THARUNKA
ISSUE 3
WOMENS ISSUE

CELEBRATING WOMEN EVERYWHERE
ELOISE MCCREA-STEELLE,
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COVER ART BY CARA DIFFEY
Hello and welcome to the annual edition of Women’s Tharunka! I’m Eloise, the UNSW Women’s Officer and have been lucky enough to edit this fabulous edition that showcases some of the best creative works UNSW women have to offer! From the obligatory satire of everyone’s favourite feminist Tony Abbott, to articles addressing transphobia, sexual harassment and unequal representation, (to simply name a few) this edition provides an insight into issues facing UNSW women today. It is no surprise to discover that women are underrepresented in the publications industry, much the same as many other professional fields. As the “leaders of the future” (as older generations like to refer to us as), we have an obligation to strive for equality and a better society on the whole. Although this edition of Tharunka isn’t going to solely achieve this, providing women a platform to write and create is a hell of a way to start. The media is integral in igniting any degree of social change. And to put it simply, having our voices broadcast will result in our voices being heard. So read on to discover what matters to the women of UNSW and what you can do to assist in our plight of world domination.

Until next year,

Eloise
In the United States, the National LGBTQ Task Force has decided to remove its name from a petition asking Michigan’s MichFest to end its discriminatory women born women policy and allow transwomen into the event. This is just part of a long list of anti-transgender policies that have been implemented recently. These include bathroom bills that would have sent transgender people into the wrong bathroom. In seeking to include all women into women's spaces, we need to challenge this transmisogyny and cissexism.

The rhetoric of those whom perpetuate transmisogyny and cissexist is both racist and exclusionary as it both locks out some women and perpetuates a very white and western perspective of gender. In an Australian context, transphobia, trans-misogyny and cissexism are part of the colonialist assault on indigenous identity (we have had brotherboys and sistergirls for millennia). However Australia has also produced two of the vilest transmisogynists, namely Germaine Greer and Sheila Jeffries. Their attitude towards transwomen shows that essentially they see women as no more than walking talking vaginas (as a side note, we also know that Jeffries is racist).

I don’t need a vagina to be a woman. I didn't get any input on what is put on the bit of green paper that was given to my Mum in August of 1991. I don’t need makeup or certain clothes to be a woman. I am a woman and that’s all there is to it, just as some people are men without penises or some people fall outside of that binary regardless of their physical configuration.

Finally, if your feminism and women’s spaces don’t include transwomen, women of colour, indigenous women, working class women, women with a disability, women who are of a different faith then who the hell are your women’s spaces and feminism for?

Love, rage and sisterly solidarity
Anna
These days we are so preoccupied with work, family, significant others and our social life that we tend to neglect the most important person, ourselves. Apart from our daily make up routine, we often ignore ourselves in the health department and neglect our bodies to a certain extent. Women are susceptible to a variety of diseases both physiological and psychological, many of which we are completely oblivious about.

When we think of women’s health issues, the most common things that come to mind are breast cancer and depression. Although these are very serious and concerning diseases, there are many more that we should be aware of. Heart disease is responsible for 20% of female deaths, causing premature deaths at around 60 years of age and disabilities. Typically, we put more focus on men and heart diseases as more men die from it than females. Due to this association, many women get under diagnosed and when they do get diagnosed the condition is far too progressed.

If someone says “heart disease” we automatically think of symptoms such as chest pains. In women, chest pains are not the red flag of heart disease. Symptoms such as jaw pain, shoulder ache, nausea, vomiting or shortness of breath are far more common in women. However, these symptoms can be associated with other health problems for women and thus the association between heart diseases and the symptoms mentioned above are faint.

Osteoporosis is another health issue that is very prominent within women. However, there are many ways to potentially avoid it. Generally, family history along with behaviours we develop and nourish in our childhood and adolescence can influence its development.

Till the age of 30, our bodies continue to build up bone mass. After this cut off out body shifts its attention to maintaining these bones rather than adding more mass and forming anything new.

Apart of the low calcium and vitamin D diet many other risk factors trigger the onset of this disease. Caucasian and Asian women are at a far greater risk than any other race. Infrequent menstrual cycles, anorexia, small/thin boned frame, sedentary lifestyle and smoking all play their roles.

Although at this age we may not think much
about it or about its effects, osteoporosis is a crippling disease that limits bodily movement and causes bone-chilling pains. Moving joints become a deathly chore for which there is no cure.

Diseases where our immune system attacks our own body and destroys or alters bodily tissues are known as autoimmune diseases. Currently, we have knowledge of 80 chronic illnesses, 75% of which occur in women. The majority of women have no idea about these diseases or the high frequency ratings within the female community. In general, autoimmune diseases are not well understood and therefore labelling certain things as risk factors is incredibly difficult. As a result, women don’t realise that they may be at risk or even have the disease until its later stages.

It seems that very recently eating disorders have been rising in Western consumer societies. The beauty industry is considered to be responsible for this. Nearly all of their products are aimed at women to allow them to “achieve” photo-shopped realities of women in glossy magazines, a standard that is impossible to achieve and presents great risks to their own health. Globalisation has taken this to another level where women from cultures all around the globe are making drastic changes to their body to achieve western depictions of “beauty”.

India and Africa are the world’s largest producers and consumers of skin lightening lotions and hair straightening products. People in many Asian countries are going under the knife to completely restructure their face to provide them with an appearance that the media has labelled as “perfect”. Double eyelid surgery and plastic surgery are most sought for in Asian countries. As a result of these and many harsh chemicals we use on a daily basis along with eating disorders, we live a lifestyle full of health risks.

At the end of the day we only have one body and it is up to us to take care of it. Taking care of our bodies should be our utmost priority. We often neglect our bodies completely and the messages they try to communicate to us. Its time we women spend a little more time on ourselves to keep our bodies healthy as best we can. I’m sure our future bodies will thank us for it.
I used to hate the colour pink.

I'm sure I'm not alone. Growing up, I was never much of a “girly girl,” whatever that ridiculous tautology is supposed to mean. I didn't really wear skirts or understand how to operate liquid eyeliner. When I was 15, I would have proudly declared that my fellow females were full of drama and then flounced off to listen to some Bon Iver like the special snowflake I was.

And pink! Ugh! It would leave a bitter taste in my mouth, that pale red colour. As I would disdainfully explain to my mother, pink was just too girly. And really, I think we all knew from a young age that there was something inherently wrong with things that were girly.

“Being a girl” was a dirty insult bandied about my school, an insinuation about one's weaknesses or deficiencies. Being a girl meant you were whiny. Being a girl meant you were obsessed with your appearance. Sure, girls could be alright at sports, but never as good as the boys. Girls couldn't even manage to be funny, they were too preoccupied with concocting some Wile E Coyote scheme to trick some poor helpless male into impregnating them (classic women with their burgeoning ovaries, am I right!). I mean, with all these incoming messages, who in their right mind would have wanted to be a girl?

Unfortunately, I didn't have the awareness or the critical thinking to challenge these propositions at the time. That was something those feminists did, and we all knew that feminists devoured infants and didn't shave their armpits (yuck!). Rather, I internalised these rigid conceptions of gender and bemoaned my poor luck at being born on the wrong side of the binary. My hatred of the colour pink came part-and-parcel with my dissatisfaction with being born a girl, and all the constraints I was taught that placed on me.

Since ascending to nirvana in my later teen years (i.e. actually becoming a feminist), I’ve learnt a number of things. Firstly, feminists are generally quite lovely people and they devour very few infants. Secondly, I’ve realised that gender is fluid. “Being a girl” is an assertion about my sex, not my character. I don't believe that there are fundamental differences in the qualities of men and women, but rather that society teaches us that there should be and strictly enforces that pronouncement. Femininity, and therefore the colour pink, is not synonymous with weakness.

However, I still tend to baulk from buying pink products at the supermarket. Pink toiletries are easily more expensive than anything not so garishly gendered (check out the difference between men and women's razors next time you’re at Coles). Even tampons are still considered ‘non-essential’ items and have GST applied accordingly (sigh). These price discrepancies may seem immaterial but they certainly accumulate, particularly when you consider that women on average still earn 18.8% less than men, and indigenous women earn far less than that again. So how is it fair that women are still paying for everyday goods and services?

Personally, I no longer hate the colour pink. But perhaps it’s time to re-evaluate whether it belongs on our consumer products, especially considering the disproportionate impact it’s having on women customers.
I was shocked.

I even started questioning whether I had arrived at the correct Parliament House in NSW.

I was shocked at the outrageous lack of attendance by the likes of us. Young and passionate activists who strive to create greater awareness of the social, political and economic problems society faces today. Except, from memory, I could count with my fingers the number of youths and young adults that were present at the event. It was an overwhelmingly senior event and no, I didn’t go to a bingo or a bridge game.

In August last year I attended the ‘The Women in Prison Forum’ that was run by the Community Justice Coalition, International Commission of Jurists and the Women in Prison Advocacy Network. It focused on the deeply entrenched problems of our prison system, its inadequacy in catering for female prisoners, and the unnecessary incarceration rates of female offenders. In particular the fact that despite the decrease in number of women in prison, Indigenous incarceration rates for women remain high.

Here are some of the things I took away:

**Women and Vicious Recidivism**
Women in prison often come from disadvantaged backgrounds, experience victimization, have a history of sexual and domestic abuse, have mental and cognitive impairments, experience homelessness, and have been involved with drugs and alcohol since an early age. When they come out of prison, women are returned to the same environment of their community thereby increasing their chances of reoffending. Thus many women in prison are serial recidivists and re-offenses are often minor, such as drug possession.

**Security vs. Stripping**
Women for security purposes are strip-searched. This involves stripping off all their clothing and if they’re menstruating, the removal of their tampon as well. Many of these women have histories of sexual and domestic abuse and yet standard procedures within prison itself are alarmingly ignorant to the special needs of women. Such stripping procedures are cruel and cause great anguish and humiliation. Solution? Body scanners, but funding is another matter. Given the low proportion of women in prison in comparison to men, most of the funding is directed to male prisons resulting in women’s needs not being met.
Myth of Rehabilitative Prison

TAFE educational programs that had been made available to women in prison previously, have diminished in availability as a result of funding cuts. Even if women are able to gain access to certain rehabilitation programs, the transferring of women from one prison to another consequently means that sometimes these programs are never completed. Once they complete their sentence and are released, they return to the same environment and recidivism comes into play. Without proper educational and rehabilitation programs, women are not given the means to better themselves outside prison.

I have only skinned the surface of the issues faced by women in prison which shows why we so urgently need reform.

Whilst I am a cynic, a pessimist and a proud owner of the resting bitch face, Pat O'Shane's last words on change and reform resounded deeply within me. She emphasised that change is slow and tedious but we must continue to hope and strive for a change that one-day will come.

Whilst I would love for change to occur instantaneously and for the dismantlement of Patriarchy to happen with the snap of my fingers, we must be reminded that we are facing deeply entrenched problems which extend far beyond the scope and depth of the prison system itself and into the systemic discrimination of Indigenous women and women in society.

Watch your back Patriarchy. I'm on a warpath with you.
“You’re such a girl,” is the ultimate insult for most members of the male species. They equate it to being called weak, cowardly, and generally just not good enough for the high status of manliness. I am ashamed to say that even I, a female woman, have definitely uttered phrases along the same line to guys in the past. I know, I know, I’m a traitor to my gender and am probably not worthy of writing this article. Moving on.

The question is, why are these negative qualities associated with something as totally kick-ass as being a girl? Females have overcome many a stereotype to get to where we are today. From being refused proper education because the sole purpose of our lives was to make a good wife, to the modern-day, when Miley Cyrus can express her daddy issues on stage by twerking in her underwear; all in the name of feminism.

That may not be the best example, but hey, Australia has had its first female prime minister. Sure perhaps she did have a voice equivalent to nails being dragged down a chalkboard, that doesn’t matter! She was a woman, and she had power, which never would have happened in the old days.

You don’t have to look hard to find amazing women who were/are breaking down the stereotypes left, right and centre. Take Joan of Arc for instance; a woman who led her country to victory in war. Or a more modern example, Malala Yousaţai; a young girl taking a stance for female education in a society where it has such a low priority, and under threat from the Taliban no less.

These women never once stood down from what they believed in, and they should be an inspiration not only to all the girls out there, but the guys as well. That being said, you definitely don’t have to win a Nobel Peace Prize to be a strong woman. Think of all the mothers out there, selflessly giving up their own wants and needs for their children. These ladies are just as incredible.

To quote goddess Tina Fey’s new TV show, The Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, “Females are strong as hell”. Sure, there is a lot more recognition of that now than there used to be, but there is still not enough. This is not about females being better than males, but about equality- not only in rights, but also in state of mind. So instead of saying, ”Don’t be such a girl”, we should be saying, “Be more of a girl”. Girls are effing amazing, and the more people who realise that the better.
/Small Photo Series
By Hannah James
For about cumulatively five years of my life I have worked at McDonald’s, and I still do now. I consider myself lucky to have my job, it allows me to pay my bills and save up a little bit, it has taught me about hard work since I was 14, I love my co-workers and it can honestly be kind of fun. Although I don’t hate my job, I am well aware of the low status that is associated with working at McDonald’s. Trust me, it’s impossible not to be. Ask anyone who has worked at McDonald’s and they will be able to recount stories of rude, obnoxious customers who know they can get away with treating the employees like crap because, well, it is McDonald’s.

But by far the worst offenders are those who sexually harass the employees. The combination of a low status job and sexism unfortunately lends itself really well to this, with customers asking inappropriate questions, making uncomfortable gestures and staring, commenting on employees’ appearance and touching employees. I can honestly say that when I am working as a cashier that this will happen at least once a shift without fail, and there is no surer way for my shift to be ruined than for a man to remind me that because of my job and my gender, it is acceptable to harass me and make me feel unsafe.

While I generally try to shake off these incidents and move on, there have been several times when I have almost been brought to tears or legitimately feared for my safety. Once while working at night, a customer made me feel so unsafe and continued to harass me for a period of twenty minutes that when my shift ended I waited almost an hour for a male co-worker to finish just so he could accompany me on the six minute walk to my house. I have told my managers numerous times about customers making me very uncomfortable and upset only to have nothing done, and on one occasion even been laughed at by my manager.

On the verge of tears I have screamed at one of my managers “sexual harassment is not a part of my job description!” These things happen every day to female service employees all over the country, but harassment of women and the acceptance of poor treatment towards service workers are so ingrained and acceptable in our culture that it is an issue that never seems to be addressed. Without the status of both women and low class workers being challenged throughout society, these issues may never be addressed.
Being a woman, and owning your womanness is difficult. Women are constantly labeled and managed and corrected, parts of them erased, or changed or ignored, parts of them misunderstood, misrepresented, confused. There is no one way to be a woman, there is no one way to inhabit gender which is correct, or more fulfilling. There are, however, things which can help us inhabit our womanness, not because they are the only path but because they give us a path forward through what is otherwise wild terrain which threatens not to overwhelm us but overtake us. Feminism is one of those paths.

Despite popular belief to the contrary, feminism is not a trending topic. It is not a convenient hashtag or story of the day which can be used and quickly abandoned at a whim, because the issues it represents are deeply socially and political, but more than that, affect both men and women in their daily lives. Celebrity culture is a deep and never ending vacuum of social superficiality with problematic ideas of how our lives should be lived and what our ideals should be. Amongst these is the celebrity fuelled feminist trend that seems to emerge every few years with one well phrased but ultimately problematic speech.

Celebrity feminists are not the problem – but treating feminism as a celebrity endorsed trend is, especially when celebrity culture strongly favors specific voices, which represent a specific ideal of what being a woman is. The problems faced by women of colour, by trans women, queer women, or in fact any woman who is not the Hollywood ideal are very rarely represented in feminist discourse propelled by these trends and are also rarely able to be properly articulated by celebrities who can have a minimal idea of what it is like to be a “normal” woman, because “normal” women, that is non-celebrity women, face acutely different problems beyond this ideal.

It is easy to relate to the white, middle class woman on your screen as she stands on a podium accepting an award on behalf of women everywhere and tells you that the wage gap needs to be addressed. It is simple to re-tweet the beautiful starlet who is campaigning for more male involvement in feminist issues. These are the women we see on a daily basis, on our televisions, in our media. These are the women that society has allowed to be outspoken, has allowed to be heard. It is simple to agree that wage inequality and masculine misunderstanding of feminism are our largest issues when we live in a society in which privilege is not simply a word but a reality.
Not only does feminism respond to problems faced by women who are outside of the specific celebrity mould, but it also responds to intersectional issues faced by women, and when the predominant voice heard in these issues is a privileged woman speaking on behalf of everyone else, there are major problems. When the predominant voice favored is an actress, standing on a podium “revolutionizing” how we view an issue in which countless others are engaged everyday, there is a problem with our perception of feminism, but also our social perception of what should be valued.

Feminism extends beyond what is represented by the celebrity voice, to question how race, sexuality, identity and continuing inequality affects all female identifying persons, all wom*n. Feminism as an ideology doesn’t make any sense if we place the voice of a few on a pedestal and ignore the intersectional issues which are faced in many and varying systems of oppression that include but are also outside of gender identity.

Celebrity culture is a drug, which we have all been conditioned to be addicted to. When we manage to sober up, its clear that the voices in celebrity culture speaking out are not our own. They represent some of us but forget the rest of us, they place value on certain issues over others and they begin to define what a feminist is using less and less words and more specific values. Feminism is a path to a greater future, but one, which needs to include the ideas and positions of all of us. Not for 15 minutes, not in the spotlight, but everyday and every voice.
THE Muslim woman, time and again, is turned into an object of pity, alienated and portrayed as a victim of religious fanaticism who needs to be rescued. Time and again, the issue of veiling by Muslim women hits liberal feminist circles, parliaments, mainstream media and social justice groups around the globe. A tapestry of preconceived notions that she needs to be liberated is forcibly thrust upon her where her hijab is spun into a symbol of oppression that is tantamount to a lack of agency and voice.

I am a Muslim woman.

Yes, I wear the hijab. No, I do not need saving.

I can tell you that the amount of times that Muslim women have been turned into a dismal object of pity in popular and academic discourse is wearisome. An obsessive, paternalistic approach towards the Muslim woman distances her, rendering her voiceless, as she is subjugated to the faraway realm of the other with its impending interventionist policies.

Selective narratives by mainstream media and human rights groups, which frequently bombard us with honour killings, as an example, heroically propagate preconceived conceptions of Muslim women with the same message: Muslim women need to be saved. And in doing so, they continue to perpetuate Islam as the backward ‘other’, barbarous, and incapable of civility. This is problematic because it produces a political polarisation -- that announces liberalised notions of women’s rights, which reject the other -- and in effect, monopolises the idea of women’s rights.

Here’s the thing. The saviour complex is overbearing in itself. Systemic oppression of women exists amongst the world’s population as a whole across a diversity of people and it is not exclusive to Muslim people. Patently xenophobic, the worldview portrayed by the saviour complex posits the West as the gallant interloper who ‘liberates’ Muslim women from the evil clutches of ‘shariah’ in locations like the Middle East and unrefined lands whose names end in ‘-stan’. Discernably, while many of the wide-ranging examples used to induce commiseration and point out the vices inflicted upon Muslim women are more often than not, horrendous, there are significant, nuanced elements that are left out of the narratives including the instigating factors for why they occur in the first place.

Such a position is not only flawed but also unsafe and inherently Islamophobic in its portrayal, as its effects are subsequently visible on the body of the Muslim woman living in the West.

In justifying the saviour complex, the issue of veiling is frequently used as a tool to serve political agenda where moral crusades sweep across the globe in an attempt to save the Muslim woman from the restraints of her evil veil. Politicians and the media relentlessly use language that relegates the Muslim woman to an object of their ambitions. Rewind to last year’s incidents involving Jacqui Lambie’s unwitting comments on banning the ‘burqa’ and characterisation of it as a national security risk. The idea of banning the ‘burqa’ in parliament yet putting the burqa-clad woman behind segregated glass box was so ludicrous as to be amusing. The continuation
of the logic concerning security failed. Muslim women who cover their face were not only to get a glass ceiling; they were to be relegated to a whole glass box what with the glass-enclosed public galleries. Liberating.

What follows such rhetoric and sensationalised reportage by media is almost always a backlash against Muslims, as they become the black beasts of political intolerance time and again. This fixation on the Muslim women's dress code under the guise of rescuing missions also gives rise to anti-Muslim sentiment where over the past few years, visibly Muslim women have been increasingly targeted and vulnerable to attacks. A nine-months pregnant Muslim woman was brutally attacked with her veil forced off her in France late in March. In Australia, Muslim women have been increasingly harassed on public transport with a visibly Muslim woman abused just a few days ago.

But this is our brave new world. A world, which legitimises state political violence against Muslims - a world that deploys terror tactics against us under the guise of 'security' on the home front and invades Muslim lands overseas - all in the name of 'war on terror' and 'spreading democracy'. A world where the downtrodden, helpless veil-clad Muslim woman in all her passivity is used as a poster child for the West to liberate her from ‘those’ oppressive, Muslim men that ‘we’ exterminate and detain.

So, there is one thing the saviour complex does successfully through its clichéd narrative of the victimised Muslim woman. It stigmatises a whole religion and arms itself with the monopolised language of women’s rights to justify fighting wars abroad in the name of Western interventionism.

I am a Muslim woman. I wear the hijab. I do not need saving.
We’ve all been there right? Some guy thinks it’s his right to invade our personal space on public transport.

The other night as I was on my way home from a church gathering, I caught the bus down to the corner of Elizabeth and Bathurst Streets, walked into Town Hall Station where I went down the escalator to the T4 line platform and patiently waited for my train. The train arrived and as I went to board I felt an arm go around my back and before I knew it some bloke who I don’t know felt that it was his right to put his arm around me. Not only that, he also felt it was his right to extend his hand around to my chest, neither of which I consented to.

I felt violated as I went and sat by myself up the front of the train, it’s not the first time I’ve had men invade my personal space and I’m pretty sure it won’t be the last. That’s why I am angry. In some cities, men thinking that they have the right to a woman’s body in public has led to trial women’s carriages, when we really shouldn’t have to have them. It is the male sense of entitlement to women’s bodies and lives that has led us in Australia to face a huge problem with violence against women.

We have a government program that is literally called going home staying home which has seen women’s shelters have their funding evaporate (and don’t get me started on the shelters which don’t accept transwomen).

We saw in a recent rape case that when the Minister for Women and Prevention of Domestic Violence and Sexual Assault spoke out against a bunch of prominent (mostly male) people who gave glowing charter references to a brutal rapist, the male dominated legal profession chucked a massive fit about her rightly calling out that bullshit.

This violence against women is essentially perpetrated by men who want power, by men who hate women and we as a society need to slap them down. We need to address the epidemic levels of violence against women in Australia and men, it can start with you lot keeping your fucking hands to yourselves on public transport.
In the latest installment of (dys)functional student politics at UNSW, the recent failed attempt to put more women on the Arc board through an affirmative action policy has thrown the issue of ‘women on boards’ into sharp relief. Moving away from the sordid specifics for the time being, the scenario leads to some more general questions. Questions that are not so much about whether quotas for women and other minorities are a good thing, but questions more about whether the discussion around putting women on company boards is useful for the feminist movement.

So: affirmative action = good. Feminist movement trying super hard to put women on boards and making it their key focus = ?

Eleanor Robertson from The Guardian Australia recently expressed some pretty strong views about this. “They’re [company board quotas] a textbook band-aid solution that appropriates dissatisfaction with the status quo, harnessing it to wring more work out of wealthy women while stonewalling conversations about how socioeconomic relations impede healthy functioning for workers with families.” Essentially, she’s arguing that it can often be a symbolic motion that relieves these companies of any responsibility to meaningfully change the workplace environment.

What are the recent statistics? As of February 2015, approximately 20% of boards in ASX top 200 companies are women. This is what has been achieved since gender diversity guidelines came into play in 2011 when the percentage was about 10%. These were, notably, guidelines and not mandatory rules. This is an improvement. Not ideal, but an important stepping stone on the road to the demolition of the patriarchy.

Does this distract away from other issues, such as child care and the pay gap? I don’t think that this is necessarily the case. When we have women in positions of power, this does two things. Firstly, they would be more likely to support improved company policy on these issues (especially if a critical mass of women is reached within the upper echelons). Even if they are conservative, wealthy women, this is still better than the comparative conservative, wealthy men.

Secondly, and perhaps more importantly, the company now has the incentive to make sure that women ‘deserve’ these higher roles (yay! meritocracy!). This includes the introduction of policies such as better parental leave schemes or more available part-time work. Or, it could mean that they have aggressive mentoring programs for women (research consistently shows that women are less likely to put themselves forward for promotions and have different styles of networking).

Hence, I think that the top-down approach can be quite effective in achieving these other goals of feminism, making it a useful goal for the feminist movement.
To the extent that it could be regarded as a tick-the-box, band-aid solution on the companies’ part, it’s not mutually exclusive that we, as feminists, also lobby for these other issues. Political capital is not like a pie, where we only have x% amount of lobbying power to achieve certain goals. Rather, this pie becomes bigger the more goals we achieve, the more women we have in important positions of power. Excitingly, we can lobby for many objectives, at the same time.

Hopefully, the slow march to equality on boards and upper management of companies is inevitable. Apart from the great benefit of fairness it interestingly makes economic sense to have more diversity. A recent MIT study concluded that there is a direct correlation between ‘general group intelligence’ and the number of women in that group: the more diversity you have, the better decision-making you have. This seems to be great for creating things like money and profit. Furthermore, whilst we have plenty of women graduating university and entering the workforce, the drop off in labour participation represents a massive loss in knowledge and training – something that is also economically silly and wasteful.

Returning the most recent affirmative action debacle at UNSW, it would seem appropriate to characterise the motion’s failure as disappointing and ridiculous. Putting women on boards is important. We need to try, try and try again to get this motion to succeed.
1. **Orphan Black**
In our society women are told their appearance defines them. *Orphan Black* shows that a woman’s appearance is not who she is, as all the main characters look exactly the same, but are completely different. *Orphan Black* is an exploration of sisterhood, family, and identity. If you like women supporting women, three-dimensional characters, and clones, then this show is for you. (And even if you don’t like those things, this show is still for you.)

2. **Orange is the New Black**
I do not think there have ever been so many diverse women on screen in one show ever. Set in a women’s prison in Connecticut, the show takes you in through the perspective of an upper middle class, privileged white women, but very quickly leads you into real and confronting world of women from so many different walks of life.

3. **How To Get Away With Murder**
This show might not be centered on women, but you cannot deny that Annalise Keating is a Badass Woman. She first comes across as a stereotypical ball-breaker, but as the show progresses you see the ins and outs of her mind; what she will do for herself, those around her. You see her at her strongest, her weakest, and in moments in which you would almost never see women on screen.

4. **My Mad Fat Diary**
Protagonist Rae, as the title suggests, is both mad and fat. She openly talks about her experience with mental health, body image and sex. Often when you see larger women, or women with high sex drives on the screen they are there for comic relief. Rae, however, is not there to be laughed at. She is relatable and hilarious within her own right. This show doesn’t shy away from the hardships in teenagers’ lives, particularly for young women. Plus the soundtrack has some badass 80s and 90s tunes.

5. **Broad City**
Being a teenage girl often means feeling like you are talking too loud or saying the wrong thing. Abbi and Ilana are the answers to your misunderstood teenage dreams, and they aren’t here to apologise for their love of weed, sex and being all complicated women that don’t have it together all of the time. *Broad City* does everything *Girls* aspired to do, but doesn’t fail.
Minister for Women named new Brand Ambassador for Dove’s ‘Real Beauty’ campaign

By Michaela Vaughan

Last night Prime Minister Tony Abbott was announced to be the latest brand Ambassador for Dove Comestics’ ‘Real Beauty’ campaign. The move, not without controversy, was claimed to be, “a progressive step forward for the empowerment of Australian women in 21st century,” according to the cosmetic giant.

The Minister for Women will appear in three short advertisements to be rolled out online and on Australian television screens next month. Mr Abbott will feature in his swimming gear at the beach having a conversation about beauty with his family.

“It’s a different sort of approach to the campaign,” advertising manager Sheryl Debil said. “But we think it’s going to have some really exciting outcomes. We’re anticipating a hell of a lot of profit as a result of this strategy.”

Critics of Mr Abbott’s association said that the campaign was patronising, manipulative, duplicitous and hypocritical as Dove participates in an industry that profits from the perpetuation of narrow and destructive concepts of beauty. Mr Abbott responded saying, “I love women and have beautiful wife and daughters.”

“Women all over need to see themselves as beautiful if they are going to make effective contributions to society and the economy. If I know one thing –it’s self-love, and self-loving starts with the loving of the self. If every women believed they had a little bit of sex appeal, we would see some big psychological shifts in this nation.”

Pooch Man, a political science academic at UNSW, was thrilled about the appointment. “I think its great that our Prime Minister has committed to this campaign. Australian women really need a big, strong, powerful man to tell them that beauty is what defines them, and that beauty is empowerment.”

“What is also exciting about this announcement is the Government’s move to be associated with another corporate giant. We’ve seen it rampant in the mining industry, and we’ve had some really positive feedback there, but never before on this scale with cosmetics. This is literally history in the making – an absolute Australian first. And isn’t that something to be proud of?”
Artwork by Alexander Mitchell
Artwork by Laura Athena
Introduction into Early Feminist Literature

By Grace Logvyn

It has been said that the duty of youth is to challenge corruption; that the duty of literature is to escape, to broaden. During the phenomenon that was the daydreamt decade, modern literary criticism began to reveal the resonance of 1960s works and the manifestation of a cultural convolution. Fostering what is labelled a movement identity, volatile texts The Feminine Mystique and The Second Sex explore the search for hedonism, political rebellion and global consciousness. Literature, controversially, challenged traditionalists on the notions of sexuality, drug use, gender, race and war, attracting a developed sense of fear in critics and demonstrating the magnetism between activism and criticism. In the early 1960s, books, for some reason, were bombs - an impenetrable force of uncensored access to opinion that utilised debate as a stage to construct a proud culture of activism. As counterculture wanderlust broke into the minds and bookcases of youth, so too did 1960s revolutionaries, flourishing under the disorder of the decade. It may be evaluated that post-war literature has galvanised contemporary definitions of autonomy and activism. 1960s rhetoric, in particular the works of second-wave feminists, capitalised upon the volatile zeitgeist of activism and provided flint to the spark of youth counterculture.

A pioneer of gender sociology, Russian Mirra Komarovsky said in 1953, “our society is a veritable crazy quilt of contradictory practices and beliefs.” Adding a most influential and prominent stitch were the feminists of the 1960s; those who fought for the censure of ‘woman’s essential nature’. Establishing independence beyond the glossy pages of a 1950s women’s magazine, which promoted the archaic practices of domesticity and femininity, Betty Friedan, Simone de Beauvoir and Germaine Greer became totem leaders for second-wave feminism and cult non-fiction. Challenging the ‘second-tier’ status of women during the 1960s, authors targeted not the legislation but the conscience, an approach that is perhaps missing from 21st Century policy. Though it remains that much of feminist activism is unrecognised by a male-dominated political field, the purposes of the 1960s regarding feminist authors was not to force a social construct out of America but to amend the canon of women’s expectations. Presented to the newly liberated ‘teenage’ class, the ‘problem that has no name’ stimulated proportions of female college students to overtake men. For a generation which Jo Freeman, author of the 1970s newsletter Voice of Women’s Liberation, says saw “three sexes: men, women and me”, the fervent activism made even the most liberated college women identify with both first-wave feminists and the burgeoning second wave.
The debut, full-length album from Sydney DJ Alison Wonderland is an exciting assortment of different genres of dance music, ranging from electronic, techno and trap. The DJ/Producer combo, who doesn't want to be labelled as a ‘female DJ’, has created an androgynous, mature and well-considered first record that will have you guessing the whole way through.

From the opening track ‘Run’, we are taken down the rabbit-hole and are immersed into the musical, magical land of deep beats, mixed with sweet melodic runs, perhaps thanks to her background as a classically trained cellist.

Standout track ‘U Don’t Know’ featuring Wayne Coyne of The Flaming Lips sets the speed for the first half of the record, continuing smoothly into the catchy ‘Take It To Reality’, featuring 3-piece Aussie band SAFIA (see: Take Me Over – Peking Duk).

While there are certainly four highlights; ‘U Don’t Know’, ‘Take It To Reality’, ‘I Want U’ and ‘Already Gone’ (feat. Brave and Lido), each song has it’s own unique feel, particular to the genre it sits in, and by the end you have been provided with 43 minutes of young, carefree listening pleasure.

Run will have you switching up your dance-moves between anything from foot-tapping under your desk, to shameless boogying down the supermarket aisle. The beats throughout are not so dirty that you have to take a shower afterwards, but a pat-down might be required.
Prime Minister Tony Abbott has controversially directed Governor-General Sir Peter Cosgrove to reinstate James Ritchie as Women’s Officer at the University of Tasmania this week. The Governor-General used his royal prerogative power as a head of state to make the appointment legally effective. Such a use of power has not been seen in Australian politics since former Prime Minister Gough Whitlam was dismissed in 1975.

Tony Abbott has no qualms about restoring the Young Liberal party member to the leadership position. “What autonomous women’s spaces, and feminism more broadly, need are privileged white males in positions of authority. Men need to see other men in positions of power to feel comfortable. This really isn’t a case of replicating structures of oppression by preferring another male voice over female ones. He’s certainly not drowning out female voices in an exclusively female-orientated portfolio. He is just another good, true blue Aussie bloke trying to serve his women on campus because he knows a thing or two about female experiences. Why, he’s a lot like me!”

James Richtie said he was relieved that he had the opportunity to serve the women of UTAS again. “Despite not having ever spent a day of my life as a women, despite never having been condemned, oppressed, or discriminated against as a result of my gender, the ridicule I have received over the last few weeks for standing in this position has been pretty bad. So I think I can relate even more now to the female condition. I am just glad that someone reasonable and rational has the position, as the outrage about this whole debacle has been shamefully hysterical.”

Men’s Rights Activist Peter Putrid was overjoyed with the decision. “This is an example of a healthy meritocracy, alive and living. If the students voted for him, the students voted for him. Boys will be boys and there’s nothing better than a bit of manpower to get the ball rolling.”
The lumpy scar on the small of her back is the only apparent sign she underwent a major operation this week. She flicks through the free digital TV channels. It’s a shame she’ll miss the light festival in the city this year — but she’s asked her daughter to take some photographs for her. She alternates between lying around (healing) and standing about (far too much) cooking things in the kitchen. Her ex-husband drops off a basket of lemons from the tree at his place. She makes marmalade. Yesterday she made a jar of lemon butter. It took far too many lemons and far too much of the day.

Her daughter asks her how she is feeling.

Bored and tired of lemons.
/Meng-Yu Yan
SRC President
Bill Bruffey

At long last the SRC has secured a 24/7 study space that opened on Monday 13th April at the Library! But that's not all. We also successfully lobbied for a $70,000 funding pool for on-campus mental health support, and are in the final stages of planning our Emergency Food Bank. Gender-neutral bathrooms are on their way too! The National Day of Action was a huge success, and the Senate has once again blocked the fee deregulation HERRA Bill. There's no better time to get involved than today. Check out our website, Facebook page, and orgsync and sign up.

Thanks!

Education Officer
Cara Egan

National Day of Action went really well! We showed our strength and passion by sending a strong message that we are not to be underestimated! Now it's time to get ready for the budget. It will be here soon and even though Tony Abbott says it is going to be dull we can't help but think his version of dull is probably atrocious. So come along to the collective and help us be ready for the next fight. There will also be lots of other cool on-campus initiatives to work on so if you have a particular problem with your education at UNSW and want something done, come along and we can put our minds together to make the education experience at UNSW incredible!

Ethno-Cultural Officer
Michael Murdocca

The Ethno-cultural Collective has focused on a number of cool things this month, even after just coming out of the mid-Semester break. We got 3 big proposals passed through the SRC which are centred on our main long-term campaign initiatives for this year and we are also busy making sure that they are put into action through lobbying and thorough consultation! We have been busily organising events in meetings, ran a Harmony Day BBQ and have also been discussing important issues facing students of a culturally and linguistically diverse background and people of colour. Come and visit the Ethno-cultural Space whenever you like and let us know if you would like something that represents your culture in the room. We are always open to suggestions and keen to hear your input!
Queer Officers
Brittany Jane, Jen Chen, Joseph Dee

Despite looming mid semester assessments (who needs to study right?), the Queer Officers have been busy working hard for the Queer Collective. We've managed to get the Queer Collective it’s very own air conditioner! Yes, the Queer Space is where all the cool kids will be hanging this summer. On another note, queer fledglings - old and new - will also now be able to enjoy free breakfast with a wide variety of cereal choices (vegan options included!).

Plenty of events have also been going down with the Queer Collective - our “Talk Nerdy To Me” start of year party, Pride movie night and GoT weekly screenings have all had a great turnout. Don’t forgot to keep your eyes peeled for upcoming events - we’re planning a karaoke night and a Disney night feat Mulan.

Our weekly meetings are 12-2pm Monday and 4-6pm Wednesday. Come for the pizza, stay for the people.

Environment Officer
Bea Sherwood

To all Environmentalists! First and foremost it’s not too late to get involved, so if you haven’t already come and join the collective, it’s on Wednesdays from 11-1 in Arc. We’re always looking for fresh faces and new ideas so please don’t hesitate to come along.

The divestment campaign has had a big push in the past month after an interesting evening at the Risky Business Q&A Forum with our new VC Ian Jacobs, Malcolm Turnbull and other guests. We entered with open minds and prepared questions, but were informed by Turnbull that it would make no difference if UNSW divested and furthermore, that we would have to learn in the dark as only fossil fuels can power our lights. His words have only motivated us further and pushed our campaign forward with our National Day of Action coming up on April 22nd and our email campaign to the VC kicking off http://act.350.org/letter/UNSWletter/, there has never been a better time to get involved!
If you have any questions, contact us at enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au or join us on Facebook as the UNSW Enviro Collective.

Welfare Collective
Siobhan Armson-Graham

The Welfare Collective meets every Thursday from 3-5pm in the Welfare Room. If you are interested in student welfare, ranging from living on campus on a budget, accessing affordable textbooks. We want to hear from students like you to find out what you think we can improve on campus. If you’re keen to get involved, come along to a collective meeting or volunteer for the Free Breakfast Stand. Join the Welfare Collective Facebook group or email: s.armsongraham@arc.unsw.edu.au
There was a couple making out in the Glebe terrace entrance. Yuna was fixated on the shine of saliva around their mouths as she squeezed past and into the living room.

Blasting from the sound system was an eclectic mix of electronic folk, electronic chill and electronica, by bands with no vowels in their names, but enunciated punctuation. A girl was wearing a Bruce Springsteen tour shirt. Her boyfriend was using moustache wax. Yuna's fingers dug into the neck of her beer.

Just as she was about to bail she felt a hand on her shoulder. A guy with an Abe Lincoln beard, smoking a rollie.

“Hey, nice to meet you, I’m Tony.”

She went for a handshake, he went for a fist pump. She kind of poked his knuckles with her fingers and he pretended not to notice. Tony launched into his home-brewing philosophy and the intricate details of crafting the perfect Indian Pale Ale.

“Y’know I have a bunch of graphic design friends,” he said, “and they mocked up this sweet looking minimalist label for the beer, y’know, as a joke, but like we kind of thought why not? Y’know? I mean I’m renting this cool little two bedroom in Dullwich Hill and I don’t really use that second bed for anything but jamming and stuff. So I could totally just like, y’know, start selling at like, warehouse parties and shit. But it wouldn’t be for the money, obviously, like it’s just for, y’know… the fun of it.”

Yuna took a sip of her disgusting beer.

“It’s like why do we all have to be so business minded all the time and stuff. I don’t really have any sort of like, motivation to do anything ridiculously huge and world changing or anything I mean all those types of guys are dicks anyway, y’know, like, did you know Steve Jobs used to beat his girlfriend up? So did John Lennon. All of that kind of motivation and drive and everything just fucks a person up I
Is free rehearsal space music to your ears?

City of Sydney has a bunch of rehearsal spaces that are free for students and school groups.

Search ‘rehearsal space’ on cityofsydney.nsw.gov.au to find out more.

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reckon. They just get like, a one track mind, and so the rest of their life and their relationships suffer and everything, y’know?”

Yuna dug her fingers so hard into the side of the bottle the skin under her fingernails went white.

“We don’t need to give up our fucking lives, our lives, to chase after the dollar. What’s the point of it all anyway, y’know, like Nietzsche and all that existential stuff – we all die in the end anyway. The universe will implode on itself and no one will even know you existed.”

She couldn’t hear them anymore. No more misquoted Nietzsche. No more beer brewing. No more electronic music. No more synth bass, no more talking, no more breeze through the leaves or crunch of basil underfoot. She was in a huge abandoned warehouse and her steps echoed as she walked to the very centre. She could hear her heart thumping, thwoking like crazy. Thwok. Thwok. She made for the exit, but Abe Lincoln blocked her way, blowing cigarette smoke in her face. Before realising what she was doing she balled her hand into a tight, bulging fist and threw it into the side of Tony’s face. She saw his eyes roll back, and heard the deadening thud of his body hit the ground. It was just like a kettle drum beat before the rest of the orchestra launches in - the electronica, the talking, the breeze, the leaves, and now shocked screams and nervous laughter filled her ears. She grabbed her arm and cradled it; the energy from the punch resonated throughout her body, like the pain from hitting your funny bone really, really fucking hard.

“Holy shit Yuna, you went full Kanye just then!”

“Wow she’s so, like, brave. That was wild, Yuna.”

“Yeah, that was the funniest shit I’ve ever seen, classic Yuna.”

“Yuna, Yuna, I got it all on video. We should get it up on YouTube and monetise that shit! Before you know it we could be hosting Triple J breakfast!”

“You want a beer?”

“Yeah, you want a beer Yuna? I brought some home brew have my home brew!”

Ah, fuck.