

# Honi ACAR

WEEK 11 51 2022

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

FREE STUDENT

SIS

Est. 1929



## Sức Mạnh Âm Đạo

By Anya Doan

This year on International Women's day, I jokingly sent my mum a text that says: sức mạnh âm đạo. This translates the English feminist slogan that I will never say: 'pussy power.'

She didn't understand the joke, but she understood the sentiment, and took this opportunity to remind me of the national heroines Trưng sisters who led an army of 80,000 and drove the Chinese out of the country during the Eastern Han Dynasty Vietnam. Trưng Trắc and Trưng

**PUS\$SY  
POWER**

Nhị established their own kingdom in Mê Linh, which lasted for three years.

Inscribed in the national memory and Vietnamese history books is the image of two sisters riding on elephants, leading a revolution. While the sisters' glory burns brightly in our memory, their history is recorded much frivolously. What we have left are the archival hagiographies that chronicle the Trưng sisters' legacy...

Continued on page 14.

## ~~ANNIHILATE babayyyyyyyyyy~~

Last year, Sydney saw a fervour in the Gadigal to Gaza rallies amidst Israel's violent attacks on Sheikh Jarrah. The fervent chants with thousands of people marching all over Australia were galvanising and drenched in dreamlike solidarity moving over the ocean. At the same time, India continued to experience an ongoing, gruesome, historically embedded caste violence. While South Asian solidarity is intrinsic to.

Misbah Ansari writes - p. 12

## ALSO IN THIS EDITION:

How Students Are Fighting For A Better Philippines - p. 12

Kamay Spears: On Display At Chau Chak Wing - p. 13

Journey to the west - p. 5

The Rugged History Of Jazz - p. 6

## IN THIS EDITION

4. Roaches
5. Australia... WTF?
6. Rhythmz & Blouse
7. POC & Go
8. Cash Me Out
9. Milk and Honi
- 10–11. It's Elections Years
12. Cry More, Bitch
13. Museums... hmm
14. HerStory
15. HisStory
16. Cyborgs
17. Not All White Men
18. Kinda White
19. Chop Chop

**EDITORS IN-CHIEF**  
Misbah Ansari, Anya Doan,  
Ashrika Paruthi

**COVER ARTIST**  
Ajinkya Dekhane

**EDITORS**  
Misbah Ansari, Carmeli Argana, Anya Doan, Michelle Guan, Priya Gupta, Bonnie Huang, Sandra Kallarakkal, Abigail Ma, Monica McNaught-Lee, Miles Huynh, Andy Park, Ashrika Paruthi, Alana Ramshaw, Kritika Rathore, Khanh Tran, Melody Wong

**ARTISTS**  
Divya Ambigapathi, Bageshri Savyasachi, Bipasha Chakraborty, Bonnie Huang, Miles Huynh, Dillan Jamie Chen, Rue Metzger, Yasodara Puhule-Yamalage, Kritika Rathore, Khanh Tran

**WRITERS**  
Divya Ambigapathi, Bipasha Chakraborty, Bonnie Huang, Rue Metzger, Ethan Floyd, Khanh Tran, Misbah Ansari, Carmeli Argana, Anya Doan, Michelle Guan, Sandra Kallarakkal, Abigail Ma, Andy Park, Alana Ramshaw, Ramneek Thind, Ashrika Paruthi, Angela Tran, Danny Yazdani.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

The Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) meets and organises on the sovereign land of the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. This land was never ceded, bought, or sold.

The creation of this autonomous edition, the meetings of the Autonomous Collective Against Racism, and our learning as students, all take place on stolen land. We acknowledge First Nations sovereignty across the continent, and stand in solidarity with dispossessed First Nations peoples.

Invasion has never been a single event. It remains a structure.

Since the arrival of white colonisers, Aboriginal peoples in this country have been subject to dispossession, cultural extermination, and genocide. White Australia has always considered the experience and survival of Aboriginal people to be a threat to the emergent settler colony. The Stolen Generation and other attempts to extinguish Aboriginality are a testament to this fact.

Since the Royal Commission into Indigenous Deaths in Custody in 1991, there have been over 500 Indigenous deaths in custody, with not a single one of their murderers held accountable. Indigenous people continue to be one of the most highly incarcerated peoples in the world. As of 2016, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people made up 27% of incarcerated peoples in Australia, despite constituting just 2% of the total population.

Police brutality and state violence is not an insular event, but a result of a system aimed to actively fragment Indigenous and Black communities in order to keep its power and dampen the voices of dissent, and that dismantling of these systems must be done by any means necessary. We cannot sit idly by while these injustices happen, nor can we rely on the government to hold themselves accountable. This is why we fight for justice.

As people of colour, our relationship with this colonial apparatus is not so straightforward. Colonial violence has set the stage for the virulent xenophobia, racism, and Islamophobia that threatens our safety in this country. At an international level, it is the same European colonisers that displace Aboriginal people who systematically underdeveloped our homelands. Anti-colonial struggles are interrelated and we pay respects to the adivasi peoples of South Asia who continue to fight for the sovereignty of their lands.

We pay deep respect to Indigenous elders past and present. As writers, artists, and students, we acknowledge that Indigenous knowledge, art, and culture has existed on this land for tens of thousands of years. As editors, we acknowledge that our contributions are not enough to compensate for the lack of Aboriginal voices in student activism and in this university more generally. As a collective, we recognise that true anti-racist activism must firstly be anti-colonial. Thus we end by recognising:  
Always was, always will be Aboriginal land.

## EDITORIAL

Dear beloved readers,

Remember how P!nk said “Maybe I am too scared to be happy”? Cranky bitch, we say. But this is no time to fear, hence, this edition is an ode to Ke\$ha, who serenades, Don’t care who’s watching when we tearing it up (you know)? We do know, sexes, we know. While interviewing Anya for our weekly podcast, she said she wants Honi Acar 2022 to be a kiss between grime and glitter. I lift her hoodie doubling as a bro fist.

In this edition, Andy Park captures the glitters by playing some jazz heads with his historical accounts. The glitters oxidise into grime with Carmeli’s feature covering the upcoming federal elections in the Philippines. Readers, we are apolitical. Our podcast stays no matter who wins. The music in our heads plays immaculately as Anya shouts out PUS\$Y POWER in Vietnamese in her article about the Trung sisters. It sounds almost religious, said the editors. Coochie worship!

All our entitlement as being in the colonists’ shoes is captured in the serenity of Ajinkya Dekhane’s cover art. He joins our disrespect happening on Gadigal land from the land of Kolis (Mumbai) by illustrating our beloved anti-caste leaders exploring Uluru as the sun quaintly shines over them (read more on pg.12). Dekhane’s radicalism weds Ramneek Thind’s criticism of Punjabi casteist slurs.

Our fearlessness and big PUS\$Y energy comes from the several people who have helped us along the way. Firstly, a raucous thank you to our editorial committee, artists, and layup teams for watching us through being constantly lost. Extending this gratitude to the women’s collective, queers of colours collective and the honi soit editors for their constant support. Running a small collective is hard work, and you all make the work bearable with your selflessness.

You caught that drop of tear, didn’t you, cowards? P!nk, we are scared of expressing love. So, dear readers, seep into this vandalism of Honi Soit because hatred is our fire and you are now in the territory of the words of POC legends.

Your old balls and chains,  
Anya, Ashrika, and Misbah



omg... it's us..

## GET IN TOUCH

Have you got a tip for a story? An angry letter to the editors? An article pitch?

Email us at [editors@honi soit.com](mailto:editors@honi soit.com).

Scan the QR code to use our anonymous tip form.

Send mail to Honi Soit Editors at  
PO Box 974 Broadway NSW 2007.



## WHAT IS ACAR?

The Autonomous Collective Against Racism is a University of Sydney Students’ Representative Council (SRC)-based collective for students who come from a minority ethnocultural background, or those marked or marginalised by white supremacy, or those who identify as a ‘person of colour’.

We aim to foster a community that is proactive, positive and inclusive for students to share their experiences of race, racism and white supremacy. Community, empathy and solidarity lie at the heart of the collective. A major part of ACAR’s activism is to raise awareness about racism and its manifestations both on and off campus through a variety of projects and initiatives that are organised and managed by members of the collective.

Additionally, ACAR aims to amplify the voices of people of colour at the university level through radical activism and pragmatic discussion.

This doesn’t preclude white people from getting involved without work! In fact, we actively encourage those who benefit from white supremacy to attend and help out with various events that will run throughout the year, especially to encourage ally-ship. In the spirit of intersectionality, many of these will be run collaboratively with other identity-based collectives at the University of Sydney or other universities, as well as local groups.

Our vision for this year is to further increase our cross-collective collaborations aimed at community building. As a result, we will continue organising our reading group with the Enviro Collective, the Women’s Collective, along with events such as movie nights with the Queer Collective.

Further to this, we wholeheartedly endorse the NTEU strike and strongly encourage everyone to attend the pickets on May 11 and May 12.

Most importantly, we recognise that the work of ACAR takes place on stolen Aboriginal land, primarily that of the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. We recognise that sovereignty was never ceded, and that justice and self-determination for people of colour is inseparable from struggle against settler-colonialism. Institutions such as universities continue to uphold and maintain colonial structures and as a collective exists within these structures, it is imperative to uplift and support Indigenous voices in community organising or activism.

If you are keen to get involved, hit like on our Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/usyda-car/>. You can also reach out to us via email [ethno.cultural@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:ethno.cultural@src.usyd.edu.au)

**Disclaimer:** *Honi Soit* is published by the Students’ Representative Council, University of Sydney, Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road, University of Sydney NSW 2006. The SRC’s operation costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney. *Honi Soit* is printed under the auspices of the SRC’s Directors of Student Publications (DSP): Emily Mackay, Jinhui (Candace) Lu, Mahmoud Al Rifai, Sara Kie, Lily Wei, Cooper Gannon. All expressions are published on the basis that they are not to be regarded as the opinions of the SRC unless specifically stated. The Council accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of any of the opinions or information contained within this newspaper, nor does it endorse any of the advertisements and insertions. Please direct all advertising inquiries to [publications.manager@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:publications.manager@src.usyd.edu.au).

This edition published on 10 May 2022. ISSN: 2207-5593.



# The Infestation of Casteism in our Everyday Conversations

Ramneek Thind curses at Casteism.

CW: mentions and discusses caste-based violence and sexual abuse

Most people live blissfully unaware that there are thousands of cockroaches around them. They live silently in cracks and crevices. Only when one is out in the open and blatantly visible to the eye are fingers pointed, signalling for its existence to be immediately stamped out with disgust.

Similarly, many diasporic South-Asian youths are ignorant to the extent to which casteism has encroached our community, and a symptom of this ignorance is its infestation in our daily conversations.

Even those who tout that they are not casteist and are disgusted by overt displays of casteism, use lingo that consists of slurs directed towards people belonging to Scheduled Castes (SC), Scheduled Tribes (ST) and Other Backward Castes (OBC). Various Hindustani and Punjabi phrases such as *chori-chamari nakarna* (Don't steal like the chamars), *kanjar* or *harijan* are laden with historical and social baggage, yet are uttered without a second thought.

The following is a non-exhaustive list of the etymology of casteist slurs, prominent in modern parlance amongst Hindustani and Punjabi speakers:

## 1. KANJARI / KANJAR

"Kanjar" or "kanjari" have been reduced to 'playful' insults, often exchanged amongst friends, to imply that one is a pimp or prostitute or has had

one too many flings. However, the etymological origins of kanjar/kanjari lies with the Kanjar community; a nomadic tribe from Northern India and Pakistan.

Like almost – if not all – tribal communities in India and Pakistan, the Kanjar community are oppressed due to their historical association with the sex work profession which Surbhi Dayal notes in Kanjar subculture: socialisation for sex work amongst traditional entertainers in India.

## 2. BHANGI / CHUHRA

Bhangi or Chuhra are commonly used to describe something as dirty or messy, yet are the exact names of two oppressed castes who have been restricted to sweeping and latrine cleaning jobs for centuries (as highlighted by Badri Narayan.)

## 3. DHOBI

As launderers, the Dhobi caste is often depicted as untouchable and unclean, as their profession is deemed to be impure. The (misogynist) narrative is that society has long stigmatised menstruation, and since the Dhobi come into contact with the menstrual 'polluted' clothes of women, this makes them, as anthropologist John Hutton described in "Caste in India" (1963), "an outcaste no less than the scavenger who removes...dead bodies."

## 4. CHAMAR

A pejorative used against the Dalit caste, Ishan Khan mentions in "Ambedkar's relation with Jatavas (landless labourers) of Agra" that "chamar" is derived from the Sanskrit word "carmakara," referring to this Dalit sub-caste's occupation as leather workers. As leather workers, Chamar people removed carcasses of dead animals, which they also ate, and tanned hides; acts considered to be unclean. As such, the Chamar caste was deemed to be untouchable and forced to live on the outskirts of villages or separate hamlets. This pejorative is used as a colourist insult as upper caste South-Asians have stereotyped and vilified people from the Chamar caste for being dark in complexion. This is reflected in a Bhojphuri (Hindi dialect) proverb:

*Karia Brahman, gora Chamar  
Inke sath na utariye paar*

*(Do not cross a river in the same boat with a black Brahmin or a fair Chamar)*

## 5. HARIJAN

Another pejorative targeted at the Dalit people, *Harijan* is a term Gandhi coined to describe Dalits as "children of the god, Hari Vishnu." By referring to Dalit people as "children of God," Gandhi believed he was associating them with *Bhakti* (devotion to a particular Hindu deity) themes that would counter the associated stigma. Dr. B. R Ambedkar, a Dalit himself, who was instrumental in advocating for caste annihilation and minority rights, objected to this term citing that it was condescending and "equivalent to the term *Asprishya* (untouchable)." Similarly, Dr. Ratnam writes how "*Harijan*" represents *jogini* or *devadasi*; a religious practice in which young Dalit women 'married' Hindu deities and became temple property. As temple property, they were forced into sexual slavery and the children born to these women were thus called "children of god."

Thus, our mother tongues are tools of subjugation; infested with ideological violence that alienates marginalised communities whilst uplifting upper-castes. Every sharp and reckless movement of our tongues, whips these marginalised people into further oppression.

*Every sharp and reckless movement of our tongues, whips these marginalised people into further oppression.*

We are committing a deep and unforgivable injustice against the most vulnerable of our community by ignoring how our language perpetuates and normalises casteism. Our wilful blindness makes us complicit in caste-based discrimination and violence that occurs both back home and here. We need to do more than point disapproving fingers at overt displays of casteism. I implore all South-Asians to think critically as to how we silently embody casteism within our lives and unravel said casteism that is woven into our behaviours. This mission includes exterminating these vile slurs from our everyday conversations.

ART BY DILLAN JAMIE CHEN



# 西遊記 (Journey to the west)

Bonnie Huang decapitalises the w in 'west'.



20x20 cm, engraved float glass, bullseye glass, UV adhesive, epoxy resin adhesive



Image courtesy of Bullseye Projects

This work was developed on the unceded land of First Nations people, in particular Gadigal and Dharug land.



西遊記 (Journey to the west) is an artwork that stems from my own experience with immigration but is a broader reflection on the liminality that is experienced by any displaced or migrating person.

In the title of this work, 西遊記 (Journey to the west), the Chinese is deliberately placed as the main title, the English deliberately in parentheses and the "west" deliberately uncapitalised, as a subversion of power dynamics. Literally, it is speaking to my family's migration from China to Australia and my experiences of growing up in a detention centre, but also more broadly to the significant migration pattern to western countries in the contemporary world.

On the other level, it is also a literary allusion to the famous Chinese classic novel about the legendary pilgrimage of a Buddhist monk and his companions who travel the "Western Regions" of Central Asia and India together, to obtain Buddhist sacred texts (sūtras) and experience many trials and much suffering along the way. This parallels many immigrant, refugee or asylum seeker experiences where the journey or pilgrimage taken is an

arduous one in order to retrieve a "sacred" thing like a safe home, a stable life, a visa, a citizenship certificate. The classic text is a story about a journey towards enlightenment by the power and virtue of cooperation, whereas this work is about a journey towards the idea of "belonging" authorised by the power of the state and institutional recognition, questioning the value of "the state", etc.

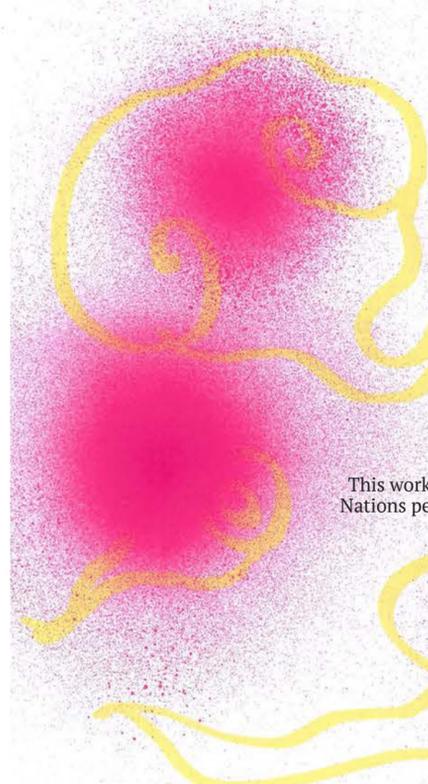
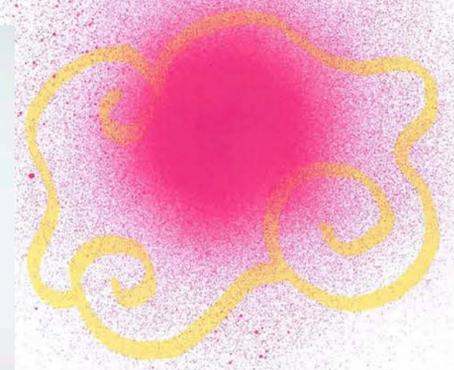
Using a simplified glass form to signify the red-white-blue bag and the shared history of immigration that it contains, the work is both heavy and sturdy yet fragile and ephemeral. It plays with these opposing states of being to tangibly express the liminality that is inherent to the experience of immigration. The box is made of Bullseye glass, an expensive fine-art glass, and an arduous process has been undertaken to create the simple form—highlighting the importance of shared histories and the cultural value of an iconic bag that is often synonymous with "cheapness". Reflecting the original utilitarian function of the bag, the box is used to contain and encapsulate an unreachable space, acting as a jail. Within the box, barely visible in-between the gaps of the pattern, is a simplified

Australian citizenship certificate engraved onto a sheet of float glass. Although a lengthy process to engrave, the materiality of the object is much cheaper than the glass bag, thus questioning societal values assigned to these signifiers.

The work is a reflection of both personal and collective experience and is an ongoing engagement with cultural history, objects and motifs. It is a testament to the resilience of immigrant and diaspora communities, and a love for how objects hold a wealth of history and experiences within them.

Having made it to "the other side" and being an "Australian citizen" now reflecting on the Asian diaspora's past and learning the value of our shared history, the question I pose is, *What does it mean to be recognised?*

Thank you to my fellow classmates, Cobi, Ben and Tim for assisting with the conceptual or material development of the work.

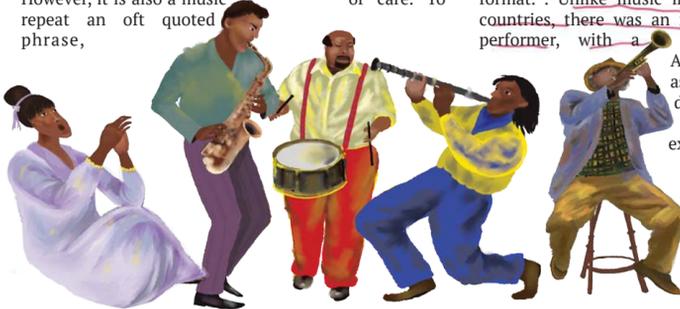


# Beyond Living Rooms and Cocktail Parties: The rugged history of jazz

Andy Park does jazz hands.

In an age of antiseptic Hottest 100 tunes, progressive electronic soundscapes and Tiktok bedroom pop, it's unsurprising that we're quick to pronounce the death of jazz. In Damian Chazelle's sparkling ode to dreams, *La La Land* (2016), we follow a pianist's journey to revive the golden age of swinging trios and big bands. Though the film has been rightfully criticised for portraying a reductive, nostalgic version of a genre that has progressed, there is some truth in its characterisation of jazz in the mainstream. When it is mentioned, people often think of cocktail bars, suburban white middle-class living rooms and Kenny G — it is often music that drifts along in the background. Despite its current status, jazz was once at the forefront of musical innovation and its history is not only a tale of brilliance but one of beauty and struggle.

Jazz is a spontaneous artform. It is the expression of years of craftsmanship and learning, all in a flurry of unexpected note choices and unorthodox rhythms. However, it is also a music of care. To repeat an oft quoted phrase,



ART BY YASODARA PUHULE-GAMAYALAGE

the great Miles Davis once said, "It's not the notes you play, it's the notes you don't play." It is a sophisticated genre which requires a deep understanding of chord structures and rhythmic patterns in order to produce lines on the fly and bounce off other musicians. There is a sense of elitism which surrounds the genre, but these connotations were only created when the genre was adopted by the white middle-class and integrated into a fundamentally classist and racist education system.

New Orleans, Louisiana, is widely accepted as the birthplace of jazz. After slavery was abolished in 1865, African Americans were able to exercise their new but limited freedoms and express that through music. The city was markedly multicultural and was a melting pot of cultural expression. Ultimately, jazz is Black music, and the genre was born out of West African musical traditions which predated colonialism. For instance, the strong tradition of rhythm and performance that West Africans had was reflected in their call and response format. Unlike music in the "West" and European countries, there was an integration of audience and performer, with a strong focus on spontaneity.

All these elements define jazz as we know it, as musicians draw from one another's ideas in the instant that they are expressed.

Despite this rich history of African modes of musical and creative expression, the genre only took to the mainstream when white musicians began to play the music and adopt it, more or less, as their own. Much like how Elvis Presley became the

face of rock and roll, the first jazz record was issued in 1917 by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, who were, unsurprisingly, all white. This is rather ironic, considering that jazz was derided as the "devil's music", with blatantly racist critics arguing, "Why 'Jazz' sends us back to the Jungle". This legacy of racism remains entrenched within the music industry with the stigma surrounding hip-hop, with conservative figures like Ben Shapiro making absurd claims that "rap isn't music". Despite these dehumanising attitudes, Black musicians were able to flourish through their creative genius. Louis Armstrong ushered in the era of soloists who were masters of improvisation, and Duke Ellington expressed the genre through orchestras and big bands. Jazz was, and continues to be, about pushing boundaries and breaking moulds as the genre finds new articulations through the hard and fast style of bebop and the more meditative and complex medium of modal jazz.

*"Black musicians were able to flourish through their CREATIVE genius."*

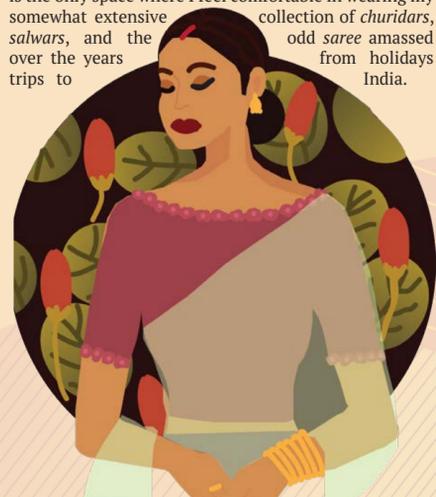
Now, there are innumerable offshoots of the genre as it has merged and synthesised with other styles of music. Though the public's understanding of jazz is quite narrow, its influence surrounds us. For instance, hip-hop itself is defined by a focus on rhythm and groove, with modern-day pianist Robert Glasper calling jazz - "the mother of hip hop". Closer to home, the Lo-fi playlists that millions of people study or relax to are filled with samples of classic jazz pieces, and can be considered a more digestible form of the genre. Whether we believe it or not, jazz is living and breathing, and we ought to honour its birth as a dazzling tale of Black liberation.

# Cultural Belonging: What We Wear is Who We Are

Sandra Kallarakkal asks Who? What? Wear?

I only wear Indian clothes to church. Perhaps this sounds strange, but let me explain. Hailing from a South Indian Catholic family, the Indian community I am a part of here in Australia is tied to religious as well as cultural tradition.

Weekly mass in the Malayalam church is always followed by an Indian spectacle — aunts decked out in brightly coloured sarees engaged in long conversations about work (most of them are nurses), uncles of the standard ironed shirt variety arguing and conversing about Indian matters at hand — the state of politics, ancestral homes, families back in Kerala and elsewhere — while the others auction out boxes of plantains and other assortments of homegrown Indian vegetables you would struggle to find at your local grocery. This cultural space is the only space where I feel comfortable in wearing my somewhat extensive collection of *churidars*, *salwars*, and the odd *saree* amassed over the years from holidays in India.



ART BY KRITIKA RATHORE

It may strike you as odd that I say I feel uncomfortable wearing clothes that are more or less made for me. Maybe uncomfortable isn't the right word, let's call it discomfort instead. Discomfort which becomes especially apparent in moments where I walk around Newtown and see the odd white woman wearing a *kurta* and feel a sort of jealousy that I cannot bring myself to do the same. Nothing is stopping me, of course, other than myself and the niggling memory of the time in primary school I wore a *churidar* for a multi-day and a girl told me she could not invite me to her birthday party because her 'parents didn't like Indian people.'

Clothing, undeniably, strengthens unity, acting as a symbol of belonging that cannot be separated from social life. They are the tangible expressions and images of the personality of a culture, of its norms and values, habits and customs. Accordingly, when you wear traditional clothing, you're not only aligning yourself to a particular social and cultural group, but also to longstanding traditions and certain expectations.

Wearing traditional clothes in Western spaces can feel like a risk because it is often a debilitating experience. Because there's an emotional connection present as well as an omnipresent fear that this connection won't be seen or validated. Wearing a *saree* isn't just about the way it unfolds on your body at the end after you finish draping it. It's about the steps it takes to drape the entirety of the five metres, the passed down tips from your *ammachis* back in India over a blurry Whatsapp call about where to tuck the excess fabric and how to add paper to pins so they do no damage. The intimacy of such inherited tradition is difficult to appreciate in its entirety in the final product and equally difficult to translate into words. These clothes *mean* something to me, but that meaning is often lost when navigating through the Western consciousness.

Lately, my parents have taken to asking me why I don't wear my *churidars* to uni.

*"It suits you."*  
*"Don't you want to represent your culture?"*  
*"What's wrong with the way we dress?"*  
The last question particularly digs in deep.

*"What's wrong with the way we dress?"*

Clothes become you, in a way. If the clothes are perceived as wrong, or different, or unacceptable, so are you. It is already hard enough to have to carve out a space for yourself within an intrinsically white, far-flung corner of the world, as an immigrant or a descendant of one, a person of colour. Why make it harder? Isn't it better to just keep my Indian identity separate from my Australian one?

But of course, compartmentalisation of identity isn't viable. And it shouldn't be.

Throughout my life, what I've witnessed growing up is that clothing is a celebration, a reminder of beauty and a marker of identity. The vibrancy that Indian clothes are known for reflect the richness of a long history of survival, adaption and reclamation. Perhaps I should start treating it as such. Perhaps, in the act of celebration, we can learn to exist with discomfort. Perhaps instead of finding disparate spaces to enact what we see as our separate identities, we coalesce and bring them together. As always, this is easier said than done. Still, I do think it's time to move past fear and unfounded shame and make the traditional accessible for ourselves. If what we wear is who we are, then who we are is what we wear as well. We deserve to celebrate ourselves; to showcase our identities, and preserve our histories.

# Review: POC Revue 2022

Carmeli Argana and Khanh Tran travel to 3022.

This year, Directors Marie-Jo Orbase and Junnade Ali's POC Revue: Futurism invited all people of colour to "imagine, reclaim, and reinvent the future". In our current political climate, such an invitation can easily seem loaded; a discourse-starter for imagining a better world. But this show reminds us that this need not always be the case; that there is value in the whimsical and the weird, in the comical and the coarse.

We especially loved the decision to feature Yantano Satoko's insanely catchy Doraemon No Uta that transported everyone back to their carefree selves during the intermission. Seemingly a simple tribute, this gesture encapsulated one of the charms of Futurism, namely, portraying a distinctively POC take on Y2K aesthetics.

Another that raised eyebrows to the high heavens was a Freudian interpretation of many foreign soap operas when Marianna (Isabelle Laxamana) and Jose (William W Xu) stirred scandal in an Oedipal menage et trois that ended in one of the parties, Jose's meddling mom (Hana Rossi), exiting the stage. For those reared in the endlessly predictable

cycle of Asian romcom, the act succeeded not only in eliciting laughter but also provided a comforting dose of nostalgia to onlookers.

Danny Cabubas and Laxamana's performance in a sketch about 'the designated Filipino friend' was a particular highlight for me (Carmeli). From their tennis skirt and basketball jersey costuming to the references to Blacktown, ukulele obsessions, basketball and break dancing, I easily recognised at least ten people from my childhood in Cabubas and Laxamana's characters. Sometimes all it takes to amuse is to simply hold up a mirror to one's experiences, and on this front the show delivered (Khanh can attest to the number of times my hand flew to my mouth to stifle my laughter).

The show also featured some video sketches, which added a welcome change of pace between acts, including an ASMR video parody in Fisher library from Cabubas and Rossi. Consisting of only a thumbnail and a series of audio samples in the same format as ASMR sound-slice videos, the sketch plays on a cornerstone experience for many of its audience members in a clever format.

Credit must also be given to Teresa Ho's flexible array of costumes, featuring everything from Ninja Turtles to bees and two bedevilled angels that took the punchlines to the next level. Similarly, Bianca Yeung and Ping-hui Ho's choreography must be commended, with dancers transferring their infectious bursts of energy to an eager audience in spite of their relatively simple movements.

We must also commend the show for weaving in bits of social commentary, particularly on the pressing (and unfortunately, always relevant) issues of identity politics, intergenerational trauma within immigrant families, and interracial relationship dynamics that fetishise POC. However, we would've liked to see more coherence in such messages and the political position underlying them — at times, the tonal and thematic shift between various sketches seemed jarring.

Instead, the greatest strength of the show for us lay in those moments of familiarity; in the showcasing of not-so-uncommon (though they may seem so, in spaces like USyd) experiences for POC, in

the common language of community and hospitality and fun that we all seem to share.

*POC Revue 3022 was in many ways an escape, but it was also a home-coming.*

POC Revue 3022 was in many ways an escape, but it was also a homecoming. As first-time POC Revue reviewers who often find ourselves at odds with a prevailing culture of whiteness in the University, we were grateful for the opportunity to time travel to the future and simultaneously return to the comfort of a boisterous, yet homely environment so familiar to our community upbringings. Overall, Orbase, Ali, Ange Tran and Madhullikaa Singh should be proud for putting together what was a highly entertaining performance that adeptly weaved well-timed punchlines, nostalgia, youthful exuberance and an incredibly energetic cast.

# Racial justice requires challenging pervasive stereotypes about minority communities back home

Khanh Tran opines.

Discrimination exist in our own communities in the form of pervasive racism against ethnic minorities, we need to remove this cancer, roots and all.

"They are not civilised, they are *barbare*," a relative of mine said in a conversation some years ago during a family reunion. They were referring to Vietnam's Cham people, an ethnic minority primarily based around central Vietnam.

*Barbare* is French for 'barbarian'.

Little do they know, those were the very same words that France used to depict them less than a century ago.

"*Crescam Paulatim*" or "little by little we grow" was Saigon's motto until the outbreak of WWII, imposed by a racist colonial administration headed by Pierre-Paul de la Grandière after Vietnam fell to French control.

The irony is unmistakable. It was discrimination in broad daylight yet barely anyone recognised my relative's comments as such, and if anything, tacitly or actively partook in it.

These beliefs are undoubtedly the byproduct of a socially conservative upbringing. They were reared in during the heady days of the 1960s when Diem's ultra-conservative Catholic nationalism led the country. However, these attitudes are not confined merely to Cham communities but at times, to Hoa or Vietnamese-Chinese communities, with one Hoa friend recounting their experience of being bullied for their identity — with tension coming from

Vietnam's fraught relationship with China.

It's a reminder that casual racism remains rife even in communities that endured the ravages of colonialism. It employs the same classist dynamic that characterises white supremacy, namely, the elevation of a false sense of superiority over others. This sense of superiority masquerades itself as nationalism.

Though it is undeniable that Vietnam endured an extensive history of discrimination, I am also standing on the relics of historic cultures, but not of my own. Travel up north from Saigon and you are greeted by My Son Sanctuary, Nha Trang's Po-Nagar complex, Phan Rang (formerly Panrang) and numerous others. In these cities lie some of the last remaining remnants of Champa. This is not accidental — they were systematically excised from power nearly two hundred years ago — dating back to the first half of the 19th century.

With annexation almost always comes cultural assimilation, or worse, destruction. The same can be said about Vietnam's experience as a tributary partner of imperial China over several periods within the past millennia. Anya Doan's article on the Trung Sisters' rebellion in 1st century Vietnam, for instance, is a glimpse of the sinicisation that continues to be expressed in the Confucian cultural customs deeply embedded in Vietnamese (history/culture)?.

Although some will say that these examples are ancient and obsolete today, they are more contemporary than

is acknowledged. Minority cultures are often relegated as just another artefact of history, put to the wayside in museums rather than as a core participant of the national conversation.

To meaningfully pursue anti-racism, then, our communities need to challenge the pervasive classist and racist portrayals of ethnic minorities as opposed to buying into conservative conformity. This means throwing polite sensibilities out of the window and ready to challenge these stereotypes, either privately or publicly to the individuals or institutions that perpetuate them.

Although the national discourse back home in our respective cultures is largely detached from identity politics seen in English-speaking spaces, the tools at our disposal are often more confrontational than we give credit to, criticisms that rear

at the heart of racism. In the Vietnamese context, racial discrimination is often referred to as *'Nạn kỳ thị chủng tộc'*, roughly translating to 'the disease of racial discrimination' in a constant reminder of the gravity of the issue.

This work cannot and should not stop at the individual. It extends to a need to steer away from an insistence on cultural homogeneity. This includes incorporating Cham and Hoa communities in the 'we' in our history books rather than as outsiders, it means recognising that, whether diaspora or a minority, community achievements are recognised rather than seen as a foreign curiosity. Until we extract the nail of the insidious discrimination that happen to ethnic minority communities back home, the spectre of toxic nationalism will remain at the back of our collective consciousness.



ART BY MILES HUYNH

# State-sponsored multiculturalism and its racism

Ashrika Paruthi collects the tokens and makes it rain.

While multiculturalism aims to foster the creation of a society imbued with increased tolerance for everyone, irrespective of their colour, culture or creed, state-sponsored multiculturalism in Australia compels distinct cultures to exist separately from the mainstream.

It reiterates the distinction between the dominant culture and other ethnically, racially diverse cultures, especially migrant cultures, by feigning inclusivity; thereby reproducing and sustaining racist and discriminatory power relations. This is especially apparent when it comes to international students.

*"Multiculturalism is utilised as a TOOL to manage international students and their DIVERSITY."*

As a theoretical concept, multiculturalism can be regarded as the composite cohabitation of a plethora of

cultural realms, along with promoting the acknowledgement that all cultures—no matter how different, are equal in value. This in turn entails not just tolerating diverse cultures, but also recognising their worth.

State-sponsored multiculturalism in Australia, however, operates to foster an ironical, exogenous connection between the White possessor and non-White possessed. As a result, international students are granted rights that ought to pre-exist. This 'granting' of rights to international students belonging to ethnically and racially diverse groups marks the pivotal distinction between multiculturalism as a *state of being* and multiculturalism as a *state of possession*. The former creates a cohesive habitude in which Whites and non-White international students form an intrinsically intertwined state of being, while the latter always creates a stratification between the two: the White possessor is given the power to endow nonWhite possessed diverse communities with rights. In this failure to open up 'inclusive cultural spaces,' such policies socially exclude international students, not only from the commodities and living conditions accessible to the White-possessor, but also from essential

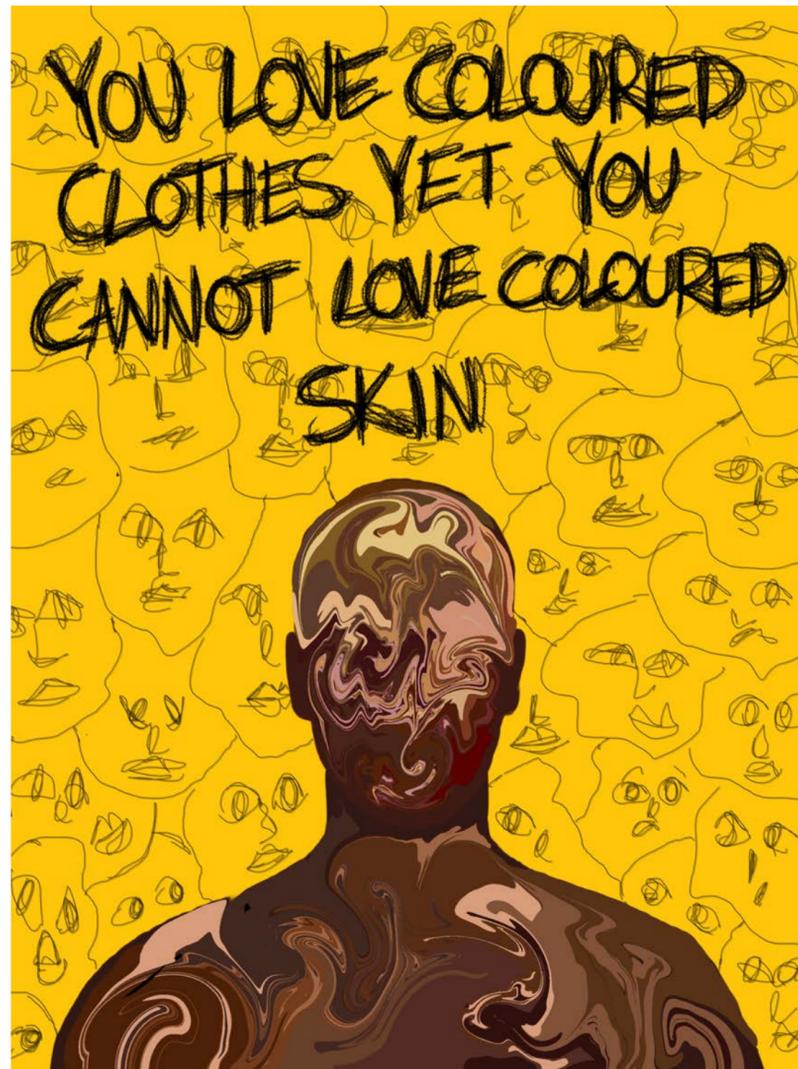
life opportunities.

In fact, multiculturalism in Australia is widely employed as a public policy initiative for enabling the exclusion of international students through tokenistic means. The Skilled Graduate *Temporary visa* (Subclass 485) scheme particularly exemplifies this phenomenon. Theoretically, the visa is supposed to provide international student graduates with opportunities to remain in 'Australia for 18 months', to allow them to 'travel, improve their English language skills and/or gain skilled work experience in the Australian labour market'. However, according to Temporary Graduatification: impacts of post-study work rights policy in Australia Report (2019), international students are seen as outsiders in Australian society, owing to their status as temporary non-citizens. Therefore, they are "discriminated against on the basis of not holding PR" or a Permanent Residency, given that approximately "50% of the good jobs" in Australia "ask for PR and citizenship". The term "temporary" itself engenders a sense of hesitation among employers, sometimes leading to complete exclusion of Subclass 485 visa holders from the preliminary recruitment process.

Multiculturalism is also utilised as a tool to manage international students and their diversity. International students and the diversity they bring to Australia raises a common concern i.e. in an attempt to integrate multiple perspectives, the integrity of what it means to be *Australian* may be compromised, given that 'Australianness' is largely thought of as being synonymous with 'Whiteness'. International students are constructed, depersonalised, and embraced as 'economic units' or commodities imperative to increasing the nation's prosperity. Diverse cultures—the opportunity to connect with different people, and access to 'cultural and culinary experiences'—are welcomed because they bring broader perspectives of the world to the White-possessor. Diversity, then, is merely managed in service of White-possessor's needs.

All in all, policies and initiatives made for international students are nothing but empty promises. Instead of celebrating their diversity and wholeheartedly embracing their value, such policies undermine and other them. Mindful creation and implementation of policies are thus imperative for Australia to be referred to as a truly multicultural nation.

*art by Bipasha Chakra borty*



# For Love to exist Everything Everywhere All At Once (2022)

Angela Tran wants to do taxes with you.

*It's ok if you're not proud of me*  
This is the exact moment I started crying.  
I wonder if I'll ever say that to you  
My birth giver, my DNA, my mother  
To let you know that I know you're not proud  
Maybe I already have from what has happened  
Late nights coming home  
Tattoos  
The sleepovers  
My undefined queerness  
Do you still see me as Vietnamese or am I behaving  
in the 'Western' ways now?  
You need not be proud of me to still love me  
All at once

*In another life I would be happy just doing laundry and taxes with you*  
I wish it could have been you  
To sit in the silences  
TÓ do LIFE with  
If we stopped loving each other to let go of each other like this  
Because we could do nothing but it would still be something to me. I digress  
Because I want the good to exist  
Everywhere  
Because it does exist  
Whether you are here  
Or in my mind  
All at once

*Nothing matters*  
Alternatively, I am relinquishing my control of these matters  
They do matter. I'm choosing for it not to bother me  
I'm learning that to have no expectations means to be less disappointed  
Even if everything Did  
Does  
Will  
Matter  
All at once



ART BY BONNIE HUANG

# The price of warmth

Michelle Guan recounts a lifetime of cold lunches.

My mother packs me a box of fried dumplings-store-bought, in a cheap, "insulated" lunchbox. I remember their delicious scent when she cooked them in the morning but after four hours in an air-tight box, my dumplings are in mourning. Huddled together. Pulling each other close. Unable to find the warmth in one another.

What is there to do?  
I had once searched for a better lunchbox to no avail - I can do nothing but balk at these boxes that cost more than two weeks' lunch. Of my frugal parents, who would walk a mile to avoid parking fees, who for a while rented a one-bedroom unit for a family of four- How could I ask of them Anything more?

Four hours, while I studied hard, my dumplings waited and suffered. The perfectly sizzled and crisp dumpling lace is gone. The steam has reduced to water, and I reveal a soggy mass of burnt dough. I wince at its damp, cold smell my friends turn and go.

So for all thirteen years of school I have carried the same blue lunchbox, I have eaten cold, clumped dumplings, Unable to afford The price of warmth.

Miserably, my chopsticks attempt surgery. my blunt scalpel mauls the delicate skins till the meat spills out from within.



ART BY DILLAN/JAMIE CHEN

# Philippine Presidential Race 2022: How students are fighting for a better Philippines

Carmeli Argana gives you a crash course on what's happening in one of Australia's key Asia-Pacific neighbours.

Art By Bageshri Savyasachi

schools in the Philippines have adopted remote learning, but not all students, and actually some teachers, don't have access to internet," says Dira.

"Even though we have public schools, they're not equipped for a time like this. They don't have proper internet connection, so they really have a problem continuing education and with the quality of that education. We just do everything to pass, and not really learn at all."

As well as worsening the digital divide, the shift to remote learning has also exacerbated existing issues at universities, which has seen students struggle to enrol in high demand (often mandatory) courses. Last year, the Collegian reported on a host of issues associated with remote learning within UP, including cuts to class sizes that would lock students out of mandatory courses, insufficient faculty numbers to adapt to changing demands, and a lack of government funding for the University.

Dira also says that the Philippines is "lagging behind" in terms of its education system, with students returning lower results in key competencies. In a report by the Trends in International Mathematics and Science Study (TIMSS), the Philippines ranked the lowest out of 58 countries in international assessments for mathematics and science. It scored 297 in mathematics and 249 in science, which are much lower than other participating countries.

"The current administration is so proud. They say that we've continued learning despite the pandemic, but are we really learning?" questioned Dira.

International students who have left the country in pursuit of education beyond the Philippines aren't faring much better, either.

"First of all, education is so expensive for us international students," says Pobre, with a self-deprecating chuckle. "Right now, are there actually benefits for us from the [Philippine] government for studying abroad? None, right?" she asks.

"No, we don't have any help from our government," de Guzman replies. "As for the Australian government, I'm not sure how much help they're giving us."

Not much, unfortunately. As Honi has reported, international students have been amongst those hit hardest by the pandemic – border closures have locked students out of on-campus learning for almost two years, international students were neglected in the 2020 JobKeeper package, are systematically exploited in the workplace, are ineligible for concession Opals, and most recently, are facing further roadblocks from the Home Affairs Minister if they wish to change courses.

"Generally, other societies at the University, for example the Indonesian or Malaysian Society, actually get support from their consulates. But for us, the Philippine Consulate doesn't even care,"

says Pobre.

Whilst these are all pressing issues for students, there is a larger problem yet that threatens to derail the outcome of the elections, and indeed, the state of democracy in the Philippines itself.

## The mysterious wealth of the Marcoses

The biggest threat that all three students identified was the ongoing disinformation campaign spreading through social media. Over the last decade, especially after Duterte became president in 2016, disinformation has increased over the internet.

"For every news article from a reputable media organisation, there are three fake news," says Dira.

One particularly concerning story attempts to rewrite Philippine history by attributing the wealth of the Marcos dynasty to the fictional Tallano royal family, who apparently paid the older Marcos large sums of gold in return for his legal services. In reality, the Marcoses' wealth resulted from the rampant misuse of public money during Marcos' dictatorship, which saw him and his wife Imelda fill their pockets far beyond the legal amount for a president. This theory has been debunked several times over, especially by independent news site Rappler, although it continues to shape the minds of many Filipinos in the lead up to the election.

"It's absurd, but many people believe it because it's not really talked about in school. It undermines the history books," says Dira.

A 2021 poll from Ulat ng Bayan revealed that 63 per cent of the population had internet access, with 99 per cent of respondents using the internet to check social media. It's not surprising, then, that Facebook and the incumbent government has come under fire for the proliferation of false stories, not just on the Marcoses, but also on Duterte and the current administration. Last year, the Collegian did a three-part series of reports examining the role of Facebook in slowly undermining Philippine democracy.

"I think the media has learned how to fight back, or at least a firm stance against Duterte," Dira says. "Back then, during Aquino's presidency (Duterte's predecessor) or even in Duterte's early years, the media has just been reporting what has been said.

"But then Duterte resorted to targeting journalists, shutting down media outlets, and harassing reporters. That pushed the media to think that journalism should not just be reporting... For reporters who are following Marcos' campaign, they don't just report what he's saying. They provide context and they fact check it," she says.

Students have also been on the frontlines to push back against the growing popularity of Bongbong Marcos and Sara Duterte, in various capacities. Making up 56 per cent of the eligible voting population, according to the Commission on Elections, students have a significant role in deciding the outcome of the elections.

## What are students doing to fight back?

Although Pobre and de Guzman express some regret in not being present in the Philippines during such a pivotal time for the country, they both share a strong sense of responsibility to participate in the elections.

"Since we're far from home, we're utilising whatever we can to fight disinformation and fight for our advocacies," says Pobre. "Most of the time, for us offshore students, it's social media use – we use our profiles to support who we want, and encourage people to stay informed.

"For example, Vince and I are part of FiloSoc. We've been posting publication materials on our websites and pages about the elections," says Pobre.

"When it comes to elections, I feel like



PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE PHILIPPINE COLLEGIAN

it's fair not only to think of ourselves, but of our countrymen back home," adds de Guzman. "The least I can do is to support who I want to support."

Over in the Philippines, student activism is alive and fully mobilised to support Robredo and Pangilinan.

"Right now since it's the elections, all efforts are going towards campaigning for Leni [Robredo]. Student activists have endorsed [Robredo] as president and Pangilinan as the vice president," says Dira.

"Students are also the main campaigners for this election, since they are the ones who do house-to-house campaigning. There's a lot of them, and since they have the energy and capability to do so, they are really key in strengthening the campaign."

As of February, more than two million people had signed up as volunteers for Robredo's campaign; most of them are young people, and some are not yet old enough to vote. They campaign on two fronts: on the ground where they go door-to-door and attempt to convince their neighbours to vote for Robredo, and online to combat disinformation. With both the passion to participate in physical campaigns, as well as the digital literacy to navigate the treacherous waters of social media, young people are

well placed to support Robredo.

Although much of activists' efforts are directed towards the upcoming elections, Dira also describes the vital state of student activism more broadly, especially in organising protests and rallies for various issues on campus and in its surrounding communities. She says that many of these movements are pushed forward by various youth groups, who have different chapters in different regions within the Philippines. Much of them have become a fixture of campus life at UP.

"The League of Filipino Students (LFS) are really the main ones on campus. During the pandemic, there has been a lot of membership in those groups. We were all tired of the government at the time, and a lot of students realised that they needed to act," she says.

The LFS was formed in 1977 during

For the farmers, it's land and genuine agrarian reform.

"We'd rather focus on those issues that we'd like the candidates to be facing whenever they become president."

Similar to Honi Soit, the Philippine Collegian is student-funded and has a long history of progressivism and activism. During the martial law period, the Collegian went underground and operated as a mosquito press, after Marcos (the dictator) imposed a widespread media blackout on organisations that published critical stories of his regime's many abuses.

Dira describes its political ideology as "national democratic", which is the dominant left-wing movement in the Philippines. Its main analysis is that the root cause of social inequalities is the "semi-feudal, semi-colonial" nature of Philippine society, and that liberation can only be achieved through national revolution against "the three evils" of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic-capitalism from the masses.

"We're different in that we are not beholden to the interests of businesses (in the same way that mainstream media is). Rather, we are beholden to the interests of our readers – students and the community around UP," Dira says.

"You can also differentiate the Collegian because it practices advocacy journalism. We don't really pretend to be objective when we cover issues. We analyse them, and we already have this certain lens that we apply. And we campaign actively for the solutions that we want.

"We don't only present the problems. We also actively critique them and put forward solutions about these issues," she says.

## The future for students

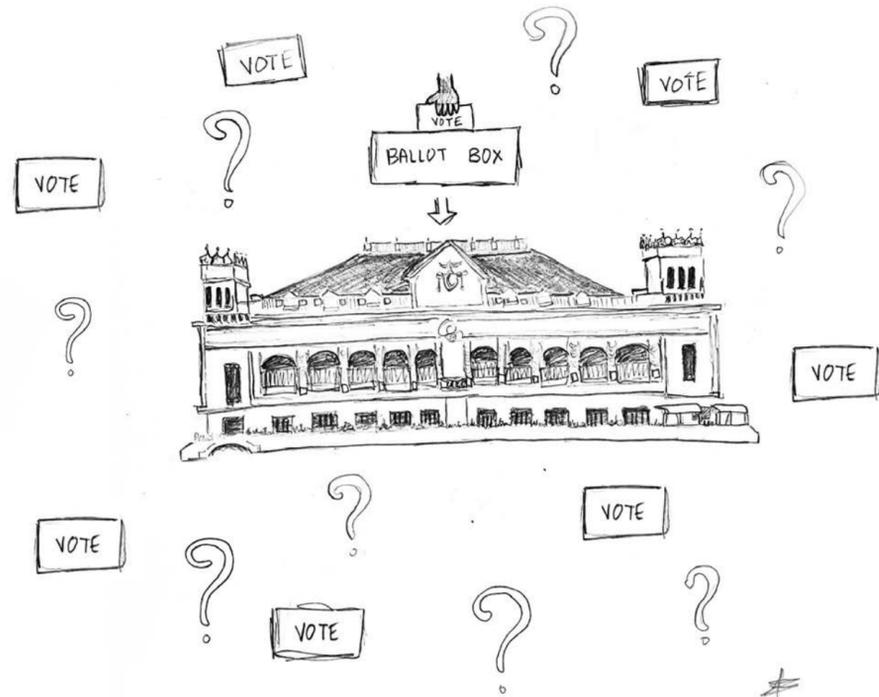
Election day is right around the corner, on Monday. Months of campaigning, organising, education and fighting lead up to one single day that will determine the course of the country for the next six years. And students, as amongst those with the highest stake in the election outcome, will be a force to be reckoned with.

"The students make up more than half of the electorate. Whoever the students support will be important, says Dira. "It's gonna be us who suffer if Marcos wins."

"It's for our future," de Guzman says, when I ask why it's so important for students to get involved.

"You don't just vote for a candidate for what they can do in the present. You also vote for what they can do in the future."

By the time this article is printed, the world will know who the next President of the Philippines will be. Given recent opinion polling, widespread disinformation across the country, and structural factors deeply entrenched within the current political climate, things are looking pretty dire. But regardless of the outcome, we can be assured that there will always be young people who care deeply about their future, who are ready to fight for a better nation.



Election season is upon us. For many of us here at the University of Sydney, the first thought that comes to mind are the upcoming federal elections in the next two weeks. However, ours is not the only country that will be heading to the polls in May. Over in the Philippines, millions of Filipinos will be casting their vote to determine the future of the country.

The Philippines and its political climate stand in stark contrast to the one we're familiar with in Australia. The race for the presidency will significantly shape the state of the country – and indeed, Philippine democracy – for many years to come.

Although 9 May will see the election of a number of political offices across the country, the most visible (and arguably, the most important) of these is the race for the presidency. The outgoing president, Rodrigo Duterte, was elected in 2016, and whose term is marked with controversy. Under his leadership, the country has suffered greatly; his so-called 'drug war' has led to thousands of deaths from extra-judicial killings and a number of human rights abuses, and his mismanagement of the COVID-19 pandemic has created a host of health and economic issues for the country.

Fortunately, Duterte is constitutionally barred from running for a second term. There are ten candidates vying to succeed him. Whilst the sizable pool of candidates may seem like an indicator of a healthy democracy to first-time spectators, the real competition lies between the two frontrunner candidates – Ferdinand "Bongbong" Marcos Jr., and Leni Robredo.

## Who are the frontrunners?

With more than half of total voters' support, according to recent polling data, Bongbong Marcos is currently in the lead. However, his bid for the presidency has been highly contentious, especially considering he is the son of the country's former dictator, Ferdinand Marcos.

The Marcos regime, which lasted more than twenty years from 1965 to 1986, is widely considered to be one of the darkest periods in the country's history. Although Marcos is notorious for his imposition of martial law, his dictatorship was also marked with a number of summary executions and other human rights abuses, rampant corruption and improper use of public money, and an overall erosion of Philippine democracy.

Concerningly, Bongbong Marcos has chosen Sara Duterte as his running mate (his preferred Vice President), who is the mayor of Davao City and the daughter of the outgoing president.

Trailing behind in the polls with just 23 per cent of voter support is current Vice President Leni Robredo, who is running with Senator Francis "Kiko" Pangilinan. In the 2016 elections for Vice President, she triumphed over Bongbong Marcos, who had also been a candidate, with a slim margin of only 0.16 per cent.

"Robredo appeals to more of the younger generation," says Vince de Guzman, an international student and part of the executive team for USyd's Filipino Student Society (USyd FiloSoc).

"It's a breath of fresh air," Alex Pobre adds, another international student

and USyd FiloSoc's Vice President. "Compared to the other candidates, she's the one with a clean track record, with so many achievements, with solid credentials."

With a number of high profile endorsements from various celebrities, university and college heads, and social media influencers, Robredo frames herself in stark opposition to the Marcos-Duterte alliance as the preferred candidate of the youth. Why is this the case? What are the most pressing issues for young people heading into these elections?

*Over in the Philippines, student activism is alive and fully mobilised to support Robredo and Pangilinan.*

## Students in crisis

"There is a crisis in education right now," says Polynne Dira, editor-in-chief of the Philippine Collegian, the student newspaper of the University of the Philippines (UP).

"It's really getting bad right now because of remote learning. Most of the

## Sobbing Savarnas, there is no decolonisation without annihilation

Misbah Ansari muses over the cover art.

Last year, Sydney saw a fervour in the Gadigal to Gaza rallies amidst Israel's violent attacks on Sheikh Jarrah. The fervent chants with thousands of people marching all over Australia were galvanising and drenched in dreamlike solidarity moving over the ocean. At the same time, India continued to experience an ongoing, gruesome, historically embedded caste violence. While South Asian solidarity is intrinsic to broader cross-country decolonisation, there is no abolition of colonial forces without the annihilation of caste.

Repetition, a rather monotonous technique, is a creatively powerful one. Here's me repeating:

- \* Decolonisation without annihilation is a farce.
- \* Decolonisation without annihilation is a farce.
- \* Decolonisation without annihilation is a farce.

The appeal of being an English-speaking person of colour is not just proximity to whiteness, but also the ability to be the face of broader leftist movements. There is so much power (and ignorance) in standing under the garb of people of colour (apparently, oppressed) identity. Not acknowledging such power and imperialist tendencies in a land across the oceans seems trivial.

My love language is geographic. In loving you, I trace you through where we are, where we could be. In genial sunrises and fragrant nag champas, I find you. These radical love dreams are captured by Ajinkya Dekhane, a Mumbai-based architect and artist who combines the use of fictional/non-fictional writing with charcoal and ink drawings exploring the relationship of caste and built environment.

The artist imagines a luscious garden in front of Uluru where BR Ambedkar (centre), Savitai Ambedkar (right) and Savitrimai Phule (left) admire the vastness of the garden. They are being shown around by Goenpul writer and activist Aileen Moreton-Robinson (far left) and Gladys Elphick, a Kaurna and Ngadjuri woman who founded the Council of Aboriginal Women of South

Australia. They can be seen seeping in the beauty of the native flora of the Land of the Anangu people and being shown the native wallaby, perentie lizard, and the red-cap robin bird.

On 25 December 1936, BR Ambedkar, burnt a copy of Manusmriti, an ancient scripture that asks lower castes to serve savarnas without defiance. This took place in Mahad, where Bahujans were protesting with Ambedkar for their right to drink from the local river and against the ignominy of manusmriti. Living under the premonition that your history (and present) has not alienated from their lands is violence. In thinking that the colonised body is a homogenous phenomenon, savarnas assume that they are the voice of every existent oppression. Unfortunately, talking about South Asia in a Wednesday morning Politics and International Relations class with an authority of belonging, when you shun any criticism, is violence too.

Divya Kandukuri, an anti-caste feminist, writer and journalist said in an interview "our women do not need to be on the streets. We have always been on the streets so it is time for us to go indoors and be safe". We need to be indoors in the comfort

of our academic desks piled up with books, cushiony university education and social security to tell our stories and create our art. Think about the world without dwelling in our pain. When those of the upper caste acknowledge the traditional owners of the land in a foreign country without accepting the bloodshed that their rituals, sumames, space, and ancestors have caused, they are walking in the imperialist's shoes.

Basking in the privilege of your religious identity as a form of connecting with your homeland is a facetious take on the people's history. The savarna diaspora holds on to the religious inhibitions fixated on caste purity to stay in touch with their culture; a colonial relic. The acts of savarna pride range from hawans, purity baths, thread ceremonies, and matrimonial practices, to writing, speaking and performing works about caste and communal violence without any accountability is bloodshed in itself. In the end, all the anti-racist actions of the present leave us with a trailing thought about the blindness of the person of colour identity in a non-south asian geographical context, coveted by the fragility of caste supremacy.

## Reclaiming the Aryan Race

Danny Yazdani opines on a stolen identity.

History is objectively a subjective field of study. The experts and historians involved in academia, research, publication, education, and the like are often supporting an immeasurable weight on their shoulders. Whether they are conscious of this burden or not remains a hovering question as history is documented by those immersed in the field, often (un) intentionally marginalising alternative perspectives and creating stigmas in the process.

The term 'aryan race' should send a chill down the spines of those reading it. It is associated with the vile, inhumane actions of a twentieth century dictator and his fascism, who, apart from these said actions, completely manipulated the antiquity of a land now bound by his infamous legacy. For a nation which enacted systemic genocide and mass murder, racial co-optation - the intensity of taking something for one's own use - seems to be the last thing on their mind. Now that the Holocaust has reached its seventy-seventh mark, and as we live in a world where Nazism and Anti-Semitism still exists but not in its 20th century form, the spotlight can be temporarily shifted to view the dilemma in a new light.

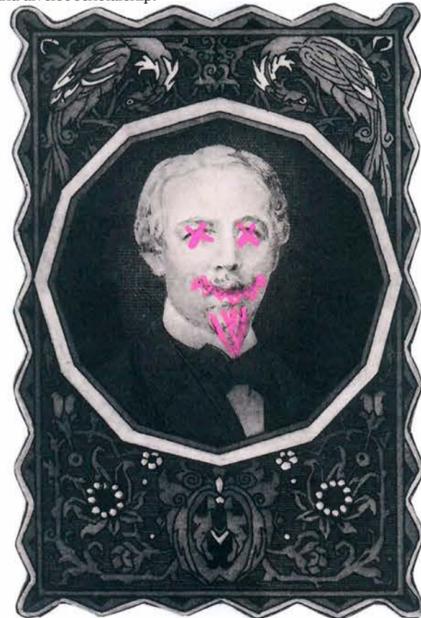
First, it is appropriate to begin with the origins of the aryan race and to consider the term in a context separate to that of 20th century Nazi Germany. The term first arose in the 19th century and was used to describe the now extinct group of people who were native to Ancient Iran and the northern Indian subcontinent. These people established distinct cultural practices, supported by religion, literature and social values, and eventually brought them over to central India when they conquered the land. Once established, their ways of life became integral to shaping the Indian identity that is still in bloom to this day. Apart from this, scholars have also theorised that the term refers to an archaic Indo-European language, acted a precursor to philosophies of Hinduism, and was used by ancient Indo-Iranians to differentiate themselves from 'non-aryans'.

Currently, whatever the case may be, the historical origin of the term is of no importance to me. When I think of the word 'aryan', only two things come to mind: Nazi Germany and the land of my people.

When a certain 20th century fascist dictator found grounding as the leader of Germany, he relied on the previous studies of Arthur de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain as the first step to stain the true meaning of the aryan race. Both Gobineau and Chamberlain claimed that the aryan race was a synonym for the 'white race', all of which significantly contributed to the development of humanity and only spoke European languages. The members of this aryan race were believed to be superior to those of other races, more civilised than the latter and the utmost pure. Although facing minor backlash by opposing scholars, the theory of aryanism took full swing. Nazi Germany and their leader sensationalised

this version of the aryan race - the version that the world clings onto today - and centralised it globally through their horrific actions. It is imperative to note that racism has always been ripe in the world, even before the concept was formalised into a theory. White supremacy is entrenched in the rhetoric of the white-majority, European nations. But, 1930s Germany opened a new chapter in this book. One in which vile genocides and mass discrimination was not only the norm but were accompanied by racial co-optation to detrimental effect.

In my upbringing, family and greater Iranian social circles, articles, books and videos I have studied, I have more closely come to terms with my cultural background. Throughout this process, the Aryan Race has been pervasive. The term here holds a different significance altogether. It is one of pride and survival. Pride in a valiant history spanning over 2500 years. And pride in the survival of a culture that has lived on despite neo-colonialism and invasion from the West. Iran, literally meaning 'Land of the Aryans' is home to the Aryan Race, to a people known internationally for their remarkable hospitality and diverse scholarship.



This is what the Aryan Race means to me, to us, despite its current sullied state.

I reach a crossroads here where I have explained both sides of the story. The roots of the term and its exploitation in more recent history. One would think that the transition from aryan race to Aryan Race and its acceptance would be feasible. But, to the disadvantage of my people, the venomous version of the term still exists in an unexpected way. Unsurprisingly, White supremacist groups use it liberally for ignominious reasons, but there exists a minority of Iranians who have fallen into the same trap. The sense of cultural pride that Iranians have when identifying with the Aryan Race has been corrupted. In the nation and global diaspora, there are Iranian groups who see themselves as 'white'. They use the term and blow things out of proportion, perpetuating notions of white supremacy and a faux privilege which they do not even benefit from. This misdemeanour has not only led to international responders stripping Iranians of their ethnic identities - and, more importantly, of the discrimination they have faced - but has led to the use of whiteness as an escape from the inferiority that comes with being a Person of Colour, an ethnic, a Middle Easterner.

The Land of the Aryans bounced back from the Arab Invasion of the 7th century. It stood firmly during British and Russian interference, and even survived the horrors of the 1980 Iran-Iraq War. One day, it will wake from its momentary slumber and rid itself of the theocratic terrorists that plague its present-day existence. But will it be able to stand untouched by colonialism, Western superiority, and an international arena when some of its members associate with Nazism? Especially when it is coming from the inside? Seeping its way into distinctions between pride and nationalism, self-regard and white supremacy.

After accepting my cultural background as a part of my identity and relishing the treasures it has to offer, I have fought tooth and nail to reinstate pride in being Iranian. I have attempted to reclaim what rightfully belongs to us: from the pilfered artefacts in far off museums to the stolen patterns and motifs of our designs. I have written this article in a similar attempt to reclaim the Aryan Race. But can I, will I, be successful? There are Iranians out there still chaining their people down to an intolerable moment in history. Still bringing the distaste of the past into the present day. A monumental task of reclaiming lies ahead of me, of us. But nevertheless, it is one worth running the race for.

## The Kamay spears: stolen history and an uncertain future

Ethan Floyd and Khanh Tran tells the story of the Kamay Spears.

Three spears stolen by Lieutenant James Cook from Kamay or Botany Bay in modern-day Sydney are on exhibition for the first time in their home since being dispossessed more than 250 years ago. The exhibition, called 'Gamay gamaiwulawala: Dhaluga, nhaway ba bariyu' or 'Kamay (Botany Bay) spears: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow', will run until 10 July 2022 at the Chau Chak Wing Museum.

The exhibition is a joint effort by the University, the La Perouse Local Aboriginal Land Council, the Gajaga Foundation, the Cambridge Museum of Archeology and Anthropology and the National Museum of Australia (NMA).

Held by the Museum of Archeology and Anthropology at Cambridge University and Trinity College Cambridge, the spears are currently a part of a collection of artefacts stolen by Cook on the Endeavour Voyage of 1770. After their dispossession, the spears were acquired by John Montagu, the 4th Earl of Sandwich.

As an old Etonian and Trinity alumni, Montagu donated the spears as part of the College's 'Sandwich Collection'. Trinity is Cambridge's wealthiest college with a vast inherited wealth which is currently sitting on a hefty \$3.48 billion endowment.

They remained in Trinity's possession until 1914, when they were passed onto the Museum of Archeology and Anthropology.

The three spears on display are among the few still in existence today. According to the CCWM, only four of the original forty to fifty spears survived following their theft in April 1770 by Cook, Banks and the Endeavour crew.

Chairperson of the Gajaga Foundation, Ray Ingrey, said in an interview with Honi that the current exhibition allows his community to relay their perspective and story.

"Our community said straight up that we want to tell our story our way, and that was well received by the Chau Chak Wing Museum," Ingrey said, highlighting the joint efforts to bring the artefacts back to Sydney (Gadigal nation), as the spears are currently on loan to the NMA.

On the prospect of repatriating stolen artefacts, Ingrey notes that a significant obstacle lies in the UK's harsh laws governing its museums and artefacts. In a colonial legacy from the 18th century, British museums are bound from repatriating their collections to rightful owners save for an extremely narrow set of circumstances; "We came to the realisation that UK laws are quite strong when it comes to repatriation".

Although repatriation is ultimately the desired outcome of the Foundation, the organisation is leveraging its focus on Indigenous language and cultural enrichment to educate the wider community about the artefacts and their significance.

"For us, to have them back means a lot, our elders when they realised that, look, repatriation may not be on the cards, they quickly came to work on this positive relationship with cultural institutions overseas,

"So it may not be repatriation, but it's better than nothing," he explained. Ingrey said that the Foundation is currently working with the NSW Government to implement a "museum-grade" facility at Kurnell, Cook's landing spot, where artefacts can be preserved for generations to come.

In a statement, Vice-Chancellor (Indigenous Strategy and Services) Lisa Jackson-Pulver thanked the various

community stakeholders who collaborated on the exhibition.

"Far too much of our collective history has been removed, acquired, borrowed or simply stolen. The time for people not from the respective community and those who are non-Aboriginal to have the privilege of what should happen next to such items has rightly passed," she said.

"The community has entrusted the Gweagal spears to the Museum so they can have time with them, honour their journey and respectfully share the story they hold. They have generously permitted public viewings of the Gweagal spears - and should be seen as an opportunity [to] pay respects and see these items first hand."

Cambridge's Museum of Archeology and Anthropology did not respond to requests for comments.

Khanh Tran is an editor of Honi Soit and a member of the Autonomous Collective Against Racism.

### The view from the ship, and the view from the shore

It is April of 1770. The Endeavour nears the shoreline of Australia's east coast. It is entering the Kamay, the sacred bay in which the Gweagal people thrive. Through the headlands, closer to the shore, it resembles "a big bird [with] something like possums running up and down about [its] legs and wings".

There are people standing on the shore as Cook weighs anchor. Smoke from campfires trails the white men who trek over the great mountains west of Sydney; black people watch these people who appear like ghosts.

They are Berewagal, yes, strange men from far away.

The Gweagal warriors, who had kept close watch of the Endeavour and its crew since its sails emerged from over the horizon, resist this unwelcome encroachment on their land. Entering the bay was one thing. But the Berewagal setting foot on this land?

Kabeeno. No.

"Warra warra wai!" the warriors yell at them. "Warra warra wai! WARRA WARRA WAI!"

If the exact translation is not apparent, at least its meaning is:

"Leave! Leave our land! Leave us!"

As the Berewagal reach the shore in their strange canoes, the Gweagal warrior Cooman readies himself for a confrontation. He raises his shield in defence as one of Cook's men opens fire, the bullet ripping through Cooman's upper thigh.

The invading force seizes Cooman's shield, along with a collection of forty to fifty fishing spears, and sends them back to England in a presciently violent opening act of Australian east coast Aboriginal and European contact.

A description of the Endeavour given by a member of the Gweagal clan, excerpted from the journal of Lieutenant James Cook [dated 19 April 1770], and cited in 'James Cook: The Story Behind the Man Who Mapped the World' by Peter FitzSimons (2019).

### A new generation of Gweagal warriors: the push for repatriation

This theft was the opening salvo of Britain's brutal colonisation of the Australian continent, and for the next 250 years, the spoils of the expedition remained



Art by Bipasha Chakraborty

housed at the University of Cambridge in England, more than 15,000 kilometres away from Australia. Now, the descendants of the Gweagal nation say these symbols of oppression and resistance must come home, and not just on loan.

Indigenous families and community leaders in the La Perouse area - namely among them Uncle Rodney Kelly, a sixth-generation descendant of the warrior Cooman - want the Kamay spears, now on display at the University of Sydney's Chau Chak Wing Museum, to be returned permanently.

"These are the only objects that we know, definitely, were taken during first contact in 1770. We want to see more access to them".

This is a sentiment echoed by Aunty Noleen Timbery, Chairperson of the La Perouse Aboriginal Land Council.

"Yes, the spears are returning to England, they're going back to Cambridge, [and] repatriation is something that hasn't really been touched on," she explains.

"There are so many more artefacts over there. [and] that's a conversation I want to keep having, is how do we get access to these other really important markers of our history?"

She, along with many other community members in the La Perouse area, agree that returning these artefacts to traditional owners will be a complex and difficult process.

### Repatriation in action: why haven't we done more?

In congruence with strict UK laws around artefact repatriation, the Kamay spears are also rendered legally immune under Australian law from Indigenous claim by the 2013 Protection of Cultural Objects on Loan Act (Cth). The act was legislated precisely to prevent a repeat of the seizure by Gary Murray of the Dja Dja Wurrung barks from the British Museum collection on loan to the Melbourne Museum in 2004.

The quest to have the Kamay spears returned does, however, appear to be winning greater mainstream political support that has been absent in the past. In August of 2016, the New South Wales parliament passed a bipartisan motion acknowledging Gweagal ownership of the artefacts and urging their repatriation.

"Since then, a number of key stakeholders have called for the permanent repatriation of the Kamay spears..."

Since then, a number of key stakeholders have called for the permanent repatriation of the Kamay spears, the Gweagal shield, and other significant artefacts back to the lands of their traditional owners.

But they also view a long-term loan to a Sydney-based collecting institution, such as the Australian Museum or - indeed - the Chau Chak Wing Museum, as a critical first step towards permanent repatriation to Country.

### Just out of reach: where do the Kamay spears go from here?

Indigenous communities agree that, regardless of the outcome of a push for repatriation of the spears and other dispossessed artefacts, there must also be a tangible commitment to truth-telling about the events of the Endeavour's landing at Kamay in 1770.

Noleen says it's important to remember, "Cook may have written [about us] in his journals, but when the Endeavour cruised into Botany Bay, he became part of our stories too".

The Kamay spears will continue to be on display in the University of Sydney's Chau Chak Wing Museum until the 10th of July 2022, when they will return to England to be displayed in the Cambridge Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology.

Ethan Floyd is a proud descendant of the Wiradjuri and Waiwan peoples of the Ngiyampaa nation. He is a first-year Arts student at USyd, and works with remote Indigenous communities on language revitalisation and cultural engagement.

# Retellings of Hai Ba Trung

Anya Doan digs into the archives.

This year on International Women's day, I jokingly sent my mum a text that says: sức mạnh âm đạo. This translates the English feminist slogan that I will never say: pussy power.

She didn't understand the joke, but she understood the sentiment, and took this opportunity to remind me of the national heroines Trưng sisters who led an army of 80,000 and drove the Chinese out of the country during the Eastern Han Dynasty Vietnam. Trưng Trắc and Trưng Nhị established their own kingdom in Mê Linh, which lasted for three years.

Inscribed in the national memory and Vietnamese history books is the image of two sisters riding on elephants, leading a revolution. While the sisters' glory burns brightly in our memory, their history is recorded much frivolously. What we have left are the archival hagiographies that chronicle the Trưng sisters' legacy—each version crafted in the political and economic background and engraved with the moral virtues of its period. The hagiographical collection on the Trưng sisters illustrates a conflict but also progression in the historical and cultural interpretation of their legacy.

*poetry + teachings PRE-COLONIAL*  
**TRẦN DYNASTY**

Educated within Confucianist and ancient Vietnamese moral principles, scholars of the pre-colonial period narrated the sisters' story with appraisal of their military achievements, only by way of indoctrinating these historical patriarchal and patriotic values. Historian Lê Văn Hứ wrote:

"What a pity that, for a thousand of years after this, the men of our land bowed their heads, folded their arms, and served the northerners; how shameful this is in comparison with the Trưng sisters, who were women!"

Translated by writer Đặng Thanh Lê, a poem from the fifteenth century echoed:

"The Han emperor was extremely furious:  
This insignificant speck of Giao Chi!  
And it was not even a man,  
But a mere girl who wielded the skill of a hero!"

In perceiving the Trưng sisters' rebellion as the true embodiment of Vietnamese patriotism, this narration of the sisters' achievements were employed not necessarily to propagandise Vietnamese people against the Chinese, but more to emasculate those who complied with the Chinese rule. This was another way of saying 'Don't you have the balls to stand up for yourself? Even the Trưng sisters are able to do it, and they're women!' It was almost as if the sisters' defeat of the Chinese was disappointing, because they were women and not men. In these precolonial recounts, the story of the Trưng sisters was told not entirely as a nationalistic victory, but much so as a defamation of the masculine.

*TRƯNG NỮ VƯƠNG written by Phan Bội Châu 1911. Pre-COLONIAL*

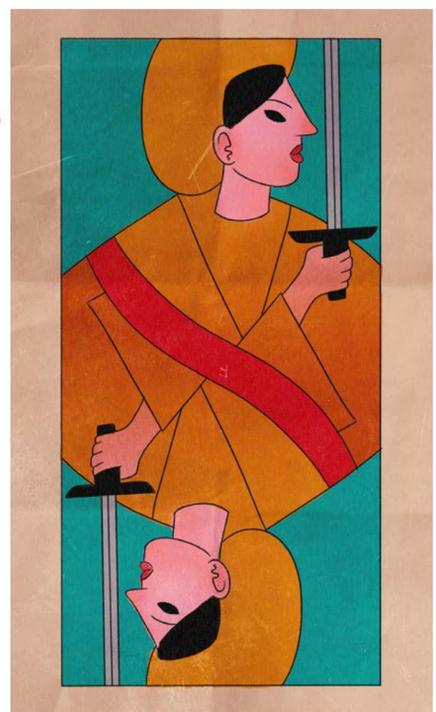
The patriotic spirit of the Trưng sisters continues to be praised throughout pre-colonial Vietnam, and this admiration was typically infused with emphasis on the sisters' beauty and Trưng Trắc's romance with her husband, Thi Sách. This is most prominently illustrated in Phan Bội Châu's *tuồng* (Vietnamese opera) Trưng Nữ Vương – a drama on the heroines' lives.

The play recounts that after her husband's execution by Tô Định, the Chinese governor, Trưng Trắc initiated the rebellion in revenge for her husband and for her love of her country. Older versions of the story depict the sisterhood between Trưng Trắc and Trưng Nhị as the fire that lit their rebellion. In this adaptation, however, Trưng Trắc acknowledges that she is a woman and fears that she cannot defeat the Chinese. Trưng Nhị, her sister, urges her to finish her husband's business. Now is not the time to "act like ordinary women," Trưng Nhị reminds her sister.

The portrait of a fearless woman who sacrifices for her country while mourning her husband's death on

the battlefield is nothing new in the hagiographies on the Trưng sisters. And in both Phan Bội Châu's play and Đặng Thanh Lê's hagiographies on the sisters, the sisters are described to have ethereal beauty: Trưng Trắc has "snow-white shoulders," "skin of ivory," and "a smile more joyous than a blossoming flower." This saturation of their feminine beauty, however, was not intended to undermine women's strength and objectify them, but to highlight the sisters' loyalty and sacrifice for their country.

Contrasted with previous versions, Phan Bội Châu's recital rendered a substantially more progressive portrayal of women in revolution. Though this was the case, the patriotic sentiment of the story transpires only within the drama's antithetical plot line between beauty and femininity, and military and masculinity. A woman's love for her country is a hand-me-down from the male figures in her life; her strength is nothing but an emulation of male leadership.



ART BY MILES HUYNH

*Phụ Nữ Tân Văn Saigon 1930*

*Phụ Nữ Tân Văn* newspaper was a women's newspaper that emerged in twentieth century Saigon under French domination. The French, in their ambition to educate the literate class, supported the newspaper. Still, under the monitoring of the French, anti-imperialist and nationalist sentiments had to be muffled and muted.

In their article, "Hai Chị Em Bà Trưng," instead of Trưng Trắc's grieving her husband's death, the Trưng sisters are recounted as hauling themselves into rebellion for their "fervent love for the people." Loyal to the Trưng sisters, peasants of towns and villages followed the sisters' leadership and sacrificed their lives in the rebellion. The Chinese governor, Tô Định, in this version of the story, is described as "a coward who flees immediately" in the battle. In the end, the sisters sacrifice their lives by jumping into the Hát Giang river. The end of the article reads:

"The Trưng queen is the spiritual mother who bore Mai Hắc Đế,

Đình Tiên Hoàng, Lê Thái Tổ, and all of the more than 20 million patriots of our nation today."

The *Phụ Nữ Tân Văn*'s article telling of the Trưng sisters' legacy, once again, contrasts greatly from its predecessors. Because of heavy censorship of anti-

imperialist sentiments, the Trưng sisters were painted as spiritual mothers who went into war for their love for the people, rather than patriotic soldiers who were committed to their nation. The rebellion also ended not in gory mass violence on the Chinese, but with the sisters' sacrifice. Perhaps, in the absence of nationalist values in this column, feminist values shone through. The journal withdrew the appearance of male characters, depicting the sisters as legitimate military leaders who mobilised a rebellion on their own. Regardless of this maturity, the Trưng sisters were still drawn as delicate, mighty forebears of our nation.

*Hà Nội Tân Dân Journal. 1945.*

At the cusp of the eruption of the first Indochina war, the *Tân Dân*, a pacifist newspaper that occasionally published radical leftist perspectives, had emerged. By then, while many women still served in the war as food suppliers and nurses, many also held active roles in politics. In the midst of war, the paper tells their version of the Trưng sisters' legacy.

According to the article, "Ngược Dòng," the sisters' mother, Man Thiên, initiates the rebellion with her daughters, who are then joined by female 'comrades' along their way. While their mother lead the rebellion, Trưng Nhị mobilised their local community. Together, they marched under "red flags." Trưng Trắc only fully enters the story after her husband, Thi Sách, dies from disguising as a reformist under the Chinese. Thi Sách, in this version of the story, did not initiate the dissenting action, and also earned his death for disloyalty. After her husband's death, Trưng Trắc faced Tô Định and knocked him out herself.

Until the *Tân Dân*'s account of the Trưng sisters, what was missing from previous recounts, is the significance of the role the sisters' family and community played in the rebellion. Their mother, along with everyone who assisted them on the way contributed to the defeat of their foreign oppressors. Even as a journal that was published under French rule and monitoring, this article vehemently eulogises anti-imperialist comradeship— from imagery of the "red flags" to sprinkled communist jargon, which all came together to propagandise and foreshadow the imminent revolution against the French. In previous narratives, Thi Sách's tactic of playing with the Chinese has always been interpreted as a cunning and patriotic act. The *Tân Dân* article, though, renders his intermediate path as cowardice and betrayal of the nation's revolution against our oppressors. Perhaps this served as a reminder that those who take the middle path, die. Male characters, overall, in this rendition are not painted as grand, but as dumb and disloyal. The biggest shift, most obviously, is that the success of the Trưng sisters' rebellion did not come from male leadership but from women and their mobilisation of other women.

With every flip of an archival tale, our memories of the Trưng sisters' legacy become figments of our imagination. But the allegory of Trưng Trắc and Trưng Nhị is far from mythical fables and rather tangible battles of the patriots of our people. The national memoir of the sisters passes through thousand of years under imperialist domination, generations of elementary school textbooks, along the streets of our cities, marking the shifts and play between nationalist and feminist values in our history.

In contrast with Western feminism, feminism in Vietnam and Vietnamese culture has not advanced as ideologically. In the language itself, feminism is simplistically encased within the term 'nữ quyền' which means 'women's rights.' In our studies of radical feminism today, however, 'feminism' encapsulates the goal of ending gender oppression which pervades both the personal and the political and sustained by the intersecting systems of racism, classism, transphobia, and heterosexism. For Vietnamese people, retellings of the Trưng sisters remind us that our understanding of feminism has always been inextricable from our liberation from our oppressors. If the day ever comes and I say to my mum 'pussy power' again, I know she knows what I mean.

# The Ancient Dance of the Doors

Danny Yazdani does the Ancient Dance of the Doors.

Two men will soon walk into a bar. They will be reuniting after years gone by and are excited to catch up with one another. Conversation is their forte. It's what they do for a living, but also cultivate as a hobby.

The bar is on the corner of a street: quaint, regular, reeking of beer and fried food and lowly lit too. It is far from romantic, but that doesn't concern these two. They are friends, both married with wives and children, and are used to the atmosphere of drinking institutions from their university days.

The time is 6:37 PM, a Thursday evening at the beginning of Autumn. Both men have dressed appropriately for the cool, yet pleasant weather. The first man has taken the metro and the second has taken the bus. After walking up the stairs of the bar's entrance, which leads to an alfresco-style waiting area, the first man sees the second man waiting by the door.

"Have I kept you waiting too long, old friend?"  
"Not at all. It's only been a minute or so, old sport."  
"You know I hate The Great Gatsby with every fibre of my being."

"And that is exactly why I've decided to pick at this timeless scab. Also why you'll never have some fantasy library girl marry you."

"I'm afraid you are wrong there, old sport. The papers have been signed, sealed and delivered for years now."  
"I can't wait to hear all about this love story, just as soon as we go in."

The two men who are about to walk into a bar chuckle. They have rekindled the fires of their old friendship and are eager to continue their jovial banter inside. They approach the entrance of the bar and are checked for identification by the bouncer.

"We must be looking as fresh as ever!" says the second man.

"Twenty years later and no one can keep their eyes off us!" says the first.

They slide their identification cards back into their wallets and line up. The queue isn't too long and moves rather quickly. There is no one behind them, nor will there be for a while. Business: it fluctuates like this.

Halt.

They both halt. The first man and the second. Halting like they have never halted before in the countless years they have known each other. The two men's families are friends, their parents close, their wives well acquainted. Despite all this, they have failed to maintain contact and relations for several years. Though in the twenty-or-so year span of their friendship, neither has ever had to halt in the presence of the other. Not like this, at least.

"Um—" says the first man.  
"Uh—" says the second.  
"After you, good sir."  
"No, no, after you."  
"Please, after you."  
"I simply couldn't."  
"But I insist."  
"And I too insist."  
"I implore you!"  
"I encourage you!"  
"I beg you!"  
"I-I support you!"

"Are you two going in or not?" the bouncer asks, his voice booming from the back of the empty line. It reverberates, hitting the two men and their quandary quite unexpectedly. The bouncer adjusts his cap, and crosses his large arms. The two men freeze. Not halt, but freeze. They have been raised this way, but were children then. Children are inattentive. They are lifeless and boring when they want to be. They are equally wild when playing, or simply choosing to be. But, in the presence of parents, nay, ethnic parents, no, Iranian parents, children live low and walk through doors and sit down and accept food and pay bills only, and only when their parents do the same. At least the good kids did. Do. And these two men were good kids.

"Sorry to cause you trouble, mate."  
"We hope you weren't too inconvenienced."  
"Move along," he grunts. Bouncers have it tough. Half

the drama happens outside of bars, pubs and clubs.

"Well, ah, there's only one way to settle this," the first man says, adamant about catching up with his friend.

"I think we are on the same page here, my friend," the second replies, also adamant about catching up.

Five minutes have passed. The two friends are now sitting outside the bar, sipping drinks at their table. The Autumn breeze keeps the men slightly chilly, but it is nothing the warmth of their memories cannot protect them from.

"Good thing the staff could bring these out for us."  
"Oh, yes. They were very accommodating."  
"And hospitable."  
"And hospitable."

Luckily, this bar is a restaurant and bar, separated by an adjoining wall but accessible via a corridor of sorts. This is particularly advantageous to the old friends who, alongside their drinks, are hungry for the rekindling of their memories and some hearty serves of chicken parmies. And a side of chips. Maybe some salad too.

"Crispy—just the way I like it!" exclaims the first man.  
"The only way to enjoy it. After you now, good sir."  
"No, no, you are eldest by three and a half months. You first."

The chicken parmies sit hot in front of them, team rising in an almost cartoonish fashion, like those steam inhalers people use when plagued by a cold. The men insist back and forth, forth and back, back and forth until the parmies have cooled to hardened lumps of coal. They have spent a considerable amount of time on formalities and have neglected the classic Australian meal, despite its begging for a bite. Like a fallen coconut on the heads of pirates in swashbuckler movies, the two men are struck by realisation.

"No point fussing over it now," says one calmly.  
"Of course, of course. Nothing tea can't fix," says the other.

Both signalling the server with the utmost respect—because everyone knows that servers in the hospitality industry have it tough—the two men reach for their wallets, whipping out two deluxe, super shiny, extra plated, thickly cut, ultimate, platinum, exotic pieces of plastic.

The server approaches them before their bickering begins and informs the gentleman that the bar's EFTPOS machine is inside. It is not portable. Unlike the chairs and tables brought for the two men outside, the EFTPOS machine cannot be moved from its place. Offering to take a card, and arrange the payment inside the bar, the server is dismissed and approaches her manager with an unusual request.

"Can never trust anyone with money, my friend."  
"Especially nowadays, with all you hear in the news."

Shortly after the two men converse politely, the manager and server appear, pushing a large countertop through the door of the bar, gripping its corners in a one-two-three-HEAVE! method. The bouncer, seeing how heavy the counter is and noticing that it has no wheels and that the EFTPOS machine might be ruined in the process of relocation, stops the struggling duo and runs to his car.

The two men simply watch, caught in the embarrassment of their requests. The bouncer returns with an extension cord. In a few brisk moves, the bouncer connects the EFTPOS machine to the extension cord and the extension cord to the power point inside the bar. Without hesitation, he slams the machine onto the gentlemen's table and marches back to his post. This time, with a flurry of grace and humility, the two friends push each other's hands away from the machine, as the cards play an unsolicited game of slaps mid-air.

"I couldn't possibly allow you to pay for this meal when it was I who suggested this outing."

"My dear friend, I was the one who accepted and recommended this place for tonight."

Back and forth they go. Seconds becoming minutes and minutes becoming an hour and a half, occasionally interspersed with small talk. The old friends, so enthused to see one another again, have barely shared the details of their adult lives—all evening, a duel of plastic cards hindering them altogether.

In a sudden rush and stampede of footsteps, the server, manager and bouncer, followed by a herd of diners, drinkers and staff, storm towards the two friends seated outside. The bouncer gains speed, his eyebrows tangled in a fury and heels at the table like a rodeo bull. Raising his mighty fists, he reaches for his cap and throws it on the table, which lands between the chicken parmies.

One by one, the bouncer, manager, server and their followers empty their pockets and place five, ten, and twenty-dollar bills into the bouncer's cap. The bouncer hovers close by, watching the village obediently pay their taxes until the last person throws in five dollars and twenty cents.

"Keep the change." He grunts, following the rest of the people back inside.

The bouncer remains, now towering above the two mates who have stayed silent this entire time.

"Your meal and drinks have been paid for. You may leave."

In one swift movement, the bouncer picks up the table without spilling a single thing and heads inside, slamming the door shut and leaving the two men on their chairs outside. It's quite dark now and the night seems to be settling into its, well, nightly routine. Nocturnal animals are out and about and the Moon plays its symphonies for its devotees, as the stars and the cool Autumn breeze creep up the spines of trees.

Having not spoken to each other, nor anyone else, during these proceedings, the friends stand abruptly, tucking their chairs underneath an invisible table, and head down the steps of the bar's alfresco terrace entrance and into the car park. A timidity fills the air, stifling the previously refreshing Autumnal breeze. That kind of wind revitalises, but this kind of wind withers. It freezes and sends things, people, concepts, and old ideas into frost. Conveniently, the two men end up next to the taxi bay of the car park and in a few short exchanges agree to take a taxi home together. After tonight's situation, they avoid talking about the taxi fare. It is safe to assume that it will be split fifty-fifty. Or will it?

The taxi driver greets them and presses a button that opens the car door. No need for handles; these are things of the past. Silently, the two old friends who were not able to walk into a bar, enjoy their drinks, pay for their food and socialise efficiently, stare at each other with complete and utter confusion. They freeze, as if a Winter wind has infiltrated the very marrow of their bones. Stagnation consumes their bodies, and they are paralysed, once again, in a moment of uncertainty.

And so, The Ancient Dance of the Doors begins again.



ART BY DIVYA AMBI

# Electronic Empire

Bipasha Chakraborty ones-up Elon Musk.

The digital world is nowhere near representing a democratic space.

The labour of building digital systems, both tangible and intangible, is at the employment of exploited people of colour. The extraction of minerals is completed through cheap and unsafe labour in countries such as the Democratic Republic of Congo in Africa teeming with cobalt and Chile in South America abundant in copper. At the risk of damaging workers' health and the environment, large corporations benefit from the low wages. Wages per month can only go as high as 2,000 AUD in Chile, 1,874 AUD in Bolivia and 723 AUD in Argentina. In comparison, Australian miners can earn as much as 150,000 AUD a month.

screen are spent every day to physically filter and flag online content which often results in psychological trauma and PTSD from the distressing violent and sexually explicit contents faced. Content moderators can receive up to only 7,000 AUD a year with no form of job security as often these jobs are employed as contractors.

In countries such as Kenya, centres have been established for data tagging which is crucial to the foundations of the digital realm. These workers get paid up to 188 AUD a month to sit in front of a computer for hours at length and tag data. An example are captcha tests you may have encountered where it may ask you to click on the images that have a car, these data annotations were not done by a filtering program or software, but real people behind screens who are severely undervalued and exploited.

These countries that are often exploited for minerals and labour are also taken advantage of through data extraction in education systems. In countries like Brazil and South Africa, education systems are reliant upon corporations to provide devices at a low or no cost. As a result, they lose say in which software is used and their personal information is converted into data. When companies like Google, Amazon, Facebook and Apple offer their technology to students, data is then extracted for their systems and clouds, placing higher value and importance on these commodities than the people they are taken from.

Data has been commodified for imperialist powers to use this raw material to then regurgitate back to the global public through services and goods, further intensifying dependency and dominance upon subordinate chains of production. Imperialist powers, such as the US, seize control over digital knowledge and infrastructure creating inequitable labour divisions where manufacturing is now at the bottom of the hierarchy to be undervalued and big techs at the top creating facades of artificial intelligence.

It is a much-coveted commodity corporations are squirming after at any means necessary, resulting in the misuse and abuse of workers of colour across the globe. Lack of regulations and protection schemes allow for Big Tech and large corporations to profit off undervalued and unseen work of labourers.

We are a part of this system. We cannot be complicit. We need to advocate for stronger regulations, decapitalising and demonopolising software systems that should be publicly available. Only then can we decolonise the digital realm.

The data you use is built on colonialism

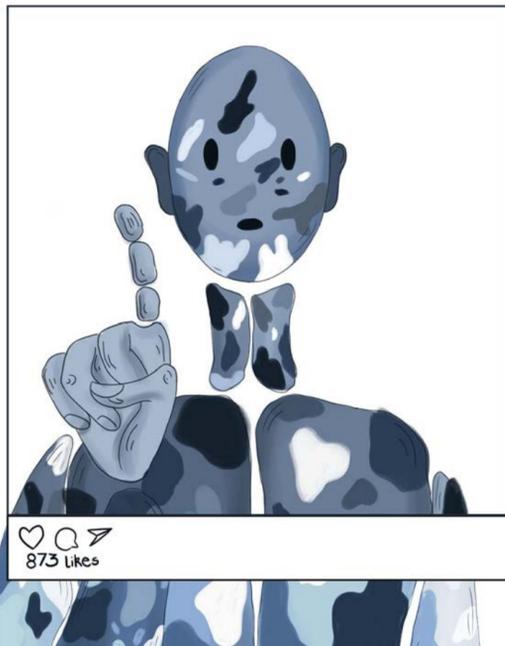
Colonialism never ended, continuing to this day, manifesting itself in newer discrete and non-discrete forms. With the rise of technology and media, asymmetrical dividends of power is the main reason for its large-scale success as certain bodies dominate whilst others are exploited.

Colonialism is built on the controlling and ownership of external labour, resources and knowledge whilst exerting power over the state, which is mimicked within the digital realm from mineral mining to big data.

The phone in your pocket, the laptop in your bag, the monitors in Fisher library, and the softwares they all operate on are the cumulative efforts of digital colonialism.

It starts with countries employing technology within the colonial era. Along the ocean floor lies a tech ecosystem, a network of transoceanic cables that connects us to one another online, which are largely controlled and operated by corporations based in the US. Much of these are owned or at least leased by leading growing monopolies such as Google and Microsoft, allowing them access to further data extortion.

British imperialism incentivised and propelled the first few networks, as it benefitted their communication with colonies and had access to their raw materials such as rubber and copper to create these fibre-optic cables in the first place.



Data is power

Art by Divya Ambvi



I am thinking of a night on the hill that overlooks the harbour. Evening Autumn air nips at my fingers and cheeks.

We lie in the damp grass, drinking in the magnitude of the city and sky with greedy, drunken eyes. The horizon ripples. We blink. The night responds in kind: it's horse code. Blue (for tranquillity); green (for excitement); amber (for heat).

I never dress for the weather. Your hair turns brown-copper-gold in the light. I lean forward and kiss you; your lips are warm and you smell of clean laundry and you kiss me back.

There is something more than myself inside my chest-some unswallowable lightness that threatens to topple cities and swallow oceans, until the clouds are stretched to breaking-

though the unsettled world is printed on gauzy layers, and the evening traffic, like beaded light upon the bridge; the harbour's teeth, sloped into a crooked smile; the cockroaches scuttling inside terraces and moths fluttering in apartments; schools abruptly abandoned by four; churches and graveyards; the wind itself; will soon surrender to its gravitational pull.

Inside your soft eyes my face gleams, polished smooth by moonlight. I will not be taken, not yet.

Where do you want to go this weekend?

PLACES IN SYDNEY POPULAR AMONGST ASIAN WOMAN/WHITE MAN COUPLES I HAVE A LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH:

- Darling Harbour
Parikara Photoland in Chivatam
Trendy ramen joints
White Rabbit Academy
Balls Head Reserve
Chinese Garden of Friendship
Spice Alley

Why do you care? We're happy. They're happy. You don't know them.

In the evenings after work, I would go to a cafe to read. Normally, I'd order an iced matcha and sit on the soft leather seats by the window. You know the Edward Hopper painting-the diner? Like that: thick, curved glass, sealing you inside. I'd listen to piano music as I read. You're much faster than I am. I'd stay there for like, two hours, and when I'd come out, something would have changed in the world outside.

The streets felt more...cinematic? Darkness became something velvet and breathing. Those inhabiting the night or departing from it; the woman crouched in a section of carved-out concrete, the teenage strays, commuters spilling out onto the street; they weren't rowdy or shrill or suspect, but reborn something beautiful, tethering me to the story. I would walk, entranced by the rushing cars and the insistent traffic lights and the hum of electricity, trying to find the beginning.

That's how it was, for a little while anyway. But then something would shake me awake; a scuttling in the bushes, a lamp too bright; and I would return to the real world; where nothing is choreographed, but shapeless and unknown.

I don't like that you punish me.

(Tags: F/M, Original Character(s), Alternate Universe - Assassins, Dom!Asian, Assassin Y/N, Graphic Depictions of Violence, Angst with a Happy Ending, Teen And Up Audiences)

He laughs, shooting you a conspiratorial glance over steaming plates of whole-fried snapper and salt and pepper tofu and stir-fried green beans with chilli and garlic,

as if you are brothers in arms, Libertarian guys with Asian wives, proudly brandishing rifles and home-made T-shirts.

Hidden beneath the trailing sleeves of my hanfu (traditional Chinese dress), my fingers twitch inside their silver armour.

I settle beside the guzheng (Chinese zither). Above

the slurred sequence of male voices and clinking shot-glasses and fish eyes slurped and brittle bones chewed and spat into unceremonious piles; my first note quivers.

Silver plucks against string in a gentle cascade as serving women take shape, their bodies soft like clay and the fallen tide. Playing feels like unwinding or un-becoming.

Each semitone a half-step away from resolve, as the ache of my father's anger and my grandmother's loss; the whispers of a ghost tongue; fall like sand through my outstretched fingers.

Erosion isn't depletion, it's comfort. Surrender? Perhaps. But to luxuriate in water...

I play instinctually now. Faster, faster, I pluck. Racing towards crescendo, the room pulled taut beneath me. His pale eyes meet mine. The web shivers. My final note soars, and I lunge-

I clamp my legs around his neck and swing my full weight towards the floor. He crumples into submission, thrashing for breath. I extend mercy, tearing my silver claws into his pale flesh; tattered veins flutter as I pant. His throat is in my hand-and for a moment, everything is warm and wet and sweet.

Until the room erupts into gunfire. I duck behind dishevelled stalls of fruit and exotic meats, pressing myself against the sticky mosaic of blood and shattered glass.

Here I find you, and we crouch together as the bodies fall.

You caress my trembling cheek and I lean into you, livid and live-wired and still in-love.

Come on, little one.

TO STRANGERS WHO ASK I'M YOUR AUSTRALIAN GIRLFRIEND // I'VE WAGED CIVIL WAR WITH MEN WHO TELL ME I LOOK LIKE GIRLS THEY KNEW AND LOVED IN VIETNAM // ON FACEBOOK I FLICK THROUGH FACES LIKE MINE FELLED BY AN UNFORTUNATE SEX ADDICTION // MY YOUNGER SISTER SLIPS QUIETLY TO THE NEXT CARRIAGE AT THE SOUND OF A WHITE WOMAN'S SCREAM // I CRINGE AT MY OWN REFLECTION BUT WHO AM I TO SAY IF TWO PEOPLE LOVE EACH OTHER WHEN THEY SAY THEY DO // IN A HOSTEL IN THAILAND THE MAN ON THE TOP BUNK BOASTS ABOUT IMPREGNATING A SEX WORKER AND WHEN THE MESSAGE PARLOUR IS CLOSED TWO MORE FOLLOW US HOME // I'M TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT MY ALMOND-SHAPED EYES THAT STILL WIDEN OUT OF HABIT IN FRONT OF A CAMERA // MY BABA CALLS ME A BULL BORN IN THE YEAR OF THE DRAGON BUT MY SCALES ARE DULL AND POWDERY AS A BUTTERFLY'S WINGS // YOU TELL ME I WORRY TOO MUCH AND I PROBABLY DO.

Abstracts

From

An Interracial Relationship

Abigail Ma sits by the Darling Harbour water.



## PO(ID)C: Why the label is not a one-size-fits-all in anti-racist activism

Alana Ramshaw opines on why being POC does not relieve one away from the insidious effects of white supremacy.

It can't be denied that identity labels can be positive things. They offer a sense of belonging on a personal level, and they offer a sense of unity that activists can cohere and organise around on a political level. Angela Davis, in *Women Race and Class*, penned essays such as *Black Women and the Club Movement*, highlighting the racist cultures and political underpinnings of early 20th century feminist organising spaces. Davis' critiques of such movements can be easily invoked as an argument in favour of autonomous organising spaces, if not for a nominal distinction between white and non-white feminist activists (and people at large) more broadly.

In many instances, the label of 'people of colour' (POC from here on out) brings people together both politically and interpersonally. In other instances it assists people in navigating their intersecting identities and their place in the world. It can also, however, ignore and homogenise the diversity that exists within it.

*It can also, however, ignore and homogenise the diversity that exists within it.*

The nuance and implications of the POC label cannot be understood without first an understanding of the thing it distances people who adopt it from - whiteness. Whiteness, however, carries different meanings in different contexts and applications. Whether it is delineated along lines of skin tone, structural privilege, or geographical and genetic heritage depends on who you ask and what mood they're in.

Aileen Moreton-Robinson in *The White Possessive* identifies whiteness as inseparable from possession and dispossession. It is, to her, linked back to ownership, property, and all of their respective socio-political and economic implications. It has a frenetic fixation on expansion, consumption and occupation. In a broad

sense, it is imperial.

*In the face of such an imperial phenomenon, does distancing through the adoption of the label of POC amount to anything more than the cultivation of a political brand? Is it a powerful and politically utile rejection of the harms and ideological underpinnings of whiteness? Does it function to absolve us as individuals of political guilt and work that we should rightly assume?*

Karan Saxena, in their article *Brown people's proximity to whiteness can bolster white supremacy and Islamophobia too*, argues that being racialised "does not absolve you from taking part in upholding white supremacy". Proximity to whiteness is, in the words of a friend sitting across from me in a harshly-lit Fisher study room as I write this article, "internalising and benefiting from systems of white supremacy". Proximity to whiteness can manifest in many different ways, from having light-coloured skin and eurocentric features to having the structural privileges of economic wealth in a foundationally racist society and economy. We do not necessarily choose to benefit from it, but I believe we have a responsibility to be aware of it and dismantle it wherever it exists within us.

*Proximity to whiteness is "internalising and benefiting from systems of white supremacy."*

Last week I attended the 2022 run of USyd POC Revue (review on page 7!), and found myself thinking more deeply about a particular sketch than would be considered normal or healthy. The premise of the sketch was simple. Its protagonist, Jessica, sat cross legged centre-stage, laptop open in front of her, filling out an application to audition for POC Revue. The skit's only

other two characters, an 'angel' and a 'devil', stood on the stage balcony above Jessica, debating the validity of her identity as a person of colour.

"Of course she's POC, her mum is Chinese!", proclaimed the angel.

"But her dad is white!", the devil rebutted.

The sketch descends into light-hearted quips about Chinese stereotypes, until the devil delivers their final blow:

"You're forgetting the most crucial thing, she gets asked 'where are you from?' all the time."

"Yeah, and she enjoys it!".

In a white society that places different value judgments on different kinds of people of colour, there is social, political and economic utility in being one of the good ones. There is an aspirational goal to be found in being one of the exotic ones rather than one who supposedly doesn't belong. In being one of the well-behaved ones rather than one of the uncooperative ones. In being one of the ones who speak English fluently with an Australian accent rather than one of the ones who are 'a bit hard to understand'. The list goes on.

There are innumerable ways of being a person of colour, and we can't ignore that some of them are easier and more reliant on systems of white supremacy than others.

I am not arguing for the wholesale retirement of the term POC or its variations just yet. I am instead proposing that we think more deeply and more intentionally about the ways it is invoked and to what ends. Just as all racialised peoples have different experiences and conceptions of the world they navigate, they will also have different opinions on identity labels and different perspectives on their value, and to that they are entitled. However, I believe that no matter what the struggle for liberation from white supremacy looks like, getting there will require more than an acronym to look like liberation for all of us.

## Thoughts on new beginnings

Divya Pahuja folds an origami bird.

I wish you were here with me, so I could tell you how hard every moment of life has been without you.

Your memory is a treasure and you are missed beyond measure.

Time slips by, life goes on, but the desolation you have left in my heart will never be healed.

Grief is natural, I suppose. To see it as the enemy, the unwelcome guest that is distinct enough to change one's outlook in life. Love is very unobtrusive, seemingly easy and obvious, and so ever-present that we take it for granted. It is only in retrospect — or better, in memory — that we fully realise its power and strength.

Can motherhood be fulfilled only by bearing one's child? Does it cease to exist when one's child ceases to exist, unable to ever be seen, heard, felt?

The ache is deep inside my heart when I see other moms playing with their children, their faces glowing with happiness — it's the comfort, the smile, the connection that we admire and long for in life. The void in my life because of your absence hurts infinitely.

My shriek fills the room and slowly staggers through the hallway, crawling along the creaking floorboards and echoing out into the kitchen. My self-pity grows like some malady that I pray will soon be the death of me.

I focus on getting through every moment and each empty day, feeling lost and panicked in this chaotic maze. We are all so different and yet so much the same. Everyone, in some way or another, will experience some kind of pain.

In the green of the fields, in the light filled rain, in the soft tincture of floral notes, is the light that fills part of my soul. A calmness, an insouciance, a place where I can breathe again. Travelling to this place has rendered me introspective. Life can seem like an endless maze — the twists and turns, lulls and delays — but things always fall into place.

My heart swells as soft bubbles of laughter drift through the air and fall on my ear, clumsy, yet endearing. Inexplicably, I am drawn towards the sound — my feet, guided by emotion, walk in a direction in congruent with my fiercely logical mind — and I find myself teetering over the threshold of the orphanage. Compelled by a force I can only describe as fate, I take a step forward, then another, and another. With each step my heart pounds faster, growing restless with the power of such an impetuous, out-of-character decision, until I am almost knocked off my feet by a pair of equally eager legs. I look down, shocked and amused, and she looks up, wide-eyed and giggling. A childless mother, a motherless child... Two longing hearts, standing transfixed, grinning at each other, overcome by the sense of home that they just stumbled upon..

I don't know how I came to this place. It's clear to me now that there is no turning back. Adopting her has given me the chance to be someone special, allowing me to reshape my life, and imagine you in it. The journey of life, to love and be loved, because you and she have filled my dreams in more ways than words could say. Love, contentment, and care are intertwined in the meeting of her arms and mine. As she wraps her hand around my finger, I feel your hand on my heart, sending me strength,

peace and joy. Your hand, my heart, her hand — we all are connected by this infinite bond we share. Being barren is painful indeed, and that love can be torturous, we all must concede.

My empty heart was always longing for an embrace, filled by her enlivening face. Rooms which lay silent, forlorn and bare, echo anew with laughter and grace.

Origami birds, chimes and stuffed toys — your toys; her toys — all collected together to form the warm embrace of home.

Now home feels like a place where you are alive, where worries are none but time and joy are one. Where hope, faith and love coexist and my days of living in both reality and peace re-emerge. For us to have each other is a dream come true. And so, I speak this truth to both of you: no, I didn't give you the gift of life; life gave me the gift of you.



## The Little Blue Kitchen

Rue Metzger visits her grandmother.

Growing up as a Chinese kid in Australia, I didn't have many memories to cling onto from my own culture -- but if it was one souvenir that became my ticket back home, it was my grandmother, 'lao lao' (姥姥) and her modest recipe of soup noodles. The soup base certainly had no secrets, only consisting of soy sauce, and the smell of fried shallots and onions. Not even the noodles themselves were special, in fact, it usually was whatever we could find amongst our collection of pickled vegetables (usually cabbage) and the odd jar of lao gan ma. Perhaps the beauty was in the simplicity of the food as another way of saying "I care for you", because my grandmother always miraculously brought a steaming bowl of noodles to me from her little blue kitchen when I was upset. Though we may be separated by a giant ocean and a couple hundred kilometres, I know I can always return to my grandmother's kitchen to bring us that little bit closer.

(ART BY RUE METZGER)



## Imperial Sunset

Felt on paper.

This work was developed on the stolen and unceded Land of First Nations communities, specifically the Gadigal Land of the people of the Eora Nation.

Imperial Sunset is inspired by the anguish and drive to eliminate the scourge and sin that is racism, as a sin that corrupts and destroys the soul.

Drawing strong inspiration from Bleach, the warrior draws her power from aeons of endurance, wisdom and perseverance. Holding a long katana that drips scarlet blood from its blade, she longs for the eventual dismantling of colonial powers that sits stubbornly outside the purviews of accountability.

The skulls that line the spoils of her struggles consist of the reigning Queen, the British Prime Minister to represent Britain's stubborn refusal to confront its colonial past and present. The blade's deep scarlet rain of blood represents the burdens that are constantly imposed on diverse communities to call out mistreatment and casual racism, and the collective toll it takes to challenge.

Meanwhile, her generous cheongsam, decorated with golden magnolias on a bed of fuschia pink symbolises the confidence that BIPOC communities hold in their ongoing battles against the scourge of discrimination. Golden and fuschia stand for the seemingly chaotic contradictions of life that lies ahead, bravely powering on with the storm of life while unafraid to confront the systemic scourge that surrounds our respective lives.



## President

Lauren Lancaster.

It is weeks like this that make me proud to lead the SRC and be involved in the student movement more widely! It was a big one and this week with the strikes will be even bigger. Make sure you get to the picket line early this coming Wednesday morning - we will be there at 7am.

It was May Council on Wednesday, where we welcomed Julia our Secretary to Council back in person for the first time! Thank you to all for the thoughtful and diverse motions put up and debated. It also pleases me to welcome a number of new OBs to the 94th Council: Women's Officer Dashie Prasad, Queer Officer Ella Pash and Indigenous Student Officer Jaime Stanley. I am so excited to support these wonderful people in the activism they will do throughout the remainder of the year, and particularly so for Jaime to forge ahead with projects as the Indigenous OB (the office having been unfilled this year until now).

## General Secretaries

Alana Ramshaw and Grace Lagan

"We've been doing stuff.

Attend the strike.

Wednesday and Thursday from 7AM.

Don't be a scab."

I think now is an important time to reflect on how the SRC can do more as an anti-racist organisation, and how it can operate antagonistically to the university as an inherently colonial institution, and indeed one that invests actively in Eurocentric, liberal modes of education often to the exclusion or erasure of diverse, non-hegemonic or indigenous discourse. I think student politics does this too, and the Council had a very nuanced debate about this very issue in the passing of a Palestinian solidarity motion last week. The Ethnocultural Officers and members of ACAR have yet again produced an incredible autonomous edition that platforms incredible creators, writers and artists in our student community. There is much we gain from stepping away and reflecting on how we take up space, or construct spaces to the exclusion of others (and naturally, how we resist these processes!)

With the strikes this week it is important to examine how labour conflicts play out very differently for different staff in the university, not least critiquing the University's abysmal First Nations staff inclusion strategy, or the way women comprise the majority of affected workers in the waves of mass casualisation rocking tertiary education. We heard some good news from the Science Faculty that no students there will be penalised for joining the strike. Ultimately, the threat of penalty from unit coordinators or the University is just another scab mechanism to undermine the power of the strike. If we all leave class, we give staff no option other than to join the pickets, or not come to work at minimum.

In other news, at UE Education Committee and Academic Board I reiterated student support for the strike, and spoke about the DC changes, continuing special cons delays and the need for an announcement

on Semester 2 teaching delivery ASAP to give students certainty for next semester. In a meeting with the SRC Caseworkers and a rep from the Special Considerations team I also stressed the need for a more liberal, empathetic application or bending of policy for COVID-19 spec con applications, off the back of Honi's column last week. I completed the audit of the Legal Service with our General Secretaries and introduced Riki, our Electoral Officer to the UKMSL developers to clarify things about their election platform, which may be used to facilitate online absentee voting in the SRC elections later this year. The climate strike was also, I hear, a great success on Friday, congrats to all involved in building and the contingent on the day.

## Vice Presidents

Mikaela Pappou and Emily Storey.

Hello all, it's your friendly neighbourhood Vice Presidents here to tell you to drop everything and stand in solidarity with staff in the NTEU staff strikes this week on Wednesday and Thursday. Don't be a scab, don't go to class, stand on the pickets, and let the Uni know that staff working conditions are student learning

conditions. There's a special place in hell for scabs.

We'll be back next fortnight with our regular announcements. (If this in any way offends you, you may kindly fuck off)

## Special Consideration: What if you're too sick to attend an Exam?

If you are too sick to complete a take home assessment or exam, you can apply for Special Consideration, even if it is a replacement exam. The SRC has a leaflet and some short videos that explains everything you need to know to apply. See the link below.

### What is special consideration?

If you (or someone you are the primary carer for) experience short-term (four weeks or less) illness, injury or misadventure, that is beyond your control, that affects your preparation or performance in an assessment, you may be eligible for special consideration. If your illness was pre-existing, you will need to show an exacerbation of the illness. An illness can be physical or mental. Misadventure can include, but is not limited to, unexpected financial problems, family illness, recovering from bereavement, sexual harassment, a car accident or problems with a landlord. It does not include attending a wedding, an overseas trip, or other social events.

If the University approves an application for special consideration they will give some flexibility in meeting assessment requirements, such as an extension or a further examination. They cannot give you extra marks. For some assessments (e.g., weekly class tests, tutorial participation, lab work), re-weighting or averaging might be granted. Even if there are no assessment tasks in tutorials you should apply for special consideration, or at least submit documentation (see below), in order to ensure you are not penalised for missing class, and you do not receive an Absent Fail grade.

If you are still unwell, or experience another illness, injury, or misadventure, for a supplementary exam, you should apply again for special consideration providing new documentation. Where the faculty is unable to provide an additional supplementary assessment, you will be given a Discontinue Not Fail (DC) grade.

### Special arrangements

If your study is affected by important things that are not illness, injury or misadventure, you can apply for 'special arrangements'. This includes, but is not limited to, jury duty, court summons, armed service, birth or adoption of a child, an essential religious commitment, sporting or cultural commitments where you are representing the University, state or nation, and in some cases essential employment. Again, this does not include attending a wedding, an overseas trip, or other social events. You will need to provide supporting documentation.

For final exams, supporting documentation and necessary forms must be lodged no later than 14 days after the exam timetable is published.

### Disability

If you have a long term (4 weeks or more) medical condition (physical or mental), you can apply for disability support. Disability Services can help you to create an academic plan to successfully complete your degree with any reasonable accommodations. Medical conditions that may be considered as a 'disability' include, but are not limited to, conditions listed in the Disability Discrimination Act (1992), as well as "temporary disabilities", including broken limbs and pregnancy. If your disability becomes exacerbated around the time an assessment is due, even if you have a Disability Plan and have already been provided with a reasonable adjustment, you can still apply for special consideration.

### Discontinuing

You may wish to consider discontinuing from that subject. Check the SRC leaflet on withdrawing and discontinuing for details.

### Simple Extensions

A Unit of Study Co-ordinator is able to grant a two-working day extension for a non-examination task. Note that this does not change any conditions or deadlines of special consideration. Contact the Co-ordinator directly.

### Applying for special consideration

You must apply within three working days of the assessment. If you apply late, you will need to have a documented, compelling reason as to why they should consider your application. Late applications are not often accepted.

### Go to the Uni's Special Consideration portal.

Provide the appropriate supporting documentation, as outlined in the portal. Medical documentation (e.g., Professional Practitioner's Certificates) must be from the day of or before the day of the assessment. If you cannot see your doctor on or before that day, use a home doctor service. Ensure, also, that the dates of your documentation include the dates of your assessment. Your medical documentation does not need to provide confidential information or a diagnosis, but could include a description of the things that you are unable to do, such as attend classes, leave bed, or sit up for longer than 10 minutes. If your medical documentation indicates that you were only moderately (or less) affected by your condition, it is unlikely that you will be given special consideration.

to the University before the deadline, and get the documents to them as soon as you can. The University is not obliged to wait for you to get the supporting documents organised.

For more information short videos & links see: [srcusyd.net.au/src-help/academic-issues/special-consideration/](https://srcusyd.net.au/src-help/academic-issues/special-consideration/)



## Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A

Allegations of Plagiarism/  
Academic Misconduct



Dear Abe,

I've been told that I'm in trouble for plagiarism, but I don't think I did anything wrong. The Turnitin report has highlighted a lot of my essay, but I did put references in. What should I have done?

Not Sure.

Dear Not Sure,

Plagiarism is where you present someone else's ideas and words as your own. The Turnitin report highlights the parts of your assessment that appear exactly in someone else's work, whether it is published work, an essay from another student, or one of your old assessments. Where you use someone else's ideas,

you need to give them credit in your references. When you use someone else's words, you need to paraphrase what they have written, and give them credit in your references. If you do not paraphrase you must use quotation marks and give them credit in your references. Each faculty uses a different style of referencing, so check your subject outline. The library's Peer Learning Advisors can help you with this skill, or re-do the Academic Honesty Education Module on Canvas.

SRC Caseworkers are able to help prepare a response to the accusation of academic dishonesty, including plagiarism. Call 9660 5222 to make an appointment, or send your details, together with the Turnitin report, to [help@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:help@src.usyd.edu.au).

Abe

For more information, short videos & links see: [srcusyd.net.au/src-help/academic-issues/plagiarism/](https://srcusyd.net.au/src-help/academic-issues/plagiarism/)



## Are you feeling lonely, depressed or anxious?

Talk to a counsellor about strategies to cope. Book an in person or online appointment with the Uni's Counselling Service, or join an online forum at eHeadspace.

Ask an SRC caseworker for more details.

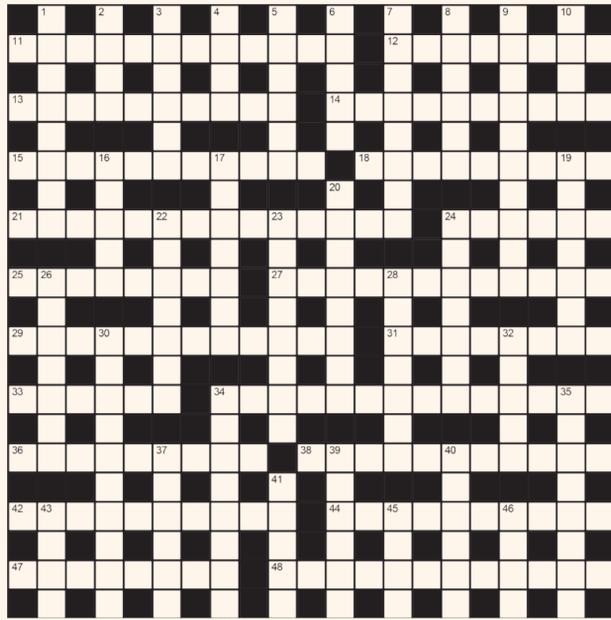
[help@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:help@src.usyd.edu.au) | 02 9660 5222  
[src.usyd.edu.au](https://src.usyd.edu.au)



SRC  
CASEWORKER  
PHONE OR ZOOM  
APPOINTMENTS ARE  
NOW AVAILABLE



# Omega Crossword



## Across

11. Athletic high jumpers? (4,8)
12. Belgian painter of Picture A (8)
13. Suddenly afflicted (by an illness) (6,4)
14. Come up with nothing (4,1,5)
15. One who regularly attends plays (11)
18. Dutch capital (9)
21. Experienced teaching academic (6,8)
24. As yet (2,4)
25. Old woman prone to nesting (8)
27. Demonstrating, typifying (12)
29. Once upon a time I was falling in love, now I'm only ... (7,5)
31. Solitary (8)
33. Hat in Picture B (6)
34. Surnames such as Newton-John and Pinkett-Smith (6-8)
36. Exposing the truth, stripping the phantom of his guise (9)
38. Capacity to make a harbour bridge or butterfly, say (11)
42. Help (10)
44. Kitchen appliance (10)
47. Mononoke or Eugenie, perhaps (8)
48. Fruits commonly found in cordial (12)

## Down

1. Foot attire generally worn by individuals possessing small penises,



- large egos, and a trust fund courtesy of their parents (Urban Dictionary) (4,4)
2. Llama land (4)
3. Nickname of First Lady in Picture C (6)
4. Too (4)
5. Hat in Picture D (6)
6. Partner to a single? (1-4)
7. Undertaker (8)
8. Shocked, appalled (6)
9. Howard Hawks picture: His ... (4,6)
10. Eminem number (4)
16. Farewell (5)
17. Surname of revolutionary in Picture E (7)
19. Opposite word (7)
20. Eastern (8)
22. Singer in Picture D (7)
23. Dutch capital (8)
24. Not so fat (7)
26. From Juneau or Ketchikan, say (7)
28. Hat in Picture C (7)
30. Fisher staff (10)
32. Petrol station (5)
34. Quality of being damp or cool (8)
35. Overdo it: go to ... (8)
37. Surname of politician in Picture B (6)
39. Affectedly upper-class (2-2-2)
40. Hat in Picture A (6)
41. Hat in Picture E (5)
43. The voice of Apple (4)
45. Indian garment (4)
46. Russian peasant (4)

# Target

- 5 words: Resurrection
- 10 words: Kills
- 15 words: 2
- 20 words: (No subtitle)

## Quiz

1. Which pulp fiction character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs in 1912 has since featured in over 40 books and over 50 movies?
2. Who completed the first transcontinental telephone call in 1915?
3. The first season of which television show begins with the sinking of RMS Titanic and ends with the declaration of World War One?
4. Which English writer's Poems of 1912-13 consist of unsentimental earthy elegies for his recently deceased wife?
5. Which controversial film was the first to be screened at the White House, president Woodrow Wilson commenting, 'It's like writing history with lightning'?
6. Which former empire was nicknamed The Sick Man of Europe?



Picture A



Picture B



Picture C



Picture D



Picture E

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

Puzzles and quiz by Tournesol.

## Answers



Puzzle answers available online at honisoit.com/puzzle-answers

# INSIDE: SRC SEX DUNGEON EXPOSED - Exclusive interviews and pictures!

*Incoherent. Always.*

# The ACAR Times



Sun May 10 Vol. 420 Cheaper and more available than toilet paper! The only newspaper. Proudly pro-USU. Pro-News. Anti-Truth. People's Republic of USyd. \$0.69

## WENTWORTH BUILDING RENAMED MIDDLETON BUILDING



Middleton has made her impact in Sydney: long live the Duchess. The Vice-Chancellor has renamed Wentworth to the Middleton Building.

A month on since the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge's trip to Jamaica, appetite for Republicanism has reached a fever pitch, with placards and calling for the royal family to abscond from its gilded palaces.

The couple's altruistic actions towards the people has inspired plenty of USyd students. Student Leader Cornelia Nut-Butter says, "Middleton, what a figure! Following her, I went to the Torres Straits to spend time with Indigenous children. They gave me an ethnic beaded necklace to wear and smiled for a selfie."

"That's why I'm out here today cheering for Her Royal Highness," Nut-Butter swooned.

It is also confirmed that Nut-Butter also has Asian Mom tendencies now since the trip. She wants to feed USyd's hungry students by reviving the Foodhub, because Her Royal Highness have, allegedly, been a "real inspiration" to struggling students.

Strolling down the steps of the Michael Spence Building, HRH Kate Middleton is seeking to assuage the press' bemused reception. This stems from the fact that she may have indulged in insensitive photo opportunities and encouraged others, like Nut-Butter, to do the same.

"Look, everyone was happy, smiling and cheerful. They were very

glad to be photographed next to me," Middleton quipped, pointing to the Royal Photographer stationed nearby.

"The families and the community were quite happy, actually. Suggestions otherwise are merely attempts to paint a false picture of my trip. However, we are very firm that colonisation was an abhorrent and shameful episode in our nation's history."

"What decolonising means is handing out food packs to the community, it means giving a platform for the community and more consultations with the Jamaican community," says Middleton, beaming from ear to ear, holding a food box in her arms.

The ACAR Times can also reveal that during the tour, the Queen was working overtime to place a gag over the press' coverage of burgeoning criticism of the Duchess, much like the way she receives advance notice of controversial laws affecting her vast, vast wealth.

Once the press conference was over, Wentworth was renamed, in a fulfillment of many Board Directors' commitments. Though The ACAR Times is unsure if the underlying intention of those promises were truly fulfilled.

Doomed	Destined
Scabs	Yassification
SURF FM	Picket lines
Casual racism	Revues
Accountability	Corflutes
White saviours	Intersectionality
'Unequivocally false'	Authorisations
Campaigning	Staff solidarity
	Trauma

### IN THIS ISSUE:

**Do you smell your own Fart?**  
- Herry Reagan Straight

**I always get things done!**  
- Oh Naur Oh No

**How to be a Socialist softboi - a Sunday manual**  
- Greg Dogwin

**Why do I have money but no taste?**  
- Lantern Laura

**Why do I have no life?**  
- Lilian Creambell

**Present this paper at Courtyard for a cancel pass!**

## 'OH NO! RUN AWAY FOR YOUR LIFE!': LOCALS RAGE AGAINST THE ASIAN KAREN

For a long time, Karen has remained the cultural treasure of the United States of America, in their sanctimonious trips around the world: think grocery stores, gun shops and even airplanes, they are ubiquitous.

No longer. Locals of Newtown have spoken exclusively with The ACAR Times to give the down low on the unmitigated racist attack in Sydney's artsy, trashy heartlands.

"You see, one day, me and my friend were minding our business peacefully at a godforsaken corner of the local grocery store when this lady approached us. With ample space between ourselves and the next available batch of bok choy, the lady screamed at us: are you going to move or just keep standing in the aisle?!" Misboo Asari divulged.

Promising to wage war the next time they encounter the local Karen, they are armed and ready with an Asparagus, Coconut Cannon and Peashooter to take on their adversary.

"The next time we rustle the grass and see her, we will be ready," said Chan as they unveil the latest model of Acesparagus, famed for its piercing ability and power to infuse zinger in any good meal.

"Game on. We're ready to take you on anytime, any day, photosynthesis or otherwise," Chan confidently declared. Looks like all bets are off.

## SURGE dances to a racist Chinese song while interviewing a student politician and have a little cry about cancel culture

## White person attains nirvana at Strathfield after tasting spices other than SALT

White gaze? White gays? All of them like being on the top. Using this pleasure, wannabe food discoverer uses Ultra-wide 0.5 angle camera to capture pictures of ethnic food and his MECO friends. "Looking at boat noodles from that angle and zooming in so aesthetically pleasing," comments our buddy. Harvard writes about his journey to acquiring this food; the most emotions he has ever felt. "It is giving ScoMo writing a diary entry," says an ACAR member. Bro, it is a fucking Clif Bar. Get over it.

## Diaspora kids feel hurt about being called coconuts and bananas despite eating ketchup with congee on every occasion

**I'm on durant at Taco Bell 2 a.m.-- blacked out bout to drink a baja blast**





src activism advocacy representation



# STRIKE & PICKET

## STUDENT CONTINGENT

### WED MAY 11TH

### & THURS 12TH

### 7AM-1PM

STRIKE  
AHEAD ↑



FIND OUT MORE



NATIONAL TERTIARY EDUCATION UNW  
University of Sydney  
Branch