

INSACIOUS

ISSUE #1
THE BIRTH ISSUE

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IT'S MORE THAN WORDS

INSACIOUS opened doors in mid 2017 as a concept shop front, offering free coaching and project management to anyone with an idea or a talent that could use our help. The concept of the space has always been to connect people and work together using the premises as an outlet and launch pad.

We've had so much love and material that we decided to make our own print magazine to spread in even further.

This publication is an amplification of everything that is prodigious, capturing an array of the most original, uncensored voices, and some of the tastiest visuals to feast on.

Get in touch with us!



Hang on / If you quit on the process, you are already quitting on the results.

SHOP

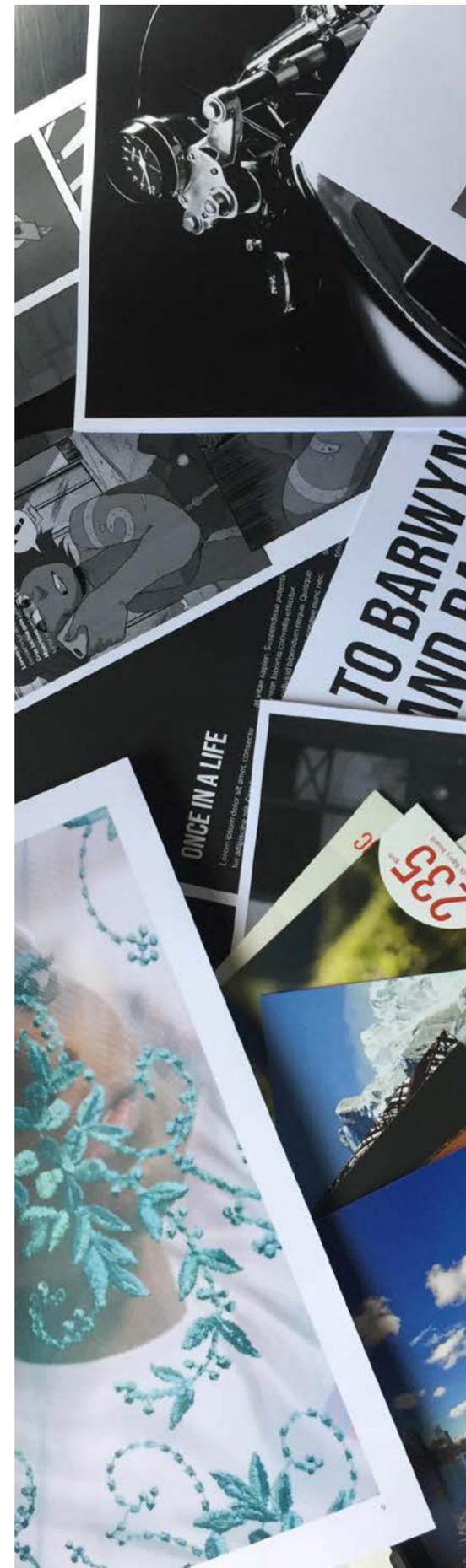


Photo: INSACIOUS @insacious.global

It all started when Major Francis Grose sent workmen to the inner west area of the burgeoning Sydney in 1793, to clear the bushes, plants, corn and wheat. He then named the area Peters-Ham or Petersham after his native village in Surrey, England.

From there onwards Petersham remained an agricultural area, winning awards for some of the best crops and stock in the colony in 1803 and today my friends, in future 2018, it's about to win more than it could have ever bargained.

THE MAKERS



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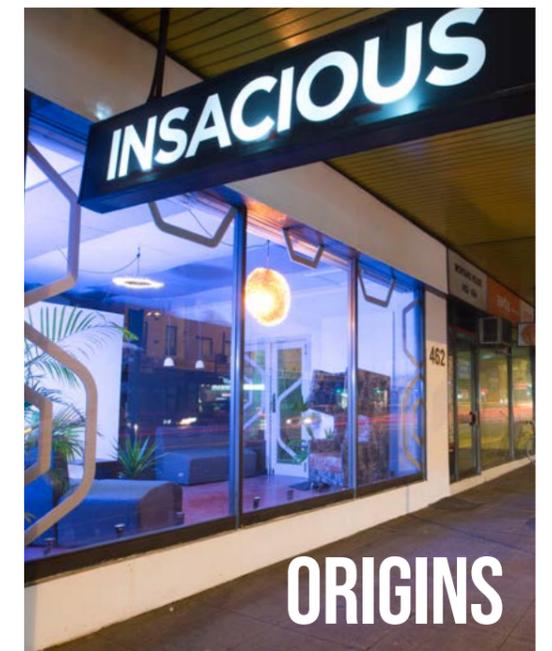
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[Every once in a while something happens that shakes up an industry, something that even makes David Miscavige get flustered and wonder what the hell he is doing with Scientology.

This is our something.]



JAMIE ESPINOSA

PROFILES

The joy of discovering of not just your hidden talent, but of what you want to stop doing is what counts the most.

My path to becoming a photographer is a fairly recent one. I had been working in the corporate world for several years (still am actually) and noticed I was slowly going insane – going through the same motions day in day out and putting my energy into something I was not truly passionate about.

I had a mini life crisis where I envisioned myself ten years in the future and didn't like what I saw if I stayed on the same path. I knew I had to do something and it had to be for myself.

A few friends of mine convinced me to pick up a camera and my interest quickly turned from passion to obsession.

The rest is history...

“ There was an instant connection and ideas that I've never dreamed of were quickly becoming a reality. ”

Although not fully understanding what *INSACIOUS* was at that time or what I could offer in return, I set up a meeting and we nervously met for the first time. There was an instant connection and ideas that I've never dreamed of were quickly becoming a reality.

Right after our meeting and to get things in motion we reached out to Jodia and Ryan from *Sydney Romantics*, (a local clothing label) to work on a project together. This quickly became a powerful series where Jodia helped to give it more traction and made it much more than just pretty pictures.

We bonded over our love for the city, particularly the people that were within and wanted to share this with the world. From this we created the *Faces of Sydney* series where we are able to tell these stories.

For me, being a modern day photographer (or any artist for that matter) is really tough as there is so much content out there that you have to cut through. Not to mention, there's a tonne of super talented creators that you can't help but to compare yourself with. Through social media the perception of success is so convoluted as a lot of weight is given to the 'number of followers' or 'likes' which really messes with your mental wellbeing.

In saying that, however there are a lot of opportunities out there – you just have to be persistent, push yourself and respect the grind. I have been given many opportunities I would have never gotten before so I've got to thank photography for that!

My current situation is juggling full time work and my photography which means very little "free time" but would happily continue doing the hustle. The way I get through it all is by always staying true to myself and my work, creating what makes me happy – any praise apart from my own is truly a blessing.

Finally, I've been lucky enough to be surrounded by a good network of friends that share the same passions, beliefs and really motivate me to make my work and more importantly myself better. ⚡

Follow Jamie: @jlouislouis

Follow Sydney Romantics: @sydneyromantics

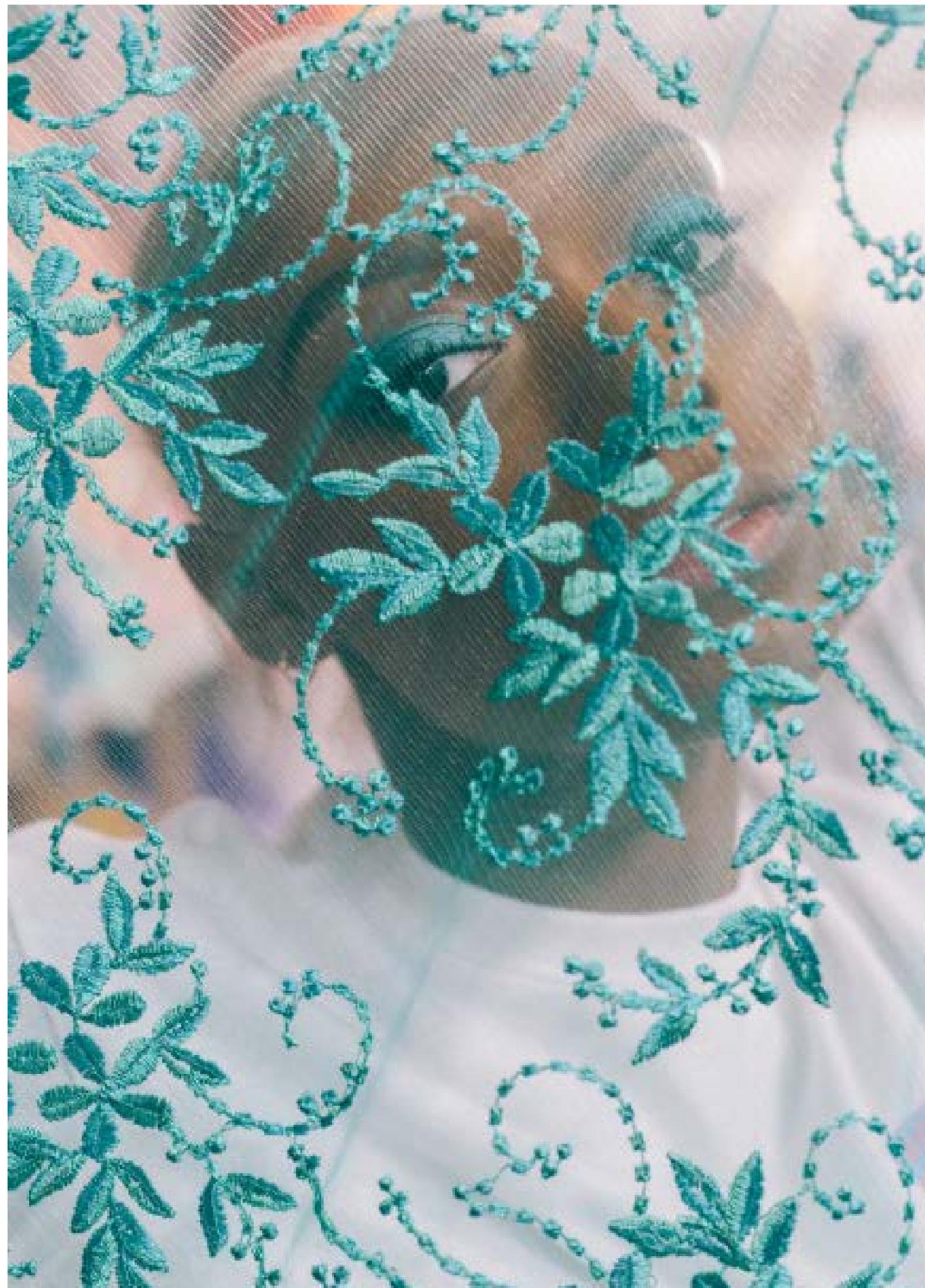


Photo: Jamie Espinosa @jlouislouis



Photos: Jamie Espinosa @jlouisluois

TO BARWYN AND BACK

PROFILES

Today's tank girl in the cycling world – we talk to Gemma Baxter the founder, designer, crash tester and creator of TBAB.

NSACIOUS: Let's educate the masses, why the name and what made you wipe clear your desk that day and start designing kick-ass all-round riding gear for us bike riders?

Gemma: Yeah cool – I get asked both these things a lot. Barwyn is simply the name of my grandparent's farm in Kilkivan, North Qld. Their names were Barney and Elwyn - hence Bar-wyn, and there's this old sign carved from timber that was nailed outside their timber home on stilts, a home my Grandad built back in the 60s for his fam.

Growing up in a huge family, with 22 Baxter cousins, meant that when we congregated here, we were able to have the greatest adventures. The kids would all mischievously peel off with those cousins who had the same grand schemes.

There were plays (think large curtains strung up in the garden), cricket matches, epic games of spoons, filling oil drums with water and bathing in them, exploring the cattle property on Uncle John's Postie bike and visits to the closest corner store for ice-creams in the sticky heat. Our dads made us a flying fox while our mums were making nativity costumes or potato croquettes and cordial for breaks. During the arvos the parents sat drinking rums on the veranda as we hooned around with kites; I had a disgustingly idyllic upbringing.

There's this dusty road between the two homes on the property – the newer home where my cousins lived with my aunty and uncle who ran the farm when Barney was too old, and 'Barwyn', Nana and Grandad's home where we stayed when we visited. It was about 3 minutes on a bike and every day we'd tear down it to go hang with our cousins. Mum would summon us and we'd ride back to wash our faces for church.

That whole space, those days, contained the best adventures. I guess that's why the brand is called 'to Barwyn and back' – it's a constant reminder of those times; of young adventure, small scale communities, and family. I get the same feeling

I used to feel waking up and running to the house on the hill with my siblings, as I do when I get on my bike in the morning. I feel like there's adventure ahead, and I'm purely excited and that's what I wanted the clothing to incite in others.

After a rural school education, an architecture degree made sense – it was a beautiful paring of science and design that would take me to cities and help me serve people and create spaces that held these kinds of meaningful experiences. But architecture kind of broke my heart in the end (and if I'm honest it's not the end of my relationship with architecture, just the end of that time and the actual start of the TBAB story).

I came out of my Masters thinking I could change lives. I mean, I should have known better. I was told that my ideas were too extreme and that if I wanted to affect real change, small, considered gestures was most effective – which wasn't really my style.

I stopped 'architecting' after a couple of projects brought to light something I might have always known. That regardless of the fact that I was young and a female, my ideas and aspirations weren't suited to architecture, ideas of multi-residential properties that consisted of 1m wide apartments with a series of shared storage walls but had unlimited access to communal open spaces. That I needed a space to explore more radical innovation without so much at stake. Even now what I'm doing isn't radical enough but it's honestly so much harder than I thought. It's embarrassing to look at my original drawings and see the limited collection I've actually produced. It's shit that it's taken so much to make so little.

I want to create aspirational extremes to instigate change, with the texture of our cities front of mind. Cities can support and inspire and connect us as individuals or groups, but can also be isolating, oppressive, and stagnant. The environment is more or less fucked but humans will still be around for a while so I've always loved imagining how cities might accommodate for the increasing densities and diversity, single-lifestyles and demographics, an ageing population, dwindling resources. I mean, bikes aren't the answer but they're not a bad place to start.

“ ... when I get on my bike in the morning. I feel like there's adventure ahead, and I'm purely excited and that's what I wanted the clothing to incite in others. ”

I adjusted my focus – realising that with smaller projects, like fashion, I could innovate and attempt to still create new 'spaces'. Sadly, even the production of something as small as a vest, has this huge convoluted journey, materials, marketing, finances, insurance, clarity of messaging, etc. that muddies even the purest of ideas – and while those developmental steps can sometimes be where the most brilliant resolutions are born, some days I still forget why the hell I'm working so many jobs to pay of bills to make things that don't seem to ►

even reflect what I imagined I'd create here with TBAB.

I'm stoked I wiped clear my desk (rolled up my architectural drawings) and started this project. It's certainly not what I expected, but it feels like the best fit for me and I feel so blessed for having found that.

I: Are there any steps you follow when you visualise such bright unique riding gear? Seeing how everyone else sticks to the same 'olympian' lycra garment format. Why do you think they do that? {As I was so fucking verbose in the previous, I'll try to keep things a bit shorter and sweeter.}

G: I drew over 100 designs at the start. I pored through magazines, as a kind of prompt to think through what would work and what I could learn from existing styles to translate into a commuter sphere. The best thing about designing a functional garment are in its limits. I saw my stuff sitting in its own unique landscape, not hi-tech stuff for cycling, not high fashion. I could never compete with either realm - I have no fashion education or passion to create fashion for fashion's sake, and highly technical cycling garments - I simply don't have the resources. That was almost a relief. The factories

I work with here in Melbourne are brilliant - they've got incredible experience in fashion and production, but looked at

me blankly when I asked if they could triple stitch or reinforce the crotch of the Track Pants. And when I asked if they could stitch a belt loop detail to support a D-lock in the Weekend Shorts - don't even think about it mate. Access to fabrics, time for testings, money for prototypes and patterns it all blew out, cost and time-wise - I had to really refine my goals for the first run - it had to be a small, digestible offering that wasn't too dissimilar to existing garments and fit. This was incredibly emotional for me.

It's a relief to have that stuff out there now. It's simply the start of a bigger conversation I'm trying to have. I sound a bit pretentious. But I recognise it's not remarkable, and I keep sight of the bigger vision - and after the past year of hustling, I commend myself for that at least.

(A close mate said to me once that he's never had a mate try so hard for so long on something so unsuccessful... or something along those lines. Probably the best compliment ever.)

I: One of the things we like about TBAB is that you personally source, crash test and experiment with the fabrics you use (like a genuine creator.) Tell us why this matters to you and the people you design for.



Photo: Kristine Kenins @kiki_kenins

G: It's really special to chat to other people about your brand, because it's a constant reminder that no-one sees it the way you see it, and a motivator to be more transparent - not to ruin the 'dream' or gain recognition, but to add grit and substance. I'm able to keep doing this because I can imagine the people who I might impact. The communities that might be better connected, the individuals who might feel empowered and autonomous, the cities that might benefit from the human scale of flourishing commuter culture.

But I'll run into a mate I haven't seen in a year or so and they'll say something like 'I've seen what you've been up to and it looks like you're killing it' - it cracks me up. I certainly don't mind if it appears that I'm doing well, but the reality of what I'm doing is so unglamorous; it's mostly emotional and isolating. Honestly, I'm just clinging on for dear life.

Things that made me scream the past two years: the process of applying for loans, hours and hours on grants and press release documents that go unanswered, emails to Vivienne Westwood that go unanswered (lol - I know if we met she'd love me), managing production, lead times, cash flow, minimum order quantities, making decisions (just always, a million decisions), importing fabric from overseas, getting turned down by all the manufacturers, banks, bodies giving out grants, and a large scream when 100s of meters of custom woven fabric was dyed and turned out irreparably streaky. I try not to talk about how I really abhor everything I've made thus far - I recognise it's probably because I've been so close to it for so long and I'm critical and want to make better stuff. But it's so tough curating new campaigns and Instagram captions to share with people the value of stuff you don't love anymore, because it's unsustainable (and stupid) to throw it in the bin. But that's just small biz and fashion and production and you just have to be tough or give up.

Ultimately I just want to create things that are useful and meaningful and the creation is the most fun and when I feel most like myself. I'm really, really excited to test these new designs I've had percolating for months now - to use some fabrics I've been collecting and finally create again. No one tells you that small biz is mostly not at all about what the small business produces.

I: In a similar way you took the initiative and started to think different with riding garments, where else would you like to see an audacious move?

G: Nice question! Architecture, for sure. Australian architecture specifically. Hong Kong and Japan and actually a big chunk of the world (Copenhagen, Dubai), are doing really interesting inventive stuff. Buildings and developments are boring here. Private residences and projects are just grandiose. And multi-residential business ventures lack any inspiration or flexibility. It's all about numbers. I'm disconnected to the architectural state now but I'm jaded.

I feel as though audacious moves in any field in Australia are tricky - we're particularly conservative and simply behind

on a lot of issues. Brothl cafe founded by Joost Bakker is a good example; a cafe opened in Melbourne's CBD, originally a waste-free cafe, and later turned into a soup bar, giving another life to the masses of discarded fish and animal bones via top Melbourne restaurants. The venue was shut down after a couple of years, because of the debilitating fees and red tape surrounding his processes and equipment. However this system started a real movement among the top restaurants elsewhere in the world - in London and Brazil.

I've always thought Joost Bakker to be wildly successful and fulfilled; with his large following, his portfolio of projects and perceived community of supporters. It was crushing to see that such an innovator had become so tired, he recently shared this post on Instagram that effectively said 'I give up'.

"Bureaucracy and red tape is killing this country. I don't blame any individual person for any of my projects not getting up, because what I've discovered is that it's not individuals that kill projects, it's the system. Australia has never employed more people in so many layers and institutions. And anyone that I know who's innovative is saying exactly the same thing...I think the failures are rarely discussed...I feel people need to know how fucking hard it is."

So I guess the answer is that I'd like to see ballsy creation in anything that deals with the huge world issues like poverty, waste, war and the natural environment but sadly making any real change is really, really hard.

I: Talking about fluff, let's pretend you step out of the studio one late Monday night and stumble upon a scratchy that ends up winning you a cool 10 grand. What's the first thing you'd do with some of the riches?

G: This is a dangerous question to even answer, because I'm of the ilk that if a idea is thrown around, I think there's some possibility that it could happen. I think it's both a strength and a flaw in my personality. I've entered at least 10 grants since I started TBAB - and I swear to you - I thought I'd win every one. I wouldn't attribute it to cockiness, but honestly thinking miracles can happen.

So because I've thought about it so much - I'd take time off all my jobs and create a concept collection - which I'm doing now, but in between my jobs. I live above a pharmacy in an old building, built circa 1880. I've been here 5 years living with a variety of mates and it certainly feels like it's falling down - but I've always fantasised about purchasing it - about making a super cool stacked hi-density micro house out the back in the courtyard - Japanese style airbnb for mates and travellers, and turning the pharmacy into a bar and a shop for my gear, a kind of stop-in place that feels like a hub, and a hive of activity, genuine and transparent and kind. But that would take millions, not ten grand. But it's nice to dream. ⚡

Follow Gemma: @tobarwynandback www.tobarwynandback.com

THE KEYS TO HAPPINESS

PROFILES

#DevDevWomen

Little over a year ago, a friend I worked with at the ABC encouraged me to learn programming even though I'd never worked in that field before. I was a Digital Production Supervisor for a team that delivered video content to online platforms. I had a great team who I consider some of my closest friends but I no longer felt that I was growing in the role. So, I signed up to www.codeschool.com, and after a weekend of learning Javascript, my friend thought I was ready to put my skills to the test. Looking back on this, I definitely wasn't ready but I was fortunate enough to have someone who was willing to offer mentorship and provide an opportunity to try something new.

Not long after, I enrolled in a part time Javascript course at General Assembly. From the moment I began the course, I found it compelling and stimulating. It was the challenge I had been longing for so I submersed myself in programming during the 10 week course. It consumed all my spare time but the outcome was well worth the effort. After sixty hours class time at General Assembly and endless nights staying up until the early hours working on projects, I was offered my first role as a developer at domain.com.au.

From the moment I started working at Domain, I have been challenged every day. I started off knowing close to nothing and I've already come so far in the past eight months.

This is due to the incredible developers I work with who provide endless support and mentoring each and every day. There's a preconception that programming is full of socially awkward nerds. While we may be nerds (and proud of it), I see developers as incredibly intelligent, communicative and friendly human beings. It's such a great industry to work in because the community provides so much support and encouragement for junior developers.

But it's not all about the code. Over the past few months, I've been thinking about inclusion and diversity in tech. Inclusion is important to me on both a personal level and at a community level. As a woman, I want to have the same opportunities to grow and learn as any other developer in an industry that is highly dominated by males. I want to promote equal

opportunity and encourage more women to join the industry so we can start shifting the stereotype that men are more technically minded.

I believe the tech industry would benefit from more diverse teams that represent not only gender but race, ability, age and orientation. If we are building products and services for communities, we need to have an understanding and connection to the target audience. The tech industry has the ability to create a feeling of belonging and a sense of community as long as it's committed to diversity and inclusivity.

I put my beliefs into action by volunteering as a mentor at Node Girls, an organisation that runs free JavaScript and Node.js workshops for women, non-binary and trans folk around Australia. I wrote a workshop on building user interfaces for the web, which I led at their most recent event, with a group of other mentors. There were two other workshops on the day and with 110 attendees, the day was considered a huge success. It was empowering to see so many women in one room eager to start programming. Workshops like these and the contribution from the team at Node Girls, helps break down barriers for female programmers.

I'm also working on organising workshops aimed at High School girls. I think it's really important that we encourage and inspire the next generation of girls to consider programming as a career choice. I want to empower girls to be future leaders in technology so they can infuse female insight and represent the needs, ideas, and inspiration of 50% of the population.

Programming is empowering and it has enriched my life. My curiosity for emerging technologies is growing every day and I'm always eager to expand my knowledge and be challenged through code. I'm grateful to all the people who have supported and encouraged me along the way. They've taught me the importance of providing mentorship and support to those around us so we can grow and learn together. ⚡

Follow Jesi @jessaussay



Illustration: Jesse Chick @jesse.chick

FRESH BLOOD

LIAM MUGAVIN

This up-and-coming furniture designer and interior stylist is influenced by Japan and sustainability.

Sen Light is a sculptural expression of structure, light and shadow. The light gains inspiration from the essay 'In Praise of Shadow' by Junichiro Tanazaki.

"We find beauty not in the thing itself but in the patterns of shadows, the light and the darkness, that one thing against another creates... Were it not for shadows, there would be no beauty."

The form consists of a single continuous line of light which wraps through angled timber joinery. This is part of a continual exploration of form, lines and geometry common throughout Liam's work. The light functions as a sculptural floor, wall or pendant light.

Follow Liam @liammugavin



VINCENT BURET

Sydney-based designer focused on communicating ideas through form and material with simplicity and poetic expression. Vincent's work nods to minimalist aesthetics, simplicity in shapes, new technologies and durability.

With a Dual French and Australian nationality, Vincent has spent exactly 16 years in each country.

Acute table – a sur mesure geometric table. Acute is a collection of tables

[Some clever industrial designers to get that heart pumping.]



that can be made in any shape using any materials.

This table is a collaboration between the user and the designer: The user designs the top shape, select the material and colours. The rest is done sure mesure by the designer. The concept of this set of tables is that the user can tailor its table to his needs. Any size, any shape any use: Side tables, coffee tables, dining tables, console tables, desks... you name it.

Acute is presented at *INSACIOUS*.

Follow Vincent @vincentburet



HAVA STUDIO

Hava Studio is a boutique design practice specialising in commercial and residential design and was established in 2009 by Patty Hava.

The studio has recently started to produce furniture and sculptural homewares as an extension of its bespoke design offering.

The studio pairs an architectural language with clean graphic shapes, playing on geometry and materials to create functional sculptures.

Pieces are made locally with the exception of some of the marble which is cut in Italy.

Graphic geometric statements are created when an industrial material is repurposed for decorative purposes in this collection. Gold and silver polished stainless steel is incorporated with marble, in a lacquered frame.

Follow Hava @havastudio

MARZ DESIGNS

The Attalos table lamp is a classical and sculptural led light machined from solid brass.

Inspired by the fluted columns from the Stoa of Attalos, Athens and the Doric order, the Attalos table light features a delicate frosted globe supported by a heavy weighted brass base. With its timeless architectural aesthetic, the Attalos table lamp has been designed to suit any style of interior.

The Marz Designs aesthetic is inspired by the beauty of raw materials and simplicity of natural lines and geometric shapes.

Follow Marz @marzdesigns



ADAM GOODRUM ARTHUR SEIGNEUR

Inspired by the lush form of a lotus in full flower, the Bloom harnesses the exuberance of centuries-old straw inlay technique in the service of a resolutely contemporary aesthetic.

Designed to draw the eye the cabinet

is a conversation piece which speaks to the significance of tradition and the spirit of collaboration.

Graphically bold, a kind of post-Pop mandala, the vibrant colours evoke a 1960s spirit but the delicate nature of the marquetry results in a nuanced luminosity which is perfect for today.

Follow Adam @adamgoodrumstudio
Follow Arthur @arthurseigneur

DOCTOR ROBOT

PROFILES

Dom recently interviewed a musician based in Sydney who insists he is a time travelling robot from the future.

The following is a transcript...

Dom: Before we start, I'd just like to say it's great to finally meet you and I'd like to say thanks for agreeing to this interview. I've heard it can be very hard to schedule appointments where you're from, so thanks.

Dr: The pleasure is mine, and yes that is correct.

D: So, I suppose that would be a good place to start - where you're from, I mean. You say that you're from the future, right?

Dr: I came from the year nine million in the future.

D: Well, that's certainly a long way. Can you tell us a little bit about where you're from? Is life very different? Do humans have a place in such a distant future?

Dr: No! There are no humans, not as they are now. Very little of the current world has survived long enough to reach the year nine million.

In fact, there is so little concrete evidence of our existence, that the only remaining artifact is a television guide from the year 1992 which had been fossilized in a dark-matter state, preserving the front cover's advertisement for the movie Die Hard starring Bruce Willis.

In the future there are only doctors and robots, although, the terms 'doctor' and 'robot' mean completely different things in the year nine million.

As far as life goes, yes, life is different. There are more rules. Sex, for instance, is illegal - as are toilets. Both of these are totally clandestine activities. Furthermore, there is no money. Only dance moves.

Dance moves which are used to transfer ultra-high-speed information between doctors and robots whom cannot complete complex thought processes without one another.



[In the future...
there are only
doctors and robots.
But there is one...

Doctor Robot.]



D: Ah, so it turns out that information will become the ultimate currency after all?

Dr: We shall have to ask again in the year nine billion... ha. ha.

D: Aha... So can you tell us why you've made the decision to come so far back in time?

Dr: I was sent back in time by the Universal Overseeing Committee. Due to the large population of doctors in the future, every disease has been eradicated - all except for one.

D: Which one is that?

Dr: We don't know. That is why I am here. As a half-doctor half-robot, I was sent back to conduct tests using the audio-sensory time probe.

D: And by that you are referring to your instruments?

Dr: Yes. I use them to collect data and execute the necessary audio-interventions to facilitate minute sonic changes in the space-time continuum, thus altering outcomes in the distant future.

D: Wow, that sounds pretty advanced. Is it possible to explain how you managed to transport this kind of machinery back in time or is that a question for another time?

Dr: It's quite simple. We used holographic X-potential hexagonal accelerators to increase my time dilation aspect to a point that I travelled so forward in time fast enough that it

corrupted the chaotic Z-factor causing me to materialize in the third dimension in our current time.

D: Ok, I can't say that makes much sense to me but I'll take your word for it. Anyway, I'd like to thank you very much for the information; it's been very informative. I just have one more question for you: I wanted to know what you think of our native world here on Earth? Is there anything you like or don't like?

Dr: Ah, well I am still trying to understand life and culture here on your planet, but I must say that I enjoy the human invention of 'pool'.

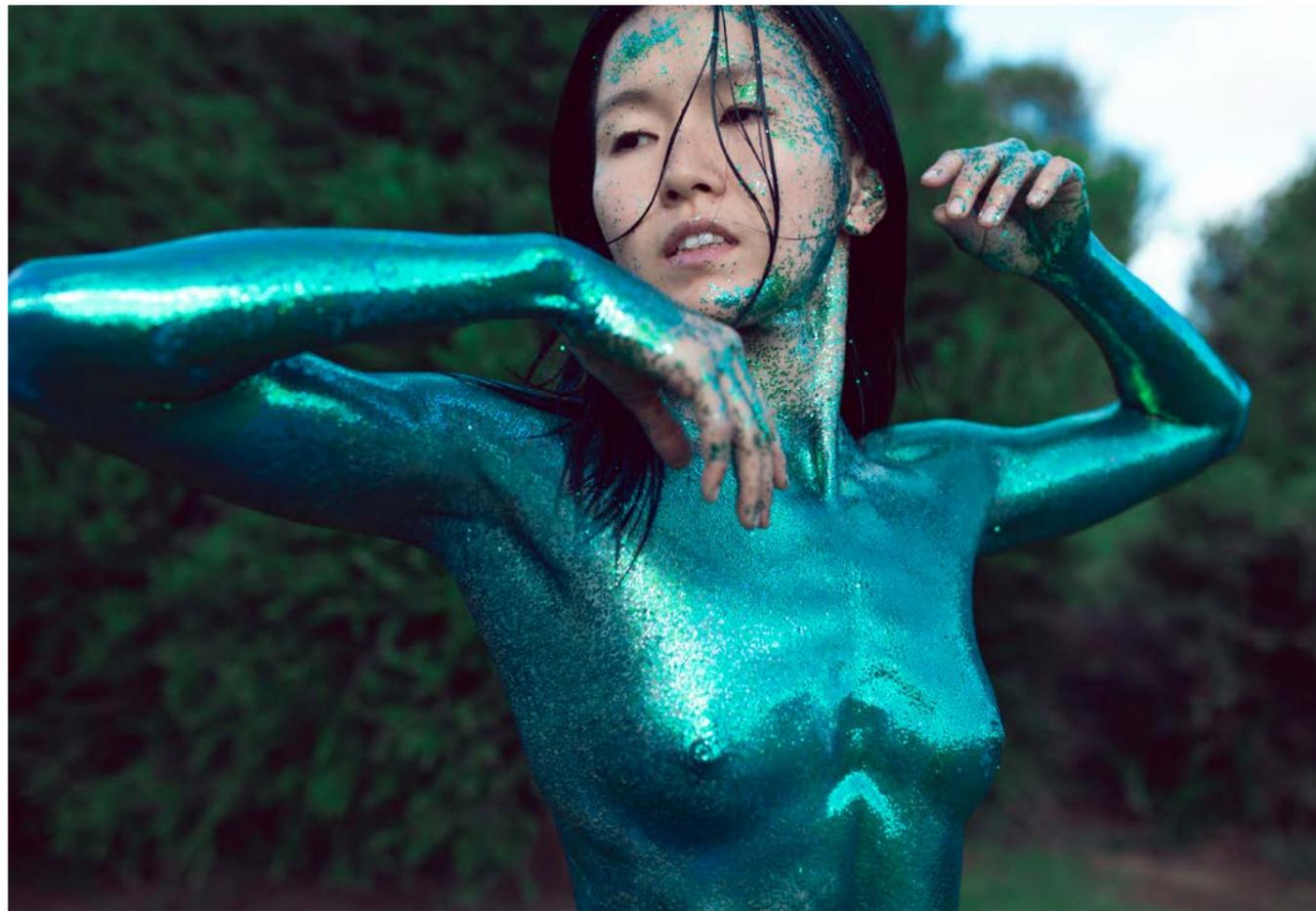
D: As in a swimming pool?

Dr: Yes. I find the concept of immersion in a fluid medium to be exceedingly titular. I look forward to discovering the many unique characteristics of self-immersion in different fluid mediums such as 'honey' and 'baked-beans'.

D: Fantastic, I wish you all the best in that endeavor. Well thanks again, do you have any closing comments? Anyone you want to give a shout-out to?

Dr: I'd like to remind the readers not to throw their cigarette butts on the floor. Keep them in your pockets or other storage areas for human items. Thank you. ⚡

Follow Doctor Robot's Soundcloud [onw doctor-robot-1](#)



SAKI ITHO JO BAYLISS



Saki Ito is originally from Japan but left her country when she was 18 to live in southern California where she studied dance, art, and english to then move to Australia.

“My life in Australia has been truly unexpected, and I have been inspired in a different way from the time in the States. When I lived in Los Angeles, I mostly learned about commercial dance and Jazz dance. Since I came to Sydney,

I have been inspired by contemporary dance mainly. I have been amazed by organic movements each dancer expresses and creates.”

Follow Saki @saki_idance

Jo Bayliss is a photographer working in a collaboration called Bold Wild Free involving body paint and dance.

“I had never body painted anyone before, but a random conversation with a dancer friend led to me doing a shoot and my first attempt painting. Shooting outside beside the beautiful rock cliffs and a Sydney’s beach, it looked like a surreal painting, and was a very fun experience, so we did another.

I was interested to try more, so I posted in a creative Sydney Facebook group, and was amazed to be contacted by so many fantastic dancers. Saki was one of these lovely girls.”

Follow Jo @jocitaphoto

Photos: Jo Bayliss



SABOTAGE MOTORCYCLES

PROFILES

Seeking those attributes that make a bike stand out with class.

NSACIOUS: First thing's first, what's the best thing about shaping metal with your bare hands to then see it fitted on a bike?

Sabotage: There's a huge amount of satisfaction from turning a plain piece of metal into something that is both functional and pleasing to look at from a design perspective. And the more your hands hurt from sanding, cutting, welding, polishing, and grinding the better!

We try to repurpose parts as much as possible too. Whether it's reconditioning a rusty, 50 year old fuel tank, or using a discarded washing machine for its sheet metal to turn into a shaped and sculpted seat.

We see rusty or corroded motorcycle parts as a challenge. There's a lot of people who think just because it is rusty it's unusable. But in a lot of cases, it's just on the surface. With the right process and a lot of elbow grease, those parts can look better than new. A nice cold beer after a day in the workshop shaping metal sure tastes a lot better than at most other times too!

I: When someone decides to become a motorcycle builder/restorer, how do you know what your style is?

S: That's a tough one! If you are a one-man-band, it's probably easier to work that out. But when you're building bikes as a pair, it takes more time to figure out what style to go for.

We've spent a lot of time discussing design and style elements of vintage and custom bikes, right across the board. What's great is we are (usually) in complete agreement about what we like, and what we don't like, and what styles direction we want our bikes to end up like.

That's part of the reason why we decided to pool our skills together and start building bikes together - we appreciate the same style elements, and our collective range of skills allows us to do almost every aspect of a build, from full engine rebuilds, to metal fabrication, wiring, etc.

I: Let's talk Twenty/20 exhibition - helmets and visual artists combined into an exhibition - why launch Sabotage this way?

S: We wanted to bring together two of our biggest passions - vintage motorcycles and art. And what better way to express that than to find twenty incredible Australian artists to each hand-paint a motorcycle helmet!? We also wanted to show that we weren't just another couple of dudes building custom bikes, and that there was more depth and story behind what we were doing.

The exhibition was held at Vandal gallery in Redfern, which is managed by Art Pharmacy, who proudly supported this event. People were able to bid on the helmets via eBay, with all profits going to Movember. It was a great event with nearly 400 people through the door, and really nice to see the art crowd mixing with the motorcycle crowd, yet both groups fully appreciating the exhibition. You don't see that every day!

I: When working on a classic ride, at what point is changing the physical shape too far?

S: We don't think you can go too far, as long as the proportions are still right on the finished result. Those proportional lines are what your eyes look for, consciously or not. Sometimes you have to modify a standard frame, to actually achieve those proportions - whether it be shortening the rear part of the frame, or lowering the front end. We usually play with a few solutions before settling on what works best.

There's a common mathematical ratio found in nature that can be used to create pleasing, natural looking compositions. It's called the Golden Ratio. And these rules follow through all creative and design aspects. So it's something we try to push the boundaries on, but still staying within those aspects.

I: Tell us about 'The Machine Show' and the fabrication that went into the Yamaha you guys unveiled.

S: It's a vintage motorcycle show held in the beautiful rural town of Braidwood, NSW, and the brainchild of bike-builder and architect Matt Machine, who has been a big name in the Australian motorcycle community for years. This year Matt decided to hold a bike builder competition at the show, which gave builders just under a year to build a bike specifically



the show. We had to be part of that!

We already had the Yamaha buried in the corner of the workshop that had been given to us by a friend who found it dumped and rotting away at the back of their apartment building in Bondi for years. This was a great opportunity to bring it back to life! We agreed on the style and the fact that we wanted to do everything ourselves. This was no mean task as the engine had rusted solid and parts were very hard to find for this model bike - a 1972 Yamaha RD125 (or also known as an AS3, depending on where in the world you are).

We estimated that the two of us put about 400+ hours into the bike. A lot of that was simply restoring and rebuilding the heavily corroded parts, as well as fabricating new parts.

We are particularly proud of the exhausts - cut from sheet stainless steel to exact specifications from the race version of the bike in the 70's, rolled, welded and polished. We also made the seat and fairing from scratch, and mounted a different tank in place to give it a more vintage overall look.

Like any deadline, things got really down to the wire. The last few weeks had all-day and all-nighters of grinding, wrenching, polishing, welding, stitching, and beer-drinking to get things done. We both nearly forgot what our families looked like!

I: You guys are based in Sydney, what type of bikes and custom work are you interested to take on?

S: It sounds egotistical, but we want to have full control, and to do an end-to-end build. So rather than take a bike and bolt on a few new parts, we like to take an overall approach to a build. Strip it all the way down, and build it up as a full project.

It's a more time consuming and expensive way to do it, but you end up with a far better final result.

I: To wrap it up, what can we expect from Sabotage in the coming year?

S: We've just started on our project build for next year's Machine Show. And of course we're stepping things up a few notches for that one! Another Twenty/20 helmet exhibition is

on the cards for 2019 too. It was a great experience putting that together and working with such a fantastic group of incredible artists, who all created such amazing artworks on the helmets.

Oh and then we've got a few pie in the sky ideas for a motorcycle rally through the Aussie outback! But mainly we just like getting in the workshop and building motorcycles. ⚡

Follow Sabotage Motorcycles @sabotagemotorcycles
Photos: Nic Walker @nicwalker101



SOUND HUMANS

[Collectives, producers, engineers and mixer.

No Homers allowed.]



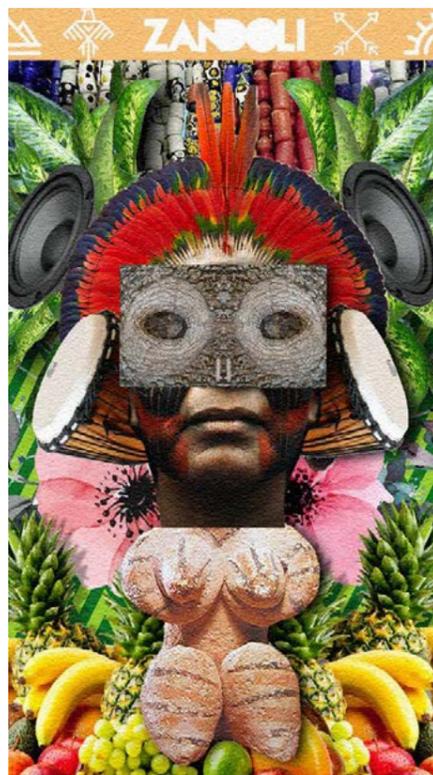
'A MULTI-MEDIA COLLECTIVE'

Born out love and passion for all things ecstatic and feeling the need to create sensory experiences for all kinds, we gave birth a combination of multi disciplinary selectors.

We emerged out of the autumn swell, rising to foggy mountain tops through shimmering jungles whilst sipping on tropicalia juice.

Welcoming you through the gates of a "ZANDOLI" event, you will be graced by a cosy and safe space.

For each event we bring a colourful, immersive and lush atmospheric experience full of visual pleasures and sonic expansion. A world in which you can interact in a peaceful and organic fashion. **No judgment, all admiration.**



GOOD TIMES ARE THE GOALS

The sound of ZANDOLI has no border. Indie tropical house, deep jungle funk or acid techno dubs, our mission is simply to make your body move for longer than you thought was possible...

Guest musicians get a chance to express themselves to their full potential, alongside a crew of exquisite local dance floor connoisseurs.

The grooves may start low but the vibe always ends high and hot, the sky definitely ain't our limit.

All our energy is dedicated to having any attendee walk home with that feeling of never ending love.

Percussion is the message.
Eclectic grooves are the tools.
Body Music without borders.
Resistencia is our mission.



BRENDAN ZACHARIAS

GOHS meets with producer, mixing and mastering engineer guru one late night in Sydney.

When did you first get in touch with your musical side?

Two memories come to mind: I used to go to sleep with a walkman and set of mini speakers playing the Beatles and Deep Purple and second, I got my first guitar nylon string guitar around the same time (age 6).

Tell us a little bit about what Cirrus Audio is and it's aim?

Cirrus started when I discovered my passion for engineering.

The possibility of taking someones music, which has strong personal and emotional ties, and improving it has always been an exciting and thoroughly rewarding experience for me.

I've since teamed up with Timothy Love to grow a brand around the concept of high quality audio and collaboration which is sure to grow over the years to come .

What are the new challenges you have to face in today's music scene as a young entrepreneur?

It's quite tricky proving yourself as an engineer/artist as a wlot of the music industry revolves around trust. As an engineer I have to constantly prove that I can make peoples music the best it can possibly be and as an artist I am constantly trying to push myself creatively musically to create something truly unique.

Where do you think the scene is heading towards ?

More and more people have access to tools and resources to create and listen to high quality music. The lines between genres and styles are really starting to blur and ultimately its making for better music and opening the minds of musicians and producers which is great.

Do you think Sydney can be or is an inspiring city?

I've lived here for almost all my life and I've found lots of inspiration in the people, the communities and having the ocean so close to a major city is really great.

Although music is having a hard time in Sydney at the moment, there are lots of great parties happening and lots of great art being made, you just need to know where to look.

Advice you give to the coming generation?

The best music comes from producers and musicians who are honest with themselves and who create something which makes themselves happy first. Pleasing other people, money, fame and free drinks are a bonus.

What's next for brother Z ?

Heading over to Europe in August to play a few shows and get out of the studio for a little while. I'm also about to release my first solo Ep for my 'Assembler Code' project on the label 'International Chrome'

Follow Brendan @cirrusaudio
Photo: Laura Marii @lauramarii

CIVIL WRITES

[Remember, no matter where you go, there you are.]

FICTION STORIES

Iceland will never see the like of him again

Book flight to Reykjavik, don't say what you're doing, then meet @ Gróttá Island Lighthouse on January twenty-third.

Warm wishes.

Trusting I'll see you soon . . . w;;and then a FunCity corporate address (MauriceSiddhartha@FunCity.com) accompanied by a video he regretted ever filming. So now Stacked Max is out in the cold Icelandic breeze, beginning to believe this venture is less about getting a job and more something to do with his ex-girlfriend.

He remembers being at work and emails pouring into his inbox, each one angrier and longer than the next, and each attachment more incriminating and deprecating than the one before – leaving him no choice, really.

Come, or I leak everything, the final email said.

So on Friday after work he left his share terrace without saying goodbye to his roommate, whose door was closed anyway, and caught the train to the airport to spend more than 24 hours in transit limbo.

Now he's here. What's going on is Stacked Max has come all the way to Reykjavik to visit Maurice, who is the CEO of FunCity and also the father of his ex-girlfriend, because the stream of hostile emails threatened to leak a number of sex tapes he recorded with Mala, his ex, on her smartphone. Some of the videos aren't too bad: missionary-style, some awkward, cock-angling doggy, and a kind of endearing embrace where he sings Phil Collins' In the Air tonight and uses his pelvic thrusts as drumbeats. But in his least favourite sex video Mala and Stacked Max shag in relatively normal fashion, peeling away their clothes and flexing a lot in the ceiling mirror, until he snorts a little too much nosé off the bedside table and screams, 'yeehawwww, yeehawwww.'

So here he is.

He has also come to check out Iceland a little bit. At Keflavik airport he rents a Prius with the vague desire of taking a nice holiday driving around the coast and seeing the fjords and snapping shots on a disposable Nikon camera he shoplifted

from the airport.

Because of the 45 km/h winds and icy streets his Nike Airs weren't built to navigate, the walk from carpark to lighthouse Google Maps said would take an hour and a half has ends up being closer to four. He falls twice, once from the wind and the other from the ice. He reaches the lighthouse island at around 10:30 with the sun rising above the sea in mystic toucan shades. No sign of Maurice, so he cowers in the doorway of what looks like an art gallery on the island's precipice, abandoned during winter. Inside the gallery hangs a painting with a satyr kissing a boulder that has grown billowing Rapunzel hair, and blushing he hopes the videos at least make his cock look big.

While waiting, he chews off a fingernail and uses it to scoop the dirt beneath the other nails. Once they are clean he grabs a strain of his ponytail and flosses his teeth.

A figure waddles along the black sand beach, heart-palpitatingly close to the tide. They grow in size as they walk closer. It is not shock but fear and loathing when the figure comes close enough for him to see it's Mala, his ex, not Maurice, and she is carrying a male dummy in her arms. She is drenched; wetness stains her jeans like acid wash.

Stacked Max spits out some hair to say hey.

The dummy, wearing boater hat and possessing golf ball eyes, sits upright in her arms.

'Max, baby, the lighthouse is all the way over there, you dig?' The dummy's mouth moves.

It (or her) continues: 'We've been waiting since morning.'

It raises a hand and points at the foggy lighthouse, some hundred metres away.

'Uh Mala, you ok?' Stacked Max asks.

'Do you really want to know?' she asks.

'Shit no, but I get the feeling you're going to tell me anyway.'

'Things have been tough without you,' she says. 'I started seeing a psych five times a week before I moved here with Dadda.'

'FunCity has started working in Icela . . . Did you say five



times a week?'

'She sure did!' The dummy says, in its stupid pipsqueak voice.

'But that's freaking crazy,' Stacked Max says. 'Anyway, A: what's the deal with the hand gnome? And B, what the blister are you doing here? Last time I saw you it was all "Surf's Up Dude" and check out my groovy tan and –' the dummy punches Stacked Max's arm with a tissue paper fist.

'The name's Funky Darryl, her new better half,' it says.

Mala grins at the freaking thing.

'Besides,' Mala says, 'Darryl's not complete yet. We need you, Max. You complete us.'

'Don't be ridiculous,' he says, making to leave. He notices that the dummy's eyes are jaundice, like rotting jellyfish on the beach.

'Uh, mister, don't be so quick,' Funky Darryl says. Its head swivels, no-no. 'Take this phone and see for yourself.'

So Stacked Max takes the damn iPhone and is greeted by Maurice on video call sitting in front of an uncountable number of computer monitors, all playing the various sex videos at once, with his (Stacked Max's) email account open on the central screen, the button 'send all' selected and poised.

'Off we fucking go, then,' Stacked Max says.

They walk through the ice and snow and volcanic pebbles the shape and size of prehistoric eggs, along a passage of rocks that's almost underwater, until they enter the lighthouse. Instead of going up, Funky Darryl does a tap-dance on the stone floor and a stairway opens beneath them.

By now Stacked Max is seriously considering leaving. What the hell is he doing all the way here with Mala again. Man he feels like a chump, thinking that Maurice might have actually read his resume (finally), like he promised to do for the 3.5 years he had dated his daughter. But when he turns and grabs the exit doorknob he sees a vision of his mother checking her morning emails, maybe waiting for her university results, a cup of boiling chrysanthemum on her lips, and opening an email to see her only son working away at Mala in all his half-

tumescent glory.

As if mind-reading, Funky Darryl thrusts back and forth, eyes closed.

'Yeehawwww, yeehawwww,' it whispers.

At the bottom of the stairwell he enters a room covered floor-to-ceiling with screens. There is a thin beam of light falling through the door behind him but the bright screens swallow it, and each one has a different picture or video of him: the sex vid, some social media profile pics, a selfie of him and Mala licking the same lemon ice-block, baby videos from his mum's old video camera, bubba Max at the zoo pointing at a hippopotamus, dressed up like Johnny Bravo drinking a Bloody Mary, spitting paan beside the Taj Mahal.

And scattering the floor are body parts: an easy moveable vinyl head and dummy arms and legs and a mess of strings connecting everything together.

Mala takes a seat and all of a sudden Stacked Max sees the likeness of himself in Funky Darryl, who's now grinning. Stacked Max screams. Mala's eyes flick between Stacked Max and the dummy, and he realises that after all this time Mala has still managed to keep one hand up his arse.

'I knew they were that colour, I knew it,' she mutters to herself, the dummy facing her, expressing its dry-brushed, droopy, limp love. But she doesn't seem to care. She picks up a paintbrush, lines it up with Stacked Max's face, closes one eye, then collects a dab of paint and flecks spots of hazel on Funky Darryl's jellyfish eyes. ⚡

Storby written by Jack Cameron Stanton is a writer and critic based in Sydney.

Photo: @dragtotrash and @leet

CIVIL WRITES CONT.

Henry King.

I'm an uncastrated cannibal
 Curious to carve you into pieces
 To consume you, stupid animal
 To consummate the thought consuming me
 Gorgeous, could I gorge upon
 Your corpse I hung inside my bell-jar-brain
 The taste of Sybil's kiss, still, remains
 Σίβνλλα τί θέλεις; sweet comfort carrion
 Hear me now that I am hers, her God
 Her Lucifer, her doctor, her sculptor
 I've dotted lines drawn on my breasts and thighs
 I'm pining - cut me into your concubine
 And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
 Enacted on this squalid screen or bed
 Mothering and fathering the dead
 Still-born child of all porn
 But I spoke not knowing this is on record
 But all of this is just locker-talk.

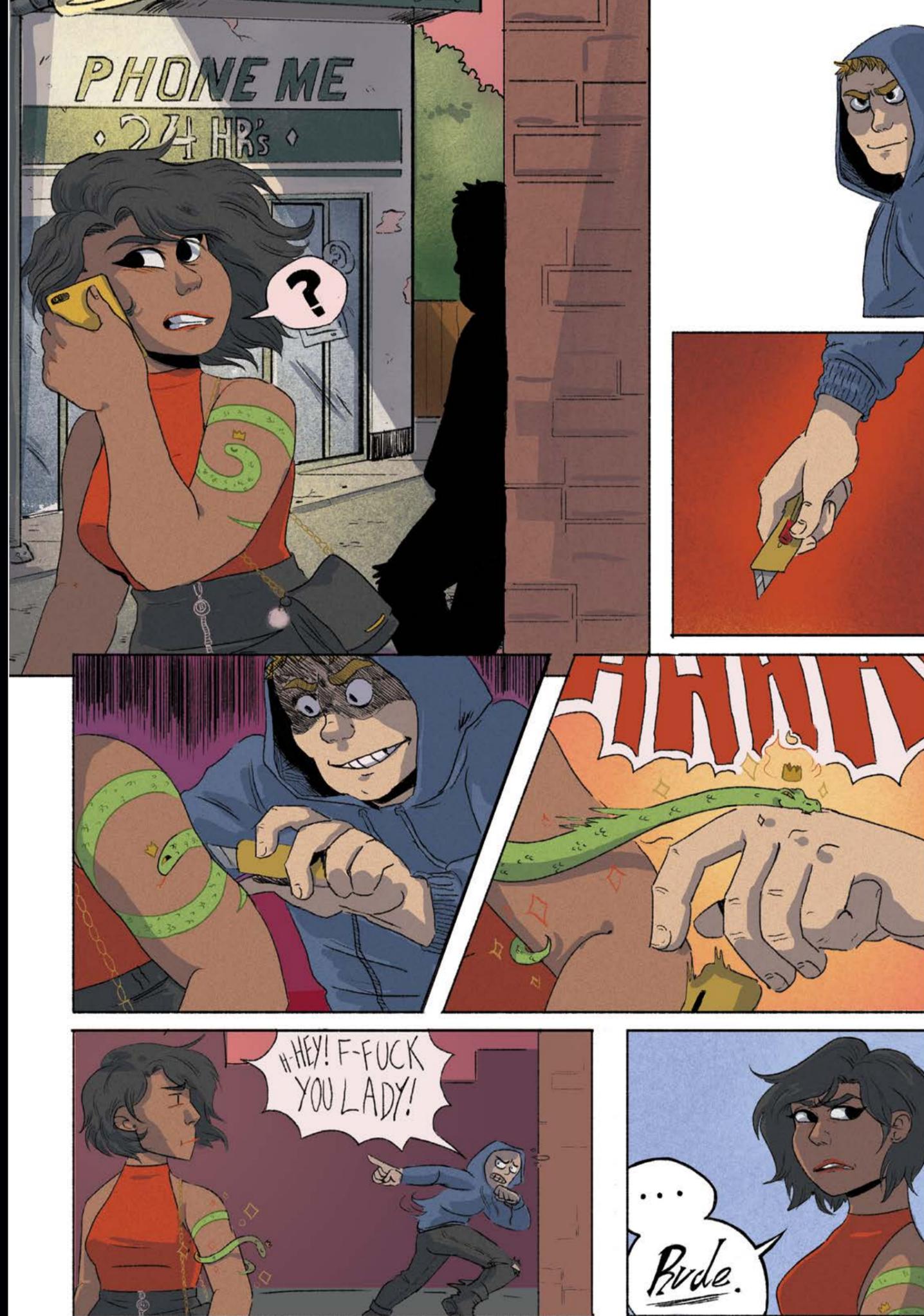


If I could just understand,
 I feel like I could accept.
 But the problem with the question,
 Is that there will never be an answer
 -Why?

IV drip your VB,
 And medicate with reality TV,
 Keep the masses entertained
 Keep them
 Placated.
 -Choose your drug

LOCKER-TALK

LIPI JAIN



PUBLIC PARK

JACQUELINE WELLS

Gobbledebook - What to eat, while you read.

I have loved how authors talk about food ever since, at five years old, I read 'Ivor the Engine', and a small dragon made some hungry townfolk hot chips with his dragon fire. I could taste the salty, buttery flesh, and crispy skins, and have been searching for the perfect hot chip ever since.

The aim of Gobbledebook reviews is to match fine books to what you should be eating while you read them.

The Remains of the Day | By Kazuo Ishiguro, 1989.

The Remains of the Day is the story of a road tripping butler. The book begins with Mr. Stevens leaving Darlington Hall, where he has dedicated his life to the loyal service of his now deceased employers, to take a motoring holiday in a classic Ford borrowed from his current American employer, Mr. Farraday. As we travel with Mr. Stevens 'beyond all previous boundaries' he recounts his years of unwavering loyalty to his former employer, Lord Darlington, and contemplates the man's true character. Mr. Stevens is on his way to visit Miss. Kenton, the former housekeeper, with whom he has shared many cups of cocoa in the parlour.

One of the most impressive things about this book is how Ishiguro was able to perfectly capture the voice of an English butler and take us back to the



[People, please the sand is here to share, so don't take it home.]

glory days of Darlington Hall, while serving the reader insights into the servants' lives on a silver platter. It is also a very funny book; Mr. Stevens, who has spent many an evening pressed into the dining room shadows, waiting to be summoned by the stifled Lord Darlington, suddenly finds himself having to engage in banter with his new, and stubbornly informal, American employer.

Gastronomically, Ishiguro's book is best paired with a small wedge of salty, jelly-filled pork pie, and a flask of tea, for day time reading, or a snifter of brandy for evening recital. The English pork pie is not something that will appeal to vegetarians/vegans/the coeliac or anyone who is put off by the idea of eating cold minced pork and pastry held together by aspics. This aside, the pork pie is a dependable, sturdy, motoring snack that can be enjoyed cold against 'some of the finest countryside in England'. Much like our Mr. Stevens.

Throughout The Remains of the Day, the skilful writing of Ishiguro allows the reader to exercise the sense of taste. In experiencing the life of a 'great' butler, we are all found sitting in the banqueting hall, under heavy chandeliers, sipping tea and eating cakes in the drawing room, to be later served port from decanters, in the smoking room. We also get access to the servants' dining room where the maids and under-butlers eat roast meats and vegetables after the guests have sufficiently feasted.

Last year Ishiguro won the Nobel Prize for Literature, with the jury praising his novels for how his prose 'uncovered the abyss beneath our illusory sense of connection with the world'. This award was completely deserved, and The Remains of the Day is a truly impressive book, that serves to satisfy the appetite. ⚡

Five pork pies out of five pork pies!

Follow Jacs @gobble_debook



FUKANAE SENSEI SLANG

Follow Kanae @__kanae_____





Artwork/Photo: Lil Zombie Boy @lilzombieboyofficial



Photo: Vincent Buret @vincentburet

THANK YOU

We want to thank each and everyone who supported the magazine and spread the word on our mission.

If you're interested in helping out and learn a thing or two, please get in touch.

We are already open for submissions for Issue 2 so you know, get crackin'

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