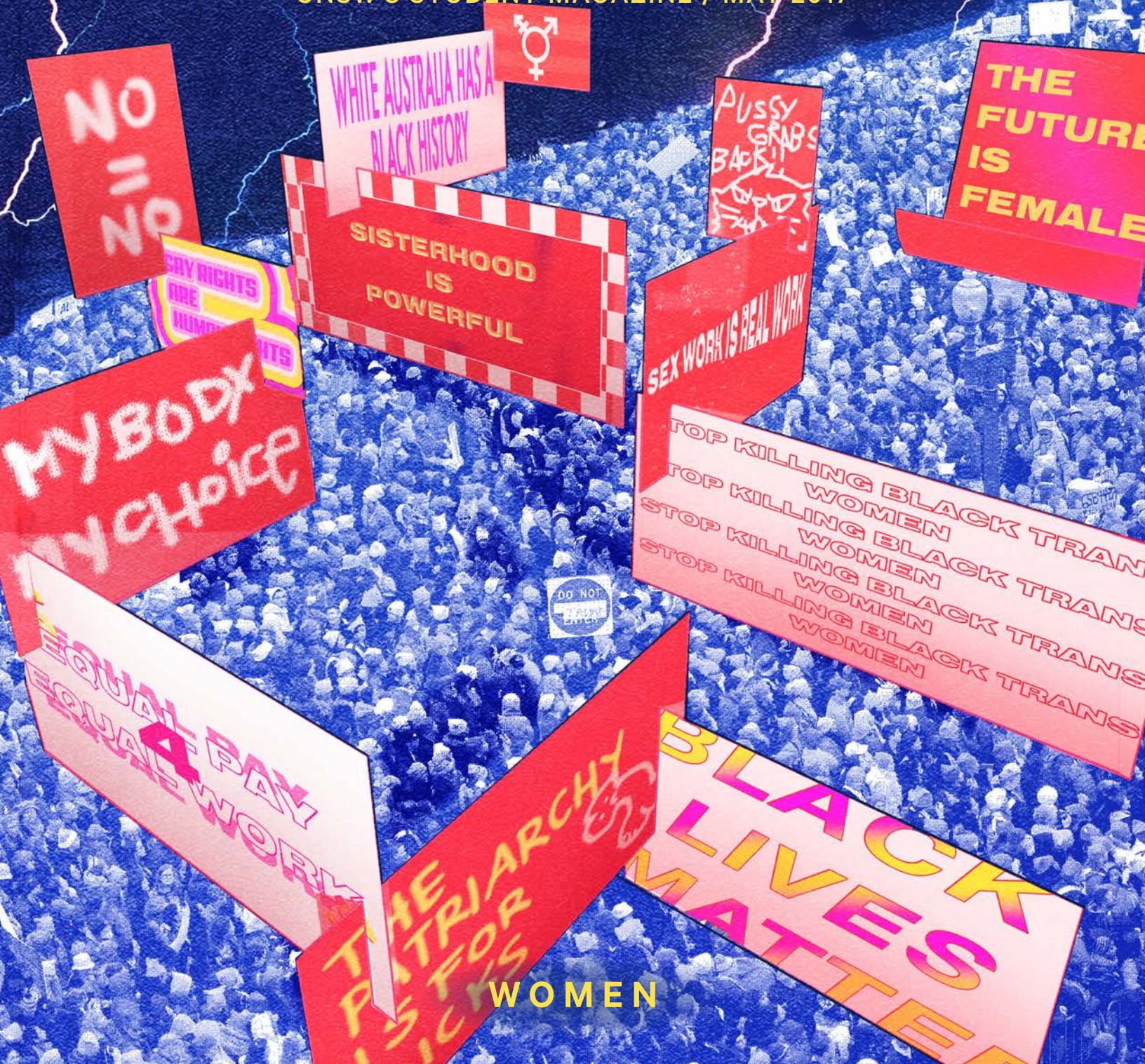


THARUNKA

UNSW'S STUDENT MAGAZINE / MAY 2017



THARUNKA

THE TEAM

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WE'D LOVE FOR YOU TO JOIN US ON THE INTERNET.

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WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO SAY TO tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au
(WRITING, ARTWORK, IDEAS, FEEDBACK, LOVE LETTERS, PICTURES OF
CUTE DOGS - WE WANT IT ALL).

CONTENT WARNING

THIS ISSUE DEALS WITH
THEMES OF:

-DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

-SEXUAL ASSAULT

-TRANSPHOBIC VIOLENCE

-SUICIDE

Letters From the Editors



MANAGING EDITOR

BRITTNEY RIGBY

"Brittney, I just had a look at your profile.....Studying Law..... Why am I not surprised. Let me guess. Human rights activist, Sarah Hanson-Young lover, Labor voter. Probably a lesbian (not that there's anything wrong with that). One thing, you are a bloody good sort. Shame !"

I received this message in June 2014 from a man named Mitchell Walton. Mitchell Walton is a middle-aged father of two who disagreed with my assertion that asylum seekers are not, despite what politicians want you to believe, "illegal". My reactions at the time: Amusing. Weird. Offensive. At-least-he-didn't-threaten-to-rape-me. This is why I need feminism.

I'll keep this editorial short: if I attempted to express my every thought on women, you'd be holding a very, very large novel in your hands, rather than this humble student rag.

I hope this autonomous issue is a symbol of solidarity. The women featured in these pages are talented. Their work matters,

and we will celebrate it. They will be given a platform. And if men are sad that their work isn't included in a Women's issue, about women's issues, as expressed by women: we don't give a fuck.



GUEST EDITOR

**WOMEN'S OFFICER
LIZZIE BUTTERWORTH**

"Women belong in all places where decisions are made ... It shouldn't be that women are the exception."

This quote from Ruth Bader Ginsberg reflects everything wrong with decision making in Australia. In 2017, you'd expect we wouldn't still need to challenge government cuts to essential women's services, that abortion access wouldn't still be an issue, and that it would be obvious that cuts to higher education will especially harm women-identifying students; you'd expect to have female leaders making the decisions that affect women. Yet in 2017, women's refuges continue to be underfunded, announcements were made that the vital services provided by Rape and Domestic Violence Services Australia will be privatised, abortion clinics are still places of intimidation and harassment by conservative protesters, and the budget will include a \$2.8 million cut to the higher education sector, including lowering the HECS repayment threshold and further increasing the financial inequality between men and women in Australia.

At UNSW, we have seen some

significant steps towards addressing gender disparity on campus thanks to the work of unwavering advocates. The new ELISE consent module was uploaded for Semester 1 and will be further expanded for future students, and ground-breaking consent training is finally being delivered in colleges. These moves mark a major cultural shift, however, we cannot be complacent. When the Respect. Now. Always. Survey data is released on 1 August, we will hold the university accountable to the results and push for the accessible reporting procedures and specialised support services we need for there to be a successful change.

2017 has been a year to rise up and express our rage. It's a year so far marked with protests – Women's March Sydney, the International Women's Day March, No Profit from Rape, and a counter protest to The Day of the Unborn Child, just to name a few. We need to grab 'em by the discourse and challenge the social norms that remove women from decision making.

It has also been a year to focus on sisterhood and valuing women

regardless of their differences. It is skill-sharing, supporting each other, and listening to the voices of the women too often silenced that will be the reasons for our success. This issue of *Tharunka* is focussed on women's experiences – the experiences that we fight against and fight to defend. I hope you are as inspired reading it as I am.



FEATURES

ALICIA D'ARCY

I'm so excited for this autonomous women's issue. In it, we showcase some excellent, funny and challenging writing, written by some of the best female or female-identifying writers at UNSW.

"Why must it be autonomous?" I hear you ask, "Why can't men engage with those women's and gender issues, too?"

They certainly can engage with such issues, and at times do so with nuance and insight. But that's not the point.

We are so used to hearing men's voices – whether that be in the Parliament, in the news, or in the classroom. I believe that it is high time to give women's voices unshamed priority and a platform for celebration. They not only deserve a seat at the table, but deserve a full table for themselves.

Enjoy!



CREATIVE

SHARON WONG

As James Brown put it, "This is a man's world." And it's only becoming more evident despite our growth with women's and gender rights, with a backlash through movements that strive to tear down this progress.

It's evident in the way the wage gap is still very real, but often very much denied. It's evident in the extra work women must put in for their credentials to be recognised. It's evident when workplace quotas are seen as threats to "individual merit". It's evident in the way masculinised women are lambasted, the way feminised men are ridiculed, conforming feminised women are begrudgingly accepted, and non-conforming queer identities completely rejected. It's even evident in the implicit dynamics of the most common everyday interactions, as we parade through streets for freedom over our own bodies, while simultaneously judging those who dare to pose "indecently" on Instagram.

It's a war, it's an arms race, to be the most judgemental and also the least judged.

But as I sit here, going through this issue's selection of writing and artwork from women and non-conforming individuals, I'm in awe of all the different stories, dreams, and sheer strengths that come through. And though it



DESIGNER

LEO TSAO

may currently be a "man's world", we can only also recognise that "it wouldn't be nothing, nothing without a woman or a girl."

CW. Transphobia, violence.

I dedicate this issue's cover design to all the women and allies that took to the streets to resist and fight against oppressive and controlling powers. From the thousands of women in Poland who shut down whole cities by going on strike and rallying, successfully pressuring their government to drop a total abortion ban, to the millions of people from all over the world that took over their cities for the women's marches this year, especially the the people who attended black lives matter marches, queer rallies and many more.

The recorded murder rates of Transgender women, mostly of colour, are still rising every year, with at least 8 recorded in the US just in the first few months of 2017. It is more important than ever to understand the diverse and unique experiences of every woman, especially those that are in the intersection of multiple repressed groups!



Agony Ibis

BY ALICIA D'ARCY

Dear Agony Ibis,

Whenever we have class discussions in this one tute, there are two or three guys who often talk over me when I'm in the middle of answering a question. How do I deal with this?!

Yours Sincerely,

Frustrated girl

Dear Frustrated girl,

Ah, my fave: when your explanation is interrupted by someone who can explain it oh-so-much better by virtue of him having a dick and deeper voice. Didn't you know that you really just need to "stand up for yourself more" because, you know, it's an ibis eat ibis world out there, right???

There are a couple of things you can do with men who suffer from an ego-competency mismatch. You *could* take the "respectful" route. To do so, you plaster your face with that super-charming-I'm-very-likeable-even-though-I'm-a-girl smile you usually reserve for your homophobic grandparents and say, "Excuse me, could you please let me finish my sentence?"

The other, potentially more effective and acceptable-by-the-standards-of-the-patriarchy strategy is to sneakily let your tutor know that you feel you're being talked over. You could even talk to the boys in person to let them know how you feel.

Of course, all of this involves being a big girl and navigating the situation with delicacy and a heightened emotional intelligence (because women are good at that).

In my personal, ibis, opinion, you should just pour bin juice over their heads while you explain that their opinions are not as important as their ego tells them.

Birds of a feather flock together, girl.

Yours in solidarity,

Agony Ibis

ART BY AMY GE

It's 2017 and I Can't Believe We're Still Debating...

Rape Culture

As a small-statured woman who can't put up much of a fight, I'm unable to walk the streets alone at night, catch a taxi by myself or leave my drink unattended at a bar without feeling nervous. And I have every reason to be.

We are taught how to avoid being raped, but not about the importance of consent. Our limited sexual education, along with heavy doses of porn, reinforces this view.

According to the Australian Bureau of Statistics, four in five sexual assault victims are female, with a staggering 93% of offenders being male. Of concern is the fact that only around 17% of reported sexual offences result in a conviction. Young women, women of colour, women with disabilities and LGBTIQ-identifying people experience sexual violence at significantly higher rates than the rest of the population.

It seems like every other day there's a new headline about a woman getting sexually assaulted. Close to home, a Dutch backpacker was attacked in a Surry Hills laneway in early April of this year. And we all remember Brock Turner, who infamously escaped lengthy jail time largely on the basis of his significant athletic merits. He ended up being released from jail after serving only three months of his meagre six-month sentence for sexually assaulting an unconscious woman.

Similarly and recently, a Utah judge praised a convicted sexual predator in the court proceedings, calling him an "extraordinarily good person" as his victim could do nothing but sit and listen. And in a particularly disgusting, all-too-common display of unprofessional conduct in the judicial system, a Canadian judge asked a rape victim why she didn't "just keep [her] knees together."

From the moment victims report their sexual assaults to police, all the way to the courthouse (if they even manage to get there), they are treated with suspicion and contempt. They are often heavily cross-examined

regarding what they were wearing (as if choice of clothing is a form of consent), if they led the attacker on in any way, and if they made any attempts to escape from the situation. The whole process is degrading and often traumatic, as the victim is forced to relive the entire ordeal all over again, their experiences disputed at every turn.

In contrast, there is often a focus on an offender's merits in court. While the victim is guilty until proven innocent, the offender is innocent until proven guilty.

After all, only 2% of sexual assault reports are classified as "false", yet this label includes cases where the person withdraws their allegation, or if the officer *suspects* the person is lying.

It's also worth noting that the media's use of the word "alleged" when reporting a majority of sexual assault cases contributes to this pattern of victim blaming and lack of convictions. Though the defendant certainly has the right to be assumed innocent until proven guilty, the word "alleged" has negative connotations, creating an air of uncertainty and suspicion.

I would argue, then, that a problematic "boys will be boys" mentality, coupled with inherent bias in the judicial system, police force and media, as well as a lack of proper sexual education, feelings of sexual entitlement and the proliferation of highly sexualised images has led to the creation of a rape culture. No, "not all men" are rapists, but when men are responsible for the vast majority of sexual assaults, it's a sure sign that something is very wrong with our society.

WHY THEORY ISN'T EVERYTHING:

Complacency and the Case of the Disappearing Man

You know the type: he's happy to discuss the weekly readings with you for your gender studies class, but as soon as you go to answer the tutor's question, he's the first one to speak over you. He's a proud feminist, and any girl with slightly hairy thighs is his weakness, but his unwavering belief in political correctness does not always translate to actually seeing how pervasive his privilege is. He is a man who understands feminist theory but does not apply it in a practical sense. A man who disappears when there is no theory to fall back on.

COMPLACENCY: THE ESSENCE OF PRIVILEGE.

Living in a house with only four other males is not always easy, but it is a perfect setting to see how ignorant men are of their inaction/s. On numerous occasions, I've tried my best to point out instances of privilege my housemates face, and while they responded with doe-eyed looks of confusion and denial at first, they slowly began to understand how widespread systems of inequality were. Is this a win, though, when every other time I was either spoken over or ignored? Understanding theory is easy, but it is the practical application of this theory that matters. The disappearing man *thinks* he understands the complexities of intersectional feminist theory, and even tries to better his knowledge through debate, but no amount of discussion can replace his inaction.

These men can discuss women's rights on end, support consensual sex work and acknowledge the pay gap. I find all of this great and encouraging, but when I ask them to come to an upcoming women's rights march, the man begins to fade.

"I can't, because...":

- "...I have to study."
- "It's too early in the morning."
- And (my absolute favourite): "Well I support it but it's not my issue – the public want to see women fighting for these things."

Soon the man is almost invisible, and his contributions meaningless when the issues he claims to understand take physical form. Where is the male theorist when I am silenced in a conversation? Where is the male theorist at our protests? Why does the male theorist look at me with blank confusion when I tell him I am uncomfortable with his arm around my shoulders? Why does the male theorist only laugh when I tell him no woman wants to see a picture of his dick?

It is these daily occurrences that highlight the disappearing man so well. While women *feel* these inequalities, men merely have to *think* about them. It is so easy for him to remove himself from the conversation when critiqued on his actions. Women will never have this option.

Equality is frightening for those in power when it means your privilege must be dismantled.

Complacency starts to seem so much easier than understanding others' views of the world, especially when there are self-serving reasons to not understand. With every inaction of the disappearing man, a segment of privilege remains. Men need to recognise their current positions are based on privilege, not merit.

Apparently, society has progressed enough for men to realise that they must acknowledge their privilege, but not enough for them to actually act upon it.



my body is powerful

Bloody Women

I haven't had a period in almost two years.

Most people (my mother, close friends and even health professionals) look at me in horror when I say that. As though I've been pregnant for two years? Or that something is wrong, and I've not received medical attention to remedy the situation? Because not having a period is like, totally unnatural and weird and gross and-why-are-we-talking-about-periods-I-thought-this-was-taboo.

The idea that women of childbearing age must have periods, and therefore, if they do not menstruate they are "unnatural," is, quite frankly a load of baloney. For me, the only "unnatural" part of that theory is that other people would judge a woman for her choices about her reproductive health.

There are plenty of reasons as to why women may not have periods: it may be for health reasons (like me), because they are transgender, or maybe because they *choose* not to (also like me). There is no hierarchy of reasons; women do not need to justify why they may not have a period, or why they might change their experience of menstruation using medicine. And yet I feel as though I have to provide a valid excuse to people when they give me that quizzical look as if to say, "explain yourself."

My experience of menstruation has not been pleasant. Painful cramps have been a constant feature, as has endometriosis (but that's another story). Medical issues aside, I found my periods to be inconvenient and uncomfortable. And expensive. #tampontax

After having my endometriosis surgically removed, my general practitioner suggested

I try a contraceptive that would make my period less frequent. The thinking is that the fewer periods I have, the less likely it is that the endometriosis will return (and need to be surgically removed again). Following some discussion with my general practitioner, I had an implanon (also known as the "rod") inserted into my left upper arm. The process was quick and was performed by my general practitioner at her surgery.

My general practitioner explained to me that different women have different experiences with the implanon (as with all contraceptives): some women would have heavier and more painful periods (in which case, the implanon is probably not suited to them), some women have lighter and less frequent periods, some women's periods stay the same, and some women have no period at all. I consider myself to be a lucky member of that latter group (thank you, modern medicine).

I haven't had a period in 23 months. In that time I have saved hundreds of dollars on sanitary products, painkillers and other related items (i.e. Toblerones). I have also saved myself the time, iron depletion, pain and inconvenience of having periods.

I want to be clear that my experience of menstruation is individual and unique; not all women dislike menstruating and not all women find it painful. Those experiences are valid and important. I am not advocating for even more stigma around periods. Rather, I, like many of my female-identifying peers, want to challenge the idea that to menstruate is to be "woman". Because the converse of that is that those who do not menstruate are not "woman" enough. And that's bloody wrong.

Are Colleges



Sexist or Safe?

Twelve months ago, I decided I would never go to college.

Whilst Hollywood had spent years assuring me that college life would be full of football games and a capella groups, the news was telling a vastly different story.

Fast forward to this February, and something had changed. As I set up my new room and glanced out of my window at the other Kensington Colleges, I wondered what exactly was different. To find out, I interviewed four women involved in the ins and outs of the Kensington Colleges (TKC) to find out what, if anything, had shifted behind closed dorms.

My fellow Basser residents, Tess Roden and Josie Bloomfield shared similar presumptions initially. “I thought it was going to be a lot more... boys trying to take advantage,” first year resident Tess said. Josie, a second year and an O-Week Co-convenor this year, believed her expectations stemmed “from rumours and stories that I had heard”.

My personal reason for hesitation was the acclaimed documentary, *The Hunting Ground*, a film about sexual assault on college campuses in the United States. Director of UNSW Residential Colleges, Isabelle Creagh, noted the film when I spoke with her as she worked on the new “Not Here” campaign.

“We know that there are a lot of young people who are scared of being subjected to this [sexual assault and harassment], that either don’t know what happens when they come forward or are scared about what’s going to happen,” she said.

“We wanted to start being on the front foot where people are confident about what’s going to happen next when they make a report.”

Another element to my reluctance was the chanting incident that occurred at Phillip Baxter College in April last year. I was keen to speak with Lauren Merritt, the current President of Baxter College, about her experience as a first year female student in the epicentre of such an event.

“I took it as an opportunity to recognise the inappropriateness of the chants,” she said, adding that she was “impressed by the internal response within college.”

On a broader scale, I wondered what policy changes had been implemented to the UNSW Residential community in the wake of the incident, and whether higher bureaucracies had taken notice of the prevalent issue of sexism within colleges.

“I think what we needed to do was link more closely with the [Conduct and] Integrity Unit at the university and we hadn’t been including

them or involving them in the past in our disciplinary procedures,” Creagh said.

“The perception that what goes on in college, stays in college, is absolutely not true.”

Merritt was “impressed” by the response within the residential community.

“New gendered violence training was introduced in 2017 and policies and events will continue to be re-evaluated to ensure they facilitate a safe and positive environment for all residents,” she said.

Whilst I recognise that policy has indeed been changed, I had to wonder whether deeper cultural issues within the college system could be uprooted. Less than a month into my time at TKC, a friend’s sister warned her against staying with me, after her own experience at college seven years ago.

Bloomfield wholeheartedly disagrees with this reputation.

“You’ve got a huge feminist network behind you, and guys that come to college with maybe more of an alpha-masculine attitude, they learn very quickly that it’s not on,” she said.

“You encounter these things no matter where. It’s not like college is going to be a perfect feminist culture.

“You’re still going to have to stand up, but it’s easy and the guys are really receptive.”

Creagh added that there are “misconceptions about the women in college – that the women are somewhat subjected to a lot of stuff they tolerate or put up with.”

Evidently, there was a supportive network for women in the college system, but was there what many media outlets have referred to as a “boys culture”?

“I certainly don’t think Baxter College ‘breeds’ a boys’ culture,” Merritt said.

“I know the men and women living in Baxter understand that behaviour which threatens or disempowers any group within society is unacceptable and not in line with the identity and core values of our community.”

Bloomfield labelled the media representation as “really unfair” for women in college, stating that it “doesn’t give us recognition that we can stand up for ourselves” and that the “really empowering environment” has made her a “much stronger feminist”.

Not long after I spoke to Ms Creagh, I was invited to a focus group concerning the Gendered Misconduct e-learning module set to be rolled out to UNSW Residential Colleges next year. Amongst residents from Baxter, Basser and UNSW Hall, I observed as the discussion focused on what such a module needed to prioritise and the tone that should be set. Trigger warnings, content on microaggressions and consent, and an outline of the processes and consequences of reporting a sexual assault were all points of conversation.

As Creagh often puts it, college is a weird environment. You’re putting young men and women in an intimate environment. For many, it’s the first time they’ve experienced such a setting. I don’t see college to be a breeding ground for gendered violence and sexism. Rather, it is a microcosm of our society, and it is naïve to think such complex issues can be eradicated completely.

Whilst acknowledging events of the past and reflecting on their occurrence is vital, it is equally as important to think about the future. In a year’s time, I can only hope that future potential residents are reading articles

concerning a successfully introduced e-learning module and telling positive stories about women’s experiences of and in college.

With a Director of Residential Colleges who is determined to ensure the safety of women within their home, self-reflective student executives such as Lauren Merritt who are striving to recognise and learn from past failings, and a network of empowered female residents like Tess and Josie within the college itself, I think the future of UNSW colleges for women is in safe hands.

Sexist or Safe?

Sexist or Safe?

SPOTLIGHT ON

Wendy Bacon

Wendy Bacon is many things. Her website's bio references her times as an academic, investigative journalist, political activist and former *Tharunka* editor (which included jail-time in the name of anti-censorship). Late last year, she was arrested at a WestConnex protest, and this April, she co-curated the exhibition, *Tharunka to THOR – Journalism, Politics and Art 1970–1973*.

We asked her about her memories of UNSW, activism and being a woman in the 70s.

WHAT WAS BEING A STUDENT LIKE DURING THE 60S AND 70S?

During the 1960s and 70s, most students studied full-time, except in the holidays when we worked to save money. Accommodation was also still pretty cheap so many students moved out of home and lived in share houses. Of course, I can't speak for the experience of all students but for many students, university life outside classes was just as important, even more important than the actual courses we were doing.

This was the time of widespread university revolt both around Australia and in Europe and North America. Students were fighting for a role in shaping university courses and the relationship between universities and the community. We understood there was a difference between representation and participation. We wanted the latter.

Of course, there was far more sexism, homophobia and even the notion of multiculturalism was only beginning

to develop. The first women's liberation meetings at UNSW were held in 1970. Male homosexuality was still illegal but the mood was one of change.

WHAT ARE YOUR FONDEST AND WORST MEMORIES OF UNSW?

My fondest memories of UNSW are the “overnight stands”, when a group of friends, including students and non-students, worked on *Tharunka*. We resisted censorship and self-censorship and there was an exciting sense of discovery and freedom that I rarely experienced in my life as a journalist.

I can't remember too many bad moments at UNSW. Maybe bad memories fade! I did lose my Commonwealth Scholarship for a doctorate after I went to prison briefly a second time. But looking back, I don't regret that because that event pushed me towards my activism in the Green Ban period and towards journalism, which really was my vocation.

DURING YOUR EDITORSHIP OF *THARUNKA*, YOU PUBLISHED CONTROVERSIAL MATERIAL THAT WAS SUBJECT TO SIGNIFICANT DEBATE AND ENDED UP WITH YOU BEING CONVICTED FOR EXHIBITING AN OBSCENE PUBLICATION. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS TODAY'S MOST PRESSING ISSUE ABOUT FREEDOM OF SPEECH?

It's hard to say what is the most pressing issue but it is definitely not sexual censorship, which is not to say I would not like to see more genuine openness in the discussion of sexual matters, rather than commercial pornography, which, as we argued back in the early 1970s, objectifies women.

For me, the most pressing issue is defamation. The recent Media, Entertainment and Arts Alliance (MEAA) report on press freedom noted defamation has a chilling effect, with publishers backing down because of commercial pressure. It's

also a threat to community groups and to individuals publishing on social media. Also, there are many Federal and State laws that have come in as part of anti-terrorism legislation that have frightening powers to detain journalists and others, and therefore act in ways that intimidate people from asking legitimate questions.

Commercial secrecy and surveillance and collection of metadata are other huge problems. Self-censorship was a huge issue in the 1960s. We broke through that barrier, but there is now an enormous amount of self-censorship.

DO YOU THINK THAT YOUR VIEWS HAVE CHANGED OVER TIME AT ALL? HOW SO?

Back in the late 1960s, I became a social anarchist. This was not individual anarchism, but within a tradition of social anarchism that promoted ideas of cooperation, collaboration and genuine forms of representation. I was opposed to capitalism but never a supporter of authoritarian communism or socialist states. I did not vote and was not at all involved in electoral politics.

That changed over the years and, like many radicals, I became more issues-oriented in my politics. For example, I am extremely concerned about the punitive and brutal treatment of vulnerable asylum seekers.

I also began to believe that it was important to have a progressive voice in politics, especially as the Labor party moved to the right and the Greens became an option.

These days I am not a member, but I generally support the Greens. For example, I have campaigned for Greens MPs Jenny Leong and Jamie Parker in the seats of Newtown and Balmain in state politics.

I am still a strong opponent of censorship, but I believe that there have been attempts to disguise campaigns underpinned by intent to encourage racism as free speech battles. The campaign around 18c is a case in point.

IN YOUR CAREER AS AN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST, UNCOVERING CORRUPTION AND ENSURING JUSTICE HAS BEEN A DRIVING FACTOR. WHAT IS YOUR PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENT, AND WHAT DOES THE CURRENT CLIMATE MEAN FOR BOTH MAINSTREAM AND STUDENT MEDIA?

In journalism terms, I do feel proud of my role in exposing a lot of NSW corruption in the 1980s. At that time, I was a full-time Fairfax employee. I also feel proud of the many achievements of journalists that I taught in my 20 years at UTS, some of who have become outstanding reporters and others of whom work in quieter but important ways in local and specialist media.

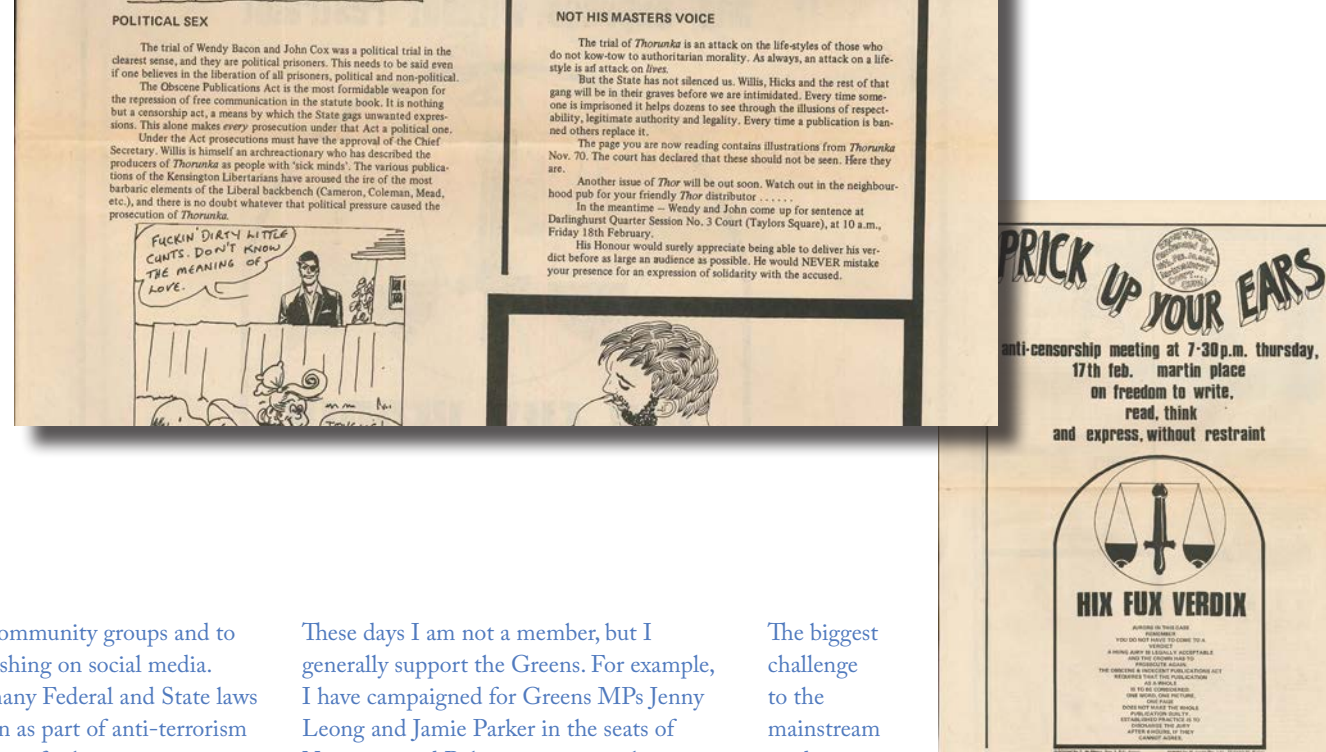
I'm proud of the work I did with students in producing big collaborative projects, such as one on the role of PR in journalism that we did at *Crikey*. Those projects were done through the Australian Centre for Independent Journalism that sadly has just been closed by UTS.

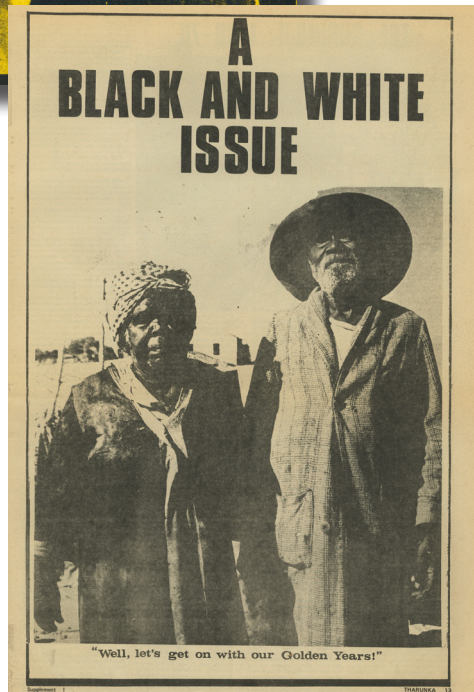
The biggest challenge to the mainstream media is finding the resources for journalists to continue to be employed to do serious journalism in the public interest. We need to look beyond the big commercial companies and we need to defend the ABC and SBS, both of which have been weakened by governments as outlets for journalism and other forms of culture.

There is a serious crisis in the production of the sort of information that people need to be active and critical citizens in a democracy. Fairfax recently announced 25% further job cuts. I am worried about the Fairfax mastheads going altogether. They still do produce worthwhile journalism that holds the powerful accountable but it is in diminished quantities. I am worried that many journalists will be lost to journalism. Strike action was the only option left.

There is a danger for young journalists that they can work in exploitative conditions and produce “click bait” and public relations content rather than journalism. I urge anyone who is interested in using journalism in the public interest to continue to always seek activity that is worthwhile. I hope that younger journalists can find some solutions.

Student media need to find ways to engage students in issues that affect them – to grab their attention in a much more crowded media sphere than existed in the 1970s.





YOU WERE INVOLVED IN STUDENT ACTIVISM IN THE 60S AND 70S, AND IT SEEMS THAT WITH THE ELECTION OF TRUMP AND GENERAL TUMULTUOUS POLITICAL TIMES, ACTIVISM IS MAKING A COMEBACK. ANY ADVICE FOR STUDENTS WHO CARE ABOUT THE WORLD THEY LIVE IN?

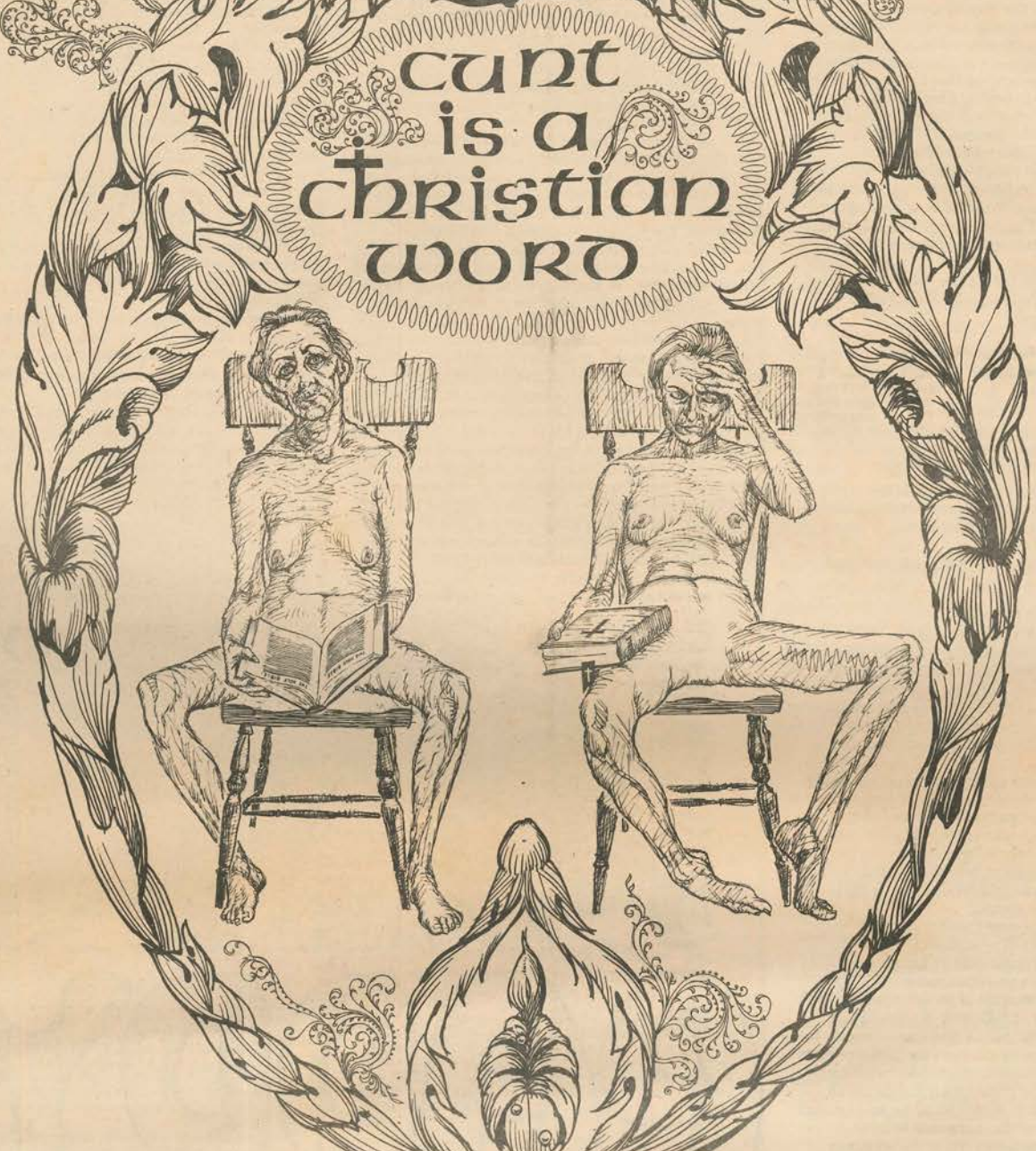
I am very wary of giving advice to younger people who really must make their own decisions. I have a lot to learn from them. My own Australian generation has been a lucky one. We need to contribute back as much as we can.

My only advice is that all of us, whatever our age, should organise and take action. Even if we look simply at the issue of climate change, it is critical that we do not standby and simply let a fossil fuel economy continue. I am heartened by the divestment campaign at UNSW and other universities.

There are signs that radical social activism is on the rise. We need to think of new imaginative ways to challenge power structures. Rallies or marches can work but they can also be very predictable and ritualistic.

I also believe that the personal is political. For me, that means we need to look at the ways in which our own individual situations can be connected to broader issues and structures. I also believe that when we are involved in social activism, we should try to act in the ways that are consistent with the sort of society we want to live in. If we are going to act against inequality, sexism, injustice and environmental degradation, we have to take

some risks. When I have taken risks, I have been fortunate to have support. Find any small way you can to support those who are taking risks.



*Cunt is a Christian word,
Short and ugly and blunt.
Cunt!*

*Gash, snatch, pussy, crack,
How sweet you sound to the ear!
No wonder you hide in shame,
You box, you slit, you hole!*

*To think that races have lived
Who admired that portal of life
That core and centre of all women
That heart-deep longing of men.*

*Who praised and worshipped
The upright staff and hidden mouth
That brought us all into the world.
The dirty savages!*

*Stay at home all you Christian cunts,
Away from all possible danger.
Hide! Hide! Men are passing by
In the Hall. Dangerous. Mean.
Thank God they're gone. And
You are safe and virginal still.*

*For everyone knows Jesus has a special reward
For cunts untouched by masculine hands.
Oh yes! Oh yes! A special reward
Even before the next world. Sooner.*

*Never have to worry,
Never have to fear.*

*No man's cock will force you now.
Your virginity is safe. Safe!
Safe even if you beg for it,
Crawl for it,
Weep for it.
Jesus was your shepherd
and you were his sheep.
You might as well love Jesus,
There won't be anyone else, now.
And He'll take you home with him
later.*

Thirty years later.

*In the meantime . . . yes, some meantime . . .
Thirty years! or more?
You can occupy yourself
Knitting and feeling your body
dry out.*

A dry cunt is a safe cunt.

*For breakfast you can eat loneliness
and at lunch . . . loneliness
And dinner is the big meal. All
the loneliness you can stuff down.
And no worries! For there'll be plenty left over
Of loving.*

*Thinking instead of fleshly pleasures
and who now have been brought to ecstasy
five thousand times.
But you have been saved from that,
Saved.*

*But soon you will realize,
That you have been getting fucked all along.
For there is no cock as big and rough
As the one your church has thrust in you.
God's great steel penis
which feels like a dentist's drill
and always draws blood
has been nipping at you all along.
A little foreplay
before the real thing.*

*Now you've got thirty years
of dry fucking
Dry, painful, please don't do it any more fucking.
For your God is no quitter
and He likes nice girls
Especially when they get a little older.
He loses control
when He feels them under Him.
And knows that now they're fifty,
He's the only one for them.*

*So now you are going to get
all the pain
and none of the joy*

The Manic Pixie Dream Girl

and Me

Popular media has always portrayed an idea of how women should act and be. In this second wave of feminism, portrayals of women adopt the idea of individuality and somehow twist it into an ugly, patriarchal device. Women are explicitly shown as things males can attain. Countless articles tell us we should be free, individualistic, weird and helpful to males, quietly shaping us into manic pixie dream girls.

Nathan Rabin's definition of a manic pixie dream girl (MPDG) as a "bubbly creature that exists solely to ... teach broodingly soulful young men to embrace life and its infinite mysteries and adventures" puts a label on this particular characterisation of females in media.

Paper Towns, a 2009 John Green novel, depicts Margo Roth Spiegelman as a girl who deserves "quiet reverence". If a name like Margo Roth Spiegelman deserves to be spoken in full all the time, surely my own three syllable name pales in comparison.

Between 2005 and 2010, the MPDG saw a surge of popularity. We were faced with quirky, mysterious, beautiful girls who were there to help the male protagonists figure out life's meaning. Seeing this inundation of boys who idolised girls affected my mind more than I cared to admit. I'd spend countless hours dreaming of inane ways to execute this trope in my personal life.

Perhaps I was in love with the idea of being an idea to someone. The cruelest thing we can do is consider ourselves as more than what we are. I set myself impossible standards – standards that I'm not sure anyone else was imposing. I wanted to tick the boxes, to be the girl who didn't cause problems, but fixed them. The one who kept everyone at arm's length, who kept them guessing.

In my quest to become an abstract idea, I indulged in excessive drinking and reckless spontaneity. Becoming adventurous and unpredictable was getting out of control, making for strange and uncomfortable friendships, and the abandonment of my female friendships. In my mind, I wouldn't be like other girls if there were no other girls around to compare myself to.

Maintaining this persona was exhausting and damaging. I attracted the wrong sort of crowd; boys saw me as a thing, rather than a person. Ultimately, I had lost sight of who I was. It was time to become someone else.

The significant lack of Asian – or more specifically, female Asian – representation in mainstream media is no secret. So, in the rare instances where we are given a voice and image that actively rejects stereotypes, I grab it with two hands. Hell I'd grab on with all four limbs and never let go. Perhaps, in a way, Tina Cohen-Chang and Lane Kim became my own versions of a manic pixie dream girl.

These two women burst onto the small screens as supporting characters with enough personality and story arcs to become their show's protagonist. Tina Cohen-Chang from the musical dramedy *Glee* craved attention and sought to make sense of her Asian identity. Lane Kim from *Gilmore Girls* had to negotiate the cultural expectations of her strict Korean mother versus the American society she lived in. Both actively rejected the portrayal of Asians as nerdy, infertile and submissive. They were perhaps the strongest female characters on television, with punchy lines like "I'm a powerful woman, and my growing feminism will cut you in half like the righteous blade of equality."

Importantly, Tina and Lane's story arcs very much depended upon their acceptance of their Asian identity. As Tina Cohen dyed her hair blue to gain attention, I dyed the ends of my hair red to "stand out". I questioned how my identity was intertwined with my heritage.

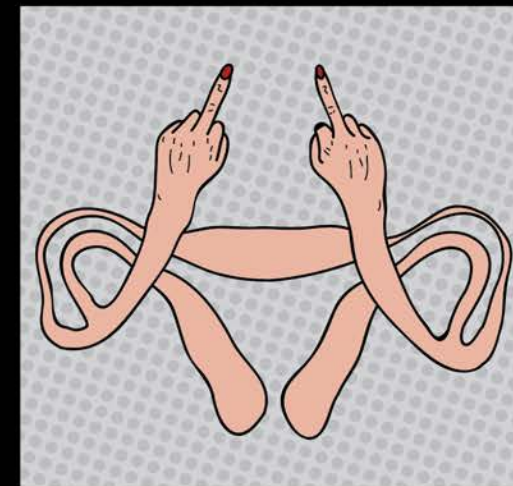
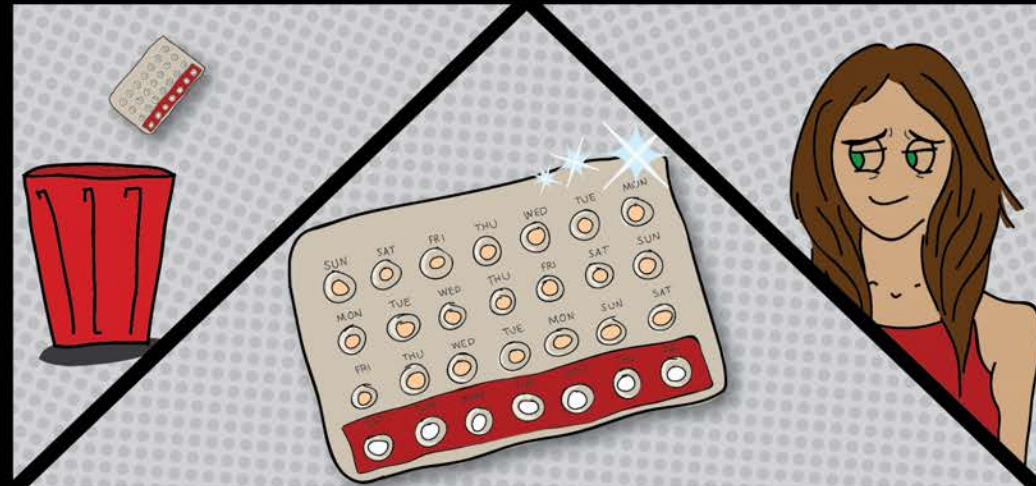
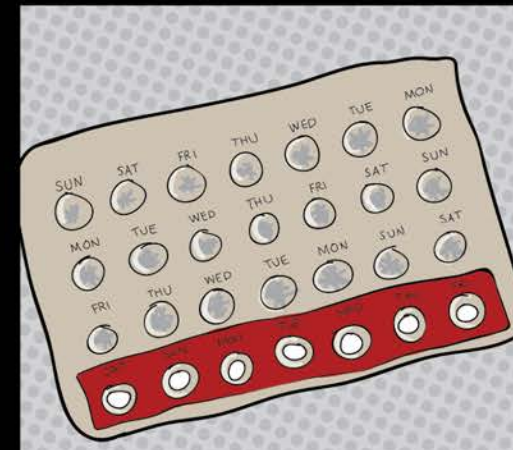
My perception of being Asian in Australia was the product of negative stereotypes portrayed in popular media. Just as I was figuring out this dynamic between the media and self, these two characters provided answers I didn't know I was searching for. Looking back now, Tina's fake stutter and Lane's passion for rock music showed that your heritage shouldn't be the only defining characteristic of your personality.

Did I set out to emulate these vastly different characters in my impressionable teenage years? No. I took the limited representation of Asian female-ness and applied them to my life. Each identity and trope was tried on and then peeled off to my liking. These periods of self-experimentation allowed me to understand depictions of women in popular media. Most importantly, people in real life are more multifaceted than on the small screen.

Signing off,

Your Friendly-Well-Adjusted-Occasional-Manic-Pixie-Always-Asian-Dream-Girl

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A "PERIOD SKIPPER"



BY JENI ROHWER

SATIRE

Seven Things That Women *Must* Remember

In today’s modern age, women are constantly striving to prove themselves, running the race with men to be independent and ambitious. But there are some duties that are just better done by us women! Restore that grace and humility that makes us truly unique, and follow these seven things that women should do but don’t do anymore.

1) MAINTAINING ONESELF

As a woman, your most valuable asset is your looks. Don’t let society fool you – your Doctorate in astrophysics will only get you so far in achieving a fulfilling and successful life. Instead, channel that unwarranted effort into a simple daily regime of waxing, plucking, moisturising, or setting yourself on fire if you’re in the mood to feel particularly hot and dangerous.

2) CURSING IN PUBLIC

You must be elegant, classy and maintain your composure, no matter how upset you are. In fact, just don’t say words in general. You won’t please anyone by revealing you have emotion, and don’t risk upsetting him by speaking your opinions. A polite nod and coy laugh will suffice in any situation.

3) MAKING HIS PLATE

As a heterosexual, cisgender woman, it is your duty to first and foremost prove your love to your man. And there is no better way to express your gratitude and unfaltering servitude than fixing him his plate! Don’t limit yourself to doing so just once a day – be on-hand 24/7 with a prepared plate of his favourite food.

4) COMPLIMENTING MEN

As a woman, it is your duty to continually express your gratitude to your man. Don’t bore him with your petty day-to-day problems, like mild street harassment (take those hoots as a compliment!), or workplace misogyny (it’s not all men, after all). Instead, use the few words you will say to boost your man’s morale after a long, tiring day.

5) DO NOT EXPRESS BOREDOM

Being honest and open in a relationship is good for the short-term, but won’t win you a long-term man-prize! Keep that lipstick smile plastered to your face as he patiently explains to you the meaning of the word “patriarchy” for the fourth time.

6) PROVE THAT HE IS YOUR MAN

He is yours and nobody else’s. Get the message across to all the other jealous women on the hunt to steal what is yours. Tag yourself in all of his photos on social media, and if this doesn’t work, try a more permanent form of identification, like tattooing your name across his forehead.

7) SPEAK YOUR MIND!

Despite what we mentioned earlier about not expressing boredom, we all know that women are genetically superior at gossip and catfights. Take advantage of it! Say what you are feeling! Except of course, when you are upset, cross or emotional. You’re probably just triggered because it’s that time of month again.

So, ladies. Follow all the above steps and I can guarantee you will achieve that sparkly, fulfilling, Donna Reed lifestyle you’ve always dreamed of!

Coming Out As Agnostic: The Story of Another Pakistani Girl

Throughout my life in Pakistan, the US and Australia, the discussion of one’s self-identity has been a prominent topic in the media and among my school and university peers. I’ve often heard stories about people struggling with their sexual identity, gender identity and even cultural identity. However, in my 22 years, I have yet to meet another person who’s struggled with their faith or religious identity. Even the people who have admitted to leaving a religion often talk about the experience as if it was a trouble-free process, requiring little time and effort.

Personally, my decision to leave Islam was among the most strenuous decisions I’ve ever made in my life. I can still recall the countless hours spent studying the religion, its history and its core text to decipher whether I found Islam to be truly as righteous, rational and correct as its avid followers claimed it to be. Even as an adolescent, the claimed existence of “fake texts” and “propaganda media” didn’t hinder my journey of reflection and reason.

My journey started at a young age. My first step was probably when I was twelve years old and was diagnosed with epilepsy. My parents’ initial reaction was to tell me to “pray to God to forgive me for my sins and cure me of this ailment.” My immediate response to this statement was to ask, “If God is the one who will take away my epilepsy, is He also not the one who gave it to me, through His action or inaction?”

My parents stood in silence; they were clearly angered and agitated by the question, yet at the same time had no response for me, because they themselves didn’t know the answer.

Were these questions truly offensive? Were they an insult towards my family, friends, or the religion and its followers? Or, were they in fact valid questions –you are preaching your religion to me and asking me to follow it, yet I

don’t understand the concept behind it. I can’t believe in something I don’t understand: that is the very definition of following blindly.

In the end, my decision to leave Islam came down to two questions:

1. "Do you believe in God?"

I honestly don’t know. I don’t believe my prayers have ever been answered by a higher power. I don’t believe it was a superior being who cured those with cancer. Yet I still feel that there is more to this world; a greater form unlike others present on this Earth created this universe. I could have these thoughts because I was raised in a religious environment that promoted worshipping higher powers. Or perhaps it’s simply because of a hope that justice will be served for those who’ve wronged and remain unpunished in this unfair world.

However, I’ve never felt that a being created us in order to demand our fear and worship. For what does it say about someone who demands the constant fear and praise of others? What should I think about someone who prompts and threatens others by stating, "If you worship and adhere to me, I will reward you, and if you disobey me, I will punish you." Should I think a being is just when they demand worship, not as necessary for their own survival, but for praise and glory?

2. "Do you believe in Islam?"

I don’t. I admit to opposing various Islamic beliefs and practices. I disagree with the disproportionate rights and responsibilities of Muslim men and women. I disagree with Muslims’ expectation to thank God for the free

will the Angels in Paradise never received; the same free will that could lead humans to enter heaven or burn in hell while the Angels remain unhindered in their stance by the Creator’s side. I disagree with humankind’s expectation to resist worldly temptations that God, as the divine Creator, took a role in creating. Lastly, I disagree with a human life’s submission to God, all based on the mere hope that He exists and will reward them in the afterlife.

I came out to my family as an Agnostic in 2015. Their initial response was quite brutal. My parents accused me of being a disgrace to the family, while my relatives claimed I was only leaving Islam so that I could be free to “whore around and drink alcohol without any fear of consequence.” Even today, my family is in complete denial about my Agnostic status. My relatives assume I’m experiencing a brief period of rebellion and will revert sooner or later. They’ve even tried to guilt me back into the religion: “Your callous decision has derided your parents’ reputation and caused them much pain. God will punish you if you don’t ask His forgiveness.”

Never did they once consider that I genuinely don’t believe in Islam or its values, and so should not be forced into practicing the religion just because it is our family or cultural norm. Neither should I, or anyone, be criticised for asking questions about the religion and its rationale, when all we are trying to do is understand it.

You be you, and let us be us.

Why Feminists Need to Accept Conservative Women

Earlier this year, I was added to the UNSW Women's Collective Facebook group. I was also excited to see that the UNSW Law Society had created a Women's Collective group especially for law students. Initially, I was looking forward to being a part of these groups and engaging in discussions about feminism and women's issues. I saw these online spaces as a safe place for conversations and learning between group members.

I was therefore shocked when one of my friends was unfairly attacked after she posted something to the group.

My friend posted a satirical video about spelling errors made when women had asked questions, on online forums such as Yahoo Answers, concerning whether they could be pregnant. The video further satirised the situation by having a male voiceover reading the questions. Some comments on the post argued that the video was in fact making fun of vulnerable women who had a limited access to sexual education. This was not my first reaction when watching the video, which I thought to be quite funny, but I appreciated the fact that this person brought this perspective to the forum. However, I thought the comments were unfair in the way they personally attacked my friend, as if she was morally wrong for finding the video humorous. As if she was making fun of women in vulnerable situations. I felt that this response wasn't made to incite discussion of a potentially important issue, but to simply make my friend feel bad. I felt that women's collective groups, when they exclude, can hinder the feminist movement.

The first issue I have with women's collectives is that there seems to be an assumption that

feminists are progressive in their political views. I too held this assumption before questioning what it actually means to be a feminist and whether it is even useful to hold onto these stereotypes. Reflecting on my own views, I am certainly socially progressive, but my economic views can be a little more conservative than my social views. Does this affect how "good" of a feminist I am?

Coming from a position of privilege, I am aware that I have a lot to learn about being sensitive and inclusive. I know I don't experience the discrimination faced by women of colour, older women or women with disabilities. This lack of experience means that sometimes I may make mistakes with the way I express myself or understand a certain event. Ideally, I believe that women's collectives should be places where these mistakes are called out in a kind and caring way, with an intent to educate. Unfortunately, this is not what occurs in these spaces. Sometimes people make mistakes. This does not mean they are purposefully ignorant or morally corrupt, and it doesn't warrant responses that are incredibly rude and condescending. These kinds of responses often turn into long-winded, heated arguments and end in personal attacks. They are completely unhelpful in actually bringing light to an issue that could be respectfully discussed and debated.

Beyond this, however, is the overarching issue of what it means to be a feminist. What kind of political or moral views must you have in order to be a feminist? Are politically conservative women allowed to be feminists?

I think they are. Women, whether they are privileged or not, still face the difficulties

that exist due to being a woman. Women's collectives and other female spaces should be open to including women who hold a diverse range of political views. There is nothing inherently wrong with holding one particular political view over another and we shouldn't judge people who, with all the same information, see something differently. I believe a more diverse range of political views within feminist spaces can be beneficial in creating useful debate and discussion around women's issues. It creates more opportunity for sharing ideas and experiences in order to understand a different perspective.

It frustrates me when women say they don't identify as a feminist but I can also understand, to some extent, why some women might feel this way. If female spaces continue to be exclusionary, judgmental and unwilling to respond to problematic behaviour with empathy, then I can only see more women becoming resentful of the movement.

Blemish

Control is important to me. I have it in every area of my life: at work, at uni, the clothes I wear ... it's all measured, all considered. My skin does not allow me the same control. It's angry, passionate and erratic.

Without the red, my skin is an off-white colour. Makeup tells me to call it "bone", "porcelain", "light". My skin is none of those things. It is not strong like a bone, it is not smooth like porcelain and it does not glow like a light. In fact, its whiteness makes all the red glow, like little neon pockmarks.

For as long as I have been a woman, my skin has looked more like a weathered rock than a smooth stone. Specked with sores and scars, uneven and undulating, I am forced to wear my stress. Every assignment, every test brings with a series of deep wounds on my cheeks, and, for good measure, a bloody chin.

I cover it.

Every morning, an hour before I leave my room, I smear thick, pale paint all over it. It sinks into my pores and worsens the situation but I need some control over what I look like.

I am writing this almost immediately after hopping out of the shower. My feet are still wet and they are making little puddles on the carpet around me. I still have vaguely flesh coloured cream under my fingernails. I still have streaks of black under my eyes. My skin is still red and raw.

But for the first time, in a long while, I think, "That's okay."

When I first moved to university, I tried to starve the demon out. After hearing the chorus of "experts" tell me to change my diet and lather on more creams, I figured "Why not?" Finally, I had financial independence and a little more time, so what was the harm?

The harm was that as I tirelessly endeavoured to become the smooth shiny girls in my class, I forgot about things that were more important. I forgot that whilst a tin of tuna a day is good for your skin, only eating a tin of tuna a day is disastrous for your body. I forgot that whilst exfoliating is good for your skin, it burns, and your scars deepen.

My body withered, my skin worsened and I was ill.

My partner was as passionate about the cause as I was, persistently begging me to cack more product on before we'd leave the house. It got worse. It began with makeup being necessary to leave the house with him, to makeup being necessary for us to fuck, to laugh, to operate as two people who cared for each other. Without it, I was a deformity to him, a shadow of the pretty, dolled up girl that he wanted.

I'd wait til he slept beside me before tiptoeing off and freeing my skin of its mask.

When we ate together, if I craved something sweet, I'd be reprimanded. If I wanted something meaty, I'd be reprimanded. If I wanted some bread, I'd be reprimanded. If I wanted something of substance, I'd be reprimanded.

"Don't you want to be beautiful?" he asked me.

Of course I did, who doesn't? I would bow my head and comply, but inside I was being rubbed raw. He left me for another woman, a shinier, cleaner, updated model. He left me the way people update their phones, or profile pictures.

He left me for better. I was left as angry and as passionate and as erratic as my skin. I pushed myself to the academic extreme, focusing on every minute detail of every assignment. If I was stressed, I was going to fucking feel it, no matter how much everyone else could see that on my cheeks. Once uni stopped, I hurled myself into work. Doing 40-50-hour weeks in a kitchen, sweating out of every single pore.

And boy, did I eat. I ate for joy, and it tasted so good. As I sit and write this now, I am eating a Tim Tam. One of many that has been consumed today as a valiant motivator for a Public Law assignment. Time will tell if they are working, and goodness knows I will be wearing this tomorrow, but hell be damned if that stops me from feeling strong and powerful.

The scars on my face are not a spectacle. This is not some Guy Debord level of entertainment for the masses to participate in. We soak up product; we biblically adhere to YouTube teachings, for what? My skin shows that I am alive. It shows that I sweat when I am hard at work. It shows that I stress when I want to study to my limits. It shows that I have lived and I wouldn't change that and I couldn't change that.

If anyone thinks this makes me less of a beautiful person, that is their loss. I feel no remorse.

THE TRUTH

How do you tell the truth?
 When those words, heard out loud,
 Are enough to bring back the pain,
 To live it over and over again,
 And the unending refrain is already stuck in your head,
 But to speak it would be to make it all too real.
 This way the hurt is contained,
 A distant echo in the past,
 And if you can forget it then maybe it never happened?

Maybe it never happened.
 It's your word against his.
 It's a case with no witness
 And of course he is innocent until proven guilty
 So tell me: why should anyone believe the truth?
 Attention-seeker, havoc-wrecker,
 Your allegations ruin lives, your fabrications of a crime
 That only a monster would commit
 No human, with a heart and a pulse,
 Could conceive of an act so illicit
 Surely such a violation could only be the action of someone
 Psychotic.
 And he is just a boy
 Whose future you are trying to destroy.

To which you can only reply
 Why is his future worth more than mine?
 My future now marred by PTSD,
 Where I cannot trust those who sleep beside me,
 The feeling of invasion still not quite a memory.
 So I will not apologise
 For the boy who saw my body as his right.
 Who heard a "no thank you" as playing hard to get
 Who saw a short dress as an invitation
 Let's address the question of provocation –

How do you tell the truth when it's your fucking fault?
 When you were asking for it with that smile and that skirt.
 When you're a slut, a whore, a flirt
 Stupid bitch let herself get hurt.
 Too drunk to assert a "no".
 Unable to say "let go."
 Don't you know you owe it?
 He bought it with the glass you are holding and he will take his payment.
 Keep your legs together next time if you want to save it.

What were you wearing?
 Why weren't you more careful?
 How much did you drink?
 Why didn't you think?
 How do you tell the truth to a world that isn't on your side?
 A world that defends your offender?
 A world that paints it as your shame, that makes it your burden.
 That gives you the responsibility of protecting yourself
 Against a threat it takes none in removing.

And if a tree falls in a forest with no one there to hear it,
 If a girl cries out in the night and everyone feigns deafness,
 How long must the silence last before we all forget this?



Necessary or Desirable.



‘(1) A court may make a protection order against a person (the respondent) for the benefit of another person (the aggrieved) if the court is satisfied that—
(a) a relevant relationship exists between the aggrieved and the respondent; and
(b) the respondent has committed domestic violence against the aggrieved; and
(c) the protection order is necessary or desirable to protect the aggrieved from domestic violence.’

– Section 37(1)(C) of the Domestic and Family Violence Protection Act 2012 (QLD)

Whether the court finds it necessary or finds it desirable, giving these terms their plain English meaning – the facts in that case are, of course, distinguishable from the facts in this case: necessary: that which is indispensable; desirable: worthy to be desired;

and whether the court finds it necessary or finds it desirable, a relevant relationship existed and the physical altercation did take place and domestic violence was committed; the necessity or desirability must be predicated upon a finding that there exists a need to, *protect the aggrieved from domestic violence;*

but whether the court finds it necessary or finds it desirable, it may also be necessary or desirable to make an order in order to protect: having regard; He said *he lost his glasses too when she punched him.*

Whether the court finds it necessary or finds it desirable, they had taken to reconcile since the incident, he has encouraged her in her desire, and they have been to a family therapist, they have been to a family therapist, they have been to a family therapist three times – they had seen a psychologist; and

whether the court finds it necessary or

finds it desirable, her husband had denied punching her, they have been to a family therapist three times they had seen a psychologist and she adds “I can’t stop him.” he had yet to see an individual therapist – he was still on a waiting list.

Whether the court finds it necessary or finds it desirable, the law requires perpetrators of violence be held accountable, making protection orders, applying the principle, the principle of paramount importance that the safety, the protection, the wellbeing of people who fear domestic violence is necessary or desirable.

However, a court will not likely find it necessary or desirable to make a protection order.

*I do not intend to punish the respondent.*¹

1. WJM v NRH [2013] QMC 12 – All text in this poem has been selected and edited from this judicial decision and examination of what “necessary or desirable to protect the aggrieved” means in a family law context in Australia, with consideration of section 37(1)(C) of the Domestic and Family Violence Protection Act 2012 (QLD).

FROM THE EDITORS

HBO's *Big Little Lies* Tells A Lot Of Truths For Women

Warning: Contains spoilers

CW: Domestic violence

Based on Liane Moriarty's 2014 novel of the same name, HBO's 2017 mini-series, *Big Little Lies*, (*BLL*) has been widely (and rightly) praised for its depictions of violence against women. With Moriarty recently announcing that she is exploring ways of continuing the series, it is opportune timing to explore just why the show has been so pertinent.

To start, *BLL* shows just how ordinary violence is, in the lives of many women. From the domestic abuse suffered by Celeste at the hands of her husband Perry, to the revelation that Jane's son was conceived during rape, to the schoolyard bullying of Amabella, the violence suffered by the women in Monterey is a constant theme throughout the series.

BLL shows this violence with uncompromising honesty. We see the red marks on Amabella's neck and the force with which Celeste is hit. Stories of the aftermath of domestic violence are common on television, but the actual perpetration of the crime is usually conveyed through shadows and sounds. This boldness forces the viewer to face the realities many women live with daily.

Furthermore, *BLL* communicates, with heartbreaking honesty, the isolation that women suffering domestic violence often feel. When Celeste's psychiatrist advises her to leave Perry, she does not mention going to the police. Instead, she recommends telling friends about it and setting up an apartment. Amabella similarly learns, even as a child, that she cannot rely on the authorities to stop her bully, eventually pretending to her mother that he has stopped hurting her. Devastating as it is, this is a horrible reality that many women face and that *BLL* should be praised for further exposing.

And it is not just the authorities who are blind to the violence being inflicted. The Greek chorus of Otter Bay parents show their love of drama and fantastical fighting in their police interviews, yet they cannot see the very real violence occurring in front of their eyes in Celeste's marriage. Unlike confrontations in wine bars between feuding private school mothers, domestic violence does not fit with their traditional ideas of what violence and marriage look like. They view Celeste's relationship as perfect, blind to the bruises she so conscientiously attempts to conceal.

This is another strength of the show - the way it shows gendered violence being perpetrated against a group of individuals that diverges from typical televised images of victims. Celeste is an educated and independently wealthy lawyer. Unlike the traditional idea of a "battered woman", she has the financial means to leave her marriage, and the family background to know that what she suffers is wrong. Despite this though, she is clearly caught in an emotional trap, unwilling to appear as a victim and unwilling to leave the man she still clearly loves. This is in stark contrast to the typicalised media image of domestic violence victims, usually portrayed as working class women in unstable socioeconomic circumstances. It reflects that violence can be, and is, suffered by all women, regardless of their class or income.

By showing this, *BLL* challenges simplistic understandings of choice in violent relationships. Celeste's torment shows that domestic violence survivors are controlled in ways that go much deeper than purely physical or financial. A further terrifying truth communicated by *BLL* is that violence against women can occur at any age, and that no-one is too young to be conditioned to see

it as normal. Scenes of Celeste's family, for instance, often contain unsettling truths upon closer inspection. The scenes of seemingly harmless family fun with the twins often involve violence. Celeste's children play with toy guns, only to stop misbehaving when their father pretends to shoot them, and to fire imaginary shots at their mother as their father holds her down. These acts have a much darker undercurrent when you consider the very real domestic violence that occurs in those same family rooms.

It is no surprise when Amabella's bully turns out to be Max, Perry and Celeste's son. This is a stark reminder that the cycle of violence is difficult to break, even when those caught in it may not have been victims themselves. Max has been conditioned to see violence against women as normal. The fact that he is just six when he starts perpetrating it himself shows that those harmed by domestic violence extend far beyond the immediate victims.

Despite all this violence, *BLL* is ultimately an empowering series for women. It is made by women, to tell the stories of women. As dark as the subject matter is, it needs to be talked about repeatedly, until people start getting the message that violence against women is real and omnipresent. *BLL* does this, in a masterful and in-depth depiction of both the suffering and strength of women.

CW: this piece is a work of fiction, but explores themes of suicide

HOW TO PLAN FOR IMMINENT DEATH

Lacey was – at least for six months – my entire life source. So consequently, upon her dumping me, that life source was gone. And now, I am prepared to die.

Currently, I am surviving off remnants of her. Glimpses on campus. The smell of her still in some of my sweaters. Running on fumes, I am.

How do I know I will die? Well, when we were together, there was this constant ticking in my head. Like a clock that's far too loud. But it wasn't a clock. It was my heart. And that ticking went away when she did.

It's fine. I'm not too torn up about it. I've been enveloped by a sort of calm. Like I've been knocked really hard in the head and everything has gone silent and distant and is moving in slow motion. I'm already dead. Mostly. A half ghost. Half death is only moderately painful, and I imagine any discomfort will vanish with complete death. It's not so bad, see?

I only worry about breaking the news in the right way for each person. I have written a few goodbye notes:

Dear Mum,

If you're reading this note, I'm dead. Please don't cry. It makes your eyeliner run and that always reminds me of this lady from a horror movie I wasn't supposed to watch. But I did anyway. And I don't want you to look like a woman from a horror movie. Especially at my funeral. Which you should get organising. Because I'm dead.

PS: don't forget to feed Cat.

Love, Chip

(Cat is my dog. I named him Cat because he thinks he is one. His mother died after he was born so the pet shelter put him with a mother cat and her kittens. Evidently, this confused him considerably. It's all the better for me though, because he'd rather curl up next to me than go for a walk. And I hate walking. And exercise in general. Luckily, I can't exercise when I'm dead.)

Dad,

I haven't addressed this letter as 'Dear Dad' because I know you aren't great with intimacy and paternal love. That's fine. Me neither. In any case, you won't have to worry about that anymore. Because I'm dead.

Chip.

Dear Lacey,

You've killed me.

I'm not sure how to sign off Lacey's letter. I considered putting in a few swear words. But I'd like to be a bit more tasteful, you know. It's my last chance to grow up before I die.

Speaking of last chances, I've made a list of things I want to do before I die:

- Find Cat a soul mate
- Remove my braces
- Finish the current season of *Downton Abbey*
- Find the perfect song for important moments in my life

- Compile these songs to make the ultimate playlist for my funeral
- Get a makeover to show Lacey what she'll be missing out on in the afterlife

This might be the only to-do list I've ever actually intended on completing. Imminent death has filled me with a sort of pre-mortem motivation. I also have to plan my last words. So far the best line I've come up with is, "Fake pockets in women's clothing are sexist." I'm sure women will appreciate that. The only thing worse than fake pockets is that corn silk-esque disaster of a hair transplant on Donald Trump's head. How so many people could consider that walking dried apricot a "nice man" is beyond me.

But then again, people always seem nice when you don't properly know them. For example, Lacey seemed nice. But then she murdered me. And to be honest, the murdering part hurts more than the actual dying.

And die I will. I'll miss Cat, sure. And maybe Mum and Dad. But one thing's for certain: when I'm dead, I won't be missing assignments or taxes or sensationalised news or social media or fake pockets. And I definitely, most certainly, one hundred per cent, will not be missing Lacey.

... In any case, if I ever get terribly lonely, there's always the ghost option.



BY AMY GE

COULD
YOU

YOU
DO
YOU

WHAT'S
YOUR



COULD
YOU

YOU
DO
YOU

HAVE
YOU

WOULD
YOU

WHAT'S
YOUR

BY MICHELLE WANG

M, Versailles

Those days of Autumn yet to come,
Nascent talk on the train out of town.
Golden gates, a palace, Marie-Antoinette’s slippers, and a gown.
The gentle beat of rain, tum-tum-tum-tum,
Shuffling through crowds, hall of mirrors, mirage.
In the grounds, the garden at Marienbad,
The manicured green dream Robbe-Grillet had.
Swans glisten past on the still grey lake,
The nooks and crannies that you and I make,
Come to light, freely,
Over a slightly stale baguette and Franprix tabouli.
From our reverie we need not awake,
Many more seasons and places and views,
Walks to remember in a faraway mood.

S, Èze

After the ballet and the trip to Monaco,
The bus ride that curved round and round
Cragged cliffs, the sheer sea without a sound,
The second-last morning in tandem flow.
Sunlight venturing on sandstone
Narrow and inclining,
Click-click of cameras, upwards and winding,
Wherever our feet, minds, eyes roam.
It’s hotter and brighter this high in the sky,
At our table for two; coffee time.
In the morning we talk about moons
An augury of all things in the universe that loom.
No sugar, but a splash of milk,
Lastly, we buy matching slips in silk.

S, Kolumbusplatz

I’ve chosen another January night
Since dark madness and winter are our recurring thing,
After all, that was when you and I took wing:
The shared taxi on New Year’s Eve – our chariot without a knight.
Times and planes later at your snowy doorstep,
Nudeln, kaisen, bröt, pfefferminztee,
Perched in the attic, the wide window is extra glee.
Two tickets for this play, with a blank black set,
In a sixteenth century kingdom,
Foes that are queens, who neither know freedom.
Lamplights down Kolumbusplatz,
Framed by cars, ensnowed en masse.
Breathless, hurrying, we’re likely late!
Two women, worlds apart, forced to hate each other,
Two women, seated front row, trading whispers.

To Three Women I’ve Met

A Review of Jessa Crispin’s “Why I Am Not a Feminist: A Feminist Manifesto”

When I initially heard about Jessa Crispin’s talk, “Not a Feminist”, at the *All About Women* conference held in March, I was sceptical – was this talk added to the conference to make sure there was a token “anti-feminist” speaker on the day? I was expecting to attend a talk that I would disagree with. Instead I found myself awakened by Crispin’s critiques of contemporary feminism.

To quickly summarise, Crispin is arguing for a new, feminist revolution, “Where women do not simply knock on the doors of churches, of governments, of capitalist market-places and politely ask for admittance, but create their own religious systems, governments, and economies.”

This excerpt from the book’s Introduction was part of what Crispin read aloud at the beginning of the talk. Her work is a critique of our current capitalist and patriarchal systems. She is arguing that it is not simply enough for feminists to aspire to join these systems, but that instead, women must create their own. Importantly, she argues against “lifestyle feminism” and “outrage culture”, particularly critiquing white upper and middle class women, who use feminism for selfish means and/or disregard the struggles of other women.

At the *All About Women* talk, it felt like there was resounding agreement from the crowd with Crispin’s views. Eva Cox, an Australian social

BY OLIVIA INWOOD

commentator and fighter for equality, was in the audience, and she praised Crispin highly in a later article for bravely critiquing the failures of current feminism and our broken-down systems. During the Q&A session, however, there was a general line of questioning directed to Crispin – what does it mean practically to create a new feminist revolution? What can an individual actually do at this moment in time? The one questioner that stayed in my mind was a woman working for one of the four major banks who asked how she could stop the prominent “boys club” culture in her workplace. Crispin didn’t seem to give her any immediate advice but made the sweeping statement that she should just stop working for big capitalist organisations. Regardless of one’s political beliefs, I think this is a case of “easier said than done,” leading me to my main critique of Crispin’s book.

Just like Eva Cox, once I got a copy of “Why I Am Not A Feminist”, I read the book in one sitting. The book is confronting, and I couldn’t help but feel guilty for my own inaction. Crispin’s own life is quite remarkable: unable to afford university, she worked at the Planned Parenthood healthcare and sex education centre in Mid-West, conservative America, and in her spare time, widely read political texts and created the popular online literary journal, *BookSlut*. Although her book is not autobiographical, I felt like she was drawing on this range of experiences.

In spite of Crispin’s eloquent critique of our current systems of oppression, I was still left thinking: What does “taking action” really mean? Can people so quickly abandon their current ways of living, or even their livelihoods? What group of people will first take on the responsibility to change? I thought again about the woman who worked at the bank – to actually attend the conference meant she had good intentions, even if she was still working within “the system”. I don’t think Crispin even has a present solution – the final chapter, “Where We Go from Here”, is only five pages long and reads more like a summary of the preceding arguments.

I am not dismissing the book; it is an important wakeup call. Feminism can only work as a collective of all genders, where we move beyond our own needs, our philosophies of

individualism and form a system that will help everyone. And this can only begin with the honest realisation of our own current failures and how marketing companies and business often exploit “feminism” itself. Of course, this is not a straightforward path. It will take time.

Perhaps, what is most frustrating about Crispin’s work is that she seems content with not giving us any solutions. In part, she gets away with this because she is writing a “manifesto”, not an academic essay. The purpose of a manifesto is to declare an author’s own beliefs. They don’t have to argue for both sides of an argument. For this reason, you can feel inspired reading Crispin’s work, even if you find yourself still as confused as before about changing the world.

However, one important question remains. What future collective is Crispin addressing her work to? Manifestos need audiences and again, Crispin’s target audience is not so clear. As with a lot of manifestos, the true significance of these works can take time to emerge. In the meantime, we are left with a set of critiques about how today’s feminism has not been as inclusive as we need it to be.

To end with Crispin’s words: “For too long, feminism has been moving away from being about collective action and collective imagination, and toward being a lifestyle. Life-styles do not change the world.”

"THIS IS FICTION. PART FACT. PART FICTION"

A Review of the Redlands Konica Minolta Art Prize

At The National Art School Gallery in Darlinghurst, until 20 May, the Redlands Konica Minolta Art prize, and the corresponding exhibition, has its focus on building the collaboration between an emerging artist and established artist. For this review, I looked at the collaboration between two female art collectives: Barbara Cleveland and Get to Work.

As I'm told by a montage of moving lips on a screen, Barbara Cleveland's work was driven by an interest in complicating the relationship between the artist and the audience. And that it does. In a hectic video of words and letters, spoken and spelt, we get to witness a myriad of artists and scholars blending together visually to discuss this character, Cleveland, in the piece *Performing Barbara Cleveland* (2017).

The work is a collage of performances that raise questions about authorship, piecing together fragments from Eugene Choi's *This Moment* (2016), Professor Anne Marsh's *Archives, Performance Art and Feminism/s in Australia* (2016), Salote Tawale and Get to Work's *Making History* (2016), and the collaborative work *B.A.B.S* (2016) by Amy Ireland, Virginia Barratt, and Francesca da Rimini.

As an art collective informed by queer and feminist ideologies, Cleveland is critical of the male avant-garde. And so I question the inclusion of Mike Parr's performance in *Barbara Cleveland Eats an Apple* (2016). In the collaged video, he powerfully dominates the screen as he eats an apple in a dress, his lipstick smeared across his face. Cameras flash around him as a large audience watch him perform. Is this supposed to be Cleveland, with her gender complicated by a successful male artist in drag?

This masculinity is amplified by Get to Work's piece for the exhibition. Barbara Cleveland and Get to Work have a working relationship as mentor and mentee respectively, and the exploration of history and memory through the body are apparent in the aesthetics of their exhibition, as both collectives play with text and manipulate it to generate meaning.

"THIS IS FICTION. PART FACT. PART FICTION" appears above Barbara Cleveland's *Performing Barbara Cleveland* (2017), cementing Get to Work's, use of mixed textual meaning in the piece (*a.l.o.t.o*) *a league of their own* (2017). "ORIGINAL" and "AUTHENTIC" dazzle on the silver badge at the top of the Get to Work cards, ironically undermining what we see as art, and the meanings that are being created for us. Each one of us sees what we want to see, ignoring what doesn't work within the boundaries of our individual sense of truth and fiction.

In (*a.l.o.t.o*) *a league of their own*, Get to Work appear on larger than life sport cards, reminiscent of trading cards. The characters interact with sports, standing with dominant stances, avoiding or commanding the gaze of the audience. I don't know where to look as I watch the interactive players on the screens. Do I watch the balls that keep coming into the picture, or the players sending them back to where they come from?

They look so bored and unsatisfied with my attention.

S R C

PRESIDENT AISLINN STEIN-MAGEE



G'day all!

The SRC has been very busy for these past few weeks!

We have been pushing for the complete overhaul of UNSW's response to, and prevention of, sexual assault and harassment on campus, implementation of a specialised policy of conduct, and access to specialised reporting and specialised response and support services. These services make sure that students know all their options for reporting and support, and feel supported and safe on campus.

By the time this report is published, the results from the Australian Human Rights Commission survey into this issue should be published, or just about to be published. It is important once these results come out that the pressure is kept up to keep universities accountable, and make sure action takes place long term. We, as the SRC, are committed to doing this and welcome any suggestions or questions you might have about this area. We are committed to making everyone safe at UNSW.

The SRC has also been involved in the recent campaigns against Australia's refugee policy, in particular the campaign to Free Saeed, a refugee facing deportation due to a technicality on his application form, and who faces persecution in his home country. You can get involved with this and other campaigns to support the rights of refugees by contacting the SRC or coming along to collective meetings.

And lastly, as you probably will have seen, Light Rail construction and route diversions that began in March have meant that 891 queues have stretched throughout campus, leaving

EDUCATION DYLAN LLOYD



students and staff to wait unacceptable times just to get to and from UNSW.

The SRC has been gathering the signatures and experiences of students waiting in these queues. Your stories have caught the attention of the media and State MPs, and we have met with the Shadow Transport Minister to call on the Transport Minister to increase the number of bus services and investigate whether the Light Rail will actually be beneficial once it is constructed.

As always, drop me a line at srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au to find out more, get involved with our collectives, or just come and say hi when you see us around campus and at our monthly meetups!

We've had some great progress with our Trimonsster campaign, with the University announcing changes including start-up loans for eligible students. At the same time, many issues remain unresolved, and new issues have arisen about some of the proposed workarounds. That's why we're teaming up with student faculty reps, clubs and societies and colleges this month, to make sure everyone has the right info about the current status of the trimester plans, and to ensure faculty-specific (and constituent-specific) issues are brought to the fore in our campaign.

UNSW hosted the NSW National Day of Action on 11 May, with students converging from across the country to make their opposition to harmful attacks on students known and declare their support for a free and fair education for all. It's important to continue having as many keen beans as possible making sure their voices are heard! We'll also continue highlighting many of the specific issues facing UNSW this year, including trimesters, staff cuts and the Government's cuts to the Kingsford Legal Centre on campus.

As always, you can get involved with our amazing work both on and off campus by coming along to our weekly Collective meetings (email education@arc.unsw.edu.au), or by checking out our stalls over at the Library Lawn or the Quad (we're out there almost every day!). If there's an issue you'd like to champion or a problem you're facing with the Uni, let me know at education@arc.unsw.edu.au and I'll be in touch!

GENERAL SECRETARY
ZACK SOLOMON



Hey everyone!

It's Zack, your SRC General Secretary, and I'm back for another issue of *Tharunka*!

While everyone on the SRC has been incredibly busy on a number of different campaigns, there are a couple of prominent ones that I've been most involved in. The first is the "Fix the 891" campaign that I started and have been running. Firstly, thank you to everyone that has signed the petition. To those that haven't, it's at Arc Reception. In addition to the petition that will be presented, I made contact with the State MP for the area, Ron Hoenig, who, in conjunction with the the Shadow Minister for Transport, made representations to the Minister for Transport and NSW Transport on our behalf. This also saw our campaign receiving media coverage in *Buzzfeed*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, *ABC*, *Southern Courier*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Tharunka*. Following the work of our campaign, the NSW Minister for Transport has claimed that additional bus services have been added. As we have seen little to no impact of these claimed increased services, we will be ramping up pressure on this issue.

In addition to this campaign to increase bus services, there has been increasing concern that this problem will only get worse following the introduction of the light rail. The latest EMM report on the light rail project has stated that the light rail will actually decrease speed and capacity of service. In upcoming consultations with NSW Transport, I will ensure that these concerns are raised and hopefully addressed.

Please keep in mind that the SRC also includes a number of equity spaces at the university. In addition to the collective meetings run in

these rooms, the rooms are also free and open to be used by anyone. Some spaces such as the Women's, Ethno-Cultural, International and Queer are autonomous. However others, such as the Welfare and Disabilities space, are open to everyone. Beyond just being a place to relax, they include a fully functioning kitchen and access to essential items. They can be accessed just behind the big sign directing people to them on the middle of Basser Steps, a bit further up the steps from the entrance to the colleges.

To keep up to date with all the other amazing stuff we are working on at the moment, check out our Facebook page and website!

- Zack

ETHNO-CULTURAL
CINDY EL SAYED



This month, our collective has been concerned with refugees and their treatment. We attended the Palm Sunday refugee rally and the massive turnout shows us that most Australians care about refugees too.

This month has also been a chance to do your part and help in a hands on way at Villawood to stop the government from deporting Saeed, a refugee whose return to his home country will place him in imminent danger. The SRC did a photo petition to get the word out about Saeed's situation and it's amazing to see all the faces that were involved in it and their messages of solidarity.

If you care about issues like these, please join the Ethno-Cultural Collective. Refugee week is coming up soon and we can use your help to make it a really big one in 2017.

The time is more urgent than ever to get involved with your local student activists and we are right here on campus! There's fun stuff to look forward too as well; we are launching a zine and are taking off with a series of student run lectures called PoC Speak!

Hope to see you soon!

ENVIRONMENT
BREANA MACPHERSON-RICE



Take a stroll through the Mathews or Terraces food courts and you'll see a new kid on the block: these are our trial food waste bins, and they are there for you to use!

Over my entire time studying, I have heard environmentally conscious students lamenting the lack of composting options on campus. It irked me too – it is so frustrating to think of all that organic matter going to landfill, or not being used to its best capacity.

Now there's no need to stress over your food scraps! When you put your food waste into these new bins, they will be turned into high-quality compost off-site. This compost can then be used to grow new things – thereby restoring the cycling of nutrients back to the soil. Rad!

So what are the rules? Anything you can eat = into the food waste bins! Anything you can't (packaging, cutlery, paper, etc) = into a red or yellow bin, please and thanks. If you contaminate the food waste bins even a little bit, this ruins the fun for everyone, and the whole bin goes to landfill. I'm relying on all of you reading this to help make this trial a success!

In other news, the 27th annual STUDENTS OF SUSTAINABILITY festival is just around the corner! From 30 June – 5 July, students, artists, activists, academics, workers, parents, children and more will converge in Newcastle for an incredible week of learning.

Everyone I have spoken to who has ever been to an SoS festival has testified that it changed their life a little bit! I can't encourage you more to head to <http://studentsofsustainability.org> and grab yourself a ticket – especially because this year, it is so close to us Sydney-siders. Hope to see you there!

QUEER

**PRIYA GAUCHAN, JACOB
COURTENAY, ANNA TRAN,
MIRACHAEL RACELA**



Hi everyone!

The Queer Officers are back once again to report on our progress. This month, we've had a more consistent range of events, including our second monthly potluck (which occur on the first Monday of every month), the start of a recurring weekly *Rupaul's Drag Race* screening, as well as more "QC goes to...." events, which saw us go out for a night on the town during the mid-semester break. Events, as well as both regular and autonomous meetings, continue to have great attendance, with members seeming to enjoy them thoroughly.

After vigorously preparing for our annual UNSW Queer Collective Big Gay Wedding 2017 for International Day against Homophobia and Transphobia (IDAHOT) for the past few months, we have finally launched the event and it was a blast. Our sincere thanks go out to everyone who was involved in the preparation process, as well as all the people who were there on the day to help out. Of course, we haven't forgotten to thank all of you who came by to share the love with us, as well as enjoying our freebies and the little surprises we had prepared. We could not have asked for a better turn out.

As the semester is coming to a rapid end, we are very proud to say that our goal this year of promoting and raising awareness of the Collective has so far been very well executed

and received. We will continue to try and have more events leading up to exams that are aimed towards de-stressing and helping students through these last few weeks. Furthermore, we have already started planning for next semester so keep your eyes peeled for more excitement of all kinds.

We hope you had a wonderful month and we will see you soon!

WELFARE
AMY MILLS



DISABILITIES
ALEX LINKER



Welcome to April with the Welfare Collective! For the past month, we have been laying the foundation for our upcoming event, “Keen for Green” with the Environmental Collective. The day was held on 17 May, and was packed with heaps of fun, from workshops to a massive free lunch. We also showcased some great clubs and societies that operate within UNSW and work towards a more sustainable future.

The Welfare Collective is also investigating student crisis services on campus. At present, Arc and the SRC offer services such as Welfare Packs and Crisis Accommodation, but are we doing enough? It is important that students have access to more crisis services while studying. A national survey conducted by Headspace and the NUS found that a high majority of tertiary students stated that they were stressed, anxious, or depressed—and more than a third were contemplating self-harm or suicide. This isn’t good enough! We need to be offering additional services at UNSW to help combat this challenge. It is bad enough that universities across Australia have let it get this bad. If you or someone you know needs help, please contact UNSW Counselling and Psychological Services via email: counselling@unsw.edu.au or by phoning: +61 (2) 9385 5418.

The Welfare Collective’s free weekly Free Breakfast is still going strong with more and more students enjoying our delicious yogurt muesli cups and hot cross buns. As we move into the colder months, we are going to add free hot tea to warm you up in those boring lectures. We are also still in need of volunteers to help out with our Free Breakfast, so if you have any time to spare on Thursdays from 10am - 11am, we would love to see you there on

the Library Lawn. Also, if you haven’t already, check out the Welfare Collective’s Facebook group for updates and events: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/srcwelfare/>

This month has been pretty awesome. Last month’s Disabilities Edition of *Tharunka* was fantastic, and I want to thank all the contributors again. We saw an awesome range of issues and experiences covered, and I’m looking forward to more awareness of the increased need for accessibility on campus.

Look out for our social media awareness campaign, along with our updated meeting time (4-5pm Thursdays in the Welfare/ Disability Space)!

We’ve heard about issues with the Assistive Technology Centre in the Library – please contact disabilities@arc.unsw.edu.au if you are experiencing this.

Watch this space for more exciting things coming in Semester 2!



WANT TO CONTRIBUTE?

SEND YOUR STORIES, IDEAS AND OTHER SUBMISSIONS TO
tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au

