

# the Gazette

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## NOT YOUR FEMINIST WHITE WORLD

By Rozena Maart (South Africa)

My perfume hit the door  
It swang to meet their gaze, like it usually does  
To announce the coming, the coming of yet another white feminist  
To a feminist meeting  
My eyes did its weekly survey  
Two Black skins and the rest...the rest all white  
Three Black skins and the rest...and the rest  
The rest all staring and glaring  
Whispering and smiling, squashed noses, perfume free minds  
Dressyness closeted and met?  
A Black working class, dressy, perfumed, revolutionary feminist  
With a razor blade mouth circled with communist lipstick  
They talk....we listen, they talk...we listen  
They talk....we understand...we always understand  
We talk...they don't understand, we talk and talk and talk  
They still don't understand, we talk and talk, and point and talk  
We laugh and point, and yell and talk, and gesture and talk  
They still don't understand  
They reply with vigour and with righteousness  
They respond smitten with disdain, they analyse with perfection  
No flaws, no threads, no hanging dreads  
We say...we didn't say that!  
They sigh and reply, all together now. "It's all in your heads"  
It's always in our fucking heads, never in theirs  
We say, what you talk about applies to you  
Applies to your white world, your economically strengthened white world  
Your racially configured white world  
Your many maids in the kitchen, white world  
You want the keys to the car, white world  
You want your own banking account, white world  
You can't speak Black slang, white world  
You don't know how to get to guguletu, white world  
You don't know how to counsel black women, white world  
You are scared of Black men, white world  
You don't know how to get to our homes, white world  
Our feminism, is not feminism white world  
Not your feminism, not you feminist white world  
Our struggle is Black; your skies are blue  
Our is hazy, but we know what to do  
If we have tits, you love us to bits  
If we withdraw, we make you feel sore  
You say that we are sisters and that we are one  
But if we ain't like you then we ain't no fun  
If we question your framework, we are opposing the cause  
To hell with your cause!  
Because your cause  
Ain't no cause  
Until your white cause is done!

"Celebrating Ourselves"

Black Herstory Supplement

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Annela Nolan