

Bypass Podcast Season One.

TRANSCRIPT | Episode Five: Just another archi kid.

Episode Description:

A whole industry of dumb hours like it's smart.

This episode is an honest reaction to effort. Fellow studio rats can probs relate.

This Bypass Podcast episode was written, performed, and produced by *Gabi Maffey*.

Music performed by *Hugh Maffey* and *Scott Parker*. Sound design by *Ariki Perana*.

Episode Transcript:

Kia ora. Welcome to another episode of Bypass Podcast.

I've been writing quite a bit at the moment. None of it is really hitting with much substance, I'm afraid.

.. No, really, I am afraid.

I think that's why my stuff is currently shit. Three months of writing for fun from my bedroom and I've accidentally fucked fun up for myself. I feel like I'm not getting 'there' fast enough. Like that feeling when you try to run in your dreams. You know that run? Where none of your muscles help you move forward? And only remembering that you have run before, can keep you kicking enough. But it's frustratingly slow, and folding in on itself.

Writing from my room; was the dream.

Dreams run like you'll wake up before you get there. And more often than not, people do wake up. And they can't really remember what they were dreaming of, or where they were running to in the first place.

At primary school, I was the fastest boy in the class. I'd make my legs move twice as fast as the crowd could clap. I'd make my legs move twice as fast as the crowd could clap. I'd run way past the finish line. Only stopped when I could feel people had stopped looking at me and then I'd lie down and close my eyes. I was done.

I didn't run towards things. I ran at them. With this manic certainty.

In 2010, I got an academic scholarship to a private school. At the end of that school, in Year 13, I wrote my first poem. *"I know what I need to do, what I need to prove. Move by move, step by step. Slip...shit. Stimulated by my hatred to quit."*

And it did stimulate me for ages.
Now I have a master's degree, with honours.

And I don't think I've ever stopped running.

Expectations sprints. The claps can't catch you up, ya know? Moving fast is how I know I'm alive, and how I know I matter to people. It's the sad truth I'm afraid. And really, yeah, I am afraid.

I push art.

I push art like its pins in the corners of its own effort.
I smile like it's an art form, and that's good form. Form like it was filled out correctly.

At uni, studying architecture, art for me was a grade. And I wanted the top grade. The top meant that I was being seen by people better than me. And that I must be special to them. And that I must be special. Being *seen* kept my pace up. The collapse couldn't catch up, I was the fastest. And I didn't run towards things. I ran at them. With a manic certainty.

And... and that's got an old.
Because I've got an old.
And like, I'm fucking tired.
And I don't really know what any of that strain really meant.
Deadlines are actually dead lines, just with no space in the middle.

In year 13, I wrote my first poem. *"A cacophony of coffees send me closer to my coffin and I'm coughing, continuing onwards, and I'm flawless, and look at me smile, and I can endure this."*

Where is someone when they're moving incredibly fast? Are they nowhere? Are they everywhere? *"Step by step. Slip. Shit. Stimulated by my hatred to quit."*

I don't know how to define what I do anymore. I'm trying to accommodate old patterns of sprinting, FAST, into new conditions of not being at uni anymore. What do I run at now? Who gets to see me?

It's taken writing from my bedroom, it's taken not being seen, for me to realise how much I bully myself to make work. I don't ever actually start anything without saying "I should do it" or "I need to do it". I don't really say that "I want" to do things "I would like" to or "that would make me happy". It's always I 'should' do that, I 'need' to do that or I'm a 'bad person' because I didn't do that. I've been bullying myself for ages. Something I would recommend you all to do is to write down the things that you say to yourself. It's stuff I'd never say to anyone else. *I'm lazy and I'm useless and I'm an idiot and nothing that I've done has ever been worth it.* Just generally just a piece of shit. And I've always listened more to the person in my head telling me that stuff. I've agreed with them.

Fair enough man. I am a piece of shit.

I feel like I'd like to listen more to the person receiving those thoughts. Think about what they want? What they would want to say in response? That just by purely existing, that I am enough?

It's content to make things fast.

If this bullying, and stupid pressure, and sprinting, become the way that story comes through me...
if bullying and stupid pressure and sprints become how it works gets published...
if bullying and stupid pressure and sprints become a career in... architecture ... or whatever;

Then I don't actually want it.

And I don't know what I want I'm afraid. And I am afraid.
But I don't want to make content. I want to make art.
And I want to stop using the word "I" so much...

Poem from 2015

My mom says, "Success comes from a good plan, and not quite enough time".
My dad says, "You're young! Time is on your side! Your future is unwritten! Sit back and enjoy the ride!"
And I got an assignment due in two days, asking me to *plan to plan*, to make a plan,
and then write an essay on that
to show that I understand,

And with the grand total of fuck all in my hand
Westpac's asking me where I financially am, and I stand at 2:05
waiting for the 275 bus that's running behind schedule. And then I'm asked
"yo, you going out tonight?"

Because apparently now
getting sloshed senseless
also requires a pre-planned consensus.

And I'm a Meerkat on speed. I'm this feral, wild thing
and I'm antsy shit.
But I'm focused, fired, wired, tired, aligned and I'm quick and I'm fine. short term.
I'm fine,
Coz I know what I need to do, what I need to prove, move by move step by step slip shit.
Stimulated by my hatred to quit.

....

And a cacophony of coffees send me closer to my coffin and I'm coughing –continuing onwards
and I'm flawless.
and look at me smile.
and I can ensure this.

because 'life is a box of chocolates'
and 'it's a climb' and 'it's our time'

and 'we're the champions'
and 'the keys are in our hands'
fucking 'pimp my ride'

But... I don't have my restricted.

It's the climb? Shit, get behind, there's a whole world trying to do the same thing and there's no public train ride it's like, a virgin's a prude, but if you have sex you're a whore? Fucking contradictions everywhere, what are all these metaphors for? 400 million times asked,

"What are you studying?"

Do you have a boyfriend? Or you alone.

kids? plan? career? Fucking font type on your gravestone?

I don't know. I don't know. What do I look like, a yoyo? Up and down up and down repetition until I blow or grow up?

Into a sensible model of adulthood?

A falsehood. I tell you the secret that everyone holds on to, and that is that nobody is 'legit'
they make it up as they go along, they move;
right wrong right wrong right wrong wrong wrong.

Roll the dice hold their breath to-

anyway ..

Outro: Thank you for listening forever and always thank you to our fantastic sound producer Ariki and the team at *Bypass Journal*.

That's it. That's the episode. Ngā mihi nui everyone for listening. Thank you. Bye.