

Reclaim Resist *and*



VOLUME 3

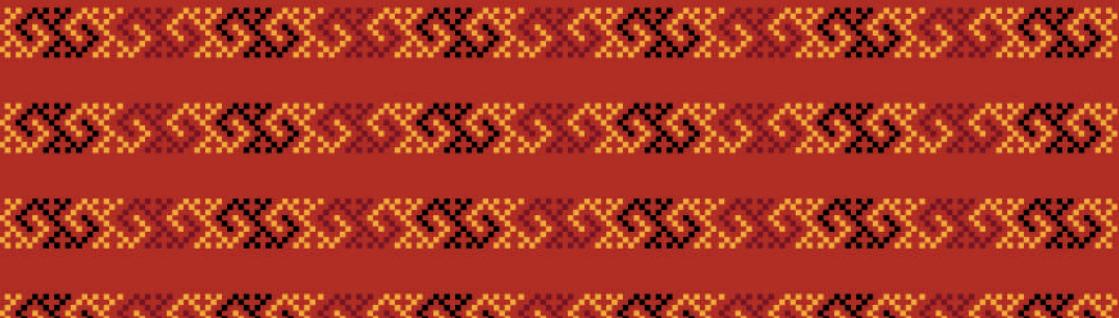




acknowledgement of country

The ANU BIPOC Department would like to acknowledge that this zine and all of the art and writing inside was created and produced on Ngunnawal and Ngambri land. We acknowledge the long history of art and storytelling on this land. As non-Indigenous people, we recognise our position as settlers on this land and commit to standing with First Nations people. We commit to amplifying and prioritising Indigenous voices and perspectives in all our work as a Department.

Despite a violent colonial genocide, sovereignty was never ceded. So-called Australia always was and always will be Aboriginal land.





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A NOTE FROM THE OFFICER

DEAR ANU BIPOC COMMUNITY,

IT BRINGS ME GREAT PRIDE TO BE ABLE TO SEE ANOTHER PUBLISHING OF A BIPOC ZINE. WITNESSING BIPOC CREATIVES BEING ABLE TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES THROUGH ARTWORK AND THE WRITTEN WORD IS A HIGHLIGHT OF RUNNING THE DEPARTMENT. TO ALL THOSE THAT CONTRIBUTED IN ANY SHAPE OR MANNER, I TRULY THANK YOU FOR SHARING YOUR VOICES. YOUR VOICE IS A VITAL PART OF OUR COMMUNITY, AND YOUR WORK REMINDS US THAT WE ARE NEVER ALONE IN OUR STORIES.

THE THEME OF THIS YEAR'S ZINE IS "RECLAIM AND RESIST". WHEN I CAME UP WITH THIS IDEA, I WAS REFLECTING ON THE MANY WAYS THAT OUR MARGINALISED COMMUNITIES HAVE RESISTED ERASURE, OPPRESSION, AND VIOLENCE (BOTH HISTORICALLY AND IN THE PRESENT). RESISTANCE IS NOT ONE THING. IT CAN BE LOUD AND UNAPOLOGETIC, LIKE PROTEST AND REVOLUTION. BUT IT IS ALSO QUIET AND STEADY—WOVEN INTO JOY, CARE, CREATIVITY, HEALING, STORYTELLING, LANGUAGE, AND KINSHIP. IT'S FOUND IN THE CHOICE TO LOVE OURSELVES, TO PROTECT EACH OTHER, AND TO KEEP GOING EVEN WHEN THE WORLD TRIES TO TELL US WE SHOULDN'T.

IN MY ROLE AS BIPOC OFFICER, I OFTEN WITNESS THE HEAVIER REALITIES OF NAVIGATING LIFE WITHIN SYSTEMS BUILT ON WHITE PRIVILEGE. STORIES OF EXCLUSION, INJUSTICE, AND EXHAUSTION THAT TOO MANY OF US KNOW TOO WELL. IT CAN BE DISHEARTENING TO SEE HOW DEEPLY THESE STRUCTURES IMPACT OUR COMMUNITIES, AND HOW OFTEN OUR PAIN IS OVERLOOKED OR DISMISSED. BUT IT'S WORKS LIKE THIS ZINE THAT REMIND ME THERE IS ALSO PROFOUND LOVE, JOY, AND BEAUTY WOVEN THROUGHOUT OUR IDENTITIES. OUR CULTURES, OUR CONNECTIONS, OUR ART, AND OUR VOICES ARE SOURCES OF STRENGTH THAT CANNOT BE DIMINISHED. IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY, WE CONTINUE TO CREATE, TO NURTURE, AND TO IMAGINE NEW WAYS OF BEING.

WHETHER YOU'RE FLIPPING THROUGH THESE PAGES TO CONNECT, TO HEAL, TO BE CHALLENGED, OR TO SIMPLY FEEL SEEN, I HOPE THIS EDITION HOLDS SOMETHING MEANINGFUL FOR YOU. MAY IT SERVE AS BOTH ARCHIVE AND ALTAR, SHOWCASING EVIDENCE OF OUR RESISTANCE, AND CELEBRATION OF ALL WE CONTINUE TO RECLAIM.

IN COMMUNITY AND SOLIDARITY,
ALEESYA AMIRIZAL (SHE/HER)
2025 ANU BIPOC OFFICER



A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the 2025 edition of the BIPOC Department Zine! I'm incredibly grateful and thrilled to share this year's collection, highlighting the powerful voices and creative talent within our community.

This year's theme, *“Reclaim and Resist,”* prompts reflection on how we challenge systems of oppression while also cultivating spaces for our own healing, joy, and self-determination.

Resisting and reclaiming looks different for everyone, and I hope this collection reminds you that there's no single way to show up, speak out, or heal.

Enjoy,

JUSTINE



THANK YOU TO ALL OUR CONTRIBUTORS!

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RESISTING

“Polite Society”

BY SAIRA AFRIDI

FOOD IS CULTURE. MANY BIPOC CULTURES ENJOY FOOD WITH THEIR HANDS. THE CONNECTION THAT WE HAVE WITH OUR CULTURE'S FOOD, AND THE HANDS WHO MADE IT, ARE AIDED THROUGH THE ACT OF EATING WITH YOUR HANDS, A CEREMONY OF SORTS. WESTERN CULTURES VIEW THIS ACT AS BACKWARD. EVEN AS A CHILD OF THE 21ST CENTURY I WAS MET WITH DISGUST, AND CONFUSION, FOR EATING MY FOOD HOW IT SHOULD BE EATEN, THE 'PAKISTANI' WAY. EATING WITH YOUR HANDS IS NOT IMPOLITE. IF ANYTHING, IT IS AN ACT OF PRAISE TO ALL INVOLVED IN THE FOOD BEFORE YOU. I WILL NEVER STOP EATING WITH MY HANDS. IT IS HOW MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN EATING FOR CENTURIES, AND TO DISREGARD SUCH A TRADITION IN AN ATTEMPT TO APPEAL TO WESTERN VALUES WOULD BE SUCH A DISERVICE TO THE RICH CULTURE THAT I VALUE SO MUCH. WITH THAT IN MIND, HERE IS A RECIPE FROM MY REGION THAT IS DESIGNED TO BE EATEN WITH YOUR HANDS.

Pakoray

MAKES 30-40

2 CUPS (300G) CHICKPEA FLOUR (BESAN)
1 TBSP RED CHILLI FLAKES
1 ¾ TSPS SALT
1 TSPS ROASTED CORIANDER SEEDS
½ TSP CHAAT MASALA
¼ TSP BAKING SODA
1 CUP (240ML) WATER
2 BIRDS EYE CHILLIES, FINELY CHOPPED
2 TBSP CILANTRO FINELY CHOPPED
1 SMALL RED ONION, HALVED, THINLY SLICED
2 SMALL POTATOES, HALVED, THINLY SLICED
VEGETABLE OIL FOR FRYING

IN A LARGE BOWL, STIR TOGETHER THE CHICKPEA FLOUR, CHILLI FLAKES, SALT, CORIANDER SEEDS, CHAAT MASALA, AND BAKING SODA UNTIL MIXED WELL. GRADUALLY POUR IN WATER, MIXING THE BATTER AT THE SAME TIME. FOLD IN THE CHILLI, CILANTRO, ONION, AND POTATO. COVER WITH A CLEAN KITCHEN TOWEL AND LET IT REST FOR 10 MINS. IN A LARGE KAHARI (SKILLET), HEAT 4-5 CM OF OIL UNTIL IT'S VERY HOT. DROP SMALL PIECES OF PAKORA BATTER TO TEST THIS. IF IT BUBBLES UP, IT'S READY. CAREFULLY ADD HEAPING TABLESPOONS OF THE BATTER INTO THE OIL. DO NOT OVERCROWD THE PAN, FRY EACH SIDE OVER MEDIUM HEAT FOR 2-3 MINUTES UNTIL DEEP GOLDEN BROWN. WITH A SLOTTED SPOON, TRANSFER ONTO A PLATE LINED WITH PAPER TOWEL TO CATCH THE EXCESS OIL. SERVE IMMEDIATELY.



Chinese Pork & Prawn Dumplings!



Ingredients

- 500g mince pork
(or other mince of choice)
- 1 head of wombok
(finely diced)
- 1 bunch of spring onion
(also finely diced)
- neutral oil
- soy sauce
- oyster sauce
- grated ginger
- 60 pcs dumpling wrappers



Step 1: cabbage



add wombok into a bowl w/
1tbsp of salt. Let sit for 15 mins,
then wring out water w/ a
clean tablecloth

Step 2: Combine

Add all remaining
fillings into the bowl.
in a small pan heat
2tbsp of oil until hot.
Pour atop filling then add 2tbsp
soy sauce & oyster sauce each.

Stir to combine!

Step 3: wrap

Prepare a small
bowl of water.
Place a teaspoon of
filling into the centre.
Dab a line of water around
the wrapper



→ Step 3.1

→ Step 3.2

→ Step 3.3
(make pleats)

Step 4:

Steam, fry, or boil
and ENJOY!!



* this is the wrapping style we use on my maternal side
everyone does it differently so do what works for you!

RECLAIMING FASHION

夺回时尚

by Justine Friedman

Faye Wong, the queen of Canto-pop, is known for her bold fashion — from rocking chic, androgynous looks in Wong Kar Wai's *Chungking Express* (1994) to becoming a dream-pop icon through her musical collaborations

with the Cocteau Twins and hit cover of The Cranberries' *Dreams*. Though Faye Wong has long been a household name in East Asia, it was only a few years ago that I became familiar with the 90s It Girl. Having grown up immersed in Eurocentric beauty standards and trends, gaining exposure to Faye Wong's unconventional and unapologetic personal style was a lesson in unlearning those ideals. But more than that, Faye Wong's effortlessly cool yet experimentalist, minimalist yet daring, and delicate yet defiant persona is a lesson in not only dressing, but also being authentically yourself in a way that transcends cultural boundaries.



Photo by Brandon Lim

They called me a lot of things. Passionate. Angry. Dramatic. Woke. But never right. Never reasonable. Never just concerned.

I come from a small town tucked between farmlands and rundown roads. It's the kind of place where people ask, "Where are you really from?" with smiles that feel like fences. Where the bakery knows everyone's name but mispronounces mine. Where politics is something polite people don't talk about, unless it's to grumble about "the state of the country these days" or "those activists blocking traffic again."

I was born here, but I've always felt slightly out of place. I'm a woman of colour in a place where the idea of diversity is limited to different kinds of jam at the farmers market. I care maybe too loudly about justice, fairness, and the systems that keep people like me on the margins. And that, apparently, makes me too much.

"Woke" used to mean alert to injustice. Now it's used like a slur. Like I'm naïve, overdramatic, or just trying to cause trouble. It's what people call me when I talk about Indigenous land rights, or refugees being locked up indefinitely, or the fact that I've never once had a conversation with a police officer that didn't leave me on edge.

Sometimes I wonder if I'd be easier to talk if I didn't raise my voice. If I swallowed my anger and served my politics with a side of soft smiles and self-deprecation. But my advocacy isn't a debate club hobby – it's survival. I don't get to opt out of these conversations. They're about me, my family, my future.

There's a strange kind of loneliness that comes with always being the "only one" in the room. The only one who looks like me. The only one who notices the racist joke in the staff room, or the casual sexism in the student council. The only one who stands up and says something.

Aleesya Amirizal

WOKE

I'm tired of being told I need to calm down. That my tone is the problem. That I'm too intense. What they don't understand is that I am intense not because I like the sound of my own voice, but because I have to be. Intensity is often the only thing that cuts through the apathy.



WINAJA

One of the most damaging impacts of colonisation globally — alongside even the conquest and the arbitrary division of land and people, ecocide, and the theft of wealth — is the destruction of Indigenous philosophies and the way in which we see the world.

What motivates us as people has been decided by the environment and history of the far-flung Western Europe. From the Americas to Aotearoa and Australia to the Philippines, there is a deep seated desire for material wealth and status where there previously was none. De-colonial discourse often neglects to reflect on the ways our ancestors perceived life, relationships and the world around them organically; the methodology that developed independently on the basis of our own environment and history, rather than that of the French, English or Spanish.

Evidence of these philosophies, even where they have been persecuted and suppressed, live on in our languages. The root word *winana*, in the Gamilaroi language, can alternatively refer to the acts of listening, knowing, loving and understanding depending on context and which suffixes are used. Likewise, *guwaygalaa* (red soil) is derived from *guway* (blood). The link between personhood and the earth and environment reflects how when a person's body (their *bana*) turns to dust, the *duwi* (human soul) will become a *wanda* (spirit) and inherit the body of any other creature or thing.

Since the 2023 Referendum, racists across Australia have been empowered, and are not afraid to boast about how while in 60,000 years we “only invented a stick”, they created big buildings, taxes and a housing crisis in a few hundred. When the measure of success is who can build the highest tower, conquer the most land or develop the highest GDP, it is the Indigenous outlook that gets marginalized. What our language demonstrates, however, is not a desire for material wealth, but an ancient philosophy that recognises humans as only another part of the environment in which we inhabit. This is the philosophy that saw the advent of fire stick farming, and totemic regulations that protected our native wildlife from over-farming in a cycle that persisted for thousands of years. Through their own satisfaction and the idea that time is a circle, rather than a straight line by which everything needs to constantly be getting “better”, our ancestors cultivated a harmony of people and place that lasted millennia.

Such is true for colonised peoples across the world — from the Mātauranga Māori of Aotearoa to the Filipino concepts of kapwa — our ideas were formed from our environments, and our ancestors did not spend their days toiling in the name of an investment portfolio or LinkedIn profile. It is inevitable we take back what is ours; to sit squarely in our own beloved country, unburdened by the “norms” and motivators of our own oppressors, confident in the traditions that have burned for millennia.



STRAIGHT, CURLY, COILY, KINKY.

LEARNING TO *UNLEARN*

ARIA KANHUKAMWE

Hair holds memories, or so they say. I got a haircut recently.

In my life, my hair has been my most commented-on feature. My smile, my complexion, the distinctive mole on the centre left of my bottom lip, have all paled in comparison. My most commented-on feature has also been the feature that I've most resented.

Most of these hair-related comments were received by an early-adolescent me. A defenceless version of me. Sometimes, it was a genuine (if only slightly exoticist) compliment from a friendly stranger. Sometimes, it was a "Can I touch your hair?" accompanied by the feel of someone's hands wedged in my hair. Other times, it was a classmate asking if I could move because my hair looked like a pineapple on top

of my head, and anyway, it was blocking their view of the board. One way or another, people have always let their thoughts be known.

Each and every one of those comments hurt me. Not because they were the ill-intentioned words of racists or spoken with malicious intent, but because they made me feel seen. Most of the time, I felt like I was doing a good job at walking the line between being myself and maintaining a degree of genericism. I wanted to be known as Aria, with some distinctive characteristics, but overall a little unremarkable.



What comments about my hair did was remind me that despite my best efforts to be "Just Aria", I was inevitably the girl with curly hair and dark skin.

Hence, the vitriol of my birthright ethnic minority self-hatred was, for the most part, channelled towards my hair. I had decided that if my hair wasn't as densely packed, all my issues would be solved. I obsessed over classifications, trying to fit myself into more desirable boxes. I studied hair type charts, grabbing pencils and pieces of paper to assess the spring, size and pattern of each of my curls.

4a, 4b, 4c.

Curly, kinky, coily.

Frizzy, messy, unkept.

It was some comfort that my 4a hair was, at least, the "best of a bad lot".

In high school, a time almost explicitly devoted to experimentation, I stifled my hair. Both untied natural hair styles and protective styles were out of the question. Much too visible. I restrained myself to very respectable, tightly tied buns, pulled either to the back of my head or on top. When I cut my hair for charity in my penultimate year, it was a scary

4A, 4B, 4C. CURLY, KINKY, COILY. FRIZZY, MESSY, UNKEPT.

realisation that whilst it grew back, I'd have to let it roam (somewhat) free. That experience didn't, as one

would assume, teach me to appreciate my natural hair. Instead, it confirmed that despite my meticulously curated exterior-facing pride and confidence in my identity, I still had a long way to go to let my wounds scab over.

This past year, I've changed my hair a lot. Afro, two-strand twists, buns, bohemian braids, French-curl braids. Something about the 300-odd kilometre distance from where I grew up to where I now live has given me just the right amount of anonymity to try new things. Which, in a very small but very intimate way, has been a sort of personal liberation.



Orientalism and Decolonising 'The Tourist Gaze'

by Justine Friedman

Why do we travel? What do we look for in a destination? What are our expectations?

British sociologist John Urry's work on tourism, titled *The Tourist Gaze: Leisure and Travel in Contemporary Societies* (1990), analysed the 'socially organised and systematised' nature of how tourists perceive and experience the world. From media representations to economic and commercial factors, as well as cultural and historical narratives, the way in which we see the world is shaped by various external forces. And just as these forces are built on systemic inequalities – they also shape the tourist gaze in ways that perpetuate these inequalities.

Urry writes, 'Places are chosen to be gazed upon because there is anticipation, especially through daydreaming and fantasy, of intense pleasures, either on a different scale or involving different senses from those customarily encountered.'

So how exactly are these daydreams, fantasies, and intense pleasures informed? Edward Said's *Orientalism* (1978) offers a good explanation. Said famously examined the highly subjective nature of Western scholarship of the 'semi-mythical construct' that is the 'Orient' (referring to Asia, the Middle East, and North Africa). Beyond consisting of myths and stereotypes, Oriental scholarship is a quest of imperialism – one that imposes Western power structures, advances Western interests, and justifies Western dominance over an 'exotic' and purportedly inferior East.

Today, Orientalism continues to dominate media representations – through video games, social media, TV shows, and movies, for example. One major form of media that seems to particularly inspire Orientalist imaginations, is travel content and marketing. From the promise of escaping into ancient Chinese civilisation to the mysteries of the Arabian desert, the travel industry profits off of these representations built for Western pleasure. Such representations deny non-Western communities the right to define themselves and their futures, instead reducing their cultures to static, exotic, and outdated images.

When travellers project these expectations onto the communities they visit, there's something rather dehumanising about it. In this way, 'The Tourist Gaze' neglects to see cultures and societies for what they really are – for their nuances, their dignity, and their humanity. 'The Tourist Gaze' seeks to consume experiences most 'authentic' to the gaze's expectations, but not necessarily authentic to the reality of the places the tourist visits. How can these expectations really be authentic at all when they are shaped by imperial imaginations and power imbalances?

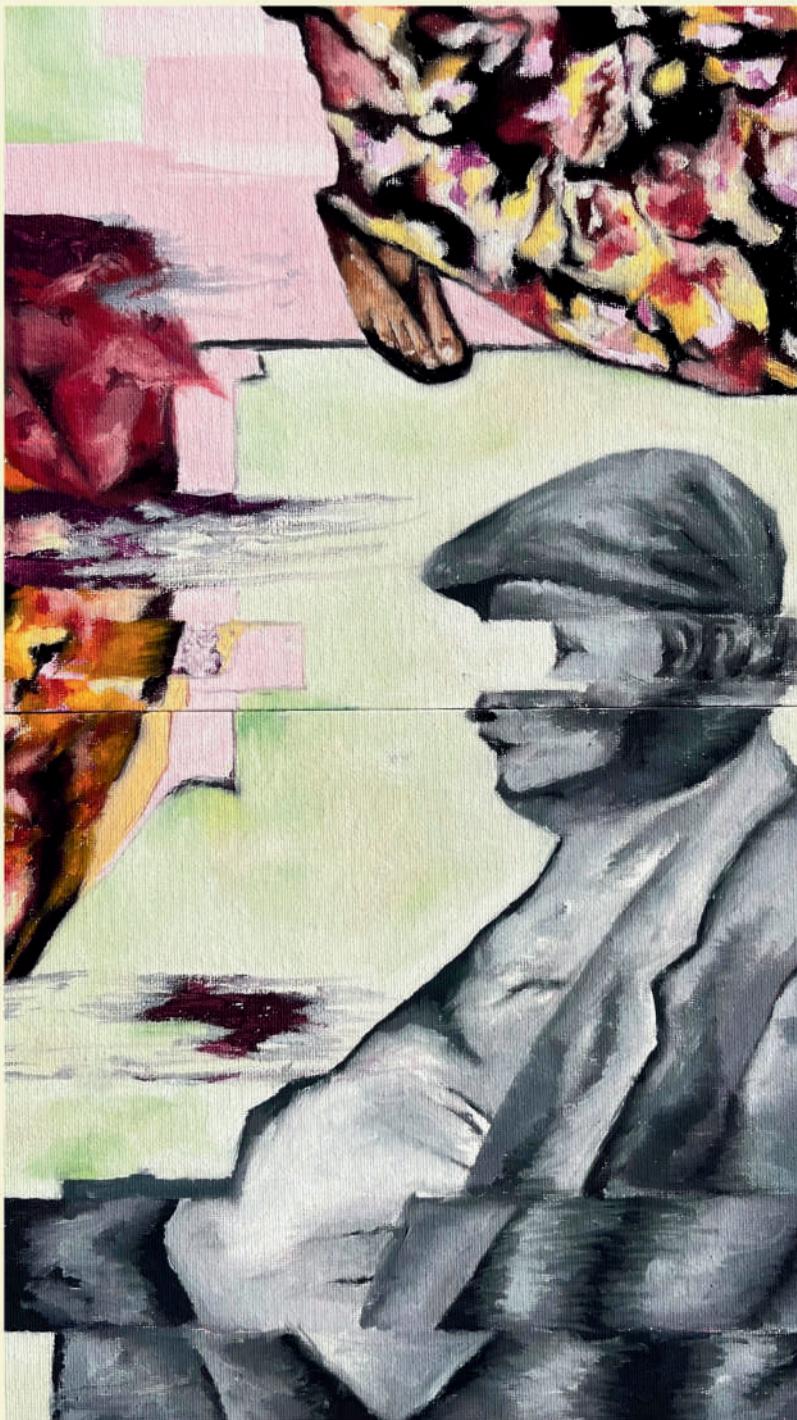
Of course, travelling provides important opportunities to broaden our perspectives, foster cultural exchanges, and learn about the world around us. But travelling is a great privilege – one that comes with great responsibility. It is vital to not only recognise the colonial power dynamics that influence 'The Tourist Gaze,' but also actively work to decolonise our gaze and challenge our expectations.

Yes, travelling allows us to escape our everyday lives and experience something new. But we must recognise that we are also visitors in the lived realities of communities that do not exist for the consumption of Western tourists. We must consider how tourism impacts local populations' well-being, environments, and economies. We must be humble, open-minded, and empathetic. Importantly, we must platform local voices and support communities in reclaiming their right to self-representation.





Photos by Justine Friedman



Kris

Untitled

Oil on canvas

This painting is the first iteration of a new body of work. It combines candid images of my grandparents from over the years, carrying motifs of my cultural identity like my grandmother's pink sari. I utilise multiple mediums including collage, digital software and paint to manipulate my images. The result feels representative of how I view the BIPOC identity being continually transformed throughout generations. I see myself in my relatives and ancestors before me, who all connect to create my unique identity.

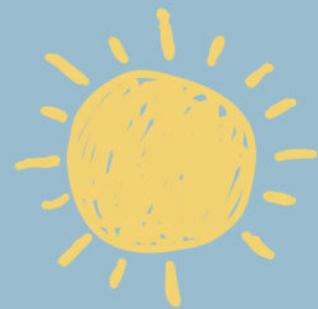
My grandfather was also a painter although he preferred realism. My chosen style and mediums reflect the way his passions and practise have been passed down to me, but I have transformed and reenvisioned my art into something that is completely my own.

"JOY AS RESISTANCE"

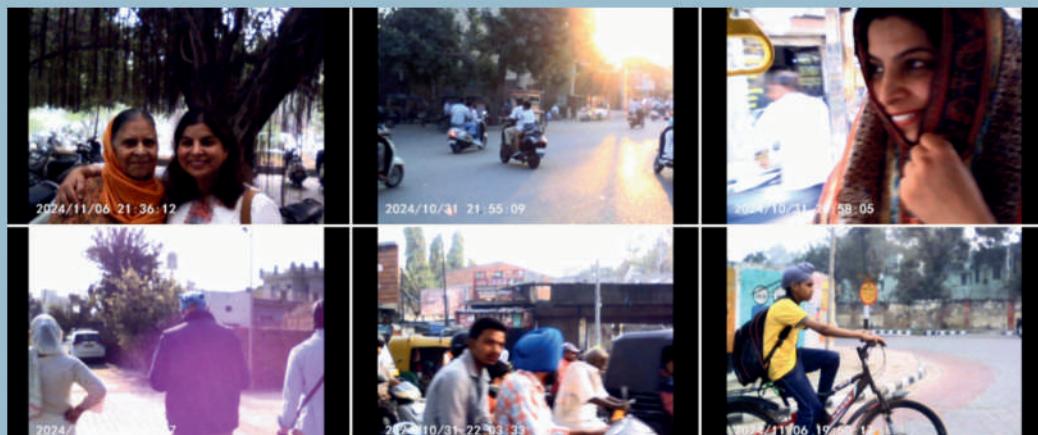
— CELEBRATING BIPOC BY SANNA SANDHU

HAPPINESS, COMMUNITY, AND

RADICAL SELF-LOVE AS ACTS OF DEFIANCE.



Still shots from Series 2 of "Punjab the land of five waters: An exploration into the lives of the ordinary and mundane," a short avant garde film featuring Amritsar, Punjab. Shot on a small, 16mm camcorder, this film captures the essence of the bustling life in Amritsar, through its ever vibrant colours, sounds, music, people, and nature. The footage's colouring and aesthetics are unedited and raw, evoking feelings of nostalgia. This film fuses everyday life with the beautiful romantic lyrics of "Unse Mili Nazar Ke Mere Hosh Ud Gaye" by Lata Mangeshkar, thereby, creating humorous parallels between the lyrics and shot.



This film is endorsed by the Prague Film Institute (PFI) and was a finalist in the "Best of" competition at PFI.



I would also like to showcase a celebration of BIPOC happiness, community through footage I have collated at EKTA ANU, the South Asian Students' Society. I have had the opportunity to develop a series of short documentary style films that represent the vibrant college life of South Asian Students at The Australian National University. Using a 16mm digital camcorder, I've embraced a vintage aesthetic, evoking nostalgia through grainy textures and warm tones. This style transforms everyday moments into timeless memories, reflecting the joy, connection, and shared experiences of our community.

WATCH SOME OF MY WORK HERE:

Ambarsar Avant Garde Film

EKTA Evening

EKTA O-Week



♈♉♊♋♌♍♏

FLORENCE'S ASTROLOGICAL DIM SUM GUIDE

♉ ♋ ♈ ♋ ⚲ ⚳

AS A CHILD, I ENTERTAINED MYSELF BY ENVISIONING PERSONALITIES FOR MY FOOD - MATCHING THEIR FLAVOUR, TEMPERATURE AND TEXTURE. THIS WAS ESPECIALLY AS I SAT, OFTEN CONFUSED AT THE PACKED ROUND TABLE NEXT TO MY GRANDMA AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD LADIES WHO WOULD GIGGLE AND GASP AT CONCEPTS THEN SO FOREIGN TO ME. THESE DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES I ASSIGNED MY FOOD, CAN BE REFLECTED IN MY TEENAGE OBSESSION WITH ASTROLOGY.

COME AS I GIVE MY EXTREMELY BIASED OPINIONS ON THE FLAVOURS OF MY CHILDHOOD, WITH A HINT OF UNQUALIFIED ASTROLOGICAL FUN.



CANCER

YOU THINK AND FEEL DEEPLY, AND ALWAYS END UP FOLLOWING YOUR HEART OVER YOUR HEAD.

A NATURAL NURTURER OF THOSE CLOSE TO YOU.

ZI MA WU, BLACK SESAME PASTE SOUP. SWEET, WARM AND CALMING, A REMINDER TO NURTURE YOURSELF TOO.

SCORPIO

YOU'RE DEEPLY PASSIONATE ABOUT WHAT DRIVES YOU AND TO SOME, THIS CAN COME OFF AS TOO INTENSE. OFTEN CHARACTERISED AS BEING DESTINED TO BE A LEADER. FOR THE TABLE, YOU SHOULD ORDER FUHNG JAAU, CHICKEN FEET. BRAISED UNTIL TENDER, THEY ARE A STAPLE AT YUM CHA. THE AROMA OF SALTY, FERMENTED BLACK BEAN SAUCE WAFTS OUT OF THE BAMBOO TRAY. A DELICIOUS REMINDER OF YOUR STRONG CHARACTER.



WATER SIGNS

PISCES

KNOWN FOR BEING IMAGINATIVE, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT IT IS OKAY TO DAYDREAM. I GIVE YOU, THE DREAMIEST DESSERT OF THEM ALL: MANGO PANCAKE. THE CREAM BURSTS THROUGH THE THIN CREPE, FOLLOWED BY THE LIGHT 'NOT TOO SWEET' TASTE OF MANGO. USUALLY CUT IN HALF BY THE CART LADIES, TRY NOT HAVE IT ALL TO YOURSELF.



ARIES

AS A SIGN KNOWN FOR BEING A CATALYST, TAKING RISKS AND TRYING NEW THINGS, I IMPORE YOU TO TRY THIS: WU KOK. A MINCED PORK AND PRAWNS BALLED IN DEEP-FRIED IN YAM-AND-STARCH DOUGH.

BEST EATEN WARM, IT IS CRISP AND LIGHT. WITH A WILD LOOKING EXTERIOR, IT EMBODIES THE ARIES SPIRIT OF BEING BOLD AND BEAUTIFUL.



ZODIAC SIGNS



LEO

YOU HAVE A DESIRE TO SHINE BRIGHTLY AND BE RECOGNISED FOR RADIATING LIGHT AND WARMTH. BUT LEO ALSO RULES THE HEART, AND THE TRUTH IS, THAT LEO IS ALSO ONE OF THE MOST GENEROUS AND GIVING SIGNS. A DISH FOR SHARING IS CHEUNG FEN, RICE NOODLE ROLLS. TOPPED WITH A SWEET SOY SAUCE, YOUR ACT OF KINDNESS IS SHARING THE DECISION FOR WHAT FILLING TO CHOOSE. PRAWNS? CHAR SIU? BEEF?



SAGITTARIUS

ADVENTUROUS AND FREE SPIRITED. KNOWN FOR BEING A TRAVELER. MAHLAAI GOU - ALSO KNOWN AS 'MALAY SPONGE CAKE'. THOUGH, IT'S ORIGINS ARE MURKY, ALL THREE THEORIES, INVOLVE THE RECIPE TRAVERSING OVER LAND AND SEA. LIGHTLY SWEET AND SPRINGY, IT IS BEST SHARED WITH FRIENDS & FAMILY.

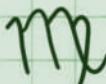


TAURUS

ENDURANCE, PERSEVERANCE AND A LITTLE STUBBORN NGAU PAAK JIP, OMASUM BEEF TRIPE. JUST LIKE YOU, A LITTLE PERSEVERANCE IS NEEDED TO GET THROUGH THE 'TOUGHER' MEAT OF THE TRIPE. THE DELICATE GINGER SLICES AND SPRING ONION WITH A BROTH 'SAUCE' PAIR SO WELL WITH THE UNIQUE TEXTURE OF TRIPE. DIP A SLICE IN SOME CHILI SAUCE FOR AN EXTRA DIMENSION OF FLAVOUR. ONCE, MY FRIEND AND I ORDERED THREE PLATES OF TRIPE, FOR TWO PEOPLE. THAT'S HOW STRONGLY I'D RECOMMEND THIS DISH TO YOU.



VIRGO



YOU'RE EFFICIENT, FOCUSED ON HOW THINGS FUNCTION AND ELIMINATING THE EXCESSIVE AND UNNECESSARY. NOTHING SPEAKS EFFICIENCY THAN HAR GOW. NO DRIPPING SOUP, NO SAUCY MESS; IT'S EVEN SO EFFICIENT YOU CAN TELL THE FILLING THROUGH THE GLOWING SKIN. THE DELICATE FOLDS MATCH YOUR DETAIL-ORIENTATED PERSONALITY, SCOOPING UP THE MINCED PRAWN FILLING.



EARTH SIGNS

CAPRICORN



YOU'RE GOAL ORIENTED, AND DETERMINED TO REACH THEM. YOU'RE A BIG FAN OF STRUCTURE - FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE. DAN TAT, EGG TART. BEST SERVED WARM, THE FLAKY CRUST HOLDS THE SOFT, ALMOST CUSTARD LIKE FILLING. A REMINDER THAT YOUR DESIRE FOR STRUCTURE IS VALID, AND HELPS YOU OPERATE AT YOUR BEST.

GEMINI



FLEXIBLE AND INQUISITIVE, YOU CAN EASILY ADAPT TO ANY SITUATION. LO BAAHK GOU, PAN FRIED RADISH CAKE. YET, DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE WORD 'CAKE', RATHER THAN A SWEET TREAT, IT IS A SAVOURY STAPLE, SERVED HOT. THE CHEWY GLUTINOUS INTERIOR, SURROUNDED BY A PAN FRIED 'CRUST' SPEAKS TO YOUR ADAPTABILITY, GIVING YOU THE BEST OF ALL TEXTURES.



AIR SIGNS

LIBRA

LIBRA'S ARE KNOWN TO MAKE CHOICES THAT RESULT IN MAXIMUM BALANCE, HARMONY, AND JUSTICE. THUS, YOU CAN COME OFF AS INDECISIVE AS YOU TAKE SO LONG TO MAKE CHOICES. NO MAI GAI, STICKY RICE WITH FILLING, WRAPPED IN LOTUS LEAF. THE FILLING DEPENDS FROM REGION TO REGION, USUALLY INCLUDING PEANUTS, MUSHROOMS, CHICKEN AND/OR PORK. EACH BITE IS DIFFERENT, PERFECT FOR YOUR INDECISIVE NATURE.



AQUARIUS

INDEPENDENT, CURIOUS AND INNOVATIVE. YOU VALUE INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION, AND BEING CHALLENGED. SIN JUK GYUN, STUFFED TOFU SKIN ROLLS. THE OPTIONS FOR THE FILLING OF THESE ROLLS ARE ENDLESS. CHICKEN, PORK, MUSHROOM, TARO, RADISH, SPICES. PERFECT FOR YOUR DESIRE TO EXPLORE NEW FLAVOURS, WITH EACH REGION AND EACH RESTAURANT, YOU'LL FIND A NEW VERSION.





THE ARTIST'S GUIDE TO NGUNNAWAL / NGAMBRI

BIPOC ARTISTS RECLAIMING THE CULTURE

By Saira Afridi

ART



Musonga Mbogo

@musongambogo

Musonga incorporates his Zimbabwean, and Tanzanian heritage in his works that cover the themes of diaspora, ethnicity, hybrid identity and globalisation. Having already produced two solo exhibitions, Musonga's success is clear. Musonga also designed all the artwork for the Canberra Children's Hospital, the first artist of African descent to do so.

Natasha Tareen

@natasha.tareen

A South Asian/Central Asian creative, Natasha's works reflect on her emotional Afghan heritage. Natasha's 2025 exhibition, "Split Open," was met with local critical acclaim. Exploring themes of the complexity of brown femininity, generational memory, and the concept of bodily autonomy, the impact of Natasha's art is truly intergenerational.



FILM/ VISUAL MEDIA



Shé Chani

@dripluv_

Dripluv, or Shé, is a true Filmmaker and artist. Through his own art, such as the short film Murofi (2024), music video collaborations with up and coming artists, and advertisements, Shé has ventured into all facets of visual media. Shé manages to convey his passion of film through all of his projects, and further encapsulates the youth experience, primarily the BIPOC youth experience, in Australia.

Tadiwa Zvidza

@passioncollective

OU

A collaboration between Tadiwa Zvidza and @quentin.nguyenn, Passion Collective has blossomed since its beginning in 2024. From music videos, to brand collaborations such as Musashi, real estate projects, clothing brand ads, and numerous interviews with highly influential figures across sports and entertainment, Passion Collective does it all.



MUSIC



Samatar

@notsamatar

Samatar has found himself navigating an artistic space that has seldom been explored in Canberra. A multidisciplinary, genre-blending artist who combines music with theater and cinema, Samatar's "The Path of Most Resistance," was highly praised. Additionally, Samatar has performed for the likes of Nai Palm and other thriving artists.

Tivien @iamtivien

Papua New Guinean, and multi-disciplinary artist Tivien is a self proclaimed certified day-dreamer. Tivien's music covers a range of themes from heartbreak, love, death, self discovery and their own struggles with mental health. Tivien's Nalik identity is highly important to their art, with the use of native birdcalls and waves each creating a dreamlike immersive experience through music.



FASHION



SINTA

@sinta4the

Sinta, inspired by creator @espirituberlin's Filipino heritage, aims to promote the creative minds of people from the 'third world,' (as stated in the brand's vision). All Sinta garments are either made in the Philippines or locally, and aim to make people feel like they're part of something. Sinta has ventured into events too, sponsoring the infamous Art Club at Lil Mama's café.



Kids2riches / K2R

@kids2riches

Following their most recent drop in may this year, K2R has become a symbol of being "in the know," amongst Canberra creatives. The brand, started by @juliamontanos, reminds the youth to value creativity throughout the journey for success - a message for all. Kids to Riches stems from the phrase "rags to riches," which encapsulates this vision.

PHOTOGRAPHY



Kris Arian

@krismissing

A multidisciplinary artist, Kris should not be reduced to photography. You may have seen her designs on our new BIPOC merch, or her art pieces that grace our social media feeds and the BIPOC Base. Kris captures the BIPOC youth experience through her incredible photography skills, further using her artist's eye to combine these into mixed media designs and graphics.



Kiya

@killaquilla

If you're looking for a photographer or creative director, Kiya is the one to call to bring your ideas to life. If you've been to a creative event across Canberra, you've definitely seen Kiya, camera in hand. Kiya captures the freeness of such events, and her street photography and photoshoots never miss. From brand work, to personal shoots, Kiya's vision is unbeatable.



DJS



Tarisayi

@guccigameboy

Tarisayi, who also acts as one half of the DJ duo mixed signals, has been a renowned DJ in the Canberra music scene for the past few years. A familiar face to Canberra clubs/music venues, T is now supported by global brands such as Adidas and JD sports. Tarisayi's song 'your move,' is out now on all streaming platforms, scan the QR code to listen.

Sekai Mututu / Seki

@_tutumseki

Architect by trade, DJ by choice. Is there anything Canberra based DJ Seki can't do? From local clubs like One22, to the grand openings of Footlocker, and Australian-wide events like AfroJamz, Seki has smashed the East Coast music scene. If you frequent music events across Canberra you've undoubtedly heard her play, and if you haven't, get on it.



"Artists are here to disturb the peace." — James Baldwin

Picture this



—you're 15, standing in the school tuckshop line, and craning your neck to see if there are still any hot wedges left for lunch. It's hot, you're hungry, and in all-round not a great mood when two boys from your grade push into the line behind you.

'Hey. Hey,' They pester you until you finally turn. 'Are you good at maths because you're Asian?'

They snicker. You stand there stunned.

'No?' you respond bluntly and turn around, while some cocktail of strange embarrassment, confusion, and anger churns in you.

Sometimes I wonder how people can be so shameless, so blatant, and so, so stupid. But just recognising their ignorance doesn't always soften the sting.

Attending a very white high school, I constantly felt the weight of unspoken (or indeed, unprovokedly spoken) racial expectations. It was like I was forced to perceive myself through the eyes of my peers who thought all of Asia spoke 'Asian.' I didn't just want to reject the stereotype—I felt like I had to *outperform* it.

Screw that—

I felt I had to outrun it; *go over and above to exceed them*. Show everyone I was more than just one of three 'interchangeably' Asian girls in our grade—for all the good that did me though, every other week we'd still get called each other's names.

So to answer Mr Bigot's question—yeah, I was good at Maths. Geez, I *hoped* I'd be by that point, after spending three hours a week for eight years at tutoring while you tried to see how much wet toilet paper you could get to stick to the ceiling. But not only would I be good at Maths, I'd be good at English, History, Legal—I'd do it all to *show them*. I'd throw myself into sport—I'd be loud, get involved—to *show them*. I'd know all the top 100 hits, I'd be friendly, outgoing—to *show them* I wasn't their tired little racial archetype.

Toni Morrison once said—‘*The very serious function of racism is distraction. It keeps you explaining, over and over again, your reason for being.*’ And God was I distracted, constantly feeling like I had something to prove—but here’s the thing: no amount of overachieving can change people from flattening your whole identity into a lazy stereotype. People see what they want to see.

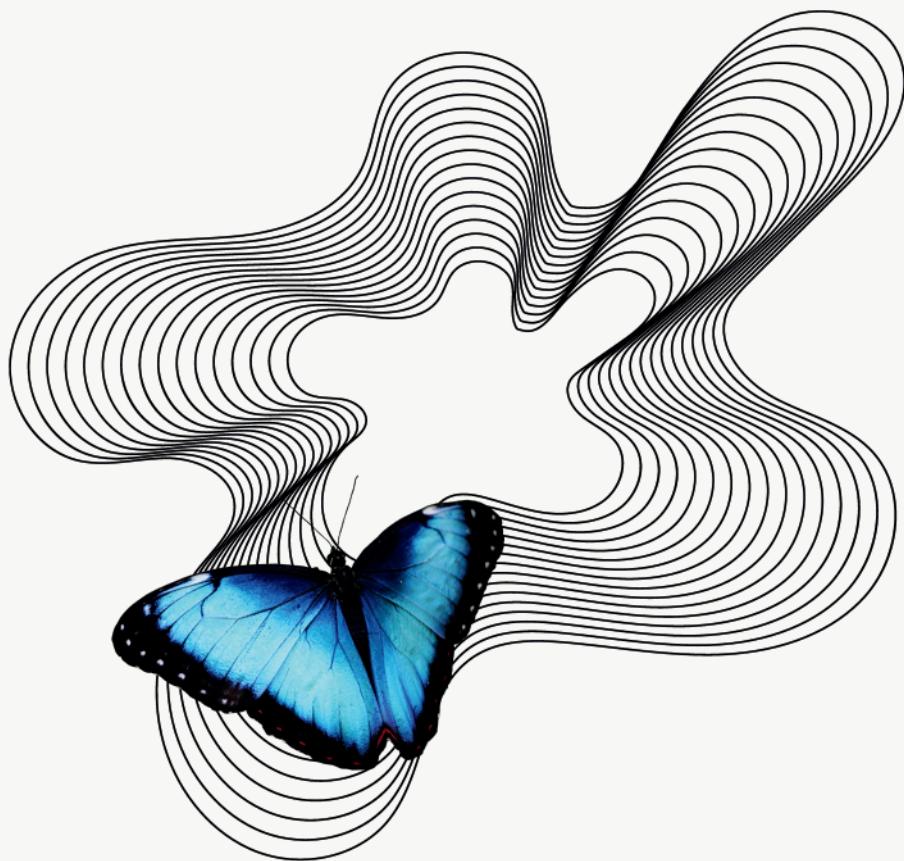
And that’s what made me reflect—on the internalised pressure, yes, but also on the uncomfortable truth that in trying so hard to reject their assumptions, I was still letting those assumptions define the terms of who I could be. I’d told myself I wasn’t that kind of Asian girl—whatever that even means.

But that’s not fair. Not to me, and not to the amazing, diverse community of Asian women I’m now so proud to call myself part of. We should be allowed to be quiet, or bubbly, average or brilliant, or any combination of those things without it needing to be taken as a statement. We should just get to be, without the need to explain ourselves to idiots who peaked in year 9.

By Amber Lennox







Stay up to date

@ANU.BIPOC.DEPARTMENT

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