

Final Project

BIS 387

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Untitled

The world created anti-feminists

My world created anti-feminists

 The world supplied to me

Created anti-feminists

I was THE anti-feminist

From Disney to the WB

Savior princes, helpless princesses

The GAP, Abercrombie and Fitch

Unreasonable expectations

The books we read, the shows we watched, the movies

 No strong Women

No inspirations, alternative options...

I was the anti-feminist

I was the anti-feminist

One of the boys they said

More like a mascot I was...

One

Of the

Boys

They said SO PROUD I WAS

To be just...

One.

of the boys

With none of the privilege...

Taught to sexism

To say, sexist

Too pride, sexist

Too male

HOW SPECIAL I THOUGHT I WAS

Believed:

a bitch

Like other girls

mean

Like other girls

high maintenance

Like other girls

I wasn't.

Like other girls

What is that...?

Like other girls

Like

Other

Girls

What is it? To be... to be girl?

What is it? To be... other girl

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS

Not

Like

Other

Girls

To be loud – too loud

Opinionated/outspoken

Too take up space

TO TAKE UP MORE SPACE THAN THEY ALLOW

OH! The lies we tell young girls

Too proper – too quiet – too agree

Forced social contract – coerced to sign

We must compare to each other

We must meet that digital touch up standard

We must demand attention

We must doubt all intentions

We must lose individuality

We must please those who demand

Hug when we don't want to hug

Touch when we don't want to touch

Meet expectations – we don't want to meet

Must be jealous – of bodies – of boyfriends- of girlfriends

Of false power – of being desired

Jealous of EVERYTHING

I was the anti-feminist – I signed the contract

But – bent the rules at all costs

I was the anti-feminist

Despised that dirty word

“BuT I’M aN EgaLiTaRiAn”

****SNAP****

I’m NOT like other girls

I don't need to be like these boys to not be like other girls

All girls are not like other girls

No girls are like other girls

To girl is to be...

Oneself.

To girl is to be...

Whatever we want it to be

No check list to confirm

This quiet realization

The acknowledgement – the silence

Coercion makes the contract invalid

New contract?

To take up space – to be loud – encourage each other

TOO FILL THE WHOLE ROOM

To speak with urgency, authority, commandment

Prove emotions are strength

Celebrate accomplishments

Demand respect

To be girl... in all our different ways

To be feminist.

To break the contracts – to write out own

To be feminist.

To be killjoy.

Statement:

Throughout my short time as a UWB student, and a GWSS major, I have tried to take my learnings and see them through the lens of myself. I came to college with the intent of learning to be better, and how to help others unlearn and learn. I realized, without a clear look at my own story, I wouldn't be doing my best without first focusing on my personal path to learn and unlearn.

I would have made fun of anyone who picked GWSS as a college major when I was in High School, and even into my mid to late 20's. I said some awful things about Women, and probably some of the worst things I have ever said about anyone have been about Women. I thought I was fighting against these expectations that Women had put on me, that Women were the ones putting me into a box, and that they were to blame for me feeling like I couldn't be myself. I thought that by 'being one of the boys,' and being the only girl ever invited to the fishing trips, the all guy camp outs, the garage to work on cars... I thought I was special and fighting against something. I didn't understand that I was just finding a different oppression, by taking their lead and being loud in the only ways they would allow, taking up

only the space that they provided, never crying - I was stuck in my own attic staring at yellow wall paper, and just didn't see it.

Once I started getting closer to 30, I expanded my reading, exposed myself to different media. I snapped out of it. This realization comes from learning about the amazingly strong Women in history, understanding the patriarchy, and the effects of colonialism that we still face today. Learning that the after effects of colonialism include this need for sameness. I watched characters in the media challenge male characters, be unapologetically themselves, I read books and started to see strength when I use to see weakness. Ironically, I write this while I have *One Tree Hill* playing in the background, the things that I have learned, and how ruined some of my old favorite shows and movies are. Even thinking about the books mentioned in all the teenage dramas I watched – they were almost always works by old white men. It started quiet, with the acknowledgement of the issue. Seeing all the places we all could go, but not being brave enough to speak out. There was a lot of sitting in silence while the world continued. Small conversations between me and friends, book recommendations, conversations about shared articles, then calling each other out, then calling other's out. It was like it started behind closed doors, sharing our thoughts and opinions with those closest to us. To have bravery, confidence, and to know that mistakes will be made – and that we won't ever be on all the time, we are all always learning. All of our experiences are valid, and all of our growth is necessary and individualized.

This work is a short depiction of that experience, of the process I went through growing to transform from an incredible anti-feminist to an incredible feminist killjoy.