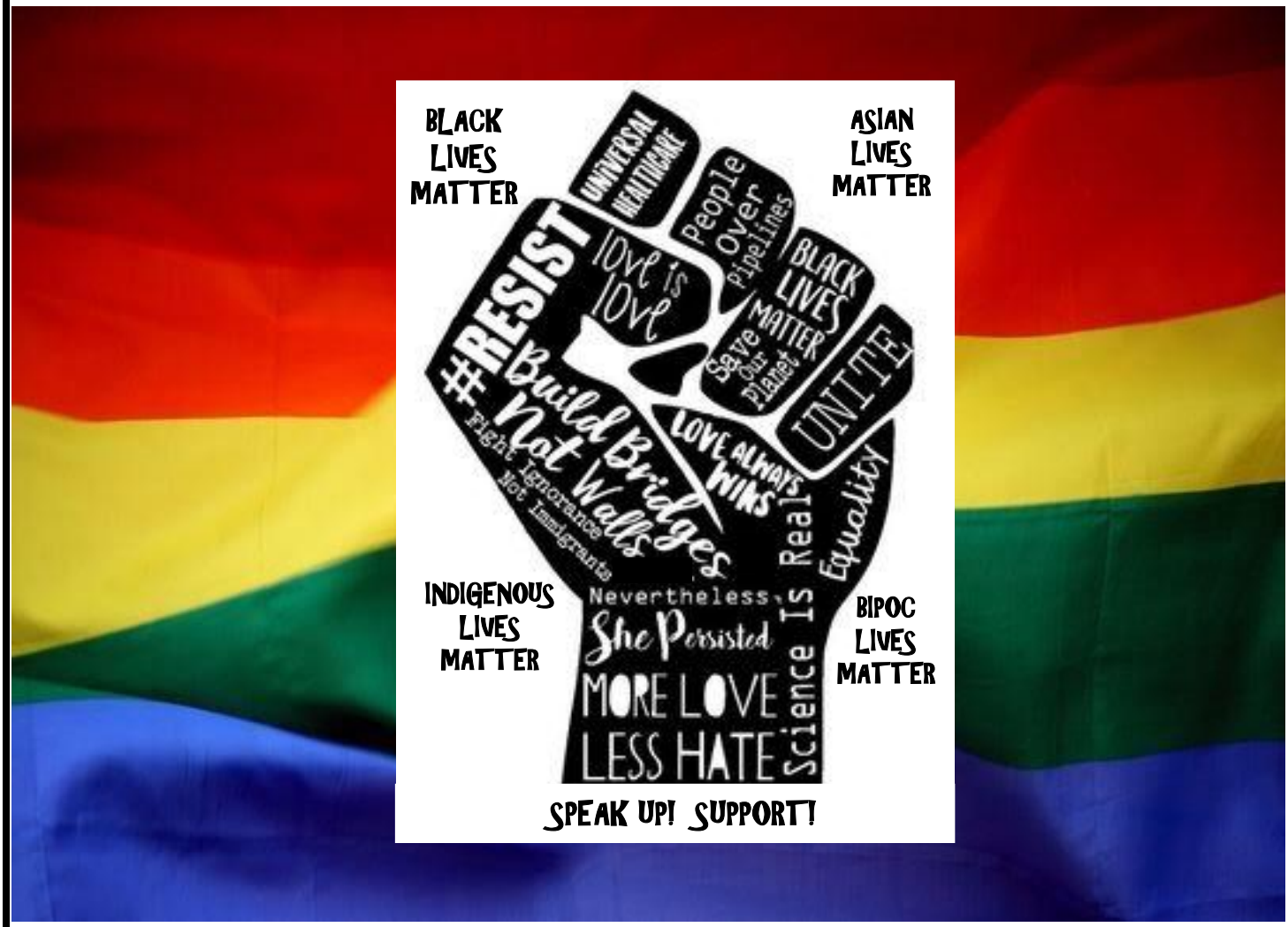
FIGHTING RACISM



FROM A QUEER PERSPECTIVE

A ZINE BY THE QUIRK-E ZINERS

QUIRK-E

Queer Imaging & Riting Kollective for Elders

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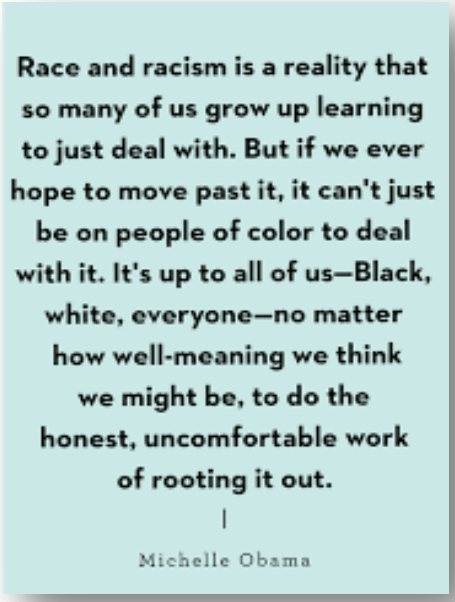
Photographs: credited throughout unless they are stock photos.
Fighting Racism From a Queer Perspective is self published and printed by Qmunity in 2021.
 We are grateful to Britannia and to Qmunity for their support.

INTRODUCTION

River Glen

The purpose of the Quirk- e Zine group is to provide a platform to write on specific topics that are important to us as individuals, as members of our queer community and our larger society. In this Zine, we want to act on the Indigenous, Black, Asian, and People of Colour's (IBPOC/BIPOC) call to fight against systemic racism and colonization. We have collected short stories, essays, and book reviews that reflect our opposition to past and present racism. We continue to witness families expressing the horrors that they have experienced, and see whole communities, both locally and globally, uniting to support those violently or otherwise affected and to demand concrete actions to end systemic racism and colonization.

Like many white or primarily white organizations, we recognize that we may in our writings unintentionally reflect white privilege; therefore we have tried to educate ourselves and have gratefully accepted the review of the work by a respected editor of our local IBPOC community, Charlotte Sista C Ferrell. We write from our queer perspective, and while we have not personally experienced racism, we have experienced oppression in terms of our gender identity or sexual orientation. We are addressing this topic from an anti-racist position of wanting to help and not wanting to cause harm. To this end, we are also providing resource pages of currently available related websites, authors and organizations as well as some book reviews. We are learning from the IBPOC movement and we are using our own experience working for social justice. We hope the thoughts, struggles and information we are sharing with all who read the Zine, inspire and encourage the fight for the rights of the Indigenous, Black, Asian and People of Colour and the fight against systemic and individual racism.



Message from Charlotte Sista C Ferrell: Thank you for this opportunity to review and share my ideas or recommendations on such heart-centered work. It is commendable that Quirk-e dedicated a full e-zine toward helping to raise consciousness and positively influence behavior in a manner that eliminates inadvertent or blatant racism.

WHITE PRIVILEGE IN CANADA

Val Innes

I recently read *White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack* by Dr Peggy McIntosh[1], an autobiographical article exploring her own white privilege that I believe every white person should read (and you can find the original at nationalseedproject.org if you scroll down on the left of the website). I then decided to do an autobiographical exploration of my own white privilege here in Canada. The point of this exercise for me was to become aware of how white privilege affects my life on a daily basis rather than just not noticing. Systemic and individual racism continues to deprive Black, Indigenous, and People of Colour (BIPOC) of the equality and safety they should have, and it privileges white people hugely. Understanding that, and the fact that BIPOC do not experience most of the privilege that whites have is, I think, one of the steps towards tackling racism and supporting BIPOC.

After my exploration following McIntosh's testimonials, I decided to write about the results in order to encourage other white people to do the same or, at least, think about it seriously, and to act to end systemic and individual racism. I am white, therefore, I am not subject to racism in my country or neighbourhood. It's clear from this exploration, that I hold white privilege in many ways. I can usually avoid being with people who mistrust me. I can own or rent in an area I can afford and expect that my neighbours will be pleasant. I can see people of my colour on TV and in movies. When I am told about our national heritage, I am told that people of my colour made it -- although I don't now see that as a good thing, because people of my colour committed cultural and actual genocide and created a systemic racist system to perpetuate their control. How I see it doesn't, however, change the fact that my privilege results from that.

If I'm in a group, I can usually expect that I will be heard. I can usually shop safely. I will not be watched with disdain or to make sure I'm not stealing. My skin colour does not work against me in terms of financial stability. I can swear or wear second-hand clothes and not have that attributed to my colour. I can do well in a challenging situation without being called a credit to whites. I can criticize my government without being seen as a cultural outsider because of my colour. Nobody ever asks me to speak for the entire white population.

Usually if I talk to someone in charge, it's to a person of my colour. If I'm pulled over by a cop, I don't fear for my life. I can buy all sorts of stuff featuring my colour. I can take a job with an affirmative action employer without people thinking I got it because of my colour. I don't have to consider my colour when asking for advice or looking at political, social or professional options. I can get legal or medical help without my colour being a barrier or experiencing racist attacks. I don't have to experience rejection because of my colour. My leadership is not affected by my colour. I have no trouble finding public accommodation, educational courses and institutions which cater to people of my colour. Figurative language and imagery reflects my colour. Band-Aids come in my flesh colour. My colour does not affect my ability to feel welcomed and normal in the usual walks of life.

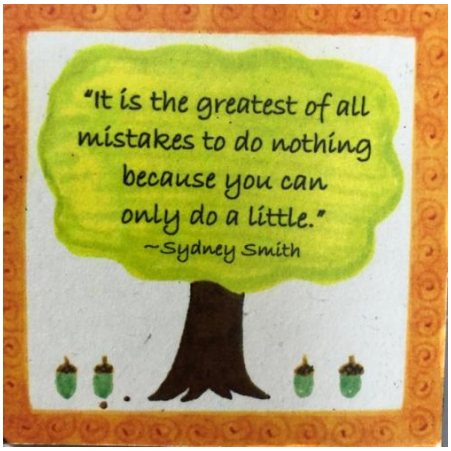
All of these privileges listed here should belong to every person regardless of their colour, but they don't in our country. The lists above should make it clear that my colour, my white privilege, has protected me from a number of negative experiences that BIPOC people are exposed to daily. The fact that BIPOC people have to worry about the racism they face daily in so

many different ways is unacceptable. And what Canada has done and is still doing to the Indigenous people whose home this has been for thousands of years is unacceptable, as is the fact that racism against Indigenous people is an accepted social norm in this country. Systemic racism, rooted in colonialism and bolstered by the government, laws, courts, the RCMP, the police, the media, the education system, Indian Residential Schools, the censorship of the actual history of this country, and the Indian Act, has to be challenged, interrupted and ended.

White people who care can't just have good intentions; we have to act. And there are lots of ways in which we can act to make BIPOC lives better. We can, as Tiffany Turner-Allen tells us, "speak out -- not just in public, but also in private, when you have something to lose and nothing to gain."[2] We can, for example, speak up when a white person is served ahead of a BIPOC person or a BIPOC person is being watched so carefully in a store by employees. We can choose to support IBPOC shops and services instead of white corporations. We can get involved rather than standing back.

We can get to know, develop friendships and share activities with different Black, Indigenous or other People of Colour beyond just being 'allies' for protests or community meetings. That's important; it bends and breaks barriers. We can also find out what different BIPOC organizations, like Black Lives Matter, would like us to do to support them and then do it. We can find out how to support Indigenous people in terms of, for example, reparation claims, land claims, pipeline fights, police, healthcare, and water rights, follow through with that support and help with funding. We can pay for services of BIPOC people rather than expecting them to volunteer. We can speak up and interrupt if we see or hear of the police or individuals hassling BIPOC people. We can demand action on systemic racism rather than just words from our governments. We can join IBPOC in solidarity, marching, writing articles and emails, and calling our MPs and MLAs. We can apply public pressure to demand change. We can, for example, demand action rather than words on the 2012 Truth and Reconciliation Commission's 94 Calls to Action. We can make a difference.

As queers, we know that this kind of public pressure works to make change happen, legally and socially. And, as queers, we can work to end racism in our own community. We can work to change systemic racism and undo colonization whenever and wherever we find it. When we do not stand up against injustice and instead rest in our white privilege, we are culpable.



I can't speak to the pain of Black, Indigenous and People of Colour obviously, but I can do what I can to interrupt and challenge systemic and individual racism. I am an immigrant to this country, but if I don't work to end the racism I see here, I am as culpable as the creators of it.

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1. McIntosh, P. *White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack.* 1987. Seed, Wellesley centres for Women. nationalseedproject.org.

2. Turner-Allen, T. *A Call to Check Unchecked White Rage—Now*. Feb 19, 2021 https://nonprofitquarterly.org/a-call-to-check-unchecked-white-rage-now/

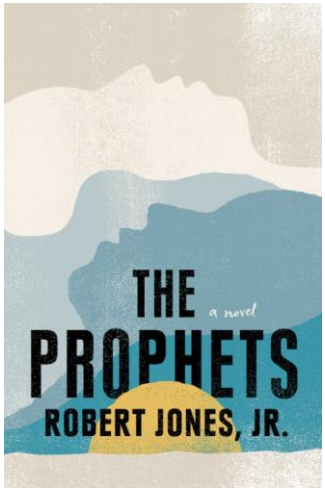
A QUEER BLACK VOICE

Robert Jones Jr's *The Prophets*

Review by Don Orr Martin

For several years I have been following a blogger who calls himself Son of Baldwin. I don't remember now how I discovered him, but I was instantly drawn to his blog having been a fan of James Baldwin since the 1960s in high school. The blogger's name is Robert Jones, Jr. He says that as a student, discovering James Baldwin was a revelation for him. Novelist, essayist, playwright James Baldwin was a prominent Black activist during my youth and the first gay Black writer I ever read. Son of Baldwin is a literary descendant of James Baldwin's queer Black perspective. He speaks out for Black lives and Black queers with a progressive voice. Jones calls his Son of Baldwin Facebook page a social justice community.

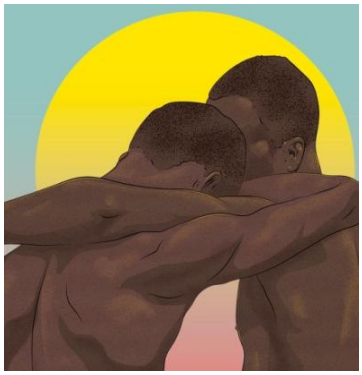
Son of Baldwin may be the most conscientious writer I've encountered on social media. He is a passionate commentator who is willing to admit when he's wrong and to be corrected. He always warns readers about disturbing content when he posts about regular acts of violence against Black and Trans persons. When he posts images, Son of Baldwin always describes them in text for his fans who are blind and rely on text readers. And I see him as a feminist. He rails against patriarchy. It was Son of Baldwin who introduced me to the term 'misogynoir'—hateful attitudes faced by Black women and Black Trans women. Robert Jones Jr. has a way with words.



So it was with great anticipation that I read *The Prophets*, Jones's first novel, published this year (2021). He is 50 years old and has been working on this book for fourteen years. It takes place on a slave plantation in Mississippi in the early 1800s. *The Prophets* is breath-taking in its lyricism, yet it is not an easy book to read. Jones examines the brutality of slavery on the body, the spirit, and the community. Each chapter focuses on one person who has their own style of speaking, whether slave or oppressor or ancestor. Have you ever had the experience of reading a perfectly crafted sentence and stopping momentarily to admire its profound beauty? This happened to me many times as I read Jones's words. (I also recommend the audiobook which really brings the story alive; talented narrator Karen Chilton renders Jones's words as music.)

Among the authors Jones admires most is Toni Morrison, whom he seems to be channeling at times in his novel. He credits her with inspiring him to write *The Prophets* when she said: "If there's a book that you want to read but it hasn't been written yet, then you must write it." Jones could find very few representations of gay Black relationships in literature before Baldwin and just one or two from pre-colonial Africa recounted from oral tradition. This is not because gay Black relationships didn't exist, but because they were stigmatized and suppressed. They weren't allowed to be acknowledged, written about, or published.

The central story in *The Prophets* is about Samuel and Isaiah, enslaved lovers. Part of their forced labour is to tend the horses, and they live in the barn away from the other slaves. But they find sanctuary there. Samuel smolders. Isaiah nurtures. Maggie, Essie, Be Auntie, Puah, and Sarah—the Black women characters in the story—carry the narrative forward and are the



backbone and soul of plantation existence. They are different ages and temperaments, but each has endured a lifetime of abuse by men. They admire, or at least tolerate, Samuel and Isaiah's unhidden attachment to each other.

Amos, an older slave, tries to curry favour with the plantation owner and asks permission to preach the gospel. It was Amos who carried the infant Isaiah, ripped from his mother's arms, as the wagonful of human chattel was transported in chains to Empty (the name the slaves have given the plantation). Amos watched Isaiah's relationship with Samuel develop and grow. Now it threatens a particularly horrendous aspect of slavery—how people were treated as livestock and bred to produce the next generation of slave labour. Amos feels compelled to change Samuel and Isaiah's sexuality. His preaching drives a wedge between the lovers and the other slaves.

Jones weaves in a second story thread—the lives of ancestors Elewa and Kosii, male lovers celebrated in their matriarchal village in pre-colonial Africa. They are betrayed by the same supremacist religion that unravels the lives of Samuel and Isaiah. Its missionaries destroy their world and rationalize the slave trade, then later absolve it. The Ancestors cast long shadows across the pages of this book.

The roots of racism, misogyny, and homophobia intertwine. None can be eliminated without a deep weeding-out of all three. In the 1980s James Baldwin said that the gay movement was really about white people who lost their white privilege petitioning to get it back; that white gay people are still about their whiteness. Forty years later, I doubt that Son of Baldwin would disagree. Jones says he is tired of hearing frequent conversations about why Black people are so homophobic, but very few about why white gay people are so racist. His blog is a testament to the need to change the conversation.

In a 2014 interview about Son of Baldwin, Jones said that people of all races and creeds have to give up their addiction to whiteness, and people of all genders and sexualities have to give up their addiction to narrow-minded views of masculinity, femininity, gender identity, and sex. The problem, he said, is convincing people to give up the things that define their current comforts. He asks people to be willing to be uncomfortable in order to change. Jones's dream for his Son of Baldwin blog is that it serves as a place to have those uncomfortable conversations about social justice issues without dehumanizing one another.

I've been following Jones, the novelist, through various interviews as he does a virtual book tour. I even attended a live Zoom event with him at the New York Public Library. What an experience—in a time of Covid isolation to be online in real time with this charming author. *The Prophets* is receiving well-deserved attention and praise. It is a significant contribution to queer Black literature and queer Black history.

Jones, R. 2021. *The Prophets*. Putnam, Penguin Random House.

MY STORY AS A HAIDA

Annie Dan

Ok, I got the call from the specialist office and my appointment is booked. I'm to be at the office at 7:30 am on Thursday. It's so early, but better than having to wait as I have what is called "white coat syndrome". I get anxiety and my blood pressure goes way up waiting to see the doctor. I even have it every time I see my doctor, and I like her.

It's Thursday morning; I arrive at 7:15 am, and it is too early to check in. Apparently, the assistant doesn't get in until 8 am. Damn, because of covid-19 there isn't any where to go, so I sit and wait trying to control my anxiety. Finally, I get the call to go to the back and change for the procedure. I'm really anxious and my blood pressure shows it. The assistant is really nice, and she talks to me to help calm me down. I meet the student, and he is also nice. Now just waiting for the specialist. Time is going slowly. I've been waiting for an hour now.

Yes, in walks the specialist and does his spiel about risk factors, and I agree to have the procedure done. It only takes about 20 minutes. I think I'm home free, and everything has gone well. Unfortunately for me, the specialist leans in close to me and whispers, "no drinking for 24 hours".

I'm really upset. His assistants didn't hear him, and that was his intention. I was so hurt and disappointed and upset as this was unbelievable to me. Like, really, for the past 2 weeks in the news there was all the talk of the game that was being played in emergency rooms: "The Price is Right," where the staff tried to guess the alcohol levels of Indigenous people who go to the hospital for help. Micro aggression is death by a thousand cuts. Unfortunately, this happens often. I am very lucky that I have found a primary doctor who is kind and willing to help me in any way that she can. Now, I will be asking for a different specialist, and I am going to report him. Will it do any good? After all it's my word against his, and maybe I misunderstood him. Not!

I went home and cried. I was so mad. Why, in 2020 we still have to deal with this is beyond me. That is systemic racism, and it seems to me that it will be around for my life span. Can I do enough to try and change things? Is there any hope? Right now I'd say there is no hope for me. It's maddening and frustrating . . . but I will not give up. Help stop bullying/racism when you see it or think it might be. Just call people out on their comments. It's possible to do it nicely.

I am a Haida who is honoured, privileged and thankful to be living on the Coast Salish Territories. Specifically thexʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh Úxwumixw (Squamish Nation) and Səl̓ílwətaʔ (Tsleil-Waututh) nations.

RACISM IN THE QUEER MOVEMENT.

An Interview with Lee (pronouns they/them)

Ellen Woodsworth

Ellen and Lee

Lee is a teacher and an activist with three decades of activism around anti oppression work in a variety of communities.

Ellen: Could you tell me something about yourself?

Lee: I am a third-generation settler of Chinese heritage. My history on unceded coast Salish territory goes back to when my grandfather came to Canada and paid the head tax. We were settlers on unceded indigenous territory. I believe that systemic oppression without healing of the traumas has an intergenerational effect. It can get passed on to other generations coping with or silencing family history. I didn't find out about my family paying the head tax until my adulthood. I think that is partly because of the pain of systemic racist immigration policies.

In terms of the experience of systemic racism, it is layered because you are steeped in the layers of a colonialist culture, that I call white supremacy culture, it is literally the air you breathe and the mechanisms and the infrastructure that you deal with. It may take some time before one is able to see the forest for the trees. It has been a lifelong process in our family, not talking about racism. Racism has had its impact -- one that I didn't completely understand. I have seen racism my whole life, having been spat at as a child and having beer bottles thrown at me. It wasn't talked about in any of my schooling. I see the difference now as a teacher. When you don't have language for it, how do you talk about that experience? My story wasn't reflected out there when I was growing up. Who gets centred in the media? Cis people, straight people, white people, wealthy people, are the people who are seen in the media and in history.

Ellen: What has changed?

Lee: Today there is so much decolonizing happening at a personal and at a systemic level. I didn't grow up knowing about residential schools. It is an ongoing and an almost daily activity to decolonize. It is a deliberate act. Angela Davis says you are either anti-racist or you are racist. There is no non-racist. You make a decision. I have chosen to be an educator and an activist. Since COVID 19 began, Anti-Asian Racism has gone up 890%. Like the Black Lives Matter movement says, violence has been happening forever, though much more to the black and indigenous people. Now there is media reporting of racism, with videos and conversations; there is a community to talk to about these things, and there is the decolonization movement.

Ellen: Could you talk about racism in the Queer movement?

Lee: I will start with specific issues of how the queer community does and doesn't deal with systemic racism to address white supremacy. I will talk about how the community deals with the Powell Street Festival which is a very inclusive 40-year-old Japanese Canadian festival. It came together post Japanese Canadian internment after World War II, reclaiming a neighbourhood that Japanese people were displaced from. It is not a queer specific festival, but it has always been

queer positive, and queers are part of the organizing. It is always held on the August long weekend. It is multi aged and disability accessible. What I love is that it is at the heart of the Downtown Eastside, the ground zero of poverty and the poorest postal code in Canada. Yet, when the festival comes every year, it doesn't seek to displace the local residents. It is very inclusive. I think this festival is the beacon of what festivals should aspire to be. The organizers listen to the community, and if the community says there is work to be done, they do the work.

I see this as a direct contrast to the Vancouver Pride Festival which changed the date from the holiday Monday of the BC long weekend to the Sunday. At that point, there was a lot of feedback from the BIPOC or Asian community saying we have the Powell St. festival on this weekend, so let's keep Pride on the Monday, but the organizers didn't listen. I remember writing letters about that in Xtra West, but I never got a response. This is an example of systemic racism when white supremist queer organizations do not even give a response to community members. Pride has become very corporate: it is white, gay, cis male American dollars that come up to Vancouver and partake in the pride festival. Who is being centred in that experience? It isn't facing its racists roots.

A few years ago, at the Stonewall Festival on Commercial Drive, I approached the all-white Dyke March table to have a conversation about the Powell Street Festival being on the same weekend as the Dyke and Pride Marches. I said "Did you know we used to have a LGBTQ march and a festival June 25/26 on Commercial Drive in the 90's? What do you think about moving back to that day which commemorates an actual event?" The response was, well, it was too late for this year. Then I asked, "do you know about the Powell Street Festival?" The coordinator did. I said, "people of colour have to choose between two communities. You would never put the dyke march on the same day as the Pride Festival; why would you do that to people of colour?" I asked the Coordinator "did you know about the Pride Festival being held the same time as the Powell Street Festival," and she said, "well yes, somebody actually wrote about it last year after last year's march." I said, "so you have actually had a year to make a different plan if you wanted to, so my talking to you isn't actually the first time you have heard this."

They had had an opportunity for a whole year to change that. They had an opportunity to engage people, be anti-racist and address white supremacist culture. I spoke to other members of my community about this, but this is exactly the same response they got from Pride Society. I was not the only one. I was one of many. Lots of people have spoken out. IBPOC community requests do not get any actual, active listening, respect, and action. So, the Pride and the Dyke March are not my festivals. Powell Street is my festival. I choose to be in places that are inclusive.

Ellen: Are there other issues you want to talk about?

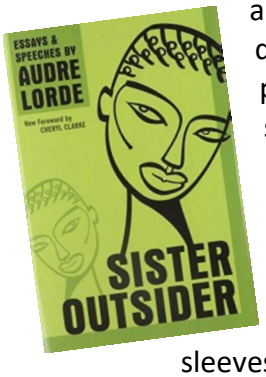
Lee: I would also like to talk about the Black Lives Matter Movement and policing. I would like to talk about how members of Black communities feel unsafe and targeted by police. It is a statistical fact across North America. Yet there is no cohesion and solidarity expressed by the

queer mainstream. I don't believe there is the kind of leadership that we need, though there is beginning to be more in 2020. Leadership means listening, taking advice, feedback, and wisdom from those who have queer identities and have the lived IBPOC experience of homophobia and transphobia. They are not two separate issues. The queer movement lacks an intersectional analysis. The queer movement is enjoying white privilege and not challenging it. White privilege is like any other division, like class, assigned genders at birth and patriarchy.

I think that doing anti-racism and decolonizing work requires reflection, courage, and humility. As someone who is continuing to learn and is on my own journey, sometimes I find it is fun when you have community, and sometimes it is just work. Are people willing to work? When you build a community, joy comes out of that, so the question is whether people want to experience the benefits that come out of an incredible cross section of diversity and understanding of different experiences. You must be willing to acknowledge that there is a problem with racism. What do you do to perpetuate that racism, and how do you change?

I benefit from being a settler on unceded territories. I experience racism as an Asian but not as a settler. Generally, as an Asian person walking down the street, I am not worried about being targeted by police violence, so I believe I have an obligation to speak up for people and to stand in solidarity with people who have experience with police brutality, particularly Black and Indigenous people. I have conversations with my colleagues and in my union to talk about how we must stand in solidarity with Black and Indigenous people in our schools, if they say they don't want armed police officers in the schools. What we need are more mental health supports and culturally appropriate resources, and we need small class sizes. If there is violence, we want the police to respond to that, but in my twenty years of working in the schools there have been very few violent incidences. We, as non-Black and Indigenous queer people, need to be listening to BIPOC people.

People need to reflect on their own personal social location. The intersections of gender, race, class, sexual orientation, gender identity, ableism, language, and social location require a lens that acknowledges that there is a lack of equity. We are complicit in upholding this, if we don't do anything to try to change those structures. Decentre and listen to IBPOC people. I have seen a lot of performance, and while conveying and communicating one's learning is an important thing, it is a time for whites to listen. On Facebook, people put "I do this awesome thing". Anti-racism and decolonizing work shouldn't be for an audience to like. White people who want to do anti-racist work need to talk about things, listen and take time. Asking the questions about "what I am doing in my community" is grunt work not just a performance. White people are saying to me "this is really exhausting," and I say to them "imagine experiencing this all the time, how exhausting that is!"



The Robin DeAngelo book on White Fragility talks about how there is a tendency for white people to uphold the racist narrative and protect each other. The teamwork of unlearning and decolonizing requires an affinity group where you read, work, reflect and learn what one does and what one needs to do. Read Angela Davis, Audre Lorde, and the Hua Foundation. Roll up your sleeves and make a commitment to have the conversations that are difficult. When you ask BIPOC people to tell you about their experience, it is painful labour for them. Why is it lways BIPOC people having to take white supremacy into account, for example, challenging the

leader of the Dyke or Pride Marches. When will white people make queer leadership account for those decisions?

Ellen: Do you have any final comments?
Lee: I think this work is a commitment we take as a commitment to what we love. When grounded from a place of love, I think that your motivation changes. When you want equity, when you want justice, you want people to not experience violence because of the colour of their skin. "We are not free until everyone is free." When that matters, that is the thing right there. We know that white supremacy culture and racism is out there and keeps showing up; our institutions are embedded in it.

What is each person reading this willing to do to decolonize a structure? It might just be in meetings. In our union meetings we use Robert's Rules of Order, and this is a small thing, but colonial structures are deeply embedded in everything we do, and it's actually not the way it has to be. How are meetings structured? Whose voice is elevated? Who continues to get funded to get their voice elevated?

Decolonizing and anti-racism work is what I want all our structures committed to. This is why we are here.

_____

Books, movies, people, courses recommended about white supremacy/racism:
HUA Foundation website:
https://solidarities.huafoundation.org/historyof/?fbclid=IwAR0EBtJTodUxVXtk34cQOv1cYZVQHaywANkagXuOahnAH2ws5qOgjSVv0tQ a good example of an anti-racism resource that addresses white supremacist culture and looks at land acknowledgement and decolonizing.

POISONED BY RACISM

River Glen

It is 2020 as I write this, and I am 67 years old. Finally, the Black Lives Matter movement, which has existed for years, is now all over the news and on the streets. Every other day, police brutality and murder are condemned on the news. My own urban neighbourhood perennially features homeless First Nations people living their lives on the sidewalk. I am trying to learn. I now know the definitions of White Privilege and fragility. I see being anti-racist is not just feeling it and saying it, but putting the words in to action. I do want to make room in my life for this work and new relationships. I have hope because my own life has already been a journey from being raised in a racist family in Los Angeles to now having grandkids of colour here in Canada. I also have the scars that racism, over my lifetime, has left me with. I'll lay out some of the poisoning and some of the cures that have been part of my experience.

The first and only encounter I had in childhood with Black people was at the stable where my mom rented and rode horses once or twice a week. The stable had a clubhouse, and the cook

prepared the owner, Peg Dupey's, meals, sold sandwiches and catered dinners. The cook was an older Black woman with a bandana and apron who was always busy cooking and cleaning. Her husband was the stable groom. I can remember being 3 or 4 years old, and he bent over to greet me when we were introduced, his dark skin weathered, his eyes red rimmed, his clothes dusty and old , his voice deep, warm and gentle. He lifted me up on to the horse and led me around the exercise ring. When he lifted me down and we were walking away, my mother said he and his wife, Sugar, "were the good kind of Negroes, very respectful". The racism embedded in that comment still echoes today.

Even worse, as a child I lived day in and day out listening to my father's hatred especially of Black people, but really, he was an equal opportunity provider of hate for pretty much all people of colour. I heard every ugly descriptor word, stereotyping and accusation I think were ever invented. He even hated the Jews even though Mom was of Jewish origin. Since we lived in a segregated neighbourhood, and my father had no actual personal exposure to BIPOC people at work or socially, I managed not to witness a Black person treated badly by him during my early years, but then this happened.

It was August 1965. I was 11 years old. My racist father, a couple of his friends and a couple more neighbour men were in our living room cleaning their guns and talking with bravado, fear and hate. The Watt's riots played out on the TV in the background taking place not that far from where we lived in LA. I was used to the hateful talk, but this was intense, and the novelty of having so many guests in our home made me very curious and rather captivated by the drama. Eventually, the drinking and chest thumping stopped. The sun sank, the other men headed off to their suppers, and that was the extent of it. The riots ended, but the effect of the civil rights movement played out on television for years along with the assassinations, the Cold War, Vietnam, and the economic gap between the rich and the poor, all of this frying my brain just as I entered adolescence, so I was ripe to start pushing back against all the injustices.

I was sent to a private school ten miles away that was, among other things, supposed to shield me from the diversity creeping into our white, working-class neighbourhood. An example of the climate of the times was the white people's attitudes when a girl in the high school was assaulted: the nuns were freaked out, and I remember Sister Patricia Ann telling us it must have been Black Muslims or Black Panthers that did it. The never-proven allegation was something I remember, so my classmates probably stored that idea somewhere in their heads as well. It was pretty normal scapegoating for those times. Along with that came lessons in school about Indigenous people, the "Indians," and how great the Spanish missions were for them. That kind of "education" wasn't helped by The Lone Ranger and westerns that presented the dominant culture's views.

The next year, I was in grade 9 at the all girls school, and we had a dance with an all boys school. A Japanese boy asked me to dance, and at the end asked if I would go to his school's dance the following month. I told my parents I wanted to go, and after grilling me on who he was, they launched into a tirade about how the "Japs" bombed Pearl Harbour plus every racial slur they had learned during the war years. So, no, I didn't go to the dance, and, yes, I was increasingly disgusting by the family in charge of my life.

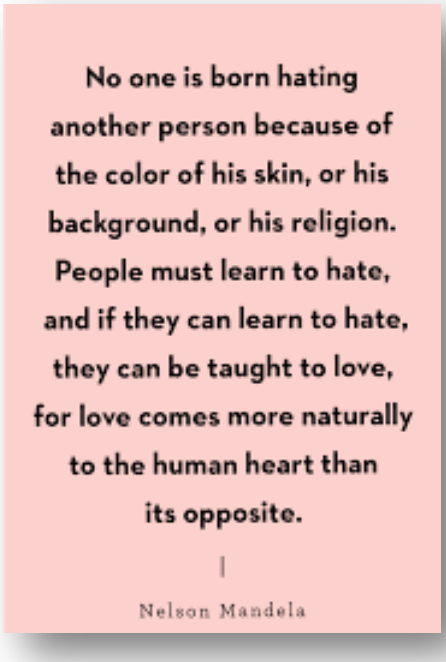
Another racist thing my father did when I was in high school crushed my heart some more. It was around the time when he gave me his copy of Mein Kampf to read, trying to bring me into the fold. I wasn't under any illusion he was mellowing with time during this stage of my life; in fact

I could see his racism just got worse with time. I had switched schools back to my neighbourhood public school by then, so in my last year of high school 1970-71, Black kids were bused, and my school was finally integrated. I was totally rebellious and alienated from my family's values and the injustice abounding in the society around me, yet not yet so jaded that they couldn't still hurt me.

I was enamoured by a lovely girl with whom I took a chance and so brought her home. Ah, sweet Geraldine. Her father was a university music professor and jazz musician, Black, and her mom was Latina. Gorgeous in my eyes, she was sweet, smart and fun to be around. My father, with his grade 8 education, pounced in all his ugliness and inhumanity, making her feel totally unwelcome. I tried to tell her how sorry I was, but while we were still friendly at school, I think she had shared her experience with her parents, so neither of us could bring the other home.

There really were too many times to relate here where I witnessed injustice and the ugliness of racism in my family and in the society in which I grew up. One of the effects it had on me was judging myself negatively. If Black people were ugly then I couldn't help looking in the mirror thinking my own nose was too big, my hair not blond enough, my looks not wasp enough. I am sorry to say this preoccupation with the outside presentation left me walking around most of my life with bad self-esteem. If it left me feeling that, then really how terrible it must be for Black girls only seeing white beauty exalted. I am so glad that is changing more and more today.

I'm grateful for the fact that there were some "cures" in my childhood to this never ending racism of my father's. My grandmother introduced me positively and enthusiastically to Chinese culture before she died. That was actually the beginning of my appreciation of other cultures. My mother, who was more afraid than full of hate as my father was, also introduced me to her Jewish heritage, despite my father's attitude. Among other things, she talked to me, took me to Jewish delis and taught me how horrible the Holocaust was. There was also a Mexican family across the street, and I grew up playing with the kids, and we all loved Mexican food and music. Something else I have always seen as important to making me "me" was seeing the movie musical "South Pacific" twice by the time I was 6 years old, and we owned a copy of the record. I actually understood the song when I sang along to "You've got to be Carefully Taught" and was moved by the statement about racism the movie made. It really did plant an anti-racism seed in me. And then, by puberty, I found the counter-culture, and after that, I found queer culture which intersected with minority civil rights, feminism and environmental appreciation opening a series of doors to higher consciousness.



My father lived to be ninety. I made sure he never hurt my child, and I made sure our visits were brief and infrequent over the years. In my adult years, I worked in a Black

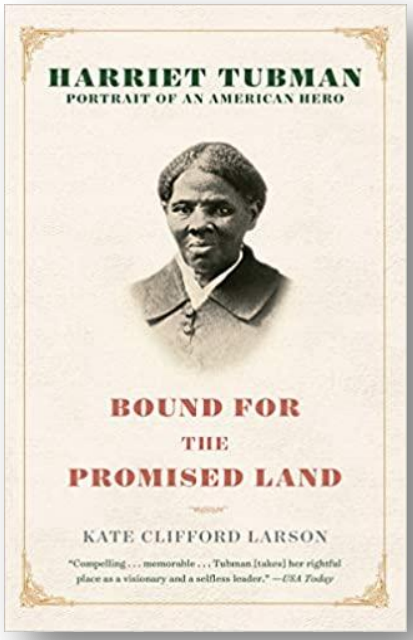
neighbourhood, had friends and dated people from different backgrounds. I titled this piece "Poisoned By Racism" because that's what I feel happened to me. However, I do know that with my white privilege, my exposure to racism is nothing like experiencing it as a person of colour even though it hurt me badly even while it educated me to fight it. It made me want to be better than the society that tried to form me. Inequality and injustice continues to infuriate me, but they also motivate me to help change the ugliness in the world.

BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND

HARRIET TUBMAN PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN HERO

by Kate Clifford Larson

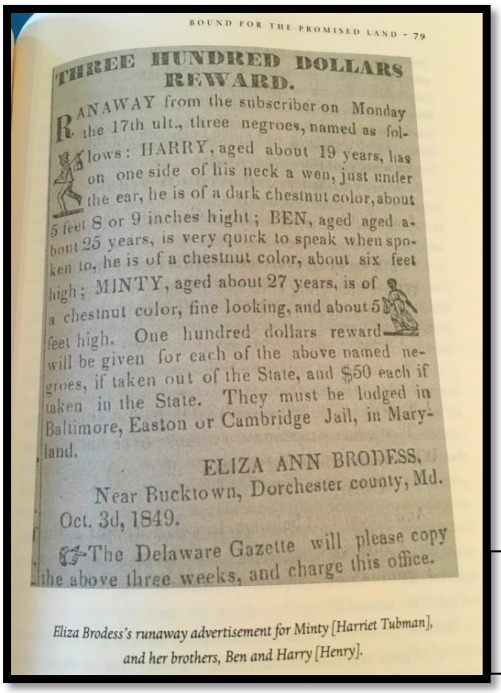
Review by Lorri Rudland



"The seedpods of the sweet gum tree, common in the forests of the eastern shore of Maryland, are large, round, and covered with spiny, prickly burrs."[1] Prickly burrs that could pierce the feet were only one obstacle encountered by a runaway slave, often barefoot, in her or his break for freedom. Slave owners, and slave catchers, on horseback, with guns, knives, whips and dogs were another obstacle. After her successful escape as a runaway slave, Harriet Tubman made approximately thirteen round trips from the north to the eastern shore of Maryland in the years 1849 – 1860, guiding about 70 former slaves, including family members, to freedom. She gave instructions to about 50 more slaves on how to find the underground-railroad. This railroad was operated by white Quaker and abolitionist support, but most importantly, by the African American Community which, from Maryland to Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, New England, and Canada, provided protection, food, and information throughout the perilous journey.

Kate Clifford Larson provides a vivid picture of Harriet Tubman's life as a slave - beaten, whipped, hired out here and there, and separated from her family. As a runaway, Tubman faces terrible odds against her, which she meets with determination and heroism. She then becomes a conductor on the underground-railroad. Using original sources, Larson pieces together information that had never been accessible before. While many people have a bit of knowledge about Tubman's heroism on the underground-railroad, most do not know that Tubman worked in the service of the Union Army during the Civil War in her continued bid to end slavery. She held many positions, nurse, cook, laundress and spy, and is credited with being the first woman to lead an armed expedition in the War. In 1863, she led 300 men in two steam-driven gunboats down a South Carolina River to successfully disperse stations of confederate gunners and rescue and transport hundreds of plantation slaves. After the war, in the north, she worked to help the destitute and supported civil rights causes until her death. She had many friendships with northern abolitionists, but also encountered racism and sexism in her civil rights work.

Long after Tubman's death, the president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, from 1900-1904, and 1915-1920, Carrie Chapman Catt, wrote in a letter that Tubman could "not have been interested or thought much of women's rights and she certainly would not have been interested in the suffrage."[2] On the contrary, Tubman was an ardent supporter of women's right to vote and women's equality. Throughout the 1880's, up to the early 1900's, she attended and spoke at women's suffrage meetings, despite the movement being taken over by middle class white women with increasingly racist attitudes. Black women, feeling unwelcome in the white suffrage movement, formed their own organizations, at which Tubman was a featured speaker.



BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND - 79

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Monday the 17th ult., three negroes, named as follows: HARRY, aged about 19 years, has on one side of his neck a wen, just under the ear, he is of a dark chestnut color, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches hight; BEN, aged aged about 25 years, is very quick to speak when spoken to, he is of a chestnut color, about six feet high; MINTY, aged about 27 years, is of a chestnut color, fine looking, and about 5 feet high. One hundred dollars reward will be given for each of the above named negroes, if taken out of the State, and $50 each if taken in the State. They must be lodged in Baltimore, Easton or Cambridge Jail, in Maryland.

ELIZA ANN BRODESS,
Near Bucktown, Dorchester county, Md.
Oct. 3d, 1849.

☞The Delaware Gazette will please copy the above three weeks, and charge this office.

Eliza Brodess's runaway advertisement for Minty [Harriet Tubman], and her brothers, Ben and Harry [Henry].

Harriet (Minty) made her first bid for freedom with her two brothers who became too afraid of the whip or worse if they were captured, and turned back, pulling a reluctant Harriet with them.

Larson has written a good biography, well-researched and well written, about the life of an extraordinary human being, committed and courageous, Harriet Tubman, 1822 – 1913.

1, 2. Larson, K.C. 2004. *Bound For the Promised Land Harriet Tubman Portrait of an American Hero.* Ballantine Books, The Random House Publishing Group. Pp xiii and 192

SPEAKING OF U.S. SUFFRAGE . . .

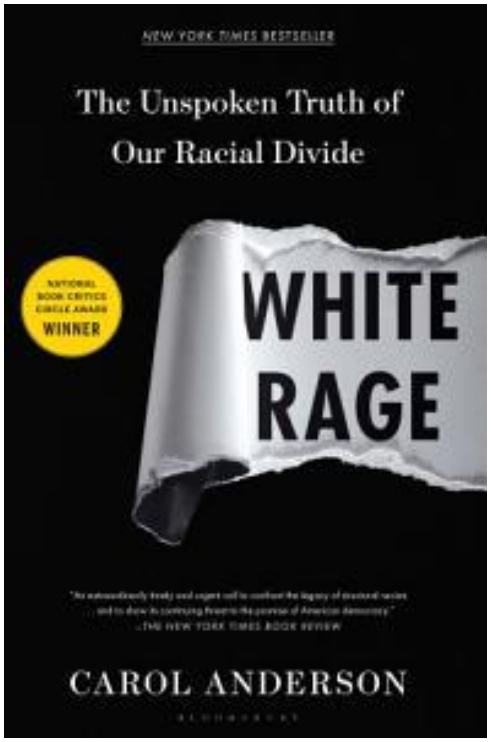
Lorri Rudland

Although all women received the right to vote in 1920 and Black men in 1869, the individual States of the U.S. used voter suppression laws to prevent many Black adults from voting. And in the southern states, voter intimidation by the Ku Klux Klan and the threat of lynching prevented many more. Women had been voting for several years in California (1911), New York (1917), and Illinois (1919), but it wasn't until the Voting Rights Act (VRA) of 1965 that many Black people - women and men - got registered to vote in any numbers.[1] For example, in the state of Mississippi prior to the passage of the VRA, only 6.7 % of Black adults were registered to vote, whereas three years later with federal oversight to prevent Mississippi passing more voting suppression laws, the number of Blacks registered to vote rose to 59.4%.[2] Voter suppression laws are being passed at this time in all the American States controlled by the Republican Party - the laws are aimed at Black people and other people of colour.

1. Jones, M. *For Black Women, the 19th Amendment didn't end their fight to vote*. National Geographic. Aug, 2020
2. Anderson, C. 2016. *White Rage: The Unspoken Truth of our Racial Divide*, Bloomsbury. p.108

WHITE RAGE THE UNSPOKEN TRUTH OF OUR RACIAL DIVIDE **by Carol Anderson**.

Review by Val Innes



If you are going to read only one book about racism in the United States, make it this one. It should be required reading in the wake of the George Floyd murder and the rise of Black Lives Matter. It is a gripping, factual and thoroughly sourced account of how white supremacist governments, courts, police and education have systemically, consistently and deliberately undermined racial equality and civil rights for Black people in the USA as a whole, but especially in the southern states.

Carol Anderson, Professor and Chair of African American Studies at Emory University, writing with clarity, grace and deliberation, delivers facts, backed by a full 99 pages of sources, to make her case: it's a harrowing account of what white rage does, when faced with Black achievement, to undermine any pretence of democracy. As Newkirk from the Washington Post comments, "Anderson convincingly shows that African Americans' economic and social progress has historically, and sometimes ferociously, been reversed."[1] I found it hard to read as it continually moved me to gut-wrenching anger as it spoke the truth with fact after sickening fact about the racial divide in the USA and how it has been maintained. Hard, but immensely worthwhile.

It also made it clear to me why 74 million Americans voted in 2020 for an openly racist, white supremacist president. Anderson, as Newkirk further comments, presents a "sobering primer on the myriad ways African American resilience and triumph over enslavement, Jim Crow and intolerance have been relentlessly defied by the very institutions entrusted to uphold our democracy."[2] Along the way, as you read *White Rage,* you'll learn facts about, for example, Lincoln, Johnson, Nixon, Reagan, various district and Supreme Court decisions and reasons behind the war on drugs along with American involvement in Nicaragua that will likely change your perception of them completely. It's a sordid, shameful and racist history.

Anderson added an afterword to her book in 2017 discussing how to "defuse the power of white rage" and move into "a future where the right to vote is unfettered by discriminatory restrictions that prevent millions of American citizens from having any say in their own government."[3] Disenfranchisement of Black Americans has been one of the most powerful tools of White oppression of Black people since the Civil War. Anderson says now is the time to rethink America. "This is the moment now when all of us -- Black, White, Latino, Native American -- must step out of the shadow of white rage, deny its power, understand its unseemly goals . . . and choose a different future."[4] This book is a call to action, and it is compelling.

1. Pamela Newkirk. June 22, 2016. Is white rage driving our racial divide? - The Washington Post

2, 3, 4. Carol Anderson. 2016. *White Rage The Unspoken Truth of Our Racial Divide*. Bloomsbury.

TRIBUTE TO MATTHEW

Sheila Gilhooly

Matthew was an Indigenous artist who sold his paintings on the corner of Hastings and Nanaimo. His spot was in front of the Royal Bank. He used the small canvases sold at the dollar store. When he couldn't get those he used the sides of cardboard boxes. Matthew grew up near Campbell River in Wei Wai Kum territory. His paintings are beautiful: ravens, eagles, frogs, whales. I have many of his paintings, acquired over the years. Some I've given away as gifts. One hangs in my family's cottage in Quebec. He told me once that the raven was his favourite because he was so smart. Matthew was always offering half price deals, partly out of need and partly out of low expectations. White people often treated him like a beggar, not the artist he was.

I ran into Matthew one day outside of Donald's Market. As we chatted he kept looking towards the door. When I asked if he was waiting for someone, he told me a guy on his way into the store had told him he was getting something from the hot food counter, and would bring him some. And he would be right back. Matthew laughed sheepishly and lightly but his humiliation filled the air. He said, "I guess he was just kidding, or maybe he forgot." Trying to minimize that sting, of knowing that this guy never had any intention of bringing him anything but grief. I felt such shame at what we white invaders continue to do to the people who own this land. Like the way that July 1 is celebrated as the day that Canada started to exist. This is a particular oblivion of white people to not get how insulting this is. We white folks need to know about our own shameful treatment of the Indigenous people who welcomed our ancestors and shared with them and helped them survive the Canadian winter.

But today I was at Matthew's memorial.

I happened to be at Hastings and Nanaimo this morning, and I glanced at Matthew's corner, out of habit really. I hadn't seen Matthew there in a while, but I figured it was because of the virus. From a distance I could see there was something on the sidewalk in front of the bank. As I got closer, I could see it was a bottle with flowers in it. And my heart sank. It looked like a tribute, and it was Matthew's corner. That could only mean one thing. As I got closer I could make out the photo taped to the concrete wall of the bank, and it was Matthew in the photo, smiling for the camera and holding one of his paintings. And there was a hand-written sign saying there would be a memorial in Pandora Park today.

So I went to the park at two o'clock. I found the gathering by following the sound of a drum coming from behind the tennis courts, the wading pool, the off leash dog area and the lawn bowling lanes. There was a picnic table laden with food, and on the bench of the table were five of Matthew's paintings.

A more formal celebration of life had happened the night before at the Longhouse Church, a couple of blocks away. This park celebration was more of a neighbourhood tribute. There were many of Matthew's family – his mother and three of his brothers, cousins, nieces and nephews -

and many friends. And there were many familiar faces, storekeepers and shoppers from along Hastings St. He was well loved.

It was a gathering with lots of food being passed around, people chatting in groups. I didn't know anyone in Matthew's family, but I felt welcomed. Barry, the Longhouse minister came to the memorial and gave a beautiful eulogy. He spoke of Matthews talent, and the lack of recognition and appreciation he had gotten, in spite of the beauty of his work. Matthew's family moved in closer. They knew what Barry was speaking about. That feeling of being discounted and not respected.

Someone pointed out Matthew's mother to me. I wanted to speak to her but felt very shy about how to approach her when she was pretty steadily being spoken to. I moved a bit closer but before I could figure out what to say, she came towards me, hand extended, and spoke to me. "I'm Caroline, Matthew's mother." I shook her hand, and said, "I'm so sorry for your loss. Matthew was a lovely man." She nodded and asked, "What's your name?" She smiled when I said Sheila and said that was her oldest granddaughter's name. "Were you a friend of Matthew's?" she asked. I told her that I knew him from the neighbourhood, that we had spoken often, and that I had some of his paintings.

She nodded and said, "He liked people, liked to talk to them." She went on, "He loved to paint. He had a table he worked at and there would be paint everywhere and he would laugh and say, 'Mama, I'm going to clean this up.' She paused there and a flash of sadness crossed her face. She told me that one of Matthew's brothers was also an artist, a carver. I could tell she was proud. I said what an artistic family she had, and asked if they got it from her. "Yes," she said. "They did. Their father never had much time for them, but they had uncles who carved and an aunt who did beadwork."

She called over to the men who were passing the food on big trays. The sweet and not sweet bannock arrived at about the same time. They both looked so good, I said "Hard to choose" and picked the sweet. Caroline told me, "Take the other kind for later," and so I did. I was still eating my bannock when the dessert tray came, followed by a huge tray of fruit.

Caroline motioned Matthew's brothers over and introduced me to them. I said my condolences to them, and they thanked me. One of his brothers, Carl, who was the carver, said "Matthew was a beautiful person. He loved to paint, though he barely made a living wage. People on the street sometimes told him he should get a real job, but Matthew was meant to create, and he wanted to paint." Carl went on, "He was a gentle sort of guy." Caroline thanked me for coming. Then she headed off to talk to another guest.

Before I left I went over to Caroline to say good bye. She thanked me again for coming and gestured to Matthew's paintings arranged on the picnic table and said she was glad people liked them. I had brought one of mine with me; I'm not sure why. But I left it in my bag. At that point I pulled it out and told her, "This is one of my favourites," and showed it to her. She said how nice it looked in the frame, and that she was glad I liked it.

Matthew was fifty years old when he died. I was surprised and not surprised at the same time. His spirit was friendly and funny, almost whimsical, in spite of the racist bullshit he had to put up with. He had a young spirit.

I left the gathering and walked home, sad at Matthew's death and angry at the treatment he had received while he was alive. It infuriated me that my entire education was based on lies that the government treated Indigenous people well. I needed to think of ways to advocate for

artists like Matthew. It was so wrong that he had to live in poverty. It occurred to me that if we had a universal basic income, he would not have had to sell his art at half price to be able to eat. And his art should be in galleries and gift shops and in people's homes. And so should Carl's.

My walk home took me past Hastings Park. I was delighted to see that the statue of Christopher Columbus had been toppled from its base.

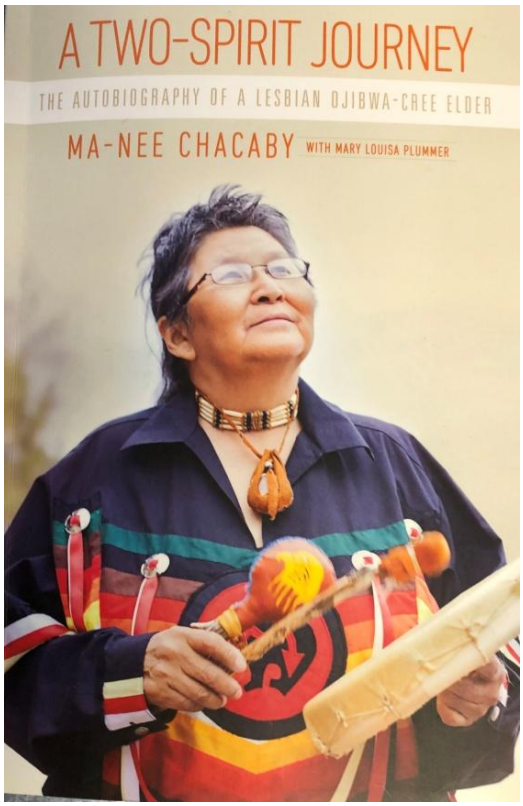
It gave me an idea. . .

A TWO-SPIRIT JOURNEY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LESBIAN OJIBWA-CREE ELDER

Ma-Nee Chacaby with Mary Louisa Plummer

Review by Val Innes



The University of Manitoba Press blurb on the back of the book describes Ma-Nee Chacaby's *A Two-Spirit Journey* as an "extraordinary account of her life as an Ojibwa-Cree lesbian. From her early , sometimes harrowing memories of her life in a remote Ojibwa community riven by poverty and alcoholism. Chacaby's story is one of enduring and ultimately overcoming the social, economic and health legacies of colonialism."[1] Chacaby herself credits this to her Kokum's (grandmother's) love and teachings, and it's clear that, despite the sexual assaults, rape, abuse and her own alcoholism as a result, Ma-Nee Chacaby "emerged from hardship grounded in faith, compassion, humour and resilience. Her memoir provides unprecedented insights into the challenges still faced by many Indigenous people."[2]

In the tradition of Maria Campbell's *Halfbreed,* published in 1973, *A Two-Spirit Story* is written with incredible honesty and clarity, both about herself and the people surrounding her. Reading it, we see glimpses of a self-sufficient culture mostly lost to colonization, as well as a clear picture of people often broken by the effects of that colonization. This is not on the other side of the world. It is here, Canada, our home on Native land. What is also here is the strength and resilience of Indigenous people, and we see it in this autobiography.

Growing up in remote Ombabika, Chacaby learned to camp, hunt, fish, and live off the land in the bush with pleasure and ease. Some of Chacaby's comments on what was happening to that land, though, will live with me for a long time: when a pulp mill set up new camps, she said "It was devastating. Beautiful, sacred forests that I had grown up with had been destroyed. The land looked naked and scarred, as if it had been raped and left to die."[3] She had also been beaten by her mother and molested by so many men that she "avoided unfamiliar ones" and started drinking because "I was angry, and I was tired of being afraid."[4] That starts a grim chapter of her

life that ends with her decision to stop drinking and using drugs and to begin her eventual work as an Alcohol Counsellor, artist and elder.

Chacaby's Kokum told her she had two spirits from a very early age, and also taught her

that two-spirited people in the past had an important role to play in the Anishanaabe communities and were loved and respected, but that had changed with colonization and Christianity. We follow Chacaby throughout the book as she first rejects and then accepts her two-spirited nature eventually, after leaving her abusive husband and then becoming sober. Ma-Nee Chacaby builds a good, solid life for herself that is interesting, useful to herself and to those around her, and enjoyable. There's strength, joy and love in this book as well as struggle.

As Cruikshank (1990) notes "Indigenous women's life histories typically have differed in their focus from both Indigenous men's and non-Indigenous women's narratives" in that in "Indigenous women's accounts, the recurring theme is one of connection -- to other people and to nature."[5] For Ma Nee Chacaby, her connection to family and nature have been central to her life and are recurrent themes of her autobiography.

Mary Louise Plummer, social scientist and friend, who collaborated with Ma-Nee Chacaby to write this book comments in the afterword:

> I believed that many readers would be interested in such a compelling and honest account of an individual overcoming hardship against great odds. I also appreciated that Ma-Nee's autobiography would provide a rare, first-person, published account of the challenges faced by many Indigenous Canadians in the latter half of the twentieth and early twenty-first centuries, particularly lesbians, poor people, and individuals with little formal education.

It's a book I'd like to see Canadians reading. I recommend it and hope you read it.

1.Chacaby, M, Plummer, M.L. 2016. *A Two-Spirit Journey The Autobiography Of A Lesbian Ojibwa-Cree Elder.* University of Manitoba Press. Back cover.
2. Ibid.P.42 3. Ibid. P.47 4.Ibid. Pp. 227-8 5. Ibid. P. 216

UPRISING COMMUNITIES: LIVING IDEOLOGIES

Tina Gianoulis

Coming out as a lesbian in the 1970s, I was deeply drawn to the idea of women's community that was beginning to come out of the shadows and flourish around the world. It was something I had been starving for without even knowing it, growing up as I had in the nuclear-family isolation of 1950s American suburbia. As the movement for racial equality builds power

around the world, I find myself once again thinking about the power of shared ideals to build that indefinable sense of connection we call community.

Black Lives Matter Claims Public Space

Photo by Susanne Smith

Police station taken over when the Seattle CHOP was set up, June 2020.

In Seattle, Washington, near where I live, Black Lives Matter protesters refused to give ground to police in riot gear who fired military-grade "crowd control" devices at them. City administrators, after, one assumes, weighing up the costs of all-out war on peaceful demonstrators, finally ordered police to fall back, shuttering a major station and leaving the streets to the crowds of protesters. The demonstrators quickly began forming a community-based Capitol Hill Autonomous Zone (CHAZ, later changed to CHOP, Capitol Hill Organized Protest), holding speak-outs, planting a community garden in a local park, and painting Black Lives Matter on a major street, a block-long work of art in which each individualized letter proclaims the diversity of Black experience.

In my hometown of Richmond, Virginia, where an iconic Monument Avenue has been home for more than a century to imposing statues of Confederate leaders, the governor's order to remove a memorial to General Robert E. Lee was blocked by a court order. Crowds of protesters, tired of the glorification of a mythological Old South that quite literally whitewashes its monstrous reliance on the enslavement of black people, began pulling statues down themselves, sometimes rolling them into rivers and lakes. The Lee edifice, too huge to topple, was painted, like Seattle's Pine Street, with a visual cacophony of anti-racist and pro-diversity statements. These Confederate monuments, in the U.S. South and around the world, are inextricably linked with the institutions of slavery and racism. A dynamic racial justice movement continues to work to remove them from their physical and symbolic position in the public square. Until they could tear Lee's statue down, resourceful protesters found a way to transform a tribute to oppression into a life-affirming community gathering place.

Encampments for Peace and Justice

It seems that powerful protest movements often become communities in themselves, and that, at their best, those communities create microcosms of the change they are trying to effect. A close friend of mine tells me stories about making hundreds of bologna sandwiches to feed the protestors in Resurrection City, where thousands camped on the lawn of the National Mall in Washington, DC for six weeks in 1968. Part of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's Poor People's Campaign, the residents of Resurrection City aimed to force attention to the national problems of poverty and racism while creating a temporary, collective community.

Pregnant at the time, my friend lovingly remembers the care lavished on her by her fellow "citizens," as they established structures, such as a store and a health clinic, and struggled to work together through their diversity. It would not be the last such experiment.

In the early 1980s, the growing anti-nuclear movement spawned women's peace camps in England and both coasts of the United States, as women activists placed their bodies firmly in the struggle to stop the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Beginning in 1981, at the Royal Air Force base at Greenham Common in Berkshire, England, women chained themselves to fences, encircled the base, and defied repeated attempts to remove them as they protested the storage of cruise missiles with nuclear warheads. They also challenged the traditional subservient role of women, shared skills, and faced arrests and physical attacks as they kept their encampment going for almost two decades.

U.S. Women Join the Greenham Movement

Greenham Common

Sparked by the women of Greenham Common, other peace camps were launched in Europe and the U.S. The Seneca Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice began in the summer of 1983, as thousands of women came to upstate New York to protest shipment of Cruise and Pershing II nuclear missiles from the Seneca Army Depot to destinations in Europe. The camp hosted nonviolent training sessions and planned direct actions and acts of civil disobedience, while affirming its feminist roots through collective cooking, childcare, and a consensus decision-making process.

In the Pacific Northwest, the Puget Sound Women's Peace Camp was established in Kent, Washington, in 1983, across the road from the Boeing Aerospace Center. Boeing was a major manufacturer of computer-guided Cruise missiles, and women from Greenham Commons and Seneca helped the Washington women establish the camp to protest the missiles at their point of origin. Hundreds of women from across the U.S. and other countries joined the camp for periods from a few hours to weeks and months. In addition to the political actions that were the overt purpose of the camp, the women who lived there devoted their time and energy to building a culture of peaceful solidarity. As at Greenham and Seneca, lesbian activists were the foundation of the Peace Camp in Kent, and freedom of sexual orientation was a central tenet of its organizers.

Tribal Canoe Journeys Revive Ancient Bonds

In 1989, after almost two centuries of repression and overt erasure of Indigenous American cultures by white colonizers, people of the Coast Salish tribes revived their maritime tradition and once again carved their sacred canoes to launch the Paddle to Seattle, from the Indigenous town of Suquamish in Kitsap County to Seattle's Shilshole Bay. Hosted by the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes, the event drew tribal members from all over Washington state and western Canada to affirm their reclamation of culture and identity.

Canoes waiting to be formally welcomed onto Suquamish land at the end of the 2012 Tribal Canoe Journey.

The tribal members and allies who participated in the Paddle to Seattle found that the revival of ancient tradition had a deep resonance for modern Indigenous communities. In 1993, a much longer Paddle to Bella Bella, in remote British Columbia, began a yearly tradition of Tribal Canoe Journeys, broken only by the intrusion of the Covid 19 pandemic in 2020. As the journeys expanded, they evolved into a sort of progressive community, gathering participants at each stop along the way, where hosting tribes fed everyone generously and spirits were nourished by dancing, drumming, and song lasting far into the night.

Shared Work and Shared Resources Build a Sense of Home

Each landing spot on a canoe journey has its own character and flavor, as some tribes provide venison, others spaghetti, burgers, salmon, rich fish called oolichans, or clams, depending on local traditions and financial resources. Protocols, where tribes and canoe families share their stories and songs, may take place in traditional longhouses, gymnasiums, or in large open fields outside. But each stop has in common a sense of instant community, formed from collective exhilaration as each landing is safely reached (and collective concern over bad weather, accident, and illness), meetings and re-meetings at tents, showers, dancing and dining areas, the heartbeat sound of drumming, and an underlying commitment to the whole of this journey and to a larger journey toward healing the deep wounds caused by the ongoing genocide of Indigenous people and destruction of their ancestral lands.

As a non-tribal person living on the Port Madison Indian Reservation, I have participated in a number of journey events, sometimes volunteering to cook or help serve, sometimes just gathering to watch the waves of reverently carved canoes come in, each stopping in a ritual way before landing to ask formal permission to come ashore. For the past three years I have been fortunate to travel alongside the journey as part of the ground crew for a tribal canoe family. By setting up tents and transporting supplies, boiling water for morning coffee, and driving paddlers to launching sites, I have felt lucky to be even a peripheral part of the power of this rebirth of culture and pride. Meetings on end could be held to discuss the importance of reviving canoe culture, but living the experience, sharing bounty, working out difficulties, even buying each other's wares, has an impact as revolutionary as that of marching in the streets.

Temporary but Lasting

There are numerous other examples of the temporary, yet momentous, villages that have emerged from the force of political ideas. In the 20-teens, Occupy Wall Street and Stand with Standing Rock provide notable examples in which encampments of injustice protesters and rights protectors have created pop-up communities that exemplify their movement.

These communities are not utopias. In addition to reflecting the best of their ideologies, they also reflect the thorny side of human relations. Arrogance, argument, and even violence have shown themselves alongside optimism, idealism, and collective action. Twenty-three days after it was established, Seattle's CHOP was dismantled by police after 4 late-night shootings resulted in two deaths. I still wonder, though, if this social side of humanity, this drive to build community when we are thrust together, may ultimately be the force that finally impels us toward a more complete bridging of our divisions. Perhaps even temporary success at setting aside the rifts buried in our DNA through generational trauma and reinforced by daily inequities can provide us with templates for more durable forms of cooperation.

Fragmentary and ephemeral as they are, "uprising" communities have left lasting imprints. They have provided focal points for activists to gather and build solidarity. They have contributed to progressive change by publicizing and educating the broader society about their grievances and ideals, and they have changed society itself by daring to assert that we, at our best, long to build connections with each other.

A mural at the Seattle CHOP, June 2020

WORDS MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Pat Hogan with Val Innes

Words are important. I started thinking about the word “racism” and my mind went racing to the many other words prevalent in our conversations these days -– homophobia, transphobia, xenophobia, LGBTQ2S+, non-binary, bullying, right-wing, left wing, domestic terrorism. All these terms and more are part of today’s social/political lexicon so common in conversations, media, educational institutions, work sites, and government. In the 40s and 50s as I was growing up, these words did not exist. There were only negative, condescending words to describe those who were seen as 'other'. They were looked down upon, often despised by straight, white, middle class culture. And the words we had, the language we were taught, had a sub-text: racism. As the song says, "You have to be carefully taught to hate and to fear."[1] We are not born racist.

“Language is one of the most powerful tools we have as humans. It binds us. Instructs us"[2] If our language is inclusive and accepting, it creates "an environment where everyone feels welcome and included."[3] However, much of the time, historically that is not what has happened, and "individuals and groups have been marginalized and discriminated against because of their culture, race and ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, age, disability, socioeconomic status, appearance and more."[4] That history does not mean that it cannot change. If racism, prejudice, and discrimination is taught, it can be untaught. And that takes using inclusive and sometimes new language.

As fair and equal treatment of ALL people has become forefront in many of our communities -- as well it should -- words evolve to discuss these issues and to give credence and respect to the many cultural, racial and ethnic groups of people who are not white, whose class, economic and educational status is judged by white people’s standards. Language changes because those who speak out about issues need it to change. So the language I use today is different from the language I grew up with. I wish I had had the understanding and voice to speak out then what I know now, but I am glad I have it now. And the challenge now is to use language that respects and includes "others" and to listen to what those groups want from white people in the way of the language we use. For example, I use Indigenous instead of Indian or Native, I use Black as a proper noun instead of black or, a term I would never use, negro. "Inclusive language seeks to treat all people with respect, dignity, and impartiality. It is constructed to bring everyone into the group and exclude no one.”[5]

Currently, the news and media are filled with stories of racist attacks, but now it is with condemnation of these attacks. Simultaneously some institutions are making major policy changes and taking action to address the many kinds of oppression that exist in schools, work places, on the streets, in government offices. This gives hope for acceptance and caring about all

people. Along with this comes a need for constant care about the language we use. Speaking and acting differently asks something of us. It asks us to try to "change deeply embedded habits. To consider the implications of words and phrases that have long gone unchallenged. To dig deep into empathy and imagine an experience not our own."[6]

1. Rodgers and Hammerstein. 1958. *You've Got to be Taught*. South Pacific.
2, 3, 4, 5 & 6. Seiter, Courtney. 2018. *An Incomplete Guide to Inclusive Language for Startups and Tech*. Buffer. https://buffer.com/resources/inclusive-language-tech/
Resource: https://www.theatlantic.com/ideas/archive/2019/07/racism-concept-change/594526/

POINTS TO PONDER

Gayle Roberts

"There is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact"
Sherlock Holmes, *The Boscombe Valley Mystery,* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

A few days ago as part of my daily computer-ritual, I was flicking through the headlines of the Vancouver Sun and the British Broadcasting Corporation and many of my other "favourites" and found my attention was drawn to the Canadian Press's headline: "Top CEOs made as much as average worker earns in a year by mid-morning today."[1] That I've got to read, I thought as at the same time it crossed my mind that the author had achieved the goal of all headline writers - grab the reader's attention and if possible get him or her to buy the article.

As I read about CEOs, I quickly learned that for many their pay is related to company bonuses which are related to stock prices. Despite knowing almost nothing about CEOs and the finances of large corporations, it seemed to me to be a reasonable way to determine one's salary. That was until I read that salaries are determined that way even if the company loses money. It was then that I had a 'minor' epiphany. I realized that while I might be aware of some of the facts about a range of different topics – salaries of CEO's being just one of them – learning more about them and possibly being actively involved in issues about whether their salary should be increased, decreased or calculated in a very different way was of no interest to me. I smiled at my ludicrous thought of walking about downtown carrying a placard about CEO's salaries.

As much as I was uninterested in the details of how CEO's compensations are determined, I recognized that because of recent events, particularly in the US, there was one topic that I had only recently learned about which certainly interested me enough to learn more – Black Lives Matter. Until quite recently, all I really

knew about them was their organization's name. Time to learn more, I thought. I typed into my browser "Black Lives Matter" and discovered, somewhat to my surprise that they had a Canadian website and were active worldwide. I started reading. "We are a platform upon which Black communities across Canada can actively dismantle all forms of anti-Black racism, liberate Blackness, support Black healing, affirm Black existence, and create freedom to love and self-determine."[2] Now those are worthwhile goals, I thought, and kept on reading. The rest of their write-up continued in much the same vein, and after a few minutes I had finished reading their article. Nothing controversial for me here, I thought as my attention moved to their headline titled "ABOUT US" and then to their subtitle which stated "Black Lives Matter – Canada is the Canadian chapter of #BlackLivesMatter, an international organization and movement fighting police and State violence and anti-black racism."[3]

Worthy goals, I thought, but sadly coupled with racist events and concepts I have found increasingly abhorrent as I age: police violence, state violence, anti-black racism and all the other atrocities – shootings, murders, killing people on the streets using driven cars as weapons. And then there are the social barriers, the systemic racism both Black men and women often face – the "glass ceiling" – which quickly thwarts any aspirations for equable salary increases and promotions despite outstanding academic credentials, and work-place skills. Black CEO's are few and far between in Canadian healthcare, manufacturing, education and research.

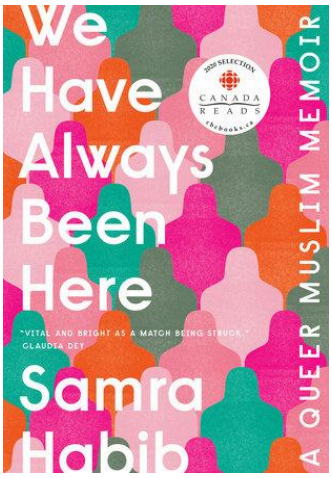
Will it ever end, I wondered? Is it time to turn off my computer? I watched the second hand of my living room clock making its never ending circuit. Then my attention turned to my dog, Stella, fast asleep on her blanket-covered cushions. I decided that learning about racism and helping to rid the world of it – even at my age of eighty – is much more worthwhile and useful than learning about the compensation of CEOs. I looked again at the Black Lives Matter website. Paused, then clicked on the article titled "Defund the Police – Demands." Some things in life demand our support.

1. https://www.ctvnews.ca/business/top-ceos-made-as-much-as-average-worker-earns-in-a-year-by-mid-morning-today-1.4750581?cache=?clipId=104062?clipId=89531
2. Black Lives Matter Canada
3. https://www2.mystfx.ca/equity/anti-racism/black-lives-matter

If you, like me, feel that you would like to know more about "Black Lives Matter" and some of the racism and sexism that Black people have faced, and continue to face in Canada, I recommend that you consider starting with the list of websites which are located at the back of the Zine in the Resources section.

WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE A QUEER MUSLIM MEMOIR

by Samra Habib 2020 Winner Canada Reads
Review by Ellen Woodsworth



We Have Always Been Here is passionate and creative, a lifesaving read. As a young Ahmadi Muslim girl, Samra and her well educated family are forced to escape from religious persecution by Islamic extremists in Pakistan. They arrive in Toronto with no English, no jobs, no friends, and her beloved father broken by the loss of home and community. Samra struggles to learn the language and culture against overwhelming Canadian Islamophobic prejudices and ignorance about her faith, culture, clothes, and values.

The story builds as Samra discovers that she is attracted to a girl. She learns some English and teaches her mother and brothers. The family create a community and find low paying jobs. She discovers that her beloved mother has committed her to an arranged marriage to her first cousin who is not attractive to her. She does not find the few dates she has with other boys sexually exciting either. Her mother, concerned about her future at age 16, decides she must marry right away. She flees with a friend and begins to create a new life, earning a scholarship in journalism but caught without support from family or faith.

Samra begins a fascinating journey to discover and accept her own sexuality through exotic friendships in the art world. She begins to travel, weaving in and out of relationships which expose her to worlds she has never dreamed of. Captured by images, she becomes a photographer and advocate, recognized by her articles in the Guardian, the New York Times and the Advocate. Her exhibition, “Just Me and Allah,” is based on stunning interviews with queer Muslims from all over North America and MENA, the Middle East and North Africa, launched at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and reviewed in Vanity Fair, Washington Post and other media.

Finally accepted by her mother and her father, her struggle to find acceptance as queer and Muslim is a longer journey. She must stand up to the rising Islamaphobia, heavily biased anti-Muslim media and public ignorance which led to the Quebec laws against women wearing face coverings in public positions, and, on Jan. 29, 2020, to a man shooting and slaughtering people in a mosque. “There are daily attacks on Muslims inside and outside of the queer community. Many of the queer Muslims I’d met in America and Europe dealt with racism on top of the homophobia, transphobia and Islamophobia they continually experience,” she says. Samra finds herself and community in a queer mosque where her sexuality, her culture and her faith are all accepted. “We have always been here; it’s just that the world wasn’t ready for us yet." Today, with all the political upheavals in the Muslim World, some of us, those who are not daily threatened with death or rejection, have to speak for others” says her good friend Zainab, a transgender woman from Tunisia.

I would highly recommend reading this powerful book to understand the lives of queer Muslims in increasingly Islamophobic Canada and to find ways you can support them.

* For support groups for queer Muslims around the world visit salaamcanada.info

WE'RE NOT 'BREEDS!

Stephen Hardy

My Uncle George was always on the go. He'd be on a goose shoot, a duck shoot, or a prairie chicken hunt, or planning one or the other. In the winter, he'd be out ice fishing on the frozen lakes of central Alberta. He'd bring the birds back, weighing down the trunk of his yellow '54 Ford. He'd repainted it himself, after the rust started eating into the original. But that's what he enjoyed, painting bright colours on his car and hanging out at the summer cabin he shared with my mother, brothers, and grandparents on one of the lakes west of Edmonton.

The best times for me were when he brought a big goose for dinner. My brothers and I would pluck the feathers, and George would gut it. Then my mother would cook it up with bacon on the sides, basting it as it cooked, then making a thick rich gravy to go with the potatoes, while her highbush cranberry sauce would just be wonderful with the wild flavour of the goose meat. Heaven!

Sometimes George would tell stories to me and my brothers about fur trappers and about adventures in the bush and prairies around Alberta. I didn't realize where he got these stories. I thought he just made them up. But many years later, I realized that he had probably been told these same or similar stories by his uncles who were fur traders in northern Saskatchewan. George also liked taking photographs of his various duck hunts. Some of them were pretty spectacular, with dozens of ducks arranged on racks, surrounded by George and his hunting buddies, holding their shotguns as if ready for another shoot.

One time, on a fall afternoon when George was visiting my mother and our family, he placed one of his photographs on the fireplace mantle. He really liked this one. He'd had it enlarged and framed, and he was colouring it by hand, to bring out the colours in the ducks and in the clothing of his hunting buddies. It looked really wild with all the dead ducks and all the long guns. His hunting buddies really looked like they were experienced hunters, and I had no doubt that they were. They looked like they spent a lot of time in the bush, living off of wild game. I looked at George and his buddies in the photo, and I started to wonder.

My mother had said to me, on a few occasions, that our family had aboriginal ancestry, but she never said more than that, and she only talked about it after she'd finished at least half of her daily bottle of whiskey or vodka. As I looked at George's photo, I thought again of what my mother had said. Finally, I decided to ask.

"Uncle George, do we have Indian ancestors? Are we part Indian?"

George had watched me look at his framed photo and the men in it, his hunting buddies. He probably knew what had prompted my question.

"No, we're not halfbreeds," he said defensively. Pointing at his framed photograph, he gestured toward one of his buddies and said,

"Him, he's a 'breed, but not us."

I looked at the photo. He had pointed to one of his buddies who had noticeably high cheekbones, a pistol and hunting knife on his belt along with his shotgun, and whose narrow piercing eyes were looking straight at the camera.

"We're not 'breeds," he said again.

He sounded defensive, as if he was hiding something. I thought about George's high cheekbones and my mother's. I didn't say any more.

About an hour later, my mother left the kitchen and came into the living room, sitting on the couch opposite the fireplace and the mantle with George's framed photograph still on it. She had had quite a few drinks by then, certainly into the second half of her bottle of vodka. She seemed to be in a good mood to talk. I knew that without any liquor, she wouldn't talk at all; she wouldn't say anything. But if she was close to the bottom of the bottle or into the second one, she just got stupid. But now, she looked about right, talkative but not stupid drunk. I started to ask her some questions.

"Mother, do we have Indian ancestry?"

"Yes, we do," she replied with a sheepish tone in her voice, as if she was telling a secret she wasn't supposed to say.

"Yes, we're part Indian," she continued.

"Is it way back? How far back are our Indian ancestors?" I asked.

"And how are we related? Which of us has the Indian ancestry?" I continued.

Slurring her speech again, but still coherent, she replied,

"Through your grandmother, your Grandmère."

Shocked, I let what she had just said sink in. I had thought that our Indian ancestors would have been hunters, like the ones in George's photo. But then I realized that, of course, my Grandmère, with her bois brulé skin colour, her quiet demeanor, her bright coloured beadwork, was my link, my link to my Indian history. Her father and her uncles would have been hunters, just like George's buddies, just like her son George. It started to make sense.

My mother left the room, gone to baste the goose and to pour herself another drink. I followed her into the kitchen. She had just closed up the oven door and was starting to light up a cigarette to go with her vodka. I started to ask her some more questions.

"Mother, why don't we ever talk about our Indian ancestry?"

"Oh, they don't like us to bring it up. They don't want us act like Indians. They don't want us to be Indians."

I knew who she was talking about. My father, her Scottish husband, never said good things about aboriginal people. And my grandfather, my French Grandpère, was intent on expressing his own French heritage and culture, not the culture of his Métis wife. So it was something to keep secret, something to hide, something to pretend did not exist.

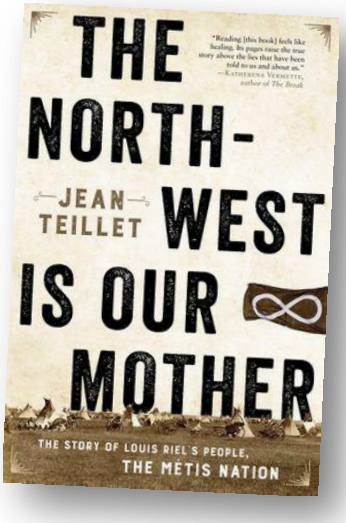
I learned to hide my ancestry, to keep it a secret from my friends, from my teachers, from my bosses, from everyone that I thought might be racist and might express hatred to Indian people. I assumed the worst in people, so I kept the secret from just about everybody.
I learned to keep secrets. As I got older, I learned to keep secrets about being two-spirited too. Keeping secrets became just a way of life, something I just did to keep safe, to keep myself from being discriminated against. It was my way of life, just as I was Métis, just as I was two-spirited, I kept secrets.

"No, I'm not halfbreed. I'm not a 'breed."

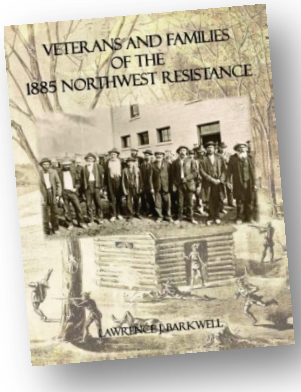
STEPHEN'S COMMENTARY, WITH RESOURCES . . .

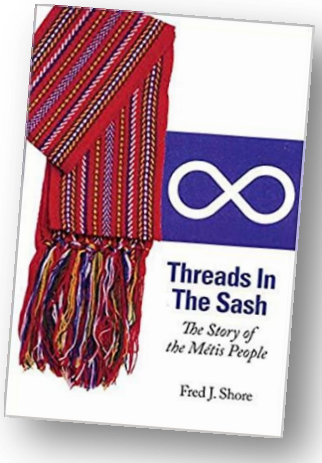
Stephen Hardy

My goal in writing my piece was to demonstrate how internalized racism, in this case racism directed against the Métis people, can be and is passed down from one generation to the next. I used the term "half-breed" for shock value, to indicate the level of self-hatred that many Métis people, specifically the uncle, had. It was meant to shock and stir up emotions, especially its rough contraction into "'breed," which is a term of even greater denigration. I described the mother's alcohol dependency for the purpose of showing how the truth of her and her family's history could only be unearthed through her use of alcohol, to break through her own internalized self-hatred. The last sentence in my piece was to show how this self-hatred, this denial of identity, was "successfully" passed on to the next generation. The irony of course is that the character in the story becomes fully aware of his identity, and the necessity of hiding it



Additional understanding of the history and present circumstances of the Métis people may be obtained by consulting the following source: Jean Teillet, *The North-West Is Our Mother*, Harper Collins, Toronto Canada, 2019. This book, written by Métis lawyer Jean Teillet, is a record of the history of repression and discrimination against the Métis people from the 1790's to the present. A glance at the index will reveal the names of my own Métis ancestors, particularly the Tourond family. My grandmother's father and uncles, who all fought against the troops sent by the Canadian government to take the Métis lands, fought in both major battles, the battle of Tourond's Coulee, my grandmother's home, and the battle of Batoche, where many more of my relatives lived. Fortunately, my grandmother Marie Tourond, survived and was my caregiver during my childhood.

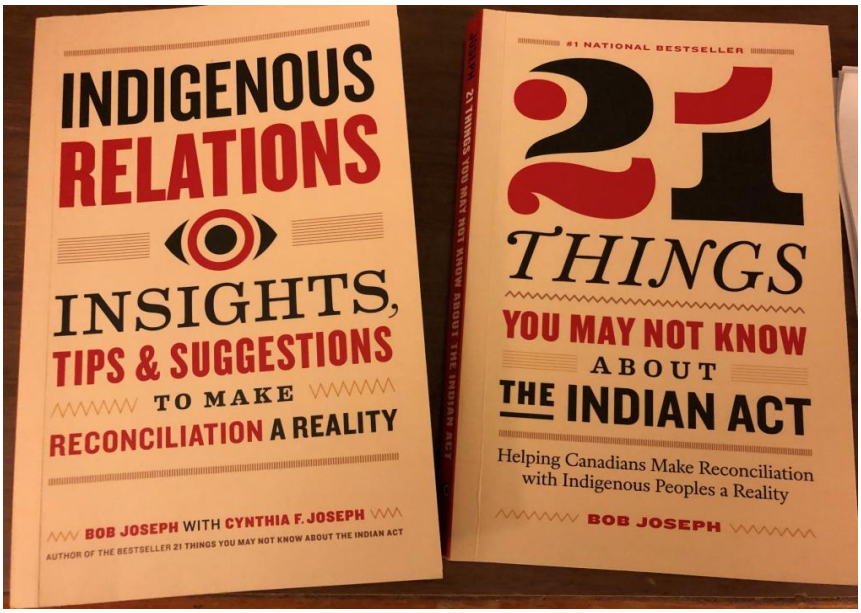




Other source material includes: Lawrence J. Barkwell, *Veterans and Families of the 1885 Northwest Resistance*, Gabriel Dumont Institute, Saskatoon Canada, 2010. This book, written by the senior historian of the Louis Riel Institute of the Manitoba Métis Federation, describes the detailed struggle of the Métis people, including many of my ancestors, during the Northwest Resistance of 1885 to attempt to prevent the Canadian government from removing the Métis people from their lands. Fred J. Shore, *Threads in the Sash, The Story of the Métis People*, Pemmican Publications, Winnipeg Canada, 2017. This book, written by the head of the Native Studies Department at the University of Manitoba, describes the history of the Métis people and their role in the development of Canada.

CANADA: THE INDIAN ACT AND RECONCILIATION*

Review by Val Innes



These two books should be required reading for every non-Indigenous Canadian, and I believe they should be a mandatory part of the social studies school curriculum. As Chief Dr Joseph (whose Indigenous name is Gilakas'la) says, "it is critical that non-Indigenous Canadians be aware of how deeply the *Indian Act* penetrated, controlled, and continues to control, most aspects of the lives of First Nations. It is an instrument of oppression." To that end, Joseph's *21 Things You May not Know About the Indian Act* provides a readable, detailed primer on the Act which still governs much of Indigenous life in Canada.

His and Cynthia Joseph's second book, *Indigenous Relations,* provides a valuable, inclusive and practical guide and primer for the journey towards reconciliation between non-Indigenous and Indigenous people in this country. In 2021, a racist attitude towards Indigenous people is still a socially accepted norm in Canada, as is systemic racism, and this must change. These two books will help that process with individuals, institutions, corporations, and government. They are well-written, well sourced, and give a clear picture of both the oppressive, colonial history of Canada, and the way forward from that. I highly recommend them, and I hope you read them, particularly given the current publicized discoveries of hundreds of Indigenous children's bodies buried in Residential School sites, the victims of Canadian governmental genocidal policies.

** 21 Things You May Not Know About the Indian Act*, Bob Joseph, 2018. Indigenous Relations Press.
** Indigenous Relations Insights, Tips & Suggestions to Make Reconciliation a Reality,* Bob Joseph with Cynthia F. Joseph, 2019. Indigenous Relations Press.

RACISM - IT HURTS

Interview with Frances Powless

Paula Stromberg

Nothing About Us Without Us: *this Zine wouldn't be complete without first-person accounts about experiencing racism. Quirke member Paula Stromberg, a retired communications director in the labour movement, published this interview 21 years ago in collaboration with union member Frances Powless in an effort to expose racism for the personal damage it does. Some outdated terminology -- Indian, Native, for example -- is from 21 years ago and was employed by Frances Powless in those days.*

The article won major awards including one from the International Labour Communicators Association and was reprinted by US Native groups, including the Lummi Nation who are members of the Coast Salish spanning from Vancouver Island to Olympia Washington. "Racist feelings are ugly to acknowledge within oneself," says Stromberg. "Many of us aren't aware of our prejudices. Unless we have the courage to examine our beliefs, we could easily be racist, sexist, homophobic or ageist."

"I wish I could be 10 years old again, the way I was before I experienced racism. I was a carefree girl who never looked at someone's colour. We had so much fun growing up, it was easy to love and trust. I never had to worry that someone was going to say something shameful about being an Indian that would tear my heart out." Born in Ontario and raised on the Six Nations Reservation, union member Frances Powless is part of the Mohawk Nation. Over the course of her life, she has held a briefcase-rupturing array of jobs in both the United States and Canada, and along the way has honed a piercing insight into racism and its eventual toll on a person's psyche.

Powless talked about her experiences in dealing with racism and how personally difficult it has been to face off against discrimination. She also explains what it's like to be an Indian working in a predominantly different culture. "I first became aware of racism when I was bussed off the reservation to start high school in Ontario. It was 1958. We were 12 Indians among 400 students in the school. It was a shock. For the first time in my life I was treated as if there was something wrong with me because we were Indians. We couldn't belong to the school Glee Club or join any extracurricular activities. No reason was ever given. I found out quickly what I was allowed and not allowed to do.

"When you're Indian, you can't fade into the walls you can't hide. Your skin colour and your race are obvious. In high school there was something ugly hanging over my head. I was told that natives are stupid, that I was nothing but a drunken Indian, a lazy Indian. In fact my dad was an ironworker, one of the Mohawk 'Skywalkers' who work on high-rise construction. He'd worked all his life; we all worked. I'd had my first job at nine years old. To be called these names in school was a shock. I was 14 years old so I had no choice except to attend school. I felt angry. Because other kids picked on me I had to fight every day. If I didn't stand up for myself, it just got worse.

"Canadians like to imagine we have a multicultural and non-racist society. From my point of view that is hardly true. I've had restaurant servers, store clerks and coworkers ignore me or

look past me. Sometimes it's coincidence. Other times it's personal. I brush these things off again and again but after a while you feel invisible and of no consequence." Feeling invisible has exacted a dreadful price on Frances Powless and her family. Right after high school she married a non-native in the hope of finally being acceptable to society. "By marrying out of my own culture I robbed my daughter and grandchildren of their heritage. My grandchildren are just 25% Indian and will never be accepted as Native people. I was 17 years old when I married and had my daughter. If I had my life to live over, I would never have made those choices just to be acceptable."

The onslaught against her spirit continues. Powless has found herself in the surrealistic situation of discussing current issues with acquaintances when they aired the opinion that if only white explorers had shot all the Natives, Canadians would not have the land claims problems today. "Comments like that completely dehumanize me as well as my children, my siblings, my whole family unit and social structure." Her voice catches, "I am put in a place where I have no value. I am barely tolerated as a human being.

"I wish people knew that as an Indian, I can't be myself when I leave my home. I have to put a mask on. My defenses are always up. The uppermost thing in my mind is 'how am I going to deal with well-meaning but ignorant comments or incidents of discrimination today?' 'If I overhear a racist remark, how will I reply?' I'm always on guard. Too often all Indians will be judged on how one Indian responds to a cutting or hurtful remark. I never feel comfortable until I'm back inside my house. There I won't be on the spot to speak for my whole race. I don't have to worry about being made to feel different."

Ignoring racist comments takes a toll and eventually they get to you. "It hurts," says Frances Powless.

Many of us have made terrible remarks without considering the impact. Powless elaborated, "for example some still call Indian women 'squaws', a term used on old TV shows. White people appear to have no idea 'squaw' is degrading and offensive. Calling every Indian 'chief' is also an insult. We aren't all Chiefs. We haven't earned the right to be a Chief. It is the same as calling someone 'doctor' or 'Premier' when they haven't earned that position.

"Years ago I was working in a restaurant when a customer asked me, 'Is it true all Indian women have hot pants?' The comment was so humiliating. I didn't know what to say. I felt like crying. I was being paid to be courteous to diners, so I couldn't react honestly. I just walked away. You can shrug off hurtful comments, but hearing them week after week, month after month for years takes a toll. Eventually it gets to you. It hurts.

"Stopping racist comments can be very hard when you have lived with the innuendo that you are nothing, no matter how hard you work. Fear sometimes has made me wait a long time before I tell the person their remarks are offensive. People don't realize how damaging their thoughtless comments can be. Over time cruel remarks destroy my soul and wound my spirit. My only solution is to try to show these people that I am a human being."

She has some advice for well-meaning folks who believe they do not want to discriminate. "Don't expect one person to answer questions on behalf of the entire Indian race. I am not debating headquarters about the Nisga'a treaty. If you are curious about native issues read a book or take a course. Treating native people as a novelty is still not seeing us as human beings.

We each have our own nature, our own character. Some people think it's trendy to be seen with native people. This too can be degrading.

"Perhaps in an effort to establish rapport, well-meaning Caucasians tell Indian or Black people, 'I know what it's like to be discriminated against. Kids used to tease me because I had to wear a funny hand-me-down clothes' or 'my parents were immigrants so I was bullied because I didn't speak English.' The difference is that they were able to leave their oddities behind in the schoolyard. Now they fit in with main stream white culture. Visually that will never happen for people of colour."

Powless has held many jobs over the years, both in Canada and the United States, such as running a spinning machine at Harding Carpets in Ontario and working at Space Command for the US Air Force in Colorado Springs. In California, she worked at a Heinz factory canning tomatoes and at a sweatshop sewing disposable paper products. "The sweatshop was the worst job I've had in my life – I lasted two weeks," she chuckles.

> "So often I am not seen for who I am. I wish that people would take the time to get to know me."
>
> *Frances Powless*

At Ontario's Northern Telecom she worked as an assembly line inspector and in Buffalo New York she worked for a windshield wiper manufacturer. She has also made precision screws for the aerospace industry, run a pen barrel molding machine and spent 12 years with a sprinkler manufacturer. She came to BC in 1989 to attend school and work for the federal prison system. Part of her job was to act as a prison liaison for Native inmates in federal prisons.

She recalls years ago being the only Indian working in a company and having gauche co-workers react by asking, "Wow are you a real Native?" Powless explained that although their response seemed positive, it still categorized her as something different, slotting her into a stereotyped group instead of treating her as a regular human being. "At times, coworkers have made me feel I was from Mars or if I fallen out of a spaceship. They didn't see me as a person."

Powless points out that she does have many non-native friends. "We've taken the time to know each other, remain curious about each other and accept the differences. That's how we develop trust and friendship." She ended our meeting with a thought that lingers in the chest like thumping bass notes at a rock concert. "The wounded part of my spirit never heals, because so often I'm not seen for who I am. I wish that people would take the time to get to know me."

FOR THE MISSING AND MURDERED INDIGENOUS WOMEN

FOR THE INDIGENOUS CHILD VICTIMS OF RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS

of whom, 215 bodies have been discovered buried in the Kamloops Residential School grounds, 751 in Saskatchewan and now 182 in Cranbrook, a grim reminder of the thousands of unacknowledged, Indigenous children who died in Residential Schools across Canada.

CANADA'S SHAME: CULTURAL AND ACTUAL GENOCIDE.

Flags at half mast and apologies are gestures, but they are not enough.

LEARNED SOLIDARITY IN THE FIGHT FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

Wendy Nielsen, PhD, University of Wollongong

I pay my respects to country and acknowledge elders past, present and emerging. I currently live and work on the traditional lands of the Dharawal people of the Wollongong region of New South Wales, Australia. I also acknowledge the First Peoples of other lands I have visited over my lifetime in Canada and the US. Living in three countries that share a colonial past, my awareness has grown about the unique cultural relationships that each country has with their First Peoples. In this piece, I reflect on how this changing awareness has grown through having lived on Aboriginal lands while witnessing slow change, even as structural, political and financial conservatism continue to be subjugating forces for those who are called minorities, diverse others, ethnic or cultural refugees or somewhat pejoratively, 'not us'.

In the news of early January, 2021, we have watched white men wrapped in neo-nazi, anarchist, political or even Christian logos, do what they have always done: work to silence the voice of the 'other'. Much as their forebears, these white men have also invaded foreign lands, subjugated Indigenous peoples, prevented women from voting or owning businesses, decried civil rights or civil public discourse and generally dominated all fields of endeavour from religion to politics to finances and the fight for civil rights. It is further evidenced in the US by rising voices to scrutinize policing. Currently, and it is not always white men, but no wonder they feel threatened: the reckoning is finally here. Any experience that I have as a white, middle class lesbian with any of the other groups so oppressed begins and ends with white male power.

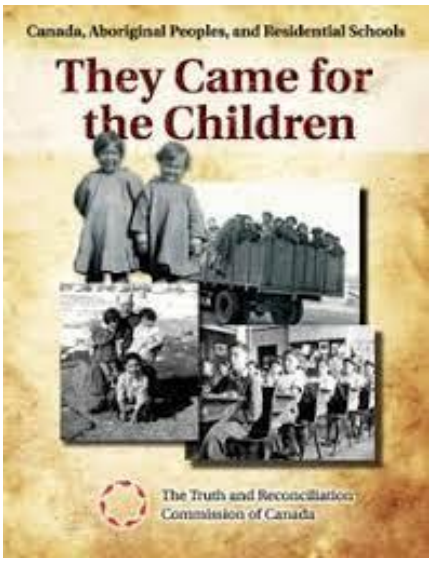
While not always 'out' in my workplaces, I have very limited experience with subjugation or discrimination, which makes mine a very small voice to speak about racism. I acknowledge this for I was a child during Stonewall and the 1960s civil rights movements in the US. I am, however, keenly aware of the systemic discrimination faced by gay men during the AIDS crisis of the 1980s. I declare these points of awareness in order to position my own perspectives as having grown, matured and changed by virtue of having lived in this world. It is fair to say that I have sought out new and different experiences over my lifetime: this has involved encountering cultural others. In the current period where white supremacist rhetoric and action seems to be driving a reinvigorated form of splintering of decency and generosity among political rivals, voices of reason, calm and compassion seem to be more important than ever, and mine is among those voices being silenced by the (mostly) white men hiding behind Republican party politics. The similarities across all of these issues and voices remains a vitriolic positioning of 'the other' so as to prevent equal access to the seats of power and the opportunities that white, middle-class, straight people take for granted. I shift to 'people' here because white women are also implicated in the power struggles. This is troubling because adopting the dominant male world view reinforces the injustice rather than devoting energy to work toward a more just and equal society.

Indeed, the grand myth in the US is that everyone has equal opportunity to better their circumstances through hard work and perseverance. With structural impediments built into financial institutions, governing systems (including voter rights) and educational opportunity, limits on human opportunity have been ingrained in US society since its institution. Current calls to set right that which was not enforced following the Civil War and the splintering that we see now, may well become the fracture that destroys these United States. To change the course that is looming toward destruction, we have the seeds among us to transform this direction. I believe it involves a rhetorical shift away from the notion that race, politics and finances are zero-sum games.

To elaborate, western societies are built on a notion that competition leads to innovation, growing markets, increased access and a 'rising tide that floats all boats'. If this were indeed true, then we would not be having this discussion. The stock market trends over time make the issue clear: the steady progress over time is an upward trajectory and shows that there is increasing capital in the system. This is due to innovation and new ways to build capital, even as these are both controlled by powerful forces, largely male and largely white. The problem is that the capital is not working to lift those up who are in the most need of structural change: quite the opposite since the system has been rigged to ensure that some boats don't even get in the water. This structural inequality is the legacy of Jim Crow laws in the US; conservative politics in western democracies along with a wider unwillingness to consider 'the other'; and, how the inequalities are the root of all social problems. Denying the problems or worse, underplaying them, only serves to widen the fracture.

I suggest that what we are seeing is yet another manifestation of the 'toxic masculinities' that shape and drive power-hungry (and power-protective) behavior. The various 'posts' (post-colonialism, post-modernism, post-industrial, post-feminist) have pushed against these forces in new directions, yet the power structures remain. That they could have the backing of the now-previous president of the United States shows how toxic they are and how entrenched they remain. Dictators keep a lid on this sort of outburst through force too, but the question needs asking: how does an open society with democratic processes protect the interests of the subjugated? That they are subjugated doesn't seem to be allowed as a topic of discussion, which for me, is a key strategy for the powerful: unless you are willing to consider change, you are depriving the discussion (and those who would engage with you) of oxygen and threatening us to keep silent. The radical right, fascists and religious fanatics try to drown out reason, while the anarchists and neo-nazis wave their guns and threaten us to keep silent. All of these groups raise false issues as distractions. For example, if you paint others as 'socialist' and anti-American, then the middle or the right (but particularly the far right) can be rallied, or by equating the far-right with the far-left in terms of how desperate they are or how willing they are to take up arms to destroy property or threaten others serves obliquely to justify 'our' actions as just as bad as yours. The divisions are not artificial, but they serve as manipulative tools to reinforce alliances and power structures as well as silence voices of protest, reason and compassion.

In this highly charged environment of US social conflict, my own experiences living and working in different communities set me on a path to consider how my white middle-class privilege has evolved. I grew up in the US and work backward now from my current home in Australia. There are parallels among my age cohort of friends and colleagues in Australia who are Non-Aboriginal people: we have come to realize the limitations of our childhood education. Americans of my generation learned of the generosity of the native peoples who 'greeted' the Pilgrims. Australians learned that Australian history began when the first white settlers arrived. The travesty of erasing the history (and reality) of Aboriginal perspectives on historical events in Australia has begun to be addressed where, now, schoolchildren learn about Aboriginal cultures and ways of knowing, beginning in the earliest years of schooling. While often tokenistic, these lessons represent an important beginning point for shifting how non-Aboriginal people come to understand and value the rich diversity of cultures, languages and traditions among the first peoples of the nation. Among these first peoples are the oldest civilizations on earth, who have continuously lived on country for that history. Undoing centuries of white power and domination has begun, even as the annual event of Australia Day every January 26 resurfaces the historical silencing of Aboriginal voices from Australia's past. The day celebrates the start of the nation, but this has been a celebration of white culture in Australia, largely excluding Aboriginal voices: some contend that it should be called 'Invasion Day'. Part of the awakening going on in the school curriculum, for example, is drawing attention to the historical silencing of Aboriginal voices, but in beginning to tell these stories of the country's history, perspectives on diversity are widening.



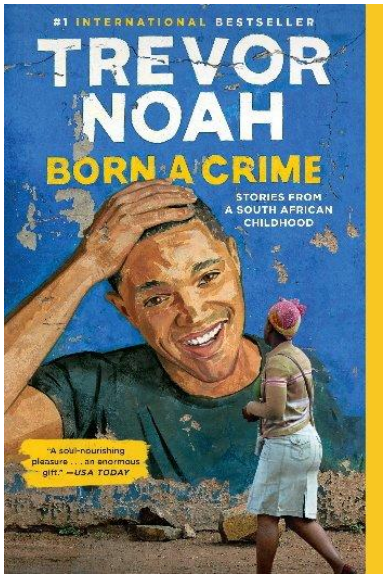
I lived in Canada while lawyers worked to accumulate and develop evidence in support of land claims on behalf of Canada's First Nations peoples. The Truth and Reconciliation Commission represented a progressive step forward to acknowledge and accept past injustices while seeking recompense and productive ways forward. A long history of subjugation cannot be unravelled quickly, nor can the impact of pervasive damage, including so many lives lost, caused through residential schools and removing children from their cultural groups. A necessary effort is to some extent under way to build capacity among the many different First Nations groups across the country, the ultimate aim of which, by many Indigenous groups, is self-determination and management of traditional lands, including access to the systems of power and control enjoyed by white Canadians for generations.

As a child of the conservative US Midwest, who moved to the more leftward leaning California coast and then as a young adult to the, in comparison, far more left-leaning and social democracy of Canada, in some ways I have taken a step back in moving to Australia: conservative political forces maintain strong control. However, each of these locations offers grounding for thinking about how an open society needs to be pushed to change how it sees itself. This self-reflection is a role for all of us and must include its relations to the traditional owners of the land and its First Nations/Indigenous history. By some accounts, we are in a post-colonial period, and we are at least taking baby steps towards working to rectify, reconcile and include; the discussions need to be kept in the forefront, and they need to be kept honest and focused. This is an important role for those of us who have enjoyed a privileged, largely middle class existence. We are people who have cultural resources, and we must use these to push for change, however incremental. In discussion spaces like this e-zine, we can consider how to support, defend and

push. There are many ways: call out injustice, learn about our different cultural heritages and the traditional peoples of the lands where we live. Further, we can be voices that ask how we can help rather than imposing some version of colonization through assumptions. We can also take responsibility for learning more about the issues that diverse others face, and then, out of understanding and concern, aim for a richer society that truly includes everyone.

BORN A CRIME **by Trevor Noah**

Review by Val Innes



Trevor Noah is a comedian, political commentator, television host, producer, writer, and actor. He hosts The Daily Show, an American satirical news program. His book, *Born A Crime: Stories from a South African Childhood,* caught me from the beginning. His story of growing up bi-racial in apartheid South Africa where his birth was, literally, a crime, as interracial sexual relations were illegal, is unflinchingly honest, painful and also bitingly humourous while being a clear insight into the effects of apartheid, both psychologically and socially. He's a good writer, and he takes you into what it is like to grow up the perpetual outsider in a world defined by your colour: not white, not Black, not Indian, not Chinese, but Coloured, with parents who cannot be seen to be together. Noah's book is also a view into what daily life was like in a police state. Despite the humour -- he is a comedian after all -- the picture Noah paints of "being a mixed family under apartheid" was that it was "just that unbearable."[1] Even so, as Noah said in an interview with Cory Booker, "I am not the hero of this story. My mum is the hero of this story, a strong, beautiful person."[2]

Noah starts off the book describing apartheid; the genius of it, he says, "was convincing people who were the overwhelming majority to turn on each other. Apart hate is what it was. You separate people into groups and make them hate one another so you can run them all."[3] Noah's mother is Xhosa, his father, with whom he had little contact, Swiss. Brought up in a deeply religious Christian family, Noah spent his childhood in several churches, all of which he recounts with humour, noting though that the religion was "forced on them by their colonizers."[4]

Raised by a smart, courageous, determined, fiercely devoted mother who found ways around the laws and used religion as a solace and a guide, Noah grew up partly in town with his mum, partly in Soweto with his grandmother who had to hide him in the all Black community for fear he would be taken by police and put in an orphanage as Coloured -- and who wouldn't discipline him like his cousins because he was "white". Apartheid started to collapse when he was five, but what replaced it was a violent time of political and social turmoil in which many Black people died violently. Noah survived in South Africa by learning to negotiate the shifting social, racial and political turmoil by slipping between racial barriers with speed, guile and deception -- not without the occasional hit, though. He's a survivor, and he's smart, with the spirit to reject social norms and become a comic, but unsparing, social critic. He bounced back from, amongst other things, a very abusive stepfather, a street education and Catholic school education, the chaotic streets of Johannesburg and always being the outsider. This is a book that is well worth

reading; it's a profoundly moving journey, an eloquent, harrowing and, yes, often funny story told by an excellent comic and storyteller.

1,3 and 4. Noah, Trevor. 2016. *Born A Crime: Stories from a South African Childhood*. Doubleday Canada.
2. Noah, Trevor. 2016. *Born a Crime (with Cory Booker)*. YouTube.

A HANDY ACRONYM, SHORT AND SIMPLE? MAYBE NOT.

Chris Morrissey

Before going any further, I need to make a disclaimer. I am a white woman, born in England and a settler in Canada. Whatever comes next comes out of my experience, some reading, and some listening. These are some personal reflections.

The phrase BIPOC – Black, Indigenous, People of Colour – first appeared in 2013. It is a handy acronym and frequently used by white people to identify all the groups who are not white. It is a simple way of acknowledging white supremacy. However, using this acronym makes the realities of different groups invisible. Each letter B, I, and POC represents a specific group of people each with its own history.

The Black Lives Matter movement in the US was established following the acquittal of Trayvon Martin's murderer in the United States and has become very present since the murder of George Floyd. It builds on and is a response to and call to action of the Black Community in recognition of the decades of oppression of Black people in the US. The Civil Rights Movement came to prominence in the 1950s with non-violent protests that led to the end of segregation. However, many young blacks felt that the end of segregation didn't go far enough. The Black Power Movement from approximately 1970-1980 followed. In this millennium there is the emergence of the current Black Lives Matter movement. The current organization in the US drew attention to the realities and history of Black Canadians.

The term People of Colour has its own history. The American Heritage Guide to Contemporary Usage and Style cites usage of "people of colour" as far back as 1796. It was initially used to refer to light-skinned people of mixed African and European heritage. The term became frequently used in the late 1980s and early 1990s recognizing that, in addition to people called Black, there were other groups of people that were not white. Again, people defined in relationship to whiteness. However, for People of Colour, this name was an indication of solidarity and political activity. As I said earlier, I believe that for white people it was a term used to identify all people who were not white thus reinforcing white supremacy and erasing differences. Included in this "category" are African Americans, Asians, South Asians, Latinos, even though not all Latinos identify as persons of colour. And what about Middle Easterners, North Africans, Hawaiians? And the list could go on. Seems it all depends on who is doing the categorizing and why.

BLACK

NOT POC

NOT A MINORITY

The third group identified in the BIPOC acronym are Indigenous people. Part of my personal concern is that what is intrinsic to the colonization of Canada to a great extent has been/is invisible in these anti-oppression movements. However, there is a modern history of organization by First Nations people particularly related to land claims. Following are a few examples of resistance by First Nations in Canada.

In 1960, Secwepemc leader, George Manuel and Nisga'a leader Frank Calder present briefs to the Joint Committee for the Review of Indian Affairs Policy. Citing the 1763 Royal Proclamation, Manuel and Calder both demand recognition of, and compensation for, loss of Aboriginal Title. The Committee recommends the establishment of an Indian Claims Commission to settle outstanding land claims in Canada. One of the outcomes ***was that nine years later in 1969, the Nisga'a initiated litigation, leading to the 1973 Calder decision where the Supreme Court of Canada recognized that the Nisga'a held title to their land before BC was established****.*

Also in 1969, First Nations people across Canada united in rejecting the White Paper which would have converted reserve land into private land. These Indigenous activism efforts resulted in the government withdrawing the White Paper.

In 1974 the Anishinaabeg activists who became known as the Ojibway Warriors, assembled at Anicinabe Park on Treaty 3 territory (Kenora, ON) protesting for equality.

A conference was organized in the park and they demanded better living conditions, education and access to land. More than 200 Indians in the Kenora area had died through accidents, neglect, murder and suicide in the previous three and-one-half years.

In 1980-81 the Constitution Express movement was organized to seek recognition of Aboriginal rights in the Constitution Act amendments of 1982.

https://www.wcel.org/blog/indigenous-activism-in-canadas-past-present-and-future

Land related disputes led to the Oka Crisis of 1990, the Ipperwash Crisis of 1995, and the Gustafsen Lake Standoff in 1995. The Oka Crisis of 1990 was sparked by the proposed expansion of a golf course and the development of townhouses on disputed land in Kanesatake that included a Mohawk burial ground. The golf course expansion was cancelled and the land was purchased by the federal government. However, it did not establish the land as a reserve, and there has since been no organized transfer of the land to the Mohawks of Kanesatake.
https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/oka-crisis

The Ipperwash Crisis of 1995 took place in the Ipperwash Provincial Park in Ontario during which the indigenous protestor Dudley George was killed by the police.
https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/ipperwash-crisis

The Gustafsen Lake Standoff in BC in 1995. Although no one was killed, the RCMP mined the road leading into the Sun Dancers site. The explosives, planted by the RCMP, destroyed a car driven by two of the Sun Dancers and caused a major fire fight between the indigenous protestors and the RCMP.

More recently, there was the Idle No More Movement and now the fight against the Trans Mountain Expansion Project, the struggle against the Coastal Gas Link pipeline, and the fight against the Site C Dam project.

The acronym BIPOC while sounding short and simple, in fact, encompasses many complexities.

Tuyet Anh, a member of the National Asian Pacific American Women's Forum (NAPAWF), says that her experience with harassment “makes me and other Asian Americans feel as if we are the virus. We are labeled and demonized as this threat to white American safety.”

MEMORIES OF GEORGIE

Jan Bruce

I met my friend Georgie in junior high. Being new to a school presented some challenges. By 14 years old I was seasoned in the art of assimilating at a new school. My father had been transferred to his company's office to Victoria. My mother had established a strategy for moving over the years. She had perfected the process of preparing us to move. By this time, my sibling and I knew the routine. Our moves were timed for mid-June. The end of the school year was marked for picnics, sports day and other festivities non academic. The move to Victoria was the 10th since I had started public school.

Navigating the hallways of the new school and trying to find my assigned classrooms were my priority the first week. Focusing on being preoccupied served to mask my anxiety of being 'the new kid'. I walked with purpose past the gaggle of teenagers gathered in the halls between bells. I was an outsider. Being an outsider I had no attachment to the school or the people I met in the school. My experience as a frequent outsider allowed me to know I would make some friends with one or two kids and likely move the following June. Every fall, teachers recruited for extra-curricular activities. Extra- curricular activities provided an opportunity to learn something different. Sports and athletics was where I felt as if I belonged. My integration with school began that September with the field hockey team.

After school we would meet on the pitch behind the school to begin training. We each needed a partner to practise passing the ball. The kids quickly selected their friends leaving me and a skinny young woman awkwardly becoming a practice pair. Georgie introduced herself with a warm smile and funny quips, and we found a spot to practise our skills. The ball was about the size of a baseball and had a hard outer shell. If hit incorrectly, it easily would become a missile capable of causing injury. It was important to learn to hit the ball hard but prevent it from becoming airborne. In earnest, and with all our strength, we pounded that ball between us. We became fast friends. Georgie was talkative, funny and outgoing. She was the first kid I met that I felt accepted me into the school.

The school year was marked by the sports, Field hockey season followed by Basketball season and ending with Track and Field season. Georgie's enthusiasm made every game worth playing even though our teams often lost. At the end of the year, Georgie and other friends I'd met dispersed. The school bus that had brought my new social group together had dispersed the group to our various neighbourhoods for the summer. In the fall we came together with hundreds of other students from every corner of the Saanich Peninsula once again. As friends, Georgie and I joined every sport the school offered. I didn't know a lot about Georgie's life at home, nor did she know mine. I did admire that she could run like the wind, tirelessly. Georgie's long skinny legs, seemed to propel her effortlessly. Her long, black hair streaming behind. I knew she lived on a First Nations reserve in West Saanich. She knew I lived about 2 miles from the school.

Being born in Saskatoon, and starting school in North Battleford, Saskatchewan, I was accustomed to Indigenous peers. As a child I had a lot of freedom to wander around and play with kids from different backgrounds. The common ground we shared was that we were largely unsupervised and had time on our hands. At an early age, I learned from my experiences that kids were either fun or not fun; I didn't distinguish them from each other by colour or class. That's the luxury and beauty of being a child. I gravitated to kids I felt comfortable around. Dare devils, trying to grab the rails on the caboose as the train raced by, swinging on a rope tied to a tree branch over a deep ravine, and visiting the open dump were memorable. That egocentric view as a child didn't include judgments about colour or class, just a naivety of pleasure, of adventure, completely ignorant of the dangers.

As I grew older, discussions of racism, and of people with intellectual or physical disabilities would arise at home. My mother and grandmother did their best to instill in me compassion towards others who didn't look like us. "Don't stare, it's not polite". One lesson my grandmother, a closet Jew, bestowed on me one day left an indelible impression: "the world would be a much better place if God had made us blind."

In 1971, I started high school, the final hurdle of public school. That fall, hundreds of students poured off buses in front of the school and jammed the corridors. Georgie was amongst a few familiar faces in the crowded hallways, with a handful of those visibly of First Nations' lineage. During those final two years of education, Georgie and I played on several teams together and shared some classes. We'd meet behind the tennis courts some noon hours and eat whatever Georgie had smuggled out of the Home Economics lab. We'd laugh as we shared a pie in an aluminum pie plate. As the final year of high school was drawing to a close, my thoughts were looking forward to the next fall. I didn't have a master plan for my future.

During one lunch hour relaxing in the warm sun behind the tennis courts, I asked Georgie if she was going to apply to U.Vic for the fall term. She looked down and responded, "no idea". "Then why don't you apply," I urged. "NO" Georgie replied. Her voice was strong, and I knew she was upset and angry. I pushed her to explain to me why not. Her face was stern, her cheeks flushed, and her jaw set. I blathered on, "you're smart, you get good enough grades." . . . She shouted, "that's not what WE do, don't you get it!" and turned and walked away.

Obviously the conversation had meaning beyond choosing different paths. I did not get it, and for 47 years, I've been trying to understand. The anguish in Georgie's face, the tears in her eyes told me my questions had caused her deep pain. Intuitively, I knew the wound was related to her being First Nations, but I didn't have a sense of what part I played. What happened that day, what did I not get? Not once, replaying the conversation, did I feel resentment toward Georgie, only remorse.

During the BLM movement, I had a renewed interest in understanding racism. Reading multiple essays on the subject allowed me to gain a deeper intellectual understanding of racism in this country. A workshop, Unlearning Racism, shone a light on the degree of my own ignorance to the systemic oppression of First Nations people. It gave me a glimmer of my own role as a white person, learning to recognize the degree of white privilege ingrained in our communities.

Why was Georgie so upset? I had no idea what her life was like as a First Nations woman living on a Reserve in Canada. I didn't understand the barriers she, her band, her community faced every day living in Canada. It's not enough to recognize one's own racism, there needs to be a knowledge of and acknowledgement of how others have been oppressed throughout our

history. The barriers created by racism damage people at an emotional level. If I had had the maturity I needed for that conversation 47 years ago, what would I say differently? What would I do differently? That is my challenge.

Of course 47 years ago, nothing in the curriculum of schools or from the government or the media discussed the actual Canadian history of colonization or systemic racism, so it's small wonder that I didn't know. The challenge is to the Canadian education system to teach what happened and how to deal with racism, to the government to join action to its words, and to the media to scrupulously report the truth, as well as it is to myself to do what I can now to make the lives of others like Georgie better.

If it's not enough to recognize one's own racism, what is enough? What might approach 'enough' is to work to make sure Indigenous people and their rights and territories are respected and to work to end systemic racism.

SYSTEMIC RACISM, also known as institutional racism, refers to the ways that whiteness and white superiority become embedded in the policies and processes of an institution, resulting in a system that advantages white people and disadvantages BIPOC/IBPOC, notably in employment, education, justice, and social participation.

Systemic racism in Canada

In a settler colonial state like Canada, systemic racism is deeply rooted in every system of this country. This means the systems put in place were designed to benefit white colonists while disadvantaging the Indigenous populations who had lived here prior to colonialism. This power dynamic continues to be upheld and reinforced in our society, extending its impact on new racialized citizens.

According to a 2016 report from Statistics Canada, both Black women and men were less likely to obtain post-secondary education compared to women and men in the rest of the population in Vancouver, with a difference of about 10%. And the unemployment rate for the Black population was approximately one and a half times higher than that for rest of the population. In terms of socioeconomic impact of COVID-19, around one-quarter of Indigenous people living in Canadian urban areas were in poverty, compared to 13% of non-Indigenous population in these areas.

Systemic racism: What it looks like in Canada and how to fight it? | VPFO | UBC

OTTAWA —" Prime Minister Justin Trudeau's acceptance of an inquiry's finding that Canada committed genocide against Indigenous people could have tremendous legal impact if a court ever weighs Ottawa's responsibility for crimes against humanity, experts say.

Amid growing outrage and grief over an unmarked burial site at a residential school in British Columbia, Trudeau reiterated this week that he accepts the conclusion of the 2019 inquiry into missing and murdered Indigenous women that 'what happened amounts to genocide.' "

CLEAN WATER . . . PROMISES BUT LITTLE ACTION

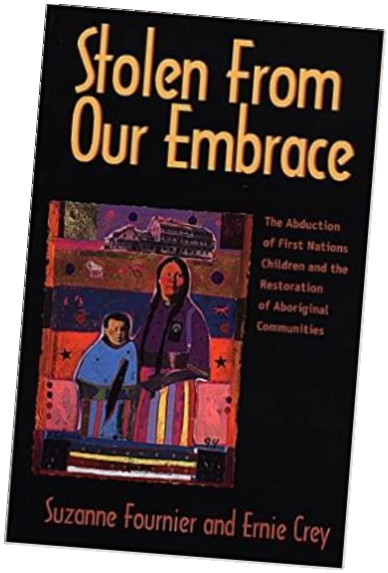
"Canada is a first world country, with Indigenous populations and communities having to live under boil water advisories, with some children and youth never having had access to clean drinking water in their entire lives.

In the 2015 election campaign, Prime Minister Justin Trudeau vowed to lift all boil-water advisories by 2020. It is now 2021, and yet there are still these 52 advisories affecting 33 communities that don't have access to clean drinking water. There is no new target date for the government to keep its six-year-old promise. Communities need the proper infrastructure and funding now to be able to have clean water for the current members and future generations as well."

Valerie Ooshag Today | TheTyee.ca *My Community's Boil Water Advisory Is Almost as Old as Me*

This is not history; this is happening now, every day.

INDIAN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS 1870 TO 1996



The last Indian Residential School of the 139 such schools that existed across Canada for close to 120 years, closed in 1996. This is not just a dark chapter in Canada's history as a nation; it's the whole of its history and continues today. Deep, systemic racism and colonization has been part of Canada from the start, and these schools were a deliberate government designed attempt to destroy Indigenous cultures and languages, so that as a distinct people, Indigenous people would disappear and white people could take the land with impunity. Planned Cultural Genocide. Specifically designed to "destroy the Indian in the child."[1]

The schools provided an inappropriate and poor education (often to only Grade 5 skill level) focusing on manual labour and domestic work, without which the underfunded schools could not exist, and they were rife with emotional, sexual, physical and psychological abuse. The affects of children being separated from family, culture, language and a sense of belonging and being placed in a hostile, dangerous, racist environment were devastating upon the children, their families, and their communities. Those affects are apparent today, as is white racism against Indigenous people.

The 215 recently discovered bodies of children in the Kamloops Indian Residential School and the 751 in Saskatchewan are a fraction of the thousands murdered by this system. Perhaps as devastating has been the traumatic impact on the survivors of years spent in this system and on the families whose children were stolen for four generations. Many are unable to talk about

what happened to them; those who do, speak of appalling conditions and treatment. As retired Chief George Guerin commented in *Stolen From Our Embrace*:

> Many of the men my age, they either didn't make it, committed suicide or died violent deaths, or alcohol got them. And it wasn't just my generation. My grandmother, who's in her late nineties, to this day, it's too painful for her to talk about what happened to her at the school.[2]

This is Canada's shame and guilt, and it is Canada's responsibility to act, to change, and to make real reparation. Words are not, and never were, enough.

1. Hanson, E., Games, D, and Manuel A. *The Residential School System.* indigenousfoundations.arts.ubc.ca
2. Fournier, S and Grey, E. 2010. *Stolen From Our Embrace: The Abduction of First Nations Children and the Restoration of Aboriginal Communities*. Douglas and McIntyre, Vancouver, BC. P. 62.

IF YOU OR ANYONE YOU KNOW IS INDIGENOUS AND NEEDS SUPPORT, THE INDIAN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS CRISIS LINE IS AVAILABLE 24/7 AT 1-866-925-4419.

Dr. Cindy Blackstock, OC FRSC, Gitxsan activist for child welfare, Professor at McGill, and executive director of the First Nations Child and Family Caring Society of Canada, comments: "I think these 215 sacred little kids have managed to pierce through this dehumanization, this idea these kids are statistics."[1]

"While Indigenous children are no longer forced into residential schools in Canada, they continue to be overrepresented in the child welfare system across Canada, making up over 50 per cent of the kids in care nationwide. Governments continue to underfund and neglect First Nations kids, both on and off-reserve, and fight court-ordered compensation for them. That's why Blackstock is heading back to court on June 14. The federal government has repeatedly failed to adequately compensate 165,000 First Nations children and families whose childhoods — and lives — were stolen through government neglect, she says."[2]

"This will continue until the Canadian public says, 'Enough, you're not doing this in our name. You're not going to racially discriminate against little kids in ways that separate them from their families or cause their harms or deaths. And we will not support any government of any political stripe who continues that behaviour.' That's what needs to happen."[3]

"Outside of elections, what can the Canadian public do to hold officials accountable?

Call them, email them, get on Twitter, tag them, send them your messages that you want this discrimination to end. Learn about the Spirit Bear Plan, which is a plan to end all of the inequalities facing First Nations children that Canada has never adopted. And also you can go to our website[4] and find seven free ways you can help, for people of any age. "[5]

1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Hyslop, K. June 2, 2021. *Blackstock on Trudeau: 'How Much Money Does He Think a Child's Life Is Worth*? The Tyee. Excerpts from the article.
3. First Nations Child and Family Caring Society. The Caring Society (fncaringsociety.com)

I HATED THOSE NUNS!

Stephen Hardy

"I hated those nuns!" I heard her scream from the kitchen, followed by sobbing. "I just hated them. I still do!"

I saw my brother Al in the kitchen with her, talking to her. "Mother, it's OK. You don't have to go to a reunion at the Catholic Day School. There probably isn't even a reunion there. This invitation is for the Strathcona High School reunion. That was a secular school. There were no nuns there." But she kept crying, kept sobbing. I could tell she was remembering, remembering her school from those many years ago.

Al left the kitchen and came out in the living room to talk to me. "Is she OK?" I asked. "Yes, she'll be OK. She'll have a couple of drinks and she'll calm down. She'll be OK."

"She's still so emotional about that School, even after all these years. And she only attended until Grade 9," I said. "Yes, I know. Some very bad things must have happened there, but she just won't talk about it," Al replied.

"She really rebelled after Grade 9. She just told her parents, our Grandpère and Grandmère, that she just would not return to it," I said. "She must've had to be really strong. Her parents were such strong Catholics, especially her mother. Grandmère just wouldn't have understood why she was so upset about it. She must've really had to fight with her parents for them to finally agree," he said.

"Yes, Grandmère attended the parish school in Batoche, up to Grade 8, so she didn't go to any of the Day Schools or Residential Schools," I said. "She was taught by the Priest, Father Moulin, in the rectory next to the church," I added. "Yes, those would have been the good days. A small one room school in the rectory, in the old Parish of St Antoine de Padoue. No wonder she couldn't understand why her daughter was so unhappy," replied Al.

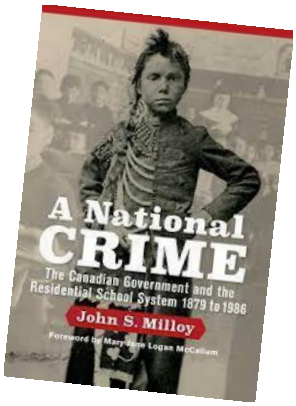
"Wait, here she comes now. Let's ask her some of these questions," I said. "How are you feeling now, mother?" asked Al. "I don't know. I just need a few more drinks. Did you get me some, Al?" she asked. "Yes, mother, there's lots in your bedroom. You won't run out," replied Al. "You know I've been drinking since I was in high school. There'd be a little at the parties I went to. And then after I started university, I used to go to the parties every weekend. I couldn't always wait for the weekends though. I've been drinking so long, I don't think I could stop now," she said. "I started as soon as I got out of that Catholic Day School, and I've never stopped. But I'm tired now, I'm going to lie down for awhile," she said as she left the room.

"So she was drinking from before we were even born," said Al. "Yes, and now you know why we had those fits, seizures, when we were kids," I replied. "I still have them," replied Al. "Epileptic seizures, that's what the brain does when it's been damaged. And you know how our

brains were damaged," I said. "Yes, instead of getting nutrients in the months before we were born, we were getting alcohol. Fetal alcohol effects," I said. "It's a good thing we're not damaged more. But I still get really impulsive a lot, and I can't do more than one thing at a time, or I get confused," I said. "Me too," replied Al. "I get a lot done in a day, but I need to calm down, to relax, during the day."

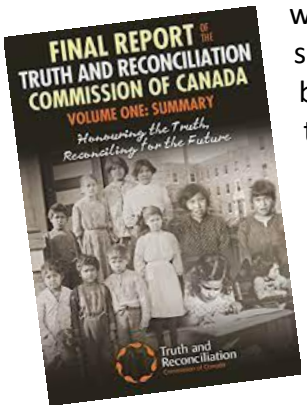
"Remember when she got us started on booze? We were just kids. I remember she gave little Johnnie sips of her rye whiskey when he was sitting on her lap. And she used to give me mickeys of rye to take to the high school and university parties," I said. "She started giving me some of the benzos she takes, when I was in university. They really helped me calm down, but I sure built up a tolerance fast," replied Al.

"Think back to what it would've been like, if our grandparents could've stayed in Batoche, or even in Red River, without being pushed out by the Canadian militia, and if their cannon hadn't been brought to Batoche and blown through the roof of Grandmère's home. If none of this would've happened. We could've stayed there, living off the land, living a life like our ancestors did. Think of how our lives now would've been different," I said.



"Yeah," replied Al. "Very different."

Stephen's comments: I wrote this piece to illustrate and explain a number of ideas regarding the Indian Residential Schools and their ramifications. First, I wanted to illustrate how a student's reactions to the school environment can lead to extreme self-destructive behaviour. Secondly, I wanted to point out that not only the Residential Schools led to these outcomes, but the Day Schools as well. Thirdly, I wanted to illustrate that the effects are not confined to a single generation but are commonly transferred to succeeding generations with equally disastrous effects.



For more information about Indian Residential and Day Schools, please refer to the books and papers of Professor John S. Milloy, and to the reports of the federal commissions RCAP (Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples) and TRC (Truth and Reconciliation Commission).

The Orange Shirt Society encourages schools, organizations and the general public to wear orange and discuss the legacy of residential schools annually. The annual Orange Shirt Day commemoration on September 30 is an opportunity to discuss the effects of Residential Schools and the legacy they have left behind. The date was chosen as it is the time of year when children were taken from their homes to residential schools. It also marks the beginning of the school year, and reaffirms that "Every Child Matters."

Phyllis Westad. Northern Secwpemc (Shuswap) from the Stswecem'c Xgat'tem First Nation (Canoe Creek Indian Band).

FEAR OVERTURNED

Ellen Woodsworth

I am ripped out of my deep sleep by thoughts of my partner, who is of Asian descent, being attacked as we walk lovingly hand in hand along the Fraser River. I fantasize grabbing a stick and attacking him. I can't go back to sleep as I realize the terror deep inside me that she will be attacked by a racist. I think of the impact of racism that spews out of the mouths of the most powerful people in the world, sending it around the world. COVID-19 spreads racism far more virulent than the disease, and there is no vaccine yet for the poorest, most racialized countries in the world.

The intersections of colonialism, racism, homophobia, and sexism are violently attacking Indigenous, Black, Asian, and other People of Colour. The systematic, deep disease surges forth in manic magnitude as unforeseen as it is devastating to friends and families. It rips apart societies already weakened by COVID 19. It rides on the tidal waves of an economic collapse that has stripped especially racialized women of their full-time and part time jobs. The government, A.I., military industrial complex, and fossil fuel companies join hands to enormously profit on the crisis.

2SLGTBQIA+ are forced to live with homophobic families or in shelters, or in tents, or on the streets with nowhere to run to as the shelters are full. WISH is begging for funding for clean socks and underpants as sex trade workers can't work and are not eligible for any supports because their work is not considered work. Housing is prohibitively expensive, so those who are being attacked, raped, and killed are forced to stay in their Single Room Occupancy hotel rooms, apartments, and homes in Beautiful BC. My queer, racialized, and indigenous brothers and sisters daily face this and more.

Fear grips me as I throw my arm across my sleeping lover trying not to wake her. It is only 2:30 AM, and I desperately want to sleep, but fear for our future is paralyzing me. I finally slip out of bed to try to wrench myself out of the absolute abyss that is overwhelming me with the new reality of our lives leaving me feeling utterly defenceless. The insane forces of the dying US empire are thrashing around, allowing thousands to die for lack of a vaccine, clean water, food and shelters, while they try to prop up the collapse of their dynasty. Trudeau meanwhile hands out band aids to us but billions to the corporations while sitting behind closed doors planning the economic recovery without us

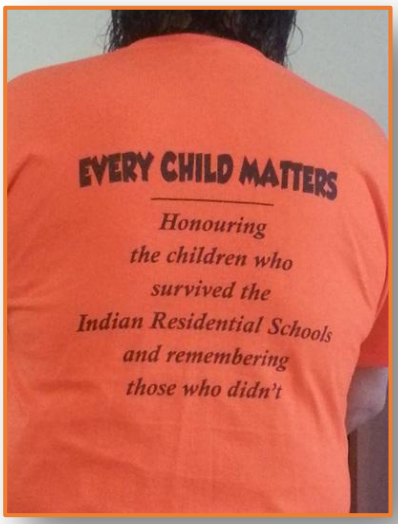
Suddenly, on May 25, 2020 George Floyd is murdered by the police and the #BlackLivesMatter movement takes over the streets, soon joined by Indigenous, Asian, other People of Colour followed by allies. The world is transformed. Chants of 'No more normal' emerge. I listen and learn from webinars with the Indigenous leader Pam Palmater, Naomi Klein, Angela Davis, Arundhati Roy, David Suzuki, Outright, UN LGTBQI CORE GROUP, YWCA, NWAC, DIGNITY, and others, talking about green actions, Indigenous rights and colonialism, capitalism, and women's leadership in the global context. We fight back, calling for an Intersectional Feminist Green Just Recovery Strategy at all levels of government using the Hawaiian statement "Not on Our Backs." I try to stay balanced by doing my four pages of writing each morning, but daily I face

the silent and invisible violence of the pandemics, health, economic and social, collapsing the world I have known, as I watch the world that I have helped build crumble. Anti-Asian racism grows fed by statements like the “Chinese virus.”

The sun shines, the birds build their nests, have their babies, and my garlic is three feet tall. I don’t get to see my friends, but I cook for two seniors in my building, one of whom is riddled with cancer and visit a third in a senior building. She is desperate for contact as she can’t hug her beloved granddaughter. I donate to strategic causes. I try to understand how we mobilize to minimize the impact and maximise the opportunities right now to create a better world. My partner and I walk daily, and I always hope she might be spared racist attacks, verbal, spitting, physical or even questions about her background like “where are you really from”, “I really like sushi”, or “I have a good friend who is Japanese” and on and on. In the Premier’s speech, he talks about the racism against the Chinese, South Asian, Black, and Indigenous people but nothing about the Japanese; no one does. Even the Vancouver motion doesn’t talk about Japanese experiences of racism.

I read statements in the Georgia Straight and in Facebook warning us that to be safe from COVID 19, we must be cautious about being in the streets at a protest. Yes, we must respect social distancing and wear masks, but we are not safe in our homes or in public from racist, homophobic, or sexist violence. We are safe when we come out into the streets in the thousands, stand up and speak out. We are only safe if we stand up publicly together and make sure we are heard. NO return to “NORMAL”. If there is one thing we queers know, it is that normal does not include us. If we don't act now the right-wing, inside and outside of government, will just take over, take our taxpayer funded government money, and silence our call for a new green, intersectional feminist world that includes all of us.

Last night I joined the orange rally to express grief and rage at the discovery of the 215 children’s bodies in the Kamloops Catholic Residential School, and we all know there are thousands more yet to be found across Canada. The Native Women’s Association of Canada launched their Call for Action on Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls Inquiry recommendations. Because of the work of a Haida two-spirit lesbian, from the Downtown Eastside in Vancouver, the recommendations including 2SLGTBQIA + are embedded throughout the report.



Today, I feel like the world has erupted with the second wave of another powerful social movement, and there is a sense of a new world coming. Life does not go in a straight line, but on a queer day we can see forever.

Niki Ashton @nikiashton tweet: Mar 30 2021. Proud to stand with many in the struggle for justice for Palestine. The NDP must be a voice for human rights and peace. Solidarity with Indigenous communities & the Palestinian people in the struggles for land, rights and survival.

It's clear that Jewish people need to be able to ensure their safety given their devastating history, particularly in the 1930's and 40's Holocaust, during which eight million Jewish people were killed. However, that safety should not be as a result of the colonization of another country and the displacement of its people. "All forms of oppression are interconnected, and none of us are safe until everyone is safe. The fight against one form of bigotry must not take place at the expense of another."[1] The United Nations has condemned Israel for its occupation of Palestine and its treatment of Palestinians many times since 1948, but the U.S.A and Canada continue to support Israel's occupation of Palestine. Not surprising, given our own histories of colonization.

> "Anti-Semitism is a genuine concern and no doubt infuses some denunciations of Israel. But it cheapens the authentic struggle against anti-Semitism to fling such charges lightly. Just as anti-Semites shouldn't use this conflict [Gaza] to promote hate, supporters of Israel shouldn't use anti-Semitism as a screen to hide actions from honest criticism.
>
> It isn't Islamophobic to denounce Iran's nuclear program. It's not anti-Christian to reproach President Donald Trump for condoning white nationalism. And it's not anti-Semitic to criticize Israel for possible war crimes."[2]

1. Independent Jewish Voices Canada. June, 2021. Action Alert: Antisemitism summit should reject the IHRA, give IJV a seat at the table – Independent Jewish Voices Canada (ijvcanada.org)
2. Nicholas Kristof. May 19, 2021. "*The Unshakable Bonds of Friendship With Israel Are Shaking*." New York Times.

Inuit are an Indigenous people living in Inuit Nunangat.
The majority of our population lives in 51 communities spread across Inuit Nunangat, the Inuit homeland encompassing 35 percent of Canada's landmass and 50% of its coastline. We have lived in our homeland since time immemorial. Our communities are among the most culturally resilient in North America. Roughly 60 percent of Inuit report an ability to conduct a conversation in Inuktut (the Inuit language), and our people harvest country foods such as seal, narwhal and caribou to feed our families and communities.

Inuit Regions of Canada
There are four Inuit regions in Canada, collectively known as Inuit Nunangat. The term "Inuit Nunangat" is a Canadian Inuit term that includes land, water, and ice. Inuit consider the land, water, and ice, of our homeland to be integral to our culture and our way of life'

Inuit Tapirit Kanatami: The National Representational Organization Protecting and Advancing the Rights and Interests of Inuit in Canada. The National Voice for Inuit Communities in the Canadian Arctic (itk.ca)

NDP MP MUMILAAQ QAQQAQ'S PARTING REMARKS [1]

In a farewell speech to the House of Commons Tuesday, Mumilaaq Qaqqaq, the New Democrat MP for Nunavut, said she was racially profiled during her time in Ottawa and was constantly reminded that she didn't belong there. Canada was excoriated as a racist, hypocritical failure Tuesday as MPs who don't intend to seek re-election said their official farewells to Parliament. Mumilaaq Qaqqaq, the New Democrat MP for Nunavut, used the opportunity to blast Canada as a country built on the oppression of Indigenous People and whose history is "stained with blood." "People like me don't belong here in the federal institution," she told the House of Commons. "The reality is that this institution and the country has been created off the backs, trauma and displacement of Indigenous People." Qaqqaq found nothing honourable about her experience on Parliament Hill since she was first elected in 2019.

"Every time I walk onto House of Commons grounds, speak in these chambers, I am reminded every step of the way I don't belong here," she said. "I have never felt safe or protected in my position, especially within the House of Commons." Qaqqaq said security guards on the Hill have jogged after her down hallways, "nearly put their hands on me and racial profiled me." The experience has taught her "as a brown woman, do not move too quickly or suddenly, do not raise your voice, do not make a scene, maintain eye contact and don't hide your hands." Qaqqaq said she has heard many "pretty words" about reconciliation, diversity and inclusion, but they have proven to be largely empty. "It would be easier for me to be told that I am wrong and that you disagree than to be told that I am right and I am courageous, but there is no room in your budget for basic, basic human rights that so many others take for granted."

1. The Canadian Press · Posted: Jun 15, 2021 9:38 PM ET | Last Updated: June 16
Watch Nunavut MP's powerful goodbye message highlighting racism in Canada | CBC News

I came to Parliament seeking help for Indigenous people, but no one cares enough to act.
by **Mumilaaq Qaqqaq** Special to the Star Fri., June 18, 2021. Reprinted.

I'm glad people are finally listening to what I've been saying over and over in my time in federal politics: Nunavummiut live in some of the worst conditions in Canada and the federal government is to blame. We have the highest suicide rate in the world. Housing costs are far

beyond the reach of most Inuit. Mouldy and overcrowded public housing is the norm. Many don't have clean water year-round. There's a food security crisis. In Iqaluit, a gallon of milk costs $20. Even on an MP's salary, raising a family in my riding would be extremely challenging.

In addition to the racism, sexism and ageism that I've faced as a young Inuk woman in Ottawa, the structures of the federal institutions create huge barriers for any MP from Nunavut, no matter who they are or which party they serve in. The largest single-member electoral district in the world cannot be adequately serviced with an office budget that is less than some urban ridings in the south, where constituent outreach can happen by subway or streetcar instead of expensive flights.

NDP MP Mumilaaq Qaqqaq, seen here in the House of Commons on May 13, 2021, said in her departing speech she never felt welcomed at Parliament. (Adrian Wyld/The Canadian Press)

Dealing with these constraints is one thing, but then I have to listen to flowery rhetoric from Liberal MPs, cabinet ministers and, yes, the prime minister, about "reconciliation" or "transformational change," all the while seeing little to no real change on the ground.

Last summer, I travelled across Nunavut on a housing tour to see the human consequences of the housing crisis firsthand. I heard stories of struggle, loss and resilience from dozens of families that I shared in my housing report. I called it "Sick of Waiting." Unless something dramatic changes, we will be waiting much longer for even band-aid solutions to the housing crisis that is literally killing people in Nunavut. . . .

. . . Every time I've tried to make change, I've been blocked by a Liberal (or a Conservative) who smiles at me and condescendingly compliments my courage while they slam the door on me. Sometimes my work feels meaningless when those with power keep acknowledging that I'm right while they continue to do wrong themselves.

And so I'm calling on all my non-Indigenous allies: I urge you, put pressure on the federal government and the politicians who control it. Don't let them get away with this anymore. They have the power. I want politicians who refuse to use their power to be bombarded by emails, phone calls and meetings with Canadians who will actually defend my right to live a safe life in Nunavut. So if you want to help, do something. Because the federal institutions certainly won't.

I will be forever grateful to Inuit and Nunavummiut who believed in me and elected me to represent them. But I will never again put my faith in these institutions, or in Canada, until I see structural changes happening. Frankly, I couldn't care less about the thoughts and prayers, the symbolism, the crumbs they throw us when tragedy strikes. They actually sting when they mask more colonial inaction.

More and more people across this country are waking up to something that Indigenous people have known for a long time: radical change is needed. It's time for the federal institutions to give us the basic human rights that Nunavummiut were promised when Canada colonized the territory 70 years ago. And if they don't give us what we're owed, it's time for all Canadians to show their outrage and demand it.

One more point about Nunavut: "many believe that one legacy of colonialism in Nunavut has been homophobia. Prior to the growing influence of the church in the 1950s, which occurred in tandem with a federal program of forced relocation of Inuit communities, many say that polygamous marriages and same-sex relationships were accepted in Inuit culture."

Documentary shines spotlight on experience of LGBT Inuit. Toronto Star, May 28, 2016

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT CANADIAN RACIST AND SEXIST VOTING HISTORY

researched by Ellen Woodsworth

BRITISH COLUMBIA 1871

"First Nations in the province and racialized peoples (Chinese, Black, and mixed-race peoples) were by far the majority, numbering around 40,000 compared to fewer than 10,000 Europeans.[2] The small group of 25 white, male legislators elected in 1871 were anxious to expand their electoral support since voting regulations restricted voting only to propertied men who were literate. Enlarging the number of voters brought up the question of race. In the legislative debate on removing the literacy and property requirements, one legislator expressed his fears succinctly: "We might, after next election, see an Indian occupying the Speaker's Chair, or have a Chinese majority in the House."[3] The legislators resolved their racial anxiety by removing the literacy and property qualifications (expanding the number of voters) on the one hand, and then inserted a special clause (article 13): "Nothing in this Act shall be construed to extend to or include or apply to Chinese and Indians."[4] In passing this election law, the legislators allowed white men, regardless of property or literacy levels, to vote but then disenfranchised more than 80 percent of the people of the province, including all women."

Claxton, Fung, Morrison, O'Bonsawin, Omatsu, Price & Sandhra. 2021.*Challenging Racist "British Columbia" 150 Years and Counting.* P. 35.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN CANADA

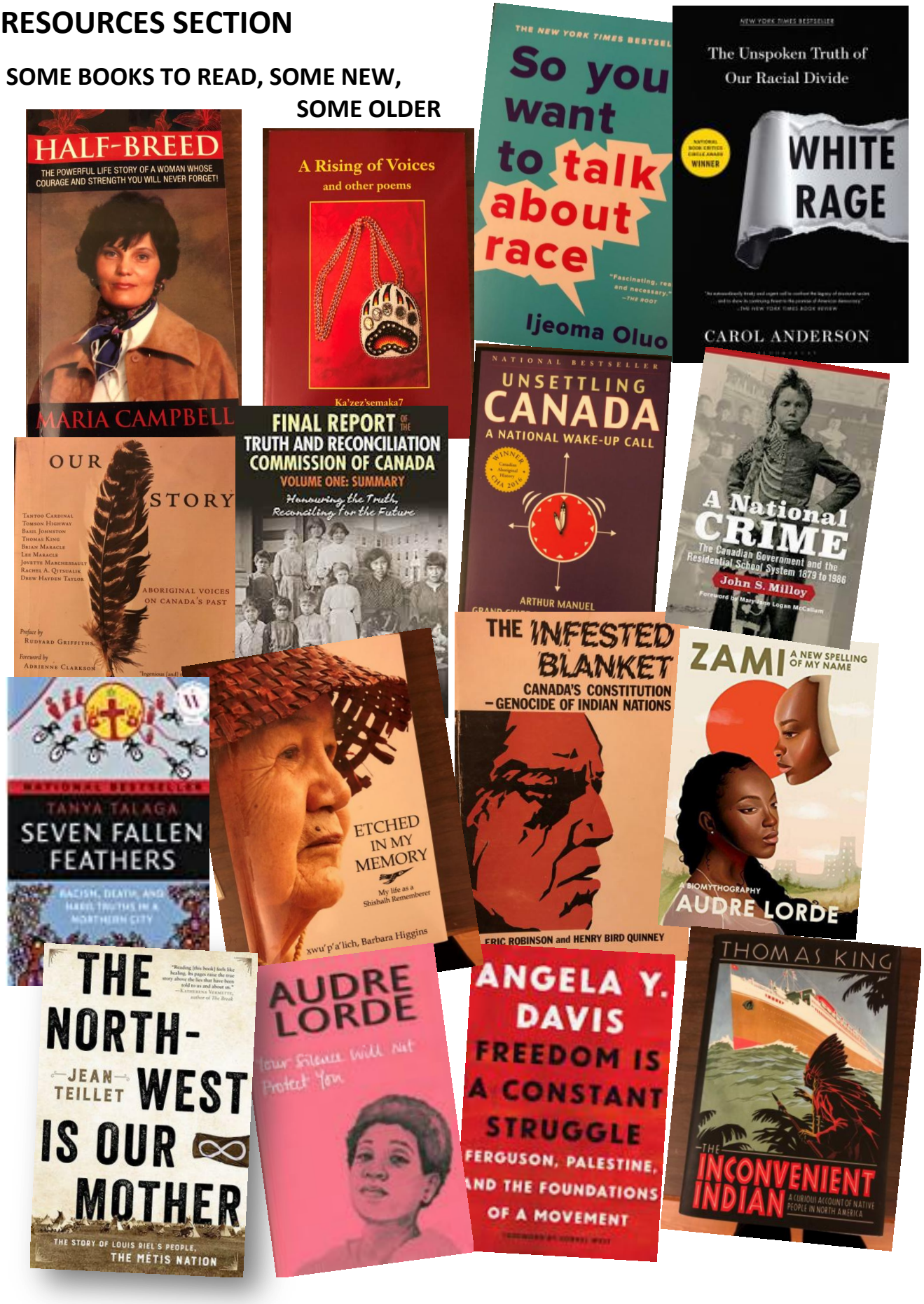
"Women's Suffrage in Canada occurred at different times in different jurisdictions and at different times to different demographics of women. Women's right to vote began in the three prairie provinces. In 1916, suffrage was given to women in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. The federal government granted limited war-time suffrage to some women in 1917, and followed with full suffrage in 1918. By the close of 1922, all the Canadian provinces, except Quebec, had granted full suffrage to White and Black women. Newfoundland, at that time a separate dominion, granted women suffrage in 1925. Women in Quebec did not receive full suffrage until 1940.[1] . . .

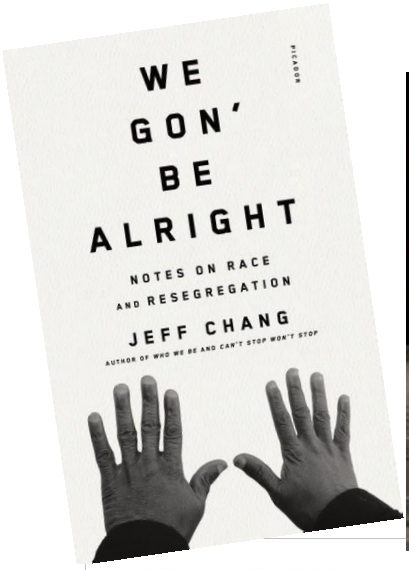
Asian women (and men) were not granted suffrage until after World War II in 1949, Inuit women (and men) were not granted suffrage until 1950 and it was not until 1960 that suffrage (in Federal elections) was extended to First Nations women (and men) without requiring them to give up their treaty status. Incarcerated women (and men) serving sentences fewer than two years in length were granted suffrage in 1993, and incarcerated women (and men) serving longer sentences were given the vote in 2002.[3]"

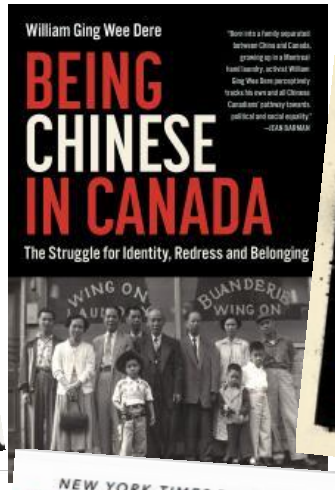
Women's suffrage in Canada - Wikipedia

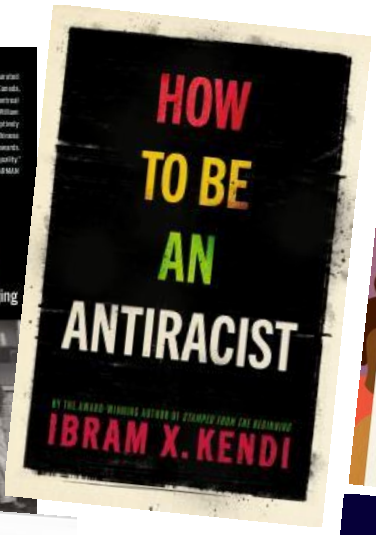
RESOURCES SECTION

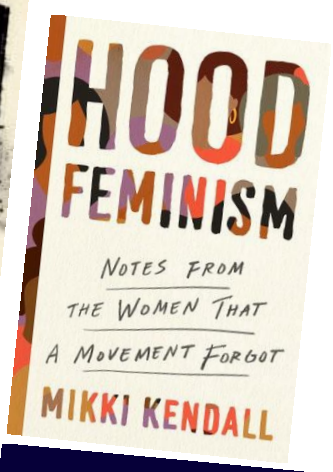
SOME BOOKS TO READ, SOME NEW, SOME OLDER

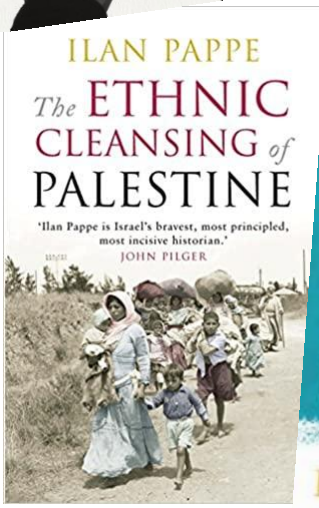



WE GON' BE ALRIGHT
NOTES ON RACE AND RESEGREGATION
JEFF CHANG
AUTHOR OF WHO WE BE AND CAN'T STOP WON'T STOP

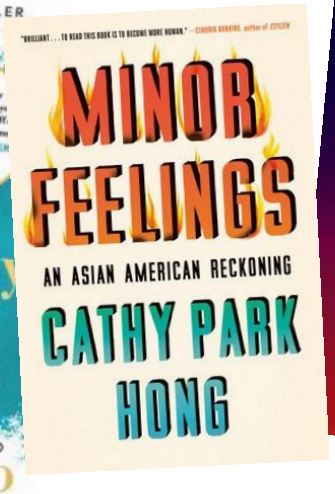

William Ging Wee Dere
BEING CHINESE IN CANADA
The Struggle for Identity, Redress and Belonging

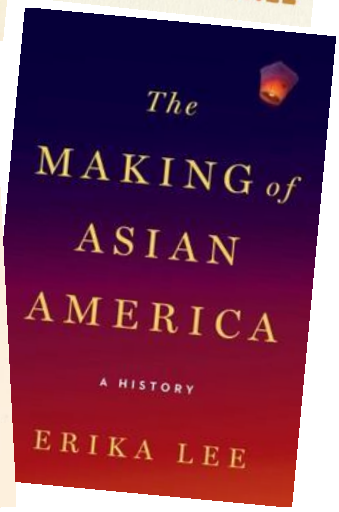

HOW TO BE AN ANTIRACIST
IBRAM X. KENDI


HOOD FEMINISM
NOTES FROM THE WOMEN THAT A MOVEMENT FORGOT
MIKKI KENDALL

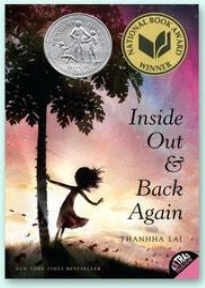

ILAN PAPPE
The ETHNIC CLEANSING of PALESTINE
'Ilan Pappe is Israel's bravest, most principled, most incisive historian.'
JOHN PILGER

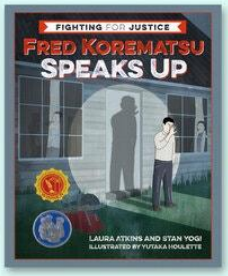

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
me and white supremacy
Combat Racism, Change the World, and Become a Good Ancestor
FOREWORD BY ROBIN DIANGELO
LAYLA F. SAAD

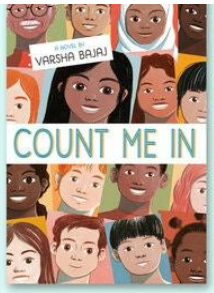

MINOR FEELINGS
AN ASIAN AMERICAN RECKONING
CATHY PARK HONG

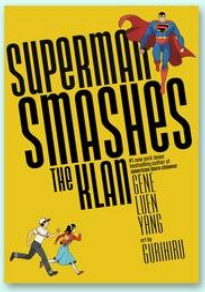

The MAKING of ASIAN AMERICA
A HISTORY
ERIKA LEE

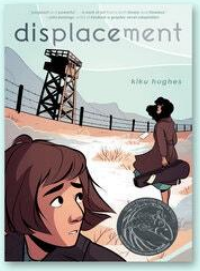
AND FOR KIDS . . .

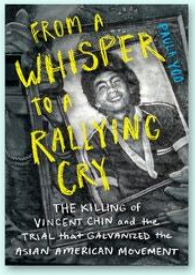

Inside Out & Back Again
THANHHA LAI

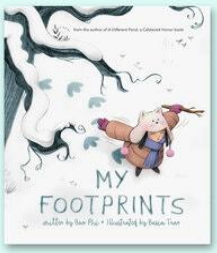

FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE
FRED KOREMATSU SPEAKS UP
LAURA ATKINS AND STAN YOGI

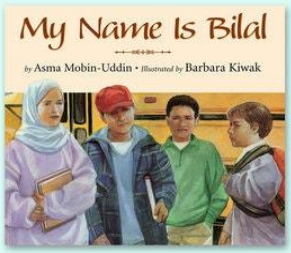

VARSHA BAJAJ
COUNT ME IN

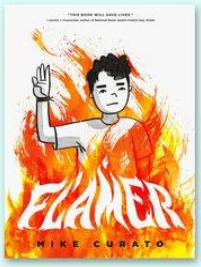

SUPERMAN SMASHES THE KLAN
GENE LUEN YANG

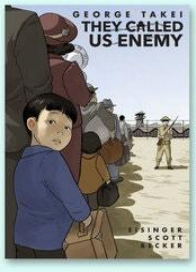

displacement
Aiku Hughes


FROM A WHISPER TO A RALLYING CRY
PAULA YOO
THE KILLING of VINCENT CHIN and the TRIAL that GALVANIZED the ASIAN AMERICAN MOVEMENT


MY FOOTPRINTS


My Name Is Bilal
by Asma Mobin-Uddin • Illustrated by Barbara Kiwak


FLAMER
MIKE CURATO


GEORGE TAKEI
THEY CALLED US ENEMY

SOME RESOURCES, SITES, BOOKS AND REFERENCES: INDIGENOUS, ASIAN, MENA, BLACK, LGBTQ+ AND ALLYSHIP.

FIRST, A PARTIAL LIST OF REFERENCES FOR READERS WHO MAY WANT MORE INFORMATION ABOUT SOME OF THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Métis people:

Jean Teillet, *The North-West Is Our Mother*, Harper Collins, Toronto Canada, 2019.

Lawrence J. Barkwell, *Veterans and Families of the 1885 Northwest Resistance*, Gabriel Dumont Institute, Saskatoon Canada, 2010

Fred J. Shore, *Threads in the Sash, The Story of the Métis People*, Pemmican Publications, Winnipeg Canada, 2017.

Maria Campbell, *Halfbreed,* restored edition, McClelland & Stewart, Canada, 2019.

Diane P. Payment, *The Free People – Li Gens Libre: A History of the Métis Community of Batoche, Saskatchewan,* University of Calgary Press, Calgary Canada, 2009.

Diane P. Payment, "'La vie en rose'? Métis Women at Batoche, 1870 to 1920," in *Women of the First Nations: Power, Wisdom, and strength,* edited by Christine Miller and Patricia Chuchryk, with Marie Smallface Marule, Brenda Manyfingers, and Cheryl Deering,The University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg Canada, 1996, pp. 19 – 37.

Howard Adams, *Prison of Grass: Canada From a Native Point of View,* rev. ed., Fifth House Publishers, Saskatoon Canada, 1989.

Jacqueline Peterson, Jennifer S.H. Brown, *The New Peoples: Being and Becoming Métis in North America,* The University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg Canada, 1985.

Manitoba Métis Federation, *Who Are the Métis?*, http://www.mmf.mb.ca/who_are_the_metis.php

First Nations people (Canada):

Alan D. McMillan, Eldon Yellowhorn, *First Peoples in Canada,* 3rd edition, Douglas and McIntyre, 2004.

James Daschuk, *Clearing the Plains,* University of Regina Press, Regina Canada, 2013.

Bev Sellars, *Price Paid: The Fight for First Nations Survival,* TalonBooks, Vancouver Canada 2016.

John S. Milloy, *A National Crime: The Canadian Government and the Residential School System, 1879 to 1986,* The University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg Canada, 2017.

Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, *Final Report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Volume 1, Summary, Honouring the Truth, Reconciling for the Future,* James Lorimer, Toronto Canada, 2015. Calls to Action - Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada was **active in Canada from 2008 to 2015, organized by the parties of the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement. Their work continues to act on its "Calls to Action" available at www.trc.ca truth and reconciliation calls to action**

Ma-Nee Chacaby with Mary Louisa Plummer, *A Two-Spirit Journey: The Autobiography of a Lesbian Ojibwa-Cree Elder,* The University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg Canada, 2016.

Arthur Manuel and Grand Chief Ronald M. Derrickson, *Unsettling Canada,* Between the Lines, Toronto Canada, 2015.

Arthur Manuel and Grand Chief Ronald M. Derrickson, *The Reconciliation Manifesto: Recovering the Land, Rebuilding the Economy,* James Lorimer, Toronto Canada, 2017.

Kanahus Manuel, *In Conversation with Kanahus Manuel,* National Observer, 2020
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=okDAhjqZY1c and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U5ny3zvCMlk&t=0s

The Aboriginal Peoples' Television Network, Winnipeg Manitoba, https://www.aptn.ca/
Windspeaker, Aboriginal Multimedia Society, Edmonton Canada, https://windspeaker.com/
Walking Eagle News, "The foremost leader in the world of Indigenous journalism,"
https://walkingeaglenews.com/

Microsoft Word - WEAREPARTOFATRADITION[2].doc (indigenousto.ca)First Nations Two Spirit people

Impacts of colonization on Indigenous Two-Spirit/LGBTQ Canadians' experiences of migration, mobility and relationship violence - Janice Ristock, Art Zoccole, Lisa Passante, Jonathon Potskin, 2019 (sagepub.com)

Trudeau's acknowledgment of Indigenous genocide could have legal impacts: experts | CTV News

"*Ignored to Death: Systemic Racism in the Canadian Healthcare System*" Submission to EMRIP the Study on Health. Brenda L Gunn, Associate Professor, Robson Hall Faculty of Law, University of Manitoba, Canada

Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami The National Representational Organization Protecting and Advancing the Rights and Interests of Inuit in Canada. The National Voice for Inuit Communities in the Canadian Arctic (itk.ca)

Native Women's Association of Canada
https://www.nwac.ca/wp-content/uploads/2021/06/NWAC-action-plan-FULL-ALL-EDITS.pdf

National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls. *Our Women and Girls Are Sacred:* http://www.mmiwg-ffada.ca/publications/ and https://www.mmiwg-ffada.ca/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/Executive_Summary.pdf and https://www.mmiwg-ffada.ca/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/Final_Report_Vol_1b.pdf

10 Queer Indigenous Artists on Where Their Inspirations Have Led Them. While wide-ranging in scope and style, these pieces are alike in their power and depth.https://www.nytimes.com/2021/04/23/t-magazine/queer-indigenous-artists.html?smid=em-share

Indigenous activism in Canada's past, present and future | West Coast Environmental Law (wcel.org)

Spirit Bear Plan | The Caring Society (fncaringsociety.com) End inequities.

Mark Kenneth Woods and Michael Yerxa on Pride in Nunavut: *Two Soft Things, Two Hard Things*, the Canadian documentary making its premiere at Toronto's Inside Out LGBT Film Festival. The film makes clear that many believe one legacy of colonialism in the territory has been homophobia. The film explores the complexities of being **LGBT** in Nunavut.

First Nations people (USA):
Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz, *An Indigenous Peoples' History of the United States,* Beacon Press, Boston USA, 2014.

SUGGESTED RESOURCES FOR ALLYSHIP:
Amnesty International. "10 Ways to Be a Genuine Ally to Indigenous Communities." https://www.amnesty.org.au/10-ways-to-be-an-ally-to-indigenous-communities/.

Dr. Lynn Gehl. "Ally Bill of Responsibilities." http://www.lynngehl.com/uploads/5/0/0/4/5004954/ally_bill_of_responsibilities_poster.pdf.

Indigenous Perspectives Society. "How to Be an Ally to Indigenous People." https://ipsociety.ca/news/page/7/. Montreal Urban Aboriginal Community Strategy Network.

Ally Toolkit." https://gallery.mailchimp.com/86d28ccd43d4be0cfc11c71a1/files/102bf040-e221-4953-a9ef

Leaving No One Behind: Voices of Changemakers and Unsung Heroes – BCCIC Online diverse resource

Anti Racism Network Anti-Racism - Province of British Columbia (gov.bc.ca)

ASIAN REFERENCES
#Elimin8Hate strives to interrupt, dismantle and eliminate anti-Asian racism at the individual, institutional and systemic level. https://www.elimin8hate.org a safe and confidential reporting place

Stand With Asians Coalition founded spring 2021. Facebook group to keep involved in the campaign and movement: https://www.facebook.com/groups/240430860920840/

National Asian Pacific American Women's Forum (NAPAWF), https:/www.napawf. Organized 25 years ago. The Pacific Canada Heritage Centre - Museum of Migration Society. https://pchc-mom.ca

S.U.C.C.E.S.S. is an international, intercultural, multi-service agency that assists people in all stages of their Canadian journey. https://successbc.ca

Nikkei Place centre.nikkei.place.ca ; museum, centre, café, store and housing for Japanese community

India Mahila Association IMA @IndiaMahila: to eradicate Violence Against Women and challenge aspects that devalue women.

The Kalayaan Centre is a **Filipino community centre** in **Vancouver**, BC www.migrantworkersrights.net

MENA REFERENCES
The Canadian Council of Muslim Women CCMW.com is dedicated to the equality, equity and empowerment of Muslim women in Canada.

Independent Jewish Voices - Voix juives https://www.ijvcanada.org Vision: A just peace in Israel-Palestine based on principles of equality and human rights.

Ilan Pappe, 2006. *The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine.* One World Publications

Jeff Halper, 2021. *Decolonizing Israel, Liberating Palestine (Zionism, Settler Colonialism, and the Case for One Democratic State.* Pluto Press.

BLACK REFERENCES compiled by Gayle Roberts
Black Lives Matter Canada *https://blacklivesmatter.ca/*

The Canadian Encyclopedia, *Black Lives Matter – Canada: https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/black-lives-matter-canada*

Black Lives Matter, *Wikipedia,https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_Lives_Matter*

Anderson, C. 2016. *White Rage: The Unspoken Truth of our Racial Divide*, Bloomsbury.

Q&A: Founder of Black Lives Matter in Canada explains the call to defund police
https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/saskatoon/question-answer-sandy-hudson-black-lives-matter-defund-police-1.5613280

12 Black Scholars on the Black Lives Matter Movement and Canada
https://activehistory.ca/2020/06/12-black-scholars-on-the-black-lives-matter-movement-and-canada/

British Columbia Black History Awareness Society (BCBHAS)https://bcblackhistory.ca/about-us/

Celebrating Contributions of Black Pioneers During Black History Awareness Month
https://www.icavictoria.org/bc-black-history-awareness-society/

Glass ceilings aren't created equal: Confronting the barriers black women face in Corporate America
https://www.linkedin.com/pulse/glass-ceilings-arent-created-equal-confronting-barriers-minda-harts

For Women of Color, the Glass Ceiling is Actually Made of Concrete April 19, v2016 • Jasmine Babers
https://www.aspeninstitute.org/blog-posts/for-women-of-color-the-glass-ceiling-is-actually-made-of-concrete/

Additional Tools To Help You Address Anti-Black Racist Harassment Paula Stromberg
The 5D's of Bystander Intervention, by Hollaback! Guide
Self-care Guide to healing from Online Harassment, by Hollaback!
Black Healing Resources, compiled by Black staff at Black and Pink
Trauma Processing Resources, compiled by the Swell Collective
Resources for White folks: Ways to Be in Action Against Anti-Black Racism + Anti-Racism Resources for White People Please complete this quick form to be a co-sponsor. We believe that together, we can build a solidarity network strong enough to stand up to hate. Get more trainings from Hollaback! here. If you are interested in a training personalized for your workplace, contact us here. (Contact us | Hollaback! Together We Have the Power to End Harassment (ihollaback.org))

FOR THOSE DEALING WITH TRANSPHOBIA, HOMOPHOBIA AND RACISM, THESE RESOURCES CAN HELP:
compiled by Gayle Roberts
QMUNITY, BC's Queer, Trans, & Two-Spirit Resource Centre
Address: 1170 Bute St, Vancouver, BC V6E 1Z6 **Phone:** (604) 684-5307

Transgender Resources - Welcome Friend Association
http://www.welcomefriend.ca/transgender/resources.
Seminars, Training To Help Broaden The Understanding Of The LGBTQ Community.

Trans Peer Support Group - FOR Trans Folx BY Trans Folx https://www.atrh.org/home Our Organization Is Committed to Access of **Resources** For **Trans*** and Nonbinary People.

BC LGBTQ+ Resources • What's On Queer BC https://whatsonqueerbc.com › lgbtq-links. Resources and links for the **Trans** and Gender Diverse community in **Vancouver Lower Mainland**.

Lower Mainland LGBTQ2S Resources - QCHAT
https://www.qchat.ca › lower-mainland-lgbtq2s-resources QCHAT **resources** for LGBTQ2S Youth in the **Lower Mainland**/ **Vancouver** ... Peer support group for questioning women interested in exploring **queer** ... The Gender Support Network is a peer-lead **trans** gender support group in Chilliwack, **BC**, ...

13 Organizations Supporting LGBTQ+ Communities in British ...
https://rocketmanapp.com › blog › 13-organizations-su... 13 Organizations Supporting LGBTQ+ Communities in **British Columbia**. Qmunity (**Vancouver**, **BC**) Rainbow Refugee (**Vancouver**, **BC**) Qchat (**Vancouver**, **BC**) What's On **Queer BC** (**Lower Mainland**, **BC**) Health Initiative for Men (**Lower Mainland**, **BC**) **Vancouver** Island **Queer Resource** Collective (**Vancouver** and Victoria, **BC**)

LGBT Resources | Here to Help - HeretoHelp.bc.ca https://www.heretohelp.bc.ca › visions › lgbt-vol6 › lgb... QMUNITY: **BC's Queer Resource** Centre. www.qmunity.ca or 604-684-5307. Facebook and Twitter: Qmunity. Information, education, support groups, advocacy and referrals for lesbian, gay, transgender, bisexual and questioning youth, adults and older adults and allies.

LGBTQ+ Youth Resource Guide for BC - Fraser Valley Youth ... http://www.fvys.ca › wp-content › uploads › LGB... LGTTQIP2SA is an acronym that stands for lesbian, **gay**, bisexual, **transgender**, **queer**, two-spirited, questioning, intersex, pansexual, **transsexual** asexual.

LGBTQ - MOSAIC https://www.mosaicbc.org › Services › Settlement I Belong - LGBTQIA2+ Community Resources. I Belong supports LGBTQIA2+ (Lesbian, **Gay**, Bisexual, **Trans**, **Queer**/Questioning) immigrant newcomers by ... The **trans resource** hub provides information and support to folks who identify ... **Vancouver** 24 hrs, LGBTQ immigrants 'minority within a minority', January 26, 2015.

Transgender Heaven - Online Support Community
Ad·https://www.transgenderheaven.com/ Find friends in the **transgender** community. Get help for your journey. Sign up for free. Forums. Private Social Network. Chat. Transgender Chat · Transgender Forums

DIGNITY NETWORK of Canadian organizations working for human rights for LGBTI people globally.

Rainbow Refugee www.rainbowrefugee.com helping LGBTQ+ Refugees Resettle in Canada

OUTRIGHT International – fighting for queer people all over the world www.outrightinternational.org

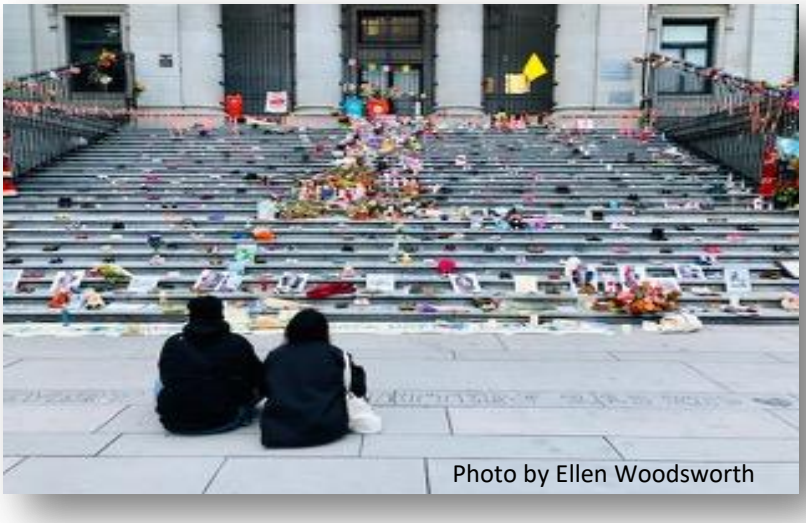


Photo by Ellen Woodsworth

Mourning the 215 unacknowledged, dead Indigenous children at Kamloops Residential School

"Never, never be afraid to do what's right, especially if the well-being of a person or animal is at stake. Society's punishments are small compared to the wounds we inflict on our soul when we look the other way." MLK

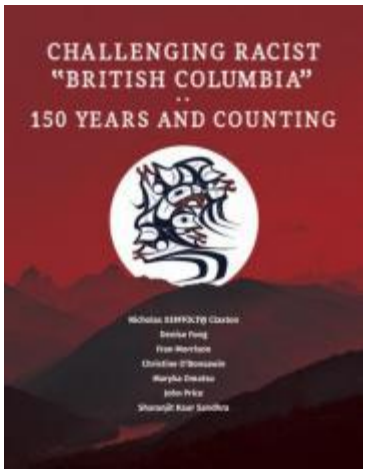
Challenging Racist British Columbia

150 Years and Counting

AUTHOR(S):

Nick Claxton, Denise Fong, Fran Morrison, Christine O'Bonsawin Maryka Omatsu, John Price, Sharanjit Kaur Sandhra

FEBRUARY 25, 2021



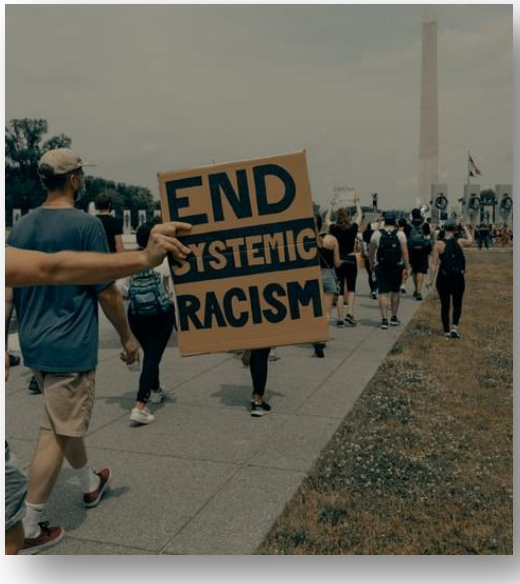
9.78 MB80 pages

This booklet dives into the long history of racist policies that have impacted Indigenous, Black and racialized communities in the province over the last 150 years since BC joined Canada. The illustrated booklet, co-published by the CCPA-BC Office, ties the histories of racism and resistance to present day anti-racist movements.

This engaging resource has been designed to assist anti-racist educators, teachers, scholars, policymakers and individuals doing anti-racism work to help pierce the silences that too often have let racism grow in our communities, corporations and governments.

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.

Nelson Mandela



CONTINUE FIGHTING RACISM

WHEREVER AND WHENEVER YOU CAN

QuiRk-E

Queer Imaging & Riting Kollective for Elders