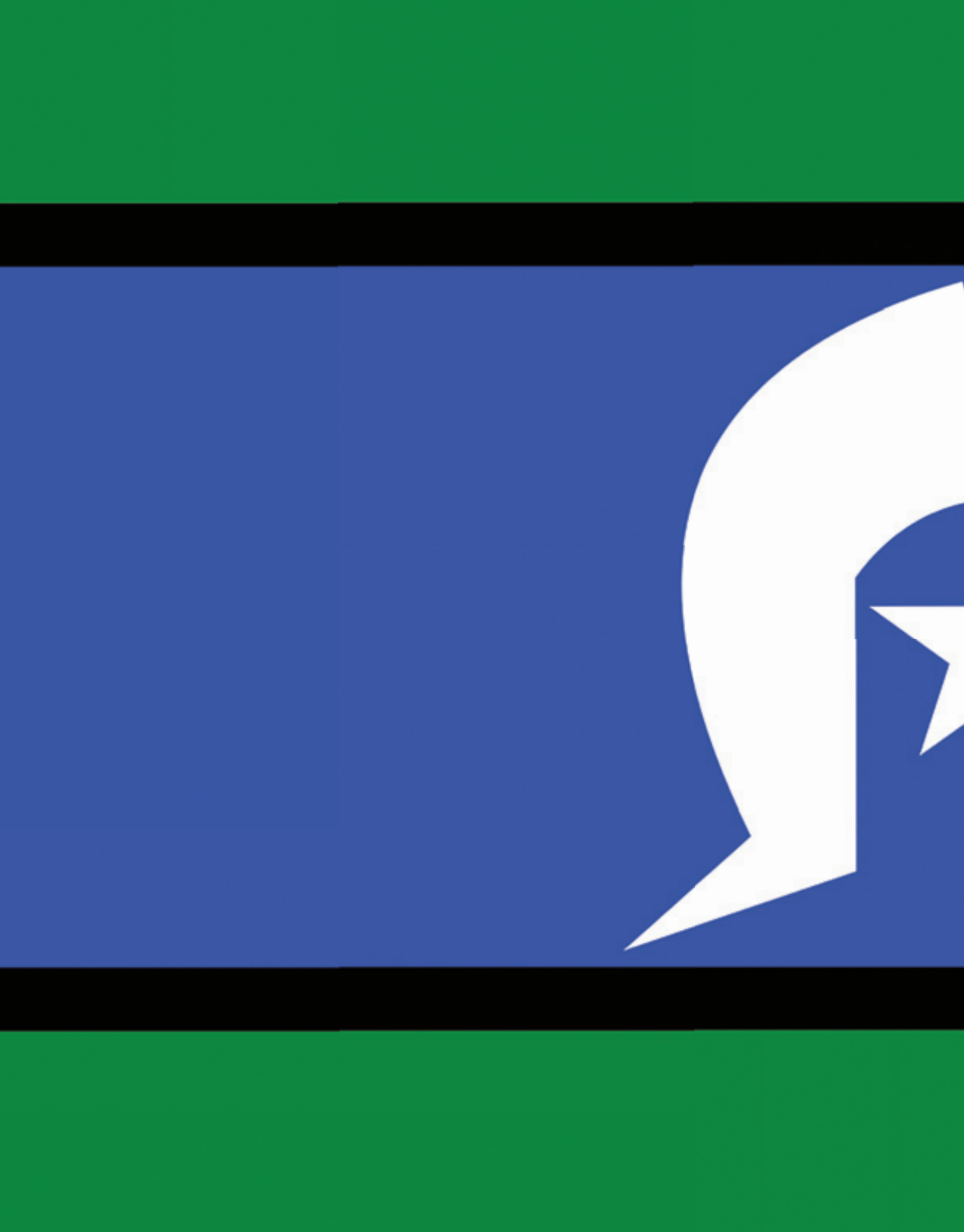




# UNDER BUNJIL

VOLUME FIVE







# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT



Words Patrick Mercer // *Wathaurong*

***Under Bunjil* acknowledges  
the Wurundjeri People of the Kulin Nation.**

It is on their Country that we gather from across Australia and the Torres Strait Islands to learn and share. We do so under the generosity of Spirit and guidance of Wurundjeri Elders past, present and future.

Our community is one of collaboration and co-operation. It is one of strength. *Under Bunjil* acknowledges the resistance and resilience of our ancestors who have come before us; trailblazers who have made our paths smoother. *Under Bunjil* also acknowledges the passions, talents and perseverance of our emerging leaders who make this community so rich.

We acknowledge that the Wurundjeri people are the Custodians of the Lore, Customs and Spirit of their Country, carrying down ancient knowledge from Creation into infinity. *Under Bunjil* acknowledges that this Country was stolen; never ceded, and that our people suffered, yet were never beaten.

Empowered by the Spirit of the creator Bunjil, may we continue to thrive on what always was, and always will be, the Land of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples.



# UNDER BUNJIL



## VOLUME FIVE

Powered by the voices and drive of Indigenous students, *Under Bunjil* serves as a platform to share the thoughts and experiences of the student body at The University of Melbourne. Written and published by Indigenous students hailing from different nations across Australia, many of us now study on the Kulin Nations under the watchful gaze of the great eagle, Bunjil.  
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# UNDER BUNJIL COLLECTIVE



Have a read through to get a short introduction to the contributors, find out some fun facts about those you know and put faces to those you don't!



**Serena Thompson Mamu / Waribarra**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Serena is currently in her third year of the Bachelor of Arts (Extended), doing a major in Creative Writing and minor in AIS. As Head Editor of Under Bunjil and President of Medley Hall, she thinks that she's the deadliest Murri. Serena has had to stop going to Laundry after being recognised on Tinder one too many times.

**Marley Holloway-Clarke Njama**  
Bachelor of Fine Arts, Visual Arts

Marley is in her third and final year of a Bachelor of Fine Arts down at VCA, majoring in Photography. She is basically facing the threat of unemployment next year so please hire her for any photography jobs - she is desperate so can't be picky. Throughout the semester she is hard to locate on weekends as she spends them between the couch and Adelaide.



**Alexandra Hohoi Merrium Mer**  
Bachelor of Arts

Alexandra is in her first year of a Bachelor of Arts, with interests in Anthropology, Sociology and Psychology. She hopes to study Indigenous cultures and learn about appropriate ways for culture and language to be preserved; in particular her own. In her spare time she loves an espresso martini or a cold Five Seed.

**Paris Mordecai Widjabul**  
Bachelor of Arts

Paris is a second year Bachelor of Arts student, studying Criminology and Gender Studies. In her spare time, Paris fends off messages from weirdos who DM her about her fringe. Luckily, the bangs are only a threat during festival season, when they are their most powerful. Addicted to glitter, Paris' bangs are here for a good time and not a short time.



**Patrick Mercer Wathaurong**  
Bachelor of Arts

Patrick is chicken salt on hot chips. Patrick is free refills of your Subway soda. Patrick is good quality. Patrick is a third year History Major, AIS Minor, which he is thoroughly enjoying and struggling to justify to his parents. Patrick is co-head of the Ormond Indigenous Subcommittee amongst other passions including: sustainability, music, socialism, dogs and Guerns on a Thursday.

**Wunambi Connor Gumbaynggirr / Kamilaroi / Kumarra**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Currently studying media and politics, Wunambi is interested in project management and policy consulting on issues affecting 'the youths'. He makes a mean long island iced tea and is notorious for complaining, though often attempts to disguise it as constructive feedback.







**Shonae Hobson Kaantju**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Shonae is currently completing a double major in Anthropology and Art History. She hopes to pursue a career in cultural resource management with plans to further revitalise artefacts and language within her community. Outside of university, Shonae works at the Melbourne Museum, listens to rap music and dreams of sipping on cosmopolitans in New York.



**Lilly Brown Gumbayngirr**  
PhD in Education, Youth Research and Indigenous Education

Lilly is currently in her third year of her PhD. She started her undergrad when she was 22 so she's probably a lot older than you would expect but obviously black don't crack. Lilly would 100% be a hermit if she wasn't so involved in study and her work within the unimelb community.



**Emily Kayte James Gunditjmara / Yorta-Yorta**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Emily is in her Masters of Social Work where she hopes to gain the skills to change the way social workers engage with the community. When she is not at uni, Emily works weekends at VALS or is hanging out with her two dogs. Follow Emily on instagram to see photos of her dogs @emkayte.



**Douglas Briggs Yorta-Yorta / Wurundjeri**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Douglas, better known as Dougie or Deuces to his mates, is currently studying the Bachelor of Arts (Extended). In his second year now, Dougie is looking to go on to complete a double major in Politics and Sociology. A little-known fact about Dougie is that he actually has three middle names- Emmanuel Graeme Lester.



**Michelle Kerrin Arrernte / Luritja**  
Bachelor of Arts

Michelle is in her third and final year of a Bachelor of Arts, majoring in Australian Indigenous Studies; she doesn't know what she's doing next year, so please stop asking. Michelle is currently a Mentor for MITS as part of the Inaugural Sir Robert Menzies Indigenous Mentoring Fellow program. Her special talent is that she can ride a unicycle.



**Tyson Holloway-Clarke Njamaal**  
Honours in History

Despite having undergone surgery over the Easter break, Tyson still manages to assert himself everywhere that he is not needed. His role as Coach for both Trinity Hockey teams and Manager for Rugby has made his ego even more unbearable. Tyson is also in the process of writing his thesis- forever on a journey to prove himself as the biggest Know-It-All.



**Indiah Money Wiradjuri**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Indiah is currently in her second year of university, hoping to do a double major in Gender Studies and Australian Indigenous Studies. Outside of university, Indiah loves writing poetry, visual arts and is always down for a good bloody mary and trap music. Check her out in the recent AB Original music video for Report to the Mist.

**Pierra Van Sparkes** *Noongar*  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Pierra is in her fifth year of her undergrad, majoring in Anthropology and Australian Indigenous Studies. One of her biggest passions is celebrating and exploring the diversity of Indigenous identities. She is continuously fascinated and comforted by the shared feelings and encounters that shape an Aboriginal experience. Pierra’s career as an artist has recently taken off as she was commissioned to put together an entire exhibition of her own work this year.

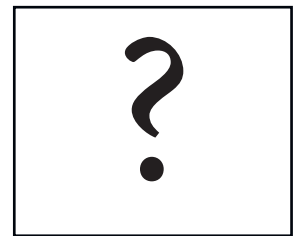


**Melinda Phillips** *Kaytej / Ngumbour*  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Melinda hopes to complete her undergrad and a Masters of Journalism and gain the skills to shape positive representations of Indigenous people in the media. Her life motto is ‘Never stop Sussin’, Never stop creepin’. She spends her weeknights watching rom coms, with a preference for films featuring POC casts... even if sometimes they are D-grade films.

**Madeleine Mercer** *Wathaurong*  
Bachelor of Design

Madeleine is a proud Wathaurong woman, currently living on Country in Ballarat. Madeleine, inspired by the heroic efforts of her older brother, followed him both to Melbourne University and Ormond College. After a year abroad, Madeleine is now putting her creative talents to work at University, whilst establishing herself as the meme queen at Ormond.

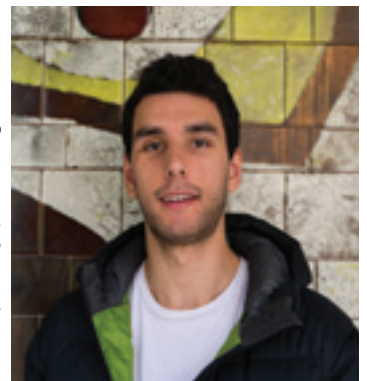


**Rose-Monet Wilson Scott** *Maori: Ngapuhi*  
Bachelor of Arts

As a proud Maori woman from the Ngapuhi tribe of New Zealand’s First Nations, Rose is our “special guest writer”. She is currently in her second year of a double major in Politics & International Studies, and Criminology. Rose has learnt through trial and error that three bottles of wine is definitely enough.

**Elia Shugg** *Merrium / Erub*  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Elia is in his third year of the Bachelor of Arts (Extended) doing a major in Australian Indigenous Studies. Although his mob are from the Torres Strait, Elia has spent most of his life down in Melbourne and is now a resident of Ormond College. A fun fact about Elia is that he likes cats.



**Jadalyn De Busch** *Kaanju / Kumopintha / Thypan*  
Bachelor of Arts

Jad is in her second year of Bachelor of Arts (Extended) and is a resident at Trinity College. Jad is currently doing a major in Geography and would eventually like to go into environmental sustainability and renewable energies. A fun fact about Jad is that she loves a good dance.

**Edwina Green Pakana / Palawa**  
Bachelor of Fine Arts

Edwina is in her first year of study at the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA). After she finishes her undergrad, Edwina hopes to get her Masters of Education and teach at the Melbourne Indigenous Transition School. She also hopes to open a studio that other mob can come and work in, creating a safe space for the community. A fun fact about Edwina is that she ate paper as a child.



**Eylania Naawi Yidinji**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Eylania, better known as Lonnie, is in her first year of study in Arts (Extended). Having moved from down from Far North Queensland at the start of the year, Lonnie is currently a resident at Ormond College. Whilst being quite skilled with a camera, Lonnie can also play a few songs on the ukulele.



**Olivia Bentley Wiradjuri**  
Bachelor of Arts

Olivia is in her first year of Bachelor of Arts, living at Trinity College. She has a strong interest in wellbeing and after her undergraduate is looking toward a future in Public Health or Sports Management. Surprisingly, being a ranga is not the only weird thing about Olivia; she also preferences the red starburst lollies, has an interest in crystals and an all-consuming love for nachos.



**Ethan Taylor Warumungu**  
Bachelor of Arts

Ethan is in his first year of studying Arts doing a Major in Politics. After graduating Ethan wants to go on to make a career in political representation and eventually become our first Indigenous Prime Minister. For some weird reason Ethan loves eating kiwi fruit skin...



**Neerim Whurrong Callope Gkuthaarn / Kirrae Whurrong**  
Bachelor of Commerce

While Neerim has been at university for 6 years, he has just settled into his first year of a Bachelor of Commerce, which he will finish in 2019. Prior to this, Neerim studied in areas such as education, law, politics, philosophy, english literature and history.



**Jazleen David De Busch Kaanju / Kumopintha / Thypan**  
Bachelor of Arts (Extended)

Jazz is in her second year of the Bachelor of Arts (Extended) and she doesn't yet know what she wants to major in. Originally from Far North Queensland, Jazz is currently residing at Trinity College along with her twin sister, Jad. A fun fact about Jazz is that she has known Marley since she was 11-years-old.



**Amba Rose Atkinson Gumbaynggirr**  
Masters of Public Health

Amba Rose was born and raised on Bundjalung country before moving to Melbourne at age nine. She is a proud Gumbaynggirr woman from NSW. Amba is currently undertaking a Masters of Public Health, hoping to specialise in women's health and Indigenous health in a global context. She hopes to go on exchange to Lund University in Sweden, 2018.



# EDITORIAL



Words Paris Mordecai // *Widjabul*

Okay, here we go. Edition six. Oh wait no, five (second attempt). Sorry folks.

We want to start off by apologising to anyone who had ever been to our office before Alexandra Hohoi became Office-Bearer and shovelled out all the shit we had been wallowing in. Piles and piles of past Under Bunjil's, half empty water bottles, and crates full of snack foods (which may have already been munched on by our friendly resident mouse...don't tell maintenance) were crammed into a space smaller than our recognition in the Australian Constitution.

This space, our space, was very much a reflection of where our heads were during first semester as we scrambled to produce an edition for our eager following to get their hands on. And as it would turn out, we weren't able to. The pressure of organising Indigenous games on top of the usual struggles that arise at the end of semester meant that the team were stretched thin and ultimately it was Under Bunjil that suffered. We all cried v v angry tears about it, but would it have been worth compromising the value you have all come to expect from us to put out a less than spectacular edition? Absolutely not. And although we would have applied for Special Consideration, it turns out you can't get an extension on an Under Bunjil edition. So we copped the fail. Y'all know we run on Koori time here, bar Serena who alone runs on Murri time, so you shouldn't have been too surprised, eh?

So we cleaned up our office and we cleaned up our act. And here we are!! We're back, and we're

here with our biggest blackest edition yet!!! You'll be shocked to know Serena dropped out of uni to completely dedicate her time to getting this edition out of the ruins that we left it in last sem. Gammon, she actually deferred to keep her H1 average intact because of a cheeky H2A slip.

Since it's been so long since we've talked (we've missed you!), here are some things that have been happening since you've last heard from us:

1. Serena has taken over as Head Editor of Under Bunjil, although you probably already know this because she has just about told everyone from Rosebud to the border... she think she real deadly this one.
2. Despite the idea chucked around that Marley would step down as Creative Editor this year, she is still here. We'll see if she sticks around for as long as Tyson has been living at Trinity College. P.S. Tyson is finally moving out #cyalater
3. Paris and Patrick have joined the team as Junior Editors. However, Patrick's role is in jeopardy if he doesn't start answering Serena's phone calls. Despite calling multiple meetings over the year, Pat has been MIA for at least 80% of these. We feel you Pat.
4. Shonae put us all to shame when she turned up to our team photo in semester one all dolled up; the award for being extra af goes to this black beauty for sure.
5. We are finally sticking to a standard size! We know, we know. The varying sizes of Under Bunjil don't look aesthetic sprawled across your coffee table, you Caucasian wannabes, so we're making it easier for you - you're welcome.



(Top) From left to right: Wunambi, Serena, Marley, Shonae, Paris (Below): Patrick.

Although we're very sorry that you've had to wait so long, we're not sorry that the extended deadline meant that we finally got some of your voices onto our pages. And what a treat you all are in for.

Your works are raw, honest, passionate and so is our editing process. We hear your voices, begin to know your stories, feel your Indigeneity surge alongside our own when we read your words and see your art. None of us will tell you this process is easy, or even that it's merely rewarding. It is life altering, culture-shaking, heart-breaking. We are grateful to all you mob that contribute, that bare yourselves, that take down the barriers that have told us our voices are not valued.

And we are grateful to those that listen to us, who pick up this work of art and of culture, and give us five minutes to have a yarn. This right here is dialogue and it is beautiful.

So share us with your friends, rip out our pages and sprawl them across your bedroom walls, use us as a coaster if you feel so inclined. But love us and listen to us, that is why we do this.

We hope you enjoy this edition, as much as we have loved creating it for you.

Love Serena, Marley, Wunambi, Alex, Paris, Patrick and Shonae

# INDIGENOUS SUCCESS



During this year's Wominjeka celebration, Masters student Amba-Rose Atkinson reflected on her personal journey in tertiary education and shared advice on how Indigenous students new to the University can succeed in their studies.

Words Amba-Rose Atkinson // *Gumbaynggirr*

Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander readers should be aware that this piece contains the name of someone who has passed away.

I would like to pay my respects to the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin Nation, to their Elders past, present and future, as well as extending my respects to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples at university today.

I am a proud Gumbaynggirr woman from the mid-north-east coast of New South Wales. I grew up on Bundjalung country, until age nine when my mother and I moved to Melbourne. For my entire life, my mother has single-handedly raised me - for that, and many other reasons, she is my greatest

I had in my capabilities, not only to succeed, but to even survive in an academic institution such as the University of Melbourne. By the time I was in my second year, I truly believed I didn't belong and as a consequence I felt lost and disempowered.

It was not until my fellow and very beloved Indigenous student, Josh Hardy, was mercilessly taken from us that I realised the fragility and preciousness of human life. After the mourning period had eased, I decided I had to change my perspective and make the most of the opportunities I have in this life.

It dawned upon me that I alone am my greatest inhibitor - so I decided to not give in to the cloud of doubt; I decided not to define myself by grades and I decided that I was going to live my life without suppressive limits.

I have found strength in the young Indigenous high school students I have mentored, for they are the future.

I have found strength in the leadership of the older Indigenous students, for they have paved the way.

I found strength in participating in the 2015 Amnesty International Climb Mount Kilimanjaro Challenge, where I suc-



I decided not to define myself by grades and I decided that I was going to live my life without suppressive limits.



For me, the greatest journey that I have undertaken, and am still undertaking, has been my academic journey.



inspiration and motivator, and a huge contributing factor to the successes that I have achieved. If it weren't for the hard work and sacrifices that my mother made, I would not have had access to the amazing opportunities that I have experienced thus far.

For me, the greatest journey that I have undertaken, and am still undertaking, has been my academic journey. Words cannot describe how I felt when I received my offer letter to study a Bachelor of Arts via the Extended program here at the University of Melbourne. I began university excited and eager to learn, but was also extremely nervous. Unfortunately, it did not take long for doubt to cloud the belief

successfully summited the fourth highest continental summit in the world, known as the Roof of Africa.

Since summiting Kilimanjaro, the strength and power of that beautiful mountain has instilled within me a great sense of fortitude, which has enabled me to successfully advance my academic and interpersonal journey. As a result, I achieved a distinction average in my final year of undergraduate studies - something I did not believe possible when I was struggling to find a way forward through my self-doubt, only a few short years ago.

This brings me to today, where I have been accepted to study both an Honours degree and a Masters degree at the University of Melbourne.

Through my experiences, I am now of the belief that having the courage to look at your fears and failures and not feel discouraged is to unapologetically manifest within one's self that you are capable and that you are worthy. Moreover, to acknowledge that setbacks are an important part of the journey towards self affirmation and ultimately success, in whatever form that may be, for it is these setbacks

It was the journey towards success that taught me that my capabilities are limitless.

that have the power to teach you invaluable information about yourself.

For me, it was seeking affirmation that I belonged and was capable, and whilst achieving my academic goals was fulfilling, it was the journey towards success that taught me that my capabilities are limitless. I am incredibly lucky to have had such inspiring mentors, amazing friendships and a loving and supportive family - but at the end of the day, you alone must take those steps towards reaching your goals.

I undoubtedly believe that every Indigenous student at university is capable of great success, in whatever form that may be - for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people are inherently resilient and it is in the face of adversity that the foundations of strengths can grow.

Thank you for listening to my story.



Photo The University of Melbourne

# OUR LANGUAGES MATTER



**Words** Edwina Green // *Pakana/ Palawa*

**Photos** Marley Holloway-Clarke // *Njamal*

Sam Harrison and I started this mural in late July, with a little bit of naivety thinking it wouldn't be that big of a job. We were dead wrong. Over fifty hours of painting, re-painting, shaking markers and sore arms after ten minutes of working, was definitely interesting. The mural and everything involved with it makes me feel connected. Seeing all the mob come down, and fill in where they are from made both Sam and myself feel very warm and fuzzy. There is nothing like watching Indigenous people come together to create something amazing.

Blackfellas of all shades, proudly picked up a marker and coloured in the space that represents their home, their history and a part of them that no one, no matter how rich or powerful, can take away. The engagement that we had from non-Indigenous people was interesting, but incredible. It was people realising that being an Indigenous person meant coming from an entirely different culture, and that 'Aboriginal' is not one conclusive race but rather, over 330 different countries, each with their own language, traditions and customs.

The reason I do art is to educate and creating this map was one of the best ways to be able to engage with University of Melbourne students. And ultimately, that is the most important aspect of art- the engagement.





# PROVING RADIO AIN'T GAMMON

Following a successful year of hosting the *Biggest Blackest Show* on *Radio Fodder*, our resident DJ, Melinda Narelle spilled the beans on hosting a radio show, with everything from entertaining guest hosts and playing the dealiest tunes by musicians of colour to that verbal eye-roll as she discusses what's gammon and what's not.



For those who tune into Radio Fodder on Tuesday mornings at 10 am, you would know that my big voice streams through the station. Yeah that’s right! For some crazy reason someone (not pointing fingers...but Wunambi) has let me take over the *Biggest Blackest Show*. Mark Nannup is my regular co-host, and we’ve had various other guest hosts, but it is safe to say that each week I feel the need to be the extra one. Extra loud. Extra opinionated. Just all-around extra!

Each week we discuss all things black and deadly, and for those who actually listen, you can back me up when I say that we don’t just talk about ourselves, even though we are pretty deadly. Our show’s content includes deadly Indigenous achievements, hot and sometimes controversial topics of the week, eye-rolling politics and ‘Gammon, Not Gammon’ to lighten the mood.



**IF YOU DON’T KNOW  
WHAT GAMMON IS THEN YOU’RE  
PROBABLY A BIT GAMMON YOURSELF**



And as for the music, there is certainly no Iggy Azalea or Avril Lavigne - this is a strictly POC artists only show. So shout-out to the real MVP Tyson Holloway-Clarke; his almost nine-hour-long Spotify playlist ‘Rap Hype’ gives us life and saves us when we’re having technical difficulties. There has been quite a few technical difficulties actually, but what is a successful show without a few of them?

But when we finally get through the little hiccups and on with the show, it does turn out pretty deadly. One of my favourite segments is ‘Gammon, Not Gammon’ so mad props to one of my guest co-hosts Cameron McBroom for this gem. I have to ensure he has copyright over this segment as he isn’t just a co-host but also my housemate and I’m scared he may change the locks if he doesn’t get the right recognition.

‘Gammon, Not Gammon’ can only be completely understood if you actually know what gammon means. And if you don’t know what gammon means, then you’re probably a bit gammon yourself. So for all them gammon fellas out there, gammon is spelt with an ‘o’ but pronounced with an ‘i’. It is used in the context of when someone jokingly lies or something is just not good, false and/or pretend.

To play ‘Gammon, Not Gammon’ we introduce our panellist Wunambi Connor, who will say a topic or thing that both myself and my co-host will react to.

**FOR EXAMPLE:**

**Bully Beef:**

Not Gammon, if you said gammon can you please check yourself! It’s so good, especially when you’re broke.

**The ‘Land Rights Not Mining Rights’ SEED Display at the Parliament House**

Not Gammon, very important conversations are happening around this topic, although what was gammon was the lack of mainstream media on the display.

**Is Buddy Franklin the greatest Aboriginal Footballer in History?**

Ummm, gammon! Sorry to the Buddy lovers, but no. Great footballer but not the best Indigenous player in history.

So think of a few topics that you would say when playing this game and send them into our show (seriously though, I need some new and fresh ideas). Ultimately these topics are used to create a conversation or debate between myself and my co-hosts. I know I said earlier that I like to be extra and that I’m loud but that doesn’t mean people shouldn’t challenge my views. Challenge me! It makes the show interesting, and it may mean we get more listeners than those three friends that tell me they liked the throw-back music that was likely just from Tyson’s playlist.

In all seriousness, this radio show has given me a platform to voice my opinion and have those opinions challenged, even if I don’t necessarily think they need to be. It is also a means through which I can tell all three of my listeners about what the Indigenous Student Union are doing. Lastly, and most importantly, it’s helped me find my calling. The *Biggest Blackest Show* on *Radio Fodder* is written, hosted and made deadly by me. Soooo, can ABC Radio just offer me a job already?



# A VILLANELLE FOR STAN GRANT

Words Rose-Monet Wilson Scott // Maori : Ngapuhi

Non-believers doubt things are as they seem.  
Be reassured - we're young and free, in fact  
we're living the Australian Dream.

My lover runs homeless at fourteen yet he teems  
now with promise beyond his past and rapt,  
non-believers doubt things are as they seem.

Black boys broken on the backwards regime  
of this country wear his face. I pray it's not true that  
we're living the Australian Dream.

My lover's grandmother tells of a scream  
lasting six generations and still, redacting  
non-believers doubt things are as they seem.

At six, his uncle became a human being:  
oh misplaced fauna, don't you agree that  
we're living the Australian Dream?

No prophet is accepted in his own country:  
a black Elijah dies to prove this extract.  
Non-believers, doubt things are as they seem:  
we're living the Australian Dream.

### Can you give us some information about your family?

Honestly, I can't really give you too much, and that's part of the reason why I wanted to write for *Under Bunjil*. My Maori background is from my grandmother's line but she died when I was quite young - before I started to really consider my culture and heritage; it wasn't really explained to me as a child. My mother was born in New Zealand but lived most of her life nomadically in Australia. The Scott's (my grandfather's side) are a large settler family in Western Australia, and my mother and her siblings grew up quite poor and living bush, which was the dominant focus of what I'd been told as a child about my heritage. It wasn't until my nan's funeral when I realised that nan's Maori upbringing had lent her a whole other background, life and kinship network. Many people knew her from before she was 'nan' 'Gladys' or 'mum', and that consequently, I had a Maori heritage which was accessible and important for me. I'm currently attempting to track down relatives and information to find my tribe from what my mother has told me: the Ngapuhi are New Zealand's largest iwi (tribe), with northern lands stretching from the Hokianga Harbour to the Bay of Islands, down to Whangarei in the south. My grandmother was Teawi Hita; her parents Pare Cassidy and Hita were members of the Ratana Church.

### What is the Maori community in Melbourne like?

Because I haven't been able to properly trace my roots, I feel I haven't been able to connect with the Maori community in Melbourne. I hope that collaborating with more publications such as *Under Bunjil* and working with institutions such as Murrup Barak will allow me to communicate and hear the experiences of more First Nations peoples. Hopefully it will help in processing my own identity, to understand more about these myriad cultures and create a platform to fight for the rights of others.

### How would you describe your experience as a Maori in Australia?

My interaction with my heritage is interesting (from my perspective at least!). Having grown up not knowing much of my heritage, up until I left school my interaction with being Maori in Australia consisted mainly of people asking 'are you dark because you're Latina?' and me responding: 'no, I'm half-Maori'. Looking back, it's strange how this concept of 'half' was never really addressed as problematic, and I suppose much of that comes from being brought up in rural Western Australia. Personally, my identity is a real balancing act. I love my hometown and I love my friends there - they are good people who would change a stranger's tyre in the middle

of the night, who love pig-hunting and emu export but who have political views very different from my own. Interactions with race are very different there than what they are in the University of Melbourne sphere I belong to - the only Maori I know, Nare, took me to a rodeo where people were flying the confederate flag and he didn't think twice about it. University of Melbourne has definitely changed how I view myself as a woman of colour in Australia - mainly through my boyfriend and friends, who are Indigenous Australians, and their experiences and connection to their culture. That level of understanding is something I would really love to achieve within myself. I often feel that having friends with a shared heritage as First Nations people - regardless of how different our cultures are - helps me to reconcile my identity. It is the closest I can feel to belonging to my culture without experiencing it first-hand, as I have no one yet to share my family's stories. It's an awkward position to be in - belonging as a black girl in black culture, but not quite - and I'm currently writing a new poem about it.

### What do you want to do with your degree?

I hope to go into post-graduate law at Melbourne University - from here, I've considered applying for a Rhodes Scholarship to study Civil Law at Oxford. I love the language of law, its interaction with politics, and its potential to shape and be shaped by social changes. I am intensely passionate about women's rights and sexual rights. Ideally, the dream is to head an organisation that enables systemic change and protection with regards to sexual violence; and to afford disadvantaged women with an incredibly competent, comprehensive and specialised platform through which medical and legal support can be given to victims of sexual assault globally.

### What is your piece about?

I've had this piece in my head for a while, based on Stan Grant's speech on the myth of the Australian Dream. After having a very vocal debate about the national anthem, and hearing the spectrum of struggles experienced by some of the people closest to me, I questioned how inclusive and realistically attainable the 'Australian Dream' really is: are we all young and free, and does everyone have cause to rejoice when this dream is so systemically far away for so many? I haven't yet made up my mind (and the national anthem debate is still going in my household!).

# HOLDING

Words Lilly Brown // *Gumbaynggir*

for those who sit holding  
experience and knowledge  
in their bones carrying  
the stories of their families  
on the tips of their tongues  
holding fists tight fires burn  
behind clenched teeth

for those who sit with heart  
in classrooms holding back  
words hurting sweating  
palms rushing blood red  
sights set on where you are  
going from where you come  
holding heavy the future

# BLACK BODIED INNOCENCE



Words Serena Thompson // Mamu Waribarra

*CONTENT WARNING : This poem discusses mental health and suicide.*

Blue eyes black body  
Half-caste octaroon  
This one drink, he do study  
gonna get locked up soon  
Too many time dad hit mum  
No surprise when that system hit him  
Boy working hard for a crumb  
Suicide bubbles under the brim  
Backward caps and empty bottles  
No education to be expected  
their innocence is beaten and throttled  
From culture boys and men disconnected  
Bodies weighed down with assumption  
Blackness existing for white consumption

# UNFOOTING

Words Indiah Money // Wiradjuri

How can it be  
Feel cold and warm  
Twice at once

How can it feel  
Like this  
Confusion  
Drowning  
Warped  
Pulling  
Their ribbons cover  
me

How it is  
To love but to hate  
The same  
Singular  
Alone  
Creature  
Unsteady as to the  
footing

Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // Noongar





But this hair raises  
At the sight of  
The hearing of  
Thinking of

For another to say  
such  
Is denial of lies  
Not to be kept down  
But only to be kept  
down

For things that aren't  
Spoken of  
Said aloud  
Cannot be true

So say nothing  
Be quiet  
That is your sentence

# COLONIAL SOCIETY

● ● ●  
Words Elia Shugg // *Merrium / Erub*

We live in a society where possessions are worth more than lives  
Where permission is not sought  
Where murder, rape and theft were justified  
Where people were seen as flora and fauna  
Where disease was spread  
Where people's identity was measured on blood quantum  
Where corpses were manipulated for science  
Where people are forced to assimilate  
Where people are kidnapped  
Where people are incarcerated  
Where exploitation is entrenched  
Where racism is entrenched  
Where money is worth more than the earth  
Where convenience is worth more than the earth  
Where greed is commonplace  
Where culture is a commodity  
Where propaganda is absorbed  
Where sport is a distraction  
Where complacency is commonplace  
Where symbolism is seen as progress  
Where certain lives are worth more than others  
Where colonial authority presides over anyone that is different  
Where an idea is dismissed if it does not follow a political agenda  
Where democracy only allows for one's power trip

Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // *Noongar*

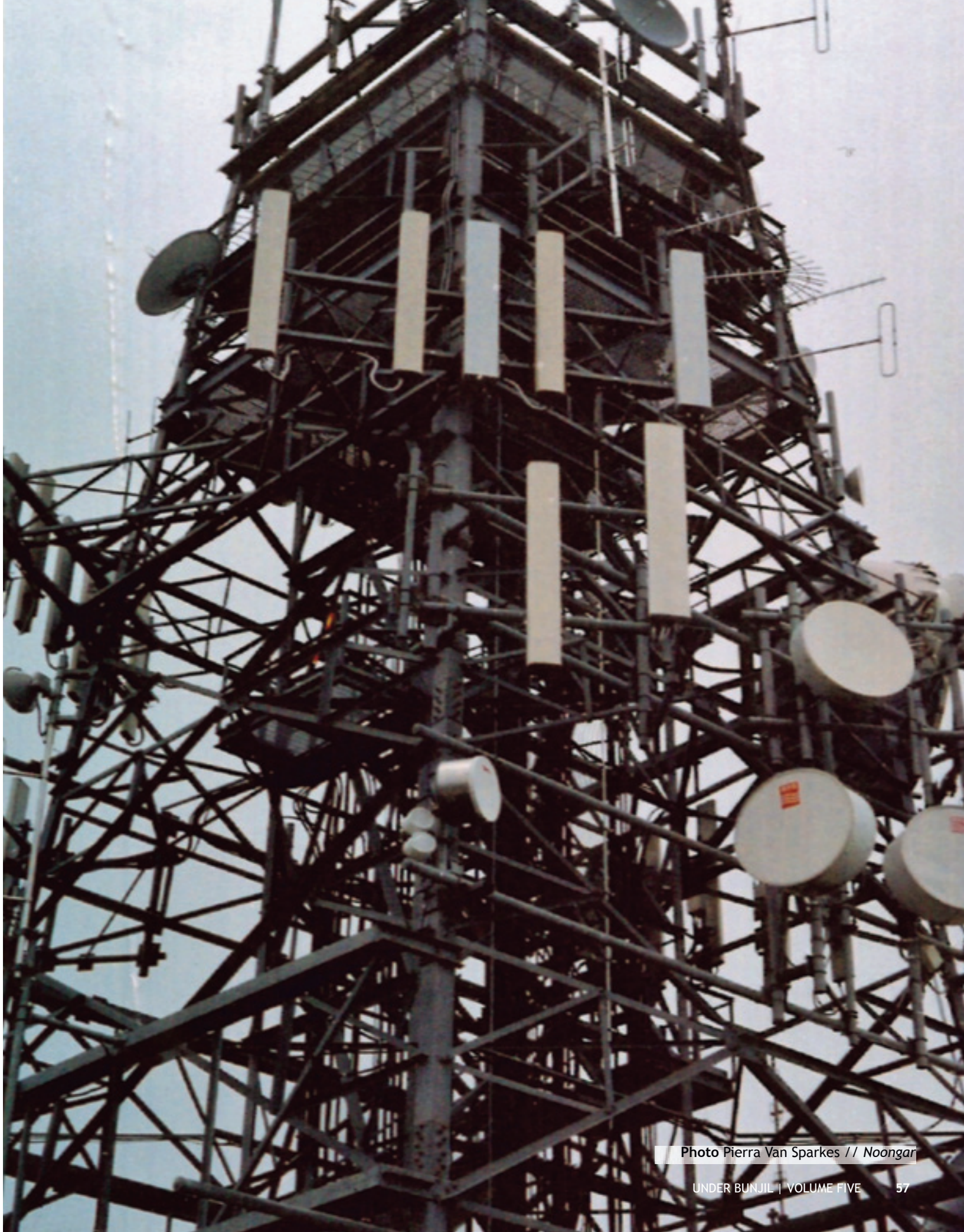


Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // Noongar

# DON'T USE MY CULTURE AS YOUR COSTUME



Words Paris Mordecai / *Widjabul*

I have never really been one for Halloween. Never went trick-or-treating. We were the family that never had any lollies to give to the handful of sheet-ghouls who battered down our door. Once a gauche American holiday, Halloween is now an increasingly-popular celebration on Australian turf, turning our children into gluttons as they indulge in sweets, and our adults as they consume the same amount in alcohol. Yet it held no certain appeal to me. So to find myself swept up in the holiday spirit last year really was rather surprising, but was somewhat exciting as I got to live out my *Stranger Things* addiction with my makeshift 'Eleven' costume.

But it was not the vampires, the demons or the zombies that scared me, no no. It was the realisation that Halloween is an arena for the absurd, culturally insensitive, politically incorrect, hyper-sexualised, and the downright ignorant, that truly frightened me.

By the time the lollies had all been consumed and the decorations put away for another year, I had come into contact with a Ku Klux Klan member, a sexy Pocahontas with battle wounds, an Islamic suicide bomber, and a 'traditional' Aboriginal dressed in 'blackface', lugging a petrol can and spear.

One could argue that our modern propensity to take offence is killing Halloween, but in fact it is those who believe their costume exists in a vacuum.

In a country as multicultural and diverse as ours, it should come as a surprise that a percentage of our population would engage in such blatant cultural denigration. But it does not. It happens every Halloween like clockwork. Our predisposition to appropriate, commodify and reduce the complex cultures that surround us to a costume is just for a laugh after all. But who is laughing? Certainly not our First Nations people.

The issue of cultural appropriation has dominated Australian newsstands and newsfeeds over the last months. Susan Scafidi, lawmaker at Fordham University USA, defines cultural appropriation as the act of taking intellectual property, traditional knowledge or cultural expressions or artifacts from a minority group that has been oppressed or exploited. Yet despite this, it would seem that everyone has their own opinion about what is, what constitutes and who should or should not be offended by cultural appropriation.

We witnessed Australia divided over the Book Week controversies in August 2016, in which primary school students were painted and paraded as their favourite Black icons. Their argument? They didn't mean any harm, borrowing from other cultures happens all the time. And whilst the latter is true, Eden Caceda reminds us that "cultural appropriation is informed by several hundred years of imperialism, racism, exoticism, orientalism, colonisation, genocide, forced assimilation, and dispossession from land, language, and culture". Engaging in Blackface today perpetuates the artefact of a racist past in which non-black performers painted themselves to portray demeaning racial stereotypes. So yes indeed it does hurt, whether you see that or not.

So as an Indigenous Australian, I'm perplexed. Why are we still talking about Blackface? It's a no-no and we know it.

• • • • •  
**SO AS AN INDIGENOUS AUSTRALIAN, I'M  
PERPLEXED. WHY ARE WE STILL TALKING  
ABOUT BLACKFACE?**  
• • • • •

Does it really need to be spelt out any further?

You may think it is cool to paint your face black and cover yourself in ochre. You may even think it is funny to trivialise the marginalised people of other countries by wearing a Native American headdress, or dreadlocks and a Rastafarian get-up. But your ignorance, historical obliviousness and cultural insensitivity are the real showstoppers. You tell us you are “celebrating” culture, but by taking aspects without recognising their deep cultural, and often religious significance, and using them to proliferate rather than break down a stereotype, you are merely partaking in performative racism.

You are privileged enough to avoid the lived experience of that culture, but not privileged enough to trivialise it without repercussion. Yarramun Conole, an Aboriginal activist reveals that every time someone dons an ‘Aboriginal costume’, “Indigenous people are reduced down to our face paint for ceremonies...we are reduced down to didgeridoos, we are reduced down to being the lovable tribal savages... as though that’s all that we are and all that we’ll ever be.”

It is not only homogenising, but humiliating.

So as those Halloween party invites begin to fill your inbox, it’s time to reflect on the message you will be sending this year. Halloween is a night to pretend to be someone you’re not, but it can equally enlighten others to the person you truly are. So some hot tips from a blackfulla:

1. It is possible to dress up without painting your skin!
2. Avoid exaggerated, racist and demeaning stereotypes.
3. Do not homogenise; avoid dressing up as a whole race. Choose a specific person or influential figure.
4. In saying that, educate yourself. If you really want to dress up as Pocahontas, make it authentic! Knowing a few facts about her and her influence will do wonders and are great conversation starters.
5. Don’t eroticise or hyper-sexualise a culture.
6. If you think you’re in a grey area, don’t risk it. It’s better to be safe than to be racist.
7. And once again, if you’re thinking about doing Blackface, don’t.



Photo Daily Mail / [dailymail.co.uk/gram](https://www.dailymail.co.uk/gram)

# IF THESE OLD TREES COULD TALK



Words Neerim Whurrong Callope // *Gkuthaarn / Kirrae Whurrong*

When I first arrived at the University of Melbourne, I felt like I had stepped into a completely different world. Not in the cliché ‘you’re not in Kansas anymore’ routine of a country boy stepping off the bus to be blinded by the city lights, but more in the way of unfamiliarity. This feeling was initially derived from the foreboding Victorian architecture that litters the college crescent, dwarfing and overshadowing the ancient gum trees that sit between Trinity and Ormond College.

Those trees. Those old trees.

I often wonder what wisdom would emanate from those majestic gum trees. They are the survivors of genocide, surrounded and engulfed by modern ideals, discourse, and intellect. But there they stand, a reminder of the days that once were. I then find myself thinking of those gum trees that didn’t make it and the countless corpses that now reside beneath the college crescent. What would they say, if they were still with us? Would they warn of the destructive power of man? Would they humble us with sad stories of loss?

We are those trees, and those trees are us.

It is a common narrative of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people (herein referred to as ‘blackfullas’), to speak of *walking between two worlds*: the plight of the modern Indigenous Australian, where the protagonist is frequently torn between the ways of the ancient and the demands of the contemporary. In my interactions with blackfullas around this country, I have encountered many ways this phenomenon is explained. In North Queensland, the preservation of culture, dance, country and stories are paramount in maintaining the old ways. The two worlds being the practice of the modern and the ancient. This is similar across much of the northern parts of Australia, and in the south of Western Australia.

In New South Wales and Victoria, however, the struggle is different. Down here, there are strong black voices (young ones, especially) crying out for a Treaty, demanding recognition of the past wrongdoings and fighting institutional racism. The two worlds



Where silence is commonplace  
Where ignorance and denial are rife  
Where individualism is the norm  
Where jobs are seen as central to one's life  
Where the government trains troops from a foreign country to  
contribute to genocide  
Where British law is seen as the norm and Indigenous laws are  
ignored  
Where the land is dug up, deforested and exploited  
Where native animals are culled  
Where land and culture are appropriated  
Where nationhood is built on stolen land and murder  
Where genocide is perpetual  
Where the frontier wars are perpetual  
We live in colonial society where a possession was worth more  
than a young boy's life.

# SWOLLEN BELLY OF ANTICIPATION

Words Indiah Money // Wiradjuri

Thickened  
By the smoke  
That we praise  
That clouds  
That parades  
Little knowledge  
Yet manages  
To hold weight

Smoke  
Is tangible  
Unable  
To be held  
However  
It can blind  
And some  
Choose sight

Others  
Decide that  
Perhaps hiding  
Is safer  
Less harmful  
Than  
The realisation  
Of waking

Sieving  
Through fog  
Nothing holds  
Such a  
A power  
Of ignorance  
A guard  
Through years

Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // Noongar





How harmful  
It is  
To never  
Really see  
How harmful  
It is  
To never  
Really feel

The pain  
Blackened  
Sorrow  
That eats  
At the  
Core  
Of all  
Our marrow

Bones ashened  
Skin sick  
Follicles of  
Each body  
Feels all  
Impact  
Of everyone's  
Past

We need  
Others to  
Have sight  
Be woken  
From a  
Frosted sleep  
Laced with  
Denial

# FAIR SKINNED BLACK BOY



Words Douglas Briggs // *Yorta Yorta / Wurundjeri*

A young boy sits on his own,  
Parents divorced, he comes from a broken home.  
Father would hit his mum, but what can Johnny do?  
His dad, one of them stolen kids, that's all that he knew.

His father feels like he doesn't belong,  
How can he be black with no place to call home?  
That spiritual connection it was taken from him,  
By a young white man named Constable Flynn.  
No recollection of his mother, he was taken from her too.  
Sent to Kinchela. Where he was sexually abused.

The Kinchela pastors would tell him to pray,  
To not speak your tongue or feel the wrath of the cane.  
These predators of a different kind, all dressed in black robes,  
With bible in hand, to spread the word of The Lord?  
The hypocrisy of these institutions, alive in those walls.  
Were they there to raise men or was it something much more?

Johnny's father still felt that pain to this day,  
So he would hit his wife to make it go away.  
But Johnny's mother is white,  
From a different class type,  
She was a private schoolgirl,  
Who fell in love with those curls.

She refused to listen to her father, didn't see black or white.  
This was the 60's where everyone went to fight.  
So he kicked her on out, said you can have that black bastard,  
But don't you ever come back, not even in a casket.  
It was tough in those days this is true.  
But they were in love, as her belly grew.

Then out came little Johnny one day,  
Eyes as blue as the ocean out on the bay.  
With blonde ringlets, he was his father's son,  
But would his pale complexion refuse him to be one?  
The constant questions about what he knows of his race,  
On why he was white but has that broad nose on his face?

So what is little Johnny to do?  
And who can he turn to?  
Too white to be black and too black to be white.  
A reflection on society and that's just not right.

# ENTERTAINING NIGHTMARES

Words Indiah Money // Wiradjuri

*Sitting amidst the setting sun,  
his dark skin is wrinkled and worn,  
a reflection of his soul,  
where to go treading on now foreign  
land?*

*Displaced, Rachel Davidge, NSW*

-  
Swimming eyes glistening  
Flailing limbs fluttering  
Tingling feet itching

-pitter patter pitter patter-

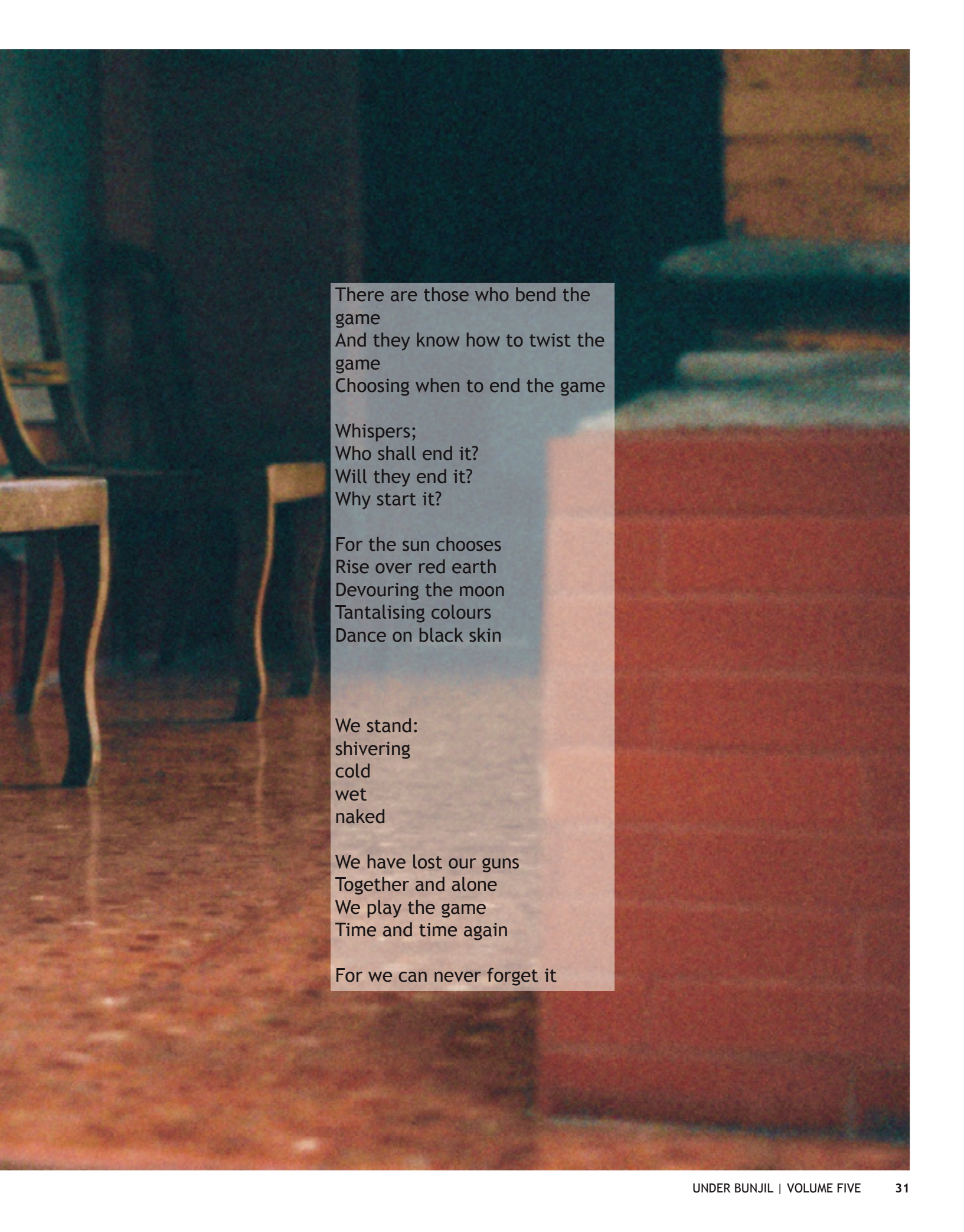
Today we play a game of war  
Our weapons:  
flowers  
balloons  
water guns  
rubber swords  
and clowns

There's confetti of all colours and sorts

Sparklers are lit  
Their scent burn my nostrils  
Into my future memories

The moon eats the sun  
But the game hasn't finished

Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // Noongar



There are those who bend the  
game  
And they know how to twist the  
game  
Choosing when to end the game

Whispers;  
Who shall end it?  
Will they end it?  
Why start it?

For the sun chooses  
Rise over red earth  
Devouring the moon  
Tantalising colours  
Dance on black skin

We stand:  
shivering  
cold  
wet  
naked

We have lost our guns  
Together and alone  
We play the game  
Time and time again

For we can never forget it

# WHY I AM ANGRY: AM I OFFENDING YOU?

Words Michelle Kerrin // Arrernte / Luritja

An open letter to you,

Your essay that talks about the ‘othering’ and subjugation of Aboriginal people, it’s me

You feel as though you have the right to call me ‘them’ or ‘the’, but don’t understand that these words are not just history, they are your neatly wrapped present to fixing our ‘problem’

Where in the middle of the class your mind wanders and you can switch the tune of my oppression off, but I sit there trying to fix the sound you broke, in a cell you keep putting us in

That the stories to which you cry white guilt, I cry over our dead bodies  
Where you “have never met an Aboriginal” but I sit next to you everyday  
AM I OFFENDING YOU?

The Facebook posts of Thaiday you claim to hate, is just a “phase”  
Where the rights of our mothers, aunties and Elders to our own children were determined by your greediness

And that my existence as a Black woman today is still determined by a fever that can be cured by having sex with a white woman

I am not your charity, I am not your token, I am not your fix  
AM I OFFENDING YOU?

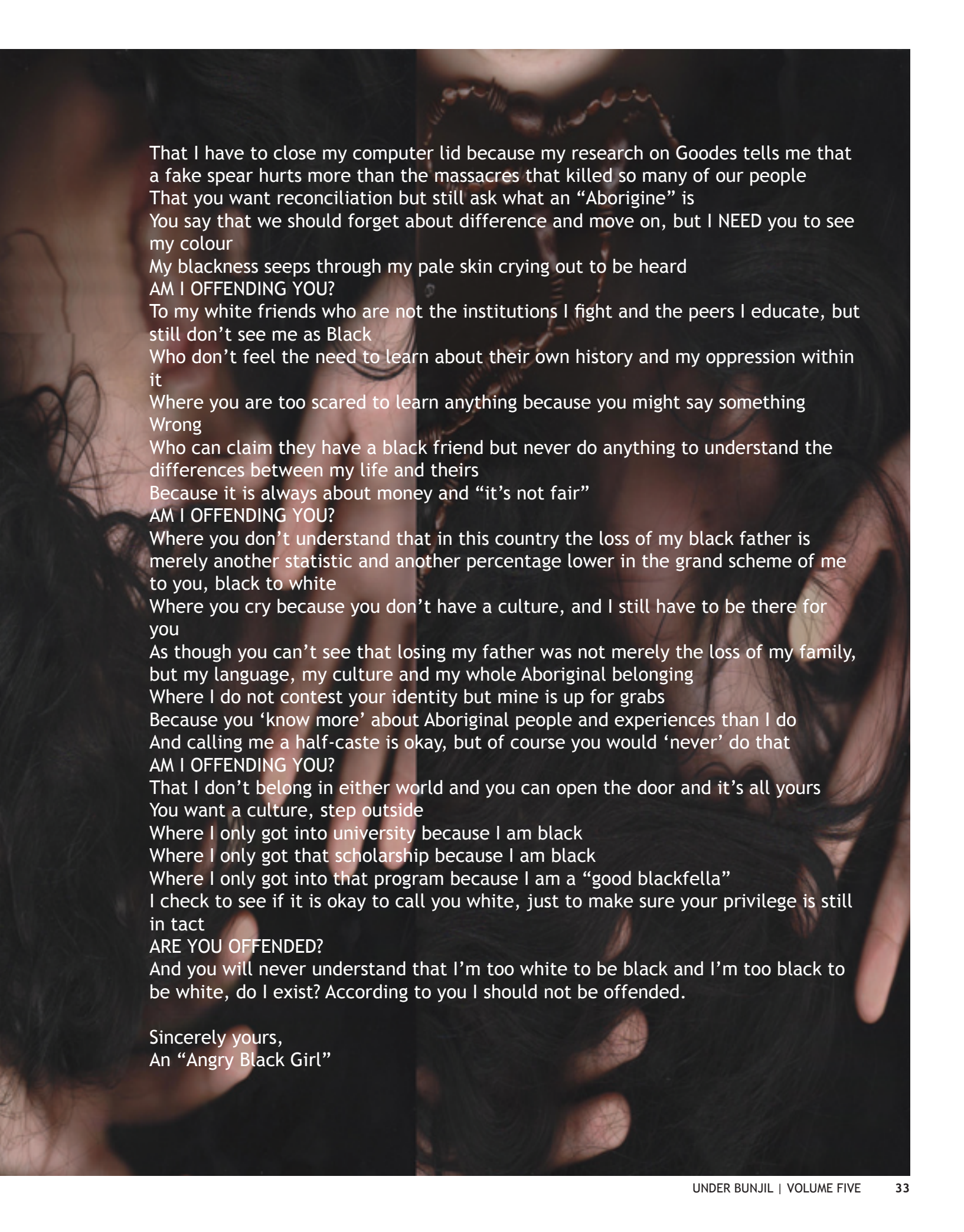
The fact that you want a skin name and to speak my language, yet it took me twenty years to learn that I had one

That my ‘problems’ are yours for one hour of the day, but your one hour is twenty years of my life

We are both tired by week six because it has been a ‘hard semester’, yet you have no idea that my exhaustion comes from the course that speaks of my disadvantage

That I have to make it through twelve weeks speaking about racism, one that is paid to be heard but I can tell you it for free

The sentence you glance over, is our story  
AM I OFFENDING YOU?



That I have to close my computer lid because my research on Goodes tells me that  
a fake spear hurts more than the massacres that killed so many of our people  
That you want reconciliation but still ask what an “Aborigine” is  
You say that we should forget about difference and move on, but I NEED you to see  
my colour

My blackness seeps through my pale skin crying out to be heard  
AM I OFFENDING YOU?

To my white friends who are not the institutions I fight and the peers I educate, but  
still don’t see me as Black

Who don’t feel the need to learn about their own history and my oppression within  
it

Where you are too scared to learn anything because you might say something  
Wrong

Who can claim they have a black friend but never do anything to understand the  
differences between my life and theirs

Because it is always about money and “it’s not fair”

AM I OFFENDING YOU?

Where you don’t understand that in this country the loss of my black father is  
merely another statistic and another percentage lower in the grand scheme of me  
to you, black to white

Where you cry because you don’t have a culture, and I still have to be there for  
you

As though you can’t see that losing my father was not merely the loss of my family,  
but my language, my culture and my whole Aboriginal belonging

Where I do not contest your identity but mine is up for grabs

Because you ‘know more’ about Aboriginal people and experiences than I do

And calling me a half-caste is okay, but of course you would ‘never’ do that

AM I OFFENDING YOU?

That I don’t belong in either world and you can open the door and it’s all yours

You want a culture, step outside

Where I only got into university because I am black

Where I only got that scholarship because I am black

Where I only got into that program because I am a “good blackfella”

I check to see if it is okay to call you white, just to make sure your privilege is still  
in tact

ARE YOU OFFENDED?

And you will never understand that I’m too white to be black and I’m too black to  
be white, do I exist? According to you I should not be offended.

Sincerely yours,  
An “Angry Black Girl”



# WHITE SKIN BLACK ENVY

Words Paris Mordecai // *Widjabul*

I averted my eyes at first, looking to the wall, the wooden window frame, the unmade bed and back again, eyes jumping as I sat paralysed on the peeling carpet. She must have sensed what she thought was my unease, it humoured her. She called my name. She was rested on the floor across from me, the pale soles of her feet tucked under her brown stick legs. She was holding her shirt up so I could see the two dark pinches of skin that sat on her chest. No one else in the room flinched, just continued swapping mouthfuls of cheap wine with cigarettes. I wasn't unsettled by her bare black chest, just jealous. Beneath my turtleneck sweater were two soft pink nipples. I felt inferior.

I've always struggled in a sense with my light skin, although some would say I have no reason to. But it would seem I share in the narrative of an increasing demographic created by colonialism and inter-generational mixing of heritages: the light-skinned blackfulla.

Recently my mother sent me a photograph of when she was a teenager along with the caption "classic hey, lol" and a series of unrelated emojis that showed her finesse with texting. The camera had captured her stubby nose, dark eyes framed by long lashes and brown frizzy curls that stood out from her scalp like a halo, framing her in all her black brilliance. For me, the only way my English rose complexion, compliments of my father, could be anything but is via the bottle of fake tan that sits on my bathroom shelf. It's almost empty.

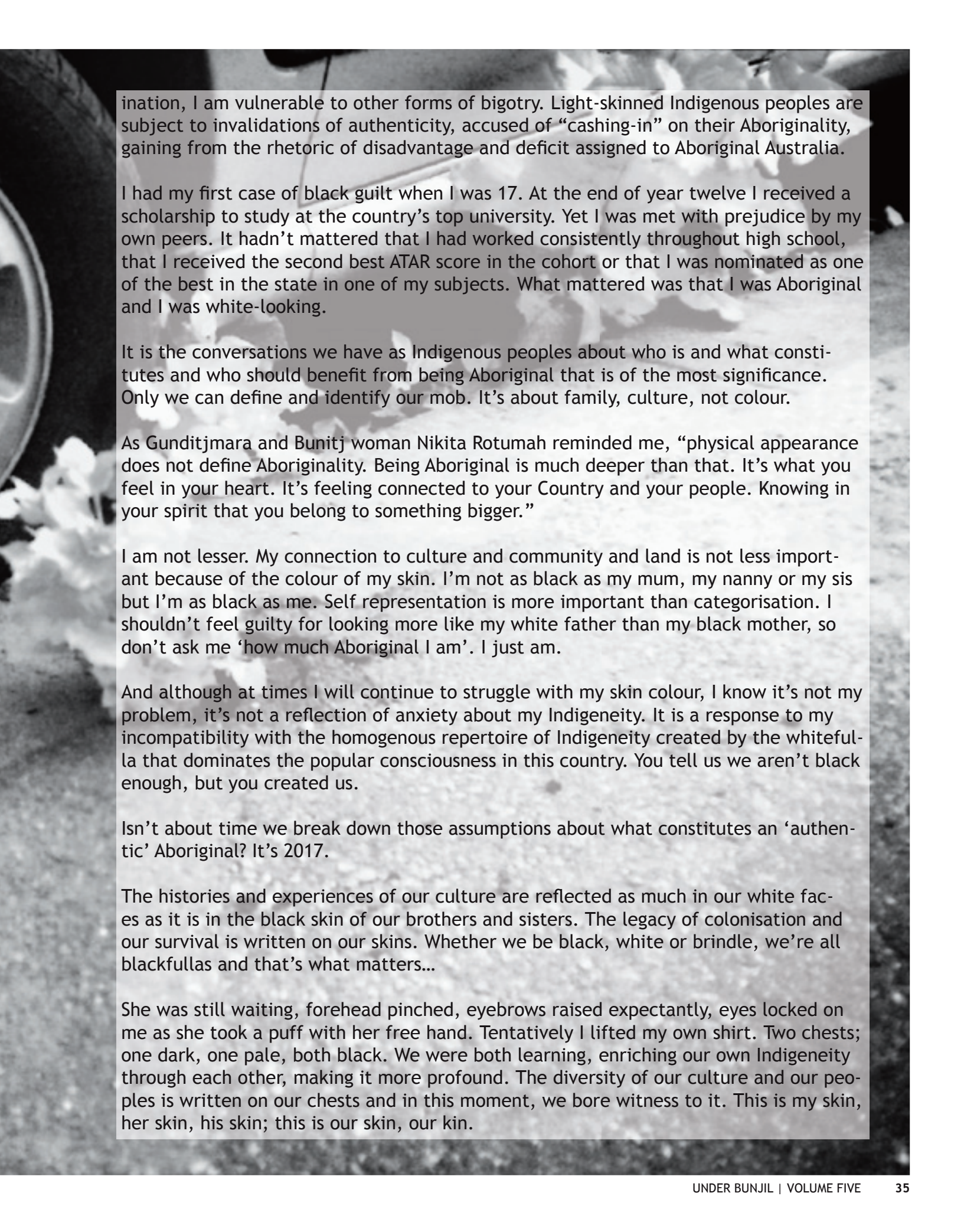
Despite a three-part identification process that doesn't take into account skin colour, we are living within a white discourse where an individual's claim to Indigeneity is judged by their skin tone. Only ask an Indigenous person of fair complexion how many times they've received the comment 'oh you don't look Indigenous' or questioned about 'what percentage' they are, and you'll see that there is considerable pressure in looking "recognisably" Aboriginal.

However, as Ramahn Allam reveals "the whole argument surrounding who is and who is not Aboriginal enough, light-skinned, dark-skinned, full-blood, half-caste, quarter-caste, octoroon, was created by white folk." Aboriginal culture has no concept of blackness or whiteness, skin colour is rarely discussed in our circles.

While many may say I'm "fortunate" to have white skin, to be exempt from racial discrim-

Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // *Noongar*





ination, I am vulnerable to other forms of bigotry. Light-skinned Indigenous peoples are subject to invalidations of authenticity, accused of “cashing-in” on their Aboriginality, gaining from the rhetoric of disadvantage and deficit assigned to Aboriginal Australia.

I had my first case of black guilt when I was 17. At the end of year twelve I received a scholarship to study at the country’s top university. Yet I was met with prejudice by my own peers. It hadn’t mattered that I had worked consistently throughout high school, that I received the second best ATAR score in the cohort or that I was nominated as one of the best in the state in one of my subjects. What mattered was that I was Aboriginal and I was white-looking.

It is the conversations we have as Indigenous peoples about who is and what constitutes and who should benefit from being Aboriginal that is of the most significance. Only we can define and identify our mob. It’s about family, culture, not colour.

As Gunditjmara and Bunitj woman Nikita Rotumah reminded me, “physical appearance does not define Aboriginality. Being Aboriginal is much deeper than that. It’s what you feel in your heart. It’s feeling connected to your Country and your people. Knowing in your spirit that you belong to something bigger.”

I am not lesser. My connection to culture and community and land is not less important because of the colour of my skin. I’m not as black as my mum, my nanny or my sis but I’m as black as me. Self representation is more important than categorisation. I shouldn’t feel guilty for looking more like my white father than my black mother, so don’t ask me ‘how much Aboriginal I am’. I just am.

And although at times I will continue to struggle with my skin colour, I know it’s not my problem, it’s not a reflection of anxiety about my Indigeneity. It is a response to my incompatibility with the homogenous repertoire of Indigeneity created by the whiteful-la that dominates the popular consciousness in this country. You tell us we aren’t black enough, but you created us.

Isn’t about time we break down those assumptions about what constitutes an ‘authentic’ Aboriginal? It’s 2017.

The histories and experiences of our culture are reflected as much in our white faces as it is in the black skin of our brothers and sisters. The legacy of colonisation and our survival is written on our skins. Whether we be black, white or brindle, we’re all blackfullas and that’s what matters...

She was still waiting, forehead pinched, eyebrows raised expectantly, eyes locked on me as she took a puff with her free hand. Tentatively I lifted my own shirt. Two chests; one dark, one pale, both black. We were both learning, enriching our own Indigeneity through each other, making it more profound. The diversity of our culture and our peoples is written on our chests and in this moment, we bore witness to it. This is my skin, her skin, his skin; this is our skin, our kin.



# FATE / MELANIN



Words Madeleine Mercer // *Wathaurong*

A baby is born. The colour of its skin, the gender of its body, the location of its birth, the money in the pocket of its parents; all decide the fate of this child before it has even taken its first breath. Each person born on this Earth is unwillingly dealt a hand by fate, and each person is sent to live that life to the best of their abilities. Although we may all be the same inside the womb, outside we are segregated by race, separated by gender, defined by our geographical location and divided by money. One hundred percent of people deserve a life without these things, yet fate can only bring that to less than ten percent of the population. This artwork embodies the ninety percent that are under-represented in mainstream media and even in everyday conversations. Just remember who you are in this world and how fate was the decider of your life. Nothing more.

TERRA  
NULLIUS





Eylania Naawi // *Yidinji* // “it feels like home to me”



Eylania Naawi // *Yidinji* // ghost town



Eylania Naawi // *Yidinji* // the unknown Shadow

# BUT YOU'RE WHITE?

Words Olivia Bentley // *Wiradjuri*

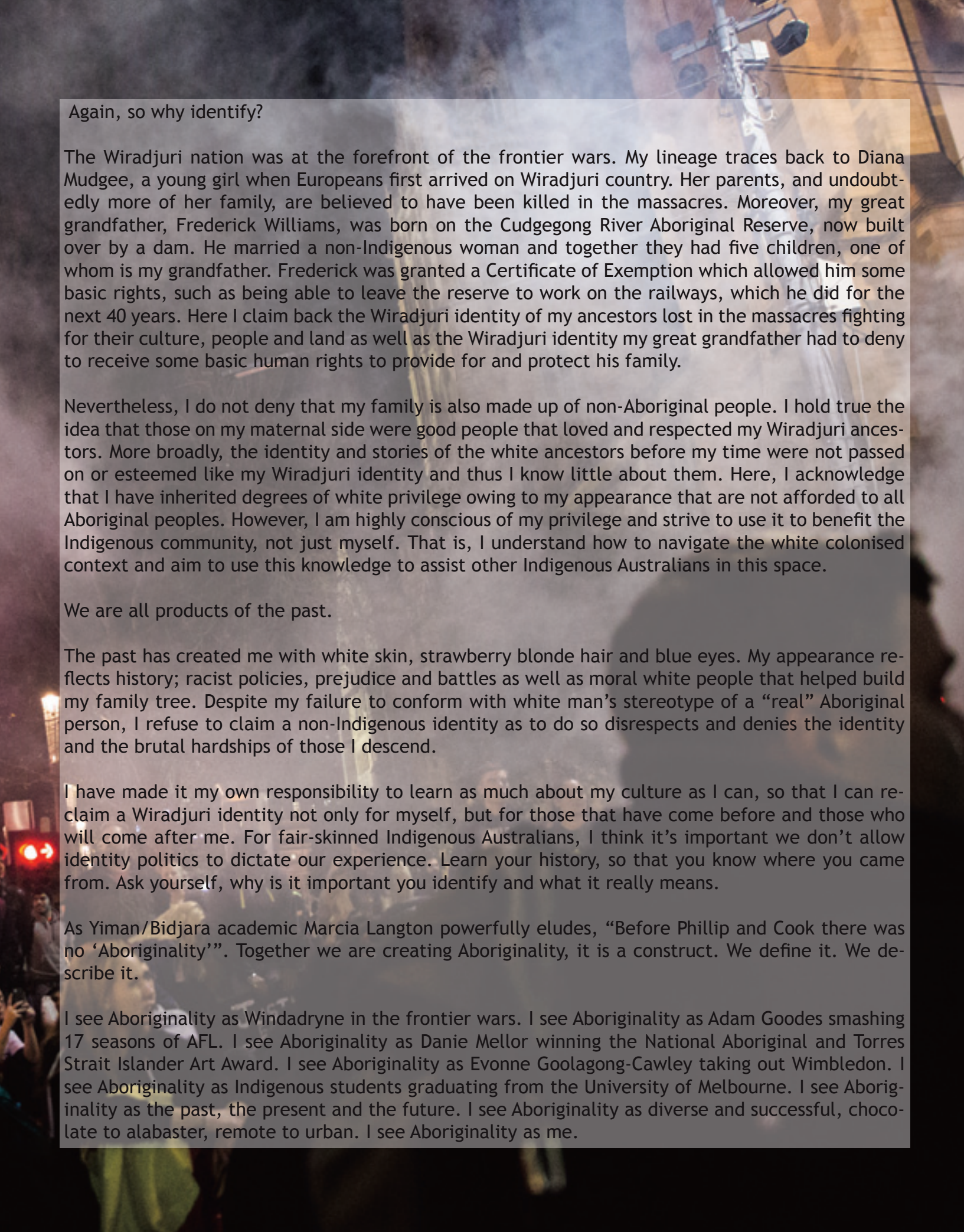
If you type into Google names such as Stan Grant, Anita Heiss, Laurie Daley, Nathan Drummond and Dan Christian followed by “Indigenous Australian”, you won’t have to scroll far to find articles attempting to explain their Indigeneity to those confused by their fair skin. Typically, the Australian discourse features an oppressive obsession with defining and containing Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander identity with so much weight afforded to appearance and the eugenicist pseudo-science of ‘blood quantum’. Thus, identity for fair-skinned Indigenous Australians is fraught and inherently political. Myself, and those I’ve mentioned, are no strangers to questions about our legitimacy as Aboriginal peoples as our fair-skinned complexion enables us, to varying degrees, to be ‘white passing’.

Discourses of authenticity have been pervasive in my experience as a Wiradjuri woman. People would roll up their sleeves to compare their skin colour to my own, parents murmured “all you have to do is ‘tick the box’ and the money comes rolling in” and teachers questioned the legitimacy of my university admittance as a product of my Aboriginality rather than my academic success. Their offensive ignorance challenged my identity and made me question my own authenticity. I would jump into a routine rhetoric of recounting my bloodline and the general history that led to my existence and, more topically, my appearance.

The most provocative question I’ve considered, and the most confronting experience of identity politics and lateral racism I’ve observed was upon watching an episode of Insider. With a 20% increase in those identifying as Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander on the census between 2006 to 2011, SBS Insight brought together a diverse group of Aboriginal Australians in a forum titled ‘Aboriginal or Not’ to discuss who should be able to call themselves Aboriginal. Notably, this forum provides a powerful insight into the influence of the appearance-obsessed narrative about Aboriginality constructed by non-Indigenous Australia on Indigenous communities. It can be observed that in some instances Aboriginal peoples have co-opted into the damaging task of questioning the legitimacy of others as evidenced by the discussion becoming fuelled with lateral racism about who “counts” as Aboriginal. Indirectly, I fall subject to Bess Price’s question targeted at a fair-skinned Aboriginal woman as she queries; “Why don’t you acknowledge the other heritage you have and be proud of that and not just go one way?”. To read between the lines and align this question more broadly with what is implied when people query my authenticity is the question; why do you identify as Aboriginal if you don’t look Aboriginal?

I did not grow up in community, let alone on my country. I do not know my songlines or where I fit within my kinship network. It’s assumed I identify to qualify for government welfares, scholarship money and easy job attainment. However, reality dictates that these benefits are not “free” or given for “being Aboriginal”, they’re allocated on a needs basis or, in my experience, merit and academic achievement.





Again, so why identify?

The Wiradjuri nation was at the forefront of the frontier wars. My lineage traces back to Diana Mudgee, a young girl when Europeans first arrived on Wiradjuri country. Her parents, and undoubtedly more of her family, are believed to have been killed in the massacres. Moreover, my great grandfather, Frederick Williams, was born on the Cudgegong River Aboriginal Reserve, now built over by a dam. He married a non-Indigenous woman and together they had five children, one of whom is my grandfather. Frederick was granted a Certificate of Exemption which allowed him some basic rights, such as being able to leave the reserve to work on the railways, which he did for the next 40 years. Here I claim back the Wiradjuri identity of my ancestors lost in the massacres fighting for their culture, people and land as well as the Wiradjuri identity my great grandfather had to deny to receive some basic human rights to provide for and protect his family.

Nevertheless, I do not deny that my family is also made up of non-Aboriginal people. I hold true the idea that those on my maternal side were good people that loved and respected my Wiradjuri ancestors. More broadly, the identity and stories of the white ancestors before my time were not passed on or esteemed like my Wiradjuri identity and thus I know little about them. Here, I acknowledge that I have inherited degrees of white privilege owing to my appearance that are not afforded to all Aboriginal peoples. However, I am highly conscious of my privilege and strive to use it to benefit the Indigenous community, not just myself. That is, I understand how to navigate the white colonised context and aim to use this knowledge to assist other Indigenous Australians in this space.

We are all products of the past.

The past has created me with white skin, strawberry blonde hair and blue eyes. My appearance reflects history; racist policies, prejudice and battles as well as moral white people that helped build my family tree. Despite my failure to conform with white man's stereotype of a "real" Aboriginal person, I refuse to claim a non-Indigenous identity as to do so disrespects and denies the identity and the brutal hardships of those I descend.

I have made it my own responsibility to learn as much about my culture as I can, so that I can reclaim a Wiradjuri identity not only for myself, but for those that have come before and those who will come after me. For fair-skinned Indigenous Australians, I think it's important we don't allow identity politics to dictate our experience. Learn your history, so that you know where you came from. Ask yourself, why is it important you identify and what it really means.

As Yiman/Bidjara academic Marcia Langton powerfully eludes, "Before Phillip and Cook there was no 'Aboriginality'". Together we are creating Aboriginality, it is a construct. We define it. We describe it.

I see Aboriginality as Windadryne in the frontier wars. I see Aboriginality as Adam Goodes smashing 17 seasons of AFL. I see Aboriginality as Danie Mellor winning the National Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Art Award. I see Aboriginality as Evonne Goolagong-Cawley taking out Wimbledon. I see Aboriginality as Indigenous students graduating from the University of Melbourne. I see Aboriginality as the past, the present and the future. I see Aboriginality as diverse and successful, chocolate to alabaster, remote to urban. I see Aboriginality as me.

# RED DIRT

Words Jadalyn De Busch // *Kaanju / Kumopintha / Thypan*

For anyone who doesn't know, red dirt sticks. You're not going to get it out of jeans and you're definitely not going to get it out of a brand new polo shirt from David Jones. Red dirt has single-handedly cost car owners hundreds in cleaning products and is solely responsible for the heartache of sad farewells of once favourite clothing items. This is known by all; some more than others and some are soon to find out, when they too must part with their trusty pair of 501's. I'm sure Jane Austen would agree that it is a truth universally acknowledged that red dirt sticks...to everything. It is a fact. It sticks in the worst, but also the best kind of way.

Red dirt has always been with me, in some sense. In the background of stories, photos and memories, it has tangled itself into my hair and covered my feet. I would say it is very much a part of my identity. Like blondes are blonde, I am red dirt and I am earth. I am a long way from home so my recent trip up to the Northern Territory's Garma festival reminded me of the joys of red dirt.

On a dusty Thursday morning one Maori, two sisters, two jokers and three early birds started on a seventeen-hour trek into Arnhem Land, bee-lining straight for Garma.

If I haven't told you about Garma (which, I'm sure I have) here's a quick snapshot of our experience.

Politics. Running in Dirt. Dancing. Singing. Weaving. Painting. Stargazing. Singing. Shower. Dirty feet. Dancing. Laughing. Playing with Dirt. Politics. Arguing. Agreeing. Sharing. Sitting on Dirt. Eating. Sleeping. Healing. Learning. Frustration. Annoyed. Dirt in tent. Laughing. Crying. Sleeping. Drinking. Walking. Sitting. Listening. Politics.  
Dirt everywhere.

I expected that I was going to get thrown into politics and culture however I wasn't expecting Yolngu country to remind me so much of my home, Kaanju. The landscape, the temperature, the people

and the red dirt. It scared and confused me all at the same time. It seemed the only logical thing to do next was to completely immerse myself in the culture and the dirt, letting it seep into my skin and rock my foundations once again.

As we danced and sung, you could feel the red dirt as it clung to every fibre of your being, attached itself to every aspect of you and now I see its colour shine light and life onto the most ordinary of settings. You can't capture an experience in five hundred words but you can capture an instant, a moment that fundamentally challenged your understanding of what this all means. An instant where the whole world fell away and it was just you and the earth. The moment when you begin to realise there is a difference between making noise and being heard. When you hear the beauty of silence and the life of song. You value knowledge in all its complex forms, particularly the ones you don't understand. You see the earth as a living breathing extension of yourself and visa versa. These things were not taught at Garma but were felt in the most intimate way. They came through the earth and engulfed you in a great big hug. It was incredible.

While the world moves on and new memories and experiences begin to replace the ones made at Garma, I am fairly certain the red dirt of Yolngu country isn't going anywhere anytime soon. In typical fashion, the lessons I now learn are certain to have a redish hue about them, to say the least. Our time on Gumatj and with Yolngu people was intense, quick and short but bewildering and beautiful. It reaffirms to me that there are some things you just can't get rid of - some things just stick. Some things just are and will always be.

We are a beautiful people. We are strong.  
I am red dirt and I am the earth.

Much love, Jad

# THE FAILURES OF BLACK MEN



Words Serena Thompson // Mamu Waribarra

I will be the first person to admit that I used to think that Sam Thaiday was one of the deadliest blackfullas going. Seeing his big head on TV and identifying with his cheeky sense of humour was something that I cherished. Sam Thaiday presented a positive image of an Aboriginal man at a time when I needed it most and where representations of our men, in general, were lacking. This was an Indigenous man that was confident in his blackness, successful in his career and by all means, presented a great role model for my younger brothers and other young black men.

For years, this idea was maintained and it never really wavered. However, following these ridiculous comments, Thaiday has now become just another black man who is willing to compromise aspects of his Indigeneity in order to, for lack of a better word, assimilate.

I am going to begin by saying that Sam Thaiday's words were not a joke, they were and continue to be violent. Having them circulate on my newsfeed for a week was something that I could steel myself against. However, for so many of the young black girls I know, this was an unanticipated personal attack that they did not know how to defend against. Similarly, I fear for what these words, from such an otherwise great role model, have instilled in our young black boys.

For 229 years, language has been used as a weapon against our mob. Policies written by the government have been active in categorising, problematising, dispossessing and othering Indigenous people. The disconnection some of us have from culture and family can be seen as a displacement of words and oral communication. Alternatively, lateral violence in our communities is the presence of language that is racist, sexist and divisive.

In the case of Sam Thaiday, divisions are arising within communities between those that support him and condemn him. At the end of the day, everyone is entitled to their

own opinion but this case is not simply a matter of opinion or personal preference. To believe and to perpetuate the idea that "white is right" it is an assimilationist mindset that actively works to create divisions in our community and undermine our value as Indigenous people.

As someone who lives in the spotlight, it is fair to say that Sam Thaiday is under significant scrutiny from the public. I have had mates of my own make similar comments about our women, about me, and after pulling them up, they are generally apologetic and understand why these words are harmful. Now I imagine a few people will be quick to say that Thaiday apologised, and that he meant it and won't do it again. This is the apology that was written on his Facebook page:

*"I am proud of my indigenous heritage. I have two indigenous daughters of my own. My joke was a poor attempt at humour with poorly chosen words. There is no place for racism in society. I take responsibility for my actions, it is not who I am and I apologise unreservedly."*

That is not an edited version, people. This mf seriously apologised and claimed that he was proud of his heritage and his daughters using a lower-case 'i' not once, but twice. For me, this apology didn't quite hit the mark and I was almost expecting something more substantial considering that the week following was the Indigenous Round in the NRL. There was a somewhat follow-up post, but this time it was a bit easier to determine what was wrong with it:

*Monday motivation thanks to my mum Julie Thaiday: "If you're going to take offence, take the gate too." #juliethaiday #keepsmling #keeplaughing #keplivingyourlife #iwillalwaysbeme*



*"I reckon Halle Berry was my first [crush]. That's when I went through my Jungle Fever phase-liking dark girls there for a little while. But then I figured it out, if it ain't white, it ain't right."*  
Sam Thaiday, Aboriginal man and current NRL Brisbane Broncos player

I am not heartless, I understand a black mother wanting to stand beside and support her son, but these comments are bigger than a bit of bad press for Thaiday. His lack of sincerity and remorse are indicative of a more significant issue that has plagued our communities for decades.

For too long black women have carried the brunt of abuse from mainstream society; we exist at an impossible intersection of racism and sexism, and in most cases classism as well. As Indigenous people, we have all suffered at the hands of racism and settler colonialism but while our women are endlessly caring for entire communities, there is little to no support offered to us in return.

I am not condemning our men for dating white women, the heart wants what it wants, but when that desire is rooted in a subconscious need to conform to mainstream society, then it becomes problematic. It becomes a matter of what aspects of your Indigenous identity you are willing to sacrifice in order to make your life easier.

So when does denying racism become racist? When will our men understand we need their support in order to survive? It is no longer enough to swear solidarity to our faces and then buy into the stereotypes of Aboriginal women that are perpetuated by mainstream society; that we are uneducated, that we are dirty, that we are sluts. As a black man, you cannot claim to be resisting assimilation when you are defending Sam Thaiday and his disgusting comments.

In no uncertain terms, you are saying to all black women that they will never be as good as white women; never as clean, as nice, as smart, as white. To reiterate my earlier point, you are encouraging these women to conform to an agenda that for years has attempted to erase them from the landscape. You are actively reinforcing unrealistic expectations on black women to the point where they are questioning their own beauty, validity and importance in our communities.

*You are hurting us.*

You are hurting us in a way that no white man can ever really hurt us. You are inflicting pain from the inside and inviting the white man in. To invade our communities, giving them a glance into lateral violence and letting them see where we are vulnerable. You are continuing the narrative of blacks as problematic beings and whites as the saviour figure.

What you are doing is prioritising your masculinity over your Indigeneity. Leaving the black women behind on your journey to validation from a society that is not designed for black success. Makes sense though, doesn't it? That's your ticket in.

But no need to worry. These are simply the words of one angry black woman, not enough to elicit any real repercussions, not enough to matter, not enough to even be valid.

# EPISTEMOLOGY IN OUR COMMUNITY

Words Tyson Holloway-Clarke // *Njama*

As you are undoubtedly learning, language is paramount in both understanding and facilitating the human condition. Language determines how we relate to each other and how we internally define ourselves. It is difficult to imagine a world in which language, that is all language, does not exist. It is simultaneously taken for granted and blown out of proportion. The words we write and the lyrics we wax are wasted and coveted in the same breath.

In our community at the University of Melbourne, there are two names that stand fierce in my mind; Under Bunjil and Murrup Barak. They roll off the tongue and instantly become familiar. As words, they also hide traps, you could mispronounce either a few ways. We know why these names are respected; their place in our community are established and important. Despite this, the meanings of these names are often either misunderstood or not understood at all.

Under Bunjil is a conjunct of an adverb and a proper noun. The combination gives us the title of our semesterly publication. Under is a simple statement of position but when paired with Bunjil, the creator spirit of the Kulin Nations, it takes on an additional symbolic interface. To explain this name in its entirety, I will detail briefly the context by which I chose it as the name for the publication.

Aunty Di Kerr, Wurundjeri Elder has been a significant influence on me, personally. She helped me understand the Country I was arriving on, the manner in which she expected us to behave and exist on her Country, and thus the community we were being invited to. We were expected to protect the Country,

and in turn let the Country protect and provide for us. We were on Aunty Di's country; we were on Bunjil's country.

When the publication came along at the beginning of 2015 I wanted an iconic and meaningful name that would remain relevant and important in our community, time irrelevant. I can not remember any of the other considerations because when Under Bunjil came to mind, inspired by the words of Aunty Di, I could not imagine calling the publication anything else. What bound us as a community here in metropolitan Melbourne, was our place on Wurundjeri Country, under

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**UNDER BUNJIL WOULD CATALOGUE  
THE EVENTS, IDEAS AND WORKS OF  
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UNDER BUNJIL**

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the wings of Bunjil. So as a publication, Under Bunjil would catalogue the events, ideas and works of our community as we would exist Under Bunjil.

The name Murrup Barak has much less to do with me personally, but I love it nonetheless. Both Murrup and Barak are nouns and both are Woiwurrung words. Murrup is a word with two meanings; fire, and spirit. Both of which could be used in the name Murrup Barak. Barak is the family name of now deceased Wurundjeri Elders, perhaps the most notable being William Barak. In short the English name might be 'The Spirit of Barak' or 'The Fire of Barak'.

As the city of Melbourne was being established and the Wurundjeri were being pushed off their land, Elder Simon Wonga had a choice. Faced with a ravaged environment, strict government control and interference, and a population devastated by disease, Wonga needed to do what best he could to save his people. Given no other means of survival, Wonga and the Wurundjeri moved away from their traditional lifestyles and their homes immemorial, onto the Coranderrk Mission near modern day Healesville.

As the next successive Elder of the Wurundjeri, William Barak was also faced with a challenge of insurmountable odds: to survive in the new colonised world. The Coranderrk Mission is now renowned for its story, featuring in innumerable books, plays, and film. The Wurundjeri's ability to adapt, survive and indeed excel, is remarkable and their Elders serve as the inspiration for the name of our Indigenous centre at the University of Melbourne.

As we come to understand the name and the context that surround it, we can understand the multiple meanings in the name Murrup Barak. The most

obvious is how the story and life of Barak serves as inspiration for the students in our community. We aim to not only survive in a new colonised world, but to strive in it and succeed. In this we can begin to understand how our community ensures the survival of the fire of Barak, as the modern torch-bearers over a century later.

In a more contemporary context, the use of fire is emblematic of the functions of our community. Fire as a beacon and inspiration, fire as a comfort and necessity for survival, fire as a responsibility and as power, fire as the heart of a community bringing us together. Our community as presiding in Murrup Barak speaks to all of these meanings and interpretations of the name Murrup Barak.

Think on names and words. At times they seem insignificant and like a flit in the wind, but remember that as wind whips the seas and shapes the mountains, words permeate our souls.



Photo Willow Ingrim // [thecitizen.org.au](http://thecitizen.org.au)

# FAILING INDIGENOUS ENABLING PROGRAMS

Words Ethan Taylor // *Warumungu*

Indigenous access to University has become a popular topic of conversation across the nation as more and more tertiary institutions create alternate pathways into higher education for Indigenous students. These pathways are designed to take young and aspiring Indigenous students that lack the formal qualifications for entry into a university and provide them with a ‘bridging’ course that equips them with necessary attributes (Brownwyn et al 2015, p 3). The University of Melbourne participates actively in this national movement through its’ Indigenous access program: The Bachelor of Arts (Extended) (BA-EX) (Pechenkina, Kowal & Paradies 2012, p. 65). However, I argue that upon review the BA-EX demonstrates itself as a failing Indigenous access program on the premise it mirrors colonial practices designed to socially control Indigenous peoples. I support this contention by firstly, unpacking Foucault and constructing a sound Foucauldian framework; secondly, I apply this framework to an analysis of colonial practices such as humiliation and disempowerment; thirdly, I use Foucauldian understandings of these two practices to an analyse of the BA-EX in order to argue their contemporary presence in the program. From this, I suggest that the BA-EX is in serious need of a review and subsequent restructure if it is to prosper as a pathway for Indigenous students into University.

However, before proceeding to a presentation of Foucauldian theory, a critical note must be made in regards to my standpoint as an Indigenous student in the BA-EX program. While some may suggest I possess a certain bias that disrupts this essay’s argument due to my standpoint; I conform to the argument of Indigenous standpoint theory (Nakata 2007, p. 11) which would suggest that my argument speaks from a place not of bias, but of necessary validity.

Foucault (1997, p. 8) argues that the body is a separate sight of power capable of being controlled and manipulated through social relation containing acts of discipline and punishment. In this way, Foucault (1990, p. 3) suggests that when discipline and punishment act on a body, that body becomes docile: akin

to a fresh piece of clay ripe for the shaping. It is this docility that gives power to certain institutions or people. As such, a Foucauldian framework suggests that power is not held within political capital; but in social relations that create docile bodies through discipline and punishment (Foucault 1990, p. 3). Once docile bodies are created, they gain a very attentive self-monitoring quality in order to avoid further punishment and conform to the constructed understanding of what is ‘right’ (Foucault 1990, p). The theory of docile bodies is explained with Foucault’s timeless analogy of the soldier. Foucault (1990, p. 1) argues that the classical soldier was born with inherent characteristics that made him a soldier, whereas the contemporary soldier can be easily made by the military through means of training. The modern soldier has thus had their body disciplined and punished into docility for the purposes of creating a soldier fit for battle. The soldier then exhibits self-monitoring qualities; such as not partying the night before training in order to avoid reprimand by a higher officer despite the fact no one has distinctly told the soldier not to do so. While Foucault offers this example in light of a wartime nation needing soldiers, a Foucauldian framework can be applied to an analysis of any social relationship, such as those between colonial institutions attempting to take land and Indigenous peoples that occupy it.

Colonial institutions used acts of discipline and punishment in order to condition the bodies of Indigenous peoples into docility. By subjugating Indigenous people to humiliation and disempowerment, colonial institutions have been successful in achieving the social control of Indigenous people for the means of assimilation (Haebich 2008, p. 8). Foucault provides insights into the operation of these two tactics through an understanding of the body and docility. Firstly, humiliation can be viewed as an act of punishment that forces Indigenous peoples to enter harmful self-monitoring patterns and cycles. By imposing upon Indigenous peoples, degrading literature, media and educational structures, Indigenous people have been humiliated in their culture and sense of worth



(Moreton-Robinson 2000). Secondly, the bodies of Indigenous peoples are disempowered and stripped of autonomy when unequal opportunities discipline and punish Indigenous people into submission (Short 2003, p 492). Historically, the discipline and punishment in this tactic has been law; for example, the Aboriginal Protection and Restriction of the Sale of Opium Act 1897, which implemented apartheid like racial disempowerment (Korff 2016). Foucault can be used to analyse tactics used throughout colonisation to socially control Indigenous people. These tactics of social control - humiliation and disempowerment - should be a relic of colonialism; however, an analysis of the University of Melbourne's Bachelor of Arts (Extended) would suggest otherwise. I argue that the Bachelor of Arts (Extended) mirrors both humiliation and disempowerment in its' course material and structure.

Firstly, the Bachelor of Arts (Extended) mirrors the colonial practice of humiliation with its' program 'Communication and Performance'; which has students learning how to mime and dance. Within the University of Melbourne course handbook, the course is stated to be structured around using drama as a "means of developing confidence and skills in intra-personal and interpersonal communication" (The University of Melbourne 2017). Unlike other courses that spark students' intellectual interests, 'Communication and Performance' delves into a very deep and personal aspect of the students' existence: self-esteem; and tries to posit this as an 'achievement'. From a Foucauldian perspective, I suggest this unit reflects the colonial ideology of humiliation in the way it can force Indigenous students into a harmful patterns of self-monitoring hatred. If confidence and self-esteem are the end goal, then it can be assumed that failing the subject - the ultimate form of punishment in this case - must mean a student lacks these qualities.

As such, a Foucauldian understanding suggests that students monitor themselves and their behaviors in order to avoid the punishment of failing to conform to the social norm of succeeding. However, this can mean students are forced to bring fragile aspects of themselves to self-inflicted punishment. This act can potentially be dangerous to Indigenous students as it brings them to question not only self-esteem but consequently self-worth. In this process, the bodies of Indigenous peoples are brought to docility through the tantalizing structures of humiliation. This demonstrates the compulsory BA-EX unit 'Communication and Performance' mirrors colonial practices designed to socially control Indigenous people through humiliation. While the retort to this would be that confidence at the cultural interface is necessary for educational success (Day et al. 2015, p. 503), I would re-affirm that regardless of intention, creating a compulsory unit designed to increase the confidence of Indigenous students posits dangerous assumptions with potentially disastrous consequences. Secondly, the BA-EX mirrors the colonial practice of disempowerment in the way the course disciplines and punishes

Indigenous bodies into docility by awarding graduates' unequal titles. The course deprives students of a Bachelor of Arts by choosing to instead award students with Bachelor of Arts (Extended); with the 'Extended' quite literally inscribed on their certificate. From a Foucauldian standpoint, viewing the deprivation of an equal award as the punishment and the BA-EX program itself subsequently as a disciplinary course that makes students feel contempt with graduating with such a title, the BA-EX demonstrates itself to force the bodies of Indigenous students into docility. Whilst in a colonial era, unjust laws disciplined and punished Indigenous bodies into docility for the purpose of socially positioning Indigenous peoples as lesser citizens by criminalizing acts such as sleeping in town or entering a bar. Similarly, the BA-EX constructs unjust policies through a system that forces students into receiving an unjust award that disciplines and punishes their bodies into a lesser social category. In this way, the course exhibits social control on Indigenous people by inferring that their bodies are not equal to that of their 'mainstream Arts' counterparts.

The rebuttal to this argument can be seen as being that the foundation program and the Bachelor of Arts program are integrated in order to ensure students flow more comfortably from entrance to the bridging course to finishing their degree (The University of Melbourne Faculty of Arts 2017). However, I would counteract this argument by affirming that comfort can not be seen as such an easy substitute for equality. If we are to succeed at creating an Indigenous access program that truly results in the success of its' students, then a better compromise must be made between course flow and equal opportunities. As such, in order to progress, it is crucial to bring to question the potential colonial ideologies that are present in the Bachelor of Arts (Extended).

Through the use of a Foucauldian framework, this essay has argued that the Bachelor of Arts (Extended) mirrors colonial practices of social control in the way it forces the bodies of Indigenous students into docility. In support of this argument, this essay has compared and contrasted colonial practices and the BA-EX from a Foucauldian standpoint in order to demonstrate two distinct similarities. Firstly, that the use of the compulsory unit 'Communication and Performance' reflects the colonial practice of humiliation; and secondly, an unjust award system demonstrates familiarity towards the aspect of colonialism designed to disempower Indigenous peoples. As such, the use of a Foucauldian framework in the comparison of the BA-EX and colonial practices suggests that some aspects of tertiary institutions mirror colonial ideologies. These colonial remnants present dangerous ramifications for Indigenous students within the BA-EX; thus, further research into the course and its' practices are highly recommended.

# WADAMA



Words Jazleen David De Busch // *Kaanju / Kumopintha / Thypan*  
&  
Neerim Whurrong Callope // *Gkuthaarn / Kirrae Whurrong*

On Thursday 31st of August, students of Trinity College showcased Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander songs and dances to commence its formal hall. Trinity College executive staff approached its Indigenous student body at the beginning of semester and asked if we would like to perform traditional Indigenous songs and dances, as we had done in 2016. We agreed to do so, but we wanted to build on last year's performance, not replicate it.

After due diligence with the Indigenous student body, we decided that it was both culturally appropriate and progressive to invite non-Indigenous students from Trinity College to dance alongside us. We approached a number of students in leadership roles (both pastoral and sporting) to be a part of this incredible journey. As a few of the non-Indigenous students had also never danced traditional Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander dances before, Douglas Briggs (Yorta Yorta and Wurundjeri), Jazz and Jad DeBusch (Kaanju), and Neerim Callope (Gkuthaarn and Kirrae Whurrong) lead a discussion and teaching lesson on kinship, and explained what these dances mean to the macro-protocols of our complex cultures. We were very fortunate to have two of Neerim's close friends from high school, Haryne Uta (Saibai Island) and Robert Reckenberg (Masig Island), fly down from Cairns to teach and facilitate the learning and performance of the Torres Strait Islander dances. Trinity Alumni, Alexandra Hohoi and Nelson Ambar, also returned to the college to amplify the Torres Strait Islander presence.

Over the weeks leading up to the performance, the Indigenous and non-Indigenous students had the chance to learn the story and language behind the dances, ask any questions about Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander culture, and begin building a much stronger space for Indigenous culture and understanding within the college. Douglas taught Yorta Yorta spirit and creation dances, and a war cry dance that encompasses many language groups from around the country. Neerim taught his Gkuthaarn Warthol dance (saltwater crocodile dance), the Thamani and Abua Torres Strait Islander men's dances, and collaborated with Jazz and Jad De Busch on the Wadama (Aboriginal celebratory corroborree). Haryne taught the Torres Strait Islander female spirit/cleansing dance, Mari Waiiau, and Jazz and Alex were integral in helping with this process. Needless to say the performance was a spectacle, the conclusion of which was met by a standing ovation and we have been receiving commendations since.

We think one of the most important questions we can ask ourselves now is: where do we go from here? As Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people, a College and a University, what can we do to share our ancient customs to Indigenous and non-Indigenous students at the University of Melbourne?

This initiative has sparked an interest within the Trinity community and the ripple effect since 2016 has enabled conversations about culture, kinship, customs and identity to take place. This is about reclaiming aspects of culture for Indigenous people and about non-Indigenous people understanding our complex identities. The dances, songlines and stories we shared are ways to reconnect with our

kinship; sharing our stories is our way of including those who may be out of touch with their Aboriginality or are searching for a sense of belonging. The Murrup Barak Women's Group since our performance has made an effort to incorporate our culture and practices into the sessions. The women had the honour of learning to weave from Jad De Busch (Kaanju style), bringing the group together in a meaningful way. This is only the beginning of establishing cross-cultural identities and enabling all Indigenous people to connect with their Aboriginality.

This was more than a performance - this was an opportunity for Indigenous and non-Indigenous students of Trinity College to come together and learn the stories of our ancient culture. Moreover, the teaching of these dances to non-Indigenous people who were open to learning about the Indigenous narrative, was preservation of culture in action. Indigenous people often express concern and fear of losing our culture. Therefore, the active teaching and learning of each other's dances is our way of preserving culture, but also reinforcing that our culture is not a fragile thing that can be broken. Culture is a dynamic and evolving paradigm; we are all our living manifestations of our culture, and our culture is us.

In time, those who led this dance campaign at Trinity College are hoping to bring it to the larger Indigenous student body at the University of Melbourne, but it has to be done right. We all had to seek permission from our respective songmen and law-holders before teaching our dances to other people, so this same process must be undertaken before we share it with a much larger group. There are many intricacies and politics surrounding the idea of "Aboriginality", which are quite prevalent here at the University of Melbourne. However, the practice of song and dance transcends such superficial politics - it is at the very heart of what it means to be Aboriginal, not just identify as such. Song and dance joins us in kinship, provides a place of belonging to those who feel they do not have one, and restores one of the most ancient and fundamental practices on this land.



Photos Jazleen David De Busch // *Kaanju / Kumopintha / Thypan*

# TAME

Words Patrick Mercer // Wathaurong

## Tame

### Adjective:

- (Of an animal): Not dangerous; domesticated.
- (of a person): Willing to cooperate.

*To quote British politician Jeremy Corbyn: “We are living in a time of megaphone democracies.” Policy and politics are shaped only by the loudest voices; and money talks - loudly. For how can we drown out the roar of chainsaws as we log ancient native forests? Or the rumble diggers and eruption of fracking tearing into the crust of our continent?*

Recent years have shown that the global suffrage of Indigenous Land Rights and the environmental protection movement are wholly intertwined. The Country both movements defend are one in the same. Aboriginal people are an integral part of the landscape. We are the land, the land is us. But what hope do we have when governments spit on our constitutional right to freedom of speech, arresting activists who protest the destruction of our wilderness? Or when our Prime Minister - a figure of supposed moral and ethical authority - speaks freely with foreign billionaires of “sorting out” the problem of Native Title?

In many respects, Australia edges out of a period of Indigenous Self-Determination. In other respects, we hurtle towards the precipice of irreversible environmental catastrophe. Our painful history is seemingly not enough - evidence points towards a future to match; one of truly existential threats. Resistance, for our Country, for our wildlife, for our prosperity, is essential; We cannot allow ourselves to be Tame. Mining is destroying our Country. In this piece, I will examine the relationship of resistance between Indigenous people and Mining; past, present and future: The Victorian Gold Rush and its role in dispossessing Indigenous people of Country; Country, Native Title and the Mining In-

dustry; and our uncertain Future: Environmentalism, Land Rights and Adani.

## Black Gold: The Victorian Gold Rush and Dispossession:

19th century Victoria saw the birth of one of the wealthiest societies in the world, with Melbourne becoming the richest city in the southern hemisphere. Victoria contributed more than one third of the world’s gold output in the 1850s and in just two years the State’s population grew from 77,000 to 540,000. This explosion in wealth came at the expense of the local Kulin Wathaurong population. It was on traditional Wathaurong Country that gold was mined, land was cleared, and that the city of Ballarat was founded. Ironically, Ballarat has become an icon for Australian Sovereignty through the Eureka Stockade; meanwhile sitting upon land stolen with utter disregard for the Sovereignty of the local Wathaurong. The removal of the Wathaurong from the Ballarat region was thorough, taking place between 1835, with the arrival of early squatters, and the 1850s, at the beginning of the gold rush. In the twenty years before the gold rush, the Wathaurong had been culled by sickness, loss of staple diet and violence. This diaspora was followed by a return of Wathaurong along with other Kulin, Djabwuring and Djadjawuring Peoples, enticed by the formation of rich settlements around Ballarat. While there is no evidence that Aboriginal people attached any great economic or spiritual significance to gold, many Indigenous people sought employment on the goldfields; recognised the frenzied non-Indigenous lust for the metal and exploited it. As Ballarat existed largely as an isolated frontier, Aboriginal people mostly continued to have access to foodstuffs through hunting and gathering throughout the surrounding wild hills, begging the question: why did Indigenous People

choose to engage with the settler economy?

The answer to this is two-fold. Firstly, Indigenous People remained in Ballarat to remain on Country. The goldfields were areas of cultural and spiritual importance to the Wathaurong, and complying, without perhaps submitting, to the new settlement allowed continued connection to country. The second reason stems from this statement:

It is generally agreed that Aboriginal people in nineteenth century Victoria sought to incorporate their colonisers into their kinship networks and thus claim their right to resources that were being unjustly denied them.

White settlers perceived this in a number of ways, some with disdain, some with pity; some, with amusement, at the “cheek” of an Aborigine to make demands: “gotum tea, gotum sugar, gotum bacca?”. However, this is not submission, nor is it dependence. This is an assertion that the Wathaurong are not Tame, and they are conscious of the debt owed to them, even back in the 1850s. This forms the basis of some of the first demands for Land Rights.

### **Country, Native Title and the Mining Industry:**

The best explanation of Country and Landcare comes from Bill Gammage’s *The Biggest Estate on Earth*: “The Dreaming taught why the world must be maintained: the land taught how. One made Landcare compulsory, the other made it rewarding. One was spiritual and universal, the other practical and local. Songlines distributed land spiritually; Country distributed it geographically. Everyone had a Country; narrowly defined water and land sites in the care of a family”. Country, both as a cultural idea and as a living environment, provided and punished. Totem site and ecological niche alike proved the reason and reward for environmental management.

To understand the key conceptual basis of connection to land and Native Title, it is helpful to treat the Lore of Country, Dreaming and Songlines as Indigenous legal “Constitutions”. This Lore lays down the basis for legal access to the environment: laws relating to social organisation, kinship, social obligation, ritual, offences against property and persons, resource management. Living within the confines of the “Constitutions” was a life wholly intertwined with Country. There are significant differences between the environment of Indigenous Country and Wilderness. Where Country is a carefully managed, populated landscape, Wilderness is a Western idea. Wilderness is terra nullius. Wilderness is devoid of civilization and is of little economic worth. Wilderness is therefore the perfect environment for mining - to tame the wilderness is manifest destiny and a worthwhile endeavour. Conflict arises unfortunately as Settler Society continually awards Native Title these areas deemed to be Wilderness and beyond the reach of urban civilization, ultimately designating Native Title and Mining Leases the same spaces. For many years Australia has en-

joyed a Mining Boom - yet beyond the creation of some short term jobs and now redundant infrastructure, has done little to capitalise on the Boom. This is perhaps evidence of the power of the Mining Industry’s lobbying power: Labor’s Carbon Tax, an attempt both to curb carbon emissions while distributing wealth equally throughout society was so violently opposed by miners that it helped kill Labor’s hopes of re-election. More recently, energy minister Josh Frydenberg was embarrassingly forced to backtrack after proposing a new Carbon Tax, such was the aggressive reaction from his colleagues. If this powerful lobby can depose governments and embarrass cabinet ministers, what hope do we, as Indigenous People, have of resistance?

This mining sector boom has been occurring largely on Indigenous-owned land. The share of the Australian continent owned by Indigenous Australians, what is termed the Indigenous estate, has grown to over 20 per cent of the continent. The areas ‘owned’ in various ways under land rights and Native Title laws are generally extremely remote and their economic value rests largely on resource extraction. As I will explain, restitution of land has come on the state’s terms and excludes ownership of minerals. These lands are occupied by an estimated 20 per cent of the Indigenous population, estimated to total just over 500 000 people. Indigenous people, who constitute 2.5 per cent of the population, do not share equitably in the wealth of the mining sector, despite it being generated on their land.

When the Native Title Act (1993) was passed by the Keating Government, unfamiliar ideas about Country, ownership and identity were thrust upon non-Indigenous Australia. Throughout the debate surrounding Native Title, the Australian Mining Industry capitalised upon this; running several scare campaigns in the media. The Mining Industry presented the idea that Australian sovereignty was under threat; that Indigenous People would come into “our backyards and set up camp”. Similarly, until the Wik Decision (1996), pastoralists were led to believe that Native Title groups had the authority to claim their farmland. The result treats Indigenous People as Indian Givers. The Wik Decision, presented as a compromise, was in truth a victory for miners and pastoralists: Native Title and leaseholders could indeed co-exist; however Native Title was subordinate to these settler leases. In a similar thread, it remained at the discretion of the Crown to permit locals sovereignty over land, and set unnecessarily high requirements for this ownership, even permitting the State the authority to extinguish land rights if industry and land rights are found to be incompatible. Therefore, as Australian governments are lobbied by the resource industry and ever too willing to follow temptation, or money, Indigenous rights come secondary to White greed.

### **Green Blacks, Brown Coal: Adani and the Future:**

Humans have been aware of carbon-influenced climate change since the late 1890s. Despite this, we have torn

apart our environments in the pursuit of comfort; then exponentially perpetuated by systems of Capitalism and ingrained disadvantage. To quote astrophysicist Hubert Reeves:

*“(we) Worship an invisible God and destroy a visible Nature... unaware that the Nature we destroy is this God (we) worship.”*

Tracking back to the Ballarat Goldfields: Both Settlers and local Indigenous People were aware of the environmental impacts of the Gold Rush. There was no doubt as to the disaster that millions of sheep had wrought, the mass killing of fish in poisoned waterways, the insatiable hunger for Kangaroo, Emu, bush fowl and possum meat. Even more serious was the damage to the environment by hydraulic sluicing, dredging, digging of shafts and deforestation - it has been noted that these practices have impacts even today on the health of Ballarat’s aquifers and geology. The immense damage to the physical environment caused by gold mining operations was commonly said to be the reason for the absence of Aboriginal people in a region, with many Wathaurong moving north to avoid the trauma of witnessing their Country being ravaged. The historical context I have described paints a rather bleak picture. Indigenous People demanded equal share of the wealth of the Gold Rush, and were instead treated with pity and disdain. Indigenous People, even armed with Native Title legislation, must resign to the paternal wisdom of our law courts, and must also exist as secondary to the power of the Mining Industry.

In such uncertainty, it is probably unwise. But I have hope.

In February a federal court overturned years of precedent, rejecting a deal between the Noongar People and the Western Australian Government because some Native Title holders had not signed off on it. While this is a blow to the Noongar community, this new court ruling has empowered the Wangan and Jagalingou People, upon whose land the Adani Carmichael Coal Mine is planned to be built. This has prompted Attorney-General George Brandis and Prime-Minister Turnbull to examine ways of weakening Native Title beyond even its pre-February state. However, extraordinary public resistance, due to both environmental concern and the negligible economic benefit of the mine, has put pressure on all parties to divest. Already Westpac has bowed to this pressure. Looking internationally, other environmental victories look promising for Indigenous Native Title. In New Zealand the Whanganui River was given the same rights as a human, the same in India for the Ganges and the Yamuna Rivers. The highly publicised Dakota Access Pipeline siege resulted in a victory for the First Nation Peoples and their non-Indigenous allies; regardless of what Trump’s presidency means for this outcome, this victory is an incredible precedent.

In the words of Kev Carmody and Paul Kelly: “Power and Privilege cannot move a People, who know where they

stand and they stand in the Law.” And so we must protect our Land Rights, so bitterly fought for by our People and allies. Honour the sacrifice of those early dispossessed people, and the battle for Native Title in 1993 and beyond. Now is not the time to be Tame.

Our lives - both metaphorically and in reality- quite possibly depend on it.

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being the furthering of the individuality of Aboriginality and the fierce activist. Blackfullas still do this in the top-end, but the dialogue I have observed about this is much more prevalent in the south. This difference in dialogue is particularly predominant at the University of Melbourne.

The University of Melbourne: *Where Great Minds Collide*. I find that campaign slogan is very applicable to its Indigenous students regarding the different approaches to Aboriginality. At the University of Melbourne, we have all kinds of blackfullas: bush ones, city ones, dark fullas, light fullas, heterosexual blackfullas, and those a part of the LGBTIQ+ community. We have aspiring engineers, lawyers, scientists, artists, entrepreneurs, writers - the list and the potential are endless. All such diverse individuals. But, we often squabble over the one thing that unites us: our Aboriginality. I don't need to explain the dynamics too much, because we're all aware of them. We have those who *know* and those who are *learning* what it means to be Aboriginal. Those who know their mob and those who are still on their journey of discovery. This is where the conversation can get muddled and messy; contentious and controversial.

This is all I will say:

Imagine what wisdom would be whispered to you if those old trees could talk. Would they tell of survival and determination; of humility and quiet strength; or speak of devastation and loss? I'm sure each tree would have their own story, just like us. One thing unites these ancient gum trees, however, and that is their strong roots. Their roots are the foundation of their strength and the reason they have survived all these years. Like us, they are grounded in the land. They draw their strength from country.

It does not matter that we have different stories or that our branches sway to a different rhythm in the breeze. It does not matter if you're top-end blackfullas or city blackfullas; politically vocal or quiet and humble; whether you speak language (creole) or if speak standard Australian English and wield a vocabulary sculptured by your exposure to a plethora of diverse literature. We are all different, but we are all rooted in the same soil.

Those trees might tell us: *Look at me and remember the days gone by, the fights that were fought and those battles still being waged. Be patient and humble with your own growth, and of those around you. You don't know everything and you never will, because the knowledge of this land is infinite. Be humbled by its knowledge rather than wield it to harm others. Never forget those who were buried by the settlers, like those gum trees buried beneath the colleges. Think of their stories and their struggles, as it gives strength to your narrative.*

In the times of loss, confusion and sadness that we blackfullas often feel when being away from country, think: *if those trees could talk, what would they say?*

# WHY WE NEED MORE INDIGENOUS HISTORIANS



Words Tyson Holloway-Clarke // *Njamal*

Across my five years of study, I have never had another Indigenous person in my history tutorials. If I am going to be honest, I did not go to a lot of lectures, but when I did, I never saw another Indigenous person. I know of one other Indigenous person that was contemplating a history major. I have never seen an Indigenous history subject offered in the School of Historical and Philosophical Studies, and I have never had an Indigenous lecturer or tutor. The closest you get are the severely lacking number of Australian history subjects, that unsurprisingly fail to offer anything of substance with respect to Indigenous history.

I would not go as far as condemning my experience; my isolation has challenged me intellectually and gotten me to where I am today. I suppose no one has an easy-breezy undergraduate experience but I did enjoy mine in the end. But really, this essay is not all about me. It is about everyone else that is not me, especially those that I am most unlike.

Almost invariably, when you go to pick up a book or article on Indigenous history you will probably be looking at something about the 19th Century. If it wasn't the 19th it would certainly be the early 20th. After all, you need a bit of separation to do history. You need to wait for it to become history essentially, otherwise it is current events and we, for sure are not journalists (for some reason historians are not too fond of journalists). Back to my argument. Now that I have successfully guessed the time period, I'll guess the primary sources. If your book is fascinating, interesting and transports you back to the time and place, it likely has predominantly used diaries or letters to derive the narrative. If it is boring and reads like an accountant's technical version of what was going on, then you have government documents to thank.

Before I go any further, I want to skip ahead to the point I am trying to make before I make it, so you keep reading. We need history. We make important decisions based on history. All the hullabaloo about alternative facts and the post-truth world is an attack on historians (and journalists, even if I am not supposed to like them). The problem is Australian historians have fucked up when it comes to Indigenous history. While it is not their fault entirely, we can credit a lot of current ignorance to bad histories being taught poorly. I do not knock people for having a go, but the time has come that something needs to change. And, as the saying goes, if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.

So sitting up on the shelves are histories of us and our people based on scraps of paper that were spared from fire. Bundles of government documents covered in near indecipherable scribbles. Diaries of starving adventurers, loopy from weeks in the desert sun, writing about the natives who cared for them in their final hours. Reports of influential men, recalling the savage and animal nature of a race doomed to history. If this is the best we have, then paint me mad. History is supposed to illuminate the past, in it a Truth with a capital 'T'. The Truth, an objective representation of a reality too far gone from our grip.

When you poison the knowledge tree, do not be surprised when the village grows sick. If television programs like 'You Can't Ask That' or 'First Contact' have taught us as Indigenous people anything, it is that people have no fucking idea what is going on. Nor does Australia know the why, what, how, and when of Indigenous Australia. Whether this ignorance is innocent or malicious, the outcomes are the same for Indigenous people - invisibility. It is resulting in the alienation of Indigenous people in our own goddamn country.



So here is the call to action part of this piece. Learn how to be a historian. The same way Indigenous people have learnt how to be politicians, advocates, business people and academics. We need to take control of the narrative. Narrative power, the secret currency of a society and a culture, is cultivated and controlled in two ways; be worth writing about, and write something worth reading. By taking a step up and being black and excellent you make people pay attention. This is the part that most of our mob are coming around to and succeeding in. We know the formula; education, health, job, etc. What we are missing is getting that message out there. It is not going to be enough to just be a subject of inquiry, we need to also grab the pen and make sure that inquiry is right.

Our knowledge and the knowledge of our mob is fundamentally valuable. The simplest reason is that to historians and the like, it is relatively new information. Scientists are freaking out about Dreaming stories that feature unbelievably specific details on natural disasters, ancient migration and agriculture, and mega-fauna. Archeologists are finding remarkable artifacts and, pardon the pun, but the knowledge of Elders has led to ground-breaking discoveries. One of the slower, but in my view, more important schools of knowledge is history. As Indigenous people we are yet to both accept and be accepted by contemporary history.

This next part is what you need to do exactly. Historians try and recreate the past based on the trustworthy sources around them. When they find something new, the history changes. The new thing that we need to introduce are our stories, specifically the stories of our Elders and older generations. It is not easy, there are undoubtedly tragic and painful stories in every family's story. Mine is no different. What we cannot do is let those stories slip through our fingers and disappear into the past, irrecoverable to time. However, you can learn your family history. If you have aunties or uncles that know everything, make it a personal mission for you to learn it too. Record these stories to video and audio. If you don't have that, pull at the loose threads you do have and make your way down to an archive. Read the government documents yourself. Take photographs and write it down. It is not an easy task, but it can be a simple one. You don't need to have a degree to be a historian, you just need to present the facts.

Make these stories undeniable through the power of history. No-one can hide from history if it is done well. Take one of the most covert and damaging weapons used against us and learn how to shoot. Our stories don't belong in the hands of others, they belong in our own.



Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // Noongar

# THE GOOD & THE BAD: TH1RTEEN R3ASONS WHY

Emily explores the positive and negative impacts that TV show ,Th1rteen R3asons Why has had on its audience. Please note that this piece was written earlier in the year therefore is not exactly timely but is still an imporant analysis of the production.

Words Emily-Kayte James // *Gunditjmara / Yorta-Yorta*

**CONTENT WARNING : THIS ARTICLE DISCUSSES SEXUAL VIOLENCE,  
CONSENT, MENTAL HEALTH AND SUICIDE.**

Based on the novel by Jay Asher, 13 Reasons Why is a new Netflix drama that was released on March 31st of this year. For those of you who are not familiar with the show, it is the story of Hannah Baker, a teenage girl who commits suicide. In the wake of her death, she leaves a total of 13 tapes addressed to individuals whom she feels played a part in her decision to kill herself. Each tape addresses one of Hannah's peers and once the entire set has been listened to, it is passed on to one of the others mentioned on the tapes. If the tapes are not passed on, Hannah has orchestrated that a copy of the tapes would be made public and the criminal activities detailed would be revealed. The tapes are accompanied by a map that leads those who receive the pack to various locations around the small town.

These places are indicative of traumatic events that happened during Hannah's life, specifically, bullying, sexual assault, slut-shaming and teenage maliciousness. The audience experiences the tapes through the main character, Clay, who is considered to be largely-innocent in comparison to the other students mentioned on the tapes. This synopsis is limited as the show is quite complex and multi-faceted and is therefore difficult to describe within the confines of this article. If I had to describe 13 Reasons Why in one word it would be: devastating.

## **The Good**

13 Reasons Why wasn't all bad, in terms of cast diversity it ticks all the boxes. The show has an incredibly diverse cast and it depicts characters from a range of different ethnic

and cultural backgrounds and sexualities. 13 Reasons Why, if nothing else, has started a conversation about mental health and young people. A friend of mine, their sibling's school sent a letter home to parents and carers informing them about the show, warning them of its heavy content and providing information on how to talk to their children about mental health. If the only result of this TV show is that parents and schools start talking about mental health and consent with young people, then I think that is an improvement on the current system. Headspace statistics tell us that suicide is the leading cause of death in children aged 5-25 and accounts for one third of deaths among young people aged 15-24. 13 Reasons Why has already been incredibly popular since its release and there is a real opportunity for schools to talk to students about what they're watching, help them make sense of it and begin to have these really important conversations.

Secondly, I believe 13 Reasons Why has been successful in changing the way we think about sexual assault and its victims and perpetrators. 13 Reasons Why depicts two incidences of sexual violence (specifically rape) both perpetrated by the same person - Bryce Walker. The first incident we witness is the rape of Jessica Davis. There is a common narrative in Australia that sexual assault happens to girls in alleyways, late at night by unnamed men who are portrayed as monsters. However, the reality is that nearly every time the perpetrator is known to the victim and it is often someone they trust, which includes friends and family members; Jessica's assault reflects this reality. Jessica was attacked in her bedroom in her own home, by

her boyfriend's best friend. This was someone that she knew and trusted, he was not an unnamed stranger. He went to her school, played on the football team and was generally liked by his peers. The victim-blaming narrative surrounding rape and sexual assault continually places the fault on young women for walking home alone or dressing "like a slut" or not being more aware of surroundings. This narrative does not have a place in any conversation around sexual violence, ever, and it most definitely cannot be used to blame Jessica for her own sexual assault as presented in 13 Reasons Why.

The third concept I think 13 Reasons Why did really well to bring attention to, was "the bro code". 13 Reasons Why highlights the toxic masculinity that so often protects perpetrators of sexual assault; this is a reoccurring theme throughout the show. This desire to, above all, serve the needs of other men despite the harm that it will cause to women is so toxic and inherently problematic. At the beginning of 13 Reasons Why, a "Hot or Not" list is revealed and Hannah's reaction to the list demonstrates why reducing a woman to a sexual object is incredibly damaging. Further, it demonstrates how quickly something that started as an innocent joke can destroy someone's life. The list, which named Hannah as "Best Ass", gave Bryce a target and more importantly, the impression that it was okay to grope Hannah publicly without consequence. How does a harmless list do this? It makes sexually assault acceptable and it tells boys like Bryce that regardless of their actions, they will be supported by the "boys club", because they are all in on the joke. Behaviors such as this teach and reinforce the idea that men are entitled to women's bodies, that they are only there to serve the sexual needs of men. Something that started as a silly list emboldened Bryce and encouraged him to commit rape.

I know there's some #notallmen supporters out there saying Well what about when men are victims? And you're right, not all victims of sexual assault are women however, quite consistently the perpetrators of sexual assault are men.

Bryce is a predator and portraying him as an everyday American boy raises awareness to the fact that it is not

always strange creepy men who are a threat. Ultimately, Bryce, for many young men, is relatable because he looks like them and their friends. 13 Reasons Why brings attention to the need for young people, particularly young men, to talk about consent - what it is and what it means. There is a real misconception amongst parents that if you talk to your children about consent that you're going to have to hear about their sex lives when in actual fact, it can be a really straightforward conversation.

I do believe that 13 Reasons Why could be very valuable for young men as it forces them to see the impact that their actions have on young women. This TV show creates realistic characters and events through which a greater understanding of the consequences of young men's "harmless behaviour" can mean for their victims. I hope for the teenage boys who do watch the show, that they won't be bystanders to their friends' actions and moreover that they will recognise the importance of consent.

### *The Bad*

The producers and writers of 13 Reasons Why state that they deliberately made the rape and suicide scenes incredibly graphic in order to show the "reality" and "ugliness" of these traumas. Further, they argue that the only way to understand what a victim has to go through, is for viewers to see it in such a horrendous way, to make them uncomfortable.

I disagree with this notion entirely.

Everyday on TV we see the bodies of women sexualized, violated and attacked. Game of Thrones, Pretty Little Liars, Orange is the New Black, American Horror Story are all shows that depict rape or sexual violence, nearly always where the woman is a victim and the perpetrator is a man. Haven't we seen it enough? How many more times do we need to see women victimized and violated on screen until that argument can no longer be used? 1 in 6 women in Australia are sexually assaulted; I have friends who were catcalled for the first time when they were wearing a primary school uniform, on their way home. My point being that we get it and in some cases, female viewers have experienced it - we did not need to see the rape of a teenage girl on TV to relate to Hannah's trauma or sympathise with her. Further, by episode 12 when Han-

nah is raped, enough trauma has happened to her at this point that the inclusion of the scene is unnecessary; the rape scene has been used as an entertaining drama point to horrify the audience and not much else. Irrelevant of whether you sympathise with Hannah whilst watching this scene, I would argue that rape is not something you can truly understand unless you have lived through it yourself. Even though the show's producers argued that the scenes were intended to be educational, they are still prone to an incredibly pervasive gaze. When researching for this article more than 6 clips on Youtube appeared with the title "13 Reasons Why, Hannah's Rape Scene". The clip had been viewed over 28,000 times and I would wager that those clips are not being used for educational purposes.

I know the response to this argument may be that we need more representation of survivors of sexual assault and those stories need to be told. I could not agree more, but for me the trauma is only one half of the story and not necessarily the most important part; the important part is what happens in the aftermath. Hannah was not a survivor and seeing her experience one more horrific event did not change the way I felt towards her character, it just made me sick. Further, her rape is never fully explored, there were no useful conversations about consent, no one was punished and Bryce shows no regret or understanding of what he has done, it just happened.

Mostly however, the show fails to address the fact that Hannah was incredibly mentally unwell. The fact that 90% of suicide related deaths are due to mental health is astounding but understandable. Was Hannah treated horribly and did she experience incredibly traumatic events? Of course. But it's more important to highlight that Hannah had unaddressed mental health issues and the show missed an opportunity to discuss the underlying causes of Hannah's death. A student from Orlando highlighted,

"There are no magic words or gestures that can make a suicidal person want to live. Teenagers should be aware of signs of depression and suicidal thoughts, but they shouldn't think their kindness can "fix" anyone. That idea prevents depressed teens from getting actual help and places an enormous weight on the shoulders of the people left behind".

Overall, 13 Reasons Why has got us talking and hopefully some of the conversations to come from this show are going to be incredibly healthy and may even save lives. But we cannot ignore the fact that this show is traumatizing and triggering for so many people. I believe the producers and writers of 13 Reasons Why had a responsibility to vulnerable young people and they have acted carelessly. My recommendation to those of you who are carers or mentors to young people is to have productive conversations with them about mental health and consent if they are going to watch 13 Reasons Why; and that all young people should be supervised and have someone to speak to if they are going to watch the show.

If you or someone you know is experiencing suicidal thoughts please be in contact with someone you know can help.

For mental health help, you can call Lifeline on 13 11 14 or go to their website to live chat. For young people, go to <https://www.headspace.org.au/> for more information on the mental health services available in your area.

If you or someone you know has been the victim of sexual abuse you can contact the Center Against Sexual Assault (CASA) crisis line on 1800 RESPECT (1800 737 732) or visit their website <http://www.casa.org.au/> for more information.

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES

BASED ON THE BEST SELLING MYSTERY

# 13 REASONS WHY ▶

IF YOU'RE LISTENING,  
YOU'RE TOO LATE.



Photo We Heart It // [weheartit.com](http://weheartit.com)

# SIMUR CHICKEN



Please note that this is just the basic recipe; no secret family ingredients included...

Words Alexandra Hohoi / Merrium Mer  
Photo Mipela Kitchen / [mipelakitchen.com](http://mipelakitchen.com)



## INGREDIENTS

- Oil to cook
- 1 onion, diced
- Big mob chicken, diced breast or small pieces\*
- 1 big spoon of garlic, fresh diced or jar
- 1 big spoon of ginger, fresh diced or jar
- Pinch of salt and pepper
- 1 big squeeze of regular soy sauce
- 1 can of bamboo shoots, including water
- 1 can of water chestnuts, including water
- 1 proper big squeeze of ABC sauce / sweet soy sauce (use half the bottle for best results)
- Vermicelli noodles\*

\* Note: It is best to add the noodles at a 1/5 ratio to the chicken (e.g 500g chicken = 100g noodles)



## METHOD

**Step 1.** Heat oil in a pot or big pan and add diced onion until the onions are browned.

**Step 2.** Add chicken and stir. Cook chicken so that the outside is white but the inside is still pink.

**Step 3.** Add garlic, ginger, salt, pepper and regular soy sauce. Stir until chicken is cooked through.

*Note: Adding these ingredients while the chicken is still pink lets the flavour soak through the meat rather than the meat being dry and tasteless. Also, make sure the pan doesn't go dry by adding a small bit of water and more soy sauce, if needed.*

**Step 4.** Add the bamboo and water chestnuts to the pot. If you wish to add any other extra vegetables i.e. mushrooms or carrot, do so now.

**Step 5.** Add ABC/sweet soy sauce and stir through. Once everything is added, let simmer on low heat, stirring continuously.

**Step 6.** Continue adding the garlic, ginger, salt, pepper and sauces until satisfied with taste.

*Note: If it gets little bit dry, add some water to keep it bubbling, lots of sauce is nice on rice.*

**Step 7.** Cook the vermicelli noodles in hot water in a separate bowl. Once the noodles are cooked, cut them into shorter pieces and add to the pot with rest of ingredients.

*Note: The noodles will weaken the flavour of the chicken mix so make sure you do one last check of taste and correct with salt, pepper or soy sauce, if necessary.*

**Step 8.** Serve with rice or coconut rice.



# BLAK STATS



Blak Stats has become our neat little way of letting everyone see the diversity within the Indigenous community at the University of Melbourne and to break down that pesky concept of pan-Aboriginality.

**Name:** Zac Collins-Widders

**Mob/region you're from:** Anaiwan

**What are you studying?** About to complete my Bachelor of Arts majoring in Politics and International Relations with a minor in Islamic Studies.

**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** That I'm not entirely a cunt, only on days ending in 'y'.

**Pineapple on pizza? Why?** Of course pineapple on pizza minus the meat and cheese though. As long as it's vegan it's good enough for me.

**Favourite threads right now?** My new weave.

**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** The free benefits, gammin. I think it's the sense of community you get with other blackfullas that you're not even related to or have never met. Knowing there's a community here at uni that will accept me no matter what is probably what I love most about being a blackfulla, everyone's ya family.

**If you could charge with any 3 people who would they be?** Beyoncé, Nelson Mandela and Gandhi.



**Name:** Shanyisa Jayde McConville

**Mob/region you're from:** Eastern Arrernte mob from Alice Springs.

**What are you studying?** BAX second year - majoring in Ancient World Studies and Anthropology.

**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** I get a serious case of footpath rage whenever people in front of me walk too slow!

**Pineapple on pizza? Why?** NOOOOOOOOOO, just no, gross!

**Favourite threads right now?** Eyebrow threading - gotta keep them on point.

**Favourite feed?** Some salt and vinegar chips, anytime, anywhere.

**TV show you're cult following?** Game of Thrones.

**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** You don't have to stress if you're running late because we all run on blackfella time.

**If you could charge with any 3 people who would they be?** Ernie Dingo, Walt Disney, and Whoopi Goldberg.



**Name:** Terrell Cheedy

**Mob/region you're from:** Karajarri and Yindijbarndi

**What are you studying?** Studying science in my first year.

**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** I play League of Legends my Username is Pappa T Daddy. Currently Silver 5, join me on my journey to challenger. Also love dad jokes.

**Pineapple on pizza? How do you justify your answer?** No...

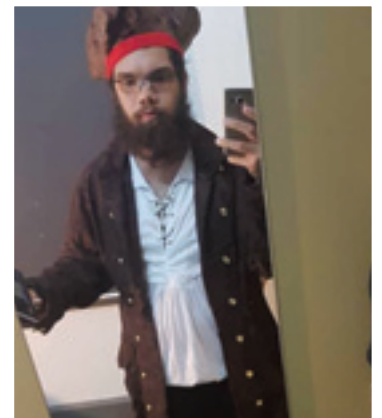
**Favourite threads right now?** My pirate costume.

**Favourite feed?** Karaage Chicken.

**TV show you're cult following?** Dexter.

**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** No matter where you go there is always someone from home or someone who knows someone from home.

**If you could charge with any 3 people, living or dead, who would they be?** Nas, Kevin Hart and Aaron Gittins.

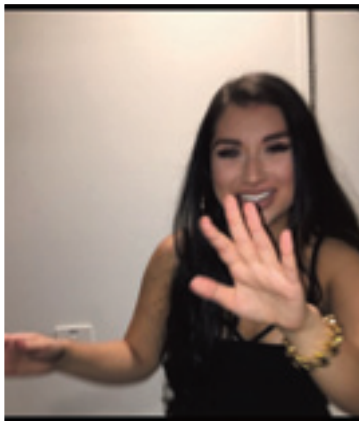






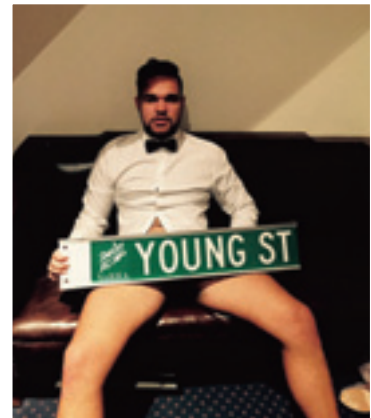
**Name:** Gabrielle Ebsworth  
**Mob/region you're from:** Barkindji, Narromine NSW.  
**What are you studying/what year are you in?** Second year arts ext.  
**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** I hate spag bol sorry not sorry.  
**Pineapple on pizza? How do you justify your answer?** Yes, but like only on a Hawaiian pizza, that's the only time it's acceptable.  
**Favourite threads right now?** Anything that sparkles hey and my birkenstocks.  
**Favourite feed?** Servo chips and gravy wrapped in devon yea boi.  
**TV show you're cult following?** Dear White People and House of Cards.  
**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** Mob everywhere you go and being able to be late and pass it off as Koori time.  
**If you could charge with any 3 people, living or dead, who would they be?** Steven Oliver, Cardi B, Zara Larsson.

**Name:** Donny Imberlong  
**Mob/region you're from:** Jaru/Halls Creek  
**What are you studying?** Environmental Science.  
**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** I am a perfectionist.  
**Pineapple on pizza? How do you justify your answer?** I'm not really fussed.  
**Favourite threads right now?** Targét.  
**Favourite feed?** Fresh ribs boi.  
**TV show you're cult following?** Three toed sloth documentary.  
**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** Knowing that as Indig folk we are swirled in a rich tapestry of art, dance, culture and history.  
**If you could charge with any 3 people, living or dead, who would they be?** Barack Obama, Hugh Jackman, Steve-O (Jackass).



**Name:** Tatiana Estrada  
**Mob/region you're from:** Yorta Yorta  
**What are you studying/what year are you in?** I'm a second year student studying Psychology.  
**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** I am passionate about education, the environment and supporting those in need.  
**Pineapple on pizza? How do you justify your answer?** Pineapples on pizza - it's an iconic combination.  
**Favourite threads right now?** All black everything.  
**Favourite feed?** Chinese food.  
**TV show you're cult following?** Breaking Bad.  
**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** Being a part of such a rich culture, having that connection with other mob, and the closeness between friends and family.  
**If you could charge with any 3 people, living or dead, who would they be?** Lana Del Rey, Anthony Kiedis, Nikola Tesla.

**Name:** Nelson Richard Ambar  
**Mob/region you're from:** Mabyuag Island in the Torres Straits  
**What are you studying?** Science Extended, third year major in geology.  
**What is something that you'd want people to know about you?** I could beat anyone at a lip sync battle to Fergalicious.  
**Pineapple on pizza? Why?** Yes - because it's juicy.  
**Favourite threads right now?** Bonds trunks.  
**Favourite feed?** Turtle guts, or coconut curry chicken.  
**TV show you're cult following?** The Vikings.  
**What's the best thing about being a blackfella?** Being at home, at the beach and climbing trees.  
**If you could charge with any 3 people, living or dead, who would they be?** Israel Folau, J cole, Lionel Williamson.



Celebrating 14th February as the day Captain Cook died: yes or no?

“scrape”: yes or no?

Nose rings: yes or no?

Dental dams: yes or no?

# BLACK FULLA YES OR NO ?

KFC: yes or no?

Koori/Murri Knockout babies: yes or no?

Man buns: yes or no?

Checking out your cousin: yes or no?

Reverse racism: yes or no?

Shaw on Wednesdays: yes or no?

Bully beef and rice: yes or no?

CareerTrackers: yes or no?

Team incest: yes or no?

Guerns on Thursday: yes or no?

Barefoot: yes or no?

Tuesday lunches at MB: yes or no?

Black Comedy: yes or no?

Pizza for lunch: yes or no?

Living off country: yes or no?

Murrup Barak: yes or no?

Special Con: yes or no?

“deadly”: yes or no?

Last minute essay extensions: yes or no?

“thicc”: yes or no?

Living on the mainland: yes or no?

Under Bunjil: yes or no?

Laundry Bar: yes or no?

“What’s this then slut?": yes or no?

“Aborigine”: yes or no?

Big families: yes or no?

White people mispronouncing/spelling your name wrong: yes or no?

Charging with the mob: yes or no?

Country music: yes or no?

Smoking out the demons: yes or no?

Taylor Swift: yes or no?

Being the token: yes or no?

Acknowledgement of Country: yes or no?

Discounted entry to clubs for First Nations People: yes or no?

Fenty Beauty: yes or no?

Following the recent hype that the “Yes/No?” Facebook page has received, we decided to make our own blackfulla version of this new trend.

For hours, we locked ourselves in the OB office to come up with the ultimate list of blackfulla Yes or No questions, so please enjoy!

And to kick it off: Blackfulla Yes or No: yes or no?

Having a superiority complex over Monash and RMIT: yes or no?

Devon: yes or no?

Family cookout: yes or no?

“It’s a cultural thing”: yes or no?

Indig Uni Games: yes or no?

Marriage equality: yes or no?

Lateral violence: yes or no?

RnB Fridays: yes or no?

Creeping on snap maps: yes or no?

AFL: yes or no?

Change the date: yes or no?

NRL: yes or no?

NBA: yes or no?

“Don’t be shame, be game”: yes or no?

Massive sleepovers with your cousins: yes or no?

Bangarra: yes or no?

White privilege: yes or no?

“Black don’t crack”: yes or no?

Rangas: yes or no?

Whitewashing in movies: yes or no?

Hawaiin shirts all year-round: yes or no?

Jessica Mauboy: yes or no?

Being the only black person in the class: yes or no?

“Yeah nah”: yes or no?

Whistling at night: yes or no?

Struggling until scholarships: yes or no?

The Cas: yes or no?

Playing the race card: yes or no?

Woke white people: yes or no?

White people with dreads: yes or no?

Being fetishised: yes or no?

Blackface: yes or no?

Patty Mills’ woman’s swimwear line: yes or no?

Cultural appropriation: yes or no?

“If it ain’t white, it ain’t right”: yes or no?

*Under Bunjil* being released on time: yes or no?

Micro-aggressions on the daily: yes or no?

Realising all your mates from home are racist: yes or no?

Being under-represented in mainstream media: yes or no?

Murri’s are the deadliest mob of all: yes or no?

Dancing corroboree in the club: yes or no?

Shake a leg: yes or no?

Being called “budda” or “sis” by potential scrape: yes or no?

“Ayers Rock”: yes or no?



Photo Pierra Van Sparkes // Noongar

# SPONSORS



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**MURRUP BARAK**  
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Murrup Barak Artwork designed by Natasha Corrigan // Jinabara / Bundjalung



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**UMSU INDIGENOUS DEPARTMENT**  
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If you are interesting in supporting *Under Bunjil* or want to know more send us an email at [underbunjil@gmail.com](mailto:underbunjil@gmail.com)









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