

THARUNKA

06.

ultraviolet

about the cover

I wanted to capture the sensation of defeat in sitting on a bus through delays in your commute — for so long that you finally accept the fact that you may arrive at the destination much later than bus timetables and app predictions would otherwise have you expect. Imagined was this unsettling scene where enough time has passed on board the bus that the passengers have been absorbed by the bus itself, slowly enveloped by folds of the iconic seat fabric.

Artist: Sandra Gunniga Thomson



Tharunka acknowledges the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal and Bedegal people of the Eora nation, on which our university now stands.

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dear reader,

Welcome to the sixth and final issue of *Tharunka* 2019: *Tharunka Ultraviolet*.

As we wrap up another year and look towards the future, it's hard to imagine what's coming next. The millenium began 20 years ago, 'Blade Runner' was set in November 2019, and we're still protesting for basic human rights — has the future we imagined already passed us by? For the younger generations of today, the vision of our collective future is now clouded, our expectations careening between hope and despair.

In our contributors' responses to the theme of Ultraviolet, the discomfort we feel hanging in this balance is felt viscerally. While Chloe McFadden travels back to 2006 to review what (bad) sci-fi films imagined our future to be, Tim Collis takes us on a dystopian journey that is a little too close for comfort (p.26). Looking at issues of tech and security, Vance Bentzen (p.21) unpacks how open-source coding culture relates to state surveillance and Levent Dilsiz (p.10) takes a look at the questionable relationship between our own university and the horrific mistreatment of refugees and asylum seekers. In a world in which it feels increasingly impossible to make any decision that is truly 'ethical', these works capture the messy, blurred divisions between institutions or

people who consider themselves 'good' and those considered 'bad'.

Our creative contributors, as always, speak to this feeling of dichotomy and confusion and respond with catharsis and comforting humanity. Emma Tindale's 'Purple Is' (p.22) reminds us of the shifting beauty and meaning in growing up, Atia Fatimah's superhero narrative (p. 14) reimagines what it means to be a hero in a world of pain, and the poetry of Lungol Wekina (p.30), Danielle Wigston (p.8), and Ivana Devcic (p.36) invite us to stop and linger in a moment.

Tharunka has been a shapeshifting, amorphous entity this year, with an ever-changing team and I want to thank everyone involved, past and present, for all of your hard work and for making 2019 a year of risks, experimentation, and compassion.

Finally, thank you to you, our readers, for keeping the spirit of student writing and creation alive. As we move forward into the unknown landscape of 2020, keep reading, keep making, keep resisting and above all: don't let the bastards get you down.

Lydia Morgan
Managing Editor

Levent

Being an editor of *Tharunka* feels like you are writing with one of those invisible spy pens. Does anybody remember those? Where the ink from the pen was invisible until it was illuminated by the power of the ultraviolet light attached to the top. Being an editor of *Tharunka* means a lot of writing, thinking, talking, and stressing about an issue, that readers might not always notice. It means a lot of labour, not always compensated for, and a lot of editing happening alone at my desk at home during strange hours of the night.

But it also comes with the supreme fulfilment of finally holding the print issue, flipping through, and reading the words that felt confined to the seemingly immaterial pixel realm of my laptop screen. It comes with the pride of seeing a stranger lounging in the sun shining on the library lawn enjoying the latest issue.

Just like ultraviolet lights, all of the writers this year have made their words pulsate off of the page in radiating purples. Ultraviolet, for that reason, is the perfect colour to conclude 2019 with. It was lovely working with Danielle Wigston—who also designed the cover of *Tharunka Pink*—on her warm and intimate poem ‘Ultraviolet’. Vance Bentzen equally enlightened and terrified me with his piece that explores the complex world of open-source coding. It was wonderful working with my co-sub-editor Lungol who edited my piece on UNSW and the detention centre industry whilst I serendipitously edited his prose that communicates the tangled emotions and experiences we’ve discussed for hours as friends.

‘*Tharunka* Sub-editor’ will be another job on my growing list of odd-jobs I floated around in my young adulthood, but I can confidently say it glowed like ultraviolet light.

Axel

As someone with pale skin, the way ultraviolet informs my day-to-day life most is in the endless application of broad spectrum UVA+UVB sunscreen. Australia is one of the skin cancer capitals of the world, and that’s in large part thanks to ultraviolet rays. Ultraviolet light can not only burn and age us, but it can microscopically, insidiously, warp our DNA—primarily, into melanomas. While the skin of any given person may seem trivial compared to some of the other more horrific impacts of the recalcitrant weather and climate crisis, I do believe that knowing individual stories, individual bodies, is a profoundly powerful thing. While its exegesis really requires the expertise of a scientist, I can say fairly confidently that ultraviolet is entirely necessary for human life—and its deleterious and contradictory impacts are inherently all bound together.

Tharunka Ultraviolet is the last edition of the *Tharunka Colours* series, and it contains some of multitudes of contradictions and stories held in ‘ultraviolet’. Bracketing the human experience of colour with infrared its parallel, children can often see some ultraviolet light and lose it as they age. I’ve been thrilled to work on three pieces for this edition: Emma Tindale’s ‘Purple Is’ illustrates the change in her experience of the colour purple from childhood to adulthood, through church pews and school halls to the illimitable throngs of Mardi



Ultraviolet

there is a place
you occupied.

past freckles, past pigment, past
the dermal layers of the skin
deep

sun kissed our skin. sun
burnt, broke and blistered mine. how trivial; protection
seemed.

sickness spreads nostalgically,
in the shade of ultraviolet light.

Danielle Wigston

MSS Security and Refugees: the contract that makes UNSW complicit in torture

CW: mention of suicide, abuse, refugees, and asylum seekers

Artwork: Devon Mer

The UNSW academic establishment has had a keen interest in researching the legal and social experiences of refugees, asylum seekers, and those in circumstances of forced migration for a long time now. The Andrew & Renata Kaldor Centre for International Refugee Law and the Faculty of Arts and Social Science's Forced Migration Research Network are two examples of this. Both of these projects are invested in conducting research to advocate for the rights and safety of refugees and asylum seekers, with the former even boldly describing itself as an "intellectual powerhouse with global impact."¹

The contradiction that exists in a corporatised academic institution like UNSW is the dissonance between the research of academics and the investments of a university racing to the bottom. One of the most striking examples of this is The Faculty of Science claiming to be a leading researcher in climate science and climate change mitigation, though the university which it operates beneath continues to hold \$16 million in fossil fuel investments.² In the existence of these projects

that advocate for the rights of refugees exists another of these all too common contradictions.

UNSW sub-contracts security services from MSS Security, the same company indirectly sub-contracted by the Department of Home Affairs, via Serco Australia, to provide, in the words of the Joint Select Committee on Australia's Immigration Detention Network, "assistance with security" in Villawood Detention Centre, the Asti Motel, Darwin Detention Centre, and Christmas Island Detention Centre (prior to its shutdown in 2018).³ The contract signed between UNSW and MSS Security is valued \$14,041,126.72.⁴

Christmas Island Detention Centre, one of the centres that MSS Security is present at, is the same centre that Kurdish-Iranian journalist and refugee rights activist Behrouz Boochani was taken to before being transferred to Manus Island. Ironically, Boochani was recently appointed as an adjunct associate professor at UNSW, an institution that lets the company that was complicit in the abuse of refugees and even Boochani, pocket millions.⁵

1. <https://www.kaldorcentre.unsw.edu.au/about-us>
2. <https://reneweconomy.com.au/unsw-makes-history-by-divesting-from-fossil-fuels-47262/>
3. https://www.aph.gov.au/Parliamentary_Business/Committees/Joint/Former_Committees/immigrationdetention/report/co3
4. https://www.legal.unsw.edu.au/compliance/gipa/UNSW_GIPAA_ContractsRegister.pdf
5. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/social-affairs/behrouz-boochani-appointed-adjunct-associate-professor-unsw>

Levent Dilsiz



The Department of Home Affairs signed a five year contract with Serco Australia that commenced on the 10th of December 2014. Recently this contract was extended by two years, meaning its amended end date is now the 10th of December 2021.⁶ This contract assigned Serco with the “full responsibility for the management and control of the Facilities”—the currently operational ‘facilities’ being referred to are ‘Sydney Immigration Residential Housing’, ‘Villawood Immigration Detention Centre’, ‘Yongah Hill Immigration Detention Centre, and notably, up until its closure in 2018, Christmas Island Immigration Reception and Processing Centre.’⁷

Within this contract, Serco Australia is given the option to sub-contract to assist in the management of detention centres though “subcontracted security staff are intended to supplement rather than replace Serco officers.”⁸ Serco has subcontracted Wilson Security and MSS Security, though reports show that the role of sub-contracted security staff is much heavier in detention centres. The Union of Christmas Island Workers claimed that in Christmas Island Immigration Reception and Processing Centre “MSS work in all positions within the detention facilities as...client service officers or detention officers. They work in all areas. When politicians come to town, things change.”⁹

Accessing honest information regarding the operation of detention centres from employees has been difficult since the introduction of a two year imprisonment penalty for whistleblowers in 2015. Additionally, there is an immense lack of transparency in regards to the contract signed between MSS and Serco, making it difficult to understand both the duration of the contract and the responsibilities of each company’s guards. Antony Lowenstein implies that this vagueness in the agreement between the companies is intentional as “if the MSS staff were indeed held by a court to be contractors... it limits Serco’s vicarious liability for its actions if MSS staff were involved in conduct that resulted in tortuous legal action.”¹⁰

“...there is an immense lack of transparency in regards to the contract signed between MSS and Serco, making it difficult to understand both the duration of the contract and the responsibilities of each company’s guards.”

Despite this lack of transparency, MSS Security’s complicity in the various human rights abuses occurring on Christmas Island is inarguable considering their heavy presence in the centre reported by the union. For instance, the preventable death of Fazel Chegeni Nejad was directly linked to the inadequacy of security guards, who despite hearing the alarm triggered by Chegeni Nejad’s attempted escape, failed to respond and delayed a search. Chegeni Nejad’s body was found “50 metres from his escape point.”¹¹ Even prior to this tragedy, it was warned by both medical and administrative parties within the centre over a dozen times that Chegeni Nejad’s “mental health was being harmed by his detention, highlighting his history of torture and trauma in Iran, his repeated suicide attempts, and recommending he be released.”¹² Chegeni Nejad’s death is not simply a result of the inadequacy of security guards in one instance, but rather due to the organisation of a torturous institution that systematically denies refugees and asylum seekers dignity.

On Tuesday the 27th of May 2014, a symposium on *Public Health, Human Rights and Asylum Seeker Detention* was held at UNSW, where two UNSW academics spoke of their experiences visiting Christmas Island.¹³ They reported physical health problems such as rotting teeth and fungal infections, a lack of medical equipment on the island preventing proper assessments of health, and a high rate of mental health problems in detainees. Again, we see a

6. <https://www.serco.com/aspac/news/media-releases/2019/extension-to-australian-immigration-services-contract>

7. <https://www.homeaffairs.gov.au/foi/files/2017/FA161000977-documents-released.pdf>

8. https://www.aph.gov.au/Parliamentary_Business/Committees/Joint/Former_Committees/immigrationdetention/report/co3

9. Ibid. https://www.aph.gov.au/Parliamentary_Business/Committees/Joint/Former_Committees/immigrationdetention/report/co3

10. https://www.aph.gov.au/Parliamentary_Business/Committees/Joint/Former_Committees/immigrationdetention/report/co3

11. <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2018-07-30/inquest-into-death-of-asylum-seeker-fazel-chegeni-nejad/10051158>

12. <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2018/jul/31/fazel-chegeni-escape-set-off-alarms-but-detention-centre-guards-failed-to-act>

13. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/health/doctors-christmas-island-speak-refugee-health>

14. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/health/doctors-christmas-island-speak-refugee-health>

15. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/health/doctors-christmas-island-speak-refugee-health>

16. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/health/doctors-christmas-island-speak-refugee-health>

17. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/health/doctors-christmas-island-speak-refugee-health>

18. <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/health/doctors-christmas-island-speak-refugee-health>

contradiction—UNSW academics researching the health of detainees¹⁴ on Christmas Island beneath an institution that financially supports a company that is complicit in the deterioration of refugee and asylum seeker health.

MSS Security is known to have a presence in Villawood Immigration Detention Centre as well, which unlike Christmas Island, is still active.¹⁵ In 2019 alone, there have been two deaths at Villawood. Both detainees had a history of severe mental health problems, with one of them taking his own life. ; Davidson, 2019.^{16 17} There have been allegations of abuse, mistreatment, and guards discouraging detainees from pursuing complaints about their treatment.¹⁸ MSS Security is clearly woven into the fabric of the detention centre establishment of Australia, which has repeatedly proven that its treatment of refugees and asylum seekers is incredibly inhumane. It is critical that UNSW stops allowing MSS Security to pocket \$14 million.

In 2016 the Nauru files exposed the tremendous violations of human rights occurring on Nauru Regional Processing Centre. The documents revealed the abysmal treatment of refugees and asylum seekers within the off-shore detention centre that included systematic sexual assault and abuse of detainees by guards.¹⁹ Wilson Security, a separate security contractor, was at the time providing guards for Manus Island and Nauru, and was held responsible for this treatment.

In response to this, several institutions boycotted Wilson Security. These included The National Gallery of Victoria and Southern Cross University with activists putting immense pressure on several other companies including Woolworths and Coles to follow suit. This culminated in Wilson Security deciding not to renew their contract with Boradspectrum (equivalent to Serco), saying that the “provision of security services at Regional Processing Centres (RPCs) is not in line with Wilson Security’s long term strategic priorities.”²⁰

A precedent has been set and there is a precedent which can be followed. UNSW is complicit in the violence that occurred on Christmas Island and continues to occur in Villawood, and several other detention centres across the country. Despite the immense support for the rights of refugees and asylum seekers by the academic establishment at UNSW, the university continues to allow MSS Security to pocket \$14 million.

UNSW needs to boycott MSS Security now.

14. <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2014-05-27/doctors-treating-christmas-island-detainees-raise-health-issues/5481850>

15. <https://antonyloewenstein.com/no-transparency-in-serco-dealings-with-contractors/>
16. <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2019/mar/05/another-man-dies-at-villawood-immigration-detention-centre>

17. <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2019/jan/26/detainee-dies-at-sydneys-villawood-detention-centre>

18. <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2019/mar/25/secret-recordings-allege-excessive-force-by-guards-in-australias-detention-centres>

19. <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2016/aug/10/the-nauru-files-2000-leaked-reports-reveal-scale-of-abuse-of-children-in-australian-offshore-detention>

20. <https://uploads.guim.co.uk/2016/09/01/245T1041.PDF.pdf>

UltraViolet: The Origin Story

“Unbelievable!” Mum has launched a tirade once more. My latest curfew break and another strike on the record. Another piece of evidence for her insurmountable dossier against me. The jury was out and I was guilty of being an irresponsible and disrespectful...girl? Daughter? Hero?

The music struggles to drown out the barrage of insults. I scoff at the foolishness of heroism. Pop punk charges the air with melodies that encapsulate the tornado inside me. I didn't care much for music these days. I didn't care much for anything, really. And yet, I cared for everything too much. I cared about the tornado—the angry tornado that threatened to tear apart the world I've made my own. My perfectly delicate world with me and Mum at the centre. The world where we were invincible.

I'd always held her hand tightly as we would trot through the shops, mum confidently spewing out her broken English in an attempt to save some money. Our hands intertwined in a clammy, unbreakable bond. Her warm brown eyes betrayed the wide grin on her face. The stares that were thrown our way marred my memories. We were aliens. And yet I felt indestructible. I'd argue my mum was the real superhero; the only one who could make me feel infinitely powerful. And I wasn't... at least not then.

“This is not how I raised you,” Mum chortles, her voice piercing through a guitar solo. A deep sigh escapes me involuntarily.

There's a sweet melancholy that envelops my existence now. Teenagers have secrets, that's a given. But did we need them? Secrets, from where I sat, were the parasites that gnawed on human goodness. The threat of exposure silently tortured my every waking moment. This was not how Mum had raised me. But then again, monsters are born, not raised...

“Mind your own business. You're in this country to study, not make friends,” Mum would remind me. It was the closest I got to an “I love you” before school every morning. If possible, she would engrave it into my soul. I made it my mission to stay out of peoples' business. I had no place there. I barely had

Atia Fatimah

much of a place anywhere. I was an enigma to most; existing and yet completely invisible. I may not have been there to make friends but I had done so inadvertently.

I carried the pains of everyone. I knew the days that Terry would walk in having fought with his father, his eyes dangerously morbid. I could feel the heartbreak Josie went through when Alex had left her for the tenth time. My heart had threatened to break when Justin lost his sister. I sat next to all of them at school and I studied as I had been ordered to. But my mind and heart...they were lost. Somewhere on the path to being a good filial daughter, a part of me had wanted more. It was not enough to simply be a 'good person.' I had to be a person of good. For good.

My feet dig into the mattress as I rub my knuckles unconsciously. Saying the pain had gotten worse was an understatement. But I did not regret it. The world deserves some goodness, and unfortunately, I was all it had to offer. It was a shame that we didn't have comic book heroes in real life. Spider Man stares at me from the poster behind my door, his large white eyes somehow comforting me. We didn't have young men swinging from buildings to save us. Just as well, the logistics of that didn't seem practical in Sydney anyway.

“We didn't have young men swinging from buildings to save us. Just as well, the logistics of that didn't seem practical in Sydney anyway.”

Plus, the upper body strength to hoist and swing across buildings would put him in retirement by his thirties. I laugh to myself. Thirty didn't seem too bad at this rate, though...

Wolverine was another impractical anomaly. How would he solve the problems of today? A man with retractable metal claws seemed just as helpful as my mum was with math. Clearly, the notion of a hero is vague and unrealistic. Perhaps because the realistic type of hero was far too surreal. Was it possible to be a person who completely believed in and strived for the greater good? Maybe that's why we choose to believe in men from Krypton; aliens who can save us, because humans are too flawed. Because humans feel pain...

I remember the first time I felt the shooting pain in my knuckles. It was like a thousand lightning bolts searing through my bones. Somehow it didn't matter, though. I stared into the deep, brown eyes I had sought refuge in my whole life. They stared back at me, pained and broken. My body seized up in denial as I helplessly stared at my mother sobbing. The tears formed an endless stream down her flushed face. Her cries echoed through my being, shaking everything I had once known to be true. How could someone so strong and gracious be so weak? Her frail hands gripped at my shirt as if begging for help. Help from this endless pain that came with existence.

Nightmares could not compare to the agony that she had felt. Lying there at the foot of her bed, I wanted nothing more than to release her of that burden. I imagined the lifeless body of my father, littered amongst broken car parts and debris on his way home. I imagined the fear that would seize him right before his body was flung across the street like a ragdoll. I imagined the pain of my mother. And then I felt it.

My hand floated to her arm and rested on her clenched fist. Her pain washed over me like a tsunami, attacking every joint and muscle in my body. My toddler brain was amazed and shaken. Was I being possessed? Empowered? I had stolen her pain and made it a part of me. I opened my mouth to cry for help but stopped immediately. My mum looked up, a dazed delusion washing over her face as she smiled at me. It was a genuine smile; one that I had feared was lost forever.

“Let’s go get changed and have lunch,” she said in airy bliss.

It was as if the last few hours of melancholy were erased. But I knew better, I felt it in my pinkie, the way my bones scraped past each other like sandpaper. I was a vessel of hurt and pain. Of sorrow and sadness. Of misery and guilt. I was a vacuum of morbidity, taking in people’s pain and fears.

I may not have known my colours or the alphabet but I knew this curse well. Life had played an unforgivable practical joke on me and I had decided to play along. It was never a question of who, why, or “should I?”. Maybe that’s why this was my fate. It was always who next, why again, and “are you okay?”. No one asked me and I couldn’t tell you even if I did know. Sorrow was not invisible, instead it was lurking in every part of me. Sorrows from my mother, friends, teachers, and strangers. Sorrows I had sought out on my trips to the refugee centres and funeral homes. Sorrows that threatened to tear me apart and kept me up at night. None of which belonged to me.

“There was no grand procession or accolade. No thank you or memorial. I was a mutant that co-existed and silently stole sadness.”

My only sorrow was a different sort of pain; an endless reminder that I was alone. I was a monster, demon, parasite. I was no hero. There was no grand procession or accolade. No thank you or memorial. I was a mutant that co-existed and silently stole sadness. I didn’t fight crime. I was no vigilante justice nor was I a maiden for the poor and weak. I wondered if that was why I never felt like a hero. That and the lack of a single “thank you”. These thoughts, selfish and contrived, these were my pains. Real heroes didn’t help others for the thanks nor for the fame, yet they all seemed to shower in it. So much so that it ultimately became their demise when everyone turned against them. When I watched Spider Man 2 I was shaken by the anti-Spider Man propaganda plastered everywhere. And yet I felt no remorse. At least he was seen.

I simply took what people did not want. I was a cleaner of the soul, not unlike the grim reaper. If I was some sort of hero, where was the praise? Where were my comics and posters? Why was I in a fortress of solitude? I turn to the side, ashamed at my own narcissism. The gnawing desire for validation repulsed and haunted me all at once. I stare into the pitch black night and it dawned on me...heroes did not crave this, villains did.

Cursed with endless dread, was I my own arch nemesis? This greed inside me, this pathetic pining for...attention? I shudder at the thought. I have the ability to do good. Real good. In a way that was void of accountability and promised hope. I caressed the power of goodness and yet here I was. Helpless. A slave to my own humanity.

Seen, yet invisible for all the wrong reasons. I was the antonym of super, and far from a hero.

I was UltraViolet.

Good code, dangerous ideas: The dark side of open source culture

Let's assume that you're human. You need food, you need warmth, water, shelter. You have decided to move into a house. Where do you find a house? Well, you could make one. What land is available? What does the legal process entail? How do you lay bricks? Where do you place a load-bearing beam? How do you install plumbing?

The easiest way to avoid answering these questions yourself is by outsourcing them to people who do have the answer. Hire architects and builders or, more likely for this readership, grab four friends and start renting an existing flat. You avoid needing expertise in a range of fields that don't relate to your original task. You avoid the risks of answering questions incorrectly. It takes weeks rather than years to move in. It's a less complex, less risky, and faster way to achieve the goal of living in a new house—it is also the approach most people take.

Now imagine that you need a new laptop. Exams are next week. Your time is valuable. How would you lay out the keyboard? How do you

build the screen? Where would you get the raw metals and plastics from? How would you machine them? Would you verify whether your supply chain is environmentally friendly and socially ethical? How do you put together the computer chips on the inside? What's inside a computer anyway? There are far too many details. The obvious approach is to pay a company to deal with these questions and just buy the laptop from a retailer.

Completing complex tasks involves all sorts of sub-tasks, and in many situations it makes sense to outsource the work to someone else. This is how most of the world, especially the tech world, works. Tackle each complex task by outsourcing as many sub-tasks as necessary.

Now, picture this scenario, as laid out on the website for tech manufacturing company Diligent:

“..you need to develop an embedded vision application—something like an object detection system or real-time digital video

Vance Bentzen

processing—but you don't have the time or money to build out the whole thing. You need something quick, you need something flexible, and you need something that is powerful enough for the job.”¹

Relatable. What Diligent offers is a prototyping kit allowing the user to quickly implement various tracking algorithms into video streaming. The majority of the company's target market is made up of hobbyists and amateurs working on small-scale projects or on the application for practice. The implementation example given, however, is far from amateur and far from small scale—an animated GIF shows an intersection in China, the camera panning as coloured boxes close in around figures walking, cycling and standing. An example of the ‘embedded vision application’ put into use by the Chinese state surveillance project.

Regardless of the ethics and scale of the project, tech projects need to, at some level, outsource their work. So what does this outsourcing look like?

Often, like any company task, it manifests as the hiring of contractors or consultants to take on specialist roles and tasks. Given that labor is expensive, and given that most engineering projects fail (it's nearly ubiquitous for them to finish late and over-budget), outsourcing work also outsources risk.² One way companies can outsource work and risk—usually for free—is to use open source projects.

Open source projects usually relate to software and involve code being released to the public to be used under minimally restricted licences. Examples of this include OpenSSL, which has been widely adopted by internet providers to allow secure communications on the web; OpenCV, which is a collection of image processing tools and techniques; Linux, a family of open source operating systems for computers; Libre Office, an open source document editing software; and Kicad, an open source circuit board design software.

Open source projects are usually launched by well-intentioned founders, who then develop an online community of contributors, who want to

make it easier for anyone to build a sophisticated application instead of having meaningful software protected as commercial trade secrets.³ It gives individuals the freedom to interact with computers in a more capable way, to collaborate, and to develop new technologies.

Companies take advantage of this by combining the capabilities of open source resources with their own internal intellectual property, creating composite applications.⁴ Perhaps it's a self-driving car company that uses OpenCV's implementation of lens distortion correction mathematics, or OpenSSL's encryption to ensure that their self-driving car is harder to hack. Why would a company pay the wages of an employee to implement these things when another team of open source coders has already made and verified a freely available solution?

While free knowledge may seem like the Internet utopia once imagined, there are some real problems in the open source community. Firstly, the space is often exclusionary as it is made up of 95% male coders and hostile antisocial behaviour is commonplace.⁵ This means that there are fewer perspectives involved in the development process of open source projects and that there is a needlessly lessened talent pool.

Secondly, having free time to contribute to open source projects is a privilege. There are flow-on negative effects to this. For instance, being an open source contributor is often used alongside a resume for STEM job applicants, creating a built-in bias for those who have the privilege of time. This lack of diversity has a knock-on effect, meaning that the diversity of those employed within the STEM industry becomes very narrow. Having tech production driven by a narrow demographic of developers means that often the final product is less relevant, more difficult to use, and can include built-in biases.

Further, open source software tends not to be ready to use ‘out of the box’, it needs to be integrated into a composite product to be useful. As big organisations have the resources to do this, open source software can easily be seen as normalising free labor for these organisations.



Individuals tend to have limited time, and so are less able to take advantage of the potentials of open source projects.

Unfortunately, there are no ethical controls. It is entirely probable that an enthusiastic researcher in computer vision techniques could implement a noise reduction algorithm in OpenCV, (i.e. making cameras see better in the dark) advancing the state of image processing science, with nothing stopping that same algorithm from being used to enhance the performance of state surveillance or military applications (i.e. enabling drones to identify more targets in challenging lighting, or surveillance cameras to identify facial characteristics with more precision).

Would it really be a stretch to build upon the techniques demonstrated in one researchers' OpenCV tutorial on "developing a system to automatically detect targets from a quadcopter video recording" into a rushed military project?⁵ Especially given that the Pentagon views open source code as "secure, reliable and effective".⁶ Another branch of the US Government, the Immigration and Customs Enforcement agency (ICE), has used open source software for its operations. Although, recently, ICE was denied renewal of a licensing contract in a rare instance of a contributor's representative taking control of the ethical applications of their work.⁷

Conversely, there is nothing stopping a large organisation from contributing back to the open source community. For instance, Google has released much of its operating technologies to the community.

Freedom of information is a good thing and the internet's ease of sharing information has enabled the execution of massive collaborative works that were not possible before. It is important to be aware of these often opaque mechanisms of how the people behind tech work and how contributing to one project can inadvertently accelerate another. If the STEM workforce can become more welcoming to all those who want to contribute, we would have better thought out, more usable tech.

"It is entirely probable that an enthusiastic researcher in computer vision techniques could implement a noise reduction algorithm advancing the state of image processing science, with nothing stopping that same algorithm from being used to enhance the performance of state surveillance or military applications."

1. David Horn 2019, 'Build a Cheap, Quick (and Powerful!) Video Streaming System', 23 September, Digilent Blog.
2. Philip Lawrence & Jim Scanlan 2007, Planning in the Dark: Why Major Engineering Projects Fail to Achieve Key Goals, Technology Analysis & Strategic Management, 19:4, 509-525
3. Ben Werdmuller 2017, 'Why open source software isn't as ethical as you think it is', 30 September, Ethical Tech Medium Blog.
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5. Adrian Rosebrock 2015, 'Target acquired: Finding targets in drone and quadcopter video streams using Python and OpenCV', 4 May, pyimagesearch.
6. Kelsey Atherton 2017, 'The Pentagon is set to make a big push toward open source software next year', 14 November, The Verge.
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Purple Is

As a child, purple was everything pure:
The colour of Lent in the Catholic Church
The Bishop's robe as he gave the sermon
Sunday mornings and sacrifice as we'd fast
Purple was my craving, giving into temptation.
Purple was the matching outfits of three little girls
Sisters that rode imagined dragons, climbed trees, lived in jungles
Boundless imagination, enthusiasm for every game
Purple was exploration, innocence and awe.

Purple was a prison, disguised as a high school
The art room that brought forward my creativity
The purple library where we took refuge when classes didn't appeal
The institution that moulded us into refined Presbyterian women
Purple was our rebellion, when none of us obliged.

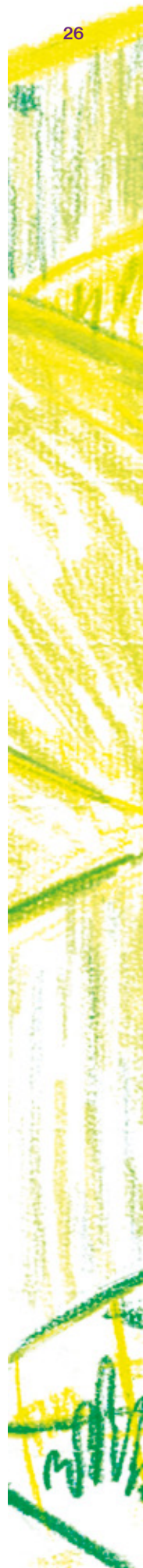
Emma Tindale



AUSTRALIAN HORROR STORY

You salute to the portrait on the wall of the classroom. A stern face gazes down, surveying the pupils who are eager to leave. It is 5:00pm. The portrait's eyes follow you as you leave. No one speaks ill of her, but everyone thinks it.

Tim Collis





“Your eyes lock with a High School acquaintance and it’s too late; he smiles. It’s an express service, and there’s traffic.”

You walk outside, the blistering sun beats down on your skin. It’s Spring, the 100-year drought continues. The heat radiating from the pavement burns you, the glare unbearable. Your sunglasses don’t help, so you squint

You try to cross the street, but a Light Rail Vehicle™ glides in front of you, as silent as night. It’s 500m meters long, completely empty. DO NOT ENTER: TESTING. Testing has entered its 25th month. Enjoy a safe, luxurious trip on your newest, state-of-the-art Light Rail line. Opening soon. A single bell tolls, and it’s gone.

You’re at the bus stop, waiting for the bus, it still hasn’t come. There is no shelter, no trees, no shade...7 buses drive by, none of them in service. You look at Tripview, the sun reflects off the screen, shining directly into your eyes. No real time data available. Your 5G switches to 4G, your 4G switches to 3G, and 3G to nothing. Your AirPods™ fall silent. Another Telstra outage, the third today.

A bus comes, standing room only. The air-conditioning is broken, and it has no windows. Your eyes lock with a High School acquaintance and it’s too late; he smiles. It’s an express service, and there’s traffic. You start sweating. Next stop: The City™.

You get off the bus. You’ll never get that 45 minutes back. You wipe sweat from your forehead, you welcome the dry sun beating down onto you, at least you’ll dry quickly.

The platforms at the station are closed. URGENT TRACKWORK. All services in the City suspended. A transport officer has a megaphone. Walk, she says, walk. At least you’ll dry out.

Your skin scorches. The smell of hot car fumes overpowers you. Truck, after car, after NOT IN SERVICE bus slowly pass you. Then you pass them, you’re walking faster than them. You start coughing.

Your street is lined with construction. Your neighbour’s house, TRANQUILITY, by Meriton, coming soon. Luxury Apartments. Your other neighbour’s house, ELEGANCE, by Meriton, coming soon. Luxury Apartments. The park that used to be across the road, GREEN QUARTER, by Meriton, coming soon. Luxury Apartments.

You get to your car parked on the street. You hop in, but there is no reprieve. The seatbelt brands your leg, you can only touch the steering wheel with your fingertips. The Coles Little Shop Minis 7™ on your dashboard has melted. Car fumes linger.

You’re running late for work. You hate your job at Coles, but anything is better than this heat. You start up

“You enter WESTCONNEX™. You’re fearful; you know the labyrinth has no end. You see signs—stage 1, stage 2, stage 3, stage...7? Only a lucky few escape, but you take your chances.”

your car, the air-conditioning comes on. It’s blowing hot.

You follow this sign to the tunnel, you end up on the bridge. You follow the signs for the bridge and end up in another tunnel. You enter WESTCONNEX™. You’re fearful; you know the labyrinth has no end. You see signs—stage 1, stage 2, stage 3, stage...7? Only a lucky few escape, but you take your chances. At least there’s shade in the tunnel.

You realise, you don’t have an e-tag, you see a black van following you. You speed up, so does the van. You change lanes, so does the van. At the last moment, you veer off to an off-ramp, the van doesn’t. You escaped, for now.

You surface from the tunnel’s quiet to the sun directly above you. The sun visor doesn’t block it out. You feel a headache coming on.

You glance at the billboard by the side of the highway. She is looking down at you, still stern, still surveying, her eyes still following you, always following. Herr Gladys.

The Sun &

The room was bright and the man was dark. The warm, gentle light of the lamps seemed to soak into his brown skin, setting everything but him on fire. The creams of the carpets and the greens of the curtains burned softly around him, giving the illusion that his body was bringing light into the room. A beautiful sun wearing an azure shirt and a deep, purple lipstick. Without really meaning to, everyone eventually ended up in his orbit.

With a bottle of cold apple cider in one hand and the attention of the room in the other, the man gesticulated grandly, using his body to breathe life into the story he was hypnotising his audience with. No one stood too close to him for fear of either getting in his way or interrupting his rhythm. Even as more guests piled into the room, his stage remained untouched. He was magnetic. He pulled laughter from the dozens of lungs around him, breathing it in deeply before releasing it heavily with his own. He laughed unabashedly at his own wit, making up for what could be seen as narcissism with his participation in the wider space's laughter at his own misfortune.

He was simultaneously homely and foreign. His company was warm and his energy was calming. Honey. His voice tasted like honey. It was sweet and smooth, soothing and sexy. Everyone felt at peace in his words. His smile was a conductor, compelling the corners of all other mouths around him to lift up in either joy or amusement, a symphony of souls falling gently and willingly under his command. Comfortable and familiar. Even to those who'd never met him before.

Strangely, he was also incredibly alien.

On the surface, he already looked otherworldly. He was incredibly tall, kissing the ceiling with his long hair tied up into a messy knot. Stray dreadlocks branched out from the top of his bun, painting a vivid portrait of the towering, magnificent trees he emulated. And like said trees, he was obviously filled to the brim with age and experience. Most people forgot he was only twenty-one.

Adding to his mystique was his presentation. His lips were glowing violetly, seemingly reflecting the lilac eyeshadow that arched over his dark brown eyes. Though only visible upon closer inspection, the black hair of his beard washed into a thin shore of matching lilac highlighter. Large black men with beards weren't too often seen wearing makeup. He didn't seem to care. He wore it with pride and grace, daring anyone to question his beauty. Very rarely did such a masterpiece moonlight as both a weapon and a shield.

Only the bottom three buttons of his shirt were done. His bare chest held subtle scars and thick hairs just as dark as the leather harnesses strapping his high waisted pants snugly onto his legs. His physical appearance alone boasted a radical love and acceptance of oneself. It was intoxicating. It was also so, incredibly rare. You wanted to be him.

But what happened when the lights flickered off, if only for a moment?

Should his sun extinguish and the room be filled with ultraviolet light, he would be just as radiant. His skin would be a crime scene, vandalised by a million wounds, glowing like a sacred monument that had been set ablaze;

Lungol Wekina

The Architect

tragic, beautiful, and deeply disturbing.

Every inch of his skin would be glowing a fluorescent white, pulsating beneath the rich purple hues of a light that could not be lied to. Gaping wounds wound themselves down his arms and across his bare chest, white rivers stretching across the vast expanse of his body and mapping the violence it had endured. The pain it must have caused still lay woven into the very flesh of the scar tissue, a memory that was far from recent yet all too fresh at the same time. It hurt to look at. It must have been hurting him more.

Some of the rivers sang softly. Older ones were quieter, calmer even. Their melodies painted pictures of childhood ruins and lost innocence. There were too many of these to count. They weren't quite at peace, and it was unclear whether they would ever be, but their currents were gentle, far less violent than they used to be. Their banks had stopped eroding, and a couple even showed signs of recovery.

One river in particular sang loudly. Cacophonously. Its body was nowhere near as large or as wide as many of the older ones it was surrounded by, but it sang so gutturally it demanded the attention of everything in its vicinity. Like a black hole had somehow appeared on the heart of a sun.

Its currents were fatal, moving so fast the surface of the river looked still to the relaxed eye. It glowed white under the ultraviolet light, brighter than anything else in the room. Despite it only crawling across his upper left chest, the purple lights showed the man was drowning in it.

“Its currents were fatal, moving so fast the surface of the river looked still to the relaxed eye. It glowed white under the ultraviolet light, brighter than anything else in the room.”

The songs of the river were stealing his breath and breaking his heart. It was filling his lungs from the inside out.

But his sun remained radiant and the room's light was uninterrupted. His audience could only see what he wanted them to. They laughed and smiled, oblivious to what a flash of ultraviolet light could have revealed. So the man kept performing, drowning in silence and keeping the attention of the room firmly in his grasp.

As his performance drew to a close and he excused himself to get another drink, a hand caught his wrist in its grip. The man looked back and the invisible river on his chest flared. The architect of that very river stood behind him, holding out another cold bottle of apple cider with a smile. The man smiled back, embracing the architect as the river on his chest tore open a little bit wider. The architect may never love the man back, but for now, the man was happy to be wounded anyway. The architect may not be a good man, but he made the man feel good. Besides, hurting with him felt so much better than hurting without him.

Review: Ultraviolet (2006)

"An incomprehensible and forgettable sci-fi thriller, Ultraviolet is inept in every regard."

Critic consensus, Rotten
Tomatoes



Chloe McFadden

The 2006 dystopian film *Ultraviolet* was a resounding flop. In 2019 it has a Rotten Tomato score of a measly 8% and slew of harsh critiques from viewers. Across most review websites there is a strong consensus that *Ultraviolet* is bad. What I want to know is if *Ultraviolet* is so bad that it is good. And perhaps there is evidence that it could be. Whilst the overall critical response is abysmal - it has a score of 3.5 stars from over 50 reviews on Google play with one user citing/ rhyming, 'Sexy woman dressed to thrill in body hugging suit and likes to kill. Seriously good movie.'

The premise of *Ultraviolet* is based upon a blood war between the healthy 'normal' humans and the diseased 'hemophages' who are the result of a genetically modified infection which causes vampirism, increased strength, speed and intelligence. This war is brought to a climax when a human boy/ super weapon is created in a lab with the supposed purpose of eradicating all 'hemophages' through some unknown property in his blood.

This highly infectious disease we very quickly learn is called 'HGV' or 'Hemoglophagia Virus'. Yikes. Potentially this could be seen as a hyper-critical commentary on the HIV epidemic of the 1980's and the discrimination and isolation felt by the gay community. However, the lack of touch, the introduction of vampirism and the overall whitewashing of the film leaves me with a gross taste in my mouth.

The movie begins with protagonist Violet explaining that she was born into a world we might not understand as the camera pans across a CGI cityscape that appears to be made out of playdoh. This opening, despite its unoriginality, is quite fitting as not understanding the plot and laughing at the special effects is a common experience throughout.

We learn that our Caucasian protagonist, Violet Song Jat Shariff, played by Milla Jovovich, became infected and lost her husband and unborn child which has lead her to becoming a very angry hemophage who is very good at killing. She performs these killings with various weapons with unexplained and obviously culturally inspired inscriptions which give off the distinct vibe of Asian mysticism on steroids. The film is quite clearly set in an East Asian cityscape and yet the first Asian presenting character with a speaking role does not appear until 27 minutes into the film. Not to mention when they do finally appear, it is within a cultural segregated group that the protagonist labels 'Blood Chinois' before starting a hilarious guns blazing, bullet hell which ends in the death of any future cultural representation in this film.

"The film is quite clearly set in an East Asian cityscape and yet the first Asian presenting character with a speaking role does not appear until 27 minutes into the film."

The lack of women in this film is also so tragic it's often hilarious. The Antagonist states, 'what are you, one woman, going to do against all my men?' so often it is almost self aware. A huge emphasis placed on this 'almost' as this constant 'woman against the big strong man' trope is sexualised in the most consistently uncomfortable way. At this point I'm less concerned about the blood war and more worried about my own future as a woman because apparently in the year 2078 the ratio between men and women is 1000/2.

Even if we are to ignore these hugely problematic yet unsurprising

realities of 2006 we can't ignore the plot. Without spoiling the twists and turns which would be so much better if they were a straight line - I can say that the plot sucks. It often feels like the characters are just going from glass building to glass building because someone in the CGI department figured out to simulate glass smashing and they want to show it off.

This movie is all about blood. The disease is spread through blood. People are consistently being cut in half and shot. The main plot tension is trying to figure out what is inside the young boys blood. Yet we rarely ever see blood. I understand that the movie is rated PG13 but the lack of consistency of what draws blood and what doesn't is hilarious. We don't see blood as a result of violence until 19 minutes into the movie. In this time Violet has already brutally murdered with both guns and knives upwards of 50 people. It's often hilariously difficult to tell if someone was actually injured as they dance around the screen seemingly not wounded from the 19 bullet holes in their bodies.

Furthermore, when you do see blood it just makes you think about how stupid this whole film is. We see within the first five minutes that if a Hemophages blood touches your skin you are instantly infected, yet half the time people are fighting without any skin protection other than a pair of latex gloves.

But now let's move onto the CGI. This is why you watch a 2006 film - especially this one since it feels like the special effects are from about ten years earlier. Whenever any form of post production is in this film it feels like frame rate drops rapidly and you can't help but laugh. To their credit, they were truly ambitious in the motorcycle chase scene which I think should be memorialised somewhere as the greatest 25 seconds in film history. Watching Violet fly off a roof on a motorcycle which she then drives through an attack helicopter which promptly explodes as she flies towards the camera is a life changing experience. However, It does feel like they gave up at a certain point. At the beginning of the movie Violet's hair and clothes constantly change colour through the power of technology for no good reason that I can think of other than to please the aforementioned google reviewer. But by the end of the film it feels like post processing got tired of changing her hair colour and things start to get a bit bland. Something that continues to be amazing throughout the film is the horribly confusing, poorly planned, yet so enjoyable camera transitions. My favourite example of this is when the camera pans inside of the protagonists ear and then exits out of the barrel of someone's gun. Why? At this point I don't care because this is like the fourth gun fight and I'm excited that they are switching things up.

So taking this all into consideration:

Is this movie good?

No. It's really bad.

However - is this movie so bad that it is good?

Yes. Do not watch it by yourself - but if you are looking for a stupid movie to watch with a group of friends I urge you to pick *Ultraviolet*. The mixture of bloodless-bloodbath fights and the horrible CGI which makes cities look like playdoh and glass look like gravel will have you laughing. And if that's not enough, the plot no doubt will have you arguing amongst each other and wondering why you didn't just watch The Matrix.

“Watching Violet fly off a roof on a motorcycle which she then drives through an attack helicopter which promptly explodes as she flies towards the camera is a life-changing experience.”

VIOLENT DELIGHTS

How curious it is that a controlled hit –
the essence of each touch between us –
unfettered, untethered, unchained,
could become ultra-violent.

Even in the deepest act of love –
with its ferocious intimacy,
and penetration to the soul –
bruises flower along necks and
down spines, like dawn,
blooming in the sky

Hungry kisses,
stolen with permitted force,
and intoxicating desire,
always leave both parties
chafed and scraped and skinned,
licking each other's wounds.

At the apex of this
mortification of the flesh,
the dual deities of being –
darkness and light, winter and spring,
pain and pleasure, death and life –
ceremonially mate.

First, the zealot genuflects; then,
ravages the sacred bread,
so gently, so precisely.

Deftly, he throws wide his hands,
moans in exaltation, for he is thirsty,
and his goddess is the river where
he would drown in rapture.

So taut he thrums, barely chained power
escapes from him in slick sweat.
He dives in, like Semele,
unknowingly awaits his obliteration
in the presence of her divinity.

His tongue laps up her chalice of blood
with furious penitence, and yet, it never dries –
it spills over, submerging the mortal
in apocalyptic ichor, graciously given to him.

Upon the altar,
with his final cry,
he impales his beloved
goddess -
a violent end.



contributors



Lora Adzic

p. 40

Lora is a Design and Media student specialising in Graphic Design and Photography. She has an appreciation for bold colours and visual communications that make a statement. She looks forward to further exploring her style and the creative mediums with which she works with.



Vance Bentzen

p. 18

A fan of Sci-fi paperbacks and computer vision academic journals, Vance is keeping an eye on how the plotlines of the future are written.



Tim Collis

p. 26

I think private life should be private life, the professional life should be the professional life, and that's where I stand, and I have right to do that.

Whilst details of my personal life remain unverified, I can admit that I study within the Built Environment faculty, that I am in my final year, and that I love trains.

Ivana Devcic

p. 35

Usually cleaning that annoying smudge on her glasses. Regularly having existential crises (if they are consistent, can they be called crises?). Typically found with a book in front of her face – a standard sign of an INTJ in their natural habitat. If lost, look near the cats or salted crisps.



Levent Dilsiz

p.10

Levent is a writer and maker who enjoys thinking while staring blankly into the distance. He is invested in radical left-wing politics on a local and global scale and is the soon-to-be-ex-sub-editor of *Tharunka*.



Atia Fatimah

p. 14

Atia is a third year psychology student who is a self-proclaimed workaholic. When she's not working, you can spot her at over-hyped, over-priced restaurants where she takes on her

alternate food-blogger personality. She enjoys shedding fresh perspective on issues, being overly critical of films (unless they're Marvel) and plotting exquisite yet impractical plans to travel the world.



Tiffany Ian Tong Ho

p. 20

Tiffany was born in Macau in 1998. She has always been committed to expressing her thoughts and emotions through art. She believed that art has the power to change the world and people's minds. Since 2015, she has held solo exhibitions, contributed to art publications and participated in various art exhibitions and competitions, all while achieving excellent results.



Calina MacGinley Jamieson

p. 35

Calina is a Fine Arts and Arts student, with a love of painting, illustration, and sewing. When she's not cramming in essay responses, you can usually find her painting, sewing, or cooking up a storm. You can find more of her work on instagram @lenjamieson



Chloe McFadden

p. 32

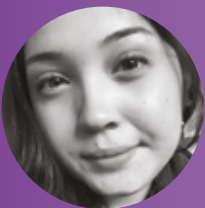
Chloe is a second year Media Arts student who really should have done an art theory degree. She likes writing about virtual spaces and internet culture because she is afraid of the robot uprising and has a shameful love of poorly written romance novels.



Devon Mer

p. 11

Devon is a Media Arts student finishing up their degree in the coming few months. They enjoy illustrating with a focus on portraits, character art and mythology. You can find more of their work on Instagram @devonmer



Sandra Gunniga Thomson

front cover + p. 27

Sandra is a second-year Media Arts student, specialising in drawing & animation. When she's not too

stressed she mostly enjoys illustrating the surreal, and is very interested in moments that can be equally grotesque as they are endearing.



Emma Tindale

p. 22

Emma is in her final year of studying a Bachelor of Media (PR & Advertising). Outside of uni you can find her face-planting into bowls of pasta, painting, retweeting indignant feminist posts, joining podcast cult followings or belting out to Lizzo at an offensive volume.



CJ Tulong

p. 25

CJ is an Arts student currently finishing the English Literature questline. When she's not gushing about cats, you can find her levelling up in art skills (watercolor and wading in the waters of digital art) or immersing in Postcolonial Literature. You can find her work in *Tharunka Red's* cover design.



Lungol Wekina

p. 30

Lungol is a writer, performer, and activist living on stolen Bedegal land. His work centres his indigenous, Black identities and is primarily about social issues, environmental justice, and mental health. You can typically find him at [redacted]. He is also an Aries.



Danielle Wigston

p. 8

Danielle is a Fine Arts and Education student. She is largely overwhelmed with life at the moment and produces art when she should, not when she can. The theme *Ultraviolet* presented an opportunity to figuratively explore a universal theme of grief that breaks, binds and repositions us.

SRC REPORT

Hi all, it's Ange here again, your SRC President (for just one more short month)!

As this year is about to conclude I just wanted to thank you all for your support this year. Thanks to your feedback and your presence at our protests we have been able to confirm some important wins on ensuring that the trimester timetable is as equitable as possible for both students and staff.

As I have mentioned in previous reports, we have been able to push the university to commit to bringing in a midterm break in T2 next year. We have also received a commitment to no content set in week 0 and changes to special considerations to include weddings, some extracurricular activities and internship and employment opportunities such as interviews.

Next year, your SRC will continue to work hard to ensure that trimesters are continually improved—if not, eradicated altogether.

The ethno-cultural collective has also been working diligently to get more prayer rooms at UNSW and the queer collective has been advocating for more gender neutral bathrooms on our campuses. The enviro collective have been supporting Fossil Free UNSW in their fight to get UNSW to divest from fossil fuels—a campaign that is increasingly successful with the recent announcement that UNSW will be partially divesting with a mind to full divestment in the future.

There is so much that your SRC has been working on this year! If you want to know more or get involved, please contact the SRC at srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au.

Want to join an SRC Collective?

SRC Collectives meet once a week to discuss issues on campus specific to that collective and plan action to make UNSW a better place. Come along and have your voice heard.

Indigenous Collective:
indigenous@arc.unsw.edu.au

Women's Collective:
women@arc.unsw.edu.au

Enviro Collective:
enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au

Ethno-Cultural Collective:
ethno@arc.unsw.edu.au

Education Collective:
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International Collective:
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Welfare Collective:
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Students with Disabilities Collective:
disabilities@arc.unsw.edu.au

Queer Collective:
queer@arc.unsw.edu.au

Angela Griffin



THARUNKA WANTS YOU!

Keen to get your work published but not sure where to start?

As UNSW's longest-running student publication, *Tharunka* is the political, social, and cultural journal for all students on campus and we are always looking for a wide range of fresh content for both our print and online platforms.

We're looking for non-fiction essays, UNSW campus reports & updates, social commentary, opinion pieces, reviews, short fiction, poetry, online columns, drawings, comics, photography and everything in between.

How to pitch:

Do you have a killer idea but need some editorial guidance?

E-mail us at tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au with the following info:

1. Your name:
2. Your pitch in 100 - 200 words: what do you want to write/make?
3. Word count/medium/platform
4. Include any examples of previous work (optional)

Stay in the loop:

Make sure to join our THARUNKA 2019 CONTRIBUTORS Facebook group to keep up to date with call-outs for the next issue.

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Tharunka
Instagram: @tharunkaunsw



Vance Bentzen
Tim Collis
Ivana Devcic
Levent Dilsiz
Atia Fatimah
Chloe McFadden
Emma Tindale
Lungol Wekina
Danielle Wigston

