

WOM*N'S HONI SOIT



WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT ART SCHOOL

ETHICAL CONSUMPTION UNDER CAPITALISM

WHITE WOMEN AND THE GENDER PAY GAP

AND MORE

editorial

Western ‘feminist’ movements have historically thrown Indigenous wom*n, disabled wom*n, wom*n of colour, queer wom*n, trans wom*n, wom*n who are sex workers, and poor wom*n under the bus. Even within the confines of intersectional feminism (the notion of recognising overlapping oppressions rightfully in vogue today) there is a tendency for straight, able-bodied, cis-white women to take up a disproportionate amount of space.

This year, the University of Sydney Wom*n’s Collective is in a unique position, wherein both its officers are wom*n of colour. As far as we know, this has not been the case for a considerable period of time. We have come into this role with a profound consideration of our own historic experiences of discomfort within ‘feminist’ spaces that are often dominated by white, liberal feminists. In light of this, we have taken it upon ourselves to radically elevate the voices of not only wom*n of colour, but all who have been excluded from the narrow confines of the Western species of feminism which so pervades left-wing spaces.

Historically, autonomous wom*n’s spaces have not welcomed trans wom*n. We recognise the absence of the perspective and creativity of trans wom*n in our edition. This inadvertently reinforces an exclusionary attitude. We accept that we have made the same mistake as mainstream media: at the time of publication, we have been ineffective in reaching out to the community of trans women at this university. We apologise, and endeavour to involve our collective more rigorously in organising around the unique oppression that trans wom*n are subject to.

It is our belief that this publication has the potential to provoke critical thinking among students. We’ve seen it in action before: *Honi* was an unapologetically loud voice in speaking out against the Vietnam War as it was happening, for example. As such, we think it prudent to shed light on the unceasing Israeli settler colonialism faced by Palestinian people under an occupation which starkly resembles the systems of colonialism that have subjugated Aboriginal people in our own country – land taken, culture erased, people killed.

This edition does not exist solely in the vacuum of wom*n students who have contributed to it, but within the broader context of the 70th anniversary of the *Nakba*, the *catastrophe*, where more than 700,000 Palestinian Arabs fled or were expelled from their homes, and urban Palestine was almost entirely extinguished. In the past few weeks we have seen the deaths of over fifty Palestinians, among them women and children who were merely engaging in peaceful protest. Say what you want about Hamas – there are truths here that simply cannot be denied.

Our own personal heritage is irrevocably seeped in the colonisation of the Indian subcontinent, and the Pacific – the subjugation and oppression of our people and homelands. So, our feminist heroes are those who *fight* their colonisers.

Perhaps controversially to some, our cover image features Hamida Al Taher, a Lebanese martyr of the institution of Israeli colonisation, holding – yes, we know – a rifle (shock horror).

Of course, this edition presents a broad spectrum of work: delicate poetry, humour, insightful prose, and confronting ideas about femininity and the strife of wom*n continuing to exist within a capitalist patriarchy.

But we must also send the message that we stand in solidarity with struggles for liberation such as those of the Palestinian people. We show respect for those who pay the ultimate price. What is the point of a political collective having a platform like *Honi* if they do not use it to fight for the liberation of all?

Yours in rage,

Maddy and Jess

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acknowledgement of country

Honi Soit is written, edited, published and distributed on the land of the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. Without the existence of a treaty, the land remains stolen land; land that was never ceded, bought, nor sold. Colonialism in this country is ongoing, and non-Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander wom*n continue to benefit from a regime of dispossession, genocide, rape, exploitation of labour, and loss of language and culture. Though western imperialism has ravaged Africa, Asia, the Middle East and the Pacific, wom*n of colour whose heritage stems from these places cannot place their struggles above that of solidarity with Aboriginal people. White wom*n and wom*n of colour alike benefit equally from the specific form of racism that is directed time and time again at Aboriginal people – from the media, the legal system, the colonial, patriarchal, capitalist and white supremacist superstructure under which these and other racist institutions operate. The non-Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander members of the University of Sydney Wom*n’s Collective acknowledge and understand their intrinsic complicity in the activities and ideology of the State. Indeed, within this autonomous edition there is a distinct absence of an ATSI voice. In light of this, we commit wholeheartedly to centre, prioritise and involve ourselves in struggles for Aboriginal justice until any and all oppression under what is not a residual, but a continual colonial establishment, is dismantled and ceased. We pay our respects to elders past, present and emerging and extend this to the ATSI members of our collective. We are but guests here.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE COVER IMAGE IS UNKNOWN

THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY WOM*N’S COLLECTIVE

EXTENDS A WARM hey

TO ALL MEN WHO MAY BE READING THIS EDITION.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS:

Aaron. 22. White. BA, majoring in film studies. Love Godard. I only drink Coopers Green and listen exclusively to deep house. I have a bedroom pop project called “Goth Whitlam”. Smoke on campus. Also smoke joints on campus. Currently saving up via my barista job in Marrickville to either buy new Comme des Garçons converse sneakers, or go to Berlin.

Sam, also 22, also white. BEc/LLB, majoring in money. Member of the LNP, and it shows: catch me in my Rodd and Gunn button up, RMs, and in the law library zoning out and staring at girls who I find hot but will never be able to score due to the sheer thickness of my neck, which is extremely offputting and also bizarre.

Marcus, extremely involved in SUDS. Please come to my SUDS show. I’m actually directing it and I’ve put a lot of work into it. It is a comedy show. I’m very funny. Please just fucking come my show I swear to gOD or I will not stop hitting on you with weird jokes on Twitter pleasjs jsust ccome to myy suusDdss shOWw iM faiLing aLL My suBjects to Put thsi On jeSus crhist fFfuck

Ian, somehow 26. Studying computer engineering, not something useless like gender studies kkek. I still use the pepe meme in 2018 hahaha are you triggered SJWs??? I’m my MATH2012 lecture right now, browsing 4chan. Might try and order drugs on the darkwebb later and make a fake tinder profile of a pic that isn’t me xD



#metoo on the metro

HOLLY GOLDING WANTS BETTER SOLUTIONS

Content warning: sexual harassment/assault.

There are many unpleasant aspects about using public transport – obnoxiously loud phone chatter, people who seem to object to deodorant use and questionable seat-covers that haven't been washed since the Sydney Olympics.

None, however, are more troubling than sexual harassment.

This was made painfully clear to me a few weeks ago when I was catching the bus home after a fruitful day spent procrastinating in the library. Because it was peak hour, the bus was at full capacity. As I clung onto the nearest pole I felt someone push into me. But given the fact that we were in some kind of human sardine can, I dismissed it and moved to the left to give the person more room. However, as I moved away I felt them edge closer and thrust into me again. And again. And again. I turned around and my eyes were met with a middle-aged man who was staring at me with a sickening Cheshire grin.

This was by no means my first experience of sexual harassment on public transport, which, throughout my life, has often been the site of both verbal and physical harassment. For me and many other wom*n, sexual violence and public transport are inextricably linked.

The recent #MeToo movement has brought sexual harassment to the forefront of public consciousness and has engendered discussions about sexual violence, particularly focused around the workplace. However, street harassment, or more specifically, harassment on public transport, has largely been left out of the conversation. Despite this, public transport is consistently identified as one of the worst spaces for sexual harassment where wom*n experience both verbal and physical abuse on a frighteningly regular basis.

Victorian police statistics from 2013-14 show that one in eleven wom*n have reported being sexually harassed on public transport. But as researcher Dr Nicole Kalms points out, this is a highly conservative figure as “around 80 per cent of cases don't get reported at all.” Sexual violence on public transport can range from unwanted sexual comments, leering, touching, groping, indecent exposure, and even to incidents of rape. This type of harassment is often intersected with elements of racism, homophobia, ableism and transphobia.

According to a study by Plan International, almost half of wom*n (44%) felt uncomfortable taking public transport alone during the day and an overwhelming majority (92%) felt uncomfortable taking public transport alone at night. These statistics speak to the fact that wom*n's experiences of public spaces are being coloured by incidents of abuse, which remain an omnipresent threat throughout our everyday lives. The prevalence of sexual harassment is an indictment on our ability to move freely and uninhibited within public places. This is particularly poignant given that wom*n's presence in these places is highly symbolic of our broader movement into the public sphere and street harassment is a direct threat on our right to exist in these spaces.

Public transport is a vital service for wom*n in urban areas, providing them with access to employment, education, health and other services. However according to a journal article published by Natalie Gardner “harassment and subsequent fear of crime may increase car use over public transport use.” Not only is sexual harassment on public transport violating, but it can also compromise wom*n's freedom of movement by forcing them to take alternative modes of transport in response to it.

Perfunctory attempts have been made to address this issue, however they have all been directed towards the behaviour of wom*n as opposed to the deep underlying

misogyny in our society. Last year Victoria launched the “Hands off” campaign – which despite it's good intentions, placed the onus on wom*n to report their assault rather than on men not to assault wom*n in the first place. This could also be seen in 2013 when the NSW Rape Crisis Centre and the Rail, Tram and Bus Union put forth a proposal to designate ‘wom*n only’ carriages. Segregating wom*n within public transport will only serve to further marginalise us within society and instead of addressing the root cause of this issue (misogyny), wom*n's only carriages simply remove us from the picture all together.

These solutions attempt to change the behaviour of wom*n rather than the behaviour of the perpetrators themselves, which is characteristic of the victim-blaming culture in which we live. This is a sentiment which was echoed by Eva Cox when she spoke to the Daily Telegraph: “I suspect if men are being drunk and obnoxious they ought to be stuck away in a separate carriage rather than limit wom*n to the special carriage. I think we should lock up the potential perpetrators. Or keep them away from the wom*n rather than the other way around.”

Sexual violence in public spaces should not be accepted as a quotidian feature of wom*n's everyday lives. We should not have to navigate around the fear that we may encounter the wrong man on our way to the bus stop, whilst sitting on a train or waiting at the station.

Sexual harassment in public places is a symptom of the festering misogyny within our culture and will only be resolved when the patriarchal power structures of society are dismantled. Wom*n ought to have the right to move freely and unencumbered within public spaces however, until that becomes a reality I suggest Transport NSW take up Eva Cox's idea and designate a ‘predators only’ carriage.

tomboy

GRACE MACPHERSON

I have three distinct memories from when I was around eight years of age. I was very tall when I was in primary school, especially “for a girl”. I was one of the tallest in my year grade. I was even taller than my older and younger brothers. This was a point of pride for me. I liked being bigger and stronger than the boys. I remember how it felt when I would challenge my older brother to an arm wrestle and beat him three times in a row. In my dance classes I was always one of the girls who had to play the boy' parts, because of my height. Sometimes this kind of thing annoyed me, sometimes it didn't.

My first distinct memory is a story about me sticking up for a friend. She was the smallest girl in our grade. One day I saw her being picked on and pushed around by a boy in our grade, who had a bit of a reputation for being awful. I went up to him and said, “leave her alone”. It was very dramatic. He moved closer to me to size me up. He was half my height and at the time a very stringy, lanky boy. He didn't seem to notice these obvious inadequacies. ‘You want a fight? Come on, hit me.’ He put his fists up in front of himself. I remember thinking ‘I'm probably going to fight this kid.’

Just before one of us threw the first punch, a teacher approached us, pulled us apart and sat us down on two separate benches. I saw her talking to the boy, but I couldn't hear what she was saying. Then she came over to me. ‘Why were you going to fight him Grace?’ I looked at her unperturbed. ‘He was picking on my friend and pushing her.’ She said something that has always stuck with me, even now. ‘We don't fight Grace, it's unladylike.’ I remember thinking something along the lines of: what the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Feelings stick in your memory more than words.

When I was seventeen I cut all my hair off, opting for a pixie cut. This was something I had been wanting to do for some time. My whole life my Mum had always had a pixie cut. There was a particular cut that she had, that I had always thought looked very cool. What took

me by surprise were the reactions from peers and family members. The day before I got my haircut, I was telling a peer, and another girl overheard and interjected with genuine concern, ‘why would you do that to yourself?’ To be honest, I found it quite amusing, and still enjoy a good laugh from it today; that doesn't mean it didn't disturb me though. After I had cut it, one of my favourite teachers, a woman who had a pixie cut herself, said something to me. ‘I think it's very brave for a girl your age to cut her hair off.’ I didn't fully realise what she meant. I had cut my hair because I thought it would look cool; why does that make me brave?

Not long after I got my hair cut, I decided to get a third ear-piercing in my reverse tragus. One of my friends warned me, ‘be careful which side you get it on’. It concerned me that people still upheld homophobic attitudes alongside patriarchal ones. The two aren't so separate, I guess.

When I experienced these things in my later teens, I began to think back to how I was when I was younger. I had heard the word ‘tomboy’ thrown around, however, I still had always identified with a lot of ‘feminine’ behaviours and looks. I wore ‘girly’ clothes and accessories, I experimented with lots of blue eyeshadow and mascara. It was only when I didn't follow the script that I was ridiculed, or warned (often by other women) that I would be ridiculed.

As you could probably tell, I was an outspoken and confident kid from the beginning. I always got into heated and philosophical ‘discussions’ with my Dad and my uncle late at night after family dinners. I was often told that I was too outspoken. That I needed to ‘close’ my mouth, so that other people could have the chance to speak. I was told I was too bossy, always taking the lead in group activities, being the spokesperson for the group. That I needed to let others have the opportunity to take the lead. I was told that I'm too sensitive, too aggressive.

I'm still told a lot of these things today, and I'm starting to realise I'll probably hear them my whole life. The difference, I'm less rattled by them now, because I know who I am now. That's something that will only get stronger with time.

when fictional abortions lead to real problems

NICOLE BAXTER CRITIQUES ABORTION IN FILM

Content warning: abortion, childbirth, depression, suicide and self-harm.

One of the most basic principles of media is the notion that it shapes social life and provides entry into understanding of society and social action. Therefore, it goes without saying that the media we consume is instrumental in shaping our values and informing us about key issues, and that it should reflect our commonalities, concerns and experiences. It goes without saying, but it needs to be said, because the reality is so different. Women, people with disabilities, and people of colour (to name a few) have been fighting to see themselves in the media, and there have been large advancements made (with a long way still to go).

One area that has escaped the dialogue surrounding representation, however, is abortion. It has been and remains to be a critical issue, and yet balanced and accurate depictions of the procedure and its process are mere needles in haystacks of propaganda, romanticisation and simplification. There are proven, significant, widespread consequences to this – individuals being misinformed about their sexual health, suffering mental health problems due to a child they may not have wanted to deliver to term, ending their careers and, in more cases than there should be, their lives.

Film and television act as a snapshot of time. For most social issues, over time, there's better representation and an increase in complexity. For abortion, this isn't the case. What is most worrying is the near lack of focus on the issue, accurate or otherwise, especially close to home. I could find just one Australian example of abortion being portrayed in a ‘popular’ television show – independent films often do a much better job of portraying abortion, but they don't serve

the same informative purpose as mass media. ABC's ‘Please Like Me’ shows secondary character Claire undergoing the procedure to terminate her pregnancy as a result of a one-night stand with a European stranger. Whilst this example is realistic and accurate, it doesn't show and hence ignores the character's motivations for seeking the abortion, as well as the decision-making process that they went through. It also falls into the same literary trap of romanticising the sexual encounter with the ‘mysterious, foreign’ stranger as other problematic depictions. Women seek or don't seek abortions for a variety of valid reasons and because of a plethora of different kinds of experiences, but only the ‘regretful one-time fling resulting in an absentee father’ storyline has dominated the big screen.

Large American blockbusters which have weight and importance, and the powerful influence of a multi-billion dollar studio and star actors, should also do better. Take one of the most contentious movies about abortion – Juno. The movie has a definitive pro-life stance, and lacks a balanced argument about the benefits and detriments of abortion. The titular character, Juno MacGuff, falls pregnant due to (you guessed it) a one-night stand, and when she seeks an abortion, is convinced against it by a pro-life classmate and her experiences inside a local women's health clinic, instead seeking the adoption of her baby as a viable option. Juno finds a suitable family to raise her child, but by the end of the film, the husband has fallen in love with a seventeen-year-old Juno (the normalisation of which discredits the movie even further), his marriage has fallen apart, and Juno gives the baby to the now single wife Vanessa. Juno and the baby's father solve their issues and live happily ever after. Sounds simple, right? Pregnancies are no big deal, apparently.

Juno is problematic in the ways in which it ignores the significance of undertaking a pregnancy, especially as a teenager. Pregnancies require significant responsibilities, such as altering one's diet to ensure there are enough nutrients, avoiding harmful foods and limiting physical activity/stress. The movie fails to depict this accurately and is thus problematic as it signifies carrying a pregnancy to term as a viable and easy alternative to termination for young, disadvantaged women. The movie also misrepresents several aspects of Juno's journey, such as her experience inside the abortion clinic and the adoption process. Adoptions do happen, but it's not as simple as the pregnant woman choosing a family and it's done – the most beneficial adoption situation for a child is a semi-open relationship between the birth mother and the child, which means either a commitment to being in the child's life, or a neglect of what's best for them psychologically. Both of those are big burdens for a seventeen-year-old to bear, but the movie doesn't address this element in the slightest.

Simplistic depictions such as Juno simply contribute to a larger issue of misrepresentation that implicate real women. A lack of accurate education not only prevents women from having the knowledge to make their own informed decisions but leads to an uneducated society that is easily manipulated by political propaganda, and thus less likely to support abortion for women (which is a necessary health service and a civil right). The media (particularly popular television and blockbuster movies) are crucial in the formation of our opinions and are the basis of our education. With more discussion, hopefully they will begin to reflect reality. I hope, for the sake of women everywhere.

natural beauty

GRACE JOHNSON

I recently came by an article by Sydney journalist and author Katrina Lawrence. It was published on Mecca Memo, a blog-like section of the makeup store's website, late last year. She wrote that French beauty was less about changing yourself but rather improving yourself. It was a nice message until it was followed by a list of products between \$46 and \$326. Natural beauty has a price tag, and don't you forget it.

Yet magazines perpetuate the ideal of effortless beauty. And nobody does au naturel better than the French, right? We are positioned as plebeians in the countless articles of how to look Parisian, beauty tips and secrets from Parisians, how to eat like a Parisian and not get fat (like a Parisian), and so on.

The philosophy of so-called French beauty is the notion of enhancing, rather than hiding or changing, your features – beauty is an attitude, not any one particular look. But the truth is that the je ne sais quoi quality is not as ‘natural’ as it seems. Even French “it-girls” like Jeanne Damas and Caroline de Maigret admit the extensive care behind the au naturel look.

Effortlessness takes a lot of work. You want to wake up beautiful, so you slather products on your face before bed. The beauty industry capitalises on the natural look – if it's achieved with the use of its own products.

Blemish-free skin is praised only when there is no make-up involved, which explains the marketing of many foundations which now promise a natural finish, such as the company Too Faced's aptly named ‘Born This Way’ foundation. It also demonstrates why BB creams and similar products which simultaneously provide coverage and work to fix blemishes have become increasingly popular.

Beauty vloggers on YouTube also take us through the process of achieving a ‘no-makeup makeup’ look, requires an average of at least ten products. The message is this: buy these expensive products, spend an hour arduously applying them to your face, but play it off like you spent only five minutes getting ready. This is normalised far more than decisions to not wear makeup, style hair, shape eyebrows, remove body hair, etc.

Personal grooming, attitude, and beauty should be a choice, and not the tiring, impossible cycle it is today. Effortless beauty has become an unattainable oxymoron – beauty should be a choice, and not a fallacy perpetuated by impossible media standards.

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gender inequality in the australian music industry

NELL O'GRADY THINKS WE SHOULD SWEEP IT UNDER THE RUG

Young musicians are proving their talent after women in Australian music were labelled “chronically disadvantaged” by a Sydney University study.

The study suggested women are facing double the disadvantage with men deciding “who makes it” and “who makes the decisions.”

Australian artist Odette, 20, said ‘often women in the industry are told how to be polite and how to act...but you’ve just got to speak your mind, stand by what you believe in and keep going.’

Statistically it’s irrefutable that men continue to dominate music industry positions. In 2016, 72% of newly appointed APRA members were male, while public board member positions on Australian music bodies were over 65% male, a Triple J study showed. For performers, statistics are similar. ‘Women represent only one-fifth of composers registered with APRA, despite making up 45% of qualified musicians and half studying music’ Dr Rae Cooper, who authored the Sydney University study has said.

In music production and sound engineering, men also hold fort.Worldwide, women occupy five percent of record producers and sound engineer positions.I’ve worked with maybe three female producers and I’ve been in this game for a while now. It’s disheartening but when I do work with female producers it’s amazing,’ Odette said.

But perhaps even more affecting are the industry’s commonly told ‘gendered narratives’ that categorise a woman’s position and regulate her behaviour to fit industry expectations. They are cemented for us as girls in early music education and reoccur as we grow older. They’re strengthened by the established sexism, gendered language and internalized misogyny that is learnt as early as primary school.

For Australian musicians, gendered categories are particularly strict and crucial. They structure an industry that

is not only entrenched in gender imbalance but also unaware (or unwilling to recognise) the need for change. Most people are almost completely unaware of the challenges faced by our musicians in navigating the gender biases inherent in their industry.

Managing Director of Music NSW Emily Collins is concerned about current conversations that publicise gender imbalance without creating lasting change.

‘We’re really concerned about narratives around women in music. There’s a lot shifting and we need to make sure its deep change as opposed to superficial conversations’.

In this ‘the media can play a really crucial and often damaging role’ Collins said. ‘Journalists are still asking what it’s like to be a woman in the music industry and I think women in the music industry are sick of being portrayed as particularly women artists. Artists are artists first,’ she said.

These representations affect young women breaking into the industry.

‘I know there was negative feedback from women in the industry about that Sydney University study. It wasn’t telling the story of all the good things that are happening as well’ she said. ‘You can’t talk about nothing changing without talking about things that are changing.’

Assistant sound engineer Rose McKenzie Peterson said ‘This industry is a lot about who you know. ‘It makes sense if those communities are male based. Male on male interaction feeds that and there ends up being less women in the environment. It makes it harder to break into but I think we’re starting to.’

So ultimately it seems we should be working to remove unconscious biases, and that starts with the education of feminism from a young age for all genders and all demographics.

To Odette, working with women in her industry is a priority.

‘People often can get a bit standoffish if I ask to work with a female musician. Mostly wondering if it matters whether they’re male or female and asking ‘don’t you want the best musician’ and I understand that completely. However, the ratios off.’

‘We’re not at a point where we can say it doesn’t matter. Because it does. Representation matters, inclusiveness matters and it’s important to be including women in all spaces’ Odette said.

Certainly musicians are gaining traction in the current music landscape.

In this year’s Triple J hottest 100, 23 awards went to female solo artists, two to all female bands and 22 songs featured at least one female musician – either as a band member or a featured artist.

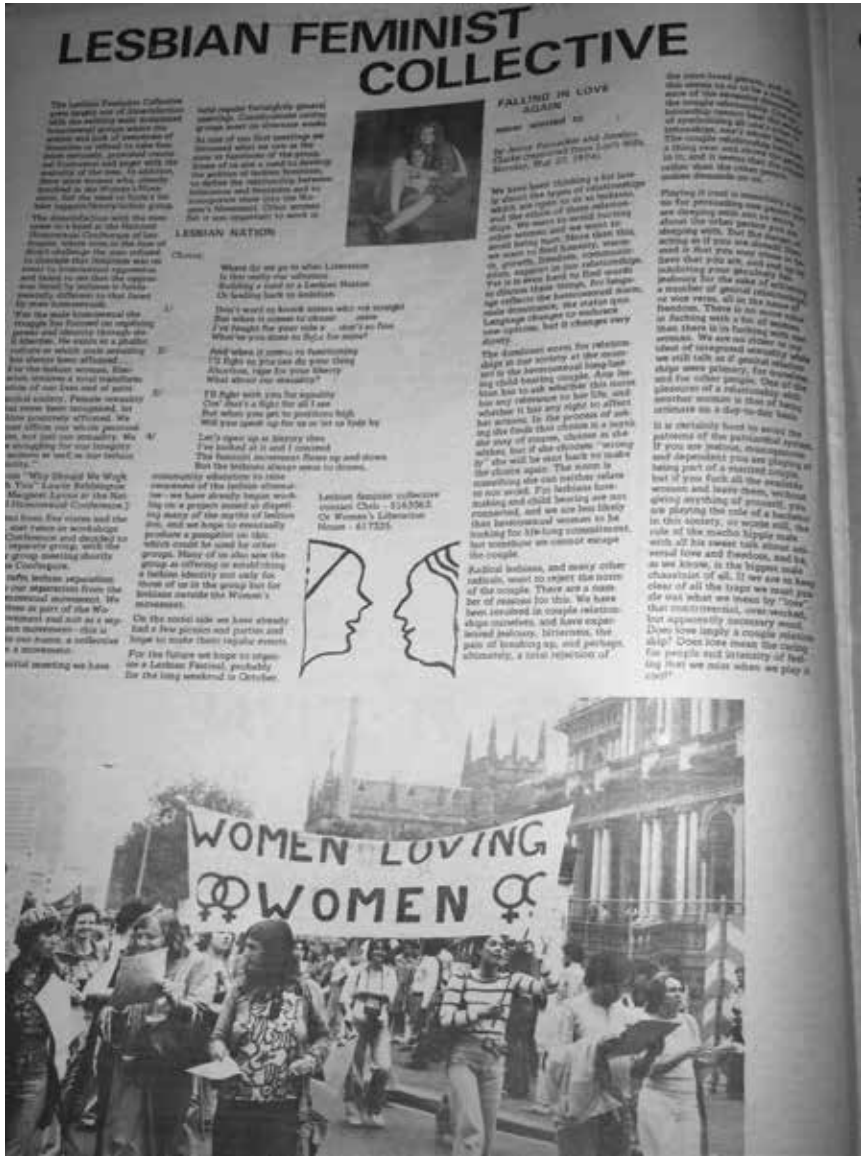
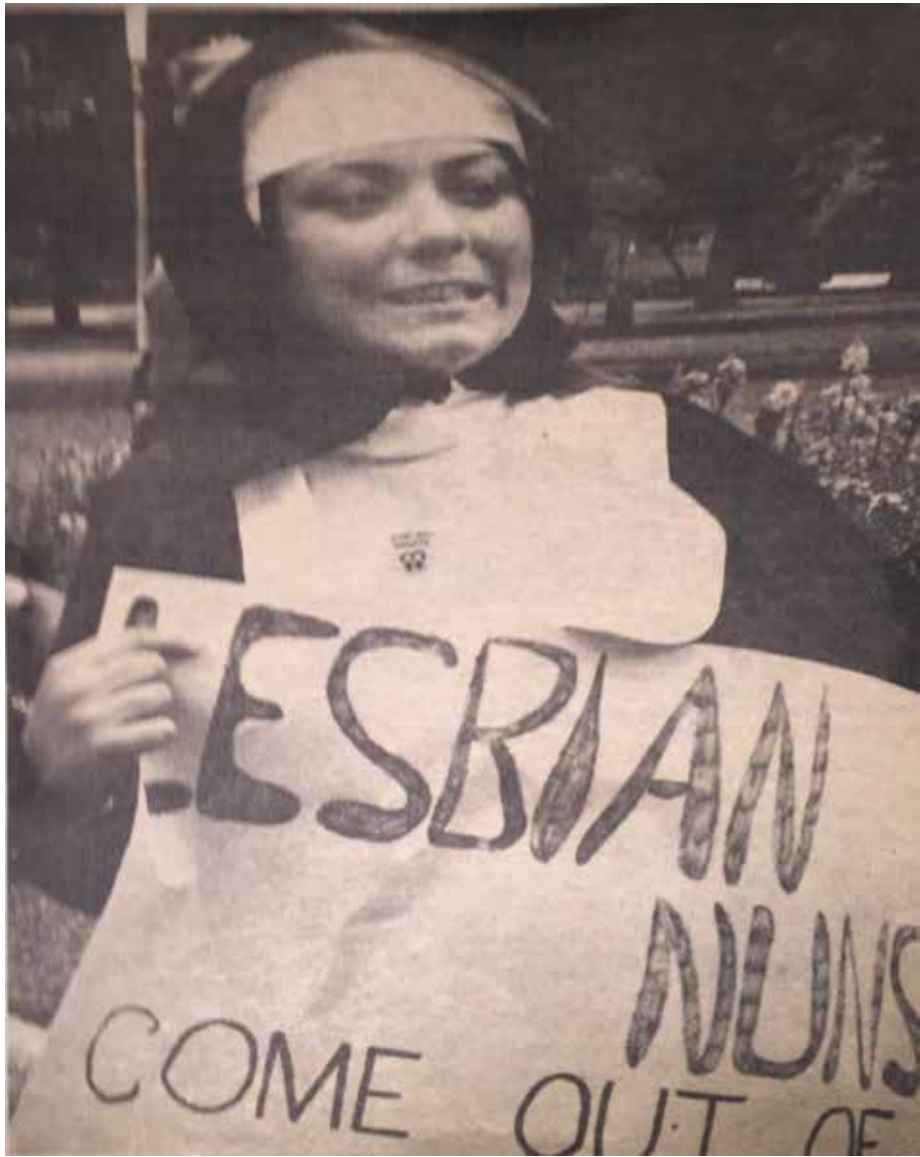
MusicNSW’s Women in Electronic Music workshops and Triple J’s Girls To The Front program also work to remove ‘unconscious biases’.

‘My organisation doesn’t have a policy around women at all but we have a 60% female board, we have an all-female staff and most of our programs are around women and that’s just because, that’s where we want to work.’ Emily Collins said.

Evidently steps are being taken but there’s a long way to go. Really this industry is just one cog in the social and cultural understandings of the rights, roles and representations of women – understandings that begin early on. In this, education plays a huge role. It’s up to the music industry to work with these institutions, to make sure we are creating a culture in our music industry that lets all musicians thrive.

expand ‘Kinging’ from a performance that centred around ‘passing’, into a place where performance can truly be a means of freeing people from traditional ways of expressing masculinity. So, alongside binders and fake beards now sit boobs and glitter.

The fact that performances of masculinity just aren’t privileged the way performances of femininity are could have something to do with the way male-ness and masculinity is seen as something innate and natural. Perhaps it is easier to understand the constructedness of femininity in the drag queen world—where big hair, big makeup, big heels, big everything expose just how big of a joke gender can be. It’s perhaps less easy to expose the constructedness of masculinity. Or perhaps it is that for a long time what you do has only been valuable if you identify as a cisgender man. Hence men’s expression of femininity is celebrated whilst women’s expression of masculinity is denigrated. But things are changing and when I see drag-kings challenging what it means to be masculine and who is allowed ownership of that masculinity I feel prouder than ever of the women and the enbie queers that exist and fight to express masculinity, despite the rejection and criticism they face both inside and outside the queer community.



get your rosaries off our ovaries!

Alecia Simmonds reports from the front line

n Saturday May 15th, approximately 50 abortion rights tivists and local residents took ion to free the Salisbury Road ortion clinic of anti-abortion rvesters. For the entirety of 1998, roup of anti-abortion protesters ling themselves Helpers of f's Precious Infants) congregated ide the clinic on the third rday of every month, singing ns and harassing women going he clinic. The "helpers" thrust of-date, confronting images of foetuses at women via wich board signs, as well as

It was only following the mid nineteenth century rise of the women's rights movement that abortion became a battle ground. Prior to 1879, the Catholic Church deemed a child's life to begin 80 days after birth. Likewise up until 1880 abortion was legal in every state in America. It would thus seem glaringly obvious that the sudden change in position of both the church and the state is inextricably linked to the threat posed by the growing strength of the women's movement posed to male power. In denying women the right to free-



things i wish i had known when i thought ethical consumerism would save the world

JAZZLYN BREEN IS SKEPTICA ABOUT KEEP CUPS

Ethical consumerism, and more specifically moral veganism, has the best of intentions. However, they aren't effective methods of changing the systems they oppose. Buying a Keep Cup and wearing an ethically made shirt will not save the world. I'm very sorry. This might sound incredibly pessimistic, but hear me out. I'm not out here to attack vegans or people who own Keep Cups, both are great – they just aren't the epitome of activism for creating real, tangible change to the systems that they are attempting to change.

ETHICAL CONSUMPTION CANNOT EXIST UNDER CAPITALISM

I'm going to preface this with the bold statement that ethical consumption under capitalism does not, and cannot exist. The argument behind ethical consumption is to spend your money (capital) on goods and services that do little or no harm, and thus the market demand for these products will increase and become more popular and eventually lead to a change in the systems of production in the world. However, the nature of capitalism relies on exploitation, due to the need for capital accumulation by those who control the mechanics of society (the means of production). This means, that wherever possible, costs are cut in production to provide the highest possible surplus profit. This can be seen in instances such as poor working conditions, insufficient pay or over working of workers. In a highly competitive capitalist economy it is the reality that even a supposedly 'ethical' business mode is not exempt from the realities of the capitalist market system. As it becomes increasingly popular, to keep up with the market demand and continue to exist under capitalism, exploitation will have to occur. If an ethical business cannot keep their goods and services at a price where they are accessible to the majority of the population, they will never cause any real change, and to keep prices low exploitation must occur. So here we have a paradox. Cheap goods = high demand and exploitation. Expensive, 'ethical' goods = low demand and no real change.

ETHICS ARE SUBJECTIVE, AND OPEN TO INTERPRETATION

Even if we were to disregard the realities of the economic market under capitalism, the question of what is 'ethical' is very relevant. A vegan may argue that if no animals are exploited then it is ethical, however what about the workers who may be exploited in the process of making the vegan food? A humanitarian may argue that as long as people who are paid a fair wage for their labour create the goods or services, it is ethical. But what if animal products are used in the creation of these objects? The truth is that 'ethical' consumption is objective, and no one can be forced to think one way or another.

INDIVIDUAL CONSUMPTION CAN ONLY GO SO FAR TO CHANGE AN ENTIRE SYSTEM

Despite your definition of what is ethical, ethical consumption is based on the belief that an individuals buying power can shape the markets of the world to produce good more ethically. This however is a superficial critique, as it focuses on the consumption of capital rather than the production process itself. It is not in the consumption of goods that problem lies, but in its production.

The problem of excessive waste cannot be solved through buying a keep cup – the issue runs much, much deeper. It is the systematic problem of capital accumulation under capitalism which forces unbridled consumption in order for the economy to stay afloat. New markets must be constantly found and more resources must be constantly exploited. The result is mass production of things we do not need, in any way, but which are marketed to consumers, so that the cycle of capital can start over again. It is not market demand which causes excessive production, as we have no real need for majority of the world produced goods, but rather the necessity of capitalism to successfully market goods to consumers in order to obtain more capital. Did I think I needed a red iPhone before I saw an ad for a red iPhone? No. Do I now want a red iPhone? Yes, absolutely.

REAL POLITICAL CHANGE COMES FROM MASS MOVEMENTS, NOT THE GROCERY AISLE

The view of individual ethical consumption as a means for change is an incredibly neoliberal one. Neoliberalism forces individualism in every aspect of life, and most especially in our working lives. The pressure to succeed individually in your own career is a universal feeling. The quest to make more money is an individual journey. Labour under capitalism has become alienating and often lacks rewards that are not economic. Therefore, it is easy to see why an individual would believe that it is through their own individual, ethical, actions that they would be able to change the systems that they see problems with. However when over 90% of human waste is produced by big businesses, even if the entire world cut down their individual waste production by half, we would only reduce the world's waste by 5%. It is not an individual's ethical consumption that will fix this system – but through real political change. It is in mass movements that force states and economic systems to drastically change their workings. Using a keep cup everyday will not put a dint in the extreme global production of greenhouse gasses and waste compared to the output of coalmines and global

plastic production. There is no way that, under the capitalist system, economically productive markets will collapse as a result of a small protest by a small number of consumers. It is only through systematic change to the politics of the world that real change can come about.

NOT EVERYONE CAN BE VEGAN, OR SHOP ETHICALLY; THIS DOES NOT MAKE THEM A BAD, OR LESS ETHICAL, PERSON

Often those who believe that ethical consumption is the way in which to change the systems of productions will put extreme pressure on others to act in the most ethical way possible. To only buy vegan food, to only shop in ethical clothing stores, to never buy plastic etc. however, under the system of capitalism that requires most people to work full time 9-5 jobs to even afford rent, this is an unrealistic pressure. Arguments that demonise people for being unable to afford healthy vegan food are a plenty, and I am definitely not immune to have believed them myself. It is true that beans, lentils and rice provide a lot of protein and nutrients, for a little cost, but realistically it is not fair to expect someone to live off the cheapest most basic of legumes in order to keep up with what is seen as an almost religious view of ethical consumption. These types of arguments fail to address the real systematic barriers that stop people from being able to reach the god tier of veganism. The existence of food deserts, managing health conditions and having to support more than just yourself for food are just some of the realities of life for those living under the capitalist system. Not everyone is able to live in an inner west apartment and afford chia seeds. Some people, in fact most people, do not live in areas where fresh fruit and vegetables are constantly available, where they have the time to soak lentils or make green smoothies, and forcing a standard of ethics upon these people is unproductive.

The only way to escape the cycle of extreme exploitation of the world's resources is to escape from the capitalist cycle of capital accumulation. There is no way to buy your way out of capitalism, no matter how ethically you source your clothes, how often you use your keep cup or how many of your friends you get to go vegan – the economic system of capitalism is not going to change. And while it exists there is no way to escape the exploitation that is necessary for its existence. So, my advice to past me, who was a very passionate vegan, intent on changing the world through one vegan convert at the time: channel that passion into learning more about the systems of oppression that exist because of capitalism, and start changing them. Or destroying them, whatever works.

female genital mutilation

RANUKA TANDAN

Picture this. You are six years old. Your mother tells you that you're going to a party with girls from your village, but when you arrive, the other girls aren't laughing and playing, they're sitting on the ground crying. You're taken into the bathroom, stripped naked, and held down on the floor. One woman is holding a knife. She tells you it won't hurt that much, but she's lying. She cuts away your clitoris, and pours alcohol all over you. Six months later, you're still struggling to walk.

If that made you feel uncomfortable, I understand. Female genital mutilation (FGM) is not an easy issue to think about, or to talk about. It's difficult to imagine why a practice which has no health benefits, and is physically, emotionally, sexually and psychologically damaging to women and girls still exists today.

Yet it does. And it's a problem in Australia.

FGM traditionally occurs across 28 African countries, in some parts of the Middle East, and in Islamic Indian sects such as the Dawoodi Bohra. However, in an ever-globalising world, and an increasingly multicultural Australia, FGM has become a global issue, and one affecting Australian communities. Immigration to Australia from countries where FGM is an issue has resulted in an increase of the number of FGM survivors, and the number of girls living in Australia who are considered 'at risk' of FGM.

The report FGM Prevalence in Australia 2014 revealed that three girls per day were 'at risk' of the practice, a figure calculated by examining the number of girls which survivors of childbearing age give birth to every year.

FGM Prevalence in Australia 2018 revealed that this number had risen to 3,876 girls per year, which equates to eleven girls at risk in Australia per day.

In a major addition to this, Australian women and girls born overseas in countries where FGM is practiced but prevalence is unknown, are for the first time being considered potential survivors. This group has been termed the 'missing million', and it dramatically raises the number of potential survivors living in Australia who are in need of support. It also increases the number of girls at risk, with an additional 35 girls a day being born to this group of women.

The non-existence of government funding towards FGM research in Australia means that statistics are only estimates, based on the population of certain nationalities and ethnicities. Without data, and funding to collect and analyse it, it is impossible to know how many of the 'missing million' are survivors and how much support they require. It is impossible to identify or safeguard girls at risk.

“it is impossible to identify or safeguard girls at risk”

Sierra Leonean woman and Executive Director of No FGM Australia Khadija Gbla has spoken out about her own experience of FGM, and her TEDx Talk 'My mother's strange definition of empowerment' has been viewed over 3 million times. When Gbla was 3 years old, war broke out in Sierra Leone and she was forced to flee with her family to Gambia, in West Africa. They applied for refugee status, and were accepted by Australia. However before moving to Australia at 13 years old, Gbla's mother organised for FGM to be performed on her.

She argues in this speech that in order to fight female genital mutilation in Australia, we need to understand that it is not exclusively a cultural or a religious issue. It is not exclusively an Islamic, an African, a black issue. It is not just a women's issue.

“Female genital mutilation is everybody's issue,” she says.

So why aren't we talking about it?

Educating the population about FGM is imperative to stamping it out. I told family, friends and classmates that I was writing about this issue whilst in the midst of researching it. The overwhelmingly common response was one of surprise: “Is that an issue in Australia?” Australians assume that because the practice is illegal here, it doesn't occur. This is far from the truth.

While white women fight for the right to abortion, predominantly coloured victims of FGM struggle with infertility. While white women promote discussion about sexual empowerment, victims of FGM struggle to experience sexual pleasure at all. As white women campaign to remove the tampon tax, victims of FGM suffer through periods which are unnaturally heavy and painful.

Fatu Sillah is a survivor of FGM and an ambassador for No FGM Australia. She was born in Sierra Leone, and was subjected to the practice at the age of 6. I spoke to her about her experiences, and she shed light on the difficulty of speaking out against her community, and against society.

“I don't worry about the community anymore,” she says.

“The community will criticise you no matter what you do and society will criticise you no matter what you do, so it's up to you to stand up, say 'I don't care', I'm going to talk about this.”

“I will never be the same again and I accepted that, I think. But what I don't accept is for other young people to go through the same thing, and I'm not going to sit down and keep silent while this inhuman act continues to go on.”

Cases of FGM are rarely reported to authorities. This may be because they are often performed by close family or religious leaders within communities where there is a history and acceptance of these practices, or because girls are taken overseas for a 'holiday' and the practice is not performed within Australia.

Common excuses for FGM range from 'coming of age' traditions, to the repression of female sexuality, to cultural ideas around health and aesthetics. Some Muslim groups cite a controversial Hadith as religious justification for the practice. In this Hadith, Muhammed allows FGM to be performed to enhance the pleasure of the husband, as long as it is not overdone.

In Australia, respect of culture and tradition makes it extremely difficult to have constructive debate, and effectively address this practice. We have to ask ourselves, when does condemning an issue descend into criticism of a culture? How do we draw the line between a well-meaning suggestion and an imperialistic idea?

It is essential that this issue is addressed carefully, and from a place of utmost respect for other non-harmful cultural and religious traditions. It must come from members within that community, who are themselves the most important part of the process of change.

“it is essential that the issue is addressed carefully, and from a place of utmost respect”

“You don't point your finger straight away at someone who's a different colour and say 'hey, she's at risk of FGM,’” says Sillah. “You do your assessment and research and things like that and if you know there's anything suspicious, there's nothing wrong with talking about it.”

“If one person speaks about FGM to one friend, I am doing my job right, you know. If they can save one kid, I'm doing my job right.”

In August 2013 a front cover of Honi Soit which pictured the uncensored vulvas of 18 Sydney University students was banned from stands for indecency. Last year, it was used by Alison Shepherd-Smith to educate Kenyan women in rural communities about their natural bodies, and to raise awareness of female genital mutilation (FGM). This caused interest in FGM at University; there was even an Honi Soit article about it. But where has the discussion disappeared to since then?

University students are active and outspoken about a range of issues in Australian society. We campaign for refugee on Manus and Nauru, for Palestinians, for the environment, to end sexual assault. But for every issue that is being fought, there is another issue which is left in the shadows. Why isn't female genital mutilation on the radar of university students, especially university feminist collectives?

Fatu Sillah puts it down to education, and to school and university curricular. “There's nothing. I don't think people care enough that it's an issue in Australia here, to include it. It's like 'that's none of my business'. I think attitudes like that will never get us anywhere.”

As a community and as a nation, Australia need to make sure women and girls who have experienced this practice don't feel alone. It is important that there are protective services are in place for girls who are at risk of this practice, and that our doctors, nurses, midwives and psychologists are educated in treating women who have experienced FGM. There are an estimated 200 000 survivors of FGM living in Australia who are in need of this support.

We can make change on these issues, and campaign for better support services for survivors of FGM. But in order to properly do any of these things, we need our society to be aware that FGM is a problem in Australia.

Khadija Gbla and Fatu Sillah both have an infectious passion for fighting FGM. “It's about reaching out and talking to someone about it,” Sillah says.

“Our goal pretty much is by 2020 to end FGM. That's the movement at the moment, and I think everyone is working everywhere.”

So let's have conversations about these issues, and educate ourselves and others. If we can protect one child, and empower one survivor at a time simply by raising awareness about FGM and therefore de-stigmatising it, Fatu Sillah's goal is within reach.



art: jessica syed

hair dyes, girl dies

LAURA DE FEYTER

My friend Stephanie recently shaved her head for charity. I was instantly impressed by what a strong, independent woman she was to pull off such a bold hairstyle like a badass. But I was simultaneously surprised at my own reaction: why did something as trivial as changing her hair cause me to see Steph as a different person?

A second year law and economics student, Steph made the decision in March to shave her head to a buzz cut after years of growing her dark black curls down to her back. ‘I had entertained the thought of shaving my head for a couple of months,’ she explained, ‘but it was always just a fleeting impulse.’

This changed when she heard of the World’s Greatest Shave, a fundraising event for the Leukemia Foundation, and instantly thought of family and friends who had been deeply affected by the condition. ‘Two weeks and one buzz cut later, we had raised over \$2300,’ Steph recalled.

Another friend, Celine, recently dyed her hair purple to raise funds for the same organisation. Until then, she had worn it mostly blonde. ‘My hair is totally something I consider an addition to my personality,’ she said of the change.

Both women said they felt a difference in their sense of identity and self-expression after drastically altering the appearance of their hair.

Throughout history, hair has been an important part of defining a woman’s femininity. From Ancient Roman and Greek women who wore their hair in ornate long braids, to the elaborate pin curls of the 1500s, to the punk and glam styles of 90s teens, hair has been closely tied to a feminine identity.

Short hair has commonly been viewed as a symbol of women’s empowerment due to its association with typically masculine traits. This was exemplified in the 1920s by the Flapper movement, where women raised their hemlines and cut their hair in a bold new ‘bob’ style to represent their rebellion against traditional systems of beauty.

Steph also referenced the illusive ideals of hair constructed throughout history by sex symbols such as Elizabeth Taylor and Marilyn Monroe, sensing that these still very much informed the reactions of those around her to her stylistic choices.

Accordingly, Steph described her experience with short hair as ‘equally terrifying and liberating.’

‘Before the shave, I definitely associated my identity as a woman with more traditional ideas of beauty that came from the way I did my hair or the way I chose to do my makeup.’

She found that shaving her head challenged her perception of womanhood – and the views of those around her. But rather than feeling like less of a woman after the cut,

Steph said she felt more empowered, confident and accepting of herself through making this choice.

Celine similarly reported that her hair dying experience had an impact on how she perceived herself.

‘I feel a lot freer and more expressive of my personality,’ she said. ‘I feel significantly more empowered.’

Yet in conversation with the women, both felt that changing their hair so drastically allowed them usurp idea that it defined their worth or identity.

In a visual culture where the male gaze still powerfully informs women’s perception of their value, my friends felt that having autonomy over how they styled their hair was important to controlling their personal liberation from these standards.

‘Trying to accommodate all women inside a seemingly narrow construct of ‘femininity’ is to ignore the voices of so many women,’ said Steph. ‘Those who are proudly androgynous or ‘masculine’ women, those with hair loss as a result of cancer treatment or alopecia, and those with short or shaved [hair].’

My friend also stressed that she did not see women having long hair as reductive to the cause of female empowerment. Rather, she encouraged a greater acceptance and celebration of the wide array of hairstyles

which women may have that fall outside the conventions and norms of historical femininity.

Celine similarly expressed her sadness and concern over the narrow boundaries that may be placed on women for their stylistic choices by those around them. In particular, she referred to a friend whose boyfriend said he would no longer be attracted to her if she changed her hair.

‘That’s a huge no from me,’ she said clearly. ‘Love it or leave. Hair is not another thing that society (or boyfriends) have the right to comment on or control in any way.’

‘Your hair, your choice,’ Celine summed up.

In reality, talking with both of those strong, empowered females revealed to me that their strength and autonomy came from within them. Regardless of what hairstyle they wore, it was not a defining factor in their identities as independent individuals.

‘Hair is just that – hair,’ said Steph. ‘Buzz-cut to billowing waves, you aren’t your hair – you’re a beauty either way.’

experience into catchy musical numbers or god forbid a mime sketch you’re essentially turning my identity into one big joke... but if it stays this bad we might audition for Law Revue.”

The hidden truth behind all this laughter is that the revue sketch comedy format is exclusionary and problematic. The empowering and supportive ensemble environment fostered by the Identity Revue would only work to silence and trivialise the unique voices of the white straight middle class male community. These men don’t just tell jokes; they share their stories of struggle. These stories deserve the intimacy and undivided attention that only the stand up comedy format can provide. These men deserve no less than a single spotlight and a microphone because once again the University has failed to provide a safe space for white straight male middle class identity expression.

So if you’re lucky enough to score a ticket to any of the Identity Revue performances this semester hold your applause and spare a thought for the little drummer boys of the festive season. The unheard ballads of the infamous white straight middle class stand up comedy boys.

Catch the usyd womens revue at 7:30pm on the 30th & 31st of May, and the 1st, & 2nd of June. Tickets available from the Seymour Centre

cannes we not? PRUDENCE WHILKINS WHEAT

As a woman who loves both films and feminism I like to open all my dates with a little pop quiz: “name five female directors.” Watching them squirm as they stutter through an obscure reference to ‘that chick who directed Lady Bird’ has become something of a ritual. Curiously, I have not found the chosen one who could name all five, but then again, not many of my female peers can name any either. Perhaps I am asking too much? But demand five male directors and you will barely finish your sentence before they – Quentin Tarantino, Stanley Kubrick, Wes Anderson, Ridley Scott, Alfred Hitchcock – round off the names of their – Baz Luhrman, Tim Burton, Francis Ford Coppola – favourite directors – did I mention Steven Spielberg – okay, we get it.

Frankly, it seems outrageous that a woman’s name does not punctuate these greats. Men are not born with a magical auteur gene which we women somehow do not possess. Female directors DO exist, but why are they so chimerical?

This month, eighty-two filmmaking women interlocked hands on the steps of the Cannes Film Festival to ask this very question. They represented the meagre eighty-two female directors honoured in the festival’s prestigious Palme d’Or competition, paling in comparison to the 1645 male nominations. Cate Blanchett led the movement, which included the likes of Emma Watson and Kristen Stewart, in protest of the under-appreciation and under-representation of women in “all industries”. The pay wage gap, safe work environments and greater diversification were among the issues that Blanchette and her compatriots voiced.

It was refreshing to see fame’s spotlight empowering universal issues, that for far too long have gone unaddressed. Their enlightening statements are symptomatic of a unanimous ‘Time’s Up’ revolution amongst Hollywood minorities this year, finally biting back after years of being bitten. This particular demonstration mirrors the recent Golden Globe’s ‘all-black’ red carpet look, designed to create awareness over sexual harassment. Such operations tragically expose the ingrained misogyny within the very industry which insidiously influences male-and-female relations throughout society.

What I mean is that popular culture conditions audiences from early ages. Some films are encoded with harmless or indeed moral ideologies, such as: good should prevail over evil. However, embedded within some of the most general plots is the sub-textual establishment of male and female roles, which all too often centralise a hero with his damsel in distress.

Compare the introductions of characters from James Bond and Stagecoach to Gilda and Lolita. You haven’t seen those films? Well one can whittle a century of cinematic character introductions down to a pithy yet all too accurate encapsulation: Cut to low-angle, a dramatic pan up on the foreboding stance of a lone man, sweat on his brow, mischievous glint in his eye and an air of ‘don’t fuck with me’ amplified by sudden silence. You want to be him. Fade now to a woman, a lingering pan up on the legs with soft lighting and sultry music. She smiles and looks away submissively with an aura that demands to be ‘fucked.’ You want to possess her.

Women are objects of desire, which has dangerous ramifications considering the audience’s vulnerable state of blind consumption. Whilst watching films we tend to internalise the stories onscreen to rationalise our reality and conduct within it. Hence, we similarly learn to view and treat women superficially and instrumentally. Spectator theory further highlights the sinister inequality of framing, favouring the men as leads and women as followers, subconsciously typecasting genders. Reese Witherspoon aptly pointed out that in any film, the woman will invariably turn to her male co-star and ask ‘what do we do now?’ Having this awareness throughout a movie marathon is an awakening experience and I was profoundly disturbed by the truth of her statement. The repetition of ‘what do we do now’ from female side-kicks impresses upon modern women the sentiment that we do not know the answers and men somehow do. This serves to reinforce their ego and undercut our own.

Misogyny is as natural to film as air to our lungs: unless someone reminds you of it, you will rarely notice. Couching casual chauvinism in cinema is something of an Australian tradition. Consider the likes of The Adventures of Barry McKenzie (1972), Alvin Purple (1974) or Don’s Party (1976), which feature such oh so tasteful scenes of ocker chic which reduce women to body parts not personalities. Advance a few more years and one might expect a maturation in our expression of women, but then we have The Man from Snowy

River (1982) and Crocodile Dundee (1986), which affirm our sexiest heritage. Both films use women as romantic plot filler; specifically, in Snowy River’s case, the ‘feminist’ dialogue is no more than titillation, a subterfuge satiating the increasingly progressive 1980s milieu whilst masking a deeply misogynistic plot which ends with (spoiler) a woman abandoning all career aspirations for the love of a man. She is won as a prize like a horse, symptomatic of the value we assign to female bodies not ‘persons.’ Tragically, these latter films are manifestations of Australian national identity. This identity clearly being male, despite 50% of us being female.

But there is hope. Films foregrounding powerful women are circulating the Hollywood atmosphere, The Hunger Games and Gone Girl being box office hits. Their success magnifies the demand from audiences for female-centred plots, which as Blanchette points out, is still an ongoing battle “we [demand] a world that allows all of us in front and behind the camera, all of us, to thrive shoulder-to-shoulder with our male colleagues.” Of course, for every I Feel Pretty is a film like Fifty Shades Freed which aestheticizes abusive behaviour and glorifies the old-school gender relations; men as large and in charge, and women as boobs and butts. Roxanne Gay in her essay ‘Bad Feminist’ admits the difficulty of avoiding misogyny when it is packaged so prettily.

However, becoming more self-aware and recognising the entrenchment of misogynistic norms weaved into the sub-textual fabric of cinema is enough to challenge some of the most complacent among us. Notice how men and women are introduced, think upon their over-arching plots, how many times do women ask, ‘what do we do now’ and consider yourself, can I name five female directors? Only then will we realise that female directors do exist, but no one is looking for them. Do yourself a favour, do me a favour, do the world a favour and critique what you see, do not consume it.

help i love grimes & i thought she was cool but now she’s really into elon musk what’s up w that????????? JEMIMA TARASOV

Arghhhh I love Grimes my alt asymmetrical fringe Montreal synth pop queen, but now she is dating questionable libertarian Elon Musk I feel like I have to question everything I knew about my world/ synth pop!!!!!!!

Can I still like Grimes now?? Isn’t Musk a good guy because he wants to send everyone to Mars/ provide South Australia with energy/build a cool hyper loop thing?!! Is it weird that I changed my chrome settings so that every search of “Elon Musk” is replaced with “Grimes’ Boyfriend” ???

1 Renewable energy?

My essential issue with Musk/technocrats in general is that any vision they have of a sustainable energy future is ultimately based in the idea that this future will best be created by corporations. ‘Musk’s vision of the renewable energy future carries a strong libertarian steak’, and trusts that the market would achieve the best solution. That is, rather than using the inevitable shift toward renewables as an opportunity to democratise and de-privatise energy provision schemes, access to renewables would become more privatised and centralised than ever, ‘as billionaires battle over the profits promised by the clean energy revolution’.

2 Colonising mars?

Musk is also known for his proposals to colonise Mars, through his company SpaceX. Again, my issue with this is the unspoken/unquestionable assumption that any settlements within Mars must come to fruition through private means. In a 2017 Jacobin article, Keith A. Spencer proposes that ‘the public and media reaction to Musk’s presentation — more than the presentation itself — reflects the current state of our politics’— a loss of faith in democratic commons, as replaced by a totally blind faith in technocratic power.

More than this central conceit, there’s also the practical concern of what a life on Mars, as created by Musk, would entail. Considering the prohibitive price of a ticket (\$200,000 + apparently), it is fair to assume that the original colonisers of Mars be made up of the earth’s ruling class. Mars colonies would also function on a scarcity economy, — i.e. resources would likely have to be rationed in order for the collective to survive. Combining these two considerations, it is likely that the class systems of earth would be quickly repeated: particularly when you consider Musk’s ideal inhabitants. Spencer writes that this ‘would likely lead to a Martian service economy pampering the space tourists’: one removed from any earthly supervision or restraints, where Musk can presumably pursue his technocrat libertarian dream at will...

3 Grimes????

Ok but where does Grimes fit into this??? Hysterically, pretty soon after Grimes & Musk went public, Grimes took “anti imperialist” out of her twitter bio. Which tells you a lot I guess.

BAD TAKE - Grimes is going to play Elon and redistribute his wealth to the masses!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GOOD TAKE - Grimes is a millionaire in her own right and probably just wants a safe rich person hyperloop/trip to Mars like the rest of the ruling class.

BEST TAKE- NOT EVERYONE WITH A BLUNT FRINGE AND A MOTH TATTOO IS LEFT WING FML.

white women and the gender pay gap

MALA RIGBY DOESN’T HAVE A CHOICE

In the 1920 *Harvester case*, Justice Higgins determined that unskilled male workers required a wage that was sufficient to “support a wife and three children in frugal comfort.” The century old judgement still stands today. It provides an insight into the Australian psyche: men’s work is highly valued because men are still positioned as the breadwinner. Female work is invisible and undervalued.

The gender pay gap is no secret – it’s splashed across magazine titles and Facebook posts: Australia continues to pay women on average 16% less than men. The cause of this inequality is also well-known: a bias in hiring and pay decisions, women working in lower-paid industries and shouldering the bulk of domestic labour coupled with lack of workplace flexibility to accommodate childcare.

Yet, pay gap discourse often focuses exclusively on the experience of that CEO: the high-paid (cis, white) professional woman. Perhaps

this is unsurprising given that the biggest pay gaps (of up 30%) are between barristers, financial traders and surgeons. In 2017, a male anaesthetist could expect to earn \$402,384 while a female anaesthetist earned \$265,932.

While that woman might be copping a salary of \$136,452 less than her male counterpart, she is still in an incredibly privileged position compared to the majority of women. While it is inequitable for a gender pay gap this large to exist, a woman on a \$200k a year salary does not suffer the worst effects of gender inequality.

The focus of the gender pay gap discussion needs to change, to include those who experience the worst effects of gender inequality. It needs to expand to include the women who have been excluded from the workforce due to working in unpaid domestic labour. We need to include the women working in low-paying jobs jobs or on a casual basis, with few benefits such a flexible work, paid time off or childcare.

We also need to recognise that for women of colour, the pay gap is drawn along racial as well as gendered lines.

Transgender and non-binary people are also pushed to the side in a narrative that focuses almost exclusively on cis-identifying individuals. According to the US Trans PULSE survey they experience higher rates of unemployment, and earn up to \$15,000 less per year.

While having women in leadership roles does significantly reduce gender inequality in the workforce, the process of reaching those leadership roles forces women to slot themselves into a corporate mould that was designed by men, for men. By doing so they do nothing to question the power systems and privilege that allow them to get to the top in the first place.

We are fed a narrative of choice in relation to gender inequality. As Clementine Ford pointed out, it is assumed that women choose to work in lower-paid

caring roles because they are better suited to it, ignoring the society that genders work and then devalues work that is seen as ‘feminine’. Choice is an illusion when not every woman has the economic means to seek an education or a higher paying job as childcare options are limited and our society does not facilitate her partner sharing the child-raising role.

In a culture where men are still seen as breadwinners and women as carers, the gender-pay gap will not close. Choice is a myth when society insists on women caring for the family while also contributing to the workforce. Choice is a myth when women can only work in poorly paid, casual jobs in order to manage both work and family life. Nothing will change so long as we keep persisting in the illusion that women are equal while ignoring the fact that society continues to insist on their inferiority to men.

There are some who aren’t laughing at this year’s Identity Revue season.

Intersectional identities have come together from all over campus to sew costumes, rig lights and rehearse dance routines for the USU’s favourite festivity; the Identity Revue season. Hundreds of students flock to the Seymour Centre annually, to watch the university’s best emerging amateur comedians embrace the stage in what can only be described as Sydney’s best sketch comedy show.

Amidst the choir and chorus lines of diverse voices it’s hard to hear the voice of the marginalised group that have sadly not been cast in this years performance: the white straight middle class men of stand up comedy.

With their Raw Comedy competition and Sydney Comedy Festival debuts now just a distant memory, the forgotten soldiers of stand up comedy believe students have swapped punch lines for grape vines, marking the beginning of the end for USyd’s comedy scene. A significant drop in audience attendance at popular open mic night events across the Inner West has suspiciously coincided with the launch of the Identity Revue season. The guilty culprit none other than inclusive student produced sketch comedy.

Larry award winning comedian Cam Sampbell told Honi “Even if there was a Men’s Revue, I wouldn’t audition. When you start turning my lived

the most un-romantic moments
of my life so far

ANONYMOUS

17. Mike

We're sitting in his Volvo on the edge of the airport runway. The sleeve of his shirt rolled up, his hand plays with the collar of my denim jacket absentmindedly. My converse are propped on his dashboard. We're listening to David Bowie. I don't even like David Bowie.

A plane roars above us. He's momentarily distracted, leaning forward to watch it ascend. I seize my opportunity, rolling my shoulder out from underneath his, leaning to the left and inspecting myself in the side view mirror. A cartoonish splotch shapes my mouth where he's spread lipstick all over my chin. I am now a shade of purple (MAC's Heroine, to be exact). Two fingers walk their way up my neck.

"Come on back over here, love muffin" he croons in my ear. Who the hell says love muffin anymore?

I grin so fiercely that double chins materialise. Shuffling back underneath his arm, the awkward silence resumes. I silently will the windscreen to crack inwards and kill this cringe-worthy conversation.

"So..." he says, after a while. He stares at his foot, slipping his heel in and out of his RM Williams.

"Yes?"

"This has been really fun but... I think we should end things."

His Ralph Lauren cologne suddenly hits me. My nose burns.

"I just think that I'm older than you and we're going in different directions..."

His voice, which dips and trips in the most posh and private of ways, pricks my ear drums.

"And I mean, you want to be an actor and I just don't think that's a tangible career path..."

I think about his Calvin Klein underwear in the backseat. I think about my Bonds underwear, still very much attached to me.

"Plus, our families never really got along. They're in different social circles. It was never going to work."

There is a clump of cum in my hair.

"Do you know what I mean?"

Slap.

Like Linda Blair, he smacks back into his seat. The outline of my hand (manicure missing) is imprinted on his cheek.

"All good. I understand."

Smiling, I slam the car door and listen to that windscreen crack.

18. Tommy

We're cuddled on the couch, fire crackling and him crooning. He's learning how to

play 'Romeo and Juliet' by the Killers on the guitar. Just because they're my favourite band and that's my favourite play! Is it stereotypical? Yes. Do I care? Nope.

He's strumming the chords with one hand and rubbing my foot with the other. Like a bib on a baby, brown splotches of deep fryer grease trail down his shirt. A line of grit is the finish to his manicure. I'm pretty sure someone's used the knee of his jeans as an ashtray.

He's a piece of old parchment: a little rough around the edges. A third-hand teddy bear. Sloppy seconds that are still good for Tuesday's lunch. He's not perfect, but at least he's not wearing Ralph Lauren cologne.

"A love struck Romeo, sings the streets a serenade..." he hums. He tickles my foot. I burst out laughing and kick him playfully. Our eyes meet. He grins. I think I like him.

Scratch that. I really like him. Because when he smiles, you see his soul.

Brrrr. My phone vibrates. It's my best friend. I glance down.

RED ALERT: Kate just txt me. He slept with someone else Vic.

I glance up.

The grease has soaked through to his skin. It's crawling up his neck, infecting his face. Acne creeps across his cheeks and along the bridge of his nose, crowding the hairline of his crew cut and submerging the left hand side of his face.

Harvey Dent turns to look at me. Half man, half lies.

"Laying everybody low with a love song that he made..."

The Hungry Jack's emblem on his shirt screams unemployable.

"He finds a streetlight, steps out of the shade..."

The stack of two-minute noodles in the pantry is the antithesis of ambition.

"Says something like..."

The state of his house, the state of that sink and the state of his face unite. Together, they create an asshole of a country.

"You and me babe, how about it?"

Crack.

The shards of his guitar split the wall in half.

Whoops.

19. Piper

We're sitting on the edge of her purple duvet. It's 2am. Mott the Hopples is playing. We both like Mott the Hopples. She's still crying though.

"I'm sorry," I whisper. Her hand finds mine. The strategic cut of her nails pierce my palm.

She's swaddled in a tie dyed tee shirt. It's all the colours of the rainbow and yet it still brings out the iris in her eyes. The shirt gathers around her butt - plump, perfect and pumped with cellulite - and hides two little legs that barely touch the ground. Its hem hangs from her shoulder, revealing a smattering of freckles. That's where she wants to tattoo a little tree that will bring the blemishes together: like constellations in the night sky.

I catch the silhouette of her face in the fading light. Eyelashes so long they tickle her cheeks, a little ski jump nose and pink lips pulled into a frown. It's all beautiful and it's all wrong.

Her shoulders start to shake. She puts her head in her hands.

"I should go," I say. My bra has been cast aside, polka dots peeping out from underneath the sheets. I fish it out and stand. A failed mission.

She glances up at me. Her eyebrows furrow. She smells the Ralph Lauren cologne, sees the grease creep onto my cheeks, senses the lies in my eyes.

"Why didn't you just tell me?" she demands, her voice cracking.

"I'm sorry," I whisper.

Slam.

I walk down the hallway alone.

20.

I have resigned myself. Resigned myself to this 'feminist' life, to this life of late night girl's nights, to this life of loneliness. Burnt my bra. Who needs a man/woman anyway?

An education in my brain and spring in my step, I leave my lecture with a smile.

Smack.

I stagger back as the remnants of a Ralph's cappuccino drips down my shirt.

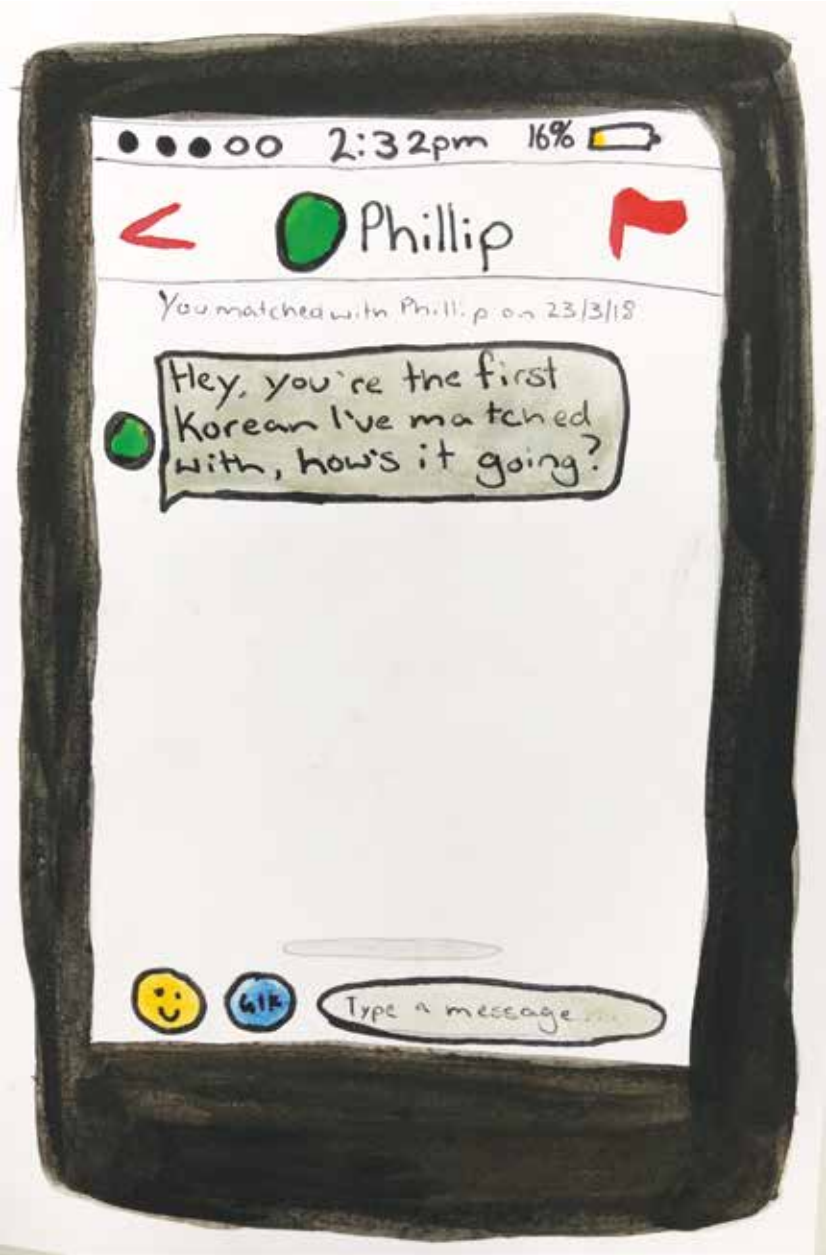
"Oh god, I'm so sorry!"

I look up. A man is standing before me. He smiles.

"I'm Marcus!" he says.

Well, fuck.

20. Marcus



they ask me where i’m from

Layla Mkh

They ask me where I’m from
And I struggle to tell them
That I am Cedar on Eucalyptus lands
That I am from the land that will one day consume our bodies
Six feet under
That I am from the land that today consumes me
Because it makes me wish that I was
Six feet under
That I am transplanted heart in rejecting body
That I wish you knew that I am somebody
That I am a rose in the barrel of an AK47
And I am
Inspired
Because I see that I am only ever
Exotically desired
And only ever really required to fill
A quota

They ask me where I’m from
And I tell them that I
Am Fully Sick
What they don’t know is that I am also fully sick and tired
Of people seeing this hijab, this melanin, this name
I tell them where I’m from
But all I get in response is hipsters tryna claim
My tabouli, my hummus, my falafel
You would gladly swallow up my culture
But spit me out
Because I make you uncomfortable
Because I am just as Australian as you are
And just as immigrant as you are
But you are
Still uncertain of where I’m from

They ask me where I’m from
And I tell them that my first breathe of air
Was in a hospital room on Eldridge Road
In Bankstown
That my foundations are snow capped Lebanese mountains
And the rest of me
Is only just Perisher Blue
I tell them that my first breath of air
Should have been Mediterranean Sea, sand and stars
But You pillaged my lands
And then You conflates our flee from your terror
With terrorism
So now
I can only see the stars from afar

They tell me it’s cloudy because I live in the city
I tell them that I can’t see the stars from here
Because you close my curtains every night
I guess it’s really just because I’m not

w h i t e

They ask me where I’m from
And I say that that I am blessed to live on Darug Land
Belonging to the Eora Nation
Still not forgotten for thousands of generations
That I am Not a new generation of Australian
That my grandfather carried us on his back
That my grandmother gave this country her backbone
But you’re still convinced that I am not from the country that you
claim to own

But I know

That the next time someone asks me where I’m from
I don’t want to tell them
Because it’s hard for me to comprehend
That this land makes me feel so alone
But I somehow still call Australia home

Because I am the bonfire blaze

And I will never be extinguished



kaleidoscope

Georgia tan

Kaleidoscope
Flecks of shimmering gold
Streaks of tantalising violets and magentas
Gleam against the noonday sun
Reflect off mirrors of turquoise puddles
Splashing down like Indian summer rain.
On a canvas of olive, khaki and mauve
Shadows dance and dart across the page
Mingling together in a cauldron
Of rainbow fumes; clashing, hot and cold
Raw, messy, dense.
Slithering silver ribbons strike, and slice
Through stubborn, stick-in-the-mud dirt
Heart shatters; like razor sharp daggers piercing
The glassy, transparent sheets
Leaking fat scarlet tears, watch them spill softly.
Whispers morph into trickling, steady streams
Of dull, oily grim: coagulating
Now, hurtling against the love-torn, battered walls
Screaming siren bells ring, blazing brick red
In a fury, transformed.
Gazing into the murky depths
Of roaring, putrid neon green haze
Golden, lightning whirlwind romance, at first
Sizzles; blurry, steamy and whimsical
Spraying glitter and fairy dust.
Hidden behind the kaleidoscope lens
Foggy, sickly sweet bitterness lurks
Seeping in the poisonous fumes till
Saturated; choking on muddy, unwashed smoke
Your shattered, pitch-black core unmasked

expectations

Raz Badiyan

Expectations
In unwritten, invisible books of law
Don't do that
Wear this
Your natural, curly hair
Needs straightening, then curling again
Put on the dress so we know
Who you are
Put on those heels
As if girls need the extra height
To get closer to the sky
As if we need the help
Reaching He who blessed us
The lips you wear need coating
They are not loud enough
To be taken notice
Your eyes need decorating, widening
To be seen enough
To be taken seriously
No such thing as “just be”
When this book of law
Is being smacked on your head
Between the hours of your pillow
The morning good bye and the evening hello
How can I “just be” when my blood boils
At temperatures too high
To cool down at any time
The nails that grew longer
And red in color
At its command
Scratch my thighs and future womb
Until they decrease in size
A sacrifice
For the children to know
That this invisible book
Does not apply to them
I will hide it under my bed
And write a new book
Just for them

motherland

Layla Mkh

My land is that
Of revolution on mountains
Where the cedar trees scatter the earth
Like the blood of mothers and martyrs
Runs through my veins
Where our tongues are weapons
And teaching resistance to a child
Is like teaching them how to count

poetry

gone

Laura de Feyter

Gone
she’s standing
face pressed to the mirror
and all that returns to her
is silence.
empty eyes
empty soul
where’s she gone?
no one knows
there’s a distance that appears
behind her smile.
reaching into the abyss
she tries to draw some solace in
remind herself it all will be okay
but all that seems to rear its head
is the ugliness inside instead
she can’t escape the all proclaiming roar
of nothingness.
the girl that used to be
so sure of who she was
what she stood for
now finds there’s no ground to stand on
and all that she thought she believed
now she finds there’s no belief
and everything that stood beneath is crumbling
until it’s
gone

wet.

Phoebe Finlayson

Why do I stand in the rain?
So that I can recognise myself
By the stings of wind that whip my skirt a little higher
By the sheets of water that rivulet my forehead
Folds of wetness, wrinkles that slice away the stink of machinery
From the old engine that hulks in the rain,
Immobilised, it squats
Waiting to rust and die
But I am full, clean and slippery
Nubile, turning cartwheels that shower my ankles with street grime
Offering myself as a sop, to the bored lives of those on the bus
That watch me from their windows

As I fill my mouth with water and let it run down my cheeks



what they don't teach you at art school

SOO MIN SHIM

CW: gendered harassment, sexual assault, misogyny

It was revealed at the end of last year that in Australia the gender pay gap is wider in the Arts than in any other industry. It was estimated that in 2014-2015 an Australian female artist would earn \$15,400 compared to the \$22,100 her male counterpart would receive. The 2014 CoUNTess Report on gender representation in Australian contemporary visual arts since 2008, shockingly revealed that only 37% of the artists represented in museums are women.

Stories and statistics of this nature can often feel removed from our own reality. So how does it reflect at our very own Sydney College of the Arts? After all, the number and gender of graduates is significant as they make up a significant portion of the Arts community as they continue on to become practicing contemporary artists. Having asked a number of SCA current students and alumni, the answers generally prove that little progress has been made; perhaps we have even regressed as a University.

This may be surprising considering that the classes at SCA are female-dominated with two responders to the survey estimating a ratio of around 7:3 of female to male students in their classes. This estimate interestingly correlates with the statistics published by Countess (74% to 26%). Yet, only 34% of the creators of art shown in state museums in Australia are female. What happens in between art school to state gallery? Or does this gender bias start at art school from the beginning?

Indeed, several students pointed out that at SCA, particular teachers failed to address unconscious biases and made a series of misogynistic comments. Up to three surveyors noted incidents with teachers with tenure who have received several complaints over the years and have not faced disciplinary action. In an environment which ostensibly fosters and encourages cultural change, such attitudes are damaging. Furthermore, what message does it send when lecturers in positions of power are repeatedly not held accountable for their actions?

Furthermore, issues with the curriculum itself were exposed. Surveyors revealed that there was a class offered titled Art and Feminism which was a helpful critical theory subject. However, Dr Jacquie Millner who ran the course left SCA last year for Monash university. The fact that there was only one class (now none) emphasises the perennial debates surrounding the 'protected categories' of minorities in the art world. The art world still lacks a framework for consistent and engaged understanding of gender, race, and sexuality outside of a tokenistic course. One surveyor proposed a solution, emphasising the introduction of "female presence in the arts as not just state of oppression. We need to normalise the work and presence of femme artists."

This opinion was corroborated by several others, echoing similar sentiments such as "I also believe that there still lacks adequate representation for female artists outside of the 'feminist' realm of a female-identifying artists practice." Early exposure to discourse about these issues is crucial in countering stigma. After all, much work is needed to resist centuries of historical gender bias where the Western canon is still dominated by men. But even today, as one responder observes "the art market is one of the most unregulated art markets in the world" which leaves so much in the hands of opinion and speculation, specifically, in the hands of men.

What also emerges from survey results is a general sentiment that the University of Sydney itself is unhelpful with the issues that SCA faces. One surveyor noted that "the campus is being decommissioned and we have lost many staff. With more taking their research and long service leave, I cannot see them having the resources to do anything about it." Indeed, with SCA itself feeling undervalued by the University as a whole, another surveyor noted a discon-

on netta, eurovision, and israel's state propaganda

MADELINE WARD

The costumes, the drama, the geopolitical tensions played out via power ballad: I fuck with Eurovision *hard*. I watched this year's offerings in the same manner that I have enjoyed the show every year since I was 17: bullshit high and with great pleasure. It was also in this manner that I watched the Israeli entry. Aside from being one of the most annoying songs I have ever heard, Netta's *Toy* is a clear foray into cornering the liberal feminist market and attempting to sell it Brand Israel, having already done the same with its queer and vegan counterparts.

Toy has been touted as a new feminist anthem, its lyrics covering everything from bullying to fuckboys. Its peaked at 49 on the UK charts, but its popularity within eurovision fans knows no bounds. It won the competition, meaning that in 2019 Eurovision will be held in Jerusalem.

"You can like the song without supporting Israel" is a false statement for a number of reasons, the most obvious being that you can't remove *Toy* from the context of Israel because it was entered into an international competition that *on behalf* of Israel. *Toy* forms a part of the media produced by Israel for a global audience that is designed as a distraction from its continued violence against the Palestinian people. By producing media that appears "feminist" in its message (*Toy* has been described as having a "me too" message by multiple commentators) Israel attempts to establish itself as a beacon of progressivism in the middle east, reinforcing orientalist stereotypes and establishing an image that is entirely false in doing so. Even if one was able to remove *Toy* from this context, the song remains incredibly problematic. Netta appropriates both Japanese and Black American cultures in the sound and styling of *Toy*. The lyrics and music were also written by two men-proving that even if it were to exist in some kind of magical post-colonial utopic vacuum, *Toy* would still be a shallow mockery of feminism. Also, the song sucks ass.

nect between the services for women available on main campus and those at the Rozelle campus. This leaves SCA students feeling more vulnerable than ever. This leaves SCA students unsure as to, as one responder described "where to go for help if you feel harassed/threatened by someone in the arts or at an art event." As a University, more must be done to support students today but also in their future endeavours and professional pursuits.

The statistics presented in this article are not new or unexamined. However, more work needs to be done in examining universities and art schools. Not enough is being done to tackle gender bias from an embryonic level. We must continue to encourage female artists to pursue their careers from the get-go and empower female artists within this key institutional environment which is formative to an artist's practice. After all, representation matters and the fact that one survey responder realised that "the amount of artists I can name still remains little to the amount of male artists" is disheartening.

The University of Sydney needs to be better at respecting and promoting the arts, culture and listening to SCA students. Only then, will we overcome the irony that arts institutions are slow to change despite their advocacy in pushing at the periphery. Only then, will the Arts truly live up to its reputation as liberal, progressive, diverse and an advocate for equality.

If you are an artist facing gendered harassment, the National Association for the Visual Arts has collated resources, from specialist police services to support services, which can be found here: <https://visualarts.net.au/advocacy/campaigns/gender-equality/>



Though the above is important to critique, the critical discussion of Netta and *Toy* in the media and online has been overly focused on the problematic content of the song and not the context in which it was produced. In a weekend where over 58 Palestinians were murdered and over 2,800 injured by the IDF, critiquing Israel and its media campaign is easily the more important issue. The racism within the song should form a part of its critique, but should not be platformed above the more pressing issue of continued human rights violations of the part of Israel. Especially when criticism of the song within the media has been minimal: out of all of its coverage, SBS dedicated only one article to any level of criticism (*Israel's Eurovision winner Netta Barzilai accused of cultural appropriation*) and it was lukewarm at best.

Eurovision pulling broadcasting rights from China this year, as well as its audiences booing Russia in 2014, as well as the fact that multiple political conflicts play out on its stage and in its voting prove that the show is anything but apolitical. This will be the fourth time that Eurovision is hosted in Israel, and the country has participated in the competition since 1973. The implications of Jerusalem hosting Eurovision are troubling, especially given the fact that Eurovision as an organisation is clearly willing to act on other situations it finds politically unsavoury.

Israel should never have won Eurovision. *Toy* is a terrible song, and it is unethical to host the song contest in a country that has been violently oppressing a whole nation of people for over 70 years. Regardless: how can Israel host Eurovision when it's not even a real country?

the second sex, the first race

JESSICA SYED INTERROGATES THE ALLURE OF BISTRO FEMINISM.

For some unfortunate reason unknown to me, I recently watched a Vice documentary called "Date The World". The idea was that the narrator went on a 'date' with a city; in this case, Paris. She met up with a brooding Frenchman dressed in a black leather jacket, and black everything else. He took her to his favourite Parisian nooks and crannies in order to make her fall in love with the city.

The first stop on their trip was the Café de Flore, a bistro in the Saint Germain area. In the 1960s, Café de Flore was frequented by French philosophers and writers. It was a fertile intellectual period for them, egged on by in-fighting in left wing spaces, a blush of student protests here and there, and general women's liberation activity.

Or so explained this mysterious Frenchman in the Vice documentary. "Simone de Beauvoir and Sartre used to hang around in here..." he pondered, intellectually, sipping his café noir and hitting on the narrator.

As far as I knew, Sartre and Beauvoir were pretty left-wing, had socialist leanings, and were shrouded in a certain air of cool as according to my cultural psyche (which developed in part due to my French studies at uni, and in part due to my Tumblr indoctrination dating back to 2011). However, the fact that this wanky, pseudo-philosophical, chain-smoking white French bro admired Simone de Beauvoir as much as I did made me a little suspicious.

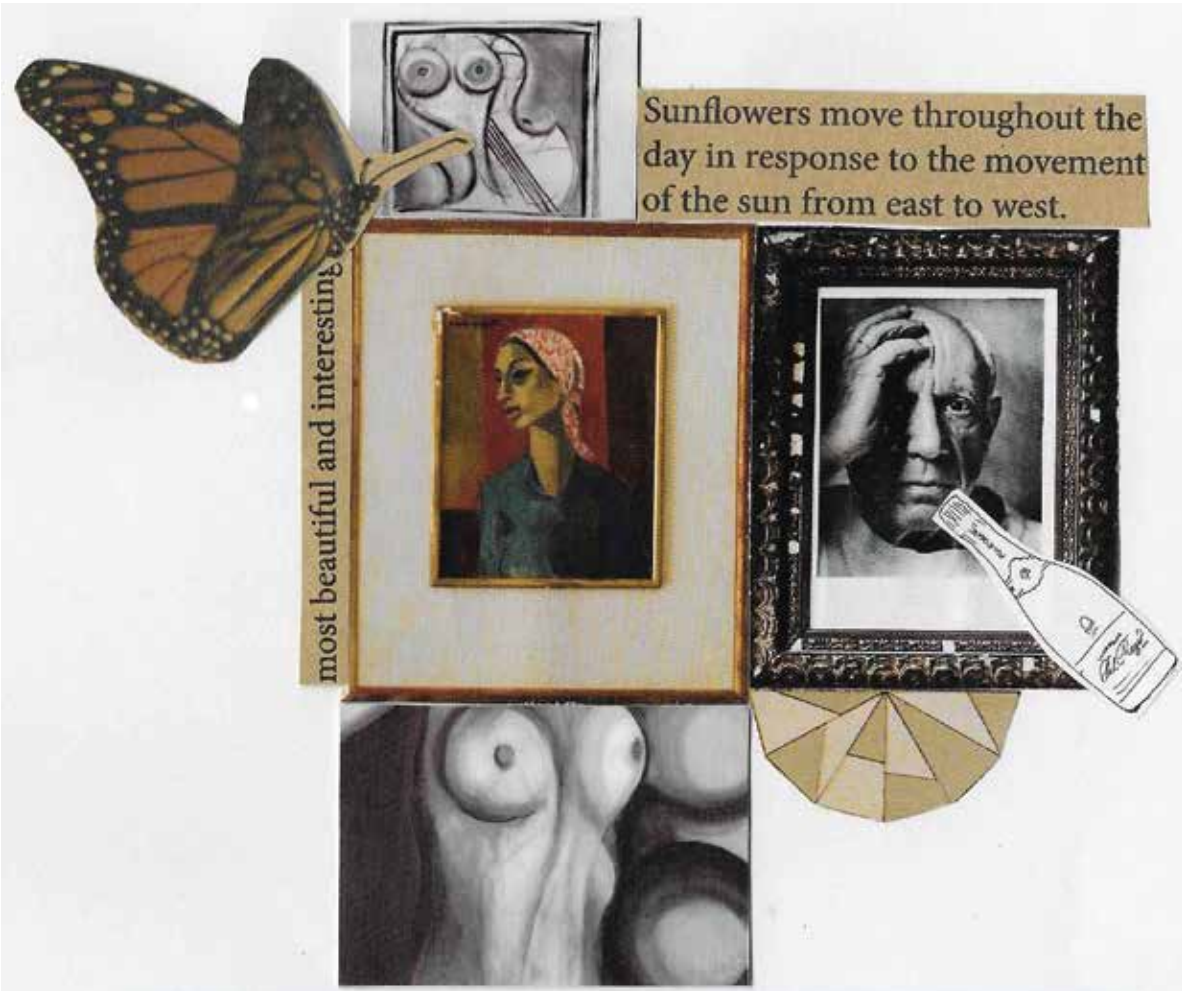
Of course, one of the most popular examples of sexism in academia is no doubt enshrined in the relationship between Beauvoir, and her partner Jean-Paul Sartre. There has been plenty of peer-reviewed scholarship which argues that Beauvoir's seminal work, *The Second Sex*, would not be half the work it was without Sartre's input. These claims are self-evident in their debasement of Beauvoir as only being relevant due to her romantic link to Sartre. But there is still a profound critique to be levelled at *The Second Sex*, particularly with regard to how it deals with the relationship between gender and race.

The Second Sex is seen as a fundamental feminist text, lauded as being the starting point of the second wave. Although, within it, Beauvoir is problematic in joining the dots between minority status and oppression. For her, women's subordination is the most highest form of oppression, above that of Jewish people, of African-American people, of colonised people, of the proletariat. She argues that this is because there is no specific point of time in history where women's oppression started; women have always been subordinate to men. On the other hand, she argues that colonised people can point to their, uh, colonisation as the starting point of their oppression. Therefore, women are, on the whole, the most oppressed group.

How logical.

From the point of view of Beauvoir, it's as if you can't simultaneously be a woman, and Jewish, African-American, colonised, or poor. All oppression is mutually exclusive. Of course we can't be anachronistic in expecting Beauvoir to incorporate tenets of third wave feminist intersectionality into her work. But for someone who is praised for being so progressive, and even in her work recognising the strife of other oppressed peoples, would it be so hard to stray from the definition of oppressed women as solely white and European? Is it really that difficult to understand that someone may be a woman, and Jewish, or a woman, and African American? Perhaps not, if one, like Beauvoir, grew up in a bourgeois Catholic family in Paris and went to a prestigious convent school.

Simone de Beauvoir may be chic, French, and even "left-wing". But before we get excited about reading the work of someone who is a so-called renowned feminist, and who, as it happens, moved in interesting circles, we must critique the Eurocentrism which comes with their point of view at the expense of the non-white bourgeois woman.



beirut: postcards from it-aly

the drums: money

vampire weekend: campus

the strokes: you only live once

peter bjorn & john: young folks

bombay bicycle club: shuffle

the kooks: she moves in her own way

two door cinema club: undercover martyn

foals: my number

grizzly bear: two weeks

phoenix: listomania

yeah yeah yeahs: maps

fleet foxes: mykonos

artic monkeys: i bet you look good on the dance-floor

silversun pickups: lazy eye

bon iver: flume

arcade fire: no cars go

tegan and sara: the con

beach house: zebra

animal collective: my girls

jose gonzalez: crosses

bloc party: banquet

RANUKA TANDAN

I Am More

BELLA REDA

Through time and history, religion and mythology, the terms woman and womanhood portrayed so much more than the limitations we are described with in today's dictionaries. Aboriginal communities describe womanhood as "community"; Cherokee tribes define woman as "autonomous", "free", and the owners of "cosmological supernatural powers"; Zulu tribes relate womanhood to "pride"; Ancient Indian scriptures stated women as "intrinsically superior"; Greek mythology often feared "powerful women" who could birth strength like no other; Some religions define women as "the jewels of humanity"; Others describe them as "the central pillars of formation";

painting power: femininity and the status quo

ANASTASIA RADIEVSKA

The very first thing that confronts a visitor to this year’s Archibald exhibition is the steady, level gaze of Susan Kiefel, Australia’s current Chief Justice. Seated in front a bookshelf, she has a commanding, stately presence. In the next room, hangs seemingly the same picture: the woman in dressed in blue, the direct gaze, the brown background of shelves, even the same black heels and watch - only this time, the subject is NSW Premier Gladys Berejiklian.

The visual similarity between the two paintings may be a coincidence, but it’s striking none-theless. Two of the most powerful women in the government and judiciary, symbols of female empowerment, represented in an almost identical way. What, if anything, does this say about how we understand what it means to be a woman in power?

The two women are placed firmly in the public sphere from which they would have been barred a mere 150 years ago. They assert their visual and aesthetic belonging in the upper echelons – gazing directly at the viewer, they are active in their positioning, rejecting the passivity that defined women’s representation through much of art history. While Yvonne East, the creator of the Kiefel painting, explicitly highlights her goal of representing the combination of ‘femininity and order’ that characterises women in power, Matthew Lynn’s painting of Berejiklian aims to ‘suggest the unknowable and enigmatic’.

Both, however, produce an image of a certain restrained femininity, one which is careful to restrict traditionally female-coded symbols to the margins. Kiefel’s ‘love of stylish shoes’, as professed by East, and Berejiklian’s understated jewellery may underscore their femininity, but they remain light accents within the image. At the centre is the authority of the two women – an authority established through a visual affinity with traditional representations of powerful men, called to mind by the office setting, professional dress, realist sensibility and centred subject positioning.

In favouring a toned-down, male-adjacent composition, the paintings join a long tradition of avoiding the ‘feminine’ in representations of women in power. In 1945, a commissioned painting of Enid Lyons, the first woman elected to the House of Representatives, was rejected by a Parliament committee on the grounds that Lyons looked like ‘a cherub bursting through a cloud’. A painting of the first woman elected to the Senate, Dorothy Tangney, was simultaneously rejected due to giving Tangney a ‘neck like a swan’. The portrait of Lyons showed her in a luscious coat, a flower pinned to its front, her face fixed in a lipsticked smile, while Tangney’s long neck and enhanced features seemed to eschew the realist tradition in favour of modernism. Two male painters were hired to create replacement paintings, which share the striking resemblance of this year’s Archibald finalists.

In both, the women are depicted against a swirling brown background, wearing toned-down black dresses and minimal jewellery, perhaps reflecting post-war frugality. Lyons’ exuberance in the original is replaced by a commanding neutral gaze, while Tangney looks to the side instead of directly at the viewer. Their ‘loud’ femininity removed, these portraits sit comfortably with the rest of the Parliamentary Gallery, the two women visually ‘belonging’ with their male colleagues. The concept of ‘femininity’ is, of course, highly contested. If we live in a society where meanings are structured by the patriarchy, then the symbols of femininity itself are tainted with implications of passivity and subservience. If, as Simone de Beauvoir argued, we are not born women but rather become them, why not re-shape depictions of female power into something less loudly feminine, something neutral and undefined by patriarchal influence, as the portraits above attempt to do? The problem, however, is that neutrality is itself elusive – in a



“The problem, however, is that neutrality is itself elusive – in a society structured by historically male government, a ‘neutral’ depiction of a politician is one coloured by the long history of the male status quo.”

society structured by historically male government, a ‘neutral’ depiction of a politician is one coloured by the long history of the male status quo.

The second route, pursued by third wave feminism, is re-claiming ‘loud’ femininity as a source of power. In the 1990s, official portraits of women in government began to make feminine symbols more overt – the 1999 painting of ACT Senator Margaret Reid and a 2012 painting of Quentin Bryce display the women with bright lipstick, wearing yellow, flowers positioned prominently behind them. Here, the vexed question emerges again. Do these depictions reinforce the traditional symbolism of flowers and femininity - women and their work as linked so inextricably the natural world that their production is a ‘natural resource’ or ‘labour of love’ rather than something created through professionalism and reason? Or do they take back the symbol and imbue it with the symbolism of the flowers themselves, as in the Bryce portrait where the king proteas behind her may be said to represent strength of character, and her association with the monarchy?

The answers to these questions are elusive. They reflect a prominent debate – can we take back the patriarchally-determined meaning of ‘feminine’ symbols and make them a new source of strength? When Margaret Reid is positioned next to a vase of flowers that hold no apparent symbolism, does the portrait reproduce ‘naturalised’ conceptions of the woman or does it reclaim them, giving them a new strength next to her evident power and direct, confronting gaze?

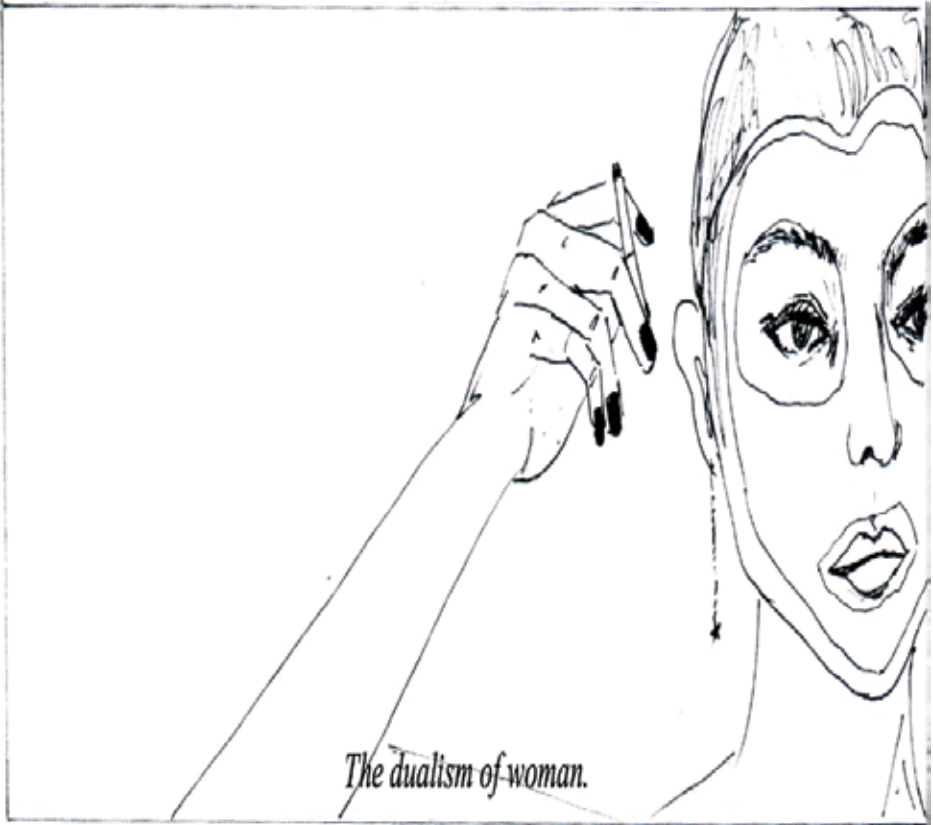
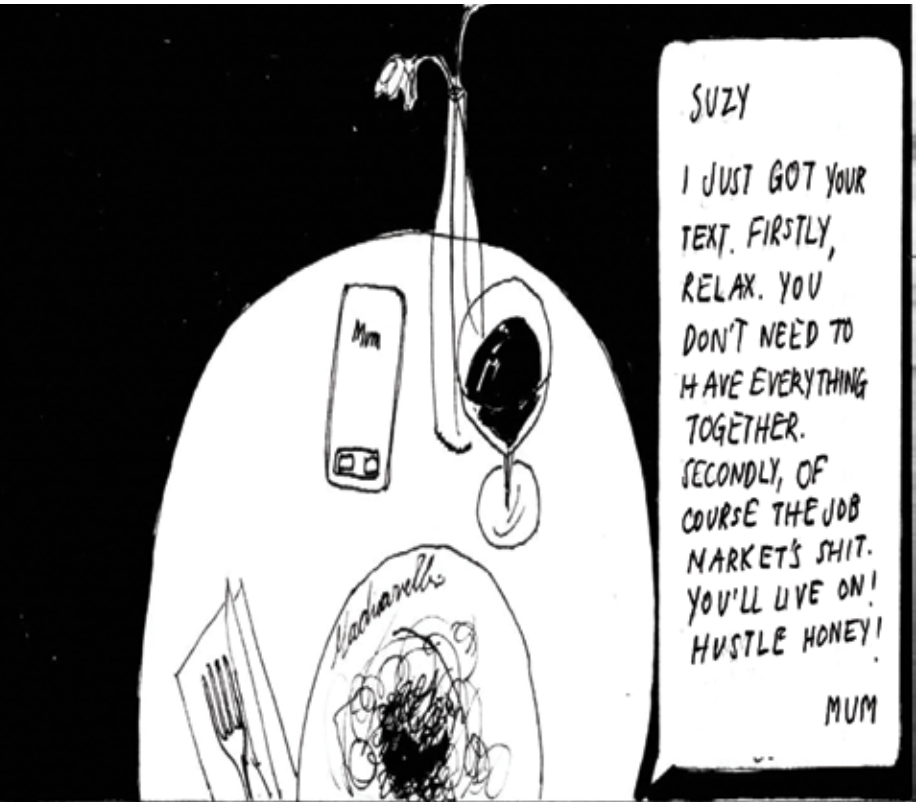
One approach to escaping the dichotomy is eschewing traditional depictions altogether, leaving behind the symbolism of both male power and ‘loud’ femininity. The portrait of Nalini Joshi that hangs in McLaurin Hall is an example – in a room of pompous white men, the Professor is positioned in an informal pose, sitting cross-legged against a blackboard, both absorbed in her work and in direct communication with the viewer. The National Gallery’s portrait of our first female Chief Justice, Mary Gaudron, similarly locates the subject within her labour, featuring a screen-printed wording from section 75(v) of the Australian Constitution over the seemingly mid-sentence Gaudron, whose face and pointed finger fill the frame.

These portraits (painted by female artists), distance themselves from the visual language of traditional depictions of power. Notably, many male government ministers and academics have been represented in this abstract way – in this year’s Archibald, the portrait NSW Minister Don Harwin is a combination of abstraction and realism, his face a kaleidoscope of colour. But such depictions remain comparatively rare for powerful women, who more often inhibit the restrained, ‘neutral’ mould of Kiefel and Berejiklian, or the feminized one of Bryce and Reid.

Although we have come a long way from the explicit rejection of overt femininity, portraits of powerful women remain largely homogenized. Inextricably tied to the symbolism of both femininity and masculinity, they are saddled with the weight of historical representations of power and its lack. There may be some equality to this – after all, powerful men have been depicted in homogenous ways for centuries. What the portraits of Gaudron and Joshi indicate, however, is an alternative. Their quiet promise is that rather than proving our belonging to the status quo, we can choose to redefine it.

a day in the life of your dream girl

KATHARINE XU



President

Imogen Grant

On Wednesday this week, students will be re-launching the #WentworthMustFall campaign which demands that the Wentworth Building at USyd be renamed and that statues of Wentworth be removed from campus.

William Wentworth is a colonial figure who is best known at USyd for his role in founding the University. The building bearing his name - the Wentworth Building - currently houses the Students' Representative Council, AIME Mentoring, and several University of Sydney Union-run facilities.

Wentworth's broader notability comes from his "discovery" of a crossing through the Blue Mountains, most likely by exploiting an Aboriginal guide which was commonplace practice for explorers. Wiradjuri, Gundungara, and Dharug people had been using the same crossing for tens of thousands of years, and they had even previously been used by other white people.

The route over the Blue Mountains precipitated an explosion of pastoral settlement into Aboriginal land, which in turn led to a series of brutal frontier wars that would last more than half a century.

On 10 June 1838, the Myall Creek Massacre occurred where around 10 stockmen murdered 28 Gamilaraay people at Myall Creek in north-western NSW. The approximately 28 people they murdered were largely women, children and old men. Children had been beheaded while the men and women were forced to run as far as they could between the stockyard fence and a line of sword-wielding stockmen who hacked at them as they passed. Their headless bodies were later cast into a large fire. Testimony was later given at trial that a women was allowed to run with blood spurting out of her cut throat. She was then thrown alive onto the fire. Her infant child was thrown alive onto the fire. Two young girls were raped and kept as sex slaves by the gang.

At trial, four participants were identified by an Aboriginal witness, but the law of the time did not allow Aboriginal people to give testimony in court. To rectify this and allow the white men to be tried, a bill was introduced to the Legislative Council. However, it was defeated after Wentworth gave a speech describing Aboriginal people as "wild men" and comparing their testimony to "the chatterings of the orang-utangs." At many other points in his legal and political career, Wentworth vociferously

argued against Aboriginal people's right to justice and expressed a hateful bigotry against them, providing a legal cover for the brutal dispossession and genocide occurring in the state at the time.

This campaign is about more than Wentworth, it is about decolonising our university and our education. We must challenge our own complicity in the ongoing colonial oppression of Indigenous people. Decolonisation demands an Indigenous framework and the centering of Indigenous land, Indigenous sovereignty, and Indigenous ways of thinking.

For students that like Turnbull compare the renaming of buildings and the removal of statues with Stalinism... how much more intellectually bankrupt can you get? Not only is it particularly bizzare given the actual removal of statues of Stalin in the former Soviet Union, but statues are not textbooks. They are not attempts to tell a neutral perspective on events that occurred. We build them to support a particular narrative that suits a specific ideological agenda.

When colonial statues were built to honour Captain Cook it is a celebration of white invasion and reinforces the idea that Australia was an empty landscape

settled by white visionaries who deserve to be lauded. It also reinforces a specific vision of what Australia is and who Australia is for. It is much easier to persist with policies that enact racist policing against Aboriginal people and rob them of their land if your idea of Australia is a country built by white people for white people.

We call upon the University of Sydney to decolonise their buildings, practices and teaching. We call upon this institution to remove the statues of William Wentworth, remove his name from the building on City Road, and consult with local Indigenous communities on finding a replacement name.

Come visit us this Wednesday on Eastern Avenue and learn how you can get involved with the #WentworthMustFall campaign.

Feel free to email me at president@src.usyd.edu.au if you have any concerns or wish to get involved with the SRC. If you are experiencing any academic, personal or legal issues and wish to seek the advice of an SRC caseworker or solicitor, contact us at 9660 5222 or help@src.usyd.edu.au.

Indigenous Officers

Jackson Newell, Holly Kovac, & Akala Newman

Hey mob! Call out for Indigenous stories start now for next semester's Indigenous edition of Honi Soit. We are happy to review any content written by Indigenous students as First preference, and also content relating to Indigenous

Australian affairs. Also a call out for artwork submissions to be started for a potential cover. Send us your content or ideas to indigenous.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Support the **Grandmothers Against Removals** (GMAR) National Gathering happening on May 26th. GMAR was started in 2014 by First Nations community members who are directly affected by forced child removals. They are a community group that works to stop the ongoing Stolen Generations. A delegation of First Nations Grandmothers from the movement to stop ongoing Stolen Generations will travel to Canberra to mark National Sorry Day next month on 26 May 2018. 10 years on from Rudd's apology and it is clear that the atrocities of the past are being repeated. At present, the number of First Nations children forcibly removed from their families is higher than at any other point in history. <https://www.youcaring.com/grandmothersagainstreplacements-1164281>

Wom*n's Officers

Madeline Ward & Jessica Syed

Hello babes. If you have made it this far you are likely aware that we have spent quite a bit of time putting together this edition of Honi. Perhaps you have even contributed to it. Perhaps you are one of us, and wrote this report at two in the morning in between eating stale brownies from last week's Safe Access Zone's stall at two in the morning hoping for some kind of cosmic reprise which may give you energy and strength to finish this paper.

Anyway, we had that stall for a reason - the Safe Access Zones bill which would criminalise harassment of patients outside abortion clinics in New South Wales about which we have been endlessly harping on goes to debate in State Parliament on Thursday. The details of the support contingent/rally we are organising are somewhere on the preceding pages of this magazine, please find it, we are too tired to recall the page numbers,

and also please come and be a good lefty and support reproductive safety .

Also we have been meeting with a misc. member of management to discuss, lo and behold, a standalone sexual assault policy which is supposed to be implemented by next semester??? Which seems a bit fucked because when has the uni ever actually done anything about sexual assault on campus amirite so we aren't like 100% trusting them at this point and some of their ideas about the policy seem a bit dodgy. But nonetheless your faithful wom*n's officers will keep you the FUCK updated on any and everything that happens re: this policy.

For now we must scoot and complete the remainder of whatever we have to do to get this bad boy in your hands on Tuesday arvo.

Au revoir nos chers camarades!!!!

DID YOU KNOW?

If you apply to discontinue a subject before the last day of semester* you will get a Discontinue Fail (DF)

Semester 1: June 8, 2018

Semester 2: November 2, 2018

*This WILL incur HECS or fees, and WILL affect your "academic progression", but WILL NOT affect your Weighted Average Mark (WAM). This is particularly important for students avoiding Show Cause & Exclusion.
*International students will need special permission to reduce their study load.





Australian Government
Australian Taxation Office





Get free help with your tax return from a Tax Help volunteer

> Are your tax affairs simple?

> Do you earn around \$50,000 or less?

Available to USyd undergraduate students through the Students' Representative Council (SRC)

To book an appointment call: 9660 5222

Available until the end of semester 2.





Create your myGov account and link to the ATO before your Tax Help appointment.

Tenancy: Getting Repairs to your Rental Property

At some point in your rental history you will need to have repairs done to your home. There are rules in NSW on what is your responsibility to fix and maintain, and what is the landlord's responsibility.

If your home is covered by a lease agreement your landlord must provide you with a home that is "reasonably" clean, fit for you to live in, and in reasonable repair. You should be given a Condition Report when you start your lease showing what damage already exists. It is a good idea to take photos of any damage to the property when you move in. Email these photos to the landlord, so that you cannot be blamed for them when you move out. Similarly just before you move out take photos of things like the walls, the floors, cupboards, oven, etc, and email them to the landlord. This will also ensure a fair Condition Report will be given when you move out. These photos will save you money by protecting your bond.

You have a responsibility to keep the home clean and in good repair. That means that if something breaks you need to tell the landlord. For example, if the hot water system breaks the landlord will need to have it fixed. If you break a window you will need to pay to have it fixed. Generally speaking you will need to use an appropriately qualified person to make the repair. If you "fix it" yourself and you consequently damage the property in some way, you will be liable for that cost.

Some repairs are considered urgent. This includes gas, electricity, and water supply; hot water, cooking and heating; anything that makes the home unsafe (locks, fire hazards, etc.); and any damage



from a natural disaster (e.g., storm damage). Mould is a common problem in the Inner West. You must do whatever you can to reduce the occurrence of mould, e.g., use the exhaust fan, or open a window when having a shower, wiping mould prone areas with white vinegar, and you should report any mould to the landlord as soon as you notice it.

When asking your landlord to make repairs it is a good idea to do so in writing, e.g., by email, so that you have a clear time stamped record of what you asked for. This is handy if the landlord disputes the repair. If a landlord refuses to make an urgent repair you can organise to have that done yourself provided you spend less than \$1,000. Where possible use a tradesperson that they recommended through your lease. Of course you'll need to keep receipts. Bear in mind that you might need to chase the landlord for that money through the NSW Consumer and Administrative Tribunal (NCAT).

In some situations you can ask for a reduction in rent due to a repair. To discuss your specific situation talk to an SRC caseworker. Email your situation to help@src.usyd.edu.au or phone 9660 5222 to make an appointment.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

Centrelink: Declaring work accurately



Dear Abe,

I am receiving youth allowance and working part-time. I am trying to declare my income to Centrelink each fortnight, but the Centrelink working days used each fortnight don't match the fortnight I get paid. I don't know which days I should use.

Confused

Dear Confused,

If you are a student receiving a Centrelink payment and earning income, you must declare the amount you earn for all the days you worked in the last 14 days up to the Centrelink reporting date. Work out what your gross income (before tax)

would be for those 14 days. You can do this by keeping a record of the amount of hours you have worked during your Centrelink fortnight and multiply this by your hourly rate.

Do not interpret 'income' as when you actually received the money or the amount on your payslip. Even if you get paid on the same day that you have to report to Centrelink, the working days may be different. Use Centrelink working days even if you have not been paid yet. This means you might be out of pocket until the day you actually get paid by your employer. It is important to report your income correctly so you do not end up with an overpayment or underpayment.

Abe

The Ask Abe column runs in every edition of Honi Soit. It allows you to ask whatever question you might have that affects you as a student, gaining the best advice that a very worldly mutt can give.

White Guy Repeats Female Classmate’s Answer Almost Verbatim To Rest of Class

CLAIRE BOUCHER

Jarrold Lepstein, a white third year sociology student, regurgitated practically word-for-word his fellow female classmate’s reply to a question about the interplay of race and gender in last Thursday’s tute.

Female student Alice Mao adequately responded to the tutor’s question, explaining that race and gender create an intersection of oppression whereby women of colour must endure both sexism and racism.

Lepstein immediately piped up out of nowhere and said in a loud voice, “I reckon that women of colour, also known

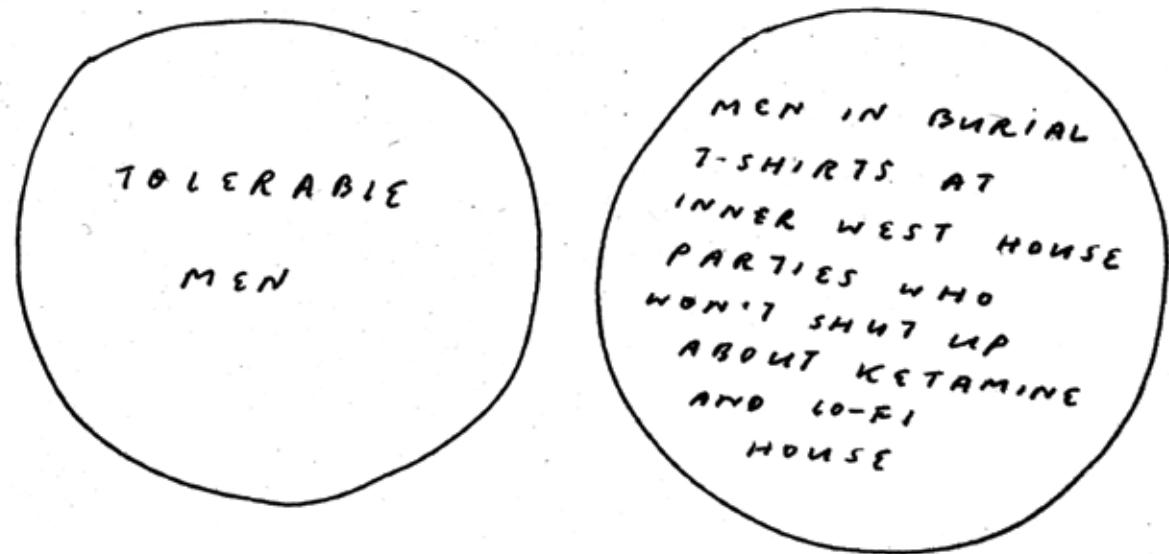
as wock, have it much harder because like, they have to deal with racism and shit as well, hey”.

When Mao asked him why he found it necessary to basically repeat exactly what she had said no more than 30 seconds earlier, Lepstein told her that he is perfectly postured to speak on these issues as he attended the Women’s March rally earlier in the year and has read up extensively on feminist theory.

“I’m halfway through *Gender, Race and Class*, which is the seminal work of

socialist feminist Angelina David. Or is it Davis? Whatever, it doesn’t matter, I’m heaps progressive”, he said, gesturing to his WHITE AUSTRALIA HAS A BLACK HISTORY t-shirt.

Lepstein plans to de-autonomise the wom*n’s collective on campus to extend the struggle that wom*n uniquely face to all of his male comrades.



LEFT WING USYD BRO WON’T DONATE TO RDVSA UNLESS HE CAN PAY WITH NOW WORTHLESS CRYPTOCURRENCY >> p. 25

“THIS PROTEST IS BULLYING!” SAYS LIFECHOICE MEMBER THAT SPENDS WEEKENDS HARRASING PEOPLE OUTSIDE ABORTION CLINIC

LIBERAL MPs ABLE TO LIVE ON \$40 A DAY BY EATING THE POOR THEY KILL THROUGH AUSTERITY POLICY



Bumble User Who Loves Bukowski Accused Of Casual Sexism, Hides From Criticism By Literally Going Inside His New Yorker Tote Bag

DENA LUNHAM

Bumble fiend and English PhD student Daniel Graham has taken shelter inside the New Yorker tote bag he received with his \$12 subscription to the magazine, after making a sexist gaffe on his latest Bumble date with Nicola, a girl five years younger than him.

He caused a stir at *Hallway*, a recently opened cocktail bar in Newtown, which he had found on Broadsheet earlier in the week, and suggested as the location for the date.

Speaking to Nicola, he noted that his ex-girlfriend was “just the craziest bitch you will

ever meet, I swear to fucking God, haha.”

When Nicola pointed out that this was quite a demeaning and sexist thing to say, Graham’s head rotated 360 degrees and he started violently convlusing, as beads of sweat started to lace his upper lip.

“I’m... I don’t think that’s... w-what do you mean?” he asked Nicola, shaking. Before she could respond, Graham contorted his whole body to fit inside his tote bag, and went inside. When Nicola asked him if he was okay, she heard some faint whimpering, but no

concrete response.

“Maybe he just doesn’t take criticism too well. He seems like a dickhead, in any case.”

Nicola has not heard from Graham since the incident. There are rumours circulating that he is using his iPhone as a wi-fi hotspot inside the bag in order to use his laptop to continue working on his thesis on Ernest Hemingway, due in October.

WE NEED SAFE ACCESS ZONES IN NSW NOW!!

In the coming weeks a bill for Safe Access Zones around abortion health clinics will be introduced to the NSW parliament. If successful, this bill will see 150-meter exclusion zones erected around the state's abortion clinics! This will prevent people from picketing, harassing and protesting people trying to access these clinics. Allowing protesters around abortion clinics creates stress, anxiety, stigma and barriers for people attempting to access abortions. It is an awful experience. This is why the Safe Access Zones bill is so important!

**DID
YOU
KNOW
?**

ABORTION IS STILL A PART OF THE NSW CRIMINAL CODE. IT WAS WRITTEN INTO THE NSW CRIMES ACT IN 1900 (SECTIONS 82, 83 & 84).

\$440

THE COST OF AN ABORTION AFTER 10 WEEKS IS UPWARDS OF \$440

PEOPLE LIVING IN RURAL NSW HAVE LIMITED ACCESS TO ABORTION HEALTH CLINICS AND ARE FORCED TO TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES FOR THE SERVICE



THE PROCEDURE CAN ONLY BE DEEMED NECESSARY IF A DOCTOR BELIEVES A PERSON'S PHYSICAL OR MENTAL HEALTH IS IN SERIOUS DANGER, OR FOR ECONOMIC REASONS.

ANTI-CHOICE PROTESTERS ARE ALLOWED TO BERATE PEOPLE RIGHT OUTSIDE CLINIC DOORS. THESE PROTESTERS SUBJECT PEOPLE SEEKING ABORTIONS TO HARASSMENT AND INTIMIDATION. **VIC, TAS & ACT** HAVE IMPLEMENTED 150-METER SAFE ACCESS ZONES AROUND REPRODUCTIVE HEALTH CLINICS. IT IS TIME FOR NSW TO DO THE SAME.

