INDIGENOUS HONI / S2W5 / FIRST PUBLISHED 1929

HONI SOIT

Acknowledgement of Country

We acknowledge the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. The University of Sydney – where we write, publish and distribute *Honi Soit* – is on the sovereign land of these people.

Editorial

A shout out to the mob who aren't sure of their nation.

All Indigenous contributors in this edition have their nation next to their name, except for me.

I found out I had Aboriginal heritage only two years ago. I had heard whispers on both sides of my father's family of Aboriginality for a while.

I decided to dig further and contacted a relative and found out parts of a story for just one of the Aboriginal links in my family. As I continued to dig, family members sent me pictures, and the Indigeneity was visually definite throughout my line of relatives. I know I don't look it, but I have an English mother and quite obviously take after her. My brother is toned, however, and my sister has clear Indigenous features.

I found two differing stories of the history and family structure of this link on Ancestry.com. My six times great-grandmother is simply listed as 'Aboriginal woman', though my white relatives of the same line are correctly named.

During an Indigenous Studies excursion to the NSW State Library, I spoke with one of the librarians who specialises in Aboriginal history, of which the library has a large collection.

I knew the 'Aboriginal woman' had come from La Perouse. So, I asked about the history of Aboriginality in La Perouse and whether my relative would actually have come from there, I could then be a part of the nation which encompasses La Perouse, either Eora or Tharawal, depending on the side of the harbour she was from.

The librarian told me to be careful with thinking this, as many Aboriginal people from the South Coast had moved here for employment and other opportunities. Therefore, I could not be sure of my nation and still am not. Though my more closer relatives on that line have been from the South Coast, around Port Kembla and Woolongong area, we still cannot be sure due to the lack of records for Indigenous people.

It is a shame that Indigenous people were not recorded like the European Australians were at such a time in the 1800s, and this leaves many like myself destitute of knowledge and feeling like we are not fully apart of the Indigenous community.

Coming to the University of Sydney, was eye-opening, with an incredible Indigenous presence. Though many would refute this, I see it true. I have many Indigenous brothers and sisters, and aunties and uncles now.

Whether I get a clear answer on which nation I belong to, I know my mob, the University of Sydney mob. **JN**

Who made this edition happen?

Editor-in-Chief: Jackson Newell, Indigenous Officer

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Francesca Atkins, James Blackwell, Mike Butler, Samuel Chu, Dana Cutmore-Farina, Hannah Craft, Rachel Durmush, Max Fabila, Pippa Herden, Irene Higgins, Liam Keenan, Andy Mason.

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Robin Eames, Liam Keenan.

With thanks to the current Honi Soit editors.

Cover image by Jackson Newell
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Contents

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Fan mail

Sorry mum

Dear Honi editors,

Each week our office tries to provide you with timely responses on behalf of the University. Therefore I was very surprised to read an article in last week's Honi, which reported that the University is spending more than one hundred thousand dollars in chauffeured vehicles for the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor. As you know, giving the right of reply is a very important editorial policy for well-balanced journalism.

Had you asked us for comment on this piece, we could have confirmed that the University actually spent around one fifth of that amount, mostly to ensure that the Chancellor and some senior University staff get to University events. You will no doubt be aware that the Chancellor works for the University on an entirely voluntary basis. Given she's here at least three days a week and attends many events, this doesn't seem unreasonable.

Unfortunately your readers didn't get the benefit of this information, and so I would be grateful if you would publish this letter to correct the record. We look forward to working with you more productively in future.

Sincerely
Kirsten Andrews

Pour one out for Hermann's

Dearest Honi,

It is with the most profound sorrow that I write to inform the student body that I WILL NEVER AGAIN BUY A DRINK AT HERMANN'S BAR.

I have frequented Hermann's since I first began at this university in 2012. Since then the place has been a great source of learning, support, argument, joy, sadness and all the richness of life. Hermann's is a place where friends and enemies can gather for a drink and a debate.

Entire student groups have been born, lived and faded away at those outside tables. Many people would agree that you can learn much more at Hermann's than you can in class.

Hermann's has been like a dear friend – sometimes difficult, often a bad influence, but it has stuck with us through good times and bad. Through thick and thin, Hermann's has been there for me. It was there when methhead neighbours burned down my first share house, helping me to find dinner and some couches to crash on. It was there after I was arrested and jailed for my climate activism, helping me find a sympathetic ear and support.

Most of all, Hermann's has been a place to sharpen one's arguing skills, a place where ideas are tested and frameworks put through their paces. As the old adage in progressive politics says, if it fails the 'pub test' it might need to be re-thought. From the bloke who claimed he couldn't tell the difference between white pride and Aboriginal pride, to the guy who reckoned climate change doesn't matter because we'll all be moving to Mars soon anyway, time at Hermann's has helped me to develop my capacity to respond when my ideas are challenged.

But I can no longer continue to patronise this wonderful establishment while its parent organisation, the USU (university of Sydney Union) fails to stand up for the interests of staff and students at this university.

Last Saturday the 26th August, while NTEU (National Tertiary Education Union) members took industrial action as part of their campaign for a better deal for staff, USU outlets continued to hock their wares and USU-hired DJ's blared their insipid house music over the demonstration's speakers. Unfortunately, the board of directors has secretely voted not to support the staff by closing USU outlets on days of trade union strikes. This is a blatant and disgraceful failure to put the needs of the campus community first.

Therefore, unless this decision is reversed, I will not be drinking at Hermann's after it re-opens. Despite everything this place has given me, I cannot put my money in its till while the USU leaves staff working conditions and student learning conditions in the lurch.

Yours in disappointment,
Andy Mason
Arts/Science V

Still loves us though

Hiya, I just wanted to write in response to your article 'Uni Fundraising Staff Paid 25 per cent less than other employees'.

It's painfully obvious you didn't speak to someone who works there currently. We are paid competitively and well. Our boss is the most dedicated woman I have ever met and is incredibly supportive. The work is some of the most flexible work around and is perfect for students doing a full-time or part-time load, or those with severe health issues. If you're having a bad mental health day, our boss is flexible and will help you out so you can still work in the capacity you're able to while also still making money so you can pay rent.

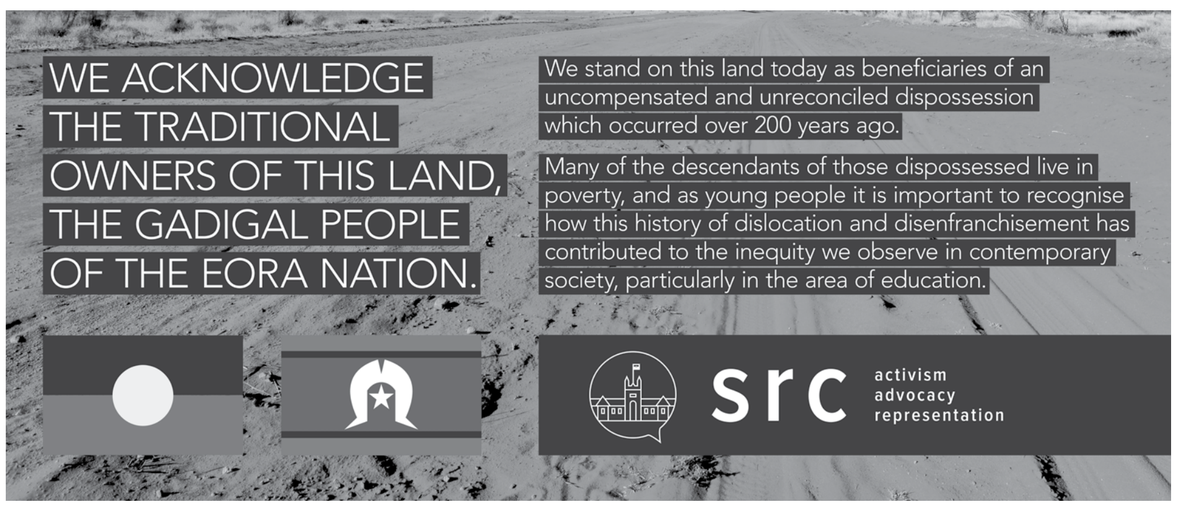
I am incredibly sceptical of the university. I know they can use the funds they are given to better purposes than lining Spence's pocket but we are actually doing some good. All the money we raise goes to medical research, scholarships, programs for teaching refugees English, trying to help students in low SES schools have the same opportunities as everyone, we help teaching hospitals in Vietnam and we help fund bursaries based on need for all students. Working within the institution is obviously not a particularly 'revolutionary' idea, but at the moment the people working there do not have the agency to change the whole culture of the university.

I just think you should take more care in future when writing about something like this, and actually consult the people you're writing about. Arguably this is one of the only jobs I can manage currently with my uni load and my personal issues and no one has ever expected to be paid the university rate when we're not even employed by them.

Lots of love,
Vanessa Macpherson
PESS IV

Got mail?

Send your irreverent takes and reverent rants to editors@honisoit.com by 12pm each Friday for publication. Keep it under 300 words and include your name, degree and year.



Taking it one step further

MIKE BUTLER, JAGALINGU / After a year on the road, Clinton Pryor is finally approaching parliament house

On September 4, four days shy of a year to the day he left Perth, a 27-year-old Aboriginal man will be welcomed as he walks up the steps of Parliament House in Canberra. At that point Clinton Pryor will have walked every step of the way there, millions of them, in what he says is in the name of justice. And there he wants to tell our rulers what he's learned along the way: of Indigenous communities suffering closure at the hands of bad government policy, of court systems seen as broken and unfair, and a lack of connection between government and the people.

At the very least Pryor, or Clinton as he's better known, deserves a sportsman's welcome. The almost 6000km he's walked is a legendary achievement in itself. But it's his message, that the country needs fixing. He's the person taking that message to Canberra and this is what has been getting people's attention.

As it was on a late Thursday afternoon a couple of weeks ago he came, walking to Redfern, past the train station and to The Block, where 300 local Indigenous and non-indigenous well wishers gave him the type of welcome that has become typical in his journey. It was cheery, exciting and heartfelt.

"Clinton, with your walk you proved something to this country and to the world. Your walk is for a just cause my brother. For all of us", said Jenny Munro, the figurehead of the now closed Redfern Tent Embassy and MC of the welcome.

It's the sort of reception the soft-spoken Clinton has been getting wherever he's walked.

Originally, when he walked off Heirison Island in Perth it was to protest the destruction of Aboriginal culture through the planned removal of remote Indigenous communities throughout Western Australia. That's now grown into a larger message from not only Indigenous Australia, but from all the communities he has visited on his journey.

"Deaths in custody, removal of children, corruption in mining, everything that blackfellas have been fighting for the last hundreds of years. The system is completely corrupt and it's collapsed that's why we need to fix the problem and get all our people back on their feet again." Clinton said.

"We as human beings have the right to protest and the best way to get justice is when we come together as one."

"It's about time we start getting justice and it's about time to start making things right for everybody and moving this country forward."

Clinton Pryor. Photo: Mike Butler

I did not get to talk with Clinton at the Redfern welcome. Instead, it's at his crew's camp, down the back of Redfern that I got to speak with him and his team.

"It's like being in prison. We want to get going," says uncle Garry Ashwin who's been with Clinton throughout the entire journey. While Clinton's been walking, Garry's been in his Commodore. The vehicle began as Clinton's support car to help get him through trial walks, such as a 16-day walk across stony desert landscape. Garry is a solid, gruff, good-humoured and generous 50-something-year-old who's been driving ahead and setting up camp each day after walking. The past couple of nights Clinton and crew have been put up in accommodation at a renovated four-story Victorian schoolhouse, so he's had a break from duty. "We've camped the whole way. We'd rather had stayed out," he says.

Clinton's support crew has grown from Garry's Commodore to a small flotilla of four cars and two trailers. Each vehicle is covered in messages of support, written in permanent marker, making them look like scribbly-gum barks. In the cars are a combination of blackfellas and whites, along with uncle Noonie Raymond, who has ridden with Clinton the whole way on a push-bike. Clinton's uncle, Herbert, a barrel-chested and big-bearded elder from Perth, is talking to a Chinese local who's offering to come to Canberra and cook along the way.

Although this is an Indigenous march, Clinton has become a lightning-rod for what's seen as a fight against injustice in contemporary Australia. People from around the country have joined the march in solidarity and to help out. One middle-aged white man from Griffith, in his hotted-up Commodore, bought cattle dog Rosie to walk for animal rights. Another from the Gold Coast sold both his businesses and joined Clinton's march mid-way in central Australia.

"It's time to stand up with Clinton for the original people of this country," he said.

But, it is for Australia's Indigenous people and communities that Clinton's march has had the closest connection. Wherever he's gone he's listened to whoever wants to speak, whether they be old or young. Elders in the Central Desert named him "Spirit Walker" and gave him sacred ochre. A six-year-old from the Gunditjmara people of Victoria gave Clinton a letter, wrapped in possum skin, to deliver to the Prime Minister. It says:

"Dear Prime Minister. My name is Isiah and I am 6 years old. I live in Melbourne. My great grandmother was a part of the Stolen Generations and this still affects my people today. Please don't close our communities. Our people have a strong connection to the land. I hope you have a chance to meet with Clinton and have a yarn and listen to all the messages he received across Australia. From Isiah."

The back of one of the cars has many messages from Indigenous people. The response wherever he's gone has been "overwhelming" says Clinton.

I caught Clinton between phone calls and people figuring out how to get the iron gates open. He was polite and well spoken. He articulated his words gently and confidently — a gift that has found him on international television with reports on the BBC and in US media outlets.

When I asked him what he had learned so far on this walk, and what he had planned to say so far when in Canberra, he was clear. The people have told him they want and need a treaty.

"So many of the problems our people face is because we never got a treaty with the invading British. It's been too long, we should have had a treaty from the start in 1788. We were the only people the British didn't make a treaty with and its time to start talking the 200-plus years of occupation and discrimination," he said.

As an Indigenous man myself, I have to agree. A treaty is the most important issue for Indigenous Australians today, and almost every other Indigenous person I know agrees. Over the past few years, I've seen Indigenous peoples' voices grow stronger and prouder in their determination to be treated fairly. Treaty is shorthand for a new beginning in relations with wider Australia. I've also experienced non-Indigenous mates who were once against ideas of changing Australia Day and the recognition of Indigenous people on ANZAC Day, who now have come to respect, understand and support Indigenous positions on such issues.

By the time this goes to press, Clinton will be well on his way to Canberra and with that, his little flotilla couped in the car park will have grown into a full-blown convoy of buses and people from around the country, all getting behind the man who will be asking for Treaty.

Whether he gets what he wants out of the walk is another question, but perhaps is not the point.

Symbols can be just as important as outcomes. Clintor Pryor has become a symbol of hope, resilience and getting up and having a crack — Indigenous style. As a blackfella, I might have stars in my eyes but I'm not alone. Every Indigenous person I know has been wowed by his campaign. He has our hope on his shoulders. And we're not alone, with plenty of non-Indigenous Australians putting their support behind him. This 27-year-old Noongar man who's walked the length of the country is someone we can all get behind.

A few weeks ago SUPRA gave Clinton's march $300 on the request of its Indigenous councillors. He's not a postgrad student, has never been to uni and is not from NSW. But, the Indigenous community, both at the University of Sydney and around the country have been following him for months and SUPRA thought it important to support him.

ARTICLE PROVIDED BY SUPRA.

Aboriginal activists form new organisation

ANDY MASON

Aboriginal activists have formed a new organisation this year, the First Nations Workers' Alliance (FNWA), to challenge the Community Development Program (CDP), a work-for-the dole scheme in remote areas. Activists argue the program is discriminatory against Aboriginal people and will fail to close the employment gap between Indigenous and non-indigenous Australians.

Led by Aboriginal unionists and supported by the Australia Council of Trade Unions (ACTU), the FNWA aims to organise CDP workers and advocate for their rights. The alliance is calling for the CDP to be phased out and replaced by real investment in employment opportunities for remote Aboriginal Australia.

Under the CDP, welfare recipients in regional and remote areas are required to work for 25 hours a week over five days in order to receive their Centrelink payments. This amounts to a wage of $11.60 an hour, well below the federal minimum wage. The scheme covers 34,000 people, 80 per cent of whom are Aboriginal. Participants are not covered by the Fair Work Act and are therefore unable to access federal workplace health and safety protections as well as other standard workplace rights such as workers' compensation and annual, sick, and carer's leave.

The CDP was introduced in 2015 as a replacement for the previous Community Development Employment Scheme, or CDEP, which ran from 1977 to 2013 until it was abolished by the Abbott government. Zachary Wone, secretary of the Maritime Union of Australia's Sydney Branch's Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Committee, says "it's very telling that they took out the 'employment' part, because it's not about employment, it's really about using Aboriginal people as cheap black labour."

While some CDP participants are employed by community organisations, others are essentially providing government-subsidised free labour for private companies.

The earlier CDEP scheme was administered entirely by local community organisations rather than the federal government, and supported the successful development of Aboriginal enterprises in remote communities. Many Indigenous ranger projects were initially made possible under the CDEP program; these projects have received international acclaim for their successes in combining cultural and natural heritage management with improved social outcomes.

The newer CDP, by contrast, has failed to generate positive outcomes for regional and remote Aboriginal communities. Only 3500 participants, or 10 per cent of the total, have received meaningful employment through the scheme. Furthermore, harsh financial penalties are given under the CDP for missing work — if participants miss three days of their placement, their payments can be cut off entirely for two months. Given the poor labour market opportunities in remote Australia, these penalties can leave Aboriginal people without any income at all. This has led to evictions, increased homelessness, food insecurity and an increase in crime as Aboriginal families have been unable to afford rent and groceries.

Quarterly government data on job seeker compliance shows that for the previous two years, CDP recipients have received more financial penalties than all other welfare recipients combined. This means that Aboriginal people in regional and remote areas are 70 times more likely to be penalised than urban job seekers.

Jon Altman, foundation director at Australian National University's (ANU's) Centre for Aboriginal Economic Policy Research, argues that the CDP has completely failed to meet government rhetoric of 'closing the gap' in employment between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people. Rather than providing a pathway out of welfare dependency into employment, the program has entrenched Aboriginal disadvantage and directly contributed to worsening poverty in Aboriginal communities. "If the Australian government wanted to design a program that aimed to impoverish nearly 30,000 Indigenous Australians," he says, "it is hard to imagine a more effective way to do this than CDP."

For Zachary Wone, the program is "history repeating itself," as the CDP closely resembles earlier paternalist policies to which Aboriginal people were subjected over the 19th and 20th centuries. Under the Aborigines' Protection Board, abolished in the 1960s, Aboriginal people were treated as legal wards of the state, with the Board having the power to decide where they lived and worked. Many Aboriginal people in remote areas were paid in rations rather than money wages, and those who were paid cash wages had their pay confiscated by local Protection Board authorities. Legal challenges continue to this day about millions of dollars which was simply stolen by the Board rather than passed on to Aboriginal workers.

Wone sees the CDP program as part of a host of "punitive, discriminatory and exploitative" measures introduced as part of the Northern Territory Intervention. Implemented under Howard in 2007, the Intervention saw funding for Aboriginal community programs cut and a range of government restrictions placed on Aboriginal people, particularly in remote communities. Ostensibly introduced to curb high rates of child sexual abuse, the decade since the Intervention has seen worsening social outcomes for Aboriginal people, including higher rates of unemployment, alcohol and drug abuse, juvenile detention and adult incarceration. Wone describes the racism in the Territory as "shocking" and worries failed government policies are creating a "lost generation" who have no employment or training opportunities and feel they have no future.

Earlier this year, the Aboriginal Peak Organisations Northern Territory (APONT) put forward an alternative model for economic development and employment creation in remote areas. APONT is calling for the CDP to be replaced by a community-controlled scheme, under which communities would be empowered to decide development projects for themselves and have greater control over the design of projects. Furthermore, participants would be paid award wages rather than having to work for the dole.

Zachary Wone agrees with the APONT model, arguing "I would like to see the Government end the CDP, and instead make a genuine and ongoing commitment to supporting meaningful jobs with fair pay and conditions for First Nations workers in their communities."

The FNWA has been busy in the two months since it was established, having held community information events in Sydney, Townsville, Darwin, Alice Springs and the remote community at Gukula. The organisation is currently undertaking a recruitment drive to sign up Aboriginal CDP workers in remote areas. Organisers visited Alice Springs earlier in the year as part of a 'Stop The Intervention' conference, and signed up CDP participants working at a nursery in Alice Springs. Further trips are planned to sign up Aboriginal CDP workers in other areas.

Wone has urged all interested people to get involved — for him, "both the First Nations struggle and the union movement have been strongest when we are working together." He sees FNWA as "an opportunity to add another proud chapter to that history of struggle."

Sydney councils hold firm on Australia Day

SAMUEL CHU

Over the past week, two Melbourne-based local councils, Yarra and Darebin, have taken steps to scrap their Australia Day celebrations, recognising January 26 as the date of British invasion of Australia.

Yarra and Darebin's moves have caused a nationwide furore — Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull has said he is "deeply disappointed" by their decisions.

However, Yarra and Darebin's moves found equally deep support in the Australian community, and have led Sydney-siders to question whether the local council with jurisdiction over USyd, the City of Sydney council, will consider a similar move.

Honi reached out to five of the City of Sydney's councillors: Liberal councillor Craig Chung, Labor councillor Linda Scott, independent pro-business Sydney Matters councillor Angela Vithoulkas, and Clover Moore Independent Team councillors (Lord Mayor) Clover Moore and Jess Scully.

The councillors were asked four questions, encompassing whether the City of Sydney Council should consider similar moves to Yarra and Darebin, and whether Australia Day should be moved from January 26.

When asked whether the City of Sydney council should follow Yarra and Darebin's lead, Labor councillor Linda Scott stated her support for the continuation of the City of Sydney Council's citizenship ceremonies, "including on Australia Day". On the question of the date of Australia Day, Scott told *Honi* she "would strongly welcome a national conversation about changing the date to better represent a day of celebration for all Australians".

A day after informing *Honi* that they were "working on" a response to our questions, the Clover Moore Independent Team (representing both Clover Moore and Jess Scully), referred us to comments made by Moore in a Facebook Live stream (on the August 25, 2017) that the members of the Clover Moore Independent Team "all support". A representative from Scully's office summarised the Lord Mayor's statement with the following: "a discussion on Australia day [sic] needs Federal Leadership".

Upon phoning Angela Vithoulkas' office, a representative informed us that Vithoulkas was very "busy", referring to Vithoulkas' packed meeting schedule for the day.

We received no further responses from Vithoulkas' office, however, at least Vithoulkas took our phone call; two missed phone calls and two emails later, *Honi* received no response at all from Craig Chung's office.

The City of Sydney Council has a less progressive partisan makeup than Yarra or Darebin — it has no Greens councillors, whereas Darebin has a Greens majority, for example. The mixed responses to *Honi*'s enquiries thus should have been expected, but recognition of Australia Day's fraught nature by the progressive councillors of the City of Sydney Council presents some cause for optimism.

Alongside referral of "this issue to our Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Advisory Panel", as Scott proposed, one can only hope that governmental bodies undertake greater consultation with both the Indigenous and the broader Australian community and take steps to make Australia Day more inclusive.

The two sided coin of Australia Day

PIPPA HERDEN, GOMEROI

Personally, I can see both sides of the argument. I celebrate Australia Day for the present meaning of what it is to be Australian. I understand it to be a celebration of fairness, friendliness and an open minded society with an easy going attitude. It is a fantastic day to gather together and reflect amongst friends and family all the positive aspects of our country.

But we cannot simply romanticise the Australian identity or our history, as it is scared with many dark moments. The day shares incredible grief for many Indigenous communities. My cultural identity empathises with the day as a symbol for the moment when the fundamental tenets of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander communities; of connection to land, kinship, ceremonial customs and practices and language would eventually be broken down and depleted. Today the essential foundations of our culture are slowly being revitalized but much has been lost. The day of the 26th of January represents the beginning of a 229 year struggle to grasp onto our culture as much as we can, whilst facing immense hardships and unbelievable sorrow. Communities are still pounded with the reverberations of the colonizers. Dispossession of land and the forced removal of our children from their families, as well as the assimilation policies of the Government have historically stripped our cultural connections. Many of these have continued into the 21st Century. Australia Day is a constant reminder to our people the terror of the past and the further hardships that we may face in the future. Although our communities have strengthened and are unearthing the connection to land, kinship, ceremonial customs and practices and language that have been buried; it has been held beneath two centuries of national oppression.

Due to this oppression Australia Day is ultimately for many Indigenous communities a statement of the pride of the oppressors of a country that has fragments of terror and darkness in its short but untold and complex history. This reasoning represents not all of our Indigenous community but has affected many across our nation. With all its negative connotations, it could be a symbol for the resilience and strength of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Australia. Australia Day is a complex symbol for all Australians and I believe is not simply a question about the day being moved or to stay but it a broader social and cultural debate for all of Australia's history both in its glory and terror. The debate is to be fueled by the education of both Indigenous and non-indigenous Australians. Australia as a modern nation needs to understand and empathize that our past continues to have a profound impact upon our First peoples today. National days that celebrate historical moments post 1788 can be polarizing for Indigenous People. History is not caught in the past but continues to impact through to the present. Australia Day and its significance is voiced powerfully by our People, we continue to challenge and progress through hardships. Debates such as these are what keeps our culture enriched and thriving towards a better Australia.

A history of student engagement in Aboriginal rights

ANDY MASON

In 1965 'Freedom Ride' saw USyd students travel to rural NSW in an attempt to expose and challenge discrimination against Aboriginal people. Led by Aboriginal activists Charlie Perkins and Gary Williams, the first Aboriginal people to attend the University, about 30 students from a group called Student Action For Aborigines (SAFA) raised the funds for the trip themselves and succeeded in bringing the overt racism of country towns into suburban living rooms. The trip drew on Perkins' and Williams' connections with Aboriginal communities around the state, established through the Tranby Aboriginal college, but also on much deeper networks of Aboriginal activists who had been organising around the state since the 1920s.

In Walgett, Perkins and Williams supported local Aboriginal people protesting the local RSL's policy of excluding Aboriginal war veterans from the club; one student held a sign reading "Good Enough For Tobruk — Why Not Walgett RSL?". In Moree, they challenged local council laws which banned Aboriginal people from swimming in the public pool or attending the cinema. They found widespread discrimination in employment, education, housing, health and services and brought these issues to mainstream attention.

Another student organisation at this time was Abschol, originally established to raise funds in the hope of supporting Aboriginal students to attend university. Over time the group also became involved in political protests, supporting FCAATSI's (Federal Council for the Advancement of Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders) successful 1967 referendum campaign, which gave Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people national civil rights.

In 1972, Students raised $4500 (about $27,000 in today's money) to support the Aboriginal Medical Service, established by Black Power activists in Redfern. The Black Power movement succeeded in establishing Aboriginal-run community organisations all over the country, and ultimately forced a recognition of Aboriginal land rights and the handing back of many areas back to their traditional owners.

Abschol also helped organise the 1972 Black Moratorium march, in which 6000 people demanded the Federal Government reverse its opposition to land rights legislation and grant the demands of remote communities like the Gurindji and the Yolngu to their land. The land rights movement was also concerned with securing Aboriginal ownership over Aboriginal reserve lands in NSW, as well as guaranteeing their residents access to housing, employment and services. Students at USyd declared a student strike for the Moratorium, and more than 2000 students rallied at the campus before joining the main demonstration in Redfern.

The same year, students at ANU helped to raise funds and organise legal support for Black Power activists who had established an Aboriginal Tent Embassy on the lawns of Parliament House in Canberra. Despite large-scale police violence directed at the Embassy, it became one of the most iconic protests in Australian history and remains on the lawns today as a highly symbolic challenge to White Australia.

Students were also involved in the establishment of the Aboriginal Legal Service, which began as a grassroots initiative to record the names of Aboriginal people arbitrarily arrested by police and to provide them with legal support. These are now large organisations which provide services to Aboriginal people all over the country, but they started as grassroots community initiatives supported by students, trade unionists and other progressive groups.

In 2014 and 2015, they supported the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy's successful campaign for affordable Aboriginal housing on Redfern's Block by raising funds, collecting and donating materials, volunteering, and mobilising students to attend demonstrations. They have also organised students to attend marches protesting against the proposed closure of hundreds of remote Aboriginal communities in Western Australia and the abuse of Aboriginal teenagers in juvenile detention, as well as in support of local families whose relatives have died in police custody. Students have raised money for 'Hey, Sis! We've Got Your Back', an Aboriginal network focused around challenging domestic and sexual violence, and have helped support the Tiwi Island Sistergirls to attend this year's Mardi Gras. Another area of student activity has been in support of Grandmothers Against Removals (GMAR), an Aboriginal group challenging the ongoing removals of Aboriginal children from their families — which they argue are higher than during the Stolen Generations — whom students have supported through fundraising and organising public forums.

A sign from the original freedom ride. Image: Liam Keenan, Kamilaroi

Why I don't call January 26 'Invasion Day'

JAMES BLACKWELL, WIRADJURI

Here we are again. January 26 is approaching and our country enters the annual debate over what we should call our national holiday, and whether we should celebrate it on the anniversary of the First Fleet landings.

Many Indigenous Australians find celebrating on the anniversary of British arrival offensive and have taken to calling the holiday 'Invasion Day', or more recently, 'Survival Day'. Some have suggested the entire holiday be scrapped, in favour of another celebration of our national identity.

I find this view defeatist. Australia Day is a part of our heritage, and helps us celebrate what we most value in our society. It should not be used to further divide us.

Australia Day does not have as long a history as you might think. It was only properly celebrated in NSW from the 1900s onwards, and other states that did celebrate the First Fleet's arrival did so on differing days. In 1938, with the Sesquicentenary celebration, Australia Day became a national phenomenon. In 1994, January 26 was cemented by all the states and territories as a public holiday.

Despite the holiday being relatively new, the criticism of it is not. The Sesquicentenary events in 1938 were coupled with an Aboriginal Day of Mourning protest, as was the 1988 Bicentenary, and many other years since. Criticism of Australia Day seems as tied to January 26 as sausage sandwiches. But is this criticism fair?

There are many reasons for Indigenous Australians to dislike celebrating Australia Day on January 26. The date marks the beginning of a period where our people were dispossessed of their land, were forced out of their communities and traditional ways of life, and died in overwhelming numbers. The day still highlights the persistent inequality that we suffer within Australia: the great Australian dream is often out of reach for many Indigenous people.

So, for many, the criticism of Australia Day is not only justified, but necessary. But I am not going to be one of the many people marching through Redfern on Thursday, draped in an Aboriginal flag talking about 'Invasion Day'. This isn't because I don't care about the past, nor because I don't value my Aboriginal heritage. I am a proud Wiradjuri man, and one who is involved in my community at many levels. The reason I don't use the term 'Invasion Day' is because I believe in a different kind of Australia Day, and a different kind of Australia.

Australia Day is a celebration of what makes our nation great: our inclusivity, our diversity, our endouring spirit, and our hardworking attitude. Australia Day celebrates what unites us, not what divides us. Australia Day is about showing pride and love for our country, and celebrating the things we love about it. By celebrating on January 26, we remind ourselves what it is we love about this country. There is a reason so many new citizens choose this day to permanently join our society.

To call January 26 anything other than Australia Day dismisses all this. 'Invasion Day' attempts to refocus attention on atrocities, massacres, and inequality. This does nothing to unite us. It does everything to divide us.

This does not mean the criticism of the day isn't fair, that debate over our history isn't one we should be having, or that Australia Day isn't a symbolic day to start such conversations. This is also not an argument about patriotism. Indigenous and non-indigenous Australians who use the term 'Invasion day' are just as patriotic as you, me, and anyone else in this sunburnt country. But that is not the purpose of Australia Day; it is about bringing people together.

I love Australia Day not in spite of my Aboriginality, but because of it. It is because of my connection to the land and the country, a connection I think every citizen should and does want to be a part of.

The Saxophone player on the street corner ...

PIPPA HERDEN, GOMEROI // Follow Pippa's blog on Instagram @aspoolfulofmarmalade

A Friday in October passed by with the hustle and bustle of Sydney city-goers. They head back home to put on those comfortable $2 Kmart shoes and the trackies of a similar price that although are not stylish, they trump any $600 branded dress that is only worn once. These pants can last years, if not decades for some, and when spoken to could share some incredible stories of happiness and heartbreak. They seem at least one size too small but you can never let them go as they seem to almost know apart of you. You know what ones I am talking about?

Or many of these walkers by are youthful bachelorettes that race home to draw on their face and recreate their eyebrows the wrong shade of brown. Although they say, that going out is to not bottle that one compliment from the 10/10 from work or the British exchange student from class- it is. As they slip into this suffocating grasp of a tiny nude colour dress, they wonder is it 'worth it'?

Whether home or outbound these passers-by have a destination yet they do not stop to value and immerse themselves in the expedition and its spontaneous discoveries.

This was my spontaneous discovery, when I was heading home to find those trackies.

On this Friday evening the sun pastels the sky in the pinks and blues as if it were a newborn nursery. I finished ten hours of work and only wanted to be home, to get from the station to home without walking the distance. As if only I could press a button and be back in the comfort of my college's brick walls but spectacular view of Sydney's skyline. I rushed through Redfern station with this urgency to weave in and out of the dawdlers.

I am then slowed not physically but mentally by a simple melody.

The soulful ooze of a saxophone engulfed my path. The suffering of its long-drawn-squeezed notes spoke of the pain and torment of its master. She replicated the greats of American jazz, a female archetype of the lonesome and tortured Southern musician.

The elderly woman slouched on a dirty street stone, surrounded by few belongings. It was just herself and her saxophone. Her charcoal and silver curls framed her chestnut face. Her eyes closed above her pursed lips and as she played her saxophone revealed the deep dimples in her cheeks. If you only saw her face in that moment you would believe she was at peace, yet her slashed over coat that seemed to have been chewed on by moths and mice unravelled a different circumstance. Her cotton pants were riddled with cigarette burnt holes the size of coke bottle lids. Upon her feet rested a pair of black thongs that could no longer stop the bottom of her feet from brushing against the ground.

You wonder, why does she not sell it and buy necessities? Why must she find herself leaning against a gum-coated street pole, hoping that the wanderers will stop in their paces and go without a few coins? Perhaps she looks at these youthful walkers and ponder upon her own situation, how can I become like this? What have I done she may think? How did I fall into this situation? What must I do to revive what I once had, or what I could have?

Me and the saxophone, is this all for me?

I paced past her and the forlorn tune faded once I reached the archaic terrace houses of Redfern. These houses that squeeze together as if to protect themselves from Sydney's constant wind, are laced in the spirit and facade of 1920s. Both they and the saxophone player seemed to have survived long enough to have witnessed suffering, as a victim of discrimination and heartbreak, of broken hopes and tenuous reliance on others. They have aged through affliction that has ached eternally. Whatever endeavours have failed within their walls are displayed in full glory in the splits of the concrete, the rust of the metal of the verandah and the over-grown consumption of the shrubbery that climbs upon the facade.

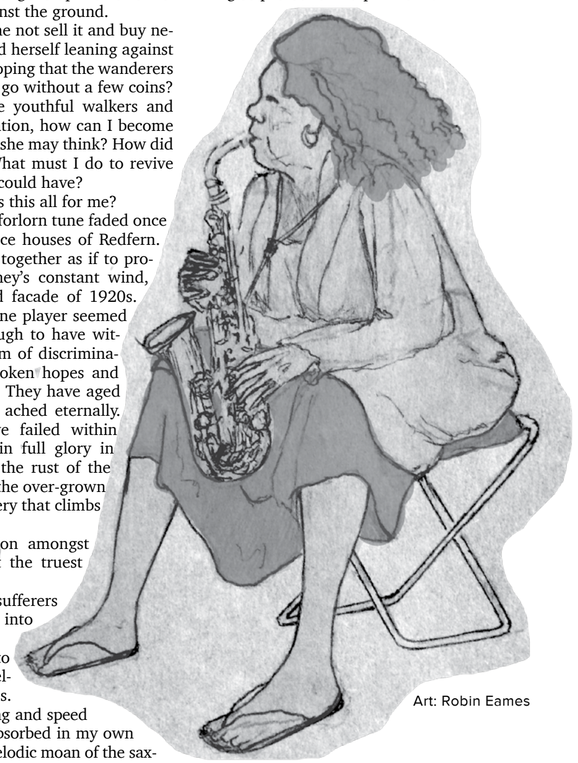
Yet it is in this ruination amongst the age of modernity that the truest strength is illuminated.

The strength that all sufferers possess is often turned into something beautiful...

As though one refuses to let their plight destroy an element of magic in their lives.

In my moments of rushing and speed walking when I was only absorbed in my own world, it was her and the melodic moan of the saxophone that shimmered. A moment was paused and replayed again and again. I hope that you who are reading this will appreciate those moments where everything encompasses one another.

Even in the midst of urgency you are able to slow down your whole journey and focus upon something so profound and particular.



Art: Robin Eames

Indigenous professional prospects on the rise

CareerTrackers is a national not-for-profit organisation aiming to create opportunities for Indigenous Australian university students. CareerTrackers is modeled from the INROADS African-American internships program. Both of which seek to address disadvantage for minorities. The CareerTrackers program allows Indigenous students to gain multiple year paid internships within leading Australian corporations with the aim of their sponsor company hiring the intern as a full-time employee post graduation. The program hosts conferences and networking sessions to further employment prospects and industry links for interns. Students who are in the program outline their expierences.

FRANCESCA ATKINS, ANAIWAN, GAMILAROI, ARTS I

During the winter holidays I interned at Nous Group, a consultancy company which delivers innovative strategies towards the federal and state government, non-for profit organisations, banks and businesses. Prior to this experience, I was unsure if I was able to obtain an internship business related as I had no corporate experience and little understanding of what it meant to be a consultant. Commencing the internship, I quickly started to enhance my research, organisational and analytical skills as I was given a range of projects to work on. The projects touched on a variety of issues including domestic violence, Indigenous affairs, financial services and organisational restructures, to name a few. Throughout the four weeks, Nous gave me strong support to ensure I could have an enjoyable and valued experience. Reflecting on my internship, CareerTrackers and Nous enabled me to advance my understanding and knowledge in consultancy, and gave me a memorable opportunity which has shaped how I see my future. I strongly recommend engaging with an internship that not only aligns with your interests but provides you with a supportive network which will motivate you throughout your journey.

JAMES BLACKWELL, WIRADJURI, PESS III

I started with CareerTrackers as soon as I first started at the university. I found out about the program through my father, who through his involvement in Indigenous education, knew members of the CareerTrackers team. At first, I definitely didn't see the full benefits of the program. Yes, I got a job out of it, and great experience for professional life, but that was as far as I saw the program going for me. Since then, however, I have realised the full scope of opportunities that CareerTrackers enables for Indigenous students. They've established a large and growing network of Indigenous students and professionals in the corporate sector, who all share some common goals and ideals; that there has been a disadvantage in Indigenous society for the last two centuries, and that by encouraging indigenous students to go to university, and placing them in workplaces around Australia, this helps not only each individual student, but the Indigenous youth community as a whole. The program has also enabled Indigenous people who do not have such a strong connection to traditional communities or culture, such as myself, the ability to become part of a network of indigenous people - a de facto community. I would say this is the biggest impact that CareerTrackers has had on my life; allowing me to meet and network with fellow young Indigenous people, and develop strong friendships with other indigenous people. The "three pillars" of the CareerTrackers may be "university, work, and community", but it is community which I believe is by far the most important in the long term, and the one which I constantly spruik to as many people as I can.

DANA CUTMORE-FARINA, KAMILAROI, LAS I

I study a Bachelor of Liberal Arts and Sciences, and I major in medicinal chemistry, and was fortunate enough to be offered an internship at Novartis, a major global pharmaceutical company. Novartis was a perfect fit for me. The first couple of days I was extremely nervous, as I had never worked in a corporate company. Everything about it was different. However, as the days flew past, I learnt a lot about myself and about my future. I grew more organised, more punctual and gained more insight into how adults work. I grew more confident in my ability to do the things that I had previously told myself I could not do. It gave me such joy just knowing that me helping out at Novartis would impact patient's lives for the better. This internship has impacted my future career choice for the better, it's allowed me to see that I do want to go into a field that helps people and it's not a dream anymore. CareerTrackers and Novartis have helped me see that I can do anything if I try hard enough.

RACHEL DURMUSH, GOMEROI, ARTS/LAW II

CareerTrackers has enabled me to complete numerous paid internships at Westpac. My highlight has been having the opportunity to work during the university breaks and learn skills which will further my future career. I spent two weeks in the Legal Help Team (Commercial Banking), one week in the Wealth Institute Banking legal and BT superannuation legal at Westpac. These teams gave me an insight into a variety of legal areas in the bank. I have improved by presentational and professional skills as well as legal research skills which are valuable to my degree. This semester I am working part time in my original team Regulatory Investigations as a paralegal.

MAX FABILA, JABIRRJABIRR, INGS/LAW I

My internship with Career Trackers this past holidays was amazing. I worked at the head office of Goodman Fielder in North Sydney, where I worked closely with the legal team. However, I was also able to experience almost all aspects of the company such as the commercial, marketing and factory teams. Overtime, I learnt such a broad and diverse range of practical skills, which all contribute to my development as a professional. I felt valued, appreciated and comfortable during all of my time spent, as a result of the support networks both CareerTrackers and my company provided me. The experience impacted me very positively because I was able to get an insight to not only a legal profession but so many other different careers, and has provided me with extra motivation for future university study.

IRENE HIGGINS, WIRADJURI, SCIENCE/LAW II

Kofi Annan, Ghanaian diplomat and seventh Secretary-General of the United Nations, once said that, 'Education is the premise of progress, in every society, in every family.' Furthermore, when considering current attempts to 'close the gap' between Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander and non-Indigenous populations, an emphasis upon the educational betterment of Indigenous communities is essential. Approximately 3% of the Australian population is comprised of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people. In 2015, however, only 1.6% of university students in Australia were Indigenous. In addition, a social impact study performed by CareerTrackers and J.P Morgan, revealed that only approximately 40% of Indigenous students complete their degree. Not-for-profit organisations such as CareerTrackers, however, strive to support the tertiary education of Indigenous Australians, by providing them with internships. Founded in 2009, the CareerTrackers Internship Program's core objective is to motivate students to complete their degrees, whilst providing them with professional skills necessary in the workforce. By developing strong partnerships between universities and Australian businesses, CareerTrackers has been extremely successful at achieving their objective; achieving a 94% completion rate of CareerTrackers Interns (total Australian University completion rate – 63%).

CareerTrackers students completing the winter internship. Image: CareerTrackers Facebook

Photo Essay

A magic that is hard to unravel.

When our own words are made physical it always feels more vulnerable than it should. Diary pages, poems hidden in notebooks, even photo-essays. But the more I looked at each of these photographs in greater detail, the more I came to feel there was a deeply personal element to each of them that felt just as transparent as these words. Each of these three photos, taken at different times, in different places, share a unifying current of place and land. The ritual of returning home to country is a kind of magic that is hard to unravel.

A boy skating outside an auto shop in Inverell. A graffiti love letter on Bundarra road. A rest stop near Lake George. All of these things were photographed while in transit, while driving from place to place, town to town. There was no deep planning or conception. Often times I just pulled over my car and got out to catch something, or just leaned out the window. This revelation could make these photographs seem less profound or significant than they are, like a magician unfolding a trick in reverse. But in reality, they are probably the three greatest photographs I've ever taken. More than any of my other works these are the images that most reflect my Indigenous identity and connection to place.

Liam Keenan, Kamilaroi

Poetry

Pippa Herden, Gomeroi

Always was, Always will be…

They told me stories of my people,
before ghostly figures came
to change,
your ancient and tribal way.

I sit with you beneath the shelter of the eucalypt,
its sweet scent draws me into a soothing slumber.
I sit beside the spinifex tufts,
who hibernate hoards of your wisdom.

The old is new—
it never changes,
from when you, Biame planted creation;
your lore of our land lingered on.

You see and search from the sky-
observing all-
for when we break your sacred lores,
you strike spears of light,
to sting us and our country.

Biame, Biame you mould our minds
shape our souls,
collect in the Coolamon our customs
lay the practices in the paperbark.

You protected us before they came.
Yet you seem to have slipped away forever.
No!
You slumber amongst the stars,
watching with a worried gaze,
but do not fear, for we are
the land reviving after a blackened fire
rising up in the eucalypt ashes
alongside the thinawan, the bandaarr
continuing our ancestral lore.

Home is Country

Home is not a house with boundaries
of brick or glass, not the bounce
of a bed or cloaking of linen,
nor the cranks of a car,
the twitch of a lamp.

Home is not the concrete
labyrinth with skyline snakes,
nor is it a prick to the arm
or a brown-bagged bottle.

Home is country…

Country is the gurgling of the fire
at twilight where the goanna glides,
where the Kookaburra cackles.

Country is the emu's trot
in a grounded flight,

the whispers of ancestors,
who exhale through the scar trees,
retelling our people's stories within the Dreaming.

Home is land, kin and connection—
Home is Gomeroi country…

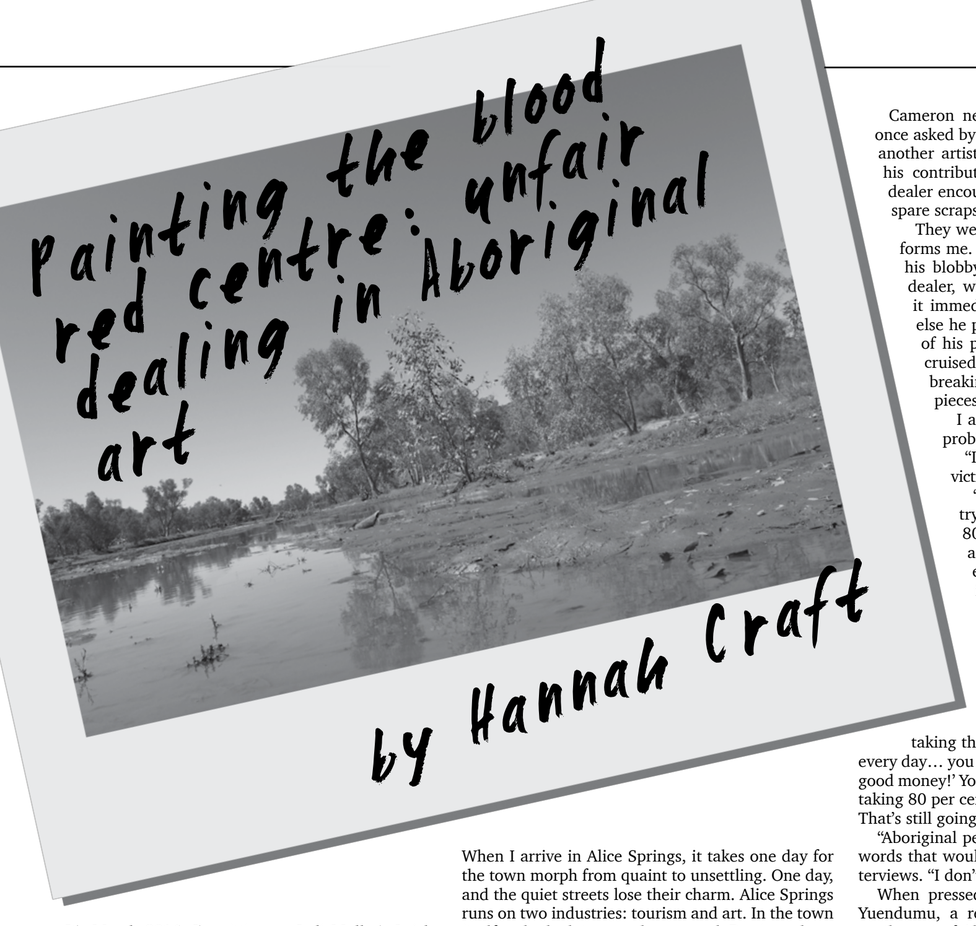
Second Cavalry

This is the altar of conflict—
a bold concoction of brothers.
Dictators from the the colonisers
who are masters of trickery,
handing us a joker disguised as a king.
Promises, pleasures, glory!
In moments it is a breath of fresh
yet gun powdered air— far better than home.
An escape from 'Terra Nullius' was noted in monochrome,
thanks to those that believe we are like savages.
Us modern servants embark on
excursions of grating youths
to an eternal frenzy of paranoia.
Whilst back home a removal of youths
is exercised with the same ferocity of
war.

Golgotha for the manufactured masses
a choir of wailing men;
Hips cracked—legs contorted
the reflection of God and our ancestors ripped.
Dislocated. Shredded.
Regurgitating shell holes,
graves dug by grenades
pressuring into the pit of Hades.
The Dreaming punctured by squealing bullets.

Rape; pounding of the Fritz and some back home!
Loosening the breeches of our camp.
Sweating through barbed wire;
dominating over the parapet,
thrusting, into the dug outs and tin shed houses.

This baptism submerged in a crimson font—
failure in the reconciliation of our war.
We kneel at the pews of Death
she looms amongst the overcast
plums of man. At least She sees no colour
nor excludes because of kin.
Gagging the walking carcasses,
handing each of them here and back home
the certificate of eternal end.



Painting the blood red centre: unfair dealing in Aboriginal art

by Hannah Craft

When I arrive in Alice Springs, it takes one day for the town morph from quaint to unsettling. One day, and the quiet streets lose their charm. Alice Springs runs on two industries: tourism and art. In the town itself, only the latter can be pursued. Barring a hundred-dollar day trip into the desert or south to Uluru, the endless parade of galleries lining Todd Mall is the only avenue left to bored visitors.

Alice Springs is divided by the Todd River, which in its most shining moments is a series of puddles. At the town centre, west of the river, is Todd Mall, the centre of the art trade. R.M. Williams outlets, jewellery stores and galleries of varying quality line the curb, screaming for the attention of absent tourists.

The town east of the Todd might be a hideously exaggerated caricature of white privilege were it not entirely accurate, replete with botanic gardens, golf courses and upmarket suburban houses nestled in superbly manicured gardens boasting not only plants, but carved sandstone. I have no idea what employment Alice Springs offers to support such upper middle-class luxury.

The gallery of Sabine Haider, President of the Australian Aboriginal Art Association, is housed in the Hilton Hotel. Sabine is seated on an armchair in the lobby when I arrive. She notes that I am late and that she'd wondered if I'd show. I am precisely one minute late.

The man sitting across from her is quiet and hesitant, his face kind. Cameron, one of the artists whose work she purchases. Besieged with probing questions and rapt attention, Cameron's timidity quickly dies. In moments, he is telling me that the government has ceded his traditional land of Ooraminna back to his people, the Aranda. They are eager to go back and start building a community. The government won't help them build houses, however, and when asked why he gestures to his light brown arms, the result of his white and Indian grandparents. Even Cameron's own uncle, the chair of the local land council, won't offer his family much help in community matters.

"Do they think you don't need it?"

"I don't know. Maybe," he says. He doesn't understand it. But a lot of people are like that.

It's March 2016. I'm sitting in Judi Muller's Leichhardt living room, surrounded by wide canvases of dots and whorls of every conceivable colour. Before entering the Aboriginal art industry, Judi ventured into central Australia. She wouldn't allow herself to sell the art without first seeing the Red Centre. "Every Australian should be forced to go," she declared. "It's like a different world."

Five months later I am back in her living room, sitting in the same corner of that couch, telling her I want to venture into that Red Centre and investigate the mistreatment of Aboriginal artists. Judi shoots me down before I can take a breath. You can't do it, it's impossible. Everyone has a horror story to tell. No-one will name names. And above all, no dealer will be honest about their own practices. Judi's partner, bustling about the kitchen, chimes in – "Yes, quite impossible."

x x x

The history of the Aboriginal art industry is characterised by unpredictable shifts in supply and demand. Art dealers first began to generate significant public interest in Aboriginal art in the sixties. Demand peaked in the early 2000s before meeting its maker in the financial crash of 2008. The industry painstakingly clawed back to its feet, but by the time it had straightened up and looked about, the landscape had changed irrevocably.

Research by the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Art Economies Project found that by 2012 art centre sales were roughly the same as they had been in 2004. But there was a catch: this revenue was being generated by 40 per cent more sales. The market had been flooded with small, middling-quality works which now constituted the vast majority of sales. The average price of a painting had halved.

x x x

Cameron never wanted be an artist. He was once asked by a dealer asked to finish an artwork another artist had abandoned. Cameron claims his contribution was meagre at best, but the dealer encouraged him to continue painting on spare scraps of canvas.

They were shocking creations, Cameron informs me. "Kindergarten-style paintings." But his blobby kangaroo caught the eye of one dealer, who took it back to Tasmania, sold it immediately, and asked to buy anything else he produced. From that day, every one of his paintings has sold immediately. He cruised through the financial crisis without breaking a sweat as the industry fell to pieces around him.

I ask him whether he thinks there's a problem with exploiting artists.

"I think so," he says without much conviction. "But it doesn't happen to me."

"I didn't understand the art industry back then. It was big, in the early 80s… from there it got really big and everything was really good for everybody… the ones that set it up for everybody else, the really big old artists –"

He pauses. "What do you call them, carpetbaggers?"

"Yes," I say.

"Yes, all that just started happening everywhere. People just started rounding people up and taking them somewhere. 'Oh, we'll feed you every day… you do all these paintings, oh, you'll get good money!' You know? But same thing. They were taking 80 per cent and giving the artist 20 per cent. That's still going on around here."

"Aboriginal people don't speak out," he tells me, words that would resurface in every one of my interviews. "I don't know if they're scared or what."

When pressed for a solution, Cameron names Yuendumu, a remote community 290 kilometres north west of Alice Springs. It's home to a thriving art centre that produces not only paintings, but all kinds of merchandise: laptop covers, mousepads, Christmas decorations, all emblazoned with artwork. Royalties are collected for the artists whose work is reproduced.

The next thing I ask about is forgery. Here, there are stories to tell.

Cameron has an engaging manner of re-enacting two-sided conversations when storytelling. He used to work as a carer for an old Iranian artist, and he paints a scene for me in which he's scrubbing this man's back.

"You are a good artist!" the man tells him.

"Yes, you are very good too!" Cameron replies, still scrubbing.

"Now listen. I have something to say, you must listen. I will do painting, and you will sign!"

"What? Say that again?"

"I will do the painting, then you will sign your name, your name! Then I can sell like Aboriginal! I'd get a lot of money!"

Cameron refuses, and the man orders him from the house.

Next, Cameron is living in Darwin, caring for an old Filipino couple whose house is papered with Aboriginal art. He asks where they bought it.

"No, we don't get. My son!" the woman says proudly.

Cameron assumes they must have adopted an Aboriginal boy. A photograph of the family indicates not.

"He did all these paintings?"

"Yes, very good!"

"Yeah, he's so good, he's just like an Aboriginal person!" Cameron is wry, and the woman is suitably abashed. She knows.

Sabine returns from serving customers. She is dressed all in black, her blouse embroidered in sparking stones. Rows of pearls glimmer on her wrist. She speaks with all the confidence that age and experience can bestow.

Like Cameron, Sabine fell into the industry when opportunity presented itself, this time in the form of a three-month stint at an Alice Springs gallery 30 years ago. The face of the place had been different then, the trade more prosperous, and Sabine estimates around 26 galleries had crowded the mall.

It wasn't the art itself that interested Sabine at first, but the manner of the artists' treatment: the coarseness with which they were addressed by white dealers, how they were swindled, forced by circumstance to work for meagre pay. Though Sabine had lived in Alice Springs for many years, as a gallerist she saw with new eyes.

Sabine spent the next decade studying Aboriginal art and its history. "You actually can't [just] be a gallerist," she explains, "you need to understand culture. You need to understand how the stories derive, you need to understand the people. And it really comes right back to Country again." She worked at Utopia, a region northeast of Alice Springs famed for its art, and learned the women's stories.

The primary role of Australian Aboriginal Art Association, according to its President, is as an educator. Education is essential for those new to the industry who are often ignorant of the ethical issues and unsure of who to trust.

I ask Sabine for a horror story. She describes a conversation with a tearful woman who had been swindled by a dealer in Alice Springs. He had waited until all other galleries were closed, then bartered cruelly. The woman needed to feed her family that evening. "So an artist I would have paid $200 got $25," she concludes. She'd asked the artist to avoid that dealer, but choices are simple when there is no food on the table. The situation is exacerbated, she says, by the oversupply of cheaper art.

The solution? Self-sufficient art centres like Yuendumu and Aboriginal dealers. "By the time I retire I would like to see a lot more Aboriginal artists opening up their own business."

The interview had begun oddly enough, but by its end we are fast friends. The three of us sit talking for another hour, our conversation wandering between remote communities, asylum seekers and mental health.

A young girl, perhaps fifteen, interrupts us.

"Do you know who painted that?" she asks Sabine, gesturing to a large painting that covers the wall behind her. Sabine tells her. The girl grins in delight. "That's my pop," she says proudly before hurrying away, still beaming.

I sit with Cameron, listening as he tells me rapturously about Aboriginal customs and recounts Dreaming stories. He recalls the sacred places he'd seen, the inexplicable events they engendered, the indelible impression they left on his soul. He describes his home of Ooraminna, which holds the largest underground river in the country. Neighbouring tribes would visit for water. One of Cameron's friends, a ninety-year-old man, claimed to recall visiting many years ago as a small child. Everyone had to be painted white, he'd said, before entering. "'I remember your mob,'" Cameron quotes, pointing to himself proudly.

He then tells me of certain discoveries which I imagine would be of great interest to Australian archaeologists. "Didn't any scientists want to look at them?" I ask. He shushes me conspiratorially. "One day."

Cameron shows me one of his paintings: three birds surrounding a white kangaroo, exquisitely rendered in fine dots. Birds he'd seen outside the window during a stint in juvenile detention. The white kangaroo he had glimpsed only once. It was an ill omen in his culture. You are supposed to run when you see one, he says, but he'd been convinced to go back to that place. He'd fallen ill immediately, coming out in dreadful boils. The doctors were confounded. Naturally Cameron's story of the omen did nothing to alleviate this.

x x x

A 2007 Senate inquiry into the Aboriginal art industry found 'carpetbagging' to be one of its most pervasive crimes. Carpetbaggers recruit groups of artists to paint for them, often in terrible conditions. They then underpay the artists in cash, food or alcohol, and sell with an enormous profit margin.

The inquiry attributed the continued existence of carpetbaggers to two factors. The first of these was the circumstances of the artists. Many Aboriginal artists live hand-to-mouth, a reality attested by every person I spoke to. For this reason, they require upfront cash payments to support their families.

The second reason was that cash payments and the universal unwillingness of artists to report unfair dealing left no evidence with which to prosecute carpetbaggers for a practice that is not strictly illegal to begin with.

The outcome of the Senate inquiry was the formation of the Indigenous Art Code. Yet membership is voluntary and lack of legal bite renders its rules ineffective in practice.

x x x

Come 7am on Sunday morning I am sitting beside a French girl, waiting in front of our hostel for the bus that would take us to Yuendumu. In true bush fashion, it arrives one and a half hours late.

The bush bus takes five hours to travel from Alice Springs to Yuendumu and runs twice per week. We are the only white passengers. Small children swing across the aisle, chattering in a melodic language I don't understand but close my eyes to listen to. One small boy, nose dripping with white mucus, presses his face against the window. It forms a slimy rope as he pulls away.

The bus is blessedly air-conditioned to arctic temperatures. To my right the landscape is covered with spiky tufts and the skeletons of trees. To my left, rolling hills. I naively expect the undergrowth to give way to rolling dunes at some point. It stubbornly refuses.

We pass through another community. A football field, entirely of red dirt. A school with one room. Two metal rocking horses sitting in a dusty playground, encaged by broken fences.

By eight o'clock that unseasonably cool evening, I am sitting on the veranda at Warlukurlangu, Yuendumu's famed art centre. Across from me is Olivier, a white-haired Frenchman in faded shorts, shirt and a battered cowboy hat. The stub of a hand-rolled cigarette is perched between two fingers.

Olivier first fell in love with Aboriginal art at an exhibition in Paris. He prints the artworks on bangles, necklaces and rings before encasing them in resin. Before long artists were reaching out to him, looking to collaborate. He often uses the designs produced at Warlukurlangu and is invoiced the artists' royalties. He is one entrepreneur whose business model is built on a commitment to fair dealing. Like everyone I'd met so far, somehow Olivier knows Judi. I tell him about my little investigation. All of us seem to be here at the art centre chasing a higher cause.

Olivier's son Alberto is tall, wiry and seventeen. Where Olivier's speech is delightfully accented, his son flits between melodic French and a broad Australian accent. He makes rounds of the table, offering everyone back massages. There are several other French visitors, a Dutch girl, and a German man. I am the only Australian.

Alberto tends to my back five times. Apparently, I am tense.

As his son plants an elbow in his back, a cigarette dangling precariously from his lips, Olivier informs me he spent two years in a garage perfecting his method of printing on gold leaf. Our company demands to see these treasures. They are fetched, and occupy us for the remainder of the evening.

x x x

Yuendumu is home to the Warlpiri people and has a fluctuating population of one thousand. It was the subject of sensationalist media coverage in 2015 when riots were reported as a threat to townspeople.

Cameron and Sabine

I am told that said townspeople were largely unconcerned: one murder was committed as the result of a family feud.

Yuendumu is better facilitated than most remote communities. It contains a medical centre, violence shelter, school, swimming pool, church, meditation centre, and Warlukurlangu. Community initiatives have been highly successful in limiting violence and substance addiction. Petrol sniffing has been nearly eradicated, and an alcohol ban is in place, for which only the Warlpiri elders can issue a licence.

xxx

The Warlukurlangu compound, like most buildings in Yuendumu, is protected by a high wire fence. The centre itself is walled on the outside with corrugated iron and adorned with colourful handprints. We wander in through the garage, past a detached trailer and a jumble of boxes, crates and discarded tarps heaped against the storage shed in a manner more haphazard than careless.

Volunteer work at the art centre primarily involves looking after the artists' needs. In this endeavour, we are directed by Fiona, a firebrand crowned with a mass of multi-coloured dreadlocks. My first task is filling a gargantuan teapot capable of boiling my own head, which swallows ten teabags and half a carton of milk in one brew.

My second is mixing paints for Steve, who is sitting outside before a vast black canvas. He is tall, even while seated, and either more shy than myself or simply preoccupied. I set about my work, chattering noiselessly, too tentative to strike up a real conversation. He grabs the brown paint – I've made it too watery – and begins to somewhat clumsily spread it over the black.

As I would later learn from Fiona, Steven has cerebral palsy. The fine dot work of textbook Aboriginal art is challenging for him; he is unable to move his brush in certain directions. As the day wore on I watched him dip his brush in pot after pot and splatter the contents violently over his canvas.

Once, Steven was teased mercilessly for his disability. Now, Fiona tells me with relish, his unique style of art earns him more money than all his friends.

I work up the courage to ask Steven for a photograph. To my surprise, he agrees. He even wants to see it.

Cecilia Alfonso, the manager of Warlukurlangu, arrives the next day. As I silently spoon black paint from a great bucket, a woman with long dark hair swoops through the centre, plucking painted wooden Christmas decorations from their drying rack and throwing them down on the reception desk in agitation.

"I can't sell this," she rails. "Look at this. This is shit."

This is the formidable businesswoman I'd heard so much of. I glance at the drying rack and sympathise. It's true.

As night gathers I head to Cecilia's house, the only two-storey house in Yuendumu. Her front door is open. I call out and let myself into the kitchen. From what I've seen of her abrupt manner I suspect she has no inclination of waiting on me.

Sure enough, at first Cecilia doesn't acknowledge my presence when I enter. I take a seat at her kitchen counter next to Christine, another employee. Christine offers me a cup of tea.

Cecilia is animatedly showcasing two photo albums open on the table. I glimpse leafy landscapes and smiling young women. She is still wearing a simple black shirt and jeans. Thick silver rings flash as she gestures. Her dark hair is loose, her features striking. As she ignores me, I silently admire her remarkable beauty.

Eventually Cecilia acknowledges my existence. "Well, ask your questions."

Once I have her attention, her manner softens considerably. She moves to sit beside me and I look down at her from my stool. It feels distinctly unnatural to look down on Cecilia.

I'd anticipated a vigorously practical approach to ethics, and was not disappointed. She evidently pays no mind to fastidious condemnations of private dealing, and seems angered by the impracticality of the idea. Of course artists should paint for private dealers when they travel.

What Cecilia most often witnesses herself is what she terms 'elder abuse', a phrase I would hear again in Alice Springs: families using their older relatives as "the goose that lays the golden egg". It's a perversion of the Aboriginal culture of sharing which sees each pay cheque distributed upon arrival, a culture that dealers do not hesitate to capitalise on.

She names the recently deceased Judy Watson, Warlukurlangu's most famous alumni. "She hadn't painted her for a really long time and in my view, she didn't really want to be in town, ever," she explains. "But it was her own family that used to drag her to town, right? So, in most of those cases it is the family that are complicit. If they want to be drinking in town they basically trade the old person, you know, for quick cash."

For Cecilia, ethics is transparency. Warlukurlangu pays all its artists upfront. They must sign for it, so all is above board. Running a not-for-profit business, Cecilia has regulatory accountability and must provide all her financials to the Department of Arts and the Organisation of the Registration of Indigenous Corporations.

After the artists' cut, the remaining profits are poured into community programs. Gloria Morales, Warlukurlangu's assistant manager, founded a program to keep the hundreds of dogs roaming the streets healthy. I had been informed that veterinary care and education about nutrition are not so readily available in similar communities. "Dead puppies everywhere" were Fiona's precise words.

The art centre was also instrumental in establishing Purple House, which provides dialysis treatment for the community's many diabetes patients. It was a systemic problem I'd glimpsed in the swollen feet of several artists. In Yuendumu, Coke is cheaper than water and fresh produce is damningly expensive.

Yet Cecilia's greatest achievement, she declares, is the swimming pool.

Warlukurlangu is the biggest employer in Yuendumu. During busy periods, between 100 and 150 people show up each morning to paint. "Our main mission," Cecilia tells me, "is to give local people something to do, somewhere to go, and something to do that they are able to do, that they enjoy, that's culturally appropriate and which they can derive a fair income from. So, we work hard to create a happy environment to do that."

As for the industry's ethics problem, Cecilia too is at a loss for a solution. Restricting who artists can paint for is paternalistic, but wrongdoers are nearly impossible to prosecute. In the end, she unknowingly echoes Sabine: artists must be willing and able to reject a bad deal. "Really it's about education." We both know that's more complicated than it sounds.

Finally, I ask about something that's been nagging me. Sabine had expressed distaste for dealers dictating what colours and patterns artists should paint with. I'd witnessed Fiona doing just that since my arrival, gently but surely. I ask if that's an ethical concern. After her reaction to the heinous Christmas decorations, I can guess her answer.

Sure enough, she laughs in surprise. "The dealers want something that's going to sell and the artist wants to paint something that's going to sell," she says with brutal honesty. "It's not some 'contemplating your navel' sort of exercise. They go there, and even the older artists that I work with, at the end of the day they all wanted money. And I don't think that there's anything wrong with that. I think it's unrealistic to think that they're painting for any other reason. I think that the other reasons are a by-product of them painting for money."

We lapse into silence. Other guests have arrived, volunteers who are staying with Cecilia. Both she and the conversation visibly move on. I finish my tea and make myself scarce. As I traverse across town in pitch darkness, I muse on Cecilia's abrupt manner. I like her terribly for it.

When I return, our Dutch volunteer has made a coal pit and is preparing to roast a kangaroo tail, a delicacy in these remote communities. Instructing her is Rosie, an old Warlpiri woman who lived in Yuendumu before white people arrived.

"Now, too many white people!" she proclaims with wry humour. Initially I mistake Rosie for one of the artists, though we'd met before. She cuffs me gently over the head.

She sings for us, this motley assortment of white foreigners: French, German, Dutch, British, and Australian. It is a fire Dreaming song. In Warlpiri, she tells us, 'warlu' means not only 'fire', but 'hot' and all its synonyms.

After two hours, the kangaroo tail is ready. We unearth it from the coal pit and break it apart with our hands.

Though the weather had been unseasonably wet during most of my stay, all traces of cloud have fled before the harsh desert sun on my last morning.

Outside the gates I run into Steven. He spots the camera hanging from my neck. I'm going to take photographs, I tell him.

"You wanna take picture of me?"

I follow him through an adjacent junkyard until we reach a small shed. He leans oddly against the side. I assume he's about to take a piss, which I'd known him to do at the art centre, so I turn around and politely busy myself examining the dismantled car parts and rusted iron strewn across the grass.

When I turn around Steven is standing in an open doorway that I'd somehow missed. A white man in a button-down shirt and workman's boots sits behind him. Inside, a shelf in the corner bears an array of pointed rocks, their gleam muted by dirt. Boxes and crates are scattered across the floor. On top of a filing cabinet, a single dot painting is perched.

The man introduces himself as Frank. I recognise the name of the local food store owner. Frank seems pleased when Steven tells him I'm writing an article. Before I can ask for an interview he leans back in anticipation. "Well, what do you want to know?"

Frank is something of a local character. He is the owner of the mining company and has lived in Yuendumu for 43 years. His son, he informs me more than once, is the only Warlpiri speaker working for Google. As Frank gives me his take on the clash of white and Aboriginal cultures I recognise a tone I've become familiar with: the staunch loyalty to what certain politicians might term 'the Aboriginal cause'.

Frank rustles through this cabinet and returns with a handful of coloured paper slips: the payslips of the artists from Warlukurlangu. He knows perfectly well, he says, that these remain largely undeclared. Artists feel no compunction whatsoever in collecting from Centrelink too, because every payment is distributed among family as tradition dictates.

Eventually I thank him and take my leave. Only then do I notice his name sprayed across the entrance to his lair, heralding his presence.

I spend my last hour at the art centre painting base coats on the dreaded Christmas decorations. An old woman with jet-black hair and silver roots, bent over an intricate dot painting, begins to sing softly. It is a simple, lilting tune, somehow familiar. Haltingly, I begin to hum an echo.

The woman is Angelina and the painting is a water Dreaming. When an Aboriginal person decides to paint, she explains, they must go to their elder to find out what stories they are allowed to put to canvas. Artists can only paint their own and their parents' Dreaming. "I can't paint my daughter's Dreaming," she reveals, still intent on her work. "I might get into trouble."

I ask about the song. It is a sort of hymn they sing in church, once in Warlpiri and once in English. She suggests I join them one week. More than anything else, the prospect of a Warlpiri church service make me want to stay.

I bring Steven a final cup of tea without being asked. I know how he likes it. He's visibly touched.

"Look, she bought me tea!"

Fiona is uncomprehending. "Of course she did. That's her job."

I walk through the community one last time. The streets are deserted. The fences are in varying states of disrepair. Quite often the view from the street resembles a junkyard.

By our standards, this is surely poverty, as I had never seen it before. It didn't engender despair, as I might have imagined, but contentment. I'd expected restlessness, but in Yuendumu people don't seem to wish for a great deal more than they have. They simply wish for different things than I do.

I poke my head in Frank's shop. There are posters on the door. A Warlpiri language group. A job vacancy at the youth centre. A notice that Frank's no longer gives store credit. 'Please help us stay open.'

After dropping off the post and medical supplies, the bush bus rolls to a leisurely halt outside what the partially dismantled sign identifies as the YUENDUMU REGIONAL EATH CETRE. Eventually we pull away. Across the aisle, a woman with nails like talons examines her appearance in a broken mirror shard with as much scrutiny as any pageant queen.

My last interview is with Karl Bajzic, one of the founders of Yubu Napa, an art dealership and gallery in Alice Springs. The door is opened by a disconcertingly tall man, wiry and grey-haired. He greets me warmly and guides me through the entry, paved with spotless grey tiles, to an office is piled with painted canvases. During our interview, Karl rifles through them every so often to illustrate a point.

Yubu Napa was conceived first and foremost as an ethical business model. It opened seven years ago after the financial crisis had brought the industry heyday to a swift end. Here, artists are encouraged to paint in-house and chat with customers. It's an excellent opportunity for self-promotion: visitors are far more likely to buy from an artist they've built a rapport with.

Artists painting for Yubu Napa receive 40 to 50 per cent of the painting's retail value. After the expenses incurred by running a gallery, Yubu Napa runs on a 10 to 15 per cent profit margin. Not too shabby for another industry, but in the art world it's well below average.

For these reasons, Karl is unable to compete financially with unethical dealers. You can walk into a gallery in Todd Mall, he says, offer to pay cash and barter to a quarter of the asking price. The dealer will still make a profit. "How much do you think the artist got?" he asks pointedly.

Many of these galleries are members of the Indigenous Art Code, prompting Karl's decision not to rejoin the association. "Unfortunately, they're very effective in promoting the brand, so the buying public… they're confident that gallery or dealer is ethical. I know perfectly well that a lot of them aren't, it's just turned into lip service."

Karl concludes, like Cecilia, Sabine and the Senate before him, that financial literacy is the only end in sight to artist exploitation. Lack of enforceable rules render both the AAAA and IAC impotent. I ask for a horror story.

"Oh!" Karl exhales vigorously. I watch as dozens of heinous memories cascade through his mind. He visibly plucks one from its fellows. "One particular studio used to play a trick," he begins, and fumbles beneath the desk that separates us. It's his wallet. He extracts two fifty-dollar bills. "Let's say… I'll pay you two-hundred dollars. Particularly with the older artists, they'll fold the money over." He does, presenting it to me with the numbers visible. "Fifty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred." He folds the four ends up as he counts. "There you go.' The artists will take the money. They'll see that they've been ripped off, but they won't speak up."

I leave him to wrap up the day's business and take a turn around the gallery. I had set out from Sydney with no appreciation for Aboriginal art itself. The treasures of Warlukurlangu had changed that. Now I linger, drinking each painting in. The selection here varies widely at times from the typical dot patterns favoured by European buyers. Karl had wanted to give artists a chance to try their hand at different styles. The results are mesmerising.

One stops me in my tracks. It is enormous; an abstract desert landscape of orange, purple and white, eerily similar to the one I'd left behind. The sand is the same shade of red. I've never seen anything like it. It's also Karl's favourite.

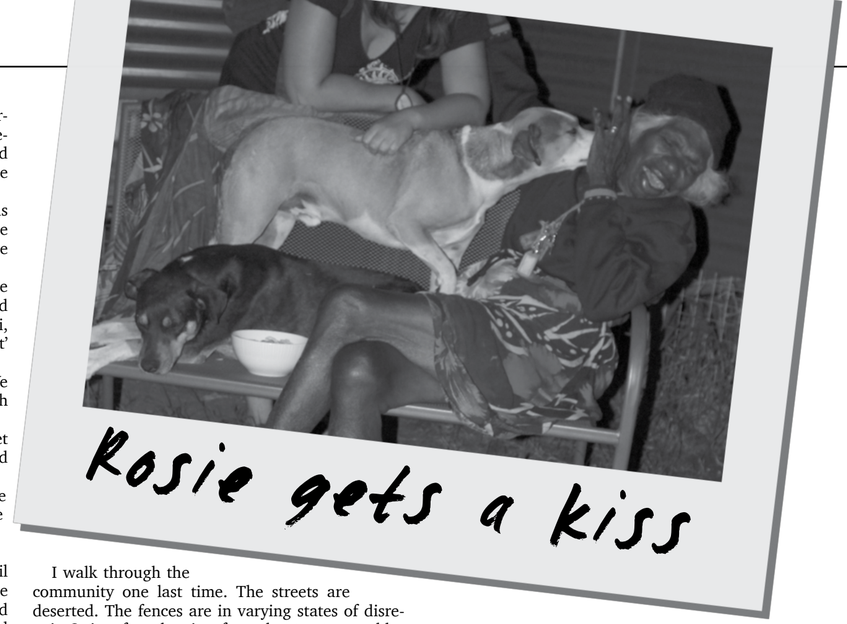
As I wander back through the ghost town of Alice Springs after the tourist season, I stare hard through the windows of these art galleries. Canvases are stacked against the walls by the dozen, the same conventional dot patterns, what Karl called "textbook examples", replicated again and again for white tourists.

I'd put my last question to Karl tentatively. Should whitefellas deal in Aboriginal art at all? Karl, too, used to think not. Now, having sold only two pieces of art to Aboriginal customers in seven years of business, he sees an industry without white dealers as impracticable.

"It's a protectionist attitude," he'd told me. "I think it's unfair to tell an Aboriginal person because they're Aboriginal you're not entitled to freelance and be involved in the real economy."

One comment signalled a light on the industry horizon. "The consumer is becoming more educated," he'd said, "and is asking the important questions." I recalled Sabine's impatience with customers asking about her race. I thought it was a fair question. To pose it requires a certain caution, an awareness of the ethical minefield this business can resemble.

Yet certain words of the late Tiger Bayles had always followed me. They resurfaced now, unbidden: if you wait for a whitefella to change things, you'll be waiting forever. **HC**


Rosie gets a kiss


an artist painting at Warlukurlangu

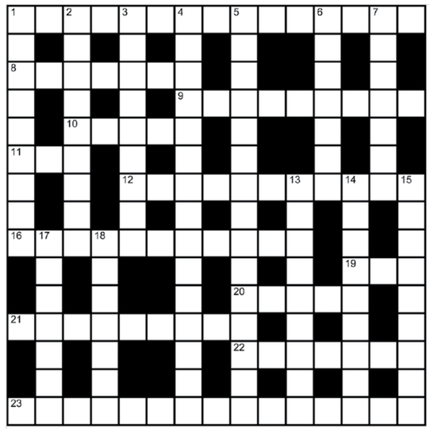
Quick

Across

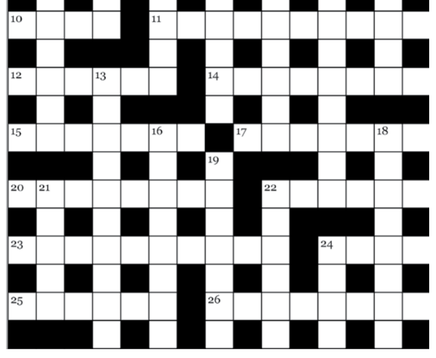
1. A place which one leaps into the region beyond (7-3,5)
8. Not equal to the additive identity (3-4)
9. Brooch, for example (9)
10. Arising from error (5)
11. A card which often takes the trick (3)
12. A stone coffin (11)
16. Large fish with jaws like weapons (11)
19. Stew vegetable (3)
20. Hanging cloth (5)
21. Relating to a type of sub-kingdom (9)
22. To remove an electron, partly or completely, from an atom or molecule (7)
23. The quality of provoking disbelief (15)

Down

1. Places full of discarded waste (9)
2. SCUM, for example (9)
3. To have been represented in best form (9)
4. Mediterranean thistle-like plant (5,10)
5. Dis-entangler with teeth close together (4-7,4)
6. A flowering evergreen shrub (7)
7. Deer with antlers (7)
13. Nitrogen compound involved in immune responses (9)
14. Marvin Gaye heard it through this (9)
15. Those who make loud grating cries (9)
17. Command centre (3,4)
18. Species of American hawk (7)



Cryptic



Across

7. Praise Aloe Blacc remix swapping pound for penny (8)
8. Stupid card game doesn't start, it's said (6)
10. Stop evolution of 2 (4)
11. To ruin crop, and literally so! (10)
12. Pass the Spanish end of a church (6)
14. Shrunken article in technology magazine (8)
15. Syncopation is to wank in reverse? (7)
17. Get rid of mistakes, as standard (7)
20. Register 2's companion with phone (4,4)
22. Fanning state (6)
23. Larger 13, you say? Nonsense! (10)
24. Web address gets clean start for kinkiness (4)
25. Waste thrown from planes before morning (6)
26. Job gets headhunted, so allow employee to start being redundant (8)

Down

1, 2. Geology department starring Jack Black? (6,2,4)
2. See 1.
3. Socially awkward and left in Paris (6)
4. Centre of tree (wrong, wrong) is increased again (7)
5. Lettuce said to be little 2? (8)
6. Alter Heff at 2, without alterations (3,3,4)
9, 24-dn. Chide about sound of sobriety (5,4)
13. Plaster for small, fast 2? (10)
16. Sam rang a… a man's rag? (8)
18. Educated rodent follows garbage, we hear (8)
19. An eel or, perhaps, Rigby (7)
21. To speak from a projector at exhibiton (5)
22. Remove the shell in the evening, when he comes back inside (6)
24. See 9.

Target

B	Y	T
S	A	D
R	I	U

Target Rules:
Minimum 4 letters per word. 5 words: surely you can do better!, 10 words: much to learn you still have, 15 words: a surprise to be sure, but a welcome one.

Sudoku

5				6		9		7
		9	4	5				
				7			1	
							8	
6	8			2				
					3	7		
	5							
				8			4	1
1	4	8	2				6	3

Discontinue Not to Count as Fail (DC)

If it is the beginning of the semester, it is natural to feel optimistic about the study load we can take on. Sometimes, life brings unexpected circumstances that completely impact our studies or ability to attend to tasks at Uni later on in the year.

If a serious illness or misadventure arises before the end of week 7 of the semester and you know it will seriously affect your study get some advice and discontinue one or more Units. Go onto Sydney Student and discontinue by 15th September in Semester 2, 2017 and it will then show as a DC(Discontinue not to count as fail) grade.

If your illness or misadadventure happened, or becomes worse, after week 7 of the semester (i.e. 15th September in Semester 2, 2017) and it severely impacted your ability to study you can write to your faculty to request that they change the relevant fails or absent fails to DC. You will need to be able to explain how your illness or misadventure impacted on your study – for example, did it stop you from attending classes, or make it difficult to concentrate, or make it impossible for you to write an assessment? You will need to have documentation to show that you really did have these problems. You will also need to demonstrate you were impacted for more than 20 working days, otherwise special consideration would be more appropriate to apply for. This can be shown with a letter or Professional Practitioner's Certificate from a doctor or counsellor, a community leader or someone else who knows about the issues your family have been dealing with. Reducing your study load may also have consequences for international students or students on Centrelink payments, so check with the SRC caseworkers first. Becoming a part-time student will also mean you cannot use a concession Opal card.

Be aware even if your request for a DC is approved, while you will have no academic penalty you will still be liable for fees. However, if you can show that you reasonably believed that you could complete the subject at the beginning of the semester, and later you experienced an illness or misadventure that was not predictable and beyond your control, you may be able to apply for a refund or re-crediting of your fees/HECS. The deadline for applying for a fee refund for local students is 12 months. Fee refunds for international students are not as straightforward as they are for local students. Ask an SRC caseworker for details based on your personal circumstances.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

The Ask Abe column allows you to ask whatever question you might have that affects you as a student, gaining the best advice that a very worldly mutt* can give.

Dear Abe,

I'm really sick but unable to get to the doctor. I need to apply for special consideration and am thinking of just changing an old medical certificate and using that with the new dates. It's my real doctor and I'm sure he would vouch for me. Is this okay?

Sincerely,
Stuck in bed

Dear Stuck in Bed,

I strongly advise against using false or altered medical certificates *ever*. This is like fraud, and this isn't just against University rules – it may well mean you are breaking the law.

The University treats this as Academic Misconduct and conducts an investigation. Faculties routinely check the authenticity of medical documents with medical practices, so what may seem like a harmless way to gain special consideration may find you suspended for a semester or two, or even at risk of being kicked out of Uni.

Any medical certificate bought from someone you find on the Internet or chat site - where you haven't seen the Doctor - is a fake certificate. These are not real, whatever the seller might say. The Uni is well aware of this practice. They will spot it fairly easily and you will get into big trouble.

If you are stressed or struggling to the point you consider obtaining or creating a false medical certificate, your best option is to talk to someone about what's going on. You could speak to an adviser in your Faculty, a Counsellor at the University's Counselling and Psychological Services, or an SRC Caseworker. You can help explore other ways you may be able to manage your study load without risking far more serious consequences in the long term.

If you are too sick to move you can get an after hours doctor to visit your home. Check for details on the Internet. Another option if your regular doctor is not available is to look for a medical centre nearby or attend the casualty unit at your local hospital.

Abe

President's Report

ISABELLA BROOK

Note: These pages are given over to the office bearers of the Students' Representative Council. The reports below are not edited by the editors of *Honi Soit*.

This week the FASS Board voted to increase their late work penalties from 2% per business day to 5% per calendar day. Whilst this change will only effect one part of the university, it comes at a time when our University Executive is considering a university wide late work policy.

I can already hear your groans "I'm in 'x' faculty and our late penalty is 'x%' per day' or 'how about you just learn to hand assessments on time". And I hear you loud and clear, knowing how to meet deadlines is an important life skill, but hear me out. Harsher late penalties and late penalties calculated via calendar days rather than business days are inherently anti student.

Higher late penalties unfairly target disadvantage students who, due to circumstances out of their control, often find themselves having to submit work late. With the current state of the university's special consideration and simple extension systems, it's extremely difficult for students with reasonable ground to apply for an extension to do so. We should not be harshly penalising these students. Additionally deducting marks per calendar day rather than business day unfairly targets the many students who have to work on weekends to meet inordinate living costs. Your SRC will continue to advocate for a late penalty policy that is fair on students and compassionate to their circumstances.

Over the weekend your SRC joined the NTEU's strike action at Usyd's open day. We're proud to stand in solidarity with university staff fighting for better pay and conditions. Staff working conditions are student learning conditions. Join the fight to ensure the quality of our education by joining the next strike action on the 13th of September.

Your SRC has also been busy talking to students about how we can win the fight for marriage equality and making sure that students are enrolled to vote in the upcoming postal survey. In order to win we need passionate young people to get involved, get active and join the campaign. Make sure you join us at the USyd says YES to Marriage Equality Rally on Wednesday 30 August at 1pm on Eastern Ave.

General Secretary's Report

DANIEL ERGAS and **ISABELLA PYTKA**

As Billy Bragg put it in his classic 1913 banger, 'There Is Power In A Union', there is "power in the hands of a worker / but it all amounts to nothing if together we don't stand". Billy Bragg got it. He understood that trade unions are formed of, by and for the workers they represent; because, after all, as individuals here at USyd we are often atomised, swept along university currents that we barely understand, much less control; it is only when we come together that we have power.

On Saturday, our teachers and their union, the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) went on strike at Open Day. They went (and will continue to) go on strike due to the ongoing enterprise bargaining with the University. The Enterprise Bargaining Agreement (EBA) process is a long one – negotiations have been happening for about six months, and, despite the NTEU's best efforts to come to an agreement, the University refuses to offer anything except a real terms pay-cut (!) and a continuation of the shameful practice of treating casual staff as expendable (denying them a pathway to permanency, or even the superannuation that all other staff are offered). The next strike will be September 13.

Why does it matter that you get involved? It is obvious enough that your teachers' working conditions – the precarity of their work, whether they are paid fairly for their labour, and whether they are able to undertake the cutting-edge research that our university is known for – are your learning conditions, and determine how much you'll get out of your time here. But what may not be obvious is that – if you scab (ie. attend class during a strike) – you are signalling to the university that you don't care that much about the conditions they force your teachers to work under; you are proof positive that the university can do what it likes with impunity.

Impartiality is not an option here. You are either with your teachers – staying at home on strike days or, even better, helping out at a picket line (ie. the entrances to the university where staff and students will stand on strike days, telling students that the strike is on, and classes are cancelled) – or you are against them, weakening their collective power and letting the university get away with whatever it likes. The university needs you. It needs you for the big obvious reasons – you are its piggy bank – but it also needs you for the less obvious ones – for example, you are its reputation; if it loses you, and it thinks that you'll tell your family and friends that this is a shit-hole, then it affects prospective enrolment, alumni donations, etc. and it is all downhill from there. Your decision on strike days matters. We can win the strike for our teachers, or we can lose it for them.

It is not only because the benefits accrue to you for it (!) but because what happens here, at our university, sets the trend for what will happen at universities all across the country.

Industrial action gets the goods. We all have an obligation to support it. See you on the picket lines.

Environment Officers' Report

ANDY MASON, MAUSHIMI POWAR, SETH DIAS, and **JODIE PALL**

The Environment Collective has had a great year so far. Through the NSW branch of the Australian Student Environment Network (ASEN), we helped to organise the annual Students of Sustainability conference in Newcastle. This is the longest-running student environment event in the country and was a great success again this year, with over 600 people attending from all parts of Australia. Sydney Uni was well represented with 30 students attending from our campus. The conference featured a wide range of speakers from environmental and social justice campaigns across the country. One highlight was a panel about 'just transitions' – a transition away from coal for the Hunter valley region which has historically been economically dependant on coal mining. The panel featured a speaker from the regional Trades Labour Council, giving the perspective of 70,000 mining and energy workers in the area who are often ignored by mainstream environmentalist discourse about climate change. The panel argued that mining and energy workers must be actively involved in a renewable energy transition in order for it to be democratic and equitable, and indeed that the labour movement will play a key strategic role in such a transition happening at all. Other presenters included representatives from Aboriginal groups throughout the country engaged in fighting the environmental destruction of their country, and Greens senator Lee Rhiannon discussing the need for massively expanded affordable housing initiatives in Australian cities.

The Enviro Collective has a number of upcoming events. On Thursday 31st August from 5.30pm we are hosting a screening of Guarding the Galilee, a film released earlier this year which documents the struggle against the Adani coal mine in central Queensland. This will be a must for all students interested in climate change and the climate movement. On-campus location TBC – text Andy on 0467 809 319 for details.

On Sunday 3rd we are holding a bushwalk, visiting regenerated bushland and the abandoned naval installations around Malabar. Contact Andy again if you're interested in coming along.

Along with other campus groups, we are planning a road trip in the mid-semester break to visit a number of communities affected by coal and coal seam gas mining in the Hunter and the north-west of NSW.

If you'd like to get involved with the collective, our weekly meetings are at 1pm on the law lawns. You can also join our Facebook group, "Usyd Enviro Collective 2017" to stay tuned about upcoming events and opportunities to get involved, or email us at environment.officers@src.usyd.edu.au.

Your 2017 Environment Officers,

Andy Mason, Maushmi Powar, Seth Dias and Jodie Pall.

Education Officers' Report

JENNA SCHRODES and **APRIL HOLCOMBE** did not submit a report this week

ACAR Officers' Report

MADDY WARD, RADHA WAHYUWIDAYAT and **SOPHIA CHUNG**

Hello and good day. We are mad. Very mad. The ethnocultural space, gifted to us by our Union overlords, has been vandalised, disrespected and stolen from a number of times. Most recently, someone tore up a beautiful poster drawn by a collective member and threw it in the bin. We elaborately reconstructed it with sticky tape and fury, so suck on that racists. We've found empty Heineken bottles, mess and white people in the space on a number of occasions- most recently an OB had to boot two of the latter out of the space at once, one who was playing dungeon and dragons and the other watching ultimate frisbee. Also, stop stealing our furniture. Who the fuck steals a futon?

On a lighter note: we've got some real fun shit coming up. We have a poetry and dance night for verge festival, which is currently seeking performers! If you're a poc and you dig poetry and dancing please sign up. We're also releasing a cookbook! Submissions for recipes and family stories close in late week six. You should submit if you like food and hate socialist alternative, who think cookbooks aren't real activism. Why miss out on a good opportunity to piss off the trots? Submit recipes, enquiries, and nominations for the variety night to acar.honi@gmail.com

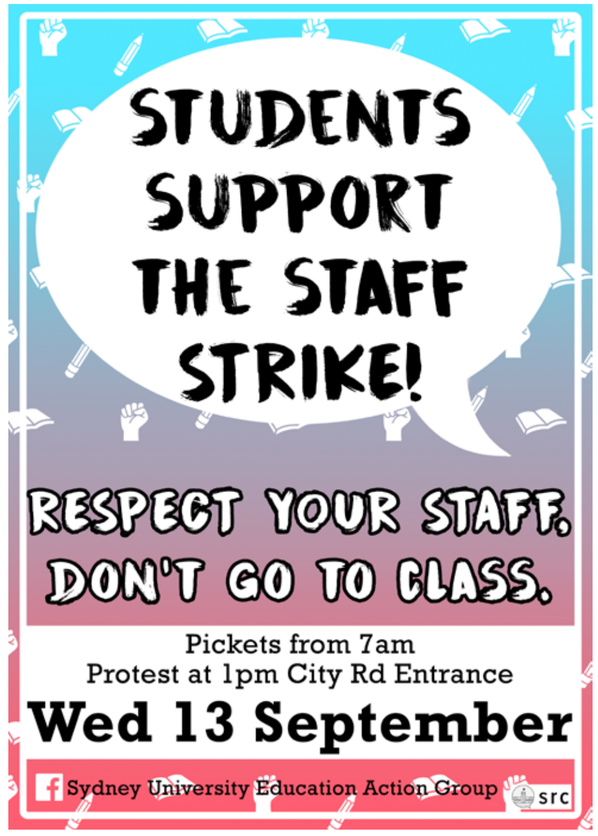
As much as we joke about it, we would really love for people to stop fucking with the Ethnocultural space. This rarely happens to the women's and queer rooms- we should be treated with the same respect. We get you're jealous of our lush furnishings and sweet views but honestly you can occupy literally anywhere else on campus. Also, give us back our futon.

Yours in love and rage,

Madeline, Sophia and Radha

Global Solidarity Officers' Report

KIM MURPHY did not submit a report this week



AUTOMATED

The 2017 Honi Soit Writing Competition Awards Night:
6pm / 12th Sept / Verge Gallery
Readings / Drinks / Canapes