

AuSud Media Project

A collection of writings
2011



THE UNIVERSITY OF
MELBOURNE

CENTRE FOR
ADVANCED JOURNALISM

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CENTRE FOR
ADVANCED JOURNALISM



A collection of writings from the students of the 2011 AuSud Media Project

The AuSud (meaning 'lion' in Arabic) Media Project was born out of concerns over media representations of Sudanese Australians, and a desire to find practical ways of addressing the issue.

The AuSud Media Project is a journalism training initiative for Sudanese people in Australia. Our aim is to give members of Australia's Sudanese community the skills to make their own media and have a greater voice within mainstream journalism.

The training covers key areas of modern journalism practice. It is conducted by highly respected journalists from media organisations including the ABC, The Age, and Leader

Community Newspapers. Each participant of the AuSud Media Project has a journalist mentor and an AMES English tutor. Our mentors are top journalists from respected news outlets. They help the students with their writing and offer insight into the journalism industry.

Through the training the students learn the fundamentals of journalism, develop relationships with mainstream media, and are likely to become sources for journalists when relevant issues arise. Our aim is that eventually AuSud students will run and maintain their own online news site.

We will be hosting three more trainings: two in 2012 and one in 2013. Please email ausud-caj@unimelb.edu.au for more information.

About the AuSud Media Project

The AuSud Media Project is offered through the Centre for Advanced Journalism at The University of Melbourne and is supported by an ARC Linkage Grant. We are working in partnership with the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) and the Australian Multicultural Education Service (AMES).

This research project is overseen by Michael Gawenda and Violeta Politoff from the Centre for Advanced Journalism at The University of Melbourne, Dr David Nolan from the School of Culture and Communication at The University

of Melbourne, Associate Professor Karen Farquharson from Humanities, Arts and Social Sciences at Swinburne University of Technology, and Professor Tim Marjoribanks from the Graduate School of Management at La Trobe University.

The views expressed herein are those of the students and do not necessarily reflect those of The University of Melbourne, the Centre for Advanced Journalism, the AuSud team, the Australian Research Council, the ABC or AMES.



Contents

- 01 More women activists for a better Africa
ABDULKHALIG ALHASSAN
- 03 Queen Victoria Market on a Sunday afternoon
ABRAHAM ANYIDI
- 04 Euthanasia
EMMA BERBERI
- 05 Who knows the home where euthanasia
souls go after death?
ABRAHAM M. GAI
- 06 A brief history of Babiker Ishaq
BABIKER ISHAQ
- 07 A short report about the AuSud media
training group's visit to SBS
ALPHA LISIMBA
- 08 A special place
NYADOL NYUON
- 09 The UN replaces the devil we know with one
of its worst kinds in Libya
LUAL MAKER LUAL
- 11 Respect water
AJAK MABIA
- 13 Eating as an art
ABRAHAM MAMER
- 15 Lost between towers: reflections on visiting
the Herald Sun and Weekly Times
AKECH MANYIEL
- 17 Euthanasia – justified murder?
DANIEL BOL NYIETH
- 19 My first train trip to Footscray
DAVID VINCENT

More women activists for a better Africa

By Abdulkhalig Alhassan

Against all odds, last week Africa had good news to tell. Two African women from Liberia have shared the Nobel Prize for peace. The outstanding news emerged amid the familiar news of famine, civil wars, corruption and political instability. Both women, Ellen Johnson Sirleaf and Leymah Gbowee, were awarded the Nobel Prize jointly with Arab Spring activist Tawakel Karman from Yemen. They are peace activists and non-violent campaigners and are being recognized for their role in ending one of the most brutal civil wars in the continent, alongside their struggle to save women and children during the same war.

Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, 72 years old, is the current President of Liberia. She is a veteran politician, having been involved in politics since 1979 when she was appointed as Minister of Finance under the then President, William Tolbert.

Leymah Roberta Gbowee, 39 years old, is an African peace activist responsible for organizing a peace movement that brought an end to the Second Liberian Civil War in 2003. This led to the election of Ellen Johnson Sirleaf in Liberia, the first African nation with a female president. Through efforts to stop the war, Gbowee came with brilliant ideas to rally the public. She gathered women from different religious backgrounds to pray publicly to stop the war. Also, she went further by calling for a sex strike. By doing that, she convinced women to ban sex with their men unless they put pressure on warlords to stop fighting.

The ultra-patriarchal culture that prevailed in most African societies is responsible for the appalling situation of women. The glimpse of hope that once came with the post-colonial movement's manifestos, especially their promises of progress and gender equality, have ended in delusion. The liberation movements' comrades of yesterday have turned on each other as bitter

rivals destroying everything in their way. The theories of Pan-Africanism which have told us once about the possibility of authentic and modern values stemming from African culture, produced nothing other than "macho culture", the culture of tyranny, repression, brutality and the degradation of women.

Jacob Zuma, the South Africa President – the most developed and influential country in the continent – acts as perfect evidence of the bankruptcy of so-called "authentic African values". The man couldn't find a better example in these 'values' to impress the world than polygamy! He doesn't miss any opportunity to show off his three wives whenever he goes out publicly. Meanwhile, he fails in tackling any of South Africa's chronic problems. Poverty, over-unemployment among blacks, injustice, asymmetrical distribution of resources, crime, and corruption among the African National Congress (ANC) are the features of the country's politics. Robert Mugabe is another example. The Marxist guerrilla fighter of Zimbabwe has ended up being a brutal tyrant. The current Zimbabwe is merely a big detention centre for its people. Also, in Sudan, while the country is falling apart, its Islamist regime is very busy flogging women with the excuse of immodesty.

African women have endured all the consequences of political failure since liberation. They have suffered lack of skills, unequal opportunities for jobs and education as well as over-reproduction. They pay the painful price for what men do in their society. Whenever a civil war broke out or political instability occurred, African women were left alone to clean up the mess, bring together shattered families and turned out to be the bread winners. Actually this is the main character of current Africa. Whenever you watch or listen to the news there are women suffering with their kids as a result of diseases, famine, or poverty. It is thanks to their courage and wisdom that Africa still exists.

This time the Liberian president gave us a big lesson on how African women could lead and gave hope for the continent's peaceful future. Her efforts haven't been confined to just cleaning up what the civil war left, instead, these efforts have gone far to build and develop one of the poorest countries in the world. Since her election in 2005, Ellen Johnson Sirleaf has succeeded in building a strong and stable democratic political system in a country that has just emerged from the ashes of a sequence of civil wars.

Since then, she has improved the economy, reduced the international debt to 95%, and has brought sustainable peace to the society by creating the Truth and Reconciliation Commission which is investigating the country's 20 years of civil wars. She has also adopted a policy of free education and health insurance for all people.

It is no surprise then that she has been praised and rewarded from various International institutions. In 2010, *Newsweek* listed her as one of the ten best leaders in the world, while *Time* counted her among the top ten female leaders. That same year, *The Economist* called her "arguably the best President the country has ever had".

This is the only African female president, and so far, she has done what the whole of male African politicians couldn't do. I think this is a very strong sign to re-think Africa's politics, where women can give us hope and an alternative for a better future.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I was born and raised in Sudan. I work as a freelance journalist and writer. I came to Australia in 2002 and graduated with an Advanced Diploma of Translation and Interpreting from RMIT University. I joined the AuSud media course in 2010. It was the first time I have practiced journalism in a second language (English language).



Queen Victoria Market on a Sunday afternoon

By Abraham Anyidi

The Victoria market was opened in 1878 and it has many things to sell including fruit, vegetables, clothing and toys.

The day was warm and sunny on Sunday, many people were sitting outside of cafes enjoying their lunch, drinking coffee and tea. The agricultural products section was very busy with a lot of customers buying different vegetables and fruits, like cabbages, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, okra, grapes, mangoes, pears, lemons and bananas.

I asked one of the sellers named John, how long he had been working in the market? He said that he started in 1946, at the age of 20, and his wife joined him in 1952. They are still working together. They like selling fruit and vegetables.

I asked John, "Do you have a farm?"

He said "No" he purchases produce from farmers at the wholesale market.

The market smelt of the different foods and products. It was a wonderful market. The stall-holders were selling animals dead and alive.

They were even selling girl and boy chickens.

I was amazed to discover girl chickens are more expensive than the boys. Boy chickens were selling for \$2.50 each and the girls' price was \$5.50.

I asked him why the girls are more expensive than the boys. He said girls are always more expensive, even the animals. He was busy serving customers so I left him to work.

Some goods were on sale like men's wallets, women's handbags and big bags. Sellers were very busy and didn't have much time to talk to people who didn't want to buy.

Something amazing happened to me when I went to the restroom. As I left the urinal to wash my hands I couldn't find a tap at the basin. I struggled, looking around for a few minutes. I looked under the basin and I saw a knob. I pressed on it with my knee and the water started running. It was a completely new experience for me.

I hope one day I will return to the Victoria Market to shop.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Abraham M. Anyidi. I was born in 1978 in Akobo hospital in South Sudan. I initially lived in Akobo Town where my father worked as an officer. My parents moved to my hometown, Mading Bor, when I was five years old.

In 1983 civil war broke out and we left Bor Town for a rural area where my grandfather Deng Ajieu and grandmother Aluel Yak lived. I stayed until 1987 when our village was attacked at night by North Sudanese troops. I ran into the bush without my parents and siblings.

I met up with some of my relatives in the bush where we headed to the Ethiopian border. It took me one month of walking to reach the border. In 1992 civil war broke out in Ethiopia and I went back to Sudan under care of UNHCR.

In 1995 I left Sudan for Kenya on foot and it took me one and a half months. I stayed at Kakuma Refugee camp where I went to school under care of UNHCR. I came to Australia in 2005 and completed my certificate three in English. I did a short course in computers and am now doing the AuSud journalism training. I am currently working at Holinger Engineering manufacturing gear boxes for car racing.

In the future I plan to study Civil Engineering or media. I have to make a choice before the new year.

Euthanasia

By Emma Berberi

We understand it as the intentional or deliberate killing of a human being. There are different kinds of euthanasia. The first is voluntary euthanasia, which is when a patient makes the decision of being deliberately killed. The second is medically assisted euthanasia, which is when the patient is provided with the means of committing suicide. The third is involuntary euthanasia, this is when the doctors or medically qualified staff make the decision on the behalf of the client for medical reasons.

Euthanasia has been demonized and declared as very unethical for the simple reason that we lose the meaning of life as a whole. But the main reason why they want it legalized is to alleviate patients from extreme suffering and mental, physical and emotional pain. The majority of patients that are euthanized are mentally and physically disabled or are comatose.

Euthanasia has been widely debated and talked about in Australia. The main reason for this is because euthanasia is illegal in Australia. The reason why the government has made euthanasia illegal is because it would be impossible for the government to ensure that all the deliberate killings would be truly voluntary. There are very many vulnerable people in our society that might fall victims of legalizing euthanasia and that has discouraged the government from making euthanasia legal.

Some groups such as religious groups and other groups that consider euthanasia inhumane support the government for making euthanasia illegal. On the other hand, there are other groups that believe that euthanasia should be legalized for the simple fact that individuals should decide their "right to die".

The point where euthanasia becomes challenged is when a patient is legitimately suffering. What would be the solution in that case? Medical doctors would relieve any kind of pain associated with chronic or terminal illness is the answer. But how long would a terminally or chronically ill patient want to live being medicated before they die? I believe that it would be very frustrating for a patient and I would not blame them if they considered or thought of euthanasia as the solution to end their suffering.

I personally believe that it is good that euthanasia is illegal in Australia. I believe that if euthanasia is legalized it would be widely abused. I believe that it would be uncontrollable. It would be a great challenge for the government to regulate it. So what we should do is try to eliminate the distress in the patient not try to eliminate the distressed patient.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Emma Berberi and I work for a community health organisation in my local area.

I did the AuSud media training last year and am doing it again this year. This course has been very interesting and it has triggered my passion and interest in journalism.



Who knows the home where euthanasia souls go after death?

By Abraham M. Gai

During a debate on euthanasia with James Button [AuSud trainer] and my colleagues, each individual student came up with his own opinion, defending only one side from their personal viewpoint.

I asked one student, who is an atheist, why he thinks euthanasia should be allowed, ending the life of a terminally ill person. He said "it relieves pain and control of other symptoms and it reduces associated costs". From the religious perspective, he does not believe in life after death. Another believed that shortening the life of a terminally ill person is a good way to relieve him/her, and the carers who spend most of their time caring and counselling hopelessly.

As a Christian, I personally disagree and don't encourage terminally ill people to choose or be encouraged to die so soon because who knows the home for euthanasia souls?

God gives us life for a purpose and he can decide to take it away anytime or keep it, but no human being can choose when he or she should take their own life. Terminally ill people might not be in their right mind to make wise decisions. They may be preoccupied by hopelessness and long term suffering. According to Biblical ethics, "God created mankind in his own image" Genesis 1:27 and purposefully called him into existence Genesis 1:28, "God blessed them and said to them go and be fruitful and increase in number".

The intrinsic value of humans is that we have been made in God's image; Genesis 9:6, "Whoever sheds the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God has God made them".

One of the 10 commandments (Exodus 20:1-10) strictly prohibits all kinds of killing: "Thou shall not kill". Euthanasia is a suicide assisted killing so both parties have to think about life after death, God will refuse to save those souls because they hurt themselves.

The terminal disease kills the body but it doesn't kill the soul. God might heal them or send them a healer but in any case, it's still his decision to give or take away life.

Our God is a merciful God who freely welcomes everyone to believe in him, worship him and accept his ways. So it is never too late to come into his kingdom.

The only cost is to obey his commandments.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abraham M. Gai is Southern Sudanese and was born in 1978 at Bortown approximately 20 kilometres away from a family village of Atet, in South Sudan. He was a cattle herd boy before fleeing his hometown at the age of 10 due to civil war and sought refuge in Ethiopia in 1987. Abraham relocated to Kenya in 1992 before migrating to his new home, Australia, in 2002 where he would like to pursue his education in various media related fields including photojournalism and filmmaking.



A Brief history of Babiker Ishaq

By Babiker Ishaq



I was born in Sudan in 1962 in a small village. My father was a big farmer and trader of goods. I grew up with my family and started education in 1975 at primary school, but finished high school on 1987 in Khartoum. In 1989, I decided to travel by train to Egypt to study at the

Communication Institute, learning teletypewriter, telegraph and radio. I returned to Sudan in 1993.

I got married and I stayed in Darfur for six years, working on the farm with my family, helping my father and teaching for two years at primary school. Then it was back to Khartoum in 1999, where I worked in many different places for one year to stay safe and support my family, but it was not enough income.

So I decided to travel again to Egypt by train to look for work, because the situation was very bad at that time in Sudan, especially in Darfur. I left Khartoum in 2000 and I was in Egypt for five years. I worked in many different places: shops, trader of goods, clothes, shoes, and even went to country side to work on a farm for three months. I returned to Cairo and started studying at an English language school, attending evening classes. Since 2000, I applied at United Nation Office and eventually in 2001 they called me for an interview. After a long time, the result came but my application was refused or denied. So, I went on a waiting list, and nothing happened.

Then I decided to apply to emigrate to Australia, and the result came after only 45 days. They called me for an interview, and I successful, but had to wait for my family so stayed in Cairo for a further nine months. When they came, we finished all the medical tests within one week, prepared tickets, waited until the travel documents came from Australia, and then in 2004, traveled from Egypt to Australia by airplane with my family.

My wife and I studied at AMES Education, but the kids went to Noble Park language school. After I finished my course, I started looking for work. My first job was at Showmaster P/L Company in Seaford, and then with a polishing company in Moorabbin. After several other jobs, I attended some courses in warehousing, forklift driving and truck HR license. I worked at the Minaret College Campus in Springvale as a bus driver for one year, but stopped to travel to Sudan for three months. I returned to Melbourne to study again at Dandenong TAFE business administration management education. I'm very happy to stay here with my family.

This year, I started a journalism course. It is a short course for only 12 weeks, 4 - 5 hours per week. In this course, I have been introduced to many people, friends and teachers and I have learnt so much about many things to do with journalism. From here, I will seek a career in journalism, or participate in community media.

I thank everyone who participated in this course and I hope we meet again in another place.

A short report about the AuSud media training group's visit to SBS

By Alpha Lisimba

On October 14, 2011, I and colleagues from the AuSud Media Project visited the Special Broadcasting Cooperation better known as SBS. The aim of the visit was to see how SBS works in practice and talk to experienced journalists. The group arrived in the early afternoon and was welcomed by Michael Smith, Victorian Manager for the SBS's language section. Michael took the visiting group to a meeting room where the group was briefed by Mr Maurizio Passcuzzi, Program Manager, Audio and Language Content at SBS. Both Michael and Maurizio explained that SBS was established in 1975 as social broadcasting radio. It started its first programs in Sydney and Melbourne, broadcasting in seven languages. As Australia's multicultural society grew, SBS grew with it giving them a voice and platform for cultural exchange. SBS now broadcasts in 64 different languages and runs almost 72 different programs. It has a plan to incorporate new language groups such as Dinka in its programs in the future if it secures extra funding. According to Michael and Maurizio, SBS imports news from overseas but pays more attention to the Australian context. SBS also advertises for government on issues such as road safety, gambling and bushfire emergency as part of its funding agreement with both federal and state governments. The station's target is to reach around 40% of the total population of Australia.

With regard to funding, Michael and Maurizio indicated that SBS is facing a serious financial meltdown since the recent global financial crisis. They explained that SBS gets 70% of its operational budget from government funds and 30% from commercials. However, since the global financial crisis which hit businesses around the world including Australia, SBS is struggling to secure enough commercials. According to Michael and Maurizio, competition to secure commercials is very high between TV and radio stations in Australia. "It is very hard to compete with channels such as 9 and 7 who are commercial and have more specialists and connections with business communities" said Michael and Maurizio. The visit was concluded by comprehensive tour of all language program specialist studios in the building. The visit was fruitful and I do thank the AuSud Media Project and SBS for the initiative.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alpha Furbell Lisimba is a Darfuri born Australian. Mr Furbell studied in Australia and the United States of America and is currently studying PhD at Monash University. Mr Furbell was a part of both the 2010 and 2011 AuSud Journalism training programs organised by the Centre for Advanced Journalism, The University of Melbourne.



A special place

By Nyadol Nyuon

At a distance just above the small hill and if the dusty winds fails to blind you, you could see them as their slim and tall figures ran back and forth. The first thing that caught your attention was their laughter and for a moment you might think you are joining a celebration.

As you approach, there is a group of kids playing on a roughly cemented basketball court. They are bare footed, shirtless and sweating from the blazing heat above them. Unknown to you, this is their only escape from the harsh realities of their daily lives.

For it is where the pain and hardship of a refugee are forgotten, and for that moment and that moment alone; even with the hot cement burning their feet and the sun blazing above, there was fun, there was friendship, there was hope and escape. And the smiles told the story.

Each day they gather in numbers and shout and laugh and gasp at the amazement on the court. This was a peaceful battlefield unlike those they witnessed before. Here the only shots made are into the basket. The only pain caused is bruised egos and the only bloodshed was sweat. This was a piece of peace. You wonder for hours as they leave – with the sun setting in the horizon, dashing with it the hope of continuing to reside in this peaceful place, what will they go back to? They will go back to their lives, where a friend was lost

yesterday and a relative is waiting for medication from a place too far to conceive. They will wait for the three month old baby suffering from malaria to recover from the side effects of adult medication and from the lack of children, and they will wait for their empty stomachs to stop complaining from energy wasted and not replaced. Most importantly they will wait for tomorrow to forget all this and become young and careless again on the harsh, rough cemented basketball court of Kakuma Refugee camps with no protection from the sun but a moment of protection from the insanity of their lives.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Nyadol Nyuon and I am a 24-year-old Sudanese- Australian. I love to volunteer; I am passionate about human rights and social justice. And also love to write, I find writing refreshing, it gives a face to our feeling and thought, it allows communication and it can touch people.



The UN replaces the devil we know with one of its worst kinds in Libya

Lual Maker Lual

The No Fly Zone that was ill-conceived by the UN and Arab League brought new challenges to Libya. It also brought complexities to the regional security that was not put into consideration when this idea was rushed in by said institutions. The idea was ill-conceived because it was a sinister scheme to oust Gaddafi. Moreover, it was not given thorough consideration and other diplomatic options were not exhausted. It was posited that these actions were being undertaken solely on humanitarian grounds. Further, it was considered that the UN was applying one of the principles of the Just War principle, which is humanitarian intervention. The humanitarian intervention principles refer to a state or coalition of states using military force against another state with an intention to end human-rights violations.

This just war principle was used and it portrays how these multinational institutions are being selective in the application of this noble principle. The principle of humanitarian intervention should have been applied in Sudan's Darfur since 2003 but was not due to double-standards. The UN chooses to apply it discriminately and where member states have significant interests. The UN shied away from it and could not impose a No Fly Zone over Darfur. What is more, the selective application of these noble principles highlights the prominence of national interests among member countries of the UN – in this case, they were interested in Libya's "sweet" crude oil only rather than humanitarianism. I asked two Libyans who live in Melbourne, one a dissident and the other an international student, how they feel about the war in Libya. Sadat says, "Gaddafi is good to go, but I don't like Libya to be run by majority from Benghazi". He added that there will still be sectarian violence as the NTC forces are a highly fragmented.

In fact, there were mercenaries from sub-Saharan Africa fighting for Gaddafi and this brings in a different dynamic to the war in Libya. Not all sub-Saharan Africans were mercenaries, others went there to do myriad jobs in Libya and for this, National Transitional Council forces consider all of them as mercenaries, killing them in records numbers. The UN has not condemned these acts against innocent workers in Libya. The UN is oblivious to these atrocities which fall under their so-called "humanitarian intervention". Ahmed, an international student on Gaddafi's government scholarship says, "In fact, NTC forces are committing heinous crimes right now, they killing civilians who they accused to supporters of Gaddafi". "They are also killing Sub-Saharan Africans using an outdated and condemned style of killing, 'the firing squad' and UN is oblivious of this", he adds.

Further to this, Libya's "opposition" – once unified by a common enemy – is now back to being a bunch of rival factions. With conflicting religions, tribal factionalism, geographic diffusion, a power vacuum, and a splash of oil, Libya's got all the ingredients for continued conflict. The arms awash in the hands of civilians will not all be collected and they are likely to be used against rival tribes or factions to settle scores that were suppressed during Gaddafi's tenure. The gruesome killing of Colonel Gaddafi, however, highlights the challenges the new Libya and NTC forces are facing. It indicates that they were not fully trained by the military advisers sent by the UN to Libya during the initial stages of the war. The law on the conduct of war states that any wounded combatant is no longer a military target and should be taken and treated according to the Geneva Convention as a prisoner of war (POW). According to *The Geneva Convention*, Article 12 mandates: "...The wounded

and sick soldiers who are out of the battle should be humanely treated, and in particular should not be killed, injured, tortured..." Article 15 adds: "...The wounded and sick soldiers should be collected, cared for, and protected, though they may also become prisoners of war..."

After NATO incapacitated Gaddafi's regime, Libya became virtually lawless and ungovernable to the extent that armouries were looted by fleeing migrants and mercenaries. Also, they have carried these arms to neighbouring states of Chad, Sudan, Niger and Mali. The low intensity spill over effect of the Libyan conflict is highly felt in Mali, which according to BBC, the National Movement for the Liberation of the Azawad says it came into being as the result of a merger between two rebel groups, boosted by Tuaregs who fought for Col Muammar Gaddafi in Libya. Mali's Tuaregs have long complained that they have been marginalised by the southern government. The UN and NATO did not devise contingency plans to avert the spill over effects of Libyan conflict to neighbouring countries. The Libyan problem should have been treated as an internal conflict and resolved using internationally agreed norms of how internal conflicts are resolved. Furthermore, this portrays capitalist greed in which they seek to secure supplies for the lifeline of their economies which is Libyan oil, but not necessarily to help the Libyan civilians dying in millions and who are unaccounted for. The double-standard prevalent in the UN is highly played out in the case of Libya. The No Fly Zone should have been applied in Darfur to stop the killing of civilians which continues up to this date.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lual Maker Lual was born in South Sudan town of Tonj in 1980 to a family of eleven. He fled his home country to in 1987 to Ethiopia and settled at Itang, south-western Ethiopia. Again, he fled Ethiopia when the Derg Regime was ousted in 1989 by the Ethiopian EPRDF rebels. He trekked back to Sudan and stayed there for 4 years and moved to Kakuma, Kenya, in 1994 where he pursued his primary and secondary education. He then immigrated to Australia in 2004 and is currently pursuing his postgraduate studies at Monash University.



Respect water

By Ajak Mabia

I do worship god, but my other god is almighty water. A drop of water is worth millions of dollars, just a look of it heals me. Every time I see or hear of oil spilt in the sea I feel sick in my stomach. I am glad that I won't be there when all the seas turn into oil, when the superior man wouldn't know how to separate water from poison, when forest turns in to the desert, and the powerful nationals won't know how to do the magic to grow food on the desert without little drop of water.

This song was inspired by a waterfall in Beswick Arnhem. I went to work with women and children during the walking with spirit festival. I was honoured to be part of this special event and place, it is a magical place. The waterfall took me back to Sudan when I was little and I used to swim in the small lake come out from the Victoria fall beautiful. When we were tired we sat under the trees and we would see the big white sand sparkling under big trees.

When the waterfall comes down it goes through that small lake and it can carry big animals and people away. We had to be careful. I missed that place and it's one of my great memories. Sitting down under the trees again with Indigenous women, sharing and talking and passing on stories was just like the old time with my family. My grandfather used to tell me bedtime stories, under the bright moon.

Being among them I felt secure and peaceful, on the one hand, but there was sadness on our eyes, similar pain, silence, agony. I could see the strong

will, resilience, but I couldn't tell how will this end, for both of us.

Two worlds wearing same hat, fight for survival. It concerns me when I see other black people are struggling in this great country. It tells us something, something hidden, an touch truth. I think African communities should know more about Indigenous struggling. They are the people of the land. I learned that word from Blazing Sandal comedy film back in Africa. When the black shift was appointed for political purposes and they wanted him killed after he was appointed, it wasn't about him, they didn't care whether he lived or died, local government wanted his name in the history book. Power is so important, than live it. The black man did die, he had survival skill and one day he said to an old lady, that it lovely day. And she said back to him, it up to yours Niger. He broken and cried and someone told him they are the people of the land and that he was the first politician who has appointed the black shift. Anyway everybody knows.

It was my second time to go to the Northern Territory. When I went back this time I had a mixed feeling about going back because last time I got sick and depressed. I couldn't understand, I couldn't believe, it scared me about our world and as a people. And as a new comers and wearing the same coat, we have to be very careful, otherwise, we new black comer will fall in to the same gap. I am a positive person and my friends tell me that I live in the fantasy world. But I nearly

lose hope and now start to doubt my belief about the way I see the world. I had a show in Darwin in 2007 at the beautiful park where all the Indigenous were hanging out. I could see what others couldn't see, many different people passed them, like nothing exist.

Wondering what going why aim the person who make the big deal out of it why nobody do anything I asked one my friends who answered me, it's their culture. And remember the same word I hear so often. In my day job working with African women and children for 7 years I asked so many times to do consultation or ask them what they want. One time was about health and they were asked what appropriate culture? Woman said to me, just tell them we need good treatment when I am sick. There is no culture stopped me being treated like everybody else's shoes. The funny thing is people might say that what I am talking about I come from the poor countries, but it's a different kind of struggle.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ajak Mabilia (Kwai) is a Sudanese singer-songwriter of Dinka roots. Ajak sings in Arabic, Sudanese and English. Music is the vehicle for her stories of extraordinary life experiences as a refugee, exiled from her country. She moved to Melbourne in 2007 where she has pursued her musical career, performing with many well known artists. Ajak joined the AuSud Media Project in 2011.



Eating as an Art

By Abraham Mamer

The definition of eating is fuzzy by today's standards. It's confused and lost amid talk of "diet," "restriction," "willpower" and "flat abs." Moreover, the definition of eating has been sandwiched between a sizable stack of "shoulds." People are overwhelmed with the "I should" diet. I should abstain from dessert. I should count calories. I should avoid "bad" foods. I should have an invisible stomach, smaller hips and thin thighs.

This definition is certainly from the human perspective or view. However, eating is an activity all creatures must do to survive. From time immemorial to today; all living things have approached this activity creatively, differently but diligently. Through eating all living creatures have lived, flourished and developed.

Mankind has done it differently, but undoubtedly to survive. A friend said, "One has no choice to eat or not". Accordingly, appropriate tools have been developed.

This article explores eating as an art form continuously developed by modern mankind despite their cultural differences. The question you may have is; could eating be an art? Is it like other forms of art such as fine art, drawing, singing, theatre, dancing, etc? Well, imbued with the arcane power to provide my very succinct feelings the answer is definitely either a Yes or a No, depending on which side someone takes. I subscribe that eating is an Art, but I do not know if people would agree with me on that. However, since I do not know where everyone is at with this; I will try not to write about my opinion but I will instead talk about what I gathered when I interviewed a few people I know. I had an online conversation with an old friend who owns a small classic eating place a few kilometres from Melbourne's Central Business District about the habit of eating and what kind of eating style eaters exhibit when they come and dine.

In the conversation I had with her I was stunned with the detailed descriptions she had about her customers. For instance, when I asked her to describe the eating styles of her diners, she came up with this: "One of my regular customers being served right now eats 0.380 kg of steak with french-fries and salad in 10 minutes... ah em". There is no style in this kind of eating one can say!

More often than not, the eating style is personal and it depends on a person's personality. In another meeting I had with a chef of a leading food court in town I was amazed with the degree of detail food servers have about the people who eat in their restaurants. This chef told me that during his years in this business he has made a habit of taking few minutes off the kitchen, especially during the busy hours of lunch and dinner and especially on Friday nights. The Chef told me that he usually comes out of his kitchen to wander around to see how a person eats, to compare men and women, individuals and groups, young and old lovers and friends. It is like a reality TV show according to him. He says, laughing; "it is funny and amazing." He added that some people have more time to eat and taste the food and appreciate the work that goes into making it, while others just attack and are done with it. Friday nights are the chef's favourites, because people have more time. He has regular diners, couples, whom he knows that treat eating as an artistic performance.

Certainly, I asked him without delay, tell my readers how. Here is the summary of his description from the way people come in, the way they sit, what they look like and so on. More often the stylists would come and sit in style and place their orders of what they want to drink and eat. When food is served, the way they handle the fork and knife, spoon and even the glass of red or white wine is very artistic. It is as if they are drawing on soft board with a pencil with a sharp tip. It doesn't

end there. It follows through until they finish eating. They even put the knife and fork on the dish with style. It is truly charming. I am already travelling with this succinct description. I am imagining it all.

Of course, these detailed descriptions do away with the perception that peoples' normal eating is going to the table hungry and eating until they are satisfied, without being artistic about it all. I was not aware that there are people including chefs that think like me, that eating is not only for the love of it but it is an art in itself.

On the research side, a new study suggests it's the sex of the people around us that leads us to consume more or less food in artistic style. "What we found was that on average, when men were eating with women, they tended to purchase more calories than their counterparts who were eating with other men. Women tended to purchase fewer calories when with men as compared to when they're with women," said Marci Cottingham, a co-author of the study and a graduate student at the University of Akron.

The study's lead author, Molly Allen-O'Donnell, a graduate student at Indiana University, sat at an eatery on the Indiana campus during lunch and dinner times over a 10-day period. She observed what foods students bought and who their dining companions were. "I've had undergrads talk to me about eating on dates and in particular on the first day, if you're a female, some students reported even when given the opportunity to eat, they don't, and if they do, they eat far less than they ordinarily would because of the impression it makes," she said.

Whichever way you go, eating is an Art that truly nourishes us to live.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I am currently a Manager at the African Australian Community Development Centre in Footscray (of the Brotherhood of St Laurence). I have 11 years experience in the public sector (education, local government and community organisations) in New Zealand and Australia, during which I have explored and introduced new ideas and design new methods in an open and transparent manner with excellent results. The outcome of my innovation has resulted in the development of policy initiatives and resources (funding and material) currently used in the education, local government and community sectors. I also have an interest in Social Policy.



Lost between towers: reflections on visiting the Herald Sun and Weekly Times

By Akech Nyangdiit

On our way to Southbank I was scared of what of might be waiting. Would we get a cold reception and if that happened, how would I react?

From AMES Multicultural Hub, we took a tram to Southbank and jumped off where the tram line finishes, opposite is Flinders Street station. We crossed and went under the station, through the tunnel, surfaced at the Yarra River and crossed the pedestrian bridge. Finally, we reached Southbank.

The place was packed with people sitting lazily in the Friday afternoon sun. But there was uncertainty when we reached Southgate Avenue. We were lost. We were in front of Langham Hotel but could not figure out which was the Herald Sun building. Our eyes strayed to the towering buildings, mine were on the impressive Eureka tower but there were other towers, like the Rialto. The IBM and BHP are also tall buildings. We were lost among the towers.

On our left was a flight of stairs and in front of us was a roundabout. We debated our route. Then a well-dressed man approached the stairs so I asked him for directions. He didn't speak, but just pointed straight up. LoL! We didn't know we were standing right in front of the HWT tower. The actual place we needed to be.

The well-dressed man went up the stairs. I thought he might be an executive from the newspaper as he disappeared ahead. So we followed him. There waiting for us was Michael Gawenda, from the Centre for Advanced Journalism at The University of Melbourne. Richard, our photographer for the day, was there as well.

Michael briefed us about what would happen next and took us straight to reception. Our eyes wandered on to the walls. All sorts of headlines and many huge photos that once graced the newspaper's front page hung there. Some were pretty dim and very old. I recognised Winston Churchill. Notably there were more recent ones, Prince William marrying Kate, Geelong Football Club grand final celebrations and Osama Bin Laden.

The lady at the reception gave us names tags. With our visiting passes stuck to our chests visible enough for anyone to see, we started taking photos. Big mistake, nobody is allowed to take photos at the Herald Sun. They were very, very strict about it.

A neatly dressed man approached and introduced himself in a nice subtle voice. 'Hey, I am Hugh Jones, the Managing Editor and Manager of News Central Victoria. I will take you around.'

He first gave us the historical background of the HWT. 'Until the 1980s there used to be two newspapers published daily from this organisation, The Sun in the morning and The Herald in the afternoon.' he said.

Hugh led us to the lifts and whisked us to the 12th floor.

There were layers and layers of desk litter and journalists looking seriously at their computers. 'This is where journalists and sub-editors produce news' said Hugh.

From that point what Hugh showed us would take hours to describe here. But briefly, Hugh led us around each floor of the tower. He showed us how the newspaper is produced from layout to the final product in the printing area.

We kept going and he showed us areas that produced all other parts of the newspaper. I saw designers working on page layouts, sub-editors working on copy, and one of the floors looking like a call centre. Everyone seemed to be on the phone at the same time. Everyone looked so busy but the Sports Editor; Neil actually stopped and gave us his time. He talked us through what he does on a daily basis. He was a passionate man committed to his work and sport.

There was an online video and audio studio room where the Herald Sun produces online material. Hugh took a moment here to explain the impact of the internet on journalism and what they are doing to remain competitive in the electronic new age.

It was awesome. We went in the room and had a look for ourselves how online work is produced. Next to the HWT library, this has every news story that was ever produced by them. Our last stop was at the specialist section for magazines, including the Weekly Times, agricultural and farming news, the papers produced especially for country Victoria.

Hugh finished by telling us that he could remember in the earlier days of his career, when the printing presses were in the same building. Around five o'clock every day the printing machines would start and the whole building would shake, then shortly after the newspaper would arrive at his desk, still hot from the machine. He said it was the greatest feeling for a journalist to put their hands on the final product of their work, still hot like bread out of an oven.

I went home thinking a lot and after some reflection I realised how important the visit was to my prospective career and my life in Australia.

Finding the HWT tower was symbolic. As a migrant I came to Australia thinking the grass is going to be greener. It's going to be easy.

But soon it becomes clear that it is not easy to achieve a profession or become an expert in any field like a doctor or engineer. And I became lost amongst the many towers, the sheer complexity of Australian society.

But meeting people, like Michael Gawenda, showed me how to get to the places I wanted to go. I was introduced to the right people, like those journalists at HWT tower who work hard in their careers.

It made me expand my understanding of myself and sort out in my head what I could and could not do. It's not easy and I need to work hard to make it into journalism. But I now also know that I can make my way through the towers and one of those well-dressed men will point out the direction to the right building.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hey! I'm Akech Manyiel, but most of my family members and closest friends called me Akech Nyangdiit. I am originally from South Sudan but I have lived in Melbourne for seven years since I moved to Australia as a refugee. I am 193cm

tall and 95 KGs (depending on how many burgers I've had). I like to think of myself as sporty, fit and healthy (better believe it).

I have a degree in Exercise Science and Human Movement from Victoria University and am looking forward to doing a Masters of teaching at The University of Melbourne in 2012. My areas of

interest are writing, physical education, health, ESL and teaching.

I believe I am someone who is self-driven with dedications. I am a people person and like to be in contact with the public and media. I value hard work, am eager to learn, enjoy working with others or being with other people, and I like to challenge myself.

My hobbies are playing basketball, coaching, fitness and conditioning. I like to volunteer in the community, helping young people keeps me busy all weekend. If I find free time, I love to read, especially books written by other by Africans, be it from the motherland, the Caribbean or the United States of America. I am intrigued by what other black people have to write about, how they write or express their thoughts and ideas about themselves, experiences and their environments.

Euthanasia - justified murder?

By Daniel Nyieth

In many nations of the world - in Europe, North America, Asia, Australia and Africa - the legalization of euthanasia or that of assisted suicide has become a morally controversial debate for those responsible institutions, religious groups and in terms of philosophy, law and human rights.

The goal of the universal debate is to identify the measures necessary for the legalization of euthanasia and to still maintain the dignity of the dying person.

It is however believed that the bills are being passed to guide the practice of euthanasia; that it would only be applied for the genuine reasons that are being witnessed with more consultation from the related families.

The fate of human beings or, as we simply call it, death, does not seem to be the best way that every one can choose to die. Nevertheless, it can happen to anyone in the circumstances that might have been encountered on his or her way apart from euthanasia.

Death may occur as a result of numerous scenarios, like murder, biological illness, suicide, fire, war and even accidental. All these things do have a great contribution on the fate of a human being.

But for euthanasia, no one at this point would really want to say in absolute and confident knowledge that euthanasia is the right or wrong way to practice. It depends on the constraints of the terminal illness that has burdened the person's life.

The enactment of euthanasia at medical institutions could be regarded as a dying proposal, rather than a bill to restore life and dignity to the dying person.

We all know that death is a reality in the life of man, right from the creation and throughout ages. It is something that God has subjected to all living things, including mankind.

If there is rejection of euthanasia, then it does not mean that people who are advocating "no" to the legalization of euthanasia will, on the other hand, reject the possibility of death, because it is natural.

If we want to properly understand the implications of euthanasia, you will simply find out that euthanasia is about free will and choice - about when a person chooses to end his or her life based on personal permission, for the sake of escaping an enduring painful illness.

All these causes of illness are the ones that usually motivate people who have suffered for many years. To prepare for death by euthanasia would be better than to live in pain.

In fact, the question remains to all people who might have understood this issue: those are the nurses and doctors, who may have been involved in this practice of euthanasia before or after it was made legal.

Is this not an indirect and practical murder? No one can merely justify what everyone knows, that a person has to die without the involvement of either voluntary or involuntary euthanasia.

Any person can reflect on what happened two years ago with pop star Michael Jackson - you may assume that whether it was assisted or passive euthanasia, but no one really knows. What everyone now knows from that case is that the jury has determined it to be an intentional manslaughter, therefore related to a passive euthanizing.

The natural law theory that guides the moral standard and ethical principle of human life cannot justify any dimension of either active or passive euthanasia. So why impose an implication law on our society, as people might face some criticisms if attempts are made to legalize it?

There is a traditional criticism opposing euthanasia that: 'it is always wrong to deliberately kill or torture another fellow human being as your fellow creatures, though he or she is wilfully admiring death'. While the biblical perspectives argue that 'there is a right to life but there is no right to die, suicide, or perpetuate death upon someone'.

When critically analyzing the problem behind the legalization of euthanasia, it may be the financial burden which the long-suffering patient may impose on relatives after death. Or it may be coupled with the idea that nurses and doctors might be overwhelmed by the vast number of terminal ill patients in the wards. None of these speculations would be either or right wrong.

In many cases, euthanasia is global; perhaps, the reality of death being natural in the life of all of mankind cannot give it any merit to be exercised on the basis of prejudicial action.

People would be careful to know that its legalization will lead to some serious breakdown in society, and family responsibility for curing their beloved suffering patient will definitely decline. The interaction between doctors, nurses and patients will be of no reliance if the basic health rights of patients are denied just with an option to intervene with euthanasia.

More palliative care needs to be undertaken, rather than keeping idle while this becomes a social problem that affects the moral value of one human's life.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Daniel Nyieth is a journalism student who was born in the former Sudan, but which is now the Republic of South Sudan. He spent part of his life in Nairobi, Kenya for studies, before coming to Australia three years ago. Daniel is currently a student at the Australian Catholic University, studying an undergraduate degree in Theology and Philosophy.

Daniel was among the first students in the AuSud journalism training pilot of 2010 run by the Centre for Advance Journalism at The University of Melbourne. The value of this course and the important insights that he gained last year encouraged him to take this intensive training again this year.



My first train trip to Footscray

By David Nyuol Vincent

Footscray is well known for its vibrancy and warmth welcoming atmosphere. It has almost everything that is African, name it and you will find it in Footscray. My first trip to Footscray was just an amazing experience, I had freshly arrived from Kakuma refugee camp and I had to take public transport to Footscray for the first time.

We started our journey from Brunswick Street in Fitzroy, four of us walked and crossed Victoria Street and we stopped at the lights just next to St Vincent hospital. It was around 9:00am in the morning and the road was really busy. I watched the cars pass by and I was thrown in deep thoughts about how on earth we will be able to cross this busy road. Silently I tried to occupy myself by counting how many cars were passing. After few seconds I lost count... everybody seems to own a car.

Standing alongside us were other pedestrians. We assumed this is the right thing to do and waited along with the others. Just above me I can see the red sign human figure, it is red that means danger. While in the camp I learnt about the red lights and zebra crossing inter sections. At least I had an idea what to do immediately when the light turned green. We waited anxiously and there I heard tac-tac-tac and the lights turned green. It was amusing; as we walked I nearly bumped into a fellow coming opposite us. My attention was fully drawn on the lights silently counting how long it would take for them to turn red again. I heard this guy murmuring something as I made way for him. Everyone seems to be in a hurry.

There was another short wait at another light on Albert St. Straight ahead was this huge church, I had seen nothing like that before. My eyes glued on it imagining how it was built. The light turned green and we crossed. We approached the fire station on Albert St. I saw a light flashing followed by a big red truck pulling over in front of us. Startled I immediately stopped! The noise was so loud that I covered my ears with my palms. The truck whizzed away and we continued with our journey to the Parliament train station.

At the ticket box we fumbled with the machine trying to buy our tickets. There was this kind guy waiting patiently behind us. He noticed we didn't know what we were doing and he gave us a brief lesson on how to operate and purchase a ticket. I was puzzled with this process. We arrived at the escalator and it was fun going down. I thought people here are very lazy but I enjoyed being carried down anyway. I was holding onto the rails for the fear of falling over. I heard steps behind me and there was this guy who was in a hurry running down the steps. I made way by stepping aside and just as he passed me he missed one step and I saw him flying rolling over... at the bottom I saw him groaning in pain as we walked pass him. He had a nasty cut and the blood was oozing and dripping down his leg. I walked passed and silently said to myself, "why rush?"

Just as we arrived at the platform the Sydenham train arrived, perfect timing, I thought. The train was jammed packed. We squeezed ourselves through. I had a map in my hand with all the

stations on our way. I had chill feelings rushing through my body going through the tunnel; I wanted the train to quickly come out of the loop. We passed another train and I thought for a second we were going to collide. I can see people on the other train, everybody was quiet. I wanted to talk to my cousins but I thought it was a rule that everybody has to be silent. I looked out the window and there was a hot air balloon. My eyes lit wide open, I was astonished. My eyes going from one side of the train to another trying to make sense of everything I saw.

Through the intercom Footscray station was announced, I told my cousins this is us. We got out and just as we approach the gate I saw my cousin waiting for us as he promised to meet us at the station.

There is something about Footscray suburb that you can't find or compare to another place in Melbourne. I still remember my first train ride to Footscray vividly.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Nyuol Vincent, fled Sudan when he was about four years old and lived in a refugee camp for 18 years. David was one of the thousands of 'lost' children who participated in the conflict in the

Sudan. David arrived in Australia in 2004. He completed a BA double major in Political Science & Criminology at The University of

Melbourne. He has extensive experience working with young people in community development and family support and is currently employed as a Community Liaison Officer for the Brotherhood of St Laurence (BSL) in Melbourne. For the last six years David has initiated different programs in Melbourne and South Sudan that he is currently involved in. One of these programs is A New Beginning, Resolving Conflict Peacefully. David has spoken at numerous conferences and events in Africa, Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand, and is registered with the UNHCR's Speakers Bureau.





A collection of writings from the students of the 2011 AuSud Media Project. This project is a journalism training initiative for Sudanese people in Australia. Our aim is to give members of Australia's Sudanese community the skills to make their own media and have a greater voice within mainstream journalism.

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