

Fondation filles d'action – Girls Action Foundation est un organisme de bienfaisance national qui inspire et soutient le leadership et le renforcement du pouvoir d'agir des filles et jeunes femmes partout au Canada.

Bien ancrés dans les réalités des filles et basés sur des recherches établies, nos programmes abordent les thèmes de la prévention de la violence, le racisme, les relations sexuelles saines et responsables, l'engagement communautaire et l'apprentissage des outils médiatiques. En combinant l'expression créative à l'acquisition de nouvelles connaissances, Filles d'action s'emploie à sensibiliser les filles et les jeunes femmes et organise des actions afin d'éliminer la violence et la discrimination.

À Filles d'action, nous voulons que chaque fille ait accès aux ressources et au soutien dont elle a besoin pour prendre sa place dans la société. Nos activités contribuent à développer l'estime de soi des participantes, leur esprit critique, leurs capacités à communiquer avec les autres ainsi que leur esprit d'engagement citoyen. En stimulant, partout au Canada, le développement d'un mouvement de jeunes femmes et d'organismes engagés, nous imaginons une nouvelle génération déterminée à créer un monde de paix et de justice.

Vous voulez en savoir plus sur les projets à venir ?
info@girlsactionfoundation.ca

Filles d'action aimerait remercier Patrimoine canadien pour sa contribution financière.

COVER ILLUSTRATOR

alaska

alaska is an illustrator, musician, installation & performance artist based in Montreal and is a founder of the yellow power beast-asian collective YAMANTAKA // SONIC TITAN femaleconvictscorpion@gmail.com

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FONDATION
FILLES D'ACTION
GIRLS ACTION
FOUNDATION

Girls Action Foundation – Fondation filles d'action is a national charitable organization that inspires and supports the empowerment, leadership and healthy development of girls across Canada.

Grounded in research and girls' realities, our innovative programs address: violence prevention, community engagement, media literacy education, health promotion, anti-racism and healthy sexuality. Our programs combine creative expression, knowledge and skill building activities, mentorship, community action and fun. Through local girls' programs and the national network, Girls Action works to raise awareness and mobilize action towards the elimination of violence and discrimination.

At Girls Action we believe that every girl should have what she needs to participate fully in society. Our activities create opportunities for girls and young women to build their strength, discover their power and gain the confidence they need to bring their gifts to the world. Building a movement of active, engaged young women and organizations across Canada, we envision a new generation committed to creating a just and peaceful world.

Want to know about our upcoming projects?
info@girlsactionfoundation.ca

Girls Action would like to thank Canadian Heritage for their financial support.

Allume ta résistance



thrinin'

a collection of stories, art and profiles from and by (mostly canadian) young women of colour who work it.



FONDATION
FILLES D'ACTION
GIRLS ACTION
FOUNDATION

Untitled

by Karen Ko

.....
my mother
my blonde, blue eyed mother
who uses chopsticks better than most
who understands the difference between brunch and dim sum
doesn't really understand that I am not white.

my mother
my blonde, blue eyed mother
it's so easy to blame "culture" and unassimilable Chineseness for a failed marriage.

my mother
my blonde, blue eyed mother
I love you
but I'm not white like you.

Karen Ko is entering her final year of Women's and Gender Studies and History at UBC.
When she's not trapped in the library you can usually spot her dodging traffic in the
streets of Vancouver on her beloved red bike.

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Branche-toi

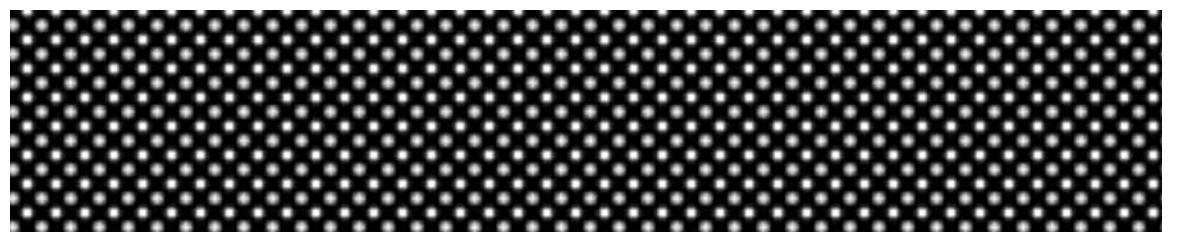
Dans le cadre de ma recherche pour créer une page de ressources, mes amies m'ont donné plusieurs listes de noms. Le problème, c'est que plusieurs des noms listés ne disposent pas d'un site Internet. Si vous êtes impliquée dans des projets stimulants, créez un site Web, un blog ou une page promotionnelle pour que nous puissions vous trouver et vous mettre en lien!

info@girlsactionfoundation.ca

Web it up!

In the search to create a resource page, I was given lists and lists of names by my friends. The problem is that many of the people listed didn't have websites. If you're doing any sort of raging organizing working, create a website/ blog/ promo page and let us know so that we can link you and find you!

info@girlsactionfoundation.ca



Thrivin' is available on our websites **www.girlsactionfoundation.com** and a live version on **www.kickaction.ca**. For hard copies contact us!

Alimente ta résistance est disponible sur **www.fondationfillesdaction.ca** et la version interactive sur **www.kickaction.ca**. Pour obtenir un exemplaire, contactez-nous!

Blogs

thea lim & jessica yee & others from **shamelessmag.com** (thea lim also writes for **racialicious.com**) shameless covers a huge variety of topics, from comics & films to aboriginal rights & feminist analysis of pop culture.

http://thefunkyghettohijabi.blogspot.com a personal blog by a young woman who converted to islam

http://www.brownstargirl.com/journal.html leah lakshmi piepzna-samarasinha is not only an amazing spoken word & performance artist but also an occasional blogger - covering queer brown girl perspectives on all sorts of things & posting events.

http://uppitybrownwoman.wordpress.com a "twenty-whatever woman of colour who is also bi & working-class", she writes out of toronto and updates regularly. <http://racialicious.com>

http://angryblackbitch.blogspot.com based out of st-louis and "practicing the fine art of bitchitude"

http://www.angrybrownbutch.com politics, media, culture, and life from a queer boricua in brooklyn

http://rabfish.blogspot.com An amazing blog by a young Muslim woman based in Toronto.

http://modelminority.blogspot.com American-based Model Minority.

http://www.reappropriate.com Amazing Asian-Canadian writer and critical thinker young woman.

http://onebrownwoman.wordpress.com SF-born, South Asian American of (an)other colour tells us what's offensive.

http://brownfemipower.com American brownfemipower tells us what's going on and her thoughts about it.

http://thegogirls.blogspot.com Vancouver based leadership arts program for racialized and indigenous young women.

« Sans titre »

par Karen Ko

.....
ma mère
ma mère aux cheveux blonds et aux yeux bleus
qui est plus habile avec des baguettes que la plupart des gens
qui comprend la différence entre le brunch et le dim sum
ne comprend pas vraiment que je ne suis pas blanche

ma mère
ma mère aux cheveux blonds et aux yeux bleus
c'est si facile de blâmer la « culture » et la chinoiserie inassimilable pour un mariage raté

ma mère
ma mère aux cheveux blonds et aux yeux bleus
je t'aime mais je ne suis pas blanche comme toi

Karen Ko entame sa dernière année d'études dans le programme Women's and Gender Studies (Études sur la condition féminine et le genre) à l'Université de la Colombie-Britannique. Lorsqu'elle n'est pas terrée dans la bibliothèque, on peut l'apercevoir sur son cher vélo rouge en train de déambuler entre les voitures dans les rues de Vancouver.

karenkoenator@gmail.com



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GO GIRLS LEADERSHIP PROGRAM

GO GIRLS is an arts based, leadership program for Racialized and Aboriginal young women living in the Lower Mainland. Our goal and mandate is to provide a safe space for our members where they are able to come and chat, share, connect, enjoy a meal, engage in significant projects and have fun while truly being themselves. By connecting with one another and discussing issues that are significant and relevant in their lives, we are not only creating a stronger community but we are also providing a solid foundation for lifelong relationships.

The GO GIRLS have engaged in a national research project on Intersectionality as co-researchers; they have also presented a photography installation for the World Urban Forum, as well as produced two short films. We are currently developing the curriculum for our first ever Mentorship program, to be launched in September 2008.

<http://thegirls.blogspot.com>

778.782.5248

go_girls_vancouver@yahoo.ca

SOUTH-WEST MONTREAL COMMUNITY SKILL SHARE

The Ste. Emilie SkillShare is a group of artists and activists, primarily people of colour and queer people, committed to promoting artistic expression and self-representation in our communities. The group is building and running an art studio for people to learn new skills, share their skills, and create art in the spirit of revolution and anti-oppression (anti-racism/ sexism/classism/ homophobia/ transphobia/ableism/sizeism/ etc). Long live skill-sharing!

<http://snap.mahost.org/distro>

514.933.2573

mtlskillshare@gmail.com

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THE ONTARIO YOUNG PEOPLES ALLIANCE

The Ontario Young Peoples Alliance is a children and youth driven organisation committed to creating a learning inclusive culture that mobilises young people to help themselves and each other. Through resource-sharing, networking, and facilitating community-implemented programs, OYPA actively participates in the healthy development of our communities locally, regionally, and provincially throughout Ontario. OYPA wants to build and facilitate awareness, understanding, and participation in all decision-making processes, especially those that affect our lives.

OYPA is a member of A Call to Freedom, a growing group of youth committed to anti-racism organizing within community organizations. We have also supported the youth fora developed by the St. Lawrence Forum and the coalition organizing Black Youth United: a post-UNWCAR conference on reparations.

**[http://www.oypa.org/
whatsoypa.html](http://www.oypa.org/whatsoypa.html)**

416.703.5488
1.866.732.2201
joinus@oypa.org

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Présentation de ce zine vraiment, vraiment génial.

L'objectif de ce zine était de célébrer les filles et les jeunes femmes racisées. Dans cette optique, nous nous sommes dit que nous n'avions pas vraiment à célébrer nos luttes. Vous le faites vous-même, par votre art, dans vos communautés, par votre activisme, votre cuisine, avec votre grand-mère, par les langues que vous parlez, etc. En fait, plusieurs d'entre nous le faisons sans même nous en rendre compte. En arrivant à l'école avec un curry odoriférant ou un sandwich qui, de toute évidence, n'est pas tartiné de beurre d'arachides et de confiture, en portant des vêtements différents de ceux des autres, en choisissant de porter des vêtements qui ne correspondent pas au sexe qui nous a été assignée à la naissance ou... en lisant beaucoup trop pour être cool.

Nous nous épanouissons en vivant notre vie, tout simplement.

Quand nous avons décidé de créer ce zine, nous nous sommes rapidement aperçus que nous n'avions pas besoin de vous montrer comment surmonter des obstacles ou comment subsister.

Vous pouvez très bien le faire, même mieux que nous.

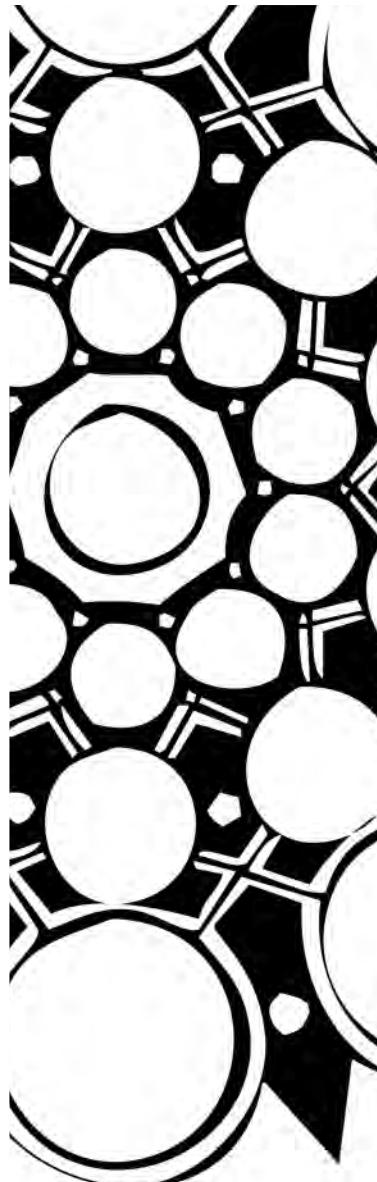
Ce zine est composé d'une variété d'histoires, d'œuvres d'art et de profils par et pour les jeunes femmes racisées, qui démontrent à quel point le fait de grandir au sein de la diaspora canadienne peut être DIFFICILE, et comment nous nous y adaptons malgré tout. Parce que nous nous épanouissons, simplement, en continuant de vivre et en passant à autre chose.

Nous nous sommes tout de même heurtées à quelques obstacles en concevant ce zine :

D'abord, nous voulions que les personnes puissent écrire dans la langue de leur choix. Le zine allait être passivement multilingue, à l'abri des hiérarchies impérialistes de langues, centré sur le pouvoir qu'ont les jeunes femmes de se connecter les unes aux autres au-delà de la barrière de la langue. Toutefois, nous avons constaté que la plupart des soumissions que nous recevions étaient en anglais, malgré l'existence de jeunes femmes racisées combatives qui préfèrent leur langue maternelle à l'anglais. Pour nous, cette réalité témoigne de l'importance du rôle que joue ce zine dans la transmission de nos messages qui méritent d'être entendus, achetés et respectés. De plus, cette réalité évoque à la fois la perte de nos langues et le fait que l'anglais est une langue que nous possédons et manions nous aussi.

Ensuite, nous vivons dans un très grand pays aux régions déconnectées les unes des autres et rempli de personnes originaires d'une multitude de pays. Cette belle réalité contribue à l'énergie crue et rude qui nous anime, mais elle nous rend aussi la tâche difficile quand vient le temps de bâtir un réseau et d'y rester branchées. Nous souhaitons cette communauté et pourtant, parfois, nous ne savons pas ce qui nous rassemble. Certaines d'entre nous s'identifient comme « racisées » et d'autres détestent ce terme. Certaines d'entre nous détestons le mot « racisé », parce que c'est juste une façon savante de dire « personne de couleur ». Certaines d'entre nous l'aimons et nous y reconnaissions parce que nous estimons qu'il admet que nous ne sommes pas juste nées racisées, mais plutôt que nous sommes marquées en tant que telles par la société. Un bon nombre d'entre nous refusent d'utiliser le terme « minorité », dont le reste des CanadienNES aime généralement se servir pour désigner la majorité des habitantEs du monde. Certaines d'entre

Profiles



ANTI-DOTE

Anti-dote is a grassroots, voluntary based organization of racialised minority and Aboriginal girls and women in Greater Victoria. A major catalyst for the formation of this network was a July 2002 conference held at the University of Victoria: It's About Us: A Conference for Girls on Race and Identities. The girls and women at this conference wanted an organization to continue the work that the conference began; leading to the creation of Anti-dote. Established in 2004, it currently has approximately 100 women and girls from the ages of about 13 and up, who represent diverse ages, ethnic and religious backgrounds, professions, and affiliations in the community.

Anti-dote aims to increase the psychological and social well-being of racialised minority and Aboriginal women and girls in their schools, social service organizations, families and in their communities, as well as to promote the visibility and needs of racialised minority and Aboriginal women and girls in the greater community.

<http://www.anti-dote.org>

250.383.5144 ext. 313

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AWARE

AWARE was founded in 2006 as an extension of a summer pilot project devoted to the empowerment of racialized and immigrant young women in British Columbia. The pilot project consisted of series of workshops led over a 4-day period that culminated in a final short documentary film that was driven and directed by the young women and produced by dB Digital TV. Following the creation of this film, the young women expressed a desire to establish a network that would both encourage and consolidate young women's activism in myriad social and global issues. From this vision, AWARE was born...

www.awarecanada.com
awarecanada@gmail.com

PROGRAMME DE FORMATION AU LEADERSHIP : GO GIRLS

GO GIRLS est un programme de formation au leadership par les arts s'adressant aux jeunes femmes racisées et Autochtones des basses-terres continentales de C.-B. Notre objectif/ mandat est d'offrir un espace sûr à nos membres, où elles peuvent venir pour parler, échanger et prendre contact, partager un repas, s'engager dans des projets significatifs et s'amuser tout en étant elles-mêmes. En prenant contact les unes avec les autres et en abordant les enjeux qui sont pertinents à leurs vies, nous ne créons pas seulement une communauté plus forte, nous offrons une base solide sur laquelle construire des relations qui dureront toute la vie.

GO GIRLS s'est engagé, en tant que co-chercheuses, dans un projet de recherche national sur l'intersectionnalité; nous avons aussi présenté une installation photographique lors du Forum urbain mondial et produit deux courts métrages. Nous développons actuellement le curriculum de notre tout premier programme de Mentorat, qui sera lancé en septembre 2008.

<http://thegogirls.blogspot.com>

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go_girls_vancouver@yahoo.ca

LE COMMUNITY SKILL SHARE DU SUD-OUEST DE MONTRÉAL

Le Ste-Emilie SkillShare est un groupe d'artistes et d'activistes, pour la plupart racisé-e-s et queer, voué à la promotion d'expressions et autoreprésentations artistiques dans nos communautés. Le groupe construit et dirige un studio d'art où les gens peuvent acquérir et partager des aptitudes et créer dans un esprit révolutionnaire et anti-oppressif (contre toute discrimination fondée sur la race, le sexe ou le genre, la classe sociale, l'orientation sexuelle, les capacités, la forme physique, etc.). Vive le partage des aptitudes!

<http://snap.mahost.org/distro/>

514-933-2573

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ALLIANCE DES JEUNES D'ONTARIO

L'Ontario Young Peoples Alliance est un organisme dirigé par des enfants et des adolescents, voué à créer une culture d'apprentissage inclusive, qui encourage les jeunes à s'aider eux-mêmes et à s'aider les uns les autres. Par le partage des ressources, le réseautage et la facilitation de programmes communautaires, OYPA participe activement au développement sain de nos communautés à l'échelle locale, régionale et provinciale, partout en Ontario. OYPA souhaite contribuer à ce que les jeunes connaissent et comprennent les processus de prise de décision et y participent, en particulier lorsqu'il s'agit de décisions qui touchent leur vie.

OYPA est membre de A Call to Freedom, un groupe émergent voué à l'organisation antiraciste au sein des organismes communautaires. Nous avons aussi soutenu les forums jeunesse développés par le Forum St-Lawrence et la coalition à l'origine de la conférence Black Youth United: a post-UNWCAR, sur les mesures de réparation.

<http://www.oypa.org/whatsoypa.html>

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joinus@oypa.org

nous détestent l'expression « femme de couleur » parce qu'elle ressemble à « personnes de couleur » et parce que la peau des personnes blanches a elle aussi une couleur. Certaines d'entre nous sont de « race mixte » et ont l'impression qu'aucune désignation ne leur correspond. Il serait impossible de trouver un terme qui nous satisferait toutes. Nous créons donc ce zine en partant de l'idée que ce qui nous rassemble n'est pas le terme par lequel nous choisissons de nous nommer. Ce terme est choisi par d'autres ; il représente le mouvement et les déplacements que la plupart d'entre nous ont vécus, que ce soit par nos ancêtres qui ont traversé terres et océans (parce qu'il n'y avait d'autre alternative que de s'exiler) ou par des promesses trompeuses et des nations volées : c'est l'héritage qui est le nôtre et vit encore en nous. Nous sommes liées par nos récits de douleur et de lutte, et plus liées encore par la manière dont nous utilisons nos histoires pour nous préparer à affronter chaque journée et nous lancer vers demain.

Nous vous remercions de nous avoir soutenues et de vous être appuyées les unes et les autres tout au long de la création de ce zine. Nous remercions aussi Fondation filles d'action pour leur contribution épataante à la vie des filles et des jeunes femmes de partout.

Continuez d'alimenter votre résistance!

Kiran et Andrea

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Introduction to this really, really awesome zine.

The goal of this zine was to celebrate racialized girls and young women. With this in mind, we figured we don't really need to celebrate your struggle. You do it yourself. In your art, in your communities, in your activism, in your cooking, with your grandma, in your languages. In fact, a lot of us did it without even realizing it. Showing up to school with a smelly curry or a sandwich which was obviously not filled with PB & J or wearing something different from everyone else or choosing to wear clothes which didn't fit our assigned sex or reading way too much to be cool.

We thrive by living on.

So, when we decided to create this zine, we quickly realized that we don't really need to show how you deal with your hardships or how you subsist. You can do it way better than we ever could.

This zine consists of a variety of stories, art, and profiles from and by young women of colour, which shows how growing up in the Canadian diaspora can be HARD and how we deal with it. Because we do thrive just by living on and by moving on.

We had some struggles making this zine though:

First, we wanted people to write in whatever languages they felt comfortable. The zine would be passively multilingual refraining from imperialist language hierarchies and focusing on the power of young women to connect across language barriers. However, we came to realize that most of our submissions were in English even though we know there are fierce young women of colour out there who have different Mother tongues and love them way more. This speaks to us of how important this zine is to spread the word that our voices matter and should be listened to, paid for, and respected. It also tells us how we're losing our languages, and, at the same time, how English is something that we own and wield too.

Second, we live in a really big, really disconnected country full of people from many different countries. It's beautiful and creates that raw, rugged energy we have, but it's also hard for us to keep a network and to stay connected. We want that community and yet, we sometimes don't even know what binds us together. *Some of us identify as 'racialized' and some of us hate it. "Some of us hate the term 'racialized' because we feel it's just a fancy word trying to say 'coloured people'. Some of us love it and find home in it because we feel it acknowledges that we aren't just born raced, but rather, we're marked as such by society."* A lot of us refuse to use the term 'minority' which is how the rest of Canada generally likes to define the majority of the world. Some of us hate 'women of colour' because it sounds a lot like 'coloured people' and because white people have a skin colour too. Some of us are 'mixed race' and just don't feel like anything fits at all. Trying to find a term that all of us would be happy with is impossible. So, we're making this zine with the understanding that what binds us isn't what we choose to call ourselves. It's what others chose to call us; it's the movement and displacement most of us have experienced whether in our ancestry across seas and land masses, or because there's nothing left and nowhere else to go but the airplane, or through a fake promise and a stolen nation, the remnants upon which we still live and sometimes, can still feel heaving. We are connected by our histories of pain and struggle, and even more connected by how we use these stories to arm ourselves against today and thrive into tomorrow.

So, we thank you for supporting each other and us through the making of the zine. And we thank Girls Action Foundation for their amazing contribution into the lives of girls and young women everywhere.

keep on thrivin,

Kiran and Andrea

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andreascanales@yahoo.ca

ANTI-DOTE

Anti-dote est un organisme de base, situé dans la région de Victoria et constitué de filles et femmes bénévoles issues de minorités racisées et de communautés autochtones. Un des éléments catalyseur de la formation de ce réseau fut la conférence It's About Us: A Conference for Girls on Race and Identities, qui a eu lieu à l'Université de Victoria en juillet 2002. Les filles et les femmes qui y ont assisté ont eu envie de mettre sur pied une organisation qui allait poursuivre le travail entamé lors de la conférence, ce qui a mené à la création d'Anti-dote. Fondé en 2004, l'organisme compte présentement quelque 100 femmes et filles de 13 ans et plus, qui représentent divers âges, contextes ethniques et religieux, professions et affiliations au sein de la communauté.

Anti-dote vise à améliorer le bien-être psychologique et social des femmes et filles racisées et Autochtones dans les écoles, les organismes de services sociaux, les familles et les communautés, ainsi qu'à promouvoir une meilleure visibilité et une attention particulière aux besoins des femmes et filles Autochtones et racisées dans la communauté plus large.

<http://www.anti-dote.org/>

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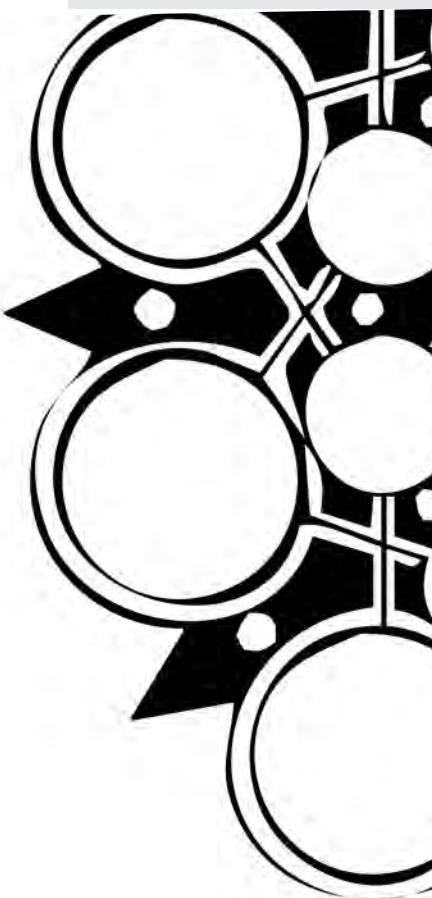
antidote_victoria@ymca.ca

AWARE

AWARE fut fondé en 2006, comme extension d'un projet pilote estival voué au renforcement du pouvoir d'agir des jeunes femmes racisées et immigrantes en Colombie-Britannique. Le projet pilote consistait en une série d'ateliers répartis sur une période de quatre jours et culminant avec un court métrage documentaire mené et réalisé par les jeunes femmes et produit par dB Digital TV. Suite à la création de ce film, les jeunes femmes ont exprimé le désir d'établir un réseau qui permettrait d'encourager et consolider l'activisme chez les jeunes femmes au sujet d'une foule d'enjeux sociaux et globaux. C'est de ce désir qu'est né AWARE...

www.awarecanada.com
awarecanada@gmail.com

Profils



Why is important to have similar organizations founded by racialized young women for young women?

It brings a sense of power, first for the founders and then for the participants. Racialized young women need role models that resemble themselves and are able to understand the kinds of lives that they lead.

There is such a huge discrepancy between the people that lead us and the ones that follow. I believe that leadership is something that can be acquired, if we provide young racialized women leaders we pave the way for other racialized young women to step forward to lead as well.

What's your long term vision/plan?

I'd like to keep the Somali Youth Project alive and kicking by having different chapters of it form across Canada, organized and led entirely by Somali youth. I'd also like a chance to do some work with the African community in Vancouver. I like grassroots initiatives and I think the greatest satisfaction that can come from this organization is to see it become entirely self-sustainable and reliant on the Somali youth involved to keep it going.

Any feedback for other young women wanting to start up?

The hardest thing is just to start. I've dreamed of having this project come to life over the course of three years, but I just didn't start! Lean on the people around you for support, feedback and sanity. Just having people believe in my vision and believe in me is enough to keep me going.

Hawa loves sunflowers, headbands, books and the occasional cup of tea. She also loves to entertain the people around her with her sarcasm and wit. Hawa believes she is going to change the world and possibly become Canada's first racialized prime minister. She is also wondering why she is talking about herself in the third person.



ALICE WALKER SAYS

by kam h.

Alice Walker says that black women are crazy. She says that we are driven mad by all that shit we have to deal with and that it might look like we're totally nuts but really we're just artists who need some kind of outlet. Like her mother's garden. Or singing or something. Alice Walker's mother gardens to find sanity or to make sense of her insanity or to just get away from reality and play in the dirt for a while.

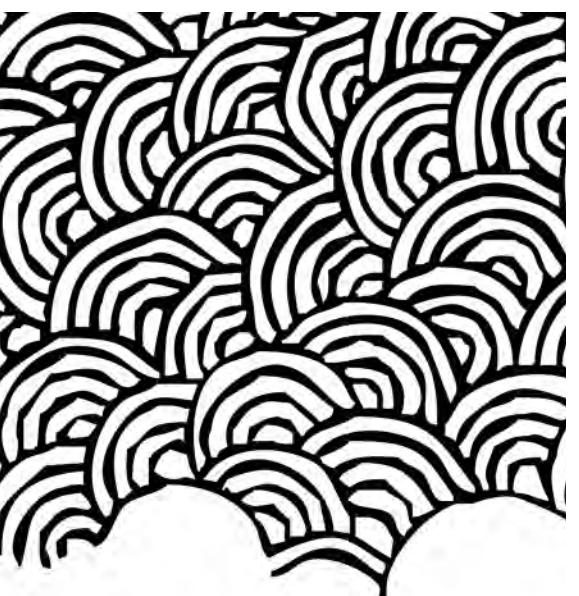
Granny cooked for me. But wait, we called her Mums. Mums made fried flying fish but I wonder if she liked to do it or if it was a chore. I think she liked to make people happy and everyone was happy with a big piece of fried fish on their plate and some rice and peas. I wish I could ask her what she thought of granddad and what her favourite tv show was and what she dreamed about. Did she love granddad even though he was crazy? Did he love her even though she was crazy? I think granny might have been a little crazy because she lived with us for six months and she didn't tell us that she was sick. Maybe she was scared to die. Or maybe she was scared to worry us, like I was when I got my period for the first time and I thought I had some unknown illness and that I was dying. And then she died. She died just like that.

Alice Walker says that black women are crazy and I believe her. Because every time I have a thought I feel like I can't even think without ten thousand ancestors or ghosts or something chiming in and giving me their two cents. And sometimes I hear little voices in the back of my head. And cuz the grass is always greener. And because I want to keep on moving and never look back, but I can't help it and I always do. I look back too much. Can't let things go, can't learn to love good, can't learn to listen.

Alice Walker says we could turn our madness into creativity and make beautiful things to help the pain go away. So I take pictures and make love and write poems and read other black women's thoughts and there are moments. Moments when I can forget.

kam is a bajan-english half-breed from toronto (by way of lusaka, zambia). her interests are surviving, learning how to love, telling stories, her amazing fam, black queers/misfits, and dreaming about being a lady of leisure.

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Cultural Dominance in the Environmental Movement

by Amardeep Kaur Singh

Over the years, I have learned to move between two cultures as reflected in my identities as both a Canadian woman and a woman of South Asian decent. Recently, I was forced to re-examine what my identity means because of a clash I had with the mainstream environmental movement. The conflict occurred when my interest in environmental rights and my identity began to feel like they could not be reconciled. I realized that subtle forces of oppression and privilege were dominating the environmental movement. These privileges determine who can access what is defined as 'environmentally friendly' food choices. Within this small, seemingly benevolent movement was a form of cultural domination and a subtle racism.

I was involved in a bike tour to raise awareness on environmental sustainability with ten cyclists. Collectively, we decided on a mandate to determine how our food money was to be spent. We discussed

what kind of a diet would be ideal for us and the majority insisted on local, organic and vegan foods. I questioned how my own community could purchase their supposedly "ethnic foods" in an "environmentally-conscious" manner since many of my foods were non-local and non-vegan. I saw that environmentally friendly foods were often more expensive, not as easy to access, and did not reflect the dietary needs of everyone. I realized that food choices involve privilege, including a cultural diet of foods grown in Canada, a certain degree of wealth, and food knowledge. The majority agreed upon a vegan diet, leaving me with the "choice" to either maintain my dual cultural identity in terms of food or to relinquish aspects of it in order maintain group cohesion. Most members felt that a vegan diet was the right choice since it had the "smallest ecological footprint."

Though I had initially accepted the food mandate, I began to have reservations. I realized

that dominant group members, White and affluent, could not understand how a vegan diet required me to conform to the needs of a Western niche. I was further isolating myself from my community by rejecting their traditional foods and conforming to vegan standards. White people seem to place themselves into a value-based movement as neutrals; they do not take into account how their race, religion and class are inherently biased. This allows them the power to create universal norms outside of their social and cultural identities. In reality, the environmental movement is shaped by these biases, excluding those who grew up with "other" norms.

Conforming to Western food choices is another example of non-dominant individuals conforming to the values and practices of those in the dominant group, thereby reinforcing the power inequalities between them. Beyond daily food choices, the language, resources and

What inspire you start your organization?

I think I've been in the process of starting this organization for quite some time now. It was always a half baked idea sitting in the back of my mind and when I realized that I had the power, the support and the sheer guts to get it started, I began the creation process. There is a very clear void for any African organization (youth led or otherwise) in Vancouver, British Columbia. I grew tired of participating in other projects that didn't address the same core issues that many African youth face and I felt that with the work I had already done in the community I was in a position as a youth ally (also technically a youth) to provide the forum for these conversations and discussions to start taking place. The Somali culture is very important to me because it is my reality. I was closely connected with many Somali youth just from my own desire to be around those who shared my culture, so when I decided to start a steering committee to begin the process, I knew where to go. The mini focus groups that we've already held show that these youth want to chance to express their thoughts and were merely waiting for a chance to do so.

Interview with Hawa Mire, founder of the Somali Youth Project

What is your organization about?

The Somali Youth Project is a gathering space for young Somali youth to explore and dissect the dual cultures that they work to live in: the Somali culture which is very prominent in the home, while the western culture is prevalent everywhere else. It creates a forum for these youth to create projects that showcase their talents while allowing others to take a peek into their lives and realities living as racialized youth in Canada.

Pourquoi est-il important d'avoir accès à des organismes comme ceux-là, fondés par des jeunes femmes racisées, pour des jeunes femmes racisées?

Cela apporte un sentiment de force et d'autonomie, aux fondatrices d'abord, et ensuite aux participantes. Les jeunes femmes racisées ont besoin de modèles qui leur ressemblent et qui sont en mesure de comprendre ce qu'elles vivent. Il existe une grande différence entre les gens qui mènent et ceux qui suivent. Je crois que le leadership est une qualité qui s'acquiert et lorsque nous formons des jeunes femmes racisées au leadership, nous ouvrons la voie à d'autres jeunes femmes racisées et leur permettons de s'assumer à leur tour comme leaders.

Quel est ton plan à long terme?

J'aimerais que le Somali Youth Project demeure actif et prenne de l'expansion avec plusieurs branches partout au Canada, entièrement organisées et dirigées par des jeunes Somaliennes. J'aimerais aussi pouvoir travailler avec la communauté africaine de Vancouver. J'aime les initiatives de la base et je crois que la plus grande satisfaction que je pourrais retirer de cet organisme serait de le voir devenir complètement autosuffisant, reposant uniquement sur l'engagement des jeunes Somaliennes.

Quelques conseils pour les jeunes femmes qui souhaitent démarrer un projet?

Le plus difficile est de commencer. J'ai rêvé de ce projet pendant trois ans mais, pendant ce temps-là, je ne le faisais pas! Comptez sur les gens qui vous entourent pour obtenir de l'aide, des conseils et du soutien psychologique. Le simple fait d'être entourée de gens qui croient en moi et mon projet suffit à m'encourager à continuer.

Hawa aime les tournesols, les banderoles, les livres et, à l'occasion, une bonne tasse de thé. Elle aime aussi amuser son entourage avec son sarcasme et son intelligence. Hawa croient qu'elle changera le monde et deviendra peut-être la toute première Première ministre racisée. Elle se demande par ailleurs pourquoi elle parle d'elle-même à la troisième personne.

objectives of the environmental movement are messaged for this dominant demographic and as such, the movement continues to alienate and exclude racialized people and lower income individuals. In looking at the exclusion built into this movement, one can see that hierarchies are built into many of the movements and foundations on which Canadian society is built. How can the environmental movement truly succeed without being inclusive of all members of society?

Amardeep is a graduate student at Carleton University studying Masters of Social Work. Her interest lies in race, gender and class studies. She has been active in environmental, social justice and political issues.

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Music, Spoken Word, etc. Resources

Goddes and She (hip hop)

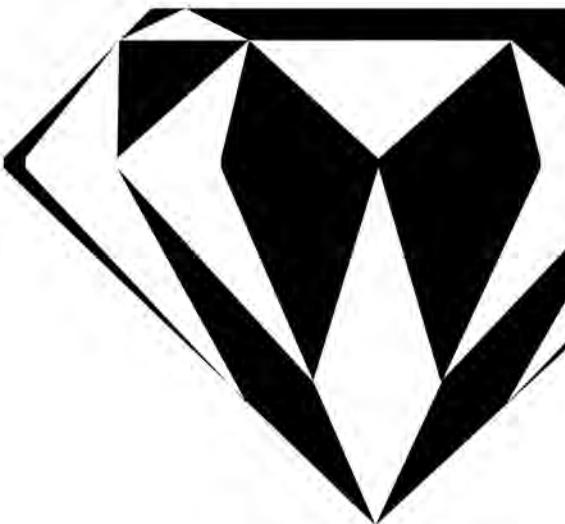
God-des and She are on their way to becoming the Kanye West of the lesbian community. They are fierce and courageous, advocating for better body image in the music industry by 'keepin it real.' Silence speaks louder than words in this political climate in that American-born God-des is rarely even mentioned to be of Arab descent.

<http://www.god-des.com/>

Masia One

Born in Singapore, and growing up in Canada, Masia One dabbled in all elements of hip hop culture including graffiti and break dancing, but she flourished as an emcee. This fierce lady also started her own record label, The M1 Group, and she was the first female to be nominated for a Much Music Video Award.

<http://www.myspace.com/masiaone>
<http://www.masiaone.com/>



Gein Wong

Gein Wong is an acclaimed spoken word poet, writer and electronic music composer. Her works focus on gender, class, and race. Her CD Thousand Mile Voice is a warm and distinctive blend of ancient East Asian acoustic instruments intermingling among electronic brushed beats as if they had always belonged together. Co-founder and director of the Asian Arts Freedom School in Toronto- an art-based radical Asian history and activism program for Asian/Pacific Islander youth in Toronto.

<http://www.geinwong.com>

DBi Young

d'bi.young is a jamaican-canadian dub poet, actor, and playwright. her premiere book of poetry art on black was published in '06 and blood.claat, her critically acclaimed one woman show was recently published in english and spanish. her second manuscript of poetry entitled rivers...and other blackness...between us was recently published. d'bi.young resides in toronto, canada with her sun: moon.

www.dbiyoung.net

www.bloodclaat.net

Rosina Kazi

South Asian Rosina Kazi is the lead singer of LAL. Her sweet, melodious voice is in strong juxtaposition to the political lyrics of much of LAL's work. Their new album 'Deportation' is a record that conveys immense feelings that disorientation, abandonment and injustice and that accompany such a dramatic change in circumstance.

<http://www.lalforest.com/>

The New Bloods

queer Black Punk

<http://www.myspace.com/thenewbloods>

Purple Rhinestone

queer Black punk

<http://www.myspace.com/purplerhinestoneneagle>

Zaki Ibrahim

Awe-inspiring soul, hip hop, electroacoustic songs by a young Toronto-based woman of colour. Zaki Ibrahim's music is captivating and vibrant. It's thick with poetics and steeped in a delicious mixture of earnest emotion and social commentary.

<http://www.myspace.com/zakiibrahim>

Melissa Laveaux

Born in Montreal to a proud Haitian family, Laveaux grew up conscious of the context of her cultural roots while moving around South-Eastern Ontario before settling in Ottawa. This music is drawn from a deep and intimate knowledge of the global musical milieu, a raw mix of bilingual lyrics and acoustic soul/jazz and percussive kreyol folklore. A fresh offering to the folk music scene, it is folk that has bedded and bled with other genres.

<http://www.melissalaveaux.com/>

M.A.D Poet

The Mad Poet is a spoken word artist from the Jane-Finch area. The Mad Poet uses this eclectic musical style to showcase her commentary about the social and racial realities growing up in Jane and Finch.

<http://www.myspace.com/madeinmadness>

Chatta

A dancehall queen and someone who confronts a variety of issues in upfront ways.

<http://www.myspace.com/chattachats>

kyisha williams

kyisha is a black, queer, womynist, activist, sexy, vibrant, fighter, writer, artist. originally from toronto, she currently lives in ottawa attending carleton university, studying policy and human rights. she sits on the executive board of 'Agitate! Queer Womyn of Colour' as the programming coordinator. kyisha has also recently fallen in love with silkscreening.

mangoesandbananas@hotmail.com



Qu'est-ce qui a vous a inspiré à fonder votre organisme?

D'une certaine façon, je crois que j'ai été impliquée dans ce processus de création depuis très longtemps. J'ai toujours eu cette idée en tête, mais lorsque j'ai réalisé que j'avais les compétences, le soutien et le courage nécessaires pour fonder ce projet, j'ai vraiment entamé le processus de création. Il y a clairement une lacune à Vancouver en ce qui a trait aux organismes africains (qu'ils soient menés par des jeunes ou pas). Je suis devenue irritée à force de participer à des projets qui n'abordaient pas les enjeux fondamentaux auxquels plusieurs jeunes Africain-e-s sont confronté-e-s et j'avais l'impression que le travail que j'avais déjà fait dans la communauté me permettrait, en tant qu'alliée des jeunes (et techniquement, en tant que jeune), d'offrir aux jeunes un espace où elles pourraient avoir ces discussions. La culture Somalienne est très importante pour moi parce que c'est ma réalité. Je me sentais très proche de plusieurs jeunes Somalien-ne-s, ne serait-ce que par ma volonté d'être avec celles et ceux qui partagent ma propre culture, alors quand j'ai décidé de mettre sur pied un comité de direction pour

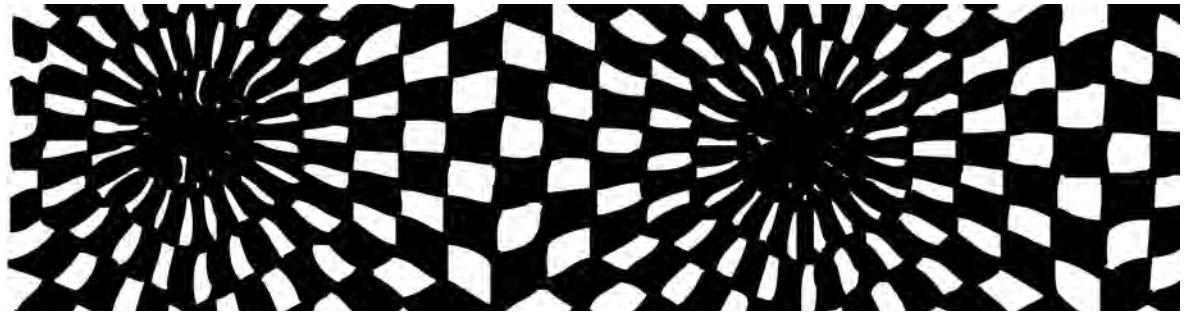
Que fait votre organisme?

Le Somali Youth Project est un espace où les jeunes Somaliennes se rassemblent pour explorer et analyser leur double culture : la culture somalienne, qui est très présente à la maison, et la culture occidentale qui est omniprésente dans leur vie. Nous offrons à ces jeunes un forum où elles sont encouragées à concevoir des projets qui mettent en valeur leurs talents tout en permettant aux autres de jeter un coup d'œil à leurs vies et réalités en tant que jeunes racisées vivant au Canada.

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entamer le processus, je savais où aller et à qui m'adresser. Les petits groupes de discussion que nous avons déjà organisés révèlent que ces jeunes veulent vraiment exprimer leurs idées et qu'ils attendaient seulement l'occasion de le faire.

GO GIRLS m'a aidé à aller de l'avant avec mon projet. GO GIRLS m'a ouvert un espace sûr où j'ai pu recevoir le soutien de mes pairs et bénéficier de l'entraide entre jeunes femmes racisées. Cet échange d'expériences a confirmé quelques unes de mes intuitions et renforcé mon désir de travailler avec d'autres jeunes Somaliennes. J'ai aussi pu profiter de l'appui dont bénéficie déjà GO GIRLS dans la communauté. Cela m'a aussi facilité la tâche quand est venu le temps de lancer un projet qui me tient à cœur. Je crois qu'il est important d'être engagée dans sa communauté avant de commencer à explorer ou offrir des programmes. Cela vous permet de voir quels groupes sont déjà actifs et lesquels offrent des services similaires à ceux que vous souhaitez offrir.



QUIENES SOMOS

by Andrea Canales Figueroa

Soy una mujer hispana: Crecí escuchando que los ojos azules, la piel blanca, y el cabello rubio eran lo mas bello, lo mejor... Yo soy morena, de cabello rizado y ojos cafés.

En nuestra cultura existe, tristemente, un complejo de inferioridad en cuanto a nuestra identidad. Colonizados y maltratados, nos creímos el cuento de que nuestra sangre Indígena es lo peor que nos hubiera podido suceder. La sangre Indígena que corre por nuestras venas, fue y continua siendo identificada como salvaje, feo, y lo inmencionable. He escuchado, demasiadas veces a mucha de mi gente, declarándose blancos (as) solo por el simple hecho de tener 1/16 de sangre Española, sangre del colonizador, que debido a su localización geográfica en el momento de su violenta entrada en nuestra parte del mundo, se le considera superior y digno de reconocer en nuestra identidad.

¿Como podemos considerarnos una persona entera, si seguimos rechazando parte de quienes somos, parte de nuestra identidad? Como podemos ser realmente una persona entera, si tratamos en todo momento de reinventarnos, de separarnos de quienes realmente somos, base a la vergüenza que nos fue enseñada desde la niñez en nuestra sociedad.

Saben muy bien a lo que me refiero: los chistes y burlas sobre nuestra gente Indígena, sobre nuestros antepasados Negros, sobre todas las personas consideradas de segunda categoría, casi no humanas. Las únicas historias que valen la pena son aquellas que cuentan sobre parientes Europeos, y estas historias las contamos como prueba de que somos dignos, de que somos descendientes de seres humanos, blancos, educados, y avanzados. Nos acaparamos a nuestros apellidos con sonidos españoles, trazando supuestamente de esta manera nuestra sangre europea, sin accordarnos, de como estos apellidos fueron enforzados a nuestra gente: a robo, violaciones, matanzas, etc. todo esto lo olvidamos, para no recordar el dolor y la humillación de estos hechos y para no tener que enfrentar la verdad sobre nuestra identidad original. Nos hemos convencido que mediante estos mecanismos, recibiremos el mejor tratamiento en nuestra sociedad, que recibiremos el respeto que la mayoría de las veces es otorgado, por nosotros mismos, a estas personas blancas...

Tristemente, hemos escogido el olvidar el genocidio ocurrido en nuestras patrias. Hemos elegido el no luchar por recuperar nuestra identidad original y tristemente hemos decidido el volver nuestra espalda a nuestros verdaderos antepasados.

Tristemente, tristemente, tristemente...

« Plus qu'une féministe en colère »

par Jessica Yee

J'aime être Autochtone. Mes longs cheveux noirs de jais me rappellent d'où je viens et renferment les enseignements sur la longévité et la croissance que ma grand-mère me chuchote encore. Ma culture m'enracine dans tout ce que je suis, et si je pouvais parler ma langue, je pourrais vous en dire plus qu'avec l'anglais, la langue du colonisateur.

Mais ne m'appelez pas Pocahontas. Je refuse d'être violée par un autre homme blanc et je refuse que ma vérité soit exploitée et transformée par l'Amérique capitaliste en une fiction misogynie et oppressive.

Aujourd'hui, j'affirme fièrement être une autochtone féministe.

Mais je n'ai pas ma place auprès des jolies filles blanches qui détiennent le pouvoir dans ce nouveau monde du travail marqué par l'équité des genres. Je ne l'ai jamais eue. En fait, je suis toujours en colère.

Je suis fâchée que le féminisme nous ait été volé. Les femmes de ma communauté, comme dans bien des communautés autochtones partout dans le monde, ont créé ce que nous nommons aujourd'hui le « féminisme ». Nos sociétés matriarcales démontrent concrètement que les femmes étaient responsables de la terre et des ressources, et qu'elles occupaient des postes respectés et déterminants sur le plan politique. Les droits liés à la procréation ? Cela a aussi commencé avec nous, puisque nos femmes prenaient des décisions

relatives à la famille et avaient des méthodes de contraceptive bien avant l'invention clinique de la pilule contraceptive. Mais j'ai rarement entendu parler de ces réalités dans les soi-disant cercles sur « l'égalité des chances ».

Parfois, la colère est mon seul moyen de défense. Et j'aimerais ne pas être étiquetée comme la « femme de couleur en colère » lorsque j'essaie de transmettre mes idées. Il est grand temps que nous reconnaissions que les notions colonialistes et occidentales de « discours poli » ne sont pas la norme pour tout le monde. Celles d'entre nous qui survivent au racisme conservent leur santé mentale à l'aide de la colère et de la peine. Sans cela, bon nombre d'entre nous seraient mortes.

Soyons honnêtes. Le féminisme n'a pas été créé par le mouvement des années 60. Il n'est pas simplement question de Gloria Steinem, et les enjeux vont certainement au-delà du sexe. La vérité, c'est que lorsque nous ne situons pas le sexe dans le contexte de la race, la classe, la sexualité et les autres formes d'oppression, les mêmes personnes sont constamment laissées de côté. J'admetts des femmes comme Nellie McClung et d'autres suffragettes blanches ont été les premières femmes dont j'ai entendu parler qui m'ont aidé à saisir la notion des droits des femmes dans son ensemble. Mais aujourd'hui, je m'aperçois qu'on ne m'a pas présenté toute l'histoire (plusieurs d'entre elles étaient des racistes notoires!), puisque celles d'entre nous qui appartiennent à des communautés racisées n'ont pas obtenu ces droits.

C'est un discours que plusieurs féministes avant moi ont du combattre pendant des décennies mais les réalités qu'il évoque sont toujours présentes. Nous devons toutes faire des efforts concertés pour enseigner aux jeunes générations à défier de façon acharnée ces « systèmes d'équité » socialement construits, en plus de questionner la place qu'y occupe le multiculturalisme et la diversité. Nous ne sommes pas réellement égales quand nous devons inconditionnellement adhérer à la célébration des femmes blanches qui ont obtenu les « droits des femmes » tout en oubliant douloureusement qui a été blessé lors du processus pour y arriver.

Jessica est fondatrice et directrice du Native Youth Sexual Health Network, dont le travail, partout au pays, porte sur les projets liés à la santé sexuelle et au savoir-faire culturel. Âgée de 22 ans, Jessica est une fière jeune femme Mohawk. Elle travaille également à des initiatives anti-oppression et de prévention de la violence avec des organismes tels que le Centre canadien de politiques alternatives et le Highway of Tears Initiative. Elle croit ardemment au pouvoir des jeunes et écrit actuellement pour le Turtle Island Native News, rabble.ca, le Kanahwake Eastern Door et le magazine SHAMELESS ; For Girls Who Get It !

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Not just an angry feminist

by Jessica Yee

I love being Native. My long, jet-black hair tells me where I've been and holds the teachings

of longevity and growth my grandmothers still whisper to me. My culture roots me in everything that I am, and if I could speak my language, I could tell you more than in this English language of the colonizer.

But don't call me Pocahontas. I refuse to be raped by another white man, and have Corporate America exploit my truth into some misogynized, conveniently oppressive fiction.

So I stand today as a proud, Indigenous feminist.

But I don't fit in with the pretty white girls who hold the power in this new working world of gender equity. I never have. In fact, I'm actually still angry.

I'm angry that feminism has been taken away from us. The women in my community, in many Indigenous communities around the world, started what we would now call "feminism". Our matriarchal societies concretely demonstrate that women were in charge of land and resources, and had respected positions of political significance. Reproductive rights? That started with us too, since our women made decisions about family and had methods of contraception long before the clinical invention of the birth-control pill. But I rarely hear any of this discussed in these so-called circles of "equal opportunity".

Sometimes my anger is my only defense. And I would like to not be pigeon-holed as the "angry woman of colour" in order to get my issues across. It's time to recognize that Western colonial notions of "polite discourse" aren't the norm for all of us. Those of us who are surviving racism are kept sane by our anger and grief - otherwise more of us would be dead.

16 ans et des poussières plus tard...

Aujourd'hui, j'ai 30 ans. Je travaille avec des filles de 10 à 17 ans et je vois bien que certaines d'entre elles ont peu confiance en leur image corporelle. La majorité d'entre nous voudrait peut-être pouvoir porter cette merveilleuse petite robe d'été aux fines bretelles et à la couleur flamboyante qu'on a vu dans le dernier magazine à la mode...mais cette robe n'est-elle pas que du rêve visant à nous faire consommer? Nous sommes constamment bombardées d'images du corps féminin, et souvent pour vendre n'importe quoi. Malheureusement, dans toute cette abondance, il y a peu de diversité. Le modèle de la femme blanche, jeune, au corps mince (et modifié par ordinateur pour la publicité) est le plus exploité, bien que peu de femmes et de filles dans la société puissent réellement s'y identifier. Regardez autour de vous : Nous sommes d'origines différentes, de morphologies différentes, de tailles différentes, de couleurs de peau différentes, de couleurs d'yeux, de cheveux différentes, etc. COMMENT pourrions nous alors toutes porter la même merveilleuse petite robe et faire en sorte qu'elle aille parfaitement à chacune d'entre-nous?

Les vêtements commercialisés suivent également cette mouvance. Pourquoi certains magasins offrent des tailles XS, mais s'arrête à la taille L? Pourquoi devrions-nous nous adapter aux tailles de vêtements de plus en plus petites au lieu que ce soient elles qui s'adaptent à nous? Nous sommes toutes différentes, et cette société qui nous bombarde d'images stéréotypées devrait comprendre et respecter ces différences et même plus, elle devrait les valoriser. Nos différences font la richesse et l'unicité de chacune de nous.

Il faut prendre conscience qu'à travers l'histoire de l'humanité, différentes civilisations ont eu des critères de beauté très différents. Avant le 20e siècle, les Européens et les Nord-Américains préféraient les femmes plus grosses parce qu'elles paraissaient plus fortes et plus en santé. Pour des raisons spécifiques à chaque culture, les qualificatifs gros, grand, mince, petit, foncé, pâle, vieux, jeune, etc. ont tour à tour été privilégiés à différentes périodes de l'histoire.

C'est ce message que je tente de partager dans mes ateliers avec les filles. Je veux qu'elles puissent apprendre à mieux se connaître, se respecter et s'aimer. Les filles ont besoin de s'exprimer, de comprendre, d'apprendre, de partager leurs émotions et leur vécu. Je suis persuadée que c'est par la communication, l'écoute et l'attention que les filles gagneront de l'estime d'elles-mêmes, de la confiance et conséquemment une meilleure image de leur corps.

Ma plus grande reconnaissance est lorsque qu'elles me parlent d'elles, de leur vie, de leurs amours et amitiés, de ce qui les rend heureuses, de ce qui leur fait mal, de leurs relations avec les autres, etc...

Quelle victoire sur mon silencieux passé!

CACHEZ CE CORPS QUE JE NE SAURAI VOIR

by Karima Kadmiri

Flashback - Corps en mutation

12 ans. Pour moi, c'était l'âge du jeu, l'âge où mon corps n'avait pas d'importance, où personne ne lui donnait non plus d'importance, jusqu'au jour où... un mal de ventre me fait courir aux toilettes les plus proches. Mon pantalon en corduroy beige tombant sur les chevilles, je découvre, horrifiée, qu'un liquide brunâtre est sorti de moi... mais d'où? Est-ce des selles? Qu'est-ce que ça peut bien être? J'en ai bien une vague idée, mais comment nommer ce dont personne ne m'a jamais parlé?

Je n'ai rien dit à personne... honte? Peur? Culpabilité? Je me trouvais avec un corps en mutation, un corps dont je ne savais rien encore. Ce corps ignoré de moi-même et de tous devint un centre d'attention dont je me serais bien passé, car évidemment, 2 jours plus tard, ma mère avait tout découvert et propagé la « bonne nouvelle » à ses amies. Inconsciemment et culturellement, me voici projetée dans un monde de femmes. Mais comment assumer de devenir femme du jour au lendemain, moi dont le corps a toujours été relégué au second plan?

Moi, garçon manqué, cheveux courts, courant les prises d'électricité après mon père et autopsiant tout matériel électronique mis à ma portée... Mon monde s'écroulait.

Flashback 2 - Estime de soi, image corporelle et influence externe

14 ans, séance de magasinage (ou de « torture » devrais-je dire) avec ma mère et ma sœur.

2 ans ont passé, mon corps est toujours une chose que je ne comprends pas et qu'on ne m'a jamais appris à connaître, mais qui, étrangement, a pris du volume... de toutes parts! Rien ne semble me faire dans ce magasin. Ma mère est découragée et ses paroles dévalorisantes et violentes me donnent envie de me cacher sous terre et de pleurer toutes les larmes de mon corps... je me sens boudinée dans cette mini-jupe rose qu'on fini pourtant par acheter.

Résilience

Mon image corporelle, embryon annihilé dans l'oeuf, a mis du temps à se construire... Aurais-je eu plus de confiance en moi si on m'avait donné la possibilité d'apprendre à aimer et accepter mon corps? Mes expériences, mes apprentissages, mon adolescence, je les ai vécus de part et d'autres, et surtout avec et/ou à travers mes amies. Mon corps, je l'ai découvert en observant celui des autres, en le comparant aux autres et dans les yeux des autres. J'ai quitté la maison familiale et mon pays à l'âge de 16 ans pour aller étudier. Cette séparation m'a permis de rencontrer des personnes qui m'ont donné la chance de percevoir mon corps différemment, d'apprendre à le découvrir, à l'aimer... et à avoir plus de confiance en moi.

So let's be honest. Feminism was not invented from a movement of the 60's. It's not just about Gloria Steinem, and it certainly is not only about your sex. The truth is that when we don't intersect or identify it with race, class, sexuality, and other oppressions, the same people will continuously lose out. I'll admit that women like Nellie McClung and other early white suffragettes were some of the first accounts I heard that helped me come to terms with the whole notion of women's rights. But I now realize that I didn't get the full story (many of them were flaming racists!) since the rest of us in communities of colour did not get these rights.

This is a discourse many feminists before me have had to battle with over the decades, but it's still happening. We all need to make a more concerted effort to teach our younger generations to fiercely challenge these socially constructed systems of equity, and furthermore question how multiculturalism and diversity fit in. We're not really equal when we're supposed to uncritically buy into cheering when white women are praised for winning "women's rights" and painfully forget who was hurt in that same process.

Jessica Yee is the founder and director of the Native Youth Sexual Health Network whose work is nationally focused on sexual health initiatives and cultural competency. At 22 she is a proud Mohawk young woman who is also involved in anti-oppression and violence prevention work with organizations such as the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives and the Highway of Tears Initiative. She is a strong believer in the power of the youth voice and currently writes for Turtle Island Native News, rabble.ca, the Kanahwake Eastern Door, and SHAMELESS Magazine; For Girls Who Get It!

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Untitled

by Ariel Alexandra Confiss Canales

Hi my name is Ariel. I am 12 years old and going into the 7th grade. I am a girl of a color and a daughter of a Caucasian man and a Racialized woman. My dad is from Canada and my mom is from Costa Rica. Which means I have two different cultures in my blood. Which is possible!

One of the things that bugs me at school is how people make assumptions that all Spanish-speaking people are from Mexico. Like the other day my two friends and I were comparing our tans. My friend named Laura compared her tan to mine she said, "Oh I am pretty dark now, but not as much as you." She paused for a second and then continued talking, "It's only because you started out darker first," which isn't true! "but that's because your Mexican right?" My good friend answered that question for me "No she is from Costa Rica and is Spanish." Then I told her, "No. I am actually Hispanic, you know Latina!" She looked very confused. Usually people just say Spanish not Latin American, Hispanic or Latina/Latino. Before when I was in the 4th grade some of my classmates started singing "Cha, cha, cha" around me and asking if that's what Mexicans do. What I just said though is "How am I suppose to know I am not Mexican." There is a boy in my class that is Peruvian and people also make the assumptions that he is Mexican.

Sometime when I bring delicious homemade Costa Rican food for lunch at school here, people stare at it and make comments like "That looks gross but it's still probably good" or "that looks weird and smells weird."

My mom always tells me that it's their loss because they'll never be able to try the tasty food unless they don't judge it.

I think they make those comments and stare at it is because it is not the kind of food they're used to. But when my friends come over and we have a Costa Rican dish they love it and want seconds.

The most rough thing for me having a racialized mom and actually being a racialized girl is when my mom comes home all down and sad because she has just gotten a racist comment toward her. It makes me feel very disappointed to hear that there are people on our planet that would go ahead and make a rude comment toward someone else. Especially a racist comment. Usually my mom is very tough and doesn't let anyone be mean to her so when somebody makes a racist comment to her and she feels down, it makes me feel very low, disappointed and annoyed.

On the other hand my dad makes racist comments and that is something I absolutely hate and cannot stop. Like when I asked him for chocolate milk at McDonalds he asked the cashier for some "African milk." Honestly I am standing there not amused by his "Joke" while he is laughing his head off! People like that don't really love themselves!

Otherwise from the racist comments and assumptions people make of me and my mom, I am so proud of being a racialized human being.

Ariel is a racialized girl living in Vancouver. Ariel is a daughter, a cousin, a sister, and a friend. She enjoys sports, art, traveling, acting, shopping, cooking, writing poetry and animals! She goes on many camping trips and enjoys all of them. She is hooked on the Twilight book series right now and is on the second book {New Moon}

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Books

Salt Fish Girl by Larissa Lai
Set alternately in nineteenth-century China and in a futuristic Pacific Northwest, Salt Fish Girl is the mesmerizing tale of an ageless female character who shifts shape and form through time and place. Poetic fiction which situates itself in a futuristic, environmentally dissolved, mutated West Coast.

Larissa Lai grew up in St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador, and has lived in Ottawa, Vancouver and Calgary.

Consensual Genocide by Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha
This long-awaited first collection of poetry by queer Sri Lankan writer and spoken-word artist Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha is full of the stories we've been waiting for. Tracing bloodlines from Sri Lanka's civil wars to Brooklyn and Toronto streets, these fierce poems are full of heart and guts, telling raw truths about brown girl border crossings before and after 9/11, surviving abuse, mixed-race journeys and high femme rebellions. Consensual Genocide celebrates our survival and marks our rebel memories into history.

Leah Lakshmi is a mixed race, Tamil Sri Lankan queer spoken word poet. Totally inspiring and contemporary.

Inventory/ What We All Long For/ Map to the Door of No Return by Dionne Brand

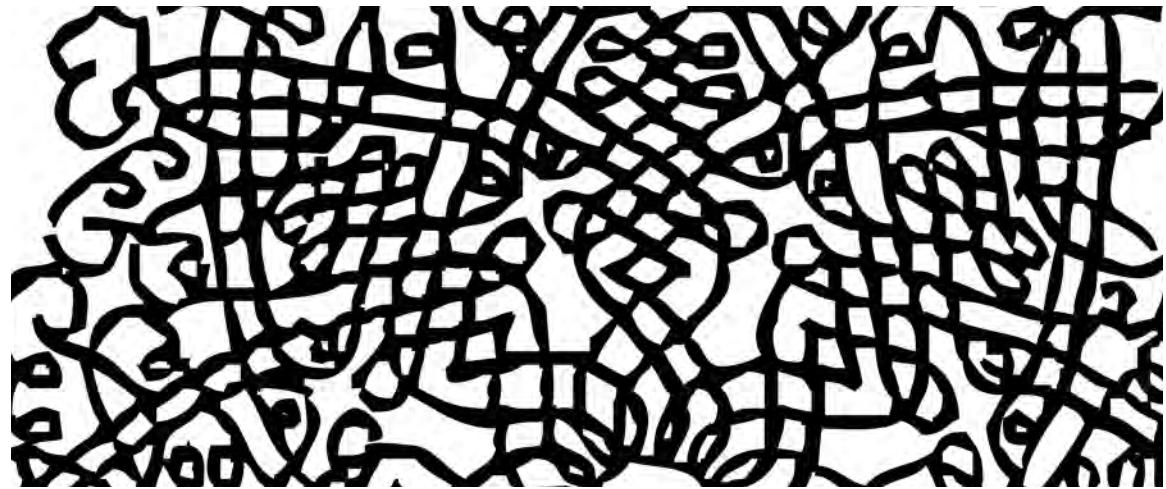
anger in circular motion? Write a letter, start a group, march on parliament, apply for grants for a non-profit organization, infight, mutiny, alienate, burn out, get so wrapped up in identity politics that you forget who the fuck you are, develop a blatant mistrust of everyone, retreat, get depressed, lather, rinse, repeat

I didn't used to hate white people, I honestly never really had to interact with any growing up. It wasn't until I moved to Victoria that I paid them to teach me how, and I'm still paying, literally (remind me to apply for another "broke-ass pass" of interest-relief on my student loan) and literally. I went to looniversity and learned about the ways that white people colonize (and a simple historical peek on how England and France treated their colonies with the respective policies of integration and assimilation will shed infinite light on the current political situation here in Quebec), institutionalize their racism, and theorize their complicity in "finding a solution together". I also learned how people of colour will clamour all over each other to jockey for that coveted position of "noble savage". I was introduced to so many amazing works by women of colour, and saw how queer women of colour groups disintegrate because some of us align with men of colour and others of us love white women. I saw the true destructive quality of the words and labels "white" and "man". They say that 85% of human communication is non-verbal, but we really do a number with that remaining 15%, don't we? Holy Master's Tools, Batman.

I read recently that the fourth wave of feminism is about spirituality and self-care (to be more productive then, in the greater community). Not to get all love peace hippie or anything, but it would appear that we are at a political deadlock, and this would make sense, to rally around a

cause of joy, one that we choose, rather than a reactionary cause, one that is forced upon us that we need to band together to shirk. We can't all walk around with the weight of the world on our shoulders, and it's really not that amazing that we do, and keep taking it on. Victimhood comes as a source of internalized racism, sexism, classism, all those interlaced "isms" that we intellectualize, but we can't just default into a pissing contest of Oppression without destroying our spirits. Feeling overwhelmed with all of that usual hoopla that comes along with officially being in the "late 20's" (no more "mid-to" for me), I dreamed up a group based around screaming. No coming together for a common cause, you don't even have to say your name, let alone your "preferred pronoun", just people getting together, lying down (because standing would be too aggressive) and screaming up into the air until we are all screamed out. If something else comes after that, great, if not, equally great, as long as we know that we're not alone and that everyone has a reason to scream. Call it my vision of the Greek and Roman era state sanctioned celebrations where citizens were allowed to engage in drunken debauchery and rip animals from limb to limb in tribute to Dionysus that is more constructive than present-day violent action movies, the science being that folks will "behave" in day to day life, if only given an outlet to release their anger. It would be a different way to use our voices and then maybe, just maybe, we could hug it out, and talk about beauty-full things for a minute. ("Stop ruining my day"-Bahamadia, one of the most slept-on emcees of all time).





"We're looking for some mentor pieces"

by Angelica le Minh

Hmmm...what constitutes a mentor? Someone with life or work experience that inspires a target audience? Or someone who works within that target audience that is just too freaking old to contribute? To quote Craig David, I believe I'm "six of one thing, half a dozen of the other". I've been to university (I got a Women's Studies/Film Studies degree in a city that is proud to call its daily paper "The Times Colonist" and lived to tell the tale), have been frustrated with existing models of "activism", ran away, wrote poetry on pages and performed it on stages, kept running away, love and write hip hop (including into my monthly sex column), saw the world and reflected on it long enough to understand Fanon the second time around. Now that I'm finally committing (ooh, big word

to us '80s babies) to staying in this city that might separate from the rest of the country at any moment, I am pondering on what is next. Who have my mentors been? Who are they now? What wisdom do I have to offer?

On a Gmail chat/surprise phone call from Haiti last night, a woman who amazes me hipped me to Rebecca Walker, daughter of Alice and former Queer Black Royalty as co-parent to Me'Shell N'dgeocello's son, until she decided that she was going to embrace her own motherhood (with a crusty old white dood) and demonize her mother, who many of us revere as a s/hero in f-word (*feminist, but that's a whole other story, ain't it?) literature and politics. I started wondering about the limits of anger, and whether or not our "right" to express anger is truly a right at all, or, if it is merely just one letter away from "danger". I'm also working on a piece about roller derby, and I find it interesting that the women involved express that knocking each other about is empowering and a good way to relieve stress. Yes, it's true, the women before us have fought for the right to be angry and to express our views of injustice. But, are we just developing new systems of channeling our

One of the most incredible writers of our time, Dionne Brand was born in Trinidad and Tobago and emigrated to Toronto. Inventory is her most recent book of poetry; Map to the Door of No Return: Notes to Belonging is a beautifully contracted book which draws on histories of slavery, thoughts on cartography, and personal tellings to weave together a thoughtful account on belonging; What We All Long For is good fiction telling the stories of four youth wrapped in each others' histories and lives in Toronto.

Dionne Brand is a renowned poet, novelist, and essayist. Her writing is notable for the beauty of its language, and for its intense engagement with issues of social justice, including particularly issues of gender and race.

Chorus of Mushrooms by Hiromi Goto

A very beautiful book. Chorus of Mushrooms explores the collision of cultures within a family between three generations of Japanese Canadian women. At times a Japanese folk legend, at times a love story, Chorus of Mushrooms heralds a major debut in Canadian literature.

Hiromi Goto was born in Chiba'ken, Japan in 1966. Her family moved to British Columbia in 1969 and soon settled in southern Alberta.

Wanting in Arabic by Trish Salah

Concerned with not covering the tracks of her own metamorphosis, Salah dwells in the contradictions of a transsexual poetics, in its attendant disfigurations of lyric, ghazal, l'écriture feminine, and, in particular, her own sexed voice. Without a memory of her father's language, the questions her poems ask are those for a home known through photographs, for a language lost with childhood.

Trish Salah was born in Halifax but now lives in Toronto. Her father's ancestry is Lebanese. Salah earned both a B.A. (1992) and M.A. (1994) in creative writing at Concordia University in Montreal before enrolling in a Ph.D. programme at York University (Toronto, Ont.). Salah's research interests include

post-colonial literature, queer and trans studies, creative writing, poetics and psychoanalysis.

Piece of my Heart edited by Makeda Silvera

A Women of Colour anthology which has a substantial amount of Canadian work.

The Masala Trois Collective

This collective has made a book about Bollywood and is currently working on a children's book entitled "Adventures in Desiland." Check out their website for other great info!

<http://www.masalatrois.com/>

Baobab Magazine

Montreal-based not-for-profit magazine with uplifting information about Africans and Diaspora.

Summing up Africa and realities of its Diaspora to corruption, poverty, war and AIDS is like baking a cake with grits. The essence is missing. Baobab is a loudspeaker for people who want to see change.

[http://profile.myspace.com/
index.cfm?fuseaction=user.
viewprofile&friendID=103566870](http://profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=user.viewprofile&friendID=103566870)

www.baobabmagazine.com

La Ronde des Esprits/Brown Girl in the Ring by Nalo Hopkinson (The Salt Roads by Nalo Hopkinson)

Nalo Hopkinson (born Dec. 20, 1960) is a Jamaican-born writer and editor who lives in Canada. Her science fiction and fantasy novels and short stories often draw on Caribbean history and language, and its traditions of oral and written storytelling. She has won various awards including ones for having great queer representation in her works.

Livres et magazines



Afua Cooper *La pendaison d'Angélique*

Dans la soirée du samedi 10 avril 1734, Montréal brûle. L'esclave Marie-Joseph-Angélique est traduite devant la justice et accusée d'avoir mis le feu. Soumise à la question extraordinaire, forme de torture atroce pendant laquelle on brise les os des jambes, elle craque et avoue avoir commis cet incendie criminel. Puis, elle est pendue. Angélique entre dans l'histoire canadienne en tant que criminelle. Cependant, son procès nous offre une occasion unique de raconter sa vie d'esclave, une vie dont on n'aurait pas entendu parler autrement. Afua Cooper fait revivre brillamment un chapitre méconnu de l'histoire du Canada, celui d'une Noire rebelle d'origine portugaise qui a cherché à briser ses chaînes. En nous présentant le vécu de cette jeune femme, elle met en lumière ce qui l'a sans doute poussée à commettre pareil crime. Par le fait même, elle détruit le mythe d'un Canada considéré comme un paradis pour les Noirs ayant échappé à l'esclavagisme des États-Unis.

L'histoire d'Angélique est le plus ancien récit à propos de l'esclavage dans le Nouveau Monde. En lui consacrant cet ouvrage, Afua Cooper apporte une importante contribution à l'historiographie canadienne et met en perspective l'esclavage accepté légalement et culturellement au Canada.

À la fois écrivaine, historienne et poétesse, Afua Cooper détient un doctorat en histoire des Afro- Canadiens. Spécialiste de l'esclavage et de l'abolitionnisme, elle a consacré une quinzaine d'années à recoller les divers éléments qui composent l'histoire intrigante de Marie-Joseph-Angélique.

Elle est professeure d'histoire à l'Université de Toronto.

Magazine Baobab

Il est absurde de résumer la réalité africaine et des nations de sa diaspora à la corruption, la pauvreté, la guerre et le SIDA que de faire un gâteau avec du gruau. Il manque l'essence. Baobab est un haut parleur pour les gens qui veulent le changement.

<http://profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=user.viewprofile&friendID=103566870>

www.baobabmagazine.com

Ressources non-fictions : c.-à-d. des gens qui écrivent sérieusement à propos des femmes racisées



Féminisme et postcolonialisme: Beauvoir, Fanon et la guerre d'Algérie

Par Annabelle Golay

Introduction au féminisme postcolonial et genèse de ce courant

par Laetitia Dechaufour

<http://www.resistingwomen.net/spip.php?article108>

« Pas en notre nom ! » Contre la récupération raciste du féminisme par la droite française

par Elsa Dorlin*

<http://www.lautrecampagne.org/article.php?id=132>

Le queer : vers une révolution des politiques des identités sexuelles et du genre

http://nopasaran.samizdat.net/article.php3?id_article=1177

Maria Nengeh Mensah, Dialogues sur la troisième vague féministe. Montréal : Les Éditions du remue-ménage, 247 p.

Ce livre propose des pistes de réflexion quant à la nature des changements qui affectent le féminisme québécois et explore des thématiques liées au pouvoir, à la sexualité et à l'image du corps, liées à la mondialisation, aux conflits générationnels, au backlash, et à la relation entre la théorie, la pratique et la culture populaire. Un des rares ouvrages sur le sujet en français.

La prévention du crime et la justice pénale, par les Nations Unies, 2005.

Ce texte est une élaboration des normes et des critères internationaux pour répondre aux besoins des femmes criminalisées et incarcérées. Les femmes constituent la population carcérale qui connaît la croissance la plus rapide au monde, notamment pour ce qui est des femmes racisées, jeunes et pauvres et des femmes souffrant d'handicaps mentaux et cognitifs.

Vivre le racisme au féminin, par ICREF

Lutter contre le racisme ce n'est pas nier l'existence de la race. Cela signifie au contraire de reconnaître le racisme pour le confronter de manière efficace et constructive chez soi et chez les autres. Cela veut aussi dire éliminer le racisme enraciné dans les politiques publiques, le monde du travail et tous les autres milieux.

http://www.criaw-icref.ca/indexFrame_f.htm

collection, *Race, Space and the Law: Unmapping a White Settler Society* (Toronto: Between the Lines, 2002), *Looking White People in the Eye: Gender, Race, and Culture in Courtrooms and Classrooms* (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1998, 1999, 2000), and *Dark Threats and White Knights: The Somalia Affair, Peacekeeping and the New* is an examination of the violence of Canadian peacekeepers in Somalia and an exploration of the role of law in violence enacted on racialized bodies in the new world order. She has also published articles on Canadian national mythologies and immigration policies of the 1990s, race, space and prostitution, and gendered racism. Her courses include racism and the law, race and knowledge production, race, space and citizenship, and marginality and the politics of resistance.

BONITA LAWRENCE

Bonita Lawrence (Mi'kmaw) is an Associate Professor at the School of Social Sciences at Atkinson at York University, where she teaches Native Studies and anti-racism. Her research and publications have focused primarily on urban, non-status and Metis identities, gender and colonization, and federally unrecognized Aboriginal communities. She is the author of "Real" Indians and Others: Mixed-Blood Urban Native People and Indigenous Nationhood, and co-editor (With Kim Anderson) of Strong Women's Stories: Native Vision and Community Survival (Toronto, Sumach Press, 2003), a collection of Native women's scholarly and activist writing. Notable publication written with Enakshi Dua is "Decolonizing Anti-Racism" in Social Justice: A Journal of Crime, Conflict and World Order, Vol. 32, No. 4, 2005.

YASMIN JIWANI

Yasmin's main interests lie in mapping the intersections of intimate and systemic forms of violence, identifying viable points of

intervention, and uncovering the multiple ways in which violence is understood in thought and talk as represented by the mass media. Over the past seven years, Yasmin has written extensively on violence against women and children, and on media representations of race and gender

Notable works include *Discourses of Denial: Mediations of Race, Gender and Violence* and *Girlhood: Redefining the Limits* (also ed. by Candis Steenbergen and Claudia Mitchell).

AFUA COOPER

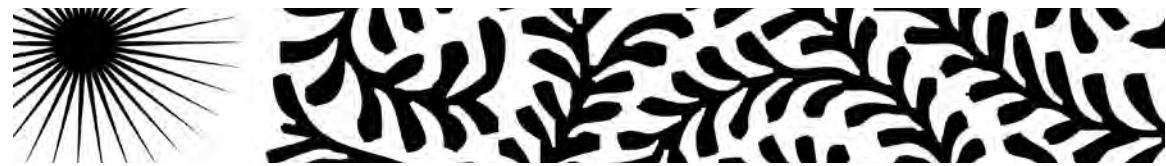
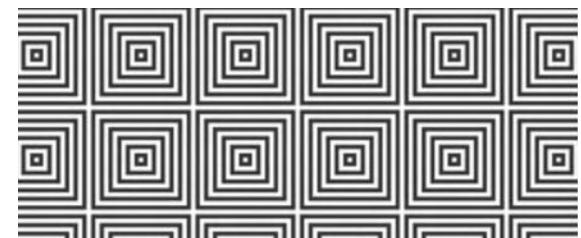
Cooper grew up in Kingston, Jamaica and migrated to Toronto in 1980. She holds a Ph.D. in African-Canadian history with specialties in slavery and abolition.

Cooper still lives in Toronto, where she currently teaches in the departments of History and Women's Studies at the University of Toronto.

She has published four books of poetry, including *Memories Have Tongue* (1994). She is the co-author of *We're Rooted Here and They Can't Pull Us Up: Essays in African Canadian Women's History* (1994). She has released two albums of her poetry.

Her book *The Hanging of Angelique* (2006) tells the story of the black slave Marie-Joseph Angelique who was executed in Montreal at a time when Quebec was under French-colonial rule.

www.afuacooper.com



« Sans-titre »

par Anita Dhanoa

Dans ma famille, on nous enseignait le silence.

Le silence se transforme en honte.

Ma mère nous a toujours dit de ne parler à personne de notre entreprise familiale. Elle ne voulait pas que la communauté, où les préjugés au sujet de la santé mentale sont profondément ancrés, nous considère mauvaisEs ou différentEs. D'autant plus que nous étions déjà différentEs, étant une famille immigrante racisée et sans soutien.

Les préjugés se logent à l'intérieur des personnes, des familles, des cultures et des communautés.

Il n'y avait personne pour nous parler de santé mentale. Je ne savais pas comment expliquer pourquoi mon père était comme il était. J'ai donc appris à percevoir mon père comme un fou, bizarre, d'humeur changeante, et mauvais payeur, parce qu'il n'arrivait pas à garder un emploi.

Les personnes qui souffrent de maladies mentales, surtout celles qui souffrent de maladies comme la schizophrénie, se voient ôter leur humanité et leur légitimité.

Quand mon père est mort, il a fallu qu'un an passe avant que j'en parle à quelqu'un. Une autre année a passée avant que je puisse en parler à une autre amie. Aujourd'hui, quelques années

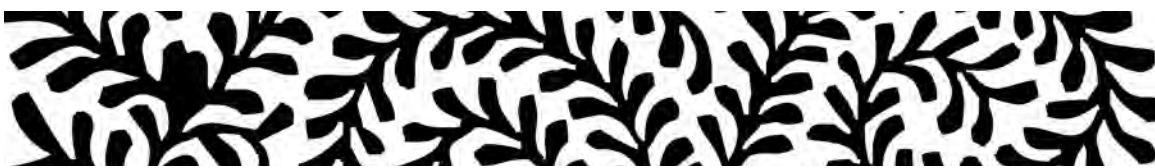
plus tard, je saisiss de plus en plus l'importance de s'ouvrir pour partager nos histoires et expériences, et d'apprécier la guérison et l'apprentissage qui en découlent.

Quand mon père était encore vivant, je n'arrivais qu'à penser aux mauvais souvenirs que j'avais de lui et à la tourmente qui a marqué l'histoire de ma famille. Maintenant qu'il n'est plus là, je m'accroche plus fermement aux quelques souvenirs positifs que j'ai de lui : la cueillette de bleuets, les excursions, le jardinage et le sauvetage de chats coincés dans des arbres.

Quand mon père était parmi nous, c'était difficile de penser à sa souffrance en raison des souffrances que nous vivions à cause de lui. Éventuellement, ma mère (s'exposant à un tout autre type de préjugé face à sa famille) s'est séparée de mon père. L'abus, la peur et le silence ont quand même perdurés dans les années qui ont suivies.

C'est drôle (dans un sens qui n'est pas drôle du tout) de regarder les statistiques et de constater que la douleur de notre famille est, d'un point de vue statistique, relativement typique. Et de voir mon père (une personne sur dix s'enlève la vie, quatre personnes sur dix en font la tentative) faire partie des statistiques relatives à la schizophrénie.

Parfois, je ne sais pas comment parler de mon père aux autres. Je déteste le considérer comme un secret. Je n'ai pas su comment en parler pendant un certain temps. Ensuite, j'ai compris que les autres ne savaient pas comment en entendre parler, alors je me suis dit que je leur rendais service en évitant d'aborder ce sujet. J'imagine que je me suis mise à accorder moins d'importance aux réactions des autres et plus



d'importance à mon besoin de me défaire de ma propre honte.

Cette semaine, j'ai entendu le mot « retardé » deux fois et le mot « schizo » une fois, employés comme insultes... ces mots sont blessants, dangereux et paralysants.

Je ne peux pas regarder le passé et me demander si l'histoire de notre famille aurait pu être moins douloureuse, si nous avions pu résister à la honte entourant la maladie mentale, si nous avions eu accès aux ressources qui n'étaient pas disponibles pour nous parce que nous étions une famille immigrante, pauvre et racisée. Je ne peux pas regarder le passé et me demander si la vie de mon père aurait pu être moins douloureuse. S'il avait pu trouver un milieu dans notre communauté où il aurait été compris et accepté, s'il avait reçu un traitement adéquat (en tant que patient et comme personne), et si, à ce moment là, il n'avait pas senti que le seul choix qu'il lui restait était de s'ôter la vie.

Mais je peux être ici maintenant et tenter de trouver un endroit où faire entendre la voix de ma famille

Anita est une activiste communautaire originaire de Vancouver qui vit maintenant à Toronto. Elle est une queer radicale racisée qui s'implique dans la défense des droits des communautés queer, trans et racisées. Elle a étudié la géographie physique mais n'a toujours pas réussi à quitter la vie urbaine, sabotant ainsi sa carrière « d'amoureuse de la nature ». Elle adore les zines et se sert de l'écriture pour questionner, contester, faire du trouble et partager des histoires qui proviennent de la marge.

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Untitled

by Anita Dhanoa

In my family, we were taught to be silent.

silence turns into shame

My mom always told us not to tell anyone, not to talk to anyone about our family business. She didn't want us to look bad - or different - in the community, where the stigma of mental illness runs deep. Especially since we were already so different being a racialized immigrant family with no support.

stigma is located within individuals, families, cultures, communities

There wasn't anyone to speak to us about mental illness. I didn't know how to explain the way my dad was. So I learned to think of my dad as crazy, weird, moody, and a deadbeat because he couldn't hold down a job.

people with mental illness, especially those with illnesses like schizophrenia, are dehumanized, delegitimized

When my dad died, I didn't talk about it to anyone until at least one year later. It took another year before I talked to another friend. Now, a few more years later, I am realizing more and more the importance of sharing stories,



Non-fiction Resources: aka people who write about women of colour seriously.

AUDRE LORDE

At the forefront of her time, Audre wrote poems and essays which changed feminism worldwide. I recommend Sister Outsider, and the Cancer Diaries.

HIMANI BANNERJI

Himani Bannerji was born in Bangladesh in 1942. She taught in Calcutta prior to immigrating to Canada in 1969. She is an associate professor in the Dept. of Sociology at York University in Toronto. Himani Bannerji is perhaps best known for her non-fiction writing in areas such as feminism, racism, and multiculturalism. Notable books include The Dark Side of the Nation: Essays on Multiculturalism, Nationalism and Gender, and her essay entitled Geography Lessons: On being an Insider/ Outsider to the Canadian Nation.

SEDEF ARAT-KOÇ

Sedef Arat-Koç is Associate Professor in the Department of Politics and Public Administration at Ryerson University. She received her Ph.D. in Sociology at the University of Toronto.

Sedef's research interests include immigration policy and citizenship, especially as they affect immigrant women; transnational feminism; politics of imperialism; racialization and the politics of racism; and reconfiguration of social and political identities under neoliberal globalization. Currently, she is working on "whiteness" in Turkey as a cultural, political and class identity in the context of neoliberalism and post-cold war geopolitics.

RINALDO WALCOTT

Rinaldo Walcott is Associate Professor in the Department of Sociology and Equity Studies in Education. His areas of specialization are cultural studies and cultural theory; queer and gender theory, and transnational and diaspora studies. Notable works include his book entitled "Black Like Who?: Writing Black Canada" and his article entitled, "Black Men in Frocks: Sexing race in a gay ghetto" in the book, "Space: Racialization in Canadian Cities," edited by Cheryl Teelucksingh.

SUNERA THOBANI

Sunera Thobani's expertise and research interests encompass gender and race, in particular, the representation of women and minorities in society. Her areas of specialization include immigration and citizenship in Canada, the impact of globalization on women, community organizing for global activism, and media, women and the War on Terror.
<https://pi.library.yorku.ca/ojs/index.php/cws/article/viewFile/7869/7000>

SHERENE RAZACK

Sherene Razack is a Professor at The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education of the University of Toronto. Her research and teaching interests lie in the area of race and gender issues in the law. Her books include an edited

thing with you to a deserted island, what would you bring?"

...my mind always says "A tweezer."

If I have the option of three things: a tweezer, some thread, and a razor. You never know when you'll be found.

Yet I say "A journal," so I sound profound and shit.

But hair is a serious thing. Arms, legs, thighs, butt, stomach, face, metacarpal joints; that dark area that dare not be mentioned. Hair is everywhere. Society says "Wax it off! Shave it off! Pluck it out!" and while I comply only once in awhile, I let the obsession of hairlessness consume me. Like many other women, I let certain sky-reaching standards of beauty contaminate my self-image and esteem. You can be as "enlightened" or "self-aware" as you want, but immunity from this contamination is not easily gained.

I can avoid Apple-Bottom jeans, boots with the fur, trendy hair cuts, make-up, calorie cards, bleaching, botox, and all that other self-glorifying oppressive crap. I am a beautiful woman regardless of all of that.

But a single hair on my upper lip? Good god, someone get me a thread. King Kong is in the house.

S. Khawaja Saeed
Freelance writer, comedian and poet hailing from Montreal by way of Vancouver by way of New York. Currently she is a student at McGill University pursuing a degree in Political Science and Middle East Studies.

the.poets.ink@gmail.com



sharing lived experiences, and the healing and learning that can come out of it.

When my dad was still here, I could only think of all the bad memories I have of him and how our family's story is full of torment. Now that he's gone I find that I hold on tighter to the few good memories that I have. Blackberry picking excursions, gardening, and rescuing our cats from trees.

When he was here, it was hard to think about his suffering, because of the ways that we were suffering because of him. Eventually, my mom (risking a whole other kind of stigma from her family) separated from my dad. The ensuing years were still full of abuse and fear and silence.

It's funny (in that way that it's not actually funny at all) to look at statistics and know that your family's pain is, statistically, fairly typical. And to see my dad - one in ten people take their own life, four in ten attempts to - in the statistics of Schizophrenia.

I don't know how to tell people about my dad sometimes. I hate treating it like it's a secret. I didn't know how to talk about it for a while. Then I realized that other people don't know how to hear about it, so I thought I was being nice to them by not talking about it. I guess I started not to care so much about other people's reactions, and more about my needing to lose my own shame of it.

this week I heard "retard" used twice and "schizo" once as insults... these words are hurtful, harmful, disempowering

I can't look back and wonder if our family's story could have been less painful. If we could have resisted against the mountains of shame

around mental illness, if we could have gotten access to resources that weren't there for us because we're a poor and racialized immigrant family. I can't look back and wonder if my dad's life could have been less painful. If he could have found a niche in our community where he was understood and accepted, if he could have gotten proper treatment (as a patient and as a person), and if then maybe he didn't have to feel like his only choice was to end his life.

but I can be here now and try to find somewhere to put my family's voice

Anita is a community activist from Vancouver, now living in Toronto. She is a radical queer woman of colour, who has been involved in advocating for queer, trans and racialized communities. A physical geographer by schooling, she has not yet been able to leave city life, thereby sabotaging her career as a 'nature nerd'. She is a lover of zines and uses writing as a platform to question, challenge, raise a fuss, and to share stories from the margins.

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Confessions de coiffures

par Tanya Dery-Obi

Mes cheveux sont frisés. Pas crépus. Simplement très frisés. Alors que j'étais enfant, ils étaient l'épreuve de ma mère, blanche, qui regardait avec un mélange d'appréhension et de volonté batailleuse cette masse noire qui s'emplissait de noeuds à un rien. Souvent, j'ai passé plusieurs heures assise sur une chaise de la cuisine, alors que l'on démêlait cheveu par cheveu ma tignasse informe et tirait sur mon cuir chevelu en m'arrachant des larmes de douleur. Jusqu'au jour où une amie de ma mère, noire, lui demanda incrédule pourquoi elle ne me faisait pas quelques tresses pendant que je dormais. Évidemment. On aurait dû y penser.

Il a fallu plusieurs années avant que je comprenne que je ne pouvais pas confier ma tête à n'importe qui. Dans les salons où l'on vous masse le cuir chevelu et où la presque totalité des coiffeuses ont des cheveux lisses, il n'y a personne qui comprend le caractère ambigu de mes cheveux uniques. J'ai aussi expérimenté les salons de coiffure tenus par des femmes venues de tous les coins de l'Afrique et des Amériques. Leurs mains expérimentée mais douloureuses ont pris en charge mon apparence, appliquant des crèmes défrisantes, posant des extensions, des tresses, rappelant au fond de ma tête les pleurs de ma jeunesse. Avec des dizaines d'autres femmes, j'ai attendu chacune des longues étapes qui ont transformé nos cheveux supposément pour le mieux.

Alors que mes cheveux étaient droits, des connaissances, blanches, m'ont souvent dit d'un air de compassion compréhensive : «Tu as honte de tes boucles. Tu as honte de tes racines.» Comment trouver les mots pour leur expliquer que mes racines sont exactement autant blanches que noires et que j'ai tous les droits d'expérimenter une nouvelle tête. Les centaines de filles blanches qui

abusent de leurs fers plats ne sont jamais accusées de renier une quelconque identité, ni celles qui portent de longues tresses : encore moins celles qui ont regardé avec envie mes dreadlocks qui, eux, n'avaient pas besoin de cire d'abeille. Il n'est pas juste d'analyser uniquement du point de vue de l'identité culturelle les comportements de toutes les filles noires qui portent des lentilles cornéennes claires, défrisent leurs cheveux et fuient avec panique le soleil. Et accuser uniquement les normes de beauté imposées aux femmes des comportements des filles blanches qui vont au bronzage et se font arrondir les fesses. Comment leur dire que, malgré leur bonne volonté, ce double standard encourage un monde raciste où la norme est blanche.

Aujourd'hui, mes cheveux portent leur frisé naturel, ni comme celles qui sont exactement blanches, ni celles qui sont exactement noires. Les femmes blanches, à la fois admiratives et étonnées, veulent leur toucher, comme lorsque l'on rencontre pour la première fois quelque chose que l'on ne connaît pas. Les femmes noires devinent qu'un mélange se cache derrière eux et que je ne suis pas tout à fait comme elles. Même si mes cheveux pour l'instant frisés, m'innocentent de toute volonté de faire disparaître mes racines, je sais bien par contre, qu'en eux se cristallise toute ma différence.

Tanya a 23 ans et termine bientôt un baccalauréat en littérature. Elle a entre autres participé au premier numéro du magazine Authentik et à la coordination de l'événement Back off! Reprenons le contrôle de nos corps! Let's Reappropriate our Bodies! qui portait sur la santé et la sexualité des femmes. En tant que mulâtre et féministe, le racisme et le sexism sont des systèmes d'oppression contre lesquels il lui tient particulièrement à cœur de lutter.

tanya.deryobin@gmail.com

Confessions of a Woman with Hair

S. Khawaja Saeed

November, 2007.

1:30 am. Alone. Chest pains. Shortness of breath. A feeling of overwhelming fear. Tears streamed down sullen cheeks. With what strength and composure I could muster, I reached for my phone and dialed 911 and asked for an ambulance. Twenty minutes later, I was sitting in the emergency room at a local hospital.

Naked with a hospital robe covering most of my pale body, I lay in the bed surrounded by that familiar smell one can only find in hospitals and elderly homes. That dysphoric feeling that penetrates through the curtains. I could hear people crying, whispering, coughing, and defecating. There is no shame in the hospital. There's no time for it.

2:30 am. A nurse made her way towards me with a large machine and said she needed to check my heart performance. In order to do that she had to place random wires over various parts of my body. Blushingly, I removed my bra and let her arrange the cold wires. Then she reached for my legs, and I gave out an odd sound, catching her attention and surprise.

She looked at me, her grey eyes questioning my state.

"I haven't waxed my legs in quite awhile," I said sheepishly with a nervous giggle.

Her questioning look transformed to disbelief and fatigue as she turned away to continue her task.

I sat there, quietly; ashamed. Not even about the superficial comment I had just made – but because I had not kept up with my hair management. I fell into some ease at the show of her lack of interest (and horror) at what felt like my Big-Foot appearance. My embarrassment was not in that I had body hair - my embarrassment was that my so-called carelessness with my body hair would now be made public. Even though I had no qualms with letting my legs fur up a bit, other people did. Their judgment on my upholding of this society's absurd standards frightened me. Hair didn't frighten me. People knowing that I had it did.

3am. A male doctor approached me. My horror returned.

"ARMPITS! HAIR! AAAAHHHH"

"This lighting is horrid. I look like a pale, hairy beast."

Sitting half naked in a hospital at 3 am with unforgivable heart pains and my greatest pain lies in knowing that all this public embarrassment could have been avoided had I used that sugar wax just a few days prior.

In retrospect, these are terrifying and absurd thoughts, but they were real. I consider myself to be a rather enlightened young woman in that I do not allow myself to fall into the exploitative female roles and stereotypes revolving around appearance perpetuated by pop culture and the society at large. Yet whenever I am asked "If you could bring one

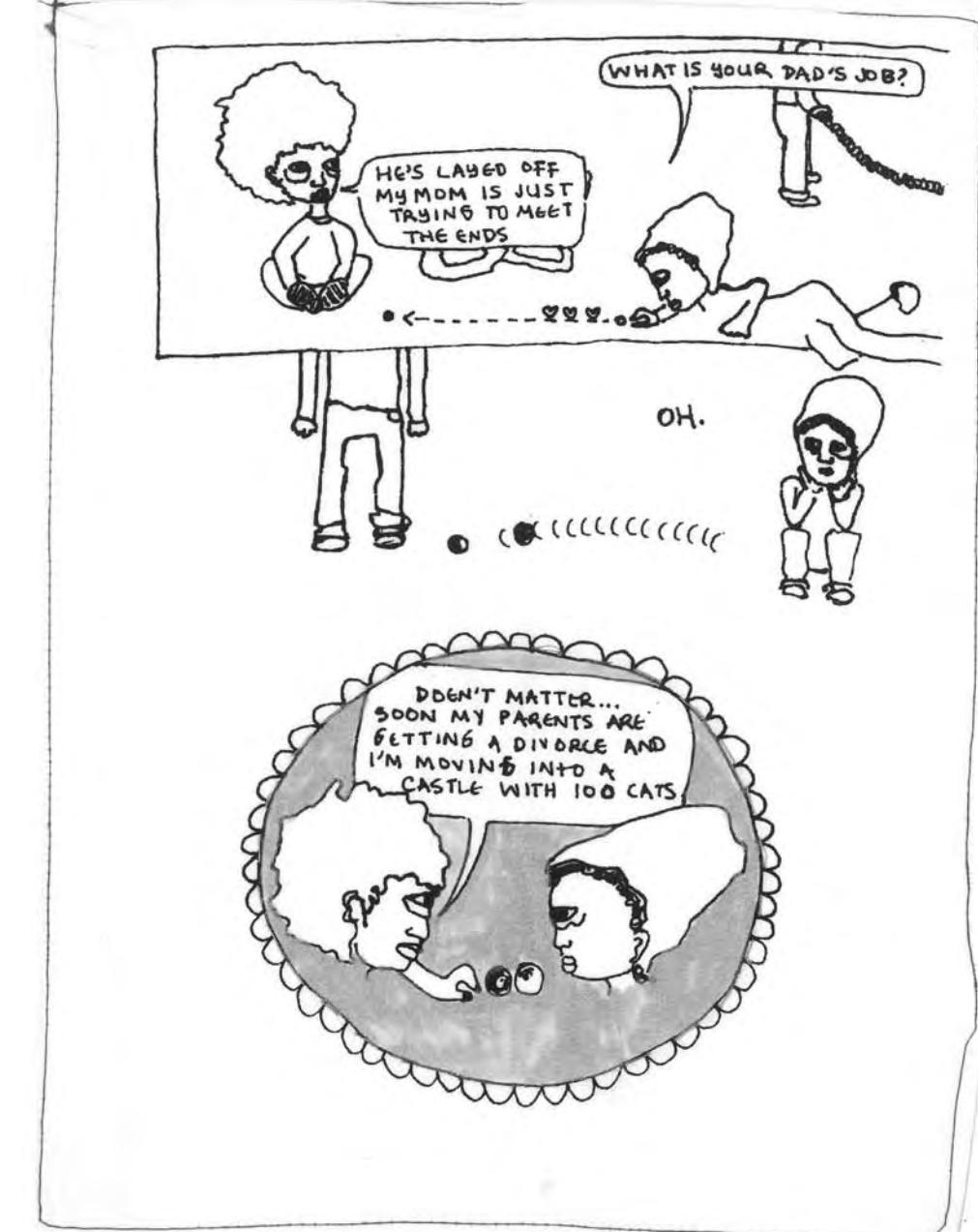


Kinneret vit à Montréal. Elle prend des photos pour le plaisir et pour apprendre des choses. « repping mixed » a commencé comme un projet scolaire, est devenu un vernissage collaboratif de «mixtes» au Ste-Emilie Skillshare et prend maintenant une forme qui lui est propre.

kinneret@riseup.net

kinneret lives in montreal. she takes photos for fun and to learn about things. 'repping mixed' started out as a school project, turned into a collaborative mixie vernissage at the ste. emilie skillshare, and is now taking on a life of its own.

kinneret@riseup.net





Mixies / mixtes

EXCERPT FROM REPPING MIX: A PHOTOGRAPHIC SERIES
by / par Kinneret Sheetreet



Mixtes

UNE CONVERSATION ENTRE DEUX PERSONNES MIXTES (au sujet de l'identité mixte)

(appelons-les K et A)

K : Écrivons quelque chose d'amusant. De léger. Disons que d'être mixte, c'est bizarre, mais c'est aussi c'est super drôle !

A : Je pense que c'est pourri.

K : Pas du tout, je crois que c'est super d'être de race mixte.

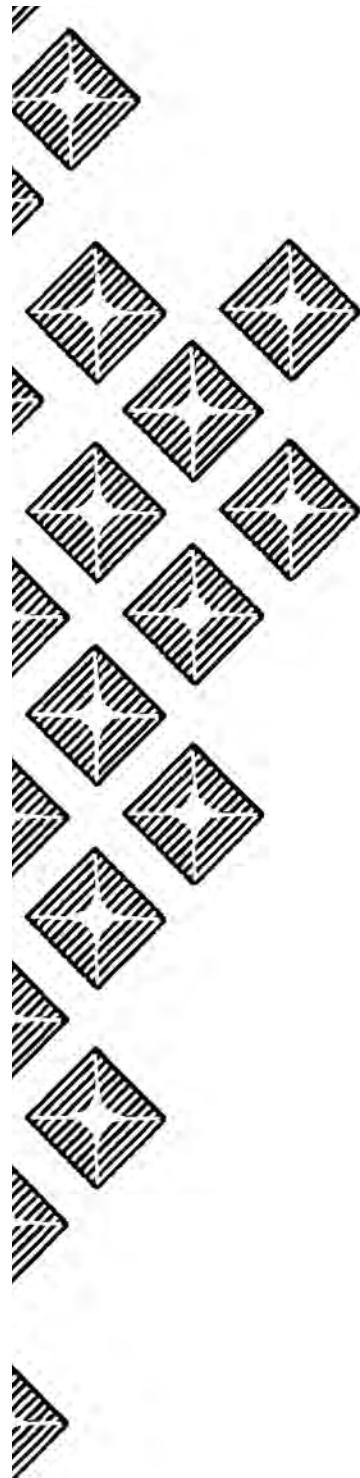
A : Tu finis toujours avec des drôles de questionnements et de l'insécurité, parce que tu ne connais pas assez chacune de tes identités.

K : Mais c'est comme un club complet à part des autres.

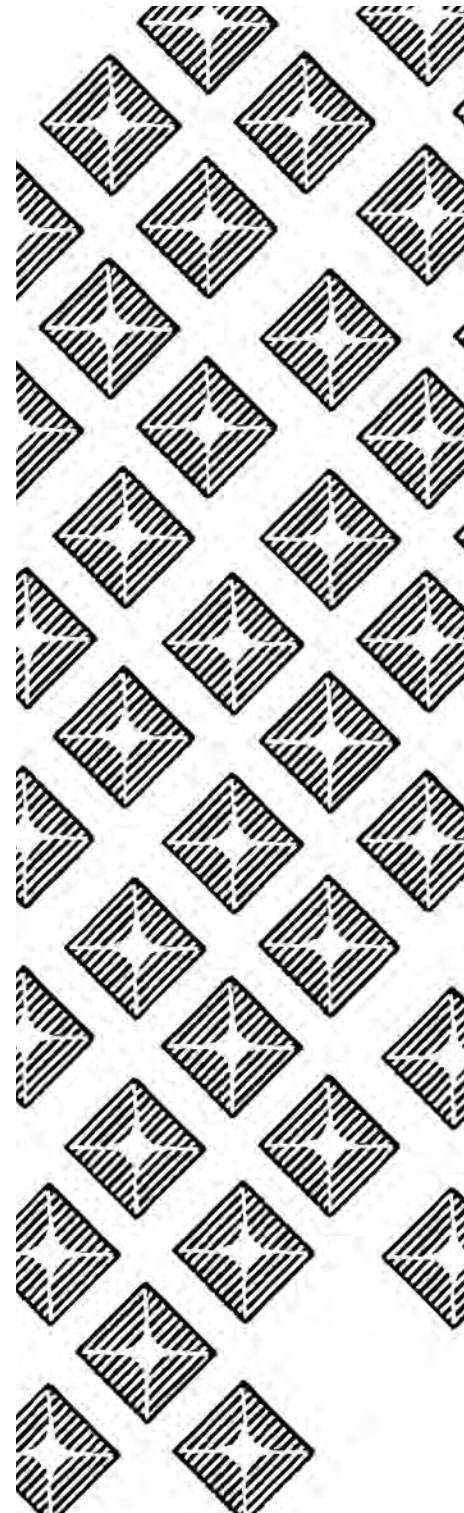
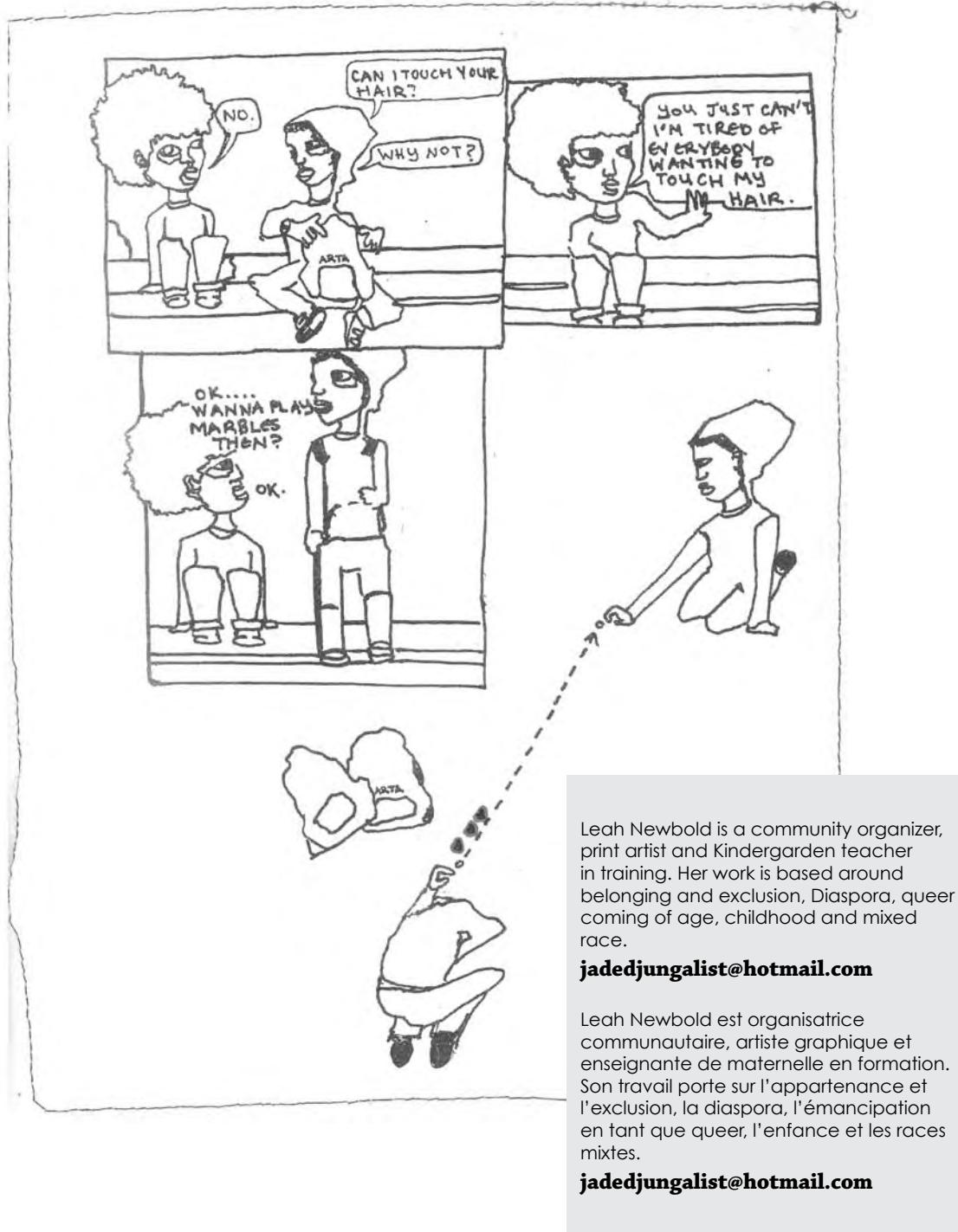
A : Mais tu es toujours seulement la moitié, ou une partie, de quelque chose. Tu n'es jamais complètement quelque chose.

K : Au moins, on sait qu'on est complexes.

J'admets que d'être mixte, c'est super compliqué et mélangeant, mais je pense que le plus important, c'est de prendre le temps de comprendre ce que nous vivons, nous-mêmes, entre nous. Il n'est pas question du gouvernement canadien qui nous dit que nous faisons partie d'une génération mixte, ou des personnes blanches qui essaient de relier la couleur de notre peau à un pays qui n'est pas le leur. Il s'agit plutôt de discuter de ce que nous ressentons, de ce que nous avons vécu en grandissant dans un contexte comme le nôtre, de la confusion que ce contexte a générée en nous mais aussi de la détermination et de la force que nous avons acquises. Même si nous savons que chacune de nos expériences est unique, nous pouvons aussi trouver le moyen de faire des liens qui contribueront à construire des communautés et un réseau de soutien mutuel.



My hero is my grama becoz
she growed up 11 kids in the
bahamds and never gived up
even when Z didn't make it.
she growed up her kids while
sewing clothes for tourists.
She is my hero becoz of
that and for cooking shrimp
with black eyes peas.
— Tars



Mixies

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MIXIES

(about being mixed race)
(and let's call them K and A)

K: Let's write something fun. Upbeat. Like being mixed is weird, but hilarious too.

A: I think it sucks.

K: No way, I think being mixed race is amazing.

A: You just end up with weird insecurity issues, cause you don't know enough about either identity.

K: But it's like a whole club on its own!

A: But you're only ever half, or a part, of something. You're never a whole of something.

K: At least we know we're complex.

I guess being mixed is super confusing and hard, but I think the most important thing is taking the time to figure it out ourselves, amongst ourselves. It's not about the Canadian government telling us we're part of a mixed generation, or about white people trying to match our skin colour to a country not their own. It's about having conversations about how we feel, what it was like to grow up in a context like this, how it's made us confused, but also how it's made us more determined, and stronger. While we know without a doubt that each of our experiences has been totally different, we can also find ways to make connections that build communities, that build support.

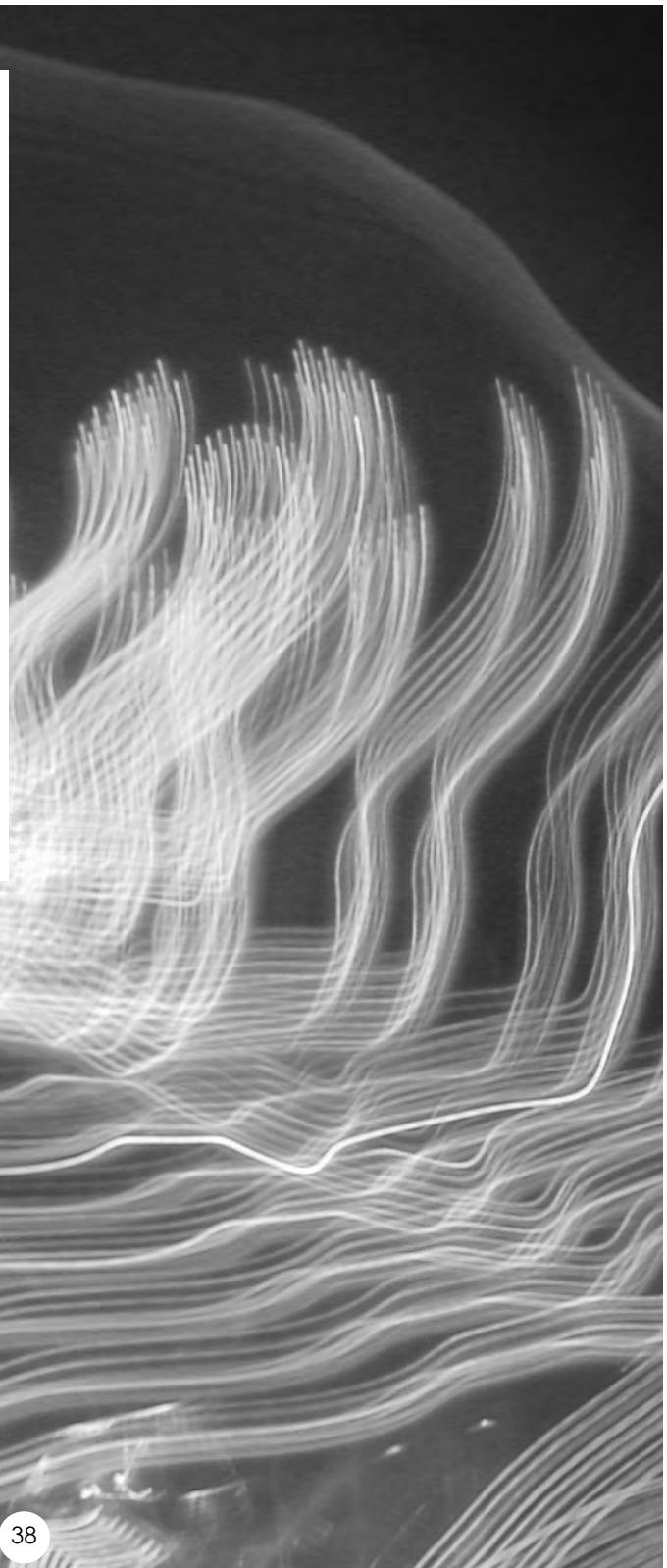
favour of my natural hair remains uncertain. Yet for me, it is the same thing as wearing heels, wearing make-up, or skipping a meal if I think I am gaining too much weight: I am aware of this violence yet I continually enact it on myself. I hope to no longer feel as if I have to do any of these things, but I know that the road to that place is one of long and uphill battles that I must continually engage in.

You can find the whole version at kickaction.ca

Ciikū Thuo

Ciikū Thuo is a fourth year undergraduate student at the University of Toronto currently completing a major in Women and Gender Studies and a double minor in Political Science and Spanish. She was born and raised in Kenya and now resides in Toronto, Canada. Ciikū writes poetry, fiction, memoirs and an array of short essays. Whenever she is not writing, she is thinking about writing. She is passionate about learning, un-learning, mental decolonization and the deconstruction of status-quo. In her spare time, she enjoys traveling, music, film and blog hopping.

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Ressources : Arts



Indestructible par Christy Road

Un livre d'histoire illustré de 96 pages sur son expérience de l'adolescence. Road y aborde divers sujets ; être latina, la classe, la rébellion, le genre, être queer, la santé mentale et la mort. Tous ces sujets se rassemblent autour d'un axe thématique : être une adolescente punk rock en Floride au début des années 90' (dessins, bandes dessinées, zines). Road est une punk rockeuse cubaine-américaine.

<http://www.croadcore.org/>

Elisha Lim

D'incroyables bandes dessinées par Elisha Lim, qui est devenue super célèbre avec son livre : 100 Butches.

<http://www.myspace.com/worldsmostelisha>

Zines par Teresa Cheng

Teresa a fait un super zine au sujet des cheveux des lesbiennes. Elle fait aussi des super zines sur d'autres sujets. Vous pouvez lui écrire pour obtenir des zines à :

poopytoothpaste@gmail.com

Lauren Jade Martin

Elle s'est fait connaître en publiant son Manifeste d'une fille queer et de race mixte – qui selon elle est maintenant morte. Ses zines sont géniaux.

<http://theyellowperil.com/>

Shelly Bahl

Shelly Bahl est une artiste contemporaine sud-asiatique. Son travail multidisciplinaire partage une idéologie anti-raciste et féministe. Par sa pratique artistique, Shelly explore l'histoire et « l'exotification » de l'art et de la culture indienne, et bon nombre de ses œuvres questionnent les pratiques de l'Orientalisme, l'appropriation kitsch et la production massive d'iconographies axée sur une culture en particulier. Bahl est une artiste membre fondatrice de SAVAC (South Asian Visual Arts Collective) et de ZEN-MIX 2000, un réseau d'artistes visuels pan asiatique actif à la fois à Toronto et à l'extérieur de la ville.

<http://www.shellybahl.com>

Farheen HaQ

Farheen HaQ est née et a grandi dans la région de Niagara, dans le sud de l'Ontario, et vit aujourd'hui à Victoria, en Colombie-Britannique. Farheen se sert de la vidéo, de la performance et de la photo pour explorer les manifestations culturelles du corps, du genre, du rituel et du geste. Par sa création, elle cherche à se réapproprier ses propres pratiques culturelles et exercer une influence dans les espaces culturels et publics qu'elle occupe. Ce sont les moments de résistance et de transformation qu'elle vit en performant et en créant ses œuvres qui l'inspirent. Elle a exposé un peu partout, y compris à New York, Los Angeles, Toronto et Vancouver.

<http://www.farheenhaq.com>



Arwa Abouon

Arwa Abouon est une Musulmane berbère libyenne canadienne qui a grandi dans l'ouest. Elle a passé sa vie à rechercher / cumuler / désirer une identité. Par la photographie, elle redécouvre les épreuves de son passé, les resitue et en fait la dissection afin de mieux se comprendre.

Coco Fusco

Activiste Cubaine-Américaine, artiste, auteure et théoricienne culturelle, Coco Fusco déplace de l'air! Son travail est une création qui émerge de la diaspora cubaine-américaine et de l'exclamation culturelle.

<http://www.thing.net/~cocofusco>

Adee Licious

Adee fait des zines, des arts textiles et de la peinture.

<http://profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=user.viewprofile&friendid=9226402>



Indestructible by Christy Road

A 96-page illustrated storybook about her experience as a teenager, where Road tackles the themes of being Latina, class, rebellion, gender, queerness, mental health, and death; all beneath the topical umbrella of being a teenage Floridian punk rocker in the early 90's. (drawing, comics, zines) Road is a Cuban American punk rocker.

<http://www.croadcore.org/>

Elisha Lim

Awesome comics by Elisha Lim who got super famous from her book of 100 Butches.

<http://www.myspace.com/worldsmostelisha>

Zines by Teresa Cheng

Teresa has made a great zine about dyke hair. And she makes great zines about other stuff. For zines, contact her at:

poopytoothpaste@gmail.com

Excerpts from "Good Hair, Bad Hair: A Violence of Hair in a Personal Narrative"

written by Ciikū Thuo.

Edited by Tekla Pontius-Courtney

.....Colonizers and white slave masters used black hair as a way to degrade, dehumanize, and as a result deny black people of their culture. Because of such degradation, black people lost a crucial esteem for their hair and sense of self. This violence, a symbolic violence if you will, continues to be perpetuated and enforced by the dominant in a process to naturalize and normalize it; it is a violence that is incredibly effective, insidious and evident every time black women do something to their otherwise naturally kinky or curly hair in the pursuit of straight, long wavy hair—a white feminine beauty ideal.

When I think about my hair, it feels as if I spent my childhood having arguments with my mother about my hair. Even now, it is as if I cannot go to a salon without remembering the trauma of it all. Nobody liked doing my hair. One day, my brother and my sister decided to settle this matter once and for all. Held down with two pairs of scissors to my head, my hair was chopped away mercilessly. That day I felt like I had lost something, but at the same time, I felt a new sense of release. My pain and my

hair were gone and the experience was freeing for myself and everybody around me.

What I find most peculiar is that when I, as a full-grown woman at 20 years of age, decided to cut my hair all off again, I was met with vehement and adamant opinions regarding my decision. People were angry that I would cut my hair off and freely voiced that anger to me. Some proclaimed women should not cut their hair, while others teased me because I looked like a boy. How could such a personal and simple decision so easily cause such frenzy? Why is it that my sister felt the need to relax my hair upon my first visit to the United States of America? And why, upon my second visit, did she feel it necessary to convince me to cut it off? Why was my mother so angry when I did? And why was it that so many discussions with my friends who were also black women included the subject of what to do with our hair? All these questions circled in my head as I continued to wrestle with my identity and with my hair in relation to my identity.

I started wondering whether straightening my hair was really a choice or the result of centuries of oppression, racism and colonialism. Why was I called brave for having my natural hair, yet processing my hair was so easy? The answer came loud and clear—because I wasn't supposed to stay natural. I was supposed to strive for the ideal white feminine beauty—by buying everything that could make me look as white as possible until I went bankrupt; by relaxing my hair until it fell off and starving myself to death. That is the way the system had been designed for me as a black woman and sure enough, I had unknowingly policed myself into this role. I had internalized the oppressors' mentality.

Whether I will get rid of all my relaxed hair in



Chloe by sves

Sves bio:

Always on the periphery of places, I use these experiences to show through my photography how being an observer affects perspective. As an observer, I try to capture the moments that are often overlooked when people are engaged in spaces. I want to show through my art, and in future projects, that there are overlapping connections and patterns that are similar among people.

artsves@gmail.com

Lauren Jade Martin

Known for having published the Mixed-Race Queer Girl Manifesto which she now says is dead. Her zines are awesome.

<http://theyellowperil.com/>

Shelly Bahl

Shelley Bahl is a contemporary South Asian artist. Her multidisciplinary work speaks an anti-racist, feminist ideology. Within her art practice she has been exploring the history and exoticification of Indian art and culture, and much of her work plays with and questions the practices of Orientalism, kitsch appropriation, and the mass-production of culturally-specific iconography. Bahl is a founding artist member of SAVAC (South Asian Visual Arts Collective) and ZEN-MIX 2000: Pan-Asian Visual Arts Network, both operating out of Toronto.

<http://www.shellybahl.com/>

Farheen HaQ

Farheen HaQ was born and raised in the Niagara Region in Southern Ontario and now calls Victoria, British Columbia home. Farheen works with video, performance and photo exploring cultural inscriptions of the body, gender, ritual and gesture. In her art-making, she attempts to reclaim her own cultural practices and exert her agency in the cultural and public spaces she occupies. In performing and making the work, the moments of resistance and transformation are what inspires her. She has exhibited internationally, including New York, Los Angeles, Toronto and Vancouver.

<http://www.farheenhaq.com/>

Arwa Abouon

Arwa Abouon is a Muslim, Berber, Libyan, Canadian who grew up in the west. She has been searching/accumulating/wanting an identity throughout her whole life. Through Photography she is rediscovering her past hardships, relocating them and dissecting them in order to understand herself all the better.

Coco Fusco

Cuban-American activist, artist, author, and cultural theorist Coco Fusco is a big deal. Her work is a creation of Cuban American diaspora and cultural exclamation.

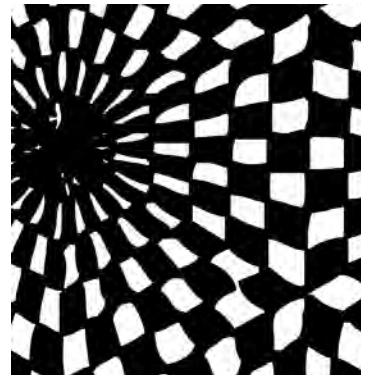
<http://www.thing.net/~cocofusco>

Adee Licious

Adee does zines, textiles art and painting.

<http://profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=user.viewprofile&friendid=9226402>





Pulled Out By The Roots

by Nimerta Kaur Dhami

.....
“Spare me,” she sneers,
“everyone’s ancestors were
scalped. Get Over It.”

Get over it. Get over it.

This is how a people’s history of genocide is disappeared and unlearned, forgotten before it could even be remembered to begin with. No, this was not The Genocide; admittedly 60 million white europeans were not tortured, raped, and killed in this one. Regardless of the fact that our eurocentric school curriculums shape history and memories to applaud the winning (killing) team, regardless of the fact that at the time I was nestled in my mother’s womb, the smell of death burning in India’s 1984

has kept me from the safe oblivion of sleep.

High school science told me that nothing escapes the earth’s atmosphere.

Perhaps this is how the stench of gasoline and burning tires,

scorching hair,

still lingers and wafts from time to time. And why the collective screams of some 30,000 dead Sikhs, not to mention the horror of their loved ones, still resound like a ricocheting bullet that will never lose its inertia.

I do not need to close my eyes to imagine the trains full of dead flesh and torn clothing slithering like evil metal snakes, or perverted Trojan horses. Only once these Trojans reached their destinations they were slaughtered and then sent back to be collected by their families.

Did you know this particular piece of world history?

A white woman has the privilege to tell me to “Get over it” while I am left imagining the panic.

Sickening

Sickened that ordinary people threw tires over Sikh shoulders, pinning their arms down, you

see, douse them in gasoline and flick a lit match.

Raped Sikh women and children in a self-righteous quest to defile our collective beliefs and future.

This is why this era reeks of scorched hair for it was our hair

hair turbans beards religion history of resistance

that made us targets.

Yet this is somehow irrelevant, somehow trivial compared to the european genocide we vow to Never Forget

Kesh

Kanga

Kara

Kirpan

Kachera

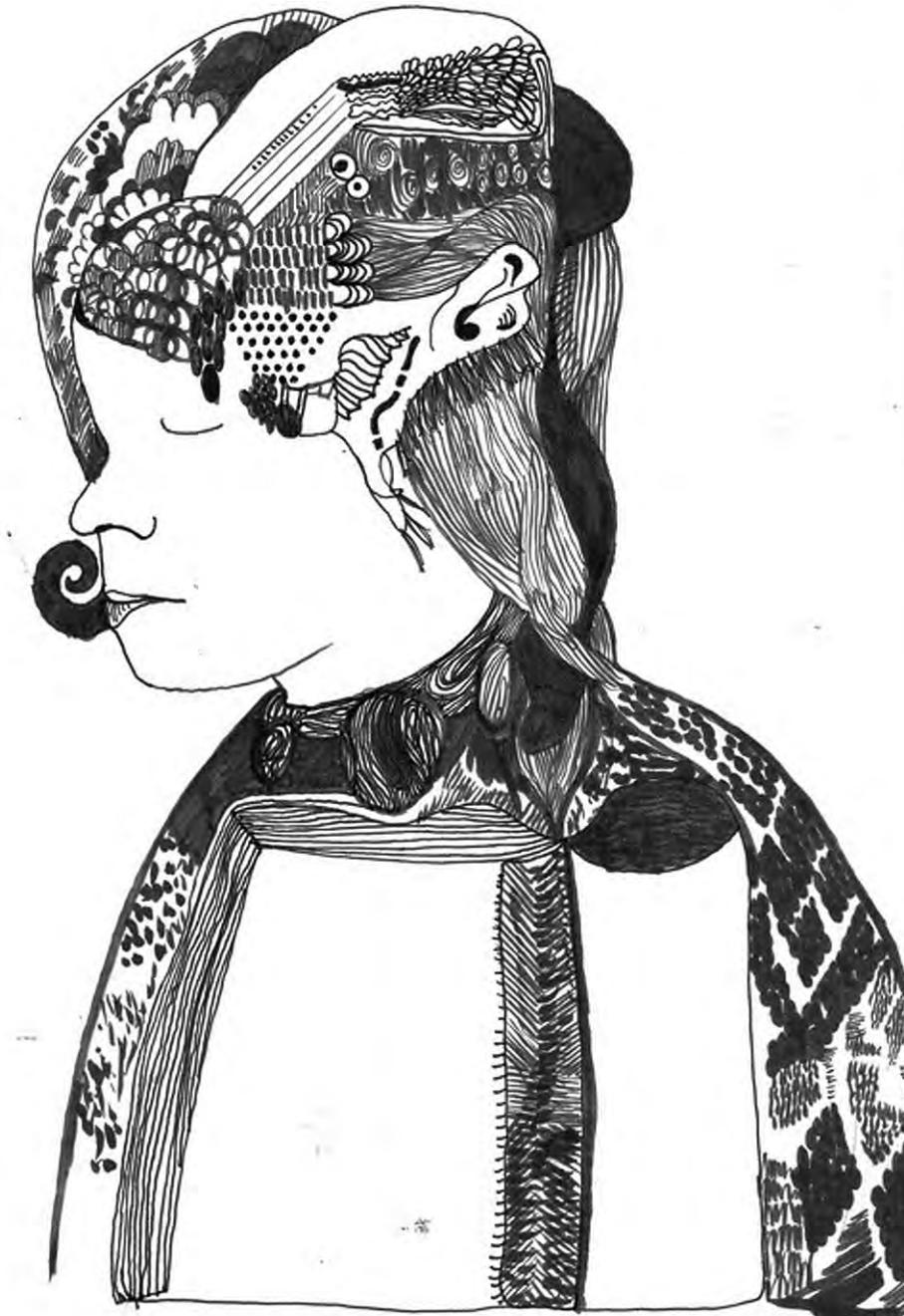
Some things are worth too much

Some histories are too heavy.

I am a 23 year old hairy feminist committed to anti-racism, social justice activism, and the eradication of heterosexism and homophobia. My interests include books, chocolate, and the loves of my life; when I grow up I want to be a writer and a midwife.

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untitled by Sves



be liked by them. I wanted so badly to return to the school as a new person and have a fresh start rather than freeze up everytime I tried to talk to someone knowing full and well that their conversation with me would actually bring them lower on the meticulously constructed social ladder and that, therefore, this conversation would be out of pity.

My misery at the school was increased by my shame for having that misery. I wanted to fit in so badly. I wanted my Mother to be proud of me. I wanted to succeed. But it seemed all I could do was watch myself become more and more invisible. Why couldn't I be a part of the exciting and frenzied girlhood that was happening? Why wasn't I invited to parties? And in pitying those who had to come into contact with me, in pitying the girl who would have to be my partner in gym class – making her less popular and despise me even more – I came to despise myself. I was failing everyone and making everyone's lives harder. My parents, upon finding out that I hated the school, were saddened. They didn't understand how I could not like a school that both of them would have done anything for the opportunity to attend. They saw my dislike of the environment to be something that would have to change; to them, this was the only way I would get into a university. To them, this was the only thing that would erase my brownness enough to make me human.

The problem is that you can't erase brown. Not even by sticking it in a bowl full of white, you just can't erase it.



black sheep

by erika p.

.....
(from scraps of undiscussed family history)

Fifteen years old and here she's been for a year now, bouncing back and forth between the basement studio she shares with schizophrenic mother undiagnosed and the floors and couches of her cousins and friends. She's got those big brown eyes, soft dark skin, and she's filled herself with wanting and with need. But her voice stops and shudders, quivers, when she tries to speak of these things in this new language, lapsing back into the tongue that lets her feel safe. Powerful.

And friends are not enough, no, family is not enough. How can they be? She dreams of drifting out of here, over the concrete-lined grey slush streets, past the snow and the silence, the ice and the overwhelming loneliness, leaving this place for a fantasy of home. She dreams of a place where her beauty is recognized and her freedom is known, things she has lost, here, where all she can do is dream. Mostly she just wants to make it disappear, but knowing that it's impossible to truly return, her body and mind remain maddeningly tied to this place.

She can't continue like this, she realizes, she can't sustain her fantastical dreaming and she can't keep drifting alone. So when she hears him downstairs one night talking to her cousin—he's a boy her age, speaking her language, and somehow

it puts a smile on a face that had almost forgotten how-- she makes her decision: yes. Yes, she says, yes, and it's the first decision she's made since she's gotten here that makes her feel alive.

And with him she's found that white-hot place where everything around her has disappeared. In this small, cramped basement apartment, they've discovered something beyond this place, beyond its revulsion and disdain for them. They've made the whole damn country fall away, rocks and mountains and cities and all, and all that's left is the two of them. The language they share doesn't matter because they're no longer speaking in words. She lets herself believe, for a minute, that she's escaped.

She tries to make it last forever.

It can't. She wakes up early the next morning and leaves while he's still sleeping, his body still trying to curl tight around hers. She wanders these strange city streets that are becoming unbearably familiar to her, and a knowledge begins to come to her. Her body's taut and tense, she's got this feeling running through her, and when she rubs her hands over her belly, feeling—imagining?—a slight movement within, she knows for sure that it's true. There is dread now, but she also feels stirrings of joy. The waiting is over, she thinks. The time for freedom is now.

erika p.

erika is a 21 year old queer black girl, student, former suburbanite, ex-catholic with an unhealthy love of celebrity gossip.

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Untitled

by Hawa Mire

.....On my quest of finding a space for myself and my sister to reside I hit upon an interesting predicament. The “white voice” I’ve perfected over the telephone only seems to go so far before the color of my skin and gender begins to raise some pertinent questions to the owner of the house interested in leasing or renting the bottom half of their suites. And therein lies the problem. The search for a place is much more difficult because the glass ceiling that says I should be living in lower income Surrey still exists. It’s an unfriendly existence. I’ve heard it all, from “you don’t look like what you sounded like like on the phone”, to more blatantly put “I didn’t realize you were black”. And despite my stare downs and questioning of their privileged practices, I suck it up and smile anyway because I need a roof over my head. In my mind I throw jagged rocks at them and persist in trying to decimate this racial superiority with my ineffectual fists. The results are lengthy exaggerated attempts to belittle me and question me about my job, my volunteering and my life. I can guarantee rent every month, so why is there a problem? There seems to be little cooperation in that regard and all those preppy up towners who are “settling” for mid-town irritate my soul. They look as if they can afford it, but then again so do I. But

the subtle stereotyping of the color of my skin belies any actual information. I exist as a black female, despite my professional sounding job title and persistent community involvement; which on a side note is as disgraceful as I am, noting the racialized and aboriginal girls it caters to. Because I exist as a black female, I am not suitable to rent a box to live in. Might I add that the preppy up towners who are of course white, think they are in the minority despite the fact that the majority of them reside in the places where if wishes were reality I would be living. Not because of any preconceived notion of the status it might lend me, but because of its convenience to the places I work! So, despite higher than average working environments, workaholic behaviour patterns, a sweet demeanour and friendliness towards random strangers, I am not a suitable candidate for a place that looks to be above my financial constrictions. One of the many challenges of existing as a racialized youth.... Now onto getting a job that leaves me able to pay rent.

Hawa loves sunflowers, headbands, books and the occasional cup of tea. She also loves to entertain the people around her with her sarcasm and wit. Hawa believes she is going to change the world and possibly become Canada’s first racialized prime minister. She is also wondering why she is talking about herself in the third person.

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White Educations Don't Change the Colour of Your Skin

by Anonymous.

.....My Mother believed that my education would make me less brown. She believed that it would help me to achieve a class status that she was never privy to. Embedded within this drive for a class status was the ultimate goal of being white. An unattainable goal, but a goal nonetheless. I don’t blame her. She grew up in London in the 70s. Enough rotten oranges thrown at your back and of course you’d want some sort of change, some sort of hope. So, my Mother threw all of her rotten eggs into the education basket. Her arranged marriage was defined by her one requirement that he have an education, she ensured we spoke perfect English by not teaching us our mother tongue, and when it was time for me to pursue my scholastic education, she slowly came to realize that private school was the best option. All of the white people in the rich area she wanted to live in sent their kids to one private school. Private school was the way to get your little brown kids into university. And it became the only way.

After four years in a public school where I did not excel (on the latter, I couldn’t concentrate and came home daily with complaints as to my hyperactive and belligerent behaviour), I attended a private school for gifted children.

To the children at this school, my brownness became an accepted oddity in the same way another child’s love for neon purple spandex and hiking boots was embraced. We were all a little weird and all very accepted.

A formal private school education was the next step, and this was where I was finally accepted to a prestigious all-girls school after an arduous examination and interview process. With a gorgeous campus including tennis courts, a double gym, a giant library, and a woodland area, the school was a coveted environment and a true indication of class status. And white girls. White girls everywhere with skinny knees and shortened skirts and white socks. White girls who knew just how white they were and flaunted it. Coming from a school that celebrated uniqueness to the core, I found myself in uncharted waters. Suddenly, it wasn’t your individuality, but your ability to conform that made you popular. Brand names and membership at the same country club were what made you popular. While my parents were moving on up, we were still struggling. Both of them were working more than they ever had to afford the school tuitions. Luxuries such as brand name clothing, meals out, and the swarovski crystal bracelets that every girl in school had were an impossibility and while I didn’t want these material goods, I didn’t understand how I would be able to fit into a conversation about a brand name or about how great New York City was.

The first four months went well. We were all somewhat new and therefore, had to be somewhat polite. But it became obvious that I was not making many friends. Soon, I had no friends. And soon, no one talked to me. I would go whole days being ignored, looked through. I wanted so badly to talk with the other girls, to