

THARUNKA

Movement

Issue. 01

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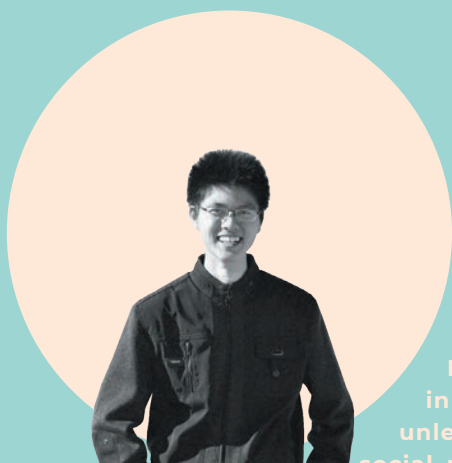
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Tharunka acknowledges the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal and Bedegal people of the Eora nation, on which our university now stands.

DEAR READER,

Welcome to the first issue of Tharunka in 2020!



In Movement, we reflect on what makes the world change. With Donald Trump newly vindicated in his impeachment trial, Harvey Weinstein jailed over sexual assault, Scott Morrison lambasted for his Hawaii trip during the worst of the bushfire crisis, and the emerging threat of a coronavirus pandemic, the world seems to be approaching a precipice.

But I place great stock in a line from Jeremy Heimans in his recent book, *New Power*: “It’s not a movement unless it moves without you.” In a world connected by social media, power doesn’t come from leaders any more. Changes are afoot in this strange new world of ours, and we students will be the ones leading the movement.

Taking on the helm of this decades-old publication, I had no idea what I was getting the team into. Immense thanks to Jack, Jo, Axel and Saafiyah for all your hard work, and to each and every one of our contributors for your depth of creativity and the sincerity of your writing.

Our writers express their struggles with the demands of social activism, and give heartfelt stories on their experiences moving through the world. Sometimes it can feel as if we’re just doing the same thing over and over, as Aditya Patil aptly explores in ‘Recurrence’. But when we adopt a new perspective, by travelling to a new place or taking a moment to reflect, we see how far we’ve really come.

Happy reading!

HENRY
Managing Editor

**AXEL***Creatives Sub-Editor*

It seems appropriate that the first edition of the year seems to rest at the threshold between stagnation and change; the perpetuity and routine of life is set against and is sometimes the same as the extraordinary. Movement is a beautiful launch to Tharunka 2020 - '365 Days of Fireworks' is a poignant reflection on the climate crisis as it is most needed; '5 Protest Movements' reports with acuity some of the most complex and essential uprisings of our era; Liana Charles, CJ Tulong, and Jo Bradley's works all unify the personal and universal with grace; and 'Low Tech Lecturers' is a satire many students will commiserate with. In a time when the written word is immortal, I feel honoured to have worked with the contributors and editorial team towards capturing this moment of history - as, in the words of Lin-Manuel Miranda, this is not a moment: it's the movement.

**JO***Online Sub-Editor*

My first month at Tharunka has been a busy and exciting time. As someone who has been writing for six years, editing was a foreign and daunting territory that I entered with apprehension. I constantly found myself torn between two contrasting editing styles. Should I let my writers learn the way I did, through trial and error? Or should I give in to my instinctive desire to help them as much as possible, and inundate them with edits and suggestions?

I have a great deal of admiration towards Rida and Anoushka, who both turned in very promising pieces and worked with me patiently as I (probably) overwhelmed them with feedback. Their pieces—a thoughtful review of the Syrian War Documentary For Sama, and a poignant reflection about living a cross-cultural identity as a young woman in white Australia—have improved so much in a few short weeks and I am very excited to see more writing from them in the future.

This month's theme Movement also prompted me to explore a new style of writing. Having spent the last six years exclusively writing reviews and essays, it was freeing and exciting to try my hand at creative writing, and I thank Axel for his help as my editor.

**JACK***Features Sub-Editor*

This year's *Tharunka* is off to a strong start with its inaugural edition, *Movement*. While we initially had in mind a more politically-bent theme, we were bowled over by the diversity of perspectives among our contributors. Here, you'll see not only stimulating discussion over the big issues of our time, but the unique voices of the students of UNSW. Isabella Coimbra provides an insightful and historically-based argument for further drug reform. Jordan Daly explores the gentrification of Sydney's suburbs with a tasteful twist.

**SAAFIYAH***Graphic Designer*

When I think *Movement*, I think of Frank Lloyd Wright's 'Fallingwater', and I'm just going to go ahead and blame my Interior Architecture degree for making me think that way.

Mr. Wright aside, this issue was incredibly enjoyable to work on. You'll see in the upcoming pages, some of the most amazing artworks that I would definitely not be capable of doing myself. CJ Tulong, Rongxuan Chong, Aditya Patil and Sandra Thomson have all brought their own unique take on *Movement*. I hope that seeing your work in print inspires you to create even more art because someone out there is waiting to see more (aka me).

To all other young aspiring artists out there, know that there is always an outlet for your creativity somewhere, don't be afraid to take that leap of faith!

5 PROTEST MOVEMENTS TO FOLLOW IN 2020

Caoimhe Hanrahan-Lawrence

Last year, we saw an explosion of protests and revolts that have been simmering away over the past few years. There is a sense of possibility that is spreading across the globe, that change is possible. Here are five movements that continue to move forward and are worth keeping your eye on this year.

1) DEMOCRACY NOW: HONG KONG

Demands: Full withdrawal of the extradition bill, inquiry into police brutality, reference to them as 'protesters' rather than 'rioters', amnesty for arrested protesters, dual universal suffrage in both Legislative Council and Chief Executive Council.

Background: For the last six months, Hong Kongers have been fighting an impressive battle for political freedom. They are opposing mainland China's attacks on their democracy and independent status. August saw Hong Kong's biggest strike in almost 50 years and in November the pro-China party lost over 100 seats in the District Council elections.

Highlight: The student occupations of the universities have been expressions of cooperation and unity. A student commented 'I have cried several nights because I am touched by the sense of unity. The whole thing is built on trust; all the Hong Kongers helping. I don't know him. I don't know her. [He's pointing at passing students, voice breaking.] But we are working together ... We don't know each other personally, but we are allies.'

Symbols: The Hong Kong flag, umbrellas used to push back police, face masks to confuse facial recognition software, eye patches in solidarity with a protester blinded by police.

2) IRAQI PROTESTS/ TISHREEN REVOLUTION

Demands: An end to political corruption, effective services (water, sewerage, electricity, etc.), an end to foreign interference.

Background: Iraqis have continued to protest against foreign invasion and structural inequality since 2003, and the latest wave began in September last year. Though most of Iraq's money comes from oil trade, Iraqi workers are overwhelmingly poor. Since December, the Sunni Muslim population has joined to protests, crossing the sectarian divide between Sunni and Shia Muslims. Prime Minister Adil Abdul-Mahdi resigned in November, but protesters continue to fight for real system change.

Highlights: The shell of a skyscraper called 'The Turkish Restaurant', where medics attend to the wounded, people are fed, and basic services are restored. Protester and engineer Bashir Ghalib tells Hürriyet, 'We worked with volunteers and donors to install electricity in the Turkish Restaurant in six hours while successive governments have not been able to bring light in 16 years.'

Symbols: '*Ash-sha'b yurīd isqāṭ an-nizām*' (The people demand the fall of the regime), a chant of the 2011-2012 Arab Spring.

3) YELLOW VESTS/GENERAL STRIKES: FRANCE

Demands: No pension change, '*Macron Dégage*' or Macron own up, step down, get lost.

Background: French people have been resisting the for-profit, anti-welfare agenda of the Macron government since his election. The current surge of protests began as a response to an increase in fuel prices, and now have connected with union resistance to pension reforms, which would increase the retirement age and reduce pensions for large sections of the workforce. Pension reforms were previously introduced in 1995 and 2010. Strikes and protests in 1995 were successful, but in 2010 the Sarkozy government won and increased the retirement age.

Highlight: The Paris Ballet, who are forced to retire at 42, performing Swan Lake in the streets while on strike.

Symbols: Yellow vests that all French workers are required to keep in their cars, 'Cheminôts' or railway workers who have been leading the strike movement.

4) CALL FOR CLIMATE ACTION: AUSTRALIA

Demands: Sack Somo, Stop the Adani coal mine, immediate change to renewable energy sources.

Background: Activism isn't reserved for countries on the other side of the world; we have movements growing here as well. Australia has been ravaged by a shocking fire season. In January, tens of thousands of people hit the streets for protests organised by Uni Students for Climate Justice. These protests have been decried by politicians and the media as being inappropriate and tone-deaf, despite the involvement of fire victims and firefighters.

Highlight: Nelligen firefighter Paul Parker has not had to buy a beer since telling the PM to fuck off in a Facebook video in early January.

Symbols: Koalas recuperating from the fires, the RFS logo, Gen Z expressing their hatred of ScoMo on TikTok.

5) INDIGENOUS DEATHS IN CUSTODY: AUSTRALIA

Demands: Implement the recommendations from the 1991 Royal Commission report.

Background: The first Aboriginal death in custody in 2020 occurred on the 2nd of January. Aboriginal oppression has existed in Australia since the invasion of white settlers and police repression is a key part of that oppression. In 1991, a royal commission into deaths in custody was released, yet since then, 400 more deaths have been reported - an average of 20 per year. A police officer has never been convicted of the murder of an Aboriginal prisoner or inmate as of the time of writing.

Highlights: Tens of thousands of people across the country attending Invasion Day marches on the 26th of January, standing in solidarity with Aboriginal people.

Symbols: The Aboriginal flag, the faces and names of people killed in custody.

REFLECTIONS ON ACTIVISM FATIGUE

Emma Tindale

It's a remarkable thing, social movement.

The opportunity to reflect beyond yourself, to want more for society, for people you've never met and never will.

Yet the strenuous battle of progression can take its toll on us as individuals as we seek to make changes in the world. It takes its toll on me.

We go to climate change rallies, protest outside Kirribilli house, sign petitions for LGBTQIA+ rights, buy keep cups, recycle, call out misogyny on Twitter, share posts calling out racist politicians. The conversation is endless, propitious and exhausting.

Social media bombards me with different campaigns, movements, issues. I choose to follow the progression, but I often switch off, turn away from discussions.

I find myself oscillating between despondency and optimism. How can one individual make any change? But change starts with the people, right?

The thing is, I'm lucky. When I'm overwhelmed by the abundance of social movements to care about and feel stuck by my inability to make changes, I can turn away. What a privilege it is to have other distractions, to not be directly faced by these issues daily.

I want to care about it all. I want to divide my time, yet there's often a guilt that comes with this care. If I put too much time into climate change, am I neglecting to fight for women's rights?

Social movement fatigue is a curse that we must

endure. We can't afford to surrender to fears of ruin or of the perpetual inadequacy which a single individual may feel struggling against broken systems.

I want to speak up about the systemic oppression of women each day, and some days I just can't be bothered. I want to tell my friends to recycle, to buy less fast fashion, and not condemn them or myself when we forget to practise what we preach.

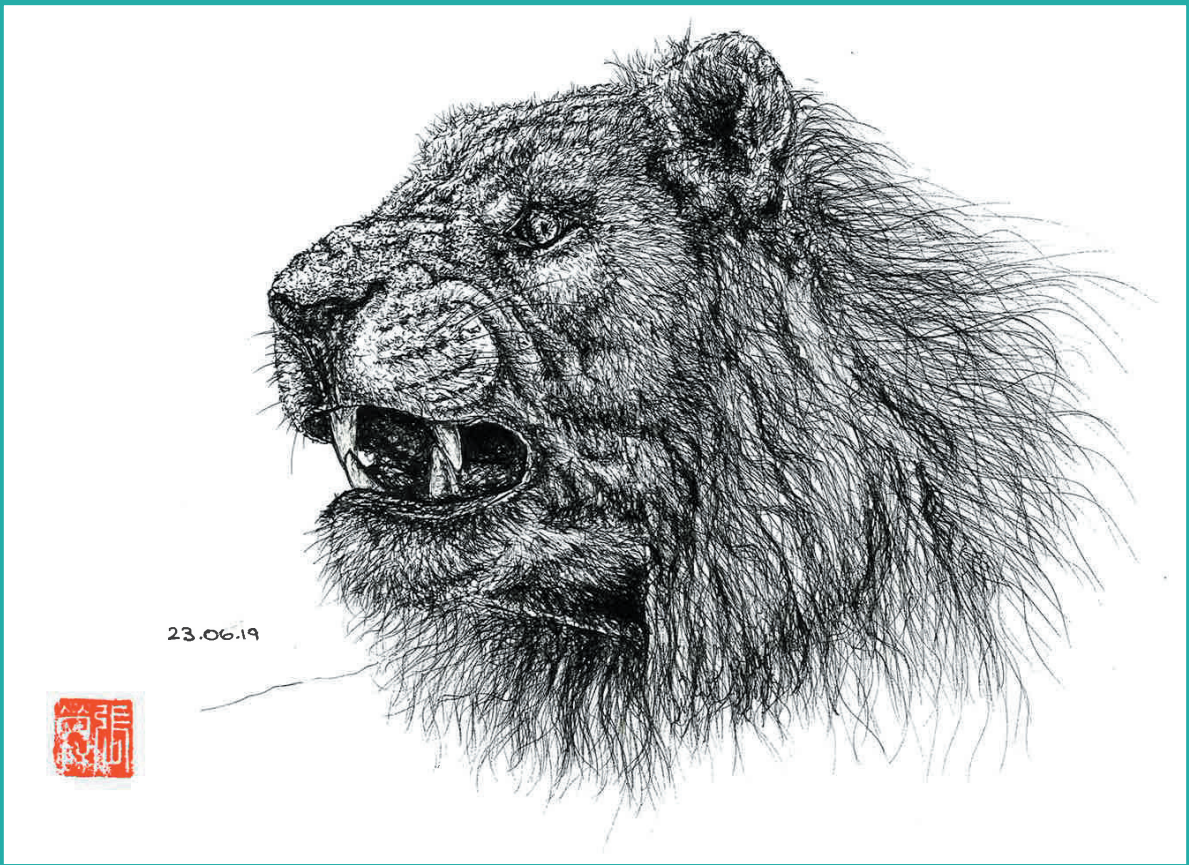
If we're really going to move forward, we need to discuss the fatigue and guilt that comes with social movements. We're having so many conversations about the bigger picture, and often hide what these movements can do to our mental health. We're often able to do little about the exhaustion of wanting to care about everything,

We can use our analytical lens of society to forgive ourselves when we just can't do it all, when we can't live up to paradigms of perfection, and be thankful that we can step away.

I never thought I'd need to protest for anything. Perhaps that was just plain ignorance, but growing up in a small country town it just wasn't a reality for me. I used to look at the black-and-white images of people striding through streets, chanting in chorus, of women burning bras, and think of how empowered and determined they looked. That was just part of history, it was so far gone.

While I admired these images, I was grateful for the distance between my life and theirs.

I realise now that I created that distance in my head.



AFRICAN LION BY RONGXUAN CHONG



BEEES BY RONGXUAN CHONG

HOW THE RED ROOSTER LINE IS MOVING

Jordan Daly

There used to be a tyre factory down the road, workers' tenements next door and a coal-fired power station across the water. Before that the land belonged to the Wangal people. Now it's shopping centres and apartments. Fair enough really - life keeps moving.

These changes of development and gentrification are typically thought of as happening in waves, especially in Sydney with its geographical (and political) constraints. Following the Second World War in the inner-ring suburbs, the first waves of change have tended to be groups who may have less to lose, like artists, LGBTQI+ people, working-class migrants and even uni students. They might be looking for cheaper housing or a shorter commute compared to established, safer suburbs. The second wave tends to consist of DINKs (childless couples) with the cash and mobility to buy their way into an area they see as desirable. For example, the suburb may have a bunch of trendy artists in it! Following them may be trendy families who tend to make noise complaints about the local pub they moved next door to. Just look at what's changed in Balmain since the Second World War¹.

It's why the "Keep Newtown Weird" or the "WestCONnex will Kill King St" campaigns are a bit laughable. King St has always been a bit of a parking lot and property prices in Newtown have never been higher. The suburb has never been richer, older or with fewer students and people working in creative industries. Compare the demographics and prices in the 2016 census to previous years. The second wave of gentrification took place a while ago in Newtown - it's only the holdouts remaining. Newtown is getting less weird every year.

¹ Check out Paul Keating's comments on "the basket-weavers of Balmain", or the declining crime rate and rapidly increasing house prices there. "Balmain: The Sydney suburb gone from bikies and brawls to strollers and serenity", *Domain*, 19 October 2017, <https://www.domain.com.au/news/balmain-the-sydney-suburb-gone-from-bikies-and-brawls-to-strollers-and-serenity-20171019-gz3re0/>.

² *CoreLogic* graciously mapped out the differences in house and apartment prices between 2014 and 2019. The difference between Metro-linked suburbs and those lacking Metro services is clear. "Mapping the Market", last updated September 2019, <https://www.corelogic.com.au/mapping-market>.

³ *Microburbs* tracks a bunch of demographics and provides extremely granular detail about land prices and the liveability of suburbs. Compare pre-2012 land prices to post-2013 land prices in Metro-linked suburbs for another example of the impact of the announcement effect. "Detailed Suburb Report for Sydney", <https://www.microburbs.com.au/NSW/Sydney/>.

The good news is that sort of change doesn't happen quickly. The better news is if you own property, it's likely to appreciate in value. The bad news is if you're a renter, you're probably out of luck. The "Have" and "Have Not" suburbs of Sydney are typically thought to be divided by the Latte Line (also called the Red Rooster Line). This line indicates a significant division of economic opportunity, house prices, commute times, health outcomes and a lot more. *Honi Soit* mapped it out in great detail in September 2017.

Honi asked what stops restaurants like Outback Steakhouse or Hog's Breath from expanding north-eastward. There's no reason why a restaurant like that would expand in that direction, and there are two key reasons why they wouldn't. It's largely down to patronage and overheads - the former is less likely to be easily gained in a higher-income suburb because there's more retail competition due to said suburb having greater disposable incomes. The latter is a reflection of higher land prices in the north-eastern suburbs which drives up rents and other costs. Things get more difficult the further into the northeast side of the line you go (not to say running a business of any size is easy anywhere, just that things are more competitive and expensive further to the right of the latte line).

Where can the line be expected to move in the future? The historic trend has shown the Latte Line is gradually moving southwest rather than northeast and the lines *Honi* mapped out are most clearly divided throughout the Canterbury-Bankstown, St George and Inner West Council regions. A better question is what moves the line.

Government announcements (let alone policies) can influence property values and the opportunities available in a suburb. To see it in action, compare the sale prices of the properties listed before and after the completion of the Northwest Metro². Much like other forms of investment, property speculation is often based on announcements and "getting in first" (it doesn't really matter whether the infrastructure actually physically exists)³. Other government actions like selling off public housing, improving public transport (like trams)⁴ or changes to zoning laws (such as the recent announcement of a new cultural precinct in Alexandria) can also dramatically improve property values. Stamp duty makes up around 10% of the state government's revenue⁵, so the government has an incentive to keep property prices high and the velocity of property sales high.

An example of the opposite is the government policy of "redlining" in the US and Canada, where commercial zoning, government services and often financial services are systematically denied to a given area, often on the basis of race⁶. Property prices increasing may appeal to property investors but that may not be ideal for renters or long-term residents.

Beyond government policy or property prices, economic opportunities usually precede or at least indicate gentrification. My personal metric for the vanguard of the Red Rooster Line is "BBC" (small Bars, Bubble tea, and Candle and gift shops). With the exception of places like Uncle Kurt's in Parramatta, small bars basically end at Dulwich Hill. I'd say that's where the trendy part of the Inner West ends. However, what extends past the small bars is bubble tea. A clear example of this is the 45° angle formed by Gongcha stores in the aforementioned council areas. Small bars and bubble tea shops indicate greater disposable income – people struggling to get by don't spend their money on boutique beers, candles or gifts⁷, and a fair chunk of these outlets haven't existed for longer than a decade or two. The movement of the Latte Line may be slow but it is inexorable.

Jordan Daly is thinking about buying a flat in Canterbury

⁴ A prime example of this is the trend in Millers Point and Surry Hills, although both of these suburbs were expensive before the public housing was sold off and the light rail was built. Compare the price trends on these suburbs to the NSW median on *Microburbs*.

⁵ NSW State Government Budget 2018-9, Chapter 5: Revenue, https://www.budget.nsw.gov.au/sites/default/files/budget-2018-06/5_Revenue-BP1-Budget_201819.pdf.

⁶ Kevin M Kruse, *White Flight: Atlanta and the Making of Modern Conservatism* (Princeton University Press, 2007). This book speaks extensively on redlining. The front cover has WHITE FLIGHT and a Confederate flag on the front, and on an unrelated note, I have never received more dirty looks than when I read it at Westmead Hospital.

⁷ As an example, the furthest southwest you can find a 'Mr and Mrs Jones' store is in Rosebery.

EYE SPY:

A look into transport mobility for people who are blind

Atia Fatimah

Many of us fight our own daily battles and go over our personal Everest. For many of us it's the age-old crusade against the torturous Transport NSW. For 575,000 Australians living with visual impairment, this is their reality.

I had the pleasure of interviewing five young adults who are visually impaired, Emily, Steven, Michael, Adriana and Rebecca, to shed some light on what it's like to navigate public transport with blindness.

In five words, how would you describe your experience on public transport?

Emily described her experience as “helpful, supportive, accommodating, accessible and comfortable,” while Steven said that it was, “alright, can be difficult sometimes.” Adriana expressed her time on Transport NSW as, “interesting, short, sometimes tedious” and perhaps most interestingly of all, “freeing.” According to Rebecca it's quite “unpredictable,” and “changes every day.”

When do you think, if ever, you became comfortable travelling independently?

Independent travel can be a daunting experience for anyone. Bus numbers, station names, knowing which side of the road to stand on and the all-too-frequent delays that can cripple your commute. Like many others, Emily describes being truly comfortable as knowing “exactly where to go, what trains and buses to take and if there have been any changes to the bus time.” For Adriana, navigating unfamiliar terrain was a devilish quest that “took longer to be comfortable with.”

What is the most interesting incident that you experienced on a public transport commute?

We can all agree that public transport is an adventure and a half on a boring day. Steven said, “nothing really happens to me. I just put my headphones in and zone out.” Emily, on the other hand, describes a day where she had to “help another visually impaired person travel on the train.” For her, “it was a new experience,” and “having to help them board the train and telling them where we are along the commute was definitely memorable.”

Michael laughed and said that the most interesting part of all his commutes has always been “trying to find the door!”

Adriana had this rather hellish encounter. “A guy came up to me and saw my cane, started talking to me about how he can't see either (he was sighted as far as I could

tell) and then told me he was Satan and started talking about his life using plot points from the Netflix show *Lucifer*. Then he started hitting on me and asked for my number. He had blood on his shirt and hands...”

On the other end of the spectrum, Rebecca recalls a time when, “A man on the bus once tried to convince me to come to his church so they could pray for me to be healed. I declined but had to sit next to him for the next 10 minutes, which was rather awkward.”

Have you ever gotten lost? If so, can you describe that experience and the process of re-navigating?

While ‘getting lost to be found’ is palatable in fiction, in reality it's much more nerve-wracking. Often it's as simple as the time Michael “caught the wrong bus to go home, got off at the next stop and waited for the next bus to go back.”

And of course, at the heart of every misadventure, there's the unreliability of technology. Emily said, “I always get lost when I can't tell on the map what side of the road I'm on due to Apple Maps glitches. I usually panic for like five minutes, ask someone where I am, or I find a landmark on the map.”

What do you like about Sydney's public transport?

Let's start with the good stuff first; there's a general consensus that “Staff are friendly and the platform announcer is loud so I can hear if I'm on the right platform. NSW transport is very accommodating, very accessible and most staff are very helpful. The workers are super, super helpful!! They always ask me if I need assistance if I look lost.”

What do you dislike about Sydney's public transport?

Now on to the not so nice stuff: “Some of the notification boards are quite hard to read at some stations, even at close range. Also, some trains at the platform are a little bit away from the platform and it can be a little

awkward to get on. The gap between the train and the platform is definitely an issue. I dislike not being able to read bus and train timetables, I dislike that some trains and buses don't come often enough, and that it can take me almost an hour to get to places that are five minutes drive away from my house because transport in that direction is inadequate or doesn't exist."

Could you please describe what your ideal transport would look like? What features or accommodations it would have?

While Maglev trains and UberCopters would be great, our interviewees have some more practical requests. Steven, Michael and Adriana agree that "buses and trains that can conveniently go almost anywhere and not have 30-40 minute wait times if you miss a train or bus by the skin of your teeth." Emily expresses her desires for a better transport system; "I would like all notification boards to be a bigger size at most if not all stations, as well as the train to be level with the platform since it can be difficult to get on a train that is a little bit away from the platform. Also, no gaps between all trains, announcements around public bus areas, and more frequent services all round."

Is there something you'd wish people knew about the experience of people who are blind on public transport or in general?

"As citizens and fellow human beings, we should all learn, respect and listen to what people who are blind have to say, especially when it comes to how we think we're assisting them."

– Michael

"Even if people are not blind but have a visual impairment and do not have a cane or even if they do, assist people when boarding – I've had times before where boarding trains was a little difficult. Priority seating should be given to visually impaired or blind people."

– Steven

"Please do not grab us while we are hopping on or off public transport unless we ask for assistance and even then, let us grab you – it's much safer for me and you."

– Emily

"Don't assume I can't see anything at all! I am a cane user but I'm also wearing regular glasses at the same time indoors. Touching me to guide me when I've said I'm okay, helping me off the train when I don't need it and almost making me fall over doesn't help and it's scary! Know boundaries. If I'm running to a train just like any other abled person, stop staring at me! I know it looks strange! Doesn't mean I can't see it at all or that someone won't point out the fact you're staring at me or pointing at me and making comments; keep your shitty behaviour to yourself in a public space!"

– Adriana

Dear abled folk, it's 2020. Let's all practice some general human kindness and courtesy in the long, endless commute that is life.



DIASPORA DIARIES: MY JOURNEY WITH DEPRESSION
CJ Tulong

"Why is your luggage so heavy? What's in it?"

"Depression."

I wish I was joking when I said it. Unfortunately, depression has been a part of my "Things I can't Leave ANY Country without" list in the past three years. *How come I was unaware of this immense baggage? Why didn't I leave it before any of my trips?*

APRIL 2018

The virtual schoolbag. A concept illustrating how students bring their prior knowledge and values that were instilled prior to their school years. I always viewed myself as hauling a virtual luggage as opposed to a schoolbag. Can there be a case where a student would need extra help in unpacking *their own baggage*? Yes, and mine was one of them, except I was conditioned to only take help from family members, good friends and God. Therapists and psychiatrists? I didn't know them. However, my trip to the new mental health centre was a wakeup call to the fact that I required additional assistance to unload this baggage of depression and cultural stigma. When I was introduced to the new psychiatrist and a case manager, it was a daunting experience.

APRIL 2019

I was able to travel with a slightly lighter load after being in the mental health centre for a year, because I exchanged a part of my depression with new things in my virtual luggage: mindfulness and coping mechanisms. Upon my return to Sydney, I was faced with an option to incorporate a new addition to my "Depression Repellent Travel Kit" - antidepressants. Sadly, I despised it with a burning passion. I pushed away the idea of going on medication for months, up to a point where my psychiatrists were asking, "Why are you hesitant about antidepressants?". They were certain that there had to be other reasons apart from physical side effects. As a result, my case manager and I were on a quest to solve the mystery behind my fear.

It was in one of my sessions where we discussed pros and cons of not going on antidepressants. I began rattling off several pros that popped in my mind:

Cost-efficient? Yes.

No drama with airport security? Absolutely!

No fear of taking medication behind my family's back? Definitely!

"Okay, what would be the con of *not* being on medication?" my case manager asked.

"I can't afford to relapse again."

It may seem there are more pros than cons in theory, but "relapse" was a magic word that triumphs. I finally came clean about my internal guilt. In addition, I was guilty of adding more baggage in the form of anger that stemmed from frustration on why antidepressants are looked down upon in my community. As someone who grew up in a conservative Indonesian

Christian background, mental illness was treated as an untouchable subject. I had to hide my journey with depression because mental illness wasn't taken seriously. It was seen as a person's lack of faith or a failure to live up to the expectation of being a 'good Christian'. This was the internalised guilt that I carried.

Therapy was my solace and a safe space to unload the guilt. My session was a stepping stone into renewing my understanding of mental health. Before I could do that, I had to discard my internalised shame and guilt. This included reframing my perspective on antidepressants. I began to wonder why antidepressants were antagonised in my background. If an optometrist gave me a prescription for glasses, no one would bat an eye. Sadly, I would receive backlash if I was on antidepressants. For my scenario, I need both antidepressants and glasses to help me function in daily life. Could I function without glasses? I would be able to see things in general, *but* I would have to force myself by squinting if I wanted to enjoy scenery or read distant objects. Similarly, I could function without antidepressants, *however*, it comes at a cost of extra effort to do activities that I would normally enjoy or even doing crucial tasks. *Why would society frown upon one scenario but not the other?*

JANUARY 2020

I was discharged from my mental health centre in December 2019, a few days shy of my return to Jakarta. I was scared when I carried antidepressants to Indonesia since a part of me still felt like I was concealing contraband, despite the fact my psychiatrist already gave me a statement letter in case I got pulled over by customs. Technically speaking... it should be fine if my medication comes with its original prescription, right? But my trip back home was riddled with 'what if's and scenarios to avoid conflict if a family member saw my antidepressants. In that moment, my psychiatrist's words came to mind:

"You have the right to choose between disclosing or hiding your mental health journey from your family members. If you choose the latter, please remember that 'no' is still an answer. You have the right to seek help when needed. It's part of learning how to be an independent adult."

This April marks two mental health milestones: two years of being treated in my mental health centre and a year of having Lexapro as my travel companion. If it wasn't for these two events, I couldn't imagine carrying the tremendous weight of depression during any of my trips. But it's still lighter than when I was admitted almost two years ago. What's in my bag this time? It's significantly lighter thanks to a year and a half of unloading and discarding cultural stigma of mental illness. I now have heaps of space to pack new things for my postgraduate journey: courage, resilience, self-compassion, boundaries, advocacy skills, and loving

and supportive relationships.

For the first time in three years, I am able to travel lightly.

THE NEW TRUTH ABOUT ACTIVISM:

Protests and Movements in the Digital Age

Rida Babar

There have been countless ‘movements’ in history that have shaped the world we know today. Take the suffragettes, or civil rights activists as examples. Nowadays, there’s no denying that in the 21st century, technologically literate young people have no limitation to media platforms with which to spark a movement. The school strike for climate was a recent example of the newer generation taking control. However, such access to a platform comes with limitations. With access to global content and sharing comes the perverse, almost guaranteed idea that anything can be a movement.

Memes and TikTok exist simultaneously beside the world of online activism, to the point where they are often mistakenly intertwined. That a single tweet or video is the be all and end all of activism can mean that the very soul of 'movement' and 'activism' is losing its meaning. Changing profile pictures to red in honour of the Sudanese Crisis is undoubtedly raising awareness and is an amazing example of a collective voice advocating for a mutual cause, but eventually all the profile pictures change to something else, the 'trend' is over, and the crisis forgotten. Is this activism? Activism, by definition, is a continual fight for what a group or individual believes in, and it does not end until the cause is satisfied. In this sense, technology is harmful to the essence of activism. There is a clear difference between 'passion' and 'clout', and this needs to be realised in order for our generation to be taken seriously by the rest of the world.

In no way is my aim to detract from the great things technology has done for activism in the 21st century. My goal is only to explore the other side of this dynamic. The role of Greta Thunberg in using only 'formal', more 'serious' platforms to gain attention for her cause has allowed her to gain immense media coverage worldwide, speaking at forums, while garnering ridicule from the likes of Donald Trump and other young people turning her into a meme. Does this mean that our generation is doomed to suffer ridicule no matter how we go about displaying our cause? Is this WHY we use humour, because we know there is no winning with us?

Is humour actually effective in some cases, as shown by the uproar from middle-aged politicians so offended by 'Ok Boomer' that they title it a 'slur'?

I explored these questions while speaking to a few current UNSW students during O-Week. I found that many are unsure of how to respond 'correctly' to current issues, indicating that there is a clear gap in today's youth who don't really know their place in the political climate. This could be as a result of political leaders underestimating us as 'children' who don't know any better. One student whom I spoke to, who preferred to remain anonymous, said "I joke about Scott Morrison because he left the country when we needed him...that's the only way I can really express my anger about him in a way that a lot of people can relate to and get in on", on the topic of the Prime Minister's holiday in Hawaii during December 2019, at the peak of the bushfires. On the whole, I discovered that students aren't often comfortable speaking on politics, but can make jokes as a way of commenting on serious issues, while also remaining somewhat impartial. The belittling of younger generations in not being 'mature' or 'wise' enough to contribute in political discussions has riddled them of their confidence in expressing their views seriously on such issues.

So, does this mean that our generation is in for a lifetime of beating around the bush and deflecting away from serious statements on activism? Definitely not. Quoted from a conversation I had with another student, "Activism is effective if it reaches an audience and raises awareness, as long as it doesn't disrespect or show the impact of an issue as smaller than it really is."

Perhaps memes and humour are new, powerful tools for generating response on a larger scales, and they need to be accepted. Although unconventional, my conversations with UNSW students at O-Week have proven that the very thing which our generation has been deemed 'immature' for has been reclaimed and is being used as a tool for activism and integrating students like you and I into the political climate of today.

LEGALISING DRUGS: SHOULD WE FOLLOW THE AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY?

Isabella Mello

In September 2019, the Australian Capital Territory became the first Australian jurisdiction to legalise cannabis – but not exactly. Even though from 31 January 2020 it became possible for people over 18 years old and in the ACT to possess cannabis and grow cannabis plants at home, Commonwealth laws are still applicable. Thus, as a matter of federal law it still is illegal to possess or cultivate cannabis. Due to the uncertainty of conflicting laws, it might be too soon to celebrate the advance¹. In spite of this confusing reality, the bill has brought to light important discussions on whether Australian states should follow the Capital Territory's lead. The answer is simple: yes. History explains why.

On 17 July 1971, the President of the United States Richard Nixon declared the so-called 'war on drugs'. Now, almost 50 years later, the levels of addiction, trafficking, violence and imprisonment continue to rise². So why do governments all over the world keep on fighting a long-lost battle? There is only one possible explanation: there is not, nor has there ever been, an actual war on drugs.

Long before Nixon proclaimed drug abuse 'public enemy number one', the prohibition of drugs was already an issue. One of its catalysts dates back to the mid-1800s, when thousands of Chinese labourers helped build the Central Pacific Railroad, linking America from east to west for the first time in history. As soon as its construction was completed, however, the thousands of now-unemployed Chinese began to be seen as a threat to white Americans' jobs and habits³. Donald Trump wasn't the first to introduce the "immigrants are stealing our jobs" platform.

This sentiment produced the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, responsible for barring Chinese people from entering the United States and placing restrictions on those already there. Alongside the first immigration law to exclude an entire ethnic group, in order to promote the "America for Americans" agenda, the next step was to attack not Chinese people per se, but rather their cultural habits. One of them was the practice of opium smoking, and newspapers

¹ White, Daniella. 2019. Cannabis legalised in ACT. September 25. Accessed February 14, 2020. <https://www.smh.com.au/national/act/cannabis-legalised-in-act-20190925-p52uxf.html>.

² Vulliamy, Ed. 2011. Nixon's 'war on drugs' began 40 years ago, and the battle is still raging. July 24. Accessed February 14, 2020. <https://www.theguardian.com/society/2011/jul/24/war-on-drugs-40-years>.

³ Hsu, Irene. 2018. The Echoes of Chinese Exclusion. June 28. Accessed February 13, 2020. <https://newrepublic.com/article/149437/echoes-chinese-exclusion>.

readily associated the substance with the destruction of American youth and morality (Hari 2019).

This successful method of negatively associating an unwanted group of people with some kind of drug as a means to remove both of them from society was officialised by the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act of 1914, where cannabis became the next target. This time, it was told that Mexican immigrants and African-Americans, while under the influence of marijuana, would go insane or even kill people. Curiously, white addicts weren't treated the same way. Instead of being incarcerated or killed, they received proper help to cure their addiction⁴.

Nowadays, the rhetoric is quite different, of course. It is not "ok" anymore to be openly racist and xenophobic as it was in the 1910s. The arguments heard today all over the world are about how drugs are bad for our kids and teenagers, and how it can lead to a dangerous path of addiction, violence, crime and death

and immorality. But they weren't the only target: numerous bills introduced throughout the 19th century contained specific restrictions on opium sale to indigenous Australians, whose level of illicit drug use was more than twice the level of the general Australian population⁵. This pattern of racism and xenophobia repeated itself around the globe.

Nowadays, the rhetoric is quite different, of course. It is not "ok" anymore to be openly racist and xenophobic as it was in the 1910s. The arguments heard today all over the world are about how drugs are bad for our kids and teenagers, and how it can lead to a dangerous path of addiction, violence, crime and death. However, total global opium production jumped by 65% from 2016 to 2017 and the global number of cannabis users continues to rise every year⁶. In Australia, drug dealing is the most commonly reported crime, and the first decrease in illicit drug offences since 2010 occurred mainly because lower-level offences, such as minor drug possession, were diverted away from the court process⁷. In other words, the decrease was in the attention given to drug offences by the legal system, and not necessarily in the consumption of drugs itself. So how come the war against drugs is more drastically lost every year?

Again, this constant defeat happens because there is no actual war on drugs, and it was never about how much the government cares about people's health, but about power, control and exclusion. In fact, studies show that, among 20 other legal and illegal drugs, alcohol is the most harmful one. Not cocaine. Not marijuana. Not heroin⁸. Moreover, research shows that prohibition and prosecution can be even more

harmful than drug use itself – and that's exactly why the legalisation of drugs is important⁹.

In the same way with alcoholism, drug addiction should be addressed through medical support to those affected, not by locking them up. In Australia, where cannabis is the most used drug, 92% of national arrests were consumer-related between 2017-2018¹⁰. Thousands of people are being incarcerated because of the herb and already overcrowded prisons are becoming even more populous, worsening inhumane conditions, inadequate mental health services and lack of rehabilitative services. The recent cannabis legalisation in the ACT was, indeed, an advance, but shouldn't exactly serve as an example.

Under the cannabis laws people can grow cannabis plants, but they can't buy seeds, since commercialisation isn't permitted; people are free to possess up to 50 grams of dried cannabis, but possession is still illegal under Commonwealth laws¹¹. Since federal and ACT laws are still in conflict, it's not possible to consider the legalisation a huge victory yet. Even though it is exciting to see that such a progressive bill has passed, the territory's residents need to be careful. While the intention of legalising cannabis is positive, implementing this new legislation still seems to be problematic. In other words, the legalisation was more symbolic than practical, because more attention was given to what should be done than to how it should be done.

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However, its symbolism is still important; it's a way of recognising that current drug policy is far from effective, and it might open doors to more logical and precise legalisation not only of cannabis but of other drugs too. For now, people living in the ACT should be careful and not act as if it was completely safe to possess or cultivate cannabis at home. The best we can do is keep on fighting for a more thoughtful and efficient drug policy.

4 Hari, Johann. 2019. "The Black Hand." In *Chasing the Scream: The Search for the Truth About Addiction*, by Johann Hari, 7-32. London: Bloomsbury.

5 Hamilton, Margaret. 2001. "Drug Policy in Australia: Our Own?" In *Drug War American Style: The Internationalization of Failed Policy and its Alternatives*, by Jurg Gerber and Eric L. Jensen, 100-103. New York and London: Garland Publishing.

6 United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime. 2018. *World Drug Report 2018*. Vienna: United Nations.

7 Australian Institute of Health and Welfare. 2020. *Alcohol, tobacco & other drugs in Australia*. January 21. Accessed February 13, 2020. <https://www.aihw.gov.au/reports/alcohol/alcohol-tobacco-other-drugs-australia/contents/priority-populations/people-in-contact-with-the-criminal-justice-system>.

8 Nutt, David J, A Leslie King, and D Lawrence Philips. 2010. "Drug harms in the UK: a multicriteria decision analysis." *The Lancet* 1558-1565.

9 Lenton, Simon, Rachel Humeniuk, Penny Heale, and Paul Christie. 2000. "Infringement versus conviction: the social impact of a minor cannabis offence in South Australia and Western Australia." *Drug and Alcohol Review*, September: 257-264.

10 Australian Criminal Intelligence Commission. 2019. *Illicit Drug Data Report*. Canberra: Commonwealth of Australia.

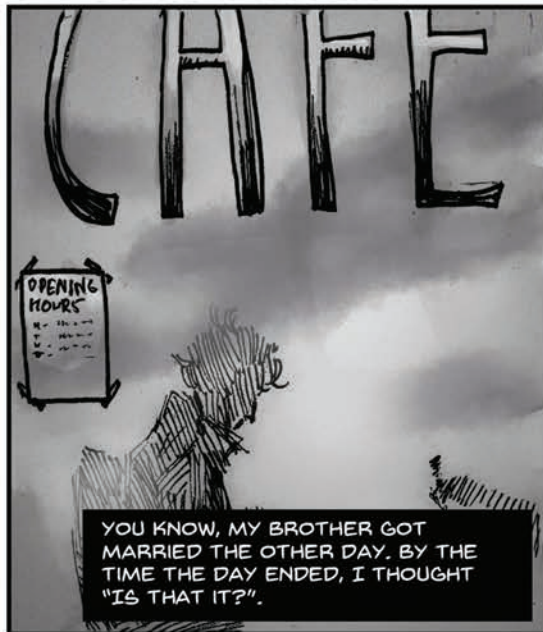
11 ACT Parliamentary Counsel, "Drugs of Dependence (Personal Cannabis Use) Amendment Act 2019," Pub. L. No. A2019-34 (2019), <https://www.legislation.act.gov.au/View/a/2019-34/20200131-72388/PDF/2019-34.PDF>.

RECURRENCE

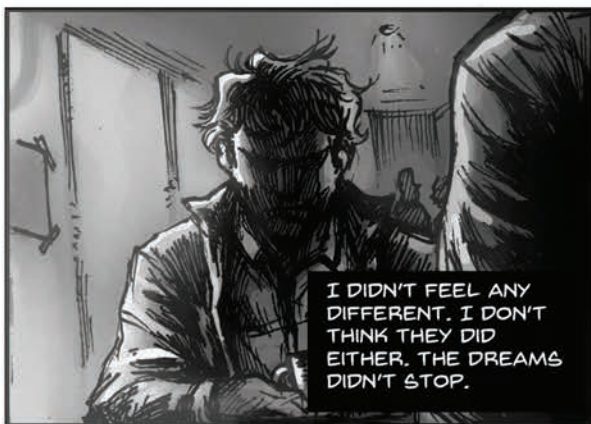
BY ADITYA PATIL

I'VE BEEN HAVING THESE... DREAMS, LATELY. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'D CALL THEM DREAMS.

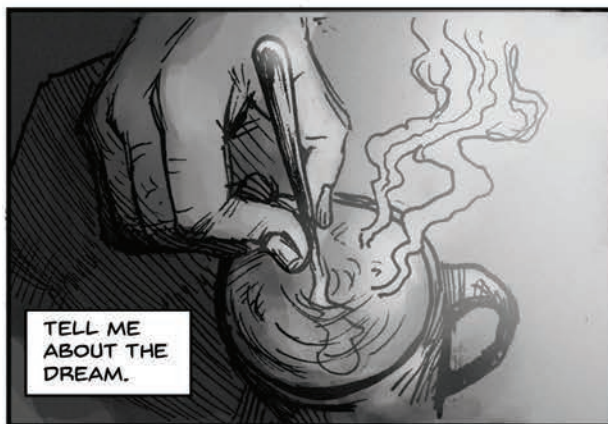
IT'S JUST ME - AT MY JOB. BUT IT NEVER ENDS. I NEVER RUN OUT OF CARGO TO THROW ON THE TRUCK.



YOU KNOW, MY BROTHER GOT MARRIED THE OTHER DAY. BY THE TIME THE DAY ENDED, I THOUGHT "IS THAT IT?"



I DIDN'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT. I DON'T THINK THEY DID EITHER. THE DREAMS DIDN'T STOP.



TELL ME ABOUT THE DREAM.



WHAT'S THERE TO TELL?



I GRAB A BAG OF FLOUR. THROW IT ON THE TRUCK.

THEN AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN.





YOU KNOW, THAT DREAM REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING. YOU EVER HEARD THE TALE OF SISYPHUS?



NO?

SISYPHUS WAS A GRECIAN KING, CURSED BY THE GODS TO ROLL A BOULDER UP A HILL FOREV-

SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THIS MEANS I'LL BE STUCK IN THE SAME DAMN ROUTINE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE?

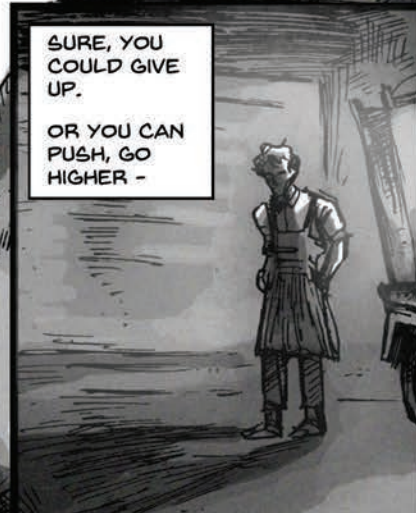


NO, NO, NO. LET ME FINISH. NOW, HE'D DO THIS EVERY DAY. EVERY DAY FOR ETERNITY. BUT EACH TIME HE HAD TO DO IT -

NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRIED TO GET IT TO THE TOP, IT WOULD GO DOWN. BUT HE WOULD WALK DOWN, SMILING.



YOU AND I? WE'RE DOING THE SAME THING. EXCEPT OUR BOULDERS AREN'T NECESSARILY PUNISHMENT.



SURE, YOU COULD GIVE UP.

OR YOU CAN PUSH, GO HIGHER -



- SO YOU CAN GO DOWN, SMILING. MAKE A DIFFERENCE.



WHAT WILL YOU DO?



END.

MEMOIRS OF AN EXPAT CHILDHOOD

ANOUSHKA ANUPINDI

"Where are you from?", I was once asked by a classmate in the first year of my degree in International Studies. This question always evokes a sigh. Not of anger, but of tiredness. Of knowing that the answer is not simple or short. I said, "I am Australian, I grew up in Sydney. My parents are Indian. But I was born in Dubai." I added the last part, as if it were a small detail. "So you're from Dubai, then?" This struck a nerve for me. "No", I said. "I guess I'd call myself Australian, or Indian". The girl didn't seem convinced, furrowing her eyebrows and letting her disbelief hang in the air in stilted silence.

The interaction made me reflect on my identity for the first time in a long time. Afterwards, I tried to find a simpler answer for the inevitable next time I was asked this question. I found that I couldn't. It was true. I was born in Dubai, a 40-degree city in the UAE. A small, chubby, pale baby clad in cotton Osh-Kosh onesies, I toddler around our white-tiled complex. My bare feet slapped the tiles warmed by the dusty heat, while I clutched the brown couch for support. I remember close to nothing about those days, save a few memories stitched together by old home videos I would re-watch later.

When I moved to Sydney in 2004, aged 5, my collection of socks rapidly grew as I adapted to the marble floors of Sydney. To a gulf-born baby, Australian winter was cold. My hair was curly and black, my cheeks pale and chubby. I was frequently swallowed by an itchy, oversized tangerine coat passed down from my older brother, so that my silhouette consisted only of two, unruly pigtails fountaining from the sides of my head.

That year, my family and I squeezed into my uncle's house in Wahroonga, while I attended a small primary school surrounded by the green, leafy Kuring-gai bushland. I don't remember much from 2004, only a few small vignettes, obscured by time and doubt: my favourite patchwork leather backpack shaped like a shoe, and spending my mornings silently perched on the wooden staircase of my auntie's house watching my family prepare breakfast. In the winter, the crisp Sydney air was swallowed by sun rays, where I would bask in patches of sun. Our house was cradled at the bottom of a tall hill, where I would chat with the children on the street, swing on the rubber swing sets across the street, topple down the staticky red plastic slide, and buy Zombie chews with dug-up fifty cent coins.

To this day, I can hardly pick out any faults with this existence. Still, I view these years through the rose-tinted glasses of an innocent seven-year old.

When I was 9 years old, I was told we would be moving back to Dubai indefinitely. I remember picturing the long plane trip, new school, and crisp new apartment. For other 9-year-olds, this was a scary thought, but for me, it seemed like a new beginning.

Round 2: Downtown Dubai. We lived on the 29th floor of a skyscraper, looking over the then-Burj Dubai, now Burj Khalifa. The tallest building in the world, there were rumours that people saw it swaying in the wind. The building was long and slender, like a twig that could be snapped, minutes from toppling over and hitting the ground. From the dusty air of Dubai, Sydney seemed like a distant memory.

At my new school, I made one friend, a short-haired Indian girl constantly tiptoeing from best friend to best friend. At my international school, each student was profiled by where they had come from, and where they would eventually return in some two or three years. Emma was Dutch, Sneha was Indian, and I was Australian.

My given identity at school kept my vision of Sydney alive. They told me I was Australian, so I believed them. I would remember fondly the warm Sydney sun, the soft grass, the rustling trees and the way that they hummed through the mesh of my window screen.

It was only when I returned to Sydney to start high school in 2011, that I truly believed that Australia was my home. Sydney was hot, but its heat had a fullness, a wholeness to it. Dubai's heat was dry and empty, usually buffered by whirring air conditioning in every indoor area. As high school started, my garbled accent rounded itself into a soft Australian one, my curly hair flattened by a straightener, my teeth crammed into metallic blue braces. I let myself fall back into the comfort of Australian society and forgot about those Dubai days quickly and unknowingly.

To the girl who asked that question: I'm not quite sure how I would label myself. By most definitions of the term, I am Australian. Dig deeper, and I am Indian. Examine my past, and I am from the UAE. But then, ask my Australian friends: some will tell you I am not

really Australian. Ask my 'best friend' from Dubai: she will tell you I am not really from Dubai. Ask my distant relative from Hyderabad: he will tell you I am not really Indian. Many of my peers can answer this question in an instant, and I used to envy them. But as I now step into adulthood, I realise that my cultural identity is not a simple answer to an intrusive question, but a complex part of who I am, developed over 21 years of living a cross-cultural, international life.

And I hope that the next time I am asked that question, I won't have to sigh at all, because I know that there is no single word I can use to describe myself, and I'm not afraid to give a long answer.

ME, MISHA, MY MOTHER, AND RUSSIA

By Liana Charles

When I came down the stairs of our mid-range Beijing hotel and saw Misha (slender, very Slavic, with eyes like an Arctic fox and a horrible mop of feathered blond hair), I instantly fell in love. Six months after high school and one month after my 18th birthday, I was wrestling with the new concept that I had a personality, and was desperate to see if others thought so too. After a dreary few years, now life seemed to be starting. I was ready to see grand narratives in everything, and especially here, at the beginning of a month on a train from Beijing all the way north to St. Petersburg, this gangly Russian man seemed custom-made for my dream romance.

There were two main barriers: the tour group we were on also included my mother, and Misha, despite being only twenty-two, was the tour guide. He introduced himself as Mikhail ('but you can call me Mike'), the Russian accent very subtle. I could feel my mother looking at me as I looked at him, me pretending she didn't know what I was thinking.

In Beijing, he took a backseat to the local guides. It was hot, humid, and in the name of modesty I was wearing knee-length jean shorts. With my sex appeal at an all-time low, my debut as a romance heroine was not going well.

On our first leg of the Trans-Mongolian Express, the patient rhythm of the train wound us through valleys between deep green mountains, Beijing's smog forgotten as we drank soup from one mug and tea from another. Mum, of course, was helping people get to know each other, setting up card games and talking to anyone who was left out. I stared out the window and tried to think of metaphors.

At midnight on the border with Mongolia the gauge of the train tracks changed, so in a huge shed the whole train was lifted, wheels separated from carriages, new width of wheels re-attached. As we hovered in the bright empty hall I poked my head out one window for Misha to take a photo of me from

another. "Pretty," he murmured, maybe surprised.

The next day saw flashes of the Gobi, distant camels, and me pretending to enjoy War and Peace. We stopped in Ulaanbaatar and drove slowly to a little tourist camp in the mountains. The giant snooker table in the main lodge was warped with as many peaks and troughs as the land outside, so the locals demolished us, sending curving trick shots along the bowed table. Misha got angrier at every miss, cursing in Russian. "How passionate," I sighed. Mum rolled her eyes.

Current me rolls her eyes, too.

We took the low, slow way to the temple in the neighbouring valley, hundreds of stone steps up to strips of red and yellow against the green. At the mountain crest, I picked wildflowers and stuck them in my hair, willing him to notice me.

Mum did. "You look beautiful, darling."

At the border with Russia, Mum and I climbed a hill to have lunch overlooking the small town. "It's desolate," she said. Behind us the cemetery bloomed with a million fresh flowers. When one of the Americans called him Mikey I asked why he didn't insist on Mikhail. "My friends actually call me the Russian nickname - Misha."

"So should I call you Misha?"

'Are you my friend?' He smiled slyly at me. I think he knew what I wanted. I didn't.

After Yekaterinburg, before dusk, the forests outside looked like where all fairy tales began. I stood with Misha, drinking tea with lemon, as he told me some Russian ones. "So if we are friends then, Liana, we should know one another. You have a favourite book?" I said Siddhartha and launched into a little thesis on it, while he smiled more and more. Eventually he said,

"This book... it is also my favourite book. Well." A pause. "What do we do now?" I saw cosmic gridlines intersecting us. We went to his cabin, poured some vodka, started talking, when my mother knocked and pulled me outside.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing." She knew exactly what I was doing.

After this we turned every excuse into a chance to talk alone, about books and philosophy and music and everything that seemed very important to talk about, that seemed very important for him to tell me about when I had the wrong opinion. I started writing a long poem about being on the brink of life, full of bird metaphors. In Moscow, Mum and I decided to spend the day apart; I took

photos of everything so I could show her later.

Our final evening in Moscow, the group was about to head home when Misha announced he was thinking of checking out a jazz bar, not big enough for everyone. I was first volunteer, a young American second, my mother third. Unthinkingly, I glared at her. "Unless you don't want me there?"

"Of course I do!" I didn't.

"Well, actually I'm too tired. Can I speak to you for a moment, darling?" She pulled me aside and with a firm grip on my arm hiss-whispered, "Don't hit on the tour guide!"

"What! Mum I-"

"Don't." Then with a perfect smile and enjoy-your-evening, she left.

At the jazz bar, I remembered I didn't like jazz. Close to midnight I was alone with Misha in the hotel corridor for a minute; after he closed his door I picked up my foot to walk towards him but, of course, did not. Boarding the final train we were frantically discussing Radiohead until Mum's head popped out to tell us to go to bed. I pulled a face at Misha, to which he shook his head. 'I think your mother's wonderful. Truly. You would be lucky to be like her someday.' A message from the future, which I did not yet have the technology to decipher.

Finally, in St Petersburg, the white city of endless pale sun, we ended. Misha was officially leaving us at lunch, which was when I slipped him a note. The force that through the green fuse drives the flower, handwritten, plus my address. I knew, though, that he was coming back to our hotel that night. At 9pm I told Mum I was going to read War and Peace in the lobby. "Don't do it. You'll regret it." He came in at 11, maybe tipsy, smiled when he saw me.

"Oh Liana. I'm sorry." Hugged me and kissed the air near my forehead, then was gone. Back in my twin room I went to the bathroom, and cried bitterly. The next night Mum got us very drunk on very bad vodka. In the shadow of that hangover I realised, simply, that I had been cruel to the kindest person in the world.

I started this laughing at my past dreamy self, my big-hearted naivety, and then realised that just Monday I left another handwritten love note for a boy in New York, though at least I could kiss this one goodbye. That story will have to wait, until a few year's hindsight makes my present blues just another travel story.

365 DAYS OF FIREWORKS

RUBANA ISLAM

I am
blazing
smoking
choking
Now do you feel the heat?
I sent you a message
in the howling of the wind
Listen, please?

It pained me when you seared
through my mantle
emptied me to my core
To fuel your desires
Hoard more than ever could fit
in that abode of yours
I gasped for breath as the plastic bags wrapped
around my head
For mercy I begged.

Unabashed you
took up a million candles
colored the sky bright
dazzling
crackling
celebrating
a new dawn, as I writhed.
Your mirth in the night jeered
through my veins
Gave birth of a wrath
uncontrolled, beyond your restraint and mine.

Now I burn, ruthless
through forests and homes
ravaging
savaging
scourging
Reckless you, and your haughtiness
But my koalas and kangaroos
pay the price.

Pitiless and cruel you may
imagine me
All I really wanted was for you to care
to love me in my skin.
What will it take for you to stop
looting and corrupting
my being?

I am
blazing
smoking
choking
Now will you listen? Now do you feel?

LOW-TECH LECTURERS

NISHANT PANDAV

Walking on the side of Oxford Street, I noticed Steve, our Sustainability course lecturer, sipping on Amazonia Acai Juice™ while scrolling on his mobile. For a moment he lifted his head and I took the opportunity to wave at him. He didn't seem to notice and resumed scrolling. He put down his juice and started typing furiously. The lecture was supposed to start anytime now, but I let him be and walked into the lecture theatre.

He came in with his laptop in his hand and a couple of books in the other, with his phone between his ear and his shoulder. "Now, now... turn off your phones and look at the screen. I'd like it if you put down your laptops as well," he addressed us 50-odd students.

A few minutes into the lecture, Kevin tapped me on the shoulder. "Psst! Hey Nishant! What does 'provocateur' mean?"

"Let me look it up," I whispered and absentmindedly unlocked my phone.

"I said all devices are to be put down!" Steve had obviously noticed. I gave Kevin a shrug. He gathered the courage to put up his hand to ask Steve the same question. "All questions towards the end!"

He sighed and got back to doodling. By the time the lecture was over he didn't care enough to try asking again.

Steve claims to like things done the old way and will go to lengths to make sure that the students follow him. He made this amply clear in the first week when he asked one of the students to walk out when they pulled out their laptop.

"But I just want to take notes!" they had said.

"Pen and paper!" he shouted.

Business at The Art Scene™ at the Paddington campus seems to be booming since then. Their GUCCI™ notebooks sold out on the first day as soon as a student with deep pockets spotted them. Students were seen lining up to the main gate to get their hands on one when fresh stock arrived. The shop has started selling UNSW Pocket Dictionaries™ with an image of Clancy the Lion™ on their covers.

Steve has been very pleased with the outcome so far.

"They need to learn how to get things done without technology. How else are they gonna meet that deadline when the battery runs out or when there's no internet?" he tweeted.

In Week 5, I saw him walking into the lecture theatre with his eyes glued onto his mobile. He fumbled around at the podium for a bit and then announced, "Can't do this without my laptop. Sorry y'all, I'll be back in a few minutes."

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Axel-Nathaniel Rose

Aarjun had learned something new about Phillip each day. He realised this on Day Nine, when a ticket inspector demanded ID and Opal cards and 'the blonde man with freckles who gets off at Strathfield' became 'Phillip duLac', whose freckles were so blurred in the low light of the photograph that he looked distinctly tan. Aarjun made sure to hold his own ID – in which he looked approximately fifty years old, eyes somehow blue in the camera light – face up as he handed it to the inspector, just in case Phillip was looking. Day Eleven was that his laptop case was bulging with paperback books; Aarjun wanted to ask what anyone could possibly need with twenty copies of Hamlet, but the 'this is a quiet carriage' sign scared him too much to risk it. Twelve was simply that when Phillip loosened his collar just a little it showed he had a birthmark in the shape of a cherry at the apex of his Adam's apple.

It took until Day Seventeen for Aarjun to resign himself to the fact that he was infatuated with a man he'd never really met: tripping down the steps to the lower compartment and almost falling into someone's lap and them being gracious about it did not count as meeting them. He looked past the ridiculous freckles on Phillip's nose – as if splattered on with the careless flick of a paintbrush – to the

brick tunnel walls, grey with smoke, where tiny blossoms crawled through cracks in the stone. He needed to think about deadlines and duties and all he could do was steal glances at the man beside him.

Nineteen: Phillip drank tea, not coffee. Eight times implied the rule, not the exception. English Breakfast, two sugars, no milk. Twenty-four: whenever struggling not to laugh he sucked his lips in between his teeth. The giveaway was that his chest moved as if he was laughing anyway. Cat videos seemed to be the most consistent triggers. Day Thirty was that Phillip was good with kids and that Aarjun was a sucker for it. Sat opposite a harassed-looking teenage boy holding his crying baby sister, Phillip pulled faces and made his tongue do absurd things until the child's giggles bubbled from her chest. Aarjun contributed to a whispered rendition of 'This Little Piggy' by pressing a fingertip to each of her toenails until Phillip reached the climactic piggy going 'oui oui oui all the way home'. They continued this way until they reached Parramatta, where brother and sister, both mollified, exited hand in hand and waved dramatically to the two men from the platform. They looked at each other, both on the verge of speaking, and seemed to decide in unison to stay silent and grinning and full of laughter. They sat closer from then on.

Day Forty proved that, outside of whispered nursery rhymes, Phillip's accent was that of a New Zealander. All his vowels seemed to end up as 'er'. Aarjun loaned him a bookmark and watched in some wonder out of the corner of his eyes as Phillip worked through the book over two days, face alight and changing as the pages turned. The bookmark was returned the same time next day still in the book, by a Phillip with darker circles under his eyes, yawning profusely. He dropped the book in Aarjun's lap with a yellow sticky note on the cover simply ordering, Read this!!!! Almost laughing with the ridiculousness of the whole situation, Aarjun gave a thumbs up and obediently began to read. He was so deeply absorbed in the book by the time they hit Strathfield that he barely noticed Phillip getting up to leave until he spoke, "Have fun, see you Thursday." Aarjun only realised in hindsight that it was the first time Phillip had really spoken to him. On Thursday, with the book neatly closed in his lap and the deep pallor of sleep deprivation to his skin, Phillip handed Aarjun a latte with two sugars, and Aarjun realised that he wasn't the only one paying attention.

Day Fifty-two: Phillip's father was dying. He cared for him on Wednesdays and weekends. His thumbs tremored, dragging over his emails. Those from a month ago were all answered and neatly filed away - doctors in blue, coworkers in green, friends and family in purple, students in red - but those within two weeks were piled on top of each other in barely-varied shades of grey. Aarjun handed him his English Breakfast (black, two sugars) and tried very hard not to think about the way their fingers crossed one another so neatly against the cardboard frame. Their first real conversation arose, in that Phillip started talking and seemed not quite able to stop. They were shamed off the quiet carriage.

Day Fifty-three: He'd be taking his father to see Les Miserables 'for the last time' on Wednesday night. He booked the tickets on his newly-cracked phone screen where his hands were shaking so violently Aarjun offered in a whisper to do it for him. That was enough of a shock for Phillip's hands to get it done.

Days Fifty-four to Fifty-nine: Aarjun simply learned how deeply embedded his hour with Phillip of a morning had become in his life and how much it hurt for it to be gone.

Day Sixty established that Phillip cried in absolute silence. Still, jaw set, shoulders held so firmly back against the seat that the seam of his blazer dragged down. Not moving until the tears stopped. The soft skin around his eyes didn't go red, but his irises turned from blue to green.

Day Sixty-one: Actually, the skin around his eyes did turn red. His stubble was darker than his hair.

Sixty-six: He frowned in his sleep, brow furrowed and pressed against the window as the bricks and vines and towns and trees shot past them. He curled into Aarjun's scarf.

Seventy through Eighty was a slow learning process of small things, the little constituents of grief and its process in the early morning hours before the world had really begun, when he wasn't quite performing, yet. Aarjun watched the way that he composed himself in the minutes before getting off, the way his smile - still cast on Aarjun, sometimes - shifted from one of soft lines to one of the sheer tenacity needed to face high schoolers without crying any more than he already was. Seventy through Eighty was also when Aarjun learned their hands fit together. Undiscussed, unobserved, simply existing joint-to-joint and pulse-to-pulse. He learned he was not yet ready to support a partner through their grief. He would likely never be ready for it, but taking his hand was something, at least.

Aarjun fell asleep on Phillip's shoulder, once, Day Ninety-two. He fit there, Phillip's cheek nestled in his hair, the backs of their hands together at an odd angle on the purple vinyl seats. Phillip woke him gently, squeezing his fingers, dragging his thumb over Aarjun's knuckles until he was eased out of his travel-blurred dreams.

Day Ninety-five: Falling back asleep together in the early Winter morning, scarves tangling and ankles crossed, was a small, strange form of magic.

Day One Hundred: Phillip duLac's handshake was steady and strong. He laughed into his words: "I'm Phillip. Aarjun, right?" Off the train, outside of its rumbling confines and rules of quiet, his voice was lower, clearer.

"That's right," said Aarjun. They fell, naturally, from handshake to held hands, from the shy smiles of newness to the deep warmth of time, from the silence of the world from whence they came to the quiet conversations of building a future.

Growing up in Australia, I thought the world was big.

Road trips from Canberra to Sydney lasted forever. Even a ninety-minute flight to the Gold Coast was momentous and exciting.

And then, aged nine, I went to America. Surely planes can't stay up this long? It felt like the pilot was mocking us. America can't be that far away. Right?

For twelve more years, I remained in awe of how big the world was. And then I received a letter; I had been accepted to study a semester abroad in Ireland. Three flights (and many time zones) later, I had arrived in Dublin.

Chatting to the Irish girls in my new soccer team, I was stunned by their concepts of time, space and international travel. These girls regularly flew to London for the weekend and talked about Paris like it was a neighbouring town and not three countries away. I was awe-struck. Even now, fourteen months and nineteen countries later, I don't think the thrill of international travel will ever wear off.

Within international travel there are different levels of ease and speed. I mean, airports will always have a stuffy air of self importance about them, filled with hundreds of rules that you would never dream of breaking. Arrive four hours before your flight. No liquids over 100ml. No attitude towards the security staff. Don't take more than 120 seconds removing and collecting your belongings at the security terminal. Even if it's a forty-five minute flight from Dublin to London, these rules never go away.

It's not until you catch an international bus or train, that you realise how close together the world really is. None of the same uptight airport rules apply. Sprint across the highways of Prague and arrive at the bus station three minutes before your bus to Munich? Come on aboard. Get to the Vienna train station in the nick of time and grab a train to Switzerland? No one will check your passport, or sometimes even your tickets. They really don't care that much.

Growing up knowing the serious strictness of the Australian Border Security, inter-Europe travel is laughable. Customs? Half of the airports don't even have those. And the ones that do will probably just take your word for it.

In Summer 2019, I travelled for two months with my whole life in a backpack. In those days, I could trace my cross-country route on a map. I knew every city and country and border of almost every major destination in Europe. Crossing from country to country was a simple matter of a FlixBus ticket, booked through Google Maps.

Now I'm back home in Sydney, a minimum fifteen hour flight from the fun and frivolity of cross-country European travel. Recently, I found my finger hovering dangerously close to the "Book Flights" button. Tempted by the promise of a second solo adventure, I was put off by the exorbitant cost and time required to fly back to Europe. When I was bussing across Europe, the world felt small. But all the way back in Sydney, the world, again, feels very big indeed.

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I THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS BIG: MUSINGS FROM AN AUSTRALIAN IN EUROPE

Jo Bradley

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FOR SAMA REVIEW

Rida Babar

After watching For Sama, I could not stop thinking about the depressing and cruel reality of war. For days afterwards, I struggled to find words that could describe the emotional imprint it left on me, realising just how ignorant I had been to the events that changed the very heart of Syria forever.

For Sama is a deeply moving documentary about the war in Syria, directed by Waad Al-Kateab and Edward Watts. It is an emotional film that offers a confronting and raw depiction of the Battle of Aleppo during the Syrian Civil War. Filmed and directed by Waad Al-Kateab, this is the story of Al-Kateab's life in Aleppo, as she documents her fight for survival in a city ravaged by constant bombing. Al-Kateab originally used her camera phone to film the uprising as a record for her baby daughter Sama, as the film's title suggests.

The documentary does an excellent job at commenting on the unpredictable nature of war, as it places scenes of love, laughter, and excitement side by side with scenes of death and destruction. The film is confronting, shocking the viewer with graphic scenes of death and injury, with a mass grave being displayed in the first 10 minutes. In this sense, For Sama is extremely difficult to watch at times due to the confronting and emotional nature of the subject matter. However, I do believe this confronting content is essential to those wanting to understand the struggles and constant fear faced by those who have experienced the Syrian Civil War.

For Sama is one of the most moving documentaries about war I have ever seen because it focuses on the many innocent children that are harmed by war. As we get to know Al-Kateab and Sama, we understand and sympathise Al-Kateab's constant anxiety that

harm may come to her daughter. This focus on innocent children and victims made For Sama extremely powerful and unlike other war films I have seen.

The film initially had me questioning why Al-Kateab did not leave Aleppo with her husband and Sama. However, the film does an effective job of sympathising with Syrians like Al-Kateab, by making audiences like us understand why they wouldn't want to abandon their home. The deep connections that the Syrian people have with their home are essential to understanding one of the most tragic ultimatums of war : forcefully leaving or staying and possibly dying.

As is to be expected from a movie shot on whatever camera Al-Kateab could get her hands on, the video quality is poor at most times. At moments, the images are not very sharp and are often shaky, although this does not take away from the viewing experience, but enhances the sense of authenticity. The score and sound effects are basic, with a minimal use of sombre music, and the most important use of sound being the loud bangs, screaming, and crying from the Al-Kateab's recordings of the war-torn city. I found this to be fitting and true to the documentary's purpose in portraying the city, and Al-Kateab's actual life. For Sama is narrated in Arabic with English subtitles at the bottom of the screen, making the story more authentic.

One of the most impactful moments of the film is when Al-Kateab, in a voiceover, addresses Sama, telling her baby, "Your only crime is that your mum's a journalist and your dad's a doctor". This moment was heartbreaking for me, as it made me realise that children really have nothing to do with war, yet they often suffer the most. Having a younger sister and cousins, this resonated with me as I automatically imagined the anger and despair I would feel if they were in that situation .

For Sama delivers a raw and unmatched portrayal of the grievances of warfare, and is highly recommended. It made me realise that we young people, as the future leaders of the world, need to educate ourselves on the extent of the injustice in war-torn countries like Syria, so we can help make a change .

SPOTLIGHT ON:



Image: Judicial Commission of NSW

Amelia Loughland is a recent UNSW Arts/Law graduate. Her new journal article, 'Female Judges, Interrupted', has set the legal fraternity abuzz. She speaks to Tharunka about her journey as a law student, and challenges faced by women in the law.

Amelia, you've published an article in the Melbourne University Law Review. It's been picked up by the Sydney Morning Herald and it's gone incredibly far. What's the article about?

The article is the result of an empirical study I did on transcripts of proceedings in the High Court of Australia, trying to assess whether there was an interruption pattern, and if so, whether it was gendered. I found that women were interrupted at nearly twice the rate of their male colleagues.

The rest of the article was about why that's the case, and whether we can eliminate other factors. But ultimately I find that gender is the primary salient factor in explaining why one judge is more likely to be interrupted than another.

What did you notice that drove you to write this article?

It started out as a project for the High Court of Australia course, with Professor Rosalind Dixon. She drew my attention to a study done in the United States by Professor Tonja Jacobi which was finding a gendered pattern of interruption, but between judges. Senior male judges would interrupt more junior female judges at something like triple the rate of anyone else. So we thought, well, let's see if there's a similar pattern in Australia.

But if you read my paper, you'll see that judges never interrupt each other. There's one, and I think it's Justice Bell saying 'Sorry, what was that page number?' to Justice Gordon. That's literally the only one in two and a half years, which is pretty incredible. It shows there's a norm of behaviour which is pretty different to the Supreme Court. But that was the inspiration for it.

I must say I started the project in the summer, before the course started, because I was worried I wasn't going to find anything. So there isn't a kind of embedded bias that some people on Twitter have suggested that I have. I was fully prepared to find nothing.

AMELIA LOUGHLAND

Henry Chen and Rose Huang

Did you expect your article to receive so much attention?

No, not at all! I was just mentioning to you, I've just arrived back from overseas. I posted it on Twitter when I was at Auckland Airport at 5:30 in the morning. Then I turned my phone off as I was unpacking and when I went back on, it had just exploded. I had a hundred notifications, everyone was – you know, a whole range of responses. Mostly positive, but some saying some unkind things about Women's Studies and feminist rags and things like that – which is to be expected when you post something on Twitter.

But all the good and the bad, it feels amazing to be contributing to public discourse. I think a lot of the time you read papers which just remain in the journals, in an ivory tower. To be part of a national media discussion, especially for the first paper that I've ever had published, is really gratifying. I've really enjoyed it.

Where would you like to see this paper go?

I don't want to name and shame any of the barristers. I want people to be aware of their own behaviours. And I've already had people message me, saying they're conscious of their own behaviour. Someone pulled out a transcript from the High Court today, of a barrister apologising to a female judge. I'm probably over-attributing my own work to say that that's the cause, but the fact it's occurring is a great thing. I've been invited to speak at a Victorian Women's Bar Association event. I think raising awareness and tackling unconscious bias is where it's going, so I'm really happy with it!

Looking back, what advice would you give to a student in first year interested in making this kind of social impact?

My only advice would be, when you take on these projects, don't just see them as a university assignment. That's how I saw it myself at the beginning. But then I started getting the results and seeing how interesting it was. Professor Rosalind Dixon is the whole reason this happened. She was like, this isn't a university assignment, this is a study which you have to talk about.

So if you're doing interesting work, don't see yourself as in the university bubble. See yourself as part of a broader legal discourse and a broader conversation, and just involve yourself in it! Don't just leave it to the night before. If you find something interesting, pursue it, do it well, and who knows where it'll take you!

In your article, you suggest that the Chief Justice should do more to ensure speakers in the High Court take turns, to reduce how often male barristers interrupt female judges. But you write that it'd be more effective for male Chief Justice to do that. Why?

I think that's an unfortunate reality – it's not my position. Women judges are expected to overperform

impartiality. Often they write judgments in a particular way, shorn of any sign of emotion or opinion, because they're worried about being accused of being 'like a woman'. Any divergence from the male norm is seen as being partial, and that therefore takes you outside the expected judicial role.

In the United States, Justice Sotomayor of the Supreme Court called herself a 'wise Latina' judge, and the press just went crazy. They were like, 'how can she be expected to judge impartially, she's identified that she's not like a judge, she's a wise Latina lady' – which is absurd. Everyone brings their own background and opinions.

As a result, men are seen as the more impartial arbiters of the courtroom. If it's just an expectation of the courtroom that they're regulating interruptions, rather than 'looking out for their own', that might (unfortunately) be the best way to address this, at least in the short term.

I'd also like to clarify that the paper wasn't necessarily about male barristers interrupting female judges. It was about advocates interrupting in general, but unfortunately there were pretty much no women appearing in the courts. There was one case with two female lead counsel in two and a half years! I wasn't expecting to find that kind of low rate.

So we need more women appearing in these decisions. Not only are women being talked over, but they're not there. They're not part of the conversation. They might interrupt women just as much, I don't know. I don't have the data to be able to show it. But we need equitable briefing programmes, we need to change those norms about women appearing in the first place.

You write that 'Law schools might have a role in educating students on how unconscious biases are reproduced in the courtroom and in legal culture more broadly.' What do you think the UNSW Law Faculty should do?

Our law school already does a great job of educating students about jurisprudence, and feminist jurisprudence in particular. I know of other law schools in the area – I won't name names, obviously – that are very 'black letter law' schools. I think our law school does a great job of not being like that.

At the same time, I think there's a great opportunity to be talking about research like I've done. In our law classrooms, there is a very discursive, Socratic teaching method. Men actually do dominate the speaking time in classrooms. These are the people that are going to be the barristers and the judges of the future. I think there's no reason not to start talking about unconscious biases at an earlier stage. Not as a feminist study course, but just as part of practising law.

UNSW IN A NUTSHELL:

BEST OF THE UNSW TIMES

The UNSW Times

Tharunka promises its firstborn child to Henry Zhu, Vaishnavi Ragipani and Adam Wan for their contributions to the culture of this university. Check out The UNSW Times on Facebook and Instagram!



CHINESE TOURIST GROUP JOINS 891 BUS QUEUE TO “SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT”

Over forty Chinese tourists have joined the queue at the 891 bus stop at Eddy Avenue at 8:30 am, with the tour group claiming that such a long line must be leading to an exciting mystery event...

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STUDIES FIND SOCIETY MERCH MORE EFFECTIVE CONTRACEPTION THAN CONDOMS

If you thought about packing your society hoodie to BSOC camp you might want to think again. Wearing society merchandise has emerged as the first universal contraceptive to be 100% effective, according to a new study...

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FOURTH YEAR STUDENT WONDERS WHAT THE FUCK HE'S STILL DOING AT UNI

While walking around UNSW's Kensington campus today, fourth year student Bobby Arthur realised how much he grew to despise university life and wondered why he was still here. "I don't even have any friends..."

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ART BY SANDRA THOMSON

PRESIDENT REPORT

Manu Risoldi

Hey UNSW,

Since this is the first issue of Tharunka for 2020 I wanted to give a massive welcome to our newest students who have joined us for T1 and to the broader community who have started uni again for the year. This year is set to be massive for the SRC. We have campaigns being run around affordable student accommodation, getting rid of the Fit to Sit rule, raising Newstart and boosting student life on campus. The SRC is committed to ensuring we remain student oriented and focused on delivering services that directly impact the students of UNSW.

ABOUT THE SRC

The SRC is the peak representative body on campus for students. We comprise of Office Bearers and Councillors. We fight for issues that affect students, and run campaigns when we feel it is the necessary course of action. The SRC has a number of autonomous spaces on campus, which can be located off Basser Steps. These spaces include a Women's Room, Ethno-cultural Room and a Welfare/ Disabilities Room. These rooms are ideal for study, and down time if students need a safe space to sit and chill. They are open to all members of the community. The Welfare/ Disabilities Room has a kitchenette, mini fridge and microwave. The SRC also has an activist space on the upper level of the Arc Office also close to Basser Steps. This space can be utilised by all students who wish to plan and create campaigns they are bringing to campus.

These spaces are also used for our weekly collective meetings. The times for all collectives can be found below and are an ideal time for students to help build campaigns and meet other like minded students.

COLLECTIVES TIMES:

WELFARE COLLECTIVE - 1-2 Thursdays in the Welfare/ Disabilities Space.

WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE - 1-2 Wednesdays in the Women's Space.

ENVIRO COLLECTIVE - Weekly Meetings TBA keep up to date with their Facebook group!

QUEER COLLECTIVE - 3pm Thursdays

DISABILITIES COLLECTIVE - 4:30 Tuesdays in the Welfare/ Disabilities Space.

ETHNO COLLECTIVE - 12 - 1 Wednesdays

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTIVE - Weekly Meeting Times TBA keep up to date with their Facebook Page!

WHAT'S ON

The SRC will be providing fortnightly free lunches on campus because we know how much of a struggle it already is being a student in Sydney. Free lunches are a part of the broader move of the SRC to promote student welfare more. Alongside the free lunches, all SRC spaces will have emergency toiletries that all students can access. This will include things like sanitary products and shampoo and conditioner.

The SRC continues to support the ongoing climate strikes in Sydney. We will be sending UNSW contingents to all strikes alongside the students striking from the University of Sydney.

The SRC is continues to support the Raise the Rate campaign on campus. This campaign aims to raise the rate of Newstart, something that has not been raised in over 20 years. Students are disproportionately affected by the rate being low. Alongside the Raise the Rate campaign the SRC are making it our priority to draw students attention to their workplace rights. Over the past few weeks we have seen major Australian companies exposing themselves for rampant wage theft. Wage theft is an epidemic in Australia that must be stopped. Students are amongst the biggest group of people that are consistently affected by wage theft and it is incredibly important that students at UNSW are aware of their rights at work.

In conjunction with the National Union of Student the UNSW SRC will also be partaking in a number of national campaigns. The NUS Women's Department is launching the 'We will Stand our Ground' Campaign which is demanding that a National taskforce into sexual assault is established. The UNSW SRC is committed to creating a safe space for everybody to learn in. This means calling out sexist behaviours on campus and ensuring women feel safe on our campus. The NUS Women's Department has also continued to condemn Bettina Arndt for her vile opinions regarding women and the rape crisis we are experiencing on our campus. The UNSW SRC stands in solidarity with the NUS Women's Department and condemns Arndt for spreading such a misogynistic rhetoric at university campuses around Australia.

GET INVOLVED

If you're wanting to get involved in our campaigns or stay up to date with what the UNSW SRC is up to you can follow us on Facebook and you can join the various Facebook Collective Pages. This is the primary way our Office Bearers share news about our campaigns and meetings for the future. Our SRC Spaces also have suggestions boxes if you would like to submit some anonymous feedback or give suggestions about the direction of our council.

You can also get in contact with the SRC through our website: arc.unsw.edu.au/voice/src

Or directly email the President's Office at: srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au



Nishant is a designer and an entrepreneur. Writing is his newly discovered hobby; he published his first blog only in 2019. His recent blogs have focussed on education technology, an area that he has grown passionate about. Nishant hopes to change the way students learn at universities by building his own ed-tech startup.



My name is Isabella Mello and I am a first-year Criminology & Criminal Justice student. I was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where I studied a Bachelor of Laws (Honours) degree for 2 years before I moved to Australia. In Brazil, my main research topic was the War on Drugs and its relations with underprivileged communities.



Anoushka is a fourth-year International Studies student with a passion for reading and writing. When she's not at uni, you can find her playing piano or guitar, or jamming out to some music.



Imagine doing Medical Science when you could be doing literally any other degree. Unfortunately for Aditya, this is reality. He is a self-proclaimed movie critic/enthusiast and the only things that can pull him out of his self-deprecating bubble are good movie castings, along with people who understand his nihilistic sense of self



Rubana is a doctoral student in Public Health, currently writing her thesis on sedentary behaviour sitting at her desk for 12 hours a day. Poetry only happens to Rubana when she is either despondent with grief or ecstatic with joy. As it turns out, poetry is an extreme sport!



Full time student and cat enthusiast. C.J goes by she/they pronouns and her main interests are under the 3Ps: Politics, Pastries, and Puns. She is currently in her Communication and Journalism questline in order to obtain the Scroll of Masters Degree.



Sandra is a second-year Media Arts student, specialising in drawing and 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.



Since age seven, Liana has been keeping a diary in her own secret code: atrocious handwriting. Occasionally she looks back and deciphers enough to pick out a narrative and form a story, usually about travel and missed connections. Other writing includes poetry and short fiction.



Rongxuan is currently a first-year Engineering/ Advanced Science student who draws as a hobby. He creates artworks of endangered articles (animals mostly) encapsulating their raw beauty. If he ever finds himself stuck in a rut, picking up a pen is an easy cure. He finds it relaxing, meditative and extremely comforting.



Jordan Daly is a part-time forever student and full-time banh mi connoisseur. He's studying Honours in Politics with a focus on industrial policy. When not found at uni, he's typically working, reading, cooking or commuting.



Caoimhe Hanrahan-Lawrence is a 23-year-old non-binary lesbian writer based in Sydney. They are of Wiradjuri and Irish heritage, and currently live on Bidjigal land. Their work explores gender and sexuality, trauma, indigenous diaspora, and disability. They are currently undertaking a Bachelor of Arts at UNSW.



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.



Rida Babar is a first year journalism student at UNSW, passionate about marine conservation, the rejection of South Asian stereotypes, and using oxford commas wherever possible.



Atia Fatimah is currently doing her Honours in psychology and 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.

WANT YOUR WORK PUBLISHED??

Tharunka is UNSW's spiciest political, social and cultural magazine.

If you are looking for an outlet for your creativity, look no further! We are looking for investigative journalism, feature essays, opinion pieces, short stories, poetry, satire, drawings, paintings, comics, reviews.

Our second upcoming issue 'Influence' is now accepting pitches.

If you want to see your work published in print, sent in your pitch now, to:



tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au



Where can you find us?

Pick up a copy! Look for the green stands around UNSW.
Or follow us on our socials to stay in the loop

tharunka.arc.unsw.edu.au



Tharunka Contributors 2020



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