



Kate

2022

Kia Ora, Malo e lelei and Haiiii!

Thank you for picking up this issue of Kate Mag!!! This is the first time I have organised something like this so I really do hope you like it! For those of you who are wondering who the heck I am? I am the current WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER for AUSA!!!

My name is Folau Tu'inukuafe and I am studying a Bachelor of Commerce/Science. I'm not gonna mention what year I'm in so don't ask please. I went for this role because naturally I was raised by amazing/strong women in my life. I especially went for this role because as a Pasifika woman, I really wanted to give representation for pasifika girls out there, I especially was encouraged by our one and only, first Pasifika, Female president - Alofa, who really did show me that we can be ourselves in these spaces.

Wow, what a year 2022 has been!

Right off the bat, I was dealing with;

- SA cases and working with TIB to hold UoA accountable in the way they were dealing with "said" cases. This was done under our new campaign "Still Not Asking For It".
- Through this campaign, "Promising Young Women" emerged which was to bring about discussion on sexual harassment and how it's handled in institutions such as University.
- The amber heard case 🙄.
- We then all shockingly experienced the overturn of Roe v Wade which was possibly the single most, biggest step backwards in equality for women everywhere. It was a whole ass shit show.

HOWEVER, we're women, we persevere and we fight through and we've been here before - unfortunately.

Personally though, AUSA and the exec have made my year worthwhile. It's so empowering to see more women than men on the exec team alone. One thing I have really worked hard on this year was ensuring the most accurate representation of women in UoA, and this was done by my lovely Mana-Wahine Subcommittee!

Mana-Wahine Subcommittee is fairly new to the WRO role, and started with my amazing predecessor, Viv Whyte. Therefore, we are still just getting on our feet, but wow, have these girls been amazing! We have clubs involved with the likes of TIB, CFC, Women in Science, SCISA, SHAKTI Youth, WiHN, SJP and many more. I am hoping this group continues to grow and be great for many years to come.

Therefore, this magazine was made to reflect OUR efforts, not only mine, but AUSA, Mana-Wahine and also the pasifika community that surrounds me and influences who I am today. It contains contributions from my talented first cousin, Pasimati who made the beautiful cover art for this issue, to interviews with our amazing AUSA president, Alofa. And a bit of interactive fun in between.

I really hope you enjoy this read!

Here are some pics of the people who make me, ME! (Featuring my fur baby Athena 🐾)



Campus Groups	4
"For A Better Life"	10
Inspiring Women Crossword	13
A Chat with Alofa So'olefai	16
"Malu" means to shelter.	18
Poetry	20-21, 27-28
The law will never be a conduit for social justice, but the masses of people standing in front of me will	22
Women Who Changed The World Word Find	26
Nine Years On	30
Maitreyi's Sometimes-Weekly Book Report	32
To be a brown woman in the workplace	34
White Feminism Betrays Women Of Colour	35

Contents

ABOUT THE COVER: This artwork is a screenprint of my aunty painting a tapa cloth in Tonga. This piece is motivational because it displays the skill and tenacity of Tongan women, as producing a ngatu requires a lot of labour. Ngatu is a valued possession that has been passed down through the generations. - **Pasimati Talakai**



Auckland University Women in Science

Auckland University Women in Science (AUWS) was formed in early 2021 with a mission to connect, uplift, and empower women within the Faculty of Science. Due to the gender imbalance within large sections of the faculty, many women and gender non-conforming (GNC) people feel increasingly isolated in their studies. Particularly after an extended period of lockdowns and online learning, we're aiming to provide opportunities for social and academic connection.

AUWS has seen a huge growth in the last eighteen months - we now have a membership base of over 500 students! Our 2022 events so far have included a welcome picnic, Women in Science and Imposter Syndrome panels, a couple of painting nights, a scientific writing workshop, jewellery making in Unleash Space, and a cocktail night in collaboration with Women in Engineering. We're looking forward to wrapping up the year with a few more exciting events: keep an eye out for another big cocktail night collaboration with WEN and WiHN, and the Intersectional Feminism Panel that we are helping to organise as part of Suffrage Week.

If you'd like to get involved, look out for our AGM in October or sign up as a volunteer AUWS ambassador next year - we'd love to **have** you onboard!

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND WOMEN IN SCIENCE
EMAIL: UOA.AUWS@GMAIL.COM INSTAGRAM: [@AUWS.UOA](https://www.instagram.com/AUWS.UOA)
FACEBOOK: [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/AUWS.UOA](https://www.facebook.com/AUWS.UOA)



SCISA

What a hectic year in the Equity department! We've had Curriculum transformation draft going out, PhD scholarship changes, proposed revision to the Equity policy and again COVID disruption all happening in the background. We very much were excited to engage with students on campus, and reactivate the support we provide for our students. Our Women in Science event in collaboration with AUWS was a great success, highlighting the diversity of women in science and providing a platform for discussions about the challenges and ways to support women pursuing a STEM career. Our ongoing collaborations with AUWS has been a very rewarding experience, and strengthened the impact that both of our clubs are able to achieve. SCISA Cafe came back, offering free Tea and Coffee to our members, and an opportunity for a korero. Particularly as the cost of living increases, this is a much appreciated service. This year, we now offer free menstrual products available at Tea and Coffee, which students can request. We also have run two successful fundraisers at the cube, Pink shirt day and Daffodil day. Both of these are issues which impact a lot of wahine.

Stall Day

MONDAY 19 SEPTEMBER 3PM
IN THE QUAD/ATRIUM

COME SUPPORT OUR LOCAL!
JEWELLERY, ARTWORK AND
SNAZZY MERCHANDISE!

AUWS PRESENTS
**SUFFRAGE
WEEK**

Campus Feminist Collective (CFC) is a grassroots organisation based in the University of Auckland. We are a group of intersectional feminists who are politically committed to the agenda of eradicating structural oppression for women and gender minorities. The core of our kaupapa is campaigning on issues involving gender and challenging the patriarchal status quo that prevails across all sectors of society. Our advocacy provides a platform for vulnerable voices to speak out against injustice, so we can collectively address the lived experiences of the most marginalised in our communities.

The shifting state of the feminist movement is captured by the tumultuous times of 2022. With the overturning of *Roe v Wade*, dangerous legal precedents set by a certain high-profile defamation trial involving domestic violence, our own university's failure to hold abusers accountable for their actions, and much more to name; feminists are frustrated that the fight for freedom is forever met with backlash. Ultimately, our pursuit for progress is obstructed by patriarchal parameters because we exist within interlocking systems of oppression that can only allow for incremental change, rather than the revolutionary reform we envision. To quote Vladimir Lenin, or more relevantly, Olivia Rodrigo: "one step forward and three steps back."

Yet we persevere in the face of adversity. **CFC** continues on with our legacy of contributing to parliamentary select committees on various feminist issues, as exemplified by our submissions on simplifying surrogacy arrangements and firearms prohibition orders. We believe these Bills are necessary to legislatively safeguard fundamental human rights. Our aim is to introduce an intersectional feminist lens into the discourse and prompt politicians to critically contemplate the implications of their decisions on our diverse population. Likewise, we were involved in the policy consultation of University of Auckland's Creating Cultures of Consent and Respect Action Plan and recommended radical improvements to the draft document. Alongside making our mark in the democratic decision-making process, we also

Campus Feminist Collective

hosted a variety of social events to foster community on campus. **CFC** found our footing by collaborating with feminist-oriented organisations of the Mana Wāhine Subcommittee on a largescale movie night. We also forged fruitful friendships with Poetry Club and Debating Society, resulting in Spoken Word Open Mic and Feminism Debate Night, respectively. In the second semester, we plan on celebrating Suffrage Week with a Zine-Making workshop to honour the successes of our sisters before us.

Feminism often involves me being fatigued from my fury towards the status quo, as I feel vulnerable against the agony inflicted by the patriarchy. Fortunately, I am supported by an extensive network of fellow feminists who share my passion, as well as my pain. Feminism is not about one girlboss smashing the glass ceiling, but all of us chipping away at the systems of male domination. We function as a collective and leaving a fellow feminist behind is not an option. With the power of the people, feminism lives to fight another day.



The Wāhine of SJP

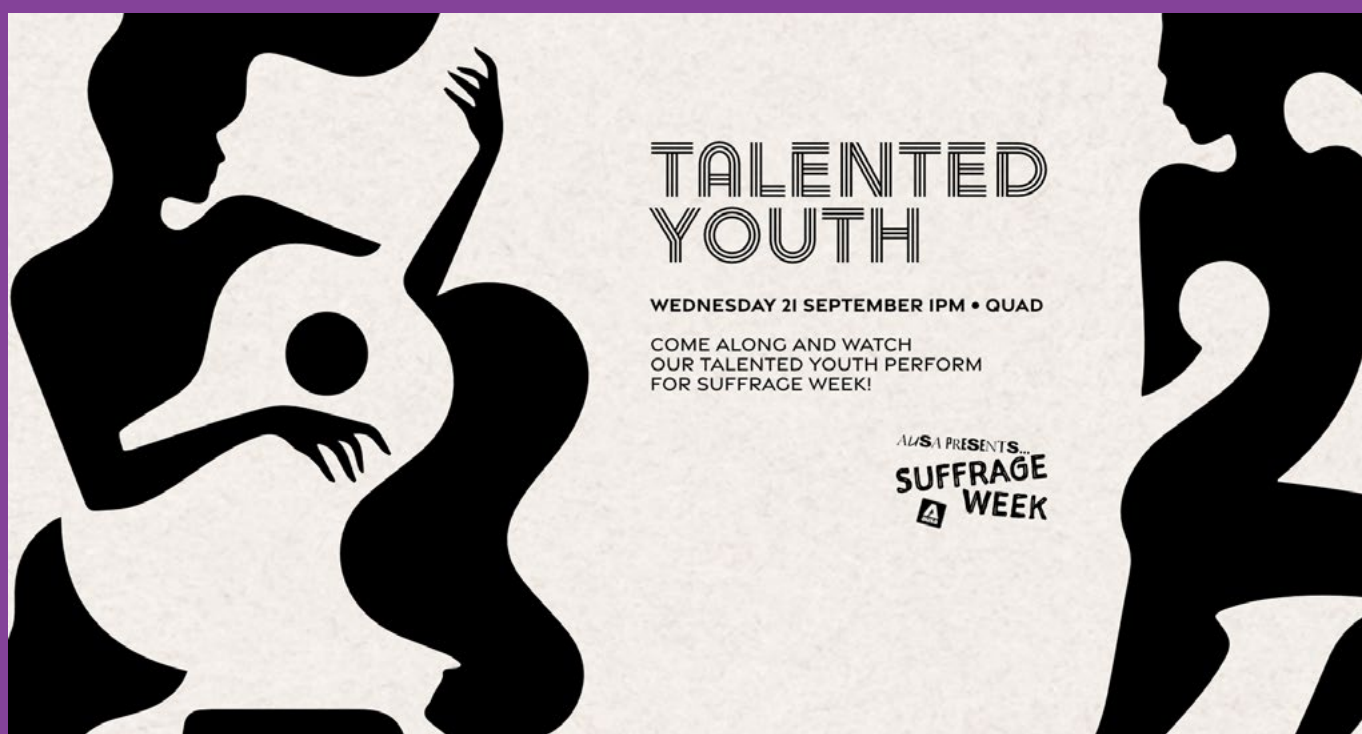
In Palestine, the activist icons at the forefront of the fight for justice are often young wāhine. It is women like Rouzan Al-Najjar, Janna Jihad and Ahed Tamimi who inspire the Executive team of Student Justice for Palestine at UoA. We share the border-crossing activist spirit of these young women and use this to fight for social change. Our team itself consists of a diverse group of women at all stages in their university career. Meetings are filled with laughs, even when the last-minute stress of an upcoming event begins to kick in. Each of us brings our unique perspective when planning events or discussing issues, which is what makes our team so cohesive.

We all have our official “titles” but rarely limit ourselves to simply these roles. Layla and Layan act as the powerhouse duo who always manage to save the day, whether it's by fighting our haters, finding panelists or picking up pizza – they're like the Batman and Robin of **SJP**. Arwa and Layla are behind our aesthetically pleasing Instagram and Facebook posts, and the pretty posters that are at least half the reason people show up to our events. Weaam is like the magician, often in a meeting someone will say “we need to make a PowerPoint” or “we need to find sponsors” and Weaam will have already done it, an experienced event coordinator with a motivating passion for human rights. Mira tries to get the university to give us more money, treating grant applications like persuasive essay exercises. Mika and Varsha are the dynamic president duo the world needs. With her extensive experience and involvement with **SJP** and PSNA, Mika is often behind the nitty-gritty organisational aspect of **SJP**, doing the most important behind-the-scenes admin that is critical to our club. Varsha is a natural leader who pushes us all to be proactive in our cause. She leads meetings,

gives innovative ideas, and takes no sh*t. Despite their different leadership styles, Mika and Varsha work together to create the perfect balance our team needs to thrive.

The wāhine of **SJP** all share a passion for upholding human rights regardless of ethnicity, nationality, or religion. As settler colonialism is no stranger to Aotearoa, we understand the importance of the mahi we do in giving a voice to those often silenced on the international stage. We hope to continue this legacy in the years to come and bring back the activist culture of UoA.

Student Justice for Palestine



Thursdays in Black

TW: this article doesn't go in-depth into our advocacy this year nor details of events we have responded to. However, by nature of our kaupapa what we write concerns sexual violence and rape culture

Thursdays in Black is a student-led campaign that works towards a world without rape and violence. We know that there is an innate problem with sexual assault and violence in our university communities and we want to do something about it. As part of our advocacy, we ask people to wear black on Thursdays as a sign of solidarity with survivors of sexual violence, as well as a symbolic objection to rape culture.

2022 has been restless, to say the least. With media articles coming out every semester detailing the extent of the problem and whatnot. Most notably, this year we responded to cases of mishandling by both the university and the department of corrections which put our students at risk. Both were extremely disappointing and appalling, and both really highlighted how deep rape culture has permeated into the very systems which are supposed to support and protect us.

By definition rape culture is pervasive. It normalises sexual abuse and emphasises with perpetrators over survivors. Putting the blame back onto survivors for the violence they have faced, and leaves them with the burden of preventing and avoiding sexual assault.

Rape culture feeds off the "boys will be boys mentality" and finds its foundations in misogynistic jokes. You might not have heard of the term rape culture but you've definitely seen it alive and well in your everyday life. Catcalling, locker-room banter, misogynistic jokes and rape jokes all uphold injustice. They not only form the foundations for sexual violence but promote non-consensual acts.

We don't live in a world where consent values are normalised. And thus we find ourselves in the middle of policy, procedures and decision making which protects perpetrators and leaves victims standing in silence. One day we hope to get to a place where we're not just responding to wrongdoings within the community but are proactively making communities that collectively stand against rape culture. However, this year has been a year of trying to remedy other people's mistakes and empower survivors who are often left alone and supportless. Through open letters, hui with politicians and the univeristy alike and by rallying your voices

1 We also highly acknowledge that sexual violence is a societal problem faced by all people in society. However, women as statistically over represented as victims of sexual violence. As are LGBT+ peoples and non-binary peoples. Thus, .

we've been able to call out mishandling and negligence, and push for a safer university.

We still have a long way to go, but if anything, this year has also highlighted how much we all need to band together if anything is going to change. Whether that be a collective call out to our VC to make changes from the top, or else practising some bystander intervention the next time you hear an iffy joke, or supporting a friend. And you don't have to do it alone. Many people, including us at Thursdays in Black, are right here to share in this journey.

"What we do is more important than what we say or what we say we believe" - Bell Hooks

Lastly I'd like to say thank you to everyone who has been a part of **Thursdays in Black** UOA's journey. These people are worked tirelessly all year (to the point of burnout) to make sure that our institutions and

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perpetrators are held to account and that our university is safer going into the future. Ngā mihi, Lily, Talitha, Genna, Jennifer, Kate, Kiran, Emma, Ella, Tandhi, Rhea, AUSA (namely Alofa, Folau and Ishie) and the team at HELP Auckland.

- VIVIEN WHYTE, ON BEHALF OF THURSDAYS IN BLACK UOA

A Year Of WiHN <3

The **Women in Health Network (WiHN)** is a student-run, non-profit that aims to create a space for wāhine across the health sector to grow, support and connect with each other. Ultimately, **WiHN** is focused on equity and empowerment within the healthcare space. We want to be part of a health sector that is fair and safe for both patients and health professionals. Our exec consists of women from degrees such as biomed, health sci, med imaging, nursing, nutrition, pharmacy, optom and med. We also opened a branch at the University of Otago more recently too!

One of **WiHN**'s key initiatives is our mentoring programme, which focuses on pastoral support for first year women & femmes keen to study health. First year can be a stressful and confusing time, so it's nice to have someone who gives advice, lets you vent and supports you as you try to achieve your personal and academic goals. If you think you'd make a great mentor, applications open at the start of each year. **WiHN** also has a highschool outreach programme. We drive around different highschools across Auckland (and also more recently Rotorua!) presenting to rangatahi about different health pathways at UoA. Mentors can take part in this, and it's especially nice when they have a personal connection to the highschool we present at.

WiHN also offers a variety of fun workshops and events! These events are open to EVERYONE, (gender equity is an issue we can and should all stand behind!) and we love seeing you all there! Some notable highlights this year include: Money Talks, Where to From Here, & Te Mana Wāhine. With incredible speakers and prizes, these events covered a range of topics from financial literacy, future career pathways and Māori wahine empowerment within the health sector. We also had some social events like SuitsXScrubs, which saw us host a quiz night with WiL. Events to look forward to in our calendar include our Sexual Harm Disclosure workshop (this week on Sept 21st at Grafton!) & our Cocktail event with the lovely AUWS team. **WiHN** is all about the wholesome community vibes, and would love for you to join us!!

JOIN OUR GENERAL MAILING LIST AT WiHN.ORG.NZ (ANYONE CAN SIGN UP!) AND CHUCK AS A FOLLOW @ [WiHN_UOA](https://www.instagram.com/WiHN_UOA) ON INSTAGRAM TO STAY UP TO DATE!

Women in Engineering

The **Women in Engineering Network (WEN)** is the University of Auckland's community for all self identifying women studying all disciplines of engineering. With eight sub-committees and too many events teams to count, this group of powerful wāhine have been putting in the mahi to produce **WEN**'s programmes, events and initiatives.

The Marketing and Content committees have been working hard behind the scenes to produce all the wonderful content on our social media, and getting our events through all of our networking channels. Finance and Ops is another one of our critical teams that help keep everything running smoothly, managing - you guessed it - all of our finances and operations.

Looking in the direction of our prospective students: the Outreach team has been busy! We've been out and about across the country with our wonderful volunteers, visiting numerous schools both in and out of Auckland to introduce engineering to bright young women. Also in this space; the Buddy Programme has been working closely with some of our enthusiastic high school and university students, hosting events to create lasting relationships between peers.

The Part I and Mentoring committees have both been going strong, holding various events throughout the year to support our current **WEN** members. For the Part I committee, this involves making sure all our new Part I members are feeling supported and welcome; and for the Mentoring committee, this focuses on fostering close bonds

between students and their mentors. Meanwhile, the Equity committee has been doing incredible work with our newsletter and diversity events, creating an inclusive environment with our **WEN** Allies.

There's more where that came from - our event teams consisting of our amazing committee members have been busy organising all the other **WEN** events! Some of these include our **WEN** Presents, Meet & Eats, Sponsor Night, Cocktail Night, Pub Quiz, Speed Interviews and Networking events. Coming up around the corner we have our annual **WEN** Dinner, a night for our stunning, diligent women in engineering to celebrate!

Other than that, us women in engineering have been busy smashing stereotypes, punching misogyny in the face, and crying over coursework - but we've got a strong network of supportive women, so what more could you ask for? (Grade scaling, please.)

That's it from me, but I'm sure you'll be hearing from us again soon.

~ SARINA TODD (MECHATRONICS ENGINEERING STUDENT)



Art
12/10

CHAI BY KAAVYA GROVER

“For A Better Life”

When I proposed writing an article on 'immigrant feminism', I realised quickly that I had bitten off more than I could chew. To any child of, especially South Asian immigrants, we are deeply aware of the double standards that govern us and those who have been in New Zealand for longer. We, those with no real generational wealth, anchorless, from neither here nor there (as society likes to remind us), are constantly navigating different standards and identities and searching for a sense of belonging.

When you are the daughter of immigrants, the double standards themselves double. Double standards...squared? Cubed? I hope that makes *some* sense to you. Because now you have to navigate not just your parents'/guardians' discomfort with this new land they have never lived in before, but also their fears for a young girl being projected onto you. Suddenly you check your phone at 9:05pm and have fifteen missed calls. And you're TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD. They want all your friends' names *and* numbers - and they freak out if it's someone you haven't mentioned before. But, then you go to dinner with all the family friends and speak to their sons, sometimes younger than you. They're happily discussing coming home later than agreed upon, being asked if they have been drinking and being *honest* by saying, "yes, father dearest, I consumed alcohol this night," with no real repercussions!



THE AUTHOR WITH HER MUM AT THE THAR DESERT IN RAJASTHAN

When you are the daughter of immigrants, the double standards themselves double. Double standards... squared? Cubed?

Not to say one should lie, but damn. An honest, somewhat non-judgemental relationship with your parents? That's more than a tad rare for the South Asian girls I know.

Now listen, I know in my heart that I am a (pretty) responsible person. When I see those fifteen missed calls, I get upset. I feel chastised, condescended to, and treated like a child. I know this worry is amplified because of my gender, and I want to fight back by not giving in to that worry. Because it doesn't make sense, and it's intrusive. It is controlling. However, at the same time, I empathise! And that is what makes me pick up the phone and reply to them. Even though it enables their fear and makes it okay for them to have these intrusive behaviours that are inappropriate to use on your adult daughter, I understand that they are afraid. I know it comes from years of being nervous in a new place and putting their precious child in a place they don't truly understand. You want to fight for our independence, your choice, and your



LTOR: AUTHOR, AUTHOR'S MUM, FAMILY FRIEND, GRANDMOTHER (VIMLESH).

desire to uphold a feminist standard, yet it is not difficult to see their point of view.

So, yes, we have these generalisations about the challenges faced by South Asian girls, which hold up. I don't have it as hard as other South Asian girls I know, but I also don't have it as easy. Anyways, what has ever been gained by comparing our trauma? While there are still a fair few exceptions and diversity in experiences among us, there is this consistent theme of oppression and control over your daughters. And how can you blame them when any viewer of "Indian Crime Patrol" knows that victims are often girls who have 'not listened to their parents and hung out with some boys after school? Bam - they're found very un-alive by the police. And the investigation begins, which sometimes does delve into good old victim blaming, but I have heard they're doing better in some episodes. This fear built into our parents and their unconscious biases profoundly affects how they raise their children, especially their daughters. I also want to acknowledge that this fear often rules parents' acceptance of their children being anything but their idea of the norm. South Asian children who are anything but cis and clearly masculine or feminine presenting face hurdles higher than others.

Growing up with this dissatisfaction and distress from this environment does create a lot of thinking about feminism.

So, in the spirit of this issue, I want to reflect on women's empowerment and how it is interwoven yet absent from our South Asian culture. How have we, as young women, experienced feminism with pivotal figures in our life? How have we been denied feminism in our lives?

There is a lot of highly valid criticism of South Asian patriarchy, and I want to leave a more critical analysis of that to people who are much more widely read than I. However, I do have more than a few opinions.

Instead of all that, I want to highlight one way in which I have experienced feminism in my family.

This story made me think about how feminism in one family member can influence those generations later. In particular, the feminism exhibited by my paternal great-grandfather. He lived in North India during the British rule of India. He did something from which I draw a line to making it into my academic programme three generations

later. It was to ensure that he put all his daughters through an education. His emphasis and support of it meant that my grandmother, his daughter, went to college. My grandmother, Vimlesh, was the only one who made it to college out of her sisters, and she ended up going to that college in a whole other city. She studied in Agra (home of the Taj Mahal), which was hours away from her family home. My amazing grandmother ended up getting two Masters degrees. And it changed everything for us as a family.

When my grandmother eventually married and had her child, my father, she raised him with a similar emphasis on education. But, what was also revolutionary for her was that she encouraged my father to go overseas once the opportunity opened up to him. She had lived by herself at hostels during college. She knew the importance of looking after yourself and being a strong, capable individual through that experience. She knew that she had to pass it on to her son. And dad eventually did leave India.

Later, after my dad married my mum, he had an offer to work in New Zealand for a while.

What you need to know is that it is very prevalent in India and our culture to encourage sons to go out and pursue education, but also that afterwards, they must come home and be with their parents, even as adults. The husband's wife, as soon as she was married to her new husband, would go and live with them. I dislike the idea immensely, but

She knew the importance of looking after yourself and being a strong, capable individual through that experience. She knew that she had to pass it on to her son.

I don't say this to just trash it. It is often exploited to make the new wife an unpaid servant for a new family and also alienates her from her own support systems. But I say this to demonstrate how big of a deal this next event will be.

Once my dad had the offer, my grandmother was extremely encouraging of my dad and mum to go to New Zealand together. Away from her, away from my

“For A Better Life”

cont.

grandfather, away from these oppressive standards and towards what my parents wanted for themselves. This was despite the backlash she got from even her own sisters. It's worth pointing out that none of her sisters had ever lived by themselves or left home in a significant way.

My parents then did make their way to a little old city called Wellington, where they had me. My sister was born during a short stint in India two years after I was born. But my father and mother, again with the support of my grandmother, wanted to come back here and build a life - hopefully, a better one, for my younger sister and me.

I think they did that.

If my parents had not moved here, I would never have seen their hard work building roots for themselves and us. In India, they had massive support systems, security nets, and comfort in their surroundings. They left everything. Yes, the expectations were high. Yes, I had stringent rules growing up. Yes, I was treated differently than if I had been a boy. But they also set an incredible example in many ways.

Because of my grandmother's role modelling, they encouraged (and, yes, forced me a little) having high standards, taking my education very seriously, and having big goals. My father had a strong female influence, one who was educated, strong, experienced, and wise. Because of this, he saw how important it was to equip your daughters to be able to go out there and be fully capable individuals. And before you ask, no, my parents did not make me do medicine, and nor did they really push it on me subtly. I wanted it. However, I don't think I would have made it to the programme without seeing their commitment. Their grit. Without the influence of my great-grandfather on my grandma, then on my dad, and finally on me.

I do often think about how if my great-grandfather had not let my grandmother get an education, which was typical for girls then, I might not have made it to where I wanted to be. Simply because of the generational values that would have been passed down as a result of forgoing a girl's education. I mean, who knows, right? Perhaps I would have made it in. But I am so grateful for the freedom to decide with the values they have given me. I can decide because my great-grandfather equipped my grandmother with the choice to choose - by getting her educated. My grandmother did the same for my dad and my mum; she let them choose what they wanted. My parents did the same. They equipped me the way they could, and they let me choose. There's such powerful feminism there to ensure your daughter can make her own way in the world so that she is not disadvantaged in a way they could have helped.

My great grandfather did it for my grandmother, and as a result, my parents, my father, did it for me.

When you set up strong, empowered women in your family, you make changes for generations.

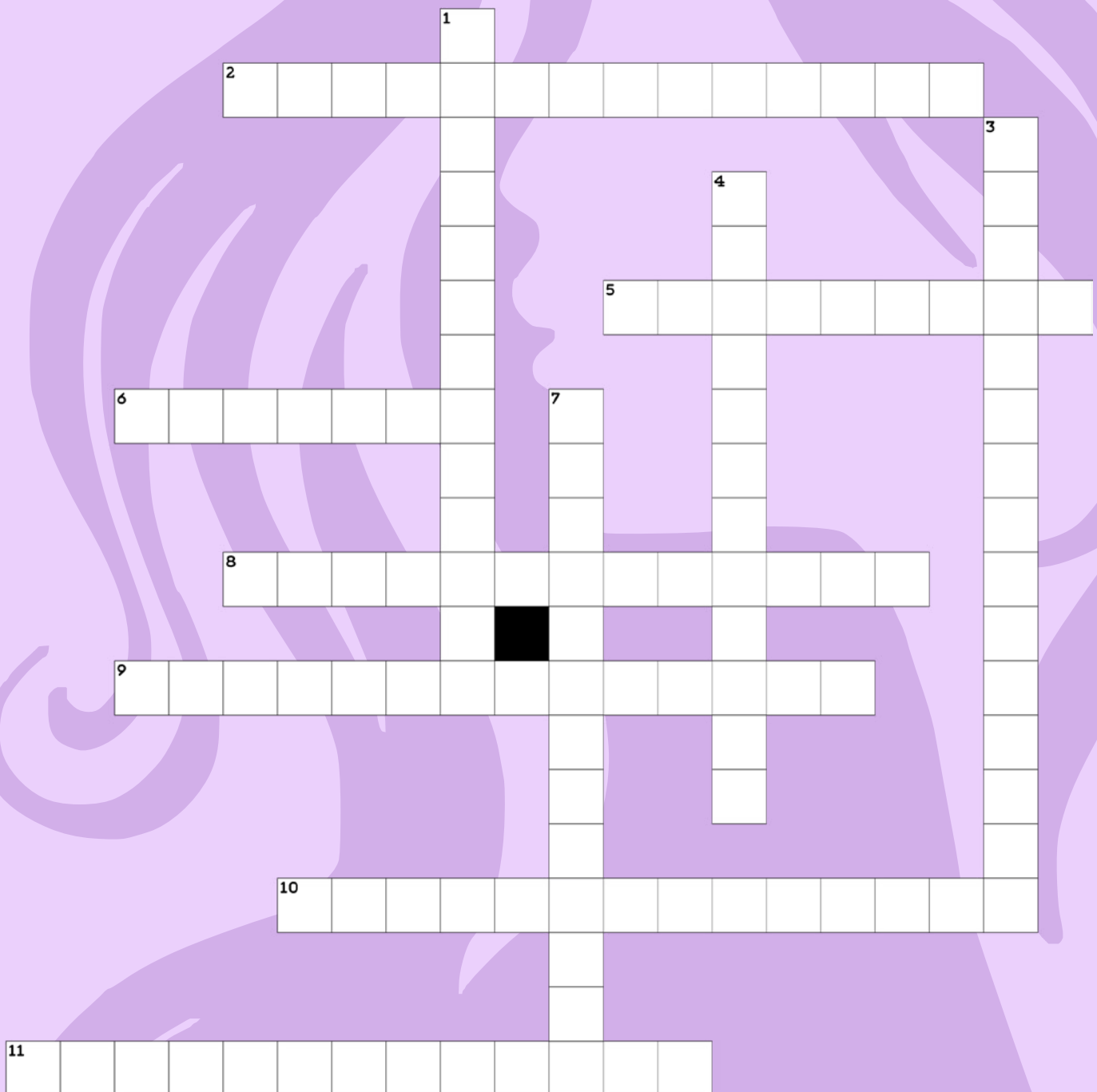
Ngā mihi and धन्यवाद,

Maitreyi Aria Jain (she/her)

*Though being an immigrant from a non-English speaking country is difficult, there is also a level of privilege in being able to come to a new country as well as the avoidance of pressures from a collectivist society. Furthermore, immigrants benefit from 'model minority' stereotypes, and though it is true that immigrants do have to work hard to often build from the ground up, the system is not at all purely meritocratic, there are a lot of privileges that are afforded in even the type of immigrants who are **allowed** into the country. Furthermore, as South Asians who have dealt with the horrific effects of colonisation on our society, we have a responsibility to stand in solidarity with Tangata Whenua to create a much more equitable society.*

My father had a strong female influence, one who was educated, strong, experienced, and wise. Because of this, he saw how important it was to equip your daughters to be able to go out there and be fully capable individuals.

Inspiring Women



ACROSS

2. This tennis player has won 23 grand
5. Harry Potter author
6. This Barbadian singer is the founder of her own fashion and beauty empire
8. This “blonde bombshell” was known for being late
9. Comedian turned successful talk show host
10. The first South African actress to win an Oscar
11. First African-American first lady of the United States slams

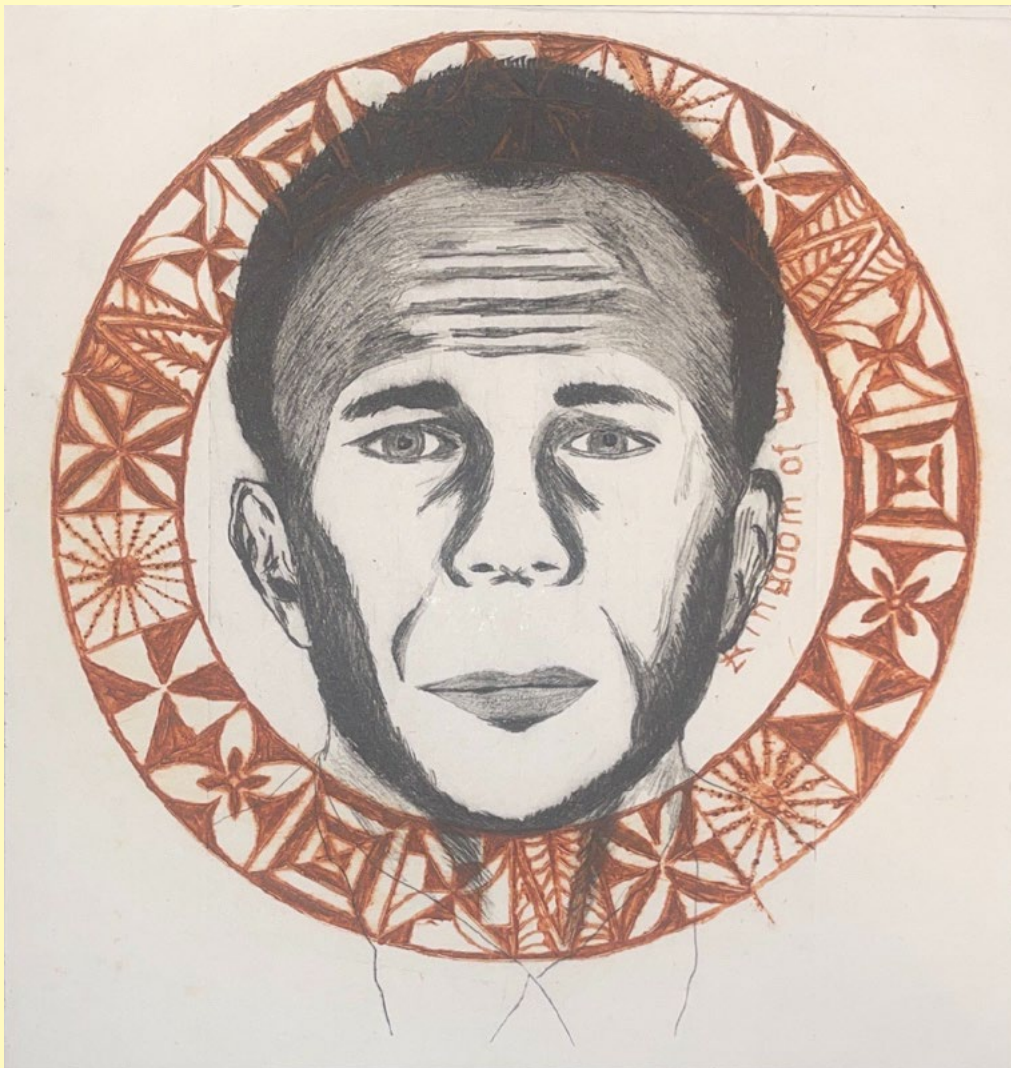
DOWN

1. Lara Croft, Maleficent and Eternals actress
3. She played Rachel on Friends
4. This famous talk show host has a net worth of 2.6 billion dollars
7. This late British princess worked to end the stigma against HIV/AIDS



ARTWORK BY PASIMATI TALAKAI

This is an intaglio print of my late grandfather Taniela Moala.

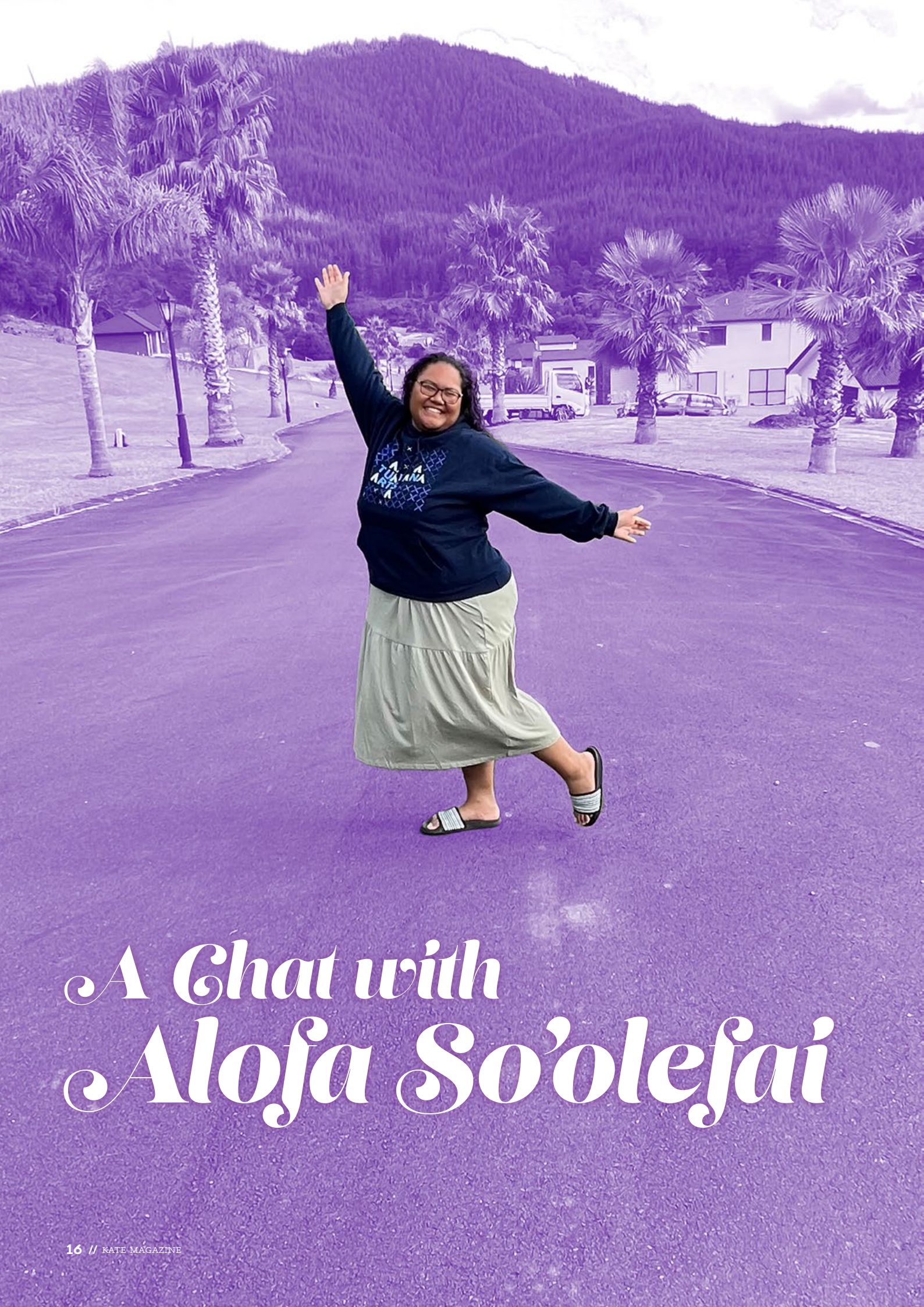


This piece of art was inspired by the painting Golden Love by Herman Nitsche. The little girl in this image is my aunty Amelia. Your father's older sister, known as the fahu in Tongan tradition, serves as the matriarch of the family. The highest degree of respect will be shown to her. My aunty is a massive influence on me since she has graciously disregarded her fahu status and served and contributed to raising me throughout my childhood, which is an act you don't frequently see a fahu do.

This is a painting of my two late grandmothers in church. These two women are my biggest inspirations as they were the backbones of both their families. They were both God-fearing women who lead their families with grace and humility.



The artwork Bloomsbury by Hernan Bas served as inspiration for this piece. This piece was my interpretation of the ngatu, a type of tapa cloth. Symbols and patterns depicting significant figures or occasions are frequently used to embellish ngatu. The old lady in the bottom right is my namesake Pasimati Kumateti Lehauli.



A Chat with Alofa So'olefai

What is it like to be the first pasifika female president of AUSA?

It is a privilege but also daunting as there's an expectation. [I've] grown up in a pasifika household so I have to carry myself in a certain way, that upholds strong Samoan values, then I try to play these values into this role of being a president, whilst also being female! People think that females are only emotionally available and sympathetic and expect us to not be able to do the "big things", [I am here wanting to prove these generalisations wrong]

How did being a Pasifika women drive you to be in this role?

Being the eldest girl in a pasifika family, naturally is a big responsibility. So I already had this innate feeling to care and lead. The pastoral side really comes out of pasifika women, generally due to cultural responsibilities. Therefore, what AUSA does for students and what it embodies [really] aligns with me as a Pasifika woman. [and so it was easy for me to be drawn to this role]

What "ceilings" did you need to break?

One [ceiling] for me was how I was brought up, the typical "be seen but not heard", as much as I knew how to do things, like planning and organising church events, traditional funeral preparations etc., speaking out against people was something I lacked. This was a ceiling I needed to break [per se]. My heart used to race when I felt I had to speak up, literally when I used to have meetings with Dawn for example (as treasurer for AUSA in prior years).

The second ceiling I felt the need to break, was getting my family to understand this role and what it means. I'm involved in late night events, dealing with "taboo" subjects like sex and periods. I had to explain the massive role I played in dealing with these things. My granddad used to say to me "Never touch money because it breeds trouble" and it's me trying to explain that this role requires me to make massive decisions about money/handling money.

Pasifika culture is very much 'community vibes' so me trying to explain [to my family] that AUSA is set up in a sort of hierarchical setting and that I am that person that makes the final call is another [sort of ceiling] as I am always scared that I will make the wrong call and I've always depended on my granddad to make these big decisions for me.

What empowers you as a strong, pasifika women?

EDITOR'S NOTE: FYI I SAY STRONG NOT ONLY IN A MENTAL SENSE BUT A PHYSICAL SENSE, ALOFA, OUR PRESIDENT IS THE ONE PERSON WE ALL CALL IF WE NEED FURNITURE LIFTING, CARRYING OF HEAVY THINGS, MAJOR CLEANING, YOU NAME IT. SHE DOES THE HEAVY LIFTING - LITERALLY.

The hope of the next generation. I have always been youth focussed being brought up in Sunday school and youth groups in church. The youth is the future and being able to talk about things like sexual harassment openly, is something we could never have done a few years ago. Paving the way for pasifika people to be better is what really does empower me.

This stems from evening prayers by nana and papa talking about 'growing up in Samoa, and how they would wake up and tend the crops, and the only news they would hear was by word of mouth.' Then to hear them talk about moving to Aotearoa and having to walk from Hendo to Avondale, and how my papa would do welding for the transformers and nana would help make Croxley books, 12 hour shifts just to make \$5. Basically, that whole sort of life just to raise me in this country.

Pretty much them working with the crops in Samoa to me being president within the span of 10-20 years is something that really empowers me to do what I do.

Where do you see yourself in 10 years from now?

I genuinely don't know, I'm still gonna be at church, still being a Pasifika leader.

In terms of career, [I wish when I hear that corporations state their intentions of inclusivity that I believed them] I would love to hope that I will be working in an environment where I can showcase pasifika culture and ideas comfortably and unapologetically. I would love to see brown faces in white spaces and I would hope to think I am the one breaking those barriers.

In conclusion, People underestimate a brown face in a leadership position but for our community we are setting a standard, it's literally the highest honour to be recognised.

In conclusion, People underestimate a brown face in a leadership position but for our community we are setting a standard, it's literally the highest honour to be recognised.

ALOFA IS GRADUATING WITH BA/BCOM CONJOINT W/ A DIPLOMA IN LANGUAGES. MAJORING IN CLASSICAL STUDIES AND ANCIENT HISTORY, MATHEMATICS, FINANCE, ECONOMICS, LATIN AND ANCIENT GREEK. IN OTHER WORDS - GIRL BOSS



“Malu” means to shelter.

As the eldest girl in my aiga, It is my duty to provide shelter (in all its meaning) and support to my brothers, sisters, parents and extended aiga.

My malu represents my love for my culture and a pledge to my duties and responsibilities as a Tama'ita'i Samoa in my community & especially to my aiga.

It is both a privilege and responsibility to bear this Measina (gift) of Samoa. It is a never-ending journey of love, compassion, sacrifice & service.

CILLA LAVEA-GATOLOAI (MODEL)

My photography style definitely has a large range from family portraits, family events to weddings but my absolute favourite thing to capture is culture in its most purist form.

I've been blessed to be able to capture so many traditional Samoan events and have been able to be apart of such beautiful journeys.

The long standing Samoan tradition of gaining a malu or a pe'a has been such an inspiring tradition to witness and such a spiritual and honourable journey for the person receiving it. I love to capture these small glimpses of their journey and have them reflect on such huge milestones of their life.

CATHERINE TAU' AHO (PHOTOGRAPHER)





Girls.

girls who carry each other's hand around in each other's pockets
girls who drip with **niceness** and **kindness** like an ice cream on a sunny day
girls who stop outside classrooms to wave to friends they spot in doorways
girls who smile in the face of **misogyny**
girls who's skirts and interests and appearances don't define them
girls who have had to grow up far before their male counterparts have had to
girls who have the nicest smiles and the sharpest teeth
girls who aren't afraid to **stand up for themselves**
girls who read and write and **create**
girls who don't believe in having to be a girl
girls who like makeup and clothes and nail polish and mountain biking
girls who **aren't afraid** to enjoy food
girls who don't care how they look when they laugh
girls who shower profile pictures with love hearts and fire emojis
girls who **decorate** their face with war paint
girls who see the **struggles** of other women
girls who open doors for other girls
girls who **bring each other up** instead of tearing each other down
girls who were **left out** of the history books
girls who continue making **history**
girls who are **going places**
girls who want to be doctors and engineers and artists and mums and **good people**.
girls who **don't listen** to what society tells them
girls who define what it means to be a woman

-NADIA

Revenge Fantasy

Me?

I will make a new language that doesn't disguise my fear
Xyzhiu is the word for what I'll inflict on you
In the name of woman
I fashion a new order and language
I fashion words which whip fire around your tongue
When you rape there is no word that describes what you have done
In the name of women I clasp rings on your dick so it'll fall off
And find words that properly tell you the pain you've inflicted
No more you're mean and vile and cruel
They'll be so powerful they'll rott your braincells
And a new world will be made in our name

- VIV WHYTE

The Gaze

I know that gaze
That gaze
THAT GAZE!!
I recognise it
It's everywhere
In everyone
It's friendly
And frightening sometimes

Don't engage
Exhausted.

Do I sometimes miss it?
Would be lying if I said no
Do they sometimes miss mine?
Same
Oh, am I one of them?
Same

Now, I look in the mirror
To see my own gaze
It's familiar
It's friendly
It sees me as I am
Not as YOU want to see it
This gaze
THIS GAZE
This is the gaze!!

VIBHA TIRUMALAI IS A FINAL YEAR PHD
STUDENT AT THE FACULTY OF EDUCATION
AND SOCIAL WORK.

courage

to stand in the rubble of the people you
love
despite the possibility to fall

when living perpendicularly
to inter-generational norms
means accepting things you may never know

and in fleeting moments of intense fury
take ahold of your younger self and
find solace in remembering how

you made it here
by standing up
much quicker than before

- LARA

The Law Will Never Be A Conduit For Social Justice, But The Masses Of People Standing In Front of Me Will

As an intersectional feminist, I advocate for absolute abortion access. No limitations whatsoever. I believe reproductive rights should be legislatively safeguarded for the mother who is cannot afford another child on her paycheque, the teenager who chose their education over carrying out an unwanted pregnancy with a loving partner, the survivor after her assault, the trans man who prefers to delay parenthood until later in life, the self-proclaimed slut that had one too many one-night-stands, 17-year-old me who was barely conscious when my abuser removed his condom without my consent, and anyone else who feels empowered to make an informed choice about their own body.

I feel a responsibility to reiterate that restrictions of abortion laws disproportionately affect certain communities more than others, such as black, indigenous, and women of colour, working-class women, queer women, disabled women, and other marginalised minorities. Being intersectional feminists, we have an onus to represent the views of most vulnerable and use our platform to amplify the voices of the voiceless.

Generally speaking, there are often extenuating circumstances for each and every scenario, but deciding whether to abort should always be a private decision between a pregnant person and their physician, not politicians with the privilege of never experiencing these personal

plights. Ultimately, the agenda of the pro-life movement is to control the choices of women via the policing of female bodies.

Overturning Roe v Wade, the landmark

case that secured federal protections for anyone who wish to have an abortion in America, is inherently violent. Curtailing reproductive rights will absolutely have a cascading effect that render women, girls, and gender minorities vulnerable to a slew of other systemic abuses. Those with the capacity for pregnancy are already dying from unsafe abortions, and more will die following this decision.

Listen to me carefully: when abortion was criminal in this country and internationally, women died in huge numbers, and women died horrible deaths. New Zealand only removed abortion from the Crimes Act in 2020. I was standing right here two years ago, preaching the same sentiment. Honestly, I will probably be protesting this shit two decades later, because the fight for feminism is forever met with backlash of those intent on preserving the patriarchal status quo.

My challenge to all of you is to speak up, build community with fellow feminists, join your local grassroots organisation, and essentially, show up. Our very survival is dependent on it.

TEXT OF SPEECH GIVEN AT ABORTION RALLY - LILY CHEN

ALISA PRESENTS...

SUFFRAGE WEEK



19-21 SEPTEMBER





"For too long, I have felt trapped in my own body.

I grew up feeling alienated from it, wanting to change it, resenting its curves.

I was tormented by the gaze of strangers on my large breasts, floppy belly and wide shoulders.

For too long, I have let others decide how I felt in my own skin.



Today, this stops. I am determined to find a new narrative.

My work materialises the struggle of my road to self-acceptance, self-confidence and self-empowerment. This series of photographs are built around and for the female body, so that each of us can learn to break free from this cage. "

- BONNIE WHITE

Women Who Changed The World

T L X W X C Q X X D O R O T H Y H O D G K I N C
 R E I R Q D H E L E N A R U B I N S T E I N J R
 A N O U H O R O S A P A R K S P L I S Z G S G E
 P A H F Y L G Q J U L O O P R A H W I N F R E Y
 P H A D C L E O P A T R A K E Z M R S C V X D T
 O C Y H A G W V U Z H L U T C Y A M L M G S R F
 M O B K E R E L L E K N E L E H L P Q I D O E A
 O C A G U G K G P H A N N E F R A N K R C J L R
 T O O S B M O D G X W Y M S X L L Q B A F O L C
 H C O O M G J A N E A U S T E N A B G B I U U E
 E W R B E N A Z I R B H U T T O Y Z F A Q R F N
 R J B A B U X V B X S C K H P K O B A I I N T O
 T Q D F O T T Y F L I S A X U W U R S M S E E T
 E W H A R R I E T B E E C H E R S T O W E R R S
 R G N I K N A E J E I L L I B C A Q B S R T A L
 E Y Q W P Z D A V G O M I I A P F V O N V R G L
 S C R A F O N A O J U L X T V J Z V H A I U R O
 A E L M A R I E C U R I E N S Q A J D D X T A W
 S D Y N O H T N A B N A S U S F I R O N W H M Y
 H A L E L E A N O R R O O S E V E L T N C U J R
 Y N V I E L I Z A B E T H B L A C K W E L L M A
 L M V J B T E B K N O S N I K C I D Y L I M E M
 U M B D L Y N B A S L U I H D N A G A R I D N I
 E Y Z E L I Z A B E T H C A D Y S T A N T O N X

MALALAYOUSAFZAI
 BILLIEJEANKING ROSAPARKS
 ELEANORROOSEVELT
 HELENARUBINSTEIN
 ELIZABETHBLACKWELL
 HARRIETBEECHERSTOWE
 MARYWOLLSTONECRAFT
 JOANOFARC
 OPRAHWINFREY

ANNEFRANK
 DOROTHYHODGKIN
 COCOCHANEL
 MARIECURIE
 SUSANBANTHONY
 MARGARETFULLER
 JANEAUSTEN
 CLEOPATRA
 BENAZIRBHUTTO

INDIRAGANDHI
 MOTHERTERESA
 HELENKELLER
 EMILYDICKINSON
 ELIZABETHCADYSTANTON
 SOJOURNERTRUTH
 MIRABAI

When I Read That NASA Has Grown Plants In Moon Soil. and I remember that before I chose poetry. I wanted to be an astronomer.

They said a root would never take, never, upon the moon.
They said that women couldn't go there either — ah, but soon
There will be both, each one more hardy than a scientist
Whose revelations trim, but tardy, very much have missed,

They will not go half-heartedly, but Amazonian,
Embroidering our screens with scenes to stun historians,
The moon alone, a stepping stone for treks much further still,
Expanding roots just like pot plants on vintage windowsills.

Perhaps my future daughter will be shocked to hear me say
There were no girls, or flowers, on the moon back in my day,
I'll raise her reaching for the moon, not talk of stars as backups,
And help her share not just her victories, but also hiccups,

And while she walks the skies, I'll fill my books with petals pressed,
We'll share in moon-grown apples, and our tables will be blessed
With knowledge that our foremothers could only have expected:
This is what flowers can achieve when not overprotected.

When jungles blossom in the dust, and warming harvests grow
To feed the people of the earth; when hand in hand, we sow,
And when the monarchs of the skies are queens once crushed below,
The poets to the scientists will say, "I told you so."

Dear snooze button

You probably know me better than anyone,
You've seen my hair in the morning sun,
But snooze button, I've begun
To think the two of us are done.

I choose you, every morning, because you're in my face,
You beat the stop button in the race,
You're bright, and bold, and hard to miss,
But you don't live up to your promises.

You make me a worse version of myself,
My sleep is poorer, it's bad for my health,
My stress levels are higher since you've been around,
And I'm making decisions that aren't sound.

You've ruined friendships, made me late to work,
Made me doze in meetings, made me shirk,
Something about us just isn't meant to be,
Snooze button, you're not the one for me.

I'm no longer yours to control,
Let go your grip on my sleepy soul,
I'm taking responsibility for me,
I'm waking up to the world, you'll see.

Dreaming of Dragons

I sometimes wish for dragons
When the sky is bland and grey,
I'd like to be a maiden,
To be saved, or save the day,
When a book unfolds its glory,
Tempt me with enthralling worlds,
What I'd give to have a story,
Show I'm more than just a girl!

I'd like to be a hero
But my cape is fringed with doubt,
For my tale must start from zero,
And my childhood's running out,
And though I longed for magic,
I am not, in trade, prepared
To face the chapters tragic
Which all characters must bear.

Have I outgrown my dragons?
Have they left me thus forlorn,
Or are they now simply hidden
In my foes of human form?
Still, the stories have not ended
Just because I closed the book,
Heroes wait to be befriended,
And there's magic, if you look.

Though I still might dream of dragons,
I don't need them anymore,
I'm the hero and the villain
Of the life waiting in store.

LOREDANA PODOLSKA-KINT IS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO WILL TURN ANYTHING INTO A POEM. HER EVENING ROUTINE IS POETRY > STUDY > SLEEP. YOU CAN READ MORE OF HER POEMS ON INSTAGRAM @LOREDANA_POETRY.

Unapologetic

He told me not to wear make-up
Or spend money on my hair
Or clothes

When I met you
I painted my lips red
Eyeliner razor sharp

He told me not to drink
Or go out

So I brought red wine to your house.
I danced with you at parties
I was relieved

And then
You told me to stop singing
To stop writing songs
To stop speaking a language I love because
You couldn't understand

With my next lover
I will sing loudly
I will write songs proudly
I will shout in Spanish
Porque el idioma tiene mi corazón

I wonder how many lovers it'll take
Until I am unapologetically myself

I would also just like to acknowledge that I am a Scottish immigrant to New Zealand, pakeha, bisexual, and woman/nonbinary identifying.

Unapologetic is about reclaiming my identity after experiencing a relationship that caused me to question myself.

Sgian dhu is about grappling with culture and language loss due to the colonisation of Scotland by England (Scottish Gaelic being the language of my ancestors I am trying to learn).

The poem is about a Scottish cultural celebration night called Burns Night being a way of noticing and celebrating my family's cultural identity.

Best wishes,
Sophie.

SOPHIE GIBSON IS A NEW ZEALAND AND SCOTTISH SINGER/SONGWRITER AND STUDENT OF MUSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY AT UOA

Sgian dhu

I feel split down the middle
Like sgian dhu
Through the haggis

We're holding on
To the tongue the ancestors spoke in
Spoken to me through duolingo
And my grandmothers goodbye on the phone
"Cheerio!"

And clinging
To the slivers
Of something
Indescribable

Slainte!
The whisky glasses clink
Ice rattles and melts
Slowly

Until

The haggis is gone
The whisky is gone
The lyrics of our ancestors songs
Back in the folder

Mum's guitar in the case,
Dad's kilt in the closet
To be taken out another year.



A DOOR IN SPAIN BY KAAVYA GROVER

Nine years

A bat mitzvah, in western terms, is a coming-of-age ceremony for a Jewish woman. Quite literally meaning *daughter of commandment*, a bat mitzvah is to take her place in the community after the ceremony. She is no longer a child and must face the responsibility of an adult woman.

Although there are many ways a coming of age (a bar/bat/bnei mitzvah) is celebrated in Judaism, I will focus on mine for this article. Generally, a bat mitzvah occurs on or after the 12th birthday or the 13th for a bar mitzvah for a male (note: different denominations, such as reform Judaism, celebrate differently). A Bnei Mitzvah is for siblings or could be used for someone non-binary.

My bat mitzvah took place on the 15th of June, on my Hebrew birthday (6th Tammuz), which fell on *Parashat Chukat* - coincidentally, a feminist one! My bat mitzvah took place on my 12th Hebrew birthday, about a week or two from the day I would generally celebrate (using the Gregorian calendar). A *parashah* is a weekly portion of the Torah (Bereshit/Genesis, Shemot/Exodus, Vayikra/Leviticus, Bamidbar/Numbers and Devarim/Deuteronomy), which entails the story of the Jewish people; beginning with Adam and Eve in Genesis (Adam and Chava in Bereshit) to Avraham, detailing our freedom from slaves and the infamous 40-year journey to the land of Israel (I'll refrain from the GPS joke) and so on.

As women, we must learn from and support each other. Whether subconsciously or not, I was influenced by my investigation into Miriam, the sister of Moses. How she protected her brother Moses, battled to look after her brother Aharon, and was treated as a lower-class citizen for being a Jew, but rose above all of that to lead the Israelite women out of slavery in Egypt and educate them in Torah. Miriam was the leader who nourished the children of Israel with water and education. 12-year-old me used Miriam to deliver the feminist agenda to a crowd of mostly old people. My speech boiled down to discussing the *red heifer* (a red cow that is considered holy), Moses striking a rock for water (don't think about it too hard), and Miriam's death. In particular, 12-year-old me focused on Miriam and how she had paved the way for women in Judaism, being a core spiritual leader (and epic lyricist. See: Song of the Sea). I could see who I wanted to be in Miriam and my people's plight in our ancient texts, our suffering as slaves in Egypt and our emancipation and long journey to the Promised Land, which is the foundational story of our people and one we are commanded to remember and recite every year at Passover. A Jewish child learns life is tough before they reach school but also about the resilience and redemption that has seen us survive against the odds for millennia.

It has been nine years since I took to stage and gave my *drash* (a speech) to my close family, friends and community. I can quite confidently say, the scared girl speaking to a full synagogue that Shabbat (Saturday, or Sabbath) morning would not recognize me, the author of this article. The last nine years represented some of the worst and best that life

had to offer me. Most importantly, I found my voice, the voice I lost when arriving in Aotearoa, New Zealand. Finding my voice helped me express my emotions, concerns, fears, and ability to advocate for myself and my people. That said, nothing can replace the feeling of and the ability to express oneself in one's mother tongue (mine being Hebrew). Coming to Aotearoa presented a significant loss to me; a loss of culture, tongue, sisterhood, and family.

Most importantly, I now live as an ethnic minority in a country where the most famous Jews are the dead ones (Anne Frank, for example). This classification represents what I have been told (and learned the hard way) over the years; to hide my Judaism, Zionism, Israeliness, assimilate into society, and to be quiet. That last one is particularly universal for all wahine around the world. And while I sit reflecting on my time here, I can't help but feel the pain from the love I am unable to share with everyone, the love I have for the ancestral and historical homeland of my people, the Whenua that saved my family from persecution and likely death in European and Arab lands, my homeland. I have yet to find a student at this university that can relate to - or even empathise with - being born during the second intifada, attending school during the second Lebanon war, or knowing what it's like to own a gas mask. When I tell people about these things, they are shocked.

If there are two things you take from my rambling, I want it to be this: Being Jewish means you belong to an ethnoreligious group - an ancient people with their origins in the Levant, and Jews wrestle with G-d*. My bat mitzvah was my first round, wrestling with the old texts and Miriam's relationship with G-d, who rightfully punished her for her racism towards Tziporah (Moses' non-Jewish wife). Round one of my fight was learning that leaders make mistakes, but what makes them good leaders is acknowledging and apologizing.

Round two was learning about inter-generational trauma - the pain of my predecessors is my pain. You see, round two was high school, where I questioned my

S On...

belief in and the existence of G-d, where I faced my most emotionally troubling but healing time - as I found friends amongst like-minded immigrants, but most importantly, my best friend. During this round, I struggled with too many losses and shed too many tears. My heart was broken and rebuilt again - I learned Love (or, at least, I think I did). I built my life philosophy on an equilibrium of 'good' and 'bad' days that built hope for me to push through. I felt like I was going to lose this round, but I remembered, Never Again. I became tired of the anger and hate I saw, and I was tired of hiding my *Magen David* (Star of David).

This brings us to round three, graduating high school, starting university, and in a few months, graduating university. If I could speak to my younger self, I would say, it's not going to get any easier - in fact, life will get more challenging, and you will come face to face with antisemites in a place built on the backbone of the very people they despise. I would also tell her, don't try to get into medicine,

focus on healing, and that you're gonna enjoy the hell out of your degree - the biggest mistake you make is undervaluing what you would gain from a Bachelor of Health Science.

I would tell young Arbel: do not underestimate what you can do and do not let other people decide how important you are. Start your assignments early and do those damn readings! Practise reading and writing in Hebrew, and don't be ashamed to flaunt your ridiculous accent - people now compliment you for it. Wear your *Magen David* so much that you radiate your love for your uniqueness and pride in your Jewish identity.

And a message for you reader - wear your culture, religion - whatever makes you unique - so proudly that you, too, radiate your love for yourself and others on campus.

*JUST AS JACOB/ISRAEL WRESTLED WITH GD, SO DO WE TO CREATE MEANING IN OUR LIVES.

- ARBEL TENEMBAUM



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Maitreyi's Sometimes Weekly Book Report

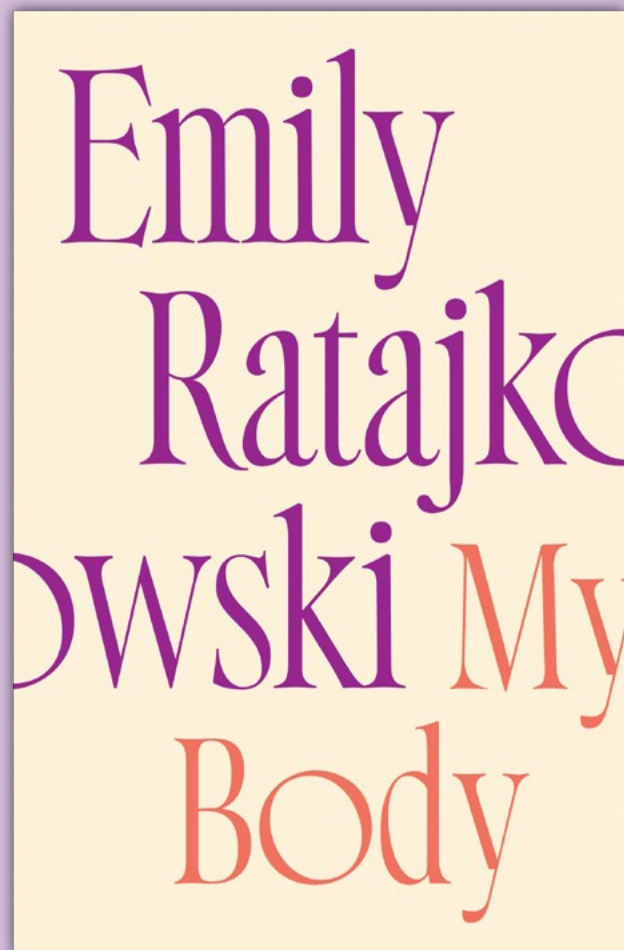
"My Body" by Emily Ratajkowski

I've just finished this book over the course of 24 hours since it entered my life. I didn't expect to tear through it as fast as I did, and I didn't expect essay collections to be a genre I so enjoyed. But this book was gorgeous and delightful, upsetting and hopeful.

Writer, Emily Ratajkowski, of music video infamy, does come from a place of clear privilege. She is a beautiful woman who has made - in her own words - a ridiculous amount of money off of her looks. But the most rewarding part of this book come from actually being able to set aside our own projected insecurities and just listen to her experience. Even the title of the book is a side-smirky acknowledgement of what has primarily gained her her following - her body. But it is also indicating at the content, which is an analysis of the relationship between women and their bodies, and how we can all put aside our envy and judgement and see what having a disparity between Your Body and You does to someone.

Emily explores the intricacies of what has gotten her to the position she is in now. There is a clear desire for agency over her success, but it is something she is consistently denied over the entirety of her career. One horrifying example being photographers who took revealing photos of her and then decided to break their contracts and use these photos where they want to. They rob Emily's of her agreement with the rights to her body by violating the contract they made with her. The destructive entitlement photographers felt over their photos which were of a living, breathing person with boundaries was so disgusting to read about. Her fame, her money - this does not insulate her from deeply violating acts. Though Ratajkowski does not focus on this aspect of her life too much, the consistent pattern of assault and violation in her life is really saddening. Her lack of emphasis on it actually demonstrates the absurd prominence it has in her life. It is something that highlights how deep the objectification and possessiveness over women's bodies goes. We see Emily as a woman with power, yet even she has been robbed. The statistics around assault and rape are far too high to think that women being robbed over autonomy of their bodies is unusual. It is a state a lot of us have gone through and still go through.

She also navigates these really confusing emotional grey areas so honestly - specifically, the grey areas in our emotions with our relationship with others and ourselves. The moments when you know your emotions aren't exactly rational. She doesn't attempt to navigate or figure out *why* something is true and/or acceptable, but just non-judgmentally talks about her feelings. It makes it very truthful, and far from "self-help", is simply illuminating, and, well, nice to have your nonsensical and confusing feelings be reflected on a page. You're not alone for being annoyed at this when you know you shouldn't be. It may not make sense, but it doesn't make sense to anyone else either. There is



always something comforting in that.

This novel sort of scooped out my heart and let me open itself up to her. I think that is very special writing. You have to let go of how you feel about her.

4/5 stars 

Quotes from 'My Body'

Although I knew that these girls from my boyfriend's past, or his mentions of them, was not an actual threat to my safety, my body reacted as if it was. I hated that he might ever have found anyone more attractive than me.

I am newly married to my husband when he remarks casually, "There are so many beautiful women in the world." I freeze when he says this. I know it is a perfectly acceptable and truthful thing to remark on, and yet I feel a familiar twist in my gut. "What?" He asks. I can feel the switch; he can sense the instant tension in my body. "I don't know," I reply. I press my face into his chest, ashamed of my reaction. "I don't know why it hurts to hear you say that."

I can tell he wants to console me, but he is confused. I want him to console me too, but I am unsure why I need it. Why do I suddenly feel as if he doesn't love me enough?

In the small windowless room that is my therapist's office, I tell her about my reaction to my husband's remark. I explain the gut pain. The assessing. The other women. "Apples and oranges," my therapist tells me. "What if you're not the same as other women, what if you're an entirely different fruit?" She asks gently.

I hate that I am having this conversation; a part of me is horrible embarrassed. I want to stand up and scream, *Of course I know this! I hate women who compare themselves to other woman! I am not that way!*

But there is a version of myself who needs to hear what she is saying because there is also a part of me that wants to correct her. "But everyone have a favourite fruit," I tell her. I feel a tear run down my cheek. "Everyone prefers one over the other. That is how the world works; everything is ranked. One is always better than the other."

In my early twenties, it had never occurred to me that the women who gained their power from beauty were indebted to the whose desire granted them that power in the first place. Those

men were the ones in control, not the women the world fawned over. Facing the reality of power dynamics at plat would have meant admitting how limited my power really was - how limited any women's power is when she survives and even succeeds in the world as a thing to be looked at.

I thought about my stupid selfies, my stupid dress, and my stupid eyeliner. I shut my eyes tight. I felt a sudden urge to disappear. I imagined being able to breathe in so deeply that my body would dissolve into the air I'd sucked in, and then I'd no longer be in my body, in my physical self, in this car with S, or anywhere at all. *You are the problem*, I thought to myself. *Something is wrong with you. And if you were taken out of the equation, everything would be just fine.*

I want more for myself, I will proclaim all of my mistakes and contradictions, for all the women who cannot do so, for all the women we've called muses without learning their names, whose silence we mistook for consent. I stood on their shoulders to get here.

One other thing, Steve. My first post on Instagram was not a picture of you and. My first post was on February 21, 2011, before I'd even met you. It's a photograph of my closest female friend smiling.

I read once that women are more likely than men to cry when they are angry. I know that women cry out of shame. We are afraid of our anger, embarrassed by the way it transforms us.

We cry to quell what we feel, even when it's trying to tell us something, even when it has every right to exist.

She is right, of course. My body knows. Of course physical sensations, just like rage, have purpose. They are signals, indicators, meant to lead us to truths. But I don't listen, for fear of what they might reveal.

She is right, of course. My body knows. Of course physical sensations, just like rage, have purpose. They are signals, indicators, meant to lead us to truths. But I don't listen, for fear of what they might reveal.

To be a brown woman in the workplace

To be a woman in the workplace you must be intelligent
But not too intelligent
To be a woman in the workplace you must be kind
But not too kind
To be a woman in the workplace you must be patient
But not too patient

I got my first internship when I was 17
So I walked in, a proud POC , no a proud WOC
But between the caucassity & the back handed compliments I lost my
authenticity

My mother always taught me to be polite, always greet people with that
customer service smile because even after doing an MBA, the only job she
could get was at Countdown.

My father always taught me hard work, focus on the basics he'd say,
because even after doing an MBA, the only job he could get was at
Burgerking.

These were the externalities of not being educated in Aotearoa.

But when you're a product of your village, you carry the expectations of
your village.

So,
To be a brown women in the workplace, you must be careful,
Always very careful bc you can't get away with saying shit the others say

To be a brown woman in the workplace, you must be cultured,
Always very cultured so you can be the token voice of diversity at every
table

To be a brown woman in the workplace, you must be smart,
Always very smart bc otherwise you're just taking up space

So this is my experience of being a women in the workplace,
No
A brown woman in the workplace.

- ISHIE SHARMA
[PERFORMED AS A SPOKEN WORD PIECE]

White Feminism Betrays Women Of Colour

(peer-reviewed by a white woman)

It shouldn't shock you when I say that women are paid less than men, but it will shock you when I say that Pasifika women are paid significantly less than white women. It shouldn't shock you when I say that suffrage was a movement that gave women the right to vote, but it will shock you when I say it only gave white women the right to vote. It shouldn't shock you when I say that the waves of feminism empowered generations of women, but it will shock you when I tell you that only white women benefited from it.

I am not here to trash talk white women, but I am here to trash talk white feminism. Many of you who will read this might think "stop bringing race into everything!". Well, my response to that will always be, "you're probably thinking that because you're white, privileged, or white and privileged". There is nothing that irks me more than a white person saying to me, "I choose not to see colour". Like Get. The. Fuck. Out. Of. Here. As a person of colour, I demand that you see my colour. See my race because it speaks of my ancestry. See the struggles of my people that are written along the palms of my hands and break through the melanin pigments of my body. There are stories behind colours.

19th century in the United States of America birthed three moments in history, the industrial revolution, the Trail of Tears (the displacement and genocide of the Indigenous Nations) and white feminism. I fantasize what life would be like if they hadn't taken place. Koa Beck, author of *White Feminism*, describes white feminism as

"an ideology and a very specific approach and strategy toward achieving gender equality that focuses more on individual accumulation, capital and individuality — accruing power without any redistribution or reconsideration of it."

White feminism aspires to create an ideal woman who will buy into colonial structures and work from within. The fact that it expects you to adapt to these structures, rather than to challenge them, is what makes white feminism so palatable to Western systems and social views. What might be surprising, is learning that not only white people get caught in this narrative; unfortunately, many BIPOC think the only narrative that aligns with success is the one that replicates the "girl boss" and "corporate bro" aesthetic.

You see, white feminism forgets we come from families, we come from clans, we come from villages, we come from iwi. Where is the collective survival and thriving of all women? After all the inter-generational trauma of being a women in BIPOC cultures and communities, the burdens our mothers and their mothers have bared, there comes

judgement from white feminism when we choose a pathway of life endorsing capitalism and not saving the world. There is that thought that as a fellow brown girl, first-gen immigrant, my ancestors fought hard for me to be able to guiltlessly enjoy a life, benefitting from this capitalistic system. Of course I should sell my soul to corporate, at least just for a few years...

See the biggest thing white feminists forget is the privilege of choice to save this world from a lifestyle perspective, from a career perspective, from all perspectives. Save this world from structures that they continue to grow. Do you see the hypocrisy? So the next time you get a job offer to climb the lowest rung of the corporate ladder, think of ways for how you can incorporate intersectionality, and how you must never compromise your identity for the cause of feminism. Feminism that didn't include us. In order to break from this narrative, it is imminent that we become aware of the ideologies we ground ourselves in before pushing forward to win this battle that is equitable inclusivity.

So the next time you find yourself sitting and whining about a feminist issue, try to look beyond that overarching lens. The way that these issues manifest within our communities is different and the factors at play are not solely socio-economic, political, or cultural but they do boil down to the colours of our skin and the stories entrenched within the colours of our skin. Check yourself. You heard me right. Check yourself and your damned privilege and pass the fucking microphone on, we're tired of hearing you whine.

[ANONYMOUS]

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