

VOLUME 4 2026

BIPOC X ISD X INDIGENOUS DEPT ZINE



HOME COMING

The ANU BIPOC, Indigenous and International Students Departments would like to acknowledge that this zine, and all of the art and writing inside, was created and produced on stolen land.

We acknowledge the Ngunnawal and Ngambri peoples of the Canberra region as the traditional custodians of this land. Their histories, cultures and sacred stories are woven into this Country and its surrounds.

We acknowledge the long history of art and story-telling on this land, and recognize that sovereignty was never ceded. Canberra always was, has been, and always will be the traditional Homeland of Aboriginal peoples. We commit to amplifying and prioritising Indigenous voices and perspectives in all our work.

We recognize the duty of the ANU to support Indigenous peoples, their cultures and heritage well into the future.



Contributors

Thank you to all that contributed to our first ever interdepartmental zine!

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*Those that attended our
2026 'Scrapbook and Sip'
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funded
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WORONI



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a letter from the...

BIPOC OFFICER



Dear Reader,

I ran for BIPOC Officer last year with a desire to shine a light on intersectionality within our community. I believe that the different spaces we occupy and identities we adopt add invaluable depth and uniqueness to each of our stories - stories that we aim to document and honour through our annual BIPOC Zine. Hence, I am incredibly proud that the 4th edition of the yearly BIPOC Zine is a special collaboration with the Indigenous and International Students Departments. I thank Tom and Anuva for their willingness to collaborate on this project, and I am deeply grateful to every BIPOC, Indigenous, or International Student who has submitted their story in this labour of love.

This year's theme, "*Homecoming*", offers the perfect opportunity to explore intersectionality, evoking different associations for each individual depending on their converging identities. This 4th volume of our zine reflects that beautifully. It not only centers student reflections on homecoming, but it *feels* like a homecoming in and of itself. Flipping through this anthology of BIPOC, Indigenous, and International Students' submissions reminds me of the different stories we carry with us, the wealth of diverse experiences our communities have accumulated, and still, the solidarity that binds us together. This reminder, coming at a time when things are so fraught, feels like coming home. It pulls me back to belonging and connection, at a time when feeling alone and isolated is a natural response to the world around us.

Every day, we are bombarded with evidence of oppression, continuing to wield its iron fist over our communities. It is disheartening, it is tiring, it is deeply unfair. Admittedly, after so long, there is fatigue in fighting back. So, I hope this zine can offer a sanctuary, a place of rest, and a reminder that you will always have a home here. Home is in this community, in our solidarity, and in these stories. Home is in the shared joy, sorrow, and resistance. And when things are too much, home is a warm hug and a soft place to land. You can always come home.

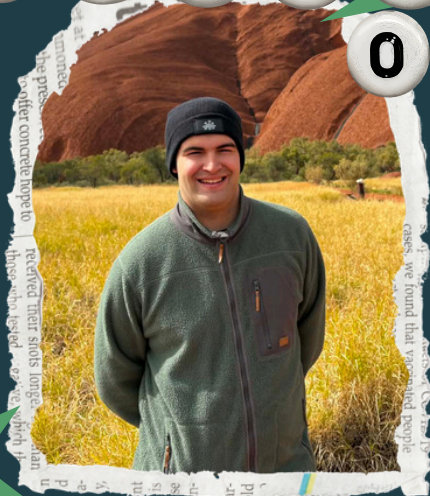
In love and solidarity,

Anenya Kale (she/her)

BIPOC Officer, 2026.

a letter from the...

INDIGENOUS OFFICER



For students of diverse cultural and ethnic backgrounds, students of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander heritage and international students, the term 'homecoming' is a powerful reminder of a core part of our identities. The Indigenous Department has always ensured

that our stories of 'home', our culture and our Country guide our mission to represent and support Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students who come to the ANU.

Throughout this zine you'll read contributions by members of our department about what 'homecoming' means to them. You'll also read powerful contributions from members of the International Students and BIPOC Departments about their own stories of 'homecoming', culture and identity. With the rapid rise of racist, anti-migrant and anti-First Nations rhetoric around Australia, it has never been more important that communities most under threat from racism, hate and violence are able to tell their stories; represent their homecomings, their cultures and their struggle. By sharing these stories, we represent that Australia has never not been a multicultural society, beginning with a rich history of over 65,000 years of diverse Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander cultures.

Tom Hughes
2026 Indigenous Officer

a letter from the...

I S D O F F I C E R



Homecoming is a strange word for international students because home is never just one place for us. It is where we grew up and where our families still are, and it is also here in Canberra, where we have built lives, friendships and community while studying far from where we started. That in-between feeling is exactly what this zine sits inside. This zine is a collaboration between the International Students' Department, the BIPOC and the Indigenous Departments, and that partnership matters, because our communities do not always get to tell our own stories in our own words and are too often spoken about rather than heard from directly, so this zine is a small correction to that; it's a space where international, BIPOC and Indigenous students can define homecoming for ourselves and on our own terms. For some of us homecoming means the meal that tastes like a family recipe, for some it means a language we only speak with certain people, for some it means holding onto a culture that this country does not always make room for, and for most of us it is about finding belonging here, in a place that was never built with us in mind, on land that was never ceded. Very often, we are told, in ways big and small, that we do not belong here, and if you have felt that, from racism or exclusion or being made to feel foreign in your own life, I want you to know that does not get to decide the truth of who you are or where you belong, only you do. I am proud that our three departments made this together, and I hope every student who opens this zine sees a piece of themselves in it and remembers that they do not have to choose between where they are from and where they are now, because both can be home. Thank you for reading, and thank you for being part of this community.

Love,

Anuva Rai

President, International Students' Department 2026

EDITORS NOTES



Aria Hughes

Home is a complex concept. There's places, people, food, smells, and so many more things that make people feel at home. Putting this Zine together affirmed my idea of what home truly is. It's indescribable. The beauty of this Zine is in the beautiful and diverse perspectives of its contributors. From my perspective, home is a feeling. I have often for years at a time never felt at home in my own house, and instead chased that feeling in my travels, experiences, friendly faces, and small spaces. Today, as an international student, BIPOC is one of the places I would call home.



Minty Le

If home is where the heart is, it is both everywhere and nowhere. Home can be found in a sense of peace, where communities thrive and coexist through shared experiences. Home doesn't have to be a set location, it's a feeling you carry wherever you go.



Nozi Khumalo

What is home? I think home is really only something each individual can define for themselves. There isn't a universal rule or fixed destination because it is something personal, fluid, and often very complicated. Home can be something that grounds you, something that you can come back to when life gets hard and reminds you who you are. But home can also be something that is always changing and evolving with you. Home is something that can be singular or come in all sorts of ways. I think "home" is so intertwined with our experiences, cultures, and identities. It is often built on lived stories from loved ones or yourself, and that itself is so valuable and beautiful to share.

Reading 'Homecoming' feels like an embrace. There is immense power in sharing the histories, cultures, and homes that we carry. These stories belong to us; let no one ever extract, erase, or deny that.

Emina Zeng



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Minthy Le

Về nhà đi, con

Minthy Le

Home is Knowing Where You Are and Why

Anneliese Rothe



Out

the

of

box

By Nozi
Khumalo

Annotated scribbly notes on tree barks. Witchetty grubs' trails

I've made you my home
for a while now
tunnelling into your flesh,
your cellulose walls
taste of splinters in my mouth.
Through your branches,
your bark
dividing in shades of grey,
red, maroon and white.
Which side do you prefer?
When I dig myself
into your skin?

Scarring you down, scribbly gum
sorry.

My fault for getting lost,
My fault for always
circling back.

I promise
I'll never wear you down
to your bones.

I never dig too deep.
Tree sap droplets drooling,
branches snapping, crackling,
tearing in all shade and shine.

I felt warm,
tugged in under your bark;
a blanket
protected from the cold wind.
Keeping me shaded
under the scorching sun.

How lucky am I
to rest here
to not worry
about predatory eyes
swooping from above.
To shield,
to cover,
to engulf me
into your body.
Stable
You're so stable,
and safe.

You don't mind it,
Do you?
You never mind.

The cockatoo sinks its
beak
into your open, circular
wounds
and slowly rips your
insides out,
carving a home.
nesting,
curling,
tucking their young ones
in.

I failed to recognise your
roots,
hidden and buried in the
soil.

Disconnected,
cut,
messy,
entangled
I imagine.

But that's not something
for me to know.
Lichens lining,
blue, green, teal, yellow
spring, summer, winter, rain.
It all changes you
despite your immobile
evergreen trunk.
That's what weather does
to a person.
That's how all things
wither
passively.

Must I rip myself apart?
to leave my chrysalis?
Digested down to my core,
an incoherent soup
of my body
emerging again.
Night light gilds my wings,
urging me
to explore the starry
world.

Eyes sensing all
at the back of my wings
My dear gumnut,
I will look back
When I leave.

Marana Akkaranithi

my island home

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
I am the 'mother of oceans'
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My namesake defies continents
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
An origin defined by immigration
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back,
An identity that encompasses place
O bring back my Bonnie to me, to me:
A home that exists beyond borders
Bring back, bring back,
A sense of self that knows no bounds
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Nozi Khumalo

walaaybaagu wungalaanha

walaaybaagu
wungalaanha
"HOMECOMING"

There are
more than one

million Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people in Australia, in every state and city, in just about every town and biome of this continent. It's a big continent; and for us in our million home can look like many things. It can look like a home packed with dozens of siblings, cousins and aunties, or it can look like a foster home. It may be on Country, or in the bustle of city streets.

Much like many other people around the world and in Australia, home for many of us is a story of displacement. Only 27% (less than one in three) Indigenous people live on their Country. This is for many reasons. As with many other peoples, it can be attributed to war: Thousands forced to leave their homeland under threat of state violence, or killed by the police or pastoralists who shortly thereafter claimed Aboriginal land as their own.

More unique to us are the "Protection" Regimes that rounded up Indigenous people (*concentrated* them) like cattle into gated missions, reserves, or camps, where they rationed food, forced people to work without pay, and from where these people (our grandparents and their parents) could not leave. This is also where Aboriginal children were arbitrarily separated from their families and sent to wherever the government wanted them, where they were often abused and in many cases also put to work.

This is why so few of us live in our homelands: This scale of displacement occurred after WW2 and the Holocaust, and much of it only ended in my mother's lifetime.

In Year 11 I found myself in an exam hall preparing for the HSC. I had in front of me a creative writing prompt as part of a timed practice exam. I totally blanked, but ended up writing a short vignette of a woman sitting under a tree weaving a mat. Although I wasn't explicit, this was from the perspective of my mother, who had long sought to "go back home" and connect with her roots beyond the urban Aboriginal community she lived for in Sydney.

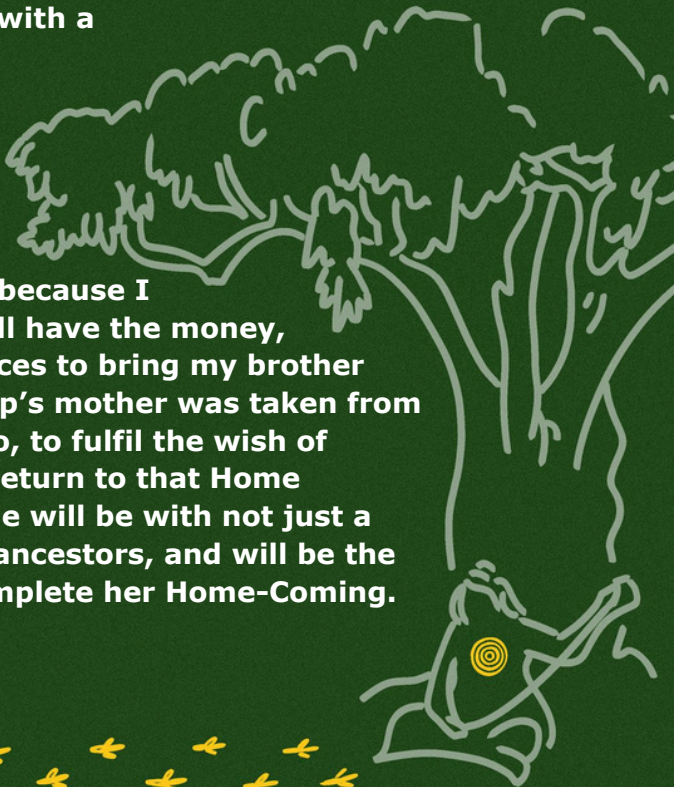
My grandfather was the first of my family to be born off Country, his mother having been stolen from her family and made to work from childhood, without pay, as a maid in the Hunter Valley. He is yet to return to his Mother Country.

A little over a year after my own mother had passed away, my brother and I drove up to our Pop's hometown. In the far end of a small plot of land next to a church, we found his mother and father's humble, checkered gravesites flanked by thistles and with a subtle view of the fields and hills of the valley, and sowed our mother's ashes there.

I neglected to bring all of her ashes to scatter, because I holdout for the day I will have the money, the time and the resources to bring my brother to the home that our Pop's mother was taken from only 100 or so years ago, to fulfil the wish of our own Mum that she return to that Home Country. In doing so, she will be with not just a few, but with all of her ancestors, and will be the first of our family to complete her Home-Coming.

Zak O'Hara

walaaybaagu wungalaanha
"HOMECOMING"





Counter clockwise from top left corner: The Block, Redfern. A cookup at home. Funerary boomerang made by my brother in his uncle's garage. My Pop and some of my aunties and uncles. The Towers, Redfern. My Pop's shirt and a boondi (club). Two lino prints by my mother of her and our family.



It's raining in Brisbane. Droplets of sweat and beads of precipitation constellate on my forearm, catching rays from the streetlamps. For a moment, it seems I have a starmap at hand with its inspiration held above me. This half-human, half-natural (all natural?) slick betrays nothing of the temperature that preceded it.

Minutes before, the smell of heat wrapped about my head, grasping for the insides of my nose and threatening to linger like old ghosts. Rapt in the warmth, how can anything else exist? When the heat denies thought, all that is left is existence.

The heat, as it always did, broke. It was the promise and rhythm of summer: the swelter, the distractions, the release. The haze of warmth washed our bodies from that sin of cerebral existence and shame. The distractions of laying on the floor, looking between gaps in the floorboards, and promises of the Enoggera reservoir. This was the prelude: the break of the storm, wrought with crackle and cool; the Father, the Son, the Holy spirit.

This leitmotif was repeated throughout childhood. Suddenly I am ten, waiting for the kiss of the storm that scared away the choking heat. In my patient wait, I would stare at the gully by my house. Resplendent, verdant, tufts and tussocks abound. The heat would not grant me sleep. It was equal-handed, in that regard, with the cheechuks. I learned to listen to their chatter, and used darkness to blanket myself from gauche notions of rationality. When it rained, the cheechuks put their conversations – and themselves – to bed. The gully flooded, water rushing to push the greenery down so that it may also sleep. I could fall asleep too, then. Without the verbiage to realise, I was part of that. It is wrong to separate myself on the basis of my form. I am no longer ten. Perhaps I now have the words to describe this perfect imperfect recollection. The moment itself escapes.



The summer also brought the cane toads. The cruelty directed to them, however, was the purview of the people. These creatures were somehow wise and stupid, placid and fearful; warted, shrivelled, crushed, languishing, anguishing. I was told that these little beasts had been brought to solve another problem designed by those who “knew better”. Of course, they were defilers of the habitats in which they were placed.

They were not meant to be on this red mother. Really, I’m not sure I was meant to be there either. The toads and I had no other home.

Of course, being a good Brisbane boy, I decided to leave – it was more than the toads were offered. As I understand it, it is a rite of passage to want to escape the curves of the river and the constant heat. I bring myself into new interstices to run from the old ones: I am always halfway from who I was and equally far from who I am becoming. I hate the aptness of the adage that no man steps in the same river twice. Maybe I’d wanted an exception, just for me.

Being halfway to halfway places you squarely in the middle of nowhere. I have no palimpsest way of being around an ancestral home. Life is lived moment by moment, at the cost of living it elsewhere. If I am meant to be across so many spaces, then every moment of existing splits me into smaller and smaller parts of who I ought to be. Perhaps I am missing the heat that replaces thought with existence.

My history refuses singularity of place: I remember the interstitial tidepools by my great-aunt’s house, caught between the ocean and land. It was some mix aquatic and the terrestrial, ripe for explorations and stories. I remember the heat of Queensland, the rainforests made to be lost in. I remember the sting of the cold in the mornings when we visited family down south. I have found home in this country, but imaginings of it are sporadic and varied. I had grown roots north of the Maiwar and torn them up before lichen could grow on them.

Canberra has done away with temperatures that toads may like. Rather, rabbits run wild and free as the pests that have no other home. I must find myself in them (they are, it must be said, more pleasant on the eyes than my other doppelganger creature). It is cold here. The heat does not have as much of a soul, and is thus uninterested in trying to seep into your being. People are brought to this city on waves of happenstance or ambition and tend to make for good conversation; I have come to love the city in its own right. Despite this, I am, and may always be, a visitor.

That said, the lake cradles my sadness and gifts sunsets that I might think by. The silhouette of mountains reminds me of the lay of the land, and that my red mother still cares for me.

There is gold in the air in Canberra. Autumnal leaves reflect sunlight that refuses to dapple. It's brilliant sheen catches and blinds as you try to walk through the city. The air is crisp and without moisture. The light, in its Midas-like endeavour, is free to roam through the streets, bouncing from the lake and catching between the trees.

Brisbane, however, does not have such clarity in its air. Stories (and, more practically, humidity) make heavy the air. If sight and sound were stolen from me, I would still know I had returned by the touch of humid air upon my skin and the smell of heat in my nose. The light in Brisbane is not golden – it is an auburn, mahogany colour, like the old wood of the floor that has borne a thousand stories and hopes to see a thousand more (*alas, poor Yorrick?*). The light in Brisbane is best seen from the kitchen floor, watching as the sunlight dances through stained glass windows, enjoyed with a side of tea and sweet stupor shared with those you love.

Vonnegut centralises geography in understanding space and time: *Isn't your deepest understanding of time and space and, for that matter, destiny shaped like mine by your earliest experiences with geography, by the rules you learned about how to get home?* When the humdrum of life catches up with me, I still walk along the roads I used to live on. My mind creates a notion of Brisbane that I might return to, so that I can track along the roads and tracks. A personal map catching memories. This city – a creature of an American, not an Australian – has its own place in my mind. I find that walking teaches my feet, ankles, and legs the shapes to be absorbed into my mind. How can I understand a new home if I cannot walk it, trace its curves in my mind, and be lost in geography?

I am a Brisbane boy, for the Maiwar etched its shape into my mind, the heat left its scent on me, and the purple of the jacarandas became my understanding of beauty. I had fallen in love so that I might have something to mourn. Vonnegut also described going to his hometown and, when he went, he didn't feel as though [he's] going home. I recently visited Brisbane. I was not returning home. I had become a visitor. And with that, I lost my geography. Slowly, then all at once, I had made places of childhood a sepulchral museum of who I once was.

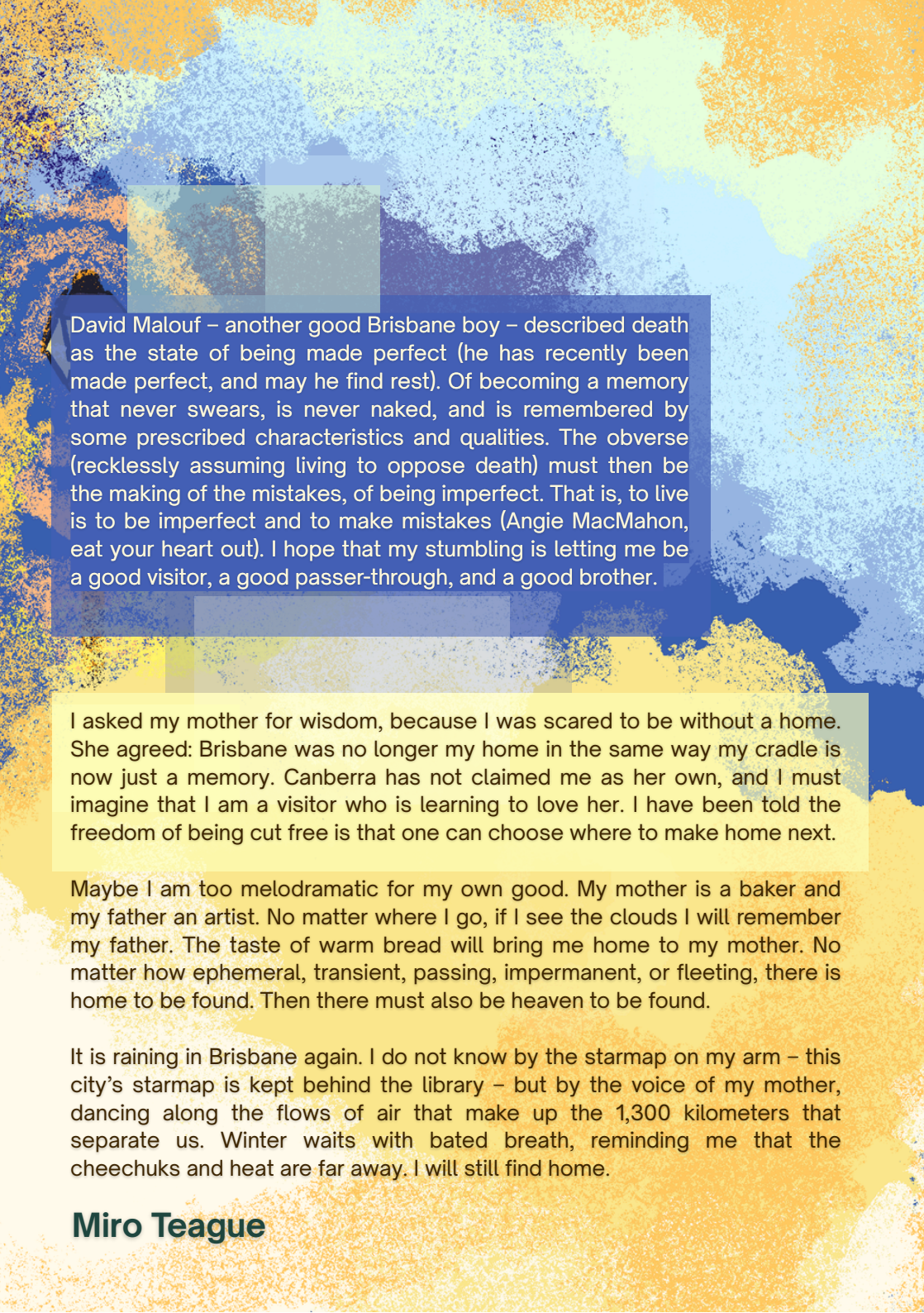
You can never go back. That version of home is gone, and that version of you has equally been thrown to the wind. Despite your begging, your hoping, your desperation and pleadings of unfairness, the days pass you by without a thought for how you might feel. Not knowing that it would pass is no defence. All you have is now.

And perhaps I could engage in highfalutin sophistry, flexing the extent of my verbiage and clever thinking to explain how it has all gone. The impetus for art, I imagine, stems from the problem of language and narrative. The problem with words is that they may be too exacting. What words

might I engage to capture the viscosity of being? What five-dollar words could I hire, what theories developed by people long-dead and much smarter than I, that could convey the moment of being that breaks my heart and makes me whole again?

You can't go back.

Is that such a bad thing? My parents have moved out of the house that I survived my teenage years in. My brother is growing up, and the stories that are to be written now ask for a new hand to hold the pen. I watched him as he left to see friends. His shadow was cast against the frosted glass as he crossed the bridge. Is it Plato's cave? My Brisbane is a flickering interpretation of what might be. Home is gone; an ephemeral thing which I tried to grasp at. And in doing so, I have swiped away the wisps of candle smoke that had made the illusion. Any words that I spin will be another projection, illusion, allusion to what I mean. My words may be limited. Perhaps home and heaven are one in the same. Perhaps heaven is somewhere between five and six, just south of the Maiwar, equipped with the knowledge that you are only passing through.



David Malouf – another good Brisbane boy – described death as the state of being made perfect (he has recently been made perfect, and may he find rest). Of becoming a memory that never swears, is never naked, and is remembered by some prescribed characteristics and qualities. The obverse (recklessly assuming living to oppose death) must then be the making of the mistakes, of being imperfect. That is, to live is to be imperfect and to make mistakes (Angie MacMahon, eat your heart out). I hope that my stumbling is letting me be a good visitor, a good passer-through, and a good brother.

I asked my mother for wisdom, because I was scared to be without a home. She agreed: Brisbane was no longer my home in the same way my cradle is now just a memory. Canberra has not claimed me as her own, and I must imagine that I am a visitor who is learning to love her. I have been told the freedom of being cut free is that one can choose where to make home next.

Maybe I am too melodramatic for my own good. My mother is a baker and my father an artist. No matter where I go, if I see the clouds I will remember my father. The taste of warm bread will bring me home to my mother. No matter how ephemeral, transient, passing, impermanent, or fleeting, there is home to be found. Then there must also be heaven to be found.

It is raining in Brisbane again. I do not know by the starmap on my arm – this city's starmap is kept behind the library – but by the voice of my mother, dancing along the flows of air that make up the 1,300 kilometers that separate us. Winter waits with bated breath, reminding me that the cheechuks and heat are far away. I will still find home.

Miro Teague

I WANT TO GO HOME

ARIA HUGHES

"I WANT TO GO HOME"

I SAY OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN

...IS MY HOUSE A HOME?

IF SO,

WHY DOES THE WARMTH I'M SUPPOSED TO RECIEVE FEEL LIKE IT'S
SUFFOCATING, SWELTERING LIKE THE HEAT OF SUMMER?

WHY DOES THE COMFORT OF MY BED FEEL LIKE A PLACE TO HIDE, THE
BLANKET A MUFFLE FOR ECHOES OF YELLS AND BANGING ON THE DOOR?

WHY DO I HESITATE TO OPEN THE FRONT DOOR, STEPPING INSIDE WITH
FOOTSTEPS THAT TREAT SO LIGHTLY YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW I WAS EVEN
THERE?

WHY DO I CRY.

"I WANT TO GO HOME"?

I CAN FEEL HOME CALLING TO ME
WHEN THE RAIN BEATS AGAINST THE WINDOW
WHEN AUTUMN FALLS UPON THE LEAVES
WHEN I AM SURROUNDED BY THE WARMTH OF FRIENDLY
FACES.

I FIND MY HOME
IN SMALL PLACES
IN COZY FAR AWAY TOWNS
IN THE PEOPLE THAT LOVE ME
AND THE MORE I ESCAPE MY HOUSE, THE LESS I FIND
MYSELF CRYING;

"I WANT TO GO HOME."



SCENES FROM AN OLD HOME: OKLA(HOME)A

ARIA HUGHES



Binturong



Marana Akkaranithi



BIPOC O-WEEK EVENT SUBMISSIONS

scrapbook & sip

Artwork by Jess Treloar, Nozi Khumalo, Maya and other attendees (anonymous).



TASTES LIKE HOME



Zak O'Hara
ḩalaagaa

Aboriginal food culture is one of the oldest in the world. In spite of this, Aboriginal restaurants in Australia could probably be counted on two hands. In a country where cuisines from every corner of the world have carved out a neighbourhood somewhere, why?

Traditional Aboriginal food is deeply regional; before colonisation, diets were always local and seasonal. Muttonbird in Lutruwita (Tasmania) to dugong and turtle in North Australia and the Torres Strait, roasted kangaroo tail from the Central Desert to the grilled fish and seed cakes of the Murray-Darling rivers.

Colonisation and the concentration of people into mission camps changed this forever; food for Aboriginal people was rationed by the Australian government. This was limited to flour, tea and sugar and sometimes rice and sago. Rather than fresh milk from the cows grazing their now conquered lands, Aboriginal people were allowed only powdered milk.

This period and the poverty that followed was met with ingenuity by Aboriginal people; poor families that could never afford restaurants came to rely on unhealthy tinned meats (bully beef / corned beef) and other cheap products (such as Keen's curry powder) to make family-style, home meals.

Nowadays even the native ingredients we once relied on are making a comeback, but they often remain unaffordable commercially because of the effects of colonisation on Country and the demands of the capitalist market. All this diversity and history, yet still educated people my age joke about us eating witchetty grubs?

Keen's Curried Sausages

These are one of those poverty / ingenuity meals that Aboriginal people actually eat. Every family and individual has their own recipe. I still remember my first time eating this, one of the few occasions my Pop ever had to cook for us. It was not very good at all actually lol I have fine tuned this recipe and left out his addition of vermicelli noodles.

- Cut a brown onion into slices and chuck into a pot or pan, no oil required.
- While you let the onions sweat, cut up cooked sausages (3-5) into small sections. Bonus points if left over from a previous cookup / barbecue.
- Once they're transparent / sweating, throw a heaped spoon of Keen's curry powder into the onions. (Tip: You can always put in more curry powder, but you can't take it out. I usually add an extra spoonful).
- Add in cut up sausages and a can of diced tomatoes. Feel free to add in vegetables like potato or carrot.
- If you add veggies, wait until they are soft (cooked) before adding a can of coconut milk and giving a quick mix after turning off the stove.

This recipe is for sharing; serves 2-3 for around \$7 total. Usually served with rice, damper or johnny cakes (fried dampers).



Chocolate Chip Cookies

nothing feels like home
more than baked goods

Aria Hughes

Ingredients

- Plain Flour (250 g)
- Salt (1/2 tsp)
- Baking Soda (1 tsp)
- White Sugar (100 g)
- Brown Sugar (170 g)
- Eggs (2)
- Unsalted Butter (250 g)
- Vanilla Extract (Measure with the heart! *approx 1 tsp)
- As many chocolate chips as your heart desires that day



Instructions

1. Melt the butter on stovetop and let completely cool to room temperature
2. Cream together butter, both sugars, eggs, and vanilla extract until smooth
3. In a separate bowl whisk together salt, flour, and baking soda
4. Add one half of your flour mixture into the wet ingredients until combined, repeat with the other half
5. Add your chocolate chips and fold them in
6. Roll the dough into balls that feel like the cookie you wanna have that day
7. Bake at 170° C for 8-10 minutes or until edges are golden brown

Xinyu's 番茄炒蛋 (egg tomato) recipe

You will need:



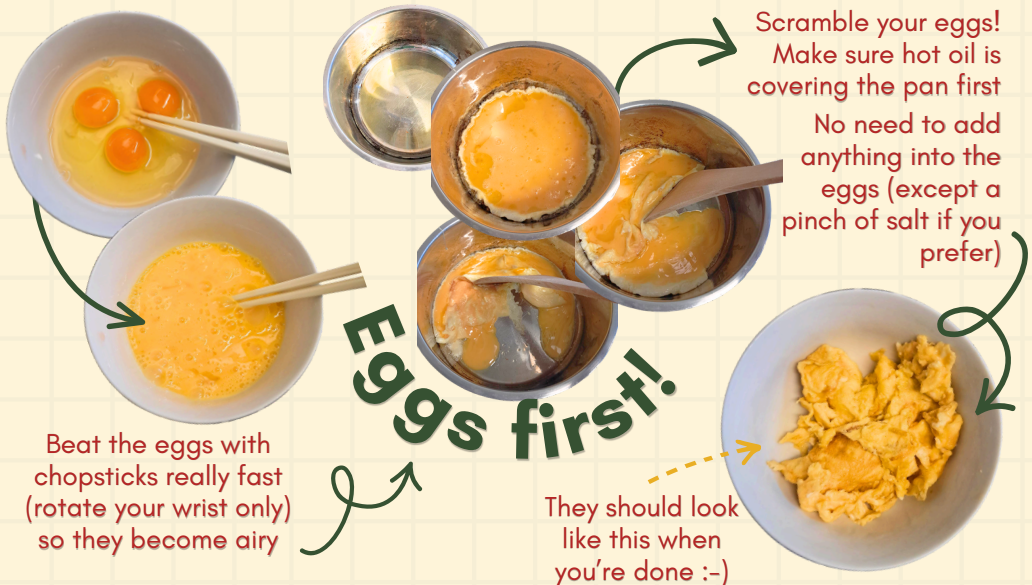
Any noodles/rice will do, this is my go-to (Jinmailang brand)

I forgot spring onion :-(sorry!
Add w/ garlic

Usually I do a 1:1 ratio of egg:tomato but this time I was really hungry

Any garlic (fresh is better, but I'm a uni student), soy sauce, cooking oil

This combination, fanqiejidan (番茄炒蛋), is one of the recipes most commonly cited in conversation between Chinese friends and myself, because it is so versatile, easy, and reminiscent of home (shout-out Fei Fei). It's my trademark dish to cook when I invite people to my 'home'.



I remember being four years old in Chengdu, Sichuan, and sneaking out with my mother to a restaurant to eat tomato and egg noodles. Despite our strained relationship, periodically sneaking out with my mother to eat good Chinese food has maintained a facsimile of my ties with 家 (home - culture) and 家 (home - family) that I otherwise struggle to grasp. There is magic in sharing a familiar meal.

Tomato time!

Recipe & page by Emma Zeng

Chop the tomatoes!
Then, fry some garlic and spring onion (not pictured sorry I forgot). After this, add your chopped tomatoes into the pan!

Btw start boiling your noodles in a separate pot around here!

Add some soy sauce into the pan while the tomatoes are still firm, so they can cook in the soy sauce! :-)

Then add your eggs in to the mix! The extra soy sauce in the pan will make the eggs salty enough hopefully

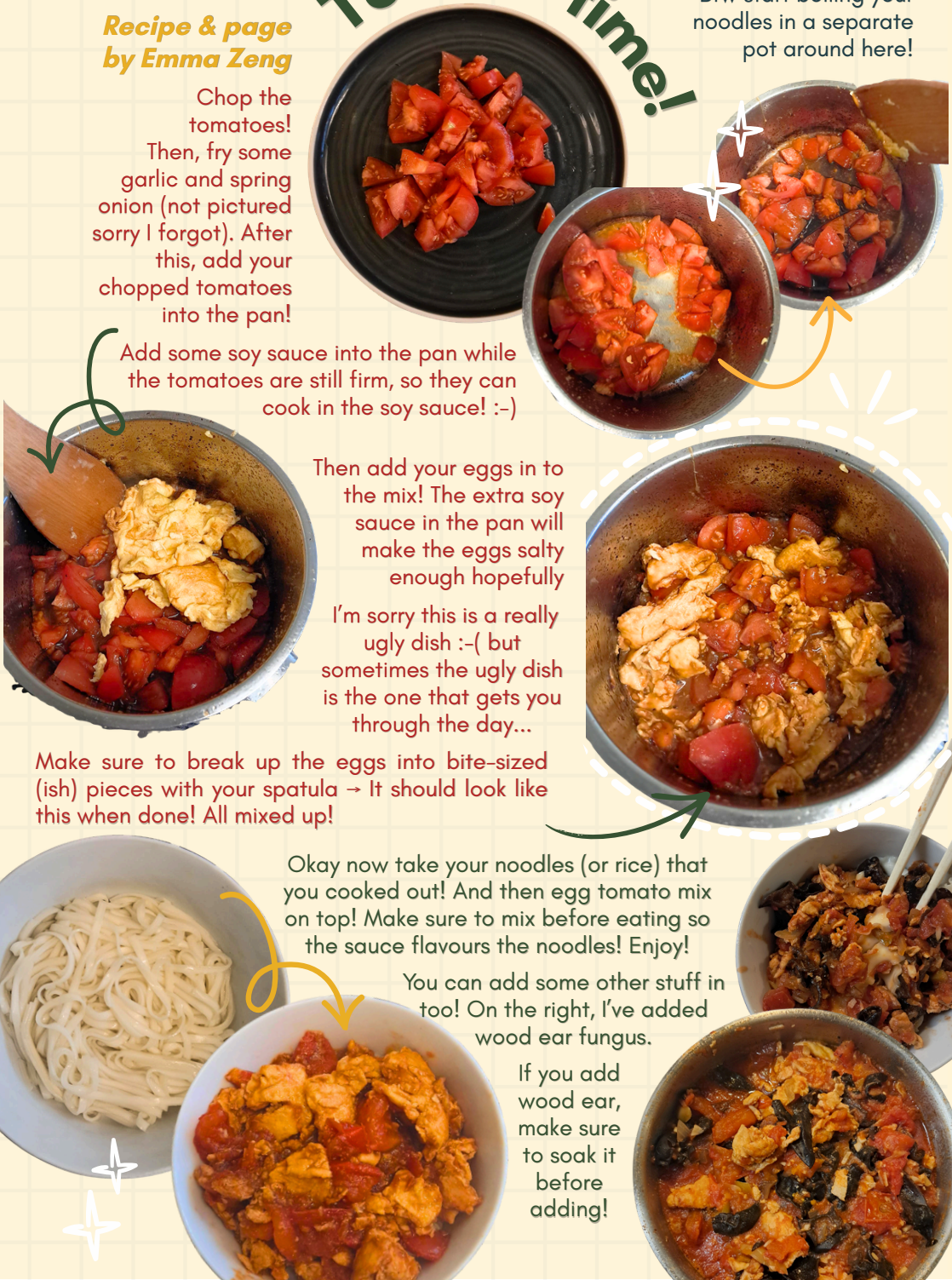
I'm sorry this is a really ugly dish :-(but sometimes the ugly dish is the one that gets you through the day...

Make sure to break up the eggs into bite-sized (ish) pieces with your spatula → It should look like this when done! All mixed up!

Okay now take your noodles (or rice) that you cooked out! And then egg tomato mix on top! Make sure to mix before eating so the sauce flavours the noodles! Enjoy!

You can add some other stuff in too! On the right, I've added wood ear fungus.

If you add wood ear, make sure to soak it before adding!





A DECOLONIAL 'AUSTRALIA'

MANIFESTO

Malachi Bayley
he/him/his
Yolngu and Dyirbal nations

PREAMBLE

The rise of colonization in so-called 'Australia' initiated a pivotal change in our ancestor's ways of being and living. By inviting themselves onto our Country and claiming *Terra Nullius* on this land we had cultivated for tens of thousands of years, the British inherently claimed *us*, too, as theirs for the taking. It was that moment when they first settled that they made a promise of staying, a promise to denote us First Nations people as less than them.



Settlement on our land was met with what may be considered as 'futile' resistance by our ancestors, but so long as the Blak blood remains in our veins, then *resistance is necessary*: we must work towards a decolonial state of 'Australia' if First Nations people wish to inhabit their Country as theirs once more, without White Colonial intervention, 'guidance' and punishment.

It is now that we must act. For mob, by mob.

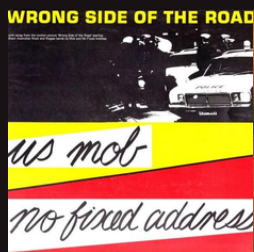
This is not to say that we must force both our allies and our enemies out of 'Australia'. Rather, it is a call on allies and mobs alike to *fight*. Without any fighting, there is no pressure to change; change is what we must seek if we expect Australia to accommodate our wants and our needs. Our demands must be heard this time - we fight in honor of our ancestors, our youth, and ourselves.

Our history and our importance were created by Whitefellas for Whitefellas. It is time for us now to reclaim it as ours. From Tarenorerer's battle in Lutruwita/Tasmania during the Black War in Lutruwita to Beruk and Wonga, to Pearl Gibbs and Vincent Lingiari and the Australian Black Power movement, our cause is far from over. We must call on the Commonwealth of Australia and the British colony to hear our cries and shouts, to *listen* to us and aid our needs.

We, as First Nations peoples, have fought many wars, considerably the Black and Frontier Wars, to have our voices listened to by settlers. While we were faced with silence, we refused to submit. Rather than being taught to be servants on our missions, reserves and stations, we sought to be *free*. We want to change the narrative – from “beasts” and “slaves” to empowered people with the inherent right to sovereignty and self-determination. We demand this change; it is through fighting alone that we will achieve this.

It is for these reasons that we call on 'Australia' to decolonize itself; to respect us and Country.

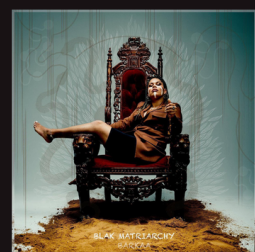
We Have Survived
No Fixed Address



Blackfella/Whitefella
Warumpi Band



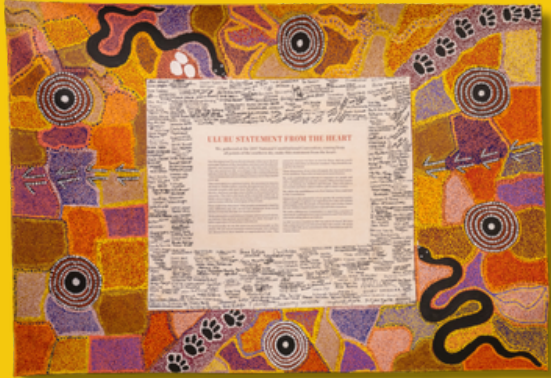
Blak Matriarchy
Barkaa



PRINCIPLES AND DEMANDS

The following are just two of the needs of First Nations people that would enhance our livelihoods; in reality, there is much more than this that needs to be done.

Pictured: Uluru Statement from the Heart, 2017



Cultural Implementation into Governance, Education, and Health

A decolonial state acknowledges its wrongdoings against its First Peoples. Then, they integrate this history into their education, health, and governance systems; they work to reconcile in ways that impact First Peoples, and in ways that progress general society in a direction of shared understanding and empathy. The implementation of cultural knowledge into these systems allow for First Peoples to not only be recognized as the original owners of this land we reap benefits from but also allow for First Nations peoples to succeed and teach our next generation about us. Our longstanding history, our songs and Dreaming, our values and our knowledge are all crucial for 'Australia' to learn from.

In the '*Uluru Statement from the Heart*', a statement written in preparation of the now-failed 2023 *Voice Referendum*, they speak of constitutional and structural reforms as a way for Indigenous people to take a "rightful place in our own country" and to have "power over our destiny" (Referendum Council 2017). This is seconded in this manifesto: it is not only something we as Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders deserve as the traditional owners of this state, but it is also something that this country must have if we want to permanently reconcile with settlers and mob alike. The embedding of our practices into governance, health and education will plant the seeds for reconciliation and sovereignty. It is then that we will become a truly sovereign nation.

Land Ownership and Cultivation of Country

Vincent Lingiari, a Gurindji man from the Northern Territory, wanted for Aboriginal people to be able to “live on our land, our way” (Amnesty International). This simple message reigns true today. Land is everything to First Nations people – it determines the laws we live by, the stories we share, and our spiritual wellbeing. With the current climate crisis we are experiencing in today’s age, it is up to us more than ever to cultivate and take care of our Country. While Eddie Mabo and many other accomplished Torres Strait Islanders fought for our Native Title Claims, there is still work to be done to ensure that Blak land ends up in the hands of Blak people.

Country is one aspect of Indigenous Australian culture that cannot be ignored by the Commonwealth of Australia. It must be given back to us for us to take care of, to share with settlers in order to revive it. The caring of our land will not only benefit First Nations people, rather, it will benefit all Australians alike; it will create a country where it can thrive and continue to support us and our ecosystems. Without the care for our land, Country will suffer and so will us all. It is in this way that we must call on our government to listen to us – for it will not only be genocide that they commit, but ecocide as well.



*Pictured:
Ngurrara II*

CONCLUDING REMARKS

A decolonial ‘Australia’ is, at heart, what we as First Nations people need. It is what will allow for those to come to thrive – for our future to be filled with culture, language, and care for Country. We present this advice for the next generation and for those here now: **continue to look after our mob and our Country.** For disheartened and weary mob: **our resistance is our strength.** Our journey and battles are long from over, and it is up to us as the new generation to continue fighting for what is ours.

Always was and always will be.



country. **COMMUNITY**
ROOTS

Land

BACKSTORY
Vision for the West

INEQUALITY

Zimbabwe
AFRICAN

Honoring

**AFRICA:
THE FIRE
CONTINENT**

On a typical, August day, 70 percent of the world's fires are in Africa. Most are set to clear land for agriculture and cause a wave of fires after dry seasons. North of the Equator, fires burn in winter to early spring; in the south they burn June to October.

Asian ivory craftsmanship to Spain World. The home of a Filipino
ivory religious icons. "I don't see the old and the new" says another Filipino collector

By
Nozi
Khumalo

Untitled Emma Zeng

I find myself back in the city I grew up in, and everything collapses in on itself. I am darting blindly through the haze, evading grasp, eluding recognition. I finally reach the side of the water, and tendrils of the humid, freshwater air draw me back to reality. My eyes re-open. I re-centre my geography. My ears are buzzing. I knew this place once.

Stranded on the shores of the Maiwar, halfway between metropolitan hubs, I have absconded from the humdrum of responsibility. No longer a local in these streets, all constructions of my identity dissolve into the cacophony of the Coronation Drive rush hour cars. Perpetually foreign, perpetually in motion. I feel as if I am on the run, yet I cannot distinguish whether I am running away or towards. What I am seeking evades my identification, as if it is a feeling localised to a time before myself. How can one distill the taste of their cultural origins in an estranged tongue? How can one recount the moist soils of their home, when all they are left with are the dry remnants of its surface dust, and faded memories of another place, another time?

The serpentine river knows all – swelling, waiting, listening, and lurking. In tune with the mellifluous pulse of its tide, weaving through mangroves and mud, I let the river make me whole again. Fragments of myself from childhood, adolescence, and nascent adulthood dissipate into the river body and coalesce along the sediment. Glimpses of 家 (home – culture) and 家 (home – family) are juxtaposed in this hazy agglomeration, entwining the pain, liberation, loss, and reconnection of migration. I am not as wise as the river: I do not know what to make of it all, yet I think I will spend my lifetime trying.

I wonder why we gravitate towards pockets of 国家 (home – country) halfway across the world. When our identities are denied and our bodies are constrained, maybe we keep home close just to prove to ourselves that we are not nothing. Through childhood, Meanjin – humid, sweltering, and spiritual as it all was/is, encapsulated the paradox of my familial Sinosphere existing parallel to the jurispactic white Australian imposition. Clinging to 家 (home – family) offered momentary respite from the unrelenting violence of assimilation, although it brought violence in its own different ways. I left home when I realised I wanted more from life than survival.

When we leave places dear to us, we freeze versions of them in time. Upon our return, both the place and person are changed. My breaths no longer match the rhythm of Meanjin, and they have been disparate with the pace of Chengdu for longer than I can remember. I do not know if either of these places were ever home to me.

I step away from the riverbank – once again blending into the backdrop of this breathing city. Weaving through the paths of passers-by, I realise that I have not become synchronised with places; rather, I match the rhythm of the people I have grown to love. Maybe home is intangible, and lived through the embrace of conversations between people and their shared histories. Wherever I go, as long as I have people to love, I will still find home.



Beyond this inclusion
are revolutionising
last year, I have

By Angeline Bianca Nugroho



Home the place, person, or feeling?
Home the place, person, or feeling?
Home the place, person, or feeling?

A Playlist

Wish I was home.

SIDE A

1. Vienna Billy Joel
2. We are Bulletproof: The Eternal BTS
3. Iris The Goo Goo Dolls
4. Ngày Chưa Giông Bão Bùi Lan Hương

ITS HOME

SIDE B

1. Film Out BTS
2. Năm Lấy Tay Anh Tuấn Hưng
3. Story of My Life One Direction
4. Co2 Prateek Kuhad

10.07.2026



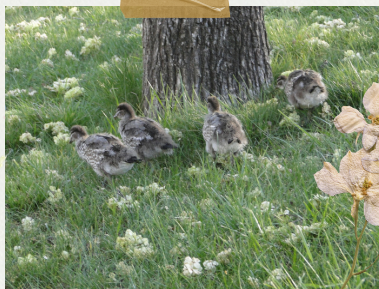
3 5 4 6 8 9 5 0 1 8 7 8 4

★ Về nhà đi, con

A Friday night, the old computer monitor was placed on the kitchen peninsula with tangled wires stretching all the way to the refrigerator. Besides it, piles of pinned documents and letters crowded the wooden-panelled wall, barely clinging to the old corkboard that had far too many homes. My two siblings and I were cuddled up on the dinner table with my parents settled on the cushioned dining room chair, all eyes on the screen. In each of our hands, a cup of a green, soft mixture with a sweet aroma: smashed avocado and 2 teaspoons of condensed milk. To anyone else, it would have been a strange sight; to us, it was perfectly ordinary.

Every Friday was family movie night, every Saturday was over at my grandma's with my cousin, and Sunday evenings were reserved for Vietnamese dishes simmering on the stove. Growing up, the concept of family and home was never foreign, yet now that I am older, I find myself homesick without ever truly leaving.

Unable to trace back to when, but suddenly, Fridays were no longer reserved for movie nights, and I was never home to smell the dishes simmering on the stove. Did the home I know and loved leave me, or was I the one to leave? Perhaps home is something you must create.



Home became something I sought in quiet, wasted hours of my day, pieced together to reflect the home I had once known. I would find home in the hot chocolate breaks between classes and in the faint perfume of a passing stranger. Sometimes, I would hear it in my mother's laughter and see it in my sibling's smile: a carbon copy of my father's, in the same familiar crease at the edges. And in the moments when I put away the books and find myself snuggled between my parents' arms, I find a home that I have lost, and I am 7 again.

Home is the comfort of hearing my parents say "về nhà đi, con" whenever life gets hard. Home is all the lived versions of me from the past, all known by different people and in different places.

I'll be coming home in the hush of night, where the streets are quiet and the old man snores. It is cold. It is dark. The road is steep, and the gravel loose and hard. I'll be coming home to find the lights still on and the stove still warm. My mother was worried, and my father is patient. My siblings at the dinner table, no longer small enough to sit on the table, hearts on their sleeves. A cup of smashed avocado and 2 teaspoons of condensed milk waits on the countertop. I'll be coming home to their love like a comforting blanket on a winter night. And if you look, you will find me home, as if I never left.



Home is knowing where you are and why

By Anneliese Rothe

Humans are the sum of the stories we tell ourselves, so the adage goes
I believe that those stories, when planted in some special space, soon grow
into something deeper, richer than the words from which they were formed
a lasting memory, etched into the dirt, well-worn

there's comfort in knowing I'm not the first on this walk
I trace whispers of writings on walls that talk
of trials and tears and thousands of years
before adding my own mark to say 'I was here'

with big plans and an even bigger goal
with a love of nature and a problem to solve
a stable home is something all creatures need
is there a way that I can one day lead



our nation, our culture into something new
a society that serves the many instead of the few
rich enough to reap the rewards of the earth
without contributing to the growing curse



as the world decays around me
I turn inward to find a new anchor for my story
my tale grows branches and thick strong roots
searching for a deeper, clearer truth

I'm one in a billion, a mere grain of sand
all I know is that I belong to this land
where tall eucalypts grace the ground with drops of bark
and the southern cross shines brightly after dark



where flocks of parakeets take flight
their loud calls pierce the fading night
where rakali swim in creeks and streams
and I shoulder all my ancestors' dreams



people I've never met, yet am shaped by their toils
centuries of caring for this ancient sacred soil
a duty to continue, to serve and respect
all I can do to honour and protect



a Country that has shaped me as much as my family
a world so fierce and special that it saddens me
to see it being used and abused, leaving me confused
why would anyone pollute this planet, when it's their home too?

BiPOC x
iSD x
INDIGENOUS
zine

homecoming

