

Unfinished?

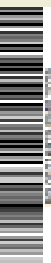
Summer 2025

Volume I



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Survival Kit/ Rest is Revolution/ Feminism for the Clueless/ Girlhood and the Gift of
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ALL IN THE PURSUIT OF EDUCATION

Guess What? Feminism Isn't Actually Finished





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The Editor's Letter

Unfinished? is what happens when feminism gets tired. Not tired in the sense that it has lost momentum, but tired of how it's been marketed, sanitised and sold back to us in glossy packages with clean lines and slogan tees.

We've all seen it. The merch, the marketing and the self-help mantras disguised as empowerment. "Boss Babe." "Empowered Women Empower Women." "You've Got This." These messages once felt hopeful. Now, they feel hollow. Like wallpaper over structural cracks. Like distractions.

This zine is a response to that fatigue, but it's also a refusal. A refusal to keep up, shut up, glow up, or level up just to be palatable. A refusal to be polished, productive or on-brand. It's a space to unravel the girlboss myth, to sit in the mess, and to ask better questions about how we feel about our place in society.

This isn't here to give you a new 5-step plan for power dressing. It's not branding politics. It's not selling empowerment. What it is doing is peeling back the aesthetic and exposing the irony and the burnout. The endless performance of being a woman, or anyone who identifies, who's "doing it all." Instead, this is offering a different energy. One that isn't sleek or strategic. It's slow, soft, angry, glitchy, tender. This is a zine about resting on purpose, and on choice. About refusing to perform success and about admitting that "empowerment" isn't always empowering when it's measured by productivity and perfection.

Inside these pages, you'll find essays written by my beautifully talented classmates, images, lists, rants, photo shoots, and provocations, written and created by a group of women who wanted to make space for more honest stories. There are no heroes here. No girlboss success arcs. Just fragments, feelings, frustrations, and the beauty that comes with not having to finish anything in a neat bow.

You'll read about rage and rest, softness and protest, beauty and burnout. You'll see fashion photography that doesn't sell you anything but tells a story about the contradictions and exasperations that we so often feel when navigating the path of life. You'll hear voices that haven't been optimised for maximum impact. And maybe, hopefully, you'll feel a little less alone in your own contradictions.

This zine isn't perfect, and it isn't supposed to be. It's not tidy or finished - because feminism isn't finished either. Our work is still ongoing, still collective, still a little messy around the edges. And maybe that's the point.

Thanks for reading, feeling, flipping, or simply pausing.

It's still unfinished, and proud of it.

With love,

Bethan

Editor, *Unfinished?*



The Girlboss Is Dead. And She Still Won't Log Off.

Words by: Bethan Gwynne



She arrived with a hashtag, a neon quote board, and a branded tote bag. She “disrupted the industry” in kitten heels, built an empire out of Pinterest mood boards and burnout, and told us that if we worked hard enough, harder than men, but also cuter than them, we could be just like her.

We never asked to be her.

The Girlboss was never a person. She was a performance. A PR exercise wrapped in millennial pink. A capitalist rebranding of feminism made palatable for TED talks, merchandising and LinkedIn. Sophia Amoruso gave her a name. Sheryl Sandberg gave her rules. The rest of us were left with imposter syndrome and stress-induced eczema.

For a while, she was everywhere. On covers of Forbes, in the captions of influencer reels, in the echo of every “just manifest it” pep talk. She told us to lean in. Lean into unpaid internships, toxic hustle culture, and late-stage capitalism disguised as personal growth.

Her aesthetic? Blazers over sports bras. Minimalist interiors. Bookshelves organised by spine colour. Productivity as a spiritual practice. She was glossy, filtered, and always on-brand. She cried, but only on Instagram Stories. And never without light makeup. She “had it all,” as long as her nanny was there to look after her children and her intimate family moments were posted in a carousel of mysterious images across her social media.

But somewhere along the way, the Wifi glitched.

The girlboss fell from grace, or more accurately, she was quietly unfollowed. Her companies were exposed for toxic cultures. Her feminism was revealed to be gatekept and one-dimensional. The world she built, it turns out, wasn’t empowering, it was actually just exhausting. Not inclusive, just curated.

She didn’t liberate us. She sold us liberation like a product. She told us to break the glass ceiling, but only so we could clean it ourselves on the weekend. And the worst part? She convinced us we were the problem when we got tired.

Now we speak of her in past tense. Like a trend. Like a logo. Like the Charlotte Russe heels we wore in 2012 and cringe at now.

Still, she lingers.

You’ll find her echo in “that girl” TikToks, in productivity porn, in the smiling face of the founder who calls layoffs “restructuring.” You’ll find her in the casual expectation that women are responsible for their own oppression. That if you’re burned out, maybe you’re just not meditating or working hard enough. You’ll find her in the quiet guilt we feel for not doing enough, even when we’ve done too much.

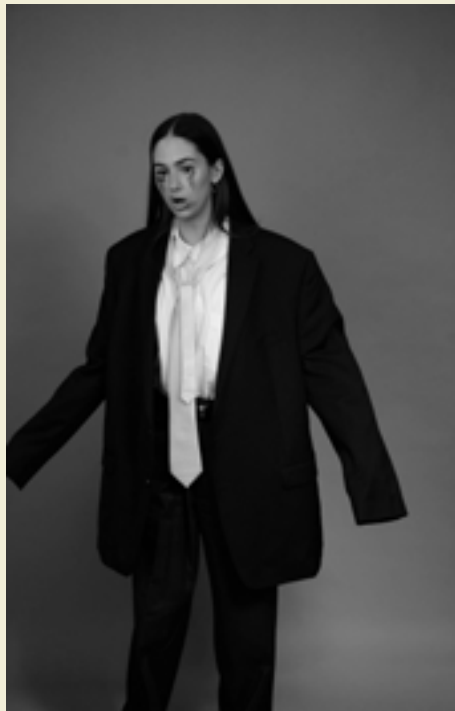
And yet, her downfall is a relief. Because in her absence, space opens. For rest. For rage. For feminism that doesn’t require aesthetic alignment or CEO aspirations. For softness, slowness, contradiction, collectivity. For not having a five-year plan.

So no, we won’t be “girlbossing” our way to freedom.

We’ll take the mic, the money, the rest, and the revolution.

And we’ll do it off-brand, off-script, and completely *unfinished*.





Model: Imogen Knight Wearing: Suit (Ralph Lauren), Tie (Macys), Shirt (H&M), Shoes (Topshop)



Suits of Exhaustion





*Models: Grace Skinner (left)
and Julia Skinner (Right)*



The Suits of Exhaustion shoot reimagines traditional power dressing by pairing sharp tailoring with visual cues of burnout and emotional fatigue. It critiques the pressure placed on women to perform constant productivity under the guise of empowerment, using exaggerated silhouettes, slumped postures, and corporate styling to expose the toll of hustle culture disguised as feminist success.





We live in a world that, despite progress, seems to be falling apart socially, morally and emotionally. Arguably, the most evident evidence of this deterioration is the way the value of women continues to be overlooked, undervalued or devalued in everyday life. Be it within the workplace, on media or in relationships,

women keep facing systemic imbalances.

Feminism, in its purest form, is equality, human dignity, and the right of every woman to be without fear, restriction or judgment. It is supposed to be something personal, embedded deep within an individual's values and being.

Beyond the Slogan: Where Did the Soul Go?

Real feminism cannot be performative. It must not be performed only when it is profitable or perks someone up socially or economically.

It is not a posture to be feminist, it's a position. It's a worldview and how you move and live in it in terms of fairness, empathy and courage. We don't need more slogan-shouting. We need quieter integrity.

*Words by: Valentina Padovan, MA
Fashion Communication*

“Feminism, in its purest form, is equality, human dignity, and the right of every woman to be without fear, restriction or judgment.”

Now we tend to see feminism as an action, a slogan, or worse, a marketing strategy. If feminism is used by brands or influencers just to sell something or attract attention, it loses its meaning. It gets commodified, losing the struggle and the truth that it is talking about.

Inside the Girlboss Survival Kit

(Spoiler: It's Not Working)

Ever wondered what power smells like? It's Eau de Deadline with a hint of passive aggression, and it's leaking all over her Vivienne Westwood knockoff.

Inside the Girlboss's bag: broken capitalism in leopard print, a resignation letter drafted at 3AM on her Notes app, and enough concealer to mask three meltdowns and a panic attack in Pret. Her "growth serum" is half-empty (like her calendar), and her compact mirror mostly reflects back her imposter syndrome. Tucked between unpaid invoices and self-help notes is a pair of earrings with one broken, of which she swore she'd take to a jeweller's and have repaired.

This isn't just a bag. It's a shrine to the myth of Having It All. Crumpled, chaotic, and undeniably honest. Who needs "power dressing" when you've got emotional baggage in liquid form?

Welcome to the new era of transparency.

The hustle is dead. Long live the mess.

Words by: Bethan Gwynne

Rest is Revolution













Models: Imogen Knight, Grace Skinner, and Julia Skinner

The Rest is Revolution shoot is a satirical editorial that subverts the high-energy, hustle-driven aesthetics of the "girlboss" by visually celebrating rest, softness, and collective care as radical feminist acts. Using calm, intimate styling, slow fashion, and protest-inspired imagery, the shoot reclaims rest not as laziness, but as resistance to capitalist productivity culture.

Words by: Mariachiara Di Costanzo, MA Fashion
Journalism and Editorial Direction

Feminism for the

Clueless

The 2025 Guide

There's this idea floating around that feminism today is all about 'girl bossing' your way to the top. Juggling twelve jobs, buying property at 27, meditating, running a company and still doing your 10-step skincare routine. The Girl Boss™: she works 16-hour days, powers through trauma, never complains, and still has time for pilates. She's inspirational, aspirational, and completely exhausting. Sure, we love a woman who makes it but this idea that success = empowerment? That feminism is only valid if it's attached to hustle culture and personal achievement?

That's not liberation, that's capitalism in a pink suit. What the Girl Boss narrative does is turn feminism into a productivity tool. It says: you're empowered if you're successful.

And if you're not? Well, maybe you're just not trying hard enough. This mindset is not only narrow, it's exclusionary. It sidelines care work, community building, softness, activism, rage, rest. All the things that don't look good on LinkedIn but are deeply feminist in practice. But still, when a woman becomes powerful, wealthy, and respected, she still doesn't win. Because if she's not married? She's probably difficult. No kids? Selfish. Focused on career? Unnatural.

She's labelled cold, aggressive, or just too much, while her male counterpart gets called a visionary. This is the double bind of being a woman in a patriarchal world: even if you win the game, you're still playing by their rules and those rules were never made for you. Also let's be honest, that version of empowerment? It's cute, marketable of cure, and utterly misleading. You think feminism is obvious. Equal rights? Sure. You'd never call yourself a misogynist, you support women (you've tweeted about it), you even watched Barbie twice.

So why is everyone still mad? Here's the thing: feminism in 2025 is not a slogan, a tote bag, or a filter you slap on Instagram during Women's Day, and it's certainly not a badge you earn by working yourself into burnout. Feminism is a movement: messy, loud, inclusive, and, most of all, rooted in resistance. It's about fighting for a world where all women - cis, trans, queer, neurodivergent, disabled, racialised - have the tools, rights and safety to live fully, not just survive politely. It's about dismantling the systems that give men the upper hand, economically, socially, politically. It's not about winning, but unlearning and challenging the roles we've been taught to perform and asking: who benefits when women are kept small?

But you cannot talk about feminism and ignore violence. It's everywhere, from femicide to online abuse, from medical gaslighting to wage gaps, from transphobia to the criminalisation of abortion. Italian writer Carlotta Vagnoli tells this truth without blinking. In *Maledetta Sfortuna*, she unmasks how systemic violence is minimised, romanticised, and conveniently dismissed as 'bad luck', when it's anything but. In *Memoria delle mie Puttane Allegre*, Vagnoli strips bare the hypocrisies of a society that punishes women for surviving, for speaking, for existing on their own terms. Her work reminds us: violence doesn't have to be visible to be real, and feminism doesn't end at the workplace: it begins in how we protect each other.

If you're just stepping in this world, don't panic, nobody arrives 'woke'. The point is to be in process.

Here are the essential things you need to know to de-program your brain.

First of all let's be clear: feminism is not a trending aesthetic, or a one-size-fits-all story. It's not reserved for 'perfect victims' or 'perfect women', and it's not a reason to look down on women who make different choices. Feminism is a political movement, and it must be intersectional - if not, it's not feminism. It's about equity, not just equality. It's a messy and collective fight against patriarchal violence, both loud and invisible. Feminism is about power with, not power over. Of course, you might get it wrong sometimes, but keep going. This isn't about perfection, it's about unlearning, listening, and evolving. No one cares what label you use if your actions fall short - say feminist, humanist, equalist, or whatever - but don't preach empowerment while ignoring pay gaps, assault, or abortion rights, and stop treating criticism like cancel culture because growth requires discomfort. You're not being attacked, you're just being asked to do better.

To do so, you can:

READ:

Judith Butler, Gender Trouble - complicated, but worth the mental breakdown

Hélène Cixous, The Laugh of the Medusa - why writing, and desire, is political

Carlotta Vagnoli, Maledetta Sfortuna and Memoria delle mie Puttane Allegre - raw, brave, and brutally honest

Mona Eltahawy, The Seven Necessary Sins for Women and Girls - radical and wildly fun

Sara Ahmed, Living a Feminist Life - feminism as daily, awkward, and glorious resistance

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, We Should All Be Feminists - your go-to starter kit

Lola Olufemi, Feminism, Interrupted - because yes, it has been hijacked

bell hooks, Feminism Is for Everybody - if you read one book, make it this

Lauren Elkin, Art Monsters - on women who make art and trouble

FOLLOW:

@theblackcurriculum (UK)

@sistersuncut (UK activist collective)

@nonunadimeno (Italy)

@feminist (the verified one, good for basics)

DO:

Join a student group, feminist book club, or mutual aid network

Support women-led orgs in your area

Talk less, listen more

Interrupt sexist jokes

Don't be scared to admit what you don't know

But where do we go from there? First, we ditch the myth that a feminist has to be ambitious, bulletproof, and bossed up 24/7. We embrace different ways of existing: the activist, the artist, the mother, the survivor, the soft girl, the angry girl, and the tired girl. We listen to those who have been kept at the margins. We remember that privilege is not the problem because it's what you do with it that matters. We keep showing up for ourselves but most for each other. Even when it's uncomfortable, especially when it's inconvenient.

Now, forget the thinkpieces claiming feminism is over, forget the politicians who insist women have equal rights now. The truth is feminism is still a fight, and it's happening everywhere: in the streets, where women march with rage and grief in their throats, on social media, where survivors speak when justice won't, in whispered conversations between friends, sisters, strangers, saying me too. In art, protest, and courtrooms. Even in DMs, and in bedrooms, and in the quiet refusal to shrink. Feminism is women, all women, crying, shouting, unlearning, holding each other up. It's collectives, mutual support, messy solidarity. It's saying your pain matters, and showing up for someone else, even when you're tired of showing up for yourself.

Movements like Non Una di Meno remind us: none of us are free until all of us are. We don't want protection, we demand freedom. Not survival, but life that life may be: messy, joyful, interrupted, complex and ours. This is not a phase, it's a legacy, a rebellion, a promise.

You in?





There is a revolution going on in the quiet spaces among women.

In the half-talking language of eye contact across a crowded room. In text messages that say, "Are you home safely?" In the old ritual of getting ready for the night in together: borrowing perfume, psyching up one another, spinning in front of the mirror. These are not moments; these are ceremonies. They form the unspoken architecture of girlhood. A word too often boiled down to pink tinsel and adolescence but filled with emotional complexity, personal growth and affiliation.

In the modern world, which is increasingly marked by disconnection, speed and the commodification of identity, the emotional intelligence and intimacy of female friendships remain radical. Not only radical, but necessary for our mental health, our social development and our sense of meaning.

the without purpose, to be messy and still be loved.

In a patriarchal society, emotional solidarity is vital. When women support each other: emotionally, economically, pragmatically. They overturn systems that rely upon their isolation. Consider mutual support groups mobilised by women during the COVID-19 pandemic, or online Black women's communities who offered mental health support when they provided care amidst social upheaval. These are not friendships.

They are care infrastructures.

Others lament that girlhood today has been hijacked by the algorithm and that friendship is filtered and posted and not experienced. But for some girls and women, especially those from marginalised groups, the digital world offers a lifeline.

Pop culture has long commodified girlhood, often through the lens of

To understand the importance of female friendship, one must first understand what girlhood actually is.

Psychologists have long noted that early friendships among girls are the foundation of empathy and identity formation. Teenage girls and boys alike deeply crave close, emotionally intimate friendships, says Dr. Niobe Way, a developmental psychologist at NYU who authored *Deep Secrets*. But due to gender expectation, boys are socialised out of vulnerability. Girls, however, are socialised to build intimacy, though not necessarily with lasting support.

Modern womanhood demands too frequently to be performed. At the office, in public, even in the privacy of her own home, the woman has to be productive, serene, pleasant. But in woman friendships, actual ones at least, there can be room for contradiction. Room to cry without cause, to see

Girlhood and the Gift of Connection

competition and cruelty. From Mean Girls to Gossip Girl, we've internalised a narrative where female friendships are dangerous, temporary alliances waiting to implode. But this trope is not only tired. It's harmful. It undermines the deep emotional labour and healing that happen in real-life female friendships.

Later media, however, has begun to upset it. Series like Pen15, Booksmart, Heartstopper, and even parts of Barbie (2023) have caught the clumsy, soft, and sometimes codependent gorgeousness of female friendships. These stories blow their own horn about the mundane, switching tampons in public restroom stalls, crying over dumb boys, apologising after dumb fights, not as padding, but as the feel of emotional life.

What We Learn From Each Other

Perhaps what is so enduring about women's friendships is that they allow us to have images of ourselves we are not able to get on our own. Friends are witnesses to our becoming. They remember our childhood dreams and remind us of our strength when we have forgotten. They help us assign a name to our longings, our sadnesses, our pleasures. They teach us who we were, and who we might still be.

In a world that so frequently asks women to compete, feminine friendship reaffirms: You are not my enemy. You are my reflection.

In a world that profits from our perfection and aloneness, feminine bonding reaffirms: Come as you are.

You are sufficient.

Girlhood is not something to outgrow, but a spirit to carry forward, a way of feeling deeply, loving hard, and showing up again and again for one another. In all seasons of life, women's friendship teaches us how to survive, how to laugh, how to heal.

So, whether you're still braiding each other's hair, or texting each other about taxes and toddlers, remember: this bond is more than just sentimental.

It is a form of resistance.

It is a kind of home.

And it might just be the most important love story of your life.

Words by: Bethan Gwynne







Knife

what if softness was the sharpest knife?

There are kinds of rebellion that make the news: Molotov cocktails, protest chants, shattered glass on concrete.

And then there are the rebellions that whisper.

The kind that grows quietly inside a woman who decides no, I will not harden.

The kind that spills out of trembling hands planting seeds in a garden no one else believes in.

The kind that sings lullabies to trauma, rocks it gently, and refuses to call that weakness.

This is the revolt no one taught us how to name.

This is tenderness.

And it might be the most radical thing we've got.

I. THE MYTH OF THE ANGRY GIRL

They taught us that feminism was about fists.
Raised ones. Clenched ones. Ones that punch ceilings, break doors.
And yes, it was. It is.
But there's another mythology quietly blooming in the cracks.
It's the myth of the girl who loved anyway.
Who forgave without forgetting.
Who held space in a world that asked her to take it by force.
They called us hysterical, then frigid, then too emotional, then not emotional enough.
They called us crazy bitches, then boss babes, then soft girls, as if softness was something to outgrow.
But here's the twist:
What if softness is exactly the thing they fear?
What if the ability to hold pain without becoming it
to open instead of armour up
is the truest threat to patriarchy?
Not a bullet. Not a slogan.
But a breath. A slow, deep, I-am-still-here breath.

II. RADICAL ACTS OF GENTLENESS

A woman making soup for her friend who just got ghosted.
A queer teenager painting their nails the colour of bruises and calling it self-expression.
A trans elder writing poetry about the body as a cathedral instead of a war zone.
These are revolutions.
There is something insurgent about care when the world wants you numb.
Something deeply defiant about surviving with your heart intact.
Don't let the museums and headlines fool you, rebellion isn't only in riots and revolvers.
It's in the grandmother's hands massaging oil into her own arthritic fingers.
It's in chosen family dinners on mismatched plates.
It's in group chats that say, drink water, girly, you're not alone.
We live in a culture that profits off our exhaustion, our isolation, our cruelty to ourselves.
To rest, to nurture, to be kind. These are not passive acts.
They are sabotage.

III. THE POLITICS OF HONEY

Angela Davis said, "Radical simply means 'grasping things at the root.'"
So I ask: what's at the root of all this violence?
A wound.
A starving.
A fear of softness mistaken for weakness, over and over again.
So, what if the feminist future is not steel but honey?
What if liberation doesn't feel like a march but like a warm bath after being cold for centuries?
There are days when I want to scream into the void.
And days when I want to curl up in my friend's lap and have her braid my hair like we're seven again.
Both are rebellion.
Both are sacred.
The system wants us to believe we must become sharp to survive.
But what if we became sticky instead?
What if we let joy cling to us like pollen?
What if we kissed our wounds until they wrote poems?

IV. TENDERNESS AS ANARCHY

Loving in a loveless world is anarchic.
Nurturing when everything is designed to break us is pure mutiny.
To choose intimacy, especially non-romantic, messy, platonic intimacy, is to defy every hierarchy we've been fed.
Capitalism wants us lonely.
White supremacy wants us divided.
The patriarchy wants us bitter, competitive, cynical.
So, imagine the revolution: You, walking into a room and genuinely hoping every woman there is thriving.
Imagine the chaos if we stopped comparing pain and started holding it together.
Imagine healing not as recovery but as a jailbreak.

V. A LOVE LETTER TO THE SOFT REBELS

To the ones who cry in public and refuse to be embarrassed.
To the ones who choose forgiveness without forgetting.
To the ones who write "I love you" in group chats unironically.
To the single mothers, the chosen aunties, the burnt-out babysitters, the teachers who sneak snacks into backpacks.
To every artist who makes beauty without knowing if it will be seen.
You are the riot.
You are the march.
You are the Molotov cocktail in slow motion.
You are changing the world not with force, but with feeling.
Not with dominance, but with devotion.
Not with perfection, but with presence.

Words by: Bethan Gwynne

VI. THE FINAL TENDERNESS

Here's what no one tells
you:
The world will keep trying
to turn you to stone.
But you can choose to stay
water.
Let tenderness be your
anthem.
Let softness be your sword.
Let love: messy,
inconvenient, awkward,
infinite love, be your riot.
Because maybe rebellion
isn't always loud.
Maybe sometimes, it's just
staying gentle in a world
that keeps telling you not
to be.

And maybe that's enough
to burn it all down and build
something *softer* in the ash.

Written tenderly. In protest.
In hope.

For the soft rebels. I see
you.



Domestic Drift



The Domestic Drift shoot explores the overlooked labour and emotional weight of domestic life, reclaiming the home as a site of both resistance and reflection. Through soft, intimate styling, vintage interiors, and symbols of routine care, the shoot challenges the girlboss narrative by highlighting the quiet, feminised spaces often excluded from mainstream empowerment imagery.





Designed for Her or Done to Her?
The Feminine Divide in Fashion



A universal experience faced by women across the globe is the dreaded and dramatic conclusion to a shopping trip- the fitting room. Every woman at least once in their lives has had to try an outfit on in a fitting room and hated the way they felt or looked. Sometimes, clothes just look better on a hanger. By the end of the excursion you find yourself thinking, "who did this designer create this for?".

This phenomenon certainly doesn't exclude luxury fashion. The current trend of designers who love women versus hate them is creating a buzz on social media, forcing consumers to watch the runway with a more critical eye. Sure, designers have been put under the microscope before for making sexist remarks or having high standards for their models, but now fashion enthusiasts are speaking out about whether their actual designs support women- or don't deliver the homage they deserve.

Perhaps the most notoriously known for this was Alexander McQueen. It can be argued that, at least for his most controversial shows, McQueen's models were used more for displays of art than female adoration. His 1995 Highland Rape collection, for example, is one that lives in fashion infamy. Models on this runway appeared rough, bloody, and bruised to portray domestic abuse of that historical era in his native Scotland. The garments themselves weren't exactly anti-misogynistic either, as this was the line where McQueen's "bumster skirt" became popular - a trend which

By the end of the excursion you find yourself thinking, "who did this designer create this for?".

was seen as a highly sexualized garment even thirty years ago. That same year his "The Birds" collection received similar backlash due to the less-than-flattering pieces that portrayed his models in as scary a form as the Hitchcock movie itself- including a blazer covered in tire marks.

Another designer who has had his fair share of controversy in the limelight is Tom Ford. In 2015 during an in-depth interview with The Guardian, he stated that society is much more comfortable exploiting women than men. He has been known, especially during his time at Gucci, as a designer who uses sexualization to his advantage. Both his use of models and the garments themselves being perceived by the public as less than complimentary to women is a bit of an understatement. Let's not forget his 2003 campaign where a model was pictured with pubic hair shaved into the shape of the classic Gucci "G". Luckily, Ford's designs were not trying to fit women into a man's mold, but they were however showing them off in an objectifiable way

which sets feminism back in its own right. Not to worry, though. Plenty of designers just know how to flatter - and respect - a woman. Wes Gordon for Carolina Herrera is widely considered to be one of them. The silhouettes of his timeless designs, dignified colour palettes and elegant materials all honor and embolden the female presence. His pieces make a strong feminine statement that is hard to ignore. The runways are filled with models embodying the looks - not serving as a display piece for an art exhibition. Lately, the media has paid extra attention to his red carpet looks. Hollywood's biggest names - such as Selena Gomez and Cynthia Erivo - are two of the latest to be photographed in his designs.

Christian Siriano, although young, takes to his designs with an authority of feminine refinement that modern designs have been lacking. Whether modest, revealing, outlandish, or timeless - his gowns transfer a sense of sophistication to the wearer. As a designer, he is one of the few that understand strong femininity is translatable on the runway by making women's clothing empowering themselves, not making women empowered through men's clothing. This is reflected through all Siriano's lines: fall, spring/summer, resort, and even bridal - which several celebrities have chosen for his classic elegance - on their big day.

Thanks to today's increased awareness of feminism, particularly in fashion, it has become much easier for those viewing the runway - whether front row or through social media - to determine exactly which designers design for women and which design to women.



*Words by: Grace Skinner, MA Fashion
Journalism and Editorial Direction*

This Is Not a Conclusion...

Feminism isn't over. Not even close.

It hasn't been wrapped up, tied with a bow, and productively packaged into textbooks. It hasn't been pinned by a catchphrase or packaged out by a tote bag. It's not something you earn a degree for when you become a CEO, nor is it complete when your feed is curated, your wages are "competitive," or your office greens are thriving.

This zine is a love letter to that state of being unfinished.

Because to be unfinished is to remain in motion. Still questioning, rethinking, deconstructing, dreaming. Still leaving space for softness and rage and contradiction and change. It's about knowing the neat stories, the girlboss, the empowerment t-shirt, the 5 AM productivity routine, were always only half-truths in shiny packaging.

The next chapter of feminism isn't about being perfect or tough like we've been taught to do. It's about being real. It's collective, not competitive. It's imperfect, not facile. It's not about leaning in. It's about lying down when you have to, speaking when it matters, and showing up for each other in between.

So no, it's not finished. But maybe that's the point.

Let's just leave it at that.







This magazine was created for the purpose of the Vogue College of Fashion as part of Bethan Gwynne's Final Masters Project for an MA in Fashion Journalism and Editorial Direction.

Working under the research question: *'Selling the Girlboss: A Critical Study of the Commodification and Decline of Feminist Empowerment Tropes in Fashion Media,'* this project was borne out of a myriad of unanswered questions about whether the girlboss narrative we see today is, in fact, somewhat anti-feminist. By putting women into boxes and continually portraying feminine power in infantile and unexpressive ways, the feminist movement remains unfinished. Female power, in all its different ways, is **IMPORTANT**. A woman's choice to work or dance or be a mother or paint is **THEIR** choice and every woman who exercises that choice **IS** a girlboss.

This magazine sets out to challenge the corporate "girlboss" stereotype and broaden the definition of what it means to be a successful woman. Success isn't limited to boardrooms or CEO titles; it's diverse, personal and often overlooked. While this publication was created with limited resources, particularly in photography, sets, and representation, it's rooted in a clear, intentional vision. The foundation is here, and this is just the beginning.

All images in this magazine were creatively directed and taken by Bethan Gwynne.

A person with long dark hair is shown from the back, standing against a white background. Their hair is heavily covered in bright green moss. They are wearing a white t-shirt and black pants. A gold-colored metal mesh bracelet is visible on their left wrist. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is overlaid on the center of the image, containing text.

No more girl bossing. I want to girl rest. Girl sleep. Girl lay down on the forest floor and be absorbed by nature. I want to girl moss.