

Face to face

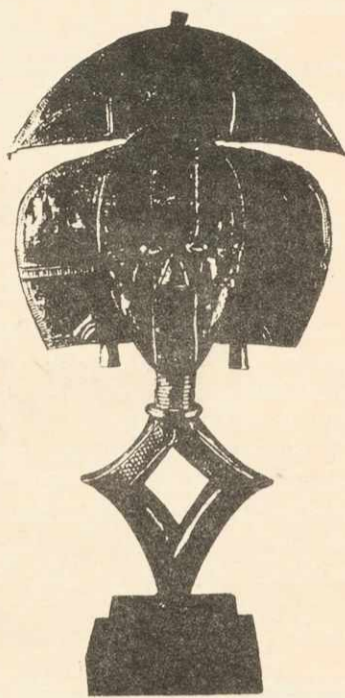
BY MONA KIRAGU

I came face to face with Racism
And my first impulse was to run
and hide
But I found, so far from home,
There was nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide.

I came face to face with Racism
When I thought I was stronger.
I steeled myself, to be prepared
Boasted that I did not care.
But deep inside, my heart wept
And my mind rebelled as did my
whole being.

I came face to face with Racism
It was a racism so blatant so bare
That I could only stand agape
Only tell myself I had imagined it.

I came face to face with Racism.
A different type of racism.
One that was subtle, hidden and
disguised to perfection
It crept stealthily past me,
And had I not looked,
It would have passed me by.



I came face to face with Racism
Again and again
It wanted to change me - to own
me
To make me its slave.
How difficult, how humbling it
was
To fight it with a shrug...a smile

I came face to face with Racism
The encounter shook my deepest
beliefs in myself,
But I came out standing.
Not as tall as before - not as
proudly,
But still - standing.

I came face to face with Racism
I wish I could say I left unscathed.
I did not.
But I learnt that to fight it with hate
Would be to serve its purpose.
I realized that I had to move for-
ward
Move on and create a world that
had no place for it
I discovered that the only weapon
was to live its antithesis
Without restraint, without com-
promise.

I came face to face with Racism,
And I laughed.

(Dedicated to ALL peoples who
have faced discrimination based on
their race, creed or nationality.)



Pieces of African wisdom

The following are traditional say-
ings of insight from different Afri-
can cultural groups.

It is the rainy season that gives
wealth — *Hausa*
Much silence has a mighty noise
— *Swahili*
Infinite boiling will soften the stone
— *Konkomba*
The rain does not all fall on one
roof — *Ewe*
Ninety-nine lies may help you but
the hundredth will give you away
— *Hausa*
A weak person goes where he or
she is smiled at — *Herero*



All my woman

BY BINDZILE LUKHELE

She, African woman
Lifts her head above the chilly
wind
Her wing across the ocean
Spreads over white deserts,
Deserts white with cold rejection
And gathers her every offspring
Under her wing offering
Identity in experience and action
Under her sheltering care
Colour is not excuse for abuse,
Gender no reason for silence
Her warmth breeds no comfort to
compliance
Nor rears conflict within her brood
of sister against sister, sister against
brother and brother against brother
But love warms their bond
Wherever they abound

Mother of resilience, Sister of
courage
Spread your wings of colour and
pride
Embrace your children
Caught in traps, not of their own
making
Who ever struggle to be free

Those who hide in her confidence
See her head, erect with hope
Against the wind of superficial
change
And know that She,
African woman, will always be
In this desert of white and cold.



GRADUATION PHOTOGRAPHY

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Black is beautiful

BY JODY WARNER

The standard of feminine beauty
in North America has both sexist
and racist undertones. First of all,
the image of beauty is created and
projected primarily by North
American caucasian men. They are
able to do this by controlling the
fashion business and different
forms of media that disseminate the
picture of a beautiful woman. Ob-
viously this is a sexist set-up as
women are being told how they
should look in order to be attractive
rather than choosing a portrayal by

slogan goes, "Black is Beautiful",
and ain't that the truth honey! The
following is a poem celebrating the
naturally fleshy body many women
of African descent possess.

Invitation
If my fat
was too much for me
I would have told you
I would have lost a stone
or two

I would have gone jogging
even when it was fogging
I would have weighed in
sitting the bathroom scale
with my tail tucked in

I would have dieted
more care than a diabetic

But as it is
I'm feeling fine
feel no need to change my lines
when I move I'm target light

Come up and see me sometime
Come up and see me sometime

My breasts are huge exciting
annions of watermelon
your hands can't cup
my thighs are twin seals
fat slick pups
there's a purple cherry
below the blues
of my black seabelly
there's a mole that gets a ride
each time I shift the heritage of my
behind
Come up and see me sometime.

Poem by Grace Nichols



and for themselves. Racism comes
into play when you consider the
accepted image of a beautiful
woman is a skinny, tall, fair-
skinned woman with definite Euro-
pean features. This automatically
excludes all women of colour. To
combat this, peoples of African
descent need to create alternative
visions of beauty so our children
will realise their own physical ra-
diance. After all, as the famous 60's

First Baptist Church Halifax

1300 Oxford Street: 422 - 5203 (across from Shirreff Hall)

March 3rd: Lent 3 10:30 a.m.

Sermon: *The foolishness of God* - Rev. John E. Boyd

Music: Darke, Elgar, Bach

7:00 p.m. Ecumenical Bible Study for Lent - Dr. Theo de Bruyn

March 10th: Lent 4 10:30 a.m.

Sermon: *Features of An Alive Church* - Rev. Wrenfred Bryant

Music: Stainer, Durufle

7:00 p.m. Ecumenical Bible Study for Lent - Str. Kathleen Dunne

STUDENT LUNCHEON EACH SUNDAY

FOLLOWING THE SERVICE

Ministers: Rev. John E. Boyd, Rev. Adele Crowell

Director of Music: David MacDonald