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Women's Studies & Gender Studies Program
Loyola University Chicago

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The Feminist Social Justice Resource-Hub & Zine by Women's Studies & Gender Studies at Loyola

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- **EVENTS:** WSGS | Campus | Local
- **OPPORTUNITIES:** Internships | Volunteer | Academic Funding | Careers
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**LIVING IN COLOR**

**FEATURING**

**17 GUEST WRITERS & ARTISTS**

**12 SPECIAL MAGAZINE SECTIONS**

- Asian Indian
- Japanese
- Native Hawaiian
- Chinese
- Korean
- Guamanian or Chamorro
- Filipino
- Vietnamese
- Samoan
- Other Asian — Print race, for example, Hmong, Laotian, Thai, Pakistani, Cambodian, and so on.
- Other Pacific Islander — Print race, for example, Fijian, Tongan, and so on.
- Some other race — Print race.

**NOTE:** Race and ethnicity are identity terms about Hispanic origin and race. Race and ethnicity are not the same thing.

- No, not of Hispanic, Latino, or Spanish origin
- Yes, Mexican, Mexican Am., Chicano
- Yes, Puerto Rican
- Yes, Cuban
- Yes, another Hispanic, Latino, or Spanish origin — Print origin, for example, Argentinean, Colombian, Dominican, Nicaraguan, Salvadoran, Spaniard, and so on.

**Monday, February 21**

**Volume 2011, Issue 19**

Special Themed Issue: Race, Ethnicity, Color
DIGEST ISSUE 19:
LIVING IN COLOR

WELCOME to the newly revamped digital Digest magazine.
Utilize our INTERACTIVE design by clicking on subjects to jump!

the WSGS Mission:

Founded in 1979, Loyola’s Women’s Studies Program is the first women’s studies program at a Jesuit institution and has served as a model for women’s studies programs at other Jesuit and Catholic universities. Our mission is to introduce students to feminist scholarship across the disciplines and the professional schools; to provide innovative, challenging, and thoughtful approaches to learning; and to promote social justice.

the DIGEST Mission:

Since 2007, the WSGS weekly digest has grown from a listing of upcoming events, grant opportunities, and other announcements to an interactive digital publication in the style of a feminist zine. The Digest’s mission is to connect the WSGS program with communities of students, faculty, and staff at Loyola and beyond, continuing and extending the program’s mission. We provide space and support for a variety of voices while bridging communities of scholars, artists, and activists. Our editorial mission is to provoke thought and debate in an open forum characterized by respect and civility.

Click here to CONTRIBUT (guidelines)!
We encourage Loyola students and staff, and ALL readers, to share with us, small or large, simple or complex.
THEMED CONTENTS

Inside R Out?: “White People, Stop. STOP WHITE PEOPLE”
- J. Curtis Main admits his same-race frustrations

The Bonfire #12: “Playing the White Card”
- Kyla Barranco journeys through her issues concerning (white privilege)

Beyond the Words #3: “Toward Understanding”
- Aanmona Priyadarshini shares her experiences of racism in the US & Bangladesh

Screen/Play #10: For Colored Girls Feminist Film Review
- Brandie Madrid discusses the sex, race, and color messages of the film

Quote Corner #17: “Chris Rock on race”

Quote Corner #18: “Margaret Cho on ethnicity”

Quote Corner #19: “Whoopi Goldberg on color”

MadAds #14: “Race to the Box Office”

Faculty Feed: “Loyola’s Black World Studies Program Celebrates 40 Years”
- BWS Interim Director Gerald Steenken discusses 40 years of Black World Studies

- The controversial, brave, and radical comedian shares his wisdom

Bookmark Here: Nisa: The Life and Words of a !Kung Woman
- In the 80’s, it was “groundbreaking;” see how an eons-old culture is threatened

Feminist Fires: Boogie McClarin
- A special tribute to the social justice work of Chicago’s favorite hip hop instructor

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- just jamlia speaks to boys on the “what are you?” game

- Chris Main reveals growing up as a white adolescent in NC during racial segregation/integration

Pt. 3: “A Safe Ethnic Space”
- Ida SeferRoche tells of her experiences coming from Bosnia

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- Theresa Campagna adds barrier after barrier of what keeps us disconnected

Pt. 5: “On Diversity in Higher Education: Words that should not go Unsaid”
- Erica G. De La Rosa reflects on tokenism in higher ed

Pt. 6: “Racial Justice from a position of white Privilege”
- Kathryn Berg utilizes standpoint theory in promoting white people’s work on anti-racism

Pt. 7: “Palestine”
- Yasmeen Shaban illuminates the oppressions felt by Palestinians

Pt. 8: “Interracial Dating Diversity”
- NLW wonders why racial barriers and bigotry are applied to her family

Pt. 9: “Privilege”
- Mia Gutsell offers a personal look into struggles between race, sex, gender, & color

Pt. 10: “Recognizing Whiteness”
- Daniel Allen blasts white privilege awareness by white people; a paradox

Pt. 11: “Checking the ‘White’ Box”
- Sophia Bairaktaris considers whiteness as an ethnic eraser

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- G. Larose demands an end to colorism while recollecting her childhood

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- PC shares feeling censured, then speaks to living as a black woman and as a black man

Pt. 15: “race ya!”
- devon reflects on skin as a mirror

Pt. 16: Excerpt from "No More Tears: Sentimentalism Against Itself in Uncle Tom’s Cabin"
- Carina Pasquesi, WSGS professor, reading the novel from the overlooked Cassy

Pt. 17: “assumptions of this. white. girl.”
- eman shares her slam poetry on race and attraction
3 pm  
Mon March 28  
Oxford Room at the Clare  
55 East Pearson St near Water Tower Campus open to the public  

lecture by  
Eileen Wirth  

“Suffragists, Flapper Journalists, Rosie the Reporter and Other Women of the Nebraska Press”  

They’ve written classic novels, investigated today’s health industry scams and battled sex discrimination in all forms of media.  

an unusual place?  

Discover the trials and triumphs of a group of tough, colorful unsung women who made a difference in tiny towns and world capitals.  

light the world on fire  

Women’s Studies & Gender Studies  
& the School of Communication  

Digest  

Women’s Studies & Gender Studies Loyola University Chicago

RESOURCES:  
WSGS EVENTS  
CAMPUS EVENTS  
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MAGAZINE:  
LIVING IN COLOR  
INSIDE R OUT?  
THE BONFIRE  
BEYOND THE WORDS  
SCREEN/PLAY  
Z BODY  
QUOTE CORNER (RACE)  
QUOTE CORNER (ETHNICITY)  
QUOTE CORNER (COLOR)  
MADADS  
FACULTY FEED  
BOOKMARK HERE  
TELL-A-VISION  
FEMINIST FIRES

Margaret Wirth is chair of the  
Department of Journalism and Mass Communication at Creighton University in Omaha. She was among the first women city news reporters at the Omaha World-Herald in the 1970’s and is writing a book about the first hundred years of Nebraska women in journalism.  

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Discover the trials and triumphs of a group of tough, colorful unsung women who made a difference in tiny towns and world capitals.
WSGS Event Calendar:

February
2/15 Tuesday
1:15-2:15 Piper Hall 201
From Rolling Pins to Podiums:
Christopher Ramsey
WLSA Lecture Series

2/16 Tuesday
2:30 p.m. Piper Hall
Patient Revolution:
The Hidden History of Women's Leadership in Poland's Solidarity Movement
by Shana Penn
Visiting Scholar at the Center for Jewish Studies in Berkeley

2/22 Tuesday
2:30 p.m. Piper Hall
Vaginal Monologues
A production of Eve Ensler's award-winning collection of
incredible monologues
by the Gannon Scholars

2/24-26 Thursday
7:30 p.m. Mundelein Auditorium
The Ann F. Baum Women & Leadership Speaker Series
Honoring retired Archbishop Mary Ann Smith, Viola Spiller, Sr., Ph.D., &
Christopher Newport (Coogler)

3/3 Thursday
1-4 p.m. 1700 Bauer Lounge
Holy Sex Workers: Mary Wigginton and Other Women, or
The Territoriality of Predation
with amazing guest Mary Wigginton
Theology Dept.

3/23 Wednesday
12-1 p.m. Piper Hall 201
Who Said Mary has to be a Virgin?
The Social Construction of
Mary's Virginity.
WLSA Lecture Series

3/24 Thursday
7 p.m. Mundelein Auditorium
5:30 VIP reception

Early May
Piper 2nd Floor
WSGS MA Graduates
Capstone &
Presentations
Join us as WSGS to celebrating
our robes and capes graduates.

April
21 Monday
Living in Color
race, color, & ethnicity
2/21 Monday
The Woman Effect(ed)
How have women affected you? the
work
4/4 Monday
Mass(iv) Media
pop culture, technology, and media
4/18 Monday
Oh My God! On Your God!
religion, spirituality, and activism
5/2 Monday
Future/ Career?
work, post-college, activism, you, & options

MAGAZINE:
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INSIDE R OUT?
THE BONFIRE:
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Digest
Special Issues
Spring 2011
Gannon Scholars Event Highlight:

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES

Thursday Feb. 24th, Friday Feb 25th, Saturday Feb 26th
Mundelein Auditorium

7:30pm Showtime
Doors open at 7pm
$5 students
$7 non-students
(purchased at door or in CFSU)

* All proceeds benefit Chicago Rape Victim Advocates, Porchlight Counseling Services, & VDAY.

"If your vagina could talk, what would it say?"

Questions?
Email ccustard@luc.edu
"White People, Stop. STOP WHITE PEOPLE"

Stop already, white people. Just stop. You have been getting on my last nerves more and more as I get older. You have managed to brainwash me in many ways. You have been able to at times pull me into your insecure ranks to join your (the f*ck it ain’t over) white supremacy regime. You have been there, and I have been there- us all a constant nag and frustration to basic human decency.

Stop frontin, white people. For centuries you have been masterbating in the whiteness that you yourselves defined as “pure,” “decent,” “valuable,” “patriotic,” and “powerful.” But I see us, there, reveling our whiteness- in the whiteness that pervades the world more and more. Exported from Europe still to this day, whiteness is that ugly commodity we keep spreading, like a virus, throughout the world. “Leave no village unturned” seems to be the ongoing theme. But why? What has led to this? What has led to whiteness, basically, ruling and owning the world?

Stop fleeing any spaces occupied by people other than white people, like cities, and restaurants, and dance clubs, and relationships, and schools, and even countries. Stop, white people, pretending that you “made” it this far by yourself, somehow free of the help and support of others, somehow free of gaining more at the expense of others.

Stop the biology, white people. Stop the (neo-liberal capitalist) economy, white people. Stop the entitlement to whatever it is we think about (and thus must have): resources, wars, spreading “democracy,” helping “the poor,” tourism, gold, iphones, prostitutes, scientific knowledge, and on and on and on and on and on and on and... well, when will it stop, white people?

Stop acting like we don’t have anything to do with power, white people. You look white? You are white? You pass as white? You are treated as white? You “act” white? You love all things white? If we are not actively doing something to weaken and prevent white supremacy, then we are surely, somehow, and probably in many ways, enjoying the yacht ride that is whiteness. You are probably staring down from your cruise ship and seeing little canoes, and boats, and people swimming and drowning. But they cannot get on board. They did not have a ticket. And they cannot get on board when the lifevests are intentionally so few in number. Save them for ourselves?

Stop, most of all, being so damned ignorant of our “complexion with the protection” flow through life. You think you work hard? So does 99% of the world. You think you deserve everything you have ever been handed, been rewarded, been paid? But come on, white people, why do we have all these things, all this food, and energy, and

(continued on next page)
agency, and education, and POWER? Because we deserve it? Or because we STOLE it? Yes, we took it. Yes, our family members and friends took it. People we know and love took things that people did not give them positively. Accept responsibility.

Take, for instance, the credit our “white founding fathers” always get for “making” the USA. Meanwhile, Native Americans and African-Amereicans get little to no credit for giving their lives to this country. They are not on our currency. They are barely in our history books. No, they are mostly in jails and in special, often shitty lands they were forced to inhabit. They get no credit, but privileged white men are everywhere we look; still.

Stop, white people, acting like we care. Sure, we may care to acknowledge that we are not monsters; that we feel bad for the way things are. OK, that is nice and fluffy and what? Useless. If, white people, we care about things other than supporting whiteness and white supremecy, then stop. Stop supporting it. Stop supporting ourselves. Stop acting like we care when WE have all this power. ALL this power to change things.

Stop: what am I talking about? What actions can white people take that go beyond ignorance, that go beyond hatred, that go beyond continual acknowledgement of white privilege?

Stop supporting whiteness. Stop dating and f*cking and reproducing only white people. Stop commenting on the beauty of white women and girls. Stop feeling better when hoards of black and brown bodies are put in industrial and profit-making prisons for what? Selling goods when we won’t hire them? Getting f*cked up on drugs when the realities we mold for them are so f*cked? Killing each other over scarce resources when we have giant houses and yards and cars and businesses of resources that we do not share or use? Taking minor goods away from white people when giant white-owned corporations rip us all off several times more than blue-collar crime? For growing and distributing the drugs, we, white people, love to get f*cked up on?

Stop forging histories of great white men and women. Stop archiving only white people. Stop fleeing any spaces occupied by people other than white people, like cities, and restaurants, and dance clubs, and relationships, and schools, and even countries. Stop, white people, pretending that we “made” it this far by ourselves, somehow free of the help and support of others, somehow free of gaining more at the expense of others.

Stop, white people, treating all movies, shows, music, media, news, dance, games, and so on that contain white creators and white actors/artists/employees as “universal,” while all other human expressions not controlled by whiteness are “special.” Stop feeling connection to media that simply regurgitates our white privilege back into our masterbating hands. Stop expecting our brown, yellow, red, and black friends to support our white interests, and stop leaving any nonwhite interests unsupported and unprofitable and uninteresting and disconnected. Stop ignoring HOW LONG brown and black and yellow and red people have helped us, supported us, and influenced our entire lives. Stop, please please please please please, stop pretending like our whiteness was not created from and exists because of violence, rape, murder, slavery, sweat shops, child prostitution, poverty, homelessness, warmongering, imperialism, and so on and so on.

Stop. Though white power is so damned bright and blinding, it is not, and never has been, and never will be, our dirty little secret. The scam is obvious. Our efforts to preserve whiteness are cracked and breaking and scared and insecure; so the efforts are doubled and redoubled and spread like the virus that white power has become.

(continued on next page)
White people developed whiteness to steal, to own, to control. White people have continued to redefine and remake and reproduce white power since the fallacies of race were created to steal, to own, to control.

Stop stealing.
Stop owning.
Stop controlling.
Stop whiteness, white people.
Cause you started it.

Consider this song by Imani Coppola:

I woke up white today
And everything went right today
I woke up white today and everything was A ok

I woke up Caucasian
Had a realization
I should take advantage
Of this f*cked up situation

I walk up in a store
I don’t get hard looks no more
I’ll go rob a bank real fast
And surely they’ll blame your

Black Ass (x4)

I woke up white today and everything went right today
Everyone said hi to me cause I exude excellency
I’m starched and yuppified no way I make you terrified
I’ma go electric slide my way up to the upper

East Side (x4)

I’m the embodiment of a fine upstanding citizen
And the cops just drive on by even though I’m super high
I know black folks real well cause I watch me some Dave Chapelle
In a fancy restaurant they don’t assume I want

Chicken (x4)

Hey hey i woke up white today
Woke up white today

I woke up white today and everything went right today
I woke up white today and everything was a ok
I woke up caucasian had a realization
I should take advantage of this f*cked up situation

Woke up white today
True story
This past weekend, I was talking with my father about the upcoming issue of the Digest. I told him all about the ideas of diversity, color, and ethnicity that were supposed to be reflected in my writing. Innocently, I was asked what I was going to write about. A silly question, I thought. WHITE PRIVILEGE. But as I responded, my dad pushed the discussion a little farther. “What about your ‘white privilege’ do you intend on writing about?” A question, admittedly, I didn’t immediately have an answer to.

When I think about white privilege, I think about all the special privileges I, and most white individuals, possess. But usually, that’s where my thought process stops. A flaw in the way society is constructed, an obvious tragedy to the social construction of the world we all live in – I’ve always thought of white privilege as a “no-duh” concept of life. The world is unequal, unjust, and in general a crappy place to live in most of the time. But what specifically about ME and my position in society, demonstrates this “obvious” privilege I possess. I didn’t have an answer. I work hard for my good grades, I participate in numerous clubs and activities, and I have a job. A large part of me believes that I deserve the rewards that happen to come my way.

I’ve always prided myself on being aware of the inequalities in society. A feminist, a humanist, a future civil rights lawyer. What was I missing? And then it hit me. Besides the obvious racial inequalities that prompted the civil rights movement, affirmative action, and other movements and political solutions, the problem was that I knew I had white privilege, but I didn’t know what that privilege really was. The internal battle I was having with myself at that very moment was the ultimate white privilege. I had the

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privilege to recognize that I had some unearned advantage as a white individual, but I never reflected on what that privilege really meant.

As a white woman, I’m about as seemingly non-threatening as people get. When I apply for a job, walk downtown, or go to an airport – I’m another face in the crowd. Take a black individual, a Latino, or GOD FORBID an apparent Muslim and you have anything but another face in the crowd. You can be seen as a threat, an “immigrant”, or “that black girl in my class”. Being white enables me to be whoever I want – uninhibited by my appearance and an ethnicity I may not even associate with. To be semi-successful as a white individual is not necessarily a surprise. To be successful as a non-white? According to America you’ve either gotten ahead because you’re a minority or are extra special because you’ve gotten ahead while being a minority. You’re often defined by the color of your skin and ethnicity while I don’t face the roadblock of defining who I am beyond my whiteness.

Evaluating racism isn’t just about seeing the disadvantages one has because of the color of their skin, that’s just half the picture. Looking at the advantages one has because they are white is the other half of the equation that is often ignored. Being white is more than just a category on a standardized test. It defines the advantages I’ve been given since birth, the way others perceive me, and the way I think and perceive others as well. Like gender, it is seemingly unavoidable. But what’s the solution? Like all stereotypes, racism and white privilege are ingrained into our culture and will be around for awhile. In order to fight this one we have to start from the source, start thinking and talking about the world’s “dirty secret”. In addition to thinking about what it means to be black, Hispanic, Muslim, Asian, etc think about what it means to be white. Acknowledge if you possess white privilege and become aware when you see it happening or even when you’re contributing to it.

But awareness is only the first step in to solving the problem. The only way to rid society of racism is to deconstruct race itself. If you aren’t already aware – race is a MYTH. Race does not actually exist but is a socially constructed idea meant to separate and classify human beings. White supremacy, slavery, and colonization all found their justification in the made up phenomenon of race. Like race, whiteness is not an ethnicity but legal category that gives rights and privileges to a certain group of people.

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"Whiteness in a racist, corporate controlled society is like having the image of an American Express Card. . . . stamped on one’s face: immediately you are "universally accepted.”
"I was 6 years old then. I was reading my new book, the books I got from my school for a new class. Suddenly, the electricity was gone. After a while we heard that several Adivashi [indigenous] women and men cry out: ‘Bengali military and settlers are coming; they are killing people.’ Within a second I heard what sounded like a gunshot. Father told us that ‘we have to run away…. just take water and muri [a kind of snack made with rice].’ My mom had always prepared these things for any potential emergency. Therefore, we just took them with us and ran away.

We were in the forest for seven days. There were also other Adivasi community members, who fled away to save their lives. When we returned to our village, we didn’t find our house. They [Bengali military and settler people] burned all the houses in the village. I lost my new books; I lost my school as they burned this as well. I lost two years of my life,” my Advasi friend had told me about life experience in a sunny summer day in Bangladesh, in 2006. I responded, “I am sorry for what happened to you. I can empathize with you.” She replied, “No, you can’t, as you are Bengali and we are ‘other’ to you, nobody can feel our exact feelings; only we can assess what we lost, only we can feel our own pain.”

I didn’t understand why my friend told me this. Didn’t she believe me? With a confusion, I just murmured, “Maybe I can’t feel your exact feelings as I didn’t go through this kind of oppression, but I can understand your feelings, your pain, as I acknowledge that whatever happened with you, is a violation of your rights.”

I am in Chicago now and my presence in this other part of the world changed my whole situation. Now I can understand why my friend told me, “You can’t understand.” Every single day I found myself as the ‘other.’ Most of the ‘white’ people do not sit beside me if there is another seat available, no matter that is it in a classroom or any bus or metro.

Last winter vacation when I went to a diamond shop to buy diamond studs for my mom, the sale person who was ‘white’ showed me just a cheaply-priced diamond. When I asked her if there was anything else, she replied, “Oh, those are a little bit costly.” I felt so insulted and thought, “That’s why she took it for granted that I was searching for something cheap: I hadn’t told her anything about my budget price?” What was it she saw in me that helped her to assume that I couldn’t afford any costly diamond studs? This question haunted me for several days.

Finally, I got the answer through another lady’s word. One day in the bus I accidently fell down on a lady. She told me, “You should know how to stand properly, stupid colored lady.” I was so shocked, but didn’t know why I was happy too. Maybe the reason behind this was this time I knew the answer to why the lady behaved with me like this.

Yes. It’s about my skin color. It shows the world that I am ‘other’. It shows that I am ‘poor.’ It shows that, I am ‘stupid’ and ‘uncivilized.” I shared my experiences with my friends, who look ‘white,’ but they are actually human beings. They told me, “We are sorry, we can feel your feelings.” I remembered my Advasi friend’s words. At first, I wanted to tell them, “No, you cant, as you didn’t go through my situation.” But I didn’t say this, as I believe that even if we cannot understand others’ exact feelings, if we can understand them, if we can understand the cause of those pains, then we can work together to change that cause, the very cause of racism, classism, sexism.
For Colored Girls is an adaptation of Ntozake Shange’s play For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf. This film is not as obviously focused on the experiences of “being colored” as it is on being girls and women. It is more about heterosexual relationships and all the negative impacts they can have on women: STDs, unwanted pregnancies, rape, infidelities, etc.

The title For Colored Girls suggests not only that the movie will address young women of color, but also that it will address racism, for in our current climate, we do not address people as “colored” but potentially as “people of color.” (It is important to note that the title of this film came from a time when calling people “colored” was more prevalent.) However, this film is rarely explicit about race or white racism. To begin with, there are no white people in primary or secondary roles in the film. Although a film of all-whites is very common (although should be more conspicuous today if no secondary characters are non-white), there are rarely films of an entirely black cast with such a large budget and audience.

So why is there no inclusion of white people, even as secondary characters? Is there a conscious effort to exclude white people in order to focus our attention and star-power on people of color, or is the film attempting to say something about the continuation of the social construction of race even when there are no other races present? Does a film with an all-black cast have to be about race when a film with an all-white cast is rarely ever about race? After all, it’s not as if one person is less raced than another.

Interestingly enough, almost anything resembling racism comes from the women themselves. When Juanita (Loretta Devine) is rejected by Jo (Janet Jackson) for money for her women’s charity, Juanita says of Jo’s chic fashion magazine office, “Ain’t got no color up in this place, including you.” Juanita also displays some potential internalized racism/colorism when she says, “Ever since I realized there was someone called a colored girl, or an evil woman, a bitch, or a nag, I’ve been trying not to be that, and leave bitterness in someone else’s cup.”

Tangie (Thandie Newton) speaks the most explicitly about her own life as a black woman when she asks, “How are we still alive?.... Being colored is a metaphysical dilemma I haven’t conquered yet.” Other than this confession, race is mostly addressed when the women call each

(continued on next page)
other bitches and an occasional racial slur, but this film is more about creating a community of black women living in a white man’s world than it is about the in-fighting between women.

When one of the women does not want to go on living, the mother figure of the group responds, “Help another woman who’s missing what you’re missing.” At the end of the film, the women come together for the first time and a group bond seems to grow out of hurt and loss. One of the women exclaims, “I can’t believe I’m having such a good time and there’s not a man around.”

Is it necessary to beat men of color further down in order to uplift women of color? What they fail to explicitly discuss is how men of color are themselves victims, even though there are moments when this should be more apparent, like when there is a quick scene of black men in jail or when one of the men is revealed to be “on the downlow.”

In this film, discussions of race and racism are focused in the relationships between the women. Because there are no white people present, their internalized racism shows through in how they treat themselves and the women they interact with. They often feel negatively about their own beauty and sometimes ashamed of those qualities that mark them specifically as women or black people. Instead of seeing a white woman in the mirror (like in the film Precious), the women are faced only with other black women, and their reactions to race and racism find their outlet among each other.

A huge portion of the film is actually about men and their effect on women of color. Tangie (Thandie Newton) has a succession of one-night stands and then kicks them out shortly after sex. One of the men she brings back thinks Tangie must be a prostitute if she picks a man up at a bar and brings him back to her place. This infuriates her, and she tells him to get out. He implies she has a disease, saying, “If it ain’t in your body, it is definitely in your head.” But she judges each man in the same way, not allowing for their humanity. She thinks they are male whores just as some of them think she is a whore.

When a male hospital worker relates that a woman is crying because her children were killed, he sounds curt and uninterested. At a certain point, it becomes depressing that men in the film (save the husband of the woman who can’t have a child), even men on the periphery, are portrayed as deeply harmful to women in one way or another. I think this is the wrong message to send to people: that all men are horrible or have a horrible side to them. When the women speak about “being betrayed by men who know us” or that “women relinquish all their personal rights in the presence of a man,” I understand the importance of saying those things about specific experiences, but the lack of qualifiers like “some” or “sometimes” paint men into a corner of only being predatory. Is it necessary to beat men of color further down in order to uplift women of color? What they fail to explicitly discuss is how men of color are themselves victims, even though there are moments when this should be more apparent, like when there is a quick scene of black men in jail or when one of the men is revealed to be “on the downlow.”

The cast is primarily black women (and some black men) -- even the opera that Janet Jackson’s character goes to is an all-black opera -- which implies something about living as raced people. Although the film is very much about the lives of black men and women, it is more about relationships than about racism. The structural issues in the film that I noticed were

(continued on next page)
when the alcoholic father said that no one was hiring veterans and when the police officer told the rape victim that it was hard to prosecute for rape if the woman knew the man. Perhaps the intent of the film is to illuminate the lives and experiences of several women of color, which in itself may shed light on the centuries-old white power model many people must carry as their burden. The stories of these eight women indirectly speak to overcoming these burdens, yet without speaking more often to the thick racism and sexism of the US, some moviegoers may assume many of their issues are internal and not social.

Directing Style: Sometimes there is a little disparity in the realism and acting styles. The parts that are poetry aren't always apparent at first and it can be distracting when you realize that it's no longer typical dialogue. Mrs. Cosby does a masterful job of moving from dialogue to poetry. A number of the women sell the poetry very well, but sometimes it feels disjointed in a way that is less than fluid. Although most of the women do an applaudable job of melding acting and poetry, Macy Gray particularly shines as an abortion doctor who could easily pass for an ancestor figure (albeit a dangerous one) in a Toni Morrison novel.

Re-watchability: This film is a little too depressing for most people to watch over and over again, but if you are looking for a poetic (albeit sometimes melodramatic) film about community and empowerment, this may be good for a single viewing alone or with a group of friends.

Where to Find It: Specialty Video on Broadway and Netflix DVD at home. Also watch the filmed play, “For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf,” available at Specialty Video and Facets Multimedia.
I have been guilty of saying that I find certain races more attractive than others. I think that dark skin, coarse hair, and other dark features are the pinnacle of beauty. However, is it “race” that I am attracted to? According to all reputable research on the topic, race doesn’t even exist. The only thing separating us as far as “race” is concerned is skin color.

When you hear people on the street saying, “I don’t think I could ever date an Asian,” or “Mexican men don’t turn me on,” what are they actually saying? We all know that not all “Asians” look alike, neither do all men from Mexico. Looking back in history, racial preferences and attraction have been the source of inequality and injustice for hundreds of years. People would often mask their prejudice behind physical preference.

So then is it wrong to have a preference towards one “race” or another when it comes to attraction? Yes, if that attraction stems from a place of oppression and societal prejudice. If preference is being used to hide racism, then that is a problem that is leading to more hate and discrimination in our society. Is it wrong to be attracted to certain physical characteristics? No, we all find different features to be beautiful; full lips, small noses, dark or light skin. Similarly, we are all attracted to different personalities, intelligences, and passions. All of these characteristics lay outside of this mythical idea of “race,” which proves that it is not the race of a person that is attractive, but an individual truly being themselves that makes them desirable.
Chris Rock (on Race)

A collection of quotes by the genius actor/comedian/activist

There’s a lot of racism going on. Who’s more racist, black people or white people? It’s black people! You know why? Because we hate black people too! Everything white people don’t like about black people, black people really don’t like about black people.

Black people yelling “racism!” White people yelling “reverse racism!” Chinese people yelling “sideways racism!” And the Indians ain’t yelling shit, ‘cause they dead. So everybody bitching about how bad their people got it: nobody got it worse than the American Indian. Everyone needs to calm the f*ck down.

White man makes guns? No problem. Black rapper says “guns”? Congressional hearing. “Oh, my God, that nigger said gun, and he rhymed it with fun”!

A black C student can’t do shit with his life. A black C student can’t be a manager at Burger King. Meanwhile, a white C student just happens to be the President of the United States.

So if you’re black or brown, you can make money in America, you can get rich in America … but whatever you decide to do, it better be positive, ‘cause if one person is harmed, you will be destroyed. You see Oprah, she just be giving away money. She’s doing that to keep the Feds off her back.

I will give you an example of how race affects my life. I live in a place called Alpine, New Jersey…. My house costs millions of dollars…. In my neighborhood, there are four black people. Hundreds of houses, four black people. Who are these black people? Well, there’s me, Mary J. Blige, Jay-Z and Eddie Murphy. Only black people in the whole neighborhood…. Do you know what the white man who lives next door to me does for a living? He’s a fucking dentist! He ain’t the best dentist in the world… he ain’t going to the dental hall of fame… he don’t get plaques for getting rid of plaque. He’s just a yank-your-tooth-out dentist. See, the black man gotta fly to get to somethin’ the white man can walk to.
I get nervous when people say to me, ‘I just can’t tell any of you Asians apart!’ Um, why do you have to tell us apart? Are we gonna be separated for some reason? I can’t tell us apart! I was not born with a chip in my neck that would automatically identify every Asiatic person that I would come across... ‘beeebeebeebeebeep Filipino.’

Fobs [Fresh off the boat] are generally of Asian descent– and if you had to take some kind of fish related item to school in your lunchbox, like fishcake, dried squid, or octopus– chances are, you are a fob or the child of a fob, or at the very least fob adjacent.

Because I wasn’t Asian enough- they decided to hire an Asian Consultant. Because I was f*cking it up as an Asian. She would follow me around: ‘Margaret! Use chopsticks! And when you’re done eating, you can put them in your hair. Now you’re wearing shoes, which is something we don’t do in the house. Now I’m just going to leave this abacus right here...’

A Korean reporter once asked me, ‘Do you think your Korean parents are ashamed because you talk about what you talk about on stage?’ I said, ‘I don’t think they’re ashamed because they’re Korean. I think any parents would be ashamed.’

If racial minorities, sexual minorities, feminists both male and female, hell, all liberals got together and had this big ‘too much information,’ ‘go there,’ voice...that would equal power. And that power would equal change. And that change would equal a revolution.

I almost married to this Irish-American guy; we got really close to getting married. I went down to meet his family and they lived in Sarasoto, Florida, and I was really worried before I went there. I asked him, ‘Are there going to be any Asian people there?’ and he was like ‘No.’ And I said, ‘OK, then, could you just drop me off at the dry cleaner, then?’ Cause I don’t want to be the only one!’
Ok, let me get it off my shoulder, wait. See, look, see. And, look, now it’s in my eyes.
And my mother made me go to my room and she said this aint nothing but a shirt on
my head-
And I said, nah-ah, this is my long luxurious blond hair!
And she said, nah-ah, fool, that’s a shirt.
And I said, you a fool, this my hair; and she made me go to my room.
But I dont care cause when I get bigger Ima gonna get 50 million trillion billion
elephants and Ima let them go in the house so they can trample on everybody
And she gonna want me to make them stop but she aint even gonna know I’m there
Because Im gonna have blond hair blue eyes and Ima be white.

I AM.
UH-HUH. Uh-huh.
Cause they said on TV all you gotta do is go to the optometrist’s office and he got
blue eyes in his desk drawer
And then Im gonna have a dream house, and dream car, and dream candy, and a
dream horse
And me and Barbie are gonna live together with Ken and Skipper and Malibu Barbie

WE ARE!
And then we gonna buy excitin clothes because we wanna go somewhere excitin
Cause we gonna get on the Loveboat-
But you gotta have long hair to get on the Loveboat.
And I told my mother I don’t wanna be black no more. I did.
Cause she don’t never go nowhere excitin, she go to work all the time, she work on
Wall Street
Doing work work work, and she don’t know nobody excitin and nobody excitin know
her
And she don’t even look like nobody on TV-
Not even on the Justice League, not even on the Smurfs.
And she said she don’t wanna look like no damned Smurf.
And she said even if you sit in a vat of Clorox til Hell freeze over
You ain’t gonna be nothing but black
And she were right cause I sat in the Clorox and I got burned.
And she said I just have to be happy with what I got-

But, look, see-
It don’t do nothing- It don’t blow in the wind, and it don’t casca- casca-scidade down
my back.
I want some other kinda hair that do something else. I do.
THIS WEEK'S FOCUS: RACE TO THE BOX OFFICE

- Do it; I dare you. You say racism/ethnocentrism is not alive in the world today? Movies reveal that...
- The majority of Americans show, with their money (what they support/relate through the Box Office), that white-dominated movies are "about life," which means all kinds of people relate to them.
- AND, the majority of Americans show, with their money, that movies with little to no white characters, no matter the content, are "special." They are not just about life. They are about specific life.
- Many white Americans only support and reinforce whiteness; while many non-white Americans still support whiteness. But who gets blamed for being "cliquish," "unpatriotic," and "outspoken?"
This spring semester marks the 40th anniversary of Loyola’s Black World Studies program. As the program’s Interim Director, I am hopeful that our anniversary celebration this spring will inspire and further empower our program to actualize its immense potential as a key player in Loyola’s transformative educational mission for decades to come.

A significant part of the American heritage is the black contributions to America—contributions made in spite of the economic exploitation of blacks by whites.

In 1971 Loyola’s president Fr. Raymond Baumhart, S.J. shared his personal reflections in a news release (March 18, 1971) announcing the appointment of the program’s first director Dr. Milton A. Gordon: “In my judgment, the important contributions of blacks to American history and culture have not been given the serious academic attention they deserve. Courses in the Afro-American area will, I hope, be taken by both black and white students. It is more important today than ever before that all educated Americans understand their own cultural heritage. A significant part of the American heritage is the black contributions to America -- contributions made in spite of the economic exploitation of blacks by whites.”

Fr. Baumhart’s enlightened and prophetic words are as relevant today as they were four decades ago. In keeping with the principles of a Jesuit social justice education that promotes global awareness and a greater understanding of the interdependent relationship we share with the racially and culturally diverse peoples of our world, Loyola’s Black World Studies program has broadened its scope to include the enriching contributions of the black world community to world culture.

The recently published book Black Studies @ Loyola, edited by Ruth Hoffman as Volume 2 of Illinois Documentary History of Black Studies (a series edited by Dr. Abdul Alkalimat of the University of Illinois at Urbana Champaign), chronicles BWS’ historical development. Despite decades of adversity and struggle, Loyola’s BWS program has contributed significantly to our university’s transformative education by creating many excellent cross-disciplinary courses that have diversified Loyola’s curriculum, enriched the perspectives of faculty and students

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alike, and afforded students of all backgrounds an opportunity to pursue Black World Studies as either a Major or Minor.

To commemorate its 40 years of determined and spirited growth, BWS is sponsoring a number of major events this spring semester. These include:

1. “Diversity at Loyola: An Endangered Species,” a Town Hall Meeting co-sponsored by Loyola’s NAACP College Chapter (Monday, Feb 21, at 7:00 PM in Crown Center). A lively panel discussion among students, administrators, faculty, and program directors will follow a scholarly presentation by BWS professor Dr. David Embrick who will critically examine diversity ideology and the institutional forces both within and outside our Loyola community that make a racially and ethnically diverse academic curriculum, student body, and faculty an endangered species on our own and many other college campuses.

2. “Educating the Unconscious: Purifying Our Snap Judgments about Race” (Wednesday, Feb 23, at 4:30 PM in Quinlan Life Science Center Auditorium Room 142. The keynote speaker is social psychologist Dr. Robert Livingston, Assistant Professor of Management and Organizations at Northwestern University’s Kellogg School of Management. Dr. Livingston will shed light not only on how unconscious negative assumptions, gut reactions, and snap judgments about race are formed and reinforced within each of us by our culture but also on how educational institutions like Loyola can employ strategies to transform or purify them.

3. “Race Still Matters: Scenes from a University,” a play written by BWS major Artaska Perry and performed by Loyola students and directed by BWS professor Jonathan Wilson on Sunday, April 17 at 7:00 PM in Mundelein Center Room 409. The enactment of this drama is the end product of BWS 396 African American Theatre Workshop being offered this spring semester.

All of these events are free and open to the public. On behalf of our BWS students, faculty, and staff, I extend to everyone a warm welcome to come to these public events and share in our 40th anniversary celebration.

Yours truly,
Dr. Gerald Steenken
Interim Director, Black World Studies
Tell-A-Vision: because our film and visual works tell visions and revisions of our culture(s).
Each week we will bring you a new clip reflecting values & ideas. What do they tell you?

“In this age of mixing and hybridity, popular culture, particularly the world of movies, constitutes a new frontier providing a sense of movement, of pulling away from the familiar and journeying into and beyond the world of the other.”

- bell hooks

This Week:

**PAUL MOONEY: Know Your History**

(Click below to play!
(First tell Adobe to “allow:” that you trust the document [at the top])

Clip 1 of 3: “Don’t Blame me for ni**a, or racism”

Paul Mooney is an American comedian, writer, social critic, television and film actor. As the head writer for The Richard Pryor Show, he gave many young stand-up comics, such as Robin Williams, Sandra Bernhard, Marsha Warfield, John Witherspoon, and Tim Reid, their first break into show business. Mooney also wrote for Redd Foxx’s Sanford and Son, Good Times, acted in several cult classics.

(Continued on next page)
This Week:

**PAUL MOONEY: Know Your History**

Click below to play!
(First tell Adobe to "allow:" that you trust the document [at the top])

**Clip 2 of 3: "Complexion for the Protection"**

![Image of Paul Mooney speaking]

**Clip 3 of 3: "Everybody tries to dis Africa"**

![Image of Paul Mooney performing]

Click here to CONTRIBUTE (guidelines)! We encourage ALL readers, to share with us, small or large, simple or complex.
Year 1st Published: 1981

Current Publisher: Harvard University Press

MSRP: $25.00

Pages: 384

Genre: Anthropology, African History

Topics:
- Documenting and understanding one of the oldest cultures in the world.
- The effects of imperialism, capitalism, and industrialization.
- How certain sustainable and peaceful cultures are being bullied into extinction.

What does the back say?

Nisa, a member of the !Kung tribe of hunters-and-gatherers from southern Africa’s Kalahari desert, now in her fifties, would be considered a remarkable woman in any culture: as a small child she saved her newborn brother from infanticide; first marriage at the age of twelve to a man she did not want, she was separated, divorced, remarried, widowed; she bore four children, none of whom survived; depended on no one, she foraged for food in one of the world’s most hostile environments. This book is the story of her life, as told in her own words—earthly, emotional, vivid—by Marjorie Shostak, a Harvard anthropologist who succeeded, with Nisa’s collaboration, in breaking through the immense barriers of language and culture.

Pros:
Ultimately, this work is more than an account of culture or a story of discovery, but rather, goes further by illuminating human connections— to one another and to the earth. The bond that forms between Marjorie, the writer, and the !Kung people, specifically Nisa, is a testament to the strong bond we all have the ability to share (but often decide not to out of fear and hatred) as human; not as women, not as a color, not as a certain culture; not as prescribed social states of being, but as human. Read this book to discover “new” ways of living, which are in fact from thousands of years of practice and survival. Often, in the “modern” world, smaller, more peaceful cultures are being ignored, bullied, and destroyed, when in fact, they have much to teach these emerging, unstable cultures, such as that found in the US.

Cons:
The book may seem dated, or old, considering it is now in its 30th year. However, Shostak captures the tradition, culture, and history of a people whose ways of living are tens of thousands of years old, so no matter how long ago she captured Nisa’s story, the book is timeless. Readers will most likely recognize some romanticization of the culture by Shostak, but she is allowing her feelings on her experiences coming from an industrialized, material, violent, and destructive culture to surface in her writing. She is in awe of “other ways of living.” Some anthropologists may consider her biased.

Click here to CONTRIBUTE (guidelines)! We encourage ALL readers, to share with us, small or large, simple or complex.
FEMINIST FIRES: 
**THEN & NOW**

Illuminating the trailblazers of feminism’s past while fanning the flames of its future

**Major Works:**
(My Son :)
- 12 years teaching at Old Town School of Folk Music
- 5 years teaching for Kuumba Lynx
- 3 years working for Columbia College Chicago
- contact with over 10,000 students in lectures/demonstration/presentations

- pioneering Hip-Hop, House and Urban Social dance curriculum with an emphasis on:
  - the cultural values and traditions expressed in urban folk culture, music and movement as challenges to societal restrictions and as popular political discourse,
  - the lifelong practice of individual artmaking for personal empowerment and community development.

**Inspired by:**
- A deep need to understand the subtext, nuance, and shifting meanings that language struggles to give a shape, so that we can share ourselves with each other, complete our experience of life that so often just keep us apart.
- This City: spaces where oppressions intersect and freedom prevails
- The People: everyday people who live joyfully and make art in the everyday, anyway; and in spite of/or love of Living.
- The artists and intellectuals who I have been blessed to meet - the famous, infamous and anonymous

**Is an inspiration to:**
- The people who I know started their dance training with me, got some foundation and performance experience with me, and have continued to dance, teach, and inspire.
- Also, the people who took a class with me and now dance socially more often and get others to dance with them, my Dance Ambassadors (trademark pending and t-shirts coming)
- the student who comes up to me after class and says “someone said something to me about hip-hop and I was able to tell them...” or “I feel so much better about moving my body now I did.... that I would never do before-thank you”
- I hope I inspire people to live consciously and beautifully and musically, but that consciousness and beauty are not one dimensional/flat/uniform things-- our unique individual lives and experiences/struggles/challenges have rhythm and melody and we can experience them by dancing or by standing still, by moving with each other.

(continued on next page)
Personal life:
Boogie lives in Chicago with her son and continues to make and share art, dance, and justice. You can easily find her in many venues and centers of learning being a leader and friend, helping people learn to be better in movement, in connection, and in their own selves.

Performance & Artistic Credits:
• *C.H.I: Urban Dance Ritual Experience* (2010): movement concert addressing house dance/club culture and the ritual needs of its patrons, created in 8 weeks with a cast of 30 professional and community dancers.
• “The Art of B-ing” (2005-present): a lecture demonstration for youth exploring urban dance history and hip-hop culture as a model for individual empowerment through creativity.
• “(House-ing)” (2003): a collaboration with an organization to Save Cabrini Green Public Housing for the Chicago Social Forum.
• Co-producer of the *L.I.F.E. Show* (2000-2003): a bi-monthly urban performance showcase that provided a forum for non-traditional “street forms” an audience and professional venues and donating any profit to granting profit to charitable organizations.
• Movement Artist for HUMO (1999-2001): playing at the legendary Hothouse, House of Blues, Green Dolphin Street, Chopin Theater, and Akinayah Gallery, with famous acts like Roy Ayers, Raekwon and Ghostface.
• “AVATAR_A NEW ME” (1996): inspired by the then "new" ability to re-shape your identity through usernames on-line. Presented at Iowa State University, it shaped my commitment to make dance and movement based works as my political philosophy.

Importance to Feminism:
Boogie remains yet another force reckoning with the abusive powers of injustice and inequality. She embodies what many feminists argue as core to feminism (but several fail to accomplish): working toward positive social transformation with little concern for one’s own pride, ego, notoriety, and wealth. When Boogie sees and feels the chance for human connection and understanding, she jumps right to it with her best game, whether through art, instruction, or even friendship. You may always find her anticipating and working toward breaking down harmful social barriers, with a warm heart, generous spirit, and seemingly unstoppable strive and electricity toward the goodness and capacity of others.
“Brown Skin Lady”

- Just Jamila

Here’s the thing about being a colored lady: boys have more leeway to get fresh with you by playing the “what are you?” game, so even if he ain’t got game, he gets handed one, care of my brown skin and crazy eyes. Does it bother me? Nope. Like most nonsense that escapes strangers’ lips when they feel compelled to speak to me, it keeps things interesting.

The lines range from pretty innocent to just flat out ridiculous, but it always starts with “Where are you from?” – the innocence continues or ends depending on my response.

If I respond “the Philippines” then I get asked for a date or my phone number or both. If I say “Chicago” then I get a pause, a look, and sometimes a “Where are you from originally” or “where are you really from” as if to say, surely you’re not from the Midwest, you look much too foreign.

I particularly enjoy when boys choose to get creative. Once I was approached with “Ooh girl, is you Somalian?” to which I responded, “I think you mean Samoan, and no, no I’m not.” After asking where I’m from, another young man proceeded to name every Asian country except the Philippines, and I replied that I was thoroughly impressed with his knowledge of Asian geography, but he missed the one country that counted so sadly he missed a chance with the girl he was after.

If I say “Chicago” then I get a pause, a look, and sometimes a “Where are you from originally” or “where are you really from” as if to say, surely you’re not from the Midwest, you look much too foreign.

When I was a young, militant co-ed, I would get offended when this sort of thing happened, but now that I’m older, and likely too tired and lazy to get all riled up about much of anything, I take it all in stride. When it comes down to it, these boys are all after one thing – the only difference between them and any other creep that asks for my phone number is they decided to break the ice with something other than “How about this weather we’re having” or some other lame excuse for a conversation starter. And it’s not as if there’s only one type of guy that’s done this, the guys vary as much as the lines do – black, white, Hispanic, all colors of the rainbow.

I hardly think it’s my job to educate these poor souls about the finer points of differentiating between Asians’ facial features, that’s what lovely websites like “all look same” are for (that’s a real site, by the way). So, what’s a brown skin lady to do? I say, relax and take it all in.
"A [white] Baby Boomer Who Grew Up in an Integrated Southern City"

- Chris Main

My name is Chris Main. I am 60 years old, thus considered the tail end of the baby boomers born after World War Two, from about 70 million. Many of you and your fellow students were born with baby boomer parents and WWII era grandparents. Baby boomers were in their teens and early '20's during the late '50's and through the '60's. Between 1960 and 1971, we experienced the beginning of racial integration and the "end" of segregation. I will be sharing some of my childhood memories of racial segregation with you from living in the same southern city for my whole life.

I grew up in a large two story brick home located in a well-to-do suburb in Greensboro, North Carolina. During my first through sixth grades at Sternberger Elementry, there were no black students at all (1955 to 1962). As students, the only black folks we encountered were the cooks and janitors at the school. We also had very few other racial minorities; even Yankees were low in numbers. There were a lot of Jewish and Catholic kids since many lived in nearby neighborhoods. As small kids we really knew little about segregation, except that it was "normal" and common. Our only encounters with black people on a personal basis outside of school were housemaids and gardeners. We hardly ever seemed to encounter a black child, except on TV shows such as the Little Raskels or Amos & Andy.

It had a "colored only" entrance on the left side of the larger main entrance. There were three seating areas. The third story balcony was for the black kids only. While we watched our all-white 7th to 9th grade local bands on stage, the black kids would throw pop-corn and drinks on us below. I never really saw any of them.

From ages five to thirteen I did have a great older black friend just a few doors down from my home: James Byrd, who was a live-in gardener, along with his wife, Edna. They worked for a wealthy white couple who lived in an estate type setting on a lake with five acres of land. The couple, Joe Morton and his wife, Annie Fred Morton, were like my surrogate grandparents. I visited all four of them almost daily. They wintered in Florida and went to Europe each year for several months. James and Edna lived there so I visited them. They even had a large wine cellar and boat dock.

James had an 8th grade education and no children. The garden and green house were his primary job along with shofering the Mortons around. He had a green thumb for growing gardens in an English style. Some of his gardening was featured in Better Homes and Gardens in addition to their beautiful house, which was just full of flowers and azalias, plus stone-laid paths and a big 30 by 40 foot heated green house. James was so smart that he even taught gardening at A&T State University, located in Greensboro for agriculture and technical students. A&T State is the largest publicly funded historically black college (HBCU) in the state of North Carolina.

(continued on next page)
James also taught me how to shoot squirrels. He even taught me how to shoot to skin them and eat them. James showed me how to catch snapping turtles, too, which he also ate. James died when I was thirteen. I learned this when I visited Mr. Morton in the hospital walking home from school. He had died working in his garden of a brain aneurism—instantly. On a side note, Mr. Morton had one of the first pacemakers in NC. Edna and I continued our friendship until I reached my early 30’s. Mr Morton lived until he was 96 years old (I guess his pacemaker worked).

When I was 11 to 14 years old my neighborhood buddies and I would ride the bus downtown on Saturday mornings. We went to a kid’s program and a western movie at a large theater called the Carolina Theater. It had a “colored only” entrance on the left side of the larger main entrance. There were three seating areas. The third story balcony was for the black kids only. While we watched our all-white 7th to 9th grade local bands on stage, the black kids would throw pop-corn and drinks on us below. I never really saw any of them.

While we rode the bus; the black maids from our neighborhood rode in the back. This was a bit weird; since we knew most of these women by first name and they worked for our friends’ mothers. We would see them as we visited one another, too. They came on the bus at about 7:30 am and went home between 2-4 pm, Monday through Saturday. They all knew us since many worked in two or three homes. Back then, it cost 25 cents per ride on the bus. The buses mainly came to pick up and drop off the maids, as none of them seemed to have cars then.

Having a maid come to make our beds and clean the house was pretty much standard for white, stay-at-home moms with two to five kids. The maids “became” part of the “family.” We only had two that I can remember: Katy, and later, Mary Jordon. Mary was my favorite and worked a few days a week at our home for many years after I left home at age eighteen. She used to make my brother, Ted, and I get up early as teens. Mary would say, “get your buns out of bed boys.”

Mary rode the bus all her life and to this day has never driven a car. Still, my family has Mary come to family functions like weddings and Christmas. We all think of Mary like many folks may think of their aunt. My family and I rarely if ever ventured to the south east side of town, where most black folks lived, thus I led a sheltered life and only knew a few black folks. I suppose its interesting that in most towns the poor folks always lived on the side of town where the creek or river ran out of town. This was due to the untreated sewage that went that way and smelled bad. You will find this in almost all towns and cities nationwide. Most all flow south or south east.

One time my brother Ted and his buddy Billy took me to the southeast side to buy some white lightning liquor, MOONSHINE (still made illegally). They were eighteen and sixteen. They had a connection in the black family housing projects where it was sold. To say the least, I was scared to death to even drive into this place. There was a black kids high school, Dudley High. It was built and looked like ours, and it really was one of the best schools in town. They always beat our football and basketball teams and had the best band in the state. We never went to the school unless we were playing sports, like track. Ironically, the buildings looked just like our’s, which was sort of a college campus setting. Our’s and their’s were built in 1927-28 with many separate buildings instead of the one great big one like high schools later evolved into. I remember during break lots of kids milled about outside these buildings smoking to look cool. On a side note, consider that I know of a few who continued the habit after high school who are now dead from cancer.

About a third of all the students had their own car and about the same had after school jobs. Most of the cars were clunkers or muscle cars such as Pontiac GTO, Mustang, or Chevelle. We were allowed 45 minutes for lunch as each group got out in three shifts, and the parking lot

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“A [white] Baby Boomer...” continued - Chris Main

became a place to show off - squeal one’s tires and race away to lunch. Sometimes a few of us even had a beer at lunch since, then, at age eighteen, one could drink beer and wine then. Also, back then, if you were a kid caught drinking and driving; the police took you or followed you home and gave your parents a lecture, as far as I know. People did not drink as much then, unless at a party.

Kids from an affluent school like Grimsley wore Lacosta Shirts, Nettleton tassel loafers, and cuffed made-to-fit slacks (not all but many). If you wore jeans at our school; you were considered a redneck or poor, even though most of the jean denim cloth was made in town by Cone Mills. Girls wore skirts and dresses to school (dress code), and some girls were even sent home with skirts that were “too short.” They did not wear pants or slacks, mostly. However, by the time 1968-69 and the early 70’s rolled around, many looked like hippies, with long hair and frumpy old clothing. Smoking maruwana was not something many of us ever heard of until about 1969 and into the early 70’s at high schools, although it was prevalent at college campuses beginning around 1966 or so. Our town had about 60,000 people. It was a mill town with Burlington Industries, Guilford Mills, and Cone Mills being the big employers. Everything was connected to these cloth-making companies. Blue Bell, the big jean and western shirt maker, was here too. One is still here now, Wrangler, which was Bell Blue.

In those days black folks always called me “Mr Chris,” or “Mr.” plus your first name. I always figured this was a throw back from slavery days or something. It went on between Black and white people all throughout the south then.

One last integration thing. Grimsley High had one black boy and one black girl by 1969 in the entire student body. Imagine: my older brother and sister never went to school with any black students. Both of these students came by car. By 1975, the black student population was about 15-20%, and now it is about 25-30%. During 1964 to 1970, there were race riots in Greensboro. Burning and looting took place mainly downtown, near where the HBCU A&T State University is. We had city curfews as kids during those times where we had to be home by ten pm and off the streets. It made dating by car hard to do. These times only lasted a week or two at a time.

As a young man I began my insurance career collecting payments in the black and poor white sections of town, including the housing projects. Here the customer paid 50 cents or more for a small life once per week. I would drive up in front of the home or row apartment and walk up, knock on the door, and collect and sell more insurance whenever possible. Mostly the woman of the house paid and bought the insurance. Most were black and the matriarch of the family unit. They were very friendly and liked to see me. In those days black folks always called me Mr Chris, or “Mr.” plus your first name. I always figured this was a throw back from slavery days or something. It went on between Black and white people all throughout the south then. Oddly every once in a while I will get speaking with an elderly black person (80 years old or older) and they will still address me as Mr. Chris. Although I have had limited engagement with the black folks of my town, I have memories of how integration came about.

For instance, at the downtown WoolWorths 5 & Dime department store they had a long lunch counter with a sign that read “no coloreds allowed.” In 1963, four black A&T State University students did a sit-in for service at the lunch counter. It was the beginning of the end for racial segregation and made national news for weeks. This was the next great step after Rosa Parks moved from the back of the bus to the front that helped push the civil rights movement. Now

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A [white] Baby Boomer... continued  - Chris Main

the WoolWorths Store is a museum. I wonder what happened to the bus Rosa sat on? Never thought of this before- interesting question- where is the bus now?

On a last note, I have some advice to young students as a 60 year old who has worked more than 45 years, been married 30 years, and has five children and grandchildren. Make sure you have a hobby or game in life, like woodworking. Spend time with your grandparents and as much as you can stand with your parents; their time on earth is more limited than your own. When they are gone, they are gone. Be sure and save for an early retirement. You will most likely have seven or more different jobs in your life and get fired, let go, or the company will go out of business or something while in your older years, so be ready for it. People just do not normally stay employed at one place all their lives. Many large employers make a point of getting rid of those over fifty to save on retirement funding or hire younger workers who are cheaper. This has happened to almost all my classmates.

Accept it: your hair color will change as you age, you will gain about a pound a year, and your hair may even fall out. Like the old 70’s song says “love the one you are with;” divorce is one of the most expensive mistakes you may ever make; kind of like a death in the family. Take a long look at your partner’s parents, especially the one he or she takes after, as they will most likely resemble them as they age. Get out there amid travel to the unknown spaces of the country and world. Home bodies generally do not have very much to talk about. Watch PBS or the history channel, as you will not learn as much atching sitcoms, game shows, or even Oprah for that matter. If you like to watch football a lot, just remember you are not moving and will not be able to recall what took place at the game 5-10 years from now. Similarly, auto races on TV will put you to sleep and golf is like watching the grass grow.

Buy a car that shifts gears (manual); they are faster and get 15% more gas mileage, too. Renting a vacation home is always cheaper than owning one. If you buy a house or condo, make sure it has extra rooms. Children happen fast, some never leave, many return as adults to stay a bit, and so may friends and family.

Oh, yeah, and your mom and dad do not know what they are talking about. If you wonder where Curtis Main gets some of his qualities, do not look too much farther: his father, me, Chris Main.

But back to the topic. Now our town and schools are all integrated. Dudley is still the most popular black high school in town and is about 10% white students. Grimsley is still the best high school in town with over 100 years of service here. Grimsley has one of the least high school drop out rates in NC, too. About 35% of the students go on to finish a 4-year college degree. Back during my high school years and up until that time, a lot of kids married one another. My own children, like many younger and younger generations in Greensboro, NC, grew up in racially diverse neighborhoods and schools, unlike my own experience growing up in the same city. In just one generation, though racial segregation still exists in many ways, racial integration has come a very long way. In fact, Greensboro is quite the progressive city, especially with its many colleges and universities and hard-working public school system, for being a southern city in North Carolina. Many of my children’s friends and relationships are interracial, which forty to fifty years ago was much less common. We have come a long way, and I have seen the changes.

Please, on a last note, take a look at the newspaper clippings on the next page. Even black folks living today who have made incredible impacts on race relations and society are not getting the attention and credit they deserve. Recently in Greensboro, NC, a long-time physician, Dr. George Evans, passed away. He led a life fighting racism. Take a moment to remember the many, like him, who have enriched our lives and battled close-mindedness and bigotry along the way.

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Chris Main asks that you remember civil rights activists like Dr. George Evans, who sued for the right to practice as a black doctor at Moses Cone Hospital in NC. All hospitals that had been receiving federal funding (and barring black doctors and dentists) had to then open their doors to all races partly due to his efforts.
My cousin leaned in to signal to the rest of us, that she was about to tell us something ethnic in nature. All six of us, Sefer cousins were sitting in a Serbian owned café, in our home town of Bosanski Novi, Bosnia. This was the first time since the war that we all got a chance to spend time together in Bosnia. None of our family members had returned back to this little city, so this was quite an event to get us all there together for one week during the summer of 2001. My cousin looked around to see if anyone was listening and said, “How do you get ten Serbs in a phone booth?” As she finished asking her question, a knot began to form in my stomach, as I awaited the answer. My other cousin enthusiastically asked “How?”, and the answer was revealed, “Tell them that it’s not theirs.” Everyone started laughing as I nervously smiled and looked at my sister, who was very confused by the answer.

During the early 90s in former Yugoslavia, what was pronounced an ethnic war, and an ethnic cleansing of the Bosnian Muslim population was in fact genocide of drastic proportion. An estimated 200,000 to 400,000 people had died. Fifty thousand women were raped, in an attempt to commit genocide through women and force them to give birth to Serbian children. Additionally hundreds of thousands of others were forced to leave for other countries to pursue their lives elsewhere. Since the war, the country of Bosnia has literally segregated itself by ethnicity. Meaning, the Bosniaks (Bosnian Muslims) go to their own schools, their own cafes, their own shops, and so do the Serbs and Croats respectively. This new mentality of ethnic segregation has permeated into the psyche of most of the people from former Yugoslavia and continues to be a problem today.

This was the first time since the war that we all got a chance to spend time together in Bosnia. None of our family members had returned back to this little city, so this was quite an event to get us all there together for one week during the summer of 2001.

So, why would it bother me and my sister that my cousin was making an ethnic joke about Serbian people? The answer is quite complicated, being that my father is a Bosnian Muslim and that my mother is Serbian Orthodox. When the war began in 1992, my father knew it would escalate even further and so he sent me and my pregnant mother to Serbia, so she could give birth to my sister there. My father didn’t realize how quickly the war would arrive to our city. Two weeks after he rushed us off to the airport, he was arrested and detained in a concentration camp. We had no communication with my father for roughly two months, until he called us one day from Croatia and told my mother to pack her things and meet him in Macedonia. We eventually reunited a couple months later, and began our lives in Croatia.

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I remember how difficult those months were. How we had no money. How everything and I mean everything was absolutely lost. How we had to eat canned and dehydrated food sent to us by kind-hearted people from all over the world. How my father struggled to feed us, because refugees for a while did not have the right to work from the Croatian government. I remember the comments the kids in my school would make about us, the refugee kids. Most importantly I remember all the lies that I had to tell to my friends, my teachers, and my neighbors about my mother and my sister. I couldn’t tell people she is Serbian, because Serbian people were being demonized at the time. I had to lie about where my sister was born, because had people known she was born in Serbia, they would question my mother’s loyalty to other Bosnian Muslims. Because why would my mother go to Serbia and give birth there if my father was being tortured by Serbian Nationalists in a concentration camp?

When we eventually moved to Toronto, Canada I promised myself that I would never have to lie about who my parents were, or where my sister was born. This consequently meant that I made friends with people from different ethnicities, religions and races, everyone but people from former Yugoslavia. I realized how safe I felt in North America. People did not question where I came from and who my ancestors were? And when I moved to America, no one ever questioned whether or not I was American. It was just kind of understood. I don’t have an accent, I have pale skin so I must be White/American. This was quite problematic for me, because I struggled with the meaning of whiteness for a long time. I did not want to identify as White, because while my country is in Europe, I still felt a hierarchy of whiteness in Europe. And my child-self believed that my ethnicity did not fill the requirement for whiteness. It wasn’t until college that I realized that I didn’t have to necessarily take on being White as an identity, but that I had to realize how passing for white gave me privilege over others. This explained why no one questioned my ethnicity in North America, and why people did not assume I was anything but Canadian or American. No one questioned me because my light skin tone was and is normalized and acceptable. This privilege is what let me have a safe space to live uninterrupted by discrimination because of my ethnicity.

And when I moved to America, no one ever questioned whether or not I was American. It was just kind of understood. I don’t have an accent, I have pale skin so I must be White/American.

My father though had a much different experience dealing with his ethnicity in North America. His olive toned skin, his jet black curly hair, his Muslim first name, and heavy accent made him very un-American and not very White. I remember one particular incident at Old Orchard Mall, when my father was looking for a parking space. He pulled into a space and we all got out of the car a woman got out of her jeep screaming at him. She was yelling at him about taking her spot. He calmly tried to reply to her and said that he did not see her waiting for the spot. She screamed at him, “That is not how we do things here in America. Go back to whatever stupid country you came from, Mohamed.” My father became infuriated at this point, but didn’t say anything. Soon the security guards came, and asked what was going on. The lady told her version of the story. When my father started to speak, the security guard put his hand
up as if to stop my father from talking and kept saying “Let’s be fair, she was waiting for this spot.” I interjected and said that none of us had seen this woman waiting. The security guard did not believe my father, and made my dad remove his car and look for another space. He additionally threatened to call the police if my father did not move his car. As we pulled away from the parking spot, the woman kept shaking her head as if my father did something despicable. We found another parking space but my dad kept quiet the entire time we were in the mall. This with countless other moments, at the airport, at the DMV, at the Immigration Office, at my sister’s elementary school are just a reminder to me of how a combination of characteristics can determine how a person is treated at the private and public level of society.

Through seeing my father’s experiences, I realized that my reality of safe ethnic space was not the reality of a lot of people living in America. Here in America, I did not have to think about my ethnicity all the time and how it affects the resources I am given. When I am confronted with my ethnicity in large groups of Bosnian, Croatian or Serbian people here in the U.S. I can always leave. Additionally, I do not have a typical Muslim first name or last name, like my father so I can pass for White/American 99% of the time. Therefore while I may face discrimination and discomfort in one part of the world, I can freely be myself here in America. Being able to move away from unsafe ethnic spaces to safe ethnic spaces is the white privilege that I have undeservedly earned by my skin tone, my hair, and my facial features.

She screamed at him, “That is not how we do things here in America. Go back to whatever stupid country you came from, Mohamed.”

White privilege has really reframed how I think about my own ethnic identity. Studying race, ethnicity, privilege and oppression has really helped me cope with what happened to my family and my people in an amazing way, because it helped me heal all the anger I felt. Lastly learning about white privilege helped me move on so that now I am able to see how I can make a difference by challenging white hegemony primarily in my Bosnian community because that is where I can make the most difference.

*Ida SeferRoche is a masters dual degree Social Work and Gender and Women’s Studies student at Loyola University.*
You are too fat
You are too thin
Your hair is too greasy
You’re too pristine, too vanilla
Your taste stinks
You should put some clothes on
You need to wear less clothing
Your breath stinks
You wear hooker boots, You must be a slut
You should stop buying things that look expensive
Your clothes look faded
You look like a dyke

You strive to be the gay man stereotype
You’re not gay enough
You’re such a breeder

Your hair is too short
Your hair is too long
You’re too rich for my taste
You’re too poor for my taste
You wear glasses
You wear coloured contacts
You dye Your hair too much
You’re too hipster
You’re too punk
You’re too preppy
Your pants are sagging
You’re on welfare and people on welfare are lazy

You’re on unemployment, stop cheating me!
You are a tax man, You are evil!
You cannot find a job
You make too much money
You should not help me make money just because you make money

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You read too much
You’re Asian, You’ll be okay with money

Your food tastes so good!
You can’t cook worth shit
You look like a terrorist

You’ll be okay, You’re white and male and someday
You’ll be rich, why aren’t You rich now?
You’re male, and therefore I can walk all over You
You’re wearing a short skirt so I am obligated to grab your ass
You’re female, it’s easier for you to get laid
You should not get laid
You should not masturbate
You’re a drug dealer, I hate drug dealers
You’re a nun, how do You live with Yourself?
You’re a priest, what’s Your favorite kiddie porn site?

You’re an artist, how cliche!
You’re a trust fund kid, give me some money
You’re an independent woman, you don’t need my money even though I knocked you up while in college
You’re never going anywhere, get pregnant in high school it’s all you need
You’re a soldier, a freedom fighter, not a terrorist
You’re a terrorist, not an oppressed citizen of a militarist state

Your hair is too dark, Your skin is too dark you kike
Your skin is not dark enough, go lay in a tanning bed
You wop, go shoot someone so we can make a movie about it; or go back home
Your eyes are slanted, so, you must be a chink right?

Your job is to spend my money and watch the kids
You’re married, You must be boring
Your clothes are so chic but something’s off! they’re knockoffs from the philippines right?
You cook my food, wash my bed clothes, babysit my children, work in the poultry industry, and wash dishes...wait You can’t understand what I just said!

You’re too ugly
You are not perfect
You can never be my friend
On Diversity in Higher Education: Words that should not go Unsaid

- Erica G. De La Rosa

The packaged and sold image of different color cartoon people holding hands around a world never ceases to make me smile. My eyes casually look at each of the "ethnic" characters until I spot the brown person usually holding a guitar, wearing a big sombrero, and a multi color serape. I immediately think to myself “there I am”. In a world where “diversity” is now accepted and celebrated, all I have to do is look at the picture and feel proud of what I am. Right?

I have learned in the world of academia that I am diversity because I am different. I am involuntarily the different one, the outsider, the other. I am the brown character that comes from guitars, big sombreros, and multi color sarapes whose story is written and told for me. All I have to do is show up and play the role depending on the given month, the special event, the scholarship award, the photo op etc.

Diversity in higher education is defined as relevant to those who represent the norm. If you are not a white heterosexual male from a privileged socio economic class you are an ‘other’ and you are faced with the choice, consciously or unconsciously, of being commodified in the name of ‘diversity’ or fighting for space within the classroom, within a field, within a program, and within the institution as a whole so that you may share an experience and a humanity that is not acknowledged. More often then not, you are so consumed in either being who academia asks you to be or fighting the images/roles identified for you, that you have no energy or means to ask yourself who you truly are. There is little to no space to genuinely share stories of an experiences that hurt you or of an essay that made you cry and changed your life and why. Complexities of human experience or diversity within the predominant monolithic processes of higher education is not recognized or acknowledged beyond the physical presence of minorities on campus.

I have learned in the world of academia that I am diversity because I am different. I am involuntarily the different one, the outsider, the other. I am the brown character...

I believe true diversity is challenging the patriarchal Eurocentric worldview that is the foundation and center of our social institutions. Diversity is not a friendly global gathering of five dressed up smiling characters holding hands. It is a painful engaging process of redefining the points of reference in our lived realities and the creation of space for a new discourse of human experiences.

I plan to continue engaging that process by facilitating new spaces and discourses within the academy through my writing and subversive presence as a person who is empowered by a narrative identity, rather then an identity that was created in the name of societies mainstream understanding of “diversity”. I am motivated and inspired by the responsibility I have to my community as an intellectual and as a social activist who envisions a new ways of existing and that participates in the reconceptualizing and production of liberating knowledge.
“Racial Justice from a position of white Privilege”

- Kathryn Berg

"[T]he role of the ally is not to help victims of racism, but to speak up against systems of oppression and challenge other Whites to do the same." – Beverly Daniel Tatum

As a grad student of Women’s and Gender Studies, I have studied the value of "situated knowledge." You may already know that situated knowledge is founded on the understanding that there is no such thing as objectivity in its most meaningful sense. But in case you haven’t, I will give you a synopsis. There is not one single truth that all the smartest people out there agree on for any given subject. More likely, if there is one single truth it is because “other” people are being left out of the conversation. Instead, there are many truths based on a variety of perspectives. One is not necessarily more right than another.

Perhaps you have heard the metaphor about seven blind men touching different parts of an elephant and describing the shape of an elephant? (Apologies, it was a sexist metaphor and they were, in fact, all men.) None of the men are wrong; they all are simply describing different parts of the same animal. Situated knowledge challenges researchers to consider their own biases and oversights above all. An interview with the same person is going to get varied results based on the race and gender of the person conducting the interview. This in and of itself is not detrimental. What is in fact dangerous is claiming that these variations do not exist. When we can acknowledge difference, then we can learn from those with perspectives which do not always line up with our own.

Today I am more interested in talking about situated action. Specifically, I write as a white person addressing white readers, to speak to the potential advocacy work that we can do in our everyday lives to further racial justice. With consideration for situated knowledge, whites can rarely –if ever- be the experts on racism in our society.

Going back to the quote by Beverly Daniel Tatum above, our social location also does not usually make us the most qualified candidates to “help victims of racism.” Further-

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more, to make this one’s focus is to potentially maintain systems of privilege, in which white people essentially offer their resources to people-of-color without interrupting white supremacy. What Tatum suggests white people do instead is advocate for racial justice to other whites, in communities where people-of-color are marginalized, tokenized, or altogether excluded. When whites speak out for racial justice, while there may be consequences, we are not seen as biased on the basis that we ourselves are people-of-color. This is leverage that we do not choose to have, but that we can use to further racial justice in more situations than I care to count. And honestly, don’t we deserve it to ourselves, to support our people in living up to their best versions of themselves? After all, racism undermines the integrity of white people. At the root, it is “our problem” to deal with.

This is a time to tap into that empathy and remember that it can be unnerving to have someone with your own privilege look you in the eye and call you out. If you have been lucky enough to have someone in your life hold up this mirror to you, recall the gift you received from their risk-taking.

Which brings me to a final concept, that of situated patience. Whether I like to admit it or not, when I see a white person participate in everyday racism (not KKK-style, but the kind of racism that makes white liberals compare themselves to the KKK so we don’t see ourselves as racist), I have to admit that in most cases I have been there myself. I was not raised by hippie parents, and I have had to do my unlearning later in life. Contributing to systematic racism is something that has and continues to be a real part of my experience, as I work towards racial justice. This combination of unlearning and messing up does, however, give me a valuable tool: it puts me in a unique position to compassionately hold my white loved ones accountable for their racist thinking and behaviors. And if these white people still love me back afterwards, hopefully they will do the same and hold me accountable as well! Compassionately addressing racist words coming from those I respect is hard, no doubt, but has not made my heart ache quite like when I encounter sexism and heterosexism as a Queer woman.

To challenge people in a position of privilege from a position of privilege is one important way to fight fire with fire. When another white person questions your expertise as a white person speaking out against racism, do not be caught off-guard. Check and see if I respect is hard, no doubt, but has not made my heart ache quite like when I encounter sexism and heterosexism as a Queer woman.

Kathryn Berg is a second-year dual degree graduate student in Social Work and WSGS. She is currently launching a racial justice training through Student Diversity & Multicultural Affairs entitled, What’s it like to be white?: White Identity Development and Anti-Racism Training. For more information or to apply visit http://www.luc.edu/diversity/White_Identity_Devel.shtml The extended deadline is Thursday, February 24th at 5 p.m. There are three slots remaining. Applicants will be contacted on Friday 25th. Please don’t hesitate to contact Kathryn at kberg3@luc.edu with additional questions if you are considering the training.
"Palestine"

Yasmeen Shaban

"What country are you from?"
Palestine
"What? Just point to it on the map?"
It’s not on the map, it’s occupied.
"So you’re from Israel?"
No, I’m from Palestine.
"The closest country is Egypt, so for Multicultural day we’re just going to say you’re from Egypt."

Many people do not understand or recognize the oppression Palestinians face. So many Palestinians have been displaced. They have lost their homes and jobs. Did you know that 4 million Palestinian refugees have been displaced in 2007? (Badil) Where is home for Palestinians? How can Palestinian women and men live a life with dignity when they are denied basic human rights? They are denied a home and a means of living on their own land. This has exacerbated since the Gaza conflict in 2008. According to research, 60,000 homes have been destroyed and Palestinians are not allowed to have building materials in order to rebuild. According to UNWR, the unemployment rate has reached an astounding 45% in Gaza. Also the Israeli military only allows a certain amount of resources to reach the poorest in Gaza.

Palestinian women’s main source of oppression is the occupation of their land.

Ghada Hashem Talhami said that Palestinian feminism differs from Western feminism. She claimed that for Palestinian women it is about survival. Palestinian women’s main source of oppression is the occupation of their land. Although it’s important to note that Palestinian women do face oppression and sexism within their culture but it is something that is impossible to combat because Palestinians do not have a country. Palestinians do not have a law. There is no civil and stable society. Palestinian women and men are oppressed by those who deny them their dignity and human rights. Palestinian women work to help improve the lives of Palestinians. They work for the liberation of Palestinians. Palestinian women have stood and still stand with Palestinian men in the hopes of attaining justice.

Yasmeen Shaban is an undergraduate junior majoring in Sociology and Women’s Studies & Gender Studies
Whenever I think of the topic of interracial dating and all of the controversy that still surrounds it, I think of my nephew. My nephew is 3, almost 4 in a few months, and is the most beautiful, precocious thing in the universe. His beauty makes strangers stop and voice their admiration, his infectious laugh entices those in his presence to allow a warm smile to creep across their faces, and his big doe eyes are enough to make you want to cuddle him no matter what kind of mischief he creates. Yet when I look into those eyes and imagine a future for this beautiful, intelligent child, my stomach knots and I become afraid.

I am afraid that he will be picked on by his peers, and forced to choose a side. I am afraid that he will have to spend his years having to showcase his rightful belonging to said side; from the clothes he wears, the girls he dates or even his speech patterns. I am afraid that our still racist society will try to shame him into self-consciousness by mocking the skin tones of his mother and father.

My fear subsides, however; upon thinking of his first defense: his family. We represent many different faces of this country: white, black, Native American, Northern and Southern. We have all experienced discrimination in some way, so we are vigilant in our efforts to shield him from all cruel words and barbs from the outside world. Especially my parents, whose sharecropper ancestors would have never imagined a world in which blacks and whites would coexist peacefully, and especially marry. We have all fought against racism and stereotypes our whole lives, and will continue that fight for the newest member of our clan. We stand together as a magnificently mingled group who take pride in our differences and showcase that pride to my nephew.

I believe in the splendor of diversity, and that splendor is delicately displayed in the rosy cheeks and chestnut curls of my nephew. We are so beautiful when we mix, intertwine and become one with each other that it is hard to believe that there is so much poison directed at the offspring of our unions.

I am afraid that he will be picked on by his peers, and forced to choose a side. I am afraid that he will have to spend his years having to showcase his rightful belonging to said side; from the clothes he wears, the girls he dates or even his speech patterns. I am afraid that our still racist society will try to shame him into self-consciousness by mocking the skin tones of his mother and father.

My fear subsides, however; upon thinking of his first defense: his family. We represent many different faces of this country: white, black, Native American, Northern and Southern. We have all experienced discrimination in some way, so we are vigilant in our efforts to shield him from all cruel words and barbs from the outside world. Especially my parents, whose sharecropper ancestors would have never imagined a world in which blacks and whites would coexist peacefully, and especially marry. We have all fought against racism and stereotypes our whole lives, and will continue that fight for the newest member of our clan. We stand together as a magnificently mingled group who take pride in our differences and showcase that pride to my nephew.

I believe in the splendor of diversity, and that splendor is delicately displayed in the rosy cheeks and chestnut curls of my nephew. We are so beautiful when we mix, intertwine and become one with each other that it is hard to believe that there is so much poison directed at the offspring of our unions. I hope for his sake that he will not have to suffer any of this, but I know better than to wish for such a fate. All I can do is hope that we all will begin to embrace each other for our differences, than divide ourselves because of them.
“Privilege”

- Mia Gutsell

This pale skin marks me

Nice, “white girl,” no trouble at all.

What about “the others”?

Stares from others on street;

Does not affect me.

Should it not? We are all women.

I can’t ignore race.

Everyone is human, no?

I cannot pretend that I

Fully Understand.

But I can understand that

All girls want freedom

From the skin that marks us all.

Mia explores the intersectionality of race and gender, especially in light of the disparity between second- and third-wave feminism. Third wave feminism consciously chose to engage the multiplicity of experiences, including race, gender, age, sexual orientation, etc, whereas second-wave feminism, like first-wave feminism, was mostly focused on empowering middle-class white women.
Thinking about living Color or Ethnicity is a hard topic to touch on when one is white. One can have all the socio-political awareness in the world, but once we empower ourselves to speak on ethnicity, we become epistemically authoritarian towards non-whites, and absolutely ignorant about our own ethnicity, which paradoxically consists in exactly this space. While living whiteness, we become unaware of it. In some sense, this is a universal truism, but it makes up the most important things we can say about being white in the present.

The ethnicity of whiteness consists, largely, but not totally, in the judeo-christian tradition, its political dimension is modern Liberalism (social-contract theory, not belonging to the Democratic party), and its culture is a culture of capitalism and of the family. These are all contingent values, and it is important to stress that once we use essentialist mechanisms for explanation, we miss the truth of ethnicity altogether. What is ‘white’ about these things is not that their existence is a necessary condition for being white, but that they all consist in, first, Whites’ valorization of such values to the nth universal degree, and second, the construction of race and ethnicity as deviations from the same ostensibly universal values which are, in fact, white. I’m not taking up the debate between universalism and nominalism here, but the role that their interaction plays in the perception of one’s ethnic identity.

Being White means seeing that fact as entirely irrelevant to one’s character and success, when in fact the whole matter is designed around white cultural expectations in the first place. The standards are set to favor whites, to create ‘ethnicity’ as deviation from the norm for the purpose of differential treatment, and its effects linger on, long after the abolition of slavery and the Civil Rights movement. When we see statistics which pair Whites against ethnic groups numerically and individually, we see this same opacity of whiteness. Color and ethnicity are unreal descriptions based on a language maintained by whites. The power differentials do not consist in numeric capacities, trends or facts, but in the categories of Color and Ethnicity themselves. Whites can therefore come to understand their ethnicity by seeing it as the generating, primary distinction which immediately obfuscates itself upon articulating the whole complex.

For a white person to express solidarity in politics to non-whites, he or she must come to think whiteness within the whole, and see it as the un-named term which generates the whole. That is, the whole racial complex. This is not giving whiteness a central role. What I mean is we do not want a bland multi-culturalism which simply levels the terms, and regards all individuals as persons, universally equal and universally responsible for the world in which they live. People are individuals first, and regardless of race, personhood is something we will always be failing to live up to, always struggling to maintain. Consequently, personhood is always potentially in crisis. I would say that the modern condition consists in exactly such a crisis, and in this case that crisis is steeped in Race.

So thinking whiteness alongside the call to think ethnicity means that we don’t value white culture equally and analytically separate from other racial matters. That valuing has already happened, it is the Universal Equality under which we all live, and that name is the new term behind which an insurgent and dangerous white supremacist nationalism now lurks. Thinking whiteness means deconstructing those values for the sake of those whom the same values have so far always excluded in practice.
“Checking the ‘White’ Box”

- Sophia Bairaktaris

The term “diversity” is one that I find interesting. It’s good that we strive to be inclusive, but at the same time, our society has inadvertently excluded some to include others. I don’t mean to take away from other groups who have indeed suffered from racial discrimination in our society. However, I am saying that we should be more inclusive in our application of “diversity.” Yes, I am and do consider myself “white” mostly because that is how others perceive my physical self. But, “white” is not all that I am.

“White” does not carry any specific ethnic connotation. It’s assumed that if you are “white” your lineage likely originates from Europe, but that’s not always the case. Being almost forced to identify as “white” makes ethnic origins secondary to an arguably artificial “white” racial identity and in turn erases the backgrounds of many that are still alive and well and fruitfully contributing to our society’s diversity.

While my friends and classmates discussed how they were part Irish, part French, part German, part what-have-you, I thought that if everyone was all these different “parts,” I was, too. So I remember going home and asking my mom to help me choose which nationality I should base my project because I mistakenly thought I had a laundry list of backgrounds.

Growing up Greek was much like that depicted in the movie My Big Fat Greek Wedding. (I applaud Nia Vardalos for getting it right.) The comedy aside, the film really grasps the assimilation of Greek immigrants into the “white” culture around them. For example, the scene where Toula is eating her lunch in elementary school. Vardalos narrates about how much she wanted to go to Brownies like the other girls instead of going to Greek School. As lighthearted as the scene is, it really rang true for me. I don’t want to make the scene more than it is, but it is what it is. Growing up as the daughter of immigrants, my self-awareness was heightened because I could not always identify with the other “white” girls around me.

As just a sidenote to echo Vardalos’ scene, I remember a similar instance when I was in second grade. My teacher assigned our class a “nationality” project where we had to choose one of our ethnic/national backgrounds and do a short report and presentation about the country and culture. Well, at the time, I knew I was Greek, but I didn’t fully understand that I was totally Greek. While my friends and classmates discussed how they were part Irish, part French, part German, part what-have-you, I thought that if everyone was all these different “parts,” I was, too. So I remember going home and asking my mom to help me choose which

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nationality I should base my project because I mistakenly thought I had a laundry list of backgrounds. And I remember my mother smiling and saying, “We’re just Greek.” I was flabbergasted, to say the least, but I can honestly say that my outlook and self-awareness changed at that point.

My family is made up of immigrants, and within just two generations we assimilated quite well and had our successes. (Vardalos somewhat hints at that idea with her later eating lunch with all those women in college.) My family is testament to the idea that with hard work, the Dream can come true. (But hard work is not sufficient in achieving the American Dream, as history shows us.) Being ethnically Greek a number of decades ago wasn’t as “fashionable” as it is now (thanks to Vardalos and the invention of the gyro among other things). Immigrants faced and still face discrimination, albeit not as virulent and scathing as that towards black people and African Americans. Let’s just say Greeks weren’t so vocal of their being proud to be so, and in some cases that is the same even today.

With that in mind, I advocate for those who identify with a strong ethnic background to be counted as such. Checking the “White” box on standardized tests and forms is not an accurate description of my racial/ethnic background. My family’s roots in the U.S. are only a few decades deep. Unless you meet me, you can easily assume that I am like all these other “white” folks. However, to somewhat lump together all the many vibrant and historically rooted and now “uncounted” ethnic groups is rather unfair not only to them but to society as a whole. So, when given the option of describing “Other,” I write in “Greek.”
“Meditation on People I Don’t Know”

- Lindsay

Billions of us here. How does a mind navigate?

When I see a person I don’t know, should my mind remain blank and wait for her to fill it in?

Can it?

I see a spectrum of genders and colors and cultures. With the blink of an eye, Person X fits on the spectrum … right … here.

She is white. She is short. She is thin.

Yet I don’t see her. I just see the spectrum.

Do my thoughts stop here? And wait for her?

Swirling with ideas. I try not to get attached to any of them.


We fight them as creators of assumptions.

We celebrate them as sources of pride and diversity.

Our selves are defined by them - by experience, conforming or breaking molds.

How and to what degree varies by individual.


As complex as the individuals that create them and move within and around them.

Where do “stereotypes” begin and genuine individual expressions end?

I cannot know.

She has to tell me.

It is a constant tension. To avoid ignorance from judging and at the same time to avoid ignorance for not being informed by these “categories”. So many perspectives, so many people.

How to even begin?
“Black is Black and Black is Me”

- G Larose

"Look at yourself!" … she said. “You’re ugly.”

We were outside near the basketball court when Crystal shoved a mirror in front of my face. I was 11 years old and it was the second week at summer camp. Each day I played basketball with a group of girls including Crystal. Since the first day, the young girl teased me and told the others not to speak to me. She had it out for me and I was about to find out why.

“Look at yourself” she said again.

“Why” was all I could muster.

“Because you’ve got dark skin and a big nose” she replied. “You’ll never be pretty.”

As I walked away, I replayed her vicious words over and over again. I also thought about the fact that Crystal’s skin was darker than mine.

Even at that age, I understood Crystal’s pain. With only eleven years on this earth, I had seen enough and heard enough to comprehend Crystal’s actions as a reflection of oppression and learned hatred of self.

Someone taught her that her dark, black skin was ugly. Someone taught her that she was “less than” her brothers and sisters of a lighter shade. And she was trying to teach me the same lesson.

That is the beast of colorism— you’re fighting someone who looks just like you. Essentially you are fighting yourself. We as black people are dealing with remnants of slavery. We are mimicking what we learned from our oppressors and passing on this education to each other.

These expressions of self-hatred will continue to hinder our progress (as communities and as individuals) until we stop keeping this beast alive.

- Stop favoring the little boys and girls with light skin and light eyes
- Stop teaching our children words like nigger and coon
- Stop putting lye into our hair and bleach on our skins to look like something other than what we are meant to be
- And stop the stereotype that doing well in school, having good manners and speaking proper English is “acting white”

Let’s kill this beast and learn to love the skin we’re in.

G Larose: “a woman who wants to be herself and be accepted for it.”
I have lost my words. More often, it feels as though my words have been ripped from me. For the first twenty-three years of my life, I prided myself on how outspoken I was for queer, Black women. I was never at a loss for words when I saw an opportunity to speak of my experience, even as I was raised in the extremely oppressive environment of the rural, white community of my childhood. I had an immense power in my beauty, ethnicity, and gender. I purposely defied the expectations placed on me by my peers based on those factors. In my oppression, I found power. In my light-skinned privilege, I found a loophole. I was able to fight back because I was not perceived to be an immediate threat. People listened because I was pretty.

Less than a year ago, I began my physical transition to become a man. Although I was mentally prepared to be perceived by people as a man – my true self – I was completely unprepared for the daily oppression of being perceived as a Black man. Suddenly, I lost my words. More specifically, people began stealing my words through censorship. Suddenly, people, specifically white people, felt they had the privilege to censor my words of my own experience. The anxiety of these interactions effectively silenced me because I no longer can effectively formulate the words that truly speak of my experience as both a Black man and a Black woman.

This censorship is what has caused me to have to pen this under anonymity. This censorship is manifested through both personal interactions and systematic methods. Even my closest white friends flinch when I mention my Blackness because the very acknowledgement of my ethnicity provides a door to then having to acknowledge our experiences are fundamentally different. In classroom settings, white students often gang up on me to provide exceptions as examples to disprove my experience. Obama and Oprah often are cited as undeniable proof that my Black experience is not real. Since we have a Black president, that somehow proves that I do not experience daily or systematic discrimination. People have begun to fight back with more fervor as my physical transition progresses. My new deep voice triggers many into a frenzied denial that Black men and white men are treated differently.

I will never forget the moment I realized I was passing as a man to strangers. The moment was very bittersweet. While walking down the slippery stairs of the Diversey brown line stop, I slipped and fell down about a half a flight of stairs during rush hour.

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I will never forget the moment I realized I was passing as a man to strangers. The moment was very bittersweet. While walking down the slippery stairs of the Diversey brown line stop, I slipped and fell down about a half a flight of stairs during rush hour. At the bottom of the stairs, I laid there with both my ankle and my pride aching. Instead of assisting me, people stepped over me, and disregarded the pain I was expe-
riencing. Not a single person asked if I was okay. I was forced to lie there until there was a break in the flow of people so I could pull myself up off of the ground. I can say wholeheartedly that if I were being perceived as a white man, people would have stopped to help me. Sure, there are exceptions to that. Somewhere, at some point, a white guy has fallen down and no one helped him, but this is not the majority of experiences. Beyond that, there’s a privilege even to those whom went without assistance because most likely, not one person to have been ignored probably thought, “No one helped me because I am white.” Once I began being perceived as a Black man by strangers on the street, I suddenly simultaneously became both invisible and a threat that was best dealt with by ignoring it.

Being a Black, queer, transgender man of color, I am placed in a position of speaking out in the slightest could cost me everything. But yet, everyday I hear that my experience is not real because we, as Americans of all ethnic backgrounds, are all equal.

Systematically, I am censored because as an educator for the Chicago Public School system, I cannot speak out on my behalf as a trans-masculine person of color out of fear of losing my position. I love teaching. I love my students. I chose to go into public education because I believe the root of social change is through accessible quality education to everyone, but yet, I am silenced.

I look to Arizona that is losing empowering education to the marginalized Mexican community. I look to the Euro-centric curriculums being forced onto poor, children of color in public schools, which causes them to be disempowered through a lack of knowledge of their own cultural and historical backgrounds. Wherever I look, there is still oppression. Being a Black, queer, transgender man of color, I am placed in a position of speaking out in the slightest could cost me everything. But yet, everyday I hear that my experience is not real because we, as Americans of all ethnic backgrounds, are all equal.

People say I’m being too sensitive.

People say I’m reading too much into things.

People always say I’m doing something, but yet never self-reflect on their own actions and words.

I have lived my life on both sides of the Black experience. Yet, no one will listen to my story or to what I have learned. Instead, I have been silenced. I have been pushed into anonymity. The longer I live my life as a Black man, the more my words are being ripped from me. Yet, they say my experience is not real. My silence, my anonymity is proof that they are, indeed, ferociously in denial. It is time for those who deny white privilege to stop talking and to begin listening or the cycle of my experience of oppression will continue onto others.
"race ya!"

- devon

i was raised by a multi-racial, multi-cultural family.

i remember never feeling like a color.

“at least my mom didn’t marry a nigger!”

i remember the first time i felt like a color.

i remember

my neighbor touching my arm – “your skin feels weird.”

being presumed Arabic, Latino, Indian, Egyptian, Brazilian, Pakistani.

them asking ‘what are you?’

the way grandpa disappeared because mom stayed married. to my father.

my paternal family’s apprehension. towards my mother.

finally visiting Turkey, and being called “black” by some, and “one of us” by others still.

people presuming i appreciate hip-hop. which i do. non-exclusively.

friends testing their parents “open-mindedness” by inviting me home for the holidays.

being tokenized.

politely apologizing for not knowing Spanish.

mom’s recollections of schoolmates “gobbling” at her in the hallways.

being called (one of) “my favorite black boys” by my friend’s partner every time i would visit. in front of their child.

a Latina mother yelling “you stupid black!” when i unintentionally startled her in a parking lot.

the 3/5 Compromise.

engaging online conversations ending rudely at the send of a photo.

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friends who put their hands in my hair—"it’s softer than I thought it would be."

when my brother and his wife were steered toward different neighborhoods depending on who met the real estate agent in person.

my mother’s reaction when yet another cashier assumed we weren’t her children.

hearing “but you’re practically white” from my best friend after I told him how I had been mistreated due to my perceived race(s).

being spoken for.

joining my friends at “interesting” events. and enjoying my interests alone.

being asked if I could explain something she didn’t understand about “black” people.

wondering whether I was being appreciated. or fetishized.

not being heard. or understood.

unprovoked proclamations of anti-racist sentiment from new acquaintances.

not being “black” enough.

(being frisked for “loitering” in my own driveway).

never being “white” enough.

my naivety.

others “choosing sides.”

the infinite sides I have seen.

being dismissed.

choosing me.

I remember

feeling like a color.

I remember

i never was.
Excerpt from “No More Tears: Sentimentalism Against Itself in Uncle Tom's Cabin”

The following excerpt is from “No More Tears: Sentimentalism Against Itself in Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” the fourth chapter from my book project, Cruel Sorority, or, Feminizing Enjoyment in American Romance. Engaging queer, critical race, and feminist theories, I read the logic of sentimental romance against itself in Harriet Beecher Stowe’s Uncle Tom’s Cabin (1852) by foregrounding one of the minor characters, the violent slave woman Cassy.

The unsympathetic and murderous Cassy has been overlooked in readings of the novel, not allowing Stowe’s fantasy of a slave woman to work against the author’s predominant sympathetic logic. Reading the novel through Cassy turns the text inside out; it is no longer the Christ-like Tom at the center of the story (who is already reformed) but rather the terrifying and electrifying Cassy (she violently resists Stowe’s brand of disciplinary intimacy and even at the novel’s end is not fully “reformed” like Tom). If contemporary critics domesticate Stowe’s novel by ignoring the sadistic Cassy, we do well to turn our attention to a contemporary rewriting of Uncle Tom’s Cabin from Cassy’s perspective. Only then might we come to terms with the text’s truly transformative potential.

At worst, patronizing, sexist, racist, and imperialist; at best, a mess of good intentions: discussions of Harriet Beecher Stowe’s Uncle Tom’s Cabin oscillate between these two critical poles. For James Baldwin, the novel’s sentimental politics betrayed a “secret and violent inhumanity, the mask of cruelty.” Hortense Spillers writes that one needs a stiff drink after reading it. At the other end of the spectrum, Jane Tompkins famously recuperated the novel from critical opprobrium by historicizing Stowe’s position without apologizing for it. For Tompkins, Stowe’s moral vision “reorganizes culture” in a more equitable way “from the woman’s point of view.” Stowe’s novel was the most socially and politically influential text in the nineteenth century, with its all-encompassing, individuating, heartfelt pleas against slavery.

The unsympathetic and murderous Cassy has been overlooked in readings of the novel, not allowing Stowe’s fantasy of a slave woman to work against the author’s predominant interpellative, sympathetic logic. Yet Cassy, though marginal, is a magnet of intensive energy. Her presence in the text is electrifying. No wonder critics reduce her to a minstrel figure. By ignoring the sadistic Cassy, critics overlook the transformative vision that the slave woman embodies, a vision at odds with Stowe’s reformist program of change through right feeling. A contemporary rewriting of Uncle Tom’s Cabin from Cassy’s perspective, however, enables us to come to terms with the text’s truly transformative potential.

In a strike against the turn inward demanded by sentimental sympathy, Cassy directs her rage outward: she “hates and curses,” commits infanticide, an act she does not regret, refuses to commit suicide, stabs the man who sold her children, repeatedly emasculates her master Legree, steals his money and scares him to death. Her agency is further underscored

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by her constant “scornful smile” and “wild laughter,” both of which attest to her pleasure. For instance, her elaborate fantasies of killing Legree are followed by a “wide, long laugh.” Cassy’s sadistic pleasure, constantly reconfigured within the plantation’s libidinal economy, forces us to move beyond literary analyses that simply rally against the victimization of slave women. Without equating Cassy with real slaves, I do, however, want to evoke again the relation between fantasy and the social: that is, if in order to effect social change one has to alter the underlying fantasy, then Stowe has created in Cassy a powerful figure in excess of her own narrative. In the context of Nat Turner’s and other abortive rebellions, the ever-present example of Haiti, not to mention random acts of violence against slave owners, Cassy’s existence and actions are not out of the realm of the real. In each of these examples, we have acts of resistance against what seemed to some as unthinkable.

My contention is that rather than acting as an escapist, sublimating form, art (yes, Uncle Tom) abstracts from the social without severing its ties to it. Art calls attention to its own artifice, allowing for critical interventions that can have social consequences. What I have in mind here is akin to what Laura Kipnis describes as art’s potential to disrupt psychic structures and therefore alter social structures:

If selves are constituted through networks of institutional, symbolic, and material everyday practices, then given the homologies between psychic and social structures, sufficiently disrupting the first, must, in some corresponding way, rattle the latter . . . at the very least, shaking things up emblematizes the possibilities of subjective dissidence from symbolic law.

Politically and socially neutral, the force of fantasy is rife with interventionist potential. Disabling fantasies of racial identification that work to subjugate people or uplift them trade on the same coin of subjectification, on the need for a racialized body to precede discourse. As Hortense Spillers argues, black women have historically served as the interstice, the empty space in the Symbolic Order (i.e. the social) that enables the production of discourse, the absence with shaping force around which narrative revolves.

Spillers addresses the function of the interstice as a generative space of subject and social formation:

Slavery did not transform the black female into an embodiment of carnality at all, as the myth of the black woman would tend to convince us, nor, alone, the primary receptacle of a highly-rewarding generative act. She instead became the principal point of passage between the human and nonhuman world.

Not only does the slave woman become the “primary receptacle” for the reproduction of labor after the slave trade is abolished in 1808, but she becomes the flesh around which a discourse is developed and the flesh against which others, most often her own “issue,” were classified as human or nonhuman. Not content to remain within critique, the moments in which the flesh becomes the subject who speaks for herself rather than being spoken of, the moments in particular when black women are in charge of their own discourse when it comes to their sexuality against a history of silence and invisibility, are central to Spillers.

Placing her argument in the context of Michele Russell’s work on the female blues singer’s social and political vision, Spillers looks to the female blues singer for positive articulations of black women’s sexuality, not so much interested in song lyrics like Russell (mostly heterosexual torch songs) nor biography (often tragic) but rather in the form of the performance itself: the singer on stage, being there in the moment, cutting a figure and separate

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rating herself from the audience with all eyes on her: “We lay hold of a metaphor of command-ling female sexuality with the singer who celebrates, chides, embraces, inquires into, controls her womanhood through the eloquence of form that she both makes use of and brings into being” (my emphasis). The power and control she displays over the song, giving it form, has an “ontological edge.” Through her control of the performance, the singer etches herself onto the world, making herself felt and heard as she comes into being as a subject who speaks for herself. In Spillers’ terms, the singer hijacks the space of the inter-stice, figuring the historical contradictions of subjective embodiment.

However, such a fantasy of identity, while objectively defined, which is to say that it finds symbolic integrity and social currency, is not in and of itself subversive, as some critics would have us believe. Cassy’s radical potential does not lie, as the novel bears out, in a fetishized black insurgency. As the novel shows, Cassy comes to see herself as black only after she left the New Orleans convent where she was raised. Her racial identity becomes meaningful only within the space of the plantation and her radical reaction against that world has less to do with a sense of injury perpetrated against the race than a wrong against her. Cassy is fiercely individualistic. The racialized biopolitical fictions of species being do not apply to her. Blackness is not for her to identify with. When Cassy says, “I’d always known who I was, but never thought much about it” she is not making an ontological affirmation about her being. What she does acknowledge is her status as a racialized social construct, a quadroon, but she resists the interiorizing imperative necessary to suture skin color to the fiction of identity.

In contrast to the metaphysics of racial identity, and whatever sophisticated forms it might take, Robert Reid-Pharr asks:

Why, indeed, have Black Americans not allowed the demise of the black family, the site I have nominated as a central if not the central location in the production of American racial difference and thus a primary site in the production of racial assault, racism?

Both black and white bodies are normalized and regulated through institutions like the family that uphold race as a biological given that cannot be transcended. The “family” strives for insularity and the reproduction of racial sameness that must be protected at all costs. For Reid-Pharr, it is specifically the mulatto/a figure that challenges the “separate but equal” mandate of racial distinction continually sanctioned by dominant models of kinship. It is then necessary for the biracial figure, who Reid-Pharr reads as queer against the hetero-normative, “truly” black bourgeois family, to be interpellated by submitting to this familial model lest our nation’s racial ambiguity be revealed.

The goal should not be to reproduce (white) institutions like the family, for as Reid-Pharr argues, the destruction of the institution of the family—black and white—is necessary for us to reimagine the social from the ground up and end the perpetuation of racial difference, which only serves to perpetuate racism. As feminists Pat Parker and Cheryl Clarke have been arguing since the 1970s, the institution of marriage is akin to the institution of slavery and needs to be rejected if we are ever to truly effect deep structural change. For Clarke,

Sexual politics, therefore, mirror the exploitative, class-bound relationship between white slave master and the African slave—and the impact of both relationships (between black and white and woman and man) has been residual beyond emancipation and suffering. . . . the white man learned, within the structure of heterosexual monogamy and under the system of patriarchy, to relate to black people—slave or free—as a man relates to a woman, viz. property.

Unafraid of being prescriptive, Parker calls on us to give up the nuclear family, “the basic unit of capitalism.”

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Less prescriptive, Spillers also argues that we must reconceive the social through a rejection of the family and its attendant racialized gender hierarchy (white ladies/biracial women/black females). Race and gender buttress one another, creating an oppressive hierarchy that determines who is a “real” woman, a hierarchy feminism often upholds when we consider the fact that the white, middle class heterosexual woman has remained the unspoken subject of feminism. The mythic prostitute figure Sapphire becomes Spillers’s central example in the rejection of proper (white) femininity: Sapphire, “monstrous,” “castrating” and hence a “female subject with the power to name,” a product of the “peculiar institution” that legally turned blacks into not just bodies but flesh, cannot be a wife, mother, or woman. She is considered inhuman, and as Spillers argues, rather than force Sapphire into the “ranks of gendered femaleness,” we do well to heed Sapphire’s lesson of claiming that monstrosity her culture mistakenly assigns to her (i.e. Moynihan) as a subject with the power to name and “rewrite after all a radically different text for female empowerment.”

Like the stereotypical Sapphire, Cassy, the prototypical quadroon, throws the monstrosity assigned to her back in the face of her oppressors, for there is no desire in her to effect a kind of upward mobility toward proper (white) femininity. Cassy, a slave, and therefore not a woman, is already beyond gender. She embodies a negative energy, perhaps the negative energy of the interstice that props up the social and the very energy that might be used to dissolve the symbolic order she makes possible.

By the time we meet Cassy in the novel, she has rendered her master Legree a man who lives in fear of her. Unlike the slave Babo in Herman Melville’s Benito Cereno, Cassy is openly running the show: she “had always kept over Legree the kind of influence that a strong, impassioned woman can ever keep over the most brutal man.” Her influence extends beyond Legree. All on the plantation think she is a “witch,” a ruse she maintains by speaking Creole, which all believe to be the devil’s language. Every time Legree attempts to dominate Cassy, she reminds him: “You’re afraid of me, Simon . . . and you’ve reason to be! . . . for I’ve got the devil in me!” Assuming familiarity with Legree, Cassy verbally levels the unequal dynamic that informs their relation, only to subvert that equality by preying on his fears of her. This is a recurring dynamic that animates the master and slave relation that allows Cassy to experience something akin to freedom.

Cassy experiences great pleasure in making Legree suffer. In this cast of sentimental masochists, she is a true sadist. In contrast to the subservient piety that Stowe typically foregrounds and bathes in sentimental tears, Cassy’s haughtiness stands in sharp opposition: “There was a fierce pride and defiance in every line of her face, in every curve of the flexible lip, in every motion of the body . . . scorn and pride [were] expressed by her whole demeanor . . . she was erect and proud.” Whereas the novel’s sentimentalism works to interpellate the reads as a caring subject in the act of witnessing unspeakable acts of injustice, Stowe’s Cassy turns in the table on this spectatorial model of right feeling, complicating how an audience programmed and conditioned to associate the slave with an object of suffering, might respond to the slave as a subject of sadistic pleasure. Erect, proud, and defiant, despite her “white blood,” Cassy is beyond proper femininity. Masculine in bearing, Cassy reduces Legree to a quivering girl in her phallic presence.
“assumptions of this. white. girl.”

- eman

Ay white girl!
boys in they hoodies
callin after these
white. girl. goodies.
ay white girl!
here they go again
talkin sly
expecting giggles and shy smiles
from this white girl.
rolls eyes.
like those lines gone fly
those assumptions
white girls fun
cus all of em swallow?
mmm come again.
middle finger up
leavin them hollow
ay white girl!
calls still follow
as I get into my girls ride
stares from men
then glares from women
of color
why you wit that white girl?
exes and groupies echoing in the background
staying around cus they know
she not gone stay down
for a white girl.
i know sometimes she wish i was
just. a. white. girl.
only sometimes though
cus though she may get less lip
from a white girl.
these hips she’d miss
and this ass she grips
with the yo soy latina kiss.in.
leaves her reminisc.in
long after im out
leavin her no doubts
of this white. girl.

eeman is a Feminist and advocate of gender equality, studied at UNC Chapel Hill where she was heavily involved in gender and LGBTQ activism. After graduating, she worked in investments over the next three years while continuing to write to feed her true passion for universal equality among gender, race, class, and sexuality to name a few. Today she enjoys kicking butt in the gym with her clients while keeping up with free lance writing ranging from biographies to web site content.
"Suffragists, Flapper Journalists, Rosie the Reporter and Other Women of the Nebraska Press"
Monday, March 28, 2011 at 3 pm | Oxford Room at the Clare (Water Tower Campus)
They've written classic novels, investigated today's health industry scams and battled sex discrimination in all forms of media. An unusual place? Discover the trials and triumphs of a group of tough, colorful unsung women who made a difference in tiny towns and world capitals.
Lecture by Eileen Wirth, who is chair of the Department of Journalism and Mass Communication at Creighton University in Omaha. She was among the first women city news reporters at the Omaha World-Herald in the 1970's and is writing a book about the first hundred years of Nebraska women in journalism.

The Vagina Monologues
Thursday, Feb. 24 through Saturday, Feb. 26 | Show starts at 7:30 p.m. Doors open at 7 p.m.
Sponsored by the Gannon Scholars
The Vagina Monologues is a compilation of monologues by Eve Ensler based on the experiences of women across the globe. The Vagina Monologues generates awareness about violence against women and raises money for both local organizations and global communities working to end violence against women.
The Vagina Monologues is part of the VDAY movement, a movement fighting to end rape, incest, battery, genital mutilation, and sexual slavery.
Tickets can be purchased in CFSU or at the door. $5 students, $7 general public
All proceeds benefit Chicago’s Rape Victim Advocates, Porchlight Counseling Services, and VDAY.
For more information about the beneficiaries:
http://www.rapevictimadvocates.org/
http://www.porchlightcounseling.org/index2.php
http://www.vday.org/home
Contact ccustard@luc.edu or aterrell1@luc.edu

Feminist Forum Meeting
Monday, February 28 at 7 p.m. Location TBA.
Contact feminist.forum.luc@gmail.com

Formation of a Prostitute:
Recognizing Porn Culture’s Indoctrination and Compassion’s Power for Liberation
Thursday, March 3, Lunch at noon | 4th floor, Info Commons
Mary is a former prostitute, surf champion and currently runs a surf academy for kids as risk. She is now working on her M.Div at Harvard. If you go to this site you will get her background:
Sponsored by Loyola Ministry

Arab Voices: What they are Saying to Us, and Why it Matters
Tuesday, February 22 at 5:30 p.m. | Sullivan Center’s Galvin Auditorium
The Middle Eastern Student Association presents Dr. James Zogby speaking on his new book. The Arab World is a region that has been vastly misunderstood in the West. Arab Voices asks the questions, collects the answers, and shares the results that will help us see Arabs clearly. The book will bring into stark relief the myths, assumptions, and biases that hold us back from understanding this important people. Here, James Zogby debuts a brand new, comprehensive poll, bringing numbers to life so that we can base policy and perception on the real world, rather than on a conjured reality.
Immigrant Children and Families: The Immigrant Experience, Acculturation, and Civic Purpose

Thursday, Feb. 24, 3 to 5 p.m. in McCormick Lounge, LSC

The Loyola Psychology Department’s Committee on Diversity Affairs, the Sociology Department, and the Latin American Studies program are sponsoring this event. Several speakers will talk about the impact of immigration and immigration legislation’s impact on immigrant families, followed by a panel discussion and reception.

Greek Independence Day
Monday, March 21 | Loyola Hellenic Student Association in CFSU

Save the date for the Greek Independence Day celebration. Stop by for free food, music and a dance.

Take a Deep Breath - Weekly Mindfulness Meditation
Mondays 4:30-5:30 p.m.
Start Date: January 24th through April 18th
Learn how to meditate and incorporate it into your daily life! Sessions are ongoing, newcomers are always welcome. See why this group has been running since 2002!
Contact Dianna at 508-2544 for more information or join us any Monday at the Wellness Center.

Peaceful Mind: Mindfulness Group to Better Manage Feelings of Anxiety or Depression
Wednesdays 4:00-5:30 pm at the Wellness Center

Information Sessions: Jan. 26, Feb. 2, or Feb. 9th
An 8-week mindfulness based program to help individuals better manage feelings of anxiety or depression. Participants will receive a free handbook and CD to help with the daily homework throughout the course. Contact Dianna at 508-2544 for more information or attend one of the required information meetings noted above.

Prescription for Stress Relief: Mindfulness Based Stress Reduction for Stressed Students

Tuesdays 4:00-5:30pm at the Wellness Center
Dates: Jan. 25th, Feb. 1st or Feb. 8th
MBSR was developed at the University of Massachusetts Medical School in 1979. Since then, this program has been brought to various settings, including universities, and it has been proven to help participants learn new ways to manage their stress reactivity. Participants will receive a free handbook and CD to help with their daily practice throughout the course. Contact Dianna at 508-2544 for more information or attend one of the orientation meetings noted above.

Dating Violence Information and Support Group

Wednesdays 3-4 pm in Crown Center 108
Start Date: Jan. 26
If you’ve experienced violence in a dating or intimate relationship, or if you know someone who has, you’re not alone. Come to Loyola’s Dating Violence support group led by the YWCA Evanston-North Shore for support, information, to connect with others who have experienced violence, others who are affected by the violence a friend or family member has experienced, or to help a friend who does not want to go alone. You’ll find a supportive and caring environment. For more information, contact Susan Campbell at 773-508-2676 or scamp2@luc.edu.

Open Alcoholic Anonymous (AA) Meeting

For anyone who desires to stop drinking, AA provides a fellowship of men and women with the primary purpose of staying sober and helping other alcoholics achieve sobriety. For more information contact Kevin K. at 773-508-3515.
Spring 2011 Schedule

**February 15th - Tuesday - 1:15 to 2:15pm**
*Christopher Ramsey*

**March 23rd - Wednesday - Noon to 1pm**
Who Said Mary has to be a Virgin? The Social Construction of Mary’s Virginity?
*Amanda Furiasse*

**April 27th - Wednesday - Noon to 1pm**
Sisters in the South: Roman Catholic Nuns in African American Communities, 1935-1970
*Megan Stout*

All lectures are held in Piper Hall, Room 201
For more information, please e-mail Beth at eloeh@luc.edu
**LOCAL EVENTS**

**An Evening with Author Marya Hornbacher**
Friday, February 25th at 7:30 pm  |  Women & Children First Bookstore, 5233 N. Clark St in Andersonville

In this sumptuous offering, one of our premier storytellers provides a feast for fiction aficionados. Spanning four decades and three prize-winning collections, these 21 vintage selected stories and 13 scintillating new ones take us around the world, from Jerusalem to Central America, from tsarist Russia to London during the Blitz, from central Europe to Manhattan, and from the Maine coast to Godolphin, Massachusetts, a fictional suburb of Boston. These charged locales, and the lives of the endlessly varied characters within them, are evoked with a tenderness and incisiveness found in only our most observant seers.

**Queer (In)Justice: The Criminalization of LGBT People in the United States**
Friday, February 25, 5:30 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.  |  DePaul Center, Concourse Level, 1 East Jackson Boulevard

The DePaul Clinical Programs in partnership with DePaul’s LGBTQ Studies Program, OUTLaws, Center for Public Interest Law, National Lawyers Guild and Journal for Social Justice invite you to attend a reception and book signing with the authors of Queer (In)Justice: The Criminalization of LGBT People in the United States.

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**VOLUNTEER**

*Stay tuned for new postings in future Digests!*  
*If you have a volunteer posting for students, staff, and the community, contact kberg@luc.edu*

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**INTERNSHIPS**

*Stay tuned for new postings in future Digests!*  
*If you have an internship available for students, staff, and the community, contact kberg@luc.edu*

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_I woke up white today and everything went right today  
Everyone said hi to me cause I exude excellency_  
- Imani Coppola, singer, musician, artist
Election Equipment Managers Needed

As you may be aware, the Loyola Division of Public Affairs continues to work with the Cook County Clerk’s office to recruit civic minded students to serve as equipment managers in suburban Cook County during each election. The next major election for suburban voters is April 5, and we are eager to continue our tradition of having Loyola students engaged in local democracy. All students who would like to work as equipment managers on Election Day must go through a training process, which will be held at Loyola on February 26. All first time equipment managers receive $300 for attending a training session and working on Election Day. Students who have served as equipment managers in previous elections and would like to serve again will receive a stipend of $350. Students who are interested can apply online at: https://connect.cookcountyclerk.com/public-judgeapplication.aspx All students simply need to list themselves as a college student, select Loyola University Chicago, and clarify that they would like to work as an equipment managers rather than an election judge. (Note: Election Judges only receive $170.)
Contact Elvis Veizi at equipmentmanager@luc.edu or 1-773-508-7450

Service-Learning Specialist

The Chicago Teen Pregnancy Prevention Initiative is a 5-year project of Chicago Public Schools that engages high school freshmen in health curriculum, guided discussions and activities, and service-learning experiences throughout the school year. Research suggests that social emotional learning opportunities and service-learning experiences are both effective strategies to reduce teen pregnancy. Chicago Public Schools is seeking a Service-Learning Specialist who will work with project facilitators at 20 high schools. The Specialist will provide professional development in service-learning, work closely with community partners to develop service-learning project opportunities, and work with school staff to integrate service-learning concepts into appropriate curricular areas. Candidates should have college degree (preferably Master’s) in Education, Public Health, Social Work or related field plus three experiences in a related field. Additionally candidates should have excellent knowledge of service-learning and student development with an emphasis on teen pregnancy prevention. Experience working with public schools, networking with community organizations, providing professional development, and project coordination will be important.
Send cover letter and resume to: Jon Schmidt, jjschmidt@cps.k12.il.us

Racial Justice Manager

This position is responsible for advancing the YWCA Evanston/North Shore’s racial justice strategic goals including the development, implementation, evaluation of racial justice activities and programs. Reports directly to the Executive Director.

Principle duties and responsibilities:

Program Planning and Development: Staffs and provides leadership to Racial Justice Committee. Provides strategic leadership in planning and developing racial justice programs in the community consistent with Strategic Plan. Works with Racial Justice Committee and Executive Director to develop models for the Evanston North Shore communities.


Program Evaluation: Works with Executive Director, Committee and other relevant staff to develops outcomes and implements evaluation process for evaluating impact of racial justice programs.

Community Outreach and Education: Provides leadership in developing and implementing collaboration with community partners around racial justice issues. Works to educate public about racial justice issues. Represents YWCA in community on racial justice activities and issues.

Internal Education and Training: Works to integrate racial justice policies, practices and programming throughout organization. Develops and coordinates on-going racial justice training for staff, board, volunteers.

Other duties as assigned: Attends all relevant meetings. Represents agency at relevant meetings. Attends professional development seminars and conferences.

Qualifications and experience: minimum B.A. degree and 3 years experience working in non-profit setting. Experience working on racial justice issues. Experience in program development, implementation and evaluation. Experience in facilitation, public speaking, and training.
Travel Grants for Forum, University of Leipzig
Deadline for Applications: February 28

The Global and European Studies Institute at the University of Leipzig and the Foundation "Remembrance, Responsibility and Future" will provide up to 30 travel grants for participation in the International Forum 2011 of GESCHICH-TSWERKSTATT EUROPA on "1941: German War of Extermination in Ukraine and its Acteurs". The conference date and location is June 20-25, 2011, in Kyiv, Ukraine. The deadline for applications is February 28, 2011. The Forum will look at the conflicting recollections of the contemporary history of Europe and at recent debates and research on the collective and cultural memory of the Europeans. It will be led by the Leipzig historians Matthias Middell and Stefan Troebst. English will be the language spoken in lectures, seminars and during excursions. Travel grants cover costs for travel and accommodation (in shared rooms) and include a daily allowance. In accordance with the statutory purpose of the Foundation, travel grants are primarily given to applicants from Central and Eastern Europe. For details, see http://www.geschichtswerkstatt-europa.org/

Engendering Change: The First Annual Chicago Area Graduate Gender Conference
May 20-21, 2011 Northwestern University

Northwestern University, the University of Illinois-Chicago, and the University of Chicago are proud to announce the first annual Engendering Change graduate student gender conference. The conference will take place at Northwestern University on May 20th and 21st, 2011. The conference will coincide with a performance art event that includes luminaries such as Holly Hughes (University of Michigan), Rhodessa Jones, and Lenelle Moisse. All panels will be moderated by faculty from the Chicago area. The conference is open to graduate students in any field who are working on research related to the study of gender/genders. To submit, please send an abstract of no more than 300 words to Christine Wood at c-wood@northwestern.edu. Be sure to include an email address. The deadline for submission is 5 pm (CST) on February 22, 2011. All presenters will be notified by March 15, 2011. The conference is free and open to the public. Direct any questions to: Christine Wood at c-wood@northwestern.edu

I woke up Caucasian
Had a realization
I should take advantage
Of this f*cked up situation

I walk up in a store
I don’t get hard looks no more
I’ll go rob a bank real fast
And surely they’ll blame your
Black Ass

- Imani Coppola, singer, musician, artist
**The 40-Hour Domestic Violence Training**
April 23 through May 21  |  Five consecutive Saturdays, 9 am to 6 pm
Apna Ghar
4753 N Broadway
Conference Room, Main Level
Chicago, IL 60640
The cost for the training is $225, for students $175 and for network agencies $75.
To register, please contact Asma Waheed at 773-334-0173, ext. 235 awaheed@apnagh.org  Sanjna Das at 773-334-0173, ext. 243 sdas@apnagh.org

**OUTmedia’s Queer Campus CultureFEST**
April 8th and 9th, 2011 in La Crosse, Wisconsin
This is a festival providing a space for the celebration of LGBTQ and multicultural visibility, intersectionality, and coalition building around diversity issues on campuses nationwide. Through workshops and performances, students, faculty, and administrators alike will be immersed in the multifaceted aspects of queer culture on campuses nationwide, recognizing the interconnectedness of communities as they collaborate and come together in the Midwest. The University of Wisconsin- La Crosse will be hosting OUTmedia’s Queer Campus CultureFEST on April 8th and 9th, 2011 in La Crosse, Wisconsin in recognition of Emily Wunderlich’s winning video from Campus Pride and OUTmedia’s ‘Be Queer, Buy Queer!’ international video contest and campaign.
Check out OUTmedia’s Queer Campus CultureFEST website for more information on how to share with us! www.queercampusculturefest.weebly.com

**Loyola Service Learning Program in Lima, Peru**
Deadline: Monday, March 21
Spend your summer making a difference and using your Spanish conversation skills on the Peru Service-learning Program! With service placements in the health, education and social service field, this program is ideal for students who want an intensive immersion experience in Latin America but cannot devote an entire semester.
In English-taught classes, you will learn about the political and social dynamics shaping Peru’s successful but uneven development while also getting hands-on experience in affected and impoverished Lima communities. Centered in the country’s capital, the program also takes to you Peru’s beaches, jungles and mountains on weekend excursions. Please feel free to contact Amye Day in the Office for International Programs at aday1@luc.edu if you have any questions about the program. Visit http://www.luc.edu/studyabroad/summer_peru.shtml.

**Summer 2011 Faculty-led Travel Course: Tunisia, Africa**
Application Deadline: March 21
Loyola Professor Peter J. Schraeder will be leading the 6th year in a row his highly popular interdisciplinary 22-day summer travel course to Tunisia, “Arab World, Islam and U.S. Foreign Policy,” May 22-June 11, 2011. For further information (including application materials) please visit http://luc.edu/studyabroad/summer_tunisia.shtml. Please contact Professor Schraeder (pschrae@luc.edu) 773-508-3070) if you have any questions. Space is limited – apply today!

**Soapbox Feminist Summer Camp 2011**
Last year Soapbox inaugurated Feminist Summer Camp, a complement to our popular Feminist Winter Term. The goal of both programs is simple: to immerse students into feminist practice. The program is designed for undergraduates, graduate students, and recent (or not-so-recent) graduates who are interested in feminism. These week-long sessions take place in New York City, where most students choose to stay together in a hostel and spend the week meeting with various feminist organizations. Each day is organized around a theme, including a career day to help with job readiness. For Feminist Summer Camp 2011, themes include: Religion, Film, Art, and Reproductive Justice, among other hot topics. This exposure to feminism in action helps participants see the myriad of ways that feminism can play out in our professional and personal lives. Due to high demand, FSC 2011 will include two sessions: Session 1 is June 5 to June 11 and Session 2 is June 12 to June 18. More details, including the contract and questionnaire can be found at http://www.soapboxinc.com/feminist-summer-camp.
The deposit deadline for both sessions is April 6.
CALLS FOR PAPERS

Palimpsest: A Journal on Women, Gender and the Black International
Call for Papers Deadline: February
Palimpsest is a new peer-reviewed journal that publishes cutting edge interdisciplinary scholarship and creative work by and about women of the African Diaspora and their communities in the Atlantic and Indian Ocean Worlds. This journal is a partnership between Vanderbilt University’s African American and Diaspora Studies Program and the State university of New York Press. The inaugural issue will focus on the theme: Liberations Across Boundaries. Submissions accepted on a rolling basis, with the deadline for the first issue being February 2011 for full consideration. Visit www.vanderbilt.edu/aframst/palimpsest for submission guidelines. Contact: palimpsest@vanderbilt.edu

The Boston Seminar on the History of Women and Gender
Call for Proposals in 2011-2012 series: March 15
Programs take place alternately at the Schlesinger Library of the Radcliffe Institute and at the Massachusetts Historical Society. The Seminar’s steering committee welcomes suggestions for papers dealing with all aspects of the history of women and/or gender in the United States and will also consider projects comparing the American experience with that in other parts of the world. Each session focuses on the discussion of a pre-circulated paper. The essayist and an assigned commentator will each have an opportunity for remarks before the discussion is opened to the floor. Papers must be available for circulation at least a month before the seminar date. In developing its 2011-2012 series, the Seminar’s steering committee will fill some sessions through invitations and others through this call for papers. If you would like to be considered for a slot, please send your CV and a one-page précis of your paper by March 15 to Conrad E. Wright, Massachusetts Historical Society, 1154 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02215, or to cwright@masshist.org. In your proposal, please indicate when your paper will be available for distribution. If there are special scheduling conditions, such as a planned trip to Boston or an extended period when you cannot make a presentation, please so indicate in your proposal.

Incarcerated Mothers: Oppression and Resistance
Co-Editors: Gordana Eljdupovic and Rebecca Jaremko Bromwich
Publication Date: 2012 | Deadline for abstracts: May 31, 2011
A large proportion - and in many jurisdictions the majority - of incarcerated women are mothers. Popular attention is often paid to challenges faced by children of incarcerated mothers while incarcerated women themselves often do not “count” as mothers in mainstream discourse. This anthology will explore complex issues relating to incarcerated mothers, from connections between mothering and incarceration, through criminalization of motherhood to understanding experiences of mothers in prison.

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This book will examine the experiences of incarcerated mothers as well as how incarcerated mothers are understood in popular discourse and discounted as good or “real” mothers in Western patriarchal society. We encourage submissions that interrogate popular discourses about mothering, virtue and criminalization and especially those that focus on resistance and agency by incarcerated mothers.
Submission Guidelines:
Abstracts should be 250 words. Please also include a brief biography, including citizenship (50 words). Please send to Rebecca@jbarrister.com
Accepted Papers of 4000-5000 words (15-20 pages) will be due November 1, 2011 and should conform to MLA citation format.

I woke up white today
And everything went right today
I woke up white today
and everything was a ok

- Imani Coppola, singer, musician, artist
Empathy: Self, Society, Culture, Call for Papers
Indiana University, Bloomington, Nov 11-12, 2011

Keynote speakers:
Carolyn Dean (Brown University)
Nancy Eisenberg (Arizona State University)
Nancy Sherman (Georgetown University)

Growing out of a two-year grant-supported project on “Virtuous Empathy: Scientific and Humanistic Investigations,” this symposium aims to explore theories and practices of empathy. For more information about the Virtuous Empathy project, see http://poynter.indiana.edu/empathy.shtml. We invite papers to explore both virtuous and vicious forms of empathy, and to do so from a variety of perspectives. Papers are invited in three broad categories: Empathy and Psychology; Empathy and Ethics; and Empathy in Culture, History, and Society. Proposals should include a 500-word abstract and paper title, a 100 word description of the author’s research interests, and a one page CV. Authors should aim to present their papers within 40 minutes to allow for response and discussion. All proposals are due by May 9, 2011. Applicants will be notified of acceptance on or around June 8, 2011. Send proposals to: Empathy Symposium, c/o Richard B. Miller, Poynter Center, 618 E. Third St. Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47405, miller3@indiana.edu.

SAGE Multimedia Encyclopedia of Women in Today’s World-New Volume

We are inviting academic editorial contributors to the Multimedia Encyclopedia of Women in Today’s World, a new online library reference that will look at women today around the world and delve into the contexts of being female in the 21st century. Thus the scope of the encyclopedia will focus on women’s status starting in approximately 2000 and look forward. The new work will supplement the 4-volume print and online edition of the encyclopedia already in production. The 250 signed entries (with cross-references and recommended readings) will cover issues in contemporary women’s and gender studies and the articles will include information relevant to the following academic disciplinary contexts: women in different cultures/countries; arts and media; business and economics; criminal justice; education; family studies; health; media; military; politics; science and technology; sports; environmental studies; and religion. Assignments are due April 15, 2011. This comprehensive project is being published in stages by SAGE Reference and will be marketed to academic and public libraries as a digital product available to students via the library’s electronic services. The General Editors, who will be reviewing each submission to the project, are Dr. Mary Zeiss Stange of Skidmore College, and Dr. Carol K. Oyster of the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse. If you are interested in contributing to this cutting-edge reference, it is a unique opportunity to contribute to the contemporary literature, redefining women’s issues in today’s terms. SAGE Publications offers an honorarium ranging from SAGE book credits for smaller articles up to a free set of the printed product or access to the online product for contributions totaling 10,000 words or more. The list of available articles is already prepared, and as a next step we will e-mail you the Article List (Excel file) from which you can select topics that best fit your expertise and interests. Additionally, Style and Submission Guidelines will be provided that detail article specifications. If you would like to contribute to building a truly outstanding reference with the Multimedia Encyclopedia of Women in Today’s World, please contact Sue Moskowitz, Director of Author Management at Golson Media at women@golsonmedia.com. Please provide a brief summary of your academic/publishing credentials in women’s and gender issues.

Thirddspace Journal Deadline Extended

The editors of thirddspace: a journal of feminist theory and culture invite submissions for a themed issue of their journal, “Generations of Feminism.” To be considered for this special issue, submissions must be received by April 15, 2011. We welcome submissions from a wide range of disciplinary and geographical perspectives. Submissions from researchers working within, or among, the disciplines of geography, sociology, literature, area studies, cultural studies, film/media studies, art, history, education, law, and women’s/gender studies are particularly encouraged. We accept the submission of work from scholars of any rank or affiliation, and encourage submissions from emerging feminist scholars, including graduate students. All submissions to the journal must be submitted electronically through our online submission process. All submissions are peer-reviewed by established, senior feminist scholars. For more information on our publishing policies see: http://www.thirddspace.ca/journal/about/editorialPolicies To submit: Please follow our online submission process at http://www.thirddspace.ca/journal/about/submissions For more information, please contact us at info@thirddspace.ca.
We want you to Submit!
Digest Contributor Guidelines

Principles

i) Feminist Consciousness:
(a) recognizes all voices and experiences as important, and not in a hierarchical form.
(b) takes responsibility for the self and does not assume false objectivity.
(c) is not absolutist or detached, but rather, is more inclusive and sensitive to others.

ii) Accessibility:
(a) means utilizing accessible language, theory, knowledge, and structure in your writing.
(b) maintains a connection with your diverse audience by not using unfamiliar/obscure words, overly long sentences, or abstraction.
(c) does not assume a specific audience, for example, white 20-year-old college students.

iii) Jesuit Social Justice Education & Effort:
(a) promotes justice in openhanded and generous ways to ensure freedom of inquiry, the pursuit of truth and care for others.
(b) is made possible through value-based leadership that ensures a consistent focus on personal integrity, ethical behavior, and the appropriate balance between justice and fairness.
(c) focuses on global awareness by demonstrating an understanding that the world’s people and societies are interrelated and interdependent.

Expectations and Specifics

• You may request to identify yourself by name, alias, or as “anonymous” for publication in the digest. For reasons of accountability, the staff must know who you are, first and last name plus email address.

• We promote accountability of our contributors, and prefer your real name and your preferred title (i.e., Maruka Hernandez, CTA Operations Director, 34 years old, mother of 4; or J. Curtis Main, Loyola graduate student in WSGS, white, 27 years old), but understand, in terms of safety, privacy, and controversy, if you desire limitations. We are happy to publish imagery of you along with your submission, at our discretion.

• We gladly accept submission of varying length - from a quick comment to several pages. Comments may be reserved for a special “feedback” section. In order to process and include a submission for a particular issue, please send your submission at least two days prior to the desired publication date.

• Please include a short statement of context when submitting imagery, audio, and video.

• We appreciate various styles of scholarship; the best work reveals thoughtfulness, insight, and fresh perspectives.

• Such submissions should be clear, concise, and impactful. We aim to be socially conscious and inclusive of various cultures, identities, opinions, and lifestyles.

• As a product of the support and resources of Loyola University and its Women Studies and Gender Studies department, all contributors must be respectful of the origin of the magazine; this can be accomplished in part by ensuring that each article is part of an open discourse rather than an exclusive manifesto.

• All articles must have some clear connection to the mission of the magazine. It may be helpful to provide a sentence or two describing how your article fits into the magazine as a whole.

• The writing must be the original work of the author and may be personal, theoretical, or a combination of the two. When quoting or using the ideas of others, it must be properly quoted and annotated. Please fact-check your work and double-check any quotes, allusions and references. When referencing members of Loyola and the surrounding community, an effort should be made to allow each person to review the section of the article that involves them to allow for fairness and accuracy.

• Gratuitous use of expletives and other inflammatory or degrading words and imagery may be censored if it does not fit with the overall message of the article or magazine. We do not wish to edit content, but if we feel we must insist on changes other than fixing typos and grammar, we will do so with the intent that it does not compromise the author’s original message. If no compromise can be made, the editor reserves the right not to publish an article.

• All articles are assumed to be the opinion of the contributor and not necessarily a reflection of the views of Loyola University and the WSGS program.

We very much look forward to your submissions and your contribution to our overall mission. Please send your submissions to Curtis at: jmain@luc.edu