

INDIGENOUS HONI



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WEEK ELEVEN

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We, the Indigenous Collective ask you to join us in acknowledging the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation upon whose stolen land the University of Sydney is built. It is a privilege to learn and gather on Aboriginal land, even though the land has changed the ancestral spirits of those who lived on this land still remains.

The Gadigal people are the traditional owners, custodians and caretakers of the land where Sydney's CBD and Inner City stands. It would be just as accurate to say that this land is the traditional owner, custodian and caretaker of Gadigal people. In truth, there is no way for us to accurately express the complex, symbiotic and spiritual relationship Aboriginal and Torres Strait Island nations share with their sacred lands. We acknowledge that the Gadigal people and those of the greater Eora nation were the first to suffer, resist and survive the brutalities of White Supremacy in Australia. The centuries-long resistance of Australia's Indigenous community endures as non-Indigenous Australians continue to benefit from the colonisation of sovereign Indigenous land.

We acknowledge the atrocities of the Stolen Generations: the untold destruction it inflicted on Indigenous families through forced child removal, the identity struggles it gave rise to then and those who continue to struggle as a direct result. This genocidal attempt to 'breed out' Indigeneity has permanently changed our people and identity. The ongoing kidnapping of Indigenous children and calculated attempts to dismantle our families continue today, with more children than ever being taken away by the colonial Australian government.

We acknowledge the current crimes of the Northern Territory Intervention. This military occupation of sovereign Indigenous soil blatantly disregards the Colonial State's own legal obligations and highlights its moral bankruptcy. We condemn the gross fabrications of 'paedophile gangs' and 'child sex rings' used to justify this intervention. These are nothing but archaic, colonial stereotypes of deviant black sexuality, mobilised to facilitate new colonial goals of control, dispossession and criminalisation.

With bi-partisan backing, the White Australian government's legacy of disregard towards Indigenous people, land and culture continues. We acknowledge the role of the police in continuing to suppress the Indigenous population through racial profiling, police brutality and alarming rates of deaths in custody. These everyday injustices contribute to the fact that this country's Indigenous people continue to be one of the most over-policed, over-incarcerated populations in the world. We acknowledge the struggles of Indigenous wom*n, who face the highest rates of sexual assault and domestic violence in this country and Indigenous men, who experience the highest rates of incarceration and suicide in this country. We stand with our non-binary Indigenous family and acknowledge that our culture's progressive stance on gender and sexuality was first suppressed by conservative settlers and their repressive laws, later to be whitewashed by liberal ones.

We offer our deepest respect to Indigenous leaders throughout history, who fought to defend our land, our culture and our people. We pay our respects to the brave warriors of the Frontier Wars who are continually forgotten in Australia's war histories, to the scores killed by foreign disease, to every Indigenous child, adult and elder who has died at the hands of White Supremacy and to all those who continue to live in the face of it.

Join with us in acknowledging that Australia is not a post-colonial nation:

That this land was never terra nullius – a myth, retrospectively concocted by a colonial regime to justify the genocide and dispossession it was already perpetrating.

That Indigenous sovereignty was never ceded.
That White Australia has a Black history.

Editorial

Another year goes by and, again, I find myself huddled up in the *Honi* office for a few more weeks. I've been overusing Facebook 'stickers' as unrelated reaction images amidst a flurry of typing, laying up and begging my contributors to please send their work in so I can edit it!

I've been so snowed under over the last few weeks that I didn't even have time to read the nutrition information on a bottle of Coke Life that I decided to try. I'm not a regular consumer of Coke, so don't take my word for it, but I wasn't impressed by the flavour. I was however pretty incensed to find that the ~healthier~ Coke Life I thought I was trying during this editing saga wasn't entirely sweetened by Stevia. Shockingly, 250mL of this liquefied glucose contains a ridiculous 17g of sugar! Compare that with the 27g of sugar I would've had by drinking 250mL of regular Coke, and you can see why I felt utterly betrayed by this measly 10g drop in sugar.

Stevia Coke Life: not worth all the hype. 3/10, do not recommend. Would not try again. Editing Indigenous Honi, however, is something that I'll always come back to with fondness, no matter how much stress and heartbreak it causes me. To be blunt, there's so much pressure on me as an Aboriginal girl to make this newspaper perfect – there are always people around you waiting for you to trip up so they can pigeonhole you as flawed, lazy or incompetent. Not because you're human, or because your task is challenging: but because you're Aboriginal.

I hope I have delivered. I hope you enjoy what I've pulled together for you to learn, to see and to consider.
- Madison x



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For Police, Black Deaths are the Rule, Not the Exception

Black lives matter, but to who? Rafi Alam explores the connection between the appalling rates of black deaths at the hands of police in the United States and Australia.

Around the time I was asked to write this article on police murders of black people in the United States, another high-profile case had just occurred: Freddie Gray in Baltimore. At the time of print, it is likely there will be another case, albeit less well known. After all, police or vigilantes kill a black man every 28 hours in the US.

This excludes black women, who make up around 20 per cent of black deaths at the hands of police in the US. Like Natasha McKenna, a mentally ill woman who was shackled by police and then tasered to death. Or Rekia Boyd, who was shot in the back of the head by a cop – the judge in her case found that involuntary manslaughter was too light, and that he should be charged with first-degree murder. So he threw it out of court.

Even less heard of are black trans women, who are continually harassed, assaulted and murdered by police. One of these women, Deairra Michelle Venable, was harassed and arrested at a protest in Baltimore. The mainstream media was largely silent on the issue, focusing instead on black men who they accused of rioting and thuggery. Then there's Mya Hall, a black trans woman and sex worker who was gunned down by police after making a wrong turn into Baltimore's NSA headquarters. She found no justice and even in death, she continues to be misgendered by the press.

Black deaths are treated as unimportant. It is usually only when something else occurs alongside it, such as a riot, that people start paying attention. This is not dissimilar to instances of black deaths in custody here in Australia.

By 2009, African Americans made up 40 per cent of the US prison population, despite comprising only 12 per cent of the total population. In Australia, around 3 per cent of our population is Indigenous. Australian prisons? One quarter Indigenous. An Indigenous youth in Western Australia is 52 times more likely to be in prison than a non-Indigenous person. In Australia, 18 per cent of all deaths in custody – including custody before conviction – are Aboriginal people.



While the majority of these cases involve males, in the last decade, the Aboriginal female population has doubled and now comprises a third of the female prison population—many see this as the state continuing the incarceration of Aboriginal people in a time when so many Aboriginal men have already been imprisoned. Most of these are for petty crimes like not paying fines, effectively creating a debtor prison system for black women.

It is easy to rationalise the highly disproportionate numbers of black arrests and

deaths by pointing to the alleged criminality of black people in Australia and the USA. Whether this is intended as pure observation or to imply that black people are simply racially driven to commit more crimes, these supposed answers ignore the real structural reasons why black people in both nations are more likely to face jail time and death at the hands of law enforcement.

The police in both countries have evolved parallel to the histories of domination,

enslavement and colonisation. In other words, the very nature of police is entangled in oppression. Many police forces in the United States started as Slave Patrols used to keep black slaves in check. Now, police keep African Americans in check through stop-and-frisks, pulling them over and searching their car; the War on Drugs is the biggest reason for spikes in black incarceration, but it doesn't target white people: it only gives police forces legislative rationale to continue the harassment and murder of black people.

In Australia, police were formed soon after colonisation to scatter Aboriginal people and make room for settlers. Later, they assumed the position of 'protectors' of Aboriginal people in reserves and missions. The discourse surrounding this punishment and abuse was out of a 'genuine desire' to better the lives of Aboriginal people. Today, police still arrest Aboriginal people 'for their own good,' police still enable the displacement of Aboriginal people from their lands through disproportionately high rates of arrest that move sovereign people from their lands to state-run prisons. They still allow the settlement of sovereign lands, moving Blackfellas off The Block or out of remote communities in Western Australia.

This is not unique. The Native American population in the United States is more prone to police violence than white Americans and Canadian Indigenous folk have prison rates frighteningly similar to that of Australian Aboriginals. It is important as residents of this country to fight for justice. Police are unlikely to pursue justice for the people they have been trained through history to oppress – which makes it even more unbelievable that they are tasked with investigating themselves.

We must remember the names of the people who die from police brutality. We must remember that they are real people, killed because of the colour of their skin and where they came from. Julienka Dhu. TJ Hickey. Cameron Doomadgee. Michael Brown. Rekia Boyd. Mya Hall. Tamir Rice. Freddie Gray. The names of only a few of the many black victims of police racism. We can't allow this to become so normal that we just resign ourselves to it.

Stories from the Graveyard Shift

One of the Redfern Tent Embassy's most dedicated supporters, Tenaya Alattas reports on rude awakenings.

"Fuck off, ya white cunts! This is my land!" a man screams at my friend and I—both non-Indigenous supporters of the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy (RATE). He's riding a bike. It's 5:05am and now, the disgruntled cyclist out of sight, we relax as we realise it's not a tangible threat for us to respond to. In any case, this is not the nicest way to start the day.

As with the nature of any graveyard shift, I am weary, though there is more to this weariness than too much caffeine, too little sleep and the sting of sacred fire smoke in my eyes.

I am weary from witnessing the ways in

which statistics translate into the everyday. How a decade less of life expectancy becomes real and familiar around the Embassy in the phrase: "Funeral to go." How in sixteen days' time, RATE will celebrate its one year anniversary and yet, as a regular, I cannot remember the last time I have seen the Aboriginal flag flown at full-mast. It hangs at half-mast, if at all, in respectful mourning of those who have passed.

All those deaths in between the gap that are explained by other gaps: low educational attainment and high morbidity in a Western country with preventable diseases. Houses bathed in

asbestos, cycles of homelessness and drug use. The two percent of our country that constitutes 26 percent of the Australian prison population. Broken families, stolen generation on-going.

My weariness grows as I string together more and more of the ways in which these statistics morph into the experience of trauma and resistance every day for the mob at Redfern.

There are some harder-to-explain statistics, though. Apparently, six out of ten Aussies have never met an Aboriginal. This becomes reality for us when a white, balding, middle-classed man from Albury

is welcomed into RATE at 7:05am. He states his intention, "I just watched *First Contact* and want your advice on how to say hello to my neighbours."

But in asking his 'question,' he takes up the mantle of quiet, patronising power over younger kids just waking up. Redfern—the Embassy—is not his neighbourhood in which to ask that question.

I can't explain everything to you. But seeing patronising white people again and again, I do understand why we non-Indigenous supporters get called white cunts.



Stand Up, Fight Back

Dear Paul Dempster,

Firstly, thank you for writing to *Honi* last week. One of the things that I admire most about our student paper is that it provides an opportunity for all students to have a say in what they think should be happening in our sandstone buildings, which have been filled with over a century of debate and controversy. This is what I truly believe is brilliant about universities in general.

However, what I can't believe is that some how you have managed to do nothing but ramble and miss the point entirely with your conservative critique.

"A know-nothing undergrad without a pair of shoes" [?] Really? I don't think a person not having shoes takes away their legitimate concerns and right to dissent publicly. You're a bit classist mate. Furthermore, do you actually believe that those who hold postgraduate degrees are the only people entitled to an opinion? "... you are not a tenured professor—you do not have the right to say whatever you like, whenever you please."

I'm pretty sure they do. In fact, in order to make it as far as a tenured professor, one of the first steps is to express your own perspective of the world. I think you even mentioned the idea of a "democratic institution" in your letter last week. It should also be cleared up that Bill Shorten is not at all a foremost thinker. He is a mere politician. Somebody who is trained to say anything for the outcome of a vote and has innately moved into his field for a position of power. In fact it is actually more HIS role to "sit down, shut up and listen" (as you so elegantly put it) to the people he one day wishes to lead and represent.

I can also confidently say to you that there will be no shortage of guests at this university as a result of stunts like these. I'm not sure how inexperienced you are but I can assure you that it is stunts like these that actually make people focus on an institution such as ours. It makes it interesting, exciting, adventurous, bold, and leads to a very well informed body

of critical thinkers that will also one day leave this place and take on the future of our nation.

Your letter is nothing more than a whinge and actually covers very minor issues, which have been exaggerated because you've entered the real world where people will actually say what they think rather than act like 'yes men'.

So instead of crying about people interrupting a politician as a challenge to ongoing problems such as racial and gender inequality, why don't you focus on the real issues impacting so many more other than you?

Regards,
Kyol Blakeney
87th President
Students' Representative Council
University of Sydney

Missing the Point

Dear *Honi*,

I'm writing in response to the letter 'Sit Down, Shut Up' where the author gives his opinion that "you do not have the right to say whatever you like, whenever you please" in response to protesters disrupting Bill Shorten's speech. I'm not going to discuss whether the right to free speech really exists or whether the protesters were "unwashed"—but rather the necessity of the perhaps mildly irritating protest you're complaining about.

I understand that, like many others, you might find the chants and loud voices irritating. I understand. Sometimes it feels a bit repetitive and maybe the chants would be better to music or something. You're missing the point. The protesters were not intervening because they were complaining about the quality of his zingers or his party's position on taxation—but rather that we're probably violating the convention against torture.

I don't care how much irritation it caused you, because if the protesters intent was to stop the current Australian government (or future governments) violating the rights of children or for basic human

rights for asylum seekers then you ought to sit down and shut up.

Ben James
Arts II

On Headspace No More Froth

Dear *Honi*,

I'm writing in response to the article 'What Really Goes on at Headspace'.

I understand that some people (like the article's author) received bad treatment at Headspace. The thing is, my experience has been really good. Previously, I saw two different psychiatrists and another psychologist prescribing ineffective drugs (or none at all). None of these appointments seemed to deliver any improvement and were absurdly expensive.

I now see a psychiatrist and mental health nurse at Headspace who I've been with for over a year. They are both friendly and professional. I've improved dramatically throughout this time through the assistance of medication and management techniques. While this article will probably get the attention of Headspace—I'm hoping it doesn't deter other individuals from seeking help. It is difficult to find treatment and I believe Headspace is a good solution. It'd be good for anyone to send their experiences anonymously to Headspace because I'm sure they'd take note.

As for the Brain and Mind Research Institute, they have ongoing research regarding mental health. For example, I was asked to take part in a sleep study and take an MRI. I was shown my anonymous identifier that researchers will see and compensated for my time. The results were also sent to my psychiatrist to assist with my treatment. I don't believe they would have used your information in research without permission.

Like the author, I'm writing anonymously—fearing the stigma of mental health. Mental Health is still severely underfunded and ignored. I recommend Headspace myself but regardless I hope people seek treatment with either Headspace or elsewhere if necessary. I support the USU's pledge to

donate a dollar to Headspace for every vote in the board election—but ask for everyone reading to vote regardless.

Anonymous

Dear *Honi*,

As I familiarised myself with *Honi's* USU election coverage on the first day of polling last week, I found myself on Eastern Avenue, Fisher-Coffee-Cart-Double-Shot-Cap in hand, pursued by a board candidate who won't be named (though his shirt did remind me of the purple haze upbringing my conservative background never allowed me to have). After I dodged him (because I already knew his policies, not out of disenfranchisement), I first sipped my coffee, realising my mistake. I had no idea where any candidate stood on the rapid downhill spiral which has continued to new lows at (USU owned) Fisher Coffee Cart. You see, my 'cap' was less 'uccino' and more room temperature milk, without a semblance of caffeine, chocolate, or just plain froth (the latter, alone, would have at least given me the jumbo-sized babycino I'm always too ashamed to order).

The side of the cup (you may have seen it before) makes various claims in 'funky' fonts. A selection of those the 'coffee' failed to meet include: 'coffee', 'rich-blend', 'caution hot', 'warmth' (this seems to be a fallback if the preceding claim wasn't met, but unfortunately even that low bar wasn't jumped), 'ethical' (if Coffee Cart faced a lever, it would 'solve' it by shouting "next please"—I think that counts as a 'no pull'), and 'relax' (with each of the three sips I got through my blood pressure increased dramatically, to the point where the coffee finally successfully met one of its claims: I 'woke up').

For as long as Taste is overrun by too-long lines and (wannabe) law students, Coffee Cart will be the choice of long-term library dwellers. How long until the USU takes leadership on training its staff?

Best,
Ryan Hunter.
JD I.



A note from Editor-in-Chief, Madison McIvor: my friend, Haidarr Jones generously allowed me to transcribe his life story and share it with you all. Haidarr's is a rich tale of strength, passion and extraordinary ambition for someone so young who has fought through so much. I am incredibly proud and humbled to know such a stoic, determined individual. We are blessed to have the opportunity to be inspired by someone who is truly a trailblazer. Haidarr's life has placed him in the unique position of being able to offer very considered, worldly advice at just 22 years of age. Haidarr is currently studying a Bachelor of Media (Creative Arts) at Flinders University. I encourage you to join me in learning from the wisdom he passed onto me below.

Let me first tell you about my childhood... My mother is an Aboriginal woman from Queensland. I'm the middle child of four and I've never met my father. My mother did everything she could to provide us with a meal every day and put a smile on the five faces she had to care for.

While growing up, I lived in the worst areas of just about every town you could

To USyd academics,

Let's just get one thing straight. I hate that I have to write this anonymously to protect the name of a dear friend. I hate that I cannot address the relevant academics directly, the actual department that I know to be guilty of negligence and—let's be honest—of cruelty to their students. I regret that this is going to take the form of a generalisation, despite my knowledge of plenty of academics who take their teaching responsibilities seriously, and who love passing on the very same knowledge they spend their careers advancing. But enough is enough.

I have a friend. You know them as a Student Rep. I know them as one of the most dedicated, intelligent and selfless people I have ever met. Out of a schedule already packed full of tasks they find extremely stressful, my friend donates their time to act as a liaison between the students and

Haidarr's Story

think of. I stopped counting how many places I'd lived in when I hit number 20 and I moved to Bathurst at age 15. My family never had a stable home because we were constantly moving between women's shelters and public housing, fleeing domestic violence. As a result, I never had any friends and was constantly surrounded by drug-addicted people, domestic violence and involvement in crime. I was the only one among my siblings to learn from the mistakes of those around me during my childhood.

I ran away at 15 to find a dream, to live that dream. I learnt how to think about what was possible and to stop accepting that my mum, brother and sisters had made choices that had to impact on me, too. After running away, I lived in several different youth homeless centres, but I made sure I still got to school every day. In these shelters, I would be kicked out every day at 8am and couldn't return until 5pm. I'd take my bag, which had everything I owned and I'd go to class. I couldn't sleep in. I couldn't play games. I had to get myself out of this situation by myself, so I did.

Despite trying, I failed Years 10 and 11, and when I made it to my final year of high school, I learnt that I had to be diligent about going after what I want. I had to apply myself, to motivate myself. I had to do it for myself, by myself and only then would I be able to live out my dream, which back then was just to get a job. I finished Year 12 with all As and Bs.

I was lucky enough to get a place at Flinders University in Adelaide, where I

teachers of the Department of Pointy Headed Elitists. They aren't doing it to bulk up their resume. They spend entire nights writing incredibly thorough emails, addressing every concern that students could have—with a particular emphasis on the ickie firsties, some of whom (bless their hearts) don't even know what a cover sheet is.

Their recent project, a good example of how far above and beyond they are prepared to go, was a modest proposal for increased representation of what students find relevant to today's world in the teaching syllabus. And after leading my friend on rather shamefully, the academic staff of the Department of Shits and Giggles stonewalled them. Between consoling my distraught friend, assuring them that they couldn't afford to take it personally, and discussing the incident with other students, I came to a shocking conclusion. Academics at the University

The propagation of knowledge is at least as important as its advancement. If academics cannot respect and appreciate, let alone acknowledge, the paramount importance of training the historians, artists, doctors,

now study a Bachelor of Media (Creative Arts). At university, I've done great things, things that I've never done before. I've been the President of the Flinders Indigenous Student Association and I've been the Indigenous Officer of the Campus Student Council. I finished my first year of university with a Distinction average. I've had an internship, too. The funny thing is, I did all of this while I was living at a youth homeless shelter by myself over that 12 month period.

My dream was to just get a job and live like every other person, eat like every other person, sleep like every other person... now I've made it way beyond that. Last year, I lived in a residential college where I got 3 meals a day! It was so great to have a steady roof over my head where I could leave my things, something that many of us take for granted.

My family, my past and my experiences have made me the person who I am today. If I never saw the true effects of drug addiction, would I be here today? Would I be in the same state of mind as I am now? Would I have this drive to acquire the power to change people's lives? One thing's for sure—without these experiences, I could not be so humble.

What I want everyone to learn from my journey is: there is always a person who has lived in worse situations and come further, and I'm not talking about me. I have seen so many other people live tougher lives and have a great future ahead of them. Every week, I see people unhappy with the way they are. So many people talk about their issues. You just don't know

of Sydney just don't want to teach.

Given what some of my friends have said, my incredulity is more than a little naïve. While most academics won't admit that they themselves resent teaching, they have no problem admitting that the general academic consensus is that teaching responsibilities are the most unfortunate, loathsome and pointless of their roles in the academy. Most academics would rather be rid of the obligation to teach smelly, ignorant, tardy little gnomes like ourselves. The luckiest of academics are those whose research takes up all of their professional life. Suffice to say, it would be inaccurate to characterise this attitude as anything but totally unacceptable.

Sincerely and with great esteem,
Anonymous.

how many others have had it much worse. You have to realise your potential: if I made it to where I am at right now with my resources, imagine what you can do with your resources! We all need to realise that we can do more, take advantage of the opportunities around us and count our blessings.

Before university, I was too afraid to tell my story. I was too ashamed and didn't want to be judged by my peers. But now, I'm proud to tell people that I've lived my whole life through poverty and homelessness, because it shows that one person can overcome their circumstances with resources around them and it proves we can all achieve greatness. I have spent almost three years studying a Bachelor of Media (Creative Arts) at Flinders University in Adelaide. I managed to overcome the issues and break the cycle just by getting to university. This achievement in itself makes me feel successful.

In my final year of my undergraduate degree, I reflect on how life has granted me the opportunity to view the world differently and speak my mind freely. I understand that power in the world revolves around money and education. It only took me a dollar and a dream to come to university, but I had to get my hands on both of those, first.

To my Indigenous brothers and sisters—show the true potential of one Aboriginal person—go to uni and achieve the unachievable; go back to your home or community and be a role model.

lawyers and scientists of tomorrow, then we are in serious trouble. This is to say nothing of their role in training their own successors to be the slightly less smelly, marginally less ignorant, still completely unpunctual academics of tomorrow.

And a little bit of appreciation might not go astray. Last I checked, the majority of protesters against staff-cuts and the steady deterioration of your staff working conditions were students. We were on the picket lines with you. We were there on your behalf. And the truth is, there is nothing you could do individually or collectively to dissuade us from doing so again. We know that you are deserving of your rights; of supreme respect as workers and as intellectuals. Please try acting like it for a change.

Sincerely and with great esteem,

Anonymous.

We Want to Hear from You!

If you have thoughts, feelings, or opinions please email: editors@honisoit.com.

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Follow us on Twitter at: https://twitter.com/boni_soit*



If You're Aboriginal, Why Are You White?

Georgia Mantle is a powerful, young woman studying a Bachelor of Arts. She is currently serving as an Indigenous Office Bearer.

"You don't look Aboriginal." "Yeah but you're not like fully Aboriginal right?" "What percentage?" "You don't really count as Aboriginal though." "Do you just tick the box to get the benefits?"

These are real statements I've been faced with all too frequently when I shockingly reveal my cultural identity as an Aboriginal woman. To me, my culture is not surprising... it is simply an intrinsic part of who I am. My Aboriginal identity is not represented through my pale skin, but rather through my very essence and being. At the root of questions and statements like these lies a lack of understanding of Indigenous culture and identity.

In society, skin colour is often a racial signifier: light skin has always been associated with privilege, however in Indigenous Australian culture, that story is filled with more complexity than this. In a country where assimilation policies were implemented by a racist government and systematic attempts to dilute Indigenous genetics were advanced, it's no wonder so many Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people are disconnected from their culture. This white skin I and many other Indigenous people have is not a privilege, but rather a grave injustice that my people have suffered. Light-skinned Aboriginal people do not reflect

a 'lack' of Aborigingality, but rather a damning reflection on the extremely racist policies that mar our country's history. The idea that I have to justify and explain 'how' I am Aboriginal or to what extent my blood is black is a ridiculous and insulting request, coming from the same people who mocked and tormented my grandmother for being black.

I urge non-Indigenous Australians to reflect on their ideas of what it means to be an Indigenous person and to ask if this view is rooted in stereotypes and racist ideology, or if it's better left to Indigenous people to decide

for ourselves. Is your perception of Aboriginal culture holistic and does it account for past racial discrimination which has caused many Indigenous people to be robbed of direct links to their mobs, languages and cultures?

I do not deny my white skin and the privilege that comes with it, but I will also never allow myself to be pressured into denying—like so many of my community have been—my cultural identity. I will not be bullied into hiding my culture for fear of being discriminated against and I will not let outsiders decide if I am Aboriginal 'enough' for them. Aboriginal identity is and always will be defined by US!

It's Not a Stereotype if it's True

Yes, you are being racist: **Laura Webster** explains why.

Education is often lauded as the driving force for social and political change—the way to combat sexism, classism, ableism, queerphobia, and racism is through an education system that gives students the ability to recognise the fact that discrimination and stereotyping are tools of oppression. Stereotypes, in particular, are becoming more commonly employed as the identifying characteristic of Aboriginal people. This social mechanism stifles any attempts to combat entrenched discriminatory views, because stereotypes simply reinforce them. In 2014, Beyond Blue reported that the stereotypes driving common perceptions about Aboriginal people have become so pervasive in society that one in two Australians no longer recognise explicit examples of verbal abuse towards Aboriginal people as discriminatory.

Nurturing Aboriginal participation in the education system and media is gradually bringing these fields towards a more accurate reflection of Aboriginal perspectives. Despite this, I find myself constantly bombarded with xenophobic and discriminatory attitudes, exhibited by people who don't fully understand why their remarks are wrong, even those who are tertiary-level educated. It seems that the education system in its current form, from primary education to tertiary, is failing to equip students with the tools and mechanisms to be critical members of society and dismantle these structures of social oppression. So please find below a handy "this is why the stereotype you've just pointed to is problematic/discriminatory/racist/just

plain wrong" answer sheet.

"They're drunks and drug abusers"

This is considered the biggest problem in the Aboriginal community and is the most common stereotype that's thrown around as it's arguably the oldest, due to the connection these substances have with repressing trauma and mental illness. Due to a lack of affordable and accessible health services and education, most who do turn to these substances do so as a way of effectively 'numbing' the pain they are experiencing. This is predominately the case for people with mental health issues; a recent health study found that over half of Aboriginal people who consume alcohol or cannabis in high quantities also suffer from mental illnesses such as anxiety, bipolar disorder or clinical depression. The lack of community centres, diversion programs, and basic medical facilities that city dwellers take for granted means that social progression is hindered in Aboriginal communities, further contributing to drug and alcohol abuse. Despite the 'drunk Aboriginal' existing as the most prevalent stereotype levelled against Aboriginals, the statistics don't agree with this perception. Since 25 April 2015, 29 per cent of Aboriginal people have not consumed alcohol in the last 12 months, more than double that of their non-Indigenous counterparts. Aboriginal people are also more likely to abstain from alcohol consumption altogether compared with non-Indigenous people. How about that?

"Aboriginals are all criminals"

Aboriginal people are disproportionately

represented in the criminal justice system, but this isn't due to a higher crime rate. High imprisonment rates are indicative of harsher sentencing practices applied to Indigenous Australians, along with more restrictive bail terms and a tendency to resort to custodial sentences as opposed to alternatives. Aboriginal people are constantly subjected to 'select policing'—we are 15 times more likely to be the target of police behaviour than any other member of the community. There is a strong argument that the current structures of the criminal justice system which facilitate this engagement deny political agency and power, barring targets from pursuing their right to self-determination and sovereignty in order to reinforce White dominance and rule. Social stigma is the most effective means to discredit a group of people, while imprisonment further reinforces White dominance and removes the right to liberty and freedom of person.

"Bunch of lazy, uneducated dole bludgers"

This is a biggie. The idea of "passive welfare culture" has always struck me as odd. We live in a world that bolsters structures of discrimination and marginalisation—the modern Australian workplace confirms this. Data shows that Aboriginal people under 18 participate in the workforce at the same rate as non-Aboriginal people do, but a gap of almost 20 per cent appears once we hit the age bracket of 18-64. This gap is widened further in the white-collar market, with less than 15 per cent of Aboriginal people employed in high-skilled jobs. The weekly gross

household income for a working Indigenous family is only 60 per cent of that of a non-Indigenous income and this disparity is only increasing as unemployment rates rise. There are various contributing factors at play here, ranging through social, economic and health aspects, but perhaps the largest is education. Aboriginal people are not afforded the same access and quality of education that their non-Indigenous counterparts are.

It is at this point I hear "what about all those alternative entry schemes and special courses you get?!" To this day, Aboriginal students only make up 1.3 per cent of university students in Australia.

So there you have it. My no-nonsense guide, explaining why what you're saying, about to say, or hearing is racist, discriminatory and/or baseless. There is no greater or more powerful tool on earth than that of a critical mind that questions everything around it. Xenophobia and stereotypes are forever paraded through the political and social arena as a way of creating difference and reinforcing White hegemony. The discourse of Indigenous people as being 'too different' and inferior was first employed by the First Fleet in order to establish themselves as the 'superior' race and to justify their oppression of Aboriginal people. This is the attitude that is still actively informing our current policy, legislation and government practice.

Do you really want to take part in that?



My Uterus is not Unhygienic

Men not only legislate what you're allowed to remove from your uterus, but are also in charge of how you manage it on the monthly, writes **Madison McIvor**.

After picking up a discreetly packaged zip-lock of De Jour Tampons from the SRC freebies bin, I was shocked to read that De Jour is the only female-owned tampon company in the country. This led me to consider why menstrual products are marketed as 'feminine hygiene products,' almost as if to say "your uterus is kind of dirty and I don't want to talk about it, let's watch the footy and crack open a tin instead."

It's no wonder that in this male-dominated industry, some degree of 'ya nasty' factor exists within the name of the very product they're selling. The practice of period shaming is often perpetrated by non-menstruating folk, which pressures those who do to feel embarrassed about a completely normal and natural process. If periods didn't exist, neither would you, buddy. They're not disgusting—

periods can be uncomfortable, painful, unwelcome and annoying, but they're not gross, they're just normal.

First, let's talk about how problematic this term 'feminine hygiene products' really is. Feminine? Aren't we done with using gender-specific, isolating terms yet? I mean, come on: not everyone with a uterus is female, and what, if you don't menstruate, are you exempt from femininity?

Next, let's deal with the word 'hygiene.' I'm sorry* if you think my uterus is some sort of contaminated germ bin, but let's not go pretending that without these products, anyone who menstruates is dirty. Insert humble reminder that it is indeed these very products in the form of tampons that are heavily associated with the deadly, bacterial Toxic Shock Syndrome.

Why haven't we addressed this issue in a better way for menstruating folk? Oh wait, maybe it's because the people in charge don't menstruate and don't care. Consider those who can't afford the cost of these products, consider your ancestors, who in the most metal way possible would've just surfed the crimson wave in a down-to-earth way instead of worrying about "leakage freakage" and avoiding white fabric that week.

As for the word 'products,' well... that can stay. I'm not that angry about this element of period stuff—I just prefer to term pads, tampons, moon cups and the like as 'menstrual products,' because it's less isolating, projects less shame onto those who use them and it's actually more accurate.

Even the word "menstrual" itself

reminds us that men project their power into almost every crevice of society, uteri included. The phrase "someone's on their period!" with an eyebrow raised is one we've all copped, regardless of whether you have a uterus. It's odd that so many men think women make irrational decisions when we're on our periods, when in fact, our testosterone levels are higher at that time, making us much more hormonally similar than at other times—so if my period's a problem for my decision making, then men are rendered shit decision makers ALL the time. Raise your eyebrows at that! In fact, estrogen levels actually increase in men as they grow older. Maybe they're trying to catch up.

*I'm not actually sorry, deal with my ute, m8.

Cupid of Sydney

Described as "the most exciting thing I'm reading on Facebook," amidst calls for a book release and television series to follow, **Indigenous Honi** brings you a blog by **Patrick Madden** documenting the intricacies of how best to engineer romance.

2/3/15 Two guys in my yoga class always awkwardly chat to each other before and after class. Last week, they walked to the changeroom together and were getting some really good banter going before arriving at their respective lockers, where they both fell completely silent and didn't even say goodbye to each other. This week, I was determined to get them to go on a date. So when both of them were in the shower, I slipped a note into their lockers saying, "Free for dinner after this?"

23/3/15 Spotted having a smoothie together before class this evening.

31/3/15 Missed my yoga class yesterday and will miss next week because of Easter. What could happen with Yoga Couple within the next fortnight? The discovery of irreconcilable differences? Moving in? Marriage?

14/4/15 It appears that their routine is to meet at Newtown station, go to a nearby health food place for a fruit smoothie, then to yoga together. Proposal before Christmas? Here's hoping.

24/4/15 Due to wet weather on Monday, not many people attended yoga class. On the Facebook group for the class, a guy posted "Since not many people were there on Monday, feel free to have a few drinks at my house." It was ONE OF THE YOGA COUPLE GUYS!!!! I liked the status, which I guess indicated I was going to turn up to his house. I've just checked the

9/3/15 They greeted each other with a kiss on the cheek. Might be an early call, but I helped two soulmates find each other.

found their soulmate. It appears that one went to the other's work drinks on Friday and was a hit with his friends.

27/4/15 Success! They kissed each other goodbye! It's official—they're a couple! Sydney's premium dating service (me) strikes again. A Yoga Couple guy ('YCG') smiled at me when we crossed paths in the change room. My theory is that he clicked on my profile after I liked his post and he now recognises me as the creep who liked the post featuring his address (and the reason he deleted the post.) Is this the beginning of a new friendship? Or are they onto me?

12/05/15 I positioned myself between both of their lockers and listened in on their conversation as we got changed. YCG 1 put on a shirt, which prompted YCG 2 to say, "Is that new? It looks really good on you." I smirked at the love radiating between them: they saw me. "We met in this changeroom, you know," YCG 2 said to me. "Oh, really?" I replied. On the inside, I was screaming. "I MADE YOU. I CREATED THIS MOMENT. I AM YOUR GOD." Officially on speaking terms. The infiltration begins...

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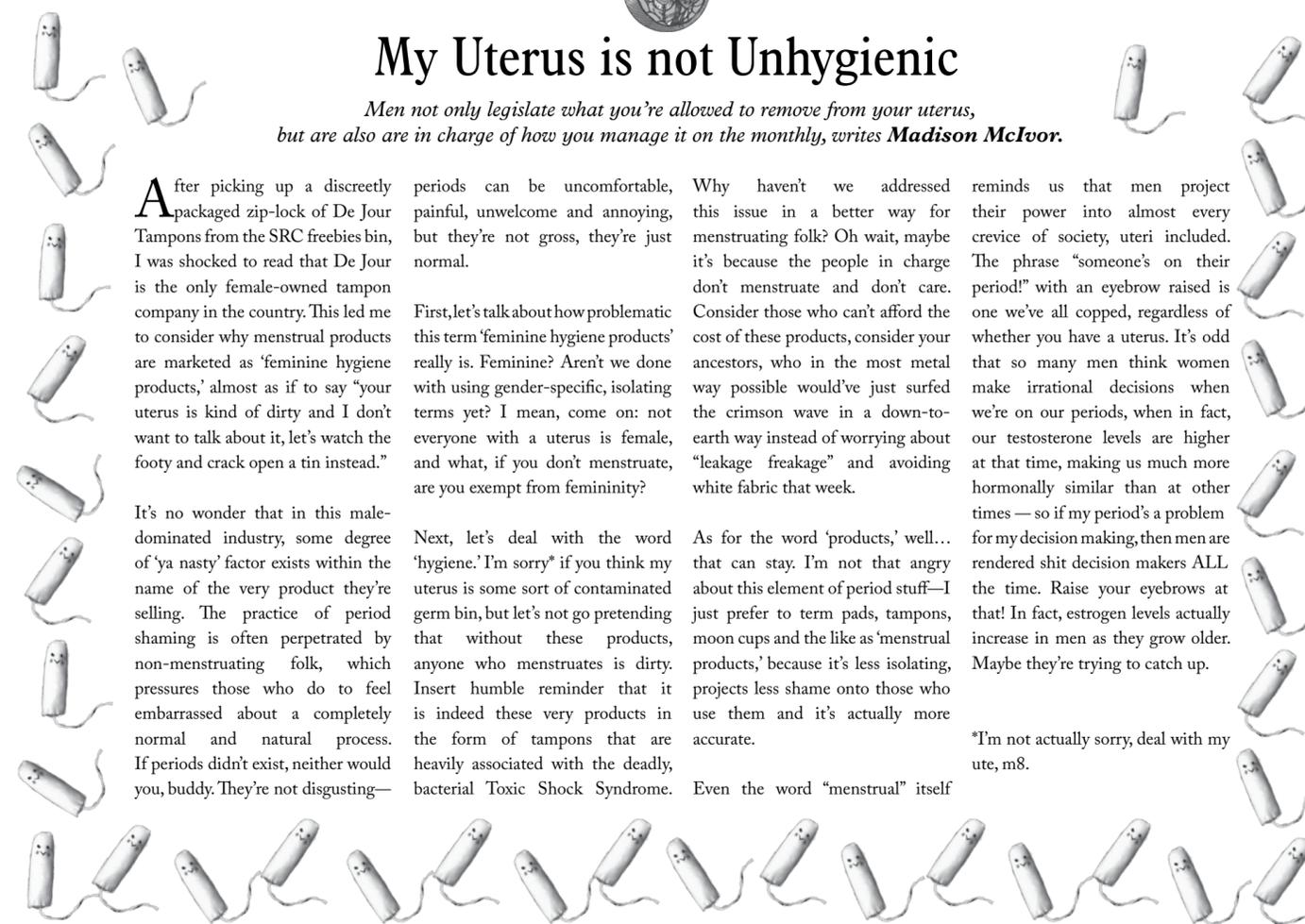
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Me: "Yeah, I am." WE ARE ON SPEAKING TERMS. And yes, I strategically timed my journey up the stairs to follow them.

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To follow Yoga Couple Updates, see <http://cupidofsydney.weebly.com/>



Cat Cafe: Opening in Sydney this July

Ruthy Scheinberg brings you the announcement you've been waiting for.

Struggling with the existential crisis that arises from being just a mere dot in the massive universe? Love cats and coffee? The soon-to-be space themed cat café opening in the suburbs of Sydney is your safe haven. Opening in July, 'Catmosphere' boasts an array of drinks and food, along with the option of purry cuddles from resident cats. The café will draw inspiration from their Chiang Mai counterparts and have a crew of catstronauts available for playing, cuddling and Instagramming.

To give us a taste of what's to come, the founders of the Sydney Cat Café set up

a pop-up kitten café in Paddington last week, complete with adoptable kittens if you feel the urge to take one home with you. It seems that Sydney's love of kittens was too overwhelming as the event was booked out weeks in advance—a clue as to how competitive bookings will be once Catmosphere opens its doors.

Although the kitten café offered the option to adopt, the permanent Catmosphere establishment will not. The cats who will take up permanent residency are friendly, loveable strays, collected from nearby or local rescue groups and rotating in shifts

in the café. These kitties would otherwise have to live on the streets and battle the elements (plus other, bigger animals) or alternatively live at shelters and possibly face euthanasia. Their new home inside the cat café will bring them as much happiness as petting them will bring you!

To keep in line with health and safety regulations, the food and drinks will be served in a separate room from the interactive kitty space, which, in reality is probably a good thing—I love my cat, but cat hair in my food is definitely a downside of his cuddly nature. Plus, have you seen those

videos of cats slapping mugs off tables?!

The crowd funding effort to open Catmosphere was extremely successful, with some pledging up to \$1000 for the privilege of naming a space kitty. Bookings are now open at their website www.catmosphere.com/sydney, with prices ranging from \$20 to \$200 (if you're ready for a party with 10 people and cats).

Get ready for some great space adventures with space cats, and probably some great coffee too. **Catmosphere opens in July on Foveaux Street, Surry Hills.**



Equality in Representation

Gomeroy boy Tom Gillard once built a complete Storm Trooper suit.

2015 has already been a great one for equality amongst *Star Wars* fans. We've been teased with two trailers from *Episode VII: The Force Awakens* (TFA), along with gameplay footage from *Battlefront III*, the newest instalment in the first-person-shooter series popularised in the early 2000s.

So what do these two things have in common, and how do they promote equality in the *Star Wars* fandom?

Firstly, the main character in the TFA trailers is Black. We know that black characters in *Star Wars* aren't new—Lando was a cool guy, as was Mace Windu, and it was James Earl Jones' voice that really made Darth Vader's character. However, these black characters that we look to for representation were all flawed in some way, too. Lando was a sell-out who betrayed his oldest friend. Mace Windu had a dark side and was more of a grey Jedi than anything else. And Darth Vader—well, he was responsible for so much death and destruction that after a while, even that voice couldn't redeem his motives.

What we have seen so far of John Boyega's Finn has been quite promising. Yes, he's undoubtedly going to be flawed, but he

seems to be playing more of the Luke Skywalker type of character in the sequel trilogy.

There are also a range of strong female characters that suggest more diversity: Daisy Ridley's Rey seems to be even more powerful than Carrie Fisher's Princess Leia of the original trilogy, and Gwendoline Christie, famed as Brienne of Tarth on HBO's *Game of Thrones*, will be playing the "Chrometrooper," Captain Phasma.

And what's more, recently news emerged that after *Star Wars Celebration VII*, for the first time we will see that the characters in *Star Wars: Battlefront* can be female too, unlike the male first-person character who previously seemed to be the only option in the series. By allowing for racial and gender diversity, The *Star Wars* franchise will embrace a fundamental shift from traditional representation and allow the audience to reimagine its characters in new and diverse ways.

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, there was possibly more equality in that galaxy than in our own today. We are behind the times, but Lucasfilm seems to be bringing us up to speed.

Reflections

Rebekah Hatfield

When I left the country to move to the 'big smoke' to attend university, I didn't know that I would change so much.

It's funny how time and experiences change us into people we would have hardly recognised a few years ago.

We are braver, stronger and fiercer than we ever thought we could be, but for some of us, myself included, our connections to family, culture and country slowly get pushed to one side. They are no longer our whole world, but one part of ourselves; the new person we have become has new dreams and ambitions now, too.

It's not that we don't treasure these things—I know I love my family and my culture. I hate seeing my fellow brothers and sisters suffering and I will do everything in my power to create opportunities for young Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people: but is this enough?

So often I have felt conflicted about doing something for myself versus doing something for my community—and I am sure I'm not the only one who feels this way. As it stands, I just want to get through uni and have a fulfilling job at the

end of it. But I also know there is another part of me that would love to move home and live the simple life. It is almost as if my identities are at war. Can people even have more than one identity?

I remember one of my aunts making a comment about university and how it "makes you think white." When I first heard this, I rolled my eyes and thought to myself: "How can you know? You never went to one." However, the more I think about it, the more I think she has a point. Studying at university has changed the way I think, the way I speak... It has changed my thought processes and what things I choose to give priority to. It has carved my interests and paved a path for my ambitions.

But in the whirl of all this, parts of me are missing out. What is nurturing my cultural identity? Have I lost the person I used to be, or have they morphed into this new version of myself?

These are complex questions and I am sure I am not alone in struggling with identity issues. All I know is that we can only strive to be the truest versions of ourselves, to take pride in ourselves and to remain strong in our identity.

Social media continues to play an enormous role in empowering minorities by giving them direct access to online communities, publicity and freedom of speech. On March 6 2015, #BlackOutDay was trending on Twitter after it was launched by creators T'von, Marissa and Nukirk. They started this social media campaign to encourage Black people to upload selfies, GIFS and videos using the hashtag #BlackOutDay. #BlackOutDay intends to celebrate Blackness and challenge stereotypes of Black people portrayed by the media.

Soon, millions of people flooded Twitter with self-love and positivity, allowing the Black community to reclaim more and more online spaces like Tumblr, Instagram and Facebook, and reaching media outlets like BuzzFeed and the BBC. On their website, T'von stated that he wanted to give ordinary Black people their moment to shine and to be represented in the media. This movement is about challenging white-centric notions of beauty and saying loudly and proudly that Blackness is beautiful.

Positive narratives of Black people, diversity, and self-love are not what mass media is generally known for—so, naturally, #BlackOutDay was a huge success. The online community that was forged through #BlackOutDay and the support and love that shines through from Black people all over the world reveals just how meaningful this movement is.

Unfortunately, as YouTuber and Black activist Francesca Ramsey pointed out in her video on #BlackOutDay, the racist backlash was inevitable. To be clear: no, we DON'T need a White Out Day and yes, oppressed racial minorities can celebrate and take pride in themselves without it being racist! Take a look at our media: every day is White Out Day... and who colonised and enslaved whom, again? Ultimately, #BlackOutDay was received very positively, particularly in light of the events at Ferguson and the police murders of Michael Brown, Eric Garner, Tamir Rice and many (many) more. Continuing to celebrate Blackness and reclaiming online spaces with positive narratives is an exciting win for African Americans and Black people who are all stereotyped, profiled and systematically discriminated against in modern society.

Similarly, #ReclaimTheBindi was a hashtag used in conjunction with #CoachellaShutDown to protest against

The Power of the Hashtag

Bridget Harilaou reports on two movements that have flourished online.

the rampant appropriation of South Asian culture at Coachella music festival. Women who identify as South Asian, Desi and Hindu took selfies wearing bindis, some displaying their traditional dress, and celebrated their beauty and culture. The constant theme running throughout

this campaign was that their culture is not a costume. Additionally, many pointed out the hypocrisy of traditional dress and cultural difference being a point of racism and discrimination for South Asian women, while bindis are seen as a mark of hipster fashion when adorning white



bodies and faces.

Cultural appropriation is defined by its lack of consent, the absence of participation in a culture or community and the double standard applied when those in power use and abuse a culture.

White women at a music festival donning bindis and Native American headdresses as fashion statements show disrespect to the communities that these cultural items belong to by failing to consider the cultural significance of what they're doing. They are not being used within the culture, as part of a ceremony or at the invitation of a person from that culture. The women almost definitely do not contribute to empowering these communities back home: if they did, they would know not to wear such items at a music festival. As white women, they hold the power and privilege to be seen as "edgy" and "fashionable" while wearing these cultural items, while millions of South Asians and Native Americans face discrimination when wearing traditional dress.

It is worth noting that People of Colour or those also affected by racism can still be guilty of cultural appropriation by wearing or using cultural items that do not belong to their culture. For example, an East Asian woman would be appropriating an Indigenous culture if she dressed up in their traditional clothes for a party. This person is higher up on the racial hierarchy, and they are still perpetuating racism and enacting violence on a racially oppressed group.

The autonomy of the South Asian identity that underpins #ReclaimTheBindi is vital to the movement. It aims to take back online spaces and ownership of South Asian culture by South Asian women, to fight back against "fashion trends" that have co-opted their traditional and sacred cultural items, and last of all prove that South Asian girls absolutely wear it better. Brown bodies are beautiful, the South Asian community is strong, and #ReclaimTheBindi has shown just how fantastic social media movements can be.

Both of these hashtags show an exciting domination of social media with self-love, the creation of more online communities and empowerment for oppressed racial groups. Let's hope that these movements continue, and that Indigenous, Black, People of Colour, Women of Colour and other racial minority communities can show the world that they are amazing!



INDIGENOUS MARVELS

Comic book expert **Nathan Sheldon-Anderson** delved into a stack of back-issues to bring you this analysis of comic book representation.

The diversity of identities in comic books is growing, yet Indigenous characters are rarely seen. From Heroes of Colour to a greater representation of genders and sexualities, pop culture seems to be embracing the characterisation of most identities in books. There's a Muslim Ms Marvel, a lady Thor, a black Captain America and a Queer Iceman. But have Indigenous people been skipped by this pop culture revolution? Don't jump the gun: I'm not going to demand an Aboriginal X-Man or Avenger.

That's because there is an Aboriginal X-Man and an Avenger: Bishop and Eden Fesi!

Bishop was first introduced in *Uncanny X-Men* in 1991 and has been on the main roster of an X-Men series until rather recently, when he went all maniacal villain. His mutant power is to absorb energy, then intensify and redirect it, generally to form concussive blasts or to amplify his strength. Bishop has had a rather mysterious past. He's from a bleak, dystopian future of the Marvel Universe, where he was raised in mutant internment camps after escaping nuclear-devastated Australia. In the series, he travelled back in time to apprehend escaped criminals and becomes stuck there. He then joined the X-Men, who in his future are remembered as legendary heroes.

For most of Bishop's existence, his ethnicity was never clearly defined, with the general

assumption that he is African American.

In the pages of *X-Treme X-Men*, we find out that he is in fact Aboriginal when his omniscient great-grandfather Gateway, finds him. His parents were from a people around Uluru who fled to New York to escape nuclear destruction and were forced into mutant internment camps. As he grew up, he never got the chance to learn about his culture until he met his great-grandfather after coming to the past. More recently, Bishop became a bit evil, shot Professor X in the head (not fatally, though) and chased fellow time-travelling mutant Cable and a baby messiah through time. In the last *Uncanny X-Force*, he returned to the present and is filled with a healthy dose of regret and self-loathing. I guess flitting through time and going insane while trying to kill a baby will do that to you.

Bishop has primarily been portrayed as a tough and tactical future cop. He's an anti-hero who had his own police procedural. His knowledge of the past colours his interactions with these people, who are dead to him and are seen as insignificant footnotes of history or distorted heroes. Once Bishop learnt of his ancestry, he took time to learn more about his culture.

The second character, Eden Fesi, first appeared in *Secret Warriors* Issue 4 back in 2009 and was recruited into one of Nick Fury's hush-hush black-ops teams.

After his first battle alongside the Secret Warriors, he remarked "*Total mayhem—I kicked a guy in the face! Best day ever.*"

This sarcastic metalhead mutant has the ability to bend reality, allowing him to teleport himself and others anywhere. He would rather train with the likes of Tommy Iommi or Jimmy Page than Nick Fury or Gateway. When his group disbanded, he was approached by Captain America to join The Avengers—Captain America had recently come to realise they were lacking in mutant representation. He primarily works alongside fellow mutants and former X-Men Cannonball and Sunspot.

It is common in comic books for creators to dream up characters with identities different from their own. This can and has been problematic with plenty of characters. It should be noted that non-Indigenous men created these characters. Two Asian-Americans created Bishop and the iconic British X-Men writer, Chris Claremont, developed his Aboriginal ancestry. When Bishop first learns of his ancestry, the reader is as surprised as he is. The narration describes his heritage as: "...*heir to a tradition as old as the human race itself.*" His identity as Aboriginal man then becomes as integral an element of his character as his identity as an X-Man and a mutant. On the other hand, Eden was created by an American and Italian writer. His initial appearance in what I can really only describe as a 'diaper and body paint'

getup disappointingly demonstrates a limited knowledge and understanding of Aboriginal people. (Yes, even in remote communities, us Aboriginal people do wear pants.) Once he joins The Avengers, he starts wearing this rad black and gold costume and begins wielding a spear. Initially, I was concerned by this stereotypical image, but as a teleporter, he needed to have something to hit back with. The most famous teleporter, Nightcrawler embodied Errol Flynn with dual swords for a while, so why not? While Eden's first appearance was problematic, overall, Aboriginal identity has not been stereotyped in the actions or personality of these comic book characters.

Ultimately, their characterisation creates an interesting dichotomy: Bishop as an older, grim anti-hero and Eden as a positive younger man who supports his friends. One is a cop from the future, the other just wants to shred. One learned of his ancestry as an adult and the other knew all his life. One is from the city, and the other is from the country. But they are both Aboriginal mutants at their core. Reflections of the modern Aboriginal experience can be seen within these characters. While Indigenous Australians may not have created them, they are still portrayals of otherwise overlooked Indigenous identity. These two characters are great comic book superheroes and show that everyone, no matter what culture or skin colour, can wear the same shiny, skin-tight costumes and save the world.



Indigenous Futurisms, Decolonial Futures

Shareeka Helaluddin navigates a forty-six minute interstellar journey of galactic proportions.

A mix tape opens with a NASA countdown. It shifts to the words of John Mohawk—American Indigenous activist of the Seneca Turtle Reserve. The beats that follow are ambient, rhythmic and transient; each fragment of a song, speech or manifesto seamlessly morphs into the next. Collaboratively produced by Revolution Per Minute (RPM) and Kimiwan zine, the mix tape, titled *Indigenous Futurisms*, is an experimental compilation that explores intertwined Afro-Indigenous histories, ongoing processes of colonialism and the imagining of decolonial worlds and beyond. It creates a world (or worlds) where the narratives and experiences of Indigenous peoples are central, a conceptual process that converges digital technology with radical appropriations of technology, science fiction imagery and audio.

The description of the "Indigenous Futurisms" project follows this line of

thought, evoking the 'final frontier' from pop culture representations as one opening into Indigenous voyages through space:

"Where the supposed 'finality' of *Star Trek's* frontier meets the remixed linguistic flip of Navajo *Star Wars*, and where the sounds of comet landings and galactic space dust meet the 6th World encoded in Indigenous exploration of night-lit skies and interplanetary, opaque spaces, our people have always been moving."

With an electronic backbone composed of otherworldly sounds (including A Tribe Called Red, Kelela, Silver Jackson, Princess Nokia, Flying Lotus and Erykah Badu, to name only a few) the mix tape is deliberately disparate, multi-textual and non-linear; a constellation of ideas and energies, sounds and forces. What connects the work is a commitment to portraying complicated and sometimes vexed histories of Indigenous and

Afro-Indigenous peoples and visions of the future where identities emerge from the periphery. Simultaneously, it critiques dominant systems of power and subjugation, offering futurist solutions based on a subversive ethos.

The mix tape is deliberately disparate, multi-textual and non-linear; a constellation of ideas and energies, sounds and forces

The creators of Indigenous Futurisms utilise technology in all its realisations, from the galactic machinations presented in the compilation to Indigenous speculative fiction writing, artistic production, and the potential for space travel, whether imaginative or cosmological. Significantly, the understanding that technology is essential to contemporary Indigenous constructions of selfhood, contrasting notions of Indigenous peoples as

primordial 'artefacts' of a bygone past. Here, the logic of modernity, as a teleological orientation that leaves colonised Others behind, is not viable. The construct of time is no longer simply forward-moving. The present is understood through the prism of the past and future.

Of course, this is but one manifestation of resistance allowing Indigenous peoples to claim space where they are otherwise rendered invisible. It demands a contemplation of history and origin that informs a future that does not reproduce dominant powers. It counteracts dichotomous notions of identities, home and place, past and present and gestures towards forging new technological and political imaginaries. Indigenous Futurisms leaves lingering a dialogue about the political potential of creative practices and the creative potentials of political practices.

More Than A Dot

Astha Rajvanshi reflects on cultural appropriation.

At one Australia Day fair many years ago, I was taught how to do traditional Aboriginal dot painting using the end of a pencil and some watercolours. At that time, I did not know that what I was really doing was treating a deep-seated cultural practice as a fun children's hobby.

Funnily enough, over time, I have seen the appropriation of the dot as a cultural practice manifest itself in my own culture, with the rising trend of wearing bindis as

fashion accessories. In the *Rig Veda*, the earliest known Hindu Sanskrit text, the bindi symbolises many things—the sixth chakra, the seat of concealed wisdom or the third eye—but not the use of facial stickers for youth at music festivals to score hipster 'cred.'

Nevertheless, the personal impact of this practice has allowed me to better recognise how Aboriginal art is so prominently misappropriated in everyday life. In Australia, dot paintings have become a staple feature of commercial art trade at best, through to Australian tourism's souvenir tokens at worst.

In 2012, New York-based fashion label Rodarte launched a Fall collection 'inspired' by Aboriginal art and culture, in which designers Laura and Kate Mulleavy predominantly featured dot paintings and rock art across a range of printed fabrics and textiles. The label used the licensed work of one Aboriginal artist, the late Benny Tjangala, who would be receiving royalties for his work as a result. The question of whether the ready-to-wear collection had ignored an inextricable link between Aboriginal art, land and spirituality rose among artists, scholars, and lawyers. The answer should immediately have been yes; Rodarte's use of Indigenous art for fashion was just another instance of blatant cultural appropriation.



Indigenous Futurisms Mixtape Track List

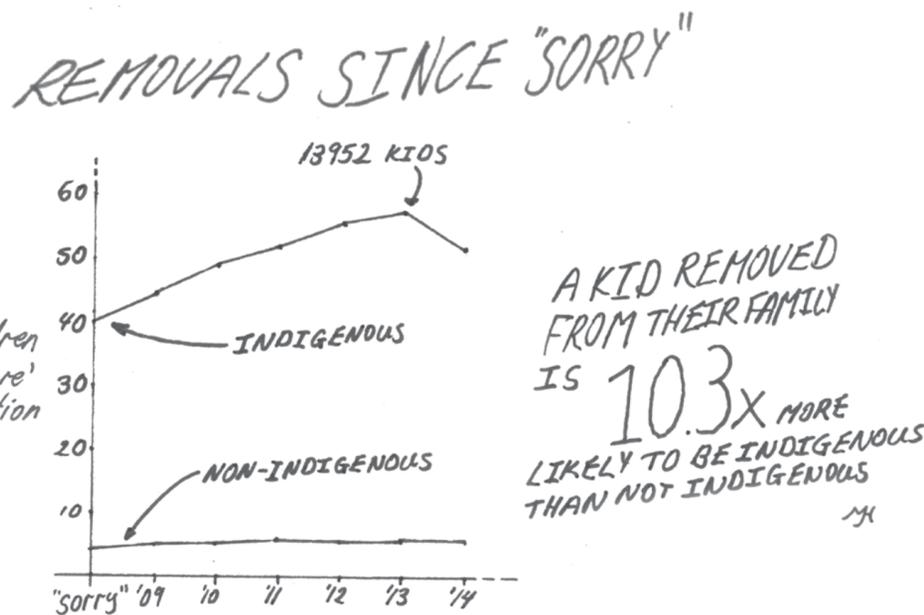
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|--|---|
| NASA x John Mohawk—"War, Peace, Nations" x Zoolman—"Lost in America" | King Britt—"Moonbathing" |
| Flying Lotus—"Coronus, the Terminator" | Ryan Dennison—"Lina Baa Chanah Hasin" |
| The AfroFuturist Affair—"#BQF NonLocality Zine Soundtape" | Boogey the Beat—"Above Me" x Leanne Simpson "Airplanemode" |
| Xquisite Ghost—"Firefall" | Darkstar—"Timeaway (Nguzunguzu Remix)" |
| King Britt—"My Tribe Exudes Love" x Elizabeth LaPensee x Sun Ra | Kelela—"Do It Again" |
| Legends & Lyrics—"Speak to Me of Justice" | Silver Jackson—"From Another World (feat. Cat of THEESatisfaction)" |
| Teeqwa—"Wooden Teeth" | Shabazz Palaces—"Forerunner Foray" |
| NASA x Peter Morin—"Time Traveller" | Princess Nokia—"Biohazard Butterfly" |
| Moor Mother Goddess—"Parable" | Shane Keepness—"Resurgence" |
| Princess Nokia "Young Girls" | Notuv—"Ame" x Navajo Star Wars |
| Impossible Nothing—"Destroy" | Autechre—"Overand" x Jason Edward Lewis—"The Future Imaginary" |
| DJ Shub—"If You Want the Raw" | A Tribe Called Red—"PBC (Feat. Sheldon Sundon)" |
| Zoolman XTINC—"T.I.Kay" | Sun Ra—"Journey to Saturn" |
| Erykah Badu—"The Healer" | |
| Joy KMT—"Origins" | |

We must question whether commercial art allows for the transferral of agency to Aboriginal artists. Since the 1980s, a rising international Aboriginal art market has helped to improve the economy of Indigenous communities and enabled access to new avenues for a political voice. For many, art has become a form of social action, where artists are in charge of their own representation and construction of a modern, collective identity. But at the same time, the dot paintings that often hang off the walls of white middle-class homes represent only a certain subset of Aboriginal culture, that which survives in a vexed marketplace, forced to cater to buyers' tastes.

In 2003, Aboriginal artist Richard Bell won (rather ironically) the Telstra National

Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Art Award for his 2.4 metre by 3.6 metre painting with the words "Aboriginal Art - It's a White Thing" leaping out from it. Bell told ABC Radio that he was at a loss as to why his painting even won. For him, the message of the painting was loud and clear: Aboriginal art presents a microcosm of modern race relations in Australia.

In the absence of an understanding of Aboriginal art presenting a story, life and very essence of Aboriginal connection to land and kin, these artworks instead are reduced to someone's inspiration for an outfit or an art project. It is after all, a White thing.



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In some of my artworks, I include a diamond set into the foreheads of characters. My fascination with the conditions required to form such a stone – high pressure and heat beneath the earth – symbolise that same pressure in life which can form similarly-spirited people. I am aware that this placement can be problematic and it is with great concern that I clarify that I do not intend to be culturally insensitive or to ignore the significance of spiritual and religious symbols. Regards, Emily



Andy Mason and Anna Hush explain what the fuck that profile picture everyone has lately means.

Even clueless middle-class whiteys would have noticed the current country-wide furore surrounding the planned forced closure of over 150 remote Aboriginal communities in Western and South Australia. The national conversation has partly been a response to Tony Abbott's latest round of internationally-televised idiocy, in which he derided Aboriginal people's decision to live on country as a "lifestyle choice" and compared Indigenous communities' conviction to honouring over 60,000 years of custodial connection to their land to something like the choice of aging hippies to move up the coast.

Of course, the problem runs much deeper than Tony just shooting his dickhead mouth off again. Despite all the 'Closing the Gap' rhetoric, despite decades of discussion about reconciliation and despite bipartisan support for recognition of Australia's First Nations in the constitution, governments at all levels in this country continue to be fundamentally ignorant of the interests of Black Australia. Indeed, many argue that the situation is even worse than this – the white-dominated political mainstream continues to perpetuate the violence of colonialism, albeit disguised through their political spin. Aboriginal voices in politics are only tolerated to the extent that they tell white leaders what they want to hear, and communities that stick up for themselves continue to get punished.

Although conservative politicians say the closures are about tightening budgets, the truth is that they could easily afford to keep the communities open if they wanted to. 90 million bucks doesn't seem like so much money when you consider that the government spent over 300 million on the ANZAC celebrations the other weekend.

It isn't a question of the government's ability to pay—it's about priorities. Closure of tiny white towns in the middle of nowhere where kids move away to work or study as soon as they're old enough (most never returning) is never dreamed of, so how is it fair to impose such discussions on Aboriginal communities?

The proposed closures are especially upsetting because the communities in question have provided a wealth of advice on how remote Aboriginal communities should be managed. These communities were founded as part of the 'Homelands' movement, which started in the late 60s. Aboriginal people all over the country (especially in the remote West and North) started to move in small groups back onto their ancestral country after being forced onto missions, reserves and cattle stations since 1788.

Aboriginal people in remote areas have said time and time again that they need to be able to live on country to have healthy communities, and a growing academic and policy literature has come to agree with them. Living on country helps to preserve culture and has a positive influence on health and education outcomes compared with the extreme poverty and deprivation of life in fringe camps and slums in remote mining towns. It also restores a sense of agency and purpose to communities that had their control over their lives stolen along with their land. The movement started as a grassroots initiative—an attempt to seize that control back. Of course, the homelands communities have not been perfect and are not a total solution to all of the problems between Black and white Australia. They have generally relied on government funding to be viable, leaving them vulnerable to

the kind of political interference which is happening now. But with respectful support, the potential is there to develop cultural industries like art and tourism and for education and training programs which equip Aboriginal communities to once again manage the lands they have lived on for far longer than any human has been in Europe.

White conservationists are increasingly realising that the unique biodiversity of this continent will be lost without collaboration and consultation with Aboriginal communities, and Indigenous ranger programs all over the country are helping to put this into practice. It strikes me that there's been well enough talk about lots of this, but not enough action. There's a lot to be upset about, but no cause for despair. Aboriginal people have been fighting for this country for 227 years and aren't giving up any time soon. Although the homelands communities are threatened, people have been coming out all over the country and even internationally to stand in solidarity with them and demand that the government do the right thing. The movement is growing stronger—over 100 protests were held on May 1st in Australia and around the world. Support poured in from Berlin, Detroit, London, San Francisco, Ottawa and various cities around Aotearoa via social media, with the hashtag #SOSBLAKAUSTRALIA trending at number one nationally. The Brisbane rally was especially dramatic, with over 300 people occupying the City Hall for more than three hours, while over 10,000 people turned up in Melbourne. At the Sydney contingent, 2000 people clad in red, black and yellow filled Belmore Park and marched to the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy. The date of the march marked the 69th anniversary

of the Pilbara strike in WA, a watershed event in the struggle for fair wages and basic human rights. Remembering the crucial gains made in the past is a reminder both of the efficacy of direct action and community organising, but also of the dangerously regressive nature of contemporary politics. Ernie Dingo, John Pilger, Aunty Jenny Munro, Gwenda Stanley, Ken Canning and women from the Redfern Community Centre spoke passionately about the importance of homeland communities, noting the imperative to bring the debate to an international scale to shine light on the atrocities of the Australian government. Although Australian corporate media continues to brand opposition as a 'selfish rabble,' this issue is rightfully finally gaining traction on the global stage as an indefensible violation of fundamental human rights.

If you are angry about the closures in WA and SA, get involved: go down to the Aboriginal Tent Embassy in Redfern, just across from the station, and listen and learn about what you can do to support communities closer to home who are fighting the same battle.

The third National Day of Action will be held over the weekend of 26th—28th June.





I asked a few people who accompanied me on the Freedom Ride to write a personal reflection on the experience for this newspaper. Even months on, none of us seem completely able to articulate the intensity of our experience: what we saw, what we learnt, what was shared with us. Although everyone I asked was willing to take on this piece, nobody proved quite able to get it out. "I'm trying on the reflection. Can I not make any promises other than that, to try?" said a normally bubbly, talkative Katie Thorburn. Sean O'Grady, master of word told me, "Dunno how up to writing about Freedom Rides I am, still generally confused and frustrated by the experience. Will have a think about what I have to say."

I never received any drafts for reflections on the 2015 Freedom Ride. In truth, it was different to what I was expecting, though I don't know how. It was exhausting. I couldn't talk, even to close family about it for weeks.

I decided to tease out why we're still finding it so hard to digest, and I smashed together this piece of verbatim poetry about

our experiences together. It's scrambled, just in the same way we all felt unsettled when trying to get everything down on paper. Samuel Beattie, Andy Mason, Sam Jonscher, Katie Thoburn, Chiara Angeloni, Emma Wiltshire, Abril Felman and myself are all within this poem's stanzas. I think it's a powerful reflection on what happened, especially now, as we band together as the Freedom Ride mob and work towards the goals we established in Moree, Kempsey, Dubbo and Walgett.

Before you read our poem, I'll leave you with Emma Wiltshire's insights, which I think best explain our collective feelings: "I am still in the process of working out what I think and feel, especially as I had no personal context within which to put this experience. I think that there was a tension on the Freedom Ride. We were celebrating the initiative and courage of the original Freedom Riders, yet the view was continually expressed on the bus that Indigenous equality was still not realised. In many ways, that tension was irreconcilable, and I think that is the main reason for my difficulty in articulating the experience."



Self portrait, by Katie Thorburn

"We were invited into a very intimate space... how can I trust my communicative skills and expect others to understand? I guess you could say my reflection is in this drawing. There's this iconic photo of Charlie Perkins on the bus with this handsome, contemplative gaze. The drawing is a kind of self portrait on the revival Freedom Ride, peering over the bus seat, looking back in contemplation at Charlie. Face half covered by shadow. To me, it represents that we're still not out of the woods – we're still not completely enlightened in approaching Indigenous issues."

The hardest part was knowing when to smile and when to cry,
whisked from place to place,
so strange,
"you wanted the world to pause so you could catch your breath
an overwhelming reminder of the enormous distance between the world I grew up in and the one we were visiting"
It's hard to talk about it.

A woman told me there was no point in thinking about tomorrow,
no point in really living when you know you don't have a future.

"You can't be a person, you can't be your self if you know you don't have a future"
it is difficult to articulate - dispossession
has so eroded these people

spoke of feeling like an outsider in the social structure of their own town,
of the ongoing schism between White and Black communities
people new to somewhere saw it and it made them mad

It's still something I think about a lot.
The overwhelming weight of life
The life of that town.

Trying to write about it doesn't feel genuine.
I have no point of comparison for what being crushed underneath a century of complete and utter shit actually looks like.
There remains great Healing to be done

To actually see it is very different.
so much we saw and learnt

brought forth the strongest feelings of grief and sadness

I spoke to an Auntie
buried her brother the Friday before.
Cancer for another brother coupled with Deaths of young people.
Felt her life was one of ongoing grief.
spoke of searching for her spiritual centre
very lost.

A life lived in Grief is a life tenuously lived.

Even White People cried to me, told me of injustice they saw.
community elders, strong leadership.
Much-needed authority.

The need to connect with culture and the distance from this connection that
Disadvantages bring
thrown into stark light.
Meaningful, ongoing reconciliation
yet to be achieved.
Complexity of factors underpinning issues
overwhelmed: where to start

On the last night, I remember writing in someone's book
"I think I'll look back on this as a defining moment in my life."
Elders confiding in you,
It was so intimate.
You felt like you were hearing a secret
Entrusted with the task of fighting for what should already be
humbled to insignificance

But weren't we insignificant?
Go, visit,
passing through

Return to comfortable lives...
folks wake up with the Same Problems tomorrow, though

If you just stick to the script, you get nowhere.

We were received with enormous passion, energy
that desperately fuelled a search for Better Outcomes.
absurd that a tokenistic Poverty tour could solve anything
because we must go further, do better.

Physical, psychological, spiritual
division remains, but cannot
if true
harmony is to be created.
You have to be willing
All aboard.

Peace which has been attained, hard fought for
Uphill Battles on your own damned land
Informs the peace that remains to be won

the Need for renewal is held by all life.
challenges of Healing complicate the process,
time for growth, limited.

Embracing life requires being nourished by culture.
My lasting feeling is that Aboriginal Australia deserves
far greater peace.

If trouble's what it takes, then Trouble is my middle name.

Madison Melvor
I finish stringing together this poem and I am drained. The desire for another month or two of reflective silence spills over me, in tension with my overwhelming urge to act for my people. So much emotion felt within those few days.

Black Stars in the Spotlight

Camilla Corbett is a Kamilaroi woman studying a Bachelor of Music Education and celebrities.

Over the years, I've had the opportunity to meet some A-list celebrities. You may have heard of some of them: Katy Perry, Lily Allen, Iggy Azalea, Rita Ora, Lil Jon, 30 Seconds to Mars, Kelly Clarkson, Kristin Chenoweth, Simple Plan, Cody Simpson and Rudimental. Every now and then, I tell myself I should mix it up a bit, so I'll go and meet a few celebrities in the acting business, including the likes of Oliver and James Phelps, Miranda Cosgrove, Sandra Bullock, Will Ferrell, Daniel Craig, Steve Carell, Tara Reid, Misha Collins, Chris Lilley and the *Modern Family* cast.

I met Hugh Jackman at the premiere for *Les Misérables* in 2012. I want to give a big shout out to him because of the support he is currently showing Indigenous Australia.

Jackman posted a photo to his social media accounts, which have an absolutely massive following, with 1.8 million followers on Instagram and over 5 million on Twitter. He broadcasted a powerful message: "While living in a remote community, I came to understand that connection to land is a fundamental part of the Indigenous identity. Think about the past, have quality conversations. I support you." Jackman posted this in support of the SOS Blak Australia movement, which is helping Indigenous Australian to fight against the forcible removal of these people from their land.

The photos that will always mean the most to me are with some fellow Indigenous Australians who are absolutely killing it in

their respective fields at the moment. I met Miranda Tapsell in 2013, just after she had won an AACTA award for her role in the the iconic film *The Sapphires*. Just recently, Miranda has done us all proud again by earning the TV Logie Award of 'Most Outstanding Newcomer' for her role in the drama series *Love Child*. Representing Indigenous Australia proudly, Miranda delivered a moving acceptance speech. She implored the audience to support more diverse casting in television, saying "Put more beautiful people of colour on TV and connect viewers in ways which transcend race and unite us."

Now, everyone has heard of Jessica

Mauboy. She's the incredible singer who represented both Australia and Indigenous Australians at Eurovision last year. With approximately 180 million people watching, Jess performed her song 'A Sea of Flags' proudly, with a giant Aboriginal flag on the screens behind her. Being able to see this amazing Indigenous woman performing on the world stage in Copenhagen whilst watching TV in Sydney was an amazing moment for me.

There is so much amazing Indigenous talent out there, and with the celebrities of today fighting for them to be represented in the media, I cannot wait to see who will be gracing my TV in the future. And, of course... I can't wait to get some photos with them!



A Place Called Bre

Bianca Williams is a Barkindji woman, currently studying and working at the University of Sydney.

A country town of soil brown, a sunburnt landscape that was my hometown.

The history there is long and old, unfortunately so many stories will go untold. I can only inform you, with bits and pieces of my life story, it's very much a memoir minus some inventory.

I grew up on the banks of the Barwon River, fishing and swimming for days on end, the land there is my mother and will be until the end.

Riverbank strolling though burs unkind, riverbank strolling to unwind my mind. I stop for a second looking observantly as a local marsupial hops between the trees.

He stops for a second one moment in time, he knows I'm there, but he's knows I'm fine. Now I can see old man emu is not far behind, drumming his chest in sync with this beating heart of mine.

Back on the other side of the river you see; a down trodden community, so much devastation and despair, blink while driving through and you wouldn't know it was there. Public drunkenness and drugs abound, that's all you've got when you're born and raised in a sun burnt town.

But I'm not discouraged, I can turn my frown upside down, I will not let my environment bring me down. I want to live and learn as I go, absorbing each and every experience along the road.

Coming into the limits of the town where the smell of red dirt lifts up off the ground. A cultural hub for tribes abound—the fishtraps is what kept them on that ground, Brewarrina is a spiritual town, isolated from the modern world and quite away from most towns. The river is sacred to you and I, we must look after this life force or it will die!

Rock pools and riverbeds created by Biami to keep his people in good stead. A meeting place for all the tribes, a spiritual place that connected Aboriginal people and kept them alive.



Fuck you, Whitey!

Jethro Braico has a theory.

As a young Aboriginal man who is a student of anthropology, I have seldom come across a pan-humanist. This surprises me, because I consider my friends and fellow students some of the more socially aware people I know. I've seen collectives of extremely intelligent minority groups preach solidarity and love through mutual hate of the Evil White Man, or as they would say, the 'Yts'.

I find such mentalities and attitudes detrimental to the cause. I believe these individuals fail to recognise that we are all victims of the colonisation. By no means am I suggesting that non-Indigenous experiences of colonisation are in any way, shape or form close to Indigenous experiences of colonisation: what I am trying to say is that non-Indigenous Australians are victims of a different kind. The collective consciousness of mainstream White Australians is founded on lies dressed as truths, and these lies that are at the core of their understandings of self and other, time and place within Australia.

White Australians have been fooled. And they have been fooled well. The people to whom I refer (who otherwise exhibit all the beauty of the human condition) possess inherently Eurocentric ways of perceiving the world.

Minority groups often demonise these people as if their perceptual framework was chosen and not prescribed. This saddens me. Sadder yet, somewhere along the socialisation the Man installed in them, denial is preventing the truth from penetrating their consciousness.

I've seen this happen with my own eyes. I once knew a Northshorian who said (in relation to the Australian Government's efforts to 'close the gap') that 'we have done enough!'

I then tried to explain in the simplest, yet most effective way possible the concepts of ethnic stratification, institutionalised racism and how colonisation is an ongoing process and not a deceased historic event. What followed was a series of jilted head nods reminiscent of Tony's classic 24-second meltdown reaction when asked about the context of his "shit happens" statement in 2011. What I witnessed was like a robot trying to solve a difficult code, failing over and over. This disturbing scene is the denial mechanism at play.

If this is how mainstream White Australians react when presented with alternative narratives in conversation, at least in my experience, there is no question what reaction more hostile dialogue would and does produce. There circulates a lot of

white hate within Aboriginal Australia, and often, this hate emerges in everyday social interaction. Of course, this is very reasonable, considering Australia's bloody and shameful past, present and impending future: if we go by the Government's most recent attempts of explicit assimilation. But if we as Aboriginal people saw every 'Gubba', 'Migloo' or 'Wadjela' as a potential ally, as opposed to an enemy, then our dreams of a better Australia will surely be a lot closer than if our anger were to exacerbate existing neo-colonial mindsets.

The psycho-sociological theory 'Contact Hypothesis' that was pioneered by Gordon W. Allport in the 1950s holds that interpersonal contact between majority and minority groups is one of the most effective and efficient ways of reducing prejudice. This technique has proven to be successful in relation to anti-homosexual and anti-Islamic attitudes. If this is what brief contact can do, imagine the effects of meaningful relationships whilst considering the effects of hostile interaction. We need to facilitate White Australian people's opportunities to experience truth. That is to say that by having a meaningful relationship or even a positive encounter with an Aboriginal person, White Australian people will experience what they have been denying in ways in which they can no longer deny it.

Thus, we should withhold our anger and frustration where possible. We need to acknowledge the appropriate contexts and individuals for aggression: these being the institutions that are producing and perpetuating these out-dated, ill-founded ideologies.

Understanding how to be a positive force in the decolonisation of White Australia is key in Australia's progression towards a true multicultural nation that wants to close the gap it has created and continues to perpetuate. Just consider the changes in attitude that the 2014 SBS series ironically titled, *First Contact* precipitated for its participants. A reunion was held on an episode of *Insight* where some participants not only boasted of their learning, but also articulated the shame they now feel towards their previously held conceptions. It was clear that some participants were still making sense of their experiences, and this is reflective of the fact that decolonisation is a process; a process in which we as Aboriginal people play a very crucial role. Are you a positive or negative influence in decolonisation? There exists no better way to encourage enlightenment than to forge a meaningful relationship. To save ourselves, we must also save them.

A Letter to Colin Barnett

Ebony Hill is a woman from the Sovereign Jabirr Jabirr and Gooniyandi Nations, writing to Colin Barnett, the Premier of Western Australia. This is her plea to 'Colin', who also represents colonists at large, miners and resource giants. Ebony's message is clear: Aboriginal culture, lands and community are not lifestyle choices – they are our life.

Dear Colin, I am writing to you pleading that you do not close our Aboriginal Communities. Many are in the Kimberley region in the north of our great state, Western Australia. You know of the greatness I speak of: that's why you want my people off and out.

This is not the first time industrialisation has threatened Kimberley people living on homelands, in communities and on country. This traces back to the initial colonisation of the region; the expansion of the southern colony into the North, Australia's 'Wild, Wild, West'. Back

then, Indigenous people of the region were forcibly relocated from lands (or traditional owners were exterminated) as a means of removing Aboriginal people from lands deemed of use to the colonists. At first, pastoralism and Aboriginal land ownership were at odds and my people were seen as the obstacle to the access and development of those lands. Then, the first lot of mining came to the region in the form of the Halls Creek gold rush. People were pushed off their homes (or massacred as they resisted invasion, development and the cession of their sovereignty over those lands) as stations dominated the new frontier. Often, survival meant involvement in this new industry or living away from their lands. This time marks the first exodus of Kimberley people from their homelands.

This is when the first generation of mixed race children was conceived. This gave the developers excuse to further dispossess my people of their access and use of their lands; Kimberley children were placed in missions, many blocked from lands or forced to assimilate. We were forced on stations and off country.

The pastoral industry was a booming one, one which was because of the direct involvement of Aboriginal people in the Kimberley. Aboriginal people became aware of their slavery: they knew how the industry had been using Aboriginal people in neighbouring country for their pearls, and of cattle empires built by Aboriginal jackaroos and jillaroos. They demanded to be paid wages for their work; work that was equivalent or often more than their non-Indigenous counterparts. It was their country after all, local knowledge informing the value of their work. They were denied proper wages, so they walked off the stations. In this new Kimberley economy, many flocked to townships such as Fitzroy Crossing, Halls Creek and Derby. This mass exodus left people displaced and homeless again.

The Nookanbah protests marked the second big stand by Kimberley mob against industry, and the assertion of their continued ownership over our lands. Aboriginal people began developing out stations on Homelands, as well as purchasing back the cattle stations on our lands through the Aboriginal Lands

Trust. In the 80s, when I was born, the Homelands movement began: Aboriginal people wanted to be and live on country. The Land Rights movement was squashed by Premier Court, so people used the Homelands movement to return home. People moved back on country and began developing their homes; a dream of the old people after the continuous relocations around the missions and stations.

Federal Indigenous monies were handed over to the State's discretion. The closure of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission (ATSIC) has seen Kimberley mob move off of Homelands again and into bigger communities. Funds were cut, meaning facilities city mob are afforded were not available to people living in those out-stations. The Community Development Employment Projects (CDEP) program provided a way for communities to develop alternative industries to be created by our mob, such as Cultural Tourism initiatives. CDEP was cut, and so was the opportunity for community development in many cases. Current closures of Indigenous communities in Western Australia began initially as a fiscal

argument; one based on economics, budgets and infrastructure. This has been turned into a child protection and welfare argument once again. This is a coordinated effort to industrialise and develop the Kimberley, where Indigenous connection to land, community and culture jeopardise profit.

Here, we are seeing the third wave of colonisation and genocidal processes to achieve development. This third wave of

colonisation is full industrialisation. Native Title offers no protection or guarantees regarding land usage or access, just a mere right to negotiate over them. The Heritage Act has been watered down and people will no longer occupy many of the areas in which mining tenements and exploration leases lie. Removal from country means that the connection requirement that establishes Native Title may not be able to be maintained or met. Mining and

development approvals will become easier to secure as we, the 'Indigenous obstacle' are removed once again.

The child protection rhetoric and false benevolence of old is excusing the fact that community people are second-class citizens. The Western Australian government's treatment of Aboriginal peoples is an ongoing human rights violation. I condemn the actions of

your government and the support our federal leaders have given in continually dispossessing the Kimberley mob of their rights and lands.

It is an Indigenous human right for the community of WA to be able to live on their traditional lands—it is not a lifestyle choice, it's a right—it's what's right.

Scabby Treatment of Indigenous Health

Victoria Cook wants you to know about a disease you've never heard of that affects Indigenous communities every day.

It's hardly surprising that you may never have heard of scabies. It's not a disease that most Australians are confronted with: in fact, scabies isn't a disease that the West is confronted with at all. However, scabies continues to affect Indigenous Australians with a prevalence and ferocity that overshadows those of even the most impoverished countries.

Seven out of ten Indigenous children in the Northern Territory will be infected with their first case of scabies in their first year of life. Its occurrence is so widespread to the point that scabies infections are now considered a normal part of a child's life. Scabies is a parasitic mite that burrows under the skin, causing itch and inflammation. Not only are scabies mites irritating, they also pose a dangerous risk for more serious infection. In adulthood, there is a strong causal link between lifelong scabies infections and cardiac and renal failure. These are the two major contributing factors to the appalling disparity in life expectancy between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians.

OneDisease, originally coined 'One Disease at a Time' is a charity with the aim of combatting neglected diseases in Indigenous communities. Beginning its work by addressing scabies, the charity has been crippled by the sheer scope of infestations and was forced to review its objectives. The most shocking challenge the OneDisease team faced while rolling out their scabies control programs across Northern Australia was the discovery of a disturbing infection: "crusted scabies".

Crusted scabies is a hyperinfection, usually limited to immunocompromised individuals. However, it has become apparent that some Indigenous Australians are predisposed to hyperinfection, despite seemingly normal immune function. Whereas in simple scabies, a person may only be infected by 5-10 mites at a time, in hyperinfected patients, millions of mites infect the sufferer's skin, causing "scabbing" or "crusting".

The stigma associated with crusted scabies leaves its afflicted both unwilling and unable to leave the house. These patients are extremely unlikely to seek the necessary medical treatment, and quickly become a repetitive source of transmission to individuals close to them, undermining efforts to rapidly identify and treat scabies infections across communities. Like much of the epidemiology and science surrounding scabies, this process is poorly researched.

As OneDisease was invited into more Indigenous Communities, they came across many more cases of crusted scabies than they had anticipated. At the time of writing, OneDisease had identified 85 hyperinfected individuals across 22 communities in the top end of the Northern Territory, with many more expected to be identified in communities not yet reached by the program.

Although the task is daunting, the challenge faced by OneDisease should not be viewed as another helpless cause to add to the myriad of issues facing Indigenous health. The scale of the problem is daunting, reflecting an urgent need to direct resources and time into combatting basic health issues in Indigenous communities. The response thus far has been encouraging: OneDisease has achieved a working model of Indigenous stewardship in its programs. OneDisease's model involves being invited into Indigenous communities and training health care workers to facilitate community-led, culturally aware intervention strategies. The prevalence of neglected tropical diseases amongst Australian citizens, especially preventable parasitic disease, such as scabies, is unacceptable. The work of independent, compassionate and resourceful individuals such as those at OneDisease leads one to question whether, without them, anything would have been done at all.

The Northern Territory Government rolled out variations of a 'Healthy Skin' program in 1992 and again in 2010. However, inadequate resources,

minimal financial backing and a lack of accountability have resulted in these programs leaving a negative impact on Indigenous communities. Scabies remains endemic, leaving philanthropy to pick up the slack.

Scabies is a scourge of Indigenous Communities, but it should be a scourge of the Australian political and social conscience. Neglected diseases or more

accurately, diseases of neglected peoples—flourish when lack of awareness and political capital prevent responsible parties (in this case, state and federal governments) from being held accountable for effective and measurable action.

For more information, please see: <http://1disease.org/>

Educating Indigenous Children

Claire Sadler is an Indigenous student in her 2nd year of a Bachelor of Primary Education.

A few years ago, I was on the train when I received an offer to mentor and tutor Aboriginal primary students in Western Sydney schools. As the people who enforce the silent carriage rules on the Blue Mountains line are not to be messed with, I mentally celebrated as the fantastical part of my brain began to wonder how long it would take before I became the new Erin Gruwell of Western Sydney. I felt pretty justified wondering this: my parents are teachers, I'm studying to be a teacher and I had worked with kids in every capacity possible for years. I was the woman who magically connected with children—kids are my thing. I was excited and proud about my new job for the rest of the train ride home.

You can imagine my surprise at the standard response I got when telling people about my new job. People responded to "Aboriginal students in Mt Druitt" the same way we all respond to the announcement of Cadbury's Vegemite chocolate—with curiosity and reluctance. I received responses like, "But how could you do it? Is there a point to expecting more of them?" or "How much do you get paid? Must be pretty high to put yourself through that!" and "Is it easy? How much do those kids really know?"

Needless to say, these people knew nothing. They have no knowledge of the way in which my students try to cuddle up to me during reading time, how they pat me on the back and congratulate me for beating them in a maths game, or how they confide in me and ask for advice on family or playground matters. They don't understand how it feels when a student who is a foster child pretends to nonchalantly ask if you'll be back next week. They don't know what it's like to be constantly receiving little drawings and notes that proclaim that I'm their 'best friend ever.' They have no idea how it felt to tell a young girl that she can do anything she wants if she really works for it, and to hear her say in response: "Really? No one's ever told me that before."

Putting myself through "that" was a joy. "Expecting more" of these kids encouraged me and each of them to raise our game—in recent years, all of my students have increased their attendance levels and successfully finished primary school. A few students were rightfully accepted into selective high schools.

Writing these kids off is "easy". Understanding them, however, proved more worthwhile.



Taming Centrelink: How to navigate the bureaucratic beast



Centrelink is a difficult place to deal with at the best of times. The bureaucratic hurdles are so high that many people walk away without getting the payment they deserve. Some say that Abstudy is one of the worse payments to try to receive. It may benefit you to know the basics on how to deal with Centrelink.

Centrelink deals with thousands of people everyday. Everyone has dozens of pieces of paper and screens of computer information to process. It is not unheard of that something might go missing. For this reason, keep copies of EVERYTHING that you give them. If you have a phone conversation ask them for a receipt number. Record that in your diary and keep it until you have graduated. You will probably never need to recall that information, but if they lose one of your payments, or if they accuse you of being overpaid, you'll be very glad that you keep those records.

The delay on getting your first payment can be months. That means a long time without money. Talk to an SRC caseworker about your options in the meantime.

Centrelink doesn't treat its workers very well. They are overworked and underpaid and sometimes not very well trained. Try to be patient with them. It is not the workers' fault that you have to wait between 45 and 90 minutes just to get through to them on the phone. Plan ahead and have something else to do while you wait. The same applies when going to your local office.

Always report any changes in your circumstances. This includes moving house, getting a new housemate, changing subjects, winning the lottery, going overseas, or changes in your relationship status. Anything that happens that you do not report can be used as a reason to cut off your payment.

Always report income when it is earned. They don't much care if you've been paid or not – it's all about when you earn the money. If you are working while studying have a look on the SRC website for the leaflet on the Student Income Bank. This way you can calculate how much your payment should be, so you know if they have calculated that correctly. If you notice any mistakes here talk to an SRC caseworker about how to address that mistake.

Read everything they send you. We know they send many, many letters and emails, about many, many (often irrelevant) things. However, you have to read them. You are assumed to have read them when it comes to challenging stuff in courts.

If you have any questions at all about Centrelink send an email to help@src.usyd.edu.au. The SRC is happy to offer independent, confidential advice from professionals who are experienced in this field.

SRC HELP at Satellite Campuses

The SRC is happy to help undergraduate (and CET) students on every campus. We have caseworkers that visit campuses on a regular basis, and where possible will meet with you when necessary.

To make an appointment, book a skype meeting or just ask a question: 9660 5222 | help@src.usyd.edu.au



Ask Abe: SRC Caseworker Help Q & A

Dear Abe,

I am a student in the Faculty of <redacted>. My grandmother died and the funeral is in <redacted> (rural NSW). I should be away from Sydney for about 2 weeks. While I'm away I'll miss an in class test worth 20%. I can't afford to lose those marks, but I really have to go to the funeral and be with my family. What can I do?

Grieving

Dear Grieving,

I'm very sorry for your loss. Please consider talking to someone in Counselling and Psychological Services (or other counselor) about your feelings of grief. It is understandable to be upset, and it would be helpful to

have some techniques to deal with that.

Talk to the subject co-ordinator to see if you can informally arrange to do the test at another time, or to do some other assessment instead, or to have your other assessments reweighted so that it won't matter that you miss that 20% assessment. If that doesn't work, or if you don't feel comfortable doing that you can apply for special arrangements. The University's Coursework Policy section 69 (1)(a) says "Special arrangements may be made available to any student who is unable to meet assessment requirements or attend examinations because of ... essential religious commitments or essential beliefs (including cultural and ceremonial commitments)". You will need to provide documentation to support your application.

You can also apply for Special Consideration for the classes that you will be missing. Unapproved absences

from class can lead to an Absent Fail grade even if you complete and pass all other assessments. Remember to keep copies of everything that you send the university, including email conversations that you have when making these arrangements.

Being away from university for two weeks may cause you substantial stress when trying to catch up from missed work. Consider applying for a Discontinue grade for one or more of your subjects to enable you to keep up with the required workload. If you are on a Centrelink payment and you are dropping below 18 credit points talk to an SRC Caseworker before dropping the subject. There may be a way to receive an "incapacitated" payment as a part time student.

Abe

DID YOU KNOW?

If you apply to
discontinue a subject
before the last day of
semester* you will get
a Discontinue Fail (DF)

This WILL incur HEGS or fees, and WILL affect your "academic progression", but WILL NOT affect your WAM. This is particularly important for students avoiding Show Cause & Exclusion.

* Semester 1: June 5, 2015

* Semester 2: October 30, 2015

Need help or advice? Your SRC is here to assist you.

Phone for an appointment. The service is FREE, independent and confidential. We are located at: Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01), University of Sydney (02) 9660 5222 | help@src.usyd.edu.au | src.usyd.edu.au | facebook.com/srchelp

If it is not possible for you to come to our office, a caseworker can meet you on a satellite campus, or speak to you on the telephone or Skype.





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They are not altered, edited, or changed in any way by the *Honi* editors.

President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

As Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people, we are often told that we are the problem. We are what is wrong with society and we should just conform to the dominant structure “because it works”. The fact is that it doesn't work.

Many of the people who use this line are often people who really have no idea what kind of lifestyle we live on a day-to-day basis. You often hear “I can understand why children were/are being taken away by their families because there's nothing they can do to benefit them.” Or, “Nobody

wants to see communities being closed down but we cannot afford to continue to fund them if they choose to live that lifestyle.”

The thing is, I would probably believe these excuses if, in the process of making these statements, the current government hadn't actually doubled the national deficit and simultaneously cut funding to the Aboriginal Legal Service, the Aboriginal Medical Service, Aboriginal Housing, or had not cut the Indigenous Tutorial Assistance Scheme (ITAS) last year.

You see, while the people who hold our living conditions in the palm of their hand tell us what is best for us, there were 701 Aboriginal deaths in custody in the space of 7 years with a 150% increase since 1991. On top of that our youth suicide rate has increased putting us as the highest suicide demographic in the world.

Most will tell us that we need to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps and get to work. Well... we would if there were employment opportunities and health services for us. We would if there wasn't a fear that we would be detained for

infringements such as offensive language rather than actual criminal offences in public so many non-Indigenous people take for granted. In fact while everyone is jumping up and down about police brutality in the U.S.A, Aboriginal people are 8 times more likely to be subject to the same circumstances in this country.

If you see these same issues that I see and the same demographic of people consistently living below the poverty line in a 1st world country like this one, ask yourself if we are actually the problem.

General Secretaries' Report

Chiara Angeloni

In February this year, Max and I were two of twenty-six University of Sydney students chosen to attend the 50th Anniversary commemoration tour of the 1965 Freedom Ride, travelling to Dubbo, Walgett, Moree, Bowraville and Kempsey. We listened to stories about how the original Riders, led by Uncle Charlie Perkins, drew attention to racial discrimination in these communities, and the gains that were made for Indigenous rights after the Ride (including the 1967 referendum).

We learnt about the positive changes that have happened in these communities over the past fifty years, but also saw the many grave issues which they still face,

spanning health, employment, education and interactions with the criminal ‘justice’ system.

Australia could soon face another referendum—this time, calling for the elimination of racial discrimination towards Indigenous peoples from the Constitution, especially through a clause to “preserve the Australian Government's ability to pass laws for the benefit of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples.”

The Recognise campaign driving the call for constitutional recognition has the bipartisan support of the Australian parliament. However, the continued

dispossession and colonisation of Aboriginal communities is still alive and well—one need look no further than the attempts of Western Australia's Liberal government to shut down nearly one hundred and fifty remote Indigenous communities. Further, the 2015 budget failed to undo many of the devastating cuts to vital services for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples' health, law, employment and education in 2014. To what extent will constitutional recognition contribute to tangible, meaningful change for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples if the current actions of governments indicate they can't even deliver on their commitment?

It's not enough just to say we're committed. We must act on this commitment by ‘walking the talk,’ guided by the communities themselves.

In a similar vein, merely celebrating the 1965 Freedom Rides does not itself do justice to the legacy of its vision: working actively to combat the ongoing reality of racial discrimination that Indigenous communities face. If the University is proud to claim the Freedom Riders as its alumni, it must also act on their vision, which continues to be of pressing significance today. This is a legacy the students on the 2015 Freedom Ride are keen to continue.

Vice Presidents' Report

Daniel Ergas

There's a page on Facebook called ‘USyd Rants’. True to its name, it is an anonymous clearinghouse for the disenchanting and disillusioned. It is a strange psyche: its currency of approval, likes, ensures that the opinions widely liked are widely shared. Its anonymity ensures unpopular posts disappear without any criticism directed to their author, and successful posts flourish – with their creator, inevitably, accepting accolades from an adoring Facebook public.

Hundreds of rants are posted each day: from tediously specific condemnations (“[t]o the people sitting in the back third of the room in BUSS1030 on

Tuesday afternoon”) to strangely generic commentaries on life (“Is God Dead?”), a question I can only imagine was posed either by an extraordinarily angry teen or a second-year Philosophy student seeking ad-hoc essay help).

Unfortunately, its coverage doesn't end there. Safe in its namelessness, USyd Rants is a petrie-dish for the self-declared ‘disenfranchised’ to sound off on feminism (“fuck feminism!” is a regular contribution), international students (“Stuck with ANOTHER international student in my group, FML”), and even Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people (“Lazy fucking Abos near Redfern,

stop barking at me”).

For this Indigenous Honi, I thought it was important to reflect on this unique form of discrimination. Comments that are – in any other context – vile and unacceptable – comments we would never attach our name to – can be shared quickly, freely, easily, with no harm to personal reputation whatsoever. Discrimination – whether it is subtle or even unconscious, or anonymous and caustic – is real and entrenched.

Gendered violence is at crisis-point; international students are routinely exploited, and promptly abandoned, by our own University; and the Redfern Tent

Embassy faces imminent eviction. You don't need to look at ‘USyd Rants’ to see it. I wish you did. I want to believe that these ‘rants’ are rare and repressed; reading this Honi, I fear that they are not.

Thank you to Madi McIvor – the editor of this Honi, and my brilliant co-Vice President – who has slaved for weeks over this edition: it is uncomfortable, illuminating, and shocking at all once. Sometimes we need to be. I hope that you, too, realise that this – the way we consider, think about, and treat others – must change.



Campus Refugee Action Collective Report

Imogen Szumer

Events of the last few weeks demonstrate the extent to which, if it goes unchallenged, cruel refugee policy will be the bipartisan standard. The Campus Refugee Action Collective (CRAC) held a pro-refugee speak-out outside opposition leader Bill Shorten's pre-budget address on campus in recent weeks, where we spoke to many attendees, including Labor members, about the need to end offshore processing. After his address however, Shorten made clear that a Labor government in power would be determined to stop the boats. He even refused to rule out boat turn-backs. Shorten uses the same flawed ‘saving lives at sea’ argument as the Liberals. Stopping boats doesn't save lives, it kills.

Treasurer Joe Hockey seems to think stopping the boats has a somewhat different effect. After the recent budget, Hockey said that the Liberals’ “have stopped the boats...As a result, we are saving more than \$500m from closing unnecessary detention centres and...the costs of processing new boat arrivals.” Savings certainly could be made by closing unnecessary detention centres: refugees could be welcomed and processed in the community, saving the government more than \$7 billion on offshore detention.

Instead, the Liberals' real strategy for saving ‘costs’ is to bully and bribe our poorer neighbours. Alongside a

coincidental \$40 million “aid” packet, Australia has hitched a deal with Cambodia for refugee resettlement. CRAC held a forum on campus last week to expose the true nature of the ‘Cambodia solution’. Cambodia is the 48th poorest nation in the world and has repeatedly refoiled refugees – a group of Uighur refugees, from Muslim minority persecuted by Chinese govt. were sent back to China – the next day China handed over \$1 billion in aid.

The Cambodia deal is essentially a way for the government to plug up the holes in its offshore processing system which has been in crisis since day one. But the contradictions in the government's policy

are insurmountable – the boats continue to arrive, because asylum seekers are just as desperate now as they were before. We should not be shifting our responsibilities on to desperately poor countries, effectively bribing them to cooperate with Australia to undermine international human rights treaties.

The Campus Refugee Action Collective is campaigning to end offshore processing and mandatory detention. To turn the tide on public opinion and pull down the fences, we need to build the campaign everywhere. We encourage all students to get involved with us – we meet every Monday 11am in the SRC.

Wom*ns Officers' Report

Xiaoran Shi and Subeta Vimalarajah

The Sydney University Wom*ns Collective acknowledges that our activism and meetings take place on Aboriginal land. Those of us who are non-Indigenous recognise our complicity in the continuing colonisation of Aboriginal land. As feminists, we know that our fight for equality is meaningless if the experiences and contributions of Aboriginal women are not centred and recognised. We understand that the structures that oppress women, trans and non-binary people, are inextricably linked to those that have oppressed Aboriginal people.

We regret that the history of feminism has consistently failed to recognise the place of Aboriginal women. We note that in

Australia, when the suffragettes claimed to have won the vote for all Australian women in 1902, this did not include Indigenous women. It was not until 1962 that Aboriginal women were given the right to vote with Aboriginal men. We as a collective do not recognise 1902 as the date of women's suffrage in Australia, but 1962. This pattern repeats itself through history. Little space in history has been given to Aboriginal women who have lost their families to the Stolen Generations and who have constantly fought colonisation whilst having their culture forcibly stripped from them. We look to policies like the Northern Territory Intervention that illustrate how governments have paternalistically claimed to be “protecting” Aboriginal women whilst furthering their

neo-colonial agenda. Beyond history, we look to the current state of feminism. When the pay gap is quoted and provokes anger, it is rarely qualified by the effect of race. We know that the pay gap does not represent the structural disadvantages Aboriginal women face—we cannot even find the statistic that does. When Rosie Batty recently spoke out about domestic violence, feminists commended her. When Aboriginal women like Amy McGuire want to do the same thing, they must fear that their concerns will be used as a weapon against their community. These are not isolated areas in feminism; we can see this pattern repeated in every “feminist” issue.

Stereotypes about aboriginal communities are still pervasive and ridiculous, particularly those that suggest Aboriginal culture is inherently sexist. The Aboriginal feminists we know are strong, powerful activists. We look to our own community at Sydney University and to the amazing Aboriginal women we know. In the SRC we specifically recognise Madison McIvor (USYD Vice President) and Laura Webster (SRC Executive). Thank you for being wonderful friends, activists, feminists and educators. We are humbled by your greatness and cannot wait to see all the wonderful ways in which you will both make the world a better place.

Notice of Council Meeting

87th Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

DATE: 3rd June

TIME: 6-8pm

LOCATION: Professorial Board Room (Quadrangle)



Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au

Last Week at SUPRA

These pages are brought to you by the officebearers of SUPRA. They are not altered, edited, or changed in any way by the *Honi* editors.

Parent Picnic

SUPRA hosted its first picnic for postgraduate parents and their kids. The Women's Officer did an amazing job pulling together SUPRA volunteers, face painters, balloon makers, and several parents who brought their kids to Botany Lawn. They spent the afternoon enjoying the sun, watching the kids play, and conversing about difficulties parents face participating in the student experience as they juggle school, family, study, and often work.

We want to thank everyone who helped out, from the Women's Officer who coordinated the event, to staff and talent who made the event colourful, and to councillors and postgrads who volunteered to cook or pitch in a helping hand.

We hope that this is a first of many events that will involve parents. We would love to hear from parents in the University of Sydney community, who may have ideas for events or activities that would engage them or be easy for them to bring their kids to.

In the mean time, check out these amazing pictures from today's festivities.

Postgrad Affairs

MUPRA: As some of you know, Macquarie University student representatives faced their own university in court on the 7th of May. Macquarie University is taking seven student representatives to the Supreme Court of New South Wales as an attempt to close the Macquarie University Postgraduate Representative Association (MUPRA). Led by the campaign "Students for MUPRA, a number of students from all over the Sydney area turned up at Town Hall to support MUPRA, and many student associations pitched in support by other means.

Luckily, the court has yet to charge MUPRA. That said, MUPRA is not out of the woods yet as the Judge ordered Court-supervised mediation between the two entities by the 28th of May. MUPRA will be able to access its funds to seek legal representation, and the case will return to Court for judgment if the mediation is unsuccessful.

The Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA) has expressed ongoing support for MUPRA, along



with SUPRA and other student associations. Many postgraduate representatives are grateful for the support MUPRA has received during their ongoing issue, and thanks to anyone at University of Sydney who stepped up for MUPRA at Town Hall on the 7th of May.

You can learn more about Students for MUPRA here: <https://www.facebook.com/students4mupra>

Federal Budget 2015: The Federal Budget was released last Tuesday – and according to some early media sources, students were let off the hook this year!

Well... not really...

It turns out many aspects of the 2015-2016 budget will affect students, and postgraduates. Students and staff at university have already expressed concern for example, with cuts to Sustainable Research Excellence (SRE). The budget also makes no promise to amend the original \$173.7M cut to the Research Training Scheme (RTS), and this will impact the research workforce going forward. The Council of Australian Postgraduate Representatives (CAPA) released a statement expressing their concerns with regard to these cuts, and what they mean for the future of the research workforce. (Source: <http://www.capa.edu.au/media-releases/cuts-to-research-training-threaten-future-of-research-workforce/>.)

Universities Australia also expressed concern, citing that students will continue to be left 'in policy limbo' as this year's budget does not address the education cuts announced in previous years. Of course many assume that fee deregulation will go forward.

Finding SUPRA

SUPRA has moved! We're also easy to find once you know how to find us. Unfortunately, some postgrads are not used to our new location, so to make life easier, we've made a map, and written some instructions for you: The new SUPRA offices are on Level 2 of the Holme Building, Camperdown campus. To get to the SUPRA offices you can enter the Holme Building via Science Rd, head through the Holme Courtyard and take the lift (next to the Courtyard Restaurant and Bar) down to Level 2. Our new premises are accessible however the nearest accessible toilet is on Level 3 of the Holme Building, adjacent to the Holme Courtyard.

Check out the included map to find SUPRA. For a digital map of campus that shows where the Holme Building (A09) is, see the website <http://sydney.edu.au/maps/campuses/?area=CAMDAR>. See you at SUPRA!

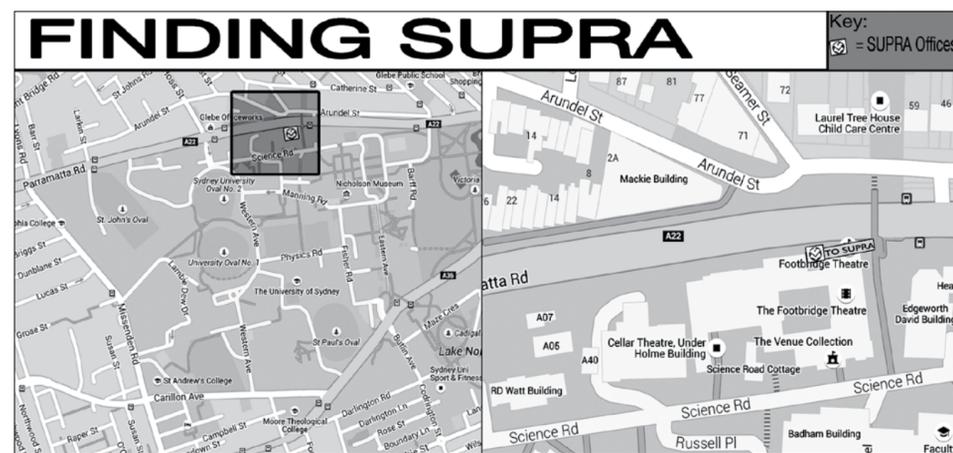
SUPRA HAS MOVED!

Our new offices are on Level 2 of the Holme Building (A09) Science Rd, Camperdown Campus. Access is via the lift in the Holme Courtyard.

Our hours, phone and email remain the same:
Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm
(closed for lunch 12-1pm daily)
admin@supra.usyd.edu.au
02 9351 3715



First SUPRA Postgrad Parents Picnic was a blast! Thanks to all who helped and came!



SUPRA
SYDNEY UNIVERSITY POSTGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE ASSOCIATION

ON

Social Media

www.facebook.com/sydneyunipostgrads
@SUPRAPrez / #SUPRAPostgrads
@SUPRA_Postgrads / #SUPRAPostgrads

The Condescension of Ethnic Categories in Contemporary Australian Art

Chloe Hazelwood on politics of identity in art.

During the 1970s, a new politics of identity emerged that worked to overturn the narrowly conceived formalism dominating art criticism of the 1960s. While this was informed by an ethics of collectivity and gave marginalised groups the opportunity to express their personal narratives, eventually identity politics became less effective as a form of self-representation and more useful as a 'politically correct' aesthetic orthodoxy adopted by the dominant cultural group to place the work of culturally diverse artists into easily definable categories. In the Australian context, essentialist modes of classification separated Indigenous art from contemporary art, particularly the work of urban-based artists.

Australian curators, critics and audiences were not prepared for an emerging Indigenous artistic practice that challenged their narrowly defined conventions of authenticity. The work of urban-based Indigenous artists triggered reactionary disapproval; one common and simplistic remark of the 1980s was that it resembled "second-rate white art". There was a rigid dichotomy between artists from 'remote' Indigenous communities and their urban counterparts. If the subject matter of urban Indigenous art diverted from that of 'traditional' bark painting, where were the familiar visual markers of 'culture'? As Glenn Iseger-Pilkington observes, artists "working in photomedia, video, and performance cannot escape the romantic notions of traditional custodial practice". The conflation of an "Indigenous brand" with an "accepted aesthetic", such as Central Desert dot painting, reinforces

the stereotype of urban-based work as 'inauthentic'. It seems that urban Indigenous art has occupied an indefinable grey area.

Urban Indigenous artists found themselves in a double bind when it came to the content of their work. At the same time as it failed to mimic the accepted aesthetic of dot painting, it was deemed too political, or read exclusively as being about 'difficult' issues. According to Brenda L. Croft, it "generated the fiercest reaction from the predominantly Anglo-Celtic Australian male art 'Mafia'". Urban-based artists were determined to break down the rigid categorisation that forced their work out of contemporary exhibitions. Indeed, their exclusion from the mainstream "smacked of paternalism and tokenism". Artists working in 'remote' contexts were not free from these supercilious attitudes either – their work was misinterpreted as politically neutral, even though painting their traditional lands was an empowering act in itself. Indigenous artists across all geographic locations battled against "the ever-strengthening grip of ethnographic prescription", but urban-based artists were intentionally pushed to the outer edges of the inner art circle.

If the fine art world declined to meet urban Indigenous artists on their terms, they found ways to articulate their vibrant creative expression regardless. Christian Thompson, an internationally based Bidjara artist, conveys "a lived rather than assigned identity" in his *Lost Together* (2009) series. *Humpy Away From Home* (2009) (Figure 1) is a photographic image

from *Lost Together*, and it immediately evokes a hybrid sense of self. Thompson pays homage to his non-Indigenous great-grandfather Isaac by donning a thick blonde beard, which covers his face from the nose down. A bright red humpy partially obstructs our view of Thompson as he rests on a tartan blanket dressed in tartan garb. Though artists such as Thompson have been "[m]ired in the muddy waters of Aboriginal identity politics, the colonial discourse of Australia and the burden of creating racially explicit work", *Humpy Away From Home* deliberately confounds cultural stereotypes.

While artists such as Thompson embrace their Indigenous and non-Indigenous heritage, other contemporary artists have abandoned the category of "Indigenous" entirely. Tracey Moffatt is a prominent figure in the art world, well known for her refusal "to be locked into essentialist or fixed identity positions". While Moffatt deals implicitly with Aboriginal issues, she also questions "the very notion of Aboriginality" as white critics and curators perceive it. Global perspectives of contemporary art, such as postmodernism, shape Moffatt's approach. She has stated: "[t]he reason why I have been successful is that I have avoided allowing myself to be ghettoised as a BLACK ARTIST". Moffatt is acutely aware of how constricting the Aboriginal 'label' can become, especially after one establishes herself as an Aboriginal artist. In addition, Indigenous contemporary art is burdened by "the compulsion to protest (declare) its Indigeneity". Keen to get to the heart of this issue, Iseger-Pilkington asks, "How

do we re-brand ourselves in a world where our Indigenous brand has become so synonymous with the context and content of our work?"

Enter Brook Andrew, an urban-based artist who complicates the link between Aboriginality and the politics of representation. Andrew creates layered works that not only reflect his "Wiradjuri and Scottish identities", but also his queer sexuality. The artist frames queerness "in a deliberately celebratory (and as a result, to some, confrontational) manner". One of Andrew's most iconic works is *Sexy and Dangerous* (1996) (Figure 2), a digitally manipulated image combining an ethnographic archival photograph of a young man of colour with Chinese characters and the words "SEXY AND DANGEROUS" inscribed across his chest in English. At first, the viewer might surmise that this phrase is a direct translation; however, Andrew plays with predetermined notions of language and culture by revealing that he simply appropriated the Chinese characters from a street poster. *Sexy and Dangerous* alludes to "the world of an exotic, unspecified 'other': a colonial fear of the unknown and fetishisation of the colonised body. Nothing is to be taken at face value; even the subject's white body paint, emulating "the ritual application of white ochre", has been digitally airbrushed.

Ethnic categorisation of Indigenous contemporary art continues to pose an obstacle to urban-based artists, despite their multidimensional explorations of identity. Looking back to the 1980s, there was no space for nuanced consideration of urban Indigenous art in the mainstream – the predominantly white, male art clique made sure of that. This meant that the politically charged content and stylistic innovations of urban-based Indigenous artists, particularly those experimenting with technologies, was deemed 'inauthentic'. Despite these limitations, urban-based artists gained strength in numbers, defying the essentialist classification of their work and the quasi-assimilationist systems working against their success.

Far-Left: Figure 1: Christian Thompson, *Humpy Away From Home*, 2009, C-Type print. 100 x 100 cm. Copyright of the artist.

Left: Figure 2: Brook Andrew, *Sexy and Dangerous*, 1996, digital image printed on Duraclear mounted on acrylic. 183 x 182 cm.

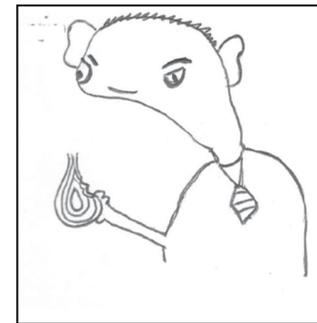


The Sir Albert Garter Prize for Satirical Portraiture

The Garter Press is pleased to present the forty-fifth annual Sir Albert Garter Prize, awarded to a work of exceeding originality in the scope of its satire, and a great level of technical proficiency in its execution. Below are the 2015 entrants.



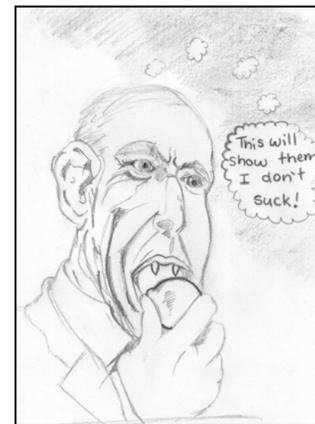
Elise Bickley, *The Tyrant and The Root Vegetable* Pen and Paper, 800 x 800mm



Elise Bickley, *The Root Vegetable and the Tyrant* Pen and Paper, 800 x 800mm

This piece captures a moment in the collective, political consciousness. Australians of the day will see something of themselves in this meditation on that one time Tony Abbott ate an onion.

Power. Ambition. Vice. Unpleasant breath for the next few hours. They sit like stains on a work that is designed to move, also in ink and paper.



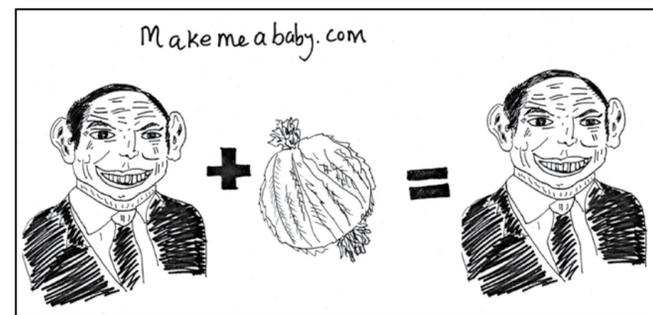
Katie Thorburn, *Garlic: A Retrospective* Pencil Sketch, 1100 x 770mm



Cabbage, *An Unlikely Hero* Digital Sketch, 1000 x 700mm

At the frenzied peak of post-onion political speculation, new accusations arose that suggested Abbott was a creature of the night. Here is a pencil work that preys on, and rebukes the anxiety.

Focusing an acid-sharp satirical bent on one of the best remembered gaffes of the year, this digital drawing captures the imagination of both the public, and the PM. It is a heroic undertaking.

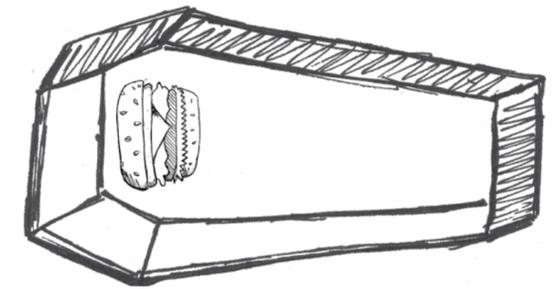


Stephanie Barabona, *Onion-Abbott Wedding*, Digital Sketch, 1200 x 600mm

This insightful digital print asks the challenging question: *What if Tony Abbott fucked an onion and had a child?* While the conclusion is heavily implied, the work invites the audience to make up their own mind.

Death, Warmed Up

In reviewing Engo Grill, Peter Walsh picks on something inanimate like he is.



"Deep in the heart of the engineering faculty there is this hole in the wall cafe which does beside-the-highway quality burgers, perfectly grilled, complete with beetroot, shredded lettuce, BBQ sauce. The lot. The perfect burger. I paid \$8, got that, a cup of chips, and a big coke. Amazing."

- Text message from Ryan Hunter, received 7 August, 2014.

Nine months after I received that text message, I found myself south of the border, west of Seymour, in the concrete Escher that is Engineering. Engo Grill—formerly, I can only imagine, *something else*—has since been subsumed by the chalk-on-blackboard/white tiled aesthetic of the USU. From a distance, it gives you a sense of controlled hedonism, the kind of place you'd die to eat in. Make no mistake: Engo Grill gives literal meaning to the phrase "eating to live".

The name Engo Grill might trick you into thinking the grill is in use, but the speed with which you're served from the funeral procession of a line suggests something else is up. Engo Grill takes that feeling of purchasing something fresh from the BBQ after your Under-9s sporting event and lets it wilt in packaging beneath fluorescent counter lights. Each burger is a corpse waiting to be withdrawn, tagged, and identified.

We began with the Classic Engo Burger—beef, cos lettuce, pickles and sauce on bun—and, at this point, I have to commend the USU for the price point. At \$6.90 (\$5.85 ACCESS), the Union is finally gesturing towards a sustainable price for students and, now that they've proven they can, they would do well to apply a similar discount to the sandwiches

they serve elsewhere. How do I know they won't? Well, the Classic Engo Burger isn't particularly good.

The patty is a dense, round colon of meat, in which onions are half-heartedly embedded, the way you might bury an animal in a shallow grave. The bun, which is positively Saharan in both colour and texture, absorbs all moisture from the sauce and then your mouth. But I'm glad I ordered another one: the Chicken Burger, which comes with a smokey sauce, lettuce, and "bell peppers" is fine and flavoursome, and only held back by that bun-dryness which, if it hasn't been emphasised enough, is akin to dissolving packaging peanuts on your tongue.

Each refurbished USU outlet seems to be built around one signature dish, and while you would be forgiven for thinking the burgers are Engo's, it's actually the Ribs. Here, I have to take back what was said about value, as these ribs are \$13 (\$11.05 on ACCESS), which in my case worked out to roughly three bones and a humiliating sleeve of meat. Worse, the side coleslaw and chips are served draped over to conceal the anaemic portions of meat, almost embarrassingly so, as if the servers are conspiring with the chefs to minimise everyone's guilt. The meat surrenders itself limply from the bone, less the way succulent meat should, and more like how an elderly relative passes away in the night. The menu promises "southern" flavour, which is accurate so long as you adjust your expectations for our continent. Engo Grill's ribs taste like Adelaide and, like that city, the venue is a Monument to Nothing: an exercise in straining comfort food through a flavourless layer of muslin, and then having the gall to charge for it.

1. This Americanism proves once and forever that the USU's menus are focus-grouped in some far away nation and imported as written to be distributed among the slovenly masses. I guess what I'm saying is *they're capsciums, fuck!*

