lynch-y and I love it. It makes me angry at times, but that's good. If I'm angry it's because I'm thinking hard about all of its messiness, and that's great. I can live with the mildly unsatisfactory resolution of Audrey's unrequited love for Coop. All my fellow subs out there will agree that there's nothing better than a good bit of angst. With very little mainstream representation of kink, I lean on the girls of Twin Peaks to make sense of myself. Laura and Audrey are me and mine and nothing's going to stop me from thinking, while I'm on the bus into town, about '90s Kyle McLachlan choking me.

# The Personal is Political

MY FEMINIST BODY OF RESISTANCE BY JOSIE OLSEN

At Powershift, a youth conference on climate change and activism I attended way back when, one of the seminar presenters told us about visible markers of behaviour and their potential influence. In their example, keeping your bike helmet with you all day – in your office, hanging from your bag, in your hand – instead of chaining it to your bike acted as a normalising, concrete marker of one particular eco-friendly behaviour: cycling as a mode of transport. By having this marker, people encountering you absorbed the information that you cycled, normalising the action and making this desirable behaviour relevant for them. The helmet could also serve as a starting point for conversation around cycling and your reasons for using it as a method of transport, making it seem achievable and further normalising the practise. This effect would be amplified further if you were in a position of power or were admired or respected by the person engaging with your marker – managers, teachers, cool people and other authority figures lead best by example and have a wider circle of influence.

Using this concept of visible markers of activist behaviour in the context of feminism allows me to analyse my conflicting emotions around quitting shaving, as well as my positive attitude towards using a menstrual cup, reusable bags, feminist patches and badges, and many other visible markers of my activist beliefs and behaviours. Quitting shaving and almost never wearing makeup are the two most visible indicators of my feminist beliefs. Cultural conditioning and expectations meant that when I first quit shaving, I frequently felt stress, self-dislike, and anger when in social situations with people I thought likely to judge me for my choices – however, in the year and a half since I quit shaving my legs, and the 6 months since I quit shaving my underarms, these internalised stresses have reduced dramatically. On a personal and intellectual level, the main feelings I have associated with my body hair and naked face since I let go of shaving and makeup are pride and self-love – it is only when I saw myself as I imagined others might see me that negative feelings emerged. Like anything, ignoring these thoughts got easier with time and practise!

On the other hand, I chose to stop shaving and to continue using only minimal makeup on occasion only in part “for myself” – to save time and energy – only in part “for myself” – to save time

and energy – my main reasons were aligned with the idea of acting as a visual marker of behaviour. An excellent metaphor I’ve encountered about the concept of choice around beauty is that of a boat in a current – shaving and wearing makeup because you want to is totally valid, but it’s a choice that goes with the current and as such is fairly easy to make. You face no extra criticism or challenges due to this choice. By contrast, choosing to not shave or not wear makeup is a choice that goes against the current. It is unsurprising that most women choose to shave and wear makeup in this context, but it is important to be aware that these choices are influenced by society even if they seem purely personal. It is also important to be aware of what messages these choices send – in a world where everyone shaves, what choices appear for girls? For me, these choices are further mediated through my status as overweight (by conventional definitions and by modern beauty standards). Fat women are even more likely to have pressure put on to conform to beauty standards, since they are already breaking a major standard in our society. Thin women can look “cute” with no makeup and sweatpants; fat women look “sloppy”. Ignoring this truism, refusing to excise things from my wardrobe because they’re “unflattering” (tight clothes, short shorts and skirts, high necks), refusing to diet (or refusing to discuss my diet in terms of appearance and weight – I’m working on this one), and, of course, refusing to shave and wear makeup all the time, are all further physical bodily expressions of my feminism that help me and, I hope, will help others.

In saying this, I acknowledge my privileged position – I run no risk from these choices, so I am free to use my body in this way. My friends and family support me wholeheartedly when they notice at all. As such, I feel as if my body hair and makeup-free face can offer different options to those around me, who may not have the luxury of privilege in this area. By using my body as a political site, I can help to normalise my choices and make them possible for others. As with the bike helmet, conversations can be started and social norms can (must!) be shifted. So, today, walking (not driving) to the library to return my book on second-wave feminism as seen in television, using my menstrual cup and reusable bag, wearing cute shorts and a t-shirt, leg hair out and no makeup on, tattoos showing, I felt good.





# RainbowYOUTH



## A Q + A WITH AN AMAZING COMMUNITY GROUP

**What do you see as your main role in the community?**

It would be hard to pick just one. I see RainbowYOUTH's role as being three-fold. The first is to create safe spaces for queer, gender diverse and intersex youth within their communities and provide them with support and development opportunities. The second would be to advocate for the interests of queer, gender diverse and intersex youth in their communities and to our government. The third would be to create social change in Aotearoa to combat homophobia, transphobia and biphobia.

**Is anyone welcome to come talk to you? Or is there some sort of sign up?**

We support anyone who is queer, gender diverse or intersex and is under the age of 27. We also support friends, whānau and wider communities to be better allies and more inclusive. So anyone can use our services. To access our services, just email us: [info@ry.org.nz](mailto:info@ry.org.nz)

**It must be so rewarding to work in the community!**

**What's your favourite thing about what you do?**

It's incredibly rewarding. I reckon I have the best job in the world. My favourite thing about it is seeing the young people who use our services grow up and become more resilient and sure of themselves. I also love that we're youth-run and youth-led. We have young people at the heart of everything we do.

**So, you have a community wardrobe! How does that work?**

**Who can access it?**

Anyone can come in to our Auckland drop-in centre and use the community wardrobe.

**How much do the clothes cost?**

They're free!

**Are there specific times and days it is open?**

It's open weekdays 11am – 5pm – the same hours as our Auckland drop-in centre

**Where do you get the clothes from?**

The clothes are all donated to us from our supporters. We sort the clothes, wash the suitable ones and add them to the wardrobe.

**How can people contribute?**

If you're having a spring clean, we'd love to receive and good quality second hand clothing you have. Particularly, we're always looking for binders, women's shoes in larger sizes, and make-up!

**This issue of Kate Magazine is all about celebrating 125 years of universal suffrage in NZ, and**



"LET'S SPOTLIGHT THE VOICES OF WOMEN OF COLOUR, INDIGENOUS WOMEN, WOMEN WITH DISABILITIES, QUEER WOMEN, TRANS WOMEN, MASCULINE WOMEN, FAT WOMEN."



**questioning whether we've come far enough. 125 years on, what do think ought to be our "suffrage campaign"? In other words, what do you see as the most pressing issue for feminism and for society as a whole?**

One of the most pressing issues for feminism is to make sure that it evolves with society and doesn't leave anyone behind. Let's spotlight the voices of women of colour, indigenous women, women with disabilities, queer women, trans women, masculine women, fat women. Our feminism will be richer for this inclusion.

# The True State of Abortion Law in Aotearoa

BY TERRY BELLAMAK - ABORTION LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION NZ NATIONAL PRESIDENT

\* A NOTE ON LANGUAGE: ALRANZ SUPPORTS GENDER INCLUSIVE LANGUAGE AROUND REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS BECAUSE NOT ALL PREGNANT PEOPLE ARE WOMEN. MISOGYNY, WHICH DRIVES DISCRIMINATION, IS A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT THAT IS DIRECTED AGAINST WOMEN AS SOCIALLY CONSTRUCTED PERSONS. WHEN DISCUSSING THE LATTER, WE USE 'WOMEN'.

You wouldn't know how dysfunctional New Zealand's abortion laws are unless you needed to have an abortion.

Then you would find out about the delays, the paternalistic bullshit, the over-the-top, full-on operating theatre suitable for open-heart surgery, and the necessity of lying about your mental fragility. In some places, the compulsory counselling, or the general anaesthesia. You might also learn firsthand why New Zealand is not a good place for an early medical abortion. All these defects are the result of the choices politicians have made, or avoided, in the last 40 years.

New Zealand's governing law on abortion is the Contraception, Sterilisation, and Abortion Act 1977. The legislation is not a reflection of its own times; it was deeply unpopular in New Zealand when it was assented. The 60's had changed the people of New Zealand, and politicians of the 70's wanted desperately to change them back.

Parliament originally intended the law would allow abortion only in rare cases. But certifying consultants soon began approving 98% of abortions on the mental health ground. This is the origin of the myth that New Zealand has abortion on request.

Fearing backlash from all quarters, Parliament made no move to amend the law, neither to align it with practice nor to return it to its draconian roots. And there the matter has stood, for decades.

There are so many reasons a law designed to force people to become parents against their will is wrong. But let's keep it simple. New Zealand's abortion law discriminates against women.\*

- Pregnant people are the only group required to get the approval of two certifying consultants who have never seen them before in order to access safe, routine health care.

- Pregnant people are the only group forced to lie to the two certifying consultants that their mental state is so fragile they cannot carry the pregnancy, to come within the grounds for abortion in the Crimes Act 1961. That lie allows the certifying consultant to tick the legal box, if they wish.

- Sometimes people who want abortions, and meet the grounds as well as anyone else, are nevertheless denied abortions. This happens because approval is at the discretion of certifying consultants, not a matter of the pregnant person's right to make decisions about their own body.

- Contraception and abortion referral – safe, routine health care commonly sought by women, is the only area of healthcare where providers (doctors, nurses, pharmacists) are legally permitted to refuse to provide care on the basis of 'conscience'.

"RELIGIOUS CONCERNS, WHICH MOTIVATE MANY FRINGE ANTI-CHOICE GROUPS, CAN HAVE NO BEARING ON WHAT HEALTH CARE OTHER PEOPLE RECEIVE."

After decades of neglect by political actors grateful for any excuse not to go there, we finally have a government willing to take on abortion law reform.

In February, the Minister of Justice asked the Law Commission to identify options for reforming our laws to treat abortion as a health matter rather than a criminal matter.

That is an interesting juxtaposition, health matter or criminal matter. The formulation carries the promise of a common sense approach to abortion care, at long last.

People receive health care because they need it. Religious concerns, which motivate many fringe anti-choice groups, can have no bearing on what health care other people receive. Jehovah's



Witnesses are free to refuse blood transfusions, and evangelicals are free to carry all their pregnancies to term, but their choices have no bearing on anyone else. Logically, treating abortion as a health matter would lead to positive changes in the current law. Here are some of the changes we hope to see:

"WHEN THE LAW TREATS ABORTION AS A HEALTH MATTER, ANY REGULATION OF ABORTION MUST BE BASED ON MEDICAL EVIDENCE, AND MAKE THE PATIENT'S WELFARE THE HIGHEST PRIORITY."

No more grounds or approvals

Abortion is a time-sensitive procedure, and eliminating these two barriers would alleviate much of the delay that plagues our system. It takes 25 days on average, from the initial referral to the abortion itself. Eliminating the grounds in the Crimes Act and the certifying consultants' approvals would also end the paternalistic farce of doctors passing judgment over people's reasons for seeking abortion care and giving pregnant people approval to make decisions about their own bodies.

Able to self-refer

Eliminating the requirement for a referral from a GP or other doctor to access the abortion service would enable pregnant people to bypass a process that, according to anecdotal data from abortion providers, adds delays of a week or more to getting a referral and starting the process. It can be difficult to schedule an appointment with a busy GP. If the doctor is a 'conscientious objector' who refuses to refer patients to an abortion service, the pregnant person will have to start the process all over with another doctor, wasting more time.

Rebalance 'conscientious objection'

Self-referral would benefit those who need abortion by allowing them to bypass GPs who refuse referrals, but providers like doctors, nurses, and pharmacists can also refuse to provide contraception and emergency contraception. Under the current legal regime, all the burden of

catering to a health provider's conscience falls on the patient. The law should require pharmacies and surgeries to ensure someone is on staff at all times who is both able and willing to provide the services people have every right to expect.

Evidence-based regulation

When the law treats abortion as a health matter, any regulation of abortion must be based on medical evidence, and make the patient's welfare the highest priority.

This could have huge effects on who performs abortions, and where.

In other countries, early surgical abortions are routinely performed safely in settings like doctors' surgeries. Early medical abortions only involve taking two sets of pills 24 to 48 hours apart. Currently, patients must visit the clinic twice to take each set. There is no medical reason they could not take them at home.

In other countries, trained nurse practitioners and physicians assistants routinely perform early surgical abortions and dispense the medications for early medical abortions, with the same excellent safety record as doctors.

If New Zealand manages to achieve law reform that treats abortion as the safe and routine health matter it is, we could join the small group countries that comprehensively recognise citizens' reproductive rights. That would be a feat worthy of the first developed country to recognise women's right to vote.



TERRY BELLAMAK - ALRANZ NATIONAL PRESIDENT

[HTTP://ALRANZ.ORG/](http://alranz.org/)

# *It's Not Just "the Russell McVeagh Problem"*

## A COLLECTION OF PERSONAL RESPONSES BY THE STUDENTS OF UOA LAW SCHOOL

It was an awful situation for those women to be subjected to and I commend their bravery in coming forward and highlighting what is happening to the wider public. We are now applying scrutiny to both law firms and the wider industry. This scrutiny has been a long time coming. While I feel that the industry is on 'best behaviour', I hope this is just the beginning of real change for our female law students going into the industry. – Anonymous.

Definitely indicative of a greater problem of sexism in the field. I believe that belittling attitudes and treating staff poorly has come as a result of an attitude of 'needing to earn your stripes' in the industry, especially for women whose presence in the upper ranks in firms is not as evenly represented. I thought that this treatment of female staff was long in the past but I was horribly mistaken this year being in a firm for the first time. I was publicly shouted at, reprimanded by the male lead in the firm who was particularly pedantic with female staff, snapping his fingers at them and clapping for assistance. What was shocking was the power assumed by male staff members in adopting an aggressive workplace environment. Sadly, enduring such humiliation seems to be a 'rite of passage'. I was told to be considered 'lucky' that I was not groped, but that should not be the standard at all - to even tolerate that. It may be a hidden standard but there is no need to accept it, we must reject that. – Anonymous.

I am glad these issues reached the media and are finally being talked about. However, it upset me how much of the discussion stagnated just around Russell McVeagh; the firm became a scapegoat. For something to truly change, other firms, not only in the legal profession, need to be held accountable instead of sweeping these incidents under the carpet. – Anonymous.

I think what happened was very unfortunate and am glad it was brought to light by the media. A wider cultural shift seems to be starting. I also believe it was a much more enticing angle for the media to cover one naughty law firm, then to

address the wider issue of harassment in the workplace. It is bordering on ignorance in only targeting one firm when it is well known this sort of behaviour occurs in all similar workplaces. Furthermore, the reporting has unfairly tarnished the reputation, or at the very least the employment history, of the vast majority of responsible employees at the firm. Ultimately I perceived the ordeal as the media wanting to market a story instead of covering an issue in its full breadth. – Anonymous.

There's no doubt that sexual harassment, bullying, and exploitation of juniors is an issue across the legal profession. In every large firm, there will be some partners who mistreat their staff and some who are "creeps". But the big difference between them and Russell McVeagh is severity of what happened and the response to it. At Russell McVeagh, a partner and another lawyer sexually assaulted five summer clerks, and raped one of them. This is much more severe than what happens at other firms. Also, when it was brought to Russell McVeagh's attention, the firm covered it up for two years, as the Bazley report shows, they consistently mistreated, revictimised, and gaslighted the victims. When the story broke, Russell McVeagh publicly lied about what had happened and tried to blame the victims. Even after the external review, they're still trying to minimise the severity of what happened and the cover-up they tried to do. The legal profession has problems, but Russell McVeagh is by far the worst. – Anonymous.

I'm a woman who is clerking at Russell McVeagh for the first time this summer so I've spent a bit of time ruminating on the incidents from previous summers. They've done their best to sweep it all under the carpet. There has been phone calls and emails from HR after each new media scandal expressing their concern for us - but always slightly slipping up by including a little line of self-pity. "It's been so hard for us." I wonder how hard it was for the women who were the victims of your predatory culture? My mentor was a self-proclaimed feminist who was fantastic at dismissing my concerns by proclaiming that "every firm is like this." At every



interaction I've had with the firm, I've been surrounded by female partners. It was months before I even met a male employee. I'm expecting that to be flipped on its head when I actually start. And yes. It is bigger than Russell McVeagh. It is bigger than law firms. It's even bigger than the workplace - even though that's where our focus has shifted to in recent years. This is a problem any time there is an unequal balance of power. When there is a more powerful person interacting with a less powerful person, a more powerful group interacting with a less powerful group. It's a problem that we live in a system that encourages the proliferation of power differences that allows mass exploitation and coercion. We can mitigate and put band aids over the problem all we want. We can let something like the "Russell McVeagh situation" happen, then push for the culture of that one firm to change. But that doesn't change every other workplace in New Zealand. That doesn't protect other vulnerable people from being used and abused by powerful people. What happened at Russell McVeagh is not a problem. It is a symptom of bigger, systemic problems that we are choosing to turn a blind eye to. Don't be persuaded by the media that it's any different.

That's why I decided to continue with my clerkship. Because it's probably the safest place to be. While all eyes are on Russell McVeagh, I wonder what else is allowed to slide in other law firms, workplaces and any place that people get together. - Anonymous.

Russell McVeagh was scapegoated for problems across many professional firms. - Anonymous.

"IT IS BORDERING ON  
IGNORANCE IN ONLY  
TARGETING ONE FIRM  
WHEN IT IS WELL  
KNOWN THIS SORT OF  
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ALL SIMILAR  
WORKPLACES."

While I empathize and recognise it was unacceptable, it's not in the least bit shocking. People need to remember this didn't just occur at Russell McVeagh, it happens in many law firms and many other male dominated industries, and has so for decades. Russell McVeagh was just unlucky enough to get caught this time. The law profession (and other male dominated industries alike) must get rid of the "boys club" mentality that has resulted in these sexual harassment claims to be a norm. Even if that means male partners will have to stop hiring/prompting men simply because they see them being their little protégés. When you see a female employee going above and beyond in their career, recognise she always needs to try harder and is perhaps doing better than other male employees. And re-evaluate whether it's fair that we had to to get ahead. Because it's little decisions like this that has built up men's confidence to get away with inappropriate conduct, and struck down women's confidence to let them get away with it or think that they have to accept it to get far in their career. - Anonymous.

They start them young, here at Law school. I have witnessed and observed for a few years that these boys feel pressured to be "cool" and adhere to the hegemonic masculinity which includes objectifying women and rape culture. aka all these boys trying to live the "Suits" life and the "Fuck boy" life which is heavily encouraged and joked about, even by lecturers and tutors. Even substance abuse is weirdly glorified around Law School, and the "tortured law school student/the asshole" has been glorified because that's the only thing people see older law students brag about, therefore the younger ones copy and the cycle continues. I am not surprised at all; it is not just Russell McVeagh. It's everywhere, and more dangerously, it's here in our backyards. These young girls in law school are not equipped to even identify red flags or indicators of undesirable dangerous behaviours from micro-aggressions and harassment to serious sexual assaults, let alone protect themselves. Law school forgets that really, law students are just a bunch of kids trying to impress each other - Boys trying to impress other boys looks like rape. - Anonymous.

IF YOU ARE BEING HARASSED, CONTACT AUSA  
ADVOCACY FOR SUPPORT  
ADVOCACY@AUSA.ORG.NZ

# Diva Cup Diaries

BY BRITTANY GOODWIN

Aunt Flo. That time of the month. On the rag. Code Red. Monthly visitor. Shark Week. Etc.

It's funny-not-funny how much stigma still stands when it comes to menstruation. The above euphemisms are some of the more popular terms for having a period (Shark Week is a personal favourite for sheer dramatism). According to a 2016 study, there are over 5000 slang terms for a period. Over 5000 ways people dumb down, hide, lessen, underplay the experience they are going through. If I were to make up a euphemism for my period, I think I'd go for "shedding the lining of an internal organ with the pain of a thousand hot knives but nbd". But that's just me.

I don't see any reason why we should be hiding the completely natural process that many people go through every single month of their young lives. We have grown up in a time of change, of shifting societal norms, and I think we're living in the midst of a shift. Slowly, slowly, some people are beginning to talk more openly about their experiences with menstruation, and, hopefully, more people are learning that the "ew disgusting" approach with the maturity of a prepubescent 12 year old, isn't going to go down all that well.

And finally, people are given alternatives to the pad/tampon binary that has divided us for an eternity. Too long we've taken for granted the fact that we had to be a pads girl or a tampon girl. Personally, I kinda hate both.

According to New Zealand Geographic, nearly 96,000 tonnes of waste from sanitary products goes to landfill every year in New Zealand alone. Every month, we use and throw away products that are single use, non-recyclable, and even endanger our bodies through TSS.

Enter, the menstrual cup.

A menstrual cup is an environmentally friendly option, removing the guilt of throwing away (not

flushing please for the love of god) sanitary products every month. Basically, a menstrual cup is a little cup (shocking, I know), made of medical grade silicone. It's inserted into the vaginal canal in the same way as a tampon is, and can be left for up to 12 hours. When you want to remove it, you pull on the tab, and empty out the blood.

You can keep it in for 12 hours. NO MORE SNEAKY TAMPON GRABBING IN THE MIDDLE OF CLASS/WORK. Obviously, this one depends on how heavy your flow is, but there are different sizes you can buy as well, so if you have a heavy first day just use a bigger cup. Plus, it means you shouldn't have to worry about emptying it in that gross public bathroom under the judging eye of an elderly woman.

Now I know what you're thinking. Possibly either something along the lines of "OMG noooo", or (hopefully), "I'm intrigued but I need to be convinced"

Lemme convince you.

"I DON'T SEE ANY  
REASON WHY WE SHOULD  
BE HIDING THE  
COMPLETELY NATURAL  
PROCESS THAT MANY  
PEOPLE GO THROUGH  
EVERY SINGLE MONTH OF  
THEIR YOUNG LIVES."



"NEARLY 96,000 TONNES  
OF WASTE FROM SANITARY  
PRODUCTS GOES TO  
LANDFILL EVERY YEAR IN  
NEW ZEALAND ALONE."

I'll admit that I was skeptical too at first. There were so many bold claims made, that I thought they couldn't all stack up.

It's safe and easy to insert. You don't just insert the cup as it is, you need to fold it in half to make it smaller, and then it pops open to catch the blood. True, this takes a couple of tries when you're first starting, but once you're used to it - it's a breeze.

There's no waste. Menstrual cups can be reused, just thoroughly wash according to the instructions and tuck away for next month. So you're literally only making waste when you replace the cup with a new one. Which can be years later. So if you're environmentally minded like me, AKA guilty AF, then this one is a major win. To the cons. Yes, they can be expensive. At \$30-40 each, they're a bigger investment to begin with than pads/tampons. But they can be used for years. The New Zealand Herald (weirdly specifically) estimated the costs of a woman's period as \$35.43 per month. While they were liberal with their estimates (including sanitary products, treats to combat cravings, new underwear, and pain relief in their total), I don't think they're that far off. Every month, periods cost a lot of money. So why not buy one item you can use for years?

Now, this isn't an ad from a menstrual cup company. This is just an earnest plea from a 20-something woman who's been dealing with periods since before Facebook was available to the public. If your period is already uncomfortable, painful, and annoying - why not see if ditching the cotton will make a difference?

Be open with the people around you, compare experiences with friends. The only way we can find better options is by being willing to have conversations about our bodies.



WĀ COLLECTIVE IS AN  
AMAZING NZ COMPANY  
SELLING MENSTRUAL CUPS  
AND WASHABLE PADS!  
AUSA HAS TEAMED UP WITH  
THEM TO GET UOA  
STUDENTS A GREAT DEAL: A  
CUP FOR ONLY \$15!!!  
CHECK OUT THEIR WEBSITE  
TO GET YOURS!

[WACOLLECTIVE.ORG.NZ/PRODUCTS/STUDENT-WA-CUP](http://WACOLLECTIVE.ORG.NZ/PRODUCTS/STUDENT-WA-CUP)

# Why You Hating 'Cause I Get That Dick?

## A LETTER TO THOSE WITH ENOUGH TIME TO JUDGE

Sex work: apparently the world's oldest profession, but I'm not sure that matters. What matters to me is that this perfectly legal, perfectly legitimate form of employment continues to be labeled as sleazy, degrading, and "not a real job." I've worked in the sex industry for several years and in a variety of ways, and you know what the main thing I've learned about it is? It's hard! It's long hours of emotionally and physically draining work, with lots of smiling and pretending to be interested, just like every other job in the service industry. I, an overstressed and anxious person, working on my undergrad while being heavily involved in uni life, could choose any number of service industry jobs and work during every spare moment I have for minimum wage, standing and smiling for hours on end, letting my grades get worse and worse to the point that I lose my scholarship, so then I'd have to take on more hours at work (standing, smiling, minimum wage) until eventually I collapse from exhaustion or have a mental break down or go on a rampage and wind up incarcerated!

"I CAN WITHDRAW MY  
CONSENT AT ANY TIME,  
AND I SET THE TERMS BY  
WHICH I DECIDE TO DO  
THAT."

I may or may not be catastrophizing, but you get the point. Instead, I work one night a week, make more than a full-time minimum wage earner, and have plenty of time to study, socialise, and care for my mental health.

I find it fascinating that being naked for some of my job makes it more degrading than being fully clothed while earning so far less than what my time is worth. I'm not saying that all servers should up and quit and get their kit off, I'm just saying that the line of what is degrading is blurry. Maybe you would feel degraded if you had to be a sex worker, but I guess that's my point exactly. I don't have to be a sex worker, I want to be one. And I really think I should be able to judge for myself whether I'm being abused. Of course, not all

people in the sex industry are there because they want to be. Sex slavery is a real thing, and trafficking happens right here in this country, but slave labour is not restricted solely to the sex industry, and the industry itself does not create the problem. My working in the industry does not make the problem worse. Likewise, the workers who are paid a legal wage for fruit picking are not contributing to the plight of their illegal contemporaries earning a slave wage.

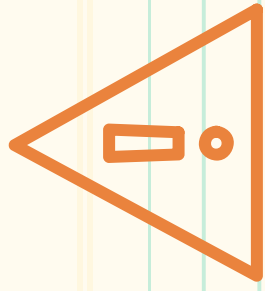
Consent and power are what makes the difference for me. I consent to having sex with people in exchange for money, I can withdraw my consent at any time, and I set the terms by which I decide to do that. In each encounter with both clients and managers, I am the one who holds the power. I decide what (and who) I'm comfortable doing, I decide how much I want to charge for services, and I decide when I want to work. Remember that service worker I was describing? Do you think they can tell ass hole customers where to shove it? they could, but would they keep their job? A sex worker may very well get a hefty tip for that exact thing! Or, at least, they won't have to talk to that ass hole anymore and can go about the business of dealing with respectful clients. I guess my point is that we all make choices, and those choices are our own! I might think you're crazy for accepting minimum wage, and you might think I'm crazy for sucking dick for dollars, but I am happy.

I'm not even saying that I have the greatest job, that there's never anything I don't like about it. The music is loud, there's lots of boring conversations, and sometimes I'd rather be at home watching Netflix, but you show me a job that is always completely satisfying, and I'll show you a liar. I see my time as valuable, and I'm going to do the job that reflects that. Don't you think it's about time we let the judgment drop away? I use my hands, my mouth and my vulva to earn a living, a singer uses their vocal cords, an athlete uses their muscles, and an academic uses their mind. To me, the difference is arbitrary. So long as I'm not impinging on another person's autonomy, just let me live my life!

Love (or maybe just lust),

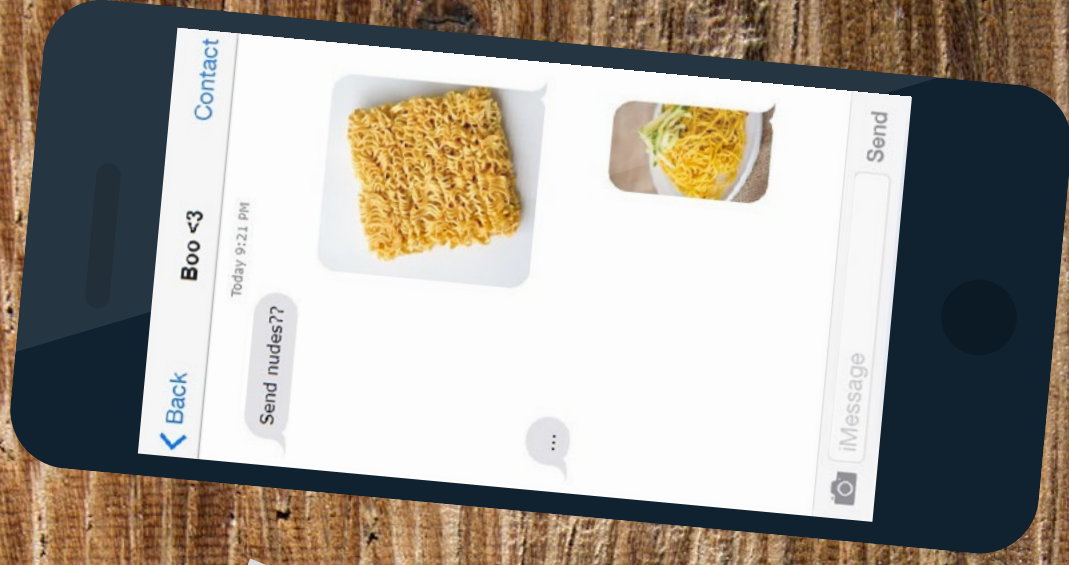
*A very happy whore*





If you don't want  
to see naked  
bodies, skip to

Page 24

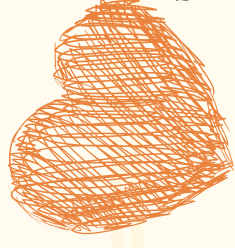




# Nudes

Why and How We Take Them  
I LOVE TAKING NUDES! IT BEGAN AS  
A WAY OF LEARNING TO FEEL SEXY IN  
MY BODY AFTER GAINING 40KGS. I  
LEARNED TO SEE MYSELF AS SEXY

BEYOND THE WEIRD STANDARDS I'D  
INTERNALISED, I LEARNED TO BE  
INTIMATE WITH MYSELF. I DON'T  
ALWAYS SHARE THEM WITH PEOPLE,  
BUT WHEN I DO, I FEEL CONNECTED  
TO THEM, I TRUST THEM, AND I



"My favorites are ones where I'm laying down in some way because I'm built like a twig and it emphasises my hips/lass"



"I used to be a size 4 but due to health issues I bloated and put on weight so I've gotten creative: just cut it out of the photo!"



"Your body isn't an object you're trying to show off, you shouldn't get a tape measure out and put it next to your dick for size reference. Most people, in general, don't just want close ups of your genitals"



"Timers!  
And friends  
that will  
take nudes  
of you are  
very good  
friends"





BEGIN TO TRUST MYSELF. ALL BODIES

CAN FEEL SEXY SO THESE BRAVE AND

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE ARE OFFERING

THEIR BEST TIPS FOR GETTING THE

BEST TITS AND ASS SHOTS!



"Mirrors help, a camera can create an illusion, via a mirror as it doesn't show bleowishes like a close up photo. Also, it helped me create an illusion that I was "toned" when, in fact, I wasn't"



"I put myself in direct sunlight, and move around until I'm happy with how the shadows are giving me shape. One or two small spots that are slightly overexposed can give you a 'glowing' look, which I've always liked"

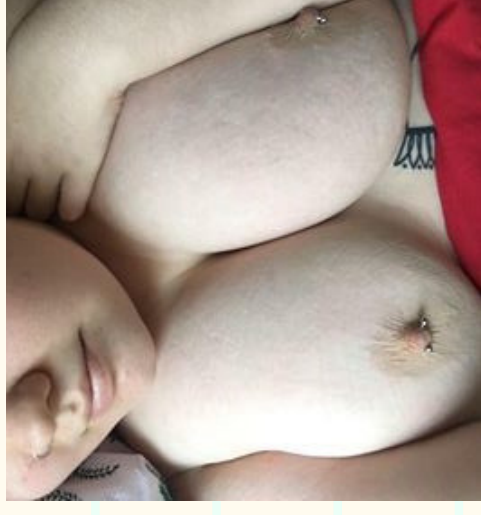
XOX



"Good lighting is a must! My best nudes are in my bathroom that's white with a nice window that lets in natural light. OR next to my bedside lamp that gives off a very gentle yellow light"



"I love being a tease! I always like to show a little less, then a little more after that. Keep em begging for more! It's amazing what men will say and do when it comes to getting the opportunity to view the "masterpiece that is the female body""



"I lay under a blanket when I'm feeling bloated!"

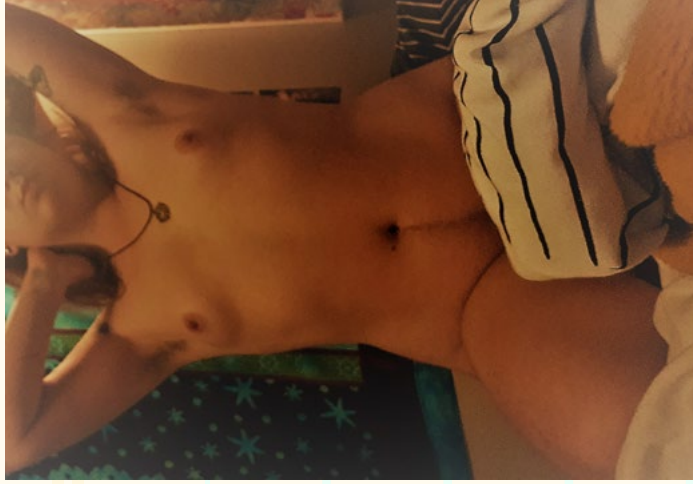


"Everyone has good and bad angles, so I personally just take a photo of every angle I can until I find one I can work with.

Also, make sure you don't have your messy room as a background

Don't Photoshop your flaws, because they are a part of you. Whether they be stretch marks, rolls, scars, freckles.

They're what make you great"



"I literally just stole a pose from one on the interwebs"



"I just kinda aim my camera and hope for the best, I take so many photos and make adjustments based on what I liked or didn't like"



"Take something that you yourself like. Chances are someone else will, too"

"It's not always about the physique, it's often about your attitude. You can have some fat rolls and a few spots here and there but if you think you've got something the other person wants, give it to them, flaunt it, let them know that what you've got is something that they want. And often it's not just your body but your personality as well, don't forget to show that too"







# Safe Sexting

Do's and Donts of Ethical Nudes



## DO:

- Ask permission before sending anyone nudes
- Be clear if someone has gone over your personal boundaries
- Be sure of your intentions before sending anything.
- Be proud of who you are! Embracing what makes you different is a massive confidence boost
- Speak out if someone you know is abusing or being abused. They may not realise what they are doing, and sharing info is the only way we learn.

## DONT:

- be rude to someone who has been vulnerable with you! Compliments only!
- share someone's nudes without their express permission! Sharing explicit images without consent IS SEXUAL ABUSE!
- pressure someone to send anything! Coerced consent IS NOT CONSENT
- do anything you feel uncomfortable doing. It is ALWAYS ok to say no!
- Stay silent if you feel unsafe. No amount of attention is worth compromising your values.

# Poetry

BY JESS REDDAWAY

You know they have complex thoughts,  
right?

Like, the inability to articulate oneself in  
the manner you deem worthy doesn't  
make one useless, you know that right?  
Like, some people would call a spade a  
spade and some might call it... a wielded  
horticultural utensil used for the removal  
and deposit of natural geological  
minerals

But a spade is still a spade,  
and a shark loan is still a shark loan, it is  
not "quick and easy finance,"  
and a service industry worker is not  
"low skilled", or surely you'd feed  
yourself,  
and decile 1 is another way of saying  
"low waged parents"

The threat of deportation is not a  
"motivation monday"

And a spade is still a spade,  
but a bulldozer is quicker when you hire  
someone to dig their own hole

Because you and I both know  
subjugation is best served "legal"

With a side of systemically  
implemented prejudice

Sprinkled with a mark richardson  
opinion piece

After all, how much is an immigrant  
worth?

Is it A. how hard they work?

B. How much they earn?

Is it C.  $A \times (C - B)$  where C is an average  
annual wage?

Is it how much harder they have to work  
to stay?

You call this "opportunity"

You tell them "your ancestors were still  
running around in grass skirts"

And therefore they should thank you  
Thank you?

Thank you for your modern medicine  
(and for the diseases and addictions  
you brought upon the shore with you)?

Thank you for your modern industry  
(and for the ruin of their land and the  
earth)?

Thank you for your modern economic  
system (and for seizing their lands and  
wealth to yourself)?

Thank you for your modern educations  
(and making sure your children get the  
best of it)?

Thank you for your religion (and  
destroying pieces of their culture and  
identity)?

Thank GOD we don't have to wear  
grass skirts anymore.

BY NGAIRE SMITH

## *A Poem, or Just A Jumble Of Words*

I keep my heart inside my chest so that I can  
always feel at home.

I love myself

And not in some convoluted way.

There are no rules and strictures.

I simply am

And for that, I am loved.

That bullied and beautiful man calls for love  
despite the ease of the opposite

And I say they are sides of different coins.

I keep them both in my pocket

Or a jar

Or a tin

The vessel matters little,

And I guess that's kinda the point.

Love is freedom

Love is home

And no matter how trapped I am

And no matter how hated I feel

I can find myself safe.

I can find myself warm.

If I keep my heart in my chest, the glow of home  
fires will be there too.

BY CIARA MOYNIHAN

## *White Room*

white room,  
where the reflections of her fragmented self were  
palpable,  
under cool lamplight through microscopic eyes,  
picking, pruning, pausing  
with distasteful glances  
at a Bag of Skin that some Bones rattled in  
(which she supposed was hers).

Hearing her jangle,  
as she walked her thread limbs tangled  
weaving together,  
forming a confused knotted being,  
perplexed by the Instability  
and trying to set herself Free,  
she cried to her selves on the walls  
in the white room.

## *A Woman's Condition*

White blonde hair hiding black roots,  
An injected smile is her typical greeting card,  
Her face painted with premium product  
Pushing profits to their peak,  
She will never hear them say "Age is beauty"  
Because old can almost never be sold,  
Conditioned to gaze through false lashes,  
Removing her eyebrows before bed,  
And wondering "Am I beautiful yet?".

# Poetry

BY ANAMIKA HARIRAJH

## *What's Your Superpower?*

Our shoulders  
lift the weight of the world.  
The sun,  
revolves  
around us.  
Our weary eyes see  
the struggle, the prejudice,  
faced by our kind.  
As if our existence was not already an act of  
rebellion.  
Our splintered fingers, strong enough  
to lift entire nations  
with ease.  
We know oppression like  
the back of our hands.  
Our mothers taught us how to stand  
on our own feet.  
We were not taught  
resilience,  
it lingers in our blood.  
Our hearts are  
strong;  
Our souls,  
bulletproof.  
We are every woman.

## *Before you love the brown girl*

Dear white men,  
you can not touch me  
I am the work of art hung in the  
center of a graveyard filled with  
men like you  
Dear white men,  
when your mother told you not to  
play with fire she was  
warning your fingertips about the  
flames burning in my chest  
Dear white men,  
tell the heels of your feet to be careful  
before you decide to walk all over me  
my heart is guarded by quicksand  
Dear white men,  
before you clasp your hands  
around my throat  
know that the sun worships me  
the melanin soaked into my  
skin will be your reminder  
Dear white men,  
in the end I know you will  
leave for something lighter  
I hope the straight lines her  
body is made of leaves you  
craving the curves of mine  
Dear white men,  
I am the dragon breathing fire  
I am the raging flood waters  
I am the shards of glass lingering in the wind  
you can not touch me

BY JESS KELLY

I am a tempest,  
a faerie with a storm in her lungs,  
full of anger and rage,  
with but flickering faith.

My wings are torn,  
spirit, constantly bruised,  
From years of ridicule,  
being trampled on and used.

With the strength of my sisters, we fly,  
seeking justice,  
demanding fair trial,  
fighting for what we are owed.

But fear not:  
We shall not break you down,  
nor tear you apart.

*We all deserve the light.*

BY SHIRLEY LUKE

## *A Woman's Rage*

Has no color  
has no shape

Is formed when a  
disturbance strikes

Truth and truth is  
damaged  
almost beyond repair

Does not embody a  
culture  
does not represent a skin  
tone

Is a legitimate reaction to  
the abuse of truth

Should not be controlled  
should not be ignored

Would be dangerous to  
belittle  
as if these feelings were  
wrong

Would be foolish to  
dismiss  
as if these emotions were  
childish

Could be the epicenter of  
destruction  
or the epicenter of rebirth

## *Appetites Of Men*

Our bodies  
their desires

men lust  
women love

a bed, intimacy  
gripped sheets  
sweat in his eyes

lips moist  
hands pressed  
downward

it hurts

men hunt & capture  
our hearts

when they force  
us to love them,  
we live in fear



# Poetry

BY LAURA COLE

## *There's no ethical consumption under capitalism*

You bring out the consumer in me  
every time we're together I just wanna fucking  
take you in.  
there's no ethical consumption  
under capitalism but  
having you inside me is my number one  
priority I  
bought some lingerie that  
I knew you'd like the  
blood red against my  
fair complexion and  
I bought this  
bra that undoes at the front because I  
want you to take it off  
with your teeth

I bought heels that are  
higher than my aspirations  
because they make my ass an invitation  
am I fuckable yet?  
pour on a whole bottle of  
eau de toilette  
you just bring out some  
problematic feelings.

## *Fully-Automated luxury space escapism*

On the days where I spend more time worrying about  
fishless oceans than my four untouched university essays,  
I imagine a future living in the middle of nowhere.  
where I could grow adzuki beans and collect rainwater,  
filtering it three times to remove trace elements.  
I imagine hand-scything my way to a dreamland escape,  
deleting my twitter account and  
becoming a lesbian separatist  
or just a separatist,  
with a large array of suction dildos and vibrators for  
company.  
It doesn't allude me that this fantasy is self-centred,  
a hedonistic indulgence on the back of privilege  
Like raking up Uber Eats credit card debt,  
only to commit identity theft,  
and move to a small exoticised apolitical fantasyland  
My Disneyland ride cutting through  
the streets of Baltimore  
Sipping a 7 dollar latte in the middle of a homelessness  
crisis  
A minimalist apartment that only took a metric tonne of  
landfill waste to achieve  
Metal straws that break the teeth of the elderly  
and leech Aluminium into their bloodstream  
Capitalist doublethink has tricked me into thinking  
I can save the world with the tap of my fingers on my  
MacBook  
perhaps if I buy a Tesla  
Elon Musk will shoot me into space.

## *Lust letter*

I want you  
and I want you to miss me  
in the hazy glow of midwinter sun rising  
wake to a misty sky and

remember me

as you get dew on the cuffs of your jeans  
remembering the way  
I always used to roll mine three times  
how you'd laugh at my  
short little legs too small for this world

remember me

in the creases of your sheets  
and the smell of coconut and jasmine on your  
pillowcase

I hope you breathe me in  
and the scent of me floods you  
drowns you in my memory  
a tsunami of tousled mousey curls  
the shine of  
seafoam eyes

remember me

and the the silvery hairs in the small of my back  
how they glisten in the morning light  
just like the dew  
that made your cuffs damp.

weighing on you as  
you go about your day.  
Just like the memory of you  
weighs on me.

## *Soylent orange*

My psychologist says I have deep-seeded anger  
a red hot whirlpool in a magma chamber

## *Chemistry*

Three cups of coffee, vitamin b12 and anxiety is  
the Molotov cocktail of insomnia.

# Poetry

BY TERESA CORREIA

## Monthly Musings

I can't explain why I love lavender so much.  
Is it because it is the national flower of Portugal?  
A way to connect with my ancestors?  
A way to connect with 50% of my genetics that I  
am perpetually disconnected with?  
I can't explain why I love lavender so much  
How it grows without nurture or explanation  
Why I light lavender incense whenever I have my  
period.  
Why I find it soothing  
Why I find the need to soothe another loss of the  
chance to be a mother  
That's how I feel about getting my period  
Every month.  
A reminder, another loss, of an opportunity to be a  
mother.  
How it think this is something lavender can  
soothe...  
I ask science  
Because I don't want to ask my spirituality...about  
the ticking time-bomb in my tummy.  
Science tells me that in the early stages of  
pregnancy  
Lavender can induce miscarriage  
So...when I light the lavender incense, am I  
mourning?  
Mourning what, though?  
I haven't had a pregnancy to miscarry.  
Mourning the view of my body simply as a  
vessel?  
Mourning my view of myself as...empty?  
How can I see myself as empty?  
If the agent to fill this vessel has never existed?  
It's all very confusing.  
So I'll shrug and change the topic.  
It's a great tactic  
Especially when people who you kind of love are  
giving you the hairy eye-ball  
Twenty four years old and single...when is she  
going to 'settle down'  
I'm giving myself the hairy eye-ball too.  
I want nothing more than to be a mother, one day.  
It has always been my biggest fear not to have the  
privilege to bear children  
But when I can't find an eligible baby daddy  
nobody gives them the hairy eyeball...do they?  
Just me.  
Whatever, I'll be the scapegoat, it's a predictable  
tactic.  
I'll change the topic, again.  
After all, I'm hormonal, that's all it is.

## Afterthought

I try, I try to be small for you  
I try to occupy less space  
I try to generate less warmth, less energy, less of a  
galaxy  
I draw in the channels of my latitude and  
longitudes  
I retreat  
I listen to all of the mouths who have removed  
their filters to tell me that I need  
to employ my filters  
I bandage myself  
Dipping the gauze into the plaster with my  
shrinking hands  
Unravelling the dressing across my stomach with  
conviction  
Binding the dripping dressing across the space in  
my chest that my heart  
recoiled from  
The only time I open my mouth is to apologise  
There is a war in my belly  
A forfeit on the tip of my tongue  
A white flag in my heart space  
My sides are borders  
I am being colonised  
So, I surrender the small piece that is left of me  
and I find solace in the walls that  
I shrink back into  
My tongue is forgetting the languages of love that  
it once spread  
Instead, I weave it between my teeth, securing my  
silence of solitude  
As the last fractions of myself dissipate into the  
black-hole that I have become  
I retreat into the last shred of space that I occupy  
in this Universe.  
And I ask myself why...  
For what reason did I dwindle?  
For which purpose did I diminish?  
To what grounds did I condense?  
To what rationale did I deflate to?  
Whose words wanted me to wither?  
But now, I am too compartmentalised  
I pay no heed  
I am an afterthought who lives only in the depths  
of his mind  
I have been swallowed  
In the same way that somebody swallows their  
pride.

# Watching Me, Watching You

A POEM BY RADHIKA LODHIA

The women in my life have perfected the art of suffering  
Passing down the responsibilities that come with  
womanhood  
As though misery is hereditary  
A circle of women banging their heads against their stone  
hearts,  
Waiting for them to crack open  
Must I too, stand by a husband as Sati?  
All my life I'd waited horrified in line  
For my own turn of this cruel fate  
For my heart to crack and harden with age

Yet of these women who made suffering a legacy  
These women, who carry their mother's guilt in their tear  
ducts  
And wear disappointment like a full face of make up  
You raised me to grow up different Maa  
Non complacent  
You grew up watching them  
But I grew up watching you

I grew up watching you learn how to drive  
I didn't know what things like independence looked like  
then,  
All I saw was you stealing away the car every day,  
Until you got your green licence  
We were all so proud in that moment  
I might not have known what things like independence  
looked like then  
But I knew you spent years making sure you answered to  
nobody

I grew up watching you apply for job after job,  
When you finally got one  
It didn't take long at all for you to fly right through the ranks,  
and eventually onto other things  
I didn't know words like feminist existed then  
But you put the bread on the table both figuratively and  
literally  
You worked hard, so that I would feel like I too  
Could stand on my own feet one day  
I might not have known words like feminist existed back  
then  
But I knew that my mum was a strong mum  
My Maa was the great Maha Shakti

I grew up watching you learn how to spell English words  
I didn't know why you were so strict with my siblings  
But when my sister graduated with a PhD  
We all joked that you must have knocked some sense into  
them  
I didn't know dichotomies like smart and dumb existed  
back then  
But I learnt that because of you they're smarter for it now  
Everything you've done, we grew up better for it now

I grew up watching you  
And watching you  
And watching you  
And when I was all grown up  
You became sick

It's difficult to articulate  
Just how hard it was watching you  
Have to go through that  
Alone

This time  
I stopped watching  
It was my turn to start doing  
Everything to repay you  
To stand up with you  
And fight that cancer together  
Maa, you taught me to stand up  
Even to God

Sometimes when the memories catch up to you,  
You sit me down and tell me not to idly let my life pass by  
Recalling all our sisters, and aunts, and cousins,  
Even your mother,  
With the history of pain they all carried on their backs  
You sit me down and tell me that you sacrificed everything  
To make sure I could stand up for myself  
I grew up watching you  
But you saw me from the start,  
Turned around and grabbed my hand  
So that I wouldn't see the pain you carried on yours

Of these women who made suffering a legacy  
You raised me to grow up different  
Non complacent  
I grew up watching you  
And watching you  
And watching you  
Yet you never let me see the pain you carried with you all  
these years  
Your face of disappointment shifted into a smile for me  
All the women in my life had perfected the art of suffering,  
But you used all your power to keep the facade up for me  
To challenge the fate of Desi womanhood  
And come out on top

At 22 I know a lot more about words like smart and feminist  
and independent  
I might not know how to put them all into praxis now  
But I what I do know is that my mum is a strong mum,  
And a smart mum, and a feminist mum  
My Maa is the great Maha Shakti

Despite all the lectures and books I've learnt from,  
All the dense theory and commercial grrrl pwr branding I've  
seen  
The most empowering thing I can think of  
Is my Maa  
The women in my life have perfected the art of suffering  
But you raised me to grow up different  
You took the care to lead your life by example  
Because you watched me grow up watching you  
You did your very best  
To teach me how to stand up  
Next to you  
Thank you Maa  
For watching me  
Watch you





HERSTORY #NOTokay #YesAllWomen #MeToo #StrongWomen #SayHerName #IAmJada #Female #IAmMyOwnGuardian #IAmNotAfraidToSpeak #IAmWoman #IAmANativeWoman #dowryin16AGirl #IlookLikeAnEngineer #ThisIsWha #FeministLooksLike #Emma #Girl #MyOvariesMadeMeD #ivism #BlackWomen #yes #en #TimePOY2017 #TheS #ThursdaysInBlack #Whit #tersUnite #HerToo #Wom #sSOWhite #BlackLivesMati #women4ClimateJustice #fe #BTQI #NonBinary #Effy #wnt #GirlsCHARGE #Sel #sPrincessesOntDesPolis #f #sing #GirlPower #LetGirlsl #lex #WomenBoycottTwitt #ion #FightForBirthContro #0 #few2 #CallToAction #t #WomenTransform #Wor #NGOCSW #WomenSpeak #sNotFit #BacalaviniTopa #lywood #MyBodyMyRules #ussy #NotBuyingIt #NOSu #berRenisha #WomenPeace #Women #TheEmptyChair #BroTurnersRapeSentanc #RoomTalk #Inappropriate #SexualPredators #NotJust #VictimBlaming #NotAll #mination #UnconsciousBia #Misogyny #MoreAndMe #Gendercide #Femicide #Gr #ceAgainstWomen #Survivo #BridesOfTheSun #PinkTo #AW #HumanRights #Loose #ving #NoToDiscriminatio #olutiveRights #Reproducti #roChoice #Abortion #Girls #Women #PayEquity #Egu #TakeBackTheNight #Swas #Attacks #BelieveWomen #renEmpowerment #EndGu #neBehind #WomensRights #SheDecides #AllWomenCount #MeTooWhatNext #TimesUp #TimeIsNow #HerVoice #T #heFutureIsFeminist #WeWontGoBack #WomenRising #StrongerTogether #4thWave #HowFarTheRipple #Woman

## #Hashtag Woman

### From the Dawn of the Feminist Movement

Women have chosen Voice as weapon of choice & as it is - the pen is mightier than the sword - & in modern times, #Women have been Pressing For Progress with the stroke of the keyboard. Modern Feminism's 4thWave has coincided with the advent of Social Media & millions of Women are speaking out & sharing much needed information to advance the feminist cause - on our screens, a collective voice weaving.

The history of 4thWave Feminism's use of SocialMedia is to be seen here - In this visual essay entitled 'Hashtag Woman'. - Hashtags made by Women or used by advocacy groups & organisations to label & highlight history, actions, issues, emergencies, events, organisations, papers, laws...directions & solutions.

By looking into the file that each of these hashtags contain you'll gain an understanding of modern feminism & the state of our world. You'll also have a tool - in the form of the hashtag - to highlight the issue you discuss & to weave the information you share into the collective fight for what is rightfully ours.

Hashtag Woman is a signpost collectively created by the feminist movement - each hashtag an electronic ripple & a navigational tool in a world where woman's current position is unprecedented.

There is a story - & by the telling & retelling of #Woman's story, we weave & have #WomenRising - we have all people rising.

Following in this thread are all the hashtags in order as read on 'Hashtag Woman'

In the beginning - #Herstory

By Amy Pearl



# Woman Enough

AN EXCERPT FROM THE NOVEL BY LISSA CARLINO

A group of twenty-something guys gathered around the bus stop, laughing, boisterous, and clearly drunk.

"Hey, got a cigarette?" one guy asked Ally.

"Sure." She pulled out her pack.

"Me, too," another guy ordered.

"Ah, well. You guys have to share. I'm running low, but you could try the convenience store over there and buy some."

Ally was always so good at being assertive.

"Geez. What's up your ass, bitch?"

Ally and Becca exchanged looks.

Five guys. Two of them, wearing baseball caps, fiddled with their smartphones; three guys had spiked, gelled hair and wore polo shirts with the collar popped. Yuppies.

"No need for name calling. Just saying I have only one cigarette to spare." Ally clutched Becca's arm. The two hovered together near the bus stop sign. The knot that had formed in Becca's stomach was now in her throat. Ten minutes couldn't come fast enough.

The guys shuffled behind them. Becca and Ally held hands, trying to remain calm, careful not to instigate or engage further with the studs.

The man wearing the blazer stepped off the curb, in front of them. "Where are you ladies off to tonight?" He eyed their locked hands. The other guys grew quiet behind them, the tone serious.

"Just a minute ago, I was a bitch. Now I'm a lady?" Ally was relentless. Becca admired Ally's ability to not put up with bullshit, but this wasn't the time to shoot her mouth off. Her brain couldn't assess the situation fast enough. She didn't want to cower and bat her eyes, because that would give the wrong impression. But if they continued to be assertive, that could anger the guys, and that wouldn't end well, either. Becca clutched her purse tighter, pulling it toward her body. The mace inside offered a quiet sense of protection.

"Whoa. Testy, are we?" Another polo-boy joined his blazered preppy boyfriend on the street, facing them. "You know you really ought to smile more. Both of you."

Their presence dominated the bus stop. She was too scared to look at any of them. If she stared at the ground, maybe they'd disappear. As though they were a figment of her imagination. She prayed someone else would come by, preferably a few helpful people to distract these dudes.

"We're waiting for the bus. Where're you guys headed?" Becca forced a smile to try to make nice. Ally squeezed her

arm with one hand and with the other began rummaging in her bag for what Becca assumed was her phone.

The blazer-clad guy grinned. "I asked you first."

"We're going to my boyfriend's. Is it that exciting?" Ally lied, giving a nervous chuckle.

Becca was scared, too. Damn. Fear never subsided. Fear that they could not only possibly get beaten but that they also could get raped. Not only could they get raped, they could get followed and stalked. And then raped. And then murdered. Or, challenged and made to feel like they're crazy.

Either way, in this situation, she felt legit fear.

"We're heading to a strip club... you know, uh, what's it called... CandyDaddy's?" The guys high-fived each other. Becca tightened but bent her otherwise locked knees, ready to bolt.

"Ever hear of it? Gonna go see some pussy!"

Becca gasped. In her experience, when a conversation steered toward sexual references, it was not a situation to be in. It usually ended up being a trap, like the guys were trying to read signals, trying to catch her off guard so they could take advantage. Maybe they were trying to read if she or Ally were sexually open, or, ugh, asking for it?

Becca willed her friend to keep her mouth shut about her working there. "Nope, can't say we have." Ally squeezed her arm again. "You guys are taking the wrong bus if you're trying to get there."

She cringed at the exchange. Becca remembered that when Ally was nervous, she had this habit of talking for the sake of talking and not thinking it through.

"Oh? So you have heard of it?" Another polo-shirted guy hovered behind them, too close for Becca's comfort. She could sense him inspecting her up and down, stripping her bare, making her skin crawl.

"Well, yeah. It's hard to miss."

"How about we'll skip it and head somewhere with you two, fine, sexy girls." The guy in the checked blazer moved closer to Ally, leering. "Take a selfie with me." He held up his phone.

"No, thanks. I don't do selfies," Ally said. Becca let out a nervous laugh.

"There's a pole here! Look, Brady, the girls could give us a pre-show." The bus signpost clanged loudly as one of the drunken idiots banged it.

There was that word again — girls. "Nope, we're good. Thanks." Becca tugged Ally's arm. "Actually, I forgot to get something at the store." She pulled Ally toward the gas station hand in hand, neither one wanting to let go of the other, half-



trotting, half-trying-to-be-chill.

"Aw, we'll miss you! We'll be here waiting for you!" The guys hollered down the street.

Becca picked up the pace. They couldn't get away fast enough, breathless by the time they entered the store. "Oh, my god. What was wrong with those guys?"

Ally panted. "That was weird, right? Like, it felt off to you, didn't it?"

Becca nodded. She leaned against a shelf to catch her breath. "I hate that they're going to Candy's. I should text Felicia and let her know. God, what assholes."

They perused bags of chips, navigating toward Cheetos every time. Ally adjusted her skirt. "'Heh, heh, you should smile more,'" she mocked in a Beavis and Butthead voice. "'Take a selfie with me, heh.'"

Becca tried to focus on what to pick out from the refrigerated section. She wished the store sold liquor. Her buzz from the wine had vanished a while ago, and now her nerves were shot.

"Thank god you didn't tell them I work there." Becca's hands slightly shook as she reached for cranberry juice. A forty-something man worked behind the counter. "Cold out there."

"Yeah. Uh, look... do you think you could keep an eye on us over at the bus stop?" Ally asked.

The man stared blankly at them and then craned his neck to see out the side window. "Why?"

"There were some dudes making us really uncomfortable, and it'd be nice if someone was at least aware of it." Ally put the change in her purse after paying.

"I don't really do that," the clerk replied.

Becca started to get frustrated with this monotone jerk.

"We're not asking you to drive us anywhere. We're just asking you to watch the bus stop."

"That's not really in my job description," he said.

"There goes our bus," Becca sighed. "Don't worry about it, man." Why was it so difficult for the guy to watch from his window? He acted like they were asking him to be Captain America. She wanted to scream at him.

"I'm not really feeling like going to Tom's now. We should call it a night," she said. Her stomach had yet to loosen from its tight coil.

"Do you think it's safe to leave?" Ally asked. They peered over at the bus stop for the jerk yuppies, who were no longer there.

They sauntered toward the stop, free from frat-wannabe boys, but not free from caution. Another fifteen-minute wait for the bus home. Becca fumbled in her purse for the mace and her phone to have ready at hand, in case.

"Should we call the cops or something?" Her best friend must've been of the same preventative measures mind.

Ally took out a cigarette.

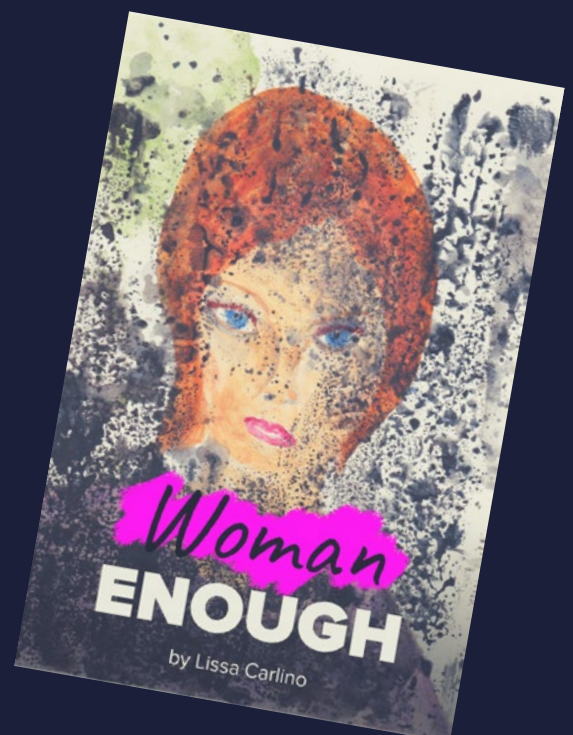
Such an infinitesimal moment in time, yet completely messing with her mind. After a lifetime of it, why would anyone want to carry on?

"Cops won't give a shit because we're scared. The guys were most likely harmless drunks. Let's just stay far the fuck away from asshole men for the rest of the night."

And consume lots and lots of alcohol.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Lissa Carlino is an American expat living in New Zealand. She used to be a sexual assault survivor's advocate and an addictions treatment counselor. *WOMAN ENOUGH* is her debut novel and is about an exotic dancer who faces down social stigma and struggles with addiction as she fights for her right to dignity in a world that would prefer she stay silent. You can find out more about her on her website [lissacarlino.com](http://lissacarlino.com)

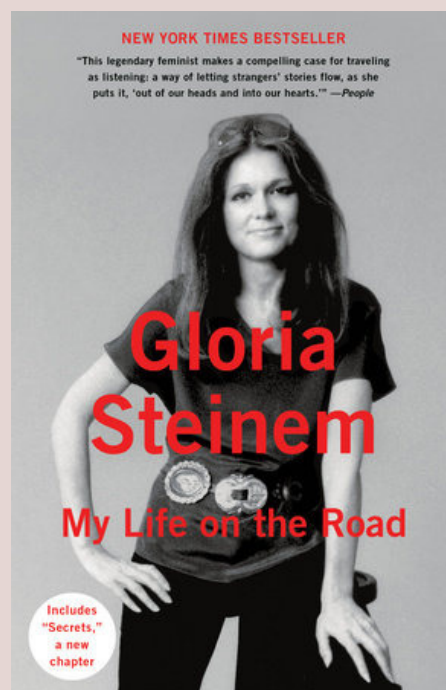




## CAMPUS FEMINIST COLLECTIVE

CFC is a group of intersectional feminists that meet to discuss relevant local and global issues related to gender. You can find us on facebook 'campus feminist collective' and email us at [feministsuoa@gmail.com](mailto:feministsuoa@gmail.com) to hear about our upcoming events.

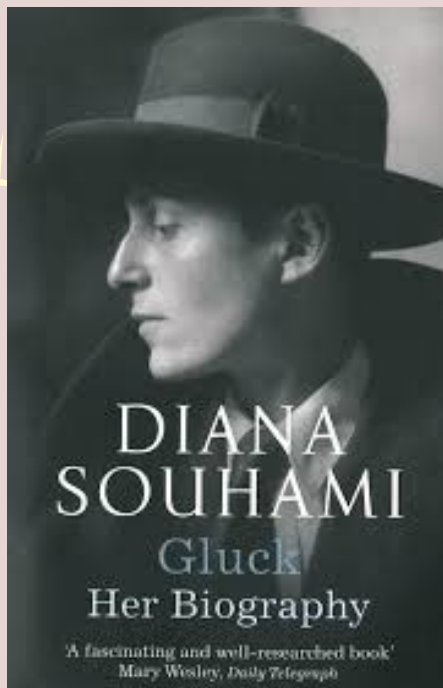
Here are some of our exec member's fave books to get you going on your feminist reading journey! Enjoy!



## MY LIFE ON THE ROAD - GLORIA STEINEM

The Women's Liberation Movement during the 1960s-80s was a huge turning point for modern day feminism. Though this period saw us move from a homogenous brand of feminism to one of more inclusivity, with more diversity comes more conflict. Gloria Steinem was painted as one of the faces of this movement, and her memoir, "My Life on the Road" depicts her thoughts and feelings around her life then, and how it has affected her to now. Steinem describes her life before the movement, as it happened, and now and it's incredibly interesting to see how much she believes that she has grown. Her dealings with successes and tragedies from the creation of Ms Magazine, the most popular feminist magazine in the USA, to the death of her close friend, Wilma Markkider, a strong activist for Native American rights. This book is a real insight to the trials and tribulations of the movement, albeit from a privileged point of view, and illustrates clearly the lasting impacts of activism as well as the long road we have ahead of us.

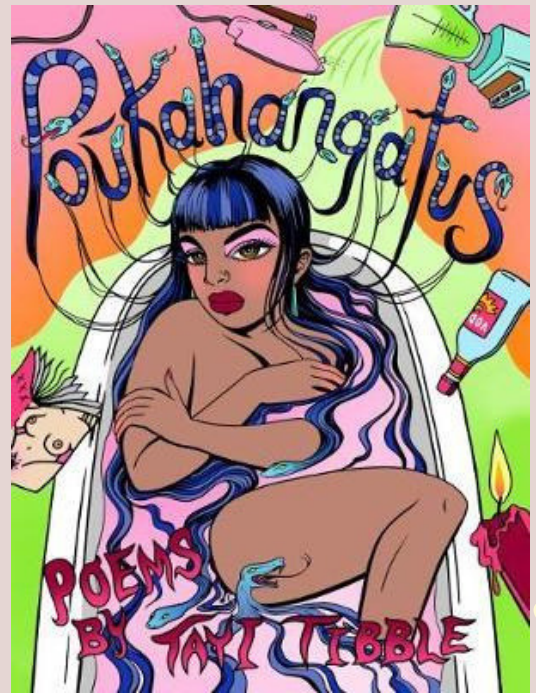




## GLUCK: HER BIOGRAPHY - DIANA SOUHAMi

This biography follows the life of Hannah Gluckstein, a wealthy heiress and artist in the 1920s and 1930s. Her story is one of gender expression, bravery, and creativity that captures both the zeitgeist of the time she lived in and lessons that transcend Gluck herself. As she became a young adult, Hannah shed herself of her feminine attributes. Preferring to go by the monosyllable nickname Gluck, she renounced traditional gender roles and expectations. Instead, she lived how a man would in 1920s New York. She dressed in tailored suits and polished usher brogues, wooing society women and living the high life.

This story looks at both Gluck herself and the art she created. New York elites coveted her flower paintings, portraits, and landscapes that she demonstrated in one-man shows. The intensity of her art transcended her wealthy family and her societal role, and instead told a story of a woman perusing her life and style the way she desired. Souhami captures Gluck the woman, Gluck the artist, Gluck the revolutionary and Gluck the anomaly. The accounts of her torrid personal life and professional controversies fully capture the complexity that comes with living as one's self.



## POUKAHANGATUS - TAYI TIBBLE

This review is dedicated to Studylink's Course Related Costs; feeding my insatiable hunger for women's literature since 2016. Poukahangatus is by far my favourite item on my credit card bill this month. Tibbles debut poetry collection is a welcome distraction from the recent plethora of assignments. Reading Poukahangatus on the journey home, for once, I didn't want the bus ride to end, only so I could read the collection in its entirety.

One factor that makes it so compelling to read is that it could be used interchangeably with any BA reading lists. Tayi Tibble does not shy away from being too political or outspoken or, God forbid, a woman with a lot of feelings. Maybe that's where I connected with her, at the point of not-so-subtly not giving a fuck. She does not attempt to write a beautiful passive feminine voice. Tibble gets angry. So angry that her poetry glows with an irreverent flame that warms and burns where necessary. As a Pakeha woman, I was not alienated from the literary world Tibble constructs, but invited in to actively listen and remain self-critical.

Yet Poukahangatus is for the Maori woman. Tibble asks, in a variety of sometimes confronting, sometimes elusive, sometimes crushing ways, how to be both Maori and a woman in New Zealand. Poukahangatus is for the strong woman. The one who puts on makeup before she cries so that she can see how dramatic she looks in the mirror. Poukahangatus is for those who walked before us, those who will follow in our footsteps, and especially those who grew up during the Twilight season. Poukahangatus is an anthem that falls deaf on Don Brash's ears. Given the labour Maori women have invested historically into New Zealand's suffrage, racial and women's rights and more, Tibbles voice will make waves.

# Totally True Horoscopes

With Mystic  
Raindore



Capricorn, your week is looking fantastic! Your week is predicted to be filled with warmth, vibrancy, and effervescence (kinda like that moment after you've sniffed juuuust enough poppers). You are also set to be the kindest sign, with a week filled with generosity and giving. Remember, Capricorn, sharing is caring.

Capricorn



23 Dec  
- 19 Jan

Aquarius, the cards say that poor life choices may have ruled for a long time, but rejoice, my sweet water carrier, as this is set to be the best week yet! Although there is challenge and competition, if you manage to persevere, you'll find that this week is a turning point where you finally detach yourself from your past issues, break free, and reclaim the power that was taken.

Aquarius



20 Jan -  
18 Feb

Oh my poor Pisces it's a hard week for you; the cards say you may end up drinking alone! This week will be filled with unfairness, lies, and an abundance of unaccountability. However, it doesn't seem to be you who is dishonest this week. Your prediction suggests a lack of success and temporary depression are on your horizon, but keep faith, my little fish, as this depression is temporary.

Pisces



19 Feb -  
20 Mar

Aries, your week may start with your head in the clouds and is not looking to improve. Over the course of this week you may feel jealous of those around you and moody from the weeks of mind and spirit draining assignments.

This week may be riddled with despair and discouragement. A lack of faith may also appear, however, it's not lack of faith in yourself but in Heather, and her ability to pull off that 2000s Juicy Couture-esque tracksuit top.

Aries



21 Mar -  
19 Apr

Taurus, over this week expect to find yourself as opinionated and hasty as ever. This isn't a negative thing, as these opinions can lead to an action-orientated week, maybe including a 7 hour conversation on gender and queer theory! However, be careful in how much work you take on, as you may find that a large imbalance in work and family commitments is on the horizon for you.

Taurus



20 Apr -  
20 May

Dear sweet Gemini yours is a week of duality; this week will contain betrayal and deception but this is not necessarily a betrayal against you. The week ahead will surely include completion and accomplishment. If your life ever gets too much this week just remember to chill out, relax, and try enjoying whatever straight people do for fun.

Gemini



21 May -  
20 Jun

Cancer, this may be a hard week for you, as you'll face burden and stress. But fear not! With some hard work, balance, adaptability, prioritisation, and time management you'll survive this hectic week and come out as the messy bitch who lives for drama you were before you went in.

Cancer



21 Jun -  
22 Jul

Leo this is a time of curiosity and mental restlessness but let this drive your talkative nature and energise you. Guess what, you lucky lion, celebrations are ahead this week for you, as harmony at home or even in your uni community will rule this week. But beware, don't get too rowdy as alcohol poisoning is also in among your cards!

Leo



23 Jul -  
22 Aug

Virgo, this week you may end up being captivated by laziness. The week ahead is predicted to be overrun with boredom, missed opportunities and aloofness, but pick yourself up and dust yourself off cause you're Britney, bitch! When you find yourself being a bit stagnant, try being spontaneous, as this week is also predicted to contain a new beginning. Just remember: if Britney Spears survived 2007 you'll survive a boring week!

Virgo



23 Aug -  
22 Sep

Libra, you're all about balancing the positive and negative, and this week is no different. This week is filled with clear thinking and intellectual potential, but is contrasted with restrictions both internal and external, but your prediction includes a challenging of the status quo! So go out, have fun, get your ass eaten, tell your crush you like them, and conquer this week!

Libra



23 Sep -  
22 Oct

My fiery little scorpio, this week is one of inner-calling and rebirth for you! Your prediction includes judgement and a release from guilt, contrasted by a creative block on the horizon. There is a dependence on others in this week but keep the faith and be as resilient as that friend of yours who has to repeatedly come out as bisexual 'cause everyone keeps forgetting it's a thing!

Scorpio



23 Oct -  
21 Nov

Sagittarius, the week ahead seems very promising for you. It is a week that is as varied as all the different kinds of lesbians there are in this world! This week is predicted to be filled with energy, action, optimism, and impulsiveness. There are no downsides seen for your week and it is even predicted to include a release of pain and a feeling of forgiveness!

Sagittarius



22 Nov -  
22 Dec

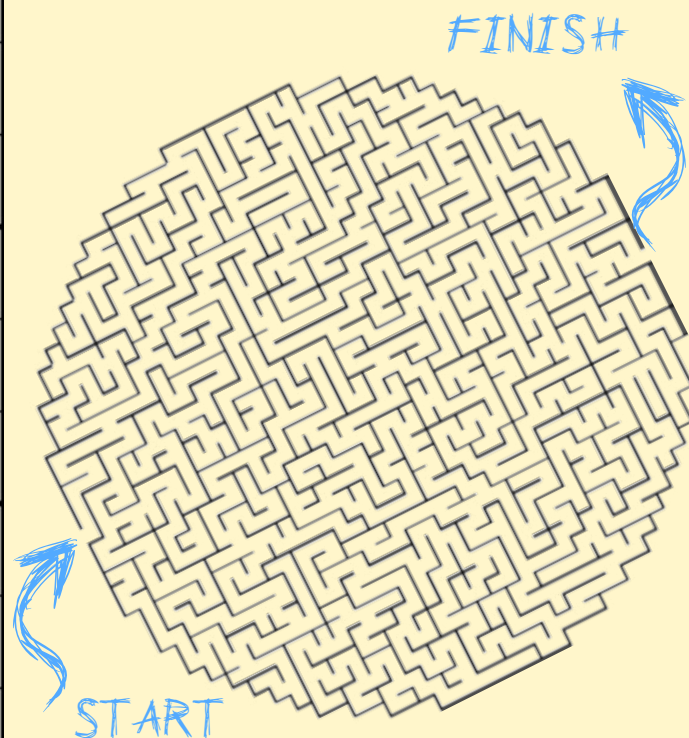


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Feminism  
 Kate  
 Equity  
 Freedom  
 Love  
 Books  
 Education  
 Celebration  
 Suffrage  
 Period  
 Poetry  
 Nudes  
 Gender neutral  
 Queer  
 Jacinda  
 Kardashians  
 Noodles  
 Artists

*All right, stop...puzzle time!*

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1. Given the choice of anyone in the world, whom would you want as a dinner guest?
2. Would you like to be famous? In what way?
3. Before making a telephone call, do you ever rehearse what you are going to say? Why?
4. What would constitute a "perfect" day for you?
5. When did you last sing to yourself? To someone else?
6. If you were able to live to the age of 90 and retain either the mind or body of a 30-year-old for the last 60 years of your life, which would you want?
7. Do you have a secret hunch about how you will die?
8. Name three things you and your partner appear to have in common.
9. For what in your life do you feel most grateful?
10. If you could change anything about the way you were raised, what would it be?
11. Take four minutes and tell your partner your life story in as much detail as possible.
12. If you could wake up tomorrow having gained any one quality or ability, what would it be?

13. If a crystal ball could tell you the truth about yourself, your life, the future or anything else, what would you want to know?
14. Is there something that you've dreamed of doing for a long time? Why haven't you done it?
15. What is the greatest accomplishment of your life?
16. What do you value most in a friendship?
17. What is your most treasured memory?
18. What is your most terrible memory?
19. If you knew that in one year you would die suddenly, would you change anything about the way you are now living? Why?
20. What does friendship mean to you?
21. What roles do love and affection play in your life?
22. Alternate sharing something you consider a positive characteristic of your partner. Share a total of five items.
23. How close and warm is your family? Do you feel your childhood was happier than most other people's?
24. How do you feel about your relationship with your mother?

# 36 Questions to Fall in Love



A TEAM OF RESEARCHERS INTERESTED IN THE STUDY OF CLOSE RELATIONSHIPS DEVELOPED AN EXPERIMENT INVESTIGATING THE GENERATION OF INTERPERSONAL CLOSENESS (1). THEY DEVELOPED A SET OF QUESTIONS DESIGNED TO BUILD INTIMACY THROUGH VULNERABILITY.

**INSTRUCTIONS:** GO THROUGH THE SETS IN ORDER AND DON'T SKIP ANY! ALL PARTICIPANTS NEED TO ANSWER EVERY QUESTION AS HONESTLY AS POSSIBLE! HAVE FUN! BUT ETERNAL LOVE IS NOT GUARANTEED!

25. Make "three true 'we' statements each. For instance, "We are both in this room feeling ..."

26. Complete this sentence: "I wish I had someone with whom I could share ..."

27. If you were going to become a close friend with your partner, please share what would be important for him or her to know.

28. Tell your partner what you like about them; be very honest this time, saying things that you might not say to someone you've just met.

29. Share with your partner an embarrassing moment in your life.

30. When did you last cry in front of another person? By yourself?

31. Tell your partner something that you like about them already.

32. What, if anything, is too serious to be joked about?

33. If you were to die this evening with no opportunity to communicate with anyone, what would you most regret not having told someone? Why haven't you told them yet?

34. Your house, containing everything you own, catches fire. After saving your loved ones and pets, you have time to safely make a final dash to save any one item. What would it be? Why?

35. Of all the people in your family, whose death would you find most disturbing? Why?

36. Share a personal problem and ask your partner's advice on how he or she might handle it. Also, ask your partner to reflect back to you how you seem to be feeling about the problem you have chosen.

(1) Aron, Arthur, Edward Melinat, Elaine Aron, Robert Vallone, Renee Bator. The Experimental Generation of Interpersonal Closeness: A Procedure and Some Preliminary Findings. <http://journals.sagepub.com/doi/pdf/10.1177/0146167297234005>



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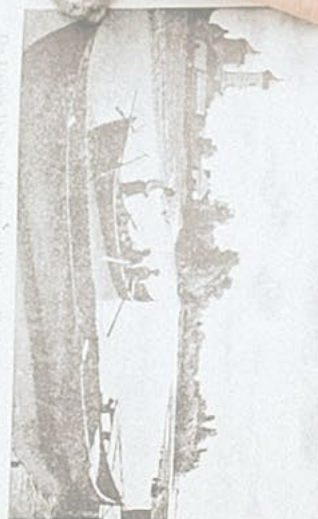
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**'Books are the plane,  
and the train, and the road.  
They are the destination,  
and the journey.  
They are home.'  
- Anna Quindlen.**



the Danube. Belgrade is the gateway to the Italian Peninsula as well as to the forces of the Carpathians. As it flows through these gorges leading to the Iron Gate, the Danube divides Xapo-Silvaia from Romania. The Iron Gate is not a gorge, but open rapids across a ledge of granite. Beside them a channel has been blasted out of the rock, but even here very powerful tugs are needed to haul barges upstream. Below the rapids the river again becomes sluggish. For a while it separates the Romanian steppe from the Hungarian plain. At last, now and east to build



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