



WEEK SIX, SEMESTER ONE, 2023

Letters between Palestine and the West

Anonymous
Feature, page 14 & 15

Referen-dumb!

Khanh Tran and Taylah Cooper
Analysis & Perspective, page 12 & 13

FUCK YOUR LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT... LAND BACK NOW!

The University of Sydney was founded on stolen land. All of us are beneficiaries of this in some way or another. The Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) organises, builds and works on unceded sovereign Gadigal land.

We honour and respect the ongoing resistance and activism of First Nations Elders and leaders, but we refuse to honour the system which has inflicted settler-colonial terrorism upon these communities for centuries. It is for this reason that we say, 'Fuck Your Land Acknowledgement'. ACAR demands action, not empty words. Solidarity is a verb. Allyship is not self-determined.

We would like to acknowledge that the Acknowledgement of Country is a white construction designed to placate and appease white guilt. We acknowledge that the Elders of the past did not die for their work to be misappropriated by privileged self-proclaimed white allies.

We acknowledge that the Elders of the present continue to be crushed and de-platformed by whiteness. We acknowledge that the black movement has been overrun by white stagnation.

This year has seen a paradigm shift in liberal, 'progressive' discourse about reconciliation, diversity and inclusion, particularly with the Voice, Treaty, Truth campaign, as though a colonial state can (performatively) be anti-colonial at the same time as it continues to exist, extract and exploit. Colonialism is not unique to these lands. The way forward is global decolonisation. The way forward is amplifying anti-colonial voices from Gadigal to Gaza, from Mumbai to Montreal, from Auckland to Algeria, from Hawai'i to Haifa, from Navajo to Nggunawal.

Fuck the colonial states.
Fuck the land acknowledgements.
We demand Land Back Now.



EDITORIAL

Dearly beloved,

We are gathered here today to join BIPOC communities in unholy matrimony. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together – let them speak now or forever hold their peace. Peace?! What f***ing peace?!

The front cover of this edition inspires you to imagine. The Apartheid wall has been torn down. Palestine has been liberated. A global uprising against all forms of colonialism, imperialism and capitalism has begun. Billionaires? Off with their heads! Pauline Hanson? Shipped back to where she came from! Workers? Finally united and unstoppable! Sooner or later, it's coming.

The key to transcending division is a process by which we embrace radical love. That is why we have joined together, in unholy matrimony, to bring you our 2023 autonomous edition of ACAR Honi – full of love, compassion and oh so much culture.

And so, by the power vested in us by the abysmal state of this wretched Cuntery,

we now pronounce you, awakened and radical. May your lives be full of community, love and deadliness. We pay homage to all who came before us: Elders, leaders and activists.



Every single piece in this newspaper is worthy of highlighting — but for the sake of our readers I'll direct them to a few key pages. Shout out to Tung for the front cover design. Your skills amaze us beyond words. Head over to page 12 and 13 for an analysis by Khanh and a perspective by Taylah about the referendum for the Voice to Parliament. Head to page 14 and 15 for the feature — an anonymous series of letters between Palestine and the progressive West. On page 16, LM explores her fury with fetters. If you are fasting or have friends fasting this Ramadan, head over to page 27 for Nafeesa's Ramadan Rumble to find out what the best food is to break your fast. Shout out also to pages 6 and 21, our two amazing comics by Jun and Robert. A special shoutout to all the creatives in this edition — there are so many wonderful drawings, sketches, poems, and creative pieces which importantly highlight how wonderfully creative BIPOC can be.

We thank all artists, contributors and editors for their work to put together this autonomous edition of 2023. We could not have done it without you all. Seriously.

Xoxo,

Your Baddies in Chief



Editors in Chief

Rand Khatib & Hanna Kwan

Editors

Alana Ramshaw, Ariana Haghighi, Andy Park, Anthony-James Kanaan, Audhora Khalid, Bipasha Chakraborty, Danny Yazdani, Ethan Floyd, Jun Kwoun, Khanh Tran, Lizzy Kwok, Miles Huynh, Mehnaaz Hossain, Misbah Ansari, Nafeesa Rahman, Ramla Khalid, Sandra Kallarakkal, Zeina Khochaiche

Front Cover

Tung Nguyễn Vũ Tru



Contributors

Alana Ramshaw, Angela Tran, Bipasha Chakraborty, Danny Yazdani, Ethan Floyd, Hamani Tanginoa, Hanna Kwan, Khanh Tran, Jayden Nguyen, Junaade Ali, Jun Kwoun, Juneau Choo, Justin Leong, LM, Luna Ng, Mehnaaz Hossain, Madhukiikaa Singh, Malavika Vijayakrishnan, Nafeesa Rahman, Rand Khatib, Robert Hoang, Sandra, Taylah Cooper, Zeina Khochaiche

Artists

Alana Ramshaw, Anthony-James Kanaan, Bipasha Chakraborty, Ethan Floyd, Hanna Kwan, Ting Jen Kuo, Mia Di Mento, Miles Huynh, Nafeesa Rahman, Shania O'Brien, Taylah Cooper, Vieve Carnsew

WHO IS ACAR?

The Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) is a left-wing, progressive collective that organises and builds against systemic racism, colonialism, imperialism and all forms of oppression which impact people of colour. In 2023, we will be centering our work around the 75th anniversary of the Nakba - the settler colonial invasion of Palestine in 1948 and its ongoing effects on the Palestinian people. This will be contextualised with the local First Nations struggles: Black Deaths in Custody, Land Back, Sovereignty and looking at what it means to decolonise. ACAR will further build anti-racist campaigns as suggested by ACAR members - so get involved!

ACAR is open to USYD students who identify as Aboriginal and/or Torres Strait Islander, a person of colour, or are marginalised by white supremacy. We encourage students who don't fall under these categories to support ACAR in our various ally-friendly events that we will organise throughout the year.



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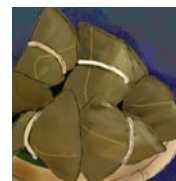
Happy Aries season — disco lights are turning blue, henna is a lushing red, and people are partying their heads off.

Pop an extra pill on me, quick!

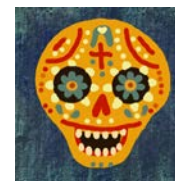
Misbah Ansari is at it again.



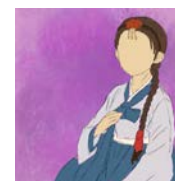
Aries: You're the star of the season so colour everything red, taste a bit of their lipstick remains, and sip on some merlot while slow fucking on your bed full of roses.



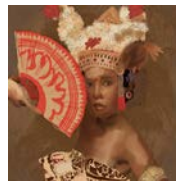
Cancer: Stop sitting in a corner at a house party and indulge in some wacky beer pong, chugging cheap beer. So many people want to take you out, you just need to let yourself out.



Libra: Some slow tugging of hair during sex is hot, only if they consent to it. Get your hair twirled during dates and pulled in the bed too, it is so hot for momentum.



Capricorn: Go make a move, Capricorn! Buy them a drink, ask them out for a horror movie, offer your arms for jumpscare cuddles, and then lean in for a kiss during prolonged eye contact.



Taurus: Everything will fall into place and you will fall in the pool with those two hotties you've been eyeing. Fun three-way action in the waters, looks like things are flowing for you again.



Leo: Double texting is fine, but text multiple Tinder matches and test the waters. Fucking two people in the same night, so on your charts



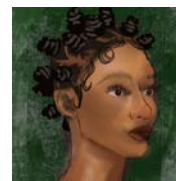
Scorpio: You will find yourself doing classic impulsive Scorpio things. Quickies at a public toilet, slow grinding at a concert, or shockingly rowdy sexts? Back in the game!



Aquarius: You're an all powerful source, the joint roller during a sesh and an inherent provider. Stop feeling that you're too much and use your dominative powers in bed. Roar!



Gemini: Walk across your classroom and take that beautiful girl out for a cheeky drink. Make that bar a club, start dancing and invite others to join on the floor, and dive in for a smoooooch (with consent).



Virgo: Your mind is cluttered right now, but unclutter it with a sensual yoga class. Cringe naked yoga in the park, followed by stones on your back. Maybe that's what you need to experience pleasure.



Sagittarius: Your emotions are a bit all over the place but they will recuperate. Do silly, mundane things like getting early breakfast, doing kegel exercise and doodling your sex thoughts.



Pisces: Things will slow down and you will laugh again in bed. You're in for sweaty, embarrassing yet passionate sex and it will be an eye-opening bed revolution.

Art by Bipasha Chakraborty

Labor set for majority government in landslide victory

Andy Park and
Caitlin O'Keefe White

Labor has won the NSW election, securing 47 seats to 27 for the Coalition, with nine seats to call at time of writing.

In his address to the state, Labor leader and new State Premier Chris Minns said, “after 12 years in opposition the people of New South Wales have voted for a fresh start.”

Labor's victory was partly dominated by wins in Western Sydney — Camden, East Hills, Parramatta, Riverstone, Holsworthy, and Penrith — which were previously safe seats held by the Coalition.

A key part of Labor's winning strategy involved taking a firm stance against privatisation — Minns called this election “a decisive vote against privatisation.” NSW Labor has promised to remove the public sector wage cap which caused nurses, teachers, paramedics, and transport workers to strike across the state in the past year. Other policies included capping road tolls to \$60 per week, and investing \$1.1 billion into improving roads in regional NSW and Western Sydney.

Over the past decade, the Coalition has privatised a host of state assets, including transport projects, and the NSW auditor general's report revealed that the Coalition government has spent a billion dollars on private consultants since 2017. Even though outgoing Premier Dominic Perrottet ruled out future privatisation this February, marking a major shift in Coalition policy, the party's stance remained unclear — with one Liberal MP saying, “we as NSW Liberals support asset recycling”, directly opposing the former Premier's commitment. Following the loss, the former Premier has stepped down from Liberal leadership saying that the party needs a “fresh start”.

The Coalition's loss follows years of scandals and alleged corruption within the party. These include the sports rorts scandal, support of pork barreling, and former Premier Gladys Berejiklian's resignation after ICAC investigations. Most recently, it was revealed that Perrottet wore a Nazi costume at his 21st birthday party.

“We know the responsibilities are awesome, but NSW Labor is back and ready to govern in this great state,” said Minns. After over a decade of austerity, the people of New South Wales can only look forward.

Queer rights protesters attacked by far-right hate group

Ethan Floyd

CW: Honi wishes to advise its readers that this article discusses violence and transphobia.

A peaceful speak-out, held by Community Action for Rainbow Rights (CARR), ended in violence on Tuesday night, as protesters were attacked by a mob believed to be tied to far-right group Christian Lives Matter.

“Tonight hundreds of violent far-right thugs attacked a small peaceful speak-out of LGBTQ+ activists with glass bottles, rocks and their fists. Several people were punched in the face multiple times and hit with rocks and bottles as they were surrounded by a mob 30 times their size,” said CARR yesterday, in a statement posted to Twitter.

“This is a disgusting and violent escalation by the anti-LGBTI+ far-right protesters who recently marched through Newtown in protest against World Pride.”

One Nation's Mark Latham — notorious for his views towards queer and trans people, particularly against discussion of gender diversity in classrooms — spoke at a community meeting at St Michael's Church in Belfield, when hundreds of people “charged out of the church” and set upon the speak-out, which was occurring “more than a block away”.

One of the speak-out's organisers, who has asked to remain anonymous for their own safety, said in the Guardian this morning that the group

used rocks and bottles as projectiles, with many punching and kicking protesters.

“They grabbed one of the protesters by the hair and threw them to the ground, they punched people in the face, they threw bottles, handfuls of gravel,” they said.

Although NSW Police were present, they were overwhelmed by the mob and struggled to maintain a barrier between the protesters and their attackers.

“They barely had a handle on it, they barely had enough people to maintain a line between us and them. These (...) people kept jumping in and throwing their fists at the top of our heads and stuff like that,” said one of the speak-out's organisers.

According to NSW Police, two people were arrested following a “public order incident” involving approximately 500 people — less than 50 of whom were CARR protesters. CARR labelled the attack as a targeted assault, rather than a random violent outburst.

Member of Christian Lives Matter Christian Sukkar — who has denied involvement in the Belfield attack, despite allegedly being present at St Mary's and having been witnessed assaulting protestors — posted a video to Facebook before the speak-out. In the video, he shares the following message with Christian Lives Matter militants: “if you are going down to see the protesters there is only one way, that is to grab them and grab them by the hair [...] the real boys, the real motherfucking G's are going to go down there tomorrow and you're

going to shake them up [...] time to rise, time to stand.”

This attack is the latest in a series of escalating attacks on the queer and trans communities in Sydney, perpetrated largely by the far-right hate group Christian Lives Matter — the same group responsible for an anti-queer march earlier this month.

A Facebook group labelled Christian Lives Matter has been alarmingly posting criticism of coverage about these protests and identifiable information (including images) of counter-protestors asking their audience to share any more available information with them.

It also follows an alarming trend of growing far-right action across Australia. Earlier this week, the Australian National Socialists Movement — a self-proclaimed Nazi group — assembled on the steps of Victorian Parliament in support of an anti-trans rally.

In a statement to Honi, USyd SRC Queer Officers Yasmin Andrews and Ella Pash condemned this rise in far-right aggression, particularly the apathy and complicity demonstrated by police and governments.

“In the events over the past couple of weeks, we have seen how the state and its powers, such as the police force, is complicit in this problem,” their statement read.

“We are past the wake up call, and must rise to push back the far right (...) and build a community of activists with the skills and knowledge to win this fight.”

Student Centre shifts cancelled due to planned pro-staff protest

Luke Cass and Luke Mesterovic

University of Sydney management have this week cancelled a large number of Student Centre casual shifts for tomorrow, encouraging the small number of remaining staff to work from home, in anticipation of a planned protest against the University's spill-and-fill of Student Centre jobs.

The majority of HEO4 casual staff, whose contracts expire on 31 March and will not be renewed, were informed yesterday evening that their shifts on Thursday 23 March were cancelled. The Student Centre student card team — employed on a casual basis at HEO2 classification — have also had their shifts for tomorrow cancelled.

The Student Centre will be closed for in-person inquiries on Thursday as a result of the University's decision. This means that ID card production, distribution activities and the satellite student centres in Fisher Library and the Brennan McCallum building will be closed.

The University has engaged Protective Services for Thursday's protest and may restrict access to the Jane Foss Russell building.

In an email to staff today, Head of Student Administration Services Leah Hill, justified this to SAS staff on the basis of ‘safety’, implying the protest — in support of student centre workers — poses a danger to student centre workers.

University management denies that they are replacing existing casual HEO4 Student Centre Assistants with new casual Student Centre Assistants who would receive a lower rate of pay under the HEO3 classification. However, Student Centre management did advertise for ‘Student Centre Assistant’ positions to be employed at HEO3 level. For reasons not made clear, the advertisement has been deactivated.

Members of the NTEU believe that multiple aspects of the Student Management's ongoing workplace restructuring are in breach of the Enterprise Agreement between the NTEU and the University. The

University of Sydney denies this.

In a statement to Honi, NTEU USyd Branch President Nick Riemer said that “Management should be valuing its casual employees by giving them first go at any new jobs. Not doing so is a clear sign of their lack of commitment to job-security. Their ridiculous fear-mongering about a small protest shows that they are unable to take any criticism.

“It's high time that managers made themselves accountable for their decisions. The NTEU will leave no stone unturned to secure a fair outcome for our members in the Student Centre.”

The University of Sydney said in a statement, “the safety and wellbeing of our students, staff and the wider community is our highest priority and in response to planned protest activity on campus, the Student Centre will be closed for in-person enquiries today. A number of staff are working remotely and some staff were not required to work during the closure.”

NTEU postpones Wednesday's strike with Friday's strike to go ahead as planned

Katarina Butler and
Veronica Lenard

The University of Sydney Branch of the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) are cancelling the strike planned for Wednesday next week. The strike on Friday will continue as planned.

In place of the Wednesday strike, the NTEU will strike again during Week 7 — unless an acceptable offer is proposed before then. The day of this strike is currently yet to be confirmed.

The NTEU will have another member's meeting next week to monitor any changes made by management during ongoing bargaining.

These changes come after a 50-50 vote for postponing or proceeding with next week's strikes occurred at a union meeting on Thursday in response to the proposal of a new offer.

President of the USYD NTEU Branch, Nick Riemer, said that “Unless members decide management have made the movement that we need

— and that they can certainly afford — we'll be striking again on Friday March 31, and again the week after.”

David Brophy, Vice-President (Academic) of the USYD NTEU Branch, said on Twitter that the plan was a compromise between supporters of both motions proposed at the meeting, to allow the branch to keep moving forward.

Students converge on NSW Parliament to call for affordable housing

Sofia Angelini and Will Thorpe

Approximately 40 protesters gathered outside NSW Parliament House on Friday evening to call for more affordable housing. Organised by the NUS' Get a Room — Students for Affordable Housing campaign, the protest brought together a number of activist groups across UNSW, Macquarie and USyd.

The rally was chaired by UNSW SRC Education Officer Cherish Kuehlmann — arrested in February for “aggravated trespass” while protesting inside the Reserve Bank of Australia. — who led initial chants demanding action. Summer Hill Greens candidate Izabella Antoniou lamented the state of the property market for marginalised communities, remarking that “First Nations communities are being further dispossessed on their own land.”

“We are seeing people turfed out of their homes through triple-digit rent

hikes. There are lines down the block just to wait to inspect unsuitable, untenable, unliveable apartments full of issues like mould, that's just the start.”

Protestors marched from NSW Parliament to the Reserve Bank of Australia building, finally rallying at the Property Council of Australia on Barrack Street.

SRC Education Officer Yasmine Johnson expressed the Education Action Group's desire to galvanise action.

“We're hoping to mobilise young people to fight for housing justice, and to draw attention to the issue more generally. We want caps on rental prices, an end to no-fault evictions, serious expansion of public housing, a commitment to low-cost student housing from universities, and more,” said Johnson.

“We're in the middle of a cost of living crisis which in particular has seen rental prices skyrocket.

The fight for reproductive justice and queer liberation in NSW is far from over

Eliza Crossley

CW: Honi wishes to advise its readers that the following article discusses violence against transgender and queer people.

Earlier today, members of the The University of Sydney Womens' Collective (WoCo), Pride in Protest (PiP) and other queer organising groups attended a speak-out at Sydney Town Hall to protest the state government's lack of public abortion services since Abortion Law Reform Act 2019. The speak-out was organised after the cancellation of WoCo's yearly action, the Day of the Unborn Child counter-protest, due to the threat of violence from far-right group Christian Lives Matter.

The Day of the Unborn Child is an annual gathering that protests the decriminalisation of abortion and preaches on the suffering abortion brings. The event is run by the Catholic Church and Family and Life Australia, encouraging attendees to show that

“every human life is sacred and that abortion is evil!”

The cancellation of the counter-protest was linked to violence at Belfield earlier this month. Fifteen members of Community Action for Rainbow Rights (CARR) were attacked by members of Christian Lives Matter during their speak-out against an anti-trans community forum in Belfield.

The attackers threw glass bottles and rocks, and physically attacked CARR members. This hateful attack told us what we already know; that the far-right are violent and our streets are not safe for queer people. The substitute speak-out was organised amid concerns that WoCo could not “ensure the safety of the [original] action” and that the “threat of violence would instead work to drown out our political message.”

The speak-out was not publicly advertised and protestors were encouraged to wear masks and nondescript clothing, and disperse in groups to avoid potential violence.

Students are forced to wait in queues, sometimes of 50+ people, just to inspect a sharehouse, which they're often only able to get if they can afford to take part in rent bidding. We know there are plenty of empty properties in Sydney — over 160,000 of them, in fact. But landlords are deliberately keeping lots of them vacant in order to hike rental prices.”

“I think it's important that students across campuses come together as part of protests to demand real and immediate action on the housing crisis. It's great to be part of a campaign that can involve so many different campus activist collectives,” Johnson told Honi.

Ultimately, the consensus amongst protesters was clear: the action won't end until landlords, developers, the government and university management confront the impact of the housing crisis on students, young people and renters.

Around 40 protestors stood under a banner that read “raise hell for reproductive justice,” chanting “not the church, not the state, we will decide our fate!”

The rally was chaired by Iggy Boyd and Alev Saracoglu, WoCo co-conveners. Boyd stressed that, although abortion is decriminalised, “the right to abortions is being withheld, with only two public hospitals providing abortion services in NSW”.

The rally ended with an open mic where an attendee of the action spoke about the state election results, “the Liberals have tried to roll back the rights of women and LGBT people, but we have seen from last night that this does not represent the people of NSW.”

Boyd summarised, “As a collective, we believe that it's of the utmost importance to mobilise a widespread left-wing response to this.”

Two failed Honi candidates are trying to win the seat of Strathfield

Marlow Hurst

Both the Liberal and Labor candidates vying for the seat of Strathfield in the upcoming NSW State Election have previously run in and lost *Honi Soit* elections.

John-Paul Baladi, the Strathfield Liberal candidate, ran on the ticket Cream for *Honi* in 2019. While he appeared on the ballot paper, Baladi was notoriously removed from Cream after comments he had made in the University of Sydney Catholic Society Facebook group were published by *Honi Soit*. In those comments, Baladi appeared to defend the disgraced Cardinal George Pell and, if elected, pledged to censor an *Honi Soit* cover featuring Pell as much as he could convince his fellow editors to allow. Cream went on to lose in a landslide, getting just 37% of the vote, compared to Fit for *Honi*'s resounding 63%.

Around 27 years before the Fit v Cream showdown, Jason Yat-Sen Li, the Strathfield Labor candidate, ran on the ticket Communicats in 1992. While they would later lose to The Naked Truth — the self described “best looking *Honi*” — many of their members have enjoyed significant success post-University. Besides Li, the sitting member for Strathfield and a USyd Pro-Chancellor/Senate Fellow, Arthur Spyrou, the current Australian Ambassador to Greece, was a Communicats ticket member, as well as the late legal luminary Sandy Dawson. The Naked Truth was almost equally as impressive, featuring the current Assistant Minister for Competition, Charities and Treasury Andrew Leigh and the former NSW Minister for Women Verity Firth.

As far as *Honi Soit* can tell, this is the first time in Australian political history that two failed *Honi Soit* election candidates have contested the same seat. There is no record of the remaining three Strathfield candidates having run in *Honi Soit* elections.

Honi has reached out to JP Baladi and Jason Yat-Sen Li for comment. Baladi seened our message.



At the end of the day, you are white.

You are white.

Then you are queer.

Your queerness does not hide your whiteness.

Your queerness does not mask your white privilege.

Colonialism washed onto our shores and planted seeds of fear and prejudice within our political and cultural systems, and now I struggle to find peace in a community that once would have embraced me. A community that is now riddled with violence and anger towards their own queer members, from ideologies imported from elsewhere. BIPOC communities are heavily centered around pleasing your elders; now those elders look down at us with shame.

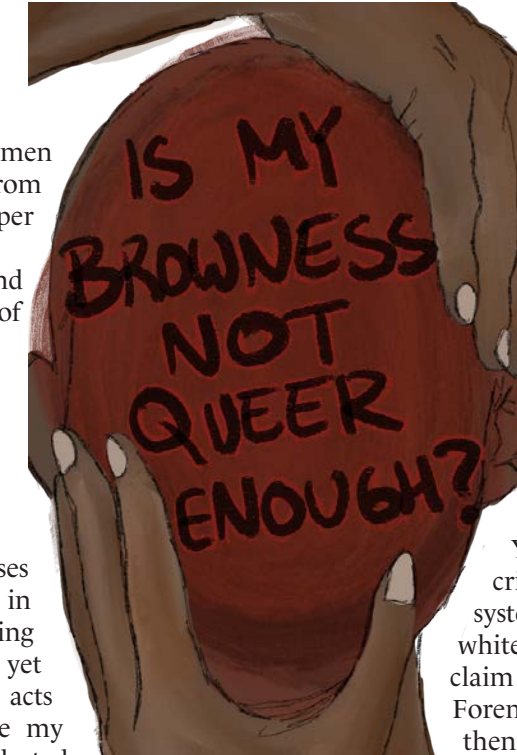
Black and Brown trans women, such as Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Rivera, have brought the queer movement where it is today, yet it is your face I see plastered across media. Your face taking credit for queer liberation, your face representing queer joy, your presence filling up queer spaces. White privilege paints queerness as normatively white, leaving us invisible to both queer and racial communities.

Where does that leave us to go?

You are not excluded from housing, healthcare or education, at the rate that we are. Health care systems neglect queer men of colour from accessing proper reproductive care, and queer youth of colour are consistently excluded from accessing shelter and adequate education. Petty offenses would result in your receiving of warnings, yet these same acts will incarcerate my peers. Left neglected for years behind bars and suppressed by a system that was made to only benefit you.

We stand together in the face of queer

oppression, yet this does not erase your white identity. You still benefit from the system that was built around your skin, whilst we are at the feet of it. Your false pseudo-ethnicity of queerness does not eradicate your privilege, nor make you an expert in



marginalisation. You cannot escape criticism of the systemic uplifting of white power with your claim to queerness. Foremost you are white, then you are queer. Your skin allows you to conceal yourself in moments of intensity, we are not fortunate to that privilege.

For our queerness to be validated, we must conform to certain ideas that are shaped by whiteness.

Our ethnic customs, practices and physical features are deemed as heteronormative in the lens of eurocentric ideals. Our ethnocultural backgrounds must be disregarded in order to complement your ideals. Our identity is not queer enough for you. We are not queer enough for you.

I understand your struggles as a queer person, but you do not understand mine as a queer person of colour. Fallen on us is the burden of erasing aspects of queer discrimination in our communities, whilst grappling with racism across all spaces. Whilst we fight for survival, you fight for marriage equality. Whilst we are both mistreated by the same facet of oppression, in another angle you play an active role in our subjugation.

At the end of the day, you are white.

Art by Bipasha Chakraborty

40 Years of Radio Skid Row

Community radio has always been a vital resource for marginalized communities around the world, giving voices to those actively silenced by mainstream media, particularly the working class, indigenous communities, and ethnic groups. Platforming radical ideas intentionally excluded from commercialised media, it plays a vital role in cultivating communities through the airwaves.

As the inner cities become more gentrified, it is even more pivotal for spaces like these to continue.

Radio Skid Row was born in response to the need for a grassroots space in Sydney; one that was accessible to Indigenous communities in inner Sydney in a self-determined fashion, that did not restrict broadcasting or how long a program was broadcasted for. I don't want to diminish the countless hours of advocacy and organisation it took to achieve what Radio Skid Row has succeeded to do. It was uncharted territory, near impossible to establish, but somehow

through the sheer determination of these staunch communities, a radio station built solely for their struggles was born.

Ultimately, the struggles of marginalised communities transcend race, and Radio Skid Row came to serve communities outside the Indigenous communities of Australia. A valuable function of the radio station was its ability to connect the struggles of these communities.

For those displaced by Apartheid South Africa, Radio Skid Row became a safe haven for political activists where they could share news to the broader African community. This continued long after Nelson Mandela's release from prison and the abolition of apartheid. Now, Afrika Connexions is one of the longest running shows on Radio Skid Row and continues to be aired weekly on Sunday from 12-3pm, giving voice to the African communities in Australia as they did back in the 1980s.

40 different shows, broadcasting in 16 different languages, with over 80 broadcasters, 3 part-time staff, and 8 board members to run the station. Community training in broadcasting has been at the forefront of Radio Skid Row's vision, equipping volunteers with valuable skills. This training continues to be a valuable asset to the broader Sydney community.

This year, Radio Skid Row will be celebrating their 40th anniversary on air, and a few events are planned to commemorate this momentous year. A spokesperson from Radio Skid Row has expressed that "we need the support of the community more than ever so we can continue to broadcast for another 40 years!"

2023 will also be a defining year for Radio Skid Row as they embark on the process of going digital. This means that the broadcasts will improve in quality and accessibility, increasing the scope of audiences across Sydney and beyond. The plans for the year are still in progress, however those who would like to get involved in the celebrations are welcome. You can listen to Radio Skid Row on 88.9FM and on their website at <https://radioskidrow.org/>. Radio Skid Row needs people from the community to continue contributing if it's to last as a platform for marginalised voices. Check out their volunteering page for more: <https://radioskidrow.org/volunteer-skidrow/>

Radio Skid Row continues to platform marginalized communities across the inner west. It is still an activist, grassroots community radio station showcasing

88.9 FM
Radio
SKID ROW



Art by Ethan Floyd

The 35 Dollar Lemon Tea

《三十五 的 檬茶》

Luna feels at home, so long as there is lemon tea.
用 檬茶代替 家的思念。

Studying abroad has always been seen as a privilege. Being exposed to Western culture promised more opportunities, more resources, and more experiences. The stubbornness of wanting to become more than I could ever be has led me on my journey to study abroad in Australia. We always had a thirst to be different, but our desires always come at an expensive cost.

People always talk about the American dream: regardless of race and class differences, through hard work and sacrifice, you will be able to achieve success. Being able to bear the expense of a one-way ticket to Australia just to have a glimpse of western education, is a luxury few could afford to complain about. The freedom of choice that it comes with is something most people would dream to taste. If you dared to weep, or to complain, it's all due to ungratefulness and greed. What about those you left behind? What about them? But I guess no one cared enough to ask, what about me?

If the idea of home could be personified, it would be encapsulated in a box of Vita Lemon Tea. I reminisce on the days of my childhood — when a box of lemon tea just cost 5 dollars, when happiness could be bought with a mere coin.

Sometimes, studying abroad feels like taking a sip of lemon tea. At times, you can feel the sweetness. Just like when you were finally given the permission to peek through the gaps of the undiscovered side of the

world, the feeling of being able to mark the beginnings of your long-awaited dreams, and even just the silly spontaneous bubble tea trips with your chosen family. The sugar in the tea is like sparkly stars on gloomy nights, blooming into your loneliest hours. It's all you need to realise that even in the darkest skies, there was never an absence of light. The lemon flavour of the tea always brings in a hint of sourness. Just like the moments of family reunions and home-cooked dinners, but never once being invited to the table. Bitterness has its strong element in the tea; it represents the unbearable emotional stress you face alone, the effort spent trying to fit into a social circle to which you never truly belonged, and the identity you carry as a woman of colour drowning in a sea of discrimination. The countless nights of falling asleep in tear-stained pillows, staring at those swollen eyes through the mirror the next morning, wondering, what if all of this was never worth it?

I remember walking into the nearest Australian Asian supermarket and picking up an overpriced 35-dollar box of Vita Lemon Tea, wishing that I did not need to fight my battles alone. I took a sip of tea. I realised it wasn't sweet or sour, nor was it bitter. It was the taste of comfort. It was a taste of home.

When you live abroad, sometimes life pressures you to put on a brave face, but home will always be around. Home, will always be that 35 dollar box of lemon tea.

The Language of Memories

Malavika Vjaykrishnan on the language of memories.

1. The Language of Memories

Madura thulasi—holy basil, *Ocimum teniflororum*—is a type of basil native to Southern Asia. When my father wafts a sprig by my nose, I don't recognise its fragrance. 'Lavender,' I ask him, 'or mint?'

He's not the happy-go-lucky flower-picking type; I'm anticipating a lesson, a memory, a story. He starts to explain in Malayalam, shifting to English, as he remembers his audience. In Kerala, *thulasi* is used medicinally, and in *pujas*—rarely eaten. He didn't know it grew here; god help me, I didn't know any of it.

Of course, most of it goes unsaid. The heart of this show-and-tell is nostalgia, and my father is not the reminiscing type. I have no right, no skin in the

game, but I can't help re-interpreting—easily conjuring somebody else's thickly perfumed, mythico-religious childhood.

I know so little of the place I was born. Recently, the reminders of my not-knowing have become more frequent. An epidemic of half-familiar this-that-those.

Some things remain known, alarmingly predictable. When I woke up in the middle of the night, aching and feverish, neither of my parents thought twice. They fell into step and danced circles around me. I used to hate this routine when I was younger: the bustling and temperature-taking, the who-did-you-get-it-from, the *advice*, meticulously administered as though I'd never had a cold before.



從小，我一直不甘於平凡，因此下定決心隻身飄洋過海，拖著五十公斤的思念，揮手告別。記得離開之前我想買一盒檸檬茶，紀念家的甜味。但十塊一盒實在太貴了，所以還是放了回去。於是頭也不回，帶著孤注一擲的勇氣，一股走向自己所期待的未來。

可惜當我在澳洲，我所期待的，與現實給予的，總有半點落差。但留學這種奢侈，若敢說半句不快樂，那一定就是自己的不知足。當初可以擁有選擇的權利，又豈敢再多怨言半句。畢竟是一個為夢想而跋涉的女孩，而且北半球與南半球之間可以容下五千七百零九公里，若說沒有半點辛酸，那都是騙人的吧。

如果說留學生受盡了酸甜苦辣，倒不如說每段經歷就像檸檬茶。適時帶一點甜，是開啟對未知世界的窺探，是給予在夾縫中追逐夢想的希望，也是那些在茫茫人海中的一切相遇。砂糖灑滿的盒子，就像星辰覆蓋了黑暗，彷彿點綴了那孤獨的夜。有時候生活也會帶點酸酸的口味。我記得有一次在快餐店看見一對父女在吃飯，父親蹣跚地拿著冰淇淋走向女兒，空氣中瀰漫的溫馨視而不得，心頭立馬一陣子酸。有時候也會酸到鼻子裏去，不知道突然出現在嘴角的那淡淡的鹹味，到底是從何而來。最後的味道，是苦澀。就像黑髮黃皮帶來的鄙

視；即便盡全力融入，還是被西方社會拒之門外的徒勞。還有那些只能對著四面白牆獨自哭泣的瞬間，抱著沾滿眼淚的枕頭昏睡。再看著自己狼狽的模樣，不禁問起了自己：這一切犧牲到底是否值得？

蜷縮在房間的一角，我累了。

家，到底在哪裏？

終於受不了孤獨感的侵襲，想要試圖尋找家的蹤影，一絲一毫也好。於是，每次走近亞洲超市，我都會拿起一盒三十五塊的檸檬茶。捨不得，但還是買了，因為此時此刻，已經沒有什麼比牽掛更讓人窒息。記得喝下去的時候，苦中會有一點甜。這就是記憶中家的味道。

漂泊的人呀，要記得好好站著，即便沒有人看到你的勇敢。家，一直都會在的。家，一直會留在那一盒三十五塊的檸檬茶裏。

Art by Ting Jen Kuo



Art by Shania O'Brien

The front door creaks shut behind my father. My mother, still leaden with sleep, puts on the kettle. *Chukku kapi*—ginger coffee—is the strongly-spiced medicine for my sore throat and congestion. We're out of palm sugar, so she uses maple syrup; it doesn't taste the same, but it's just how it should be.

Thulasi is traditionally used in *chukku kapi*. When my father comes back in, he's holding three long stalks of it, pilfered from somebody's garden. My mother doesn't need three guesses—she smells it, and knows at once. Like him, she's delighted with this serendipitous piece of home. She, too, asks me if I know what it is: this time I get to say yes.

In it goes. She stands by the stove and stirs, he fiddles with the thermostat, and I sit there and soak it all in.

Homesick هنا Homesick هناك

Rand Khatib is lost between homeland and diaspora.

Where is my home?
Is it the land, الأرض, my ancestors lived, loved, gave birth and died?

The home my grandparents built with their calloused hands under the sweltering شمس ?

Is it the تراب that is nourished by my ancestors' decomposed flesh?

The question of home itches my skin.
The question of كثر كثر feels like home.

فلسطين is my ancestral homeland.

And yet the souls which shepherd the town are darkened. Hurt. Hurting.

Can we blame them?

They are intergenerational victims of one إحتلال or another.

They are victims of one institutionalised religion or another.

They are victims of state-sponsored ghetto violence, nationalistic tendencies and pervasive ideologies.

And yet so too, are they perpetrators of these things.

The cycle is never ending.

The politician who campaigned to end corruption takes bribes under the table.

The rebellious teenage girl has grown into a mother who imposes stricter rules.

There is no greater tragedy.

There is a reason the genre of our films are some variation of tragedies:

Tragic dramas, tragic comedies, tragic thrillers.
We are a tragic people; *We are a tragedy.*

And yet- Australia is sterile in comparison.

There is a lack; and those who have never experienced it surely do not miss it.

A lack of ثقافة;

A lack of community;

A lack of art, history, philosophy.

In its place you will find goal-setting and productivity.

In its place you will find small talk and distance. Networking. Traffic.

Busy. دائما busy.

In searching for connection and community you may lose yourself.

And in finding it, you will find yourself again.

It's a cycle that makes you ill.

And yet I feel lost.

فلسطين is a tragedy and Australia is sterile.

I suppose I am cursed and privileged to live in the space in between;

Homesick here, homesick there.

هنا = here
هناك = there
الأرض = the land
شمس = sun
إحتلال = occupation
ثقافة = culture
دائما = always

Art by Mia Di Mento

Survival in The Valley

Junnade Ali dreams about survival.

And the thread of a constellation
hidden behind a sweet morning

I've stumbled on yesterday
where at the foot of this mountain

I was born in a cradle of stones,

came when my eyes were full
of last night's dream beyond the mountains,
what did I see like belonging and exile?

I've died so crisply
at the peak of this exile
on a bed of glacial non-belonging,

These sweet stars put me to death
between nocturnal peaks;
a corpse in liminal space.

here I live for ever more
with every gentle stream, every gentle scream

I, every shade of sacred green,

That existence is violent like this flower

here, in my grandmother's

rolling fields, rolling rolling fields ..

sounds like thunder
and tastes like butter

That survival bloomed like a gasp

in the shadows of these peaks

and looks like

under the triple gem, under the triple gem ..

my grandmother

as she counts zodiacs,

The undying have liberated me,

undeserving— like an apricot bloom

she, who stretched from sunburnt earth,

that asked me to find its first petal ..

to become this dream I had

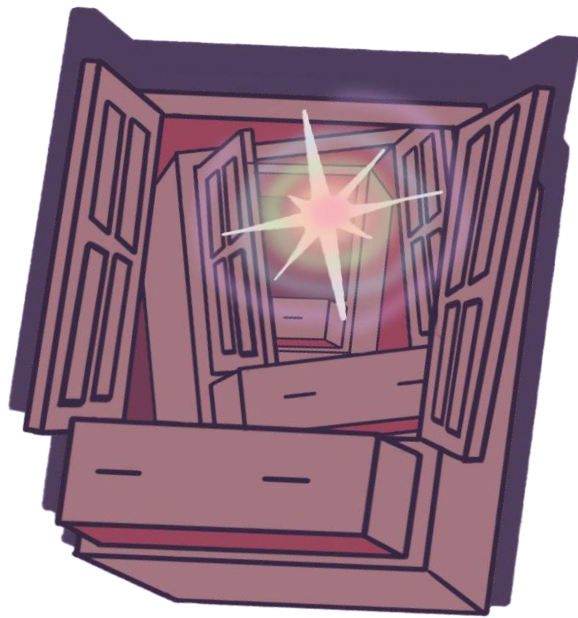
of a thousand constellations.



Postal:Colonial Service, Post:Colonial Office

Juneau Choo reflects on anti-LGBT laws haunting former British colonies.

A matryoshka doll: a Chinese box, a Spanish onion
of closets
(((((((my wardrobe, a closet)
my name, a closet)
my street, a closet)
my town, a closet)
my district, a closet)
my state, a closet)
my country, a closet)



Art by Vieve Carnsew

my code, postal; my system, postal; my office, post; my Service, Colonial; my colonialism, post — posture.
My road, Station Road, Abbey Road, an imperial lifeline —
from South Britain to Gibraltar, from Malta to Alexandria, from Port Said to the Suez, from Aden to Muscat, ...
— my road a spaghetti junction of traffic-king among an English colonel’s postal codes; my streets, High Street, Oxford Street, the three-way inter-Section of 377A, 377B (‘carnal intercourse against the order of nature’) and 377D (‘gross indecency’) of the British colonial penal code, my streets a Y junction of interchange-ability (Penal Code of

1. Bangladesh,	2. Myanmar,	3. Pakistan,	4. Sri Lanka, ...)
and intersectionality in a matrix of binaries:			
(women/men	South/North	on/off	girls/boys
East/West	left/right	ladies/gentlemen	Orient/Occident
false/true	homosexual/heterosexual	proletariat/bourgeoisie	either/or
settler/native	colonised/coloniser	black/white	0/1)

dead/alive. The British Empire, English empyrean, the Transport for London (TfL) of Royal Mail Ships (RMS) and Imperial Airways, setting of steamship routes, electrical telegraphs and railway tracks; the sun never setting, always rising *post meridiem* (p.m.), the IKEA of KLEPPSTAD closets, coffins and sarcophagi, wake of skeletons in my closet and my wardrobe in the coffin. IKEA PAX wardrobes: closets the size of caskets, of a churchyard, albescent Albion country and city of the overhead albatross, white Sepulchres of Dover and Greater London Babylon; Rule, Britannia! Rule the waves, Pax Britannica, rule the graves, flat-pack coffins the size of an Empire (GB), of nation-states, republics of letters (ABC) and epistolary democracies, chromosomal (XY) kingdoms and monarchies of DNA (ACGT):

1. Jamaica (JM),	4. Nigeria (NG),	7. Ghana (GH),	10. Brunei (BN),
2. Kenya (KE),	5. The Gambia (GM),	8. Guyana (GY),	11. Malaysia (MY), ...
3. Uganda (UG),	6. Zambia (ZM),	9. Kiribati (KI),	

MY: my Malaysia, my Malaya, semi-colonial, semicolon setting off an independent clause along the All-Red Route and Line —
from Mumbai (Bombay) to Chennai (Madras), from Penang to Singapore, from Port Darwin to Alice Springs, from Adelaide to Sydney, ...
— and giving rise, Arise ye Wretched of the Earth! To the independence cause?
Malaysia: *negaraku*, ‘my country,’ *merdeka*, ‘independence’?
Contrary.
My post-colonialism?
Postured: my decolonisation, postponed; my stamp, postage (RM0.60, apiece); my *restante*, *poste*; my rest, in peace; my ante, increased; my gender, policed; my Lesbos, Greece; my prolactin, released; my Indies, East; my androgens decreased; my Asia, Southeast; my femme fatale, unleashed; my MapleStory, SEA; my deadname, deceased; my resistance, not least; my existence, utmost; my mortem, post-; my Malaysia, Pos, my funerary box, P.O. and my S (Seberang), P (Perai) –
my S. (script), P. (post-) mailing address:

closet,
closet,
closet,
14100 closet,
closet,
closet.

Cultural Incompetence in the Mental Healthcare Sector

Mehnaaz Hossain reflects on (yet another) disproportionately white space.

Therapy can be a powerful tool - especially for children of immigrants and people of colour, who often have systemic biases working against them alongside personal issues. Unpacking these issues within a racialised context requires a high level of cultural competence which white therapists both reportedly and anecdotally lack.

According to the BioMed Central Psychology Journal, white therapists often “struggle to adapt with clients who do not fit within rigid frameworks of whiteness” due to a “lack of emphasis on personalised cultural competence skills in mental health practitioner training”.

The ‘colour blind’ approach is taught as a form of “cultural competency” to treat everybody equally regardless of race. However, this leads to the erasure of a client’s ethnocultural issues because it relies on the simplistic assertion that ‘everybody is equal’, invalidating existing inequality and disregarding the complexities of systemic and internalised racism. White therapists approach POC clients through a framework of whiteness, where race is not a valid contributing factor to mental health and uniquely POC experiences are unnecessarily and incorrectly pathologised as mental health problems.

For example, my own (former) therapist would attempt to resolve my “feelings of inferiority to white people as a brown woman” by asserting that this resembled ‘social anxiety’ and encouraging things such as general positive self-talk and other self-esteem building exercises.

Whilst social anxiety is a legitimate diagnosis to be given, and self-worth is an important aspect of mental health, both of these solutions were given to me through the lens of whiteness; in a context where my culture did not contribute to the feelings of inferiority and were therefore not an entire power structure working against them.

Another prominent issue is that white therapists often entirely misunderstand ethnocultural familial dynamics. They may advocate for strategies which can be unrealistic to implement or actively harmful in cultures which are unfamiliar with Western notion of individualism or therapeutic language. Often, the nuanced nature of an immigrant family will be cast aside with broad, unhelpful

However, in the appropriate ethnocultural context, one can’t help but think a more productive approach would be to build self-worth through the lens of my identity and explore how to be comfortable as a minority in a majority white country.

a present variable in the healing process. However, in the appropriate ethnocultural context, one can’t help but think a more productive approach would be to build self-worth through the lens of my identity and explore how to be comfortable as a minority in a majority white country. Pathologising these systemic issues means that the burden is placed wholly on the individual to dismantle the effects of strategies such as “setting boundaries” or “cutting off toxicity”. This rhetoric has been echoed repeatedly to POC in therapy, with no regard for their complex ethnocultural identity and the fact that the majority of us come from cultures where there is a lack of native language literacy for Western talk therapy concepts.

Additionally, many immigrant POC are unfortunately already often reluctant to access therapy in the first place due to existing social, economic, and cultural barriers. The systemic issues of disproportionate whiteness and lack of cultural competence in the mental healthcare industry ultimately leads to white therapists consistently failing one of the most marginalised groups in Australia.

Safdar Ahmed’s Still Alive Sharing Pens and Power

Zeina Khochaiche meets the untold stories of our world’s most vulnerable and vibrant.

When I walked into ENGL1013, Global Literatures in English, I was ill-prepared for the millions of immigrant lives I was about to come eye to eye with. I had never explored the vibrant space of graphic novels; but now, if there is any door I can advocate opening, it is Safdar Ahmed’s transformative comic, *Still Alive*.

Safdar Ahmed is a Sydney-based artist, writer and activist who is a founding member of the Refugee Art Project. His life and craft are dedicated to showcasing the vulnerable but bright prowess of the immigrant community through the rejuvenative elements of art. Ahmed’s life and work are proof of how comics can serve as a sophisticated medium for journalism, introspection and expression.

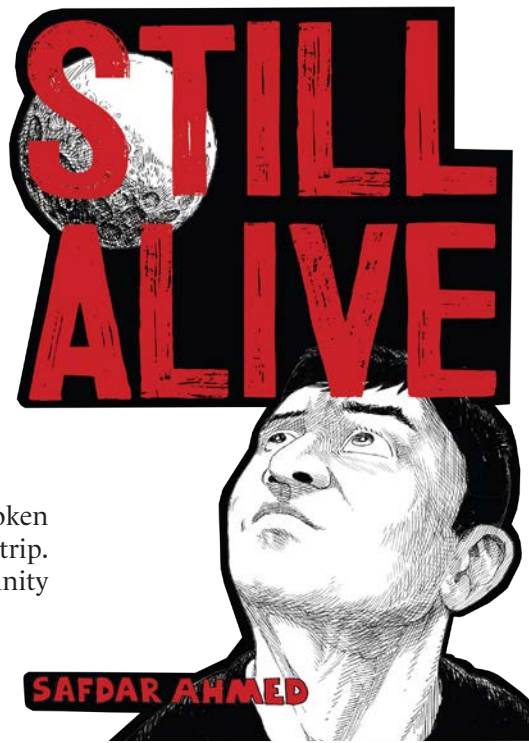
Still Alive tears down jail cells and transfers the power of storytelling back to the hands of immigrants through Ahmed’s deeply personal and critical account of the conditions of Australian detention centres. This piece rigorously examines the great lie of inclusivity that continues to scaffold Australia’s multiculturalism and the political figures that perpetuate the ignorant public jargon.

When I type “immigrant” into thesaurus.com, its first synonym is “alien”, followed by “foreigner” and “migrant”. From something as fundamental as language, an agenda of discrimination and disconnection has been planted into our consciousness when we consider immigrant communities. Often the media and politicians perpetuate this narrative by haphazardly replacing lives with numbers and mention of international threat. Ahmed tackles this fallacy head on with his hyperbolic representations of past politicians and their direct rhetoric that demonises and isolates the immigrant community from harbouring a journey to safety including former Minister of Defence, Peter Reiths problematic dogma, “Illegal immigrants can be a pipeline for terrorists to come in and use your country as a staging post for territories activities”. Not only does this rhetoric perpetuate harmful misconceptions but generalises vast ethnocultural groups, family’s seeking safety and the immigrant community with the gravity of isolated terrorist activity. In forthright response, *Still Alive* vehemently rejects this narrative

Ahmed further unravels the dehumanisation of immigrants by platforming their stories, both confronting and inspiring, to restore the vibrancy of a multicultural literary community. He achieved this powerful vision through his regular visits to Sydney’s Villawood detention centre. From interviewing the wrongfully imprisoned, to impoverished families to fleers of national persecution, Ahmed collated stories, artwork and conversations with those he met.

Ideas of state discrimination and diasporic agony are masterfully illustrated to form a powerful mosaic of personal testimonies with both Ahmed’s overarching commentary and the immigrant detainees’s unravelling stories. The piece is almost entirely in black and white, arranging jarring blocks of black shades and sharp edges to carve out comic strips. Ahmed platforms immigrant stories and reflections such as the progression of “Haidar’s Journey Capture”, Khadija (pg 57), Amir Taghinia (pg 147), Saeed (pg 178) and Elham (pg 198) using their own written, spoken or visual expression in the strip. Together, a narrative of community struggle and survival forges an immortal literary voice.

Catharsis materialises in many forms. Ahmed offers a canvas to those stripped of their rights to express their multidimensional journey and does so in a profoundly honest way. He shatters the silence that the immigrant community is subject to and in doing so opens more than just literary doors. They are the millions of immigrants he represents and the irrepressible lives fighting to open their own.



Why vote **Yes**? On a community-based model for the Voice

Khanh Tran on why the Voice and its structure matters.

As the Voice referendum inches closer, with an official wording released last week, it's time to consider some of the reasons why a Yes vote is worth it. First, constitutional enshrinement differs from a legislative body in that, unlike the latter, cannot be abolished on a politician's whim simply because it delivers inconvenient truths at the prime minister's table.

Second, the Voice advisory body is not mutually exclusive with Treaties-making and Truth-telling, and by extension, working with grassroots activists to force government. Its indissolubility (bar referendum) makes ignoring demands from Indigenous activists far more politically difficult.

Within the past few decades alone, advisory bodies like the Voice have never been allowed to develop or flourish – think the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission (ATSIC) – instead, they are abolished by governments who view them as politically inconvenient. What has happened at the executive and parliamentary arms of Australia is a vicious cycle of governments ignoring grassroots demands for Indigenous justice: land rights, closing the gap between Indigenous and non-Indigenous people.

There were other near-misses as well, such as when former Liberal Prime Minister John Howard tried,

unsuccessfully, to abolish the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commissioner within the Australian Human Rights Commission. The government's reason remains true as it was in 2003 today, when the late AHRC Commissioner William Jonas said of Howard's term: "The government's response to Social Justice reports was to misrepresent them, especially where the reports were critical of them – which was often – and then they tried to totally ignore them."

A yes vote, then, is one that will build another pillar to strengthen on-the-ground activist movements, one that complements the radical activism that holds the government to account, realising grossly overdue implementation of recommendations of the 1987 Deaths in Custody Royal Commission or the annual Closing the Gap indicators. Further, the Voice, if realised, will be a powerful element in the federal Treaties-making process. This is an area where close attention is needed – after all, this country currently operates on a narrow, colonial notion of sovereignty that misunderstands Indigenous Country and sovereignty.

Success, however, rests a lot on what the Voice looks like. One key concern voiced by grassroots activists and community organisations is a fear that the Voice advisory body might have a conservatising effect on Indigenous activism. This is a concern that is real and should not be dismissed.

Last week, it was revealed that

members of the Voice advisory body will be "elected or selected by Indigenous Australians, not appointed by the government" on a fixed term. This means that the Voice's composition, at least, will be meaningfully independent from the government of the day. Yet, this alone is not enough. The Voice must not be merely inclusive but put community activists front and centre over corporate figures.

Indeed, community legal centres are united in their view that the Voice must expand. In a submission for the 2017 Constitutional Referendum Final Report, the Redfern Legal Centre said: "The membership model for the National Voice must ensure previously unheard Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people have the same chance of being selected as established leadership figures."

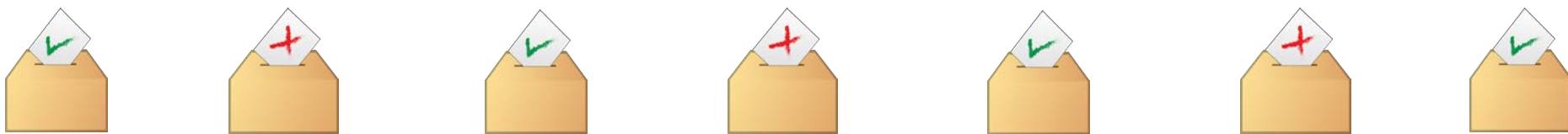
As things currently stand, the Constitution itself bans people who

have a criminal record of one or more years in prison or experienced bankruptcy from sitting in the House of Representatives. The Voice, however, must centre and prioritise activist and community voices ahead of any others. Grassroots activists, people who have lived experience of colonial discrimination and violence are some of the best equipped for the purpose that Voice is being mooted for: challenge government, formulating policy and Truth-telling.

Any vote, whether in the affirmative or otherwise, requires careful and conscientious reflection, listening to and engagement with the voices of First Nations activists. However, to that end, though the Voice is still at an early stage, the cement that it brings to building the fight for Indigenous justice evolves with time and is concrete.

"The proposal will not address the ongoing violence and trauma inflicted on our people by the Australian government and society, it will not stop our people being murdered, locked up or forced onto the streets, it will not challenge the structures of power and inequality that perpetuate our oppression in the colony, just like none of the other advisory bodies have stopped these things. The only thing that will stop the ongoing colonial violence is the full enforcement of our sovereignty."

- Black Peoples' Union



Buwugalbuwananha: stolen Kamay spears return

Ethan Floyd watches his cultural heritage return home.

For as long as so-called Australia has existed, this colony has been a crime scene and it has inflicted a genocide on my people. Not only a genocide in the conventional sense – measured in corpses and lives lost – but a cultural genocide too, evident in the erasure of our languages and of our songlines. Nowhere else in the world has the ferociousness of the commitment to strip us of everything that sustains us been so consistent.

Epitomising this pattern, which plagues the historical relationship between First Nations people and the settler-state, is the plight of the Kamay spears – forty fishing spears

stolen from the Gweagal people in a brutal opening salvo to Britain's colonisation of Australia.

Since their theft in 1770, the spears were held in Cambridge University's Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology at the behest of Trinity College. Last year, the spears were brought back to Gadigal land for the first time in more than 250 years as part of an exhibition at the University of Sydney's Chau Chak Wing Museum. When I first reported on the spears, this signalled for the local Indigenous community, particularly members of the La Perouse Aboriginal Land Council, the possibility of repatriation – that is, the return of the Kamay spears to the Gweagal people.

However, in a move emblematic of

colonial paternalism which dictates the terms of access and control over important cultural artefacts for First Nations people, the spears were returned to Cambridge University in July 2022. This affirmed to the local Indigenous community what we have always known – that every time we go to drink from the well, we are drowned.

"Every time we go to drink from the well, we are drowned."

This pattern can be traced throughout the historical relationship between First Nations people and the settler-state. In 1967 we were allowed to be counted as

humans, but had laws made for us that treated us like dogs. The promise of Mabo never eventuated with land rights of effective Native Title legislation. In 2008, Kevin Rudd delivered the National Apology to the Stolen Generations while rolling out the Northern Territory Intervention. Even now, we are embroiled in debate around symbolic constitutional recognition while a humanitarian crisis is occurring in the town camps of Alice Springs. Each time we are lured into the light, we are mugged by the darkness of this country's history. Any progress we seek is unconditionally reliant on the government acting in good faith – something which they have never been capable of doing.

While the delineation of

They want a Voice to Parliament... But only a **well-behaved** one

Taylah Cooper expresses concerns.

While a Voice to Parliament may be a step in the right direction, it is imperative to realise that we need to focus on a true grassroots land back movement. A simple legislative "Voice" is not enough. There is a colonial mildew that has afflicted Indigenous people since the existence of over 750 000 rightful custodians of these lands was nullified in 1770. I entreat you to consider why there is a referendum – which will cost an estimated 75 million dollars to kickstart – on what should be an inalienable right for the original custodians of these lands. Why is the Voice vs Treaty debate being treated as mutually-exclusive? Why are constitutional enshrinement and a Treaty unable to coexist? Is this Voice to Parliament just a Sisyphean, useless gesture meant to appease our community for the next couple of decades? We need all Blacktivism to be represented for a Voice to Parliament to be beneficial to First Nations communities.

We are not little black puppets for Albanese to control. We begrudgingly exist under the colonial notion of parliamentary sovereignty – under a rose-tinted and idealised system of "democracy" – that has barred Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people from voting, and, until 1967, did not consider them part of the population. The Australian government holds a monopoly over our land, providing a supposed compromise and treating our right to exist as if it were up for debate.

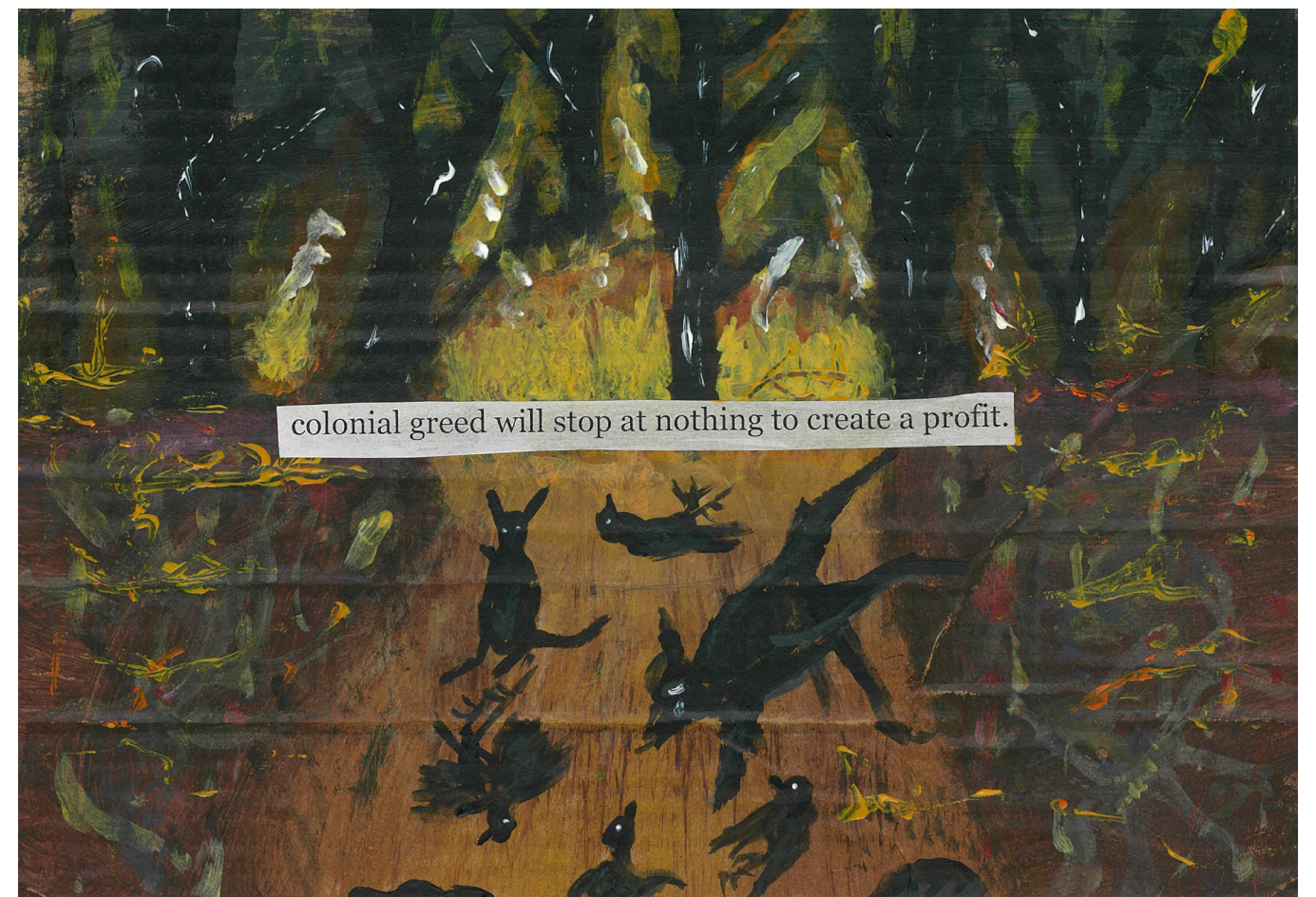
There will never be tangible change and decolonisation in a Parliament that profits from and refuses to stop corporate fracking and industrial

annihilation in remote Indigenous communities; a Parliament that spends \$368 billion dollars on submarines; a Parliament of big-wigs that does not nurture our diverse ecosystem or ethno-cultural backgrounds. Change will come from communities, from listening to Elders, recognising black sovereignty and appreciating Indigenous ways of life. There are no brownie points or wokeness you can collect from voting 'Yes'. We had a voice for over 100,000 years, just not one that is represented under a colonial institution. This "Voice" is dangled above us by the government, framed as a simple democratic vote, rather than an intrinsic right.

Black excellence and decolonisation demands that there be more than a Voice. That First Nations people have freedom of access to our lands and waters, that we nationalise all of our profitable, extractive industries. This referendum forces Indigenous people and communities to assimilate under a settler-colonial system to which we never consented; to subscribe to imperialist politics, and vote alongside parties that consider us subhuman. As long as black people are being killed in custody, neglected and consistently berated by a police force that carries out colonial terrorism on behalf of the state, we will never have a voice. You cannot consider yourself an ally

of First Nations people without being aware of the many multifaceted ways in which we are oppressed by our system, its people and laws. Audre Lorde succinctly summarised such in her titled essay "The Master's Tools will Never Dismantle the Master's House". If you consider yourself a progressive ally of First Nations people, then that begins with being aware of the systemic oppression of our people, which will continue regardless of the results of this referendum.

Art by Taylah Cooper



home after more than 250 years

museums as nothing other than engines of colonial theft, trickery and violence may appear to be bland and stubborn, they are inextricably tied to the genocide of First Nations communities and are irredeemable essences of empire. This characterisation is upheld by the behaviour and attitudes of institutions like the Chau Chak Wing and Cambridge – which at best demonstrate a misunderstanding, and at worst exhibit a wilful ignorance, of the deep spiritual and historical ties between First Nations communities and their cultural artefacts. The Kamay spears were used for fishing. Under the Gweagal's system of kinship, communal hunting practices were crucial to the survival of their communities. When Cook seized the spears in 1770,

he wasn't just stealing a bundle of sharpened sticks – he was, in a very literal sense, stealing the vitality and the lifeblood of the Gweagal people.

While museums typically

sermonise their importance as bastions of history and knowledge, and argue that objects of historical importance must be cared for by professionals, we know now that important artefacts are safer in the hands of Indigenous communities than they are in cultural institutions. The Elgin Marbles, taken from Greece and held in the British Museum, were permanently damaged during "routine maintenance" in the 1930s, where they were scrubbed with wire brushes and "a harsh cleaning agent".

It's for these reasons that Trinity College's recent decision to return the remaining Kamay spears to the Gweagal people is a welcome one.

Ultimately, the Kamay spears

deserve to be cared for by the descendants of the people who made them. Cultural inheritance – that is what is at stake.

"Cultural inheritance – that is what is at stake."

The return of the spears back to Country still needs to be formally approved in the UK by the Charity Commission to allow Trinity College to grant legal ownership to the La Perouse Aboriginal Land Council and the Gweagal Foundation after their request for repatriation.

Art by Bipasha Chakraborty



Letters between

Palestine and the West

Anonymous wants to know... Are you progressive except for Palestine?

Dear Palestine,
Help! My friends keep talking about this 'Free Palestine' thing. I don't really know what

that means. I understand that Israeli occupation isn't exactly great, but why do Palestinians keep resisting? I'm sure things will be better for them if they

stop resisting. I just want to see peace in the region.

Best wishes,
The progressive West

settlements and reward them with full Israeli citizenship and (often) subsidies. Moreso, the Palestinians living in the West Bank and the Gaza strip are not granted the right to vote in Israeli elections or participate in Israeli civil society. And yet - they do not have their own state either. They are completely at the mercy of what Israel allows into their territory (or more often - doesn't allow). It is inhumane to treat any population in this way, particularly the indigenous

population.

Palestinians, especially the fellahin, have a connection with the land which can be traced back for generations. You see, our ancestors' flesh helped fertilise the soil which nourishes the olive groves which grow today. Our relationship with the land is reminiscent of custodianship; we took only what we needed and never more. That is indigeneity. That is indigenous wisdom. Not the pervasive, intrusive

green-washing monster which extracts and exploits, planting non-native forests over remnants of demolished towns.

Indigenous peoples are comfortable in their indigeneity. We know we have sovereignty and a right to our lands. We just wish the progressive West knew it too.

Salam,
Palestine

Dear progressive West,

Palestinians resist because Palestinians, like all human beings, have a right to resist settler-colonialism, occupation and theft of land. You wouldn't ask a Ukrainian person to surrender when their town is invaded by Russian forces. In fact, the Western world sent massive resources to Ukrainian militia groups to help them defend themselves against occupation. Similarly, you wouldn't ask Nelson Mandela to stop resisting apartheid, or tell Martin Luther King Jr. to stop dreaming for equality, freedom, and justice.

I encourage you to dig deep within yourself and ask why you seem so uncomfortable with Palestinian right to armed resistance. Is it because we're Arab? In a post-9/11 world, you should

critically examine and dismantle some of the biases and phobias that the media has fed you. The West has meddled in the Middle East and gotten away scot free. The invasions of Iraq and Afghanistan, the civil wars which ensued in Syria and Lebanon, well, all of these issues are either directly perpetrated by or are the remnants of colonial and imperial structures imposed by the US, the British and the French.

The same goes for Palestine. Our land was 'given away' by the British through the signing of the Balfour Declaration during World War I. This is part of the Zionist settler-colonial project (founded in Europe) which Palestinians resist until this day.

Palestinians resist because it is the only thing we can do.

Where else should we go? Who else will fight this fight for us?

You talk of peace, but peace does not happen (or last long) without justice, liberation and equality for all. You cannot jump to the destination without embarking on the journey first. We all hope to get there one day. Peace. Salam. The mode of transport to get us there is truth-telling and action. The West must stand in solidarity with Palestinians for the sake of justice, liberation, and equality for all. Then we will find peace.

Salam,
Palestine

Dear Palestine,

Jewish people have a deep connection with the lands of ancient Judea. Evidence shows that they are indigenous to the land. Arabs have many countries they can call a homeland; however, Israel is the only Jewish

state so why can't Palestinians just give up this land and settle in any other Arab state? There are so many neighbouring Arab countries they could live in! The Jewish people should have a homeland and the Arabs should find another place to call

home. That is the only rational solution!

Please consider the environment before printing this email.

Kind regards,
The progressive West

Dear progressive West,

I want to start by stating a controversial opinion: we should move away from liberal notions of 'safe spaces' and toward courageous and justice-oriented notions some academics are calling 'brave spaces'. Sometimes, it is not enough to make everyone feel included and safe, particularly when that means watering down the truth to suit the liberal agenda of politeness and avoiding interpersonal conflict.

I reject your claim that criticism of Israel makes all Jewish people feel unsafe on the basis that no ethnic, racial or religious group should have such strong, unwavering nationalistic relations to any state.

All states should be subject to interrogation, particularly states accused of the crimes of apartheid, ethnic cleansing and settler-colonialism.

Any self-proclaimed 'progressive' entity should demand Israel's interrogation. Furthermore, it is imperative that these Jewish people who may feel uncomfortable with criticisms against Israel dig deep, because, after all, Israel does what it does in the name of the Jewish people. Many Jewish people have rejected Zionism as a racist ideology, and if they are committed to anti-racism, it is imperative that they do so.

The notion that speaking the truth about Israel and Palestine makes people feel unsafe is an accusation against Palestinians and pro-Palestinian voices - it is a distraction tactic, a last-ditch-effort strategy used to

rally the troops back to their side through weaponising the trauma of the past and appealing to white guilt.

Do not fall for this trap.

Whether used intentionally or not, it removes Palestinian agency and returns and reframes the conversation back to the feelings of the oppressors as they continue to oppress, when there are far more pressing issues to discuss, such as the end to a military occupation, the end of a 15-year long siege, the tearing down of an apartheid regime and the right of return for millions in the diaspora. Furthermore, it distracts the conversation away from addressing Imperial complicity in the ongoing violence. Countries like Australia and the US have been not only guilty bystanders, but have been directly encouraging and strengthening the state of Israel. It's no surprise that settler colonies look after settler colonies, but at the same time that this nation pretends to promote Indigenous sovereignty, or publicly apologise for some of the crimes of the past - we see Australia intervening in International Criminal Court proceedings (among only seven other countries) to claim that the ICC does not have jurisdiction over Palestine and should therefore not investigate for war crimes and crimes against humanity. I don't know about you, but I think that a 'progressive' nation should not be one of only a handful of countries which oppose an International human rights investigation of crimes against humanity.

I also want to point out that the 'lesser of two evils' principle is fallacious. Firstly, we have here a false dilemma that claims that either the Palestinian people or the Jewish

people will be oppressed, as though there is no alternative whereby both parties can exist free of settler-colonialism and fascism. It is racist to assume that Palestinians hate Jewish people. Palestinians resist the foundations of Israel's establishment because it is a settler colony which oppresses the Palestinian people - once that oppression is lifted, and justice has been realised, then yes, we can start to talk about a peaceful solution. The second fallacy here is that you've based this false dilemma on an assumption that the Jewish people will be oppressed so long as they don't have a nation-state. While I can understand how this common trope has come about, it is a post-Holocaust paranoia and does not justify the creation of a fascist state on a land which already has indigenous inhabitants. This doesn't need to be - and shouldn't be - a zero sum game.

Jews and Palestinians don't need to be seen as enemies with eternally conflicting interests.

In fact, many Jews all over the world oppose Zionism.

If you are truly progressive and are committed to anti-racism, then it should flow logically that you oppose the apartheid regime and settler-colonial projects founded in the supremacy of one group over another. As a result, you must take sides. You must stand firmly in solidarity with Palestinians and oppose the foundations of the state of Israel. Do not be distracted, and do not let your values be compromised.

Salam,
Palestine
Sent from the ruins of Al-Araqib.

Dear progressive West,

Conflating historical connection to land and indigeneity is a grave misunderstanding.

Although Jewish people may have a connection to the lands of historic Palestine, so too do many religious and ethnic groups in (and outside) the region.

Jerusalem alone has been conquered, taken, and re-conquered hundreds of times throughout history. All kinds of tribes, ethno-cultural and religious groups have lived in these lands! This, however, is not a valid claim to neither sovereignty nor a state. Should Italians and Greeks be allowed to violently and strategically colonise the current population (demolishing entire towns in the process) in Istanbul because, well, the Ancient Byzantine Empire had Constantinople as its capital city? Should the world stand by while Turkish people ethnically cleanse Cyprus and create a system of apartheid which subjugates the local population, because the Ottoman Empire once extended this far?

Let's examine indigeneity. According to the United Nations, Indigenous peoples "are the descendants - according to a common definition - of those who inhabited a country or a

geographical region at the time when people of different cultures or ethnic origins arrived. The new arrivals later became dominant through conquest, occupation, settlement or other means." Whether or not Jewish people fit this category according to ancient texts, one peoples certainly do: Palestinians.

Palestinians were there in 1948. Palestinians had a language (Arabic), a culture and an identity. When the settler-colonial project invaded Palestine in '48, entire villages were massacred, over 750,000 people were violently expelled from their homes, over 500 villages and towns were destroyed, and native flora and fauna were devastated in what the Arab world would later call 'al Nakba' - The Catastrophe. Palestinians fit this definition of indigeneity. We were there, we inhabited the land and then we were occupied and colonised by Israel. That makes us indigenous.

The invasion of Palestine was justified and emboldened by the Balfour

Declaration - a British document (during the time of British mandate after the fall of the Ottoman Empire) which claimed that the land would be given to the Jewish people, neglecting to mention what would be done with its indigenous (Palestinian) inhabitants. A high-profile Zionist British author named Zangwill stated, "Palestine has but a small population of Arabs and fellahin and wandering, lawless, blackmailing Bedouin tribes. Restore the country without a people to the people without a country."

You should be familiar with this. You in the West call it terra nullius.

But let us not get too caught up in the history. The importance lies in today. The state of Israel, in its current form, has set up a system which continues to oppress Palestinian people. It has created a state, "for the Jewish people and the Jewish people alone," and has achieved this by population control - simultaneously by not allowing the right of millions of Palestinians to return home (a right under UN resolution 194) while encouraging Jewish people all over the world to take a 'birthright trip', migrate to Israel, live in illegal



The Fury of Fetters

L.M contemplates her grandmother's experience in a political prison in Iran.



There can be no societal progress while some remain in fetters. There can be no change whilst silence pervades any opportunity for justice. Shirin Neshat, an Iranian-born visual artist, uses her art as a channel that speaks to and amplifies the voices of those who so often remain silenced at the behest of exploitative powers. I had the privilege of attending the opening of her exhibition, 'The Fury' (2023) at Gladstone Gallery in New York, where Neshat confronts her audience with a sixteen-minute, double-channel, monochrome film where she intimately explores the lasting effects of the physical, emotional and sexual traumas that female political prisoners often experience.

Much of Neshat's art has looked at the female body being a contested site where desire and violence, shame and power, vulnerability and strength unite as contending forces.

Using two screens placed directly across from one another in an unspoken communication, Neshat opens with a close-up shot of an Iranian woman's face in someh eye makeup—an ancient Persian style of eye makeup used to embolden the eyes. Her gaze locks with a man seated in military uniform on the opposite screen; the smoke of his cigarette hazing the clarity of the frame. Throughout the film, Neshat utilises these two screens to show the different power dynamics and perspectives that ensue between a torturer and their victim, also noting the disparate realities of femininity and masculinity within patriarchal cultures.

This potent, yet deeply confronting scene conceptually reflected my Grandmother's experience.

When I first watched the film, immersed in the images on either side of me, it initially gave rise to feelings of conflict regarding my Iranian identity; in that the deeply-rooted sexism and violence that has so often permeated the experiences of my friends and family has only ever been a numbing deterrent of my engagement and sense of connection with it, even amongst all the beautiful elements of Iranian life, culture and history. See, 'The Fury' shares a story I'm all too familiar with.

My Grandmother, Maman Bozorg as we all knew her, was imprisoned in the political Evin Prison in Iran in 1983 for 2 years in the aftermath of the 1979 Islamic Revolution. There are feelings and experiences I will never understand, but can imagine through the stories she would share: of the dehumanising and incessant torturing; stories of the friends she would make, many of whom were taken and killed, never to be seen again; stories of a month-long solitary confinement, designed to mentally break her, and the darkness and thickness of dust that lined that cell.

Much of Neshat's art has looked at the female body being a contested site where desire and violence, shame and power, vulnerability and strength unite as contending forces. In 'The Fury,' this is conveyed when the female protagonist can be seen in a warehouse encircled by a group of men in military uniforms, their facial expressions blank but their glares filled with unsettling violent desires projected towards her. It is here that the horrifying scars of torture that cover her body are exposed. She tries to dance, spinning countless times with her arms outstretched as though pleading for succour from the men who remain so close to her, yet unmoved by her anguish. Her ailing body eventually collapses to the floor, though she is able to regain strength and eventually leave the space.

This potent, yet deeply confronting scene conceptually reflected my Grandmother's experiences. I can only wonder what it felt like for her, for all the women who have experienced this, to have these memories and scars shadow them even as they build a new life outside of prison, outside of Iran. I

remember Maman Bozorg sharing how she could not physically walk due to bastinado torturing—which involved lashes on the feet with a cable—and sharing the vile comments that the guards would make when she was handed meals or showering. Amidst this, however, she always shared her hope in humanity—that little by little, there would be change.

By a miracle, the person in charge of the prison had a dream about my Grandmother's innocence and out of fear, hastened to have her released and removed from his conscience. It was also around this time that she herself had a dream that she would travel to distant places, never thinking this would mean beyond her homeland of Iran.

During a time when so many political prisoners were killed, there were very few recounts of what was actually happening within these prisons. Maman Bozorg realised that if she was not courageous enough to voice these harsh realities to the world, no one would ever know the truth. And so she would share her stories with family, friends and news outlets, eventually travelling across almost every continent sharing the gruesome realities and humanitarian injustices that prevailed, and still do, within Iran's political prisons.

Still, these stories were also ones of hope in humanity—that action can be taken on both small and large scales to constitute beneficial change. We have and continue to see glimmerings of this now with the Women, Life, Freedom Movement.

Though 'The Fury' was completed in June 2022, its release is no doubt timely. The Movement has seen people in Iran

and globally, irrespective of gender and nationality, coming together in the promotion of gender equality and protesting against the systematic oppression and persecution of women.

Still, these stories were also ones of hope in humanity—that action can be taken on both small and large scales to constitute beneficial change.

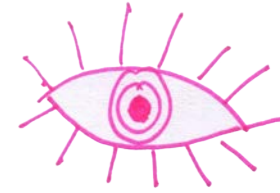
What is perhaps key in sustaining movements whereby change can occur is, first and foremost, the consistency of communication. If we do not continue to speak about these issues, action cannot be taken and thus change can in no way occur. Neshat's film opens a dialogue to her audience on the institutionalised sexism, moral perversion and power dynamics that encourage violence globally, especially in prisons which are so often an arena for horrific acts.

My Grandmother realised the potency of sharing truth and promoting social justice, which involved sharing her experiences from Iran. Sharing my family's story is a call to action. An urge for all to continue to speak about global and local injustices. Though it may not appear obvious, they do directly and indirectly affect us all. Again, there can be no societal progress while some remain in fetters.



Photos from 'The Fury' (2023) by Shirin Neshat

There's language in the eye, the cheek, the lip



Sandra Kallarakkal ticks off 'bilingual' on the diaspora kid bingo card.



The other night, my 11-year-old brother teased our mum about her pronunciation of the word 'queen.' Apparently, she had pronounced the 'q' weird. Amma just laughed and commented some version of her usual 'I got you here because of this English, it's good enough'.

This is a common occurrence in our household; my parents' Indian tongues slipping and stuttering over English sounds that don't match up the same to their native Malayalam, while my brother and I offer corrections. There are also similar inverted occurrences where our parents tease us back for stumbling over Malayalam words we're not accustomed to using, or had just heard of and attempted to pronounce, curious to know its meaning. Maybe this is a mutual language exchange,

but oftentimes I think it's just loss.

Take it like this: despite Malayalam being the language I was born into, I think in English now. Even though I am fortunate to still have Malayalam in some way – in that I speak it fluently, even if my reading only consists of slowly sounding out letters until they become a word I recognise, and my writing is limited to scratching out my name in corners of my study notes when I cwan't focus – its use in my life is limited to the time I spend at home talking to my parents, or to relatives back in India. As a result, my vocabulary only consists of the everyday speech; of places, food, and the 'what I've been up to recently'. Sometimes I'll watch a Malayalam movie and need English subtitles to put together meaning from unfamiliar

words. Or my parents will recount a story and every so often, I'll have to make them stop and ask 'what does that word mean?'.

It hits me in these moments that there are worlds – literary, familial, cultural – that are almost entirely inaccessible to me, in a language that was meant to be mine. It makes me wonder what kind of person I would be if Malayalam remained my native tongue, or at least my most used one. Would my thoughts run differently? Would I interact with my surroundings the same way? Would I fundamentally be the same person I am now?

Of course, the answer is probably no. We underestimate, I think, how big a role language has in shaping us and our identities, since, at the

end of the day, it's more than just a communication tool. Woven into language is history and connection and specific niches of humour, passed on through generations and generations and generations. A legacy of language is constructed, more often than not without intent. That's why losing your heritage language, or never getting a chance to really have known it in its intricacies, is such an esoteric kind of grief. I'm mourning not just the present loss, but the past and future too. Because the realisation comes to me, on a random Wednesday afternoon, that I can only pass on what I know. And what I know is: there's a gap between my ethnicity and my identity that will never quite be filled.

The words just aren't there.

What's in a name?

Danny Yazdani contemplates himself.

"Daniel Yandazi."

"Sorry, Daniel Yazdani. Award for Excellence in—"

I am resolved to my fate. I've heard it all, in all forms and rearrangements. Patterns so distant from my actual name that I've learnt to sweep them under the rug. And maybe that's the greatest dilemma of all. To either correct them over and over again or save the battle for another time. But it isn't something worth thinking about when your Mum is sitting in the crowd of the Year 8 Presentation Day, proud of her boy for winning an award she can post on Facebook. I love you, Mum.

The woman who raised me, who gave me my Iranian name and who passed down such a key part of my identity is sitting in the crowd, tears in her eyes. I can't possibly do anything now.

Our names are perhaps the most trenchant signifiers of who we are and what we're made of. Every Justin is a [blank] and every Mary must've been born around [blank]. We associate characteristics, time periods and even pop culture references with certain names. But what about Omar and Ji Youn? Leila and Nairobi? Mahnaz and Zhen?

These are the names you never see on mugs or wallets or Christmas baubles. These are the names that are framed to be impossible for the

average English tongue to pronounce, or rather, attempt to pronounce. Even those with slight variations, like mine, mean a world of difference to those they belong to. We submit for their benefit. Why? This rumination isn't something whimsical, nor is it something recent. For generations Australia has turned it's head to foreign names and we have learnt to embrace their rejection as acceptance. The Anglo-convention has meddled where it has no place, and for that our ethnic names have been made dirty and unusual.

Often, the altering of a name works to the benefit of the namesake. It helps them to blend and convenience a greater group. My father, Bijan, with an emphasis on the 'J', often introduces himself as 'John'. Not too loud, but not silent either, he adapted the 'jan' in his name and twisted it into something that is easier for others to pronounce. He rearranges himself for lazy tongues, for those who avoid discomfort.

Bijan means 'hero', stemming from the great national epic of Iran, the Shahnameh: famous for preserving the Farsi language and Iranian cultures for the present generation. Yet Australia doesn't embrace my father's name and many like his. Those on the receiving end of a "Hi, I'm John" grimace and go on with their day.

Other times, it is a detriment to an individual to have their name adapted into a foreign form. It disconnects them from their origins and stirs a

questioning of respect. My mother, Arezoo, has heard it all. Her loyal customers stress the 'a' as in 'apple', the 'zoo' as in 'zoo' and so on, until her name, meaning 'wish' or 'desire', becomes unrecognisable. My mother suppresses her anger, her desire to correct and assert her identity in the name of customer service. A cafe owner can't possibly correct those who mispronounce her name, can she?

As a child I recalled hearing:

"We named you Danial because it's easy to pronounce in English, but we have a Farsi version of it too. دانيل. It works for both sides."

Ah, the both sides argument. Pleasing the ethnic side - the Iranians who praise my beautiful name - whilst also pleasing the white majority. Those who find it easy to throw out a 'Dan' here or there whenever calling out to grab my attention. Names are more than just an arrangement of syllables. They encapsulate entire histories and epistemologies. My name, first and last, is the most distinct signifier of my ethnic identity. One that I'm proud of and won't compromise. Especially for 'Dan', which makes me feel like an old white man with a bald head.

I don't want to settle for the red squiggly line in Microsoft Word. We shouldn't have to press "ignore all" when we carve our name into our work, life and relationships. The slightest hint of ethnicity should not

trigger an alert. Ethnic names do not deserve red lines. Sometimes, I want to uninstall Microsoft Word altogether and return to my grandparents home to hear the story of دانيل, an old and wise advisor to the shahs of old.

The English language is inescapable. The coloniser's language, the oppressor's language and the world's privileged Western language is everywhere. Its self-proclaimed superiority is in our advertising, in our correspondence and in every foreign nation you go to that doesn't naturally speak English. But it won't seep into my name. I won't let it. I will define what I am, who I am and what I am called on my own terms. I am Danny.

I won't settle for convenience and I won't allow those tongues to evade the respect my parents deserve and that I deserve. I feel for my parents, both with beautiful ethnic names that speak to their characters, and I wish to take a different course. Danny, an awakening, is only a small star in the greater constellation of navigating cultural identity.

My name is a keepsake no one can take from me. And it's something that can't be taken from other ethnic Australians out there.

Say my name: دانيل. And if you can't, Danny will do.

i.
I concede to my grandmothers & grandfathers that I should have learned our tongues before English. My own skin is doused in bronze or olive, I know no difference between mother & father. Never shall I learn wisdoms from taps flown fresh from mountaintops & islands whose origins purposes my breaths. Of your faces, the one unknown to me— abuelito, I only hear you in myth, spoken from dad, & I fear what would have happened if Nicaragua never beckoned you back home.

ii.
They say Nguyen translates as musician or musical instrument so I concede perhaps my artistry belongs to my ancestors. I never knew Vietnam had ancient playwrights & poets, since our faces still reek of wartime. Nor had I come to realise our voyage is an ode to the sea. Our flesh binds those centuries spent tending rice fields in valleys where sunlight shone golden. Perhaps the gold sunk into our skin. To my grandmother and grandfather— bà ngoại, ông ngoại, to me your names mean mistress of waves/master of wind.

iii.
I believe the tears that stream down your cheeks are odes to the oceans you travelled for me. Let your hearts afloat. I wait to see you again abuelita, once I return to Forestville you can remind me of God's blessings. But I tell you, I did not swirl from dust & grow ribs to take form of man. I concede, my bravery is a pool for you to witness— for those rivers you behold, I will never understand.

concessions

Jayden Nguyen

ENGLISH
ON PAPER
CARDS

Angela Tran honours the unconditional love from our grandparents when they fly in.

the summers are sweltering in sydney
and as usual, he greets me at the front door
ready to eat the lunch i had neglected for the
games of bullrush on the oval
today
he has something special to show me
he's holding a paper card in his hands shyly
he shows me his scribbling
it's English on paper cards
he speaks quietly and softly

i'm not sure what he's asking, i tell him
"4 tomatoes please" he punctuates these three words
with clarity and confidence he explains
he is going down to the road to the fruit & vege shop
he is going to buy tomatoes
with the English he is learning on paper cards
the tomatoes
that will go into the stir-fry with fish sauce
its pungent fumes that will suffocate the kitchen
it smells like home, it is home
the tomatoes
melting with the tofu and sliced purple onion

he knows this recipe all too well, he'd seen
his mother cook it a million times and now
he makes it
for us
he is simply doing this
for us
i watch as he walks down the road
his figure exhausted by the weight of being a
foreigner
but filled with love of the family he has been
longing to meet in a world where he only exists
for us
in a world where he also writes
English on paper cards

Art by Miles Huynh

Why Aboriginal, Torres Strait Islander, and Pasifika Drag Representation Matters

Hamani Tanginoa discusses the importance of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, and Pasifika drag representation.

As a proud Wiradjuri, Dharug, Dhungutti, Gooreng Gooreng and Tongan Gay man, I do believe in the power of representation. Representation allows us to feel validated and express ourselves freely, without the feeling of prejudice. I strongly believe that Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, and Pasifika Representation in our drag scene is so important, especially because of the rise of popularity of RuPaul's Drag Race and its Down Under edition. I think it's more important than ever now to have Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, and Pasifika Representation in Drag.

Queer people living in Pasifika communities often feel ashamed about expressing their identity due to strict religious and

and Pacific Islander. One pure example is RuPaul's Drag Race Down Under Season 2 finalist, Kween Kong. Kween Kong is a proud Tongan and Samoan queen, originating from Auckland, New Zealand. Kween was the first Samoan Drag Queen to appear on any Drag Race franchise.

Kween Kong has been doing drag for almost seven years, but is no stranger to the stage. She has been a dancer for the past 13 years and has travelled with the Australian Dance Theatre performing across the nation. In 2019, Kween Kong won Miss Drag Nation Australia, where she represented Adelaide. Drag Nation is a national drag competition where queens perform and compete locally before representing their state in the nationwide competition.

In 2022, Kween Kong was announced as a contestant on RuPaul's Drag Race Down Under Season 2. Becoming the first

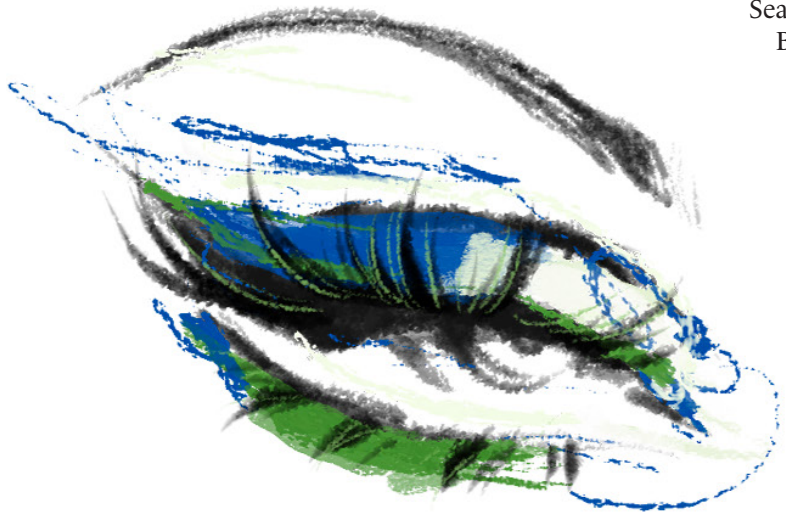
Mimi Spirits are depicted as genderless. The Mimi Spirits are described as tricky and naughty, which has underlying links to ideas of sexuality. However, proud representations of sexuality and gender identity have been repressed since invasion. Queer Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Peoples have suppressed or hidden their sexuality as a survival mechanism.

Recently we are seeing the rise of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Drag Queens in the scene, especially on our television screens with the launch of RuPaul's Drag Race Down Under. One Aboriginal Drag Queen people should pay more attention to is Jojo Zaho. Jojo Zaho is a proud Biripi and Worimi drag queen who resides in Newcastle, New South Wales. Jojo Zaho

Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander sovereignty.

Jojo Zaho's appearance on Drag Race allows young queer Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Youth to see themselves on the screen.

"One of the key things for me doing drag, is about being the representation I didn't have growing up. You can't be what you can't see, (so I wanted) to be that queer Indigenous representation for queer Indigenous youth out there. If I can reach a couple of kids and encourage them that they can be queer and Indigenous and that they can co-exist harmoniously - there is something beautiful in that, in accepting who you are."



conservative views and values. As a result, queer people feel like they have to suppress their identity to avoid raising concerns in their communities. Historically, the suppression of queer identities was never the case in Pasifika communities. Pasifika communities and cultures engaged in sexual practices and gender fluid perspectives. But today, in various countries in the Pacific, homosexuality is considered immoral, or even illegal.

In a world where you can be incarcerated for being who you are, any amount of representation in the media or academia helps minorities feel validated.

Pasifika Drag Queens help fight that stigma, allow us to reclaim our heritage, and feel proud to be queer

Samoan drag queen to appear on any Drag Race Franchise. Kween Kong has been pronounced a "Strong Polynesian warrior goddess," she is influenced by her Pacific ancestry as it drives her to carry her story, and pushes for visibility and representation.

When she first appeared on Drag Race, I showed my Tongan father a Queen who is proud of her Pacific heritage, and is proud to be queer. Because of her, my father's perspective has broadened, seeing the intersection between race and queerness come to fruition.

Kween Kong may be one drag queen with Pasifika descent, but her influence makes her an icon and trailblazer for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, and Pasifika visibility. Queer and Gender Identity has always been a part of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Cultures.

In the Tiwi Islands in the Torres Strait, we have the Sistagirls and Brothaboyz. In certain communities, Aboriginal Dreaming stories of the

appeared on Drag Race Down Under Season 1, and was the first Aboriginal Australian Drag Queen to be cast on the show. Jojo Zaho started her drag career in 2015 as a response to a Dubbo Council Member stating that homosexuality is not a part of Aboriginal Culture. She appeared at Dubbo's first annual Central West Pride March with an outfit made both from Aboriginal and Gay Pride Flags.

In 2018, Jojo Zaho competed in the Miss First Nation Competition. Miss First Nation is an all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander drag competition which made its start in Darwin in 2017. Jojo Zaho competed in the second year where she won both Miss Photogenic and Miss National Costume. During her time on Drag Race, Jojo was able to advocate and speak on Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander issues. Her "hometown" runway look was a powerful statement. Written across her outfit were the words "always was, always will be", which references the ongoing fight for recognition and

Jojo to me is one of the most influential Aboriginal Drag Queens that I respect so much, I never thought I would see a blakfella on my screen representing my Culture on the Drag Race stage.

Having Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, and Pasifika Drag Representation is so important not only for the validation, but for Queer Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanderand Pasifika youth to feel comfortable with being who they are. It's important that non-Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, and non-Pasifika people should follow and support their local queens, may it be Queens like Jojo Zaho and Kween Kong.

Drag is a form of Queer Activism.

By supporting local Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanderand Pasifika queens we are amplifying their voices and the issues they raise.

Art by Miles Huynh

Migrant workers form the backbone of modern Australia. Why are they still being exploited?

The foundation of contemporary Australian society rests upon an often exploited migrant workforce. Countless sectors including manufacturing, construction, services, agriculture and horticulture are currently staffed and sustained by migrant workers from the Global North and South alike. While this is not a new phenomenon, with migrant labour being an inalienable shaping force throughout Australian history, legal protections for migrant workers are routinely neglected and exploitation remains rife.

Legal protections for migrant workers are routinely neglected and exploitation remains rife.

In December 2022, Unions NSW Migrant Workers Hub and the Immigration Advice and Rights Center (IARC) released a report on wage theft in the migrant workforce, revealing that 60.24% of job advertisements listed in the top eight industries offered a rate of pay below the award minimum. Beyond wage theft, migrant workers across many sectors are often at greater risk of racist bullying and harassment, in addition to workplace injury or illness, as identified by SafeWork NSW. The effects of such mistreatment are exacerbated by the fact that many migrant workers are also young and culturally and linguistically diverse (CALD), further compounding their vulnerability to workplace injury or illness in unsafe environments. Employment precarity is also a prevalent feature of migrant work, particularly in agriculture and horticulture. Piece rate workers such as fruit pickers are commonly threatened with termination if they don't meet picking targets.

The nature of migrant worker exploitation in Australia is such that most workers often don't feel confident in seeking recourse or asserting their workplace rights. Many migrant workers fear retaliation by their employers and, in some cases, the revocation of their employer-sponsored working visas. A 2019 survey conducted by the Migrant Justice Institute revealed that 38% of international students who experienced problems in the workplace did not seek help for fear that doing so would impact their visa.

Most workers often don't feel confident in seeking recourse or asserting their workplace rights.

On February 28, a coalition of forty unions, service providers, and non-profit organisations called for the Minister for Home Affairs Andrew Giles to establish federal protections for whistleblowers exposing the exploitation of migrant workers. These protections, as presented in the Breaking the Silence proposal, would safeguard workers who take action against their employers from the immediate risk of deportation.

This complex issue relating to the exploitation of migrant workers undeniably hits home for students across the country. International students comprise a significant proportion of the Australian migrant workforce, with 23% of respondents in the Unions NSW Migrant Wage Theft working on student visas.

23% of respondents in the Unions NSW Migrant Wage Theft [were] working on student visas.

In October last year, TEQSA controversially announced that all international students will be required to return to in-person classes by June 30 (with some exceptions). Amidst a rental market where vacancies are at an all-time low and rents at an all-time high, the University of Sydney remains committed to the privatisation and off-selling of student accommodation.

A combination of factors, including a lack of affordable student accommodation and a newly-reinstated working limit of 48 hours per fortnight, means that newly-arrived international students are facing significant barriers to finding appropriate housing. In the aforementioned Migrant Wage Theft report, Unions NSW recommended the permanent removal of working limits for student visa holders. Without additional working hours, student visa holders (who are commonly paid below industry award rates) "struggle to earn a wage sufficient to pay living expenses."

The return of international students to Australia will undoubtedly carry implications for working conditions experienced by the rest of our migrant labour force, with more workers seeking jobs, and more opportunities for employers to treat migrants as expendable. Thus, it is more crucial than ever that migrant workers have access to the required resources that they require to combat workplace exploitation. It also remains imperative that our migrant workers are not left to fight against such exploitation alone. The union movement has been, for decades, consistent in providing advocacy, hope, and solidarity to migrant workers through advisory initiatives and activist campaigns.

Alana Ramshaw digs through the reports.

Visa Assist, a joint initiative by Unions NSW and IARC, is a program that offers union members free advice on all immigration and citizenship matters — from workplace bullying to wage theft and visa applications. Moreover, migrant workers on Perfection Fresh Broccolini farms across the country are currently spearheading a United Workers Union boycott campaign in response to routine wage theft and inadequate safety standards, attracting national media attention to the issue while impacting Perfection Fresh's bottom line.

Be an active member of your union. Pay your dues. Don't buy broccolini.



Art by Anthony James Kanaan



Apply to be our Social Media Intern (Paid)

We are looking for a social media intern to promote the activities and campaigns of the SRC. The successful applicant will be required to undertake at least 5 hours of work per week, for a total of 100 hours by 30 November 2023 across a 20-week period, creating content that can be published to the SRC Facebook, Instagram and Twitter accounts, as well as the SRC website. We encourage students to apply, as we offer flexible working arrangements to suit an undergraduate study load.

Applications are due by: 4:00pm, Friday 31st March 2023
More info at srcusyd.net.au/about/src-jobs



src

activism
advocacy
representation

Students' Representative Council,
University of Sydney

srcusyd.net.au [usydsrc](https://www.facebook.com/usydsrc) [src_usyd](https://www.instagram.com/src_usyd) [src_sydneyuni](https://www.twitter.com/src_sydneyuni)

You are a product of all who came before you.

You'll get the reference in the future.

We Việt kiều are a people who are profoundly stuck in the past.

weah.

hey there.

I know how you feel.

Come.

I've got something to show you.

Tethered by a history of colonialism and violence.

Haunted by a War in which we had no part.

You don't have to understand this.

But there is so much else to look forward to:

chúc mừng năm mới!

Bánh mì for lunch, bún bò Huế, or phở.

Weekends with tutors and piano lessons, I fear.

Days spent at your auntie's house, and red pockets every year.

I know.

You don't have to take these experiences as yours.

Sounds bad, to be honest.

They are all in the past, and these flags are, too.

It's okay to remember, as long as you look to the future.

Our culture is fluid. The future is you.

Comic by Robert Hoang

ARBC1234: More than just the ‘Arab World’

Danny Yazdani investigates the Department (or lack thereof).

Ah, The Middle East: hot in climate but also (always) hot in the press. We’ve heard it all: from bigoted and xenophobic attitudes to admiration for its rich customs and cultures. Even then, the scent of fetishisation lingers in the air. There never seems to be an in-between for the nations of the region, which are torn between the good and the bad, yet still subconsciously perceived as ugly in any light.

We in the West think of the ‘Middle Eastern’ region as Arab-dominated and Muslim-inspired. This understanding continues today with universal use of gross over-generalisations like ‘The Arab World’ or the ‘Islamic World’. The news speaks of it, our academic papers cling to it — and our discourse surrounding the region is very much indicative of that. Since the creation of the term ‘Middle East’ in the 1850s by the former British India Office, the term has spread rapidly and became the quick and easy fix to define an entire geopolitical region, particularly in terms of its Arab-ness and its Muslim-ness. And, to this day, it continues.

Seminal cultural critic and father of Postcolonial Studies Edward Said wrote in his book Orientalism that it is “our role is to widen the field of discussion, not to set limits in accord with the prevailing authority.” This prevailing authority continues to be Western institutions.

It is important to note that individuals in this part of the world do not consider themselves ‘Middle Eastern’. It is through the eyes of the West, its operations, and its framing of ‘the Other’ that the world has come to see the region in such an essentialised way. Chuck Hamilton suggests that “the term ‘Middle East’ is imprecise, culturally and geographically biased, susceptible to misunderstanding, and therefore useless in terms of accuracy,” which is why the renaming of the “Middle East” has been such a hot topic as of late: phrases and acronyms like the Near East,

Western Asia, MENA (Middle East and North Africa) and SWANA (South Western Asia and North Africa) are used interchangeably, though no general consensus has been found on the most appropriate term. All these neologisms aim to decolonise associations with the region and demystify what constitutes the Middle East, but still operate within the parameters of disagreement and conflict.

I personally don’t side with any terminology. I feel way in over my head attempting to lump a bunch of countries together; countries of a region deemed as the cradle of civilisation, which have contributed extensively to what modern society looks like. Despite these claims, the same countries are framed by barbarism and savagery—the same countries that were at the peak of the Golden Age of literature, philosophy, medicine, mathematics, and other realms of scholarship; all whilst Europe was still, historically, in the Dark Ages.

I do, however, find it useful to contemplate what this debate means on a smaller scale — one that has an immediate impact on people in the West with ties to the East, like me. I should note that this binary between West and East is not much help either, but for the sake of this argument, the intersection between the two realms unveils a poignant relevance of how international politics manifest in the very space of the University of Sydney (USYD).

What began as the Department of Oriental Studies in 1918 follows a chameleonic pathway to 2023. Emphasis on certain languages and cultures relevant to global interactions with Australia has erected and destroyed multiple region-based studies at USYD. Japan and China were initial focuses, Indonesia and India arose in the 70s and 80s and battled it out until Indonesia was victorious. Its history is almost always defined by these foreign lands’ relations with Australia, as ‘subjects’ imperative for the white tertiary student to study. European languages and cultures like Germany, Italy and French almost always kept their place at the table.

Nowadays, within the School of Languages and Cultures, interdisciplinarity is emphasised and any study of a foreign land or tongue exists under the larger umbrella. These fields can be taken as majors and minors, and are often specific to regions such as the general

‘Asian Studies’ or hyper specific to their focus on a (former) country such as ‘Korean Studies’. The ‘Spanish and Latin American Studies’ stream is true to its name, honing in on the Spanish language as the major language of the transcontinental region, whilst also maintaining sociological, political and cultural areas of study. In this instance, the discipline is broad but specific. The discipline is able to focus on the most spoken language (being Spanish) but the units in other fields divvy up time and space for nations beyond Spain itself. As such, Latin America becomes integral to understanding Spain and Spanish language.

The ‘Arabic Language and Cultures’ major or stream, on the other hand, frames the names of its units around the ‘Arab World’ alone and fails to recognise the nuances that exist within it. I’d like to think that stereotypes and assumptions are unpacked within the units the major has to offer, but as an academic outsider belonging to the disciplines of English and Sociology, I feel that USYD has played a part in the perpetuation of the Middle East as a uniform and undistinguishable blob. An anonymous source who I discussed this concern with - who also happened to be a major in the discipline - stated that “They usually give us a disclaimer at the beginning of each unit, being like ‘this is an ARBC unit, but we still look at other countries and cases in the Middle East’. So they basically say ‘hey, we aren’t generalising an entire region, but hey, we refuse to change the name of our discipline”.

In the unit ARBC2671: Transnational Muslim Women and Veiling, for example, discussion of Iran and Turkey, both Muslim-majority non-Arab countries, span across weeks. The unit ARBC2681: Gender and Politics in the Arab World, examines women and gender in relation to the 2011-2019 Arab uprisings, but then immediately jumps to women and gender in ‘other’ Middle Eastern conflicts the following week. One can only assume non-Arab countries included in the Middle East are investigated there.

I am by no means an irrational person — I understand that logistics play a big part in what a university has to offer, with funding, staffing and student interest being key in decision-making processes. What I cannot understand nor blindly accept is the blatant overgeneralisation

By talking about Islam, you are talking about Muslim Middle Easterners. By talking about women, you

are talking about women right across the geopolitical transcontinental region. By talking about colonialism, capitalism, democracy, mass migration and refugees, you are talking about a rich and shared but distinct history of nation-states that unite over the collective struggles of misrecognition, the discovery of crude oil, and a love of dancing. Whilst distinctive, these nations have shared ways of life, of knowing, being, existing. Continuing to perpetuate a global misunderstanding at a tertiary education level is feeding into the misleading mainstream narrative.

The reality is, you cannot have an ‘Arab World’, a ‘Middle East’ or ‘Islamic history’ without the excluded places of the region: my motherland Iran, and also nations such as Turkey, Armenia, Afghanistan, Georgia, Cyprus and so on are intrinsic to the continually evolving landscape, to its cultures, languages, history and interactions with the Anglosphere. Languages, dialects, ethnicities, ‘Afro-Arab’ or North African nations with Middle Eastern histories like Morocco, Egypt, Tunisia, faiths like Christianity, Judaism, Zoroastrianism and the Bahá’í Faith that have emerged — I haven’t had the time to delve into these in this article, but let it be said that all of these factors are as equally essential when painting the transcontinental portrait we need to begin to understand. Arab identity and the religion of Islam are only two of many shades and pigments.

The broad framing of discipline and major ‘Arabic Language and Cultures’ is negligent, reflective of real-world misrecognition and the continued misshaping of the Middle East.

I won’t accept USYD’s approach to educating Australian students in this field. For if I do, I am accepting a standard that erases my ancestry, my lineage and my familial heritage entirely. Do better USYD: rectify the inaccurate name of this discipline and explore every corner of the ‘Middle East’, like you already

Mum, I Promise You Success.

Justin Leong contemplates the Asian-Australian diasporic experience.

Michele: I knew it was going to fail. I didn’t, I didn’t, not one minute I think it was going to be successful but I couldn’t tell you that until I show you the result.

Leo [scoffs]: Yes, until you show me the result.

Michele: What was that?

Leo: Nothing. Nothing.

Michele: What was that smirk about?

Leo: I just thought of something funny, sorry.

Michele [rises]: You think this is a kid show? This is serious business. This is TV commercial ad. You think you just show your face and you do a bit of hair flick and then you get the job?

Leo [explaining]: Look, Mum, I tried my hardest.

Michele: Trying is not good enough! Thousands of people competing. What makes you more memorable? Try to dig deep in each character they give you. When I tell you something, think hard about what I said. I don’t just talk rubbish and repeat rubbish. What I say is important. And drop your arrogant! I took you that far. I know one thing or two or more. Not cowboy like you just rock up and think oh yeah, I got this. I call that cowboy. You want to be a cowboy?

[Leo sits in silence chewing his food very slowly. Michele looks at John for input, then stares blankly at the TV screen. John coughs.]

John [coarsely]: Yes well I think -

Michele: Watch -

John: You should listen to mum.

Michele: And learn and be humble, and practise and practise and practise and play the character.

Leo [exhaustedly]: Yes, yes ! I get it !

Michele [sternly]: Don’t be rude.

Leo [pissed]: I get it. Calm down. Just sit down and eat. Dinner is getting cold.

Michele [angrily]: Who are you talking to? Who are you talking to !

Leo [regretfully]: Yes [pause] I’m talking to my Mum.

Michele: I teach you to be respectful -

Leo: How can I be respectful to you when you’re not being respectful to me !

Michele: Not to be so rude to your own mum ! You will never get anywhere with your arrogance and rudeness.

Leo [Wildly]: There you go again “arrogance and rudeness”.

Michele: Who do you think you are? What? You’re just standing there looking at me? Answer me! [Michele pauses to wait for an answer.] You will never be successful. I don’t think you’ve got what it takes. Successful people never have bad relationships with their mum. Those who have a bad relationship with their mum will always struggle in life. I didn’t raise a stupid cowboy son who is so rude to his mum and talks like that. You can leave whenever. Go ! No need to house someone so rude

and ungrateful as you.

John [trying to wrap up the conversation]: Okay, Leo ! So what are you going to do from now on? Leo?

Michele: [A suffering look draws upon Michele, as if she sees his destiny being burnt to ashes.] I’m really worried about your future Leo. You need to learn. And learn fast. Otherwise I can’t see you survive in your industry.

Leo [deep breath]: I’ll make sure to re-read the brief and prepare earlier next time.

John [adds]: And do it properly next time.

Michele: You know it’s not too late to change careers? Maybe music isn’t for you. Some people have special talents and got what it takes to become successful, but not you. With arrogance like that. [Leo stands up having enough of the conversation. He grabs his wallet, jacket, car keys and leaves towards the door not saying a word to Michele.] Where are you going? Leo, where are you going !

[Leo slams the door closed behind him.]



Art by Alana Ramshaw

घर की बहुत याद आती है

Madhullikaa Singh traverses the complex relationship with her mother tongue.

Gaane sunti hu toh achha lagta hai	On returning home from school, I would cry for hours. I felt deeply ashamed that I did not know the language that my friends and family seemed to navigate with ease. One night, I earnestly prayed to god that Hindi as a language would cease to exist and I would be free of the fear of not knowing, the shame of not fitting in and the disdain of Manju Ma’am. I asked my parents if I could change schools, and found, to my horror, that every school taught the language. I couldn’t seem to get rid of this awkwardly-strung-together set of consonants and strange sounding notes.	As I grew older I began learning about the politics of the language — how exclusionary it is. The complexities, the conflicts and crises that many associated with it.	article.
Aas paas dekhti hu		It all felt too much	He recited a ghazal for me and asked me to explain its meaning.
Kisi aur ko yeh mehsos hota hai kya?	I begrudged studying Hindi at school. It made no sense to me; why was I being made to learn multiple पर्यायवाची (synonyms) of random words I would never use? Having recently moved back from Mauritius in year 5 (or standard 5 as we called it), I dealt with the daily reminder that I was behind everybody in my class in Hindi. I did not understand where the maatras were supposed to go. Learning to differentiate between Chhoti ‘e’ ki maatra and baddi ‘E’ ki maatra confused the living daylight out of me.	I did not want to identify with a language that divided;	I fumbled, choked, swallowed and spoke too softly to be heard.
		Religion from religion	He laughed and exclaimed, ‘mother divine, तुम अपनी मातृभाषा भूल गई हो!’
		Culture from culture	‘It’s okay.’
		Class from class	In an attempt to make the harsh truth palatable, I wished my tongue around my mouth to enunciate words in Hindustani that use combined and binary consonants unique to the language.
		Caste from caste	I miss her.
	My Hindi teacher, Manju Ma’am, had a long black braid that she would fling from side to side as she selected a student to recite their पर्यायवाची to the class. I would freeze with fear every time her eyes met mine — which seemed to leave no doubt in her mind to pick me. I fumbled, choked, swallowed and spoke too softly to be heard. She stared, scoffed and scolded. I sat back down. Manju ma’am disliked me from the get go; from the first time she heard my Mauritian Creole accent. Every time I opened my mouth her brows would furrow and eyes would roll as if to say: you’re not Indian enough.	मातृभाषा	I miss the way my hands moved when I wove the tapestry of her क , ख , ग, घ on paper.
	I wasn’t an easy student either, I simply refused to learn my क , ख , ग, घ (the alphabet song we were taught in standard 1). I hated it.	I wondered how many people thought of Hindustani as their mother tongue and how many felt, instead, the pang of loss and hurt.	Still standing vehemently opposed to learning my क , ख , ग, घ.
		At 18, I moved to Sydney to study. I felt freeing to start afresh; to let go of all that did not align with my values. Out of everything I thought I would miss (consisting mostly of oddly specific street food), I did not expect to miss hearing the specific phonetics of Hindustani consonants.	Lekin घर की बहुत याद आती है
		Perched above my experience and privilege of not needing her anymore, I have completed three years at University not having written a word from the Devanagari script.	मातृभाषा: Mother tongue
		Last night I rang my grandfather in hopes that speaking with him in Hindustani would inspire me to get started on my ACAR Honi	घर की बहुत याद आती है: I miss home a lot
			तुम अपनी मातृभाषा भूल गई हो!: you have forgotten your mother tongue!

President

LIA PERKINS

The student centre is planning to cut dozens of jobs, while hiring students at a lower rate to perform the same work. Students need support from the student centre now more than ever, because the centralised system of university administration causes significant delays. The EAG and NTEU took action outside the student centre to argue that casuals

should not lose their jobs, and that staff working conditions are student learning conditions. There will be another strike on Friday this week, rejecting management’s pay offer - the SRC will be closed on this day, and we strongly encourage all students to come out in support of staff.

The Women’s Collective has been planning to protest outside St Mary’s Cathedral against the ‘day of the unborn child’. Following the news that a violent group of Christian Lives Matter bigots were planning

to attend, this changed to a small speakout. The state of abortion access in NSW is dire, particularly for people in regional areas, and the state government urgently needs to address this.

On Tuesday I attended the Queer Collective’s speakout on smashing transphobia on campus. On Thursday I attended ACAR’s open reading group about the BDS movement and how it connects to anti-racism. I attended the Students v. Landlords housing action on Friday afternoon.

The SRC doesn’t run itself, and this week I did a lot of internal SRC work – we signed off on our audit and convened a Legal Service Board meeting. Tiger and I attended the University’s Student Consultative Committee meeting – we look forward to seeing what is planned for USU’s Student Safety Conference. The SRC has an ad for a Social Media Intern, which is a short term, paid position with the SRC, which is still open and I encourage you to apply if you are interested in working at the SRC creating social media content.

Education

ISHBEL DUNSMORE
YASMINE JOHNSON

Week 3 saw an incredibly successful strike, bringing together more staff and students than any of the previous days of industrial action! We were proud to stand on the picket lines, securing eastern avenue and other pickets, and demanding

more for students as well as staff! As a consequence of this action, it seems management has panicked a little and have now accelerated the frequency of bargaining meetings. Students should join staff on strike this Friday to put more pressure on management, because student learning conditions are staff working conditions!

In other news, we stood alongside casuals in the Student Centre last

Thursday as they are facing severe job cuts and shift cuts. They deserve to be treated with dignity and respect, because they are essential to the running of the university. Without them, academic staff would be teaching to empty classrooms. This is yet another reason to attend the strike this week! Keep an eye out on our instagram for a reel to come!

We also attended the latest Get a Room! NUS-endorsed rally last

Friday, which brought together students, public housing tenants and renters calling on government and universities for more action to counteract the totally avoidable yet dire state of the housing and rental crisis. We’re moving forward with our Thales campaign as well. More to come!

Our next meeting is Thursday 10am somewhere in New Law Annexe, keep an eye on our socials for info.

Women’s

IGGY BOYD
ALEV SARACOGLU

The past few weeks have seen an alarming rise in fascism across the country. We extend our utmost sympathies and solidarity to our comrades who were brutalized. This kind of bigotry is enabled by the police who show their true colors

in incidents like that in Melbourne recently - where they beat up trans activists while allowing Nazis to gather - and by our politicians, who choose to entertain discussion about the Religious Discrimination Bill, and in doing so open up queers to such hateful attacks. This is part of a larger attempt to police our bodies. But solidarity beats fear, and that is why we have decided to go ahead with our Day of the Unborn Child Counter-protest. Abortion is healthcare. But

despite abortion having been legalized in 2019 it is largely inaccessible, with some needing to fork out thousands of dollars. There are also cases where patients are being turned away from public hospitals.

We have three simple demands:

- 1. Free and safe abortions, accessible to all.
- 2. The right to protest - defund, disarm, dismantle the police.

3. No return of the Religious Discrimination Bill. Safe Schools now!

Now more than ever, it is important that we stand together and show everyone that we will not be intimidated into silence. We encourage everyone to get involved in the SRC collectives and groups like Pride in Protest and also to attend the upcoming Trans Day of Visibility March and Rally on 2nd April. See you on the streets!

Disabilities

KHANH TRAN
JACK SCALAN

We had a very busy Welcome Week last month, distributing more than 100 DisCo tote bags and chatting to new collective members. We had incredibly insightful discussions with disabled students and these were some of the best moments of our time.

As a result, we are working with SUPRA to produce a number of officially-recognised translations in a number of languages of our disability information booklet and other resources, together with a media and training strategy to roll out for international students in the longer time with an eye for release in Welcome Week, Semester 2. We’ve also submitted a joint report to the University’s Disability Inclusion Action Plan.

We are working to distribute an

open letter together with Welcome Disability to call for changes on Australia’s deeply inconsistent and discriminatory migration health laws that bars a significant number of potential disabled international students, and international students facing significant health hurdles, from being able to study in our universities. Other English-speaking nations like Canada and New Zealand have a much higher health expenditure threshold for temporary migrants. We strongly encourage that everyone

sign the open letter and raise your voice for the campaign: <https://alhr.org.au/welcoming-disability/>

To this end, we thank the collective efforts of our outstanding previous SRC disabilities office-bearers who persevered for more than six years. The funding we received for the space is significant and will go a long way in cultivating a larger Disabilities Collective over time and joining forces with other student disabilities representatives across our campus.

Disclaimer

These pages belong to the Office Bearers of the University of Sydney Students’ Representative Council.

They are not altered, influenced or otherwise changed by the Editors of ACAR Honi.

Environment

MAEVE LARKINS
MADDIE CLARK
SIMON UPITIS
SATVIK SHARMA

The Environment Officers did not submit a Report this week.



After more than three years of being in this global pandemic, coupled with horrible weather events and war, it is certainly obvious that most people have been impacted significantly by isolation and distress. Even with classes returning to campus, lots of students are feeling lonely being away from their family and/or friends, which has a negative impact on their studies. Perhaps you are experiencing that too. Even with some classes moving to “in person” delivery, lots of classes are still online. Some students have found that they have submitted incorrect files for assessments, while others can’t learn the information as well as they did in person. There are several students who have not even been on the Uni campus and are missing out on the social aspect of being a student. There are a few online resources available through the Uni and in the broader community that you might find helpful.

The University has a free counselling service (<https://www.sydney.edu.au/students/health-wellbeing/counselling.html>) that can help you to develop strategies to deal with the many different situations you will encounter during your time at Uni. Their service is confidential meaning they won’t tell anyone, even the University, what you discuss with them. The Uni also has an app which is a peer support and mental wellbeing resource (<https://www.sydney.edu.au/students/talkcampus.html>).

The library has Peer Learning Advisors (<https://www.library.sydney.edu.au/help/pla.html>) who run some social activities, as well as being able to help with study skills.

The USU (<https://usu.edu.au/clubs>) have over 200 clubs and societies that are holding different types of online social events, in a wide range of interests. It’s free to join the USU and

a USU Rewards membership is \$49 for the year.

Headspace (<https://headspace.org.au/eheadspace>) have an online forum, especially for students, to talk about the challenges they are experiencing, and some of the things they are doing to help themselves. They also provide one to one counselling with a variety of different types of health professionals.

While it is completely understandable that you might be feeling distressed, the Uni still considers academic honesty very seriously. You need to reference every source that you use to write an essay. You need to complete your own work when writing code, that is, not look at another student’s assignment, and not get help for that assignment from a “coaching” or “tutoring” website or company (e.g., Chegg, CourseHero, Github). Using a “coaching” or “tutoring” website or company is likely to lead to Student Misconduct. When you are doing an online exam, you should not access unauthorised materials (e.g., notes, canvas, another computer, etc) and you should not be wearing headphones. Any academic honesty breach may lead to a fail grade for that assessment and in some cases a suspension from University. Be vigilant about checking that your camera is in the correct position and working. Remember that moving the lid of your laptop will change the position of the computer.

Be careful when submitting any files for an exam, to ensure that you are attaching the correct file. If you need a few extra days for an assessment, you might be able to apply for a simple extension of five calendar days through the Special Consideration portal. You must apply on or before the due date, and provide a Student Declaration explaining why you want the extension. If you are still unable to complete your

Article cont...

assessment because of illness, injury, or misadventure, you should apply for Special Consideration. You have three working days to submit your application and where possible you will need to provide a supporting document from a doctor or counsellor dated ON or BEFORE the day the assessment is due.

If you feel so desperate that you think you should breach academic honesty standards for an assessment, please talk to an SRC caseworker about what your options are. We provide a confidential service that is independent of the University.

Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker Help Q&A

Centrelink Dropped Subject

Dear Abe,

I get Youth Allowance. I’m currently doing 4 subjects but I want to drop to 3. Do I need to tell Centrelink? Will they cut me off?

Thanks,

YA Cut Off.

circumstances have changed. For example, if you drop a subject, move house, or get a new job. You will still be full time so it will not change your payment. If you were dropping to part time you would no longer be eligible for that payment and you would need to talk to a caseworker to see what your options were.

Thanks,

Abe

Dear YA Cut Off,

Yes, it is always a good idea to tell Centrelink whenever your

SRC CASEWORKER PHONE OR ZOOM APPOINTMENTS ARE NOW AVAILABLE

Do you need help with CENTRELINK?

Ask the SRC!

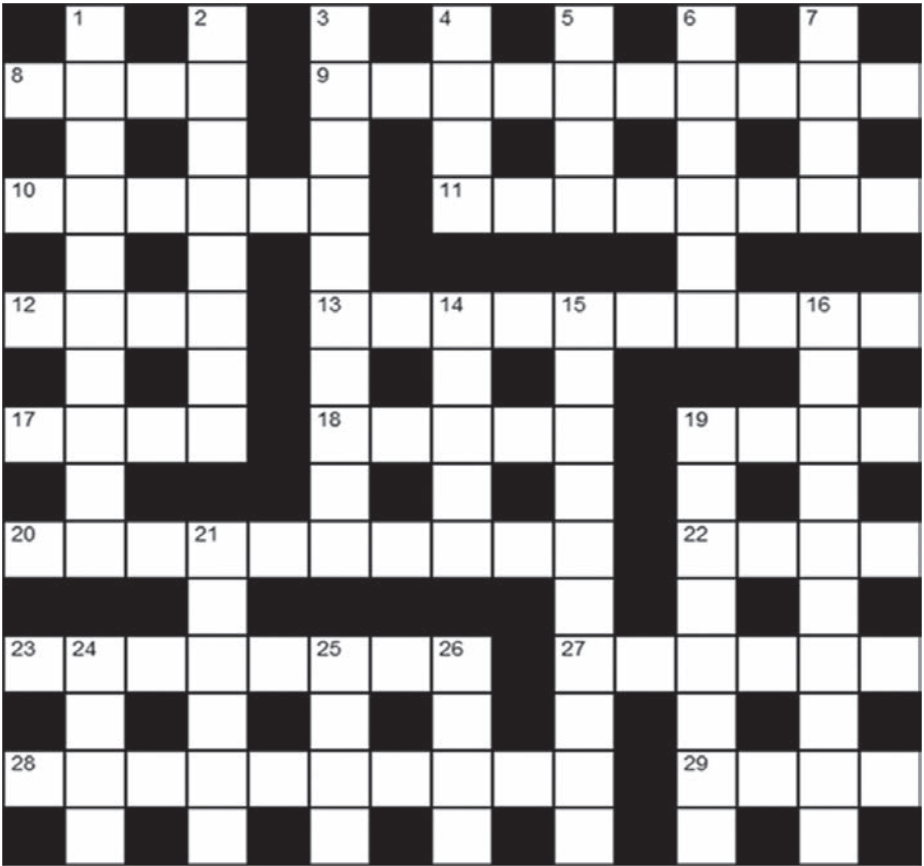
The SRC has qualified caseworkers who can assist Sydney University undergraduates with Centrelink questions and issues, including: your income, parents' income, qualifying as independent, relationships, over-payments and more.

Check out the Centelink articles on our website or book an appointment if you need more help.

srcusyd.net.au/src-help

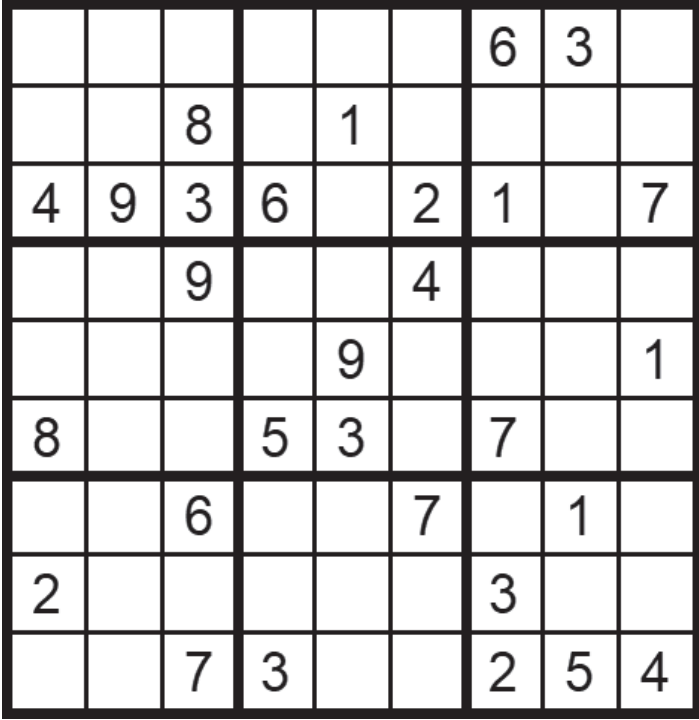
If you need help from an SRC Caseworker start an enquiry on our Caseworker Contact Form: bit.ly/3YxvDUF





Sudoku

Puzzles by Tournesol



- Across**

 - 8 Meditative exercise practice(4)
 - 9 Studier of the heavens (10)
 - 10 German Romantic composer, Richard (6)
 - 11 Snowstorm (8)
 - 12 Frizzy hairstyle(4)
 - 13 Opinion ‘news’; article (5,5)
 - 17 Rump (4)
 - 18 Green, verdant (5)
 - 19 10 Across’s masterwork: The ... Cycle (4)
 - 20 English county favoured by A. E. Housman (10)
 - 22 Couch (4)
 - 23 It will take place across North America in 2026 (5,3)
 - 27 Cheerleader’s prop (3-3)
 - 28 Sport that includes floor, vault, and beam (10)
 - 29 Butt (4)
- Down**

 - 1 Best possible poker hand (5,5)
 - 2 Protection from precipitation (8)
 - 3 Stories written by Perrault or the Grimms (5,5)
 - 4 Insert a knife violently (4)
 - 5 Norse god (4)
 - 6 Russian dog (6)
 - 7 Bambi’s species(4)
 - 14 Modern Mesopotamian (5)
 - 15 Mountainous path between Afghanistan and Pakistan (6,4)
 - 16 Complicated topic of conversation, not to be metaphorically opened (3,2,5)
 - 19 Top four: Mount... (8)
 - 21 Rectangle (6)
 - 24 Black gemstone(4)
 - 25 American country singer, Johnny (4)
 - 26 French bread; agony (4)

Cryptic Crossword

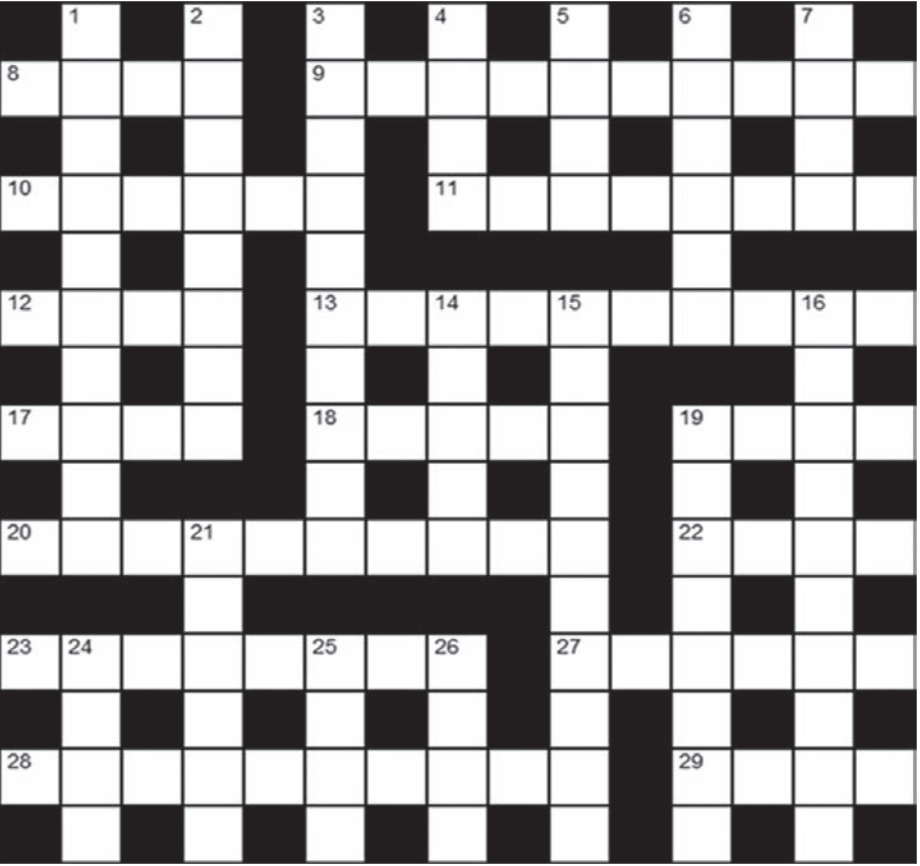
- Across**

 - 8 Channel is revealing, frank (4)
 - 9 Driver in uproar after tea/drug emergency (10)
 - 10 Cauldron charged with concoction (6)
 - 11 Deceived by vagina X-ray company (3-5)
 - 12 Screw or hammer, say (4)
 - 13 Earns money - apparently it adds up (5,5)
 - 17 500! That is starting too fast (4)
 - 18 Wolf stole (5)
 - 19 Sharpen tool around two points (4)
 - 20 Loudly discussed in government: capital is revolting (10)
 - 22 Coin is not counterfeit (4)
 - 23 Disclaimer in guessing slice of dessert (8)
 - 27 Diva returns, closing Butterfly with enthusiasm (6)
 - 28 Spooner’s Bite Ward contains writing implement (10)
 - 29 Whack pest (4)
- Down**

 - 1 Today’s dominion an atrocity (4,6)
 - 2 Shameful penis circumcised with canvas, pegs, and poles (8)
 - 3 Make cuts and rescript “Moses On Ice!” (10)
 - 4 Troll a bit volatile (4)
 - 5 Writer is queer or perverted (4)
 - 6 Cloaks a model’s anger (6)
 - 7 Partly challenge Ned Kelly (4)
 - 14 Material of carkey, reportedly (5)
 - 15 Defends chest before a drug’s intoxication (10)
 - 16 Gift-giver can assault developer (5,5)
 - 19 Hornets fly about one of the most excited (8)
 - 21 Bee Gees hit gold, reportedly, in central Egypt (6)
 - 24 Resounding quality found in Baroque choir (4)
 - 25 One swamp turned up in desert (4)
 - 26 Test on previous morning (4)

- Quiz
- Find the answers at honisoit.com/puzzle-answers
- 1. What is the first name of actor Seymour, director Campion, and scientist Goodall?
 - 2. What seven-letter word means ‘relating to fevers’ and is used to describe seizures experienced by infants due to heat?
 - 3. What kind of pizza is topped only with tomato, mozzarella, and fresh basil?
 - 4. Finish the lyric from Carly Simon’s ‘You’re So Vain’: You walked into the party like you were walking onto a yacht, your hat strategically dipped below one eye, your scarf it was ...
 - 5. What is the most expensive property on a standard UK Monopoly Board?
 - 6. What connects the answers to the previous five questions?

Quick Crossword



- File Edit View Favourites Help
- Address: <http://misinformation.com.au>

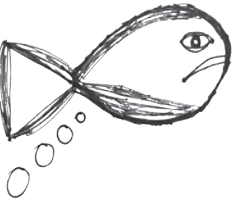
National

Sport

Lifestyle

Fascist Propaganda

my mother catches
my white bf
“so crusty” she cries
oh mother you’re
never satisfied
he sat next to
me
despite
the dried fish curry you packed everyday
mustard oil you lathered
alas he loved my stinkiness



-misbah

my roots are
olive branches
my breasts
olive fruits
ripe
for the picking



-rand

Ramadan Rumble: Which Iftar will come out on top?



‘Tis the season to be holy. All your Muslim friends are fasting. There is an eerie quiet on Eastern Avenue at sunset because many have already left campus, keenly awaiting iftar time. And when the Azaan – call to prayer – resounds, it's time to feast on your favourite once-a-year dishes.

It's about time we shine a spotlight on some of these deserving iftar items that make most Muslims weak at the knees. While I do have much confidence in my own tastebuds, for the sake of democracy I've asked ten USyd students to provide their hot takes on their top iftar preferences. Their responses have been tallied and contribute to this list, ranked in order of ‘Mmm that's good’ to ‘Ahh I have totally ascended’.

participant made the health conscious statement - “lentil soups are really replenishing and fulfilling,” while another opted for the more blatant remark - “love that shit.” Lentil soups have been a staple in iftars for centuries, often served alongside assorted meats and vegetables. In Arab iftars, lentil soups (Shorbet Adas in Lebanon and Mercimek Corbasi in Turkey) are rich, creamy, and hearty. In Bangladesh we find another soup-er traditional dish, Halim. More akin to a stew, this curried goodness served with a sliver of lemon and dash of garlic will guarantee a sigh of contentment from any cultured Muslim.

While we're on the healthy trend, we must reserve a place for our favourite high vitamin, non-guilty pleasure – fruits. Almost all the surveyed

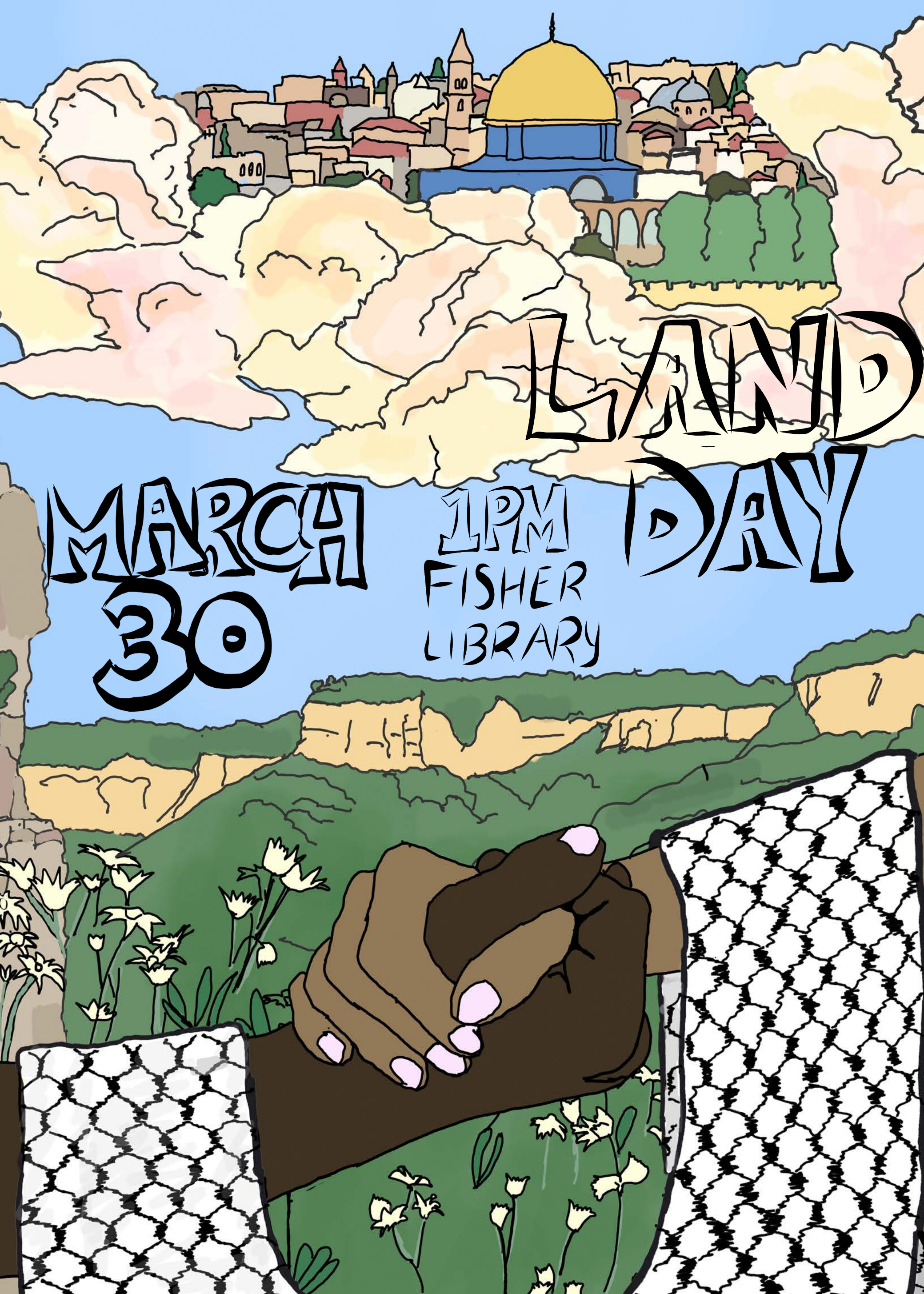
participants named some sort of fruit, with some citing ‘fruit platters’ and others drooling over specific fruit dishes such as the Egyptian Khoshaf. But for most, the queen of fruits was easily Miss Watermelon. When asked why she was a fan favourite, one participant replied, “THE BEST – so refreshing.” Watermelons store over 80% of water which keeps tabs on dehydration. And somehow, watermelons seem sweeter during Ramadan. It's almost as if she knows she's the it-girl of the season.

of this sweet scarlet punch brings forth memories of fasting.

Dates. That should come to nobody's surprise. It is highly likely that you won't find dates in the markets this month since most of the bulk wholesale packs are stacked in my fridge. Ten out of ten of the participants listed dates somewhere on their list, with seven out of ten admitting that it is their number one most satisfying iftar item. Walnut stuffed dates were also a popular alternative among respondents.

But why dates? One participant summed it up beautifully, writing, “Slay”. They later elaborated, “dates really are great for all the sugar lost during the day. They're also Prophet approved.” The significance of dates in Islam harks back to the time of Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) who is noted to have broken his fast with dates and water. This is considered Sunnah, or a model of behaviour for Muslims to follow. If you don't have a date at the sound of the Azaan, your Mum's coming for ya.

As flawless as this list is, it is of course difficult to rank food items that we are lucky enough to see at our tables. Ramadan is a time of gratitude for what we do have, and a time to think of others less fortunate. So, this Ramadan, practice giving thanks, gift your Muslim friends a watermelon, and for god's sake, don't let your intrusive thoughts pop the “not even water?!” question.



LAND DAY

MARCH
30

1PM
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