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Georgia Johnstone

Advertisements
Photographs



**Don't get
drenched
this winter.**

Hold this \$2 newspaper over your head when it's bucketing down.

Or take it with you to read on your \$1 flight to Singapore.

Jetstar 
Escape winter for \$1

Jetstar

Newspaper advertisements
NAB Finalist

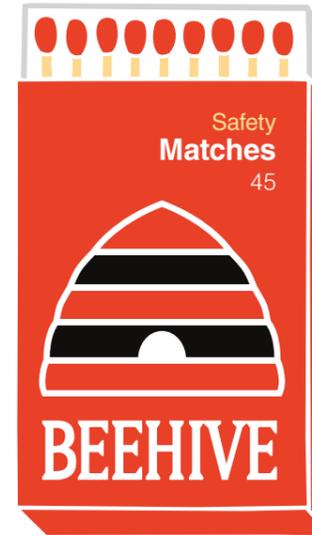


Winter doesn't have to be wet.

Say no to being soaked by cutting a poncho from this \$2 newspaper.

Or book yourself a \$1 flight to Thailand, where you won't need the poncho at all.

Jetstar 
Escape winter for \$1



Winter doesn't have to be cold.

You could be warm in minutes by setting this newspaper alight with a \$2 box of matches.

Or book your flight to the Gold Coast and enjoy warmth for half the price.

Jetstar 
Escape winter for \$1

Jetstar

Newspaper advertisements
NAB Finalist

**YOU'RE CLEARLY
THE BEST SURFER
AT BONDI BEACH.**



BUTTERING UP TO YOU AUSTRALIA
lewisroadcreamery.co.nz

**WHY DON'T YOU
JUST KEEP THE
BLEDISLOE CUP?**



BUTTERING UP TO YOU AUSTRALIA
lewisroadcreamery.co.nz

**EVERYBODY
WISHES YOU'D
MAN THEIR BBQ.**



BUTTERING UP TO YOU AUSTRALIA
lewisroadcreamery.co.nz



**BUTTERING UP TO
YOU AUSTRALIA**
lewisroadcreamery.co.nz

Lewis Road Creamery

Billboard campaign and online leaderboard advertisement
New Zealand made butter breaks into an Australian market



§ Photoshoot at Mt. Eden Pacific Island Church



You wouldn't guess Amy's over 50.

But only just. She ran 51kms this week. Not bad for a 19 year-old.

 Join the run with Lululemon.



Sophie's pushing 70 and still running.

69kms on the road is nothing when compared to everything else this mother of four has had packed into her week.

 Join the run with Lululemon.



Jill can't wait to turn 21 this week.

And you can't blame her. Nobody likes their training to plateau at 20km forever.

 Join the run with Lululemon.



You make lycra look normal. 

9/10 people agree you take great care of your running shoes. 

Your hair actually looks amazing pulled back into a ponytail. 

You are the fittest person in your extended family. 

 ***Join the run with Lululemon.***

Pick a number. Any number between one and whatever.

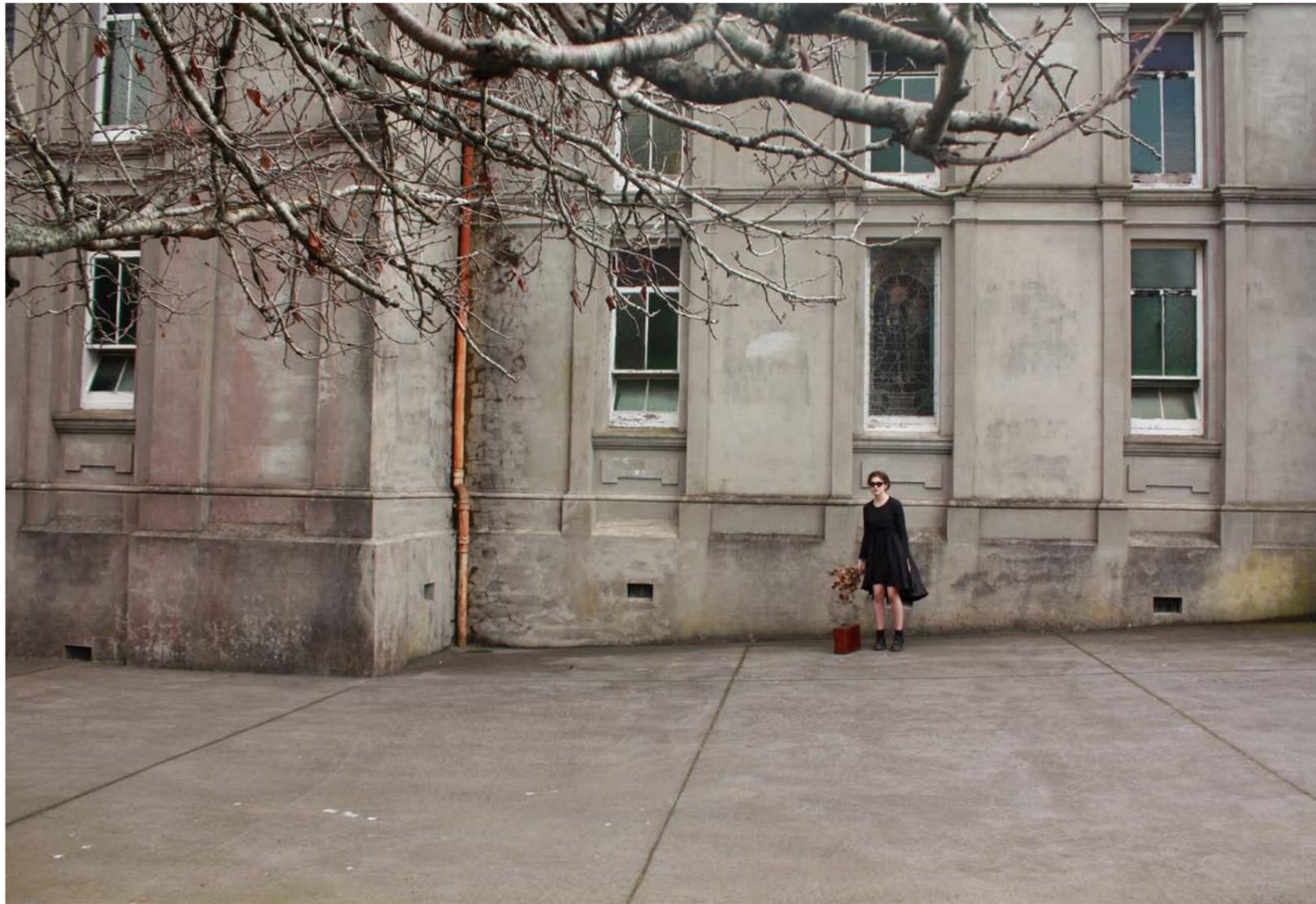
Now write that number somewhere you won't forget, like on your forehead or the fridge. It's your goal to reach that many kilometers in the next seven days.

You can skip, scuttle, run or hop—we don't care how you get the kilometers, so long as you're clocking them.

Log in to track your run with Lululemon and we'll send some incentives for 6am starts your way.

[sign me up](#)

Lululemon Athletica
Online running app and retail carry bags



§ Photoshoot at Mt. Eden Pacific Island Church



You could be a winner by the time you're at the front.

Go ahead and find out at www.bonusbonds.co.nz

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New Zealand | Find a branch / ATM | Help | Contact us

Personal | Business | Commercial & Institutional | Agri | About us | Store

More doors opened. Welcome to the new ANZ.

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Log on

Register | Help | Security

Calculators & tools

Rates & fees

Find out about

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- Online application forms
- Foreign exchange rates
- Fees and charges
- Moving to or from NZ

Don't spin out when you see the beach ball of death. Click here to check your Bonus Bonds while you wait.

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Art | Flatmates Wanted | Real Estate

Baby Gear | Gaming | Services

Books | Health & Beauty | Sports

Building & Renovation | Home & Living | Toys & Models

Business & Industry | Jewellery & Watches | Travel, Events & Activities

Cars, Bikes & Boats

Clothing

Computers

Crafts

Electronics & Ph

Cool Auctions

Solar eclipse flight \$2,000

Seat on the total solar eclipse flight - Auckland to Gisborne

Daily deals

WINE

tion Soccer

Bug Repellent

Elsewhere \$59.60

Auckland deals

Noooo, not the spinning beach ball of death! What if you could use this time to become a winner? It's easy to check your Bonus Bonds.



Bonus Bonds

Online page takeover and ambient retractable barrier



§ Photography project at Basque Park

**Finding the
perfect lightbulb
is a process of
illumination.**



Ecobulb
Billboard



ss

The Sneaky Sneak
ssneak.blogspot.com

List
Prose
Complaint Letter
Interview

1. *Talk in the rain.*
Call everyone you know in the middle of a thunderstorm. "Hey, iKnow it's raining but my phone knows no fear. Let's chat!"
 2. *Label it myPhone.*
When questioned convince people it's part of Apple's subversive marketing strategy to convert non iPhone users. Tell them to look it up. Wikipedia.
3. *Look stuff up. For free.*
Find smart-phoned friends, save money. It's the internet equivalent of leaving your wallet at home.
 4. *Pick your own ringtone.*
Don't be told what you can and cannot be contacted with. Be your own person!
5. *Emphasize what a glowing global citizen you are.*
Dumb-phone user = pro-environment. Your ability to resist constant upgrading makes you eco-friendly.
 6. *No one can accuse you of your phone being smarter than you.*
Every person on E!
7. *Battery life.*
Charge a dumb-phone and it will go for days. Charge a smart-phone and it might last until lunch time. If you're a really lucky person and good things like that happen to you.
 8. *When it breaks, you're probably not going to care.*
You won't cry when the screen cracks. When the back comes off you'll smile and look around for some more cellotape.
9. *Snake.*
Playing it.
 10. *There's scope for a camera-phone yet.*
Super-gluing your camera to your phone is a big decision. You're not sure you are ready for that kind of commitment.

***10 Reasons it's
Smart to have
a Dumb phone.***

When my friend and I were seventeen we
jumped on trampolines
didn't care about our hair or how we would be seen

in public, spat out rap words
to songs we did not know.

Boarded buses with lucky numbers,
pretended we had important places to go
to.

Confident teenage rappers.

Always running and running late.
With knee-high socks and turned up sleeves
it's always summer if you refuse to freeze.

Our hair was long, our conversations longer.

I don't think I owned a hairbrush for two years after we met.



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There were scrapbooks filled with funny things we thought we said,
and all the things we would never say out loud.
We recorded everything that happened to us. Whether we wanted it to happen or
not.

We were the best and we were the worst.
If being an adolescent was difficult we didn't feel cursed.

It's spring time again now. But I don't feel very springy.
Maybe it's because I don't see you much
no one else asks me to dress up.

Or jump on a trampoline and take unblurred pictures.

So we sit in cars. Our separate cars
even when we're going the same places.
And time ourselves how long it takes to paint our unslept faces.

Oh, and I wear a watch now.
So I can tell you:

I have no time.
I'm so stressed.
What a joke.
I need more sleep

but.

If you asked me to spring into spring again with you, I'd say

When?

§

Dear Fastway Couriers,

You may be familiar with the on-ramp at Gillies Avenue in Epsom.
(An incredibly busy stretch of road made worse by the demands of peak hour traffic.)

I was there at 8 o'clock this morning. I was incredibly unimpressed by what I witnessed.

Not one, but two of your courier vans flew by the stretch of patient left-lane vehicles, at a speed I can only compare to an Ambulance during a routine drill with an untrained driver.

Armed with a blatant disregard for public safety and ignoring any sort of legislation on speed, your vans zip-lined their way into the on-ramp queue confirming a complete misunderstanding of the notion, "merge like a zip".

Now as an Auckland commuter, I concede a high tolerance for questionable driving is indeed routinely required to manage road inspired rage. But this exhibition of poor driving wrapped up in a sick sense of selfish superiority on the road left me stunned. Was I alone in my injustice? Judging by the toots of frustration surrounding me I fear not.

I'd like to reiterate your courier drivers act as front line staff. A negative brand experience on the road equates to negative brand association in general. This experience with your company was my first, and I'm sorry to say it may well be my last.

I do hope your company seeks to rectify this issue in a *very fast way*.

Sincerely,

Georgia Johnstone

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Hi Georgia,

Thank you for bringing this to my attention and please accept my sincerest apologies for our franchises' clear disregard to safe and courteous driving standards. Rest assured I take matters of this nature very seriously as not only (as you rightly point out) is brand awareness and association vital to my business but also public safety.

Our couriers are in fact franchise business owners themselves and should know better. The terms of their franchise agreements that we hold with them have clear obligations in regards to driving standards that these individuals are clearly in breach of.

I have copied my logistics manager to this email as I have asked for an investigation in an attempt to identify the individuals so we are able to issue a default notice for breaching the terms of their franchise agreements. To help with our investigation are you able to recall the make and model of the vehicles and/or any other details that can assist with our investigation as we have a fleet of 80 vehicles and of that number approximately 15 that travel that stretch of road daily?

In any case a blanket notice will be issued to my fleet as a reminder of their obligations and I will use your experience to reiterate this.

Thank you again for bringing this to my attention and if you have any more details that can assist to identify the culprits in question we would be grateful.

Regards,

General Manager

Complaint to Fastway Courier Company
and response, October 2012



§ Photoshoot at Mt. Eden Pacific Island Church

I had never heard of *The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart* until I sat down with their biggest fan.

“Oh, is that them there?”

I motioned to a picture tacked to the wall behind me and frowned. A 48 year-old man sat opposite me and adjusted his tie.

“How was Laneway?”

“Yeah, good. I go to lots of concerts. *The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart* are one of my all time favourite bands. Also *Street Chant* and *James Duncan*. Superb. But it’s soul destroying because they’ll only sell 500 copies, and it’s just brilliant music.”

He paused to take a breath. Brilliant music indeed yet I remained one of those annoyingly ignorant people responsible for keeping sales to 500.

“I think the classic condition of my age is that you cling to a remembrance of good times from when you’re, your age...I would typically be expected to listen to the same music from when I was at University and in some respects I do.”

I finished counting the twenty-two pieces of children’s art surrounding us, impressed now that the *Pains Of Being Pure At Heart* poster had managed wall space at all.

He would rather be a monkey with a human brain than a human with a monkey brain.

“How old are your kids now?”

“They’re 11 and 9.”

So how do a nine and an eleven year-old feel about a father who, admittedly, “doesn’t sleep”, constantly trawls the internet for new music and seizes every opportunity to share it with them?

“I think the problem with children is you want to proselytize. You want to say, listen to this, listen to this... But they want to make their own discoveries, they don’t want to be told what to listen to by their Dad.”

An uninvited smile crept across my lips.

Holiday car trips from Auckland to Wellington saw my father blasting the *B52’s* way past the Bombay Hills. No right-minded eight year-old appreciates *Rock Lobster* when they’ve got the new *Aqua* tape.



“Yeah, well you wouldn’t want to be told what to listen to either.”

“Yeah, no. But, no... So we live with this quite sweet...”

He was picking his words carefully, as though my Dad had warned him about the *Aqua* tape.

“You know, my son who is nine has very conventional nine year-old boy music taste. He listens to maroon, whatever they’re called, *Maroon 5*? And I always say to him “honey listen to this stuff” but he’s not interested in it... He doesn’t want to listen to *The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart*...”

“Well they’re your passion! He has to discover them for himself!”

“They are my passion, that’s right and he’s allowed his own.”

Next question. I wanted to know about work.

Apparently it was going well until a communal squawk bounced in from the office next door. The Soccer was on and a group of vocal fans gathered with the volume up loud.

“My colleagues are lovely people. We all drift in to work by about 9 o’clock and you look at them and just think, they’re delightful... Some of them are mad... but they’re delightful.”

Did he ever think about his name as the title of a show?

“No, not at all ever. It’s really strange. I don’t use the name unless it’s an email address or something. It’s not a name I use very comfortably.”

The game was winding up and I could feel my fifteen-minute window coming to a close.

Would he rather be a human with a monkey brain or a monkey with a human brain?

“Monkey with a human brain. Oh definitely. All the best stuff is what you know and what the people closest to you know. What others think about you George? That doesn’t matter. It’s what the people who care about you think. And it’s about what you think. Even as a monkey, you’d know.”

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An interview with John Campbell, July, 2012

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Thanks for reading.

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