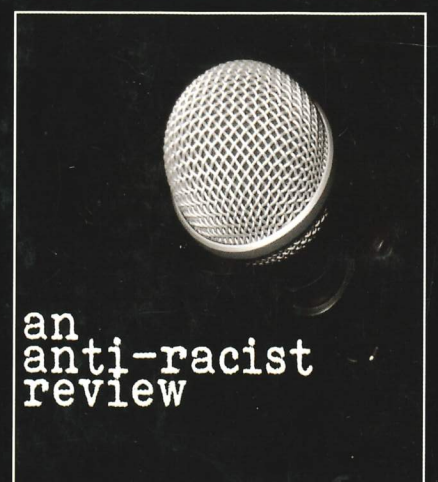
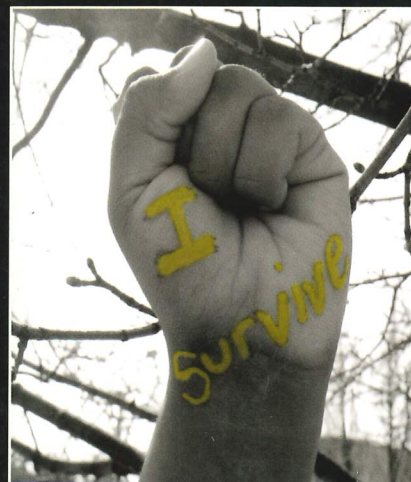
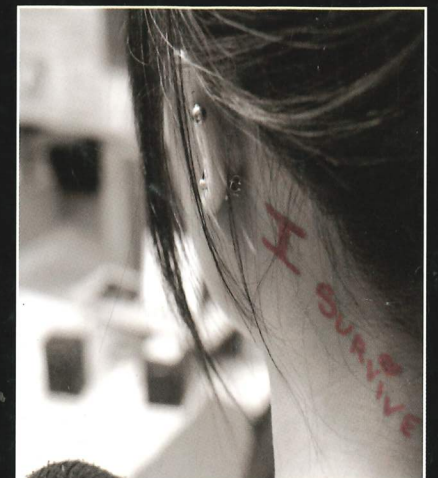
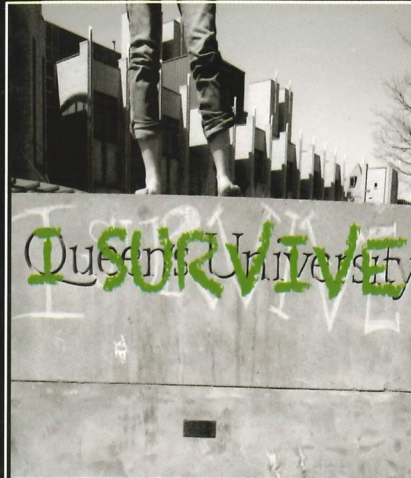


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2010 I SURVIVE

Our Mandate

cultureSHOCK! is an anti-racist publication that strives to provide a forum of artistic expression for those who have been historically, and are currently, marginalized.

cultureSHOCK! is a space for voices that are systematically excluded in the editorial processes of other media and publications, which are dominated by white voices.

cultureSHOCK! seeks to give a space to people who have been rendered voiceless and feel invisible, allowing them to express their voices in whichever style and medium they choose.

cultureSHOCK!'s goal is to expand the singular notion of culture to include those who feel like their existence is an impossibility here at Queen's in the culture of whiteness.

cultureSHOCK! is working hard for change.



Editor's Note

cultureSHOCK!'s existence was threatened earlier this year by severe budget cuts and a chilly sponsorship climate. The fact that you hold a copy is a testament to the resilience of the seven editorial board members and a committed group of allies. We wanted to reflect this tenacity in our publication, and you will see that survival is at the heart of the pieces you will encounter.

Some discuss historical experiences of oppression, while others deal with the challenge of negotiating multiple identities. Some ask how survival is possible in Queen's climate of exclusion. This year alone, Queen's students were denied access to athletics facilities because of their skin colour and harassed for their religious beliefs. Anti-Semitic images were plastered around campus and the University's news centre published stories with racist insinuations about Indigenous peoples.

All of the pieces reject the silence that often surrounds these experiences. They're reflective, asking when, where and how change will come to Queen's, Kingston and beyond. Part of being reflective is being self-critical, and we recognize the lack of Indigenous voices in this edition as problematic. This exclusion is symptomatic of larger anti-racist movements, where people of colour fail to acknowledge our positions as settlers. This is an issue we continue to grapple with.

It is my hope that cultureSHOCK! continues to give space to those who have been, and are, excluded.

Gloria Er-Chua

cultureSHOCK! 2010 is...

Elamin Abdelmahmoud is on to the next one.
Loiterers should be arrested.

Andrea Chan is from HK and thinks people who
kick garbage bins when they are drunk should go
back to kindergarten.

Gloria Er-Chua loves Victoria Mitchell's bio. She also
thanks Andrea, Anna and Kavita for strength and
patience.

Christina Hermanns is from the Bahamas and
dreams of a world where access to equality is
not based on the colour of one's skin.

Valerie Kilian-Clark is a philosophy major at
Queen's University.

Shi Lim is from Singapore and her obsessions are
chocolate, cheese, and cheesecake.

Josephine Minhinnett loves Pingu and still
likes to write snail mail.

Victoria Mitchell loves Destiny's Child.

Anna Thomas knits scarves and parts of stories.

brenda wang is driven by hope.

Editorial board:

Andrea Chan
Gloria Er-Chua - editor in chief
Christina Hermanns
Valerie Kilian-Clark
Shi Lim
Josephine Minhinnett
Victoria Mitchell
brenda wang

Layout and design:

Kavita Bissoondial
Gloria Er-Chua
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Josephine Minhinnett
Victoria Mitchell - coordinator
brenda wang

Committee:

Elamin Abdelmahmoud
Anna Thomas

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X-Mas

Chris Gilmore

Jingle Bell Rock is inescapable.
Faithful shoppers horde and hum
along in forgetful prayer, elbowing
their way through generous lines.

Everyone gets what they want this
time of year. All is forgiven. All is
reborn. All are included in this mass
hysteria of thoughtfulness.

How much should I spend on a bottle
of wine to bring to a Christmas party?
You think I should I bring appetizers?

She asks the checkout girl, who politely
responds, I'm not sure.

Do you have any plans for Christmas?

Work, says the checkout girl, adjusting
her hijab.

Diverse City

Gloria Er-Chua

My Toronto is not a Toronto you know
Of Cardinal Carters, Rosedales and
don't-play-with-*those*-kids hockey
moms

How about the Mr. Carters,
down at the banks, McDonald's and
Salvation Army
giving us loans, minimum wage, free
cans of food, expensive used clothes,
inexpensive used clocks,
time.

How about Parkdale
where there's no park or dale
for children to play in and, oh, by the
way, if we're not supposed to play
with *those* kids but we *are* those kids
then who do we play with?

Or is the answer nobody?

Isolated. Alone on foreign soil.

As if separation anxiety isn't enough,
now there's a separate anxiety:
existence.

It's hard with our visible markers:
darker skin, smaller eyes, thicker accent,
but why am I complaining,
when you can't even give respect to the
Indigenous peoples who were here first
how can I expect you to respect me
who came last?

Last, because you barred our entry with
your

Chinese Exclusion Act,
turning away the Komagata Maru
and Jew-carrying St. Louis ships
Japanese internment camps, residential
schools and now
the war of terror.

Last, and you don't really expect us to last, do you?
Government-sponsored housing, wildcat strikes, 'Canadian experience,'
racial profiling,
Jane Creba trials, Jeffrey Reodica shootings.
Police,
you better check who you're serving before you can start protecting.
Please.

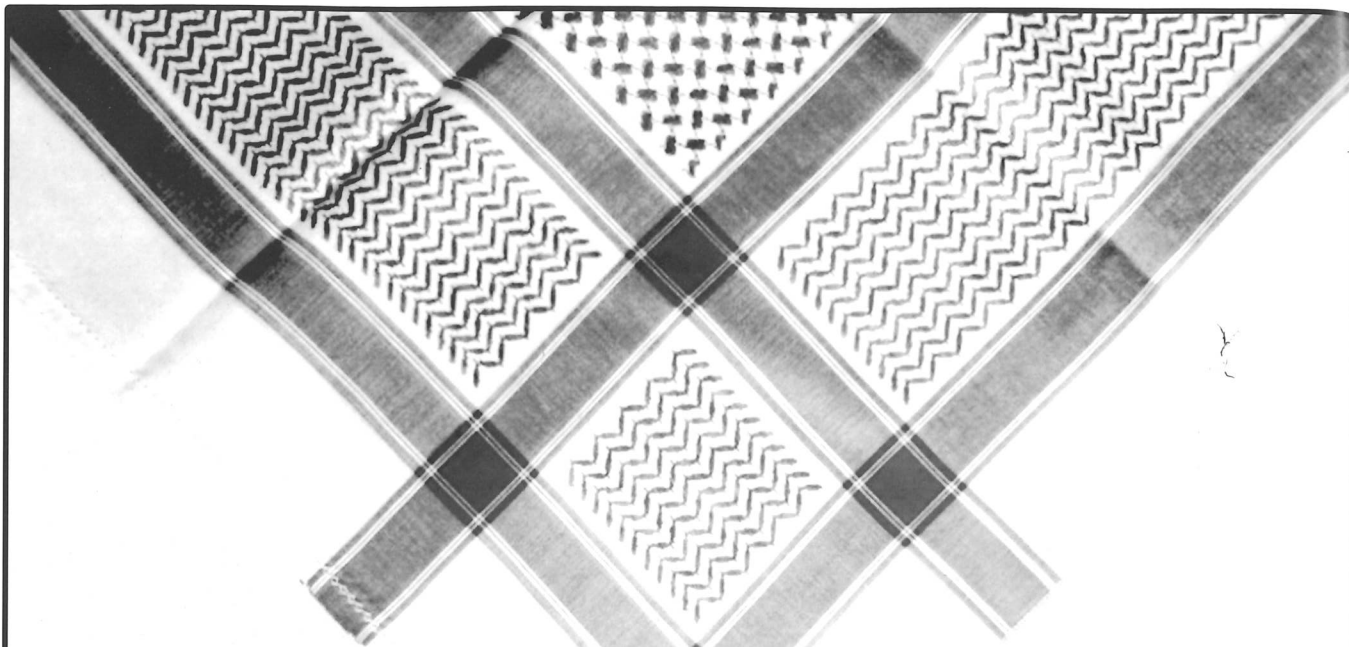
My Toronto is not a Toronto you know
of endless opportunity,
no opportunity,
how about the opportunity to create opportunity?
Opportunity.
Stop selling me that word.

Diversity?
Sometimes I forget I'm in a diverse city.
Yeah, City Hall took away the Christmas tree from
Nathan Phillips Square,
but what about the barriers that exclude us from
the intersection of Bay and King?
It's the Big Mac and the little Nguyens and Singhs.

"Second-generation immigrant"
I wasn't aware there were different generations of
immigrants
I was under the impression that
either you are or you aren't
and, actually, I can tell from your last name you're not
from here either.
Guess they forgot to teach you that in history class.

My Toronto is not a Toronto you know
of clean-up-the-city days
picking up trash from asphalt
not recognizing that a lot of the garbage is in our schools,
TDSB curriculum of Eurocentric ideology,
giving me untruths about this founded nation.
Still, we immigrants sit in all our classes
in this race to educate,
when you didn't want to educate my race.

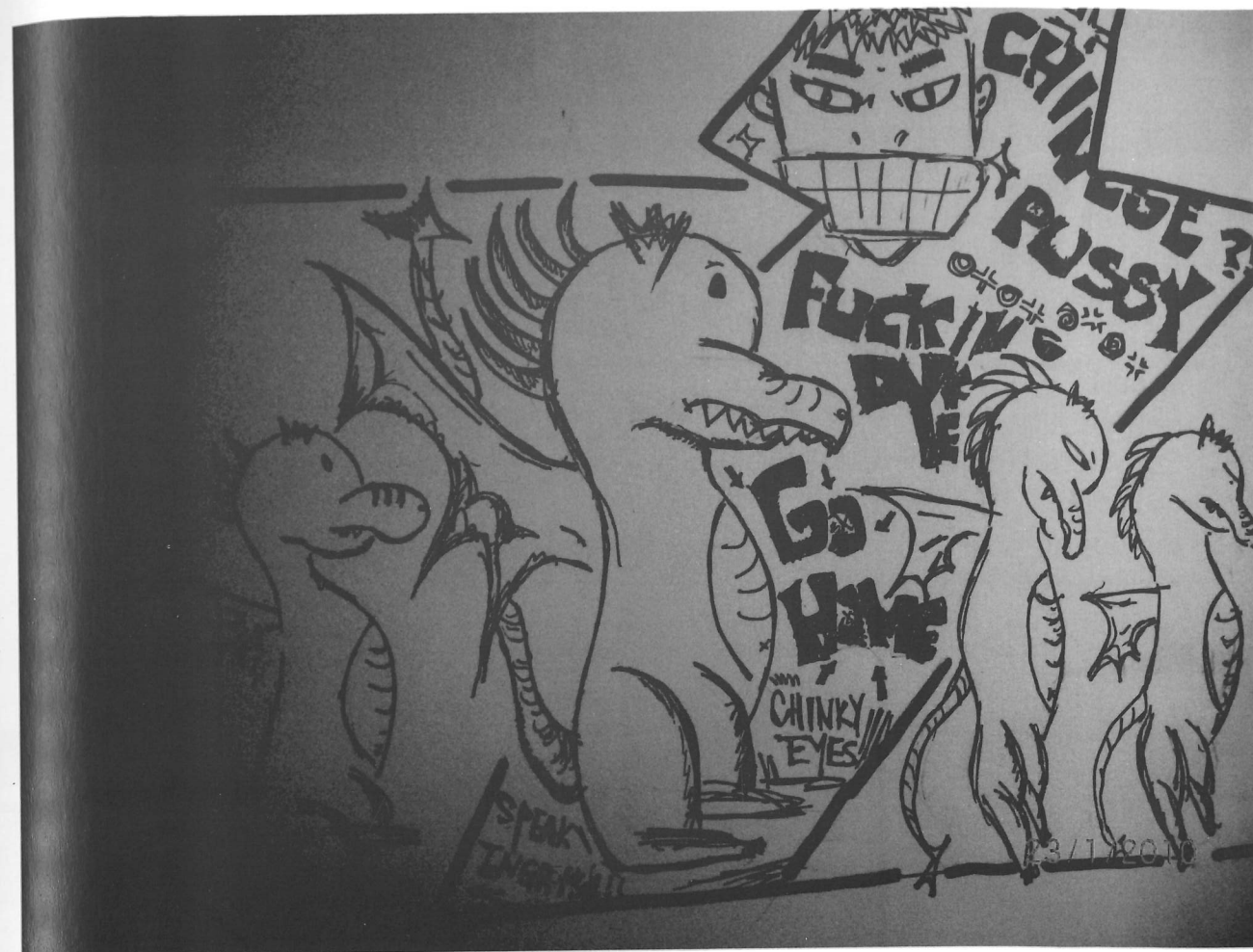
So it's four steps forward and three steps back,
navigating the escalator at Dundas Station
we are subject to your gaze,
security rhetoric,
subjugated or liberated?
Can the subaltern speak?
Submissive
when my eyes avert yours.
You miss the subtleties.
I sit and plot subversion on the subway.



Hatikva - The Hope

Eytan Holtzer

In my Heart a Jewish spirit still sings
 Yet without turning East,
 I still see the Death and Destruction of all people
 My hope is not lost
 My people's hope of 5770 years continues through our resistance
 To expose the plague The Hope has brought
 To liberate each other we need to unite
 Our hope lies in you:
 Palestine



Sorry we still exist

Andrea Chan

home

brenda wang

What is home
when 23 years of
everything I've ever known
is left.
what happens to home
when I
choose
to leave it behind.
Considered to be
too good
too bright
too arrogant
for everything I've ever known.
How can home

also be
where I'm considered
traitorous
by those who have
never been
courageous enough
smart enough
opportune enough
to leave.
And,
after 23 more years
in a new place
my
new place
how can that
not be
home
either.
How can home be a place

where
sometimes
I fear
being myself
because of what
someone
might say.
"N---"
"Chink"
"Curry eater"
"Go home"

But
I am home.
At least
the home
I've known
for so long.
Neither home

is familiar
comforting
welcoming me back.
So as I stand
straddling
two worlds
neither of which
fully accepts me
neither of which
I feel
fully myself in
I wonder
who I am
if not known
by the places and people
I have
only ever known.



Child Soldier

Laura Windman

Get over it. All you do is live here (Or: Stop feeling so *Developed* already)

Leora Smith

I am the Developed World.
I am democracy
I am freedom
I am a flourishing economic environment.

And don't pity me when You arrive
Though I've traded in my "ing"
For the static "ed" of the present
Progress is behind Me
Take it as a parting gift.

I am not poverty
Any more than I am corruption
Any more than I am famine
Or emaciated children.

These are They.

I am We.

From the chair in my bedroom I cultivate peace
And from the Maytag washer I value education
Exude equal opportunity from my closet that is filled with Made in China
My Alphabits spell r-e-v-o-l-u-t-i-o-n

Come down off Your High Horse
Emerge from your Ignorance
Put your heel where your toes are
And won't You run to join me at my converted loft studio where I support political
freedom and fair taxation already!?



There is a man

brenda wang

There is a man,
I'll call him Ray.
He wanders this block,
scruffy and red-faced,
baseball cap and ski jacket.
He asks "pretty lady"s
and "hey man"s
for money.
I've never seen anyone
comply.
I've never
complied.
Ray's words are slurred
and he smells
of smoke
of booze
of B.O.
I've seen Ray drinking
at 10am.
That's why
no one seems
to give him money
to pay him attention.

I've often wondered
when people see Ray,
when they pass him by,



if they pass him off
as
lazy
a drunk
a drain on the system.

I've often wondered
when Ray sees us
pass him by,
if he
hates
our seemingly put-together lives
our full stomachs and warm beds
our privilege.

This man
who I've called Ray,
has more going on
beneath
his rough veneer.

His story goes back,
way back,
before his childhood and adolescence,
before his parents,
before his grandparents.
Ray's story goes back
four hundred years.
Back to the day
new land was 'discovered',
back to the day
of forced assimilation and migration.



Quebec City was 'founded',
back to the days
of rampant Old World diseases
on New World bodies,
back to the days
of wars between guns and arrows,
back to the days
of government treaties
of Jesuits

Ray's story goes back
to the day
his grandparents
were stolen
from their homes
and forced
to live - scared and alone -
in institutions
that hit them if they
spoke a word
of their native tongue,
that forced them to learn
white man's skills
to prepare them for lives
of servitude
in a white man's world;
institutions
that convinced them that
to be anything worthwhile,
they had to be like white men,

but because they were brown,
they could never fully be like a white
man.

Ray's grandparents
were taught
to hate themselves.
Ray's grandparents
were never taught
that they were deeply loved
that they were beautiful
in their Creator's sight.

Ray's grandparents
were never taught
how to be parents
themselves.

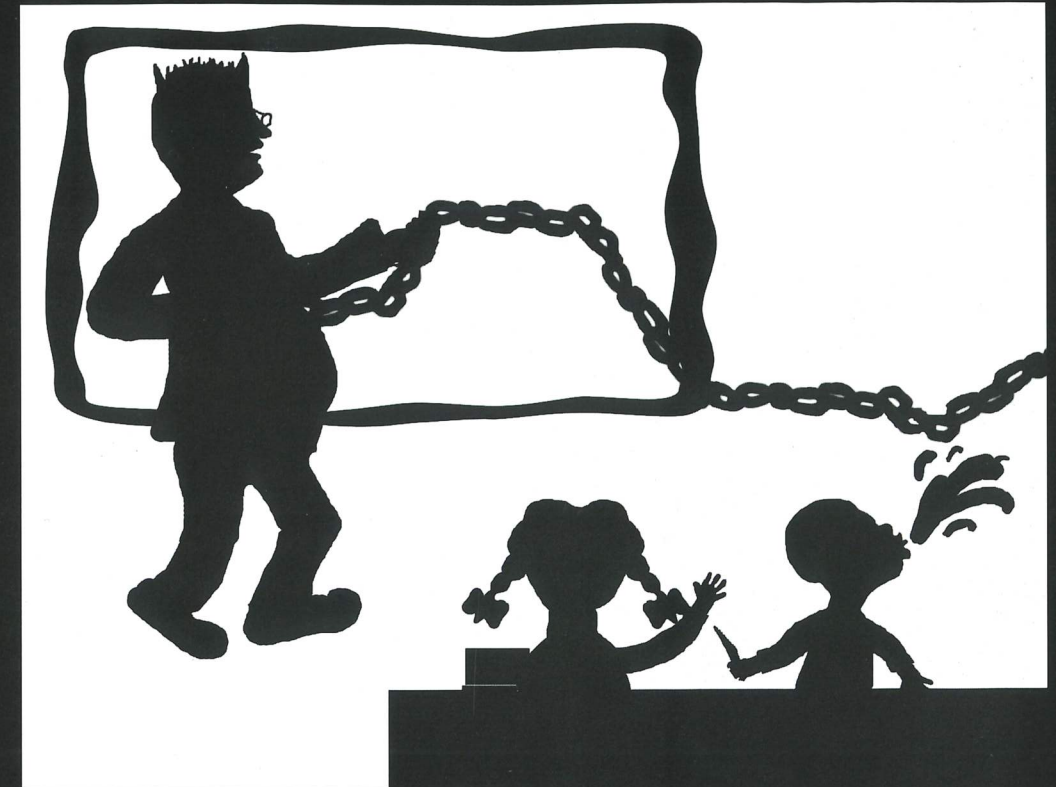
There is a man,
I'll call him Ray
because I've never
asked his real name.

Kara Walker Project

Kavita
Bissoondial

This project was
inspired by the
work of the artist
Kara Walker who
I came to know
of through
Katherine
McKittrick's
Black Feminisms
course in fall of

'08. Walker's silhouette cut outs examine the intersections of race, gender and sexuality in both a historical and contemporary context. Walker does not shy away from violence which is an important aspect of examining power relations that I found to be extremely impactful. Her work keeps us in a constant state of questioning and conflict as is not easy for us to understand or bear witness to, forcing us to deconstruct it. Walker breaks down binaries in her characters so we cannot label things as 'good' or 'bad', 'victim' or 'perpetrator'. I decided to replicate the idea based on my own experiences of colonialism in the context of the classroom at Queen's. I hoped to get audiences thinking about their complicity within racism as I struggled with my own. This project was for WMNS 312 and looking back, if I were to do this again, I would explore the violence communities of colour commit to each other, ourselves and to Indigenous peoples. Kara Walker's work is like nothing else, it is simply genius cut-out on a wall. I hope this project can be seen as an homage to hers rather than a copy.



*I've been working on the railroad, all the live-long day
I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away,
Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"*

Railroad

Chris Tse

They say this country was built on the back of an iron skeleton
But in truth this country was built on the skeletons of my countrymen
Those skeletons who built that skeleton to forge this country then,
Our nation's creators are now seen as country's sin.
/But of course that's the way this country has always been,
The oppressed get exploited and oppressors always win,
I guess it don't matter what I read in the Constitution,
Because that paper was written by the hands of white, pale skin.
/Whose delicate fingers were suited for directing,
So they brought over my people to do all the constructing,
And 100 years later, I can still feel that biting sting,
Of the whip on my back and fists on my frail chin.
/It's ironic this country is known for its freedom ring,
When that freedom is only for those who are worth something,
And the leftovers fall to the side and are called nothing,
Working hard just to see all the others live like kings.
And so I sing...

*I've been working on the railroad, all the live-long day
I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away,*

It was gold that brought them over
Though they clearly couldn't read
Because see

It was fool's gold that brought them over
And in reality there was no gold or fool's gold but they were fools for believing there
was gold and the gold made fools out of them so hence, fool's gold.
They were put to work in the mountains where the gold was,
Only to discover that the only place in the mountains that the gold was,
Was in the pockets of the politicians who held them captive.
It's not like they didn't have a choice: work, or be shot and left to rot in a country that
was as foreign to them as they were to the country.

If only it had been so easy,
Just like style and ease combine to make steezy,
But these immigrants were anything but steezy,
Just thin, stupid chinamen, broken and wheezy
And the country was built from their frostbitten hands,
A country to rival all other such lands,
And to this day that steel monument stands,
As a train, and a tribute to frostbitten hands.

And what became of these workers, my unknown ancestors?
Well, some lie tucked away in rockfall deposits
Their skeletons the skeletons in democracy's closet
While the others were moved down to the cities
Where signs reading "No Chinese or dogs allowed"
Were fairly self-explanatory.

So who the fuck is Dinah and why is she blowing her horn?
There is nothing to celebrate about the way this country was born.
From the minds of crooked politicians spawned a giant steel snake
That I'm sure still eats this country's Chinese alive.

Do you know what CP railway stands for?
Chinese-prohibited

And I just made that up
But it's a testament to how a people could overcome circumstance
And forge their own identity in a country that desperately wanted them to have none
And yet, we have one
CP
Chinese pride?
No no.
The thought makes me twisted inside, because to be proud of that history
Would be like spitting on our ancestry.
But instead I'll do the math
And in this circumstance
I have found a far better internal equation
CP? No, CC
I am Chinese-Canadian.



TTC

Josephine Minhinnett

sidewalk chalk

brenda wang

hope for those lost
is lost itself
love for the hated
is not welcome
kindness for the shunned
has been shunned by society
where have all the people gone?

Hopes for a Self-Constructed Identity: An Analysis of the Past, Present, and Future of Black Masculinity

Christina Hermanns

The traditional African familial structure prior to slavery and colonization was not characterized by a subordination of women by men. Women were farmers, traders, and produced crafts in different parts of the continent Whereas Blacks were historically associated with civilizations superior, dominant, or antagonistic to western societies, the most recent being that of Islam, new conceptions of Blacks came to signify a difference of race as well as 'species'. Blacks were viewed as an exploitable source of energy and labour power, both incompetent and insensitive to the subhuman conditions of work (Baum). The development of a black masculinity that equated that of his master became impossible not only due to unequal power relations between slaves and their owners but was also a result of a black matriarchy that emerged as a result of 'genderless' slave labour. The nineteenth century ideology of femininity emphasized women's roles as nurturing mothers and gentle companions and housekeepers for their husbands. Black women however enjoyed few benefits of this ideology of womanhood (Davis).

Contemporary conceptions depict black men as both hypermasculine and hypomasculine allowing them to be both violent rapacious beasts as well as weak and irresponsible (Mutua). Relegated to the very bottom of hierarchies of masculinity, perceptions of black masculinity in America signal deviancy and thus provide important examples of what not to be. These historical processes have lent themselves to the continuation of social, systemic and cultural subordination. Black male public figures are then thrust into a position in which they must conform to

stereotypes of black masculinity or reject them in order to align more closely with white, mainstream ideals of masculinity. And while past constructions of black masculinity were attributed solely to 'biological' differences, contemporary constructions are attributed to the Black culture in which they have been socialized. Both past and present variations are used to justify inequality as a result of inherent characteristics of Black people themselves. Patricia Hill Collins argues that popular images that portray black men as naturally aggressive, violent, not suited for professional careers and needing to be controlled by white men have become so entrenched in societal beliefs that they have become common-sense truths (Ferber). And so, the more these negative images become naturalized, in a contemporary context some elements of 'black masculinity' are exemplified by figures like. Their position as popular and public figures gives them the ability to shape, contribute to or detract from negative perceptions of black men in popular culture and society defies the mainstream.

Kanye West is a hip-hop producer-turned-MC who has become one of the most respected hip-hop artists of the 2000s, as well as one of the best selling in any genre. Drawing on West's lyrics from his song All Falls Down and his verse in Run This Town I wish to address the role that hip hop lyrics play in reveal the fragility of black masculinity in contemporary American society. The lyrics in the song All Falls Down act as a double-edged sword reveal feelings of black inferiority while reinstating the same stereotypes.

"We shine because they hate us, floss cause they degrade us
We trying to buy back our 40 acres
And for that paper, look how low we a'stoop
Even if you in a Benz, you still a nigga in a coop/coupe

I say f**k the police, that's how I treat 'em
We buy our way out of jail, but we can't buy freedom
We'll buy a lot of clothes when we don't really need em
Things we buy to cover up what's inside

*Cause they make us hate ourself and love they wealth
That's why shortys hollering "where the ballas' at?"
Drug dealer buy Jordans, crackhead buy crack
And a white man get paid off of all of that."* -- Kanye West

In claiming that "we can buy our way out of jail but we can't buy freedom", he addresses issues subordination and supports the argument that black cannot overcome systematic oppression.

Kanye is also in a way chiding the blacks for their acceptance of the norms by saying "and for that paper look how low we stoop". He is essentially recognizing that money has removed the morals of the black man and made him more susceptible to the white man's games. It also speaks of the disdain of the police by the black community because of the discriminatory treatment they face which is demonstrated through disproportionate arrests, trials, and sentencing. Kanye's lyrics are full of contradictions and in some ways that speaks most loudly of the Black experience. Furthermore, Kanye's song speaks to the complexity of the problem. They understand what they are up against but there are forces that yet their behavior contradicts their self-consciousness. And although he communicates honestly the contradictions in the black experience, he continues to promote and adhere to the same problems he points out. His public persona thrives on materialism, he continues:

"I'm so self conscious
That's why you always see me with at least one of my watches

Rollies and Pasha's done drove me crazy
 I can't even pronounce nothing, pass that versace!
 Then I spent 400 bucks on this
 Just to be like n*gga you ain't up on this!
 ...It seems we living the American dream." – Kanye West

In conclusion, this essay has established the historical ground to understand how constructions of black identity and masculinity have evolved. I have taken into account how master-slave relations emasculated black men. As both female and male slaves were subject to the control of their masters and black men were unable dominate their women the black matriarch arose. Given this historical basis I have compared current examples of 'black masculinity' to show how popular figures like Kanye West contribute to or detract from negative perceptions of black men in popular culture and society. And while Kanye West confronts and highlights stereotypes and problems faced by black men, his compliance with the same stereotypes is counterintuitive and thus contributes to the continuation of negative views of black masculinity in contemporary society.



untitled

brenda wang

tomorrow i'll talk to you
 tomorrow you'll know what i'm thinking
 tomorrow i won't be afraid of all the little things
 but only of the big ones.
 tomorrow you'll know me
 tomorrow i will sing
 and not be afraid of what everyone thinks.
 tomorrow i'll let everyone see me
 tomorrow will be a great day
 but it's not tomorrow yet.

Voice cuts

Lara Szabo Greisman

'The majority votes for its own executioner'
Assuming they write an ex for a voice
Annulling potential for choice or chance to have a hero lead.
To have a leader listen before they act.
But simple facts pile like bricks into walls of indecipherable language
Thick text because Governments cross the T's and dot the I's
As long as they can make sure their I remains
In the capitol.

I, Individualism, Liberalism, looking out for number one
'I stand for you but stand alone' they say and I
Can't stand it.
I vote too as I watch my art cut, my heart cut
And the happiness people buy every product to achieve
Cut
Through the artery
The means to access it
Cut too the funds to investigate children murdered
Cut the hope to end hypocrisy of bilingualism
Cut the research on how we work
As people, groups, others united

As canvases the tin-can-edge of the world cut has grooves into.
Dividing lines on race and expectation, gender and potential
All cut and dry yet they cause internal bleeding.
Internal yelling-screaming.
Screaming to express a raw truth, a need
We need
A voice
To brush truth with a finger tip and taste it as our own
Heartbeats and hands raised up to power
And it shouldn't be a prayer to those who represent us
It shouldn't be a plea to those for whom we pay the salaries
It should be welcome, input, passion, thought.
I want to vote in a dreamer who listens first
Then talks.

The Legacy of Jane Creba

Anonymous

Part I

Gunshots flowing over segregated walls
The notion of white security falls
Outside downtown malls
Hysteria begins its call

The Airways
The T.V. Screens
Anchors. Journalists. Reporters. Scream!

White. Girl. Killed.

The unknown problem of the other had suddenly blown its cover.

Toronto Gun Violence
Defined by incarcerating and killing the nameless, until the famous
Boxing Day Shooting

Part II

Lights. Camera. 18 Million Dollar Action.

This year, coming to a Toronto Jamaican neighborhood near you,
Operation Green Apple.

Produced in Black and White,

Narrated by your trusty News Station

Written and Directed by the Cops at 13 Division

White Culture gives Green Apple two thumbs up, calling it "an operation
worth investing in," "it leaves a good taste in your mouth."

Black families and lives destroyed prior and post Green Apple call the
production a shame "where is the 18 million dollar investigation when our
sons died?"

Part III

The Racialized Court

In this court, it's about applauding profiling and over-policing.

In this court, it's about justice at any costs for Jane Creba.

In this court, a "Black problem" is being tried.

In this court, it's Guilty until proven Innocent.

In this court, injustice will always reign.

This court is Whiteness.

Part IV

Resist

The belief that a White victim is worth millions, but a Black one is worth nothing

Resist

The tyrannies of green apple, let justice rein for its victims

Resist

The oppressor

I am/I am not

brenda wang

I am not
black white yellow brown red purple
or green.

I am
a daughter a sister a lover a fighter
a friend.

Even if I were
black white yellow brown red purple
or green,

I would still be
a daughter a sister a lover a fighter
a friend.

I am not
a teacher a doctor a lawyer an astronaut
or a priest.

I am
a passionate educated compassionate and loving
human being.

And even if I were
a teacher a doctor a lawyer an astronaut
or a priest,

I would still be
a passionate educated compassionate and loving
human being.

We are not
easily defined easily categorized
by the sum of our parts.
But even if we were
easily defined easily categorized
and even the sum of our parts,
we would still
be.

Kara Walker Project (frame 2)

Kavita Bissoondial



Kosher food options on Queen's campus

Joshua Zelikovitz and Samantha Crystal

Students are hungry at Queen's University. Although there are dozens of food options for most students on campus, for those who choose to keep kosher (observance of Jewish dietary laws) availability of snacks and meals are few and far between.

Despite campaign promises by last year's team CYZ to the contrary, with the exception of coffee (which is always kosher) and Coke products, not a single kosher food item is offered from any AMS food services.

The situation is hardly better eateries such as Mac-Corry and the Queen's Centre, where kosher food includes a few granola bars, bags of chips, and other snack items – but nothing that comes close to a meal.

In the residence cafeterias, Sodexo claims to offer a kosher option. In reality, it is by no means viable. The kosher “meal” is a pre-packaged airline-style item. Students must call sixty minutes in advance for the item to be heated up. Due to poor training of cafeteria staff, many students have called in only to be told by cafeteria employees that no such kosher option exists. Worse, students have often been told their kosher meal is being prepared, only to arrive an hour later to find out it has not been, and forced to wait an additional hour.

The meal itself is hardly deserving of the term. Often sitting in the freezer for months before serving, students have complained the airline-style is completely inedible. Furthermore, though all other items in the residence cafeterias are all-you-can-eat, kosher “meals” are limited to one per person. On balance, there is simply no way that the kosher food provided by Sodexo is sufficient for a healthy diet.



While campus food provider Sodexo may aggravate the lack of kosher accessibility at Queen's, the company not the source of the problem. The issue stems at the level of the university. It is the university administration that sets the terms of Sodexo's contract, and the university has thus far refused make kosher food accessibility a requirement of food providers.

The administration has told us repeatedly that kosher food cannot be made accessible at Queen's so long as the demand remains so low. In doing so, the university has presented us with a Catch-22; they will only increase kosher accessibility if demand increases, but the demand cannot dramatically rise in the near future as many who keep kosher will not even consider attending Queen's out of the fear they will have nothing to eat.

The situation is worst for first year students living in residence. At Queen's, first years who live on Main Campus are required to purchase a meal plan, valued at several thousands of dollars. As established above, the food provided in cafeteria is not sufficient to feed a person who keeps kosher. Thus, a first year student who keeps kosher must choose between losing thousands of dollars in prepaid food they cannot eat, and being excluded from Main Campus.

Living on West Campus is not the solution. Telling incoming students that if they wish to keep kosher they must live in a separate community, far from campus, is hardly equitable. In fact, it is tantamount to structural discrimination against Jewish students by the university.

Among Canadian universities, Queen's ranks among the worst in terms of access to kosher food. Fully kosher eateries exist at York University, University of Toronto, and McGill. Other schools allow students who keep kosher to opt-out of meals plans.

Worse, many Queen's officials refuse to recognize the problem. The 2007-2008 Student Affairs Annual Report boasts of Kosher dining options at Queen's. In the process of campaigning for kosher food, members of the administration have denied responsibility for the issue, or refused to meet with us altogether.

Discrimination against Jews is nothing new to Queen's. In 1944, Queen's University officially opened the "Jewish Student File," as some members of the administration sought to impose restrictions on Jewish enrolment. The board of trustees eventually voted down the proposal. However, Queen's University history professor Dr. Gordon Dueck suggests this act may have been far from altruistic. "The decision not to introduce a numerous clauses policy aimed at restricting Jewish enrollment (and Japanese enrollment) was at least partly influenced by the passing of the Ontario Discrimination Act of 1944," Dr. Dueck wrote in an e-mail, suggesting it was the fear of litigation that prevented Queen's from prohibiting Jews.

Thankfully, we are now past the days when restrictions on enrollment threatened Jews. We now call upon the university to end the current systemic discrimination against Jewish students presented by the lack of kosher food. The university should immediately put an end to its policy of forcing first year students to live off of main campus if they wish to keep kosher by offering an opt-out of the meal plan. Second, the university must give Sodexo a clear mandate to provide kosher food, both in residence cafeterias and on-campus eateries. Finally, we call upon the university to recognize that the lack of kosher food is an entrance barrier to Jewish students, and that they must provide access that exceeds the current demand in order to break the cycle of discrimination.



Home coming

Julie Shen

straw fed chickens running loose in the yard
my yard?

rain weathered stones

hand built makeshift chairs that still retain the wooden stumps' grainy texture, bound only by
my father's long labored hours and reused nails from unwanted scrap-yards outside

White walls awash in decades of dirt, dust and deterioration.

The rain water seeping from cracked ceramic roofs into thumping strong veined, deep rooted
dragon-eye tree that bear fruit only occasionally, mysteriously rumored to only blossom upon
home coming, my home coming...

or so that is what my grandma used to say. A year has passed since she has passed. Four years
since my last home coming. I came home to closed doors, cold chairs and silent kitchens, no
longer warmed by your presence, no longer filled with your buzzing busy body.

Our embraces used to be awkward and distant at best, our conversations expected and
predictable but you were here. Standing right there, slender and fragile but bubbling with a
vigor of life.

I walked down the narrow muddy alley once again, to come home to you grandma, and for
a few minutes it all feels so familiar, for a few brief seconds I expected you to rush through
those wooden doors, but some sobering moments later, it hit me. A sudden realization that
you will not be waving freshly steamed dim sum at me, nor will I be asked about school, boy-
friends, the weather. It all became so real, as if it should happened.

Months ago and thousands of miles overseas, the news of my grandmother's passing seemed
like hearsay, like hearing a radio announcer declare that a bomb went off worlds away.

Months passed, tears dry, my schedule remain, same dinners, same meetings, same parties,
but now, right there in front of red wooden doors, I finally feel that you are gone.

I wanted to write a poem

Chris Tse

I wanted to write a poem about
Malcolm X and
Doctor King and
Rosa Parks but I
didn't cause my
skin isn't that dark

And because my skin isn't that dark
I feel like I might feel awkward
Writing words in tribute to the heroes of another coloured people
Like word, Malcolm X
Coloured rights for coloured people
Preach it, Dr. King
From the streets to the steeple
Amen Miss Parks
For your act of bravery
Cause this discrimination
Is just another form of slavery
That they used to place shackles and chains
On thoughts, feelings, and brains
Instead of on hands and feet.

They were the rich chocolate hands and feet of a beautiful race
Brought over in ships to a foreign place
Abused and beaten to disgrace
Their once proud spirits now erased
Forced to live in
Captivity

Mindless activity
Guided towards a
Proclivity
For menial labour and menial task.
Escaped from the bullet holes that bled the ground red.

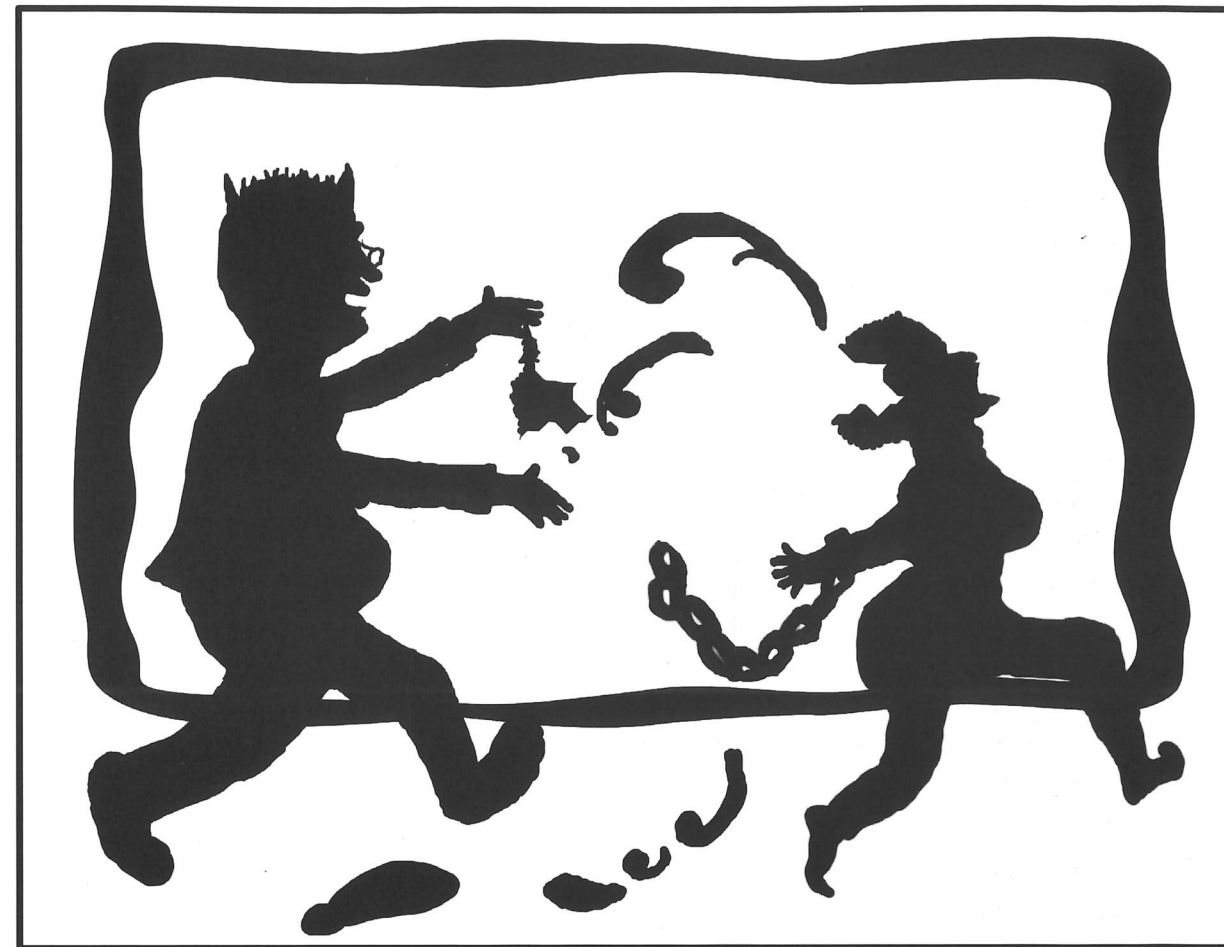
Red like the mahogany hands and feet of a beautiful race
Who already lived on the land when it was discovered
Tribal warriors and poets and scholars and lovers
And brothers and mothers would never recover
From the cruel hand fate dealt
When Christopher Columbus discovered India
Sorry, America
So why to this day do we celebrate the memory of a man who simply made a
mistake?
Who set out to find the Orient, got lost along the way
We consider him a hero with his own statutory holiday
But who will say or sing or speak
For those ignored and those too weak
Can somebody please tell me why we cheer for the
Cleveland Indians or the Washington Redskins or the Kansas City Chiefs?
Why not the
Pittsburgh Pakis or the Chicago Chinks or the Michigan Monkeys?
As if we find it funny
When in reality this archaism is as much racism
As the sky is blue and the sun is yellow

Yellow like the golden brown hands and feet of a beautiful race
Who shredded blisters from the sun and wooden shafts
Of railway hammers
Who aspired to lead normal lives

Away from trouble but prying eyes found them
 Shooting them looks and whispering gooks
 Coolies
 Hearing sing-songs of
 Ching-chongs and
 Lip slips of
 Dirty nip and
 To this day
 The stereotypes are stereotypical of those who stereotype us
 So typical for them to stop and stare as if we're pandas in a zoo but oh wait
 You killed those too.

So now I realize that when Rosa Parks sat down and Dr. King and Malcolm X stood up for
 coloured rights, it was more than just the blacks who won the fight
 And more than black hands who grasped the rope and rang the freedom bell
 Cause see, white and red and and yellow and brown are all colours as well.
 And when they freed the spirit of their sisters and brothers
 They broke the chains of the countless fathers and mothers
 Who were afraid to raise their children to follow cultural traditions
 In fear that they would be discriminated against
 So rise against
 And see that value is not measured by melanin
 And freedom is not bought by shade of skin
 When you see this, your true colours will shine through.
 As theirs do, and mine do, and yours do.

I wanted to write a poem about
 Malcolm X and
 Doctor King and
 Rosa Parks and I
 Realized that it
 Doesn't matter what color my skin is,
 Cause truth comes from my heart.



Kara Walker Project
 (frame 3)

Kavita Bissoondial

That Necklace I Wanted

Leora Smith

So...you want peace.
Well...ok.
But just what do you mean by that?
Do you mean peace, please
Put down your guns please?
Release these
Young folk who should be having fun please?
Do you mean peace, please
Let's all be friends please
Let's hold hands and make amends please?
Well ok these
Sentiments I can understand but see
Peace, please is not enough for me
Reach out your hand to me
Say come and stand with me
But what if this land you see
Is a place where I'd like to be
Like to be but can't Until. You. Move. Your. Feet.
..see?

So put down your guns please,
Well my war's not won
We
Need to keep fighting
And we. won't. do it peaceably
So that sign round your throat
The one that makes you exude this note
Maybe it means something different to me.
Maybe peace please starts with scream please
And harmony follows cacophony
And laying down your machinery
To rile up a new battery
Of thoughts and expressions
And peaceful successions
To the wars that surround me.

But
If by peace, please
You mean this noise must cease, please
Let's be happy with a new life lease, please
Then I can't sign on, for the
World that we are in now
Is not yet what I want it to be.
Cuz peace please, is more than a sign see
Harder than the metal of your pendant-cy
Hope it's more everlasting than our tendency
To wrap up peace with complacency
For peace, please
Be ready to *fall on your knees*
But keep your eyes glued on the prophecies
And hold on to the graciousness that puts the tenderness into your
Peace
Please.

Despite the fact I was born here, I will never be considered Canadian
Instead, forever I remain Dominican and Grenadian
The curl of my hair and beige tinge of my skin
Betray the foreignness of all my kin

Terri
Blackburn

21 years I have repped the T.Dot
Canada's number 1 diversity spot
The Mecca of Canada's immigrants
Still I have met too much ignorance

In 21 long years, my identity has been continually confused
The comments of others left my sense of self bruised
My skin, my face were the pain that I bore
Pain that started from the time I was four.

First generation Canadian, daughter of Caribbean immigrants
Black and West Indian- that was all I knew of my descendants
Combined with this, I already knew our family's traditions
But the colour of my skin, this lesson was one of my mother's omissions.

The first day of JK, Mommy asked me, "How was your class?"
"My friends are all black like me, Mommy", I said with some sass.
The sad truth is that there were no kids who were actually like me.
You see, my friends were actually W-H-I-T-E.

At seven, that was the first time I heard the word, "mixed".
The older black girls in the schoolyard would stare at me, transfixed.
The concept of a light-skinned black girl was too hard to grasp.
"You're not black. You're too light!" They would all gasp.

First black and then light
Too dark to be white

High school- my condition only got worse
Oh, just thinking of it now causes my lips to purse
My almond eyes and thick brown curly hair
Only made the rest of my grade stop, gape, and stare

Not positively, or with a sense of attraction
The pretty little blonde girls more than provided a distraction
I was very different- that much was clear.
It's understandable, I was the only black girl in my entire year.

The questions of my heritage always came up in conversations
My answers stirred up a multitude of sensations
"Black?" voices were filled with disbelief..
"You can't possibly be! You, my girl, are white just like me."

Excuse me? White like you, you say.
Did you stand up for me when I was called a nigger that day?
No, that day, my blackness was a reality.
That day, the question of my colour was answered for me.

Still, my looks remain ethnically ambiguous
These brown curly locks only make me more conspicuous
Sadly, all I need is a flat iron and straight hair to fit right in
Simply because of my light yet black skin.

Not dark, too light
Am black but look white

My family's origins are a constant source of interrogation
Brazilian, Lebanese, Jewish, Italian, Spanish, Haitian
Apparently, I can hail from any of these nations
Except the one place- where I was born- Canada, MY beloved nation

Perhaps it is because I'm black of Caribbean descent
My multiple ounces of blood more than fulfil that rule, 100%
Yet I am constantly told I don't look or act my race
Criticized by society, I'm told I am way way out of MY place

Do I need cornrows or an afro to fit the profile?
Large hoop earrings with Baby Phat jeans- rocking my urban style?
Should I tan and make use of my genetically inherited melanin?
Or coat every word, every phrase, every sentence with an ebonic spin?

WORD.

How dare you dictate how I must look to be Caribbean?
Must I sing and dance like a Calypsonian?
If I lived in the projects, had three kids by different men
If I was a statistic, would you acknowledge my blood and my heritage then?

Would that appease everyone? Being the stereotypical black girl?
To be accepted in such a colour coded world
Paint by numbers- my colour has to match
But everyone keeps changing my number- that's the catch.

Am black, but light
Too dark to be white

If society was a bakery, I would be the stubborn dough
Everyone trying to knead me, fold me, fit their pre-constructed mould
This pushing and tugging can make this dough unstable
Creating an identity crisis that is not just a fable

I am not defined by that cookie cutter shape
Yes, society, you can sit there and continue to gape
At this young empowered woman, BLACK WEST INDIAN DESCENDED
BUT CANADIAN BORN
No longer should my colour be met with questions or scorn

I should not have to defend my blackness or supposed lack thereof
Your questions only show your lack of astuteness from your shoulders and above
I will not try to be black enough, dark enough, light enough, white enough
I just AM- that's how it is. Learn it. Love it. Because I'm living it. So deal.

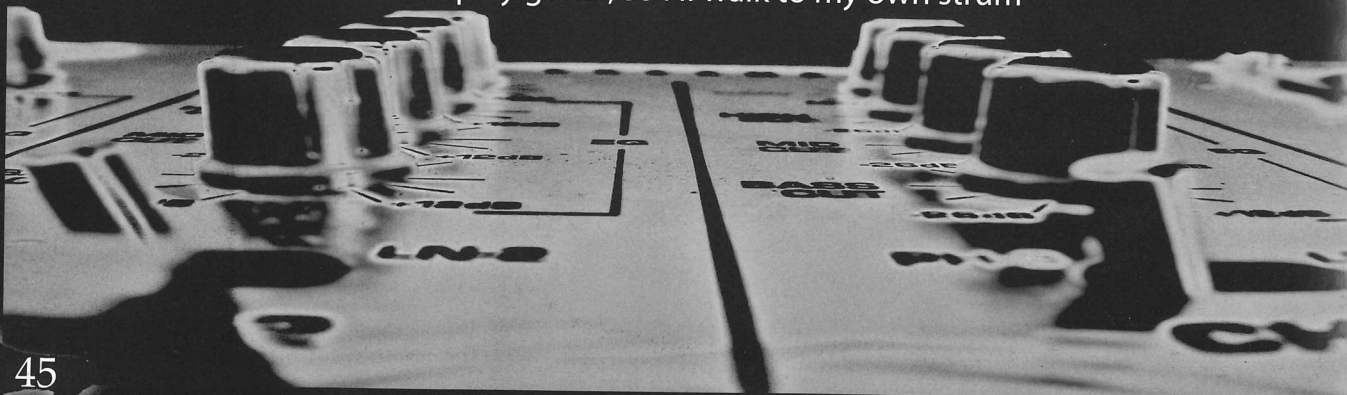
Yes, I'm black. Yes, I'm light.
I'm not dark. I know I look white.
Some answers are clear- black and white.
But my skin colour, breddren, is GRAY.

So stop trying to pinpoint my colour on that rainbow.
I am who I am. That's all YOU need to know.

Black is Beautiful

Gerri Lutaaya

i'm definitely not your average girl
not blonde, blue-eyed or with lots of luscious curls
when i was a young, boys and girls would kiss under the slide
i never got one, but i never did cry
no one told me or had to explain
i knew i was different, but in a very special way
then why wouldn't boys date me? it seemed i had it all
i worked hard, got good grades, played sports, got involved
the truth is that society has conditioned your sight
to view me, myself and i, in a completely different light
as it stands, the heavy hearted fact
is that my skin, my complexion is of the colour black
it's fine though; don't worry – really, i don't mind
as a women of colour, i feel and know i'm one of a kind
i'm in no rush to find me a man
this is how it is – i know God's got a plan
i'll continue to walk to the beat of my own drum
no wait - i play guitar, so i'll walk to my own strum



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Colophon

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