

That's What [WE] Said



LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We want to acknowledge that UBC Okanagan is situated on the unceded, ancestral territory of the Syilx Okanagan Nation. Indeed, there is a lot of work left to be done towards solidifying Indigenous rights, sovereignty, and decolonization, especially on the part of non-indigenous people who are on this land.

Within a pandemic-ridden world, the systemic racialisation and discrimination of Indigenous communities were amplified and brought to the forefront through the confirmation of thousands of unmarked graves on the grounds of residential schools, militarisation of the Land Back movement, and lack of access to good healthcare. As many folks mourned the separation from their loved ones all around the world, it is critical to remember that many Indigenous communities are subjected to the colonial systemic destruction of families through the crisis of missing and murdered Indigenous women, girls, trans, and two-spirit peoples. Even though Canada has ratified the United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, we still have a long road ahead towards dismantling systems of power. However, by embodying the ideology of re-creation and envisioning reconciliation rooted in Indigenous knowledges, sovereignty, joy, and power, we can take the first step towards making this a reality.

As a feminist journal operating out of an academic institution, we recognize our part in involuntarily reinforcing systems of power that are currently in place. We also acknowledge that much of feminist thought has been, and continues to be, rooted in colonial ethos. Going forward, we aim to do our part in decolonizing these discourses by centering the works and voices of our BIPOC students, authors, and artists.

We are grateful to the Syilx Peoples for their stewardship, teachings and decolonial efforts which make conversations and work around anti-racism and feminism possible.

SYILX OKANAGAN NATION

OKANAGAN NATION ALLIANCE'S 8 MEMBERS AND WEBSITES:

1. [Okanagan Indian Band](#)
2. [Osoyoos Indian Band](#)
3. [Penticton Indian Band](#)
4. [Upper Nicola Band – Nicola Valley](#)
5. Upper Similkameen Indian Band
Doesn't have an official website, see resources below about:
 - [Upper Similkameen](#)
 - [Snaza'ist Discovery Centre](#)
6. [Lower Similkameen Indian Band – Smelqmix](#)
7. [Westbank First Nation](#)
8. [Colville Confederated Tribes](#) (In what is colonially known as Washington State, USA)

RESOURCES

1. [United Nation Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples](#)
2. [Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada: Calls to Action](#)
3. [Indian Residential School Survivors Society](#)

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INTRODUCTION

DEAR READER

This year, we have come to face a number of legacies that are difficult to grapple with. This second year of the pandemic highlighted the overwhelming ableism apparent in our minds and our structures. Time and time again, the pandemic response has clearly shown that the government and the public see disabled and chronically ill folks as disposable - as nothing more than collateral so the “world” can go back to “normal.” This year also brought the harrowing realities of Canada’s residential school system to the forefront. In June, Tk’emlúps te Secwépemc First Nation released the news that two hundred and fifteen unmarked graves were on the grounds of the residential school in the community. Since then, a number of communities have had confirmation of unmarked graves using the same ground penetrating technology. As we write this letter, only 12 out of 139 residential schools have been searched and the number of unmarked graves has reached 1,987.

These distressing occurrences are just two of the number of other injustices and conflicts that we have had to reckon with. These histories and traumas must be faced - by all of us. That is what our theme, re-creation, is asking us to do. It asks us to reimagine, refigure, and reconsider how the shapes and structures of our world need to be transformed. A transformation that does not assume a blank slate to begin from. A transformation that demands we recognize and work with our pasts and our futures.

This year brought forward a call to face the histories we have created, curated, and inherited, while also working towards a future that honours and values all of us. As guests on Syilx land, Syilx knowledge traditions have informed our scholarly approaches. Shared with one of our board members, Dani, from Dr. Bill Cohen at Okanagan College, is that the name Syilx translates to “dream in a spiral.” From Dani’s understanding, this concept positions the community or person in the centre with their lives connecting to, interacting with, being informed by the past, present, and future as it spirals outwards. This concept may help us approach reimagining as growing from

and with the present, while also growing from and with the past and future.

The many pieces of art, poetry, and writing featured in this issue of That’s What [We] Said point to the areas in need of radical reformation and also show transformation in action. They consider the histories already around us and search for new ways to approach the world with it in mind. They also reflect on our everyday relations to reimagine a new way for them to exist.

This theme of re-creation has also extended into the creation of this journal as well. As a team, we have been able to curate a slowness that lends itself well to the intentional collaboration that has been central to the success of this journal. We have maintained a non-hierarchical structure that honours our different strengths in leadership and teamwork. For many of us, working in this way has been a conscious choice and a new experience. We are grateful to one another for the deep respect we have cultivated between us. It has helped to recreate our approaches to future collaborative endeavours.

Finally, we want to send a million thank yous to our contributors, who so graciously offered their intimate understandings and representations of re-creation. It is your work that shaped this journal into a magnificent masterpiece.

This issue is brimming with new perspectives to learn from, so we hope you enjoy reading and that it encourages you to re-create in your own life!

Many thanks,

That’s What [We] Said Editorial Team

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Bob Joseph
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Trevor Noah
- » Braiding Sweetgrass
Robin Wall Kimmer
- » All About Love
Bell Hooks
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Audre Lorde
- » The Wound is A World
Billy Ray Belcourt
- » Assata
Assata Shakur
- » Monkey Beach
Eden Robinson
- » Islands of Decolonial Love
Leanne Betasamosake Simpson
- » Johnny Appleseed
Joshua Whitehead
- » Hood Feminism
Mikki Kendall

LISTEN

- » Two Crees in a Pod
- » All My Relations
- » The Secret Life of Canada
- » Coffee With My Ma
- » Unladylike podcast
- » Lee Maracle's Margaret Laurence Lecture
- » CBC's show 'Unreserved'
- » Thomas King's "The Truth About Stories"

WATCH

- » Lana Whiskeyjack digital stories
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- » The Body Remembers When the World Broke Open
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HAIR.

ENYA DUFFIELD

At age 5 it was a badge of honour. There was so much of it that if you sat backwards it splayed over your shoulders and down, down, to the floor. If you weren't so small and cute, and it wasn't so blonde, you would've looked like Cousin It. It took center stage in every photo, the first thing anyone noticed. There you were, with your unusual name and long hair. In the summer it worked with your ever-present sunglasses to protect your sensitive eyes. It made you special, it made you unique, it made you notable. It made your daddy happy.

At age 11, it made you feel childish. Pigtails and baubles weren't novelties, they were kid's fancies. Long and straight was boring. Other girls ironed and curled their hair and had bangs and layers and they were all much cooler than you. The hairstylist nearly jumped with joy when you told her she could do whatever she liked, just not too short, not too short, not too short, maybe bangs. You went shopping to find better clothes to go with your new 'do'. At age 11, you still thought a shirt and layers could make you seem cool, not so awkward, not alone at lunchtime.

At age 13 you read Little Women and Jo was like you. She wrote stories and was angry and loved ferociously. She cut off all her hair, sacrificed her "one beauty". It was love and sacrifice and it was powerful, and you cried with her in the dark that night. It taught you a different kind of bravery, and made you want to be Good.

At age 14 you followed a character's example. 9

inches for a thousand reasons. You donated it to a good cause, and then there was a girl out there with short blonde hair exactly like yours and you hope it makes her feel beautiful and strong. Your daddy looks sad, but he tells you he's proud of you, and that you look like Tinkerbell. You know that boys don't like girls with short hair, but you claim that's why you do it. Quietly, you also think of the older girls you've seen with short hair, and you think of how confident and fun they seem and you really want that, want out of the awkward stage, want to be pretty and quirky and confident. It makes you look more awkward, with your glasses and braces and bad posture, but you don't notice at the time and it gives you a taste of the confidence you wanted.

At age 16 you're growing it back out and when you curl it and wear eyeliner, people say it makes you look like Taylor Swift. Maybe they're right, because your boyfriend loves Taylor Swift too. You dyed some of it purple but it's almost gone now and it doesn't feel like you. You're angry and radical and long blonde hair doesn't fit the profile. You want to look dangerous but the long blonde hair isn't helping. You want to cut it all off again, telling yourself that this time it will look better, this time it won't make you awkward. You fantasize about rainbows on your head like a giant flag that says I'm Not Like You. But your boyfriend loves Taylor Swift and when you curl it and wear eyeliner, people say it makes you look like her.

At age 18 it's a badge of honour again. It's long, almost as long as it was when you were five but now your butt is a lot farther away so it's taking a while. It's a pain in the ass but it makes you feel special and beautiful. It's feminine, and now you're happier, more balanced and less angry at

the world. Feminine isn't a bad thing anymore. You dye it blonder, two long hours in a salon chair where ladies gossiping over extensions and foils feels foreign but your hairstylist is wonderful and your boyfriend is paying. You think of all the colors that you could put over white blonde hair but your boyfriend likes blonde and he's paying. The blonde covers the dull grey brown and makes you feel summery and like you're a little more put together. It's almost back to how it was when you were five, and it makes your daddy happy. It makes you happy.

At age 21 it's a mark of freedom. It's long still, as long as it's ever been, but now it's a deep, cerulean blue. It makes you stand out, makes strangers stare at you in the street, and you wear it with pride. You chose it yourself, and you paid for it yourself. Your mom is just glad you didn't shave it all off.

By age 23 it's been almost every color of the rainbow. It's been cut and grown out, bleached and home-dyed and color corrected for more money than you ever thought a haircut could cost, only to be dyed again a dozen more times when looking 'professional' suddenly doesn't matter. It's expression, and freedom, and a statement, but it's also comfort and acceptance. It's pictures sent back and forth with friends who always reply with excited encouragement, long evenings spent talking while applying bright dyes, the smiles from strangers in public who you share a silent kinship with.

At age 24 it's short again, shorter than it's been since you were 14, and you feel the most like yourself that you ever have. It doesn't give you confidence, not really. It reflects the confidence you already have, an unalienable sense of self-

worth and strength. You think of the awkward teenager who wanted to be where you are now so desperately. You mourn for everything she had to experience to get there. You are so proud of her for making it, for getting to be someone she would be proud of. Your hair is short and shaggy and it feels like you, even on bad hair days. Your daddy ruffles it and when he looks at you, there is only pride in his eyes.



ARCHIVE OF RELATIVES: CURATING A BODILY ARCHIVE THROUGH INDIGENOUS UNDERSTANDINGS OF OBJECTS DANI PIERSON

There is something so compelling about an attempt to catalogue one's body. A bodily archive offers a space to rethink who we are and who we are responsible for. In Julietta Singh's (2018) *No Archive Will Restore You*, she describes a bodily archive as "a way of knowing the body-self as a becoming and unbecoming thing, of scrambling time and matter, of turning toward rather than against oneself" (29). A bodily archive is the tracing and cataloguing of the always unfurling parts of ourselves. A bodily archive is not about the static preservation and description attached to ideas of the normative archive—a bodily archive welcomes change and fluidity and honours all parts of ourselves. The bodily archive, then, is profoundly personal. Curating one's bodily archive allows us

to understand the ways that our bodies are always relational (Singh 2018, 2; Grosz 1994, 142). As Elizabeth Grosz explains, our bodies have specific and inherent meanings because of the differing histories, legacies, and relations to power that are held in our bodies (1994, 141). Tracing our history through archival research is not new but curating this archive through the body offers a unique alternative. This alternative archive is essential because of the violence and trauma that is woven into traditional archives for Indigenous Peoples. As an Indigenous person, my family's histories and knowledges were intentionally destroyed through colonial record-keeping. The knowledge housed in archives today often contains distorted and violent records of Indigenous Peoples and, moreover, we are often denied access to these records (Mootz 2020, 265). The bodily archive thus represents an anti-colonial response to the projects of archiving. This idea is reflected in works from Narungga scholar, Dr. Natalie Harkin, and Miami, Eastern Shawnee, and Euroamerican scholar, Dr. Malea Powell.

In her book, Julietta Singh's (2018) brief fixation on objects provides a tangible opening to curating my bodily archive. This method of archiving centers expansive understandings of history that are not concerned with the bloodied colonial record-keeping methods. It may recognize this history, but it does not depend on it. The cataloguing of a bodily archive may be complicated because the borders of the body are not clear, as Singh argues, we "extend into space well beyond the skin" (2018, 30). Objects, then, become part of bodies in very real ways. They become the "exterior double for what is already inside me" (Singh 2018, 40). This understanding of objects pairs well with Cree understandings of other-than-human relations

that see certain objects as relatives (Loyer 2021, 8). Thus, this project will curate an archive of relatives. The following text provides the theoretical background of my curation project. The objects (relatives) will be catalogued and explored through tracing their histories and legacies (Appendix). My archive of relatives refigures Indigenous relations to the archive.

The curation of my bodily archive is deeply personal but is reflective of Indigenous theory and knowledges. I have Métis, Cree, Dane-zaa (Beaver), and settler perspectives that shape my understanding of a bodily archive, but this understanding is also influenced by many communities and the knowledges shared by Indigenous scholars from Turtle Island and Australia. The perspectives from other communities, such as Narungga and Eastern Shawnee nations, demonstrate how a bodily archive is a concept Indigenous Peoples are already familiar with. This is not meant to be an exhaustive list of communities that use this concept, nor is the bodily archive a pan-Indigenous concept.

Jessie Loyer (2021) calls for a disruption of curating collections in cultural memory institutions that center singular joy – specifically white male singular joy. She states that when collections are curated from a personal joy it creates an authoritative narrative about what our history is that ignores many voices (Loyer 2021, 4-5). These thoughts brought up important questions for me as I considered curating my personal bodily archive. It is a personal endeavour – I am selecting items (relatives) and describing their histories and legacies myself. Is this curation process reducing the expansive relationality and kinship that are present in these relatives? How could I

curate a bodily archive not based in singular joy? What does a community-informed bodily archive look like? These questions also echo Singh's statement that "the body is not and has never been singular" (2018, 2). Similarly, Grosz's assertion that the body is meaningful through relations and genealogy asks that I understand my body as plural and community built (1994, 142). So, if the body is not singular and has meaning because of its relations to others, is it even possible to have a singular bodily archive? Or does this thinking attempt to avoid my responsibility to community curation? This is a tension that must be balanced. The relatives I have selected have relations with humans and other-than-humans beyond myself. Their inclusion in my archive is not their entire life – they expand into other bodies and worlds.

To understand the potential of a bodily archive, though, we first must understand the violence that is inherent in traditional archives. Narungga scholar, Natalie Harkin, recounts the violent records held in places like archives that distort the lives and histories of her Indigenous family members (2014, 2-3). Her experiences going through the records the state kept of her family demonstrate the ways that colonial archiving intends to destroy Indigenous Peoples (Harkin 2014, 4). This method of record-keeping places the state in control of what is done with these records (ibid.). Cree-Métis librarian Jessie Loyer agrees with this sentiment as she says, "Indigenous communities have too often had restricted access to the information created about them and have been largely made absent from the process of dissemination of these knowledges" (2021, 8). The holding and controlling of records that catalogue the violence committed against Indigenous communities cause great harm to us. As Malea Powell (Miami, Eastern Shawnee,

and Euroamerican) states, "the damage done by documents, by words, has been at least as great as that done by weapons" (2008, 116). This pain is reflected in Wiradjuri poet Jeanine Leane's work "Cardboard Incarceration," where she writes:

This cardboard prison they call an archive
is cold, airless and silent as death.
Floor to ceiling boxes contain voices
no longer heard yet still wailing within
and faces no longer seen yet still missing in a
jail of captured snippets, images and memories
like the severed heads and bleached bones of
dismembered bodies neatly locked away in the
vaults
of museums and universities of the world
in the name of science or history or anthropology
or
something else so important at the time that
justified the collection of bits and pieces of another
–
the Other.

Traditional archives have always had violent and oppressive relations with Indigenous Peoples, which cannot be easily repaired. However, there is space for an alternative that charts our histories and relations on our terms for those of us severed from community record-keeping practices.

Indigenous scholars have previously noted the potential of bodily archives. Harkin writes that "our bodies too are archives where memories, stories, and lived experiences are stored, etched and anchored in our bloodlines deep" (2014, 4). Powell explains that "meaning is sometimes held captive by the body" (2008, 117). So, what I suggest as an alternative to the traditional archive is not new, but projects of archiving in this way need to be

centered. Settler scholar, Kaylee Jangula Mootz, suggests that creating and curating materials by contemporary Indigenous Peoples offers "one way to heal the wounds of the ... archive" (2020, 266). Harkin explains that being present in sites like the archives "disrupt colonial narratives beyond the old disciplines of knowledge productions" (2014, 6). Curating my bodily archive through relatives allows me to answer these calls.

I find Singh's (2018) suggestion that objects are a part of ourselves and our histories compelling (40). Objects become physical manifestations and reminders of clusters of feelings and memories (Singh 2018.). In a literal sense, they become a part of our bodies – we cannot separate the memory from that specific object. We have built a relationship. For me, this understanding of objects comes from Indigenous understandings of more-than-human relations. Speaking from a memory institution perspective, Loyer explains that "because Indigenous concepts of collections are less about the physical objects and more about being in relationship with these objects, these items are our relatives" (2021, 8). This is not a metaphor. Métis scholar Sherry Farrell Racette describes many of the Cree words for materials used for artmaking (hides, quills, beads) as being animate themselves – she explains that in the Cree language "women worked with living media on living surfaces to construct messages for an unseen viewer, actively engaging the spirit world through their artwork" (2009, 287-288). We can see that the Cree language and understanding construct these objects as living. So, objects are animate and our relatives. Angela Fey supports this thinking as she argues that "artefacts and identities are intertwined – objects connect people with experiences, memories and history"

(2017, 76). Fey's master's thesis created object biographies and traced "the material history of individuals where there is little recorded in the conventional way" (2017, 12). While this approach is perhaps the opposite of what my archive of relatives is doing (recording my bodily history through objects), her work shows how objects and the body are entwined. She explains that objects have "agency to connect us to the past, connect us to our ancestors, spark memories, teach us about cultural practices, and 'tell' stories of earlier times" (97). This agency she describes is the foundation of the relationships we have with objects.

When constructing an archive of relatives in this sense, we must consider how to be a good relative. Cherokee scholar Daniel Heath Justice explains that "being and becoming a good relative itself presumes active and meaningful engagement – relatives aren't just static roles or states of being, but lived relationships" (2018, 73). So, my curatorial project is more than simply naming certain objects as relatives – it is about honouring respectful relations that are ongoing with objects in my life. This project also highlights the tension that emerges when we do not honour these relations. What does forgotten or broken relationships with objects mean? Is it the ways we discard things that once held immense meaning or is it the ways we hoard things meant to be shared? If we cannot imagine our archives as extending beyond the body's imagined borders, are we failing this relationship between ourselves, object, and memory? The reciprocal relationship between myself and my objects is what I am attempting to honour through this project.

When I say that objects are my relatives, this claim is supported by the thinking done by these scholars

and from Cree logic. This idea most directly links to the objects like moccasins that have belonged to my family members. I also, though, want to extend this way of viewing objects to the less “sacred” of beings that I hoard within my house. These objects may not be directly tied to my Indigeneity nor a complex family history. They may be simple, or modern. It is not their literal genealogy that makes them relatives. It is the way that they hold memory and history (of my life or others) that they become a part of myself that is outside of my body. They are related to me because of this linkage we (the object and myself) hold/maintain. Angela Fey’s project considered how the complexities of mixed Indigenous identities inform archival information; she asked, “if a Métis girl had a Cree or Anishinaabe mother that she had learned beadwork style and color preference from, and thus the girl reproduced Cree, Anishinaabe, or Métis style objects, are the object she created Cree, Anishinaabe, Métis, or all three?” (2017, 80). This reflects my conundrum of being settler and Indigenous – if my archive is not comprised of entirely “Indigenous” objects, does this make this project not Indigenous (or not Indigenous enough)? This also makes me think of a Twitter thread from Joy Henderson who was criticized for not making enough “Indigenous content” (@JoyHenderson78, October 18, 2021). She points out that simply being Indigenous means that everything she creates is Indigenous content. The stereotypical imaginings that settlers have of Indigenous folks as always in moccasins, carrying tobacco, in pristine natural environments are not reflective of who contemporary Indigenous Peoples are. As Henderson notes, Indigenous people are still Indigenous when we live in cities, play video games and drink Starbucks. So, in my project, even when the objects I am cataloguing are not explicitly Indigenous, they are still a part

of my bodily history that is Indigenous. As you will see in the following (brief) archive of relatives, the objects I have hold weight. They are not mere items on a shelf or things that just serve a particular purpose. They are what ground me, what feels like home, what connects me to my past. I have a relationship with these things beyond just using them. I care for them, and they care for me. They store my memory and feelings. They are part of me in the same ways that my dad, sister, and cousins are a part of me. The relatives I selected are a small snapshot of the family tree I have inherited and taken care of. By tracing my bodily archive through objects (relatives), I am cataloguing how my body is made up of more than just myself.

APPENDIX



This is a photo of my Great-Grandfather and me. My Great-Grandpa was one of the people I cherished the most. He passed away when I was four. I mourned for years as a child – I was distraught that this man who loved me so dearly was no longer around. As I got older, my memories of him faded, but this photo of the two of us was what began to hold his love for me. I remember gazing into this photo when I was upset and begging something to make me feel the love that he brought. A memory becomes a photo, and a photo becomes the only thing you have left of that love.



My mom has had this strange little Koala bear for as long as I can remember. I remember staring into its eyes when I was still small enough to sleep on the hope chest at the end of my parent’s bed. It holds every anxious thought that kept me up at night as a child. The never-ending whirring of a child’s mind that feels the rumbling of the furnace, like it was the roar of a dragon. Its weird little eyes would shine back at me under the light of The Tonight Show still playing on the television. Despite its oddness, it was comforting. Knowing that it also held the life of my mother – sleeping soundly on the bed behind me. The Koala was like another older sibling. Now, like another aunt to my niece, watching her gently from a shelf – offering staring contests of comfort.



This was the first piece of Indigenous-made art that was purchased for me. I was very young and standing at a booth while a summer festival occurred around me on the land known as Muskoseepi Park in Grande Prairie, AB. I looked longingly at all the beauti-

ful pieces made from hide and ran my finger gently along the soft suedey texture. Running my fingers across this little bag brings me back to the moment of hoping my mom would feel the deep desire I had for it and the mind signals I was sending for her to buy it for me. How do you explain to your mom that the bag was calling out to you without sounding like a spoilt brat? It was buried with my special trinkets for a long time but will soon join its cousins on my shelf of special things. Or maybe I will give it to my niece and let her feel the hide on her fingertips and give her a turn to love this relative.



My dad has always been a man who shows his love mostly through actions. This sweater is evidence of the doing of his love. He loved this sweater dearly. He showed this love by wearing it until it was tattered. My mom begged him to stop wearing it because it was so ratty, so he kept it at the bottom of his dresser drawer. I have never seen him keep another piece of clothing like this. He wore all his love into this sweater and that love burst at the seams and stayed like oil stains. Twenty years later I pulled this sweater out of his dresser and wore it so much it drove my mom crazy. Every time I wore it, I felt his love wrap around me. It began to hold all my love, too. The fibres of this thing couldn’t hold the weight of all that love, so I had to put it away so the washing machine could not shred it. There it sits, again, waiting for someone else’s love.



What does it mean to hoard an empty water bottle? It is not even a nice bottle. This plastic progeny usually held in my special box of One Direction memorabilia was thrown to me from the one and only Harry Styles during a concert in 2013. My memories from

that concert feel like hazy sparkles – a joy so strong it took me three days to recover. Plastic, usually so hated, brings me so much joy. All my young teenage joy is wrapped up around and filled up inside that plastic water bottle. I take care of this water bottle like it is any other of the items passed to me. I hope its future is filled with love from the little ones I am attempting to saturate with a love for Harry Styles. Or, perhaps, this is just an elaborate ruse to position Harry Styles as my relative.



I am lost in the world without my glasses (or contacts). I cannot see anything more than two feet away from me without them. I have been hoarding my own glasses for many years, and recently, I was given my Great Grandma and Great-Great Grandma's glasses. Only someone with low vision like myself would cherish the tools that helped her relatives see the world. These bionic eyes become parts of ourselves – something we literally cannot live without. We form deep relationships with the way they feel on our faces and aid in our vision. They capture the memories of our lives. I take care of all these glasses now to thank them for taking care of my grandmothers. Stored safely in cases, cleaned with special clothes, held gently to feel the weight of all they have seen.

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There is a very specific feeling you get from smelling a pair of freshly made moccasins. When I received my first pair of real moccasins (pair in the front), my dad brought them up to his nose and took a big whiff. He said they smelt like his grandparent's house – like the backroom where the tanned hide hung. These moccasins have held so much life. The life of my Great-Grandmother's (pair on the right), my father's (pair on the left), and mine. They hold the life of animals who gifted themselves for us. They hold the life of the makers. They hold the community they were made in – the same community for all three pairs. They hold the legacies of colonialism too deep to get into. They hold the legacies of healing – of deep desires to reconnect. Over many years they have kept us warm and held our memories. In years to come, they will be joined by more moccasins from siblings and little ones, over and over again.

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DEMONS:
I'VE CHANGED, DIDN'T I?

LADY DIA



I remember the night
my demons talked to me outloud.
They said, "we know you child and we know what
you're thinking about".
But i've changed
Oh but i've changed
I've changed
Didn't I change?
I remember the night
I remember the night
Sat up on a hill
Trying to decide if I'm gonna take this pill.
I see lights,
They are in the distance
Man, I didn't think that death could look like
christmas.
The lake is blue
Darkness is cool
I just wanna jump in this pool and drown.
What am I to do now?
I remember the night
My demons talked to me outloud
They said, "we know you child and we know what
you're thinking about".
But i've changed
Oh, but i've changed
I've changed
Didn't I change?
I remember the night.

DOES MOTHER KNOW THE REST?

JEENA JAVAHAR

I can't wait till you come back home, she says, and I feel a dull ache in my chest
It has hardly been a year, but I am not the girl she remembers
I've had my heart broken, my spirit crushed and my body violated
But her hopes are stacked like a house of cards on the bridge of my nose –
Every word I breathe sends a tremor through all she has put at stake
So I have learnt the mercy of a lie
 - I don't drink
 - My friends don't smoke
 - I'm eating well
I couldn't be a good honest daughter if I tried
If I were honest, then I wouldn't be good
If I were good, then I wouldn't be honest
So I become two people – one for each side of the globe
And I think there will always be resentment in this
That she will get to love the girl she thinks I am
And I have to learn to love the woman she truly is
Because you could look her in the eye and say I'm not who you think I am and
she will say I know you
better than you know yourself
Who am I, if not a girl - the girl my mother thinks I am?

TINDER (PART III)

A FOUND POEM FROM TINDER MESSAGES

NATASHA ELLIOTT

What it do baby boo?
Do you have some kinks
or fetishes I should know?
 We can drive
 to a beautiful place
 and then enjoy things
 together
 ...like kissing
 ...and stuff.
 I just wanna
 suck
 the saliva
 out of your mouth
 and take it in mine.
 Where u live?
 U wanna hookup?
 If you ever
 come to my house
I'll hide all the chairs

and couches.
You know why?
So that the only place
 for you to sit
 is on my face.
Would you let me
 make your hair
 after sex?
We can video call.
You can see me
 naked.
Let me see
 your ass
 Babes.
But I am really
 such
 a nice guy.
Do ya got Snapchat?
Disney Plus and Thrust?

ACKNOWLEDGING INDIGENOUS KNOWLEDGE WITHIN MY SETTLER FEMINISM

KARLEEN RUTTER

The process of academic writing is often one where objective persuasion and citational perfection are the criteria of a successful essay. Essays offer students the opportunity to show ‘neutral’ knowledge through the Western university’s standards of listening to professor’s lectures, individual research of academically-approved resources, and proof through means of examples from theoretical or empirical schools of thought already established. Situating oneself, the ‘I,’ within this process is often penalized and deemed an insufficient way to express knowledge acquisition, despite the inherent subjectivity within the writing practice. Considering these expectations, I am about to disrupt this tradition and use the knowledge I have gained by offering a different structure and philosophical approach than usually expected of me within this colonial institution. Although Barthes’ rejection of ownership in production may wish me dead, I, as the author of this piece, choose to situate my multidimensional self with my knowledge, community, social institutions, and the land for which I live.

I am a white, settler, cis woman, and a student on the Unceded Territory of the Syilx Okanagan Peoples. Naming and understanding the complexities of my identities are at the heart of the project in which I wish to endeavour within this written space. My tumultuous experiences as a woman have encouraged me to socially and academically engage in conversations around feminism and create inclusive spaces within public and private life as well as the grey space that exists in between. I have experienced the sexual subjugation, looming potentials of violence, discriminatory behaviour, and fear that accompanies my position as a woman within the patriarchal, colonial society in which I have been raised. The intersection of my womanhood and settler identity creates interesting conversations within grassroots and academic activism. Indigenous modes of being based on ontological practices of relationality have completely shifted how I approach my feminism while still recognizing the complicated position my active identity as a settler carries. By learning through James Young-Blood Henderson’s work on traditional knowledge, Rachel Flowers’ critique in “Refusal To Forgive: Indigenous Women’s Love and Rage,” and Rita Wong’s eloquent recognition of her settler identity, I hope to position myself appropriately within colonial hierarchies. Once I establish the ‘I’ within this work, I am able to analyze modes of Indigenous relationality in Indigenous authorship and settler and Indigenous women’s collaboration that have impacted how I hope to use my feminism in a more inclusive manner with awareness of my relationships. The purpose of this project is a personal one that I am making public; I hope to initiate a messy discussion on how the knowledge I have gained from particular scholars and activists can help articulate a productive way forward within my own lived experience in

feminism and how I picture my future role as a settler on this land currently called Canada.

The potential uncomfortableness in this endeavour lies within the juxtaposition of traditional academic and grassroots feminism and Indigenous knowledge systems. As Cheryl Suzack brings attention to, like “other women of colour, both scholars and activists, have long contended, feminism as a political movement and academic practice originating as a means to address the social problems of the white middle classes” (2). When I identify as a feminist, I am aware of the colonial and privileged baggage this term and its history carries. Moon and Holling in ““White supremacy in heels”: (white) feminism, white supremacy, and discursive violence” help me understand that “[a]s white women ignore their built-in privilege of whiteness and define woman [sic] in terms of their own experience alone, then women of Color [sic] become ‘other,’ the outsider whose experience and tradition is too ‘alien’ to comprehend” (254). It is important that I express that I am not attempting to erase these realities within the feminist settler discourse, but rather acknowledge how my personal feminist experience has been influenced by works within relational practices that exist outside of the traditional colonial discourse. This critique of the discipline is comprehensive and I am able to reframe how I see myself as a feminist through one specific question shared by James Young-Blood Henderson. He describes how when a member of his community goes to a Cheyenne elder with an inquiry they are first faced with a question back to them before they receive the information they are seeking. Their rituals of knowledge require the learner to answer the question: “why do you want to know this?” (0:2:45). When I first heard this interrogation it produced a catastrophic

earthquake in how I viewed the teachings and wisdom I have received throughout my University courses and also invited me into utilizing the relational practices I have learned in a productive way forward into how I can make my own feminist values more inclusive. When studying literature and theoretical schools of thought in the classroom it can often be overwhelming as well as discouraging trying to appropriately apply this knowledge in my everyday ways of being that is productive in decolonizing myself and the world around me. By forcing myself to examine the goal of my academic endeavors, I reconnect with the relational practices of knowledge and it creates stronger accountability within my work. I want to know and learn from knowledge sharers such as Rachel Flowers and Jeanette Armstrong so that I can be a better neighbor on the land and in the fight against colonial systems in an appropriate way that recognizes my compliance within these oppressive social and political structures. I believe this work invites me to be effectively affective, through feelings of vulnerability, uncomfortableness, anger, and guilt.

In the process of properly situating myself, I must better recognize the weight the word ‘settler’ carries. Often “settler is used without a critical understanding of its meaning and the relationships embedded within it, rendering it an empty signifier” and therefore avoids the privileges it holds within politics, education, judicial systems, and everyday life (Flowers 33). As I utilize Flowers’ articulation of the settler and Indigenous experience, I am choosing to do the opposite of the ‘desubjectification’ work she recommends. I believe this is important because I want to exhibit how I do not wish to appropriate her knowledge but rather use it appropriately in relation to my positionality.

She shares how Indigenous feminisms “offer new and reclaimed ways of thinking through not only how settler colonialism has impacted Indigenous and settler communities, but also how feminist theories can imagine and realize different modes of nationalism and alliances in the future” (34). Flowers helps avoid obscurity in how settlers can act in productive ways within Indigenous relationships. I am in no way imposing the title of feminism onto Flowers’ theorizations, however feel I can incorporate her suggestions of “co-existence means co-resistance, which productively identifies the role of the settlers in dismantling their own systems of exploitation and extraction” into my modes of feminism (36). Similar to Tuck and Yang’s work in “Decolonization is Not a Metaphor”, Flowers expresses how “solidarity is not a temporal event but a ‘long-term commitment to structural change’” (35). My feminism can transform by better recognizing the weight my position as a settler carries. I acknowledge that this identity is not an objective signifier but rather a reflection of years of domination and violence against Indigenous peoples, and even more particularly women.

One way I have begun to better position myself or at least improve the articulation of my settler position within colonial systems has been to look to other settler scholars who have spent time within this struggle for guidance. Rita Wong, a settler professor at Emily Carr University frames her relationship with the Coast Salish by stating: “I have inherited a colonial history I did not choose, but what I can choose is how to respond to that history, by proposing an open space of respect” (528). I find paradoxical productive comfort and unease between personal choice and inherited realities. I often fear complying to cognitive

dissonance that aims to secure my activism far from disrupting my benefit within oppressive systems. In *Resurgence and Reconciliation: Indigenous-Settler Relations and Earth Teachings*, the authors acknowledge how “[w]e have to ask ourselves what knowledge counts and in what ways” (Asch et. al 178). Similar to current political policies implemented in colonial governments, such as the Canadian federal government, moves towards recognition and reconciliation do not always involve a re-valuing of Indigenous perspectives within established white supremacist institutions.

In terms of feminism and my approach to being involved in female empowerment movements, I believe I can still be grateful for and involved in traditional modes of feminism while seeking new perspectives and initiatives by women who were originally excluded from the traditional framework. An example of this lies within my work on an editorial board of UBCO’s Gender and Women’s Studies student journal, “That’s What [We] Said.” My administrative and editing role affords me the ability to choose work deemed fit for a journal representing the desires, passions, and activism of women and gender diverse individuals within the UBCO community. In terms of subjective panels choosing diverse perspectives, Moon and Holling note: “white feminists seem to find ignoring those politics more palatable, which means that they must also minimize and/or ignore the realities of women of color” (255). Being aware of these historical and contemporary realities within feminist academia, I realize how my ‘gatekeeping’ power within publishing has the ability to either perpetuate white supremacist ideologies and structures within literature or be a small act of resistance and collaboration within feminist spaces. By valuing and featuring

alternative stories, art, and literature I reduce my compliance within relational betrayal and embody what Flowers refers to as “solidarity mean[ing] de-centering ourselves, in order to engage productively in the unknown and ‘in-between’ spaces of resistance, and confronting the impulse to claim to know or have authority over a struggle.” (36). Despite university spaces holding complex histories of exclusions based on race, the Gender and Women’s Studies journal has the opportunity to re-write these narratives within the walls of a traditionally oppressive institution. This is an active way in which I intend to use the knowledge I have gained from learning and listening with Indigenous women, their stories, love, and rage.

In Nickel’s novel *In Good Relation* spends time acknowledging different approaches towards relationality between Indigenous women (some who may identify as feminists) and “[e]thical love, being in a good way with all Creation, is something that is learned by feeling, doing, being, building, and even destroying- by enacting relations with one’s self and the surrounding world” (195). The action based approaches that Nickel articulates use verb based strategies that expose how productive settler-Indigenous relations rely on collaborative work that is just that, work and active participation between both groups. I hope to pursue an academic career within problematic colonial institutions such as law and public policy and therefore finding appropriate ground on which to collaborate and share knowledge between Indigenous communities and academic and legal frameworks is an important practice that I wish to develop. One way I can gain this skill is by accumulating positive examples, including the work done by Georgeson and Hallenback in their collaboration: “We Have Stories: Five Generations

of Indigenous Women In Water.” This is a research partnership between Jessica Hallenback, a white, settler filmmaker, and “Rosemary Gorgeson [...] a Sahtu Dene and Coast Salish outreach coordinator in the arts [and] in her life she was a commercial fisherman, truck driver, and chef” (20). This project joins BC government archives and Rosemary’s personal storytelling to share a holistic relationship and awareness of colonial effects between the land, water, and people in Coast Salish territory. The connection between government archival work and Gorgeson’s storytelling is preceded by acknowledgments of both the women’s standings on the scale of colonial positionality. The structure of the article also “reflects[s] the dialogical nature of [their] research and in response to critical issues of knowledge ownership, each section of this paper begins with Rosemary’s voice followed by Jessica’s voice” (21). The restructuring of the colonial academic framework to centralize the Indigenous voice and place precedence on alternative knowledge systems, such as storytelling, is a collaborative relational framework that I have added to my decolonial toolbox of skills in creating a more contemporary feminism.

The examples provided by Hallenback and Gorgeson are important elements in this endeavor, however so is the recognition of the emotional work required to make connections and decentralize colonial narratives. Emotional connection and placing importance on the work of affect can be extracted explicitly from Armstrong and Flowers. As Armstrong articulates, “[t]he emotional self is differentiated from the physical self, the thinking-intellectual self, and the spiritual self [...] the emotional self is that which connects to the other parts of our larger selves around us” (463). The emphasis of balance on all aspects of one’s being

in the creation of how an individual interacts with the world around them was not something I was exposed to until I was introduced to ontologies outside of Western knowledge institutions whose processes tend to value objective truths free from personal connection. Flowers’ spends much of her article identifying with the emotional labor required of individuals asked to validate their existence in a world built upon the detriment of their being. Love acts as a motivation for decisions and resistance within her work against colonial patriarchy. Flowers notes that “[o]ften our love and positions we hold in the community make us targets of colonial violence; ultimately, our resentment and anger are in response to the modes of gendered colonial violence that exploit our love” (40). The expenditure of love being reserved for Indigenous women and their kin is something that makes complete sense to me and I am in no way expecting recognition or praise from Indigenous women. Acknowledging this duality and reciprocity of love and anger within one’s community also exists within my relationship to this knowledge, white feminism, and my ancestral past. I found the project and interrogation of the world and belief systems I have been raised in one of pain and anger for the destruction committed by my ancestral settler relatives in the name of love for white colonial systems. I understand that Flowers’ recognition of pain is directed towards the feminine Indigenous experience, however it also humanizes and continues to make my project personal. To be frank, this project may be too convoluted and disjointed if it were not rooted in my emotional commitment to diversifying my feminism in response to the horror that I continue to face while learning the truths behind the colonial institutions in which I exist.

The conception of this paper resides within the concrete manifestation of an inner-dialogue that has resided and grown within my heart, mind, and soul over the past few years. In my first Indigenous literature class, I was presented with Thomas King’s “The Truth About Stories” and his calls for accountability within knowledge acquisition. After telling Sky Woman’s Creation story he states: “[i]t’s yours. Do with it what you will. Tell it to friends. [...] Forget it. But don’t say in years to come that you would have lived your life differently if only you had heard this story. You’ve heard it now” (29). Similar to Henderson’s question, both of these Indigenous scholars are encouraging me to engage in an oath of responsibility of living in respect to the knowledge shared and the vulnerability that this practice can often require within oppressive systems of power. Through mentorship from settler allies such as Rita Wong and Jessica Hallenback and Indigenous women such as Rachel Flowers and Jeanette Armstrong, I feel my stumbling steps towards proper settlers’hip supported and held with grace.

By embracing the identity of “‘settler’ as a set of responsibilities and action” I am re-emphasizing my role within colonial systems, while creating the opportunity of co-resistance alongside Indigenous women towards colonial patriarchal institutions (Flowers 33). While articulating and summarizing some of the knowledge I have gained may be essential, what is paramount is how I use the information, like King and Henderson remind me to do. As I interrogate the spaces I exist in now, such as my editing position on the Gender and Women’s Studies student journal, I find creative ways in which my settler positionality can incorporate protocols I have learned from particular Indigenous scholars. These practices such as situating myself

and my complex relational identities, seeking alternative knowledges, looking for collaborative strategies within activism, and validating emotion are all components I believe enrich my feminist journey. The chaotic nature of this venture is unnerving within the confines of written Western prose, but that is what makes it authentic to my lived experience and exemplifies just the start of a life long undertaking I am proud to participate in. The emotional turmoil and exhaustion of my work is beautifully articulated by Flowers when she says: “[t]his discomfort productively forces each of us to engage in projection: to imagine other ways of being in relation[...] and our relationships with one another, and to transition toward a future ethos” (47). I look forward to the metamorphic journey I am just beginning within the perfectly convoluted reality of settler- Indigenous relations, especially among women kin.

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RE-CREATION

KATE RAY



Globally we have been asked to make changes, to connect in obscure ways, to turn our systems upside down and start putting them back into place in ways that make more sense to us. My painting is intended to represent the growth and change that people on a global basis continue to navigate with the Covid-19 pandemic. From April 2020 to present, people have had to make massive shifts on a global scale in order to make life work for them. The flowers emerging from the proverbial womb

space signify the positive change and growth that has come from a dark and challenging space. This re-birth shows the potential and positive change after two years that have been collectively heavy and challenging. The flowers also signify the softness that has been needed as “[t]hese are times, we all seem to agree, when we need a lot more compassion and empathy. These are times when knowledge and expertise, necessary though they may be, come accompanied by feeling” (Erinewunker). This painting represents regardless of gender, to step into those narratives that allow others to feel emotionally safe during a time of physical disconnect. So here we are with new growth coming from the proverbial womb space. Flowers blooming as we have had to. Stability, growth, understanding, self-preservation rooted to our cores. Like flowers emerging from seeds to seedlings to their full potential, this power of re-creation creates space for voices previously silenced.

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POSTFEMINISM
AS FANTASY:
FEMINISM IS ONGOING,
POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL
RACHEL MACARIE

Why are certain individuals inclined to accept a fantasy of postfeminism rather than practice, or at least engage with, ongoing intersectional feminism and its inherent implications, like the homework and housework Ahmed describes? Why are feminists tasked with what Ahmed calls the political labour of insistence?

These questions are valuable in guiding an understanding of Sara Ahmed’s Introduction to *Living a Feminist Life* because they function as reminders that postfeminism does not exist. Postfeminism refers to the misconception of feminism as something that should be referred to in the “past tense” as its aims have ‘already been achieved’ and thus is no longer necessary (Ahmed 6). My questions ask readers to consider the political labour of insistence and to reflect on what acknowledging postfeminism as a fantasy must require. To be an everyday feminist, it is necessary to recognize that postfeminism is both a fallacy and a fantasy. Intersectional feminism is not obsolete and the goals of the vital movement have not simply been accomplished, or “brought ‘sexism, sexual exploitation, or sexual oppression’ to an end as if feminism has been so successful that it has eliminated its own necessity” (Ahmed 5). Feminism is not ‘complete,’ but rather, it is present in everyday life and in continually resisting patriarchal power structures. My questions imply that the fantasy of postfeminism can be particularly persuasive to those who inhabit the space of privilege and could be swayed, even for a moment, that the feminist movement has already made its lasting impact and finished its course. The onus of everyday feminism, in this case, does not weigh heavily on their shoulders. Perhaps these are the reasons the concept of postfeminism exists in the

first place: complacency and ignorance. My questions aim to interrogate this complacency and to encourage self-reflexivity: has one been complicit in accepting postfeminism, even partially? If the answer is yes, why? Or more appropriately, due to what privilege?

Rejecting the fantasy of postfeminism is to acknowledge that there remains a dire need for everyday feminist work—that systems of oppression, such as patriarchy, capitalism, sexism, and racism still exist and need to be challenged daily. For instance, as a woman, I experience the necessities of everyday feminism first-hand in my relationship with a man, sexist workplaces, or within my University career. Based on gender, I have often been discounted, sexualized, or discriminated against in my everyday life. I am tired of being objectified by men who feel as though they are entitled to remind me to smile, undress me with their eyes, or refer to me with pet names such as ‘smiley,’ ‘darling,’ or ‘sweetie.’ I have to insist that my experiences of sexism exist because when “[I] point to structures; they say it is in [my] head” (Ahmed 6). In other words, like many women, I have to continually explain to others that my personal encounters with sexism are real and not simply imagined. Consequently, I cannot accept postfeminism; I must engage in the political labour of insistence. This labour is tiring—and as a cis-gendered and heterosexual white woman, I have not experienced this labour in the exhaustive ways BIPOC and/or LGBTQ+ women have. To be sure, feminists are tasked with “convinc[ing] others that sexism and racism have not ended; that sexism and racism are fundamental to the injustices of late capitalism; that they matter” (Ahmed 6). Living a feminist life

requires shattering the illusion of postfeminism and reflecting upon how feminism functions in the twenty-first century. My questions aim to lead readers to a heightened awareness that feminists have to insist upon sexism and racism as pervasive and ongoing while also fighting to dismantle these oppressive structures. To recognize that postfeminism is an insidious fantasy, then, is to admit to an implication in everyday feminism; it is to admit that feminism is ongoing, personal, and political. Feminism is a call to action. My questions implicitly ask: how will you respond?

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THE POLITICS OF SPACE AND IMPORTANCE OF REBUILDING THE MASTER'S RESIDENCE

RACHEL MACARIE

During the Winter 2020 semester, I took Dr. George Grinnell's ENGL309 course titled Modern Critical Theories. This course offered "a survey of developments in the fields of Literary and Cultural

Theory over the past 150 years [and] investigat[ed] what theory is, what it does, what principles guide it, and what it can offer" (ENGL309 Syllabus). In this class, I had the opportunity to virtually engage in a discussion about the importance of intersectional feminism and of allowing all voices to be heard and appreciated. Certainly, as intersectional feminists, it is imperative that we value all voices and support one another as a collective. Historically, however, there has been a privileging of which voices are heard and, consequently, which are ignored. In patriarchal contexts, the voices of white men have been at the forefront of many spaces and institutions, including government and education, among others. The politics of space, and who is privileged to take up space, are complex while at the same time simple. There are structures in place that uphold patriarchy and whiteness. I have noticed these structures in everyday life—including virtual spaces such as Zoom lectures. Whilst my online English classroom strived to be an inclusive environment, I was not surprised that white male students were eager to first initiate the class discussion on feminism. Initially, it appeared female students were more comfortable voicing their thoughts and opinions in the Zoom chat. I have to wonder if this is because women have been conditioned to believe that they need to be meek, convenient, and take up as little space as possible? Do these unspoken boundaries remain rife within institutional settings that were built for men? Sara Ahmed explains "[t]o live a feminist life is to make everything into something that is questionable" and these questions must be asked even in feminist spaces and feminist discourses (2). To be sure, our class emphasized valuing a variety of voices, yet I could not help notice the irony in that discussion when many women in the class felt the need to type

their opinions rather than vocalize them. Perhaps women's voices were delayed because we have been taught to stifle our own voices—to be seen and not heard. This unequivocally reminded me that the University classroom itself is inherently structured by patriarchy; despite efforts of deconstruction. It is telling, then, that in a virtual and supposedly nondiscriminatory setting, women (including myself) might feel as though they need to let men speak first or more loudly before sharing their own thoughts. Perhaps this dynamic was inadvertent due to the constraints of Zoom, or, was it, at least to a certain extent, a reproduction of the structures of patriarchy? Moreover, were white, cis-gendered women such as myself speaking before BIPOC and/or LGBTQ+ women?

Ahmed encourages women to consider how the University becomes something we work on as well as at: "those of us who arrive in an academy that was not shaped by or for us bring knowledges, as well as worlds, that otherwise would not be here. Think of this: how we learn about worlds when they do not accommodate us" (10). Ahmed explains that women's experiences within male dominated institutions can generate a wealth of knowledge and reimagine spatial boundaries. The act of women taking up space in places not intended for them is a powerful act of patriarchal resistance in and of itself. However, the act of taking up space needs to be approached with a consideration of privilege in mind. Though my voice undoubtedly has value, and the voices of white male students have value, it is crucial to remember which voices have historically been devalued. Consequently, feminists must consider positionality when dwelling in spaces that are inherently structured to prioritize certain voices. People who are in

positions of privilege, like myself, need to ensure that they pragmatically consider how much space they take up and reflect upon how they can work to use their privilege in an intersectional manner. Sara Ahmed explains that "[w]e can be space invaders in the academy; we can be space invaders in theory too, just by referring to the wrong texts or by asking the wrong questions" (9). It is important, then, to be aware of how one can become a "space invader" even if it is unintentional. As such, feminists must consciously and actively work against invading spaces and use their privilege in order to make space for those who are often pushed to the corners of rooms. To be aware of space and positionality is to bring feminist theory home; to make feminism work in the places we live and in the places we work (Ahmed 10). Living a feminist life means being cognizant of who inhabits which spaces and ensuring feminist work is at play in everyday scenarios. Feminism cannot be an intermittent practice. Furthermore, "rebuilding the master's residence" requires conscious effort, especially because "patriarchal reasoning goes all the way down, to the letter, to the bone" (Ahmed 4,7). I especially notice the prevalence of patriarchal reasoning within the demure ways in which I conduct myself in class, how I modify my emails to appear likable and pleasant, and how I soften my speech to be less striking. However, as intersectional feminists, we need to resist patriarchal reasoning and be acutely aware of the ways in which we might participate in reproducing sexist structures. To actively resist patriarchy and injustice in the everyday, and to make space for those who have been denied space, we need "to build feminist dwellings, we need to dismantle what has already been assembled; we need to ask what it is we are against, what it is we are for,

knowing full well that this we is not a foundation but what we are working toward” (Ahmed 2). Clearly, there is a reason Ahmed refers to feminist work as homework and housework. The feminist tasks ahead are not easy or straightforward—they require labour, trial and error, and, perhaps most importantly, a desire to succeed.

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CULTURE OF SENSITIVITY:
BLACK CANADIAN WOMEN’S REPRODUCTIVE HEALTH IN WESTERN CANADA

STEPHANIE AWOTWI-PRATT

SUMMER OF 2021

In the early evening on a hot summer day, I begin preparing for my interview with a participant. I switch into casual yet comfortable clothing and I wrapped my natural hair into a low bun with some curly frail strands framing my face. I light a small candle in my room, turn on the fairy lights that are strung up behind me while I line up my face directly with the camera view. My room is lightly lit but just enough to see my face. With my small notebook in hand, I anxiously wait for my participant to enter the online room.

Once I get a chance to check my audio and camera set up, I click accept. I immediately notice that she is also in comfortable clothing. Her natural hair is evenly parted in four braids, equally placed on each side of her head. She fidgets in her chair, and we engage in small talk for some time. I set my pen down onto my notepad and give her my undivided attention. Her shoulders relax, and she sits up as she explains her background. She almost expects me to start with the hard questions, but I reassure her that she can explain her story in her own words however she would like to. An hour passes, and we are laughing and talking in great detail about her labour and delivery story. After a while, I sense that her body language has changed. She tenses her body and looks to the ground. How she was treated still affects and disheartens her. She is stoic and apprehensive about retelling her painful ordeal. Her chest heaves as she places herself back in the operation room and fiddles with her softly coiled hair. I make a note to her that she doesn’t have to go into great detail if she does not feel comfortable. I mirror her movements over Zoom while maintaining eye contact and reassuring her as she continues.

This interview, like the many others I conducted this past summer, helped me ethically interact with participants in an online environment. Although COVID-19 prevented researchers from interacting with participants in person, Zoom facilitated a safe space that allowed participants to maintain a level of comfort while remaining in their homes. Some participants had children and required Zoom’s flexibility to disclose their experiences and tend to their children. The women I spoke to, although unique in their individual experiences, expressed similar fears and concerns

about the stigma they experience as Black women with their reproductive health in Canada. I gained insights and perspectives from Black women living in British Columbia, Ontario, and Winnipeg. The women I interacted with recall having to manoeuvre around the healthcare system to avoid experiencing “obstetric racism” (Davis, 2019).

This past summer, I conducted my Undergraduate Research Award Project exploring Black Canadian women’s experiences with reproductive health. Dr. Deana Simonetto supervised my project, which specifically examined Black Canadian women’s experiences with pregnancy, labour, and delivery. I analyzed whether “obstetric racism” played a critical role in the access, care, and treatment methods Black women experienced (Davis, 2019). “Obstetric racism” emerges in the interactions healthcare providers have with Black and marginalized women with regards to their reproductive health and obstetric care. I situate my research in a larger climate of discourse about the mistreatment, violence, and oppression Black women experience within medical settings, which stems from legacies of colonial violence. As a result, Black women often have to advocate and make extreme choices to protect themselves and their loved ones from potential violence they experience from medical staff. To establish and maintain a rapport with participants, I considered three key ideas: maintaining trust, creating a safe space, and ensuring ethics of care.

TRUST

My research methods were a massive component of my research and solidified my relationship with my participants. By establishing a rapport with each of the fifteen participants I interviewed, I created a

space and culture of comfort. This rapport allowed for snowball sampling and increased my access to a larger participant pool. I felt it was vital to make other Black women feel comfortable. This comfort contributed to a culture of visibility and care to minimize overt and covert racism within medical spaces. I incorporated questions like: “What were your experiences with pregnancy, labour, and delivery explained however you would like? Explain in your own words.” Questions like these made my participants feel empowered when speaking about their experiences, which shifted the narrative from shame and trauma into empowerment and strength. Participants are also more likely to trust that I have their best interests in mind, for example, disclaiming that all interviews are confidential while refraining from excessively probing into their personal lives. Each interview was unique and required some improvising depending on how the participant reacted to certain questions. So, the trust had to be built earlier in each interview to allow for the depth of their explanations about how participants’ experiences with racism and discrimination affected them.

SAFE SPACES

Space, place, and mutual respect were crucial parts of the methods I employed in my research. Trauma-informed intersectional feminist research approaches account for equal power dynamics in the field and mitigate the role of the researcher and participant to amplify participants’ stories, insights, and perspectives (Crenshaw, 1991; Kokokyi, 2021). In my case, I used Zoom to my advantage. I interacted with participants in a one-on-one interview to create an intimate, supportive environment where participants felt safe and did not need to minimize or sift out any information

to make room for any competing or dominating conversations. The questions I asked also acted as a guide that allowed participants to open up and disclose things that a rigid survey may not have allowed. Overall, the URA project identifies how critical intersectionality and accounting for multiple social locations inform research practices and participants’ insights (Crenshaw, 1991). Although participants expressed not feeling heard by medical professionals and staff, I practiced ethics of care and support to the Black women that overcame and continue to overcome so much. For example, actively listening, and checking in with participants after our interviews.

ETHICS OF CARE

Ethics of care in my research project meant actively listening and presenting a transparent self, allowing participants to open up about their most intimate and private lives. As a Black woman, I felt overwhelmed by the harsh realities of how medical institutions produce and reproduce racism. I found that the racism the participants experienced is not an abstract idea; rather, it comes into being through the fears and anxieties they have when they put their trust in the Canadian medical system. Similarly, without ethics of care and reciprocity between each participant, I would not have been able to identify how “obstetric racism” manifests in the interactions Black women have with healthcare providers (Davis, 2019).

REFLECTION

After interviews, I reflected on the lives, perspectives, and direct violence Black women experience within medical spaces. What is supposed to be a joyous experience in their lives is instead fraught with hardship, complications,

and dismissal from health care providers. In the field, I believe ethics of care is critical to building relationships with participants and ensuring trust, safety, and rapport. Since conducting this project, I believe now more than ever Black women must work to support, love, advocate, and cherish their voices at all times.

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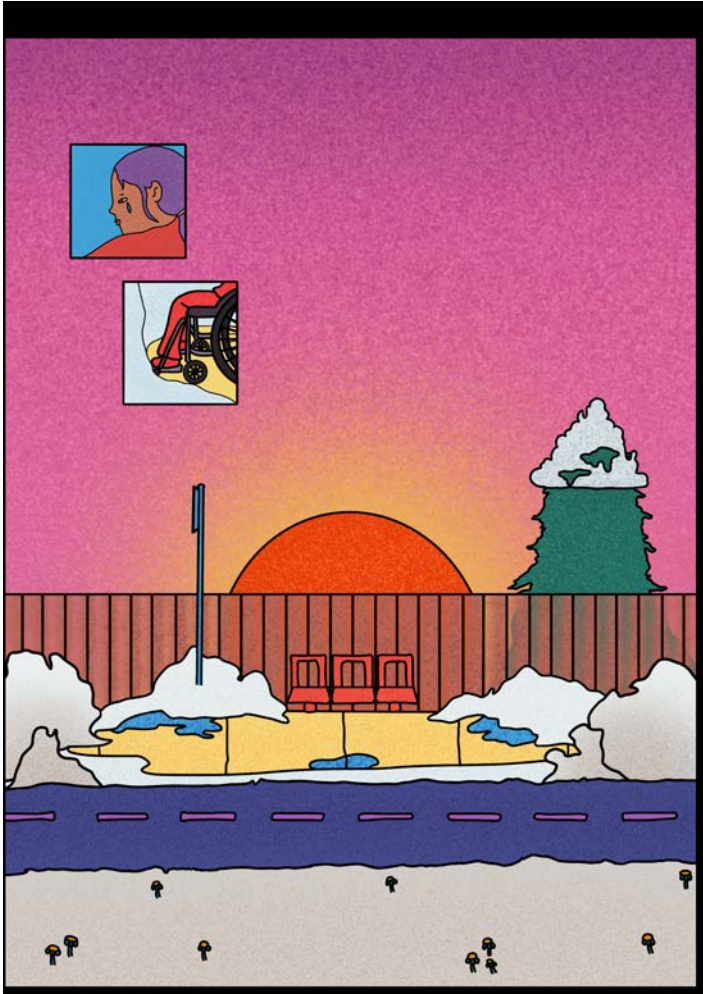
A FIELD GUIDE TO TAKING THE
ALTERNATIVE ROUTE

TATIANNA LOPEZ

DOWNTOWN KELOWNA



HWY 33 AT RUTLAND



RUTLAND VALUE VILLAGE



SUMMIT DR. AT DILWORTH



MATERIAL INTIMACIES

PAYTON POZZOBON

Hearing aids allow far more than simply sound
Here is a map to the intimacies I've found
And if you listen closely you may find
We are all endlessly intertwined

Is there a place where I end and they begin
Or is this division from the mind within
How can I measure the territory
Of the intimate connection from material to me

And when this intimacy transcends physical measures
When the only way to know it is through feeling and pleasure
The way rivers flow and birds sing
An intimacy with nature hearing aids bring

Here we are intimate not only with the Land,
But with broader global issues, one must seek to understand
Just because you can't see the link between great distance
Does not mean the connection is non-existent

A person in China working for \$10 per day
Their life and mine feel so far away
But truly our lives are intimately near
When their hands crafted something living inside my ear

May we move past the illusion of separation
Tied together in intimate relation
Whether human, stream, piece of plastic near or far
There is no limit to how connected we are

So challenge your 'distance' to everything
Forget the normative offerings
and if the world ever makes you feel lonely and small
Just remember that it's part of you, and you're a part of it all

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HOW THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT RE-CREATED WELFARE STATES

VALERIA PELEVINA

Feminism in politics has been an important movement in the past few decades on which a lot of research was conducted. Additionally, the welfare state is present in most governments in the 21st century. It is defined as “a system of publicly (state) supported social services based on a combination of individual need and universal entitlement” (McCormack 2). Within the state of a global pandemic, welfare has proven to be vital to people’s lives in terms of access to healthcare services, unemployment insurance and other services provided by the welfare state. Consequently, the feminist movement has been present for many decades and has made an impact on certain aspects of the social world, including the welfare state. It has been vital to the creating and re-creation of the welfare state in various countries.

Firstly, McCormack argues “women were critical in the formation of the welfare state” wherein women were pushing for welfare programs from child care to public health (31, 38). The author goes on to say that “no feminists” considered returning to the free market because without the help of the government gender equality could not be achieved (McCormack 44). Furthermore, women in Finland had a similar view of the welfare state, according to Markowitz. Two organizations in Finland worked on creating the welfare state, The Martha Group and the Women’s Union.

The former was focusing on “practical education and homemaking skills may be seen as being rooted in this improvement of living standards strain of the nationalist movement” and the latter was involved with the suffrage movement and pushing women into opportunities outside the home (Markowitz 49). The Martha Group focused on “childcare, health, and nutrition, living conditions, physical fitness” as the prominent task of creating a welfare state was done through receiving “substantial state funding and the power of its large membership, which most likely supports political parties that address these issues” (Markowitz 49). While the Women’s Union experienced a decline in activity after the suffrage movement, it began to target gender discrimination and trying to advocate for women’s rights in the work place (Markowitz 49). Thus, from both of these arguments presented by the paper, it can be seen that the “successes [of these organizations] are illustrative of the link between welfare state policies and feminism, in both its first and second waves” (Markowitz 49).

Alternatively, both authors presented counter-arguments, suggesting that the welfare state is also discriminatory and thus needs to be re-created. McCormack argues that “the contribution women made to the welfare state was less visible than men’s” (39). This illustrates that feminism has impacted the welfare state, however, it was not enough since the welfare system and society, in general, is built on patriarchal ideas. Even though welfare “contributes to equity...[it] does not empower women...certain types of welfare policies may reinforce the nuclear family justifying oppression” (McCormack 44). This argument is also present in Markowitz’s article where they discuss how “the second wave of feminism represents a rejection of certain aspects of the social welfare state, particularly the idea that the proper legislation will solve all problems”, which shows the welfare state is oppressive (49).

Additionally, in their book, Dale and Foster discuss how the welfare state is empowering women in Britain. “For women, the establishment of the [w]elfare [s]tate was the culmination of their struggle for equality and dignity. Women’s needs and interests were no longer ignored in the political system” (Dale and Foster 4). This suggests that the welfare state was beneficial and empowering since they received recognition in the public sphere (Dale and Foster 4). The book goes on to showcase empirical evidence as well as describe what feminism has achieved for women, such as helping them fight to become doctors, nurses and advancing in the educator career which contrasts with the idea of women belonging at home. Further, “Feminists’ distinctive contribution has been to link the issue of hardship and bureaucratic insensitivity to the wider principle that women should be treated as independent individuals” through taxes suggesting that feminism contributed to creating the welfare state to empower women (Dale and Foster 4).

Similar to the articles mentioned above, this book also acknowledges how the welfare state is still discriminatory. Feminists still viewed the “existing welfare institutions...[as] unsatisfactory for women” and thought that “women’s normal ‘job’ is housework” (Dale and Foster 136, 109). However, Dale and Foster mention that the welfare institutions can be re-created and “be improved significantly even within existing society” (136). It claims that feminism tries to increase career opportunities for women to “reduce sexist nature of welfare institutions” (Dale and Foster 137). It further shows how “women...work out their strategies for coping with, resisting and ultimately perhaps fighting against sexist, oppressive policies

and practices” suggesting that even though there is discrimination in welfare, women should fight against the system by challenging and re-creating it (Dale and Foster 137).

Williams, in their article “The Presence of Feminism in the Future of Welfare”, argued that the welfare state should be reformed to be more empowering. The article discussed that “feminism activism and its critiques provide an important moral and political case for a new welfare society” (Williams 502). The movement demanded “equal pay, equal work, equal educational opportunities, free abortion, and contraception or free-child care facilities” (Williams 502). However, a welfare state needed to be formed to abide by the principle of mutualism where the needs of others are respected more. “The challenge to current welfare thinking that this principle implies is the necessity to dismantle the dichotomy...[that] counterposes the independence of paid work (morally good) against a so-called dependency culture, that is dependency upon welfare benefits (morally bad)” (Williams 507). Williams argued that this will make the welfare state more empowering because care will be emphasized in welfare politics so that the care work done by women will be more distributed in society, by adding more childcare and eldercare services as well as by creating a work-life balance for women.

The welfare state needs to be re-created because it can be seen as discriminatory. In their article “The Failure of Feminism in the Making of the British Welfare State”, Pedersen presents a counter-argument saying that feminists failed to reform the welfare state. The article first discusses how women’s income in Britain in the 1900s, or lack

thereof, depended on their husbands (Pedersen 102). It argues that feminism has failed since “eligibility turned on the man’s insurance status and not the woman’s need” which is why women who are “separated wives, wives of uninsured casual laborers, and unmarried mothers” would be excluded (Pedersen 102). Thus the autonomy of income women were trying to achieve did not happen and “the welfare state, like the labor market, emerged as profoundly gendered, filtering women’s livelihood through the hands of men” (Pedersen 104).

In the article “National Projects and Feminism” by Ardoy and Mesa on feminism and the Spanish welfare state, presented the inequality that continues to exist in the welfare state. This paper suggests that the “male dominant patriarchal perspective” affected the formation of the welfare state (Ardoy and Mesa 1). Further, they argue that historically women do not belong to the nation and are not allowed to make decisions but “it is women’s bodies on which the mythology of nationhood is built, as they narrate the origin of the country” (Ardoy and Mesa 4). This paradox highlights how women were not allowed to build society and are stuck with male-centered concepts of nationalism and the welfare state, which is why the welfare state needed re-creating. Due to the family structure reinforced by society “where providing is the responsibility of men, and domestic care is the responsibility of women,” making the welfare state gendered contributes to gender inequality and discrimination (Ardoy and Mesa 5). This article concluded that the conservative parties in Spain framed welfare as being gendered based on the idea that “women should continue to be responsible for care” while

also using discriminatory words towards women and the feminist movement (Ardoy and Mesa 13). The main argument presented in this paper about the welfare state is that it is decentralized due to neoliberalism making it privatized which will make gender equality practically impossible (Ardoy and Mesa 16). Thus, the welfare state ensures the “persistence of inequality between sexes” (Ardoy and Mesa 17).

In “The New Literature on Gender and the Welfare State” Kornbluh argues that the welfare state in the United States is discriminatory by saying that “welfare is demanding, sexist, racist, heterosexist, and stingy” (171). The author continues to argue that the welfare state is “public patriarchy, social control, and sexual regulation” while also presenting a contradicting argument stating that a reduction in welfare policies is “antifeminist” (Kornbluh 172). They also highlight how the decentralized structure of the US government negatively impacts the formation of the welfare state (Kornbluh 176). Kornbluh highlights how the welfare state is discriminatory and needs to be re-created since it “denied benefits [such as pensions] to most Black women, divorcées, unmarried women, and many deserted women” (182).

In contrast, Pierson’s article “Three Worlds of Welfare State Research” highlights how gender relations impacted the welfare state. The article showcases the discriminatory nature of the welfare state by saying it “excluded women from view, because they were neither citizens nor (for the most part), paid laborers” (Pierson 801). This article discusses how a reassessment of the structure of the welfare state is needed to be less

discriminatory, thus urging society to re-create it. The author references Sweden, who, besides their efforts to “enhance employment opportunities and efforts to balance work and child-rearing, it [still]... produces extremely high levels of gender segregation within the labor market” (Pierson 802). In addition, the role of women in the labor market, as well as reproductive rights were “politically contested” in society (Pierson 802). Pierson also discusses a counter-argument to consider welfare in France where due to the weakness of feminism, income was distributed to families and everyone had the right to use it. Also, “France produced more women-friendly policies” thus suggesting that the weakness of feminism contributed to a more beneficial welfare state for women in France (Pierson 802).

Additionally, Gheaus, in their article “Gender Justice and the Welfare State in Post-Communism”, argues that in post-communist Romania, welfare politics are discriminatory towards women. Contrary to how communism connotes equality, looking through the welfare lens, this was not the case in Romania. “The central claim is that the Romanian welfare state in its current form mostly provides well-paid state jobs and social security nets for men, with money collected from taxes that are mainly paid by women,” making it discriminatory (Gheaus 185). Gheaus, just like Williams, also argues that care is relevant to bring justice to welfare since historically, care work has been done by women in the private sphere. “The argument in favor of redistributing care is that justice requires a fair sharing of all burdens of social cooperation; conceptualized as a form of work, caregiving is a central, indispensable type of social burden” (Gheaus 185). Thus,

redistributing care could make the welfare state less discriminatory and give women more choices to stay at home or work. Further, the communist social structure provided the backbone for the welfare state, nevertheless, it was not efficient since hunger was faced and corruption continues to persist (Gheaus 189). Hypothetically, due to the communist regime, feminists “do not need to fight the same battles as their colleagues in the West in order to dislocate a market-oriented, feminist unfriendly understanding of justice” (Gheaus 189). Nonetheless, gender divisions still prevailed even after communism.

Finally, Nandasen’s article “Expanding the Boundaries of the Women’s Movement: Black Feminism and the Struggle for Welfare Rights” also highlights how the welfare state is discriminatory. “The lack of protest suggests that welfare, although it is the main nomic support for women in need in the United States, is still not considered by most feminists a women’s issue” (Nandasen 271). Stereotypes have made welfare “a difficult and unlikely issue around which progressives can organize” (Nandasen 271). The author also argues how “the man, the welfare system, controls your money” suggesting that welfare was built along with the \ patriarchal idea of welfare which was entangled in sexism that women experienced in the home as well as in the welfare state (Nandasen 272). Nandasen also discussed how the welfare state regulates “the sexualities and lives of women” (272). This article introduced the intersectional identities of poor Black women which described the various degrees of oppression that were not experienced by other women (Nandasen 294). Women with intersectional identities then developed their own

“multicultural feminism” movement that argued for intersectional identities of women and their liberation from the discrimination of the welfare state (Nandasen 294).

In conclusion, the arguments presented on whether the feminist movement influenced the welfare state suggests that it has done so by creating welfare to empower women but it ended up being a tool of discrimination instead. This issue is relevant since the feminism movement has been present for a long period of time but some of the welfare state policies are still discriminatory against women, which is why it is important for it to be re-created. The arguments presented on the side of discrimination were stronger, nevertheless, the welfare state is a necessary tool for the government to provide their citizens with a better quality of life. Thus, the welfare state should be re-evaluated to construct a non-discriminatory and inclusive system.

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A (A GAY POEM SERIES)

SKYLAR DUBOIS

VERSION A1

comfort
is found wrapped in your arms
your kiss
is like coming home after an exhausting day
your laugh
feels like a blanket in a cold room
and your smile
God, your smile
makes the lavender in my heart grow
when I’m near you time stands still
I only feel the moment.
I could spend hours next to you and feel as if only minutes
had passed
my heart is sprouting for you
new life grows
in places I thought were dead.

VERSION A2

they make me feel like waking up to the sunrise
she’s stunning, sophisticated, sexy
being with her feels like a dreamscape
they make me feel like putting on a big pair of cozy
socks after a soccer game in the rain
how can I hold such feelings for someone?
they seem impossible, too good to be true
they make me feel like the warmth of the sun after
a dip in a cool lake I could look into her eyes for
hours
the calm blue takes over my body
her touch/
their smile/
her taste/
their warmth/

VERSION A3

touch me
through the night
love me

you can be my light
your hands are like ice
that’s lit on fire
of the sensation of your skin
I will never tire
bite marks aren’t
the only thing you leave
the impression of your heart
has been on mine since the first eve
I hope you know
just how euphoric
your breath makes me feel
it’s meteoric
waiting for the moment
when my body belongs
entirely to you
it makes the wrongs
feel just right

VERSION A4

I want to know
every inch of their body
because every section
is like watching a sunrise sitting on our bench, beautiful.
I want to worship
every aspect of her
from her drama and crying
to the way her eyes get gentle when she tells me they love me.
I want to spend
each moment I can with her
so that she knows just how incredible they are
or at least that’s what I hope for.
I want to kiss
her lips until I can’t tell where their body ends and mine
begins she can never be too close to me.
I want to intimately know
every part of her,
because each part leaves me
absolutely flabbergasted.

M (A GAY POEM SERIES)

SKYLAR DUBOIS

VERSION M1

with you
it feels like every day is a weekend
where I sleep in late and eat something unhealthy for
breakfast (my favourite type of weekend)
with you
time moves double speed
yet kissing you lasts a lifetime
with you
I feel okay
like I’m underneath a weighted blanket with the window
open slightly
with you
the lavender in my heart
is seen for what it is: wilted
but persistent

VERSION M2

I want to remember every moment with her
savour every touch
catch every breath in a jar
My memory isn’t the best
and I’ve never wanted it to be better
more than when I realize I don’t remember exactly what she
says the next day
so I want her to hold me tightly
and kiss me tenderly
make me remember
because I remember what it feels like to kiss her
sometimes it’s like sipping honey lemon tea with a sore
throat sometimes it’s that pleasant burn of hot wings

I remember what it feels like to be up against her
like getting your favourite seat on a crowded bus
we just fit
she makes me enjoy every moment
cherish each second
in the hopes it’ll last an eternity.

VERSION M3

I knew I loved her
because of the way she makes me feel
it’s like spinning in a flowy skirt
but I never get dizzy
like being lifted into the air by a muscled lady to the tune of
a Britney spears song
I knew I loved her
because of the way she looks at me
her eyes are gentle
yet firm and intense
they soften when she looks at me
like a dry sponge being placed in water
I knew I loved her
because I couldn’t bear to not say it
the love sat in my stomach
burning to be said
at any moment I was afraid
that my love would spill out all at once
I knew I loved her
because when I told her
she looked at me
and said she loved me too

VERSION M4

she deserves
not only the world
but the entire galaxy.
I wish I could serve her the sun on a plate
make a necklace from the rings of jupiter
because she deserves nothing less.

she deserves
the kindness that’s been hidden from her
and the love that’s lacked.
I want to hold her until she understands
just how incredible she is
no matter how long it takes.
she deserves
to feel like the bright summer sun on her face
in the dead of winter.
I need to tell her just how I feel
but sometimes I’m not sure how
so all that comes out is an I love you.
she deserves
so much more than what I can offer
but that doesn’t mean I won’t spend every moment I have
with her
trying to make sure she knows
just how awe-inspiring she is.

FINAL VERSION M

I keep replaying our relationship
reliving the moment we first drunkenly kissed on that couch
while your friends were outside or the feeling I got when you
told me you loved me for the first time
I wanted it to work so bad
you told me I put you second
but I’ve been ignoring my needs for you.
i told you things I haven’t told anyone
and in return you swore at me.
you tell me I’m the bad guy
just because I wanted honesty
just because I wanted to have hard conversations
just because you were insecure.
I won’t stop loving you for a long while darling
but where flowers used to grow for you in my heart is only
vacant space
I don’t regret the words I’ve written for you
nor do I take them back.

but I also don't regret the words I said to you that made you
end it.
you were a mystery to me
and I liked it
but I think I solved you
and I don't think I like what I found.

WHY WON'T THE
SAREE FIT ME
ATMAZA CHATTOPADHYAY



NOT EVERYONE
IN THE WORLD
IS FEELING THE
SAME AS YOU
XIMENA GORDILLO

On one of my first days studying at UBC Okanagan, I came across a message campaign on campus. These messages were focused on creating people's awareness regarding the COVID pandemic. I agreed with the majority until I read one that caught my attention: Everyone in the world is feeling the same as you.

I fully understand the good intentions behind this campaign. It could be said that this pandemic has affected us all. None

of us have been saved. However, I am afraid I disagree with this phrase. Not everyone in the world is feeling the same as you.

I will briefly explain how the pandemic has affected me, so you are able to better understand my opinion. I was studying at an international boarding school in Tanzania when the first cases of COVID got to the headlines. It was not until weeks later that I even thought of the possibility of the virus reaching Tanzania, much less Moshi, the city where I was residing. However, I was wrong, and my school decided to close when the first case of COVID was reported in the country. Thus, they ordered us to return to our countries.

From this moment, I can justify why I believe that the pandemic did not affect us all equally. While most of my European friends quickly returned to their countries safely, I had to stay in Tanzania, in the uncertainty. First, my parents thought it was quite risky for me to travel half the world until I reached my homeland, Mexico. And later, the cases in Mexico increased a lot. It was simply not worth the risk.

In Tanzania, things were no better. Ruled by a corrupt president, the government did not accept the existence of COVID, nor did it implement any type of health precaution. People, blind to ignorance, would stop me in the streets if I was wearing a mask, and they would ask me to take it off since there was "No corona in Tanzania." Not much was done at my school either when it reopened since the government had a lot of surveillance on us, and they didn't want us to spread "false" ideas.

Fortunately, I never got seriously ill during the rest of my time there, nor when I returned to Mexico. But, stepping on my homeland again, I felt the pandemic in a tangible way for the first time. Face masks and antibacterial gel were everywhere. There were many COVID tests and people impatiently waiting for vaccines.

Deaths. Many deaths.

I am aware that I speak from a privileged point of view during most of this essay. I could have suffered much more. However, it hurts my heart to see how the minimal economic differences separated life from death. While my family and I had enough resources to travel to the United States to get vaccinated, some of my other relatives could not do it, and they paid for it with death.

Therefore, there is only one thing left for me to say. No, not everyone in the world is feeling the same as you. And accepting it is the first step towards a more egalitarian society in the future. To assume that everyone has the same opportunities to take care of themselves, such as wearing a mask or getting vaccinated, is to ignore our privileges.

It is not my intention at all to make you feel guilty. Of course, it is not our fault that inequality exists, but it is our fault to ignore it. I am simply asking you for something small: reflect a little bit. Before assuming something, try to see it from other perspectives. Before looking for hasty solutions and voicing platitudes, look for personalized solutions according to everyone's context and background. And please, before speaking for someone else, stop to think for a moment: Should you be the one to do it?

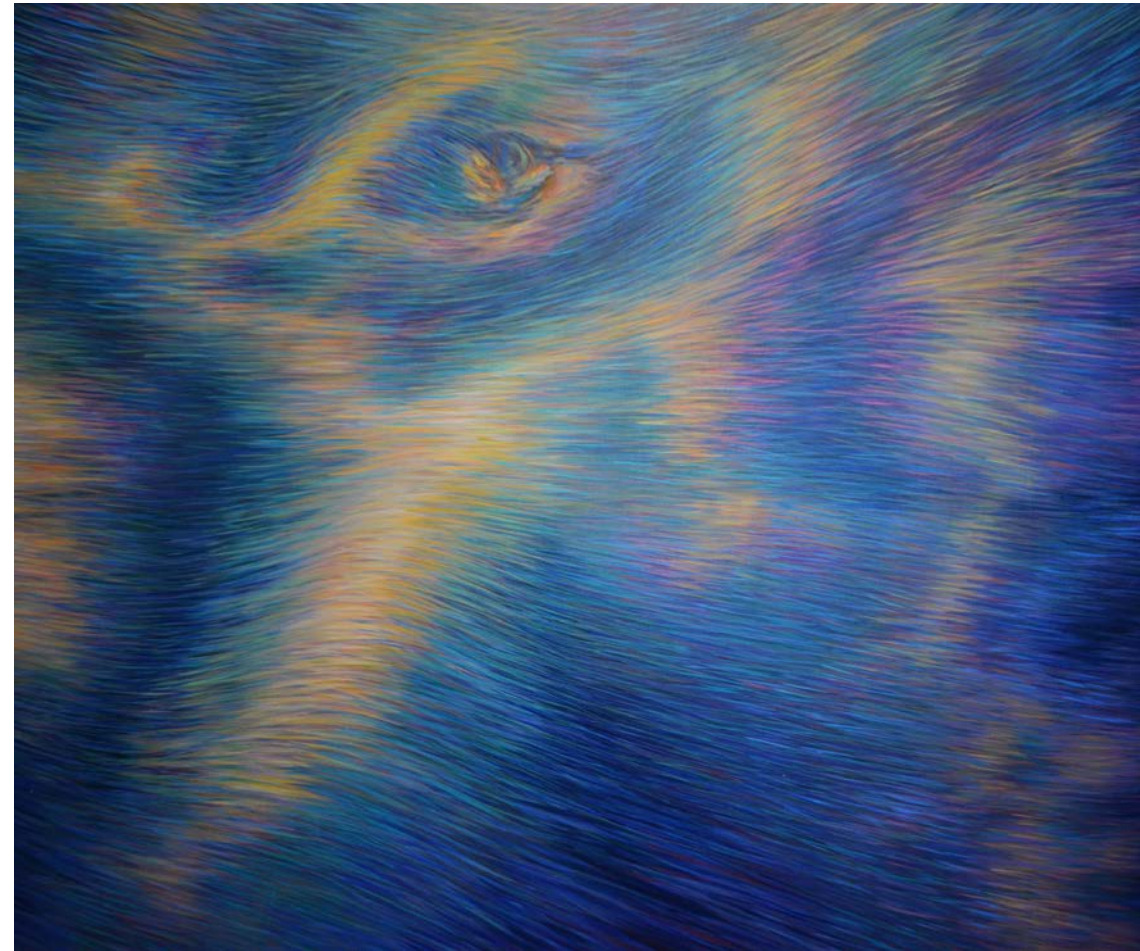
BETWEEN SETS
SADIE TAYLOR-PARKS

I stare myself down in the fuckin mirror
I dare you to look at me
See the sweat pouring down my face, staining my mask
See my hair flying away—if it is able to escape
The rest piled at the top of my head
I'm wearing my favourite scrunchie. Mustard yellow with cream stripes.

It doesn't do much but gives me power
Power to push myself to my limits
To show them—
The instagram posers
The equipment hoggers
The unnecessary screamers
The unsolicited advice givers
The toxic masculinity—
To show them what I am
How strong I am
Hear the music blaring from my earbuds
Hear my heavy breathing
I have never looked so beautiful
I dare you to watch me
To feel my presence
As I stare myself down in the fuckin mirror

TRANSITIONS

CANDICE HUGHES



RECREATING THE PRIDE FLAG, A REFLECTION OF MY EXPERIENCE

PRAPTI MALLHI





CLOSING

THAT’S ALL, FOLKS!

Thank you for reading the Vol. 4 No.1 (2022) issue of That’s What [We] Said: ‘Recreation’.

We hope that reading this journal has allowed you to reflect on how the theme of recreation plays out in your own life and how you would like to bring it forward into your unique future. Thank you for taking the time to read this student-led publication that we have all put so much effort into materializing!

Forever grateful,

TWWS Collective

ATTN: UBCO STUDENTS

Keep a lookout this upcoming (2022) fall for the release of That’s What [We] Said’s 2023 publication theme and call for submissions!

We gratefully accept submissions in a wide variety of forms (essays, artwork, poetry, music, etc.) from all departments across campus. This is a great opportunity to have your work published and to be featured in our 2023 publication. Until then, you can follow our Instagram page for updates [@thatwhatwesaidjournal](#).



THATSWHATWESAID07@GMAIL.COM

2022