

KATE

2019





FUEL FOR THE HUMAN ENGINE

Electric **PŪHĀ**



GIVE IN TO HEMP TATION

BURGERFUEL.COM

CONTENTS

Let's Get in Formation: The Roles of Subject Positioning and Beyoncé in Intersectional Feminism 6



It's Complicated: My Relationship with Endometriosis 10



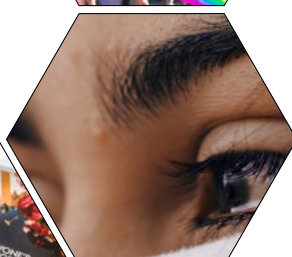
The Women in my Family 19



The Police Uniform Does Not Belong in Pride 23



Once in a Brown Moon: To BE or to FEEL beautiful? 27



Black Girls? Magic. 28



Poetry 30



Horoscopes 38



Editor: Anamika Harirajh

Layout: Nick Withers

Contributors: Amy Dresser, Sophie Canning, Mariana Toledo, Ngaire Smith, Peter S. Williams, Anisha Viswanathan, Hannah Kazadi, Christine Tuck, Madison Hornblow, Vira Paky, Crystal Beth

Models: Elizabeth Manase, Sophia Murphy, Lucy Liu, Sophia Murphy Jesslyn Chen, Kidist Tegegne, Zahra Patel, Dani David, Tazkia Tazmi

Photographer: Shania D'Cruz, Yasmin Dullabh

Make up artist: Pyper Terry

Editorial Office
4 Alfred Street, Private Bag 92019, Auckland

Advertising
Aaron Haugh, marketing@ausa.org.nz

The articles and opinions contained within this magazine are not necessarily those of the staff, AUSA or printers.

FROM THE WRO

BY ANAMIKA HARIRAJH

As I write this, Kate Magazine for 2019 is in its final stages of publishing and I am in awe of where I am today. My focus for Kate this year was not to fill the pages with quirky reviews and features. Instead, I decided to let the women behind the stories shine through their words. Day in and day out I find myself inspired by the strong women who cross my path. So, I would like to take a moment to reflect on the important women in my life who have moulded me into who I am today.

4 Sophie Canning, who started off as the gal in my stage 2 English paper who had a resting bitch face that was worse than mine (shocking, I know). Within the space of a year, Sophie has become one of my closest friends. The parallels between our lives are uncanny to say the least. Without her help over this past year, my term as the WRO would certainly not be as successful as it has been and for that I will always be grateful for her. There is no doubt in my mind that her future is bright and I cannot wait to see where her path will lead to, all I can say is that Al Jazeera doesn't know what is coming. Sophie, you are the cold, hard, ice in my coffee, the Kath to my Kim, the Beyoncé to my Shalissa.



Just two gals being pals



Azeeza is the only person who knows just how significant this photo is and that's all that matters

Azeeza Sahib, my soul sister, my best friend. Throughout the years, she has kept me grounded and has shown me why I need to keep fighting and pushing forward. She has seen me at my worst, but she has also seen me at my very best and has loved and supported me through all of it. Through my emo phase and of course the One Direction era (it's been 9 years, I am still a huge fan and I am not ashamed so it does not count as a phase (MUM)). It is very rare to be able to find someone who connects with your soul on such a spiritual level but I am fortunate to have her in my life. She once told me "If you get lost, remember that the last place you were, you gilded flowers and touched lives."

YOUR BEST FRIEND COULD NEVERRRRRRRR.

And finally, my Mother. The woman who put the air in my lungs and lit the fire behind my eyes. If I grow up to be even half the woman she is, I know I would have lived a full life. There is not a day that passes where I don't wish that life would be kinder to her. However, I know that if there is anyone strong enough to face adversity and still find a way to keep moving forward with a smile on their face and love in their heart, it is my Mother. I am constantly left speechless by her strength. Mum, you are an incredible Nurse, Mother and now an amazing Grandmother too. I know I don't say it as often as I should, but I love you so much, and I am so proud to be your daughter.

Thank you, thank you, thank you. For Everything.

Before this year began, I had a plan. I knew exactly what I needed to be doing and I thought I had it all figured out. I was wrong. One by one, things were thrown at me from every direction and I didn't think I could cope. I was suffocating. But, with the help of these women, the women on the 2019 AUSA Executive team, and the women I see everyday in Womxnspace, I learned how to breathe again. And the task ahead didn't seem as daunting, and I was reminded of how hard I've worked to get to where I am today. The culture out there is



changing and evolving and so are we. As women, we have learned to hold each other up when the seas are rough. Because of everything that has been thrown at us over the years, we have learned to adapt and evolve and now breathing under water that was designed to weigh us down doesn't seem as difficult. That's what we do. We learn, we overcome, we find our strength and we keep going.

To me, that's what being a woman really is.



Me campaigning to be the WRO for 2019



Me after being the WRO for 3 months



LET'S GET IN FORMATION: THE ROLES OF SUBJECT POSITIONING AND BEYONCÉ IN INTERSECTIONAL FEMINISM

BY AMY DRESSER

Intersectional feminism highlights that a woman's experience reflects her axes of oppression, rather than a sum of her oppressors. Subject positioning is important to intersectional feminism for three reasons: it removes essentialism, it highlights the problems of "objectiveness" in law and it reinforces the relevance of people's different voices. In simple language, subject positioning means expressing your own identity and experiences in your writing. Beyoncé's 2016 anthem "Formation" is a contemporary expression of subject positioning and intersectionality, which I will draw on.

7

First, subject positioning removes essentialism because it forces you to assess a person's identity as a whole. 'Essentialism' is fragmenting different aspects of a person's identity, and assuming they are only one aspect at a time.¹ For example, assuming that a woman of colour and a white woman have the same experience as "woman" because they share this characteristic. This is not true. Intersectional feminist icon Kimberlé Crenshaw explains that black women are not just the sum of gender plus race oppression.² Positioning yourself within your writing allows you to provide an example of how your experience is a complex and relative, and thus others' experiences are complex wholes and not sums of different factors. In "Formation", Beyoncé positions herself as a southern black woman: "you mix that negro with that Creole make a Texas bamma ... earned all this money but they never take the country out

me".³ She ensures the listener accepts all parts of her identity, not just the parts which are easy to fit into the archetype of a wealthy female singer - such as Taylor Swift. Sometimes successful black women "[become] nonblack for purposes of inclusion and black for the purposes of exclusion"; Beyoncé confronts the listener with her blackness to prevent this.⁴ Beyoncé emphasises she is southern black women - she refuses to be essentialised as only a woman. Subject positioning requires an author to consider herself as a whole, and thus others a whole, which is integral to intersectional feminism because it prevents essentialism.

Additionally, subject positioning strengthens intersectionality because it reveals the extent to which law and societal structures are not objective or neutral. Subject positioning should be everything when you analyse

¹ Trina Grillo "Anti-Essentialism and Intersectionality: Tools to Dismantle the Master's House" (1995) Berkeley Women's L.J at 17.

² As cited in Grillo, above n 1, at 18.

³ Beyoncé "Formation" *Lemonade* (New York City, 6 February 2016).

⁴ Patricia Williams *The Alchemy of Race and Rights* (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1991) at 10.

the law.⁵ However, most people see the law as objective, and therefore perceive the broader regime of law enforcement and interactions with the state as neutral. This is not true. In “Formation”, Beyoncé touches on the distinct experiences of white and black Americans following Hurricane Katrina.⁶ “Formation” begins by asking “What happened at the New Orleans?” and uses flood imagery as a nod to Hurricane Katrina.⁷ Of those that could not evacuate New Orleans for the hurricane, 93% were black and the majority could not evacuate because they did not have access to a car.⁸ Yet the fact that African Americans were (and still are) disproportionately affected by the natural disaster is rarely highlighted because the government’s response did not highlight this in its “objectivity”. Similar sentiments about ethnicity and the law could be said for New Zealand. To provide one example, Māori make up 15% of the population, but constitute 40%

of apprehensions (people stopped by Police) and 50% of the prison population.⁹ These two examples reveal that the law’s perception of being objective is only apparent to those with similar experiences to its makers and enforcers – white, and usually male. Subject positioning is important when discussing law, because people’s respective experience and identities dictate their perspective of the law. The law, and often society at large, is structured to fit white people, or Pākehā (and usually men). Subject positioning in light of “Formation” demonstrates that the law and society are not neutral or objective.

Subject positioning is important for intersectional feminism because it is a tool for consciousness-raising and acknowledging the relevance of your own voice. Trina Grillo aptly describes anti-essentialism and intersectionality as “tools for dismantling the master’s house”.¹⁰ The “master’s house” is built predominantly by white middle class men, which restricts women, people of co-

lour, queer people, disabled people and other marginalised people from thriving. Being conscious of a subject’s positioning shows their insights and limits when criticising society and the law. To generalise, a middle class Pākehā man speaking to his own experiences with the law will not usually bring any new insights because the law is intended to ‘fit’ for him. However, a queer Pacific woman will bring new insights, because she will fall between the cracks and be able to speak to experiences in which the law and societal structures have not ‘fit’ her. As a Pākehā woman, I must acknowledge the limits of my position, and support the voices of those oppressed

in ways I have not experienced. Once again, I turn to Beyoncé, who makes a call to arms for African American women, pronouncing “okay, ladies, now let’s get in formation”.¹¹ This is primarily an anthem for women of colour, because Beyoncé positions herself in the narrative and makes it about herself

and the struggles she faces (and overcomes) as an African American woman.

Subject positioning helps to acknowledge which voices are relevant in activism and consciousness-raising - not to prevent someone from speaking, but to encourage those whose who experience oppression and whose voices are most relevant.

Subject positioning is crucial to intersectional feminism because the intersection at which you exist will inform the content and relevance of your perspective. Subject positioning prevents essentialism, it reveals the artificiality of objectiveness in law, and it highlights which voices are most relevant. Beyoncé’s “Formation” demonstrates the importance of subject positioning by forcing the listener to acknowledge her whole self as a woman of colour, and in doing so she empowers others and encourages society to listen to women of colour.

SUBJECT POSITIONING HELPS TO ACKNOWLEDGE WHICH VOICES ARE RELEVANT IN ACTIVISM AND CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING

⁵ At 3 and 11.

⁶ Beyoncé, above n 4.

⁷ Beyoncé, above n 4.

⁸ <https://psmag.com/environment/who-didnt-evacuate-for-hurricane-katrina>.

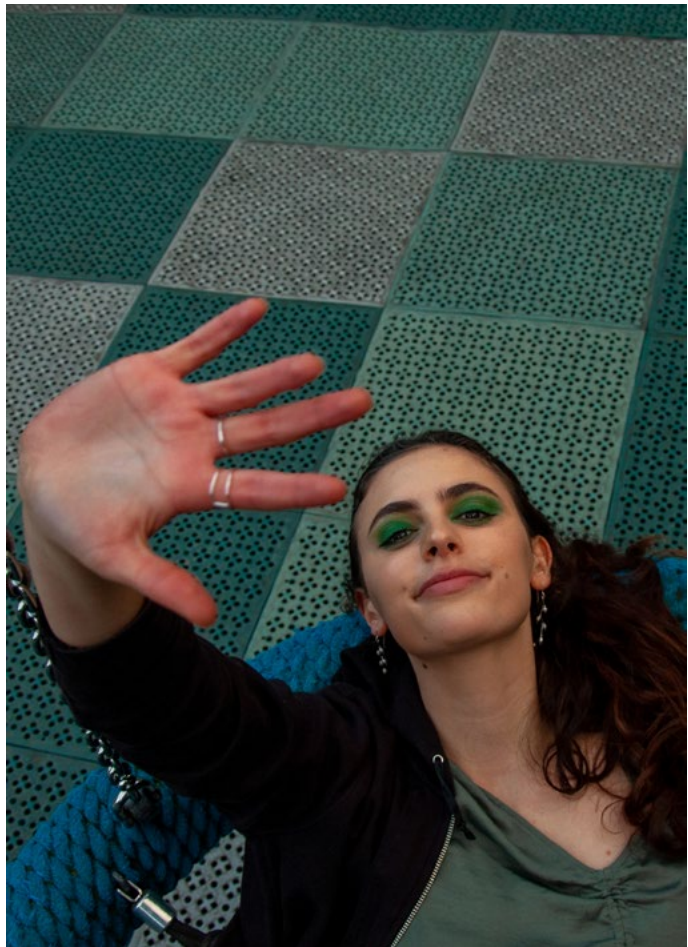
⁹ <https://www.police.govt.nz/about-us/maori-police/turning-tide>.

¹⁰ Grillo, above n 1, at 16.

¹¹ Beyoncé, above n 4.



Model: Lucy Liu
Makeup: Pyper Terry
Photographer: Yasmin Dullabh



Model: Sophia Murphy
Makeup: Pyper Terry
Photographer: Yasmin Dullabh



IT'S COMPLICATED: MY RELATIONSHIP WITH ENDOMETRIOSIS

BY SOPHIE CANNING

I wake up to a familiar feeling between my legs and swear to God if I've ruined yet another fresh set of sheets- I'm going to be pissed. I feel first (rather than look) and coat my fingers in excreted uterine lining. It's a rather fascinating thing that this much blood doesn't result in my untimely death. Which is another thing that pisses me off. I can predict with 97% accuracy that the crimson tide is on her way when at least a week beforehand (if not more) I'm curled up naked in the infamous fetal position, still dripping from a freezing cold shower, AC on blizzard mode, whilst swallowing my own vomit.

Too sore to cry, too sore to rock, too sore to move. Too sore and too pissed off that I'm yet again stuck within the constraints of my own home, and my own body. Endometriosis is a constant, even when I don't have my period. The relentlessly cruel nature of endometriosis means that I am in constant and consistent chronic pain. Living and dealing with chronic pain is an invariable struggle as it requires so much of your energy to deal with it in the first place, and simultaneously drains you of *all* the energy you have.

Living with chronic pain requires you to acknowledge the abnormality of your pain to begin with (which is difficult within itself.) Then, it forces you to sell your soul to find a solution. Chronic endo pain begins with sitting through at least 4 GP appointments and switching doctors twice before you find the right one (people rarely find the right one). Chronic pain is then being prescribed codeine and ponstan which is supposed to make you feel better. Chronic pain is taking that medication, but it doesn't make you feel better, only really tired. Chronic pain is taking a nap because you're now tired and also in lots of pain. Chronic pain is waking up and feeling lethargic *and* worse than before *and* still wanting to be asleep *but* the pain

LIVING WITH CHRONIC PAIN REQUIRES YOU TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE ABNORMALITY OF YOUR PAIN TO BEGIN WITH (WHICH IS DIFFICULT WITHIN ITSELF.)

keeps you from going back to sleep. Chronic pain is wasting time being asleep when you should be with your Mother who was very excited to come visit you in Auckland after spending almost two years apart. Chronic pain is being fed up with the medication that should be doing its job. Chronic pain is being fed up with yourself. Chronic pain is booking tickets with limited funds, back to your Grandmother's house in Tauranga to go see the GP, not her. Chronic pain is finally getting put onto a 4-month waiting list to see a specialist. It's then being in perhaps the worst pain you've ever felt, whilst still being a full-time student who has a life outside of University and her own f*cked up body. It's being prescribed tramadol even though you're probably a part of the percentage of people that is resistant to opioid painkillers. Turns out you *are* a part of the percentage of people that are resistant to opioid painkillers. Lucky you. It's self-medicating with drugs that would make the world of difference if only they were legal in New Zealand. It's quitting the things you love to do in order to take care of yourself and instead of feeling sweet relief, you're bombarded with cluster migraines that you haven't had since you were 14. And in comparison to the rest of your body you would prefer a migraine over the pain in your pelvic region

right now. It's getting worse as soon as the pain was becoming manageable. It's being emailed after months of silence from the DHB informing you that they 'sincerely apologise for the delay,' and that you're 'still on the waiting list'. It's been over 6 months and I'm still on that damned waiting list. I'm still studying. I'm still working. I'm still showing up. I'm still here. And I'm still in pain.

Endometriosis has transformed my otherwise pretty good relationship with my body, into an incredibly complex and confusing one. My body does so much for me and I'm so grateful to reside in it, but how could something I love so much put me through so much pain?

Furthering from the physical effects of Endometriosis, my external world is affected worse still. I can't get out of bed most days when I'm bleeding out, so I miss classes. Consequently, I fall behind in my papers, seldom catch up, and repeat. Not only does my body feel the physical blow of the pain, but so do my grades. So do my relationships with people when I

have to cancel yet another meet-up, or birthday, or study date, or party. You know, normal 20 year old things. Although they understand why, I can't understand why my body constantly keeps me from doing the things I want to do. It's like my uterus is some kind of parent telling me each month 'you're grounded, young lady,' and I have no other choice but to stay in my room wallowing in my own self-pity and blood. I feel like I am constantly being punished by this thing that feels like it's literally trying to eject itself from my body. I bloody wish it would so I wouldn't have to put up with this sh*t anymore.

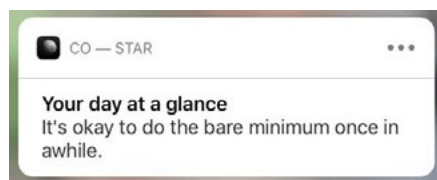
I feel like I'm keeping my uterus hostage, and I'm pretty sure it feels the same about me. If only we could make some sort of UN peace deal, then it'd be sweet. But it doesn't work like that. My body doesn't work like that. And it's frustratingly complicated to navigate through life when your uterus has a death note with your name on it.

Essentially what I am saying is, Endometriosis really is some type of b*tch.

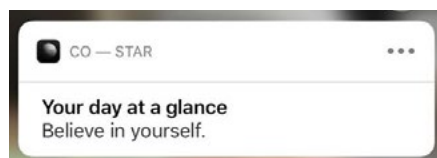
HUMOUR

FUCK YOU, CO - STAR

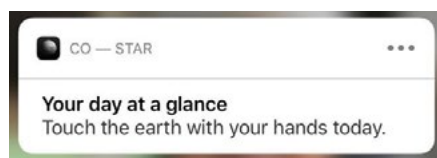
Have you ever been personally victimised by the Co - Star Astrology app? I certainly have. To put it into perspective for those who are unaware, the Co - Star app is that messy bitch from highschool who had 37931283 Tumblr followers, used to smoke cigarettes behind the school gym and refused to date a Virgo because overachieving is for losers. Here are a few gems I have hoarded in my camera roll so I can relive the call - outs over and over again :)



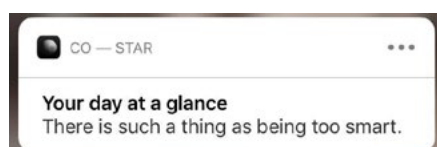
This beauty popped up the day before my English exam. Cheers Co - Star.



A Crackhead approached my friend and I while we were in Albert Park. Interesting.



Lies, fairytales and fallacies. Completely unrealistic.



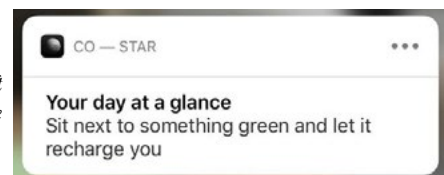
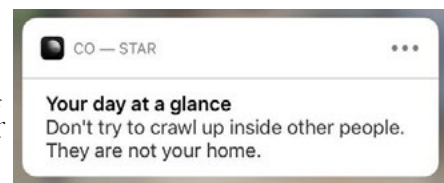
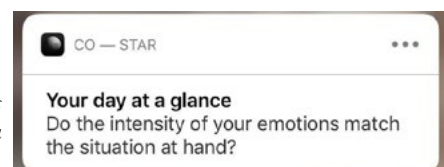
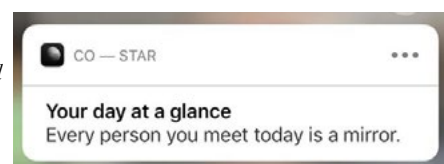
I WILL cry every time What Makes You Beautiful comes on the radio. You don't know my life.

I asked first. Consent is sexy x

What (and I cannot stress this enough) the FUCK

Can't relate because I'm a dumb bitch :)

Pass the dutchie 'pon the left hand side. hehehehe



PHOTOS

Model: Tazkia Tazmi
Makeup: Pyper Terry
Photographer: Yasmin Dullabh



Model: Lucy Liu
Makeup: Pyper Terry
Photographer: Yasmin Dullabh



YASMIN

My name is Yasmin Dullabh and I am one of the two photographers for our shoot. My vision for this project was to make people feel beautiful and most importantly feel good within themselves.

I am so lucky to have been able to work with both Pyper and Shania for this photography project. This photography series has been my first 'official' photoshoots, the fact that we were able to work with a makeup artist, Pyper, for this shoot is something that I will always be grateful for.

Photography is something I have always been interested in, however, it is not until the past few years that I have gotten into portrait photography. For me, photography is a way of showing something from a different perspective, whether it be through the angle at which you see the subject or the attention to certain details within the photo. I love to experiment with different colour palettes and angles within my photos.

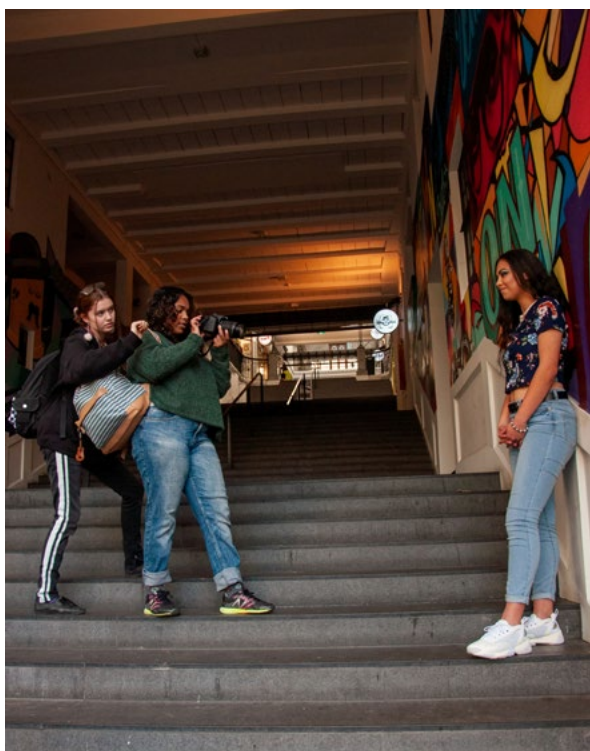
Throughout my life, I have been inspired and influenced by so many talented and intelligent women. My mum and my good friends (many of them ended up being models in this project) have been huge sources of

support for me over the years. All of them have been there to support me through so many points in my life, especially my mum. My mum is my main source of inspiration and the quote that I used was support and I will never be able to truly express how much she means to me. All these women inspire me to become a stronger and better version of myself.

To all the incredible women who agreed to be a part of this project, whether you sat with me while I was editing or agreed to be a model for this shoot, I want to say thank you. Thank you so much for not only your time but also for supporting me as well as Pyper and Shania.

I'm going to leave you with the words of Taylor Swift, "Other women who are killing it should motivate you, thrill you, challenge you and inspire you rather than threaten you and make you feel like you're immediately being compared to them."

- Yasmin Dullabh



PYPER

Women empowerment is fierce, it's an elaboration and recreation of what we want to be, do and accomplish.

As a makeup artist, it's my goal and passion to make people of any and all genders feel their absolute best and enhance their inner and outer beauty. When Yasmin and Shania contacted me about working with them on this project I couldn't say yes fast enough.

- Pyper Terry

SHANIA

Hi, my name is Shania D'Cruz. I'm a first-year student and one of the two photographers for this shoot. For this female empowered photoshoot, Yasmin took the reins on the project and there brewed the start of an inspiring project that I had to get on board. I love expressing my photography through underexposed shots and an emphasis on purposeful lighting in my photos and with little to no editing, so I aimed to carry my principles going into this project.

Most of my poses for the models and my attitude for the shoot was a mixture of the queen, Lizzo's music, the TV show 'The Bold Type' and hours on Tumblr stalking cute people's pages (for inspirational purposes only).

Growing up in an age where women are portrayed for their crush and not for themselves, a competition or threat to your Instagram like count and a never-ending unconscious comparison was detrimental to my mental health.

I never felt comfortable in my body, and being a woman of colour just brought it down further. I had to find a way to channel my negativity and change my outlook on self-esteem, I turned to one day dressing up and getting in front of the camera and taking photos of myself on a tripod with a timer. This changed me and ever

since I just wanted other females to feel the same way I felt after years of hating my own body.

This shoot allowed me to make my model- friends, comfortable, love and respect themselves even more than they did, with dressing up in their favourite outfits, getting makeup done professionally and beautifully done by Pyper and then allowing them to pose in whatever way they felt comfortable in front of Yasmin and me.

It's an experience that I thoroughly enjoyed with these lovely women so thank you to all my models, Pyper and my dear partner in this shoot, Yasmin; I admire all your hardworking and your time. I leave with powerful words from Janelle Monae, "Embrace what makes you unique, even if it makes others uncomfortable."

- Shania D'Cruz



iPhone 11 Pro

iPhone 11 Pro Max

Register your interest now >



Authorised
Reseller

Offer ends 30 Sep 2019



\$1863^{Incl.}

MVFH2X/A - Space Grey
#: NBKAPP13512821

Macbook Air Retina 13" (2019) -Space Grey

The new thinner and lighter MacBook Air features a stunning Retina display, Touch ID, the latest Apple-designed keyboard, and a Force Touch trackpad — all housed in an iconic wedge design made from 100 per cent recycled aluminium.² And with all-day battery life, MacBook Air is your perfectly portable do-it-all notebook.

- Stunning 13.3-inch Retina display³
- Touch ID
- Dual-core eighth-generation Intel Core i5 processor
- Intel UHD Graphics 617
- 128GB SSD storage
- 8GB of memory
- Stereo speakers with wider stereo sound
- Two Thunderbolt 3 (USB C) ports
- Up to 12 hours of battery life¹
- Latest Apple-designed keyboard
- Force Touch trackpad
- 802.11ac Wi-Fi
- Available in gold, space grey and silver
- macOS Mojave, inspired by pros but designed for everyone, with Dark Mode, Stacks, easier screenshots, new built-in apps and more

Configurable processor, memory and storage options are available.

¹Battery life varies by use and configuration; see www.apple.com/nz/batteries for more information.

²Recycled material claim applies to the enclosure and is based on auditing done by UL LLC.

³Display size is measured diagonally.

ULTIMATE
EARS.



GET A FREE
RUGBY BALL
& ALL BLACKS
BACKPACK
WHEN YOU BUY
AN ALL BLACKS
MEGABOOM 3
OR BOOM 3



The Silver Fern Device and ALL BLACKS® are registered trademarks of the New Zealand Rugby Union.

Valid from 2/09/19 – 29/09/19. Register to Redeem. T&C's Apply.



Skullcandy Jib

Wireless In-Ear Bluetooth earphones
Red / Blue / Purple

\$29.99 INCL With Valid Student ID
#HSTSCD0100X



HP 14s Laptops

14" Intel i5-8265U CPU, 8GB RAM
256GB PCIe NVMe M.2 SSD
Win10Home 64bit 1yr warranty
1.43kg, Silver colour

\$920 INCL

With Valid Student ID
#NBKHN141018

THE UNIVERSITY
OF AUCKLAND

(09) - 357 0882

www.pbtech.co.nz

vicki@pbtech.co.nz

OPENING HOURS:

Monday-Friday: 09:00am - 05:30pm

Saturday: 10:30am - 03:30pm

Sunday: Closed

Level 2, Kate Edger Information Commons,
9 Symonds St, Auckland CBD





THE WOMEN IN MY FAMILY

BY MARIANA TOLEDO

My younger sister is not that much younger than me — only thirteen months and 26 days separate our birthdays. Still, we were never best friends like most people expected us to. We hung out with very different people, were often jealous of each other and got into normal sibling squabbles and arguments. One of our biggest differences is that, as a child, she was always much more assertive than me. I was an odd-looking kid, with round purple glasses decorated with butterflies, colourful braces and a monobrow, so not very appealing to the average pre-pubescent boy. I would get made fun of by the guys in my class until the day my little sister saw me cry and kicked one of them in the crotch. No one said anything remotely unkind to me after that.

I had a traumatic coming out experience with my mother, a very Catholic woman. I love her endlessly and she loves me back, and I couldn't understand how something so trivial could make us fight for hours, say things we'd regret immediately, and make each other cry. When I came out, I was already in a relationship with my current partner, a girl named Teresa. It was last year, the first of October, that she, unprompted, turned to me: "Today is the day of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Tell your Teresa I'll pray for her today." I got on the phone with my partner, and we both cried happy tears.

My great-aunt, as long as I can remember, has lived with another woman, always introduced as her friend. I once took a girl I had recently started dating to my home town, also introducing her as a friend. My great-aunt caught the two of us just sitting in my bed, looking through magazines, and our eyes met for a fraction of a second. She knew. I knew she knew. She knew I knew she knew. When I made the weirdly difficult and controversial decision

of going public on Facebook about my relationship, she was the only family member I didn't unfriend beforehand.

Being very Catholic, my mum always made her adolescence and young adulthood seem much more pristine than it was even possible. But her sister, my aunt and godmother, was happy to tell us about every time my mum came home drunk and threw up in the kitchen sink. The last time I went to visit my family in Brazil, she took me to a happy hour with her workmates, where I knew no one and everyone was at least ten years older than me. We got drunk on mojitos and sang out loud on the way home.

MY GREAT-AUNT CAUGHT THE
TWO OF US JUST SITTING IN
MY BED, LOOKING THROUGH
MAGAZINES, AND OUR EYES
MET FOR A FRACTION OF A
SECOND. SHE KNEW. I KNEW
SHE KNEW. SHE KNEW I
KNEW SHE KNEW.

I barely knew my grandma. I remember going to her house around lunch on Saturdays religiously when I was little. When I got there, I would say hi and give her a kiss in the living room, where the lights were always out, the curtains always closed and the smell of smoke was overpowering. She would watch TV and

smoke cigarettes all day. She never sat down and ate with us, and I was too young to understand why. I don't remember seeing her face under lights that weren't the television's. When I started taking antidepressants, my father cried, afraid I would become like her.

I grew up with my cousin and raised like we were sisters. Two years younger than me and one year younger than my sister, we were like triplets. We shared toys, stories and I had fun preparing them for each new phase of life, from their first period to transitioning from middle school to high school. With time we saw each other less and less, to the point I couldn't name anything she liked or was interested in anymore. When I got into university and posted about it on Facebook, she wrote that she wanted to be like me someday. I unfriended her a year later because I wanted to be openly in a relationship with a woman on social media, but didn't want my family to know. I don't know if she feels the same way

about me as before.

I had fun going out with my mum's cousin every summer she came back to her hometown, a beachside city. We had ice cream and visited carnivals, and she would let me go on the most extreme rides, which would make

my mum have a fit if she knew. In a well-intentioned way of trying to show her how much I liked her, in the height of my childhood sincerity, I wrote her a public social media post where I mentioned how she couldn't hold down a man. I loved hanging out with her, but that's what all my other relatives always talked about whenever she visited. She was so hurt and I couldn't understand why.

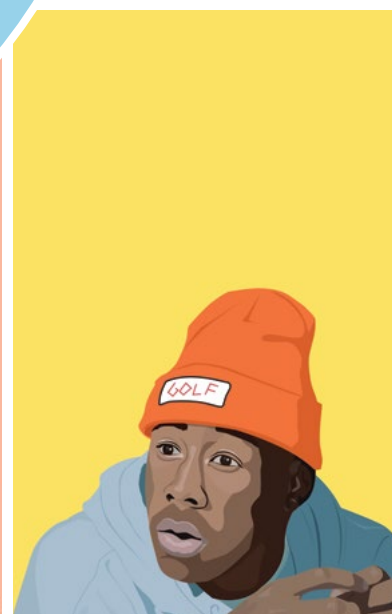
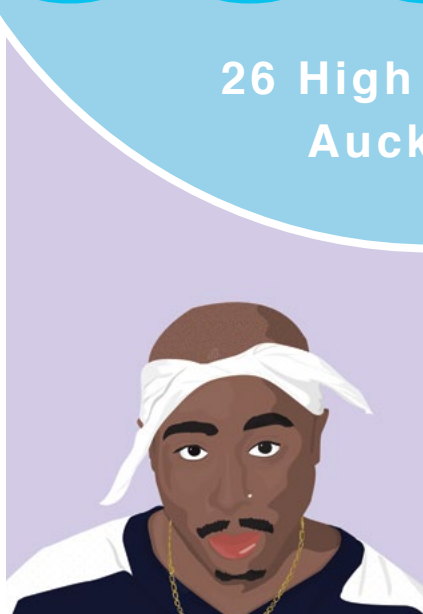
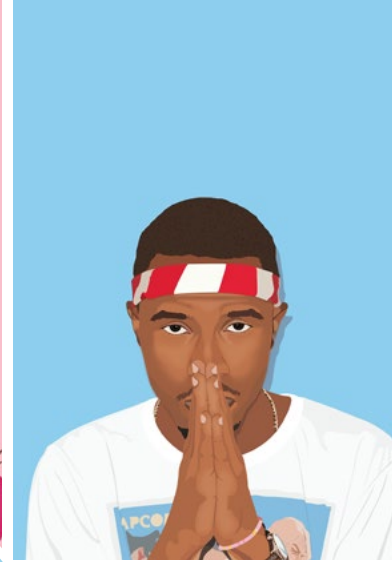
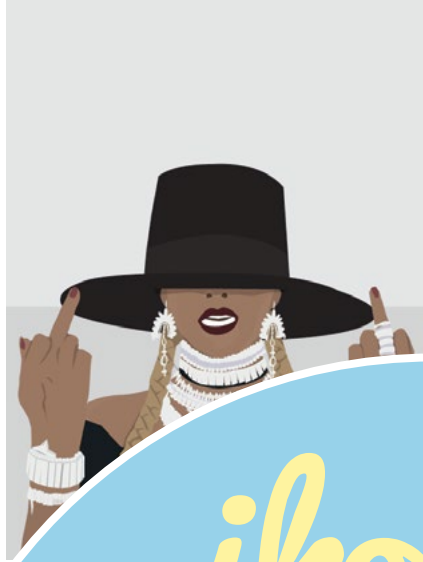
My mum was always scared of my grandmother, her mum, finding out about my sexual-

ity. On my last birthday, my girlfriend wrote a heartfelt message on my wall, which somehow appeared on my mum's news feed. Frantic, she called me asking to take it down before my grandmother saw it, which I did. Later that summer, I visited my grandma's house in Brazil. There I found out through my cousins that everyone knew about my sexuality long before a Facebook post. "Really?" I asked, shocked. "What does Grandma think about it?". "She's not a fan, not gonna lie. But your mum messaged her before you came, telling her that, if she didn't want you to come over, it would be understandable. But Grandma got into an argument with her, saying that you're here granddaughter and that you would always be welcome here, that this is your home." It is my home. I hugged her tight and she taught me how to knit that afternoon.

I am a sister, daughter, cousin, niece and granddaughter of women who have gone through unspeakable things, pour their love out into the world in many different ways and have surprised me in every single possible way. I find it physically impossible to think of anyone else in this eight of March. They are my home. I hug them tight, and they teach me how to be better.

I AM A SISTER, DAUGHTER,
COUSIN, NIECE AND
GRANDDAUGHTER OF WOMEN
WHO HAVE GONE THROUGH
UNSPEAKABLE THINGS, POUR
THEIR LOVE OUT INTO THE
WORLD IN MANY DIFFERENT
WAYS AND HAVE SURPRISED
ME IN EVERY SINGLE
POSSIBLE WAY.





Offer only available in store – 26 High St, Auckland.

Mention this deal in store and get 50% off Iko Iko branded posters.

Available on full priced items only. Not available in conjunction

with any other offers. Expires 30/10/19. ikoiko.co.nz



THE POLICE UNIFORM DOES NOT BELONG IN PRIDE

BY NGAIRE SMITH

A salacious rant about this really fucking obvious fact.

CW: reference to Nazism

Imagine a world where there was a group, *Jewish People for the Nazi Domination of the World*. No? don't want to imagine that? Ok good! Neither do I, but this is analogous to what is happening when the police want to march in Pride in uniform. Queer police officers are part of the queer community. There is no doubt in anyone's mind about that. They have certainly fought for their right to wear a uniform and be out and proud about their queer identity. Facts are facts, and nobody denies this! The problem, though, is that once they got their rights, they stopped fighting. They continued to participate in a system that is designed to be more harmful to queer people than heterosexuals... but they can be gay so it's ok?!? I really don't think that is satisfying.

Imagine if this Group of pro-Nazi Jewish people were granted basic human rights for their pro-Nazi views, but they also wanted to participate in a parade with other Jewish people while they marched to celebrate their heritage even in the face of the oppressive Nazi ruling class. Would it not be insane for them to be able to wear a Nazi uniform while doing that? Yes, regardless of their other beliefs, they are Jewish and deserve to celebrate that heritage. Howev-

er, should they be welcome to wear an SS uniform? I think they clearly should not.

You may be thinking that I am unjustified in using the horror that is Nazism as analogous to the justice system, but, I'm truly sorry to say, you would be wrong.

THIS BRUTALITY IS NOT LIMITED TO SOME SMALL SECTION OF THE POLICE FORCE BUT IS SUPPORTED AND PERPETUATED BY THE ENTIRE JUSTICE SYSTEM, AND THE SOCIETY THAT SYSTEM PURPORTS TO PROTECT.

The justice system is racist, queer and transphobic, deeply capitalist and inherently abusive. The Pride Celebration rose out of the ashes of the Stonewall riots which were started by Marsha P. Johnson, a black, bisexual, trans woman who had had enough of the consistent and repeated police brutality that her community faced. This brutality is not limited to some small section of the police force but is supported and perpetuated by the entire justice system, and the society that system purports to protect.

The police uniform is a symbol of brutality. The police uniform is a symbol of fear and harm and death in the queer community. Although there have been steps taken— police can be openly queer now—the system as a whole is entirely not fixed. Most obviously in that trans people are misgendered and sent to the wrong prison where they face incredible trauma without any real

recourse, but also in more insidious ways.

We are still in a heteronormative society. We are raised to see queerness as otherness. This othering is not limited to heterosexual people. We are raising queer people to hate themselves. This leads to fucked up self-esteem issues, problems in the education system, lack of ability to gain and sustain employment which, in turn, leads to crime and a greater portion of dealings with the justice system. The justice system is skewed in favour of the educated, the wealthy and the white. It is skewed to favour people who can present the “right” image in court. If you look “right” you will get lesser sentencing for bigger offenses. If you cannot provide that image because you are too queer, too poor, too brown, too sad, too lost, then you will receive heftier sentences and be trapped in the system for longer. Once you have a record, it is harder to get a job, it is harder to get insurance, it is harder to participate in a society that was already almost impossible to participate in. The system is fucked.

The Stonewall riot was in the USA, not here in New Zealand, so maybe I’m over emphasizing how bad it is here. I’m not sure that is right though. I was staying on a farm the other day with no cell service and no Wi-Fi, so I actually watched regular old TV. That show, *Breakfast*, was on. They were discussing a new report that had just come out. It showed that the justice system was racist, and they were talking about how many people find this news shocking. I cried. I turned the TV off and was heavily reminded of why I don’t watch the news. How can this be a shock to anyone? How can people have lived their lives in the same world as me and have not noticed this shit already?

I grew up in a regional city in New Zealand. I learned through socialisation that there was a right way to be and

a wrong way to be as a woman. Naturally, I am the wrong way. I am intelligent, awkward, too tall, and too sure about my beliefs, or so I thought. I forced myself to be smaller, dumber and quieter. I made myself as close as I could to what I thought I was meant to be. In order to sustain that falseness, I had to take a lot of drugs. To sustain those drugs, I got into some crime. I have been through the justice system and I know what it feels like to be locked in a room from 4:30 pm until after breakfast. I know what it feels like to have a stranger touch my body “checking for contraband.” The society that taught me to be this pseudo-me is the same society that crushes the souls of so many queer people, and, like me, many of us wind up in the worst parts of the system just because we don’t fit the normal.

I am a white, middle class, and a cis passing woman. I am privileged as shit but I still felt the harmful effects of the system which is enforced by the police. If it was bad for me, I cannot imagine what it is like for people even further outside the bounds of “normalcy.”

Pride is inherently anti-establishment. Not because it wants to be that way, but because it must be. The justice system is part of the larger social structure that normalises and others arbitrarily, based on things people have no control over, namely, their identity. The police uniform is a violent symbol of the oppressive system to which pride is diametrically opposed. Queer police officers deserve to celebrate their queerness, but not at the expense of those less privileged who feel only fear when faced with that uniform. Unlike the rest of society, pride needs to be a platform for the least advantaged among us, not another opportunity for those with power to wave it in everyone else’s face. I just do not understand why this is so hard for people to understand.



PRIDE IS NOW A PRIVILEGE?

BY PETER S. WILLIAMS

The very factual counterargument everyone is conveniently trying to avoid.

Let's face it Auckland Pride this year was a complete and utter trainwreck. This year Pride was petty, pathetic, and completely overblown. A social issue came forward that was incredibly divisive: uniformed police at Pride. A clear message was sent out by the Pride Board and its supporters: "If you are a LGBTQIA+ police officer; you cannot be proud of being part of both the LGBTQIA+ community and police force". This instantly excluded any members of the LGBTQIA+ community who had worked hard to become a part of either the New Zealand Police Force or the New Zealand Defense Force. The amount of effort, time, and work that is needed to complete the training to become part of either of these forces is incredibly grueling; the uniforms are a symbol of accomplishment and pride for the people that earn them, and they proudly wear them as they try and work toward a safer New Zealand for everyone.

However, this meant nothing to the LGBTQIA+ community members who had past negative incidents with police officers; this is completely understandable. The main argument that people put forward against the police being in the parade was an altercation from 2015's Pride Parade when three No Pride In Prisons protesters jumped into the parade in front of police and started to harass them, for the most part the police officers ignored them and continued moving forward. When security tried to remove one of the protestors, a transgender woman, she fought back against them and unfortunately her humerus was fractured. People erroneously spread around that a police officer had assaulted her and broke her arm just for the sole fact that she was a transgender Maori woman.

People also brought up many examples of how police had treated homosexuals and transgender people in the 1980s—this is a very wide reach hun. During the majority of the 1980s homosexuality was in fact **ILLEGAL!** That's right everyone; it wasn't until the Homosexual Law Reform Act in 1986 came into effect that homosexual men having **consensual** sex was legalized. Only 33 years ago did the government decide that gay men should be allowed to consensually have sex, but only barely as the bill only won by 5 votes. **FUN FACT:** *Lesbians were always legal in New Zealand because there was no actual legislation against lesbians, ain't that some good shit?* However discriminating against the LGBTQIA+ community re-

mained legal until 1994 when the Human Rights Act of 1993 came into effect. Although these were only recent legislations; to claim that every police officer is homophobic and transphobic is ridiculous... there has to be at least one diamond in that sea of rough. In all seriousness there are quite a few police officers who are part of the community or are huge allies who strive to make this country safe for everyone.

All of the legal stuff aside, there is more important issues that we should be concerned with rather than whether or not the police should be allowed to participate and wear their uniforms in the Pride Parade. When a multitude of members of the LGBTQIA+ community are homeless, when members of the LGBTQIA+ community are the most likely minority to be a victim of a hate crime, and when transgender people are being killed for the sole fact they are transgender. If your major concern is "PoLiCe sHOuLdN'T bE aLLoWEd tO wEAr thEir UNiFoRmS aT tHE pRiDe PArAdE" I don't think you're really looking at the some of the more major issues the LGBTQIA+ community.

Which brings me to a related but unrelated concept: the major hatred over rainbow capitalism. Let's be honest even though I am part of the LGBTQIA+ community I don't really mind rainbow capitalism and to see rainbows in stores and on the streets makes feel proud. Call me a cuck, a bootlicker, or whatever Leningrad bullshit you want; I just love to see symbols of the LGBTQIA+ community being displayed in public. Even though as soon as Pride week is over companies treat the LGBTQIA+ community like Andy treats Woody when he gets Buzz Lightyear: "I don't want to play with you anymore"; I still enjoy the idea that there are companies that do support us and if you're that concerned with the capitalisation of queerness do some research! Y'all got minicomputers in your damn pocket, minicomputers that have a wealth of knowledge at your fingertips! Do a damn google search you lazy bitch. Research the company's Corporate Equality Index score if they're a big American brand, or simply search "New Zealand businesses that support lgbtqia".

Get a job.

Bitches.

Last chance for a winter working holiday in Canada this year! We will land you a winter job before you even leave New Zealand.

Get your application in **THIS WEEK** if you want to spend the next 2 years exploring Canada!



Find more information or get started at our website. Better yet give us a call!

WWW.IEP.CO.NZ
0800 700 705

WORKING ADVENTURES WORLDWIDE

ONCE IN A BROWN MOON: TO BE OR TO FEEL BEAUTIFUL?

BY ANISHA VISWANATHAN

A stethoscope clad girl took charge and before I knew it the bottom of my t-shirt was held firmly beneath my neck. I faced the wall, my back exposed. My peers took turns, as I had done before, to meticulously examine my breathing. I stood there silently, fighting the urge to cover myself up. I was consumed with fear, feeling convinced that I would be judged for my physical flaws. I obsessed over whether they noticed the rings of fat creeping in from the sides or the speckled spots that dotted my skin. I was nearing the point of breakdown but I held myself together until it was all over.

Along with the embarrassment, self hate started creeping in. I was extremely pissed off at myself for freaking out. The girl before me had done it with confidence yet here I was consumed with anxiety. After all, my back hardly counted as an intimate area. For weeks after this particular workshop, I couldn't stop thinking about my overreaction and how critical I am about my body.

I had always prided myself on not caring how I looked. I'd be the one saying amen to the whole true beauty being on the inside. When friends opened up about their appearance related insecurities, I would get super preachy. I would then loudly proceed to claim that I was totally confident about my own body. I thought such rhetoric made me superhuman, immune to the unrealistic standards of beauty that are imposed on us daily. I see now that it had the opposite effect as I mistook denial for empowerment. I was still receiving my dose of the poison but because I believed I was an empowered individual, I kept denying the effects of beauty on me. It turned me into more of a hypocrite. I was trying to reach the "strong independent woman" ideal by simply putting on a confident act, laughing off those who were brave enough to vocalise their struggles. While preaching about being comfortable in one's own skin, I hid under shapeless clothing and higher necked tops to cover up what I believed were my physical flaws. It was only during my clinical skills session that I was forced to accept the reality. If I truly wanted to break free from the influence of beauty, I had to first look deeper into my own insecurities. What I needed was not pride but rather a profound acceptance about the way I looked.

My wake up call always seems to come while volunteering at the hospital. I met a woman who was in her 50's yet had still not come to terms with her body. She detested her body to the point that she resorted to surgeries. She had undergone a breast augmentation in Thailand and a failed arm lift that left her with a numb arm and ghastly scars. Her most recent venture had been a gastric bypass to help her lose weight. Instead, she wound up in ICU because of a near death allergic reaction to the anaesthesia. When I spoke to her later on, she had no regrets. She believed she was reclaiming her life and these surgeries were giving her more control. I was honestly so shocked because she was an example of somehow who struggled with her image yet was in denial. All these years she had been striving to look beautiful but all she needed was to feel beautiful. Feeling beautiful doesn't require surgery but it requires something even harder. It requires acceptance that the body we are born with is physically flawed but we're going to live with it anyway.

Yesterday, I went in to uni without covering up my blemishes. I took one look in the mirror and felt disgusted but refrained from grabbing my trusty Thin Lizzy. I tried on bright blue polka dot pants that I hadn't touched for the last two years. They pressed hard on my thighs, making them balloon a little. I wasn't sure if it was a good idea but the thought of becoming the lady at the hospital scared me enough to stick with the pants. To my surprise the polka dots drew compliments and I found myself, once again, showing off as though it was a calculated decision. I guess I'm still all talk, but hey, at least I've started taking some baby steps.



*Models: Elizabeth Manase, Sophia Murphy, Jesslyn Chen,
Kidist Tsegne, Zahra Patel, Dani David
Photographer: Shania D'Cruz
Make up artist: Pyper Terry*

BLACK GIRLS? MAGIC.

BY HANNAH KAZADI

The first time I saw Beyoncé I was 9 years old and 'Single Ladies' had just been released. I recall being moved by its rhythm, the sound, and most importantly her entire 'look'. Seeing 27 year old Yoncé skipping along the black and white scene of her music video brought to memory my own dance moves that I would meticulously perfect in the mirror before bed. I was completely astounded. In order to understand my astonishment I think it would be important to highlight that my surroundings at the time were filled with Paris Hilton look alikes who bleached their hair blonde and wore their jeans well below the waist line.

An image I could not even try to replicate with my dark skin, kinky hair and muscly thighs. (No shade towards Paris though, she's still iconic). But Beyoncé, now she was Beyoncé. I always admired her, and I didn't know why (besides the obvious enjoyment of her music). It wasn't until the 2nd March 2019 that I realised the true underlying reason as to why I looked up to this woman so much.

It is a regular occurrence for me to get my hair braided. The seated 8-20 hour session is filled with patience, determination, and of course the best entertainment we can find on Netflix. The show we ended up watching was none other than *HØMECØMING: A Film by Beyoncé*. I cannot begin to express what it felt like to see a stage of that magnitude filled with a majority of BLACK WOMEN who looked like me. They had afros, braids, cornrows, wigs, sew ins, locs, and shaved heads. They looked like me. It was the most mind blowing thing I have ever experienced. In all honesty, I couldn't ignore the great sense of sadness I felt after realizing that this was the first time I had witnessed something like this in my 20 years of life. As a woman of colour, I had never seen so many people of colour on one stage. I had been so accustomed to seeing 2 or 3 people on stage that were black and thinking "YAS DIVERSITY!", but I couldn't help but think: why should the norm be white?

Consider every time I've googled "braid hairstyles", or when I looked for makeup tutorials and had to type "for black people" into the search bar. The world has catered to the 'norm' for so long that Beyoncé standing with her row of melanin filled dancers brought such an overwhelming sense of pride to my soul that it left me in tears. She

did that. That's the only thing that was going through my mind at the time. It replayed in my head as tears rolled down my face, and it replays in my head right now as 'Brown Skin Girl' from the Lion King Soundtrack is on replay in my room. It's the connection, the pride, the sense of belonging that makes my heart beam with pure happiness. To know that my daughter will never need to look at bleaching cream or other harmful "beauty" products because we have women who took that first 'risky' step to show us that no matter what we've been perceived as in the past, we are beautiful and we should not hide.

In the words of the Queen herself:

*'Have you looked in the mirror lately,
wish you could trade eyes with me,
There's complexities in complexions,
but your skin, it glows like diamonds'*

(I wish I had known this song when I was 11 years old, staring at my pocket money, about to purchase bleaching cream - if it had not been for my lack of finances I would be 2 shades lighter by now, so we are thankful x)

So thank you to the women who helped me see the beauty in my heritage even though we have been spat upon. Thank you for continuing to show us that no matter what, we can do it. Together.

Thank you Beyoncé.
Thank you Lupita.
Thank you Octavia.
Thank you Viola.
Thank you to my Mother.

I AM A BIRD

By Christine Tuck

I am a bird

don't try and cage me
let me fly free

I am a bird

whose thighs flap together
like a cheeky fantail
so don't act surprised
when my beak opens up
and I do the worm

I am a bird

if I want to spread my wings
open like an oyster
and bring a pearl into this world
that's my choice

I am a bird

whose ancestors carried the weight
of a thousand feathers
chirping for freedom
outsoaring oppression
so I will fly high

I am a bird

did you want to see me break
head bowed low
nestling on your plate
did you want my eyes to run you a bird bath?
does my beak upset you?
do I chirp too loud?

I am a bird

you can shoot me down with your bitter bullets
ruffle me, pluck me, stuff me with lemon
and roast me in an oven
still I'll come out hot and wholesome

I am a bird

don't try and cage me
watch me fly free

TO MY BITCHES

A Memoir

I want to approach her,
But my anxiety has drenched my palms,
And no one wants to be touched with
Clammy hands.
I'm so nervous that I'm shaking
If she notices, I'll scare her
Neigh- she'll scare *me*.
- *Horses*

It's ridiculous
At this age
Just how many people
Do crack.
- *Crack*

TW: Rape

RAKED

By Christine Tuck

it was you who
 shoved me into a field of wheat
 and with farmers hands
 planted rye up my thighs,
 it was you who
 dove into me with a spade
 and layered me in soil
 it was you who
 ripped my wildflower hair from its roots
 and tied weeds round my wrists,
 it was you who
 felt ripe and i rotten
 as fruit flies and mosquitoes sucked my breasts
 bit my flesh, bruised my fruit
 it was you who
 watched seeds fall from my eyes
 while i tried pecking your plaid shirt
 and pulling your straw hat
 it was you who
 ploughed into my crops.
 it was me who was
 Raked into a pile of dust.
 it was me
 it was you
 it was him
 it was her
 it was she
 it was he
 it was us
 it was them
 it was someone
 it was noone
 who was it?
 it was a scarecrow
 and it was the dust who made sure no more birds ever flew near you.

A SOFT POEM

By Madison Hornblow

she is soft
 let her hands be like honey
 what greater pleasure
 than leaving things creamy
 and smoother and round
 than melting sharp edges
 in every place that is found

she walks in the room
 and bitterness bubbles away
 the air that she breathes
 is as light as ballet

her touch is as gentle
 as the wings of a bee
 her voice is as quiet
 as a sip of the sea

mercy and grace
 are not hiding
 but features of her face
 milkiness from her eyes
 leaves those that are bruised
 encased in soft silk
 chaos turned to calm blues

she is a wonder
 that is, you

ANTHOLOGY OF PAST
FOR YOU, BECAUSE YOU ASKED.
FROM ME.

1.
SO BEAUTIFUL WHEN HER EYE SPARKLES
MY HEART MELTS.

SHE BRINGS JOY TO HUNDREDS OF
BROKEN HEARTS BUT SOMEHOW NEVER
NOTICES.

HER WORDS WEAVE TALES, DRAWING
IN THE MINDS AND SOULS OF THOSE
WHO MOST NEED IT.

THE SMILES AND LAUGHTER OF
SELF - RECOGNITION SLOWLY
HELPING TO FIX WHAT IS BROKEN.

SUCH AN IMPACT!
SOMEHOW SHE THINKS SHE IS NOT
ENOUGH, BUT SHE IS!

SHE IS TO ME.

2.
YOUR MIND AND MY
HEART ARE AS ONE

INTERTWINED

THE WAY YOUR MIND RACES MY
HEART IS IN TIME.

YOUR MIND NEVER STOPS, MY
HEART BEATS ON

YOUR MIND, MY
HEART, AS ONE.

4.

IF I COULD TAKE YOUR SELF
WORTH

I WOULD MIX IT WITH GLUE
AND MOULD YOU A MOUNTAIN.

IT WOULD ERUPT,
FILLING THE SKY WITH FIRE
THAT WOULD SETTLE AS AN OCEAN

OR I COULD DRINK IT AND RELEASE IT AS
TEARS.

I WOULD CRY YOU AN OCEAN!

IT ALWAYS COMES DOWN TO
THE OCEAN WITH YOU,
DOESN'T IT.

THE NUMBER OF TIME I WENT
DOWN TO THE OCEAN WITH
YOU SEEMS SILLY NOW THAT I
SEE WHAT YOU ARE.

YOUR SOUL IS THE OCEAN!
I NEVER SEE YOU MORE AT
PEACE THAN WHEN YOU DIVE
BENEATH THE SURF,

AND IT MAKES PERFECT
SENSE NOW!

IT'S MORE THAN SIMPLY
COMING HOME FOR YOU, IT'S
MORE THAN GROUNDING.

WITHOUT THE OCEAN YOU ARE
A LEAF IN A TORNADO.

YOU HAVE BEEN TORN FROM
YOUR ROOTS AND SO YOU ARE
BOUND TO SLOWLY WITHER.

IF ONL YOU COULD SEE THE
TRUTH OF YOU.

IF YOU COULD ONLY FEEL THE
SALT IN YOUR VEINS!

THE OCEAN CALLS TO YOU!

YOU WONDER WHY YOU CRY
SO MUCH!

YOU SOUL FLOWS THROUGH
YOUR EYES, DESPERATELY
CALLING FOR YOU TO
REMEMBER!

YOU ARE OCEAN!
BEAUTIFUL AND POWERFUL!

YOU HAVE THE FORCE OF A
TIDAL WAVE IN YOUR VERY
SPIRIT!

I SEE YOU TRYING TO BE THE
STARS.

IT MAKES SENSE THAT YOU
ARE CONFUSED, YOU DO
SHINE LIKE DIAMONDS!

BUT YOU ARE NOT STARDUST
AND FIRE.

YOU DO NOT BURN!
YOU ARE ADVENTURE!
YOU ARE FREEDOM AND SOLACE!

YOU CARRY LOST SOULS AND
LEAD THEM HOME.
LIFE ITSELF OVERFLOWS
FROM WITHIN YOU!

THE VERY LIFE BLOOD OF YOUR
WORLD RESTS WITHIN, AND
YOU CARRY IT ALWAYS,
WHEREVER YOU GO!

IF I COULD TAKE YOUR SELF WORTH
I WOULD SURELY
DROWN.

NOBODY ELSE COULD WIELD
YOUR POWERFUL BEAUTY.

AND YOU DO NOT NEED THEM
TO.

THERE IS NO 'BLACK' IN FEMINISM/FEMINIST WITH AN ASTERISK

By Vira Paky

"So, are you like a feminist?"

One of the only questions that fills me with dread

The short answer I want to say is "Yes, of course. It's 2019, how could I not be a feminist?"

But the long answer being too long for this party small talk

It's a weekend and I should relax but real talk

'Feminist' with a capital 'F' is symbolized by three things to me

It means being pretty, privileged and powerful

Three things that have nothing to do with me

Because being Black is the exact opposite

It means being born with the bruises of your ancestors' fight

Being born with your blood already boiling and bubbling over

Privilege is choosing to swim and we are born in the water

And power in a society built like this does not mean Black

So many feminists I have admired have never looked anything like me

Which didn't matter until all of sudden, it did

Because Western feminism meant womanhood until that womanhood is complex

When it's queer, Muslim, differently abled, non-white, poor

Until I realized that I was the only voice this much Black and female speaking in the room

That the way my body knows diaspora, immigration, lost language, genocide

Meant I was already born into struggle I didn't ask for

Given a label everyone can read

Before 'feminist', it will always read 'black'

Call me a 'Feminist (*)' with asterisk

Black feminist will educate you on what you should already know

What is already so clear, she does not argue with you

She understands that these things are just so hard

She knows that if she does not help, then there is no point being here at all

Black feminist is a fly in the bowl of milk

Look at how gracefully she handles being swatted at

Direct all your questions to her, she will answer them

She only speaks when spoken to, so say whatever you want

She'll be your 'black friend', your cosign

So, don't you worry, it's true

She don't crack

But aren't I so grateful to be here in this movement?
 Aren't I glad to at least be in the room?
 Sacrificing to a cause that will deny your voice
 That will talk for you on your behalf
 That will force fit their crown of expectations
 I mean, they are so kind
 I'm a little black around the edges so they smooth me out
 Cut off all of my own thorns
 Their pretty caricature Black Feminist girl coming to life
 All sass, all fierce, 'yas, queen' and Beyoncé hair whip even if that ain't me

But, all this with its layers and nuance will never really fit
 With their rallies, their definitions, their spaces, this world
 I am too soft for this black, too black for all this woman
 Too many intersections without anywhere to go
 I try to tell me story but that white out the words, rewrite, paraphrase and summarize
 They don't understand so they cut off the parts that don't fit with their image
 They fracture, snap and splinter it
 Until all I see is the broken reflection of story that looks like nothing like me
 Cut my palms on the shards of truth that they left behind
 I struggle to find the questions to the answers that everyone seems to have about me

But isn't that womanhood?
 Watching your story being written and read by everyone but you?

I have this recurring nightmare where I'm on this stage
 With another women in front of a crowd
 And she's the only one allowed to talk.
 And I just get to watch.
 That's it.
 I am allowed to stand beside her
 Be her token of support
 But when I reach for the mic, it moves.
 When clear my throat, they all shush.

Then, everyone in the room vanishes
 I can finally reach and tap the microphone and it echoes
 I read my story to no one
 My voice rings out like a struck bell
 Faces with all shades of melanin peer in from the windows
 I invite them in, but the door is locked
 And my feet are stuck

Then I snap to reality of the party
 She is still looking at me for my answer
 And all I can say is,
 "A feminist? I don't think so."

FROM YOUR BRIGHT AND SHINING STAR.

A confession

To the boy my mother thought I'd marry.

October will mark two years since we broke up and I'm still trying to convince myself that I am okay.

A month after you asked if we could be "just friends", you told me you were seeing someone else and I swear that hurt more than the actual breakup. And I kept telling myself that maybe it just wasn't meant to be, but two years later, it's as if I haven't made any progress at all. Sure, it took some time for me to be okay with seeing you and her together while we tried our best to be friends, but it was still one of the hardest things I've ever had to do.

Looking back at it now, it wasn't the fact that it was her, I could never hate another woman simply because she makes you happy, but it was the fact that she couldn't see that I posed no threat at all. Sure, I still loved you, but I would have never done anything to hurt you or jeopardize your relationship with her. You knew that. But as soon as she felt threatened and asked you to cut me off, you waved your white flag and that was it. You were allowed to move on and be happy and I'm still here trying remember what happiness is without you.

She didn't know me, but you did. At that point in time, no one knew me nearly as well as you did but as soon as she snapped her fingers it was as if I was nothing to you. I felt that way too. It was in that moment I realised all the Tumblr quotes were true, that sometimes "it's your job to make him a better man... for another woman".

You kept telling me that I pulled you out of a dark place in your life, that I was the reason you were able to accomplish all that you have with your new career, that you wouldn't be where you are today if it wasn't for me. And I know that

it's true, but you don't thank someone by telling them they're all you see, and then leave them for another girl before the wounds have had a chance to heal.

And I get it. The odds were stacked against us from the very beginning. Time was never on our side. Life kept throwing excuses at us like "you're too young" and "it won't last". We both worked so hard at trying to find a balance amongst the chaos of being 18. But when things were good, they were really good, it was as if nothing could touch us. The trees were green, the roses were red and the world was wonderful again.

October will mark two years since we broke up and I'm still trying to convince myself that I am okay.

And I know that most people would have stopped reading by now so I want to tell you that as much as I'm trying to convince everyone around me that I have moved on, I still don't really know what that means. If moving on means that you've stopped crying yourself to sleep every night because of the trials and tribulations of unrequited love, then sure, I've moved on. Maybe it just wasn't meant to be and there are two other people out there who are perfect for us, two other people who will arrive at the perfect time.

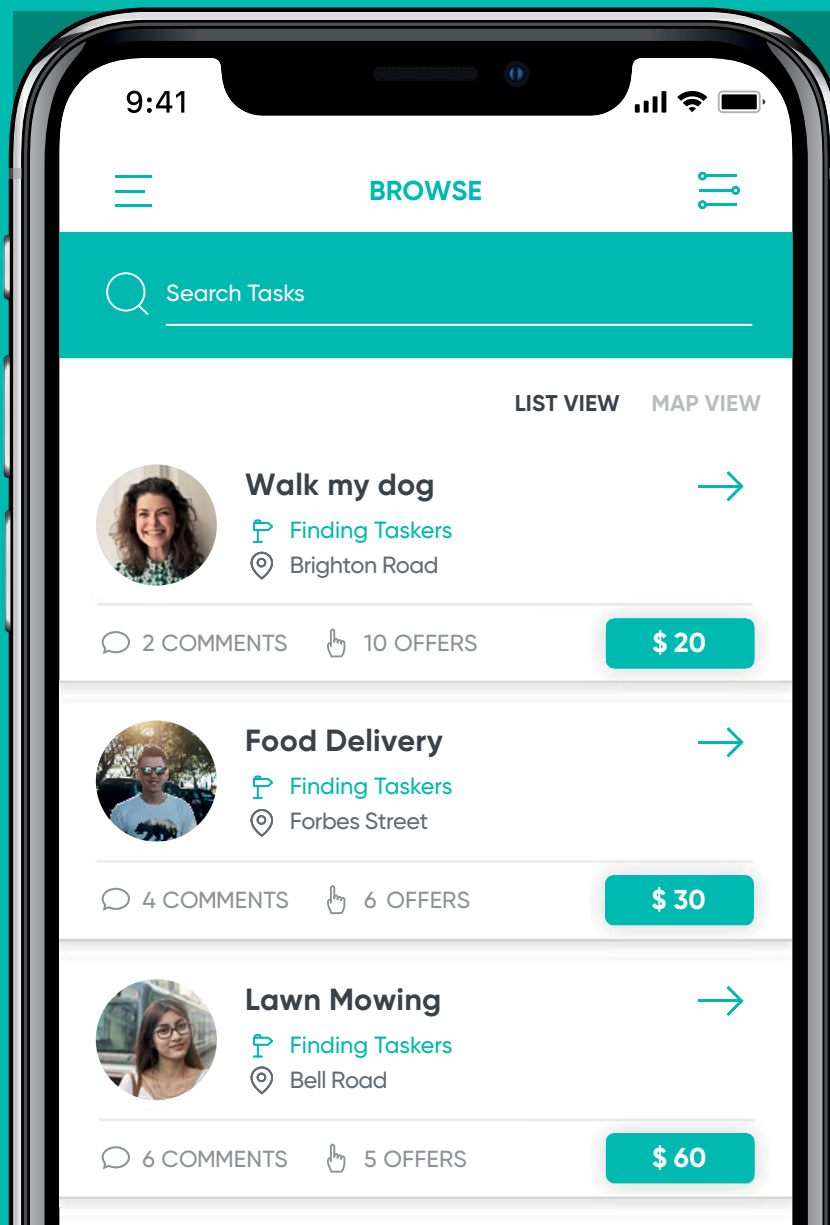
But another part of me, a very small part, still believes that in 10 years I'm going to run into you at the supermarket while you're buying cheap beer and Marmite, and you'll look at me the same way you did that Wednesday afternoon in June. And maybe we'll get the happy ending that we deserved.

But for now I'll take solace in the fact that everything happens for a reason, and that's okay, even if I'm not.

Your bright and shining star.

MyTask ✓

use "AUSA10" for \$10 MyTask
credit and the chance to win
1 of 5 \$200 Prezzy Cards



competition ends
20/09/2019

HOROSCOPES

BY CRYSTAL BETH

AUSA will not be held accountable for any call outs or burns which may occur after reading these horoscopes.

CANCER

21 Jun - 22 Jul

Congratulations Cancer, This week is going to be good! It's a week of love and harmony, balanced with justice, fairness and truth. We love that for you!

LEO

23 Jul - 22 Aug

It's time to play nice Leo, this week involves charity, but lack of direction of this charity can be disastrous. So show some self discipline and finish that Duolingo lesson!

VIRGO

23 Aug - 22 Sep

Virgo, this is not your week. Buckle up sweetie, because you're not doing amazing. This week will have unexpected delays due to lack of foresight, and aimless drifting. Perhaps you should try one more time, or walk away.

LIBRA

23 Sep - 22 Oct

Listen up scaly, you feel very self conscious and you're low on energy but there is a mutual attraction in your cards. So, stop acting like a disgruntled pelican and get it together so that love can flourish!

SCORPIO

23 Oct - 21 Nov

So Scorpio, bad news, this week, it's time to get some personal closure, it's time to face your demons so life can change rapidly. Remember that it's important to have a good relationship with suffering.

SAGITTARIUS

22 Nov - 22 Dec

Sagittarius, this is a week of new ideas, breakthroughs, and mental clarity; watch yourself as there is coldheartedness and bitchiness in your cards. Do not let success go to your head and be a B-I-C-T-H, in that order.

CAPRICORN

22 Dec - 19 Jan

Oh my poor Capricorn, this is a hard week for sure. Like a twink n a bouncy castle, your week is full of conflict and tension. So, like men who are about to catcall someone, maybe you should pause, let go, and find a new perspective on life.

AQUARIUS

20 Jan - 18 Feb

Well done Aquarius, the cards smile on you! A wish may even come true this week and you will be filled with contentment and satisfaction! Fun, warmth, vitality and success are also in your cards. Kris Jenner may work hard, but you obviously work harder!

PICES

19 Feb - 20 Mar

Pieces you have a week littered with procrastination and lack of progress. You may lose faith and become disconnected but take this advice: just because you want to act like a clown, doesn't mean that everyone else has a ticket to the circus, pull yourself together?

ARIES

21 Mar - 19 Apr

Aeries you're stereotyped to be aggressive, and this week reflects that. Your week is filled with disagreements and conflict and you will want to win at all costs. To find joy and harmony just embrace your inner whit woman and watch that Ted Bundy movie or something.

TAURUS

20 Apr - 20 May

Taurus, you'll probably find yourself working alone and surrounded by disharmony, this is paired with the lack of discipline and inflexibility. This week may seem useless, but all is not lost... you can use it as an excuse to day drink in order to "relieve stress".

GEMINI

21 May - 20 Jun

It's a hard week for you Gemini, the cards claim heartbreak, sorrow, grief and hurt... but the cards also show self-care and self-love. So practice the self-care most middle aged white women do and scream at an apologetic retain worker.



17TH SEPTEMBER • FROM 6PM • SHADOWS BAR • R18 • FREE
REGISTER YOUR TEAM AT WWW.AUSA.ORG.NZ/QUIZ





MANGA AND PARTY GAMES IN STORE NOW!

Subiq
Discover • Read • Succeed