

An Introduction To My Thoughts On Feminism

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“At any rate, when a subject is highly
controversial - and any question about
sex is that - one cannot hope to tell the
truth. One can only show how one came
to hold whatever opinion one does hold.
One can only give one’s audience the
chance of drawing their own conclusions
as they observe the limitations, the
prejudices, the idiosyncrasies of the
speaker.”

Virginia Woolf

The most bittersweet feeling is when people take my opinion about feminism seriously. On one hand, I feel like I am making a difference by painstakingly convincing a person at a time that sexism is in fact still an insidious and prevalent issue. On the other hand, I worry that they are only taking my opinion seriously because I am a dude.

Take, for example, election night 2016: the pent-up breath that went from being an indication of excitement to being released as a sigh and then a sob. That night (and in the coming days, weeks, months) I explained to anyone who would listen what I thought the implications of the election were for feminism: why I thought the night didn’t just represent a win for Donald, it represented a *loss* for Clinton.

In one particularly memorable moment that night, I was lamenting the role of sexism in the election with a female peer of mine. A male peer of mine listened in on the conversation and explained why he didn’t see the influence of sexism on the results. As I explained why I thought he was wrong, and he started nodding, I realized that it just didn’t feel right. He had heard it from her, but hadn’t concurred until he heard it from me.

Somehow we as a society have convinced women that they are not *allowed* to complain about sexism. Until we address that issue, the least I can do is utilize the unfortunate authority granted to me by my gender to combat the injustice of sexism.